

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE SUMMER FASHION NUMBER
WITH 100 FASHION PICTURES



Drawn by W. T. Smedley

JUNE 1908

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

FIFTEEN CENTS

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Painted by George Gibbs for Cream of Wheat Company.

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“HULLY GEE! IT'S CREAM OF WHEAT.”

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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The Editor's Personal Page

A Delft Brooch Direct from the Netherlands for Every Girl

A FEW days ago I received a letter from a girl who wrote: "I have just received that sweet Delft pin, and I wonder why you had said so little about these pins in our column for the past one or two months, for it is certainly lovely." Now I will tell you why. You remember that I told you that these quaint pins are painted just for our members by girl artists in the old Delft potteries. Well, when I wrote only a few samples had been actually received. When the first shipment arrived and was taken out of the custom house it was found that a part of the order had been sent, and so I knew that the only way to prevent a lot of girls from being disappointed was to say as little as possible about them until all should be received.

And now they are here, no two alike. They are of the exact size shown in the illustration. The scenes are all typical windmills, boats and quaint little houses painted in blue and white with dainty silk. Only the delicate filigree silver frames are identical.

Remember that this pin is not imitation Delft; not German Delft; not Belgian Delft; but the only real Delft there is the genuine Delft from the Netherlands. The colors are, of course, the Delft blue and white, and it is in a sterling-silver setting made in the Netherlands.

Lots of girls have written to say that they didn't want to earn money, but they wanted to become members of The Girls' Club by paying dues. Of course I have had to tell them that membership cannot be paid for; it must be earned. The Delft pins, like all the other good things enjoyed by our members, must be earned, but the work necessary to get them is so little as to be hardly worth considering. Even if you don't want to earn money you can join simply for the purpose of getting the Delft pin.

A Brand-New Idea

AND right here I want to tell you about the clever idea of a member in Ohio. Of course we have all known of "13 Clubs"; almost every college has one. This Girls' Club member is one of a party who decided to do the things considered as that of an emblem. "We might have a little open umbrella," said one; "you know it is awfully hard to get an umbrella in the house." Another one thought of a tiny child riding on a brown. Then our member made her little speech: "You know, girls," she said, "we haven't much money, and if we spend a lot for the pins we won't be able to give all those others we have planned. You all make fun of my love for things from the Netherlands, but you admire them as much as I do; so why can't we have a Dutch 13 Club and get beautiful pins for nothing?"

Of course everybody exclaimed, "How?" Then our member said: "You girls wouldn't join The Girls' Club, but I did, and here is the first result," and she showed the dainty blue-and-white pin. There was a chorus of "Ohs," and it was decided that this was the very thing, for, besides if the pin didn't savor of bad luck, it was, as one girl said, "the sweetest ever, and, even if, it would make a lovely belt-pin."

"Now," said our member, "even if a girl doesn't want to become a member, if she knows she can join just with the idea of getting the pin."

The girls wrote their notes of application, became members and now all have received the chosen emblem of the "Dutch 13 Club." When the last member received hers the opening affair of the Club was given. The girls and their friends have solemnly agreed not to increase their membership, so if you like the idea you will have to form another club!

THE GREAT CLUB
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

A Weekly Salary for Every Girl in America

AMONG the letters which THE JOURNAL used to find the most difficulty in answering were those from girls who asked for advice as to ways in which to earn money. Most of these girls wanted some of the thousand and one things dear to the girlish heart, the expense of which was beyond their limited allowances. Some needed the money for actual necessities. They said, and not without truth, that there were scores of ways in which boys could earn money, but when it came to a girl she was so often confronted with the objection that the plans proposed "weren't nice" or that they meant "unpleasant and undesirable associations." We had almost reached the limit of our ingenuity in suggesting plans when there came the idea of the formation of a club to be composed entirely of girls, the one object of the association being to enable its members to earn money. So we got the idea into working form, put one of our cleverest girls in charge of it and told her to go ahead with the details, promising her our advice and financial support. Within a few months thousands of girls applied for membership.

That was only the start. Since then the Club has gone on and on, until today it probably has the largest membership of any club in existence. Thousands of girls have been helped, a few of whom have earned as much as \$2000 each. Some became discouraged and earned but a few dollars; but all earned something. Courses in college have been paid for, wedding trousseaus bought, foreign trips taken, and, in fact, it would be hard to think of anything which a girl wants and which can be bought that has not been obtained through The Girls' Club.

And now, though the Club has continued to grow for nearly five years, THE JOURNAL is ready to make its members a new offer which ought to double the membership. Commencing on June 1st it will, through The Girls' Club, pay a weekly salary to any girl in America who wants to earn it. We are proud of what has been done by the girl members of this unique organization with no dues, and whose only entrance fee is a desire to earn money, and we want to show our appreciation in a practical way. The opportunity is open to any girl who wants to earn money. Just as many as have the inclination will be included. All that you have to do is to send a line of inquiry addressed to The Girls' Club, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, saying that you desire to receive information concerning the organization. There isn't one cent of expense to you.

A New Romantic Story By the Author of "A Minister of the World"

ADMIRERS of the work of Caroline Atwater Mason will, we feel sure, find this latest romance of hers a decided treat. The heroine of the story, which has been among the fascinating of the year.

"The Mystery of Miss Motie" is a girl of unusual character and endowments, who was born in India, but has grown up in New England. As the helper of the pastor of a large and wealthy city parish in his church work she is thrown into intimate relations with him and the younger assistant minister of the church. Both men are unmarried and both fall under the spell of her strange individuality, only to be baffled by some intangible barrier because of which, they are assured, she "can never marry," and to which only her mother and a visiting missionary from India hold the key. Out of the perplexing situation and the social life of the parish Mrs. Mason has woven a strange, original, delicately-handled romance, which is now being illustrated and set in type so that it may shortly be given to our readers.

Needlework for the Summer Plaza

BEGINNING next month we shall give three full pages of summer needlework in each number of THE JOURNAL. Among the earliest of these pages to appear will be one devoted to the new Swedish needlework, especially prepared for THE JOURNAL, and including handsome designs for household decorations and furnishings. Other pages will give new designs for monograms, descriptions of unusual foreign needlework, and an exceptionally pretty collection of out-of-the-way designs in tatting, as well as helpful descriptions of summer crocheting, knitting and patchwork—all of these pages showing how busy fingers may be pleasantly and tastefully employed in the long hours on the summer piazza.

Puzzle Prize Awards for April

ANSWERS

THESE are the correct answers to the Number puzzles published in THE JOURNAL for April:

- | | | |
|-------------|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. Forty | 4. Twenty-eight | 7. Thirty-one |
| 2. Eighteen | 5. Two | 8. Twelve |
| 3. Nine | 6. Twenty-two | 9. Three |

PRIZE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE—Mrs. B. M. Weaver, Illinois
SECOND PRIZE—Mrs. A. A. Ryder, Massachusetts
THIRD PRIZE—Marion Coe, Oregon

OTHER PRIZES—John L. Hayward, Ohio; Emma Millington, Indiana; E. K. Estabrook, Michigan; J. H. Preston, New Hampshire; Carrie E. Glover, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Samuel J. Record, Arkansas; Mrs. J. Starbuck, Jr., Georgia; Mrs. M. E. Hadden, Colorado; Frances Young, Missouri; H. W. Barnes, Illinois; Isabel Trotter, Ontario, N.C.; Sonia Mexico; Helen B. Pettengill, Vermont; Genevieve Pease, North Dakota; Mrs. G. Douglas, South Carolina; Margaret B. Mannington, New York; Mrs. C. G. Coe, Michigan; Mrs. Mary E. Hubbard, Missouri; Mrs. G. W. Straw, California; Margaret A. Gooder, Wisconsin; Joseph A. McElroy, New Jersey; Mrs. H. L. Douglas, Kansas; Mrs. R. Grant Brayley, Quebec; Miss Annie Bergin, Wisconsin; Lillian Calhoun, Mississippi; V. E. Wynan, Ohio; Helen L. McCree, Maryland; Mrs. James H. Martindale, Tennessee; Mrs. H. M. Hoke, Pennsylvania; Alice M. Gill, Washington; Edith Partridge, Nebraska; Mrs. Emily K. Timken, Kentucky; Mrs. Royal P. Jeter, Texas; Mrs. Brown Craven, North Carolina; Edna A. Markie, Utah; Hugh H. Ackler, West Virginia; Mrs. Ella W. Williams, California; Edna A. McElroy, New Jersey; Mrs. B. L. Stroup, South Carolina; J. W. Sperry, Rhode Island; Miss C. M. Harris, Illinois; Mrs. G. Virginia; Mrs. Frederick W. Ropp, New York; Gen. Moore, Indiana.

The Girls on This Month's Cover

THE painting of a group of pretty girls on this month's cover represents Mr. W. T. Smead at his best and as we believe our readers are sure to want some extra copies of it we have printed a special edition, retaining all the original matter, but omitting the advertising on the back. To any one sending ten cents we will forward a copy, carefully packed in a strong box, with postage prepaid, so long as the supply lasts.

How Colors Affect Apparent Size

WILL you please tell me if different colors are supposed to make a difference in the apparent size of objects? For instance, or a room? and which colors make things look larger, and which smaller? A. W. V.

The light colors having a tendency to make dark objects and spaces look larger than do dark colors. Deep reds, blues and green seem to contract spaces or objects, while pale yellows and cream colors expand them. A room always looks larger with light than with dark wall-paper. Why? Because there is more reflected light in the room and you can see more. The earth looks more expansive under sunlight than moonlight for the same reason. J.C.E.

The Most Dangerous Sea in the World

Is there any one sea which is considered more dangerous to vessels than any other of the world? G. A. A.

Statistics seem to point to the Baltic Sea as the most dangerous one of the world. The record of wrecks is greater there than anywhere else—the average being one a day throughout the year.

An Inarticulate Affection in Singing

Is the tremolo, which singers great and small are affecting, the proper way to sing, or merely lack of correct breathing? W. H. H.

The tremolo, as it is popularly called, is decidedly inarticulate and should be avoided. Sometimes it is the result of poor breath-control, sometimes of forced or staccato tones, and often it is a deliberate affectation. It is in these cases more properly called a wobble, and it was introduced into dramatic singing by the celebrated tenor, Kubliakoff, for the purpose of simulating the trembling of the voice caused by intense emotion. Voices are now supposed to tremble with emotion all the time. Some great singers have mentioned the vibrato effect. Among them may be named the late, Patti and Campanini. J.C.E.

A Town that Moves Twice Every Year

I vaguely recall having once heard of a town which does not stay in the same place all the time. Can you tell me anything about it?

You probably mean Garok, a trade town in Tibet. During three months of the year it is located at the place where the river, the Tsang, flows. During the other nine months it is not there at all, but is about forty miles farther south on much lower altitude. Climatic conditions are the cause of this migratory habit. When the snow grows too thick for the Chinese caravan trade to pack up and, driving the herds of yaks, sheep and goats, move to the mountainside, the traders from India to aid begin to drift in. Trade continues for three months; then the severe Tibetan winter sets in and the town moves back and its long period of hibernation sets in. J.C.E.

Millions of Matches Used Daily

How many millions of matches are used per day in this country? FREEMAN.

Those who are in a position to get statistics on the subject estimate that more than two million boxes of matches are used daily.

Shakespeare and Dramatic Purpose

What is meant by "dramatic purpose" and what is the dramatic purpose of the lines in "Julius Cæsar" beginning: "O error, mein-der's child!"

The phrase "dramatic purpose" means, generally speaking, the special intention of a writer of a drama proposed to make by the handling of his material and the arrangement and relation of his characters. Shakespeare writes with a very free hand. There is much in every play which does not directly contribute to his dramatic purpose in a particular play. He involves a wealth of thought upon a great group of characters sometimes suggested by very minor parts, a splendor of poetry out of all relation to their importance. On the other hand, there are many passages in the plays which do not seem to relate to the action, but which prepare the reader's mind for the further evolution of the plot by throwing light on character by the contrast of his character and fate. In the passage quoted the dramatist is pressing home by the aid of imagery the fatal influence of error on the hero who, strongly conceived, can never come to a happy birth. J.C.E.

How Hard the Wind Sometimes Blows

Sometimes after a great storm the papers say that the wind had blown fifty miles an hour. Is it ever true? A YACHTSMAN.

There are official records of a velocity of more than sixty miles an hour.

More Men than Women are Color-Blind

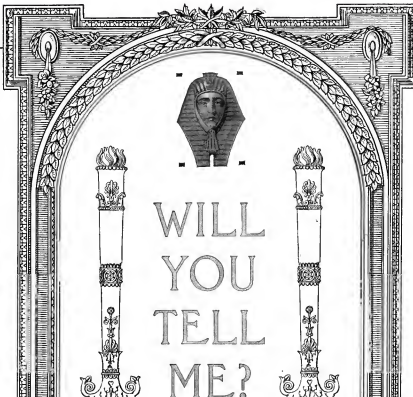
About how many men out of a hundred are color-blind? INVESTIGATOR.

From three to four. But color-blindness is not really so common among women, the average being less than one per cent.

Washington was the Richest President

Who is the richest President of this country who ever had? M. M.

Unquestionably Washington, although it is obviously impossible to make a comparison by exact figures. Starting in life as a poorer man, he became the richest man of his country. He was always a thorough man of business, and in later life he was a successful speculator. He advertised and conducted his ventures—one of which was in house lots on the Ohio River—with such honest regard for the public that no question was ever raised so to the step which his riches were acquired. At the time of his death his fortune was as large a share of the general wealth as are the enormous fortunes of today. J.C.E.



A Page of Careful Answers to Questions that are Asked Us

Best Short Stories by Living Writers

What in your opinion is the best short story by a living author, and why? W. F. M.

There is no "best short story" by a living author." It would be impossible to secure entire agreement of opinion on such a question. There are a number of best short stories by living writers. Among them are Mr. Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," Mr. James's "The Lesson of the Master," Miss Lewley's "The Queen's Twin," Mr. Allen's "The Kentucky Cardinal," Mr. Page's "Moh Lady," Miss Gilman's "A New England Nun," and Mr. Stewart's "Sonny." J.C.E.

Blind Boys Often Play Football

Is it true that blind boys really play football, as I have heard they do? DOUBTER.

They certainly do, and baseball, too, but the games have to be modified. In football, for example, goal kicking is abolished, for fear of collision with goal posts. At the games are lively and hard-fought. Running races, too, are quite common. J.C.E.

Why a Bank is Called a "Bank"

Kindly tell me why a bank is called a "bank" and a business man who cannot pay his debts a "bankrupt." E. C. A.

A bank is so called because the bench or low table upon which money was changed long ago was everywhere known as a "bank" and the word was taken from the French word "banque" or "banca"; the Italians softened it to "banco"; the English left it unchanged. When a man who ran a "bank" or bench for changing money could not meet his business obligations his bench or "bank" was broken or "ruined" and he became known as a "bankrupt." J.C.E.

Shakespeare had a Good Income

What salary or wages did Shakespeare receive as an actor? ORZIELLO, JUNIOR.

It is understood that he got about twenty pounds a year from his plays and a hundred and ten for his acting. In our money that would be about the same as \$4000 or \$5000 a year at the present time. Previous to 1600 a play could be bought for from \$30 to \$75. J.C.E.

Good Books About Orchestras

Can you recommend a few good library books on a clear idea of the make-up of an orchestra and orchestral music? BERNARD SELL.

I should say that were the best in the English language are "The Orchestral Instruments of 'H. Clarke's" A Manual of Orchestration," by George Grove, and "The Orchestration," by Richard Wagner's "On Conducting," by Grove's "Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies."

Also the standard lives of the leading orchestral composers. J.C.E.

The Signet Answer to the questions on this page are contributed as follows:

- An Answer (page 74) — by PROFESSOR JOHN C. VAN DYKE, of Rutgers College.
- Music (signed J.C.E.) — by Mr. W. J. HENDERSON, of The New York School.
- Books (signed M.F.) — by Mr. FRANKLIN W. MABIE, of "The Outlook."
- Geneals (signed J.C.E.) — by Mr. HAMILTON B. WILEY, of The Ladies' Home Journal.
- All questions must be sent to individual writers, but only to the Editors of "Will You Tell Me?" to one of the Ladies' Home Journal. Publishers. This is necessary as a selection of questions for answer to be printed will be made. Where answers by mail are desired postage must be inclosed, and such answers will be sent to the regular Editor of "Will You Tell Me?" The individual writers will confine their work to the printed page. J.C.E.

In the Next Issue of the Journal the Department "That Reminds Me" Will Appear

We Have Nearly 20,000 Miles of Coastline

How many miles of coastline would the United States have if guard in case of war, and how would it be guarded? N. C.

The length of this country's coastline, including the Philippines and other insular possessions, is 172,844 miles. Practically all the important harbors and roadsteads are protected by forts; the thousands of smaller "creeper" harbors would have to be guarded by the navy or by temporary land defenses. J.C.E.

The Origin of the Steeple in Church Architecture

What is the origin of the steeple in church architecture? N. C.

The pointed gables or peaks of ancient towers furnished the suggestion for the church steeple. It is of a much earlier origin than the result of the gradual evolution of church buildings from the tower form. The pointed or aspirating termination of a steeply notched tower was the practical purpose of making the presence of a church known at a distance, sometimes by means of the addition of a beacon light at night, but also by telling the reaching-up of mankind toward the higher life—a piece of symbolism which has played a prominent part from the earliest days in the erection of temples, either by placing the building on a height or by making it as lofty in form as possible. J.C.E.

Art Study Abroad—Ever Art Study Here

Given two young art students of equal professional ability, would the one who studied art abroad surpass the one who studied in the art circles here?

Probably a better education may be obtained abroad than here, but education is not the only element of success. So much of an artist's quality depends on individuality. Many have delicate plenty of painters with exceptionally good drawing and coloring ability, but who do not say things, but have not a thing to say. They have been educated out of the way of a quality they may have possessed. Moreover, you cannot train your eye for the things which are beautiful. It relies against definitions and rules, and fights for individual expression. Education in the fine arts does not furnish material at times if it improves the brain already furnished. J.C.E.

How the "Tip" Got its Name

How did the "tip," meaning a money gratuity, come to be known by that name? STRAZ.

The custom of "tipping" is said to have originated more than a century ago in an old English inn where the waiters placed little wooden lozenges bearing the words, "To Insure Promptness," at the entrance of a door in the shape of a quality they put such small coins in as they might care to give in return for the services they received. The waiters gave these among the waiters at other inns; in some cases only the initial letters of the words were used, and some coins came to be known as the "T. L. P." boxes, and the coin dropped into them was called a "tip." J.C.E.

Thomas Wedgwood, the First Photographer

Who was the first photographer? E. M. F.

The name of Thomas Wedgwood is connected with the name of Thomas Wedgwood. As early as about 1790 an Italian named Porta invented the first photographic camera in the shape of a hollow box, to which light was admitted through one small aperture in the shape of a pinhole, so that the white slightly faint inverted image of the landscape outside appeared on the white surface of the wall within. This became known as the camera obscura. The first actual photographic camera was invented by Nicéphore Niépce, a German named Schultze, and others, like Charles Niepce, and Wedgwood published a paper on the subject. Niepce still further. But to Wedgwood belongs the honor of being the first to produce pictures by the action of light on a sensitive surface. He and Humphry Davy carried on successful experiments in 1802, and Wedgwood published a paper on the subject. Daguerre's, so called after their French inventor, Louis Daguerre, were produced in 1839. The first successful picture of a human face was made by John W. Draper, of New York University, in 1840. J.C.E.

When a Bride Wears Rosemary

Is there any significance in the wearing of rosemary by a bride? W. H.

Girls who wear rosemary on their wedding day are following the custom of the bride of olden times and of Scandinavia. The rosemary was worn by them because it was the favorite flower of the gods, and the gods accorded the Scandinavian mythology, sent the sunbeam. He was therefore considered the most faithful, increase, marriage and the home. J.C.E.

Which Letter Came Last in Our Alphabet

When the English language was formed which letter was the last one added? STUDENT.

It was J. For a long time I and J were used interchangeably. J.C.E.

The Place of "The Odyssey"

I should like to know the special merit which enables "The Odyssey" to hold the place it does among books. P. F.

Matthew Arnold said years ago that the distinctive notes of Homer's writing were the plainness of thought, plainness of expression, and simplicity. These are all characteristics of "The Odyssey," which is more complete than the Iliad, and more narrative and more interesting. It is, to begin with, a naive and perfectly simple and direct story of a man's adventures. The characters are presented with the greatest distinctness and artistic effectiveness. His epic qualities are there, but he never lets them get in the eye and to the imagination. The story in "The Odyssey" is more complete and more interesting. It is, to begin with, a naive and perfectly simple and direct story of a man's adventures. The characters are presented with the greatest distinctness and artistic effectiveness. His epic qualities are there, but he never lets them get in the eye and to the imagination. The story in "The Odyssey" is more complete and more interesting. It is, to begin with, a naive and perfectly simple and direct story of a man's adventures. The characters are presented with the greatest distinctness and artistic effectiveness. His epic qualities are there, but he never lets them get in the eye and to the imagination. The story in "The Odyssey" is more complete and more interesting. J.C.E.



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Ivory Soap is as useful at the seashore as it is at home.

Please remember that.

Please remember, also, that it is a very easy matter to find room in your trunk for four or five cakes of Ivory Soap; and that the need for it will arise at least a dozen times a day.

The soap which most summer hotels furnish is all right in its way; but it isn't as good as Ivory. Nor can it be used for so many different purposes—for the bath, for the toilet, for shampooing, as well as for cleansing all sorts of things, which you may not care to entrust to the hotel laundress.

There is no "free" (uncombined) alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin.

Ivory Soap 99⁴⁹/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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In an Editorial Way

THE DOUBLE STANDARD OF MORALITY OF THE SEXES has perplexed thousands of women, particularly the mothers of sons. They have never been able to see why a moral wrong in their sex should be a justifiable "necessity" with men. And thousands of mothers have accepted departures from their ideas of morality on the part of their sons as inevitable, because "hygienic reasons" were hinted at "which women cannot understand." It is due to women that they should know the truth.



What a Man Was Said to Have Said

A GREAT MANY YEARS AGO a German physician, of unquestioned standing, was "said to have said" that "the sowing of wild oats" on the part of a man, in his younger days, was in accordance with his physical or hygienic necessities. He was reported as having said, too, that a life free from such an indulgence was all very well from a moral and ethical standpoint, but that when the "physical necessities" were considered it did not, and would not, hold good. A statement so inviting in its subject, and so comforting in its justification of a world-prevailing evil, was, of course, seized upon with avidity, and within a few months it had crossed every ocean in the world, and been duly heralded in every channel of printed publicity. Folks believed it because they wanted to believe it. Physicians accepted it, repeated it, and, naturally, with the weight of medical repetition behind it, it was not long before a large part of the public accepted the statement as a well-grounded medical fact. And it is this today.



What the Man Did Say

SO MUCH CAN ONE MAN DO: not the German physician who is "said to have said" it, but the man who *thought* the physician said it, and gave to the public as a fact what was an absolute perversion of what he did say. For the German physician never said what he is reported to have said. What he did say came out later when the erroneous statement began to be heralded, and it was this: that "the sowing of wild oats" on the part of a young man was strangely enough believed by many, both medical and non-medical men alike, to be a physical necessity, whereas from no medical studies or investigations, anywhere attainable, would such a "physical necessity" hold good. A slightly different statement! But the truth never caught up with the lie. It seldom does. And in perhaps no other single instance was a lie destined to do such incalculable damage. The medical profession has suffered from it, and, despite all that the most careful students of physiology could say, the lying statement has lived.

Of late, however, there has arisen a strong and insistent resolve among the foremost medical bodies and the acknowledged authorities of physiology and pathology to get from under the lie, and greater and more effectively-organized efforts are being made today than ever before to reach the great public with honest teachings on this vital topic. But the popular press is, by reason of a false notion, closed to the dissemination of such knowledge, and the medical papers never reach the public.



The Truth of the Matter

ALL THE GREAT MEDICAL ORGANIZATIONS the world over stand as an absolute unit on the fallacy of the "wild-oats" theory. Instead of the popular fallacy that a young man is physically the worse for a clean, moral life, the entire weight of evidence of the world's foremost medical knowledge is unreservedly of the opinion that he is physically better for it. The distinguished specialists of the International Brussels Congress declared, as a body, that a clean, moral life for a man "is not prejudicial to health, but, on the contrary, is to be recommended from a purely hygienic point of view." The foremost German medical society took up the same ground. Fournier, one of the greatest specialists in the world, said of the so-called "physical dangers of strict morality in men, 'I do not know them.'" The foremost society in America for the study of this whole subject stamps the "wild-oats" fallacy as one of "the most dangerous errors to be counteracted," and roundly condemns the idea almost universally prevalent among young men that "the sowing of wild oats" is a "physical necessity, essential to their health." Young men everywhere should know, says this society, that a clean moral life is compatible with the highest physical and mental vigor, and that not alone does "physiology clearly teach this," but also that "the experience of athletes, sportsmen, scholars and others is absolutely conclusive upon this point."

These words come not from men who do not know, or who talk idly. They come from men of the world, strong, virile and in the very midst of the world's achievements, like Lyman Abbott and Felix Adler; from physicians of the highest repute, such as Dr. Edward C. Jenney, Dr. Edward L. Keyes, Dr. William Osler, Dr. Howard A. Kelly, Dr. L. B. Lorton Bangs, Dr. Prince A. Morrow, and scores of others. They are the men who are sponsors for these statements—men who know the world of men and what that world stands for.



What Ten Men Revealed

THE TRUTH OF THE QUESTION lies in the very opposite of the "wild-oats" theory. Of course, this point of view is at variance with the popular notion on this subject. But that is solely because the prevalent notion is baseless and has been blindly accepted. No actual medical ground has ever existed for it, any more than for the generally-accepted statement that it is only the rare man, the vastly exceptional man, who reaches years of manhood with the record of a clean life behind him. Statistics of this kind are always difficult to secure; almost impossible. Yet enough, and of an authoritative order, have been secured to disprove this alleged rarity. A physician of long experience, and having the entire confidence of a number of his male patients, during an inquiry extending over three years found the percentage of such lives to excite even his own astonishment. "I was amazed," he said, "to find six in a certain set of ten men, whereas I expected to find exactly the opposite ratio. And the most significant fact," he added, "was that the six men who had allowed their commonsense and decency to sway their lives had risen, in each case, to positions of eminence and power, and were today—although one was fifty-one and another sixty-nine—in the full enjoyment of their activities. The other four had not in a single instance, risen above subordinate positions. Of course, I do not mean to say that the one fact implies the other—I merely cite a fact as I found it."



A Case of 22 Students

THE PRESIDENT OF ONE of our five large universities recently conducted an experimental comparison between twelve students. In order to classify them, six belonged to the "wild-oats" class; the other six did not. With their own consent, in order to demonstrate a belief in which each was firmly convinced and keenly interested, an experimental record of efficiency in studies was kept. At the end of the term the twelve came together, at the invitation of the President (himself not by any means a strong believer in the abstinence from "wild oats"), and it was unanimously agreed, as one of the "wild-oats" students afterward expressed it, that "the other chaps had us whipped to a finish." And he added: "The truth is, I think, that 'Prexy' was as much surprised as we were at the showing. It taught us chaps something that I for one wouldn't have believed in any other way." And at the last term the same experiment was repeated with ten other students of the same university, and this second experiment produced practically the same results.



Where Doctors are to Blame

ALL THIS DOES NOT PROVE ANYTHING NEW to students of human nature. But it will be a revelation to those who have firmly—and backed by medical authority, too—believed not only in the rarity of clean moral habits in men, but also in the physical and hygienic reasons advanced against such habits. The words "medical authority" are used here, and correctly so. Too many physicians, either incompetent or too lazy to ascertain the truth for themselves, have advocated directly to young men the noxious "wild-oats" fallacy as a necessary element of good health. Here a tremendous amount of harm has been done. It is a good deal to expect of a young man that he shall exercise will-power and refrain from a departure from moral standards which his own doctor, in whom he has been taught to have confidence, tells him "is necessary to his health," generally with the even more dangerous proviso added, "within limitations, of course." If there is need of a clearer understanding of the truth of this noxious fallacy of "sowing wild oats" on the part of what we call the public at large, there is also a vital need of more enlightenment on the subject on the part of an all-too-large percentage of the physicians who have persisted for years in densely and apishly keeping alive a life-destroying lie, he does other than refute this fallacy.



The Same is Right for Both

EVERY WOMAN CAN ACCEPT THIS AS A FACT—that the most careful studies in physiology give the absolute lie to the "wild-oats" fiction; that as Dr. Prince Morrow has well said, it refutes, and refutes absolutely, that wretched sophistry which would strip masculine immorality of its guilt and make of it a pardonable pastime, even in a hygienic sense. On the other hand, what physiology does reveal and clearly teaches, and what is confirmed by experience, is that a clean life is compatible with the highest mental and physical vigor; that no man was ever better for "sowing his wild oats," or worse for not sowing them. There is not the slightest shadow of support in any teachings of physiology or hygiene for the present double standard of morality of the sexes. What is morally right and physically well for a woman is equally right and well for a man.



**The Child
Wanted
a Drink**

"PLEASE DO NOT LET YOUR CHILD DRINK out of that cup," said a woman in a railroad car to a father leading his five-year-old little girl to the water-cooler. "The man who has just passed into the smoking-car drank out of it, and I know what I am talking about when I say that he has a loathsome disease. I am a trained nurse."

The father laughed, and giving the child a cup of the water said to the nurse: "Oh, when you're traveling you've got to take things as they come. My little girl is thirsty."

The nurse sank into her seat in despair. Then recovering herself quickly she sought the mother of the child and whispered in her ear. The mother's face took on a horrified look, and she took her handkerchief and attempted to cleanse the child's mouth. Then she spoke to her husband, who wrathfully walked up to the cooler, took the cup, threw it out of the car door and thanked the nurse profusely. "But," thought the nurse to herself, "perhaps the harm has been done."



**The Public
Drinking-
Cup**

ON A LOCAL TRAIN A MAN STOPPED at the water-cooler and took a drink. Two, three glasses only sufficed to quench his thirst. When he turned around it was painfully evident to the most observing that he was a victim of tuberculosis. And yet between the next four stations five men, two women and eight children drank from that same glass. For forty miles on that train this went on: three men drinking from that public glass on whose faces were plainly stamped the traces of contagious disease.

Among all those who came to that cooler for a drink not a single person used a private drinking-cup. All those persons had exposed themselves to tuberculosis and the other diseases of the previous drinkers. And this goes on in hundreds of railroad cars, and will go on this summer, while thousands marvel where they contract disease that brings years of suffering to themselves and to others.

And this same dangerous menace to public health goes on in department stores; in parks; in public buildings and in hotels. And yet we wonder at the appalling spread of the fearful "black plague" and "white plague." When will we learn that the public drinking-cup is one of the most dangerous of public evils for the communication of disease that we have today? Children "must have a drink," we say: our own thirst "must be quenched," we argue, and we seek the fountain, no, not of water but of disease: almost sure; almost inevitable in its deadly infection.



**More Good
Work is
Wasted**

A DEAL OF GOOD WORK FOR OTHERS runs to waste for want of unremitting and persevering effort. Not long ago several young girls founded a club for little girls about twelve years old. This was in a suburban town, and all the young women lived in pleasant homes, surrounded by trees and verdure. When summer came the club was closed, and the girls were willing to give up their portion of her three months' vacation. Of course, the summer was the time when the children especially needed the good influence and innocent amusements provided for them, and which could have been made peculiarly possible on the grounds of the homes of the members. The fact, too, was overlooked that the summer months are a period of great danger and temptation to children whose homes afford little variety.

To work a charity in this way is to be like the snail which crawled up twelve inches during the day and fell back eleven every night. Almost all is lost in the summer that has been gained in the winter. Nothing worth doing can be accomplished without some sacrifice. If those engaged in bettering the lives of others want their work to count let them hold fast to the children or the people for whom their efforts are intended. If necessarily absent, let some one supply their place. Their work will be ten times as effective as the same amount of time and labor given in one season and stopped at another.

This is the lesson of the Good Samaritan. He did not merely carry the wounded man to the inn. He left two-pence that the man might be cared for so long as he needed care.



**What You
Eat with
Your Candy**

THEY DID AN EXCELLENT THING IN INDIANA: exactly what ought to be done everywhere. Not long ago the State Board of Health in Indianapolis descended upon a lot of street peddlers who sell candies, pop-corn and other confections. On the stands of these peddlers the Board placed little laboratory plates, no more and no less protected than the candies offered for sale. The wind blew upon those plates, and the dust descended thereupon. The busy and curious fly came to examine, and, neglecting to wipe his feet, in his haste, added his contribution of germs. After five minutes of exposure to wind, dust and flies, a three-inch plate was taken to the laboratory, where some three thousand distinct colonies of bacilli were discovered on it. Now the average bacillus is a very industrious colonizer. The colonies spread and grew, and when the story of them got into the newspapers the public stomach rose in wrath and other violent emotions, and every street peddler was forced to put his merchandise under protecting glass, and do it quickly. Naturally, the virtuous, rent-paying merchants wagged approving heads and said it served the rascals right. Then the same health authorities visited the department stores of these virtuous, rent-paying merchants, where rare perfumes and tuberculosis-infected dust are wafted about, and fined them in a police court for not keeping their sweetmeats properly covered up. Now the sweet-toothed folk of Indianapolis are, at least, getting cleaner candies. But not every State has a Board of Health that is as regardful of health as is the Indiana Board. So it is a neat and timely question to ask those who buy candies at unprotected stands or counters all over the country: What do you eat with your candy—typhoid germs or the bacilli of tuberculosis?



**50,000
Women
Wanted**

TO TAKE A PLAIN FARM, "where a man was born," and that man Abraham Lincoln, and change it into a splendid memorial, is what 50,000 men, from the President of the United States to the humblest laborer, have enrolled themselves to do. The farm of 110 acres, located about fifty miles from Louisville, Kentucky, was bought in 1902 and presented to an organization that was formed to develop the land into a memorial which should, by a large pillar, commemorate the spot where Lincoln was born, and the erection of a memorial building into which should be put the log cabin in which the great President first saw the light—the whole to be made into a beautiful park. On February twelfth next, the one-hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, the "farm" will be dedicated to the American nation by President Roosevelt. It is now desired that 50,000 American women may be added to the 50,000 American men already enrolled in "The Lincoln Farm Association," and the names of women in every community who are willing to form little local committees to get these 50,000 women are asked for. What mother of a son to whom the name of Lincoln has been and will be an inspiration would not help in this way to memorialize perpetually the most priceless farm in the United States? Your name and address and your willingness to form a little "Lincoln Farm" committee are all that is desired, sent to The Lincoln Farm Association, at 74 Broadway, New York City. Is it too much to hope that thousands of our women readers may do this: in the name and to the memory of Lincoln?



**The Mother
Who
"Yanks"**

THERE IS A "YANKING" MOTHER who has a good deal to answer for. Watch her on the street with a toddling youngster when she comes to a high step. It never occurs to this woman to stoop and put her hands under his arms and lift the little youngster up or down. She merely tightens her hold on his little hand and swings him down or "yanks" him up. The delicacy of a young child's tendons and muscles is little known or considered by the "yanking" mother, and when the child gets to be one-sided, with one shoulder higher than the other, or with a crooked back, or with a displaced spinal column, often incurable, it is always this mother who grievously wonders why. If such a woman were occasionally "yanked" up or down a high step she might be brought to realize "why."



**Backbone
and
Wishbone**

LET A YOUNG FELLOW SAY TO HIMSELF as he starts out in life: "I am going to be honest; I won't bet on betting nor gambling for me; and from drunkenness and sensuality I'm going to keep myself clean"; and he knows that such resolutions are, practically, a declaration of war. They mean daily difficulty. They are concerned with common-places temptations, and the conquest of them all will not make of him a hero in the esteem of general society. But that means that they are just so much the more heroic. For heroism is not a matter of applause. It is not an affair which needs for its performance the expectation of a multitude. It is not necessarily dramatic. The hero is the man who does the right thing when it is terribly hard to do it, and when other people are afraid. There are young men of high spirits, ready for adventures, who are sincerely desirous to be decent men. They have an instinctive liking for the unclean. But they go the way of the crowd because they are afraid to do anything else. They do not dare to stand alone and say: "No; not that. Fun, yes; but no dirt." And yet that is exactly the type of young man that we need most of all in the world today: not so much the brilliant chap; the young fellow of unusual attainments; but the one of moral nerve: the one who will glorify the common task; who has a backbone where others have a wishbone.



**When We
are Worth
While**

MOST OF US DREAD ILLNESS AND SUFFERING. But we forget that no other elements in human life so surely put a certain refining touch into our characters, provided we accept them with a smile. Then they leave their unmistakable marks worth on our lives. Those who rebel against sorrow, who complain, never reap its richest reward. The blessing that comes with sorrow becomes the greater only when we take the key of suffering which God Himself puts into our hands to unlock other sorrowing, suffering hearts and share with them the comfort we ourselves have received. It is easy enough to be bright and happy when everything is full of sunshine, and we are strong and vigorous. But then we deserve no credit for our cheer. It is after we have been disappointed, and one thing after another has been taken away from us—our dear ones perhaps, our home, our everyday comforts, and our health and strength—it is then that God lifts us to hear who is singing and who is whistling cheerily. Then He picks out this man, this woman, this child as "worth while"; and He works over them and watches them and caresses them with His love, for they are His chosen children—made "perfect through suffering."

"He gives His angels charge o'er them that sleep, but He Himself watches with them who wake."



**Another
Foolish
Woman**

STILL THE LIST OF FOOLISH WOMEN GROWS. One would imagine that a woman with even a grain of common-sense would hesitate to use a "patent medicine" in connection with her eyes—perhaps the most delicate organs of the human body. But not so:

"Mrs. — had been suffering with an affliction of the eyes, both of which were being treated. A friend advised her to take an eye-medicine that was largely advertised, which she was advised to use. She used the medicine as outlined and after a few applications became totally blind."



A Honeymoon Romance by the Author of "Titus" And So They Were Married

By Florence Morse Kingsley



DEAN BY W. B. KING

"You Don't Mean to Tell Me That You Have Been Thinking of—of Getting Married, and to a Man I Don't Know Even!"



DOCTOR NORTH'S wife, attired in her dressing-gown and slippers, noiselessly tilted the shutter of the old-fashioned inside blind and peered cautiously out. The moon was shining splendidly in the dark sky, and the empty street seemed almost as light as day. It had been snowing earlier in the evening. Mrs. North observed absent-mindedly, and the clinging drifts weighed the dark evergreens on each side of the gate closest to the ground. A dog barked noisily from his kennel in a neighboring yard, and a chorus of answering barks acknowledged the signal; some one was coming along the moonlit street. There were two figures, as Mrs. North had expected; she craned her plump neck anxiously forward as the gate clicked, and a light, girlish laugh floated up on the frosty air.

"Dear, dear!" she murmured, "I do hope Bessie will come right into the house. It is too cold to stand outside talking."

Apparently the young persons below did not think so. They stood in the bright moonlight in full view of the anxious watcher behind the shutter, the man's tall figure bent eagerly toward the girl, whose delicate profile Mrs. North could see distinctly under the coquettish sweep of the broad hat-brim.

"The child ought to have worn her high overshoes," she was thinking, when she was startled by the vision of the tall, broad figure stooping over the short, slight one.

The key clicked in the lock and there was the sound of a light foot on the carpeted stair.

Mrs. North opened her door softly. "Is that you, Bessie?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Isn't it very late, Child?"

"It is only half-past eleven."

"Did Louise go with you?"

"No, Mother, she had a sore throat, and it was snowing; so her aunt wouldn't allow her to go."

"Oh!" Mrs. North's voice expressed a faint disapproval.

"I'm sure I don't see why I must always have some other girl along—and Louise Glenny of all persons! I couldn't help being a little bit glad that she couldn't go."

"The girl turned a radiant face upon her mother. "Oh, you had a lovely time!" she murmured. "I'll tell you about it tomorrow. Is Father home?"

"Yes, he came in early tonight and went right to bed. I hope the telephone bell won't ring again before morning."

The girl laughed softly. "You might take off the receiver," she suggested. "Poor daddy!"

"Oh no, I couldn't do that. Your father would never forgive me. I'll watch out for it and answer it, and if it's Mrs. Salter again with one of her imaginary sinking spells I'm going to tell her the Doctor won't be in before six in the morning; I do hope it isn't her to deceive that much; but your father isn't made of iron, whatever some people may think."

The girl laughed again, a low murmur of joy. "Good-night, dear little mother," she said carelessly. "You are

always watching and waiting for some one, aren't you? But you needn't have worried about me." She stooped and kissed her mother, her eyes shining like stars; then hurried away to hide the blush which swept her face and neck.

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mrs. North, as she crept back to her couch drawn close to the muffled telephone. "I suppose I ought to have spoken to her father before this, but he is always so busy I hardly have time to say two words to him. Besides, he thinks Bessie is only a child."

The girl was taking off her hat and cloak in her own room. How long ago it seemed since she had put them on. She was still conscious of his first kisses, and looked in her mirror, as if half expecting to see some visible token of them.

"I can so happy—so happy!" she murmured to the radiant reflection which smiled back at her from out of its shadowy depths.

She sank to her knees after a while and buried her face in the coverlet of her little bed. But she could think of nothing but the look in his eyes, when he had said "I love you," and of the thrilling touch of his lips on hers. She crept into bed and lay there in a wide-eyed rapture, while the village clock struck one, and after a long, blissful interval, two. Then she fell asleep, and did not hear the telephone bell which called her tired father from his bed between three and four o'clock.

She was still rosiely asleep and dreaming when Mrs. North came softly into the room in the broad sunlight of the winter morning.

"Isn't Lizzie awake yet?" inquired a brisk voice from the hall. "My, my! but girls are idle creatures nowadays!"

The owner of the voice followed this dictum with a quick patter of softly-shod feet.

"I didn't like to call her, Mother," apologized Mrs. North. "She came in late, and—"

Grandmother Carroll pursed up her small, wise mouth. "I heard her," she said, "and that young man with her. I don't know, Daughter, but that we ought to inquire into his prospects and character a little more carefully, if he's to be allowed to come here so constant. Lizzie's very young, and—"

"Oh, Grandma!" protested a drowsy voice from the pillows. "I'm twenty!"

"Twenty; yes, I know you're twenty, my dear; quite old enough, I should say, to be out of bed before nine in the morning."

"It wasn't her fault, Mother; I didn't call her."

The girl was gazing at the two round, matronly figures at the foot of the bed, her laughing eyes grown suddenly serious. "I'll get up at once," she said with decision, "and I'll eat bread and milk for breakfast; I shall mind."

"She's got something on her mind," whispered Mrs. North to her mother, as the two patterned slippers downstairs.

"I don't know," responded Grandmother Carroll briskly. "I mistrust but what that young Bowser may have been putting notions into her head. I hope you'll be firm with her, Daughter; she's much too young for anything of that sort."

"You were married when you were eighteen, Mother; and I was barely twenty, you know."

"I was a very different girl at eighteen from what Lizzie is," Mrs. Carroll said warmly. "In my time healthy girls didn't lie in bed till ten o'clock. Many's the time I've danced till twelve and been up in the morning at five, tending to my work. You include Lizzie too much; and if that young Bixler—"

"His name is Brewster, Mother; and they say he comes of a fine old Boston family."

"Well, Brewster or Bixler; it will make no difference to Lizzie, you'll find; and I'll tell you, Daughter, when a girl like Lizzie offers to eat bread and milk for breakfast you can expect almost anything. I'll never forget the way you ate a boiled egg for breakfast every morning for a week—and you couldn't bear eggs—about the time the Doctor was getting serious. I mistrusted there was something to pay, and I wasn't mistaken."

Mrs. North sighed vaguely. Then her tired brown eyes lighted up with a smile. "I had letters from both the boys this morning," she said. "Frank has passed all his mid-year examinations, and Elliot has just made the 'varsity gym team.'"

"Made the what?"

"I don't quite understand myself," acknowledged Mrs. North, "but that's what he said. He said he'd done his numerals to show us when he came home Easter."

Elizabeth, fresh as a dewy rose and radiant with her new happiness, came into the room just as Mrs. Carroll folded the last sheet of the college letters.

"I'll ask Lizzie," she said, "Lizzie, what is a g-y-m team?"

"Oh, Grandma!" protested the girl, "please don't call me 'Lizzie.' Bessie is bad enough, but Lizzie! I always think of that absurd old Mother Goose rhyme,

"Elizabeth, Lizzie, Betsy and Ben,
All went hunting to find a lion's nest;
and besides, you promised me you wouldn't."

"Lizzie was a good-enough name for your mother," said Grandma briskly. "Your father courted and married her under that name, and he didn't mind." Her keen old eyes behind their shining glasses dwelt triumphantly on the girl's changing color. "You needn't tell me!" she finished irrelevantly.

"But Elizabeth had possessed herself of the letters, and was already deep in a laughing perusal of Elliot's scrawl."

"Oh, how splendid!" she cried; "he's made the 'varsity' on his ring work, too."

"I don't pretend to understand what particular work Elliot is referring to," observed Grandma with studied mildness. "Is it some sort of mathematics?"

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Elizabeth sprang up and flung both arms about the smiling old lady. "You dear little hypocritical Grandma!" she said; "you know perfectly well that it isn't any study at all, but just gymnastic work—all sorts of stunts, swinging on rings and doing back and front levers and shoulder stands and things of that kind. It has such magnificent muscles he can do anything, and better than any one else, and that's why he's on the 'varsity, you see!'"

"Thank you, Elizabeth," said Grandma tranquilly. "I'd entirely forgotten that young men don't go to college now to study their lessons. My memory is getting poor."

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DEAN BY W. B. KING

"Why Did You Ask My Girl to Go to School?"

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"No, Grandma, dear, it isn't. You remember everything a thousand times better than any one else; and, what is more, you know it. But, of course, Elliot's tales—he has to tell me, because he knows I am one of the finest boys he knows. He thinks he would make a splendid engineer. He admires Frank, especially immensely."

"What does the young man think of Elizabeth?" asked Mrs. Carroll with a wise smile.

"He—oh, Grandma, I—I didn't mean to tell just yet, but he is—"

"There, there, Child! Better go and find your mother. I'm missing the best good-by and her fingers!" She drew the girl into her soft arms and kissed her twice.

Elizabeth sprang up all in a lovely flame of blush and ran out of the room.

II

WHEN Samuel Herrick Brewster, B. S. and Civil Engineer, late of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, came to Inausfeld for the purpose of joining the corps of engineers already at work on a new and improved system of water-works, he had not the slightest intention of falling seriously in love. His ideas with regard to matrimony, though delightfully vague in their general character, were sufficiently clear-cut and decided upon an important particular—which he had been careful to mention at length to those importunate undergraduates of his fraternity who had appeared to need friendly counsel from their elders. "As a man," he would say conclusively, "has no business to marry till he can feel solid ground under his feet. He should be thoroughly established in his profession and well able to pay the shoe."

When this sapient young gentleman first met Elizabeth North he was disposed to regard her as a very intelligent sort of girl with remarkably handsome brown eyes. On the occasion of his third meeting with the young lady he found himself, rather to his surprise, telling her about his successful work in "Tech" and how he hoped to "set somewhere" in his profession some day. Elizabeth in her turn had confided to him her disappointment in not being able to go to Wellesley, and her ambitious attempts to keep up with Marion Evans, who was in her Sophomore year, in literature and music. She played Chopin's Fantasie Impromptu for him as Mrs. North's garrulous old piano; and as her slender fingers twinkled over the yellow keys he caught himself wondering how she would manage to get a husband. In the course of a month he had fallen into the habit of strolling home with Elizabeth after church, and twice a week, in the kindness of her motherly heart, had asked him to dinner.

As for Doctor North, that overworked physician was seldom to be seen, being apparently in a chronic state of hastily and energetically climbing into his gig, and as energetically and hastily climbing out again. He had hurriedly shaken hands with Elizabeth, and made him welcome to his house in one of the brief intervals between office hours and the ever-waiting gig. After that it was fair to state that Doctor North had forgotten that such a person as Samuel Herrick Brewster, B. S., C. E., existed. One may judge therefore of his feelings when a certain moment of relaxation between a carefully-cooked dinner and an expected summons by telephone to acquaint him with the fact of their daughter's engagement.

"Engaged?" exclaimed the Doctor, starting out of his chair. "Bess—engaged! Oh, I guess not. I don't allow another man's engagement to be a family child; and as for this young fellow—what'd you say his name was? We don't know him!"

III

"Now, Mother, what made you? I wanted to tell Daddy myself. Oh, I don't know what he'll be in the world!" There, as Elizabeth caught the hurt, bewildered look in her father's eyes, she perched on his knee in the old familiar fashion. "It seems sudden—don't you know, I'm married," but really it isn't, Daddy. Why, we've known each other since last summer."

"I'm afraid I'm very stupid, Child, but I don't believe I understand. You don't mean to tell that you have been thinking of—of getting married, and to a man I don't know even?" Doctor North shook his head decidedly.

"But you do know him, Daddy; he's been here ever so many times. Of course," she added with a touch of laughing malice, "he's perfectly well, and you seldom notice well people, even when they're in your own family."

"I don't have to time, Bess," admitted the Doctor soberly; "there are too many of the other sort. So—how about this young—Brewster, was his name? Has he come round, in office hours, say, and I'll try to talk the young man's further acquaintance before we make about an engagement?"

The girl kissed her father dutifully. "I want you to get acquainted with him, Daddy," she said sweetly, but she was engaged.

That same afternoon Doctor North, looking worried and anxious after a prolonged conference with the village hypochondriac, who had come to him daily charged with symptoms of a new and distinguished disease lately imported from Europe, found himself face to face with a tall, fresh-faced young fellow who came into the office bringing with him a breath of the wintry air and a general appearance of breezy health which caused the hypochondriac to look up anxiously in the act of putting on her rubbers.

"If that new medicine doesn't relieve that terrible fever in my eyes," he said, "I don't believe I'll be able to see—it's goin' to—!" "I'll let you know," she remarked acidly. "You needn't be surprised to be called 'moss' any time between now and then," said Mrs. Salter. "I ain't a-go'in' to suffer as I did last night for nobody."

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Salter," said the Doctor emphatically. "Now then, young man, what can I do for you?"

"The young man in question colored bravely. "I shouldn't have ventured to call upon you during your office hours, Doctor North, but I understood from

Elizabeth that you could be seen at no other time; so I'm here."

"Elizabeth—eh? Yes, yes, I see. I—or—didn't remember the fact for the moment. Just come into my private office for a minute or two, Mr. Brewster."

The worthy Doctor handed his visitor a chair facing the window, and he seated himself and looked at the young engineer, who, on his part, bore the scrutiny with a sturdy self-possession which pleased the Doctor in spite of himself.

"Elizabeth told you of our engagement, I believe, sir?"

"She told me something of the sort—yes," admitted the young man. "I said to her that I was engaged, and wouldn't consent an engagement between you and at present. Did she tell you that?"

"I'm glad that you wished to make my further acquaintance. I should like, if you have the time, to know you something about myself. You have the right to know yourself."

The Doctor nodded gravely. "If you expect me—at any time in the future, you understand—to give you my only daughter I certainly am entitled to know—everything."

The young man looked the Doctor squarely in the eyes and he spoke freely but firmly. "There's nothing much to tell," he said. "My father and mother are dead. I have one sister, older than I, married to one of the best fellows in the world and living well. I made my home with them till I came to 'Tech.' You can ask any of the professors there about me. They'll tell you I was a good student, and was graduated. Since then I've been at work at my profession. I'm getting twelve hundred a year now, but—"

"I'm right there. Why did you ask my girl to marry you?"

"Because I loved her."

"Oh, hush! And she—fancies that she loves you—eh?"

A dark flush answered Samuel Brewster's ingenious query. "She has," he said. "I have no doubt. But he said it in a tone which suddenly brought back the older man's vanished youth."

There was a short silence; then the Doctor arose so abruptly that he nearly upset his chair. "Made my home with them till I came to 'Tech.' You can ask any of the professors there about me. They'll tell you I was a good student, and was graduated. Since then I've been at work at my profession. I'm getting twelve hundred a year now, but—"

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she dressed like sixteen, and furthermore, that her boasted social popularity in Boston was a figment of her own vivid imagination. Elizabeth North, however, had always admired Miss Tripp in the shy, distant fashion suited to the great girl which appeared to exist between the fashionable lady from New York and the daughter of the country Doctor. Miss Tripp was unquestionably elegant, and her smart gowns and the large picture hats she affected had created quite a sensation in Inausfeld, where, so long as the spring fashions were viewed with a certain stern disfavor as being linked in some vague manner with irreligion of a dangerous sort.

IV

When, therefore, Elizabeth encountered Miss Tripp on the street, she was unaccountably surprised when that lady stopped her, holding out both hands in a pretty, impulsive gesture.

"I was just on my way to see you, dear, but if you are going out, of course I'll come another day. My dear, I've seen him, and he's simply perfect! I really couldn't wait to tell you. Do tell me when you are to be married? In June, I hope, for then I shall be here to help!"

Elizabeth flushed with surprise and pleasure. "I'm not married yet," she said. "My fiancé has just been acknowledged. Then, with a sudden access of her new dignity," Mr. Brewster expects to return to Boston in the spring. The work here will be finished by then."

Miss Tripp's eyes brightened with a speculative gleam. "Oh, then you will live in Boston! How delighted I am to hear that! I've been so anxious to know how you related to Mrs. Mortimer Van Duser? You didn't? But of course you must have heard of Mrs. Van Duser? I've seen her in the city. She is a very nice woman, and properly you will have an entrée to the most exclusive circles. Elizabeth flushed consciously that Miss Tripp would not be so kind as to let her see her. She felt that it was too sacred, too wonderful a thing to discuss on the street with a mere acquaintance. Yet all the while she was really conscious of her new ring which she could feel under her glove, and a childish desire to uncover its astonishing brilliancy before such warmly appreciative friends as she had.

"Won't you walk home with me!" she asked.

"Mother will be so glad to see you."

"Oh, then, I shall be coming to condole with your dear mother as well as to wish you all sorts of happiness. I've so often spoken of you to my friends in Boston."

Elizabeth wondered what Miss Tripp could possibly have said about her to her friends in Boston. But she was assured by Miss Tripp's brilliant eyes that it had been something agreeable. When she came into the room after removing her hat and cloak she found her mother deep in conversation with her engagement. She felt her hand on the sofa with a smile and a graceful tilt of the head for her.

"I've been talking about you every minute, dear child. You shall see what a sweet wedding you will have. Everything must be of the very latest, and it isn't a minute too soon to begin on your trousseau. You really gladden me. I've been so anxious to see you know; these flimsy laces and machine-made edges are so common, you won't think of them, and they don't wear a bit well."

Mrs. North glanced appealingly at her daughter. "I'm so glad to see you, Daddy!"

"I guess Elizabeth isn't intending to be married for a long time yet. I—she can't spare her."

Miss Tripp laughed airily. "Poor mamma! I've married my own girl. My daughter-in-law is so gratulated on your future son-in-law. He belongs to a very aristocratic family. Mrs. Mortimer Van Duser is a relative, you know, and dear Betty must have everything suitable. I'll do some pretty things, dear; I'd love to, and I'll be sure to get them done. My daughter has absolutely forbidden me to use my eyes; and I simply can't resist the temptation."

Then the visitor had exclaimed over the sparkle of Elizabeth's modest diamond which caught her eyes at the moment, and, presently, in a perturbed rush of silver skirts and laces and soft furs, she swept away, chatting to the outermost verge of the frosty air in her sweet-tinted, drawing voice.

V

Elizabeth drew a deep breath as she watched the slim, erect figure. She felt something nudge at her constrained and totally unfit for her high destiny as a member of Boston's select circles, and as a result of these unenviable conditions she had been obliged to come to Boston and began to look over her wardrobe with growing dissatisfaction.

While she was hearing the sound of opening and shutting drawers, came into the room and stood looking on with what appeared to be the girl a provokingly indifferent expression on her sweet face.

"It is really too soon to begin worrying about wedding clothes, Bessie," observed Mrs. North with a show of maternal sympathy. "Mrs. Mortimer Van Duser's silver—"

"I might begin to make up some underclothes. I've a good firm piece of cotton in the house, and I can give you some edge."

The girl surveyed her mother, her lips thrust forward in an unbecoming pout. "Why, Mother, she said, 'people die of shyness, and I've got to be as fine and delicate as a coquette, and—hand-embroidered. You heard what Miss Tripp said, and you see that she follows. Marion has a new dress, and she's going to college. Of course I've never had anything of the sort, but I'll have to now.'"

She shut her bureau drawer with an air of finality and leaned her puckered forehead upon her hand while the new diamond flashed its blue and white fires into her mother's eyes.

"We'll do the very best we can, dear," Mrs. North said; "but your father's patients don't pay their bills very promptly, and I'm anxious to get some college money to me; we'll have to think of that."

This conversation marked the beginning of many interviews, gradually increasing in power and interest to



The Altar of Her Beauty

The Story of a Girl Who Loved Fine Clothes

By Charles Belmont Davis, Author of "The Borderland of Society," etc.



MAGGIE COOK and her half-sister, Katie Miller, had tramped along the Boardwalk until their bronzed legs ached in every muscle. They had ridden on the merry-go-rounds and visited the popcorn stands and bought salt-water taffy. Now, with their money all spent, they had to bend their way back over the hot, sandy road to their home among the inland pines.

As they walked along the Boardwalk they saw the broad stretch of the flat, green sea with its fringe of high-crested breakers pounding away their merciless strength on the beach; little knots of half-dad bathers tumbled about in the cool surf or lay basking full-length on the hot sands; as far as the eye could see stretched endless rows of swinging canvas chairs filled with girls and women in wonderful summer toilettes. From the long piers reaching far out to sea there came the confused sound of many bands of music, and wherever one looked there was the glint of glaring color and the flash of jewels and the smiles and the laughter of the overdressed pleasure-seekers. But beyond the Boardwalk, beyond the single row of shops that lined it, there lay the flat, ugly town of great wooden caravansaries and cheap boarding-houses; and beyond the town broad stretches of ill-smelling, mosquito-ridden marshes. And beyond the marshes unending forests of naked pines shrouding up from the gray, lifeless soil; narrow roads led back deep in dry, white sand; and here and there, at great intervals, a clearing of fire-blackened stumps, and in the centre of this a clapboard, one room shack with ill-kempt, half-starved children.

"It's been a grand day," Katie sighed, as she trudged stolidly along, holding Maggie's hand in a viselike grip. "It's been fine," Maggie said. "I wish we were sure of stealing a ride home. I'm awful tired, and I don't know what Ma will say to our coming over here today. I bet you she'll give you a licking."

Katie's little black eyes fairly sparkled and she chuckled aloud. "I bet you," she said between chuckles.

"It's a good thing Ma can't whip me much," Maggie continued hopefully. "I'm too delicate for a good licking."

"Gee!" Katie exclaimed suddenly, waving a very soiled hand at a shop window. "Did you ever see clothes like them!"

Madame Ponsard, her plump figure moulded into a lace waist, her blond hair Marcelled in a series of crisp, curly waves, stood in the doorway of the shop and smiled at the unusual tribute to her wares. Maggie looked up from under her long, yellow lashes and smiled shyly back at the friendly shopkeeper.

"I never seen such things in all my life,"

said Katie, heedless of Madame Ponsard, and then, as a little sign in the corner of the window caught her eye, she tugged sharply at the skirt of her sister.

"Look-s-ther-e," she whispered. "See that, Maggie! It says 'Girl Wanted.' Wouldn't it be grand to work in a shop like that!"

Madame Ponsard continued to smile, and beckoned to Maggie.

"Come here, little girl," she said, and as both girls came toward her she laid her hand on Maggie's tousled mass of yellow hair. "Wouldn't you like to work in my shop and run errands for me?"

Maggie put a long, white finger in her mouth, tried to dig her heel into a narrow crack in the Boardwalk and smile up at Madame Ponsard all at the same time.

"Don't you want me, too, Lady?" Katie said.

"I'm afraid not. I only need one girl."

Katie continued to stare up at the French woman.

"I seen the sign first, Maggie," she whispered. "You know I did."

Madame Ponsard remained smiling.

"I'd like to come," Maggie said, "but I'd have to ask Ma first."

"Where does your mother live?" Madame Ponsard asked.

Maggie nodded over her left shoulder. "Sandtown—back in the pines about two mile."

"Couldn't you bring your mother here to see me?—say tomorrow—and I could talk to her."

"Sure," Maggie said promptly—"Ma'll come."

And then Madame Ponsard put her white, transparent fingers with long, pink nails into a golden purse and gave each of the girls a dime.

It was early the next morning when Maggie brought her mother to see the French shopkeeper. They met under the shade of the green-and-white awning, Madame Ponsard, sleek, well-toed, well-groomed, smiled frankly into the narrow, gray eyes of the woman from the inland pines, and Mrs. Cook held Maggie's hand in both her own, and in a tired, metallic voice tried to tell the shopkeeper why she was giving up her child.

"She hasn't had a great deal of schooling," she said, "and she's never been much for playing with other children, except Katie. Always been kind o' different. She's like one of them celery plants that's grown under glass. That's why I'm letting her go with you. The money'll come in handy, too. You'll let her come home on Sundays, sometimes?"

Madame Ponsard smiled pleasantly. "Of course—every Sunday, if she wishes it."

The mother stooped down and wrapped one long, thin arm about the girl's waist.

"Do what the lady tells you," she said, "and be a good girl."

Maggie looked up shyly at Madame Ponsard, and then with her warm, wet mouth kissed the thin, dry lips of her mother.

"Good-by, Ma," she said. Mrs. Cook wiped her hand on her calico dress, the two women shook hands, Mrs. Cook nodded stiffly to Madame Ponsard and Maggie, and then the tall, gaunt figure was swallowed up in the passing crowd.



DRIVEN BY BLANCH CAMPBELL. "Mr. Jimmie" Cowan Chatted Amibly with Madame Ponsard: "That Girl Could Make a Man Buy Anything!"

and fragile as the wings of a butterfly; the white, narrow counters were a feathery chose of chiffon wafers, ruffled petticoats, airy muslins, and delicate blouses, and every ribbon, stockings no thicker than a cobweb, and every kind of the daintiest lingerie, fresh from the needleworkers' shops in Paris who had put their hands to it, was ready for their making. To the wife and daughter of the shop of Madame Ponsard was a little cipe of Paradise broken open and dropped to the street with a flourish, and together with a limited bank account Madame Ponsard's was a dark cloud that almost obscured the sunshine of an otherwise happy seaside resort.

It was into this confused mass of lace and fluff and stiffs and vari-tinted ostrich plumes that little Maggie Cook, late of Sandtown, suddenly found herself tossed. And it must be said to the credit of Margaret, as she was at once rechristened, that she fell into it with a new spber with a grace and ease anticipated only by the far-seeing Madame Ponsard. With a short white skirt, black stockings, her long yellow hair fixed with a great black bow and falling over a simple shirtwaist, Margaret became, in a day, an integral part of the little French shop. Her duties were neither many nor arduous. It is true that at first she had to carry great square pasteboard boxes to Madame Ponsard's customers at the hotels, but for such service she often received ample gratuities, and this appeared to Maggie a most excellent arrangement, as her salary was a meagre one and all of it quite necessary for her own needs. For the most part, however, her usefulness she no longer was employed as a messenger and her duties lay solely in the shop. "The calicos hands as the child of the forest," said Margaret, "and the white and her nails were soon even and pink; in the tan of many years, even the dark brown freckles, disappeared at last when she left a face and a complexion as fresh and as the petals of a white rose. Maggie gradually lengthened her skirts and arranged the great mass of yellow curls more as the older girls did who had grown up in the city, and the little body grew into a little, tall figure of beautifully graceful lines and wonderful suppleness.

To see Maggie smooch with a dress or run her long, white fingers over the soft leathers of a French hat was much like watching some woman fettle a baby, or perhaps brush a rascally kitten. For the first few weeks, her first days at the little French shop the seed of the love of exquisite material things was planted in Maggie's mind, and as the years passed by, it grew and grew more moral interests, it became a kind of passion—even a religion—with her. Maggie learned to hang the lace of a dress or piece of beautiful hat on the head of a beautiful woman in the same tenderness as the other girls who worked about her.

And this it was that became a most important factor in the delicate machinery that ground out gold for Madame Ponsard. Day in and day out for twelve months in every year, from the first of the year, she smiled, always cheerful, always sincere in her sympathy, her pink-and-white beauty as fair to look upon as a fragile flower. As she gazed at the gowns and dresses that grew about her in looks so from the city, and at Madame Ponsard's Maggie grew more and more like the faces and the soft, clinging things among which she always lived, and she grew more and more like the woman the little French shop without Margaret would not have been the little French shop at all.

Maggie had cleared away all the golden-spindle-legged chairs for Mr. Jimmie Cowan, he was commonly known, and had returned to the rear of the shop to sell Mrs. Cowan the third hat of the morning, while the indignant-looking husband looked on at the crowds on the sidewalk and chatted amiably with Madame Ponsard.

"If I were you I would keep a stock of neckties or waistcoats—anything that girl Margaret could sell to men. She could make a man buy anything. Where did you find a girl like that?"

"On the Boardwalk. She came from the pines back in the marshes. She was half grown then, thin and stoop-shouldered and as brown as a berry."

"How did you know?" Cowan said.

Madame Ponsard smiled. Ah, I have the instinct, I knew. There is plenty of beauty in the Jersey woods and a kind of sharp cleverness, too, but it is starved out of them before they are half grown. This girl would have looked like all of the others, but for her parchment skins, if I hadn't saved her beauty."

"And her cleverness?" Cowan asked.

Madame Ponsard smiled. "I don't know. Perhaps," she said, "I really don't know. So far it extends only to the shop and the things in it. She loves them."

"And men?"

The French woman shrugged her plump shoulders. "No. She only meets men like yourself who come here with their wives and daughters to rest and sleep upstairs at night. I think if I'd let her she would have her bed down here in the shop with these clothes all about her."

"That's a queer lie," Cowan said. "Just clothes. But there are other instincts if one could dig deep enough. The man who said he was only interested in the women, less in his conversation, or he didn't operate far enough."

Madame Ponsard smiled. "I know Margaret," she said, "and I'm afraid you're right."

Cowan arose carefully from the spindle-legged chair, and seeing his wife coming slowly toward him pulled out a roll of banknotes from his trousers pocket. "You can't tell the value of a mine from the surface ore, Madame Ponsard," he said. "Do you ever see a girl with beautiful eyes and a badly made nose, and you see?"

The French woman smiled. "Ouch. 'Tis twice—you see my business has given me unusual opportunities. It's once or twice, perhaps," Cowan agreed, "but not often? I tell you when they come, they make men generally good all through, inside and out."

"And then Mrs. Cowan, having finally bought the third hat, allowed Mr. Cowan to take Madame Ponsard and Margaret, with many gracious smiles, bowed them on their way.

If Maggie really had a soul and a heart and a love for anything beyond beauty and the artifices which man had

devised to enhance it, then such a love was not much in evidence, certainly not in the case of her mother and her sister, and not in the case of the French shop. In her own opinion the two women had neither the motherly nor the manor nor the clothes to visit the little French shop, and it was not till the evening that the very infrequent visits of Maggie to her old home.

"It wouldn't do at all," said Mrs. Cook. "Did you need any more things the last Sunday when she here?"

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Maggie rested her chin between the palms of her hands and her elbows on her knees. "I don't know," she said, looking at her mother.

"I've sewed," Katie volunteered. "I've sewed in the garden till I'm dead beat. The books' fallen out of things, and I've sewed up my dresses."

"I can't," she said. "I have nothing. Every cent I have made I had to get into my clothes."

"Why?" asked Katie.

"Why, because that's my business. I've got to dress to look well in the shop. Madame Ponsard expects and demands that we shall wear the best clothes to wear at night to dinners and social events."

"You go out to dinners?" Katie said.

"Of course, my dear. I go to the very best places."

Katie pressed her sister into a straight, hard line and looked up into her sister's eyes. "Who do you go to the very best places with?"

Maggie, her chin still resting in her hands, looked away from Katie and out to the dark, flat sea. "Men—of course, men. Who would I go out with! There's only the finest kind of gentlemen come to the shop with their wives—brokers and very rich men."

"Do you mean to tell me, Katie whispered, "that married men take you out to dinner?"

"Of course," said Maggie, and for a moment the girl blushed. "Now there's Mr. Jimmie Cowan," she went on dreamily—"he's a dear. I'm going to dine with him tomorrow. It'll be good fun. We're sure to have a good time."

Katie jumped to her feet and brushed the sleeve of her waist across her eyes. "And your old mother starving for there, and her heart breaking?"

"She started up the steps, but before she had reached the Boardwalk she suddenly turned, and running back to the shop, she pulled up Maggie's neck and pressed her wet face close against Maggie's.

"Forgive me, dearie," she sobbed, "but don't go to dinner with that man! He'll ruin you and see Ma; she needs you so terribly, Maggie!"

"But Maggie, dry-eyed, continued to look out to the sea. "I'll go to dinner with him. I'll go to dinner with him. I'll go to dinner with him."

Katie slowly unclasped her arms from her mother, sister's neck and then, suddenly pushing her from her, once more strode up the wooden steps.

There was but little sleep for Katie that night, and the next day she went about her daily chores depressed and sullen. In a little room in the back of the house her mother lay sick and in want, and the one picture always before her was the pale, lovely face of Maggie as she had seen it the night before, her blue eyes looking out at the little fire.

The feelings of trust and resentment that had been slumbering within for so long suddenly broke out against Maggie, but against her employer, Madame Ponsard. Any jealousy or envy which she may not have had toward her half-sister had vanished now, and there was left only a great craving to have Maggie back at the shop.

These were the thoughts that racked the brain of Katie from early dawn until the sun had set over the sea. She thought of the night before, the night before her mother's bedside, and once more in the golden twilight she started over the marshes that lay between her and the shop.

She chose the hour when Maggie would be away at dinner with her friend, the married man, and the little shop would be deserted, and she thought of the man who was the only employee who remained there after the place was closed for the night.

With these thoughts she pushed on over the sandy roads, her mind as narrow as the anarchist who believes that a one-well-directed bolt can wipe out a dynasty. She was determined to have the little shop that had taken Maggie from her home.

It was still twilight when she reached the town, and so she hid until the shadows of the night had fallen, and then she crept up to the back of the shop, and placing an oil-soaked ragot under the wooden building, touched the match that was to destroy Madame Ponsard's and bring Maggie back again to the pines.

The fire once started, she stole away with the calmness of a fanatic and slowly crept toward a place of safety and where she could best see the result of her handiwork. By a long detour, she was making for the Boardwalk, and she saw the flames of the fire as she before she reached this she heard the clank of bells, the rush of many hurrying footsteps and the confused cries and running of the crowd.

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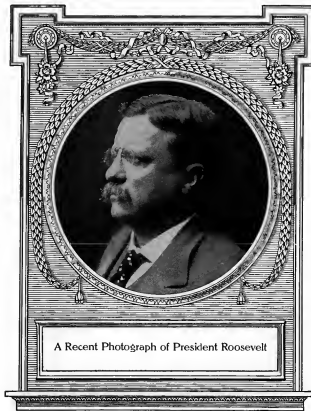
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THE SUCCESSFUL MOTHER

From an
Address Made
by
President
Roosevelt
at the
White House



A Recent Photograph of President Roosevelt

To the
Delegates
to the
First International
Congress
in America
on the Welfare
of the Child



WHEN all is said it is the mother, and the mother only, who is a better citizen than the soldier who fights for his country. The successful mother, the mother who does her part in rearing and training aright the boys and girls who are to be men and the women of the next generation, is of greater use to the community, and occupies, if she only would realize it, a more honorable as well as a more important position than any successful

Nothing in this life that is really worth having comes save at the cost of effort. I am glad when I meet men who have fought for their country, have served faithfully and well year after year for their country at the risk of their own lives; I respect them because they have had something hard to do and have done it well. When we look back to the Civil War the men whom we hold in honor are not the men who stayed at home, but the men who, whether they were the blue or wore the gray, proved their truth by their endeavor; who dared risk all for "the great prize of death in battle," as one of our noblest poets has phrased it; who spent year after year at what brought them no money reward, at what might result in the utter impairment of the chance of their earning their livelihood, because it was their duty to render that service. In just the same way no life of self-indulgence, of mere rapid pleasure, can possibly, even in the one point of pleasure itself, yield so ample a reward as comes to the mother at the cost of self-denial, of effort, of suffering in childhood, of the long, slow, patient-trying work of bringing up the children aright. No scheme of education, no social attitude, can be right unless it is based fundamentally upon the recognition of seeing that the girl is trained to understand the supreme dignity and the supreme usefulness of motherhood. Unless the average woman is a good wife and good mother, unless she bears a sufficient number of children so that the race shall increase and not decrease, unless she brings up these children sound in soul and mind and body—unless this is true of the average woman, no brilliancy of genius, no material prosperity, no triumphs of science and industry, will avail to save the race from ruin and death. The mother is the one supreme asset of national life; she is more important by far than the successful statesman or business man or artist or scientist.

THERE are exceptional women, there are exceptional men, who have other tasks to perform in addition to, or in substitution for, the task of motherhood and fatherhood and the task of providing the home and keeping it. But it is the tasks connected with the home that are the fundamental tasks of humanity. After all, we can get along for the time being with an inferior quality of success in other lines, political or business, or of any kind, because if there are failings in such matters we can make them good in the next generation; but if the mother does not do her duty there will be no next generation, or a next generation that is worse than none at all. In other words, we cannot as a nation get along at all if we haven't the right kind of home life. Such a life is not only the supreme duty, but also the supreme reward of duty. Every rightly-constituted woman or man, if she or he is worth her or his salt, must feel that there is no such ample reward to be found anywhere in life as the reward of children, the reward of a happy family life.

I abhor and condemn the man who is brutal, thoughtless, careless, selfish with women, and especially with the women of his own household. The birth-pangs make all men the debtors of all women. The man is a poor creature who does not realize the infinite difficulty of the woman's task, who does not realize what is done by her who bears and rears the children; she cannot even be sure until the children are well-grown that any night will come when she can have it entirely to herself to sleep in. I abhor and condemn the man who fails to recognize all his obligations to the woman who does her duty. But the woman who shirks her duty

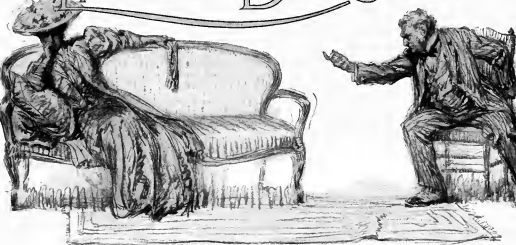
as wife and mother is just as heartily to be condemned. We despise her as we despise and condemn the soldier who flinches in battle. A good woman, who does full duty, is sacred in our eyes; exactly as the brave and patriotic soldier is to be honored above all other men. But the woman who, whether from cowardice, from selfishness, from having a false and vacuous ideal, shirks her duty as wife and mother, earns the right to our contempt, just as does the man who, from any motive, fears to do his duty in battle when the country calls him. Because we so admire the good woman, the unselfish woman, the far-sighted woman, we have scant patience with her unworthy sister who fears to do her duty; exactly as, for the very reason that we respect a man who does his duty honestly and fairly in politics, who works hard at his business, who in time of national need does his duty as a soldier, we scorn his brother who idles when he should work, who does his duty as a soldier, who does his duty in the family or toward the State, who fears to do the work of a soldier if the time comes when a soldier's work is needed. All honor to the man or woman who does duty, who renders service; and we can only honor him or her if the weight of our condemnation is felt by those who flinch from their duty.

NO MOTHER can do her duty in her own home without genuine tenderness of heart, genuine sentiment; but if she has only sentiment and only tenderness of heart she may through folly do more harm than another could through weakness. You must have the tenderness, you must have the sentiment; but you and you and you to the children who come after you if that is all that you have. With the sentiment, with the tenderness of heart, encourage the common-sense that will enable you to correct the tenderness when it becomes weakness and injustice. In addition, cultivate what in the long run counts for more than intellect, for more than sentiment, and that is character; the sum of those qualities which really make up a strong, brave, tender man or woman. You cannot get along, you nor any one else, if you develop your intellect to the point that you lose all other things, all other qualities. It does not make any difference how intelligent a woman is, if she looks upon her children only with intelligence they are not going to care overmuch for her in return. Do not forget that love must come first; that love is what the family is based on; but don't do children, don't do grown people the dreadful injustice—through a love that is merely one form of weakness—of failing to make the child, or I might add, the man, behave itself or himself. A marriage should be a partnership where each of the two parties has his or her rights, where each should be more careful to do his or her duty than to exact duty from the other partner; but where each must, in justice to the other partner no less than to himself or herself, exact the performance of duty by that other partner. Now do not take half of that statement only; take it all; let each of you do his or her duty first, put most stress on that; but in addition do not lose your self-respect by submitting to wrong.

So with the children. A hard and unloving mother does infinite harm to her children; but she does no more harm than the loving but weak and foolish mother who does not train the children to behave with respect for the feelings of others, who permits them to be selfish or cruel or thoughtless. I remember reading a story, years ago, that greatly impressed me. It described how a worn, tired-looking woman was riding in the car with her son, she sitting by the window. The son was a thoughtless boy, and soon began to whine and complain until he made his tired mother move away from and let him sit by the window. The observer, looking on, remarked that in the future there would be some unfortunate wife who would wonder "why men are so selfish," instead of placing the blame where it really ought to be placed: upon the lack of strength of character, the lack of wisdom, the lack of genuine love on the part of that woman in not bringing her boy up to be unselfish and thoughtful of others, so that he might live decently in his own household, and do his work well in the world at large.

Lynch's Daughter

Drawings by
George Brehm



"You've Got to Tell Him It Doesn't Sull You to Play at Being Crazy!"

LYNCH settled himself leisurely on the thirty-dollar settee in the little drawing-room of Betty's London home in Sibella Road, making deductions. On the whole, his girl's room was not so bad as he had dreaded, but it was pitiable and impossible. Here, just as he had come to—she might have been too proud to own her mistake for months.

Keith came in. "Mr. Lynch! I am sorry my wife is out." He did not offer his hand.

"Well, Mr. Keith! I am glad to meet you. Is Betty well?"

"Yes, thanks. I expect her back before very long. They regarded each other curiously.

"Mr. Keith, you and I must have a chat and arrive at a friendly understanding."

"Do you think it's essential for us to introduce any painful subject?" asked Keith nervously.

"I shall make a blunt answer to that: If Betty was not married to you it would not concern me to correct your prejudices. But my daughter cannot continue to be dependent on her husband's professional earnings—we are not playing open-house. I have too much affection for my child to let her suffer rather than put myself in a humiliating position. I will only ask you to make it as little humiliating to me as your views permit—I am an old man, and a more sensitive one than I allow my enemies to believe."

Involuntarily Keith liked him better. "My own wish would be to avoid the position altogether," he said gently.

"I appreciate your meaning. But my dear, to you, too, for her sake you see that it is our duty not to spare ourselves. I have the strongest admiration for your principles, Mr. Keith; but, candidly, I have no admiration for your financial judgment. You have shown me that it is too impulsive."

"How?"

"By forming a decision before you had an opportunity to investigate the system that you have condemned. I am going to say to you that if it doesn't interest me to say to any other of my critics; my enterprises are open to your inspection, Mr. Keith—ask me any questions you please, and I will answer them."

"You pay me a great compliment," said Keith dryly, "but I am not qualified to examine you on financial matters even if I wished to do it."

"Should not examination precede the verdict?"

"Mr. Lynch, the examination has been made by experts, and the verdict returned by the world."

"The heroes were genuine, the man meant it! If Betty had only stood firm! But she had given him that swing, so he had to be conciliated. There was hatred in Lynch's heart and good humor in his smile."

"Has experience in your own line convinced you that the world's verdict is always sound? I think I have heard of great artists much misapprehended by the world!"

Keith found no reply.

"Come, Mr. Keith, I want you to see it my way! What is there between us? There always has been, and there always must be, a few very rich men; and there always has been, and there always must be, many more very poor ones. To share a millionaire because there are bankrupts on the earth is as unreasonable as to sling mud at Niagara because there are droughts."

"Nobody but an anarchist, or some other sort of lunatic, would chase a merely poor man for being a millionaire, or a multi-millionaire. One revises methods, not millions."

"Well, let us get down to business! What are the methods that are being used?"

"I'd rather not go into details—to Betty's father, and in my own house."

"It's just straight-faced square dealing that you quit talking generalities and specify your objections."

"Well, then, I object to a fortune amassed by refusing power to live. I object to a fortune amassed by plunder, by wholesale trickery and perjury and corruption; by bribing a press to spread lies broadcast for the pleasure of the thousands—lies of enormous finds in mines that are worthless and of enormous profits from shares that are being given a fictitious value

The Romance of a Multi-Millionairess

By Leonard Merrick



"She Dropped the Ring in His Hand, and He Felt as if He Had Been Whipped Across the Face"

by bogus transactions. I object to a fortune that creates defaulters and suicides—and I object to my wife battering on them!"

He had said it, although his voice had shaken and his pulses had thumped; and it was glad that it was said. Behind Lynch's impassive features fury was blazing, and behind the fury was one poignant regret: "That's how she speaks of me to my girl!"

It was not a moment when he could afford fury—the moment demanded prompt, grave and whole-hearted reply.

"You would be quite right to object," he said smoothly. "So would any honest man! But why accept this poppycock without investigation? You repeat the charge that I bribe a section of the press to spread lies for the snare of investors. Mr. Keith, that charge is itself a lie which a section of the press was bribed to spread. A man cannot make millions without making enemies, too. I do not say I am a philanthropist. I shall not pretend to you for a single instant that my notions are as all lofty as your own—the world has been too rough on me for me to have a wholehearted tenderness for the world. I do not propose to claim any virtues that I do not possess; but, Mr. Keith, I do claim, and I have the right to claim, that throughout my career I have never committed a dishonorable act, never wronged man, woman or child. I will illustrate. You shall see how a man who has treated his friends and his business associates with the utmost generosity may be attacked by some of the men whom he has served most, and how these very indictments, which arouse indignation

inference when she lunched or dined there, nor was Lynch the person to accept defeat so easily as he had pretended. He harped on the need for his own feelings, nor on her privations; he questioned her about Keith's work. "The Harbor of Souls," she declared, would be a great picture by husband from the need for the things that do. It was to this that Lynch had been guiding her. Wealth, he exclaimed, would have absolved her husband from the need for the things that do. As it was—well, of course, he could not hope to be famous so young as if he had had a wife to support.

Betty was much too acute to miss the motive for such regrets—she realized that she had been adroitly led to a desired cue—but, for all that, there was sufficient truth in the words for them to stick.

Although Keith did his best to disguise aversion the sight of her going forth to her work was sufficient to bring from being pleasant. He was infinitely relieved one evening, when she had come back, to hear that the date for Lynch's departure was being postponed.

"I suppose you're not sorry to hear it?" he said. There was a new ambience in her tone.

"Have I made any complaint about your going?" he returned, startled.

"I haven't noticed much enthusiasm!"

"You can hardly expect me to be 'enthusiastic.' I shouldn't be enthusiastic about your being out all day, wherever you went."

against him, are hatched simply to divert the public's dollars into schemes more lucrative to the organizers."

With great patience he led Keith, step by step, through transactions of magnitude—translating, descanting, yet talking with so much tact that he instructed a novice with the air of confiding to a mind as astute as his own. In this way, as clever a thing as he had ever done was the task of the next hour, while he reduced the intricacies of Wall Street operations to terms intelligible to a school-boy, and simultaneously invented conspiracies and figures to prove his falsehoods.

And at the end Keith looked him in the eyes and said: "Mr. Lynch, I don't touch a penny of such money, as God hears!"

The average man's self-control would have snapped. Lynch desired a conversation with Betty before she had been prepared to take offense would mean to leave and give her husband an opportunity to coach her. He indulged in a faint outburst of wrath and protest poured from him as he paced the room. But she would not acknowledge that she was dissatisfied. She boasted that she had never known what it meant to ask Keith for money or to have an empty purse. And at the back of her brain all the while was the longing for him to yield, the regret of hearing that he had been firm.

"Betty," said Lynch, "I have been proud of you—don't make me think you a fool, honey. Can't you feel what it will mean to me to leave you in a house like this? See here, would you kick up a rumpus about men's having too much power; but I tell you this—there's no power or influence like a pretty woman's. What you've got to do is to tell him that it doesn't suit you to play at being so any longer. The bigger his love, the safer your position. He'll climb down."

"I protested, and 'before we were married. Please don't say my name. I can't do it.'"

"Well, I am beaten! I came for nothing. Shall I see again? Will you come and stay with me till I sail?"

"I'll come, of course, but I won't stay."

"Why not?"

"I think we understand each other's reasons, Papa," said Betty, smiling crookedly. "To stay with you wouldn't make this look much better to me afterward."

His purpose was detected—but it was his daughter who had seen through him. Lynch sighed—but patted her hand with approval.

XII

NO, SHE wouldn't stay at the hotel, and she wouldn't accept the weekly appointments were not without an objection. She had seen through him. Lynch sighed—but patted her hand with approval.

She drummed her fingers on the mantelsheel. "If my father came here I shouldn't have to go to him so often." "The house is open to him, Betty."

"Well, I should have said I'd like to have him come to it after the way you received him!" she said.

It was the first hint of dissension. He took a turn about the room—and the other party, who had been afraid of this—don't let it happen!" His cares lightened. "You aren't going to be angry with me?" She uttered a little chuckle and she clasped at him.

"We might have been so comfortable!" she quavered. "His heart seemed to stand still. He had faded, then there was a long pause. She wished she hadn't said it."

"Oh, Dick!" "I didn't know," said Keith drearily. "I—has it—have you been uncomfortable long?" "It's so hard!"

"I mean, is it only since he came over? Has it been so hard all the time?"

"Not at first—I mean, not till we were here."

"Is this house? Oh, don't tremble, don't be afraid! Whom should you speak to if not me? Aren't we one? Tell me everything, just as if you were thinking aloud."

"It's because I'm a fool. I don't know how to manage—and the servants see it. Dick, they're spoiling our home to me. I'm afraid of them."

He strained an oath. "Afraid of them? I'll pitch them out tomorrow. If I send them off tonight it weren't so late! Why didn't you tell me? My poor little girl!"

"The new ones would be just the same. I dare say they don't mean any harm—it's my own fault; I don't understand." She clung to him tearfully. "Dickie, you know I hate you and I don't like you. I've just thought I might like Papa do a little for us—just a little? It isn't only money—it's your love; you'd get on so much faster. You could start on your picture right away. If we go on like this I know very well that by-and-by you'll be sorry you cared for me. You can't succeed so soon as I've not married. It humiliates me to think I'm a drawback to my husband—I never thought I would be that! If you'd only wait! Yes, I could tell Papa in the morning, and he could fix it up before he goes. Five minutes all the horrors would go over—all our life would be just as beautiful as our honeymoon! Just a little, Dickie! Couldn't we take just enough to make things amiable for a week?"

"I think it would be best to part amicably with her, and let them imagine we're only going for a few days; if they don't know when to expect us back they'll have to be careful."

"Upon my word, they're triumphant to the last!" And he wrestled viciously with a portmanteau that wouldn't fasten.

"Battle with the baggage bravely!" she said. "Fix your gaze on the hotel, weary one!" he'll be very restless and unaccommodating. All we need is a long while before the moment was reached, but when the last strap had been buckled they recovered some of their lost homelike mood and they walked toward Kensington in a decrepit four-wheeler. They gave themselves a short holiday. Then they went out to conquer, and came back to quit.

In the morning the discoverer that they could not "go West for about the same rent," and in the afternoon they learned that they could not go to Clement's and then they were in Maiden Vale. By the end of the following week they had serious doubts whether they would be able to go anywhere, for the room was not satisfactory and that which they viewed adroitly itself to bachelors only.

"It seems too lucky to be true!" cried Betty joyously. "It wasn't."

Opulent from the sale of the furniture, Keith heard that rents with fortitude.

They accepted to Telencachus Mansions, and Telencachus Mansions were squeezed into a back street near the hotel, and were, accordingly, boastful of their rooms had been necessary to hold many things, but that was all the better for the bank balance; nor was there a restaurant, as expected.

"I'm going to give them notice!" "I'm going to give them notice!" "I'm going to give them notice!"

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"We might find an unfurnished flat, mightn't we?" said Betty.

"We might," He pondered. "But there'd be no use in his or her carpets, and so forth."

"No." She also reflected. "And the flat wouldn't be as big as the house—we couldn't get all the things in it."

"I hadn't thought of that. Well, it's all the more reason why we should sell them—it's no good storing things in it that we can't use. I hope the flat won't be too poky, though!"

"It can be as poky as it likes. It doesn't matter how small it is so long as you can have a room to be in—why, it oughtn't to cost so much more, after all, ought it?"

"I should think we could go West for about the same rent, if we only need a drawing-room and a bedroom."

"I'll—I'll have to be more than that," she murmured. "We shall take our meals in the restaurant, you know."

"Still, we'll want a third room—"

"For our luggage!"

"No." She slipped a little closer, and her eyes were bright and shining. "We'll want a third room, Dickie—for some one else by-and-by."

XIII WHEN she woke the next morning Keith was busy packing. "If we make haste we can be out of town in half an hour. I'll be waiting outside at the hotel before luncheon," he explained.

She contemplated the confusion with her arms around his neck, as if it had been hers. "All we need," she pouted. "Do you think we ought to risk it so, really? Don't you think if we went tomorrow instead—"

"I'll help you with your things; that's why I wanted to get mine done early. I don't want you to have any more to do today; I want to whisk you and get it over! I'll go around to the agent's directly after breakfast."

"Mark at my American husband! All right, we can come to the States with us."

"Can. You take all your clothes now; you don't cross the doorman again. I've been thinking we had better start on our way straight away, after all, the house empty we'll have a burglar, and we aren't insured."

"I think it would be best to part amicably with her, and let them imagine we're only going for a few days; if they don't know when to expect us back they'll have to be careful."

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she was fascinated when effects on the canvas leaped into life under apparently random darts. Yet instinct, rather than any words from him, told her in his heart wasn't in this work of hers. Within an hour when she fled him to talk of "The Harbor of Souls"—and, indeed, caught much of his feeling for it, she no longer conformed him to be "smart" and that Betty had begun to understand that to be great. Sitting there by the fire, as he secretly the kind of thing that went off best, she often repeated reproaches for the other success excursions.

For life in Telencachus Mansions was proving very dear. Originally he had arranged for a woman to come in to clean and dress, but within an hour when she had extended to an hour every morning. Like most women of this class she had "known better days," and on the morning when Betty had come to the studio she had leaned on the broom conversationally and narrated her misfortunes. She was an old and fairly honest drudge, and she imparted educative details which were worth the numerous disproportionate tips that Betty slipped into the scarred hand. She revealed to the daughter of the millionaire the world of human hopes. Her confidences unrolled slums, and through the rags of the poor the girl had glimpses of the humanity and motherhood beneath.

Toward Christmas she heard from Mrs. Waldeshtat that Howard had given every one a scare, but was contented now. She was shocked to read that the scare had been caused by the rupture of a blood-vessel. She wrote an urgent letter to him, and an anxious one to her father, who had not even received the news.

At the window she used to sit thinking of what was to come and watching the snow falling. The novels lay on the floor in a heap. Her books were scattered all over the place for books. So the new year opened and the month passed—Keith painting unworthy pictures worthy, to any peace for his wife, and the girl hearing castles in the air for the wonder-child who was to call her "Mother."

XIV THE wonder-child lay forgotten, for the mother claimed all thoughts. Presently she whimpered, "Where's my baby, and some one turned from her to pick it up. It's a boy!" they told her; and she was glad.

At last, when they came to him, Keith's mouth would make no sound; they replied to the torture in his eyes. He dropped a touch upon the living bundle—his Uncle was better than any he had ever known."

"You must be agitated, be, remember!" "He was gulping and shuddering, but nodded sagely. His mind had broken through her raiment of relief. Her face lay on the pillow like a flower.

"Dickie!" she bleated. "In this case, Richard the Second was born in his kingdom of the Third."

And when she was well and saw him in it her motherhood protested. The nurse's box encroached on the doorway, and she was obliged to take the child was cradled in a cloakroom! Betty recalled her own nurseries, and resented her baby's."

"Do I have to be so present in the care of those things put away, Nurse?" she inquired. The nurse was an efficient and dignified person, and Betty inquired respectfully.

"Well, ma'am, I'm sure I've done my best. The chest of drawers won't hold everything, and there isn't a wardrobe."

"And there was no space for a wardrobe!" "We must try to make the best of it for a little while," Betty answered meekly.

There were many opportunities for her meekness. The service of Telencachus Mansions appeared incapable of doing a more than a present. A certain amount of her rise to her bell. She, who had been used to an under-nurse to do her bidding, remained with her ardent thrust on the bathroom unobscured. The father, being away all day, escaped most of her grievances, although he heard enough to exparate him, but the mother had to listen to them all. The superior references to "Clarence Gate, where, of course, it was all so different and no expense was spared!" were galloping to Betty Keith, born Lynch.

Meanwhile, the man was not without his own troubles. In his hand-looked the word "Cash" no longer figured, and the numerous entries were all on the wrong side. Pecuniary cares neither improved his quality nor accelerated his business. He had to be content with what he had to that to paint recklessly only will power was essential, and out of the studio he would register oaths to do it; out on the following day he would be back to do it; the work of the day before—plodding with conscientious and uninspired touches.

When he came home, disgusted with himself one evening Betty said: "Dick, I've something to ask you: I want you to paint a portrait of Baby."

"A portrait of a baby? I've nothing else to do!" "It wouldn't take you long."

"I'm too hard pressed just now. I can't paint it yet."

"All right, then, I'll get a photographer to do it. It's rather a funny thing, I must say, when his father's an artist!"

"At this point, however, Betty had no need to be so kind to him the strange language in which she had become so suddenly profane.

"I wonder you don't understand anything of what you mean!" said Keith, regarding them thoughtfully.

"Of course he understands," affirmed Betty. "Did his father ask such things about him, then, a 'babe'?" And his lids drooped, hurting all across it. There, then, did it—was that. She swayed gently, with her baby on her bosom, a trolley up, and cooal:—"

The balance of the bank was broken into little and, with Keith's store of cheerfulness. In Kensington Gardens the baby carriages were fewer now; already many children had been carried to their graves and taken to the sea. The desirability of the third room was not increased by the summer heat, and there was an evening when the sun shined down on the sea.

"When do you think we might take Baby away?" she inquired. "It's not doing him any good to be in London this winter."



Harrison Fisher's College Girls

JUNE days are days of farewell among college girls, but to the tinged with sadness. Never again shall they meet together in that free and inspiring companionship which will follow them into "the wide, wide world." So in the hours that yet remain they make merry. Class Day supper has ended in gayer speeches—eyes are wet though lips smile—and then with one accord every word of "Auld Lang Syne" pledges loyalty to her college memories.



This is the fifth of a series of studies of the life and activities of Harrison Fisher and his family, in their home at New York, which Mr. Harrison Fisher has drawn for THE JOUBNAI.



After the Class-Day Supper: By Harrison Fisher

The Letter She Left Her Husband

The Story of "A Little Girl-Mother": By Mateel Howe

THEY were not over-fond of words, this father and son. So the mother, who had placed an old envelope in the boy's hand upon his twenty-first birthday he did not cherish. The boy took it in silence and climbed to his favorite haunt in the shadow of a tree. He opened the letter alone. He had recognized his mother's handwriting, his little girl mother who had been born, and the letter was dated the day before his birth. Upon the envelope was written, "To My Husband, To Be Opened Only in Case of My Death." Almost frightened at this letter from the grave, the boy drew forth the yellowed sheets from out the cover and with frightened eyes the shadows for company read his mother's letter.

This is the Letter that He Read:

"My Sweetheart: Some day you will find this, as I am going to leave it in your Bible, and you will be sure to turn to it some day in hope of comfort, or an writing it partly for my own comfort and partly for yours.

"Long, long ago, Sweetheart, when I was just a young girl—in my teens—I went to see a new, web baby that came to join our neighborhood. As I took the queer, little red waddlers up in my arms and cuddled it close my heart quite went out to it and I felt as if I could hardly wait until I had one of my own. The girls have that feeling. It comes to us all some time. A man can never know it nor quite understand. And then it is, I think, that the knowledge first came to me that I would never hold my own baby in my arms as I felt this stranger baby. That it is why I never tried to me to know the wonderful joy of motherhood it would be but for a moment, and then my heart would be taken in exchange. I know that I do not think I ever beatified. And I felt that if this strange feeling, intuition—call it what you will—was true I would never willingly part the forfeit rather than deny my little boy birth. For just as I felt that this was to be, so I felt that my baby was to be a boy.

unstrung, and came straight to me for comfort, have been the sweetest moments I have known: the moments most worth while. But now I am leaving you and you will have your greatest sorrow alone.

"I had to stop here in the letter for a little while, Dear. I am feeling better now. Dearest, will you try to understand what I am going to say? For it is hard to say as I would. You have always understood everything—both of my husband and myself, you have called me. And we always do understand our hearts' sweetest, don't we? So you won't misunderstand when you read this and I am content to go, will you? But so many things might happen, Dear. I can't help it, I can't help it though I have tried. For in spite of my happy nature—and I am happy, childishly happy

he is old enough to understand, that his mother loved him with all her heart and soul, even long before she met his daddy. You must make him understand that he was wanted and longed for and loved day and night through all the months that he lay so close to her heart. That even if his mother had known that she must give her life that he might live, she was glad and willing to pay the price. Love is one of the things that is one of us, love of all kinds. Mother love, father love, he must know that he has and will have, and that wherever I am I am loving him through all the years and trying with all power to help him as I can.

"Another thing we have given our boy is a love birth. I can think of no other word for it. I mean that he was born in and through great love and because of it. That is how God and Nature meant us to be conceived and born. So you must let the boy know how we loved each other, Dear, for he will be glad after he realizes these things and will appreciate his inheritance. And I think he will realize them some day. It is foolish, perhaps, but it seems he must some time think all my thoughts that I have thought since he has been with me; for is he not flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone, part of me—brain, heart and all? It is only a fancy, but I like to think that he will dream my dreams and have my thoughts. For that is what I dream and dream and understand. Big boy, will you help our little boy to help?



DEAR BY CLARA CLARK FINE

"And I Was So Happy, So Happy the First Year"

when with you—I seem to have another side that often darkens the sun for me and tells me in my brightest hours that my happiness cannot last. Once, some one I loved very dearly and very truly failed to understand and I hurt me so I cannot tell you even now—hurt my heart, as I use to say when a wee girlie. After that I learned, even in my few years, that life is not all roses, and the things one longs for most are apt to slip away. That is pessimism that you have deplored so often. And I have been given so much happiness since you came and filled my world and took me all to yourself and made me so happy—so happy, Dear—that I believe if I should live something would happen to mar it or take it away. And then I couldn't stand it, Dear. I could not live without it all now. You will not believe and will protest, and will try to point out our glorious future always together, always happy, always loving. How could we help being happy? you say. But, Dear, no one can tell the future. Knowing the things that have come to others how do we dare say they cannot come to little misunderstandings, little jealousies, a bitter, thoughtless word, a tiny breach, a narrow rift, and then a gorge unbridgeable, impassable; and all our happiness shattered and lying at our feet. And I would not thousand times rather be now and be a perfect memory than endure that other.

"You are so wise and good and kind, with a mind too big, too brilliant, too quick for me to follow. I am as a little girl to you, loved, worshiped, idealized: your sweetheart, your wife, your comrade, and yet a little girl. And would the time ever come when you might grow tired of that little girl? You are so wise and big. She is so little and childish in so many, many ways. My greatest charm for you, dignified old bachelor that you were, was my youth and happy, foolish ways and childish teasing and playing. You loved me because I made you laugh and took you back to your younger days, and then, at a word, cuddled up in your arms as a child might, as a little girl might. You have said to me often that I am the embodiment of youth—that I could not grow old. You were right, Dear. I cannot grow old. My youth is my life. I shut my eyes and try to imagine myself old, and I cannot. The thought is horrible to me. I am going now, Dear, you always have your little girl. Though I have in such a little while you will always have me with you in memory—always fresh, always young, always as you were. So I will keep me in memory as your little girl-wife, and I shall always be with you, so even when you are old and I am gone, my little boy will be with you. So I will keep my little girl-mother, even when he is a man and perhaps has little boys of his own.

"You will not let my boy forget me, Dear? I mean you will make his mother seem near and real to him and something more than a name? You must tell him, when

"This letter is jerky, disconnected. But my thoughts fly on and on, as if I were as busy both with you and the little one, until I hardly know what I am writing. I felt that I must talk to you; that I must leave some word of comfort. But your greatest comfort will be the baby, Dearest, not these few jumbled words that say so poorly what I want to say. The boy will creep into your heart and around it and make your life bright with pleasant ones more. You will live for my baby as you have lived for me, and make his life as sunshine as you have made mine, not let us won't let your grief darken his little life? Promise me that. I ask no other promise—shall ask no other ever again.

"Dear little, I see him now, snuggled in the corner of a big chair at twilight, tired with his day's play and waiting for his daddy to come home and kiss him and stroke his curls and little flushed face and the big, wistful eyes that will light up with joy as you will come to him in that twilight hour. My two boys—how I love you, how I do love you—my husband, and my little boy, my little boy, my little boy, not dead. I am living somewhere and waiting for you both to join me there. Through all the years you will remember me, my husband, and my little boy. You must be good, but not too good, for then you might go to some Heaven above me and so have to wait for me. Is it not foolish to think of it? I am so full of mine. I am growing tired now, Dear, and will kiss you good by for so many, many years.

"One word more before I close. You may grieve more through the thought, and the belief, my hurt for all your life, that I died in great pain and suffering and anguish. This may make you bitter and unhappy, since you could never hear to see me suffer. But you must not let that thought dwell with you, Darling, as I am not going to die to you. Though I suffer great pain, and I am tired, I will not think of it. I can be happy, when my baby is placed in my arms, when my soul will rise to greater heights than it has ever known, and I will know for a moment a joy that I have never known before. And that is the thought that I will take me—not little then. How do I know? Just as I know all this, Dear. And if it is not true and I never see it, will you remember that I tell you—just as I will you remember what I tell you—and believe?

"I am tired, so tired, so tired, you must rest now. You will soon be home to comfort me. You—dear old you—how good you have been to me! I wish I could tell you better just how happy you have made me. I will write more some day. Kiss me, Sweetheart. I love you, I love you—"

The boy stumbled down to the library, his eyes filled and brimming over. His father sat there in his great chair by the open fire, and the boy drew his chair up close to the blaze and sat there with his eyes fixed upon the flames.

"They had sat there like this many, many times, these two, ever since the boy had grown too large to share the leather rocker of the man. Over the mantel hung a picture of his mother and father, a woman with a golden hair, and big dark eyes and a wistful little mouth, which seemed always to be on the point of speaking to the two beneath it. For that picture had never been spoken, but it seemed to the boy as he glanced up at her that she was smiling and was glad that they still loved her and were together.

"Dear little mother," he said softly.

"Dear little girl," repeated the man, and they sat there very close together, and the man's eyes flickered and died out and flickered again, and the big room itself seemed to echo, "Dear little girl."

"That was long ago, Dear, and I have reasoned and reasoned and tried to laugh myself out of it. But the feeling never went. It is with me today as when I was a young girl, and I know just as I know there is a God, though I don't know why, that I must leave you in a little while, and I am not knowing this, and that is why I begged and prayed that the baby might not come right away. And I was so happy, so happy the first year, that I think much of the boy—only of you. But as the weeks and months of the second year began to roll by I weened, often at night, when I lay awake, to hear his little cries begin to me to let him be born. Once, you were awakened by my crying 'No, no, no,' and I told you that it was a dream and let you soothe me to sleep. I could not tell you that I was only trying to get in my mind that way that I could not bear to leave you.

"That was at first, Dearest. Later the mad, mad protest left me, and when I learned the sweet secret months ago I was quite ready and even glad because you were so happy in the thought. I am glad, so glad, that you love children, Dear. That makes me more willing to go, because I know you will love my little boy so truly. Mother will want him, your sister will want him, but you will never give him up. He mustn't ever feel that his daddy left him go—even to the tenderest of foster-mothers. For there is no one quite like your own two parents, Dear, and the boy must have it, one, since I must go.

"Why didn't I tell you? Boy, boy, big boy dear, I have wanted and needed you, but I couldn't. It is only a feeling, after all, and you would not have believed me. You would have had a doctor here twice a day and a trained nurse along with me, and I would only have frightened you and worried you. You would have set it down to that pessimistic side of me that you have tried so often to drive away. And you would have talked and talked and petted me and been so good and kind, but never satisfied until I said I no longer believed. And as I know that never could say that, I did not let you know. And this last year I wanted you to be so happy. I didn't want the memories of it marred in the tiniest way, and I don't think I would have it even now.

"We have had two perfect years, Sweetheart. Two years have been as Heaven.

"This world was not meant just for happiness. Some people have more than their share of it, but we have had our share. The exquisite joy of our first two married years can never again be duplicated. I don't know why, but I believe it is so. Perhaps it is because if we went on being so happy here for years and years we would not be satisfied with Heaven and would long to go back to earth. That is what I think my queer fancies. Only you and not smiling—you are crying; I know it. Oh, my boy, my dear big boy, how it hurts to realize that I may not be there to comfort you, to put my arms about your neck, that I have you hold me close, close, until it is all quite right and the hurt all gone. That has been the sweetest part of my married life—and it is all left to me. I will be there when you come home tired, and weary, and pained, and

The Outlaw and the Girl

The Singular Romance of a Girl in the Rocky Mountains

By Hamlin Garland

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "The Spirit of Sweetwater," etc.

Drawings by N. C. Wyeth

CHAPTER IV

THE outlaw in the Rocky Mountain cabin on that stormy night it was in every respect the climax of his life. As he sat in the doorway looking at the fire and over into the storm beyond he realized that he was shaken by a wild, crude lyric of passion. Here was, to him, the pure emotion of love. All the beautiful things he had ever heard or read of gallantry, of women, of marriage rose in his mind to make this night an almost intolerable blending of joy and sorrow, hope and despair.

To stay time in its flight, to make this hour his own, to cheat the law, to hold the future at bay—these were the wild desires, the vague resolutions of his brain. So sure as the day came this happiness would end. Tomorrow he must resume his flight, resigning his new-found life into the hands of another. To this thought he returned again and again, each time with new adoration for the girl and added fury and hate against his relentless pursuers and himself. He did not spare himself. "I should have been here—I've been—and yet, if I had been less a fool I would not be here and I would never have met her." He ended with a glance toward Alice.

Then he arose, closed the door of the cabin and stood without beside the fire, so that the woman might prepare for bed. His first thought of suicide came to him. Why not wait with his love as long as possible—stay till the law's hand was in the air above his head, uplifted to strike, and then, in this last moment, die with this one most glorious passion as climax to his career? To free himself endless fear, torment. To be captured meant defeat, utter and final dismay.

A knock upon the door startled him, and Peggy's voice cut short his meditation. "You can come in now, Mr. Smith," she said.

The broad crystals were still falling thickly and the fire was hissing and spluttering under a huge root which he had rolled upon it. In its light the cabin stood hardly higher than a kennel and yet it housed the woman whose glance had transformed his world into something mystical. A man of commonplace ancestry would have felt only an animal delight in shelter and warmth, but this youth was stirred to a spiritual exaltation. The girl's bosom, the rounded beauty of her neck, appeared to him, but so also did the steady candor of her eyes, the calmness of her face and of her lips. Her helplessness roused his protective instinct, and her words, the sound of her voice, so precise, so alien-sweet, filled him with bitter sadness as he reentered the house in such spirit of self-abasement as he had never known before.

She lay down upon the hard floor in silence, his audacity gone, his reckless courage dead-sunk in gloomy foreboding.

Alice on her part could not free her mind from the burden of his crime. He was so young and so handsome, to be hunted like a noxious beast! She had at the moment more concern of him than of Ward, and in this lay a certain disloyalty. She sighed deeply as she thought of the outlaw remaining his flight next day. Would it not be better for him to sacrifice himself to the vengeance of the State at once and so end it? What right had she to shield him from the law's demand? "It is a criminal, after all. He must pay for his rash act."

"She could not sleep, and when he rose to feed the fire she softly asked: "Does it still storm?"

"No," he answered in a tone that voiced disappointment; "the stars are out."

"Isn't that cheering?" she exclaimed, still in the same hushed voice.

"For you," he replied. "For me it's another story." He had the desire for a secret consultation which moved her, and on his way back to his corner he halted and fixed his eyes upon her in hungry admiration of her firelit face.

Then he spoke: "I should have pulled out before the storm cut. They can trail me now. But no matter; I've known you."

She still kept to ambiguous speech. "Wouldn't it be better to give up and take your—misfortune, and begin again?" Professor Ward and I will do all we can to help you."

"That's mighty white of you," he responded slowly. "But I can't stand the thought of confinement. I've been free as an infant all my life. Every way of the wind has been open to me. No, just as long as I can find a wild spot I must keep moving. If it comes to 'hands up!' I take the short cut." He tapped his revolver as he spoke.

"You mustn't do that," she entreated. "Promise me you won't think of that!"

He made a stride toward her, but a movement of her companion checked him.

"Is it morning?" Peggy sleepily asked.

"Not quite," answered the outlaw, "but it's time for me to be moving. I'd like to hear from you sometime," he said to Alice, and his voice betrayed his sadness and tenderness. "Where could I reach you?"

She gave her address with a curious sense of wrongdoing. He listened intently. "I'll remember that," he said, "when I've forgotten everything else. And now—"

He reached his hand to her and she took it.

"Poor boy, I'm sorry for you," she whispered.

Her words melted his heart. Dropping on his knees beside her bed he pressed her fingers to his lips, then rose.

"I'll see you again—somehow—someday," he said brokenly. "Good-by."

"Don't ask me," replied the girl; "I don't feel like talking, and my foot is aching dreadfully. Can't you get up and bathe it? I hate to ask you—but it hurts me so."

Peggy sprang up and began to dress, puffing and whistling with desperation. As soon as she was dressed she ran to the door and opened it. All was still a world of green and white. "The fire is almost out," she reported, "and I can see Mr. Smith's horse's tracks."

It was about ten o'clock when a couple of horsemen suddenly rounded the point of the forest and rode into the clearing. One of them, a slender, elderly man with grey, curly beard and a skin like red leather, dismounted, and came slowly to the door, and though his eyes expressed surprise at meeting women in such a place he was very polite. "Mornin', ma'am," he said, with suave inflection.

"Good-morning," Peggy replied.

"Fine snowy mornin'!"

"It is so." She was a little irritated by the fixed stare of his round, gray eyes.

He became more direct. "May I ask you here and how you happen to be here, ma'am?"

"You may, I'm Mrs. Adams. I came up here with my husband, Professor Adams."

"Where is he?"

"He has gone up the trail toward Frémont. He is a botanist."

"Is that his horse's tracks?"

Alice called sharply—"Peggy!"

Mrs. Adams turned abruptly and went in.

The stranger turned a slow gaze upon his companion.

"Well, this beats me. 'Pears like we're on the wrong trail, Bob. I reckon we've just naturally overhauled a bunch of tourists."

"Better go in and see what's inside," suggested the other man, slipping from his horse.

"All right; you stay where you are."

As he stepped to the door and rapped Peggy opened it, but Alice took up the inquiry.

"What do you want?" she asked imperiously.

The man, after looking keenly about, quietly replied: "I'm wonderin' how you women come to be here alone, but first of all I want to know who made them tracks outside the door."

Alice ignored the latter part of his question and set about satisfying his wonder. "We came up here with a geological survey, but my horse fell on my foot and I couldn't ride, so the men had to leave me behind—"

"Alone?" sharply interrogated the man.

"No; one man stayed."

"What was his name?"

"I don't know—we called him Smith."

"Was he the man that rode away this morning?"

"What does that matter to you?" asked the girl.

"Why are you so inquisitive?"

"I'm the Sheriff of Uinta County, ma'am, and I'm looking for

a man who's been hiding out in this basin. I was trailin' him close when the snow came on yesterday, and I didn't know but what these tracks was his."

Peggy turned toward Alice with an involuntary expression of enlightenment and the Sheriff read it quickly. Slipping between the two women he said: "Jest a minute, Miss. What sort of a looking man was this Smith?"

Alice took up the story. "He was rather small and dark—wasn't he, Peggy?"

Peggy considered. "I didn't notice him particularly. Yes, I think he was."

The man outside called: "Hurry up, Cap. It's beginnin' to snow again."

The Sheriff withdrew toward the door. "You're both lyin'," he remarked without heat, "but it don't matter. We'll mighty soon overhaul this man on the horse—whoever he is. If you've been harboring Hall McCord we'll have to take you, too."

With that threat as a farewell he mounted his horse and rode away.

Peggy turned to Alice. "Did you know that young fellow was an outlaw?"

"Yes; I saw his picture and description on a placard in the railway station. I recognized him at once."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, I liked his looks, and, besides, I wanted to find out if he were really bad or only unfortunate."

"What has he done?"

"They say he held up a train!"

"Merciful Heavens, a train robber! What's his real name?"

"The name on the placard was Hall McCord."

"And to think he was in the same room with us last night, and you were chummin' with him! I can't understand you. Are you sure he is the robber?"

"Yes, he confessed to having tried to rob the express car."

He seemed such a nice fellow. How did he come to do it?"

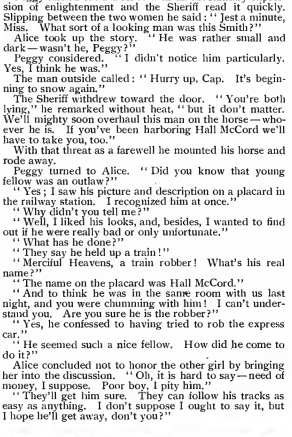
Alice concluded not to honor the other girl by bringing her into the discussion. "Oh, it is hard to say—need of money, I suppose. Poor boy, I pity him."

"They'll get him sure. They can follow his tracks as easy as anything. I don't suppose I ought to say it, but I hope he'll get away, don't you?"

"As He Sat in the Doorway Looking at the Storm He Realized that He was Shaken by a Wild, Crude Lyric of Passion"



"Take Me Back—Innocent! Alice Said to the Man Who Had Her in His Arms. 'I Feel Cold Here'"



"Take Me Back—Innocent! Alice Said to the Man Who Had Her in His Arms. 'I Feel Cold Here'"



"Take Me Back—Innocent! Alice Said to the Man Who Had Her in His Arms. 'I Feel Cold Here'"

NO SOONER had the door closed behind the outlaw than Peggy rose in her place beside Alice and voiced her mystification. "Now, what is the meaning of all that?"

"Yes, I do!" as Alice's fervent response. "But see! it's snowing again. It may cover his trail."

Peggy went to the door and gazed long and keenly at the peaks. When she turned her face was solemn.

"Allie, this is getting pretty serious for us. If the men don't come today they may get snowed up entirely. Alice stifled a wail, and she was unable to walk I wouldn't mind. I could help gather fuel and keep the fire going."

"There's plenty of wood for another day, but I'm worried about the men. Suppose they're up on that glacier?"

"I'm not worried about them, but I know they are worrying about us. They'll surely start back this morning, but they may not be able to reach us till night."

28

The light of the morning had turned gray and feeble. The air was still and the forest stood so safe and new then when a snow-laden branch cracked with its burden.

There was something majestic as well as menacing in this all-pervading solemn hush.

Peggy went about her duties as cheerfully as she could, but with a wider knowledge of mountaineering than Alice had. She was at heart quite terrified.

"We're going to miss our nice outlaw," she remarked. "He was so effective as a purveyor of wood." Then she went to the door and looked out. "That Sheriff will never keep his trail," she said.

"What's that?" suddenly asked Alice.

"Both listened. 'I don't think I've heard Peggy.' 'It's a horse—there! Some one spoke.'"

"It's Freeman!" Alice joyously called out. "Coo-look!"

She young replied, and Peggy rushing to the door met the one outlaw, who appeared on the threshold with stern, set face.

"Who's been here since I left? Your party?"

"Peggy recoiled in surprise and alarm, and Alice cried out: 'Why did you come back?'"

"Two men on horseback have been here since I left. Who were they?" His voice was full of haste.

"One of them said—he was the Sheriff," Alice replied faintly.

He smiled then, a kind of terrifying—his eyes. "Well, the chances are he knew. They took my trail, of course, and left in the afternoon."

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partial obedience to his commanders. When the excitement of the campaign was over he had deserted and gone back to the round-up wagon and the camp-fire.

"I don't know," he replied, stretching like a cat.

"The dawn came gloriously. The sun in far-shining splendor shined from peak to peak, painting purple shadows on the snow. The bodies of the tall trees to fretted gold. The jays cried out as if in exultation of the ending of the tempest and the small stream sang over its icy bed in resolute cheer. It was a land to fill a poet with awe and ecstatic praise—a radiant, imperial and merciless landscape. Trackless, almost soundless, the mountain world lay waiting for the alchemy of the sun.

VI

"What is that?" he asked.

"My Bible."

"Certainly."

He took it carefully and read the title on the back, then turned a few of the leaves. "I'm not sure on reading," he said. "But I've got a sister that sends me tracts, and the like." He returned to the flyleaf. "Is this your name?"

"Yes."

"Alice Mansfield," he read; "beautiful name! 'New York City.' That's pronounced for you side of the world to me." He studied the address with intent look.

"I'd like to buy this book. How much will you take for it?"

"I'll trade it for your weapon," she replied.

He looked at her narrowly. "You mean something by that. I follow the law and I'm not a criminal, but now. If I get into business over the line I'll disband, but in this country a fellow needs to be protected. I want a rifle."

"For the flyleaf?"

He smiled in return. "You've hit it."

"I'll give you the book if you'll promise to read it."

He clapped the covers together and put the volume in his pocket, then he drew his ever sword of it, if it takes an age, and here's my hand on it."

29

She gave him her hand, and in this daisy something came to her from his clutching fingers which sobered her. She drew her hand away hastily and said: "If you read that book and after a little while I will change your whole world."

He, too, lost his brightness. "Well, I'm not so anxious to keep up this kind of life. But if anybody changes me it will be you."

"Just as I said," she warned with lifted finger. "He took back and after a little while I will change your whole world."

"It seems to me," said Peggy reprovingly, "that you are too gracious with this mountaineer's getting prosperous."

"He doesn't mean to be. It's his unscrupulous way. Anyhow, I can't afford to be captious over his host."

"That's true," admitted Peggy.

"Why do you care so much about the snow still falling, but with a growing chill in the air."

"The flakes are finer," the outlaw answered as he came to the door. "This is good. It is growing colder and the wind is changing. It will pinch hard when it's up, and the worst of it, there's no way to ward it off. You've got to have the open tonight."

"I'm worried about you," he said to Alice. "I only those chumps had an axe!"

"The two women understood that this night was to bring them into closer intimacy with the stranger than before. He could not remain outdoors, and though they now could not see of his desperate character they had no fear of him. He had shown his civility. No one could have been more considerate of them, for he had come into the house with a request, an intelligent suggestion of jocularity, and when he came in and found them both in bed he said: 'I reckon I'll not make down tonight—you'll need all your blankets before morning,' and thereupon, without weighing their protests, proceeded to spread the extra cover over them."

Alice looked up at him in the dim light of the candle and softly asked: "What will you do? You will suffer with cold?"

"Don't worry about me; I'm an old campaigner. I still have a blanket to wrap around my shoulders. I'll snore if you hear me moving around. You don't be worried; I'm hired to keep the fire going even if it doesn't do us much good inside."

30

The chill deepened. The wind began to roar, and great masses of snow dislodged from the peaks, fell upon its roof with sounds like those of soft, slow footfalls.

Strange noises of creaking and groaning and rasping penetrated to Alice's ears, and she drew her feet half in by her shelter and her male protector. Men were fine animals for the most part."

She fell asleep at last seeing her knight's dim form pressed close when he rose to feed the fire, and the current of cold air which swept in caused her to cover her mouth with the blanket. He turned toward her.

"It's cold and the wind is blowing. How are you standing it? If your feet are cold I can heat a stone."

He drew her foot and looked down at her anxiously.

"Very much easier, thank you."

"I'm glad that you wish I could take the pain all on myself."

"You have troubles of your own," she answered as lightly as she could.

"That's true, too," he agreed in the same tone. "So many that a little more or less wouldn't count."

"How many would you mind a little?"

"I meant the foot was little."

She checked him.

"You don't mean to make light of it. It sure is no joke." He added, "I've made a start on the book."

"How do you like it?"

"I don't know yet," he answered and went back to his corner.

She snuggled under her warm quilts again, remorseful not daring to suggest a return of the blanket he had lent.

When she wakened again it was on his feet swelling his ankles silently. His blanket had gone out, but a faint light was showing in the room.

"Is it morning?" she asked.

"Just about the time," stretching like a cat.

"The dawn came gloriously. The sun in far-shining splendor shined from peak to peak, painting purple shadows on the snow. The bodies of the tall trees to fretted gold. The jays cried out as if in exultation of the ending of the tempest and the small stream sang over its icy bed in resolute cheer. It was a land to fill a poet with awe and ecstatic praise—a radiant, imperial and merciless landscape. Trackless, almost soundless, the mountain world lay waiting for the alchemy of the sun.

VI

"The morning was well advanced when a far, faint halloo broke through the silence of the valley. The ranger stood like a statue, while Peggy cried out: 'It's one of our men!'"

Alice turned to the outlaw with anxious face. "If it's the Sheriff stay in here with me. Let me plead for you. I want him to know what you've done for us."

The look that came upon his face turned her cold with fear for the Sheriff. He did not finish, but she understood.

The halloo sounded nearer and the outlaw's face lit up. "It's one of your party. He is coming up from below."

Impatiently they waited for the newcomer to appear, and though they waited so near, at every short step his progress was very slow. At last the man appeared on the opposite bank of the stream. He was covered with snow, and he looked as if like a man half-dead with hunger and fatigue.

"Why, it's Gage!" exclaimed Peggy.

It was indeed Gage, the man who had drawn near his gaunt and bloodless face was like that of a starved and hunted animal. His first word was an anxious inquiry: "How are you?"

"All well," Peggy answered.

"And the crippled girl?"

"Doing nicely," she replied to Mr. Smith here, but not freeze. Are you hungry?"

The guide looked upon the outlaw with glazed, protruding eyes. "Are you hungry?"

"I left them day before yesterday. I tried to get here, but I lost my bearings and got on the wrong side of the creek. 'Pears like I kept on the wrong side of the hog-back.' I never wanted to be bothered with it. I was plumb scared to death about you folks. I sure was."

Gage cast some food before him and ordered him into silence. "Talk later," she said.

The outlaw turned to Alice. "That explains it. Your party came to this man to take care of you and stayed in camp. You can't blame him."

Gage seemed to have suddenly become old, almost childlike. "I never wanted to be bothered with it. I was plumb scared to death about you folks. I sure was."

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Attractive Bedrooms for the House in the Country

IN THE illustrations shown on this and the next two pages there is a wealth of suggestions, which could be copied economically, for the housewife who likes the rooms of her home to look cool in summer. Each of these rooms seems to have just enough furniture in it and no more; nothing is fussy or overdone; and there is that peaceful and quiet touch in them so necessary, and unfortunately, so often overlooked in the homes of today. It may interest THE JOURNAL'S readers to know that of these eighteen photographs ten came from the Middle West, and the others from New England and the East.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY R. BORTHEN



COURTESY OF "THE CRAFTSMAN" MAGAZINE



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY FUERNBERG



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY FUERNBERG



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY FUERNBERG



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY FUERNBERG

A Few Dining-Rooms for Country Houses



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY FIDELMAN



COURTESY OF "THE CRAFTSMAN" MAGAZINE



PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING W. HOLT/THIRD



PHOTOGRAPH BY T. E. BASS



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY FIDELMAN



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY FIDELMAN

Some Cool Hallways and Living-Rooms



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY FUR-MAK



PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX H. SOTHBOM



PHOTOGRAPH BY HELEN FLEISHER



PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX H. SOTHBOM



PHOTOGRAPH BY T. L. NAYL



PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX H. SOTHBOM

Inexpensive Playhouses for Children

Costing from \$7 to \$50 Each
to Build



THIS is the second-prize playhouse built almost entirely from a baby-grand piano box at a cost of \$20, not including labor. For a foundation the box was placed on two brick piers, each nine inches high. The lid was raised for a ceiling and supported at the inside corners by two-by-four-inch pieces. Above the piano box the gables are of narrow ceiling lumber, and the roof is of rough lumber covered with roofing paper. There is one room inside six feet by seven in size, and the ceiling is five feet high. The porch measures three feet two inches by seven feet. Boards painted red hide the foundation piers, and the rest of the house has two coats of white paint. The little girls on the porch—they live in an Iowa town—spent many tappy hours in this playhouse.



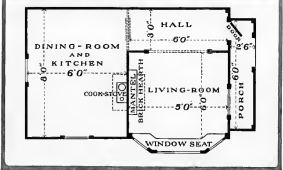
A LITTLE girl in Kentucky is the proud possessor of this pretty log-cabin playhouse, which was given the fourth prize and cost \$30 without labor. Both the house and the chimney are built of unsharked willow logs spiked together at the corners, the chimney being lined with firebrick. There is one room, the dimensions of which are seven feet by nine, and five feet and a half high. The walls inside are celled with five-eighths-inch pine. An old-fashioned fireplace and mantle, just like the "grown-ups" have, make the room snug and homelike. The door has a wooden latch which is "always out" to all the children of the neighborhood who are well-behaved. This cabin is called by the little owner "a Daniel Boone cabin," but it seems hardly likely that Daniel Boone ever lived in anything quite so nice as this.



THE sixth prize in the competition went to this six-year-old Ohio girl. She is such a fine little housekeeper that her playhouse is as neat and clean as a new pin and she is always prepared for visitors. Originally the house was just a large box in which printing paper had been packed. A carpenter was called in and in a very short time the box was transformed into a playhouse. All he did was to put on a shingle roof, cut two windows and a door, cover the joints with strips of wood and make a floor. The cost, including the carpenter's charges, was a little less than \$8. The dimensions are: height, six feet; width and length, four feet two inches; height of door, four feet seven inches; width of door, two feet; with windows one foot four inches square. Certainly nothing else at such a small cost could give a child so much pleasure.



Above is Shown the Exterior and Below the Living-Room and Floor Plans of the First-Prize Playhouse



THE first-prize playhouse is owned by a little girl in a Minnesota city. Some of her friends may recognize her standing on the porch with her family of dolls. The house was originally an old woodshed—disreputable and of little use. All the work was done by the girl's father—he is not a carpenter—and he invested only \$15 in new material and lumber. Most of the construction is from odds and ends. For instance, the porch columns are made from the sides of a discarded bed-spring, and the woodwork of the bay-window came from old dry-goods boxes.

The illustration of the interior shows the living-room looking toward the dining-room and kitchen. The mantel is built of old crating and ten feet of new moulding; the carving above it is a scrap of ornamental steel ceiling plate; and the pilasters are made from a table-leg sawed lengthwise. The combination grate and cook-stove consists of a grotesque ceiling plate, on the living-room side, which was outlined to fit this space and cut through the teeth for draft openings. This is bolted to the open side of a large tin cracker-box, in the top of which two holes are cut—one for a small stove-pipe and the other for a six-inch stove-lid through which the fire is fed. The mantel being nailed against the one-inch partition naturally binds the fire-box in the kitchen, making the coolest cook-stove imaginable. Over the rough boards of the inside old carpet-pie is tacked, which provides a smooth surface for the wall-paper. In the words of the little owner of this playhouse, "it is so nice to have a real stove to cook on and a real floor to scrub."



AWAY up in Canada, on the plains of Northern Alberta, is this playhouse built entirely of logs and covered with a sod roof. The back is twelve feet long, each end seven feet wide, and the front wing six feet by seven. Inside there is one large room which, owing to its irregular shape, readily divides itself into dining-room, sitting-room and kitchen. Not including labor the cost was a little less than \$25. From the four little owners of this playhouse came this cordial invitation, which we would like mighty well to accept: "Just call on us and we will make you a cup of black tea, served with Canadian biscuits which you call 'crackers!'"

Selected in the Recent Prize
Competition



HERE is another playhouse built of piano boxes, and the cost complete was just \$22.32. It contains one room six feet by eight, with an alcove in the rear measuring two feet six by three feet six. On the foundation frame, which is one foot high, two upright-piano boxes were placed with the fronts facing outward; the backs and the tops of the boxes completed the floor and the roof, which is covered with painted canvas. The alcove and porch roof are built of dry-goods boxes. All the windows are made of cheap picture frames. The inside is finished with a three-foot border of green burias around the base, above which is tacked chenevel to hold the wall-paper. A narrow moulding hides the join of the burias and paper. This playhouse from a city in Illinois was awarded the third prize.



"BUTTERNUT COTTAGE" is the name of this playhouse. Of course it is shaded by a butternut tree, under which the children can play when it is too hot inside. At one side is a little garden which goes with the playhouse; so in addition to learning housekeeping these little people are finding out for themselves the wonders of gardening. The house is owned by a girl in a large Pennsylvania town and is eight feet wide by thirteen feet and a half long. The lumber used was mostly hemlock and the outside is painted dark red with a white trim. The interior is one large room with double windows in each end. It contains all the furniture of a miniature house, and has matting on the floor, and tan paper with a fancy border on the walls. The rafters and studding are exposed, and the house was built from new material for \$50.



THE little girl with the Teddy Bear on the porch is the sole mistress of this playhouse in a Pennsylvania town. Her father built it for her, and he spent only \$7 in real money for new material. The rest of it is made from old dry-goods boxes which he had in his store and a few odds and ends. Inside there is a pretty mantel with a mirror over it, and the walls are wainscoted twenty inches high. Above the wainscoting the walls and ceiling are covered with an old-fashioned flowered chintz which cost but five cents a yard. While the one room is only six feet by six it is plenty large enough for the little girl and her family of dolls and for the friends who often drop in to take luncheon. This playhouse was given the fifth prize, and if you are thinking of building one like it for your little girl begin right now to save up the boxes.

The Six Great Moments in a Woman's Life

By Emily Calvin-Blake, Author of "What the Teacher Said to Trove," etc.

The Sixth—The First Flitting from the Home Nest

WHEN Faire was twenty-two he came a straight, clean-cut young man with an excellent record behind him, and a fair promise of good fortune behind him. He looked at my girl with longing eyes, but she gazed straight back at him with calm friendliness in hers. And it was glad.

He, she and I went to the theatre one night. An old-fashioned play was given, with love as its theme. The lad looked at Faire as if he could do for her a hundred times over just what the hero in the play was doing for his lady. But still Faire did not respond.

But just as I felt safe and was falling back into the old way of living, with my tall, young slips about me, Fate grew too distant. Twice one day I spoke to her and she did not answer.

She was in the act of arranging some roses in a bowl when the doorbell rang on the evening of that same day, and she dropped the flowers, hove and all. Her face became the color of the rose-petal, and her eyes shone in a way that made me sweat to look upon. Then I knew. Love had come to her by degrees. Something had awakened her and his presence at last, and my little girl had become a woman. And with the bitterness of death came the thought: "Must I give her up?"

FAIRE came to me upstairs in my room while he was speaking to her father in the library. Even as I stroked her bright hair and looked cheerfully into her face, I thought of Floyd, who knew now that he must give into me the first beloved child of ours.

But I had really not known until she knelt by my side and hid her face on my shoulder.

"Mother," she breathed, "I love him."

Then she was silent as if the utterance of the words had again brought to her the wonder and mystery of it all; as if she could not fathom a love that seemed greater than she had given to me. In this ineffable moment of hers I would say no word that would hurt her.

"It is worthy, Faire," I said.

Ever before she had flung down into my hearth, despite brave words, and read what was written there. But now her loveliest eyes were blinded to me. Her face sparkled in its new beauty and the soft color about her cheeks.

"Oh, he is worthy, Mother," she repeated; "and I did not know that I loved him until last night."

"Mother, when I sent her from my knee to school? I had thought so, and yet it was as nothing to this yielding; letting her go from the home nest to brighten the life of another; to strive, as I am bound to do, to see that every room that she no longer echoes to the sound of her sweet voice.

But I must not spoil this moment for her. When at her mother's knee she had tried to be an all to her in all to her—she told the story of her maiden love I must not let one thought of my grief enter her happy mind. I smiled at her as I listened to her words. I gave no sign as I saw her turn from me for the first time in her life, when she heard his voice downstairs, his interview with her father ended.

"I must go to him now," she said, the rose hue again springing to her face; "and you, Mother, you are happy, too?"

"Very happy for you, Faire," I said, but the tones trembled like caged birds, and I pushed her gently from me.

"Mother, when he has kissed me silently as Floyd told his story to my father; I thought of my joyful flitting from the home that had sheltered me for many years. And my heart went out to all the mothers in the world who have suffered such partings as these.

And Floyd? In our many years of married life I had seen the tears but once on his face: that was when Faire was born; now they fell silently from his eyes when he and I sat upstairs and knew that our child was going from us.

Faire was happy, glowingly happy, like a clear, steadfast light that burns in a shadowed room. For the house seemed already to take on the silence that would soon be its. The boys would not ask Faire to play to them, for Harry confided to me that he would miss her more if she should play up to them than if she were his only sister, who had been his friend and comrade all his life.

She was married in my wedding tulle. It was cut square at the neck, and I filled it with softest tulle. I pinned the wreath upon her cheeks, as I did in my uncontrollable tears when she was mine.

When she was arrayed in her bridal finery she stood for a moment looking at me. Then suddenly she threw her arms about me.

"I don't realize it," I didn't realize that I was leaving you. Oh, Mother, Mother, don't send me away."

Send her away, Child of my Heart! Send her away! For one moment her pulse beat fast; she turned to me now; she could not leave me. My baby who had lain my arms so many years ago in my arms, she was mine.

He, waiting below, had no right to her.

Then sner thought prevailed and I looked calmly into her eyes.

"You are going to him, Faire. Think of your love, Dear."

Left her standing there with the tears on her lashes, when I went to search for her father. I found him at last—in the nursery. He sat in the old rocking-chair with Faire's rag doll on his arm. He was looking down at it, humming the quaint lullaby that Faire had made up and which she used to sing with fussy little quavers on the last line:

Sleep, my dolly, sleep—
You belong to me.
Sleep, my dolly, sleep—
And don't fly away from me.

I went quietly to him and took the rag doll from his embrace.

"Come, Faire," I said, a sudden dryness parching all feeling within me. "Come."



He smiled bravely at Faire when he entered my room. When she saw her father approach she ran to him. He held her close, then pushed her gently from him and looked at her for the last moment that she was to be his. I stole out and gave the signal for the wedding march.

When it was all over, when he had gone, I crept up to the nursery. Floyd joined me there, attracted thither as I had been.

FAIRE and her husband went to house-keeping immediately upon their return from their wedding trip. At first I went often to see her. But my heart so ached and implored for the return of the old times that I could not bear to see her and then to leave her.

Is a mother's love selfish then? Was my love never selfish, and each time that I saw her fresh pricks of pain were unconsciously given me.

Oh, it was miserable. I wanted that which I had known I could not hold. I did not accuse myself of jealousy. Truly great, aching vacuums was within me that nothing seemed to fill.

And Faire was so sweet and loving to me. She was always glad to see me; always glad to come home for a visit. But the first time that she came she was in a hurry. She could not wait to remove her hat and after a few words she was gone again. And I had thought for hours of this first visit—and she could not wait to remove her hat!

All her thoughts were for him. As was told, "I indignantly told the baser part of me; he must be first in everything, I told my heart. It did not ease my pain to remember that I had left my mother; that Floyd had meant all the while nothing could lessen my sorrow, and day after day I sat upstairs unable sometimes to endure the growing pain. And I sat idly, for Faire had no more need of me."

I WENT to my work-basket one day and looked at the remnants of lace lying in it. And as I felt that I was doing me anything I possessed if Faire should ask me to do something for her: to sew the lace in the neck and sleeves of her gown, or to embroder the flourishes of her party dress. But she did not need my help now.

One day after a visit to her and a return of the pain in all its poignancy I went down to dinner in the laziest fashion that had become natural to me. Floyd, so much stronger that so much the sweeter character, had put aside his feelings and seemed to be the same; whereas I huggled to my breast my own misery.

After dinner, Harry asked me to sing a piece of chess.

"Or give us some music, Mother," he pleaded, "or do something. Don't we count now that Faire is not here?" I finished wistfully.

Sharply I was pulled up. I had been thinking of my mother and the two boys since Faire had gone. I had done nothing but keep warm the ignoble feelings that possessed me.

"We need you, Mother," Harry said, coming to me and looking into my eyes; "we need you just the same."

"Need you?" The words were a stimulant to me. I kissed my boy tenderly and then went to the piano. "Floyd lit the lamp with its pink shade. (He always loved its soft glow to fall on me.) I sang such tender little ballads as came to me from the old-fashioned past, and my husband and sons sat listening, applauding me lovingly when I had finished one song, and craving for more.

I was fairly happy again, for Harry was smiling and Floyd was humming over the piano in his old-time attitude, and when it all time, Mother," Harry said, "I've missed you, oh, like everything!"

"And so have I," said quiet Frank, who at eighteen never looked at girls and fled at the rattle of their skirts; "I've stayed out lots of nights just wandering around."

"Stayed out, Frank?" I cried; "you didn't want to come home?"

"No," he answered, "what was the use? You weren't around and the house was like a decorated tomb. I thought, too, like Harry, that we didn't matter any more."

My heart stood still as I thought of my boy wandering about, not caring to come home. And I had sat upstairs ignorant of everything, interested in nothing. I went to Frank and put my arms about him.

"We'll have our only time together, Harry, and I'll have something in my throat. "You won't wander any more, will you, Frank?"

"No, Mother," he answered, "it's home when you're with us."

So I had almost missed the sweetest joy of my life. I had so often in my life. Because one joy had gone I had not thought for others in there was waiting to be gathered.

NEXT day I made Frank's college bag that had lain so long awaiting my touch. I put flowers on the dining-room table, and when evening came I wore a white dress with a rose pinned at my throat. And I laughed and talked so that my boys thought the hurt was gone from my heart.

Son Harry came to me as of old and confided in me. Frank, with ambition and bravado, was as of old and asked me my criticism. And Floyd read passages to me from his favorite authors.

"I'm my place to fill, and I had forgotten that I must not leave it empty. And when the readjustment was almost perfect Faire came to me. And then I knew that the happiness service for her was yet to be mine. She knelt by my side as she had when she told me of her young love. She kissed me over words of the same promise that was to be fulfilled for her."

"And, Mother," she murmured, "I need you more than any body else."

I pressed her close to me, my heart overflowing that this sweet task was to be mine, and that she needed me.

"It is strange, Mother, isn't it?" she went on, "that I thought of you first when I knew; even Alfred came second for the time being, because you only can understand."

To understand!—The divinest gift of all. Ah, I was rich! I was rich with the joy of service-giving.



Next to the fire

Put the same amount of water in these two saucepans. You know from experience that the water in "A" will boil much sooner. It has a larger surface next to the fire.

Let this fact guide you in choosing freezers.

If you want your cream to freeze quickly, compare cans.

The can of the Dana Peerless freezer is the smallest in diameter and tallest—has the greatest surface



next to the ice

Allows the most cream to freeze at one time — this is scraped off by the dasher — more freezes, is scraped off — in three minutes a gallon is frozen! The quickest time of any freezer made! That's the

Dana Peerless Freezer

Have you tried every known way to "keep" your cream from one meal to the next? Does it still disappoint you with soft, mushy cream for the last meal—part of it not even fit to be served?

This tall can of the Dana Peerless solves this problem. Pack it in ice and your cream stays firm through and through. In freezers with wide cans softening soon starts in the center.

Point by point, the Dana Peerless is better planned, better built than any other freezer. Built like the old French Pot, produces smooth, evenly frozen cream time after time, does it quickly and keeps it successfully.

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A Dinner-Set in White and Silver

By Sara Wood-Safford

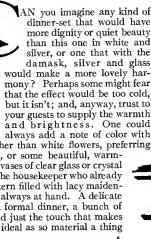


Nothing Could be Cooler and Daintier for the Summer Dinner-Table Than This White and Silver China

AS you imagine any kind of dinner-set that would have more dignity or quiet beauty than this one in white and silver, or one that with the damask, silver and glass would make a more lovely harmony? Perhaps some might fear that the effect would be too cold, but it isn't; and, anyway, trust to your guests to supply the warmth and brightness. One could always add a note of color with flowers than white flowers, preferring lilies-of-the-valley, or the narcissus, or some beautiful, warm-hearted white roses. Simple flower-vases of clear glass or crystal are best to use with this service, but the housekeeper who already has a silver-fern-bowl of simple pattern filled with lacy maiden-hair ferns has a pleasing decoration always at hand. A delicate fern-like laid at each cover, or, at a formal dinner, a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley tied with tulle, add just the touch that makes this white and silver table as near ideal as so material a thing may be.

The decorations, but I never use other than white flowers, preferring lilies-of-the-valley, or the narcissus, or some beautiful, warm-hearted white roses. Simple flower-vases of clear glass or crystal are best to use with this service, but the housekeeper who already has a silver-fern-bowl of simple pattern filled with lacy maiden-hair ferns has a pleasing decoration always at hand. A delicate fern-like laid at each cover, or, at a formal dinner, a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley tied with tulle, add just the touch that makes this white and silver table as near ideal as so material a thing may be.

The linen used is a fine, heavy damask, perfectly plain, without dot or line. It has a four-inch hem, finished by hand with double hem-stitching. The napkin, with a hem one inch wide, is finished in the same way. The monograms are designed for each piece and are done solidly in quite high relief—filled in. I think the needleworker calls it. The threads are not so easy to pull as those of a homespun weave, but it can be done quite comfortably without wetting the entire cloth



The New Soup-Bowl and Oyster-Plate, and the Bouillon-Cup, Showings a Burnish-Silver Lining



if you dampen a strip where the threads are to be pulled. It doesn't take such a lot of money to buy the plain linen for the sets described in these articles, but the woman who has time and care to do her own marking and hemstitching is fortunate, as the price for having it done is—well, I don't like to spell out the figures.

AND what is true of the linen is, of course, true of the china—we can give to our own service that individual mark, if we have time and the desire, which to have done from our own design would be almost prohibitive in price for most of us plain-folks.

Every student should possess a gauge and a plate-divider for spacing designs. In carrying out the design illustrated here use the gauge for measuring and drawing the skeleton lines—those upon which to build the design. Mark the lowest lines, the base and top of the little oval, and the top of the small outlined shape. With these guiding lines you will find little difficulty in developing the whole free-hand.

Matt silver in paste form should always be thoroughly mixed with essence for gold or lavender oil. It should be thin enough to work smoothly and easily with the brush without running. Silver is harder than gold and thickly-laid parts do not burnish down, and this fault can be not only seen but felt even after several firings. I always apply matt silver at least twice over a design, also for second and third firings on handles, linings, etc., the first coat being always of liquid bright silver. Burnish matt silver after each firing, using a brush bristled with sand for the purpose; sand should be used very wet, and it will scratch the surface. Gold and silver mixed—about twelve parts of silver to fourteen parts of gold—make what silversmiths call "white" gold, which is a delightful substance to work with. It is as white as silver when fired, with delicate yellow tints.

I have made a little change in the design on the place plate. You will notice that it is the same border pattern, with the lines brought to the inside of the rim, making the small panel divisions. One of the greatest beauties of designing is the working within certain limits and getting in the most possible changes. It excites the imagination, and develops the creative faculty. The upright pieces of the set could be paneled, but the worker must determine upon nice proportions and decorations that would seem to weaken the piece.

I made the inside of the bouillon-cups and the under side of the saucer and silver-plated the facing that the effect would not be too heavy for the cups, used as they are now for so many thin soups besides bouillon. I treated the same way the after-dinner coffee cups and saucers, and the sugar and the creamer, thinking that the added touch of richness and brilliancy would make a pleasing finale at the dinner.

This Design is Particularly Beautiful on the Place Plates

I PROMISED last month to tell you something about liquid bright silver. I always use it for a first coat on large surfaces that are to be made solid burnish silver. Before applying, clean the surface thoroughly with alcohol, then wipe over with lavender oil. The silver can be used from the bottle, but, as it is best to lay it with a large brush (camel's-hair square shader, number ten), the silver can be handled more easily if it is poured out into a small china or glass receptacle. Pour out only what you will use at a time, since after short exposure to the air it grows too thick to flow easily. Fill your brush well and apply smoothly with long strokes, all in the same direction. It sets very quickly, and you must not go back and work into it—the result would be a rough, streaky deposit that would show after firing. This uneven surface will show through even two coats of burnish silver, so if the bright silver is not perfect after firing apply another thin coat and re-fire



A Section of the Border in Detail

before laying the burnish or matt silver. When liquid silver becomes too thick for use, from either age or exposure, thin it to its original consistency with essence for gold or lavender oil. I never use bright silver in a design for other than upright pieces; lying flat it has irritating bright black shadows instead of gray, silvery tints. Bright silver combined in design with Copenhagen gray, soft salmon-pink and black is pleasing on decorative pieces, odd bowls and three-piece tea and coffee sets.

THE teapot illustrated is not to be taken too seriously, for it is only a reproduction of one of the "Old Silver" lustre ware pieces of our grandmothers' time made solid bright silver to look like the antique, the only difference being the handle, which I have painted black. A black handle not only wears better, but also feels better in one's hand than the slippery silver surface. I fear that much of the "antique" china sold today is of very modern French make. The really old silver lustre sets of this design were of red clay body, not of white china.

I am showing in the illustrations a low, shallow bowl for soup. It is about seven inches across, and is now being prepared for the old large soup-plate by many who give much thought to their table appointments. A plate for serving oysters on the shell is modeled like the old soup-plate, but is only about seven inches and a half across. This plate filled with chipped ice is now considered nicer for the serving of oysters than the old one with shell-shaped dividers in the fish. It is liked by some for soup as well. Besides the plates for fish or entrée, bread and butter, roast, salad and dessert, a low, oval vegetable-dish,



A Suggestion for Serving After-Dinner Coffee

about seven inches by ten, is shown, together with a small platter. Two other and larger platters should be added to the set, and other vegetable-dishes as well.

I HOPE that many of our workers may be interested to carry out this design on the various pieces of a set. There is splendid stuff in adapting the same design to other shapes, and we can do a great deal more toward real decoration in our homes if we concentrate upon one thing at a time and do it thoroughly and well.

In the field of ceramics our workers will find they will encourage their students to do fine table service instead of so many odd pieces of useless

bric-a-brac, with which painters of china have filled their houses for years. Do you know that it is this awful conglomerate mass of badly-designed and badly-painted stuff that has given china painters' black eye? Do you know that it is only within very recent years that we have been allowed to exhibit our wares in connection with any of the fine arts? But our craft has a wonderful opportunity for development in this country. More and more people are wanting things to "match," and there is no reason why a woman with a love for the work and the patience to train herself to become a skilled artisan should not find a congenial occupation which would yield a pleasant income. And may we not be pardoned if for many reasons we take joy in the fact that china will break?

NOTE—Mrs. Safford will be glad to hear from readers of *The Journal* and will answer all mail questions about china painting, but it is necessary to be very definite and address envelopes should be sent. Address Mrs. Safford, in care of The Journal.

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Tiffany & Co. call attention to the facilities of their Correspondence Department for aiding those who live at a distance from New York in the choice of appropriate wedding presents or other gifts. The large variety of Tiffany & Co.'s stock of silverware, clocks, bronzes, jewelry, china, glassware and art objects renders the service of this Department of special value.

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Fifth Ave. & 37th St. New York

How to Have Success with Roses

By Frances Duncan

ROSE-GROWING has come to have much the same aspect as wedlock—a thing not to be entered into lightly, but soberly and most advisedly. The counsel given to beginners in gardening is usually "Don't." When some home gardener disregards this advice and sets about making a rose-garden he quickly reaches a state of fazed and helpless bewilderment—first, at the multitude of roses that appear in the catalogues, each one as desirable, apparently, as its fellow; next he finds himself in a maze of disconcerting classifications, lost in a labyrinth of Bourbons, Noisettes, Polyanthas, Teas, Hybrid Teas, Hybrid Perpetuals (the T., H., T., H. of the catalogues); added to this is the lengthy and sobering list of possible diseases, the portentous array of insect enemies, all of which make rose-growing seem a most hazardous undertaking. Yet our grandmothers grew roses—probably not prize roses, but still abundant and lovely, and they had them in their gardens as a matter of course.

Now rose-growing is not a thing of extraordinary difficulty. Of course, if you expect to take prizes at exhibitions then rose-growing is an art; but if you simply want roses enough to delight your eyes and perfume your garden, that is a thing from which no array of bristling difficulties should stop you. Sometimes obstacles which look like lions in the way can be "shoed" as easily as if they were hens.

The Best Way to Buy Roses

IF YOU want roses that will do something directly, then don't experiment with slips or cuttings, except for the fun of it, but get two-year plants from a worthy rose-grower who has grown them himself. Do not try imported roses, even for a bargain count. Imported gowns may be alluring, but imported plants are by no means as satisfactory as home-grown ones. The climate of both England and the United States is quite different from that of the countries from which they are imported, especially for gardening purposes, and plants from those countries feel the difference sorely. An expert knows how to manage imported plants; it is wiser for an amateur to get a plant that has been raised in his own climate. Climate is an important consideration with roses. The Crown Rambler, which in the North will grow for any one, is in the South rather liable to scab, and for leaves cannot compare with the Noisettes or the wild Cherokee Roses. On account of the difference in planting season we buy plants preferably from a nurseryman in your own latitude. If you have a reservation, do not persistently moist ground—"roses abhor wet feet." As a rule you express it. Don't try to grow roses near trees—there is little nourishment for anything such a place, and roses will do nothing if they are there.

Some Things Which Roses Require

THERE are a few details of diet and environment which roses insist upon, and if the gardener won't or can't supply them he might better leave the rose-bushes at the nursery, for they "won't be happy till they get them." The first is plenty of sunshine; they like a shelter from north or west winds (the sturdy Crown Rambler grows in a wire netting will often give protection enough); thirdly, they like air to themselves, and low little air-lifting, if blowing if they have to be closely associated with other garden-look; they are aristocrats by nature, and very exclusive ones; for diet they like rich food and plenty of water, if enough water for drink and fresh water, not persistently moist ground—"roses abhor wet feet." As a rule you express it. Don't try to grow roses near trees—there is little nourishment for anything such a place, and roses will do nothing if they are there.

The best place for a real rose-garden is a southeastern slope. Roses love the early morning sun. The next best place is a southern or southwestern slope from which winds are cut off. Though aristocrats in the matter of other flowers roses are perfectly happy in many situations which are not in the least distinguished. They will grow luxuriantly over the wire netting of a hen-yard—the south side of a barn-yard and the neighborhood of a compost-heap are places they delight in. In the country a congenial spot for climbing roses is near a kitchen porch, where, in spite of precocity, the water from the washing of hands is apt to be thrown. Not only do they enjoy the diet but they also keep a merry a gown from finding its way into the well. I am inclined to think that the sixteenth-century notion that roses were peculiarly health-giving came from the unsanitary condition of the houses and the fact that roses have healthy appetites for germs, so that the more rose-embowered the house the less likely to be sick.

How Roses Should be Planted

JUNE is the time to admire roses rather than to plant them; but it is the time of all others to plan a rose-garden. It makes a bold and big imagination to see one's own garden in January, but in June it is a very simple matter to know where we would like to have a climbing rose. One can visit nurseries, look over the fence at one's neighbor's garden, and decide intelligently what roses one must have and precisely where they should go. Roses can be ordered at any time; the proper time for planting is the orthodox shrub-planting time—late October and November in the North, also early March. In the South and in California February is the usual planting month.

First mark out the beds; if you make them wider than four feet you will find them difficult to manage. Dig the bed to the depth of at least two feet and a half; three feet is better—some gardeners, when the soil is poor, have the beds no less than four feet deep. Throw all the soil in it. If it is sandy don't use it. Unless the soil will be of gravel—in which case the drainage problem is solved by Mother Nature—put in the bottom a six-inch layer of broken stone. Then fill the bed with well-sifted heavy loam mixed with manure in the proportion of one part of manure to six parts of soil (only well-rotted manure should be used; the very best is cow manure). The soil and manure should be mixed very thoroughly. The Teas and Roses will grow in a lighter, much more sandy soil than Hybrid Perpetuals.

Set the plants from eighteen inches to two feet apart; if in rows it will be found more convenient to dig a trench eighteen inches deep and a foot or more wide. Be sure that the bud or graft is two inches below the soil, or else you may have trouble with suckers. Water thoroughly when planted, and if it is very hot water must be given in the morning for some time after planting. If you dislike the look of the brown earth carpet the beds with *Viola cornuta* or with pansies.

Pruning comes next, and in rose-growing is very important. It is one of the first things that a rose-grower must learn if she would have roses in abundance. Single roses may for the most part be treated as plain "shrubs" and an require little or no pruning. Double roses and Teas and Hybrid Perpetuals, these require careful and intelligent pruning and plenty of it.

Rose-Enemies and How to Meet Them
THIS brief list of possible evils need not terrify an amateur. Forwarded is forwarded. The possible diseases of children make a large volume, but few parents are afraid to try raising them on that point. Strong, healthy rose plants are not liable to be afflicted, and rose-emies are like other evils—frightened in the bud little damage is done, and roses are well worth the bit of watchfulness they entail.

ROSE-BEETLE. Probably the first insect whose acquaintance the rose-grower makes is the rose-beetle or "rose-bug," which sometimes comes in hordes like the Egyptian locusts. The only sure way of vanquishing this enemy is the primitive method of "hand-picking" or jarring off the insects into a pan of kerosene. For this work the early morning is the best, for then the insects are most stupid and inert than ever. Most remedies that kill the beetles kill the roses also.

BLACK SPOT. This is a fungous disease, apt to appear late in the season, and usually confined to Hybrid Perpetuals; Teas are rarely afflicted with it. The black spots are first noticed on the leaves at the base of the plant, later the disease works upward. About the middle of June gardeners begin to watch for "black spot." As soon as a spotted leaf is observed the spray should be cut off and also two or three leaf-stalks above the unfortunate, although they may seem unaffected. These should be taken away and burned. Spraying in April before the foliage appears and again in late June with Bordeaux mixture is the best preventive, but even this is not certain; it discolors the foliage and cannot be applied while the plants are in bud.

APHIDS. This is a tiny, green, sucking insect which, if you let it, swarms over the stems of plants; whenever aphids are noticed no time must be lost, for they increase with incredible rapidity. Tobacco dust applied when the foliage is moist will discourage them. The surest remedy is tobacco tea; this should be applied with a sprayer or a fine brush. If you have a few plants in a wide ditch or a row of the plant may be bent down and the affected branches dipped in it and the aphids both poisoned and drowned, thus making assurance doubly sure. If you have but few plants in a wide ditch or a row of the plant may be bent down and the affected branches dipped in it and the aphids both poisoned and drowned, thus making assurance doubly sure. If you have but few plants in a wide ditch or a row of the plant may be bent down and the affected branches dipped in it and the aphids both poisoned and drowned, thus making assurance doubly sure.

GREEN WORMS: various larvae which in their adult stage become different winged insects. The larvae they are alike destructive to rose foliage. Take a small powder bellows and while the leaves are moist dust them with powdered bellows. This will not improve the appearance of the best rose-bushes, but in a day or so the insect will have a hose and the enemy will be found to have been expunged also.

MILDEW. When roses haven't an abundance of air and sunlight mildew may appear, especially after cool nights. The symptoms are a crinkling of the foliage, which becomes grayish. The moment you notice this, dust not only the afflicted rose-bushes but all the others, as well, with flowers of sulfur. Repeat in a few days, for the sulfur is more a preventive than a cure.

Some Roses for Beginners in Gardening

For California Gardens

Katerina Augusta Victoria	Paul Neyron
La France	Mrs. John Laing
Maman Cochet	Helen Krifer
Papa Gonier	Ulrich Brunner
Gloire de Lyon	John Johnston
Climbing Roses	Réve d'Or
Cherokee	Gold of Gold
Reine Marie Henriette	Glôire de Dijon
	Beauty of Glazewood

For Southern Gardens

Baroness de Rothschild	Katerina Augusta Victoria
La France	Madame C. Testout
Souvenir de la Malmaison	Papa Gonier
Glôire Lyonnaise	Mrs. John Laing
Paul Neyron	Duchesse de Brabant
Gloire de Lyon	Quas on Trepitz
Climbing Roses	Réve d'Or
Devenissia	Gold of Gold
Clet de Gold	Bunkia
Reine Marie Henriette	Bunkia

For Chicago and Gardens of the Middle West

Princess Camille de Rohan	Capitain Christy
Magna Charta	General Jacquemont
Mrs. R. G. Shuman	Mrs. Paul
Louis Van Houthe	Crested Moss

Seven Sisters Climbing Roses

Seven Sisters	Carmine Pillar
Crimson Rambler	Dawson

For Northern and Eastern Gardens

Alfred Colomb	Mrs. John Laing
General Jacquemont	Paul Neyron
Madame Planter	Karl Druschki
Louis Van Houthe	Ulrich Brunner
Madame Gabriel Lurier	Katerina Augusta Victoria
Climbing Roses	Debutante
Carmine Pillar	Dorothy Perkins
Crimson Rambler	Furgush
Dawson	Richards
Wichardiana Hybrids	

Roses for the Seaside

Rosa Rugosa—all varieties and	Madame Planter
La France	Hybrid Rose (<i>R. spinosissima</i>)
Polyantha Roses	Egan

The Penzance Sweeter

The Penzance Sweeter	Wichardiana
Evergreen Gem	Gardiana



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NOTE—Miss Duncan is always glad to hear from readers of The Journal, and will answer by mail any questions about gardening. Only so much as to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Miss Frances Duncan, in care of The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.



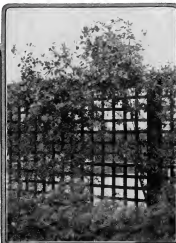
What Others Have Done in Their Gardens

Illustrations from Photographs Taken in California for The Journal by Helen Luken's Gaut



THIS pink rosevine seems at home on the brick wall and the arched gas-piping above. How much prettier is such an arrangement than a bare wall!

ARUSTIC bridge in a garden is always attractive. The one shown below is built of silver birch logs over which a rambler rose is trained.



ALMOST any one who can drive a nail could build a simple wooden lattice like this—and any climbing vine or flower will make it beautiful.



AN UNROOFED rear court of a small California house has this pretty pergola entrance where sunshine and flowers can frolic.

THE white lattice gate with diamond-shaped openings, shown below, is in pretty contrast to the supporting fence, which is stained a dark brown.



HERE is a charming flower-wreathed veranda with a climbing white rose above and heliotrope and crimson geraniums banked below.

BELOW is a quaint, old-fashioned gateway with a double arch, under which, on the sides, are two inviting wooden seats.



AT THE best a kitchen yard is never prepossessing. Why not screen it from the garden with a rose-covered lattice and a simple gateway like this illustration shows? Nothing could be more effective, and the privacy gained is well worth the expense.



THIS is distinctly a rustic arbor and very simple to make of unsharpened logs of varying sizes. Honeyreeble, wistaria or grapevine would make an excellent covering for it.



WHO would not be proud of this vine-covered, well-built pergola? With a bench and a table inside what a delightful retreat it would make for a little luncheon served "just for two."



NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

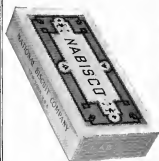
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dessert into
a delightful
creation.

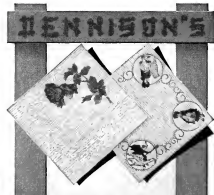
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- 2nd. Dennison's Napkin designs are in harmony with the decorative crepe papers, forming a consistent scheme of decoration.
- 3rd. Dennison uses fast color inks. They will not run or rub.

The following list of patterns will afford some idea of the variety and scheme of Dennison's Fast Color Napkins.

159 Vids	138 Hdy
158 Wild Rose	153 Nursery
152 Valentine	153 American
159 Chrysom	150 Beauty
159 Broom	150 Teddy Bear
119 Cherry	115 Fancise
121 Ouling	99 Poinsett
133 Swallowtail	136 Day

If not to be had from your dealer, order direct by number and we will send napkins promptly on receipt of price, 35 cts. per hundred, and 10 cts. to cover postage. Address Dept. "C" at our nearest store.

Dennison Manufacturing Company

Makers and Maintainers of the Crepe Paper Art.
Boston, New York,
26 Franklin St., 15 John St.,
Philadelphia,
1007 Chestnut St.,
Chicago, St. Louis,
123 Franklin St., 412 North 4th St.



If You are Thinking of Camping

By M. Catherine Straith

FIRST, your party must be composed of congenial people. Choose it carefully. Admit only those who not only enjoy "roughing it." Some of the girls, of course, can affect enjoyment for a time, but how when the evil days of heat, mosquitoes and pouring rains come!

Your work of preparation must be of two kinds. You may be acting for a group of intimate friends who are planning to spend the summer together, or you may be in charge of a tent in connection with a larger encampment, possibly one of the campschools so popular just now. If the former your party is ready. If the latter you have the preliminary work of organizing the tent party, and a few suggestions for that task may be acceptable.

If you'll profit by my experience do this work alone, or at most with one friend to consult. It is a saving of time and temper, in this as in everything, to have as few managers as possible. With a vivid remembrance of some unpleasant experiences I repeat: do it yourself. Issue a circular letter giving the necessary information to those likely to join your party, and requesting an early reply. In this letter state between the dashes tent will be ready for occupation, what equipment each member of the party will supply, the probable weekly expense to each, and the amount each will contribute to the establishment fund.

\$95 for Preliminary Expenses of from 6 to 10 People

HAVING ascertained the number of campers to be considered you are ready to arrange for establishment and equipment of the tent. The expenses are between the dashes—tent will be ready for occupation, what equipment each member of the party will supply, the probable weekly expense to each, and the amount each will contribute to the establishment fund.

The following lists include all necessary furnishings:

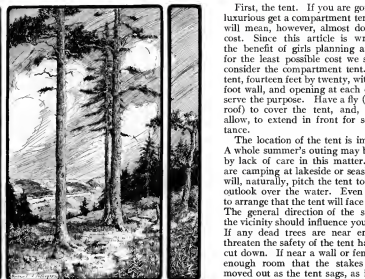
List of Furnishings		Incidentals	
Tent and flooring	\$15.00	1 salt shaker	\$0.05
Cots	12.00	1 pepper duster	05
Sacks	1.00	1 corkscrew	05
Labor	1.00	3 jugs—1 small, 2 large	40
Blue-flame stove (3 wicks)	5.00	4 large plates	20
Oven	1.50	4 smaller plates	08
3 granite cooking dishes (covered)	75	1 butter-crock	25
2 cake-pans	40	1 large bowl	20
1 kettle	50	2 small bowls	20
1 frying-pan	50	2 large dishes	30
1 tin water-pail	30	1 basket	10
1 tin covered pails	30	1 yard white calico	15
1 coffee-pot	35	1 clothline	25
1 tea-pot	25	1 Mesquite netting	30
1 tin wash-basins	50	Cord (common and heavy)	20
1 dipper	17	Hatchet	25
1 tin cups	25	1 sack and nails	20
1 kerosene-can (2 gallons)	10	1 dozen napkins	20
1 broom	25	1 bedspread of painted ware	1.00
1 dozen candles	50	1 camp-stools	1.00
1 can-opener	05	1 Canvas	87.50
1 egg-whip	05		
1 wire strainer	10		
1 lantern	45		
2 tin boxes (cracker boxes)	50		
2 steel knives	30		
2 folding knives	30		
2 kitchen spoons	30		
		Total	\$86.00

Groceries		Incidentals	
3 pounds coffee	\$0.85	1 package cornstarch	\$0.10
1 pound tea	50	1/2 pound chocolate	15
1 pound sugar	1.00	1 Cocoa	05
1 Pancake flour	30	1 Ground cinnamon	05
1 Flour	75	1 Mace	05
1 Ketchup	15	1 Nutmeg	05
1 Fryng-pail	15	1 Cloves	05
1 Cream powder	15	1 can mustard	15
1 Soda	05	1 bottle vanilla	15
1 Cream of tartar	05	1 can lemon	30
1 Salt	10	1 Lemon	30
1 Pepper	10	1 Cheese	45
1 can corn	24	1 Egg	15
1 can peas	24	1 Cracker (assorted)	15
1 can salmon	24	1 Ham	1.00
1 can sliced beef	24	5 pounds sliced bacon	75
1 can tomatoes	30	8 bars laundry soap	30
1 can sardines	30	2 dish-towels	03
2 pounds prunes	30	Laundry starch	30
2 dried apricots	30		
1 pound raisins	12	Extras	\$12.50
1 pound currants	12		
1 package macaroni	18	Total	\$1.00
		Total expenditure—\$86.00 and \$1.00	\$1.00

Each camper will be bedding for one cot, with cushion for pillow; toilet articles, including soap and towels; a plate, a cup and saucer, a knife and fork, a teaspoon, a dessert-spoon, and two dish-towels. Also a sweater to bring rubber boots, a rubber blanket, short skirts, dark waders, a adhesive (this without fail), one or two readable books. The supplies mentioned in the above list will last probably from four to five weeks, with very little replenishing. The running expenses will include only such supplies as must be had fresh—vegetables, fruit, milk, eggs, etc. Two dollars a week from each member should cover these, so that the total expense for a month's outing will not exceed twenty-five dollars, and for two months thirty-three dollars. For ten days there is little to be expected for establishment, so that more the merrier and the cheaper.

A Few Suggestions Worth Remembering

HANG mosquito net before both doors of the tent. Never stick a tent in a place. Have a name for your camp. Adopt a "camp call" as a signal; it serves many purposes. Use a clothline for hanging and drying clothes. Do not have valuables in the tent. Build of stones a small furnace where garbage may be burned.



When we located so near a stone wall that only one side of our tent could be stretched. With bowed heads we moved in one side of our shade-bowed sometimes far away from the tent with entrapment at some humorous reference to our lopsided house.

Of course, for a permanent camp, your tent will be floored. Have the floor level; it will save much trouble and some cursory remarks when placing the necessary furniture.

How to Furnish Your Tent to Make it Comfortable

NOW for furnishing. Remember that high winds will whip the tent and probably overturn anything on the sides or top. For instance, we put our washstand, manufactured from a box, as near as possible to the tent wall for economy of space. The stand was stationary, being fastened to the floor beneath the bottom rail. The small toilet articles took to themselves wings, causing ruin and dismay. So make a note of this if you don't want a pitcher of water emptied by your best shoes, or toilet powder dusted on a favorite skirt.

Screen a space in the corner of the tent for a dressing-room. This can be done by securely fastening an upright pole—four or five inches shorter than the tent wall—into it six feet from the back corner of the tent. From this to the top-stretch a rope which on a curtain may be suspended. This, with the side and back of tent, will form three sides of the dressing room. The top-stretch wardrobe made of two screens each four feet and a half high and four feet wide. Make the frames of birch poles and stretch canvas tightly across them. Placing these upright against them when the tent is one foundation or on the tent floor, from fifteen to eighteen inches apart. On the inside of each pole screw coat-hangers. A covering of canvas long enough to be thrown over the top and reach the floor will make a complete protection for clothes. The sides of the wardrobe next the dressing-room may have pockets for toilet accessories, brushes, umbrellas, etc., while pockets on the outer side will prove convenience for the numerous small articles so hard to dispose of in a crowded tent.

In this dressing-room you will need something to serve as a washstand. A box turned on end with a shelf or two inside, the top and shelves covered with white oilcloth, serves the purpose very well. On this fasten wooden towel-racks, which can be obtained for a few cents.

One of the most useful pieces of furniture for a tent is a clothes-rack that may be inexpensively made with a large birch pole. Have it just high enough to stand on to one side of the tent. A piece of plank a foot and a half square will make a solid foundation. The rack can then be moved at will. Have holes bored in the pole at intervals, slightly slanting downward. In these put small birch branches large enough to fit the holes, and from a foot to a foot and a half long.

I have found folding cots very satisfactory since some or all of them may be disposed of through the day. These can be obtained at from two to three dollars apiece, according to the number purchased. Cots built from birch poles and covered with canvas are found serviceable. They can be built as "double beds" somewhat after the manner of stateroom berths, thus economizing floor space.

A small table is easily fashioned from birch poles, and should have a lower shelf. Folding camp-stools make the most convenient seats, and, if you wish to be luxurious, have two or three folding chairs.

It is Quite Easy to Arrange a Place to Do Your Cooking

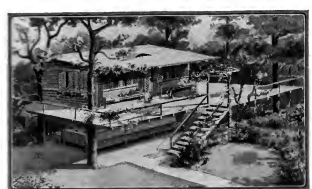
THE kitchen of the summer abode is easily arranged, for here you need only room enough for one or two to work. You will require a small table-shelf and a small kerosene cook-stove. It matters not how rough the shack is so long as it serves as a protection for supplies.

The door should be provided with padding. For cupboards use the boxes in which your groceries are shipped, making shelves of the covers. See that flour, sugar, etc., can be kept free from dampness. Place the stove where it will be least exposed to drafts. The box in which it arrives, if turned on the side, makes a solid foundation and serves as a shelf for cooking utensils. Hang the feet of the tent over the stove and the shelves. As in the tent see that the shack floor is level, or you will rue it when you come to use the kerosene stove.

The dining table may be fashioned of boards not necessarily smooth. Use birch poles for legs, brace them securely, cover the top with white oilcloth, tacking it under the edge. This completes the camp furnishing.

Having the venture safely started it will be a rare affair a schedule of work. We found it a satisfactory plan to have two girls look after the meals for two or three days in succession, for several meals may be more easily managed by the same cook than one meal at a time by different cooks.

Three Summer Camps for Little Money



An Elevated Camp for \$300

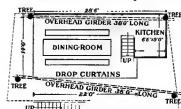
By Albert Charles Wiser

HOW to spend the summer vacation is just at this time puzzling many readers of *THE ILLUSTRATED*. Here is a novel solution of the problem in this elevated camp-roof camp, with roomy porches, an outdoor dining-room, and a sleeping-room which will accommodate from twelve to fifteen persons. Against the rear wall of this room are eight built-in bunks—three on each side and two in the middle—screened by a curtain. In the main part of the room there is space for half a dozen cots. A stairway leads from the sleeping-room directly to the dining-room.

The dining-room is open on three sides, the rear being inclosed with movable sash, which can be stored in the room above during the winter. In most cases the wide overhang of the porches will be sufficient protection in stormy weather, but to guard against driving rains canvas drop-curtains have been provided.



Plan of the Elevated Pavilion



Plan of the Outdoor Dining-Room

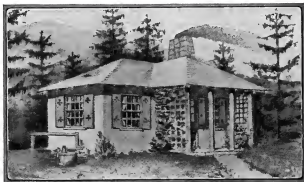
The bunks are of plain 2 1/2-inch stuff. In the dining-room the sash are each 36 by 77 inches, glazed, having 2 1/2-inch side styles rabbeted, so as to overlap each other 1/2 inches. At the top these sash slip into a channelled groove, and at the bottom rest on a continuous rabbeted plate, the sash being held in place by a movable wooden stop. In the kitchen one panel should consist of two 36 by 36-inch sash, with the top one binged for ventilating purposes.

The casement sash of the millioned windows, if cut up into the diamond pattern, would add fifty dollars to the cost. If plain sash are used the cost should be in accordance with the estimate on the left, which is based on prices in the vicinity of New York City.

The design of this camp is so simple that no plans nor specifications have been prepared; any local carpenter could build it satisfactorily from these illustrations and the explanatory text.

Estimate of Cost

Lumber	\$104.00
Mill work	\$36.25
Carpenter labor	\$2.00
Roofing and hardware	24.00
Total	\$306.25



A Camp in the Woods for \$500

By Michael Stillman

TO BUILD a camp for \$500 and obtain a permanent result one must be both builder and foreman. Before starting to build figure out your lumber list and send it to the various mills in your neighborhood for estimates, remembering to allow a few extra pieces of each dimension for waste. Also get estimates for the window and door sashes and frames. The frame may be built of hemlock or whatever lumber happens to be cheapest in the locality. The inside surfaces should not be planed, as this destroys the natural texture of the wood, but just rubbed over with coarse sandpaper. If desired a shingle stain could be used all over the interior.

While the mill work is being done let a mason and a couple of laborers put in the foundation and build the chimney. The foundation need only consist of a trench dug just below the frost-line and filled to an inch above the grade with cobblestones. Build the chimney of field stone laid in mortar; the flue should represent in sectional area one-fifth of the surface of the fireplace opening. Three carpenters could finish the work in six weeks.



The Interior May be Made Comfortable and Homelike

Before putting on the outside wall covering, either clapboards or shingles, cover the sheathing with several thicknesses of building paper. It would give a very pretty effect to cover all the outside with lattice for climbing vines.

The following is an approximate bill of lumber: 60 by 4 inch by 8 foot wall studs; 28 2 by 8 inch by 12 foot 8 inch floor joists; 10 2 by 8 inch by 6 foot 8 inch piazza floor joists; 140 running-board 4 by 6 inch sills; 160 running-board 2 by 4 inch wall plates; 10 4 by 6 inch by 12 foot 8 inch ceiling joists; 60 2 by 6 inch by 8 foot rafters; 1400 running-foot shingle lath and 4000 shingles for roof; 1200 running-foot shingle lath and 4500 shingles for walls; 1600 feet of No. 2 or No. 3 boarding for walls and ceiling, and 600 feet tongue-and-grooved flooring.



The Floor Plan of This Camp

Estimate of Cost

Lumber	\$150.00
Mill work	65.00
Hardware	18.00
Shingle stain	12.00
Carpenter labor	200.00
Mason	40.00
Incidentals	24.00
Total	\$509.00

An Easily-Made Summer Camp That Cost Less Than \$300

By F. Albert Starr

HERE is an unusual scheme for a low-cost camp which was occupied last summer by a family of four. The arrangement consists of a central building, containing a living-room and kitchen, and two sleeping-rooms, with matched spruce floors and raised roofs and walls. The central building has a single floor and the walls are covered with matched pine boards, planed; it is roofed with matched spruce over which is tacked roofing paper is tacked. In the living-room there is an open fireplace, with a seat at the left, and the kitchen is fitted with table, shelves and stools, which projects from the wall.

The timber plates of the sleeping-rooms are of 2 by 3 inch stuff, placed five feet and a half above the floors, and the roofs are double. The 2 by 6 inch ridge poles, projecting in places beyond the face of the plates, are fastened one end against the walls of the main building with the outside ends carried by 1 by 3 inch rafters. The under covering of the roofs is laid over the ridge poles, containing a little over the side plates and tacked to round poles, which projects from the canvas from sagging. Over the canvas along the ridge poles 3/4 by 2 inch strips of wood are tacked with screws to hold the canvas in place and to prevent the outer cover or fly from touching the inside cover.



So Simple in Construction That Any One Could Build It



The Floor Plan

The outer cover is also held in place by 3/4 by 1 inch strips, which are screwed to the ridge poles over-all. At the eave lines this cover is also tacked to round poles, and one end of the poles secured to the walls of the central building and the other held in place by narrow board braces skanting inward. This arrangement eliminates the usual ropes and pegs in the ground, which are always in the way. Where the canvas roof comes against the main building the canvas is turned up, a wooden strip placed over it and the whole screwed to the wall. The canvas of the side walls of the sleeping-rooms is put on in the usual manner. Both the front and back piazzas are of light construction, with canvas roofs as in the ground.

When the camp is not in use all the canvas is taken down and stored in the central building.

Actual Cost of This Camp

Lumber and mill work	\$104.91
Roofing, hardware and paint	25.66
Mason and brick	24.00
Canvas	28.50
Labor	125.25
Total	\$294.42



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Woman's Worst Emotion

By Luther Halsey Gulick, M.D.

THE amount of worrying one does bears no relation whatever to the number of things one has to worry about. There is no real draft to set the worried warrior across an imaginary draft will serve the purpose as well as a real one.

The conscientious person who has been told that she is hurting herself through worry resolves to stop the practice all at once. But she asks herself, will she be able to keep her resolution? May not the tax upon her will-power be more than she is equal to? And if she should fail, despite the utmost she can do, how humiliating it would be! She shuts her teeth tight, sighs, and begins to worry over it.

Worry has its cause in internal, not in external, things. A mind that is thoroughly fresh and vigorous rarely succumbs to it; but a mind that is tired out and depressed makes a fertile seedling ground. It reminds one of the way in which a fatigued body yields to an infectious disease. The fatigued man does not have a larger number of typhoid bacilli in his drinking water than his unfatigued neighbor, nor breathe a more polluted atmosphere as he walks through the dusty street; it is merely that his resistance power is lowered.

The Typical Worrying Woman is Not Beautiful to Look At

THERE are worry germs—potential worries, each of them entering our consciousness every day; but so long as our minds are full of health and energy we are practically immune. Some day, however, when we are running on low reserves, the germs begin to stir, and once the disease has become fixed it is terribly hard to eradicate.

Great fatigue destroys our capacity for the big, highly-colored emotions. I have seen people—and dogs—too tired to get angry, even when there were the best causes for it in the world. There are times when the most glorious music leaves us quite untouched. But, generally speaking, fatigue and the poison emotion of worry go hand in glove. And the worst of it is that worry, instead of burning itself out, like any of the more violent emotions, appears to thrive and increase the more it gets expressed. You can worry more and worry harder the second day—or week—than you could the first.

The typical worrying woman is not beautiful to look at. She stands badly. Her shoulders droop, she is flat-chested, and the abdomen is thrust forward, destroying every line of bodily grace. Clothes cannot be made to fit that figure. Her face is in accord; the eyebrows are habitually drawn together and not knotted as in a frown, but obliquely elevated. Between the eyes are sharp vertical wrinkles. The facial contours are overpronounced; the mouth is set in a thin, drooping line, the lips nervously compressed, as if stifling themselves against—or for—trouble. That is the Martha face. Cosmetics and facial massage do not help it much.

A worry every accomplished anything worth while it would be easier to look upon it with charity. But we all know how that is. A pianist who worries about a difficult passage will be doubly liable to have the middle finger slip. An actor who has forgotten his lines at a critical point and begins to worry about recalling them next time is paying the sure way to stage-fright.

Worry hits at efficiency along the line.

A familiar laboratory experiment illustrates this fact on another side. There is a chemical substance, substrate of bismuth, which can be introduced into a cat's stomach without injury. It is impervious to the X-rays; and so, if a cat is given a meal which contains a certain amount of it, the workings of the digestive organs can be observed with an X-ray machine. If it has lost its power of secretion, the substrate is kept in a worried state of mind—disturbed by trilles, such as teasing, tickled nose, change of position and the like—the stomach does no digestive work. The rhythmic contractions do not take place, the gastric juices do not flow, everything is at a standstill. Pusy's mind must be at rest if she is to avoid indigestion. All of which lends color to the tradition about care and a cat.

Worry Takes the Tone Out of the Whole Organism

EXCEPT the muscular system no part of the body is so much under the influence of states of mind as is the alimentary canal. The whole business of the foodstuffs, from the primary question of normal appetite to the final question of assimilation and the disposal of waste products, is at the mercy of one's mood.

Worry is a very common cause of the undesirable emotions, for though not violent—it does not "shock" the system like anger—it is terribly persistent, and in the end takes the tone out of the whole organism, physical and mental. As a member of fact, worry is a kind of dilute mixture of several bad emotions. Fear is the largest ingredient. The worried person is always afraid of something or other of the possible consequences of his action, or of missing a train, or making a bad investment. In the settled chronic form of worry there is an element of dejection (a great emotion), too, a deep-rooted feeling that things are bound to be badly, or are missing a train, or making a sort of dull resentment—an irritability—which is like nothing so much as a thin, driving, washed-out anger. Not an especially flattering diagnosis, but it gives a better idea of how to deal with it. The usual resolutions do not avail to correct the habit of worry any more than they avail, by themselves, to get us safely through an emotional crisis of the more tempestuous kind. The good resolution, in fact, works on the mind to the same extent as the exercise and more, but is more conspicuous, more reprehensible, more unassailable. Bad mental habits are rarely to be conquered by such means. The only kind of campaign which can be counted upon to succeed against them is one which leaves them severely alone—which manages to get the attention fixed on something else. Then the bad habit is pretty sure to fade away and disappear from view. The problem of worry is one of finding the right counter-interests.

Digestive Trouble—Worry; Worry—Digestive Trouble

ACERTAIN young man of unusual ability overworked during his last year in college. He won a great number of distinctions, but was at the cost of that unconscious and reliable good health which is among a man's most enviable assets. The next year, in graduate school, it became clear that he must pay some particular regard to his bodily condition, and this deliberate regard (under a doctor's orders) the form of small daily pills for constipation, a certain specified amount of exercise, a carefully laid-out schedule of daily work—so many hours for this, so many for that.

The result was not what he hoped for; he could not understand it, and he fell to worrying about it. The more he worried, the more he became ill; he had to be more and more particular about what he ate. His exercise benefited him more than at the start; he could not sleep

at night, and he came to the conclusion that he was going slowly but surely downhill, that before long he would be out of the race. It was useless to try to brace him up; he looked upon his friends with suspicion, as if they offered him the professional good cheer of a hospital visitor.

In its general outlines that is the record of thousands of cases. It simply follows the familiar downward spiral: digestive trouble—worry; worry—digestive trouble; round and round without a break, and everything on the bad land.

And the worst feature of it was this sad, almost martyric, conviction on the part of the young man that he was doing everything for himself that mortal power could do. Had he not sought the physician's counsel? Was he not minding a religion of dumb-bells? So I can see him now, with that earnest, set look on his face, as he went through the list of his exercises—one, two, three, four; click, click, click, every morning. It was very dismal, and my only justification for relating the incident is that the final outcome was incontrovertibly pleasant.

What One Woman Did to Cure Her Husband of Worrying

IT SO happened that the young man fell in love with a woman older than himself, and wiser (though not in book-learning), and they were married. By the end of a year—he had not seen him in the mean time—was a great change had taken place in him. His cavalierous face was filled out into lines of health. There was a look of success and ambition in his eye that had been entirely quenched; his step was elastic, his hair his whole outlook on life was altered. He had given up the little pills. He had—incredible as it may seem—even given up the regular, carefully-calculated exercise. He was working fully up to the average number of hours and making a fine record. His transformation had been brought about by the most common sense and, at the same time, scientific methods in the world. His wife had understood what was the matter with him, and she had used all her wisdom and tact—of which she had considerable—to set things right.

"I made him me do his worrying for him," she said, in a personal conversation, "and I then forgot to do it. I got him to take me out often for good times—to the park, or the theatre, or to dinner in some inexpensive restaurant where there was music and laughter. Then I discovered a lot of carpentry jobs that needed doing about the apartment; he developed into quite a carpenter, and, really, he thought it was great fun. You'd be surprised to see how interested he got in making a set of shelves. The trouble was, you see, that he had entirely forgotten how to enjoy life, and he had to learn all over again."

The difference in the two ways of getting at his trouble was that the first followed the formal, professional "treatment" idea, while the second simply restored natural, wholesome, every-day conditions of life. There are practical suggestions here for all of us. In the first place there is that concrete "handle"—the thing that the voluntary muscles. It is quite within our power to stand up straight, hips well balanced, chest out ("chestiness" is hardly compatible with great depression), and to breathe deep, full, and regular breaths from the back of the collar—meaning an erect, confident spine—eyes straight ahead instead of slipping sheepishly along the ground.

We know how an unworried person stands, and we can imitate him. We can sing as we go about the house, and say good-morning with a fine dramatic intonation which will take in all the people around us. Then they will treat us as if we were things like themselves, and that is just as we want to be treated. The tonic effect of being considered "like other people" is surprising; and another surprising thing is the way one's mind is made doing about one's own attitudes, becoming erect and self-confident as the spine and neck and chest become so.

The "Holiday Habit" is a Good Thing for All of Us

ANOTHER important item is the holiday habit. "To all things," quoth the preacher, "there is an appointed season." Responsibility must not weigh down on one all the time. Why take it to bed with one at night? That only spoils sleep. Why allow it to sit opposite us at the dinner-table? It ruins digestion. A day in the country with a fishing-rod and bag is a wonderfully wholesome thing for a man, and his benefits are absolutely irrespective of the concrete results of his fishing. An afternoon in the park with a book or one of his fancy-work or some bird-glosses is a splendid part of a nervous woman's program. Likewise a romp with the children, or a walk in the woods, or a day's tricycle-ride, or a field, any yielding to those good, steady, healthy impulses of leisure and idleness and fun.

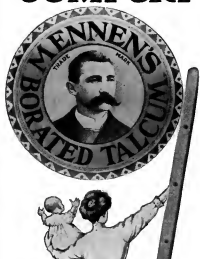
Professor Williams has some words on the "moral holiday"; and I like it—in the sense that we can let, and ought to, let, our earnest feeling of obligation, duty, and all that slip off our shoulders now and then, while we do just as we please. One ought always to quote a phrase of Oliver Bushnell, the great Connecticut preacher, in this connection. "Let's go in a while," said he, realizing how important it is to let up the tension now and then in the midst—or most of it, in the midst—of the greatest strain.

Some happy and fortunate people keep in the holiday mood all the time, even in the midst of their work, and I am of the opinion that these are the most successful workers of all. At a moment's notice they can let every care drop out of mind, and take a mental romp, like children at recess. Then when the time of it comes they pick up the burden again, and go on with the exercise and more, and keep a holiday in one's pocket—even if one has no pocket. It is of far more value than dumb-bells. Not that dumb-bells have no place in the scheme of things, but that kind of exercise does not solve the problem of most of the kind that one goes to, not with virtuous resolution and tense lips, but as happily and naturally as a child entering a pond.

It is right here that the hobby comes in, and why, especially of the hobby that involves a certain amount of general physical "work." It may be carpentry—a young man friend and his wife that I spoke of above have had several tables and chairs and book-shelves. Golf and boating and swimming—indeed almost any of the outdoor sports that are not too exhausting—are "A" hobbies. And gardening, too, is a hobby, and so is the training as it does, the training of the muscles and of the aesthetic sense, and serving a very desirable practical object in homemaking.

A hobby which calls the attention to the body is best. For this reason carpentry is better than wood-carving, and golf is preferable to embroidery or stamp-collecting. The majority of us are better off with a hobby which does not serve the body than with one that does not better—the big responsibilities of life; and every hour that is dedicated to it helps pull out coffin-nails.

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It keeps him from chafing, that terror of babyhood. The man who shaves will find Menne's a velvety comfort to his tender face. Ladies find in Menne's an aid to daintiness and comfort. It allays the fever of sunburned skins, and is a toilet luxury in trying summer weather.

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A House of Seven Rooms for \$2500

By Robert C. Spencer, Jr.: With Illustrations by the Author



The Well-Kept Lawn is Bordered with Beds of Bright Flowers and Green Shrubbery

TO BUILD a house today for \$2500 is much more the cost of building is so high that to the man of modest means it seems exorbitant. Yet if \$2500 is his limit and his family is small, he can live in this little house and have every modern convenience.

The first-floor plan utilizes every bit of room and is an improvement upon the arrangement of the ordinary cottage. In the average small house the dining-room is much used as a living-room, especially if there are children. The ideal modern home must have one good-sized room, and the only way to have it is to let it serve both as dining and living room, with or without some alcove arrangement for the table. In this plan space is saved by not attempting the alcove, in order that there may be another good room—call it library, parlor or reception-room—in which formal or business callers may be entertained, and books, piano and music may be kept and enjoyed; a room to be used as an extension of the living-room.

As the living-room has its own entrance from the hall the library is not a thoroughfare. It affords privacy and at the same time protects the informality of the living-room, particularly when used as a dining-room.

THE arrangement of the stairs gives the maximum of service in a minimum of space, and allows for kitchen and basement entrance in one. A coat-closet in the lower hall and a linen-closet in the upper hall are adjuncts not always found in small houses.

The kitchen is well arranged and compactly planned, and makes the work easy in what may often be a servantes' home.

At the left of the sink drain-board, and flush with it, is a wide counter in a cabinet of deep shelves, screened by a door opening from the dining-room, as shown in the interior view at the left of the first-plate. The dining-table may be quickly cleared, as dishes may be set on this counter ready for the sink. With this door closed, the table-cover changed and a set of flowers or autumn leaves placed upon it, the dining-room is transformed into the living-room. A dressier without doors at the right of the sink, and a capacious china-case with sliding glass doors, and counter and drawers below, next to the double swinging door connecting the kitchen and the dining-room, complete this exceptionally handy equipment for a small house. Thus the china-case is practically the dining-room sideboard.

A serving pantry makes extra work for a woman without hired help, and china, linen and silver can be kept equally well in a built-in sideboard and china-case. Supplies requiring cold storage and usually kept in the kitchen pantry may be kept in the refrigerator and the cellar. Flour, meal, coffee, cereals, and all other kitchen supplies commonly

kept in a pantry, are provided for under the dresser at the right of the sink. This dresser has an open counter, one end of which serves as a drain-board for the sink. A sink with but one small drain-board is a work-maker. Next to this case is a space for a small table.

UPSTAIRS each bedroom has a large closet. The windows are arranged to leave proper spaces for bureaus. Each room has a cross draft. The bathroom has a four-and-a-half-foot enameled front, twenty-seven-inch enameled iron lavatory and siphon jet closet. A low attic space reached by a scuttle affords a place for the storage of trunks and other things.

In the basement, the floor of which is cemented, there is a good-sized laundry, storeroom and separate kitchen, and furnace fuel bins that will hold a winter's supply of coal and kindling.

For combined warmth and economy of construction the exterior of the house is covered with one-inch thickness of two-ply "sheathing quilt" over all outside studing, over which undressed cross-stated shiplap is nailed, weathering about seven inches and a half. The "sheathing quilt" is cheaper and warmer than a sheathing of boards, and the shiplap is, in most localities, considerably cheaper than shingles.

The appended estimate is based on this construction. Where shingles are preferred a sheathing of rough boards and two thicknesses of building paper will be required under the shingles, which should be exposed at least six inches to the weather.

THE special feature in the design of this house is the comparatively low roof-line with full "head-room" at all bedroom windows, and the continuance of the gutter past the window recesses, saying additional downspouts and giving the desired long, quiet lines.

The entrance to the porch is placed at one side to insure privacy, and the flower-box in front is an inexpensive feature, which, if given proper care, will add much to the beauty of the place during the summer.

The screen, forming a short extension to the front of the house with its lattice gate, serves to cut off the kitchen and basement entrance from the street. In order that the rooms may be cool in summer the windows are all casements hinged to swing out.

The interior finish throughout is stained yellow pine, as are the finished floors except in the kitchen and bathroom, where linoleum should be used. The first floor is double, the upper floor single in thickness. All plastering is two-coat work.

Estimated Cost of This Cottage

THE cost of building varies so much in different sections of the United States that it is impossible to make any statement of cost which would apply in all cases. I believe, however, that at the present time the cost of building in the vicinity of Chicago may be taken as a fair average for the country at large, prices there having risen rapidly within recent years, so that now they approximate those prevailing in the East. There are many localities in which building costs far less, and there are others in which it undoubtedly costs more. Careful estimates, including profit, from a reputable Chicago suburban contractor, who stands ready to build in his own locality in accordance therewith, are itemized below.

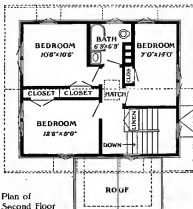
Excavation and masonry	\$ 300
Carpentry	1250
Paint and metal work	85
Plastering	200
Hardware	146
Finishes exclusive of drainage and water supply outside the building	275
Hot-air furnaces, piping and registers	128
Total	\$2846



As the Living-Room Looks When It Is Not the Dining-Room



Plan of First Floor



Plan of Second Floor

Figure Out the Cost Before Decorating Your Walls

The best of anything is generally the highest priced, but Alabastine—the artistic, clean and durable wall covering—is an exception. Alabastine costs much less than wall paper, paint, tarlap, or any of the customary wall coatings, and it's a great deal more attractive.

Alabastine, coming in many soft, velvety tints, is not only the most beautiful and dainty of wall coverings, but by using it you save money—and that's worth considering.

This Is How Alabastine Saves Money

These figures are the results of actual experience. They show just how much Alabastine saves for the thrifty housekeeper:

	Cost per sq. ft.
Alabastine	15c
Wall Paper	50c
Wall Paper (Washable)	10c
Putty	30c

Alabastine The Sanitary Wall Coating

The saving is really more than is shown by the figures that we have given above, because you can apply Alabastine yourself—or if you want expert service, you may employ a painter or decorator. Then, when your walls are once covered with Alabastine, you do not have to scrape it off when you wish to redecorate. Simply cover up the carpet and furniture, and apply another coat of Alabastine—and you may change the tint if you care to. This saves half the cost of redecoration.

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Alabastine is a powder, comes in properly labeled packages and sells for 50c a package for the wall, or 55c a package for any of the tints. Alabastine will not rub off, or scale off. When it becomes a part of the walls, it will put brightness into your home, give them their smooth, cheerful and harmonious tints, are artistically perfect. To use Alabastine it is necessary only to mix it with cold water and apply with a wide flat brush.

Free Book

Alabastine is sold by hardware, drug, paint and general stores. But if you want to know more about it before buying, you can get a coupon clipped from this advertisement with your name and address, and a 2 cent U. S. stamp, and we will send you free our Alabastine book which shows the various tints of Alabastine in colors—and in what all about it.

Or, if you will send us 10c in U. S. money, we will furnish you a complete "Daily Wall Decorations," a valuable little book containing a complete list of suggestions for home decoration, how to estimate the cost of wall covering, how to Alabastine a wall, and gives many admirable hints on arranging original color schemes.

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The Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. is an inventor in decorating the home in such expense. Mail me free book, for which find 10c U. S. stamp. Name _____ Street and No. _____ Town and State _____ Enclose 10-cent U. S. stamps, for "Daily Wall Decorations."

The Deeds of a Pain-Construed Man

THERE is nothing more dismaying than to be confronted by an individual for whose existence you are responsible and whose nature is permanent who is unable to cope with life. I believe the worst thing a mother has to contend with is bringing up a boy is the example for him by the older members of his sex, both at the present time and for centuries before his birth. The ideal of motherhood is that the most fondly cling manly in some way to become the ideal of the boy, and, though his mother may with consummate tact show him how flimsy it is when judged in the light of clear intellectual scrutiny, his glamour somewhat gets him, and he goes out behind the form to learn to smoke in the good old way, and begins just as soon as he can learning life at first hand, with besotted indifference to his mother's reiteration that there are many things which it is smart to learn.



If we could take our children from their birth and mould them into the heroic creatures we want them to be our work would rival that of the Creator; but no, we must teach them to brush their teeth, fold up their napkins, give the lady a chair, take off their hats to little girls whom they hate, not lounge in the presence of Mother, treat Sister exactly like any other young lady, and the thousand and one other little things we want them to know. We can try to teach them to be honest, industrious, moral, and obedient, but we cannot make them so. Their great-grandfathers are responsible when it comes to that; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I do not want to hear anybody contradict this. The reason why our children are hereditarily dishonest is God and defies the laws of the universe. I do not say that the laws of heredity are inflexible. There would be no hope for the final development of the race if they were. I do not say that the boy whose grandfather was a thief will steal, but I say that he may steal. Stealing is a physical trait. There was a little crinkle in the grandfather's forehead that meant mischief, and that same mischief was handed down much more likely to be a thief than one whose grandfather was instinctively honest. There is hope that this crinkle won't be in the boy's brain, but there is great danger that it will be, and it is—
—
—

A Girl Who is Thinking of Marriage and its inevitable consequence of motherhood should look up the great-grandfathers of her fiancé a little—but girls never do! However, heredity does not come in on the father's side—we must all go slowly and carefully through the ashes of ancestry. Again, we must remember that the immediate ancestry counts for more than the remote, and we can all see to it that our children have respectable parents, or, if worst comes to worst, one respectable parent.

It must be admitted that women are a little hampered in selecting fathers for their children. People may prate about girls making a sensible choice, but it is not true that a woman may marry when she chooses. Some women may. But the vast majority of women are not gifted with this talent, and the few who are do not know it. I must also admit that some of our sisters take to the gods send and try to make the best of it. When I see a woman valiantly working on the material in hand, hustling an obstreperous young fellow into matrimony who he does not care to adorn, dragging him to church and halting him through society fairly under the lash, sitting smilingly through his worst fits at carving, listening patiently to his official company talk, and desperately trying to drag him up to her level (forgetting that the hand upheld must stay at last), I feel that she deserves a medal of the Legion of Honor, or at least the red badge of courage. And I know many a nice woman who whose face a shadow falls when she sees reflected in the character of her children some inferiority or actual vice transmitted through the marriage bond because she was the best she could do to become married without weighing the consequences, or because she lost her head and decided that Love is King, and can conquer everything. However, there is no such thing as a mistake after it has happened. Mistakes are like tomorrow. Their consequences loom portentous beforehand, but when they get here they turn into something else; it is our duty to meet them with the courage that turns them into blessings with a courage that brings us nearer to God than all the felicity and success in the world. We develop through our mistakes; if there is good metal in us, and we transmit to posterity a divine unrest and desire for development that often lends our children ahead of children better born according to social standards.

33

In My Youngster I Raged a Good Deal over the social law. I believe theories about the future will be the same. I felt that we were about to arrive at a millennium, the spirit of which would be the same as that of woman's emancipation. The world was to be gallant, and the curbing of men from the freedom which they have for countless centuries considered a manly privilege. I hoped that boys and girls would be born on a high moral plane. In a degree we have been liberated from many fetters that bound us, and I do believe that public sentiment is working slowly toward a higher moral plane for men. We know that the temperance movement is gaining ground. Men who want positions of trust may not drink, and society frowns upon immoral and intemperate young men much more than it did twenty-five years ago. We can well remember when a young man of good family could be received into society while sowing a bad crop of wild oats. He might be drunk one evening and with refined wit the next, and glaring charges against the proprietaries were condoned as "little scraps." It is not so today. Young men are called to account for irregularities and disgraced by the performance of the ordinary duties of life with leniency. Married girls are tolerated, and young girls do things with perfect impunity that would have ostracized us from good society a late years ago. We hear a great deal about the immorality of young men in college. It is surprising to me that men tolerate the state of morals that are said to exist in many college towns. It seems to me there are too many social, political and business tangles which men profess themselves unable to unravel. The question, "But what are we to do?" seems to me a very weak one, and a very unworthy of a masculine mind who has any sense. I have a feeling that I do not know how one would set about training a boy who at a very impressionable age is to be turned loose in a town full of his fellows. If we are to believe the statistics, there are no more of them. I have very light views upon this subject, and it surely seems to me that fathers are too lenient—too willing to admit that it is a problem they cannot cope with. I suppose if I had a son, I would not let him out of the house of foolishness and premature world-wisdom like any other boy, and I would have reason to be thankful if he came out on the latter side of his education. I should suffer mightily for the children of the smart age—the self-sufficient, all-knowing age of early manhood.

This is a cheap Jeaning that belongs to the world of mediocrity which well-nigh brings me to suicide or homicide when I have to sit and hear a Young Man talk. It seems to me, are particularly imbued with it. Surely in a few years there will be a reaction toward the gritty serious, the same old-fashioned. Are we going to let the winds blow our brains away as we race with this foolish, plunging age? Must we continue old-fashioned and jaunty? Must we persevere in the attitude that has become the fashionable one? I do get so tired of the "sporty" turn that the rising generation seems to think indispensable in conversation, to dislike the old solemnity of bearing that characterized our long-faced forefathers, who spoke of this good world as a vale of tears, but I regard the modern "gaminess" equally trying.

There is a lightness, an insinuation of immoral sentiment, a cynicism, in the conversation of popular young people which is as cheap as the sentiment in our later popular songs. It seems to be the fashion for everybody to be gay. You must bear yourself with a pertness which cannot fail to be repulsive to quiet people. Indeed, that is its object. We fling our exuberance of self-satisfaction in their faces, as it were. We must speak and sit and walk in a manner calculated to convey to the world the impression that we are up with the times, and "next" to the almost arrogant attitude with which well-read and "correct" youngsters regard plain, unassuming people. I like nonsense. In fact, it is my specialty. But there is a quality in our attitude and I abhor a poor variety. I think it the duty of the parents of today to seek to cure the rising generation of the "sporty" microbes.

34

We All Know that the Young Must Live through the self-sufficient age at which the children are reared with disdain. They must have a certain amount of "fast talk" and a degree of "swagger" that simply goes along with the bounding life in their veins. We are poor students of language if we fail to understand this. It is here or there when "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world," it is when a young person first feels himself a man, eligible for anything—even matrimony. His boyhood realizations makes every bit of wisdom and philosophy seem pale. This young person will wear his cap on the back of his head. He saunters with his hand in his trousers' pocket, and sits hanging manfully out of the collar of his mouth. He says "sure" and "not on your life" to his elders—that is, if he says anything to them. When he meets an opponent of his own nationality as though he were a foreigner, he says: "Gad, what a bore!" If a girl is at all inclined to be sensible he recognizes her absence perfunctorily.

This sort of young person scores a real success if his object is to make the "greenhorns" feel badly. His supercilious air burts young folk who feel that they haven't the tags of smartness that come from fashionable clothes and jaunty manners; and why? Because it hurt a woman to see her good country business partner in a street car. Why she hate his hat with a feverish hatred and feel embarrassed before the traveling man whom her lord could easily whip, but whose collar sits properly and who has a hat and light streak all over him—new-cut hair? Why should it be more damaging for a farmer to look queer in a street car than for a frock coat and silk hat to look funny in a bayonet? Any little disarrangement of attire, an ill-made well-dressed man look comical—a lock of hair bobbing when he dances, a necktie slightly awry. Yet we go on in the old misunderstanding the old delusion, the old language of the city, the ethics of "smartness," are the "real" thing.

I hate the cocksure attitude in anybody. It is better to move along with some disposition toward being one-way.

35

The Worst Dredlock to Rearing Boys at the present time is the contempt for honesty which has been developed by our political methods and by our delving money as we have done. We have lost the old ideal of success which our fathers and grandfathers. Success as viewed by well-to-do people today means the achievement of more wealth than it is possible for any poor young man to achieve. This is discouraging and demoralizing to our fathers and grandfathers of immorality. The poor man knows that he must be honest and sober to hold a position, and he also knows that "a position" in the ranks of wage-earners, all under the rule of some big corporation, is all he can hope to hold by mere honesty and good behavior. This makes men desperate in their desire for money, and "get-rich-quick" schemes develop. Young men see unscrupulous men in positions of honor. They see their fathers voting for them, notice their admiration for their success in business, and they take then and there much more than the "lessons that they get" from the example of their fathers' training in moral sentiment. Besides, do they not see their mothers looking up to Mrs. So-and-So, whose husband stole a million, and do they not know that women are so desperately fond of the things that money can buy that it is easy to calm their consciences by automobiles and fine clothes and cut flowers and luxury?

It is since we are saying that I believe the temperance sentiment has borne fruit—perhaps the sentiment which is really growing against dishonest politics and mistaken ideas of business and finance will in another generation also begin to show results. If it does it will mean a complete revolution in the industrial world—for nothing short of this will ever get us back upon an honest basis. We should not be afraid of this. Money-worship has made cowards of us all. The men who will dare tamper with existing conditions and carry new ideas of the brotherhood of man to actual success have yet to be born. But the sentiment against money-worship and dishonest politics will help them. The secret of successful management is to do as you would be done by in the present generation there is a medium place in the ranks of life which they may fill honorably, if only they can be made to set up their own standard of success and live up to it. It is a sad thing that I believe, though they must work for other men with little chance of final independence, they may still be good men, fond of their homes and families and able to cultivate the honor of their forefathers.

36

Our Understandings Grow Upon Us as we reach a time of life when we do not need them. They come after we have suffered the pain and humiliation of years of being patiently bowled over by our inferiors. The secret of successful living is to develop one's individuality. Let us shed its radiance around those young people who think they do not need it, and keep before them the motto which epitomizes it: "Be yourself." If they will not be learning, do not despair. Some day they will come back to it and be people of sturdy common sense, such as the world so urgently needs—"countrylike" people, maybe, with the values of things in their heads and the simple speech of sincerity at their tongues' ends.

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Windows cleaned with Old Dutch Cleanser Stay Clean Longer
There is no grease in this perfect Cleanser to streak or blur the glass. It does not leave a grain of film on window-panes or mirror-frames. It is out given a hard, clean, polished surface, to which dirt cannot adhere. Also invaluable for cleaning enamel and porcelain bins, painted walls, and ware and cutlery.

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There is nothing like this Cleanser for giving a quick, brilliant polish to brass, copper, nickel, silver, and all smooth metal surfaces.

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Two Beautiful Songs as Piano Solos

From Grief I Cannot Measure

Song Composed by Robert Franz

Arranged for the Piano by J. P. Kürsteiner

Sadly and slately. Singing melody. Keep acc. very subdued.
Song L. H.

Intro.

The musical score for 'From Grief I Cannot Measure' is presented in four systems. The first system includes an introduction and the beginning of the song melody. The second system shows the piano accompaniment with dynamics like *mf*, *p*, and *pp*. The third system continues the accompaniment with markings like *con s.* and *ppp*. The fourth system concludes the piece with dynamics like *ff*, *dim.*, and *rit.*

Fair Art Thou as a Flower

Song Composed by R. Schumann

Arranged for the Piano by J. P. Kürsteiner

Song

Intro.

The musical score for 'Fair Art Thou as a Flower' is presented in four systems. The first system includes an introduction and the beginning of the song melody. The second system shows the piano accompaniment with dynamics like *mf*, *p*, and *f*. The third system continues the accompaniment with markings like *con s.* and *con anima*. The fourth system concludes the piece with dynamics like *ff* and *pp*, and the instruction *deliberately, molto rit.*

In the Year
1847



In 1847, silver plated ware was not produced in the attractive designs that are to-day obtainable, but the one essential feature, *quality*—could always be relied upon. It was before the days of imitation.



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Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc.

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Plate—The
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How to Use Things Overboard

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

THE EASY economy—and by this I mean liberal living on a small means—requires thoughtfulness and knowledge of the principles of cooking and carelessness in scrapping into the garbage-bucket the trimmings from meats and vegetables left at the table, and so into what recipe you can put them next day. Most housewives have a habit of throwing out all the small remnants of meats left on the platters at the close of a meal. These materials, small in themselves, come to good advantage at the end of the year. I have frequently seen, for instance, after a steak dinner, the individual plates scraped right on to the meat-platter, the bottom of which was filled with the essence of the cooks, and, in addition, the bone, and frequently the tough end. These things were deliberately thrown into the garbage-bucket. The tough end, with the addition of a few inexpensive vegetables, would have made an exceedingly nice luncheon dish. With a carrot cut into dice and an onion the end and the essence from the dish would make an admirable Parisian stew; the bone and the fat, upon the dish could have been utilized in the stock-pot. Or cook the bone with the juice and meat, the meat having been first cut into cubes, and serve with brown sauce and dumplings. The dish is entirely sufficient for four persons. Without dumplings it could have been served with boiled macaroni and brown sauce and have given sufficient muscle-food for four outdoor workers.



What to Do with Left-Over Pieces of Bread

PIECES of bread too often find their way into the garbage-bucket. Keep in the kitchen three or four coffee-cans or tin cracker-boxes. Pieces of bread of uniform size may be put away for toast. Smaller bits will be cut up into croissants, browned, and put into a hot bread tray for service; uncut pieces and the ends cut into bits, dried and put in another for brown bread. Princess pudding or for stuffings, or for ordinary bread-and-butter pudding, which is still smaller pieces will be dried, made into crumbs for dishes *a la gratin*, and for such light desserts as the Queen of Puddings, or the English bread pudding. Even broken bread and crumbs a cupful of flour may be used in a number of plain cakes and muffins. For example, for breakfast or supper muffins separate two eggs, add the yolks a couple of milk, half a cupful of lump-sugar and a cupful of flour, shake out the marrow and use it on small quantities of toast as a special dish for luncheon. The water in which vegetables are cooked should always be saved. Onion water, for instance, always drained down the sink, gives the necessary flavor to a tomato or vegetable soup. In fact, the "zest" of many a dish finds its way into the garbage-bucket. The saving, then, is not only a matter of economy, but is indeed an aid to good cooking. No matter how carefully we boil our foods more or less of the essential mineral salts are lost. Potato water, as the first water in which old beans are cooked, are not desirable, as they frequently contain a small amount of poisonous material. Cabbage and cauliflower water make a foundation for soup Cr^oty, or vegetable soup without meat. The small bit of zest that you three years yesterday would have been quite enough to brown the vegetables for today's soup, and vegetables browned in juice before they are boiled give better flavor to the stock. Turnip sprouts, usually rubbed off and left in the cellar, or thrown away, make an excellent salad and the best greens. A few before salting attention to the waste in peeling potatoes. One-quarter of their weight is usually thrown away. Such vegetables as salsify, carrots and parsnips should be cut into small pieces. Apples, too, are much better made from unpeeled apples; after they are cooked press them through a sieve.

Left-over soft-boiled eggs should be rebaked at once until hard. Then they may be put through your vegetable-press, added to cream sauce, and poured over toast for the children's supper. Cold scrambled eggs may be mixed with the minced meat for the breakfast hash.

When an egg has been opened and the white alone has been used drop the yolk into a cup of cold water and stand it in a cold place. This keeps the skin soft. Or if you are going to have a Newburgh drop the yolk at once into a pan of boiling water, put the pan on the back of the stove, where the yolk will cook slowly for fifteen minutes. They really have a better flavor than when baked in the shell with the whites.

Half a cupful of oatmeal or other breakfast cereal may be used for cream soups next day, with either half stock and half milk or all stock; with a few condiments saved from the bread and you have an admirable soup at little cost. Cut botany into one-inch cubes, dip them in milk, fry them in hot fat, and use them as a garnish for dinner meat.

"What can do with the leftovers of our soup?" asked one of my pupils. Add an egg to it, use it for a cold-salad dressing for dinner. Even one tablespoonful of sour cream will add greatly to a cold-salad dressing. Small quantities of milk, frequently thrown away after a day old, may be put together and saved in a cold place, until you have enough to make a small quantity of cottage cheese to serve with the dinner salad. It takes only a quart to make enough dinner cheese for six people.

Never Throw Away Any Vegetables that are Not Used

EVERY tablespoonful of peas, tomatoes or other vegetables left in the table should be mixed together, put away in a cold place to use for vegetable hash, or serve entire leaves as a salad. Cauliflower that is left over, even if it has been covered with sauce, may be chopped, put into a baking-dish, covered with grated cheese and served next day as cauliflower *a la gratin*—a delicious dish. Small bits of cheese left over should be covered and dried, and kept in a glass jar, for these fingers, cheese straws or Delmonico potatoes.

The cold leaves of lettuce, always thrown away, make the very best cream of lettuce soup. I well dried and pressed, make the very best cream of lettuce soup.

Never throw away a raw or a cooked one that has been passed through the stock-pot; and one that is only contains marrow shake out the marrow and use it on small quantities of toast as a special dish for luncheon.

The water in which vegetables are cooked should always be saved. Onion water, for instance, always drained down the sink, gives the necessary flavor to a tomato or vegetable soup. In fact, the "zest" of many a dish finds its way into the garbage-bucket. The saving, then, is not only a matter of economy, but is indeed an aid to good cooking. No matter how carefully we boil our foods more or less of the essential mineral salts are lost. Potato water, as the first water in which old beans are cooked, are not desirable, as they frequently contain a small amount of poisonous material. Cabbage and cauliflower water make a foundation for soup Cr^oty, or vegetable soup without meat. The small bit of zest that you three years yesterday would have been quite enough to brown the vegetables for today's soup, and vegetables browned in juice before they are boiled give better flavor to the stock.

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Always Save Every Bit of Fat You May Have

CLARIFY the drippings and render every bit of fat. Save the best for cooking purposes, and the bottom of the pan to exchange for soap. The softer fats from geese, turkeys and chickens are much better than butter for fine cooking. To render fat carefully put the bits in the upper part of a double boiler. See that the water in the under boiler is really boiling. As fast as the fat melts strain it into tin pails or into ordinary coffee-cans. For household soap melt the fat in a bucket, add a quart of cold water, and stir with a wooden paddle until the lye is dissolved, then remember this will boil again before it is added, let it stand until it cools. Now pour the cold lye into the melted soap, stirring all the time. When you have added the last of the lye stir constantly, but slowly, for half an hour, or until you notice the soap is beginning to set. It is now perfectly quiet over night and it is ready to cut into blocks and dry. You will have about nine pounds of soap at the cost of the lye. Apart from the food waste thrown away, such kitchen necessities as soap are often wasted. Small pieces not easily handled are thrown out. They should be saved to make soft soap for wash-day. Half a pound of lye, a pound of tallow and a quart of water will make sufficient soft soap for all the fine clothes. Light-colored dresses, laces and white silks look better cleaned in soft-soap water. I clean all my own white silks and moulin gown. It is easily done. They look like new, and I save from two to five dollars. I go so far as to make my own home candles, some white, some yellow, and others yellow or pink. They add to the warmth of the dinner-table. Four of these in dainty candlesticks around a tiny pot of ferns in the table centre add greatly to its charm, and I simply wash the same if I have a quart of water and a pound of tallow for a dollar. Ten cents' worth of wax lasts a long time. Colored candles, to buy, are very expensive, and rather difficult to get in good quality if one lives a long distance from market.

Let Us All Try to Stop Wasting Water

I DO not want to indulge in idle saving, but the time has come in this country when we must retreat. Our willful extravagances have become so general, and our resources are so poorer, and they are by no means the saving portion of the community. The rich who have lived in the most reckless fashion are beginning to look carefully to the cost of their households, and are being used. The loss of food materials purchased. Let us all look well to the ways of our own households, and try our best to stop this willful waste, that the generations who follow may not lack the common necessities of life.

NOTE—In the next issue of the Journal (on July 7th) Mrs. Rorer will point out to you the ways of "Food Economies," showing them why they are really wasteful in doing certain things which they have always thought were especially economical.

House Cleaning

FORMERLY Soap used Women—Tired—Cross—Sick. Men who dreaded the Home-coming. No Wonder!

NOW with Millions of Women the old time Yearly upset for House-cleaning is out of date. The PEARLINE user knows no season. The Home is kept Clean the year round, because of the Ease and Perfect Cleanliness the use of PEARLINE insures. When you see an Exceptionally Clean home, a Bright, Genteel-Looking woman, you may be sure she uses



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Save Rinds of Lemons and Oranges, and Egg-Shells

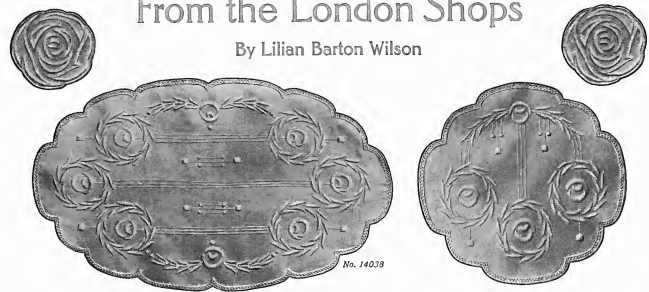
LEMON juice is much better if the yellow rind is taken off before the lemon is squeezed. Conserve the rind at once and put it away for fruit cake, mince pies and flavorings. Save orange rinds for the same purpose.

Wash eggs thoroughly before they are broken. It is a good idea to wash them as soon as they come from the market. Then save the shells for the clearing of soups and jellies, and for coffee if you will. Simply crush the shells in your hand, drop them on a plate, and open the door until they are thoroughly dried. Keep them in a jar. To utilize them cook them in cold water for twenty minutes. Four of these shells will clarify a quart of gelatin or the same quantity of soup.

Cold poached eggs, almost always thrown away, may be recooked and put aside for garnishing the dinner salad, or may be used in a cabbage salad, or may be added to cream sauce for fish.

Some New Shaped Centrepieces From the London Shops

By Lilian Barton Wilson



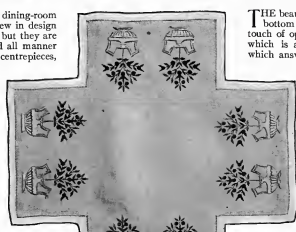
A Pretty Centrepiece in the Tudor-Rose Design

This Mat Would Do Nicely for a Small Table

THESE beautiful centrepieces and dining-room scarfs are not only absolutely new in design and method of flat embroidery, but they are new in shape as well. We have had all manner of descriptions of square and round centrepieces, and as tables are generally longer than they are wide it is not unreasonable to use the oval centrepiece, and it is decidedly novel.

The set in the Tudor-rose design—shown across the top of the page—may be composed of three pieces for the centre of the table: the oblong centre, and two round mats to be placed one at each end of the oblong centre; or, if preferred, the oblong alone may be used. For a very small table the round mat would be sufficient. The dollies formed of the little rose with buttonholed edge are unique.

This work is done in linen thread of a very loosely-twisted quality. Stitches are laid parallel, slanting across the leaf forms in the leaf and straight in the roses. This work may be afterward outlined in color or in white. The finish of the edge of these pieces is most unusual. It has a lace effect. First work

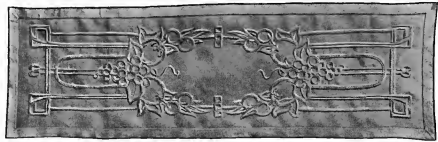


Orange Trees in Silk

THE beautiful table runner which is shown at the bottom of the page is unusual in form, and the touch of open Venetian work gives it that variety which is always acceptable in embroidery, and which answers to shading in its effect upon the eye. We have in the sunflowers a bit of the long and short stitch run into outline, and the solid satin stitch in the dots, relieved by the open Venetian work.

The orange trees of the centrepiece shaped on the square, shown on the left, may be embroidered in silk. There is a good opportunity for pretty coloring here. The vases are worked in two shades of Copenhagen blue; the grass, the stems of the trees in golden brown, and the leaves in two shades of sage green; and the oranges give us an opportunity for a bit of sunlight yellow. Button-hole stitch, darning and outline are done in long and short and satin stitch.

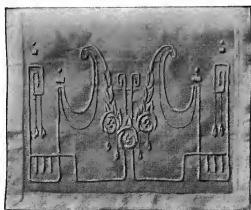
The dimensions of these centrepieces are important. The orange-tree centrepiece measures twenty inches by twenty when finished, and the round Tudor-rose centre is but fifteen inches in diameter. These are especially good on a table set for four, or the oblong one (the Tudor-rose) No. 14038 will do as well, for it is but fifteen inches wide by twenty-three long. The small dolly measures five inches and a half in diameter. There has



Fruit Designs are Always Pretty

been made for this set a small oblong dolly which measures eight inches by ten, the pattern for which is No. 14039. The rose scarf is fifteen inches wide and may be made any length. The fruit-design scarf is fourteen inches by forty-four, and the runner is seventeen inches by forty-seven.

I am glad to hear from readers of THE JOURNAL, and will answer by mail any questions about these centrepieces or any other needlework, but a stamped and addressed envelope must be sent.



No. 14040—One End of Tudor-Rose Sideboard Scarf

Fruit designs are always pretty on the sideboard, and the fruit sideboard scarf illustrated just above has very much grace and character. While the design is full and ample it is not in any sense crowded. The grapes, apples and plums all have room enough, and the work, which is a border of parallel stitches in the slightly-twisted linen thread, afterward outlined, carries out the spirit of the design very successfully.

The straight lines are somewhat architectural and they unite and strengthen the whole. This outline, which should be as heavy as the fruit, may be worked in white or in color.



This Table Runner has a Touch of Open Venetian Work Always Acceptable in Embroidery

The Size of This Beautiful Runner is Seventeen Inches by Forty-seven

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Home-Stories

A Page of the Best Stories that Mothers Can Tell Their Children

Edited by Laura E. Richards

The Caterpillar's Surprise

THIS is a story about a caterpillar who lived on the big crab-apple tree in the old man's garden. She was a very long caterpillar, with huge, black spots all over her green skin. One morning when the sun shone brightly she crawled out on a branch of the crab-apple tree and lay there watching the yellow butterflies steal kisses from the flowers and enjoying the cross, noisy bumblebees who were buzzing around the yard in search of honey.

"Oh, dear," said she, "I do wish I were a butterfly, instead of a horrid, green caterpillar."

Now the crab-apple tree had heard the caterpillar make this wish a great many times, and this morning she grew quite impatient and said: "You are so discontented that it is making you this wish and you fly about the garden. You are a butterfly! I wish I would not make you one. So why don't you stop it and get up and pretty? Then the children will love to watch you, as they do the yellow butterflies, even if you are nothing but a green and black caterpillar. You ought to be happy, for you live on my tree and eat my green leaves, while the butterflies have to fly about in search of a home every night, and when they are hungry must steal honey from the flowers."

When the green caterpillar thought over all the crab-apple tree had said she knew that she was to be a butterfly. And so she began to enjoy the warm summer days and soon grew fat and pretty. Very soon after this it grew very cold, and then she was glad she was not a yellow butterfly. In the morning, when the dew settled about her bare arms, she would creep around the fountain and look at the dead butterflies who had died during the night.

"Soon the flowers fade away and the leaves on the tree begin to fall. And at last, one cold day, the caterpillar felt very, very sleepy. So she built herself a nest—wove it of hair and dead leaves, and tied it together with a thin, sticky web she spun around herself. When this was done she sat in a last look around at the world. The bees and butterflies were dead, the flowers had faded away, and the leaves of the crab-apple tree had fallen asleep on the grass, while above them their old crapple-tree mother stretched out her bare arms to the chill November wind. It was so cold that even the water in the fountain was not running, and the little boy, Allan, who lived in the red brick house, never came out to sail his boat as he used to do in the summertime.

Then the caterpillar gave one last shiver and crept into her warm nest and went sound asleep. All winter long the snow drifted in huge drifts under the crab-apple tree, and the icicles hung in a crystal row on the edge of the fountain, this green and black caterpillar slept. And her dreams were of the warm sun and the crab-apple blossoms and the talk of the bees and butterflies who came to gather honey.

But at last the winter was over, and spring came along with her warm sunshine and April showers. The crab-apple tree began to feel warm inside, and one day opened up all her new leaves to the sunshine. Soon the flowers woke up, and the bees and butterflies flew into the garden just as the crab-apple tree smiled out in a pink-and-white bloom of fragrance. Then the green caterpillar woke up. It was very hot in her nest, and she tried to crawl out to the air. But she had wound herself up so tightly that it was a long time before she saw the blue sky. She was very weak from her long sleep, and she felt very light and very queer. When she tried to crawl along the branch of the crab-apple tree she discovered that she had gained weight and moved up and down every time she breathed.

Now these were very strange things for a caterpillar to have, so she was much surprised when her mind she would crawl over to the fountain and take a look in the water at herself. Just then the soft wind came up and lifted her into the air. Her wings spread out above her and she felt her feet tugging at the water. She was flying alone in the warm air. It was all very delightful, and she was half sorry when she came to the fountain. Then she let herself sink down on the edge of the marble basin and looked into the blue water and saw—now what do you think she saw? A beautiful butterfly, all yellow and white. She waved her wings, and the butterfly in the blue water waved hers. Then she waved the long feelers that grew out each side of her head, and the feelers in the water waved back. And at last, very happy and content, she spread her wings and went sailing away, away across the garden into the warm air.

—NAN ELIZABETH SHIELDS.

An Old Rhyme

MONDAY'S child is fair of face,
TUESDAY'S child is full of grace,
WEDNESDAY'S child is merry and glad,
THURSDAY'S child is sour and sad;
FRIDAY'S child is loving and giving,
SATURDAY'S child must work for his living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath Day
Is blithe and bonny, and good and gay.

Long Ago and Long Ago

LISTEN now, children, and you shall hear wonderful stories. They are not my stories at all; they are stories told to Cleon and his sister Doris, long ago and long ago, by the wise, kind old man whom they called the Teacher. But first my story who Cleon and Doris were.

Open your geography and find the map of Europe; now look down in the right-hand corner and you will see a small, wiggly, wiggly country, like a crumpled globe. That is Greece, the most famous country of old times; it is in Athens, the most famous city of all times; and Athens lived in the time of the Teacher. Cleon and Doris were in this little boy and girl played about and heard stories, but they were children just like you, with the same number of fingers and toes, and the same love of sun-plugs and stories. Cleon was eight years old, a tall boy for his age, with black eyes and hair and ruddy-brown cheeks; but little Doris, who was six, had fair hair and eyes like spring violets. Both were good children, and learned their lessons well, and helped their mother about the house, for she was poor workmanhood, and their father was dead; so often she would take them down to the river when she went to do her washing, and thus it came about that they were to hear the Teacher.

An American laundress of today would laugh at the way Chloe (that was the mother's name) washed, though in Europe many women still keep to it. She piled the clothes in a great basket, and

Cleon helped her drag it down to the river-side. Then she knelt on a big, fat stone, and washed and rinsed the clothes in the clear running water, sometimes beating them with a wooden paddle, or between two small stones.

While she did this the children would wander about, gathering wild flowers, or playing games, or sometimes wading in the shallows, where the yellow sand below made the water look like gold and crystal.

One day they were running after a yellow butterfly, and went farther than usual, for the butterfly would not stop, but kept fluttering on just ahead of them. Presently they came to a place they had never seen before: a grove of great trees, with smooth, short grass under them, and here and there lovely blossoming shrubs; and walking up and down under the trees was an old gentleman with kind eyes. If you were to meet that old gentleman in the street today you would say why he wore a short instead of a coat; but it was not a sheet, it was a kind of mantle he wrapped around him when he was out.

The children stopped when they saw him, and the butterfly flew quite away. Doris put her finger in her mouth, but Cleon held his head up, first because he was going to be a man very soon, and second because his old gentleman looked so kind that it would have been absurd for any one older than six to be afraid.

"Have you come to see me?" asked the old gentleman. "I am very glad to see you."

"We were chasing the butterfly," said Cleon, "but now he has flown away."

"You said the Teacher (I shall call him by that name after this), 'I am glad he got away.'"

"Why?" asked Cleon. "I wanted him."

"Who are the Titans?" asked Cleon; and he came nearer, for he was a boy who wanted to know things, and kind of boy can learn wide as much as an old kind that wishes it did not have to learn things.

The Teacher looked at him with his kind eyes. "Do you like stories?" he asked.

"Better than anything else!" said Cleon; and he came nearer still.

"Except Mother!" cried little Doris. It was the first time she had spoken, and she put her finger back in her mouth as soon as she had put the words out.

"That is entirely different," said Cleon rather scornfully; and he added, speaking to the Teacher: "She is a very good child."

The old man turned to Doris and held out his hand; and suddenly out came her finger, and she ran and took hold of his hand and held it tight. "You are good!" she said. "I will love you."

"Who are the Titans?" asked the Teacher gravely. "She is very wise."

"She is not silly," said the Teacher gravely. "She is very wise."

He sat down under a shady tree and beckoned the children to sit beside him.

"The Titans were giants," he said, "who lived long ago and long ago. They belonged to the great old stories. Does the little one look like the Immortals?"

"Yes!" cried Doris, for she had lost all fear now. "The Immortals live on Mount Olympus, far in the north. Mother said it when she was little like me, and she had good books and ivy and Father Zeus is their king. When he is angry it makes thunder and lightning on the earth. And his queen is the Lady Hera. Oh, but she is proud!" She drives a chariot, and she has a chariot for horses. I know all that, and more, for Mother tells me often."

"Good mother!" said the Teacher. "Well, there are many and many stories; or, rather, they are all parts of one story—the story that has no end. The Titans belong to the first part of it, and you shall hear—stopped, for a voice was heard crying: "Children, where are you? Cleon! Doris! Come to me!"

"It is Mother!" cried Cleon; and she is frightened. We must go. May we come again tomorrow and hear the story?"

"Tomorrow and many mornings, if you will," said the Teacher. "I walk here always at this hour, and you will be welcome."

Cleon said good-by hastily and ran to tell his mother that all was well. But little Doris lingered a moment, and lifted her face to the old man. "When I love people I kiss them good-by," she said.

"You kiss!" said the Teacher, kissing her. "Come tomorrow, little dearest one."

So that was the way it all began. Next time you shall hear the story that these children heard, long ago and long ago.

—LAURA E. RICHARDS.

A Puzzled Bird

WHAY do we have such queer eyes?" asked Little Owllet.

"Our eyes are like—very fine, and round, and bright, as you should know."

"Yes! but there must be something wrong about them, for I heard the Robin family talking. They say that the summer day is very gay and delightful; so many beautiful things to see, and a great many live creatures moving about; we don't see any such pretty sights, and I wish it's too bad to miss them, as you should know."

"Yes, my dear; but there is also a sun that shines very, and is bright enough to blind one! It is much more sensible to sleep then, and to be awake when the sun is in his eyes, than to be so busy and sweet and cool and stary! Oh, yes; the nights are much better!"

"But I do want to see the sun and the pretty day things!" cried Little Owllet.

"Nonsense, child! You ought to be thankful that you can see in the dark, for the Robins and other creatures, poor things, are blind then, and I wish they could see even in the dark, but they can't see at all without a light!"

"But there's no light to see then, and they're so wise!" complained the Owllet.

"You are still young and silly, my dear. Owls should be very proud of their eyes, very proud indeed, and not mind what is said about them by other creatures, who are so ignorant and foolish."

"Yes, Mother!" meekly said Little Owllet; but he sat in the pine tree and blinked his puzzled eyes and almost wished that they were not so queer.

—EMMA A. LINTE.

NOTE.—Mrs. Richards is glad to receive from her readers any stories or poems that they wish to send for use on this page. If possible, they should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Mrs. Laura E. Richards, in care of The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

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Pretty Girl Questions

By Emma E. Walker, M.D.

Questions about health which are of interest to girls will be answered by Doctor Walker, but inquirers must give their names and addresses. A correspondent wishing an answer by mail should inclose a stamped addressed envelope.

To Lessen the Shock of Cold Bathing

RUSTIC. Take your cold bath immediately after rising when the body is warm. In the bathroom warm. Drink a cup of warm water just before the bath. Draw a few inches of warm water in the tub to stand in while you dash the cold water over your body with your hands. If instead of the tub you use a basin, bathe and rub dry a part of the body at a time, keeping the rest covered. Allow only five minutes for the shower.

The Cause of Sighing

MILLIE. Insufficient oxygen is generally the cause of sighing. If you notice a tendency to this take the trouble to get plenty of fresh air, for a sigh is the quiet message of the body for oxygen. Gasping is a modification of sighing.

Trachoma is a Contagious Disease

BLANCHÉ. Trachoma is a very contagious disease, commonly known as "granulated lids." Every form of this trouble should receive great care. A necessary hygienic precaution is the provision of separate towels and basins for the person afflicted. Not infrequently ulcers develop, resulting in permanent injury to the eye.

To Remove a Birthmark

EMILY. Electrolysis is sometimes successfully used for the removal of such a blemish. But the results of treatment depend to a great extent upon the depth of the mark.

The English Sparrow and Typhoid Fever

JESSAMINE. Last year the Board of Health in a small town in the Middle West reported an epidemic of typhoid said to be due to infection of water by English sparrows. This explanation of the epidemic is quite new, for the sparrows in any way had access to the infected water of a typhoid patient the germ could easily be scattered on the water and to be washed into the water pipes supplying the town.

Nature's Triple Tonic

BERNARDINA. Soil, sunshine and sea air have been called Nature's triple tonic. Few of us there are who manage to enjoy fresh air at least the first two members of this life-giving group. So varied is our country that change to a locally only a few miles distant from home almost invariably offers a slightly different climate. Do not give your summer allowance in exchange for a somewhat tedious break at a resort such as a conventional vacation, and indulge to the full in the triple tonic.

To Avoid Biliousness

ADAM. A wonderful laboratory is this body of ours, but, as in other laboratories, poisons are often manufactured within its walls. The digestive tract offers a specially favorable workshop for the formation of dangerous substances. The term biliousness would not exist were it not for the formation and absorption of poisons. The poisons are, to an extent, due to an excess of proteins in the diet. Here is the key to the elimination of poisons in good working order. See to it that the skin and bowels are kept active by frequent baths and rubbing, by eating plain, reasonable food—particularly juicy vegetables and fruits—by copious water-drinking between meals, before breakfast and at bedtime.

When Rescued from Drowning

VIVIAN. After the person has been rescued from the water, and the water has been expelled from the lungs, the clothing should be loosened or removed if blankets are at hand. Give hot coffee or tea or aromatic spirits of ammonia. The legs and arms should be briskly rubbed toward the body, while the tongue is drawn forward every three seconds for a minute. These means failing, artificial respiration should be performed.

Precautions in Using a Poultice

EDNA. The poultice is used to draw pus to the surface, thus relieving the pain. The precautions are worth remembering. The poultice should be light, hot and moist. It should be placed between two pieces of thin material like cheesecloth, and applied slowly from the hand over the sore every two or three hours. The poultice should be lubricated and the heat of the poultice should be tested by laying it against the cheek. Never allow a poultice to grow cold on the patient. A too-prolonged use is to be avoided.

Wood Alcohol a Poison

RACHEL. Last year two men died, one was taken seriously ill and a fourth became almost totally blind as the result of drinking wood alcohol.

Candles for Summer Lightburns

BRAWLEY. Forgive me now to be able to lay aside your work during the evening! No, I would not advise you to spend this time in reading. Make relaxation your object after work hours. Sit on the porch in the evening and assimilate all that you have taken in during the last eight or ten months. Then go to bed by candlelight. If you make this a practice there will not be nearly so much temptation to read as if the gas or electric light were flaring brightly.

The Use of Dental Floss

KATE. If the floss comes out roughened from between the teeth be sure that there is either a new cavity or a worn old filling that needs the dentist's attention.

Microbes on Fruit and Candy

EMILY. Last year in California the fruit and candy of various shops were examined, and no more microbes were found to be harbored by these foods that legislation was asked to require shopkeepers to exhibit such articles for sale under glass.



The Right of Every Girl

By Doctor Walker

I AM asked by girls if I agree with the JOURNAL'S position that every girl should have a true knowledge of herself.

I do; and I go further, to say that it is the right of every girl to be protected by this knowledge.

The one above all others who should give this training to girls is the mother. Distorted, vicious explanations of the meaning of life are well compared to a glass of muddy water, while the story told by the mother is like a glass of crystal water. Both are true; but one is foul, the other pure. The girl who makes a confidante of her mother will never go far wrong.



Thin Arms and Flat Chests

D. P. H. Work at the chest weights for ten minutes daily, or even two or three times a week, will help you out of your trouble. Not only will your shoulders and arms become plump and your chest expand, but your figure and complexion will improve accordingly.

Running as an Exercise for Girls

MARGUERITE. No set rule can be laid down, for every girl will have to regulate exercise for her own needs. The distance a girl can run with advantage depends upon her training and general condition.

Chronic Blushing

URSEL. Tone up your nervous system in various ways: Sit in the open-air sunshine every day; exercise moderately outdoors; take a daily cool bath; drink cream if you are able to digest it, and do not spare fresh butter in your diet. And, last of all, do not regret your ability to blush.

This "Tin-Can Age"

M. O. C. This has been appropriately named the "tin-can age." And although good food as well as poor may be had in the can, this is the season when there is little chance for canned goods. For six months or more eat fresh vegetables and fruit and let the canned delicacies go.

"Too Much House"

BABARA. So said a company of American Indians who had been persuaded for a time to take up their abode in some comfortable modern dwellings. A Government agent had arranged to have these people live more as we do, thinking in this way to lessen his charges. On his return two years later he found the Indians again living in their wretched wigwams, while the houses were filled with their farm implements. All who had tried sleeping in the houses and become ill, and they made their own diagnosis as to the cause: "Too much house."

The Camping Outfit

JEAN. Yes, indeed, I shall be glad to mail you the list of articles suitable for a camping outfit, if you will send me a stamped and addressed envelope.

Exercise or Rest After a Meal?

IMAGINE. What about the time-worn adage—

After breakfast work and toil;

After dinner sit a while;

After supper run a mile?

Circumstances will determine which is superior—the advice or the poetry. "The individual is a law unto himself," always. The individual who in the late work after a meal depends largely upon the worker's vitality and the nature of his labor. As a rule the human system is not able to supply the energy necessary for vigorous digestion and manual exercise at the same time. For a sedentary person, "running a mile" after supper—if the rice isn't too hard, or too soon eating—is beneficial, while one who does hard manual work would, or should appreciate "sitting a while" after dinner.

Ringworm in School-Children

MADIE. Mild cases of ringworm of the face and body are often treated by scrubbing the patches with water and green soap, followed by the application of iodoform or ichthammol. The coating of colchicin prevents the spread of the disease to other children.

Is Ice Cream Wholesome?

FIFTEEN. Purest cream, that made from cream, is a nourishing food. But how much cheap, impure ice cream is sold! The basis of such a cream is gelatine or its substitutes, starch and skim milk being used as fillers.

Hope is a Tonic

DOUGLAS. A representative Japanese not long ago in giving the reasons for the great vitality and buoyancy of spirits of his countrymen in the late work after a meal, the optimistic mental attitude of the soldier. The Japanese believes in a compensation for all his efforts. Hope is unquestionably a strong physiological agent, the good results of which we may see every day. It exhilarates the brain, gives buoyancy to the spirits and endurance to the will.

Excessive Perspiration

ETHEL. Bathing the affected parts with water in which baking soda has been dissolved is often helpful. Use about half a teaspoonful of baking soda to a basin of water.

For a Troublesome Bunion

SUFFERER. As a rule a tight shoe is responsible for the first stages of a bunion. Pain is again due to the effects of pressure there often exists another cause of inflammation: the patient, on account of sedentary life, does not walk enough, and a goaty condition results. Many times a slight operation is the only method of entire relief.

Are Warts Contagious?

ANXIOUS. There is no reason to believe that warts are contagious. Although, as a rule, a wart is removed with little trouble, you will not make a mistake by letting a physician attend to it.

First Aid for the Bite of a Rabbit Dog

KATE. Caustic such as a wound dog on once with two or three drops of pure carbolic acid. This has been recommended as the best and least painful application. The acid solution will into the wound should be washed out with water or alcohol in order to prevent too great a destruction of tissue. If the irritation is thorough, and reaction within a few minutes after the injury, the onset of hydrophobia will be prevented in many cases, though not in all.

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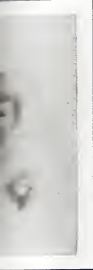
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THE AMERICAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD

THESE pictures form a part of the collection of mother and child photographs obtained in our recent poll. The pages given here and in the four issues preceding will be followed for some months to come by others constituting a gallery of American mothers and children taken from real life which will at once be recognized as the most comprehensive presentations of American motherhood ever attempted by a magazine. In accordance with the plan when the contest was opened no names of mothers or children are published.





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The handle of the Asbestos Rod Iron is 50 degrees cooler than that of the old-fashioned iron.



The hose holds heat three times as long as that of any other iron.

YOU spend a certain number of hours each week ironing. If you could materially reduce that time and make the work cooler, more comfortable, more satisfactory, would you do it? These are exactly the benefits you derive from

ASBESTOS SAD IRONS

Cooler—because the asbestos lined hose slips down over the base and actually insulates the hand from heat. Instead of resting, as with the old-fashioned iron, the hand is forced down to the ironing surface. Thus it is concentrated right where you use it.

This iron will do twice the usual amount of ironing at one heating because of prolonged heat retention, saving much time and fatigue in running to and from stove. Saves fuel too. Complete Household Asbestos Set No. 196 illustrated below, offers irons that do their particular work more satisfactorily than any you ever used. Durably made—beautifully finished with polished convex surface and rounded edges. Made ironing a pleasure. Sold everywhere.



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NOTE its common-sense arrangement. While traveling, any article may be removed without disturbing anything else. Clothes are always ready for wear—require no pressing. The Mendel patented automatic self-locking door is one of many exclusive features. Makes compartments dust proof. Prices from \$69 up.

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Good Manners and Good Form

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland



Mrs. Kingsland will be glad to answer on this page any questions of good manners and good form, of interest to girls. A correspondent wishing an answer by mail should inclose a stamped addressed envelope. The Best Man's Duties. Please tell me what are the duties of a best man at a wedding. JESSIE A. He should hire the carriage to be used by the bridegroom and himself and the one placed at the clergyman's disposal, help the bridegroom in his preparation for his duties, with all necessary, be taken to the bride's house, take charge of the ring and deliver it at the right moment. He accompanies the bridegroom through the vows into the church, stands at his right hand during the ceremony, gets his own and the bridegroom's but at his conclusion, hands down a side aisle and takes to the bride's house, the carriage used in coming to the church to be ready to greet the brideful pair on their arrival. He makes himself generally useful during the reception—presenting people to the bride and bridegroom and to their parents, showing attention to all in need of it, and especially to the maid of honor, whose "equities" he is supposed to take. He assists the bride couple when in dress for the wedding journey, helps the bridegroom to change his clothes, sees that bags and suitcases are properly packed to be used to convey the bride and bridegroom to the station, having also arranged for the trunk and made sure that the trunk has been sent on ahead. Before the bride leaves the station, he puts the tickets and checks the luggage if desired to do so. To him is intrusted the clergyman's fee, and he puts the notice of the marriage in the newspaper, unless the bride's father prefers to do it.

When a Man Takes a Girl Home at Night. If a young man escorts a girl home should she get into a taxi cab simply at her own night and should she invite him in? DEBA. She may thank him pleasantly, but not effusively, and should not ask him to come in. "Come and see me soon." I infer that she would accept the escort. The man whom she trusts well, and who is favorably known to her parents or guardians.

Acknowledges a Wedding Invitation. How should a wedding invitation be acknowledged? (Mrs.) B. L. M. If the invitation is in the usual engraved form no acknowledgment is necessary but your presence at the marriage ceremony and at the reception or receptional luncheon is all that is required. A call on the bride's mother within a month or so is expected, and upon the bride when it is known that she has returned from her wedding trip on a day set apart by her for receiving her friends.

Who Invites the Clergyman to the Wedding? The invitations are written by hand the replies, expressed in the same degree of informality, should be sent very promptly. Holding Open a Door for a Person Behind. Should a girl ever hold a door of a public building open for a man who is coming out behind her? SARA. Why not? It would not be courteous to let the door shut before his exit, the need not look at him, however, but make in an impersonal act of courtesy.

Who Invites the Clergyman to the Wedding? Who should ask the clergyman to perform the marriage ceremony? MAUDE. It is the bridegroom's responsibility to secure the services of the clergyman whom he prefers as soon as the wedding day is definitely decided. Unless he lives at a distance the bridegroom should call in person to prefer his decision. Occasionally, when the clergyman is a lifelong friend or well known to the bride's family, the bride and bridegroom may call together, or the former may write a friendly note introducing her fiancé to her pastor, pastor or priest. This was presented in person or sent by post in advance of his call.

The Order of Precedence at Dinners. At luncheons and dinners should the hostess precede or follow her guests into the dining room? "MRS. JIM." At luncheons the hostess leads the way as offering her hospitality. At dinners she best precedes all, since he is the avoid of the woman guest of honor. The hostess, to escort the precedence of her guests, brings up the rear, accompanied by the man whom she and her husband desire to distinguish most by his attention.

The Toothpick and the Proprieties. It is proper or not to use a toothpick? JACK. Only in the privacy of one's own society. Smoke at a Wedding Reception. Will you tell me if it is correct for men to smoke at a wedding after the refreshments are served? THOMAS. Do it in this section, but we have no smoking-room, and as I am to be married soon I should be grateful for your advice. QUEENIE. I never heard of gentlemen doing such a thing.

A Man with Two Girls on a Street Car. When a man accompanies two girls in a street car it is the more proper for the girls to sit side by side, or should he sit between them? AN APPREHENSIVE GIRL. It is in their best taste for the girls to sit together.

The Bridesmaids' Hats at Home Weddings. Are hats worn by the bridesmaids at home weddings? Yes, fashionable precedent is often arbitrary, and, although their use and appropriateness are not the same everywhere, the best precedents are becoming, and give the wearers the sense of being somewhat shielded from public gaze, if only because they draw attention to themselves.

Calls After a Reception. Will you kindly tell me if a call is required after a reception or a tea? (Mrs.) A. S. J. If you do not attend you will not yet accept the invitation and should therefore call afterward upon the bridegroom. An afternoon or reception is merely an invitation to a woman's friends to come and see her on a specified day when to introduce a substitute or when a reception is given to a woman's friends to come and see her on a specified day when to introduce a substitute or when a reception is given to a woman's friends to come and see her on a specified day when to introduce a substitute.

Engagement Ring During Marriage Service. What is done with the engagement ring while the wedding ring is given? MAIK. It should be removed to the right hand before the ceremony, and is usually replaced by the bridegroom when opportunity serves.

The Guest Who Wants to Make Her Own Bed. How should a friend should offer to make one's own bed? WORRIED. If the hostess is a simple, sensible woman, and has not many servants, she may make one's bed and have the room in order, without saying anything about it. Then, if a guest who makes a bed felt it a reflection upon their household resources.

When the Bride's Mother has Remarried. Please inform me what is the correct form of writing an announcement when the mother of the bride-elect has been a widow and has married a second time? MAIVIE. The daughter's name should be given in full, as, for instance: Mrs. Howard Henderson announces the marriage of her daughter Marian Louise Wilson

to the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Doe, etc.; or the second husband's name may be included with the mother's, which is the more usual form (unless the marriage has been of recent date), and the bride is described as "the daughter."

The Girl Who Does Not Dance. May I accept an invitation to a ball if I do not know how to dance, but should I greatly enjoy looking on? Yes, but you should explain it to your hosts.

The Engaged Girl and Other Men. When a girl is secretly engaged should she continue to accept attentions from other men? MADELEINE S. No. To such men as are showing her particular or interested devotion, she should go to the extent of her attentions not accorded to others, she should write, taking them into her confidence, binding them to secrecy.

Which Fork and Spoon to Use. How may one know which fork or spoon to use at a formal course dinner? LOUISE. You should watch your neighbors and follow their example. It is customary to use the fork furthest from the plate first, and then take the others in succession.

"R. S. V. P." Please settle a dispute. I have always supposed it the form to insert a reply to an invitation. One is supposed to know enough to do so, except for an afternoon reception. Am I right? LUCIA. You are quite right. Only because people are not so well-bred or so thoughtful as they should be at a formal dinner, it is necessary to wear a ball suit? C. M. P. No; at so early a wedding a tweed suit may be worn to the ceremony.

Drinking from Bouton-Cups. Is it proper thing to drink bourbon from the cups when spoons are provided? (Mrs.) G. M. If the spoons are provided, the two handles spoons are used. If the bourbon is served in teacups it may be taken in either way.

Inviting Far-Away Friends to the Wedding. If I am married by a young woman in another State. We both have many friends here. Should invitations to the wedding be sent to them, knowing that it is too far away for them to attend—or should we send announcements to them? ANDREW L. If it is inconvenient for the custom of the day to send invitations to friends far and near, irrespective of their ability or inability to be present.

The Teacup and the Engaged Girl. What is the significance in the present fashion of friends sending a tea cup and saucer to a young woman when they learn that she is engaged? HELEA. A cup of tea is popularly supposed to be one of the conventional tokens of the betrothal. A teacup would, therefore, carry invidious suggestions unless it were engaged, when its significance would cease to wound.

Choosing the Users for a Wedding. Who selects the users—the bride or the bridegroom? EDITH R. The others are chosen from the bridegroom's intimate friends, although the favorite brother or cousin of the bride is often included in their number, or, at least, in their consideration.



YOU know its unapproached value as a maker of fine and dainty desserts—but Do you know how it will improve your general cooking—how it will impart a sweet, nutty flavor and tender crust to bread; give a delightful creaminess to soups, sauces, and gravies; make jellies firmer—and so on through scores of everyday dishes? The how and why are interestingly told by two famous cooks in our valuable book: Original Recipes and Cooking Helps.

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"Pure Lard" Doesn't Mean Leaf Lard

A lard can be labeled "Pure Lard" even though it is made from various hog fats. Lard made entirely from hog fat is pure lard. Suet and tallow are both beef fats, yet there's a vast difference. There is just as great difference between "Pure Lard" and "Leaf Lard."



"Leaf Brand" Doesn't Mean Leaf Lard

Such-and-Such "Leaf Brand" means simply a brand of ordinary lard. It is leaf lard what skimmed milk is to cream. When a maker gives you real leaf lard, he sure he will say "Leaf Lard" on the label. He will never say "Leaf Brand."

How to be Sure of Leaf Lard

There is not enough leaf lard produced to supply one-tenth of the people.

It is made from that flaky bit of fat which surrounds the hog's kidneys.

There is plenty of other fat in a hog, but only this trifle of leaf fat.

So it goes only to those who insist on it.

You can know leaf lard by the label.

Any lard which is Government inspected must be branded correctly. Labels today can't lie.

But be sure that the label says "Leaf Lard"—"Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard"—not merely "Pure Lard"; not any "Leaf Brand." Look for the words "Leaf Lard." Then the law insures that it's made from leaf fat only.

Leaf fat is to other hog fat what beef suet is to tallow. Suet is the kidney fat of beef—leaf, the kidney fat of hogs.

You would not accept tallow if you wanted beef suet. Be just as sure, when you want leaf lard, that you don't get a common lard.

Some of our mothers, back on the farm, made a lard that we remember. They used only leaf fat. They knew.

Thousands of women say today, "I wish I could get that old-fashioned lard now."

But you can get it. It was simply leaf fat, refined in an open kettle.

So is Armour's "Simon Pure." But we have open jacketed kettles, and we employ infinite skill. So our lard has an exquisite flavor which farm-made lard always lacked.

It pays to be careful, for leaf is the cream of lards.

Leaf lard makes flaky, delicious pastry such as common lard can't make. Leaf lard has the flavor.

It is even most economical, because one needs to use only two-thirds as much.

For cooking, it is even better than butter, because it doesn't cook so dry.

Use it once and you will always insist on it. You will never again buy blindly. You will see that the label plainly says:

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard



You Don't Get Leaf Lard from a Tub

When one asks simply for "lard," the dealer will usually dip it out of a tub. Such people, he thinks, are not very particular. Else they would not buy from an open tub, exposed to all the dirt, all the colors of the store.

So you may be certain the dealer doesn't have leaf lard in that tub.



See that the Label Says Leaf Lard

When the label reads "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard," you get what the label says. The laws forbid misbranding.

Note the deeply wrinkled top—the sign of the purest leaf. The pail is air-tight, with a seal over the top. No other lard reaches the housewife with this Government seal unbroken.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

Sold Everywhere in 3's, 5's and 10's.

What the Name "Armour" Means

Have you ever thought of this?

Back of every Armour product is a world-wide business that depends for success on quality.

People will eventually get what they like best. There is no doubt of that. We can't hold our trade unless we deserve it.

And we must deserve it better than others, because of our larger production. We must control an enormous trade to dispose of it.

We produce more leaf lard, for instance, than any concern in the world. We must of necessity make it the best lard.

No skill is too costly, no care too extreme, if it improves that lard even a trifle. For we can't sell the most lard if anyone makes lard better. That goes without saying.

So with all Armour products. We cannot long be leaders unless we lead in our qualities.

Our products are clean, and healthful, and correctly branded. The laws insure that.

We have a small army of Government inspectors around us. From the animal to the consumer, every process is watched by them.

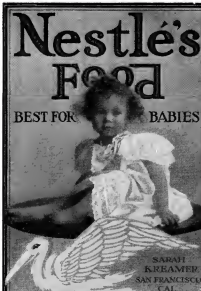
We could not put out anything deceptive, unclean or unhealthful, even if so inclined.

But the name "Armour" means more.

It means that the highest skill that we know has been employed in the making. It means that years of experience have served to perfect it. It means that our vast reputation, and all that depends on it, is deliberately placed at stake on it.

We are not so unwise to seek your trade in this expensive way, without knowing that our products will keep it.

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To prepare, you simply add water and boil.

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Preparation for Motherhood... 31-page book...

What Young Mothers Ask Me

By Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, M. D.

Doctor Coolidge is always glad to answer the questions of Journal mothers about their children.

Care of Baby in Summer The warm weather will soon be here, and I am full of fears for my baby...

In the first place, always remember that as a very warm day the baby's digestive organs are not so strong as in cooler weather...

The next important item to consider is the baby's clothing in warm weather. He should be dressed enough to prevent a sudden chilling of the body...

With the baby's movements carefully, and at the first sign of anything unusual—in increased number, color or consistency—give a teaspoonful of castor oil...

Another point to bear in mind is the early removal of soiled clothing. Do not let soiled napkins nor underwear about for a minute.

My little boy, nearly three years old, is just beginning to read and write...

Advise Will be Given to Prospective Mothers by Marianna Wheeler

Nightdresses for a Baby I am preparing for my first baby, whom I expect in September...

My baby's four upper teeth have a black line across them, just below the gum. Is this a sign of decay?

From what you say I do not think the teeth are really decayed. I would try some powdered pumice-stone...

Changing the Baby's Milk I am feeding a baby from a herd of cows. Will you please inform me as to what I shall do...

Let Loose Teeth Drop Out My seven-year-old daughter has several loose teeth. Would it be better to have them pulled?

The Premature Baby Too Weak to Nurse When a premature baby is too weak to suck from the breast or bottle...

Yes, there are two other methods: one is to put a small stomach tube through the baby's mouth and throat into his stomach...

Chicken-Pox Scars Will Disappear My baby, eight months old, had chicken-pox about a month ago...

As to Putting Socks on the Children What shall I do about letting my children wear socks all day...

Feeding a Baby that is Teething What can one do in the hot months for a baby who is teething and refuses a mouthful of anything?

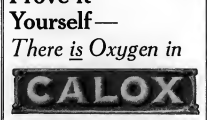
Give such a baby boiled water, and do not try to force food until he shows some inclination for it.



Rated on Eskay's Food from two months to her third birthday. Her mother writes: "We tried plain cow's milk, and many other foods, and nothing agreed with her but Eskay's Food."

Your name on a postal is sufficient.

SMITH, KLING & FRENCH CO., 443 Arch St., Phila.



The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

We will send on request a few tablets of Potassium Permanganate. Dissolve one of these in a wineglass of water...

Of All Druggists, 25 Cents

McKesson & Robbins, 917 Fulton St., New York



Fluff-o-down for Babies

They Are Absolutely Non-Irritant, being made from the very finest, select grades of Australian Wool and Best Eminent Cottons.

Nothing is Too Good for Your Baby Get "Fluff-o-Down."

Mothers and expectant mothers should send for samples for Free Samples and a copy of our book entitled "Baby's Ardor."



Skirt Supporter THE BEST MADE Holds skirt up and waist in place...

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, etc. 1000 to 100,000 printed packages...



Nutty—Mealy—Whole

Please learn what a difference there is between home-baked beans and Van Camp's.

But don't deem it your fault, for it isn't.

We have spent 47 years in learning how to perfect this dish. This is our specialty—our one claim to supremacy. We bake tens of millions of cans every year.

No wonder we best know how.

Then we have the facilities, and you lack them all. So the difference isn't all in the skill.

Beans, to be digestible, *must* be factory cooked.

The heat of your oven is far from sufficient. It can't break up the food granules so the digestive juices can get to them. So home-baked beans are hard to digest, even for the strongest stomach.

Our ovens are heated to 245 degrees.

That's more than twice the heat that gets to the center of your baking dish. We apply that fierce heat for 90 minutes, and the result is our beans are digestible.

That is a very important fact.

Then we bake in live steam—not in dry heat.

That's why our beans are all baked alike. No beans are crisped, no skins are broken. They are baked until they are mealy, yet they are nutty because they are whole.

Perhaps the one thing missed most in home-baked beans is that delicious, nutty flavor. Nobody likes beans mushy; everybody wants them whole.

Then we bake the beans, the tomato sauce and the pork all together, and get our delicious blend. To bake the tomato sauce into the beans is a very different thing from adding it afterwards.

Van Camp's come to you, fresh and savory, ready for instant serving. No work and no waiting. A dozen cans in the house mean a dozen meals all cooked. And such delicious meals! After all your work, your home-baked beans are never half so good.

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

Once let your folks taste Van Camp's beans and they'll frown if you serve them others. That nutty flavor, that tang and zest, are missing in minor brands. Please learn how good beans can be. Then we shall not need to say again, "Insist on Van Camp's."

84% Nutriment

Beans are Nature's choicest food—23 per cent nitrogen; 84 per cent nutriment.

Like meat in their food value, but not like it in cost. See how many you get for 10 cents.

They should be a daily dish—not an occasional. They are appetizing and hearty; all people like them.

Perhaps you serve beans once a week now, because they are hard to prepare. Or because your people like other things better when beans are not rightly cooked.

'Twill be different when you serve Van Camp's.

You will serve them for breakfast—in croquettes or with ham. You'll serve them for luncheons—steaming hot. You'll serve them for dinners—in salad.

You will hardly be able to serve them too often, for people don't tire of Van Camp's.

We Pay \$2.10

We use only the whitest and plumpest Michigan beans. They are picked out by hand from the choicest part of the crop. And we pay \$2.10 per bushel. The beans we refuse sell as low as 30 cents.

We use only sound, vine-ripened tomatoes.

Cheap sauce is made from tomatoes picked green, and ripened in shipment. Or of scraps from a canning factory.

We could buy such sauce ready-made for exactly one-fifth what we spend to make ours. But it would lack that richness, that sparkling zest, which Nature gives to Van Camp's.

No wonder that some brands sell cheaper than ours, yet pay your grocer more profit.

But the best beans are cheap enough. They are even most economical. For you will eat more beans, in place of meat, when you serve Van Camp's.

Prices: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, Established 1867 Indianapolis, Indiana.

Social Affairs for June

By Mary McKim Marriott



The Recognized Superior Of All Imported And Domestic Cocoas And Chocolates



Pozzoni's COMPLEXION POWDER

Beautiful without irritating the skin. It is entirely free from harmful impregnates and is prepared of finest materials.

The Wooden Box retains the delicate perfume until the last week of use. Sold everywhere. Inquire. Insist on genuine.

Meade & Baker's Carbolic Mouth Wash

A delicate, fragrant mouth wash—with a pleasant taste—very beneficial to gums and throat. 25¢—50¢—\$1.00.

Meade & Baker 92 Franklin Street, Chicago (Formerly Richardson, Va.)

DR. GRAVES' TOOTH POWDER

Excellent for good teeth—and best for sore ones. Amuses pearl white teeth. Dentists' accumulative tartar. Your dentist recommends it—and he knows.

On trial, of 10c. in your postage, we will send you a small quantity of our tooth powder, if you will send us 10c. in postage. Write to Dr. Graves' Tooth Powder Co., 92 Franklin St., Chicago.

"High hot daisies and buttercups. Fair yellow daffodils state and tall—A sunny world full of happiness and cheer. And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and grief!"

THESE dainty, dancing lines of Jean Ingelow capture the happy, elusive charm of early summer days, for "What is so rare as a day in June? When it'll ever come a perfect time!"

These "perfect days" of songsters, sunshine and flowers Nature seems to have set aside as the June bride. It is significant how this sentiment has appealed to people in all times. Traditions and legends of bygone days are full of superstitions making for her happiness. Astrologers foretold her future by the stars, and ancient soothsayers gently exploited their magic in her favor.

A Victim "Cup of Happiness" would make an ideal centerpiece to use for a "Sunshine Shower" for the happy bride. A quaint old, brass loving-cup, filled with great, peedoff daisies, daisies and buttercups, could be substituted for the mythological cup of the Norse gods. Set the cup in a row of daisies and buttercups and have matted rays of daisies and daffodils radiate on the cloth. Have a sunburst shower of golden-yellow ribbon fall from the chandelier to the edges of the table. Use golden-yellow candle-shades and write guests' names on golden-yellow butterflies suspended by golden-yellow ribbons across each table. Each little butterfly should bear across its wings a slip of yellow paper, and penciled on it some sunny wish for joy and happiness to the bride. Each verse or quotation should be folded over, labeled, fastened with a "gold" cord and a great gilt seal, and these slips are to be opened, one on each day of the honeymoon.

A Particularly Charming Luncheon for this bridal month is described by one of my correspondents. The home of the hostess was decorated with white roses and gold butterflies; strings of anilax were festooned across the room, and from the anilax on strings of gold thread and lengths of white ribbon dangled roses and butterflies. As the guests entered the reception room the little sister of the bride—the flower-girl to-be—handed each person a nosegay and a heart-shaped slip of paper, tied with a true-love's knot, on which a wedding superstition or charm was to be written. The place cards were heart-shaped, gilded at the edges and tied with dainty true-love's knots of blue. They bore the lines that every bride faithfully observes:

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue."

Grandmother's dainty old china, a wedding present from her new nephew, which these same girls had hatched and presented at the shower a few days before; and a friend's dainty white wedding slippers filled with blue forget-me-nots and delicately placed on a heart of white rosebuds in the centre of the table—these fulfilled the exactness of the superstition. Suspended from the center place was a tiny white dove, bearing in its beak a single bride rose and a little heart-shaped menu-card tied with blue ribbon.

The first course was composed of "Sweetheart Sandwiches" and "Moonshine"—the latter being a slightly-sweetened and milk raised bread, filled with mixed chopped nuts and tiny hearts of red raspberry jelly; and a delicious golden-yellow gelatin punch was served in amber-colored sherry glasses.

With the second course of strawberries, cream and sugar arrived the white card fastened to it by a wire stem, the present buried in the sawdust, and the blossom left standing. A thick layer of moss and pine needles was scattered over the sawdust to give the effect of green grass, so that when the arrangements were completed there lay a tiny green field starred with white and yellow blossoms.

"Curly locks, curly locks,
Well, well, well,
You shall not wash dishes
Nor lift the towels;
But sit at a cushion
And eat your strawberries,
Sugar and cream."

To "use a few seams" each girl had to be blindfolded, and perhaps it was as well that her chances of feasting upon "strawberries, sugar and cream" were not foreshadowed by her seeing, as so often folded orders were laughable.

The third course consisted of ring-shaped cakes with frosting, brick cake, and frozen cream delicately flavored with honey, which illustrated the Norwegian custom of the use of milk and honey during the first month of married life, and thence—some one says—the term "honeymoon."

For the last course small loaves of brown bread, baked in tiny gem-pans, here little open-mouthed jets of raspberry vapor were passed, with a verse from Omar:

"From Vespers underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread,
Ah! What dainties sing in the Wilderness—
Ah! What dainties!"

I regret to have to say that the "book of verses" was supplied by the girls, and, inasmuch as it consisted of rhyming recipes, the unrepresented young housewife, it is quite likely that their influence would fall to carry one into the "paradise" of Omar's fancies, though, perhaps, the girls directed more wisely than they dreamed.

For the Little Maid who really intends to begin her new life in such a nest of roses as a "Garden Shower" would be delightful. Each girl must be asked to bring some choice cutting for the garden of the bride, and the hostess will find it necessary to provide a wheelbarrow of rich earth and a long row of white flower-pots. Such a carry must, of course, be held outdoors, and during the afternoon each girl must carefully "pot" her cutting, and write down instructions for its cultivation.

When refreshment time comes around fruit punch may be poured from a large watering-pot into small, bright tin cups; ices should be served in tiny flower-pots, and each flower-pot having a plant blooming in it. Little rakes and riddles may be given at intervals, but also to help to lay it out in the beginning.

Perhaps the most delightful side of this party consists of the promises of the girls not only to show, rake and weed the future garden plot at intervals, but also to help to lay it out in the beginning.

The Following Story of James Whitcomb Riley's suggests another charming decoration for a June bride:

"When we laid together in a cozy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tawny garden-pot,
Where the vines were ever, true, and the weather
Ever of the June."

And the bride were ever singing for that sweet-heart of mine.
The "cozy little cot" may be built in a nest of roses, and its walls may be made of rosebuds and the shingle roof of green leaves. A charmingly rough side-chimney may be fashioned of lichen-covered stones, moss and rose brambles. Vines of anilax and white climatic may be gracefully trailed over the little cottage, and a soft bed of moss, anilax and blooming clematis should form the "dainty garden-pot" that the poet sings of. Strings of the blooming clematis vine and anilax may be trailed softly from the chandelier to every corner. Rose petals may be scattered all over the cloth, and tiny doves of happiness, each in a nest of rose leaves, may be arranged as souvenirs at each place. During the luncheon each girl must be asked to write her recipe for happiness for "love in a cottage that's built for two."

A Northern Girl Tells of a delightful way of showing a June bride, and one which provides a dainty table decoration for the guests. The day before the shower was held was charmingly decorated with yellow and white daisies. In the centre of the table a large daisy ring was laid out. Festoons of yellow and white daisy chains fell from the chandelier to the four corners of the table. Across the plot a little globe, tied with white ribbon, was gently laid on the flowers. Little doves were given as souvenirs, and for a contest during the luncheon each girl was asked to write a rhyme (from her disposition its most fragrant flatters). Prizes were awarded for the most whimsical results, and when the guests were all ready to leave the table the hostess requested the guest of honor to pick the daisies, "each one up by the roots," and, sure enough, 100 of each little flower she picked a dainty gift.

The construction of the "plot" was very simple. A frame of inch board, six inches high and just fitting the top of the table, was nailed together. Burlap was fastened on the bottom. This frame was then half-filled with clean sawdust and placed on the table. The outside frame and the edge of the table were covered with garlands of anilax and daisy chains. As each present for the afternoon arrived the white card fastened to it by a wire stem, the present buried in the sawdust, and the blossom left standing. A thick layer of moss and pine needles was scattered over the sawdust to give the effect of green grass, so that when the arrangements were completed there lay a tiny green field starred with white and yellow blossoms.

"Such a Pretty Sentiment was Expressed by a "Rose Shower" given last June to a bride at the afternoon shower. The gifts and festivities were held in the rose garden, and the luncheon-table was laid in the rustic summer-house, canopied by crimson rambling roses. Each girl brought a bride rose—scores of them of every color and kind.

Last of all a huge paper rose was placed in the centre of the table. It was done little white bags of every shade of rose color, from deep magenta to softest pink, and a single line of explanation: "For the rose was never in the charm but in the fact that the flowers converted the home of the bride into a bower for her wedding day, and the leaves were ever and hoarded away among her beloved treasures."

Little rose-crowned girls served the guests with from a Vespers underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread,
Ah! What dainties sing in the Wilderness—
Ah! What dainties!"

NOTE—Miss Marriott will be glad to answer by mail any questions connected with planning table decorations. If it demands detailed evidence, send her a copy of The Journal. But such questions should be sent at least two weeks before the event.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

For ten cents in stamps or coin, to pay cost of packing and mailing, we will send you enough

Barrington Hall
The Steel Cut Coffee

to make eight cups of delicious coffee, together with our beautiful frothing attachment graduate, designed for measuring (rather than guessing) the amount of dry coffee to be used.

READ WHAT MRS. W. SAYS:

"I have used Barrington Hall for several years, and I can say that it is the best coffee I have ever used. It is so good that I can't get along without it. I have tried many other brands, but they are all inferior to Barrington Hall. I have recommended it to all my friends, and they all like it. I have never had any trouble with it, and it is so easy to use. I have used it for several years, and I can say that it is the best coffee I have ever used. I have recommended it to all my friends, and they all like it. I have never had any trouble with it, and it is so easy to use."

TRY IT AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED

BARRINGTON HALL is pure, high-grade coffee, prepared by our patented process of complete scientific method of treating the berry whereby the substances which detract from its flavor and healthfulness are removed, and the coffee flavor is preserved to a remarkable degree.

By our **SPECIAL PROCESS** all dust and the bitter cellulose skin, evidently placed by nature around the heart of the berry to protect it—certainly not intended for human use—are removed and thrown away; and when you buy a pound of Barrington Hall you get a pound of the best part of the coffee berry only.

"STEEL-CUT" means that the coffee is cut (not ground) in fine, even particles. The cutting does not crush the little oil cells, as does grinding, and the rich, aromatic oil (Food Product), which makes coffee flavorful, is preserved. This explains why a pound of Barrington Hall makes 15 to 20 cups more of perfect full strength coffee than will the same weight of ordinary coffee.

BAKER & CO.
COFFEE IMPORTERS

Ironing Made Easy

A 30 Day Home Trial Free

This illustration shows the modern ironing method—the labor-saving, time-saving, money-saving way. This family ironer is a boon to every housewife, whether she does her own ironing or has the servant do it. The

SIMPLEX IRONER
THE BEST IRONER

Is simple as a clothes wringer and works easier. At cost of only one cent per hour for gas or electricity you can iron all plain clothes and flat pieces in any quantity. It is the best ironer you can buy, a better finish than by any other way. We convince you of these facts by guaranteeing you to use our machine for 30 days, FREE. We take all the risk. The ironer is yours, even if you do not like it. It is a perfect ironing—a highly polished surface supplied with every kind and correct pressure. It is made in sizes for the smallest to the largest home, for clubs, hotels and institutions.

If we do not have a dealer in your town we will ship ironer direct on 30 days' FREE Trial. Write today for our new FREE illustrated booklet.

American Ironing Machine Co.
A 32 E. Lake Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

WEDDING INVITATIONS
100 for \$2.50

Write to American Ironing Machine Co., Dept. 100, 32 E. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill. for samples. The ESTABLISHED name of the American Ironing Machine Co., Boston, Mass.



Send for this Book of Summer Comfort

Beautifully illustrated in full colors, and of value to every one who has a porch and wants the greatest possible comfort and enjoyment from it.

Vudor Porch Shades

Keep out the sun, but let in the breeze. They can be seen through from the inside, but not from the outside, giving privacy and seclusion. Artistically styled in modern, pleasing colors. They are expensive—complete every equipment costing only from \$2 to \$10 according to size of porch.

Vudor Porch Shades are for grounds and should not be confused with the flimsy, crisscross made bamboo screens which never last and always look cheap.

Vudor Re-enforced Hammocks

are made stronger where most strength is needed. The back of the hammock is woven heavier in the middle than at the sides, providing extra durability where the most wear comes. The extra heavy suspending cords are put on under tension, so that the strain is equally divided.

These features make the Vudor Re-enforced Hammock (while costing no more to buy) outwear two ordinary hammocks. Made in two styles of weave and in a variety of exceptionally handsome designs and colorings.

With the book we will send you name of our nearest Vudor dealer. Write now. It is free. Hugh Shead Corporation, 220 Mill St., Jansenville, Wis. In Europe, it is made at an exclusive name-plate factory in the world. Pushes to on the French Coast. The world's best hammock. It is bearing the world's Vudor on the Hammock.

The Faucet Works It You Don't Turn It



This Messer Runs it You rinse and hang out and it washes

The Cincinnati Country Club formerly used one wash and two rinses in their laundry. It was one more reason and one Confident in the sanitary health, the Colford automatic gas to run in any home. Made of galvanized iron—best of material. If you haven't a wash, we will send you our complete set of literature and you will see how we will save you money. We will send you our complete set of literature and you will see how we will save you money. We will send you our complete set of literature and you will see how we will save you money.

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P. T. Coffield & Son, Dayton, O. 1102-1132 E. 9th St.

Advertisement for Human Talker, a device for hearing. It is the equivalent of an ear. Maxie Dean Double Yellow Heads. Special Price \$10. Bird Seed, Food and Medicine.

DENATURED ALCOHOL

What It is and What May be Done With It By Dr. Charles A. Crampton

Chief Chemist, Bureau of Science

DENATURED alcohol is alcohol to which have been added some substance or substances which make it unfit for use as a beverage, but not unfit for industrial purposes. When thus denatured it may (according to the law which took effect January 1, 1907) be used without payment of a Government revenue tax, and this, of course, greatly cheapens its cost to the consumer.

Denatured alcohol is of two kinds: completely denatured and partially denatured. Completely denatured alcohol is intended to be sold at retail to the public for the general purposes of heat, light and power, and cleaning and cleaning operations. Partially denatured alcohol is intended for use in certain lines of manufacture where the substances which produce the completely denatured product would militate against its use as a manufacturing agent.

Alcohol is Used to Make Many Things TAKING up the manufacturing uses first, the wide range of articles in the production of which alcohol is used may be shown in the following list, compiled by the British Government:

Making "finish" varnishes, lacquers, stains, paints, enamels, etc.; soap manufacture; hat-making; celluloids, xylolite, etc.; ether, chloroform and iodoform; fulminates, smokeless powder and other explosives; solid medicinal extracts, medicaments, fine chemicals, etc.; dissolving dyes and colors, dyeing and cleaning operations; making photographic plates, emulsions, films, etc.; making linoleum, linoleum and linoleum; Wainon, and similar goods; making emulsions, lotions, hairnets, cattle medicines and others; making lacquers for woodwork and ironwork; in piano manufacture; in silk, crepe and embroidery manufacture; in the manufacture of aniline and other colors and dyes; in making fireworks; plant washes, insecticides, etc.; in the manufacture of rubber; for cleaning paint; in the manufacture of steel pens; making blacking and leather dressing; in the manufacture of shoe-making; making sheep dips; preparing surgical dressings; adding preservatives to a great variety of commodities, thermometers and other instruments; in oil-refining; electrotyping; making inks; various miscellaneous manufactures, engraving, brass-finding, watch-making, china-making, printers' rollers, black lead, candle-making, artificial silk, artificial flowers, calico-printing, cotton yarn, ropes, oil gas generators, etc.

The applications for permits by manufacturers in this country indicate even a greater diversity of products than is shown by this list. About 90 per cent of the households who are directly interested in most of the items of the list, show a keen and substantial reduction of the cost of manufacture resulting from the use of tax-free alcohol in all these articles.

As a Source of Heat, Light and Power

TURNING now to the other class of uses we come to the most important point upon which the people need instruction to derive the full benefit of the new law. The merit of denatured alcohol as a source of heat, light and power must be brought to the attention of each individual before the full development of these uses can be realized. Germany has made the greatest progress of any nation in this respect, and the use of denatured alcohol there has increased from twenty-five million gallons in 1901 to thirty-seven million gallons in 1905. Here no provision has been made yet for Government promotion beyond remitting the tax, and but little has been done in the way of perfecting the burner. Pending the operation of these agencies it might be well for housewives to learn something of the merits of alcohol for domestic uses.

For lighting purposes alcohol is burned in a lamp provided with an incandescent mantle or Welsbach burner, of precisely the same character as the burners now so generally used with illuminating gas and with identical results. Gasification is secured by burning a little alcohol around the burner to heat it up at the start. No further attention is required, and the beautiful, steady, white light is maintained as long as the supply of alcohol continues. When burners of this form of alcohol have a decided advantage, as an illuminant over kerosene in any form of work lamp.

Probably nine-tenths of the completely denatured alcohol consumed in this country is used for heat production in the household. Alcohol gasifies quite readily, and, on account of its low content of carbon, the gas produced burns with a blue flame without the introduction of air for complete combustion, as is necessary with the gases produced from gasoline and kerosene, or with ordinary illuminating gas. There is, therefore, an entire absence of the production of soot, or consumed carbon.

It is a Most Satisfactory Fuel in Every Way

ALCOHOL burns without disagreeable odor, and is a most cleanly and satisfactory fuel in every way. It is not quite equal to the petroleum products in heat production, and it cannot be expected to compete with them in price for some time to come; but it has a marked advantage, especially over gasoline, in its great safety. It does not give off a gas at ordinary temperature, like gasoline; consequently it is much safer to keep about the house. It is slightly more inflammable than the best grades of kerosene, but the advantage of alcohol over kerosene in case of fire is that the former is much more readily extinguished by the use of water, with which it mixes in all proportions, whereas when it will burn. The petroleum products, on the other hand, do not dissolve in water, and will continue to float upon its surface. Throwing water upon burning petroleum products will not put out the fire, but it will effectively quench burning alcohol.

Another domestic application is for cleaning purposes, as it is a good solvent of fats, oils, and all kinds of grease. A slight addition of ammonia greatly increases its solvent power, and it is especially useful for cleaning delicate fabrics, such as lace, silks and the like, which are apt to be injured by rubbing in the ordinary methods of washing or cleaning. It may be used with caution on colored goods, as alcohol is a solvent for many dyes not soluble in water.

WHEN you buy a piano it's worth your while to get all the information you can on the subject; you don't make many such purchases in a lifetime.

All the things that determine the real value of a piano are out of sight; have to be taken on faith; your only guide is what you know of the maker; it's the best guide in the world if you know the right things of him.

"Crown Pianos" are made in one grade only, the best possible. You can't buy a poor "Crown Piano"; it isn't made.

Drop us a postal and we will tell you certain important things about pianos that you ought to know before you buy any piano. Ask for Catalogue K.

Geo. P. Bent Company 215 Wabash Avenue Chicago

Advertisement for Colgate's Original Colgate Cream, Antiseptic Dental Cream. Comes out a ribbon, lies flat on the brush. Delicious, antiseptic—more convenient, more efficient and less wasteful than powder. The Colgate quality in another original Colgate Package.

Advertisement for Chiclets. The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Covered Chewable Gum. Really Delightful. At All the Better Kind of Stores 5 cents the Dishes or 10c in 50c and 10c Packages.

Advertisement for Wedding Invitations. 100 for \$75. The Bell Book & Stationery Company. Each Additional Hundred \$20.00. Delivered free in the U. S. Write for book of samples, illustrated for convenience.

Advertisement for Ornamental Wire and Steel Fence. Clearer than wood, cost less, lasts longer, is fire proof, does not rot, does not burn, does not decay. The Ward Fence Co. Box 737, Des Moines, Ind.

Easy To Seal



A Scientific Fruit Jar

Science has come to your aid in preserving, just as it has in many other household affairs. It is no longer necessary to try your patience with old-style screw-top fruit jars. No use blistering your hands trying to screw the old-style jar tight enough to keep out the air. It is no longer necessary to stand your fruit upside down for days to detect air if the jar is properly sealed. The minute you gently press down the cap of a

Schram Automatic Fruit Jar

your preserving is done. The fruit may be put away under the closest watch with the scientific assurance that it will be in perfect condition when it is wanted. Now it is necessary to call your husband to open the jar for you. Schram Automatic Fruit Jar. Just press down the edge of a built-in cap and the jar is sealed. Schram Automatic Fruit Jar are complete and cost no more than the ordinary screw-top jar. No extra rubbers to buy; caps may be renewed when wanted at 15 cents a dozen. \$300,000 Schram Automatic Fruit Jars sold in 1907. If you want to see them, write for a sample jar. If you want to see them, write for a sample jar. If you want to see them, write for a sample jar.

Easy to Open



Schram Automatic Sealer Co. 518 Liggett Building St. Louis, Mo. Schram Automatic Sealer Co. of Canada, Ltd. Waterloo, Ontario.

"Here Comes The 'White Mountain' Ice Cream"

Even the babies know the difference. The most delicious frozen desserts are made a luxurious economy in any home by the famous Triple Motion

WHITE MOUNTAIN Ice Cream Freezer

If you would know its delightful possibilities send for complimentary copy. **Frozen Dainties**—a little book that tells how to make all kinds of Ice Creams, Ices, Sherbets, Frozen Puddings, etc. **WRITE FOR YOUR FREE COPY.** Dept. F, Natch, N. H.

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RICE AS THE CHINESE PREPARE IT

By Herbert Copeland

THERE is no legend of going to the credences of rice as a food. We all know that a huge proportion of the people of the world live on it. But they would not, could not, live on it if it were the starchy, transparent mess which it usually appears in the ordinary household and hotel. The Chinese have the secret of making it the delectable dish that it can be. Here is the detailed process, learned firsthand from a Chinese restaurant proprietor. They have, of course, special utensils—large kettles somewhat resembling kettle-drums—but I have found that any large kettle does very well—large even for a small amount of rice, for there must be plenty of room for the steam.

Washing the Rice is Most Important

The first, most important process is the washing. The rice must be washed, rubbed between the hands, in many waters till it gives off no cloudiness in the water. Pour off the last clear water. Put the rice in the kettle (agate is best) and press it down gently with the hand to a level. Place the hand lightly against the rice, then pour on enough cold water to cover the back of the hand (about two cupfuls) and a half of water for a cupful of rice). There should be at least an inch of space above the water—the amount of rice and size of the kettle making no difference if the proportions are followed. This space is for the steam—which really does the washing.

Cover the kettle tightly, weight it, or if the cover does not fit tightly, put a towel around the edges—for the steam must be kept in. Put the kettle over a hot fire. After about fifteen minutes the steam will escape here and there in a casual moment. Smell the steam and if it smells strong of rice this part of the cooking is done; if not, of the process go on until you can smell the cover, for upon not lifting the cover from the time you can smell it till you can see the steam is the whole point of this method of cooking it. Take the kettle from the hot part of the stove and place it back where it is fairly hot, but not hot enough to boil or burn. In about twenty minutes take the cover, and you will find your rice perfectly cooked each and every grain nearly as white as wax, but each one perfectly tender and as perfectly white as snow. There will be not a drop of water in the kettle and the rice will be dry. Cooks the rice next to the kettle and on the bottom will stick. Do not scrape it, for this will ruin its use for use; discolored, may be, if your resting-place has had too hot.

The Chinese do not salt their rice, but to most other tastes salt is necessary. If so, put salt in the water in the beginning. The secret, however, is to do not lift the cover—though the first time you try this method, you may do so, but do so for it does not sound reasonable at first, it is so different from the usual ways, and seemingly impossible of success. But if these directions are followed you have perfect rice, which will be a marvel to any one not knowing the process.

Different Ways of Serving Rice

If YOU like to try new things—that is, different things—here are some Chinese ways of serving rice: Buy at a Chinese shop, or restaurant, a jar of the sauce that they always serve with the rice to their countrymen. It is a strange, dark reddish-brown liquid, very pungent and ginger. If you like it, you like it very much; if you dislike it, you hate it like hell—it is no half-way. The rice in which it comes is a wonder for shape, especially the nose, a curious addition to any side-dish worth having for that alone. The name of this sauce I can't spell, but it's the regular thing rice (like butter with bread with us) in the Chinese restaurants. A little of it goes a long distance.

Another curious, but palatable, mixture is cold duck (I've used chicken) stewed with pineapple in a rich gravy and served with a border of rice. The Chinese canned pineapple is very good, by-the-way. It comes either in slices or as a whole fruit. The latter kind is quaintly perfect and, and makes a pretty dish of itself, standing upright in the midst of rice or anything else you may wish to serve with it.

Another rather unknown rice combination of Indian origin, I think, is made as follows: Fry a large, finely-chopped onion in a scant cupful of olive oil; when brown add two cupfuls of the cooked rice; and when thoroughly heated add as many cold or canned peas as there is rice; season with salt and paprika—it should be rather hot with paprika. This is more or less like the Italian risotto, which may easily be prepared as follows: The oil and onion as before; then add the rice, only in this case the rice is put in raw. Let it boil a few minutes; then add a small can of soup or a cupful of stock. Cook for twenty minutes or so, until the rice is done, salt, pepper, and a little parsley, a little sauce or any other spice. When done this should like a stew. If a heavy dish is required add chopped meat in any quantity desired. Add just before serving, so that it may be more heated through, not cooked to shreds.

Two Simple Recipes for Curry

RICE naturally reminds one of curry. Not every one thinks the Indian meal. Here is a very simple recipe for it: An onion fried in a scant cupful of oil; when brown add a tablespoonful of curry powder and a little red pepper. Boil and stir till smooth and creamy. Just before serving add the juice of a lemon, and a teaspoonful of sugar. This is, of course, very strong and dark-colored—not at all like the ordinary pale four-part that is often called curry—and should be used sparingly. If you prefer a milder form of curry here is a very easy and satisfactory way to make it: Heat a small can of any thick soup, straining out the big pieces of meat beforehand. After it has boiled a few minutes add a teaspoonful of curry powder and a little red pepper. Before serving add the lemon juice. This is mild enough to be used freely, even to boil the rice and meat in. Most unaccustomed tastes prefer this form to the much better that the ordinary thickened mixture, and far nearer the real thing, despite its unconventional mode of preparation.



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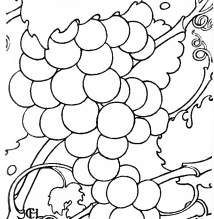
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HOW TO CARE FOR HOUSEHOLD BROOMS

By George Rice

WHEN a broom is placed in the corner of the room or back of a door, or in any place where the body of it is jammed upon the floor, as in Figure 1, at A, the ends soon become unfit for effective service. The mere weight of the broom tends to jam the straws down and bend them in one direction or the other. Many excellent brooms are sacrificed in this way in a short time after they are put in use. Often they are placed back of the kitchen or pantry door in this fashion or at the head of the cellar stairs, where the dampness from below can get into the fibres of the straws, thereby softening them and making the body of the brooms jam more quickly. They should be not only hung up, but also kept in a dry place, for as soon as the broom straw gets soggy from dampness you cannot sweep properly with it. The kitchen itself is usually dry, and so are the attached closets. But outhouses, sheds and basements are almost invariably more or less damp.

AT B, Figure 2, is shown a hook method of supporting the broom, by boring a hole through the handle of the broom near the end and driving a hook into the wall. The broom can be hooked very readily, keeping the ends of the broom-corn from contact with the floor. Or, if preferred, the strap method may be used; this consists of nailing a strap of leather over the ends of the handle, as at C, Figure 2, and adjusting the loop thus made over a nail or hook. Some careful housekeepers go to the trouble of making a broom-rack. Some make a slotted piece of shelving and insert the broom into the slot as at D, Figure 4. Others put up shelves, and some place brackets to hold the brooms horizontally.

But the broom is not ruined altogether by the defective methods of placing it while not in use. Some people can wreck a broom very quickly by ill-use. We often hear housewives say that cooks and kitchen-maids are hard on brooms. If you buy cheap brooms you must expect the straws to come out prematurely. But if you buy good grades of brooms and these are soon ruined you must inquire into the mode of handling.

Sometimes the inexperienced sweeper spoils the broom at the outset by "stabbing" it, as in Figure 5. She holds the handle at an incorrect angle. She pushes the broom straws down the floor at such an angle that the tips are partly turned or rubbed, as in E, Figure 5. Or she may sway the broom at an incorrect angle, as in Figure 6, bringing the pressure to bear almost wholly on one side of the broom. This results in the condition shown at F, Figure 6.

FIGURE 7 gives a suggestion as to the right swing of the broom for ordinary sweeping purposes. The line of swing is indicated in H below. I have seen brooms worn down to the shape shown at K, Figure 8, by scrubbing floors. There are some women who prefer to use the broom for scrubbing purposes, because of the stiffness of the material. Then there is the broken broom, in which the ends are shattered at L, as in Figure 9. There are men who repair brooms in the large cities who go about buying up old brooms. They will make the broom over again and put it on the market. These old brooms are usually in a broken order, as in Figure 9, or spread almost hopelessly, as at M, Figure 10. The spread broom results from the breaking of the fastenings. I have seen new brooms break at the metal binders; this is due to the broom's having been placed in a damp place for several months, where the rust can get into the wire and gradually eat through the metal, causing the straws to break and the broom to spread.

But to return to the active maid and the broom: She will often insist upon using your new broom to wash a floor, although you may have furnished her with the proper scrubbing brush and dusters. She also goes it, as in Figure 11. The end of the broom is dipped again and again into the sooty water in the pail, and the maid proceeds to push the straw tips over the flooring. The water softens the straws. The maid pushes hard on the handle, and the softened straws begin to expand and bend out of their shape, as at N. The broom is usually ruined at the first scrubbing.

Then there are other purposes for which the maid thinks the broom especially adapted. There are cobwebs in the high corners of the rooms. The broom in the most convenient article to use, and it is shroued up there, grinding on the corners and moldings, breaking off straws and being put out of shape generally. Sometimes the precaution is taken to place a cloth cover about the broom, binding it with string, as at P, Figure 12. But this does not guard the straws very well. They get bent, broken, warped and twisted under the fabric.

FIGURE 11 shows a broom being used for scrubbing. FIGURE 12 shows a broom covered with a cloth and string.

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IF YOU WERE BORN IN JUNE

By Angela Boyce

WHERE you born in this, the sweet, fragrant rose-month of the year? June promises much to her children.

The name June comes from Junius, which is supposed by some to have been derived from Juno, and by Junius. It was the fourth month of the Romans, and originally had but twenty-six days. Romanus added four. The Emperor Nerva took one away, which was afterward again added by Julius Caesar.

The zodiacal sign for June is Cancer, meaning the crab, into which sign the sun moves from the twenty-first to the end of the month. The sun, however, is in Gemini, meaning the twins, from the first to the twenty-first. Both signs are said to influence you.

If your birthday occurs between the first and the twenty-first you will be vivacious and restless, farsighted and cautious, aspiring, but rather pessimistic, and you will be interested in literature and art.

If born on or after the twenty-first you will be exceedingly sympathetic and emotional; you will have a strong love of Nature, intense affection for a special aptitude for domestic life. You will be more sensitive, and will be more susceptible to the physical or mental condition of those dearest to you.

June's birthstone is the agate, which signifies health, wealth and long life. The June maiden may commit to memory these lines:

“Who comes with summer to this earth,
 Comes to renew the hours of birth.
 With ring of agate on her hand,
 Can bestow health and long life command.”

The June flower is the honeysuckle, which means devoted love; the coral variety signifies fidelity.

There are four unlucky days in June: the fourth, eighth, tenth and twenty-second—the first two are considered especially unlucky for any important undertaking.

June is the fortunate marriage month, for the old couplet says:

“Married in the month of roses' bloom,
 Life will be long, sweet and true.”

The second of June is, however, said to be quite favorable for marriage. A bride will do well if she choose one of the following dates for her wedding day: the first, third, nineteenth and twenty-first.

A quaint old proverb says of June weather:

“Calm weather in June sets corn in tune,
 and another
 “It is on the eighth of June it rains,
 It foretells a wet harvest, men say.”

If You Were Born on One of These Days

IF YOUR birthday occurred on the first of June the composer Pyotr was born on this day, in 1757. If you were born on the second so was the poet, John G. Saxe, in 1816; and this is said to be the birthday of Thomas Hardy, the novelist, in 1840.

It was the third your birthday? Lieutenant Hobson sank the Merrimac in Santiago Harbor, in 1898. Jefferson Davis was born on this day, in 1808. It was on the fourth of June, 1845, that Mexico declared war with the United States.

If the sixth was your birthday it was also that of General Nathaniel Greene, in 1743, and of Robert Hill, who was born on the eighth? So was Nathan Salsman, the composer, in 1810, and Admiral David D. Porter, in 1823. John Millin, the painter, was born on this day, in 1849.

It was the tenth your birthday? The painter, Constant, the painter, claimed the tenth as his birthday, in 1842.

If the twelfth was your birthday it was also that of Charles King, in 1810.

The Stars and Stripes were adopted by Congress as the American flag, on the fourteenth, 1777; Harriet Beecher Stowe was born on this day, in 1812. It was on the fifteenth, 1752, that George Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. Edward Griggs, the composer, was born on the fifteenth, in 1843.

It was the seventeenth of June your birthday? The seventeenth of June, 1775, was the date of the Battle of Bunker Hill and the burning of Charlestown, Massachusetts. The cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument was laid on this day, in 1842. John Wesley was born on the seventeenth, in 1703, and Charles Wesley, the composer, claimed this birthday, in 1818.

If you were born on the eighteenth it was on the eighteenth, in 1875, that the Battle of Waterloo occurred and the United States declared war against Great Britain on this day, in 1812.

It was the nineteenth your birthday? The Reverend Charles Spurgeon was born on this day, in 1834.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee year began on the twentieth, in 1886.

If the twenty-first was your birthday it was also that of Olenka, the composer, in 1839. Humboldt, the statesman, was born on the twenty-second, 1767. Julian Hawthorne was also born on the twenty-second, in 1846, and H. Rider Haggard, the novelist, claimed the same day, in 1859.

The twenty-third of June, 1793, was the date of the Reign of Terror in France. The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher claimed the twenty-fourth as his birthday in 1813. The composer Mendel was born on this day, in 1795.

The twenty-fifth was the date of the Queen's massacre, in 1876.

If you were born on the twenty-eighth Queen Victoria of England was born on that day, in 1818. The painter, Rubens, was born on the twenty-eighth, in 1577; and Joachim, the violinist, claimed the twenty-ninth.

It was on the thirtieth that El Caney was evacuated by the Spanish, in 1898.

Next month I shall talk about July.

NOTE—Do you know on which day of the week you were born? If not, and you feel interested, send Miss Boyce a line, mentioning dates, inclose a self-addressed envelope bearing your name, and she will be glad to tell you. Just address Miss Angela Boyce, in care of The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

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For the Living-Room

The hearth is the rallying-place of the affections. —*Washington Irving.*
The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it. —*Emerson: "Domestic Life."*
Men may make an encampment, but it is the woman who makes the home. —*Chinese Proverb.*
Hic habitat felicitas. (Here dwelleth happiness). —*From a House at Fowpots.*

Warm ye in friendship. —*From a Private House.*
A hundred thousand welcomes. —*Shakespeare.*

To Adam, paradise was home; to the good among his descendants, home is paradise. —*Chaucer.*

Home, the chief school of human virtue
East, West, home's best. —*Channing.*

Sibi et amicis (For myself and my friends).

Abide now at home. —*The Bible.*

Here may you find rest and comfort. —*From a Private House.*

When friends meet, hearts warm. —*Payne.*

There's no place like home. —*Payne.*

Fire-side happiness, to hours of ease
Bliss with that charm, the certainty to please. —*Samuel Rogers.*

Your presence makes us rich. —*Shakespeare.*

For the Dining-Room

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house —*Shakespeare.*

The guests are met,
The feast is set; —*Coleridge.*

May'st hear the merry din. —*Coleridge.*

Let good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both. —*Shakespeare.*

Great welcome makes a merry feast. —*Shakespeare.*

Appetite comes with eating. —*Rabelais.*

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast. —*Shakespeare.*

A good digestion to you all. —*Shakespeare.*

Eat and drink as friends. —*Shakespeare.*

For the Library

A jollie good book
Wherewith to booke
Is better to me than golde. —*From an Old English Song.*

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven. —*Shakespeare.*

Qui legit regit (Who reads rules).

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master
spirit. —*Milton.*

There is no room so warm and bright
Wherewith to read, wherewith to write. —*Tennyson.*

Come, my best friends, my books, and lead me on.

For a Bedroom

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. —*Young.*

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room
O thou, wh'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterday
Disturb thy peaceful heart.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pale to pole. —*Coleridge.*

The dusky hour friendliest to sleep and silence. —*Milton.*

Lodge thou here that thy heart may be merry. —*The Bible.*

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast. —*Shakespeare.*

A maiden's chamber, silken, hush and chaste. —*Keats.*

Sleep after toil does greatly please. —*Adapted from Spenser.*

Come, blessed harrier betwixt day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health. —*Wordsworth.*

O sleep, O gentle sleep. —*Shakespeare.*

Nature's soft nurse. —*Shakespeare.*

Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light,
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweetly, then,
Good-night.

Blessings on him who invented sleep. —*Cervantes.*

When deep sleep falleth on men. —*The Bible.*

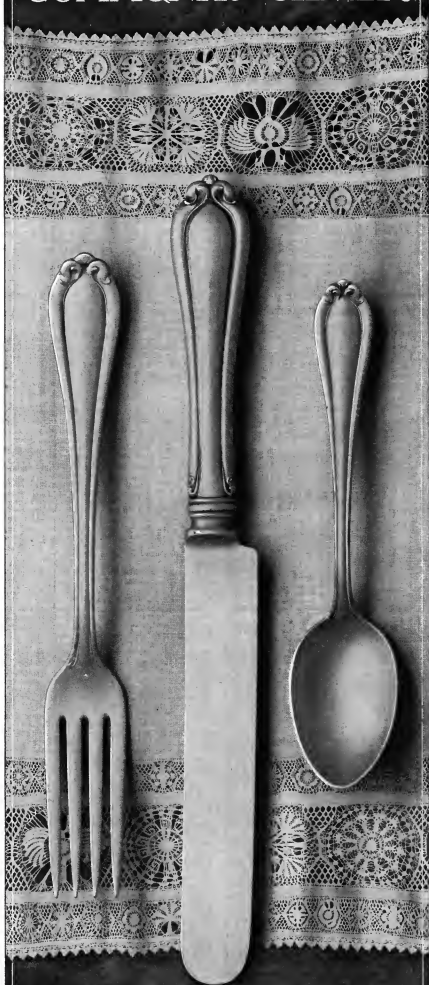
O darling room, my heart's delight,
Dear room, the apple of my sight. —*Tennyson.*

For a Children's Bedroom

On the west wall:
Sleep, little ladies,
Wake not soon.

On the east wall:
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft. —*Tennyson.*

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THE ALTAR OF HER BEAUTY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

the girl and the clothes fell a confused, burning mass across the doorway.

It was one of those days in the spring when the sea breeze takes on the softness of summer and the air suggests only thoughts of indolence and contentment. Inside the new shop of Madame Ponsard Mrs. Cowan was trying on a fresh lot of hats that had just arrived from Paris, while Mr. "Jimmie" Cowan and Madame Ponsard leaned against opposite sides of the doorway.

"This place will never be quite the same without Maggie," Cowan said. "There was something about her, wonderful somehow, that you can't see her lately?"

"I don't afford to chance to see her," said Madame Ponsard. "I have a certain feeling about coming here. One of the girls takes over the sewing for her and her sister once a week, and brings back what they have done."

"Was it—was it as bad as that?"
Madame Ponsard looked out beyond the crowds on the Boardwalk to the sea and slowly nodded her head. "It was pretty bad," she said; "next so bad for you and me who really cared, you understand, but of course, it was impossible for her to stay on here. For you and for me she has the blue eyes and the same lovely teeth, and the hair and the figure are just as wonderful, but the beauty is hopelessly marred."

"But she still works for you?"
"Oh, yes, of course. She is very successful. She sews very well, and Maggie always had a natural taste for trimming," she had been the salvation of the mother and sister."

"And she is happy?" Cowan asked.
Madame Ponsard smiled. "Do you remember, Mr. Cowan, the talk we used to have about Maggie and beauty's being skin-deep? Why not take Mrs. Cowan out to her place in your automobile and let me come along as guide? It's not far, and I would be so pleased to see you and your wife."

It was late that afternoon when Cowan with a loud rustling of his coat hurried to the stop in front of a little cottage that lay at the very edge of the pine woods. Madame Ponsard stepped over from her seat in the back of the trolley and spoke to Cowan. "How did you know?" she asked.

"The door of the house was thrown open and they saw the little, white-clad figure of Maggie. With a little cry of pleasure she recognized her visitor, and running down the path threw back the gate."

Mrs. Cowan was the first on the ground, and Maggie fell into her open arms and buried her head on the older woman's shoulder, while Madame Ponsard and Mr. Cowan waited her on the back. She led them through a garden, fragrant with early roses, to the cottage half hidden by marigolds and hollyhocks, and in her own simple way made them welcome.

Mrs. Cowan dispensed the offerings he had brought for the Cook family Mrs. Cowan and Madame Ponsard walked about the little sitting-room and the breakfast room, and over the polished floor to the chintz curtains and the wicker chairs and the brass set on the hearth.

"It's wonderful," Cowan muttered. "Such a lesson in housemaking and housekeeping to my wife and to Madame Ponsard, and to that chaotic shop of hers." Then he turned to Margaret: "Where is your sister? You never had the pleasure of meeting her."

"Katie's outside, I think," Maggie said, and led her guests to the vegetable-garden back of the house. They did not find Katie, but for some time they remained in the garden, following the narrow paths that lay between straight, furrowed lines of cabbages and lettuce and other vegetables.

The sun had set and the air was filled with the call of birds and the rustle of insects when they had made Maggie good-night and sat at her gate.

Katie came slowly down the path and put her arm about her sister's waist.

"Why, Katie," Maggie said, "where have you been, dear? Madame Ponsard and Mr. and Mrs. Cowan were here just now. They wanted to see you."

Katie let her arm drop from Maggie's waist and clasped her hands about the pollens of the fence before her. "I knew they were here," she said, "but I didn't want to go. I was hiding."

"Hiding?" Maggie asked. "Why?"

"I was getting too nervous, too tightly about the fence palisade and looked across the road that lay before her."

"I've got to tell you, Maggie," Katie said, "if you never speak to me again—I've got to tell you why. I set fire to the shop that night. By seeing Maggie's face, she hurried on: 'Wait a minute. You say you told me you did, and I thought the fire and all the way were dining out with married men I sort of went to my head, and I thought it was the fault of Madame Ponsard and the shop, and so, like a fool, I tried to wipe it all out. I thought you were at dinner with Mr. Cowan, but you weren't."

"No," Maggie said, "I wasn't. As a matter of fact, I never went out with Mr. Cowan or any one else."

Katie turned suddenly and gripped her sister's arm with both hands. "You tell me, Maggie," she whispered—"why did you do that?"

Maggie shook her head, and looked up, dried, upon Katie's face.

"I don't know—it all seems so long ago now. It was such a queer, foolish life, and I suppose I sort of dreamed about things that might happen, but never did."

Maggie put out her thin, delicate hand and brushed away the hair from her sister's forehead, and Katie, through wet eyes, looked up into Maggie's face, the face which had once been as fair as a lily.

"I know you can never forgive me," she said. "Maggie put her arm about her sister's waist and the girls walked slowly up the path. The air was heavy with the scent of roses, and from the little windows of the cottage came the soft yellow glow of a wood fire."

"Forgive me, dear," Maggie said, "Why, you brought me this—why brought me home?"



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Last Year's Clothes for This Year's Vacation

A Chat by Mrs. Ralston; With Drawings by Augusta Reimer

IT SEEMS a little discouraging at first to think of using our last year's clothes for a vacation this year, but as a matter of fact, like many other things, when we come to the point of doing it, it is not half so bad as it appeared. There are many girls, and older people, too, who cannot afford new clothes each year for their vacation, and yet when they take out their old clothes and look at them they are very often a bit disheartened.

In the first place it is better to have a few simple, fresh-looking clothes than a number of which I might term "duds," if you know what I mean—those bedraggled, flimsy clothes which don't look well ten days after you have made them. The material fades or runs in the washing, and the skirts pull and drag in points at the lower edge; the waist requires pins in all sorts of places to keep it in shape, and you try to make it look well by wearing separate lace or ribbon stocks and belts that are high and very fancy, in a vain effort to make the gown look trim and neat. I don't mean to say that certain accessories are not a nice addition to clothes, by any means, but an accessory should be kept in its place just as much as a child at the table should be kept in his place.

FIRST of all you need a general, all-around, useful flared coat-and-skirt suit. I say "flared" because for the summertime to wear with the thinner shirtwaists and short skirts one of the short jackets or an Eton is more useful, and this is also the kind of suit that nine times out of ten you can make more economically from odds and ends that you may have on hand. Then, too, it is just as well to bear in mind that the Eton or jacket should be of a material and color that you can wear on cooler days with your other clothes, especially with a white linen skirt and shirtwaist. So if you happen to have an odd tailored suit of a home-spun in any of the gray shades or of one of the standard blue serge I should advise you to get it out and remodel it. Of course, you will want your skirt to look quite new and up-to-date—either one of the plaited styles with the back trimming or one of the pretty new flare-gored models. As your old skirt probably was made with clusters of inverted plaits at intervals and an inverted plait in the back the best thing to do is to open it at each gore and insert between the plaits a V-shaped piece of the same material, or a new striped material in the same color.

I saw, the other day, a very nice skirt of blue serge which was a "made-over" with the inserted pieces to give the flare at the gores made of a good quality of dark blue and white striped flannel. Around the edge of the skirt was a straight band of the dark serge with a piping at the top of the striped flannel. The gores were stitched together over the full length of the inserts and the skirt looked like a new one. It hung full and yet in a graceful bell shape, fitting smoothly at the hips and falling with the fullest flange from the hips to the hem. Or, if your skirt is a plain gored one, simply open the gores and make your inserts.

Then, again, a simple and perhaps a more economical way of changing a skirt would be simply to add two circular bands—one just above the hem and the other three inches above the first band. This would give a fuller look to the skirt and would save you the trouble of recutting.

AND then a coat to wear with these suits. There are two kinds of Etons which you could easily contrive to make from last year's pony coat or from the longer semi-fitting, three-quarter coat. First, there is the very short, loose-fitting Eton which covers the waist-line, back and front—an abbreviated pony coat. The newest ones are made with rather large armholes and small waistcoats. Indeed these vests are used in all kinds of coats, and play the part of a fairy godmother in making over old

clothes. Probably the easiest and most practical way to alter a coat, however, is to make it into a more tight-fitting tailored Eton—that is, with the plain, easy-fitting back. Make the front quite plain, and insert a waistcoat of linen or duck, either of white or in a color that will harmonize with the material. The edges of the coat could be bound with hand and opened slightly at the under-arm seams to give a little extra spring to the set of the coat.

If the coat has full-length sleeves, fairly full, cut them into the three-quarter length. Enlarge the armholes, making them not the large kimono style, but just the practical medium size. First of all, let me add right here that the larger armhole is far more comfortable to wear over your summer clothes, as it will not crush the wash materials. You will easily be able to manage to fit the top of your old sleeves around the large armholes (which you can trim with the braid to match the edges of your coat), as the new wide sleeves have not so much fullness at the top as the old ones. Their general shape is square—that is, they do not taper from extreme fullness at the top to narrow, tight-fitting cuffs at the elbows or at the wrists. They are wide and loose in the three-quarter lengths at the elbow-line, or, to be quite exact, just below the turn of the elbow. Don't misunderstand me and think this is true also of the long sleeves, as these are close-fitting at the cuffs, but are not nearly so much fitted at the armhole as were last year's sleeves. In the short coat, however—such a model as you will probably use for your coat—the sleeves should be wide at the cuff-line; so if you cannot "stretch" your material you can add a wide cuff—I do not mean wide up and down, but wide around the arm.

FOR the illustrations on this page I have chosen five gowns which I think are full of ideas which you could work out easily in changing your clothes of last year. For instance, take pattern No. 3808-3886—a simple tub shirtwaist suit. Last year's waist was probably without a yoke, so you can readily alter it by adding a small plain or tucked yoke and

collar, running the tucks around on the collar and across on the small yoke, and finishing the edges with a little cord. You have no idea how a little thing like this will change the appearance of an entire shirtwaist. If your shirtwaist is plain you could use a striped material in making these tucks, to give a touch of color which would match your belt or the skirt you wear it with. A shirtwaist suit of this kind is most practical for a business girl, or to wear in the street or away on a vacation, and it looks much better with the full-length sleeves than with over-shoulder, elbow sleeves.

IN THE illustration of pattern No. 3478 a good idea is shown of altering a blouse. It is such a practical one for traveling and for wearing with an odd skirt of a heavier material—the tweed or serge skirt of your every-day tailored suit. It is distinctly a style of shirtwaist which should be made in midras or linen, pongee or Tussah silk—not in the thin materials. For a waist which has become small this is just the thing, as the waist may be split and box-plaits inserted made of the same material if you like it, or of another shade of the same color; or, again, white may be used on tan, and vice versa. The edges of the plaits should be stitched their entire length—not flat to the material, but quite free from it, to give finish and hold it straight and firm in line; this helps so much in the washing.

In the skirt shown with this shirtwaist (No. 3555) you will see what I mean by inserted pieces to give extra fullness. With a costume of this kind an embroidered linen belt would be pretty to match in color your collar or the trimmings of your skirt and waist, finished with a buckle covered with the same material. You can now buy the yard very pretty strips of embroidered belting of washable white material to wear with your different summer clothes. This comes at fifty cents a yard, and if you have not a buckle which suits it you can just as readily use crocheted buttons and work buttonholes in your belting.

DESIGN No. 3734-3735 is a pretty little model for an afternoon and evening gown, or one that you can wear to church, which to me has lots of remodeling possibilities! You must have some waist from last year that you do not know what to do with; it has plaits on the shoulders, three-quarter-length sleeves, fastens in the back, and is more a blouse than a shirtwaist. Now this is the point we start from in order to make up a blouse which to all intents and purposes will look like 3734. First, there is the small guimpe yoke, which could be made of net or plain mull; either of these is prettier than the lace, more practical and far less expensive. The little inner piece of trimming could be just a scrap of embroidery or lace, bound on the top edge to match the edge of the yoke.

The cape sleeves are the new thing, and don't be discouraged if you are a home dresser, and just beginning to make your own clothes, because this is really not a very difficult thing to do. The little cape or shoulder-piece is put on over your undersleeve; you may be able to use the old sleeves of your dress and have the undersleeves of plain white to match your guimpe yoke, but if you cannot do this buy some new material for the cape-piece, making it of a silk or chiffon cloth, to combine with a silk blouse, or if your blouse is of organzy you would have no trouble in matching it. Here the skirt has a lounce of bordered material, bits of which form a pretty trimming for the waist. There are charming possibilities also in this waist as a "make-over" in the black materials for older women, using embroidered laces to make the cape-sleeves.

I have given only a few of the possibilities of these dresses, but am sure you will find many more ideas in them, as well as in the other two illustrated.



PATTERNES (Including Guide Chart) for all the designs shown on this page can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelope. The skirts are all cut in five sizes: 22 to 30 inches waist measure, and the waists in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure, with the exception of No. 3478, for which the bust measure is 34 to 42. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, giving number of pattern, bust measure for waists, and waist and hip measure for skirts, and indicating the price in the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.



A Smart Little Jacket of Linen and Lace which would be Quite as Pretty of Cloth with Bands of Braid

This Could be Copied in Plain Linen and Trimmings in a Simpler Fashion with Beads, Buttons and Loops

Dainty Trimmings For Summer Clothes

By Mrs. Ralston

THESE trimmings and embroideries are full of suggestions for many kinds of clothes and for many sorts of materials, so perhaps a few words of explanation will help you to find that particular place where you most need them. Now, for instance, take the two linen jackets shown at the top of the page, the front and back view of one—this back being especially new in cut—and only the front view of the other. The shape, the trimming and the style of these coats would be equally pretty for silk or cloth, making dressy boleros to wear with long skirts in the afternoon. The trimming, you will see, is of soutache braid, lace and small ball-fringe; fringes, by-the-way, being the revival of an extremely popular old fashion. If you happen to have any laid away now is the time to bring it out. These models, too, are filled with "make-over" ideas. In the first one, instead of the lace insertion you could use braid or a band of silk braided at each end quite as well; while in the other one silk could be combined with cloth, narrow soutache braid—which is very much used now—making a harmonious trimming. For each of these coats but very little material is required, so that it is quite possible you can make them from what you have on hand.

The first illustration on the left is a bow rosette to be made of the selvage edge of any of the wash materials or a narrow width of ribbon. The detail shows how the pattern is stamped on a foundation material, or you may draw it in yourself with a lead pencil, making the loops any size you choose. Then a strip of goods is gathered and ruffled on, as it were, over the design and the foundation material cut away close to the edge. The second bow is simply another variety of the same thing, except that in this one small soutache braid is combined with the muslin. These bows may be used instead of belt buckles, or to finish the wide sash belts worn with the summer muslins; or they are equally pretty and quite tailored enough in character for a linen or Tussah gown.

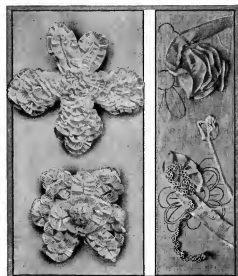
ON THE right of the page is another rosette bow, with tassel ends—one to wear with summer clothes or with the separate lingerie belts. This particular bow is made of narrow Valenciennes lace and soutache braid, the detailed photograph showing how the two are worked together. As a finish for a simple folded belt of linen or picqué nothing prettier nor more practical could be made, as it may be washed with the dress.

On the left are two embroidery borders done in the simplest of stitches, which are charming for waistcoats or for trimming coat and skirt suits, as well as blouses. Two tones of a color which blend well are used; they are first padded and then worked with mercerized cotton in satin stitch. Here they are worked on sheer material—over a foundation of crissoline which is cut away afterward—but they are quite as appropriate for heavy linens.

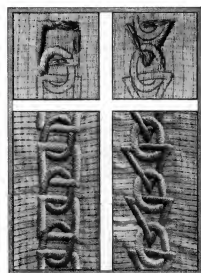
The disks on the opposite side of the page are very pretty and yet simple, and look well especially for hand embroidery on skirts of cloth or silk. The disks you could outline yourself with pennies and quarters to make the different sizes. The various steps of the padding and embroidery are shown in the photographs of the details, the edge of the disk being finished with the narrowest width of linen braid.

The last two designs shown may be used for many things: blouses, coats, small waistcoats, children's clothes, and even for trimming the skirts of lingerie dresses. Their charm lies in their lightness, delicacy and comparative simplicity of making. In the illustration on the left lace or net is laid over the design and basted just to the centre of the wreath, and to the centre of the flowers in the other design; the edges are trimmed, then the leaves and flowers are embroidered in satin stitch, first being well padded. When the embroidery is finished the material is cut away under the lace. The bowknots, in the larger design, which also have a lace centre, are outlined with soutache braid. It is prettier to use the two kinds of lace, as it makes a very pretty contrast, and is also an excellent way to use up odds and ends of lace or net.

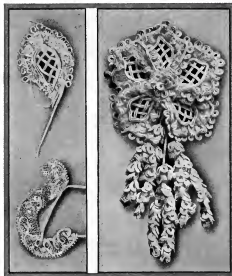
Either of these designs could be made of lace and ribbon, omitting the embroidery altogether if you do not happen to be a clever needlewoman. The one on the left is appropriate for the corners of a jacket or waistcoat, while if you wish to use the other one for the front of a blouse and want to cover a greater width, repeat on each side the motive shown here, placing the side motives a little higher than the one in the centre.



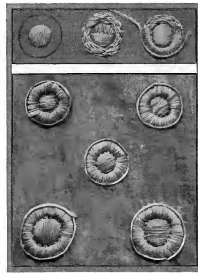
Two Original Bow Rosettes which Any Girl Can Make in the Manner Shown Above



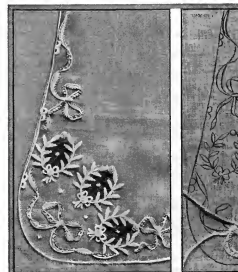
For Trimming Coats or Dresses These Borders in Two Tones of a Color would be Charming



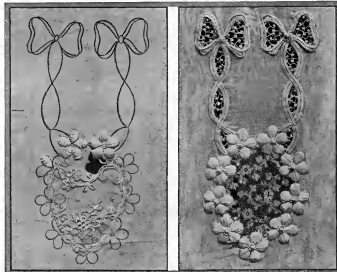
A Novel Trimming for a Summer Dress which Can be Copied with Little Labor



In Bands, or as All-Over Trimming, These Disks are Simple and Decorative



Lace, Embroidery and Narrow Braid are Combined in This Design which May be Used for the Corners of Coats or Waistcoats



This Design would be Lovely for Children's Clothes, or for Blouses, and when Not Sufficient by Itself could be Repeated

Gowns of Muslin, Gingham and Calico

Designs by Mrs. Ralston

Drawings by Anna Burnham Westermann



3303

3640-3790

3640-3790—For tennis, sports or general wear during the summer nothing could be nicer than this plain shirtwaist suit made of striped gingham, madras, dotted percale, or an inexpensive print. Wear a plain or striped turndown collar with it and a silk bow tie or a crocheted cravat. Patterns (No. 3640 for this girls' shirtwaist, with front or back closing, and having full-length, two-piece sleeves, shirt sleeves or elbow puff sleeves, come in five sizes: 12, 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Size 16 years requires two yards of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 3790 for this girls' seven-gored skirt come in five sizes: 12, 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Size 16 years requires three yards and three-quarters of 36-inch material without nap.



3603—Girlish, simple and yet extremely pretty is the afternoon dress shown above. Muslin, lawn or dainty could be used for it with a band of Cluny or Venice—or any variety of thread lace—at the shoulders, belt and around the skirt. For a summer dress it would be wise to make it quite separate from the fitting—which use as a gumpie—as it can then be washed. Patterns (No. 3603) for this girls' costume, consisting of a waist in kimono blouse style closed at the side front, with full or seven-eighth length sleeves, and an attached six-paired skirt, come in six sizes: 10, 12, 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Size 16 requires five yards and a half of 36-inch material without nap.



3901-3902—Of challis with bands of silk, or of muslin in two shades, this would make a very serviceable dress, worn with a gumpie. If you happen to have a short length of material it could be used for the skirt, the front and back of the waist, with the bands of a contrasting material of oil lace, and the yoke and elbow sleeves of tacked net. Patterns (No. 3901 for the waist in overblouse effect, closed in the back, with lining and full or three-quarter length sleeves, come in four sizes: 22 to 28 inches bust measure. Size 26 requires three yards and a quarter of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 3902 for the five-gored skirt come in five sizes: 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires five yards of 36-inch material without nap.

3854—A neat, trim morning dress that any girl can make of calico; or of an inexpensive print—at eight cents a yard—or less than a dollar. Choose one with a white ground with a tiny spray of blue or red, and bind the edges of the neck and sleeves with a bias strip of a solid color to match. Patterns (No. 3854) for this girls' dress, consisting of a one-piece overblouse, a three-piece skirt, and a separate gumpie, come in five sizes: 12, 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Size 16 years, for dress with applied belt, requires eight yards of 24-inch material without nap.

3820-3839—A charming style for a young girl for which any sheer material could be used. Though a gumpie is included, the yoke and puffed sleeves can be sewed to the waist belt. Patterns (No. 3820) for the waist and gumpie come in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Size 16 years, for overblouse, requires one yard and three-eighths, and for gumpie one yard and seven-eighths of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 3839) for the six-gored skirt come in three sizes: 16, 17 and 18 years. Size 16 years requires five yards and an eighth of 36-inch material without nap.



3620-3839

3624



3482-3559

3860-3894

3482-3559—This gown of figured lavender or blue dainty trimmed with ruffles and a little tie of silk of the color would make the prettiest of afternoon dresses—not the very dressy type, but the useful, every-day afternoon dress which we all need. With this afternoon dress a hat of natural-colored straw, trimmed with flax and a bow of ribbon, would be charming. Patterns (No. 3482 for this ladies' or girls' blouse come in seven sizes: 30 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 32 requires two yards and a half of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 3559) for this five-gored skirt, with alternate shirtings and box-plaits, come in four sizes: 22 to 28 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires five yards and a half of 36-inch material without nap.



26 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires five yards and a half of 36-inch material without nap.

3860-3894—Equally suitable for dressy afternoon wear or for informal evening parties. A colored Swiss—any becoming shade—with bands of cream-colored lace and a sash of silk of the same color as the material, fastening at the side, would be attractive. For the evening, twist a bit of ribbon in your hair with a small rosette at each side. Patterns (No. 3860) for this tucked waist, closed in the back, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards and five-eighths of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 3894) for the ten-gored skirt come in five sizes: 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires seven yards and five-eighths of 36-inch material without nap.



3654-3357

3716-3752

Patterns (including Guide-Chart) for all the designs shown on this page can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelope. Order from your nearest dealer in mail, giving number of pattern, bust measure for waists, and waist and hip measures for skirts, and inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

What to Wear and What Not to Wear

By Mrs. Ralston: With Drawings by Anna W. Speakman

THERE are certain laws of common-sense governing the question of good taste in clothes which are quite inflexible as those recognized laid down by convention for a thousand and one other things to which we give serious attention; and yet many people, if accused of taking the question of clothes or fashion seriously, would feel that their intelligence or their serious purpose in life was being belittled. As a matter of fact, the laws of fashion—and of good taste—are laid along the same lines of classical simplicity that characterize many things besides clothes.

The mistakes which women are apt to make are unfortunately not in the direction of simplicity, and yet the majority of women will tell you in all seriousness that they prefer "simple" clothes. But "simplicity" may be taken to mean many things in reference to clothes. First of all, it does not mean only economy, since to be well and simply dressed requires a knowledge and appropriation of many good things besides the styles of the moment and the fads of the hour. Simplicity in clothes means that unnecessary knowledge which can omit all superfluous details thoroughly out of harmony with true good taste. To be exaggerated or pronounced in any one point of your appearance is always bad taste and the very height of extravagance. A woman educated in clothes who has arrived at that point of good taste which can stand serenely all the onslaughts and attacks of the bargain counter and of "what every one else is wearing" has reached that secure conservatism which is so much to be desired.

I HAVE tried to show in the illustrations with this article a few of the flagrant points which are of every-day occurrence, and which, through much familiarity, we are apt to overlook and condone. Perhaps they are not seriously fatal, but they fail to reach that high standard which is just as well for a woman to set for herself on so feminine a question as clothes, and which, after all, is unquestionably of advantage to her in many ways she never dreams of.

There is one thing which should be clearly understood: to dress well, money in large sums is not necessary, and certainly it has little if anything to do with good taste. Extravance is synonymous with bad taste, because it means that things are overdone and out of place. In fact, I have found it, personally, a rather desirable thing not to have too much money to spend on clothes. My experience has been that the best-dressed people I know, and certainly those people who understand good taste in clothes, are people who cannot afford to throw away their money, and certainly are never those who buy helter-skelter and follow each new fashion.

Understanding what to wear and when to wear it is one of the first things to be understood by a woman who would always be well dressed—and let me interrupt myself here to say that clothes should be part of her environment, as it were; everything should meet and blend smoothly and nothing stand out in unpleasant conspicuousness. Clothes to be good must have a purpose. Personally, I am afraid of "a woman with a purpose," but there is a certain quality of good sense and usefulness about a "dress with a purpose" that comes within the understanding of most people. There are places and uses for clothes which are just as well recognized by a woman who understands these things as are the well-known customs of using green at Christmas and firecrackers on the Fourth of July. A woman with this knowledge would no more dream of overdressing in the morning than she would of mixing her evergreens and firecrackers.

THE first thing to learn is the "when and why." There are certain divisions into which clothes must be divided to be in good taste, and certain times to wear them—a point of worthy knowledge that a woman should understand, not on the ground of frivolity, but because she wishes to understand in a dignified way certain conventionalities which will be of great service to her. The economic side of the question—in thoroughly understanding this important "when and why"—is one that will certainly appeal strongly to all thrifty women, as it brings the question of fashion in clothes down to so simple a basis that it cannot fail to be recognized as sound common-sense.

And now to explain precisely what these divisions of clothes are. First there are the morning clothes, and there are those which are needed for the more formal times, such as receptions, luncheons and weddings; and then there are the evening clothes. This is, of course, the simplest list that could be given. There are many women whose lives would require entirely different division; of these I do



This Waist and Skirt Do Not Make an Afternoon Costume



The Dressy Coat and Waist are Not Suitable for the Short Skirt



A Fancy Silk Blouse, Stiff Hat and Cloth Skirt are at Odds



A Plume-Laden Picture Hat is Becoming, Yes, but Not Appropriate for Tailored Clothes



The Well-Dressed Woman in the Afternoon



Though Simple This Waist and Skirt are in Harmony



Tailor-Made Suit with a Plain Hat for Morning Wear

not speak, but simply of the great many who can divide more or less easily the uses of their clothes into these three big classes.

A woman well dressed for the morning should have the simplest and the most practical of clothes. She should be so substantially dressed that she will "last" throughout the day, unless occasion demand that she change her clothes for another purpose, such as a concert, lecture, or something of that kind. First, the clothes must be well made. By this I do not mean anything artificial, but that they be good in material and in make, and suit her personally. Have a morning suit, tailor-made, the best that you can afford, and wear it until it becomes threadbare—though clothes that are really good rarely become shabby threadbare. They always retain that thoroughbred look of respectability that comes with all truly good things. But to be definite upon the point of what should be worn in the morning: the skirt should clear the ground cleanly, but it need not be so far out of the moment, to the shoe tops. This is not good taste, because it is a bad mistake to have a skirt that does not suit to your lines, to your purpose, in which "you" yourself look well. Don't bother about what may be becoming to your neighbor, but be selfish and think only of yourself. Hereafter, when you buy clothes, you need be and be conservative enough

to meet any arbitrary rules of fashion—that is to say, if your loose coats are the fashion, have your coat betwixt and between—then it will last more than one season.

WITH clothes of this sort you should wear the very simplest of shirtwaists. Of course this is largely a question of climate, but the washable shirtwaists are the best, made in the simplest manner with long, straight and a neat, trim finish. You should look "shipshape," as though you could stand under either sun or rain: your belt should suit the occasion, your gloves should tone with the rest of your clothes, and your hat—oh, very especially your hat—should be not out of place, but simple and of the same character as your clothes—and this is a well-dressed woman in the morning.

In the right-hand illustration at the top of this page you will see a very pretty young person whom you are continually meeting in the morning, with whom there is nothing really "wrong"—that is to say, her skirt, her blouse, her hat, her parasol are all right in their respective places—but jumbled together as they are here, and worn in the morning, they are all "out of key." The result is bad taste, and it is due to reasons: a silk or satin bodice, lace trimmed, should never be worn in the morning with a short skirt. The sailor hat (very nice in its place) is thoroughly at odds with the bodice. The parasol would be charming in the afternoon with a lingerie dress; the washable lingerie belt quarrels with the silk of the bodice and the practical wool of the skirt.

Then there is the nice person in the long black tulle skirt with a white lingerie waist, whom we see so often and like so much that it seems not quite the kind to criticize her. Her skirt is very nice, and so, too, is her waist, but together, unfortunately, they are not —. She wants to be well dressed for the afternoon when a long skirt must be worn for one of those more formal times of which I have spoken, but the cotton lingerie waist, no matter how embroidered and how befringed, is quite out of its place. A long skirt should be worn with a waist in harmony and in keeping, though made of inexpensive material and with the utmost simplicity.

And then there is the pretty young girl in the tailor-made suit: both the material and the suit are admirable and the very perception of neatness and trigness, but the large picture hat? I grant you it is becoming, most becoming, but just as much out of place upon her pretty young head, with her tailored clothes, as would be our friends, the evergreens, on the Fourth of July.

THERE are certain times when dignity and femininity are absolutely necessary in clothes. It is just as such times as this that most women make the mistake of overdressing, or, if you know what I mean, of dressing in "spots"; they think that if they wear a dressy blouse or one special garment which is apt to be over-elaborate they will meet the requirements of the situation, when, as a matter of fact, it is their appearance as a whole which must be considered. To be definite, let me say that you can never be well dressed for any formal time in a short skirt. This is a very common mistake, due to the popularity of the dressy, semi-tailored suit made with an elaborate short coat and a short skirt. In its place your suit is very well and may be useful at certain times, but it is a sort of dress not especially suited to the woman who must study economy in her clothes. A long skirt should always be worn when you want to be dressed.

For Clever Girls to Copy

Hat Designs by Marie Crozet, Paris: With Photographs by Boissonnas and Taponier



HERE the new feature is the rolling brim—a style becoming to most people, and which shows the hair prettily. The full crown may be of all-over lace or embroidery to match the brim, or of plain material hand-embroidered or trimmed by a set-in medallion. Three narrow ruffles of lace—one overlapping the other—from the upper brim, while but one is used for the under brim. A bunch of small roses and a twist of ribbon complete the hat.



All These Designs May be Reproduced in Inexpensive Materials

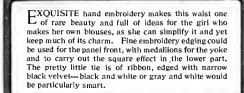
TO COPY these hats and blouses successfully any material may be used which is suited to you individually and to your purse. My idea is that they will be more helpful to you in general line and proportion than in detail. In the hats you will notice many new points, which you can follow: how softly they fit the hair, that the brims droop around the face and hair, and that there is not a great dividing line between the brims and the crowns, but rather that they fit in together, forming, in a way, a cap shape. In fact, many of the new lingerie hats are copied from that picturesque type known as the Charlotte Corday, so it is far more important that you follow the proportions than the color and the precise quality of the material. You can use the most inexpensive lace or batiste quite as successfully as the finest, if your lines are right.

The flowers on the new hats are small to correspond with the decrease in the size of the hats and to harmonize with their almost "brimless" appearance. Another point, too, that is fortunate for the economical person is that two or three materials—sometimes even more—are used in one hat, just so long as they combine in color.

The same rule holds good in making the new lingerie blouses: several materials, as well as laces or embroideries, can be combined with good taste, and at the same time be practical. But there is a decided difference in this year's lingerie blouses from those worn last year. Formerly a lingerie blouse meant much lace and fragile hand embroidery—very delicate and dressy; now such a blouse is simplified to keep it in touch with all the new clothes, which are simpler in line and not overtrimmed. Tucks form the trimmings, and cordings are used where we have seen beadings and lace; while small ball edgings and fringes—which are new and will wash well—trim yokes and the edges of plaits.

Then again, many of the plain white and ivory shades of the wash materials are trimmed with a delicate-colored figured material—an organdy with a small rosebud design combined with fern fillet net or batiste.

A little touch of color to match the waist is also carried into the trimmings of the lingerie hats—for instance, a fine striped dimity waist has the tucks, edge of the yoke and the sleeves bound or piped in a pale pink or blue, while the lingerie hat worn with it is made over a pink or blue foundation, the ruffles being of mull or of mull lace-trimmed.



EXQUISITE hand embroidery makes this waist one of rare beauty and full of ideas for the girl who makes her own blouses, as she can simplify it and yet keep much of its charm. Fine embroidery edging could be used for the garter front, with medallions for the yoke and to carry out the square effect in the lower part. The pretty little "in" is of ribbon, edged with narrow black velvet—black and white or gray and white would be particularly smart.



THE old-time "garden hat," with its wreath of flowers, is suggested here—a type which is as charming as it is becoming. The upper brim of white linen is quite plain—made over a wide frame—while the under one is plain at the outer edge and pulled into the crown size. Black velvet ribbon is passed around the crown under the foliage and tied in a bow in the back.



THE lines of this waist should be particularly helpful, as they are quite new and yet lend themselves to adaptation. The shaped yoke, and square, shoddie ends—edged with the pretty little ball fringe—may be of a different material from the yoke and waist, and so make it possible to utilize some trimming you may have, or possibly to remodel two old waists. Here all-over lace is used with linen ball fringe.



THE graceful, drooping lines of this hat show the picturesque type known as the Charlotte Corday. The foundation is a wide-crowned, narrow-brimmed wire frame, which may be covered with either the sheers of mull or chiffon. The crown is of batiste, while the drooping brim may be of either lace or embroidery edging. Ribbon—or a strip of batiste—is passed around the crown, ending in short streamers, while a wreath of roses gives color.

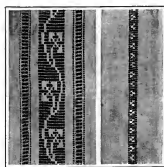


DISTINCTION is given this waist by its lack of the usual trimming. Fine material, tucked, shirred and corded, makes it extremely decorative and a style which would be lovely for a young girl. Net, mull, batiste and chiffon are all appropriate materials—or even soft silk, with simply the yoke and lower part of the sleeves of net. This is also a model where different materials may be combined, as the tucked section between the cording may be of a contrasting material.



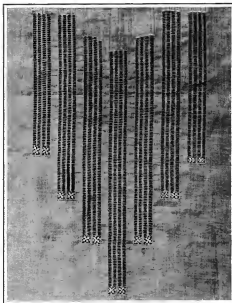
NET or chiffon may be used for this high-crowned hat, trimmed with a band of ribbon tied in a bow on the right side and one or two charming plumes on the left. This is also the Charlotte Corday order, and made over a wire foundation; or merely a crown foundation may be used with the ruffles caught on the under side with fine brace wires.

Fine Sewing on White Materials



Filet Draw-Thread Work

By Mrs. Robert Willis



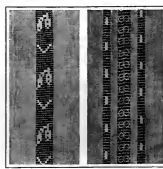
THE stitches of filet draw-thread work are extremely simple, combining the hemstitch, over-and-under weaving and the lock stitch.

A conventional design for narrow banding is illustrated above. Begin by drawing the threads lengthwise of the material the desired width for the insertion, keeping in mind that the work will be divided into squares. About ten threads for each square is sufficient.

Now hemstitch both sides of the drawn space, using identically the same threads. Divide the drawn threads into squares, forming the filet mesh by carrying the thread lengthwise, catching each hemstitched spoke with a lock stitch. On this foundation of square meshes or net form the pattern by weaving the thread under and over the bars. Carry the thread from one bar to another by twisting around the bars between. The more elaborate patterns at the top of the last column are woven in the same manner. Carefully count the squares over which you work and in between, as the beauty of the work depends on the accuracy of the design.

Very dainty is the design, in double hemstitching shown on the left, as applied to the front of a blouse. This is the very simplest of drawn-work, and would be pretty on sheer India-linen, batiste or handkerchief linen. To proceed with the work draw out four even sets of fourteen threads each, leaving narrower solid bands of ten threads each to alternate with the open threads. Hemstitch the outer edges of the work on both sides—that is, the left side of the first and right side of the fourth row of open threads. Take up with a briar stitch the threads on the right side of the first row of drawn threads that have been hemstitched. Now

take up on the second row of drawn-work the corresponding threads. Work lightly with the under-and-over briar stitch over the solid band, catching the threads from one side to the other. Take the corresponding threads up in the other three rows of open work in the same manner. After you have finished each row of insertion cut out the material for the drawn-work motif, leaving a solid hand in the centre to stay the work.



Hemstitched Underwear

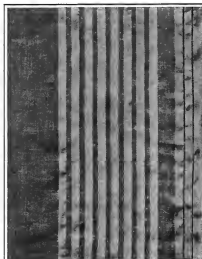
By Ida Cleve Van Auker

HERE is an exquisitely dainty set of underwear in a simple design which any girl who makes her own lingerie can easily follow. The straight hand trimming over the shoulders and around the top of the chemise and corset-cover is run with four hemstitched tucks, making the prettiest kind of trimming. Tucks of graduated widths, treated in the same fashion, trim the drawers.

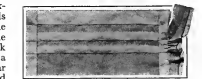


Tucking and Hemstitching

By Mrs. Robert Willis



THE value and charm of hemstitching has never before been so much appreciated as now. It is especially dainty when used on the plaited frills which are worn with the tailored shirtwaists this season. A charming design for a shirtwaist of sheer lawn, batiste or linen is shown on the right in the centre, with the fronts laid in half-inch tucks. In starting this work for the fronts of a shirtwaist first measure off for the box-plait and the space between the box-plaits and tucks. Pull out two rows of threads an inch apart for a single tuck. Baste the tuck together and hemstitch through the two rows of drawn threads. Hold the tuck over the forefinger of the left hand and use a fine needle and cotton. First take a regular hemming stitch, holding the end of the thread until the work is advanced a few stitches in order to fasten it. Insert the needle under a small group of threads in the drawn-out line. Draw the thread through its full length, pulling toward the top of the tuck, with the thumb holding the tuck firmly against the drawn-out line. Insert the needle again back of the group of threads, taking a regular plain hemming stitch through the fabric, drawing the thread out its full length. The centre box-plait of this shirtwaist front is finished with hemstitched heading, a detail of which is shown above on the left.



To make this draw out twice the usual number of threads for hemstitching. After hemstitching one side go back and hemstitch the other side, taking up the threads in identically the same places as you did on the first side.

Applied colored borders make a charming trimming for ruffles on waists and dresses, and just now the colored borders with embroidery are used a good deal on handkerchiefs. You must first of all pull out the threads for the hemstitching on the strip of white material about a quarter of an inch from the edge, as shown in the illustration above. Now take a strip of colored material in any width desired and baste this on to the strip of white material from which you have drawn the threads, sewing directly along the upper edge of the drawn threads. After you sew on one side fold the colored strip of material over, turn the edge, and baste on the other side exactly even with the one on the opposite side, as shown in the detail above. Now proceed to hemstitch in the usual way.

A pretty design for a hemstitched cuff with a narrow gathered ruffle edging is shown below the centre illustration. The hem of the cuff is cut along the edge and the gathered ruffle slipped in between. Both edges of the hem should be turned under evenly.

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THE NEW SUPPORTER Improves Every Figure and is always comfortable

It is equally satisfactory for dress wear, with corsets, or negligee, without corsets. Comes in white, black, blue and pink. We send direct if your merchant cannot supply you at cost mercerized; \$1.00 satin. Give waist measure.

No woman wants to complete without a pair of

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Contains an rubber-wool bath suit with a washable silk lining. Washable in hot water. Only carried at all mercerizing. Double lined fingers. Write for "Bath Chic" - you too! See how you can't find them, but we will supply you. Price \$1.00

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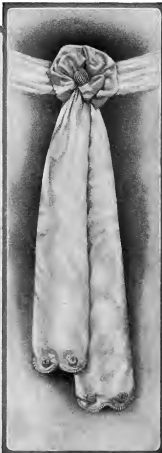
Branch Stores: 1122 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; 1125 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

Belts, Bows and Buckles

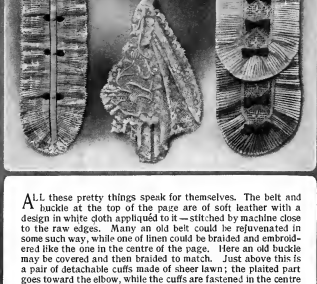
Including Many of the Little Accessories that Give the Finishing Touches to Summer Clothes



LONG sashes, which have always been dear to the feminine heart, will be much used this summer with light gowns. The one above is of striped ribbon finished with deep silk fringe, and a rosette bow is attached to a girde which fastens a little to the side back. The stock just below may be either of tucked lawn or of silk, edged with a knife-plated frill of mousseline, with a bias strip of contrasting silk forming the bow. The dainty tab below this is of sheer linen—embroidered and edged with lace—to be worn with a stiff turnover collar. Last of all is a looped bow, which may be made of ribbon or velvet, and used to complete a girde, or, if wired, to trim a hat.



THE novel feature of this sash is the little heart of soutache braid which adds to the beauty of the knot. Again this idea is repeated in the decorative way shown at the ends; these are curved, bound with braid, and softened by a knife-plating of silk or narrow ribbon. Wide ribbon or silk cut on the bias could be used for the sash. Oriental coloring, with its gay and yet soft tones, makes the charm of the stock below, either cotton or silk being an appropriate material for it. The beauty of the parasol lies in its simplicity and its suggestiveness. The pretty little hat-fringe—used on the edge and again as a border—you can put on your last year's parasol to freshen it.



ALL these pretty things speak for themselves. The belt and buckle at the top of the page are of soft leather with a design in white cloth applied to it—stitched by machine close to the raw edges. Many an old belt could be rejuvenated in some such way, while one of linen could be braided and embroidered like the one in the centre of the page. Here an old buckle may be covered and then braided to match. Just above this is a pair of detachable cuffs made of sheer lawn; the plaited part goes toward the elbow, while the cuffs are fastened in the centre by a band—the ends of which you see—and at the wrist by a bar-pin. All the other stocks and frills you can easily follow from the illustrations, using lawn, silk or lace, as the case may be.

The Summer Style-Book

THIS is just to remind you that our Summer Style-Book is as brimful of new dresses, wraps and clothes of all sorts and conditions as this page is full of pretty little accessories. Styling for children, girls and women of all ages are shown as plainly—not one is forgotten—all most attractively illustrated and giving many a useful hint for trimming.

We send this Style-Book, postpaid (including a pattern certificate which entitles you to any fifteen-cent Ladies' Home Journal pattern), to any address upon receipt of thirty cents. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

This is a Ribbon Summer

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DOROTHY DAINTRY RIBBON SETS

Two hair bows and one sash to a set, or in sets of six assorted hair bows.

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Send for free It describes prices and illustrates the entire line and shows valuable information about ribbon weaving and ribbon buying.

SMITH & GATEWAY, 567 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



LOOK AT THESE Hot Weather Gowns

This Stylish Shirt and Waist are Yours for \$1.95 Buy Both or Either of these Garments Now. This is the greatest Bargain you'll ever get.

OUR LIBERAL GUARANTEE 79 x 10 A. 100% Satisfaction or your money back. If any garment is not absolutely satisfactory to every detail.

THE \$1.95 A. - The "New York" Waist is a recently made creation this season a beautiful example of good quality work. The best artistically designed and finished. Shows rows of Valenciennes lace insertions and four rows of dainty embroidery (sleeves, neck, waistline, bodice, and cuffs). Includes two handkerchiefs and one silk ribbon. Length 34 in. Size 32 to 42. Ready to wear \$1.95.

THE \$1.00 A. - This "Brooklyn" Skirt is a good value represented in a good, serviceable. Wash Skirt made of good quality white, tan or black. Ready to wear. Size to suit. Includes one handkerchief and one silk ribbon. Length 34 in. Size 32 to 42. Ready to wear \$1.00.

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The Girl Who Makes Her Own Clothes

What to Take in a Suitcase for a Short Trip

By Helen Koues: With Drawings by E. M. A. Steinmetz

THE possibilities of a suitcase in this day and generation are many. For short trips—over Sunday at the seashore or country—it is most convenient, and carefully packed will hold all that you really require. It is often puzzling to know just what to take, as too much is quite as troublesome as too little, so select only what you actually need.

First and foremost, wear a coat-and-skirt suit. Just now your spring suit of mohair, serge or Panama cloth would be the wisest, though a little later one of the natural-colored or blue linens would be the thing. I mention these colors as they do not soil quickly, are appropriate for the train, and will be generally useful throughout your trip.

But even in midsummer it is not wise to go away without a wooden coat of some kind, so carry your raincoat of whatever you have on this order. The JOURNAL has a pattern (No. 3536) for a good-looking coat which could be used for rain, driving, sailing, etc. This pattern comes in four sizes: 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires four yards and a half of 44-inch material without nap. Carry your umbrella, and if you are provident wrap up your sandals and pin the bundle inside your storm-coat. You hat should be rather plain: a rough straw with a dot or stripe of color—as it will not muss so quickly as linen, nor soil so soon as all white. Of course, a white shirtwaist suit is one of the most attractive things we can wear, but to look well it must be absolutely fresh. If you are careful of your clothes it would be possible to have this suit of white linen; then you could wear it Sunday morning, or you could wear the skirt with a light blouse with a ribbon grille fastened at the side back under a bow, and your finger-tie hat with a bow to match.

LET me mention the clothes which experience has taught me are usually required and then we can talk over the making of them in detail. With your suit either wear a white waist, or better still, pack the white one and tie one to match your skirt with a white collar and keep it fresh; you see, you have a complete dress without your coat, which you will find useful for the morning, or if you arrive on Saturday at noon you need not change your dress until dinner-time. You will need another shirtwaist suit, however, which I would make of madras or sailing material—a white ground with a dot or stripe of color—as it will not muss so quickly as linen, nor soil so soon as all white. Of course, a white shirtwaist suit is one of the most attractive things we can wear, but to look well it must be absolutely fresh. If you are careful of your clothes it would be possible to have this suit of white linen; then you could wear it Sunday morning, or you could wear the skirt with a light blouse with a ribbon grille fastened at the side back under a bow, and your finger-tie hat with a bow to match.

A FLUFFY dress for the evening you are sure to want—a wash batiste or summer silk. Then you must take a nightgown, kimono, fresh white petticoat and a set of underwear: shirt, chemise, drawers and stockings. Pack all these little things, as well as gloves, veils and ribbons, in the pocket of the suitcase and strap them securely in place. This saves plenty of space for your dresses, and possibly for an evening wrap. A loose, slip-on wrap is pattern No. 3795, which comes in three sizes, 32, 36 and 40,

and requires seven yards of 27-inch material without nap in size 36. In pongee this would be useful, and easy to make. If you have white ties or pumps, you will want to take them, as well as a pair of slippers; put these in the corners, wrapped into the bags which you probably have for the purpose. If you are planning a number of short trips, you will want to take a piece of cretonne lined with rubber for your brush, comb, etc., so make up buy one—it is never-ending joy.

Now to make such an outfit: I have chosen suit No. 3827 for you, as I feel it would be most successful. Either tan or blue-gray linen would be useful for it with the small roll collar of white. No lining is required, but make the facing—a section to cut it by is included in the pattern—the same material as the suit, sew the upper and lower edges of this in with the front of the coat, and turn a flat hem on the side edges, but leave them loose. Open the seams and bind them with tape, giving a neat, flat finish. Patterns for this women's and girls' suit (No. 3827), consisting of coat and skirt, come in three sizes for girls, 28, 30 and 32, and in four for women, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires nine yards and a half of 36-inch material without nap. It will cost:

2½ yards tan linen, at 40 cents	\$3.80
1 dozen pearl buttons and findings	.19
Total	\$3.99



A PLAIN shirtwaist suit to be good-looking must be trim and neat, with close shoulders, plump sleeves, the correct length and the cuffs the right width for your arm. So adjust the pattern to yourself carefully. Be sure that your neck fits and that your machine stitching is straight. Patterns for the women's and girls' shirtwaist (No. 3798) come in eight sizes: 30 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards and three-quarters of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns for the eleven-gored flare skirt (No. 3642) come in eight sizes: 22 to 36 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires seven yards and a half of 27-inch material without nap. If made of an eight-cent print, 24 inches wide, this dress will require twelve yards and a quarter and will cost about a dollar. As collars and belts are quite an expense make them of the same material as the dress, using a pearl buckle or crochet buttons with the belt, and a colored bow—made of scraps of silk—with the measure. If made of madras or of cotton-and-linen material the coat will be:

10½ yards of material, at 15 cents	\$1.54
½ dozen buttons, 2 spools cotton	.18
Total	\$1.72

FOR the evening gown either dotted Swiss or French batiste would be a wise and pretty choice—both wash well, and it is such a satisfaction to know that a dress is going to be just as nice as ever after a trip to the tub. The waist may have a yoke of tuckered net, or be made with a round, low neck. The dress will fit a little better if you line the waist, as it gives a foundation on which to place the grille for this lining, but do not bone it; then, notwithstanding the lining, the dress can be washed if a little care is taken. Use Venise lace around the yoke, in a wider width down the front, and for the grille which joins the waist and skirt. A tight-fitting foundation sleeve of net turns the elbow comfortably, and a ruffle of Valenciennes lace, or net edged with lace—which is quite as pretty and costs very little—will do it, showing just a little below the oversleeve. The skirt is a seven-gored, gathered model, which I would trim with two rows of narrow Valenciennes lace. Pattern (No. 3577) for the waist come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards and three-eighths of 36-inch material without nap. Pattern (No. 3176) for the seven-gored skirt come in five sizes: 22 to 40 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires five yards and three-quarters of 36-inch material. It will cost:

8½ yards of batiste, at 39 cents	\$3.28
12 yards, or one piece Valenciennes insertion	.98
2 yards Valenciennes edging	.14
1½ yards Venise lace	.35
1 yard net for yoke	.45
1½ yards lawn at 10 cents, and findings	.23
Total	\$5.50

USE miniskirt for the nightgown (No. 3890), chemise (No. 2087) and drawers (No. 3371), which, if you cut carefully, can be made from a twelve-yard piece forty inches wide. Finish the edges of the chemise, the slits through which to run the ribbon, and the ruffle of the drawers with a buttonholed edge. This is much better than anything but real lace, and is far more economical, as it will last as long as the garment. Use a little lace and beading, however, around the neck of the nightgown to soften it. For the petticoat (No. 4903) cambric is best with a straight flounce of embroidery edging; this varies in price, but it is well worth the quality. Flowered silkolene is attractive for the kimono (No. 2866)—it's a bit unusual, and it washes and wears well. These five patterns come in the usual number of women's sizes. Here are the amounts of materials required for these garments as well as the cost:

1 piece miniskirt, 40 inches wide	\$2.60
2 yards beading and 1 yard of lace for nightgown	.30
2½ yards cambric for upper part of petticoat	.27
5 yards white flowered silk for petticoat	.81
6½ yards silkolene at 12½ cents for kimono	.81
4 yards narrow and 2½ yards wider ribbon	.61
Total	\$6.60

The entire outfit illustrated on this page will cost \$17.69.



Look for some "Niagara" in the hem

They are creating no end of comment all over the country. Beyond comparison with other silk gloves. More satisfactory than kid gloves that cost nearly double.

A special process of treating the silk—the Niagara Process—gives to Niagara Silk Gloves double the wearing life the usual silk gloves possess.

It makes them retain their smart fit and style as long as they last.

Washing after washing cannot make them lose their beautiful coloring, nor the closely woven silk its rich luster.

Niagara Silk Gloves

can be procured in every fashionable style and color suitable for every occasion—morning, afternoon and evening.

Sold at fashionable shops everywhere.

If you have any difficulty in finding what you want, send us money order, stating size, enclose sample you desire to match or harmonize and we will have them delivered through your local dealer.

16 Button Length, \$1.50 to \$2.00 a pair. Prices governed by thickness of silk.

NIAGARA SILK MILLS,
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Patterns (including Guide-Chart) for the designs shown above can be taken cents for each number, post-free, with the exception of Nos. 2087 and 3371, which are ten cents each. The amounts of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, from the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

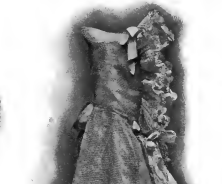
For the Wee Ones This Summer

By Mrs. Ralston



HERE is an eating apron for a baby or little child. It will prove a real protection. Use blue or old rose gingham, finishing it with the dainty and durable buttonholed edge, and ribbons or tape to fasten it in place.

ALL-OVER eyelid embroidery and Irish lace edging are combined for the pretty baby cap shown just below. It could be simplified, however, by making the main part of lace with delicate insertion two inches wide—each side having an irregular edge—applied as a finish. Make the strings of lawn and the bow on the side of ribbon.

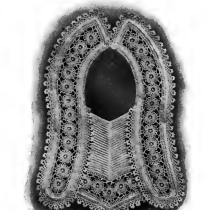


THE dainty sheerness of this hood and cape is just the thing for a little baby in the summertime. It is easy to make, as the hood is a straight piece seamed at the top, while the cape is circular, a straight ruffie finishes the edges, giving it a pretty "frilly" look.

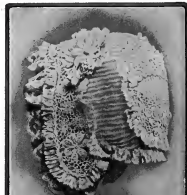


HANDKERCHIEF linen and German Valenciennes lace are the materials used for the bonnet shown above, which would make a pretty gift for a baby as well as a useful one for especially nice occasions. It should be made with hand-few stitches to match the fine material.

POSSIBILITIES are many in the cap just below, as it may be carried out in simpler materials, or lace and tucked button used for the bonnet with the prettiest of results. Here Irish lace outlined with narrow striped Valenciennes lace is set between sections of tucked net.



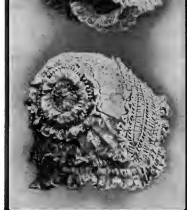
PRACTICAL as it is good-looking is this durable crocheted bib. It has enough body to be a protection to the baby, and will wash easily. For the best results do not use starch, but while it is slightly damp stretch it into shape and press with a warm iron.



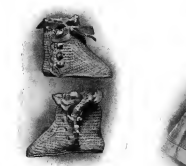
THE front and back views of a drooping bonnet for a little girl from two to four years old are shown above. The crown—which is just a circle—is attached to a head-band and edged with lace, while accordion-plated ruffles form the drooping brim.



THIS cap is so especially desirable that we have a pattern for it, which is cut in one piece and so constructed that it may be laid out flat in ironing. Linen lawn, batiste or China silk could be used for it with a simple trimming of lace or bands of hand embroidery.



THE new feature in this cap is the strip of lace which fastens it under the chin instead of the usual strings. The entire cap is full of suggestions, and if made of the sheerest of mull would be quite as pretty as the Valenciennes lace as shown here.



BUTTONS on the side are the novel feature of these pretty crocheted bonnets. Make them of white with the scallop of a delicate tint of blue. The buttons are also crocheted and have a bit of color in the centre to match the scallop.



SHEER lawn, fine ticks, puffing and a very little lace form this dainty apron, which could be worn as a dress by a very little tot on hot days. It may also be made of dainty with a plain yoke, to which the straight skirt portion may be attached.



FOR the first shoes nothing could be more babyish than these little slippers. Make them of linen or pique bound with a bias strip of the same, or of kid bound with silk. Patterns for these slippers, including an embroidery design, come in one size.

Patterns (including Guide-Chart) for the cap (No. 3951) and slippers (No. 2708) can be supplied on receipt of the price, ten cents each, post-free. The cap is cut in four sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. Any size requires five-eighths of a yard of 36-inch material. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns, or by mail, giving number of pattern and age, and inclosing the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

Children's Clothes and Diamond Dyes

Every mother takes pride in seeing her children well dressed, and Diamond Dyes will do it. Just read Mrs. Orr's letter to the Diamond Dye Annual that follows.



Girl's sailor suit—made from mother's tailor suit,—dyed navy blue with Diamond Dyes

Dyeing and Re-Making Children's Clothes

By Mrs. John F. Orr, Waterbury, Conn.

"A family of five or six children can hardly be so well off that the problem of fresh, neat-looking school clothes will not occupy much of the anxious mother's thoughts. And to many a mother I know, the question of keeping one little girl, or one little boy, clothed brightly and neatly in one of the perplexing questions of home economy. Even grown folks are less subject to the influence of neat, new clothing than are their little ones.

"From my own observation I believe that there is something in a dress of a new color, in a bit of trimming, or in a slight alteration in a blouse, that will send the little girl to school with a feeling of content and happiness that nothing else could give. I used Diamond Dyes long before I was married, and have used them in clothing all my children. Bright colors please children best, so before dyeing I always take out as much of the old color as possible."

—Mrs. John F. Orr

Afternoon dress—made from last summer's white lawn—dye-dyed light blue with Diamond Dyes

"Diamond Dyes Will Do It"

Diamond Dyes are the "magic touch" to restore old cloth and make it "new-looking." Dyeing with Diamond Dyes is a matter of ease and certainty—they are almost sure to give you an ideal.

Important Facts About Dyes to Be Dyed!

The most important thing in connection with dyeing is to be sure you get the real Diamond Dyes. Another important thing is to be sure this you get the *Real* Diamond Dyes that is adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Be sure of Substitutes for Diamond Dyes
There are some of them. These substitutes will appear to you with such little claims as "A New Discovery" or "An Improvement on the Old Kind," "The New Discovery," "The Secret," "Wool, Silk or Cotton." We want you to know that when anyone makes such a claim he is trying to sell you an imitation of our Dyes for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods. **Real** Goods are used exclusively for Wool and Cotton combined. If our Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen and Mixed Goods will color these materials when they are together, it is because they are not real Dyes.

We make a special Dye for Wool and Silk because Cotton and Linen vegetable material and Mixed Goods on which vegetable material generally (woolens) are built there and take up a dye slowly, while Wool and Silk (animal material) will give the same rich shade on Wool or Silk (animal material) that is obtained by the use of our Special Wool and Silk Dyes.

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How Smocking is Done in England

By Lilian Barton Wilson



ENGLISH smocking, as known among the cottage folk in England, is a very humble art. It is not primarily ornamental, but is counted a convenient and flexible which is not to be replaced by any other sort of stitchery. Certainly there is no more charming way to confine gathers than by this regular pattern work, and although the method is little known in this country it is very simple and readily acquired. Among the peasants it is used in the coarse smock frocks of the men and in the children's clothes; but like so much peasant work, it is capable of a transposition in a finer quality, which at once converts it into an art. There is nothing which brings us closer to the heart of domestic life than the needle, and this is true because in all its styles and methods it comes from the quiet cottage home where peace and patience are likely to be every-day virtues. The various applications of this craft which we are utilizing with more skill and in greater quantities now than ever before come to us from the peasant communities of the other side of the water. Sometimes we ask thoughtlessly how it happens that "ignorant workmen" do this lovely work. The fact is they are not "ignorant." They are peasant, but perhaps for that very reason wiser than many of broader advantages.

The needlework is the most classic and ideal of all the arts in which woman is supreme, having this unique distinction that it combines the sentiment of domestic care, comfort and protection with the imaginative loveliness of the picture-making vision of the mind.

The method of smocking is not immediately apparent from the finished work, and this is probably the reason that the technique is not popularly known. It is very essential to begin the work accurately. Figure 1 shows the spacing for the stitches, and Figure 2 gives the preliminary lines of basting stitches, by means of which the material is gathered. These threads are afterward drawn out. Use a tape measure and mark every half-inch space along a straight line; for finer work, every quarter-inch space. Silk and wool materials may be marked with chalk; white material with lead-pencil. Make as many dotted lines as the depth of the smocking will require. The average yoke takes about fifteen dotted lines. Pass the needle in at one dot and out at the next, using a heavy colored thread. Draw each thread toward the right, adjust the gathers, and fasten the threads on pins, as shown in Figure 3. These gathers become small plaits or tucks.

The work is now prepared for smocking. For these stitches use silk or silk material, and cotton for wash material. Rope stitch is effective on crepes; use the thread double.

The simplest of the smocking stitches is the rope stitch, Figure 4. Each plait is taken up by the needle separately, the thread thrown up each time. Do the work from left to right.

The stitch in Figure 5 differs from the rope stitch in the throwing of the thread. It is carried up and down alternately, which brings every other stitch above and every other stitch below, the upper stitch being on one plait, while the lower stitch is on the following plait. Be very careful

to keep these stitches the same size and on a straight line. Several rows of these stitches form a pretty design.

Figure 6 is the diamond design. It is the rope stitch carried out in the form of a diamond.

Make three rope stitches, passing the needle through each plait, each one a little above the other in order to give the slanting line up. Draw the thread down at each stitch, then make three downward stitches, each a little below the previous one, and draw the thread up at each stitch. Continue this to the end of the line, which forms a series of half diamonds. Complete this by making three downward and three upward stitches for each diamond in the same manner for each lower half of the design as the upper row was made.

The design in Figure 7 is formed by parallel rows of the half diamonds just described.

To bring these diamonds to a point, as in Figure 8, make a number of diamonds in a straight line according to the space to be covered. In the next row work one diamond less, and continue each row one less until the design is brought to a point. One may increase the size of these diamonds by putting more stitches into them. For a Princess gown large diamonds are more effective; on infants' or children's clothes the small diamonds are prettier.

Figure 9 shows a composition of the stitches, and one may use one's taste in thus combining these stitches into various patterns and effects. The shell ruffle is a pretty finish to the neck and sleeves and is simple to make. In cutting out the garment allow about two inches extra for this ruffle. Hem the edge carefully and catch it down at equal intervals to the first row of smocking.

A smocked collar may be added to the blouse yoke, so that the joining is not apparent. Hem each edge of the collar strip, smock this strip and attach the smocked collar to the blouse by a row of stitches alternating with the stitches of the collar and the blouse. An embroidered or lace collar is, however, likely to be more satisfactory, for such collars fit closer and are not so thick.

TO PREPARE a blouse for smocking, cut two straight widths about twenty-eight inches long for the front, two widths for the back, twenty-two inches long and one for each sleeve. This is for eighteen-inch material. The front width should be joined by a seam down the middle, and the sleeves should be joined to the front widths, and each sleeve width to the back width. The blouse is then ready to be gathered for smocking. After the gathering has been done, draw up the first row to the size of the neck required. Smock this row and then adjust the gathers below to fit the figure.

Linen buttons covered with the material of the garment should be used with smocking, and these should be fastened with loops.

NOTE—No graded directions for smocking can be supplied. Mrs. Wilson is, however, always glad to hear from readers. The Journal, and will answer by mail any questions about smocking or any other needlework, but a stamped self-addressed envelope must invariably be sent.

Figure 1

Figure 2

Figure 3

Figure 4

Figure 5

Figure 6

Figure 7

Figure 8

Figure 9

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What New York Will Wear This Summer

Designs by Edith E. Woodruff
Drawings by Mary Hitchner



3340



3338



3325

PRACTICAL summer shirtwaist suit which will wash and iron well. Make it of an inexpensive print, or of gingham with a neat tailored finish. The collar should be a contrast, while the belt matches. Patterns (No. 3360) for this girl's shirtwaist suit, consisting of a shirtwaist closed in the front, to be tacked or gathered, and a seven-gored flared skirt, come in four sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. Size 16 requires seven yards and seven-eighths of 36-inch material, or five yards and a half of 36-inch material without nap.

ANEW and smart feature of this waist is the shaped yoke, which, by the by, would be an excellent way to stay a waist of last season which has torn out around the neck and collar. Detached, striped or plain shirtwaist tailing would be suitable. Patterns (No. 3353) for this shirtwaist, having three-eight-inch tucks attached to yoke depth in front, and full length in the back, and made with or without the shaped yoke, come in six sizes: 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires three yards and three-eighths of 36-inch material, or two yards and three-eighths of 36-inch material without nap.



HERE is one of the new tailor-made dresses which New York girls are wearing. Dark blue or natural-colored linen, crash, or even galatea would be attractive for it and most serviceable; while for cooler weather a light-weight serge could be used. The yoke is tucked in and the trimming is narrow soutache braid. Patterns (No. 3358) for this woman's Princess dress, closed at the side front, having an adjustable chemise and a ten-gored skirt, come in six sizes: 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires eleven yards and three-quarters of 27-inch material without nap.



THE most experienced of young mothers could make the one-piece dress that is shown below. A dotted print would be nice for it, and prints come at eight cents a yard; the dress could be made for thirty-five cents in the eight-year size. A belt of the material may be used or not as wished. Patterns (No. 3341), closed at the side front, to be made with or without a bertha collar, can be supplied in four sizes: 2 to 8 years. Size 8 years requires four yards and a half of 24-inch, or four yards of 27-inch, or two yards and seven-eighths of 36-inch material without nap.



3262-3327



3341

SUMMER, dainty and yet really serviceable is this simple dress. Dotted Swiss, batiste, lawn or dimity could be used for it, trimmed with narrow lace. Or the lace could be omitted on the skirt and bordered material used for the ruffles. Patterns (No. 3262) for the waist come in seven sizes: 30 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 3327) for the seven-gored skirt, lengthened by two straight gathered ruffles, slightly gathered in the back, come in five sizes: 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires seven yards and a half of 27-inch, or six yards and an eighth of 36-inch material without nap. About seventeen yards of lace will be required.



THE little girl with the little shown below, is wearing an afternoon dress which could be made of dimity or lawn with German Valenciennes lace as an ending. Patterns (No. 3360) for this girl's dress, closed in the back, having a panel front and a straight skirt to be gathered or plaited, and high or low neck, and with or without the bertha collar, can be supplied in four sizes: 4 to 18 years. Size 8 years requires five yards and an eighth of 27-inch, or four yards and a quarter of 36-inch material without nap.



3336

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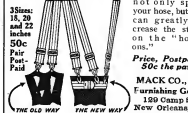
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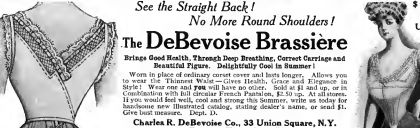
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A well known teacher and singer says: "For years I have been looking for a song to take the place of 'The Maid Who Took No Fool for Her Lord'." Try Droyfay's Setting of Moore's "When Twilight Comes"

Dinary, piano With Soprano, Alto, Tenor. Both the above in two keys for high or low voice. You will find "At Heart We're Little Children Playing on the Floor" "O happy childhood, playing on the floor, But we are not in your children. Years may come upon—may melt the face; But we are not in your children. Playing on the floor."

The above songs sent postpaid upon receipt of 10 cents per copy, or the three for 25 cents.

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THERE are so many making hats now that remodeling them is much simpler than when certain materials were restricted to certain seasons. As a matter of fact, in the new summer hats everything, except perhaps fur, seems to be used. But to begin at the beginning, the most practical way is to start with the cleaning and preparing of your straw and shagreen hats. A straw hat must be thoroughly dusted, shaken and brushed before being cleaned with any liquid. Even the finest, smoothest straw, such as Leghorn, should be dusted and rubbed off before being cleaned. In most cases, especially in the smooth straws, you will find that pure soap, melted in soft water, will be thoroughly satisfactory and reliable. But you must always be careful in cleaning a straw hat not to make it too wet or it will lose its shape so hopefully that a wooden table milliner cannot restore it. In cleaning a hat with a large brim place it flat on the average table and clean around, with the run of the straw. Do not take the cloth and rub it haphazard over the crown and every which way of the brim, but move with a regular stroke around the brim and around the crown; try to clean it evenly, as a painter puts on a coat of paint. If, when you remove last summer's trimmings, your hat is very much sunburned and shows great unevenness of color, I think that in nine cases out of ten you will find it better to add more "sunburn" to your hat than to attempt removing what is left of it. If it is a fine Milan straw or Leghorn make a solution of strong black tea and wash the hat with it. If it is a straw hat, you will take several applications before the hat will show a sufficient uniformity of tone to look well.

HERE is a reliable recipe to bleach a hat, such as a white cap: First wash the hat off with a solution of ten tablespoonfuls of benzine to a cupful of water—which should be used outdoors, or not near any artificial light; then apply with a soft brush a good white milk ribbons twice run on. Let it dry for twenty-four hours.

To clean a Leghorn hat we recommend first and then lemon juice. The cornmeal will remove the dirt, and the lemon juice will help the sunburn; if you use the lemon juice first with water. After the hat is dry jet it on a table and iron with a hot iron, which will stiffen it.

To restore the color to a blue straw hat—faded from sunlight—apply a wash of ordinary laundry blue made quite dilute and strong. To make it a dark navy-blue take half a cupful of warm water and a tablespoonful of blue—apply with a soft brush and dry in the fresh air.

To clean a Milan hat or one of braid, wash with lemon and sulphur. Cut the lemon in halves, spread sulphur on the hat and rub with the flat surface of the lemon. Dry in the sun and brush thoroughly afterward with a soft flannel cloth.

To refresh a shabby or worn black straw hat first brush clean thoroughly with a soft brush.

and rag, then wash in a solution of a tablespoonful of alcohol to a quart of water. Squeeze with glue water, which will restore some of the softening to the straw, and then press the brim with a hot iron.

A good general recipe for cleaning natural-colored straws is a quart of soap made into a soap jelly with three parts of soft water and two table-spoonfuls of ammonia. You will find that the soft water combined with either alcohol, ammonia or benzine is good, and a strong cleaning fluid of this kind is better than gasoline, ether, etc., for these clean only on the surface, and are apt to make the silk lace and the more delicate trimmings of millinery bad in color. In nearly every case straw hats do not thoroughly remove the dirt.

It is nearly every case straw hats of all grades and kinds can be cleaned with perfect satisfaction with the warm soap-suds. As I said, there is a great deal in knowing how to rub and clean, and in not stretching the crown from one spot to another.

OFTEN great danger in cleaning a hat is that you so often completely spoil its shape, and this really is, to a certain extent, unavoidable. Let us take, for example, a last summer's black or dark-colored straw hat which is soiled and shows the general wear and tear of one season. First wash it clean and, remember the rule that after cleaning with one of the solutions you hat requires rinse quite as much as does a lingerie blouse. Always in warm water, not hot, and certainly not cold; but do not soak the hat merely sponge it thoroughly. Then let it dry in the open air.

To keep the crown "true" in shape, to keep certain points stiff to the head in a hat, it is important as fitting the shoulders of a coat or the hips of a skirt. Finely your head in a hat, if there is no use in going any further, because the hat will never be comfortable and will not hold its shape.

Then, again, if you clean a hat in all holes from your hatpins you can use this same idea. Make a piece of capnet the height of your crown, wire it on around the inside and fit it on the inside of the crown. If your trimming fits around the crown you can trim it on the wire—put one on the under side and one on the upper, the upper wire not directly over the outer one, but half an inch nearer the crown. The wire on the edge will be of very light-weight material, such as satin tafeta, cut on the bias, or of a soft quilting net or a shawl cloth as a puffing. Do not use a wet binding, as it is heavy and would be apt to drag the shape of a round hat.

When possible all stains should be removed before the whole article is washed. It is easy to remove these from white goods, but they must often be removed from colored goods. A sheer summer dress that is limp from wet but not otherwise soiled should be sponged on the wrong side with milk and water (half-and-half solution), and after it has been ironed it will have a crisp, new look.

How to Reviver Summer Clothes

By Emily La Forge Claxton

NEEDS can do satisfactory laundry work unless willing to take a little trouble, but care, time and deliberation repay a thousandfold.

To wash colored clothes properly they should be carefully washed to make up their mind to follow certain rules, the most important of which is the invaluable use of a pure, neutral soap.

To set the color in new wash materials use an ounce of sugar of lead, dissolved in one gallon of boiling water, and soak the garment for at least an hour in this solution. Remember that unless it is thoroughly dissolved the sugar of lead will leave heavy streaks in the material. The soaking liquid will ever remove. Then rinse thoroughly in tepid water—again remember that the water should be tepid. After this rinsing wash as usual, but even now, after this process, the colors will not be in unless further caution is used: avoid ordinary laundry soaps or washing powders, and keep on hand neutral soaps such as Castile, olive-oil soap. Use this for all fine laundry work. Any delicate-colored blues or muslin if washed by hand with soap will lose their color; neutral soap will not lose its color. The cost of such a soap is a trifle greater, but will more than pay for itself, for, containing no washing soda, it can do no injury to the most delicate colors, the shiest of fabrics or the most dainty laces.

ALL colored shirts and dresses should be washed in the same way. If the shirt is soiled with the dirt of the day, so that more attention can be given to the finer things. Unless the article to be washed is very dirty try to avoid the scrubbing-board, scrubbing with the yellow sponge. Use the bluebers, little knickerbockers, and the children's other party clothes that get so grimy may be soaked over night in cold water, one teaspoonful of cold oil being added to each tubful of water. This will be the most pleasant way. A word of warning do not be like the woman who swallowed an entire whole loaf of plain bread, one full of cold-water will do twice the work of a smaller amount, for the result will be greater and more costly than a very well-weight impossible to remedy. This recipe applies to the most delicate fabrics, and to the most delicate articles, and will be found satisfactory as a bleach to make the clothes look white and clean.

Use a thin, boiled starch—the shrewdest choice, the thinnest the starch. Stiff starching breaks threads and tends to wear out the fabric. Have the starch lukewarm, not boiling hot. Many laundresses find it successful to add the bluing to the starch. Be sure to use Anglo Blue.

crystals, inexpensive prices, ingenious the heavier coat and finer materials dry in the air. Hang pale colors in the shade out of the direct rays of the sun. The good laundry soap after putting finer muslins through the clothes wringer.

When possible all stains should be removed before the whole article is washed. It is easy to remove these from white goods, but they must often be removed from colored goods. A sheer summer dress that is limp from wet but not otherwise soiled should be sponged on the wrong side with milk and water (half-and-half solution), and after it has been ironed it will have a crisp, new look.

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So much wash silk is worn this summer that a few suggestions about its care will be useful. All articles must be washed separately. While drops of ammonia are used in washing, the water and strong soaps are used. Use tepid water with a few drops of ammonia and enough melted soap to form a suds. Rub the stained parts of the arms and any spots rub them carefully with the hand. If there are any perspiration stains on the arms and neck at the neck dip the stained parts in a weak solution of alkaline water; if the stain is not removed, then a final rinsing with plenty of cold water will put a clear appearance. Colored articles are washed the same way, only the ammonia should be omitted. A little vinegar put into the last rinsing water will give a soft finish. After rinsing, dip in cold water and give a good shaking and snapping fold. Then press on the ironing board, and give a piece of thin muslin. Put it through the clothes-wringer several times, while mill damp iron with a moderately-hot iron.

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Swift & Company make soap for every purpose—for the toilet, bath, laundry and kitchen. Swift's Soap is made under conditions and from materials that insure absolute purity. Each different soap represents the highest development of the skill of expert soap makers. Every cake or bar of Swift's Soap is thoroughly hardened, and therefore lasts longer and is more economical than ordinary soaps. The practical proof that Swift's Soap gives perfect satisfaction lies in its actual use. Order Swift's Soap and put it to the test in your own home.



Swift's Pride Soap

washes clothes and linens clean, snow-white, spotless, and harms neither hands nor fabrics. It makes laundry work easy and lessens kitchen work. The lasting suds from Swift's Pride Soap gives added luster to china and glass, while for washing and brightening varnished woodwork it has no equal. Swift's Pride Washing Powder

cuts grease and dirt quickly and economically. For cleansing and cleaning cooking utensils and kitchen floors, for washing windows and rough woodwork it is unexcelled.

(See Swift's Pride in above illustration.)

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is a pure, floating castle soap for general household use—for the toilet and bath. It will neither irritate the most delicate skin nor injure the finest fabric. It possesses the cleaning and healing properties of imported castle soap while selling for less than half the price of the imported article. It combines all the good qualities of floating white soap with the splendid properties of the best castle. Order a cake today.



(Illustrated by Swift's Little Sailor.)



Wool Soap

is made especially for washing woolens and for the easy and perfect cleansing of all fine fabrics. Made from pure vegetable oils and containing no free alkali, it cannot and will not shrink either woolens or other fabrics. It is the only soap made expressly for woolens, and the qualities that made it the best soap for woolens also make it the best soap for linens, lingerie, laces and silks.

(Wool Soap Twins.)

Swift's Toilet Soaps

are made of the purest and best materials and are scented with the most fragrant of perfumes. Swift's Hearts and Flowers Toilet Soaps enjoy a deserved popularity because of their superb cleansing properties and the delicacy of their perfumes—the distilled fragrance of various flowers—carnations, roses, orange blossoms, etc. Swift's Toilet Soaps are put up three cakes in a handsomely decorated box, and may be obtained from drug and general stores everywhere. If your local dealer does not have them, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.



(See Miss Daisy in above group.)

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"The kind that laces in front!"

Band Throughout with WALOHIN

Makes Your Figure Trim and Graceful. It works a good deal to keep your marshall what you know that there is no such cover line as the back when you are sitting. Make up your mind to buy or sending forward—no money down unless you break at the best.

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Mrs. Ralston's Answers

Drawings by Catherine Howard

MRS. RALSTON IS IN EUROPE. When she comes back she will be ready to tell her Journal readers exactly how she made this gown, stage and here. Write Mrs. Ralston, without any bars, to Mrs. Gladstone, one of her associate editors. A correspondent wishing an answer by mail should include a stamped addressed envelope.

A Coat for a Three-Year-Old Girl

What material and style will make a pretty summer coat for my baby? She is now three years old. I wish it pretty enough to wear in a group-up occasions and not for a warmth.

ELIZABETH.

A little coat of white enamel trimmed with pretty ruffles of the Swiss and Valenciennes lace and with a detachable lining of pale pink or blue China silk, would be just the dainty coat you need. Buy for pattern No. 2505, price ten cents. You will not find this a difficult garment to make, but it should be daintily sewed.



2505

A Little Flower Girl

How shall my little niece of eight years be dressed for my wedding at which she is to be the flower girl?

Let her have a frock of white Paris mull trimmed with Valenciennes edging and insertion, a sash of wide, pale-blue ribbon, pale-blue kid slippers and pale-blue open-work socks. The hair with a big bow of pale-blue ribbon to match.

A Pretty Dress Hat for a Child

I have a Lagoon hat I wish to trim for a child of twelve in some pretty dress way with flowers so that it will be useful all the summer.

Do not wire the brim; allow it to droop at random, and arrange over the top of the crown and the front and sides of the brim a bunch of field flowers—poppies, yuccas, daisies, buttercup and blue bell's buttons.

Decorate the crown with soft Alice-blue gracial ending in long, graceful loops in the back.

The Mourning Veil
How long should the veil be worn when in mourning for a parent?

The length of time that mourning is worn is now a disputed question. For the majority wear black for a parent for a year and a half. The veil is worn over the face for the first three months, and draped over the hat for three months, or for as much longer time as the individual may wish. A net veil with a crepe or ribbon border is appropriate.

Indian Suits
Have you patterns for the Indian suits for little boys and girls? We would like to make several for my children.

Yes, we have patterns for the Rough Rider and the Indian suits for both boys and girls. Thirty-five cents each. Children have great fun when dressed in them, and they are certainly an economical and labor-saving idea for the busy mother, for such suits can be worn where the looser spick-and-span kind.

About Leather Belts
I hear that leather belts are no longer fashionable. I hope this is not true, for I like them and would like to buy a new one.

The leather belt is a good standby, so long as it is all by means—not over two inches wide and in a heavy or soft leather. You will find you have an endless variety to choose from in both dark and light colors and especially tan shades.

A Pretty Cloak for Maternity Wear
What pattern do you advise for a loose, semi-dressy, separate, or adaptable or maternity wear, that can be worn in the street during the day? H. F. R.

Pattern No. 2915, price fifteen cents, makes a charming wrap. It is in kimono effect and of very simple construction, being cut in one piece with a seam in the center back. It has a very prettily draped collar which can be omitted, but I think will be found becoming. Make it of mercerized linen or pongee, a special shirting designed for just such occasions.

White for the Stout Woman
Do you think a stout woman should wear white? If you approve I should like to have a couple white linen shirtwaists for hot summers.

Kindly send me a pattern for a shirtwaist pattern to fit me; I have a very full bust and a narrow back cut of proportion.

Certainly the stout woman can wear white in her cut that to long lines and not too much trimming. We are able to supply you with just the pattern, or with a special shirting designed for just such occasions.

A Separate Waistcoat
I wish a separate waistcoat to wear with my new linen white suit. Would you make a pretty contrast?

Select a deep, rich, cream-colored cloth or linen, use a pattern cut with large, flat, dull goat buttons.

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Certainly the stout woman can wear white in her cut that to long lines and not too much trimming. We are able to supply you with just the pattern, or with a special shirting designed for just such occasions.

A Jumper Dress of Handkerchiefs

I have six white-and-blue handkerchiefs, and wish to make a dress of them for my little girl of six. Can I do it?

MRS. F. R.

Five handkerchiefs will be enough for a jumper dress: three for the skirt and two for the waist. You can cut by a plain waist pattern, trimming out the armholes quite low. Tuck the waist into the shoulders for fullness, leaving the border on both sides for back and front. Use an extra piece of border for the sleeves and for facing the skirt. After cutting the waist there will be two corner borders left that will make two plaids in front of skirt.



2506

How to Dye Lace
Please give me directions how to dye lace. I wish to have some light red lace dyed to match my pink dress. I want blue for my dress, and my sister wants to dye hers pink.

Take a quart jar of gasoline and for the blue use Prussian blue artist's oil paint, adding a little flake white for the lighter shades and ivory black for the dark ones. Mix this thoroughly in the gasoline. When you have the color you wish put in all your lace, shake the jar continuously for a few minutes. Then take it out and stretch it out to dry. If possible pin a coverlet ironing board, taking care to keep it straight and to pull out every little point. To dye lace pink use geranium-lake oil-paint, adding a little red lake white. Continue to make white; do not use gasoline near a fire or any artificial light.

A Fashionable Boat Bag
I have a head bag which I wish to dye in colored dyes. Will it be correct to carry it this way?

Indeed, head bags are in fashion and are charming to use with the colored summer frocks.

Clothes for a Short Trip
What clothes shall I need to take in my suitcase for a ten days' trip to the seacoast?

You will find all the necessary details given in the article in this month's issue entitled: "The Girl Who Makes Her Own Clothes."

Linens Right About
I am to have a light-colored linen riding habit. Natural-colored linen is uninteresting. What shall I select?

You have a choice of striped linens to choose from in blue and white, blue and blue, tan and lavender, and many more. Be sure to use the heavy linen on the order of a crash linen.

For the Stout Woman
When making a plain gored skirt for a stout figure, how should the prominent abdomen be lengthened the front and side gored at the top-gored of the skirt?

The gored pattern cut at the top. Skirt pattern No. 3066 is an eleven-gored model and is especially designed for corpulent figures. Price fifteen cents.

A Separate Waistcoat
I wish a separate waistcoat to wear with my new linen white suit. Would you make a pretty contrast?

Select a deep, rich, cream-colored cloth or linen, use a pattern cut with large, flat, dull goat buttons.

White for the Stout Woman
Do you think a stout woman should wear white? If you approve I should like to have a couple white linen shirtwaists for hot summers.

Kindly send me a pattern for a shirtwaist pattern to fit me; I have a very full bust and a narrow back cut of proportion.

Certainly the stout woman can wear white in her cut that to long lines and not too much trimming. We are able to supply you with just the pattern, or with a special shirting designed for just such occasions.

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