

# THE DELINEATOR

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# THE DELINEATOR

HONORÉ WILLSIE, EDITOR

VOL. XCV NOVEMBER, 1919 NO. FIVE

JAMES EATON TOWER, MANAGING EDITOR

## With the Editor

### THANKSGIVING

AS MORE and more foreigners flock to America more and more difficult does it become to maintain the original purpose and beauty of our institutions. Ideals and customs are constantly modified by the habits and thought of the newcomers. The very nature of many of our holidays is changing. This is particularly true of Easter and Thanksgiving observances.

Thanksgiving, as the word implies, is essentially a religious holiday. In the old days, even indeed in our mother's day, in New England the bleak November day was sacred. In the morning the whole family attended a short service at church. At home again, the women folks cooked the feast that had been in preparation for days. The family sat long at table. Not because the menu was complicated, but because there was much to talk about. The family was gathered together, perhaps, for the first time in the year. Much family gossip had to be exchanged and many reminiscences given their annual airing. But most interesting and important of all was the checking off of each individual cause for thankfulness.

No one who could talk, from baby to great-grandmother, was exempt, and laughter and tears were constantly touching elbows over the replies.

If the meal was finished before dark, a long walk was the next event, followed by a quiet evening round the open fire, with more conversation and many well-loved songs.

There is something very wholesome and, if taken in the right way, inspiring in the old custom of speaking aloud one's cause for thankfulness. A New England woman, brought up under the old régime, when mourning over the change and losses in our Thanksgiving customs, told us that an individual's growth in soul could be fairly well checked up by the report he or she gave yearly at the old Thanksgiving table.

Youngsters under fourteen, she said, were almost always grateful for material things. They were glad for a new doll, a new book or sled, a pet or a plaything. Young people from fourteen or fifteen to twenty-five, when quite frank, gave thanks for something that intimately concerned their own egos. They were glad that some fault had been overcome or that some one had admired them or that they themselves had achieved something that appeared to them noteworthy.

But those who had passed thirty were usually interested in persons and events. Mother and the aunts were grateful that the family was well; that death had not left an empty chair; that the children had done exceptionally well in school. Father and the uncles were glad that business had prospered and the mortgage had been paid; that the election had gone Republican or Democratic; that somebody had invented the automobile and that the telephone had entered the stage of practical utility.

Thus, childhood, the selfish; youth, the egotistical; and maturity, the care-burdened, all revealed themselves at the Thanksgiving feast.

It was not an exciting day. Yet it was a day that was to influence very sweetly and for a long time those who were privileged to share its simple rites.

The men and women of to-day, who, after a hastily gorged feast, rush to football games or to the movies, following this by a dance and a midnight supper, would call the old-type Thanksgiving very stupid.

But those who knew them found them beautiful, and perhaps there is no influence more potent in the unifying of a nation than the careful preservation of its beautiful and significant holy days.

### MUSIC

IN THE public schools of St. Louis the study of music is as essential a part of the required courses as arithmetic or English literature. When a student finishes the high school, he can read music and he knows as much about good music as he does about good English. He has been graded and marked in his study of music exactly as he was in arithmetic.

America is persistently accused of not being a musical nation. This accusation is always indignantly denied by Americans who love to make the eagle scream. But, as a matter of fact, the statement is to a large degree true. That is, if by the term musical is meant a nation having a discriminating love for music. If it is not true, why should so many of our popular songs be bad music? And why, too, should we be a musical nation? To have a proper taste and liking for music one must be carefully trained over a period of years. What proportion of Americans have had such training? The only opportunity that the vast majority of us could have to learn music would be in the public schools. And our public schools have persistently neglected this most magnificent of the arts.

We, in common with the rest of the world, have undoubtedly made enormous strides in our knowledge of musical works since the talking-machine has girdled the globe. The fine influence of this invention can not be overestimated. If now the public schools will supplement the talking-machine with a sane teaching of the reading of music and of the writing of simple melodies, we would in truth become a musical nation. But until this is done, those who boast of our prowess in this art are only stupidly vain.

St. Louis is giving even to the boys and girls who may never attend school beyond the required age limit a resource for happiness that most college graduates do not possess. For all the knowledge of poetry, all the information about paintings and sculpture, however keen may be one's pleasure in them, can not bring the rapture that does music which is heard with an understanding ear. Some one has said that music is the least sane of all the arts. One grants that this is so if by lack of sanity is meant that good music stirs the heart with memories too poignant to be borne without tears, with joys too overwhelming for laughter to express, with unrest too sweet, with desires too lovely for the human mind to reveal except in heavenly harmonies.

Why should not our public schools give every one of us the key with which to unlock this magic of the brain?

### MORALS AND MOVIES

A LITTLE boy named Carl loved the motion-picture theater. He was twelve years old when it was discovered that he was lying and stealing. His parents were well educated and in more than comfortable circumstances. They tried all sorts of punishments, most of them fairly intelligent in character, but Carl did not reform.

Finally, the boy, at the suggestion of the judge in the children's court, was taken to a man whose business was to study and help the abnormal child. Doctor X, after many weeks of patient and intensive study, ran down the root of the trouble.

As has been said, Carl loved the movies. His parents would not allow him to go to the cheap theaters. He went to a house which presented films which were supposed to be censored until they were fit for children to see. But fully two-thirds of the pictures presented had to do in one way or another with love-affairs.

Now a normal boy of twelve has an antipathy for hearing about love-affairs. If he reads a book of

adventure, he skips the love parts. When he goes to the movies, however, for the adventure and information which a healthy boy craves, there is no escaping this love interest. So Carl was seeing, several nights a week, details of sex-affairs, and he disliked them.

But after leaving the theater, instead of the adventure staying by him, it was the intrigues, the embraces, the kisses that haunted him. And he hated the thought of them. They made him feel ugly and morose. His mind thus was constantly on these unhealthy topics, though he much preferred the healthy things—the hunting, fishing and the pirate plots that are so cleverly mingled in movies with the sex idea.

Then he met at the movies other boys who felt as he did. They had developed bad sex habits as one outlet for their antagonism and in their so-called club meetings planned the predatory expeditions which finally got Carl into trouble.

When the doctor got back to this point in the twisting paths of Carl's really splendid mind, he reported his findings to the parents. He suggested no more movies, much out-of-door exercise, more personal mental contacts with his father and no scolding or whipping.

The parents gladly adopted the suggestions and there has been no more trouble with Carl.

The movies have come to stay and we are glad of it. They are one of the most important instruments of civilization to-day. But surely it is little short of criminal, this free use of them by children.

Why, in Heaven's name, should the thousands of Carls in this country, who are just at the *Tom Sawyer*, Men of Iron age, be crammed with "Sappho," with "East Lynne," and with "Three Weeks"? The answer is up to American mothers.

### MARRIAGE

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON tells a story of a woman who, after enduring years of drunkenness and debauchery from her husband, finally was moved to get a divorce from him because he accepted a week-end invitation for her and himself without her consent. It is a humorous story on the whole, yet the psychology of it is sound.

We could venture to say that it is temperament far more than character that determines the success or failure of a marriage. For example: Elizabeth S. is a woman of sterling character. She is a splendid housewife and has devoted herself to the physical well-being of her husband and her two sons. But she is high-strung and irritable and she nags the family unceasingly.

With a home whose machinery is run perfectly by a perfectly good wife, Mr. S. is so chronically unhappy that some day when he loses a collar-button or his wife corrects his table manners before guests he will get a divorce.

Alice W., on the other hand, is a slovenly housekeeper and has no character worth mentioning as such, simply because she is too lazy to have anything as difficult to achieve. But she has the loveliest sense of humor, the most happy-go-lucky-good-pal manners in the world. And her husband is her devoted slave.

And finally Alfred R. has a character that is as solid and reliable as oak. He is a good provider, a faithful and loyal husband and father. But his manners are abominable. At first his wife labored with him, but finally she gave up any idea of reform. Together they have struggled through ill-health and family difficulties and have achieved success. But some day, when Alfred blows his nose without his handkerchief, his silent wife will leave him.

It's the little external things that make or mar most marriages.

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## HEARTHSTONE

WITH the sunlight on your tresses,  
With the starlight in your eyes,  
With the moonlight on your forehead,  
How I loved you, sweet and wise!

Yet I love you more than ever  
In the armchair's deep embrace  
With the lamplight round our shadow  
And the firelight on your face.

Arthur Guiterman

## WHISPERED IN THE STUDIOS

ABOUT twenty years ago Irving Bacheller, Albert Bigelow Paine, Orson Lowell and Frank Ver Beck started a paper. It was a bully paper while it lasted. They admit it themselves; also that many young periodicals die good.

This was before Bacheller's great success with "Eben Holden," and before Paine had biographed either Nast or Mark Twain. And as for Lowell and Ver Beck, their combined plants probably used in those days only a few quarts of drawing-ink per week.

With the failing of the periodical came debts and notes and suits (very wearing) and supplementary proceedings and much unpleasantness. All the conspirators paid and paid and paid and—paid.

Recently, at a public dinner where Bacheller was to speak, he sat, on the firing-line, next to a gentleman who seemed genuinely pleased to meet him. He said many warming things about Bacheller's stuff, and then:

"Weren't you, Mr. Bacheller, at one time connected with a publication called *Youth and Home*?"

Bacheller dropped his fork.

"Oh, Lord!" he said resignedly. "Well, how much is it?" E. R. J.

## THOSE TANTALIZING ASTERISKS

IN FEVERISH haste I skimmed the yarn  
Reviewers said was risqué;  
I found the scene all right, but darn!  
'Twas only \*y. O. L.

THE luncheon conversation having turned upon the uselessness of a number of things the world is so full of, the literary editor opined that nothing could be more positively useless than an umbrella to a surf-bather. The staff artist felt that a burglar's press-agent has comparatively poor excuses for living. The dramatic critic said curling-tongs in the black belt were superlatively—But perhaps there are heights or depths still unsounded. What do our readers think?

THE quotation the other day, by some one, of Oliver Herford's story of the spinster who, finding an abandoned infant in a basket on her door-step one morning, said, "Some are born children, others achieve children, others have children thrust upon them," reminds me of the story told of the late John Ames Mitchell, founder of *Life* in 1883, and its editor until his death.

It is said the first office of the paper was in the top of a converted brownstone dwelling, which still so entirely resembled a private house as to front steps and entrance that it seemed a natural place to leave an inhabited baby-basket. The editors lived there, and the office boy, coming to work one day, actually found an abandoned baby and brought it up-stairs. The unruffled Mr. Mitchell inspected it, tucked a bit of paper inside the bundle and sent the boy with it to the Thirtieth-Street police station.

"F'r th' love o' Mike!" exploded the desk sergeant, and read:

## THE EDITOR OF "LIFE" REGRETS THAT HE CAN NOT USE THE ENCLOSED

The rejection of a contribution does not necessarily imply that it is lacking in merit. Any one of a number of reasons may render an offering unsuited to our present uses. Gilbert Thornetay.

## JAM!

THE sugar's dear, the fruit is bad,  
The coal is dear and bad as well,  
The kitchen's hot and I am mad;  
Oh, jam the jam to jell! A. G.

## DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

IT WAS that more or less restful half-hour before dinner. The man had a newspaper in front of him, though his face wore the fifty-fifty expression so often to be seen on the faces of domesticated males. The woman was not reading; she was "glad of a chance to sit down."

"This is the first opportunity to sit down I've had to-day," she remarked. "I've been on the go ever since breakfast. Do you know what I did to-day? Right after you left this morning

## GOSSIP

CONDUCTED BY BURGESS JOHNSON

## CUTTING-IN ON THE PRINCE

BY BOZEMAN BULGER

MY MEETING with the Prince of Wales was at Coblenz, Germany, when I cut-in on him at an American officers' dance. Odd as it may appear now, his presence at that affair occasioned no flutter of excitement. In fact, half of those present did not know that the boyish-looking British captain was the Prince of Wales. Those who did know took it merely as a matter of fact.

At that dance were eighty young women, recruited from the American and Canadian hospitals, telephone exchanges and canteens, and about four hundred officers. The Prince of Wales had come down from Cologne with a party of British officers who had brought some girls to help out in the dance. He remained to visit our Army of Occupation, and his companions declared that he had the time of his life. The prince was treated as an officer and appeared to revel in the military democracy which made no fuss over him.

On account of the scarcity of girls, all the dances were "cut-ins." Introductions were not necessary. In the midst of a musical number the military band-leader would hang out a card and the great mass of wall-flower officers needed no further invitation to step in and take part of a dance.

I was standing with Colonel McCabe, who had introduced my partner to the young British captain for the first dance. He suggested to me that we make the prince feel at home and learn how to take care of himself at an informal American dance. The cut-in sign was out before he had gone round the big casino for the second time. Having been detailed to break the ice, I tapped the young man on the arm as the couple came near. The girl promptly stopped and the prince looked at me blankly, in doubt how to proceed. Just then he saw another couple stopped, and very quickly he got the idea. With a polite bow he surrendered and was left standing alone.

Near the prince were many other young officers awaiting a similar chance, and they laughed at his hard luck. He watched a lieutenant take a young lady from a brigadier-general, and daringly the prince walked out and stopped a colonel of artillery, blushing as he did so. Before he had gone far, however, an American captain cut in on him again, and as he walked away I could see that the young man was looking for a chance to get even with me. He felt that he knew the young lady with whom I was dancing.

As we came around he stopped me and with a hearty, boyish laugh bowed, took my partner and danced off. Then, for mischief, Colonel McCabe and some war correspondents who had joined us suggested that I take her back. One of these correspondents was a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher and to him this performance was astounding.

I stopped the prince for the second time, but just as I tapped him on the shoulder the music stopped and the dance was over.

"Serves you right, sir!" he announced with a triumphant smile. "You were about to rob me for the second time."

Toward the end of the evening the young captain had grown so proficient in the art of cutting-in that he was stopping generals and lieutenants with the same abandon. He was having a genuine good time, matching wits with the other young officers and taking victories and defeats in the spirit of real fellowship.

The prince is small of stature, with a rosy, boyish face, and does not look to be over twenty years old. He is not a very graceful dancer. The American dancer is usually the envy of most Englishmen, and the prince watched them closely, quickly picking up some points in the fox-trot and the one-step.

My lasting impression of the Prince of Wales is that of a jolly, democratic young fellow who would love to be like an American or British lieutenant if his position did not forbid.

## STAGE WHISPERS

JOHN DREW told a little joke on himself the other day. He said that he and E. H. Sothern were together in Louisville, Kentucky. As they were standing in the hotel doorway, a most courteous elderly gentleman of the "old Southern school" came up, and utterly ignoring Mr. Drew, addressed himself to Mr. Sothern.

"It is a wonderful pleasure to me," he said, "to meet you, Mr. Mansfield. I have long known of you by reputation, suh, and I can not

resist this opportunity to shake your hand, suh."

After he had gone, Sothern turned to Drew. "There is a fine old fossil," he said. "He doesn't even know that Richard Mansfield is dead."

"Worse than that," said Drew ruefully. "He doesn't even know that I'm alive."

G. N.

WALTER JONES, the comedian, has a nephew who will become President of the United States, if he can keep his face clean; but Mr. Jones fears that the lad is destined for a distinguished future as a successful financier.

Seeing the boy with a dirty face recently, Mr. Jones thought he would shame him into better habits.

"I bet you a quarter I can tell what you had for breakfast," said Mr. Jones.

"Bet you can't," said his nephew.

"Eggs," said the actor. "I can see some on your face."

"Gimme the quarter," responded the boy quickly; "that's from yesterday."

## HOROSCOPE

A LAD who is born while November is raging, Is Naughty, Obstreperous, Very Engaging; While the November girl, the sly little witch, Will be Merry and Buxom, Erratic and Rich.

John Sykes can never wed my daughter,  
However fondly he may court her—  
He likes vanilla soda-water.

## CHOATEISMS

THE late Rufus Choate was a master of reparation and in his ready adaptation of his address to circumstances. On the trial of Gillespie for assault, seeing that certain jurors looked stubbornly hostile, he said:

"It was a mere accidental push; such a mere jostle, Mr. Foreman, as you might give another in coming out of a Union meeting at Faneuil Hall" (he knew the forman was a Webster Whig); "or a Friday evening prayer meeting" (looking at another and very religious juror); "or a Jenny Lind concert" (looking now at still another juror who was known to be musical).

I recall the famous action in which he was counsel for the receiver in the case against the directors of the old Metropolitan Street Railway Company. It was Mr. Choate's business to urge vigorously upon the court the illegality of the acts the directors had committed. When Paul D. Cravath came to answer, he accused Choate of throwing mud at his clients. When Choate replied, he said:

"My learned brother has accused me of throwing mud at his clients. Let him scrape it off if he can."

Choate got a judgment of \$7,000,000.

When a famous New York architect sued a well-known New York society climber for an unpaid bill, Choate, whom the architect had retained, spoke of the lady's humble origin and her rise in the social world, and concluded:

"At last the arm of royalty was bent to receive her gloved hand, and how, gentleman of the jury, did she reach this imposing eminence? Upon a mountain of unpaid bills!"

E. P. W.

## WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

MR. EDITOR: Will a gentleman smoke on a crowded sidewalk? I opine not. Will he jam his way into a street-car ahead of a woman? Will he sit while a middle-aged or elderly woman stands? I can recall the names of only four gentlemen in my rather extensive acquaintance. Is there a woman reader of these lines who knows ten gentlemen? Are the mothers who trained the boys responsible for the gentleman-shortage? Répondez s'il vous plait. C. L.

You can hardly expect the editor to answer you, Miss C. L., even though he is employed by a woman's magazine, but let him ask you another question. You expect a gentleman to stand up in a crowded street-car and give his seat to a lady, do you not? The editor still does it, after several years of life in New York.

But when you go to a vaudeville or moving-picture theater, for instance, where the seats are not reserved, and general admission is, let us say, fifty cents, and the house is full, do you expect a man who has a seat to rise and offer it to you, and himself take standing-room?

If he does not do so, will you still grant that he is a gentleman? He paid five cents for a street-car seat and fifty cents for the theater seat. If he demands his nickel's worth he is no gentleman. If he demands his fifty cents' worth, he may still be one. Is forty-five cents the price of a gentleman? I confess that I know no arbitrary rules for gentlemanliness; do you? B. J.

(Chat of the King and Queen of the Belgians, extremely interesting, will be found on another page of this issue of THE DELINEATOR.)

I thought I'd hang those curtains, but they simply wouldn't hang straight, the way I wanted them, and it took me until afternoon to get those in the front room to look decent. That wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't been interrupted every other minute. First it was one thing and then it was another.

"First, the janitor called up to say that he was going to turn off the hot water on account of some repairs to the boiler, and I had to stop hanging curtains and go and listen to him. And then—while I was talking to the janitor, and asking him while I had him there whether I could use the laundry next week Tuesday instead of Wednesday—while I was talking there, the phone rang and it was Mrs. Briskett, who called up to ask me for that Red Devil recipe, though why anybody should have to ask for the recipe of so simple a thing as Red Devil goodness only knows. I only know it kept me at least fifteen minutes more from my curtains.

"And then, just as I was going back to them, the grocer came with the things I had ordered, and then your sister called up—I'm always glad to hear from her, of course, but really, to-day I'm afraid I was almost rude to her—she called up to ask what had become of you, and whether you were dead, because you hadn't been around to see them in so long.

"You know, I told you you ought to have dropped in there last Sunday. Well, anyway, before I knew it, it was lunch time, and as it was the maid's day out she wanted to get out extra early, so I had to clear away and wash the lunch dishes myself. That was all right, of course, but just in the few minutes I had planned to rest, the bell rang and it was a man peddling photograph coupons, and I had an awful time getting rid of him. I had to take three of the coupons before he'd go, as it was.

"And then it was back to the curtains, and climbing up and down a ladder until three o'clock. By that time my back was all but broken, but no rest for the weary! I had to answer the bell two or three times more, and go twice to the telephone just to hear central say: "Beg pardon! Wrong number!" Then the fire-engines went by, and I thought they stopped near here, and that scared me, because you know how I feel about fire in an apartment-house; you simply never would know it until it was too late to get out.

"And then I had just time to get dressed and go out for a breath of fresh air before the air got too chilly. I met Mrs. Heckle around at the butcher's, and she asked us to come around there to-night, but I thanked her and told her some other evening. I simply couldn't to-night. I'm all tired out. It's been some day!"

The woman closed her eyes, leaned back in her chair, and for perhaps thirty seconds there was a silence broken only by the subdued erinkle of a newspaper. Then, apparently, it occurred to the man that it was up to him to say something. So he did. He said, laying his paper aside:

"Well, dear, what have you been doing to-day?" H. H.

## NOT REVOLUTIONARY

"DON'T talk to me about the present generation of daughters," writes Miss R. "If we want to keep up with our mothers, we have to bestir ourselves. Mine said to me the other day: 'I don't see why you should be so alarmed at the thought of marriage, my dear. Remember, it changes your relationship to only one man!'"

## CAN MONTCLAIR BEAT IT?

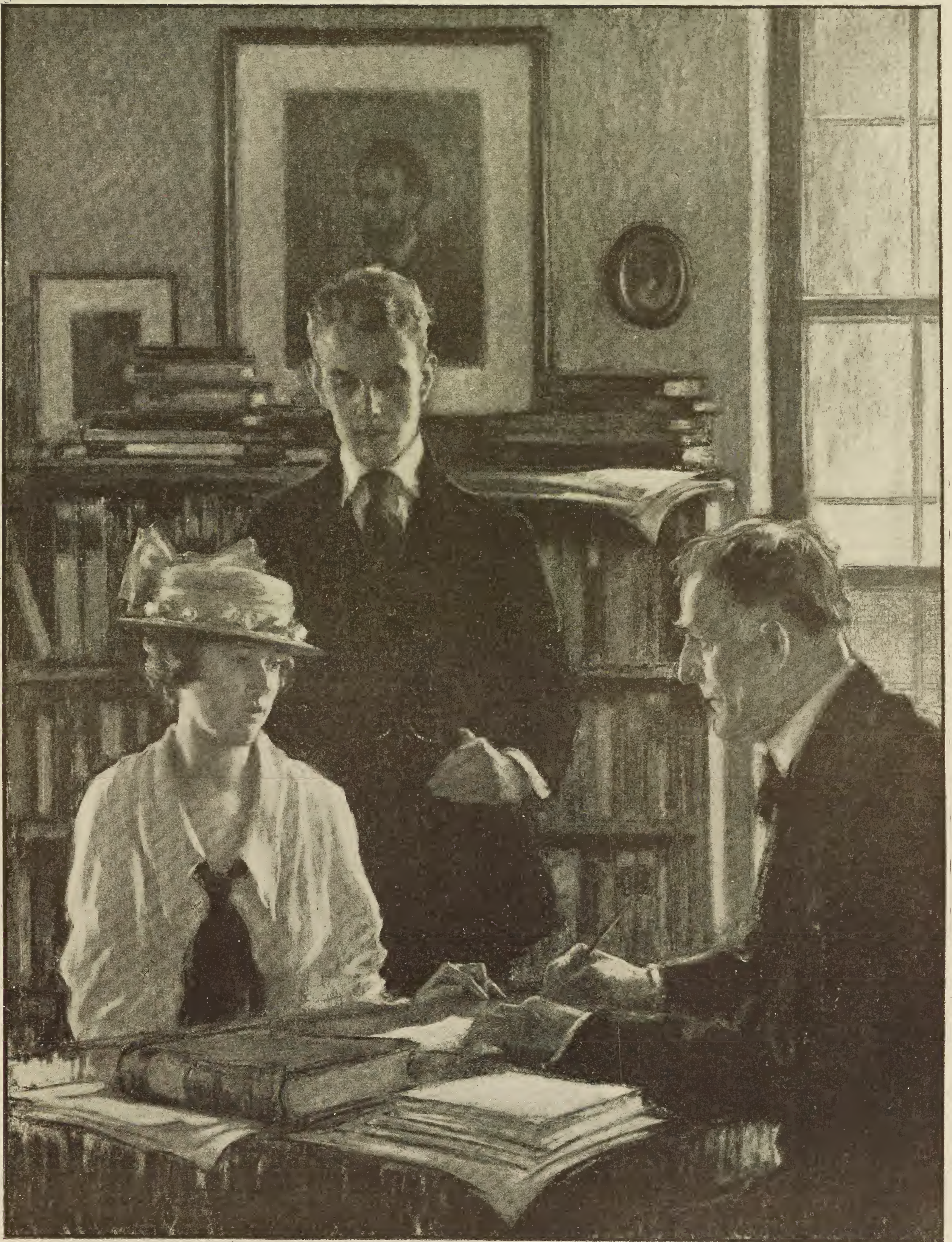
DEAR MR. EDITOR: Speaking of neighbors, the contributors to your August page of "Gossip" never lived in Evanston, Illinois. We have just moved into a new neighborhood, and the day after we moved in, the next-door neighbor's little boy threw a baseball that smashed our parlor window. When we sent our little boy over to return the baseball, their dog bit him. I hear now that they are complaining about our little boy because their dog is ill.

## BOOKISH

INTO the circulating-library section of a Brooklyn department store a busy-looking citizen hurried, says the *New York Tribune*.

"I want," he said to the young woman in charge, "four books for over-Sunday reading—a sex problem for the wife, two mushes for the girls and a good, hot detective story for me."





*From the painting by F. Walter Taylor*

## DRAWING UP THE DEED

THE BOY HUSBAND THINKS: HOW I LOVE TO GIVE HER THINGS!  
THE FAMILY LAWYER: NICE SENSIBLE GIRL; BOY DID VERY WELL.  
THE YOUNG WIFE: RED GERANIUMS AND THE KETTLE BOILING AND  
A LITTLE GRAY CAT!





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# THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

BY HELEN ROWLAND

**I** THANK Thee, O Benign Spirit, on this Day of Thanksgiving, for all the blessings of this glorious and never-to-be-forgotten year, Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen!

I thank Thee for Victory, for Peace, for Prosperity, and for the safe home-coming of those we love far better than ourselves.

I thank Thee, that I was born, to live and to share in this wondrous Age of Matchless Opportunity, this Age of Miracles, this age of unprecedented human achievement; when every dawn beholds another dream-come-true, another vision materialized, another "impossibility" become reality.

I thank Thee, that I was born, in this, the Golden Age of Woman, when every door of Life, every path of achievement, every gateway to success, and happiness, is flung wide open to me, a *woman*—and when my opportunities for splendid attainment are limited only by my own vision, my own aspiration, or my own effort.

Most of all, I thank Thee, that I was born to enjoy the blessed heritage of this Golden Land of Promise, this Land of freedom, fraternity, plenty, and prosperity; this Land of equal rights, and equal chances for *all*! This Land, where the poor man of to-day may be the rich man of to-morrow!

Where the apprentice of to-day may be the master builder of to-morrow.

Where the dreamer of to-day may be the successful inventor of to-morrow.

Where the laborer of to-day may be the employer of to-morrow.

Where the penniless alien of to-day may be the wealthy and respected citizen of to-morrow.

Where the man-with-the-hoe may become the man-of-the-hour.

Where the ambitious boy plodding through night-school may become the learned college professor.

And where the college professor may become President of the United States.

Where all the greatest men were once poor, and the poorest man may some day become great.

I thank Thee, for the blessed heritage of America!

**I** THANK Thee, for American ideals, which nothing can dim or eclipse, and which, at this moment, are a *beacon*, guiding the world.

I thank Thee for the dynamic inspiration of American enthusiasm and the **T N T** of American energy.

I thank Thee for the American gospel of work, the American creed of success, and the American slogan, "Prosperity for all!"

I thank Thee for the American sense of honor, of justice, and of fair play, which has caused the American man, of his own volition, to place *woman* by his side, as his partner and his equal, in business, in marriage, in the professions, in the affairs of government, and in all the walks of life.

I thank Thee for the magnificent way in which the American woman has risen to meet the responsibilities and opportunities of her new estate, for her glorious sacrifices in war, and her glorious accomplishments in time of peace.

I thank Thee for American sanity and American common sense, against which the blind, black bat of Bolshevism will beat its wings in vain, and the poisoned barbs of the propagandists and promoters of discord and discontent shall fall as dried leaves in the wind!

I thank Thee for American clear-sightedness, before which the specious arguments and false logic of those who hide their creed of hatred beneath the cloak of "Humanitarianism" will continue to dissolve as the mist of morning before the high sun. They can not destroy the *soul* of America!

I thank Thee for the American *man*—square-shouldered, square-jawed, and square in all things—the finest type of manhood in the world!

I thank Thee for his American chivalry for woman, and his reverence for love, marriage, motherhood, and all those things, which I, a woman, hold most divinely sacred!

I thank Thee for the American *woman*—her aspirations, her dauntless pluck, her sense of proportion, her love of work, and her inherent fineness and strength.

I thank Thee for the American Ideal of Love—spontaneous, clean, tender, built on the firm rock of comradeship, and mutual faith; and for the American Marriage, founded on love.

**I** THANK Thee for all American institutions, American schools, American colleges, American business, American shops, American inventions, and the American Home—all of which stand as shining monuments to American freedom and OPPORTUNITY!

O Benign Spirit of Love, Liberty, and Justice, I thank Thee first and last, that I, a woman, was born to witness this unparalleled era of prosperity and golden possibilities, when all the old prejudices of caste, and creed, and sex, have been flung aside!

When the whole world is teeming with new life, new ideas, new professions, new industries, and boundless opportunities for all!

When to America, Land of fruitfulness and fertility, is vouchsafed the blessed privilege and sacred responsibility of saving and serving those weary peoples of the older world, who have fought and suffered by her side for her ideals.

When, to the manual laborer and the thinker, alike, to man and woman, alike, to rich and poor, high and low, great and small, alike, this incomparable Country, flowing with milk and honey, palpitating with life and energy, pregnant with possibility, and ripe with opportunity, holds out her arms, crying:

"Come! Work, hope, aspire—and there is nothing which I can not give thee, nothing which thou canst not win, nothing which thou mayest not accomplish!

"Come! I need thee, as I have never needed thee, before!

"I need thy brains, thy hands, thy heart, thy loyalty!

"See! My mines and rivers, my factories and business centers, my fields and forests and plains, my printing-presses and schools, my farms and cities, my railroads and bridges, my banks, and shops, and homes and skyscrapers—these, all these, *need* thee, and call to thee.

"They are all thine! They are all open and overflowing with rich rewards for the man or woman of intelligence, of ability, of ambition, of energy and aspiration.

"Come! The world is at thy feet! All life opens before thee! Success is within thy grasp! This is the magic hour of thine opportunity—the Day of the Big Chance!

"Come! I, thy Country, call thee—to work, to achievement, to prosperity!"

AMEN.





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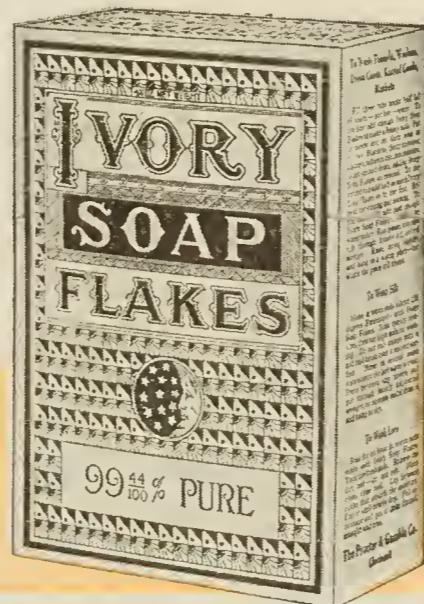
Just a few minutes' soaking and swishing in the rich lather of Ivory Soap Flakes will make the cloth fresh and clean again, *without rubbing*. No rubbing is needed because the lather that bubbles up instantly when the Flakes touch warm water is so thick and "soapy" and lasting that it reaches every fibre of the fabric.

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Doilies	Linens	Rugs—domestic or oriental	White Ermine
Down Quilts	Lingerie—silk or muslin	Scarfs	White Shoes and Slippers
	Luncheon Sets	Serge	Wicker
	Madras Curtains		Window Shades
			Wool Dress Goods





# DRUGS' DEADLY STEALTH

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

Health Editor of THE DELINEATOR

**DO NOT** condemn the drug addict. He or she is a sick person, not necessarily a weakling or a criminal. Recent suggestions that drug addicts be registered, photographed and even finger-printed, remind one of the ignorant brutality of early days when the mentally ill were classed and housed with criminals. Women—ladies of high degree—school children, and even little babies, are drug addicts! But drug addiction can be stamped out. This article tells how.

If you would know more, write freely to Miss Van Blarcom, inclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

**T**HE wide prevalence of drug addiction among women, the frequency with which infants born of addicted mothers are coming into the world, and the disastrous results of too-long-continued administration of paregoric to little children, are alarming aspects of the problem of drug addiction which are only now being appreciated.

A distressing example was brought to light recently at the Bureau of Narcotic Research in New York City.

An utterly frantic man burst into the office of the Bureau and exclaimed excitedly: "Tell me what to do, and tell me quick or my wife will kill herself."

The abject terror in the man's eyes and his desperation of manner brought Mr. Parkhurst, Director of the Bureau, to his feet.

"What is wrong?" he asked.

"I have just found out," the man told him, "that my wife, the mother of my baby, has the drug habit. It has been going on for years and no one ever suspected."

"Now, with the new laws and regulations, the doctor that brought her to this is afraid to give her any more prescriptions. She is almost insane and suffering unspeakable pain and exhaustion. The baby has gone to pieces, too, and the nurse thinks he is dying. My wife tells me that it is all because she can not get the opiate drug she has had to take for years. And since she is cut off, the baby no longer gets it through her milk."

"She declares she will kill herself. She can't go on living unless something is done. Something has got to be done, and right away. She can't stand it. It is too much."

Mr. Parkhurst sees much of the wreckage of homes and human bodies and souls which are left in the wake of habit and addiction forming drugs, most of them capable of being mended up and restored if competent and intelligent handling were available; others corrupt and rotted out beyond the possibility of salvage.

His very familiarity with such tragedies made him instantly alive to this man's suffering and his need of help. And, what is more important, the imperative necessity of rescuing the young wife from the tortures he knew she was undergoing.

There is no doubt about the despair of this broken-hearted man. But his suffering is as nothing compared with the torment, mental, physical and spiritual, that his young wife has struggled with day after day for years. And she has suffered and struggled in secret, always fearful of discovery.

The whole thing developed so insidiously that she did not dream how completely she was being enslaved by her drug master until it was too late. And then the dominant purpose of life was to get enough drug to supply her physical needs—and to keep her secret. The existence of a formerly frank, truthful girl of necessity became one of lies and deceptions. Not because the drug had sullied her character. Not at all. Solely because she feared the stigma which an ignorant public has fastened upon drug addicts.

The whole wretched situation all began with a long, painful illness a number of years ago when her physician gave her morphia to relieve the suffering.

But instead of using it only as a temporary means of relief, he continued its administration over a period of weeks. As these weeks went by, he found it necessary to increase the size and frequency of the dose in order to make his patient comfortable and control her suffering.

With abiding confidence in her doctor and complete ignorance of the character of his remedies, the girl took the medicines he prescribed.

She became aware, after a while, that she suffered almost unendurable nervousness and muscular pain if a certain one of her medicines were delayed beyond the usual hour of administration. Her discomfort was invariably relieved by the opiate.

Believing that the intolerable pain and nervousness were prolonged symptoms of her illness, and that relief

was to be sought as a matter of course, she took great care that nothing should interfere with the regularity of her dose.

She did not suspect that her doctor, alarmed at his handiwork and not knowing what to do but keep on, was giving her larger and larger quantities of a stealthy, disease-forming drug.

One fatal day when going to pay a visit to a school friend in a near-by town she checked her bag containing the now absolutely necessary bottle.

The delivery of the bag was for some reason delayed, and during several hours after she reached her friend's house she was drugless and in agony. The muscular pain in her legs and abdomen that she now recognized all too well, became excruciating. She was attacked with violent vomiting and diarrhea, broke into a profuse cold perspiration and grew alarmingly weak and ill. So seriously ill, in fact, that her friends thought her dying. And she might have died had not relief come with the delivery of her errant bag.

No fairy prince's wand ever wrought a more complete transformation from utter misery to bodily relief than did the sinister medicine in that bag.

The apparently dying girl was rapidly restored to a normal state as though by a happy miracle, and was soon her rosy, winsome self. Or so it seemed to her friends.

But to the girl the experience was a stupefying revelation. Her hideous suffering, due to the withdrawal of her drug for a few hours, and her immediate recovery after its administration, were brutal proof that she was a more helpless prisoner than any convict behind iron bars. Then, in one binding flash she saw it all. She was a "dope fiend."

She saw her life stretching out before her as one interminable secret horror.

She, educated, popular, envied and admired, and recently married, had been made, through no will or consciousness of her own, that abhorred thing, a drug addict.

That one disclosing flash showed her that discovery of her state by others would quickly make of her a pariah. She would become something akin to a criminal in the unperceiving estimation of her now admiring friends.

But she would tell her husband.

He would understand and help her; and so she tried, over and over, to tell him. But when she attempted in various ways to discuss with him the question of drug addicts, she was confronted by his attitude of pitiless condemnation. Every effort that she made only deepened her appreciation of his unalterable prejudice.

As a result but one course was open. She was compelled to shape her life so as never to be separated from her drug for an hour, day or night—and to keep her secret! The terror of discovery never left her.

Added to that was the ruinous expense of her drug, the price of which soared steadily. This forced her to lie indiscriminately and finally to steal small sums of money from her family.

And this went on day after day, month after month, year after year, the secrecy and the lying; the terror of ever being separated from her drug—because of the torture she knew would follow. The memory of that one agonizing experience was always the clearest thing in her mind.

But by taking the drug as she needed it she was able to appear normal and well to her friends and even to her immediate family.

A life in all other respects radiantly happy was made hideous by her secret and her need.

When the baby came, her birth, instead of being a crowning joy, was the climax to her already unendurable grief. For she quickly discovered that her new-born child had come into the world a drug addict.

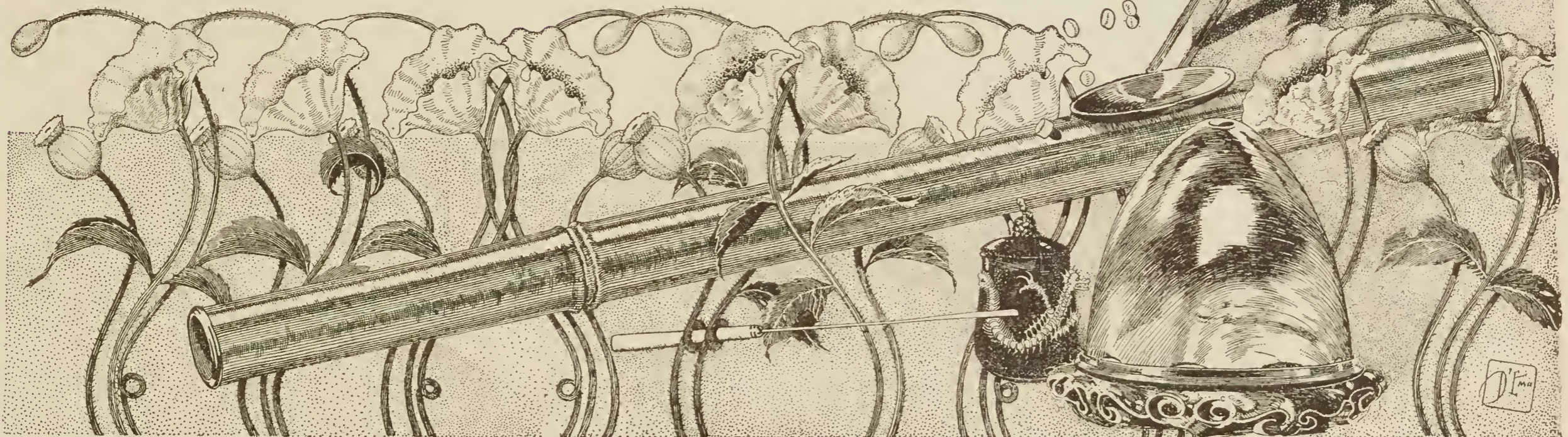
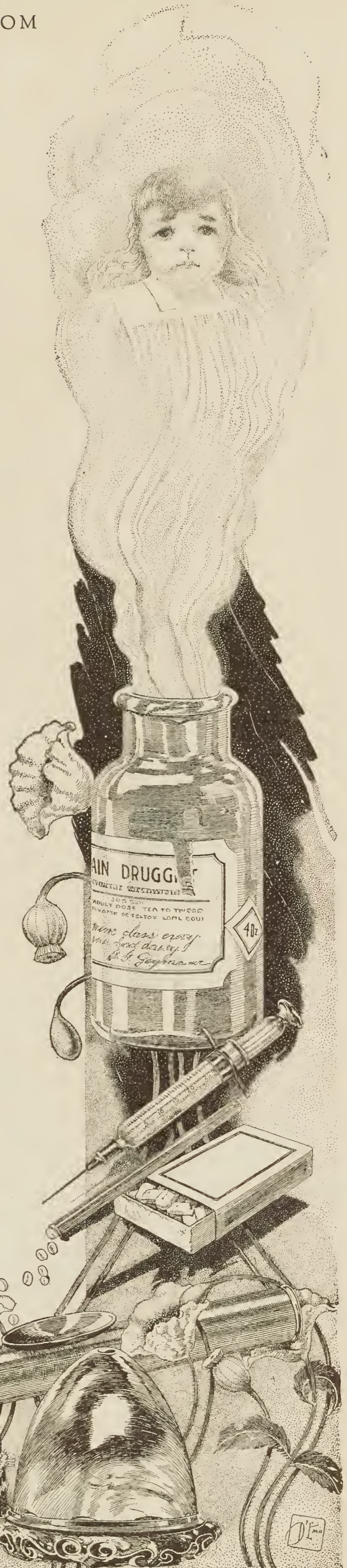
The nurse's description of this baby tells the story:

"Mother was a morphia addict and used it all through her pregnancy and confinement. Baby was fine and strong and perfectly healthy at birth. Was full size and normal. About an hour after birth the baby twitched her legs a little.

"Later in the morning, around six or seven o'clock, the baby began to sneeze and began to yawn. Sometimes she would sneeze and yawn six times in succession. Her yawns were not the usual yawns, but she would just open her mouth and it seemed as if she would never shut it again. During the afternoon she changed color a good deal and got sort of gray or blue and at times she would gape and take short breaths. She also got a pinched look around her face and looked old.

"She was very nervous and cried as though in terrible pain. She could not keep quiet. But every time the mother nursed her she got quieter and her color got better and she did not sneeze or yawn for a while and she would get some sleep

Continued on page 9-6





# "MY ROGER"

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles," "A Hoosier Chronicle," etc.

GOOD morning, Mr. Seabring! Three tens, three fives and five ones, please."

The teller picked up Miss Follansby's check, glanced at the back, and dropped it on the counter at his right.

"Disagreeable day," he remarked, slipping a rubber band round fifty dollars in the crisp new bills that were always available at the ladies' window of the First National Bank of Kernville.

Miss Follansby affirmed his appraisal of the weather and placed the currency, unfolded, in her hand-bag, which snapped shut with a decisive click. The cashing of the check had so far followed an established ritual, but to-day instead of turning away with her usual murmur of thanks Miss Follansby lingered, meeting Seabring's eyes through the screen detainingly. She was nearly his own height—a tall, slender, fair girl, with a wealth of yellowish hair. At twenty-two she had been engaged to a young minister who died of typhoid fever on the day set for their wedding, a disheartening circumstance that caused people to assume an attitude of respect, reverence and awe toward her as one whose life had been permanently darkened.

As Adelaide Follansby walked Main Street or drove in her car through that thoroughfare, she gave an impression of proud austerity. She lived with her brother Tom in the old Follansby house in its half-square of elms and maples and no one knew how intolerably lonely her life had become. She sat in the Follansby pew of the First Presbyterian Church every Sunday, attended concerts and lectures, read papers before the Kernville Women's Club, and spent every August at a hotel at Windy Point, Michigan, where she passed the thirty-one days as monotonously as at home.

"I wonder if you'd do me a little favor?" she asked pleasantly. "It's about the accounts of our missionary society. I'm treasurer this year and there's a report to make that I want to have just right. If you could find time—"

"Certainly, Miss Follansby; anything I can do, of course."

He expected her to propose bringing her accounts to the bank, but she remarked as though the suggestion was a matter of form,

"If you could drop in at the house some evening—by not to-night, if that's convenient?"

Nothing could be more convenient, he assured her.

"Shall we say eight o'clock?" she asked.

"That will be all right; thank you."

The idea of calling upon Adelaide Follansby even to verify the accounts of a missionary society greatly stirred him, and he experienced a slight palpitation as he watched her walk toward the door. She bowed to Welby, the veteran cashier, whose desk was a conning-tower from which he kept tab on all visitors to the bank. Very likely, Seabring reflected, she noted also Tom Follansby's closed desk. Tom, having succeeded his father as president, filled that office very acceptably by remaining away from the bank as much as possible. Tom's outside interests absorbed much of his time, these centering in two racing cars and the hand-ball court he had attached, for his own amusement and at his own charge, to the Wabash Club.

At the first leisure moment Seabring returned to Miss Follansby's check and examined it musingly. The signature was perfectly familiar and there was no question of its authenticity; yet he found himself scrutinizing it with the deepest absorption. He had always scoffed at the idea that handwriting reveals character, but he saw now that Adelaide Follansby's signature symbolized the dignity, pride and stateliness that were otherwise expressed in her walk. The letters were small and carefully formed; only an obtuse person could have confused them. There was no lost motion, and no waste of ink. Adelaide's hand spoke for a cautious and conservative nature if it indicated anything.

He was roused from his reverie by the passing of a hand across the wire of the cage.

"Asleep at the switch! You might push out a couple of five spots if you've got the time. I hate to spoil your dreams, but I need the money."

He turned guiltily, picked up Miss Estelle Conroy's check and murmured his professional good morning so indifferently that the girl laughed derisively. She was on her way to lunch and he noted that she wore a smart new hat that was highly becoming.

Estelle was an expert stenographer and mistress of all mechanical devices for playing with figures. She knew more about the bank and its affairs than she was paid to know; and she knew more about the clerks than it was comfortable for them to know she knew. She also knew her own particular business very well, and had several times informed Mr. Tom Follansby that she did. Welby, who had been associated with Rufus Follansby in the founding of the bank, understood Estelle perfectly. Welby and Estelle were strongly sympathetic by reason of a feeling they held in common that Tom Follansby was a detriment if not a menace to the First National. Back in the cages it was whispered that Estelle had the old man hipped. Sands, the head bookkeeper, expressed the belief that Estelle "had something on Welby," an unwarranted aspersion, as Welby was a widower with grown children and in all ways a model of propriety.

"You want to be careful about these girls who hand in the large checks," she continued as Seabring pushed two five-dollar bills through the wicket. "I've noticed that you have a few regulars who dash in here every time they want soda-water money. This is a financial institution, you understand, not a flirtation shop. And that doll who owns half the bank and could have her mazuma delivered in bushel baskets is coming in every Tuesday and Friday now. Perhaps you haven't noticed it? Just be careful; that's all!"

"Thank you for your kind interest," replied Seabring mockingly.

He liked Estelle, and admired her efficiency. He had taken her to several dances given by the Bon Ton Club in Aiken Hall over Sloane's drug-store. Among her other accomplishments, she was a smooth and finished dancer.

"If that girl plays it right, she'll land you," she con-



## FROM THE CANTEEN

SAILOR, WE SHALL MISS YOU,  
SWAGGERING UP AND DOWN,  
BRINGING PICTURESQUE ROMANCE  
TO THE MOLDY TOWN;

ON YOUR LIPS A WHISTLE,  
IN YOUR HEART. A DANCE,  
A MERRY LASS UPON YOUR ARM,  
MISCHIEF IN YOUR GLANCE;

CHILDISH IN YOUR LONELINESS,  
BOYISH IN YOUR NEEDS;  
BUT A MAN IN STRONG DESIRE,  
A MAN TO DO BOLD DEEDS.

FEARFUL TALES YOU TOLD US—  
SOME OF THEM WERE TRUE;  
FURTIVE TEARS WE OFTEN SHED  
IN THE CUPS POURED OUT FOR YOU.

WE HAVE ACHED TO HELP YOU;  
LONGED TO UNDERSTAND  
THE RIDDLE OF YOUR RESTLESS LOOK,  
THE STRANGE LINES OF YOUR HAND,

YOU BROUGHT US PAIN AND VISION,  
FAIR YOUTH AND GALLANT WAYS.  
SAILOR, WE SHALL MISS YOU  
IN THE PEACEFUL DAYS!

Abbie Farwell Brown.

tinued. "It's in her eye that she means business. I'm just warning you!"

"I heard you the first time; but thanks—even again!" he replied with the irony he reserved for Estelle.

"Oh, tum-tum!" Estelle walked away humming.

SEABRING donned his dress suit for the call and was seated in the Follansby parlor when the clock struck eight. He was tall and dark and his features and general bearing were suggestive of our earlier American aristocracy. He had once posed in a church entertainment as Washington Crossing the Delaware and every one said that his resemblance to the Father of His Country was amazing. His father conducted a grocery and a large family at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. When Roger graduated from the high school he rejected an offer to assist in the grocery, got a job as bank messenger and was shortly promoted to the auditing department. He had begun to be bored by the rows between his brothers and sisters and a new stepmother, when an amiable bank examiner put him in the way of a position in Kernville, and he fled to the Gem City of the Wabash.

Seabring was musical. At least he had held the post of tenor in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church for several years, and even played the organ when the regular organist failed to appear. This further strengthened his reputation as a young man of true worth. Ambition was not dead in Seabring's bosom; it merely slumbered. There were times when he rebelled at the limitations of the teller's cage and resolved to make a plunge, but just the right moment for plunging had never arrived.

When he heard the rustle of Adelaide's skirts on the stair in the hall, he rose quickly. She was taller and stouter than ever, and her blue evening gown was strikingly becoming.

"It's so good of you to come, Mr. Seabring. I'm afraid you'll think me very stupid for not understanding these simple accounts."

"It's awfully good of you to let me help," Seabring declared.

He had never seen her with her hat off and he marveled at the abundance of her fair hair, which was brushed back smoothly into a great yellow coil.

"We may as well dispose of the business first," she said with her bright smile. "And then we can talk of more interesting things."

That matters other than the missionary accounts were to be discussed pleased Seabring. He was there not merely as a bank clerk to render professional assistance to the president's sister, but as a gentleman worthy of social consideration. As she handed him the account-book their hands touched and he thrilled at the contact. He verified the balances, then ran over the stubs in her check-book and pronounced her account correct to a cent.

"I'm greatly relieved; I'll sign my report and then we'll be through with it," she said. He watched her write the familiar signature and apply the blotter. She neatly refolded the papers, and placed them with the book on a table. "Now let's go into the living-room where it's more comfortable."

He was glad he had worn his dress suit. The old-fashioned elegance of the house, its atmosphere of ease, and Adelaide's stately serenity demanded ceremonial raiment. She walked slowly beside him across the hall and into a long room where there were books on open shelves, a cabinet of pottery, a table covered with magazines, a divan, a grand piano and chairs of an old, comfortable type.

"I hear the town's been gayer than usual this Winter," she remarked carelessly. "The automobile factory brought a lot of new people here. I've met some of the women at teas; I never go anywhere except to teas and club meetings, you know. My life is very narrow—"

A slight movement of the shoulders and a wan smile completed the sentence.

"We're all likely to get into a treadmill," Seabring replied sympathetically. "And there are a lot of things a town like Kernville can't have—the theater and opera, for instance."

He had never seen a grand opera in his life, but he was pleased to find how easily he was treading the high places. He walked to the piano and began turning over the music.

"Oh, I hardly ever touch the piano any more!" said Adelaide, "but I was feeling particularly lonely the other day and bought some of the new music—just musical-comedy things—to find out what people are listening to these days. There's a lot of Chopin in the rack if you'd prefer something really good."

"Oh, I'm only a duffer. I'll see what I can do with this song from 'The Queen of Hearts.' I saw the piece in Chicago last Summer when I was on my vacation."

"Oh, do sing it!" she implored.

He sang it. It expressed the feelings of a prince in disguise who is very deeply in love with an equally disguised princess. Seabring gave the sentiment its full value. She urged him to attempt other songs and when he found a duet he persuaded her to join in it. They laughed gaily when they broke down, but he pronounced the experiment a great success.

"Your voice is very true," he declared, with an air of delighted discovery. "Your upper notes are as clear as a bell!"

He was wondering whether it wasn't time for him to leave when, in her casual, half-indifferent way, she said:

"One gets very rusty staying alone so much. The Bentons are having a reception and dance next week and I've almost made up my mind to go. Tom hardly ever goes anywhere, and he hates parties. If I wasn't afraid you'd think it horribly bold, I'd ask you to take me! Is that perfectly shameless?" His heart hammered his ribs fiercely.

"I'd be delighted to go," he laughed, "only I might have some trouble negotiating an invitation. People sometimes have prejudices against inviting guests they don't know."

"Oh, don't worry about that! I know Marjorie very well and I'll ask her to send you a card."

Continued on page 84



# THE PORTYGEE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Shavings," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

**A** BRISK rap on the door, then a man's voice.  
"Hello, there! Wake up."  
Albert rolled over, opened one eye, then the other and raised himself on his elbow.  
"Eh? Wh-what?" he stammered.  
"Seven o'clock! Time to turn out."  
The voice was his grandfather's. "Oh—oh, all right!" he answered.  
"Understand me, do you?"  
"Yes—yes, sir. I'll be right down."

The stairs creaked as Captain Zelotes descended them. Albert yawned cavernously, stretched and slid one foot out of bed. He drew it back instantly, however, for the sensation was that of having thrust it into a bucket of cold water. The room had been cold the previous evening; plainly it was colder still now. The temptation was to turn back and go to sleep again, but he fought against it. Somehow he had a feeling that to disregard his grandfather's summons would be poor diplomacy.

He set his teeth and, tossing the bedclothes, jumped to the floor. Then he jumped again, for the floor was like ice. The window was wide open and he closed it, but there was no warm radiator to cuddle against while dressing. He missed his compulsory morning shower, a miss which did not distress him greatly. He shook himself into his clothes, soused his head and neck in a basin of ice-water poured from a pitcher, and, before brushing his hair, looked out of the window.

It was a sharp Winter morning. The wind had gone down, but before subsiding it had blown every trace of mist or haze from the air, and from his window-sill to the horizon every detail was clean-cut and distinct. He was looking out, it seemed, from the back of the house. The roof of the kitchen extension was below him and, to the right, the high roof of the barn. Over the kitchen roof and to the left he saw little rolling hills, valleys, cranberry swamps, a pond. A road wound in and out and, scattered along it, were houses, mostly white with green blinds, but occasionally varied by the gray of unpainted, weathered shingles. A long, low-spreading building a half-mile off looked as if it might be a Summer hotel, now closed and shuttered. Beyond it was a cluster of gray shanties with a gleam of water, evidently a wharf and a miniature harbor; and beyond that the deep, brilliant blue of the sea. Brown and blue were the prevailing colors, but here and there clumps and groves of pine gave splashes of green.

There was an exhilaration in the crisp air. He felt an unwonted liveliness and a desire to be active which would have surprised some of his teachers at the school he had just left. The depression of spirits of which he had been conscious the previous night had disappeared along with his premonitions of unpleasantness. He felt this morning. After giving his curls a rake with the comb, he opened the door and descended the steep stairs to the lower floor.

His grandmother was setting the breakfast-table. He was a little surprised to see her doing it. What was the use of having servants if one did the work oneself? But perhaps the housekeeper was ill.

"Good morning," he said.

Mrs. Snow, who had not heard him enter, turned and saw him. When he crossed the room, she kissed him on the cheek.

"Good morning, Albert," she said. "I hope you slept well."

Albert replied that he had slept well indeed. He was a trifle disappointed that she made no comment on his promptness in answering his grandfather's summons. He felt such promptness deserved commendation. At school they rang two bells at ten-minute intervals, thus giving a fellow a second chance. It had been a point of senior etiquette to accept nothing but that second chance. Here, apparently, he was expected to jump at the first. There was a matter of course about his grandmother's attitude which was disturbing.

She went on setting the table, talking as she did so.

"I'm real glad you did sleep," she said. "Some folks can hardly ever sleep the first night in a strange room. Zelotes—I mean your grandpa—has gone to see to the horse and feed the hens and the pig. He'll be in pretty soon. Then we'll have breakfast. I suppose you're awful hungry."



"I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT KIND OF A LOOK IT IS, BUT IT MAKES ME MAD!"

FOR READERS WHO MISSED THE OCTOBER ISSUE

Alberto Miguel Carlos Speranza, the "Portygee," is the son of a runaway marriage between the daughter of a Cape Cod seafaring family and a charming but worthless opera singer. When Alberto is seventeen, he comes to live with his grandparents, the Snows, in South Harniss. On his first day he decides that he will find life there very dull, despite the kindness of his grandmother, of Rachel Ellis, the housekeeper, and Laban Keeler, the whimsically dipsomaniac bookkeeper in his grandfather's lumber-yard.

As a matter of fact he was not very hungry. Breakfast was always a more or less perfunctory meal with him. But he was surprised to see the variety of eatables upon that table. There were cookies there, and doughnuts, and even half an apple pie. Pie for breakfast! It had been a newspaper joke at which he had laughed many times.

But it seemed not to be a joke here; rather a solemn reality.

The kitchen door opened and Mrs. Ellis put in her head. To Albert's astonishment the upper part of the head, beginning just above the brows, was swathed in a huge bandage.

The lower part was a picture of hopeless misery.

"Has Cap'n 'Lote come in yet?" inquired the housekeeper faintly.

"Not yet, Rachel," replied Mrs. Snow. "He'll be here in a minute, though. Albert's down, so you can begin takin' up the things."

The head disappeared. A sigh of complete wretchedness drifted in as the door closed. Albert looked at his grandmother in alarm.

"Is she sick?" he faltered.

"Who? Rachel? No, she ain't exactly sick. Dear me! Where did I put that clean napkin?"

The boy stared at the kitchen door. If his grandmother had said the housekeeper was not exactly dead, he might

have understood. But to say she was not exactly sick!

"But—but what makes her look so?" he stammered. "And—and what's she got that on her head for? And she groaned! Why, she *must* be sick!"

Mrs. Snow, having found the clean napkin, laid it beside her husband's plate.

"No," she said calmly. "It's one of her sympathetic attacks; that's what she calls 'em, sympathetic attacks. She has 'em every time Laban Keeler starts on one of his periodicals. It's nerves, I suppose. Cap'n Zelotes—your grandfather—says it's everlastin' foolishness. Whatever 'tis, it's a nuisance. And she's so sensible other times, too."

Albert was more puzzled than ever. Why in the world Mrs. Ellis should tie up her head and groan because the little Keeler person had gone on a spree was beyond his comprehension.

His grandmother enlightened him a trifle.

"You see," she went on, "she and Laban have been engaged to be married ever since they were young folks. It's Laban's weakness for liquor that's kept 'em apart so long. She won't marry him while he drinks and he keeps swearin' off and then breaking down. He's a good man, too, an awful good man and capable as all get-out when he's sober. Lately—that is, for the last seven or eight years, beginnin' with the time when that lecturer on mesmerism and telegraphy—no, telepathy—thought-transfers and such—was at the town-hall, Rachel has been havin' these sympathetic attacks of hers. She declares that alcohol-takin' is a disease and that Laban suffers when he's tipsy and that she and he are so bound up together that she suffers just the same as he does. I must say I never noticed him sufferin' very much, not at the beginnin', anyhow—acts more as he was havin' a good time—but she seems to. I don't wonder you smile," she added. "'Tis funny, in a way, and it's queer that such a practical, common-sense woman as Rachel Ellis is should have such a notion. It's hard on us, though. Don't say anything to her about it, and don't laugh at her, whatever you do."

Albert wanted to laugh very much. "But, Mrs. Snow—"

"Mercy sakes alive! You ain't goin' to call me 'Mrs. Snow,' I hope."

"No, of course not. But grandmother, why do you and captain—you and grandfather—keep her and Keeler if they are so much trouble? Why don't you let them go and get some one else?"

"Let 'em go! Get some one else! Why, we *couldn't* get anybody else, any one who would be like them. They're almost a part of our family; that is, Rachel is; she's been here since goodness knows when. And when he's sober Laban almost runs the lumber business. Besides, they're nice folks—almost always."

Plainly the ways of South Harniss were not the ways of the world he had known. Certainly these people were "Rubes" and queer Rubes, too. Then he remembered that two of them were his grandparents and that his immediate future was, so to speak, in their hands. The thought was not entirely comforting or delightful. He was still pondering upon it when his grandfather came in from the barn.

The captain said good morning in the same way he had said good night; that is, he and Albert shook hands, and the boy was again conscious of the gaze which took him in from head to foot and of the quiet twinkle in the gray eyes.

"Sleep well, son?" inquired Captain Zelotes.

"Yes—yes, sir."

"That's good. I judged you was makin' a pretty good try at it when I thumped on your door this mornin'. Somethin' new for you to be turned out at seven, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Eh? It wa'n't?"

"No, sir. The rising-bell rang at seven up at school. We were supposed to be down at breakfast at a quarter past."

"Humph! Were, ch? Supposed to be? Does that mean you were there?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a surprised look in the gray eyes now, a fact which Albert noticed with inward delight. He had taken one "rise" out of his grandfather, at any rate. He waited, hoping for another opportunity, but it did not come. Instead they sat down to breakfast.

Breakfast, in spite of the morning sunshine at the win-



dows, was somewhat gloomy. The homesickness, although not as acute as on the previous night, was still in evidence. Albert felt lost, out of his element, lonely. And, to add a touch of real miserableness, the housekeeper served and ate like a near relative of the deceased at a funeral feast. She moved slowly, she sighed heavily, and the bandage upon her forehead loomed large and portentous. When spoken to, she seldom replied before the third attempt. Captain Zelotes lost patience.

"Have another egg?" he roared, brandishing the spoon containing it at arm's length and almost under her nose. "Egg! Egg! EGG! If you can't hear it, smell it. Only answer, for Heaven sakes!"

The effect of this outburst was obviously not what he had hoped. Mrs. Ellis stared first at the egg quivering before her face, then at the captain. Then she rose and marched majestically to the kitchen. The door closed, but a heart-rending sniff drifted in through the crack.

"There!" Mrs. Snow exclaimed despairingly. "Now see what you've done! Oh, Zelotes, how many times have I told you you've got to treat her tactful when she's this way?"

Captain 'Lote put the egg back in the bowl.

"D——!" he observed, with intense enthusiasm.

His wife shook her head.

"Swearin' don't help it a mite, either," she declared. "Besides, I don't know what Albert here must think of you."

Albert, who, between astonishment and a wild desire to laugh, was in a critical condition, appeared rather embarrassed. His grandfather looked at him and smiled grimly.

"I cal'late one d—— won't scare him to death," he observed. "Maybe he's heard somethin' like it afore. Or do they say, 'Oh, sugar!' up at that school you come from?" he added.

Albert, not knowing how to reply, looked more embarrassed than ever. Olive seemed on the point of weeping.

"Oh, Zelotes, how can you!" she wailed. "And to-day, of all days! His very first mornin'!"

Captain 'Lote relented.

"There, there, mother!" he said. "I'm sorry. Forget it. Sorry if I shoeked you, Albert. There's times when salt-water language is the only thing that seems to help me out. Well, mother, what next? What'll we do now?"

"You know just as well as I do, Zelotes. There's only one thing you can do. That's go out and beg her pardon, this minute. There's a dozen places she could get right here in South Harniss without turnin' her hand over. And if she should leave I don't know what I'd do."

"Leave! She ain't goin' to leave any more'n that the ship's cat's going to jump overboard. She's been here so long she wouldn't know how to leave if she wanted to."

"That don't make any difference. The pitcher that goes to the well—er—er——"

She had evidently forgotten the rest of the proverb. Her husband helped her out.

"Flocks together or gathers no moss, or somethin', eh? All right, mother, don't fret. There ain't really any occasion to, considerin' we've been through somethin' like this at least once every six months for ten years."

"Zelotes, won't you please go and ask her pardon?"

The captain pushed back his chair. "I'll be hanged if it ain't a healthy note," he grumbled, "when the skipper has to go and apologize to the cook because the cook's made a fool of herself! I'd like to know what kind of rum Labe drinks. I never saw any but his kind that would go to somebody else's head. Two people gettin' tight and only one of 'em drinkin' is somethin'——"

He disappeared into the kitchen, still muttering. Mrs. Snow smiled feebly at her grandson.

"I guess you think we're funny folks, Albert," she said. "But Rachel is one hired help in a thousand and she has to be treated just so."

Five minutes later Cap'n 'Lote returned. He shrugged his shoulders and sat down at his place.

"All right, mother, all right," he observed. "I've been heavin' ile on the troubled waters and the sea's smoothin' down. She'll be kind and condescendin' enough to eat with us in a minute or so."

She was. She came into the dining-room with the air of a saint going to martyrdom and the remainder of the meal was eaten by the quartet almost in silence. When it was over, the captain said:

"Well, Al, feel like walkin', do you?"

"Why, why, yes, sir, I guess so."

"Humph! You don't seem very wild at the prospect. Walkin' ain't much in your line, maybe. More used to autoin', perhaps?"

Mrs. Snow put in a word. "Don't talk so, Zelotes," she said. "He'll think you're makin' fun of him."

"Who? Me? Not a bit of it. Well, Al, do you want to walk down to the lumber-yard with me?"

The boy hesitated. The quiet note of sarcasm in his grandfather's voice was making him furiously angry once more, just as it had done on the previous night.

"Do you want me to?" he asked shortly.

"Why, yes, I cal'late I do."

Albert, without another word, walked to the hat-rack in the hall and began putting on his coat. Captain 'Lote watched him for a moment and then put on his own.

"We'll be back to dinner, mother. Heave ahead, Al, if you're ready."

There was little conversation between the pair during the half-mile walk to the office and yards of "Z. Snow, Lumber and Builders' Hardware." Only once did the captain offer a remark. That was just as they came out by the big posts at the entrance to the driveway. Then he said:

"Al, I don't want you to get the idea from what happened at the table just now—that foolishness about Rachel Ellis—that your grandmother ain't a sensible woman. She is, and there's no better one on earth. Don't let that fact slip your mind."

Albert, somewhat startled by the abruptness of the observation, looked up in surprise. He found the gray eyes looking down at him.

"I noticed you lookin' at her," went on his grandfather, "as if you was kind of wonderin' whether to laugh at her or pity her. You needn't do either. She's kind-hearted and that makes her put up with Rachel's silliness. Then, besides, Rachel herself is common sense and practical nine-tenths of the time. It's always a good idea, son, to sail one v'yage along with a person before you decide whether to class 'em A. B. or just roustabout."

The blood rushed to the boy's face.

"I don't see why," he burst out indignantly, "you should say I was laughing at—at Mrs. Snow——"

"At your grandmother."



"I OFTEN TOLD ISSY PRICE I'D NEVER MARRY A MAN THAT DRINKS—"

"Well—yes—at my grandmother. I don't see why you should say that. I wasn't."

"Wasn't you? Good! I'm glad of it. I wouldn't, anyhow. She's liable to be about the best friend you'll have in this world."

To Albert's mind flashed the addition, "Better than you, that means," but he kept it to himself.

The lumber-yards were on a spur track not very far from the railway station where he had spent that miserable half-hour the previous evening. The darkness then had prevented his seeing them. Not that he would have been greatly interested if he had seen them, nor was he more interested now, although his grandfather took him on a personally conducted tour between the piles of spruce and pine and hemlock and pointed out which was which and added further details. "Those are two-by-fours," he said; or, "Those are larger joists, different sizes." "This is good, clear stock, as good a lot of white pine as we've got hold of for a long spell." He gave particulars concerning the "handiest way to drive a team" to one or the other of the piles. Albert found it rather boring. He longed to speak concerning enormous lumber-yards he had seen in New York or Chicago or elsewhere. He felt almost a pitying condescension toward this provincial grandparent who seemed to think his little piles of "two-by-fours" so important.

It was much the same, perhaps a little worse, when they entered the hardware shop and the office. The rows and rows of little drawers and boxes, each with samples of its contents—screws or bolts or hooks or knobs—affixed to its front, were even more boring than the lumber-piles. There was an ancient person in overalls sweeping out the shop and Captain Zelotes introduced him.

"Albert," he said, "this is Mr. Issachar Price, who works around the place here. Issy, let me make you acquainted with my grandson, Albert."

Mr. Price, looking over his spectacles, extended a horny hand and observed: "Yus, yus. Pleased to meet you, Albert. I've heard tell of you."

Albert's private appraisal of "Issy" was that the latter was another funny "Rube." Whatever Issy's estimate of his employer's grandson might have been, he also kept it to himself. Captain Zelotes looked about the shop.

"Humph!" he grunted. "No sign or symptoms of Labe this mornin', I presume likely?"

Issachar went on with his sweeping.

"Nary one," was his laconic reply.

"Humph! Heard anything about him?"

Mr. Price moistened his broom in a bucket of water. "I see Tim Kelley on my way down-street," he said. "Tim said he run afoul of Labe along about ten last night. Said he cal'lated Labe was on his way. He was singin' 'Hyannis on the Cape,' and so Tim figgered he'd got a pretty fair start already."

The captain shook his head. "Tut, tut, tut!" he muttered. "Well, that means I'll have to do office work for the next week or so. Humph! I declare, it's too bad just now when I was countin' on him to——" He did not finish the sentence, but instead turned to his grandson and said: "Al, why don't you look around the hardware store here while I open the mail and the safe? If there's anything you see you don't understand, Issy'll tell you about it."

He went into the office. Albert sauntered listlessly to the window and looked out. So far as not understanding anything in the shop was concerned, he was quite willing to remain in ignorance. It did not interest him in the least. A moment later he felt a touch on his elbow. He turned, to find Mr. Price standing beside him.

"I'm all ready to tell you about it now," volunteered the unsmiling Issy. "Sweepin's all finished up."

Albert was amused. "I guess I can get along," he said.

"I ain't worried none. I don't believe in worryin'; worryin' don't do folks no good, the way I look at it. But long's Cap'n 'Lote wants me to tell you about the hardware I'd rather do it now than any time. Henry Cahoon's team'll be here for a load of lath in about ten minutes or so, and then I'll have to leave you. This here's the shelf where we keep the butts—hinges, you understand. Brass along here, and iron here. Got quite a stock, ain't we?"

He took the visitor's arm in his mighty paw and led him from shelves to drawers and from drawers to boxes, talking all the time, so the boy thought, "like a catalog." Albert tried gently to break away several times and yawned often, but yawns and hints were quite lost on his guide, who was intent only upon the business—and victim—in hand. At the window looking across toward the main road Albert paused longest. There was a girl in sight—she looked, at that distance, as if she might be a rather pretty girl—and the young man was languidly interested. He had recently made the discovery that pretty girls may be quite interesting, and, moreover, one or two of them whom he had met at the school dances—when the young ladies from the Misses Bradshaw's seminary had come over, duly guarded and chaperoned, to one-step and fox-trot with the young gentlemen of the school—one or two of these young ladies had intimated a certain interest in him.





— AND ISSY SAYS I'M RIGHT —

So the feminine possibility across the road attracted his notice—only slightly, of course; the sophisticated metropolitan notice, of course, is not easily aroused—but still, slightly.

"Come on, come on," urged Issaehar Price. "I ain't begun to show ye the whole of it yet. Eh? Oh, Lord, there comes Cahoon's team now! Well, I got to go. Show you the rest some other time. So long. Eh? Cap'n 'Lote's callin' you, ain't he?"

Albert went into the office in response to his grandfather's call to find the latter seated at an old-fashioned roll-top desk piled with papers.

"I've got to go down to the bank, Al," he said; "some business about a note that Laban ought to be here to see to, but ain't. I'll be back pretty soon. You just stay here and wait for me. You might be lookin' over the books, if you want to. I took 'em out of the safe and they're on Labe's desk there," pointing to the high "standing desk" by the window. "They're worth lookin' at, if only to see how neat they're kept. A set of books like that is an example to any young man. You might be lookin' 'em over."

He hurried out. Albert smiled condescendingly and, instead of looking over Mr. Keeler's books, walked over to the window and looked out of that. The girl was not in sight now, but she might be soon. At any rate, watching for her was as exciting as any amusement he could think of about that dull hole. Ah hum! He wondered how the fellows were at school.

The girl did not reappear. Signs of animation along the main road were limited. One or two men went by, then a group of children, obviously on their way to school. Albert yawned again, took the silver cigaret-case from his pocket and looked longingly at its contents. He wondered what his grandfather's ideas might be on the tobacco question. But his grandfather was not there then, and he might not return for some time, and he took a cigaret from the case, tapped, with careful carelessness, its end upon the case—he would not have dreamed of smoking without first going through the tapping process—lighted the cigaret and blew a large and satisfying cloud. Between puffs he sang:

"To you, beautiful lady,  
I raise my eyes.  
My heart, beautiful lady,  
To your heart cries;  
Come, come, beautiful lady,  
To Par-a-dise,  
As the sweet, sweet—"

Some one behind him said, "Excuse me." The appeal to the beautiful lady broke off in the middle, and he whirled about to find the girl whom he had seen across the road, and for whose reappearance he had been watching at the window, standing in the office doorway. He looked at her and she looked at him. He was embarrassed. She did not seem to be.

"Excuse me," she said. "Can you tell me, please, whether Mr. Keeler is here?"

She was a pretty girl, so his hasty estimate made when he had first sighted her was correct. Her hair was dark; so were her eyes; and her cheeks were becomingly colored by the chill of the Winter air. She was a country girl, her hat and coat proved that; not that they were in bad taste or unbecoming, but they were simple and their style perhaps nearer to that which the young ladies of the Misses Bradshaw's seminary had worn the previous Winter. All this Albert noticed in detail later on. Just then the particular point which attracted his embarrassed attention was the look in the dark eyes. They seemed to have the same or similar disturbing quality which he had noticed in his grandfather's gray ones. Her mouth was very proper and grave, but her eyes looked as if she might be laughing at him.

Now to be laughed at by an attractive young lady is disturbing and unpleasant. It is particularly so when the laughter is from the provinces and the laugh—so to speak—a dignified and sophisticated city man. Albert summoned the said dignity and sophistication to his rescue, knocked the ashes from his cigaret and said with a haughty air:

"I beg your pardon."

"Is Mr. Keeler here?" repeated the girl.

"No; he is out."

"Will he be back soon, do you think?" she asked him demurely.

Recollections of Mr. Price's recent remark concerning the missing bookkeeper's "good start" came to Albert's mind and he smiled slightly.

"I should say not," he observed with what seemed to him to be delicate irony.

"Is Issy—I mean Mr. Price—busy?"

"He's out in the yard there somewhere, I believe. Would you like to have me call him?"

"Why, yes—if you please—sir."

The "sir" was flattering, if it was sincere. He glanced at her. The expression of the mouth was as grave as ever, but he was still uncertain about those eyes. However,

he was disposed to give her the benefit of the doubt, so, stepping to the side door of the office—that leading to the yards—he opened it and shouted: "Price! Hey, Price!"

There was no answer, although he could hear Issaehar's voice and that of another man above the rattle of lath-bundles.

"Price!" he shouted again. "Pri-ice!"

The rattling ceased. Then, in the middle distance, above a pile of "two-by-fours," appeared Issaehar's head, the features agitated and the forehead bedewed with the sweat of honest toil.

"Huh?" yelled Issy. "What's the matter? Be you hollerin' to me?"

"Yes. Certainly I am. There's some one here wants to see you."

"Hey?"

"I say there's some one here who wants to see you," he roared.

"What for?"

"I don't know."

"Well, find out, can't ye? I'm busy."

Was that a laugh which Albert heard behind him? He turned around, but the young lady's face wore the same grave, even demure, expression.

"What do you want to see him for?" he asked.

"I wanted to buy something."

"She wants to buy something," repeated Albert, shouting.

"Hey?"

"She wants to—buy—something." It was humiliating to have to scream in this way.

"Buy? Buy what?"

"What do you want to buy?"

"A hook, that's all. A hook for our kitchen door. Would you mind asking him to hurry? I haven't much time."

"She wants a hook."

"Eh? We don't keep books. What kind of a book does she want?"

"Not a book!—hook! H-O-O-K! Oh, great Scott! Hook! Hook! Hook for a door! And she wants you to hurry."

"Eh? Well, I can't hurry now for nobody. I got to load these lath and that's all there is to it. Can't you wait on him?" Evidently the customer's sex had not yet been made clear to the Price understanding. "You can get a hook for him, can't ye? You know where they be; I showed ye. Ain't forgot so soon, 'tain't likely. Price is right on 'em, too."

The head disappeared behind the "two by fours." Its face was red, but no redder than Mr. Speranza's at that moment.

"Fool Rube!" he snorted disgustedly.

"Excuse me, but you've dropped your cigaret," observed the young lady.

Albert savagely slammed the door shut and turned away. The dropped cigaret-stump lay where it had fallen, smudging and smelling.

His caller looked at it and then at him.

"I'd pick it up if I were you," she said. "Cap'n Snow hates cigarets."

Albert, his dignity and indignation forgotten, returned her look with one of anxiety.

"Does he, honest?" he asked.

"Yes. He hates them worse than anything. I've heard him say so often."

The cigaret-stump was hastily picked up by its young owner.

"Where'll I put it?" he asked hurriedly.

"Why don't you— Oh, don't put it in your pocket! It will set you on fire. Put it in the stove, quick!"

Into the stove it went, all but its fragrance, which lingered.

"Do you think you *could* find me that hook?" asked the girl.

"I'll try. I don't know anything about the confounded things."

"Oh!" innocently. "Don't you?"

"No, of course I don't. Why should I?"

"Aren't you working here?"

"Here? Work *here?* Me! Well, I—should—say—*no!*"

"Oh, excuse me. I thought you must be a new book-keeper, or—or a new partner, or something."

Albert regarded her intently and suspiciously for some seconds before making another remark. She was as demurely grave as ever, but his suspicions were again aroused. However, she *was* pretty, there was no shadow of doubt about that.

"Maybe I can find the hook for you," he said. "I can try, anyway."

"Oh, thank you ever so much," gratefully. "It's *very* kind of you to take so much trouble."

"Oh," airily, "that's all right. Come on; perhaps we can find it together."

They were still looking when Mr. Price came panting in through the side door.

"Whew!" he observed with emphasis. "If anybody tells you heavin' bundles of laths aboard a truck-wagon ain't hard work you tell him for me he's a liar, will ye? Whew! And I had to do the heft of everything, 'cause Cahoon sent that one-armed nephew of his to drive the team. A healthy lot of good a one-armed man is to help heave lumber! I says to him, says I, 'What in time did— Eh? Why, hello, Helen! Good mornin'. Land sakes! you're out airy, ain't ye?"

The young lady nodded. "Good morning, Issaehar," she said. "Yes, I am pretty early and I'm in a dreadful hurry. The wind blew our kitchen door back against the house last night and broke the hook. I promised father I would run over here and get him a new one and bring it back to him before I went to school. And it's quarter to nine now."

"Land sakes, so 'tis! Ain't er—er—what's-his-name— Albert here, found it for you yet? He ain't no kind of a hand to find things, is he? We'll have to larn him better'n that. Yes, indeed!"

Albert laughed sarcastically. He was about to make a satisfyingly crushing reproach to this piece of impertinence when Mr. Price began to sniff the air.

"What in tunket?" he demanded. (Sn'f! Sn'f!)

"Who's been smokin' in here? And cigarets, too, by erimus! (Sn'f! Sn'f!) Yes, sir, cigarets, by crimstee! (Sn'f! Sn'f!)"

"Who's been smokin' cigarets in here? If Cap'n 'Lote knew anybody's smoked a cigaret in here I don't know's he wouldn't kill 'em. Who done it?"

Continued on page 68





Photo by Will Armstrong, Boston

IN "THE MUSIC MASTER"



Photo by Abbé

WHY DO PEOPLE LIKE HER?

EVERYBODY at some time or other, I imagine, is tempted to write about marriage. But most people contrive, through the pressure of immediate interests, to resist—just as most people never find time to write the great play they all feel they can write. It would be nonsense for any of us to pretend not to have ideas about marriage. It would be false modesty for any of us to pretend not to want to have our ideas widely known. I feel somewhat as Chesterton did at the close of the first night's performance of "Magic" in London, when he came before the curtain and lectured the audience imperturbably, saying that he didn't care very much what they thought of his play, but he did care a great deal what they thought of his ideas. And I, too, would ask the reader to put his or her attention more upon my ideas than upon my manner of expression.

I am not married and never have been, but that is not an objection to my writing on marriage. Rather is it not a distinct advantage? Who can advise mothers in the art of educating children so well as those women who haven't had children themselves? No one has written more wisely on the topic of bringing up children than Ellen Key. In fact, the writer on marriage, who is married, immediately falls under the suspicion of the reader. If it is a man, we naturally ask, "What sort of a wife has he?" If it is a woman, "What sort of a husband?" Familiarity distorts the perspective. One can not see the forest of marriage because of the particular weeping willow of a wife. No one would expect the normal man with a wife like Socrates's Xantippe to write anything but cynically of marriage. No one would expect the normal man with a wife such as the second Mrs. Shelley to do anything but idealize marriage. I am sure that if I lived in Elizabethan times and were the wife of Shakespeare what I had to say about marriage would have to be discounted. But if I had lived in Elizabethan times I should probably not have been permitted to write at all. Our century has its advantages.

Certainly the topic of marriage is a democratic topic. With death, marriage is one of life's two greatest adventures.

I would keep it an adventure. There is a growing tendency to-day, symbolized by the movement which flaunts



Photos by Paul Thompson

MISS STARR AT HER SUMMER HOME AT LAKE GEORGE, NEW YORK

## MY VIEWS ON MARRIAGE

BY FRANCES STARR

THIS IS THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ARTICLES BY MISS STARR. THE FIRST, ABOUT BEGINNING A STAGE CAREER, APPEARED IN OCTOBER; THE THIRD, WHICH WILL TELL HOW SHE PREPARES HER RÔLES, WILL APPEAR IN AN EARLY NUMBER

on its banner the ugly name of "eugenics," to rationalize marriage and to reduce it to an exact science, like chess. But healthy people have always preferred cards to chess just because cards involve chance. I would not take away from marriage all its risks, for that would be to take away its adventure—something we can not too much cherish in an age wherein people want to be sure of everything, even their wives.

There is something craven and cowardly, for example, in the man who passionately wants to go to a foreign city, but has no money and does not dare to take his chance of making a living there. There is something equally craven and

cowardly in the man who wants to marry a girl, but doesn't dare to because he is not sure that instead of eternal happiness with her he may not have perpetual bickering misery. When we become timid of all adventure we don't deserve to have wives—or husbands. Marriage ought to be only for the brave.

Every time I read of a runaway marriage or elopement, every time I read of a romantic or so-called foolish match, I draw fresh inspiration from the fact that courage is not yet dead. Of course many such marriages turn out badly. Yet unless we have some marriages which turn out badly we shall never, strictly speaking, have any marriages which turn out well. Better a thousand times a few mistakes, a few heart-burnings, than that marriage should become a colorless certainty of a dead level of comfort. Let us keep it an adventure, but by increased education and enlightenment—for I do not want to be reactionary and absurd—let us try to make it more and more an adventure in happiness.

I believe in young marriages. At times I almost feel inclined to lay it down as a hard-and-fast rule, "Marry young, or don't marry at all." For as we grow older our power of illusion grows less. We become painfully analytical and see the obverse side of the medal in everybody. We become disillusioned; in other words, almost cynical at times. I am a hundred times more exacting in my demands on people now than when I was seventeen. It is not so easy to work up admiration for even the people most worthy of it. And as for falling in love—it becomes increasingly difficult every year after twenty, until possibly one reaches what in France, they call the "dangerous age," when a rush of second youth, a sort of romantic second wind, leads women of forty or thereabouts to fling themselves into all kinds of mad affairs. But marriages contracted in this artificial and short-lived romantic period—what might be called sentimental atavism—nearly always turn out disastrously. Youth is the natural time for contracting marriages.

Wiseacres, however, have always bewailed youthful and romantic marriages on the ground that young people are not competent to judge. But if people waited until they were competent to judge they would be very likely not to

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TWO OF THE SOLDIERS SPRANG FORWARD AND STOPPED THE CART

# HILLS OF HAN

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Temperamental Henry," etc.

IT WAS early morning—the first day of April—when the Pacific liner that carried Betty Doane and Jonathan Brachey out of Yokohama dropped anchor in the river below Shanghai and discharged passengers and freight for all central and northern China. Brachey, on that occasion, watched from his cabin porthole while Betty and the Hasmers descended the accommodation ladder and boarded the company's launch. Then, not before, he drank coffee and nibbled a roll. His long face was gray in color and deeply lined. He had not slept.

He went up to Shanghai on the next launch, walked directly across the Bund to the row of steamship offices, and engaged passage on a north-bound coasting-steamer. That evening he dined alone, out on the Yellow Sea, steaming toward Tsingtau, Chefoo and (within the five days) Tientsin. He hadn't meant to take in the northern ports at this time; his planned itinerary covered the Yangtze Valley, where the disorderly young shoots of revolution were ripening slowly into red flower. But he was a shaken man. As he saw the problem of his romance, there were two persons to be saved, Betty and himself. He had behaved, on the one occasion, outrageously. He could see his action now as nothing other than weakness, curiously despicable, in the light of the pitiless facts. Reason had left him. Gusts of emotion lashed him. He now regarded the experience as a storm that must be somehow weathered. He couldn't weather it in Shanghai. Not with Betty there. He would surely seek her; find her. With his disordered soul he would cry out to her. In this alarming mood no subterfuge would appear too mean—sending clandestine notes by yellow hands, arranging furtive meetings.

He was, of course, running away from her, from his task, from himself. It was expensive business. But he had meant to work up as far as Tientsin and Peking before the year ran out. He was, after all, but taking that part of it first. To this bit of justification he clung. He passed but one night at Tientsin, in the curiously British hotel, on an out-and-out British street, where one saw little more to suggest the East than the Chinese policeman at the corner, an occasional passing Aniah or Mafoo, and the blue-robed, soft-footed hotel servants; then on to Peking by train, an easy four-hour run, lounging in a European dining-car, where the allied troops had fought their way foot by foot only seven years earlier.

Brachey, though regarded by critical reviewers as a rising authority on the Far East, had never seen Peking. India he knew; the Straits Settlements—at Singapore and Penang he was a person of modest but real standing; Borneo, Java, Celebes and the rest of that vast archipelago, where flying-fish skim a burnished sea and green islands float above a shimmering horizon against white clouds;

## THE PEOPLE

**BETTY DOANE:** Nineteen, charming, a thoroughly nice and very pretty girl. She has returned to China from America to live with her father, who is a missionary in T'ainan-fu.

**GRIGGSBY DOANE:** Betty's father, a man strong in every way. His religious convictions are changing into doubts, just as strong. He feels that he is in the wrong work and no longer is sure of his own beliefs.

**HENRY WITHERY:** His friend, also a missionary, the only person with whom he can talk.

**JONATHAN BRACHEY:** A curiously rude but sensitive young journalist who was on the liner when Betty crossed the Pacific. He fights it—but he falls deeply in love with her and she with him. Just before they land, he writes her that he is married, and that though his wife has left him, he does not intend even to see Betty again. He is essentially a "lone wolf," he says, and will not spoil her life. That is the last she sees of him then.

**MR. AND MRS. BOATWRIGHT:** Missionaries at T'ainan-fu.

## THE STORY

Life in the missionary compound up in the Hills of Han is dull enough for the little American girl, in spite of the tenderness and sympathy of her father. There is much unrest in the province because of foreign concessions, and a young Chinaman, whom Betty met on the boat, commits suicide on the land of a French company, as a conventional Chinese form of protest. Doane hears of trouble at another mission station and starts off afoot to see what he can do, after getting the promise of the local government to send soldiers after him. He finds the mission destroyed and the body of a white engineer, the only recognizable sign of a fight. In the Chinese inn, where he spends the night, is a woman from the seaport, who had come up with the murdered engineer. Griggsby Doane's doubts and troubles come to a tragic culmination in his yielding to her cheap charms. In the morning he sends a letter to the heads of his church at Shanghai, telling them the whole affair and asking to be relieved from his post.

the Philippines, Siam, Cochin China and Hongkong; but the swarming Middle Kingdom and its stepped Tatar capital were fresh fuel to his coldly eager mind. He stopped, of course, at the almost Parisian hotel of the International Sleeping-Car Company, just off Legation Street.

Peking, in the Spring of 1907, presented a far from pleasant aspect to the eye of the traveler. The siege of the legations was already history and half-forgotten; the quarter itself had been wholly rebuilt. The clearing away of the crowded Chinese houses about the legations left a

glacis of level ground that gave dignity to the walled enclosure. Legation Street, paved, bordered by stone walks and gray compound-walls, dotted with lounging figures of Chinese gate-keepers and alert sentries of this or that or another nation—British, American, Italian, Austrian, Japanese, French, Belgian, Dutch, German—offered a pleasant stroll of a late afternoon when the sun was low. Through gateways there were glimpses to be caught of open-air tea-parties, of soldiers drilling, or even of children playing. Tourists from many lands wandered afoot or rolled by in rickshaws drawn by tattered blue-and-brown coolies.

From the western end of the street, beyond the American glacis, one might see the traffic through the Chien Gate, with now and then a nose-led train of camels humped above the throng; and beyond, the vast brick walls and the shining yellow palace roofs of the Imperial City. Around to the north, across the Japanese glacis, one could stroll, in the early evening, to the motion-picture show, where one-reel films from Paris were run off before an audience of many colors and more nations and costumes, while a placid Chinaman manipulated a mechanical piano.

Brachey had letters to various persons of importance along the street. With the etiquette of remote Colonial capitals, he had long since trained himself to a mechanical conformity. Accordingly he devoted his first afternoon to a round of calls, by rickshaw; leaving cards in the box provided for the purpose at the gate-house of each compound. Before another day had gone he found return cards in his box at the hotel; and thus was he established as *persona grata* on Legation Street. Invitations followed. The American Minister had him for tiffin. There were pleasant meals at the legation barracks. Tourist groups at the hotel made the inevitable advances, which he met with austere dignity. Meantime he busied himself discussing with experts the vast problems confronting the Chinese in adjusting their racial life to the modern world, and within a few days was jotting down notes and preparing tentative outlines for his book.

This activity brought him, at first, some relief from the emotional storm through which he had been passing. Work, he told himself, was the thing; work, and a deliberate avoidance of further entanglements.

If, in taking this course, he was dealing severely with the girl whose brightly pretty face and gently charming ways had for a time disarmed him, he was dealing quite as severely with himself; for beneath his crust of self-sufficiency existed shy but turbulent springs of feeling. That was the trouble; that had always been the trouble; he dared not let himself feel. He had let go once before, just once, only to skim the very border of tragedy. The color of that one bitter experience of his earlier manhood ran through every subsequent act of his life. Month by month, through the years, he had winced as he drew a



check to the hard, handsome, strange woman who had been, it appeared, his wife; who was, incredibly, his wife yet. With a set face he had read and courteously answered letters from this stranger. A woman of worldly wants, all of which came, in the end, to money. The business of his life had settled down to a systematic meeting of those wants. That, and industriously employing his talent for travel and solitude.

No, the thing was to think, not feel. To logic and will he pinned his faith. Impulses rose every day, here in Peking, to write Betty. It wouldn't be hard to trace her father's address. For that matter he knew the city. He found it impossible to forget a word of hers. Vivid memories of her round, pretty face, of the quick, humorous expression about her brown eyes, the movements of her trim little head and slim body, recurred with, if anything, a growing vigor. They would leap into his mind at unexpected, awkward moments, cutting the thread of sober conversations. At such moments he felt strongly that impulse to explain himself further. But his clear mind told him that there would be no good in it. None. She might respond; that would involve them the more deeply. He had gone too far. He had (this in the bitter hours) transgressed. The thing was to let her forget; it would, he sincerely tried to hope, be easier for her to forget than for himself. He had to try to hope that.

BUT on an evening the American military attaché dined with him. They sat comfortably over the coffee and cigars at one side of the large hotel dining-room. Brachey liked the attaché. His military training, his strong, practical instinct for fact, his absorption in his work, made him the sort with whom Brachey, who had no small talk, really no social grace, could let himself go. And the attaché knew China. He had traversed the interior from Manchuria and Mongolia to the borders of Tibet and the Lolo country of Yunnan, and could talk, to sober ears, interestingly. On this occasion, after dwelling long on the activity of secret revolutionary societies in the southern provinces and in the Yangtze Valley, he suddenly threw out the following remark:

"But of course, Brachey, there's an excellent chance, right now, to study a revolution in the making out here in Hansi. You can get into the heart of it in less than a week's travel. And if you don't mind a certain element of danger—"

The very name of the province thrilled Brachey. He sat, fingering his cigar, his face a mask of casual attention, fighting to control the uprush of feeling. The attaché was talking on. Brachey caught bits here and there:

"You've seen this crowd of banker persons from Europe around the hotel? Came out over the Trans-Siberian with their families. A committee representing the directorate of the Ho Shan Company. The story is that they've been asked to keep out of Hansi for the present for fear of violence . . . You'd get the whole thing, out there—"

officials with a stake in the local mines shrewdly stirring up trouble while pretending to put it down; rich young students agitating, the Chinese equivalent of our soap-box Socialists; and queer Oriental motives and twists that you and I can't expect to understand . . . The significant thing, though, the big fact for you, I should say, is that if

the Hansi agitators eventually succeed in turning this little rumpus over the Ho Shan Mining Company into something of a revolution against the Imperial Government it'll bring them into an understanding with the southern provinces. It may yet prove the deciding factor in the big row. Something as if Ohio should go Democratic this year, back home. You see? . . . There are queer complications. Our Chinese secretary says that a personal quarrel between two mandarins is a prominent item in the mix-up . . . That's the place for you, all right—Hansi! They've got the narrow-gauge railway nearly through to T'ainan-fu, I believe. You can pick up a guide here at the hotel. He'll engage a cook. You won't drink the water, of course. Better carry a few cases of Tan San, and don't eat the green vegetables. Take some beef and mutton and potatoes and rice. You can buy chickens and eggs. Get a money-belt and carry all the Mexican dollars you can stagger under. Provincial money's no good a hundred miles away. Take some English gold for a reserve. That's good everywhere. And you'll want your overcoat."

Five minutes later Brachey heard this:

"A. P. Browning, the agent general of the Ho Shan Company, is stopping here now, along with the committee. Talk with him first. Get the company's view of it. He'll talk freely. Then go out there and have a look—see for yourself. Say the word, and I'll give you a card to Browning."

Now Brachey looked up. It seemed to him, so momentous was the hour, that his pulse had stopped. He sat very still, looking at his guest, obviously about to speak.

The attaché, to whom this man's deliberate, cold manner was becoming a friendly enough matter of course, waited.

"Thanks," Brachey finally said. "Be glad to have it."

But the particular card, scribbled by the attaché, there across the table, was never presented. For late that night, in a bitter revulsion of feeling, Brachey tore it up.



SHE PAUSED; LOOKED UP, THEN DOWN. THE COLOR STOLE BACK INTO HER FACE—FLOODED IT.

IN THE morning, however, when he stopped at the desk, the Belgian clerk handed him a thick letter from his attorney in New York, forwarded from his bank in Shanghai. He read and reread it, while his breakfast turned cold; studied it with an unresponsive brain.

It seemed that his wife's attorney had approached him with a fresh proposal. Her plan had been to divorce him on grounds of desertion and non-support; this after his refusal to supply what is euphemistically termed "statutory evidence." But the fact that she had from month to month through the years accepted money from him, and not infrequently had demanded extra sums by letter and telegram, made it necessary that he enter into collusion with her to the extent of keeping silent and permitting her suit to go through unopposed. His own instructions to his lawyer stood flatly to the contrary.

But a new element had entered the situation. She wished to marry again. The man of her new choice had means enough to care for her comfortably. And in her eagerness to be free she proposed to release him from payment of alimony beyond an adjustment to cover the bare cost of her suit, on condition that he withdraw his opposition.

It was the old maneuvering and bargaining. At first thought it disgusted and hurt him. The woman's life had never come into contact with his, since the first few days of their married life, without hurting him. He had been harsh, bitter, unforgiving. He had believed himself throughout in the right. She had shown (in his view) no willingness to take marriage seriously, give him and herself a fair trial, make a job of it. She had exhibited no trait that he could accept as character. It had seemed to him only just that she should be called upon to suffer as well as he.

But now, as the meaning of the letter penetrated his mind, his spirits began to rise. It was a tendency he re-

sisted; but he was helpless. From moment to moment his heart swelled. Not once before in four years had the thought of freedom occurred to him as a desirable possibility. But now he knew he would accept it, even at the cost of collusion and subterfuge. He saw nothing of the humor in the situation; that he, who had judged the woman so harshly, should find his code of ethics, his very philosophy, dashed to the ground by a look from a pair of brown eyes meant little. It was simply that up to the present time an ethical attitude had been the important thing, whereas now the important thing was Betty. That was all there seemed to be to it. But then there had been almost as little of humor as of love in the queerly solitary life of Jonathan Brachey.

He cabled his attorney, directly after breakfast, to arrange the divorce. Before noon he had engaged a guide and arranged with him to take the morning train southward to the junction whence that narrow-gauge Hansi line was pushing westward toward the ancient provincial capital.

In all this there was no plan. Brachey, confused, aware that the instinctive pressures of life were too much for him, that he was beaten, was soberly, breathlessly, driving toward the girl who had touched and tortured his encrusted heart. He was not even honest with himself; he couldn't be. He dwelt on the importance of studying the Hansi problem at close range. He decided, among other things, that he wouldn't permit himself to see Betty, that he would merely stay secretly near her, certainly until a cablegram from New York should announce his positive freedom. In accordance with this decision he tore up his letters to her as fast as they were written. If the fact that he was now writing such letters indicated an alarming condition in his emotional nature, at least his will was still intact. He proved that by tearing them up. He even found this thought encouraging.

But of course he had taken his real beating when he gave up his plans and caught the coasting-steamer at Shanghai. He was to learn now that rushing away from Betty and rushing toward her were irradiations of the same emotion.

He left Peking on that early morning way-train of passenger and freight cars without calling again at the legation; merely sent a chit to the commandant of marines to say that he was off. He had not heard of the requirement that a white traveler into the interior must carry a consular passport countersigned by Chinese authorities, and also, for purposes of identification, a supply of cards with the Chinese equivalent of his name; so he set forth without either, and (as a matter of fixed principle) without firearms.

PASSENGER traffic on the Hansi line ended at this time at a village called Shau T'ing, in the heart of the Red Mountains. Brachey spent the night in a native caravansary, his folding cot set up on the earthen floor. The room was dirty, dilapidated, alive with insects and thick with ancient odors. A charcoal fire in the crumbling brick kang gave forth fumes of gas that suggested the possibility of asphyxiation before morning. Brachey sent his guide, a fifty-year-old Tientsin Chinese of corpulent figure, known for convenience as "John," for water and extinguished the fire. The upper

half of the inner wall was nothing more than a wooden lattice covered with paper; and by breaking all the paper squares within his reach, Brachey contrived to secure a circulation of air. Next he sent John for a piece of new yellow matting, and by spreading this under the cot created what might be termed a mild sensation of cleanliness, which, though it belied the facts, made the situation a thought more bearable. For Brachey, though a veteran traveler, was an extremely fastidious man. He bore dirt and squalor, had borne them at intervals for years, without ever losing his squeamish discomfort at the mere thought of them. But the stern will that was during these years the man's outstanding trait, and his intense absorption in his work, had kept him driving ahead through all petty difficulties. The only outward sign of the strain it put him to was an increased irritability. He was short with his servants. It became increasingly necessary with the years to let him alone.

He traveled from Shau T'ing to Ping Yang the next day ten hours in an unroofed freight-car without a seat, crowded in with thirty-odd Chinese and their luggage. During the entire day he spoke not one word. His two servants guarded him from contact with the other natives; but he ignored even his own men. At a way-station, where the engine waited half an hour for water and coal, a lonely division engineer from Lombardy called out a greeting in bad French. Brachey coldly snubbed the man.

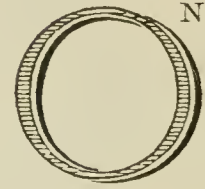
He planned to pick up either a riding-animal or a mule-litter at Ping Yang. As it turned out, the best John could secure in the way of a vehicle was a freight-cart; springless, of course. T'ainan was less than a hundred miles away, yet he was doomed to three days of travel in a creaking, hard-riding cart through the sunken roads, where dust as fine as flour sifts through the clothing and rubs into the pores of the skin, and to two more nights at native inns—with little hope of better accommodation at T'ainan.



# THE MARCH OF THE DAUGHTERS

BY DOROTHY CULVER MILLS

THE "NEW FREEDOM" HAS TORN DOWN WALLS WHICH GUARDED THE GIRL IN TIMES GONE BY. ON THIS PAGE ARE GIVEN TYPICAL INSTANCES OF HOW YOUNG WOMEN LIVE IN NEW YORK. BUT NEW YORK DOES NOT DIFFER GREATLY FROM OTHER CITIES. WHEREVER SHE WILL LIVE AND STUDY AND WORK, YOUR DAUGHTER MAY BE IN SIMILAR DANGER. ARE YOU TRAINING HER TO STAND UPRIGHT WITHOUT THE OLD CONVENTIONAL PROPS? OR ARE YOU SENDING HER, UNPREPARED, INTO A NEW AND DIFFERENT LIFE?



ON A midnight some months ago I emerged from the subway at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street to a clear moon and the milky air of Spring. The night held a thoughtful beauty powerless to stir the part of Broadway I had just left, where thousands of electric signs were dazzling the throngs into a panic of obedience. When I reached the vast steps to the university library that crowns the hill and found them stretching empty of the young life that had trudged up and down all day, I obeyed the impulse to mount and cross the campus diagonally toward the very little room in the very big apartment-house which for the time I was calling home.

With the great domed library at my back, I paused. I seemed alone with the city. The occasional figures passing below me and the sounds of the squat green cars in their rapid crawl along Amsterdam Avenue and upper Broadway were no intrusion. And in this intimacy came thoughts to define a feeling that had been struggling for expression in my recent contact with the life centering around these steps.

In retrospect the moment holds a bit of the ridiculous, my protest took such homely phrase.

"But you haven't any parlors for them!" were the words repeating within me; a plaintive little hum New York brushed aside like a gnat, while it went on with its own song.

This is what I am talking about:

All about me stood academic halls, quiet now, that in the day were rich with the presence of thousands of boys and girls, young men and women, whom the various colleges loosely grouped into a great university. They had come not only from the Pacific and the Gulf, but from beyond both oceans; and there were more young women than young men. Not far away lay a great school of music that draws its pupils not only from the city but from distant little towns that go to sleep o' nights, and again there are more young women than young men. Farther away stood a school of painting, and dotted all over New York innumerable centers of education reach the listening youth of uttermost America; and I venture a census of their students would show a heavier figure in the female column.

Farther south began the tall towers of offices. And these, too, covering every range of human interest, every profession, every industry, every religion, every social or philanthropic or political creed and experiment, are calling the nation's young from plain and desert, farm and forest, from the dingy bricks of stale small cities and the shaded lawns of quiet towns.

And the young come. They come in more thousands every year—the daughters and the sons. Nor did I forget the glittering district I had left half an hour before, with its old familiar call to dance, to eat, to drink, to be uninterruptedly merry. That call is answered, too.

As I stood, this one voice of the multiple voice of the city seemed to detach itself from all others—this summons of New York to the daughters of the country, east and west, north and south. New York beckons and they come.

The great majority come from simple homes where the conventions of simple living and conservative folk prevail; where there are dining-rooms and kitchens, and parlors and front porches with parents in the offing to wind a clock or slam a shutter at bedtime; where sunshine and fresh air are taken for granted indoors as well as outdoors, where one's neighbors are sure to be respectable and friendly if not friends. They come from localities where there are fairly uniform standards of living and conduct, from communities where they are accepted as the daughters of their parents and escape the public responsibility of establishing their own character and integrity.

They come to New York, an island, a monster city jammed between converging waters that have deflected and deformed its growth till it pushes crazily toward the clouds. A city where space and light within the walls where people live and work are at a greater premium than in any other place in the world. A city where there seems to be a greater number and a greater proportion of young men and women living alone, without parental or environ-



I LIVED IN AN APARTMENT APPROACHED THROUGH A MARBLE ENTRANCE AND A HALL WITH MOSAICS AND ORIENTAL RUGS AND WALLED WITH MIRRORS

mental background, than anywhere else in the world. A city that is made up of hundreds of cities, of thousands of groups of people each with its own interests and standards, each magnificently indifferent to all the others. Nor with the exception of certain districts given over to great racial groups is there any neat sorting out into localities. The huge apartment-houses surround the university halls and dormitories for a wide area—each a human crazy-quilt.

Many of them are vast lodging-houses with the greater number of their forty to eighty apartments, each with four to eight rooms, leased by keen-eyed landladies who sublet single rooms. In them live thousands of young women from all over the country, not only university students, but pupils of other institutions, and young women engaged in teaching, in business offices, in social or philanthropic work and other professions.

And with the exception of a few living in an endowed "home," perhaps a bare fifty out of those thousands have access to a reception-room in which to entertain a guest.

My own room was in an apartment approached through a marble entrance and a lower hall floored with mosaics and Oriental rugs and walled with mirrors. It was rented to me by a very nice woman whose own home is in another apartment in the same palace. It is a common custom for a landlady to lease and sublet the rooms in more than one apartment; some handle as many as eight. In this particular apartment another usual custom has been followed and every room but the bath has been transformed into a

bedroom. I was occupying the kitchenette, my furniture including a dumb-waiter, a stationary wash-stand, a built-in garbage receptacle, and the electric meter. The closet was a shelf with hooks enclosed by a curtain that bulged with my dresses. A narrow cot bed with a cretonne cover, a chiffonier, two small chairs, a tiny table, and a wastebasket completed the furnishing so very completely that my every movement had to be carefully considered. I gave up the problem of my damp wash-cloth and it frankly swung from the edge of the basin. I could not hang it in the dumb-waiter because the lady above me used her kitchen as a kitchen and exchanged conversation for ice and groceries early every morning.

Now for the second floor of a ten-story structure that room was not an undesirable room. Because it headed the long open court between our building and the next, it got more light and fresh air than the larger and more ornamental rooms in the same apartment that only flanked the narrow aisle of the court, and far more light and far fresher air than similar rooms in other apartments that opened only into the square, enclosed court round which our palace was built like a doughnut round a hole. And for one of the large sunny front rooms originally intended for parlor or dining-room and usually rented to two people, I would have had to pay more than twice as much. The more one pays for sunlight and fresh air the less one has left for food.

On renting it I asked my landlady a question.

I quote her reply: "You have nowhere else to entertain them, my dear. Rents are so high in New York we can't afford parlors any longer."

Almost the only place where the girl with a small income can find a parlor is in what is called an organized home. There are a fair number of such organized houses in New York and many more are needed, where girls, particularly younger girls, earning small salaries or studying preparatory to earning their living, can have lodging, breakfast and dinner for from three and a half to twelve and a half dollars a week. The cheapest places are heavily endowed for the poorer girls, the others more nearly or entirely self-supporting and simply run without profit under the auspices of various organizations. Some have rather strict rules, but the majority permit an almost complete freedom. They all have parlors. The spirit of each house is largely determined by the personality, fortunate or unfortunate, of the woman placed in charge.

There are disadvantages to such a house. One girl had been living in one of the best of them and she got normally tired of it, tired of the institutional routine of food, and tired of the barren, correct parlors, which hold about as much personality and spiritual cheer as an empty theater. In spite of the depressing parlors she had succeeded in becoming engaged, though, to a man who could not afford marriage—at New York prices—for a year or two. Now with this new challenge to economy neither of them wanted to continue the disproportion of expense of theaters and restaurants where the very crowds had furnished a cozy and intimate solitude.

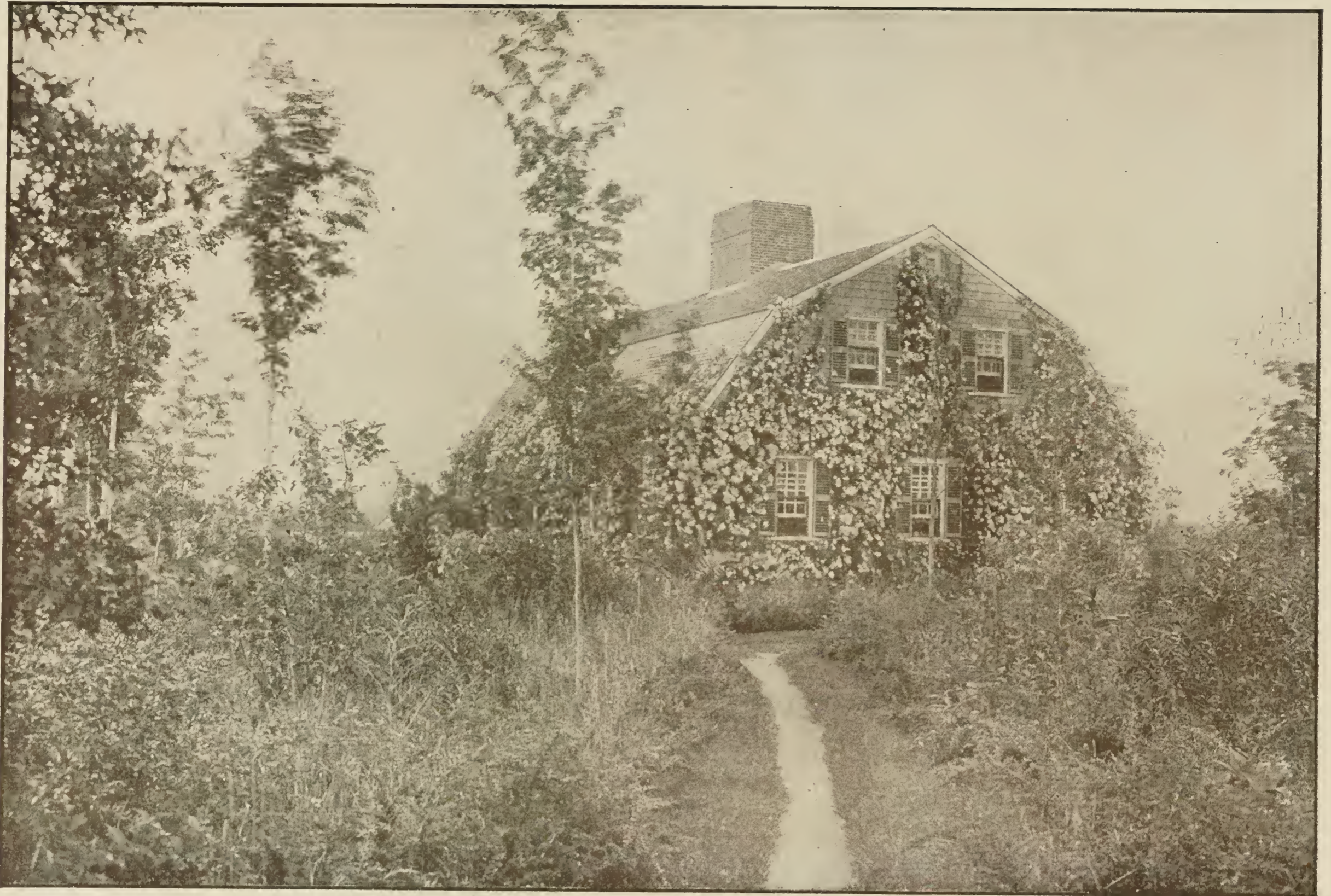
You will certainly sympathize with her rebellion at the prospect of a year or two of evenings in the organized parlor, with her longing—I think I may say her need—for a place that would have privacy from other scattered couples and giggling girls ostentatiously slipping by the open door, for a place that would have a touch of home, where she would be surrounded by her own books, her photographs, magazines and trinkets that would express her personal taste, and where over a chafing-dish she could make the cup of chocolate or the pan of fudge that she would have made in her kitchen in Iowa.

Now in New York to find board and "parlor privileges" in a congenial private home is a rare chance. Nor would a select boarding-house have been the answer. And, parenthetically, select boarding-houses are frightfully expensive in New York. The old-fashioned type of boarding-house is being driven out by the high rents and the growth of the cafeteria, delicatessen and restaurant systems. A dining-room no longer pays a landlady, so she turns her whole house over to lodgers who do light housekeeping or "cat out."

One solution that some girls work out was not possible for her; there were none of her friends who could unite with her in renting an apartment for whose expense they would be jointly responsible. Again by way of parenthesis, that answer to New York's living problem has its grave drawbacks for girls of moderate income. To keep the cost of living down and the standard of living up and the friction of living at a minimum requires the stable co-operation of three to six girls whose incomes, sense of responsibility and congeniality can be depended upon. The difficulties of insuring that happy combination need no comment.

Continued on page 36





HAVE YOUR OWN LITTLE HOME—OR BIG ONE—WITH ALL THAT IT MEANS TO YOU AND YOUR COUNTRY

Photo by Thos. E. Marr

# GO AHEAD WITH THAT HOUSE

BY ABRAM I. ELKUS

Chairman, Reconstruction Commission of the State of New York

## SERVICE TO HOME-BUILDERS

How to raise the money wherewith to build that house! That's the next question. One need not have the entire sum at the outset. An article in the December DELINEATOR, from an authority, will explain different methods of financing the new home.

This is preliminary to the notable service to be rendered our readers by THE DELINEATOR Home-Building Commission, in a series of carefully planned dwellings.

This body of men and women will comprise a group of architects of distinction, representing different sections of the continent and understanding the local requirements and conditions; landscape architects, to arrange the settings; home-

economics women of national reputation, to see that the working portions of the houses are right as regards arrangement and equipment; and interior decorators, to insure good taste in the decorations and furnishings.

Houses calculated to hold down to a minimum the original cost, consistent with the best results, and to render the house-workers' labor as light as possible—these are the objective of our Home-Building Commission.

The first of the houses will be pictured and described very fully in the January DELINEATOR, and others will appear at frequent intervals during the year 1920.

The personnel of THE DELINEATOR Home-Building Commission, a group of the most competent men and women in America in their respective fields, will be announced in an early issue.

**N**O JOY could be more natural or more ingrained in human nature than that which comes from owning a home. In fact a home that is not owned is hardly a home—it is a temporary resting-place.

The man who pays rent is not free in the very spot of all spots on earth where he should be free. His surroundings have no stability. He can not mold them to his taste, or express in them his personality.

But the man who owns the piece of ground on which he lives plants the seed of patriotism and takes a share in both the joys and the responsibilities of the world in which he lives. For love of home is the beginning of love of country. There could be no Bolshevism in a nation whose every citizen owned his home.

Building in this country stopped when we entered the world war. There was no time and there was no labor and there was no money for it.

And at first this was no hardship: for instead of receiving numbers of new people from other countries we were sending our men away; immigration stopped and homes were broken up while the young men were away.

But now our young men have come back; homes are in the making again—and we should begin to build. Yet we are not doing it.

Why?

For the first little while after the signing of the armistice construction was delayed because large lending corporations were unwilling to lend on the basis of the high prices then prevailing in building materials. When the New York State Reconstruction Commission, of which I have the honor to be chairman, was informed of this, we called together representatives of all the interests centering in the building trades and learned from them—learned from

experts on the subject—that the post-war cost of building materials was not likely to be reduced, at least for some ten years to come.

And when the insurance companies in turn were convinced of it, they let down the bars and agreed to finance construction on present prices.

Still the building of homes did not get under way, so we sent this time for the contractors and asked them what was holding them up now—only to find that it was nearly impossible for them to obtain the sort of labor that was necessary in order to take the very first step in building: skilled and semi-skilled workers, pick-and-shovel men, bricklayers; all these, largely drawn from our Italian population, were leaving the country and going home. And the few who were left were demanding higher wages.

So here we are a million homes short of what we need, and short a million men to build them!

There are two things to do: take the bull by the horns and build your own home in spite of high prices, and have something to show for it your whole life long and during the lives of your children and your children's children—or hesitate for the next ten years, spend the same money on rent, and have nothing to show for it when you are through.

The rent you are paying now would build your home. And we are hoping that soon the Government will help you do it.

On a recent visit to New York Mr. Thomas Adams, town-planning adviser of the Cabinet of the Dominion of Canada, described in a conference with the commission the system through which the Dominion Government is helping to finance the building of individual homes by people of moderate means—not as a charity, but because citizens who own the ground they live on, cultivate it, take an interest in it, and bring up their children to love it, repay

many times over the Government that has helped them financially to this end.

In Canada the Dominion Government loans to the Ontario Government, for example, money needed for this purpose. The Ontario Government in turn passes on, to municipalities and companies incorporated under the Housing-Accommodations Act, as much as eighty-five per cent. of the money to construct modest homes, with certain specific limitations: that is, that the type of house shall not exceed twenty-five hundred dollars in cost, and that the maximum cost of house and land shall not exceed three thousand dollars. The loans are for not more than twenty years.

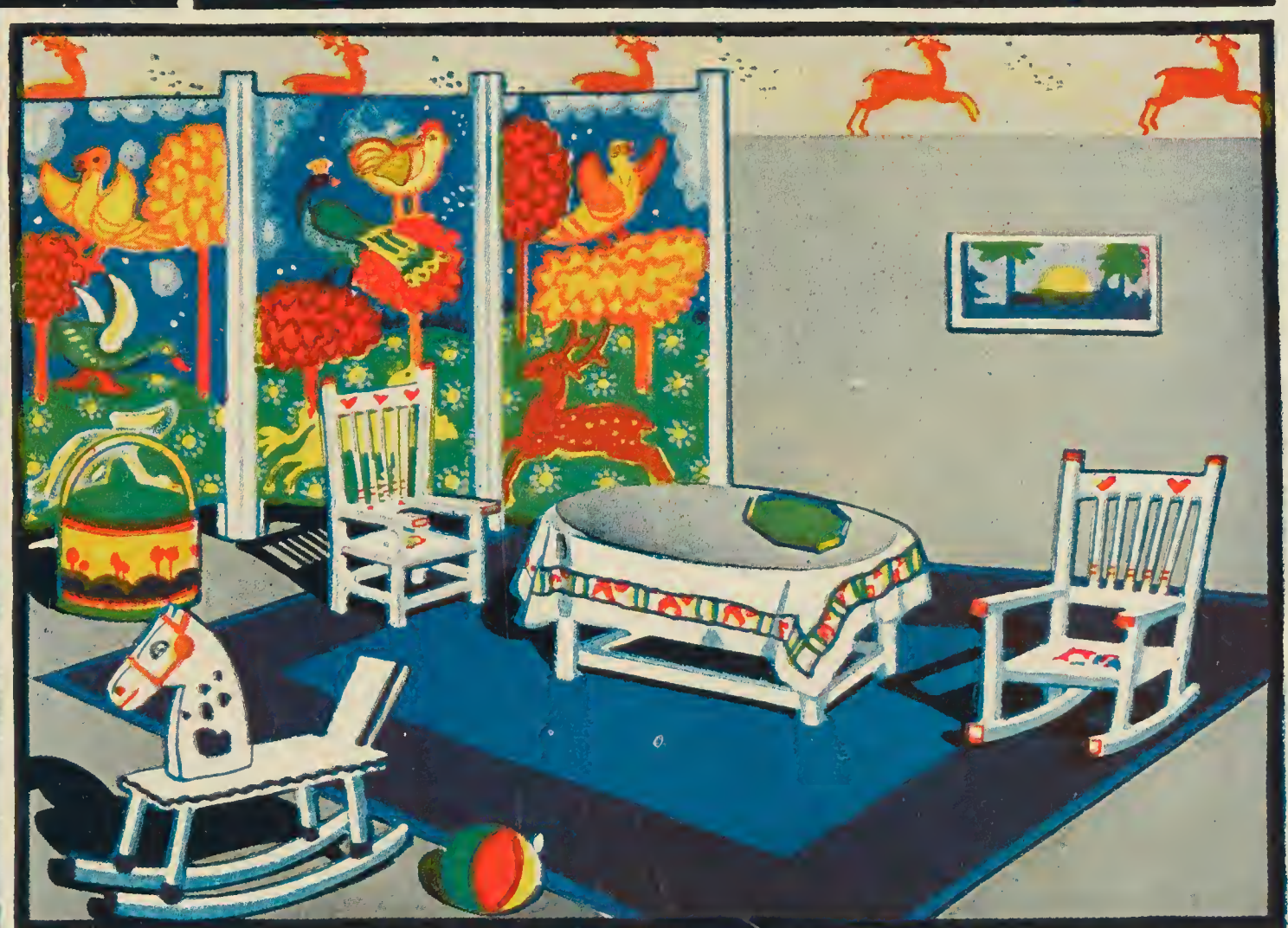
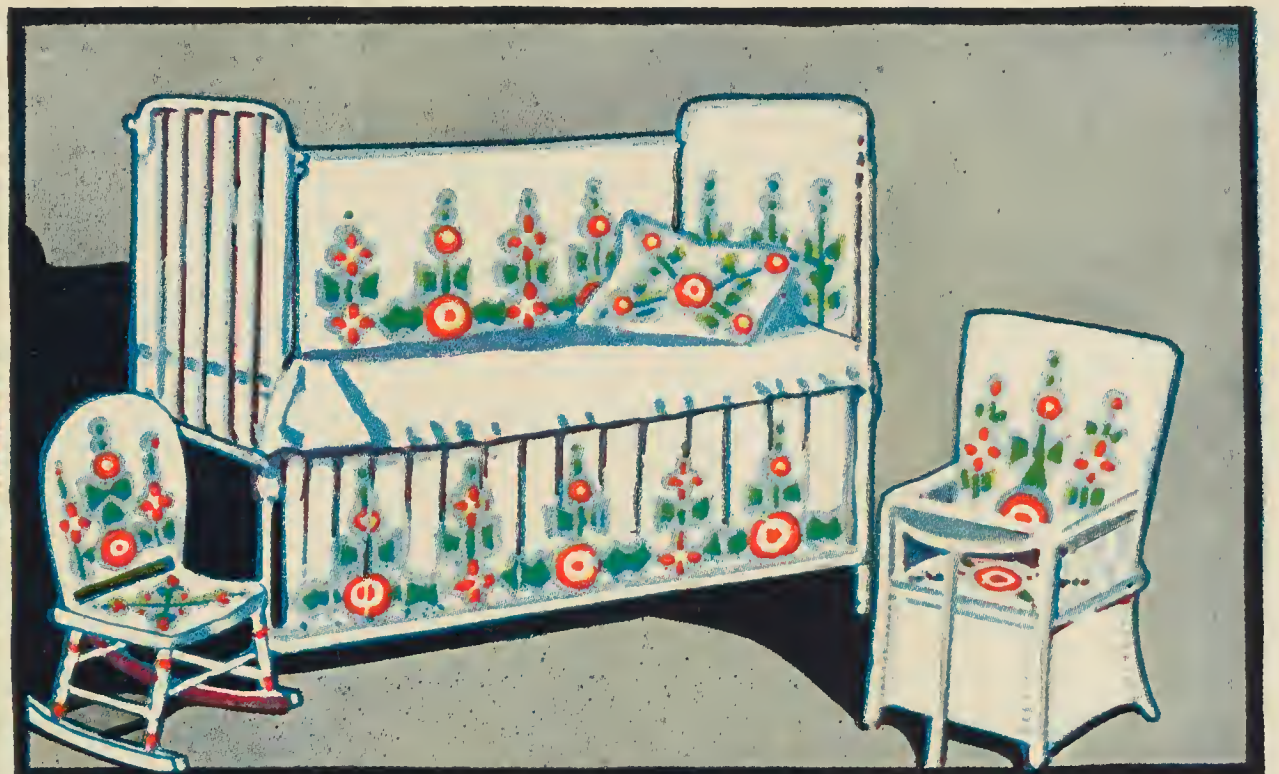
Think what this means! A man who owns a little piece of land may borrow from the Government all the money he needs to build a house on it—and on a property worth three thousand dollars the payments will be only twenty dollars a month and additional expenses only those of taxes, insurance and repairs!

This is what it means to one nation to develop a home-owning population. We think it means as much to Uncle Sam, and the Reconstruction Commission believe that Uncle Sam will eventually enter into a bargain with home-making young people of the United States and help them to build even when prices are high.

What the plans are will be described in an article on financing the home—both with and without the Government help which we think soon must come. Meantime, remember that rents are soaring; that what you might save by waiting for prices to go down you will waste by paying rents that are going up; and that every year of waiting for a home of your own means a spiritual loss that can never be made up.

Don't postpone happiness. Build your home now.





THE DELINEATOR SUNSHINE HOUSE—NUMBER FIVE

By Mary Fanton Roberts

THE CONCRETE EXTERIOR, THE TILED ROOF AND THE ARCHING WINDOWS AND ROOF-TREE GIVE THIS HOUSE A SPANISH EFFECT. THE FASCINATING AND PRACTICAL NURSERY FURNISHINGS ARE DESCRIBED IN DETAIL ON PAGE 66 OF THIS MAGAZINE





THE NURSERY PLAYHOUSE III—THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG By Frederick Richardson

For the story of what happened to the Old Woman when she went to buy a pig, look on page 91





SHE WOULD NOT DROP THE LAMB

# DR. TAM O' SHANTER

BY MABEL L. ROBINSON

THIS, THE MONTH'S STORY FOR YOUNG GIRLS, CAN, WITHOUT RISK OF CHALLENGE, BE PUT FORWARD AS DELIGHTFUL AND ALTOGETHER WORTH WHILE—TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED BY YOUNG OR OLD. OTHER STORIES ABOUT MARGARET AND TAM ARE COMING

MARGARET leaned back in her chair in the parlor-car, sighing, even as she slipped a chocolate almond into her mouth. "I don't want to go! I don't want to go!" The phrase kept time to the rhythmic roar of the wheels. "I know I'll hate it there."

She sat up suddenly as the train boy entered with a pile of magazines. He bent toward her in a confidential little recital of the monthly issues. Margaret hesitated.

"Yes, I'll take this and this and this," said she, selecting three magazines which her mother had several times hinted were too old for her to read. "I must take my mind off myself, mustn't I? The doctor said so."

She glanced through the illustrations, but as they were much alike and equally attractive, decided to begin at the beginning of the largest magazine and work through. She put another chocolate into her mouth, heaved another sigh, and entered into the world of the magazines. The chocolate-box was nearly empty and two of the magazines lay crumpled beside her, when, cloyed with sweetness, and lulled by the steady motion, she fell asleep. When she woke, the train had stopped at a station and in the quiet she could hear the voices of the people opposite.

"Such a pretty girl, isn't she, John?" the lady was saying. Margaret's eyelids quivered, but she kept them closed. Silence, and then—

"Too fat," grunted a man's voice.

"Yes, about fifteen pounds." The lady sounded regretful. "But, John, no wonder; she's just finished a whole box of chocolates. I suppose her exquisite color will go next."

Margaret's fingers clenched as she waited for John's reply. Apparently, however, he considered the topic worth no further discussion, for Margaret heard nothing but the rustle of his newspaper. When she opened her eyes the pair were both reading.

Margaret leaned forward for a surreptitious look in the strip of mirror. A pair of angry black-lashed eyes flashed back at her, and her color ran up scarlet flags that showed no signs of immediate fading. Then she remembered what the doctor had said, and sank back into the cushioned chair. "If it weren't right here on the train, I suppose I'd be seized by another fit of crying."

She swallowed hard.

"I wish we'd get there."

She whirled her chair about so that its back only was offered to the critical couple, took another chocolate, laid it back in the box, and shut the cover.

The conductor in whose charge she had been placed came through, picked up the strip of cardboard which he had punched full of holes, and said: "Next station, miss. The porter will see to your bags."

Margaret, a little startled and excited at her first arrival anywhere by herself, reached for her hat and studiously keeping her back toward the opposite side of the car, she placed it at just the angle which would bring a tiny rosebud close to the gold of her hair. She could not resist a glance across the aisle as she buttoned the straight coat in which the extra fifteen pounds entirely disappeared. She was rewarded by a double gaze of admiration so frank that, mollified, she returned the woman's smile over the porter's shoulder as he bent to pick up her suit-case.

"They wouldn't think me too fat if they could see me in my new party dress, either."

Margaret visioned quickly the foam of delicate loveliness that lay shut up in a box awaiting her return. But the

porter had placed his stool for her and she felt hastily for the tip she had always seen her mother give.

The station looked shadowy and strange as Margaret's eyes searched it in the twilight. Aunt Stacie had promised to meet her, but here was only an old man lounging beside a sleepy horse. As she looked at him he called out cheerily:

"Right this way! I guess you're Margaret all right! ain't ye?"

Margaret, a little startled, and after a moment's consideration, annoyed at his familiar greeting, climbed into the old buggy.

"Yes," she said deliberately. "I am Miss Margaret Stanton."

The farmer's eyes twinkled.

"Just what I thought," he said. "Your aunt asked me to get you because she had to 'tend to the colt. He took a little sick to-day."

Margaret stared ahead down the dim green road.

"I've not been very well myself," she returned.

"Is that so?" His voice sounded kind. "You look real well."

Margaret expanded under his sympathy.

"The doctor says I have hysteria," she confided, just a thread of importance in her tone. "And that I must get away from all excitement."

"Is that so?" boomed the hearty voice. "Well, now, I wonder if that's what ails the colt?"

Margaret glanced sharply at him, and he clucked to the old horse, adding with disarming apology, "I don't seem rightly to know what that disease is."

Margaret, who had sat up very straight, turned to him, reassured at the seriousness which overtook him as it did every one who spoke of her illness.

"I have crying spells," she explained. "I can't help their coming, and I can't stop them when they do come. Sometimes I cry for an hour without stopping."

"Do tell!" There was a quizzical look in the old farmer's eye which Margaret did not quite like. "Well, the colt ain't got that. But I dunno but what our boarder's baby has. It's often over an hour with him."

Margaret's red lips shut in a firm line. So he was laughing at her—well, he'd see! Why, she felt as if in another minute she might cry right there. The buggy stopped with a jolt, and running down the path of the sweetest little house Margaret had ever seen came Aunt Stacie, a magnificent collie dog bounding and barking beside her.

"Well, little Margaret! Here she is at last! Come straight here! What an old darling she is, Tammie!" And Margaret found herself standing in the path quite breathless with hugs from a pair of warm arms and batters from a pair of white paws. "Thank you, Mr. Gray, for bringing Margaret up. Yes, the colt's better. Come,

Continued on page 94



DR. TAM O' SHANTER



# THE TREE OF JOY—V. “COMING OUT” IN THE AISNE “IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE”

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT



Photos by Harry B. Lachman

ABOVE (1) “HONEY,” THE MOTOR-CAR, AS A SOLDIERS’ CANTEEN

(2) BEING REPAIRED BY KATHERINE AND CECILY, HER CREW

BELOW (3) CECILY ARRANGING TO SUPPLY HOUSEHOLD GOODS

(4) “HONEY” WHEN SHE WAS EVACUATING REFUGEES



MARSHAL PÉTAIN GIVES CECILY THE CROIX DE GUERRE

## A LETTER FROM LANDRES-ET-SAINT-GEORGES

August 6, 1919.

On the 27th of June, 1919, the Municipal Administration of Landres-et-Saint-Georges (Ardennes), at the occasion of its first meeting since 1914, wishes to express its deepest thanks and gratitude to the great magazine, THE DELINEATOR, which has so willingly adopted this town.

The Municipal Administration has decided to inscribe in a “Golden Book” the names of the generous givers who will be willing to participate by their subscription in the reconstruction of the two villages, Landres-et-Saint-Georges.

They have decided to give the name of “DELINEATOR” to one of the public places of Landres and also to place a memorial slab on the walls of the town-hall, as soon as the principal works are completed.

Chenet, Jules  
Day, Jules  
Genty, Charles  
Duplessis, Paulin  
Mizet, Edmond  
Julien, Nicolas

THE MAYOR  
Julien

THE SECRETARY  
A. Vauchetel

THEY might have been eating caviar and pâté de foie gras from, say, the gold dinner-service at the Biltmore or the Plaza. But it's beef stew and carrots instead.

We drink our coffee from thick white bowls in *régions dévastées*. The knives and forks are pewter. A hanging oil-lamp sheds its radiance on a floral centerpiece of daffodils from the forest of Compiègne, arranged in a brass shell-case picked up from the battle-field outside the door to serve as a vase.

At the head of the yellow oilcloth-covered table is A Lady of the Saucepan. Among those present is Betty. And all the way around, everybody you see here is socially registered all right in a blue book in New York or Boston or Baltimore or somewhere else at home, where their finger-nails were always properly pink-manicured.

So I stare. I can not help it. Not Betty's tragic face to-night holds my glance. It is Katherine's hands. Katherine's hands seem comedy.

I know she's washed them just as well as she can in hard, cold water and harder soap. Certainly they have been scrubbed. A hired man's hands are larger and less shapely but not any more red and ingrained with the evidence of toil.

Some time when the world's at last at rest again, as well as at peace, this girl perhaps may wear once more, say, a pink satin dinner-dress. But how shall she be able to remove her gloves?

I can stand the suspense no longer. So I ask: Do you think your hands will ever again come clean?

And this is what I find out: that nobody cares. Katherine herself doesn't.

It seems that this is the way hands are when your coming-out is in the Aisne instead of in the customary New York drawing-room. Hands here are not to fold in your lap and look at. They're not even to play tennis with or to play the piano with. Hands here are to work with. The busiest ones are the best ones.

All the girls about the table instantly hold up their hands to show they've done what they can. One little girl with quite white ones says she can't help it, for she's only been out a month from home.

Among all the hands none can compare with Kath-

erine's. Katherine, it seems, is *mécanicienne-en-chef* of the motor-corps service.

There is no mistaking the distinction of this position by the tone in which they tell it to me. Besides, one chipped and battered finger is done up in a rag bandage. And she broke her wrist in cranking a car two months ago.

This is the *Comité Américain's* unit at Vic-sur-Aisne. There is the director who is like a head settlement-worker, and a doctor whose long daily ride is a round of villages in *régions dévastées*. And there is the staff of assistants, among them the girls who, like Betty, can speak French and run their own car and pay for their own gasoline.

Everybody who doesn't run a car runs a typewriter. Because the unit keeps careful files with the history of each family in its district to whom assistance is given.

Vic-sur-Aisne was one of the towns which came under German bombardment. Of a population of over a thousand who were obliged to evacuate, there have made their way back in the Spring of 1919 about three hundred people.

Houses, or mostly the ruins of houses, in which they are trying to live are marked usually on the heap of stones in front, “*Maison habitée*.”

This house, taken in 1919 for the Committee headquarters because it is one of the least damaged, was the country residence of a Parisian family. It is surrounded by a lovely park with ancient trees and lawns that slope to the banks of the river Aisne.

The Rue Fontenoy, on which it is situated, was the front line of defense of the French army and the holes in the garden wall show where the cannon were stationed. The door is gone from the front entrance, which is boarded up. The main staircase, that lay in a heap on the hall floor, has been picked up from a mass of stone and mortar and hung perilously in place. You are careful to walk gently: it creaks, but it doesn't come down.

For glass the window-frames have been fitted with oiled muslin and the walls are patched with tar-paper. Every door-panel has been shattered with shrapnel. The dining-room plate-glass mirror is still above the mantel, but with a great hole in the center that radiates gashes. The furniture has been installed from the *Comité's* warehouse.

In the kitchen a French peasant woman does the cooking. And the maid, Demise, who to-night passed the stew,

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WHAT DID MRS. RAFAELLO WANT NOW? RIA'S JAW SET IN FLAT REFUSAL

# THE GIVER

BY ETHEL CHAPMAN HARING

**T**HE history of Fidelis is the history of the Trasks. In 1635 Robert Trask, founder of the American branch of the family, journeyed across the wilderness from Boston to the valley of the Connecticut; the following year he drafted the constitution of civil law which was the beginning of government in the State. For two hundred and seventy years from the time of his election to the Legislature, the deliberations of that body have seldom lacked the honored counsel of a Trask.

And if the minds of the men are written into the statutes of the State, the spirit of one of their women is written into the very name and soil of Fidelis. Evangela Trask was the young wife of the first Robert. After enduring with him perils in waters and in the wilderness, she was captured by Pequots as she went from the barricaded house to feed the hungry stock in her husband's absence at a conference of the settlers. The Indians carried her into their stockade and standing her against the wall demanded by signs and broken words that she reveal the meeting-place of the whites. When she refused, they shot at her with arrows, ending the slow torture at last with a charge full in the breast from the flint-lock of one of the settlers. Among those who helplessly consented to her death was a young son of Incas, the chief. He never forgot the white woman's bravery, and forty-one years later bequeathed a tract of a thousand acres to the son of the baby she had left.

"Our land is not lost while her sons inherit it," he wrote; and the words became in later years a precious memorial.

**T**HIS tract, descending from father to son, was never bought nor sold. But it diminished, for the Trasks were not of the tribes that take. The crowning site to the north passed to the State for a college through the generous hands of the Rev. Nehemiah Trask, one of the fighting preachers of the Revolution. The lovely eastward sweep, now Forest Hill Park, was given to the town by the fifth Robert. When factories began to fume on the flats, Nathanael Trask granted the use of the rich bottomlands to the mill-hands for truck-gardens. By the time Evangela Trask was born, only child of Nathanael's grandson, the thousand acres had dwindled to the barely sufficient setting of the many-gabled house, of which the square nucleus had been the home of the first Evangela.

But if the property had shrunk, the last daughter of the name came into possession of the full spiritual heritage of her fathers. She was a slight, fragile-looking girl, with delicate color; but the deeply blue eyes under the brown cap of close-laid braids met the gazer's with the steadfastness which looked out from the old family daguerreotypes, the look which had made adverse circumstance quail before it or had sent its owner faithful down to death. As a baby she would refuse to touch the food in her silver porringer until mother or nurse had had the first spoonful; her slim hand had been open to the needy from the day when she had come barefooted and coatless home from a walk on which she had met a poor child shivering with cold. She had been ill from the exposure, but her mother had not reproved her. And when in her girlhood her parents died, leaving her alone in the great house save for her old servant companion, Evangela

THIS IS A STORY FOR MEN, WOMEN, PARENTS—AND AMERICANS. ESPECIALLY AMERICANS WHO ARE INCLINED TO UNDERRATE SOME OF OUR FOREIGN-BORN CITIZENS

listened to its sounding memories and found in them her unneeded spur.

Of course, being a descendant of these conspicuous beneficiaries, she was bidden to all the formal affairs of town and college, but her contact with her own class was limited by her service, lavished to the limit of her slender strength and purse, to the village poor. The hostesses of Fidelis were accustomed to the protesting, eleventh-hour visits of Ria, the old housekeeper, bearing the notes which made a domestic calamity on the Flats the excuse for her mistress's absence. But they forgave the vagaries of a Trask.

However, occasionally it happened that Evangela dined at the college president's with a little group of the faculty, and there she met, the February she was twenty-four, the newly appointed head of the economics department. He was a grave, darkly handsome man, with the high, narrow forehead and the spare build of the ascetic, and he attracted her attention by his flashing rebuke of the indolently agnostic or frankly atheistic badinage of some of the younger professors. Afterward the two found much to say to each other. Not only was the man, too, sprung from old New England stock, but the girl's deep knowledge of conditions among the town poor interested the economist, whose subject was his passion.

In June, after a wooing of dignified ardor in which he was quite transported out of his habitual cold reserve, Ethan Stark married Evangela Trask.

An hour before the wedding Claire Talcott ran over to see if there was anything she could do to help in the final arrangements. She waited on the small, rounding porch with grooved pillars which, when the second gable was built, had been substituted for the old stone steps; but beyond a knob in place of the latch, the heavy door with its hand-wrought hinges swung as it had for nine generations of Trasks. Maria Gallup, the rigid old woman who had spent her long widowhood in the service of the family, met her at the low door.

"I don't know as there is, Mis' Talcott." Ria sniffed as she answered the friendly question. "Come in. We didn't go to any what you'd call weddin' fixin's. I jes' cleaned yistiddy, like always on Wednesdays an' Sat'days, an' she got that laurel from back o' the fort. . . . Yes, 'tis so—I don't know when ever laurel was so pink."

Claire Talcott looked about the familiar, low-timbered room which the first American Trasks had built with their own hands. It still held the spinning-wheel, the wrought-iron candlesticks and the heavy wooden cradle, settle and armchairs of its builders. But the fresh pink of the laurel in the tall stone crocks on either side of the hearth softened the harshness of the room.

"She's likely in Parson Nehemiah's room," Ria vouchsafed gruffly.

With a word of thanks, wasted on the rigid back, Claire crossed the uneven floor and stepped down a stair, so entering the addition of the fifth Robert, with its white, mahogany-railed staircase, on either side of which the

dining-room and living-room, furnished in priceless Sheraton, extended in two wings. Up-stairs, after two changes of level, representing two generations, she knocked at the white-paneled door of what had once been the Reverend Nehemiah's study.

"Come," said a voice that was like the muted G of a violin; and Claire entered the book-lined room as Evangela Trask turned from the old secretary.

"She was already dressed for her wedding, in a plain white gown whose simplicity many of her guests would think unworthy of her position. Claire wished that its transparency showed arms less slenderly fragile, and that she could be certain that the delicacy of the level-browed, finely modeled face was a matter only of easily flushing skin and sensitive nostrils. The wife put her arms about the wife-to-be and kissed her.

"I never saw another bride who was dressed an hour before her wedding, or another house where a wedding didn't mean mad turmoil to within five minutes of the ceremony. Of course I'm no use in such a model establishment—Ria pointed that out. Except, perhaps, to wish you happiness."

"Thank you, friend." The bride's voice was warm, but her smile was rueful. "I have a theory that I am as happy as I deserve to be."

"Which theory you don't apply to your friends—I hope—nor to your pensioners—I know," threw in Claire.

"One can't, of course," answered Evangela quickly. "And when I'm as uncomfortable as I am now, it is not at all flattering to apply it to myself. The turmoil you miss in the house is within." She touched her breast and nodded toward the secretary. "I have just discovered that I am bankrupt."

"BANKRUPT?" queried Claire Talcott, and then laughed at her own credulity. "You can't mean that your investments have failed—all?"

Evangela shook her head, and the light from the tiny-paned windows touched the satiny braids of her fine hair and fell off in soft brown lusters.

"No— Not that it would mean much loss if they had. Bankrupt isn't quite the word—yet. But I have spent more than my income. I am in debt." She spoke the word with delicate distaste and a flicker of the sensitive nostrils.

Claire exclaimed in relief. Despite a premonition which she recognized was part unreasoning and part reasoned, she had come with the determination to be light-hearted; it would have been hard to have bankruptcy heaped upon Ria's lugubriousness and her new perception of the bride's fragility. "Pooh! Of course you're in debt—for the moment. Elegant simplicity is always expensive." She ran a caressing finger along a fold of the surplised bodice.

The quick blood flushed Evangela's face and slender neck. "Oh, it wasn't for clothes! Mattie Chapin made this, and it cost thirteen dollars and a half, making and all! I could forgive myself that sort of extravagance, for it would have been to please Mr. Stark. But this was pure selfishness. Oh, yes, it was," she answered her friend's look of unbelief, "pure selfishness. Somehow there has been more hardship than usual lately among my people on the Flats. The men have work, but the mismanagement—and the babies! There's no catching

Continued on page 108



# VELVET-GLOVED WOMEN FIGHTERS

BY IZOLA FORRESTER



OUT of the crises born of industrial and social needs in this country in the past few years there has sprung into the limelight a new dynamic force to be reckoned with—the woman of the hour. To the wrong type of man she is an antagonist, an unwelcome intruder. They accuse her of not playing

the game, of employing tactics unsanctioned by precedent. The same fault was found with the Minute Men of Lexington and the Marines of Chateau-Thierry. A new mode of warfare backed by a new spirit is a power to be feared. It catches the enemy unprepared. The old defenses fall before he has time to maneuver. And the new type of woman fighter comes into the conflict camouflaged.

Men of the reactionary school have gaged their estimate of women in public life by the standards of twenty and even forty years ago. They know only the tactics of the pioneers, the trail-blazers, women who had to demand and make themselves heard in order to clear the way for those who came after. They understand a Carrie Nation who denounces liquor and smashes saloon windows with an ax, but when Mrs. Thomas Cleveland Preston heads a petition to the President with one hundred thousand women behind her, asking for prohibition because of competitive exploiting between the makers of alcoholic stimulants and the producers of the grain foodstuffs that form the mainstay of the nation, then they say it is not playing the game.

The new type of woman baffles them with her femininity. She is a builder, a constructionist, above all a diplomat. She wins the majority of men by her eagerness to cooperate. Her first slogan when she enters public life to-day is "Together!" Suffrage, once achieved, is a word tabooed. She makes the big aim the progressive march forward together. It is not surprising that now and then there comes a deadlock, one of those strange, inexplicable crises in public affairs when some one becomes a sort of king-log in a huge jam that impedes human progress.

At crucial moments women with indomitable courage and the faith that moves more than mountains these days have turned the day for victory for the right. The most startling feature to the interests they have had to combat has been the type of women leaders. Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse is one of the most charming and brilliant matrons of New York's younger set. Mrs. Raymond Robins's low voice and deeply dimpled smile have won the hearts of women workers against all the ringing arguments of the employers when organization has been fought. Kate Barnard weighs ninety pounds and stands five feet high, yet she swung four States for prison reform the day she asked permission to sit down in the Arizona Legislature because she was still weak from illness and talked quietly for four hours. Senator Helen Ring Robinson is the happiest, most smiling little woman imaginable, yet the men feared her because she somehow penetrated into Ludlow and came back to tell the women what she found there. It is the woman and the hour to-day that are proving a baffling and invincible combination in public affairs.

Last Spring the women of New York State suddenly realized that they were being outwitted. Since January certain bills on woman welfare had lain in committee. The previous October the State Federation of Labor had called together a group of people representing organizations which for years had worked to improve industrial conditions for women—the Young Women's Christian Association, the Woman's Trade Union League, the Consumers' League of New York City and New York State, and the Woman Suffrage Party.

To insure concurrent action and force, these organizations united to support the passage of six bills—the minimum wage for women, health insurance for women workers, the eight-hour day for women, and the protection of women office workers, women elevator workers, and women transportation workers. The Women's Joint Legislative Con-

ference was formed with Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse as acting chairman.

Fresh from her work for the government in Switzerland, where she had been sent on a special mission, Mrs. Whitehouse brought to the Albany crisis the war spirit and enthusiasm. Probably no other woman was better fitted to break the deadlock. She knew the ground thoroughly from her former work as chairman of the publicity council of the New York State Woman Suffrage Party, and later as party chairman. Other women had worked months at the capitol, carrying on an effective educational and publicity campaign on the bills, yet no hearing was obtained until March fifth, and the rumor went out that the "women's bills" were to be killed in committee. It is a legislative procedure of New York State that no bill can come to a vote in either House until the committee in charge of the bill gives a report on it.

A mass meeting called at Cooper Union had no effect. Telegrams and letters from prominent people were ignored. Finally Speaker Thaddeus S. Sweet declared that he was deliberately holding the bills in committee in order to pro-

tect the people of the State from "ill-considered legislation."

Mrs. Whitehouse turned to the Senate. Upsetting all precedent, she personally talked with man after man, and found out where they stood on the bills. Taking them by surprise, she bound them by solemn pledges to support the "women's bills." Albany was startled at the direct methods of this warfare, but the Senate duly passed the bills, and she turned to the Assembly with the same tactics.

"I have just come from the other side where the people are gladly sacrificing all they have to further the cause of humanity," she said. "How dare these men hold up these bills that are a sacred duty and guarantee of a square deal to the women of the State?"

Twenty-six Republican assemblymen bound themselves to support the bills, and at the eleventh hour Speaker Sweet called a hurried caucus, and eighty-two gave the death blow to these bills affecting the million working women and girls of the State. Mrs. Whitehouse rallied the women at once.

"When the homes of France were blown to ruins," she told them, "they built again."

The politicians were puzzled at her attitude. She didn't know when she was beaten, they said. She smiled and went to work quietly in New York City. The woman vote of the State was scattered on party-organization lines. She pleaded with the women to unite at the Fall elections and remember the men who had killed the "women's bills." The League of Women Voters became the name of the old Woman Suffrage Party, and behind that name lies the spirit of the new fight. The conference is absolutely non-partisan. It makes its appeal to the woman power of the State on the broad plea of humanity's needs.

Slender, dark-eyed and strikingly attractive, Mrs. Whitehouse is a problem to Speaker Sweet and his forces. He promised her support for her bills, and killed them in time-honored political fashion. Instead of denouncing him, Mrs. Whitehouse turned to the women and girls of the State, of his own district, and asked them to remember Speaker Sweet at the Fall elections, to remember him when they see women workers struggling to bear their little ones and hold their jobs at the same time, to remember him when they see devitalized women working twelve and fourteen hours on night shifts.

Through the leadership of a low-voiced, quiet woman with deep dimples and a radiant smile—Mrs. Raymond Robins—there meets in Washington this year the first International Congress of Women Trade-Union Workers, girls and women from Australia and New Zealand, from China and India, from even the new industrial group in Jerusalem, and from all the great labor centers of Europe.

"Is it not one of the inspiring results of the new leaven of co-operation and service that has come to us from the war," she asks, "this sending out women representatives to a world conference from even the cities in Palestine, where only two or three years ago the Turks were choking the wells with the bodies of slain girls? Imagine the bond of welfare and mutual purpose that lies behind this union of clasped women's hands."

"The only man who fears the girl with the trade-union button is the man who has something to lose," she concludes. "There was no fear behind the men who placed Mary Van Kleeck at the head of the Woman's Division in the Department of Labor, or Mary Anderson as assistant chief of the Woman in Industry Service under Miss Van Kleeck. From forty-five to forty-seven countries are represented in the International Congress of Working Women, and their chief request is that a woman representative of labor shall sit in the council of the League of Nations in Geneva."

Two houses of the Arizona Legislature listened in dead silence to the summing-up words of Kate Barnard the day she fought the prison system. Leaning forward from the chair they had placed for her, she spoke as if to one person:

"Our bodies are only the  
Concluded on page 104



## WIVES

V. ANGELA WATT

The other day I called on Angela Watt  
Whose husband teaches out at Willow Grove—  
You know the man I mean; quiet and kind,  
And all the children love him. Well, I found her  
Stitching up seams in a wicked, jerky way,  
And wearing what Tom calls a "righteous mouth,"  
All drawn down at the corners hard and tight,  
To keep back the things that never should be said.

"Angie, old girl," said I, "what are you doing?  
You look as dangerous as a Bolshevik!"

She dropped her work and looked at me: "I am;  
I'm just so mean inside, Sarah Jane Platt,  
That I could plan a revolution alone,  
Upset the thrones and kick the crowns around!  
That's how I feel."

"Why, Angie, what is the matter?"

"Only the same old things, the same old thing:  
Rent, groceries, and meat, and doctor's bills,  
And never, never quite enough to pay,  
And never any money left for clothes.  
But teachers' families can't wear birthday suits!  
If ever the dear Lord takes me into heaven,  
Me, with my wicked feelings and sharp tongue,  
I hope I'll get my own new pair of wings  
And every pin-feather to match and fit.  
I'd rather have one gown cut out of cloth,  
All new from edge to edge, than go on living  
To be a hundred in Aunt Maria's leavings . . .  
I guess I'm tired . . . But any woman would be  
Who had to make new coats out of old blankets  
Dyed in the wash-boiler, or new party dresses  
Out of the holeless bits of old lace curtains!

"Plain living and high thinking—yes—I know  
There's something in it, and, of course, I'm proud  
That George sticks to it and will never give in.

But wouldn't it be just as easy, I wonder,  
To do high thinking if you could pay your bills  
And put aside enough to make old age  
A peaceful time? Just listen, Sarah Jane:  
For teachers everything is luxury—  
Books, music, pictures, friendship, even love . . .  
And children—yes—you don't know how it is . . .  
Just life is too expensive for a teacher . . .  
As for plain living, we can't live plain enough,  
Because the town won't let us; if we did  
We wouldn't be respectable enough,  
And so the job would go. We have to meet  
The leading people and live the way they live!"

"But, Angie dear," said I, taking her hand,  
Her poor pricked fingers, gently in my own,  
"There is one lovely thing about your life;  
It is the meaning of your husband's work—  
The good he does. I've seen him with the children  
In Spring when they go out to study birds.  
I've thought how long they will remember him.  
And Willow Grove? Why, everybody loves him!"

"Yes, everybody loves him, and I'm glad,"  
Said Angie, smiling a poor, twisted smile;  
"But they don't care enough to raise his salary!  
Not long ago we went to the N. E. A.,  
And there I met a great, big, country boy  
Who planned to be a teacher. 'Don't you do it,'  
Said I to him; 'you'd better go dig ditches  
Or break stones or sell ribbon,' said I to him;  
'For then the world will treat you with respect.  
You'll never have to buy black Sunday suits  
That you can't quite afford; your wife won't need  
The dresses she will be too poor to buy.  
And neither of you will ever have to thank  
Rich women for their—clothes—at Christmas time.  
That's what I said to him; yes, Sarah Jane Platt!"

Marguerite Wilkinson





"YAS, SIR, I'SE HYAH!" MISTER MONTAGUE QUICK-STEPPED IN

# MISTER MONTAGUE

BY FLO FIELD

**T**HE Carltons were polishing the family silver. On the back "gallery," spacious New Orleans word for veranda, the three of them applied family tradition and cleansing-powder. Pieces of silver tied in floursaeks lay shrouded around them. Other pieces stood aloof, sparkling past wealth.

"I guess that will do!" Florrie, the youngest, inspected the shallow concave of a cake-basket. She was the shielded one. Devotion, poverty, isolated city geography had kept her that old-fashioned institution in feminine households, the baby, aged twenty.

"I want tons of silver," she decided lavishly, "and I want battalions of servants attending to everything. Jennie, where do you suppose he is?"

Jennie doused the Apostle spoons. "I sent him two hours ago for Aunt Julie's boy to run errands—there's so much to do!" Jennie was gray. Housekeeping and years had contrived that.

Mattie looked up from a coffee-pot with the lines of a Greek urn. "Mister Montague mustn't be overworked!" she protested in a voice as creamy as a magnolia blossom. "He'll be worn out before the dinner!" Mattie was the beautiful one. Gold, azure and rose as to hair, eyes and cheek. Her loveliness should have been in its prime. Jennie was the past, Florrie the future, but Mat was the present of the Carlton fortunes. She was the breadwinner, a "journalist." That is to say, she wrote for the newspaper in the city, putting her heart and soul into her work and never by any chance feeling she had earned her salary.

"Well, for a dinner like this, we ought to have hired a waiter from town," Florrie expatiated. "Something in a dress suit that would have known exactly what to do!"

"Oh, Florrie, it would have been the thing, but Mister Montague wouldn't have liked it. It would have broken his heart!"

"He wouldn't have let him on the yard," said Jennie. "He might have killed him at the gate."

"Anyway"—Mat's mood rose—"he will wear his apron and he can pass the cordial on the gold plate!"

She untied the knot of an innocent-looking flour-sack and extracted a large disk of lustrous gold. The workmanship was Italian Renaissance with a rare design of acanthus leaves, flowering into the bodies of nymphs and the beards of satyrs. A gorgeous marvel! And they gazed upon it as only those of very great or very few possessions treasure their belongings.

THE CARLTONS WERE POOR. BUT THEY STILL HAD MR. MONTAGUE, AND THEY STILL HAD THE FAMILY SILVER. AND WHEN IT CAME TO A CRISIS, THE DEVOUT AND STANCH AND MONUMENTAL LAVINIA WAS THERE TO STAND BY THEM TOO. FLOWERY MR. MONTAGUE IS A REAL PERSONAGE. WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM IN A PLAY. HE WOULD MAKE ONE ALL BY HIMSELF

"It will make the Wellingtons sit up and take notice—if they are so rich!"

"Well, don't call attention to it, Florrie—but it will impress this Mr. Morrison you've asked from your office, Mat, I'll be bound!"

Mattie flushed. "Yes—isn't it wonderful! 'It's like the halo of a Fra Angelico angel.'"

Jennie looked pensive. "More like the halo of the Carlton family," she said a bit grimly.

"You'd better say it's Mister Montague's halo! Anybody else would have knocked us in the head and gone with it ages ago. He's the one deserves it!"

"Lovely, Florrie. Yes, if it's anybody's halo, it ought to be Mister Montague's, when you think of it. Twenty years with us, and no wages half the time either! Save it for him to polish, Jen. He adores polishing it."

"Yes, I'm going to; it's one labor he does enjoy. He knows the dining-room windows have to be cleaned! Outrageous of him to stay like this!"

"Why don't you call him again?"

Jennie sighed and rose, passing through the wide hall that was open heart of the old house. She walked the length of the gallery and parted the vine. Then lifting her voice, with nothing to impede, she sang in the direction of the eabins in the next block:

"Monta—gue! Monta—gue!" A yellow dog flapped about and barked idly in the distance. A window-shutter swung a crack and closed. The old street resumed silence. Jennie threw back her head and repeated the call. In vain.

"Shucks, that'll never get him!" Florrie ran to the front. "Here, Jen, I'll show you." She megaphoned her palms and screamed staccato: "You, Monty! Come here right away! You, Monty!" And so on.

Then Mattie rose. "They'll never learn," she thought.

And she went forth. "Mis—ter Montague! Mis—ter Montague!" Her contralto drawl, ending in a soft note, traveled.

There was stirring in the perspective. Low thunder gradually focusing like the funnel of a cyclone. Out of somewhere shadow, which, taking form, advanced, Herculean, black, hot-footed, in sublime wrath, thunder preceding.

"Wha-wha-wha-wa-what you want, ma'am? Wha-wha-wa-what you want? Hi Gawd, I can't step to Mis' Brooks' 'thout yawl come bellerin': 'Mounty! Mounty!' (high falsetto imitation, evoking mirth from the cabins) la-la-la-like it was de las' trump! Wuks a gempman to def on de yawd an' den grudge 'im res'? Hi Gawd, I ain't no dawg! No, I ain't! No, I ain't! Anybody say I'se a dawg, I'll take mah ax an' split 'em wide open! Hit's time to quit dish hyah puh-puh-puh-puh-place anyhow. I gwine take mah things an' clair out. Yas, I is! Yawl kin look fer me by candle light. An' nuh-nuh-nex' time you holler mah name, I aim to take mah dirk an' cut somebody hawt strings! Yas, I will! Yas, I will! I'se a gempman er mah word— Hyah, Prince! Hyah, Prince!" (to an orange-colored mongrel at his heels).

"He's coming!" they breathed thankfully and scattered before the storm.

In something of this fashion had he come to them on a dark and stormy night in the dawn of their manless régime. The front-gate bell had rung like the announcement of telegrams and special deliveries; out of the dark the booming voice of velvet thunder—"Duh-duh-duh-does you want a boy to wuk fer you?" He must have been forty years old then.

That voice? Of course they did. What was his name? "Ma-ma-ma-mah name's Montague, ma'am, Mister William Montague. I ain't no-no 'count nigger, no. What, me? I kin move! Yawl take me on dis place you ain't gwine turn yo' han' to nuttin'. I gwine make de garden, make de fire, make de coffee an' have dis house runnin' like de *Jessie K. Bell* down de river!"

Never had it run that way. The bargain was struck through the dark. Wages? They could pay him what they chose; he knew when he was talking to ladies of quality. Just so he got his salt meat and cabbage, he'd do the work of ten men. He was to start in next day. But he did not come. Weeks passed—they forgot all about him. Then one morning, before daybreak—the crack of a cowhide whip, like artillery—a roar under their

Continued on page 98



# A GIRL'S PREPARATION FOR BUSINESS

BY  
JOSEPHINE STRICKER  
SECRETARY TO COLONEL ROOSEVELT

WHAT SHALL A GIRL DO TO FIT HERSELF FOR PRIVATE-SECRETARY WORK? WHAT SORT OF GIRL MAKES A SUCCESSFUL SECRETARY? WHAT GIRLS SHOULD GO TO NEW YORK? THESE QUESTIONS ARE ANSWERED, IN PART AT LEAST, IN THIS STIMULATING ARTICLE. AMBITIOUS YOUNG WOMEN ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO WRITE THEIR PERSONAL QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS TO MISS STRICKER, IN CARE OF THE DELINEATOR, ALWAYS INCLOSING A STAMPED ENVELOPE. THE FIRST ARTICLE IN THIS SERIES APPEARED IN THE OCTOBER DELINEATOR. OTHERS WILL FOLLOW

**I**N THE light of later events, I often wondered why I was so set on finding a business for myself. But I have always been a person of great singleness of purpose. Even as a child, once my mind was determined on accomplishing a thing, usually a piece of work, nothing on earth would keep me from trying to do it. And I was a docile child too. Usually very obedient; as a little girl I was almost morbidly afraid of doing what was wrong, or would hurt some one else.

There was a serious epidemic of typhoid in our town when I was perhaps eight or nine years old. My mother nursed my sister through a mild attack of it, and during her illness the house rather ran itself. Our doctor had laid down very strict rules as to the family diet. We were to drink only boiled water, were to eat no rich foods or pastry. My father seconded the doctor's commands and we certainly lived with Spartan simplicity.

It was at this point that I decided to make a pie. I had often seen my mother make them. I loved pie. I always had been pleading to be permitted to try my hand at making pastry, but had been firmly put in my place. I realized that I was undertaking that which had been forbidden from two points of view. But the opportunity was here. Nothing could stop my making that pie.

I was very small and plump. It was necessary to haul a little box into the kitchen so that I could stand on it and use the rolling-pin on the kitchen table. I took a generous sifter full of flour and an infinitesimal quantity of shortening and put them in a bowl. The amount of the shortening was small, because I hated the thought of touching lard with my fingers. But I finally got the pastry mixed and had performed the fascinating rite of lining a pie-tin and clipping it round with a knife. There proved to be enough pastry for two pies, so I peeled more apples and at last popped two very handsome pieces of pastry into the oven.

I was sure that these were very extraordinary pies. My faith was not dampened even when on taking them from the oven, one slipped and rolled on its edge across the kitchen into the pantry. The pie was absolutely unharmed. The flush of achievement was with me.

When my father appeared at noon for dinner, I whispered in his ear, "Pie for dessert!"

"Pie!" he exclaimed, looking very stern. "But that's forbidden!"

My heart was beating very fast. "But I baked them myself!"

My father hesitated. Perhaps I looked very small and eager to him, for he said: "Oh well, in that case, I'll try a piece."

I placed a pie before him with a silver knife with which to cut it. The silver knife made no impression on that crust. Nor did the bread-knife. It took the huge horn-handled carver to break through my marvelous pastry. Father made no comment until he attempted the first bite. Then, "Bring the ax," said he.

Father, too, came down with typhoid the next week, and he always claimed that the pie was the cause.

I always think of the pie episode when I think of my determination to enter a business in New York. Both seemed to have been such futile, mistaken enthusiasm. For as you may very well feel, it was a long way from a business of my own to Colonel Roosevelt's office, almost as long a jump as it was from a course of music in a convent to the whirlpool of politics in the office of the Progressive National Committee! And for a while it seemed as if my pursuit of a business career in New York was as futile as my passionate determination to make a pie.

And then, quite casually, as I have said, I took a position with the Progressive National Committee, just to help myself out financially. At first the work was the usual office routine, then, I don't know just how, I found myself taking charge of the executive end of the office work. We were always poor, of course, and we always had to hire green or inferior help as a consequence.

I remember, for example, the time that it was necessary to send out an enormous amount of printed matter. The space of time in which to do the printing, folding, address-



*Drown Bros.*

ABILITY AND CHARACTER ARE NEEDED TO STAND THE STRAIN IN THE ROARING TIDES OF BIG BUSINESS. A VIEW OF THE CURB MARKET, BROAD STREET, NEW YORK

ing and stamping was so small that just for a moment I was in despair. I looked at my tiny appropriation, then I braced myself, and I went out and hired forty or fifty green girls. Next I spent hours arranging them into shifts and parceling the job into piece-work.

When we finally were ready to start the actual work I took as my share the rousing and keeping up of the girls' competitive instinct. By presenting, in every-day fashion, the ideal for which we were striving, their desire to do their share loomed as the object most important for the period. Many among them were of the lackadaisical type, but to the very last a competitive instinct had been aroused, and the huge mail-bags were taken off on hand-trucks with a couple of hours to spare. They worked hard and fast, far into the night, but with such precision and team-work that when it was finished they wondered why the task had seemed impossible. Aside from the work of addressing and printing, twelve movements were required to make the job complete for the mail-bag. The next day I asked each one to estimate the number of pieces of mail in the job. They all guessed from thirty-five thousand to sixty thousand under the actual count. Do you realize the meaning of that in a busy office? It means that those girls had made at least four hundred and twenty thousand movements, with their minds so intent upon the work that the end brought with it a spirit of good-fellowship, and they were all so proud of the achievement that after a day or so, when the next short-notice rush came along, there were no misgivings and the same double-quick action cleared the office of the huge task in an incredibly short period.

This is only a sample of some of the less important details of the office work. I threw myself into it with my usual delight in pushing and organizing, and it was not long before I found myself executive secretary of the Progressive National Headquarters. Gradually every detail of the financial end of the organization came into my hands. Of course there was a national treasurer, but I had a natural liking for organization, and finally I was asked to systematize and supervise the huge organization of lesser contributors, which up to that time had been in the hands of an expert. This meant that I actually collected and expended the nickels, dimes and dollars; in fact, all moneys received and expended went through my hands. I took the same delight and interest in placing the political business on a sound economical basis as I had those earlier manufacturing ventures in my home town.

The months grew into years. My cherished dream of a business of my own slipped into the background.

I was overworked and underpaid. Yet I stayed on and on, better satisfied with my work than I ever had been in my life.

Right here, I wish you would let me stop a moment to speak of the importance of a girl's giving deep thought and seeking sane and mature advice in choosing her profession. Here I was, after years of self-support, only just on the eve of finding a job that was also an avocation. Why? Because I belonged to the generation in which almost any job was considered good enough for a girl, while the most painstaking and patient consideration must be given to her brother's choice.

Yet, next to her selection of a husband, a young girl's selection of her first job is probably the most important choice in her life. Self-scrutiny of the most searching kind should preface her choice. Perhaps inclination is the first thing to be considered. Inclination is instinct, and instinct seldom misleads, especially in women.

A girl inclines to mathematics? Then a position in which this inborn taste will be of most value to herself and her employers is the one for which she should look. This does not necessarily mean that she should look for a banking position. There are many other lines of business in which mathematics plays an even more important part.

Has the girl a talent for organization? Have her friends and parents always called her "busy" and "too energetic"? Does she love to get things running ship-shape and without friction? There are thousands of chances for a girl with this gift, though she may have to start at the bottom and work up to a position in which she may exert this talent.

And this brings up the necessity of looking ahead and studying the possibilities of a position before she accepts it. The wise girl should if possible plant herself in a position in which her ability and the conscientious exertion of her energies and talent will claim the attention of her employer.

Above all, parents should impress on their daughters from the time they are children the seriousness of making a choice of a profession. The great majority of the failures of girls in business is due to the neglect of parents, through stupidity or ignorance, of this vital matter.

Once her position is selected and obtained, the ambitious girl will keep everlastingly at it. And in this she must pay homage to details and regard little things with profound respect. Rome was not built in a day, and it takes twenty years for the average person to make a living success of a profession.

*Concluded on page 102*



LIVING  
COSTS

## Holding them down

In the matter of food prices the American housewife is still fighting the war.

She needs every possible aid to help her hold down table expenses to a reasonable limit.

One of the most important aids in this direction is good soup eaten every day.

You do not realize, until you look into it carefully, the extraordinary practical helpfulness of

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It is not only extremely appetizing but highly nutritious, rich in energy value at low cost. And you can serve it in many tempting ways.

You can use it also as a sauce for fish, chicken and vegetables or with spaghetti or in omelettes, welsh rabbits, etc., adding wonderful zest and savor.

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Write for a copy today.

21 kinds



"No matter where prices may drift  
Here's something not easy to lift  
That's why I tie to this ample supply  
A case of intelligent thrift."



# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



# RESULTS—NOT RESOLUTIONS

COMMUNITY ACHIEVEMENTS FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE



*Publisher's Photo Service.*

IN ALL NEW YORK CITY PLAYGROUNDS THE FLAG IS RAISED AND LOWERED WITH APPROPRIATE CEREMONY

EVERY mother in this country wants her boys and girls to become loyal, patriotic citizens. She wants them to realize just what it was their country fought for in the great war and what it stands for to-day. And the time to inspire them with this one hundred per cent. Americanism of which we are all talking nowadays is when they are young and while they are in the schools and at play.

### PLAYGROUNDS AND PATRIOTISM

HOW many children in the average town grow up with the proper respect for the flag? Every playground in the city of New York flies an American flag and raises and lowers it with appropriate ceremony. The children stand with bared heads and one of the children has the privilege of pulling the string that fires the cannon.

In all parts of the country this same idea is being carried out. City schools and rural schools are realizing that there is nothing like a simple ceremony to impress important duties and obligations on a child's mind. When a small cannon is fired as part of a flag raising or lowering ceremony, it is the natural desire of each child to pull the string that fires the shot.

Disputes are avoided by awarding this honor to the child who makes the best mark in history or any subject connected with government, history or patriotism.

### CHESTER'S "LEAGUE OF NATIONS"

TO INSTIL this same notion of good Americanism into the minds and hearts of its adult citizens, the wide-awake city of Chester, Pennsylvania, staged an elaborate "League of Nations Pageant" in which its thirty-two foreign groups, each dressed in its national costume, took part.

The mayor, and city, school and church officials shook hands with the citizens as they passed through a golden arch. Soldiers, sailors and marines opened the program, marching across the stage with "Old Glory" flying, while the audience sang "America."

The governor of the State gave a short address which was translated into four other languages for the benefit of those who could not understand English well. An angel next appeared and called the groups out one by one.

As each stepped forward it sang the national song of its fatherland and rendered other features representing the



Write The Delineator about "results" in your town



*War Camp Community Service.*

THE GIRLS' BAND OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA, IS AN IMPORTANT PART OF THE COMMUNITY LIFE

### A FINE WAR MEMORIAL

THAT the pretty suburban town of Woodhaven, New York, is populated by real, red-blooded, loyal Americans is evidenced by the way in which they have taken hold of the war-memorial problem.

Instead of putting up some machine-made memorial, Woodhaven has planted fifty-three oak-trees in honor of its heroic dead. And in addition a cross has been erected on which is pinned a red carnation for each fallen soldier.

### THE CHILD INSTINCT TO PLAY

WHY have playgrounds?

A little five-year-old invalid of the tenements once said to a clergyman: "I don't want to get dead and be an angel. I want to play first."

This illustrates how fundamental the play instinct is in children and how necessary it is to provide some means of gratifying it.

Have you ever stopped to think that the boy who rings somebody else's door-bell or gets chased by a policeman is really indulging in a game of tag, experiencing the delight of being chased by somebody? But the citizens of a town don't like to have tag played this way. Therefore why not give this boy a good chance to play football, basketball, hockey, or perform difficult feats on a horizontal bar, or flying rings, or from a diving-board? Give your children

playgrounds and watch the effect. Actual figures in Chicago showed a decrease of twenty-eight and one-half per cent. in the juvenile-court convictions after the establishment of playgrounds.

Here are some practical points about playgrounds:

The first thing is to get your land by buying it outright, renting it or getting some philanthropist to donate it. It should be well drained and not too hilly. Children as a rule like level land to play on.

Next comes the question how to surface the playground. Grass is the ideal, but unless you have lots of ground to play on, it will soon wear out. Cinders have been often used, but tend to cut and scratch knees and hands of players.

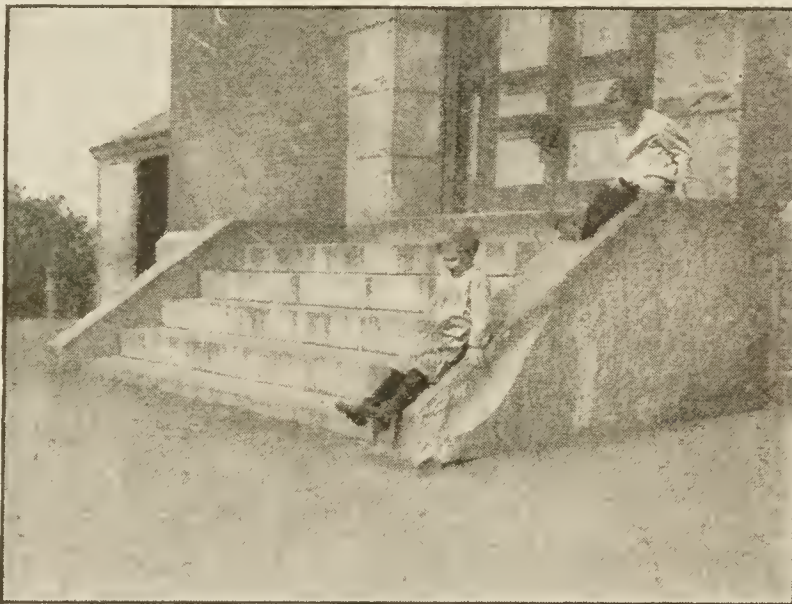
Chicago playgrounds have discovered that what is known as "torpedo sand" is most satisfactory. It consists of gravel, about one-quarter inch in diameter, from which all dust has been removed. It should be frequently sprinkled and rolled.



*Press Illustrating Service.*

AT THE MEMORIAL CEREMONIES IN WOODHAVEN, NEW YORK, A RED CARNATION FOR EACH DEAD HERO IS PINNED TO THE WOODEN CROSS

country. Many sang native folk-songs; one group had a fine soloist; the French and Belgian children gave folk-songs and dances; and an Italian man and woman danced the tarantella. At the close, the angel summoned them



*The Playground Association.*

YOU CAN'T—AND SHOULD NOT WANT TO—STIFLE THE NATURAL INSTINCT OF EVERY NORMAL YOUNGSTER TO SLIDE—



BUT YOU CAN SAVE THEIR LITTLE BODIES AND THEIR CLOTHES BY BUILDING FOR THEM A HARMLESS DEVICE FOR SLIDING

all under the flags of the United States and the State of Pennsylvania.

And standing thus they sang "The Star Spangled Banner" with great feeling and enthusiasm.



*International Harvester Co.*

THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYGROUND OR PARK IS THE BEST TYPE OF BREATHING-SPACE. CHILDREN DON'T LIKE TO GO FAR AWAY FROM THEIR HOMES TO PLAY



*Brown Bros.*  
THE LATE MR. J. P. MORGAN GAVE THIS \$100,000 VASE TO HIS HOME TOWN—NEW YORK



*The Playground Association.*

IF YOU ARE A MAN OR WOMAN OF MEANS, PRESENT YOUR TOWN WITH A PLAYGROUND OR PARK. IT HELPS TO DEVELOP BETTER CITIZENS IN A COMMUNITY



# COMMUNITY EXCHANGE



AS THE culmination of the war-emergency work it had been doing for the Food Administration, the Corona, California, Public Library opened last July a community kitchen, the first community kitchen in the State, and, so far as is known, the only one in the nation sponsored by a public library. It was directed by the Woman's Food Conservation Unit of Corona, of which the librarian was chairman, and was established purely on faith. It worked out of a sea of perplexing problems and experimental solutions into an attractive harbor of successful accomplishment through various cooperative community efforts.

Starting with nothing at all, it found itself at the end of six months owning an equipment valued at two hundred dollars, all running expenses having been paid, six hundred and one quarts of fruits and vegetables canned, two hundred and twenty-five of these being



CORONA'S COMMUNITY FOOD-SHOP WAS STARTED WHEN ONE HUNDRED WOMEN EACH LOANED IT FIVE DOLLARS

culls (the sort usually left to waste on the ground), and a diet-kitchen record during the influenza epidemic which endeared it even to the scoffers in the community.

Everybody helped; that is the secret of this successful venture. The Chamber of Commerce loaned its vast empty basement; the schools loaned their domestic-science equipment, the churches loaned their tables and gas-plates; the War Chest loaned seventy-five dollars to buy the pressure-cookers, sink, containers, and other necessities that had to be bought and could not be borrowed. Four luncheons were served to Liberty Loan workers and fifty dollars was cleared; an exhibit was entered at the Riverdale County Fair and the third prize of twenty-five dollars captured; and the other financing was done by service charges in the kitchen itself and the sale of the finished products.

The expenses of the diet kitchen were met by the local chapter of the American Red Cross, and all service was volunteer except for the head cook during the diet-kitchen régime.

Any housekeeper in Corona who brought her own materials and containers and did the work herself had free gas, free use of the equipment and the benefit of instruction from members of the conservation unit in charge, who worked under the supervision of the county home demonstrating agent. Methods used in the kitchen were standardized by government regulations.

A housekeeper furnishing materials and containers could have the work done for her by the kitchen at a nominal charge of five cents a pint, ten cents a quart or twelve quarts for a dollar. The kitchen also took orders and sold the finished products, receiving culls and extra produce from ranchers, abandoned gardens, etc., canning or preserving the foods so gathered and then selling them.

### HOW EXPENSES WERE MET

FOR a time, after January, the kitchen was closed because of quarantine regulations following the epidemic and the general tired-outness of all the workers. The labor shortage in the homes, however, caused the Corona housekeepers to band together and cooperate in a community delicatessen, using the kitchen equipment and good-will and putting in charge a graduate in home economics as manager.

Not long ago one hundred women of the town loaned five dollars each to the Community Food Shop to enable families to cut the cost of foods and renew the campaign to make use of what would otherwise be a waste in the locality's products—culls of fruits and vegetables. The shop was located in the former home of a confectionery shop in the main shopping district. It is a place of clean appearance in its finish of blue-and-white, and is supervised by women who know how to cook.

The business of the shop is handled by an executive committee of women. Another committee has charge of affairs that relate to equipment, and one of the women has charge of the negotiations with the producers. The high-school cafeteria is in charge of Mrs. Ida L. Perry, a very capable woman.

To sell cooked foods for the people to take

home is the purpose of the shop. The selling price is to include the original cost, labor, rent, fuel, and five per cent. to cover the wear and tear on equipment. The loans of the one hundred are to be paid back at the earliest moment, the five per cent. charge on equipment being made for just that purpose. Each of these women have guaranteed to buy twenty-five or fifty cents' worth of food each day, as their requirements happen to be. The city is districted and being solicited by the backers to make sales of the foods.

The shop will open a lunch-counter at which these products will be served. The policy will be to have the wholesomeness of home-made dishes prevail.

### "STAIRWAY OF THE PRESIDENTS"

A UNIQUE idea in making the school-house a place of beauty was carried out most successfully in the Staten Island Academy by its principal, Mr. Frank R. Page.

Instead of having bare walls or the ordinary sort of picture decoration, he had his pupils arrange the "Stairway of the Presidents," which consists of portraits of all the nation's chief executives, beginning with George Washington and ending with Woodrow Wilson.

The portraits begin at the foot of the staircase and go up in the order in which our country's leaders held the presidential office. The pictures are all of the same size and are mounted along a panel in tasteful and artistic manner.

Another stairway will include pictures of the prominent Allied statesmen and generals.

Thus the children of this academy, as they mount the steps of their schoolhouse, enjoy the opportunity of having impressed on their minds something that is both instructive and beautiful.

THIS school has also the "College Corridor," which has been decorated with a long row of charming campus views of many American



A PRACTICAL WAY OF TEACHING SCHOOL CHILDREN THEIR COUNTRY'S PRESIDENTS

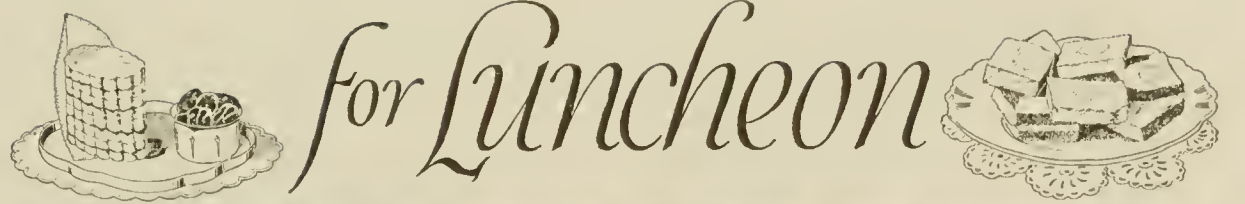
universities. Here again there is the two-fold purpose of providing attractive mural decoration and at the same time instilling in the minds of the children an admiration of and an ambition to attend higher schools of learning.

### DRIVING FIRE TALK HOME

FITCHBURG, Massachusetts, is showing its people interesting lantern slides of big fires, the slides having been made from photographs taken by two of the leading firemen in the city. The pictures are so good that they hold audiences for forty-five minutes, and during this time the lecturer drives home forceful facts on fire fighting and fire prevention.

This candy-coated medicine, which the fire department thought Fitchburg needed when the 1917 records showed the fire losses were triple those of the year before, has worked so well that, after one month of pictures, thirty days brought only two alarms, the smallest number in years. To keep up the interest, school children are given prizes for the best essays on fire prevention or fighting.

Dayton, Ohio, is planning to have its future voters a set of healthy, muscular men. The Greater Dayton Association has formed a Boys' Farm Club that finds positions for boys on surrounding farms in Summer-time. The only trouble is there are more members in the club than there are farmers who need help. This speaks for its popularity.



## Many delicious dishes can be made with BREAD

First comes Toast, crisp and appetizing. Good at any time—morning, noon or night.

Then the Sandwich, America's most popular luncheon. Children, workers, business men, picnickers, all proclaim its goodness. Whatever the filling, bread gives the sandwich a solid nutritive value.

Then there are the savory bread dressings for all varieties of meats; and numerous plain and fancy combinations of bread with eggs, poultry, fish and vegetables, making it easy to vary the family bill-of-fare.

And every housewife knows that many puddings, pastries and other desserts can quickly and economically be made with BREAD.

*BREAD is your best food—eat more of it.*

65 Delicious Dishes made with Bread

Any housewife will find this book extremely valuable in preparing new and attractive dishes. You can get a copy of it free of your baker or grocer or at the Fleischmann office in your city. Please say you saw this offer in the Fleischmann magazine advertisement.



Nearly all bakers use FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST because it makes the best bread





## Add a Cup to a Favorite Recipe

Welcome variety in many every-day dishes and plain foods may be enjoyed by simply adding Dromedary Cocoanut to some of your favorite recipes. This is the cocoanut that is fresh and moist to the last shred.

Send a postal today to The Hills Brothers Co., 375 Washington Street, Dept. E, New York, for latest Dromedary Cook Book for new ideas. In the meantime try Dromedary Cocoanut in some of your own favorite recipes —for example:

- Cocoanut Cookies
- Cocoanut Puddings
- Cocoanut Muffins
- Cocoanut Pies
- Cocoanut Waffles
- Cocoanut Candies



# PLANNING THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

BY GEORGIE BOYNTON CHILD

Author of "The Efficient Kitchen"

NO ONE can employ help successfully on the eight-hour plan who is unable or unwilling to keep house in a systematic manner. Work has to move along uniformly and evenly and the worker must be free from all unnecessary interruptions if she is expected to do different tasks on schedule time. Quite as much, therefore, depends on the planning of the housekeeper as on the one who is expected to carry out the plans. While it is an easy matter, comparatively, to write out a schedule that accounts theoretically for the eight hours, it is quite another matter to make a schedule that allows enough margin for the interruptions which are just as much a part of house-keeping as cooking or cleaning is. The amount of time that must be allowed in the average home every day would be at least twenty minutes. In many other homes the interruptions would almost equal the work in duration.

Housekeepers must take this apparently small consideration into account, because it is really not unimportant and it seriously affects the results.

MUCH of the waste of time can be eliminated by planning to reduce as much as possible unnecessary waiting on the door and answering the telephone. Also, allow enough time in the day's work so that what is necessary can be attended to properly. This may be done in many ways. Enough money is turned over to one's assistant to pay for any deliveries that are expected each day, thus preventing several trips back and forth to get money for each delivery and to bring back change; to the assistant may be allowed discretion as to the kind of calls that have to be referred back to the housekeeper; and a safe place may be provided for incoming packages and supplies, so that no one has to answer the door for regular deliveries. There must be an agreement with each worker that she shall not allow her friends to telephone to her except in emergencies. During her hours on duty her personal affairs should not interfere with her work. The ease is different, of course, with a resident worker who may be called up during hours when she is not on duty and who would otherwise not be able to keep in touch with friends.

WE MUST not allow irregularities to creep in. Children are often permitted to straggle down to breakfast and to come in late for other meals; they are allowed to help themselves between meals to cakes and cookies, so that no regular plan can be made for maintaining the regular supplies for the meals. The indulgent mother feels that this is a loving attitude toward her children, forgetting that it is done at the expense of herself or her assistant, and that, moreover, it is teaching children to be both inconsiderate and unpunctual. Punctuality and consideration are qualities that a right kind of home training will inculcate.

When it is advisable for children to sleep late, they can have an opportunity to do so, with the understanding that they will get their own breakfasts when they arise. They can be allowed to have just as much cake or cookies for special occasions as the mother thinks best, but always the extra work should be made a part of the day's plan, or else the children should be allowed to make the cake. This puts the hospitality up to the children and allows them great freedom without upsetting the regular order of work. The usual supplies of cake and cookies for suppers and dinners are counted in the eight-hour schedule and are part of the household assistant's work. The baking for any special occasion must be done in extra time or by some member of the family.

OF COURSE, all the irregularities are not caused by children. If some member of the family needs extra consideration or care, this is reckoned as necessary work and made a part of the regular routine. Nothing is left any longer to chance or whim; all the details of home-making are taken into account and some solution for each condition is embodied in the plan.

This may seem a formal kind of house-keeping, robbing the home of much of its freedom and charm. In reality, if carried out in the right way, it brings freedom to the home. No one can enjoy comfort and rest at the expense of some one else. Accordingly when we find it necessary to adjust the work to the eight-hour basis we want to get all the necessary processes done in that time. It ought not "to be up to mother" to put in unnecessary hours just because other members of the family fail to do their part. House-workers will no longer put up with anything that sets their work back. Like *Cinderella*, they'll flee when the clock strikes the hour. Yet eight hours is long enough, and nothing need be left undone if the plan is carefully made and followed.

IT IS not difficult to make out a schedule if one knows how long it takes to perform every task. We first of all decide when the eight hours shall be put in. One can secure a worker who will come for eight hours on a

continuous shift, with a half-hour off for lunch, say from 7 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.; or one who will come on a broken shift, say from 8:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M., and again from 4 P.M. to 7 P.M. The arrangement of time should secure the help for the parts of the day when it is most necessary to have some one on duty. This differs very much in different homes.

In homes where there are young children it is very helpful to have some one in time to get the breakfast. In other households the breakfast-getting may be very easy, and it is better to have the worker come later and be on duty longer through the day. This is entirely a matter of adjustment between the housekeeper and house-worker.

While there are more applicants who can go out for the hours between eight and five, it is possible to find women who can adapt their time to the needs of the individual household.

DO YOU know how much time it takes to perform each task in your home? This is the very first step before you can make out a written plan or schedule. Even when you do know how long it takes you to do the work, you will still have to make some adjustment for different persons. No two women work at the same rate of speed. It is quite important not to crowd the schedule, or force any one to work under a sense of strain. In the home the quality of the work is very important, as well as the spirit of loving service and adaptability. We do not want routine service, or enjoy having any one in the home who wants to sacrifice everything to getting through. We therefore try to allow enough margin of time so that a worker can be amiable and adaptable and still finish her duties within the prescribed time limit. If we find that she is doing her best, and in the right spirit, it is better to simplify part of the work until she can do more without undue strain. The speed naturally increases when the worker has carried out an intelligent, systematic, thoroughly well-thought-

wide range. While the wonderful labor-saving equipment now available is a great help and also conserves much time, it is important to remember that it is the completeness of the outfit that is the important point. Whatever your equipment now is, go over the list carefully and see that it is complete and that the equipment is grouped near the right working surface.

While one can not make quite as fast time with ordinary equipment as with high-speed equipment, no time need be lost if what one has is used to the best advantage.

WOMEN who go out to work in our homes to-day do not know the new resources, or how to go ahead and make the most of the eight-hour day. If we want to get the best results, we must learn the methods ourselves and be prepared to teach them. When Carnegie was asked where he found the captains of industry to conduct his big enterprises, he said, "We do not find them; we make them." In the same way the housekeeper does not find the highly skilled, efficient woman to work in her home; she also must "make them." This kind of training differs very much from teaching young girls or inexperienced help. We have in this case a class of women that are very capable according to old-fashioned standards. They would resent being "taken in hand," or forced to adjust themselves to new standards too abruptly. The teaching is done unobtrusively through the daily direction and care. This card contains the careful daily written directions that one gives out in the morning to the worker. It covers the plan of work for the day and the menu for the day.

With it are given the recipes and any methods or suggestions that are necessary. The worker, in coming up to the standard that is set for her, can not fail to learn all that the housekeeper is able to teach.

The helpful criticisms that are given when any recipe does not come out right or when work is carelessly done, is the other way through which the teaching is done. These criticisms are often not given at the time, but when the recipe is given out again the opportunity presents itself for the correction. This gives the needed help without arousing resentment.

NEXT in importance is the question of planning meals to be prepared within a definite time limit—say one-half hour for getting breakfasts, suppers and luncheons and one hour for dinner. This is a close limit and will make it necessary to prepare any long-cooking dish beforehand. It will also exclude certain foods from the bill of fare for breakfast. Muffins, for example, can only be prepared and baked by the exceptional worker in half an hour, so are not included any longer in the breakfast menu, but can be served for dinner. In general, we plan to group all the important cooking of the day at some convenient time. Two hours before the dinner-hour might prove desirable. In this period prepare all foods for the day that require long cooking. The half-hour that we plan to put in just before breakfast or supper includes fifteen minutes to set the table and assemble bread, butter, water, and so forth; and fifteen minutes for the preparation of any short-cooking dish or reheating anything that has been cooked

in advance. By this arrangement the important cooking is grouped at any time that proves most convenient for each housekeeper. The day's work is not broken up by the preparation of three meals, but attention is concentrated on doing the most important cooking and baking at one time.

In my home this work is done between 10 A.M. and 12 noon. We have a noon dinner, and this time is, moreover, the least liable to interruption. In other homes, where the housekeeper does her own work and a night dinner is served, the work is done just before and after lunch. In this way the night-dinner preparation is made very light. In still another home, where an assistant is employed and a night dinner is served, the cooking is done between four and six.

It may be helpful to know just how long it takes to perform different tasks in my home, where the worker is very competent and every condition has been brought about to insure good results. I am, therefore, giving a list, with the suggestion that it be used only as a guide in making your schedule. The reader will understand that she will have to make her own time study from actual observation or practice in her own home.

IN THE Kitchen Contest announced on another page of this issue, the editors ask DELINEATOR housewives to tell the particular problems which confront them in their house-work so that Miss Orr, the Home-Economics Editor, and Mrs. Child, the writer of the article on this page, may help them solve their problems. On the completeness of the answers will depend the extent and thoroughness of the aid which Miss Orr and Mrs. Child can give. In answering the questions be sure to tell whether you now do your work by schedule or have ever attempted to do so, and the details of your plan.

## PLANNING THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

### TIME-TABLE OF DIFFERENT TASKS

Preparation of breakfasts and suppers, setting table, etc. . . . .	½ hour each
Preparation of dinners, exclusive of dessert . . .	1 hour
Clearing table, sorting, seraping and stacking dishes, putting food away, 3 meals a day, each meal . . . . .	10-15 minutes
Washing supper and breakfast dishes after breakfast in dish-washing machine, putting dishes away . . . . .	15 minutes
Washing dinner dishes in dish-washing machine, etc. . . . .	10 minutes
Time allowed for making 7 dinner desserts . . .	2 hours
Time allowed for making cookies and cake for 7 suppers . . . . .	1 hour
Time allowed for bread-making twice a week, covering mixing, kneading, clearing up, etc. . .	2 hours
Daily care of kitchenette, including wiping up floor . . . . .	½ hour
Daily light vacuuming of dining-room, parlor, sitting-room, front hall and dusting of rooms . . . . .	½ hour
Semiweekly thorough cleaning of these rooms—each time . . . . .	1½ hour
Weekly cleaning of kitchenette, refrigerator, cupboards, etc. . . . .	3 hours
Time allowed for washing for family of seven —not done by assistant . . . . .	5 hours
Time allowed for ironing, 4½ hours; done by 6-hour assistant . . . . .	9 hours

out plan of procedure for a certain allotted time.

A little consideration while the woman is making her adjustment will secure much better results than trying to force through a given schedule. Moreover, one can not accept any one else's time record. The conditions may be very different in your home, and you may need to study them carefully and make many changes before work can be done in a short time limit. Time records are helpful guides, but each housekeeper must make her own record before she adopts a final plan.

IN ORDER to get a great deal done in eight hours, we must be sure that our recipes and methods are accurate and complete. No time will then be lost in asking questions about recipes. Uniform results can always be obtained. Enough material can be prepared at one time to cover the desired number of meals. If left to chance, the amount of any recipe may be more than enough for one meal but not enough for two meals. Recipes are accordingly made with the needs of two or more meals in mind. Thus in one hour's baking enough cake is made for three dinner desserts and two suppers. The three days on which cake is served for a dinner dessert are grouped together. The same cake mixture is used for the three cakes, but there are variations in fillings and in adding spice or chocolate to the batter. In making up one's recipes, much time-saving may be attained.

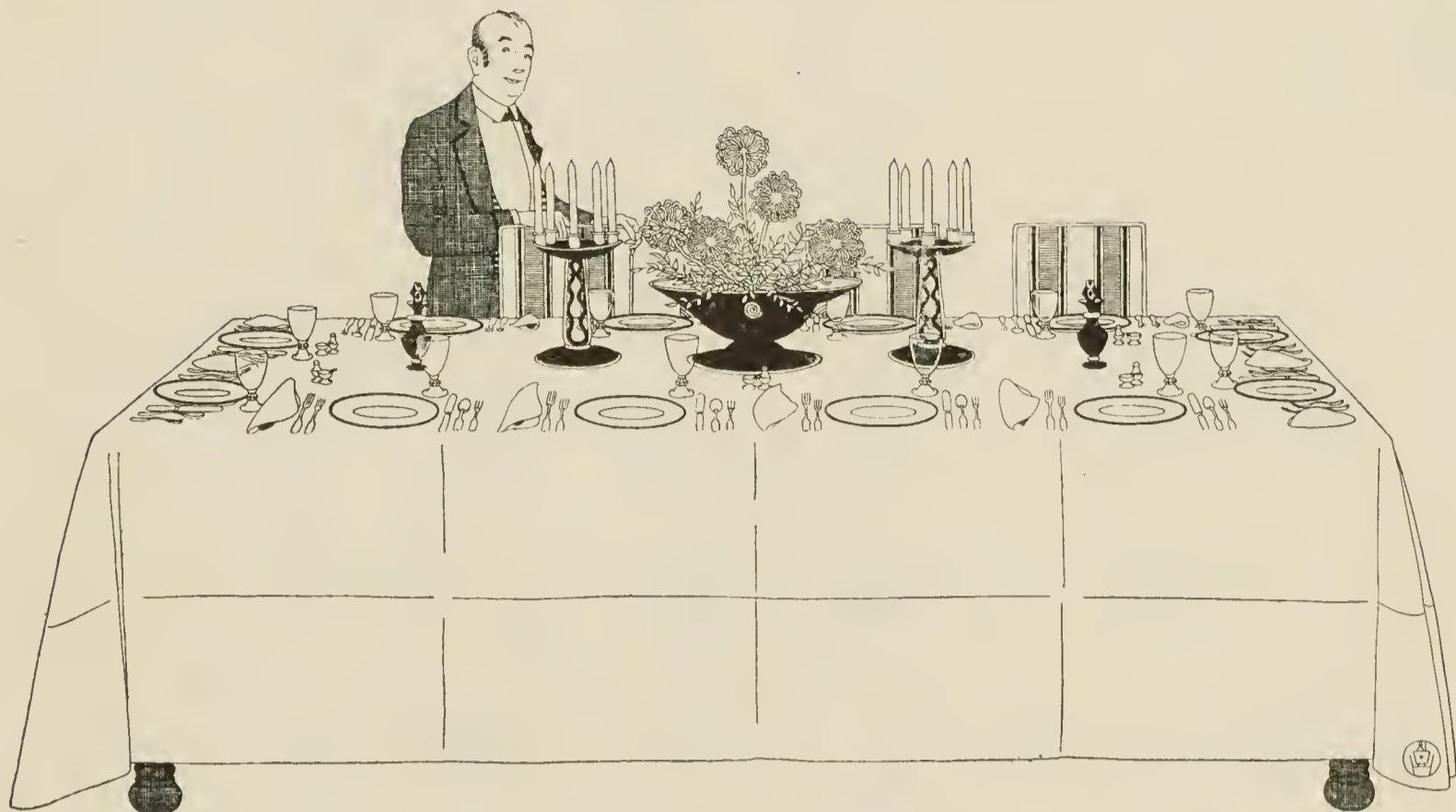
The question of methods also is one that will greatly help in making the most of time. The methods of to-day are based on intelligence rather than on physical labor. There are many easy ways of doing tasks that before required hard work. I can only suggest the matter in this article; it is a big subject by itself.

Next in importance in time-saving comes the question of equipment. This also covers a



# HOW TO SET THE TABLE

BY LINDA HULL LARNED



THE FORMAL DINNER FOR TWELVE PERSONS REQUIRES A WHITE TABLECLOTH AND A CENTER-DECORATION. CANDELABRA OR DISHES FOR BONBONS OR NUTS MAY BE USED. SALTS AND PEPPERS. SERVICE PLATES. GLASSES FOR ICE-WATER. THE NAPKINS FOLDED OVER A SMALL BREAD ROLL. FORK FOR MEAT

COURSE, FORK FOR SALAD OR ENTRÉE, KNIFE FOR MAIN COURSE, SPOON FOR SOUP, FORK FOR CANAPÉ OR A SMALL SPOON FOR FRUIT COURSE, ARE ALL ON THE TABLE. THE DESSERT FORK OR SPOON IS PLACED ON THE FINGER-BOWL PLATE. AFTER-DINNER COFFEE IS SERVED IN THE DRAWING-ROOM



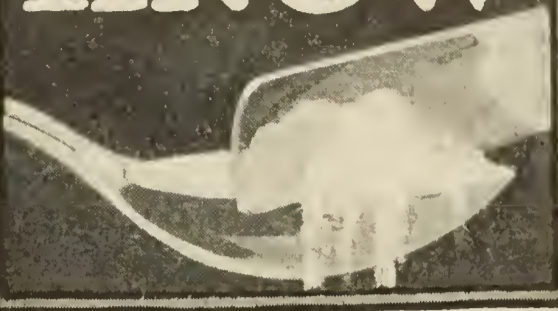
FOR THE FORMAL LUNCHEON FOR LADIES, A BARE TABLE WITH CENTERPIECE AND DOILIES IS EFFECTIVE. A CENTER-DECORATION OF FRUIT, AND SMALL DISHES FOR RELISHES, ARE ATTRACTIVE. GLASSES FOR WATER, SERVICE PLATES, FOLDED NAPKIN, FORK FOR THE MAIN

COURSE, FORK FOR SALAD OR ENTRÉE, KNIFE FOR MAIN COURSE, FRUIT OR BOUILLON SPOON OR FORK FOR CANAPÉ SHOULD BE ON THE TABLE. THE DESSERT-SPOON IS PLACED WITH THE DESSERT. COFFEE MAY BE SERVED AT THE TABLE OR IN THE DRAWING-ROOM



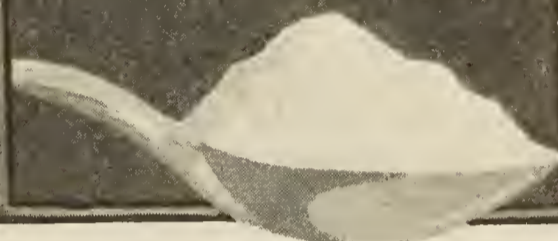
THE TABLE FOR THE HOME DINNER FOR A GUEST OR TWO CAN BE SPREAD WITH TWO RUNNERS OR A TABLECLOTH. A LOW BOWL CONTAINING FLOWERS OR FERNS IS ATTRACTIVE; GOLDFISH MAY SWIM IN THE BOWL. SILVER TRIVET FOR THE MEAT OR MAIN COURSE, WHICH THE HOST USUALLY SERVES; SALTS AND PEPPERS; RESTS FOR CARVING-KNIFE AND FORK; BREAD-AND-BUTTER PLATES, KNIFE ON THIS PLATE; GLASS FOR WATER; DISH OF SWEET PICKLES OR OLIVES—CELERY OR RADISHES MAY ALSO BE PLACED HERE—ARE ALL PLACED ON THE TABLE. AT THE HOSTESS'S PLACE ARE SPOON AND FORK FOR THE SALAD, WHICH SHE USUALLY MIXES. THE HOSTESS ALSO SERVES THE DESSERT. ALSO ON THE TABLE ARE THE CARVING KNIFE AND FORK; NAPKINS FOLDED ONCE, FORK FOR MAIN COURSE AFTER SOUP, KNIFE FOR MAIN COURSE, SOUP-SPOON, FORK FOR CANAPÉ. COFFEE IN DEMI-TASSE IS SERVED AT THE TABLE AFTER FINGER-BOWLS ARE PLACED

## Do you KNOW



OR

## Do you GUESS



A CANDY manufacturer wouldn't expect perfect candy if he let his foreman guess at the quantities in making a hundred-pound batch of bon-bons!

Don't blame your ingredients, then, for the failure of your cake if you weren't accurate in measuring. Take Ryzon Baking Powder—because it's lighter you get more teaspoonfuls to the pound. Therefore, sometimes women use too much baking powder, which has the same effect as not enough.

Ryzon was the first baking powder to have the directions in accurate level measurements on the can.

By using Ryzon, the Perfect Baking Powder, according to Ryzon directions, even an inexperienced cook can bake successfully.

## RYZON

THE PERFECT BAKING POWDER

Ryzon is 40c for a full 16 ounce pound—also 15c and 25c packages.

**GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.**  
FOOD DEPARTMENT  
NEW YORK

The Ryzon Baking Book (original price \$1.00), containing 250 practical home recipes, will be mailed, postpaid, upon receipt of 30c in stamps or coin, except in Canada.








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-AMERICAN-  
MADE GOODS

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QUALITY  SERVICE  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**RUBBER GOODS**

*"Keep you well from infancy to old age"*

**H**AVE you a good hot water bottle in your home? By a good hot water bottle we mean one that you know will not leak when that sudden midnight emergency comes; a hot water bottle with extra thickness of rubber that holds the heat; the extra reinforcement at the bottom and edges and all places where wear is hardest.

If you have a Davol Superservice hot water bottle, then you have safeguarded your family properly. You have a good hot water bottle. An extra layer of rubber at the bottom gives a double reinforcement which really puts the strength of two ordinary bottles into one.

Just such exclusive features as these make Davol Rubber Goods different.

Personal hygiene when properly understood and cared for by the use of Davol Rubber Products means happiness — for good health is happiness.

*Your druggist now has his New Fall Shipment of Davol Health Preserving Rubber Goods to show you*

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*Established 1874*

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Write for Free Booklet  
"HEAT AND COLD"

It tells about the timely use of hot and cold water in the treatment of many ailments and bodily discomforts



MADAME ALMA GLUCK, WORLD-FAMOUS CONCERT SINGER

## TRAIN YOUR CHILD'S EAR TO PERFECT MELODY

BY ALMA GLUCK

Madame Alma Gluck has charmed audiences throughout the United States and in Europe by the beauty of her voice. The wife of Efrem Zimbalist, the noted violinist, Madame Gluck is a devoted mother to her little ones. In her article on this page, she speaks as both mother and singer. Madame Gluck has prepared a special list of songs for children. For this list send your request to John Willard, Music Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**G**OD teaches children to sing. In every other art technical exercises come first; without them the piano and violin, for instance, can not be learned. But singing is different; one sings first and studies the technic of singing afterward; those who sing are, so to speak, born singers.

I believe in spontaneity, the natural outpouring of the voice; I also believe that singing is the most difficult of arts, because it is individual. Every being sings differently, no two alike. Therefore, that priceless gift of individuality is the first thing to be developed.

Consequently I do not think that children should be taught to sing, but, instead, led along in singing naturally. If they are to be great in singing, their greatness will be in personal singing. The natural spark, the desire, should be cultivated by listening to the right kind of songs and by singing good songs selected for them.

Later on they have to be taught to husband their singing forces. At eighteen years of age, however, it is soon enough to begin vocal training seriously. Before that, and from the very outset, the important point with children is to hear and sing good songs, and to sing them naturally, songs that will form their taste and make them love and appreciate the really beautiful.

**MY BELIEF** is that folk-songs are the very greatest of all for children. What could be more beautiful than our own folk-melodies, "My Old Kentucky Home," "Suwanee River," and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny?" They grew from the very hearts of those who composed them to find a place in the hearts of all who sing or hear them.

The frightful jazz music is a bad thing. It does much to displace real melody. Children hear those awful tunes on every hand, and quickly learn them. That they are bad music is fully proved by the fact that each lasts but a day. People soon tire of them. Good music remains beautiful always; we never weary of it. The mother's duty then, becomes one of elimination; keeping the children as much as possible away from the bad, and substituting for it the good.

My mother was a Russian, my father a Roumanian; I was rocked to sleep with the singing of the lovely folk-songs of those countries. And I have never heard an ugly folk-

song, for the same reason that I have never seen an ugly leaf.

When I was brought to America at the age of six, I no longer lived in a quiet old town, but where everything was rush and bustle. Yet the charm of the folk-songs with their peace and calm still lingered with me. Then I learned English and forgot them.

At the age of twenty, I began to study singing seriously, and once again was brought into touch with folk-songs. Then their beauty seemed greater to me than before. Through all the intervening years they had lived in my soul, needing only a little rain to bring them into blossom.

**SUCH** music, in its pure beauty, has an effect upon taste not only for the moment, but throughout life. Too high a value cannot be placed on singing it. From the more sophisticated music one turns to folk-songs as do nerve-racked city people to the country's calm. Sung in childhood, too, memories cluster about them that make them not only a thing of lingering charm, but a moral influence.

Reproducing companies have all realized the beauty of folk-songs, and have put those of many countries on their records. I flatter myself that I was the first to urge this.

Community singing, now making strides of progress in our country, is another thing that will not only delight children, who should join in it with their fresh, pure voices, but will musically improve them. In it they will hear the dear old American songs, and they can hear nothing better.

There is now a splendid and wonderful movement in this country in giving children beautiful songs to sing. In this branch the American composer is especially happy, possessing the gift of simple melody. And music after all must be made on melody.

**TOO** many modern composers everywhere hang their harmonies on nothing. Beethoven, in the smallest things he wrote, had always the melody as his foundation line. And that is the main thing in any song, the foundation line of melody.

Those little American songs of which I spoke, have melodies as lovely as the words which tell of things near and dear to every little heart.

In such songs, together with the folk-song records, every mother will find a treasury in leading her child in a kind of singing that will influence him musically and morally for life. They will constitute the true vocal foundation of the singer who, at the age of eighteen, will begin the study of song seriously.

Meanwhile, children should be learning the rudiments of music by studying the piano. I am looking forward to a time when the piano will be taught technically in the public schools.

But I do not believe in pedantry with children in their singing. Show them, lead them, let them sing and hear the right kind of songs, and they will get on. Each one of us is endowed with the divine spark. Lead us along in the right path, and give those divine instincts play. Such a course brings with it development of individuality, the greatest gift that any with a voice may claim.



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# WHEN THE EXILED KING AND QUEEN CAME HOME

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

(Mrs. Vernon Kellogg)

WHEN we think of the dominating war figures of other countries, we are apt to see them separately; but it is practically impossible to think or speak of King Albert of Belgium without including Queen Elizabeth.

"A. and E." How well I learned to know during those occupation days what these intertwined letters spelled to seven and one-half million imprisoned people while Albert and Elizabeth were far from them, desperately clinging to the little wind-swept strip of sand dunes that was still free Belgium.

The first thing I learned was that the adoration of the Belgian people for A. and E. was not a swift war growth. The little boy Albert, born in 1875 to a brother of King Leopold II., had won a warm place in their hearts long before it seemed probable he would ever become their king.

Naturally the event in his early manhood which, above all others, interested the people was his marriage. In 1900, when he was just twenty-five, he chose his wife, not conventionally from one of the courts, but from a ducal house of Bavaria—because he loved her. The Duchess Elizabeth, just a year younger than himself, was the daughter of a celebrated oculist and philanthropist, whose home was a rallying-center for science and art. In such an atmosphere she had acquired an education very different from that usually possible to women. One of her three sisters made a special study of bacteriology; Elizabeth herself, slight and fragile though she looked, accompanied her father on his hospital rounds, developing through careful training her instinct for nursing. Within the past few months she has received the degree of doctor of medicine from Liège University. And while she pursued her scientific studies she has never forgotten her violin, for which she has a genuine gift.

It is easy to see how a common modesty and sincerity, a like ideal conception of the duty of each one of us to relieve the misery of the world, drew these young people together. They had, too, their common interest in art, especially in music, and in science, as a foundation for true comradeship. All Belgium rejoiced in this marriage of their tall, manly, blue-eyed Prince Albert with the little Duchess Elizabeth, whose hair was only a shade darker than his own, and whose eyes were as true a blue.

The more the Belgians saw of the family life of this favorite prince and princess, with their three little children—Leopold was born in 1901, Charles in 1903, and Marie-José (unquestionably now the most beloved little princess in Europe) in 1906—the more as a people they were proud of them. Both father and mother gave untiring personal attention to the education of these children, insisting that their most precious right was to a simple, natural child-life.

THERE was a sterner side to their education, even before the war. They had to learn to accomplish difficult tasks, and always to obey; to waste nothing, to think always of the happiness they might give others if they were careful of this, or denied themselves that. Example is ever more potent than precept, and they had constantly before them the example of hard work and self-denial.

Besides directing her household, Princess Elizabeth found time to encourage or to initiate many charitable works, especially those for children. She was loved throughout the land for her tender heart. I have listened to many a pretty story of her personal visit to some one in need or in trouble. And always distinguished men of letters and art and science have found an understanding welcome in this home. Among other musicians, Ysaye has been a familiar guest.

In 1909 Prince Albert and Princess Elizabeth became Belgium's king and queen. They became king and queen of a little, young nation. It is about the size of our State of Maryland and less than one hundred years old; but crowded on its historic soil are almost as many people as there are in all Canada! Because of its recent birth, modern Belgium started off with as much of freedom and democracy as was won for the world through the blood and terror of the French Revolution.

The world generally was perhaps surprised, as well as thrilled to its depths, by the swift, fearless gesture with which the young king answered the challenge of the invader, looming suddenly on his eastern frontier. Those who knew of his training as a boy and his development as a man were not surprised—Theodore Roosevelt was not. Nor were they surprised to see standing there close beside him his exquisite, fragile-seeming Queen Elizabeth, eating on the apparently inexhaustible depths of inner strength and courage they knew her to possess. Without hesitating, she had resolutely drawn down an iron curtain between herself and her Bavarian home of happy girlhood memories.

WHEN Albert sprang to his sword that August morning and, with white face but calm voice and fearless eyes, said to the Belgians densely, tensely packing the Parliament chamber, "I have faith in our destinies," he knew what he was talking about. There was nothing superficial about his knowledge of the destinies of Belgium; he knew at first hand her every hill and stream, the longings and needs and loyalty in each *chaumière* and *château*.

"I have faith in our destinies; a country that defends itself imposes itself on the respect of all; that country will not perish. God will be with us in a just cause. Long live an independent Belgium!"

With one voice a whole people took up that cry as the soldier-king hurried off to place

himself at the head of his army. Queen Elizabeth with her children went back to the palace, and at once set about converting it into a hospital. She was already the nurse, and though she was forced to leave this particular hospital and to follow the army into exile, for over four years she worked unremittingly at the side of her soldier-king. And when their bitter exile was ended and they were on their way back to their palace home, the first personal message the queen sent forward was that the wounded who had been allowed to remain in the palace during the four years should not be removed.

The world knows the four years' record of the soldier and nurse in exile. Their courage seemed at times sheer recklessness. The king was always where danger was greatest. A shell burst near him; he did not move. A general pleaded with him to draw back.

"My life is no more precious than that of my men," he answered. He suffered with these men, shared with them, as did Queen Elizabeth. Once she had established her family in the simple little cottage on the grass-tufted sand dunes at La Panne (she steadfastly refused to change or improve that cottage, since every penny saved there would help a soldier or a refugee), she slipped into her nurse's uniform and gave herself unsparingly to the care of the wounded in Dr. Depage's one-thousand-bed hospital at the edge of the ocean. Later, she visited, too, the still larger one at Vinckem.

THE children took an active part in the direction of the queen's schools for refugee children. There were over six hundred little ones in the two schools near Furnes, who ran and clung to her on her daily visits, knowing well they had her heart.

When she was not in the hospital, or visiting her schools, the royal nurse was apt to be causing some Belgian general dismay as he discovered her distributing chocolate or chatting cheerily with weary soldiers in an advanced trench. On these visits to the trenches she often carried her camera, for she is a true lover of photography, and sometimes the men asked to be photographed, or to be allowed to photograph her, in a group with themselves. She keenly enjoyed their consternation if, in the end, they discovered they had been making this request of their queen!

Four years—unending years—sometimes it seemed that after all events were giving the lie to the king's sure words, "A country that defends itself shall not perish." The anguish of those years will never be uttered. But throughout them, love and gratitude toward America warmed their hearts increasingly. Both the king and queen feel a deep friendship for Mr. Hoover and his helpers and a great admiration for General Pershing and all our soldiers. They feel bound by indissoluble ties to all whose friendship stood the test of those bitter years.

But that exile did end; and the whispered "When the king comes home" of the long years of waiting became at last the triumphant "To-day the king comes home!" And such a day! A miracle of blue slipped in near the end of a drear November; sky and air all soft and shimmering as the tall king in soldier's uniform on his white horse of Victory, and the tiny queen in her simple tan habit on the bay beside him, and the straight-shouldered prince Leopold and Charles, and the bright-eyed, bewitching Marie-José, at the head of thirty thousand allied troops, all came riding home to Brussels. There were flowers and flags and choking throats and wet eyes, but I heard little noise; emotion was too deep for noise as a freed people now lived through that day, the vision of which had held them steadfast through the slavery years.

After the review, we went into the Parliament chamber, where from the same platform from which with his "I have faith in our destinies" he had thrilled the world, we heard the king's simple, heart-gripping words to the people to whom he had come home. From the chamber the family went directly to the palace, filled with flowers and greetings—both the king and queen love flowers, and had tried in vain to grow them in the little sand garden at La Panne.

THEN after a few days the queen slipped away and back to the cottage on the sand dunes and to the thousand and more wounded, still in the ocean hospital. It was almost April before she returned to the palace to stay.

It is no easy task of reconstruction that confronts Belgium. The king and queen are throwing all their energies and prayers into it, and if they can not succeed it is difficult to imagine who could. King Albert's swift directness, particularly appealing to Americans, should aid greatly in solving present and future overwhelming problems. I remember how one morning toward the end of last March, after things had for some time been going badly for Belgium in Paris, we woke up in Brussels to find that the flag was not flying over the palace, which signified that the king was away. He had started south in his aeroplane. Arriving in Paris, he dropped quietly down at the Peace Conference door, where he said in substance, "I have come to see what is wrong—this can't go on." And it didn't go on! This was not the customary procedure of kings. I do not know how our papers reported the incident, but it delighted and thrilled the French. Their journals were glowing in expressions of approval.

One thing King Albert and Queen Elizabeth may count on always, as they press forward on their chosen road of duty and service, is the enduring appreciation and admiration of the people of the United States. They have no truer friends than those in our own country.

## Two-Minute Oat Food

6-Dish Package Free

Already Three-Hour Cooked



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Super-Cooked Oats with New Flavor

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It means that hot oats can be served in two minutes. And they taste as though freshly cooked.

The oats are cooked in our mills—cooked for three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

Every granule is thus fitted to digest. And this high heat cooking gives the oats a new, delightful flavor.

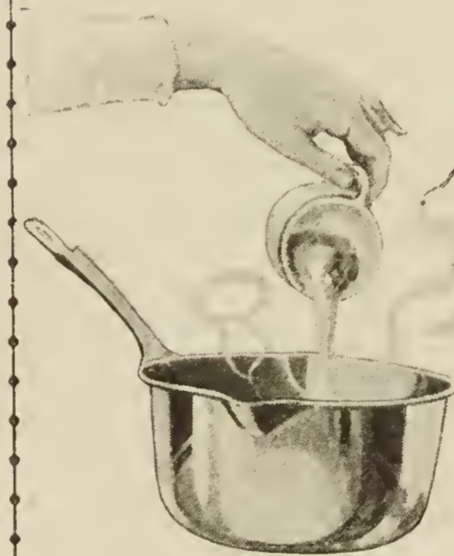
### Keep Flavorful and Fresh

The cooked oats are evaporated. In this dry, condensed form all their flavor freshness keeps.

Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

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Half-cup stirred in boiling water makes four delicious dishes

One cup of these dry oats makes five cups of hot oat food. That's about eight dishes. One 15-cent package will make 20 dishes, and without any cost of cooking.

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Either order from your grocer or mail us this coupon for a trial package free. It will change your whole breakfast program. Cut out the coupon now.

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## Your Child's Health

Ready  
for  
Bed



### Depends on the Fabric

used in making the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

#### Dr. Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached* cotton, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

#### Every Mother Should Know

that *bleached* and *unbleached* cotton are as different as black and white.

*Either bleached or dyed cotton is COLD*, absorbs and holds perspiration like a sponge—a ready conductor letting the vital body-heat escape, and conveying cold to the skin; ideal for summer, but clammy and cold for winter.

*Unbleached cotton, used in Denton fabric, is WARM*. Each fiber is still covered with the natural cotton wax and will not absorb water. Perspiration is carried off on the surface of the loose-spun fibers and the child's skin is dry and warm.

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, double carded. Not an ounce of waste or shoddy is used.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique Soft-Knit feeling.

The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. Our washing process avoids stretching. Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape and elasticity.

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off. Dentons are ideal for fresh-air sleeping.

Dentons are well made in every respect: elastic outside seams, collars double thickness, strong button holes, facings all stayed. They are a mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil.

Made in two styles for children up to fourteen years old. Prices low for the quality.

Sold in over 3,500 leading Dry Goods Stores. If you cannot get them from your dealer write us.

**Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills**  
342 Mill Street, Centreville, Michigan

# OUR CHILD-HELPING SERVICE WHAT IT MEANS TO ADOPT A CHILD

BY CAROYLN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

He who gives a child a treat  
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street;  
And he who gives a child a home  
Builds palaces in Kingdom Come.

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

YOU have turned it over and over in your mind—that idea of adopting a child. Thought about it during the day and dreamed of it at night. You have ached with longing to have the child in your home and in your arms. And then you have gone all limp with terror at the responsibility.

And the end of it all is that mentally you have one foot in the air, yearning and yet fearing to take the step.

Certainly no decision in your whole life needs to be approached more searchingly, more thoughtfully.

Be brutally frank with yourself first of all.

Decide whether you are planning to take a child into your home simply to ease up your own endless loneliness and give you something to do; or whether you are thinking also of satisfying some little child's need of love and normal home life.

Are you just picturing rosyly your home made happy and complete by the child? Or do you realize that the child's life needs to be made happy and complete by your home?

IT IS a serious contract, this taking hands with a forsaken little child and facing the long uncertain road. And if it is to be a successful venture you will have to realize and remember always the element of partnership—the rights of the child.

He has a right to ask of you to give much. Not only in the shape of love and devotion, but sacrifice as well and unceasing consideration and thoughtfulness.

And since it is a partnership there is also this reassuring fact to bear in mind: that responsive little partner of yours will meet you more than half-way every time. And you will come to realize that the supplying of his needs is the secret of success with him.

It was in this kind spirit of partnership that Mr. and Mrs. X applied to one of our well-known child-placing agencies a number of years ago for a child to take into their home and bring up as their own. They did not say they wanted a pretty little girl between two and four with a sweet disposition and in perfect health—in other words, a doll on which they could tie pink sashes. They wanted a child that they could help and develop and educate.

And so they took a pathetic, love-hungry little girl—a little girl who had been abandoned and neglected. She was a "mouth-breather," unattractive and a great care for a time. But these foster-parents had entered into a partnership and were prepared to do their part.

LITTLE by little the other high contracting party did her part as well. She responded to the physical care, the understanding and the love, and blossomed out like the traditional rose. She became an affectionate, happy child and a brilliant pupil in school.

The end of this true story is that the once unattractive little waif is now a beautiful young woman happily married and presiding over her own home.

The foster-parents are elderly people. Their adopted daughter and her husband insist on their making their home with them, and the young people care for the elderly ones with as much devotion as though they were their own parents.

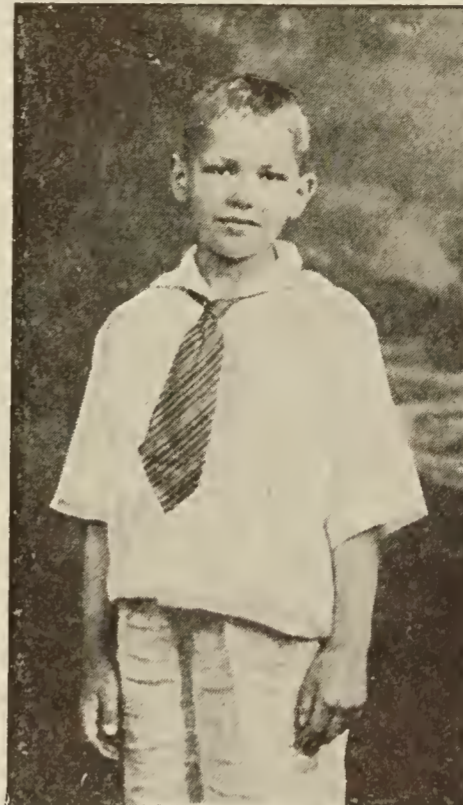
A very different story is that of little Henry, who was left in babyhood to cope with his problems single-handed. In this case, another childless couple appealed to another child-placing agency for a child to take as their own. Unhappily, though neither they nor any one else realized it, they did not go at it in a spirit of partnership.

The foster-parents had a good home to offer, comfortable means, educational advantages above reproach. They were of fine moral caliber, respected and beloved in the community.

Henry's inheritance—intelligence, personal charm and good health—seemed to fit him ideally into this environment.

AND so the agency entrusted him to these prospective parents. But as is its custom, even so carefully planned a partnership was to be watched and supervised by it for a year before the actual adoption should be consummated.

This was fortunate for Henry, for it is now evident that instead of going into a home where he would be given an average share of interest and affection, he simply constituted another person in the house to pay obeisance



David is eleven years old. His mother is dead and his father has abandoned him. He has no relatives who can care for him. David came under the care of the association which now has charge of him two and one half years ago, after his mother's death. He was a neglected, uncouth little boy. He seemed dull and stupid. He was quarrelsome, awkward, shy and not pleasant nor friendly with strangers. His hard life had made him suspicious.

These two pictures show the unbelievable change brought about in this little boy in two short years of good care and of being with people who understand and appreciate him. To those who can see below the surface he is an attractive, promising boy. David now needs foster-parents who will give him care—foster-parents who will have the patience to help him overcome the handicaps of his early environment and who will understand and encourage him. There is no doubt but that he will develop into a fine man—if he has a chance.

In Ohio there are two lonely children, each needing a good Catholic home. Charles, aged six, is an attractive, lovable little boy of Polish parentage, tall for his age, well formed and wholesome-looking. With his keen mind and affectionate disposition, life is very empty since both his mother and father died of influenza last winter. He was placed temporarily in a boarding-home by the agency that has him in charge, but now a permanent home is the tragic need of this healthy, normal little boy.

Mary, aged five, is also of Polish parentage. She is one of a family of five children, and has been entrusted to a humane society to place for adoption. She is quiet, affectionate and responsive, and is greatly attached to the boarding-mother with whom she is staying at the present time. She is rather tall for her age, and has blue eyes and light hair. All that Mary needs to make her a happy, normal little girl is a good mother, whose love will drive away the sadness from her face and the unhappy memories from her childish heart.



Can you imagine what a home would mean to this winsome little girl? She is five years old, and has had infantile paralysis for three years. She has braces on both legs up to the knees, and though she can walk on level ground she can not walk up and down stairs. Her doctor says: "Her condition can be improved by steady massage given by the person who has her in charge, if intelligent. She will have to wear braces for seven or eight years, and at the end of that time an operation might make her normal."

She is a Protestant, and the agent of the society in whose care she is writes: "I wish you might see her, as her charm can not be told."

Her weak parents are no longer a factor in her maimed little life, and she is a public charge needing a home where there is affection, interest and care.

and offer up burnt offerings to his father. This man had been adored by his mother and sisters all his life and made the central figure of interest in his home. When he married, his wife of necessity enthroned him, as

his mother and sisters before her had done, and he continued to be the chief recipient of attention in his family circle.

He expected his new son to make all the advances just as he expected and got them from his wife, mother and sisters.

But Henry is a very sensitive, rather retiring little boy. He needs affection and interest just as any normal boy does and he is warmly responsive when these are offered. But he is timid about making overtures. He felt his foster-father's critical attitude and became more retiring and unresponsive and the situation as a whole proved to be impossible.

Do you see wherein it failed to be a partnership?

Because it has failed another home must be found for Henry; one where a perfectly normal, intelligent little Protestant boy, eight years old, may fit into a normal family relation and not be expected to give all and receive nothing from the family store of love and interest.

James is another fine little fellow of Protestant parentage who has had to be removed from well-meaning but unwise foster-parents in order to save him from failure. This couple thought they wanted a little boy and in all sincerity opened their hearts and home to a sturdy youngster of six. What they really wanted, although they did not know it, was a baby to cuddle and pet. With utter unconsciousness of its absurdity, they talked baby talk to this every-inch-a-boy, whose instincts led him to climb trees, smash an occasional window and cover himself with mud. His recoil from this excessive, sirrupy affection was inevitable and natural. He has developed a cold, repellant manner as a protection and shows serious difficulties in conduct. In order to correct these difficulties and restore him to a normal attitude toward people, he must be placed in another home than this.

What he needs is simply average human understanding and love, no less and no more.

Do you see what it involves, this taking into your home that most sensitive and impressionable of all material, a developing human being?

It requires understanding and adaptability on your part. The giving up of selfish, or nearly selfish, habits and routines that have been a lifetime in forming. It means a replacement of dreams and visions by clattering feet, bursts of temper, a shrill, piping voice insistent with unanswerable questions; a dirty face and torn clothes. It demands from you the same calm and good humor when you are tired or exasperated or when noisy play is going on that you display when all is serene with your mental self.

BUT if you can meet this you will enter into a relationship that has a sweetness and tenderness all its own.

THE DELINEATOR Child-Helping Department has recently helped in establishing for a childless couple among its readers just such a relationship as this. The foster mother and father are normal, kindly American people with comfortable means and a home which betokens refinement and education.

But it has been empty of the thing that only children can supply.

Now this home is ringing with the laughter and shouts of three little children: two brothers and their sister, who had lost their mother and were terror-stricken for fear they might lose one another also through separation.

THE placing of these children in their present home was not simply a happy chance, but the result of very careful work on the part of the agency with which THE DELINEATOR cooperated when asked to fill the childless home. Detailed information concerning the prospective foster-parents and the children was obtained and carefully considered. Information relating to temperament and tastes and tendencies, as well as health on both sides and the opportunities which the foster-parents could and wished to offer.

The agency will keep in close touch with the children and their parents for a year and then if all wish the relationship to be permanent the legal adoption will be finally arranged.

THE gist of it all is that if you are not too old, too "set," too impatient, too indulgent, too unbending to look a little child in the eyes and pledge yourself to partnership throughout a long journey, a depth of happiness of which you never dreamed will be your reward.

I felt as though I were on holy ground the other day when I talked with a young couple who are day by day coming into this reward.

Concluded on page 97





THE BUSINESS GIRL, LIKE THE LADY OF LEISURE, STUDIES THE FINE ART OF BEING BEAUTIFUL

## THOSE WHO SPIN IN OFFICES

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

CELIA CAROLINE COLE, IN HER ALLURING, DARING, SYMPATHETIC STYLE, HERE TELLS THE BUSINESS GIRL THE FIRST AIDS TO BEAUTY. MOREOVER, A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE ENCLOSED WITH A REQUEST WILL BRING THE LEAFLETS LISTED ON THE PAGE "REAL SERVICE," ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE. ADDRESS THE BEAUTY EDITOR, THE DELINEATOR SERVICE DEPARTMENT, BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

THE first time we ever really saw business women was when we were about twenty; just out of college, very troubled as to what to do with our educated, useless self. And we used to watch the business women and girls going to work in the morning, tailored and dashing, alert, ready, expected!

And we envied them awfully. They were so definite, so part of the progress of the world. They didn't have to stand around on the side-lines until matrimony or something picked them up and carried them along a little further. They were part of things. They knew what our fathers and brothers and husbands—and things—thought about, what they had to face, what they hoped, what they were aiming at.

Oh, we envied them—*ra-ther!* And now here we are sitting up writing to them and pretending we know more about something than they do. Underneath we're just as envious of them as we were when we were twenty. We'd like to have had their training in promptness and the subservience of our will to some one else's; we'd like to know things they know about human nature; we'd like to know what it feels like to be an important cog in a business-wheel. Oh, how we'd like to see one big "deal" or lawsuit put through from the very beginning. And we'd love to be able to stand back, as helpfully as we could, of some man whose business life is just breathing and no more—may die any minute or may take a turn for the better and get well—and we'd perfectly *adore* being able to look fresh and tailored all day, and not have to let down our hair and slide into a "kimmy" along about two o'clock in the afternoon because we're absolutely dead and must have forty winks.

Oh, Miss Business Woman, you're the "regular" among us—trained, seasoned, fit! We're soft, loose-jointed, *stoppit!*

BUT these are the things we notice when we dash into our husbands' and fathers' and brothers' offices—where, by the way, we are not very welcome, while you belong there and make an awful hole in the place if for some

reason or other you have to stay home for a time.

We notice that you are a bright spot to look at, with your white, fresh blouse or your smart, dark serge, and your shining, soft hair, and your smile. We notice that first. And then, that your desk is tidier and more attractive than any one else's; that it's possible to have a desk look something like a home—we notice that.

"And we think you're perfectly wonderful. And so when our husbands and fathers and brothers and things get home that night, we say so. And then they say, 'She's pretty good, but she uses perfume.'"

"Too much?" we ask, pained. "She mustn't use *any!*" our fathers and brothers and so forth shout at us. "When we lean over her shoulder to read, we don't want to remember she's a girl, we don't want to remember, even, that she's a person; we're *busy*, and we don't want to be distracted." And there you are, *mes amies* of the office!

It's up to you to be a pleasant, restful, releasing bit of a atmosphere in that office, but not insistent, not *interrupting*, any more than a gentle breeze is interrupting on a hot day. You have that most difficult and fascinating thing to accomplish—you are to be attractive and delightful, but impersonal, like sunlight, cool breezes, an open fire; there all the time, cheering things up and making life worth while, but so unobtrusively that no one has to think about you, yet everything in that office goes better because of you; all those men in it find their business life pleasanter because of you. Don't think they won't even know what it is that does all this nice thing, just because you're so unobtrusive about it; they will, and they'll remember when the right time comes.

THEN, sometimes, instead of shouting about perfume when we say how wonderful you are, those husbands and so on growl, "She's got too many friends!"

And that means, we learn, that your charm in the office is lessened by telephone conversations with friends, or friends popping in on you for "just two minutes." And so instead of being delightful and an asset, you become a bit irritating and lean a little toward being a liability.

We once heard one of the biggest men we'll ever know say: "If women in offices would only learn to leave their outside lives absolutely outside, to *concentrate*, to get into the office atmosphere, and stay there all day long, to remember it's a business place, and then to drop that atmosphere just as utterly when they go out at five o'clock and shut the office-door behind them; to be impersonal in their relations with the men in the office; not to be afraid to say when they don't understand a word, for instance, not to be afraid they'll seem ignorant or ridiculous, but to *ask*, at some tactful time when it doesn't interrupt too much, what the word is. Then the employer doesn't know but that they simply can't

make out the word-sign, while if they go ahead and put down some word they don't know themselves, 'but that's what it sounded like,' then the employer knows that either they haven't any brains or if they have, they don't use them!

"If," went on this big man, while we listened with all our ears, "if they'd always look attractive and fresh and not ruffled or too low-necked, and if they had low, pleasing voices, and put their minds on their work; if they never cried, no matter what happened, or pitied themselves, or chewed gum" (dear me, dear me—those are mine, not the big man's, those "dear me's") "or expected that their employers were either going to try to flirt with them or be 'hard,' why, do you know, those women could get anything, from a top salary to a magnificent husband!"

And I believe it.

THEN here's the thing. A girl in an office must have distinction without being distinguishable; she must have brains that are so disciplined that they'll march whenever and wherever she bids them; she must have enough force of character to lead a double life and not let its halves interfere with each other; be feminine enough to make the men she knows outside, or anywhere for that matter, love her and want to marry her, and yet masculine enough to be impersonal and to concentrate on what she's doing.

Ludly me, she must, in other words, be a wonder.

And just heaps and heaps of employers have told me she is. When you whisper to him, "Isn't she wonderful?" he whispers back, "She's a *whizz!*" and begins to dictate to her to show her off.

Beauty and charm. The woman in the office has the best chance at it of any of us.

She has regular hours and regular work, free of those seven million little things that wives-and-mothers-in-houses have.

Up at a self-respecting hour every morning; tub, with a cold splash of water after it, if she wants to keep her circulation ship-shape; then into the simple crisp blouse or her dark trim serge with its relieving collars and cuffs—don't leave off the white collar just because it's smart these days; unless you're very young and very pretty that collar helps more to make you becoming to an office or any place else than any other part of your costume—then off to the office a little ahead of the rest, if possible, so she'll have time to give the decorative touches. You know, women are not only the channels for beauty and charm for the human family, but they are also the creative channel. They create human beings and homes and atmosphere. And I'm not sure that they don't do most of the creating of love.

Then it's up to the girl in the office to create beauty in that office, not only by her own attractive proposition, but when she's been there long enough to be liked and trusted

Concluded on page 64



"Your hair looks wonderful tonight, dear!"

Beautiful hair always wins instant admiration. It is the most striking feature a woman possesses. Its soft lustre heightens the charm of her complexion.

Thick, soft, lustrous hair is not a matter of chance—it is the reward of scrupulous care and faithful treatment—the same care and treatment you so willingly give to your skin, teeth and hands.

Hair should be washed frequently. Hair health depends upon a healthy, clean scalp and the regular use of a good tonic. You'll be surprised how quickly it responds—every minute you give it will reward you generously.

Keep the scalp exquisitely clean with Q-ban Toilet Soap and Q-ban Liquid Shampoo—both delightfully fragrant and cleansing preparations. Nourish and stimulate growth—eliminate dandruff. Stop itching of the scalp through the regular use of Q-ban Hair Tonic. Hair that is gray, streaked or faded can be restored to its natural youthful shade with Q-ban Hair Color Restorer—not a dye. To remove superfluous hair quickly, effectively, without irritation, use Q-ban Depilatory. It leaves the skin fresh and clean. The last touch of refinement.

# Q-ban

TRADE MARK

for the hair

Study Your Silhouette

You owe it to yourself to make the most of your beauty possibilities. Study your silhouette for the secret. Q-ban booklet in every package explains fully. Copy gladly mailed on request.

The Five Q-bans

Q-ban Toilet and Shampoo Soap	25c
Q-ban Liquid Shampoo	50c
Q-ban Hair Tonic	50c—\$1.00
Q-ban Hair Color Restorer	75c
Q-ban Depilatory	75c

Q-ban preparations are for sale throughout the United States and Canada at drug stores, or wherever toilet goods are sold.



Hessig-Ellis  
Chemists  
Memphis, Tenn.



Study your silhouette





## Robbed of Health and Beauty

**S**LOWLY and stealthily, Pyorrhea has taken away the things that made her life worth while. That unaccountable depression, those nervous fears, that drawn and haggard look—these are the things Pyorrhea has brought her in place of health and beauty.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums; then, the gums recede and expose the unenameled tooth-base to decay. Perhaps the teeth loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs that often cause rheumatism, anaemia, indigestion, and other serious ills.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea; and many under that age have it also. The best way to end Pyorrhea dangers is to stop them before they begin. Start to use Forhan's today.

Forhan's for the gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

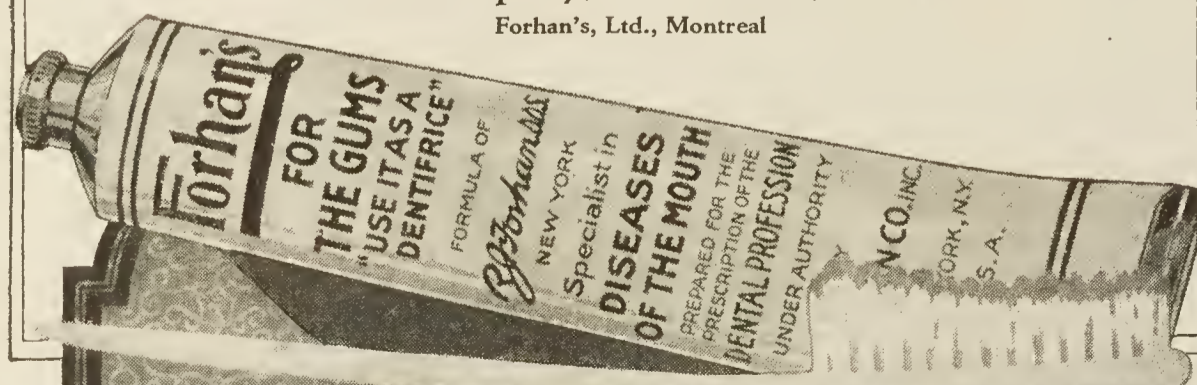
### How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

Forhan Company, New York, N. Y.

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**Forhan's**  
**FOR THE GUMS**  
*Checks Pyorrhea*

## THE MARCH OF THE DAUGHTERS

She accepted the solution that New York offered her, with her income that could not afford escape from the organized parlor. She went to the woman who had recommended the organized house to her when she had arrived in the city a stranger.

To this woman, in charge of a volunteer bureau expressly run to protect girls by sending them only to approved living quarters, she stated her case and her needs, and asked the address of a nice apartment in a nice neighborhood, kept by a nice woman, where she could rent a nice room in which she might have privacy and comfort to entertain her fiancé.

And because she was herself a thoroughly nice girl whom twenty years of Iowa and three of New York argued sufficient maturity to trust, this woman, versed both in contemporary young womanhood and in contemporary New York, found for her exactly what she wanted. I could see the building in the moonlight from the library steps.

**I** HAVE been in the room. Its only window opens to an enclosed court whose towering walls shut out real daylight for all but an hour at noon; she dresses by electricity every morning in the year. But in the evening it is charming, with the yellow-shaded table electricolier a bright nucleus of light shining on books and work-basket and the wicker arms of two easy chairs drawn close to table-edge.

There is the bureau with white cloth and silver-framed photographs, the couch with its dark cover and heaped pillows, and a book-case whose curtains hide not only books but electric chafing-dish and china and a small larder in tins and cracker-boxes.

An additional twenty-five cents a week pays for the use of the electricity for cooking-purposes, and she gets an economical breakfast there every morning. The room is kept clean and in order by the landlady, so that her domestic duties are light, as they should be, intruding on neither her working vigor nor her leisure hours. The place is quiet, and it is her own.

From the view-point of decent privacy and independence and homely comfort, moderate expense and cleanliness with the least effort, and escape from the monotony of boarding-house meals, this is an ideal living-arrangement, and New York is offering and young women adopting it in greater numbers every year.

You see this movement is clearly not a contagious rash spreading like the measles from Greenwich Village, that self-conscious and bragging Bohemia whose frank unconvention has been so well advertised.

And though I can not answer for other cities (except for Washington during the war-time rush) I do not think it is as yet general, even in all parts of New York; it seems to be longest established in this particular apartment-house district where for a number of years the many women students crowding the neighborhood have lived in some such fashion.

**I**T IS a beautiful section, a high, wind-swept hill terminating abruptly on one side in the sheer cliffs of Morningside Park and on the other sloping more gently to Riverside Drive and the river, with the Palisades of Jersey beyond. There is no wonder that with the constantly increasing invasion of New York by the rest of the country that apartment landladies with rooms to rent have multiplied heavily and are still unable to meet the growing demand.

And that this system will continue to spread and meet with general social sanction wherever conditions of crowding indicate it I haven't the slightest doubt. Because it supremely offers the modern young woman what her new economic independence makes it difficult to wrest from her, what she is sure she is fit for—and what she usually is fit for—and that is freedom.

Please realize the significance of this remarkable dovetailing of the acute space-pressure of an overgrown metropolis—an economic problem pure and simple—and this *will to freedom* that is the outstanding mark of this generation of girls. Such a living-arrangement is the ultimate word in freedom.

For public opinion to sanction a girl's entertaining a man alone within a room whose closed door no one but herself has the right ever to open without asking admission means that the last formal physical brick-and-wood convention of restraint on her emotional impulses has been tossed overboard. Shades of chaperons! Old bombazined ghosts dozing in equally shadowy parlors!

The girl is free in an atmosphere of challenge such as you who have never known New York or you who have known it too long can never realize.

**O**NE'S first plunge into New York is one's first circus, one's first brass band, one's first dance and one's first runaway adventure to the gipsies all rolled together, and home is so far away that it seems the faint memory of a childish dream recurring only fitfully.

This is not the New York that inconspicuous and staid New Yorkers know.

The bright-colored, voluptuous surge of Fifth Avenue at mid-afternoon, the sleek, feverish ribaldry of Broadway at midnight, and the rebellious theories on everything chanted in the Village throughout the twenty-four hours—these stir them as placidly as the sight of their front lawns and their neighbors' gardens stir the citizens born and reared and still living in the old homes in Walnut Center. And they lead just as simple, well-regulated lives.

But you may live many months in New York and never meet any of these people.

It seemed to me, as I stood there on those steps trodden daily by some thousands of daughters of the nation who ought to be sleeping at that moment and probably were not, that this challenge of the city to the stuff that is in a girl is even greater for the girl student than for the girl who has a job.

In both groups there is much legitimate sense of adventure as well as much sincere

ambition. Yet work that is congenial by which one earns one's bread, work that offers vistas of greater power and more money with increased application—this is a steady force that possesses and regulates the spirit as well as the daily routine.

But my guess ventures that for every student who comes to New York pale with academic purpose there are at the very least two aflame for a course in New York to which the curriculum they choose, which could be supplied in half a dozen or a hundred places, is frankly secondary; and I sympathize with, rather than criticize, this fact.

**B**UT the plastic spirit of inquiry in which they come, their more adjustable hours of working and eating and sleeping, their greater leisure, their greater freedom of contact with a cosmopolitan set of young men and women of the same contagious spirit—to understand this group you must add these elements to the living-conditions—and the pull of New York.

Besides the homes of relatives and friends, and those expensive institutions of nice refinement that wilfully pretend there's a spark of life still left in the old bombazined ghost (there isn't; chaperonage as we used to know it is dead) there are in New York the several dormitories housing the majority of the younger university students of undergraduate age, and there are the organized houses where some of the girls live who study in the specialized schools that make no effort to provide living-accommodations.

Dormitories, yes, with parlors and rules; and the smaller the dormitory the bigger the spirit that dignifies the rules. But the spirit of a huge university that lies in the heart of a city absolutely rioting with spirits of its own—this can never reach the strong, lyric note of emotional idealism in which are sung the *Alma Mater* songs in simpler communities.

Can you wonder if New York with its synecopated dance-tunes plays the *Pied Piper* each year to a certain number of youngsters who come up from the country with more springs in their feet than ideas in their heads?

**A**N ENCROACHING cloud and the sound of nearing footsteps broke the spell of the long, moonlit quiet. Finding myself shivering from the Winter tang that seasoned the mild night, I turned toward my cot in my palace still some blocks away.

As the dawdling couples passed me, I glimpsed the engaging features of a light-hearted post-graduate English student from Kentucky, her arm clasped securely by a slender man with a lean Latin face. He was one of the many enrolled from a Latin country where girls are not as American girls and where other customs prevail, where men still judge their women by the conventions surrounding them and not by the spirit within them, and where chaperons and parlors are not yet quaint ghosts.

One speculates, fascinated, with the pull of fear that is at the heart of fascination, on the result of tossing two such together in this environment. I happened to know that accident had placed them both under the same roof of a vast palace similar to mine.

As I write, I feel again the thrill with which I always approached that palace where the dumbwaiter shaft in my bedroom snickered back with modern flippancy to those romantic secret exits from medieval castle chambers. But with the majestic frame of the big structure, its kingly entrance, and my dumbwaiter, its palatial features ended. It was not as a palace that it thrilled me, but as a single New York apartment house with a population of nearly five hundred people gathered indiscriminately from the universe.

Babies are born there; little children live there, brides and worn-out old men die there. Spinster school-marms room a Winter there in economical untidiness while they take degrees in classrooms and sit in the galleries of the legitimate drama on Saturday night. There dwell middle-aged childless couples, the widowed, and the self-contained and by now self-centered women of business whom New York has seasoned and polished into something hard and bright. Voice, piano and violin—these student notes echo all day in the court from rooms that harbor the ambitious dreams and the volatile emotions and the long patience of the artist, sometimes side by side with the inscrutable dreams and the unfathomable emotions and the long patience of the Orient.

**I** HAVE seen a little blonde girl with a violin scurrying to a music lesson from her room under the eaves which is in curious communication with that of a man student from China. They have the mutual use of a splendid stationary wash-stand in a tiny passage between the rooms, with doors entering from each. A simple arrangement of hooks and locks on both sides of both doors insures a perfect privacy—if both persons are punctilious. I know, because for a week I lived similarly. But my—what shall I call him?—was once careless about his hook. And he was more than once nervously noisy about the use of his toothbrush that hobnobbed with mine on the ledge above the stand. It was an irrational and irritating intimacy even through the crack of a locked door. So I found the kitchenette across the hall in an apartment where only women lodge.

For under that roof thrive landladies who rent their rooms only to men, and those who rent only to women, and there are those by whom the first to come are the first accommodated, in whose long, dark, narrow halls substantial would-be fantoms of both sexes try to glide invisibly at night and morning. There are those to whom it is a matter of concern if a silly girl two thousand miles from home takes a man to her room after the opera to feed him innocent cocoa and cheese, and by dismissing him at two in the morning lays herself open to misinterpretation by the "evil-minded" wakeful (I quote the girl's indignant epithet). And there are landladies who are

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AGNES CASTLE

E-LLOYD SHELDON

CLARENCE E. MULFORD

EDGERTON CASTLE

RALPH H-SPENCE

FREDERIC S. ISHAM

JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY

FORREST HALSEY

HENRY M. BLOSSOM

ZANE GREY

ALBERT RAY & ELINOR FAIR

LOUIS TRACY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

CAPT. BUD FISHER

DAVID BELASCO

MADLAINE TRAVERSE

GEORGE WALSH

GLADYS BROCKWELL

PEGGY HYLAND

MARK TWAIN

PEARL WHITE

WILLIAM RUSSELL

TOM MIX

WILLIAM FARNUM

AN avalanche of entertainment making talent.

☆ Great stars and great authors who combine to delight the world.

The best theatres are now showing FOX Entertainments because they do justice to the great writers and the great stars who interpret the fine things which thoroughly absorb the attention of the American people.

FOX ENTERTAINMENTS

Attend the theatre that presents them!



# BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR



Flannelette Gown. Wide variety of styles for women and misses.

## Style—Comfort—Durability

As nearly as perfection may be reached it is achieved in Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear. The woman who desires to appear at her best and daintiest chooses it. So does the woman who understands that the extra fullness tailored into Brighton-Carlsbad at armholes, bust and hips provides a certain extra comfort no other sleepingwear possesses. As for durability, Brighton-Carlsbad seems never to wear out. Every garment is unreservedly guaranteed.

### For Men, Women and Children

Brighton-Carlsbad is for all the family. There are 517 different styles to select from. Some one garment to please the individual taste, no matter what it may be. Made in all fine nightwear fabrics—including the famous Brighton flannelette—and every weight for summer and winter sleeping.

### Ask the Dealer to Unpin the Garment

Unpinning is the *before-buying test of nightwear*. You can't judge it folded. Brighton-Carlsbad courts this test; for then is revealed the skillful tailoring, generous fullness of cut and beauty of material which so far exceed other nightwear that you *cannot help but recognize Brighton-Carlsbad's absolute superiority*.



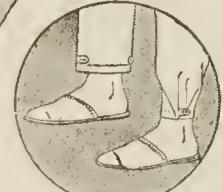
Write for Free "Nightie Book"  
Send for free "Nightie Book" and learn more about this most popular sleepingwear.

**H. B. GLOVER COMPANY**  
Dept. 7 Dubuque, Iowa

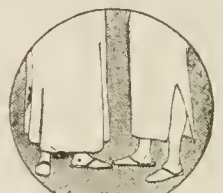
#### DEALERS:

Write us now and arrange to handle this fastest selling line for next Spring and Fall (1920).

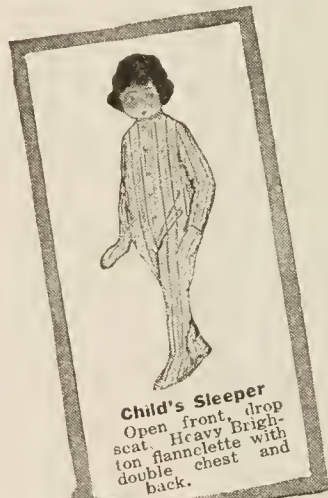
On men's and women's nightgowns, the large sleeve and wide arm-hole permit free arm-movement without either drawing the sleeve back on the wrist or pulling the skirt up. There is no binding under the arm. Generous extra folds of cloth provide greater warmth.



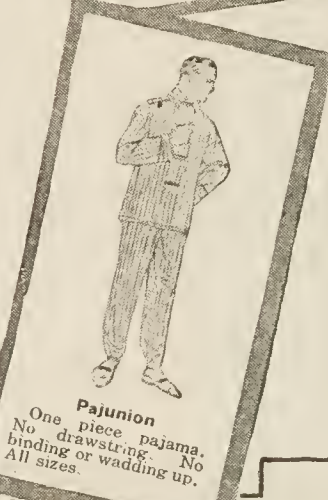
On pajamas and Pajunions (the popular one-piece pajama worn by thousands of men and women), the ankle-buttoned leg keeps the trousers down over the wearer's calf and prevents chiling. This also keeps the trousers from working up and binding in the crotch.



On men's nightgowns, the circular bottom skirt is long and full and has no unnecessary side openings. The extra width at hips, knees and bottom gives ample walking room and the extra length keeps the ankles covered and warm.



**Child's Sleeper**  
Open front, drop seat. Heavy flannelette with double chest and back.



**Pajunion**  
One piece pajama, no drawers, binding or wadding. All sizes.

Concluded from page 36

## THE MARCH OF THE DAUGHTERS

not so particular, who may or may not make a rule or two and find it profitable to consider them kept.

WHAT sights and sounds have there been within that network of bland inner walls whose very inscrutability conveys the fact of tales they never tell!

There is one story which the walls of one room will never whisper, a story which I was to hear next morning from the lips of the girl who lived there. I can not write much of it or of her. But you must like her, as I did from the start.

I liked the friendliness, the responsiveness, the prettiness that were charming even while a certain lack of discrimination and judgment made me fearful. I both feared and liked to look into her wide young eyes whose knowingness was so frank and blatant that it seemed as if it must be innocent braggadocio. Her erow of triumph as she cried in italics, "I've not only seen New York! I've DONE it!" I kept on hearing after I had left her, wondering just exactly what she meant. A tug of apprehension drew my thoughts to her in solitary moments, and questions flooded. I didn't like what gossip reported of her chosen companions, radical students from a country whose ethics are not at present to be trusted. I feared that this little moth from a provincial town and a provincial college had been dazzled and attracted by their very foreignness to a flame that might destroy instead of illumine.

And her gossiped indiscretions; of course they were simply the incredible indiscretions of a runaway child in the midst of dangers it thinks are but thrilling toys, a runaway child whose hitherto sheltered life has made her one supreme faith the faith that no harm can come, that things that happen to others can't happen to her. Yet I couldn't tell.

I wondered whose business it was to look after her. It seemed nobody's. Her home was a thousand miles away, she was living in the apartment of an absentee landlady who felt no concern over what happened within the rented walls; she came and went when, where and with whom she chose, her studies weighed lightly upon her, though she chattered her special subject as if she really knew something about it.

YET whose business it really ought to be to look after her seemed nice question. I judged she was about twenty-four. Now twenty-four is not necessarily the age of discretion for a woman—from twenty-four to thirty-five can hold situations of an insidious temptation quite as threatening as the more obvious dangers that attend the very young—yet it is an age which can not very well be dictated to in matters of personal discipline. From one view it seemed quite possibly right that a university should have no jurisdiction over the private life of a student of twenty-four who has been earning her living for a year or two and whom her parents clearly consider her own mistress. It seemed as though perhaps there was no one authority rightfully to deny her that "perfect Bolshevik freedom" of which she bragged and in which she strutted like a little boy in his first trousers.

It was a freedom which in her case meant that an inexperienced and pliable nature, not too strong yet endowed with a mind and heart open to safe as well as unsafe philosophies and friends, was thrust into the kind of living I have tried to describe, utterly unprepared by parents who had not the slightest conception of her or of the conditions, and utterly unguarded by a university whose degree was to fit her more fully to teach the young.

A morning or two before, I had met her in the corridor, a pleased child starting for class with something like a skip and a hop because an impatiently awaited parcel-post box with a new evening dress made by her mother had at last arrived. The day following the night of which I have been writing I talked with her again. Portentous with the giggles of a boarding-school miss over some simple escapade of luscious and luminous folly, and with the cleverness of a witty raconteur, she told me her story of that night.

It was a story of an impromptu party in her room, where liquor had betrayed her companions as the mere lifting of a lid lets loose whatever odor is within the vessel.

A providential interruption at a comparatively early moment had forestalled final catastrophe. However, still viewing life as a charmed child of freedom, it did not yet occur to her that that party had been an offense against public decency so great as to become public business; that she had been involved in an episode such as often winds up in a patrol wagon and a station-house, and that it was her good fortune that the interruption which established her own innocence and her comparative sobriety resulted in the affair being brought under the jurisdiction of only the university authorities.

When last I saw her, on the eve of my departure from the city, she was pitifully crushed and bewildered. In her mad little dance of "perfect freedom" she had at last tripped off the tiny platform she had thought the world and discovered herself on a continent of sober people who have found freedom a splendid beast of such menacing spirit and power that to be safe it must be controlled.

IT SEEMS that it really had been the university's business partially to look after her, a business which in her particular case had been neglected. Perhaps, a special student in several schools—I do not know the technicalities—she had managed to slip between the fingers of the women whose job it is to advise the girl students on their living-quarters and on any personal matters.

One must sharply regret but in fairness can not too sharply criticize an occasional dramatic failure such as this on the part of a supervising system that at best can not possibly be complete, even if completeness were desirable. There are several factors to consider in judgment.

There is the many-sided economic factor.

Few colleges in these days have enough money to provide dormitory space for the entire student body, and the relationship between the college and a chain of boarding and lodging houses can never be very close. In any such coeducational institution you will find a certain small proportion of young people each year who have not the stamina or the training or the wisdom to withstand the temptations of too sudden and too complete liberty. In New York—and I suppose this holds for other gigantic cities—the relationship between institution and landlady can be only the most casual, her rents are exorbitant, and though her applicants are many she must fight competition as in any other business; for her as for others the drive of life is fast and hard and keen; she is paid for her floor-space, not for her mothering. And the neighborhood cafeterias and tea-shops are paid for their food, not to keep a watchful eye on a girl's choice of comrades. It is obvious that even the careful selection of one of the increasingly rare landladies with the spirit of a mother and the blessing of a parlor can not guarantee safety for some giddy girl ineligible to a dormitory, since she can eat where and with whom she chooses and spend her leisure as she pleases.

ANOTHER factor is the question as to how far maternalism is desirable. The general American idea for an undergraduate college is that this matter of a student's private life of morals and health and eating and sleeping is quite the institution's concern. The general Continental idea of a graduate university is one of utter freedom of movement. I can not answer for other American universities, but at Columbia—built of many undergraduate and graduate schools for both sexes, and fast approaching the Continental institutions in its bulky cosmopolitanism—there exists at present a curious confusion of both ideas that is as natural and unpremeditated as a field of buttercups and daisies.

And interwoven with both these factors there is the force that impels young women to crowd there, willy-nilly, more each year, till their welfare is a persistently acute problem which the university seems to be trying to meet as best it can. That force is this passionate *will to freedom* in the daughters of the new century, a century of change that is co-operating with them to insure their desire so inevitably that the eternal spirit of old relationships must take on new affirmations.

The thought in connection with that little Bolshevik that has nagged me most persistently these months plays around an evening dress. True, I shall never know whether the women who took that foolish tangled skein in their wise fingers have succeeded; I shall never know just how serious was the snarl they found; I shall never know whether the story of that night traveled to the innocent and distant parents who were footing the bills of freedom, and especially to the mother who was treading the sewing-machine for it and putting on snappers for it.

BUT this I know. I know the pathos and futility of that old mother-service of the fingers toiling to adorn the body when the spirit was in such greater need.

And I know, too, that that mother is not alone in clinging uselessly and in bewilderment to parent habits that served for an age gone by, unaware that parenthood must keep up with the times.

Briefly—and you may take them and win, or reject them and lose out—these are the times. The development of higher education and economic independence for young women as for young men is altering the status of the daughter in the home to be the status to which we have grown used for the son. At a plastic age she leaves it to study in a new environment under new influences. Often she never permanently returns, but proceeds to earn her living with the freedom of movement long granted her brother as his right. The chances are that you will be unable to govern her surroundings or her conventions, that she will be away from home in a complex atmosphere far more potent to influence her than the inadequate traditions of a distant and simpler living that you have taught her. Moreover, the chances are that she will not feel the support of a coherent religion that interprets its faith in standardized conduct; the church is another laggard parent that has not yet learned how to be a potent factor in the daily life of this generation of youth.

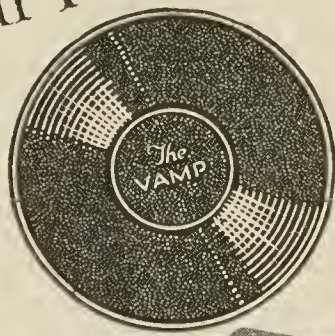
WHEN parents fail with girls to-day, it is because they do not admit this weakening of the material family ties; because they do not realize that parenthood must be interpreted to-day in terms of the spirit, unsupported, as the girl grows up, by the old bonds of daily association, mutual interests, and mutual practical dependence. Parenthood in the past has too often meant a brainless treadmill of activities and expectations bred by instinct and custom. To-day more than ever it requires an intelligent effort to understand a girl's nature and the new influences that are molding her ambitions and her character. Only if you have that understanding can you be of real service to her; only the sympathy which comes from knowledge can hold her to you, can make her turn to you, can keep you mother or father in fact as in name.

Only that knowledge can make you fair to her. The changes that are giving girls this freedom are also teaching them how to use it; most are well fit for it. Your daughter about whom you worry may be fitter than you know, because it is quite possible you see the external conditions of her living more clearly than you understand her.

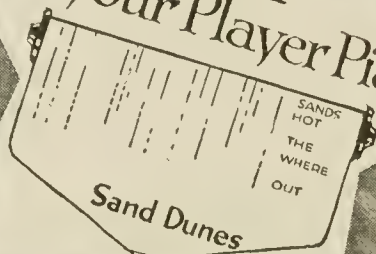
The march of youth to-day is swift, carrying girl and boy into new worlds where your elder feet too often can not follow. But you can build strong young spirits for the journey. And as a parting gift there can be mutual exchange of an open mind and a wise faith—a patent combination guaranteed to preserve the real meaning of such worn words as father, mother, son, daughter, family and home.



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Get a Roll for your Player Piano



Whenever Music is played Ask to hear these Feist Songs

# Star Song Hits Everybody's Singing

## "The Vamp"

by Byron Gay © Leo Feist, Inc.

Vamp and swing a-long. Keep a-do-ing-it  
 Vamp and sing a song. Don't you ru-in it  
 Do a nif-ty step with lots of  
 "pep" And watch your rep-u-ta-tion,  
 Do a "Bum-ble Bee" buzz a-round a bit.

## "My Baby's Arms"

by Harry Tierney & Joseph M.Carthy Staged by Ned Wayburn

My ba-by's arms—  
 Hold all my charms. My ba-by's  
 eyes of blue. Just seem to  
 thrill me, And fill me with a new sen-sa-tion.  
 My ba-by's smile,

## "Sand Dunes"

by Byron Gay © Leo Feist, Inc.

Fair-est of flow'rs is my  
 sweet des-ert rose. And hap-py  
 were all the hours. When o'er  
 hills of sand we would roam,  
 No clouds or show'rs in this

## "Lullaby Blues"

by Al. M. Kendall, J. Russell Robinson and Theodore Morse

In the eve-ning, The la-zy South-ern  
 moon, In the eve-ning, peeps in the cab-in'  
 room, As the soft shad-ows creep, ba-by falls a-  
 sleep, While dear Mam-my coos him the "Lul-la-by  
 Blues" In the eve-ning, her lit-tle hon-ey

THEY have made good, these star songs— they are THE melodies of the season. With her lips America sings them—with her feet she dances them—loves them with her heart. Her orchestras, jazz bands, theatres, talking machines and player-pianos—all delight in their cheering charm. They are sung from coast to coast, the songs of the hour whenever, wherever, music is called for.

### "The Vamp"

Irresistible! Vamps your heart, your lips, your feet and everything with its tantalizing, fascinating melody. It's the star fox-trot of all dance orders, the big number of jazz bands everywhere. "The Vamp" is the dance-queen of the season. And it is not only a dance hit but a fun hit. There's a chuckle in every line of its funny, zippy words. You'll love it, enjoy it, call for more. Try it—buy it—"The Vamp."

### "My Baby's Arms"

The Song and melody hit of Ziegfeld's New York Follies—no wonder "My Baby's Arms" has stretched out and gathered in the entire song world with its pretty charming melody and delightful words. "My Baby's Arms" will soothe you and hug you tight once you know its scintillating charm. Waiting for you at your music dealer's—"My Baby's Arms."

### "Lullaby Blues"

Can you imagine a more bewitching waltz than "Lullaby Blues"—with its dreamy southern melody so soothingly good it just makes you want to dance and dance and sing and feel happy. "Lullaby Blues" is as sweet and wholesome as your mother's old lullaby tunes—spiced with some real 1919 dance-pep. Get it today.

### "Sand Dunes"

Who said the desert is dry? "Sand Dunes" will saturate all the song-thirst you have. It's a wonderful new song-hit with a luring oriental tune nobody can help loving. It's a wonderful dance-hit with a live fox-trot rhythm nobody can help craving. Jazzers—singers—EVERYBODY—all agree—"It's a HIT." Try it on your piano—buy it at your dealer.

### You'll love these other beautiful Feist Songs:

- |  |                              |
|--|------------------------------|
| "When You Look in the Heart of a Rose" | "By the Campfire"            |
| "Thank God You're Here, Mother Mine"   | "The Radiance in Your Eyes"  |
| "There's a Girl in Chateau Thierry"    | "The Land of Lullaby"        |
| "Dreaming of a Sweet To-morrow"        | "Keep All Your Love for Me"  |
| "Sweet Love Dreams"                    | "Your Heart Is Calling Mine" |
| "One Loving Caress"                    | "Down Limerick Way"          |
| "When I Am in Siam"                    | "Star of the East"           |
| "Persian Moon"                         | "Love, Here Is My Heart"     |
| "Bluin' the Blues"                     | "Give Me All of You"         |
| "Make Him Forget He's Ever Been Away"  | "Sing Me Love's Lullaby"     |
| "Golden Gate"                          | "Erin"                       |
|  | "Expectation"                |
|  | "In Siam"                    |

### Instrumental Numbers

- |                               |                      |                         |
|-------------------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| "Aloma"                       | "Syria"              | "Bells of Bagdad"       |
| "Merci Beaucoup"              | "Klondyke Blues"     | "Laughing Blues"        |
| "Church Street Sobbin' Blues" | "Orange Blossom Rag" | "Fidgety Feet"          |
| "Lazy Daddy"                  | "Sensation"          | "At the Jazz Band Ball" |
|                               | "Star of the Sea"    | "Djer-Kiss"             |

On sale wherever music is sold, or we will supply you direct at 40c a copy, postpaid. Band or Orchestra, 25c each.

Ask Your Dealer for a Copy of "Feist's Melody Ballads"—a little booklet that will give you the words and music of the choruses of many of the beautiful song-hits listed above. Be sure you get this booklet, so you can try these songs on your piano just as you can try the four hits illustrated on this page—and see for yourself why they are wonderful songs. If not at your dealer's, send us his name with a 2c stamp and we will supply you direct.

You can't go wrong with any Feist Song





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**Belding's**  
Silk Classics - Fabrics - Spool Silk

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*New York*



## TO-MORROW'S DAUGHTER III—HER CONQUEST OF LONELINESS

BY A. ESTELLE PADDOCK

**B**EING lonely is a great adventure. It comes to every one, but few people are big enough to carry it through. The reason for this is that loneliness implies a wilderness which must be conquered. And it is because I have so often been called to overcome my wilderness that I am writing of this wilderness and what it means to us.

It is not a trackless waste that we who are lonely find. There are many paths and they cross and recross, worn deep by many slow-drawn, burdened feet. But the paths lead ever in a circle and seldom do they touch the borderland of cheer. They lead ever to the dark and tangled ways.

Ten to one if you were to analyze your wilderness you would seek to flee from it. There are thickets and thickets of self-seeking, perhaps some thorn-bushes of unforgiveness, always a dense copse of misunderstanding, and dark ditches of despair.

And there are in the wilderness beasts that gnaw and thorns that tear. There are the sisters of envy that hiss in your ear and say, "You are lonely because you are neglected." There is the ghoul of distrust that makes you fear to listen to the voice that would ease your distress. There is the jackal of unhealthy memory that murmurs over and over the unkind speech that made you flee to this unhealthful pot.

**I**T IS no place for one who would dare, for the girl or woman who has ever glimpsed the mountain peaks. Better the uncharted ways of self-forgetfulness, the expansive freedom of unsought forgiveness, and a faith that creates what it does not find.

And every one is lonely. People of all ages own to it—elderly people, of course; middle-aged folk, often, and most frequently of all, the young. As I have known girls, I find that life at sixteen is more of a maze than at twenty-six. And, after all, why not? One is more lonely on the threshold of womanhood than after one's feet have crossed its border. Girlhood is slipping away and all the new emotions of life must be adjusted to the grown-up point of view—and how alien that seems!

To-day one knows and to-morrow all perplexes. It is because of this that I urge any girl who feels this strange aloneness to learn to keep it in control, as she would temper, or envy, or sloth. For in youth it comes as lightly as the mist, it presses dense as the fog, and it dispels with any veering wind. It is no experience to be trusted, much less must we let it shape our lives.

**I**NDEED, loneliness seems to be necessary to growth, since we all share it, as we do hunger or pain or sleep. There is no use complaining about it, but there is use in knowing what to do with it and how to overcome it.

There are two types of loneliness, one of the surroundings and one of the spirit. The first may be found in any remote spot of earth; the second stalks amid the crowds.

Since loneliness comes whether we will or not, it is well to be prepared for it. It is because of this that I urge the study of natural sciences and literature when there seems to be no immediate use of so stocking the mind. It will serve well for a day ahead.

That day may come to one away on the prairie where the wild grass bends to the caressing wind and its waves beckon away to the towns where gaiety and crowds are found. It may come in the time of Winter when the lonely girl stands watching the expanse of snow as it drifts and whirls and eddies around to whirl and eddy back. It may come along the dusty trail with its tongue of green that leads to the avenues afar. It may come to the woman in her hillside home while the great furnaces in the valley belch their black clouds in the murky air.

**I**T IS the same monotony of tasks, the same possible lack of understanding, the same hunger for expression. Often there is a cry for something that the heart can not name.

I know that for every one there is a way of escape. We must not, like the woman of far-away India, beat out our minds against the walls that shut us in. We must not yield to the deadening cramp of the hours that slowly pass. We must shout or sing, sing for our lives, as it were, until we find the way out. Lost in a veritable wilderness, men sing to keep up their courage, and perhaps your song will find its way to another groping heart. For though each one has her own wilderness, how often you and I have found that there is some one near us in the dark! It may be some one is looking to you for a smile to light her darkness. It often happens that some dear child tastes the bitterness of life because her elders never

leave the wilderness! It pays to sing. Sing for your life!

There are books to help the lonely. If I but knew the fret you suffer I might send the book, but not every book will do. I know that for the lonely I would not choose the highly spiced love-tale nor the thrilling detective story. Those, I hold, are better for the ones who are surfeited with crowds. Rather would I choose books that lead one close to nature, and the books of travel that transform the rude boards of the kitchen floor to a highway where one walks with kings and holds converse with the men and women who are shaping the destinies of earth. If we might learn the hidden story of those who make life's cheer for us, I doubt if most of us would tarry long amid our sorrows.

It may be on the crowded city thoroughfare, where no one cares or seems to care, that loneliness will clutch your soul. There one must find a way out. It may be by mechanical means. I have escaped many lonely hours by counting types of doorways, or knowing the cars that hurry by, or listening for the blended sounds of the city's bustle. I know one girl who keeps herself amused fitting women's hats on the men who are seated by them on the street-cars and another who restores the infant faces of her fellow passengers.

**L**ONELINESS of the spirit is hardest to bear and hardest to overcome. For, after all, few people there are who bother about how we feel unless it affects their happiness or comfort. But we can overcome their indifference by learning always to care how others feel.

There is no secret so simple and so easily attained to make yourself generally liked as to observe always how the other person feels. It may be the postman with his tired feet, or the washerwoman with her sick husband, or the banker's son crippled in the war, or the fretting child next door—all can be won by caring for their needs, and no loneliness can withstand the real affection of the people whom we meet day after day. Show me the woman who companions all the world and I will point you to a spirit that can overcome all ills.

I do not think it is good for us to be entirely without loneliness. Every person should have her own laboratory of the soul where she welds her joys and her sorrows, her likes and dislikes, her pain and her loneliness into the force which we call character. Sometimes one has an overabundance of pain. Some have too much joy, some too much loneliness. But there is always a balance and we must learn how to blend the various strange experiences of life.

**I** THINK one needs to keep a little patch of loneliness where one may go when the heart-ache will not release its pain. It is there that we meet awhile with those we have lost. It is there that we go to recount their courage, to review the lessons they set for us.

But shame on us if we tarry too long. Their work is ours to complete; their longings for us must be fulfilled; their hope must not be disappointed. Out, out into the sunshine where they would have us be—the sunshine that they love! It costs! It costs! But how worth while! It is like the afterglow that blends the night and day; it is the touch of oneness that unites the glad and sorrowing.

Shall we leave out loneliness? Shall the artist slight the primary color for the softer shade? He needs its strength to produce his softened tone. We need the strength and beauty of the hours alone.

**I** AM sure that without loneliness we should scarcely find out God. There is many a giddy girl who fears to be alone because she has not learned of the great companionship of God in the lonely hours.

Alone in the flaming sunset one finds Him. Alone in a wilderness of pain He comes. Alone in the darkness of despair, He shares. Alone on the height of joy, He is there. It is not the experience—it is being alone that causes one to know His presence.

So, despite the pain, I have come to think that there is good for the soul in being lonely. But I would not seek to be lonely. There are so many ways of escape that I have not space to write and, after all, each person needs something a bit different from the other. It is worth all we possess to be free from the wilderness. For just beyond is the great open country of our dreams, the life we long to lead, the deeds we wish to do, the future which the world should claim from us. Let no one say of us that we love the tangled ways that bring us and others misery. Let us be known as those who walk in the sunshine, friends of gladness and joy.





*Every day—*  
 the right treatment for your skin

*Lovely complexions don't just "happen." The right daily care will make yours lovely, too!*

*See how this will help to make it clear, lovely in color*

**Y**OUR complexion, too, can be lovely! If you would have that most potent of all charms—a clear, fresh complexion, lovely in color—look to the daily care of your skin!

Look to its tissues! Their texture can make your complexion coarse or fine, rough or smooth!

Look to its millions of pores! They can breathe and give your skin freshness and life!

Look to its little blood vessels! They can cause the delicate color to come and go.

You cannot have a clear, smooth skin—fresh, natural beauty—unless you are giving your skin *every day* the treatment that will stimulate the small muscular fibres, bring the blood to the surface of the skin, keep its millions of pores fine, its tissues soft and smooth.

Every day, as old skin dies, new skin is forming to take its place. The right daily care will keep this new skin fine in texture, lovely in color.

Begin tonight the following famous treatment:

Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

The very first time you use it you will feel the glow this treatment leaves on your skin. Use it day after day. Notice the steady improvement it makes. See how soft and lovely the right daily care keeps your skin!

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake today and begin tonight this treatment. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

*Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.*

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1911 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1911 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*



*Begin tonight to remove those skin blemishes! After washing thoroughly, cover each blemish with a thick, creamy Woodbury lather. Leave on for ten minutes—rinse with hot, then with cold water.*

**For the commoner skin troubles**

You will find successful treatments in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Among them are:

- Blackheads—A Confession
- Blemishes—How to get rid of them
- Conspicuous Nose Pores—To reduce them
- Enlarged Pores—How to make your skin fine
- Oily Skin and Shiny Nose—To correct them
- Shampoo—The right way
- Sluggish Skin—How to rouse it
- Tender Skin—The new treatment







## What Mamma Said

"Mamma wants a package of Lemon Jell-O and a package of Strawberry Jell-O."

Groceryman: "I suppose something else wouldn't do, would it?"

"Mamma said be sure and get

# JELL-O

because she's got company and she wants to visit 'stead of working in the kitchen, and everybody likes Jell-O."

There is the whole thing in a nutshell. There is no kitchen drudgery making up Jell-O, and everybody likes Jell-O.

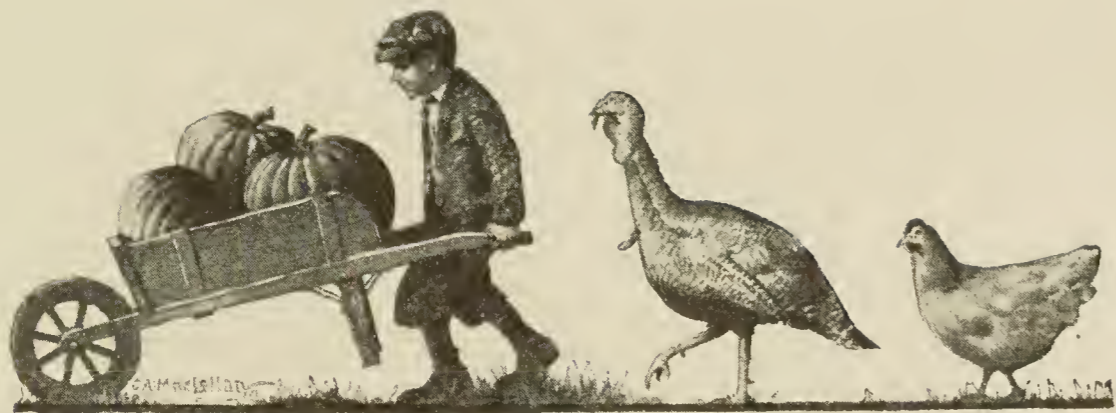
The things that can be done with Jell-O are explained in the Jell-O Book in a way that interests every woman. If you do not already possess a copy of the book and will give us your name and address, one will be sent to you promptly—free, of course.

There are six pure fruit flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate, and grocers sell them two for 25 cents.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY

Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.





## THANKSGIVING FUN FOR ALL OF US AMERICANS

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

A NEW KIND OF THANKSGIVING DINNER! HERE, TRULY, IS A TWENTIETH-CENTURY ENTERTAINMENT WHICH BELONGS TO THE NEWEST AS WELL AS THE OLDEST AMERICAN. FULL DIRECTIONS FOR CARRYING OUT THE TOUR OF THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE, MAY BE OBTAINED BY WRITING TO EDNA ERLE WILSON, ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR, THE DELINEATOR, BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY. ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE.

THE peculiarly American festival of Thanksgiving does not lose any of its national character by introducing the dishes and customs of other lands, for those famous immigrants of the little bark *Mayflower* were among the first to come to this country across the seas.

These newcomers from other lands have brought their favorite dishes with them. The native American housewife has the whole world to choose from in selecting her Thanksgiving menu. It may be American, international, and the most appetizing of feasts all at the same time.

A globe-shaped invitation conveys the suggestion of the affair as well as the request for one's company. This globe, cut out of heavy buff-colored paper and folded across the center twice, will fit into a square envelope. Gay little sketches of the flags of different nations or tiny peasant maidens lend a touch of color to the missives, while red-white-and-blue sealing-wax fastens them in a truly patriotic manner.

Conventional phrasing, simply requesting the pleasure of Mr. Blank's company at an international dinner on Thanksgiving Day, is more appropriate than a jingle for this form of entertainment. The hour, as well as the request that the guests come in costume, should be added.

FLAGS of the nations in all of their fluttering brightness will furnish the most attractive decorations. Charming shades may be made for the lights out of blue paper with a red-and-white border, and an original hostess will not hesitate to cover her windows with blue paper and paste around them a border of quaint little maidens in the costumes of the Old Country. If a lantern is hung outside the window, the effect will be quite vivid.

When the guests begin to arrive, it will seem as if the World and his wife were present, and the scene will glow with life and color. History may have a way of repeating itself, but when a quaint maid of Alsace arrives on the arm of a tall Greek soldier in the costume that his ancestors wore at Thermopylae, it is safe to assume that the incident is without precedent. A tall Highlander in a short plaid skirt and long bare legs, with a tiny black cap and a sash of plaid thrown over his shoulders, may be the companion of a pretty Puritan maid in a demure gray dress, with white cap, kerchief and apron.

IRISH colleens in full green skirts, white waists, black bodices, red stockings and coquettish caps of white turned back from fresh young faces look realistic enough just to have come across from the Emerald Isle. And dark-eyed signorinas in full red cheesecloth skirts, white waists and black bodices, with a square piece of cloth covering their raven locks, are distracting enough to move the hearts of a whole army of confirmed bachelors.

Gallants of the Revolutionary period in red coats, bright-colored waistcoats, white stockings, buckled shoes and three-cornered hats rub shoulders with Turkish gentlemen in embroidery, velvet and satin, wearing close-fitting red *fezes* upon their heads. And dainty little ladies from the Orient in gaily colored kimonos and Slavic lasses in all the brightness of their native costumes lend their presences to this pageant of nations.

The Old English dress, with its full skirt, tight basque and white fichu, proves universally becoming, as does also the Norwegian dress with its full bright skirt, white waist, black bodice and pointed cap. The Swedish costume is distinguished from those of the other countries by an apron with a bright-striped border and a plain cap like a baby bonnet with a bow at the back instead of under the chin.

RUSSIAN ladies wear high boots, which may be made of heavy black paper for an occasion of this kind. Blouses of dark cheesecloth, belted down, and close caps complete the native costume of this country. Maidens dressed in Hungarian fashion with their bright full skirts, boleros and sashes of red, with a bright scarf thrown about the head, are

as romantic of figure as the wandering gypsies out of fairy-tales.

One of the main differences between a dinner-party and another kind of party is that in the case of the former the dinner comes first and the games afterward. So as soon as all the guests have arrived, the hostess should lead the way into the dining-room. Places may be found by means of the most fascinating of name-cards in the shape of water-colored globes across which the guests' names are written in red ink.

The centerpiece is Uncle Sam's hat in a rather large size so that it will hold all his numerous children. The band upon this piece of headgear bears the inscription, "This is our melting-pot," and visible evidence in the shape of tiny dolls dressed in the folk costumes of the old countries verify the statement. Red, white and blue streamers are carried from the hands of the dolls to the places of the guests, where they are fastened to the handles of small red-white-and-blue-paper baskets filled with candies. The international menu is typed on cards with a border of the national colors around them. It consists of:

Russian Caviar on Toast  
Scotch Broth  
Japanese Fish Roll with Rice  
Spaghetti à la' Italienne with Grated Cheese  
American Roast Turkey with Cranberry Sauce  
Irish Potatoes Mexican Bean Dish  
Stuffed Spanish Peppers  
Brazilian Fruit Salad with Persian Date Sandwiches  
Hawaiian Pineapple Soufflé  
French Bonbons Turkish Coffee

THIS menu may be simplified by omitting several courses or parts of a course. Most of the dishes are familiar to American hostesses, no doubt, but some of them need a little explanation.

The Japanese fish roll is made of seaweed, covered with rice and dried fish together with the necessary seasoning. Then it is rolled up and cut in slices, which are very attractive with their dark outside borders and white fish centers.

Of course no Thanksgiving dinner would be complete without our own turkey and cranberry sauce. But that our South American sisters know a good thing when they see it is illustrated by the salad course. Anybody might have thought of the fresh fruits on their backgrounds of crisp green lettuce leaves, but it is a stunt native to our twin continent to use a dressing of coconut, grated very fine, mixed with its own juice and iced to an arctic coldness.

Persian date sandwiches, made of brown bread, with a filling of nuts and dates, are just as delicious as they sound.

Hawaiian pineapple soufflé, in all its juiciness of interior and fluffiness of whipped cream exterior, makes one think of tropical palms, blue skies and soft breezes—if one's next-door neighbor isn't too distracting to allow one's attention to wander as far away as that.

To the French we give the credit for the creamy bonbons, and then forget all our worries in a sip of Turkish coffee.

AS THE guests come out of the dining-room, they are met by a small boy wearing the black coat and trousers and red vest of far-away Persia. On his head is perched an astrakhan cap and over his arm is hung a basket filled with the dates of his native land. These are a peculiar variety, however, for upon examination they are found to be appointments to be kept, rather than fruits to be eaten! The men are told to choose only the blue dates, and the girls are requested to limit their choice to those of red.

Those drawn by the men are found, when unwound, to contain small pointed arrows. Those drawn by the girls are tiny round globes with the name of a certain country written on them. They are requested to pin these globes to their sleeves. Printed directions instruct each man to search for the big map and find a partner to go with him to the Land of His Heart's Desire.

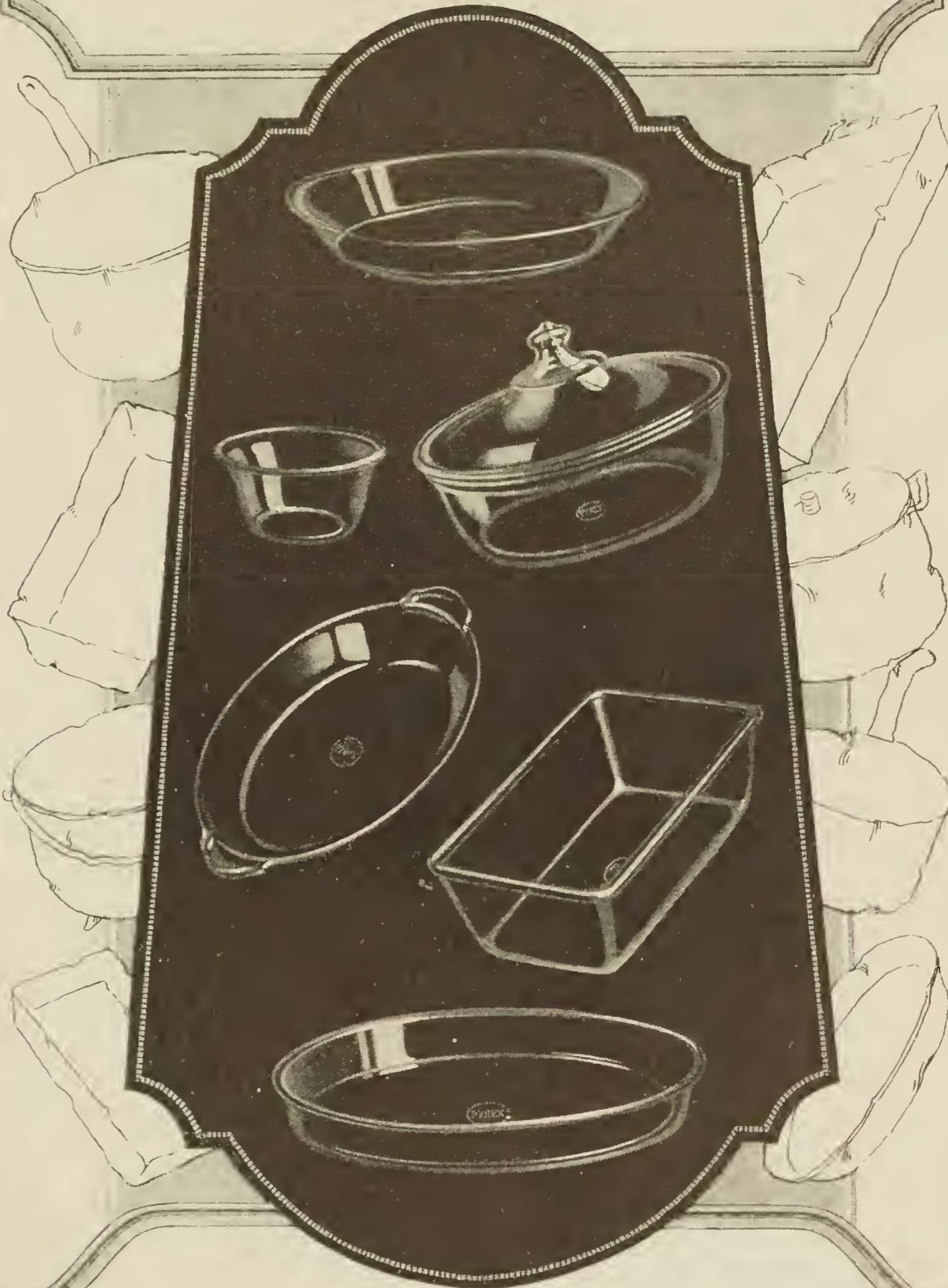
This big map can hardly be missed, for it occupies a large space on one side of a wall. As a matter of fact, it is a sheet divided into different-colored countries. The men are told to throw their arrows at this map and have as their partners the girls who wear on their sleeves countries corresponding in color and numbers to the part of the map struck by their arrows.

Then the couples start out on their journey to the Land of Heart's Desire via many different lands, where they pause to observe the customs and indulge in the national amusements.

When this original game of Touring the Countries for the Land of Heart's Desire has finished to the satisfaction of every one, the guests return to things American and end the evening by tripping gaily to the measures of the Virginia reel and the Portland fancy.

# PYREX

## TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES NEVER GROW OLD



ONE by one the old-fashioned utensils are discarded—dented, chipped, discolored or crazed. PYREX continues to serve you daily, as perfect as the day it first graced your table with food hot from the oven. It never grows old.

# PYREX

*Saves Pan Scouring*

Not only do PYREX Transparent Oven Dishes save time, fuel, and pan scouring, but they actually improve your baking. Foods usually cooked on top of the stove are better when baked and served in PYREX. There is a PYREX dish for every need, enabling you to bake the better way every meal, every day.

PYREX is an investment because it never grows old, and is guaranteed against breakage with oven heat.

*Always look for the PYREX label—and the name PYREX pressed in the glass.*

Ask your dealer in housewares for the Pyrex booklet "New Facts About Cooking" or send his name and address and we will post it to you—free.

Pyrex Sales Division

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# Hamilton Beach Home Motor

## It Sews With Ease

Do all your own sewing and enjoy it! Simply place this little motor under the hand wheel of your sewing machine (old or new); instantly change it to a self-operating electric. No screws or bolts to attach—no skill required to operate. Sews slow or fast without effort or drudgery; no more broken thread; always runs right.



Mixes

## It Whips Cream

The Cream Whipper Attachment is a most ingenious device. Without effort you can whip cream, beat eggs, or make delicious mayonnaise—things you have wished could be done by power instead of by hand.



Fans

## It Fans Wonderfully

And when you are not sewing, and the weather is warm, you can with ease summon cool breezes by simply attaching the ingenious fan device to the Hamilton Beach Home Motor. Immediately you have all the comfort of an expensive fan.



Sharpens

## It Sharpens Knives

Another of the kitchen needs is fulfilled in the Grinding Attachment. You know how much of the time you work with dull knives because you have no satisfactory way to sharpen them. Now you can always have keen-edged cutlery.



Polishes

## It Polishes Silver

The bugbear of silver cleaning day no longer exists for you when you have the Polishing Attachment right at hand to brighten the silver. It works a magic transformation—quickly and without effort on your part.

Phone Your Dealer for a Free Trial

Any Electric, Hardware, or Sewing Machine Dealer

# SAVE FOR PRACTICAL GIFTS

BY HARRIET ABBOTT

DESPITE all our best intentions not to give any Christmas presents, or to give them only to the family, or to children, or to the poor, or to buy them months in advance, somehow these good intentions go a-begging and we find ourselves, in the middle of the eleventh-hour Christmas rush, desperately searching the shops for gifts.

Usually that last-minute search means buying atrocities—gifts that in saner moments we would scorn to buy or send.

Let us acknowledge our weakness now, and let us agree that there will be gifts to buy for Jack and Mary and Jane and let's buy them at once before that fatal last hour and choose thoughtfully the gifts that Jack and Mary and Jane will really want.

Have you thought of records for the talking-machine? You can make such a gift as expensive or as inexpensive as you choose. The Music Editor of THE DELINEATOR has prepared a list of worth-while records and of popular records. Send for them and make your choice accordingly. The Music Editor is a man of distinction in musical affairs. No one knows better than he operas, orchestral music, songs, dance music—even jazz if you want that! Each record he recommends is one he has selected after listening to many records.

A two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope should accompany your request for his lists. Then, with these lists in hand, go to the shops where you buy your records and listen to the ones he advises until you find those that you are sure will please your friend.

Rolls for your friends who have mechanical piano-players are equally suitable. THE DELINEATOR'S Music Editor will send you lists of good rolls to buy.

SO MANY are the gifts for a housekeeper! First of all think of her table and its needs. The day has gone by for most of us when we can afford expensive damask dinner-cloths. Nowadays when imported damasks are not only scarce but beyond the sky-limit in price, we have abandoned the old convention that demanded the formal cloth for the dinner-table; we use the doilies that once upon a time were decreed correct only for breakfast and luncheon.

Doilies and centerpieces come in most inexpensive qualities. They have the added advantage of being easier and cheaper to wash and iron than the old-fashioned table-linen.

For every-day family use, the once-despised white oilcloth—a kind that comes especially prepared for stenciling in pretty designs—makes attractive centerpieces and doilies, and eliminates ironing. It needs only to be wiped with a clean, moist cloth and is always fresh and dainty on the table.

Simple toweling may be made up into suitable lengths and crossed on the table. One or two additional doilies, supplementing these, supply adequate table-linen for any meal.

THE day has gone by, too, when we can scorn plated silver. The heavy, metallic product that was more like pewter than silver has been replaced by ware so light in weight, so shapely in design, that it rivals the craftsmanship of some of the most costly "solid" ware.

Spoons, forks, knives of varying sizes for breakfast, luncheon and dinner use, correct coffee and tea services, platters and serving-dishes in this ware will be gifts in which the most exacting housekeeper will delight.

And the electrical devices for a housekeeper! There is no end of these she covets: percolator, iron, chafing-dish, curling-iron, egg-and-cream beater, two-way plug, radium glow for the electric light, motor for the sewing-machine, electric washer for the laundry, grill for the Sunday supper, vacuum cleaner with all its attachments, fan for next Summer's worst days, desk lamps. A visit to the electrical shop will leave you almost dazed by its wealth of sensible devices.

DON'T forget, either, the endless variety of kitchen utensils a housekeeper wants but worries along without because there are so many, many needs for the children that her own needs invariably go unsatisfied. Christmas is your chance to lighten her work for the whole year by giving her glass baking-dishes, aluminum pots and pans, dish mops, sink scoopers, a pressure cooker or a fireless cooker, containers for spices, an egg-beater that whisks the eggs to a stiff froth in a few seconds. Even some fresh scrim curtains for her kitchen windows will bring cheer to her workshop.

Their name is legion—these kitchen helps you can buy for her.

DON'T let all your gifts to her be wearisomely practical. Christmas is the chance to give her the dainty accessories she would never dare be so extravagant as to buy for herself. And the same kind of presents will be acceptable to young girls and unmarried women.

For instance, there are the delicate imported and domestic face-powders. Sometimes they are sold in boxes so handsome that they ornament the dressing-table. A woman of taste always passes by the powders that are heavily scented and uses those that are unscented or carry only the faintest fragrance. So, too, an unscented box of talcum powder will be a gift worth while; or a tiny vial of perfume made from the pure oil of the flowers and free from the heavy odor of musk that mars many perfumes. Toilet-waters and bath scents in which the fragrance is elusive are delights in which a woman's soul and body revel.

Always the ribbon-bags filled with dried lavender or orris-root or rose-leaves are presents acceptable to the woman of good taste. She lays them among her linen and lingerie and their spicy odor lingers faintly in every garment when it is taken from the drawer.

Perhaps she will like a lamp-shade such as would cost twenty-five or fifty dollars

if bought ready-to-use in the shops. Buy your material in some shop where instructions are given for making them up and you can construct a beautiful shade, which in itself will decorate the plainest room. Its cost will be comparatively slight.

The candle-lit table always has charm. Hand-made candles are pleasing gifts to a woman. They are about twenty cents each and come in attractive colors. Bayberry candles, made by the familiar method, make a seasonable gift and carry the sentiment that any "made by hand" gift is sure to have.

Prints, too, of famous paintings are gifts for the friend of artistic taste. They can be purchased at costs ranging from a few pennies up to as many dollars. They need not be framed. Sometimes the black-and-white values are brought out merely by being placed on an effective mat.

More expensive but not prohibitive in price are etchings by the American etchers. Perhaps the art department in your public library will show you prints from which you can choose, placing the order later with your local art-shop.

THE woman of taste is always pleased with gifts of correct letter-paper and note-paper. Avoid colored papers, oddly constructed envelopes, and bizarre sizes. Novelty is usually in atrocious taste. Plain white linen paper, of conventional size and shape—about which the salesman in the stationery department of the best jewelry shop in town can advise you—is never in error. A large size, suited for a man's social letters, is especially a pleasing gift to husband, father, brother or lover.

Among the lesser but none-the-less-prized gifts, what could be better for a woman than a fat, big box of assorted sizes of hairpins? Or an outfit of pins—plain pins, white-headed pins, black-headed pins, pins with heads of many colors and pins of many sizes!

Don't forget, either, the folding clothes-hanger that slips so easily into suit-case, trunk or week-end bag. For party frocks the clothes-hangers that have been wrapped in cotton and covered with Persian ribbon are valued accessories for every woman's clothes closet. A clothes loop, to fasten inside the closet door to hold four to six coat-hangers, is useful as a space saver when closets are not wide enough to accommodate the usual curtain-pole on which hangers are adjusted.

SHOE-TREES with wooden toe and ball for the heel and flexible steel band between are attractive for party slippers or pumps when the band is covered with shirred ribbon.

The folding umbrella will be a prized possession for any one who travels. Also a child's umbrella is short and easy to carry and adequate if one desires to protect only oneself.

Some of the plainer arts-and-crafts jewelry, if one avoids the very ornate Oriental fashions, are presents any woman will cherish.

Subscriptions to magazines should be on every Christmas list.

Bits of pottery and oddly shaped baskets can be picked up in gift-shops; so, too, can mahogany and glass candlesticks. Glass inkwells, pen-trays, stamp-boxes, and so forth, are sensible desk accessories, as they can be dipped in sudsy water and cleaned far more easily than metal ones. Sometimes they can be found in engraved glass of very simple designs.

BOWLS of odd sizes are attractive flower containers. Wooden bowls, home-decorated with stencil designs, find many uses in the home.

The woman who cooks can prepare most pleasing gifts for invalid friends, for the young people who have left home to work in a distant city, or for the bachelor or unmarried woman who boards and has none of the cookery delights of home life. Boxes of cookies or crackers, individual mince pies, small jars of preserves, jams or jellies, daintily wrapped and tied, are trifling in cost but superlative in the pleasure they bring to the recipients.

Small potted plants, raised at home and having the flower-pot wrapped in crepe-paper and tied with Christmas ribbons, bring messages of love and cheer to our friends.

How we puzzle our wits for the man's gift! We buy a seven-dollar belt for him when he really wanted a fifty-cent one. We present him with an electric chafing-dish that he never uses. What he wants are socks and handkerchiefs. Or a collection of bachelor buttons, cuff-links, a tie-clasp, assorted collar-buttons and shoe-laces that he never remembers to buy for himself, are gifts for which he will rise up and call you forever blessed.

An ever-sharp pencil or a fountain pen—provided it isn't gold-trimmed or silver-decorated—never fails to please a man. Whatever you do, avoid ornate gifts to him. He may thank you profusely and politely for one, but he will keep it hidden forever from sight.

Remember automobile accessories for the man or woman who drives a car. The device for the wheel to keep the driver's hands warm, a flash-light when car trouble develops during a night's ride, a heater for one's feet—all these are common-sense gifts.

WHEN you are buying a gift, keep in mind the friend for whom it is intended. Too many of us make Christmas shopping an orgy of buying what we have wanted all year. If the thing in question ranks as a necessity, and you really didn't need it, it is more than possible that your friend will not.

In case it is one of the frills of life, it is even more necessary to think twice. There is always a certain unanimity in the choice of real needs, but no two persons agree in their pet extravagances. Your purpose in buying Christmas gifts is to please your friends, not yourself.



WEAR-EVER



TRADE MARK



**Y**OU can prepare an entire meal in the "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Double Roaster, in oven or over one burner on top of stove—all at one time—a delicious roast, baked potatoes, macaroni and even a dessert such as baked apples or rice pudding. Clean, bright

## "Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

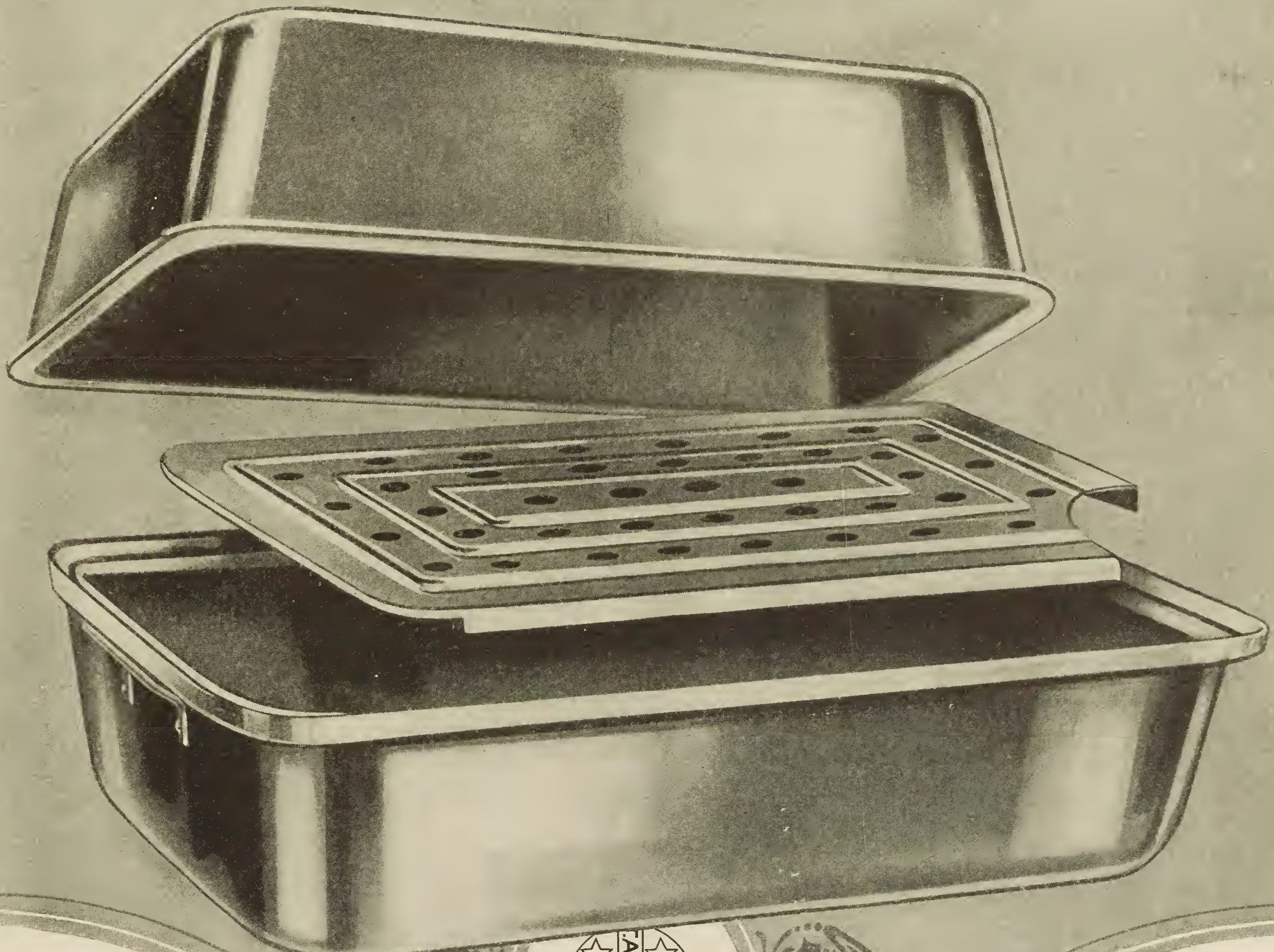
give to your kitchen an atmosphere that indicates more than ordinary interest in good cooking as well as a high standard of furnishings throughout your entire home.

**Replace utensils that wear out  
with utensils that "Wear-Ever"**

*Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of each utensil*

**The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co. Dept. 20 New Kensington, Pa.**

*In Canada "Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.*



TRADE MARK





## Upstairs ~ downstairs ~ in my lady's chamber

That's what it amounts to when you have a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer. You can be upstairs making beds, or downstairs washing dishes, and the 1900 Washer rocks merrily on! Gone is all the worry and fuss of wash day.



Just connect the 1900 Washer with the electric light socket, and off it starts. In eight to ten minutes, out come the clothes snowy-white and clean. The magic figure 8 motion, forcing the hot soapy water through the clothes in a figure 8 movement—and four times as often—makes the 1900 the perfect washing machine.



Even the wringer works electrically, and is movable! You can swing the wringer from washer to rinse water, to blue water to clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer an inch. This means a saving in steps. You don't have to keep walking around the washer to wring the clothes.



Think of the saving in money, too. No more laundry bills, for you can wash right at home the clothes you have been sending away to be washed. And you have the comforting knowledge that your clothes are not being washed in the same water with other people's!

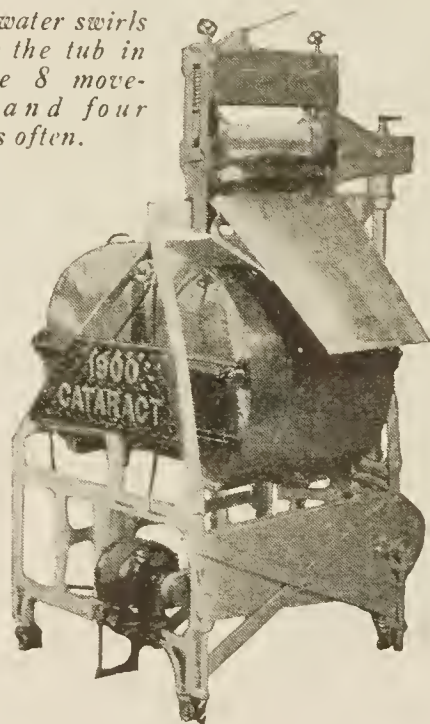


There are no parts in the tub to rub against the clothes and cause wear and tear. You can wash *everything* in the 1900, from dainty underwear and fine dresses to heavy bed and table linen! And after the wash is finished there are no parts to lift out and clean.

## 1900 CATARACT WASHER



The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement and four times as often.



Comes in 2 sizes—holding the equivalent of 8 and 12 sheets

### Our Special Trial Offer

We want you to prove to yourself that the 1900 Cataract Washer is the perfect washing machine. Try it before you buy it. There is a 1900 dealer in your town. He will deliver a washer right to your home. After you have tried it, have washed your clothes in it, you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience.

We have washing machines in all styles and prices—electric and hand power. Fill out the coupon today, and we will mail you interesting details.

**1900 Washer Company**  
Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office  
Canadian 1900 Washer Co.  
357 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

### 1900 WASHER COMPANY BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Please send me detailed information and the name of the nearest 1900 dealer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_

# SCIENTIFIC HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

Arranged by FLORA G. ORR  
Home-Economics Editor



Miss Neale S. Knowles, head of the Home-Economics work in Iowa, is about to step into her car with a home-demonstration agent. They are off for a trip to teach the wisdom of the new housekeeping in the homes and at the community meetings of housekeepers in Iowa.

WHAT IS GOOD ECONOMY IN BUYING FOOD? ON THIS PAGE, GOVERNMENT AUTHORITIES SHOW HOW TO GET YOUR DOLLAR'S WORTH. THE COMBINED WISDOM OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND IOWA'S STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE SPEAKS HERE. BUT YOU NEED NOT LIVE IN IOWA TO GET JUST SUCH HELP. WRITE TO FLORA G. ORR, HOME-ECONOMICS EDITOR, ASKING HER TO PUT YOU IN TOUCH WITH YOUR OWN COLLEGE. ENCLOSE A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. ADDRESS MISS ORR, CARE OF THE DELINEATOR SERVICE DEPARTMENT, BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY

### THE FOODS TO BUY

I SUPPOSE everybody knows there are four kinds of menus—Spring menus, Summer menus, Autumn menus and Winter menus. From Home-Economics Circular No. 16, "Suggestive Seasonal Menus," one can obtain real help in making menus fit the time of year. For example, these are typical Autumn meals:

- BREAKFAST  
Baked Apple  
Oatmeal Milk
- DINNER  
Scalloped Onions with Meat  
Baked Potatoes  
Corn-Bread  
Grapes
- SUPPER  
Cream-of-Tomato Soup  
Toasted Bread  
Fruit Shortcake

Eat plenty of iron. A lack of it may be the cause of pale cheeks and a general anemic condition. This is the message of Circular No. 13, which lists the foods which supply iron as follows:

- Lean Beef
- Eggs
- Oatmeal
- Whole wheat
- Spinach
- Prunes
- Raisins
- Dandelion greens
- Dates
- Olives

Concerned with recipes and cooking in general are Emergency Leaflet No. 44, "Use Plenty of Vegetables"; Short-Course Class Notes No. 23, "Plain Patterns in Cookery"; Short-Course Notes No. 20, "Corn and Its Uses"; Home-Economics Circular No. 15, "Uses of Sour Milk"; Emergency Leaflet No. 41, "Canning by the Cold-Pack Method"; Agricultural Extension Bulletin No. 65, "Home Fruit and Vegetable Drying."

"Food for the Family," Home-Economics Bulletin No. 10, by Nell M. Barnett, has for its object of consideration an ordinary healthy family. Meals for three days are planned "for a family consisting of a farmer, his wife, an eight-year-old son and a three-year-old daughter." The common foods which we eat are grouped under five main heads, showing their use in the body, and noting how much of each kind of food we need every day. There is a table of foods for children. These suggestions along the line of spending food money to the best advantage are very helpful:

1. "No family has the right to purchase any meat until each member has at least a pint of milk daily."—Dr. E. V. McCollum.
2. Allow as much money for milk, vegetables and fruits as for meats, fish and eggs. See "Food Products," by Professor Henry C. Sherman.
3. Families who must make every penny count should buy less meat rather than less milk. The amount of meat may be decreased

by two and one-half ounces for every pint of milk added.

4. Provide for the needs of children first. Buy in the following order:
  - a. Milk for small children, one and one-half pint daily for each child.
  - b. Milk, vegetables and cereals for older children and adults.
  - c. Butter and a limited amount of meat for adults.

### KEEPING TRACK OF COSTS

WHEN expenses seem to be running an uneven race with the income, our first thought is of a budget. Although a budget is an individual problem, the following average division of an average income may be useful for reference. It is taken from Home-Economics Bulletin No. 6, "Home Management," by Neale S. Knowles, Louise H. Campbell and Mabel C. Bentley.

1. Food—25 per cent.
2. Clothing—20 per cent.
3. Rent or Taxes and Repairs—15 per cent.
4. Operating Expenses—15 per cent. These include Renewal of Equipment, Emergencies, Help.
5. Higher Life—15 per cent. This includes Education, Religion, Recreation.
6. Saving—10 per cent. This includes Money in Bank, Investments, Life Insurance.

### AN OLD, OLD PROBLEM

IF YOU yourself are not trying to reduce in weight, you at least know some one who has this familiar ambition. That is why, in looking over the "Practical Dietetics" bulletin published by the Home-Economics Department of Iowa State College, I chose this extract to present to you here:

### A PREVENTIVE DIETARY FOR OVERWEIGHT

**Foods Allowed**  
Fish—Fresh fish of any kind except salmon and mackerel.  
Meats—Lean beef, mutton or lamb, chicken, turkey (without stuffing).  
Eggs—Boiled or poached, but not more than two a day.  
Farinaceous—Stale bread, dry toast or crusts in moderate quantity.  
Vegetables—Spinach, lettuce, celery, radishes, asparagus, cauliflower, cabbage, tomatoes, onions, turnips, squash.  
Desserts—Ripe fruits, acid varieties preferable.

**Foods Forbidden**  
Soups—Rich cream soups and purées.  
Fats and Oils—Olive-oil, cream, fat bacon, lard.  
Desserts—Pastry, cakes, preserves, confectionery, nuts, jams, rich puddings.  
Vegetables—White and sweet potatoes, peas, beans, corn, Lima beans, beets.  
Farinaceous—White bread, rice, hominy, crackers, brown bread, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca.

These eleven commandments are not all this suggestive bulletin contains. It outlines a course in dietetic treatment for constipation, anemia, tuberculosis, rheumatism, diabetes, and as a counter proposition to the one given above, tells how to put on weight if you are not as well nourished as you should be.

Your physician, who is treating you for any of these conditions, will be grateful to you if you follow these dietaries.

ANY woman who is a resident of Iowa may easily own for herself any of the bulletins mentioned in this article.

They will be sent without cost if she will but write to the Agricultural Extension Department of Iowa University, Ames, Iowa, stating the numbers and names of the bulletins she desires.



“OH BOY!  
LOG CABIN  
SYRUP!  
UM!!!”



THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS CO., ST. PAUL, MINN. (THE CENTRE OF NORTH AMERICA.)





## Comfortable and Durable for Morning Wear

Take up the morning household duties with the spirit that makes work a pleasure by being dressed in garments that are attractive, comfortable and economical.

Serpentine Crêpe offers just the patterns, color and material desired. From the large floral and Japanese patterns so popular for kimonos, to the small dainty checks, stripes and florals suitable for house dresses, blouses, children's dresses, rompers, etc., this material is unexcelled for morning wear.

The exquisite designs, the delicate shades, the permanent crinkle and long-wearing qualities have earned for this famous fabric the approval of women everywhere.

For your protection, when buying, you will find on the selvage of every yard the words

# Serpentine Crêpe

Every yard is backed by the reputation and prestige of more than half a century's standing of the world's largest makers of printed, dyed and bleached wash goods.

Please ask your dealer to show you the latest patterns and colorings. If he hasn't just what you want, write us for free samples and mention "The Delineator."



**Pacific Mills**  
Lawrence Mass.



THE COUN-  
TRY'S LEADING BABY  
SPECIALISTS ADVISE  
THE LITTLE GARMENTS

DESCRIBED  
AND ILLUSTRATED IN  
THIS ARTICLE TO KEEP  
HIM HAPPY AND WELL

Wanted: Clothes

## MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR BABIES

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

THE contentment and peace of mind that come from the consciousness of being well dressed have their beginning when the new-born baby wiggles into his first little shirt. From that moment, throughout the rest of his allotted three score years and

bowel trouble, and in general is miserable and unhappy.

The weather is the only safe guide which one has in deciding on the weight of the baby's clothes. One can not follow hard-and-fast rules suggested by season or locality, but must be guided by the temperature of the moment. If the baby's hands and feet are cold, he needs more clothes. If he perspires or goes so far as to have prickly heat, he needs less. The warmth of his clothes must be evenly distributed so that the entire body is the same temperature excepting the abdomen, which needs the extra warmth provided by the band.

If the clothes are not quite simple and loose, and yet not too ample, they will just about destroy the baby's rest by cutting here and pulling there and make relaxation and easy movement impossible. We all know that a baby can not thrive unless he sleeps and rests most of the time. And so clothes that are uncomfortable interfere with his health.

### SKIRTS FULL, WITH NO SUPER-FLUOUS MATERIAL

THE skirts must not be so full nor so long that they will make it impossible for eager little legs to kick. Nor must there be superfluous material to get into bunches and wrinkles that will annoy the baby precisely as they would a grown-up. Remember, also, that it means a lot to the baby to have his clothes easily adjustable, for the twisting and turning involved in dressing him may become a very exhausting process. And the baby hasn't a scrap of strength to waste.

In applying these general ideas to the baby's actual garments we find that in the beginning he needs high-neck, long-sleeve shirts that come well down on the hips. They should be of silk and wool or cotton and wool, but never all wool, as these would be too warm. Very thin cotton shirts are best in Summer, and



Dress with set-in sleeves, not too long nor too short, too loose nor too tight

ten, his happiness and well-being are inextricably bound up with his clothes.

During infancy he doesn't view himself full length in a pier-glass and rail at the tailor because his band is too tight or his clothes all bunched, but his temper suffers just the same. And by the same token, so does his health.

The prime function of the baby's clothes is to preserve a uniform body temperature. This means that they must be so adjusted to the weather that they will be warm enough, but not too warm.

At the same time these clothes must leave the little body unhampered in its movements so as not to retard muscular development, and they must not irritate nor chafe the baby's tender skin.

The cardinal virtues, therefore, of the model baby's wardrobe are embodied in materials that are soft, light and porous. And these materials must be fashioned into garments so simply and amply designed that they can be easily put on and will be loose and smooth while worn. Add to this the necessity for keeping these selfsame clothes clean and dry and you have the whole thing in a nutshell.

### MANY BABY ILLS CAUSED BY IMPROPER CLOTHING

LET us see what happens to the baby if these simple requisites are not met by a mother's forethought about his clothes.

If he is not dressed warmly enough, his little hands and feet will feel cold, and he may look blue around the mouth. His digestion will probably suffer and he will fret and cry from discomfort. On the other hand, if he is too warmly dressed he is apt to perspire and thus take cold easily.

The overdressed baby is peevish and restless. He grows pale and listless and does not sleep well. He has prickly heat and even



The indispensable "gertrude" petticoat—hanging "straight from the shoulder"

even these may be left off in excessively warm weather.

This question of tightness or looseness becomes very important in the region of the band. This band must be snug, but not too

Concluded on page 88



# He Can Carve It Better Than He Can Chew It



Every time that he sees a person with strong, sound teeth enjoying a beefsteak, how he regrets that in his youth he neglected his teeth. For the list of things that one with defective teeth can't eat is a long and sad one.

He is not wholly to blame for the loss of so many of his teeth and the impairment of the others comparatively early in life. For, in his young days, he wasn't told about "Acid-Mouth," and "Acid-Mouth," it seems, was his trouble. A condition so mild that it is tasteless—yet so tireless that it gradually weakens the enamel, and in time causes cavities through which germs enter and destroy the soft, interior pulp, *the very life of a tooth.*

The condition is gradual, and so it took years for his sound, fine teeth to go. But go they did, for he did not do anything to check "Acid-Mouth."

## PEBECO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## TOOTH PASTE

Counteracts "Acid-Mouth"

Profit by this man's experience. Learn whether you have "Acid-Mouth," which the dental authorities believe to be the chief cause of tooth decay. 95 in every 100 persons are said to have it. Read Litmus Test Paper offer below, and be sure to make this test.

If you discover that you are one of the 95 in 100 who are said to have "Acid-Mouth," get a tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste right away. Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth" because it stimulates the normal flow of saliva, which, as you know, is distinctly alkaline and therefore the most natural and effective means of neutralizing unfavorable mouth acids.

Pebeco contains materials so fine and non-irritating that they will not scratch the enamel or injure the delicate mouth membranes. Yet they certainly do all that the ingredients of a good dentifrice should do. Pebeco helps to whiten and polish the teeth, to break up harmful protein plaques, to remove tartar and the slimy or glutinous coatings deposited on the teeth from the saliva, and to invigorate the gums and refresh the whole interior of the mouth. Use Pebeco regularly, and have your teeth examined twice a year by your dentist. That way you are more likely to keep your teeth for life.

*Pebeco is for sale by all druggists*

### Sent Free

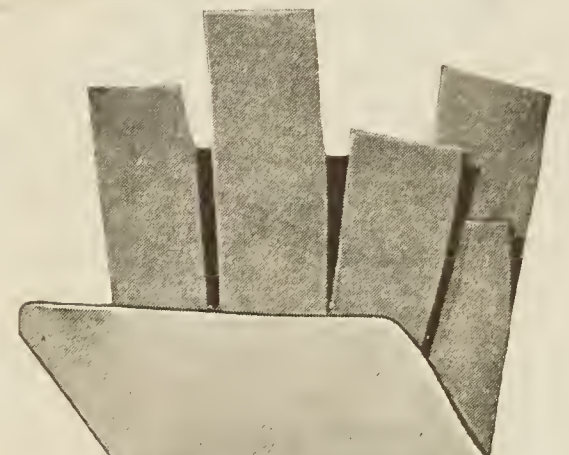
Send today for Free Litmus Test Papers and ten-day Trial Tube of Pebeco

*Moisten one of the blue Litmus Test Papers on your tongue. Remove it, and if it turns pink you have "Acid-Mouth." If it remains blue, your mouth is normal. A second test with the papers after using Pebeco will show you how Pebeco tends to counteract the condition.*

OUR SIGN IS OUR BOND



120 William Street



Litmus Test Papers





# LISTERINE

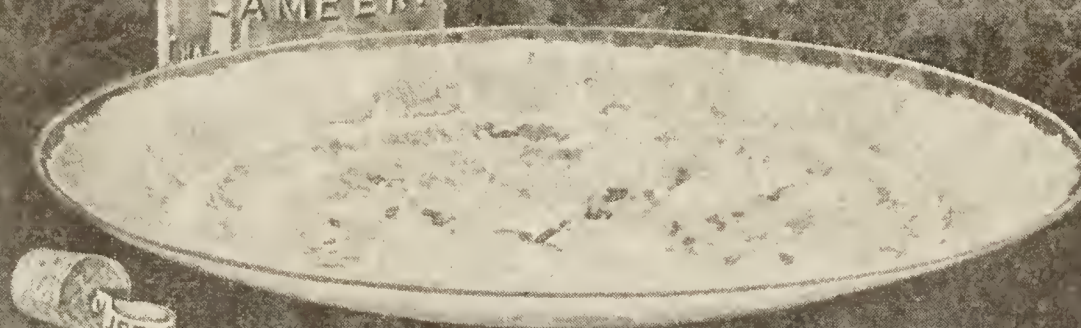
THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

The antiseptic strength of Listerine is in its mixture of volatile oils and essences. It is also a saturated solution of the mild, soothing antiseptic, boric acid.

After evaporation it leaves a film of boric and benzoic acid, which protects the wound and assists the natural healing processes.

The plate below represents the non-volatile contents of a bottle of Listerine as disclosed by evaporation, showing the extent of crystallization and thus explaining why Listerine is so successful as an antiseptic application and dressing for wounds.

Manufactured only by  
Lambert Pharmacal Company  
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



FLORA G. ORR, HOME-ECONOMICS EDITOR, AT WORK IN THE DELINEATOR KITCHEN, SOLVING PROBLEMS OF OUR READERS

## REAL SERVICE TO READERS

### YOUR HOME

**HOMEMAKING**—Make one recipe do the work of ten! That is the new trick which Flora G. Orr will explain to you. She will send you a master rule for making ten kinds of cakes from one recipe.

Send to Miss Orr for:

**A Master Rule for Cakemaking. One Recipe to Make Ten Different Kinds of Cake. A Master Rule for Frozen Desserts. One Recipe Will Make Ten Different Kinds. Government and State-College Bulletins on Homemaking. List of Labor-Saving Devices.**

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

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Enclose a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Weddings.  
Travel.  
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Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Care of the Complexion.  
Care of the Hair and Scalp.  
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Facial Exercises and Massage to Reduce Wrinkles.  
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Rules for Maintaining Health.  
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Don't You Want to Be Thinner?  
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Any three of the above will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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**HANDWRITING**—Hélène Grandet is figuratively a "seer" who professes to read character in handwriting. Send her your favorite quotation. Be sure it is written in ink.

Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and one dollar.

**PERSONAL PROBLEMS**—A word of advice in time about your intimate, personal problems may save a lifetime of unhappiness. A. Estelle Paddock, the Personal-Problems Editor, will help you solve your problem.

Enclose a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

### YOUR BABY

**INFANT HYGIENE**—You can double his chances for life by taking proper care of yourself during the nine months before he is born. Miss Van Blarcom's new pamphlet, "Advice to Expectant Mothers," has been prepared with the help of the country's foremost obstetricians. It contains the advice they give to their patients concerning diet, sleep, exercise, clothes, recreation, and how to prepare for maternal nursing, the most important single factor in saving baby life.

So scientific and yet so simple is it that a world-famous obstetrician is using it among his patients and at hospitals with which he is connected. Any reader of THE DELINEATOR may have such care by applying to Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, our Infant-Hygiene Editor, for her new booklet, "Advice to Expectant Mothers." Write to Miss Van Blarcom for any of her booklets:

Rules for the Nursing Mother.  
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Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during Second Year.  
How to Organize a Baby Health-Center.  
Outline for Talk on the Care of Babies' Eyes.  
Directions for the Care of Your Baby's Eyes.  
Suggestions for Organizing Local Work to Prevent Blindness among Babies.  
Information about Present Laws in Your State for Saving Sight of Babies.  
Weight-Chart for Baby's First Year.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

### YOUR PLEASURE

**ENTERTAINMENT**—No matter what kind of entertainment you desire to give, Edna Erle Wilson, the Entertainment Editor, will help you plan it. Write to her, stating the time you desire to give your party, how many guests you will have, and how much you can spend. Ask, too, for:

Plans of "A Tour of the World."  
Traveler's A. B. C.  
The Oriental Bazaar.  
The Magic Fortune-Telling Umbrella.  
Little Lantern, Big Lantern.  
Chopstick Race.  
Patriot's Tea; a Play of Revolutionary Times.

Enclose a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**THE BEST NEW SONGS**—On receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope, the Music Editor will send a list of the latest popular songs, popular instrumental records and latest operatic and instrumental records. Don't fail to get these.

Send, too, for:

Songs by American Composers.  
Violin Selections by American Composers.  
Piano Selections by American Composers.  
Some Worth-While Records.  
Some Worth-While Rolls.  
Pieces Your Children Will Like to Practise.  
Songs for the Home Town to Sing.  
List of Phonograph Records for Community Singing.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

### YOUR TOWN

**YOUR HOME TOWN**—Now that war work is over, put your energy behind the big work of improving your home town. There are lots of things to be done—there are lots of things you can do. Send for:

Seventy-seven Things You Can Do for Your Home Town.

It will be sent you on receipt of a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.





**Devil's Food Cake**  
(Illustrated above)

- ¼ cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2½ squares chocolate
- ½ cup mashed potatoes
- 1 egg
- ¾ cup milk
- 1¼ cups flour
- 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- ½ cup nuts (chopped fine)
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar, melted chocolate and mashed potatoes; mix well. Beat egg separately and add yolk to the first mixture. Add milk and dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Beat well. Add nuts, vanilla and beaten white of egg. Mix thoroughly and bake in greased, shallow tin in moderate oven 45 minutes.

**Icing**

- ¾ cup granulated sugar
- 6 to 8 marshmallows
- white one egg
- ¼ cup water
- few drops vanilla

Boil sugar and water without stirring until it forms a soft ball when put into cold water. Put marshmallows in syrup. Pour slowly over beaten white of egg. Add flavoring and spread very thickly over cake. Melt unsweetened chocolate with ½ teaspoon butter. Spread thin coating of this chocolate over white icing after cool.

**Doughnuts**

- 3 tablespoons shortening
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Cream shortening, add sugar and well-beaten egg. Stir in milk. Add nutmeg, salt, flour and baking powder which have been sifted together and enough additional flour to make dough stiff enough to roll. Roll out on floured board to ½ inch thick. Cut out and fry in deep fat hot enough to brown a piece of bread in 60 seconds. Drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

When you bake with Royal, you put that supreme touch of quality into your cakes that no other leaven can give them.

**ROYAL Baking Powder**

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Write for our booklet on economical baking - "55 Ways to Save Eggs." We will also send you a free copy of the Royal 500-recipe Cook Book.

Royal Baking Powder Co., 119 William St. New York City

**Potato Rolls**

(Illustrated below)

- 2 cups flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ tablespoon sugar
- 3½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1 medium sized, cold, well-boiled potato
- water, milk or equal quantities of both

Sift thoroughly together flour, salt, sugar and baking powder, rub in the potato or add potato which has been put through ricer; add sufficient liquid to mix smoothly into a stiff batter or soft dough. This will require about three-quarters of a cup of liquid. Divide dough into small pieces; knead each and shape into small rolls; put on greased pan and brush over with melted shortening and allow to stand in warm place 15 to 20 minutes. Bake in hot oven and when nearly done, brush again with melted shortening.

**Boston Cream Pie**

- 2 eggs
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 1½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon vanilla or other flavoring
- ½ cup boiling milk

Beat yolks and whites separately. Add the beaten egg yolks to the stiffly beaten whites and gradually add the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together three or four times. Lastly add very slowly the hot milk. Add vanilla. Bake in deep layer cake tin in moderate oven about 35 minutes. You will have better results if you put the cake into a cold oven and turn on the heat to a moderate temperature. When cool, split and put between the layers the following cream filling. Sprinkle powdered sugar on top of cake.

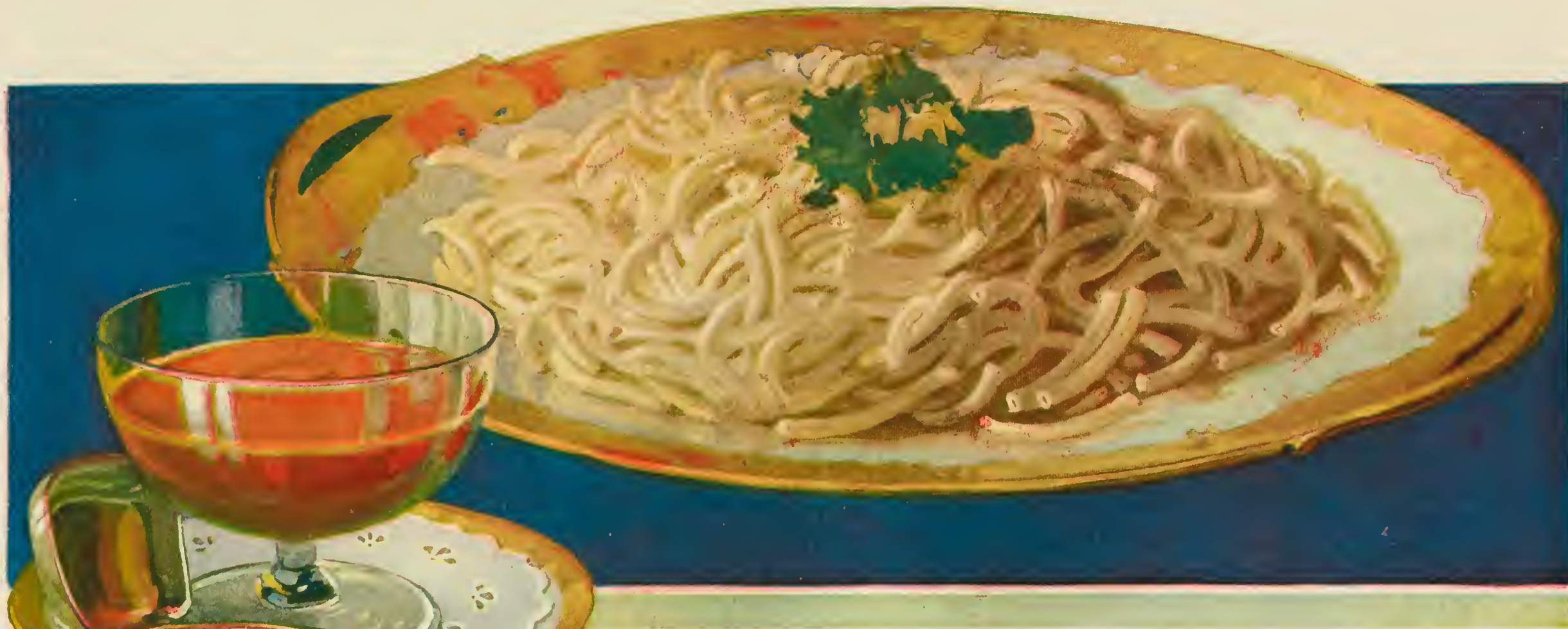
**Cream Filling**

- ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup scalded milk
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 2 eggs
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix sugar, cornstarch, salt and beaten eggs together. Pour on gradually the scalded milk. Put in double boiler and cook for at least ten minutes or until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Add flavoring and butter; cool, and spread between layers of cake.







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### Tomato

- 2 cups can'd tomatoes
- 2 slices onion
- Bit of bay leaf
- Sprig of parsley
- 6 pepper corns
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- Few grains soda
- 2 1/2 tsp. butter
- 2 1/2 tsp. flour

Cook the tomatoes with the onion, bay leaf, parsley and pepper corns for ten minutes. Strain, add a few grains of soda. Melt butter, add flour. Stir until thoroughly blended. Add the strained tomatoes and cook until thickened.

## Five Sauces to Make Spaghetti Different

AS tartar sauce adds relish to fish, so does one of these delightful sauces add zest and tooth-someness to a dish of SKINNER'S Spaghetti.

Select the sauce that appeals to you most—and prepare it for dinner *tonight* to serve with this pure, wholesome and economical food.

Try the other sauces illustrated, too. You will find each of them excellent to lend variety to the evening meal whenever you wish to use spaghetti.

Be sure the spaghetti you use is SKINNER'S—for no other is made of such high quality materials; no other cooks so quickly and easily, nor retains its natural shape, taste and color so perfectly. Ask for

### Egg

- 2 tsp. butter
- 2 tsp. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 egg yolks
- Few grains pepper

Melt butter, add flour and salt. Stir until thoroughly blended. Add the milk, stirring constantly until thickened and thoroughly cooked. Add to the slightly beaten yolks and serve.

### Italian

- 2 1/2 tsp. butter
- 2 1/2 tsp. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 tsp. chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup ham cut into small pieces

Melt butter, add flour and seasoning. Stir until thoroughly blended. Add milk, stirring constantly. When thickened and thoroughly cooked, add the pepper and ham. Serve immediately.

### Brown

- 1 tsp. butter
- 1 tsp. flour
- 1 cup stock
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Salt, paprika

Heat butter until it begins to brown, add flour and cook until brown and thick, then add, slowly stirring, cup of stock, stirring and cooking until smooth and thick, season with paprika, salt and Worcestershire Sauce.

# SKINNER'S Spaghetti

Learn more about the great variety of uses to which macaroni and spaghetti may be put—an almost endless number of different methods of preparation which will maintain your family's appetite for spaghetti and for macaroni. Send us your name with 4c in stamps to cover postage and cost of mailing, and we shall send you 141 recipes, each one a different spaghetti, macaroni and egg noodle conceit. Send.

**Skinner Manufacturing Company**  
World's Largest Macaroni Manufacturers  
Omaha, U. S. A.

### Cheese

- 2 1/2 tsp. butter
- 2 1/2 tsp. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup grated cheese

Melt butter, add flour, salt and paprika. Stir until thoroughly blended. Add the milk, stirring constantly. Just before removing from fire, add the cheese. Serve hot.



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

### Warning

The cooking qualities of SKINNER'S are so distinctive that if you use a SKINNER recipe with another macaroni product, disappointment may result.







THE PRESSURE COOKER PREPARES A WHOLE MEAL IN HALF AN HOUR

## THE PRESSURE COOKER FUEL AND TIME SAVER

REPORTS FROM HOME-DEMONSTRATION AGENTS

**A**N ARMY of fifteen hundred home-demonstration agents sent out by the Department of Agriculture and the State Colleges of Agriculture is showing the methods of the new housekeeping in country, village and city. If you have no agent in your county or city and want such help as their reports on the page prove they can give, tell your difficulty to Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor of THE DELINEATOR. Miss Orr will pass on your request to your State College or answer it herself. Address your letter to her in care of THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City, and include stamped envelope.

"OF ALL modern household saving devices on the market to-day," declares Frances H. Jones, home-demonstration agent of Iowa, "there is no one article which does more toward lessening household burdens by saving labor, time, fuel and money than the pressure cooker. Any article of food can be either cooked or canned in a pressure cooker in one-third or less time than the same article cooked in the ordinary way. All the flavors and juices of meats thus cooked are retained, making the meats palatable, juicy and tender; consequently the cheaper cuts of meat may be purchased, cooked in a 'pressure,' and served to the family deliciously tender, and much superior to an expensive cut poorly cooked.

"One day, when I had explained these facts in a talk on labor-saving devices, Mrs. Smith interrupted me to say: 'If one of those things will cook the steak we get in this town so we can eat it, I'll buy one. Let's see it work.'

"The talk stopped right there; the other devices were forgotten while we tried out the cooker that I had with me. Hastily we planned a meal and secured needed materials—a round steak, Irish potatoes, onions, tapioca and dried apricots.

"Thirty minutes from the time we started, everything was completely and deliciously cooked.

"THE steak was cut in pieces of desired size, seasoned and seared brown in the cooker. The potatoes were halved, salted and placed on the steak and about one-fourth cup of water added. The wire rack which serves as a false bottom when the cooker is used for canning was placed over the potatoes. In a small pan on this was placed the salted and peppered onions; no water was used.

"Over this pan was set a second one containing one and one-half tablespoons of tapioca, one cup of water, one-half cup sugar, and one-half cup dried apricots. No lids were used on either pan. The cover of the cooker was screwed in place, the gage set for twenty pounds, and the cooker placed over the flame of the gas-stove. In about four minutes steam began to escape through the safety valve, indicating that the gas could be turned down to the lowest point possible without going out.

"Exactly fifteen minutes later the steam was exhausted and the cover removed. The tapioca pudding was clear and the apricots perfectly cooked. The onions had about three-fourths cup of onion-juice on them which was drained off to be used for flavoring. The onions were added to a cream sauce which had been prepared while the meal was cooking. None of the other products in the cooker tasted of the onions.

"The potatoes were slightly brown and perfectly tender without being soggy. The steak was so tender that it had to be carefully lifted from the cooker to preserve the wholeness of the pieces. Round the meat was a cup of stock which served as the foundation for gravy.

"THE verdict reached by the critics was that the new pressure cooker deserved first place in the list of fuel-savers; had proved its efficiency as a time-saver for the busy housewife, and that the quality of the food as to palatability and texture was unusually good.

"During the canning season the pressure is a friend indeed. Women have often objected to the family-size cooker, thinking it would be too small to be practical for canning and on the other hand the larger size is too large to be convenient for every-day use.

"The family size of several makes of pressures holds four glass pint jars or three quart jars. Since the time of processing is cut down to five minutes for soft fruits and thirty to forty minutes for vegetables, we have found that products will be processed as fast as the next lot can be got ready.

"The pressure cooker has proved itself to be the best device which will enable women to do their own work with the least expenditure of energy, time and money."

### A REAL INVESTMENT

"MRS. BENTON had attended a public demonstration of the pressure cooker for canning chicken," reports Mrs. Wallace Sterling, another home-demonstration agent of Iowa. "When they butchered on their farm and she had a large amount of meat on hand, she bethought herself of pressure-cooker canning.

"Fortunately, Mr. Benton belongs to the class of men who believe in good kitchen equipment for 'mother' as well as modern farm machinery for himself, and he was as anxious for the pressure cooker as his wife. Besides, as Mrs. Benton remarked, 'John buys a hay-rake for fifty dollars, uses it once and puts it away for the rest of the season, so I guess it's all right for me to spend eighteen dollars for something I shall use most of the year.'

"The cooker was ordered and I went to Mrs. Benton's home to show her how to use it. I had suggested that Mrs. Benton ask several of her neighbors to come to dinner and see the preparation of a meal with the pressure cooker.

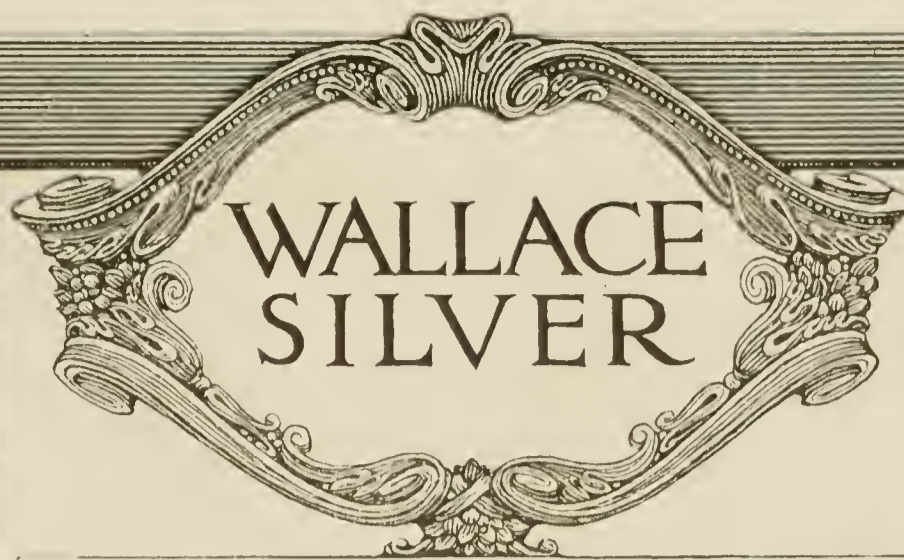
"About twenty-five neighbors came and I prepared a one-piece meal of scalloped ham, onions and potatoes, using the pressure at twenty pounds for only twenty minutes. We figured that as large a quantity scalloped in the oven would have taken at least two hours. At noon the one-piece meal, with delicious home-made bread, country butter, pickles, sauce and cookies, was served to the family and neighbors. Incidentally, let me say that every mouthful of the main dish was eaten and pronounced excellent.

"I HAVE seldom seen a group of housewives so interested as were the wide-awake women at Mrs. Benton's that day. The only objection offered was the initial cost. I overcame this objection by contrasting the cost of the small amount of fuel used with the pressure cooker with that necessary for cooking in an ordinary kettle.

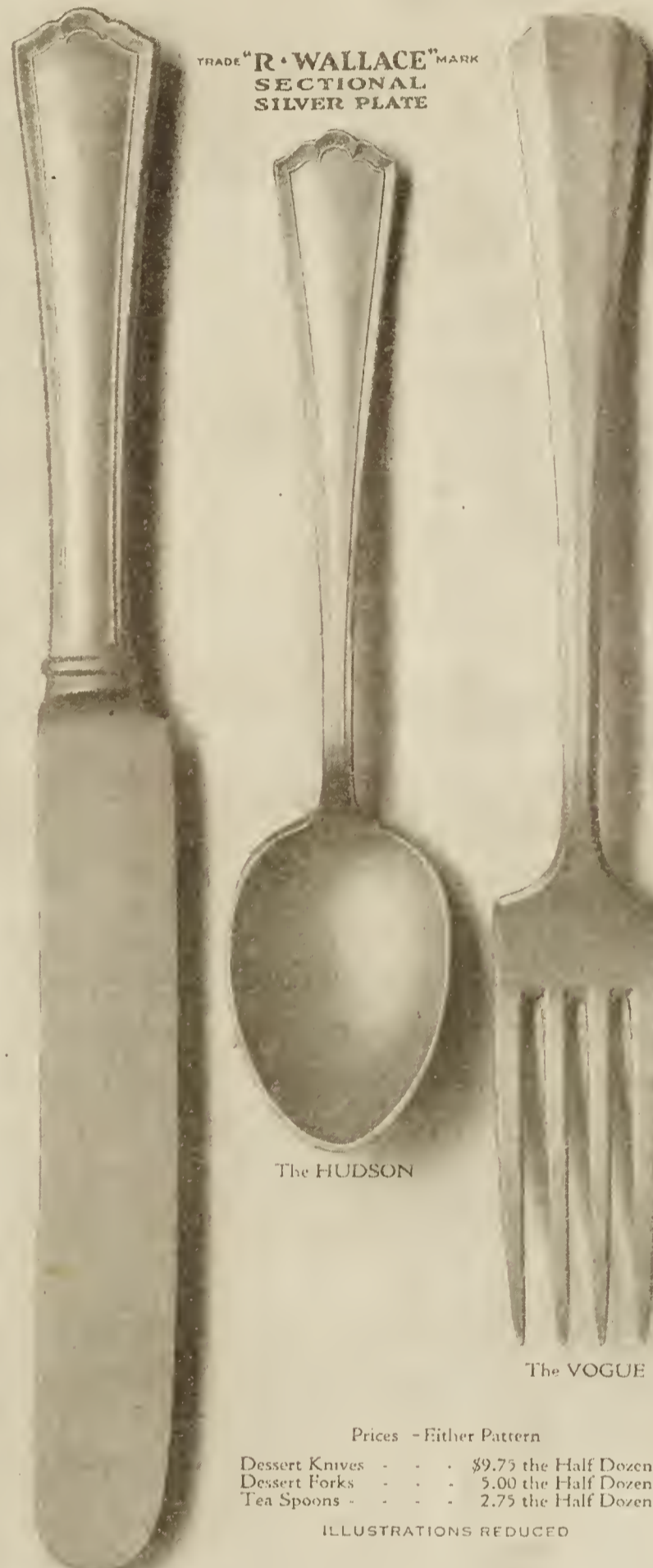
"One phase of labor-saving in the use of the pressure cooker that was evident to every one was that the food did not require watching. When the amount of pressure was obtained, a very small amount of heat would maintain it and one could go on about other work confident that the food would not boil over or boil dry, undercook or overcook.

"The fact, too, that a whole meal could be cooked at once was a strong point. Fewer dishes to wash, no taking off of covers to try the food, no odors, little fuel used. I hardly had a chance to speak of these things, for the women usually mentioned them first.

"One woman of the busy, bustling type, told me, after she became a pressure-cooker devotee, that her daughter came in and was amazed to find her mother crocheting in the kitchen just before dinner, with the pressure cooker doing all the work. Ordinarily just before meals had been quite a 'scrambling' time at their house and the spectacle of mother calmly crocheting at this critical moment was too much for the girl."



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Table Settings and Social Conventions, by Winnifred S. Fales







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No fuss, no bother—just drop a Steero Cube into a cup, pour on boiling water, and you have a delightful bouillon, delicate enough for the invalid and strong enough for the athlete.

# STEEERO CUBES

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Give the children a cup of Hot Steero when they come romping in from school, serve it with crispy lettuce sandwiches for afternoon tea. Steaming hot, it will take the chill out of your bones after a long auto ride and refresh you and relax your nerves after the theatre or dance.

Steero makes a splendid foundation for sauces and gravies, and many a housewife has learned its value in the serving of delicious left-overs in such a way as to tempt the appetites of her family and at the same time supply a nutritious, healthful, and varied diet.

Steero Cubes—the name is on every Steero Cube wrapper—are sold in boxes of 12 cubes. If not readily obtainable at your dealers, we will mail direct upon receipt of 35 cents. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 cubes and 100 cubes more convenient. Ask your druggist, grocer, or delicatessen dealer for them.

## Send for Free Samples

We should like to have you learn the delicious flavor of Hot Steero, so if you will send us your name and address, we will send you generous samples of Steero Cubes, free. Enclose 10c and we will include the Steero Cook Book, which is full of practical and delicious recipes.

Schieffelin & Co., 227 William Street, New York

Distributors for

American Kitchen Products Co.  
New York

## PRESSURE-COOKER MEALS

### SOME SPECIAL DIRECTIONS

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

THE woman who owns and uses a pressure-cooker soon saves enough time and fuel to make up for the extra money she spent for it. But I think that is really the least of the story. The real joy of owning a pressure-cooker is psychological. Think of being able to say before breakfast, "Some hot rice with brown sugar and cream would appeal to me this morning," and ten minutes later to sit down to your bowl of steaming rice, perfectly cooked, each grain flaky and distinct!

I know it can be done, for I have tried it.

The pressure-cooker is a steam-tight kettle. Since the steam can not escape, it creates pressure. Pressure raises the temperature. Whatever food is inside the pressure-cooker is treated to this extraordinarily high temperature and cooks in much less time than it would at ordinary temperatures in ordinary kettles.

But remember it is a steam-cooker. You can cook in it anything that is ordinarily boiled or steamed, but it is not possible to use it for baking or frying. What can be done when one desires to save time in baking is this:

Dishes such as Boston-baked beans and roast chicken, which take long periods of time, may be cooked until thoroughly done in the pressure-cooker, then browned in the oven, and no one but the cook is any the wiser for the fact that they have not been through the usual long oven process. Roasts of meat may be treated this way, or they will cook under pressure as regular pot-roasts in a small amount of water, coming forth brown and delicious.

ON THE pressure-cooker there are always a steam-gage, a pet-cock and a safety-valve. It is well to have more than a bowing acquaintance with these. The steam-gage registers the amount of pressure inside the cooker. This gage should be kept clean and dry.

The pet-cock is for the purpose of letting off steam when the processing is over. When the cooking begins, it should be partly open to let out the cold air, then as soon as steam begins to come out, it should be entirely closed for the remainder of the cooking.

The safety-valve is for the purpose of letting out steam, should the pressure rise higher than the highest amount indicated on the gage. It works automatically, hence there is no danger of using a pressure-cooker if the safety-valve is in good condition. Always keep the valve in working order by loosening it when the cooker is not in use, so that the moisture which has collected there may not corrode it. If it leaks, scour, clean and oil all the parts. When the cooking begins, the safety-valve should be tight.

#### CAUTIONS IN USING THE COOKER

ALWAYS have some water in the bottom of the cooker. Should it be dry and under pressure the cooker might crack and bulge. One-fourth of a cup of water is often sufficient, as even with that small amount of liquid the cooker can not burn dry if no steam escapes.

When the food in the cooker has cooked a sufficient time, do not undo the clamps until you have let all the steam out of the pet-cock. Even after this is done it is best to let the food cool a little before removing the cover.

Do not let the steam off too quickly through the pet-cock, especially if there is more than one thing in the cooker, any one of which contains considerable water. Such treatment would cause the liquids to boil over and one general mixture would be the result.

Although the pressure-cooker is perfectly safe, do not go away and leave it over the flame. Rather run the pressure up, remove the cooker from the fire and then wrap it up well in blankets and papers. The cooking under pressure will then go on for some time.

Do not leave an aluminum cooker standing with any alkali in it. Alkali corrodes aluminum, especially when hard water is present too.

#### VEGETABLES COOK IN TEN MINUTES

VEGETABLES cook very quickly in the pressure-cooker. Ten minutes at twenty pounds pressure is usually sufficient, and some vegetables require less time. After cooking cabbage, onions, turnips and similarly strong-flavored vegetables, let off the steam through the pet-cock at once, since the volatile oils which are carried off by the steam in open-kettle cooking, have a tendency to be re-absorbed here. More definite recipes are as follows:

##### ONIONS

REMOVE outer skins of onions, season and either cook in the bottom of the cooker with a small amount of water or steam in a separate pan above one cup of water in the bottom of the cooker.

Cook at twenty pounds pressure for ten minutes if onions are whole, for six minutes if sliced. Onions so cooked may be added to a thin or thick cream-sauce.

##### POTATOES

WASH and pare as usual, cut in halves lengthwise or leave whole. Place in bottom of cooker in one-half cup of boiling salted water or in a pan on the rack with one cup of boiling water in the bottom of the cooker. This latter process steams them and is considered preferable by many. Clamp on the cover, place cooker over direct flame. Have pet-cock open.

When steam begins to escape through the pet-cock, shut off the opening and let the pres-

sure rise until the gage indicates between twenty and twenty-five pounds, then turn the gas-flame very low or put the cooker back where the heat is not so intense, but where a pressure of fifteen to twenty-five pounds will be kept for ten minutes.

At the end of the time, release the steam through the pet-cock slowly, and then unclamp and remove the cover. Season potatoes if necessary. Mash them if desired, adding milk and butter until they are of a creamy consistency.

##### CABBAGE

CUT in ordinary-sized pieces or shred. Season and cook in water in the bottom of the cooker at twenty pounds pressure for six to ten minutes. Drain, season and serve. Cabbage may be cooked with the following sauce:

Add to one quart of cabbage, two tablespoons margarin, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon finely chopped onion, pepper and water to cover. Before serving add two tablespoons vinegar and one tablespoon sugar and bring to a boil.

##### SQUASH

STEAM in the shell over one cup of water in the bottom of the cooker. Use twenty pounds pressure for fifteen minutes.

##### PUMPKIN

COOK same as squash, but peel the slices.

Other vegetables are similarly cooked. Corn on the cob needs from five to ten minutes. Beets require fifteen minutes. Tomatoes may be steamed in five minutes; green peppers in ten. Carrots and parsnips require about ten minutes at twenty pounds pressure. Remembering the lengths of time usually required to cook some of these vegetables, the pressure-cooker seems little short of a miracle.

##### COOKING MEAT

MEAT is one of the chief reasons for the existence of the pressure-cooker, for not always do we feel that we can afford the choice steaks, chops and cutlets which need only broiling or grilling to make them palatable and tender.

When the tougher cuts must be used, remember that the pressure-cooker cooks a stew perfectly in thirty or forty minutes. The same stew in ordinary cooking requires about three hours.

The preparation is just the same as for an ordinary stew, and ten minutes before the time is up the steam should be exhausted and the vegetables added. The pressure is easily run up again to twenty pounds, and held for ten minutes, when the stew will be ready to serve—vegetables and all.

Dumplings may be made after the steam is exhausted if desired. Drop dumplings on the meat, put on cover, but do not clamp. Leave the pet-cock open. Ten minutes will cook the dumplings.

Certain cuts of beef, veal or mutton make excellent stews. As I have said before, pot-roasts may be cooked by steam in the pressure-cooker. A shoulder of beef weighing five pounds would need to roast one and one-half hour in the oven. Season it well, scar it in a little fat in the cooker, set cooker off the fire and add one-half cup of boiling water, cook for forty-five or fifty minutes at twenty pounds pressure. Brown down as a roast in the cooker and make a gravy with the brown stock if desired. Other roasts are equally good.

Tough round steak or a cut from the shoulder may have flour pounded into its fibers, then when seasoned and seared well in a little vegetable-oil, it may be covered with water or tomato-juice and allowed to cook in the liquid until done. This is known as Swiss steak. On the stove this is a slow process requiring three hours. Fifty minutes at twenty pounds will finish the process in the pressure-cooker for the tougher steak and thirty minutes will do it for an ordinary round steak.

A fresh beef-tongue braized in the pressure-cooker can be finished in a little over an hour instead of four hours.

Chicken may be steamed over water in the cooker for twenty minutes, then stuffed and browned in the oven. For fricassee of chicken, twenty-five or thirty minutes in the cooker, after the first frying, is sufficient. Forty minutes should do even for an old bird.

##### STEAMED BREADS

STEAMED breads or puddings do not require such a long time in the pressure-cooker, although the pet-cock should be left open during a process of this kind. As a matter of fact, they require about two hours steamed in this way. In a tin steamer three hours is the minimum.

Real Bostonians will probably say it is impossible to finish Boston-baked beans in an hour, but it can be done by parboiling the beans, draining and seasoning them, adding molasses and pork, and cooking them in the pressure-cooker for twenty-five minutes at twenty pounds, then browning in the oven. Furthermore, beans need not be soaked overnight, though they are considered better if this is done.

Whole meals may be cooked in the pressure-cooker providing one takes care to choose things which require about the same length of time.

The Swiss steak with potatoes steaming above, and squash in a second dish for steaming is one combination.

Beef stew below and a steamed bread-pudding above may easily be prepared.

Chicken fricassee, corn-meal mush and a vegetable; baked beans, steamed brown bread and steamed or baked apples, are two menus which will work out to good advantage.



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**IT POURS**

# MORTON'S SALT







# A REAL THANKSGIVING FEAST

BY LINDA HULL LARNED

Author of "The Hostess of To-day"

THE OLD-TIME FLAVOR OF GRATITUDE PERMEATES THIS ADMIRABLE MODERN DINNER, EVEN THOUGH WE MAY NOT HAVE THIS YEAR TURKEY AND ALL THE "FIXINS"

THE housekeepers of this country are trying to solve the problem, each in her own way, of serving a delicious and acceptable Thanksgiving dinner without the traditional turkey and "fixings," which have soared away beyond one's limits of expenditure. The much-used metaphor, "Every purse knoweth its own emptiness," was never more keenly felt than just at present; therefore the following suggestions for a choice Thanksgiving dinner are offered.

The decorations, of course, should correspond with the menu selected. For the more costly menu, chrysanthemums in the rich Autumn colorings are the most appropriate, but if these are out of reach, one may use a low dish filled with red apples and green and purple grapes; these to be garnished with natural Autumn leaves. Very beautiful artificial leaves may now be found at the florists' and other shops. Tall brown or purple candles, without shades, may be used for their decorative value as well as to enhance the light.

The following recipes are for six persons and for some of the courses a choice of two recipes is offered, the second being the less expensive:

## THANKSGIVING DINNER, 1919

- Tomato Canapés
- Potage Mongole (Vienna Recipe)
- Toasted Bread-Sticks
- Celery or Olives
- Vegetable Soup without Stock (French Potage)
- Wafers or Crackers
- Brown Fricassee Chicken Pie
- Cranberry Relish
- Savory Rice, Curried
- Red Cabbage and Apple on Cocotte (Escoffier's Recipe)
- Lamb, Roasted
- Potatoes Browned with Meat
- Mint Sauce
- Carrots Glacé or Carrot and Parsnip Slices in Butter or Cream Sauce
- Dinner Rolls
- Asparagus Salad
- Chilli Cream Mayonnaise
- Thick Wafers split and toasted with Cheese
- Head or Iceland Lettuce
- French Dressing, Toasted Saltines
- Fruit Pudding, Creamy Egg Sauce
- Pumpkin Pie with Whipped-Cream Covering
- Rhubarb and Raisin Pie
- Coffee
- Salted Nuts
- Bonbons

## TOMATO CANAPÉS

SELECT three medium-sized tomatoes, scald and peel them and place in the refrigerator until well chilled. When ready to use, cut them in half crosswise. Cut six rounds of bread about the size of the tomatoes and toast them slightly. Spread upper side with a thin layer of bloater paste mixed with creamed butter, then with a thin layer of mayonnaise dressing; place a tomato half on each, cut side up.

Dust with salt and pepper and cover with a thick layer of whipped cream to which have been added two tablespoons of well-drained horseradish and a little grated onion. Dust with paprika and, if at hand, sprinkle with grated carrots, and serve each canapé on a lettuce leaf on a small plate.

This may be made much less expensive by using whole canned tomatoes and smoked herring instead of the bloater paste. The herring, costing about two cents, is minced fine and mixed with any good butter substitute, omitting the mayonnaise.

## POTAGE MONGOLE

COOK two cups of canned and drained green peas until soft and press through a colander. Cook one cup of canned tomatoes with half a teaspoon of salt, one of sugar, small bay-leaf, small blade of mace and one or two peppercorns until reduced one-third, and press through a sieve. Cut into thin slices and then into strips (Julienne) one onion, one carrot, one small white turnip and one leek. Cover these with cold water for an hour. Drain and cook them in one tablespoon of butter ten minutes.

Now add two cups of stock, or use water and beef extract, and simmer until the vegetables

are tender. Add the pea purée and enough more water to make three pints of soup. When boiling, add the tomato purée and more salt and pepper if necessary. One cup of minced sorrel was added to the original recipe, but this is not to be found in the ordinary American garden. It adds much to the flavor.

If chervil can be obtained, two tablespoons minced fino may take the place of the sorrel. If this soup is to "stand and wait," one teaspoon of flour should be added to the tomato mixture.

## VEGETABLE SOUP (without stock)

CUT into dice two small carrots, two onions, one turnip, two celery stalks and one large potato. Cut into shreds with scissors two cabbage or lettuce leaves or both. Cover these with cold water for an hour or more. Drain, add one-half cup of stewed tomatoes chopped fine, one teaspoon of minced parsley, one teaspoon of salt, two peppercorns and three pints of cold water.

Cover stew-pan with a pie-tin filled with water and simmer over slow fire about an hour. Do not remove the cover until ready to serve. Now add two tablespoons of flour softened in a little cold water and cook until it thickens, add two tablespoons of butter and one-fourth cup of thin cream and serve.

## BROWN FRICASSEE CHICKEN PIE

CUT chicken in small pieces, dust with salt and pepper and a little flour. Sauté two slices of salt pork in spider until brown, add one tablespoon of butter and cook the chicken in this until a light brown. Put chicken in kettle, add one tablespoon of flour to fat in spider, cook until it browns slightly, add one cup of warm water. Pour this over the chicken with enough more water barely to cover the chicken. Add a little parsley, onion, celery, bay-leaf and one or two peppercorns or a small piece of red pepper. Cover and simmer slowly until chicken is tender. Take out chicken and thicken gravy with a little softened flour. Fill a deep buttered dish with the chicken, rejecting the larger bones. Add a little gravy and a few balls, all the same size, of potato, carrots and onions. These may be left out if preferred. Cover the dish with a rich paste about one-fourth inch thick, having it rest on the chicken and not touch the gravy. Garnish the edge with leaves of the paste, cut a cross in the middle and turn back the

stand for a short time. When ready to serve, put it in the oven just long enough to reheat and turn out on a dish. Garnish with parsley and serve with the chicken pie.

## CRANBERRY RELISH

THIS is a cranberry sauce to which the grated rind and juice of an orange and a few seeded raisins have been added while cooking.

## RED CABBAGE AND APPLE COCOTTE

THIS is one of Escoffier's recipes. Monsieur Escoffier is one of the king cooks of the world and rules at the Carlton Hotel in London.

Shave a red cabbage very fine, rejecting outside leaves and hard parts. Season with salt and pepper and a dash of nutmeg. Put into a glass vegetable-dish well buttered, sprinkle with a few drops of vinegar, cover and cook in a slow oven about an hour, until the cabbage is nearly done, then cover cabbage with peeled quarters of apples, sprinkle with about one tablespoon of powdered sugar, cover and cook until apples are tender, remove cover and serve in the dish.

## LAMB, ROASTED, AND BROWNED POTATOES

SELECT leg of lamb well trimmed. A yearling will taste like Spring lamb if cooked this way. Rub it all over with three or four tablespoons of French dressing and let it stand twenty-four hours. Steam it twenty minutes, brush with egg diluted with milk, dust with salt and pepper and roll it in buttered bread-crumbs. Roast it about an hour on a rack in a pan and make a gravy if desired.

Roast peeled potatoes around lamb the last half-hour.

## MINT SAUCE

CHOP one bunch of mint very fine, put it in a dish and add one-fourth cup of boiling water and one tablespoon of sugar. Cover and keep warm about an hour. Add two tablespoons of vinegar and one-fourth teaspoon of salt and same of paprika. Serve in a glass dish warm but not hot.

## GLAZED CARROTS

IF THE carrots are young, they will not require parboiling. Trim and cut them, in uniform slices, rather thin. Just cover them with cold water. To each cup of water add two

spread with butter, then with grated deep yellow old cheese and toast them until cheese is melted.

## HEAD OR ICELAND LETTUCE SALAD

THE Iceland lettuce is preferable, as it has a good flavor and comes in firm, hard heads. Cut them in two, if small, or in four pieces, each one as a serving. Make a French dressing, using one-fourth cup of vinegar to one cup oil. Add to this three tablespoons of chilli sauce, and when ready to serve add, drop by drop, stirring with a piece of ice, about three tablespoons of thick cream. This makes a delicious dressing, but not as rich as mayonnaise. It should be served at once.

## FRUIT PUDDING, STEAMED

MIX together and beat well two beaten eggs, one-third cup of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one-half cup of milk, one cup fine soft bread-crumbs and one cup of sifted flour, sifted again with two teaspoons of baking-powder and a little salt. Add juice and grated rind of one orange, one cup of stoned and chopped cooked prunes and the same of dates; also two or three tablespoons of finely shaved citron. These should be lightly dusted with flour.

Butter a Turk's-head mold, line bottom with buttered paper, turn in the pudding, cover the top with buttered paper well tied on and steam one and one-half hour. This may be made the day before it is required and simply reheated in oven. Turn out and serve with the following sauce:

## CREAMY EGG SAUCE

COOK in double boiler one cup of hot water, two-thirds cup of sugar, grated rind of one lemon and a small bay-leaf. When boiling, add one tablespoon of corn-starch softened in one-fourth cup of water. Cook until it begins to thicken, add two tablespoons of butter and pour this onto two well-beaten yolks.

Return to the double boiler and cook until spoon is coated, having fire very low. Take from fire, add a dash of nutmeg and one teaspoon of vanilla and remove bay-leaf. Now add the egg-whites beaten stiff with one-half cup of whipped cream.

## PUMPKIN PIE WITH WHIPPED CREAM DRESSING

MAKE the pie-filling as follows: Mix one and one-half cups of pumpkin, steamed until dry, with two-thirds cup of brown sugar, two beaten eggs, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon each of ginger and salt, and add two cups of milk. When done and cool enough to serve, cover with whipped cream sweetened slightly and flavored with a light dusting of cinnamon.

## RHUBARB-AND-RAISIN PIE

USE the rhubarb which has been canned after the cold-pack method without peeling. To one cup of this add one cup of raisins and enough sugar to make it fairly sweet. Add one tablespoon of flour, one of butter and one beaten egg. Fill the bottom crust and cover with a lattice of paste and bake until light brown.

## DINNER ROLLS

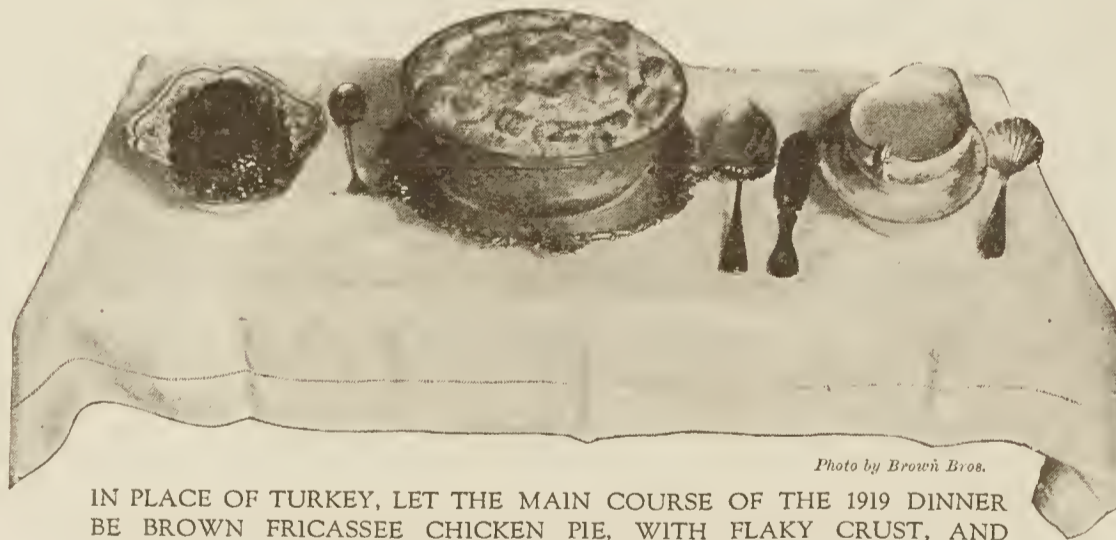
SCALD two cups of milk. When tepid, add one-fourth cup of butter creamed with same of sugar and one-half a yeast-cake softened in one-fourth cup of water. Add one teaspoon of salt and enough flour to make it just thick enough to knead. Knead well, brush with butter and let rise until morning. These may be made in five hours through the day by using a whole yeast-cake. When light, roll out one-third of an inch thick without using any more flour. Butter fingers if necessary.

Cut with finger-biscuit cutter, brush with butter and lay two together like a sandwich, pressing edges well together. Brush with butter and, when light, bake. Before they are quite done, take from oven, brush with egg diluted with sweetened milk and return to oven until brown. These will be better if one beaten egg be added when mixing, although it is not necessary. These are quite rich enough to serve without butter.

## BUTTER IN RECIPES

IT IS well to remember that a good cooking fat or oil may be used instead of butter, and should be used unless butter is plentiful and inexpensive as it is occasionally in country communities.

These recipes show delicious ways of using cream. But cream is expensive in the cities. Therefore it is well to call attention to the fact that evaporated milk will whip up like cream if it is scalded over water, then chilled suddenly on ice. Rich milk may often take the place of the cream called for.



IN PLACE OF TURKEY, LET THE MAIN COURSE OF THE 1919 DINNER BE BROWN FRICASSEE CHICKEN PIE, WITH FLAKY CRUST, AND CRANBERRIES AND GRAVY "ON THE SIDE"

points to make an opening to let out the steam. Brush all over with slightly-beaten egg white and bake in a hot oven.

When ready to serve, add a tablespoon of butter and half a cup of cream to the hot gravy and pour as much as the dish will hold through a funnel in the opening. Serve the remainder in a gravy-boat.

## SAVORY RICE, CURRIED

COOK rice the Chinese way by steaming it in the top of a double boiler directly on the stove. To one cup of well-washed rice add two cups of cold water and a scant teaspoon of salt. Do not remove the cover. Boil gently ten minutes, or until the steam raises the lid, then place the kettle in the lower part of the boiler and let it cook without removing cover ten minutes.

In the meantime cook in a hot spider two tablespoons of fat with one small onion diced and one tablespoon of curry-powder. When brown, add one cup of stewed tomatoes, cook a few moments and press this through a sieve. When rice is done, add one tablespoon of butter, stir with a fork and add one beaten egg and the tomato mixture.

Turn this into a buttered mold. Let it

tablespoons of butter, one of sugar and half teaspoon of salt. Cook uncovered and slowly in a shallow stew-pan on top of stove until the liquid is nearly evaporated, basting often. Turn the carrots until well coated with the sirup, dish up and sprinkle with finely minced parsley.

Or, both carrots and parsnips may be cut in slices or in olives with a fancy cutter, parboiled, then stewed in butter until quite tender; and just before serving add a little cream and a dusting of paprika.

## ASPARAGUS SALAD

THIS is just the time to use the asparagus of one's own home canning. Turn the asparagus out on a drainer and chill. To one cup of thick mayonnaise dressing add one-fourth cup each of chilli sauce and whipped cream; put a spoonful of this on each helping of asparagus. These helpings should be arranged in a large round dish on leaves of lettuce. Dust with paprika, and if all the grated carrot was not used for the canapés this is a most effective place to use it.

After the salad has been passed the biscuits may then be served. These are thick crackers, something like the old-fashioned soda crackers. All grocers carry them. Split them open,

Photo by Brown Bros.



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## TALK OF THE TABLE

BY HELENA JUDSON

MISS JUDSON IS AN EPICURE OF EPICURES, A WOMAN OF INFINITE VERSATILITY AND TASTE, WHO HAS BEEN WRITING FOR YEARS ON CULINARY TOPICS, HAS CONDUCTED A SUCCESSFUL TEA-ROOM, AND IS NOW CHIEF OF THE BANQUET DEPARTMENT OF A GREAT CITY HOTEL NOTABLE FOR ITS SERVICE AND CUISINE.

IF YOU'RE in New York for even a few days between the months of October and May (Thanksgiving week is an especially good time), don't fail to treat yourself to the experience of afternoon tea de luxe. Choose a matinee day—preferably a Saturday. This is the golden opportunity for seeing one of the fashionable hotels at the minimum of expense. Usually nothing but the small "tea card" is offered, so that there is no occasion for extravagant ordering, and one can see and enjoy the charming appointments and the perfect service without any qualms as to the cost.

The observing woman who loves pretty things on her own tea-table will be quick to take in all the details which she can adapt to her own use.

A friend of mine who took tea with me at a hotel specializing on its serving-table, noticed the first thing the revival of the old-time silver cake-basket with its low, graceful curve and high, swinging handle. She lost no time in resurrecting a similar one from among some discarded silver which she hadn't used for at least twenty years. It is now in use on her tea-table and also is in evidence for special occasions like Sunday-night suppers.

The high-pedestaled glass cake-holders are also seen again, and never does a layer-cake show to better advantage than on one of these. In smaller sizes these high glass dishes do duty on the afternoon tea-tables as the base for a three-tiered arrangement for bonbons or tiny fancy cakes, a smaller compote standing on the larger one, and a tiny flower vase as a finish.

Each tea-drinking establishment seems to vie with the other in the attractiveness of its serving-table with its daintily shaded lamps and trays of fancy sandwiches in addition to a really bewildering display of French pastry.

This is a term which includes all manner of cunning little tarts, delectable cakes and cookies of all kinds, for pastry-shops have sprung up almost overnight here and there in the down-town business district as well as the fashionable shopping and hotel zones, and each new shop prides itself on certain specialties. This active competition inspires constant novelty, both in service and food.

### NEW YORK RELAXES FOR TEA

SOME of the most recently opened tea-shops are run after the manner of the French *pâtisserie* and are scarcely Americanized as yet, so evident is their Parisian origin. *Pâtisserie* is pronounced pay-tees-roe. This, like all other French pronunciations suggested on this page, is as exact as one can, in English, indicate French sounds.

They are, in a degree, of the self-serving type, though there is nothing in the least commonplace in the way this feature is handled. There are piles of ornamental plates and baskets of forks. You select the pastry of your choice and take it to your table; thereupon the Frenchy little maid appears and takes your order for tea, coffee or chocolate. If you want another bit of pastry, you are perfectly free to help yourself, the watchful maid adding another item to your check.

Piping-hot toast with a *confiture* (pronounced cong-fee-ture) is a favorite order in these little informal establishments, the *confiture* being another of the foreign eating habits we are quickly adopting. Whether marmalade, jam or a freshly made compote of stewed raisins and figs, such a bit of sweet is delicious on the hot toasted muffin or crumpet, as well as on plain toasted bread.

The other afternoon at a suburban tea-shop I managed to exchange a dollar bill for a hastily scribbled recipe of the delicious little oatmeal macaroons I'd been munching with my tea. They were so different from the ordinary oatmeal wafer that they puzzled me.

Evidently the waitress inveigled the cake-maker to give her the rule, for she brought it

jotted down on the back of the menu. I haven't had time yet to try it, but somehow it sounds as if it should bring about the desired result. Here's hoping it does!

Cream one-half cup butter with a half cup each of granulated and brown sugar, add two eggs, one teaspoon of molasses, two of baking-powder and two of vanilla, also a half teaspoon of salt. Stir in two cups of uncooked oatmeal, such as is commonly used for these little cereal cookies, adding more if needed to make a batter that can be dropped by the teaspoonful on a greased pan.

I was warned that they spread in baking, so allow plenty of room. Bake in a moderate oven. I have decided that the molasses and the brown sugar accounted for the novel flavor in connection with the oatmeal.

### LUXURIOUS BITS OF INGENUITY

EVEN so simple a thing as toast is glorified when it appears at the tea-hour. Cinnamon toast is a well-known favorite, but a new version of it is worth mentioning. Two thin slices of white bread are spread with the usual butter, sugar and cinnamon mixture. These are put together sandwich fashion, resulting in a generous layer of the filling.

This sandwich is then toasted, the outside being dry and crispy. Of course additional butter and cinnamon may be added on the toasted side if desired. These little toasted sandwiches are served in great variety, the filling sometimes of cheese and sometimes of jam. They are usually cut in narrow finger-

removed all crusts. Cut a strip away at the side, whichever way of the slice happens to be the widest. This strip, cut cross-wise, makes two small sandwiches, while the larger part of the two slices, when cut diagonally, will make two more sandwiches. The two triangular ones are to have the same filling.

A different filling is chosen for the little sandwiches made from the strip cut off the large slice. This makes four small sandwiches out of two slices of white bread. The third slice of bread, which should be preferably of contrasting color, is cut in half and spread with sandwich filling or merely some savory butter, cheese or jam. Lay one half over the other and divide the long way of the slice, resulting in two finger-sandwiches. Put the four white sandwiches over them.

You'll be delighted with the result and your friends will wonder how in the world you ever managed to get so many different fillings into such cunning little sandwiches. This may seem like a long description for a very small detail, but after you've tried the little trick you'll find it worth while.

### "THE DANSANT" ANGLICIZED

I FIND that many persons are at a loss to understand what the expression "The Dansant" means as applied to an afternoon tea. The confusion comes merely from the fact that the French word for tea is *thé* (pronounced tay), and, of course, looks like our little part of speech known as the article *the*.

Therefore *The Dansant* (pronounced dan-sahn) is an afternoon tea at which there is music and dancing.

To provide for the expense of the music and some professional dancers, also to make the affair a bit more exclusive, there is usually a charge per person, known as a "cover charge." This includes the service of afternoon tea, in addition to the privilege of dancing.

When the "cover charge" is one dollar, the afternoon-tea service usually consists of the choice of tea, coffee, chocolate, bouillon or any soft drink, with assorted sandwiches or toast, followed by a small portion of ice-cream and two tiny cakes.

In other establishments, notably tea-rooms, there is often an afternoon-tea service known as *thé au complet* (pronounced tay oh com-play), the literal translation being a complete tea. In other words, it is a table-d'hôte meal, certain items being served at a fixed price during the tea-drinking hours.

At one of the large hotels a specialty has been made of such an afternoon-tea service at seventy-five cents a person, with the result that many business men, as well as women shoppers, have postponed their luncheon to take advantage of an early afternoon tea.

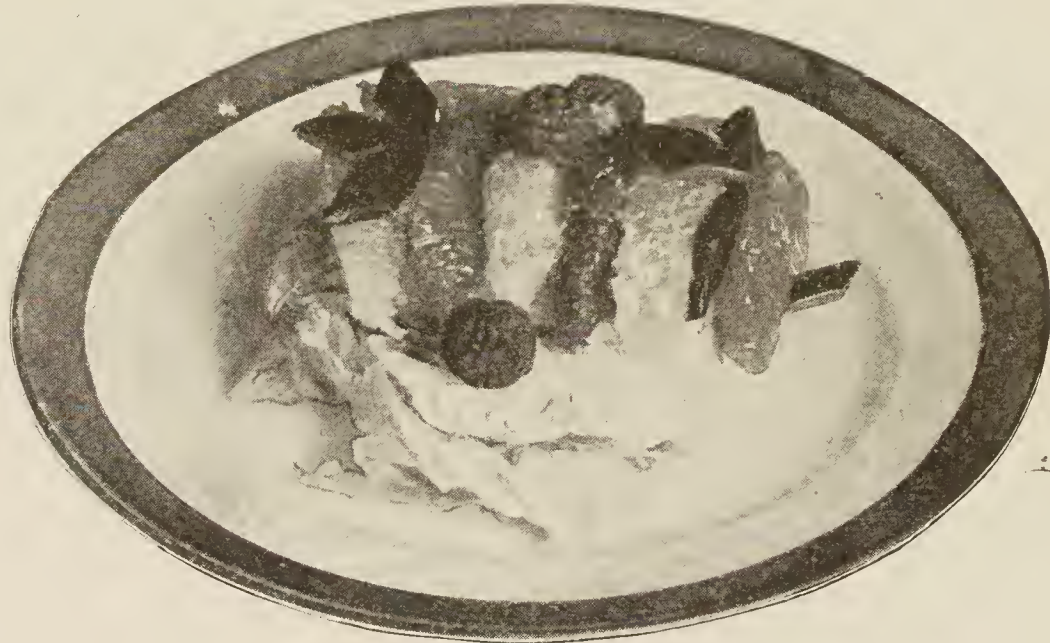
For this price is furnished a choice of the usual beverages, an individual salad, ice-cream and cakes. This is varied from time to time, so that it keeps up a pleasing idea of novelty. Finger-rolls, toast or bread-and-butter sandwiches are included with each service.

Of course everything is on an extremely small scale for the afternoon tea; it is not supposed to be a full-sized meal by any means. The salad shown in the photograph gives an idea of attractive arrangement. The foundation is a slice cut from a heart of very firm, crisp lettuce, while segments of grapefruit and orange, ornamented with tiny clippings of shiny red and green peppers, were chosen for this individual salad.

For fancy miniature salads of this nature, almost anything can be called into requisition, and, once the picture is in the mind of the salad-maker, almost any substitutes can be made, keeping the same arrangement. For instance, I recall a thrifty hostess who duplicated the arrangement of an alligator-pear salad, but substituted balls of potato for the expensive tropical fruit.

Professional salad-makers, by the way, are inveterate users of shears and clip and snip vegetables and fruits just as milliners do ribbons, and with just about the same artistic results!

Before the tea-drinking hour had gained its present popularity, one room in each establishment was given over to it. Such a room was always notable for its artistic furnishings and alluring coziness—one famous hotel devoted its "Orangery" to this purpose, another its "Flower Room," a third its "Terrace" and so on. To-day all available space is utilized.



THIS SALADE MAJESTIC, DEVISED TO TEMPT THE PALATE OF THE TRUE EPICURE, IS MADE SIMPLY OF CRISP LETTUCE, GRAPEFRUIT, ORANGES AND FRESH BERRIES, AND IS ORNAMENTED WITH SHINY RED AND GREEN PEPPERS

strips and laid crisscross on a doily-covered plate.

"Monte Carlo toast" is another of the imported tidbits for afternoon tea and is well worth investigating, especially as it's quite possible to duplicate this fancy bread at home, instead of paying two dollars a loaf for it at one of the few places where it is made.

The loaves, by the way, are about four times the size of one of our ordinary large loaves of bread. This new-fangled bread, two slices of which when toasted cost thirty cents, can be satisfactorily imitated by adding eggs, shortening and plenty of small, seedless raisins to ordinary bread-dough after it has risen for the first time. It should be quite yellow in color and almost rich enough to pass for plain cake raised with yeast. This is delicious toasted and spread with unsalted butter or eaten with orange marmalade or guava jelly.

The other day I noticed an especially pretty way of cutting toast for serving with afternoon tea. At first the four equal-sized little triangles puzzled me as they lay on my plate, but after a little mental experimenting I arrived at the solution.

The single slice of toast was first cut in half from top to bottom, the crusts, of course, having been first removed. Each half was then cut in half diagonally, resulting in two triangles for each slice or four for the entire piece of toast. This subdivision would be equally attractive for a sandwich, and is out of the ordinary as to shape and daintiness.

Another little afternoon-tea stunt, which seems almost like a puzzle, is the making of a little plateful of assorted sandwiches for individual service by using only three slices of bread. There were five tiny sandwiches, with three different fillings, and I was assured by the clever woman who presided over the tea-shop that the sandwich-maker was allowed only three slices of bread to a portion—two slices of white bread and one of some dark bread: Graham, rye or brown bread.

Put two slices of white bread together, sandwich fashion, having first buttered them and



# Armour CONDIMENTS AND FLAVORINGS



## Food Zest and Flavor Also Pledged by the Oval Label

ARMOUR'S Condiments and Flavorings—grouped for your convenience in buying and using—afford another example of Armour's complete service. Like Armour's Star Ham, Star Bacon, Vegetole and scores of other nationally-famous products, these are pledged to you, as to highest quality, absolute purity and utmost value, by the Oval Label—America's most responsible food-identification mark.

With few exceptions every food item needed for the American family is included in the wide scope of the Armour Oval Label Line. In other words, whether it be a complete full-course meal, a quickly-prepared emergency lunch or the separate ingredients necessary to prepare substantial dishes, you can obtain them with the guarantee of Armour's Oval Label which takes the guesswork out of the buying of this great variety of food products of the utmost excellence.

For delightful recipes, for suggestions as to economizing with condiments and flavorings, write the Food Economics Department, Division 97D, Armour and Company, Chicago, for a free copy of our booklet, "The Business of Being a Housewife."

### Practical Suggestions

With roasts and cold sliced meats serve *Armour's* Chili Sauce, Tomato Sauce or Catsup.

*Armour's* Worcestershire Sauce is delicious with fish.

*Armour's* Table Sauce adds new interest to ordinary dishes.

*Armour's* Extract of Beef makes gravies and soups of surpassing excellence.

In cakes and ices Oval Label Vanilla and Lemon Extracts give the delicious mild flavor of natural fruit. For a pleasant change try *Armour's* Oval Label Orange Essence.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

4497





(Reduced illustration from *The House Beautiful*)

## The House Beautiful

John Burroughs said: "One of the greatest pleasures in life is to build a house for oneself." Now that the price of rents is soaring past all bounds, it would seem that this is the time to indulge yourself in that pleasure.

Many a man looks sadly today at the pile of receipts which represents hundreds, yes, and thousands of dollars, which he has spent for house rent, when he might just as well have been investing that thirty or forty or fifty dollars a month in a home which today would be his own, and from which no man could tell him he must either pay a heavy increase in rent or "get out."

Yes, now is the time for you to be thinking of building a new house, or buying an old one which can be remodeled into just the house you and your family want.

But, first of all think the whole proposition over carefully. Be sure that your land has the advantage of natural drainage. Be sure that the plan you choose will just meet your needs. That the dining-room and the bedrooms have just the right exposure.

Be sure that the kitchen includes all the labor-saving devices which will give the mother and daughters time to do something else beside housework; that the growing boy has his open sleeping-porch. Consider the advantage of those attractive French doors between living and dining rooms. See that at least one bedroom boasts a closet door with a full-length mirror. See that the bathroom has all the conveniences which you have always longed for.

But you may say all this costs a lot of money. Yes, if one goes into it heedlessly, but not half so much if everything is carefully planned out. Homemaking, whether it is the building of a new house, or the rearranging of the sitting-room with a crowded assortment of household treasures(?) into a delightful room of properly combined pieces, is a fascinating game, and one that well repays study. May we suggest that before spending one penny on the building, remodeling or furnishing of your home, you first safeguard yourself against disappointment by subscribing to

## The House Beautiful

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## REASONS FOR RAISINS

BY CAROLINE B. KING

**R**AISINS are nutritious, not in a heavy, bulky sense, but in a wonderfully concentrated form. A pound of raisins, stemmed and seeded, contains three-fourths of a pound of carbohydrates, which gives them a fuel value of something over fifteen hundred calories—more by four hundred calories than a loaf of whole-wheat bread.

A cup of raisins added to a cake or a pudding will increase its fuel value by three hundred and fifty-two calories, while a dozen or so raisins, eaten merely as an adjunct to a meal, or for a between-meal bite, will supply twenty-nine calories.

Their richness in sugar also, forms a reason and a significant one, for the use of raisins. Sweets in some form seem to be necessary to the best upkeep of the body, and the sugar or dextrose contained in the raisin is a natural sweet, like that of pure honey, and is both digestible and wholesome. There is a medicinal quality also in the raisin which makes it slightly laxative, and therefore an excellent regulator.

The raisin is valuable from an economical standpoint. Its frequent use eliminates the necessity of many other and more expensive food products—sugar is unnecessary with cereals which contain raisins; a plain one-egg cake may masquerade as something very much finer when a few raisins have been added to the batter before pouring it into the pans; and raisins either alone or eaten with nuts will prove as satisfying and delicious a dessert as one could wish.

Some of the more or less uncommon ways of using raisins are:

### STEWED RAISINS

**T**HESE make a very nice fruit dish for breakfast, and a pleasant change as a luncheon sweet.

### BAKED RAISINS

**W**ASH the fruit well and place it in a casserole or bean-pot with a few bits of shredded citron and some lemon or orange-peel. Cover with cold water, place the lid over the fruit and bake in a moderate oven for at least an hour, adding no sugar. This is a good dish also for the fireless cooker, for it requires long, slow cooking.

### SOUR-MILK RAISIN CAKE

**C**REAM together one-half cup of shortening—butter, margarin or drippings as preferred—one cup of sugar, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon and a grating of nutmeg, and add one well-beaten egg and a cup of sour milk. Sift together two cups of flour and a level teaspoon of soda; add to the liquid mixture with three-fourths cup of chopped raisins.

Bake in a long flat pan or in patty-pans, as desired, and ice with boiled icing to which half a cup of chopped raisins has been added. If icing is not required, sprinkle the surface of the cake with a little granulated sugar just before putting it in the oven; this will make a delectable, sugary crust which will prove very popular.

A chocolate icing with chopped raisins may be used for this or for a very plain cake with excellent results. Cook together for five minutes one and one-half cups of brown sugar, one-fourth cup of milk, a tablespoon of butter and a square of unsweetened chocolate. Then add one-half cup of seeded and finely chopped raisins and cook till thick, or until the mixture will harden quickly when tested in cold water. Flavor with a few drops of vanilla and beat till creamy. Spread between the layers and over the top of the cake.

Raisin filling for a plain cake is particularly good also. Peel and grate one large apple and add to it the grated rind and juice of one lemon, one tablespoon of margarin, a pinch of salt, a cup of sugar, a cup of water, and one-half cup of finely chopped seeded raisins. Cook all together until the mixture thickens. If wanted less sweet, the filling may be thickened slightly with a teaspoon of corn-starch moistened with cold water, and half the sugar omitted.

### RAISIN SCONES

**S**ERVED hot for afternoon tea or Sunday-night supper, these scones leave little to be desired. Sift two cups of flour with four level teaspoons of baking-powder and one-half teaspoon of salt. Add four level tablespoons of sugar and rub in three tablespoons of lard or other shortening, moisten with a cup of milk to which a well-beaten egg has been added, and stir in one-half cup of chopped raisins.

Roll out half an inch thick and cut in diamonds, stars, circles or squares, brush with a little of the egg and milk reserved for this purpose, sprinkle with granulated sugar and press a large raisin in the center of each scone. Bake in a hot oven. On extra occasions a little finely shredded citron may be added with the raisins, and bits of citron cut in strips may be placed on each side of the raisin in the centers of the scones.

### THANKSGIVING PUDDING

**M**IX together a cup of finely chopped beef suet, a cup of molasses, a cup of sour milk, a teaspoon of salt, a cup of chopped raisins and three cups of flour sifted with a level teaspoon of soda. Flavor with half a teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg, and beat well. Pour into a greased mold and steam for three hours. Do not permit the water to cease boiling under the steamer, or the pudding may not be as light and delicate as it should be.

### COFFEE CAKE

**C**REAM one-fourth cup of shortening with three-fourths cup of sugar and add one beaten egg, one-half cup of milk, one-fourth teaspoon of salt, and one and one-half cups of flour sifted with two level teaspoons of baking-powder.

Spread in a greased pan and sprinkle with

seeded and finely chopped raisins and citron. Sift a little granulated sugar over the surface of the cake and dust with cinnamon, dot with tiny bits of margarin and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot; cut in diamonds or squares.

### RAISIN SAUCE

**F**OR meats this may be a novelty, but it will become a frequent adjunct to the menu once it has been introduced. It is particularly nice with boiled meat, tongue, ham or calf's heart. Melt a tablespoon of margarin and add to it one and one-half tablespoons of flour; cook together till well-blended and smooth, then stir in one-half cup of seeded raisins, a tablespoon of lemon-juice and a cup of the liquid from the boiled meat. Cook gently, season with salt, pepper, paprika and pour around the meat; or, if preferred, serve in a sauce-boat.

### RAISIN CRUSTS

**C**UT stale bread in rounds or strips and fry them a golden-brown in margarin or drippings. Drain on paper, and arrange on a hot dish, then pour stewed raisins over them, dredge with a little powdered sugar and serve hot.

### RAISIN ROLY-POLY

**M**AKE a rich baking-powder biscuit dough and roll in a strip one-half an inch thick, spread with stewed raisins, and sprinkle with sugar, bits of margarin and cinnamon. Roll up and fold in a scalded and floured pudding-cloth. Fasten securely and plunge into a saucepan of rapidly boiling water. Cook steadily for two and one-half hours. When finished remove the pudding-cloth and turn the pudding out onto a hot dish. Serve with lemon sauce to which a few chopped raisins have been added.

### RAISIN CHEESE CAKES

**C**REAM together two tablespoons of margarin and the same amount of sugar; when creamy add two well-beaten eggs, one apple pared and chopped fine, one-half cup of chopped and seeded raisins, and two tablespoons of finely grated bread or cake crumbs. A little shredded citron may also be added, though not entirely necessary. Line patty-pans with flaky pastry and fill with the mixture. Bake in a hot oven and dust with powdered sugar before serving.

### RAISIN COOKIES

**B**EAT to a cream one-third cup of shortening, one cup of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoon of grated nutmeg and a pinch of cloves. Add one well-beaten egg, and one-third of a cup of sour milk, buttermilk or sour cream. Sift together two and one-third cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda and one-half teaspoon of baking-powder; add to the first mixture, stirring in at the same time one-half cup of chopped raisins and one-fourth cup of chopped nut-meats.

Roll thin, cut in rounds and sprinkle with sugar before baking. A raisin or halved nut-meat may be pressed into the center of each cake also.

### RAISIN-AND-CREAM-CHEESE SALAD

**P**REPARE large, fine raisins by washing and steaming them till plump and tender. Then cool and remove the seeds, preserving the shape of the fruit as much as possible. Mash a cream cheese with a little cream and add three tablespoons of chopped nut-meats. Press into a mound and chill; place the raisins also on ice until required. Then arrange crisp fresh lettuce on individual plates; slice the cheese and cut into cubes; place these with the chilled raisins on the lettuce. Sprinkle with paprika and serve with mayonnaise, French or boiled salad dressing.

### RAISIN-STUFFED PRUNES

**T**HESE are delicious for holiday parties. Wash and steam large, well-shaped prunes, and remove the pits from a slit at the sides. Chop one-half cup of raisins, two tablespoons of nut-meats and a tablespoon of shredded citron together, making them rather fine. Moisten slightly with lemon-juice and add one tablespoon of sugar. Fill the prunes and roll them in coarse granulated sugar.

### RAISIN JUNKET

**H**EAT one quart of milk till lukewarm, then add three tablespoons of sugar, a few drops of vanilla, a bit of salt, a grating of nutmeg, and one junket tablet dissolved in a tablespoon of cold water. Wash and dry well a cup of raisins and scatter them in individual dishes; pour the junket over them and allow to set. Then sprinkle raisins over the top of the junket and chill before serving.

### RAISIN PIE

**M**AKE a flaky pie-crust and line the pie-plate with it. Cook together a cup and a half of seeded raisins, a cup of water, half a cup of sugar, the juice and rind of a lemon and a teaspoon of margarin. When the raisins are tender, add a teaspoon of flour mixed to a paste with a little cold water. Cool slightly, then pour into the pie-tin and cover with strips of pastry arranged in lattice fashion across the pie. Bake till the crust is a golden-brown, then remove from the oven and cool.

The foregoing recipes are but a few of the many delicious ways in which raisins may be added to the diet, and relieve the monotony of the three-meal-a-day routine which bothers so many housewives. There are numerous others all quite as good, which the woman of imagination will no doubt discover for herself. Perhaps she already knows that raisins may be put into the batter for Boston brown bread, and are a distinct improvement both to its nutritive qualities and its flavor; orange marmalade is also very good when a few raisins are cooked with the fruit.





# Raisins with Oatmeal

Note the delicious blend of flavors  
in this almost perfectly balanced food

### Rolled Oats With Raisins

- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1 teaspoonful salt
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 cup SUN-MAID Raisins

Add rolled oats to the boiling water. Let boil for about ten minutes, stirring frequently; then add the raisins and cook ten or fifteen minutes longer. If a fireless cooker is used, simply let the rolled oats boil for ten minutes, add the raisins and place in the cooker overnight.

**T**RY it tomorrow morning. You who like oatmeal and have never tried raisins with it have a new delight in store. The luscious, fruity flavor of the raisins, the flavor of plump oats blend as no other two flavors can.

Raisins were meant to go with oats and oats with raisins. Taste the delicious dish that results. See what you miss when you eat oatmeal alone.

### A Rare Food Value

Oatmeal, as everyone knows, contains most of the food-elements that the body needs.

Raisins supply the acids and minerals of fruit, and a generous portion of pure fruit-sugar, which is valuable energizing nutriment in practically pre-digested form.

Add cream or milk, and you have a model dish, correct from every dietetic standpoint.

Use raisins with ready-cooked cereals also. Raisins add flavor and nutrition to all kinds of breakfast food.



**T**HIS trial with oatmeal will demonstrate how raisins create "luxury flavors" in scores of, so-called, plain foods.

Boiled rice, bread pudding, Indian pudding, jelly desserts, stewed prunes, corn bread, muffins, cookies, etc., become new foods when raisins lend their charm.

Make the plainer foods more acceptable through luscious flavor and note what you can save on bills.

### Ask for Sun-Maids

When you order ask for Sun-Maid Raisins. They are made from sweet, tender, juicy California grapes which are too delicate to ship far for table use.

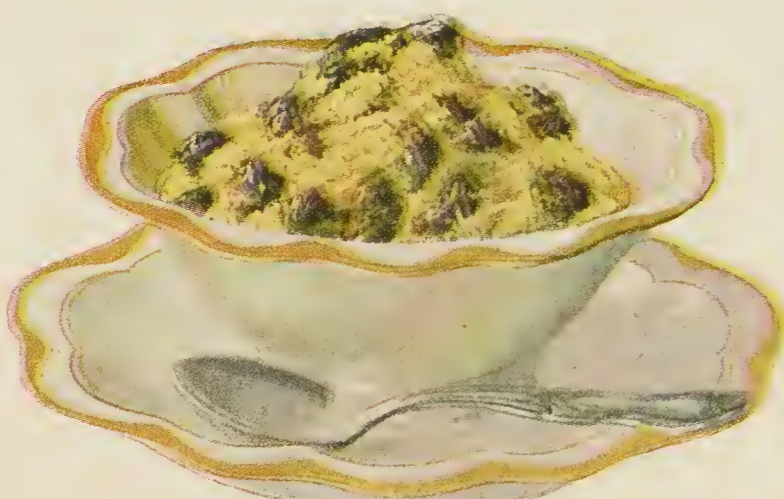
Get them as *raisins* in the Sun-Maid brand, and you'll never want any other kind.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (*seeds removed*); Sun-Maid Seedless (*grown without seeds*); Sun-Maid Clusters (*on the stem*). All first-class dealers sell them.

Ask for our free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," showing 100 ways to use them.

# SUN-MAID Raisins

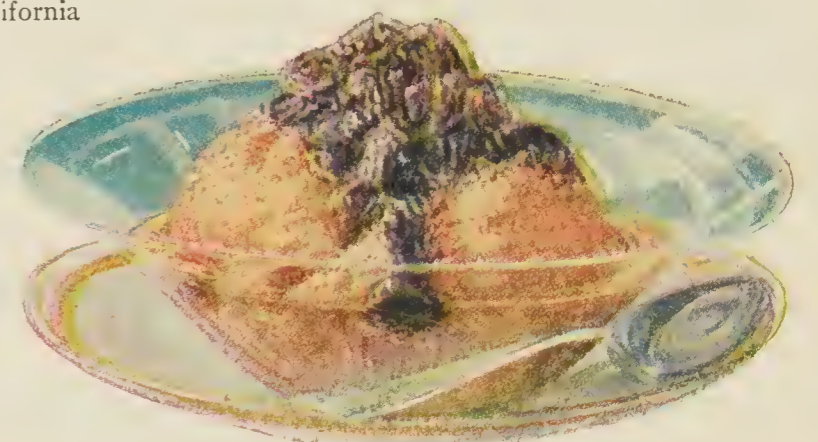
CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.  
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Fresno, California



Creamy Raisin Tapioca



Raisin Cream Cake



Raisin Caramel Apples

ASK FOR RAISIN CANDIES — DELICIOUS — HEALTHFUL. AT CANDY STORES





LIVE BEARERS—MALE WITH A SWORD TAIL



CHINESE PARADISE-FISH—BUBBLE NEST-BUILDERS



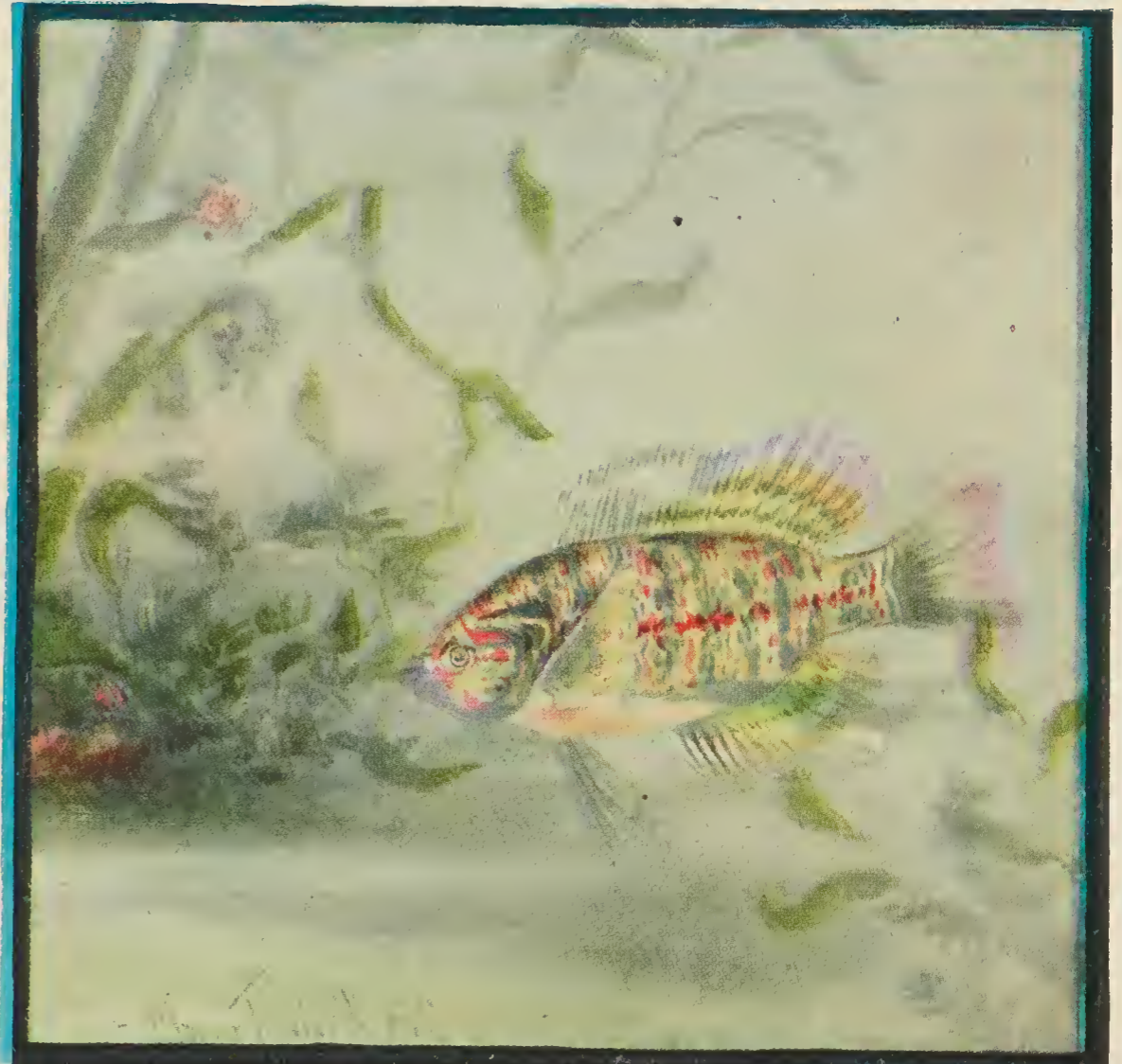
RANCHUS OR LIONHEAD GOLDFISH—CHOICE VARIETY



"MOOR" AND CALICO TELESCOPE-EYED VEIL-TAILS



SIAMESE FIGHTING FISH—MALE AND FEMALE



COMMON SUNFISH FROM DOMESTIC WATERS—EASTERN UNITED STATES

### GOLDFISH AND MINIATURE TROPICAL FISH FOR THE AQUARIUM

See article by Walter Lanney Brind herewith



# LIVING JEWELS OF THE HOME

BY WALTER LANNEY BRIND

[See color page herewith]

**M**OST of our readers have doubtless had more or less unhappy experiences in attempting to keep goldfish and small tropical fish in a globe. They do not realize that, as goldfish require a great deal of oxygen, it is to torture them to death to try to keep the poor little things in such a small space. A three-inch goldfish needs at least a gallon of fresh water.

One of the first requisites is a fair-sized aquarium, wider than it is deep and well planted. It is necessary to have a sunny window place in which to keep the aquarium, with, preferably, a southern or eastern exposure. A northern exposure has not enough sunshine and a western, too much. Sunshine is essential for the well-being of the plants.

The fish require oxygen in order to breathe, just as we do, and this is generated for them by the plants. As a fair exchange, the fish give off carbonic acid gas which is needed by the plants, and therefore the growing plants and living fish are able to live together in perfect harmony.

The first step in setting up an aquarium is to place about one and one-half inches of well-washed sand—not gravel—in the bottom, and lay a double sheet of newspapers, pressed down tightly, over it. Pour the water gently on top of the newspapers so as not to stir up the sand beneath them. After the aquarium has been filled to within two inches of the top, slowly and carefully withdraw the wet newspapers.

A properly balanced aquarium does not need a change of water. Additions are occasionally necessary, as there is a slight evaporation going on in the water. Then, too, the accumulation of sediment on the bottom of the aquarium must be drawn off every few days.

This should be done with a piece of rubber tubing. Place a vessel on the floor alongside the aquarium. Insert one end of the tubing into the aquarium with its extremity touching the sediment, suck the other end of the tubing, withdrawing the mouth quickly, and the water will flow into the vessel. After all the sediment has been siphoned out, remove the rubber tubing and pour fresh water into the aquarium up to the level at which it stood before. This fresh water should be boiled and cooled off before putting it into the aquarium and a pinch of salt added to it.

**N**OW it is time to set in the plants, making a regular hedge along the window-side and letting a few days elapse before putting in the fish. The best species of water plants to use are *sagittaria*, *callisneria*, *ludwigia*, *cabomba* and *myriophyllum*. These can be bought in any good pot store. The plants should have roots and should not have bits of lead attached to them. If lead has already been wound around the bottom of a bunch of plants, unwind it gently, and in the case of *cabomba* and *myriophyllum*, which come bunched in this manner, the bruised ends should be trimmed off sharply with a pair of scissors and each separate stalk should be set into the sandy bottom as a cutting of a land plant would be. If there is sunlight for a couple of hours daily, such cuttings soon shoot out rootlets and develop into attractive plants.

Half a dozen three-inch goldfish are enough for a five-gallon aquarium or twice as many tropical fish or goldfish one and one-half inches long.

In the top left-hand corner of page 62 is a picture of a Mexican swordtail fish, one of the tropical fish which are a joy and a decoration in the home. The male and female swordtails are almost alike as to coloring, but only the adult male has the beautiful, sword-like tail extension. Even with the sword their total length rarely exceeds four inches. This gorgeous little creature brings its young into the world alive as perfect miniature fish, ready to hunt for food and to avoid their enemies from the moment of their birth.

**M**OST fish emerge from eggs which are deposited in various ways by their parents. These eggs are fertilized by the spermatozoa which swim through the water in search of the eggs, which have been ejected into the water by the parent fish. A great many eggs escape impregnation. They then turn white, develop fungus and perish. In the case of the live-bearing fish, such as the Mexican swordtail, fertilization takes place internally and the little fish develop fully before birth.

At the age of three or four months the Mexican swordtail usually gives birth to twenty-five or more healthy young fish, a quarter of an inch long. It often happens, however, that some of the poor babies are devoured by their cannibal parents before they have a chance to grow up at all.

The mother swordtail will produce families of fifty or more babies at intervals of a month to six weeks—even if she be kept entirely alone. The reason for this is that a number of eggs are fertilized during the first impregnation which do not all mature at the same time. The fortunate possessor of a pair of Mexican swordtails can therefore become rich—in fish—within a very few months.

Freshwater live-bearing fish—which, by the way, are not goldfish—are almost all natives of the Southern United States, Mexico, Central America, Northern South America and the West Indies.

**T**HERE is the tiny "guppy" of Jamaica and Central America. The males are extremely brilliant in coloring, no two being alike. There are all the colors of the rainbow in their tiny bodies. The lady guppies, however, are plain and they grow to almost twice the size of their husbands.

Two favorites of the aquarium come from Florida and Louisiana—the flag-fin, with a huge sail-like or flag-like back fin, which only

the males have. These fish sometimes grow to five inches in length. They are the largest of the fresh water live-bearers. Holbrook's "Cambuse" is also a live-bearer. The male is generally coal black or black-checked and the female is a plain gray-brown.

In the lower left-hand corner of the color page there is a pair of Siamese fighting fish with their air bubble nest. They are very small, rarely exceeding two inches in length, and are natives of Siam, as the name implies. They belong to the Labyrinth family, the peculiarity of which lies in the fact that all the members of this family possess an air cavity under the gill cover in which a supply of air is carried.

The fish depend on this air for breathing. They must keep their gills moist with water, but their breathing apparatus is like that of a man, constructed to extract the life-preserving oxygen from the air instead of water, which is not the case with other fish. It is easy to drown labyrinth fish by placing a sheet of paper on the surface of their aquarium so as to completely cover it and lie flat on the water thus preventing the fish from inhaling fresh air, as they require to do every minute or so of their lives. In less than ten minutes the fish will be suffocated.

**T**HE air-bubble nests in which the Labyrinth fish live are constructed, as they should be, by the men of the family, who secrete a sort of glue in their mouths with which they coat each bubble of air blown from their oddly-shaped lips to the surface. The air bubbles are then gathered together in a floating, raft-like mass of a few inches in diameter. In these days of expensive building materials and congested living quarters what a Godsend it would be if we too could utilize the air in a like manner!

The fighting fish of Siam likes to build into his nest small floating plants such as *Salvinia*, *Riccia*, or *Lemna*—artistic little creature, isn't he? He sometimes conceals his house entirely under a large floating leaf.

The paradise fish, another member of the Labyrinth family, sometimes grows as large as five inches in length so he must have a large house. It is sometimes built up half an inch or more out of water.

The tiny white eggs, no larger than a mustard seed, are placed in the bubbles, one nursery for each child. The paradise fish sometimes deposit as many as two hundred eggs at a single spawning, but the fighting fish are not so prolific. They rarely have more than fifty eggs at a time. These eggs hatch in about three days and are jealously guarded by the father fish all the time, as the unnatural mother or other fish would quickly eat up the eggs and babies if they were not excluded from the aquarium.

After the eggs hatch, the tiny baby fish hang like commas, tail down, head up, in the bubble nest, and as they become older and stronger they scatter to the adjacent water plants. The male fish must now be removed or he will eat up his family from overanxiety for their welfare.

**T**HE food of these small fish consists at first of slipper animalcules (*Parmaecia*) which abound like specks of moving dust in the vicinity of decaying vegetation, on which they feed, in the sunlight near the surface of the water.

It is fascinating to watch the baby Labyrinth fish at dinner. They coil their bodies sidewise into semi-circles as they approach an unwary *Parmaecium*, and when sufficiently near the little fish suddenly shoots himself out straight forward with a backward flip of his tail and seizes and swallows his prey.

Our readers who possess large aquaria and take an interest in collecting from the brooks and ponds the beautiful native fish of the United States can derive a great deal of pleasure, as well as instruction, from such veritable "Living Jewels" as the common sunfish, which is so abundant east of the Mississippi. The sunfish is shown in the right-hand top corner picture of the color page. He possesses almost all the brilliancy of the tropical species by which he is surrounded. But he has a bad disposition. He is a killer; he can not live amicably, either with his own family or any other species of fish. But if he is kept alone he soon becomes sufficiently tame to take worms from the hand of his owner and is so intelligent that he affords a lot of entertainment for everybody.

Space unfortunately will not permit of further discussion of the many interesting fresh water tropical fish, as goldfish are of such general popularity that they are entitled to more than brief mention here.

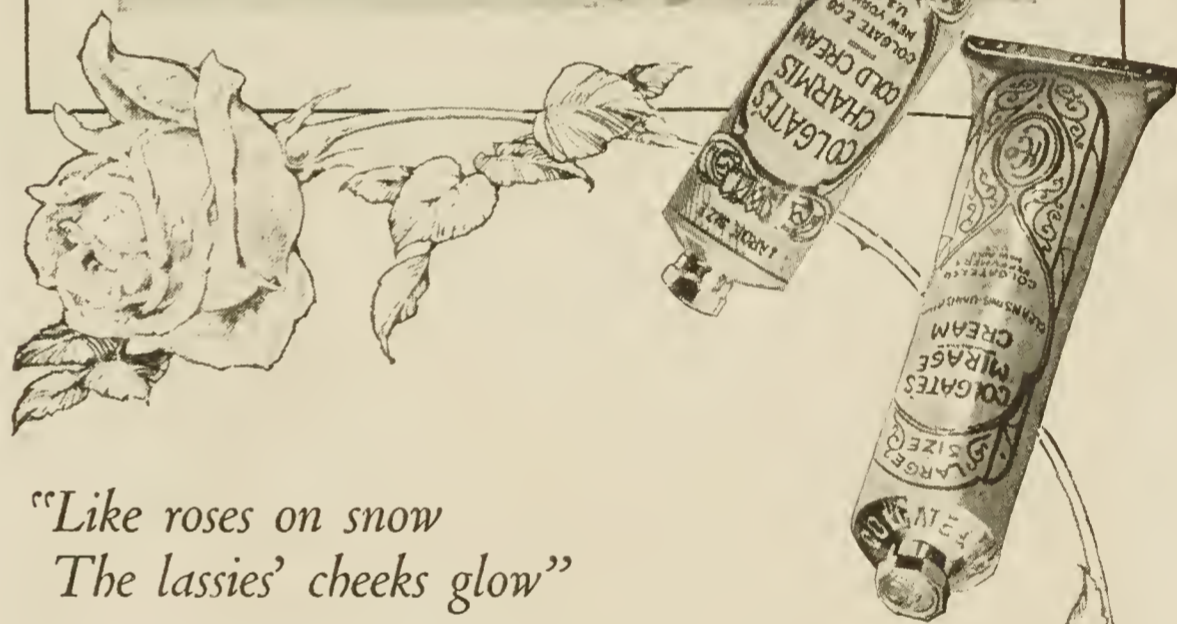
In the center of the color page are depicted some of the choicest varieties of goldfish. In the left-hand corner there is the Broadtailed Moor and the Blue Veiltailed Telescope, and on the right we have the odd Lionhead or Ranchu, as he is called in Japanese.

To Japan we give the credit of developing the common goldfish until there are now many different varieties. A common wild goldfish is obtainable anywhere, where there are fish of any kind, for five cents or more apiece, according to their size and markings. In breeding them, parents are selected who both possess similar unusual characteristics, which become intensified in their offspring.

Tracing the wild goldfish back still further, and availing ourselves of the microscope and of the recorded observations and discoveries of naturalists of bygone times, we find that the beautiful gold color, brilliant red, lemon yellow, red and white, black and orange, solid velvety black or pure pearly white coloration of individual goldfish is due to an excess or partial or total absence of chromatophores or color cells under the scales of the fish. Black goldfish have a superabundance of color cells

Concluded on page 64

# COLGATE'S



"Like roses on snow  
The lassies' cheeks glow"

—Old Song.

To keep the roses in your cheeks, give your skin the help of these two Colgate Face Creams.

A nightly massage with Charmis Cold Cream to cleanse the pores and soften the skin dried by nipping cold.

An application of Mirage Vanishing Cream for daytime and social evenings to keep the tissues soft and the pores free. A superior base for powder—and, even without powder, free from shine.

Protect your roses with these two Creams of Colgate Quality.



The two Colgate's Face Creams are sold everywhere in jars and tubes—Charmis Cold Cream to use at night and Mirage Vanishing Cream for daytime. Most skins need both. A trial tube of either sent for 4c or of both for 6c.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 53, NEW YORK



# THOSE WHO SPIN

to do it, by moving the furniture around quite quietly and tactfully until it's more harmonious, by giving a touch here and there. Most offices are so hideous. You can't "doll" them up, but you can get the best lines possible in the rooms and always have one flower on your own desk. Get one of those tiny crystal vases that cost only twenty-five cents, have a posy on your desk, and if you dare, and can afford it, quietly slip one onto your employer's desk. It will please him, see if it doesn't, and you've sown a seed of charm right there.

And in that little cupboard or box where you keep your purse and powder-puff, keep some absorbent cotton and a small bottle of astringent and a jar of cold-cream. Wet the cotton in cold water, squeeze it out tight, then wet it with the astringent and the cold cream on top of that and wipe your face with it. Dry it finally with a Japanese tissue; it will pay you to get a package, they're just the thing for an office. If you'll do that, you can sit in an office until you're seventy, and you won't spoil the texture of your skin, and if you can pat morning and night, you'll keep your color, too.

You have the best chance because you lead the most regular life, and because you have a chance to keep mentally alive, and because you can't keep too late hours at night or you'll fall off in your work, so your nice little complexion goes to sleep when it should. Fretting and frittering are two frightful enemies of beauty, and if you're any good at all at your "job," you can't do either.

AND you must keep groomed, because—well, simply because you must in an office. You keep your nails in shape by giving them ten minutes every day—you probably keep one of those little manieuring boxes in your desk-drawer. And while you can't do much with your hair during the daytime, you can brush it a little while every night and you do keep it clean and soft, because you associate constantly with men and you know that men like soft, shining hair. And you want to please, because that's part of earning your daily bread, and also, I might add, a large and vital duty to yourself as a human being.

And you have to use your brain instead of just sort of meandering around getting through the day any old way, and mental activity is always connected somewhere with beauty—eyes are brighter, faces are more alive.

Stay alive, stay alive! Even if it's a dull kind of office, there is something there for you to learn, something there for you to help, something on which you can put your stamp and make it better.

Use your charm and beauty and intelligence just as you would anywhere else, only make it fit the needs of the office.

And don't think I'm a nice, respectable old lady who doesn't want romance in an office when I say be impersonal. I'm not a respectable old lady at all, who wants offices to have a Sunday-school virtue. I'm a sly old partisan of women, a poker into the ways and means of making women irresistible and powerful and free. And while I know that I don't know men as you women in offices do, I know them pretty well. I've had four of my own in one way or another, and I know that they don't like to be hampered or interrupted when they're doing something, whether it's making laws for the new world just outside our door or hanging a picture. I know that not one of 'em that lives is unsusceptible to beauty or that subtle, elusive thing we call charm, but they want it in its place and not interrupting and interfering with the business in hand. I know, too, that they'll forgive anything that's honest and the best one can do. For instance, when a girl goes to an employer to get employed, she just naturally looks her best and doesn't confess her weaknesses as a stenographer, for example.

THEN the thing for her, after she is employed, is to handle those weaknesses intelligently. Don't be afraid to acknowledge your ignorance. One of the first signs of education and intelligence is a frankness about the things you don't know. Don't bluff; confess. Don't you know that men like to teach, that they like to feel they're helping a woman to get on—especially if she's attractive? That they like to criticize and point out how she can better herself? So when you've honestly done the best you can, used your head to the last dot and dash, don't try to hide your ignorance; go ask.

That has charm and that has intelligence. Don't ever waste his time or bluff anything. Just be honest and intelligent and attractive as you can.

You have a wonderful chance! And don't be indifferent about any kind of physical ugliness. Men are more fastidious than we suspect.

Keep your figure down or up where it should be; walk part way to the office if you can't walk all the way; hold your chest up as if it had a ribbon pinned to its center and the other end fastened to the middle of the sky. Use rouge and a lip-stick if you need it, only don't let it show that all that nice color didn't just grow there. Do it very cautiously—men hate artificiality (if they detect it) and they hate to be disillusionized.

And if you have things about you, such as too much down on your upper lip or liver spots or no eyelashes to speak of, don't think for a minute that it doesn't matter, that what you are in that office for is *business and nothing else*, for that isn't true. You're in that office and in the world, not only for some kind of business, but to add to the joy of nations, to the beauty of living, or else why weren't you made a man in the first place!

Not, of course, that men don't add to the joy of things. They do. Oh, they do! But it isn't exactly expected of them, and charm and beauty are expected of women and we've got to play up!

THERE are lotions that will make that upper lip virgin white, and if you don't want to buy a lotion, put on a certain little mixture of camphor and peroxid and ammonia and keep on putting it on. There are cures for liver-spots, and a good petroleum jelly at night and salt-water baths in the day will make eyelashes grow where none ever grew before! Don't ever get so clouded up on things that you think your personal looks don't matter, even if you're ninety-three and tired of your "job." Good looks will make life easier for you; don't ever doubt that!

And just because you are an office woman, don't forget you are also a type. Don't wear stiff shirt-waists just because you know how to keep books; wear your own kind of clothes, only be sure that they are simple and unobtrusive. If you are the kind that ought to wear a fichu, wear one, the simplest you can find, and look as feminine as your grandmother making tatting. Be yourself always; you'll never be a success unless you are.

Well, there you are! As I said at the beginning, I think you're perfectly wonderful. I sing a little hymn of praise whenever I think of you and think a little prayer that in the midst of the creak of the office now and then you will dream a wee, short dream of ruffled curtains at the window and a blue-and-white kitchen and a cedar-chest and a pale-blue-silk bassinet!

And then, some time, we're going to talk to the women in business for themselves—how they mustn't get hard, and just how, by their personality and intelligence, they can wrap us women-who-buy right smack around their fingers.

In the meantime, I repeat to all women in offices "What 'o! You're a little bit of all-right, I s'y!"

Concluded from page 63

# LIVING JEWELS OF THE HOME

and the pearly white ones have not any. They correspond to the white-haired, pink-eyed human beings whom we call albinos. The gold or red-gold color in goldfish indicates an excess over the average number of color cells, the normal number existing in the original type of all goldfish—the bronze carp.

All young goldfish are bronze-brown in color and are quite a few weeks old before they begin to change, but the sooner they change their colors, the richer those colors will ultimately become. Many young fish of the choicest types stay bronze-brown all their lives and this detracts from their value.

THE Japanese goldfish breeders selected such fish as had the shortest, rounded bodies and largest fins and bred them together. The result was a succeeding generation of round-bodied goldfish which in turn being bred together slowly developed the type now considered perfect, as exemplified by the picture in the left center of page 62. The illustration, however, shows the telescope-eyed variety, which is a monstrosity credited to the Chinese. It is said that the peculiar bulging or telescope eyes were originally developed by keeping the baby fish in an aquarium which was darkened all around by lacquering it black, leaving only a tiny pin-hole of light through which the sunlight streamed in. The little fish strained their eyes by gazing toward the light ray coming through the small aperture and so caused them to bulge. This cruelty is comparable to the binding of the Chinese women's feet.

These fish when grown to maturity and bred together perpetuated the bulging eyes and to-day they are a well-recognized species of a fairly permanent character. Nevertheless, a large percentage—more than half—of the

young of thoroughbred telescopes will have ordinary eyes, showing the tendency of Nature to revert to the original type.

The Ranchu or Lionhead goldfish is one of the oddest types and is rather more difficult to keep in the aquarium, as it seems to require more oxygen. Expert goldfish fanciers usually arrange to have dripping water connected with their Lionhead aquaria, with the necessary overflow to carry away the water in proportion to supply of fresh water coming in.

Many young Lionheads possess a back-fin or sometimes only a "spike" instead of a fin on the back. Both of these types are defective from the exhibitor's view-point. There should be no trace of a back-fin in a perfect Lionhead. But when it is crossed with the Broadtail or Veiltail, a fish is developed which has the body and head of the Lionhead with the high back-fin and big double tail of the Broadtail. This variety is known as the "Dutch Lionhead" or as the Japanese call it, the *Oranda Shishigashira*.

The so-called blue goldfish are more or less scaleless and the pigment cells of bronze or black under the pinky-white skin produce a bluish cast which is accentuated by dark pigment cells near the surface of the skin.

Sometimes the general effect is quite blue—until you begin to analyze it closely.

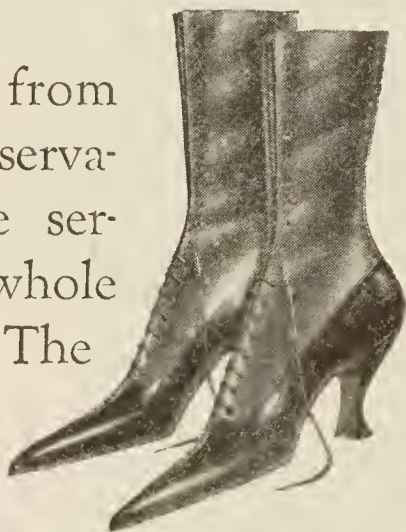
VERY high prices are paid for such rare specimens of goldfish as are shown on the color page. Not long ago as much as two hundred dollars was often paid for an extra fine Blue Broadtail. To-day the offspring of such specimens may be obtained for considerably less money as so many have been bred that the supply almost equals the demand.

A "happy family" aquarium affords its owner a great deal of pleasure and can indeed be called the "living jewel-case of the home."



## For Every Type of Foot

Satisfying every need, from lively style to smart conservatism, Dorothy Dodd shoe service is unexcelled in the whole range of apparel to-day. The Trade Mark stamped on every pair insures utmost satisfaction at all times.



*Well-dressed women in every community know the dainty grace and faultless fit of Dorothy Dodd shoes, and wear them exclusively.*

The reputation established through nearly two decades of service is maintained as ever in the quality and smart variety at Dorothy Dodd stores the country over. There you will find the best of the season's fashions — plus service and real satisfaction.



In Dorothy Dodd fine shoes "SHOE-SOAP" Kid has proved of exceptional value to women. The good will established by "Shoe-Soap" Kid in association with the Dorothy Dodd Trade Mark and the reputation of the dealer is complete assurance that women will continue to find in this leather the quality and service that they demand.

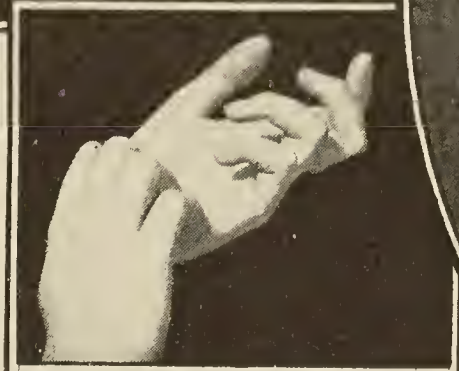
DOROTHY DODD SHOE COMPANY  
294 Centre Street  
Boston, Mass.



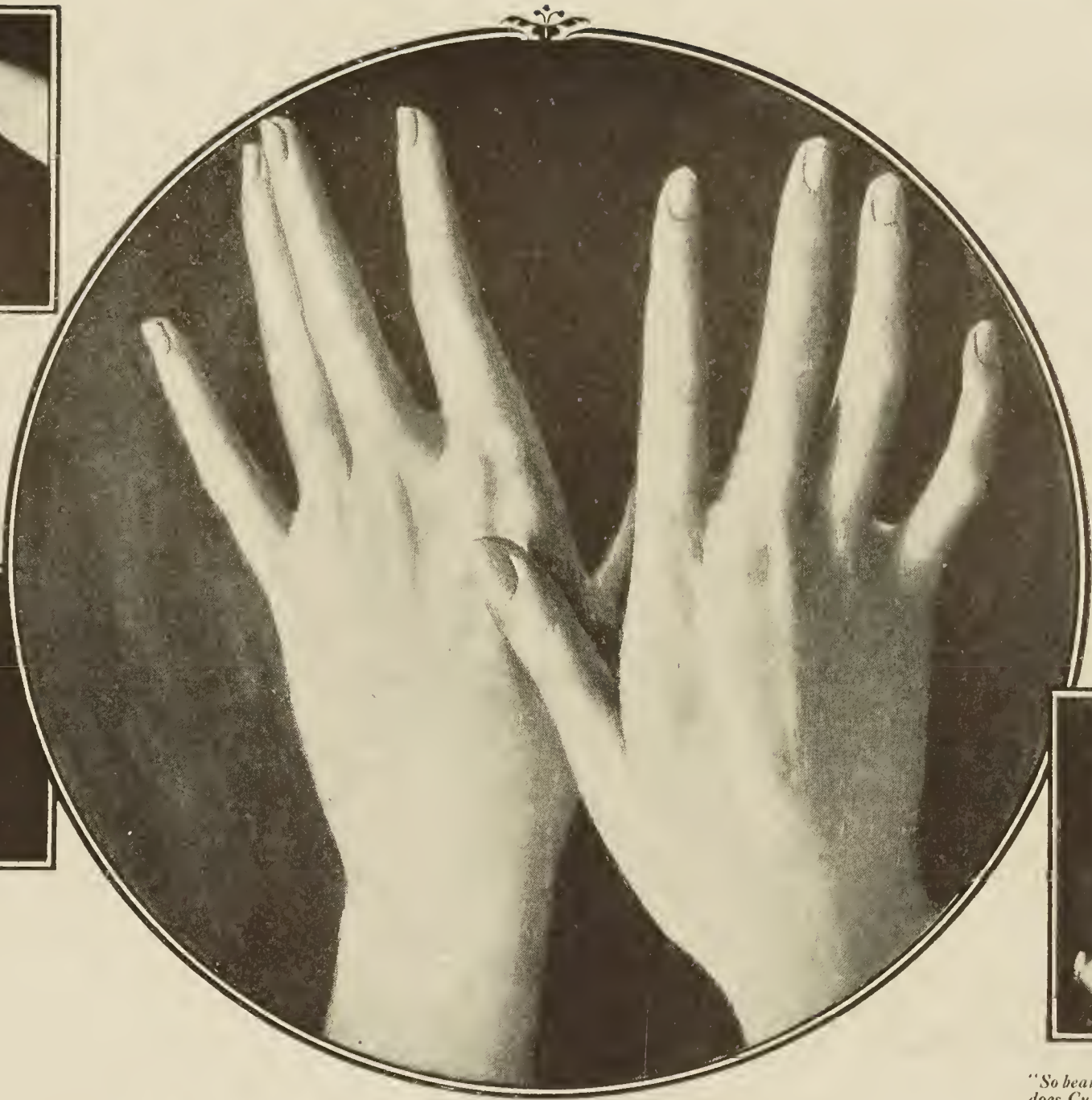
If you haven't yet tried Cutex, make up your mind to send for the trial set today. See how much better your nails look, after their first Cutex manicure!



Stains and discolorations disappear as if by magic the moment you apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails



A lasting brilliant gloss or a soft transparent finish, just as you prefer, you can get with Cutex Nail Polish



"So beautifully smooth and clean does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails, that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut" Geraldine Farrar

# How to keep your nails looking freshly manicured all the time

**Y**OUR nails look unbelievably lovely after their Cutex manicure! They are so shapely, so exquisitely groomed; the cuticle edge at their base is as smooth, firm and even as if you had just had a professional manicure. You are delighted with their appearance!

Keep them looking lovely always!

Spasmodic attention won't do it—having your nails manicured *occasionally* may only make the cuticle look worse, in the long run. But with a bottle of Cutex at hand, it is so easy to keep your cuticle *always* smooth and firm. It should be attended to as regularly as you file your nails.

*So little trouble, too*

Once or twice a week, according to the rapidity with which your cuticle grows, dip the end of an orange stick, wrapped with absorbent cotton, into your bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of each nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Carefully rinse the fingers in clear

water, pressing back the cuticle as you dry your hands. Then, during the day, whenever you dry your hands, push back the cuticle with a towel. This is all you need to do to keep your nails looking well-groomed all the time.

*Do away entirely with harmful cuticle cutting*

Thousands and thousands of women would tell you that they can, with Cutex, keep their nails always in noticeably lovely condition. Use it regularly, and you, too, will find that it does away entirely with the cuticle cutting and trimming that ruins the appearance of your nails.

Cutex exactly fills the need for a convenient, quick, safe cuticle remover. Get a bottle today at any drug or department store.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 70c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cuticle Comfort are also 35c.

*Send today for the complete manicure set shown below*

**I**f you have never given your nails a Cutex manicure, send today for this complete Cutex manicure set and see for yourself how attractive your nails can be made to look.

The set contains everything necessary for a complete Cutex manicure—the Cuticle Remover; the Nail White; the Paste Polish; the Cake Polish; the Cuticle Comfort; an emery board, an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Enough for several manicures! Send only 20c for it today.

Address Northam Warren, Dept. 94, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

*If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 94, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada*



*This set is complete! Enough for six perfect manicures. Send only 20c and let us mail you one!*

Cutex Powder Polish in the attractive new terry-like tube



MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN  
Dept. 94, 114 West 17th Street  
New York City

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





## It Belongs in the Picture

THE modern bathroom represents a sanitary protection to the family that the households of a decade ago did not know. And of equally great importance in personal hygiene is the use of ScotTissue. Even to those not familiar with the making of ScotTissue, as compared to ordinary toilet papers, the superiority of ScotTissue is apparent.

It is colorless—there are no short, harsh fibers—it is soft as old hankerchief linen. Your doctor will tell you the importance of such quality toilet paper.

From a health standpoint, ScotTissue is decidedly preferable. There are other reasons of economy that appeal to the purchaser who has learned the wisdom of thrift.

**ScotTissue goes further.** The 1000 perfect sheets in every roll of ScotTissue will do as much and give greater personal satisfaction than a greater number of sheets of the ordinary, cheaply made kind.

Bulky looking rolls that seem cheaper cost more in point of service. It's the counted sheets that count—plus the assurance of *personal hygiene*.

One week's use of ScotTissue makes it a fixed household necessity. Every roll is sealed to make it dustproof. Buy it by the dozen rolls.

Don't ask for "toilet paper"—ask for **ScotTissue**—it's the proper thing to do.

ScotTissue is becoming a staple with druggists, grocers, department stores, country stores—wherever toilet paper is sold.

**Scott Paper Company** Chester Pennsylvania

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

New York

San Francisco

Chicago

# ScottTissue

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

## SUNSHINE HOUSE NUMBER FIVE

BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

FOR the real mother and homemaker, I suppose the nursery and the kitchen rank as the two most important rooms in the house, not only in sanitary arrangements but in beauty and comfort. It is curious why, for so long a time in the past, we women put up with such ugly, inconvenient kitchens and such bare, unfriendly nurseries.

For, after all, the children's nursery days are the most important of their lives. The impressions they receive then are indelible. And the woman who does her work either in the city or the country knows how many hours a day she is surrounded by kitchen walls and how worth while it is to have lovely color on the walls, a comfortable chair, curtains, flowers and a convenient sink.

I suppose our nurseries were neglected large-

with quilted white muslin, on which is appliquéd patterns of hollyhocks in brilliant colors. The simplest furniture is used as a foundation.

In fact, this is a lovely way to do over a nursery for the second or third baby. One can hardly imagine a more hygienic or charming crib, chair or rocker for a baby's room than these bits of furniture finished with quilted covers, for the quiltings are removable and easily laundered.

Any sort of design can be appliquéd upon the white muslin.

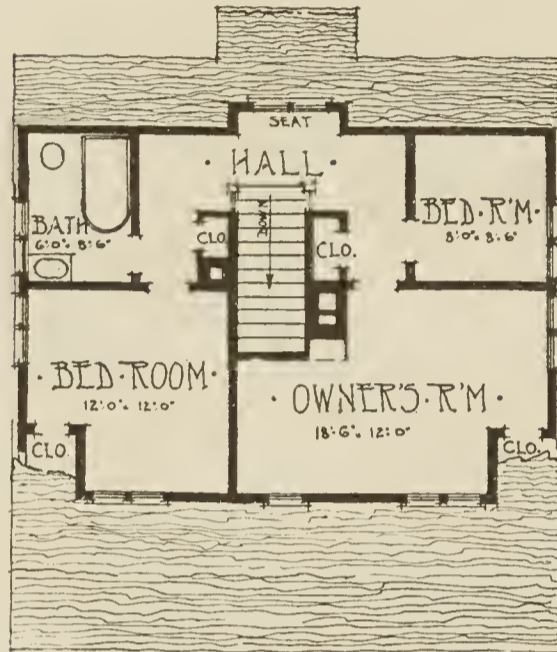
FOR older children, quaint designs in wood, brightly painted, are just as desirable as this quilted furniture. These designs can be made by the village carpenter.

No matter how simply a room is treated, the question of color must be studied. Curtains may be made in a dozen different ways, but the important idea is color, whether you are using chintz or cotton voile or calico or gingham.

It is a fine idea to have an interesting chest for the baby's toys. It may be a large Noah's Ark or just a square chest with a cover painted in bright colors. The important thing is that it belongs to the younger children and helps them to understand that neatness is essential in the nursery.

If rugs are used, and they are necessary only in front of the bed or crib, they should be preferably of bright colors and, if possible, washable.

YOU would be interested to know how easy it is, and how inexpensive, to make a really pretty nursery. I know one woman who made her curtains out of unbleached muslin with funny fairy-story pictures appliquéd on in orange and black and white. For her bedspread she dyed unbleached muslin an orange color, and bound it with black and white; her rug was a rag carpet in black and orange which the children braided and loved to step on because it was their own handiwork. The kind of dyes that are being put on the market now are sure in their results and easy to handle. You can change your room from a



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN OF SUNSHINE HOUSE SHOWN ON PAGE 17

ly because children are not apt to complain of anything but pain. It is the duty of the woman of the family to take the responsibility for the nursery. This is being done more and more every day until it is now the accepted thing for the nursery to be perfectly equipped in regard to plumbing and ventilation and to be exquisitely arranged from the point of view of sanitation. The architect to-day knows that the nursery must be on the sunny side of the house, that the south winds must sweep through it, and that there must be no nooks or crannies for dust.

WE HAVE come to a point now where we are questioning just what colors are the most beautiful and healthful in the nursery and just what kind of furniture is the most satisfactory. I am sure no woman to-day would plan to put blue paper or paint on the walls of her children's room, neither would she use a green. It is a scientific fact that blue is depressing and that green is exciting.

And she should be very sparing in the use of bright red, as it has been proved in laboratories and hospitals that while a little red is stimulating, constant association with red makes one nervous. It is an interesting fact that a room done entirely in pure white unrelieved by color also produces a sense of restlessness, especially in children.

It is a vital thing for children to receive interesting impressions, and in the nursery the facts that reach their minds and imagination should be really significant. A barren waste of white, however sanitary and simple, leaves the child dull and uninterested.

White walls and ceiling and woodwork are perfectly satisfactory if a gay and brilliant frieze, from "Alice in Wonderland" or from some delightful old nursery story-book, is added. Then there should be added bright rugs and gay coverlets and interesting pictures and warm, bright draperies at the windows.

The colors that are most satisfactory in the nursery are pale pink and rose and all shades of yellow from the palest cream to the most rich and beautiful orange. If blue is used, it should be combined with violet or orange. And if the room is white, then orange, emerald green or rose pillows should be used.

Of course a sky blue can be used as decoration in a room if the old-fashioned idea of delicate tones is desired for the nursery; but warm, rich colors against white backgrounds are the most interesting and healthful for the children.

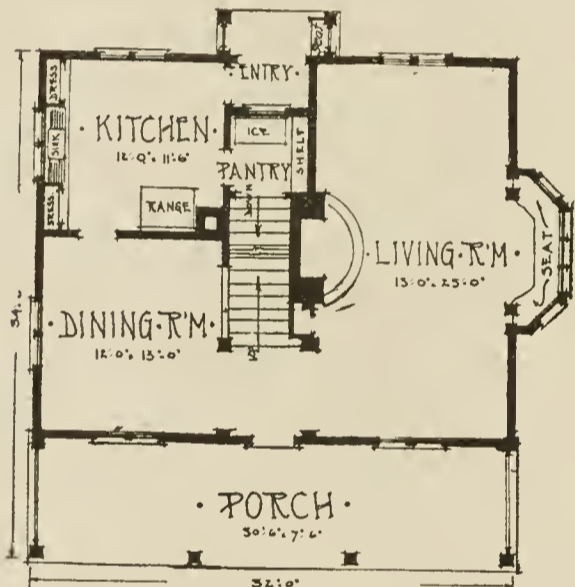
AS EVERY little girl should take sewing-lessons, it is a fine idea to let her make her own quilted bedspread out of her baby dresses or her mother's Summer dresses. It will teach her how to sew and add greatly to her interest in her surroundings. Incidentally, this scheme can be used to develop her color sense as well as stimulate her love of pretty possessions.

It is not at all a bad idea for a child to care for her own home surroundings and to understand whether they are attractive or ugly.

Fairy-stories make delightful subjects for friezes in the nursery, as do Christmas stories.

The pictures of Hans Christian Andersen's stories are full of interest, and if you want more up-to-date sketches, turn to some of the Boutet de Monvel pictures that illustrate the little French Christmas stories. I can tell you where to get any of these books if you will write to me enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

In the pictures of the Sunshine House, shown on page 17, you will find some novel ideas for baby furnishings. One room is completely outfitted with furniture covered



GROUND-FLOOR PLAN OF SUNSHINE HOUSE SHOWN ON PAGE 17

dingy, dusty spot with a few quarts of paint and a few packages of dye.

Sunshine House Number Five, which we are showing this month, is so planned that it can be used with or without a maid. It can be built in the first place for a fairly small family who do their own housework. Then later the second floor can be finished with a sewing-room, a maid's room and a bath.

A perfectly charming home is to be found on the first floor. If you will look at the floor-plan, you will find how very practical it is in design—the living-room connected with the dining-room, the kitchen connected with both the dining-room and the hallway and an outdoor porch, and the bedrooms completely separated by a hall from the living part of the house.

I think it is, in fact, one of the most practical one-floor architectural designs that I have ever seen, one in which there are just two aims—comfort and the saving of steps.

OF COURSE all the beauty in the world may be added by the wise use of color. Outside the house is concrete with hollow-tile construction, and the roof is of tile with brilliant colors. A Spanish effect is given by the arching of the roof-tree and windows. The construction of the house is so simple that much of its beauty must depend on vines planted about it. In a cold country where the vines die down in the winter, panels of bright-colored lattice-work could be placed to give ornamentation.

If you are interested in the fitting up of these nurseries, in the building of the house, in the planting about it, write to me and I shall be only too glad to give you any help—or if you wish any variation in color in the working out of these plans, let me know. If you want to know more about the use of brilliant color in your home, the color that will wear best, that will best suit certain rooms and the temperaments of certain people, if you want advice about materials and designs, let me help you.

It will be a rare investment for any home-loving DELINEATOR reader to watch the floor-plans of the Sunshine House every month very carefully, and, when the right one is found, to write at once for further details.

Write to me, addressing your letters to Mary Fanton Roberts, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



NICE CLEAN FOOD  
in nice clean  
WOOD

# BARRELS:

Enjoyment of good food consists in *sight* and *thought* as much as in taste and smell. The appeal of a well-dressed table, dainty service and artistic cookery, would go for naught if there lurked in our minds any thought of unpleasant contacts that the food might have had in its travels to our palates.

"On whose strong shoulders rode that bag?" "I don't know."—"Where was it stored in transit, and was the floor clean?" "I don't know."—"What innocent little creatures (not knowing that *we* cared) lived around there?" "Heavens! I don't know."—"How well kept were the freight-car and the shed, or the boat and the dock, that harbored this absorbent food while it was en route to our own clean pantry?" "Well, I guess I don't know."

**BUT WE CARE**—*Yes, we care a good deal!*

And this we DO know—nice, cleanly wooden barrels *keep in* the purity and quality that the high-class manufacturer *puts in*. And nice, cleanly wooden barrels *keep out* (more effectively than does any other package) the various contaminations that beset all food in handling and transport.

## THOUGHTFUL WOMEN KNOW

that a food-package which is non-absorbent of all contaminations is much to be desired.

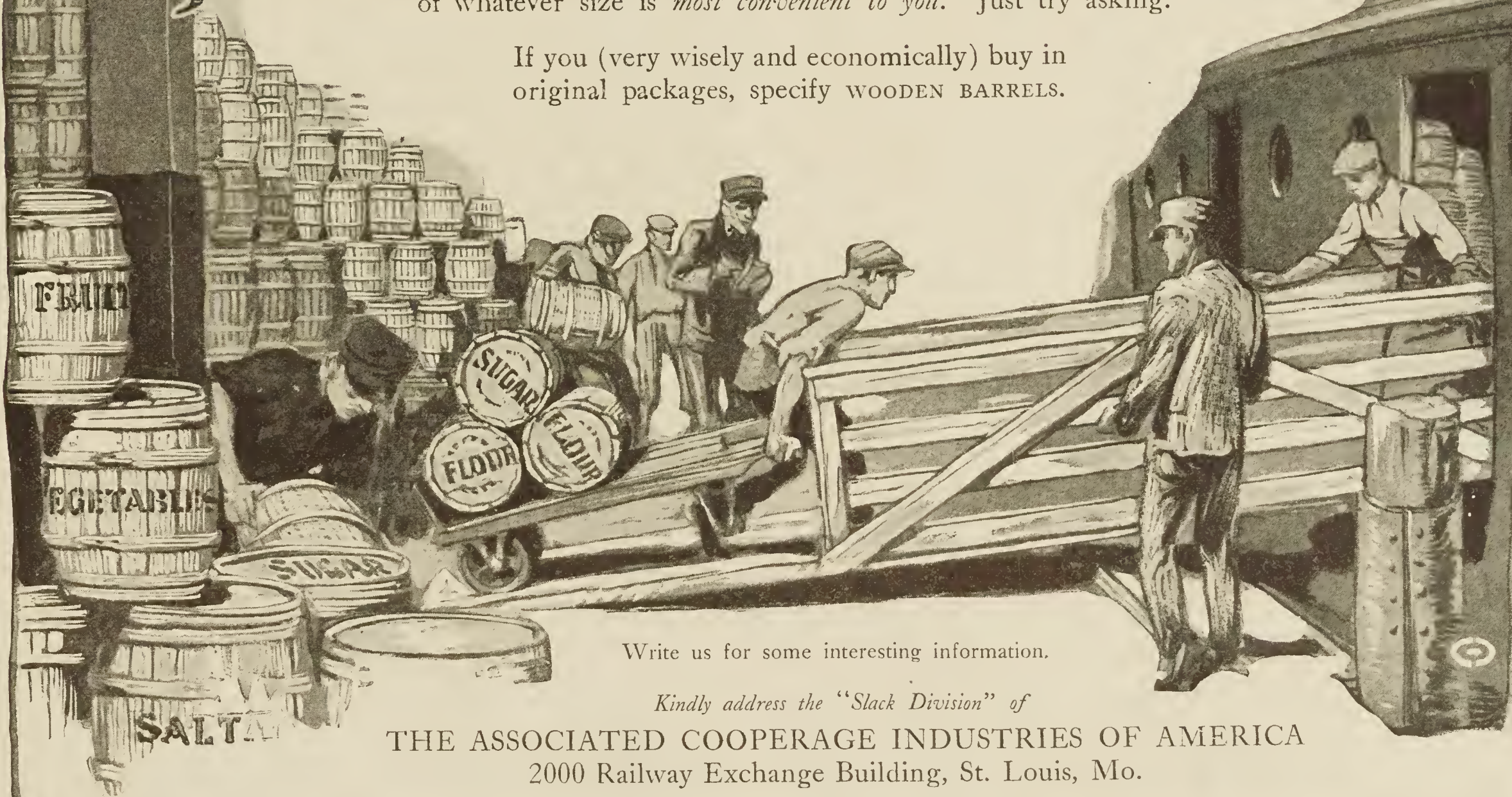
Our flour, our sugar, our salt, our rice, our vegetables and our fruits should come to our tables free of all haunting suspicion of unpleasant contacts—whether human or otherwise—thoughts of all or any of which may reasonably enter our minds when we eat food that has come to us in absorbent containers. "Absorbent containers always absorb whatever is handiest."

The well-understood risks are pretty well defeated by your simple insistence that *your* good food shall be shipped in

## Good New-fashioned Wooden Barrels

of whatever size is *most convenient to you*. Just try asking.

If you (very wisely and economically) buy in original packages, specify WOODEN BARRELS.



Write us for some interesting information.

Kindly address the "Slack Division" of

THE ASSOCIATED COOPERAGE INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA  
2000 Railway Exchange Building, St. Louis, Mo.

(At least drop us a postal and ask us why we call ourselves the "SLACK" Division)



# THE PORTYGEE

ALBERT shivered. The girl with the dark eyes flashed a quick glance at him. "I think perhaps some one went by the window when it was open just now," she suggested. "Perhaps they were smoking and the smoke blew in."

"Eh? Well, maybe. Must have been a mighty rank cigaret to smell up the whole premises like this just goin' past a window."

"Whew! Gosh! No wonder they say them things are rank p'ison. I'd sooner smoke skunk-cabbage myself; 'twouldn't smell no worse and 'twould be a dum sight safer. Whew!

"Wull, Helen, there's about the kind of hook I cal'late you need. Fifteen cents'll let you out on that. Cheap enough for half the money, eh? Give my respects to your pa, will ye? Tell him that sermon he preached last Sunday was fine. So long, Helen."

"Oh, say," he added as an afterthought, "I guess you and Albert ain't been introduced, have ye? Albert, this is Helen Kendall; she's our Orthodox minister's daughter."

"Helen, this young feller is Albert—er—er—Consarn it, I've asked Cap'n 'Lote that name a dozen times if I have once! What is it, anyway?"

"Speranza," replied the owner of the name.

"THAT'S it, Sperandy. This is Albert Sperandy, Cap'n 'Lote's grandson." Albert and Miss Kendall shook hands.

"Thanks," said the former, gratefully and significantly.

The young lady smiled. "Oh, you're welcome," she said. "I knew who you were all the time—or I guessed who you must be. Cap'n Snow told me you were coming."

She went out. Issachar, staring after her, chuckled admiringly. "Smartest girl in this town," he observed dogmatically. "Head of her class up to high school, and only sixteen and three-quarters at that."

Captain Zelotes came bustling in a few minutes later. He went to his desk, paying little attention to his grandson.

The latter loitered idly up and down the office and hardware shop, watching Issachar wait on customers or rush shouting into the yard to attend to the wants of others there. Plainly this was Issachar's busy day.

"Crimus!" he exclaimed, returning from one such excursion and mopping his forehead. "This doin' two men's work ain't no fun. Every time Labe goes on a time seems 's if trade was brisker'n it's been for a month. Seems 's if all creation and part of East Harniss had been hangin' back waitin' till he had a shade on 'fore they come to trade."

"Makes a feller feel like votin' the Prohibition ticket. I would vote it, by crimustee, if I thought 'twould do any good. 'Twouldn't, though; Labe would take to drinkin' bay rum or Florida water or somethin', same as Hoppy Rogers done when he was alive."

"JIM YOUNG says he went into Hoppy's barber-shop once and there was Hoppy with a bottle of a new kind of hair-tonic in his hand. 'Drummer left it for a sample,' says Hoppy. 'Wanted me to try it, and if I liked it he cal'lated maybe I'd buy some. I don't think I shall, though,' he says. 'Don't taste right to me.'"

"Yes, sir, Jim Young swears that's true. Wa'n't enough snake-killer in that hair-tonic to suit Hoppy. I— Yes, Cap'n 'Lote, what is it? Want me, do ye?"

But the captain did not, as it happened, want Mr. Price at that time. It was Albert whose name he had called. The boy went into the office and his grandfather rose and shut the door.

"Sit down, Al," he said, motioning toward a chair. When his grandson had seated himself Captain Zelotes tilted back his own desk-chair upon its springs and looked at him.

"Well, son," he said after a moment, "what do you think of it?"

"Think of it? I don't know exactly what—"

"Of the place here. Shop, yards, the whole business. Z. Snow & Co.—what do you think of it?"

Privately Albert was inclined to classify the entire outfit as "one-horse" and countrified, but he deemed it wiser not to express this opinion. So he compromised and replied that it "seemed to be all right."

HIS grandfather nodded. "Thanks," he observed dryly. "Glad you find it that way. Well, then, changin' the subject for a minute or two: What do you think about yourself?"

"About myself? About me? I don't understand."

"No, I don't suppose you do. That's what I got you over here this mornin' for, so as we could understand—you and me. Al, have you given any thought to what you're goin' to do from this on? How you're goin' to live?"

Albert looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"How I'm going to live?" he repeated.

"Why—why, I thought—I supposed I was going to live with you—with you and grandmother."

"Um-hm, I see."

"I just kind of took that for granted, I guess. You sent for me to come here. You took me away from school, you know."

"Yes, so I did. You know why I took you from school?"

"No; I—I guess I don't, exactly. I thought—I supposed it was because you didn't want me to go there any more."

"'Twasn't that. I don't know whether I would have wanted you to go there or not, if things had been different. From what I hear it was a pretty extravagant place, and, lookin' at it from the outside without knowin' too much about it, I should say it was liable to put a lot of foolish and expensive notions into a boy's head. I may be wrong, of course; I have been at least a few times in my life."

It was evident that he considered the chances of his being wrong in this instance very remote.

His tone again aroused in the youth the feeling of obstinacy, of rebellion, of desire to take the other side.

"It is one of the best schools in this country," he declared. "My father said so."

Captain Zelotes picked up a pencil on his desk and tapped his chin lightly with the blunt end.

"UM," HE mused. "Well, I presume likely he knew all about it."

"He knew as much as—most people," with a slight but significant hesitation before the "most."

"Um-hm. Naturally, havin' been schooled there himself, I suppose."

"He wasn't schooled there. My father was a Spaniard."

"So I've heard. Well, we're kind of off the subject, ain't we? Let's leave your father's nationality out of it for a while."

"And we'll leave the school, too; because no matter if it was the best one on earth you couldn't go there. I shouldn't feel 'twas right to spend as much money as that at any school and you—well, son, you ain't got it to spend. Did you have any idea what your father left you in the way of tangible assets?"

"No. I know he had plenty of money, always. He was one of the most famous singers in this country."

"Maybe so."

"It was so," hotly. "And he was paid enough in one week to buy this whole town—or almost. Why, my father—"

"Sssh! Sssh!"

"No, I'm not going to hush. I'm proud of my father. He was a—great man. And—and I'm not going to stand here and have you—"

Between indignation and emotion he choked and could not finish the sentence. The tears came to his eyes.

"I'm not going to have you or any one else talk about him that way," he concluded fiercely.

His grandfather regarded him with a steady, but not at all unkindly, gaze.

"I AIN'T runnin' down your father, Albert," he said.

"Yes, you are. You hated him. Anybody could see you hated him."

The captain slowly rapped the desk with the pencil. He did not answer at once.

"Well," he said after a moment, "I don't know as I ought to deny that. I don't know as I can deny it and be honest. Years ago he took away from me what amounted to three-quarters of everything that made my life worth while."

"Some day you'll know more about it than you do now, and maybe you'll understand my p'int of view better. No, I didn't like your father— Eh? What was you sayin'?"

Albert, who had nattered something, was rather confused. However, he did not attempt to equivocate.

"I said I guessed that didn't make much difference to father," he answered sullenly.

"I presume likely it didn't. But we won't go into that question now. What I'm tryin' to get at in this talk we're havin' is you and your future."

"Now you can't go back to school because you can't afford it. All your father left when he died was—this is the honest truth I'm tellin' you now, and if I'm puttin' it pretty blunt it's because I always think it's best to get a bad mess out of the way in a hurry—all your father left was debts. He didn't leave money enough to bury him, hardly."

The boy stared at him aghast. His grandfather, leaning a little toward him, would have put a hand on his knee, but the knee was jerked out of the way.

"THERE, that's over, Al," went on Captain Zelotes. "You know the worst now and you can say, 'What of it?'"

"I mean just that: what of it? Bein' left without a cent, but with your health and a fair chance to make good—that, at eighteen, ain't a bad lookout, by any manner of means. It's the outlook I had at fifteen—exceptin' the chance—and I ain't asked many favors of anybody since."

"At your age, or a month or two older, do you know where I was? I was first mate of a three-masted schooner. At twenty I was skipper; and at twenty-five, by the Almighty, I owned a share in her."

"Al, all you need now is a chance to go to work. And I'm goin' to give you that chance."

Albert gasped. "Do you mean—do you mean I've got to be a—sailor?" he stammered.

Captain Zelotes put back his head and laughed, laughed aloud.

"A sailor!" he repeated. "Ho, ho! No wonder you looked scared. No, I wa'n't cal'latin' to make a sailor of you, son."

"For one reason, sailorin' ain't what it used to be, and, for another, I have my doubts whether a young feller of your bringin' up would make much of a go handin' a bunch of fo'mast hands the first day out."

"No, I wasn't figgerin' to send you to sea. What do you suppose I brought you down to this place for this mornin'?"

AND then Albert understood. He knew why he had been conducted through the lumber-yards, about the hardware shop, which his grandfather and Mr. Price had taken so much pains to exhibit and explain. His heart sank.

"I brought you down here," continued the captain, "because it's a first-rate idea to look a vessel over before you ship aboard her. It's kind of late to back out after you have shipped."

"Ever since I made up my mind to send for you and have you live along with your grandmother and me I've been plannin' what to do with you. I knew, if you was a decent, ambitious young chap, you'd want to do somethin' toward makin' a start in life."

"We can use—that is, this business can use—that kind of a chap right now. He could learn to keep books and know lumber and

Continued on page 70



## Costs 15 Cents

As Much as 15 Dishes of Delicious Quaker Oats

A serving of bacon and eggs, at this writing, costs the housewife about 15 cents.

It supplies about 250 calories—the energy measure of food value.

That 15c would buy about 15 dishes of Quaker Oats. And they would supply 2,500 calories of food.

### Compare Food Values

Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories per pound. Round steak yields 890. So oats are twice as nutritious as beef, measured on the calory basis.

The cost of some necessary foods at this writing will average about as follows:

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats . . . . .	5½c
Average Meats . . . . .	45c
Fish about . . . . .	50c
Eggs . . . . .	60c
Vegetables . . . . .	11c to 75c

This doesn't mean to eat oats alone. One needs variety.

But Quaker Oats is the supreme basic breakfast. It costs one-ninth what meat and eggs cost for the same calory value. And the oat is the greatest food that grows.

# Quaker Oats

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Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. By discarding all the small grains we get a delightful flavor.

Oat lovers all the world over send here for Quaker Oats.

You get all this flavor without extra price when you specify Quaker Oats.

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Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover





FINE QUALITY, PERFECT FIT AND COMFORT and warmth—that's what you get just by saying "*Mérode*" or "*Harvard Mills*" when you ask for underwear. It is certainly worth remembering the names!

Quality is expressed by every detail of this beautiful underwear. You see it in the soft fabrics and the exquisite finish of every garment. You feel it in the smooth Flatlock seam and the perfect fit—no uncomfortable ridges nor wrinkles anywhere.

For "*Mérode*" and "*Harvard Mills*" underwear is cut by hand and shrunk so it keeps its faultless shape and tailored fit through countless tubbings.

Comfortable armholes, shaped sleeves, correctly fitted necks, tightly sewed on buttons and unstretchable button-holes appeal to all women.

In all weights of cotton, merino and silk mixtures and models with high, Duchess or low neck, with or without sleeves, knee or ankle length. In vests, drawers, tights and the popular union suits for women, girls and children. Extra sizes for tall and stout women.

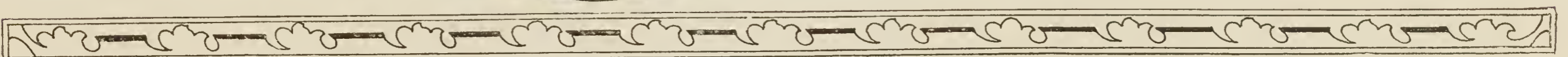
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Sold by all the leading shops at attractive prices. If you cannot secure just what you want, write direct to us.

**Winship, Boit & Co., Wakefield, Mass.**

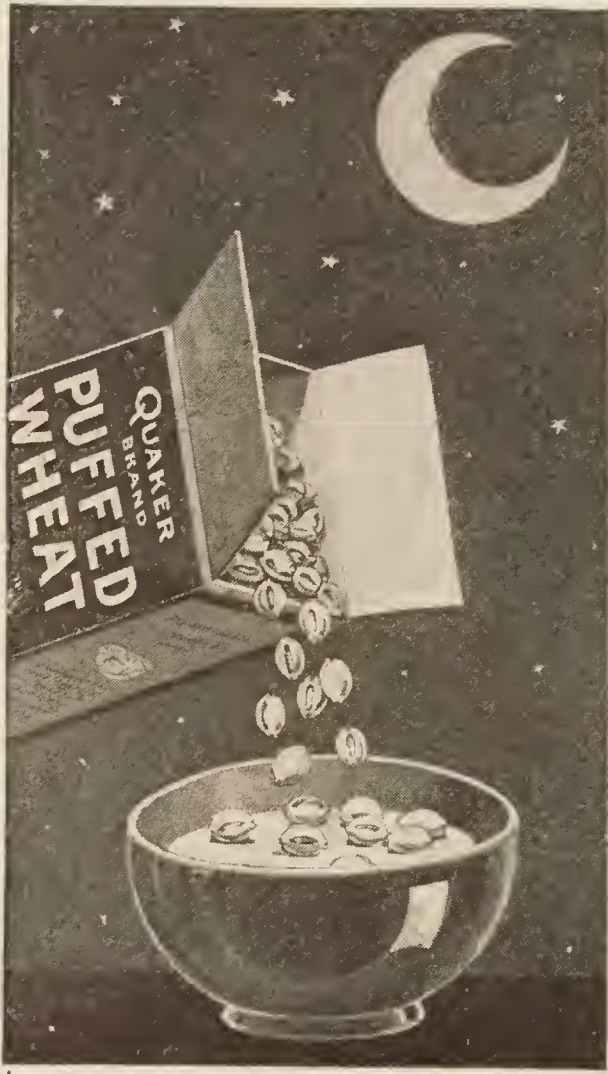
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*"Mérode"*  
and  
*"Harvard Mills"*  
(Hand-finished)  
*Underwear*



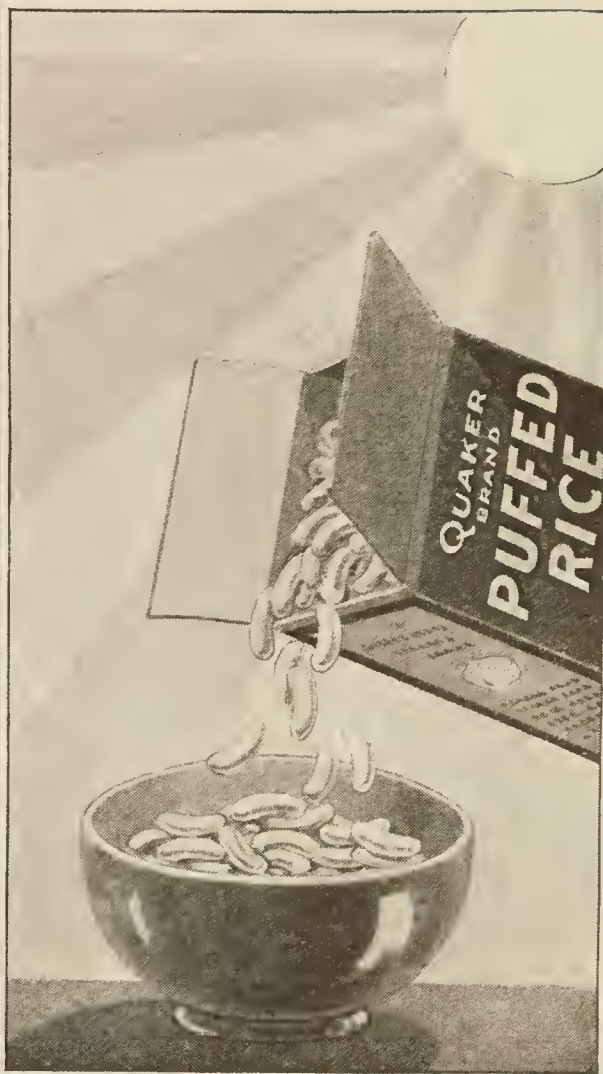


# THE PORTYGEE



**At Night**

Puffed Wheat—thin, toasted whole-wheat bubbles—in a bowl of milk.



**Mornings**

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs with cream and sugar or mixed with any fruit.

## All Foods in One

Puffed Wheat in milk forms practically a complete food. All the needed elements, including minerals and vitamins, are there.

In Puffed Wheat, every food cell is exploded so that every atom is fitted to digest.

So this is the perfect dish for every hungry hour. It's a fascinating food. It doesn't tax the stomach. It supplies essential elements which most foods lack.

### Toasted Bubble Grains

Here are two whole grains—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed.

All are steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. In fact, a hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

They come as airy, flaky globules, flimsy in texture, nut-like in their taste. To millions of children they seem like fairy foods.

There are scores of ways to serve them. One is to crisp and butter for children to eat dry. Use like nut meats in home candy making—scatter in your soups.

As breakfast dainties they hold premier place. And nothing makes the milk dish so attractive.

Don't make them occasional foods. The three kinds offer variety.

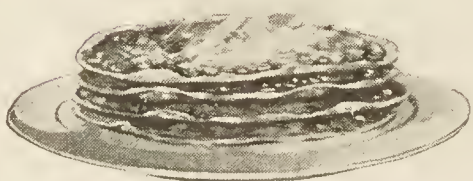
The more children eat the better. The less they eat the more they want of something not so good.

**Puffed Wheat      Puffed Rice      Corn Puffs**  
**Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour**

### Nutty, Fluffy Pancakes

Made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour Mixture

Now we offer another delight in pancake flour containing ground Puffed Rice. It makes such pancakes as you've never tasted. Try it. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. Our experts worked for two years to secure this ideal blend.



**The Quaker Oats Company**  
 Sole Makers

(3228)

hardware and how to sell and how to buy. He can't earn the whole thing.

"There's a chance here, son. It's your chance; I'm givin' it to you. How big a chance it turns out to be'll depend on you, yourself."

He stopped. Albert was silent. His thoughts were confused, but out of their dismayed confusion two or three fixed ideas reared themselves like crags from a whirlpool.

He was to live in South Harniss always—always: he was to keep books—Heavens, how he hated mathematics, detail work of any kind!—for drunken old Keeler; he was to "heave lumber" with Issy Price. He—Oh, it was dreadful! It was horrible! He couldn't! He wouldn't! He—

Captain Zelotes had been watching him, his heavy brows drawing closer together as the boy delayed answering.

"Well?" he asked, after another minute. "Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes."

"Understood, did you?"

"Yes—sir."

"Well?"

Albert was clutching at straws. "I—I don't know how to keep books," he faltered.

"I didn't suppose you did. Don't imagine they teach anything as practical as book-keepin' up at that school of yours. But you can't earn, can't you?"

"I—I guess so."

"I GUESS so, too. Good Lord, I hope so! Humph! You don't seem to be jumpin' for joy over the prospect. There's a half-dozen smart young fellers here in South Harniss that would, I tell you that."

Albert devoutly wished they had jumped—and landed—before his arrival. His grandfather's tone grew more brusque.

"Don't you want to work?" he demanded.

"Why, yes, I—I suppose I do. I—I hadn't thought much about it."

"Humph! Then I think it's time you begun. Hadn't you had any notion of what you wanted to do when you got out of that school of yours?"

"I was going to college."

"Humph! Yes, I presume likely. Well, after you got out of college, what was you plannin' to do then?"

"I wasn't sure. I thought I might do something with my music. I can play a little. I can't sing—that is, not well enough."

"If I could," wistfully, "I should have liked to be in opera, as father was, of course."

Captain Zelotes's only comment was a sniff or snort, or combination of both. Albert went on.

"I had thought of writing—writing books and poems, you know. I've written quite a good deal for the school magazine. And I think I should like to be an actor, perhaps."

"Good Lord!" His grandfather's fist came down upon the desk before him. Slowly he shook his head.

"A—a poetry writer and an actor!" he repeated "Whew! Well, there! Perhaps maybe we hadn't better talk any more just now."

"YOU can have the rest of the day to run around town and sort of get acquainted, if you want to. Then to-morrow mornin' you and I'll come over here together and we'll begin to break you in."

"I shouldn't wonder," he added dryly, "if you found it kind of dull at first—compared to that school and poetry-makin' and such—but it'll be respectable and it'll pay for board and clothes and somethin' to eat once in a while, which may not seem so important to you now as 'twill later on."

"And some day I cal'late—anyhow we'll hope—you'll be mighty glad you did it."

Poor Albert looked and felt anything but glad just then. Captain Zelotes, his hands in his pockets, stood regarding him. He, too, did not look particularly happy.

"You'll remember," he observed, "or perhaps you don't know, that when your father asked us to look out for you—"

Albert interrupted. "Did—did father ask you to take care of me?" he cried in surprise.

"Un-hm. He asked somebody who was with him to ask us to do just that."

The boy drew a long breath. "Well, then," he said hopelessly, "I'll—I'll try."

"Thanks. Now you run around town and see the sights. Dinner's at half-past twelve prompt, so be on hand for that."

After his grandson had gone, the captain, hands still in his pockets, stood for some time looking out of the window. At length he spoke aloud.

"A PLAY actor or a poetry-writer!" he exclaimed. "Tut, tut, tut! No use talkin', blood will tell!"

Issachar, who was putting coal on the office fire, turned his head.

"Eh?" he queried.

"Nothin'," said Captain Lote.

He would have been surprised if he could have seen his grandson just at that moment.

Albert, on the beach whither he had strayed in his desire to be alone, safely hidden from observation behind a sand dune, was lying with his head upon his arms and sobbing bitterly.

A disinterested person might have decided that the interview which had just taken place and which Captain Zelotes hopefully told his wife that morning would probably result in "a clear, com' table understandin' between the boy and me"—such a disinterested person might have decided that it had resulted in exactly the opposite.

THE next morning, with much the same feeling that a convict must experience when he enters upon a life imprisonment, Albert entered the employ of "Z. Snow & Co., Lumber and Builders' Hardware."

The day, he would have sworn it, was at least a year long. The interval between breakfast and dinner was quite six months, yet the dinner hour itself was the shortest sixty minutes he had ever known.

Mr. Keeler had not yet returned to his

labors, so there was no instruction in book-keeping, but his grandfather gave him letters to file and long, dreary columns of invoice figures to add.

Twice Captain Zelotes went out and then, just as Albert settled back for a rest and breathing-spell, Issachar Price appeared, warned apparently by some sort of devilish intuition, and invented, "checking up stock" and similar menial and tiresome tasks to keep him uncomfortable till the captain returned.

THE customers who came in asked questions concerning him and he was introduced to at least a dozen citizens of South Harniss, who observed "Sho!" and, "I want to know!" when told his identity and, in some instances, addressed him as "Bub," which was of itself a crime deserving capital punishment.

That night, as he lay in bed in the back bedroom, he fell asleep facing the dreary prospect of another monotonous imprisonment the following day, and the next day, and the day after that, and after that—and after that—and so on—and on—and on—forever and ever, as long as life should last. Night after night he fell asleep vowing to run away, to do all sorts of desperate deeds, and morning after morning he went back to that office.

On the fourth morning the prodigal came home, the stray lamb reentered the fold—Mr. Keeler returned to his desk and his duties.

There was a premonition of his return at the Snow breakfast-table. For three days Mrs. Ellis had swathed her head in white and her soul in black. For three days her favorite accompaniment to conversation had been a groan or a sigh.

Now, on this fourth morning, she appeared without the bandage on her brow or the crepe upon her spirit. She was not hilarious, but she did not groan once, and twice during the meal she actually smiled. Captain Lote commented upon the change, she being absent from table momentarily.

"Whew!" he observed in an undertone addressing his wife. "If it ain't a comfort to see the wrinkles on Rachel's face curvin' up instead of down! I'm scared to death that she'll go out some time in a cold spell when she's havin' one of these 'sympathetic' of hers, and her face'll freeze that way."

"WELL, Albert," turning to his grandson, "the colors 'll be h'isted to the truck now instead of half-mast and life'll be somethin' besides one everlastin' 'last look at the remains.' Now we can take off the mournin' till the next funeral."

"Yes," said Olive, "and Labe'll be back, too. I'm sure you must have missed him awfully, Zelotes."

"Missed him! I should say so. For one thing, I miss havin' him between me and Issy. When Labe's there is talks to him and Labe keeps on thinkin' of somethin' else and so it don't worry him any. I can't do that, and my eardrums get to wearin' thin and that makes me nervous. Maybe you've noticed that Issy's flow of conversation ain't what you'd call a trickle," he added, turning to Albert.

Albert had noticed it. "But," he asked, "what makes Rachel—Mrs. Ellis—so cheerful this morning? Does she know that Mr. Keeler will be back at work? How does she know? She hasn't seen him, has she?"

"No," replied the captain. "She ain't seen him. Nobody sees him, far's that goes. He generally clears out of town somewheres and locks himself up in a room, I judge, till his vacation's over. I suppose that's one way to have fun, but it ain't what I'd call hilarious."

"Don't, Zelotes," said Mrs. Snow. "I do wish you wouldn't call it fun."

"I don't, but Labe seems to. If he don't do it for fun I don't know what he does it for. Maybe it's from a sense of duty. It ain't to oblige me, I know that."

Albert repeated his question. "But how does she know he will be back to-day?" he asked.

HIS grandmother shook her head. "That's the mysterious part about it," she whispered. "It makes a person think there may be somethin' in the 'sympathetic' notion she talks so much about. She don't see him at all and yet we can always tell when he's comin' back to work by her spirits."

"If he ain't back to-day he will be to-morrow, you'll see. She never misses by more than a day. I think it's real sort of mysterious, but Zelotes laughs at me."

Captain Lote's lip twitched. "Yes, mother," he said; "it's about as mysterious as the clock's strikin' twelve when it's noon. I know it's morally sartin that Labe'll be back aboard to-day or to-morrow, because his sprees don't ever last more than five days. I can't swear to how she knows, but that's how I know—and I'm darned sure there's no 'sympathy' about my part."

Then, as if realizing that he had talked more than usual, he called brusquely:

"Come on, Al, come on. Time we were on the job, boy."

SURE enough, as they passed the window of the office, there, seated on the stool behind the tall desk, Albert saw the diminutive figure of the man who had been his driver on the night of his arrival. He was curious to see how the delinquent would apologize for or explain his absence.

But Mr. Keeler did neither, nor did Captain Snow ask a question. Instead the pair greeted each other as if they had parted in that office at the close of business on the previous day.

"Mornin', Cap'n Lote," said Labe, quietly.

"Mornin', Labe," replied the captain just as calmly.

He went to and opened his own desk, leaving his grandson standing by the door, not knowing whether to speak or offer to shake hands. The situation was a little difficult, particularly as Mr. Keeler gave no sign of





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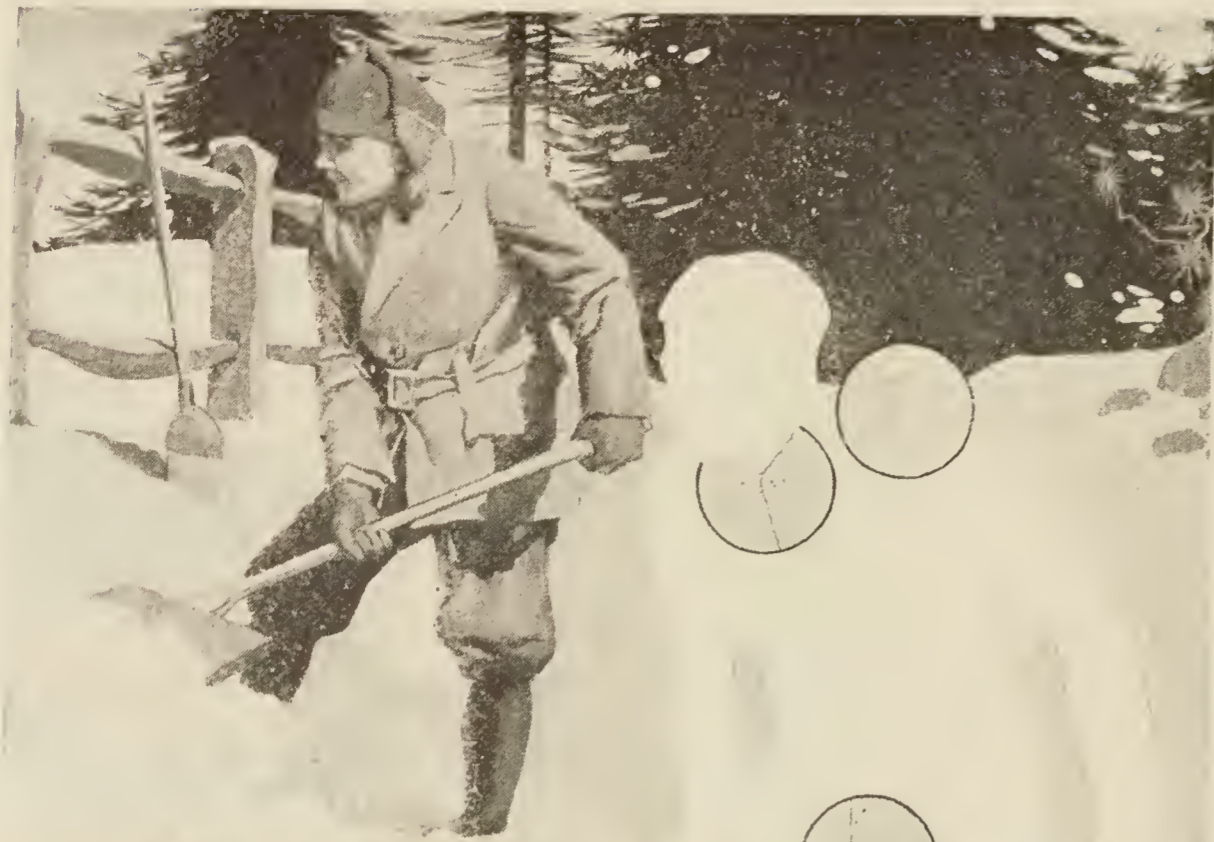
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Continued from page 70

## THE PORTYGEE

recognition, but, after a glance at his employer's companion, went on making entries in the ledger.

Captain Zelotes looked up a moment later. His gray eyes inspected the pair and the expression on Albert's face caused them to twinkle slightly.

"Labe," he said, "this is my grandson, Albert, the one I told you was comin' to live with us."

Laban turned on the stool, regarded Albert over his spectacles, and extended a hand.

"Pleased to meet you," he said. "Yes, yes—yes, yes, yes. Pleased to meet you, Cap'n Lote said you was comin'—er—er—Alfred. Howdy do."

They shook hands. Mr. Keeler's hand trembled a little, but that was the only symptom of his recent "vacation" which the youth could notice. Certain vivid remembrances of his father's bad humor on mornings following convivial evenings recurred to him.

Was it possible that this odd, precise, dried-up little man had been on a spree for four days? It did not seem possible. He looked more as if he might be expected to rap on the desk and ask the school to come to order.

"Albert's goin' to take hold here with us in the office," went on Captain Lote. "You'll remember I spoke to you about that when we talked about his comin'. Al, Labe—Mr. Keeler, here—will start you in P'arnin' to bookkeep."

"H'ELL be your first mate from now on. Don't forget you're a fo'mast hand yet a while and the way for a fo'mast hand to get ahead is to obey orders."

"And don't," he added with a quiet chuckle, "do any play-actin' or poetry-makin' when it's your watch on deck. Laban nor I ain't very strong for poetry, are we, Labe?"

Laban, to whom the reference was anything but clear, replied rather vaguely that he didn't know as he was, very. Albert's temper flared up again. His grandfather was sneering at him once more; he was always sneering at him.

All right, let him sneer—now. Some day he would be shown. He scowled and turned away.

And Captain Zelotes, noticing the scowl, was reminded of a scowl he had seen upon the face of a Spanish opera-singer some twenty years before. He did not like to be reminded of that man.

He went out soon afterward and then Laban, turning to Albert, asked a few questions.

"How do you think you're goin' to like South Harniss, Ansel?" he asked.

Albert was tempted to reply that he, Keeler, had asked him that very question before, but he thought it best not to do so.

"I don't know yet," he answered carelessly. "Well enough, I guess."

"You'll like it fast-rate bimeby. Everybody does when they get used to it. Takes some time to get used to a place; don't you know it does, Ansel?"

"My name is Albert."

"EH? YES, yes, so 'tis. Yes, yes, yes."

I don't know why I called you Ansel, 'less 'twas on account of my knowin' an Ansel Olseu once. Hum. Yes, yes. Well, you'll like South Harniss when you get used to it."

The boy did not answer. He was of the opinion that he should die long before the "getting used" process was completed. Mr. Keeler continued:

"Come on yesterday's train, did you?" he asked.

Albert looked at him. Was the fellow joking? He did not look as if he was.

"Why, no," he replied. "I came last Monday night. Don't you remember?"

"Eh? Oh, yes—yes, yes, yes. Last Monday night you come, eh? On the night train, eh?" He hesitated a moment and then asked: "Cap'n Lote fetch you down from the depot?"

Albert stared at him open-mouthed.

"Why, no!" he retorted. "You drove me down yourself."

For the first time a slight shade of embarrassment crossed the bookkeeper's features. He drew a long breath.

"Yes," he mused. "Yes, yes, yes, I kind of thought I—yes, yes, I—I thought likely I did. Yes, yes, 'course I did, 'course I did. Well, now, maybe we'd better be startin' you in to work—er—Augustus. Know anything about double-entry, do you?"

ALBERT did not, nor had he the slightest desire to learn. But before that first hour was over he foresaw that he was destined to learn, if he remained in that office, whether he wanted to or not.

Laban Keeler might be, and evidently was, peculiar in his ways, but as a bookkeeper he was thoroughness personified. And as a teacher of his profession he was just as thorough.

All that forenoon Albert practised the first principles of "double-entry" and, after the blessed hour for dinner, came back to practise the remainder of the working day.

And so for many days. Little by little he learned to invoice and journalize and "post in the ledger," and all the rest of the details of bookkeeping.

Not that his instructor permitted him to do a great deal of actual work upon the books of Z. Snow & Co. Those books were too spotless and precious for that.

LOOKING over them, Albert was surprised and obliged to admit a grudging admiration at the manner in which, for the most part, they had been kept. Page after page of the neatest of minute figures, not a blot, not a blur, not an erasure.

So for months; then, in the minor books, like the day-book or journal, would suddenly break out an eruption of smudges and serawls in the rugged handwriting of Captain Zelotes. When he first happened upon one of these, Albert unthinkingly spoke to Mr. Keeler about

it. He asked the latter what it meant. Laban slowly stroked his nose with his thumb and finger, a habit he had.

"I eal'lare I was away for a spell then," he said gravely. "Yes, yes—yes, yes, yes. I was away for a little spell."

He went soberly back to his desk. His new assistant, catching a glimpse of his face, felt a pang of real pity for the little man.

Of course the reason for the hiatus in the books was plain enough. He knew about those "little spells."

Oddly enough, Laban seemed to feel sorry for them.

He remembered how funny the bookkeeper had appeared at their first meeting, when ere "spell" was just developing, and the contrast between the singing, chirruping clown and the precise, grave little person at the desk struck even his youthful mind as peculiar.

He had read "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and now here was an example of something similar. He was beginning to like Laban Keeler, although he was perfectly sure that he should never like bookkeeping.

He did not slave at the books all the time, of course. For stretches, sometimes lasting whole days, his slavery was of another sort. Then he was working in the lumber-yard with Issachar, or waiting on customers in the hardware shop.

The cold of Winter set in in earnest now, and handling "two-by-fours" and other timber out where the raw winds swept piercingly through one's over oat and garments and flesh to the very bone was a trying experience. His hands were chapped and cracked, even though his grandmother had knit him a pair of enormous red mittens.

He appreciated the warmth of the mittens, but he hated the color. Why in the name of all that was inartistic did she choose red; not a deep, rich crimson, but a screeching vermillion, like a fireman's shirt?

SO THE business education of Alberto Carlos Miguel Speranza progressed. At the end of his first six weeks in South Harniss he had learned a little about bookkeeping, a little about selling hardware, a little about measuring and marking lumber.

And it must be admitted that that little had been acquired, not because of vigorous application on the part of the pupil, but because, being naturally quick and intelligent, he could not help learning something. He liked the work just as little as he had in the beginning of his apprenticeship.

And, although he was forgetting his thoughts of running away, of attempting fortune on his own hook, he was just as rebellious as ever against a future to be spent in that office and at that work.

Outside the office and the hateful bookkeeping he was beginning to find several real interests. At the old house which had for generations been called "the Snow place" he was beginning to feel almost at home.

He and his grandmother were becoming close friends. She was not "looking for trouble;" she never sat for long intervals gazing at him as if she were guessing, guessing, guessing concerning him.

Captain Zelotes did that, but Olive did not. She had taken the boy, her "Janie's boy," to her heart from the moment she saw him, and she mothered him and loved him in a way which—so long as it was not done in public—comforted his lonely soul.

THEY had not yet reached the stage where he confided in her to any great extent, but that was certain to come later. It was his grandmother's love and the affection he was already beginning to feel for her which, during these first lonesome, miserable weeks, kept him from, perhaps, turning the "running away" fantasy into a reality.

Another inmate of the Snow household with whom Albert was becoming better acquainted was Rachel Ellis. Their real acquaintanceship began one Sunday forenoon when Captain Zelotes and Olive had gone to church.

Ordinarily he would have accompanied them, to sit in the straight-backed old pew on a cushion which felt lumpy and smelled ancient and musty, and pretend to listen while old Mr. Barstow preached a sermon which was ancient and musty likewise.

But this Sunday morning he awoke with a headache and his grandmother had pleaded for him, declaring that he ought to "lay to bed" a while and get over it. He got over it with surprising quickness after the church bell ceased ringing, and came down-stairs to read "Ivanhoe" in the sitting-room.

He had read it several times before, but he wanted to read something, and the choice of volumes in the Snow book-case was limited.

He was stretched out on the sofa with the book in his hand when the housekeeper entered, armed with a dust-cloth. She went to church only "every other" Sunday. This was one of the others without an every and she was at home.

IT WAS then that she told him the story of the runaway marriage. Albert listened with interest and the almost incredulous amazement with which the young always receive tales of their parents' love-affairs. Love, for people of his age or a trifle older, was a natural and understandable thing, but for his father, as he remembered him, to have behaved in this way was incomprehensible.

"So," said Rachel, in conclusion, "that's how it happened. That's why Cap'n Lote couldn't ever forgive your father."

He tossed his head. "Well, he ought to have forgiven him," he declared. "He was dead lucky to get such a man for a son-in-law, if you ask me."

"He didn't think so. And he wouldn't ever mention your pa's name."

"Oh, I don't doubt that. Anybody can see how he hated father. And he hates me the same way," he added moodily.

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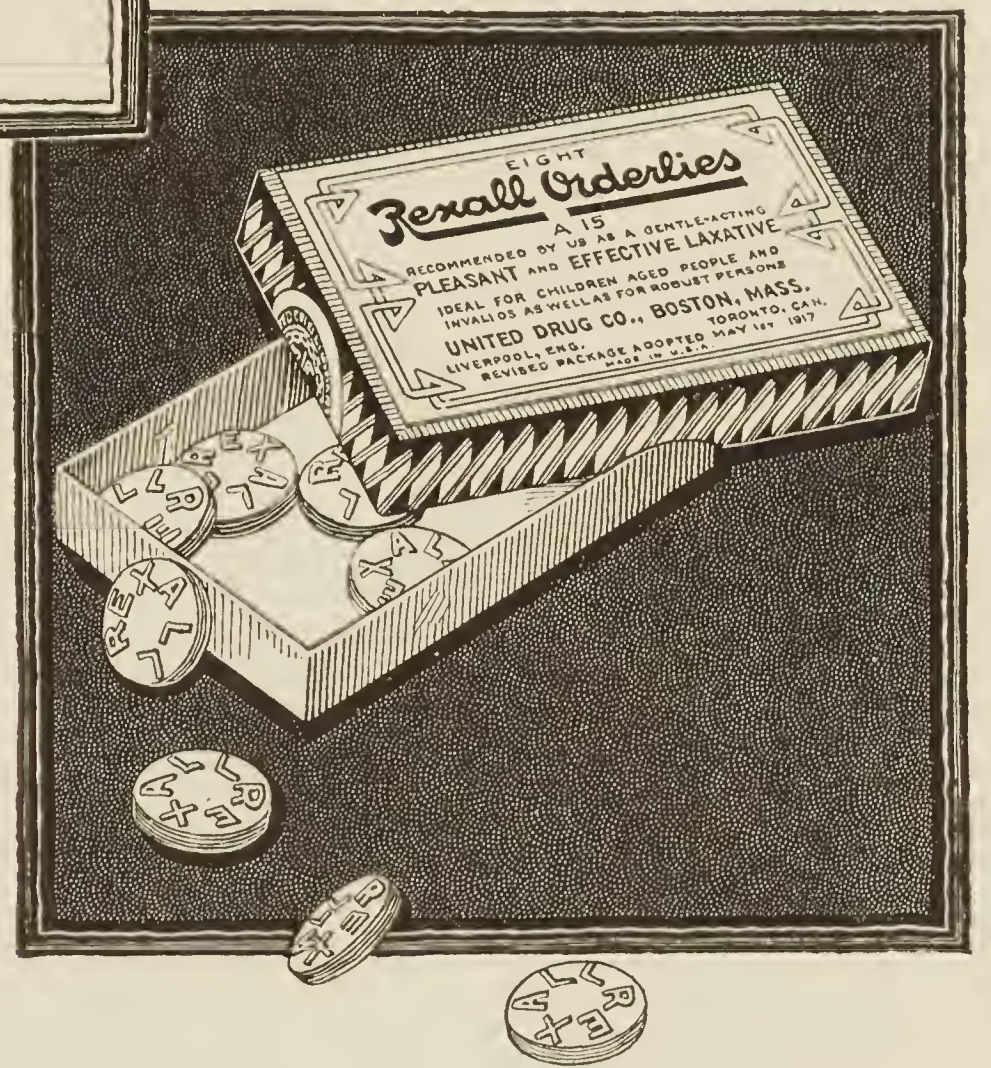


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Continued from page 72

# THE PORTYGEE

Mrs. Ellis was much disturbed. "Oh, no he don't," she cried. "You mustn't think that, Albert. He don't hate you, I'm sure of it. He's just kind of doubtful about you, that's all."

"He remembers how your pa acted—or how he thinks he acted—and so he can't help bein' the least mite afraid the same thing may crop out in you. If you just stick to your job over there at the lumber-yards and keep on tryin' to please him, he'll get all over that suspicion, see if he don't."

"Cap'n Lote Snow is stubborn sometimes and hard to turn, but he's square as a brick. There's some that don't like him, and a good many that don't agree with him—but everybody respects him."

Albert did not answer. The housekeeper rose from her chair.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I don't know when I've set down for so long. Goodness knows I've got work enough to do without settin' around talkin'."

She paused a moment and then said: "Albert, I—I don't want you and your grandpa to have any quarrels. You see—well, you see, I used to know your mother real well and—and I thought an awful sight of her. I wish—I do wish when you and the cap'n have any trouble or anything, or when you think you're liable to have any, you'd come and talk it over with me."

"I'M LIKE the feller that Laban tells about in his dog-fight yarn. This feller was watchin' the fight and when they asked him to stop it afore one or t'other of the dogs was killed, he just shook his head."

"'No-o,' says he, kind of slow and moderate, 'I guess I shan't interfere. One of 'em's been stealin' my chickens and the other one bit me. I'm a friend to both parties,' he says."

"'Course I don't mean it exactly that way," she added with a smile, "but you know what I do mean, I guess. Will you talk things over with me sometimes, Albert?"

His answer was not very enthusiastic, but he said he guessed so; and Rachel seemed satisfied with that. The conversation was the first of many between the pair, and, thereafter they were confidants and comrades. She never hesitated to ask him the most personal questions concerning his work, his plans, the friends or acquaintances he was making in the village.

Some of those questions he answered honestly and fully, some he dodged, some he did not answer at all. Mrs. Ellis never resented his not answering.

"I PRESUME likely that ain't any of my business, is it?" she would say, and ask about something else.

On the other hand, she was perfectly outspoken concerning her own affairs.

Thus, it was plain that she worshipped the little bookkeeper and, except during the periods of "vacation" and "sympathetics," was tremendously proud of him.

"I know him all through," she confided on one occasion. "I've known him for a long, long while. He ain't much to look at, bein' so little and sort of dried-up, but he's a big, fine heart and big brains. He can do most anything he sets his hand to."

"When I used to know him, when I was a girl, folks was always prophesyin' that Laban Keeler would turn out to be a whole lot more'n the average. He would, too, only for one thing, and you know what that is."

"It's what has kept me from marryin' him all this time. I often told Issy Prie I'd never marry a man that drinks, and Issy says I'm right."

"Why, if it wasn't for liquor Labe would have been runnin' his own business and gettin' rich long ago. He all but runs Cap'n Lote's place as 'tis. The cap'n and a good many other folks don't realize that, but it's so."

ALBERT soon discovered that Mr. Keeler's feeling for Rachel was equally as strong as hers. In his case, though, there was also a strong strain of gratitude.

"She's a fine woman, Al," he confided to his assistant on one occasion. "A fine woman. Yes, yes, yes. They don't make 'em any finer. Ah hum! And not so long ago I read about a passel of darn fools arguin' that the angels in heaven was all he-ones."

"Umph! Sho, sho! If men was as good as women, Ansel—Alfred—Albert, I mean—we could start an opposition heaven down here 'most any time. 'Most any time—yes, yes."

It was considerable for him to say. Except when on a "vaeation," Laban was not loquacious.

Each Sunday afternoon, when the weather was pleasant, he came, dressed in his best black cutaway, shiny at elbows and the underpart of the sleeves, striped trousers and a pearl-gray soft hat with a black band, a hat which looked as much out of place above his round, withered little face as a red roof might have looked on a family vault, and he and the housekeeper went for a walk.

Rachel, in her Sunday black, bulked large beside him. As Captain Zelotes said, the pair looked like "a tug takin' a liner out to sea."

OUTSIDE of the gates of the Snow place Albert was making many acquaintances and a few friends. After church on Sundays his grandmother had a distressful habit of suddenly seizing his arm or his coattail as he was hurrying toward the vestibule and the sunshine of outdoors, and saying:

"Oh, Albert, just a minute! Here's somebody you haven't met yet, I guess. Elsie—or Nellie or Mabel or Henry or Charlie or George, whichever it happened to be—"this is my grandson, Albert Speranza."

And the young person to whom he was thus introduced would, if a male, extend a hesitating hand, give his own an embarrassed shake, smile uncertainly and say: "Yes—er—yes. Pleased to meet you."

Or, if of the other sex, would blush a little

and venture the observation that it was a lovely morning and wasn't the sermon splendid.

These Sabbath introductions led to week-day, or rather week-evening, meetings. The principal excitement in South Harniss was "going for the mail." At noon and after supper fully one-half of the village population journeyed to the post-office.

Albert's labors for Z. Snow & Co. prevented his attending the noon gatherings—his grandfather usually got the morning mail—but he easily formed the habit of strolling "down-street" in the evening if the weather was not too cold or disagreeable.

THERE he was certain to find groups of South Harniss youth of both sexes, talking, giggling, skylarking and flirting. Sometimes he joined one or the other of these groups; quite as often he did not, but kept aloof and by himself, for it may as well be acknowledged now, if it is not already plain, that the son of Miguel Carlos Speranza had inherited a share of his father's temperament and self-esteem.

The whim of the moment might lead him to favor these young people with his society, but he was far from considering himself under obligation to do so. He had not the least idea that he was in any way a snob; he would have hotly resented being called one; but he accepted his estimate of his own worth as something absolute and certain, to be taken for granted.

Now this attitude of mind had its dangers. Coupled with its possessor's extraordinary good looks it was fascinating to a large percentage of the village girls.

The Speranza eyes and the Speranza curls and nose and chin were, when joined with the easy condescension of the Speranza manner, a combination fatal to the susceptible.

THE South Harniss "flappers," most of them, enthused over the new bookkeeper in the lumber-office. They ogled and giggled and gushed in his presence and he was tolerant or bored, just as he happened to be feeling at the moment.

But he never displayed a marked interest in any one of them, for the very good reason that he had no such interest. To him they were merely girls, nice enough in their way, perhaps, but that way was not his.

Most of the town fellows of his age he found had a "girl" and almost every girl had a "fellow;" there was calf-love in abundance, but he was a different brand of veal.

However, a great man must amuse himself, and so he accepted invitations to church socials and suppers and to an occasional dance or party. His style of dancing was not that of South Harniss in the Winter.

It was common enough at the hotel or the "tea-house" in July and August when the Summer people were there, but not at the town-hall at the Red Men's Annual Ball in February. A fellow who could fox-trot as he could swept all before him.

Sam Thatcher, of last year's class in the high school, but now clerking in the drug-store, who had hitherto reigned as the best "two-stepper" in town, suddenly became conscious of his feet.

THEN, too, the contents of the three trunks which had been sent on from school were now in evidence. No Boston or Brockton "Advanced Styles" held a candle to those suits which the tailor of the late Miguel Carlos had turned out the previous Summer for his patron's only son.

No other eighteen-year-old among the town's year-round residents possessed a suit of evening clothes. Albert wore his "Tux" at the Red Men's Ball and hearts palpitated beneath a new muslin gown and bitter envy stirred beneath the Brockton Advanced Styles.

In consequence, by Spring the social status of Albert Speranza among those of his own age in the village had become something like this: He was in high favor with most of the girls and in corresponding disfavor with most of the young fellows. The girls, although they agreed that he was "stand-offish and kind of queer," voted him "just lovely, all the same."

Their envious beaux referred to him sneeringly among themselves as a "stuck-up dude." Some one of them remembered having been told that Captain Zelotes years before had been accustomed to speak of his hated son-in-law as "the half-breed." Behind his back they formed the habit of referring to their new rival in the same way. Older people designated him as "Cap'n Lote's foreigner," or "that forgnier of Snow's!"

ONLY once did Albert hear himself called a "half-breed," and that was after prayer-meeting one Friday evening, when, obeying a whim, he had walked home with Gertie Kendrick, quite forgetful of the fact that Sam Thatcher, who aspired to be Gertie's "steady," was himself waiting on the church steps for that privilege.

Even then nothing might have come of it had he and Sam not met in the path as he was sauntering back across lots to the main road and home. It was a brilliant moonlight night and the pair came together, literally, at the bend where the path turns sharply around the corner of Elijah Doane's cranberry shanty.

Sam, plowing along, head down and hands in his pockets, swung around that corner and bumped violently into Albert, who, a cigaret between his lips—out here in the fields, away from civilization and Captain Zelotes, was a satisfyingly comfortable place to smoke a cigaret—was dreaming dreams of a future far away from South Harniss.

Sam had been thinking of Gertie. Albert had not. She had been a mere incident of the evening; he had walked home with her because he happened to be in the mood for companionship and she was rather pretty and always talkative.

His dreams during the stroll back alone in

Continued on page 76



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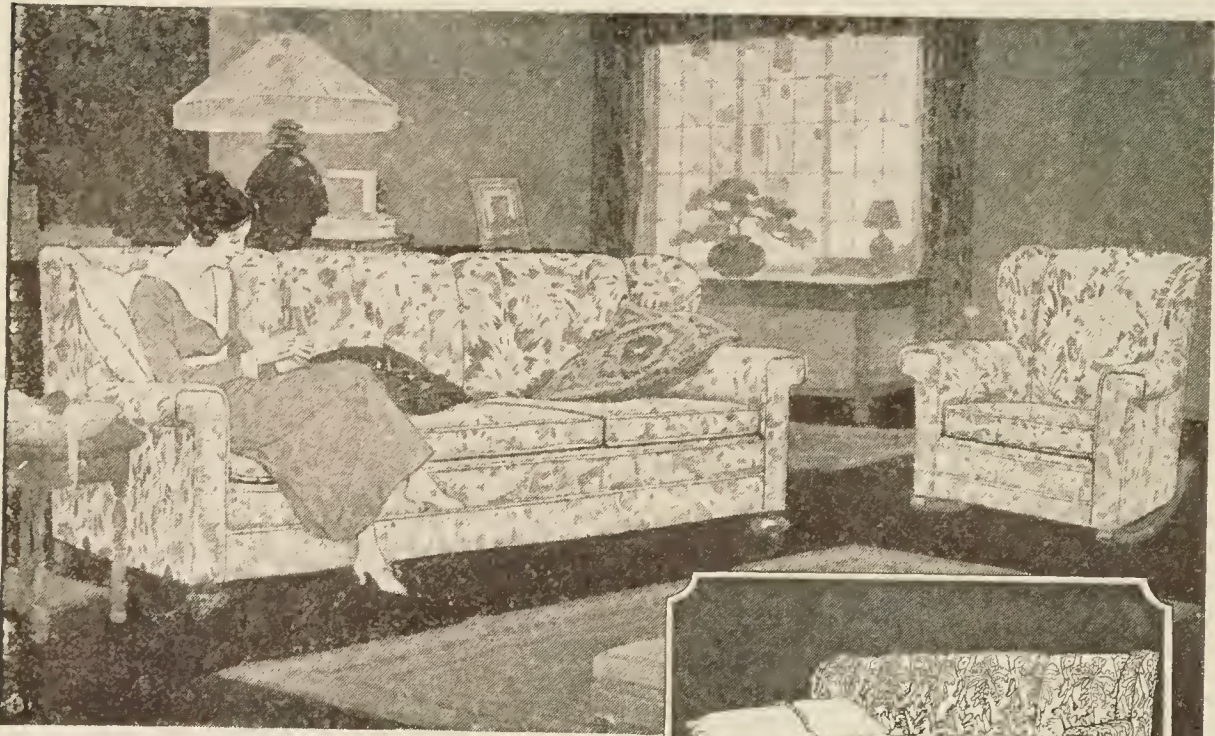
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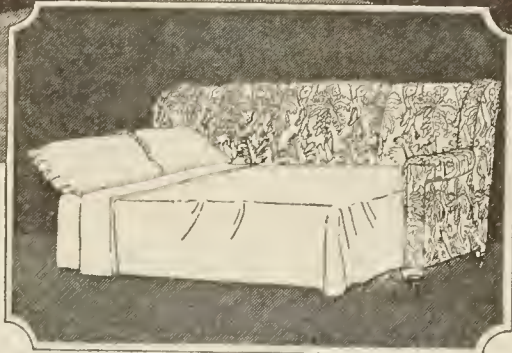
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Continued from page 75

## THE PORTYGEE

the moonlight had been of lofty things, of poetry and fame and high emprise. Giggling Gerties had no place in them. It was distinctly different with Sam Thatcher.

They crashed together, gasped and recoiled. "Oh, I'm sorry!" exclaimed Albert.

"Can't you see where you goin', you darned half-breed?" demanded Sam.

Albert, who had stepped past him, turned and came back.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I said you was a darned half-breed, and you are. You're a no-good Portygee, like your father."

It was all he had time to say. For the next few minutes he was too busy to talk. The Speranzas, father and son, possessed temperament; also they possessed temper.

Sam's face, usually placid and good-natured, for Sam was by no means a bad fellow in his way, was fiery red. Albert's, on the contrary, went perfectly white. He seemed to settle back on his heels and from there almost to fly at his insulter.

Five minutes or so later they were both dusty and dirty and disheveled and bruised, but Sam was pretty thoroughly licked. For one thing, he had been taken by surprise by his adversary's quickness; for another, Albert's compulsory training in athletics at school gave him an advantage. He was by no means an unscarred victor, but victor he was.

**SAM** was defeated and very much astonished. He leaned against the cranberry house and held his nose. It had been a large nose in the beginning; it was larger now.

Albert stood before him, his face—where it was not a pleasing combination of black and blue—still white.

"If you—if you speak of my father or me again like that," he panted, "I'll—I'll kill you."

Then he strode off, a bit wobbly on his legs, but with dignity.

Oddly enough, no one except the two most interested ever knew of this encounter. Albert, of course, did not tell. He was rather ashamed of it. For the son of Miguel Carlos Speranza to conquer dragons was a worthy and heroic business, but there seemed to be mighty little heroism in licking Sam Thatcher behind 'Lije Doane's cranberry shack.

And Sam did not tell. Gertie next day confided that she didn't care two cents for that stuck-up Al Speranza, anyway; she had let him see her home only because Sam had danced so many times with Elsie Wixon at the ball that night.

**SO SAM** said nothing concerning the fight, explaining the condition of his nose by saying that he had run into something in the dark. And he did not appear to hold a grudge against his conqueror; on the contrary, when others spoke of the latter as a "sissy" Sam defended him.

"He may be a dude," said Sam; "I don't say he ain't. But he ain't no sissy."

When pressed to tell why he was so certain, his answer was, "Because he don't act like one."

It was not a convincing answer, the general opinion being that that was exactly how Al Speranza did act.

There was only one young person in the village toward whom Albert found himself making exception in his attitude of serenely impersonal tolerance. That person was Helen Kendall, the girl who had come into his grandfather's office the first morning of his stay in South Harniss.

He was forced to make this exception by the young lady herself. When he met her the second time—which was after church on his first Sunday—his manner was even more loftily reserved than usual.

He had distinct recollections of their first conversation. His own part in it had not been brilliant, and in it he had made the absurd statement—absurd in the light of what came after—that he was certainly not employed by Z. Snow & Co.

And all the time she had known that he was to be employed there. No wonder he had suspected her of laughing at him.

**SO HE** was cool and superior when his grandmother brought them together after meeting was over. If Helen noticed the superiority, she was certainly not overawed by it, for she was so simple and natural and pleasant that he was obliged to unbend and be natural too.

In fact, at their third meeting he himself spoke of the interview in the lumber-office and again expressed his thanks for warning him of his grandfather's detestation of cigars.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "I'm certainly glad that you put me on to the old boy's feelings. I think he'd have murdered me if he had come back and found me puffing a coffin-nail in there."

She smiled. "He does hate them, doesn't he?" she said.

"Hate them! I should say he did. Hating cigars is about the only point where he and Issy get along without an argument."

"If a traveler for a hardware house comes into the office smoking a cig, Issy opens all the windows to let the smell out and grandfather opens the door to throw the salesman out. Well, not exactly to throw him out, of course, but he never buys a single cent's worth of a cigaret-smoker."

**HELEN** glanced at him. "You must be awfully glad you're not a traveling salesman," she said demurely.

Albert did not know exactly what to make of that remark. He, in his turn, looked at her, but she was grave and quite unconcerned.

"Why?" he asked, after a moment.

"Why—what?"

"Why ought I to be glad I'm not a traveling salesman?"

"Oh, I don't know. It just seemed to me that you ought, that's all."

"But why?"

"Well, if you were you wouldn't make a

great hit with your grandfather, would you?"

"Eh? Oh, you mean because I smoke. Say, you're not silly enough to be down on cigars—the way grandfather is, are you?"

"No-o, I'm not down on them, especially. I'm not very well acquainted with them."

"Neither is he. He never smoked one in his life. It's just country prejudice, that's all."

"Well, I live in the country, too, you know."

"Yes, but you're different."

"How do you know I am?"

"Oh, because any one can see you are."

The manner in which this remark was made, a manner implying a wide knowledge of humanity and a hint of personal interest and discriminating appreciation, had been found quite effective by the precocious young gentleman uttering it.

With variations to suit the case and the individual it had been pleasantly received by several of the Misses Bradshaw's pupils. He followed it with another equally tried and trustworthy.

"Say," he added, "would you rather I didn't smoke?"

The obvious reply should have been, "Oh, would you stop if I asked you to?"

But Helen Kendall was a most disconcerting girl. Instead of purring a pleased recognition of the implied flattery she laughed merrily. The Speranza dignity was hurt.

"What is there to laugh at?" he demanded.

"Are you laughing at me?"

The answer was as truthful as truth itself.

"Why, of course I am," she replied; and then completed his discomfiture by adding.

"Why should I care whether you smoke or not? You had better ask your grandfather that question, I should think."

Now Alberto Miguel Carlos Speranza had not been accustomed to this sort of treatment from young persons of the other sex and he walked away in a huff. But the unusual is always attractive and the next time he and Miss Kendall met he was as gracious and cordial as ever.

**BUT** it was not long before he learned that the graciousness was, in her case, a mistake. Whenever he grew lofty she took him down, laughed at him with complete frankness, and refused to treat him as anything but a boy, and a most unusual boy, at that.

So they gradually grew friendly, and when they met at parties or church socials he spent most of the time in her company, or, rather, he would have so spent it had she permitted. But she was provokingly impartial and was quite as likely to refuse a dance with him to "sit out" one with Sam Thatcher or Ben Hammond or any other village youth of her acquaintance.

However, although she piqued and irritated him, he was obliged to admit to his inner consciousness that she was the most interesting person he had yet discovered in South Harniss, also that even in the eyes of such connoisseurs as his fellow members of the senior class at school she would have been judged a "good-looker," in spite of her country clothes.

He met her father, of course. The Rev. Mr. Kendall was a dreamy little gentleman with prematurely white hair and the stooped shoulders of a student.

**EVERYBODY** liked him, and it was for that reason principally that he was still the occupant of the Congregational pulpit, for, to quote Captain Zelotes, his sermons were inclined to be like the sandy road down to Setucket Point—"ten mile long and dry all the way." He was a widower and his daughter was his companion and managing housekeeper.

There was a half-grown girl, one of the numerous Price family, a cousin of Issachar's, who helped out with the sweeping, dish-washing and cooking, but Helen was the real head of the household.

"And she's a capable one, too," declared Mrs. Snow, when at supper one evening Helen's name had come into the conversation.

"I declare, when I was there yesterday to see the minister about readin' poetry to us at sewin' circle next Monday, that parlor was as neat as wax."

"And 'twas all Helen's work that kept it so, that was plain enough. You could see her way of settin' a vase or puttin' on a tablecloth wherever you looked. Nobody else has just that way."

"And she does it after school or before school or 'most any odd time. And whatever 'tis is done right."

The housekeeper put in a word: "There's no doubt about that," she said, "and there ain't any more doubt that she don't get much help from her pa or that Maria B."

**THERE** were so many Prices within the township limits that individuals were usually distinguished by their middle initial.

"As for Mr. Kendall," went on Rachel, "he moves with his head in the clouds and his feet cruisin' with nobody at the wheel two-thirds of the time. Emma Smith says to me yesterday, says she, 'Mr. Kendall is a saint on earth, ain't he?' says she. 'Yes,' says I, 'and he'll be one in Heaven any minute if he goes atumblin' across the road in front of Dr. Parker's automobile the way I see him yesterday.'"

"The doctor put on the brakes with a slam and a yell. The minister just stopped right there in the middle of the road with the front wheels of that auto not more'n two foot from his old baggy trousers' knees, and says he, 'Eh? Did you want me, doctor?'"

"The doctor fetched a long breath. 'Why no, Mr. Kendall,' he says; 'I didn't, but I come darn nigh gettin' you.' I don't know what would become of him if he didn't have Helen to look out for him."

As they came to know each other better their conversation dealt with matters more personal. They sometimes spoke of plans for the future.

Albert's plans and ambitions were lofty, but rather vague. Helen's were practical and

Continued on page 77



Continued from page 76

## THE PORTYGEE

definite. She would graduate from high school that Spring. Then she was hoping to teach in the primary school there in the village; the selectmen had promised to give her the opportunity.

"But, of course," she said, "I don't mean to stay here always. When I can, after I have saved some money and if father doesn't need me too badly, I shall go away somewhere—to Bridgewater, or perhaps to Radcliffe, and study. I want to specialize in my teaching, you know."

ALBERT regarded her with amused superiority.

"I don't see why on earth you are so anxious to be a schoolmarm," he said. "That's the last job I'd want."

Her answer was given promptly, but without the least trace of temper. That was one of the most provoking things about this girl; she would not lose her temper.

He usually lost his trying to make her. She spoke now, pleasantly and deliberately, but as if she were merely stating an undeniable fact.

"I think it would be the last one you would get," she said.

"Why? Great Scott! I guess I could teach school if I wanted to. But you bet I wouldn't want to! Now what the dickens are you laughing at?"

"I'm not laughing."

"Yes, you are. I can always tell when you're laughing; you get that look in your eyes, that sort of—of—oh, I can't tell you what kind of look it is, but it makes me mad."

"It's the same kind of look my grandfather has; I could punch him for it sometimes. Why should you and he think I'm not going to amount to anything?"

"I don't think so. And I'm sure he doesn't, either. And I wasn't laughing at you. Or, if I was, it—it was only because—"

"Well, because what?"

"Oh, because you are so awfully sure you know—well, know more than most—most people."

"Meaning I'm stuck on myself, I suppose. Well, now, I tell you I'm not going to hang around in this one-horse town all my life to please grandfather or any one else."

When he mentioned his determination to win literary glory, she was always greatly interested. Dreams of histrionic achievement were more coldly received. The daughter of a New England country clergyman, even in these days of broadening horizons, could scarcely be expected to look with favor upon an actor's career.

JUNE came and with it the first of the Summer visitors. For the next three months Albert was happy with a new set of acquaintances. They were his kind, those young folks from the city, and his spare moments were for the most part spent pleasantly and sociably in their society.

He was popular with them, too. Some of them thought it queer that he should be living all the year in the village and keeping books for a concern like Z. Snow & Co., but juvenile society is tolerant and a youth who could sing passably, dance wonderfully and, above all, was as beautifully picturesque as Albert Speranza, was welcomed, especially by the girls.

So the Saturdays and Sundays and evenings of that Summer were pleasant for him. He saw little of Helen or Gertie Kendrick while the hotel for the city people or the cottages remained open.

THEN came the Fall and another long, dreary Winter. Albert plodded on at his desk or in the yard, following Mr. Keeler's suggestions, obeying his grandfather's orders, doing his daily stunt because he had to, not because he liked it.

For amusement he read a good deal, went to the usual number of sociables and entertainments, and once took part in amateur theatricals, a play given by the church society in the town-hall.

There was where he shone. As the dashing young hero he was resplendent. Gertie Kendrick gazed upon him from the third settee center with shining eyes. When he returned home after it was over, his grandmother and Rachel Ellis almost overwhelmed him with their praises.

"I declare you was perfectly splendid, Albert!" exclaimed Olive. "I was so proud of you I didn't know what to do."

EVEN Mr. Keeler congratulated him at the office next morning.

"You done well, Al," he said. "Yes—yes—yes. You done fust-rate, fust-rate. Yes—yes—yes."

His grandfather was the only one who refused to enthuse.

"Well," inquired Captain Zelotes, sitting down at his desk and glancing at his grandson over his spectacles, "do you cal'late to be able to get down to earth this mornin' far enough to figger up that pay-roll? You can put what you made from your play-actin' on a separate sheet."

"It's about as much as the average person makes at that job," he added.

Albert's face flushed. There were times when he hated his grandfather. Mr. Keeler, a moment later, put a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"YOU mustn't mind the old man, Al," he whispered. "I expect that seem' you last night brought your dad's job back to him strong. He can't bear play-actin', you know, on your dad's account. Yes—yes. That was it. Yes—yes—yes."

It may have been a truthful explanation, but as an apology it was a limited success.

"My father was a gentleman, at any rate," snapped Albert.

Laban opened his mouth to reply but closed it again and walked back to his books.

Continued in the December DELINEATOR



### UNCLE JOHN'S SYRUP

on a plump, juicy baked apple is a treat you'll relish! It's fine on apple dumpling, grapefruit, and apple sauce, and the best ever spread for pancakes, waffles, biscuits and brown bread! Give the kiddies lots of it—it's good for them—wholesome, nourishing and satisfying. Just as pure as it is good, too, because it's made from finest cane and maple syrups blended in the inimitable Uncle John way that brings out the real flavor from the maple grove! Once you know how good it is, you'll say, as others do—

**"It's As Necessary on the Table As the Sugar and the Cream."**

For cooking purposes, you'll find Uncle John's Syrup admirable. It sweetens and flavors pies, puddings, cakes and frostings, and makes delicious fudge and candies. Try it in your own receipts—or send 2c stamp for Uncle John's Recipes, a collection of new and pleasing ways to make maple-flavored dainties that every member of the family will like.

Put up in 4 convenient sizes, in sealed-tite, sanitary tins. Most good grocers sell it—if yours don't, send us his name and we'll see you are supplied.

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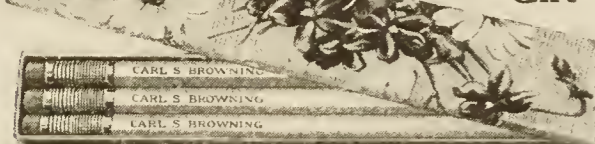
## "Yellow Men Sleep"

Read this new novel and your nerves tingle as if you had been racing all night in an aeroplane. Read "Yellow Men Sleep" and you are haunted with impressions of scenes and situations that seem to touch into life alluring memories a thousand years old. It is an extraordinary story; something new and exhilarating; Oriental, exotic, fascinating.

Most of the novel's action is in the Desert of Gobi; and the plot reaches across China, and has ramifications extending back to the United States. It involves U. S. Secret Service men and an inaccessible empire in the midst of the desert. The story centers around a beautiful American girl held in the strange empire by trickery and craft, and the efforts to rescue her from her captors and from herself.

"Yellow Men Sleep" is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold for \$1.50 at all book-stores.

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## Are White Teeth—Free From Film

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### Film is What Discolors

WHEN teeth discolor it means that film is present. That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is a stain absorber. When tartar forms it is due to the film. The film clings to the teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Remove that film and teeth will glisten in their natural whiteness.

Film causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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

The tooth brush alone does not end film. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why the old-way brushing fails to save the teeth.

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The specialist who created the wonderful La-may Face Powder\* has invented a new rouge. The rouge is inside the puff. All you do is to rub the puff on your face. It comes through the puff just as you need it. It goes on splendidly and stays on the face until you wash it off. The puff is in a dainty metal box. The box cannot break and the rouge will not crumble like the old-fashioned kind. This newly invented rouge is called La-may (French, Rouge L'Amé). It gives a beautiful color that looks natural under the strongest light. There are two colors—medium and dark. The fifty-cent package will last six months, yet the box is small enough to fit your purse. When you use this pure, harmless Rouge and see how much more convenient it is and how much better it stays on, you will understand why thousands of women say it is the best they have ever used. Because La-may Rouge is so new, your dealer may not have it yet, but he can easily get it.

If your dealer refuses to get you a package, you may order by mail from Herbert Roystone, 16 E. 18th Street, New York.

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The Rouge Is Inside the Puff The Dainty Metal Box Cannot Break



# THE HOTEL GUEST WHO KNOWS

BY HELENA JUDSON



THE WOMAN OF TO-DAY WALKS MANFULLY UP TO THE DESK AND REGISTERS

ARE you one of the women who dread the very idea of a big hotel? Do you feel ill at ease within one of these magnificent hostleries; doubtful what to do and how to do it? Does it seem that you spend much and get but little? If this describes your mental attitude toward the great modern hotels that stand for the latest word in luxury and convenience, then it is high time for you to take yourself in hand and ask, "Why?"

The same answer will fit almost every case—inexperience. Just as you would feel out of place at a bridge-table or on a golf-course without some knowledge of the rules of the game, just so your unfamiliarity with the usages of these great establishments militates against your enjoyment of them.

Once you have a general knowledge of the situation, you will understand how to meet successfully such problems as arriving, registering, tipping, ordering meals, entertaining, and all the many phases of daily hotel life.

The most practical way of securing this self-confidence which comes with knowledge is to become familiar with the general features of some of the most completely equipped establishments. This is easily done by means of the illustrated booklets and folders issued by most hotels and mailed free on application. A comparison of these will assist the woman traveling alone in her choice of a hotel.

THE nervous woman may solace herself by selecting a hotel with a trained nurse in attendance, a house physician and dentist on call and a well-stocked drug-store under the same roof. She may have anything from a hot-water bottle to a crutch by merely taking up her telephone and making known her request.

In many hotels the presence of a floor clerk on every floor gives a sense of protection that is a real comfort to the timid woman guest. The desk of the floor clerk is the logical headquarters for that particular floor, and the clerk herself is usually a wide-awake, intelligent and thoroughly reliable woman, ready to take charge of your keys, answer questions and be the medium through whom you communicate with the main office.

The desk of the floor clerk is usually close by the elevators, so that she knows every one who arrives on her floor and there is no possibility of strangers wandering aimlessly about the halls or knocking at doors, as was possible under the old régime.

## STUDY THE LAYOUT OF YOUR HOTEL

A PRELIMINARY study of hotel literature is also helpful, as it will acquaint you with the general layout of the building, so that on arrival you actually feel at home. You have learned in advance that the "first floor" as a matter of fact is three or four stories above the sidewalk, for you know all about "street levels," "main floors" and "mezzanines"—particularly "mezzanines," which play almost as important a part in modern hotel construction as do actual floors, though they are in reality, as the word itself implies, merely middle floors or galleries.

These are the greatest space-savers known to present-day architecture and on them are often found important public rooms, such as the writing-room, library, dressing-rooms and other features of interest and convenience to the woman guest. From the first mezzanine you look down on the main lobby or foyer, thus getting a glimpse of busy hotel life without being too intimately associated with it.

On the reverse side of hotel folders is sometimes a local map of the city, giving points of interest and explaining means of transportation, such as surface cars, elevated and subway trains, as they relate to that particular hotel.

It is always best for a woman to reserve her hotel accommodations in advance. A reservation establishes your identity and serves as your introduction to the hotel. It can be canceled within a reasonable time, if necessary, should your plans change. If you arrive at a hotel without a reservation and there is nothing available, ask the room-clerk what hotel he can recommend. Many hotels are now grouped in ownership and, while one particular establishment is full, another, equally desirable, may have vacant rooms.

In writing for rooms, do not be too optimistic and expect always to get a room at just the price you prefer. Others have the "most-for-the-least" slogan as well as you, and rooms at the minimum price are sure to be in the minority; otherwise these luxurious hotels could not exist. An inexpensive room at a high-class hotel is much to be preferred, especially for a woman, than better accommodations in a less desirable place.

MANY high-class hotels, although not the newest, have pleasant, light, airy rooms, without private bath, but with the use of a convenient detached bathroom. Such rooms are as low as two dollars a day, sometimes less in Summer, and give the woman traveler every advantage of a luxurious hotel at the minimum cost.

Remember that all quotations of rates are for rooms only, as almost without exception the city hotels are operated on the European plan, namely, meals and rooms paid for separately. The American plan of one price for room and meals still obtains at many high-class hotels in Winter and Summer resorts. When writing for booklet, floor-plan and reservation, ask that specimen menus of the restaurant be included. In this way you will be able to get advance information in regard to restaurant prices. There is, however, no obligation to patronize the hotel restaurant, even though you have a room. Eat where you like. No one knows or cares.

The average woman traveler of to-day enters the hotel by the main entrance,

turns her hand-bag over to the hall-boy, walks manfully up to the desk, registers, has her room assigned her, and then follows the lead of the boy with the bag as he shows her to her room.

Personal signature on the hotel register is required in most States, and in some it is even required that a street address be given, a special column being ruled off in the register for this detailed information. Some hotels keep a second register, small enough to be sent to a room, for the accommodation of a woman guest who dislikes to register in the office, or for an elderly person or invalid.

In being assigned a room you will find that its number corresponds to the floor on which it is located, room 248, for instance, being on the second floor and 1284 on the twelfth floor. This makes it easy to remember and you can tell the elevator attendant where to let you off, the next time, without stopping to look at your key.

Take a look around the room before the hall-boy leaves you. Have him open any doors there may be in the room, or, if they do not open from your side, see that they are securely locked. Be sure to give him a tip; anywhere from ten cents to a quarter, according to the service he has rendered and to the type of the hotel. To omit this is to give yourself a "black eye" among all the hall-boys and porters.

If you have only hand-baggage, the general rule is to pay for your room for one day on arrival. If you have reason to expect that letters, telegrams or telephone messages are awaiting you, ask for them. This is the surest way to get them, as even in the best conducted of houses, there is sometimes a slip in the service. Do your share toward making things come your way.

## THINGS TO REMEMBER

AN IMPORTANT thing to remember is that each hotel recognizes a certain hour as the termination of its business "day." In some cities the hotel day ends at six o'clock in the evening, in other cities at seven, and in some the hour is eight o'clock. If you overstay this hour, don't be surprised to find another day's rental on your bill. Any other arrangement would prevent the office renting your room for the second night.

This rule need not work any inconvenience, as any one who desires to remain in the hotel for a while after the new day starts can give up the room, leaving hand-baggage in the office to be called for on departure.

If you expect to use the telephone much, it is well to inquire into local fees and how many minutes you can converse for the minimum charge. If you telephone for twenty minutes to some friend to whom you have not talked for months, it makes a difference whether the initial rate is five or ten cents. Unless you are indifferent to expense, it is well to ask a few questions in advance.

If you are expecting an important telephone call, ask the telephone operator to let you speak to the telephone supervisor. Tell her your name and where you are likely to be found if not in your own room. Don't choose that particular time to visit the hotel's hair-dresser or manicurist without letting the telephone department know your whereabouts, and then wonder why the telephone service is so poor. If you want good service, see that you put no obstacles in the way.

PURCHASING your theater and opera tickets through the hotel agency may appeal to you as a delightfully easy thing, but don't for a moment think such service costs you nothing. You will find that anywhere from fifty cents to one dollar is added to the price of each ticket, this being a reasonable fee, covering rental of space in the hotel lobby, the salary of clerks, telephone and messenger service. It is one of those luxuries that you can easily do without by merely buying your own tickets at the theater.

The woman guest who telephones every few

Concluded on page 81



CHOICE OF A DINING-ROOM DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU WANT TO ORDER

Such a map enables you to decide in advance whether it is better for you to select a hotel close to the terminal where your journey ends or one that will necessitate a trip in car, bus or taxicab.

WHEN you have luggage and your hotel is not one of those immediately adjoining a railway terminal, the convenient taxicab can always be engaged. Ask the taxi-starter the approximate fee to your destination and remember that two passengers can ride for the price of one; four passengers the same as three. The charge for a trunk is twenty cents, and the same price is asked for any piece of luggage carried outside the taxi next the chauffeur.

In almost all cities there is no charge made for any luggage which can be carried inside the taxi with the passengers. This is a good point to remember, as almost invariably an obsequious driver will arrange the small hand-luggage outside in order to collect a fee. In addition to the regular taxi charge, the driver usually expects a tip of ten per cent. of the fare, and often gets much more.

THE next best thing to having your baggage taken along with you on a taxi is to turn your checks over, on arrival at the hotel, to the house porter. This will insure delivery even on holidays and Sundays during rush seasons, when other express facilities are uncertain.

Of course the hotel porter must have a tip. Twenty-five cents for each trunk will make him happy, but fifteen cents each will do. Be sure to make the porter place the trunk in a convenient place for you and open it before he leaves the room. Locks sometimes jostle out of place in traveling, and it would mean another tip to call for assistance in opening the trunk later on.



THE CHAMBERMAID MUST BE GIVEN A TIP ON DEPARTURE





## *Which Saves More Motions?*

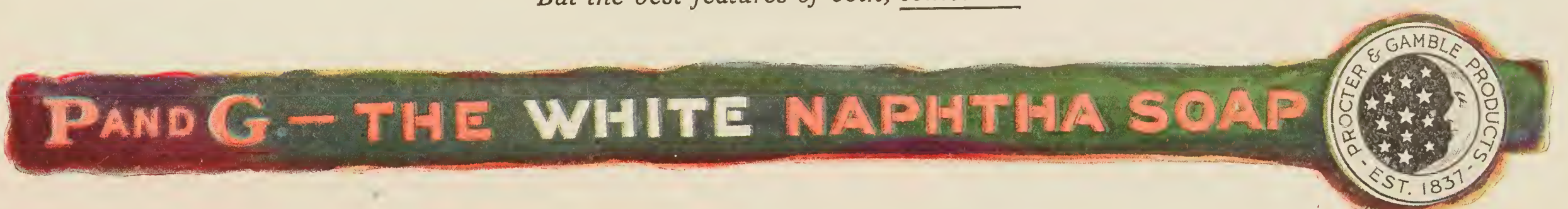
THE kitchen cabinet is a household necessity to women who have used one—yet it saves motions only during the preparation of meals.

P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap saves motions during every minute you spend in cleaning, scrubbing or washing anything in or about the house because the soap—not your arms—does the work. Do you wonder that women who have used this quick-action soap will not keep house without it?

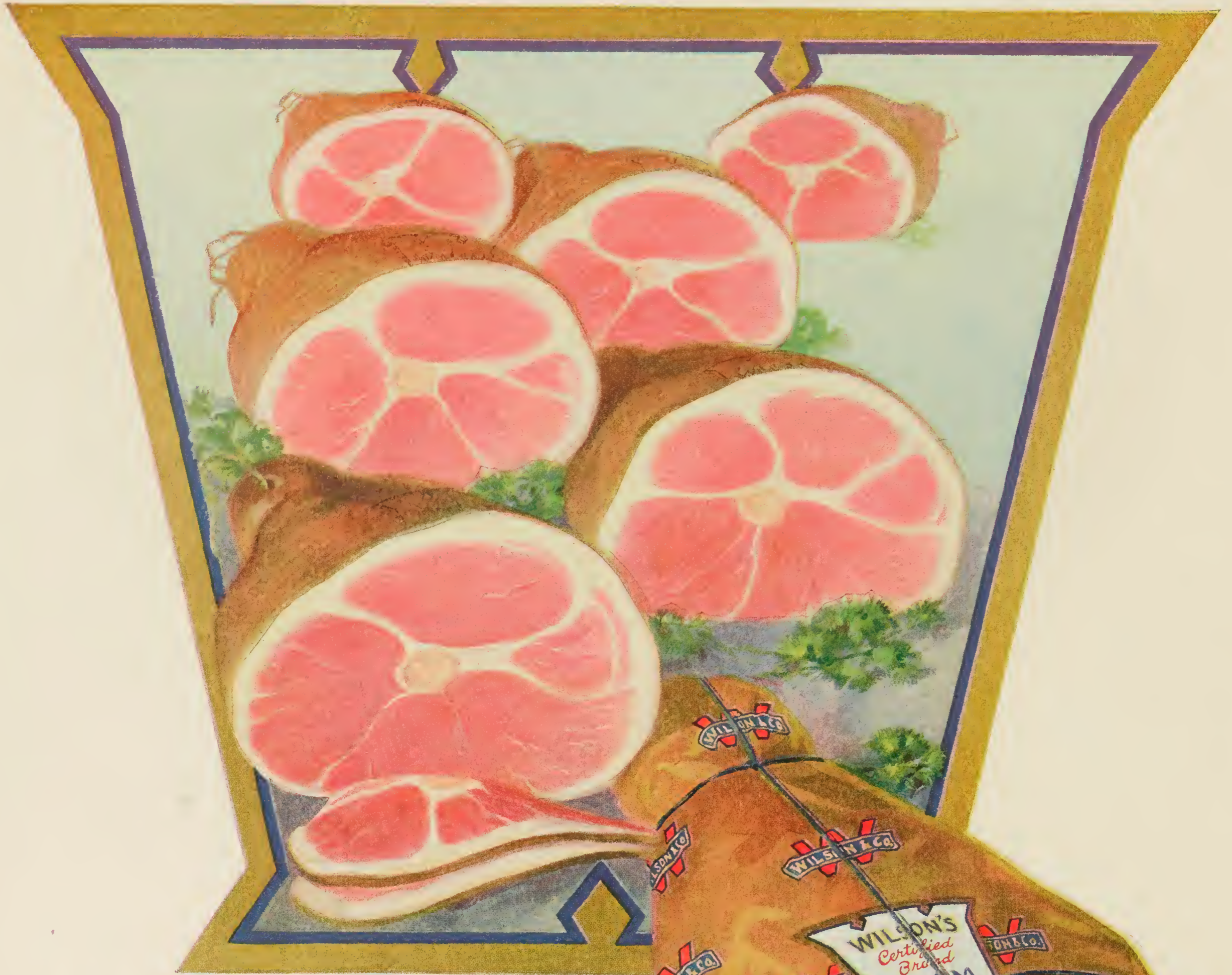
It works faster and better than other soaps because it is made of better materials and produces thicker, richer suds. It makes light work of the hardest cleaning and washing because it contains naphtha which softens and loosens dirt merely by contact.

Try it for anything—*you* will not want to keep house without it.

*Not merely a white laundry soap;  
Not merely a naphtha soap;  
But the best features of both, combined.*







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Wilson's Certified Bacon is so exactly cured and smoked that it slices as thin as is desired. Its tempting aroma when being cooked is a promise of the fine flavor that will gratify you at the table.

Ask your dealer for Wilson's Certified Ham and Bacon. If he cannot supply you kindly send us his name and we can stock him, as our distribution is national.

### "Wilson's Meat Cookery" Free

Our handsome cook book, each recipe prepared and tested by experts, telling how to buy and use meats economically, will be mailed you free on request. Address Wilson & Co., Dept. 1139, Chicago.

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CHICAGO

*The Wilson label protects your table*



# HERE'S WHAT THEY MEAN

## THOSE FRENCHY FOOD PHRASES

BY MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

MANY housewives in reading a recipe which contains cookery words or phrases of French extraction are very puzzled if they do not happen to be familiar with this language.

Following are the meanings of some of the most commonly used terms:

*À la, au, aux:* With or dressed in a certain style.

*Américaine (à la):* In American style.

*Ancienne (à la):* In old style.

*Au gratin:* Dishes covered with crumbs and browned in the oven.

*Béchamel (à la):* With sauce made of chicken stock and milk or cream.

*Bisque:* A rather thick soup usually made from shellfish; or an ice-cream to which is added finely chopped nuts.

*Blanch:* Literally, to whiten. To parboil, to scald vegetables, nuts and so forth, in order to remove their skins.

*Blanquette:* White meat in cream sauce that has been thickened with eggs.

*Bombe glacé:* Ice-cream and ice molded together or two kinds of ice-cream. Outside of one kind and the filling of another.

*Bouillon:* A clear broth, made from lean beef. Exception, clam bouillon.

*Bourgeoise (à la):* In family style.

*Braising:* Stewing in covered pan, heat above and below.

*Café au lait:* Coffee with milk.

*Café noir:* Black coffee.

*Canapé:* Usually toast with cheese or potted meat spread upon it. Sometimes made with pastry.

*Cannelon:* Meat stuffed, rolled up and roasted or braised.

*Capon:* A chicken castrated for the sake of improving the quality of the flesh.

*Charlotte:* A preparation of cream or fruit, formed in a mold, lined with fruit or cake.

*Chartreuse:* A mold of aspic in which are vegetables, meat or fruit, filling the center of the mold. Used to denote anything concealed.

*Chaud-froid:* Literally, hot cold. In cookery a jellied sauce.

*Chou-fleur:* Cauliflower.

*Compotes:* Fruits stewed in sirup and kept in original shape.

*Consommé:* Clear soup, usually made from two or three kinds of meat, highly seasoned.

*Creole (à la):* With tomatoes.

*Croustade:* A kind of patty made of bread or prepared rice.

*Croutons:* A small cut of fried or toasted bread used in soup.

*De, d':* Of.

*Demi-tasse:* A small cup; term usually applies to after-dinner coffee.

*Eclair:* Pastry or cake filled with cream.

*Entrées:* Small made dishes served after first course of a formal dinner.

*Farcie:* Stuffed.

*Fillets:* Long thin pieces of boneless meat or fish, generally rolled and tied.

*Fines herbes:* Minced parsley, chives, chervil, etc.

*Fondant:* Melting. Boiled sugar, the basis of French candy.

*Fondue:* A preparation of eggs and melted cheese.

*Frappé:* Semifrozen.

*Fricassée:* A stew in which meat is first fried slightly.

*Fricassée de poulet:* Fricassée of chicken.

*Fromage:* Cheese.

*Glacé:* Iced or glossed over.

*Hors-d'œuvres:* Side dishes. Relishes.

*Jardinière:* Mixed vegetables served in their own sauce.

*Julienne:* Vegetables cut in match-like strips.

*Lentils:* A variety of the bean family used for soups especially.

*Macaroni au fromage:* Macaroni with cheese.

*Macédoine:* A mixture of several kinds of vegetables. Used for fruit combinations also.

*Marrons:* Chestnuts.

*Meringue:* The whites of eggs whipped to a standing froth with powdered sugar.

*Mousse:* Ice-cream made with whipped cream. Frozen without stirring. Has mossy texture.

*Noël:* Christmas.

*Noir:* Black.

*Omelette aux champignons:* Omelet with mushrooms.

*Omelette aux fines herbes:* Omelet with minced parsley, chives, chervil, and so forth.

*Paté:* Some preparation of pastry, usually a small pie. Hence, "Patty-pans."

*Paté de fois gras:* Small pie filled with fattened goose livers.

*Pois:* Peas.

*Pommes de terre à la lyonnaise:* Lyonnaise potatoes.

*Purée:* Vegetables or cereals cooked and rubbed through a sieve to make a thick soup.

*Queues de bœuf:* Ox tail.

*Ragoût:* A highly seasoned meat dish: really stewed meat in rich gravy.

*Réchauffé:* Anything warmed over.

*Salade de laitue:* Lettuce salad.

*Salpicon:* A mixture of fruits in a flavored sirup or highly seasoned minced meat mixed with a thick sauce.

*Sauté:* To fry lightly in hot fat or butter, not deep enough to cover the food cooked.

*Sorbet:* Frozen punch. This name is often given to water-ice when several kinds of fruit are used.

*Suprême:* White cream sauce made from chicken stock.

*Tarte aux pommes:* Apple pie.

*Timbale:* A small unsweetened custard usually seasoned with fish, meat or vegetables and baked in a mold and turned out while hot.

*Truffles:* A species of fungi, similar to mushrooms, growing in clusters some inches below the surface of the ground. Used in seasoning and for garnish.

Concluded from page 78

# THE HOTEL GUEST WHO KNOWS

moments for a hall-boy to bring her this or that, and then wonders why she spends so much on tips, is not worthy of much sympathy. Learn to concentrate your tips. If you want hotel stationery, the morning paper and perhaps some postage stamps, you can just as well send for these three things all at once and give the boy a dime for his trouble. Don't indulge in thoughtless tipping.

If you expect a C. O. D. package to arrive from a shop during your absence from the house, don't fail to authorize the cashier to pay, and, if you are not known, leave the money with him. Unless provision is made in advance for such cash items, your package will be returned to the shop whence it came and may subject you to great inconvenience, through no fault of the hotel.

Never send for the porter to remove your baggage from your room until you have paid your bill at the office. The hotel porter is under orders not to allow any baggage to leave the house until the guest's bill is paid, so, to avoid embarrassment, be sure to pay your bill first.

The chambermaid is the only one in the housekeeping department who need be given a tip on departure. For a stay of a week, one dollar is a suitable tip in a high-class house; or twenty-five cents a day for a short visit. If the floor clerk has rendered you any personal service, she may be remembered; also the elevator attendants who have been particularly obliging. The last, however, is entirely optional.

### RESTAURANT FEATURES

THE varied and numerous restaurants in a large hotel are frequently a puzzle to the inexperienced woman guest. She hears about the "café," the "grill" the "tea-room," the "main restaurant" and ever so many more, but dreads to enter any, fearing it may be the wrong one.

While no one statement can apply with accuracy to every large hotel, it is in a general way true that meals served in the café or grill-room are less formal, with quicker service and occasionally some slight reduction in price from the formal service of the main dining-room of the house.

Your choice of a dining-room depends largely on what you want to order, how you wish to dress, and whether you are alone or accompanied by an escort. To go in to the main restaurant at the dinner hour dressed in a street suit and perhaps order merely an oyster stew or a club

sandwich would be out of place; in one of the smaller restaurants, or the grill, it would be all right.

It is in the grill-rooms that "club" or "combination" breakfasts are most apt to be served. Some hotels offer a series of these for your choice, ranging in price from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents. In the grill-rooms there are often luncheon and dinner specialties known as "du jour" (for the day only) dishes. By choosing one of these you get more for your money, as a garnish of potato or other vegetable is often served with such a "du jour" dish. Remember that "p. p." on the menu means "per person" and that there is an extra charge for one portion divided between two persons. Items on the menu marked with a star (\*) or sometimes printed in heavy type indicate "ready dishes," so choose some such dish when you are pressed for time.

AS THE fashionable hotels have orchestra music anywhere from twice to four times each day, select the music hours for entertaining any friends. The tea hour, from four to six, is especially appropriate, as the tea-card includes no expensive items. In some hotels a flat charge of one dollar a person entitles one to a dainty service of tea and accessories, and also includes the privilege of dancing.

Never be reticent about inquiring. The headwaiter and his assistants, and their subordinates, the captains, are there for the purpose of assisting guests. Do not tip these men except for some special service and never less than one dollar. The waiter who serves you should get ten per cent. of the restaurant check as a minimum, and as much more as you feel he has earned in any unusual service to you or your guests.

A meal served in one's room is always a luxury, as a minimum of five or ten cents is added to every item, and this counts up. Moreover, the waiter expects a larger tip for his additional trouble. However, to have a daintily set table brought noiselessly into your room, the hot dishes in a compact heater and the cold ones packed in ice, is occasionally well worth the extra cost.

The various dishes of the hotel restaurant, how they are served, what combinations are suitably ordered at the same meal, what the different *à la's* indicate of geography and history, the ability to visualize a dish by its menu title, is a fascinating offshoot of restaurant ordering—but that's another story.

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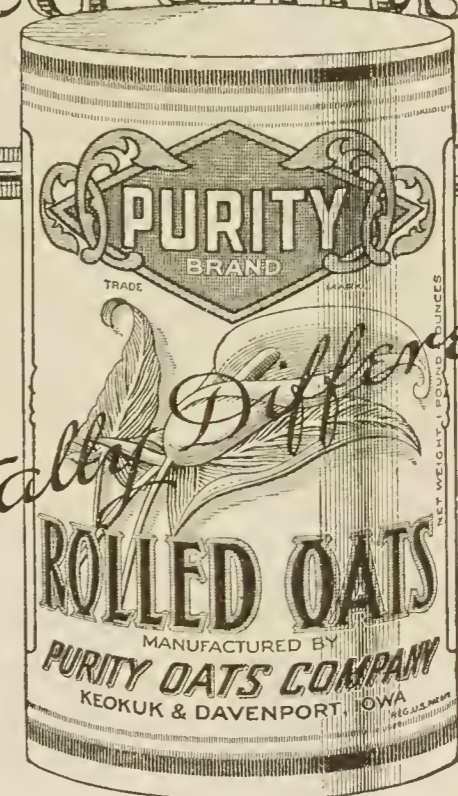
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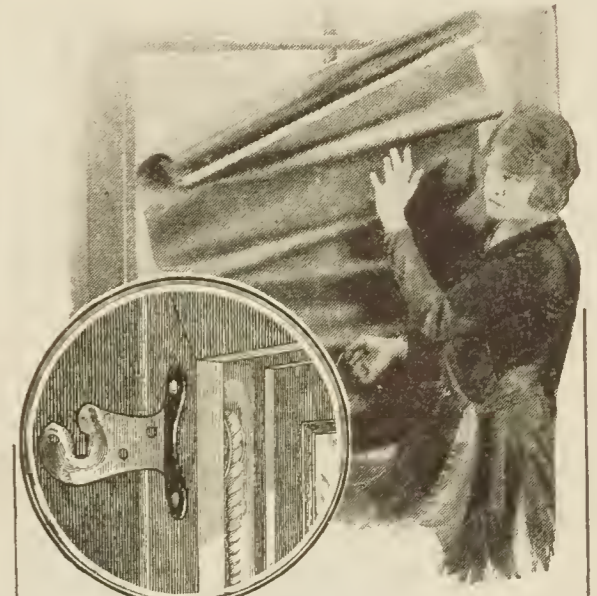
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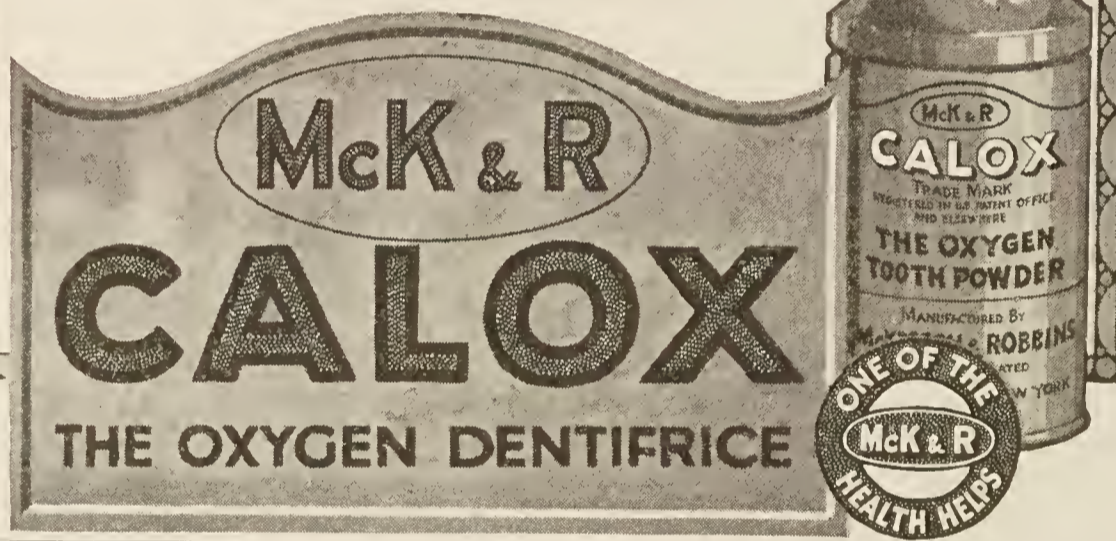
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## HILLS OF HAN

By this time Jonathan Brachey was in a state of nerves that alarmed even himself. Neither will nor imagination was proving equal to this new sort of strain. The confusion of motives that had driven him out here provided no sound justification for the journey. When he tried to think work now, he found himself thinking Betty. And misgivings were creeping into his mind. It amounted to demoralization.

He walked out after the solitary dinner of soup and curried chicken and English strawberry jam. The little village was settling into evening calm after the labors of the day. Men and boys, old women and very little girls, sat in the shop-fronts—here merely rickety porticos with open doorways giving on dingy courtyards—or played about the street. Carpenters were still working on the roof of the new railway station. Three young men in an open field were playing decorously with a shuttlecock of snake's skin and duck feathers, deftly kicking it from player to player. Farther along the street a middle-aged man of great dignity, clad in a silken robe and black skull-cap with the inevitable red knot, was flying a colored kite. Through all this, Jonathan Brachey, the expert observer, wandered almost unseeing.

FARTHER up the hill, however, rounding a turn in the road, he stopped short, suddenly alive to the vivid outer world. A newly built wall of brick stood before him, enclosing an area of one or two acres, within which appeared the upper stories of European houses, as well as the familiar curving roofs of Chinese tile. And just outside the walls two young men and two young women in outing clothes, white folk all, were playing tennis. To their courteous greeting he responded frigidly.

Later a somewhat baffled young Australian led him to the office of M. Pourmont and presented him.

The distinguished French engineer, looking up from his desk, beheld a tall man in homespun knickerbockers, a man with a strong if slightly forbidding face. He fingered the card.

"Ah, Mr. Brashayee! Indeed, yes! It is ze *grand plaisir!* But it mus' not be true zat you go on all ze way to T'ainan-fu."

"Yes," Brachey replied with icy courtesy, "I am going to T'ainan."

"But ze time, he is not vat you call—ripe. One makes ze trouble. It is only a month zat zay t'row ze *pierre* at me, zay tear zo coat of me, zay destroy ze ear of me! *Choses affreuses!* I mus' not let you go!"

Brachey heard this without taking it in any degree to himself. He was looking at the left ear of this stout, bearded Parisian, from which, he observed, the lobe was gone.

Then, with a quickening pulse, he thought of Betty out there in T'ainan, in real danger. "Come wiz me!" cried M. Pourmont. "I vill show you vat ve do—*nous ici.*" And snatching up a bunch of keys he led Brachey out about the compound. He opened one door upon what appeared to be a heap of old clothes. "*Des sac à terres,*" he explained.

Brachey picked one up. "Ah," he remarked, coldly interested, "sand-bags!"

"Yes, it is zat. Sand-bags for ze vall. Ve have ze *femme Chinoise*—ze Chinese vimmen—sew zew all every day. And you vill look." He led the way with this to a corner of the grounds where the firm loam had been turned up with a pick. "It is so, Mr. Brashayee, *partout.* All is ready. In von night ve fill ze bag, ve are a fort, ve are ready! Seel! An' seel!"

He pointed out a low scaffolding built here and there along the compound wall for possible use as a firing-step. Just outside the wall crowding native houses were being torn down. "I buy zem," explained M. Pourmont with a chuckle, "an' I clear away, I make a *glacis, n'est ce pas?*" On several of the flat roofs of supply-sheds along the wall were heaps of the bags, ready filled, covered from outside eyes with old boards. In one building, under lock and key, were two machine guns and box on box of ammunition. Back in M. Pourmont's private study was a stand of modern rifles.

"You vill see by all zis vat is ze t'ought of myself," concluded the genial Frenchman. "Ze trouble he is real. It is not safe to-day in Hansi. Ze Société of ze Great Eye—ze Looker—he grow, he *fait l'exercice,* he make ze t'reat. You vill not go to T'ainan alone. It is not right!"

Brachey was growing impatient now. "Oh, yes," he said, more shortly than he knew. "I will go on."

"You have ze arm—ze *revolvair?*" Brachey shook his head.

"You vill, zen, allow me to give you zis." But Brachey declined the weapon stiffly, said good night, and returned to the inn below.

The next morning a Chinese servant brought a note from M. Pourmont. If he would go—thus that gentleman—and if he would not so much as carry arms for protection, at least he must be sure to get into touch with M. Griggsby Doane at once on arriving at T'ainan. M. Doane was a man of strength and address. He would be the only support that M. Brachey could look for in that turbulent corner of the world.

THE lamp threw a flickering, unearthly light, faintly yellow, on the tattered wall-hangings that bore the Chinese characters signifying happiness and hospitality and other genial virtues. The lamp was of early Biblical pattern, not unlike a gravy-boat, of iron, full of oil or grease in which the wick floated. It stood on the roughly made table.

The inn compound was still, save for the stirring and the steady crunching of the horses and mules at their long manger across the courtyard.

Brachey, half undressed, sat on his cot, staring at the shadowy brick wall. His face was haggard. There were hollows under the eyes. His hands lay listless on his knees. The fire that had been for a fortnight consuming him was now for the moment burnt out.

But at least, he now felt, the particular storm was over. That there might be recur-

rences, he recognized. That girl had found her way, through all the crust, to his heart. The result had been nearly unbearable while it lasted. It had upset his reason; made a fool of him. Here he was—now—less than a day's journey from her. He couldn't go back; the thought stirred savagely what he thought of as the shreds of his self-respect. And yet to go on was, or seemed, unthinkable. The best solution seemed to be merely to make use of T'ainan as a stopping-place for the night and pass on to some other inland city. But this thought carried with it the unnerving fear that he would fail to pass on, that he might even communicate with her.

His life, apparently, was a lie. He had believed since his boyhood that human companionship lay apart from the line of his development. Even his one or two boy friends he had driven off. The fact embittered his earlier life; but it was so. In each instance he had said harsh things that the other could not or would not overlook. His marriage had contributed further proof. Along with his pitilessly detached judgment of the woman went the sharp consciousness that he, too, had failed at it. He couldn't adapt his life to the lives of others. Since that experience—these four years—by living alone, keeping away, keeping clear out of his own land, even out of touch with the white race, and making something of a success at it, he had not only proved himself finally, he had even, in a measure, justified himself. Yet now a chance meeting with a nineteen-year-old girl had at a breath destroyed the laborious structure of his life. It all came down to the fact that emotion had at last caught him as surely as it caught the millions of other men—men he had despised. He couldn't live now—without feeling again that magic touch of warmth in his breast. He couldn't go on alone.

HE BOWED his head over it. Round and round went his thoughts, cutting deeper and deeper into the tempered metal of his mind.

He had said to her, "The only battles a man wins are the ones he wins alone." He meant that. He believed it. Yet here he was, losing a battle, alone, for need of her. It was already more than half lost. He could move neither forward nor back.

He had said too: "Dependence on others is a demand, a weakness. Strength is better. If each of us stood selfishly alone, it would be a cleaner, better world—no running up of spiritual debt. That's the worst kind."

And she had said: "If you live for nobody in the world except yourself—I mean if there's nobody you're responsible for, nobody you love and take care of and suffer for—isn't there danger of becoming—well, just selfish?" To which he had replied: "I am selfish."

He had supposed he was telling the simple truth. But clearly he wasn't. At this moment, as at every moment since that last night on the boat-deck, he was as dependent on her as a helpless child. And now he wasn't even selfish. These two days since the little talk with M. Pourmont he had been stirred deeply by the thought that she was in danger.

Over and over, with his almost repelling detachment of mind, he reviewed the situation. She might not share his present emotion. Perhaps she had recovered quickly from the romantic drift that had caught them on the ship. She was a sensitive, expressive little thing; quite possibly the new environment had caught her up and changed her, filled her life with fresh interest or turned it in a new direction. With this thought was interwoven the old, bitter belief that no woman could love him. It must have been that she was stirred merely by that romantic drift and had endowed him, the available man, with the charms that dwelt only in her own fancy. Young girls were impressionable; they did that.

BUT suppose—it was excitingly implausible—she hadn't swung away from him. What would her missionary folk say to him and his predicament? Sooner or later he would be free; but would that clear him with these dogmatic persons, with her father? Probably not. And if not, wouldn't the fact thrust unhappiness upon her? You could trust these professionally religious people, he believed, to make her as unhappy as they could—nag at her.

Suppose, finally, the unthinkable thing, that she—he could hardly formulate even the thought; he couldn't have uttered it—loved him. What did he know of her? Who was she? What did she know of adult life? What were her little day-by-day tastes and impulses, such as make or break any human companionship? And who was he? What right had he to take on his shoulders the responsibility for a human life, a delicately joyous little life? For that was what it came down to. It came to him now like a ray of blinding light that he who quickens the soul of a girl must carry the burden of that soul to his grave. At times during the night he thought wistfully of his freedom, of his pleasant, selfish solitude and the inexigent companionship of his work.

His suit-case lay on the one chair. He drew it over, got out the huge, linen-mounted map of the Chinese Empire that is published by the China Inland Mission, and studied the roads about T'ainan. That from the east—his present route—swung to the south on emerging from the hills and approached the city nearly from that direction. Here, instead of turning up into the city, he could easily enough strike south on the valley road, perhaps reaching an apparently sizable town called Hung Chan by night.

HE DECIDED to do that, and afterward to push southwest. It should be possible to find a way out along the rivers tributary to the Yangtze, reaching that mighty stream at either Ichang or Hankow. And he would work diligently, building up again the life that had been so quickly and lightly overset. At least, for the time. He must try himself out. This riding his emotions would not do. At



Continued from page 82

# HILLS OF HAN

some stage of the complicated experience it was going to be necessary to stop and think. Of course, if he should find after a reasonable time, say a few months, that the emotion persisted, why then, with his personal freedom established, he might write Betty, simply stating his case.

He folded the map and put it away, not once thinking of the immense and valuable contribution it represented on the part of a missionary organization to his own needs as to the needs of civilization.

And after all this, on the following afternoon, dusty, tired of body and soul, Jonathan Brachey rode straight up to the east gate of T'ainan-fu.

IF BRACHEY had approached that east gate a year later he would have rolled comfortably in a rickshaw—which has followed the white man into China—along a macadamized road bordered by curbing of concrete from the new railway station into the city. But in the Spring of 1907 there was no station, no pavement, not a rickshaw. The road was a deep rutted path, dusty in dry weather, muddy in wet, bordered by the crumbling shops and dwellings found on the outskirts of every Chinese city. A high, bumpy little bridge of stone spanned the moat.

Over this bridge rode Brachey in his humble cart, sitting flat under a span of dusty, tattered matting, surrounded and backed by his boxes and balos of food and water and his personal baggage. John and the cook rode behind on mules. The muleteers walked.

Under the gate were lounging soldiers, coolies, beggars and a money-changer or two with their bags of silver lumps, their strings of copper cash and their balanced scales. Two of the soldiers sprang forward and stopped the cart. Despite their ragged uniforms—of a dingy blue, of course, like all China, capped with blue turbans—these were tall, alert men. Brachey was rapidly coming to recognize the northern Chinese as a plager, browner, more vigorous type of being than the soft little yellow men of the south with whom he had long been familiar in the United States as well as in the East. A more dangerous man, really, this northerner.

BRACHEY leaned back on his baggage and watched the little encounter between his John and the two soldiers. Any such conversation in China is likely to take up a good deal of time, with many gestures, much vehemence of speech and an increasing volume of interference from the inevitable curious crowd. The cook and the two muleteers joined the argument. Brachey had learned before the first evening that this interpreter of his had no English beyond the few pidgin phrases common to all speech along the coast. And since leaving Shau T'ing it had transpired that the man's Tientsin-Peking dialect sounded strange in the ears of Hansi. John was now nearly in the position of an interpreter who could make headway in neither of the languages in which he was supposed to deal. Brachey didn't mind. It kept the man still. And he had learned years earlier that the small affairs of routine traveling can be managed with few spoken words. But just now, idly watching the little scene, he would have liked to know what it meant.

Finally John came to the cart, followed by shouts from the soldiers and the crowd. "Card waneheo," he managed to say. "Card? No savvy," said Brachey. "Card." John nodded earnestly.

Brachey produced his personal card, bearing his name in English and the address of a New York club.

John studied it anxiously, and then passed it to one of the soldiers. That official fingered it; turned it over; discussed it with his fellow. Another discussion followed.

Brachey now lost interest. He filled and lighted his pipe; then drew from a pocket a small leather-bound copy of "The Bible in Spain," opened at a book-mark, and began reading.

THERE was a wanderer after his own heart—George Borrow! An eager adventurer, at home in any city of any clime, at ease in any company, a fellow with gypsies, bandits, Arabs, Jews of Gibraltar and Greeks of Madrid, known from Mogadore to Moscow, Borrow's missionary employment puzzled him as a curious inconsistency; his skill in making much of every human contact was to the misanthropic Brachey enviable; his genius for solitude, his self-sufficiency in every state, whether confined in prison at Madrid or traversing alone the dangerous wilderness of Galicia, were to Brachey points of fine fellowship. This man needed no wife, no friend. His enthusiasm for the new type of human creature or the unfamiliar tongue never weakened.

The cart jolted, creaking, forward into the low tunnel that served as a gateway through the massive wall. A soldier walked on either hand. Two other soldiers walked in the rear. The crowd, increasing every moment, trailed off behind. Small boys jeered, even threw bits of dirt and stones, one of which struck a soldier and caused a brief diversion.

They creaked on through the narrow, crowded streets of the city. A murmur ran ahead from shop to shop and corner to corner. Porters, swaying under bending bamboo, shuffled along at a surprising pace and crowded past. Merchants stood in doorways and puffed at their long pipes with tiny nickel bowls as the strange parade went by.

Finally it stopped. Two great studded gates swung inward, and the cart lurched into the courtyard of an inn.

Brachey appropriated a room, sent John for hot water, and coolly shaved. Then he stretched out on the folding cot above its square of matting, refilled his pipe and resumed his Borrow.

Within half an hour fresh soldiers appeared, armed with carbines and revolvers, and settled themselves comfortably, two of them, by his door, two others taking up a position at the compound gate.

They brought a letter, in Chinese characters on red paper in a buff-and-red envelope. Brachey examined it with curiosity.

"No savvy," he said. But the faithful John, inarticulate from confusion and fright, could not translate.

Between this hour in mid-afternoon and early evening six of these documents were passed in through Brachey's door. With the last one, John appeared to see a little light.

"Number one policeman waneheo know pidgin belong you," he explained laboriously.

THAT would doubtless mean the police minister. So they wanted to know his business! But as matters stood, with no other medium of communication than John's patient but bewildered brain, explanation would be difficult. Brachey reached for his book and read on. Something would have to happen, of course. It really hardly mattered what. He even felt a little relief. The authorities might settle his business for him. Pack him off. It would be better. M. Pourmont's letter to Griggsby Doane had burned in his pocket for two days. It had seemed to press him, like the hand of fate, to Betty's very roof. Now, since he had become—the simile rose—a passive shuttlecock, a counterplay of fate might prove a way out of his dilemma.

He had chicken fried in oil for his dinner. And John ransacked the boxes for dainties, as if the occasion demanded indulgence.

At eight John knocked with shaking hands at his door.

It was dark in the courtyard, and a soft April rain was falling. Two fresh soldiers stood there, each with carbine on back and a lighted paper lantern in hand. A boy from the inn held two closed umbrellas of oiled paper.

"Go now," said John, out of a dry throat. "Go what side?" asked Brachey, surveying the little group.

John could not answer.

Brachey compressed his lips, stood there, knocking his pipe against the door-post. Then finally he put on overcoat and rubber overshoes, took one of the umbrellas and set forth.

THEY walked a long way through twisting, shadowy streets, first a soldier with the boy from the inn, then Brachey under his umbrella, then John under another, then the second soldier. Dim figures brushed past them. Once the quaint wailing of stringed instruments floated out over a compound wall. They passed through a dark tunnel that must have been one of the city gates; then on through other streets.

They stopped at a gate-house. A door opened and yellow lamp-light fell warmly across the way. Brachey found himself stepping up into a structure that was and yet was not Chinese. A smiling old gatekeeper received him with striking courtesy, and, to his surprise, in English.

"Will you come with me, sir?" John and the soldiers waited in the gate-house.

Brachey followed the old man across a paved court. His pulse quickened. Where were they bringing him?

Through a window he saw a white woman sitting at a desk, under an American lamp.

He mounted stone steps; left his coat and hat in a homelike front hall. The servant led the way up a flight of carpeted stairs.

On the top step Brachey paused. At the end of the corridor, where a chair or two, a table, book-case and lamp made a pleasant little lounge, a young woman sat quietly reading.

She looked, up sat very still, gazing straight at him out of a white face.

It was Betty. His heart seemed to stop.

Then a man stood before him—little, dusty, blond man. They were clasping hands. He was ushered rather abruptly into a study. The door closed.

The little man said something twice. It proved to be, "I am Mr. Boatwright," and he was looking down at the much-thumbed card; Brachey's own card.

Brachey was fighting to gather his wits. Why hadn't he spoken to Betty or she to him? Would she wait there to see him? If not, how could he reach her? He must reach her, of course. He knew now that through all his confusion of mind and spirit he had come straight to her.

THE little man was nervous, Brachey observed; almost jumpy. He hurried about, drawing down the window-shades. Then he sat at a desk and with twitching fingers rolled a pencil about. He cleared his throat.

"You've come in from the railroad?" he asked. "Yes? Do you bring news?"

"No," said Brachey coldly. "What gossip have your boys picked up along the road, may I ask?"

Back and forth, back and forth, his fingers twitched the pencil. Brachey's eyes narrowly followed the movement. After a little he replied:

"I have no information from my boys."

"Seven years ago"—thus Mr. Boatwright huskily—"they killed all but a few of us. Now the trouble has started again—a similar trouble. They attacked our station up at So T'ung yesterday. Mr. Doane is on his way there now. He left this noon. That is why they referred your case to me. Oh, yes, I should have told you: the taotai, Chang Chih T'ing, has asked me to get from you an explanation of your appearance here without a passport. But perhaps your card explains. You come simply as a journalist?"

Brachey bowed.

"You have no connection with the Ho Shan Company?"

"None."

"Chang is taking up your case this evening with the provincial judge, Pao T'ing Chuan. Pao is to give you an audience to-morrow. I believe, at noon. I will act as your interpreter." Mr. Boatwright paused and sighed. "I am very busy."

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IN a few weeks every good housekeeper will be preparing or helping to prepare the big Thanksgiving dinner. And this means bending over a hot range, soaking the hands in strong, soapy water, and doing many other things that are bad for the skin. Most women keep a bottle of

## Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

at hand and apply a few drops whenever the face and hands feel uncomfortable. No tiring massage, no elaborate and costly treatments, no time lost; it is far better, as so many women know, to use Hinds Cream in any spare moment for the health and beauty of the skin and complexion.



SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial cake Soap 8c. Face Powder, sample 2c; trial 15c. Attractive Week-end Box 50c.

Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere or will be mailed, postpaid, in U. S. A., from Laboratory

A. S. HINDS, 204 WEST STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE

### For Hair Not Wanted

Delatone is not like some "ready-to-use" hair removers on the market in that it is so chemically compounded that it is always "full strength" when made up by the user just at the time of applying.

That is why Delatone has stood the test of ten years of constant use by hundreds of thousands of satisfied women recognizing its merit as a quick, safe and sure remover of hairy growths from the under-arms, face or neck. After application the skin is left clear, firm and hairless.

If not at your dealer's he can get it for you or a jar will be sent you prepaid upon receipt of \$1 by

The Sheffield Pharmacal Co., Dept. KS, 339 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



### YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

#### Lash-Brow-Ine

applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use; why not you? Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. At your dealers, or direct from us by mail, in plain cover, prepaid. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointments with imitations. Get the full name correct—"LASH-BROW-INE." It's imitated. LOOK FOR THE Girl with the Icon. It's on every box.

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## LABLACHE FACE POWDER

### Madame La Mode

endorses face powders that are unquestionably good. LABLACHE is an old favorite—it benefits, protects and beautifies the skin. It is fragrant, genteel, delightful and it sells on its merits—not because it "smells so good."

#### Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 65c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

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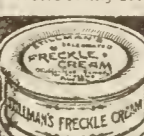


## Freckles

are as "a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

### STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet.



#### "Wouldst Thou Be Fair"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists. STILLMAN CREAM CO. Dept. D Aurora, Ill.

NEXT TIME YOU TRAVEL buy a copy of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE in the station, and notice how fast the miles fly by. 20 cents a copy. \$2 a year. THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, 223 Spring St., New York



# Buy— A. P. W. QUALITY TOILET PAPER PRODUCTS

Continued from page 8



**Never buy ANYTHING by "guess"—not even a roll of Toilet Paper.**

Select one of these STANDARD Brands—buy it regularly—call for it by NAME—and you will always get the same fine texture and uniform QUALITY—the quality that makes these brands the choice of careful housewives throughout the U. S. A.

**A. P. W. SATIN TISSUE**—the finest toilet tissue we know how to make. Very light and strong—cheaper than the poorest paper you can buy—2500 sheets to a roll.

**PURE WHITE**—is the rich quality white-as-snow Japanese erepe, wrapped in sanitary protecting sheet.

**CROSS CUT**—the quality medium weight tissue. Heavier than Satin Tissue—absolutely sanitary.

**FORT ORANGE**—similar to Cross Cut—sheets a little smaller and lighter in color—quality paper—perfectly soluble in water.

**ONLIWON**—the quality folded package of paper served automatically from attractive cabinet that protects it from dust and germs prevents waste and matches your bathroom fittings.

*A. P. W. products are made from new clean stock in a sanitary factory, under ideal conditions and are just the finest kind of paper we know how to make.*

We have prepared this folder to enable you to select just the type of paper you prefer. It contains samples of all of the A. P. W. QUALITY PRODUCTS. You may get one of these folders FREE at the store which displays this which displays this A. P. W. AGENCY sign or write to us for it and we will send it direct in plain envelope.

**A. P. W. PAPER COMPANY**  
Department 19, Albany, N. Y.

## “MY ROGER”

At this moment Mr. Thomas Follansby appeared in the living-room door, with his overcoat on his arm and his hat perched over one ear.

“Lo, Adelaide; what y’ got there?” To be referred to as though he were an inanimate object was displeasing to Seabring. He would have left the house instantly but for an arresting glance from Adelaide.

“Come in, Tom, won’t you?” she said. “You know Mr. Seabring, of course.”

“Seabring.” Follansby repeated, squinting hard at his teller. It was very evident that he had been quite recently in the presence of company of a different sort. He shook his head slowly and walked with the elaborately painstaking step of intoxication to Seabring, who stood uncomfortably awaiting further developments. “Mr. Seabring,” he began, resting the index finger of his right hand on Seabring’s shirt-bosom, “Mr. Seabring, you’re a damn impudent fellow; damn impudent, payin’ tention to my sister; comin’ to my house. Unwarrantel—unwar-rant-a-ble liberty. Tha’s all, Mr. Seabring!”

He straightened himself and left the room. In a moment they heard him laboriously mounting the stairs.

“YOU see,” said Adelaide sadly, “there are much worse things than loneliness. But of course Tom isn’t himself. You will overlook his conduct, won’t you—please?”

A door slammed above. “I’m only sorry you have been annoyed,” said Seabring, very honestly.

Tom Follansby left town the next day for one of his frequent inspections of the bright lights of Manhattan. He spent an hour at the bank before his departure, fifty minutes of it in the directors’ room with Welby. The whole clerical staff knew from the clash of angry voices that the interview was stormy, and Seabring guiltily suspected that he was the cause of it.

As Follansby stalked out of the bank on his way to the train, Welby walked to Seabring’s cage.

“Mr. Seabring,” he said in his shrill, piping voice, “I’ve raised your salary twenty-five dollars a month.”

The old gentleman’s face was scarlet; his big white eyebrows worked convulsively. He returned to his desk, summoned Estelle and broke all records for rapid dictation.

Seabring’s doubts as to whether he would ever see the inside of the Follansby house again were dispelled before he had cleaned up his cage for the day. Adelaide called him on the telephone to ask whether, if he hadn’t anything better to do that evening, he would drop in. He found her depressed and wistful and bravely exerted himself to cheer her.

TWO evenings later she asked him to dinner, producing as chaperon an elderly aunt, Miss Eleanor Follansby, who kept a handsome balance in the bank, and wrote fat checks for foreign missions. The next week Seabring took Adelaide to the Benton ball, where he had no reason to complain of the friendliness of his reception. Among other guests from abroad was Captain Danby, an old Harrisburg schoolmate. When they were in the high school Danby had received an appointment to West Point, and was now a captain in the Regular Army.

“Oh, I met the Bentons while I was still at the Point, and as I’m doing recruiting duty at Indianapolis they asked me up,” explained Danby. “You look sleek and prosperous; how goes it?”

The cordiality with which he addressed Seabring impressed the Bentons and disposed of Seabring’s last trace of nervousness.

Seabring could marry Adelaide Follansby if he wanted to. This statement in one form and another drifted through his mind constantly as he performed his functions as teller at the ladies’ window of the First National. He was, enormously sorry for Adelaide; he admired her; he even imagined himself in love with her. Youth had flowed past her, and her girlhood companions were married. Not to put too fine a point upon the matter, Adelaide was stranded. She showed her liking for him so frankly that he would have been a brute if he had not responded to her overtures. The question was not whether he could marry her, but how, short of jumping into the river, he could avoid marrying her.

IN THOSE days of January, when he, Roger Seabring, a methodical, painstaking bank-teller, frequently failed to balance, owing to mental disturbances alien to his duties, the unsympathetic comments of Miss Estelle Conroy added nothing to his joy in life.

“When two icebergs meet in the cold gray ocean,” remarked Estelle, resting her arm, easily on the shelf of the ladies’ window, “something is bound to happen. I can see that it might be a good thing for both of you. I mean getting married, you silly! And say,” she went on, lowering her voice, “Papa Welby is tickled nearly to death over the prospect; he thinks it would be such a grand joke on our young and frivolous president. As for me, I could scream to think of it!”

“WELL, you needn’t scream here,” said Seabring looking anxiously toward the neighboring cages.

“That girl,” Estelle continued, “has the soul of a cash-register. She wouldn’t change a quarter without ringing the bell. You want to know just where you land before you lead her down the aisle. They need a V. P. in this pawnshop and you’d look well in a mahogany chair. But nail down your job first.”

“We’ll have your book balanced to-morrow, Miss Conroy,” said Seabring briskly for the benefit of a customer who had just appeared.

“Thank you so much!” purred Estelle. That afternoon he took a long walk with Adelaide, beyond the creek and well into the country. Tramping homeward they paused on the bridge to watch the brilliant passing of the January sun.

“I am older than you are,” she said suddenly, and quite irrelevantly, looking at him with a brightening of the eyes.

“I don’t believe it,” he protested. “I’m as old as the hills; I’m twenty-nine!”

“I’m just a little older than that!” she said with a smile that disposed of the disparity.

She was very near. He touched her hand; his fingers closed upon it and held it.

“I suppose,” she said gently, “that a year more or less don’t count if —”

He disposed of that “if” with an ease that astonished him.

II

WHEN Tom Follansby returned from New York and heard of the engagement, he removed himself and his belongings with considerable ostentation to the Stafford Hotel, and as Kernville was not then a dry town the propinquity of the Stafford bar was not for Follansby’s good.

Tom was worse than worthless in the bank. Within the year he had enlarged the credit of a local corn products company over Welby’s protest and the relations between the president and the cashier were strained to the breaking-point.

Seabring was conscious that the eyes of the town were focused upon him. Women, young and old, who had no business of any kind at the First National, strolled through the lobby to gaze upon the teller at the ladies’ window who was the center of romantic interest in Kernville. But other things besides these embarrassing attentions troubled Seabring. He had repeatedly inventoried his assets as follows:

Clothing and other personal effects . . .	\$150
Time certificates at 3% . . . . .	600
Two shares of stock, Kernville Brick Company . . . . .	200
	\$950

WITH this capital he was about to marry Adelaide Follansby, the richest girl in Kernville. Just what he was to do after the marriage, which was scheduled for St. Valentine’s Day, opened up a field of speculation in which he groped blindly without any assistance from Adelaide. Adelaide, in her old, stately fashion, was very happy. She wished to be made love to, and with the best heart in the world Seabring made love to her. The practical affairs of life she ignored utterly. He gathered courage one evening to suggest the possibility of his being dropped from the bank owing to Tom’s hostility.

“Why, of course you can’t stay there! I never meant for you to!” she answered serenely. “After our honeymoon you will take up something else, but for a while we will just be happy together.”

“BUT you know I can’t be idle; the idea of letting you take care of me won’t do, you know that, Adelaide.”

“Why, Roger, isn’t what’s mine yours too?” He was unable to argue the matter with her. She was hurt; her lips quivered and tears shone in her eyes. At about this time Estelle had conveyed to him the astonishing information that Adelaide owned only twenty shares in the bank, having traded the interest she inherited to her brother, at the settlement of their father’s estate, taking real estate in exchange.

“Oh, you needn’t think she got stung in the trade,” said Estelle disdainfully. “I tell you she’s a business woman, and she flabozzled little brother in that transaction.”

These were not pleasant words to hear spoken of one’s fiancée. Seabring consulted Bowman of the Kernville Brick Company as to whether there was an opening in the office. Bowman said they’d be glad to take him in as bookkeeper at the same salary he was drawing from the bank. He timidly reported this to Adelaide, who dismissed the matter lightly.

“Of course not, Roger; I can’t have you working for a brick company. I’ve been so lonely for so long that I want you all to myself; just my Roger and me.”

Seabring swallowed hard. She broke his heart when she talked of her loneliness. It was his sympathy for her in her loneliness as much as the direct challenge to his affections that had got him into the box from which he saw no way of extricating himself. He was fond of Adelaide; he admired her; he was confident now that he loved her and he was equally sure that she loved him. Seeing how happy she was and deeply moved by the light that kindled in her eyes when she spoke of the good times ahead of them, a great tenderness woke in his heart. But he faced the future with doubts and forebodings.

THEY were married in the Follansby parlor, with only Aunt Eleanor to represent the family and a few of Adelaide’s friends. As Tom refused to lend the sanction of his presence to the ceremony, Welby gave the bride in marriage. The groom received one wedding-present, a brief note from the president of the bank stating that Mr. Seabring’s services were no longer required by that institution. The bride’s gifts included a handsome tea-service, for which the enterprising Estelle had collected the money and written a card, “From the Clerical Staff of the First National Bank of Kernville.”

The honeymooning in New York was in every way a happy holiday. In the metropolis Seabring, who had taken with him two hundred dollars in cash and four hundred in drafts, spent money with a free hand. Adelaide was handsome; she was even distinguished looking, and Seabring, only a little taller, looked more than ever a person of importance as he walked beside her down the Avenue, or commanded tables in the most exclusive eating-places.

At the end of a week, as they were going out to dinner one evening, Adelaide, looking unusually charming, kissed him and slipped a twenty-dollar bill into his hand—“to help my Roger,” as she explained.

Continued on page 85



## A RAGING HEADACHE

Throbbing forehead and temples—those nervous or sick headaches often come without a hint of warning. Keep “VASELINE” MENTHOLATED JELLY in your medicine closet for immediate use. Rubbed over the aching parts it gives cool, soothing relief. It relieves neuralgia, and sore throat, too.

Sold in sanitary tin tubes by druggists everywhere. Booklet containing valuable advice free.

**Vaseline**  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
**Mentholated**  
PETROLEUM JELLY

Other Home Remedies

- “Vaseline” White Jelly—for all irritations of the skin.
- “Vaseline” Borated Jelly—for inflamed eyelids; also for catarrh.
- “Vaseline” Oxide of Zinc Ointment—for eczema, sores, etc.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
2 State Street (Consolidated) New York



Continued from page 84

## "MY ROGER"

"It's lovely here, Roger," Adelaide said finally; "but of course we can't stay forever. Even the most beautiful days must end and I suppose we ought to think of going home."

HE HAD only one hundred dollars left and he acted at once on this hint and hastened to the ticket-office to insure their return to Kernville on the following day.

At home it was difficult to accommodate himself to the life of a man of leisure. Adelaide's old friends had arranged a series of entertainments in her honor, and Seabring was dragged to luncheons and teas where he was the only male present. He made excuses to go down-town after the late breakfast, which Adelaide said they would always have in their room, this being so much cozier. He did not like breakfasting in bed. When he escaped, he walked briskly down-town, and hurried through Main Street as though upon important errands, only to wind up in the gloomy lounging-room of the Wabash Club, which was deserted except at the lunch-hour and late in the afternoons, when Tom Follansby's cronies met there for hand-ball followed by cocktails.

They had been at home two weeks when she startled him one day by saying:

"Of course, Roger, now that your salary has stopped, you haven't any money coming in. You will need some pocket-money, and I understand how you'd feel about coming to me for it. I'm going to give you a check every month for fifty dollars, to be your very own. Now that's all settled!"

She put her arm round him and announced that they were going to a meeting of the *matinée musicale*. Men were never asked, but the committee was making an exception for him out of respect for his musical attainments. He hated the *matinée musicale*.

### III

ROGER was sitting in the club one morning, gloomily staring across at the bank where he had spent four happy and contented years, when he was summoned to the telephone. Estelle was on the line.

"Don't yell or anything," she began after identifying his voice. "The grand old man's keen to see you. How about right now if he makes a sneak to your favorite corner at the club?"

"What grand old man are you talking about?" asked Seabring suspiciously.

"We don't use names over the phone, but his begins with W. Do you get me?"

"I'll be here," said Seabring, wondering what Welby could want with him.

In a few minutes the cashier came in, led the way to the card-room and carefully closed the door.

"So this is what you're doing, is it?" he remarked with a grim smile. "If you've got a little time on your hands maybe you'll do something for me."

"Anything, of course, Mr. Welby," said Seabring, his heart warming at the sight of the little man.

"Things at the bank are not satisfactory, Seabring. I'm sorry to have to say it, but our president has got to go; that's all. He was never cut out for a banker. The products company is about to go into the hands of a receiver—I'm putting it there to try to save something for the bank. Tom's bitten with the idea of being director in a lot of corporations, which is utterly against his father's life-long principle. He's put up some of his bank-stock—about fifty thousand dollars' worth—as collateral with the Middle West National at Indianapolis to raise money to go into an automobile company. As you know, the Kernville National has become a formidable competitor of ours. They've gone so far as to talk to me about a merger, and that's because they know things are not going right in the First. They carry their Indianapolis account with the Middle West—you can see the danger there. Money is tightening up. There's a telegram on Tom's desk now saying that the notes won't be renewed. I don't want to put myself in the position of cutting under the son of my old friend; the overtures have to be made by an outsider. I want you to go there, open negotiations very quietly, and get that stock."

It occurred to Seabring that Welby might think he had money of his own or that Adelaide had endowed him with some of her worldly goods. He mentioned the fact that he was personally unable to contribute to a pool for the purchase of the hypothecated stock.

"You don't need to worry about that, Seabring. I've got the money. Incidentally, I understand that you and Miss Eleanor Follansby are on good terms. If you think she wouldn't give the scheme away, you might approach her very discreetly as to exercising the voting-power of her holdings—she's got a hundred shares and isn't the kind of woman who risks anything if she knows it. The other stockholders are solidly with me. I want to dispose of Tom with a majority that will put him over the breastworks with no chance to kick."

It flashed upon Seabring that to assist in this enterprise was not wholly loyal to Adelaide, but as though reading his thought, Welby remarked, with feeling:

"It's the memory of my old friend Rufus Follansby I want to protect, as well as my own interests. And it's a lot better for Tom to be let out quietly than for the comptroller to get his eye on the bank and take a hand in ousting him. Adelaide certainly wouldn't want the bank to be ruined. These negotiations will require tact, and I don't know of anybody who could manage them better than you."

"I'll think about it and let you know in half an hour," Seabring answered.

He watched the agile little cashier cross the street and disappear into the First National. To go on indefinitely being merely a companion and escort for Adelaide was wholly distasteful to him. The thought of his "allowance" of fifty dollars a month rankled. The first of her

promised checks was in his pocket, but he had no intention of cashing it. Every clerk in the bank would know it; Estelle would know, and somehow he didn't want Estelle to know that he accepted gratuities from his wife. Passing Estelle on the street a few days earlier she had flung a mischievous "my Roger" at him, a sure indication that Adelaide's pet phrase in speaking of him had become current in the town. He couldn't have Adelaide "my-Rogering" him, giving him a nickname that he'd never live down.

If Welby had asked him to commit arson or murder, he would have considered the proposition seriously; and the right, even the duty of Welby to protect the bank was not debatable. His spirits soared at the thought of having something to do. He went to the telephone, called Welby and told him he would undertake his errand.

"Good! Wait there a minute," said the cashier. "I'll send you over a note by the messenger."

The note proved to be four fifty-dollar bills folded in a sheet of paper across which was printed "Expense Account." Estelle had typed it. Estelle, who knew everything that Welby knew, might even have suggested that he, the former teller of the ladies' window, would make a capable envoy to gather up the stock necessary to rid the bank of Tom Follansby.

"I've got to run up to the city to-morrow," Seabring remarked carelessly to Adelaide when they met at luncheon.

"Why, Roger! And not take me?"

"Oh, it's only a little business matter," he replied; "it won't take more than a day or two."

"Now, Roger!" she exclaimed, playfully shaking her finger at him. "You know I can't have my Roger troubling his head about business. You're not going to—you wouldn't spoil all our nice times, our dear dream life, by meddling with business? Poor, dear papa worked himself to death, and I've always said that my husband should never kill himself that way."

"Well, I'm certainly not killing myself now," he said ruefully. "You forget that I've always been employed. I can't sit around here like an old broken-down man. It makes me uncomfortable to meet people on the street when everybody knows I'm doing nothing."

"But, Roger dear, haven't you everything you need? Why should you make me unhappy by going into business and spoiling all my plans?"

"Well, I'm certainly not killing myself now," he said ruefully. "You forget that I've always been employed. I can't sit around here like an old broken-down man. It makes me uncomfortable to meet people on the street when everybody knows I'm doing nothing."

"But, Roger dear, haven't you everything you need? Why should you make me unhappy by going into business and spoiling all my plans?"

HE WALKED round the table and took her face in his hands.

"You must let me have my way this time. This is a little private matter and I can't tell you about it now—but later you'll know the whole story."

"Well, you needn't imagine I'm going to help you into business—not one cent!"

This, though spoken laughingly, was sufficiently explicit.

"Oh, I'm not asking you to invest anything," he replied.

"But if you really wanted something to do, why didn't you tell me! Why, I've the nicest possible plan for you, where you could really be of use."

"What's that?" he asked with rising hope.

"Why, the First Presbyterian is going to try to clear up its debt before the anniversary in May, and they need some one to organize a drive to raise the five thousand dollars they still owe. And I promised the ladies of the Aid Society that you would take charge of the campaign. You know we've never had a man in Kernville who had time for just such things that are always coming up. It's my ambition for you, Roger, to have you rank as a leading citizen."

"Leading citizens," he suggested, "are usually the busiest men in a town."

She went with him to the station the following morning and cried when he kissed her good-by.

### IV

SITTING by the desk of Traynor, the president of the Middle West National, he stated his errand briefly.

"Do you come from Follansby?" asked Traynor sharply. "That paper's three days past due and we haven't been able to get anything out of him. What kind of a banker is he, anyhow?"

"The main thing is," said Seabring, "that I'm prepared to pay the loan with interest."

"There are other parties inquiring about that stock," remarked the banker guardedly. "You may know—"

"I represent a considerable interest in the bank," said Seabring. "It would hardly do good faith to sell the stock to one of the First's competitors."

"The Kernville National is a valued correspondent of ours," said the president.

"I understand that," said Seabring. "But there's a certain community of interest between banks. You'd hardly like to be sold out yourself, if you were in the same boat."

He was surprised to find himself holding his own so well. "Community of interest" was a phrase he had picked up in a newspaper, and he saw that it had impressed the president. Traynor eyed him more carefully.

"Did you say you were an attorney?" he asked.

No, I'm Follansby's brother-in-law. My wife is his sister, and as she's a stockholder in the bank—"

"Trying to get rid of Follansby?" Traynor interrupted.

"Exactly that," Seabring answered.

"Well, I don't blame you," said Traynor, frowning. "When can you pay the money?"

"To-morrow morning," said Seabring promptly.

"All right. But if Follansby should show up—"

"Of course if he brings in the money, you will have to take it," said Seabring unhesitatingly.

Concluded on page 86

## Coffee Prices Have Soared High but the Cost of Instant Postum and Postum Cereal Remains Unchanged



**The Coleman Quick-Lite**

**Most Brilliant Light in the World**

The Coleman Quick-Lite Lamp makes and burns its own gas from ordinary motor gasoline. It is the best light known for reading.

The light has a brilliancy of 300 candle power. Can you picture just how powerful this is—brighter than 20 oil lamps set in a room, brighter even than electricity, and by far cheaper than any of them? And the light is white, mellow and restful—easy on even the most sensitive eyes. Endorsed by thousands of users as the most satisfactory reading lamp ever invented.

**A Great Home Light**

The Coleman Quick-Lite has many advantages over all other lamps. It is practically indestructible. Made throughout of heavy gauge brass and steel, and beautifully nicked. Will last for years.

**Safe, Economical**

Fuel cannot spill. Lamp burns in any position. Fill only once a week. Lights with matches—no torch needed. Quick-Lite Burner an exclusive Coleman patent. Burns about 48 hours on one gallon of gasoline—a little over a cent a night.

**15,000 Dealers** sell Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants. If yours can't supply you write nearest house.

**THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY**  
Largest Manufacturers of Gasoline Lamps in the World  
Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas Los Angeles Chicago

No. CQ-329  
U. S. Price \$8.50  
Canada, \$12.50

Every Quick-Lite is equipped with a universal shade holder, which fits practically all shades made for gas or gas-oil lamps.



Paris says "SATIN"

All the exquisite new shades dear to the heart of the debutante and the quiet, subdued street shades glow and glisten in lustrous

**Satin Français**

"The Satin That Does Not Wear Rough"

The woman who knows demands *Satin Français* not only for its beauty but also because of all the satins tested in a U.S. Government Bureau of Standards durability test, *Satin Français* was the ONLY Satin that did not wear rough.

Most good shops sell *Satin Français*. If your dealer does not, write us and we will inform you where you can get it by the yard and give you a list of the manufacturers of *Satin Français* garments.

Write for our booklet "The Test of Good Satin"

**Pelgram & Meyer**

Makers of Good Silks and Ribbons Since 1872  
395 Fourth Avenue New York



"MY ROGER"

knowing that Tom was in Chicago, where, it was said, he had become the "angel" of a new musical comedy.

He called Kernville on the long-distance telephone and got Welby's promise to transmit currency covering Follansby's loan with interest. This accomplished, he sent a box o' candy to Adelaide and a book on recent explorations in the Holy Land to Aunt Eleanor.

He left for Kernville the next afternoon with Follansby's bank-stock in his pocket. Welby met him at the club.

"You've done splendidly, Seabring. I was afraid you'd have trouble. Get right after Aunt Eleanor now; the quicker the better."

Seabring went direct to Miss Follansby's house, and found her perusing the book he had sent her.

"OF COURSE I'll stand by Frank Welby!

Tom has as much business being president of that bank as my cook; less, because Martha keeps sober. I'm going to attend the next stockholders' meeting and tell 'em just what I think. But, see here, young man, I've been waiting for a chance to talk to you. Other people are talking, and they're saying that Adelaide kidnaped you and now you're married you're not going to do anything but just hop when she whistles. Don't you let that girl make you sit around all day for her to admire! I guess she was alone so many years that now she's got you she doesn't want you out of her sight. It's going to be the ruination of you if you don't put your foot down. With that big nose of yours and that jaw, you ought to get somewhere in this world. Go on and do something in your own way. If you only get a job shoveling coal, Adelaide will think a lot more of you. She'll cry about it at first, but she'll be proud of you in the end."

It was immensely cheering to have the counsel and support of a sensible woman like Aunt Eleanor. The success of the stock negotiations had the effect of restoring in some degree Seabring's self-respect. He made his final report to Welby and the matter was concluded to the cashier's satisfaction.

"I'm going to suggest," said Seabring, "that in the reorganization you make Tom chairman of the board for a while at least, to let him down easy."

"All right," Welby assented reluctantly. "Of course the cashier's desk is yours; that's been in my mind all along."

"We can settle that right now," said Seabring decisively; "I refuse to take it."

"Refuse it! Why, I'm turning the whole thing on that move; I need you; I've got to have you!"

"For a number of reasons, family considerations among them, I can't do it; and besides, I've got another job in mind. The Kernville Brick Company—"

"Bricks!" snorted Welby. "You be at that meeting to-morrow. I want you to report to 'em in person on this deal with Traynor."

Surprised at his reviving courage, Seabring

went home and told Adelaide just what was brewing at the bank.

"I knew it," she said slowly when he had finished. "Tom's home and he's been up to see me. He says that you're scheming to get him out of the bank, so you can have a place there. He was very bitter. It was always papa's idea that Tom should succeed him, but he can't do it; it isn't in him. I know Tom will never make a banker. But, Roger, you wouldn't—you won't really take a place in the bank? I missed you so terribly when you were away—"

Seabring abruptly changed the subject. Aunt Eleanor's plain statements had rung constantly in his mind. He loved Adelaide, but because he loved her he resolved not to take the chance of wearing of his life with her by yielding weakly to her absurd idea that he was to become a loafer, the target for contemptuous comment as a man who had married a rich girl and tamely lived on her bounty.

The next day Seabring visited the bank for the first time since he drew his last pay-check. Aunt Eleanor was present at the meeting and after he had reported his interview with Traynor, she made a speech, regretting that her nephew was moving to Chicago and would therefore be unable to serve on the new board. Regarding the reorganization, she stated that the plan to advance Roger Seabring from teller to the cashier's desk met with her highest approval; it was perhaps not generally known that he was a stockholder, but at his marriage to her niece she had transferred fifty of her hundred shares of bank stock to him as a slight token of her regard, and she gave notice that hereafter he would represent her in all business transactions.

A STRANGE stenographer reported the minutes. Seabring wondered at Estelle's absence, but as he was crossing the lobby on his way out he met her, dressed in her best clothes and wearing a look of unusual dignity.

"Not working?" he remarked with an attempt at his old manner of speech with her.

"I've retired to private life," she answered, giving a careless swing to the purse she carried on a chain. "Mr. Welby's decided that he needs me in his home more than in the bank, so we're going to be married next week."

With a wave of the hand she interrupted his amazed congratulations.

"Oh, yes! Now that you've made a break for some of this new freedom we hear so much about and you won't need me to keep an eye on you, I guess I'll take a shot at making the old Welby homo under the elms a safe place for one of the grandest men on this little round earth. Once I had an ambition to grace a bungalow with just you and me behind the hollyhocks, but you drifted into the ice-zone, where flowers don't bloom in the merry Spring-time. But I feel better since you've shocked your haughty bride into being a real human being, with the whole town admiring you, and I don't need to worry about you any more."

Continued from page 83

HILLS OF HAN

"I regret this intrusion on your time," said Brachey. It was impossible for him to be more than barely courteous to such a man.

"Oh, that's all right," Boatwright replied vaguely. "The audience will probably be at noon. Then you will come back here with me for tiffin." He sighed again, then went on: "They shot one of Pourmont's white men. Through the lungs. You must have seen Pourmont at Ping Yang as you came through."

"I called on him."

"Didn't he tell you?"

"No. He advised against my coming on." "Of course. It's really very difficult. He wants us all to get out as far as his compound. But, you see, our predicament is delicate. Already they've one of our outposts. But the trouble may not spread. We can't draw in our people and leave at the first sign of difficulty. It would be interpreted as weakness not only on our part but on the part of all the white governments as well. Mr. Doane, I know—he said this rather regretfully—"would never consent to that. Mr. Doane is a strong man. We shall all breathe a little more easily when he is safely back. If he should not get back—well, you will see that I must face this situation—the decision would fall on me. That's why I asked you for news. I have to consider the problem from every angle. We have other stations about the province and we must plan to draw all our people in before we can even consider a retreat."

BRACHEY heard part of this. He wished the man would keep still. His own racing thoughts were with that pale girl in the hall. Was she still there? He must plan. He must be prepared with something to say, if they should meet face to face.

As it turned out, they met on the stairs. Betty was coming up. She paused, looked up, then down. The color stole back into her face, flooded it. She raised her hand hesitatingly.

Brachey felt and heard the surprise of Boatwright behind him. The little man said:

"Oh!"

Brachey felt the warm little hand in his. It should have been easy to explain their acquaintance; to speak of the ship; ask after the Hasmers. In the event, however, it proved impossible; all he could say—he heard the dry, hard tones issuing from his own lips:

"Oh, how do you do! How have you been?"

Betty said, after too long a pause, glancing up momentarily at Mr. Boatwright:

"Mr. Brachey was on the steamer."

It was odd, that little situation. It might so easily have escaped being a situation, had not their own turbulent hearts made it so.

But now, of course, neither could explain why they hadn't spoken before he went into the study. And little, distraught Mr. Boatwright was wide-eyed.

The situation passed from mildly bad to a little worse. Betty went on up the stairs and Brachey went down. This because they couldn't speak of what both felt, and they couldn't trust their tongues with lesser talk.

The casual parting came upon Brachey like a tragedy. It was unthinkable. Something personal he must say. On the morrow it might be worse, with a whole household crowding about. It was a question if he could face her at all that way. He got to the bottom step; then, with an apparently offhand, "I beg your pardon!" brushed past the now openly astonished Boatwright and bolted back up the stairs. Betty moved a little way along the upper hall, hesitated, glanced back.

HE SPOKE low in her ear: "I must see you!"

Her head inclined a little. "Once! I must see you once. I can't leave it this way. Then I will go. To-morrow—at tiffin—if we can't talk together—you must give me some word. A note, perhaps, telling me how I can see you alone. There is one thing I must tell you."

"Please!" she murmured. There were tears in her eyes. They scalded his own high-beating heart, those tears.

"You will plan it? I am helpless. But I must see you—tell you!"

He thought her head inclined again.

"You will? You'll give me a note? Oh, promise!"

"Yes," she whispered, and slipped away into another room.

So this was why he had to come to T'ainanfu—to tell her the tremendous news that he would one day be free! And she had promised to arrange a meeting.

Never, never, in all his cold life had Jonathan Brachey experienced such a thrill as followed that soft "Yes."

Not a word passed between him and Boatwright until they stood in the gate-house. Then for an instant their eyes met. He had to fight back the burning triumph that was in his own. But the little man seemed glad to look away; he was even a little evasive.

"You'd better be around about half-past eleven in the morning," said he. "We'll go to the *yamen* from here. We must have blue carts and the extra servants. Good night." And again he sighed.

That was all. Boatwright let him go like that, back to the dirty, dangerous native inn.

He fell in behind the leading soldier, holding his umbrella high and marching stiffly, like a conqueror, through the sucking mud.

Continued in the December DELINEATOR

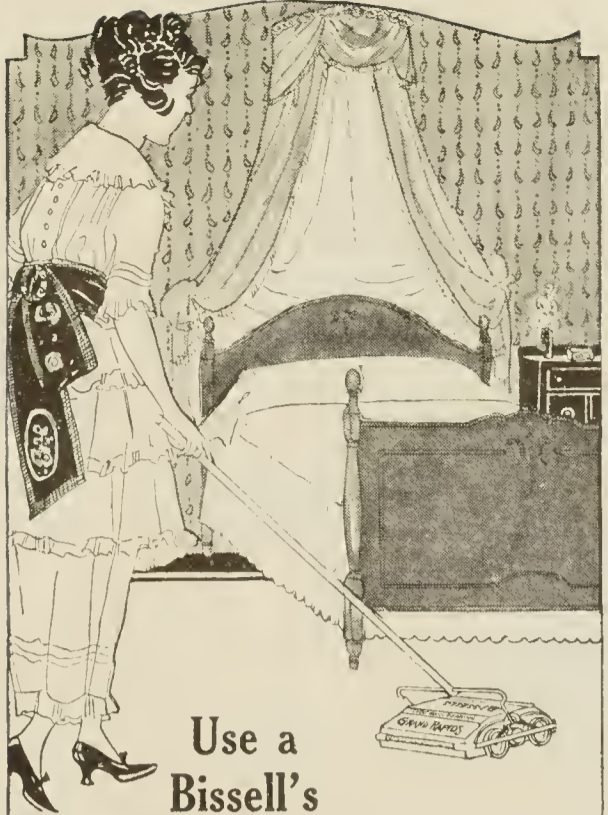
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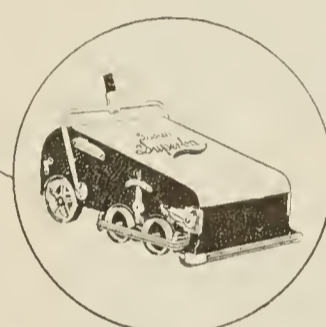
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Concluded from page 12

## MY VIEWS ON MARRIAGE

marry at all. It is a silly objection, for it would lead to the doing away with marriages altogether. Maturity is skeptical of all adventure, and marriage should be the greatest of all adventures, because it is at once the most spiritual and the most material.

NOTHING more sordid could easily be imagined than the inclination on the part of the young man of to-day to postpone marriage until he can support a wife "properly," i. e., in idleness. A girl with any spirit is willing and eager to share her husband's good or bad fortune, eager to help him in his struggle toward success—in the near future when women as well as men have their careers also the man will be eager to help the girl in her struggle toward her success.

Joy shared is doubled, and grief or trouble shared is cut in two. The happiest married couples are those in whom love, to use a wonderful phrase of Thomas Hardy's, has grown up in the interstices of common work and friendship, "beside which the passion usually called by that name is as evanescent as steam."

"Love in a cottage" is ordinarily sneered at. Of course, love in a palace is better—if you can have the palace. But I am thinking of those cases in which the cottage is in the problem, anyway. And then it would seem almost self-evident that hard times with love is to be preferred to hard times without.

TWO causes underlie the hesitancy of modern young people to marry. The first is the economic dependence of women, the medieval idea that marriage is woman's only profession. A helpless, non-self-supporting wife is enough to cause any man in his senses to stop and consider.

Young men of to-day do not wish to marry until their careers are assured and their incomes large; the young women who are dependent on those careers and those incomes, instead of on their own, inevitably foster and encourage this wish. When women are individuals capable of earning their own living and in a habit of doing so, like men, young men will not hesitate to marry so much as they unquestionably do to-day.

One big cause of our present-day delayed marriages will be removed. Marriage is a sacred institution only as it enables people to work together productively and happily.

THE second cause is the consideration of children—a consideration which does the younger generation of to-day great credit. This is a topic of extreme delicacy, and one into which I feel neither the inclination nor the competency to enter in this article. But I might suggest in passing that motherhood ought to be a dignity and privilege rather than an accident.

There surely is something much more reverential in bringing into the world only children that are desired, even at the cost of deliberately keeping out children that are not, than there is in the too prevalent habit of looking on all children as necessary evils.

However, on this topic I know nothing and should dislike being quoted as agreeing with the foregoing sentiment, for the simple reason that I am not sure I do agree. I offer it as a suggestion.

Upon one point, that married people should not see too much of each other, I am firmly convinced.

Young couples should not forget that all romance is worn off by intimacy—it is a wonder to me that so many marriages stand the strain of the honeymoon when the two persons who have been very busy idealizing each other all during courtship are forced into each other's company without any possible means of getting away, and discover that the beloved is a human being with rather petty likes and dislikes after all.

It is the most depressing feeling in the world to realize that you know all the secret closets and chambers of character of one who you originally thought was inexhaustible. There should be an element of novelty and surprise left to everybody. One should always feel that there are surely some more ideas to unlock.

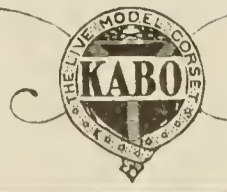
THEREFORE I say let there be plenty of room in the young people's new home who have just married. If they are wise, they will have separate apartments.

I do not wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Havlock Ellis have been an ideally happy couple for so many years. Each has his own house—they stand side by side in London—and lives his own individual life. Far from agreeing with Mr. Cyril Maude that actresses should not marry actors—or vice versa, as one prefers—because the exigencies of their profession will often demand that they be separated, I think that is one of the few reasons why actresses should marry actors.

Any husband who gave one an occasional vacation would have at least one commendable virtue. Intimacy in the more sordid details of daily existence and an almost complete lack of companionship in work—that is what the average marriage of to-day is too likely speedily to become. I believe in just the reverse.

Philosophy is said to arise from man's considering the problem of death, and many philosophies have given many answers to that problem. Some have said death ends all, but more have said that death is but a step to another kind of life.

If I ever wish to strengthen my belief in some kind of immortality, a belief that is instinctive with us, I find help in the examples of happy marriages, which we so often see about us. Marriage, in its best and highest estate, seems too gracious and sweet a relationship to be wholly extinguished by the natural process of death.



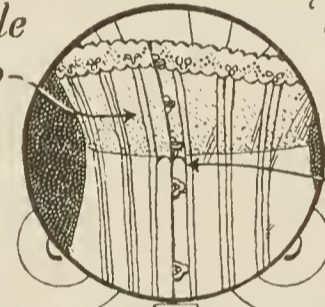
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## MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR BABIES

tight, and in order that the pressure may be even, it should be sewed on or pinned with small safety-pins, placed close together. If too loose, the band will not give the necessary support. But if it is too tight it may interfere with the baby's breathing and digestion. It is liable to induce colic or vomiting and by causing pain and discomfort make the baby very restless—a condition always to be avoided. A tight band may even cause a rupture by weakening the abdominal muscles.

The first band should be of cotton-and-wool flannel torn into six-inch strips and left unhemmed. This band should be worn until the cord is entirely healed and normal, and then be replaced by a little knitted band with shoulder-straps. The second band ordinarily should be worn for three or four months. It keeps the little stomach warm and thus wards off colic and bowel trouble. In frail or thin

When the baby is from four to six months old, the bugbear of short clothes may be routed by shortening the first clothes to ankle length. Rompers are in order by the end of the first year.

### NIGHTGOWNS FOLLOW SAME STYLE AS SLIPS

THE little nightgowns follow the same general style as the slips, being simple, straight and easily put on. They may be made either with a set-in sleeve or after the kimono style.

In cold weather, put your baby to bed in a flannel nightgown and, of course, no petticoat; but in Summer use thin, soft cotton ones. A drawstring in the hem of the flannel gown helps to keep the restless baby's feet warm in cold weather.

And in this connection remember that you should change your baby's clothes throughout when getting him ready for the night. He may wear the same little shirt and nightgown more than once if they are not soiled, but he should not wear at night the same garments that he has had on all day.

### LITTLE SACQUES AND WRAPPERS INDISPENSABLE

AS YOU must dress your baby according to the temperature of the moment, you will find little sacques and wrappers absolutely indispensable. The sacques may be knitted or made of soft wool material and the wrappers of such material as challis, nun's veiling or light-weight flannel.

I find that the average young mother is greatly perplexed over the baby's foot-gear. It need not bother you if you will bear in mind the general principles we've just talked of.

The baby must be warm enough, but not too warm, and his body temperature must be uniform.

It is well to put part wool stockings on the new baby in the Wintertime, and keep them on throughout the cold weather if the little toes are cold without them. These stockings should be long and pinned to the diaper. It is not necessary to use either stockings or socks in warm weather until the baby is old enough to creep on the floor.

When he does begin to creep, he should wear stockings and soft-soled shoes. As soon as he stands and begins to walk, he will need shoes that have stiff soles that are straight and which do not cramp his toes.

### HE MUST NOT SUFFER CHANGES IN BODY TEMPERATURE

THE outside wraps are very important, for the baby needs to be out-of-doors a good part of the day, and yet he is very sensitive to heat and cold and must be so protected that he will not suffer changes in body temperature.

The cap, in moderate weather, may be of a single layer of silk or cotton, but in cold weather it should be knitted or have a wool lining. Of course he will go bare-headed in very warm weather.

Make the cloaks of soft woolen material or with a wool interlining and adjust their weight to the weather.

If you will bear these general principles in mind when dressing your baby, you will do much toward promoting his digestion and you will add greatly to his happiness and well-being.



Dress or nightgown, kimono style

babies who have not a good padding of fat in the abdominal wall to keep the organs warm, this band may be necessary for a year or more.

### DIAPERS OF SOFT, ABSORBENT, LOOSELY WOVEN STUFF

THE question of diapers has never been satisfactorily settled, but what is needed is soft, absorbent, loosely woven material. Cheese-cloth, stockinet, outing flannel and cotton bird's-eye are all used. They should be about eighteen inches square, single or double according to the weight of the material and folded diagonally. You need to guard against having a stiff, bunched wad between the thighs. And you also need to take care that the diaper is put on firmly but is not tight.

The use of small absorbent squares inside the diapers will greatly facilitate the laundry work and will reduce the size of that uncomfortable wad between the thighs. These squares may be made of old turkish towels or knit underwear.

I can not pass over the diapers without cautioning you about changing them as frequently as they are wet during the day and whenever the baby is taken up at night. And never fail to bathe and dry the baby each time you change the diaper. Keep the soiled diapers in a covered receptacle until they are washed so that the flies can not get to them. Be sure that they are thoroughly rinsed, boiled for fifteen minutes and dried in the sun and open air if possible.

Remember that your baby's clothes must be kept clean and dry in order to prevent chafing. Don't yield to the temptation, therefore, to use a waterproof diaper protector. The diaper may be protected but the baby's skin will be irritated by the steamy moisture. Your baby should be so trained, by the way, that the diapers may be replaced by diminutive drawers at the eighteenth month.

### THE PETTICOAT'S UNDREAMED-OF POWERS FOR GOOD OR ILL

THE little petticoat is a guileless-looking affair, but it possesses undreamed-of powers for good or ill. To exert its beneficent influence to the full, in keeping the baby's body at an even temperature, it must needs be of part wool flannel, made after the gertrude style and hang from the shoulders, where it opens. None other need apply, for it will not do. In warm weather a nainsook or cambric petticoat of the same style may be worn.

The function of the little dresses is to keep the petticoats clean and add to the daintiness of the baby's attire. They also should hang straight from the shoulder, be very simple, of soft cotton material and free from scratchy ruffles or tight bands if your baby is to be happy and comfortable.

Don't make the time-honored mistake of having either dresses or petticoats long and cumbersome. They should be only long enough to come well over the feet and keep them warm.



Porch-blanket and hood all in one

I am sure that *Martin Chuzzlewit* was thinking of babies, too, when he said: "Any man may be in good spirit and good temper when he's well dressed. There ain't much credit in that."

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# Five delightful bacon dishes for luncheons and dinners

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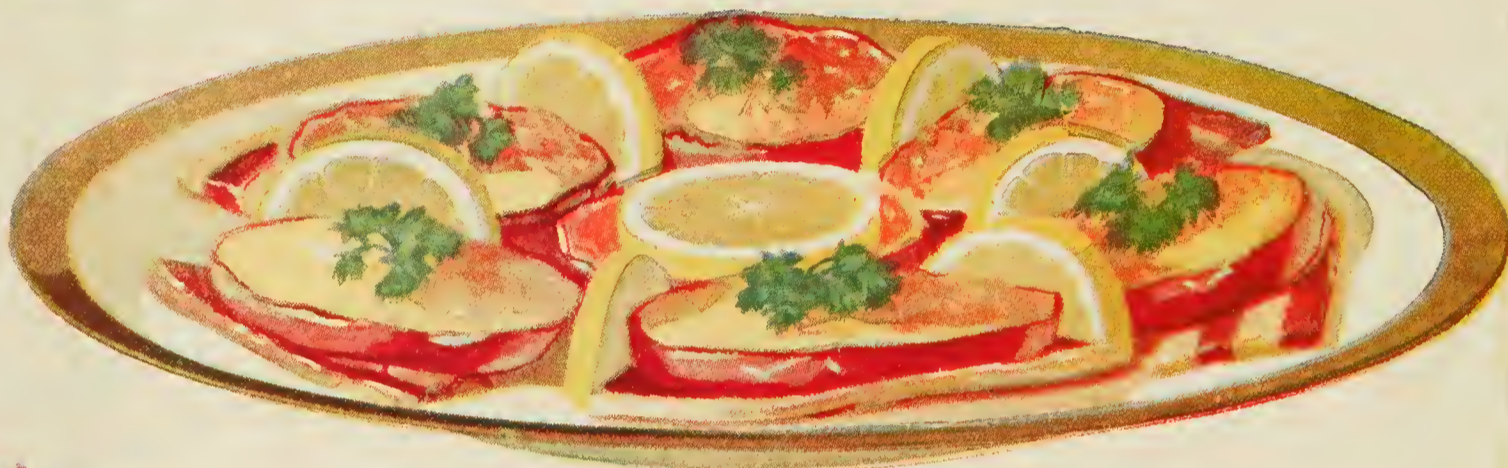


**Spaghetti and Bacon**

Cook one package spaghetti in boiling salted water for half an hour. Turn into colander and rinse with cold water. Cut six slices Premium Bacon in inch lengths. Cook over slow fire, turning frequently. Remove bacon and fry three medium sized sliced onions in the bacon drippings until light brown. Then add two cups tomatoes, a level teaspoonful salt and a sprinkling of cayenne pepper. Cook until onions are soft. Then add bacon and spaghetti. Cook over hot water until flavors are well blended.

**Apples and Bacon**

Select medium sized cooking apples. Wipe carefully but do not peel. Core and cut in half-inch slices. Fry in bacon drippings over a slow fire until well cooked, but not broken. Remove to hot plate, sprinkle with sugar and a little nutmeg—serve with fried Premium Bacon and garnish with sliced lemon and parsley. If a more substantial dish is desired serve the apples on circles of bread that have been dipped in beaten egg and browned in bacon drippings.



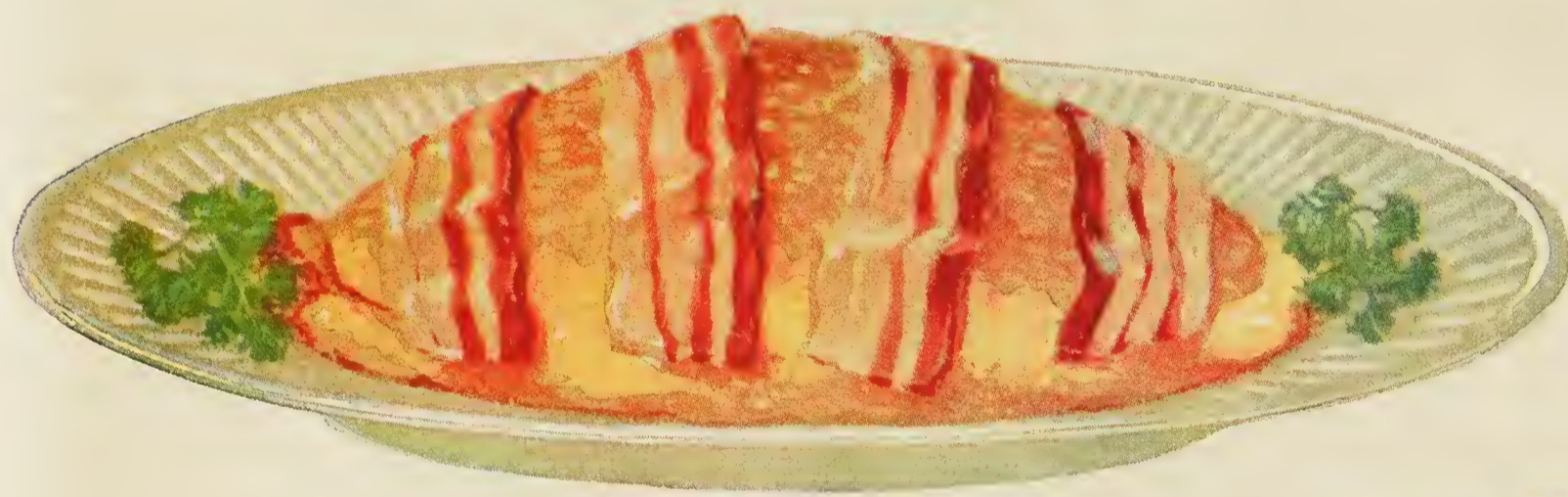
**Prospector's Potatoes**

Peel and slice four medium sized potatoes. Soak in cold water one hour. Drain and dry and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cut four slices Premium Bacon into inch pieces. Cook until lightly browned. Remove bacon and brown potatoes in the drippings. When well browned, mix the bacon with the potatoes, cover closely and let steam until potatoes are thoroughly cooked. A delightful luncheon dish.



**Lima Beans and Bacon**

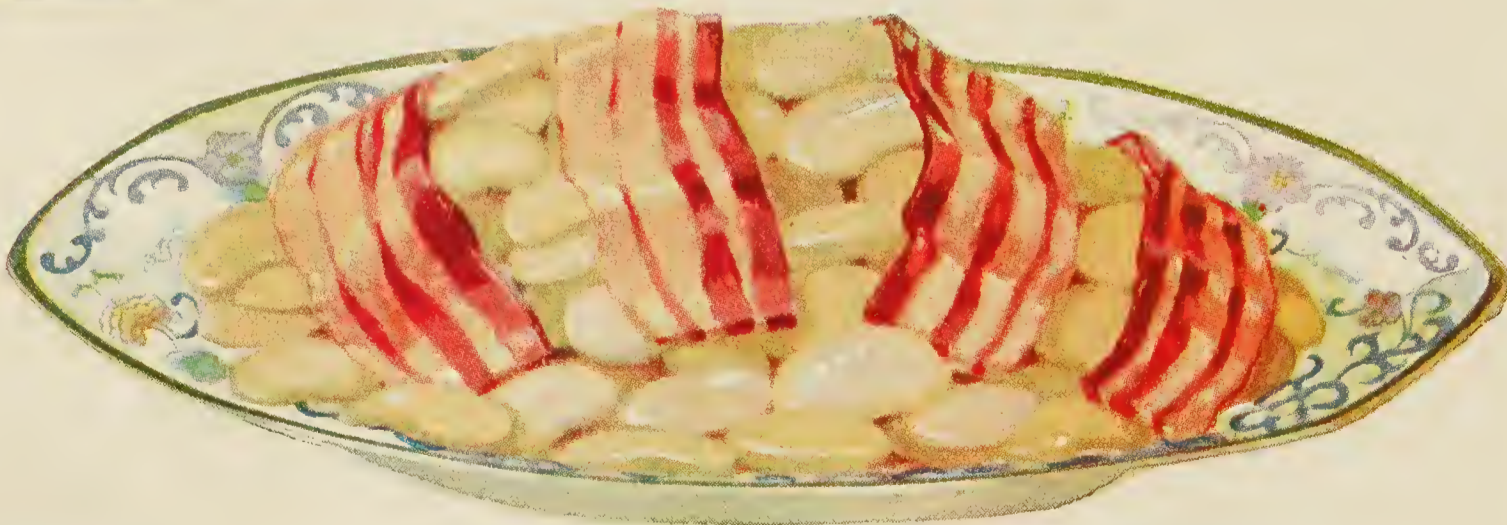
Soak one pound lima beans over night. Drain, cover with boiling water. Add ¼ teaspoonful soda and let stand a few minutes. Drain again and rinse. Cover with warm water and cook over a slow fire until beans are tender and water is nearly all evaporated. Add 4 tablespoonfuls bacon drippings, a level teaspoonful salt, one heaping teaspoonful minced onion and a sprinkling of cayenne pepper. Serve with slices of fried Premium Bacon.



**Omelet and Bacon**

Allow one egg to each person. Beat the whites with a fork until dry. Add one tablespoonful of cream to each egg yolk, a pinch of salt and a sprinkling of pepper and beat until thick. Have frying pan hot. Pour in one tablespoonful bacon drippings. Fold beaten whites into yolk mixture and pour into pan. Cook five minutes over medium fire—then transfer to hot oven or under gas broiler to set. Cut two slices of fried Premium Bacon into small pieces. Cover half the top of omelet and fold. Serve on hot platter with fried Premium Bacon.

Ask for Swift's Premium Bacon and you will always get the same fine flavor and texture, the same even balance of fat and lean. You can buy it in the strip, sliced in the sanitary carton, or sliced in the glass jar.



To fry Premium Bacon, have pan just hot enough to start bacon cooking immediately. Turn, reduce heat and cook slowly, turning constantly, until well done but not too brown.



Swift & Company, U. S. A.

**Swift's  
Premium Bacon**



# THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

A PLAY TO ACCOMPANY CUT-OUT ON PAGE 18

THE story happens in the town where the OLD WOMAN lives. She lives in the brick house with a garden, close to the bridge. Along the little river runs the road that leads to the market-town. There is a stile about half-way before you reach the OLD WOMAN'S house.

When the story begins the OLD WOMAN is sweeping in front of her gates. She has nearly finished sweeping when she finds a silver sixpence that has been lying all this while by the side of the road. She drops her broom and picks up the sixpence. She is much pleased and surprised.

The OLD WOMAN says: "My! I have found a silver sixpence! How lucky I am! What shall I buy with it? I know! I shall buy a little pig with it. I will go to market this very minute."

The OLD WOMAN starts along the road for market. As she goes along, you can hear her talking until she disappears behind the trees.

The OLD WOMAN says: "How lucky I am! A sixpence! I shall buy a dear little pig, a dear little pig."

Presently you hear the OLD WOMAN coming home from market urging her pig. She comes around the corner where she disappeared, driving the pig.

The OLD WOMAN is saying all the while: "Go on, little Pig! Go on, little Pig!"

The Pig says each time: "Wec-ce-ee—won't!"

The OLD WOMAN urges him and the Pig gets as far as the stile when he stops short.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Go over the stile, Pig!"

The Pig says: "Wec! I won't."

The OLD WOMAN says: "Oh! What shall I do? Pig won't go over the stile and I sha'n't get home to-night. Go over the stile, Pig!"

The Pig says: "I won't."

Along comes a Dog.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Dog! Dog! Bite Pig. Pig won't go over the stile and I sha'n't get home to-night."

The Dog says: "I won't."

The Dog goes over by the Pig and waits to see the fun.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Pig! Pig! Go over the stile."

The Pig says: "I won't."

Along comes a Stick.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Stick! Stick! Beat Dog; Dog won't bite Pig; Pig won't go over the stile and I sha'n't get home to-night."

The Stick says: "I won't."

The Stick goes over by the Dog and waits to see the fun.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Pig! Pig! Go over the stile."

The Pig says: "I won't."

Along comes a Fire.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Fire! Fire! Burn Stick; Stick won't beat Dog; Dog won't bite Pig; Pig won't go over the stile and I sha'n't get home to-night."

The Fire says: "I won't."

The Fire goes over by the Stick and waits to see the fun.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Pig! Pig! Go over the stile."

The Pig says: "I won't."

Along comes the Water.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Water! Water! Quench Fire; Fire won't burn Stick; Stick won't beat Dog; Dog won't bite Pig; Pig won't go over the stile and I sha'n't get home to-night."

The Water says: "I won't."

The Water goes over by the Fire and waits to see the fun.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Pig! Pig! Go over the stile."

The Pig says: "I won't."

Along comes an Ox.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Ox! Ox! Drink Water; Water won't quench Fire; Fire won't burn Stick; Stick won't beat Dog; Dog won't bite Pig; Pig won't go over the stile and I sha'n't get home to-night."

The Ox says: "I won't."

The Ox goes over by the Water and waits to see the fun.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Pig! Pig! Go over the stile."

The Pig says: "I won't."

Along comes a Butcher.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Butcher! Butcher! Kill Ox; Ox won't drink Water; Water won't quench Fire; Fire won't burn Stick; Stick won't beat Dog; Dog won't bite Pig; Pig won't go over the stile and I sha'n't get home to-night."

The Butcher says: "I won't."

The Butcher goes over by the Ox and waits to see the fun.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Pig! Pig! Go over the stile."

The Pig says: "I won't."

Along comes a Rope.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Rope! Rope! Hang Butcher; Butcher won't kill Ox; Ox won't drink Water; Water won't quench Fire; Fire won't burn Stick; Stick won't beat Dog; Dog won't bite Pig; Pig won't go over the stile and I sha'n't get home to-night."

The Rope says: "I won't."

The Rope goes over by the Butcher and waits to see the fun.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Pig! Pig! Go over the stile."

The Pig says: "I won't."

Along comes a Rat.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Rat! Rat! Gnaw Rope; Rope won't hang Butcher; Butcher won't kill Ox; Ox won't drink Water; Water won't quench Fire; Fire won't burn Stick; Stick won't beat Dog; Dog won't bite Pig; Pig won't go over the stile and I sha'n't get home to-night."

The Rat says: "Yes, I will, if you will give me a piece of cheese."

The OLD WOMAN says: "Indeed I will! Just wait a minute and you shall have your cheese."

The OLD WOMAN runs to her house and disappears for a moment. When she comes back she has a piece of cheese which she carries to the Rat.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Here is your piece of cheese; now gnaw that wicked Rope!"

The Rat smells the piece of cheese and then sets it down. Then he makes a run for the Rope and begins to gnaw it, the Rope begins to hang the Butcher, the Butcher begins to kill the Ox, the Ox begins to drink the Water, the Water begins to quench the Fire, the Fire begins to burn the Stick, the Stick begins to beat the Dog, the Dog begins to bite the Pig, the Pig goes over the stile and everybody follows after, the Rat picking up his cheese and taking it with him. The last to go over the stile is the OLD WOMAN. When she is over, she turns to the rest.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Now that the Pig is over the stile and I shall get home to-night, won't you all come in and have some tea?"

The OLD WOMAN leads the way to the house and goes in. The rest follow her and as they disappear:

The Pig says: "I will, if the Dog won't bite me."

The Dog says: "I will, if the Stick won't beat me."

The Stick says: "I will, if the Fire won't burn me."

The Fire says: "I will if the Water won't quench me."

The Water says: "I will, if the Ox won't drink me."

The Ox says: "I will, if the Butcher won't kill me."

The Butcher says: "I will, if the Rope won't hang me."

The Rope says: "I will, if the Rat won't gnaw me."

The Rat says: "I will, if I may bring this cheese with me."

After they are all in, the OLD WOMAN comes out of her house for a moment.

The OLD WOMAN says: "Wasn't I lucky to find that silver sixpence!"

And disappears.

## ICE-BOX HINTS

BY FLORA G. ORR

IT IS important to have a well-built refrigerator, with a metal or well-seasoned wood exterior, a refrigerator whose insulation is as good as possible and whose inner lining, like the cloud's, can be kept "bright and shining." A white-enamel finish is most desirable.

If your refrigerator does not have it, why not apply two coats of flat white paint, followed by a coat of white enamel? Each coat should be allowed to dry before the next one is applied, and when all are on, leave the refrigerator open, and do not put any food in it until all odor of paint has disappeared.

Corners, inside and out, should be joined so as to leave no crevices. Doors and openings should be so well made that they close tightly.

Remember, the refrigerator does not clean itself. Any bit of spilled food should be immediately wiped up, and occasionally everything should be removed for a thorough cleansing of the walls and shelves. Soap and hot water are safe treatment in all cases.

Washing-powders are apt to be too strong and should be avoided. Drain-pipes become coated with slime and are often clogged with bits of food. Scald them frequently with hot water containing a little soda or ammonia.

The ice-chamber was not meant for foods. If things are put on the ice, they prevent free circulation of the cold air, thus robbing other foods of their rights. Free circulation of air is

second in importance only to proper insulation.

The ice-chamber is no cooler than the chamber directly below the ice. It is in this lower part of the refrigerator that one should put milk and other foods which particularly need to be kept cool. Remember, cold air "goes down," forcing warm, lighter air upward. Refrigerator doors should not be left open, even if you do intend to return in a very few minutes.

Hot foods should not be put into the refrigerator. They not only hasten the melting of the ice but also cause other troubles. Steam from hot food condenses and makes a damp refrigerator.

It is also wise to avoid putting the refrigerator in a warm kitchen or where it will be exposed to the hot sun.

IT IS certainly not advisable to cover ice with a newspaper or blanket in an effort to keep it from melting. If the ice does not melt, the food will not be kept cool, and musty, unpleasant odors from spoiling food will develop.

Do not keep food in a closed refrigerator without ice.

In your effort to save on ice-bills do not make the mistake of keeping small pieces of ice in a large ice-chamber. Small pieces melt much faster in proportion than large pieces. Keeping the ice-chamber full will save ice,



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The lemon cuts the alkali in the soap and leaves the hair really clean. It also leaves it soft and lustrous.

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Once feel the difference in the hair and you will always use the lemon rinse.

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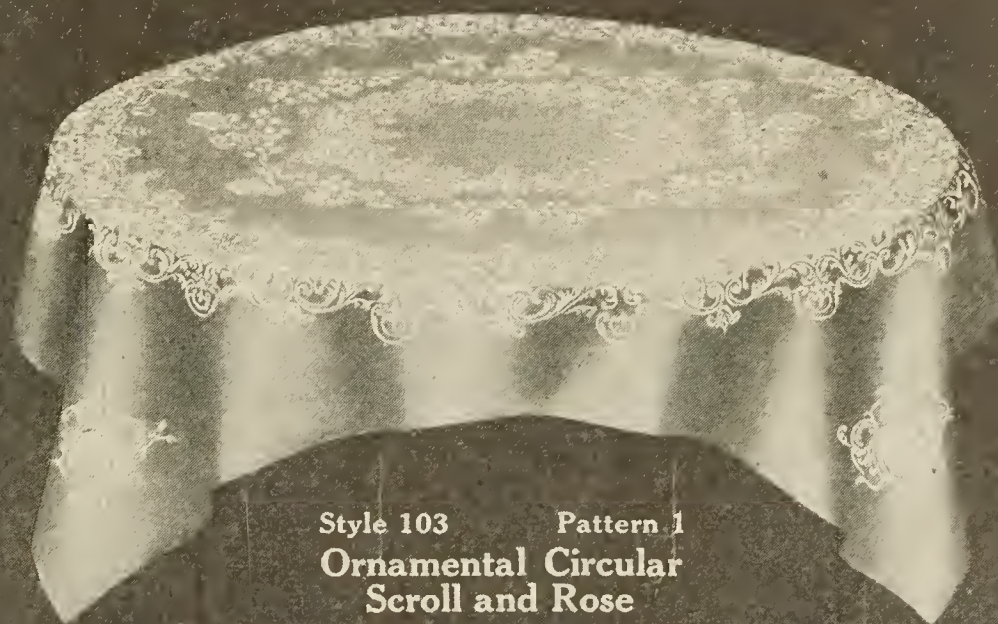
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## THE TREE OF JOY

### V. "COMING OUT" IN THE AISNE

#### "IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

also washes the floors, which are always tracking with falling plaster.

There isn't any steam heat. There are only the fireplaces, for which the girls from New York and Boston and Baltimore bring wood from the trenches.

The bedrooms are shivery in the morning for a bath in a bowl. You take the icy chill off the water by setting the *broc*, which is the tall tin bedroom pitcher, before the blazing logs of the fireplace, if you have succeeded in making them blaze. There is no faucet to turn for hot water. When you can live no longer without a real bath, you go to a Paris hotel to get it. And that's not often enough to help your hands.

Still, chapped and grimed though they be, all their dirt, as I have said, is but a decoration. Katherine here is not of importance because she majored in Greek and carried off honors in calculus at Vassar or Smith.

Nobody in *régions dévastées* cares how much you know nor even how long your lashes are, or if your figure's good. It's by what you can do that you become a young person of note.

And I want to assure you I had not been in the Aisne a week before I, too, had come to feel all the awe and respect I ought for one exalted enough to be *mécanicienne-en-chef*. That's a girl with hands that can make automobile wheels go round. Since that night at dinner, I've crossed the Chemin des Dames with her. And I know.

Let me tell you that's no road for ladies now. Where once they walked with knights of old in leisurely promenade that gave the highway's name to history is nothing now but shell-holes. All their medieval castles are in the dust. And there are no knights around to answer a twentieth-century motor-girl's call for aid. She doesn't call. She does it herself.

We had started out at nine o'clock in the morning in the motor-truck known as "Honey." Katherine and Cecily had been up since six cleaning and getting it ready. No, that's nothing unusual. They are nearly always at work in the garage by lantern-light. Why, the girl who's rochickenizing France was up that morning at three, out in the cold to the little stone garden-house to turn the incubator eggs—she, a daughter of luxury of one of America's oldest, richest families.

"Honey" was going that day to take supplies to some six villages where merchants had now returned to reopen stores. Their only means of obtaining goods is from *Comité Américain*. The Committee is very glad to stock their shelves and thus cross these villages from the long list of those the "traveling stores" must reach.

While we were getting off, already at the "bureau," as the headquarters office is called, were arriving the applicants in the day's assistance.

BY THE time we arrived at Vic-sur-Aisne again that night, we had made the grand tour of the four Committee headquarters for dispensing relief in the Aisne. Some one hundred women are enlisted in the units. At Soissons and Laon and Blérancourt, as at Vic, they are women like a Lady with a Saucepan and girls like these whom I have shown you.

All of them, without exception I think, are of that leisure class who in happier days were wont to tour this country's lovely provinces in their own luxurious limousines. It is these who have known *la belle France* like that, who now are living with France to see her through.

They have even risked death for Franco. Blérancourt was their first war settlement and, located here at the time of the last German offensive, they became an integral part of the sixth French army corps.

You may notice that Katherine and Cecily and the rest still wear on their wrists the coming-out bracelet a girl has had in the Aisne. It's a silver chain fastened with a round silver disk on which is engraved the wearer's name.

As a war decoration it's an incontestable souvenir of service. You had an identity disk because you were going where at any time the emergency of the moment might require it.

This car now carrying soap and soup and salt pork was one of those that assisted in the evacuation of all the villages the Committee could reach at the time the population had to flee from the enemy. "Honey's" capacity is still mentioned not in terms of pounds of freight. It's "eleven refugees."

There were nights that girl motor-drivers slept in their cars. There was a whole week at a time that a Lady of the Saucepan never removed her clothes. She and Katherine stayed at their post in Blérancourt to the last. The German shells were falling, as five hours after every one else of the unit had been safely removed, they, too, left to arrive at three o'clock in the morning at *Comité Américain's* new base fifteen kilometers away.

Then at the military canteens the Committee established were fed thousands of soldiers a day, and to the refugee civilians were distributed tens of thousands of garments.

It was the motor-corps service to which even the French government in emergency turned. At Laon, when that city had at last been freed from four years of German occupation, the *préfecture* called for the American girls with their cars to assist in the distribution of government supplies of food to the starving inhabitants of the surrounding villages. And when in July, 1918, railroads became too congested with men and munitions to continue the postal service, it was Katherine and Cecily here and others of the motor corps who were asked to carry the government mail-bags, the "sac de lettres," for both soldiers and civilians, from Senlis to Vic-sur-Aisne.

"For their courage and the difficult performance of duty under danger" I have seen the members of the American Committee

decorated at Blérancourt. The sun shone in splendor that day as if in honor of the event.

The town-crier's house, which is occupied as the settlement headquarters here, had been hung with new calico curtains for the occasion. All about were fixed branches of laurel. And every window-sill flowered with pansies.

Marshal Pétain himself, commander-in-chief of the French army, in brilliant military uniform, came to pay to America's women the highest tribute in the gift of the government. When he had been received in state, we went outside in the ruins of France for the ceremony.

Villagers in *crêpe veils*, peasants in shawls and *sabots*, and a few school children in their peaked caps and black aprons gathered about. In the background even German prisoners, engaged in clearing up the débris, stopped and leaned on their shovels to look.

There in the sunshine the American girls one by one stepped forward, straight and young and strong. Some of them who had been under shell-fire shrank from the publicity of this ordeal.

Katherine was found at the last moment smoking furiously in the upper hall. The marshal of France now addressed to them "*mes meilleurs compliments*," which is his very best compliments. According to the ancient military ceremony, as each stood at attention, he read her "citation," kissed her on the cheek and pinned on her coat-lapel the *Croix de Guerre* of a soldier.

LIKE that has been recognized the motor corps' heroism in war. It was a coming out into danger that was brave and splendid. They have also come out into the service of every-day existence where they are literally carrying America's relief to France.

This, too, is neither a prosaic nor a commonplace achievement as you may think. This, too, is heroic.

Bales, crates and boxes of goods consigned for French relief are loaded on board the steamships in New York by men accustomed to hard labor. At the American Committee warehouse in the Boulevard Lannes in Paris, where they arrive, the packing-cases are picked up by the motor-corps girls, trundled on a baggage-truck, then neatly up-ended and pitched into a waiting car. And they're off to *régions dévastées*.

It's clothing and food and furniture and farming-implements they carry for over a hundred villages in the Aisne, dependent on them for the supplies with which to maintain existence.

Seeing France through, let me tell you, is a man's-size job. And these girls are doing it!

It's in all winds and weathers this transport service is maintained. From Paris to Vic-sur-Aisne is ninety-five kilometers. Then the "grand tour" is more than a hundred miles in extent over roads in comparison to which the corduroy roads you know at home are asphalt traveling. And "Honey's" tires are hard.

Well, the final delivery had been made at the last little ruined village on the route late that afternoon. And we had reached Vic again.

There was no delay, let me tell you, in dressing for dinner. Nobody here prinks or powders. Cecily even has cut her hair short, bobbed it from ear to ear, because it was too much bother before.

There was corned-beef hash that night and soup and salad and rice pudding. "Is there anything in the world so good as hash?" said Cecily.

We had done that day, as I've told you, over a hundred miles. The director of the unit waited until the coffee to break the news: a call was in for the doctor and "Honey" would have to go. Betty's car was back from an afternoon's work hopelessly out of commission.

I wish you could see how like little soldiers American motor-corps girls take orders. Katherine cranked up as quickly as at nine o'clock that morning. There was a flash that outlined her young face against the night as her cigaret flamed in the dark.

The doctor climbed in beside her. And "Honey" was off through the thick blackness. There are no street lights in *régions dévastées*. "I'm hoping," the doctor had said, "that Duprés baby doesn't arrive to-night."

BUT the Duprés baby did. "Honey" returning at 10 p.m. still had this to do. And Cecily and Betty went to help.

There are no trained nurses, you see, on whom the doctor may call to usher new babies into devastated districts. Coming out in the Aisne, you come to many things.

It was long after midnight before that day's labor was done. At six o'clock the next morning another day had begun: the girls were in the garage cleaning and oiling up.

At breakfast it was learned that everybody was going to be very busy. The carload of pork had come.

Consigned from America, it waited on the railroad siding in Vic for the motor-corps girls to unload for the relief of the department of the Aisne.

Something else, too, had arrived in the mail that Denise passed around. A countess was giving a week-end party at her stately château in the Loire where queens had danced. Five girls looked up from their invitations with sparkling eyes.

After all, do you suppose the four-leaf clovers may grow even in France? I wonder.

#### HOW TO REMIT

CONTRIBUTORS to the relief of devastated France should send all remittances to the French-Relief Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Checks and money-orders should be made out to the French-Relief Editor.

# SAUER'S

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## INVITING CHEESE DISHES

BY MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

OFTEN one wishes to reduce the amounts of meat eaten by the family. Have you considered the possibilities of cheese as displayed in these recipes? If not, ponder them well. They can add to your health as well as your bank-account.

### SCALLOPED CHEESE

GREASE a pudding-dish and fill with alternate layers of bread-crumbs and grated cheese. Between the layers place bits of butter substitute and a little salt. When the dish is full, pour enough milk over it to moisten sufficiently, then beat lightly two eggs and pour over the top.

Bake in a brisk oven about forty minutes, watching carefully so that it does not burn.

### CHEESE CUTLETS

PUT a pint of milk into a double boiler, add half a cup of corn-starch mixed to a smooth paste with cold water and cook fifteen minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire and stir in four tablespoons of melted butter substitute, the beaten whites of two eggs, one salt-spoon of salt and one cup of grated cheese. When thoroughly blended, pour into a greased pan to cool.

Then cut in squares, sprinkle with cheese and chopped parsley and reheat; serve with celery and potato-chips.

### CHEESE PATTIES

CHOP very finely one pound of cheese and beat thoroughly into it, one at a time, three eggs and a tablespoon of cream. Season with pepper, salt and a little celery-salt, grease small individual molds, fill with the cheese mixture and bake standing in hot water for twenty minutes or until firm. Turn from the molds and serve with a vegetable salad.

### CHEESE RABBIT WITH TOMATOES

CUT enough fresh American cheese into dice to fill two cups, melt one tablespoon of fat in the chafing-dish, add one-fourth cup of tomato-pulp, one-fourth teaspoon of salt and a little red pepper.

When this begins to boil, add the cheese and stir steadily until it is melted and smooth. Add three-fourths cup of cream, beaten with one egg, mix as quickly as possible and pour over toasted bread.

There may be some chance of the tomato and cream separating. It is usually wiser to add to the mixture one-third teaspoon of soda dissolved in warm water before putting the cream into the chafing-dish. Rapid stirring should prevent any separating.

### CHEESE HEARTLETS

FOR these delicious little cakes, use a cream-cheese, adding half a cup of corn-syrup, two tablespoons of cream and three well-beaten eggs; flavor with almond and beat the mixture until smooth. Bake in small heart-shaped tins lined with puff-paste.

### EGGS WITH CHEESE

FOR five eggs, use two tablespoons of grated cheese and one tablespoon of fat; salt and pepper to taste. Melt the fat, add the eggs and then the cheese and seasoning, stirring until thick and smooth.

### CHEESE-AND-RICE FONDUE

ONE and one-third cups grated cheese, one cup cooked rice, one cup hot water or milk, one-half teaspoon salt, four eggs. Mix liquid, rice, salt and cheese; add well-beaten yolks. Cut and fold into this the egg-whites beaten until stiff.

Pour into a greased casserole or baking-dish, put into a pan of water and cook in a moderate oven. Serve at once. Test by putting knife in center; if it comes out clean, the fondue is done.

### CHEESE CELERY

SELECT tender stalks of celery with a deep groove on one side. Wash thoroughly in cold water and dry on a clean cloth. Mash fine some American cheese, add four tablespoons of cream and two tablespoons of mayonnaise, and a dash of paprika, and beat lightly with a fork. Fill the groove of the celery with the mixture and round it up smoothly.

### CHEESE-AND-POTATO PUFFS

ONE cup mashed potatoes, one-quarter cup milk, one egg, salt, one-half cup grated cheese. Beat the potatoes and milk together until thoroughly blended, add the egg and the salt. Add cheese, and bake in muffin-pans in a slow oven for twelve minutes.

### FRIED PEPPERS AND CHEESE

FOR this the fresh green chillies are preferred. Choose fine large ones, blister in a very hot oven and peel off the outer skin. Cut each one down one side so that it may be spread out flat, and wrap it around a slice of strong cheese. Fry in good sweet lard.

Prepare a sauce as follows: Fry a good-sized onion to a golden brown, add a quart can of tomatoes, four or five red peppers, two tablespoons of butter or butter substitute, and a pinch of salt. Let the mixture boil gently. Add thickening and a clove of garlic if liked.

Pour the sauce over the fried peppers and cheese and the dish is ready for the table.

### CAULIFLOWER AND CHEESE

WASH well a good-sized cauliflower, and boil in salted water until tender, then drain it thoroughly. Divide the flower into nice sprigs, and set stalks downward into a pie-dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese, pepper and salt, pour good white sauce over, sprinkle thickly with more cheese and fine bread-crumbs. Put one ounce of fat in little pieces on the top, and bake in a moderate oven for about one-half hour.



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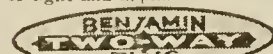
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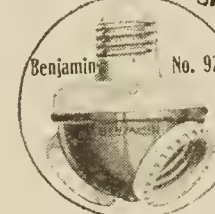
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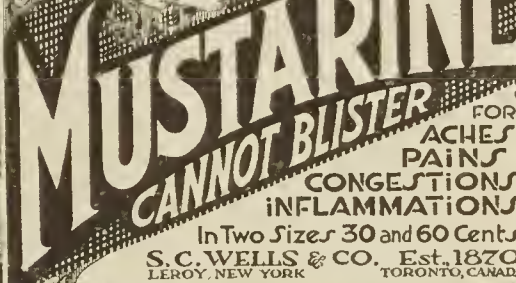
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Continued from page 19

# DR. TAM O'SHANTER

Margaret, I have the best little supper ready for you that you ever ate. You must be starved."

They walked up the path, 'Stacie's arm about Margaret, Tam prancing ahead.

"How young Aunt 'Stacie looks!" thought Margaret. "Mother says she's 'most as old as she is, too. I suppose it's because her skirts are short and"—she felt an angry little twinge—"she's so slim."

The supper was on the table, piping hot, as soon as Margaret was ready.

"Why, you aren't eating half enough!" cried 'Stacie, as Margaret refused more creamed chicken. "And it is so long since your lunch in Boston."

Margaret smiled sadly.

"I haven't much appetite, Aunt 'Stacie," she said. "I seem to care only for sweet things. The doctor says my digestion isn't quite normal."

"Oh, well!" Aunt 'Stacie's nice voice was reassuring. "We'll soon change all that. Tam, old boy, come here! What have you got?"

Tam looked up guiltily, and, swallowing hard, came to his mistress from the corner where he had been nosing something white. 'Stacie pried open his mouth and sniffed at the red tongue streaked with black.

"Chocolates!" She ran over and picked up the empty box. "Castor-oil for you, old boy! Margaret, dear, he's eaten your whole boxful."

AT THE words "castor-oil" Tam had shrunk into a dejected heap beside his mistress. "Oh, Aunt 'Stacie! Need he have castor-oil? There weren't but two chocolates left."

"All right, Tam," laughed 'Stacie, "though you needn't feel so gay, you thief. I guess two chocolates won't affect your appetite."

Margaret finished her honey and sat back with dignity. Aunt 'Stacie seemed to think that all appetites were regulated by candy. She really might make a difference between a girl with hysteria and a healthy collie dog.

"I suppose she'd even say I ought to have castor-oil," she thought. "Oh, dear! I am so tired, and to-night is Sally's dinner dance." Her breath began to come in little shaking sobs. "It's so far away here, and so dark, and so lonely!"

"Why, Margaret darling, whatever is the matter?" Aunt 'Stacie's concerned face was bending over her. "Tell 'Stacie, darling!"

"I'm going to have a crying spell." The sobs broke into her words. "I can't stop it."

"Oh, yes. Your mother wrote me. She said a hot-water bag helped."

Margaret nodded helplessly. "Now, what a pity. I've let the fire out. We must have hot water."

'Stacie's voice rang out with such desperate resolution that Margaret felt the familiar comfort of her elder's distress rise about her.

"Quick, Margaret, quick! Hurry, dear! The wood is out in the shed. Bring an armful of small sticks while I shake down the stove. Hurry! Hurry!"

Margaret, eyes blinded by tears, ran toward the door indicated, almost falling over Tam, who, greatly excited, rushed ahead of her to the pile, from which he seized a stick, dragging it madly into the kitchen.

"Good dog! That's right, help Margaret!" came 'Stacie's voice over the banging of stove-lids. "Hurry, Margaret! No, I must have chips first, or it won't start. Chips, Tam, chips! Go show her."

Tam's excitement was now uncontrollable. "Stop, you bad dog," Margaret cried. "Aunt 'Stacie, call him! He's acting like a crazy dog!"

AUNT 'Stacie's whistle broke curiously, but Tam reluctantly obeyed it, and Margaret swept up some chips.

"Now here," called 'Stacie, peering into the stove. "Put them on this paper. I'll strike a match. Oh, dear, the water-pail is empty. Water, Tam, water! Show Margaret where the pump is! Hurry, dear, hurry!"

Panting too hard to sob, Margaret ran after Tam, around the house, across the yard, over by the fence, back again, and here was the pump, right by the door. Margaret's eye caught Tam's; she sank down on the curb, and peal after peal of healthy young laughter reached the kitchen. 'Stacie listened a moment, then dropped the match back into the box, put the covers softly on the stove, and went out to the well.

"I ran after him as hard as I could all over the place," gasped Margaret, pointing at the guileless Tam, who stared intently down the road, "and I ran so fast I didn't see the pump when I went by it." She wiped away tears that were not wholly from hysteria. "I don't believe you knew where the pump was at all, Tam!"

Not until ten o'clock the next morning did Margaret saunter down-stairs. Her wrist-watch had said seven when she woke. She had waited comfortably an hour for her breakfast-tray, and resentfully another hour because it hadn't come. The little house seemed very quiet and clean, but entirely empty. No breakfast was in sight. Margaret sat down in the big rocker by the window and waited. Staring gloomily out into the June sunshine, she caught a glimpse in the field behind the house of a large hat and a yellow-and-white dog.

"Why, they are paying no attention to me at all!" She felt too angry to cry. "And I am hungry!"

IT WAS the hunger which finally drove her to get up and look about. By the kitchen stove she found a note:

Good morning, Margaret. We can hardly wait for you to come out. The oatmeal and muffins are on the back of the stove, and the cream and butter and eggs are in the ice-chest. Hurry up!

Margaret thrust the note into the stove and returned to her chair by the window. She could hear only the tick of the clock in the hall and the drone of the bees in the lilacs just outside. Suddenly a collie's bark came down from the pasture.

Margaret stirred, rose and, her lips a grim line, started to find the ice-chest. Her egg was very hard because she boiled it all the time she was eating her oatmeal. There seemed to be no coffee, but she found a pitcher of creamy milk in the ice-chest. Altogether, the breakfast wasn't bad. She hesitated over her pile of empty dishes, looked at the dishpan standing empty in the sink, and, rolling up her sleeves, for the first time in her life washed her own dishes.

Her lips still rather grim, she then got her third magazine and settled herself by the window, wishing she had had sense enough to bring an extra box of candy until she had found out where the stores were.

All of the beginnings of the stories were equally stupid. The persistent ticking of the clock caught her attention; just the time when the girls at Miss Stone's school were gathering in groups for recess. They would discuss Sally's party—no, dinner-dance—and they would wish for her— Her breath began to come in short gasps.

"Now I'm going to have a crying spell!" She threw herself on the couch. "And there's no one here."

At that moment something flung itself with a thump against the screen door. "Go away, Tam!" she cried. "I won't let you in."

The only answer was a delighted yelp of recognition at her voice, followed by a bombardment which no ordinary wire netting could stand long. Margaret dragged herself to the door. At her appearance Tam sat down, his head cocked expectantly on one side, his wistful eyes on her face. Margaret reluctantly submitted to their appeal, but instead of coming in the door she opened, Tam dashed down the path.

MARGARET returned to her couch, but after the third repetition of door-opening and returning, she slammed the door and started down the path after Tam.

'Stacie was waiting by the pasture bars for her.

"Good!" she cried, not noticing the wet cheeks and sobbing breath. "Larry was just getting tired of standing round dressed up in his saddle and I almost rode him myself to keep him from rolling it off. Come, up with you!"

Margaret, who had learned to ride at school, and who had a real love and appreciation of horses, stuffed her damp handkerchief up her sleeve, put her foot in the stirrup, and as light and straight as a young jockey, started Larry around the pasture running-track. Tam tore along behind, unbelievably happy.

"You'll do!" cried 'Stacie, as she galloped back to the bars, face glowing, eyes wide and shining. "He's yours while you stay! His colic yesterday was from lack of exercise."

It was three weeks before Larry and Tam allowed Margaret time enough to think of crying spells. Meanwhile the long rides, the care of Larry, which little by little Margaret had taken over entirely, tennis, in which 'Stacie could no longer win every love set from her, work in the garden, had all discovered and hardened her muscles, and given her an appetite that demanded real food.

One hot July morning Stacie had been obliged to go to town. She had driven Larry because it was too hot for the old horse. Margaret had been glad to lie still in the hammock, after she had made the little house neat for the day, and Tam had sought the cool floor of the cellarway, where he panted and twitched at the flies. Toward the middle of the afternoon great feathery clouds piled up rapidly in the west and the thunder began. Tam crept in from the cellarway and hid under the couch on which Margaret had taken refuge. With the high-strung collie's fear of thunder he trembled and whined at each crash.

SUDDENLY the telephone bell rang. Margaret, cowering on the couch, stared stubbornly at it; telephones were not safe in a thunderstorm. But as the bell rang again and again, its insistence drew Tam out from his hiding-place, and the din of barking and ringing at last forced Margaret to the receiver.

Aunt 'Stacie's voice came shrill over the wire:

"Margaret, you must go up to the back pasture and bring down the lamb. We may get hail, and he can't stand it. Quickly, dear, before the storm breaks."

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" wailed Margaret. "I am so afraid of lightning."

"I know, dear. I'm sorry." Aunt 'Stacie's voice was sympathetic. "But there's no one else to go and you can easily get back before the storm breaks. Run quickly." And a click announced that the receiver had been hung up.

Margaret's control was fast disappearing. By the time she had buttoned on her rain-coat she was gasping short sobs. Tam came as far as the porch with her, but an especially loud peal sent him trembling under the step.

AS SHE ran toward the pasture, she felt as if the lurid sky would fall and crush her with its sultry heat. The lamb was bleating by the bars, and Margaret caught it up. Stumbling, she started back through the queer half-light cut through by dazzling flashes. She had flung open the gate and was half-way across the next pasture before she realized her mistake. This was Mr. Gray's lot where he kept his bull, and Margaret felt sick and weak as she heard behind her a rumble nearer and duller than the thunder.

With scream after scream she started across the field. She would not drop the lamb to be gored to death and she could not run fast

Concluded on page 95.



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Concluded from page 94

DR. TAM  
O'SHANTER

enough with it struggling in her arms. Her breath, spent by the sobbing, came hard and rasping from her straining lungs; behind her a quick look showed the bull against the black sky, pawing and shaking its head. Suddenly across the field almost as fast as the yellow lightning shot a great yellow dog. Straight at the bull he flew, bounding at him, barking furiously, twisting about like a mad thing as the bull charged first in one direction and then in another.

Margaret climbed the wall just as the race toward her began, Tam tearing well ahead now in fine derision. In the dim light, however, he failed to see a wire stretched above the wall, and as he leaped, it flung him back. Before he could recover himself, Margaret saw the great horns catch him, and toss him high in the air. He fell, caught on the jagged stones of the wall, and then crashed over on the grass, lying still and crumpled beside her.

MARGARET bent over him for one frantic look. A scarlet stain trickled across his snowy ruff.

"Oh, Tam, Tam!" she cried. "You can't be dead!"

Crouching beside him, she lifted his head from the grass. Tam moaned softly. "He's alive!" Margaret sat with his head in her lap a moment, the pain in his brown eyes wringing her heart. Then she spoke quietly to him:

"You stay here, Tam. Don't move. I'll come back."

Standing up, she stripped off her rain-coat and laid it over him. Then, catching up her lamb, she ran for the stable. Neither tears nor sobs impeded her progress now. Through the darkness of the barn she felt for Dobbin's stall. Rapidly she backed him out; with swift fingers she had his harness on, thankful as he obeyed her for her training with Larry, thankful for the flashes of lightning to show her the buckles of the harness, thankful for her lean, hard muscles.

Up the stony cart-road of the pasture she urged the old horse, then straight across the rough hummocks to where Tam lay so unnaturally still.

"Now, Tam, Margaret must hurt you." She put both arms around him. "Try not to mind. Oh, Tam, don't struggle!"

Straining, lifting, urging, somehow, she never knew exactly how, she got him on to the buggy seat. She threw the rain-coat over him and crouched on the floor of the buggy, her back against Tam to keep him from slipping. Then, the rain drenching and blinding her, she drove through the storm down the rough pasture to the road toward the village. She had remembered the office of the veterinary where her aunt had stopped to show the colt one day, and she drove straight to his house.

Margaret never forgot that drive. Swift visions of Tam flying to her rescue through the storm he feared so much, of herself foolishly sobbing her way into the danger, of Tam's leap and fall—she leaned back and fumbling with one hand under the rain-coat touched his head, but there was no quick response. Desperately she urged old Dobbin on.

A FEW hours later Aunt 'Stacie, running dripping and anxious into the house, found them both on the couch. Tam had his head on a small pillow which he had always particularly admired but was not ordinarily allowed to use. He was much bandaged, but apparently was quite comfortable, and did not allow a broken rib or two to interfere with his satisfaction at the attention he was receiving. Margaret looked rather pale, but her eyes were very clear and direct as she talked it over with Aunt 'Stacie.

"I think I've really known for quite a while," she said gravely, after she had told of Tam's rescue, "that hysteria wasn't necessary, but to-day I found out that it was just another name for pig." Then, after a thoughtful moment, "I've done with it, Aunt 'Stacie," she finished.

And, curiously enough, she was done with something else, too, for—and Margaret declared that therein lay the difference between a collie dog and a girl—the next thunder-storm and every thunder-storm after, Tam crawled trembling under the couch, while Margaret could never again shake a tremor out of her stanch heart.

MY LAND

Oh, WASN'T it a lovely land,  
The land where I was born;  
And wasn't it a golden land,  
A land of yellow corn!

And wasn't it a breezy land,  
A land both bright and sweet;  
And wasn't it a sturdy land,  
A land of nodding wheat!

And wasn't it a friendly land  
With every word a smile!  
And when you come to my land  
You want to stay a while.

And my land is Kansas land,  
The land that's best of all.  
Across three thousand alien miles  
I hear the sunflowers call.

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When soldier days are done.  
Across the world she beckons me,  
My sweetheart of the sun.

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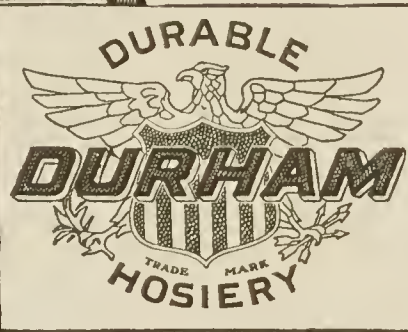
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Continued from page 7

## DRUGS' DEADLY STEALTH

and then after a while the same things began all over again. The sneezes and the rest of it were just the same as the mother showed when she needed some more of her morphin. The baby kept up pretty well and gained weight as long as the mother had her drug. But when it was stopped the baby began to lose weight and cried all the time. She acts as if she had the most horrible cramps, nervous all the time, doesn't sleep enough and always on edge, yawning and sneezing more than before.

"Her little hands are always moving around and her legs twitch and draw up altogether, as if she were in terrible pain. She looks like a little old woman, so many wrinkles and drawn, worried look on her face. She has a very poor color, very white.

"At times she is blue around her mouth and ears and always has to have hot-water bottles in bed with her. I do not think she can live much longer."

The only thing that possibly could happen, to make life bitterer for the young mother, did happen.

Laws and official regulations concerning the prescribing of opiate drugs were promulgated.

The physician who had brought her to this unhappy pass was in deadly fear of becoming involved with administrative officials if he continued to prescribe the doses that his patient's physical condition required.

He realized his inability to cope with the situation.

And so he did the easiest thing: refused to prescribe further; abandoned her.

CONCERNING such cowardice, one finds the following paragraph in a report of the Joint Legislative Committee of New York appointed in 1917 to study narcotic drug addiction:

"Your committee contends that any member of the medical or pharmaceutical professions who refuses either to prescribe or to dispense narcotic drugs to the honest addict to alleviate the suffering and pain occasioned by lack of narcotics is not living up to the high standards of humanity and intelligence established by these great professions."

The young mother's supply was soon exhausted and the inevitable torture described as "withdrawal symptoms" was the result.

And then she had to tell her husband.

Happily the young mother and her baby can be cured. They can be cured by being placed in the hands of any intelligent physician, sufficiently educated to recognize and treat such cases of narcotic drug addiction as physical disease and not as evidences of moral weakness or depravity.

The pity of it is that such doctors are few and far between.

But these few know that opiate patients of her type do not take the drug at any time for the purpose of experiencing pleasurable sensations nor to satisfy a craving, but to supply a physical need that its continued administration has created.

The disease is as definitely physical as typhoid fever, and its effective treatment rests inevitably upon recognition and understanding of the physiological effects of addiction.

Dr. Ernest S. Bishop of New York, one of the greatest authorities on narcotic drug addiction, commented upon the case of another baby addict, before the Joint Legislative Committee of New York State during its hearing in 1917, as follows:

"IN THIS case there can hardly be any question of intent or of mental habit; nor of deliberation nor of persistent refusal to stop taking drugs; nor any of the usual arguments advanced by those who do not recognize any disease element or physical suffering in the condition known as narcotic drug addiction, and by a good many still erroneously referred to as 'drug habit.'

"And let me say that this case is not an isolated or unusual one. Very many women addicts know of such cases.

"They are fairly common although little attention seems to have been paid to them and to the lesson they teach—beyond possibility of refutation—that the addict suffers from a definite symptomatology, physical in its origin and physical in its manifestations.

"I think that no one will charge a new-born baby with mental habits nor with the mental and moral characteristics, which so many people still persist in emphasizing as the salient and dominating elements in that class of unfortunate sick people so long, and so unjustly, referred to as 'dope fiends.'

"The new baby newly born certainly did not have all the symptoms from which she suffered because she liked to have them nor because she had been deliberately pandering to a morbid appetite. If she had had any enjoyable sensations or any beautiful dreams or any of the things that so many people still believe addicts take drugs to obtain, she did not mention them while I was there."

As Dr. Bishop says, this case is not unusual. The disease from which the young wife suffers has spread so widely over this country that it can be likened only to a plague. Like a plague, it is not confined to any race or nationality.

It is equally prevalent among males and females and is undermining the physical manhood and womanhood of our country by the hundreds of thousands; and incidentally is used effectively as a means of forcing ignorant, healthy girls into white slavery.

This disease affects impartially those of high and low estate.

"RICH man, poor man, beggar man, thief, Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."

"All sorts and conditions of people are afflicted with drug addiction," says Dr. Bishop. "From the infant newly born of an addicted mother, showing the physical symptomatology of body need for opiate at or a few hours after birth, to the ancient veteran of our Civil War,

addicted from therapeutic administration in that struggle, no age is exempt.

"From the judge on the bench, the minister in the pulpit, the doctor, the lawyer, the man of business and large affairs and the industrial worker, to the defective and degenerate out-cast of society, no class or social scale is left untouched.

"No type of individual furnishes the narcotic addict. He or she is simply the individual of any type or class who in one way or another has contracted addiction-disease."

Some who read this will assert truthfully that many addicts are criminals and many criminals are addicts.

To this, reply must be made, that addiction is not the fundamental abnormality of their condition. Also that the problem of this class of addicts is wholly different from that of the great mass of addiction sufferers.

THE fundamental abnormality of the addict criminals is inherent instability or deficiency, mental or moral, or both. Their addiction is incidental in a life of morbid curiosity; unrestrained indulgences and unfavorable environment. Most of them are cocaine users as well as opiate addicts.

But addiction in the underworld is by no means the big part of the entire problem that many people believe it to be. It is merely a spectacular, incidental phase.

Astounding revelations concerning drug addiction in this country are made in a report on "Traffic in Narcotic Drugs," published by the United States Treasury Department, June, 1919.

The report estimates that there are anywhere from one million to four million addicts in this country. This estimate, however, is based upon very incomplete figures which were all that could be obtained.

When one remembers that the enormous number of unknown and unsuspected addicts probably exceeds those who are known to the authorities, the difficulty of suggesting even approximate figures becomes apparent.

Those who have studied the matter hazard a guess that there is one addict to about every forty persons in this country.

Would you know how this disease has spread over our country until not a corner of the land is free from its contamination? And the drugs that have left their loathsome taint?

First on the list of causes of addiction are the prescriptions of physicians who are careless or unwise or both.

One must remember, however, that an incalculable number of lives and minds have been saved by the judicious use of an opiate drug. The physician who is both careful and wise is often obliged, knowingly, to continue opiate medication until addiction is established. This, in order to save his patient's life or reason.

FOLLOWING doctor's prescriptions, are association with addicts; self medication in chronic illnesses; patent medicines; drugs taken as a means of stimulation by overworked people, and through curiosity.

"The drugs" to quote from the Treasury report, "used by addicts in order of their frequency, as shown in the replies to all forms of questionnaires sent out by the committee, are as follows:

"Morphin, heroin, opium (all forms) and cocaine. Codein (derived from opium), laudanum and paregoric (both containing opium) are reported as being used in about equal amounts, but to a lesser extent.

"In recent years the use of heroin has greatly increased and in some communities it is at present used more extensively than any of the other drugs. It is regarded by many as the most dangerous of these drugs from the standpoint of habit formation and the creation of new addicts."

There is a vast difference, however, between the effect of the continued use of cocaine and the opium group, which includes codein, heroin, morphin, laudanum and paregoric.

Cocain tends to produce rapid deterioration of mental powers and moral sense. The petty criminals so often referred to as "dope fiends" are cocaine users.

Cocain is taken for its stimulating action, which can be likened to the effect of a glass of whisky. Its continued use is an indulgence and not a disease.

Unlike opium this drug can be given up by sheer force of will and its discontinuance will have no serious physical effect.

OPIUM, on the other hand, in its various forms is not so damaging to the morals, but its use produces a physical disease and its discontinuance is followed by the suffering and collapse already described.

Any one repeatedly taking a narcotic drug over an extended period, varying with the susceptibility of the individual, is in grave danger of becoming an addict. And the physical effects are the same whether the addict is made in a hospital by his physician or in a back alley by a street vender; whether he be the learned judge upon the bench or the petty thief at the bar waiting his sentence.

Inability to get the drug after the disease has once developed is followed by the kind of suffering experienced by the young mother previously described.

Practically without exception drug addicts want to be cured.

But when addiction is once established it is well nigh impossible for the individual to discontinue the use of the drug without assistance.

A goodly number of the adults suffering from the disease to-day were made addicts in babyhood by the frequent or too long-continued use of paregoric.

Mothers should be very cautious, therefore, in their use of this drug as a household remedy, or as an easy and sure way of relieving the baby's colic or diarrhea.

Remember that paregoric contains opium;

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## DRUGS' DEADLY STEALTH

and that although the physical condition of opium addiction when once established may become inactive in time, it will become active again if the drug is administered at any time in after years.

The existence of addiction in childhood may not be suspected, even by the individual himself, until an operation or painful illness later in life makes the use of an opiate necessary. This is the match that lights up the old trouble. When its effect wears off the victim finds himself suffering the withdrawal symptoms that the young wife suffered when she lost her bag for a while during the memorable journey.

Cases of this kind are frequently baffling to physicians who are unfamiliar with the withdrawal symptoms of addiction disease.

A distressing case of addiction begun in infancy is that of one of the most brilliantly successful surgeons in this country; in fact, an operator of international fame. He has been a secret addict throughout a long, useful life.

He says that he was made an addict by the paregoric which his mother gave him when he was a baby. As a little boy at school he remembers that he was excessively nervous and that his mother quieted and steadied him by giving more paregoric.

She was like the doctor who did not know what else to do but keep on. And so it went.

He could work only when he had his drug. His is not an isolated experience. There are many like him in all walks of life.

ANOTHER case is that of a nineteen-year-old boy who is the sole support of his widowed mother and her three grandchildren.

Made an addict in infancy, he is now so dependent upon heroin that he could not work without it. His weekly allotment of heroin costs him about seven dollars.

In order to earn enough money to make both ends meet, he is compelled to work overtime steadily. By lengthening his working day to sixteen hours he is able to earn twenty-one dollars per week. And so he struggles, whipped on by his need of the drug and his dependents' need of food. He is on the verge of a nervous collapse but dares not stop.

There is no place open to him for treatment, such as he would have for any other disease.

Lack of medical help and the difficulty of getting opiate drugs through legitimate channels is driving many decent addicts into the underworld for their supply, where they are charged exorbitant prices.

"What is to be done?" do you ask as you mentally hold your hands over your eyes.

The remedy is summed up in one master word: "Education."

Education of the entire public concerning the causes and results of drug addiction; and the danger of taking any sedatives frequently or over a prolonged period.

Education that will show young girls the peril of associating with those who use drugs, particularly heroin and cocaine.

Education of the medical profession. This profession as a body has so far showed itself incapable of coping with the misery which has largely grown out of its own inefficiency.

DOCTORS must be taught about the tragedy lurking in their opiate prescriptions; and taught effective methods of treating the disease of drug addiction.

Most of the special institutions for so-called "drug cures" are utterly ineffective, for cures are rarely effected within them. Far too many of the "cured" patients leave the institution with but one possession—drug addiction. Money and hope of relief are gone.

More scientific knowledge is needed; more human understanding and with these will come compassion.

Education then let us have, so widespread and far reaching, that there will be no longer an uninformed public to stigmatize innocent sufferers of drug addiction.

A complete rending of the black curtain of ignorance and misunderstanding!

"More Light! More Light!"

Concluded from page 34

## CHILD-HELPING

As there was no hope of having babies of their own they decided to take two children to rear—not alone to fill their own lives, but two children who they could feel sure needed them. You will find it hard to believe, this story of love and sacrifice, but you must, for it is true beyond anything that mere words can suggest.

They took two little boys, did this couple, one of them very frail and ill with an inherited physical disease, and the other difficult and baffling, because mentally ill.

These rare beings have cared for the two victims of other people's wrongs for more than five years. They have nursed them physically, mentally and spiritually with a devotion that awes one.

And now comes the part that gives you the feel of holy ground under your feet. These people have made their will leaving their little all to these boys so as to do for them to their utmost, even after their hands are removed from the task.

When I fumbled around clumsily for an expression of my feeling for such self-forgetting service, the little woman with her eyes very wide and clear said with the sweetest simplicity imaginable: "We love them and they need us. Perhaps when we are old we can look back and feel that we have done at least something to make life easier for those who were weaker than we."

Few of us could scale such heights. But the glimpse gives us an idea of what it may mean to take a forsaken child's hand in ours and face the long uncertain road. Particularly if we are prepared to hold that trusting little hand just as firmly over the rough places as where the way is smooth.



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## THE BIRTH-RIGHT

"Good health is your natural birth-right. Sickness is a foreign, unnatural thing. KEEP WELL—don't wait till you're sick."

That is the message of modern science—*sickness prevention*—and the women, the mothers of the race, should heed it above all.

Smallpox, cholera, typhoid, and the rest, no longer rage as epidemics and plagues. PREVENTION, with its vaccines, its anti-toxins, and its methods of sanitation, has raised barriers through which they only filter here and there; and science at length has developed an equally effective agent against another plague, which still remains one of the most insidious and universal of them all—constipation.

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For valuable health booklet—"Thirty Feet of Danger"—free, write Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), 50 B'way, N.Y.

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For Constipation

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"Regular as Clockwork"



Continued from page 23

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Be sure to get it when you ask for **Sunset**

**SUNSET SOAP DYES**  
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Dye all Fibres alike, Cotton, Wool, Silk, Mixed Goods, Etc., at the same time, giving the same shade to all. See Directions Inside

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Do not Soil the Hands or Utensil  
Contents of this package will dye fabrics weighing 1 pound; for a deep shade in the dark colors use this amount for 1/2 pound. See Directions Inside

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## MISTER MONTAGUE

windows: "Gi-gi-git up out'n de baid! Git up out'n de baid! I don't lay in de baid an' I'se a man, I is! Git up, chicken, an' lay yo' aiggs! Lay yo' aiggs! Lay yo' aiggs! Tell 'em! I gotter eat! Fire done made, coffee done drip an' de stove red hot! Red hot! Red hot! Tell 'em! I'm gwine live an' never die! Never die! Never die!"

It was Montague. He had come. He took possession and ruled them with a rod of iron. He "cussed" them in one week and out another and when they discharged him regularly, he banged his fist on the table so that the glasses jumped, and thundered: "Ah-ah-I be damfy go! Ah-ah-I be damfy go!" If he threatened to leave, they were afraid he would. He did make the garden and raised cabbages to his heart's content. The house did run like the *Jessie K. Bell*, but not on the Mississippi River—on a stream of conversation.

In a spirit of gentle satire they called him "Mister" Montague.

Yet their helplessness, their loneliness, made them grateful for even this protection. They idealized him, they leaned upon him, they put up with him—and no one else would have endured him.

HE SWUNG round the yard now, rumbling indignantly:

"Wha-wha-wha-wha— Ii Gawd! Can't git no res!— Wha-wha-wha—"

"Montague, is that you?" Jennie called. "Bring up wood at once!"

He stopped short, black eyes snapping in his round, ageless face, set off by a short gray imperial that made him look absurdly like the second Napoleon gone African. "Wha-wha-wha-wha-se de matter wid you, ma'am, you can't git it? Ain't you of 'nuff an' ugly 'nuff? I don't ax nobody to wait on me, an' I'se a man, I is. Ain't gwine do it! Ain't gwine do it! No, I ain't!" In a fury he flung the ragged thing of felt off his head and made quick tracks for the wood-shed. "Ah-ah-ah-I wouldn't be like yawl, ef I had to be a billy-goat!"

"Mister Montague, the kitchen fire—"

"Howcome none er yawl can't set yo' shoulder to de wheel, stid er loungin' roun' like a hen in a dus'-heap?" He was now deftly extracting matches from his hair. "Ain't none er yawl laudies learn how to make a kitchen fire yit?" Conversationally: "You go steamboatin'; I betcher you'll learn. Git th'owd overbo'd, one! An' 'at 'ere dawg laidy gi'n me is a regular man-eater, Mis' Julie; boy better stay off dis yawl, an' mah li' hen layin' right smawt er aiggs."

WHILE the dining-room windows were in process, topics were offered to intrigue Montague in the more agreeable turns of the day. Lavinia had been engaged to cook; there would be a pitcher of claret for the kitchen—plenty of ice-cream—and the guests were coming in an automobile. They would be sure to tip him if he waited on the table nicely and held open the front gate when they left. For while Lavinia could cook, no one could wait on a table with his style.

Temperament requires so much rest for so much action. He repaired to the front bench, built across the woody gutter—an old New Orleans custom. There was an effect of work—helping to get Mrs. Houston to the house by watching for her. He sat cooling his heels, looking up and down the oak-arched old street.

Content suffused Montague as he saw Lavinia heaving slowly along, on her head balanced an enormous mushroom—the week's wash. Festal work would go on under his eye. From afar she beheld and rejected his attitude. "Looker that now. No mo' to do 'an Gawd give a maw'nin'-glory!"

"Howdy, Sis Houston," amicably, as she crossed the street. "How's yo' disposition?"

"I'se been right po'ly, thang Gawd!"

"Dey's a corporation er de quality comin' hyah to stuff dey gizzard an' light out." He sustained the social pose. "Dey's puh-puh-puh-plenny waitin' fer you to do."

"AT'S what I see! Ain't you feared some time Gawdamity goin' smawk you speechless 'longside a whirlwin' er work?"

"Who—me? Guh-guh-guh-guh-ain't grow under mah feet! I done go tell I can't go no mo'— Well, I gotter step to de corner."

Lavinia passed into the garden. For as long as Montague had "cussed" them, she had washed the Carltons' clothes, cooked their company dinners and comforted them. She was that usually invisible thing, a tower of strength, sometimes made visible by emergency.

The dinner went forward on a technique of spirit; spiritual, because Lavinia could neither read nor write. Lavinia's soul conceived a rich heaven and spared little expense on earth—mo' butter, a little mo' cream, please, ma'am, Miss Mattie, more eggs, more Cayenne pepper, more sassafras leaves, more imported olive-oil, more this, more that. Where was Mister Montague? He must go to the store.

"Mister Montague!" called Mat. "Now you can polish the gold plate. Sit down here comfortably and rest while you're doing it."

"Hit sho' do shine a testimony," said Lavinia as he brought out the story of the plate.

"Ah-ah-ah-ah-I kin raise de sun when I wants to. What—me? I done shine up suh-suh-suh-silver on de *Jessie K. Bell*. Take me to wait on de quality what comin' hyah! De madam say dey got a puh-puh-puh-plenny money!"

"Money ain't nuttin'! It's how you ax to be a witness fer yo' Lawd an' howsomer much money they is got, it ain't henderin' 'em f'om seein' Gawd when they look at the clock, 'cause I wants to git off early."

"Is yawl laudies gwine hab yo' fuh-fuh-fuh-festivity?" Montague's voice buttery.

"Yas, sir, we'se aimin' to hol' it to-night," Lavinia's inflection likewise taking on the bland neatness which in her circle betokens

"manners and behavior." "The Zion Daughters is done loan us they hall."

"Of co'se, I wouldn't of cooked fer nobody but Miss Mattie this evenin', 'cause we'se request by our committee to be on time an' they's finin' us a dollar ef we ain't." ("Yas, ma'am.") "Us laudies is 'bleeged to wear our badges, fer tish here is the first festiver what the Band of Hope Buryin' Sassiety is give."

"Yas, ma'am," more oil on the wheels.

"I has the supervision er the limonade-stan' an' Sis Riney—" nothing loath to give details of pounds of sugar and paper roses. Lavinia's anticipation was only slightly more active than that for her heavenly home.

THE conversation was lubricated along with "yas, ma'ams" and "yas, sirs." Was Mister Montague going? He thrust his hands into the empty pockets of his worn but well-scrubbed breeches and replied virtuously that he was not. The company was gwine to tote them all to the French Opera and the madam had said he must mind the premises and nothing could induce him to put foot off the yard.

At this point Jennie sailed into the kitchen—the great air. Nothing to do with the way she hekked in the every-day run. Still she dragged anchor of domestic care.

Mattie was required.

She fluttered out from final arrangements. No breadwinner now—she was a Carlton of the long-gone plantation up the river. She had Saturday happiness.

"Mister Montague, better hurry; they're coming in an automobile; and remember, they're sure to tip you."

Montague allowed he didn't care what chariot they used if they treated him like a gentleman, but he roused to a spry exit down to his quarters in the yard, singing a blithe jargon:

"Oh, a laidy unnerstan'  
Ef she love another man,  
Her true lover come, bimbe!  
Her true lover come, bimchy!"

Mattie stood looking at the gold plate.

"Don't it shine?" Lavinia eased her two hundred pounds into a kitchen chair.

"That's all it does do."

"Ain't that 'nuff? Hit's jes' as much as the moon do!"

Mattie's loveliness misted with wistfulness. "No, it's not enough, when I think how much money I could get for it."

"FER lan's sake, Miss Mattie! You done helt on to the gol' plate in tribberlation. Payin' fo' dollars fer a turkey ain't no cause to sell salvation!"

"Oh, not for ourselves, Lavinia; but when some one—when some one needs money so badly—to hold on to a thing about as useful as a king's crown!"

"Crown in heaven mighty useful! Who 'at need money so bad?"

"A friend. He's on our paper. He's havin' so much trouble. He was cheated out of a lot of money on his way here and his mother sick out West and— Oh, dear—"

"Is he a single gempman?" Lavinia inquired attentively.

Mattie flushed. "Yes, but he's, oh, wonderful, Lavinia! He's seen so much; traveled all over the world."

Lavinia drew the turkey out of the oven.

"Umph. 'Tain't how many steamboats you been on that make yo' disposition; hit's what you dooze to be a witness fer yo' Lawd; an' when you got the gol' plate, you got sumpin' what you kin see, an' when you ain't, you got a han'ful er meltin' money 'at goin' to make you lose yo' eyesight!"

Montague swung open the kitchen door. He wore, over his common clothes, the snowy apron of an old-fashioned butler. They admired to his heart's content.

The front bell was ringing. The Carltons flew.

LAVINIA compressed her lips. "Wonnerful—wonnerful! How in the name Gawd a white apen goin' to be plaster an' polish to 'at ol' nigger?"

In the drawing-room the Carltons were welcoming the magnificent Wellingtons. These were from a zone where people are born saying: "Do they really?" And where they die replying, "Most interesting; we motored through." The genesis of the evening was a letter of introduction, the Carltons' prompt flowering into hospitality and the Wellingtons' invitation, to save possible boredom, to the opera after. They would have been as at home beside a primrose on a river's brim as in the exquisitely shabby old rooms. They stood out sharply against the soft brown tones, the rich shadows of dilapidated belongings. The Carltons themselves became shadowy, though they did their best to shine.

The situation was relieved by the arrival of Mr. Morrison, a tall, slender, esthetic type of man with a wistful way of lifting his brows and being witty. He had that nonchalance to be found in London drawing-rooms and American reportorial rooms. He handled the conversation as if it were a cigarette, flicked off the Wellingtons' social statistics of Santa, Barbara and drew a long, thin stream of story on buying jade in Java.

In the midst, the door toward the dining-room suddenly framed beaming black and gleaming white.

"Duh-duh-duh-duh-duh-dinner is now ready serve in de dinin'-room!" he boomed.

"Splendid!" thought the Carltons simultaneously, and rose.

The Wellingtons stared. Nothing like this had ever happened in their lives before. They felt on the brink of Field's Minstrels, an experience they had carefully avoided, as they had all humor.

"Delectious," said Morrison with wounded eyes. "Do you mind telling me where you generally eat?"

Mattie drew back.

"Jack, is everything—"

Continued on page 101

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NO SPREADING  
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THE DELINEATOR, 435 Butterick Bldg., New York, N. Y.



# Torrington

## ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

BIG BRUSH—POWERFUL SUCTION

### *Free Your Afternoons*

Don't let your afternoons be held in slavery by the drudgery of housework. Don't waste them by working—don't spoil them with fatigue. Let the Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaner take the work out of housework for you. Let it give you time for rest and recreation, for study or play, to give to the kiddies—**TO DO WITH AS YOU PLEASE.**

The Torrington will not only clean your house quickly and **EASILY**—it will clean it **CLEAN**. It takes out **ALL** the dirt and dust from your floor-coverings, hangings, upholstery, furniture, mattresses, cushions, and curtains, and carries **ALL** of it away in its bag. It leaves your house dustless.

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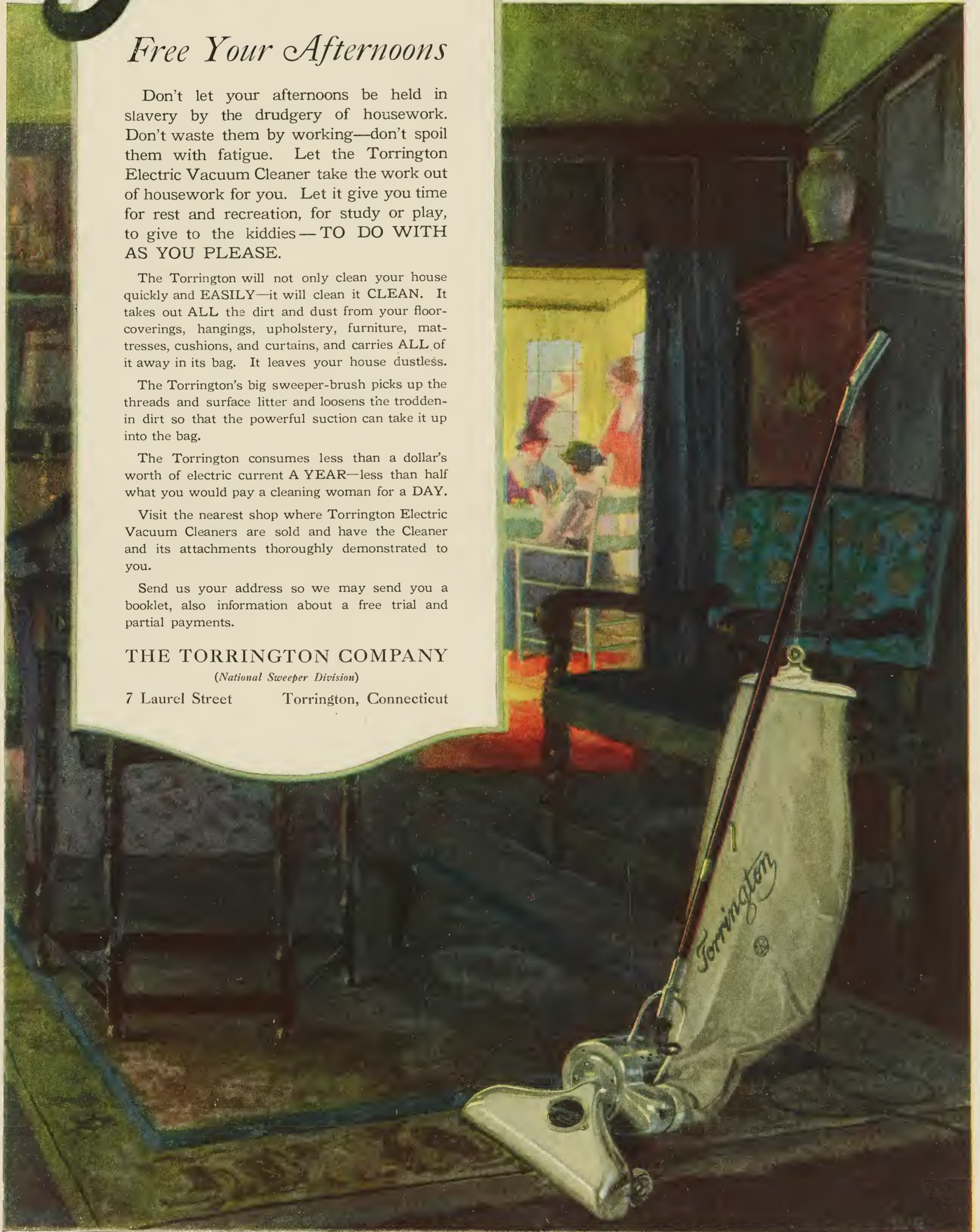
Visit the nearest shop where Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaners are sold and have the Cleaner and its attachments thoroughly demonstrated to you.

Send us your address so we may send you a booklet, also information about a free trial and partial payments.

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—fresh new linoleum  
in five minutes!

**B**ON AMI Powder has a wonderful affinity for grease and grime—it blots it up like magic.

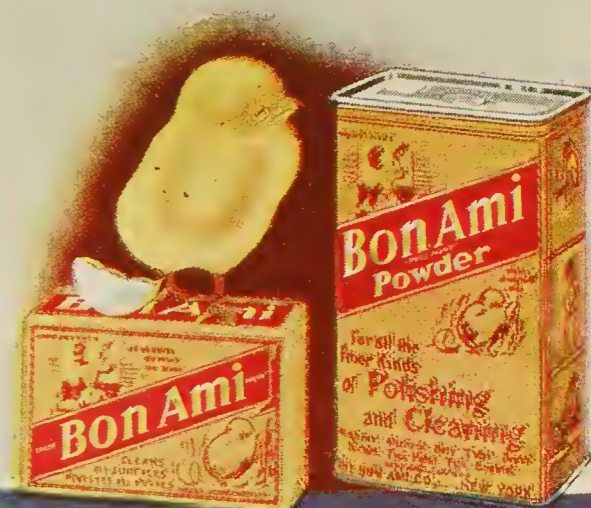
The “before-and-after” contrast is fairly startling!

And it does not scour and scratch and wear away the color as coarse scouring powders do.

For linoleum, congoleum or oilcloth.

*Made in both Cake and Powder form.*

“Hasn’t  
Scratched Yet!”





Continued from page 98

## MISTER MONTAGUE

"Perfectly rotten, dear child; nothing but shadows across the moon."  
"Oh, goodness!" He gave her hand a little clasp and they followed the others.

MATTIE, who had slipped out, slipped back. The quiet for a well-groomed conversation of graceful impersonalities was established. Montague appeared, tray in hand, and the dinner began.

"Is there much of the old atmosphere in New Orleans?" the Wellingtons were anxious to know. "Wo want so much to see the picturesque side."

"Oh, you don't want to see it, you want to drink it!" said Morrison sadly.

"Have you seen the French Quarter?" Mattie asked.

"Where all the Italian murders take place," Morrison murmured.

"Yes, most interesting; we motored through." And so on, by safe and pleasant stages to those dinner discussions that bring out the importance of individual study and opinion.

The Carltons' subjective eye noted that Montague did well. Perhaps he bounded with a trifle too much alacrity around the Wellingtons. His "yas, ma'ams" and "yas, sirs" were also rather too quick and frequent, and there was a deplorable shaking of the dining-room as he quick-stepped back and forth. Yet the ensemble had a flourish and finish that must have embellished the *Jessie K. Bell* in her most racy days. With inward sighs of relief they devoted themselves to being wholly charming.

Oyster, Soup, Fish, in turn came on with a swing-your-partners style. Then—all at once the meal stopped.

PAUSE became stage wait. Something must have happened in the kitchen.

The Carltons talked on, cheeks burning. Montague stationed himself and regarded the scene with beaming satisfaction. Jennie signaled—Florrie—Mattie— He took no notice. Simply he stood, beaming blandness of content. Mattie made polite conversation until no more could be made. Nothing for it but, so to speak, take the bull by the horns. She assumed lightness:

"Well, Mister Montague, aren't you going to give us any more dinner?"

Montague stood rubbing his back against the dining-room door. "Yuh-yuh-yuh-yuh-yawl didn't say nothing 'bout wantin' any mo', an' I thought you'd had 'nuff! Mis' Houston gotter git away from hyah!" he added with a snap of ready indignation.

The Wellingtons frankly froze.

"What a delightful servant!" said Morrison. "He's been with us twenty years," Mattie explained meekly. "I don't know what wo would do without him. He runs everything."

"I should think so. Ho must be wonderful in a fury."

"Oh, he is!" Florrie praised. "Ho once got angry with the ice-man and held him over the red-hot kitchen stove!"

Dinner again moved, a delicious processional of Lavinia's art. Montague was fain to "fire her up," as he told Mrs. Houston in the kitchen. But Mattie was firm. He might exhibit *Jessie K. Bell* style, but he should not revive that steamboat's speed. The meal progressed beautifully enough.

DESSERT came. Coffee. Lavinia's coffee was a benediction after dinner. And then, melting the harmonious memory in one sweet golden draft, tiny glasses of Jennie's mandarin cordial, offered on the gold plate.

With a wheel, hot-foot-turn-and-about-face movement, Montague presented the delicate cluster under Mrs. Wellington's nose. "Heh-heh-heh-he'p yo'se'f off'n de gol' plate, ma'am!" he boomed.

"What a marvelous thing!" said Morrison, his eyes following the plate.

"It has been in the family for two hundred years," Jennie informed him.

"In slave days," Mattie told the Wellingtons, "when great dinners were given on grandfather's plantation, it was carried by a small slave to catch champagne as it foamed over the glasses."

"Was it really?" The Wellingtons beheld it through their various forms of pince-nez. "Not so large, Maude, as the gold Communion dish we bought from that friend of the Duke of the Abruzzi in Florence."

Lavinia, her eye at the crack of the dining-room door, getting a look at the guests, bridled. "Nuttin' but plaster an' polish!"

Morrison took the dish, examining the design. "This must be a Cellini, done probably in his early period. There is a lyric feeling in these leaves and figures that surpasses his later work."

She puffed softly.

"An' 'at's some mo'!"

"Have you ever had it valued?" Morrison was asking.

"A dealer offered father two thousand dollars for it once."

He weighed it gently in his hands. "There's probably a thousand dollars' worth of gold in it. You keep it in a safety-vault, don't you?"

Mattie laughed.

"We keep it in an old flour-sack."

"How perfectly delicious! And these exquisite pieces of old silver?"

"All in old flour-sacks."

In the drawing-room Morrison leaned back with amused eyes. "I have never heard of anything quite so naive as keeping treasure lying about in flour-sacks unguarded!" he remarked.

"Oh, Mister Montague is here!"

"Yes, Mister Montague is here!" chimed Jennie and Florrie.

"Yah-yah-yah-yas sir, I'se hyah!" Mister Montague, hearing his name, quick-stepped in at one door and out another.

Morrison grew serious. "You certainly ought not to keep anything as valuable in the house with only that old darky to protect

you!" he said. "In the first place, it's too precious; in the second, he's as mad as a March hare. He'll go off with that plate or sell it. I don't think he is safe."

"He assuredly is not!" the Wellingtons agreed with frank feeling.

The Carltons protested.

"Why, Montague has never taken a pin!" said Mattie.

"It isn't what he has done," Morrison spoke gravely. "You don't know what ho will do next! I shouldn't leave two thousand dollars in a flour-sack within his reach."

MATTIE smiled and followed Florrie to the piano.

From the rear regions of the house Montague could be heard shouting:

"Thang Gawd an' bless de cook! Bless de cook! Bless de cook! Ef it wasn't for do cook I wouldn't be hyah! Tell 'em! I'm gwine live an' never die! Never die! Never die!"

Jennie hurried out, closing doors. The Wellingtons settled uneasily. Morrison stood gracefully between the curtains of the tall French windows that opened on the front veranda.

"Falling leaf and fading tree,  
Lines of white on a sullen sea—"

Mattie's rich contralto began the beautiful song.

The silver and gold plate was on Jennie's mind. She hurried to the kitchen, and gathered up the plate, which was carried to Mattie's room and put in a basket under the bed. The song over, Montague thundered around to the front gate to hold it open and get his tips.

The magnificent Wellingtons passed out with stiff heads. They gave no sign of seeing him.

Morrison handed in the Carltons. Ho would take a cigaret and walk before he went to the office to work, his eyes smiled sadly. "As faithfully as Mister Montague! Delighted to have met you. Exquisite evening!" "Yes, most interesting." "Good night!" "Good night!"

MONTAGUE hung over the front fence addressing the busied chauffeur, the neighborhood and world at large:

"Hi Gawd, deh-deh-deh-dey ain't gi'n mo a nickel! No, dey ain't! No, dey ain't! Dey ain't gi'n me nuttin'! Atter I wuk my finger to de bone! Let 'em go on 'bout dey business, 'fo' I take a brick an' bus' it 'sido dey laid! Sit up in mah madam dinin'-room an' stuff deys'e'fs like hawgs! Yas, dey did!"

The machine purred. The Wellingtons, glaring, motored out of Arcady.

The shadows of the great live-oaks, fretting out the star-lit sky, closed behind them the doors of night in the old street.

"Hi Gawd!" Mister Montague lifted his face to the sapphire dome. "De magnolia frascattis suh-suh-smell right nice!"

Back in the kitchen Lavinia donned the black alpaca gown made for festivities and all funerals, including her own. With the dignity of such occasions she would preside over the limonade-stand.

She shook out the ample folds of her skirt and tied about her waist the bow of a white apron, stiff as a sheet of china. The Band of Hope Burying Society badge, an affair of gold fringe, purple streamers, artificial violet and printed white-satin hand-bill, she wrapped in tissue-paper.

She was in the act of pinning on her worn ulster when Montague bounded into the room, piked up his ragged headgear and started out again, working into his old jumper as he went.

"Sis Houston, jes' hang de key to de do' on de nail, please, ma'am."

"Where you goin'?"

"Ah-ah-ah-I gotter take a note fer do gempman."

"What gempman that?"

"I ain't rightly catch his name, he got right good-lookin' fe-fe-feachers in his face. Ho gwino pay me!" he added smartly.

Lavinia folded her hands and contemplated the situation.

"You goin' off an' leave the premises? You can't git down-town an' back this side er two hours."

"Who, me? Ah-ah-I kin mako time! Puh-Puh-Prince gwinetter be on de yawd!"

He slammed the door and clattered downstairs.

LAVINIA stood where he had left her. She looked at the shut door, then at the gold and purple glistening in its wrappings. She pursed her lips, thinking deeply.

"What you wants to do an' what you 'bleged to do, is one thing!" she said aloud. "An' what you oughter do is sumpin' else. Of co'se Sis Riney will wear her crepe machine dress an' make her voice heard, but how in the name Gawd kin I leave thish here house—wif de gol' plate—an' nuttin' but a tail-waggin', skeery dawg to mine it?"

She turned back, locked the kitchen door and walked through the dining-room, the dim drawing-room and across the wide hall to the front bedroom. The gas was turned low, but a fire burned brightly in the grate. Lavinia, grunting laboriously, lowered herself beside the bed and pulled out the silver-basket. There were four flour-sacks, and the gold plate, wrapped flat, lay on top.

"Ef it come to a wrastlin'-match I wouldn't be much use," she reflected. "Oh, mah Savior!" This in recognition of her rheumatism only. "Oh, Lawdy!"

She tied the loose ends of each sack in a knot.

"Now where kin I put it!"

She fumed a while, then drew up the old-time, high-back armless rocker to the fire and

Concluded on page 102



## SENG-EQUIPT Beds of Wood

Beauty of wood—strength of steel

IN Seng-equipt Beds of Wood you find a stalwart steel frame cloaked by lovely wood. Seng-equipt Beds of Wood are strong as Samson, rigid as the law, mute and unrumbling and—most important—completely hygienic.

A metal bed is frequently graceless. The ordinary wood bed has many faults of character. It invites insomnia with its creaks and groans. It welcomes dust with its slats, slots and crevices. Only Seng-equipt Beds of Wood can offer you the combined artistry of wood and sturdiness of metal.



If you are interested in home decoration, write for "The Bedroom Beautiful," by Ruth Angell. All good furniture merchants sell Seng-equipt Beds of Wood. The Seng trade-mark on the corner locks identifies them.

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Putnam Tints are more perfectly toned than other tints because they are made from the famous Putnam Fadeless Dyes—each shade is so strong and clear that only a very small amount of the tint is needed to keep dozens of sheer garments fresh and colorful for an entire season. Use Putnam Tints on your most treasured possessions. They never spot or come out streaky. Tint evenly, quickly and delightfully. 10c—all shades.

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## PUTNAM TINTS

Monroe Drug Company  
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Makers of the famous Putnam Fadeless Dyes, Putnam Straw Hat Dyes, Putnam Dry-Cleaner.

Concluded from page 101

## MISTER MONTAGUE

sat down. She folded her hands above her festal apron and gazed into the coals.

"What's Gawd's will to happen is goin' to happen," she said, "'cause Jesus don't do a thing what ain't right—no, Lawd!—an' ef you put yo'self on Jesus, he goin' to bring it all out so nicely—yas, Lawd!" She began to sing a thready minor chant:

"Samson was a strong man f'om his birl,  
Yas, Samson the strongest man on earf—"

The hymn neglected no character in the Old Testament. Firelight and rhythm did their work. Lavinia nodded. Her chin rested on her bosom. She slept.

And as she slept, the long French window in the drawing-room raised gently.

THE man who slipped stealthily through, in overcoat and soft hat, looked more like a recent dinner-guest than a seasoned ruffian. But when he beheld Lavinia's sleeping person through the open door, he took the latter's defense: Whisking a handkerchief out of his pocket, he tied it about his face to the eyes, pulled his hat lower and went deliberately in. Lavinia slept peacefully, her hands folded on her stomach.

Morrison took a sharp pose. As he did so, Lavinia opened her eyes.

Quickly he snatched a cover off the bed and roped Lavinia tightly in her chair. Never taking his glance from her face, he got a towel. She divined his purpose.

"You needn't choke me up wif no rags," she said in a low soft voice, "'cause I done eall mah Savior an' they ain't nobody else in this neighborhood goin' to hear."

"You tell me where the gold plate is and I won't hurt you!" His voice was calculated to curdle and freeze blood. Lavinia quailed.

"Mos' all the time they puts it in a diffe'nt place," she faltered, "but I don't work on this yawd regular; I jes' washes Mis' Cawton clo'es an' cooks her company dinners."

Morrison began rummaging. He pried the look of a sole-leather trunk deftly enough, and unearched family albums and plaid shawls.

"Of course! This is what they lock up; and the valuables under the bed probably." Lavinia groaned as he reached for the silver-basket.

"I done tole Miss Jinnie that weren't no place fer it," she moaned.

"Well—it's not there! Where else does she put it?"

She moaned again.

"Miss Jinnie? She stuff it where only Gawd know! Look in the washstan'."

Morrison swept out old shoes, polish, rubbers and hot-water bags.

Then he attacked the "armoire," a picce of furniture as large and extinct as the brontosaurus.

"If you want to live to see day—you'd better tell me all you know!"

A LARGE tear coursed slowly over Lavinia's round cheek. She had smoothed wrinkles; she ironed them out of life as she ironed them out of the Carltons' clothes each week. There were none harbored in her nature, so there were none harassing the calm of her face.

"Mah jews is all paid up in mah sassiety," she said simply, "an' I was aimin' to go to

our festiver, but ef hit's Gawd's will, I jes' as soon see mah Redeemer, 'eause I ain't got to meet Him but once."

Morrison swore. "What have I gotten into? Say, keep quiet! I need money and I've got to have it. I came here to get that plate, not to hear a religious lecture."

"Tain't easy to hear 'bout 'ligion in this here perfession to which you done call yo'self—'cause Gawd ain't call you!" Lavinia sighed. "White folks is got education, but nigger got to rely on the sperrit; an' ef Jesus ain't come to you in the light, He kin come to you in the dawd, 'cause He don't leave no stone unturn."

"Shut up, or I'll scream!" Morrison snapped, and went through the adjoining rooms.

He returned in a nervous frenzy.

"See here, I believe you know! Now tell me and be quick or it'll be the worse for you!"

Lavinia moaned. "Mah Savior, forgive me! Is you look in the dirty-clo'es bag?"

"No!" He moved, then paused and listened intently.

Down the street was approaching sound, a meaningless jargon:

"Oh, a laidy unnerstan'  
Ef she love another man—"

"Mister Monnygue comin'!" whispered Lavinia.

For a moment Morrison looked down at her grimly over the kerchief mask.

"Well—it's all over. The Lord wins! I'd never run the risk of an inquisition like this again. I don't wonder the Carltons' gold plate is safe!"

He left by the drawing-room window as Montague made tracks for the rear. Lavinia's voice rose in a pean:

"An' mah soul is a witness fer mah Lawd!  
Oh, mah soul is a witness—"

In time Montague found the open window and Mrs. Houston bound in the chair.

He raged as he released her:

"Whu-whu-when I see Sis Julie boy in do caw, I gin him de letter an' come on back, kuh-kuh-kuh-'cause I was aimin' to take mah ax an' split any nigger wide open what set foot on dis yawd!"

"Nigger!" scorned Lavinia. "A white nigger, yas—sen' you down-town so's he kin git the gol' plate!"

MONTAGUE cocked his head. His expression was interrogative and important.

"Duh-duh-duh-did he git it?"

"No, thang Gawd! I tooken hide it an' de fambly silver."

"Whu-whu-whu-whu you put it?"

Lavinia rose painfully. "Ef you step out a minute, I kin take it off, 'cause somer hit cuttin' into me mighty bad. It's strung roum' mah wais' an' the gol' plate layin' like a mustard plaster—thang Gawd! How-come"—as he shuffled to the door—how-come you ain't got no mo' gumption 'an to let 'at 'ere white man make a fool of you, like he done?"

Mister Montague spluttered.

"Fuh - fuh - fuh - fuh - fool? Who he fool? Ain't fool nuttin'! I done got mah fo' bits, fo' I lef' de yawd!"

Concluded from page 24

## A GIRL'S BUSINESS PREPARATION

So here I was, after years of endeavor and restlessness, finding myself suddenly quite content. At first I was puzzled to know why. But after pondering the matter, I made up my mind that it must be because I was in touch with large interests. I had always been a Democrat. But no one could come in touch with the fine idealism that was the creative and carrying force of the Progressive Party and not be lifted out of oneself.

NOT that all the people with whom one came in contact were animated by fine motives. But in spite of these, Colonel Roosevelt's enthusiasm and idealism permeated the party, and although I did not know him at this time, I was enthralled, like the rest of his followers, by his idealism and his personality. Little by little I came to the determination that whatever I had in me of value should be devoted to this man and this party. It was the first time in my life that I fully realized that more powerful than money, or position, or work, is an ideal.

And so I remained with the Progressive National Headquarters until December, 1916, when the headquarters were permanently closed. I became associated with Colonel Roosevelt as his confidential secretary in November of that year.

What were the qualities that this great man demanded in a secretary? I shall tell in another number of THE DELINEATOR.

I know that in taking up my work with him I felt that another milestone in my life had been passed. And I recall how earnestly and with what misgivings I went over my mental equipment before I actually took the new position. Looking back now I realize that every job, every experience that I had had, even from my pie-making days, had helped to fit me for this ultimate work.

And yet I would hesitate a long time before I would advise a girl to come to New York as I did. For I had only the valor of ignorance, strong determination and sincerity of purpose and might so easily have failed had not a higher power guided my steps.

The girl who is lightly trained for secretarial work, who has letters of introduction to both business houses and boarding-houses, may

venture here. But the girl without special equipment coming to New York risks mental and moral suicide!

WHAT I got chiefly from my New York experience before I went to work for the Progressive Party was a new and intensified knowledge of human beings. A woman who works for a living sees her fellow beings from an entirely different angle from that of the homekeeping woman. The working woman sees life as a man sees it. He sees the people of his daily experience as quite other personalities than as if he met them socially.

The business world is a hard world, a cold sophisticated, calculating world, and the sooner a girl who has her own future to carve realizes this the sooner will she recover from the heartaches that are bound to come.

The woman who goes into business life with the idea she is going to demand and receive certain privileges because she is a woman is not only foolish but unfair. She is unwise because nothing so angers the better class of business man as to have sex brought into his business relations. She is unfair because men in their keen competition ask neither fear nor favor because they are men. Women should play the game in as sportsmanlike manner as men. I'm not much of a classical student but I think it was Horace who said:

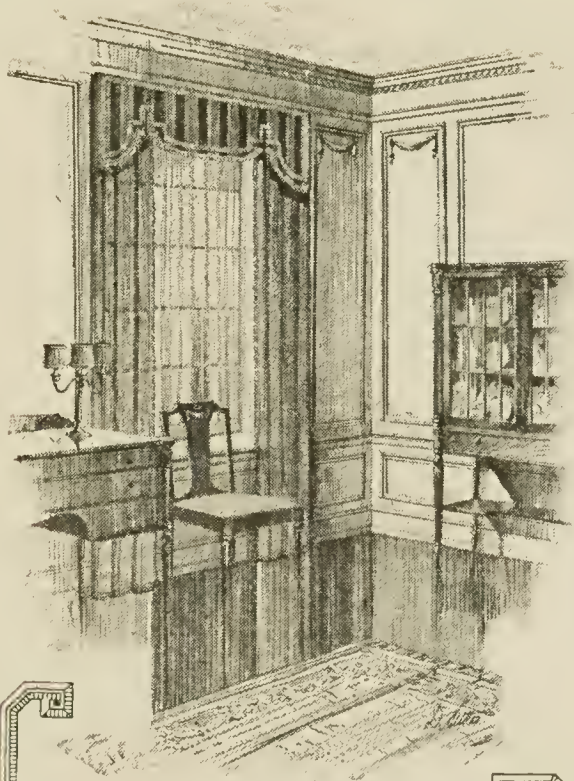
"He should have a heart thrice bound with bronze  
Who puts forth on the world's wide sea."

I have sometimes thought that one could rephrase that for women to read:

"She should have a heart thrice bound with bronze  
Who puts forth on the business sea."

And yet, for all I may seem a little embittered on the subject of the happiness of the woman in business, I really am not, for my wonderful years with Colonel Roosevelt made all my previous hard work seem only a glorious training for the best job that any a woman could have.





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give wonderful wear, and being double width allow for splitting.

Insist on seeing the basting thread in the selvage, this identifies the genuine "Kapock" Fabrics—others are imitations.

Request your drapery dealer to write us for our new

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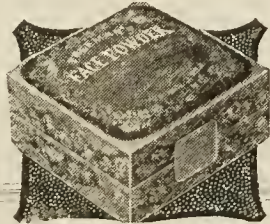
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## Freeman's FACE POWDER

Beauty of whatever nationality is enhanced by Freeman's Face Powder—for 40 years a standard toilet requisite. All tints, 50 cts., plus 2 cts. war tax, at toilet counters; miniature box mailed for 4 cts., plus 1 ct. war tax.

The Freeman  
Perfume Co.  
Dept. 58  
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Large size 60 cents at Drug Stores  
F. H. YOUNG & CO., 51 Dorr Street, Toledo, Ohio

## CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING

BY HÉLÈNE GRANDET

HIGH above the capital city of a prim, orderly, almost Lilliputian kingdom, lies a favorite wonderland of mine. Beneath its shadows I have dreamed more dreams that have come true, and thought over more thoughts which have helped me to believe in my fellows, than on any other spot on earth.

Sitting there one Autumn day ten years ago and dividing my afternoon between a book and the far purple-rimmed brown and red hills to the west, I came upon a real adventure, or rather it stole upon me.

I had dropped off my shoe to rest an overtired foot and forgetting the act, was aware of it again when a hunting-dog, rushing out of the thicket, made playfully off with it. My outcry and my attempted one-foot pursuit brought a laugh and a voice from the thicket, as a huntsman, young, strong, red and tanned from the open sport, pushed through the overhanging low limbs and catching Hector, the robber dog, by the collar, restored the shoe not only to me, but gallantly to my foot.

"YOU have a fine spot, mademoiselle, for study?" the hunter remarked with an interrogative inflection of voice. I raised my book toward him to show its title, and a postcard fell from its leaves to the ground. It was one I had purchased that morning in the town, representing in black-and-white a picture of the young king of the Lilliputian kingdom. It bore a facsimile of his writing and signature at the foot of the portrait. My huntsman picked it up and restored it to me. I placed it in the book, and then, attracted by its resemblance to some face I had seen before, looked up. He was smiling, for the subject of the picture and the rescuer of my shoe were one.

"You are an American?" he inquired, after a random remark of mine about the hills, life and freedom.

"Yes, for two generations, but always, I believe, in spirit," I replied.

"What a wonderful creed is yours of the United States! How freely you must breathe, and how limitless your elance for real life!" he mused aloud.

I glanced at the handwriting on the card. It was that of an idealist, a poet, a lover of life in the open, a soul full of simple, fine, fresh, spiritualized thought, with marked ability to do and to lead. It cried out in hunger for true love, activity, good fellowship, and the things that are worth while.

I VENTURED to say, as the result of my musings, "Why do you not adopt that creed, even in your kingdom?"

"I adopt that creed?" he exclaimed in a passionate tone. "I, who must do what fifteen generations of my family have already done before me—live in a lonely castle, except when I escape for an hour to these hills, appear in public at stated intervals, marry a wife selected for me by the state, die, if God is generous, before I am fully stifled by this bondage of soul and heart, and be laid beside the kin who have preceded me!"

"But you were intended for this creed of freedom, not this royal bondage," I said. Facing the west, where the sun was descending, he looked not unlike a favorite painting of mine that hung in my grandfather's house. The subject was a young Indian on a high point above the valley, musing over the scene below, where his tribe had dwelt for generations.

"The tyrant voice beyond the hills may fall some day, possibly within your lifetime and mine, to hold his cohorts. All this stern training of his folk may mean possible strength for them as his opponents later. If it comes to that, I will go gladly down to the heart level of my people, a free man."

HE BOWED as only such a king and knight may do.

"Good-by, mademoiselle. It has been a happy, honored meeting for me." The bark of Hector down in the valley near the city walls awoke me to the fact that I had really intruded advice upon the young king.

That was ten years ago. Reading now the ever-increasing lists of abdications among kings and kinglets across seas, I am not amazed to find my king who would be free, and who proclaimed it to me, first in the script under his photograph, and then on the hill above his capital, going gladly down from his throne, possibly with Hector at his heels, freely to the heart level of being a useful, active dreamer with the dreamers and actors of his land.

FOR several years Miss Grandet has been a careful student of graphology.

We can not substantiate Miss Grandet's claims. We have no desire to do so. We publish this series of articles merely for the interest which our readers may find in Miss Grandet's presentation of a study in which many persons find diversion.

If you wish to know what your handwriting indicates, send on unlined paper in your own handwriting and signed with your own name, an original thought or favorite quotation, in prose, of about twenty-five words. This should be accompanied by the fee of one dollar and by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Héléne Grandet, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York.

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A SATIN rich among satins is Cheney Satin Barré—its lucent texture bright with a lustre which yet is tempered by its semi-visible bar effect. A satin, this, of a character individual and still restrained. . . . Another Cheney Satin, and so a satin of Cheney quality.

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AND day by day its volume of sales grows steadily. For a reputation of thirty-eight years' faithfulness backs it up—the world's most reliable reliever of all external pains and aches.

Kept handy the nation over for the prompt, comforting, warm tingle of relief it pro-

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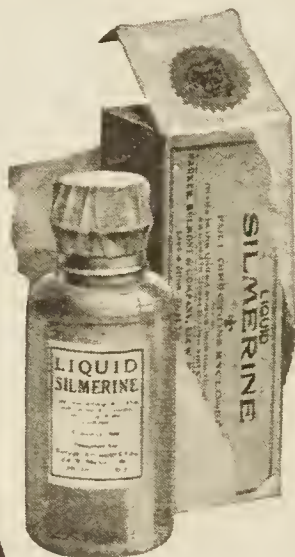
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are more easily attained—and retained—by applying Liquid Silmerine before doing up the hair. And the effect is far more beautiful and charming. The hair has a brilliant sheen or lustre, gleaming and glowing under certain lights like a thing of life.

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134 West Madison St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Concluded from page 22

## VELVET-GLOVED FIGHTERS

wrappings for our souls. Our souls belong to Almighty God, and you'd better be careful how you deal with God's property!"

When her voice died away, a member rose and huskily put a motion to release a prisoner on his own parole for thirty days. The entire room seconded it, and Kate smiled a bit tiredly. She had found once more that element in human nature on which she staked all her faith.

"If you get at people in the right way," she always asserted, "you can make them care."

Written into not only the history of Oklahoma's birth as a State, but the whole Southwest of five and six years ago, is the amazing story of this girl school-teacher who fought for humanity and the honor of the new State, and brought out of chaos what is called the most perfect State constitution in the world.

"THE most powerful person in Oklahoma and a force feared in Kansas and Arizona," an Arizona statesman called her at the time.

Yet she was an invalid most of her days then, and a startling vision to all who met her for the first time after hearing of her power. Hardly taller than a girl of twelve, slim and quick in movement, with eyes that saw everything in sight, and a direct manner that plucked the weapons from her adversaries' hands, she not only taught Oklahoma how to walk alone on the straight and narrow path, but put the fear of God and the law of humanity into the Legislatures of neighboring States.

She was still in her early twenties when she became Commissioner of Charities and Correction, an office created for her. She handed back one thousand dollars of the salary appropriation at once, since she could live very well on fifteen hundred dollars, she said.

With jurisdiction over three hundred and twenty-five jails, prisons, hospitals, orphanages, rescue homes and institutions for the deaf, blind, and insane, Kate swung her big stick every time graft or privilege lifted its head.

"Never let them get away with anything!" she would say. "When they threaten you, remember you can die but once. If they touch a hair of your head, I'll put them in the penitentiary, so help me God!"

Kansas held over six hundred of Oklahoma's prisoners working in its coal-mines. Rumors came of abuses and mutiny.

Kate went alone to investigate. It was no formal, superficial inspection. She went everywhere the convicts were. As she passed through the darkness in the mines voices came to her from unseen corners, eager whispers:

"Tell them to show you the water-hole, girl!"

She saw the water-hole and every other torture of the system. As a result, six hundred and thirty-eight prisoners went back home on the testimony of a girl who roused not only the Southwest but the whole country, and brought about the first great wave of prison reform.

She organized the unemployed of her State, and exposed the plot to rob the Indian miners of over two million dollars on their coal-land rights. When the speaker of the Legislature opposed her "uplift" bills, she organized the State Democratic caucus against him, and had the State Federation of Labor declare him an enemy of the people. Thirty-two of her bills passed.

SHE noticed there was no purification clause in the new bond-issue of one million five hundred thousand dollars for a water-system. Appealing at the eleventh hour, she was told it was too late to change the wording of the bill. Within a few hours the entire community was flooded with handbills headed in large black type, "Death in the Water."

The bond-issue was killed. When a new company was formed, they asked Kate to draw up the clause providing for a filtering-plant. For six years she had held Oklahoma to her pledges. When you ask her to-day how she managed it, she smiles whimsically.

"I guess I've prayed a lot. You see, I only believe in putting humanity on a level with law and finance, and everybody's helped me when I asked them to."

ONE of the "city fathers" of Chicago years ago called Jane Addams the "voice that could not be silenced." At that time the city reeked under a garbage scandal.

Political corruption was rampant. Pestilence threatened the children of the poor, whose playgrounds were the great "clay holes" or "dumps" of the city's refuse.

Jane Addams's voice was raised in daily protest until she was told to handle the job herself if she didn't like the way it was being done. Out in the factory and foundry districts lay the huge cañon-like areas of waste land where garbage was deposited by the city. Children of the workers scrambled like ants

over these spots until one day a light-weight "buggy" drew up beside the tumble-down fence at the top of the "hole." A woman in black got out, made her way to the edge of the hole and looked down at the panorama.

She had a way even then of saying little, of setting her lips in a close line, and gazing out of her large, rather deep-set eyes in a detached way that led many a politician to thinking she had not seen everything.

"IT CAN be cleaned up," she said simply.

"Tell the children to come out of there." Inside of three weeks she had taught Chicago how to keep clean. Where men flinched from the job, she organized the women and girls of the various districts, using the "unit" plan, then unknown, to make each block shoulder its own burden of civic honor. And she proved conclusively to the city that it could be kept clean on the appropriation.

After that, when Miss Addams spoke, people listened. President Roosevelt called her America's first citizen. The ideals of Hull House planted corner-stones of social service throughout the country. Fearless and quiet in her methods, she stood for the humane side of social life, fighting always the selfish interests that would smother human needs.

Back in 1915, when she led the first International Women's Congress at The Hague, she secured resolutions then for what seemed a Utopian dream: "The establishing of a concert of nations, a court of courts for the settlement of disputes, an international congress and police force, a league of peace with national and international power to remove the economic causes of war."

She was called an idealist at the time. The second International Congress met this year at Zurich, in Switzerland, and Jane Addams secured this new word for the women of the world:

"That the democracy of the world shall be extended and reinforced by the principle of self-determination and by the extension of suffrage to all women."

"THE story of Ludlow has been told often to illustrate the fact that women will always hold for human interests as against economic interests," says Helen Ring Robinson; "that 'direct action' is, after all, the great motor power that accomplishes things, politics being too subject to misleading manipulations to satisfy women in a crisis."

For months capital and labor had been deadlocked in the coal-fields of southern Colorado. There had been violence on both sides in those "red days" of 1914.

The tent colony of Ludlow, where a thousand miners, ejected from their homes with their families, were living, was the scene of a pitched battle between the militia and the armed miners.

At this crisis many prominent men and women requested the governor to call on the President of the United States for Federal troops. The governor declined to do so.

Unknown to the powers behind the strike, a little, keen-eyed woman had visited Ludlow and had seen things there for herself. She went back to Denver and told the women there what she had seen.

Rich and poor, they flocked at her call to the assembly-room of the State Capitol. There were wives of millionaires, society women, working girls, and girls from the "red-light" district—where Senator Robinson had been accused by certain men of carrying the vote, and had gloried in it. Probably no one outside of the leaders on both sides of the conflict knew as much of this industrial war as this woman who had gone out herself and talked to the women of Ludlow.

"DISMISS that meeting," the governor told Senator Robinson, "and I will send a telegram to the President."

She smiled back at him, and shook her head. "I will read the telegram to them after it has been sent," she told him.

At the end of ten hours, the little, gray-eyed woman Senator stepped into the assembly-room and read the telegram to the women.

It was more than a temporary victory she had won for her State. Through her action later in the Senate, the Workingmen's Compensation Act was passed and the Industrial Commission Act, both in a way an atonement for Ludlow. Colorado has been singularly free from labor troubles since the passage of these acts.

"Women," said one politician, "can't be relied on, because fundamentally they are just humanitarians."

Possibly therein lies their strength, the faith that gives them the inner vision that lifts them above fear in these great crises when man interests are at stake. Given the need of righting a social or industrial wrong that strikes at the welfare of the helpless, and the woman of the hour becomes an invincible force with right on her side.

## FULFILMENT

I HEARD My Love a-singing in the rain,  
Above the Autumn rain some woman's rune,  
And in her voice was evening, and a shadow of the pain  
Of tides that seek the moon;  
But through her song I heard the tender croon  
Of lullabies low-sung at dusk  
And sweet with rich content.  
And I had known no song could be more fair,  
For all its sadness blent,  
Than she, My Love, sang to me, with the firelight on her hair—  
A lullaby low-crooned at dusk!

DOROTHY PAUL.





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The Julian Street who has delighted thousands of Americans with his books of travel, "The Need of Change," "Abroad at Home" and "American Adventures," appears in "After Thirty" with the grace of fiction added to the whimsicality, the good-natured humor, the keen-eyed observation and the mellow philosophy that have made his previous books so popular.

Wickett is over thirty. He tells himself that Mollie, his wife, has settled, that she does not stimulate him as she once did. So he yearns for new adventures of the heart, and he philanders.

"After Thirty" is the charming chronicle of his philandering—Janie Vaughn, Mrs. Railey, Mrs. Barton, and so on and on. But Mollie keeps her head, and the philanderer—but please read for yourself what happens to him.

"After Thirty" is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold for \$1.50 at all bookstores.

## REBUILDERS OF FRANCE

NOT ONLY THOSE WHO CROSSED THE OCEAN IN UNIFORMS WERE THE SAVIORS OF FRANCE. A SECOND ARMY HAS SUPPLEMENTED THOSE WHO FOUGHT THE FOE. THIS SECOND ARMY HAS BEEN AN ARMY OF BUILDERS—THEY HAVE SUPPLIED THE FUNDS THAT HAVE GONE TO REBUILD SHATTERED FRANCE. OF THIS VAST FORCE, THE DELINEATOR READERS ARE A HEROIC DIVISION. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER, MABEL POTTER DAGGETT, ACTING FOR THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR DEVASTATED FRANCE, HAS ADMINISTERED, PERSONALLY, THEIR GIFTS. THE NAMES OF DELINEATOR READERS WHOSE OFFERINGS HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO FRANCE UP TO THE FIRST OF AUGUST, 1919, ARE LISTED IN THESE COLUMNS

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Continued on page 106



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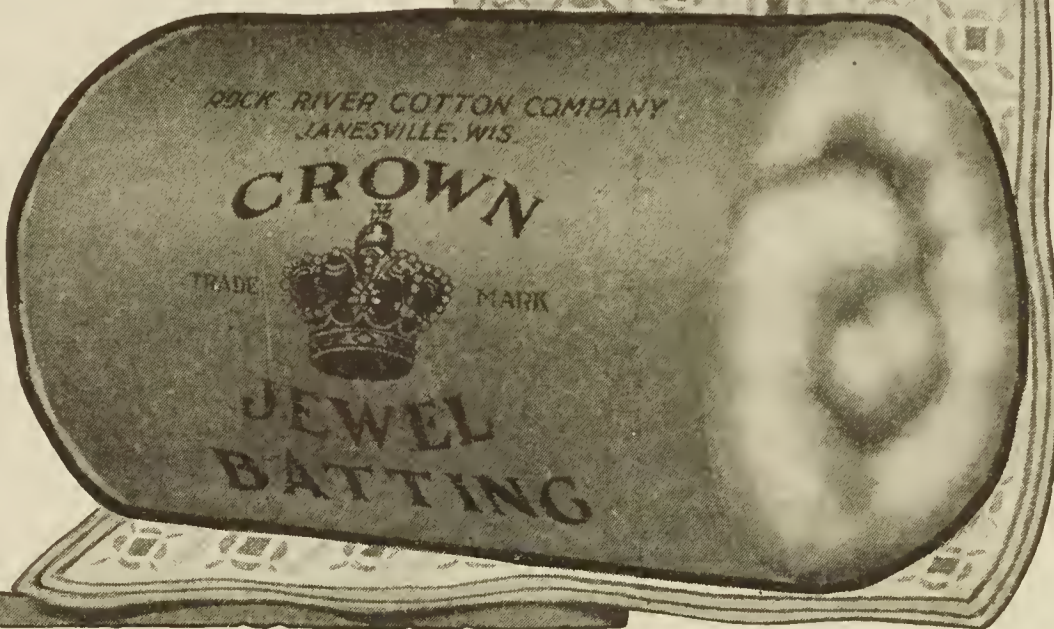
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C. Le Roy Baldinger A.E.F.

# 585 DAYS

*America entered the war April 6, 1917.  
 Germany quit November 11, 1918.*

**A**SK any soldier who spent a year overseas if he regards that year simply as 365 days out of a lifetime. Ask any soldier who spent a year in a camp at home if he thinks that year was made up of nothing more than 12 months.

Ask any sailor whether he computed time by ship's bells alone.

Nearly five million healthy American men who have just come back into civilianship will tell you that they have lived through not so many days, or weeks, or months, but through a whole era.

## THE HOME SECTOR

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CONDUCTED BY THE FORMER EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF  
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*The Home Sector* means the same thing, speaks the same language, addresses itself to the same audience—an audience which is now readjusting itself to renewed civil life in a greater America, an America in which it feels a heightened, more personal interest—an interest that only the serious business of helping save the nation could give it.

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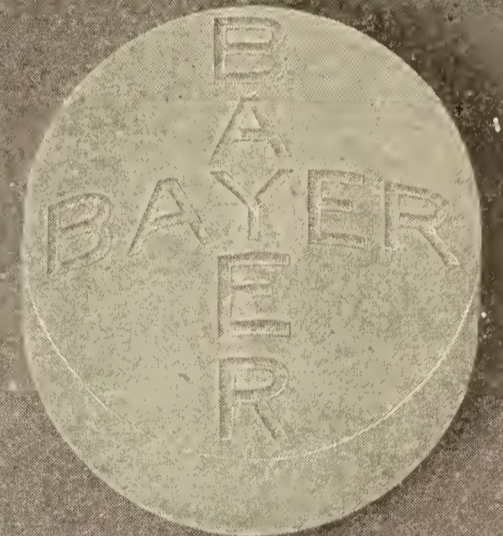
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EVANGELA TRASK

## THE GIVER

Continued from page 21

up with decency. And I can't bear to have the new little creatures put into such rags as their parents can afford. And then that girl of the Marrases', with her dramatic gift, and that lad of the Rafaellos', just tingling to paint—one couldn't see such talent wasted in the knitting-mills. It was a luxury, Claire, to be able to help out—I didn't stop to reckon whether I could afford it. I haven't much, but it has always been enough. And stupidly I never thought that it mightn't always be."

CLAIRE'S throat tightened; it was so exactly like Evangela to give, give until she had less than nothing left for herself. She took refuge in raillery. "Spendthrift! But really, you know, casting up accounts once in a while would stop that sort of thing. My professor husband always does it when the bank notifies him that he has overdrawn—which happens about once in two months. In your place I should regard this stringency as a sort of initiation into the highest-thinking, plainest-living profession in the world. Though, to be meanly frank, debt that you can discharge with your next dividends hardly qualifies you." She looked down with affected condescension from her thirty years and matronly experience.

Evangela's hesitating laugh was drowned in a sudden clatter of silver from the room below. Claire looked hastily at a gold-faced watch which depended from a carved olive-wood easel on the secretary, and moved toward the wide hall.

"Don't hurry." Evangela walked beside her to the linen-closet door. "It's only the caterers. I believe I'll send Ria on an errand—she's forlorn enough without the sight of 'men messing up her kitchen and butt'ry.'" She conveyed a youthful wraith of the old woman's scornful sniff. "May I bother you to send her up?"

FIDELIS felt a sort of relieved triumph in Evangela Trask's marriage, like a mother who sees an admittedly remarkable but rather old daughter successfully launched at last. "You can't get around it, that's the natural way to live," declared practical Mrs. Pratt. "This shutting yourself up with yourself and the past isn't human, even with plenty of charity work thrown in," and the pastor smiled benignantly and spoke of the providence which sets the solitary in families. But Claire Talcott contrasted her own strong body, sometimes taxed almost to breaking by the strains of motherhood and her profession, with the fragile figure of the white-clad, unveiled bride, and involuntarily her eyes turned to the window and up the aisle which had been cleared of trees to permit from the house an unobstructed view of the ruined Indian fort. Afterward she caught sight of the tear-ravaged face of Ria Gallup, disappearing into a little cold-closet which the invading caterers had not desecrated, and she slipped away from the felicitating guests to speak to her. The poor woman seized her hands with an abandonment quite startling.

"Oh, Mis' Talcott!" she cried, her thin lips swollen and tremulous. "To see that poor lamb—no more fit to be married than a babe unborn!" She smothered a sob in a large handkerchief gray with tears.

CLAIRE TALCOTT put her democratic arm around the unyielding black alpaca waist of the old servant. "Come, come, Ria," she petted her. "You wouldn't say that a Trask wasn't equal to the life that most common women manage to live, I'm sure."

"That's it," Ria lowered the handkerchief to retort. "A common woman'd dodge if she found she wasn't equal to it. She'd make herself equal. The way she cleared off that debt half an hour ago."

It disturbed Claire anew that the old servant's long knowledge of her mistress should confirm the impression of her own briefer but more perceptive acquaintance. Ria had put squarely the real reason why Claire dreaded marriage for Evangela: A daughter of the Trasks would not "dodge." And dodging was almost necessary if one was to go on living: it took physical force as well as spiritual

fiber to begin to pay all the debts of duty and affection. "How did she do it, Ria?" she went back to the old woman's allusion.

"Why, sellin' the log-cabin quilt Mrs. Van Riper's been set on for her old-fashioned room—that was built last year," Ria imparted with a sniff. "That's what she wanted when you told me to go up-stairs."

"The log-cabin quilt the governor's wife gave to the general when he was married?"

The woman nodded. "I took it over—in the midst o' these darky goin's-on. Givin' givin', an' gettin' nothin' back—that's Miss Evangela. I know her—ain't I lived with her sence she was a baby? An' there's another thing I've noticed"—her pointed nose seemed to sharpen—"course you'll call it all foolishness, but STARK is just the same as TRASK, only twisted around into somethin' she ain't an' never can be—somethin' hard an' flinty, seems to me, like he looks. I bet he's stubborn as a settin' hen." The old servant relapsed into her sodden handkerchief, only replying to Mrs. Talcott's not too convincing rebuttal with: "I am jealous—fer her. And afraid—"

YET Maria Gallup herself could hardly have wished for her mistress greater happiness than that first Summer of marriage brought. As Fidelis said, Nathan Stark was suitable in every way, and Evangela loved him with a complete concurrence of mind and spirit. On his part, for the first time in his life he regarded another human being as highly as himself, and it gave him a feeling of magnanimity which seemed an added reason for the excellent opinion in which he held himself. He even refused to take for himself the study which Evangela had always used. "Second-best serves me if you are thereby better served," he answered; and if Ria, passing along the upper hall, sniffed as if to inquire whose rooms they all were, anyway, Professor Stark was too much interested in Evangela's delicate blush to notice even if he had observed.

THEY decided not to go away for the Summer. The bridegroom was compiling a textbook of economics, on which he worked mornings in General Trask's room, while Evangela Stark visited her poor or wrote and read in the Reverend Nehemiah's study, as Evangela Trask had done. But she read less and wrote and visited more, for with the enriching of her own experience and the heightening of her personal life had come not only a deeper sympathy but an increased sense of obligation. Her visits to the Flats, her letters to those who had learned to depend upon her for courage to face their crises, became a sort of offering upon her altar of her happiness. And as long as she was free for her afternoon walks and evening talks with him, her husband was content. But late one August afternoon, as they turned in from the elm-arched street after a leisurely stroll basking the warmth of the day, a beautiful, ragged boy of ten, with velvet Italian eyes under a thatch of euring black hair, darted down the box-bordered path from the house.

"I been waitin'," he said, pulling at Evangela's hand. "Mama says come quick."

"Is she ill—*ammalata*—Roberto? Or one of the children?"

He shook his head. "I donno. She cries. You come quick?"

Professor Stark had been eying the dirty child with disfavor. "Careful, Evangela. He'll soil your dress," he warned, adding, "Of course, you remember that we are going to the Shieldses' this evening."

THE young wife smiled down into the black eyes that glowered under the boy's scowl. "He doesn't know, does he, Roberto, that you washed your hands 'way up to here," and she outlined with a white finger the wavy high-water mark on the swarthy little wrist. "But I know." She spoke low and quickly to her husband. "Mrs. Raffaello wouldn't send for me unless it was necessary. And my friends understand that my acceptances are always conditioned by a call like this. I couldn't enjoy the evening for wondering which of the

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MRS. RAFAELLO

## THE GIVER

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nine was in trouble—or seven, rather, since Roberto is so plainly well, and Andrea—he's the boy in the art institute—would have sent me word first of all."

"I appreciate your point of view, my dear," he answered reasonably, but at a fastidious distance from the unkempt child. "There's another angle, however—that of the friends who have prepared to entertain you. It seems to me that they are entitled to at least an equal consideration with these aliens."

At the word Evangela put her arm around the boy's head and drew him to her as if to stop his cars. Then she leaned to him. "Run home, dear, and tell mother that I'll come as soon as I can."

WHEN the boy had darted off with a smoldering glance flung back at Professor Stark, she said gently, "I don't like him to hear anything that seems as if we felt a gulf between his people and our other friends." She paused, but Nathan Stark still waited. An aloof sort of patience he had, as if justly he heard all the evidence before committing himself. With some bewilderment she explained her attitude. But it was strange to have to explain. She had always followed her conscience as naturally as she had breathed, and had questioned its rightness no more than she resented its restrictions; and her position of independent solitude had heretofore exempted her from personal criticism.

"Of course, if they needed me—more than any one else who can hold up a hand of cards or her own end of the conversation—I should feel different. Mrs. Shields has only to step to the telephone to supply my place. But I am the only person Mrs. Raffaello trusts—or really knows aside from her own people, and they are as helpless as she. If I fail her, she hasn't anybody." The deep-blue eyes under the wide shade hat grew deeper still with feeling.

Professor Stark drew in his chin and cleared his throat. "You understand that I don't presume to question your motives, Evangela. But when there is a decision to be made between the well-being of a high-bred girl like you and the whim of an ignorant peasant woman, you should consult your reason rather than your emotions. It is a question of values. You have come to a point where you can't give without considering the return. You must conserve for your own emergency."

EVANGELA did not protest. No one knew better than she the endless needs of Mrs. Raffaello. But her ministry had been mingled with affection and almost reverence for the broad-hipped, deep-breasted mother, whose recurrent acts of maternity seemed to exhaust her no more than the yearly harvests exhausted the fertile fields of the slopes between them. She was proud to be tributary, as she was able, to a function so superbly fulfilled. If the woman herself was luckless and improvident, her children were beautiful—all nine. Evangela only answered, very quietly, "My strength has always been as my day."

"But you have heavier responsibilities now." The husband spoke with great dignity; then he unbent to add, "And, my dear, you know I like to have you with me at these social affairs."

The wife flushed like a girl. "Why didn't you say so, dear, at first?"

EVANGELA was even light-hearted during the evening, and her husband's eyes rested with solemn approval upon her. He had been right in urging her to go out with him. She should mingle more with those of her own class. He did not know that after he slept Evangela slipped out of the high, four-posted bed and throwing on a dressing-gown crept down-stairs to the pile of clothing which she had arranged late that afternoon in the south parlor. As she stole into the room a gaunt figure rose from the couch in the corner and confronted her in the patch of moonlight on the floor. After the first startled instant she saw that it was Ria, fully dressed. "Oh, I know you'd never sleep 'thout you'd tended to that pesterin' Guiney," the old woman grumbled, "so I just waited up to go with you. The idea of a 'Trask goin' down to the Flats at midnight alone!"

They walked down the lane by the light of a tilted moon that poured a liquid radiance

between the young maples set along this newest street of Fidelis. Evangela drew in the warm fragrant air with delight. "What beauty we callously sleep through these heavenly nights!"

"There's always pretties fer those with eyes, I s'pose, but that's no reason fer lookin' till your eyes are out," was the pointed answer. "But it *does* smell good," she admitted and Evangela laughed and patted the bony knuckles of the hand carrying the basket of comforts.

BUT even the soft breeze, sweet with Summer, could not cleanse the air of the Flats or the odor of herded humanity, nor the August moon make lovely the mean dwellings of the poor. In the meanest dwelling of the poorest street a light proclaimed Mrs. Raffaello's faith that her friend would come.

It was three o'clock when Evangela slipped back under the covers of the four-posted bed. She was tired, but with the weariness of a hard task accomplished; not with the fretting of a desire unfulfilled; and she was warmed not alone with Ria's comforting brew, but with the knowledge that she had done what she could to brace poor Mrs. Raffaello to plod through the dreary months to her tenth baby's birth in the face of her husband's present cruelty and his threatened desertion. Professor Stark's dignified breathing had not been interrupted.

TO DO for her people and still not to leave undone anything which her husband desired of her became the task of her days. With Ria's protesting but devoted help she shifted to the hours of the professor's college classes her letter-writing and her calls on the Flats. When he was at home she read or sewed.

That is to say, she planned to read or sew. But callers came often to see "Miss Trask—alone, please," residents not only of Fidelis but also of near-by towns and even distant cities. Sometimes it was enough to speak with her, sometimes money was needed, sometimes only shelter under Evangela's roof would serve. But the exigency was always met, whether it meant spent energy and lost sleep, a shifting of the household arrangements, or a call from the antique dealer who exulted in the possession of each new piece from the Trasks' storied treasures.

HERE again entered the difficulty of adjusting herself to her husband's scheme of living. Professor Stark had been brought up in a family where every move had to be reckoned in terms of money, and where spending one's capital was an almost immoral act. Of course in the circumstances Professor Stark could not well voice his disapproval of her imprudence, but her knowledge of it was not on that account less wearing. It hurt her, and since she could do no other toward her people, she tried to make it up to him in other ways.

As the months went on she was less able to visit the Flats, and Ria went instead, or her pensioners added to the callers at the house.

In the Spring, however, the house was cleared of visitors: in April Robert Trask Stark was born.

After the first numbed weakness of the ordeal had passed, Evangela was happy with more than that sense of achieved destiny which is Nature's crowning gift to her life-bearers. The affection which she had diffused among her "people" did indeed unite in a yearning passion of body and spirit, old as maternity, upon the tiny creature that life had laid in her arms, and the mother bowed before the child with the adoration which will forever enshrine the baby Jesus. But her emotion was larger than the personal. This child was hers, but thereby he was also the heir of a noble line. This was he of whom it had been written: "Our land is not lost while her sons inherit it." Her fancy wandered through the past and future gleaning those things which were worthy to make part of his experience.

It was two weeks before Mrs. Talcott was permitted to see her.

"Much as ever she got through it," Ria Gallup shook her forlorn head. "Oh, she'll likely pull through now. But the baby—he ain't begun to gain yet. Wee little mite; no bigger'n a picked pigeon. But such store as

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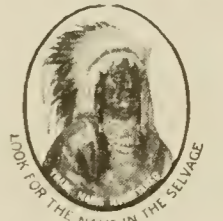


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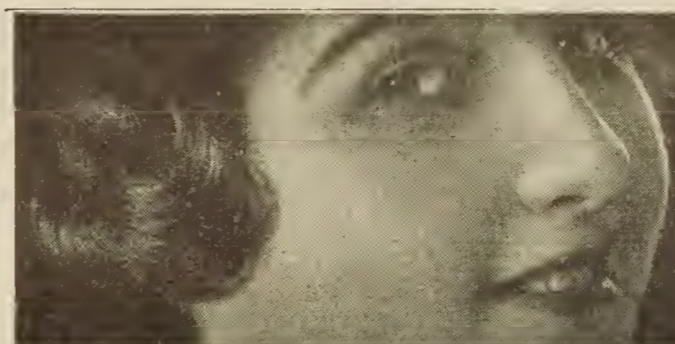
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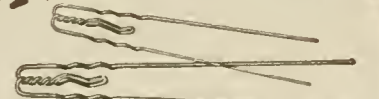
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the business man  
and—his wife*

should read

### "The Secondary Wife"

by Margaret Widdemer

in the December number of

## The Delineator

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And Look for the Smartest New Fashions  
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**The Delineator**  
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Continued from page 111

## THE GIVER

she sets by that puny young 'un! You'd think there'd never been a baby before."

Evangela lay in the great four-poster, her thin figure hardly mounding the coverlid, her fine face pale against the pillow; her left arm flung clear of her body to shield the new atom of life. For a moment Claire held the fragile hand between her own, her opaque blue eyes filling. Evangela spoke first, her voice breaking with tenderness:

"I feel as if I had waited all my life for this wee thing beside me—I couldn't tell every one, but you have children, Claire, and you will understand how sometimes I've passed through these great, speaking rooms and felt the pity that no child would ever listen to their stories. A baby was the only happiness my work didn't bring me. I'd had so much, it didn't seem just that I should have this, too."

"HEAVEN hasn't enough for you, you beautiful!" Claire exclaimed; and then was sorry she had said just that. Evangela was as fragile and translucent as her great-grandmother's caudle-cup which Ria had placed steaming on the stand beside the bed. She had spoken with the impulse of making amends—as if anything could!—for the motherhood of the pitiful scrap of humanity sheltered so touchingly by her friend's frail arm. It was grotesque that a lovely creature like Evangela should look so adoringly into the wizened little old face. But her own motherhood came to her aid. "It's the greatest thing in the world, isn't it?"

Evangela's eyes glowed; she pressed her friend's hand convulsively. Then a shade passed over her face. "You think he'll fill out, don't you, when I have more milk for him?" she asked with anxious hope.

"Of course," Claire lied without compunction. "No one who put in such a busy winter as you did could hope for a fat baby. You'll have to rest now, and it will be better for you both."

The nurse rustled in and raised her eyebrows at the nervous brightness of her patient's face. "It would better be understood, Mrs. Stark," she delivered in her cool, professional tone as she took the child from his mother's side, "that the baby sleeps in the cradle from now on. We can't afford to let him wear you out."

Evangela saw him go almost with tears. "Tyrant!" she whispered under her breath.

Claire smiled. That at least was normal reaction to stimulus. "I mustn't tire you or I shall be forbidden to come again. Is there anything you will trust me to do for you outside?—errands?—books?"

"Oh, if you would! Ria hasn't time to run errands. To-day she made twice as much gruel as I can possibly eat. If you could take it to Mrs. Raffaello? She has just had her tenth baby. Her husband always celebrates rather tryingly. If you could remind her that her life is worth living for the children's sake, at least?"

Claire went to see Mrs. Raffaello, and the next day stopped at the Starks' to report.

"I can't say that she seemed very glad to see me. I did my best, but I wasn't you. She came to the door with her three-day-old baby in one arm and the year-old one in the other. The three other youngest were in a swarm about her. She asked me how many kids I got. When I told her two, she said, 'You are the luck!'"

"She is the lucky one, up and useful three days after giving another child to her new country! She should see me to appreciate her exhaustless body." Evangela sighed. "I suppose the baby is fat and healthy, like all her children?"

"Magnificent. Twelve-pounder. 'Name Angela, for Mees' Stark.' She couldn't have said Madonna more worshipfully. It seemed so wonderful to her that you should have a baby too. She kept shrugging her great shoulders and saying, 'Tanto piccolo!' and asking, 'Nicc-a bambino?'—or words of that sound. My Italian is of the sketchiest."

Evangela looked toward the wooden cradle. "We two don't look much like her and little Angela, I'm sure. No, good friend, there's nothing you can do. It's myself that needs augmenting."

THE mother's strength delayed. The gardens around the Trask place were unfolding their Summer blooms when at last she came down-stairs and the doctor permitted Miss Bennett to go. "But you must have another nurse or I won't answer for you," he threatened.

Evangela smiled wanly. Useless to tell that gruff old friend that she hadn't means to keep another helper. He would have demanded what difference that made. And it was not her own condition, but the baby's, that filled her with apprehension. Despite her rigid adherence to the doctor's directions about her own rest and diet, little Robert weighed only a few ounces more than when he was born, and he cried continually in a weak wail which spasmodically became a tiny fury.

"Hungry, he sounds to me," Ria would peep in from the kitchen to say; but Evangela would shake her head. "He can't be. I've just nursed him," and hold the child more closely, torn with helpless agony at every cry.

Then Summer took up weapons against the little life. On the doctor's advice the Starks had stayed in Fidelis that no change should endanger the child, but as one torrid day succeeded another, crisping the grass on the hills and drinking up the river until the diminished stream burrowed among its stones to avoid the greedy glare, the flickering baby life seemed to die down. In her distraught brooding over the wasted little body, Evangela forgot everything else. The doctor, who at first had urged her to nurse the child through the Summer, changed his orders peremptorily. "People like you haven't much physical resistance

Concluded on page 113

## 9 Women Out of 10

after testing and comparing  
it with others, choose the

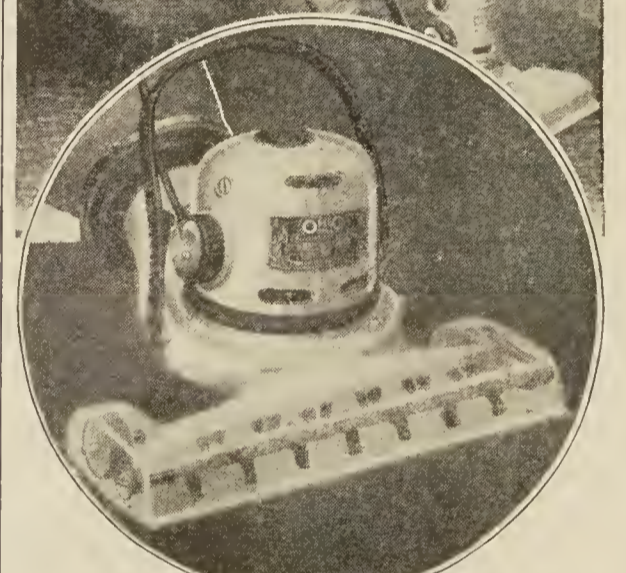


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Concluded from page 112

# THE GIVER

to transmit or nourishment to provide," he told her bluntly; and Evangela colored and took the formula he gave, and listened humbly to his minute directions about pasteurizing milk and sterilizing bottles, and making barley-water and skimming top-milk.

"It's a poor woman who can't take care of one baby, Ria," she said ruefully; "think of Mrs. Raffaello with her ten—and no such helper as you. Did little Roberto come for the baby-clothes? I wonder if this gruel's done? It seems to be sticking—"

"Course it sticks if you stop stirring a second," retorted Ria, tossing the "crimpers" which hung at her shadowed temples. "Yes, Roberto came all right. Trust him not to let anything get past him! I told him not to come again right off, either—the baby was sick an' we couldn't be bothered." In her wrath she scrubbed the skins quite off the new potatoes with her white vegetable brush. "Oh, Ria, you didn't!" Evangela could not trust her voice further.

"I did. As for thinkin' o' Mrs. Raffaello, I'm sick o' thinkin' o' Mrs. Raffaello. Grabbin' old Guiney!"

"She is Italian, not Portuguese," Evangela wearily corrected. To excuse herself for overlooking the impertinence, she had to remember that Ria too was tired—and fiercely loyal.

"Well, she's a Gimme, if she ain't a Guiney," and the old woman held out a begging hand in angry mimicry. "The country'd be better off if she'd 'a' stayed out of it—comin' here to wear out her betters. You wouldn't catch her puttin' herself out for anybody—even fer you. She's all Gimme!"

BACK in the nursery Evangela found the child, who was rarely quiet, so still that her heart gave a leap of fright. She laid down the bottle and almost snatched him from the cradle. So light—hardly heavier than when she had first held him in her arms. She gazed fearfully into the drawn face.

The baby opened his vague eyes and seemed to gather strength before emitting a hurt cry, as if to its weakness crying itself was difficult.

"Precious, precious!" she whispered remorsefully, laying her cheek against the little head and rocking back and forth. "Mother wouldn't have hurt her darling for the world. There, there, my dearest, don't cry so terribly—it breaks mother's heart—"

She stooped for the bottle and sitting down offered it to him. But he turned away, crying unappeasably. She cajoled him with a hundred coaxing words. Still he refused.

Yet he must be hungry. He had taken so little the last time—for days. Was her baby going to starve to death in her arms? The specter which had lurked at the back of her brain came forth and took possession like an acknowledged master.

She kept up her agonized rocking, pressing the child to her flat breast. She would lose him. Her house would be left to her desolate. She had failed herself—her race—the world. She was convicted before the splendid spirits of her ancestors. She would lose her baby.

A long time she sat, trying to face it, hushing the child and at intervals offering him the food. But always he turned weakly away. Through the open window she looked down the vista of trees to the place of her ancestor's martyrdom and seemed to feel in her own body the piercing Indian shafts. Her head bent low over the emaciated child.

RIA'S jerky step hurried down the long hall and stopped at the door. Two red spots glowed on her high cheek-bones; her crimping-pins quivered. Her words poured in a torrent: "Tatteration! A body couldn't die in peace in this house! It's that Guiney woman again. Alone, fer once. I couldn't get rid of her. She kep' sayin' 'Me see Mees' Stark. Milk fer bamby,' or some such outlandish word. I told her we had a baby of our own, now, an' had somep'n to do beside take care of hers. But she wouldn't go. When she began to undress in the kitchen I had to bother you. She's stark, starin' mad, I believe."

Evangela caught her breath at the gush of words. She put her hand defensively before the child's face, partly to shield him from the sound and partly to hide the pathetic creature who had nearly cost her own frail life from the eyes of the unexhausted mother of ten, whom she could hear heavily padding down the hall in Ria's wake. Both women fixed their eyes on the door and waited. What did Mrs. Raffaello want now? Ria's jaw set in flat refusal of whatever it might be. Evangela watched with a weary wonder that even Mrs. Raffaello should presume so far.

ON the threshold the woman stopped, her squat figure filling the doorway. Her yellow calico printed with purple flowers—a coveted pattern bought with Evangela's money—was strained over her redundant figure and hung high above her shapless feet in their scuffed shoes. Her thick ankles, the heavy column of her swarthy neck, the massive coil of jetty hair, the dust of down which encroached upon her cheeks as if her native element still clung to her, all spoke of the sun-soaked soil. The thick black eyebrows over the ox-like eyes drooped and rose with the throaty voice.

"Roberto say bambino seek. Me come. Geef bambino meek."

She smiled broadly; her fat red cheeks grew hard as apples. With a magnificent gesture she bared one bursting breast and held out her arms.

Even Ria understood and placed a chair for the woman—humbly. To Evangela the great breast, veined and furrowed with suckling, but yet rich with milk in an indestructible fidelity to function, was the symbol of renewal of life for her and her race. In silence, beyond a sobbing sigh of utter relief and thanksgiving, her face lifted and lighted as if she performed a sacred rite, the spent daughter of the Trasks laid her son in the arms of the "alien."



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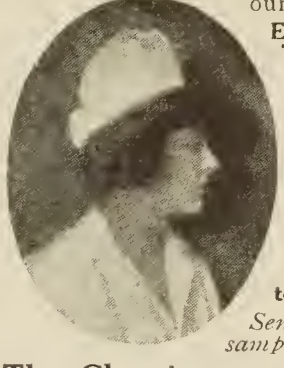
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## EVENING DRESS AND THE DINNER JACKET

**E**VENING dress for men used to be a simple subject governed by a single "shall" and "thou shalt not." Whenever there were ladies present you wore regulation evening clothes while the comfortable dinner jacket went stag. The war, however, changed the social status of the tuxedo. Very few of the younger men were out of uniform and the older ones found the regalia effect of full evening dress rather out of joint with the times. The dinner jacket was a compromise candidate and it has made a real place for itself that will not change with the signing of the peace treaty. It is now generally accepted as the correct evening dress for the informal little season before the opera begins. It is worn at restaurants for dinner and supper and also for the theater. It is the most comfortable type of evening dress and now that it has gained a foothold it is likely to prove something of a social climber and strengthen its position.

There is a new style of dinner jacket this year that will be

of special interest to the younger men. It is a little suggestive of the coats of 1850—a double-breasted coat with a nip at the waist and a spring in the skirt. Without being in the least eccentric it is very good-looking and a refreshing change from the stereotyped cut.

**F**OR older men who are conservative in their taste there is the familiar single-breasted tuxedo or dinner jacket, but it is made this year with more of a curve at the under-arm seam to give it the form-fitting line characteristic of the new styles. Both coats have the new close sleeve flaring a little at the cuff.

The dinner jacket is always worn with a black waistcoat of dull silk and a small black tie. The shirt can be either plain or plaited and the collar a turn-down or lap-wing cut. With a dinner jacket a man can wear dull-half shoes with lace tops, patent-leather ties or gun-metal pumps.

After the season begins, regulation evening dress is

obligatory for any formal entertainment—dinner, dances, and the theater when it is a theater party, and, of course, for balls and evening weddings. The coat is a swallow-tail with a long collar faced with dull silk.

The waistcoat is single-breasted and can be made of either white piqué or corded silk. The tie is also white, plain or fancy piqué or linen and the collar is a wing, poke or lap front.

With evening dress men wear white gloves of reindeer or glacé kid. They are worn before dinner and should always be worn for dancing. The hand is very apt to become moist in dancing, and for the sake of their partners' frocks men should keep their gloves on.

The correct shoe with formal evening dress is patent leather with buttoned kid tops.

The high silk hat is worn with formal evening dress but not with a dinner jacket. With the latter a derby or soft hat is correct. The opera hat is obsolete.

### AFTERNOON AND EVENING DRESS

Copyright, 1918, by "THE HABERDASHER," New York

OCCASION	COAT AND OVERCOAT	WAISTCOAT	TROUSERS	HAT	SHIRT AND CUFFS	COLLAR	CRAVAT	GLOVES	BOOTS	JEWELRY
EVENING WEDDING BALL, RECEPTION, FORMAL DINNER AND THEATER	Swallowtail Cape, Skirted or Chesterfield Overcoat	White Single-breasted of Piqué or Silk	Same Material as Coat	High Silk with Felt Band	Stiff White Linen or Piqué	Wing, Poke or Lapfront	White Tie of Plain or Figured Piqué or Linen	White Glacé or White Reindeer	Patent Leather Buttoned Kid Tops Patent Leather Pumps	Pearl or Moonstone Links and Studs
INFORMAL DINNER, CLUB, STAG, AT-HOME DINNER	Jacket Black or Oxford Chesterfield Overcoat	Black Silk Single-breasted	Same Material as Jacket	Derby or Soft	Plaited, White, of Piqué or Linen	Wing or Fold	Black Silk Tie	Gray Suède Tan Cape or Chamolis	Dull Calf Laced Tops or Gun-metal Pumps	Gold, Smoked Pearl or Jeweled Links and Studs
DAY WEDDING, AFTERNOON CALL, AND MATINEE RECEPTION	Black Cutaway Chesterfield or Skirted Overcoat	To match Coat or White	Gray-striped Worsted	High Silk with Felt Band	Stiff White Linen or Piqué	Wing or Poke	Pearl Once-over, Four-in-hand or Ascot to match Gloves	Pearl Suède or Glacé to match Cravat	Patent Leather, Buttoned Kid Tops	Pearl or Moonstone Links, Studs and Cravat Pin

Courtesy of "THE HABERDASHER"





1970

1975

## FASHIONS FOR A RE-ESTABLISHED SOCIAL LIFE

NOVEMBER finds the new fashions safely established for the Winter. Evening dresses and the things that go with them—wraps, fans and even one's intimate lingerie—are a riot of lovely colors. They are high, brilliant and a little hard with a good deal of the deep jewel colors of sapphire, emerald and crude turquoise in the new brocades, and the metallic shades in gold, copper, steel and silver cloth and in lace. Their effect is enhanced by the use of crystal and metal beads and quantities of jet in beads and cabochons.

Before you chose your evening clothes read Mrs. Chalmers's article on "Evening Dress, Its Why

and Wherefore," for Mrs. Chalmers in characteristic fashion has gone into the subject so thoroughly that it is to be hoped the afternoon dress and the make-shift mackintosh evening coat are routed forever from our evening life.

For day clothes there are the straight lines of the chemise dress taking a new character from the deep tucks or circular trimming pieces on the skirt. The tunic and the circular skirt give the flare at the bottom of the dress which is the newest silhouette of the year. In between are the redingotes and panel overdresses that follow the straight line and yet have a movement in walking that suggests the line of the wider skirts. French women prefer

the full tunic to the full skirt, for it enables them to retain the narrow hem and at the same time get the effect of more width. The draperies of the Dutch silhouette offer the same advantage, for while there is more fullness at the top the lower edge of the skirt remains narrow.

In suits the skirt is narrow and one gets the width necessary for walking by the kick plait left open at the back or sides. The same thing is true of the skirts worn under long blouses. The Winter suit coats are either perfectly straight with seams under the arm or else they are easy fitting and indicate the lines of the figure. The blouse coats are very smart and are having a great vogue.



SOULIÉ AT HIS BEST IN FOUR DESIGNS OF HIS OWN AND A CLOAK FROM RENÉE

FROM Soulié's own designs, as well as from the ball-gown of Poiret and the Renée cloak, one may draw several inferences in regard to the French fashions. The Parisienne accepts the new fulness, but she does it with the proviso of a narrow hem which shows itself below the mantle or skirt. The short, just-below-the-shoulder sleeve has a rival, but the short skirt offers no promise of mending its ways. The Winter styles sponsor the use of much embroidery and more fur.

Soulié, in a dress designed by himself, retains the narrow hem below the tunic, a line beloved by Frenchwomen who prefer the full overskirt to the full skirt. The dress is of almond-green silk plush and "Aphrodite" repp embroidered in chenille

Here in a suit Soulié has used what is called for want of a better name, "the tunic flounce." The costume is of sand-colored duvetyne and mink



Designed by Renée, and drawn by Soulié, is a cloak of otter skin with an interesting cape-like back sometimes worn drawn across the chest after the manner of a shawl



Nowadays in a costume it is unnecessary for the coat to match the skirt. Soulié has used striped raibure for the one and black velvet trimmed with braid for the other and also for the underdress, which only reveals itself in a narrow, braid-bound hem



Parisian elegance and extravagance reassert themselves in a costume which Soulié has designed for dress of breitschwanz and a mantle of lead-colored djersadrap weighted with tassels





PAUL POIRET APPEARS IN EXCELLENT COMPANY  
WITH SEVERAL COSTUMES BY SOULIÉ



"Midas in search of His Youth" might be the name of a Soulié-designed gown of pink net with heavy garlands of roses in oxidized gold. Cascades of the tulle give the hip-widened line of the Dutch silhouette



In an evening gown by Paul Poiret the sapphire-blue velvet underdress descends to the level of a mere girdle in back. The braces are of jet cabochons and the pannier tunic is of gold cloth brocaded with black satin lines which give the effect of black insertion. Particular attention is drawn to the hair, which is cut short at the sides and "houppette" or piled high at the top



Soulié's creation is a serge tailored costume in the new shade of Etruscan red. The coat is very long and is trimmed with bandings of black fox and both the coat and narrow skirt bear the year-mark of the 1919 quadrangle braiding



A mantle that gives you ample ground for reflection on the present financial condition of France is designed by Soulié for taupe skin and marron velvet. It is part of a costume in which these two materials compose themselves, as the French say, in a toilette of extreme elegance



Umbrella plaits at the side are used by Soulié in an original design of his own to give a new version of the Dutch silhouette. The dress is made of "absiuthe" velvinsine trimmed with lead-colored silk embroidery



## EVENING DRESS RETURNS FOR THE WINTER

Enchanting Frocks for the First Dances and Dinners

**1962**—A delightful frock of gros de Londres is smartly bagged by the new porcupine beaded bag. The waist is draped in front and ties in sash ends in the back. The dress can either slip on over the head or close down the back, and may be made with a camisole lining. The sleeves are made with one seam and the skirt is two-pieced. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, velveteen, soft faille, soft moire, serge, soft twills, broadcloth, tricotine, etc.

36 inches bust requires  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards of gros de Londres 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards. Bag is 10775.

It is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

**1978**—A long overdress of Georgette heavily embroidered is used with the foundation of satin. It slips on over the head, and a belt is set in between the kimono body and the straight-edged lower part. The two-piece foundation is a skirt cut in one with a camisole lining. Use satin, charmeuse, velveteen, taffeta, crêpe, meteor or crêpe de Chine alone, or silk voile, chiffon cloth or Georgette over satin.

36 inches bust requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards Georgette 40 inches wide for body and lower part,  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards satin 36 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Embroidery design 10776 trims dress.

It is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.



Dress 1962  
Bag 10775

**1614—1961**—Velvet and net are used for a graceful frock for evening wear. The waist is made with the fashionable low draped jumper, and a kimono side body; it is made over a French lining. The pointed tunic is cut with straight lower edges, and can be made with or without a seam in the center in front. The straight foundation skirt is one-pieced. You could use satin, charmeuse or taffeta with silk crêpe, silk voile, chiffon or tulle.

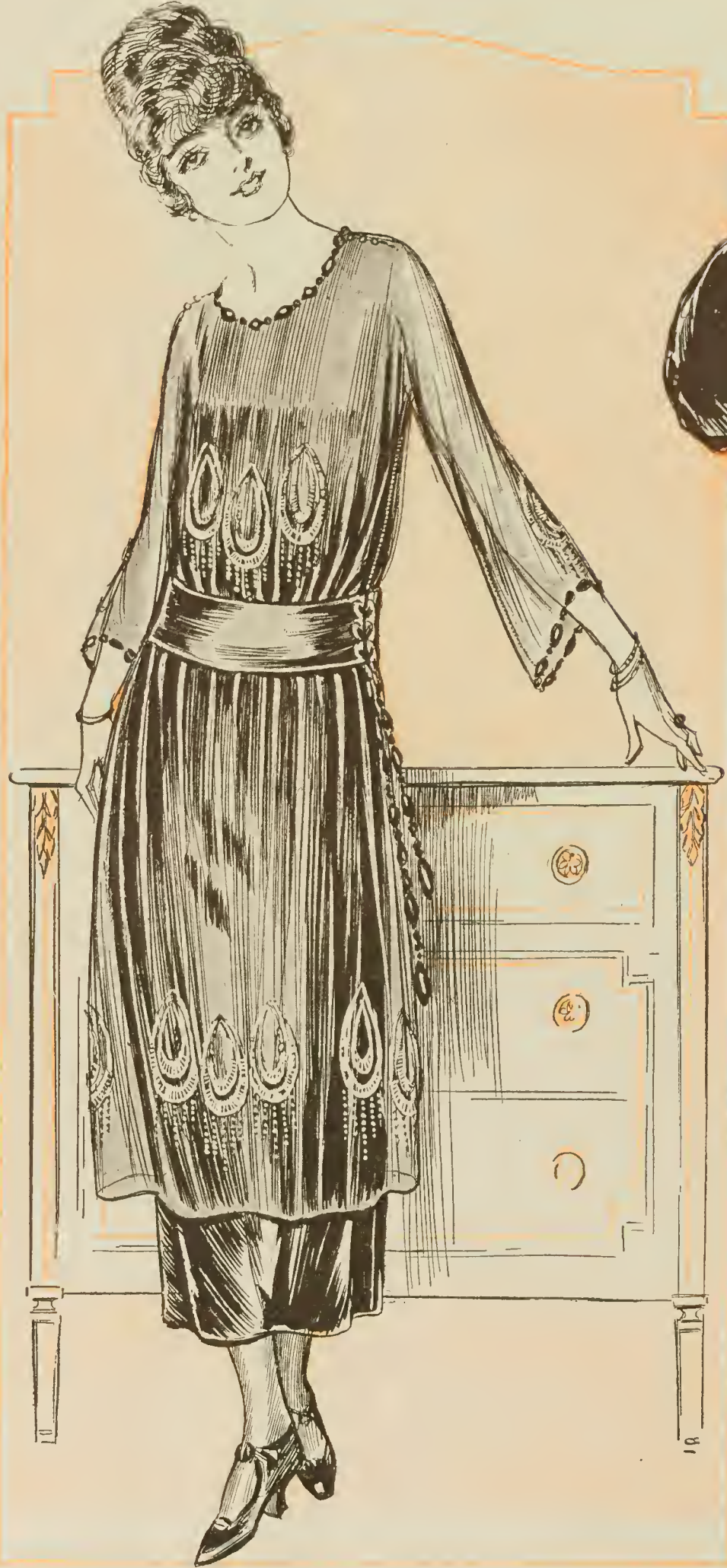
36 bust and 38 hip require 4 yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yard net 39 or 40 inches wide, 2 yards banding,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards fringe insertion. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard.

This waist, 1614, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt 1961 is for ladies of 35 to 49  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip.

**1989**—A long body and soft gathered straight tunic give distinction to a dress of charmeuse. The sleeve can be either set into the body or sewed into the lining in jumper style. The foundation is in two pieces, and is cut with the skirt and camisole lining in one. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, velveteen, stripes, checks or plaids, or combine silk crêpe with satin.

36 bust requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards charmeuse 40 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard near-seal fur cloth 54 inches wide for collar and to trim,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard Georgette 40 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

It is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.



Dress 1978; embroidery design 10776

**1923**—Lace drapery and a satin foundation, Turkish hemmed, make a smart frock for Winter dinners and dances. The waist is made with a jumper draped on surplice lines, and the kimono side body, if one uses it, is arranged over the lining. The drapery has a straight lower edge and is worn over the straight skirt. Use crêpe meteor, satin, charmeuse, brocade or velvet with tulle, flouncing, silk voile or silk crêpe. Lower edge  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

36 inches bust requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards charmeuse 40 inches wide for jumper and skirt,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards lace 40 inches wide. It is graceful for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust.

**1457—1966**—Flowered brocade is used for an adorable dancing-frock. The draped girdle gives the becoming bodice lines and the skirt is cut in two pieces and draped in a new irregular fashion that is very charming. It is quite a simple skirt to make. Satin, charmeuse, moire, faille, velveteen or taffeta would make an effective dress.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards brocaded satin 39 or 40 inches wide,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard ribbon,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard rosebud trimming. Lower edge  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard.

This waist, 1457, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; the skirt, 1966, is for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.

**1970**—A new evening dress takes to simple straight lines in an unusual jumper effect. The one-piece dress is made over a French lining, and a kimono side body can be used with it. The deep armhole is effective and the circular ruffles soften the lines of the dress in satin, taffeta, charmeuse, faille, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor.

36 inches bust requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide for upper part of front and back and for flounces,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard gold lace 27 to 40 inches wide for underbody. Lower edge of dress  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard, lower edge of flounce  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 140



Dress 1989

**1975**—Evening frocks have come back with greater attractions than ever before. Here the long body is slightly draped, and the straight tunic is arranged over a straight foundation skirt sewed to the camisole lining at a regulation waistline. Use satin with silk crêpe, chiffon cloth, silk voile, flouncing or tulle, or use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, faille, moire, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor alone.

36 inches bust requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards metallic cloth 35 or 36 inches wide for body and foundation,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard tulle 39 or 40 inches wide for tunic and sash. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

**1499—1981**—Tulle ruchings give a fascinating trimming to a frock of satin. The waist, which is made over a French lining, is soft and becoming. The tulle side tunic gives the new fuller lines to the straight skirt. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, moire or crêpe meteor with silk crêpe, chiffon cloth or net.

36 bust and 38 hip require  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards satin 36 inches wide for skirt,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards tulle 40 inches wide,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard sequin banding  $13\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This waist, 1499, is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust; skirt 1981 is for ladies of 35 to 49  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip.

**1708—1983**—Ostrich banding adds the final feather-weight of charm to a frock of faille silk. The waist is made with the fashionable short kimono sleeve and is slightly draped over the French lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces and the hip drapery is graceful. Use satin, taffeta, charmeuse, moire or faille. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 4 yards faille 39 or 40 inches wide,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard tulle 18 or more wide for chemisette,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards narrow banding,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards wide banding.

This waist, 1708, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 bust; skirt 1983 is for 35 to 45 hip.





Waist 1614  
Skirt 1961

Evening  
dress  
1970

Waist 1457  
Skirt 1966

Evening dress  
1923

Evening dress  
1975

Waist 1499  
Skirt 1981

Waist 1708  
Skirt 1983

Other views of these garments are shown on page 140





Wrap coat 1949  
Skirt 1927

Draped wrap  
1979

Coat 1950

Blouse 1857  
Skirt 1961

## WARM SIDES TO COLD DAYS

### Coats, Coat Collars, and a Frock

1949—1927—A wrap coat of fur cloth and a tailored skirt of plaid make an ideal-looking costume for Winter street wear. The outline of the long adjustable shawl collar is very becoming, and the ripple back is graceful. The dolman sleeve is extremely comfortable for a coat made in fur fabrics, plush, velveteen, velours, heavy satin, moire or corded silk. The coat can be finished with a pocket in the lining if you wish.

The skirt is cut in two pieces, and the arrangement on the sides gives it a very smart finish. The waistline is slightly raised, and a set-in pocket is a pretty trimming. The skirt takes the new softer width and is suited to soft serge, broadcloth, velveteen, satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, taffeta, faille and soft moire.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2¾ yards fur cloth 54 inches wide, 2¾ yards plaid woolen 54 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards.

This wrap coat, 1949, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The skirt, 1927, is correct for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip.

1979—A draped wrap of velvet collared in fur cloth makes a very elegant garment for afternoon wear. It is also quite correct for evening when made in suitable materials. The soft adjustable collar is graceful and becoming and comes up high about the neck in back. The deep yoke follows an unusual outline and is cut low to give the long shoulder outline. Plush, satin, fur cloth, moire, corded silks, velveteen, broadcloth, duvetyn and velours would make a very effective wrap. These materials and also brocade can be used for evening. It could be trimmed with embroidery in some of the evening colors if you wished.



C  
Collars 2001

36-inch bust requires 4½ yards velvet 48 inches wide, ¾ yard fur cloth 36 or more inches wide.

This draped wrap is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

2001—The collar of fur or fur fabrics has become an indispensable part of every Winter coat. These collars are the newest styles and are very smart and good-looking. The shawl collar is invariably becoming to women, and the high collar is extremely fashionable. The draped collar is new, entirely different and a soft becoming style. These collars and cuffs are suitable for women and young girls and could be made of fur fabrics, plush, velveteen, cloth or fur. The fur fabrics come in excellent imitations of real fur.

Ladies' size, view A, requires ½ yard fur cloth 30 or more inches wide for one section; view B requires 1 yard fur cloth 40 inches wide for two sections; view C requires ¾ yard fur cloth 32 or more inches wide for one section; view D requires ½ yard fur cloth 40 or more inches wide for one section.

These collars are suitable for ladies and misses.

1950—A long coat of velours ends in a very new draped collar that provides a smart and becoming finish at the neck. The armhole is cut with a slight depth that is particularly desirable in the coat made of duvetyn, velours, melton, broadcloth, camel's-hair cloth and velveteen. A section ap-

plied at each side gives an unusual long pocket effect and breaks the lines of the coat. The side section can be finished with a shorter pocket underneath if you wish. The lines of the coat are quite unusual, but it is a very simple garment to make and does not require a large amount of material. The adjustable collar of fur cloth is warm when worn closed and is very attractive worn open. It would be a very becoming coat for a young girl as well as a woman. The coat can be cut in a shorter length but most women prefer a coat that entirely covers the dress, for that is often a distinct advantage. Either length is correct and it is merely a matter of what you prefer.

36-inch bust requires 3½ yards velours 36 inches wide, ½ yard fur cloth 54 inches wide. Lower edge of coat in full length measures 1¾ yard.

This coat is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

1857—1961—A dress of satin drapes itself softly in the kimono blouse and points the tunic smartly in its skirt. The short sleeve is extremely fashionable in Paris and makes an attractive waist for afternoon wear. The front is draped and the sash ends tie in back. The square neck follows a pretty outline and is very becoming. This blouse can be made over a camisole lining. The foundation skirt is straight and cut in one piece. The tunic has a straight lower edge, and can be made with or without a seam at the center of the front. You could make this dress of crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin or plaid silks, or you can make it of silk crêpe or silk voile with a satin foundation.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 5½ yards satin 36 inches wide, 1 yard velvet 27 inches wide, 1 yard material 32 or more inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

This blouse, 1857, is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; the skirt, 1961, is for ladies of 35 to 49½ inches hip.





Coat 2012  
Skirt 1805  
Braid design 10770

Coat 2008  
Skirt 1733

Coat 2014  
Skirt 1974

Dress 2005  
Braid design 10782

Coat 2016  
Skirt 1985  
Spat 1167

Coat 2013; spat 1167

Coat 2015; skirt 1849

**2016 — 1985 — 1167** — Cloth is used for a suit cut on extremely new lines and worn with trim spats. The coat is semifitted, and is a fashionable length for the suit coat. The skirt is in two pieces with a kick plait at the seam that gives freedom in walking. Make the suit of duvetyn, wool velours, stripes, checks, etc.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 6 yards cloth 36 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard material 18 or more inches wide for collar, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 38 or more wide for spat. Bottom with plaits drawn out  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard.

Coat, 2016, is for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust; skirt, 1985, for ladies of 35 to 47  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip; spat, 1167, for ladies and misses, are made according to shoe size and calf measure.

**2012 — 1805** — Pocket-like sections on the sides supply the wide-hipped effect in a cloth suit. The lines of the coat are smart, and the adjustable collar is very becoming. A smaller pocket is set in under the applied sections. The skirt is cut in two pieces on excellent lines. This suit is good-looking in duvetyn, checks, stripes, wool velours, broadcloth, melton and velveteen.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 4  $\frac{1}{8}$  yards cloth 54 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard contrasting material 35 inches wide. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard. Braiding design 10770 trims the coat.

This coat, 2012, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 1805, for ladies of 35 to 47  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip.

**2008 — 1733** — Unusually smart lines stamp the coat of a new velours suit. It is made with the very French bloused back and simple straight lines in front and the adjustable collar is excellent. The skirt is cut in two pieces. It is suitable for duvetyn, velours, velveteen, broadcloth, etc.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 3  $\frac{1}{2}$  yards velours 54 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard fur cloth 35 inches wide, 4 yards of braid. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This coat, 2008, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses; skirt, 1733, for ladies 35 to 47  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip.

**2005** — Cloth in two colors proves a double blessing in a good-looking frock. The long body gives the graceful lines that are becoming to young girls and women, and the lower part is in two pieces. The draped collar and sash are interesting, if you use them; they give a flying panel effect at the side. Use tricotine, serge, soft twills, etc., with or without the camisole lining.

36 bust requires 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard cloth 44 to 50 inches wide, 1  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard cloth 35 to 50 wide for lower part. Braid design 10782 trims dress. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. For ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; also misses.

## SUITS AND COATS

### Fashion Sponsors New Lines

**2014—1974**—A decidedly new silhouette marks the cut of an easy-fitting coat in a suit of velvet. The coat is made on exceptionally smart lines with a graceful ripple in the lower part, it comes in to the figure softly and is easily but not closely fitted. The skirt is cut in three pieces, with a kick plait in the back that is nice for walking. It is a good style for tailored wear, with attractive belt and pockets. Use duvetyn, velours, broadcloth, tricotine, soft twills, checks, oxford or camel's-hair suiting.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 6  $\frac{1}{2}$  yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard fur cloth 54 inches wide for collar. Bottom with plait drawn out  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

Coat, 2014, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 1974, for 35 to 47  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip.

**2015—1849**—A fur coat and velvet skirt make an extremely fashionable costume for Winter street wear. The coat is new, and is an excellent length and weight for walking. The ripple back is graceful and the collar is becoming. Women and young girls use fur fabrics, furs, wool velours, duvetyn and plush. The skirt is cut in two pieces with sides that lap over below the set-in pocket. It is smart in tricotine, gabardine, serge, checks, velours, etc.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2  $\frac{3}{8}$  yards fur cloth 54 inches wide, 2  $\frac{3}{4}$  yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide for skirt. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

This coat, 2015, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses; skirt, 1849, is for ladies of 35 to 49  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip.

**2013—1167**—Duvetyn is used for a smart separate coat. The deep armhole gives a soft draped effect; it is particularly comfortable for Winter. The convertible fur cloth collar is very warm and the belt can be worn under or over the coat in back. Women and young girls use duvetyn, velours, camel's-hair coating, plush and fur fabrics. The spats are good-looking.

36 inches bust requires 3  $\frac{1}{2}$  yards duvetyn 54 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard fur cloth 54 inches wide for collar and bands to trim,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard material 38 or more inches wide for spat. Bottom of coat in full length 2 yards.

This coat, 2013, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; also misses; spat, 1167, for ladies and misses, should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.



## DRESSES TO MEET THE CALLS OF WINTER

New Trimmings, New Lines and Soft Materials Add Their Quota of Charm

**1991**—Metallic cloth is used in a delightful new way with velveteen for an exceptionally smart dress. The long kimono body is cut on graceful lines, and the velveteen lower part is in two pieces. This dress slips on over the head, and the tunic peplum is new. The dress is effective in duvetyne, tricotine, gabardine, satin, crêpe meteor, etc.

36-inch bust requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards metallic cloth 32 to 36 inches wide (cut on a crosswise fold), 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards velvet 36 inches wide. Bottom 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yard. Braid design 10639 trims dress. It is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

**1897—1981**—Chiffon tunics veil the straight skirt of a charming frock suitable for many occasions. The draped waist is kimono style and can be made over a camisole lining. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or faille.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards satin 39 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard satin 27 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard chiffon 18 wide for tucker, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yard chiffon 40 wide for tunic, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards fur banding. Bottom 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yard. Bag is 10752.

Waist 1897 is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt 1981 is for ladies of 35 to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip.

**1982—1983**—Soft hip drapery and an adorable little jumper make a delightful frock for satin. The lace side body is cut on kimono lines, and the skirt is two-pieced. The drapery gives a very graceful line over the hip. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, moire, faille, or velveteen.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$  yard lace 39 or 40 inches wide, 4 $\frac{3}{8}$  yards fringe. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{8}$  yard.

This waist, 1982, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust; skirt, 1983, is for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.



Dress 1991  
Braid design 10639



Waist 1897  
Skirt 1981  
Bag 10752



Waist 1982  
Skirt 1983

**1937**—A long kimono overdress bloused on the fashionable new lines over a camisole lining makes a delightful dress for many Winter affairs. It slips on over the head, and the straight skirt is one-pieced. You could use charmeuse, crêpe meteor, satin, crêpe de Chine, etc. The overdress can be drawn down straight without the lining.

36-inch bust requires 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard fur banding on sleeves, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yard wide fur banding on overdress. Lower edge 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

**1972**—A frock of satin with rounded neck, soft waist and deeply shirred pockets shows the new easier lines of the Winter's styles. The simple sleeve is made with one seam, and the dress can be made over a camisole lining in satin, charmeuse, taffeta, soft moire, faille, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or velveteen. The skirt is straight, and the pockets give the fashionable extended hip effect.

36-inch bust requires 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of fringe. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

**1894**—A deep triangular vest of chiffon lightens a dark frock of charmeuse. The waist, which closes in the back, is kimono style and can be made either with or without a camisole lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces. Charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, satin, taffeta, messaline, silk crêpe, moire, faille or chiffon velvet is suitable.

36-inch bust requires 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard chiffon 18 or more inches wide for vest, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yard banding. Lower edge 2 yards.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

**1942—1931**—The lines of the draped waist and the deep-pointed tunic are delightful in soft materials. The one-piece waist may be made over a camisole lining, the handkerchief tunic is two-pieced, and straight foundation one-pieced.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards messaline 39 inches wide for foundation skirt and camisole, 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards dotted net 39 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard satin 35 inches wide for collar, 26 yards of ribbon. Bottom 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

This waist, 1942, is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust; skirt, 1931, for ladies of 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip.

**1984—1966**—A straight vestee, narrow collar and draped skirt give distinction to a very graceful dress. The simple waist is made with the fashionable kimono sleeve, and the camisole lining is a protection to satin, charmeuse, soft moire, faille, serge or tricotine. The skirt is two-pieced.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards faille 39 or 40 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for collar, vest and cuffs. Bottom 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yard.

This waist, 1984, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 1966, for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.

**1969**—A new coat frock with braided coatee and a deeply tucked dress beneath make a smart and indispensable costume. The one-piece dress lines are becoming to young girls as well as women in tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, broadcloth, satin, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, etc. It can be made with the body lining and worn without the coatee.

36 inches bust requires 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide. Braid design 10748 trims the dress. Bottom 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

This dress is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also becoming to misses.

**1857—1733**—Deep fringe such as Paris sponsors gives a Hawaiian tunic-like air to a frock of charmeuse. The blouse is softly draped in front and ties in a sash behind. It can be made over a camisole lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces on very soft lines. Lower edge 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 4 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard narrow fringe, 1 yard wide fringe.

This blouse, 1857, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 1733, for ladies of 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 140





Blouse 1857  
Skirt 1733

Dress 1972

Dress 1894

Dress 1937



Waist 1942  
Skirt 1931



Waist 1984  
Skirt 1966



Dress 1969  
Braid design 10748

Other views of these garments are shown on page 140





Dress 1964  
Muff 1266



Dress 1901

Dress 1929  
Braid design  
10564

Dress 1918  
Braid design  
10702



Dress 1980  
Tam-o'-shanter 1477  
Scarf 1266



Waist 1902  
Skirt 1935



Blouse 1971  
Skirt 1366





Dress 1967



Dress 1998; scarf 1266; bag 10775



Dress 2004; braid design 10721

## FOR CLOTH AND SILK

Simple Lines Mean Smartness

Softer Ways of Fashions

**1964—1266**—A long collar, deep vestee, and a soft ruffle effect in the skirt make an attractive dress worn with a muff. The long body may be bloused instead of being drawn down, and is made with a one-seam sleeve, with or without a body lining. The circular trimming pieces are arranged over a two-piece skirt. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, serge, gabardine, tricotine, broadcloth or velveteen.

36-inch bust requires 5 7/8 yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, 5/8 yard velvet 40 inches wide, 1/2 yard net 18 or more inches wide for vestee, 1/2 yard fur cloth 40 or more inches wide for muff, ladies' size. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

This dress, 1964, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust. The muff, 1266, is for ladies and misses.

**1901**—Very French in line and detail is a simple one-piece frock of serge which might be worn by a woman or young girl. It is bloused in the new fashion, and it can also be drawn down straight. The collar is adjustable, and is very smart for street wear worn closed at the throat. This dress can be made with or without a body lining in duvetyn, tricotine, gabardine, checks, serge, broadcloth, velveteen, satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, taffeta, faille or moire.

36-inch bust requires 3 1/4 yards serge 54 inches wide, 3/8 yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 4 yards of braid. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

**1929**—Broadcloth for the new redingote is combined with velveteen in a very smart frock. Redingotes are extremely fashionable this Winter, and the lines of this one are unusual and very graceful. It slips on over the head and the deep vestee gives the square neck. The straight skirt is cut in one piece and the dress can be made with a body lining. Duvetyn, checks, velveteen, satin, charmeuse, moire, faille and taffeta are suitable materials. Or combine tricotine, serge, etc., with satin.

36-inch bust requires 2 3/8 yards broadcloth 54 inches wide for front, back and sleeves, 2 1/2 yards velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard. Braid design 10564 trims the dress.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

**1918**—Angora cloth collars and vests the front of a smart frock of duvetyn. The overdress is made in kimono style, and can be cut in a shorter length. The skirt is two-pieced, and the dress can be made with a camisole lining or without it. You could use tricotine, duvetyn, soft twills, gabardine, serge or velveteen alone or over satin; or you could combine silk crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth or flowered voile with satin.

36-inch bust requires 3 yards duvetyn 54 inches wide, 3/4 yard Angora cloth 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 1/4 yard material 36 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Bottom 1 3/8 yard. Braid design 10702 trims dress.

It is adapted to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

**1980—1266—1477**—Velveteen tipped with fur to match the scarf and tam make a costume eligible for any daytime affair. It is a one-piece kimono dress bloused at the waist, or drawn down. It slips on over the head, with a closing on the shoulders, and can be made with or without a body lining. Women and young girls use tricotine, gabardine, velveteen, duvetyn, light-weight velours, satin, etc.

36-inch bust requires 3 3/4 yards velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 yard fur cloth 36 or more inches wide for scarf, ladies' size, and to trim. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

Dress 1980 is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 bust; also suited to misses; tam 1477 is for ladies, misses, girls and children. Scarf 1266 is for ladies and misses.

**1902—1935**—A new dress draped in waist and skirt is especially nice for satin, charmeuse, soft moire, taffeta, crêpe meteor and faille, with sleeves of silk crêpe or chiffon cloth, and also for velveteen. The jumper is draped about the figure and ties in a sash behind. The sleeves are set into the body lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces, and the cascade drapery is graceful and becoming. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4 3/4 yards gros de Londres 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard silk voile 39 or 40 wide for sleeves, cuffs and to face linings, 1 1/4 yard contrasting silk voile 32 or more inches wide to face cascade drapery.

This waist, 1902, is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust; skirt 1935 is for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip.

**1971—1366**—A Russian blouse edged with fur, and a skirt of velveteen give the fashionable costume effect and all the advantages of separate blouse and skirt. It is the newest type of Russian blouse cut in kimono style and made with or without the camisole lining. Women and young girls use tricotine, serge, duvetyn, velours, velveteen, checks, satin,

moire, crêpe meteor, silk crêpe, etc. The straight skirt is cut in one piece and you could use serge, gabardine, broadcloth, plaids, velours, stripes or cloaking velveteen.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2 5/8 yards satin 36 inches wide, 2 yards fur banding, 2 1/4 yards velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard.

This blouse, 1971, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses; skirt 1366 is for 35 to 45 inches hip.

**1967**—Monkey fur gives a French finish to a smart coat-dress of cloth and satin. The body is sewed in one-piece effect to the skirt and three-pieced tunic. It can be made over a body lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces, and extends up into the vestee, giving the graceful long panel lines. This dress is good-looking in serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, broadcloth, velveteen, duvetyn, satin, charmeuse, moire, faille or chiffon velvet.

36-inch bust requires 2 1/8 yards cloth 54 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 2 5/8 yards fur banding. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

**1998—1266**—A frilled vestee and long plaited collar of net give a charming finish to a frock of taffeta. The waist is soft and becoming, and is made with the new deep flaring-cuffed sleeve. The straight skirt is gathered to the yoke on the sides. The camisole lining is a protection to satin, charmeuse, soft moire, soft faille, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, velveteen or soft serge. The scarf is simple to make and can be of fur, fur cloth, etc.

36-inch bust requires 4 1/8 yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide, 7/8 yard net 39 or 40 inches wide including plaitings. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard. Bag is 10775.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust measure. Scarf 1266 is suitable for ladies and misses.

**2004**—Big braid medallions weight down the four flying cloth panels on a skirt of satin. The overdress is made with the fashionable long body which slips on over the head, closing on the shoulders and at the left armhole. The two-piece foundation skirt is cut in one with the camisole lining. You could combine duvetyn, tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills or velveteen with satin, or use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine, taffeta, faille or moire alone.

36-inch bust requires 1 7/8 yard cloth 54 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide for collar, cuffs and foundation to waistline, 1/4 yard material 18 or more wide for vestee. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard. Braid design 10721 trims the dress.

It is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 140





Blouse 1995  
Skirt 1974

Dress 1903

Dress 1905  
Spat 1167

Dress 1912  
Spat 1167

Blouse 1993  
Skirt 1985

Blouse 1990  
Skirt 1733  
Embroidery 10726

## NOVEMBER STYLES

### Frocks Versus Blouse and Skirt

**1995—1974**—The simple blouse of crêpe de Chine, wash satin, silk or cotton shirtings, batiste, etc., is essential to a tailored skirt. The skirt is cut in three pieces with a kick plait in back and is excellent in tricotine serge, duvetyne, soft twills or velours. Bottom with plait drawn out 1 3/4 yard.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 2 1/2 yards wash satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard cloth 54 inches wide.

This blouse, 1995, is for ladies of 32 to 52 inches bust; skirt, 1974, is for 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip.

**1903**—In a dress of velvet the broad panel of the draped waist is carried on in effect by the lines of the skirt. The skirt is cut in two pieces. A body lining could be used under tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, checks, satin, charmeuse, etc.

36-inch bust requires 4 1/2 yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard satin 32 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

**1905—1167**—A long overblouse takes the fashionable jumper lines. The four-piece skirt is straight.

36 inches bust requires 3 1/8 yards gabardine 54 inches wide for body, cuffs, bands and skirt, 1 1/2 yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 5 1/2 yards braid; 3/8 yard material 38 or more wide for spat. Bottom with plaits drawn out 2 3/4 yards.

This dress, 1905, is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; spat, 1167, from 2 to 6 shoe size and should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

**1912—1167**—An exceptionally smart little French one-piece dress has a graceful side closing. The one-seam sleeve is set in at the long shoulder. Use tricotine, velveteen, serge, etc. The spats are very smart.

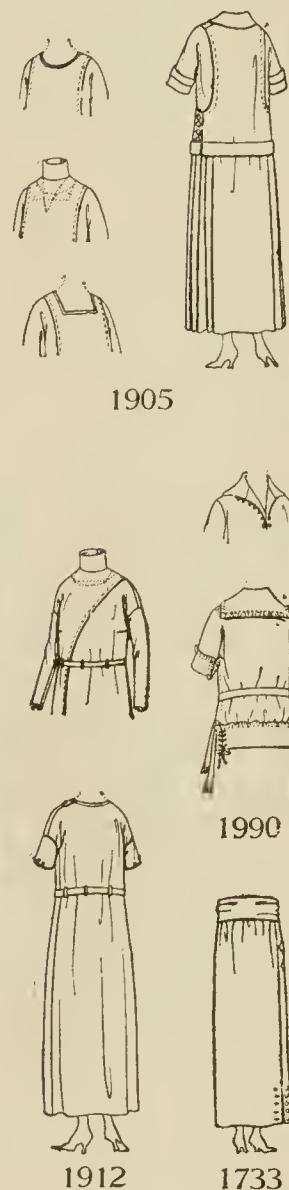
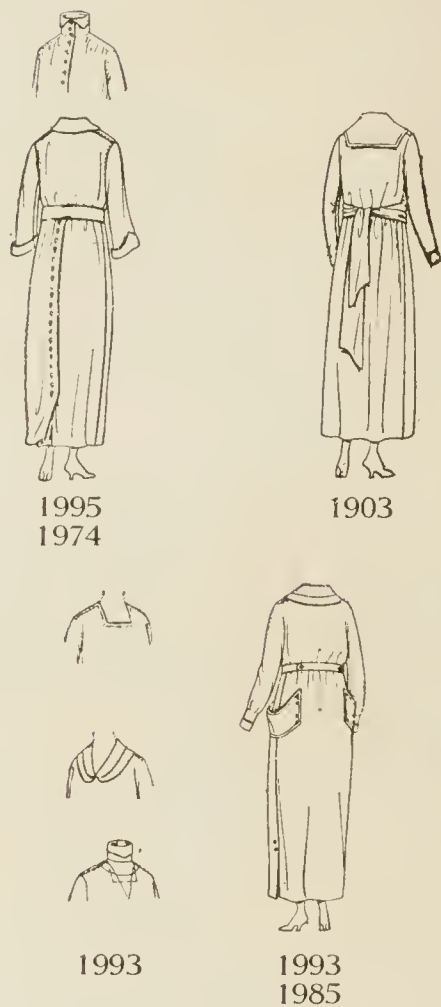
36 inches bust requires 4 1/2 yards silk jersey 35 or 36 inches wide, 2 3/8 yards fur banding; 3/8 yard material 38 inches wide for spat. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

Dress, 1912, for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust, also misses; spat, 1167, from 2 to 6 shoe size and should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

**1990—1733**—A Balkan middie blouse has a one-seam sleeve, and women and young girls use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, silk voile, velveteen or serge. The skirt is cut in two pieces and it is nice in serge, gabardine, etc.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 2 1/2 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 3/8 yard cloth 54 inches wide (without nap). Bottom 1 1/2 yard. Embroidery design 10726 trims blouse.

Blouse, 1990, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust, also misses; skirt, 1733, for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip.



**1993—1985**—A slip-over-the-head blouse combines satisfactorily with a tailored skirt. The blouse has one-seam sleeves and is pretty in silk voile, silk crêpe, batiste, etc. The skirt is in two pieces on smart lines for tricotine, serge, duvetyne, etc. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 1 5/8 yard.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 1 1/2 yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide. 1/4 yard dotted chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide for frills, 1 3/8 yard cloth 54 inches wide (without nap).

This blouse, 1993, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 1985, for 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip.



## OF FEMININE INTEREST

Designed for Intimate Wear and Housework

1956—A new apron of percale adopts the French short kimono sleeve and squares its neck attractively. It slips on over the head and closes on the shoulders. Aprons of this type are generally made in gingham, chambray, percale or cotton poplin. 36-inch bust requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of percale 36 inches wide,  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards braid. Lower edge measures  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

This apron is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

5003—1958—A simple corset cover of nainsook is used with new closed knicker drawers. The closing of the drawers and the deep yoke are very much liked. 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yard nainsook 36 inches wide;  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard cambric 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10624 trims the corset cover.

This corset cover, 5003, is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust. The drawers, 1958, are for ladies of 35 to 52 inches hip.



Apron 1956



Corset cover 5003  
Drawers 1958  
Embroidery design 10624

Camisole 1452  
Knickers 2007



House dress 1992



Sleeves 2000



Bathrobe 1954

1992—A gingham house-dress is one of the first requisites for a successful domestic life. This one is made on the popular one-piece lines, and the box plaits in front and back give an easy width that is very comfortable. The long narrow collar is graceful and becoming. The sleeves are made with one seam, and the dress can be finished with a deep yoke. Use gingham, chambray, percale and cotton poplin.

36 inches bust requires  $5\frac{1}{8}$  yards checked gingham 32 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard plain gingham 32 inches wide. Bottom with plaits drawn out 2 yards.

It is adapted to ladies of 32 to 52 inches bust.

1452—2007—A square-necked camisole and new knickers are excellent. The slip-over-the-head camisole is suitable for crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, wash satin, batiste, nainsook and long-cloth. The new narrow knickers are cut on particularly good lines; they are open and drawn up at the waistline with elastic. Use crêpe de Chine, wash satin, nainsook and silk jersey.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard lace banding, 2 yards ribbon for shoulder-straps.

This camisole, 1452, is pretty for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The knickers, 2007, are for ladies of 35 to 52 inches hip.

1954—A bathrobe of eider-down bound with ribbon takes away much of the sting of rising on a Winter morning. This one is cut on unusual and simple lines, and the pocket gives the extended hip effect. The slipper is made with a sole. This bathrobe or housegown is nice for women or young girls and should be made of eider-down, corduroy, terry cloth or figured silks.

36 inches bust requires  $5\frac{3}{8}$  yards eider-down 35 or 36 inches wide for gown and slipper,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards ribbon  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch wide. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard.

This house gown or bathrobe is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

2000—Very graceful are the new dress sleeves that arm an afternoon or evening frock with great distinction. They are to be sewed into a regulation armhole, and should be made of tulle, silk voile, chiffon, net or fine lace. The long open or slashed sleeve is lovely, and will appeal to the woman who likes a slight covering over her arms. The sleeve with the flowing lower part is effective.

12-inch arm, view A requires  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide; view B requires 1 yard Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide; view C requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard chiffon 39 or 40 wide.

These sleeves are for ladies, 11 to 15 inches arm measure.



1956



1992



1452



2007



5003



1958



1954





# SEEN ON THE AVENUE

## Ways of the New Silhouettes

1899—1266—This smart and sober little dress has lighter moods when it unbuttons its collar and shortens its sleeve to frivolous French proportions. The two-piece skirt has the hip drapery of the Dutch silhouette, and the waist can be bloused or drawn down, with or without the body lining. Use duvetyne, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, checks, serge, broadcloth, velveteen, satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, taffeta, faille or moire for the dress, and fur cloth for the scarf.

36 inches bust requires 4 3/8 yards satin 39 or 40 inches wide, 3/8 yard contrasting material 35 or 36 wide, 1 yard fur cloth 24 or more wide for scarf. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

Dress, 1899, is for ladies 32 to 42 inches bust; scarf, 1266, for ladies and misses.

1952—This type of coat with the straight lines of its panel front and back and the drapery of the kimono sleeve is exceptionally good style. If you make it of duvetyne, velours, melton, fur cloth, broadcloth or camel's-hair cloth you will have a coat that is not too elegant for every-day use and is sufficiently smart for afternoon. Lower edge in full length about 2 yards.

36 inches bust requires 3 5/8 yards fur cloth 54 inches wide, 3/8 yard contrasting fur cloth 54 inches wide for collar, cuffs and to trim.

This coat, 1952, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; also suited to misses.

1909—If you are willing to do the work—and there is really less of it than appears at first glance—you can have a very elegant embroidered or braided dress of the type used by the best French houses. It is the simple one-piece style, slipping on over the head and fastening on the shoulders, and the sleeve is a kimono. You can make it of satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor with a camisole lining or without it.

36 inches bust requires 3 1/2 yards silk 35 to 40 inches wide. Bottom 1 3/4 yard. Embroidery design 10784 trims the dress.

This dress, 1909, is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is also suited to misses.



Dress 1899  
Scarf 1266

Coat 1953  
Skirt 1763  
Spat 1167

Dress 1909  
Embroidery  
design 10784

Coat 1952

Coat 1951  
Skirt 1733  
Muff 1266

1953—1763—1167—This perhaps is the most useful type of suit that one can have. The lines of the coat are exceptionally lovely and you could wear it quite correctly to a restaurant for luncheon or tea. Yet the suit is so simple that you are not over-dressed in it when you use it for shopping or a business appointment. The coat is slightly fitted and for early Winter the collar can be worn open. The sleeve is very graceful. The skirt is the right width for a suit and is cut in two pieces with the lower part set over a yoke to give the line of the extended hip. You can make this suit of duvetyne, velours, velveteen, broadcloth, camel's-hair cloth, oxford, tricotine or melton. The spats can be of beige or gray melton.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 4 yards cloth 54 inches wide, 3/4 yard fur cloth 54 wide for collar, cuffs and bands, 3/8 yard 38 inches wide for spat. Bottom 1 3/8 yard.

Coat, 1953, is graceful for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust; skirt, 1763, for ladies, 35 to 45 hip; spat, 1167, from 2 to 6 shoe size should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

1951—1733—1266—For the woman of many social engagements an afternoon suit belongs in the class of essential luxuries. A costume of velveteen, plush, satin or duvetyne made with a bloused Russian coat, and fur or fur cloth in the muff, cuffs, and adjustable collar and pierrot buttons is suitable for receptions, weddings, etc. If you like the side closing but don't want the blouse you can wear the jacket drawn down into a straight coat in a line that is smart for a simple suit of velours, broadcloth or melton. The skirt is cut in two pieces, and is fairly narrow in spite of the soft fullness at the top. This is the correct width of skirt to wear with a suit. The muff is a new shape and is conservative in size.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 5 3/8 yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide, 5/8 yard fur cloth 54 inches wide for collar, muff and to trim. Bottom 1 1/2 yard.

Coat, 1951, is for ladies 32 to 42 inches bust, also for misses; skirt, 1733, for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip; muff, 1266, for ladies and misses.



# FASHIONS OF THE MOMENT

## Furs And Frocks, And The New Blouses

**1891**—A new and very smart type of blouse is softly draped about the figure. It comes down in an attractive way over the skirt, gives a costume effect and dispenses with a belt. The body is cut in one with the sleeves, and the sash ends tie in the back. This blouse can be made with or without a camisole lining. It is effective in silk crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, satin or velvet-  
een.

36-inch bust measure requires 2 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide.

This blouse is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

**1892**—A Georgette blouse with a new yoke that extends down into the sleeves offers something quite out of the ordinary. It slips on over the head and the body is cut in one with the sleeves. It is a very soft blouse for silk crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, batiste or crêpe meteor. It would be very effective in a combination of two colors in the same materials or in a color and white, a plain with a figured material.

36-inch bust requires 1 yard figured Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, 5/8 yard plain Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, 1 1/8 yard ribbon 7 inches wide for girdle.

It is attractive for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

**1946**—The new fur pieces are a warm compensation for cold days in Winter-time. These neck-pieces are the newest and smartest shapes of the season. The cape-like one with the collar that comes high in the back protects the shoulders. The second neck-piece is very attractive. They are quite simple to make and a woman or young girl could wear either of them over a cloth dress without a coat until quite cold weather. Fur fabrics, plush and fur are the most suitable materials to use.

Ladies' size, view A, requires 5/8 yard fur cloth 54 inches wide; view B requires 3/4 yard fur cloth 54 inches wide.

These neck-pieces are suitable for ladies and misses.



Dress 1906



Dress 1916  
Spat 1167

**1906**—A lace side body and a harem hem make a delightful frock. The pinafore lines of the jumper are French and the kimono side-body is easy to make. The straight skirt is cut in four pieces and sewed to a short two-piece foundation when you want the soft Turkish puff. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, moire, faille, alone or with silk crêpe or silk voile.

36-inch bust requires 3 1/8 yards velvet 36 inches wide, 1 1/8 yard all-over lace 39 or 40 inches wide for side body and collar, 2 yards material 36 inches wide for foundation skirt. Lower edge of the skirt when falling free with plaits drawn out measures 2 yards.

It is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

**1916—1167**—A side closing outlined in fur and wider lines in the long tunic make an effective dress worn with trim spats. The waist can be drawn down instead of being bloused, and is made over a camisole lining. The sleeves are kimono and the straight tunic is arranged over a two-piece skirt. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or velvet-  
een for this dress.

36 bust requires 3 1/8 yards cloth 44 inches wide, 5/8 yard satin 35 or 36 wide for lower part skirt, 4 yards of fur banding, 1 1/4 yard 36 wide for upper part skirt; 3/8 yard 38 or more inches wide for spat. Bottom 1 1/8 yard.

This dress, 1916, is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The spat, 1167, from 2 to 6 shoe size, should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

**1900**—A tuck at each side of the front and back gives a graceful panel effect to a new blouse of Georgette. It is made on the over-the-skirt lines that attain the costume effect so smart this Winter. The sleeve is one-seamed and can be finished in another way. The round collarless neck is very fashionable, and it is particularly nice under a suit coat. Silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, chiffon cloth, crêpe meteor, cotton voile and batiste make soft blouses.

36-inch bust measure requires 2 yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, 7/8 yard of ribbon for belt. Bead design 10785 is used to trim the blouse.

This blouse is adapted to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



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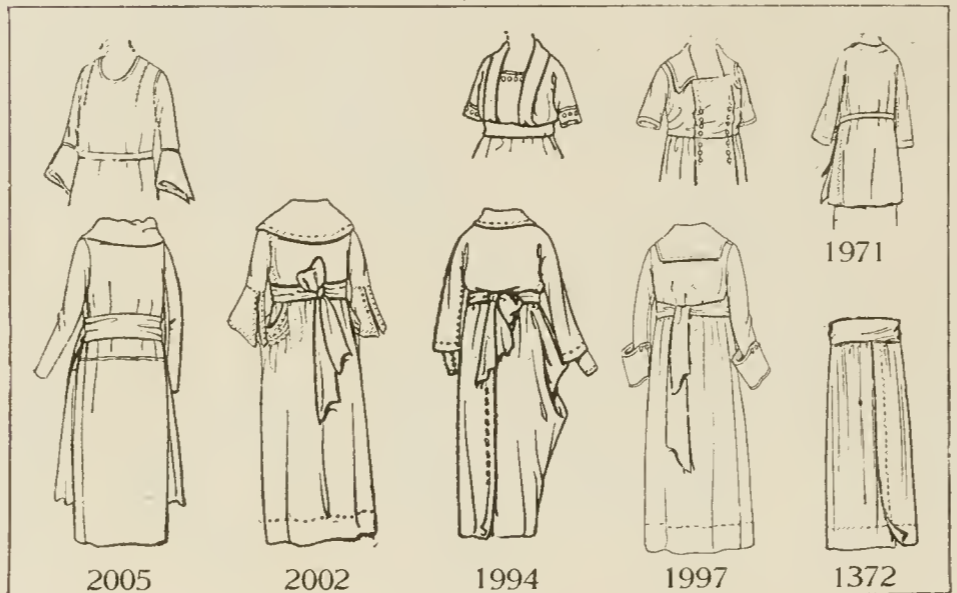
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Dress 2005

Dress 2002

Dress 1994

Dress 1997

Russian blouse 1971; skirt 1372

**2005**—A draped collar that turns into a sash gives an unusual finish to a dress of tricotine. The lower part is cut in two pieces. Women and young girls use gabardine, soft twills, light-weight velours, satin, velveteen or duvetyn, with or without the camisole lining.

32-inch bust or 15 to 16 years requires 1 3/4 yard tricotine 54 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard striped taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard.

This dress is attractive for misses of 32 to 34 bust, also adapted to ladies.

**2002**—Shirred pockets, surplice lines and slightly high waistline are points to be considered by the young girl and small woman. The skirt is straight and a camisole lining can be used under taffeta, satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, velveteen, etc.

17 years requires 5 1/4 yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard Georgette 18 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

This dress is becoming to misses of 14 to 19 years, also adapted to small women.

**1994**—Soft irregular drapery proves a happy medium for silks in a new dress. The waist is cut on kimono lines with a deep vestee, and can be made over a camisole lining. The draped skirt is cut in two pieces. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, faille, moire, velveteen, soft serge or tricotine.

16 years requires 4 1/8 yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide, 2 3/8 yards ribbon 12 inches wide for vestee and sash. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

It is for misses of 14 to 19 years.

**1997**—A draped waist with panel front repeated in the gathered skirt is very smart in wool or silk. The skirt is cut in two pieces and the dress can be made with a body lining. Young girls and small women use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, checks, velveteen, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, moire, faille, crêpe meteor, etc.

16 years requires 2 5/8 yards broadcloth 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

This dress is graceful for misses of 14 to 19 years, also small women.

**1971—1372**—A new blouse with the French-length kimono sleeve and becoming Russian closing makes a very smart costume with a straight one-piece skirt.

34 inches bust or 17 to 18 years for blouse and 17 years skirt requires 2 1/8 yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 2 yards narrow fringe, 1 3/8 yard wide fringe, 2 5/8 yards fringe insertion, 2 3/8 yards satin 36 inches wide. Bottom 1 1/4 yard.

Blouse, 1971, is for misses of 32 to 34 bust, also ladies; skirt, 1372, for misses of 14 to 19 years, also small women.



# DAY TO BUTTERFLY HEIGHTS

Tunic and Petal Party Frocks



Dress 1980  
Scarf 1266



Dress 1963

Dress 1969



Dress 1987

Dress 1919

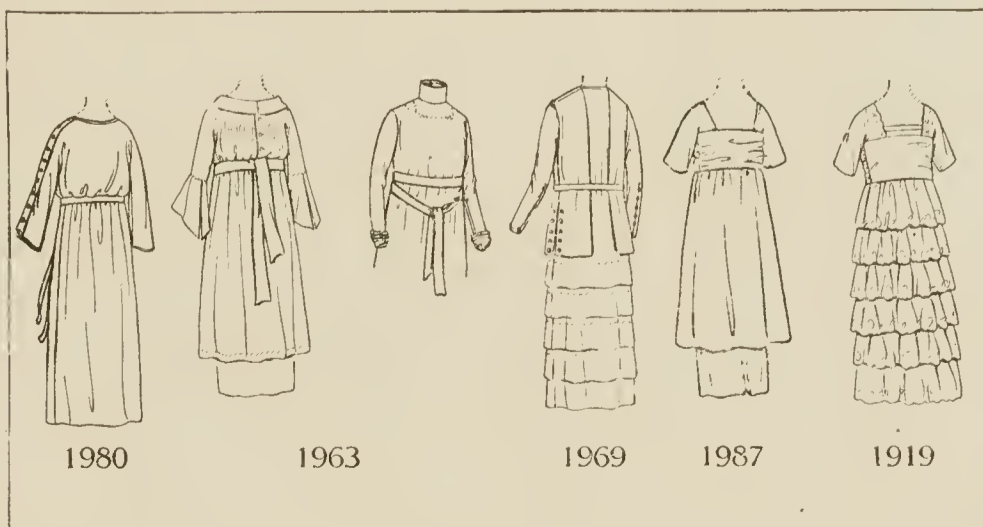
1980—1266—A smart one-piece dress worn with a scarf cuts its sleeves kimono fashion and slips on over the head, fastening on the shoulders. It can be made with a body lining in tricotine, gabardine, serge, velveteen, broadcloth, satin, etc., for young girls or women. 32 inches bust or 15 to 16 years requires 2 7/8 yards duvetyu 50 inches wide, 1/2 yard fur cloth 50 inches wide for bands. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard. This dress is for misses of 32 to 34 bust; also ladies. Scarf, 1266, is for ladies and misses.

1963—Little ribbon rosettes weight down the straight tunic of a delightful frock for young girls or small women made of messaline, satin, taffeta, faille, charmeuse, soft serge or velveteen. The dress is bloused in the new style and made with one-seam sleeves. 16 years requires 3 3/8 yards gros de Londres 44 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard material 27 to 36 inches wide for upper part of skirt, 5 3/4 yards ribbon. Bottom 1 3/8 yard. This dress is attractive for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also suited to small women.

1969—A velveteen coatee and a tucked one-piece dress make a splendid costume for street or general wear. Women and young girls use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, broadcloth, or satin, charmeuse, taffeta, etc., with or without the body lining. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard. 32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 5 1/4 yards serge 39 or 40 inches wide, 1 3/8 yard velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide for jumper and cuffs, 7 3/8 yards of braid. This dress is pretty for misses of 32 to 34 bust; it is also adapted to ladies.

1987—November dances are greatly embellished by a charming frock with long straight tunic of dotted net. The girdle is draped and may be used with a kimono side body. Girls and small women use satin, metal cloth, taffeta or flowered silks with tulle, silk crêpe, etc. 17 years requires 2 1/4 yards metallic cloth 36 to 40 inches wide for girdle and skirt, 2 yards dotted net 40 inches wide for tunic and ruchings. Bottom 1 1/4 yard. This dress is pretty for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also adapted to small women.

1919—The sub-deb comes out in one of the new French petal frocks very charming in taffeta, radium, messaline, satin, charmeuse, flowered silk, or lace, tulle or net with a satin girdle. The one-piece skirt is straight and the ruffles can be straight instead of scalloped. 17 years requires 3 3/8 yards taffeta 39 or 40 inches wide, 1 yard ostrich banding, 2 3/8 yards material 27 inches wide for skirt and camisole lining. Bottom of foundation 1 3/8 yard, lowest ruffle about 2 yards. This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years.



1980

1963

1969

1987

1919

## Tint Gray Hair A Lovely Brown



"Look Young  
at Forty"

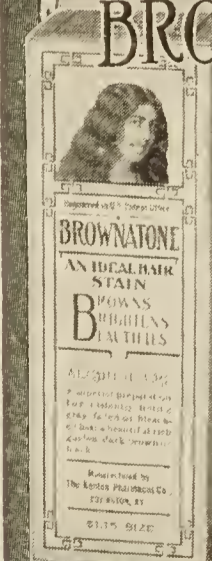
To retain through advancing years not only the spirit but the charm and attractiveness of Youth is held in Society and the business world to be the highest obligation of every woman to herself, her family and her friends.

Simple and easy is this pleasant duty when "BROWNATONE" is used to tint streaky, gray or faded hair a lovely brown of the exact shade to harmonize with the eyes and complexion.

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### BROWNATONE



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Coat 1973  
Hat 1945  
Muff 2010  
Leggings 9560

Coat 1996  
Hat 1195

Coat 1965  
Tam-o'-shanter 1477

Coat 1955  
Hat 1945  
Leggings 9560

**FOR OUTDOORS**

Long Coats for Little Girls  
Big Sister and Her New Suits

1973—1945—2010—9560—A splendid outfit of velvet Empire coat, smart hat, trim broadcloth leggings and warm muff for a cold day.

6 years for coat, leggings and hat requires 2 3/8 yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard fur cloth 54 inches wide, 1/2 yard 54 inches wide for leggings.

Coat, 1973, is suitable for girls 1/2 to 10 years; hat, 1945, for girls of 2 to 12 years; leggings, 9560, for children and misses 2 to 16 years; muff, 2010, for girls of 2 to 14 years.

1996—1195—A coat of fur cloth and velvet hat make a good Winter costume. The coat is nice in broadcloth, velveteen, velours, camel's-hair coating, cheviot, checks or melton. The collar is adjustable.

10 years for coat and hat requires 2 yards fur cloth 54 inches wide, 1/4 yard velvet 24 inches wide.

This coat, 1996, is for girls of 4 to 15 years; hat, 1195, for children and girls 2 to 12 years.

1965—1477—A dashing tam and a smart coat keep one very warm in body and spirit. The coat has the side body cut kimono fashion and an adjustable collar. Use velours, broadcloth, melton, cheviot, etc.

14 years for coat and tam in girls' size requires 2 1/2 yards camel's-hair cloth 54 inches wide, 1/2 yard velvet 36 inches wide.

Coat, 1965, is for girls of 6 to 15 years; tam, 1477, is for children, girls, misses and ladies.

1955—1945—9560—Broadcloth is used here for a coat, hat and leggings. The coat has an unusual yoke and is nice in duvetyne, broadcloth, velveteen with hat of velveteen or faille.

4 years for coat, leggings and hat requires 2 1/4 yards broadcloth 54 inches wide, 1/4 yard taffeta 30 inches wide for crown and center, 1 1/2 yard fur banding.

Coat, 1955, is for girls 1 to 10 years; hat, 1945, for girls 2 to 12 years; leggings, 9560, for children and misses 2 to 16 years.

2008—1772—Duvetyne is used for a suit with the new bloused back in the coat and a simple two-piece skirt. The lines of the coat are particularly smart.

32 inches bust or 15 or 16 years for coat and 16 years for skirt require 3 1/2 yards duvetyne 54 inches wide, 3/4 yard fur cloth 36 inches wide. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

This coat, 2008, is for misses 32 or 34 bust; also suitable for ladies. Skirt, 1772, is for misses 14 to 19 years and small women.

2008—1772—A coat with a bloused back makes an excellent suit with a well-cut two-piece skirt.

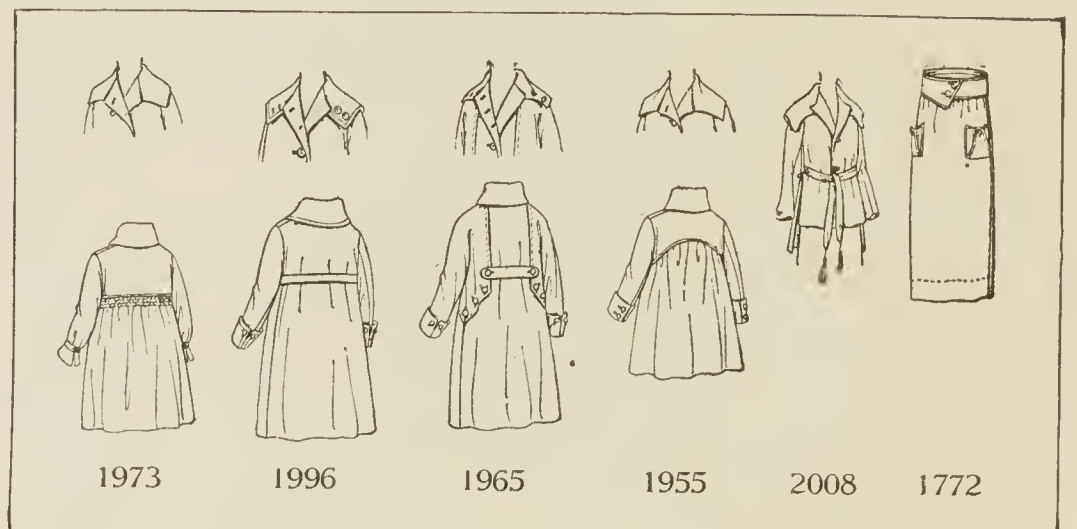
34 inches bust or 17 or 18 years for coat and 17 years for skirt require 3 1/2 yards cloth 54 inches wide, 3/8 yard fur cloth 54 inches wide. Bag is 10775. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

This coat is for misses of 32 or 34 bust; also suitable for ladies. Skirt, 1772, is for misses 14 to 19 years and small women.



Coat 2008  
Skirt 1772

Coat 2008  
Skirt 1772  
Bag 10775



1973

1996

1965

1955

2008

1772





Dress 1968

Dress 1988  
Smocking design 10744

Dress 1960  
Smocking design 10635

Dress 1959



Dress 1986

Dress 1976  
Embroidery design 10712

## THE YOUNG PERSON

### Afternoon and School Frocks

1968—Plaid gingham with chambray vestee is eminently satisfactory for school or play room. The one-seam sleeve is excellent, and the straight skirt is sewed to the waist in the back and sides to give the one-piece dress line. It is nice in gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, taffeta, serge, etc. 10 years requires 2 yards gingham 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard chambray 32 inches wide. It is for girls of 8 to 15 years.

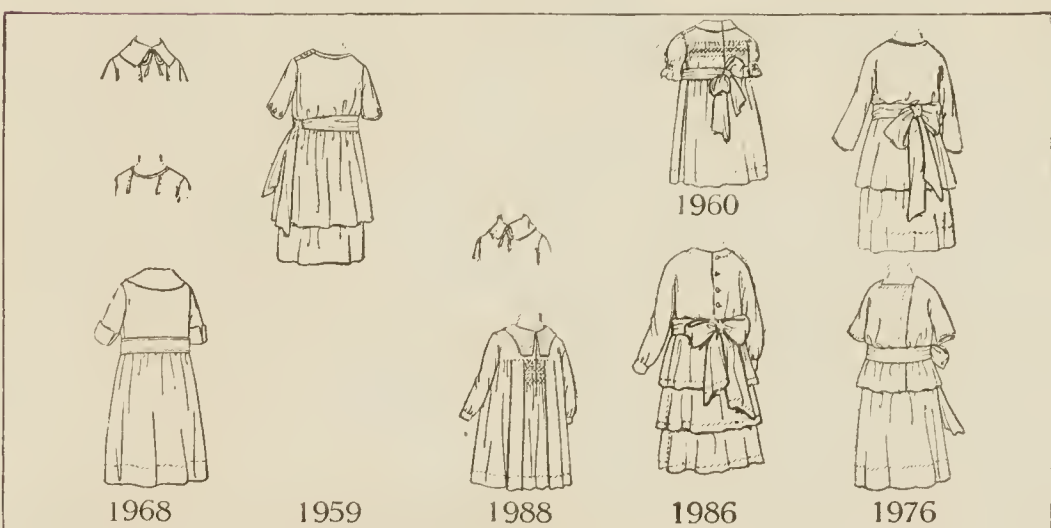
1959—Small tassels and Russian closing trim a dress prettily in velveteen. The waist is made with the becoming square neck and simple one-seam sleeve. The tunic is arranged over the straight skirt to give the one-piece dress effect. Use serge, checks, plaids, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, etc. 12 years requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35 or 36 inches wide. Pretty for girls of 8 to 15 years.

1988—A deep yoke above and smocking between the box plaits make an unusually pretty dress for chambray, cotton poplin, linen, lawn, crêpe de Chine, organdy, batiste or serge. The sleeve is one-seamed, the skirt straight. Gingham is also suitable for the dress if you do not smock it. 8 years requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards organdy 36 inches wide. Smocking design 10744 trims the dress. This dress is suitable for girls of 2 to 10 years.

1960—Smocking is used to outline the square yoke of a delightful little child's dress. The fulness is arranged in an inverted plait under the arm, and the lower edge is straight. The sleeve is made with one seam. Use nainsook, batiste, lawn, dimity, cotton voile, mull, etc. 6 years requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards batiste 36 inches wide. Smocking design 10635 trims the dress. It is for girls of  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 10 years.

1986—Self-color ruchings give a delightful party air to a frock of taffeta. The waist is cut in one with the sleeves, and the three circular flounces are arranged over a two-piece skirt. It is good style in taffeta, messaline, velveteen, figured silks, mull, batiste, lawn or challis. 14 years requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide. This dress is pretty for girls of 10 to 15 years.

1976—A new embroidery outlines the side closing and the double tier of peplums in a dress of taffeta. The kimono waist is new, easy to make, and the sleeve is particularly attractive. The skirt is straight. Use taffeta, plaid or check silk, crêpe de Chine or soft serge. 13 years requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards taffeta 39 or 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10712 trims dress. It is for girls of 10 to 15 years.



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## Velvet Grip Hose Supporter

### "Sew-Ons"

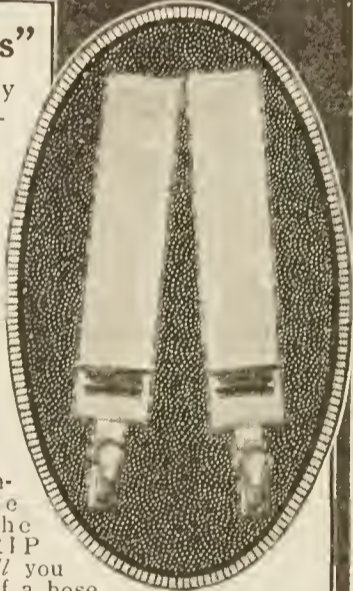
can be quickly and easily attached to any style of corset.

The unique VELVET GRIP feature of the "Sew-On"—an all-rubber, oblong button—is proof against "slips" and the ruthless ripping of silken hose threads.

The fabric employed in the making of the VELVET GRIP "Sew-On" is all you would expect of a hose supporter of such unusual attainments—the very best.

Look for the Oblong Rubber Button—  
"The Button that Talks for Itself."

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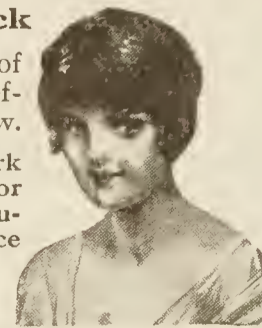
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Absolutely Harmless.

When entertaining or being entertained, you will find exquisite satisfaction in having your skin so beautiful. Accept no substitute. Try Derma Viva Rouge also, purely vegetable. In mirrored box with puff.

Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 52c.

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Bathrobe or wrapper 1999



Infants' outfit 2006  
Embroidery design 10732

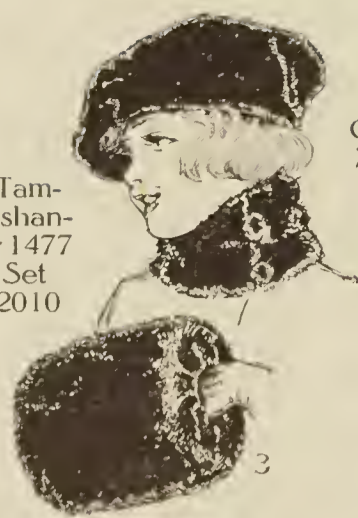
2006—The littlest baby will be well taken care of in a new outfit. The dress and slip are very dainty, and the whole set is simple. A kimono, nightgown, wrapper, saek, Gertrude petticoat, shirt, band, bib and moccasins are necessary things to a baby's happiness. Use nainsook, lawn, dimity, batiste or handkerchief linen for the dress; and nainsook, long-cloth, lawn, dimity, batiste and fine cambric for the little slip.

Infants' size requires 1 3/4 yard batiste 32 to 36 inches, 1 1/8 yard edging to trim. Embroidery design 10732 trims the dress.

This outfit is excellent for infants.



Dress 2009



Tam-o-shanter 1477  
Set 2010



Hat 1945  
Collar 2010



Hat 1945  
Set 2010



2



Dress 2011

Dress 2003  
Braid design 10697

Smocking design 10744

## FROM SMALLEST SIZE TO YEARS OF DIGNITY

Designed for the Needs of Important People

1999—A new bathrobe or wrapper is cut on very simple lines and could be made from a kindergarten blanket. The lower edge is straight, and an inverted plait under the arm gives a suitable width. The slipper is made with a sole. You could use a blanket, eider-down, toweling or flannelet.

4 years requires a blanket not less than 60 inches wide and 76 inches long.

This bathrobe is for children and girls, 1/2 to 14 years.

2010—1945—1477—A new set of collar and muffs completes the costume with hat or tam.

View 1, 10-year size requires 3/8 yard fur cloth 54 inches wide for collar and under section of brim, 1/2 yard velvet 35 or 36 wide; view 2, 5/8 yard 54 inches wide for collar, muff, upper section of brim and top knot, 5/8 yard velvet 35 or 36 inches wide. View 3, 8 year-size, 3/4 yard fur cloth 54 inches wide.

Set 2010, is for girls of 2 to 14 years; Tam-o-shanter, 1477, for girls, misses and children. Hat, 1945, is for girls of 2 to 12 years.

2009—Velours and wool plaid are combined in a splendid frock for the schoolgirl. The dress slips on over the head and the long kimono body is graceful and beaming. The skirt is straight. You could use velveteen, taffeta, plaid silks or checks,



serge, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin or linen, or gingham combined with chambray for school.

10 years requires 1 yard velours 35 or more inches wide for front, back and sleeves, 1 1/2 yard wool plaid 44 inches wide for skirt.

Dress, 2009, for girls of 8 to 15 years.

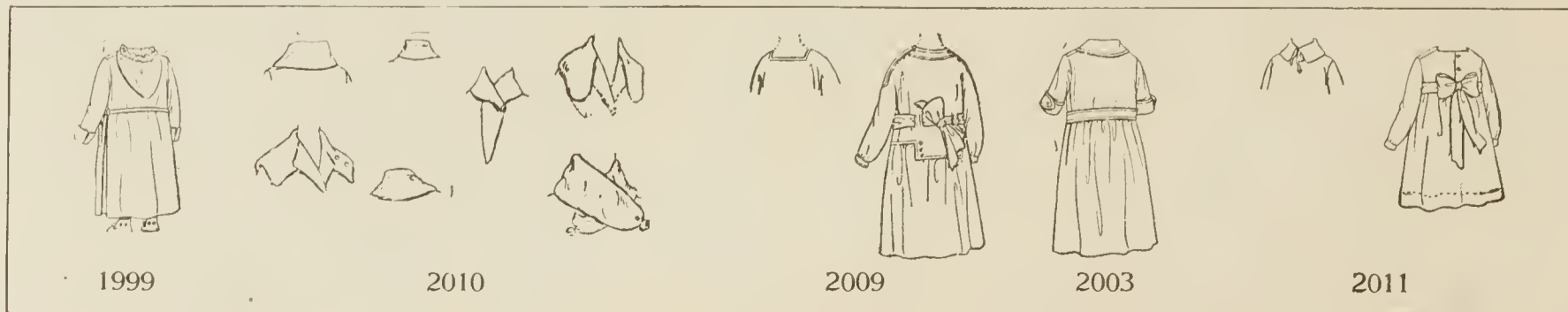
2003—Dark cotton poplin competes equally well in the class-room or at home. The sleeve is made with one seam, the skirt is straight, and the dress has a particularly pretty closing. You could make it of gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, serge, plaids, checks or velveteen.

12 years requires 2 1/2 yards cotton poplin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1/2 yard 27 or more inches wide for collar, cuffs and pocket-laps. Braid design 10697 trims the dress.

Dress, 2003, for girls of 8 to 15 years.

2011—Georgette smocked in color makes an adorable dress for the small person. The Empire yoke follows a particularly pretty outline in front and ends in a sash behind. The sleeve is made with one seam, and the straight skirt is gathered. You could use chambray, serge, linen, batiste, cotton voile or any plain cotton material, or gingham without the smocking.

4 years requires 1 3/4 yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide. Smocking design 10744 trims dress. This dress is for little girls of 2 to 10 years.



1999

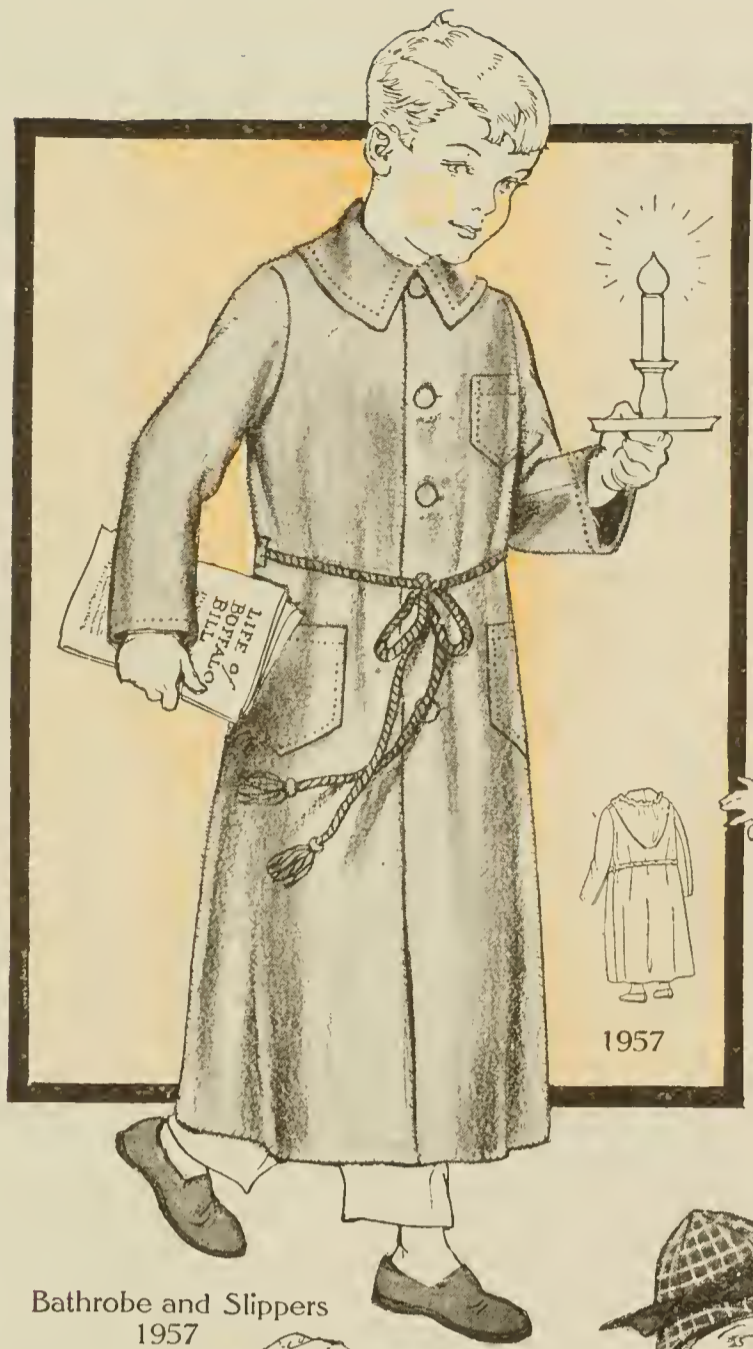
2010

2009

2003

2011





Bathrobe and Slippers  
1957



Girl Dolls'  
Set 412

412



Coat and Hat  
of Dolls' Set  
409



1977

Coat 1977  
Cap 1940



Dress and Hat  
of Dolls' Set 411

Rompers and Hat  
of Girls' Dolls' Set 410

## FOR THE BOY AT EASE AND IN ACTION

Costumes to Please the Temperamental Doll

1957—A new bathrobe of terry cloth gives a touch of comfort and ease to the absorbed reader of the "Life of Buffalo Bill." It is cut on new, very simple lines that are particularly good for a garment of this type in eider-down, terry cloth and blanketing. It can be finished with a hood instead of the collar, and the slipper is made with a sole.

10 years requires 3 1/8 yards terry cloth 36 inches wide for bathrobe and slippers.

This bathrobe is splendid for boys of 2 to 12 years.

409—Miss Arabella Knickerbocker adopts the latest silhouette in coat and hat for her Winter wardrobe. The soft crown and wide brim make a very fetching hat. The coat has an extremely smart collar and the new shoe-string belt. An adorable dress, a dainty envelope chemise and new Billie Burke pajamas would gladden the heart of any doll.

24-inch size requires 7/8 yard broadcloth 44 inches wide, 3/8 yard silk 36 inches wide.

This doll's outfit is for a doll of 14 to 30 inches tall.

412—A new sunbonnet, apron and bag will send a thrill of joy through the sawdust solar plexus of the most self-contained doll. Aprons are worn a great deal this season by children of the first families and a delightful dress, petticoat and combination are worn under it. A nightgown is cut on simple lines.

24-inch size requires 3/4 yard material 36 inches wide for dress, 3/4 yard figured dimity 32 inches wide for hat, apron and bag, 3 1/4 yards insertion, 4 yards edging.

This outfit is delightful for dolls of 14 to 30 inches tall.

411—She's feminine but not a feminist; one can tell that at a glance by the fluffy ruffles, and by the coquetish angle at which she wears her hat. The dotted swiss dress is sweet, and the lace edging and insertion give a frilly air that is nice for party wear. She uses the latest thing in a step-in combination, and the pajamas are captivating. The cape is essential for cold weather.

24-inch size requires 1 3/8 yard dotted swiss 36 inches wide for dress and hat, 5 1/8 yards of insertion, 5 yards of edging.

This dress and hat are for dolls of 14 to 30 inches tall.

410—Her family think she's a bit Greenwich Villager with her bobbed hair, but one will admit that her hat and rompers are decidedly chic. The kimono sleeve is easy to make and the hip drapery is very fashionable. A circular cape will keep her cozy and warm. The envelope chemise and nightgown are cut on fashionable lines.

24-inch size requires 3/8 yard plain gingham 32 inches wide, 3/4 yard checked gingham 32 inches wide.

These rompers and hat are for dolls of 12 to 30 inches tall.

1977—1940—A cap and overcoat to match of cloth mixture are of prime importance when one starts out for hockey. This is an extremely simple overcoat with a single-breasted front and an adjustable collar. Use cheviot, mixed coatings, chinchilla or tweeds with a cap of woolens, checks or serge.

12 years requires 2 1/2 yards cloth mixture coating 54 inches wide, including cap in 7 hat size or 22 1/4 head measure.

This coat, 1977, is for boys of 4 to 16 years; the cap, 1940, is for boys 6 1/4 to 7 1/2 cap size or 20 to 20 3/4 head measure.



409

411

410

*Bourjois*  
JAVA  
FACE  
POWDER  
for YOUTH  
for BEAUTY  
and for CHARM

CREATED IN FRANCE  
UNIVERSALLY ADOPTED BY  
DISCRIMINATING FEMINITY  
AS THE PERFECT POWDER  
FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY  
THE MOST-IN-DEMAND  
OF FACE POWDERS

AT YOUR DEALER—A LARGE BOX—CENTS  
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A. BOURJOIS & CO. INC.  
PARIS NEW YORK  
ALSO MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ROUGE  
ASHES OF ROSES

for Colds  
or Cracked Lips

"The Little Nurse" ©  
for Little Ills"

A HEALING CREAM  
**Mentholatum**  
Always made under this signature *M. H. Adams*

STOP a "snuffling" cold  
overnight by applying  
Mentholatum to the nostrils  
—outside and inside.

Cracked lips and chaps are  
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Good also for cuts, burns, chil-  
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At all druggists' in tubes, 25c. Jars  
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**Mothers! Little Tudor Sleepers**  
Are Best for Your Child

The "little tots" fairly love them 'cause they're  
so comfy—and snug as a bug in a rug. Made of  
excellent quality flannelette and cut full size so  
there's no binding or discomfort.

WRITE TODAY for our booklet which shows all  
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America's Color Standard for Nearly Half a Century



### Important to Know This

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics. No one dye will do for both. For that reason we manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk; and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Thus results are perfect—always.

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WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, Ltd.  
200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada

# EVENING DRESS

ITS WHYS AND WHEREFORES

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS

ARE you ready? For there will be all sorts of peace parties this Winter and every reason for believing that the most brilliant social season America has ever had is just ahead. So many distinguished foreign visitors will be here that even the semi-public life of the theaters, restaurants and the opera will be gayer than before the war. There will be more debutantes this year and a great deal will be done for them and for the young men who have just come back from abroad.

Each year sees an increasing tendency to follow the European custom of evening dress at these places. Of course for the opera it has always been obligatory, but now theater audiences are usually in evening clothes. As far as women are concerned there is little excuse for anything else, for it is just as easy to put on an evening gown as the afternoon dress that American women were in the habit of wearing to the theater. It should be considered a duty to do so, for a well-dressed audience is a delightful thing and gives quite as much pleasure as the play on the other side of the footlights. It adds a great deal to the legitimate gaiety of city life and does away with the criticism of provincialism that has often been passed on us.

THERE are two accepted types of evening dress calculated to meet the varying demand of social life. For formal dinners, balls, evening weddings and the opera, full evening dress is worn. The main difference between it and the less formal type of dress known as the theater gown is now in the material, where in former years it was usually a question of a train or trainless dress. For formal evening dresses women wear very elegant brocades, moires, metal cloths and velvets. For ordinary dances they use tulle, lace and other transparent tissues, while for the theater they wear satin, taffeta, etc., if they want to save their more fragile gowns.

The décolletage is no lower for one type of dress than for the other, but while the full evening dress can be made either with sleeves or without them, a dress that is to be worn to a restaurant should have a sleeve. This rule only applies to restaurants where you meet a mixed class of people. At the Ritz and a few restaurants of that type, full evening dress may be worn with perfect propriety. In a theater-dress sleeves are not as essential as in the restaurant gown, for your wrap is always over the back of your chair and half covers your shoulders.

PEOPLE dance so much nowadays that trains are not used a great deal except for very formal dinners and the opera. Even then the majority of the most elegant evening gowns are made without the train. The short, trainless skirt is younger-looking and the train is not especially in character with the short skirt of to-day.

All evening dresses are short, even where

they are made *en traine*. Full skirts and skirts with tunics look middle-aged and matronly if they are less than eight inches from the floor. Draped skirts can be longer—ankle length if you like.

I AM not going to give you a dressmaking lesson on any particular evening dress, for it is unnecessary. Their actual construction is extremely simple and is covered step by step by the pictures of the Illustrated Instructions given with the pattern. They show you everything that you would get in the most exhaustive lesson and without the trouble of reading an article. I only want to caution you to get your pattern before you buy your material so that you will know exactly how much to get. It is so foolish to guess when you are buying expensive fabrics.

Have your bust, waist and hip measures taken before you buy your pattern. The right size means that you will make your dress with the minimum amount of work and without unnecessary fitting. It also influences the amount of material you will need.

The success of an evening dress depends so largely on its material and color that I am going to devote this article mainly to that subject.

AN EVENING gown is a sort of dress paradox. It is the most elaborate type of dress that a woman wears, but it is one of the simplest for the amateur to undertake. The result, as I have just said, depends so much on its color, its material and the right trimming, and so little on the expert skill in dressmaking. You take the simplest serge frock, for example, where there is

absolutely nothing to distract the attention, the whole success depends entirely on the perfection with which it is put together. The slightest defect of stitching, pressing or tailoring becomes a glaring fault.

The lines in evening dresses are very simple, but they must follow the right silhouette. For evening dresses this year one can choose a straight chemise dress, the Dutch silhouette with its drapery at the hip, or the flare of the full tunic or circular skirt. All three silhouettes have more fulness than last year, though in the chemise dress one is conscious of softness rather than width. In the Dutch silhouette the skirt remains narrow at the hem, for the increased fulness is at the waistline. Narrow lines are extremely becoming and women are loath to give them up. For that reason the tunic is having a greater vogue than the full skirt, because while



One of the newest types of evening gown with a long body and tunic





the tunic gives the new width, it retains the narrow hem at the bottom. The harem hem is used quite frequently and is very well-liked, for it keeps to the narrow line and falls in a very soft easy way. The circular skirt appears to great advantage in many of the new evening materials which have more body and more design than in former years. It is very handsome in brocade or moire because it does not break the pattern of these beautiful materials.

There is a little more variety in evening waists this year than there has been for some time back. We still have the draped bodice scarcely more than a deep girdle with straps over the shoulder or a surplice drapery of lace or Georgette. This is a very becoming type of waist. If a woman has a pretty, slender figure she will welcome the change offered by the new long bodies or the long blouses belted and bloused at the hip. You also get the line of the long body in straight chemise dresses if the skirt is trimmed at the hipline.

In skirts, drapery or the unbroken lines of the chemise dresses are used for the brocades, evening velvets and moires, and also for satin, taffetas or faille silks. The tunic is the thing for the transparent materials, though circular tunics are made of silks, satin, brocades or moires.

The straight line of the evening bodice with straps over the shoulder giving a square-neck effect is the most popular décolletage of the year. You get a V neck where there is a surplice drapery and also in the new chemise styles. The round neck, which is so popular for day dresses, curiously enough, is not much used for evening, though you see it occasionally.

The omission of sleeves is regulated by several considerations. Paris has been using very short sleeves to such an extent for day dresses and even in the street, that it does not feel that a dress is an evening dress unless it is absolutely sleeveless. This, of course, gives a most décolleté effect and therefore belongs to the most formal type of evening dress. If it is used it should only be used for dinner, the opera or dances. The sleeve is better taste for restaurant dinners. It can be as short or as long as you like. The long flowing angel sleeve, very graceful for tulle or chiffon, is a kind friend to thin arms. The absolutely sleeveless gown should only be worn by a woman who has good arms and shoulders.

The New Evening Materials

EVENING fabrics this year are almost unsurpassed in elegance and extravagance. With the Parisienne gorgeously lovely brocades come first, sometimes with velvet figures embossed on a cloth of gold or silver and sometimes with metal figures brocaded on a background of faille, taffeta, satin or silk crêpe. Damask brocades, in which the design is accomplished by highly luminous satin figures on a background of duller silk, are also in great demand. Handsome evening dresses are also made in metal cloths veiled with lace or tulle illusion. Moire is new and very elegant, and Lyons velvet, either the plain fabric or with brocaded figures of gold, copper or silver, are very rich and beautiful. These materials represent the extreme of luxury in evening dresses, and are used for the most formal toilettes, for the opera, dinners and balls.

Less stately and perhaps more youthful are the transparent materials over satin or flowered silk. Lace is used a great deal over satin, and tulle, dotted net, Georgette, chiffon, silk voile and silk marquisette are worn either over satin or Dresden-patterned silks. These transparent materials with their movement and diaphanous quality are really lovelier than anything else for

dancing dresses. For theater and restaurant dinners you will want a dress that will look well and wear well. Plain silks and satins are serviceable and highly satisfactory from every point of view. Satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, taffeta and messaline will see you through a long season of small dinners and theaters.

The question of trimming is covered by a long swing of the pendulum. For example, you can make a chemise dress of brocade, moire or velvet without any trimming whatsoever. You can do the same thing with lace over satin, for the lace is a trimming in itself. At the other end of the arc are the elaborate trimmings of beading, the deep fringe, which constitutes a long tunic, and the elaborate use of lace ruffles and lace insertions sponsored by the best houses in France.

Beading, when it is used, is done in beads of crystal, silver, steel, gold or jet. Wonderful things are done in combinations of different-colored crystals or in varying shades of the same color. Jet is a very smart trimming both on black dresses and on white.

Fringe is tremendously popular abroad and is a very easy trimming to use. The very wide deep fringes give the effect of tunics and the narrow ones of ruffles. The long fringes are made of silk, the narrow ones of silk, chenille or ostrich. Ostrich is particularly pretty in fringe on account of its color and softness and is also used in short tips, just as you would use a rose or a corsage of flowers. Martial et Armand used them first at the waistline, placing them well around the hip. They are also used to catch up the drapery of the skirt and are sometimes placed on the straps of the bodice at the shoulder. They are almost always in a contrasting color and sometimes two or three colors are used together, for one of the most characteristic features of ostrich is its faculty for taking wonderful shades of light or brilliant colors. Lace is used like fringe, deep flouncing forming a tunic and the narrower lace in ruffles. Metal laces are very elegant and some of the French houses use dyed filot.

PARIS has invented a new trimming which it describes as "neat" and which on evening dresses seems novel almost to the point of oddity. It is rows of machine-stitching placed close together to give the effect of a band or braid. This trimming is not confined to its simplest evening dresses, but appears in colored silk on dresses of very elegant gold and silver metal cloth.

The question of colors in evening dress is an absorbing subject. The general drift is toward brilliant colors and color combinations, for among the French houses two colors are used more often than one. The vivid shades of blue, from crude turquoise to the intense shades of sapphire and king's blue, are more used than anything else, especially with black and silver. Orange and lemon color are smart and are sometimes used together and sometimes combined with brown tulle. There are several new shades of green—water-green, almond and the light clear green of Japanese jade. The vivid shades of American Beauty rose and geranium are easy to wear and are very popular. Marron is a new evening color and purple satisfies the present craving for deep rich color. Chéruit uses one of the most beautiful combinations of the year in a brocaded material trellised in gold with silver roses in the open squares. Another French house uses peacock-blue velvet with flounces of steel lace. Silver brocade figures or silver lace flounces are used on virgin blue, bright green and black failles and taffetas. Black and white are always acceptable and are used alone or together. Paris will never give up the typically French combination of rose-colored gauze, silver and Nattier blue, a combination that is particularly lovely for young girls.

Evening Accessories  
the Right Angle

WITH the present short skirt the evening toilette really begins at the bottom with the slipper and stocking. They are very conspicuous and more attention is paid to them than when long skirts were in vogue. The most practical evening slipper is black satin with a black stocking. Paris uses bronze satin with the thinnest possible bronze gauze stocking. It is considered very smart and is more becoming to the foot than light colors. Gold, silver and aluminum cloth in both the plain fabric and small figured brocade make very beautiful slippers that are especially suitable for formal evening dress. The aluminum slippers are more satisfactory than the silver, for they do not tarnish. Colored satin slippers matching the dress or its trimming are good style, and if the dress is entirely of one color the slippers and stockings can be in contrast especially if they match your fan or jewels. For example, the effect of a black tulle dress is very much heightened and lightened by an ostrich fan and foot-gear of poison green, carmine, sapphire blue or gold color.

Evening slippers are always made with the high French heel and for dancing they can be laced with ribbons in the cothurn fashion. The cothurn is the daintiest and most becoming evening slipper, and it is very comfortable, for the ribbon keeps it from slipping on the heel. You can have eyelets put in any slipper, or button-hole loops at the edge but the small rhinestone ornaments are prettier. Rhinestone, pearl and jet buckles and ornaments are used on the front of the slippers though evening shoes are often worn without ornaments.

The stocking can match either the slipper or the dress, but it is more usual to have it in the color of the slipper. The present style is for a very thin stocking trimmed with drop-stitch clocks at the side or with rows of drop-stitching forming a design on the instep. Motifs of thread lace are also used and a perfectly plain, fine stocking is always permissible, especially with the cothurn. There come so-called gold and silver stockings which are really silk in the exact metal colors.

Evening hats are not worn a great deal at present, for at the restaurants where one would be most likely to wear them there is usually dancing. As the evening hat is almost always a large



Looked at From  
of Their Importance

affair it is very much in the way. Besides one is likely to go on to the theater after dinner where a hat is a nuisance. It is perfectly correct for a restaurant dinner if one cares to wear it and sometimes a hat adds very much to the effect of a dress. The evening hat is generally made of tulle or lace and it can match the dress or its trimming or the slippers and stockings. A black hat can be worn with almost any gown.

If you are going to have a birthday or anniversary presently you might put an ostrich fan on the list of acceptables that you make out for your family. They are wonderfully beautiful, for the feathers lend themselves to the most charming colors. The new ones are enormous except the single stick fan which consists of a graceful arrangement of five or six rather short plumes.

An evening gown is practically unusable without an evening wrap. Nothing looks worse than the make-shifts that some women resort to. Looked at from the right angle an evening wrap is not an extravagant thing, for the right type of wrap does not go out of fashion and can be worn for several seasons. Even then it gets so little hard use that the original material can be re-cut on new lines.

In fact, a material like a metal or velvet brocade is almost an heirloom. It is used as long as possible and then put away as something to be handed down to one's great-grandchildren. The brocades make the most elegant evening wraps and also the most costly. Moire and velvet are quite as fashionable and the heavy satins and corded silks come in wonderful evening colors. Black satin, black velvet or seal plush make useful wraps that can be worn in the afternoon as well as the evening. Broadcloth and duvetyn come in very beautiful evening colors and the broadcloth is comparatively inexpensive as things go nowadays.

The evening wrap can be a coat wrap or a cape. The nicest trimming is fur, for it adds so much to the warmth of the wrap. Many of the imported evening wraps are trimmed with embroidery worked in beads, silk or metal threads.

Evening wraps are worn over fragile dresses and perishable colors and on that account should be lined with white silk or satin or some delicate color. Flowered silks make charming linings for velvet, plush or any plain materials. The plain satins, on the other hand, are better choice for brocade.



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THE LAST WORD IN SWEATERS IS NEVER SAID  
BUT THE LATEST STYLES APPEAR HERE

THE last word may be said on some subjects perhaps, but it does not exist in the sweater vocabulary. The only answer to the sweater question is more sweaters. This month I am showing the latest phase in sweaters—the new Russian-blouse style, knitted in the attractive apple-seed stitch. It is a particularly nice one for Winter wear and Winter sports. The collar is new and the sweater can be bloused or drawn down, as you please, but the blouse is a new fashion and very smart.

At this season of the year sweaters should be made in warm, strong colors. The baby shades of pink and blue and the light shades of green and yellow are Summer colors and do not look smart in Winter. The two new shades of red, Etruscan and Cuban, are very gay and pretty for skating sweaters and are almost always becoming. The brilliant shades of purple, bottle green, turquoise blue, deep yellow, or the neutral shades of gray or sand when embroidered or trimmed with color, are very good style. For an older woman dark blue is nice, especially with a plaid or check skirt in which navy blue predominates. It gives a costume effect that takes away from the old haphazard look that we used to associate with sweaters. Heather mixtures are also good.

RUSSIAN-BLOUSE SWEATER  
KNIT IN APPLE-SEED STITCH

YOU will need about 5 hanks or 10 balls knitting-yarn, 2 No. 5 amber or bone knitting-needles.

If you knit about 5½ sts. to an inch in the apple-seed stitch, and want a 36 bust measure cast on 93 sts. Cast on 6 sts. more for each size larger and 4 sts. less for each size smaller.

Knit 2 sts., purl 2 sts., for 4 inches. Knit 1 st. increase (to increase pick up thread between sts. and knit it as if it were a stitch). \* Knit 2 sts. increase. Repeat from \* all the way across. Count your sts. and be sure you have an uneven number of sts. on the needle.

\* Knit 1 st., purl 1 st. all the way across. Repeat from \* for 5 inches. \* Knit 1 st., purl 1 st., knit 1 st., purl 1 st. Knit next 2 sts. together as if they were one. Purl next 2 sts. together as if they were one. Repeat from \* all the way across (be sure you have an uneven number of sts.)

Knit 1 st., purl 1 st., for 3 inches. (Knit 1 st., purl 1 st. for 1 inch more for each size larger and 1 inch less for each size smaller.)

\* Cast on 10 sts. at end of row. Turn. Knit 1 st., purl 1 st., all the way across. Repeat from \* 17 times. Knit 1 st., purl 1 st. for 1 inch.

Now begin to shape the neck. (Knit 1 st., purl 1 st.) Repeat between parentheses 58 times. (Repeat once more for each size larger and once less for each size smaller.)

Slip these sts. off on a safety-pin.

Bind off 13 sts. (Bind off 2 more sts. for each size larger.) (\* Purl 1 st., knit 1 st.) Repeat between parentheses all the way across. Turn. Knit 1 st., purl 1 st., decreasing 1 st. at end of row. Repeat from \* 4 times. \* Purl 1 st. Knit 1 st. all the way across. Knit 1 st. Purl 1 st. all the way across. Repeat from \* for 6 inches. Slip sts. off on safety-pin. Pick sts. up from first safety-pin and join thread on outside edge of work and make second front in same manner. When both fronts are completed, cast on 19 sts.

st. Purl it as if it were a stitch. Knit next st., purl next st. Repeat from \* all the way across. Knit 1 st., purl 1 st. for 5 inches. Knit 1 st., decrease. (Knit 2 sts. together.) \* Knit 2 sts., decrease. Repeat from \* all the way across. Knit 2 sts., purl 2 sts. for 4 inches. Bind off. Pick up sts. on end of sleeve. Knit 2 sts. tightly, purl 2 sts. for 3½ inches. Bind off.

COLLAR—Cast on 25 sts., knit plain until strip is long enough to extend around neck edge. Overcast underarm seams and overcast one long edge of collar to neck edge fulling it a trifle in the center front.

THE ice-garden of the Biltmore will open this month where one can sit indoors over their tea in gay chintz-hung rooms and watch the skaters flashing by on the ice outside. There one sees the younger New York girl at her prettiest in trim little skating frocks of serge or velveteen and bright-colored tams and sweaters. The new sweaters are very charming and have as much variety and coquetry as a French blouse. Many of the skating sweaters are made like the one in this lesson, with the line of the hip-length blouse held in snugly by a band below the waist and blousing softly over it. Some have the open neck and collar and some a long scarf collar that winds high around the throat and is particularly nice for skating.



A DELIGHTFUL SWEATER FOR SKATING  
OR FOR ANY OUTDOOR SPORT

(Cast on 2 sts. more for each size larger.) Pick up sts. from second safety-pin and work them off on end of needle. Knit 1 st., purl 1 st. for 4 inches. \* Bind off 10 sts. at beginning of next row. Knit 1 st., purl 1 st. all the way across. Repeat from \* 17 times. Knit 1 st., purl 1 st. for 3 inches.

Knit 1 st., purl 1 st., knit 1 st., purl 1 st. increase (to increase, pick up thread forming a loop between sts. and knit it as if it were a stitch). Pick up loop below next

It is new to have your sweater trimmed with brilliant embroidery worked in wool or to have a knitted hat matching a wool sweater and trimmed with wool flowers. The college sweater is an adorable thing with its full peplum and wide frilled sleeve, but it is distinctly an indoor accessory and not an outdoor sweater at this season, for it is only successful in fine Shetland wool or light fiber yarn. There is a new yarn this Winter that is very nice for the heavier sweaters, for it is mostly wool with just a thread of silk in it. Its chief claim is that the silk gives it a two-tone changeable color and also a bright silky look.

Sweaters that require a belt of some kind can be worn with a narrow half-inch-wide belt of patent leather or with a slightly wider belt of suede matching the sweater or making an attractive contrast with it. Or you can have a knitted belt or sash matching the sweater or the collar. The college sweater—the one with full peplum—is often worn with narrow ribbon sash of picot ribbon about an inch and a half wide.

The tams are quite as delightful as the sweaters and the nicest thing possible for skating, for they don't pull or blow or drag. There is a new one in a whirl-around, magpie effect of alternate rings of black and white knitted so that it falls to one side with a heavy pompon that accentuates the one-sided effect.



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# NEEDLEWORK BY NOVEMBER HOME FIRES

BY MARIE ASHLEY

Waist 1982  
Embroidery design  
10781

Waist 1897  
Beading 10785



10780

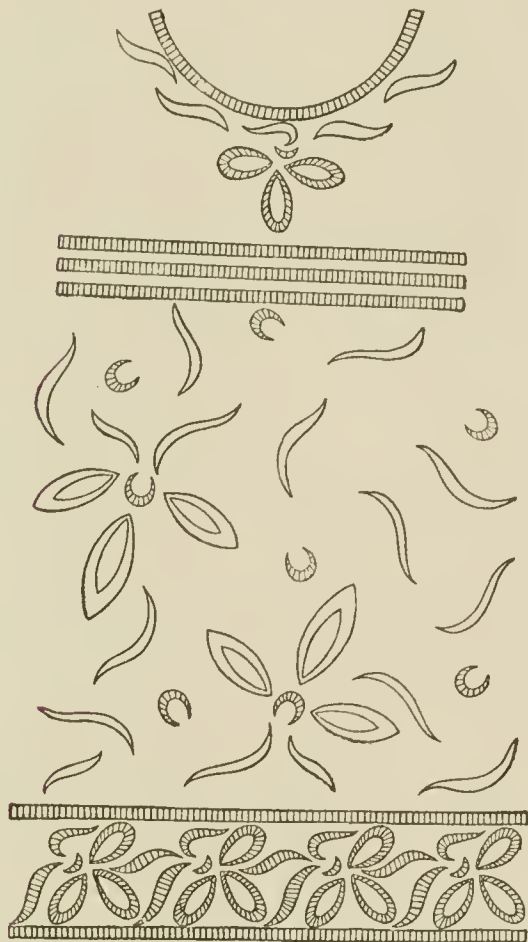
10783

Blouse 1990  
Braid design  
10782

Blouse 1971  
Embroidery design  
10784

**10780**—Every little Ally will want Odile from Alsace-Lorraine. She speaks French and English and wears her costume of the Lost Province. Miss Ashley has designed this real Alsatian rag doll with an embroidered face and hair. You must have Odile to keep always, to celebrate the Victory year when Alsace-Lorraine was returned to France.

**Embroidery Design 10783**—Towels that end in embroidery make a good beginning for Christmas gifts. Fine towels daintily embroidered are always acceptable to every woman, no matter how small her establishment may be. They can be embroidered in satin-stitch, eyelet and French stemming. The design is adapted to three towels 24 inches wide.



10784

**Embroidery Design 10784**—A Russian blouse (1971) beautifully embroidered makes a very handsome costume. The work can be done in outline, chain-stitch or one-stitch. It is designed for 1 3/4 yard of banding 26 inches wide, 4 1/4 yards of edging 1/2 inch wide and 3 motifs 7 x 9 inches for a neck outline or corners.



10785

**Beading Design 10785**—A beaded rose design sides emphatically with a draped waist (1897). The motif is very lovely used alone or in a banding on waists, skirts, tunic, dresses, etc. The design can be worked in beads or in French knots. The design is adapted to 3 1/2 yards of banding 11 inches wide, 3 motifs 4 1/2 x 16 inches, 3 corners 11 x 3 1/4 inches and 3 neck outlines. The large flowers are 11 inches in diameter and the small ones are 4 1/2 inches in diameter.



10781

**Embroidery Design 10781**—A new conventionalized lily design for a combination of bead and embroidery on a jumper waist (1982). The design is adapted to 5 yards of banding 2 5/8 inches wide, 3 1/4 yards of banding 3/8 inch wide, 2 motifs 8 1/4 x 7 inches, 6 motifs 5 3/8 x 3 3/8 inches and 6 motifs 6 1/4 x 4 inches



10782

**Braid design 10782**—A new Balkan blouse (1990) requires the latest of braided designs. It can be done in braiding, couching or outline embroidery and is adapted to 4 3/8 yards of banding 3 3/8 inches wide, 5 yards of edging 1/2 inch wide, 4 motifs 5 1/2 x 6 inches, 4 motifs 5 x 5 5/8 inches, 2 motifs 5 1/2 x 6 5/8 inches, 4 motifs 5 x 10 5/8 inches, 2 motifs 3 1/2 x 4 5/8 inches, 2 motifs 6 x 11 5/8 inches, and 2 motifs 3 1/2 x 7 3/8 inches.

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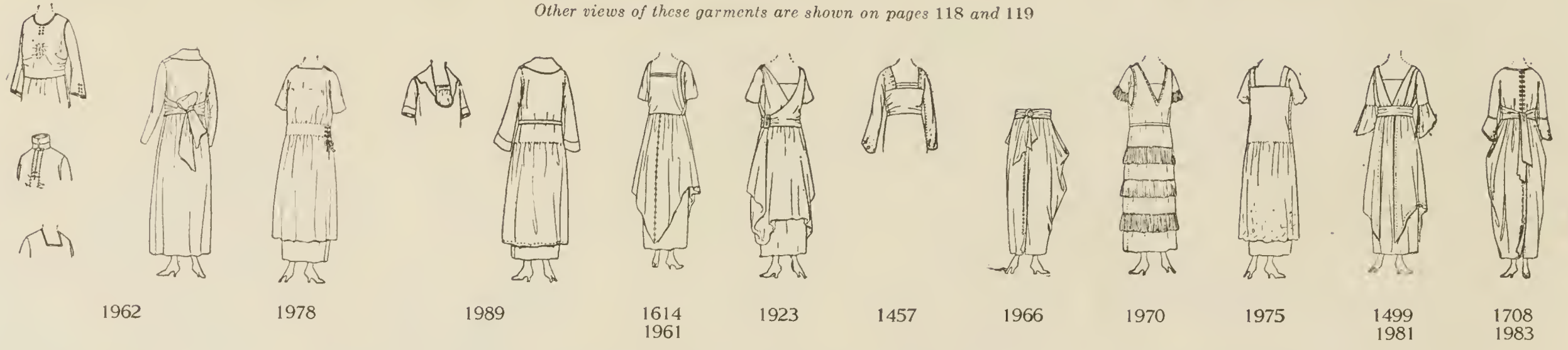
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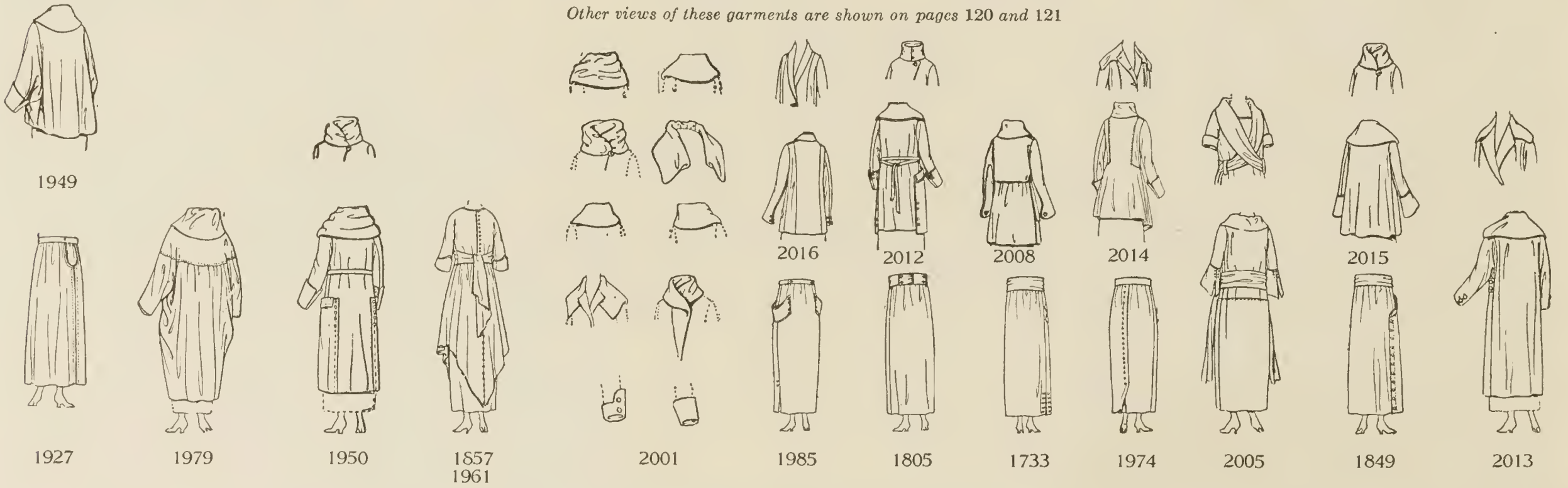


OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 128, 129

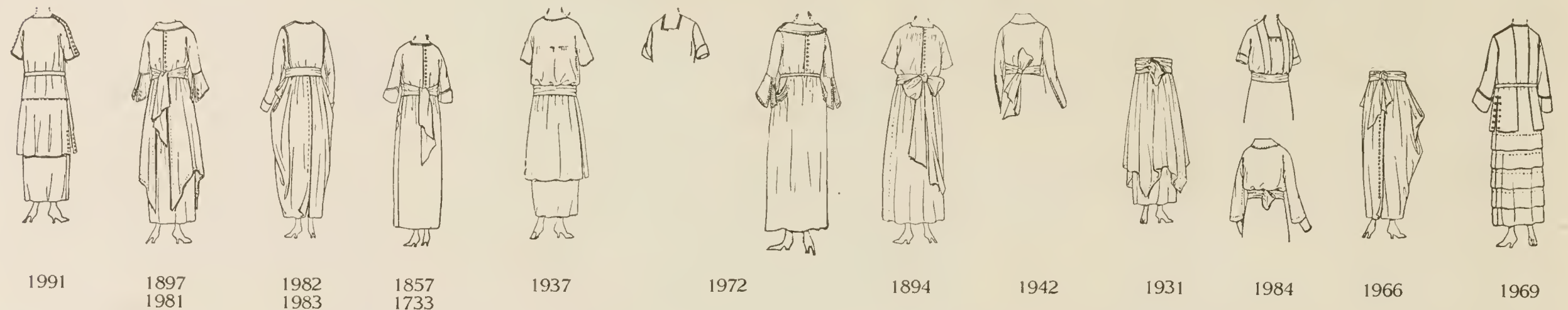
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 118 and 119



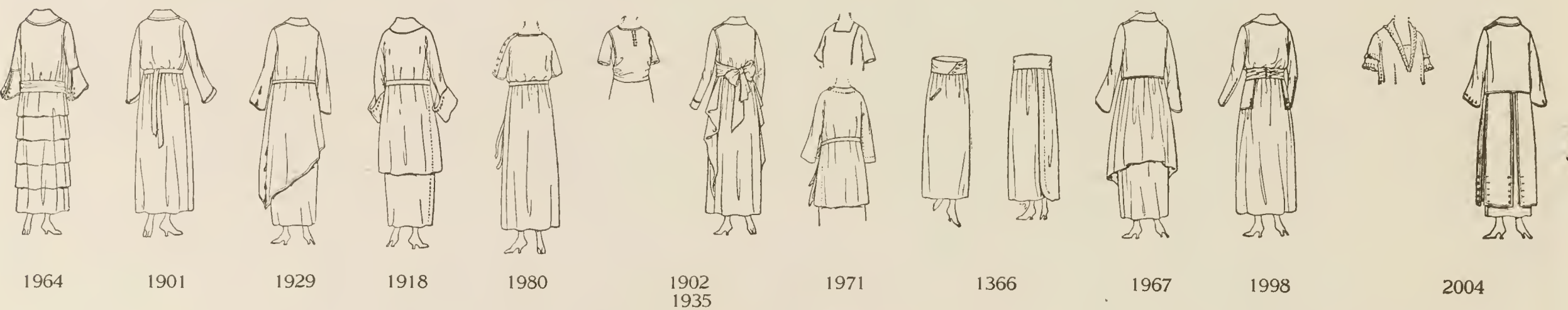
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 120 and 121



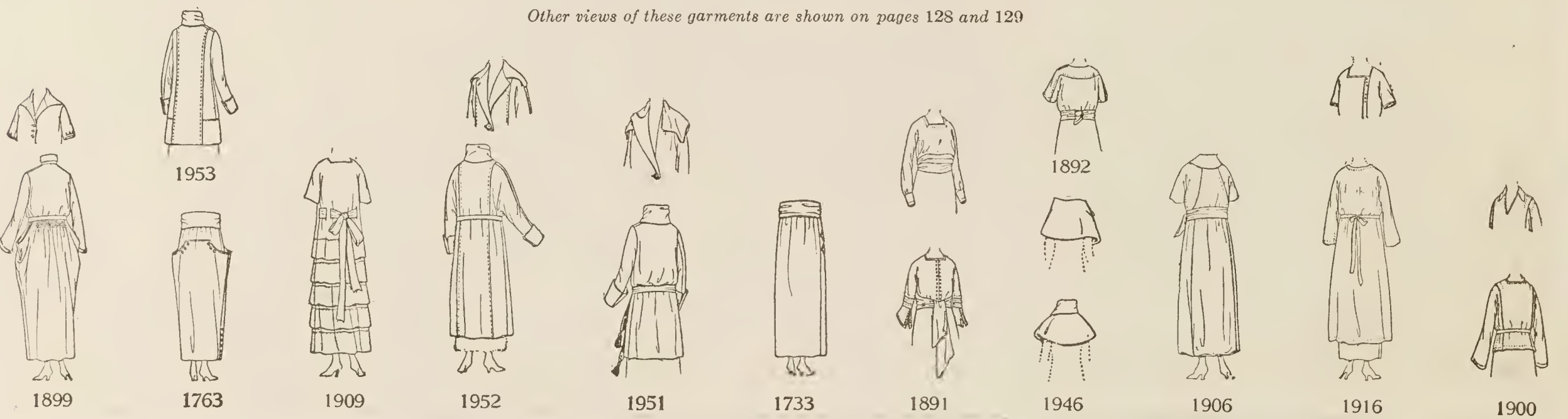
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 122 and 123



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 124 and 125



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 128 and 129





# THE SLIM LINES OF THE SHEEREST UNDERSLIP —YET WARM ENOUGH FOR SKATING!



So smooth, so elastic is the fine Carter fabric, that you feel splendidly free. Yet you're cozy warm from head to foot!

**U**NDERWEAR that lets you keep the slim, smooth lines of summer, on the bleakest, snowiest day? You can be smart, and yet be comfortable—in zero weather!

You can't believe it! But wear a Carter's Union Suit. Your slimmest frock looks as charming as over a sheer underslip!

For there's not a wrinkle, not a wrong fullness in a Carter's undergarment to change your silhouette a single line. Never does it bunch under the arms, or over the tops of your stockings. Never does it "catch" or pull, for the wonderful elastic fabric follows every movement you make.

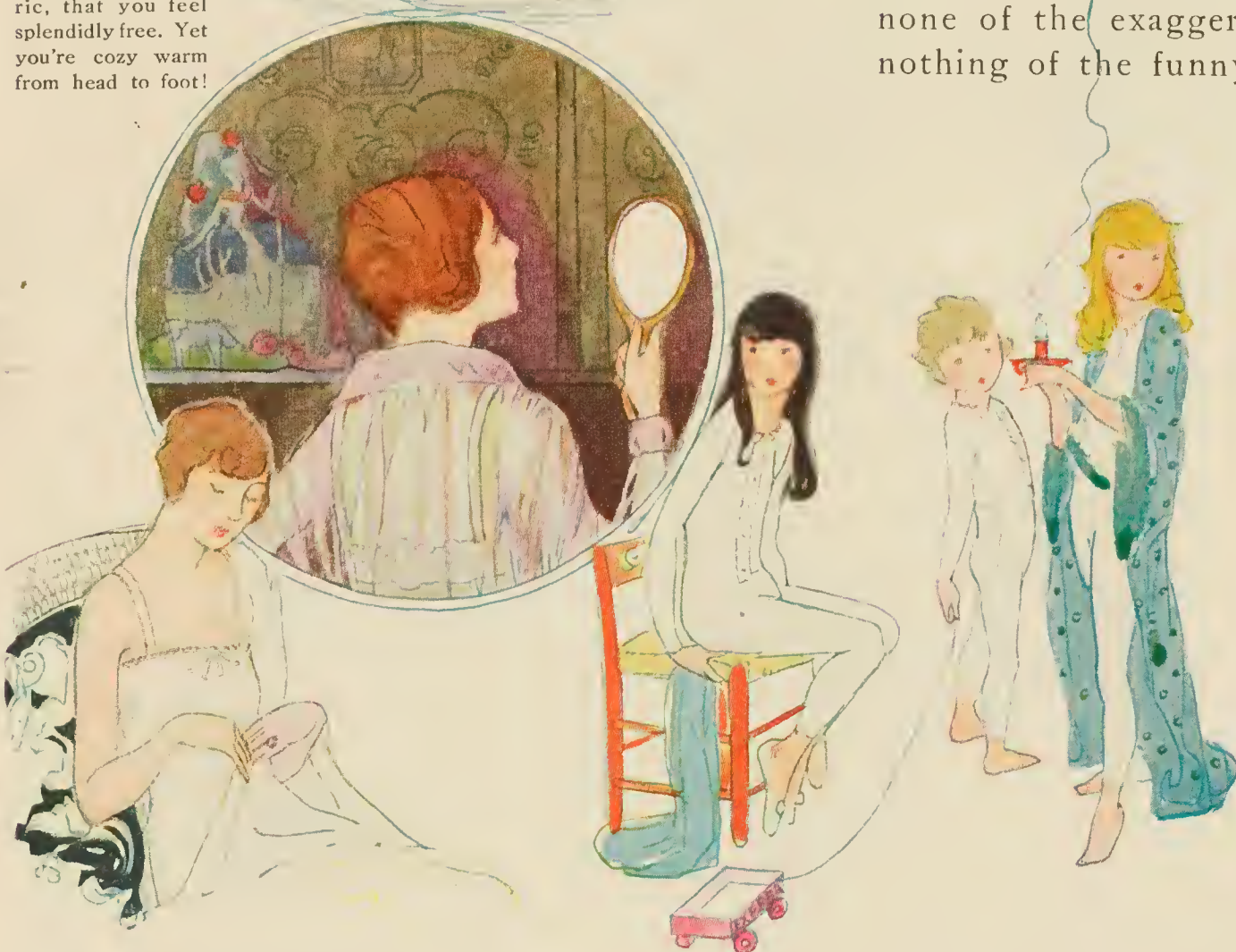
And when you are undressed, what a nice little vain feeling a Carter's Union Suit gives you! There are none of the exaggerated curves, nothing of the funny, too-plump

figure that ordinary underwear gives. Carter's clings where it ought to cling, has just the right freeness where it ought to be free, to give charming, girlish lines.

And Carter styles follow the season's fashions so closely that you can get undergarments to go with every possible kind of outer clothes—with sport clothes, street clothes, or domestic, around-the-house clothes; with sheer waists; with dinner frocks, or dance frocks.

See the many styles of Carter's Underwear the shops now have—in cotton, silk, lisle, merino and wool—in all weights. Get this Fall's, and Winter's, supply of underwear, for all the family—in one short shopping trip.

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY  
Needham Heights (Boston District)  
and Springfield, Mass.



### Who'd ever guess she had on winter underwear?

—even under the most diaphanous blouse! That's because Carter's Union Suits are styled to suit every smart outer-clothes fashion.

If you could just wish it into being, what kind of undergarment would you have? To your ankle? To your knee? Wrist or elbow sleeves? Sleeveless? High neck, Dutch or low neck? Bodice top—with charming ribbon straps over the shoulders?

Every one of these your favorite shopping place has—each with the blue and white Carter label.

And every one with the pretty, flat, double crocheted edge that only Carter's Underwear has. The edge that pulls up smoothly around the neck; that lies so flatly all around your arm, there's never the slightest "ruffle" to show through your waists.

### Soft as his own little skin

Every washing makes his tiny Carter shirts only softer and whiter—they cannot get harsh. And the delicate crocheted edge, the stout buttonholes, cannot seem to wear out.



### They refuse to wear out— they're always "handed down"!

It must be a slow-growing, strenuous big sister indeed, who can wear out her Carter's before she outgrows them—the soft, smooth yarns are of such fine quality, the seams so flat and strong. And yet these union suits are so soft and shapely after many many washings that Polly and Margaret dance with glee over the "new" Carter's they have just "come into."

**Carter's KNIT Underwear**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. FOR ALL THE FAMILY





# Victor



## “HIS MASTER’S VOICE”

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

### *What this trademark means*

To you—an assurance of quality.

To us—an acceptance of responsibility.

It identifies the products of the Victor Talking Machine Company. Yes, but it goes further than that, for it is the symbol of achievement. Products bearing this mark have their origin and are manufactured complete in the greatest and most efficient plant of its kind in the world. They are created by the greatest array of musical talent ever drawn together by any one for any purpose. They represent the greatest investment of time, money and scientific research that has ever been made with absolute singleness of purpose in this particular line of human endeavor. In these products are embodied practically all of the basic improvements which have given the talking machine its patent of nobility among musical instruments and have established the Victor as a standard of comparison for all other such instruments.

Victors and Victrolas \$12 to \$950. Victor dealers everywhere.

## Victor Talking Machine Co.

Camden, N. J., U. S. A.