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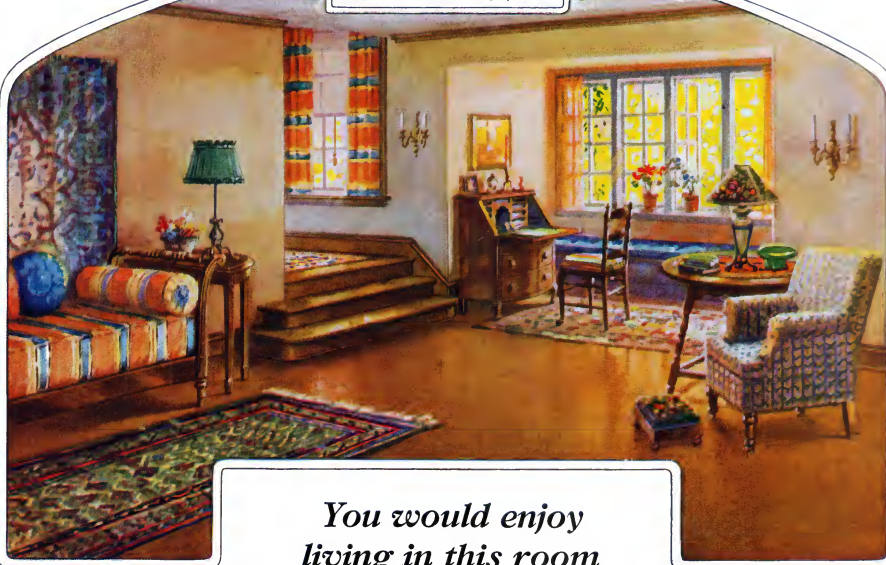


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for Every Floor in the House

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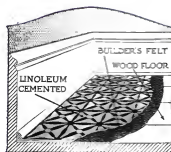
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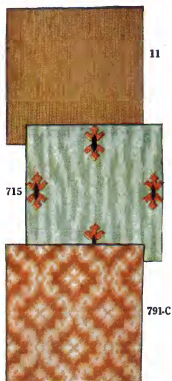
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ERIS



"Eris" as she is conceived by the famous artist C. E. Chambers, who will illustrate the great novel

THE STORY of a DAUGHTER of DISCORD

THE newest and greatest novel from the pen of
Robert W. Chambers

will appear in this magazine, beginning next month.

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"Eris" is a novel such as is seldom written, a novel which presents a master's picture of a great and noble character and exhibits that character under all the terrific strain and stress that so often besets the finest souls that are born into this world. And to this shining company Eris, "daughter of discord" though she is, truly belongs. This great novel will appear in McCall's, beginning in February.

Contents *Sure to be the Most Widely Discussed Novel of 1923*

Three Serials		Five Short Stories		Many Articles	
	Page		Page		Page
THE STORY OF THE BIBLE. (Part II)	8	ONCE IT HAPPENED IN THE BLACK TENTS.	5	THE DAY OF LITTLE THINGS	2
<i>By Hendrik Willem van Loon</i>		<i>By Achmed Abdullah</i>		<i>By Gene Stratton-Porter</i>	
The second instalment of "the Literary Masterpieces of the Year"—being the story of Abraham and his children.		THE WALL	6	New Year's advice from our most widely loved American writer.	
FORTUNES FOOL. (Part III)	14	<i>By Ruby M. Ayres</i>		IS THE HUMAN RACE ON ITS WAY DOWN HILLY	12
<i>By Rafael Sabatini</i>		The story of a love that was stronger than death.		A symposium of the views of several of the world's most eminent men and women.	
A charming story of love and intrigue in the days of chivalry.		THE BULLY OF ST. ANNS. <i>By Vingie Rice</i>	9	BEAUTY RIDES WITH SPIRIT AND WHIP	24
DOUBLE DOOM. (Part IV)	16	<i>By Rosalind Terkington</i>		<i>By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds</i>	
<i>By Louis Joseph Vance</i>		The story of a village bad-man.		Health is the only true basis of Beauty.	
A tale of romance and mystery in the shadow of the Italian Camorra, as it operates in New York.		THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.	10		
		<i>By Margaret Culkin Banning</i>			
		NOTHING OVER TEN CENTS.	20		
		<i>By Margaret Culkin Banning</i>			

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Let us go back to our childhood love of the great poetry of the world!

The Day of Little Things

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.

*A Striking New Year's Thought by the Most
Widely Read and Widely Loved
of American Writers*

I CAN vision no one big, outstanding thing that the men and women of our land may do during the coming year that will add materially to our safety and our welfare. It will be an "off year" politically; but socially and economically, it is going to be a year of immense portent. Slowly the old order changed up to the time of the world war. Since then changes have been so rapid and of such a vast importance that it requires swift marching to keep up with the procession. Many of these enforced changes have been based upon necessity and have had real reason for being; many of them appeal to my old-fashioned soul as having no sense or reason, and the trend seems to me to be forcing us rapidly toward a state of decline as a nation. Unquestionably we emerged from the war in the best condition of any of the involved nations; but at our best, we have not much to brag about when we take into consideration our multiple strikes, labor disturbances, excessive taxation, the high cost of rent and food—and no apparent reason as to why these things should be.

So this appeals to me as a year of small things, speaking comparatively. Since many of the things which annoy us the most are small, they are subject to individual effort by a preconceived movement on the part of every reasoning, thinking man and woman. Much may be done this year toward bettering political, social and financial conditions for all of us.

First of all, I have no faith in the efficiency of a Godless nation. Any nation that forgets God is headed toward rapid disaster. If all of us would seriously and earnestly strive this New Year's time to renew the love of God in our own hearts, to follow the simple, pure teachings of Jesus Christ in our daily lives, it would result in a movement of uplift that would immediately be perceptible throughout the nation. If we would truly try with all our might to "love our neighbor as ourselves," if we would

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honestly practice the good old stunt of "doing as we would be done by," just one-half the source of the present labor troubles and social unrest would vanish like mist before a compelling sun. It would simply cease to exist.

Next in importance to God in the life of a nation, it is in my heart to exalt the home. The coming year I propose that all of us join in a preconceived effort to make our homes the best, the finest, the safest, the happiest places on earth. Suppose we try out loving our homes with all our hearts. Suppose that we make them as beautiful as liss within our means and our power. Suppose that we open our doors wide for the entertainment of our own children and our friends. Suppose that we ask God to come in and be our most honored guest throughout the year. If all of us will do this in a serious and a preconceived way, I am sure that another large slice of trouble will disappear forever. Homes need not be all alike. Some people enjoy show and glitter, and some love sheltered quiet. Let those who desire and who can afford them have the mansions of earth and all the extravagant trappings they can afford in their decoration. Give me a cozy little house with a red hearth and a starry roof, with enfolding trees and the song of running water. I doubt very seriously if any millionaire of our land ever felt so rich as I when, this summer, a dove built a nest within two yards of the foot of my bed and a "fire bird" built three times and at each building brought forth a brood, in a wild-grape vine within a few feet of my daily passing. Riches mean buildings to one man, bonds to another, land to another; and to some they mean contentment with small possessions, a hearth, a book, a bird, a flower.

A big movement forward could be made if each man and woman of our land would stand staunchly by our lawmakers. Since he is in office and he is ours, let each of us do all that we can to hold up the hands of our President.

[Turn to page 7.]



"And now I am again a slave—your slave, O my lord!"

Once It Happened in the Black Tents

By Achmed Abdullah

IN the motley annals of the Black Tents the end of Mohammed Ibn Rashid's searching assumed, in the course of time, the character of something epic, something close-woven to the yellow loom of the desert in both pattern and sweep of romance. It is mentioned with pride by his own tribe, the Ouled Sneyka, who claim descent from the Prophet, as well as by the Ouled el-Kleybat, a raucous-tongued, hard-riding breed of Bedouins, brittle of honor, greedy of gain, and veritable foxes in keeping tight hold of their bloody stealth. On the sun-cracked lips of the camel-drivers, it has even drifted far north from the Sahara to the pleasant gardens of Tunis where white-beards comment upon it with reverence as they digest the brave past in the smoke of their hankesh pipes.

"*Wah, kout Ullah*—as God liveth!" their telling begins. "Once it happened in the Black Tents. . . ."



Yet the tale's beginning, being the dregs of his own life's youth, had been as salt as pain to Mohammed Ibn Rashid twenty years earlier as he sat by the open window, looking out into the spider's web of crooked, cobble-stoned Paris streets about the ancient church of Saint Sulpice; streets quiet with the peace of decay. The memory of what had happened to him that morning was hot in his brain as he sat there, and he thought

of the past ten years and declared them worthless—lines writ on water.

He remembered how he had come to Paris for his education, an eager boy of excellent Arab family, his father, since deceased, a rich shahk with a town house in Tunis, yet keeping up tribal relations with the Ouled Sneyka who acknowledged him chief amongst their black felt tents in the far Sahara. He had opened his keen young soul to the charm of this land of France and had fallen under its spell; he had steeped himself in French literature and history and social and political ideals, deposing the fierce desert Prophet of his ancestors and setting up in his stead brand-new idols labeled Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

And on the day on which he had received his degree at the Sorbonne he had decided to stay in France, and he dreamed of a home in Paris, and little French-born children, a little dark, but of the French, French—and it might be with the pansy-blue eyes of Mademoiselle Marie la Comtesse de Lubersac. He loved the comtesse and she loved him, so they both thought. It may have been that it was only the mystery of the Orient in his eyes which had captured her, the mystery of the Occident in her—

[Turn to page



"We quarreled when he was home on his last leave, and I let him go back without making it up"

The Wall

By Ruby M. Ayres

Author of "Paper Roses," "Castles in Spain,"
"The Uphill Road," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

Shadows of dead men stand by the wall, Watching the fun of the Victory Ball. They do not reproach because they know If they're forgotten, it's better so . . .
—Ulysses Noyes.

THE Lady Cynthia Ferris pulled a cushion into place beneath her head with a languid hand whereon gleamed the very white diamonds of her very new engagement ring.

"It's just a money-making enterprise like everything else nowadays," she declared positively in her charming voice. "And I really cannot understand how any of you can be so foolish as to believe in it. It's all right for neurotic women, or women who've had a dreadful trouble . . ." Her voice seemed to filter for the smallest instant, then she went on again more languidly than before: "But for any of you!" She swept a comprehensive hand round the little group gathered about her. "Why on earth should any of you want to get mixed up with spirits and ghosts and messages from 'the other side' as you call it?"

The little woman with gray hair and a thin, earnest face, who sat by the fire, raised her thoughtful eyes. "It is because you do not understand that you talk like that, Lady Cynthia," she said quietly. "I thought just as you do—once, but not now."

The faintest smile curved Lady Cynthia's lips. "Really? And what made you change?" she asked, a hint of mockery in her voice. "Did you see a ghost? Or find a spirit message written on the wall, or something thrilling like that?"

The thoughtful eyes of the women opposite met her steadily as she answered:

"I let someone in the war whom I loved very dearly—my son. He was killed in France."
The white lids of Lady Cynthia's beautiful eyes closed a swift little movement of pain.

nearly five years she had done her best to stifle and forget, and for an instant she was held in the grip of such acute pain that she almost cried out; but the next moment she was laughing again—rather a cruel little laugh.

"I'm afraid I can't quite see what that has to do with it, Mrs. Graham," she said lightly. "Most of us lost . . . someone . . . during the war, didn't we? But it's so long ago now, surely we've almost forgotten."

Mrs. Graham's earnest face flushed a little.

"Yes, I am afraid that is true," she agreed. "And that is just the trouble. Most of us have forgotten, and they know it."

"They? Who do you mean by they?"
"The question cut the silence sharply, asked by a girl sitting at Cynthia's feet, and a shadow of something that was almost fast passed over the speaker's young face.

"I mean those who have passed over," Mrs. Graham explained gently. "They do not forget, but they know when we do, and it hurts them just as much as it would hurt us if they were still on earth and had forgotten us."

THE silence fell again and remained unbroken until suddenly the girl laughed shrilly. "What nonsense! As if the dead can know or remember anything!"
Mrs. Graham had moved back a little out of the circle of firelight, and her voice sounded dreamy and far-away when she spoke again. "There are no dead. It was Master-link who said that, your friend, and he was right. There are no dead."

She had a very sweet, cultured voice, and when she stopped speaking it seemed to be the very most, fashionable group of women around her as if it had vested the room

with something subtle and mysterious—some unseen presence that was breathlessly listening and waiting for further revelations.

But the moment passed, as such moments must do, before it was hardly realized, and Cynthia Ferris rose to her feet with a little mocking laugh, and stretching out her hand found the switch and flooded the room with light.

"Yes, I thought that would be better," she said as an almost audible sigh of relief went round. "We were all getting most horribly morbid."

She glared at the tiny watch set with diamonds that clasped her slender wrist. "If everyone isn't going to be late, it's time we were dressing," she added.

The girl who had been sitting at her feet scrambled up and hurried after her. "Wait for me, Cynthia."

She caught Cynthia's hand with a gesture that almost childishly asked for protection, and together they crossed the hall and went up the wide staircase.

"Mrs. Graham is queer, isn't she?" the girl said suddenly. "Have you noticed her eyes, Cynthia? Sometimes she looks quite unanny."

"She talks a lot of nonsense," Cynthia answered in rather a hard voice. They reached the landing, and Cynthia stopped and drew her hand away.

"Run along and dress, Pamela," she said. "I'll race you, and we'll see who is ready first."

But Pamela did not move. There was a scared look still in her eyes. "There's no hurry," she urged. "It's only six o'clock and dinner isn't till half-past seven. Let me come to your room and talk for a little while."

Cynthia hesitated. She was not in the mood to talk to the girl. She wanted to be alone with her thoughts—those thoughts which had been such real, cruelly alive things since the moment of Mrs. Graham's eloquently spoken words. "Someone whom I loved very dearly . . . he was killed in France."

But after the smallest hesitation she smiled. "Very well, come along—and they went together to her room where the fire burned brightly and a maid was carefully laying out the frock which Cynthia was to wear that night at the ball given in honor of her engagement.

Pamela was standing by the bed looking down at the sheeny folds of the frock lying there, and her eyes were big with admiration.

"Oh, Cynthia, you lucky, lucky girl!" she said enthusiastically. The corners of Cynthia's mouth lifted in a very smile.

"Why do you say that?"
Pamela came across the room to her.

"Because I think you are," she said vehemently. "You've got everything you want in the world. You're beautiful, and you're going to marry one of the richest men in England, so other says. . . ."

"And do you call that luck?"
"Why, of course. I envy you more than anyone in the world. I would love to be you; to have your face—your beautiful face—and your glorious clothes! A maid to wait on you, and to be engaged to Ralph Allerton! Cynthia, is there anything you want that you haven't got?"

"Perhaps."
"It can't be anything very much, then," Pamela said with conviction. "It can't be anything that you won't get in the end, anyway, Cynthia, what a perfectly gorgeous girl!"

CYNTHIA slowly raised her left hand and looked at the band of diamonds encircling her third finger.

Ralph Allerton had given it to her last night, and a little shiver swept her as she recalled the look of proud possession in his eyes as he said complacently:

"Yes, they're fine stones all right. But you shall have finer than those, when you are my wife."

To him she was only a doll upon whom he could hang the outward and visible signs of his wealth, and out of the shadowy past she seemed to hear a voice that had been silent for years, speaking to her again in tones of deepest tenderness:

"You shall have diamonds some day, Cynthia, when my ship comes home. I'm a poor man now. I don't think you quite realize how poor, my darling."

And her own reply: "I am the richest woman in the world so long as I have you."

She woke from her reverie to the sound of Pamela's girlish voice again.

"It must be wonderful to be as lovely as you are. I don't wonder that all the men are crazy about you. Nobody will ever care for me as they do for you. I'm so plain."

Cynthia gave a tired little laugh.

"Does it look matter as much as all that, Pam dear?"
"I don't know. . . . Ben said they didn't. . . . Cynthia, you never knew Ben, did you?"

"No."
Pamela fell on her knees beside Cynthia, hiding her face.

"Oh, I must tell someone, or I shan't be able to bear it any longer. I've tried so hard to forget, but I can't."

"And now, this evening—what Mrs. Graham said brought it all back. Oh, Cynthia, do you think that the dead really do know? I mean those who are my wife."

Cynthia sat very still, her head thrown back so that her face was full of light, and she seemed to hear a voice that had ring was suddenly clenched. "I don't know. I can't tell you. Nobody knows. . . . how can anybody know?"

Her voice was curiously tight and constrained. "Why do you ask me?"

PAMELA looked up. "It's been in my thoughts—on my mind—ever since Ben was killed," she said in a small, tragic voice. "Oh, I've tried not to think about him—honestly, I've tried not to think about him—since Mrs. Graham came, she's frightened me with what she believes."

"Silly child! Why, it's all just—nonsense!"
But Cynthia looked matter as much as all that, and Pamela went on unheeding. "He was killed—just at the end of the war. And I hadn't been kind to him. We quarreled when he was home on his last leave, and I let him go back without making it up—and he was killed."

"You mean . . . ? Were you engaged to him, Pamela?"
"No—no—I was engaged to him, but I wasn't. I was only eighteen, and I thought if I waited I could find someone better and with more money, and I told him so. It wasn't very long after that he was killed. I wish a queer, long look, and he said, 'You'll never find anyone to love you better than I do, Pam, no matter how long you live.'"

And then he went away—and I never saw him again. But sometimes—like last night—when I was dancing with Basil Ryan, something seemed to come over me all at once—

—almost as if someone had hid a hand

on my shoulder and said 'Stop!' And I thought, 'Cynthia, I had a strange feeling that Ben was there, looking on, and that he knew and hated what I was doing.'

Cynthia sat up with a jerkly, stiff movement. There was a painful stretch of color in her cheeks, and her eyes looked strained.

"Yes, yes, I know! I've felt like that too," she said in a quick, hurried voice. Then she broke off sharply, and for a moment sat staring helplessly before her, her hands clasped together. Then a long sigh escaped her and she laughed and rose to her feet.

"We've all got Mrs. Graham on the brain," she said with an effort. "We're exchanging all her nonsensical ideas, as she meant us to do. Pam, wake up, child! There, run away and dress, or we shall be laid down after all."

She almost pushed the girl out of the room, then she shut and locked the door and stood for a moment leaning against it, her beautiful face falling into haggard lines.

"... Almost as if someone had laid a hand on my shoulder and said 'Stop!' And her own reply, 'Yes, yes, I know! I've felt like that, too.'"

She had—oh, she had! So many, many times during her chase for happiness and forgetfulness during the last five weary years. And yet, what absurdity! As if a dead man could really rise from his grave and come back to earth to look for the woman he once loved.

Cynthia moved away from the door to the dressing-table. Her face felt feverish and her hands trembled as she slowly began to unfasten her frock. The gleam of the diamonds on her left hand caught her attention in the mirror, and she stood quite still, her eyes clinging to them.

"You shall have diamonds some day, Cynthia, when my mother comes home."

The room seemed filled with that voice, that dead presence, and Cynthia made a little blind movement of protest with her hands as if to ward off someone unseen who stood close beside her; then suddenly she gave in and as if yielding to a will greater than her own, she went down on her knees beside a drawer in the dressing-table, and taking a little key from a fine chain around her neck, she fitted it into the lock. The usual little heap of memories lay hidden there—the worthless trifles that so often hold the secret of a woman's life over which many a woman's heart has broken.

A few letters, a man's hattered cigarette case and one old signet ring of no value around which had been wound some strands of black silk in order to make it small enough for her own finger. One short month she had worn it above the slender band of a wedding-ring lying beside it now in the drawer, and as she looked at them some queer, subtle breath of the man who had given them to her came back with haunting sweetness.

They had met on the deserted sands of a small Dorset fishing-village one summer afternoon during the last year of the war, and they had talked in the way that most people talked in those days, of life and death, of the great things for which they hoped in the future. He was on leave, he told her, spending his fortnight with his mother who lived in a little gray house high up on the cliff—the only relative he had in the world.

HE was just a son of the people, without money or prospects; but he was brave and strong, and during the days that followed he had looked to her to make a great marriage and so retrieve the family fortunes; he knew that it would be considered presumption on his part to tell her the truth that had begun to torture him day and night, and at last she understood that no matter what happened he would never speak, and that when the time came they would just part and that she would never see him again.

And she told herself that it would all be for the best, and that she did not care, she was not suited to be a poor man's wife, that life would be unbearable. And then the last day came. . . . The gray stone wall of the tiny promenade, and the wind blew savagely about them as they walked together for the last time. . . . And Cynthia's face was white with tears, and her heart seemed to stop beating when suddenly the man beside her said:

"Our last walk, Lady Cynthia."

"Yes."

And although it was four years ago she could still recall the dreadful feeling of pain that had gripped her, so that for a moment she had been forced to stand still, as he had said again:

"You've given me something to remember. I may thank you for that at least."

She had tried to think of something to say in reply, but no words would come, and it was only as they turned to go home again, he to the gray house high up on the cliff where his mother was breaking her heart over the parting of his hands, she to the hotel where she was staying to recover from a recent illness, that she found her voice in a rush of passionate emotion:

"I take care of yourself. Promise me that you will take care of yourself!"

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"I take care of yourself. Promise me that you will take care of yourself!"

Then for the first time she had read the tragic admission in his eyes and heard in his voice as he bade her good-by:

"And if we never meet again, God bless you for ever."

And then he was gone, and she went blindly into the house and up to her room, feeling stunned and dead.



there in the darkness waiting—till at last she heard a step and the drawing back of a latch, and the man himself stood there, his tall figure silhouetted against the dim light of a lamp burning behind him. And all the poor little excuses she had brought with her ready-made fluttered treacherously away, and she could only tremble when he spoke her name!

"Lady Cynthia . . ."

Then he put out his hand and drew her into the hall just as a sudden gust of wind through the open door caught the flickering flame of the lamp and extinguished it.

And he said again in a voice that betrayed the quick beating of his heart:

"Cynthia! What is it, Cynthia?"

She tried to recover herself, but could not. She swayed helplessly toward him, and through the friendly darkness she took her into his arms, and their lips met.

"I love you! I love you!"

"Don't leave me! Don't leave me! Take me with you!"

"I want to belong to you. It will be something to remember if—if you never come back."

"I shall come back, now I know you care."

"You would have gone away without telling me?"

"My beloved, what had I to offer you?"

"I want you—only you!"

She had gone away with him the next morning, and they had been married in London by special license with the glamour of war and the tragedy of parting all around them, and together they had snatched forty-eight hours of Paradise from a world that sometimes seems strangely reluctant to bestow happiness. And she had seen him off to France with a breaking heart and a brave smiling face, and had gone back alone to join the pathetic band of martyred women who could only watch and wait.

And just three weeks later had come the one heart-breaking message:

"Wounded and missing—believed killed. . . ."

And then nothing more for five agonized days till a letter in a strange handwriting came from France.

Dear Lucy Cymrus:

I am writing to send you the enclosed parcel which I found among poor Tompess's things addressed to you. His clothes and the rest of his effects have been deposited at his home at the 29th, and I thought he was severely wounded on August 29th, and I have been reported missing. We have heard his name more, and can only hope for the best. He was a noble man, and the greatest friend I have.

With deepest sympathy in a loss which I share,

Yours sincerely,

A. E. SHARPE.

None shall come home.

The room seemed filled with that voice, that dead presence, and Cynthia made a little blind movement of protest with her hands as if to ward off someone unseen who stood close beside her; then suddenly she gave in and as if yielding to a will greater than her own, she went down on her knees beside a drawer in the dressing-table, and taking a little key from a fine chain around her neck, she fitted it into the lock.

The usual little heap of memories lay hidden there—the worthless trifles that so often hold the secret of a woman's life over which many a woman's heart has broken.

A few letters, a man's hattered cigarette case and one old signet ring of no value around which had been wound some strands of black silk in order to make it small enough for her own finger. One short month she had worn it above the slender band of a wedding-ring lying beside it now in the drawer, and as she looked at them some queer, subtle breath of the man who had given them to her came back with haunting sweetness.

They had met on the deserted sands of a small Dorset fishing-village one summer afternoon during the last year of the war, and they had talked in the way that most people talked in those days, of life and death, of the great things for which they hoped in the future. He was on leave, he told her, spending his fortnight with his mother who lived in a little gray house high up on the cliff—the only relative he had in the world.

HE was just a son of the people, without money or prospects; but he was brave and strong, and during the days that followed he had looked to her to make a great marriage and so retrieve the family fortunes; he knew that it would be considered presumption on his part to tell her the truth that had begun to torture him day and night, and at last she understood that no matter what happened he would never speak, and that when the time came they would just part and that she would never see him again.

And she told herself that it would all be for the best, and that she did not care, she was not suited to be a poor man's wife, that life would be unbearable. And then the last day came. . . . The gray stone wall of the tiny promenade, and the wind blew savagely about them as they walked together for the last time. . . . And Cynthia's face was white with tears, and her heart seemed to stop beating when suddenly the man beside her said:

"Our last walk, Lady Cynthia."

"Yes."

And although it was four years ago she could still recall the dreadful feeling of pain that had gripped her, so that for a moment she had been forced to stand still, as he had said again:

"You've given me something to remember. I may thank you for that at least."

She had tried to think of something to say in reply, but no words would come, and it was only as they turned to go home again, he to the gray house high up on the cliff where his mother was breaking her heart over the parting of his hands, she to the hotel where she was staying to recover from a recent illness, that she found her voice in a rush of passionate emotion:

"I take care of yourself. Promise me that you will take care of yourself!"

Then for the first time she had read the tragic admission in his eyes and heard in his voice as he bade her good-by:

"And if we never meet again, God bless you for ever."

And then he was gone, and she went blindly into the house and up to her room, feeling stunned and dead.

There is no dead!

As Cynthia knelt there with the battered cigarette-case in her hand, her heart confirmed the words which her lips chose to utter:

"There are no dead!"

Where was he, then? she asked herself in anguish.

Why had he left her?

Why did he not come back when she wanted him? "Yes,"

tuesday, when Ralph Allerton had kissed her unrepentant lips she could have shrieked aloud with the pain of remembrance.

She had lain awake all night, her heart crying out to him who had gone: "Come back . . . come back . . . come back!"

She felt as if she were beating impotent hands against a wall which divided her from the man she loved—a wall none the less impassable because she did not altogether believe in its existence. . . . And yet how later when she stood before her mirror in the new wonderful gown, she felt as if she had been dreaming—a queer, tumbled dream from which she had gladly awakened.

As she passed Pamela's door on her way downstairs, it was hurriedly opened, and a cold, trembling hand caught her

ghostly shadows all around the wall took shape and life—men in mud-stained uniforms.

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She had lain awake all night, her heart crying out to him who had gone: "Come back . . . come back . . . come back!"

Their ghastly faces seemed to wear mocking, terrible smiles

Ghostly shadows all around the wall took shape and life—men in mud-stained uniforms.

It was evening then, and she knew that his train left early in the morning—too early for her to hope that she might see him again; and she tried to put him from her thoughts, tried to pretend that she did not care. But after dinner that night she climbed the wind-blown footpath up the cliff, and stood outside the little gray house.

THERE was a light burning in one of the downstairs rooms, and she fancied she saw its garden on the blind, and presently she went into the garden and knocked at the door with a trembling hand. And the heart of all the world seemed to be throbbing in hers as she stood

The Story of The Bible

by
**Hendrik
Willem
van Loon**

THIS is the second instalment of the greatest magazine feature of many years—"The Story of the Bible"—by the famous author of "The Story of Mankind." By keeping the two consecutive issues of McCall's in which this master-work is appearing, you will have for future reference the first great literary and historical Outline of the Bible ever published. This is a work that future generations will read and study—a work that will make history. It will not be published in book form until the final chapter has appeared in McCall's Magazine.



The Philistines land in Palestine



Abraham leaves Chaldea

ABRAHAM was a pioneer. He died many thousand years ago, but the story of his life reminds us of the brave men and women who conquered the plains and the mountains of our own west during the first half of the nineteenth century. The family of Abraham came from the land of Ur, which was situated on the western bank of the river Euphrates.

They had all been shepherds ever since their great-grandfather Shem had left the ark. They had done well in this world, and Abraham himself was a rich farmer who owned thousands of sheep.

He employed more than three hundred men and boys to look after his flocks. They were very loyal to their master and would give their lives for him at a moment's notice.

They formed a small private army and were of great use when Abraham had to fight for new pastures in the hostile land near the Mediterranean shore.

WHEN Abraham was seventy-five years old, he heard the voice of Jehovah, who had him move away from his father's house and find a new home in Canaan, which was the old name for Palestine. Abraham was glad to go.

The Chaldeans, among whom he then lived, were forever at war with their neighbors, and this wise old Jew was a man of peace and saw little good in all this useless strife.

He ordered his tents to be taken down. His men rounded up his sheep. Then women packed the sleeping-rugs and put up food for the trip through the desert. And so began the first great emigration of the Jewish people. Abraham was married. The name of his wife was Sarah. Unfortunately, she had no children. And so Abraham took Lot, his nephew, to be second-in-command of the expedition. Then he gave the sign for departure and followed a path which led him straight toward the setting sun.

His caravan did not enter the great Babylonian valley, but kept close to the outskirts of the desert of Arabia, where the soldiers of the ferocious Assyrian army could not find the Jews and steal their sheep and perhaps their women. Without mishap, they all reached the pastures of western Asia.

There they halted near the village of Shechem, where Abraham built an altar to Jehovah near an oak on a plain called Moreh. Afterward, he moved on toward Bethel, where he rested for a while to decide upon his future plans. For, alas, the land of Canaan was not as rich as he had expected!

When Abraham and Lot so suddenly appeared with all their flocks, the grass on the hillside was soon eaten up. Then the shepherds of Abraham and Lot began to fight among each other to see who should get the best pastures, and soon the expedition threatened to end in a general riot.

This was entirely contrary to the nature of Abraham. He called his nephew into his tent and spoke to him and proposed that they divide the country and live in peace, as good relatives should always do.

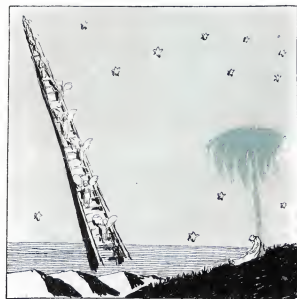
Lot, too, was a sensible young man, and so he and his uncle came to terms without any difficulty. The nephew preferred to remain in the valley of the river Jordan, and Abraham took the rest of the country,

which is now generally called Palestine. He had spent the greater part of his life under the scorching sun of the desert.

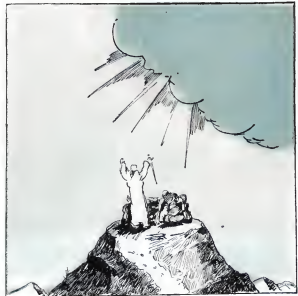
No wonder that he hastened to find a place which should offer him the cool shade of mighty trees.

He pitched his tent among the oaks of Mamre, near the old city of Hebron, and there he built another altar, to show his gratitude that Jehovah had safely guided him into this happy new home.

But he was not allowed to live in peace very long. His neighbors, the Philistines, and Abraham was forced to go to war to protect his family. The most dangerous of the native rulers was the mighty



Jacob's dream



Abraham sacrifices

king of Elam. He was so powerful that he could hold his own against the rulers of Assyria. Just then he was trying to levy tribute from the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. When they refused to pay, the king of Elam marched against them with his army.

UNFORTUNATELY, the fighting took place in the valley which Lot had occupied. Soldiers, when they get excited, do not always stop to ask questions. When they rounded up the men and women from Sodom and Gomorrah, to carry them away as prisoners, they also took Lot and his family. Abraham heard of this through a neighbor who had managed to run away. He called together all his shepherds. He himself rode at the head of his troops. In the middle of the night he reached the camp of the King of Elam. He attacked the sleepy Elamites at once, and set Lot and his family free.

Of course, this made him a great man in the eyes of the neighboring tribes. The King of Sodom, who had escaped the slaughter, came forward to meet him. He was accompanied by Melchizedek, who was King of Salem, of Jerusalem, a very ancient city in the land of Canaan, which had existed for hundreds of years.

Melchizedek and Abraham became fast friends; they both recognized Jehovah as the ruler of all the world; but Abraham did not like the King of Sodom, who worshipped strange heathenish gods,

and when the King of Sodom offered Abraham the greater part of the booty which he had recaptured from the Elamites, he refused to take it. His hungry men had eaten a few of the sheep, but all the rest went back to the rightful owners in the city of Sodom.

Both the people of Sodom and those of Gomorrah had a very bad reputation in the western part of Asia. They were lazy and indolent and they committed all sorts of wicked crimes. Often they had been warned that this could not go on forever. They merely laughed and continued to be a general nuisance to all their decent neighbors.

Now it happened one evening, when the red sun had disappeared behind the dark-blue mountain ridges, that Abraham was sitting in front of his tent. He was contented with life, for now at last the promise of Jehovah, made in the old days in the land of Ur, was about to come true. Abraham, who had never had a son, expected his wife Sarah to give him a baby.

He was thinking of this and of many other things, when three strangers came walking down the road. They were tired and dusty, and Abraham had them enter and rest for a while. Sarah was called, and she hastily made some dinner, and afterward they all sat and talked underneath the tree where they had eaten.

When it grew late, the strangers said that they must be on their way. Abraham offered to show them the nearest road. Then he learned that they were going to Sodom and Gomorrah. Suddenly he realized that he had been host to Jehovah and two of His angels.

He could well imagine what their mission was, and forever loyal to his own people, he asked that mercy might be shown to Lot and to his wife and children.

THIS Jehovah promised. He went further than that. He promised that He would spare the two cities if He did not find fifty or thirty or even ten decent people in either of them.

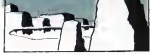
He could not seem to have been very successful. For late that evening, Lot received warning that he must at once take his family and bring them to safety, as both Sodom and Gomorrah were to be burned to ashes before morning. He was told to make all possible haste and that he must not waste his time in looking backward to see what was happening.

Lot obeyed. He awakened his wife and his children, and they walked all night, as fast as they could, that they might get to the village of Zoar before morning. Lot had lost his wife. She was just as little bit too curious. The sky was red and she knew that all her neighbors were burning to death. She peeped just once, but Jehovah saw it. He changed the woman into a pillar of salt, and Lot was left a widower with two young daughters. One of these afterward became the mother of Moab, after whom the tribe of Moabites was called, and the name of the son of the other was Ben-ammi.

The sad experience of Lot had greatly depressed Abraham. He too decided to move away from his present whereabouts and farther away from the wicked cities and their vile memory. He left the forest and the plains of Mamre, and once more went westward, until he almost reached the shores of the Mediterranean.

The region along the coast was inhabited by a race of men who had come from the distant island of Crete. As they were much better a trader than the Canaanites, they had been able to conquer a narrow strip of land along the shore of the big sea.

[To be continued]



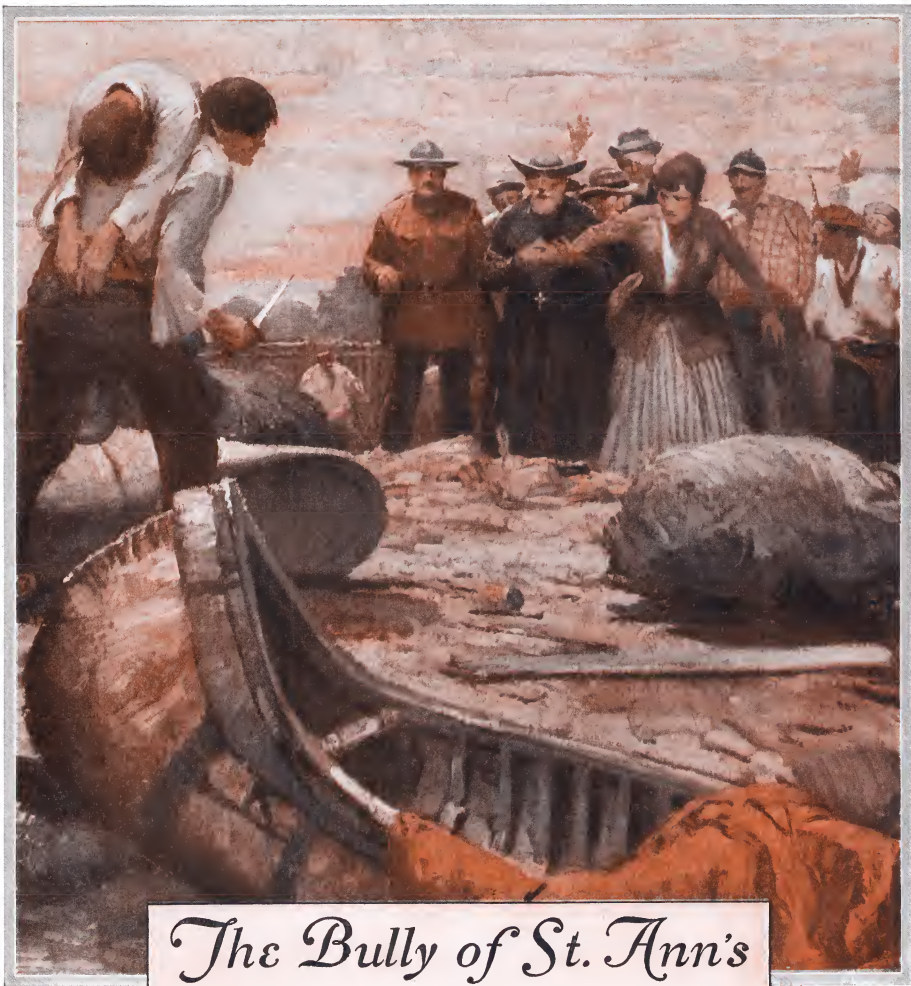
The Dead Sea



Abraham builds an altar

The Literary Masterpiece of the Year

The Author of "The One-Man Dog" Tells Another Epic of the Great North



The Bully of St. Ann's

By Vingie Roe

Illustrated by Frank Street

"I am ready to kill
ze man w'at make
one false move!"

A SLIM youth, his face sparkling with excitement, came running up to Father Temau, as he sat musing on the long log step that edged his house of God beside the Qu'Appelle.

The good old man, so greatly loved by all in the lonesome reaches of the fur country, was looking down contentedly on the trading-post, nestled in its high stockade and stretching from his step to the great, time-worn gate which, standing open, hospitably bade all the world enter, or, closed, gave frowning defiance to its enemies.

But there had been no enemies for many a long year at Fort St. Ann, and the priest's mind was afar in spiritual fields of aphorism.

He looked in mild inquiry at the excited boy. "Oh, Father, come quick! Artine Du Bois is come down the river in his canoe an' trouble come with him."

The boy watched him anxiously. At mention of that name the priest's wits came back, and he rose and hastened after the lad through the gate, and together they hurried toward the crowd gathered on the shingly beach.

A canoe lay there, fine and slim and made with cunning

craft, that looked as if it had been shot from the water half its running length by a mighty and imperious hand.

Its duffel was still within—a rifle leaning in the bow, a bale of winter furs, the antlers of a moose. And, where a group of youths had been idly gambling about a blanket spread on the pebbly stretch, its owner stood.

He was a splendid figure, tall, broad, thewed like an ox. His white teeth gleamed in his handsome face, and his black hair blew in the wind.

He was engaged in a riotous burlesque of greeting. "Bien—Henri," he cried loudly, "how fine it is to see you!"

HE grasped the hands of one youth in a bone-breaking grip. The boy paled, but stood his ground.

"Aï, Pierre, La Forge!"

Again Du Bois, his black eyes dancing, crushed a man's fingers in his cruel clasp.

It was his old trick, famed afar, wherever the tales of his strength were told.

"Also my ol' frien' Cosan"—and he reached once

more. But Cosan, being so addressed, merely laid his fingers on the bowl of his pipe, and, looking Du Bois straight in the eyes, shook his head.

The other sobered instantly, his laughter died as he stood for a moment undecided.

His black eyes seemed to grow darker.

"O," he said at last, coldly, "you refuse me welcome home, M'sieu? I, gone so long in the loneliness of the Qu'Appelle? Dat's foiny. Come, Cosan—I must teach you better manners."

HE strode forward, but Cosan's hand slipped to the knife in his scabb.

Already that trouble which the lad had prophesied was stirring in St. Ann's.

Father Temau, that gentle pourer of oil on troubled waters, hurried forward, but another had arrived before him.

From the river's edge, where she had been idly casting stones to watch their circles on the quiet stream, a girl came running like a flash. The eyes that sparkled in her small face were black as Du Bois' own.

[Turn to page 41]

The One Hundred Dollar Bill

By Booth Tarkington

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams



GIVEN a one hundred dollar bill, a card game and a rather needy young married couple, what will happen? With such a typically American problem the dean of American authors has concerned himself in this, one of the strongest short stories it has ever been McCall's fortune to publish. You will find many of your own dilemmas and your own friends presented in this true-to-life novelette.

had bought a perfectly beautiful little sedan automobile; he gave his wife everything she wanted. Mrs. Will Gregory had merely mentioned that her old Hudson seal coat was wearing a little, and her husband had instantly said: "What'll a new one come to, girlie? Four or five hundred dollars, and get it!" Why were o t h e r women's husbands like that—and why, oh, why, was I here like this?

"My goodness!" she said. "You talk as if I had sedans and sea-skin coats and theater tickets on me! Well, I haven't; that's all!" Then he got out and get t e m!

"What a t i t h?" he inquired. "I have twelve dollars in my pocket, and a balance of seven cents in dollars at the bank; that's twenty-nine. I get twenty-five from the office day after tomorrow—Saturday;

that's forty-five for rent on Monday; so that'll leave us nine dollars. Shall I buy you a sedan and a seakain coat on Tuesday, out of the nine?"

MRS. COLLINSON began to weep a little. "The old, old story!" she said. "Six long, long years it's been going on now! I ask you how much more you say, 'nine dollars, or 'seven dollars, or 'four dollars, and once it was sixty-five cents! Sixty-five cents! That's what we had to live on. Sixty-five cents!"

"Hah! you better hush a little yourself!" she retorted. "You come home with twelve dollars in your pocket and tell your wife to hush! That's nice! Why can't you do what decent men do?"

"What's that?" "Why, give their wives something to live for. What do you give me, I'd like to know! Look at the clothes I wear, please!"

"Well, it's your own fault," he muttered. "What did you say? Did you say it's my fault I wear clothes any woman I know wouldn't be seen in?"

"Yes, I did. If you hadn't made me see you that platinum ring—"

"What!" she cried, and flourished her hand at him across the table. "Look at it! It's platinum, yes; but look at the stone in it, about the size of a pinhead, so's I'm ashamed to wear it when any of my friends see me. A hundred and sixteen dollars is what this magnificent ring cost you, and how long did I have to be before I got even that little out of you? And it's the best thing I own and the only thing I ever did get out of you!"

"Oh, Lordy!" he moaned. "I wish you'd seen Charlie Loomis looking at this ring today," she said, with a desolate laugh. "He happened to notice it, and I saw him keep glancing at it, and I wish you'd see Charlie Loomis's expression!"

Collinson's own expression became noticeable upon her introduction of the name; he stared at her gravely until he had completed the mastication of one of the indigestibles she had set before him; then he put down his fork and said:

THE new one hundred dollar bill, clean and green, freshening the heart with the color of springtime, slid over the glass of the teller's counter and passed under his grille to a fat hand, dingy on the knuckles, but brightened by a flawed diamond.

This interesting hand was a part of one of those men who seem to have too much fattened muscle for their clothes; his shoulders distended his overcoat; his calves strained the sprightly checked cloth, a little soiled, of his trousers; his short neck bulged above the glossy collar. His hat, round and black as a pot, and appropriately small, he wore slightly oblique, while under its curled brim his small eyes twinkled surreptitiously between those upper and nether pufts of flesh that mark the too faithful practitioner of unhalloved gauderies. Such was the first individual owner of the new one hundred dollar bill, and he at once did what might have been expected of him.

Moving away from the teller's grille, he made a cylindrical packet of bills smaller in value—"ones" and "fives"—then placed round them, as a wrapper, the beautiful one hundred dollar bill, snatched a rubber hand over it, and the desired incense was plain: a roll of all hundred dollar bills, inside as well as outside. Something more was plain, too: obviously the man's small head had a sportive plan in it, for the twinkle between his eye-pufts hinted of liquor in the offing and lively women impressed by a show of mastery riches. Here, in brief, was a man who meant to make a night of it; who would feast, dazle, compel deference and be loved. For money gives power, and power is loved; no doubt he would be loved. He was happy, and went out of the bank believing that money is made for joy.

So little should we be certain of our happiness in this world. The splendid one hundred dollar bill was taken from him untime, before nightfall that very evening. At the corner of two busy streets he parted with it to the law, though in a mood of exultating reluctance and only after a cold-blooded threatening on the part of the lawyer. This latter walked away thoughtfully, with the one hundred dollar bill, not now quite so clean, in his pocket.

Collinson was the lawyer's name, and in years he was only twenty-eight, but already of the slightly haggard appearance that marks the young husband who begins to suspect that the better part of his life was his bachelorhood. His dark, ready-made clothes, his twice soled shoes and his hair, which was too long for a neat and businesslike aspect, were symptoms of necessary economy; but he did not wear the eager look of a man who saves to "get on for himself." Collinson's look was that of an employed man who only depens his rut with his pasing of it.

An employed man he was, indeed; a lawyer without much hope of ever seeing his name on the door or on the letters of the firm that employed him, and his most important work was the collection of small debts. This one hundred dollar bill now in his pocket was such a collection,

"Get out of my sight!" And he did, taking the one hundred dollar bill with him

small to the firm and the dirt, though of a noble size to himself and the long-pursed debtor from whom he had just collected it.

The banks were closed; so was the office, for it was six o'clock, and Collinson was on his way home when by chance he encountered the debtor: there was nothing to do but to keep the bill overnight. This was no hardship, however, as he had a faint pleasure in the unfamiliar experience of walking home with such a thing in his pocket; and he felt a little important by proxy when he thought of it.

Upon the city the November evening had come down dark and moist. Lighted windows and street lamps appeared and disappeared in the altering thickness of fog, but at intervals, as Collinson walked on northward, he passed a small shop, or a cluster of shops, where the light was close to him and bright, and at one of these oases of illumination he lingered a moment, with a thought to buy a toy in the window for his three-year-old little girl. The toy was a galby colored acrobatic monkey that willingly climbed up and down a string, and he knew that the "baby," as he and his wife still called their child, would scream with delight at the sight of it. He hesitated, staring into the window rather longingly, and wondering if he ought to make such a purchase. He had twelve dollars of his own in his pocket, but the toy was marked "35c," and he decided he could not afford it. So he sighed and went on, turning presently into a darker street.

WHEN he reached home, the baby was crying over some inward perplexity not to be explained; and his wife, pretty and a little rowdy, was as usual, and as he had expected. That is to say, he found her irritated by cooking, bored by the baby and puzzled by the dull life she led. Other women, it appeared, had happy and luxurious homes, and during the malnourished dinner she had prepared she mentioned many such women by name, laying particular stress upon the achievements of their husbands. Why should she ("alone," as she put it) lead the life she did in one room and a kitchenette, without even being able to afford to go to the movies more than once or twice a month? Mrs. Theodore Thompson's husband



He was as aware of his folly as if it stood upon a mountain top against the sun

"So you saw Charlie Loomis again today. Where?"
 "Oh, my!" she sighed. "Have we got to go over all that again?"
 "Over all what?"
 "Over all the fuss you made the last time I mentioned Charlie's name. I thought we settled it you were going to be a little more sensible about him."
 "Yes," Collinson returned. "I was going to be more sensible about him, because you were going to be more sensible about him. Wasn't that the agreement?"
SHE gave him a hard glance, tossed her head so that the curls of her bobbed hair fluttered prettily, and with satiric mimicry repeated his question. "Agreement! Wasn't that the agreement?" Oh, my, but you do make me tired, talking about agreements! As if it was a crime my going to a vaudeville matinee with a man kind enough to notice that my husband never takes me anywhere!
 "Did you go to a vaudeville with him today?"
 "No, I didn't!" she said. "I was talking about the time when you made such a fuss. I didn't go anywhere with him today."
 "I'm glad to hear it," Collinson said. "I wouldn't have stood for it."
 "Oh, you wouldn't?" she cried, and added a shrill laugh as further comment. "You 'wouldn't' have stood for it!"
 "Never mind," he returned doggedly. "We went over all that the last time, and you understand me: I'll have no more foolishness about Charlie Loomis."
 "How nice of you! He's a friend of yours; you go with him yourself; but your wife mustn't even look at him, just because he happens to be the one man that amuses her a little. That's fine!"
 "Never mind," Collinson said again. "You say you saw him today. I want to know where."
 "Suppose I don't choose to tell you."

"You'd better tell me, I think."
 "Do you? I've got to answer for every minute of my day, have I?"
 "I want to know where you saw Charlie Loomis."
 She tossed her curls again, and laughed. "Isn't it funny!" she said. "Just because I like a man, he's the one person I can't have anything to do with! Just because he's kind and jolly and amusing and I like his jokes and his thoughtfulness toward a woman, when he's with her, I'm not to be allowed to see him at all! But my husband—oh, that's entirely different! He can go out with Charlie whenever he likes and have a good time, while I stay home and wash the dishes! Oh, it's a lovely life!"
 Instead of answering his question, she looked at him plaintively and allowed tears to shine along her lower eyelids. "Why do you treat me like this?" she asked in a feeble voice. "Why can't I have a man friend if I want to? I do like Charlie Loomis. I do like him—"
 "Yes! That's what I noticed!"
 "Well, but what's the good of always insulting me about him? He has time on his hands of afternoons, and so have I. Our janitor's wife is crazy about the baby and just adores to have me leave her in their flat—the longer the better. Why shouldn't I go to a matinee or a picture-show sometimes with Charlie? Why should I just have to sit around instead of going out and having a nice time, when he wants me to?"
 "I want to know where you saw him today!"
 Mrs. Collinson jumped up. "You make me sick!" she said, and began to clear away the dishes.
 "I want to know where—"
 "Oh, hush up!" she cried. "He came here to leave a note for you."
 "Oh," said her husband. "I beg your pardon. That's different."

"How sweet of you!"
 "Where's the note, please?"
 She took it from her pocket and tossed it to him. "So long as it's a note for you it's all right, of course," she said. "I wonder what you'd do if he'd written one to me!"
 "Never mind," said Collinson, and read the note.
DEAR COLLINSON: Dave and Sammie and Old Bill and Sammy Hoag and maybe Sidnie and Sol are coming over to the shack about eight-thirty. Home brew and the old pastime. You know! Don't fail. CHARLIE.
 "You've read this of course," Collinson said. "The envelope wasn't sealed."
 "I have not," his wife returned, covering the prevarication with a cold dignity. "I'm not in the habit of reading other people's correspondence, thank you! I suppose you think I do so because you'd never hesitate to read any note I got; but I don't do everything you do, you see."
 "Well, you can read it now," he said, and gave her the note.
HER eyes swept the writing briefly, and she made a sound of wonderment, as if amazed to find herself so true a prophet. "And the words weren't more than out of my mouth! You can go and have a grand party right in his flat, while your wife stays home and gets the baby to bed and washes the dishes!"
 "I'm not going."
 "Oh, no!" she said mockingly. "I suppose not! I see you missing one of Charlie's stag parties!"
 "I'll miss this one."
 But it was not to Mrs. Collinson's purpose that he should miss the party; she wished him to be as intimate as possible with the debonair Charlie Loomis; and so, after carrying some dishes into the kitchenette in meditative silence, she reappeared with a changed manner. She went

John A. Lamb



Is The Human Race A Group of World Here Give their Views

By Gabriel d'Annunzio

Poet, Dramatist and Novelist—
Greatest Living Writer of Italy

HOW does our age and civilization compare with other ages?

As a fat and wheezy, soft-fleshed and big-paunched glutton would compare with an athlete of ancient Greece or a young champion boxer. You know there are athletes of the soul as well as of the body. We can keep keen and clean, vigorous and quick, sensitive and fire-pure in spirit, if we wish. Then man becomes a minor god. He lives the life a poet only dreams. He becomes Ulysses, Jason, Columbus, Washington, Garibaldi, Guynemer.

But when a man sinks into the brute stupidity of fat he becomes an animal only. Well, a man can be an athlete by nature or because of some lucky necessity. The same man can relapse from athletic form for a time, and in a period of gluttony or dissipation, become a crawling, sluggish beast, with no emotion higher than the stomach.

In the same way a group of men, or a whole nation, and even a whole age may keep in athletic temper. It then becomes a golden civilization, producing a great race. Or a civilization may become like one of our newly rich vulgaritans. Because there is no soul, the lusts of the stomach and a vulgar flesh become the dominant appetites of the age.

[Turn to page 40]

A Symposium of
Brought Together

WHAT kind of civilization have we, that it so slowly recovers itself from the shock of war?

Is it one that will fail eventually, as the Roman and Greek cultures failed, because of some inherent flaw that will find it out in the stress and strain of living?

By James Harvey Robinson

Formerly Professor of History at Columbia University, and now at the New School for Social Research. Author of "The Development of Modern Europe," "Mind in the Making," etc.

THIS age of ours is certainly a most hazardous one. The world today is no longer the simple and fool-proof affair it was, say, in the days before the American Revolution. Then if a farmer wanted to run a drain, say, under the road, he just dug or blasted a ditch across, put down his pipes and put the road back on them, if he was as modern as all that. But suppose with the mentality of a man of those days he tried to do the same

[Turn to page 40]



on its Way Down Hill ?

Famous Persons on This Question

Authorized Opinions

By Joseph Gollomb

OR IS ours a stronger age that will weather any storms and continue upward in the progress of evolution? This is the question McCall's put to some famous authorities, asking them to submit their answers as a contribution to the world-wide query of today—"Is the human race going down hill?"

By Dr. William McDougall

Professor of Psychology, Harvard University. Author of "Is America Safe for Democracy?"

A SURVEY of the existing and the vanished great nations of the world shows that there is a tendency in civilization to destroy itself, by destroying the human qualities which have produced it; a tendency well-nigh universal. It is a danger that is threatening all the leading nations of Europe, as well as America; though perhaps, owing to the peculiar economic and social conditions of America, the threat to her future is the most serious.

This is the argument: First comes the fact that human beings have not all the same inborn nature. Some inherit

[Turn to page 46]

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Author of "Laddie," "A Girl of the Limberlost," "Freckles," etc., etc.

I CANNOT feel that ours is a degenerate age in civilization. So far as the Old World is concerned, this may be true in certain countries, but I cannot feel that it is true for the greater part. At least half the countries of Europe still have the location, the ambition, and the material with which to build higher than they have ever in their history gone before.

It is quite impossible that our nation should be deteriorating, since we are only about three hundred years of age and are just beginning to build up the greatest institutions for culture, for triumph, and for religious services that the world ever has known.

It is quite true that many nations are materialistic and cowardly in their greed, that they allow these elements to grow to sufficient proportions that they arise and threaten to topple civilization from its foundations; but not yet in the history of the world has such an effort succeeded. Through war, through financial panic, through materialism, ravaging as they may, in the end there always lifts the cross of Christ triumphant, the essential rightness at heart of the majority of people proved and re-proved.

It is quite true that the recent war was the bloodiest war known to history, and there was reason to feel that civilization had not advanced past the dark ages; but the fact is that the war was so bloody because civilization had advanced so that it possessed fearful elements never before understood or handled in warfare.

It is true that we have accumulated wealth so rapidly from such wide sources and have spent it so wisely for the upbuilding of the nation, for the civilizing influences of schools, churches and homes, that we have become as a whole the best-educated nation of our age in the world, the wealthiest, and the leaders in mechanical discoveries and inventions.

Naturally, either over-sophistication or lack of it, coupled with wealth, does breed deterioration. But I cannot grant that we are so materialistic and so cowardly in our greed for wealth that the majority of the people have gone mad on the subject.

By Lincoln Steffens

Author of "The Shame of the Cities," "The Least of These," etc.

OUR civilization today, taking it as a whole, is degenerating precisely because it is achieving its ideal. Nothing fails like success—what we consider success. Our children chant in play what we have bred in their very bones, their notion of our individual destinies in life, "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief!" Our youngsters in play and our successful men at work express the ideal of the age—to become individually rich. You either succeed and become a rich man. Or you fail, in which case you become a poor man, beggar man or thief. And as extremes meet, it often happens that the man who is successful enough as a thief becomes a rich man, and therefore successful. It has even happened that such men have become thereby respectable.

As a matter of fact while most men are in the process of becoming rich, they create. They clear the wilderness, build roads; they quarry and mine; they till the soil, raise produce and stock; they manufacture necessities and grow cities. But just as soon as they have succeeded in accumulating money comes the question, what to do with it?

Then, when our successes reach their pinnacle, comes a decline that characterizes not only individuals, whole families,

[Turn to page 46]

By Max Nordau

Author of "Degeneration" and "Conventional Lies of Our Civilization"

MY FINAL conclusion about our age and civilization is that the fruits they bear are discontent and pessimism. Malthus taught that man multiplies faster than the world's food supply and that some day starvation for the earth's population will come. I believe the same thing about man's desires. We measure a civilization by its ability to satisfy man's desires, don't we? Well, let us examine our civilization in that light. Let us take any of man's desires—say, his wish for speed in travel.

At first man was content with walking. Then he noticed that animals traveled faster than he did. Although he would have liked to go as fast as a deer, he had to content himself with a horse. For a time he thrilled at his new speed. But that did not last. He envied the speed of the bird. Steam came, and he harnessed it and thought he achieved wonders at sixty miles an hour. But no sooner was he accustomed to that than he began to strain for the speed and medium of the bird. Well, he flies now. Is he then content? Not at all. He now sees that compared to the speed at which light travels, he, man, only crawls. Will he

[Turn to page 46]

"When Knighthood Was In Flower"
are the Thrilling Days "as
Modern Dumas" Tells of
in This, His New and
Greatest Romance



"God!" he
groaned aloud.
"My Nan! My
little Nan!"

Fortune's Foot

By Rafael Sabatini

Author of "Scaramouche" and "Captain Blood"

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

Part III

SYLVIA leaned forward, and her hooded cloak of light silk having fallen back from her head and shoulders revealed the white luster of her beauty. She was smiling slightly, a smile that curled her delicate lips and lent something hard and disdainful to eyes that naturally were soft and gentle—long-shaped, rather wistful eyes of a deep color that was something between blue and green.

"It was the most fortunate chance, Your Grace," she said almost tensely.

"Fortunate, indeed!" he fervently agreed with her, and, hat in hand, dabbed his brow with a fine handkerchief.

"Your Grace was very opportunely at hand!"

"And now there was a world of mocking merriment in her tone.

"I thank God for't, and so may you, child," was the quick answer, ignoring the mockery which had not escaped him. But Miss Farquharson was none so disposed it seemed to the devout thanksgiving he advised.

"Is Your Grace often east of Temple Bar?" was her next rallying question.

"Are you?" quoth he, possibly for lack of better answer.

"So seldom that the coincidence transcends all that yourself or Mr. Dryden could have invented for one of our plays."

"Life is marvelously coincident," the duke reflected, conceiving obtuseness to be the proper wear for the innocence he pretended. "Coincidence is the salt that rescues existence from insipidity."

"So?" And it was to rescue this that you rescued me; and so that you might have opportunity for rescuing me, no doubt yourself contrived the danger."

"I contrived the danger?" He was aghast. He did not at first understand. "I contrived the danger! Child!" It was a cry of mingled pain and indignation, and the indignation at least was not pretended. The contempt of her tone had cut him like a whip. It made him see that he was ridiculous in her eyes, and His Grace of Buckingham liked to be ridiculous perhaps less than most. "How can you think it of me?"

"Think it of you?" She was laughing.

"I knew it, sir, the moment I saw you take the stage at the proper cue—at what you would call the dramatic moment. Enter hero, very gallant. O, sir, am none so easily cozened. It was all poorly contrived!"

"I vow, my lord, I vow you're monstrously unjust!"

"You've ever had thought the worst of me. It all comes of that cursed supper party and the behavior of those drunken fools. Yet I have sworn to you that it was through no fault of mine, that my only satisfaction lay in your prompt departure from a scene with which I would not for all the world have offended you. Yet though I have sworn it, I doubt if you believe me."

my persecutors would have been put to the necessity of rescuing me, themselves, lest they should incur your anger. That would have been diverting, O, but enough! She put aside her laughter. "I thank Your Grace for the entertainment provided; and since it has proved unprofitable I trust Your Grace will not go to the pains of providing yet another of the same kind. O, sir, if you can take shame for anything, take shame for the dullness of your invention. It explains the tollum of your plays."

"She turned from him to the chairman at her side.

"Take up, Nathaniel. Let us on, or I shall be late."

SHE was obeyed, and thus departed without so much as another glance for the gay Duke of Bucks, who, too crestfallen to attempt to detain her, stood hat in hand, white with anger, conscious above all that she had plucked from him a mask that left him an object of derision and showed his face to appear the face of a fool.

He ground his heel in a sudden spasm of rage, clapped on his hat and turned to depart, to regain his waiting coach. But suddenly his right arm was seized in a firm grip, and a voice in which quivered wonder, and something besides, assailed his ears.

"Sir! Sir!"

He swung round, and glared into the shaven, aquiline face and wonder-laden eyes of Colonel Holles, who had come up

behind the chair whilst the duke was in conversation with his occupant, and had gradually crept nearer. Amazed, the duke looked him over from head to toe. "What's this?" he asked. "Do you presume to touch me, sirrah?"

The colonel never flinching as another might have done under a tone that was as harsh and arrogant as a blow, before eyes that blazed upon him out of that white face, made answer simply: "I touched you once before, and you suffered it with a better grace. Then it was to serve you."

"Ha! And it will be remind me of it that you touch me now," came the contemptuous answer.

Stricken by the brutality of the words, Holles crimsoned slowly under his tan. Then without answering he swung on his heel to depart. But there was in this, something so odd and so deliberately offensive to one accustomed to be treated ever with the depest courtesy, that it was now the duke who caught him by the arm in a grip of sudden anger, arresting his departure. "Sir! A moment!" They were face to face again, and now the arrogance was entirely on the side of Holles. The duke's countenance reflected astonishment and some resentment.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

"I learnt it five minutes since."

"But I thought you said that you did me a service once."

"That was many years ago. And I did not then know your name. Your Grace has probably forgotten."

Because of the disdainful tone he took, he commanded the respect and attention of one who was very master of disdain. Also the duke's curiosity was deeply stirred.

"Will you not assist my memory?" he invited.

THE colonel laughed a little grimly. Then, shaking the duke's still retaining grip without ceremony from his arm, he raised his hands and holding back the hair from brown curls revealed his left ear and the long ruby that adorned it. Buckingham stared an instant, then leaped nearer to observe a closer view. "How many by that jewel?" he asked, his eyes scanning the soldier's face like a hawk. And out of his abiding sense of injury the colonel answered him.

"It was given me after Worcester as a keepsake by an enemy frisked whose life I thought worth saving." Oddly enough there was no answering resentment from His Grace.

"So it was you! Ay!" he added after a moment, and it sounded like a sigh. "The man had just such a nose and was of your color, and his eyes were almost the eyes of a visionary. I have known the duke who looked like the Cromwellian who befriended me that night. You had no ringlets then. Your hair was cropped to a godly length, and when you'd been shaved, you'd have met you again thus!" His Grace seemed suddenly repaid.

"They cannot err!" he muttered, continuing to regard the colonel from under knitted brows, and his eyes were almost the eyes of a visionary. "I have been expecting you," he said. It was Holles' turn to be surprised, and out of his surprise he asked: "Your Grace has been expecting me?"

"These many years." It was fortold me that we should meet again—aye, and that for a time our lives should run intertwined in their courses."

"Foretold?" ejaculated Holles. Instantly he brought him of the superstitions which had made him cling to that jewel through every step of his life. "By what means did you know that I would be so close to the brooding into which he had fallen."

"The Duke of Buckingham is now talking here. And we have not," she said, "yet heard stand taking here. And we will not," she said, "after all these years, to part again without more." His manner resumed its normal arrogance.

"If you have business, sir, it must wait upon my pleasure. Come!" He took the sword by the arm, whilst over his shoulder he addressed his waiting lackeys in French, commanding two of them to follow. Holles, unresisting, curbed his bewilderment, a man who had dreamed to be drafted to be led whither the other pleased, as a man leaves himself to drift upon the bosom of the stream of Destiny.

His Grace of Buckingham had not accompanied the Court in its flight to Salisbury. He was held fast in London, in the thrall of his passion for Miss Farquharson. And his passion had prospered less than ever since his attempt to play the hero had ended in making him ridiculous. And now he was suddenly plunged into dismay by the news that Sir John Lovelace's party had

had gone forth that all theaters and other places of assembly should close up the following day. Either by force or by persuasion, the authorities against the plague. Now the closing of the theaters meant the withdrawal of the players from town. Either by force or by persuasion, the authorities against the plague. Now the closing of the theaters meant the withdrawal of the players from town. Either by force or by persuasion, the authorities against the plague. Now the closing of the theaters meant the withdrawal of the players from town.

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In the Days When Swords Were Quick to Avenge a Lady's Honor
Lived the Fascinating Characters of "Fortune's Foot"

The Duke of Buckingham was the handsomest man in all England, and King Charles himself scarce dared refuse his slightest request. But His Grace with all his power and intriguing could not win the love of the greatest beauty in London.

Sylvia Farquharson, gifted and beautiful actress, the toast of all London, whose fate was singularly entangled with that of the Duke of Bucks.

Randal Holles, handsome, swabbling knight, Randal set out to conquer the world and lay at the feet of the sweetest of his youth, lovely Nancy Sylvester, who year in, year out, awaited his return. Young Randal came at last to London to seek his father's friend.

The Duke of Albemarle, risen to sudden power under the Stuart kings. Here he fell under the care of

Matress Quino, the basom keeper of the *Paul's Head*, who, filled with wrath because she repulsed her advances, accused him of treason against the reigning Stuarts. Stripped of fortune and friends, chance crossed his fate with that of His Grace, the Duke of Buckingham.



Nan's sudden scream of fear and the clash of the two blades rang out in the same moment

"Of me?" Bates gasped. His face lengthened, and his wolfish mouth fell open. "Of me, Your Grace? Why it . . . it's a hanging matter!"

"Oh, damn your silliness. A hanging matter when I'm being you?"

"That's what makes it so. They'll never venture to hang Your Grace. But they'll need a scapegoat. If there's trouble, and they'll hang your instruments to pacify the rabble's clamor for justice."

"Are ye quite mad?"

Bates fell silent; but there was obstinacy in every line of him. More calmly Buckingham continued:

"Listen, Bates. If we are ill served on the one hand by the pestilence, we are very well served on the other. To carry Miss Farquharson off while she is playing at the theater would be to have a hue-and-cry set up at once. But the Lord Mayor has ordered the closing of all theaters on Saturday, and it is on Saturday after the theater, therefore, that this thing must be done, when Miss Farquharson will no longer be missed and her disappearance give rise to no excitement—particularly at a time when this very fear of the plague is driving people enough to think about."

"And afterwards, Your Grace, when the lady makes complaint?"

Buckingham smiled. "Do ladies ever make complaints of this kind—afterwards? Besides, who will believe her tale that she went to this house of mine against her will? She is an actress, remember; not a princess."

"I am Your Grace's very dutiful servant, and God knows I'm not over-scrupulous on the score of my service. But . . . not this, Your Grace. Not this!"

"How long have you been in my service, Bates?"

"Five years this month, Your Grace."

"But you think the time has come when you may pick and choose the things in which you will serve me still. Bates, I think you have been in my service too long."

"Your Grace?"

"Your Grace," he cried on a note of appeal, "there is no service I will not perform to prove my devotion. Command me to do anything, Your Grace—anything. But not . . . not this!"

"Unfortunately this is the only service I desire of you at the moment."

Bates was reduced to despair. "I can't, Your Grace! I can't! It is a hanging matter, as Your Grace well knows."

"Then there is no more to be said."

A wave of the jeweled hand dismissed the scoundrel. If he withdrew in discomfort, at least he left discomfort behind him. The duke's trump card had failed to win him the game, and he knew not where to find another agent for the enterprise which now obsessed him.

He sat alone in the somber hook-lined room, a fool enmeshed in wisdom and learning. Gloomily he brooded the matter, more and more exasperated by the defection of Bates, and the consideration that he was left thereby without a minister to assist him in the execution of his wishes.

He was disturbed at last by the appearance of a footman, who brought the announcement that a Colonel Holles was demanding insistently to see His Grace. Irritated, Buckingham commanded shortly: "Bring him in!"

Holles came, erect and soldierly of figure, still tolerably dressed, but very haggard now of countenance at the end of a weary day spent between Wapping and the Guildhall with the sense that he was being hunted.

"Your Grace will forgive, I trust, my importunities," he excused himself. "But the truth is that my need, which was urgent when I wrote you, has since grown desperate."

Buckingham considered him thoughtfully from under his bent brows without directly replying. He dismissed the waiting footman, and offered his visitor a chair.

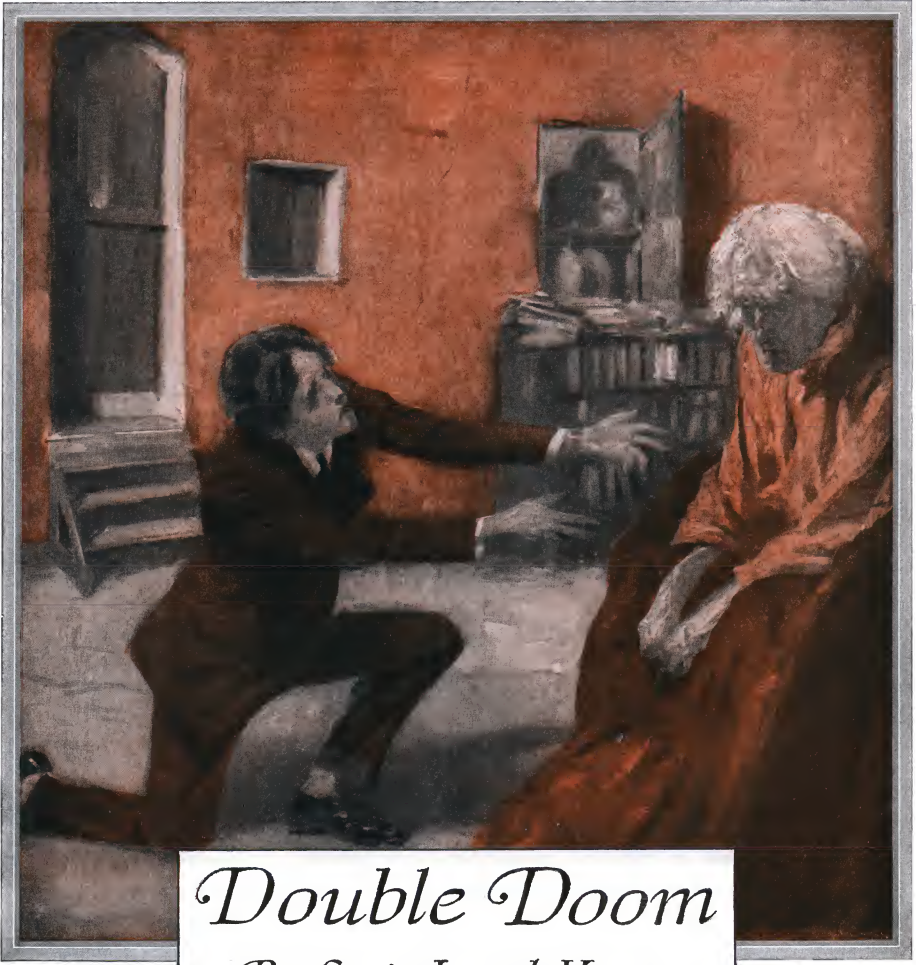
"I received your letter," he said in his slow, pleasant voice. "From my silence you may have supposed that you had passed from my mind. That is not so. But you realize, I think, that you are not an easy man to help."

"Less than ever now," said Holles grimly.

"What's that?" There was a sudden unmistakable quickening of the duke's glance, almost as if he welcomed the news. Holles told him without preamble.

"And so Your Grace perceives," he ended, "that I am now not only in danger of starving, but of hanging. Seeing that my name is Randal Holles, and that a vindictive government would be glad of any pretext to stretch the neck of my father's son I may describe my state as desperate. I am a man moving in the shadow of the gallows."

"Our first care must be to deliver you from this. You must do at last what should have been done long since. You



Double Doom

By Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl" and "The Coast of Cockaigne"

Illustrated by Arthur I. Keller

Fourth Instalment

*Overshadowed by the Old Superstition That, as Twins, Both
Would Die in the Same Hour*

FRANCESCA and Angelo Barocco had grown to maturity—the one lovely and angelic, the other almost unbelievably corrupt. Rodney Marshap, who had become involved in the affairs of the family as Barocco's lawyer, incurred the enmity of Angelo when, upon the death of her father and uncle in a police raid on their antique shop, he sided with Francesca, whom he had grown to love, in her desire to avenge her father's death upon his betrayers.

Francesca, in pursuance of her determination to avenge her father's death, sailed for Europe. Rodney heard from her at rare intervals. Then one day, calling to see a client in the tenement section, he was set upon and beaten by rowdy followers of Angelo, and rescued by Francesca, masquerading as her brother. Francesca now prepares to tell Rodney of her experiences abroad and her own share in the events of the day.

seeks some spot where there are no Italians, at least none of Neapolitan blood or connections. Even so, one is never safe; the arm of the Camorra is long. In America, indeed, the name Camorra was little used, the society was content to pass loosely as the "Black Hand."

*"Did you think to cheat
Aniello Anziello?" In
terror she sank upon
her knees*

FRANCESCA began a quiet recountal of adventures that seemed to Rodney as fantastic as anything in the Thousand and One Nights.

It was never related to the girl Francesca, when she grew old enough to know the confidence of her father, what happened to drive her uncle, Liborio, out of Italy, whether he sinned against the Society or the State till even the power of the Camorra could no more protect him, or whether he came to be considered a dangerous rival by the ringleaders of the organization.

He had joined the Camorristi very young and had been known by them as a "coming man." Whatever it was, Liborio found it convenient and advisable to leave Naples between two sons. As a matter of course, Aniello went with him. There was a strong affection between the two brothers in those days.

They had a little money between them, enough to bring them to New York and set them up in a small way of business as second-hand dealers on the lower East Side. They prospered, and speedily grew out of these dingy and drab beginnings into their antique business of fair repute on Madison Avenue. But they did not outgrow the Camorra or outdistance its influence. In this world one does not do that, unless one

Liborio in his new life, so far as Francesca knew, had been content to play a passive part as the supplé servant of the Camorra. And it is probable that the business of Baroque Brothers profited heavily thereby, from its very beginnings. Francesca was only too well satisfied that, in its earlier phase, the firm had served the local Camorristi as a thieves' fence.

Though this was against the will of Aniello, he was wise enough not to remonstrate with Liborio outside the walls of their home. And if bitter quarrels grew out of Liborio's persistence in holding to his criminal course, this last was not one to betray to the Camorra the infidelity of his brother.

He knew what would happen should Aniello become suspect, and had no wish to prove that the ancient Italian superstition about twins dying in the same hour would hold good in an alien land.

The last bond of sympathy between the brothers was severed when they fell in love with the same woman. She chose Aniello, and though they continued to live under the same roof the old affection was gone forever, remained only that curious psychic rapport which made the twins ill at ease when separated. By degrees Aniello retired from active participation in the management of the business, leaving everything to



On the other side of this wrapper are printed simple directions for getting cleaner, whiter, more sanitary clothes. And with the utmost ease and safety.

Here's a health-insurance policy for you



Real naphtha! You can tell by the smell

The 10-Bar Carton

The convenient way to buy Fels-Naptha is in the ten-bar carton. Ten full-size bars, neatly packed. Directions inside each wrapper.

The original and genuine naphtha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.



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Fels-Naptha is a wonderfully efficient laundry soap. It washes clothes so completely clean there isn't the slightest attraction left for germs. Not mere cleanliness, but *Fels-Naptha* Cleanliness!

Those little dirt-patches where germs feed and breed may be invisible to the naked eye, but the real naphtha in Fels-Naptha finds and flushes them out. Its work done, the naphtha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet and sanitary.

Use Fels-Naptha for your finery, as well as for the heavier, dirtier pieces. Remember, it "washes everything washable; cleans everything cleanable." And the results are agreeably surprising!

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naphtha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naphtha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Clothes are washed hygienically clean. That's why Fels-Naptha is "health insurance." Start using it today.

TEST Fels-Naptha's wonderful efficiency. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPHTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



Nothing Over Ten Cents

By Margaret Culkin Banning

Illustrated by William Fisher

Spring came, then May,
a month of sun and
warming, and the
young Grays took
slow walks every
evening

HOW Josie disliked them, these people who hought in the ten-cent store as a kind of alleviation of wealth—these girls who played at economy by coming to the ten-cent store for their picnic supplies. She watched them coming in, carrying with them the very flavor of wealth. Josie could not see, but she guessed the motor was waiting outside for them. She had seen it before, its dark red length gliding almost noiselessly through the city streets. Or perhaps they had come down-town in Mary Bates' white roadster.

The three girls she watched were before her counter, piled high with picnic plates and paper napkins, rolls of oiled paper, tiny paper shells for salads at picnics de luxe, tin plates, tin spoons, tin forks.

Josie indifferently arranged a tipped pile of plates as she watched her customers. She had often been grateful for the fact that ten-cent store tenets did not demand the servile attention clerks had to give customers in some stores.

You simply had to take the money and wrap up the purchase.

Now she was doubly glad that she need pay no extra courtesies to these girls. She felt inimical as her eyes took in every detail of their clothes and their appearance. That black and white sweater of Eleanor Conniston's had been in Madame Therese's window. The hat, also smartly black and white, that perched above Eleanor's plump cheeks, had probably come from New York where the Connistons spent the winter. Mary Bates had on a green gingham dress that set off her dark, homely little face cleverly. The other girl was a stranger to Josie, and Josie's

hostile curiosity had taught her to know the debutantes and members of the younger set pretty well by sight. She could not place this pretty girl in white linen. Perhaps she was a visitor.

It was Eleanor Conniston who wanted to purchase. She must be buying picnic supplies for an army, thought Josie satirically.

The girls amused themselves with everything. They were in high spirits.

"How about these?" said Eleanor to her friends, holding up a paper napkin garlanded with red hearts.

"Shall we get these and announce your engagement, Harriet?"

"Use them for your own," said Harriet. "I shan't be needing them unless you bring up a winner tonight."

THEY went on, selecting here and there. "It's really good quality," said Eleanor. "You see most of the stuff is made by Tension. And I adore coming into this place. It always fascinates me with its great heaps of things lying about. And the utter indifference of the way they treat you, my dear!"

She added the last sentence in a slightly lower key; but Josie heard it and colored a little as she accentuated her pose.

"I like ten-cent stores," said Mary. "You see the maddest people."

"Will you take these, please?" said Eleanor to the girl behind the counter. "How much does it come to?"

To her horror Josie had to stop and figure, conscious of the amused looks on the other side of the counter. She

gave the amount and then pushed the package across to her customer, receiving a "thank you" as perfunctory as the "please" and yet as disturbingly courteous.

That was all there was to it. She saw them go down the aisle, stop in laughter before the jewelry counter and then go through the doorway from which the heavy glass door was held aside to give more air on the hot summer morning.

IN her imagination she could see the chauffeur swing open the door of the car, the flirt of silk stockings as the girls got into it, and their progress down the street, so wrapped in themselves, so unconscious of everything that did not contribute to their pleasure.

She was feeling a little hot, angry, sure of a day about to go wrong. Why did those girls always affect her that way? It wasn't any business of hers, she told herself sharply, to bother about them. She didn't have any right—she knew it.

Yet it was always happening. When she read about them in the paper she followed them in spirit.

When she saw them on the street, she always turned, her pretty eyes narrowed in jealous admiration.

It had begun when she was a little girl of ten and had gone with Grace to the Barlogous. One of the nursemaids was ill, and Grace, the housemaid, had offered to take her place and to bring her young sister to play with the little Barlogough girl. Grace was Josie's sister and "working out."

That was what her mother called it, without affection, though Josie and Grace herself always grew angry at the

[Turn to page 21]



Is your skin exceptionally sensitive ?

Is your skin especially hard to take care of? Wind, dust, exposure: do they continually irritate and roughen it?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. By giving your skin the special treatment it needs, you can overcome its tendency to become painful, irritated, on the least occasion. Use this special treatment for a very sensitive skin:

EACH night before retiring, dip a soft wash-cloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse, first with warm, then with clear cool water, and dry carefully.

Modern authorities have discarded the old idea, formerly held by some people, that washing the face with soap was bad for a delicate skin.

Skin specialists now agree that many of the commoner skin troubles are caused by infection of the pores through dust in the air. Dr. Pusey, a leading authority, in his book on the care of the skin, declares that the layer of dirt and oil accumulated on the skin when soap is not used, is a constant invitation to various disorders.

Why the skin of your face is especially sensitive

It is a well known scientific fact that the

nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin now to give your skin the special care that will keep it normally resistant to dust and exposure; soft, smooth, and fine as you want it to be.

In the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find special treatments for each different type of skin. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the following Woodbury skin preparations:

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
- A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream.
- A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream.
- A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.

With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."
Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1501 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1501 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English agents: H. C. Squire & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP



What is your degree of cleanliness?

THERE is the cleanliness that merely looks clean.

There is the cleanliness that is clean, according to ordinary standards.

Then there is the cleanliness that is antiseptically clean—the cleanliness of the hospital. It is this last and highest degree of cleanliness that brings to the discriminating woman a sense of real satisfaction.

This sort of cleanliness requires more than soap and water. It must be attained in the same way that the doctor achieves it—by the use of an effective antiseptic and disinfectant.

Genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant, originally prepared for use by the medical profession, is ideal for every purpose of personal hygiene.

Genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant, in proper solution with water, is not caustic and does not irritate, no matter how often it is used.

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Genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7, or 16 ounces. Each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. Insist on obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

Complete directions for use in every package



Lysol
Disinfectant
An ideal personal antiseptic

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Keep Him Sturdy

Additional Feeding Schedules for Your Child

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

LAST month, in my article, "After The First Year," I gave feeding formulas for normal children of ages ranging from one to three years. This month I am outlining correct feeding for children from three to eleven years of age. These schedules are planned, of course, for children who are well, and not for the sub-normal child.

From the Third to the Fifth Year:
Three Meals Daily.

7:30 A. M. Three or four tablespoons cornmeal, oatmeal, wheat cereal, hominy, rice (all cooked four hours the day before in water) served with butter or milk, with or without sugar. One slice of bacon or soft-boiled or poached egg. Cereal may be given with either bacon or egg, or egg may be given alone with milk and slice of bread and butter. Glass of milk. Bread-stuffs.

12:30 P. M. Steak, chop, minced chicken, baked or boiled halibut or codfish. Baked or mashed potato. Two tablespoons spinach, asparagus, string beans, peas, squash, white turnip, stewed carrots, stewed onions, mashed cauliflower. Desserts: Stewed or baked apple, sliced prunes, rice, bread or tapioca pudding. Gelatin pudding with lemon, orange or vanilla flavor. Stewed or raw peaches and cherries. All stewed fruits in season except strawberries. Breadstuffs.

Rest one and one-half hours after this meal.

4 P. M. Scraped apple, pear, or grapes. 6 P. M. Three or four tablespoons farina or finely milled wheat cereal (cooked two hours in water) or one of above cereals served as directed. Instead of cereal, may have spaghetti. Glass of milk or four ounces of milk, four ounces of water and one teaspoon cocoa with sugar, or eight ounces chicken or mutton broth. Desserts: Custard, cornstarch or junket. Cream cheese or honey on bread or crackers. (Either milk, cocoa or soap may be given at night with the idea of variety.)

Breadstuffs: High-grade wheat or oatmeal biscuit. Whole-wheat bread. Plain bread. Zwieback. Toast. Holland rusk.

From the Fifth to the Seventh Year:
Three Meals Daily.

7:30 A. M. Three or four tablespoons cornmeal, oatmeal, wheat cereal, hominy, rice (all cooked four hours the day before in water) served with butter or milk, with or without sugar. Bacon, soft-boiled, scrambled or poached egg or minced chicken. Glass of milk. Breadstuffs. (The child will do best at this age if he is given more than a cereal-and-milk breakfast.)

12:30 P. M. Steak, chop, roast beef, roast lamb, chicken, baked or boiled halibut or codfish. Baked or mashed potato. Two tablespoons spinach, asparagus, string beans, peas, squash, white turnip, stewed carrots, stewed celery, stewed onions, mashed cauliflower. Desserts: Stewed or baked apple, prunes, rice bread or tapioca pudding. Gelatin pudding with lemon, orange or vanilla flavor. Raw and stewed peaches and cherries. All stewed berries in season except strawberries. Breadstuffs.

Rest one and one-half hours after this meal.

4 P. M. Raw apple, pear, grapes or banana.

6 P. M. Three tablespoons farina or finely milled wheat cereal (cooked two hours in water) or one of above cereals served as directed. Glass of milk or four ounces milk, four ounces water and one teaspoon cocoa, or 8 ounces chicken or mutton broth. When broth is given, stewed fruit may be given as dessert. Instead of cereal, may have spaghetti. Desserts: Custard, cornstarch or junket. Cream cheese or honey on bread or crackers.

Breadstuffs: High-grade wheat or oatmeal biscuit. Whole-wheat bread. Plain bread. Toast. Zwieback. Holland rusk.

From the Seventh to the Eleventh Year:
Three Meals Daily.

7:30 A. M. Cornmeal, oatmeal, wheat cereal, hominy, rice (all cooked four hours the day before in water) served with butter or milk, with or without sugar. Occasionally a dried cereal, shredded wheat, cranberries, puffed rice, or puffed wheat. Bacon, soft-boiled, scrambled or poached egg or minced

chicken or boiled fish. Glass of milk. Breadstuffs.

12:30 P. M. Steak, chop, roast beef, roast lamb, chicken, baked or boiled halibut or codfish. Baked or mashed potato. Spinach, asparagus, string beans, peas, squash, white turnip, stewed carrots, stewed celery, stewed onions or mashed cauliflower. Raw celery and lettuce. No milk at this meal. Desserts: Stewed or baked apple, prunes, rice, bread or tapioca pudding. Gelatin pudding with lemon, orange or vanilla flavor. Raw and stewed peaches and cherries. All stewed berries in season except strawberries. Breadstuffs.

4 P. M. Farina or finely-milled wheat cereal (cooked two hours in water) or one of the above cereals served as directed. Glass of milk or cocoa. Chicken or mutton broth or dried pea or bean soup. When broth is given, stewed fruit to be given as dessert. Instead of cereal may have spaghetti or baked potato to green vegetable. Desserts: Custard, cornstarch or junket. Cream cheese or honey on bread or crackers.

Breadstuffs: High-grade wheat or oatmeal biscuit. Whole-wheat bread. Plain bread. Toast. Zwieback. Holland rusk.

In the foregoing schedules I have indicated the feeding time and the amount which a child of a given age with assumed weight and vitality may safely be given. The foods suggested are recommended, but it is not to be understood that the child must take all of them or any one of them. A parent may give a bill of fare from which to select a meal. If he has not sense enough to attend to the attention of his child, he deserves it. There are children who cannot tolerate eggs; in such instances it may be foolhardy to attempt to force them. Other protein foods may be substituted.

ALL meats should be broiled or baked except chicken which may be boiled, if desired. Bacon should be fried crisp. All breadstuffs should be dried or toasted. Feed milk or drinks of any kind are not to be used. Vegetables are often cooked very indifferently and have been the cause in my patients, of many upsets. Fresh, tender vegetables should be selected. They should be washed thoroughly and cooked in a small amount of water until they can be mashed with a fork. They should be put through a coarse sieve until the child is three years old. After this age it will not be necessary.

It is best practice for the mother or nurse to test the heat of the prepared food or its flavor by means of the baby's feeding spoon. If such procedure is necessary use some other utensil than that which is to be used for the baby. Sugar is to be used sparingly as a flavoring medium in puddings and stewed fruits. It is wisest to use only milk or the cereals if the child is under two years of age. Many children soon become tired of cereals given without any flavoring, and take but small portions of them at all. When difficulties of this kind arise, a small amount of sugar is permissible, or maple syrup may be substituted occasionally.

A portion of a crushed ripe banana added to the despised breakfast food often makes it very attractive. The banana should not be used before the second year. Give big generous meals with nothing between except as indicated on the diet schedules and there will be few attacks of indigestion.

If a meal is refused, the child is to go to the next regular mealtime and not have something given in between.

The first meal of the day should be given early and always on time. The tardy breakfast, at 8:30 or 9 o'clock, is responsible for many cases of an habitually poor appetite. Hundreds of such children come to me every year.

Never give orange juice on an empty stomach before breakfast. There are few practices in feeding worse than this. It is as bad for the child as the child is at the present-day, eighteenth-amendment, enshrimed-and-haloed gin cocktail damaging to the stomach and other internal organs of adults of the so-called better classes.

The kind of cream for a thorough cleansing

Just enough oil and not a drop more



Each night your skin needs a thorough cleansing. Always use the cream with just enough oil

The kind of cream to use as a foundation for powder

Because powder put directly on the skin does not go on smoothly and stay on, women who are especially careful of their appearance use a powder base.

A cream for such a purpose must contain no oil. Oil reappears in an ugly glisten that powder cannot hide.

Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream first, then powder. The powder goes on evenly and it clings for hours to the smooth velvety surface the cream gives your skin. There is not a drop of oil to reappear.

Based on an ingredient famous for its soothing effect, Pond's Vanishing Cream is a perfect protection against wind and cold. Never go out in winter until you have given your skin this protection. It holds the natural moisture in the skin and prevents it from becoming rough and dry and coarse. The cold chapping winds cannot harm you.

Absorbed instantly, this fragrant cream freshens your appearance at once. Always smooth it on when you want to look your best at a moment's notice.



If you have not used Pond's Vanishing Cream steadily, begin now in this exacting winter season when social requirements make you doubly anxious to appear your best and when your skin needs protection against the cold.

NO skin can be always lovely unless it is kept really clean.

To have skin with that lovely transparency, that softness and smoothness that is the easy possession of well-groomed women, you must give it a thorough cleansing every night and after every unusual exposure to dust and dirt.

Ordinary washing is not enough. It cannot reach the fine particles of dirt that bore deep into the pores. If this dirt is allowed to remain your skin becomes dull looking—it loses its lovely transparency. For a thorough cleansing your face needs a cream; and its choice is all important because it must be especially made for this purpose.

Only a cream made with oil can reach the deepest dirt. There must be just enough oil to remove every particle of dirt—not a drop more because creams with too much oil overload the pores and make the skin greasy. It must not be stiff because stiff creams are difficult to work in, and when once in the pores have a tendency to remain and stretch them. The cream that meets all the re-

quirements for a thorough and beneficial cleansing is Pond's Cold Cream—made by a formula carefully worked out by expert chemists at the laboratories of the Pond's Extract Company.

Start using this cream tonight

Wash your face first, with warm water and pure soap. Dry it carefully, then smooth in Pond's Cold Cream. In a minute it works its way deep into your pores and out again bringing every bit of dirt and powder with it. Wipe it off on a soft towel or bit of cloth. The grime will astonish you and convince you how necessary to your skin such a thorough cleansing is.

The oil in this cream keeps your skin supple and elastic, helps it resist lines and wrinkles. The thorough cleansing has a tonic effect and your skin cannot get that dull look that is caused by dirt left deep in the pores.

For daytime uses your skin needs another cream—a very different one—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Read about it in the column to the right.

Both these creams are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
269 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Beauty and charm;
sparkling eyes; a
clear and radiant
skin, lustrous hair;
the flow of health
and vitality—all
personal loveliness is
dependent on splen-
did physical health
and bodily vigor



A body that is
rightly nourished,
cleansed and rested,
that functions with
full vigor, and that
resists disease, may
be possessed by all
who desire to stay
young and healthy,
to be beautiful

Beauty Rides With Spur and Whip

By Dr. E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmons

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

THE RIDERS, Mary Carolyn Davies has named her little pony which begins her ride.

"Life is on a swift horse,
Youth is on a fleet,
Beauty rides with spur and whip
And nothing stays."

Yes, they are fast riders, but especially Youth and Beauty. And it is easy, by being careless and indifferent and thoughtless, to hurry them off too fast. The worst of it is there really is no hurry. They need not go. We can urge them to stay, and if we really mean it and show that we do, they will be glad to linger. We ought to make the effort, for no friends half so dear will ever come our way again.

The chatter of the hoofs is everyone's warning. It is a warning to that pink-skinned school girl, so bright-eyed, vivacious and charming. She is the wise young thing, this school-girl of today, and though she does not talk much about it, the chances are that she is no one's fool, and is far too clever not to learn how to take care of her chief asset with a view to making it last as long as possible.

It is a warning, likewise, to the girl and the young man between the ages of twenty and thirty.

At this time of life, most persons are enjoying better health than at any other time of their lives. They can eat almost anything at any time of the day or night without feeling any ill effects. They can do without sleep in order to indulge in social diversions, and recover so completely and so quickly from the worn-out condition in which they return home, that it appears to them there is no limitation to their vitality. They come to think such things do not hurt them. But just round the corner there awaits a shock. If the young man or woman undertakes to live in accordance with the rules of good health and in such a way that youth, health and vitality may be preserved, the age of thirty-five will be a different story.

In the third place, the warning is an especial appeal to the mothers of families. They must consider how to lay the foundations of future good health for their children, and how to maintain for the whole family a method of living which will help their children to grow into successful, healthy, happy, clear-eyed, logical, sweet-tempered members of society, rather than to be dull, unattractive, stodgy, crabbed, irritable persons, who have anything but a good time out of life.

EVERYONE wants to be young, healthy, attractive. How sincerely does everyone want it?

Foremost in importance in maintaining these desirable personal qualities, are proper food, bodily cleanliness—both internal and external—and proper rest.

Beauty must come from the inside out. This means living according to the rules of health, eating a properly safe-guarded diet, and always making sure that there is a condition of internal cleanliness.

As we have talked to you, in previous articles, about diet, we shall discuss first, in the present article, "internal bathing."

To such a great extent does health depend on keeping the intestinal tract clean and active that some of the conditions which are all but universal today are of shocking significance. When poor elimination becomes chronic, the intestine then harbors and feeds into the blood stream unwholesome products of bacterial action derived from certain foods lodged in the intestine. This is usually the source of "bad breath." The unwholesome gases formed in the intestine come up into the mouth in some

degree, though in part they may be derived from the breath. Cathartics are not remedies for the trouble. They act because they irritate, and they work steady damage to the system.

The worst of it is that if this condition is not corrected before a person is thirty-five to forty years of age, there is little chance of curing it afterwards, and the way is surely paved for much ill-health in middle life. Then you will

ability answer the questions in the box on this page. But health and the fine glow of youth and good looks, depend too, on what we eat.

Years and years ago someone said, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." That proverbial saying holds as much truth as it ever did, and is capable of better interpretation than before, because of the discoveries that have been made about the parts which various foods play in keeping us well and strong, sleek, good-looking, free from disease, efficient and young.

But do we in America understand the facts which have been discovered and do we apparently take knowledge when we get it? Apparently we do not. It is well known that abnormalities of the joints, skeletal defects, all taken together, and bad teeth, were second in importance as causes for rejection of young men for military service during the Great War. It is safe to say that poor food was responsible for the majority of these cases of physical unfitness.

What is wrong with the typical American diet? Not so much what is eaten, but what is not eaten. Meat, bread, potatoes, sugar, and desserts consisting largely of starch and sugar all too often make up by far the greater part of our meals. All of these are good foods, but a diet composed wholly of them does not supply enough of certain mineral elements such as the bones are made of, it does not furnish enough bulk and many times it utterly fails to provide sufficient vitamins which we must get in our food in order to be healthy.

It is just this sort of diet which may be responsible for premature old age.

THE body cannot develop nor stay in right condition, without minerals, bulky foods, and vitamins. Deprived of these things, it will develop troubles surely perhaps, but none the less surely. Resistance to disease will be broken down, there may be difficulties with the teeth, poor skin conditions and early signs of aging such as the development of wrinkles and "crow's feet." The hair may lose its luster, and begin to fall out, the hairs will probably be unequal in length, dry, and easily broken. The intestinal tract will lose its digestive power to some degree, and it becomes inactive, a never-ending source of trouble.

It is easy to learn how to keep the diet on the safe side. It involves no learning of long and intricate "color" tables, no great amount of work or effort. It consists merely of what we have explained in previous articles, in making sure that each person in the family has every day:

1. A quart of milk or its equivalent in such forms as cottage cheese, curds, custards, cocoa, milk toast, creamed vegetables, ice cream, junket, etc.

2. Two salads every day—perhaps one for lunch or supper, and one or dinner—which will supply fresh, uncooked fruits or vegetables such as cabbage (as it is served in cold slaw or cabbage salad), watercress, lettuce, tomatoes, oranges, or other fruits and vegetables which can be served raw.

3. One liberal portion of some cooked green leafy vegetable such as spinach, kale, cabbage, beet tops, turnip tops or Brussels sprouts.

When these rules have been complied with, the appetite may with reasonable safety be allowed to dictate the rest of the menu. It is in the words of the old adage, "eat green vegetables, and the milk and dairy products are supplied and taken without fail," then so proceed at will with the breads, cereals, potatoes and meat. One more warning is needed. We eat in America entirely too much sweet food. It is best to leave our consumption of sweets until the very last thing in the meal when we will not be inclined to eat too much.

FOR upwards of seven years, the laboratory under Dr. McCollum's direction at Johns Hopkins University has been producing invaluable contributions to medical science.

Through McCollum's Magazine, Dr. McCollum now tells you directly of these great discoveries, so that you can apply the principles in your everyday living.

Internal Bathing, one of Dr. McCollum's discoveries, is a fundamental health-and-beauty treatment of vital importance.

This practice of internal bathing, tested by Dr. McCollum and several hundred of his pupils over a period of years, has proved to be a marvelous method of clearing the body of those waste materials, which when allowed to accumulate and decay, form the poisons that cause disease or premature old age.

A booklet describing the plan of internal bathing and giving in full Dr. McCollum's three rules of diet, accompanied by suggestive menus for two weeks, embodying his dietary principles, will be sent free to any reader of McCollum's Magazine who will to the best of her ability write out the answers to the following questions, thus giving Dr. McCollum information he needs in order to help you, fully, in the future.

How large is your family? How many children are there? What are their ages?

What is the father's occupation?

Does the mother earn any money, or contribute in any other way to the financial support of the family?

About how much money do you estimate is spent per month? How much for food?

What cuts of meat do you buy?

What cereals are the general favorites in the family, and how often are they eaten?

It is possible to serve many fresh vegetables? About how often? Which vegetables are used?

Is it necessary to resort to canned vegetables to any extent? Which ones are used? How often?

What is the usual family breakfast?

Do the children drink tea or coffee?

How much fresh fruit is eaten? How much canned fruit? Have the children been weighed in school? If so, were they normal, under or overweight?

In general is there much illness in the family?

Are there any foods which any members of the family will not eat? If so, what are these foods?

Do your children have good teeth? How many cavities has each of them? If so, what are these cavities? If so, how many?

All replies will be considered confidential. Send them to Dr. McCollum, in care of McCollum's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for posting the copy of its letter to you.

hear such remarks as, "I can't do that any more. I have to admit I'm not so young as I was."

One method of attacking this universal trouble has been worked out in our own laboratory, and practiced for years by some hundreds of persons with most gratifying results. There has not been room on this page to go into detail regarding this method of treatment, but this plan of "internal bathing" has been written up separately and will be sent free on request to each person who will to the best of her

The Story of the Bible

(Continued from page 9)

Then he picked up his son and laid him upon the roadway and he passed by the side of him. Then he took his knife. He pushed the head of Isaac back, that he might more easily cut the artery of the neck.

Then once more Jehovah spoke. He now knew that Abraham was the most loyal of all His followers, and He did not insist that the old man give further proof of his loyalty and love of Him to His God. A big black raven, which had been caught by his horns in a nearby bush, was taken and sacrificed in his stead.

Abraham seems to have taken a dislike to the country where he had experienced such unhappiness. He returned to the old plains of Mamre, where he had lived when he first had reached the west, and he built himself a new house.

Sarah was too old to stand the hardships of another trip. She died, and she was buried in the cave of Machpelah. Then Abraham felt very lonely. He had lived an active life. He had traveled and he had worked, and he had fought hard, and now he was tired and wanted to rest.

But the future of Isaac troubled him. The boy of seven would marry. But all the girls of the neighborhood belonged to the tribe of the Canaanites, and Abraham did not want to give his son to a man who would teach his grandchildren to worship strange gods, of whom he did not approve. He had thought of a wife for Isaac, but she remained in the old country when Abraham had gone west, had raised quite a large family, and she had become the wife of one of his cousins. It would keep the family together, and there would not be all that trouble of a new marriage.

And so Abraham called one of his oldest servants (who for many years had been the manager of his estate) and made him tell what to do.

The servant took a dozen camels and loaded them heavily with gifts. For many days he traveled eastward, following the same route which Abraham had taken almost eight years before. When he reached the land of Ur, he went more slowly and tried to discover where the family of Nahor might be living.

One evening, when the heat of the day was giving way to the cool of the desert night, he found himself near the town of Haran. The women were just coming out of the city gate to fill their pitchers with water and prepare for supper.

The messenger made his camels kneel down. He was hot and tired and asked one of the girls to give him a drink. She said, "Yes, certainly," and was most cheerful. He asked her to wait a moment, that she might give some water to his poor camels, and when he asked her where she knew a place where he could spend the night, she told him that her father would be only too happy to put him up and feed his camels and let him rest until it was time to continue his voyage. All this seemed too good to be true. Here was the perfect image of the woman whom Abraham had described to his servant, and she was alive and young and beautiful.

One more question remained to be asked: Who was she? She was Rebekah, and she was the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Nahor. The messenger knew that he had found the girl he was looking for. He went to Bethuel and explained his errand. He told the story of his master and of how Abraham was one of the richest and the most powerful men of the country near the Mediterranean Sea. And when he had said such things as to put him up and feed his camels, he showed her the silver and golden earrings and the golden

goblets which he had brought from Hebron, he asked that Rebekah might accompany him to become the wife of Isaac.

Both the father and the brother were more than willing to make such an alliance. In those days, the girls were rarely consulted about their marriages. But Rebekah was a reasonable man, who wanted his daughter to be happy, and he asked Rebekah whether she was willing to go to a foreign country and marry her cousin whom she had never seen. She answered, "I will go," and made ready to leave immediately.

Isaac married Rebekah, and very soon Abraham died and was buried by the side of his wife Sarah in the cave of Machpelah. Then Isaac and Rebekah inherited all the land and the flock and the servants that had belonged to Abraham, and they were young and happy, and when evening came, they used to sit on the roof and play with their boys, who were twins. The name of the elder was Esau, which meant "the hairy one"; and the name of the younger was Jacob, and they were to have many strange adventures, as we shall now tell you.

Esau was a rough and honest young fellow, as brown as a bear. He had strong, hairy arms, and was as swift as a horse. He spent all his time out in the open, hunting and trapping and living with the beasts and the birds of the fields. Jacob, on the other hand, rarely strayed far away from home. He was his mother's darling, and a red necked spoiled him badly.

But facts were facts, even in those days, and Jacob had to content himself with the name of a younger son, while his indifferent Esau was known far and wide as one of the most important men of the country.

The story of the plot between Rebekah and her son Jacob, and how mother and son planned to cheat the elder brother out of his inheritance—all this does not make pleasant reading. As it had great influence upon the rest of our chronicles, it must be told, although I would gladly spare you the details.

Esau, as we have just said, was a hunter and a farmer and a shepherd, who spent most of his time out in the open. Like him were all the sons of Jacob, and the wind and flocks of sheep—things that were not lost took care of themselves. He was not interested in learned discussions. When he was hungry, he ate; when he was thirsty, he drank; when he was sleepy, he went to bed. Esau was a simple man, sat forever at home and brooded. He was greedy. He wanted things. How could he get hold of what really belonged to his elder brother?

One day his chance came. Esau came home from a hunting trip. He was hot and hungry as a wolf. Jacob was fusing around in the kitchen, making himself a fine stew of lentils.

"I am starving," Esau said. "Give me a plate of your lentils."

"What will you give me in return?" his mean brother asked.

"Anything," Esau answered, for just then he wanted to eat, and he found it very difficult to think of two things at the same time.

"Will you give me all your rights as the eldest son?"

"Certainly. What good are they to me when I must eat here and die of starvation elsewhere?" Esau answered, and he kept all the old rights.

"I swear," Esau said, "that I will never come to anything! Give me some of those lentils."

Unfortunately, the Jews of those early days were very simple. Other people might have thought that such a bargain between men amounted to no more than a jest, and would wish to enter his affairs that he might die in peace. And so he sent for Esau, his eldest son, and asked him to go out into the fields and shoot a deer and make a roach, such as he loved to eat. Then he would bless him and would bestow his goods upon him according to the law.

Esau said yes, he would do this. He fetched his trusted bow and arrows and left his coat of arms and his flocks and his conversation and the now hurried to Jacob.

"Quick!" he whispered. "The time has come. Your father is feeling very badly."

Lot's wife is returned into a pillar of salt

The Egyptians had called these people Philistines, and they in turn called their own country Philistia, or as we now say, Palestine.

Abraham and his army of retainers marched bravely into the land of Philistia, and settled down near Beer-Sheba. There they built an altar to Jehovah. They dug a deep well to which they might have fresh water at all hours, and they planted a grove that their children might enjoy the cool shade of the trees.

It was really a pleasant home, and here the son of Abraham and Sarah was born. His parents called him Isaac, which means "laughter," for surely it was happiness to have an heir when both the father and the mother had given up all hope.

When it seemed that there would be no descendants, Abraham had taken unto himself a second wife. This was according to the custom of the time and the country. The second wife of Abraham was not a Jewess. She was an Egyptian slave girl named Hagar. Sarah, quite naturally, did not like her at all, and when Hagar had become the mother of a boy, who was called Ishmael, Sarah wanted to have the other woman and tried to destroy her.

Sarah did not want another woman and another woman's affections to share Abraham's love. She wanted to get rid of these dangerous rivals for her husband's affections for all time, and she wanted to get rid of them right then and there.

She went to Abraham and in-

Abraham married Rebekah, and very soon Abraham died and was buried by the side of his wife Sarah in the cave of Machpelah. Then Isaac and Rebekah inherited all the land and the flock and the servants that had belonged to Abraham, and they were young and happy, and when evening came, they used to sit on the roof and play with their boys, who were twins. The name of the elder was Esau, which meant "the hairy one"; and the name of the younger was Jacob, and they were to have many strange adventures, as we shall now tell you.

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Hagar's flight

He fears that he is going to die and wants to bless Esau before he goes to bed tonight. But I want you to discuss yourself and make the old man believe that you are Esau. Then he will give you everything he has, and that is what we both want. Jacob did not like the idea. The plan seemed too risky. How could he, with his smooth skin and his high-pitched voice, pretend to be the hairy Esau? Rebekah, however, had thought it all out.

"It is simple," she told him. "I will show you."

She hastily killed two young goats and roasted the most just as Esau used to do. Then she took the skins of the dead animals and tied them around the hands and arms of Jacob. She put an old, swarty coat which belonged to Esau across Jacob's shoulders, and she bade him speak in a cruel tone and behave just as Esau did upon such occasions.

Esau was completely deceived. He heard the familiar voice. He noticed the smell of the field which was forever in Esau's coat. He felt the strong, hairy arms of his eldest-born. And when he had eaten, he made the impostor kneel down and he blessed him and made him heir to all he possessed.

But as soon as Jacob had left his father's room, behold! Esau returned. Then there was a terrible scene. The blessing had been given, and Isaac could not go back on his word. He told Esau of his great love, but the evil had been done, and Esau was a thief. He had stolen everything that belonged to his elder brother.

As for Esau, he went storming about and vowed that he would kill Jacob as soon as he had a chance. This frightened Rebekah.

Rebekah's well

She told Jacob to flee and go east to the land where her brother Laban lived. And she told him he had better stay there until things had quieted down a little at home. Meanwhile, he might marry one of his cousins and settle down among his uncle's people. Jacob, who was no hero, did what his mother told him.

But his bad conscience went with him, and he had to pass through several strange adventures before he dared to return home and face the brother he had so cruelly wronged.

He found the country of his uncle without much difficulty, but on the journey he had a strange dream. He had fallen asleep in the desert, near a place called Bethel. Suddenly, he said afterward, the sky had opened. He had seen a ladder which reached from the earth to the heavens. On the ladder were many of the angels of Jehovah. At the top of the ladder stood Jehovah Himself and Jehovah had spoken and had promised that He would befriend the fugitive and would help him during his exile.

Jehovah promised Jacob that he should be the head of a great and powerful family that should stretch across the country from north to south, and from east to west, and that upon which Jacob had slept should be given them for their own.

When Jacob woke up he remembered his dream, and in consideration of the fact that he had better stay there until things had quieted down a little at home, but when he asked for the hand of his cousin Rachel, who was the younger daughter of Laban, Laban first made his nephew work for him for nothing for seven years, and then he gave him his elder daughter, Leah, whom he did not want. But

(Turn to page 62)

Esau has lost his birthright

sisted that he send Hagar and Ishmael away. Abraham refused. After all, Ishmael was his own son and he loved the little fellow. But Sarah was wiser, and at last, Jehovah Himself told Abraham that he had better follow his wife's wishes. There was no use arguing.

One very sad morning, patient Abraham, for the sake of peace, let his wife and her child go. He told Hagar to return to her own people. He told her that he was a long and generous voyage from the land of the Philistines to Egypt. Before a week was over, Hagar and Ishmael had almost perished from thirst. They lost their way completely in the wilderness of Beer-Sheba and they would have died had not Jehovah rescued them at the last moment. Isaac showed them where to find fresh water.

Eventually Hagar reached the banks of the Nile. She and Ishmael found a welcome among their relations, and when the boy grew up, he became a soldier. As for his father, he never saw Ishmael again, and soon afterward, he almost lost desert. That, however, came about in a very different way.

Abraham, above all things, had always obeyed the will of Jehovah. He prized himself upon his righteousness and his piety. Finally, Jehovah decided to try him once more, and this time, the result was fatal.

Suddenly Jehovah appeared before Abraham and told him to take Isaac into the mountains of Moriah, to kill him, and then turn his body as a sacrifice.

The old pioneer was faithful unto the end. He received the will of his God and got ready for a short trip. He loaded wood on the back of his donkey. He took water and provisions and pushed into the desert. He did not tell his wife what he was going to do. Jehovah had spoken. That was enough.

After three days Abraham and Isaac, who had played happily by the roadside, reached Mount Moriah.

Then Abraham told his two servants to wait. He himself took Isaac by the hand and climbed to the top of the hill.

Now, Isaac was very curious to be curious. He had often seen his father make an offering. This time, however, something was different. He recognized the stone altar. He saw the wood. His father carried the long-bladed knife that was used to cut the throat of the sacrificed animal. But where was the lamb? He asked his father.

"Jehovah will provide the lamb when the time comes," Abraham answered.

Jacob flees when Esau returns home

goblets which he had brought from Hebron, he asked that Rebekah might accompany him to become the wife of Isaac.

Both the father and the brother were more than willing to make such an alliance. In those days, the girls were rarely consulted about their marriages. But Rebekah was a reasonable man, who wanted his daughter to be happy, and he asked Rebekah whether she was willing to go to a foreign country and marry her cousin whom she had never seen. She answered, "I will go," and made ready to leave immediately.

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The burial of Sarah

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Would You Varnish Your Skin?

OF course you wouldn't, knowingly. But perhaps you're doing it just the same, unknowingly. What you call "cleanliness" may be something quite different. Without realizing it you may be clogging your pores with objectionable soap oils or solids just as effectively as if you actually varnished your skin.

Real cleanliness is a wonderfully simple thing. Yet so many people make it difficult, thinking that color and perfume are *always* evidence of soap quality. That is an old-world, old-time idea. The new idea—*American white cleanliness*—is fast replacing

it. The growing demand for Fairy, *the whitest soap in the world*, proves that.

Your skin must breathe. Your millions of pores must be free to perform their functions. And that demands a soap which will *cleanse* the pores without *clogging* them—a soap that will gently stimulate them without robbing them of their natural oils.

Such a soap should be thoroughly *pure*. It should also be free from harmful ingredients which may irritate the skin. Fairy Soap has that two-fold advantage. It is a soap made especially for

people who want to be *really clean*. It is soap in its purest form.

Fairy Soap makes absolute cleanliness easy. Its own clean appearance inspires your confidence. The rich, soothing lather it gives in any water is a revelation. It is *American white cleanliness* in whitest soap form, the choice of the foremost clubs, baths, and the thousands of homes where cleanliness is pore-deep instead of only-on-the-surface. Put it in your bathroom for the utmost in cleanly comfort.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

It Cleanses the Pores and Invigorates the Skin

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UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
PHILADELPHIA
OFFICE OF THE GRADUATE MANAGER

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
65 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
Fairy Soap is used in the dressing rooms and baths of the University of Pennsylvania. The men like it for its free lathering quality, as well as for the invigorating feeling which follows its use—especially after strenuous exercise. They find that it thoroughly cleanses the skin and aids the pores in their natural functions.
Yours very truly,
Ernest D. Blue Hill
Acting Graduate Manager



FAIRY SOAP

HELPS THE BODY BREATHE



The Art of Powdering

By MME. JEANNETTE

As a rule, women give too little thought to the way they use powder. Perhaps one reason is that for so many years powder has been a necessary part of the toilette among practically all classes of women. Long before the present wide use of rouge and lip stick, it had become almost a mechanical habit to "dab" a little powder on the face.

This is why we often see such odd effects; at times, purplish or dead-white noses, or a broad band of white crossing the chin and half way up the cheeks. Pure cleanliness can be the only reason for this grotesque mockery of nature's loveliest gift — a beautiful complexion.

Powdering correctly is so simple if you will just use a little thought.

Be sure to select a shade of face powder that will tone in with your own coloring. Many a lovely face has been very nicely spoiled by flesh-colored powder on an olive skin, or the rachel shade used by a delicately tinted blonde.

—

Powder should be placed first upon the portions of the face that are normally whitest—brow, chin and nose—then a delicate coating brushed over the whole face. And above all be sure that you do powder your face all over. It is impossible to emphasize this too strongly, for one of the greatest crimes against appearance is that the work of powdering is so often left unfinished.

A woman is too apt to forget that, when her face is freshly washed, the skin on her temples and under her chin is the same color; and never by any possible chance does nature make the mistake of having the one several shades lighter or of a different texture than the other.

So be sure that these often-neglected outside edges are given the same attention that you give to nose and chin. Nature always blends, and it is by powdering correctly that you can best get this desired effect.

—

It is always wise to cover the face with a delicate coating of Pompeian Day Cream before powdering. This is a vanishing cream and should be spread on very softly with the tips of the fingers. The powder will go on much more smoothly and will remain far longer with this cream as a foundation.

—

When you have that uncomfortable feeling that you need more powder, and there is perhaps no mirror near, always pass your handkerchief over your nose first. The pores of the nose are so constituted that there is usually more moisture there than on any other part of the face. This means that powder becomes damp and may cake, so it is wiser to remove what may be left of the first layer before using more.

—

Pompeian Beauty Powder is absolutely pure, and harmless to any skin. It is smooth, fine in texture, will not flake, and stays on unusually long.

Jeanette
Specialiste de Beauté

"Mother, you're looking younger every day!"

ONCE, such a remark would have been thought but affectionate flattery. Today, as the possibilities of intelligent care of the skin are becoming more generally realized, it is literally true that thousands upon thousands of women are growing younger in looks, and likewise in spirits.

The secret of restoring and retaining a youthful complexion lies chiefly in the faithful and well-directed use of the proper sorts of face creams. The constant employment of creams by actresses in removing make-up is largely responsible for the clearness and smoothness of their skins.

POMPEIAN Night Cream is made to promote skin health and cleanliness—the foundation of every beautiful complexion. It is a preparation so closely allied in its composition to the natural secretions of the skin that its use is simply an aid to nature, producing results by purely natural processes.

First, the beautiful skin must be clean, with a cleanliness more thorough than is attainable by mere soap-and-water washing. The pores must be cleansed to the same depth that they absorb.

This is one of the functions of Pompeian Night Cream. It penetrates sufficiently to reach the embedded dust. Its consistency causes it to mingle with the natural oil of the pores, and so to bring out all foreign matter easily and without irritation to the tissues.

The beautiful skin must be soft, with plastic muscles and good blood-circulation beneath. A dry, tight skin cannot have the coveted peachblow appearance; set muscles make furrows; poor circulation causes paleness and sallowness.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it

flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Then apply the cream as a skin food, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM	50c per jar
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
POMPEIAN BLOOM (the rouge)	60c per box

At All Toilet Counters

The MARY PICKFORD Panel and five Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 2 1/2 x 7 1/2. For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.
6. Sample of Pompeian Fragrance (a talc).



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Also Made in Canada



Pompeian Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

USE THIS COUPON

For Mary Pickford Panel and five free samples

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2009 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen: I enclose to you (if time preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the five samples named in offer.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____
Flesh shade: powder sent; unless you write another below



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O-Cedar Family*

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- (2) Freedom from grit. This means no scratching of fine furniture or woodwork.
- (3) Easier to use. O-Cedar Wax requires less rubbing to produce a high, lasting lustre.
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- (5) A more convenient container. The wide opening of the container permits a more even distribution of O-Cedar Wax on the polishing cloth.
- (6) O-Cedar Wax is lower in price than other fine waxes.
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It collects and holds the dust from every nook and corner.

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Polish Mop**

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**O-Cedar
Polish**

FURNITURE and woodwork take on new beauty when cleaned, dusted and polished with O-Cedar Polish.

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If you will add a few drops of O-Cedar to your dusting cloth as you use it daily the O-Cedar lustre will last for months.

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The Charm You Covet

By Mary Marvin

ALMOST every woman has said at least once in her life, at the end of a painful afternoon or evening:

"My, but I'm glad to get these shoes off! My feet are nearly killing me!"

When we make martyrs of our feet, we pay for the experience with disagreeable tempers, frowning faces and ill health. For the injury which we do with ill-fitting shoes does not stop at the feet but frequently affects the general bodily health. Many a woman has suffered serious displacements because she insisted on stalking through life on exaggerated heels.

Practically all foot troubles come from a wrong choice of shoes, and reports show that seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States suffer from foot trouble. Some statistics even place the figure as high as ninety per cent. It looks almost as though we took a positive delight in crippling our feet.

Frequently, too, ailments which we do not connect with the feet originate there. Many a twinge of so-called rheumatism is the cry of abused feet.

Many an aching back is nature's protest against crippling shoes.

Here are a few simple rules for foot comfort:

Bathe the feet carefully every day. If you do this in the morning as part of your regular bath and in the evening after a day's wear, bathe them by night, bathe them then a second time in warm water to which salt has been added.

Always dry the feet carefully after bathing them, especially between the toes, and dust freely with talcum or foot powder.

Change the stockings daily. (This is especially important in the summertime when the feet are perspiring freely.) Also be careful of the fit and quality of your stockings. Badly fitting stockings may increase foot discomfort greatly and a poor quality of stockings with cheap dyes and second-rate material are rarely a good investment either from the standpoint of comfort or appearance.

WITHOUT a sunny disposition, what woman can be lovely? Let her shoes be ill-fitting, her feet uncomfortable—and watch the tiny lines gather in her face to tell of her irritability!

If possible, do not wear the same pair of shoes two successive days. Each pair of shoes (even the same sizes) fits differently and it rests differently on the feet to change. Incidentally, this is good also for the shoes. The woman who keeps two pair of everyday shoes on hand, to be worn alternately, is preserving the good looks of her shoes beyond the average time, especially if she keeps the pair not in use on a pair of shoe trees.

In the selection of shoes, it is altogether possible nowadays to get really beautiful shoes which at the same time fulfill every common-sense requirement.

THE ideal shoe has generous toe-room, a straight inner sole, a flexible arch and a low heel.

The reason for the generous toe-room is obvious.

The straight inner sole follows the natural line of the foot and, therefore, gives greatest comfort to the foot. It is the forcing of the foot out of this natural position that causes bunions.

The flexible arch gives the arch of the foot the easy support which preserves and develops its natural strength and prevents flat foot.

The low heel permits graceful carriage of the body instead of throwing it forward into the unnatural position which frequently causes pelvic disorders.

If, in spite of everything, you feel you must indulge in the frivolous slipper of high heel and pointed toe, select it for evening or occasional use only.

Give your feet sensible care and they will repay you by allowing you to forget them completely, by contributing to your general well-being, and by helping to confer on you a sunny disposition unspoil by physical suffering!

If you will write me, care of McCall's Magazine, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, I shall be glad to send you some directions on common foot troubles and how to relieve them.



All the world loves beauty

EVERY woman wants to be beautiful, but many fail to realize that the most important element in the beauty of the face is the quality and condition of the skin.

If your features are irregular or your coloring drab, loveliness is not necessarily denied you, for every woman has complexion possibilities which can be brought out through simple rules of living. Cleanliness is the first.

Resinol Soap is a ready aid to those in search of skin health and beauty. All the properties necessary for overcoming complexion ills are combined in its generous, creamy lather. It refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to blotches, sallowness, clogged or coarse pores, oiliness, grime, roughness, or similar defects.

No matter how exacting your requirements may be, Resinol Soap is the pleasing fulfillment of them. It is pure and free from harsh drying chemicals, making it specially suitable for the most delicate skin. It has no heavy perfume—only the pleasing Resinol fragrance. It lathers freely and rinses easily.

Ask your druggist for it today and begin your beauty treatments. Remember that the skin of the face is very sensitive, and must never be rubbed harshly. Gently massage the lather into the pores with the finger tips. Do not use hot water—it burns and dries the skin—always have it lukewarm. Rinse thoroughly with cool water and finish with a dash of cold. Dry carefully with a soft towel. Use this treatment daily for one month, then note the improvement in your complexion.

Delightful trial size cake free on request. Write Dept. 3-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



Resinol Soap



Free Trial Bottle

Restore your Gray Hair

to natural color and keep young



I ask every gray haired person to accept my free trial offer and learn how to bring back easily and safely the original color. I want them to learn without expense how a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, restores the beauty of youth.

I perfected this Restorer for my own use—to restore the color to my own hair, which was prematurely gray. And though I am no longer young, my abundant hair is still admired. So I know from experience that it is folly for any young person to let gray hair brand them as "getting old." It is equally unnecessary for those who are older to let gray streaks and silver threads increase the look of age.

No—restore your gray hair this safe, simple, scientific way which millions have found satisfactory. For my Restorer is the biggest and best of the most popular preparation of its kind in the world.

Mail the coupon today for free trial bottle and make my

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Rich Silk Seal Plush Coat

Real Fur Collar and Cuffs

Down

Be dressed in the very latest style! Send the coupon below for only \$1 for this handsome black silk plush coat with Real Fur collar and cuffs. A wonderful bargain! This throughout with fancy pattern vestment of accentuating quality. Stagnate collar as well as cuffs are of beautiful dark brown down fur, all of fine selected pelts. Can be worn loose back or fully closed all around with self. Sizes 32 to 44. Length, 40 inches. Order for No. E-44. Terms \$1, with coupon, \$4.35 monthly. No price \$6.00.

Six Months to Pay!

Use the credit we offer afterwards do and save money. Send only \$1 with the coupon below for this coat of rich silk and plush coat. Money back if you are not satisfied. If you are delighted with the coat and wish to keep it, you may pay the balance in six monthly installments so small you will scarcely miss them. Only \$4.35 a month for this coat. An easy and delightful way to secure a plush coat with real fur collar and cuffs. Buy the Elmer Richards way. Just send the coupon today.

Elmer Richards Co. Dept. 271—251 26th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

I enclose \$1. Send me Silk Plush Coat No. E-44. Size... If not, I am not obligated with the coat, I can return it, and get my money back. Otherwise, I will pay in 6 monthly terms, \$1 with coupon \$4.35 monthly, total price, \$26.50.

Name... Address... City... State...

famous convincing "single lock test." Note how easily it is applied, how dainty it is and how nice it leaves the hair. No greasy sediment, nothing to wash or rub off, nothing to make your hair sticky. Shampoo as usual—the restored color is permanent. Just forget you ever had gray hair. Hair discolored by bleaching or poor dyes can be restored just as surely and safely as hair that is naturally gray. This restoration is done by yourself, in private. No one need know your secret.

Fill out coupon carefully. Use X to tell color of hair. If possible enclose a lock of hair in your letter. Then when you know that your gray hair can be restored safely, easily and surely, get a full sized bottle from your druggist or order direct from us.



FREE TRIAL COUPON

Print Name Plainly MARY T. GOLDMAN, 2516 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Please send your patented Free Trial bottle of my hair color, No. X and color of hair. (Print name plainly.) I am (check one) naturally black X or color of hair: ...brunish brown ...auburn ...dark brown ...light brown ...dark auburn (dial right) ...blonde. Name... Street... City and State...

The Wall

(Continued from page 7)

"Cynthia!" Cynthia stood sharply still, catching her breath.

"How you startled me! What is it? Why aren't you ready?" "I am—at least, I've only got my frock to put on. I've been waiting for you. I want to show you something."

"What's it do for you?" "That is it? We shall keep them all waiting." "No, we shan't. It won't take a minute. Oh, please, Cynthia."

Cynthia resisted for a moment, then gave in. "Oh, very well."

She went into the girl's room, and Pamela shut the door and pointed to a magazine lying open on the dressing-table. "Look," she whispered. The magazine, Somebody must have put it there on purpose—perhaps Mrs. Graham did. . . .

Pamela ran back and took the magazine, thrusting it into Cynthia's hand. "That poem! Read it! Oh, Cynthia, it might have been written for me!"

Cynthia's eyes scanned the first verse of the poem distastefully:

The cymbals crash and the dancers walk With long silk stockings and arms of chalk, Hysterical skirts and white leopards hair. Shutters of death rattle with the wall.

Watching the face of the Victory Ball, I do not reproach you, my boy, if you forget, I'll be forgotten, it's better so.

See, there is one child fresh from school, Learning the ropes as the old hands rate, And how that dead boy looks and grieves As the tom-tom bangs and the "shimmy" begins.

"What did you think we should do?" said a shade, "I wish you could see the peace was made."

"Child," laughed the boss-lady of his friend, "I thought they'd be dropping words to mend."

"Pish!" said a woman standing near, "It's all they can buy their thoughts elsewhere; We must reproach them, they're young, you see."

"Ah!" said the dead man, "So were we."

Cynthia stood very still, the magazine gripped hard in her trembling hands, and for a moment the warm comfort of the room vanished, and she was back once again on a gray day with the sea with the angry waves lashing the stone wall and the white blowing savagely in her face: "You've given me something to remember. . . . Did he still remember though she had done her best to forget? Did he still watch her across the wall of Eternity with sad condoning. . . ."

"Downtowns the first one peaked through the house for dinner, and with a little shudder Cynthia came to herself."

"Pam! You're not going to be inflamed by that, are you?" she asked scornfully. She held out her hands. "Come, alone! You know what mother will say if I'm late."

But Pamela drew back, shaking her head.

"You go all! I'll come presently." Her little face looked dark and white, and after waiting for an irresolute moment, Cynthia shrugged her white shoulders and turned away.

But outside on the landing she stopped for a moment and closed her eyes, sick with pain. Oh, God! If only there were no such thing as memory!

The great hall and the drawing-rooms beyond were crowded; but above the heads of the people Cynthia met the calculating eyes of the man to whom she was engaged in seeking her out, and for an instant a wave of bitter cold swept her from head to foot as he came forward, his slow glance taking in every detail of her wonderful gown, then he smiled, well-pleased.

"You do me credit, Cynthia."

She made some answer and laid the tips of her fingers on his arm, but she felt as if she moved and spoke in a dream, as if the throne all about her were shadows.—unreal!

All that followed seemed unreal, too; the dinner with its forced, artificial gaiety, the long speeches, the clinking of glasses, and then the burst of music from the ball-room and the laughter and chatter and blaze of gowns and jewels. Only two things seemed to stand out from it all in sharp definition; the quiet face of Mrs. Graham and Pamela's tragic eye. To Cynthia's overwrought imagination it won't happen to you. I've always felt somehow that you'd have everything you wanted. Cynthia, it's only two nights ago that you said you hadn't."

"I know, but then. . . ."

"It's too wonderful to be true?" she whispered, "to think that I've still got him—"

There was a little silence, then Pamela asked: "Cynthia, why didn't he let you know before? Supposing you'd married again?"

"Cynthia closed her eyes as if in pain. "He was so ill, you see," she said at last, "and he thought I was quite happy without him. . . . He thought I'd—forgot—"

"It was as if someone had laid a hand on my shoulder and said 'Stop! . . . Cynthia, I had a strange feeling that Ben was there, looking on, and that he knew and hated what I was doing.'"

Someone spoke beside her as for a moment she stood alone. "Lady Cynthia!"

"She turned an unassuming eye on the man who had spoken; he was young, though his hair was gray, and he carried a faint smile about his side. He went on quickly."

"You do not know me, but my name is shown in the papers. You have forgotten me, but I wrote to you—four years ago when Tempest was rejected killed."

"Her lips moved, but she could find no words, and he said again: "I came here with the Lashwoods tonight. I have so often hoped I should meet you."

She laid her hand on his arm to steady herself. "Let us go where we can talk."

The sense of unreality was deeper now. She saw the men and women around her as if a mist shrouded them, and though she tried to keep her attention concentrated on the man beside her, her thoughts kept wandering away, and it was only with difficulty that she could remember them.

They had found a seat in a wide way with a raised dais at one end of the ball-room that gave command of the brilliant gathering, and Cynthia found herself strangely before her with unseeing eyes.

"As one of the men beside her, 'Tempest so often spoke of you and hoped that some day we should meet again.' He had come together, you know, and we were always the greatest chums."

"Yes. There was a strange noise in her head and she could hardly breathe, she felt as if she were waiting for something great to happen. . . ."

"I was never so glad in my life! And he's getting quiet, and strong again, and of course, you know, I haven't a long time, but . . ."

Lady Cynthia, in God's name, what is it?"

"An terrible, strangled cry had broken from her lips, and she had risen to her feet, ashen-faced and wild-eyed, her hands stretched out before her as if to ward off some dread presence which she alone saw."

"Consciousness was fast flying to it with every ounce of strength at her command, and in those few terrifying seconds she seemed to undergo a strange and dreadful change. The gray throng seemed to fade away into gray, and all around the world her hands and heads and hands, men whose worn, ghastly faces seemed to wear a mocking, terrible grin as they looked silently on at the whirling phantoms before them. And then, as a boy with a sword on his temple about which the blood had caked and dried, took a sudden step forward and caught a glow by the arms, swinging her positionally away from her partner—a girl—Pamela!"

Cynthia tried to utter a warning cry, tried to move forward, and then it seemed to her that her way was suddenly blocked by a form she knew well—a man in whose arms she had first found Heaven, a man whom she had loved to the utmost to forget.

"Cynthia!"

"A faint frantic look into his worn face and tore the diamond ring from her finger, casting it down at his feet, and saying: "Forgive me! Forgive me. . . ."

Then the merciful darkness rose in a great wave and carried her away on its wings.

"S"o, after all," Pamela said slowly, "it isn't only in books and stories that there are happy endings."

She looked across the dimly lit room at Cynthia—a radiant Cynthia who was hurriedly and with the dumbness of great happiness running frocks in the door trunk, and she said to her: "As Pamela spoke and stretched her arms above her head. "I'm so happy for you. I've always felt somehow that you'd have everything you wanted. Cynthia, it's only two nights ago that you said you hadn't."

"I know, but then. . . ."

"It's too wonderful to be true?" she whispered, "to think that I've still got him—"

There was a little silence, then Pamela asked: "Cynthia, why didn't he let you know before? Supposing you'd married again?"

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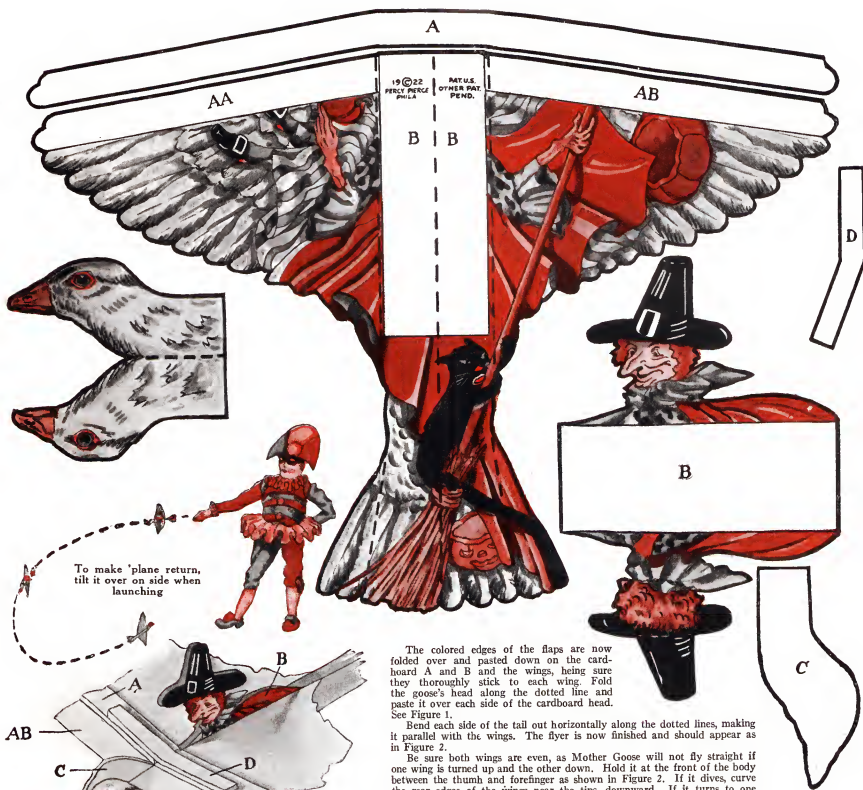
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No C. O. D. Charges to pay

Mother Goose's New Broomstick

An Airplane Cut-out For Children by Percy Pierce



To make 'plane return, tilt it over on side when launching

Figure 1

The colored edges of the flaps are now folded over and pasted down on the cardboard A and B and the wings, being sure they thoroughly stick to each wing. Fold the goose's head along the dotted line and paste it over each side of the cardboard head. See Figure 1.

Bend each side of the tail out horizontally along the dotted lines, making it parallel with the wings. The flyer is now finished and should appear as in Figure 2.

Be sure both wings are even, as Mother Goose will not fly straight if one wing is turned up and the other down. Hold it at the front of the body between the thumb and forefinger as shown in Figure 2. If it dives, curve the rear edges of the wings near the tips, downward. If it turns to one side, curve the rear edge of the wing on the opposite side to which it turned, upward.

Mother Goose and her new broomstick will do all sorts of stunts, loop, come back, spiral, n'everything!

Hold this way with head pointing slightly downward and give steady push



Figure 2

To loop, hold as figure 2, and give strong, steady push

FROM a piece of cardboard, about the thickness of a writing tablet back, cut out one long and one short strip exactly like patterns A and D. These are to reinforce the front of the flyer. Cut C from cardboard too. Paste the piece of cardboard A over the white space along the front edge. Turn the flyer over and paste the white edge of the flaps AA and AB in their respective places along the front edge of the flyer. Now turn it right side up again. The colored wing portions of flaps project out in front and face downward. The white section B is pasted over BB. Fold the flyer down along the center dotted line, bending the cardboard with care to avoid breaking it. Now fold the wings down along the dotted lines to a horizontal position as shown in Figure 1. Paste the small piece of cardboard D on top of the longer piece A directly in the center, extending from one wing to the other like a bridge. Paste the square end of the cardboard head C in the front end of the goose's body so that curved part of the head is even with the front edge of the wings, as shown in Figure 1.



The One Hundred Dollar Bill

(Continued from page 11)

to her husband, gave him a shy little pat on the shoulder and laughed good-naturedly. "Of course you'll go," she said. "I do think you'll say about me, you'll go out with him when it would give you a little innocent pleasure and when you're not home to take me, yourself." She went on really in such terrific earnest, all I said. You work hard the whole time, honey, and the only pleasure you get is when it's when you get a chance to go to one of these little penny-ante stag parties. You haven't been to one for ever so long, and you never stay at all twice. It's really all right with me. I want you to go."

"Oh, no," said Collinson. "It's only penny-ante, but I don't care, I'll do anything at all."

"Why did I do, it'd be only a few cents," said she. "What's the difference, if it gives you a little? You'll work all the better if you go out and enjoy yourself once in a while."

"Well, if you really look at it that way, I'll go."

"That's right, dear," she said, smiling. "Better put on a fresh collar and your other suit, hadn't you?"

"I suppose so," he assented, and began to make the changes she suggested.

When he had completed his toilet, it was time for him to go to the kitchenette, to kiss his hand and then looked up into his eyes, letting him see a fond and brightly smiling face.

"There, honey," she said. "Run along and have a nice time. Then maybe you'll be a little more sensible about some of my little pleasures."

He held the one hundred dollar bill folded in his hand, meaning to take it with her, but as she spoke a sudden recurrence of suspicion made him forget his promise. "Look here," he said, "I'm not making any bargain with you. You talk as if you thought I was going to let you go around to various friends and cause you let me go to this party. Is that your idea?"

"It was, indeed, precisely Mr. Collinson's idea, and she was instantly angered enough to admit it in her retort. "Oh, aren't you kidding?" she cried. "I don't know better than to look for any fairness in a man like you!"

"See here—"

"Oh, hush up!" she said. "Shame on you! Go on to your party!" With that she put both hands to her breast, and pushed him toward the door.

"I won't go. I'll stay here."

"You will, too, you'll stay here," she shrilly. "I don't want to look at you around here all evening. I'd make me sick to look at you without the course of fairness in his whole mean little body!"

"All right," said Collinson, violently. "I will go!"

"Yes! Get out of my sight!"

And he did, taking the one hundred dollar bill with him to the penny-ante poker party.

The gay Mr. Charlie Loomis called his apartment "the shack" in jest, on account of its depreciation of its beauty and luxury, but he regarded it as a perfect thing, and in one way it was. It was the home of the family likeness of a thousand such "shacks."

It had a ceiling with false beams, walls of gaudy paint, and a colorful "coaching prints," brown shades supporting pater plates and mugs, "mission" chairs, a leather couch with violent cushions, silver-framed photographs of young friends and other friends, a drop-light of pink-shed imitation alabaster, a pair of shoes, slacks, hair, imitation pearl necklaces and infirm little pink mouths—in fact, he was of the type that may subscribe to the student of resemblance to a fastidious and excessively clean white rag with transparent ears. Nevertheless, Charlie Loomis was of a free-handed, generous nature, being particularly indulgent to his mother and her children. He spoke the latter as "the kiddies," and he and she liked to call their mothers "kiddie," or "girls."

One of his greatest pleasures was to entertain a woman that she was "the dear, the darrest little girl in the world." Naturally he was a welcome guest in many households, and would often bring the very magnificent toy to the child of some friend whose wife he was courting. Moreover, at thirty-three, he had already been successful enough in business to take things easily, and he liked to give these little carousels, not for gain, but for the pleasure of being cautious and disliked high stakes in a game of chance.

"I don't consider it hospitality to have any man go out of my shack here," he was wont to say. "Myself, I'm a bachelor and I get no company. I'll show you a place that can afford it for anything he wants to. Trouble is, you never can tell when a man is going to afford it. Who's your man? You might mean, to the little girl at home and the kiddies. No, boys, penny-ante and ten-cent limit is the highest I can give you in this

shack. Penny-ante and a few steins of the beer is another place that hasn't got a divorce in a barrel of it!"

DENNY-ANTE and the ole hump-hump had been in festal operation for half an hour when the morose Collinson arrived this evening. Mr. Loomis and his guest set about the round table at the alabaster drop-light; their coats were off; cigars were lit on the mahogany table; and the colorful art on the wall glistened on the cloth; one of the players wore a green jacket and wore his eyes; and the other was a little, peppy, fat, lithe, lithe.

"Ole Collic, 'g'osh!" Mr. Loomis shouted, humorously. "Here's your vaca-chair; stack all stack out for you 'n' everbin'! Set down, neighbor, an' Smith'll deal you in, next hand. What made you so late? Heh! Heh! The little girl at home got the kiddie to bed? That's a great kid of yours, Collic."

Collinson took the chair that had been left for him, counted his chips and then as the playing of a "hand" still preoccupied three of the company, he picked up a silver dollar that lay upon the table near him.

"What's this?" he asked. "A side bet? Or did you forget to take your bet for me?"

"Yes; for you to look after," Mr. Loomis explained. "It's Smith's."

"Nothin', Smith's was just showin' it to us. Look at it."

Collinson held the coin over and saw to his astonishment that he had lined into the silver with a point of steel. "Luck," he said, "or else some one's been here." Then he spoke to the owner of this marked dollar.

"I suppose you put that on there, Smith? You must make some gettin' our money tonight."

But Smith shook his head, which was a point of steel, and he looked at the heap of money in his hand, and he looked at the silver with a point of steel. "Luck," he said, "or else some one's been here." Then he spoke to the owner of this marked dollar.

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person's hand money'll do good, likely, and I'll be glad to have you. We all want money; but some say it's a bad thing, like that dummy I was talkin' about. Lordy! Goodness or badness, I'll take all anybody."

He was interrupted again, and with increased vehemence to have one of the "ants" to him, complied with the demand to "next up," then placed the dollar near his little cylinders, and he looked at it.

"They proved unencouraging, and he turned to his neighbor. "I'd sort of like to have a martini," Smith said.

"I'll give you a paper dollar and a nickel for it."

But Smith laughed, shook his head and said the coin over toward his own chips. "No, sir. I'm going to keep it—awhile, anyway."

"So you do think it'll bring you luck, after all?"

"No. But I'll hold onto it for this evening anyhow."

"Not if we can show you out, you won't," said Charlie Loomis. "You know the rules of the shack; only cash goes in this game; no I. O. U. stuff ever went here or ever will. Tell you what I'll do, though, he'll give you a dollar and a quarter for your ole silver dollar, I guess."

"Oh, you want it, too, do you? I thought I can spot what sort of luck you want for, Charlie."

"Well, Mr. Bones, what sort of luck do I want for, Charlie?"

"You win, Smith," one of the other players called out. "You've got the one dollar of Charlie wants your dollar for; he wants it for luck with the dames."

"Well, Charlie, Charlie admitted, not displeased. "I haven't been so lucky that way lately—no so dog-gone lucky!"

"Well, Mr. Bones, what sort of luck do I want for, Charlie?"

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"Oh, no," said Old Bill. "You wouldn't let me keep it. Put it out there and play for it again."

"I won't. She's mine now!"

"I want my luck piece back myself," said Smith. "Put it out and play for it. You've got it, old Bill."

"I won't do it."

"Yes, you will," Collinson said, and he spoke without enthusiasm. "You put it out there."

"Oh, yes, I will. Mr. Loomis returned meekly, and he looked at the dollar piece. "Not I," said Old Bill. "Five is foolish enough." And Smithie agreed with him. "You've got it, old Bill."

"All right, then. If you're afraid of ten, I keep it. I thought the 'red' scare you were in, Smithie."

"Put that dollar on the table," Collinson said. "I'll put ten against it."

There was a faint commotion among these mad gamblers; and someone said: "You're crazy, Collic. What do you want to do that for?"

"I don't care," said Collinson. "That dollar's already cost me enough, and I'm going after it."

"Well, you see, I want it, too," Charlie Loomis retorted cheerfully, and he approached the table, ready to ask him to put up ten against it, as I mentioned.

"Maybe not," Old Bill assented. "But how do you want to play it?"

"It's already hallooed our game all up, and if we keep on foolin' with these side bets, well, it's all right."

"My goodness!" the host exclaimed. "I'm not pushin' this thing, am I? I'll be glad to have a commotion among these mad gamblers; and someone said: 'You're crazy, Collic. What do you want to do that for?'"

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Remember! Only Water Removed

NOWHERE in all nature is to be found a more complete food than whole milk. Carnation Milk is just that—rich, whole milk with about 60% of the water removed by evaporation. When you add a little more than an equal part of water, you get one quart of pure, rich, whole milk. Use Carnation for every milk purpose, for drinking, cooking, and for coffee. You will find it economical, convenient and pure.

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135 Consumers Building, Chicago
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Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"



The label is red and white

Cream of Tomato Soup—2 tsp. sugar, 1/2 tsp. onion, 1 1/2 cups water, 4 tbsp. butter, 3/4 can tomato (2 cups), 2 cloves, 1 tsp. salt, 1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, 4 tbsp. flour, 3/4 tsp. pepper, 6 pepper corns, bit of bay leaf. Cook tomatoes, 1 1/2 cups of water, seasonings and sugar slowly for twenty minutes. Strain; add salt and soda. Melt butter; add flour, stirring constantly. Add Carnation Milk diluted with one cup of water. Cook until thickened, stirring occasionally. Combine with the strained tomatoes, adding the tomatoes to the milk. Serve at once. This recipe serves six people.

Chowder—2 tsp. salt, 1 pt. clams, 1 onion sliced, 3/4 lb. salt pork, diced, 1 qt. potatoes cut in 3/4 inch slices, 8 crackers, 3/4 cup butter, 3/4 can tomato (2 cups), 1 cup Carnation Milk. Clean and pack over clams and chop finely the bay leaves. Fry the potato; add onion, fry five minutes and strain. Parboil potatoes; drain and put in a layer in top of stew; add onion to which the fat has been added. Add chopped clams, parboiled with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Add remaining potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour and add two and one-half cups boiling water. Cook ten minutes and milk salt part of clams and butter. Reheat and pour over crackers. This recipe serves six people.

The Carnation Cook Book contains more than 100 tested economical recipes. You will find many helpful suggestions in it. It will be sent free at your request.

THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

With Perfect Sauces

Even Every-Day Dishes Become Rich Delicacies

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

SAUCES enrich the flavor of meat and fish, puddings and vegetables. To be an expert maker of sauces, it is not necessary to know many recipes. Certain foundation sauces may be varied by addition of different seasonings, thus giving a wide range of variety from the same recipe. Take, for instance, the following which is called:

DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE
2 tablespoons fat 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour 1/4 cup boiling water

Melt the fat, add the flour and seasonings and then the water, stirring slowly. For variety put in:
1/2 teaspoon lemon juice and 1/2 tablespoon chopped parsley; or
1 hard-cooked egg, chopped fine; or
The yolk of an egg, but at the same comes from the fire; or
1/2 tablespoon chopped pickle or chopped olives; or
2 tablespoons catchup or chili sauce.

For a foundation pudding sauce use:
1/4 cup flour
1/4 cup sugar
1 pint boiling water
4 tablespoons butter

Mix the flour and the sugar and pour the boiling water in slowly, stirring all the time; then put over the fire and cook until it looks transparent. Remove from the fire and stir in the butter while the sauce is hot.

For flavor stir in the juice of:
1/2 lemon and 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind; or
1/2 cup orange juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind; or
1/2 cup grape or currant jelly; or
1/2 cup crushed fresh or canned fruit.

The foundation of this sauce may be kept and used as wanted, adding water, if required.

FROSTING SAUCE
White of 1 egg
1/2 cup brown sugar
2 1/2 cup crushed fruit
1/2 tablespoon 1-cm-a juice

Put the egg in a bowl, add the fruit and the sugar gradually, beating with the egg beater. Beat until smooth and thick; then beat in the lemon juice.

BROWN SUGAR SAUCE
1 cup water (boiling) 2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon onion 1/2 teaspoon onion
1/2 tablespoon sugar Few grains of nut-meg

Mix the sugar and the flour; pour in the water slowly. Cook until clear and slightly thick; take from the fire; add the butter, lemon juice and nutmeg.

HARD SAUCE
1 cup confectioner's sugar 1-3 cup butter

Cream the butter, add the sugar very gradually, creaming in each small quantity.

For flavor add 1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg; or
1/2 teaspoon lemon extract; or
Make the sauce of brown sugar and add slowly to it 2 tablespoons cream, a little at a time.

RAISIN SAUCE
1 1/2 tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons flour
1 cup sugar 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup water

Chop the raisins and cook in the water slowly five minutes. Mix the

flour with about 2 tablespoons cold water and add to the raisins, cook three minutes. Cream the butter and sugar together and pour the raisin mixture over them. Add the lemon juice, if desired, though this may be omitted.

MUSHROOM SAUCE
3 tablespoons fat 1 pint or 3/4 pound mushrooms
1 pint stock 1 teaspoon Worcester-shire sauce

Melt the fat and brown the flour in it; add the stock slowly and the mushrooms just long enough before serving to have them hot.

To prepare the mushrooms, scrape the stems and peel the caps. Wash quickly in salted water. Drain and dry. Sauté in a little hot butter three minutes. If large, cut in pieces. This sauce, poured over boiled rice is a delicious main dish for luncheon.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE
1/2 cup butter
Yolks of 2 eggs
1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/4 teaspoon salt
Little cayenne
1/2 cup boiling water

Cream the butter, add the egg yolks one at a time, beating them into the butter. Add the lemon, salt and pepper. Do all this away from the fire. About ten minutes before serving, add the water slowly and cook over hot water, as you would cook a custard, until it thickens. Serve immediately.

BECHAMME SAUCE
1 1/2 cups white stock
1/2 slice onion
2 slices carrot
2 stalks celery
1/2 cup fat
1 bay leaf
1 slice mirepoix
3 pepper corns
1 pepper
1 cup milk

Cook the stock one-half hour with all the seasonings. Strain. Melt the butter, add the flour and gradually the hot milk and the stock. Add more salt and pepper if necessary.

TOMATO SAUCE
2 cups tomato 1 slice onion
1 clove 2 tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons flour
Bit of bay leaf
1 clove
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon salt

Cook the tomato, onion, bay leaf, and clove, slowly, twenty minutes. Strain. Melt the fat, add the flour and the seasonings, then the hot tomato slowly.

CUCUMBER SAUCE
1 large or two small cucumbers, pare and chop very fine, drain.
Add 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon paprika and little cayenne.
Sift into 1 cup of vinegar or less if this thin it too much.

Serve with fish.

SAUCE TARTARE
1/2 cup mayonnaise dressing
1/2 cup chopped pickles
1/2 tablespoon capers
1/2 teaspoon olives

Drain the pickles, capers and olives very dry, and stir into the dressing.
In using the recipes on this page, remember that all measurements should be level. Also use standard measures—a standard measuring cup (not an ordinary teacup) and standard teaspoons.

Doctors say—

—that people would be a great deal healthier at this season of the year if they managed to eat some kind of greens every day.

An easy, economical and wholly tempting way to do this is to serve **DEL MONTE Spinach**.

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The Hall of Your House

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

THE hall of your house declares your manners and your character to your guests. It gives them a first impression that is not easily changed by the rooms which they enter thereafter, no matter how charming they may be. If it is too cold and empty it chills the entering guest. If it is carelessly furnished it proclaims you a housekeeper without dignity. If it is too full of things, too cluttered with personal belongings it embarrasses your guests by its incoherence. No matter how good the crowding things may be, it gives the guest a feeling of walking guardedly, of being stifled.

When the entrance-hall is designed to be a living hall, it may be treated as any living-room would be treated. It does not need special attention in this article. The hall with which we are primarily concerned is that one designed to separate the guest momentarily from the family, and to preserve the privacy of the living part of the house. The average hall is necessarily dark, by reason of its openings being doors instead of windows, and it should therefore be kept as light and cool-looking as possible in its treatment. Nothing is pleasanter than the small white-pannelled hall of the old American Colonial cottage. There is an impression of immaculate white paint and of orderly paneling that goes far toward furnishing a hall. A wall of this kind does not need pictures, though it will be found a very agreeable background to old prints if one has them.

The same straight-away hall, in a larger house, may have its walls covered with a reproduction of an old landscape paper, or its wide spaces may be broken into large panels by the application of moldings to the plaster. White-painted trim, yellow or pale green walls, and a polished stair rail and risers, make a cool, aristocratic country-house hall. One needs only a few pieces of old furniture, or one or two good rugs to achieve real distinction. If your house is of the Italian or Spanish style, white paint is unsuitable. Plain rough plaster walls, left to the natural color or treated in some strong color tone, ceiling of the same, a floor of stone or tile (or of the effect of stone or tile) and the style is established. A heavy console and an old gilt mirror, a bench or two, and your hall is made quite charming.

Very little furniture is required for the hall, but it must be good. Nothing should be used that has no reason for being there. The essential pieces are: a table, preferably of the console variety, to

hold mail, cards, and so forth; a chest which may hold the intimate family belongings

—within, and on which the visitors' hats and folded coats may be placed.

The old-fashioned hat-rack has gone. A good vase of earthenware may be used to hold umbrellas and canes.

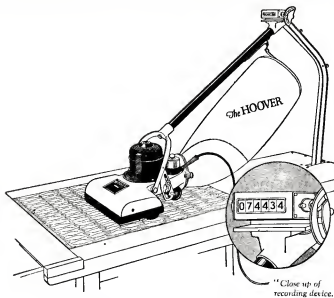
There should, of course, be a pair of chairs or a bench in the hall, where a caller may wait comfortably. Other furniture may be added; it all depends on the style and the size of the hall. If you have a grandfather's clock, it will be perfect in a hall of American or English character. The essentials are few; a place to sit, a place to have one's things, a table to hold cards, and a mirror into which one may peep on coming and going.

THE hall should never be entirely covered with carpeting unless there is a vestibule between the main hall and out-of-floors, where small rugs and mats may collect the dust and dampness. If there are children and dogs coming and going through the house it is very impractical to use carpeting in any hall—whether in city or country. Such rugs as are used must be durable and easily cleaned. They should be heavy enough to lie firmly on the floor, because nothing is more distressing than to enter a house and to step upon a rug that shoots across the floor.

The ideal hall floor is of tiles, marble, stone, or some such washable material. There is a linoleum tile on the market at present which may be bought in blocks which gives the effect of a marble floor.

In my own little house, which is an extremely narrow city house, I used the old kitchen on the basement floor for the entrance hall. You enter directly into the hall, because a vestibule would have cut off the light. The floor is of black terrazo, a composition of marble chips poared in cement, which is the universal floor in Italy. Inset in this black floor are brass stars, dotted at regular intervals. The walls are a light, gay blue, and the ceiling also. One wall is broken by a mirror, and against opposite wall is a stone settle, made from the head-board of a Spanish bed, a beautiful painted wood board of blue ground covered with pink and red flowers and gold leaves.

I had an ordinary box built to use for the hanging board, and the whole hall is made gay by it. A pair of benches, a console, an old gilt wall clock, and one vase of green and gold leaves, and the mantel finish it.



74,434 trips equal 180 Years

Ordinary service an electric cleaner travels only 4 times over the same spot on a rug at a single cleaning; twice forward and twice back. Figuring 2 cleanings weekly, the same spot is thus cleaned 416 times a year. In a special test explained below, one Hoover was propelled 74,434 times across a Wilton rug, the equivalent of 180 years of home service, without the slightest injury to the rug.

Is 180 Years of Proof Enough?

If you had heard the occasional remark that electric cleaners are hard on rugs, but could see a rug that had been cleaned by one for the equivalent of 180 years, you would be convinced that the rumor was untrue, wouldn't you?

That is just the evidence that we can offer you on The Hoover.

Knowing well ourselves that The Hoover would not injure rugs, in fact would make them last longer, but wanting this matter proved by disinterested parties in full view of the public, a test was arranged at the Ohio State Fair held in Columbus from August 28th to September 2nd, 1922, under the supervision of representatives of the Columbus Chamber of Commerce.

Here a stock Hoover, Model 105, was glued back and forth over the same small piece of ordinary Wilton carpet by a mechanical contrivance designed for the purpose. The Hoover, the carpet, the counter were carefully examined and sealed.

For six days the carpet was gently beaten and finally swept in the identical manner that rugs in over a million homes are kept free from destructive embedded grit and unsightly clinging litter.

As to the results of the test nothing is more convincing than a quotation from a sworn affidavit of the Columbus Chamber of Commerce representative:

"At the conclusion of this test the exhibit was again inspected, the seals found to be intact, the counter reading showing that The Hoover had made 74,434 single strokes over the carpet. A careful examination of the carpet shows no appreciable wear or other deleterious effects."

Can you afford to let the life of your rugs be curtailed or their beauty diminished by the presence of destructive embedded dirt that only the gentle beating-sweeping action of The Hoover can thoroughly remove? Can you afford to undergo the tedious labor of cleaning that The Hoover has banished from the lives of over a million housewives? Especially since The Hoover can be purchased on our convenient payment plan for only 17c to 23c a day.

THE HOOPER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOPER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps — as it Cleans

Fortune's Fool

(Continued from page 21)

thrust her back into the chair, and shut her in.

All that she knew now was that the chair was moving. On it went, away to the left, and up the steep gradient of Paul's Chairs, and lastly by the right into Knight Ryder Street. Before a substantial house on the north side of this, between Paul's Chairs and Sermon Lane, the chair came to a final standstill and was set down. The roof was raised and the apron pulled open, and hands seized upon it to draw her forth. Then she felt herself lifted in strong arms, and swung to a man's shoulder.

Thus Holles bore her into the house. The colonel turned to the right of the roomy hall entered a square chamber, somberly furnished and somberly washed from bare floor to whitened ceiling. In the middle of the room a table was laid for supper and on its polished surface gleamed crystal and silver in the light from the great candle-branch that occupied its middle. The long window overlooking the street was close-shuttered, the shutters barred. Under this stood a day-bed of cane and carved oak, furnished with velvet cushions of a dull wine-color. To this day-bed Holles conveyed her burden. Having set her down, he removed the handkerchief that bound her wrists.

He turned away, to close the door, tossing aside his hat and cloak, and mopping his brow as he went. Whilst he was closing the room she struggled to free her feet, and her hands being now at liberty she tugged and tore at the scarf until she loosed it so that it slipped down from her face.

"Sir," she said, "you will let me depart at once, or you shall pay dearly for this villainy."

He closed the door and turned again, to face her.

"You suffer me to depart at once, you shall . . ."

There she paused. Abruptly she broke off, to lean forward, staring at him, her parted lips and dilating eyes bearing witness to an amazement so overwhelming that it overrode both her anger and her fear. Hoarse and tense came her voice at last:

"Who are you? What . . . what is your name?"

He stared in his turn, wondering what she saw in him to be moving her so oddly. Where she stood, her face was more than half in shadow, whilst the light of the cluster of candles on the table was beating fully upon his own.

"You are Kandal Holles!"

He advanced a step in a sort of consternation, breathless, some sudden ghastly emotion tearing at his heart, eyeing her wildly, his whole face livid as a dead man's.

"Kandal Holles!" she repeated in a tortured voice. "You! You of all men—!"

Where there had been only wild amazement in her eyes, he beheld now a glow of horror, until mercifully she covered her face with her hands.

The years rolled back; the room melted away to be replaced in his vision by a cherry orchard in bloom, and in that orchard a girl on a swing, teasing yet adorable, singing a song that brought him, young and clean and honorable, hastening to her side. He saw himself a lad of twenty going out into the world with a lady's glove in his hat—a glove that to this day he cherished—held upon knight errantry for that sweet lady's sake, to conquer the world, no less, than he might cast it in her lap. And he saw her—this Sylvia Farquharson of the Duke's Theater—as she had been in those long-dead days when her name was Nancy Sylvester.

He reeled back until his shoulders came to rest against the closed door, and stared and stared in dazed amazement, his soul revolted by the horror of the situation in which they found themselves.

"God!" he groaned aloud. "My Nan! My little Nan!"

He staggered forward, and fell on his knees before her.

"Nan! Nan!" he cried in a strangled voice. "I did not know. I did not dream . . ."

No whitener than her oval face was her gown of shimmering ivory satin. About her eyes dark stains of suffering were glowing whilst in their blue-green depths there was nothing but stark horror.

"You did not know?" Pain rendered harsh and rasping the voice whose natural music had subdued whole multitudes, and the sound of it was a sword of sharpness to that kneeling, distracted man. "It is then as I thought. You have done this thing at the bidding of another. You are so fallen that you play the hired bully. And you are Kandal Holles!"

On his knees he dragged himself nearer to her very feet.

"Nan, Nan, don't judge until you have heard, until . . ."

"Heard? Have you not told me all? Do you think I cannot guess who is the master-villain that employs you for his

jackal? And you did not know it was I—that it was one who loved you once, when you were clean and honest . . ."

"Nan! Nan! O God!"

"But I never loved you as I loathe you now for the foul thing you are become, you that were to conquer the world for me. You did not know that it was I whom you were paid to carry off! And you are so shameless, so lost to honor that you dare to urge that ignorance as your excuse. I hope that if any lingering sense of shame abides in you it will scorch your miserable soul to ashes. Get up, man. Will groveling there mend any of your villainies?"

He came instantly to his feet. Yet it was not, as she supposed, in obedience to her command, so much as out of a sudden awakening to the need for instant action.

"What I have done, I can undo," he said. "Come! As I carried you hither, in defiance of all, so will I carry you hence again at once while yet there is time."

She recoiled before the hand that he flung out as if to seize and compel her. There was a sudden fury of anger in her eyes, a fury of scorn on her lips.

"You will carry me hence! You! I am to trust myself to you. After this?"

"Aye, after this. Because of this, I may be as vile as you are deeming me. But I never could have been vile to you. It may not excuse me to protest that I did not know it was against you that I was acting. But I was thrust upon you, and I was ready to defend you now—now that I know. Unless I meant honestly by you, should I be urging you to depart? Come!"

This time he caught her by the wrist, and maintained her as she would not attempt to liberate herself. He attempted to draw her after him across the room. A moment she hung back, resisting still.

"For God's sake!" he implored her ardently. "At any moment Buckingham may arrive." He snatched his hat and cloak from the chair where he had tossed them, and drew her across the room.

And then, just as they reached the door, it was thrust open from without, and the tall, graceful figure of the Duke of Buckingham stood before them, a flush of feverish expectancy on his handsome face. In his right hand he held his beavily feathered hat; his left rested on the pannel of the door, the fingers of which were wearing. The pair recoiled before him, and Holles loosed her wrist upon the swift instinctive apprehension that he had been like to need his hands for other things.

The duke came slowly forward, leaving the door ajar behind him. He bowed low to the lady without speaking; as he came erect again it was to the colonel that he addressed himself.

"All should be here, I think," he said, waving his hand toward table and sideboard.

Holles half turned to follow the gesture, and he stood a moment as if pondering the supper equipment, glad of that moment in which to weigh the situation. Out there, in the hall, somewhere just beyond that open door, would he be waiting Buckingham's four French lackeys, who at their master's bidding would think no more of slitting his throat than of slicing the glazed capon on the sideboard yonder. And once there was an end of him, Nan would be entirely at the duke's mercy.

Holles turned. "All is here, under Your Grace's hand, I think," he said quickly.

"Your Grace, I take it, will not require me further tonight?"

His Grace considered. Beyond the duke Holles stood, and he stood in a standing-wide-eyed, livid as death, leaning against the table, her right hand pressed upon her heaving breast as if to control its tumult.

"No," said His Grace slowly, at last. "Yet you had best remain at hand with Francis and the transfer."

"Very well," said Holles, and turned to go. The key was, he observed, on the outside of the door. He stooped and withdrew it from the lock. "Your Grace would perhaps prefer the key on the inside," he said and made the transfer.

Having made it, he closed the door swiftly, and he had quietly turned the key in the lock, withdrawn and pocketed it before His Grace recovered from his surprise at the eccentricity of his behavior.

"What's this?" he demanded sharply, taking a step toward the colonel, and from Nan came a faint cry—a sob, scarcely more, to announce the reaction caused by sudden understanding.

"It is, Your Grace, that I desire a word in private with you, safe from the inconvenient intrusion of your lackeys."

The duke drew himself up, very stiff and stern but quite master of himself. Bear as I think I have said, was an emotion utterly unknown to him.

"Proceed, sir," he said coldly.

Holles, too, spoke quickly. "This lady, Your Grace, is a friend of mine, an . . ."

[Turn to page 72]



Morning exercise for your hair

AT NIGHT your hair is tired. Let it rest and give it a chance to breathe fresh air by spreading it out over your pillow. Then, in the morning, exercise it by brushing briskly with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush.

This regular morning exercise keeps your hair in good condition. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Brush reaches through to the scalp, stimulating it yet not bruising it.

The stiff, springy bristles, set in widely separated tufts, circulate the natural food that makes your hair grow and keeps it healthy.

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The Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush has a metal face. It is sanitary, and easy to keep clean.

You can buy this brush in several styles and finishes. It is always sold in the yellow box, which also distinguishes Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes and Hand Brushes. You can buy it in stores where hair brushes are sold. Make a note of asking for the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor by name.

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1
Rigaud's Cold Cream
(For cleaning)
Famous skin authorities advise against the use of water on the face. Women noted for beautiful complexions use Rigaud's Creaming Cream. It should be rubbed into the face and throat, always with an upward motion.



2
Rigaud's Tissue Cream
(For building firm skin)
Put this into your skin before you go to bed. Briskly pat it in (don't rub!)—with an upward motion.



3
Rigaud's Vanishing Cream
(The ideal base for your powder!)
In the morning, pat on a thin layer of Rigaud's Vanishing Cream. This is almost instantly absorbed by the pores, forms the ideal base for your powder, and roge.

You Can Have a Smooth, Fine Skin

THE best authorities declare against the use of water on the face, saying that water dries the skin, and dry skin wrinkles easily. Only care and the careful choice of face creams can retain—or regain—fine textured, clear, radiant complexions. Safety lies in the choice of the tizzes. Creams pictured above—made by

Rigaud

from choice French ingredients, after French formulae. Ask for these at your favorite drug or department store.



Is the Human Race on its Way Down Hill?

By James Harvey Robinson
(Continued from page 12)

thing with a modern city street. His first blast would blow up gas mains and water mains, sewer pipes and electric conduits. He would plunge a whole society in darkness, endanger its health, render it dumb, cut off power and raise havoc in general. And daily our inventors, with the fervor and fertility of the genius of the age, are rendering our world more and more complicated and more shallowly intelligent—literally and figuratively. Yet in all that touches the conduct of our supreme concerns today, our least think of the concepts of the farmer of pre-revolutionary days—with what terrible consequences!

While our inventors are making more and more complicated the machinery of our day, the minds of those who are put in charge of that machinery lag far behind. The result is such a catastrophe as our late war; and the consequence is that, as many prophesy, it is not impossible that we are in for some three hundred years of deterioration.

Already that deterioration has set in, aside from the war. Spiritually it has set, our chief preoccupation being what it is. All the best possibilities of our life are subordinated in our time to material prerequisites, much as if we were back again to the stage of imposture and beggary, searching for roots and looking for berries and dead animals.

In our daily life we are constantly defeated in our endeavors and hopes by the gross requirements of our time. Our poets, preachers, story-tellers and orators do not express the things they would like to, because their bread-and-butter would be less than if they did. They know, therefore, what many know to be the truth, because their positions would be endangered. Many of our young men don't dare marry unless such and such is the relation of their salaries and the cost of living. We don't dare tell the truth or make any suggestions in our jobs for fear of losing them. We seek refuge not in changing conditions but in flight from actuality by indulging in rosy mental pictures we call ideals.

Up-to-date education and the honest face of things as they are, which we might have been the hope and remedy for this age. By that I don't mean that we are men of the impossible, but that we are men of ideals as something apart from living. Quite the contrary. We must spend less time in our impossible, and more in the readily conceived paradises. We must live much more in the reality of the Here and Now. But we must not more than an ideal into our common and daily actions. Let us accept our daily defeats with less docility, put up a stiffer fight against what corrupts us. If you are a reporter and have found facts that your newspaper owner won't like, if you are a teacher and yourself with dreaming of a time when you can tell the truth. You will take a stiffer chance at being a martyr and some of the hitter but necessary facts in your story. If I am a teacher in possession of knowledge the authorities won't let me teach, I must content myself less with dreaming of the ideal academy where there will be complete freedom to teach; and I must exercise greater ingenuity in the fight against the perversion of truth.

If we are not to degenerate permanently, we must use the great stock of scientific knowledge on hand today with the minds of today, and not postpone its inheritance to our grandfathers, who lived in far other conditions and knew less about the world and themselves than we do. We must use ideas and truth with more frankness and courage. And we must make our lives more expressive of the best we know and learn.

By Lincoln Steffens
(Continued from page 12)

stocks and nations; but also who were the most successful of our world what is a rich man? And from China to New York, from Portland, Maine, to San Diego you will get the answer: "One who doesn't have to work!"

Our ultimate ideal today is that of a leisure class. In our greatest centers of civilization, that is to say, where our richest men and women gather, we have essentially the same spectacle as in Rome in its decline. We are reaching the extremes of riches, luxury, extravagance on the one hand, and the same great masses of wretched poor on the other. We are reaching the rich the same vice, the same process of degeneration; and on the part of the poor, the same result, that is, the same ruin.

In the United States, in such regions as Alaska, or the Northwest, men still grapple with nature haphazard, wresting its riches from it, producing, creating. In the middle west, Ohio, Iowa and the like, the profession

at the top of the hill—settled communities, rich, still vital because their leaders are men who have wrought and fought and more or less created. In the east you find the successes of the men who have fought and lost to their children only the problem of realizing the ultimate ideal of the age—a life of idleness. It is here that you find the good old American stock gone to seed, degenerated; the stock of which Dr. McDougall speaks, that will not reproduce. Dr. McDougall seems to think that all that is needed to save our civilization from decay is to be brought to the point of success of our day to reproduce themselves. Then will we avert our doom of deterioration. But, so what so often becomes of the children of those who have achieved the ideal of our age? Will the bringing into the world of more children similarly disposed save our civilization?

A changed ideal. That's one thing that will do it. A change of direction both for the individual and the race. Dr. McDougall thinks that an increase in the number of the best people will save us. But what is "best"? It is plain from what I have said, I think, that the better a man is, according to ideals, the nearer he, the nearer he or his offspring is to deterioration. On the other hand, the "best" men of the world are recruited from the proletariat stock, whose comparative fertility Dr. McDougall views with uneasiness. Not that I have any respect for the man, but individual aggrandizement is the saving pursuit—as I believe—we must get rid of. We do not create and of tomorrow to say and think something new for their children. Today a mother dreams for her soul to win him that becomes a millionaire. But if we are to be saved, mothers must dream, "I want my boy to build a railroad. I want to do a great picture. Or to organize a great educational system."

This does not call for an impossible change in the moral law. It only calls for a chance of appeal. Instead of aiming to build a railroad, as one does today, with the idea making so much money that there will be no more need for the huddler or his children to work, there will be the thought, "I want to build!" We need not wait for a humanity that will work without any other reward but the thought. Rest assured that any intelligent society will reward the creator and give him incentive to create more. We will not assign a reward to the individual at the expense of the many; it will not be an incentive to quit work and loaf.

By Gabriel d'Annunzio
(Continued from page 12)

Our civilization today has taken to material things as its main interest. Not a life of thrill and lofty adventure is our hunger but how to make a million dollars. The result is that men will fight for a market, but will not remain indifferent to the fact that there is no outlet for the artist in man, for the youth in him that wants to be vigorous rather than merely comfortable.

Thus it was in 1914. Then the natural result of the struggle for markets and the instinct for self-preservation on the part of human nature, resulted in the conflagration of the world. Very well. For four years human nature, purged in its great fire, showed itself again keen and alert, and the world was stripped of fat. For, in the walking of the world, emerges the soul, the world has suffered enough in the war. And we thought we overthrew the beastial and the filthy nature that threatened our civilization. But at Versailles, at the making of the "peace," met a coalition of all the forces of evil, all the agents of the devil of material rapacity, all the factors that make for fat on the soul—and conceived a "peace" that has sent the world back to the trough, disheartened and robbed of the spiritual forces of the purification that was gone through.

By Max Nordau
(Continued from page 12)

attain still greater speed? I don't know. But I do know that while his speed achievements grow in arithmetical progression his craze for more will leap ahead by geometrical progression.

The heart of wisdom is desire so simple that its attainment is possible. Consider from what a vast variety of angles agreement on this subject. The Bible says that the poor in spirit, that is those who ask but little, are the richest. The arch-heretic, says the ripest wisdom is to cultivate a garden and grow cabbage. Folk lore tells of the king who wore the shirt of the happiest man in the world that he might wear it and become happy thereby. When he found the happiest man he saw that

there was no shirt to his back; for the man was poor, hence happy. But there will be no moral advance internationally until there comes to be a single standard of values for individuals and for nations. A man steals a gold watch, and he is put into prison. A man steals a horse, and he is put into prison. A man steals a coat, and he is put into prison? In the one case the world calls it theft. In the other conquest. In the third case it is a crime. It is right in this civilization of ours. In a real League of Nations there may be salvaged the best of the things that have come from the cities back to the simple, healthy, creative life of the soil. And, above all, in the administration of all the goods of the earth in the interest of all the peoples of the earth—and the spirit that should be behind such an administration!

By Dr. William McDougall
(Continued from page 12)

and are horn into the world with special talents, or rather with the possibility of developing special talents. These inherited possibilities are what we commonly call "gifts."

Obviously, I assume as a truth fully established by common observation and by statistics, that children on the whole resemble their parents. The more, however, they are trained by their parents or strongly influenced by their example, but also because they are more intelligent, the more they are "gifted," from the same ancestors. There are of course striking exceptions to this rule. It is most precise possession, and that is the continued welfare and progress of the people depend upon the sum of these "gifts" being passed on undiminished from generation to generation.

Now, the argument insists that the high level of the sum of these "gifts," or talents in a people, such as the American people, can only be maintained if the more gifted are more numerous on the average at least than the less gifted. If not, it is inevitable that each generation there is any considerable decrease in the number of their offspring. Compared with the sum of the talents of the members of the community, then there must gradually result a general lowering of the level of natural endowment of the whole population.

The only too good reason to believe that in our civilization there is such a lowering in process. There is ground for thinking that a serious depreciation in the value of the stock, of the sum of the talents or of talents of the whole people, is already beginning to make itself felt.

In our generation a certain considerable number of persons born in all the various social classes and of all racial stocks rise to fill the positions of responsibility and influence. They fill the learned professions. They become the leaders in industry, commerce and in all the great callings. It is a fair assumption that, in a democratic country and above all in America, where the educational ladder is offered freely to all and careers are open to all the talents, the persons who attain to these positions are in the main more gifted than the average. Now, it has been shown that there is a serious decrease in the number of persons produced by these persons who, rising from all classes and levels to take the leadership in the various callings of life, are the cream of the American people.

Not only do such persons fail to increase the number of their children, but their brothers and sisters do; but also they do not produce children equal in number to themselves. In the case of the average man, while of the general mass of the population each 1,000 leaves about 1,500 children, the more gifted, that is the cream of the people, each 1,000 leaves only some 500 children to perpetuate its "gifts."

It follows, therefore, that the course of the present state of affairs must in the course of a few generations very seriously injure the American people.

Moreover, in this, as in all civilized countries, a considerable fraction of the population is so little educated that its members cannot assume any responsibilities, and cannot without careful supervision and constant oversight support the demands of decency and comfort. These are the feeble-minded, variously estimated as forming from 1 to 5 per cent of the population. These feeble-minded are on the average much more numerous than the normal, and so transmit their peculiar deficiencies to their offspring.

Thus, then, only too probable that under the present conditions of American life, in each generation the highly gifted are becoming more and more selected or mental defectives more numerous; while the average endowment of the great mass



Walnut Maple Cake

One-third cup butter; 2 eggs; 1½ cups flour; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup chopped Diamond Walnut meats; 1 cup brown sugar; ½ cup milk; 2 teaspoons baking powder; ¼ teaspoon salt.
Cream sugar and butter; add yolks of eggs and milk. Then add flour sifted twice putting baking powder in second sifter. Add vanilla, salt, and Diamond Walnut meats. Lastly whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Bake in square cake pan 45 minutes. Cover with White Mountain Cream, sprinkle sides with chopped Diamond Walnut meats. Put a row of halves around the edge.

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and Nourishment to Every-day Food by Adding Walnuts

Holiday dinners will have even greater appeal and goodness if you add a few crisp, plump, choice California Walnuts to almost any of the foods you serve.

Salads, cakes, desserts, turkey dressing, and other delightful parts of the Christmas dinner taste better and are better when Walnuts are included. And of course, Walnuts are essential for the nut bowl.

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Try adding Walnuts to the Christmas dinner as an important part of the menu—you will learn a secret of cooking which many chefs use to add a distinctive and delicious touch to favored dishes.

Walnuts are most unusual because they not only make other foods more appetizing but they are also more than 96 per cent pure nutrition. Think of a food with so little waste.

They provide 3180 calories—the scientific measure of food value—to the pound, three to four times as many as most meats and vegetables.

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Diamond Walnuts are selected from the output of 4,000 groves. They are hand-sorted, weight-tested, and chosen for you with great skill.

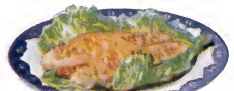
Diamond Walnuts cost no more than other kinds and yet they give more meats per pound. They are thin-shelled and contain big, crisp, fine-flavored meats that you can easily extract whole.

Use Walnuts frequently, get quality which is sure to be satisfactory by insisting that the grocer fill your order from the big sack marked with the Diamond trade mark, like the one on this page.



Walnut Bread

Three cups flour (sift before measuring); ¾ cups brown sugar; ½ teaspoon salt; 3 teaspoons baking powder; 1 cup Diamond Walnuts; ½ cup raisins; 1 egg; 1 cup milk.
Mix and sift dry ingredients. Mix in Diamond Walnut meats. Add egg well beaten and milk. Pour into greased pan. Bake an hour. Have oven barely warm the first fifteen minutes, gradually increasing the heat.



Walnut Banana Salad

Slice ripe bananas lengthwise and sprinkle with chopped Diamond Walnuts. Serve on lettuce leaf with mayonnaise dressing.

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A Purely Cooperative, Non-profit Organization of Over 4,000 Growers
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DIAMOND Shelled Walnuts are packed in a high vacuum to preserve indefinitely the fresh, sweet flavor characteristic of the newly matured California Walnut. The cans contain halves for topping and facing, as well as pieces for filler and salads. The glass contains only carefully selected halves for table use and fancy dishes.

MANY recipes just as tempting as those on this page are contained in the revised edition of "100 Delicious Walnut Recipes," which includes the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers, as well as those of a leading culinary expert. You may have one on request. Address Dept. 906.



DIAMOND California WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts



The Boy Who Wanted Christmas to Come Twice a Year

By
Cynthia Comstock



"I WISH, I wish," began Jamie, looking up from his big blue bowl of bread and milk at his mother across the table.

"O Jamie!" cried his sister Jane, putting her spoon down in the big blue bowl that was the twin of Jamie's. "You promised mother not to wish for a week! Didn't he, mother? And your promise just started yesterday afternoon."

Mother shook her head sadly. "Some day the wrong wish will come true," she said, "and then how sorry you will be!"

Jamie felt very bad that he had so soon forgotten his promise, and he was very sure he would not forget that promise again for the rest of the week.

"Mother," he said, that night, as mother was arranging the covers, "I'm so tired of my old toys. I do wish Christmas came twice a year."

He saw by the expression on mother's face that something was wrong—and he realized he had broken his promise and wished again. Mother shook her head sadly, and, as she pulled down the shade, she said, "O Jamie boy, suppose one of your wishes came true some day, and after you got it you found you didn't want it, but had to take it!"

Jamie felt so sorry that, long after Jane was asleep in her little bed, he was still thinking about what mother had said.

Suddenly he saw a little man, very round, and dressed in a yellow suit, sitting on the foot of his bed, looking at him solemnly.

"I believe you are James Leroy Allen, Junior," he squeaked.

Jamie was too much surprised at first to do anything but stare at his visitor. After a while he managed to say, "Yes, sir."

"Very well," nodded the little old man. "You are expected. Get your hat and coat and overshoes and hurry along."

Jamie got his sweater and cap, found his overshoes, and followed the little old man out into the warm July afternoon. He saw no one—no mother, no gardener, not even Spot, who had a bark for all visitors. In the drive stood a little racing-car pointed and colored like a holly leaf. The little man hopped into it and beckoned Jamie. Out of the yard they went, on and on down the road, for hours, it seemed to Jamie, till the air grew cold and Jamie felt a flurry of snow on his cheek. And this was happening in July! But he did not dare ask anything of his silent guide.

The snow whirled around them thicker and thicker, and when Jamie suddenly found a lovely bearskin over his knees, he drew it up close to his chin, for he was getting very shivery. At last the little old man stopped in front of a long, low building. They left the car, and the little man led the way into the house. There were other little old men here, and they all looked at Jamie in a sorrowful way and shook their heads.

A jolly plump old lady hounced out of a doorway, took off his sweater and cap and overshoes, shook them out well, and rubbed Jamie's fingers to warm them.

"Will you tell him the little boy is here, Mrs. Claus?" asked the little old man, and, when she nodded, he trotted off importantly, as if his duty had been well done.

Mrs. Claus, with a final pat, handed him over to another little man, dressed in purple, with mistletoe huttons; and the little man led Jamie through a long hall till they came to a room, on the door of which was printed in gold letters, "Santa Claus, His Office."

At a businesslike desk sat old Santa Claus himself, fat and comfortable. Jamie stood shyly near the door.

"So this," boomed Santa Claus, "is the little boy who wanted Christmas to come twice a year!"

SUDDENLY Jamie thought of mother, and remembered her sorrowful face as she hoped that if one of his wishes came true he would not be sorry after he got it.

"Yes, sir," he said faintly. "Well, Jamie, we decided to bring you up here and let you see what it would be like to have Christmas come in July as well as in December. After you've looked things over carefully, you come round here and tell me how you like it. Here, Piper, you take Jamie around to the shops and show him his own Christmas as it looks right now."

Piper was dressed in bright yellow, with tiny green buttons, shaped like trees, on his suit. He took Jamie's hand and drew him down the long hall. He opened a door into a room that resounded with hammering. It was full of pieces of holly horses, sleds, wooden toys still unpainted. Little red and green and yellow men flew back and forth. There was a

yellow curtain drawn across one corner, and the little guide beckoned Jamie to come over there.

Suddenly Jamie realized that this was just like Christmas at home, when Daddy pulled away the big curtain and the wonderful tree and all the presents were spread before his and Jane's happy eyes.

THE little guide drew the curtain, and there was Jamie's Christmas—the one he had wished might come twice a year. But the more Jamie looked, the worse he felt. There was a tree, but it was a very thin one. It had not yet grown its warm winter coat, and it looked as if it did not belong there at all. The candles were lighted on it, but they were little things, the size that come in doll-house candlesticks. And they were pale, not bright and red as they ought to be.

The strings of popcorn were not even popped, and the cranberries had scarcely begun to turn a faint pink, to say nothing of being the warm glowing crimson that Jamie loved.

Round the tree were his presents. But, oh, what presents! There was a bicycle, but it was unpainted and unpolished, and it had no spokes or tires. There was the stamp book he had been longing for, but, when he eagerly opened it, he found the pages had not been printed yet. There was a Scout watch, without a face or hands or key stem to wind it. There were the honey cakes he loved best of all, but when he looked at them closely he saw they were only dough. The big bowl of apples and nuts that mother always set

[Turn to page 71.]



Once It Happened in the Black Tents

[Continued from page 3]

which had captured him. But they had been eager to jump over the barrier which the prejudices of a dozen centuries have erected between East and West.

Unfortunately the girl had a brother, her sole living relative, M. de Comte de Lubersac, who was cursed with a malignant form of racial and class consciousness. This morning there had been a scene when Mohammed ibn Rashid had asked for Marie's hand.

Not exactly a scene, though, at first. For both men were gentlemen, and M. de Lubersac had been carefully impersonal in marshaling his reasons, biological, social and theological, why he was opposed to the match, while the Arab, as carefully impersonal, had retorted the other's arguments point for point. They had been perfectly good-humored until a chance word—fleting, negligible—and afterward who had spoken it—had destroyed the delicate equilibrium; and on the spur of that moment these two cultured representatives of East and West had crystallized in their brains all the hate and contempt their two races have felt for each other since the world evolved from a mote of star-dust. But the dangerous moment had passed, and Mohammed ibn Rashid had turned to Marie, who had sat there, silent, trembling.

"After all, dear," he had said, "it is your life, it is for you to decide it."

"Marie!" M. de Lubersac had interrupted.

He had spoken a dozen words, no more; and her love for the Arab had not been able to stand up to her brother's filial contempt. There had been one last flicker of revolt in her silly, fluttery heart.

"Please!" she had called after Mohammed ibn Rashid, whose hand had already been on the door knob.

"Yes?"

"I love you, but— Oh, I can't—I can't. . . ."

His words had cut through her like a knife.

"God curse you! God curse you and yours! God curse your race, your faith, your land!"

Then the door had shut on his broad form with a sharp dramatic click.

"Don't you see, Marie?" her brother had asked. "The man is a savage! Don't worry, child. You'll forget—and so will you, mainly your friend."

Evening was beginning to fall. Mohammed ibn Rashid sat by his window. The yellow lights in the houses flared up like evil, winking eyes, and the shadows seemed to waltz at him with mocking fingers.

"Marie must marry an equal, monseigneur!"

He heard again the words of M. de Lubersac. He curled his fingers like the work marks, curving the palms, causing the muscles to coil and recoil, the skin to tighten beneath the pressure of tissue and bone, and with the physical action came a mental reaction, an atavistic echo of the Black Tents—the lust for revenge. His body hungered for realization of the thought, brutal, concrete.

"*Heset mek na sadain bilak*—are we not confiding in Allah? Has He not made manifest that revenge is just?"

Suddenly he rose and crossed the room. In the farther corner, in an Arab box gaily painted with flowers, he had kept all these years, half ashamed of the contents, a few things which he had brought with him from Tunis: a wooden Moslem rosary, a hand-written Koran, a string of blue beads to give protection against the evil eye, and his father's dagger, an exquisite Moorish blade with jeweled hilt and scabbard. He slipped it into his pocket, picked up his hat, and went into the street. He would go to the house of M. de Lubersac. He would make his own white. He would kill.

He turned the corner of the Rue Falguiere and walked south where, black beneath a black sky, the roofs of Paris lay bunched in a carved, stony immensity. He stopped to light a cigarette in the lemon square; the match he saw that his hand was trembling violently; and, with tragic suddenness, he felt something rub across his mind as with a veil of thick, bitter smoke, fell a terrible truth steal upon his soul with a clay-cold, freezing touch.

"Why," he spoke the words out loud,—"I am afraid!"

And at that moment he knew that, though there was still in him the lust to kill, these ten years of soft Paris had sapped his manhood and withdrawn his courage. The match flamed to the end, burning his fingers. He did not notice it.

"I am afraid!" he whispered; and he felt the words bubbling to his lips with a froth of hate, he cursed France. He stood there, dumb with the rubbing of the night, his eyes flung back, and he stared with his cold, black eyes at the cold, black sky, and he cursed Europe, the west, Christendom. He

cursed this land which had taken from him his manhood and courage and strength and had given him nothing in return except a trick of polite phrases and a handful of empty shibboleths: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality.

"Are you going away, monsieur?" asked his janitor the next morning as his trunks passed her lodg.

"Yes, home," came his short reply. "Home?"

"Yes. To Africa—to Tunis. . . ."

The woman laughed. "Ah—monsieur is an Arab—I had almost forgotten."

"So had I."

"Is monsieur going home for good?"

"No. Just to find something I lost."

"So had I."

"So do I. *A revoir, madame!*"

A day and a half across the Mediterranean. And nothing worth recording happened until the second evening out when a fellow-passenger asked him a casual question. He shook his head. "I do not speak French," he replied in Arabic, and he walked away.

Tunis jumped out of the morning fog with a scent of remembrance. Mohammed ibn Rashid stood on the top deck. He was excited. Yet his excitement was utterly violent nor sentimental. It was like a delicate network of fibres connecting him with this moody Islamic world which lay there at his feet—"a bride awaiting the bridegroom's coming"—the smile came to him.

The landing pier was a panorama of all Africa. There were Frenchmen, bullet-headed Sicils, blonde, Jews of every land, and all about them, like a sea on which these Europeans were but driftwood, the natives, every last strain of the litl and the desert.

He stepped out into the street, and immediately a crowd of men in every conceivable state of raggedness poured upon him and implored him in a bastard mixture of French and Spanish to buy them as porters, guides and dragomans. They surged about him, shaking greasy testaments from his nose; and, for a moment, he stood bewildered, for he had left Paris. Then, when a six-foot, plump-colored, Saharan negro clutched him bodily by the neck, Mohammed ibn Rashid—"Christian!" suddenly his patience gave out and long-forgotten words of abuse came to him.

"Away!" he cried in the acrid slang of the Tunis bazaar. "Away, O black wart on your mother's nose! son of a drunkard and an odorous, spotted she-hyena!"

Silence. Astonishment. Then laughter, gurgling, high-pitched, typically Oriental, the negro laughing more loudly than the rest.

"A Moslem!" he proclaimed, kissing Mohammed ibn Rashid's hand. "Listen to him—giving the lie to his trousers and stiffing his breeches!"

The crowd broke into boisterous greetings.

So he took the road to the Street of Terck el-Bey, in the heart of Old Tunis, where, clustered in by trees and flowering shrubs, squatted the house of his ancestors.

He had left Paris suddenly. He had not written of his coming to his father's old servants who kept his home properly cared for to await the young master's return. There had not been home in ten years. He dropped the knocker. Shortly afterward an aged woman appeared on the threshold, berry-brown, enried, gnome-like.

"Heart of me!" she cried, "Dear, dear heart of me!" And she rushed up to him and hugged him to her breast with all the strength of her withered arms.

"You have come home like the breeze, like the wind, like the voice come in thick sobs. . . . And have you then come home to me, to your old nurse, your own Habeballah!"

"Dear, dear heart of me!" she cried, "I have waited for the coming of your father! And now I hold you in my arms!"

"Listen, Crasher of Hearts! You came at an auspicious moment. I know a girl—*Hayati!*" she threw a kiss into the air—"a girl the rose of the world will make you rich and trembling in turns and . . ."

"No!" he interrupted. "Never mind this girl. I cannot marry. All I want is the slight which M. de Lubersac had put upon his honor.

"God's curse on all unbelievers!" he said fervently, and she added: "But you were wrong!"

[Turn to page 50]



Good News

That millions of women tell

It does far more

Millions of women, all the world over, have found a way to prettier teeth. Some by dental advice, some by this ten-day test.

They have spread the news to others. Now wherever you look you see gleaming teeth, and more smiles to show them.

We urge you to accept this test and prove to yourself what they know.

Peppodent does more than that. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids — the cause of tooth decay.

It omits soap and chalk, which now are known to bring undesired effects.

Thus to millions of homes in forty nations it has brought a new dental era.

Must combat film

Pretty teeth cannot exist, coated with dingy film. Nor clean teeth, nor safe teeth—that is sure.

That viscous film you feel on teeth must be combated daily. Otherwise it clings, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar. It dims the luster of the teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Why it remains

The tooth brush and the ordinary tooth paste cannot effectively combat it. So nearly everybody, however careful, had teeth discolored and decayed.

Dental science has for years tried to combat this condition. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them, and leading dentists everywhere now urge their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, called Peppodent. It corrects some old mistakes. These two great film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

Peppodent does more than that. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids — the cause of tooth decay.

It omits soap and chalk, which now are known to bring undesired effects.

Thus to millions of homes in forty nations it has brought a new dental era.



You'll know at once

Peppodent brings quick results. A week will make them conspicuous. Once you see and feel them you will never go without them, or let your children miss them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the delights of Peppodent, with the added protection and beauty it brings.

Do this without delay. Cut out the coupon now. This is most important.

Pepsodent

PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over today. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 956

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 665, 1194 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day Tube of Peppodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Mrs. Rosenbach Needed Money

—And how she turned spare hours into \$179.62—all in just a few weeks—and without stepping out of the house.

IT was neither his fault nor hers that the Rosenbachs were so often hard pressed.

Mr. Rosenbach earns good wages. And Mrs. Rosenbach knows how to make every dollar go as far as a dollar possibly can.

But somehow the week's pay was never quite enough. No matter how carefully she planned and figured or how carefully she economized, there were always things she had to do without—things she had set her heart on.

But now all that is a thing of the past.

Mrs. Rosenbach no longer has to make last season's dresses or suits or hats do her another year. She no longer has to mend and re-make the children's old clothes instead of buying new ones. If she wants a new rug or a new piece of furniture, or wants to go to a theatre or have some other pleasure, she no longer has to be satisfied with merely wishing for it.

What Has Brought This Happy Change?

It is an interesting story. And all the more so because any woman with two hands and a little spare time—may easily straighten out the money problem in precisely the same way Mrs. Rosenbach solved hers.

The Secret

Here is the whole secret—Mrs. Rosenbach has become one of the many spare-time workers employed by the Home Profit Hosiery Company.

Whenever she has a little time, Mrs. Rosenbach sits down at her handy Little Home Profit Knitter sold to her by the Home Profit Hosiery Company and knits socks—men's, women's or children's.

This wonderful Little machine makes up to ten socks each sock or stocking leaving only a few minutes' work by hand to close the toe. Mrs. Rosenbach says it is so easy—and so pleasant a change from housework that it doesn't seem like work at all.

Above all, every minute that Mrs. Rosenbach spends at her Home Profit Knitter means extra money for her. She can't finish her work in the afternoon and get a penny of it done in the evening. In the master knitter for every pair she all guaranteed in advance.

\$10.59 Extra Each Week

Mrs. Rosenbach received her knitter last April. Between then and the last week of August—a period of 17 weeks—she received from the Home Profit Hosiery Company a total of 17 checks, amounting to \$179.62. This is an average of \$10.59 per week. Every penny of it came in spare time that would otherwise have been wasted.

Then, too, Mrs. Rosenbach earned this extra money in the privacy of her own

home—didn't have to step out of the house. All without interfering with her regular household duties. Started and stopped her knitting just when she felt like it—did as much or as little each day or each week as she pleased. At all times absorbingly her own home. Wonder that Mrs. Rosenbach, like so many others, says that this is the ideal way to add to one's income.

More Home Workers Needed

The Home Profit Hosiery Company wants more spare-time home workers like Mrs. Rosenbach—many more.

The demand for genuine home-knit wool socks of the kind so easily fashioned on the Home Profit Knitter is greater than we can supply—because these socks wear longer, better and look better than most factory socks.

Mrs. Rosenbach will tell you the work is simple, easy, pleasant and profitable.

It doesn't matter where you live—whether on a farm, in a small town, or in a large city. You need only have to know anything whatever about knitting of any kind when you begin. The machine itself does both the shaping and the knitting, and our highly illustrated instruction book explains the operation in a most simple and easily understood manner.

The Pay is Guaranteed

We guarantee to take all the standard socks and stockings you knit on our machines in accordance with specifications, and to pay you a guaranteed fixed advance price for every pair. And an equivalent amount of yarn for every pair you send us.

How much you can make at this work simply depends on how much spare time you give it—and that of course rests entirely with you. A few hours—just an afternoon a day—two or three times a week will give you a steady income. You can always count on getting a check from us just as often as you send in standard socks, whether you knit two or three dozen any day or only that many in a week or month. If you receive a check and the size of your check is entirely up to you.

If You Have Two Hands and a Little Spare Time

Maybe you want extra clothes for yourself. Maybe something for the children. Maybe it's some old piece of furniture you want to do over. Maybe to help pay for a home. No matter for what purpose you want extra money, here's a pleasant and sure year-around way to get it. You send us two hands and a little spare time. We'll extend you each week means \$10.4 a year. \$1 extra each week means \$52 a year. Think of all the things you can do with \$52 a year. Think of all the things you might have—with that much additional money.

Home Profit Hosiery Co., Inc.

Dept. 5, 872 Hudson Ave., Rochester, New York

Form with fields for Name, Address, City, State, and Zip.

Once It Happened in the Black tents

(Continued from page 49)

"How?" "Why did you ask the girl's brother? If you love a woman and the loves you, ask neither brother nor father nor Allah nor the devil. Take her! If you love her, and she loves you, take her by force. Woman—*yah*—was made for love. Now—as to this girl I spoke to you about—"

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed. Habebah shrugged her shoulders. "Very well, my lord. Then return to Paris and make of this old woman."

"Impossible!" he smiled. "Why?" "The Frankish laws are different from ours."

"Break their laws. Are you not an Arab and a Shereef?" "It is also," he went on, "that I lost my strength. So I came here to regain it. And then—"

"You will take the woman?" "I do not know. Perhaps I have already forgotten her. But the man—"

"You will kill him. Very proper! I shall feel you well and make your body fat and your sword-arm strong."

He gave a little laugh. "It is not the strength of my arm which I lost, Habebah, but my strength."

"What then?" "My strength of will. I need the desert and the sword of the west. I shall return to my own people, to the Black Tents of the Ouled Sleyda. I start for the South tomorrow."

She looked at him, questioningly, from beneath lowered eyelids. "Ten years since you left Babehah home, you have given me a thousand hours to make soft my couch—let this world!"

"Even during your father's lifetime the ties which bound the tribesmen to him were the ties of the heart more than of the body. Now you—*ayah!*—you have become almost a Frank. You never wrote. You never came. You forgot the tents of your people."

"I know. But I am still their chief." "So spoke you not to go, my lord?" "Why not? The Ouled Sleyda are mine own people, blood of my blood and bone of my bone."

"Yes, my lord. But—" she shuddered and continued: "They cannot give you strength. They are the offspring of another's giving—strength of seed and strength of sword."

ENOUGH habblings, old woman. Give me truth."

"*Iqetis kabrah*—may Allah increase your happiness!" he murmured, inclining his head as if in resignation to the inevitable; and she told him how these last few years a change had come over the Black Tents. The Ouled Sleyda had always been a small tribe, jealous of their Shareefian blood, and unwilling to ally by intermarriage with the red Bedouins who were all about them. They had been—*el ouad*, destiny!"—murmured Habebah, few men-children born to them, and they had gradually decreased in numbers of fighting-men, becoming a prey to the razzias of the young Bedouins. They one morning two years ago the Ouled el-Kleybat, a rautoung-tongued, hardy tribe from the desert toward the Borj el-Kattalia, the chief oasis of the Ouled Sleyda.

Mohammed bin Kasid's old school to Habebah, telling, Clotted gobs in his brain opened to receive the picture of it. The peaceful oasis, greenly adjacent to the yellow sands of the desert, stippled with the *bayt es-shahr*, the "booths of hair" black as the tents of Kedar in Hebrew Scripture; the pessimistic grunts of the camels; the barking of the shaggy *sloaguy* greybouds; the protesting creak of the lumbering carts; the creaking of the harness; the gaily swish-swish of the balls winnowing the wheat; the nasal crooning of the women; the creaking of the harness; the gaily swish-swish of the young men and then, suddenly, a puff of cloud on the horizon. A savage ruzzing and a shouting of the men of horses; a jingling of beads; a tinkling of camels' bells—the attack of the young Ouled el-Kleybat forcing it in the tents of the Ouled Sleyda.

"In staves, our people," wound up Habebah, "were of the threshold of red Bedouins! Today it is the sheik of the Ouled el-Kleybat who rules your kin, my lord. A Touareg from the far South," she continued with a queer, fleeting smile, and when he seemed incredulous, reminding her that the Touareg were of different race, even enemies, she insisted that she was right and added in proof that the sheik of the Ouled el-Kleybat never went abroad without the black face veil hiding his features, all but the eyes, which is the Touareg's distinctive peculiarity.

"How do you account for it?" he asked. "These Bedouins would not swear fealty to a stranger. They are clanless."

"Aye—and secretive!" And had Mohammed bin Kasid not lived too long in Europe he would have said that the eyelids were fluttering in the fashion of one who is weaving lies. "A Touareg, he said, and he was right, for he was a fox in slinking. . . . Be pleased not to go, my lord."

"Suddenly she rose and motioned toward the curtain spanning a doorway in back of Mohammed bin Kasid's chair whence came a rattle of silver ornaments and a fluting laughter, then the sound of bare feet patterring away as Habebah broke into well-remembered situations, with a *ya* gone. O daughter of a noisest she-camel!"

She turned to the Arab. "A kitchen wench," she explained, "has recourse to behold her young master's face."

He did not reply at once. He felt displeasure at the words of the wench, and the Ouled Sleyda to him? Strangers, after all, removed from him by ten years of life, and hundreds of miles. Paris was his home. He would return there.

No, came the next thought, he hated Paris. He had been in France, all the West. And the Ouled Sleyda were blood of his blood. He had been willing to ask them for the strength which heaped it was they who needed strength. His impersonal attitude became untrue. He, the sis duty of the wench. He was sure of only one thing; that before he could regain his own strength he must first attempt to bring them to him, to his tribesmen. For they needed him.

"They need me," he said aloud. "I will go. I will go. There was a glint of triumph in her red-rimmed old eyes. "Go, my lord," she said. "Belike you will find that nobody knew of his going." "Perhaps I, too, have some of the fox's stealth."

He travelled by train and caravan, silent with his thoughts amid the clanking of the little French engines, the cries of food-bankers at wayside stations, the bustle of yellow and white, the change of the train to horse, the squealing of the pack animals, the beating of wooden drums that spoke the arrival of the wench, the code, the chant, the gossip of all Africa.

He pulled into Wargla, white and a leper with the dead of the trading station for a racing-dromedary, and was off again, alone, riding the dead clearly yellow dromedary, the wench, the wench, Tibinkutu. He reached the heart of the desert on the seventh day out of Tunis, and he stopped for a moment to look at the black, blotting the spawning eternities of the sands. He had come prepared to loathe and fear them. But, strangely, they seemed to inspire him with high courage and hope, seemed to show him behind their mask of yellow death a great, glowing, smiling, accumulated life force, waiting for the touch to break forth fertile and uplifting.

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"Home—and the scent of the home winds!" he thought. Impatience overtook him. "Home, kin daughter of unthinkable legerdemain, where he changed to measure dromedary, urging it on to greater speed. The farther desert came with orange and purple, and the soul of the land grew more dromedary, urging it on to greater speed.

It came lastly that afternoon, as he walked toward the bazaar to buy a water-skin, that he saw a man who he discovered that bidden by the thin veil that covered it from the soft curve of her chin to the crown of her head or hair.

She stopped at a jeweler's booth, followed by a giant negro servant. Mohammed bin Kasid stopped there. She seemed little and tall beneath the rose-red swathing of her burmose. He stared at her. She turned and he saw that she was quiescent—something that had never stirred before. The Arab eyes were black and shone with a fire that never before his presence seemed to finger his nerves and his spine with an unerring touch that was both subtle and burning.

And words babbled to his lips—especially, as they came to Arabs in moments of

[Two to page 62]

THE OUTLOOK

By
ANNE RITTENHOUSE

THE first question asked a woman when she steps on the pier from an incoming French steamer is: "Are skirts really again shorter?" The answer of an unprejudiced observer is: "Yes." Will this battle of skirt lengths ever end? Just what reason there is for keeping it going and going, no one knows. It is more than a four years' war. It has so obsessed women that they never ask of sleeves or fabrics or girdles until they have satisfied themselves concerning skirts.

Those who study conditions believe that the so-called woman movement is behind the changes. America started the long skirt for experimental reasons during the year of the Armistice. France started the long skirt a year later for industrial reasons. America took it up after a year of deliberation. France now makes ready to discard it. The last collections I saw in Paris, after the commercialists had left and the town was given over to the women bent on society, emphasized short skirts in the majority of models. Street skirts were again eight and ten inches from the floor, evening frocks were eight inches up, and only what is called the *robe de style* was long. There were draped skirts with certain sections of the hem reaching to the ankles, but they were worn at dinner parties, not for dancing. Jeanne Lanvin had a pronounced success with her Second Empire frocks at a spectacular ball at Biarritz which represented the palace of the Tuileries when Eugene reigned. The King of Spain and the Queen were there and the Americans were placed in a superb tableau as received by the Empress Eugenie; after their presentation they danced the Sir Roger de Coverly or Virginia Reel. The robes of mother of pearl taffeta swept the floor, the silver lace herbas reached the waist, forming sleeves as they went; small circles of roses were placed as decoration. The observers made much of the glory of these gowns, but the practicalists knew that they could not be worn by the majority of modern women. They may bring back into fashion the deep hertha, for whose reincarnation certain dressmakers have struggled. But clothes follow the flag of women's marching throughout the centuries and we have reached an epoch in our development that suppresses certain kinds of costumery because they impede our actions and they do not fit our modes of transportation. Such practical details unceasingly govern acceptance of fashions.



3011 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 549

No. 3011, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 840 may be used for head trimming.

No. 2984, Ladies' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 5 3/4 yards of 36-inch material and 1 3/4 yards of 18-inch for yoke. Width, 3 3/4 yards.

AMINOR fashion that has drifted out is the abnormally low girdle. Still another is the bathing-suit sleeve, plain, short, tight-fitting. Sleeveless frocks continue to be worn in the day hours by the ultra-fashionables, but they appear sensational. The long sleeve in various guises covers the arm. The sleeve cut like Chinese trousers, wide at the armhole, tight and wrinkled at the wrists, where it is heavily ornamented, is sponsored by the best. It is shown in the Venetian clothes which have swept over Paris like a summer shower. Americans bought them last summer and find them a topic of conversation as well as decorative. "People should discuss a frock as they do a picture if it is to be a success" is the verdict of the woman who cares. So as soon as observers say, "Paris, my dear" when a woman enters a room, she says, "Venice, my dear" and the game is on.

The two Venetian houses in Paris are Bahani and Fortuny. They undersell the big dressmakers, their supply is large. Women are easily fitted into the almost shapeless garments, and the coloring is alluring. Heavy Venetian Renaissance lace, silvered, is the usual decoration, also blue and gold embroidery, that blue of the Lido. In all such garments is the Chinese trouser sleeve or the Mandam's sleeve.

In other clothes, we must emphasize the sleeve that holds itself closely to the wrist and covers the beginning of the hand. The small armhole is not popular. Width is preferred until the sleeve reaches the elbow where it begins to wrinkle itself into the arm.



3018 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1143

No. 3018, Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 1143 may be used for embroidery.

No. 3002, Ladies' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 3/4 yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, 1 3/4 yards.



2984 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3002 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

IT is interesting that the Indo-Chine influence remains. It appears to be more enduring than the Russian influence which began and ended its career last February. Possibly the reason for this lies in the greater artificiality of the Cochinchina workmanship, a thing mellowed by antiquity, softened by sun and climate. It has none of the crudity, the harshness of the Russian work and coloring. The French brought it into dressmaking through its success at their Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles. Hordes of Americans saw the sights at this place and were impressed with the costumery. Therefore, they take it up with certain happy memories of swaying, arch-colored dancing women, gorgeous furniture, the sparkle and sprightliness and jewel-bestrewn garments, of that oldest city of France.



3011 3018 2984 3002

Fashion Unfolds 1923 Modes

No. 2992, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch printed, 2 yards of 40-inch plain. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Girle Transfer No. 1216 may be used.

No. 2999, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 1044 is suggested.

No. 3012, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 2921, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 588 may be used.

No. 2933, LADIES' DRESS; three-piece draped skirt with uneven lower edge. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3000, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece circular skirt. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 4 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 1226 may be used.

No. 2919, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch figured and 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch plain. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

2999 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1044

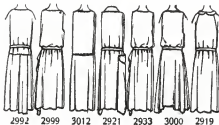
2992 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Girle Transfer
No. 1216

3012 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3000 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1226

2921 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer No. 588

2933 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44



2992 2999 3012 2921 2933 3000 2919

2919 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



Mid-Winter Afternoon Frocks



2984 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1147

No. 2984, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 5 3/4 yards of 36-inch material and 1 3/4 yards of 18-inch for yoke. Width, 3 3/4 yards. Transfer No. 1147 may be used.

No. 3002, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 3/4 yard of 40-inch for sleeve insets. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 3005, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch for skirt. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 1245 may be used.

No. 2994, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS; four-piece circular gathered skirt. Size 36, 5 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 2 3/4 yards. Transfer No. 1232 may be used.

No. 2995, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 1/2 yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 3 3/4 yards. Transfer No. 883 is suggested.

No. 2987, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 3/4 yards. Transfer No. 936 may be used.

No. 3012, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material and 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch for bands. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 924 may be used.



3002 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3005 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1213



2994 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 1212



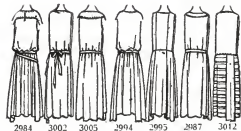
2995 Dress
8 sizes, 34-48
Transfer No. 883



2987 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 936



3012 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer No. 924



2984 3002 3005 2994 2995 2987 3012



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The E. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Sleeves Accomplish New And Smart Things

No. 2985, Misses' SLIP-ON DRESS; suitable for small women; four-piece circular gathered skirt. Size 16 requires 5 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 3 3/4 yards.

No. 3018, Misses' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 1/2 yard of 40-inch for sleeve insets. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 1227 may be used.

No. 3001, Misses' DRESS; suitable for small women; four-piece skirt with shirred insets. Size 16 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch lace. Width, 2 3/4 yards.

No. 3011, Misses' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch material and 1/2 yard of 36-inch for collar. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 802 may be used.

No. 2996, Misses' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 883 may be used for embroidery.

No. 2894, Misses' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material and 2 3/8 yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1 3/8 yards. For girde, Transfer No. 1243 may be used.



2985 Dress 4 sizes, 14-20

3018 Dress 4 sizes, 14-20 Transfer No. 1227

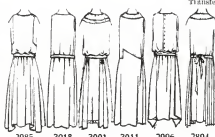


3011 Dress 4 sizes, 14-20 Transfer No. 802

2996 Dress 4 sizes, 14-20 Transfer No. 883

2894 Dress 4 sizes, 14-20 Transfer No. 1243

3001 Dress 4 sizes, 14-20



2985 3018 3001 3011 2996 2894

Frocks With Uneven Hems Gain Headway

No. 2989, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch for collar. Width, 1 5/8 yards.

No. 2998, Misses' Slip-On Dress; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 1 yard of 36-inch printed chiffon and 3/4 yard of 36-inch plain silk. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 2990, Misses' Dress. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material and 3 yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 3 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 1232 may be used.

No. 2997, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 5/8 yards. For the pretty bead trimming, Transfer No. 1176 is suggested.

No. 3018, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 1243 may be used for girle ornament.

No. 3010, Misses' Dress. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 40-inch for collars. Width, 2 1/2 yards. Transfer No. 890 may be used for the embroidery.



2989 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2998 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20



2997 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1156

3018 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1243

2990 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 1232



2989

2998

2990

2997

3018

3010

3010 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer No. 890

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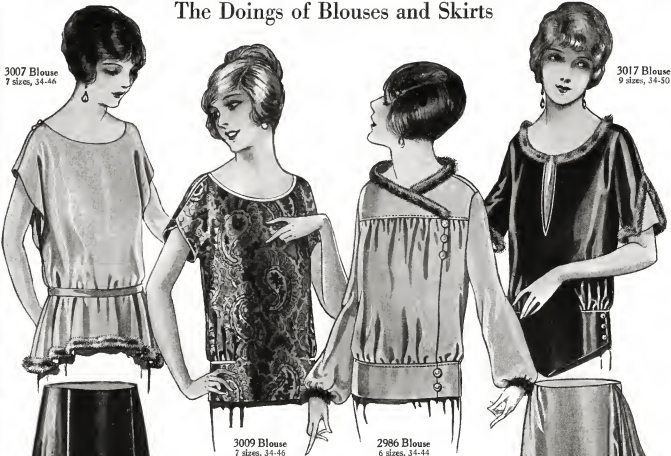
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3007 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-44

3017 Blouse
9 sizes, 34-50

3009 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

2986 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

No. 3009, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; closing at shoulders and lower left side. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2986, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. The blouse worn over the skirt has sprung into popularity again.

No. 3007, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; closing at left shoulder and lower left side. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3017, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 1/4 yards of 36-inch contrasting.



3016 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

3008 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

No. 3016, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT. Size 26 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 3 1/4 yards.

3008 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

3003 Skirt
7 sizes, 26-38



2988 Skirt
7 sizes, 26-38

2991 Nightgown
Small, medium, large

3019 House Dress
9 sizes, 34-52

No. 2988, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 1/4 yards.

No. 2991, LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHTGOWN. Small size, 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material and 3/4 yard of 24-inch lace. Width, 1 1/4 yards.

No. 3019, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch check, 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch plain. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3003, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 1/4 yards.

The Long Coat is Rivalled by Suits With Short Coats

No. 2927, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material and 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 2923, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; 48-inch length. Small size requires 4 yards of 48-inch material and 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch silk for lining. Width, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Costume No. 3015, 2240. Medium size requires 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. No. 3013, LADIES' AND MISSES' SURFACE SUIT-COAT; with shawl collar. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 48-inch material and 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining. No. 2240, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3013, LADIES' AND MISSES' SURFACE BLOUSE COAT. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 3008, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 45-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards when tacked.

No. 3014, LADIES' AND MISSES' SURFACE COAT; uneven lower edge. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 54-inch material and 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch silk for lining. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



2923 Cape
Small, medium, large

2927 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16;
36-44



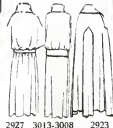
3013 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16;
36-44

3008 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

3015 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16;
36-44

2240 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

3015-2240



2927 3013-3008 2923



3014 Coat
7 sizes, 14-16;
36-44



3014



Vienna

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The familiar theory that everyone becomes a new person every seven years is supported by scientific authority.*

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* See article on Biology by Professor William Keith Brooks, New International Encyclopedia, Vol. III, page 90

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The Children's Underthings



2072 Nightgown 8 size, 1-11 Transfer No. 1088

2289 Nightdrawers 6 size, 1-10



2586 Pajamas 6 size, 4-14

No. 2072, GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 1086 may be used for owl applique.

No. 2586, GIRL'S PAJAMAS. Size 4 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material and 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting for bands.

No. 2289, CHILD'S NIGHT-DRAWERS. Size 6 requires 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch material.



2488 Set of Underwear 7 size, 2-14 Transfer No. 987 View B



2300 Bathrobe 7 size, 2-14

No. 2300, BATHROBE; suitable for boy or girl. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 3/8 yard of 30-inch contrasting.

No. 2488, GIRL'S SET OF UNDERWEAR. Size 10, View A, requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Size 4, View B, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch. Transfer No. 987 may be used for motif.



2635 Combination 5 size, 4-11 Transfer No. 1120 View B

2635 Combination 5 size, 4-11 Transfer No. 1120 View A

No. 2635, GIRL'S COMBINATION. Size 10, View A, requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Size 4, View B, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch. For combination. Transfer No. 1120 may be used.

For Little Girls Who Go To School or Kindergarten



2519 Romper
4 sizes, 1-4
Transfer No. 1192

2984 Romper
4 sizes, 1-4

2891 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10

No. 2081, CHILD'S ROMPER.
Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch figured material and ½ yard of 36-inch plain.

No. 2891, CHILD'S ROMPER DRESS; closing under leg. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch plain and ¼ yard of 36-inch check material.

No. 2819, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 3 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. For smoking. Transfer No. 1192 may be used.

No. 2883, GIRL'S DRESS.
Size 6, 17½ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer No. 1186 may be used.

No. 2935, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 6, 2 yards of 32-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer No. 1050 may be used.

2935 Dress
3 sizes, 6-14
Transfer No. 1075

2983 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Transfer No. 1158

No. 2026, GIRL'S DRESS.
Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3006, GIRL'S DRESS.
Size 10 requires waist, 1¾ yards of 36-inch material; skirt, 1¾ yards of 46-inch.

2926 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3006 Dress
6 sizes, 4-14



2891 2819 2081

2083 2935 2926

3006

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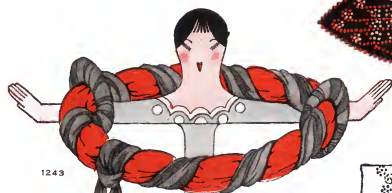
By Elisabeth May Blondel



1243



1243



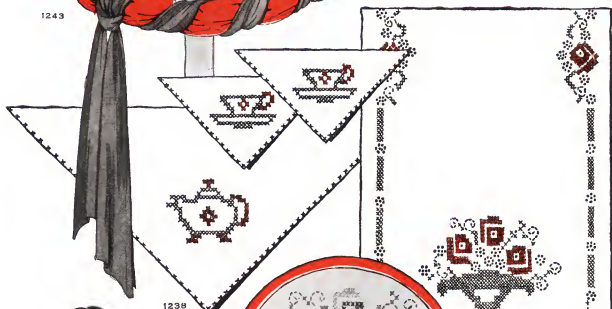
1243



1243



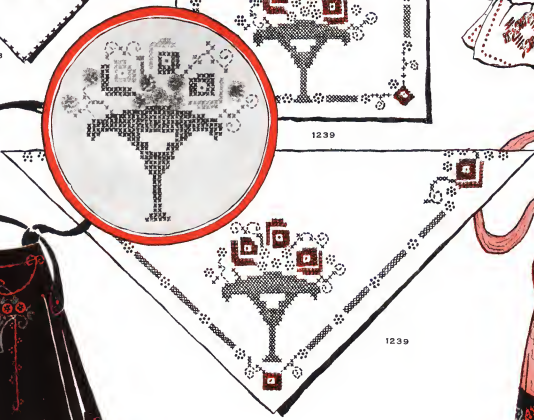
1243



1239



1240



1239



1242



1241

1238—Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Tea Set. Includes 3 teapot motifs, 1 cream pitcher, 1 sugar bowl (about 2 inches high) for corners of cloth; 12 cups and saucers, 1½ inches high, for napkins. These are charming developed on unbleached muslin or linen in red and blue. Full directions given. Price, 20 cents. Yellow or blue.

1239—Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Basket Sprays and Banding. Includes 4 baskets 2 x 2½ inches; 4 motifs 2 x 4½ inches; 8 corner motifs 1¼ x 2½ inches; 7½ yards of single banding ¼ inch wide. Suitable for scarves and lingerie collars, refreshment cloth and napkins, children's clothes, etc. Embroider in cross-stitch and French knots. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1240—Transfer Pattern for Lazy-Daisy Motifs and Banding. Includes 4 motifs 8½ inches across, 3 inches deep; 8 motifs 2½ x 3¼ inches; and 6 yards of single banding ¼ inch wide. Exceptionally dainty for lingerie and for children's clothes. Colors and stitches described in pattern. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue. Illustrated on chemise No. 5255. Sizes: small, medium and large. Price, 25 cents.

1241—Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Bridge Apron. Includes cutting pattern for apron; basket motif 2 x 2½ inches, for pocket; 2 pocket motifs 1 x 2¼ inches; and border, 2½ inches across, 1½ inches deep. This apron is smart in black satin and rose-pink crepe with cross-stitch in colors. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1242—Transfer Pattern for Lazy-Daisy Bridge Apron. Includes cutting pattern for apron; 2 motifs 2 x 2½ inches; 1 pocket motif 2½ x 2½ inches; 3 corner motifs 1¼ x 2¼ inches. This novel apron made from a yard of 36-inch material is smart in black with motifs embroidered in colors. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1243—Transfer Pattern for Girdles and Border. Includes transfers for the 4 styles of ornaments shown, and 5 yards of banding 1 inch wide to match the bird girdle. These smart accessories in silk, banda, etc., can easily be made by following the directions which are given in full. These are 3 transfers of the bird buckle, a pair of the round, and 1 each of the other designs. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

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1240



Prepared Against the January Snows

2637 Coat
5 sizes, 4-12

2843 Coat
5 sizes, 2-10

2901 Coat
5 sizes, 2-10

2901 Coat
5 sizes, 2-10

2843 Coat
5 sizes, 2-10

2916 Overcoat
5 sizes, 2-10

3004 Coat
6 sizes, 1-10

2913 Coat
6 sizes, 4-14

2916 Overcoat
5 sizes, 2-10

No. 2637, CHILD'S COAT. Size 6 requires 2 3/4 yards of 48-inch material and 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 2843, CHILD'S COAT; rayon sleeves. Size 4 requires 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch material and 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 2901, CHILD'S COAT; rayon sleeves. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 48-inch material and 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch lining. Transfer No. 1192 may be used for smoking.

No. 3004, CHILD'S COAT. Size 10 requires 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material and 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 2913, GIRL'S COAT; convertible collar. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material and 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 2916, BOY'S OVERCOAT. Size 6 requires 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2910, BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 32-inch striped, and 1 yard of 36-inch plain material.

No. 2980, BOY'S BLOUSE SUIT; with convertible collar; knickerbocker trousers. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch for blouse and 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch for trousers.

2910 Suit
4 sizes, 2-6

2980 Suit
5 sizes
6-18

2637 2843 2901 3004 2913 2916 2910 2980

The Money Knot

Untangled!

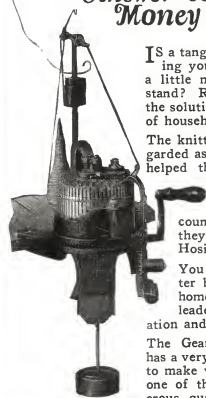
Home Knitting is the Answer to Women's Money Troubles



IS a tangled cord of money matters perplexing you? Are your desires or needs just a little more than the family income will stand? Read on, for here is what has proved the solution to the money problem in legions of households.

The knitting of Allwear Hosiery is now regarded as a standard home industry. It has helped thousands to untangle the knotty thread of financial problems and Gearhart Pay Checks are still going out to men and women all over the country in exchange for the spare time they spend at home, knitting Allwear Hosiery.

You doubtless know the Gearhart Knitter by reputation. It was the original home knitter and still continues as the leader, remarkable for its speed of operation and the fine work it does.



The Gearhart Knitting Machine Company has a very business-like, definite arrangement to make with you, whereby you may obtain one of these famous home knitters, a generous quantity of yarn and an iron-clip long-time Contract which obligates the company to take all the Standard Allwear Hosiery you wish to turn in and pay you a definite price per dozen pair for your work.

You are probably more interested in the work and its earning possibilities than you are in the knitter itself at this time, so it will suffice to say that the Gearhart Knitting Machine is truly a wonderful machine, that knits from 1 to 3 grades of hosiery and may also be used to knit scarfs, baby sweaters, the golf hose that are now so popular and many other things.

This is, after all, a simple proposal. The Gearhart Company wants Standard Allwear Hosiery and has the money to pay for it. You have the spare time, if we are not mistaken. An hour a day, perhaps, or several hours, whatever you can spare will be quite all right.

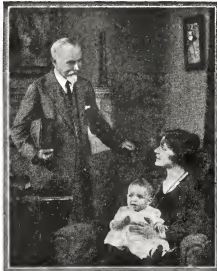
You will find the Gearhart Company a pleasant concern to deal with and a very reliable one. Any bank will assure you of their high standing in the world of business and legions of women have attested their regard for the company, the wonderful knitters and the famous Allwear Hosiery.

The best way to untangle a knot is to tackle it fearlessly and without hesitation. Picking at it makes it harder. Tears of regret will make matters worse. Why not write the Gearhart Company today and ask for particulars about their home-earning plan? You would surely like to sell your spare time to a concern with a reputation of over a quarter century of high class dealing with high class home workers. Send Coupon in now, while you have the matter in mind. Full particulars will be mailed promptly in return. Address The Gearhart Knitting Machine Company, Dept. M.C.J., Clearfield, Pa.

You will find the Gearhart Company a pleasant concern to deal with and a very reliable one. Any bank will assure you of their high standing in the world of business and legions of women have attested their regard for the company, the wonderful knitters and the famous Allwear Hosiery.

Let This Coupon Untie Your Money Knot

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 Dept. M.C.J., Clearfield, Pa.
 You may send me particulars about your home-earning plan, including your home occupation guide book and samples of knitting done on the machine you want me to use at home during my spare time.
 Name
 Address



The Nursing Mother Advice of Doctors

THE nursing mother yearns to see her babe develop into sturdy, vigorous childhood. But to insure the infant a proper foundation of health, she must watch her own well-being. Constipation in the mother is particularly dangerous at this time because of its effect upon the quality and quantity of mother's milk. Poisons form in accumulated food waste and are absorbed by the blood which carries them through the body. They then reach those cells in which milk for the baby is produced. If nursing mothers could only realize, as do physicians, how tainted milk becomes a source of danger to the tender infant, how must they rely on it alone for nourishment!

To try to rid the body of intestinal poisons by the use of laxatives is almost equally dangerous. Such drugs, says a noted medical authority, may also be carried to the babe and injure it.

No wonder that science has sought a newer, better way. After years of study there has been found in *lubrication* a means as simple as Nature itself.

Lubrication

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, *Nujol*, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. As *Nujol* is not a laxative, it cannot gripe, and no particle of *Nujol* is absorbed into your system. Thus it cannot affect the milk or the infant. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take. *Nujol* is used in leading hospitals throughout the world and is widely recommended by baby specialists.

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Nujol

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Name _____

Address _____

Once It Happened in the Black Tents

(Continued from page 50)

great emotion. He wanted to tell this girl out of the nowhere that hers was the stroke and dash of his dagger, here the eloquence of his tongue, the twistings of his brain, the passion of his body; wanted to tell her that his heart was carpeted for her small feet to step on gently, gently . . . words unspoken. For the negro realized him in his senses with loud-mouthed abuse—that by Allah—these were wretched manners, manners of infidels and bad looking. He cried thus a woman in the bazaar.

"A foreigner you seem! An ester of dried fish from the North—of stinking fish."

Mohammed Ibn Rashid flared up. "Better dried fish in the North than a naked black in the South!" he cried while the dagger leaped to his hand.

But the girl's sudden, mocking laughter stopped his hand. "Have you no other use for your weapon," she asked, "than to stain it with a woolly one's blood? No other use for your strength?"

He picked up the word. "Right!" he said. "There is throatful work waiting for me. There is a Touareg to be killed, and a woman's lips to be kissed."

"Who is she?" asked her purring question. "Yourselt, O Delight!" And he laughed through his teeth as an even rose and walked away with her servant, turning at the end of the bazaar into a house the gate of which she saw her with.

"Whose house?" she asked a beggar who squatted near the threshold, whining for alms.

"The house of Kathafa ben Saad."

"And she is—?"

"The daughter of a rich Southern sheik, goes the telling. Few know her. She comes here once, twice a year to buy things and to be shamed—by no to give money to the poor."

Mohammed Ibn Rashid tossed him a handful of copper.

So he rode out of town toward the farther desert and the Borj M'Kuttaba, the chief oasis of the Ouled el-Kleytab, where the wild Bedouins were leading it, thinking that here, now, was a third issue for his quest. He thought of his path: the path of revenge, the path of duty, and the sweet path of passion . . . and again, the path of the theory of Marie de Luherac—to be dismissed with a yawn of boredom.

By this time he had evolved the germ of a plan. He remembered his father having told him how the Touaregs start out for their ancestral customs reaching back to the days of Moorish chivalry when nobles fought tournaments for the price of a lady's glove before the trellised, barren retreats of the Jardin de los Adarves, high up on the verge of Alhambar's hill; so to this day they decided the fate of warring clans by single combat between chief and chief. This Touareg, Habebah had said, wore the face veil of his race, was thus doubtless an orthodox adherent of the old traditions. On the other hand he ruled a tribe of lawless Bedouins who, if they heard of Mohammed Ibn Rashid's intentions, would not permit their sheik to risk all in single combat. But if he could approach the other stealthily, without the Bedouins' knowledge, if he could persuade him to fight Habebah and pledge honor on the issue, the Ouled el-Kleytab would not break their chief's covenant.

Secrecy, stealth, and guile lay his chance. And as he heard the signal drums spanning the distance, he prayed that Habebah had succeeded in silencing the servants. Leaky tongues—he remembered the kitchen girl who had listened at the curtain—and that the gossip of his tent was not already being bruited about in the Black Tents.

He felt keenly alerted. With every mile he sensed that the cat was with him, with an effort that he recalled the double quest, of revenge and duty, which was carrying him South.

"O Allah!" he cried, opening his hidden self to the desert's call; and, curiously, it seemed that the veiled girl whom he had met in the bazaar was a transcendental part of both the land and his longing for the land, that whatever fate awaited him in the Black Tents was vitally connected with her. He said to himself that he would finish his business at the Borj M'Kuttaba, then he would return to her. He would claim and take her with his new-found strength, and when she returned, he remembered Habebah's saying that women was made for love. Wise, wise, the old unlettered woman! He would return to her, to the professors of the Sorbonne, than all the teachers who had deviled his young soul with their feeble sciences. There was now no thought in him at all of Marie nor of returning to Paris and taking toll of his wife with that scowling sky that burned with a stupendous

glare. The desert was silent, lonely, yet throbbing with vital energy. It seemed as if any minute it might burst into whirl of flame. The sand passed from yellow to amber, from amber to sullen gold, from gold to blue, to dazzling whiteness. The heat scorched his face and hands. So he sought rest beneath a clump of palms that fretted his eyes with cool, blue-green finials. He hobbled his dromedary and dropped off to sleep, dreaming vividly. There came a great desert with its listening, waiting dunes, its very whiplashes among the wind-blayed rocks, its sudden, dramatic jumping to life with a tinkle of camels' bells, then a woman's silken laughter and a man's raucous voice addressing the animal with fulworned speech:

"Down! Down on your knees. O lust-scabbed spawn of hyena and a bloated she-devil!"

He listened in his dream, moved—and the movement awakened him. He stared dazedly for a moment, then saw that the dream was true. There, on the farther end of the oasis, a camel was being forced through the elaborate process of squatting, snarling wickedly, twisting its rocco neck with the evident intention of hitting its driver's hip. Mohammed Ibn Rashid laughed as he recognized in the letter the negro of the bazaar. He saw, perched between the camel's humps, a *shagufa*, a tent-shaped woman's litter, gaily painted, and a girl, dressed in a shimmering, yellow silk. The animal squatted, bending its forelegs then its hindlegs suddenly double like a jack-knife, and a strong, young, dangerously negro walked away to cut an armful of grass; and through the litter's curtain a bare foot and a silver setting of an inch of loose, green trosser light around the ankle, a heel stained with henna, and a star-squapping in a silver setting twinkling on the big toe.

Mohammed Ibn Rashid rose, crossed over his right hand, and bowed. He smiled. It wriggled, withdrew, and a voice asked: "Is this your way of greeting strangers, Arab?"

"Strangers? Did I not look into your eyes for a fleeting glance in the bazaar? Was not that glance an eternity? Listen—"

"To what?"

"To the tale of my love."

"You say, I do not believe the tale of your love?"

"How?"

"For the sake of my love I would bring you the treasures of all the world to heap on your lap."

"And what then?" she asked ironically. "An yard of muslin, a foreigner, that you measure all life with gold?" Came a silken rustle, and her unveiled face appeared between the dromedary's legs, white forehead, the reddest of lips, black eyes below boldly curved brows. "Look well!" she said. "I shall find those small, small feet of yours."

He stared at her. He read in that face the promise and flame of eternal passion, eternal love.

"Heart of my heart," he replied humbly. "There is nothing, nothing! I would not do for the sake of my love!"

"Words—a mirage!" was her curt comment. "The deed alone counts—the strength."

The deed? He drew himself up. "Gid," he went on, "there be a Touareg's heart in me, and you shall see the sign of deed, of fealty and strength—it is so written! But"—he paused, smiled—"Where shall I find those small, small feet of yours?"

"Where?" There was in her voice a ripple of modest laughter. "Why—down there—the Borj M'Kuttaba!"

"What?" He looked up sharply, doubting his ears.

"In the Borj M'Kuttaba," she repeated. "In the tent of the sheik. Perhaps—ah—she smiled slowly—"is she the very Touareg whom you seek?"

"Allah!" He pressed closely against the *shagufa*, rage, suspicion, jealousy surging through him in storm waves. "What do you know about me, my boy? What is he to you?"

"Perhaps," she said, "I am his sister. Perhaps his daughter. Perhaps—who knows—his wife." She laughed as Mohammed Ibn Rashid's face grew black.

"Does the thought hurt?"

"I want the truth!"

"Find it out through the deed! Words count for nothing among the Black Tents, O Arab, who is almost like a Frank!"

And when she returned she dropped the curtains rapidly, while Mohammed Ibn Rashid walked away, a prey to conflicting emotions: suspicion, fear that the drums might have preceded his coming and that this was only a trap, but a trap that he would not have shied at the sheik of the Ouled el-Kleytab? Sister? Daughter? Wife? The last thought clutched his senses with giant pinions. Then—

(Turn to page 68)

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An Old-World Charm

In the Delightful Lines of This Italian House

By Lewis E. Welsh

AS OTHERS of the world have produced architecture suitable to their climate, materials and mode of life, we in America, because we belong to a much younger country, are able to take from the mother countries such of their architecture as may be of use to us.

In the South and Southwestern parts of this country the climatic and other natural conditions are such that we find the Italian and Spanish style of architecture especially suited to the needs of the people there. This is very fortunate for it allows an American designer of houses to reproduce some of the splendid details and types of those countries. It allows him to bring in the color, surface treatment, and above all the fine roof-lines and wall surfaces of these early prototypes.

In the house shown here we have attempted to design a small house using the general motifs and certain of the details of the Italian work. At least one large airy room is necessary in a house of this style, and so it seemed best to make a very large living-room, taking in the space ordinarily allotted to a dining-room.

This change is made possible by the desire of many people to use a dining-alcove directly off the kitchen—a feature which works into this plan very well for the reason that we are able to place it in a corner with fine light and air.

The entrance to the house is placed so that it, with the small hall and stairs, both up and down, are exactly in the middle of everything. There may be a prejudice in the minds of some persons against a kitchen at the front of the house, but it will be seen by looking at the plan that there are no windows on the street, and the kitchen porch is screened and made to form part of the house by carrying the front wall down to a gate. This gateway also takes care of a drive to a separate garage in the rear of the lot.

The stairs to the second story are in two short runs with a landing, without winders and are reached by a large window at this landing. In the second story we have three bedrooms with an especially large amount of closet room.

Two of the bedrooms get light and air on three sides, and the other a smaller bedroom on two sides. This is most unusual and is due to the fact that an angle plan is used. From the larger bedroom over the living-room a door leads to an open deck over the porch. This deck is flat and could be used as a sleeping porch by having an awning over it. Such an awning would add considerably to the colorful effect of the house.

THE color, surface treatment, and fine roof lines and wall surfaces are adapted, in this home, from the architecture of one of America's mother-countries.

There are certain well-known economies which under some conditions cease to be economies. In placing the bathroom in the least desirable and least exposed. The actual cost in money is more than offset by the convenience of its present location.

The entrance walk should be a curved one from the corner of the lot and if the lot slopes to the front as is shown, then a few steps in the walk itself will give a more interesting effect than the ordinary and expensive method of terracing the entire lot.

The exterior of the house should be of stucco either on frame construction with metal lath, or over a masonry shell. The latter is, of course, preferable because of its permanence, but is more expensive. The stucco might be white or tinted a blue, buff or pink, but all very much wash-out.

There are several good makes of stucco stains which improve with age and are cheaply and easily applied. The roof of course should be tile, either of Spanish or Italian design, not the glaring red but all very much wash-out.

In the interior, plaster should be used for all window reveals and wood trim reduced to a minimum. Window sills could be of small, glazed, brightly-colored tiles set into the rough plaster. The ordinary white of the modern kitchen should be replaced by richly tinted woodwork and walls, with cheerful hangings at the windows. Observe the dining-alcove in its close proximity to the kitchen, would be considerably less inviting than it should be.

While this house in itself requires a small frontage of lot, the prospective home builder should realize that the more ground he has the more pleasure he will take in his home. It means greater privacy and space for a pleasant garden, and best of all, a precaution against the intrusion of objectionable houses and neighbors.

Laurels and other evergreens might be massed effectively about the porch, and a tall cedar planted in silhouette against the house wall. Trellis might be used appropriately to support wisteria or a purple-flowered datura, while slender Lombardy poplars give the Italian note.



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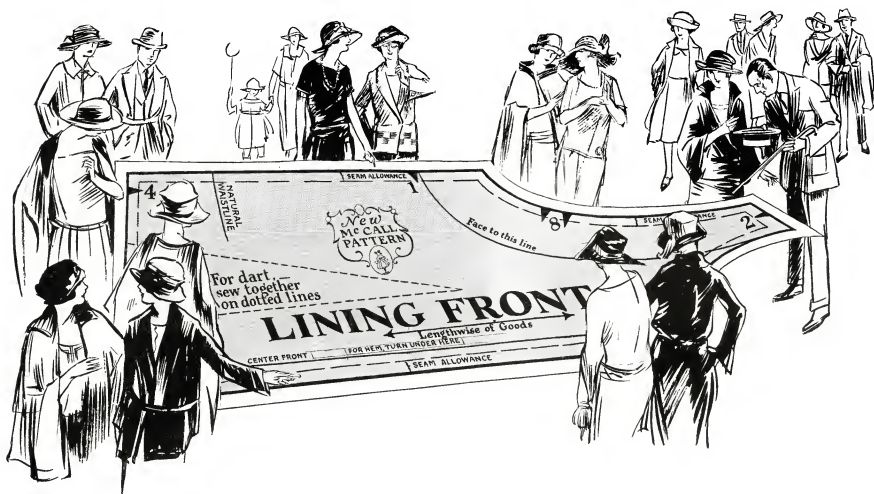
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2884.	.45	2919.	.45	2954.	.45	2989.	.45
2885.	.30	2920.	.45	2955.	.45	2990.	.45
2886.	.45	2921.	.45	2956.	.45	2991.	.25
2887.	.45	2922.	.45	2957.	.45	2992.	.45
2888.	.30	2923.	.40	2958.	.25	2993.	.25
2889.	.30	2924.	.35	2959.	.30	2994.	.45
2890.	.25	2925.	.45	2960.	.45	2995.	.45
2891.	.40	2926.	.45	2961.	.45	2996.	.45
2892.	.40	2927.	.40	2962.	.45	2997.	.45
2893.	.40	2928.	.45	2963.	.45	2998.	.45
2894.	.45	2929.	.45	2964.	.45	2999.	.45
2895.	.30	2930.	.45	2965.	.30	3000.	.45
2896.	.30	2931.	.30	2966.	.45	3001.	.45
2897.	.30	2932.	.45	2967.	.25	3002.	.45
2898.	.40	2933.	.45	2968.	.40	3003.	.30
2899.	.30	2934.	.25	2969.	.40	3004.	.25
2900.	.30	2935.	.30	2970.	.30	3005.	.45
2901.	.25	2936.	.45	2971.	.25	3006.	.30
2902.	.25	2937.	.25	2972.	.25	3007.	.30
2903.	.25	2938.	.45	2973.	.25	3008.	.40
2904.	.30	2939.	.40	2974.	.25	3009.	.30
2905.	.40	2940.	.45	2975.	.25	3010.	.45
2906.	.25	2941.	.45	2976.	.25	3011.	.45
2907.	.45	2942.	.45	2977.	.25	3012.	.45
2908.	.45	2943.	.45	2978.	.25	3013.	.40
2909.	.45	2944.	.35	2979.	.25	3014.	.40
2910.	.25	2945.	.30	2980.	.25	3015.	.40
2911.	.30	2946.	.35	2981.	.25	3016.	.40
2912.	.25	2947.	.35	2982.	.30	3017.	.30
2913.	.30	2948.	.35	2983.	.30	3018.	.45
2914.	.30	2949.	.25	2984.	.45	3019.	.35

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Detract from life's fun
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Nose quickly mend
So bright is your outlook
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The Evangelical St. Matthew's Church at Louisville, Ky., received \$204.00 under the McCall Church Plan.

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To Help Our Homemakers on McCall Street

FOR years, homemaking, the greatest business in the world, remained unstandardized, unrecognized, unencouraged. The women who worked at it worked each for herself, making her own experiments, originating her own methods. At the most, her experience went the rounds of a family or of a neighborhood.

Gradually the great business of homemaking became important. Schools began to teach domestic science. Later, our Government and our great State Universities taught the new doctrines under the name of home economics. They sent out their lecturers; they issued their bulletins on homemaking subjects.

But many technical home-economic bulletins are dry and dullly scientific. McCall's Magazine has prepared for its readers a new kind of booklet on homemaking topics. Each booklet is written by a famous authority on that particular subject; each is readable, simple, compact.

A small charge of ten cents has been made, in the past, for each booklet. As long as the present edition lasts, however, McCall's offers, as part of its great service to its readers, to send these booklets to you free. You are asked to send only a two-cent stamp for each, to pay for postage.

The booklets are:

- A GUIDE to LITTLE HOMES, compiled by Robert Cummings Wiseman. Photographs and plans of houses to be built at the present cost of less than \$1000. The foremost small house architects.
- THE MODERN HOME: How to FORTIFY IT AND MAKE IT COMFORTABLE, by Lillian Purdy Gooding. The woman of today does not need to be shown how to do work but how not to do it. This booklet tells the short cuts in house work.
- DOWN THE GARDEN PATH, a handbook of gardening advice by Dorothy Giles, a member of The Garden Club of America, will help you make your garden gay with flowers from April to October.
- PARTIES ALL THE YEAR: ONE FOR EVERY MONTH, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Things to send as invitations, decorations for the house; new games, contests, stunts, favors, prizes, costumes, refreshments, arrangements of the tables—all are explained.
- WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES: For Dinners, Luncheons, Afternoon Tea, Suppers, Bridal breakfasts and Children's Parties. Recipes and menus compiled by Lillian M. Gunn. For the hostess who is planning to entertain two guests or one hundred.
- ENTERTAINING WITHOUT A MAID. Correct table service for the simple Sunday night supper, or other informal affairs, or for a very formal party. Illustrations showing exactly how to set the table. Directions for serving.
- TIME-SAVING COOKERY. Dedicated to the woman who believes in the gospel of rest and recreation as well as in the gospel of work. How to cut down the hours spent in the kitchen, without lowering the quality of food served to one's family or guests.
- MIXERS FOR TWO WEEKS: A dietary for the family, taking account of vitamins and food values. Planned by Dr. E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmons of the School of Hygiene and Tropical Health, Johns Hopkins University. To rebuild those who are run down, in the twilight zone of nervousness and fatigue, and to establish standards of proper nutrition for the home.
- THE FRIENDLY MOTHER: A BOOK OF PRACTICAL MATERNITY ARTICLES by Helen Johnson Keays and approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M. D., Director of the Maternity Division of the Woman's Hospital of New York City. What the expectant mother should eat; how she should dress, work, exercise, and rest. What she will need for her confinement; what to have ready for the new baby. A simple explanation of the changes through which she must pass, but will set her fears at rest, and dispel foolish and alarming superstitions.

To obtain any of the booklets mentioned in this column, and your request, (being sure to enclose postage for forwarding each bulletin you desire) to the Service Editor, Care of McCall's Magazine, 250 West 37th Street, New York City.

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When the winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism starts to tingle in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole. Rub this soothing white ointment gently over the sore spot. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief from old man Pain.

Better by far than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole does the work without the burn and blister Grandma knew so well.

For crampy colic, sore throat, rheumatism and tingling in all kinds, just rub on Musterole.

Don't wait for trouble, keep a jar or tube on the bathroom shelf. Recommended by many doctors, it comes in 35c and 65c jars and tubes, hospital size, 85c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



Deformed 7 Years by Infantile Paralysis

Frances Hall's condition after 6 1/2 months at McLain Sanitarium, Annapolis, Md., is shown here. She knew her as a cripple 7 years, and her parents were told she would never walk again.

It hardly seems possible that Frances' condition could be so completely overcome. Her feet are 2 1/2 inches from the floor when she sits down. She can stand on the floor, although slightly lame. Her legs have become straight and firm, and she has good use of them. All her friends think she is a normal girl.

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The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities. Very Neck, Hip Dislocation, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults, and the "Bony" "Deformities and Paralysis" and "Bony" or "Infectious" deformities.

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is the title of a beautiful book on the culture of roses. It is a 100-page, 100-illustrated color catalogue. "Clear dressing, correct combination." Write for your copy today.

The Day of Little Things

(Continued from page 2)

Let us all try to realize that he came into power handpicked by the stress of war. Let us acknowledge that to hold steady and to keep our heads above water at all is a big achievement. I propose that we all hope for him, pray for him: and let us go further, and uphold every man that we have placed in a position of power. We can all help toward ending the present period of lawlessness by each of us chivalrously obeying the spirit and the letter of the laws by which we are supposed to be governed.

We can all help toward better feeling and a better social and political condition by furthering the work of the churches, by broadening their influence. They are mighty organizations, but they are not advancing as they could, and as they would, if each of us would do all we can toward extending and stabilizing their influence.

We can all help toward better schools. We can make our schools, the better brand of men and women they will return to us.

I am heart and soul in favor of the Brotherhood Movement, the Rotary Clubs, and the cultural clubs of all kinds for women. To tell the plain truth, I am growing a mite fearful of the mighty influence and leading power of these clubs for women. This is the thing that they are doing: At least one day out of each week they take women from the monotony of home life and teaching them to reason, to think, to know for themselves, to stand up on their own feet and express their thoughts and opinions, to elaborate and defend their contentions. Self-defense, the business men of our country are going to be compelled to ask their wives to be content with a little sex money in hand, and to be mental as well as the physical companions of their wives.

AND this year I propose that all of us go back to our childhood love of the great poetry of our forefathers. Let us secure and read over the great lyrics, sonnets and tragedies that so thrilled and uplifted us, and then let us read carefully and become acquainted with the poetry that is being written today; that what of truth and beauty and inspiration it contains may not have been given birth in vain. I propose that each of us shall read the poetry that is possibly can, and that we test it sincerely and try to decide for ourselves whether it really is poetry and why it is so. I propose that it is safe to demiss a new form that we do not understand, with a sneer. In mastering that form, in learning what it is all about, we might surprise ourselves by enriching our lives with great beauty. At any rate, if all of us take a few minutes to think seriously upon Keats. Today the cultured people of our time can find no greater poet, no man whose work is more beloved; and when we think of this, it is with sick hearts that we realize that this greatest of poets literally had his heart broken and died a death of suffering at the hands of unympathetic and wholly unjust critics. It is a sickening thing to contemplate. I sincerely hope that each of us will do what he can to keep such a blot from again being put upon the pages of literature. I wish that the newspapers and magazines would use more poetry, that our publishers would do so. And this, I can guarantee; they will do so if the people will make it plainly manifest that poetry is what they want to read.

This year I wish that everyone of us who can possibly afford it buy up one piece of being called the poetry of our times. If you would like a blaze of sunlight, a section of animal or human life, a picture of the world as it really is, things and man handles them, try Charles Russell the only man of his kind, the greatest of the moderns, has ever known along his particular line. If you are inland and would love to see upon your walls the great, the real, the true, the fine, the mist of spray, the great, stable rocks of the seashore standing for ages the buffeting of the waves, the white foam of the surf, if you would love to have a whole mountain of your own, purple lavender with its feet in the water, and your hand waving banners of gray mist, there is C. A. Falla— and so on, and down a long list. You would then be sure to see these works of their deep desperation where they would be loved and appreciated. I wish that each of us will allow a painting, then an etching or a steel engraving of real dignity and merit.

Then, turn up, let all of us push forward in unison this year in a strong, steady sweep for righteousness, for peace, for love and law. Let's make this "Day of Little Things" into one shining year of the biggest things that ever have happened in our love.

The Human Race

By Dr. William McDougall

(Continued from page 45)

of the people is diminishing because in each generation its most gifted children rise to fill the positions of leadership, as they are vacated by the gifted members of the foregoing generation, and in turn become sterilized by their success.

This process can be arrested or mitigated only by taking thought, by boldly facing the danger instead of ignoring it in a spirit of blind optimism. If this is done the danger may be overcome and the American people may pursue their way, sure of attaining a future worthy of their great past. But if America should remain blind to this danger, while the subtle process of decline goes on from generation to generation, what a deplorable issue it will be of the splendid promise of American life! This is the thought that has prompted me to write of "the greatest tragedy in the history of mankind!"

Fortune's Fool

(Continued from page 45)

an old friend. I did not know it until I was until I had conveyed her letter, but I don't disapprove of it, because she excused her hence again, and I was about to do so when You Grace arrived. I have now to ask you to please take your word of honor that you will do nothing to prevent our peaceful departure—that you will offer no hindrance either to our own person or in that of your servants."

"By God!" he ejaculated and his voice was raising as he said, "That is enough of your insolence, my man. You'll unlock that door at once, or I'll call my men."

"It was long since You Grace should be tempted to such ungentle measures that I took the precaution to lock the door. I will ask You Grace to observe that it is a very stout door and that the lock is a very sound one. You may summon your men to try to force the door, but I guarantee it is very probable that Your Grace—"

Buckingham laughed, and even as he laughed, he whipped the light rapier from its scabbard, and flung forward in a lunge across the distance which he had measured with his very precise swordman's eye. It was an action swift as lightning and of a deadly precision. Holles had seen that calculating look, and he saw that the eyes of the duke were measured the distance between them, and because he had more than once before seen just such a calculating look, he knew that the eyes of other men he had guessed the duke's purpose, and he had been prepared.

Nan's guide screamed out and the dash of the two blades rang out in the same moment.

(Continued in the February McCall's)

Christmas Twice a Year

(Continued from page 48)

under the tree was there, but the apples looked sour and unripe, and the walnuts were small as hazelnuts.

Jamie's lip began to tremble, and he would have certainly started to cry, but boy though he was, if, at that very moment, Mrs. Santa Claus had not hurried into the room.

"She took his hand in her warm fat hand. "O Jamie," she said, "would it be awful if Christmas did actually come twice a year? Let's go and tell Mr. Claus how you are, and how you are all getting on."

She walked right into Santa Claus's private office with Jamie. Santa looked up at her and said, "What a lovely idea."

"So you don't like Christmas in the middle of the year?" he asked.

"I don't like it," said Jamie as God's "I want it when it's had time to get finished."

"All right, my boy! See you next December, and then I'll have your Christmas ripe and ready. But don't you go wishing for things any more unless you are mighty sure you are really good wishes!"

Santa Claus patted Jamie's shoulder, then turned busily to his work. Mrs. Claus made him drink a hot lemonade before he got into the little red car again. She waved at him as far as she could, and then she went scurrying over the snow, he and the little holly girl, and Jamie grew very drowsy as the air warmed to a very warm and warmer.

He was startled wide awake as the car went over a bump, and he opened his eyes to find that he was sitting with his hat and the bump was Jane who had landed hard on his bed.

He then thought things things over, and then mother came into the room. He looked at her as she bent over him and said, "I'm sorry, I've been to see Santa Claus, and I saw what your Christmas would look like if it came in the middle of the year, and it was awful. O mother, I won't wish forever and ever!"



Chapped Hands

RAW, RED HANDS, so painfully chapped from dishwashing and other household work—are quickly relieved by the generous use of soothing

Mentholatum

Dry the hands, rub Mentholatum into the skin, and the healing, antiseptic action will remove the trouble and keep them soft.

Mentholatum is sold everywhere—tubes, 25c; jars, 25c, 50c. The Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Wichita, Kans. Bridgeport, Ont.

FOR COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

Could you use an extra \$10.00 now? Of course you could. Perhaps you would choose a new hat or new shoes, possibly you would spend it in buying Christmas gifts. But what if it would come in handy to meet some household expense. There are plenty of uses for the money.

FOR YOU

You may have an extra \$10.00 this month, if you wish. McCall's Magazine will give you \$10.00 for just a little of your spare time used in taking care of new and renewal subscriptions.

This is just the plan you have been looking for—no experience or investment is required—so send at once for full details and get this extra \$10.00 for yourself.

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You're Beautiful This Morning!
Do your husband say that this morning?
Young wives, young maidens, have you learned the secret of keeping your skin fresh and fair...

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) a vegetable aperient, acts naturally to clear the skin of blemishes, and preserves a beautiful, youthful appearance. It improves the general health and prevents and relieves constipation, headaches and biliousness.

All Druggists Sell The Dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets for Used for over 30 years

Chips off the Old Block. NR JUNIORS NR JUNIORS NR JUNIORS. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on a liberal sample of the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICAL CO., Dept. M., St. Louis, Mo.

Coughs-Colds. It is not what we say, but what our patrons say of Vapo-Cresolene that conveys the strongest evidence of its merits.

Vapo-Cresolene. Our best advertising is from the unopinionated statements of those who have used Vapo-Cresolene. For coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, asthma and catarrh.

Gladiolus. 25 Bulbs for 25 Cents. We make this offer to introduce our new Gladiolus bulbs. Only 25c per set at each price.

Enel. Use them to mount all Kodak. Enel is a new and powerful photographic developer. It is made in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF. Every Deaf Person Knows That. We have a new and powerful hearing aid. It is made in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco.

Mildred Roberts made \$866.79. By selling our beautiful Dress Goods, Dainty Handkerchiefs, and more. We have a new and powerful hearing aid. It is made in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and San Francisco.



Glands and Conduct

SCIENTISTS are compiling a new book of knowledge for mankind. It deals with the ductless glands. So far only a few chapters have been written. When the work of all the ductless glands has been determined, scientists say that individuals may be diagnosed as possessing a thyroid, thymus, pituitary, adrenal or other personality determined by the dominating gland, or by the combination, balance or interaction of two or more glands; and that many secrets and mysteries of human conduct then will be revealed.

Already it is possible to explain certain obscure problems of women by the new theory. For instance:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

My beautiful home, my three attractive children, my splendid husband should keep me content, I know, but I am the victim of a horrible restlessness.

Sometimes I cannot keep still but must work myself to the point of exhaustion. I strive without success to overcome the desire to go—to go anywhere away from the place I am in.

I have traveled enough to know that Timbuctoo and Four Corners are identical under the surface, but if I were in Paris, I would wish to be back at Niagara Falls.

My urge to be always moving harms my children. I feel sure. My poor husband says it is enough to wreck our home. I have used my will vainly to overcome it. What can you say of a problem which is driving me distracted?—A. E. C., New York.

PERHAPS the writer uses her will power futilely because of the hyperactivity of her thyroid glands.

Dr. Louis Berman calls the thyroid "the great controller of the speed of living," also "the gland of energy production" and "the accelerator."

Or the uneven spurts of energy above deplored might have something to do with the pituitary gland of which Berman writes:

"The post-pituitary type is restless and hyperactive, craves excitement and a continual change of scene, a new pleasure every minute."

These solutions are merely indicated; the expert judges a case by wide data, height and weight, shape of the head, the features, color and texture of the skin, quality of the hair and teeth, and other physical as well as mental characteristics.

The brutal husband of whom sad wives complain is probably dominated by his adrenals. These are the glands of combat and anger, also of courage and emergency. It is easier to understand why a husband is pugnacious than to cure him. Alcoholism accounts for great misery in some homes. According to the new theory, the drunkard is found among the thymocentrics.

When the adrenals determine the conduct of a woman, we have a letter like this:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I would give my life for the man I am engaged to but I grow more unhappy with each day. He says I have a disposition no man could live with.

I truly believe that he loves me, but he talks to me about my faults as if I were a child. He says we never can be happily married unless I improve. And I can't. I have tried change—and I can't!

I am irritable and become angry at the least offense. I am high-strung and high-tempered, I fly into a rage over whatever displeases me; and last but not worst, I am not sociable. I am very energetic and manage my own estate. But I am not able to overcome my faults.

Do not mistake me. I picked him from several—and I want him.

I know you will think this a foolish letter but the facts spell tragedy for me.—F. T. L., New York.

NOBODY who has read the new story of the glands would consider the above a foolish letter. It is a most interesting illustration of the influence of the glands upon behavior. "Reflexes, instincts, habits, tendencies and emotions involved in their machinery."

Neither the girl's desire to please the man she loves, nor her own clear insight into her limitations, nor her will to reform, as enabled her to reshape her conduct. Perhaps a scientific expert could help her.

There is also a letter from a wife of many years whose formerly devoted husband has become morose and neglectful, although not interested in a younger woman. The wife's letter suggests the possibility that some glandular disease exists.

Carcinomas like tumors not infrequently injure the action of a gland and change an agreeable and refined person into a creature of gross tastes and repulsive habits, to the astonishment and confusion of the family.

The relation of the ductless glands to behavior is a subject about which women should have all the information they can obtain and assimilate.

Certainly it sheds light upon emotional problems now considered hopeless; it illumines habits laid deep in physiology, ways of the body not easily changed. And here is another excellent reason why women should stop crying so much about their troubles.

Youth's Eager Decisions

THE desire "to save" a young man from an intriguing girl and a marriage which she considers deplorable matters more than one conscientious correspondent. A sample letter may be condensed thus:

CARE of the body is a duty commonly recognized. Care of the mind often is a neglected responsibility. Physical health means beauty. Mental health means happiness. When the mind is tormented by trouble, mental health is impossible. How to get rid of mental tension is information every woman ought to have. If you cannot analyze your own distress, detail to another. If your personal perplexity is one you dare to confide only to a stranger, send it, big or little, to a woman who has had fifteen years' experience with such correspondence. Sign initials only if you prefer. For a personal reply, send an addressed and stamped envelope. Address letters to Mrs. Winona McCull, McCull's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

A man who had spent several years at the far corners of the earth, Siberia and the Philippines, comes home to make love to a serious-minded and rather reserved Ohio girl.

But a sophisticated young person of the time takes him for her own. And so the deserted sweetheart wishes to know how to inform the unsuspecting man that the pretty creature he has chosen is incoherent, indolent and generally worthless as a housekeeper.

Here it must be noted that the complainant is seventeen years old and that her maternal instinct to rescue the man from the other girl is characteristic of her age.

The adult mind would immediately suggest that she permit the man to save himself. He probably has acquired in his travels sufficient information to enable him to decide what kind of a wife he wants.

The girl of seventeen adds that she knows she never is going to love anybody else in this world!

To eagerly doze youth make this decision, not knowing that the love of seventeen is to that of twenty-five as lukewarm water to deep champagne.

Mature love is worth waiting for. Too much practice in baby love wears down the edge of loving so that precocious lovers are doomed to miss the great experience.

Can One Die of Love?

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

Is it possible for a girl to die of hopeless love?

My daughter is the victim of a sad romance. She is beautiful, clever and a girl of the finest character. Since she gave up seeing the man she has become a nervous wreck.

She develops odd symptoms from time to time. She never has told the doctor what I know and I am sworn to keep up seeing the man she has become a nervous wreck. I have supposed that she would improve after a period of complete rest, since only love is the original cause of her ills, but after we put her to bed, she failed rapidly. Now I begin to fear that she is dying of a broken heart.—Most Anxious Mother.

MANY an imaginative and sensitive girl has died of a broken constitution when Fate has denied her the right man.

Brooding and insomnia affect the nerves and they interfere with the digestion. The stomach becomes flabby and fails to function. This condition reacts upon the nerves; a genuine "vicious circle" ensues which may produce distressing physical as well as mental disturbances and end in death. And people usually say that the cause was tuberculosis or anemia or a puzzling complication.

The cure would have to commence with a change in the girl's mental attitude toward her sorrow. Therefore, rest in bed which gives her coveted freedom to dwell upon lost love is the worst of all situations for her.

The girl should be provided with substitutes for her visioning of the impossible.

Yes, it is possible to die of hopeless love, but it isn't necessary and it is no more admirable than suicide.

The Gentleman's Code

IN "the gentleman's code" it has long been a point of honor for a man to keep his engagement to marry a girl even though he may have ceased to love her. Many a girl has refused to release a fiance on the ground that her love was great enough to suffice for two; and thus miserable marriages and some divorces, have come about.

That the convention is still fixed in some minds is implied in the following letter:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

At twenty-two I became engaged to a girl whom I believed the only one in the world for me. But a year has passed, and instead of wanting to hurry the wedding, I am truly sorry that we ever spoke of love.

My modern girls would accept of my training. I cannot go back on my promise to marry.—F. N. B., Nebraska.

FOR most mistakes we must pay. But marriage is too heavy a price to put upon misplaced love. Fortunately, in the present upheaval of social values, truth rather than custom survives as the best test of right and wrong. Among new and better ideals are those which demand absolute honesty about love as a basis for marriage.

Few modern girls would accept of an unwilling mate in matrimony. Most of them would scorn the man who failed to be frank about his feelings before it was too late. When the love of a man is done, it is obvious that the girl should be given the opportunity to end the engagement.

This much of "the gentleman's code" still obtains: The man invariably refers inquiries to the lady, if being her privilege to make all statements concerning her status.

Winona McCull

Every girl should learn how to make good bread as the foundation of her home cookery training.



“I made it
all myself”

The proper preparation of food is now considered one of the most important things young girls should know.

The girl who knows how to make good bread finds most other cooking easy.

The secret of making good bread lies in using good yeast — Yeast Foam.

Ask our expert what you want to know about bread making. Hannah L. Westling, formerly bread expert, Department of Agriculture, will be glad to answer any question about flour, yeast, temperature, mixing, kneading, rising, molding, baking, etc.



Yeast Foam Tablets
A Tonic Food

These tablets are the richest known natural food source of an element necessary to nutrition; they supplement your regular food and help you utilize its full value. As a tonic to stimulate the appetite and improve digestion, these tablets have been prescribed by physicians and taken by thousands. For sale at all drug stores.

Send for descriptive circular

Magic Yeast
Yeast Foam

—just the same
except in name

Package of 5 cakes —
at your grocer—10¢



NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
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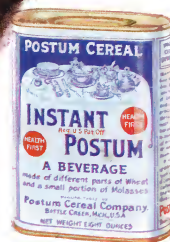
Please send free booklet, "The Art of Baking Bread"

Name _____

Address _____



When bedtime comes around *are you certain of a good night's sleep?*



YOU must often envy the children their wonderful way of dropping off to sleep—almost the instant their heads touch the pillow.

Are you as sure of a good night's sleep as they are? Or is coffee making trouble for you—keeping you awake at night and making you grow old too soon by continuous over-stimulation from the caffeine it contains?

If you want to enjoy sound, restful sleep and freedom from "nerves," stop coffee and tea, and drink healthful Postum instead.

Postum is a delicious and satisfying hot drink that tastes much like coffee. But as Postum is made from wheat and contains no caffeine whatever it is absolutely harmless for young or old at any time of day or night.

Order Postum from your grocer today. Serve it as your mealtime beverage instead of coffee or tea, and see how much better you will sleep, and how much better you will feel.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared; made by boiling fully 20 minutes.

POSTUM *for Satisfaction and Health* *"There's a Reason"*

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan