

THE DELINEATOR

September 1919

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Advance
Fall
Fashions

VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ, MABEL POTTER DAGGETT,
SAMUEL MERWIN, HENRY C. ROWLAND, GRACE SART-
WELL MASON, DEMETRA VAKA, JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE

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THE DELINEATOR FOR SEPTEMBER 1919

HONORÉ WILLSIE EDITOR JAMES EATON TOWER MANAGING EDITOR

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IN THIS NUMBER

Stories by Samuel Merwin, Henry C. Rowland, Grace Sartwell Mason, Henry A. Shute, Alice Dyar Russell, Augusta Huiell Seaman. Beauty talk by Celia Caroline Cole. Food articles by Flora C. Orr and Helena Judson. Articles by Mabel Potter Daggett, Marguerite Mooers Marshall, A. Estelle Paddock. New fashions and the fuller Autumn styles.

In the October DELINEATOR

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN'S NEW NOVEL

stories and articles by Blasco Ibáñez, Katharine F. Gerould, Samuel Merwin, Mabel Potter Daggett, Mrs. Vernon Kellogg, etc.

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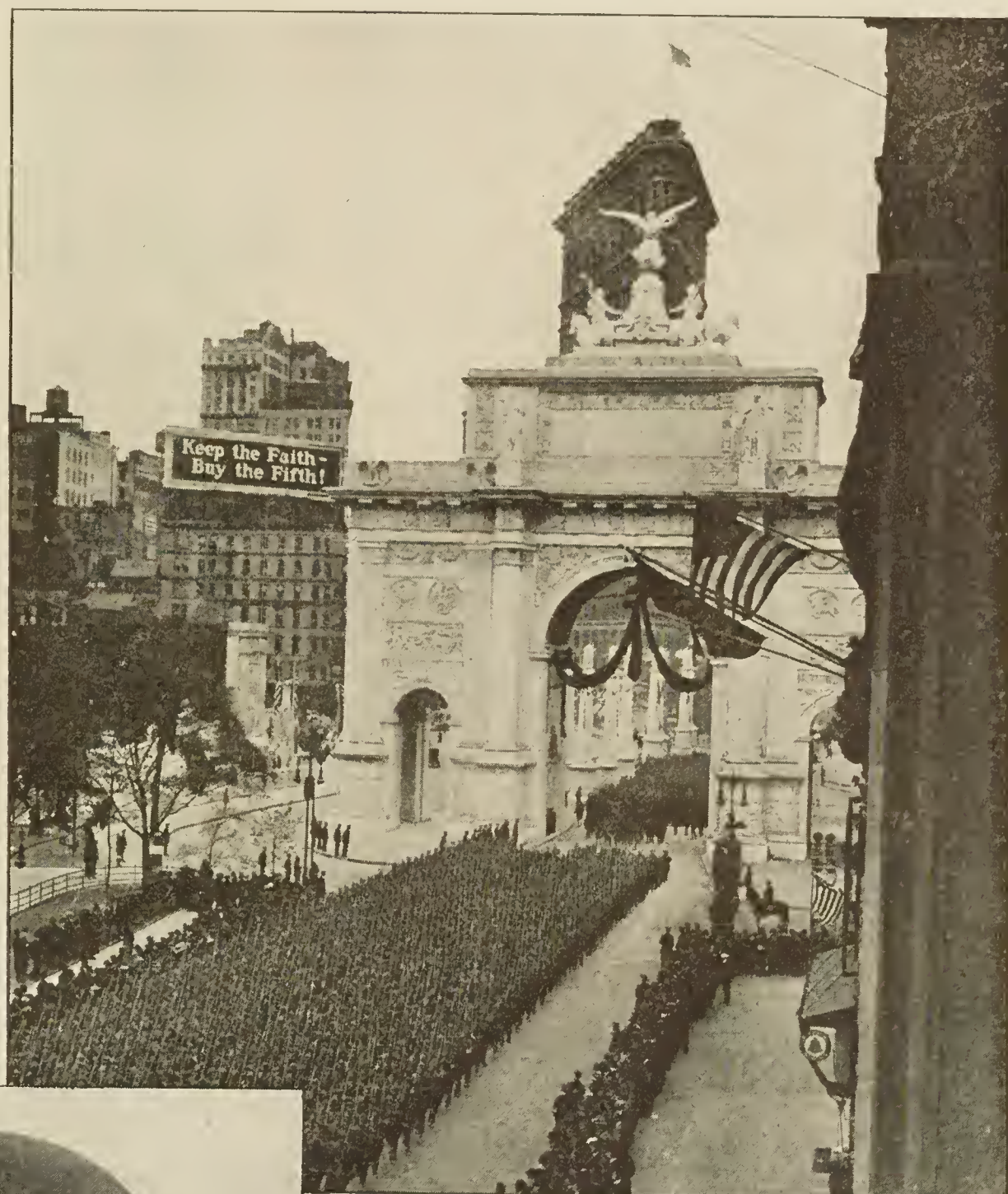
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COMING INTO THE GAME



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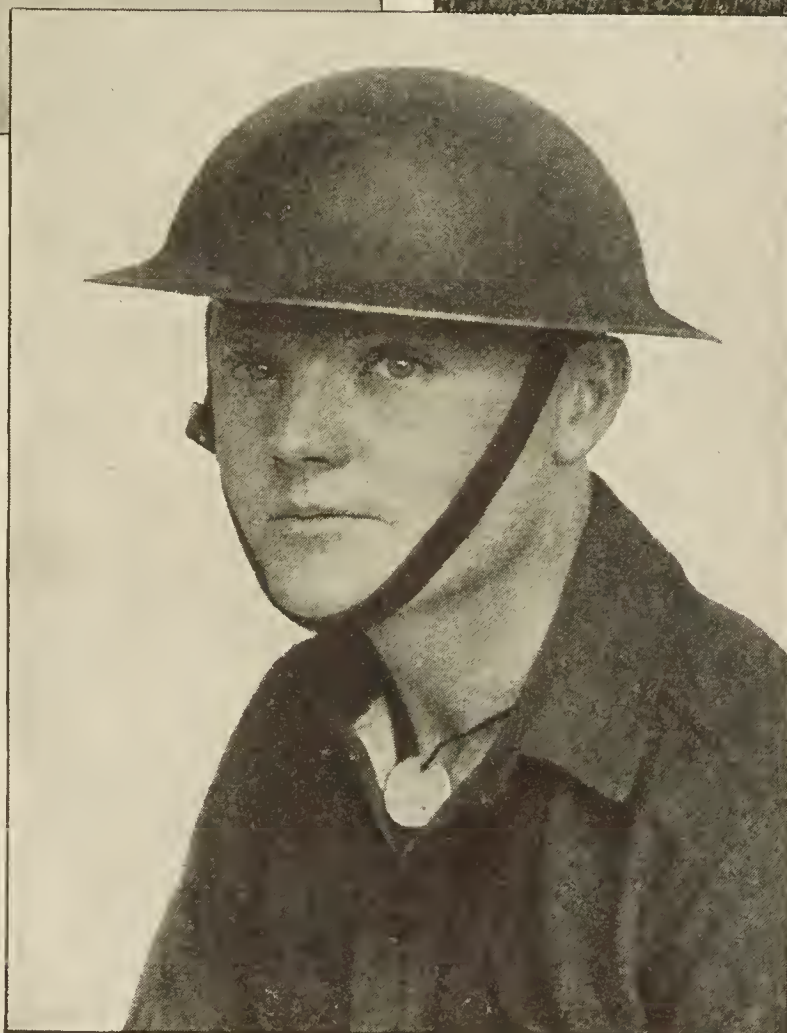
"THEY'VE WON!"

ONE of the intellectual diseases to which humanity is heir is its ignorance of true geography. As children in school we are taught physical and political geography, the names of rivers and mountains, frontier boundaries—which change every fifty years—and even the economic peculiarities of each country. That is all. Afterward as men we receive as a legacy from preceding generations a moral geography, a hybrid mixture of slanders and mistakes, which may be called "picturesque geography," and which for the very reason that it is false, remains profoundly engraved upon our memory, and however contrary our later readings and the impressions gathered in travel may be to these absurd conceptions, we always instinctively come back to them. For the poor human being forgets truth much more easily than he forgets error.

Before the war this fantastic geography prevailed throughout the world as if it had been an indestructible and scientific truth. It seemed that we were all determined either to ignore or calumniate each other.

The dogmatic affirmations of this geography are well known; they were manufactured in the cradle of the centuries and have been unquestioningly accepted by succeeding generations.

According to this geography, no one could imagine the Frenchman other than with one foot in the air and a glass of champagne in her hand; the Frenchman was a decadent being, incapable of anything but savoring the pleasures of life. The Italian was a long-haired, melancholy fellow, who strummed the mandolin and was good only for gobbling macaroni. The Englishman was a haughty, overbearing gentleman whose sole ideal in life was to be in his evening clothes by six o'clock, and thoroughly drunk by ten. The Spaniard was a gaunt, swarthy, hungry individual who had his shirt full of charms and amulets, a knife in his pocket, and who was ready to dance at any moment. The German was a good-natured fellow, a little ridiculous, with a somewhat thick and confused head, a splendid family man, hard-working as an ox, his chief happiness lying in his stein of beer and his native *Lieder*. And so this geography went on, characterizing in its own fashion all the lands of the earth.



Hollinger & Co.

THE FIGHTING FACE

THE LAND OF BLUFF

BY VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

Author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"

The world lived as if there were no such things as railways or steamships or newspapers; just as in the Middle Ages when the tales of the pilgrim or of a wandering singer were accepted as articles of faith and formed the basis of one city's judgment of the next.

To be sure, there was a minority of cultured persons who knew with more or less accuracy the true character of each country and the continuous changes that were taking place. But the populace, the great mass of humanity which has no time for study, clung to its ready-made geography, to its stereotyped judgments fifty or a hundred years old.

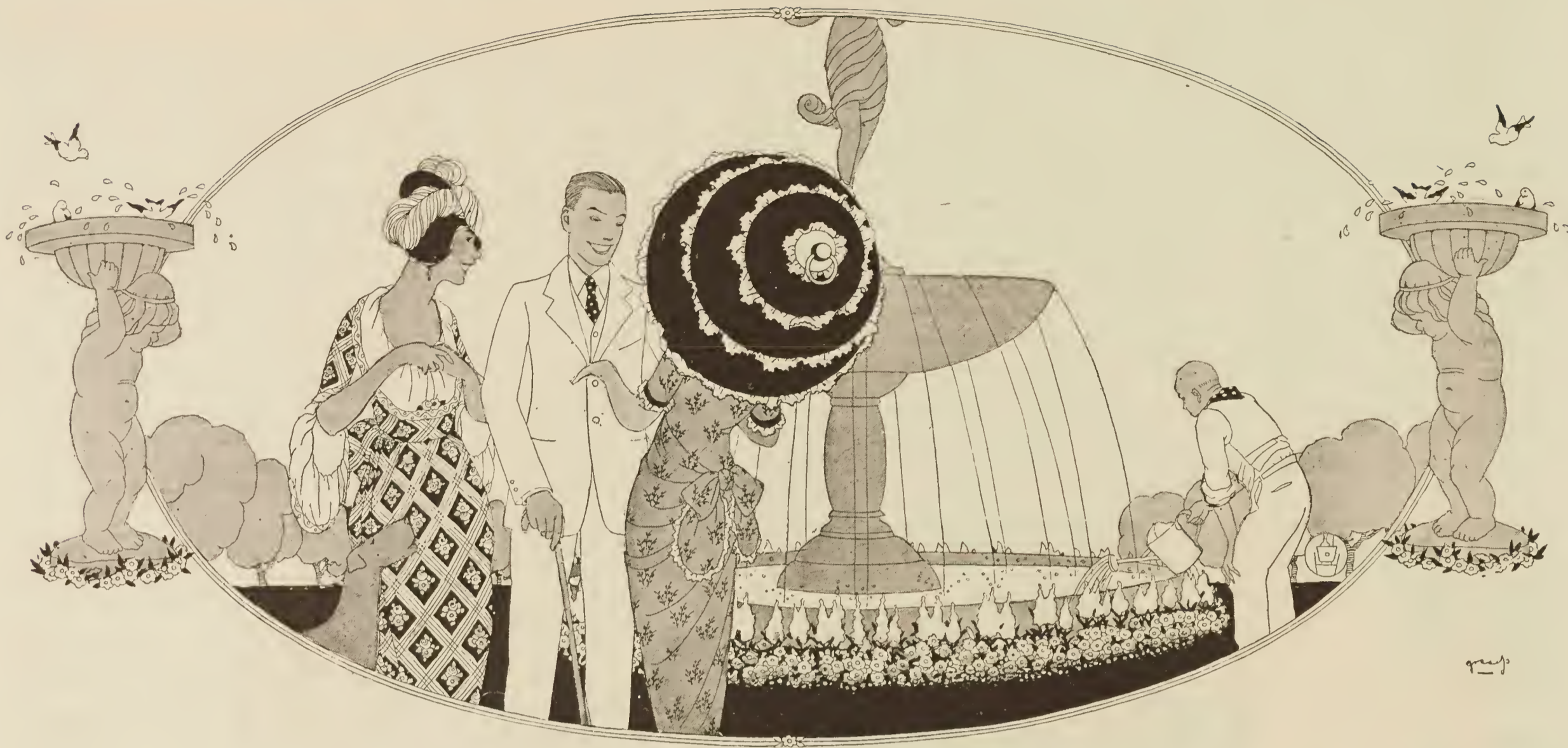
Then the war came and its universal upheaval has brought us closer together, and we have had to modify our old mistaken judgments.

This traditional geography has proved false from beginning to end. The Frenchman is one of the most orderly and economical of women; and the Frenchman has just shown the heroism of which a man is capable in the defense of his country and his liberty. During the last years Italy has made remarkable contributions to human progress and has recently cooperated vigorously in the most noble of all causes. The Englishman has proved that he is not indifferent to the fate of the world, allying himself in the early days of the war with the invaded, the side that appeared the weaker, when it would have been so easy and profitable to have come to an understanding with the invader, dividing the spoils with him.

In the Spain that all looked upon as fanatical and backward, a place where the world had not moved forward and was still at the beginning of the last century, there are educated and organized masses of workmen, just as in other countries, and scientists and artists who work hard, in spite of the fact that they have to do so under the most unfavorable conditions; who work twice as hard as those of other countries, for they have to work for themselves and for those of their countrymen who do not work.

And the good-natured, fatherly German, that sweet singer—I have come to know him. I do not need any one to tell me what he is like. Perhaps far from his

Continued on page 65



GOSSIP

ONLY the Wise can afford to be foolish. For the Foolish must be ever affecting an appearance of wisdom, lest their foolishness be discovered.

GREAT OAKS

GEORGE ADE related at a New York dinner a story of what he termed the golden days of Chicago newspaper work. To a cub reporter on the *Tribune*, a serious-minded youth, was assigned the covering of the hotels.

Immediately thereafter two rival newspapers began to print surprising interviews with visitors to the hotels—explorers just back from the African wilds, soldiers of fortune, statesmen. The young reporter found only routine items; the celebrities had always departed when he reached the hotel. The young man was soon shifted to the financial department, in which he made good.

The defeated "cub" was Frank A. Vanderlip; his rivals, who wrote the brilliant interviews, were Peter Finley Dunne, destined to be known later as "Mr. Doolley," and Charles Dillingham, later a great theatrical manager. The distinguished hotel guests and their remarkable stories existed only in the imaginations of those two men.

A POPULAR SONG

I lost my heart—
I love the ladies;
I love to stay at home;
I love you best.
I love you—
That's the one thing I know;
I'm afraid—
I'm beginning to love.
I'm coming back to Dixie,
I'm just crying for you;
I'm glad my wife's in Europe.
I'm going back home—
I'm going back to Louisiana;
I'm gonna make hay.
I'm on my way to Mandalay;
I'm saving up—
I'm simply crazy—
Over you.

Of course, it isn't a popular song at all. It is simply a section of popular-song titles, taken in one chunk from a page of a talking-machine catalog. But with some snappy jazz music it wouldn't make such a bad bid for popularity at that. Lots of worse ones are published.

H. H.

MR. MARBURG MARS A SPEECH

MR. THEODORE MARBURG and a fellow speaker from New York City were to speak on the League of Nations from the same platform. They faced a college audience and were limited to an hour by the fixed schedule of a college day.

The first speaker used up fifty minutes of the allotted time, leaving ten or less for Mr. Marburg. The latter rose to the occasion with his usual grace.

"I am reminded," he began, "of two men who were to address the same audience in a political campaign.

"You speak first," said one of them. "Tell all you know. It won't take very long!"

"All right," said the other, "I'll tell all we both know. It won't take any longer."

UNCLE JOE FIXED HIM!

WHEN Uncle Joe Cannon was at the height of his unpopularity, he frequently received threatening letters. As a rule he paid no attention to these, but one morning he got a letter that he placed in a separate pile. It was of such a businesslike tone that it worried him. The writer went on to say that he was himself a square, broad-minded citizen and thought it no more than fair that he should notify a man when he intended to shoot him.

Cannon investigated and found that there was such a man living just where the letter said. After thinking it over for a few days, Cannon replied to the letter somewhat as follows:

"I have your very courteous note of recent

date, in which you notify me of the plans you have made to shoot me. While I do not like to interfere with your arrangements, I am somewhat bigoted in the matter of living and will be disappointed not to continue for the number of years I had intended. However, I greatly appreciate the fairness of your attitude in letting me know in advance. And so I am going to be equally frank with you. While you plan to do this thing from a sense of patriotic duty, it occurs to me that perhaps you are a person of modest means and can not afford the expense that will be incurred for railroad fare, ammunition and so on. So, to make everything perfectly fair and above-board all around, I will make this proposition to you: If you will let me know what day you would like to come down to do the shooting, I will gladly send you my personal check for enough to cover your railroad and Pullman fare from New York to Washington and return."

But Uncle Joe never heard from the man again. Fred C. Kelly.

THE FAMILY MEDICINE-CLOSET

On days when I have nothing else (a rarity) to do, The Family Medicine-Closet I delight to amble through. I love to look the bottles o'er, the powders and the pills; They bring to mind the memory of long-forgotten ills.

Prescriptions, partly taken, clutter up each tiny shelf; Prescriptions that the druggist filled for family or self.

I can't remember which is which, the labels are so faint. (Perhaps this stuff is poison; then again perhaps it ain't.)

Half-hidden from my roving eye is some for-bidding juice; I do not know its nature, but it's marked "External Use." There's plaster, genus mustard, that is curling up to die, And a lonely little eye-cup that was once for baby's eye.

A bottle with a skull and bones some horrid stuff reveals; There are scores of little boxes marked: "In water, after meals." There's a bottle with a nip, perhaps—no more—of Beef and Wine; And a lot of tiny paper drums all emptied of quinin.

I run across some powders that are labeled, "Baby's cold;" I do not know their nature, but—the baby's ten years old. There's aconite and calomel from prehistoric day; And a lot of things "No good to keep; too good to throw away."

I do not crave publicity or praise from fellow men; I'd rather duck the limelight (as I'm sure you know), but then— I think of all this medicine, now hoarded at a loss, And plan a princely present to the excellent Red Cross.

Harry Hamilton:

THE LIFE-SIZE FIGURE

WHEN the auctioneer had knocked down about everything in the grimy curio-shop to the eager buyers, his glance fell on a large object in a dark corner.

"Here's one thing left!" he cried. "What'll you bid on this life-sized image reclining in a chair? A mummy molded by one of the Egyptians probably before the Flood and dug up centuries later to find its way through some peculiar juggle of chance to this shop. How much'm I bid?"

"Fifty cents," responded a voice. "Fifty cents; fifty, I'm bid. Who'll go sixty? Fifty—make it sixty—fifty cents, fifty, fifty, fif— Are you all done? Sold at fifty cents!"

But at this juncture the shopkeeper rushed forward, gesticulating wildly.

"Vat you sell for fifty cents? Hein? Dot's my wife!"

BROTHERS

SHORTLY after the first presentation of "The Servant in the House," and while Charles Rann Kennedy was being acclaimed as a newly discovered dramatist, he received many urgent invitations from strangers—self-appointed arbiters of things literary and dramatic. One of these he had accepted; it took him to a home of great wealth and elegance.

On his return he was twitted by a little group of his friends for the worldly wisdom he had shown in selecting so stately a mansion for his favor. Mr. Kennedy faced the scoffers imperturbably. "I am so much of a Socialist," he said, "that I have learned to look upon the very rich as my brothers."

HOW I SAVED MONEY ON \$500 A YEAR

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

No humorist more genial and kindly than Charles Battell Loomis ever lived. Even his occasional satire left nothing but laughter in its train. Here is a little sketch of his, hitherto unpublished, suggested to Mr. Loomis by those articles which occasionally appear in household magazines describing how a large family may be maintained on a low income.

"COUNTERJUMPER" sends me the following letter, which I print with the simple comment that what man has done man can do:

When I read of young men afraid to marry on a salary of two thousand, three thousand, or even five thousand, I think of my own case and wonder at their timidity—or is it stinginess?

I was getting five hundred dollars a year when I fell in love with my wife. (This was, of course, before I married her.) I do not believe in long engagements and so I proposed marriage at once. I said: "I'm getting a good salary for the work I do, and if you think you can economize we'll be very happy together. And, above all, I hope you have no false pride." Constance told me she didn't know the meaning of it.

"Good; then we can live in the suburbs!" My work was in a down-town men's-furnishing store, and I had been boarding in the city.

Of course I could not afford a house in any place where I'd be content to live, but as Spring was coming on and all we wanted was shelter from the weather, I made up my mind that a garage would do as well as a house.

I went to the town of Leonia in New Jersey and picked out the largest garage in the place. Then I obtained an interview with the owner and made him an offer: I would pay him a dollar a month for the privilege of living in his garage and sitting in his car when it was in. I was also to see that my wife's cook-stove had nothing to do with his gasoline.

There was my rent, for twelve dollars a year! I used the trolley and ferry and sub-

way, which made traveling expenses ninety dollars in round numbers. There was a boarding-house in the vicinity and I contracted with the landlady to let me have scraps from the kitchen—bread, and odds and ends she would otherwise use for soup. Of course I stipulated that they must be first-hand scraps.

These cost twenty-five cents a day, and I bought poor milk from a man trying to fight the trust, paying six cents a quart and taking a quart every other day. Thus one hundred and two dollars and twenty cents a year covered all my table expenses; and as Constance was dyspeptic and had to live on medicated biscuit, we were able to set a very attractive table, and now and then had company in to dinner.

When the automobile was in the garage, we ate in it, and made believe we were on an outing. When it was not there we had a regular dining-table. Now and then the owner of the garage gave us fresh vegetables from his garden and in return I would pump up his tires.

I set aside twenty-five dollars for my wife's new clothes and fifty dollars and eighty cents for my own. Once a month we went to a moving-picture show in Englewood at a cost of four dollars and eighty cents a year. We always got home in time for early bed.

We went to the Episcopal church, and I put ten cents in an envelope every first Sunday in the month and also gave a dollar at Christmas to the Salvation Army. My newspaper I picked up each day, sometimes in the trolley, sometimes in the ferry-boat; and on Sunday we borrowed one of a neighbor, Constance sending in return a saucer of medicated biscuits.

Incidental expenses (including cost of medicated biscuits) came to thirteen dollars. This included a dentist's bill, laundry and coal.

At the end of a year Constance's dyspepsia was no worse and I was able to deposit, as saved from my income, two hundred dollars, and we were both very happy.

The second year the twins came, and we gave up our charities and the moving-picture show—also the milk. That year, as we had doctor's bills, I was able to lay by but one hundred and fifty dollars, but I think that my experience shows that with the right kind of wife and an absence of false pride a man ought to be able to save two-thirds of his salary, whatever it may be.

And I know that nothing will tempt me to go back to my hall bedroom and needless extravagance in the city.

MEOW

A BUNDLE and a negress entered a subway train in upper Broadway one forenoon—an ungainly bundle, tightly rolled, and the woman of much the same contour as her bundle. Before the train had reached the next station a distinct "Meow" came from the bundle. All eyes were turned that way, and nobody was more astonished than the woman herself.

A minute or two later, after another station, came a louder "Meow." The negress gave a start and turned pale. All eyes were now focused on that bundle, which, obviously, was heavy and solid, without an opening so much as a tiny crack.

At length came a vociferous "MEOW." The woman arose, clutched her ill-behaved load, hurried out into the vestibule of the car, praying volubly, and at the next station made her escape. She never learned, probably, that a professional ventriloquist lives on the upper West Side and goes down-town in the subway.

HOROSCOPE

The girl who is born in September Is Saucy, you'd better remember; Excitable, Peppy, and so, as you see, Quite fond of the men, whom she suits to a T.

The male of this month is a different kind: Erratic and Moody and Brooding of mind; Effusive in poetry, painting and art, But rather Reserved in affairs of the heart.

Victrola



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From a painting by E. Blair Leighton

SUNDAY MORNING

Copyright G

TO-MORROW'S DAUGHTER

BY A. ESTELLE PADDOCK

Director, Committee on Education, Y. W. C. A.

ALL Summer the movies have been giving us fascinating glimpses of the city, bits of parks and boulevards, tempting shop-windows and all the good and all the wicked city people who, all of them, seem to be leading such interesting lives. And now when vacation is over, and the near-by work for the Winter looms up, how wonderfully attractive the big city looks!

"I hate this horrid old town," says Dorothy to herself. "I want to go to the city!" thinks Georgina. "And I will, too, some day."

This girlish discontent exists in every town—in the one full of ancestral traditions just as much as in the new towns where the grass still grows between the wheel-tracks and every tradition is an imported one. It is part of youth—especially of spirited youth.

SHE IS THE HEIRESS OF ALL THE AGES—TO-MORROW'S DAUGHTER, THE GIRL OF TO-DAY. AMBITIOUS, KEEN, READY FOR REAL LIVING, SHE FACES HER PROBLEMS SQUARELY. THIS, THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SEARCHING TALKS, IS ESPECIALLY FOR THE AMBITIOUS GIRL WHO IS NOT SURE SHE CAN CARRY OUT HER AMBITIONS IN HER HOME TOWN

Constructive discontent is far from being a bad thing. No ambitious person is without it. But put your accent on the word "constructive" and before you fly off to the city, be sure that the city is just what you want.

I am not going to tell you not to come to the city. I remember too vividly those long evenings I spent in the hammock out under the box elders when I dreamed dreams of what I would do when I got away from the old town where every one knew me and I had no chance to be what I wanted to be. I know what that ambition means.

But the city that you see in the movies does not carry a realistic breath of gasoline-tainted air; it has no noise of machines and engines and clanging cars; its picture streets do not reek of shining blue oil-waste; the dust and grime of

Concluded on page 71



WITH THE EDITOR

WHY?

TWO women were talking. One was a native of New York City, the other of a small town in Illinois. They were having tea together in a New York restaurant.

"My small Mildred enters Miss Jones's school tomorrow," said the New York woman.

The Illinois woman's voice was sympathetic. "Isn't she quite up to grade for public-school work?" she asked.

Madame New York bristled. "Public school? How should I know? Mildred, thank Heaven, will never go to a public school!"

"Why not?" Madame Illinois bristled in turn.

"Do you think my child is going to associate with the scum of the earth of the New York public schools during her susceptible years? Not if I have to scrub the street to pay for her tuition in a private school! The proudest fact in my life is that I've never put my foot over the threshold of a public school."

"And the proudest fact of mine," cried Madame Illinois, "is that, from the day I entered kindergarten until I graduated from the university, I was a part of the public-school system of the State of Illinois."

For a silent moment the two women looked at each other; then the Illinois woman said: "But don't you see what a horrible comment it is on our American system of education that you can feel as you do? I don't know anything at all about your education, but since it has permitted you to say what you've just said, I'm going to remark that your education is a failure, and I'm sorry for you. Now, wait a moment! Don't be angry. I'm not blaming you. I'm pitying you. Why, all the real Americanism I have in me, I got in the public schools."

"I began in a red-brick schoolhouse. District No. 2 was over the door. A little colored girl, Mamie Sweet, sat in front of me. The Irish saloonkeeper's son, Petie Ryan, sat next to me. Edna Brown, daughter of the local banker, sat behind me. We played and quarreled, worked and sang together for all those precious susceptible years you speak of. And I've never been able to grow away from the feeling that Mamie and Petie, Edna and I were exactly alike under our skins. And I've never been able to forget the thrill I felt when I was old enough to understand that I was being educated by the Commonwealth. That I was an intrinsic part of the State—that the public moneys were fitting me for citizenship. It gave me a sense of responsibility toward the nation that nothing else could, and then—"

But Madame New York interrupted: "Yes, I've heard many eulogies on the little red schoolhouse. But did you ever stand outside of the New York public schools and watch the children—hear the things they say and see the things they do—then imagine your child among them?"

Madame Illinois sighed and for a long time the conversation languished. Some day the women of America will have to solve this problem.

SERVICE

OUT in the great desert country there is a lonely grave. It lies on a mountain top whence one can view desert and ranges for a hundred miles in every direction. It is the grave of a young engineer who died while carrying on the work of the United States Geological Survey. There was nothing spectacular about his life. He had devoted it to studying the new regions of the country for the benefit of those who wished to open up mines or to try desert ranching. He had been underpaid and overworked, but he loved his work and he died in harness, which is the happiest death in the world.

There is no conventional headstone. But his mates who buried him, rolled a great boulder on the grave and on it carved Kipling's immortal lines:

"Not as a ladder from earth to heaven,
Not as an altar to any creed
But simple service, simply given
To his own kind, in their common need."

The perfect tribute on that lonely grave comes

very close to expressing that essential ideal of Americanism toward which we all are blindly groping our way.

More and more we turn to service as the highest expression, not only of family love, but of love of country. Even our much maligned American business is finding that service pays not only directly but in those intangible indirections which keep wholesome a man's and a corporation's contacts with the world.

There has been much troubled questioning of the practicability of Christianity since the great war began. Yet, in spite of the war and the questioning here in America, the basic principle which Christ taught is stronger in our national life than it ever has been before.

WATCH, LOOK AND LISTEN!

AN ENGLISHMAN who has dealt much with Americans said to us that, on the average, our women did not have as good manners as our men. He said that American men have spoiled their womenfolk for so long that few of our women understand how to extend real courtesy to each other or to men. He added that our business women were better mannered than other women, but that even they were not the equal of men of the same class in this respect.

"Watch the so-called American society women meet each other and note the conversation that follows. Then watch two business men come together and compare their manner and method with the women's. I'm telling you that in spite of all

America took her young men and placed them on the firing-line. As a nation we accepted the principle of universal service. With this goes the principle of universal obligation to those who performed the service. As we took these young men out of their jobs it is our plain duty in sending them back to civil life to see to it that they find good jobs and a better chance.

One way in which you—each one of you—can help is told on page 30. We must all do our share and we can put this through just as we did all the other war jobs—to a quick and triumphant finish.

Arthur Woods

ideas to the contrary, the American business man is developing a finer breeding than any class in this country."

We think, after long observation, that the Englishman is nearly correct in his criticism. We would like to make one addition to his statement—namely, that a beautiful woman has less kindness, usually, in her manner than a plain one and that some very homely women have a wistful gallantry of manner that is very touching.

LEST WE FORGET

WHEN your boy comes back from France and tells you how the French peasants cheated him, get him also to tell you of some of the extortions practised on him by the American citizens of the town near which he was encamped before he went to France.

Profiteering is despicable, but it has no nationality. There are quite as many lying, cheating, money-making folks on this side of the water as the other. And while it makes us heartsick that the France we so admire and love should have stooped to exploit our soldiers, let us not forget that it was France who with England held the Huns while we hesitated to shoulder our share of the world burden; that it was France who believed in us while we turned the other cheek after the *Lusitania* went down, and that it was France who put the Statue of Liberty at the front door of our continent.

RISQUÉ STORIES

IT'S disgusting when men tell them and worse when women tell them. But when a young girl with a fresh skin and clear, straight eyes tells a story with a dirty little sex twist at the end, one feels dazed and hopeless.

What kind of a mother did she have and what sort of an education? Whose was the blame? Some one is at fault, because young girls who've had

the right chance are naturally fastidious and turn naturally from vulgar things.

DO THE MEN OBJECT?

A FRIEND told us this: She was shopping in a Fifth Avenue, New York, store when two young girls attracted her attention. They were perhaps sixteen years of age and were accompanied by their mothers. The thing that attracted the friend's attention was the size of the two girls. Neither could have been less than five feet ten inches in height and both of them were several inches taller than their mothers. They were tanned and slender, square-shouldered and graceful. They were being outfitted, evidently, for a Summer camp. Our friend commented on the girls' height as very unusual.

"Not at all now," returned the clerk, an elderly man. "It was unusual a generation ago. I've been in this store for over thirty years and I've seen some marvelous changes in women. Why, when I came here, girls of that size could have bought nothing ready-made to fit them. And they'd have stopped traffic, walking up the Avenue. Now we have so many tall girls and women that we carry a stock that will outfit a woman up to six feet in height. It used to be that a woman could rarely buy a shoe of size over six or six and a half. Now we carry shoes for women up to size ten. It seems to me that every season's débutantes are bigger. Lord! Us men are mere shrimps beside 'em! I don't know what the world's coming to!"

What are we coming to, indeed! Statistics show that upper-class American women of this last generation are really increasing in size. Physicians who have studied the matter say that better food, and the out-of-door, athletic life are the probable cause. They point to the upper-class Englishwomen, who for generations have been sportswomen and who average much bigger than their less fortunate fellow countrywomen. Not only are our upper-class American women bigger themselves, but their children are bigger when they are born than the average. Leisure, again, and the right kind of food and exercise.

Well, why not?

Racially, of course, this increase in size is a wonderful thing. Women have been handicapped in most ways since history began. If now, along with civil rights, life is about to permit her full physical rights, the world in a few generations may be a rather wonderful place in which to live. If woman is now to have lifted the economic handicap, so that she may have leisure in which to grow, as well as sufficient and proper nourishment; if she is to have lifted the ban on her mental growth, so that in education and in business and the professions, brain capacity will be demanded of her; if prudery is to disappear, so that proper clothing and exercise are to be given her and, finally, if she is not to be forced into child-bearing until she has reached her growth, the world may look for an unbelievable improvement in the American breed in the next fifty years.

CLOSE TO THE GROUND

A FRENCH officer in this country on an important mission, told a little of his philosophy of life. He had been a business man before the war and had made a great deal of money.

"I shall be forty-two on my next birthday," he said. "I'm two years late, because of the war, in carrying out my life program. I have always believed that if a man could, when he was forty, he ought to get back to the soil. And so I have a farm in the south of France. When the war is over, I shall go down there and become a farmer. For the youngsters the arena. For men of middle age the soil. And the return to the soil, to be really satisfying, must be while a man is still young enough to make the return complete." Such a return, I believe, constitutes the only real and lasting happiness that a man may achieve in this life of unease and mischance.

Honor Willie



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"ME THAT 'AVE BEEN WHAT I'VE BEEN—"

"HE IS SO DIFFERENT"

BY MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

WHEN Billy went overseas I said: "If only he comes back to me I will never ask anything else of life. If he is hurt I will nurse him; if he is blinded I will be his eyes; if his body is shattered I will work for him. Just let Billy return to me out of this war and nothing can hurt or separate us any more."

Billy was sent home three months after the signing of the armistice. He had been in France nearly a year. No one of the "Most Terrible Things" had happened to him—the Things I used to think about, lying awake through the long, hot Summer nights of 1918.

He was not gassed; his blue eyes are uninjured; even his lean, strong body is whole, although two ribs were broken by a machine-gun bullet and he limps a bit because he must favor the knee struck by a fragment of shrapnel. I tell myself that if I were not the most ungrateful girl in the United States I should be the happiest. But I am not altogether happy; there are times when I am desperately unhappy; for Billy is so unlike the boy with whom I fell in love, whom I thought I knew. I do not mean the war has brutalized him, or taught him bad habits, or that he cares for some one else. Simply, he is *different*. It took me weeks to understand why.

"Romantic reconstruction," a wise friend of my mother's said the other day, "is the most delicate and difficult of all the after-the-war tasks, although we have heard so little about it."

I wanted to be Billy's wife, in fact as well as in promise, before he sailed. We had known each other in high school, lived all our lives in the same little suburban town, and my brother who died worked in the bank with Billy. The only reason I was not a war bride was because I saw I should be making it harder for him.

"It won't do, Jean," he said quietly. "I know there are fellows who are marrying, and it's all right if they

see it that way, and have money. But I shouldn't have a peaceful moment. There are—things—I couldn't let you go through alone. Also, if I come home three-quarters a wreck—of course I shan't, dear," he added with a hurried glance at my face—"but—well—if accidents should happen I'm not going to have you tied up the rest of your life to a—a—relic of battle."

I just looked at him, and I said to myself: "I shall not spoil one half-hour of our last days together with an argument. But I am your wife in my own heart, and even if all the Most Terrible Things happen to you they can not keep me out of your life."

Billy himself is keeping me out of his life.

Billy is *aloof*.

That is the one word which sums up his attitude toward me, which expresses, too, the change in him. Before he went to war he was the frankest, most light-hearted youngster; not silly, you know, but just affectionate and confiding. We never had a dull moment together, for when we were not telling each other about the things we had done since our last meeting we talked about the things we were going to do. Even when he was in camp, and I knew he might go away in a few weeks or days, we managed to laugh a good deal and there were not many silences between us.

He was modest, too, and wore his uniform without a bit of swagger. He spent just as much time with me as he could, he was interested in the Red Cross work I had taken up, and he said girls who stayed at home and worked and waited had the hardest part of war.

A week after he got home I told him how I had labored till midnight to get off a rush order of surgical dressings. I saw his lip curl just the least little bit. He did not say a word, but I have not talked any more about my war work. This was one of the incidents which showed me how Billy had changed.

I wanted to hear all about his life and the story of his battles. He has told me almost nothing. He says he only did what had to be done; what the others did. Yet I know in his heart he is proud of having been over there. He was very short with my cousin Dick, who wanted to go, poor boy, but who was kept at a desk job in Washington.

And really it makes me nervous if dad and uncle talk about the war when we have Billy at dinner. He sits there looking so calm and superior, as if he were watching two little boys fight a duel with wooden swords. Once I remarked jokingly, "After all, Billy, you didn't know as much as we about what was going on!"

Instead of smiling, he glared at me.

After a silence that felt like a sharp-pointed icicle he remarked, "At least you will admit I was there!"

It would have been silly pomposity if it had not been Billy!

A friend of mine was engaged to a man in Billy's company. She broke her engagement before her fiancé had been home a month.

"I simply can't stand him," she told me bitterly. "He used to be the nicest boy; and he's spoiled. He is like so many of the others who have come back. The President called them crusaders for an ideal; the newspapers called them defenders of their country; the French girls called them '*cher*', and they think they're the only thing on earth. I'm tired of hearing people say the war has made men of our boys. It's made monkeys of them—that's what it's done! And they don't want us—that's sure."

I do not agree with her. I do not think she ever cared deeply for her Robert. But the thing that hurt me most about Billy—until I understood—was his failure to begin again the old, happy give-and-take of our affection.

Concluded on page 71

THE TREE OF JOY

III. THE RETURN

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

THEY are going home. There is Jean and Marie his wife and little Lucienne, aged five, and Raoul, who is thirteen but a very delicate boy. The children sit in the straw in the two-wheeled cart that the donkey draws. And the man and the woman walk beside it.

They look ahead, just always straight ahead. For they strain their eyes to be where they are going, a little, even if ever so little, before their slow feet can get them there.

This is a long, tired journey. And it is a French gray morning in March with the wind blowing stinging and sharp from up in the Aisne.

They are cold. And they are hungry. Still, they have been both for now four years. It would seem almost strange to be otherwise. Anyhow, now they are going home.

They talk very little. But that is always the way with those made numb and dumb with trouble. After you've had a great deal, you've said all there is about it. There's nothing left but to stand it. You may even suffer so much that you are through. So that nothing more can matter, not even though it be joy.

However, to Jean and to Marie-Louise there remains this which still can matter. And it matters a great deal. They are going home.

I want to tell you about them and others like them who in the Spring of 1919 are wending their way, pacing painfully, persistently, long, weary miles back to the *foyers* from which war snatched them.

These are *réfugiés* and *dévastés* and *réformés* and everything awful that's befallen France. Let me say it to you in these French words, because within the memory of people now living it hasn't happened in any other language.

You may remember how it was when the barn burned and you had to put another mortgage on the farm. Well, that was hard luck. Perhaps it was your house that went. Still, the neighbors could take you in while you built another. Maybe you've lost your job or your business. But if you're an average man in your community, there's certain to be something else within reach. You've had sickness and doctor's bills and death in your home, no doubt. For all these are as sure as taxes. Let us suppose, even, that you were in the San Francisco earthquake or the Galveston flood or the Montreal explosion. Although you may have passed through these monumental disasters, even then you were not as are these who are traveling along the *route nationale* to the Department of the Aisne.

Listen! Jean and Marie and the little Lucienne and Raoul will pass as they go the graves of those who have been killed in battle. All through the fields where the poppies shall bloom red in the Summer, are scattered the crosses.

Just crude wooden crosses they are, that had to be quickly set up. "*Ici repose un soldat français mort pro patria*," some of them say, the crosses with the ends that are notched.

There are crosses with ends that are straight; they have the name of a boy from over the sea and a date and an American flag. The crosses with ends that are round also here and there declare, "*Fürs Vaterland gefallen*." And instead of the crosses there is the symbol of the seven stars for those of the Hebrew faith. But all of these, in whatever words or symbols it is said, are dead for their country.

Jean and Marie-Louise and Lucienne and Raoul must live for it. And Jean is a hero of France.

He wears a medal on his coat. But his right sleeve hangs empty. It is perhaps not the hardest to be a hero when the "*Marseillaise*" is playing and the regiment is charging. It may be hardest afterward when the music is over and a *poilu* is only a peasant. It certainly is longer.

The wind from the Aisne blows cold. And these people, I tell you, are *dévastés*. Still, they are going home.

Oh, you should know what home used to be in the village of St. Pierre l'Aigle, a tiny hamlet that hung literally like an eagle's nest on a hillside of France. As you may see



VIEW OF ST. GEORGES FROM AEROPLANE—(INSERT, TO RIGHT) MRS. DAGGETT, OUR REPRESENTATIVE

A COMMENDATORY WORD

This story, "The Return," is an epic of the Aisne. Mrs. Daggett has here done into literature with exquisite art what we every day see in life in our work in the devastated districts. Her portraiture of Jean and Marie presents to you in type the gentle people whom Millet put on canvas and whom we have come to know so well in these years of awful affliction under which France has suffered.

"The Return" is really a story of home, sweet home. You are going to be moved to tears when you read it. We hope you are also going to be moved to contribute to the relief of the grief that it depicts. All money sent to THE DELINEATOR for The American Committee for the Relief of Devastated France will help to ameliorate the anguish of thousands like Jean and Marie and Raoul and the little Lucienne who are going home to nothing but what you in America may send them.

Anna Drake

American Committee for Devastated France
Commissioner in France.

Anna Morgan

American Committee for Devastated France
Vice-President.

by its name, it was to the patron saint of Picardy that the people living there looked for protection.

This was a very ancient part of the world. History lost itself in legend on the horizon round about. But it was known that Gauls and Romans and Franks and Huns and Normans had successively slain their thousands in the struggle to have and to hold this fair land. Julius Caesar and Clovis and Charlemagne and Napoleon passed this way. Feudalism flourished here in the very fortress of Coucy in this war, blown up by the Germans. Crusaders went forth from this landscape. Christianity was established here in famous cathedrals and churches that still survived, some of them from the first centuries.

Nearly all of them contained very sacred relics. And the people of this ancient province were very devout and never failed to observe all the saints' days. By 1914 the wars once waged here had been many years past. And this little village in the Department of the Aisne, together with the rest of Picardy, it was believed the good St. Pierre would keep quite safe from harm.

So Jean and Marie-Louise, his wife, like all the other people, went about their daily affairs in peace and contentment and absolute trust in God. And as they did their devotions before the stations of the cross in their quiet church, little did they dream of their stations of the cross ahead.

Life in the village of St. Pierre l'Aigle was very simple. It was brightened by weddings and fête-days. Sometimes, it is true, it was saddened by death. But on the whole there was very little sorrow. The houses were snug little gray stone cottages of three or four rooms, with red, tiled roofs and red, tiled floors. They nestled close up, each to each, along narrow, stone-paved streets. And behind them lay the land.

Everybody had some land. Jean and Marie had seven *hectares*, which is about fifteen acres. They had it, just as I say, together. That is the beautiful thing about France—that a man and a woman who love each other arrange their farming or their shopkeeping so that they may be together all the hours of the day. Marie was accustomed to help Jean in the fields.

I wish you could have seen their garden. We have no such handiwork of the soil at home. When it was done in the Spring, it lay there brown and beautiful, spread like a tapestry on which the loveliest pattern worked itself out in the green plants that grew through the Summer. They had a cow from which Marie made butter to be sold in the market at the next big town. And there was a pig and chickens and rabbits.

There was very little they had to buy. The furniture in the house would never wear out. The clock had come from Jean's grandfather. The beautiful French walnut bed had belonged to Marie's mother and their children's children were yet to

be born in it. The chairs and the table had been made for Marie by the local cabinetmaker at the time of her marriage and were in turn to be handed down to posterity. In the high cupboard, which is called an *armoire*, was the wonderful linen by which every French housewife sets such store. There were hundreds—yes, I mean hundreds—of sheets and towels and pillow-cases. Much of it had been woven by women of generations gone and passed on as the inheritance for new young brides of the family to come after them.

As for clothes, one did not require new ones often in Picardy. One black dress of cashmere with basque and full skirt had lasted Marie's mother a lifetime for Sundays. The present generation was beginning to be interested in clothes like those sold in the Paris *magasins*, as the department-stores are called. A fair, held once a year, brought such novelties to St. Pierre l'Aigle. And Marie herself had laid aside the peasant headdress of sheer white batiste for a hat. But she was quite rigid with herself about the

Continued on page 42



Photo by Brown Bros.

THE SWEET PEACE OF A BYGONE DAY STILL BROODS OVER THIS STREET, IN SHARON, CONNECTICUT. MANY OLD TOWNS OF NEW ENGLAND HAVE TREE-ARCHED ROADWAYS BORDERING THE VILLAGE GREEN



Photo by Francis and Mary Allen.

THE GREAT ELMS OF OLD DEERFIELD, IN MASSACHUSETTS



Photo by Brown Bros.

A PROVINCETOWN VISTA, NEAR THE TIP OF CAPE COD

BACK IN THE OLD VILLAGE



HILLS OF HAN

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

THE Rev. Henry B. Withery, on a morning in late March, came, by springless cart, out of Kansu into T'ainan. A drab little man, with patient fervor in his dusty blue eyes and a limp (this latter the work of Boxers in 1900). He was bound, on leave, for Shanghai, San Francisco and home; but a night at T'ainan with Griggsby Doane meant, even in the light of hourly nearing America, much. For they had shared rooms at the seminary. They had entered the yielding yet resisting East side by side. Meeting but once or twice a year, even less often, they had felt each other deeply across the purple mountains.

They sat through tiffin, with the intent, preoccupied workers in the dining-room of the red-brick house; and Mr. Withery's gentle eyes took in rather shrewdly the curious household. It interested him. There were elements that puzzled him: a suggestion of staleness in this face, of nervous overstrain in that; a tension.

The several native workers smiled and talked less, he thought, than on his former visits.

Little Mr. Boatwright—slender, dustily blond, always hitherto burning with the fire of consecration—was continually fumbling with a spoon, or slowly twisting his tumbler, the while moodily studying the table-cloth. And his little wife, so humorously like him, though plump, had lost the quick, eager smile of a year or so back.

There was talk, of course; the casual surface chatter of folk who are deeply united in work. A new schoolroom was under construction. Jen Ling Pu, a native preacher, was doing well at So T'ung. The new tennis-court wasn't, after all, long enough.

During all this, Withery pondered. Griggsby was driving too hard, of course. The strongly ascetic nature of the man seemed to be telling on him; or perhaps it was running out, the fire of it, leaving only the force of will. That happened, of course, now and then, in the case of men gifted with great natural vitality.

Then, too, come to reflect on it, the fight had been hard here in Hansi. Since 1900. Harder, perhaps, than anywhere else excepting Shantung and Chihli. Harder even than in those more easterly provinces, for they were nearer things. There were human contacts, freshening influences. The Boxers had dealt heavily with the whites in Hansi. More than a hundred had been slain by fire or sword. Young women—girls like these two or three about the dinner-table—had been hideously tortured.

GRIGGSBY and his wife and the little girl, Betty, had missed destruction only through the accident of a journey, in the Spring, to Shanghai. And he had returned, dangerously early, to a smoldering ruin, and plunged with all the vigor in his unusual body and mind at the task of reconstruction. The work in the province was shorthanded, of course, even yet. It would be so. Little by little Griggsby was building it up. He even had the little so-called college, down the river at Hung Chan, going again, after a fashion. Money was needed, of course. And teachers. And equipment.

All that had been discussed during tiffin. It was a rather heroic record. And it had not passed unobserved. At the missionary conference at Shanghai in 1906, Griggsby's report—carefully phrased, understated, almost colorless—had drawn out unusual applause.

Mrs. Doane's death occurred during the first year of that painful reconstruction. Griggsby's course, after that, was characteristic. The daughter was sent back to the States for schooling. Griggsby furnished for himself, up in what was little more, really, than the attic of the new mission residence, a bare, severe little suite of bedroom and study. The newly married Boatwrights he installed, as something near master and mistress, on the second floor. The other white workers and teachers filled all but the two guest-rooms, and at times even these. And then, his little institution organized on a wholly new footing, he had loaded himself sternly with work.

Tiffin was over. One by one the younger people left the room. And within a few moments the afternoon routine of the mission compound was under way.

Through the open window came a beam of warm Spring sunshine. Outside across the wide courtyard Withery noted the, to him, familiar picture of two or three blue-clad Chinese men lounging on the steps of the gate-house; students crossing, books in hand; young girls, round and fresh of face, their slanting eyes demurely downcast, assembling before one of the buildings; two carpenters working deliberately on a scaffold.

A soft-footed servant cleared the table. Now that the two friends were left free to chat of personal matters, the talk wandered into unexpectedly impersonal regions.

THE PEOPLE

BETTY DOANE: Nineteen, educated in America. When the story begins, she is traveling back to her father, a missionary in China. She is a nice, sensitive, sweet girl, the kind we all know.

DR. AND MRS. HASMER: A kind old couple with whom she is traveling.

GRIFFSBY DOANE: Betty's father, a strong man physically and mentally, well known and powerful among both the Europeans and Chinese of T'ainan.

JONATHAN BRACHEY: A conspicuously reserved young journalist, also traveling eastward.

LI HSIEN: A young Chinese student who is returning to China from his studies at the University of Tokio. He will not say why.

THE STORY

Betty Doane is interested from the first in Jonathan Brachey, and he, in spite of himself, in her. It is too much to expect, of even a journalist and a scholar, that he should be quite indifferent to a girl who demurely draws clever sketches of his profile, speaks excellent Chinese—which he needs in his interviews—and is obviously interested in him.

Mrs. Hasmer is a good chaperon, but they often meet on deck at night. Before long, it is obvious that they are spending every possible moment together. Then, the night before landing, comes a letter to Betty, telling her that Brachey is married and that his wife has left him. But that is not the most important point to Betty: he says that he is a "lone wolf," that he can not possibly see her again, that he refuses to bring her unhappiness. She looks for him in the morning wherever she goes. He does not write nor appear.

Withery found himself baffled and something puzzled. During each of their recent visits Griggsby's manner had affected him in this same way, but less definitely.

And what a man he was! Mr. Withery indulged in a moment of sentiment as he quietly, shrewdly studied him across the table.

In physical size, as in mental attainments and emotional force, James Griggsby Doane had been, from the beginning, a marked man. He was forty-five now; or within a year of it. The thick brown hair of their student days was thinner now at the sides, and nearly gone on top. But the big head was set on the solid shoulders with all the old distinction.

A notable fact about Griggsby Doane was that, after winning national fame as a college football player, he had never allowed himself to settle back with the years. He weighed now, surely, within a pound or two or three of his playing weight twenty-four years earlier. He had always been what the British term a clean feeder, eating sparingly of simple food. Hardly a day of his life but had at least its hour or two of violent exercise. He would rise at five in the morning and run a few miles before breakfast. He played tennis and handball. He would gladly have boxed and wrestled, but a giant with nearly six and a half feet of trained, conditioned muscle at his disposal finds few to meet him, toe to toe.

His passion for walking had really, during the earlier years, raised minor difficulties about T'ainan. The Chinese were intelligent and, of course, courteous; but it was more than they could be asked to understand at first. It had worked out gradually. They knew him now; knew he was fearless, industrious, patient, kind. During the later years, after the Boxer trouble, his immense figure, striding like him of the fabled seven-league-boots, had become a familiar, friendly figure in central Hansi. Not infrequently he would tramp, pack on shoulders, from one to another of the outlying mission stations; and thought nothing of covering a hundred and thirty or forty li, where your cart or litter mules or your Manchu pony would stop dead at ninety and call it a day.

WITHERY was bringing the talk around to the personal, when Doane looked at his watch.

"You'll excuse me, Henry," he said. "I've a couple of classes. But I'll knock off about four-thirty. Make yourself comfortable. Prowl about. Use my study, if you like. Or wait. We were speaking of the Ho Shan Company. They've had two or three mass meetings here during the Winter, and got up some statements."

"Do they suggest violence?"

"Oh, yes." Doane waved the thought carelessly aside. "But Pao will keep them in hand, I think. He doesn't want real trouble. But he wouldn't mind scaring the company into selling out. The gossip is that he is rather

heavily interested himself in some of the native mines."

"Is Pao your governor?"

"No. The governor died last Fall, and no successor has been sent out. Chang, the treasurer, is nearly seventy and smokes sixty to a hundred pipes of opium a day. Pao Ting Chuan is provincial judge, but is ruling the province now. He is very able." Doane drew a thick lot of papers from an inner pocket and selected one. "Read these. It's one of their statements. Pao had the translation made in his *yamen*. I haven't the originals, but the translations are fairly accurate, I think."

Withery took the papers, ignored them, and studied his friend, who had moved to the door and turned. Doane seemed to have lost his old smile—reflective, shrewd, a little quizzical. The furrow between his brows had deepened into something near a permanent frown. There were fine lines about and under the eyes that might have indicated a deep weariness of the spirit. Yet the skin was clear, the color good. Griggsby was fighting something out—alone—through the years.

Feeling this, Henry Withery broke out in something their old frank way:

"Do knock off, Grigg. Let's have one of the old talks. I think—I think perhaps you need me a little."

Doane hesitated. It was not like him to do that.

"Yes," he said gravely, but with his guard up, that curious guard, "it would be fine to have one of the old talks if we can get at it."

He turned to go, then paused.

"Oh, by the way, I'm expecting Pourmont—a little later in the day. He's resident engineer for the Ho Shan Company over at Ping Yang. Pierre François George Marie Pourmont. An amusing person. He feels a good deal of concern over these meetings. For that matter, he was mobbed here in February. He didn't like that."

Withery found himself compressing his lips, and tried to correct that impulse with a rather artificial smile.

It wasn't like Griggsby to speak in that light way. Like a society man, almost. It suggested a hardening of the spirit; or a crust over deep sensitiveness.

Men, he reflected, who have to fight themselves, during long periods of time, are often hardened by the experience, even though they eventually win.

He wondered, moving to the window and thoughtfully watching the huge man striding across the courtyard, if Griggsby Doane would be winning.

UP IN the little study under the roof Mr. Withery sank into a Morris chair and settled back to read the views of the "Gentry and People of Hansi" on foreign mining syndicates. The documents had been typed on an old machine with an occasional broken letter; and were phrased in the quaint English, touched here and there with a Babu-like use of colloquial phrases, that had long been familiar to him.

He gave up an hour to jotting down notes for his own annual report. Then he took a long walk in through the wall and about the inner city. He was back by four-thirty, but found no sign of his friend.

At five a stout Frenchman arrived, a man of fifty or more, with a long, square-trimmed beard of which he was plainly fond. Doane returned then to the house.

The three men had tea in the study. M. Pourmont, with an apology, smoked cigarettes. Mr. Withery observed, when the genial Frenchman turned his head, that the lobe of his left ear was missing.

M. Pourmont regarded the local situation seriously.

"Zay spik of you," he explained to Griggsby Doane. "Zay say zat you have ze *petit papier*, ze little paper, all yellow, cut like ze little man an' woman. An' it is also zat zay say zat ze little girl, ze student, all ze little *jeunes filles* is ze lowair wife of you, monsieur. It is not good, zat. At Parea ve would say zat it is ze *compliment*, but here it is not good. It is zat zay have not bifore spik like zat of M. Doane."

Doane merely considered this without replying.

"That statement of the gentry and people looks rather serious to me," Mr. Withery remarked.

"It has its serious side," said Doane quietly. "But you see, of course, from the frankness and publicity of it, that the officials are back of it. These gentry and people would never go so far unsupported. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that the documents originated within the *yamen* of his Excellency, Pao Ting Chuan."

"Very good," said Withery. "But if he lets it drift much farther the danger will be real. Suppose some young hothead were to take that last threat seriously and give up his life in throwing a bomb, what then?"

"It would be serious then, of course," said Doane. "But I hardly think any one here would go so far unsupported."

"Yes!" cried M. Pourmont, in some excitement, "An' at who is it zat zay t'row ze bomb? It is at me, *n'est-ce pas?* At me! You t'ink I forget v'en ze mob it t'row ze pierre at me? *Mais non!* Zay tear ze cart of me. Zay beat ze head of me. Zay destroy ze ear of me. *Ah, c'etat terrible, ca!*"

"They attacked M. Pourmont while he was riding to the *yamen* for an audience with Pao," Doane explained. "But Pao heard of it and promptly sent soldiers. I took it up with him the next day. He acted most correctly. The ringleaders of the mob were whipped and imprisoned."

"But you mus' also say to M. Vit'eree zat ze committee of my *compagnie* he come to Peking—*cinquante mille kilometres* he come!—an' now *son Excellence* he say zay mus' not come here into ze province. It is so difficult, *ca!* An' ze committee he is ver' angry. He swear at Peking. He cool ze—vat you say—heels. An' ze work, he all stop. No good! Nozzing at all!"

"That is all so, Henry." Thus Doane, turning to his friend. "I don't mean to minimize the acutal difficulties. But unless some wholly unexpected incident occurs—some act that would have the force of an emotional explosive in the province—I do not believe we are in any such danger as in 1900. Even then the officials did it, of course. If they hadn't believed that the incantations of the Boxers made them immune to our bullets, and if they hadn't convinced the empress dowager of it, we should never have had the siege of the legations. But I am to have an audience with his Excellency to-morrow at one, and will go over this ground carefully. I have no wish, myself, to underestimate the trouble. My daughter arrives next week."

"Oh!" said Withery. "Oh, your daughter! From the States, Grigg?"

"Yes; I am to meet her at Hankow. The Hasmers brought her across."

"That's too bad, in a way."

"Of course. But there was no choice."

"But zat is not all zat it is?" M. Pourmont was pacing the floor now. "A boy of me, of ze *cuisine*, he go home las' week to So T'ung an' he say zat a—vat you call?—a circle—"

"A society?"

"*Mais oui!* A society, she meet in ze night an' *fait l'exercice*—"

"They are drilling?"

"*Oui!* Ze drill. It is ze society of Ze Great Eye."

"I never heard of that," mused Griggsby aloud. "I don't really see what they can do. But I'll take it up to-morrow with Pao. I would ask you, however, to remember that he is an extremely able man. If the people don't know the cost of indemnities, there can be no doubt about Pao. He knows. And it is hard for me to imagine the province drifting out of his control for a single day. One event I am planning to watch closely, is the fair here after the middle of April. Some of these agitators of the gentry and people are sure to be on hand. We shall learn a great deal then."

"You'll be back then, Grigg?"

"Oh, yes! By the tenth. I shan't delay at all at Hankow."

They talked late.

But at last, M. Pourmont out of the way for the night, lamp in hand, Griggsby led the way to the remaining guest-room.

Withery, following, looked up at the tall grave man who had to stoop a little at the doors. Would Griggsby put down the lamp, speak a courteous good night, and go off to his own attic quarters, or would he linger? It was to be a test, this coming moment, of their friendship. Withery's heart filled. In this way, through the years, out there in remote Kansu, he had always looked up to Grigg and had leaned on him—on memories of him as he had been. He had the memories now; curiously poignant memories, tinged with the melancholy of lost youth. But had he still the friend?

Doane set down the lamp and looked about, all grave courtesy, to see if his friend's bag was at hand, and if the wash-stand and towel-rack had been made ready.

Withery stood on the sill, struggling to control his emotions. Longfellow's lines came to mind:

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

They were middle-aged now—they two. It was extraordinarily hard to believe. They had felt so much, and shared so much. They had plunged at missionary work with such ardor. Grigg especially. He had thrown aside more than one early opportunity for a start in business. He had sacrificed useful worldly acquaintances. His heart had burned to save souls; to carry the flame of divine revelation into what had seemed to him a benighted, materialistic land.

Grigg would have succeeded in business or in the service of his government. He had a marked administrative gift. And power—distinctly power.

Withery stepped within the room, closed the door, and looked straight up into that mask of a face; in his own deep emotion he thought of it as a tragic mask.

"Grigg," he said, very simply, "what's the matter?"

There was a silence. Then Doane came toward the door.

"The matter?" he queried, with an effort to smile.

"Can't we talk, Grigg? I know you are in deep trouble."

"Well," Doane rested a massive hand on a bedpost, "I won't say that it isn't an anxious time, Henry. I'm pinning my faith to Pao Ting Chuan. But— And, of course, if I could have foreseen all the little developments, I wouldn't have sent for Betty. Though it's not easy to see what else I could have done. Frank and Ethel couldn't keep her longer. And the expense of any other arrangement— She's nineteen, Henry. A young woman. Curious; a young woman whom I've never even seen—and my daughter!"

"It isn't that, Grigg."

At the moment Withery could say no more. He sank into a chair by the door, depressed in spirit.

Doane walked to the window, looked out at the stars, drummed a moment on the glass.

"It's been uphill work, Henry—since nineteen hundred."

Withery cleared his throat. "It isn't that," he repeated unsteadily.

Doane stood there a moment longer, then turned and gazed gloomily at his friend.

The silence grew painful.

Finally, Doane sighed, spread his hands in the manner of one who surrenders to Fate, and came slowly over to the bed; stretching out his long frame there, against the pillows.



THE BOXERS HAD DEALT HEAVILY WITH THE WHITES IN HANSI

"So it's as plain as that, Henry?"

"It is—to me!"

"I wonder if I can talk?"

"The question is, Grigg: Can I help you?"

"I'm afraid not, Henry. I doubt if any one can."

The force of this sank slowly into Withery's mind.

"No one?" he asked in a hushed voice.

"I'm afraid not. Do you think the others, my people here, see it?"

"The tone has changed here, Grigg."

"I've tried not to believe it."

"I've felt it increasingly for several years. When I've passed through—even in your letters. It's been hard to speak before. For that matter, I had formulated no question. It was just an impression. But to-day—and to-night—"

"It's as bad as that, now."

Doane let his head drop back against the pillows; closed his eyes.

"The words don't matter," he remarked.

"No, they don't, of course." Withery's mind, trained through the busy years to the sort of informal confessional familiar to priests of other than the Roman church, was clearing itself of the confusions of friendship and was ready to dismiss, for the time, philosophically, the sense of personal loss.

"Is it something you've done, Grigg?" he asked now, gently. "Have you—"

Doane threw out an interrupting hand.

"No," he said, rather shortly. "I've not broken the faith, Henry, not in act."

"In your thoughts only?"

"Yes. There."

"It is doubt? Strange, Grigg, I never knew a man whose faith had in it such vitality. You've inspired thousands. Tens of thousands. You—I will say this, now—you, nothing more, really, than my thoughts of you, carried me through my bad time. Through those doldrums when the ardor of the first few years had burned out and I was spent emotionally. It was with your help that I found my feet again. You never knew that."

"No. I didn't know that."

"I worried a good deal then. I had never before been aware of the church as a worldly organization; as a political mechanism. I hadn't questioned it. It was Hilderleigh's shrewd campaign that disturbed me. Then the money raised questions, of course."

"You find yourself inclined to question the whole process?"

"Yes."

"Aren't you misplacing your emphasis, Grigg? We all do that, of course. Now and then. Isn't the important thing for you, the emphatic thing, to spread the word of God in Hansi Province?" He leaned forward as he said this, speaking simply, with sincerity.

Doane closed his eyes again, and compressed his lips.

Withery, anxiously watching him, saw that the healthy color was leaving his face.

After a silence that grew steadily in intensity, Doane at last opened his eyes and spoke huskily, but with grim force.

"Of course, Henry, you're right. Right enough."



A MOMENT LATER, WALKING ALONG THE WHARF TOWARD THE BUND, HER SOFT LITTLE FACE WAS SAD

These things are details. They're on my nerves, that's all. I'm going to tell you." He sat up; slowly swung his feet to the floor; clasped his hands. "I'll spare you my personal history of the past few years. And, of course, captious criticism of the church is no proper introduction to what I'm going to say.

"During these recent years I've been groping through my own Gethsemane. It has been a terrible time. There have been many moments when I've questioned the value of the struggle. If I had been as nearly alone as it has seemed, sometimes—I mean, if there hadn't been little Betty to think of—"

"I understand," Withery murmured.

"In a way I've come through my valley. My head has cleared a little. And now I know only too clearly. It is very difficult. In a way, the time of doubt and groping was easier to bear. I know that I am in the wrong work."

Withery, with moist eyes, studied the carpet.

"You are sure?" he managed to ask.

He felt rather than saw his friend's slow nod.

"It's a relief, of course, to tell you." Doane was speaking with less effort now; but his color had not returned. "There's no one else. I couldn't say it to Hilderleigh. To me, that man is fundamentally dishonest."

Withery found it difficult to face such extreme frankness. His mind slipped around it into another channel. He was beginning to feel that Grigg mustn't be let off so easily. There were arguments.

"One thing that has troubled me, even lately," he said, hunting for some common ground of thought and speech, "is the old denominational differences back home. I can't take all that for granted, as so many of our younger workers do. It has seemed to me that the Conference last year should have spoken out more vigorously on that one point. We can never bring missionary work into any sort of unity here while the denominational spirit is kept alive at home."

Doane broke out, with a touch of impatience. "We approach the shrewdest, most keenly analytical people on earth, the Chinese, with something near a hundred and fifty conflicting varieties of the one true religion. Too often, Henry, we try to pass to them our faith, but actually succeed only in exhibiting the curious prejudices of narrow white minds."

This was, clearly, not a happy topic. Withery sighed. "This—this attitude that you find yourself in—is really a conclusion, Grigg?"

"It is a conclusion."

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know."

"It would be a calamity if you were to give up your work here—in the midst of reconstruction."

"No man is essential, Henry. But, of course, just now it would be difficult. I have thought, often, if Boatwright had only turned out a stronger man—"

"Grigg, one thing! You must let me speak of it. Has the possibility occurred to you of marrying again?"

Doane sprang up at this; walked the floor.

"Do you realize what you're saying, Henry!" he cried out. A little later he stopped and stood over his friend.

"I have fought battles that may as well be forgotten," he said deliberately. "I have won them, over and over, to no end whatever. I have assumed that these victories would lead in time to a sort of peace, even to resignation. They have not. Each little victory now seems to leave me farther back. I'm losing, not gaining, through the years. It was when I finally nerved myself to face that fact that I found myself facing it all—my whole life. Henry, I'm full of a fire and energy that no longer finds an outlet in my work. I want to turn to new fields. If I don't, before it's too late, I may find myself on the rocks."

Withery thought this over.

Doane was still pacing the floor.

Withery, pale himself, now looked up.

"Perhaps, then," he said, "you had better break with it."

Doane stopped at the window; stared out. Withery thought his face was working.

"Have you any means at all?" he asked.

Doane moved his head in the negative.

"Of course—" Withery's voice softened. "You've given away a good deal."

"I've given everything."

"Imm! Have you thought of anything else you might do?"

"Henry, I'm forty-five years old. I have no profession; no business experience beyond the little administrative work here. I haven't a cent in the world. Yet I must live, not only for myself, but to support my little girl. If I do quit, and try to find a place in the business world, I shall carry to my grave the stigma that clings always to the unfrocked priest." He strode to the door. "I tell you, I've thought of everything! We're getting nowhere with this. I appreciate your interest. But—I'm sorry, Henry. Sleep if you can. Good night."

They met, with M. Pourmont and the others, at breakfast.

There was a moment, on the steps of the gate-house overlooking the narrow busy street, when they silently clasped hands.

Then Henry Withery crawled in under the blue curtains of his humble cart and rode away, carrying with him a mental picture of a huge man, stooping a little under the red lintel of the doorway, his strong face sternly set.

DOANE stood on the bund at Hankow, by the railing, his great frame towering above the passers-by. He had lunched with the consul-general, an old acquaintance. He had arranged to stop overnight, with Betty, in a missionary compound at Wu Chang, across the river. In the morning they would take the weekly Peking Express northward.

The wide yellow Yangtze flowed by, between its steep mud cliffs, crowded with sampans—hundreds of them moored, rail to rail, against the opposite bank—a compact floating village that was cluttered and crowded with ragged river-folk and deck-houses of arched matting and that reared skyward a thick tangle of masts and rigging. The smaller boats and tubs of the water beggars lay against the

bank just beneath him, expectantly awaiting the Shanghai steamer. Out in the stream several stately junks lay at anchor; and near them a tiny river gunboat, her low freeboard glistening white in the warm Spring sunshine, a wisp of smoke trailing lazily from her tall funnel, the British ensign hanging in folds astern.

Down and up the water-steps were moving continuously the innumerable water-bearers, whose business it was to supply the city of near a million yellow folk that lay just behind the commercial buildings and the pyramid-like godowns of the bund.

In an odd way Doane was dating from that talk with Henry Withery. It had been extraordinarily futile. It had to come—some sort of outbreak. For two or three years he had rather vaguely recognized this fact and, as vaguely, dreaded it. Now it had happened. It was like a line drawn squarely across his life. Getting away for this trip to Hankow seemed a good thing. He had to be alone, walking it off, and thinking—thinking. He walked the two hundred and ninety $\frac{1}{2}$ to M. Pourmont's compound at Ping Yang, the rail-head, that spring of the new meter-gage line into Hansi Province, in two days. The mule trains took three.

He dwelt much with memories of his daughter. She had been a winning little thing. Until the terrible Boxer year, that ended for him in the death of his wife, she had brought continuous happiness into their life.

She would be six years older now. He couldn't picture that. She had sent an occasional snapshot photograph; but these could not replace his vivid memories of the child she had been.

He was tremulously eager to see her. There would be little problems of adjustment. Over and over he told himself that he mustn't be stern with her; he must watch that.

He felt some uncertainty regarding her training. It was his hope that she would fit into the work at the mission. It seemed, indeed, necessary. She would be contributing eager young life. Her dutiful, rather perfunctory letters had made that much about her clear. They needed that.

During the talk with Withery—it kept coming up—he had heard his own voice saying—in curiously deliberate tones—astonishing things. He had sent his friend away in a state of deepest concern. He thought of writing him a long letter. It might catch him at Shanghai. There would be time in the morning, during the long early hours before this household down here would be waking and gathering for breakfast. It would help, he felt impulsively, to explain fully to Henry. But what? What was it that was to be so easily explained? Could he erase, with a few strokes of a pen, the unhappy impression he had made that night on Henry's brain?

The suggestion of marriage, with its implication of cynical worldly wisdom, had come oddly from the devout Henry. Henry was older, too.

But Doane winced at the mere recollection. He was oddly, almost excitedly, sensitive on the topic. He had put women out of his mind, and was determined to keep them out.

Continued on page 67

ROOSEVELT AT CLOSEST RANGE

BY JOSEPHINE STRICKER

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY

NO MAN, it is said, is a hero to his valet; how much the less, then, to his confidential secretary. Yet, laying aside my profound admiration and almost reverential esteem and studying him from the distance intervening since his death, I firmly believe that Theodore Roosevelt was the least imperfect man of his time, even as he is accepted to have been one of the greatest. And this I write after confidential association with him as his secretary for over two years.

It is said he was ambitious. Ambitious! He did not love place or power for his personal glory, but for the opportunities they brought him to do good for others. "Dictatorial?" His position as the foremost man of the day entitled him to speak with authority and finality. "A politician?" He "played" politics as a great mind plays chess, rather than as a gambler plays "policy" or "stuss." Comparisons are customary in these times, but I compare no man with Theodore Roosevelt.

My first sight of him came when I was about eight years old, and, as a rabid, juvenile Democrat, was taken by some Republican friends to a political meeting which he addressed in my old home, Niagara Falls. In the midst of his speech, I recollect, an old Fenian, imported from the Canadian side of the river and primed for the occasion, interrupted with an impudent question.

"Throw him out!" cried the crowd. I was too young to understand the question, and as I and my little companions were there only to see their father on the stage—he was a member of the reception committee—speeches or interruptions meant nothing to us. But I do remember that Colonel Roosevelt asked that the question be repeated. In the meantime, however, the intruder had been ejected, but I also remember that it occurred to my childish mind that the "great man" of the Republicans had been saved embarrassment, and I turned to my little Republican companions and taunted them. Nor could I then see why any one should wish to be a Republican.

Years afterward, when I had "made good" as secretary to this greatest man of the age, I told him of the incident, and he remembered it. I was glad then that I had been an ardent Democrat in my early youth, for it gave me an opportunity to appreciate his humor. My connection with him made me appreciate, also, how vastly wrong not alone a juvenile Democrat had been, but also the grown-ups of any political creed, who failed to realize how he appreciated interruptions of this kind; indeed, he never faltered in pat reply to any kind of query.

My first personal meeting with Mr. Roosevelt occurred in 1913, when I was executive secretary of the Progressive National Committee Headquarters, and, strange to say, we were never introduced. It so chanced that the door of my private office was open, one morning, when he passed through the hall.

"GOOD morning, Miss Stricker," he said, raising his hat with that cordial courtesy with which no man has ever been more gifted. And my gratification at his recognition was equalled only by wonder as to how he knew who I was. From that time on, I saw more or less of him, but it was not until I was recommended to him, and accepted, as his confidential secretary that I really began to know the man and gradually and progressively to realize his true greatness.

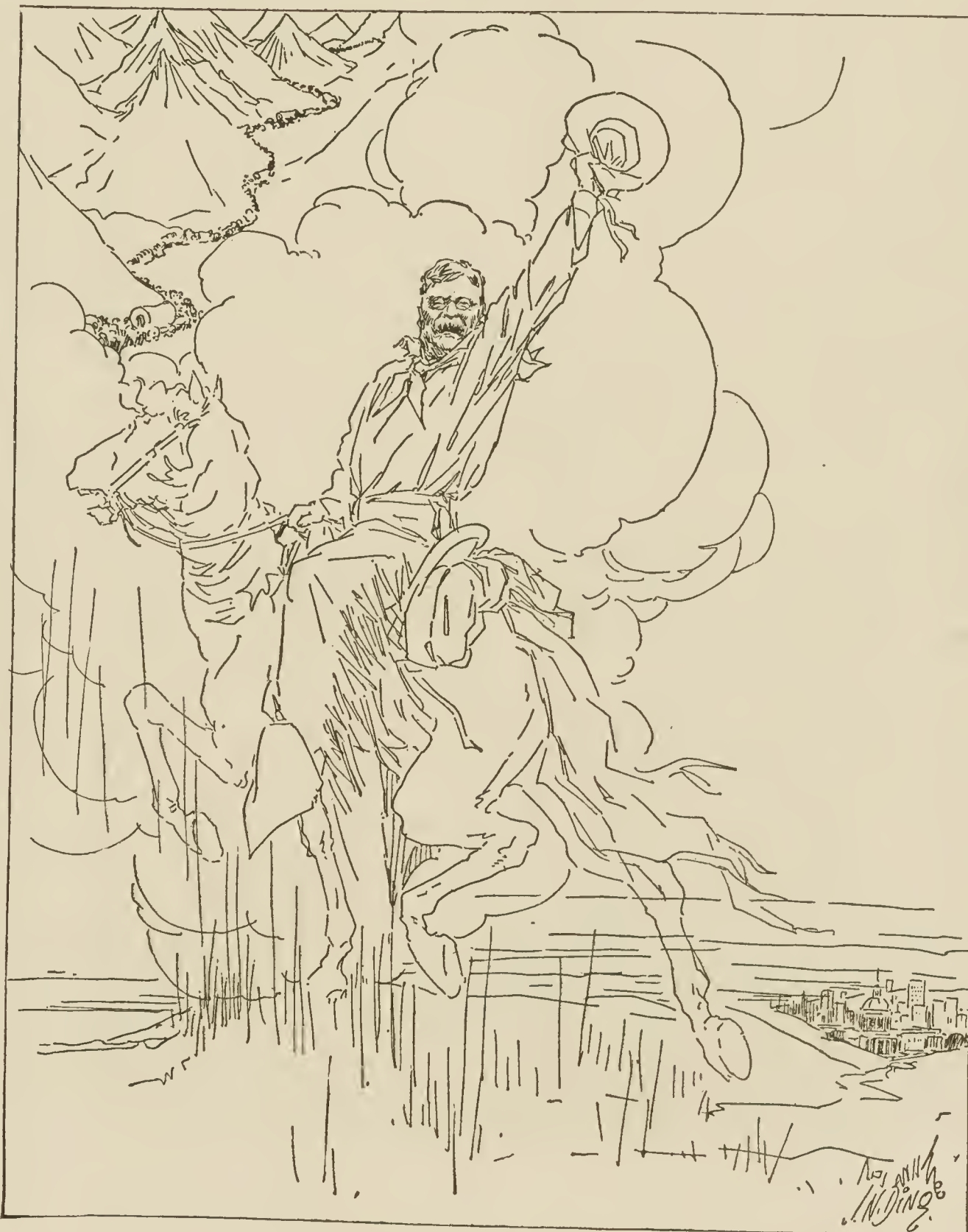
It was an anxious interview, that eventful talk with Colonel Roosevelt. I had longed to attain it as the highest private position to which any woman could aspire, yet I went to him with the tremendous handicap that I could not write shorthand.

"I am sorry, Colonel Roosevelt," I said bravely, with tears in my heart and almost in my eyes, "but I am not a stenographer. I learned shorthand when I was about fifteen years old, but I never have had much occasion to use it and I shall have to learn it again."

"Well," he smiled, "we'll be patient with each other while you brush up on it, and I know it won't be long before you are an expert."

Day and night I lived in a maze of hieroglyphics, a wilderness of dots and hooks, while Colonel Roosevelt exercised his promised patience to a degree which seemed prodigious in such a busy man. And my reward came in time, when he frequently described me in the highest terms as most efficient and capable, and even to this day I receive letters from persons repeating to me this appreciation from him. So began my association with the Colonel which lasted until the day of his death—and which will be enshrined in my heart until the day of my death.

He has been called a "many-sided" man. Actually, he had so many "sides" that the angles almost formed a circle. Yet in reality all his greatness was founded on the completeness, the purity and the strength of his honesty: honesty to God, honesty to man and honesty to his conscience, to himself. And prominent in this honesty was one of its component parts, sincerity. Indeed, so intense was this honesty that it often saw honesty in others in whom it was by no means a shining attribute. He was inclined to take men at their face value, and did not seem to realize that in the great group of supposed friends were some who capitalized his friendship or trust for their own



"THE LONG, LONG TRAIL"

Ding, in the New York Tribune

personal aggrandizement, or who were ready to stab him in the back to advance their own political or other personal interests.

His honesty brought him troubles, but it brought him great rewards. It seated him in the New York Legislature; it placed him in the Civil Service Commission; he was Police Commissioner of the City of New York and brooked no intervention in its administration; it took him to the office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Fear of this integrity moved certain Republican Party leaders to "pigeonhole" him in the Vice-Presidency, from which, through the assassination of McKinley, he rose to the Presidency and ultimately to the place of a foremost private citizen in all the world. His hold on the people of the United States and every other civilized nation on the earth was based and continued to rest on the belief in his honesty, a belief which he never weakened by word or deed.

Especially was Theodore Roosevelt honest in his patriot-

ism, which was intense in its devotion to the United States of America. To his mind, patriotism could not be diluted or qualified. I recall vividly the morning I first heard him assert, with his typical emphasis, "A man who loves another country as well as his own is no better than a man who loves other women as well as his wife." The true bearing of this utterance can be fully grasped only by those who knew the purity of his life and thought.

He preached patriotism on every possible occasion, but he practised it every living hour; it was part of his religion and he lived it. Honor and glory and power, praise and adulation had been showered upon Theodore Roosevelt, yet all these would he have given for the privilege, as he saw it, of fighting on the battle-field for his country in the great war, even as he had done in the war with Spain. The privilege was denied to him and to his close friend, Gen. Leonard Wood, yet neither sulked in his tent like the warrior of old, but each gave all he had—Colonel Roosevelt his four sons for deeds and himself by voice and his mighty pen, and General Wood his sons and all his talents and energies in the field to which he was restricted.

Never in his long career did the breath of scandal touch him. Political and other enemies delved into his life and sought to find some scandal with which to besmirch him, but they found him spotless, and some had the manhood so to acknowledge. In a semi-scandal an editor accused him of intoxication, but Colonel Roosevelt at once took the charge into the courts and was handsomely exonerated and cleared even by the man who had made it.

He attracted men, women and children, even birds and animals, to himself, and of all he made loyal friends. He won first their faith and then their love. "Confound Theodore Roosevelt! He is exasperating at times," exclaimed a former Progressive leader, who, nevertheless, added in the same breath: "But men must differ sometimes, and after all he is Theodore Roosevelt, and I'll work for him and vote for him to the end of his career. I have faith in him!"

There never lived a more versatile man than Theodore Roosevelt. In "The Most Interesting American,"

Julian Street says that "The city which would have in the sum of all its people a Roosevelt must possess among its inhabitants the following: (1) A physical-culture expert; (2) a historian; (3) a biographer; (4) an essayist; (5) a natural-scientist; (6) a big-game hunter; (7) an explorer and discoverer; (8) a critic; (9) a former cowboy; (10) ten or a dozen LL.D's; (11) an editor; (12) a former member of the State Legislature; (13) a practical reformer; (14) a veteran colonel of cavalry; (15) a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy; (16) a former Governor; (17) a Nobel Peace-Prize Winner; (18) a former Vice-President; (19) a former President."

NINETEEN "points" in all, and none obscure. Why stop there, Mr. Street? Some men pin their title to fame on fewer points, and most of those points are so obscure that no one quite understands them. Colonel Roosevelt was what each point declared, and every one could see that he was what the title described.

His mental versatility was marvelous, not only in its activities, but also in the more passive line of absorption of knowledge and mere information. For instance, on one occasion while deeply immersed in the study of labor questions Colonel Roosevelt sent for his intimate friend, Father Belford, to whom he said, in effect:

"Can you let me have the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church on labor and capital? About thirty years ago the Pope made a most interesting utterance on the subject of labor and I would like to read it again." Apparently at some time in his wide field of reading Colonel Roosevelt had read this utterance and had tucked it away in its appropriate pigeonhole of his mind, to be drawn out when occasion should arise.

He read books a page at a glance, and absorbed their contents. I shall never forget the first time I saw one of his suit-cases opened after his return from a long speaking-tour. There was almost nothing else in the huge traveling-case but books, and I learned that as many again had been disposed of before his return home.

His interest in reading was of wide variety. I have heard him say on many occasions that he much preferred to read a play or opera than to attend the performance.

At one time, while he was President, an official from Australia called at the White House and presented to him a long article on agricultural topics which he wished the President to discuss at length with him. Taking this screed of probably twenty-five typewritten pages, President Roosevelt ran rapidly over it and turned to his visitor.

"When you have time, Mr. President," said the caller, "I would appreciate it if you will read the article with care and go over the subject with me."

"I have read it," replied the President, and at once entered into a thoroughly intelligent discussion of its contents, even citing the various figures with which it was interspersed.

This Australian was again in America last Fall. It was

Continued on page 31



MISS STRICKER

Photo by Charlotte Buehild

THE WHEELER

BY HENRY A. SHUTE

THIS is the story of a rooster-fight. Not a cock-fight, thank you! Nothing of the kind.

In the latter, dead, mangled and dying birds; in the former, a few feathers lost, a few trifling bruises, perhaps an eye or two temporarily closed, but all right the next day. Really but little resemblance; no more than between "hooking" apples and burglary. No more.

And this rooster-fight I am writing about was a sanctified rooster-fight, not "pulled off" under the auspices of the church, but managed by a small boy under the stimulus of of his church's tenets of faith, hope, and charity as he conceived them: Faith in the prowess of his rooster, hope of the militant success of the bird, and charity in that the proceeds of the fight were to be dedicated to foreign missions under the agency of the big white church in the square of the little town of Exeter, where Plupy lived.

It all started when a missionary from China gave a lecture one evening on the crying need of such reforms as would do away with the drowning of female babes in the Yangtze-kiang, the Ilwang, the Kwan-ing; of the hideous bastinado, the beheading of innocent persons, the awful tortures that had better not be enumerated here and ought not to have been spoken of there. The audience was stirred to its very bootheels, and Plupy in particular was ready to do anything to help clarify a situation that had no parallel in history.

As Plupy, only a short time before, had seen the Chinese Embassy with their silk robes march into Faneuil Hall with Anson Burlingame, and had long before that, under his father's guidance, peered through the windows of a little tea-store at the slant-eyed face of the only Chinaman then resident in Boston, he was regarded as quite an authority on the manners, customs and history of China and in matters Mongolian, and so he was keenly interested in the lecture.

And when that good pastor, Brother Welland Goode, made a ringing speech in which he called upon every one present to devote his life and fortune to the cause, to fight for it and to die for it if necessary, he was thrilled to the very core. And when the entire congregation to crashing organ accompaniment sang—

"Oh, watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly day by day
And help divine implore."

Plupy, who was always much affected by music, registered a solemn vow to help Divine Implore at any cost in blood or money.

The committee appointed for the purpose of raising funds, informed the boys and girls that they were to have one week to go out into the highways and byways to raise money for the sacred cause; that each one must earn money in some way: by sewing, raking yards, splitting wood, running errands, making and selling things; in short, by any well-recognized method of earning money.

Two prizes were to be offered for the largest amount of money earned by a boy or girl. Both prizes were to be a new copy of the best book in the library at that time. Plupy at once decided that he would prefer "The American Poultry Fancier," a six-dollar book, containing colored pictures of all well-known breeds of fowls. He regarded this masterpiece as of far greater value than "Every Boy's Book of Sports and Amusements."

HENDEE HICKEY opined that a nigger minstrel show in Tommy Thompson's barn, with real money admission, would undoubtedly win him the book. He decided he would choose "The Desert Home," by Mayne Reid.

Hub Moses decided that he would "ketch" a string of pickerel every day and sell them to Major Blake, the hotelkeeper. He knew where there were some old lunkers. He would choose "Leather-Stocking Tales."

Plupy cudgeled his brains, such as they were, for ideas, but could not think of any attractive scheme. He was by nature not exactly attuned to labor, and a half-formed idea of seeking work with ax and saw, or rake and hoe, he put aside as a last resort. He went to bed confident that some bright idea would develop. It did.

Plupy was the delighted possessor of a small flock of hens. Not the thoroughbred birds of the present day, but the plain, every-day hens of the late '60's, of various colors, sizes and shapes, but to him all beautiful. He did not keep them with an idea of profit, although the few eggs they laid were the cause of much delighted boasting, but just because they were hens.

He had a rooster, too, a blooded rooster of a kind new to the vicinity, a black Spanish, a huge bird with greenish, glossy, black plumage, over-developed scarlet comb and wattles and a wrinkled white-kid face. He had been a thing of almost preposterous beauty to Plupy until an evil day when Ed Towle, another fancier and a close friend of Plupy, had brought up his rooster, a sturdy bird of Dominique plumage, known then as a "Rocky Mountain," and in the ensuing battle the lordly Spanish had gone down in speedy and ignominious defeat, "almost," as his owner disgustedly declared, "as if he didn't know nothin' 'bout fightin' more'n an old hen."

Plupy, with an eye to the future, at once offered to trade the disgraced black Spanish

PLUPY WANTED TO MAKE A REALLY NOTABLE CONTRIBUTION TO FOREIGN MISSIONS--AND HE MOST CERTAINLY DID. WITH THE HELP OF A PUGNACIOUS AND DEPENDABLE FIGHTING ROOSTER, HE ACQUIRED A SUM WHICH STAGGERED HIS CONTEMPORARIES AND CAUSED THE FUNNIEST STORY YOU HAVE READ IN AT LEAST A YEAR.

for the victorious Dominique, and offered a variety of articles to boot, but without success. Ed's Dominique had easily whipped every rooster in the neighborhood and was, as Ed proudly averred, the only rooster he had ever seen that would fight as well in a strange yard as in his own. Very high praise, as every fancier keeping roosters for other purposes than chicken-raising can testify. And we may be sure that Ed, having acquired such a paragon of a rooster, was not likely to sell or trade it away for anything short of a king's ransom, especially as the ownership

of the champion fighting rooster of the neighborhood marked one as favored of the gods and very high in the social circle, at least of the boys.

The Dominique had not maintained his position as open champion without many battles. Before conquering Plupy's recreant black Spanish, he had easily defeated Powt's blue Leghorn, Hiram Mingo's single-combed gray nondescript, Jimmy Fitzgerald's huge, unwieldy light Brahma, Beany's Creeper, Mr. J. Albert Clark's white Leghorn, the Rev. Mr. Highlow's imported silver-gray Dorking, and William Perry Moulton's buff Cochin.

It is but justice to say that these three last-mentioned and most worthy gentlemen were in nowise privy to these proceedings and were vastly indignant to find their respective roosters, which in their absence had been surreptitiously kidnaped, in a highly damaged condition, and bearing an exceeding resemblance to bedraggled feather-dusters.

To secure by purchase, exchange, barter, fraud, false pretenses, burglary, or petty larceny, a rooster capable of yanking Ed's bird from his proud position, had been for some weeks the waking and sleeping ambition of Plupy and of several other youthful gentlemen of sporting proclivities. They had not found a candidate.

But Fortune and Fame, which frequently travel together, one day met at Plupy's door and knocked. On South Street, diagonally across Plupy's back yard, lived Mr. John Adams, a most skilful carriage-trimmer and a great fancier. Plupy knew the crow of every rooster in the neighborhood, and one morning, hearing a strange and exceedingly clear, shrill crow come ringing across his yard, at once investigated and was delighted to find in Mr. Adams's henyard the handsomest bird he had ever seen.

It was rather low-set, of most graceful and at the same time compact build, broad at the shoulders and tapering toward the tail. A small head, with exceedingly bright eyes and surmounted by a scarlet-rose comb, was set on a neck with flowing hackle. The hackle, saddle, breast and thighs were of a silvery white with a few lacings of black just in front of the wings. The tail was mainly of white, with each feather tipped with a greenish-black half-moon. The tail was large, flowing, and with well-curved sickle feathers, and carried rather low. The legs were of a deep blue with spurs slightly curved.

It was rather a small bird, weighing between four and five pounds, but was so active, so graceful and so handsome that Plupy was fairly entranced. As he stood there devouring the graceful bird with saucer eyes, its owner came out.

"Gosh! Mr. Adams, that's the prettiest rooster I ever see in my life. What kind is it?" said Plupy in unfeigned admiration.

"It's a Bolton Gray," replied the owner, giving the then name for the silver-penciled Hamburg of the present day.

"Is it a good fighter?" asked Plupy.

"Yes; that's the trouble with it; it likes to fight too well!" laughed Mr. Adams. "I can't keep any other roosters, for this one will kill them. I had one or two when I lived over the river and they kept me in hot water all the time licking the neighbors' roosters."

"He don't look big enough to fight," opined Plupy doubtfully.

"Fight! If you give him plenty of room he will lick any rooster living unless perhaps a game-cock. He is a wheeler, you know," replied the owner.

"A wheeler!" asked Plupy. "What's them?"

"Why, don't you know? A wheeler is a rooster that makes a sort of running fight. When he gets a little tired or is getting a little the worst of it, he wheels and runs a while and then keeps coming back and fighting, and generally tucks the other rooster all out and licks him," explained Mr. Adams.

"I don't believe I should want a rooster that runs," said Plupy.

"Well, you see, these Bolton Grays are small and fight low. The taller birds have the advantage, and if a Bolton Gray stood right up to the other at close quarters it would get all bunged up, but if he has room enough to wheel and to run and get his wind he can lick 'most any bird even if it is twice as heavy."

"Do you s'pose he would lick Ed Towle's Rocky Mountain?" said Plupy.

"That Rocky Mountain—I know that bird and he is a good one," replied the man. "Yes; if you give this bird plenty of room he'll lick Ed's rooster any time, but if you should put him in a small place Ed's rooster would probably kill him, he is so much bigger; and this fellow will fight to the last."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Plupy in unfeigned admiration. "He must be a ring-tailed peeler."

"He is!" said Mr. Adams briefly and to the point.

"D'ye wanter sell him?" asked Plupy as a bright vision of ownership of the ring-tailed peeler flashed into his mind.

"I want to get rid of him, but I'd rather trade," replied the man.

"F I got anything you wanter trade him for?" ventured Plupy.

"How'll you trade for your black Spanish?"

"Huh! Whatcher want that old—" began Plupy disgustedly, and then, realizing the unbusinesslike nature of his words, he added quickly: "He is full-blooded and twice as big as

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HELEN KENDALL, THE CAPE COD GIRL IN "THE PORTYGEE"

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY
MAGAZINE
A JOSEPH C. LINCOLN NOVEL

"THE PORTYGEE"

BEGINS IN THE OCTOBER DELINEATOR

"SHAVINGS" WAS PROBABLY THE MOST POPULAR BOOK OF 1918-19. AMERICA LOVED IT, AND IS STILL LAUGHING OVER IT. THIS LATEST STORY OF CAPE COD IS JUST AS WARMLY HUMAN AND JUST AS FUNNY AS "SHAVINGS," AND READY FOR YOU SIX MONTHS BEFORE YOU COULD BUY THE BOOK BESIDES. YOU MUST GET ACQUAINTED WITH "Z. SNOW AND CO." OF SOUTH HARNISS, MASS.

TRAPS

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

NERVE-RACKING AS THE EXPERIENCE WAS, BEING CAUGHT IN AN OLD LYNX-TRAP WAS MILD TORTURE COMPARED TO THE TRAP EVELYN DUANE FOUND HERSELF IN LATER. ONE WONDERS IF THE MAN WERE JUSTIFIED. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

MY PRETTY young friend, Evelyn Duane, could scarcely be called a patient of mine, there being no record of her ever having suffered actual illness, but I was the family doctor, and when she was ten and I some twenty-five years her senior she assured me that if I would mark time just where I was until she caught up, she would marry me. So of course I did, and managed it so cleverly that fourteen years later (the time of this story) she was forced to admit that I had kept my part of the bargain.

When Evelyn's chum, Cornelia Schuyler, came back from France and the two girls dropped in at about luncheon-time to report all present and accounted for, I promptly drafted them in a food-raid, leading the attack dressed, as old Peter used to say, "without reference to taste or expense."

On such occasions it is understood that my guests are detailed for the rapid-fire conversation while I occupy the listening post, such few apropos remarks as I see fit to make being addressed to the *maitre d'hôtel*. Also it is necessary to be on the *qui vive* to repel the offensive of young pups who would soon have both paws on the table unless met by snarls.

There was something about Evelyn Duane which suggested the higher distillation of New York's society ferment, a sort of volatile essence which had fallen drop by drop through the coil of generations. You could not possibly have mistaken her for the finished product of any other part of the world or country. She was as distinctly New York as the sky-line of Manhattan seen from the bay.

On the contrary, her chum, Cornelia Schuyler, equally of the metropolis, might have been a pretty girl from almost anywhere. She had all of Evelyn's air of well-bred girl *de luxe*, but she carried it differently. Evelyn walked down Fifth Avenue as if she felt herself enveloped in some sort of aura which rendered her invisible except to the clairvoyant eyes of friends, while Cornelia gave the impression of being out to see and be seen.

AS WE sat there toying with our frugal meal, Evelyn sighed.

"Cheer up," I said, "he will soon be home."

"That is just the trouble," said she.

"They are both about to start back," Cornelia explained, "and we are not yet ready to see them. We are both fed up on being made love to."

"By military syndicates," Evelyn amended.

"It is very wearing," said Cornelia, "not to be able to step without bumping into a beau; especially if he happens to be on crutches, poor thing. We have to keep them all cheered up, and to favor any particular one would be ignoble, like the conclusion of a separate peace."

"Mine were mostly Bevos," said Evelyn, "glued to their swivel chairs, poor things, by the stickum of efficiency—just as I am glued to spinsterhood by that of inefficiency."

"You might take a three months' intensive course," I suggested.

"Perhaps I may. Cornelia and I have both picked out the plot and composed the epitaph and chastened our minds for matrimony. There will not be much choice when the boys get back."

"No," I agreed, "they will probably have learned a lot of strategy in France."

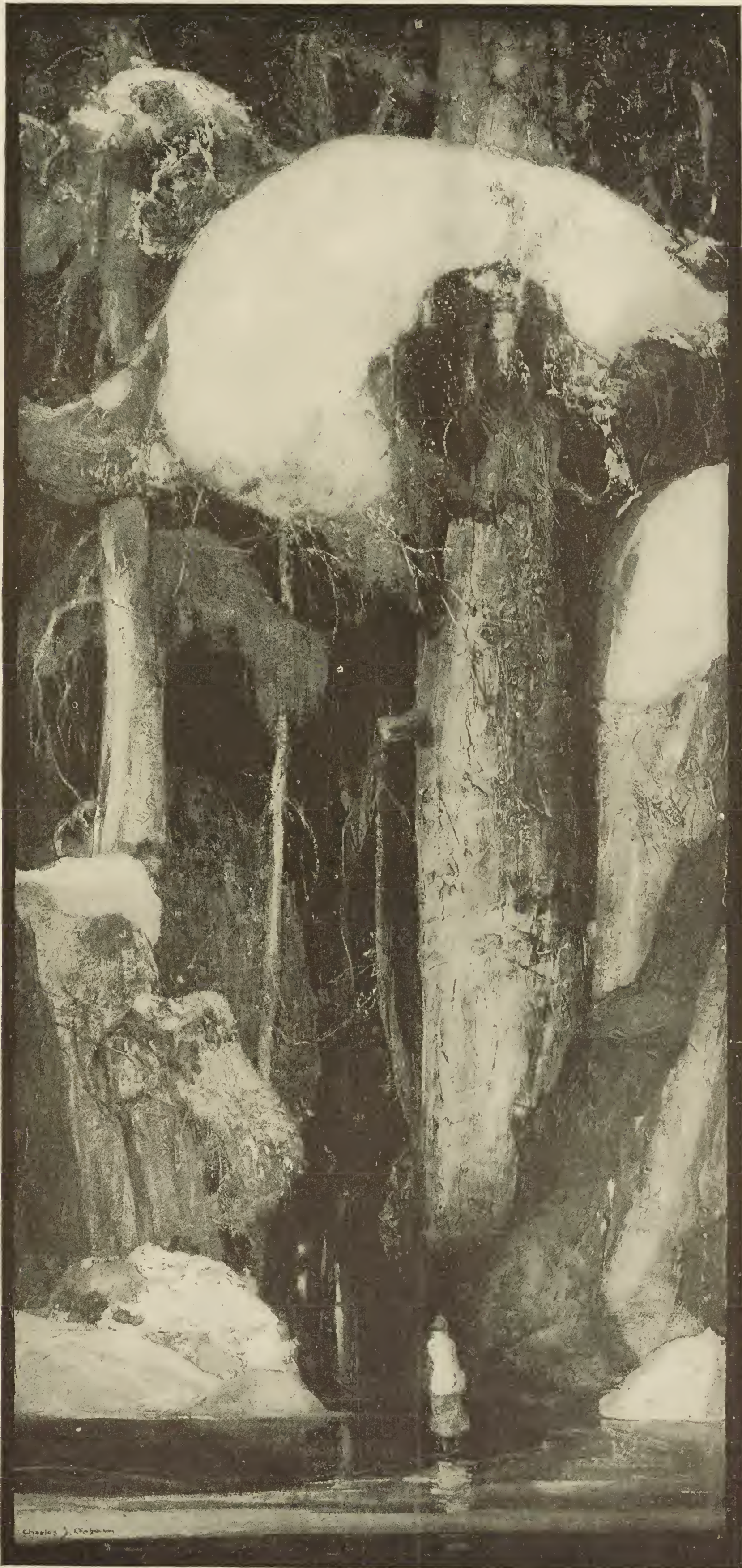
"But first," said Cornelia, "we want a good rest, as there is no telling when we may ever hope to get another. So we are going up to the camp to spend a month."

"Just you two?" I asked. "Is there anybody there?"

"Old Jules Legrange and Mme. Jules. He is fish and game warden and has a peace treaty with the poachers which would make our President feel like Trotzky. Mrs. Jules makes the most wonderful venison sausage you ever tasted, but when you have been there a week in Midwinter you could bite the ear off a polar bear. We shall probably come back looking like Eskimo squaws."

"An excellent idea," I said. The Schuylers' camp was one of several which composed a little club colony on a lake in northern Maine, almost on the Canadian border. It controlled about twenty square miles to the westward. On the eastern side was the great Poole preserve, belonging to the estate of a rich lumberman of Bangor recently deceased. "When do you go?"

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THIS PROVED TO BE A FROZEN BROOK, BORDERED BY GIGANTIC TREES, WHICH TERMINATED IN A LITTLE FALL

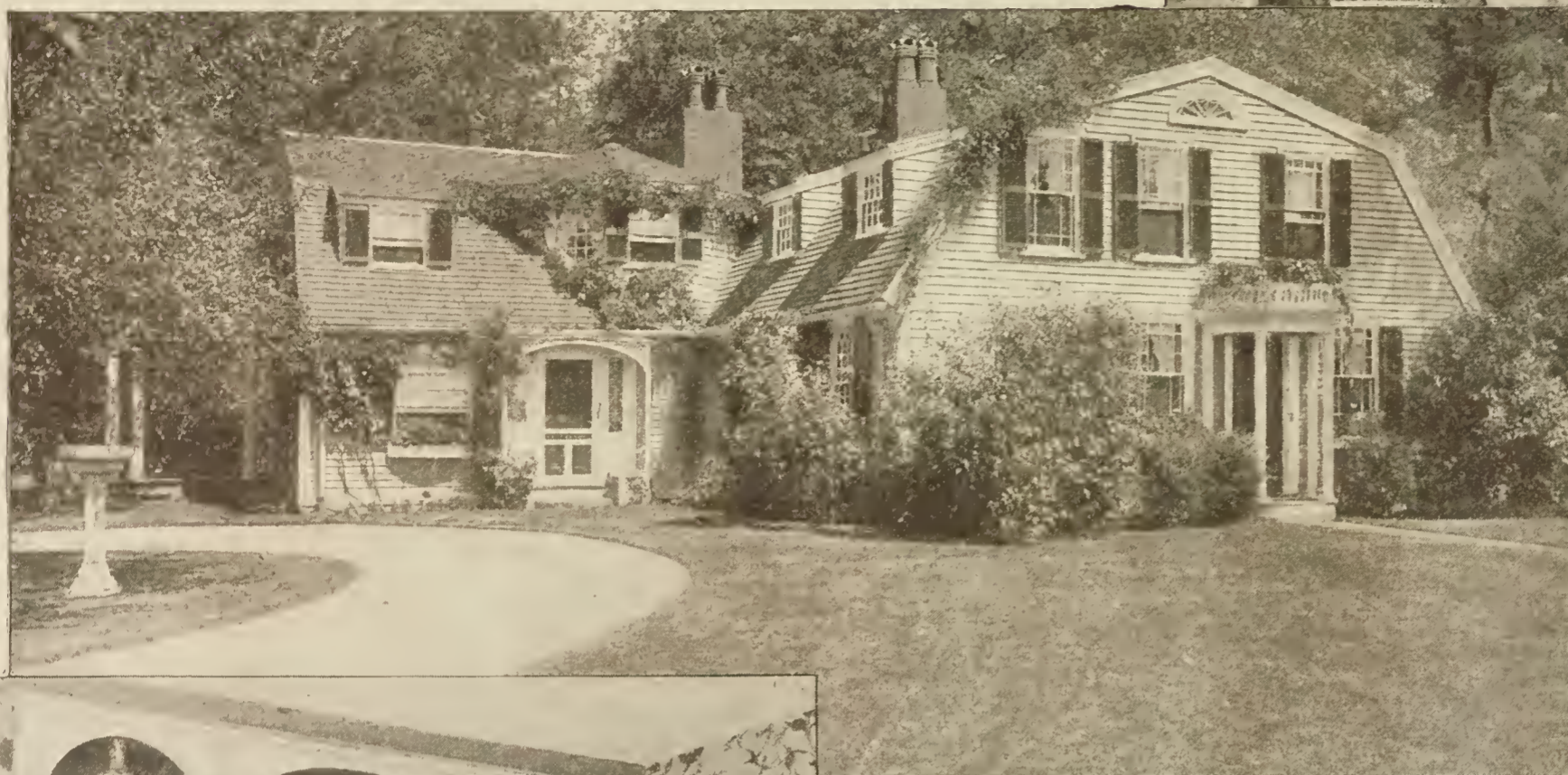
FROM LONG AGO A 17TH CENTURY HOUSE

THIS LOVELY OLD MANSION HAS MORE THAN ONCE BEEN ENLARGED. IT IS NOW THE SUMMER HOME OF PROF. ROLAND C. LINCOLN, AT MAGNOLIA, MASSACHUSETTS

Photographs by T. E. Marr



FOR OVER TWO CENTURIES EYES HAVE FEASTED THROUGH THESE PANES UPON THE GLORIES OF THE NORTH SHORE



BEAUTIFUL IN THE YEARS OF THE INDIANS, IT IS BEAUTIFUL TO-DAY IN THE HEART OF THE OLD BAY STATE'S EXCLUSIVE SUMMER COLONY



AT FIRST THE FIREPLACE SMOKED A GOOD DEAL, BUT TWO LAYERS OF BRICK LIFTED THE HEARTH ABOVE THE FLOOR-LEVEL AND STOPPED THIS NUISANCE



MR. LINCOLN PICKED UP WOODWORK, EVEN BALUSTRADES AND MANTELS, IN BOSTON'S COLONIAL HOUSES, AND HAD THE WOOD CLEANED TO THE RAW SURFACE, AND THEN REFINISHED TO MATCH



NOTHING OF THE OLD SPIRIT WAS CHANGED, EVEN WHEN ONE LARGE ROOM WAS MADE OUT OF TWO OR MORE SMALL ONES



ALL OF THE INTERIOR TREATMENT WAS HANDLED BY MR. AND MRS. LINCOLN —ANY FAMILY OF GOOD TASTE CAN ACHIEVE THE SAME RESULTS



THE DELINEATOR SUNSHINE HOUSE—NUMBER THREE

By Mary Fanton Roberts

STURDY LINES AND VIVID COLORS MAKE THIS HOME OF CONCRETE WITH TILED ROOF PRACTICABLE AND UNUSUAL. FOR A DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF THE OLD-FASHIONED FURNITURE PAINTED ACCORDING TO THE NEW MODE, SEE THE ARTICLE ON PAGE 29 OF THIS MAGAZINE



THE NURSERY PLAYHOUSE II—CHICKEN LICKEN By Frederick Richardson

Chicken Licken's adventures, all ready to cut out. For the story and the speeches that the creatures make to each other, look on page 72

PAMELA'S MITE

BY

AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

DID YOU EVER FIND A REAL BIT OF HISTORY? PAMELA DAVIES DID, WHEN SHE RESCUED AN OLD SCRAP OF EMBROIDERY THAT SHE FOUND IN HER MOTHER'S ATTIC. THE GIRLS WILL FIND A CAPITAL STORY, WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THEM, IN THE DELINEATOR EVERY MONTH

"MY, OH, MY! But this is hot work!" sighed Pamela Davies, pushing her tumbled hair back from her eyes, as she bent over the contents of an ancient trunk in the attic. "Of all the times for daddy to choose to have us break up housekeeping, why did he ever have to select the first week in September?"

"He didn't choose it, exactly," murmured Mrs. Davies from the depths of another trunk. "He couldn't very well help it, I suppose, if the Government decided to locate him in Washington, and it would be foolish for us to remain up here in New England when he will be there so long—a year at least. So that's why I decided to break up and join him at once."

"But why couldn't we leave all these things as they are and take them with us, or put them in storage somewhere?" complained Pamela. "It's an awful nuisance sorting them all out, and I think it's dreadful to throw so many nice, interesting things away."

"You're just like your father, Pamela," laughed Mrs. Davies. "Every old rag and tag that looks over forty years old you'd cherish as if it were made of pure gold. Why, if I kept all the truck you wanted me to, we'd have twenty barrels of it to put in storage, and it would cost us a pretty penny, not to speak of the bother!"

"But don't you care at all for what some of these old things stand for, and all the—the associations with them?" demanded Pamela. "Look at that old patchwork quilt, for instance, that you say my great-grandmother made. I think it's a shame to give that away! It's really handsome, and I'd love to keep it for my own all my life. Why, it must be nearly a hundred years old!"

"Pamela, dear," sighed her mother in desperation, "if we were going to remain here and have this attic to store things in I'd be only too glad to let you keep it. But we must give up this house and move down to a small apartment in Washington, and will only have room for the most essential things. If you could use the quilt on your bed, I wouldn't care. But there isn't a bit of warmth in it and you have your nice eider-down one and your Marseilles spreads. So I'm afraid you'll have to give it up."

Pamela said no more but dived again into the old trunk she was unpacking. Presently she emerged once more, this time with a tiny bundle, and proceeded to unwrap its contents.

"Well, of all things! What in the world is this, mother?"

Mrs. Davies took the dusty brown square of linen and held it to the light. It was indeed a curious-looking affair. The square was about eighteen inches in dimension and hemmed around the edges. It was plainly a bit of fancy-work of some earlier day. Around its outer edge was a vine border worked in curious, tiny, green crisscross stitches. Inside of that was a Greek border in a similar blue stitch. Within this across the top were the letters of the alphabet in capitals. Under that a row of numbers up to twenty. Then came the alphabet again in small letters and once more in very large ones. These were all worked in the same crisscross stitch in pink, green, brown and blue silk. Under the last alphabet was a border of red and then came two stanzas of verse, side by side, in a smooth over-and-over stitch. The stanzas were very curious:

In the glad morn of blooming youth
The various threads I drew,
And, pleased, beheld the finished piece
Rise glowing to the view.

Thus when bright youth shall charm no more,
And age shall chill my blood,
May I review my life and say,
"Behold, my works were good."

Under the stanzas was a name almost obliterated by time and a large brown stain that partly covered it. The name was "Sally Fairfax Carlyle, age nine, 1799." And to finish, at the very bottom were two gorgeous baskets of roses again in crisscross stitch. Singularly enough, one of the baskets had never been completed. A part of its symmetrical bouquet was not in evidence, and a thread of silk dangled from the back.

"Isn't it the most curious thing you ever saw?" cried Pamela, dancing about her mother in excitement. "Did you ever hear of anything so odd as those verses? What is it, and where did it come from?"

"I think it is what they used to call a sampler," answered her mother. "Children used to be taught to embroider them in the early part of the nineteenth century and even before that. This one I don't know anything about. It must have belonged to your father's Aunt Sarah. She was a Carlyle. This is her old trunk and most of the things in it were hers."



SHE WORKED ON IT A WHOLE YEAR;
SHE WOULD HARDLY STOP TO EAT

"Oh, do you suppose she worked it?" demanded Pamela eagerly.

"Of course not!" laughed her mother. "Aunt Sarah was an old lady when she died, but she certainly wasn't born as far back as 1790. No, it was probably the property of some relative of hers. Put it on that pile, Pamela, with the quilts."

"Mother!" cried Pamela in genuine horror. "You're not going to throw this away!"

"Oh, Pamela child, you will certainly drive me crazy!" cried Mrs. Davies. "This is about the fortieth thing today that you've implored me to save. I'd have a pile as high as the pyramids to take down to Washington if I'd listened to all your requests."

"But it's so tiny!" wailed Pamela. "It doesn't take up any space at all. Mayn't I just keep this one thing?"

"Well, take it and keep it for your own then," conceded her mother. "But, remember, you must take care of it yourself and keep it with your own things, for if I find it lying about later I shall certainly dispose of it."

"Thank you a thousand times, mummy darling!" exclaimed Pamela, hugging her tired mother ecstatically. "Don't you worry about being bothered with it. You'll never even see it, for I'm going to carry it around with me all the time in my treasure-bag. It's so old that it folds up very small. Somehow I love it already. I don't know just why, but it sort of makes me feel near to that little girl who worked so hard at it, over a hundred years ago, and never finished it. I wonder why she didn't finish it? Well, I suppose I'll never know."

She folded the sampler tenderly, placed it apart in a corner secure from her mother's devastating hands, and went on with her work.

IT WAS a warm September day in Washington, and Pamela stood looking out of the window of their pleasant little apartment, on the wide, beautiful avenue below.

"Mother, this is a lovely city!" she exclaimed. "Did you ever see finer wide streets and boulevards and parkways? It just makes me long to have a bicycle and ride about all over and see every part of it for myself. And it

would be so handy when I begin to go to school, too. Do you suppose I can have one?"

"Not for a good while, Pamela," answered her mother. "A wheel would cost forty or fifty dollars at least, and we've been under a great deal of expense lately with the moving and all. I'm sure your father wouldn't feel like affording it yet a while. But hurry and get ready to go over to Alexandria and meet father. He told me this morning that if we would meet him there after lunch, he would get away from the work he is doing there and take us on a little trip by boat to Mount Vernon."

Pamela hurried into her hat and jacket and slipped a little silk bag over her arm.

"You're not going to take that, are you?" questioned her mother. "You won't need it. Why do you bother?"

"Indeed I am!" said Pamela. "That's my treasure-bag and I never travel without it."

"What an absurd child you are, Pamela!" laughed her mother as they prepared for their trip.

It was but a comparatively short ride in the trolley across the Potomac and into the quaint old town of Alexandria. Pamela, the antique-worshiper, was filled with marvel and delight at every curious-looking, ancient house they passed, but her mother hurried her along to the nearest public telephone, where she was to communicate with her husband. But she came out of the booth in a few moments, an impatient frown between her eyes.

"I got your father at his office," she told Pamela wearily, "and he says he is going to be delayed for over an hour. He says we had best go to the Carlyle House on Royal and Cameron streets and wait for him there in the tea-room. It isn't far from here. We'll have some tea and cakes while we're waiting."

They found their destination without difficulty and entered a tall, rather shabby building labeled "The Carlyle House," finding themselves at once in a cozy little room furnished with tables and the obvious invitation to sit and refresh themselves. Tired Mrs. Davies sank at once into a chair and ordered her tea, but the inquisitive Pamela must needs roam about a bit and investigate the premises.

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IN PAWN TO A THRONE

BY DEMETRA VAKA and KENNETH BROWN

VI

AT THE queen's words Artemis cast down her eyes, and a becoming blush of maiden modesty overspread her cheeks. She stole a sidelong glance at her entranced royal lover; then her white teeth flashed in a dazzling smile.

"You are right, your Majesty. We must give the people every proof that we are united." The queen's bosom swelled with triumph.

"Then shall we announce that it will take place a month from to-day?" she cried, eager to clinch the matter.

"Why not?" the girl inquired; but she avoided looking at the *diadoque*. It was woman fighting woman, each for her own race, and each ruthless who might be hurt to gain her end. The queen rose, put an affectionate arm around the girl, and kissed her.

"And now, my child," she went on with an unctuousness of manner oddly in contrast with the usual critical attitude, which had earned for her the nickname of Frau Verboten, "since you are to be married so soon, it would be better if you were to take up your residence here immediately."

The queen's purring tone ceased. Artemis stood, thinking rapidly, her smile of acquiescence still lingering on her lips. So this was what it had all been leading up to! She was to become a virtual prisoner, a hostage for the Greek people to the throne. Yet she did not flinch from this any more than she had from the queen's Judas kiss. With not more than a second's hesitation she assented eagerly:

"Your majesty is right, as usual. I will at once return to my house to make arrangements for coming here."

"No, Artemis, dear. We can not let you go, now that we have you," said the queen with her most ingratiating smile. "Send over word to Miss Benson, and she will attend to it."

Artemis dropped a low courtesy. "The seventh of April is your majesty's day."

"It was lovely of you, Artemis, to be so reasonable in all this. Young girls sometimes have silly notions." There was a note of genuine relief in the queen's voice.

"I thank you, but I am only doing what I should. Your majesty knows better than any one else that for one's race a woman will do anything—and everything!"

IT WAS in the queen's plan that Artemis was to have none but ultra-royalist surroundings, and that Spiro Millioti was not to accompany his mistress to the palace, but in this she was thwarted. Without openly opposing the queen, Artemis argued that the quick-witted Greeks would suspect compulsion if Spiro were separated from her.

"He can stay in the servants' quarters," the queen remarked, resolved in her own mind that he should have infrequent opportunity to see his mistress.

"You would wreck the universe if he were not allowed to sleep outside my door," Artemis answered, laughing. "I should hate to be the one to tell him that his place was not to guard the door of a Bysas. He would start a revolution."

"Revolution," the dreaded word! A cold shiver ran up the queen's spine at the sound, and though her manner lost none of its Hohenzollern arrogance she yielded the point with unexpected ease.

Thus Artemis Bysas found herself living prematurely in the palace destined for her; and only in the daily and intimate companionship of the royal family did she fully come to appreciate how utterly at variance was every idea that prevailed here with all that she had been brought up to reverse.

So closely watched was Artemis that she was unable to find an opportunity to speak alone with Spiro for twenty-four hours after coming to the palace. On the second night she did not retire when she went to her room, and long past midnight, she cautiously opened her door. To her relief she found Spiro lying asleep in his accustomed place across her threshold. She had feared lest the royalists might in some way

have managed to prevent his being there. Gently she touched his shoulder, and he sat up instantly, noiseless, wide-awake, alert.

"Spiro, sleep all you like in the day-time, but be sleepless at night. Pretend that you are delighted about my coming marriage. Find out if there are any Venizelists among the *evzones* who guard the palace. Be very careful about your meals. Never eat or drink anything except what all the others are eating, or you might be drugged when I should want you most. If you have anything to tell me, write it and slip it under my door at night, and if I have something to tell you I shall speak to you late at night. If Greece is not to be dishonored, we must win against the whole palace."

Silently Spiro placed his hand in that of his mistress. "Ready!" was all he said.

Two nights later, at about three o'clock in the morning, Artemis woke up with a start and listened. All was perfectly silent, yet it seemed to her she had heard the rustle of paper. After a minute she got out of bed. Yes, there was a white blur on the floor. She stooped and picked up a folded piece of paper. With the light of a match she read:



WIVES

IV. EVELYN HASTINGS

When Evelyn Hastings came to Appleton Every one liked her. For she was as gay As a little wren, and rosy as an apple, Just the right wife for her distinguished husband, A cool, dark man, fastidious in taste, An artist—intellectual, superfine. She made him seem more human to his neighbors, Just common folk like me who work and love And sin and suffer and somehow get along. It was as if she had translated him, Like Sanskrit, or some funny foreign language, Into plain talk that we could understand.

The second year brought them a little child, A boy with eyes that were like Miller's Christ; Then Evelyn's gaiety was like a song Ringing from her rich life out into ours; She was the merriest mother I ever knew; And her small son the very happiest child For five long years. Her husband loved them both As much as such fine people ever love— At any rate, he loved his pride in them.

And then, in a night, as in a whiff of wind, That little soul that looked through eyes like Christ's

Was carried away like a white butterfly Touched in the frost of a too early Autumn.

We thought that Evelyn would be broken-hearted, And so she seemed to be for just a week— And then—and then—we wondered what to think!

She wore no mourning; that was strange enough, For everybody does in Appleton; But that was only one thing that we noticed; She laughed and chatted, went out with her husband,

Danced at the country club and played bridge—whist, And though her eyes were shadowed, her round cheeks

Were rosy as ever. So the women said: "She's heartless, after all, and doesn't care.

She played a pretty game for us to watch Of loving motherhood. She was showing off. . . . Those clothes! They show how much she loved her baby!

And as for her pink cheeks, it looks like rouge. I shouldn't wonder if she'd always done it, And women in Appleton don't stand for rouge; It never seems quite honest or quite decent. You'd better talk to her like a mother, Sarah, And tell her what we think about her ways."

And just because they talked to me like this I went to see her all alone one day When her fine husband had gone off to town To sell designs for fancy iron gateways. . . .

It was past tea-time on her day at home. . . . I walked right in before the maid could warn her

And found her crumpled up on the floor, Sobbing as very few see women sob— As women sob when they are alone with God. When she saw me, she could not stop at once, But after a moment she stopped, and squared her shoulders, Gulped like a child, and turned and spoke to me:

"You're so much older—you will understand— Edward's away—I had to just let go— I never dare to any other time, For Edward said: 'There's one thing I can't stand—

Fussing and tears. I'd hate even Helen of Troy If she should cry on me.' And so I can't. I have to laugh. He loves me for my laughter, And I love him and love him for that love. But there—I mustn't talk about my troubles. . . . How are you? Tell me all about yourself. . . ." She tossed her hair back, got up from the floor To be my hostess. From her fingers fell A little pot of rouge. She looked at me Wistfully, hoping I would understand. "Don't tell," she said; "I've christened this 'My Courage.'"

"Two of them!"

Methodically she tore the paper to bits, and then for half an hour sat thinking and planning. At the end of that time she quietly opened the door again.

Spiro was sitting on the floor. Artemis leaned over and whispered:

"Find out their hours, and tell them if possible to get transferred to night duty. Buy an *evzone* costume that will fit me, and a rope long enough to reach to the ground, with knots in it. Smuggle them in here when you can. Be very careful. The slightest error and we shall fail. And, Spiro"—she hesitated—"have you seen Panaghioti?"

Spiro nodded. "His master isn't back," he said simply. A spasm of fear shot through the heart of the girl. Softly she said, "Good night!" and shut the door. But it was not a good night for her. She thought not of the Venizelists among the *evzones*; she thought not of the service to her country. She found herself thinking solely of the man whom she had sent into all the dangers of the neutral zone without a thought of these same dangers, which now rose up in her imagination to torment her.

With daylight her fears for Elihu's fate did not lessen. Her continued anxiety about him puzzled her. The idea of sending a man to his death for the cause of her country had been one of the commonplaces of her life.

And all the while she had to remember the great political game being played in Greece and to play it herself every minute. And so well did she succeed that the suspicions of the queen gradually were lulled to sleep.

The news that the date of the marriage had been set made a profound impression throughout the country. It brought gloom to the Venizelists. With Artemis the wife of the *diadoque*, the royalists would gain strength with the people, and equally the Venizelists would lose ground.

The hardest task of Artemis was to curb the affection of the crown prince without making him suspect her unwillingness for the marriage. Yet this she carried off with a high hand.

The presence of the crown prince inevitably brought to Artemis's mind the figure of Elihu Peabody, not always lifeless or wounded on a barren mountainside, but sometimes triumphantly bringing back to her the cross of the Bysas. This the American was doing for her; and this had the crown prince done for her—to betray the secret of the cross to his Prussian mother.

One night a slip of paper appeared under her door, after her maid had left her. Nothing was written on it. She judged that Spiro wished to speak to her, and waited for the proper hour to arrive.

When Artemis opened her door, Spiro was there.

"I have the rope," he whispered. "It is bound around my waist. Let me give it to you first. And here is the *evzone* costume with the slippers."

While speaking, Spiro had been silently unwinding the rope.

"The Venizelist *evzones* have had their hours changed. For this week one patrols the garden every night from twelve to four. The other is at the back gate."

Then he inquired bluntly, "What are your plans?"

As to one who had the right to know, Artemis briefly explained them. Spiro shook his head.

"You should not take the risk. Let me do it."

"No; this is the work for a Bysas," Artemis replied. "Your part lies here, and it is more dangerous than mine. To-morrow night, then; and I must try to get away as early as possible, since there is much for me to do before morning."

"To-morrow night!" Spiro replied, saluting.

When that night came Artemis dressed herself in the *evzone* costume Spiro had supplied—the heavy white tights, the dark garters hanging below the knees, the long tunic and the heelless slippers with the immense pompons on the toes. She braided her hair and fastened it tight to her head, and over it put the *evzone* cap, jauntily a little on one side, as the soldiers wear it, with the long



"MY WIFE WAS MISS ROSALIE BYRNES. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN REMEMBER THAT?"

THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

THE light went out instantly. Groping toward Gerald through the darkness, Rosalie met him feeling his way toward her. He drew her toward the end of the room farthest from the door.

"What did you hear?" he whispered.

"Voices from the corridor up here, and footsteps in the hall below. There's a light, too. Do you think it can be the servants?"

"Either they, or some one from outside who has seen the light through that window. Stand still where you are a minute."

He moved across the room, and she saw him silently raise the window and lean out. He was still gazing down toward the ground when she heard a shuffling of feet outside the library door, and then the sound of the knob being turned quickly. She tiptoed across the room and seized Gerald's arm.

"They're at the door now," she whispered. "What shall we do, Gerald?"

"This window is too far from the ground. That door the other side of the fireplace—where does it lead?"

Before she could answer that she did not know, he had caught her hand and was leading her across the room. The door he mentioned was half-hidden by a dark drapery, but when he tried it, it proved to be unlocked. He opened it cautiously and they saw that it led to a narrow corridor, evidently a private hallway from the library to a suite of rooms indicated by two doors to their left. Half-way down it, to the right, was a door that probably opened into the main upper corridor. Indeed, even as they stood there, undecided, a voice came from outside this door, and it said:

THE STORY

Gerald Cromwell came back, just when Rosalie needed him the most. She had bravely gone to get a bag and furs which her sister Leontine had left in the house of Vasco Lemar. Bravely, because Leontine was sure she had killed the man in a wild struggle. Rosalie finds that the body has mysteriously moved and that he is barely alive. As she is debating what to do to save his life, she sees what she thinks is an apparition, and faints. But it is Gerald himself. While they plan how to get care for Lemar and yet get away themselves, Rosalie hears voices. Now they know that Lemar will be taken care of and look hastily for a way to escape. They have not had to speak of the cruel misunderstandings into which their families have conspired to drive them. All that is over. But there is no time for love-making!

"Can we get into the library this way, Pete?"

A second voice at their backs, from outside the library door, called, "This door's locked—try that one there, officer!"

Instantly, with one long, lithe leap, Gerald hurled himself in the direction of the corridor door. There was a heavy bolt on the inside which his fingers encountered as they felt for the knob. Evidently the person addressed as "officer" had acted almost as quickly, for just as Gerald touched the bolt the knob turned and the door began to open. There was just one factor that saved them, and that was the caution of the person opening the door. He was doing it so slowly that as Gerald instinctively threw his weight against it, it snapped back into place, and in that instant Gerald shot the bolt.

Rosalie was at his side as he turned. He gave an almost

inaudible chuckle. "Quick work, what?" he whispered. "We've got 'em locked out on both sides. Get your hat and those other things, while I see what is in these rooms."

Instantly obedient, she groped her way about the library until she had found her hat, her sister's bag and the furs. It was plain that the attack had focused on the library door, for she could hear voices, evidently the voices of three men, one a gruff voice of authority, the other two, she guessed, the voices of a watchman and a servant.

"Sure the light was from this room?" she heard one ask.

"You said it was the third window from the end," another voice answered. "That'd make it this room—the library."

"All right, then; we'll force this lock. Hold the lantern up here a minute."

Panic-stricken now, Rosalie made her way as fast as she could out of the room. Gerald met her in the inner corridor and locked the library door behind her.

Beyond the first door to their left there was a large bedroom. Through two windows a gray light shone, dimly outlining a bed with an ornate canopy, a great deal of luxurious furniture, and a great white fur rug in front of the fireplace. The whole room was full of a curious, sickish-sweet odor, the odor, Rosalie surmised, of some drug. A door at the end of the room appeared to open into a dressing-room.

"There's a bathroom beyond," Gerald explained, "and the only way out of the whole place is through those two doors: the one out of the library where our friends are now hammering, and the other out of the little corridor there. We can't use either of them."

Rosalie listened, with a perception that he was making

Continued on page 60



"I DIDN'T LIKE HIM, AND I WOULDN'T COME BACK WITH HIM"

"DON'T TELL DAD"

BY ALICE DYAR RUSSELL

STANDING by the open window which looked upon the garden, she caught a glimpse of Thornton, her fourteen-year-old son, slipping around the corner of the house from the rear and making a furtive way through a side opening in the hedge. Was it shame, was it anger, that lowered the boy's head, sullenly lunched his shoulders? That—happy-hearted Thornton! And then she thought of the open mutiny in Enid's face, and the flushed, unfriendly look she had cast her father as she quitted the room. Left alone, she and her husband had faced each other, unsmiling, over the breakfast-table. But she would not quarrel, she remembered thinking; she would keep off Enid, off Thornton—and in a few minutes they had been quarreling; about the merest trifle, it seemed to her now. Stiff and straight and sore-hearted, sudden poignant memory went through her of a year ago; how her whole being had ached then to hear Jerome's step; how her bitter longing had gone out across the miles of ocean—

She did not turn as he came into the room; it seemed to her she could not.

A certain moroseness was apparent; not a big man, but vigorous; face chipped and burned, and with that about him which made men stand a little straighter when Major Harbury passed.

"I'm off now, Winnifred." He had a peremptory tone. "I shall get Peterson at work on the grading at once; then the seed can be put in before the next rain. You'll like it when it's done, though you may not admit it." He patted her shoulder lightly and let his hand remain.

Why could she not meet the mute plea for reconciliation with a whole-hearted smile of pardon? After all, it mattered so little whether that slope were grass or flowers; it even mattered little that he had been completely disregarding of her wishes. What did matter was— She drew a long breath, but before she could speak her opportunity was gone.

"I told Thornton—he dropped his hand—"that he should have no allowance for a month as punishment for his disrespect this morning."

"Jerome, you must not!" She spoke with energy. "He did not mean to be disrespectful. And I had an understanding with him, when you were gone, that his allowance should not be subject to penalty. He has to use it for school-books and fees, and it is not fair, any more than that the housekeeping money should be withheld. He will get into difficulties."

"Exactly," very dryly. "It's a real punishment; that's why I chose it. Is it the reason you are displeased?"

THE MAJOR COULD NOT SEE THAT HE HAD NO LONGER HIS LITTLE GIRL AND BOY. TO HIM, WHEN HE CAME HOME FROM FRANCE, THEY WERE STILL TINY CHILDREN, TO BE INDULGED, SCOLDED, RESTRAINED. THE RESULT RACKED THEIR MOTHER'S HEART. "DON'T TELL DAD," THEY KEPT SAYING TO HER. NOT A HOPEFUL FAMILY SITUATION. BUT SHE WAS AN UNUSUAL WOMAN AND THIS IS A VERY UNUSUALLY GOOD STORY

She felt the tides of anger rising. "I promised Thornton—I promised—that since he had to plan for necessities the monthly sum should be unreservedly and invariably his! He has been so proud—he has managed so well—" Her breast heaved. "Jerome, he will resent your injustice, and I do not blame him!"

"Oh, if you suggest it to him, of course!" She saw the little lines she hated form about his mouth.

"Jerome!" His hostile look cut deep. "You can not suppose that I—that I—" Oh, if she went on she would be crying, and with a little hopeless gesture she stopped. She could not bear to feel this way toward Jerome! What baleful thing had come into their relation, that they could not meet with harmony at any point; that every subject they touched instantly bristled with disagreement?

"I should like to be informed if your intention from now on is to interfere in all my dealings with Thornton." Irritably, implacably, he proceeded, and she told herself that his dictatorial will was riding roughshod over them all; that the home atmosphere was being poisoned by a censoriousness and suspicion past all bearing.

The embrace which at length accompanied his good-by was made perfunctory by her feeling as well as his. She held herself rigid, tasting a bitterness of separation in his arms that thousands of miles between them had not brought; then turned to the window again with aching heart. There was no music in the cardinal's song.

Interfere! Interfere! The word was a gadfly. True enough, their son had always been considered Jerome's special concern, as Enid hers. Winnifred had been rather used to taking for granted that her husband must know best about boys—yes, let her be honest—that he must know best about pretty much everything! Her lip curled a little at the recollection of the door-mat sort of creature she con-

sidered herself to have been. But Thornton was stubborn, high-spirited, with a perfect genius for getting into scrapes, and he had had his mother well under his thumb from babyhood. When Jerome first talked of going, she was overwhelmed by a sense of absolute helplessness. She wouldn't hold him back, but she saw herself a ship with no rudder. Night after night she had kept Jerome awake, discussing anticipated difficulties, seeking his advice on a thousand matters.

She wasn't going to pretend that it had been easy—no, none of it had been that. But Thornton's sudden manliness under responsibility had given her the first real insight into her son, and with that key in her possession for the first time—she was ashamed of herself for its being so—she had parted company with Apprehension. And shortly after, with Timidity. The habit of decision once acquired, she had found pleasure in using it. And like numberless other women in those troublous days, her own awakened resolution and capacities surprised no one quite so much as herself. She had never lived so to the full, never been—putting the racking anxiety for Jerome aside—quite so happy!

In Enid there had been nothing but joy, unalloyed. She and her daughter had worked together, made new acquaintances together, been comrades. And those two years had marked the passing in Enid—that change so full of exquisite pain and marvel to a parent—from sixteen to eighteen. But Jerome, on his return, could not, would not, see that he had lost his little girl. He must still consider her a child, to be indulged, scolded, restrained. No wonder Enid resented it. Resentment, Mrs. Harbury reflected, was a plant which was flourishing finely in all their hearts.

Enid herself blew in. She was like that—tripping lightly on her feet, saucy, refreshing, giving one the impression of a little wind. Winnifred's heart melted utterly at sight of her, rosy and brisk in her dainty white, grievances forgotten, a-tiptoe with expectancy over some great doing. She had that innocent, questing air, so touching to maturity, and beneath all her girlish softness one felt the presence of something delicate and proud.

"Why do they make our hearts ache so," thought Winnifred, "these girls that haven't an ache themselves?"

"O ducky mother!" she cried joyously; then gazed around and sniffed the air with a roguish look.

"U-m-m-m! Wonderfully invigorating atmosphere! Thunder past?"

She nodded slowly.

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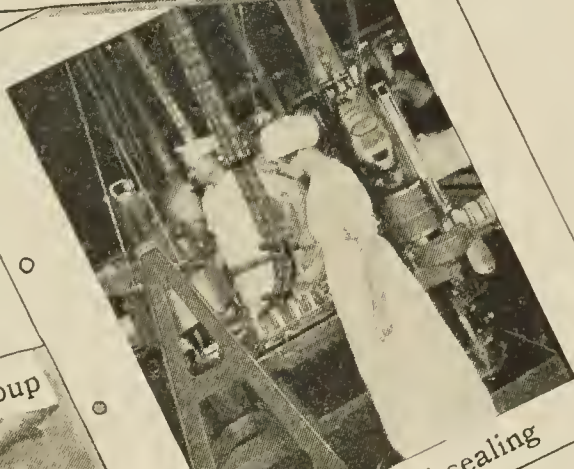
"Here is a chapter true
Of a joyful tale for you
Of busy endeavor in ways that are clever
And lighten your burdens, too."



Inspecting tomatoes

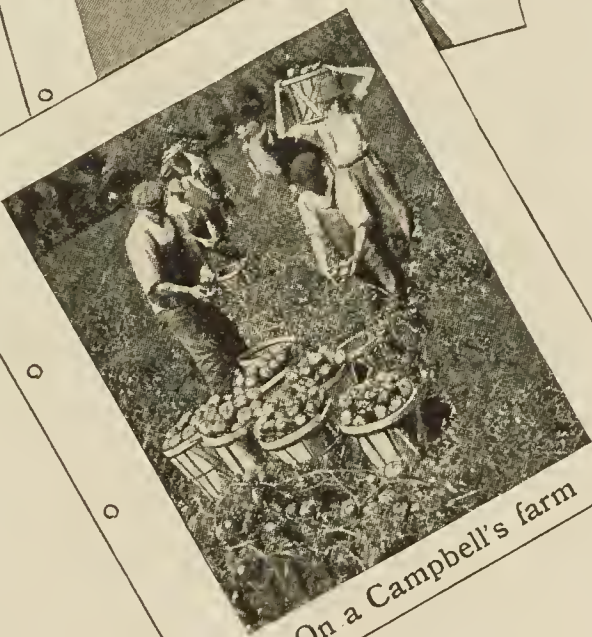
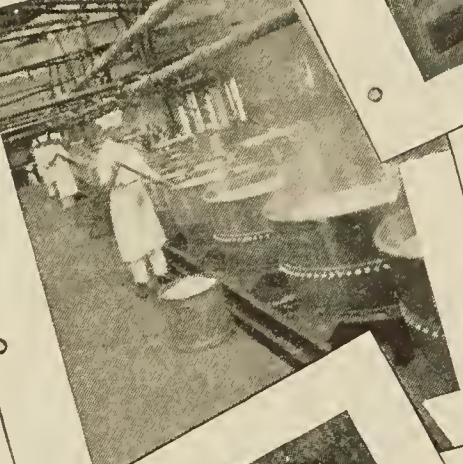


Washed 5 times in running water



Filling and sealing

Blending the soup



On a Campbell's farm

A Chapter from life

These views of the famous *Campbell's* Kitchens, photographed from life, show you how this capacious establishment is like a big community kitchen working for you.

You share the benefit of our wholesale buying in the season of greatest abundance, tomatoes direct from the farms, our expert chefs, cooks and blenders, our improved labor-saving equipment.

You get the best part of the tomato in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

No skins, seeds nor core-fibre. Only the solid fruity part and pure juice, blended with other wholesome ingredients as choice as you use on your table.

You save cooking-cost, waste, labor, and the expense of repeated haulings and handlings.

You can also use this delicious health-giving soup in many of the ways you would use either fresh or canned tomatoes. And you save and gain at every point.

Order a dozen or a case and get the full advantage.

21 kinds 12c a can

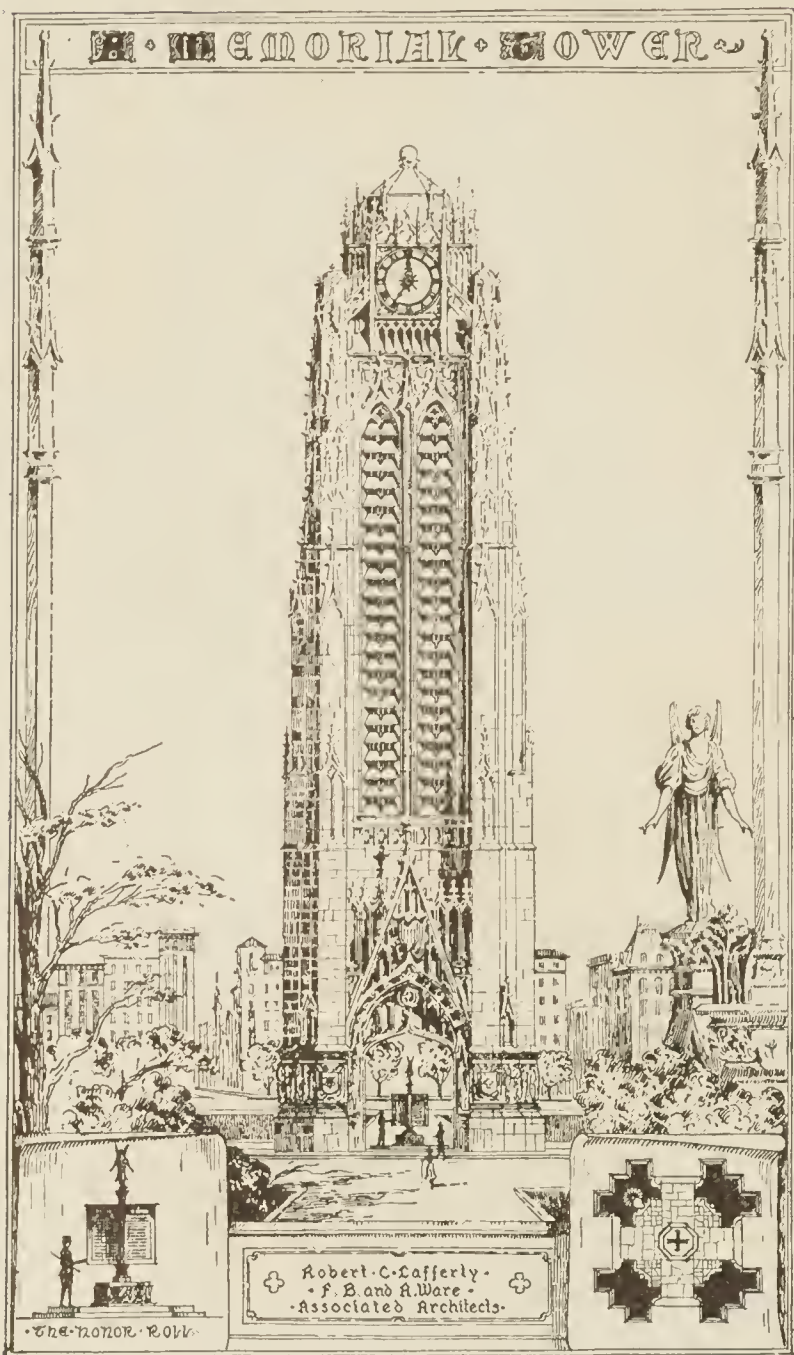


Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

YOUR WAR MEMORIAL

SOME IDEAS TO TAKE UP WITH YOUR LOCAL COMMITTEE



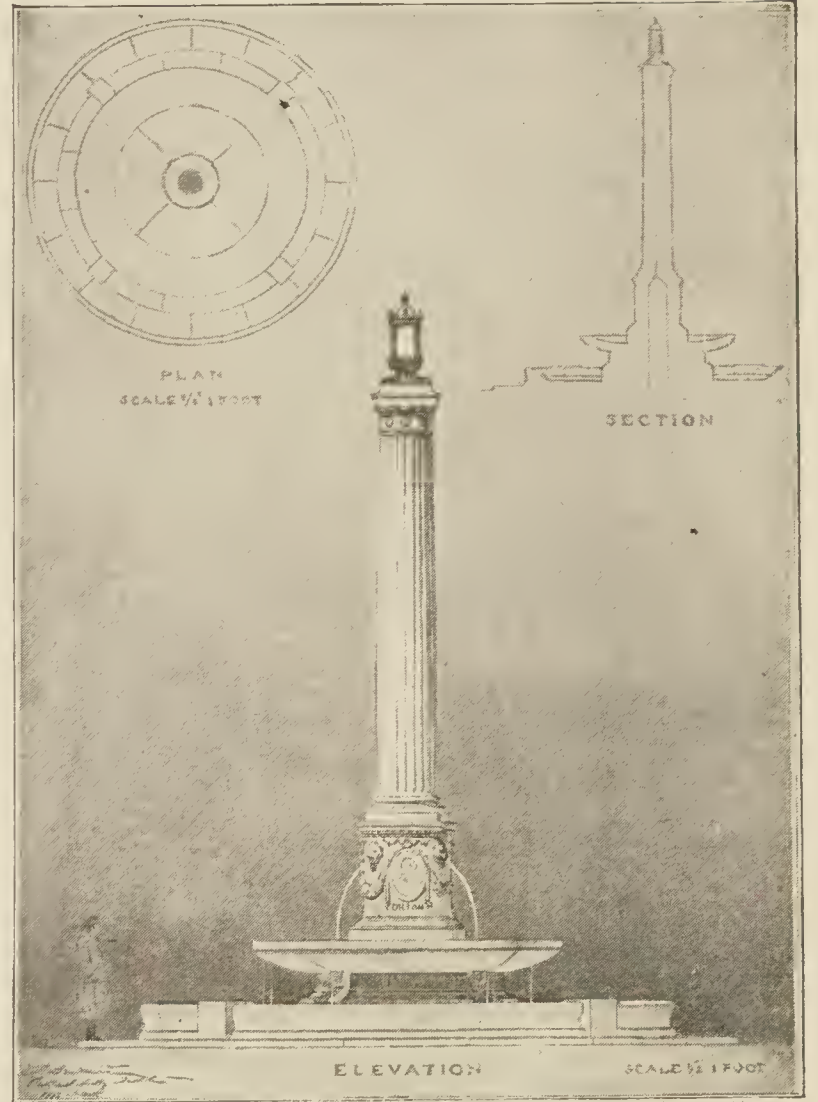
A memorial tower with clock, chimes, an honor roll and a big community organ to make it the center of community singing and patriotic meetings.



"Plan for the future, build for permanency and make adequate provision for maintenance costs" sums up the advice of prominent architects and sculptors on the war-memorial question. Above all don't try to save money in the matter of getting competent advice; such a saving is expensive and unsatisfactory in the end.

If poppies will grow in your locality, you can plant them around your memorial and keep the sentiment of the war's most famous poem constantly before your citizens.

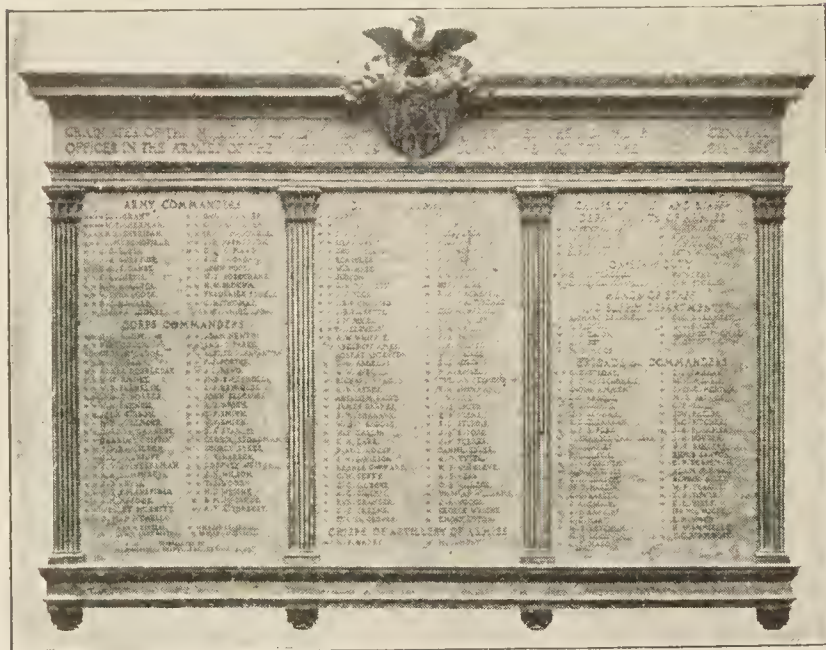
"Shall women's names be included in the honor roll?" is a question that has the attention of many towns who feel that due recognition should be given to those women who braved the submarine and were actually in the war zone. Write your opinion of this idea to THE DELINEATOR. Address, Community Editor, Butterick Building, New York.



This combination of memorial column and fountain with a beacon light will look well at the center of several intersecting streets.



While your town is discussing the big permanent memorial why not put up a simple, tasteful temporary memorial like this wooden one at Stamford, Connecticut? Gold letters outlined with black against a white background make a good combination.



McKim, Mead & White

If you decide on a tablet make it simple and beautiful.



This inexpensive tablet, in memory of one man, is suitable for families, schools and small organizations. The photograph of the member is inserted in the lower frame in company with allied statesmen and generals.



Herman MacNeil, Sculptor

Lord & Hewlett, Architects

This Soldiers' Monument from Albany, New York, suggests what can be accomplished by contrast.



Tiffany Studios

A stained-glass window or mosaic may serve as a church memorial. The one above, in memory of a member killed in battle, is entitled "The Christian Soldier."



Daniel Chester French, Edmund T. Quinn, Sculptors

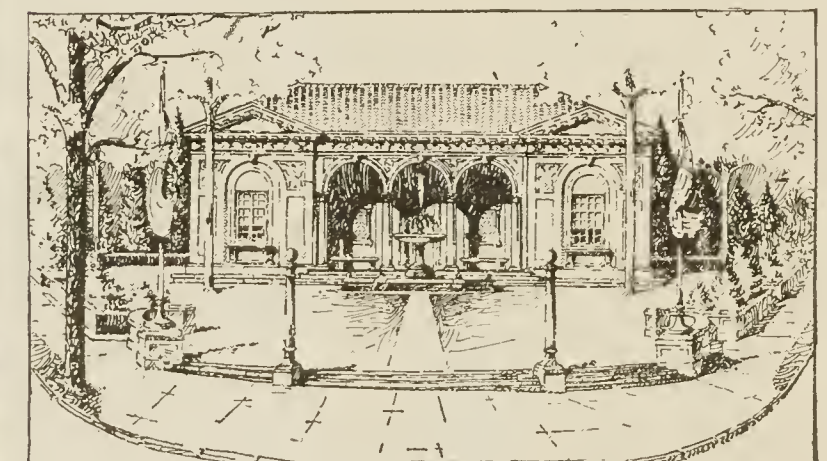
A wayside monument like this one from Concord, Massachusetts, is a type to consider for a small park.



Henry Bacon, Architect

Daniel Chester French, Sculptor

The setting of this Lafayette Memorial in Brooklyn is good. Don't thrust your memorial at the passers-by, but place it so that all can stop and rest and contemplate.



W. Leslie Walker, N. Y., Architect

This idea of a loggia or court, with a fountain in front and rooms for military records, photographs, flags and other trophies on each side, is from an architect who has given much study to the memorial idea.

HOW WE LEARNED TO SAVE MONEY

IN THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY, BETH WILSON TELLS THE SECRET THAT BROUGHT SUCCESS TO HER HUSBAND AND HERSELF AND THEIR HOST OF FRIENDS

AFTER ten years of married life, Fred and I were still in the same "boat"—apparently living no better and with not a cent saved in all that time. Although Fred's salary was more than twice as much as when we were first married, every dollar of it went, as it always had, to meet current expenses.

Strangely enough, we hadn't indulged in clothes or other things to any extent "worth mentioning," and there weren't many theater jaunts either. "Not half as many as during our first year," I said to Fred one evening. I did not intend to reprove him in the least. I was merely attempting to get at the root of the evil.

I had begun to worry about the future—about what would become of us if Fred were ill or lost his job—about never getting that home in the country for which we both longed—about not being able to carry out our plan



WE TRIED TO FIGURE HOW OUR MONEY HAD BEEN SPENT

for the children's education. So, while we were on the subject, we tried to figure offhand how on earth all our money had been spent—and to find out why we hadn't saved any. But we finally gave up—we could account for only three-fourths. The other fourth—six hundred dollars—was swallowed up. Anyway, the fact remained that we needed more money. What were we to do?

Fred had had a raise only a few months before, so he couldn't very well ask for one so soon again. The only alternative left him was to look for another job. He naturally dreaded giving up a position which gave promise of a splendid future, and I wasn't exactly happy about it myself.

The next morning at breakfast we were both feeling unusually glum, when the postman arrived with a note from Evelyn Sheppard, my girlhood chum. She and Jim had married about the same time as Fred and I. But they moved out to Hazelton a year or so later and we hadn't heard from them since.

Evelyn wanted Fred and me and the kiddies to spend the week-end with them at Hazelton.

It was the first time in months we had been away for even a night, and we were so happy that I did not remember until we alighted from the train at Hazelton that I had forgotten to tell Evelyn the time we would arrive. But a jitney was handy, so we tumbled in and were on the final lap of our journey.

"Why, the Sheppards can't live here!" I exclaimed as we stopped before a beautiful brick residence, in front of which stood a brand-new seven-passenger car.

"He certainly must be wrong," Fred said, and proceeded to repeat the address to the driver.

"Yes, sir; this is 1968 Sedgwick Avenue," he replied emphatically.

In another instant Jim and Evelyn Sheppard were giving us a cordial welcome. The men immediately went out to look at the garden, the children began to play with the two little Sheppard boys, while Evelyn carried me off to show me the house and to have one of our old-time heart-to-heart chats.

"So you thought this wasn't the right place, Beth?" she began. "But I don't wonder, for it certainly doesn't resemble the Bronx flat you last saw us in."

"No," I agreed, "and it doesn't look like our flat either, Evelyn. How did it all happen?"

"I could tell you about it in a few words, but when Fred and Jim come in we will take a ride in our car and I'll tell you the whole story."

Later, when we were comfortably seated, Evelyn began: "You know how we were living. A good part of Jim's salary was always spent before it was due. He was in a state of constant worry—he was actually jeopardizing his job. Something had to be done. Life wasn't worth living."

"I can sympathize, Evelyn; it sounds like our own state of affairs," I interrupted. "But go on."

"Well," continued Evelyn, "Ed O'Connor, a chap who works in the same office as Jim, was earning only two thousand dollars a year. Mr. O'Connor had a large family, yet lived much more comfortably than we—dressed

well and seemed to have everything that makes life enjoyable. And when it came to buying Liberty Bonds they bought several big ones outright. In discussing the O'Connors, Jim and I decided that Ed must surely have an income aside from his salary. Otherwise they could never have managed so well on two thousand dollars when we got along so poorly on two thousand five hundred dollars.

"One day Jim confided to Ed that he'd have to hunt a better-paying job. He told him that he saw no way of cutting expenses because, as it was, we didn't spend a cent more than we had to."

"A higher salary won't help any," answered Ed, "because even at that you will still be spending in proportion to what you earn. What you should do, Jim, is plan your expenditures—and spend accordingly. I have no income aside from my salary, but the reason that we live so well and save four hundred a year is because we keep an account of every cent we spend."

"Jim realized at once that we had been living in a haphazard way. So that very evening I bought an account-book and we made a budget. Soon we discovered how we could save a little here and a little there. By the end of the first year we had actually saved six hundred dollars and besides had enjoyed many of the things which we formerly had had to do without, because we had stopped frittering money needlessly."

"The worry was lifted from Jim's mind. He did better work at the office. It would have made your heart sing to see how ambitious he was. New opportunities opened up for him. With the few hundred dollars which we had in the bank he was in a position to make some investments that turned out successfully. The rest you can see for yourself."

If somebody had unexpectedly left me a fortune, I couldn't have been more elated than I was when Evelyn finished her story.

"Fred! Fred!" I called. "Evelyn has solved our problems." He was in the front seat with Jim, and when he turned around I at once explained the Sheppards' wonderful secret of success.

We lost no time in profiting by their example. We began to plan our expenditures, and as a result our imaginary money-troubles vanished in less than a month. Fred stayed at the same job. We put money in the bank, and were soon planning for our new home.

I repeated Evelyn's story to all my friends and they were just as enthusiastic about it as I. Recently, I told it to the editors of THE DELINEATOR.

THE DELINEATOR has found that for every one who has carried out the plan, as in the cases of Jim and Evelyn Sheppard, Fred and Beth Wilson and their host of friends, the making of a budget has meant the dawn of a new era.



IMAGINARY MONEY TROUBLES SOON VANISHED—WE WERE SOON PLANNING OUR NEW HOME

We have, therefore, prepared a system that will make it easy for our readers to begin at once to live better and to save more money than they ever thought possible.

This is the only weekly system of its kind. It was planned with infinite care by those who have got the most out of their money. It contains sixty-eight pages, size eight and one-quarter by ten and one-half inches, and is attractively bound. A classified list covers all items of household and personal expenses, including outlays for amusements, clothes, culture, etc. Whether your income is eight hundred or eight thousand dollars a year, you need this unusual book that tells you:

1. How to plan your expenditures.
2. How to know what you spend.
3. How you can save.
4. How to feed your family.
5. How to make your money work for you.

All that is necessary to secure this indispensable Budget System is to introduce THE DELINEATOR to only one friend or neighbor. At your suggestion she will gladly subscribe. On receipt of one yearly subscription at the regular subscription price, two dollars, we will send you our Budget and Account-Book, that may mean the turning-point in your life.

This offer is limited—so you must act at once. Make your check or money-order payable to THE DELINEATOR, and mail it with the name and address of the subscriber to-day, to the Subscription Division, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City, New York.

For Breakfast



BREAD!

You can make your breakfasts tasty, appetizing, satisfying *without* rich, heavy foods.

A great variety of tempting breakfast dishes can be made with BREAD.

Try using bread—the best of all foods—as the basis of your breakfasts. You'll be surprised at the difference you and your family will experience in vigor of body and brain.

Meats are too heavy to start the day with. They place too great a burden on the digestive machinery at a time when the bodily energies are needed for other work.

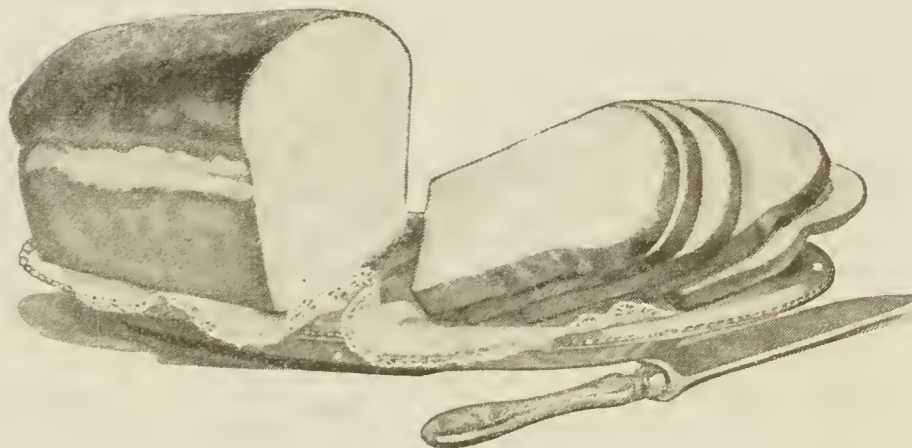
You can learn many new ways of serving bread from a little book entitled:

"65 Delicious Dishes Made with Bread"

which you can get free from your baker or grocer. When asking for this book, please say to your baker or grocer that you saw it offered in the Fleischmann magazine advertisement.

In the United States and Canada nearly all bakers use Fleischmann's Yeast

Bread is your best food—eat more of it.





Her Mouth Is Growing Old

STILL young—but her mouth is growing old. The pretty lips are losing their youthful contour. They are taking on the look of withered age.

"Pyorrhea," says her dentist. A long neglected case. The gums are shrunken and receding—the teeth loosening, and decaying fast.

Pyorrhea is a preventable disease. Take proper care of your gums and teeth and you will not have it.

Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary tooth pastes and powders cannot do this.

If you have tender, bleeding gums (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) start to use Forhan's immediately. Then watch that bleeding stop, and the tenderness disappear.

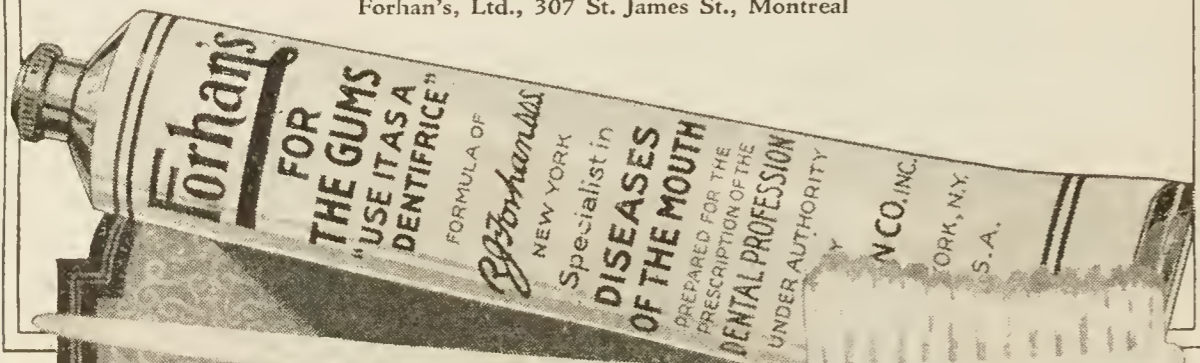
But better still, don't wait for symptoms. End the trouble before it begins. Keep Pyorrhea, its disfigurements and train of dangerous ills away by using Forhan's for the Gums. It makes the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white, and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

Forhan Company, 200 Sixth Avenue, New York
Forhan's, Ltd., 307 St. James St., Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

FACES THAT PASS IN THE LIGHT

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

HERE MRS. COLE IMPARTS THE INNERMOST SECRETS OF THE SMARTEST AND MOST APPROVED NEW YORK SPECIALISTS. BETTER YET, THE METHODS GIVEN CAN BE FOLLOWED AT HOME! MRS. COLE IS MORE THAN "BEAUTY SPECIALIST," SHE IS FRIEND AND GUIDE. DON'T HESITATE TO WRITE HER YOUR OWN QUESTIONS, ALWAYS ENCLOSING STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

THE face is the thing, of course. We tell ourself that every time we go anywhere. Clothes are frightfully important, and manner, and one's carriage, but after all the face is the thing. The only thing that makes you sit and look and look at a person and wonder about her, him, them, and perhaps love her, or at least know that you *could* all right, and be conscious that right then and there you'd start off tagging at her heels because you must find out what kind of a person lives back of that face—only a face can do that to you.

Clothes can make your brain stamp its foot because they're so stupid and unimaginative or smack its eyes with delight because they are so harmonious and subtle and lovely, and manner always lures or repels, and one's walk always reveals a little bit of his soul, but the thing that really gets results is the face.

And the thing that makes a face is, first of all, of course, the kind of a person you are. Is it mysterious, dreaming, full of reserves, open, joyous, challenging, responsive, gay, impulsive—what is it your face gives to the world? Is it hard, discontented, selfish, secretive, worldly? Or is it a masque?

As we go to and fro, on cars, on top of buses, in trains, in theaters, in churches, we look at faces and wonder. There are so many masques.

WHY? Is it that we all wish to look like one kind of thing, a prosperous, independent, able, well-groomed, chic, gay-hearted person? I think perhaps we do, in New York. That's the blotting system of a city. Don't show what you're going through, have a "poker" face, only make it ready for anything; that's the advice of a city to you.

Masque after masque, some with discontent and hardness glinting through; some with warmth and sweetness hiding back. And now and then a real face. Luddy, how your spirits can pop up at just one real face!

Not trying to hide anything, not trying to bluff anything, not conscious of itself at all, just the outside of a real person that's inside. Praise be to the Great God of Beauty for faces like that!

Why do we all look at a Japanese or Chinese? Because they are inscrutable. They have things which they hide from the Occident. And so their faces challenge our curiosity. Their masque isn't put on; it's born on, and so it is interesting.

Why does an East Indian draw all eyes in a room to him? Because he is foreign? No. Because his face is contemplative, mysterious. Whatever kind of man he is, he takes time to *be*; he isn't always running like mad to *do* something; his aim in life is to *be*. Their faces have a story. They're worth looking at. But the masque of the Dweller in a City—why?

So much for the light behind your face, for the story in it. That rests with you, the thing you are inside. And that is, must always be, the holding quality of your beauty, the soul of your charm.

NOW for its setting. First of all, clean skin. Don't scrub to be clean; we've talked about that before; that's skin-murder in the first degree. Cleanse it in that nice, gentle but effective Maribel Summer way that we've been telling you about.

Use your cold-cream and tonic, generously always if you can, but surely until you once get your skin into condition and then you won't have to use so much. I know cold-cream and tonics cost money, but a clear skin goes much farther toward the joy of life than an expensive gown.

If your skin looks dark underneath, not really glowing clean, PAT! Get the circulation up. It will carry off all those impurities. Pat, pat, pat with your patten, *every day*, until your skin clears up. Wet the cotton-wrapped patten in ice-water, squeeze it out tight and then dip in the tonic and squeeze it out gently, and pat.

If you have to fight blackheads, or acne, or any other kind of eruptions, or liver spots, there are special creams and bleaches and lotions that really will rid you of them. Blackheads *must not* be squeezed out with an instrument or with the pressure of your finger-nails. There is always a liability that way of breaking a vein and there is almost no cure for broken veins; it takes months and months to even help them a little.

Take cotton, two pieces, and put it under the two fingers so that the nail can not possibly touch the skin (nice little thick pads of it)

and press until the blackhead is removed. It hurts like everything, but it doesn't last long.

Then put on either a healing cream or your tonic. A good pore cream shuts that pore smack up and ends that blackhead forever. Before you attack your blackheads, soften up the skin with a cold-cream, rubbed in gently and left on for five minutes.

After the blackheads are gone and the pore cream has soothed your upset face, take off the pore cream with a little cleansing-cream and tonic and then PAT with the special astringent.

For acne—and many, many people who think their "pimpled" skin comes from indigestion really have acne, which is a disease of the sebaceous glands—choose a successful lotion, and that vegetable mask made of herbs which we have talked about so long; I have seen that cure acne.

Often the skin breaks out because of worn-out nerves. What one needs then is sleep and rest and intelligent cleansing of the skin. Also, one needs to believe that in the end all things work together for *good*, and that he doesn't need to haul his life all around the place trying to get somewhere.

Just let go and *be*, and trust Destiny, God, whatever you call the Power to carry things along to that good end, just as quietly and simply as you trust electricity to act when you press a button. Good nerves and minds with some faith in them are usually back of good skins.

FRECKLES—personally, I think they are fascinating and they always belong with the kind of faces they come to—if you feel that you must get rid of freckles, you can, by means of a wisely chosen bleach. This also banishes liver-spots and collar-marks and really ugly things like those.

Some day we are going to take the bit in our teeth and say what we honestly think about Nature and artificial means, about who ought to touch up her hair and who oughtn't to, who ought to bleach her skin and who oughtn't, and when they ought to and why, and why they oughtn't to, also. Nature is very clever; a diplomat and an artist are needed to work with her or against her.

The skin *must be clean*. One reason we like to kiss babies in the back of the neck is because their skin is so clean and kissable. We don't know that's the reason, but if we stopped and analyzed to the very end we'd find out that that's so!

And then the nose. Mustn't have shiny noses! Be sure from a doctor or your own feelings that your liver is all right, doing its work as it should, and then if your nose keeps right on shining, don't turn your back on your liver and intestines; keep one eye on them—they always need watching—and pat your face, and your nose, too, as well as you can.

There's something wrong with you inside if you have a shiny nose—liver or circulation or weakened glands in the skin. Cleanse inside and pat outside and if it is slow in coming, use a cream which will keep the shine out of sight until the fundamental thing gets righted.

KEEP your eyebrows groomed. Buy some tweezers and go after them. Cold-cream them first, clench your teeth and snip the disorderly ones right out. It does to your face just what cutting the grass does to your lawn. If you've got a tangle-wood, woody face, leave your brows alone; they fit your type.

Of course the beauty of your eyes is the things you think and the things you feel and dream, but you can help the physical part of the eye a lot if, after every cold-cream cleansing of your face, you give your eyes a little bath of salt water or an eye tonic.

You can buy an eye-cup for ten cents, and everybody should have one and a bottle of boiled salt water in your bathroom and always wash your eyes after motoring or at the end of the day or after using cold-cream around them. They deserve that much care from you, the poor old faithful things. And I've told you about rolling them for exercise.

You've no idea how patting brightens up the eyes by speeding up the circulation. One reason your eyes always shine when you are excited or happy is that your blood is flowing faster. Do help your eyes every way you can.

The salt water will help your lashes, and a good eyelash ointment not only will make them grow but keep them nice and dark while it's doing it. Eyes are such thrilling things when they are nice.

And for the puffs that come under them as we grow older or tired out or sick, pat them gently with skin-food and a muscle-oil. This oil is a magic thing to own after thirty; rub it, together with a safe and good skin-food, on all the sagging muscles and little fat-cells that want to flop down and not be firm and elastic any more, and then get out your patten and with a little ordinary tonic on it, pat.

A face is like a human being; it's meant to be an expression of something and it ought to be kept in a fine, clear condition so that it is free to express. What does yours express? Look at it. It's showing you up whether you know it or not—your soul, your disposition, your habits.

Keep it clean, and groomed, and a face, not a masque.

COMFORT

There are four things—
And each one brings
A pleasure more than any king's
With thoughts both sweet and tender;

A fire to poke,
A pipe to smoke,
A little curly head to stroke,
And four feet on a fender.

—OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY.

Columbia Grafonola



“My Dance!”

Don't worry—they'll all get their dances. For when the ever-ready, never-weary Grafonola makes the music, there's a dance for every girl with every partner before the merry evening is half spent.

The most versatile of instruments is this big, handsome Grafonola. The merriest of entertainers when guests arrive, a cheerful musical companion when you are alone. Gay with you when you want to laugh, tireless if you want to dance, tender and tuneful when you want to rest awhile.

The Columbia Grafonola and Columbia Records give you the music you like best when you want it most.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK
London Factory: 102 Clerkenwell Road, E. C.



*Columbia Grafonolas—
Standard Models up to \$300
Period Designs up to \$2100*

Torrington

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER

Afternoons of Gladness

Afternoons for housewife and afternoons for maids. Afternoons for reading, for children, for sport, for visiting, with a clean, bright, dustless house to be glad about.

Do you want such afternoons? If you do, you can have them. Get a TORRINGTON Electric Vacuum Cleaner and spend a few minutes, in the morning, letting it brush and suck the litter and dirt off your floors and out of your rugs and carpets.

If you have electricity in your house, use it. Three cents a week lets it work for you. There is no excuse for tiring yourself out when a telephone call to a dealer will bring a TORRINGTON into your house and open up your afternoons to women's widening interests.

If you want to be mistress of your afternoons you want a TORRINGTON Electric Vacuum Cleaner.

Call up a dealer and ask him to bring one around. Remember, there is no excuse for trying to keep house these days without a TORRINGTON Cleaner. Claim your afternoons. They are yours. A TORRINGTON will give them to you.

Send us your address so we may send you a booklet, also information about a free trial and partial payments

The Torrington Company

National Sweeper Division

7 Laurel Street Torrington, Conn.



H26

SUNSHINE HOUSE NUMBER THREE

BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

SUNSHINE HOUSE Number Three furnishes the best possible opportunity for doing over an old house inside and out. The most important characteristics of this house and the furniture are sturdiness of structure and brilliancy of color and ornamentation.

On the other hand, it is the simplest house that we have shown, and the furniture can be made from these designs by the village carpenter or by any member of the family who lays claim to being a clever craftsman.

You can hardly imagine how simple the furniture shown really is, until you have seen it without color. The wonder and the charm of it lies in its delightful color contrast and through the understanding of the use of ornamentation.

THIS house is to be built from foundation to roof of white concrete, with purple slate roof, green shutters, lattice windows with red lattices and a gray-stone foundation. If your house is old and you want to refreshen it—and by refreshing I always mean add more color and make it gay, because I feel that all America needs to-day more color indoors—paint your house white and work out the color scheme as shown.

Of course, if you feel that the scarlet pillars are a little too brilliant these may be white. Your shingle roof may be replaced by purple slate or may be covered with purple rubberoid. If I were you, I would hesitate to give up the red pillars and red chimneys. If you saw "Boris-Goudenof" produced in New York City, you will remember the one stage-setting of the orange tents, the long dust-colored

stow away schoolbooks or fancy-work, or could be made most useful for storing alternately Summer and Winter things.

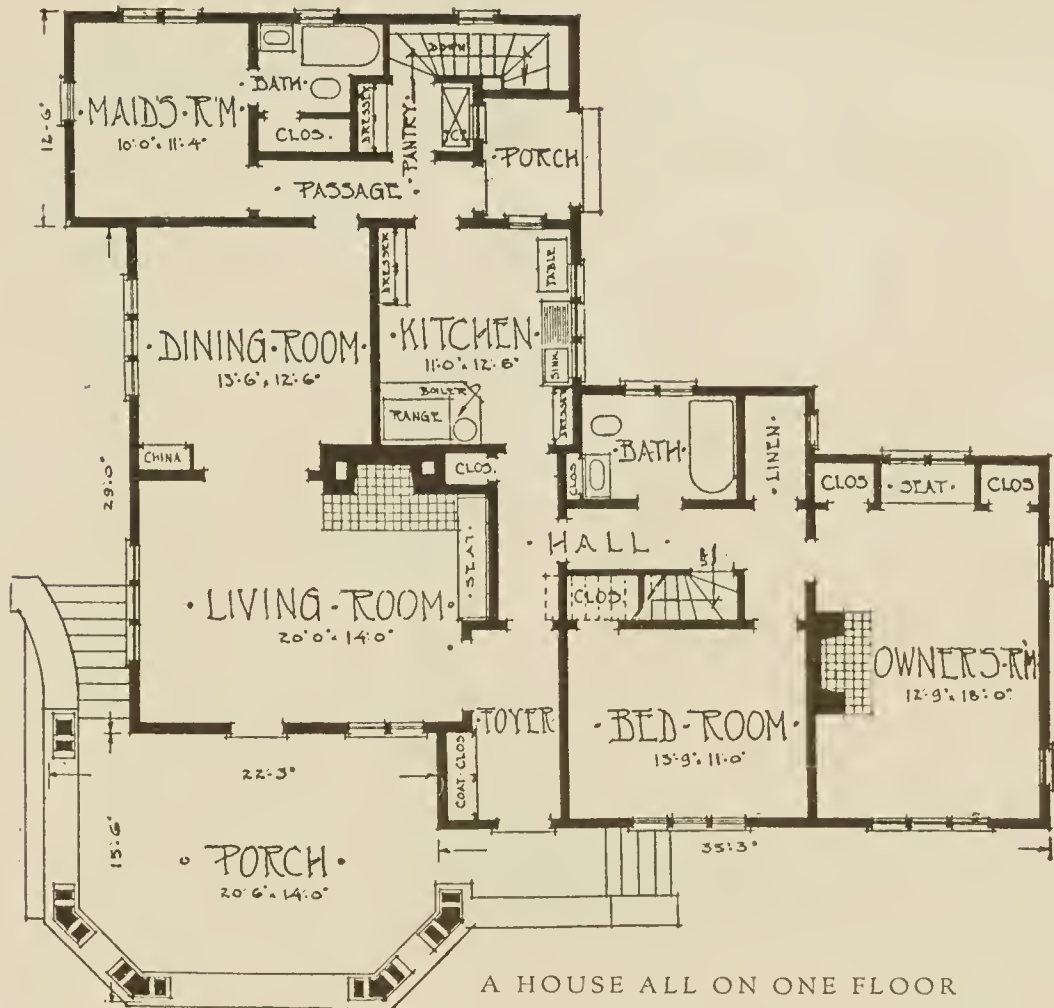
I WOULD like particularly to call your attention to the treatment of wall and ceiling. The painting of old rafters blue-purple instead of white or gray is most interesting. Of course, a flat ceiling could be treated the same way, and no color whatever be added to the blue-purple, otherwise you bring the ceiling too close to the furniture.

The treatment of the wall with an interesting landscape and patches of color each side is delightful, but, of course, pictures could be substituted for the colored wreaths and a mirror with candles for the center design. Or you could have a china closet or a book-rack there.

Red-and-white gingham is used at the windows. You could use the simplest round table, or you could get a gate-leg table of unpainted pine, or, if you prefer, the table shown at the end of the garden pathway is most practicable, as it is both settle and table, and can be found in almost any department store in unpainted pine.

The cradle and chairs you could have made from the designs given, and I think the cradle is the gayest, happiest little cradle I have ever seen.

PERHAPS the most interesting feature in this room is the fireplace, which is built up in the corner. This is made of tiles in colors that suit the room. Perhaps this may be a little difficult to achieve. So if you wish this to be a corner closet painted in the



plains and the four stupendous scarlet pillars that uphold the tent of the commander.

Although these colors may startle people a little at first, why not be in the vanguard of your own town? Color is coming into architecture and housefurnishing, just as surely as practical kitchens and simplified housekeeping are in store for us.

Of course, the path to the house could be gray stone, like the foundation, if you wish, but an orange pathway with red geraniums and green turf will give you a joyous color outlook on the most dried-up, scorching August days.

And if you love color in the flowers that come in May and June and July why should you not love color on the roof, on the pathway leading to your house, on the shutters?

THE sturdy brilliant furniture and fittings in the sitting-room shown with Sunshine House Number Three have their inspiration in the Hungarian peasant furniture which is always well planned, well proportioned and brilliantly finished. I can think of no more interesting furnishing for a north room that you want to do over than the designs given on page 17. And they are all so easy to arrange with the carpenter of your town, or the craftworker of your family!

My advice, if you are planning a room of this nature, is to stick very close to the colors shown, because they have been most carefully carried out. This exact shade of orange-vermillion which is used as the lining for the cradle, for the china shelf, the foundations of the table, and bands for the chairs and bench, goes better with the blue-purple than any possible variation that you could suggest.

Orange would not be bad, but if you use a real orange, I would change the purple in the scheme to a Chinese blue, and use it throughout. The corner bench in this living-room is a delightful idea. It is charming for afternoon tea, for a corner where the children can study their lessons, and, with pillows along the end, would make a lounging-place to read under the window.

The chest which is shown in detail was planned for table-linens, but could be used to

colors and designs shown, it would be a fine space for hanging coats, for putting away schoolbooks, umbrellas, overshoes and outer garments. I should hate to give up the effect of it, for it is interesting in color and design.

In the designs shown in this number of THE DELINEATOR, a maize-colored carpet is used, but a painted floor or a blue-gray rug like the color of the wall would be equally interesting. If suggestions are desired for other rooms in this house, to put the whole interior in harmony, I should be delighted to give them.

The floor-plans of the house this month have been thought out so that the interior arrangement may be practical, beautiful, charming and comfortable. Every foot of space has been arranged for economy and to help solve the difficulties of housework.

IF YOU want to know more about the use of brilliant color in your home, the color that will wear best, that will best suit certain rooms and the temperaments of certain people, if you want advice about materials and designs, let me help you. Write to me addressing your letters to Mary Fanton Roberts, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

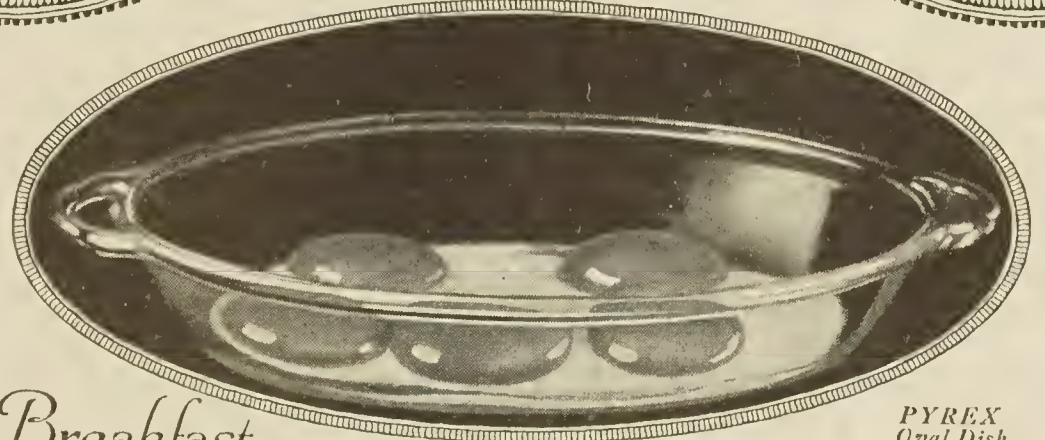
THE DELINEATOR readers who are interested in the Sunshine Houses, which are both practical, beautiful and economical, may secure further details by writing, enclosing stamped envelope, to the Home-Building Department of the magazine.

In many instances it is easier to obtain exactly the house you want by making changes in a house already planned, than it is to work out the entire design from your own imagination, because an architect will think of every detail for wise building, while the owner often thinks only of the beauty.

It will be a rare investment for any home-loving DELINEATOR reader to watch the floor-plans of The Sunshine House every month very carefully, and, when the right one is found, to write at once for further details. If any of these plans are found to be desirable the designer of the Sunshine Houses will offer advice free.

Use PYREX

Every Meal
Every Day



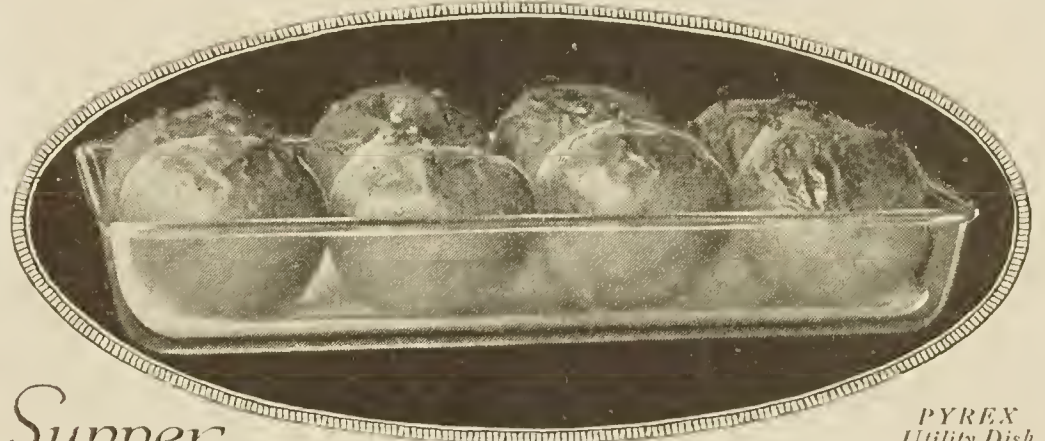
Breakfast

PYREX
Oval Dish



Dinner

PYREX
Round Casserole



Supper

PYREX
Utility Dish

PYREX Transparent Oven Dishes are good for three meals a day—breakfast, dinner and supper. Serve your food in PYREX right from the oven. It looks better, tastes better and saves extra pan washing.

PYREX TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES WILL NOT CHIP

It is guaranteed not to break with oven heat. Money spent for Pyrex is an investment, for PYREX never grows old, crazes, changes color nor looks unsightly.

Always look for the Pyrex label and the name Pyrex pressed in the glass.

Ask your dealer in housewares for the Pyrex booklet "New Facts About Cooking" or send his name and address and we will post it to you free.

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CORNING GLASS WORKS
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© House & Garden

Has Your Officer Hung Up His Coat?

Are you faced with the delightful necessity of furnishing a whole house—at a moment's notice—because the captain insisted on a wedding the minute he was mustered out?

Here's a little breakfast room to start a blithe day. There are English linen curtains on the windows—blue peacocks and gold sunshine. The light filters in across dull red tiles, and lights up creamy roughcast walls, and winks morning cheerfulnesses from the bits of old pewter on the oaken Welsh dresser . . .

Expensive? Not a bit! And yet—if you sat in that good-natured cottage chair, wouldn't there be an added flavor to the morning coffee? House & Garden will show you how to build, decorate, furnish and make a garden.

These 5 Numbers of House & Garden, \$1 (Six, if you mail the coupon now)

Autumn Furnishing September
The new fabrics—interior architectural doorways—how to choose a paper for the bedroom, and decorate the hallway in relation to its connecting rooms.

Fall Planting October
Winter gardens—what bulbs to plant in the fall—how to make a rock garden—the Fall Planting Tables, those invaluable pages that represent years of expert investigation, all codified.

House Planning November
Getting together with the architect—collecting for building—how to make an intelligent plan for the furniture in the new home. And—little houses, each perfect of its kind, with plans.

Christmas House December
All the things the house wants for Christmas gifts, together with the newest and prettiest ways to hang the holly, dress the tree, plant Christmas in the heart of the dinner table.

Furniture Number January
Every year our American master craftsmen give us something lovelier; every year the importers bring in new quaintnesses. The best are here.

House Fittings February
The predestined bit of glass, the lamp that makes all the difference in the world, the perfect touch of color.

SPECIAL OFFER—SEPTEMBER TO FEBRUARY NUMBERS ONE DOLLAR

JUST one trifling dollar—a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen chair—will bring you House & Garden's staff of experts for five delightful months—six, if you mail this coupon now. Connoisseur, architect, kennel expert, landscape gardener, interior decorator, sanitarian, saleswoman, shopping commissioner, and friend, are all packed between the covers of House & Garden. You need not send money now. Just mail the coupon today. Your subscription will begin at once.

HOUSE & GARDEN,
19 W. 44th St., New York City
Send me FIVE numbers of House & Garden, beginning with the next issue. It is my understanding that if this order is received promptly, you will send me an extra complimentary copy of the current number, making SIX in all. I enclose \$1. (OR) You may bill me for \$1 in due course. (Canadian, \$1.25.)

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The Postal Zone Law makes necessary an additional postage charge of 15c. a year, west of the Mississippi. Del. 9-19

"LET'S ALL TIDY UP" WITH THE HELP OF OUR SOLDIER BOYS



The American City
IN FLINT, MICHIGAN, AN OLD DUMP WAS CLEANED UP AND PREPARED FOR A PUBLIC PARK OR PLAYGROUND. LET THE MEN WHO BUILT TRENCHES IN FRANCE BUILD YOUR PLAYGROUNDS AND PARKS

A YEAR ago the man who painted his house or built a garage or installed new plumbing could be looked upon with suspicion as one who aided and abetted the enemy. Paint was needed for battle-ships, wood for ships to transport our troops, steel for munitions, and labor for the factories which were producing guns and uniforms and the farms which were raising food.

Materials and labor were too sorely needed for war activities to be used by a private person for his own ends.

A town which planned new public buildings or new park improvements laid itself open to criticism.

Not so now. The tables have turned completely. To-day you can prove the sincerity of your protestations of patriotism in the heat and excitement of war by using a little paint or a little lumber or some cement or some shingles or some varnish.

Keep your patriotism up to date! Be a peace-time patriot!

Put a new cement floor in your



NEARLY EVERY TOWN HAS A BUILDING LIKE THIS ONE. REPLACE IT WITH A PLAYGROUND

The Secretary of War directed Col. Arthur Woods to encourage every man and woman in every town in the land to tidy up and to tidy up now! Col. Woods is the assistant to the Secretary of War especially appointed to have charge of the employment of returned soldiers.

The war is won and the soldiers are home. It is no longer patriotic to deny ourselves the necessities or even the luxuries of life. We do not need to save sugar or fats nor go without new clothes to save wool. The one great need of our returned army is employment. The discharged soldier does not want to be praised or feted—he wants work.

There are twenty million homes in the United States. If twenty million homes, or even one-twentieth of these homes, begin to "tidy-up," inside and out, there will be thousands and thousands of jobs.

This "sprucing-up" will mean work for thousands of soldiers all over the country; and this is not all that it will mean. A demand for materials will be created.

Work will be produced not only for the man who shingles your roof or papers your walls or builds your garage, but there will be work for the workmen in the shingle-mills, in the wall-paper factory and in the lumber-mills. When business is active, there is work for all.

Start the fashion in your town. If your neighbors hear hammering and sawing, their curiosity will be aroused, and when they see the results of your repairing and refurnishing their pride will be quickened.

Other neighborhoods will catch the spirit, until the slogan of your town will be "tidy-up."

When every sidewalk of your town is repaired, and the rubbish on every vacant lot cleared away, and the old signs taken down from the unoccupied buildings—when your town looks spick-and-span—the civic pride of visitors will be aroused. They will go home and spread the gospel of "tidy-up."

cellar and urge the authorities of your town to recommend new cement walks in the new section which has needed walks for two years.

Mend the roof which you watched so carefully during every rain-storm last winter. Paper the walls which really needed doing over the Spring of 1917. Buy a new rug which you need badly, but which you couldn't buy when every bit of wool was needed for uniforms.

Don't imagine that you are merely taking advantage of the lifting of war-time restrictions. Hammering and sawing, polishing and plastering bring with them very definite and positive good, according to the Employment Division of the War Department.

The official word has gone out that now is the time to rebuild and refurnish. Tidy up! Spruce up!



Brown Bros.
WASTE-PAPER RECEPTACLES OF CONCRETE CAN BE BUILT RIGHT IN YOUR TOWN

A clean, spick-and-span neighborhood or town means fewer flies and mosquitoes, less danger of fire, and higher standards of neighborhood and city pride. It means better health, beautiful homes and streets and self-respect. The starting-point of all these desirable things is to place waste-paper receptacles on every other street intersection. Very attractive and permanent ones can be made of concrete from plans THE DELINEATOR will furnish you. This work can be done right in your town and will furnish employment for returned soldiers. Then you can equip a "clean-up" army of boys with wooden guns carrying a "clean-up" attachment. If you want to make paper and litter disappear, write to THE DELINEATOR for the "Clean Up and Keep Clean" plan.

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A BOYS' "CLEAN-UP" ARMY EQUIPPED WITH A "CLEAN-UP" GUN WILL KEEP YOUR TOWN OR NEIGHBORHOOD CLEAN

Continued from page 13

ROOSEVELT AT CLOSEST RANGE

he who told me of what he considered "a most marvelous incident," and the foreign gentleman, together with an American friend were received for just a few minutes by Colonel Roosevelt at the Roosevelt Hospital. The Australian made it a point of calling at the office afterward to say, "He is as marvelous and as great as ever!"

Another person, who had spent much time and care in the preparation of some information for the Colonel, took it to him at Oyster Bay and was disappointed and chagrined when Colonel Roosevelt merely "skimmed" over it and laid it aside.

"My heart was broken," this man confided to me; "but it healed a moment later when Colonel Roosevelt actually dictated to you every bit of the information in my papers, even quoting from parts of it verbatim. It was marvelous!"

INDEED, so versatile was his mind, by both nature and cultivation, that he actually could entertain two divergent sentiments coincidentally.

One of his old rough riders wrote:

"MY DEAR COLONEL:

"I am in trouble. I am in jail for shooting a lady in the eye—but I did not mean to shoot the lady; I was shooting at my wife."

For a second the intense humor of this naive epistle struck Colonel Roosevelt, but in the same instant came a wave of pity for a man whose mental and moral state permitted him in the sincerity of his ignorance to offer such an excuse.

I am very much afraid that the Colonel had almost as much sympathy for the man in such a state as for either the actual or the intended victim. Nor, I may say, was this the only gem in Colonel Roosevelt's collection of correspondence; men and women in every walk of life wrote to him daily; in the last year of his life two hundred letters a day is a conservative estimate of the average incoming mail.

AND none of these letters went unanswered; an unanswered letter did not appear in Colonel Roosevelt's scheme of efficiency. On the fifth day of February, 1918, he was ill and suffering intensely. He lay on a couch while I opened his mail and read it until, noticing that his eyes were closed, I suggested to him that the mail might wait until the morrow, when he would probably feel better. He opened his eyes and turned suddenly toward me and said:

"Miss Stricker, when I was President I instituted a rule to clear my desk each day of the day's work, and I shall stick to it."

Which, incidentally, was the nearest approach to a rebuke that I ever received from him. Ill as he was, he went through his mail until his strength finally failed. In less than forty-eight hours he was at the point of death.

While he was still in a very much weakened condition, while both of his ears were plugged with cotton so that he could not hear, he actually dictated, piecemeal, his key-note speech which was delivered in Maine, March 29, 1918.

During his last period in the hospital he worked incessantly. He never seemed really ill during that stay, and jokingly remarked that his stay in the hospital was giving him an opportunity to do all the things he had been gathering in the back of his mind for a long time past. Frequently he would write portions of his speeches and his editorials in longhand and, of course, all of his family mail. But when he was in the hospital, and I saw him every day instead of every other day, as was the custom, he dictated all of that work to me, because, of course, it progressed much faster.

SINCE his death I have been asked many times if he ever complained of being sick. I never heard Colonel Roosevelt complain; it was impossible to associate sickness or even fatigue with that man of energy, so much so, to my mind, that when he did faint at my side from hemorrhage while dictating to me on February 5, 1918 (although I could never think of Colonel Roosevelt as dead), death was the only thing left to my imagination. Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Longworth were in the next room. I called them, and within two or three minutes Colonel Roosevelt was revived. When the doctor appeared a moment later, he made some laughing jest about himself and, actually rising from the couch, walked into his bedroom. The doctor tried to assist him, but he would have none of it.

I always felt that this virtue was partly due to his desire to save Mrs. Roosevelt worry. In fact, we have only to remember how he shouldered all of the heartbreak and worry when the first news was brought to him of his son's death. He received the first intimation of the tragedy just before dinner, and his first remark, the following morning, when the news was verified, was: "But—Mrs. Roosevelt! How am I going to break it to her?" The strength exhibited by both Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt at the time their son was killed in France was remarkable.

They were heartbroken, but how bravely they endured the blow! Colonel Roosevelt came into his office that day he had appointed, the week before, and went through with his work, his voice choking with emotion as he dictated, and the tears streaming down his face. But the day's work was entirely covered. He demanded efficiency from others, and accuracy he considered a synonym for efficiency.

This devotion to "accuracy" involved him in several epistolary debates, especially with lovers of nature, who might in their letters make a mistake in the classification of a bird or a reptile, or even might question the correctness of his classification of some beast or fowl. His percentage of errors was far lower than those who took issue with him.

I remember only once that he "checked up" his memory, and on that occasion it was to verify the exact wording of something in connection with the Hague Treaty. His memory of the sentence was exactly right.

HIS mail was not classified, but each letter was answered as it came along in his pile, and ranged from early Bible-day topics—to be more exact, from Creation to the present day—politics of all ages, history in all its branches, poetry, reforms of every variety, and athletics in all its branches, especially boxing and wrestling. The list, indeed, ran from agriculture through the alphabet to zoology, save and except any appreciable amount on finances, on which point Colonel Roosevelt professed himself a novice.

I recall very vividly an incident which made me wish most heartily that he had never taken more than a passing interest in snakes. One day, upon my arrival at Sagamore Hill, Colonel Roosevelt was busy with a caller in the renowned North Room.

I went immediately to the library, and put my things in readiness for instant attention the moment Colonel Roosevelt should arrive. In quickly laying out my work I did not notice a large glass jar on the desk—alongside the silver horseshoe pen-holder stand, presented by Bob Fitzsimmons, and just behind the elephant-hoof ink-well—containing a snake in alcohol, until I started around the desk to lower the shade at the west window.

"I'll warrant no one ever moved so fast in that historic mansion as I did when I saw the snake! I regained my equilibrium in a moment or two, and shortly afterward, when Colonel Roosevelt arrived, the first letter he dictated was to the sender of the snake, identifying its species and telling him it was a non-poisonous variety.

"EFFICIENCY," said Colonel Roosevelt, "saves time;" he abhorred waste motions of mind or body. In meeting men, and he met scores daily, at his office or the Harvard Club, or at his home or elsewhere, he knew just what he had to say to each and went right to the point, without delay or even preface.

So, on the other hand, he expected each man to be ready to say to him just what the man had in mind. One such interview was sufficient to teach a man this lesson, and none every forgot or neglected it; without which Colonel Roosevelt could not have accomplished all he did.

ON THEIR first meeting with the Colonel by appointment, frequently many of his callers felt hopeless as they saw the throng which awaited him; yet, after this first call, they never worried, having seen how quickly he disposed of large numbers of people. Probably no man in the world had a wider circle of friends and acquaintances than Colonel Roosevelt, yet he never seemed to forget a face or a name; indeed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he asked his visitor some personal question in regard to his family or his business, or remarked about some incident of mutual interest of years back.

Precedence seldom was shown in greeting his callers, the Colonel greeting them in the order in which he happened to meet them. While talking with one man he might single out one or two, and in turn beckon to them. "If you don't mind," he would whisper, "I would like to ask you to wait, as I have something special to say to you;" yet not for an instant was there the slightest apparent interruption or break in the conversation in which he was engaged. On few occasions he has been known to turn over certain visitors to a trusted aide who happened to be present, with the assurance that this aide could handle their subject as well as himself and so save his visitor's time; but such cases were extremely unusual.

In his dealings, immediately and without pretext, he would come to the point of the matter in hand. He held in especial regard the person who met the unpleasant duties without waste of time, and when he had a disagreeable task he did not put it off, but disposed of it at once.

CONCENTRATION, also, he considered a large part of efficiency, and he early trained his mind to concentrate on the subject before him at the moment. In his travels he read almost continuously, and closed his mind to everything in the world but the book in his hand. Yet it appeared that nothing escaped his subconscious notice. Absorbed in a book, he still noted the beauties of the scenery and could describe it later with the same thoroughness as the subject of which he had read; which may indicate to some minds that concentration is no mean part of mental versatility.

His foresight, too, was uncanny. "He can see around corners which the rest of us won't reach in our travels for five years!" said one man who had studied Colonel Roosevelt. And yet he was patient with the men who were five years behind him.

Nor was this foresight confined to politics, but embraced economic questions and conditions, as well as international affairs. So, foreseeing things to which most men were blind, he was able to prepare far in advance for emergencies or contingencies and to settle profound, important questions with a promptness which led many to believe him to be impulsive, or prone to act on the spur of the moment.

As a matter of fact, impulsiveness in Colonel Roosevelt was confined chiefly to his generosity; his great heart leaped immediately to the relief of the unfortunate, while his mind in other lines gave deep consideration to a subject before he spoke or acted. Nor was he the intense radical that many persons be-

Concluded on page 32

Two-Minute Oat Food

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We
Cook It
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Two-Minute Oat Food is cooked by experts in our mills. It is cooked for three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

It is cooked as oats cannot be cooked at home.

The process is patented. The food is new in form and flavor. It is controlled exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company.

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One-half cup stirred in boiling water makes five hot, flavory dishes in two minutes.

Kept Fresh
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After cooking the oats are evaporated. All the flavory freshness is thus kept intact.

You simply stir them in boiling water. In less than two minutes they absorb the water, and you have a hot, delicious oat dish seemingly just cooked.

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Now you can have your oats for breakfast, no matter what your hurry. And for people of all ages it's the greatest food that grows.

The Flavor
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This high-heat cooking gives to oats a new, delightful flavor. So Two-Minute Oat Food means a new enjoyment.

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It is ready long before the coffee, yet it always seems freshly cooked.

The Quaker Oats Company

Try It
At Our Cost

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Mail the Coupon

6-Dish Package Free

The Quaker Oats Company
1704 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Mail me a Six-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food free

Concluded from page 31

ROOSEVELT AT CLOSEST RANGE

lied; rather was he conservative by nature and by habit of thought. But he was so far in advance of many minds, even great minds, of his day, that he reached points in the world's progress long before they did, and sometimes had to wait for them to catch up, thus engendering belief that he was radical, when in reality he was only far-sighted and ahead of the times.

A MORE democratic man than Theodore Roosevelt never lived. He "held these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights," and these rights, individual and collective, he respected and insisted that others also respect.

One of his real pleasures was to attend a communication of his Masonic Lodge and to sit in a general seat, while his gardener or some other man of modest estate presided as master. His circle of real friends, as distinguished from acquaintances, embraced all sorts and conditions of men, from kings and princes to cowboys—or, cowboys to kings and princes, as you will. To him religion was religion, and he knew no doctrinal or denominational distinctions among men.

Visitors at Sagamore Hill and at the Colonel's office ranged from men of the highest and greatest stations in life, in this country and abroad, to those far less fortunate; I have seen a prize-fighter and an emissary of a foreign power, for instance, call within a few minutes of each other. He was a prize-fighter with the pugilist and a diplomat with the foreign visitor.

I never knew Colonel Roosevelt to be irritable or peevish. He frequently said laughingly, "I have a very bad temper but I keep it under excellent control!"

DURING the past year some of his grandchildren were always at Sagamore Hill. Even in his busiest moments he seemed to sense the arrival of the children, as they were brought in at sundown. He would rush out into the hall, dieting on the way, snatch the baby from the nurse and almost devour her.

The little pink bundle was always brought into the library for admiration. On one occasion it occurred to small Richard that the baby was getting more than her share of attention, and much to the Colonel's amusement, very soberly announced, "Grandfather, you'll spoil the baby."

Frequently she would resent the shortness of her visit and howl lustily, making it perfectly evident there were other uninterrupted occasions of long play periods in the library.

On the morning of Colonel Roosevelt's death, in making space for the deluge of telegrams, etc., I opened the middle side drawer of his desk, and there was "Cocky-locky"—the little stone rooster—fast asleep in his seashell, where the baby and her illustrious grandfather had tucked him away.

HE WAS invariably kind, as I have said, but none of his callers was allowed to take up an undue amount of his time. Of the gentle and fine art of dismissing visitors without hurting their feelings—indeed, even making them feel that he was reluctant in allowing them to depart—Colonel Roosevelt was a past master.

Occasionally a garrulous caller had been gently and unsuspectingly led to the door and quietly and imperceptibly ushered into the outer darkness, under a confirmed impression that he was tearing himself away despite the efforts of the Colonel to detain him. On one occasion, for example, the Colonel had two such callers, who had monopolized far too much of his time, and quietly he led them to the exit and they departed.

In an instant, however, one returned and laughingly whispered to me, "The Colonel was mighty clever and diplomatic, the way he got rid of that fellow," and to this day that man probably has not realized that he, too, had been dismissed.

COURTESY and hospitality were among Colonel Roosevelt's cardinal virtues, and never did he forget either for an instant. A pleasant word and smile went to each man and woman in his office as he entered, and he addressed each by name, in friendly recognition of his or her individuality.

On my entering his study at Oyster Bay, he plunged at once into business and worked unceasingly for hours at a stretch, until the last detail was finished; then, usually with only a few moments to spare, he was the cordial, hospitable host until the automobile whirled me away to the depot.

Nor was this courtesy to all men and women marred by the least taint of insincerity or affectation; it was innate and instinctive, rather than coldly cultivated, and won every one with whom he came in contact. For women and children he had almost a passionate love, as such, a paternal, protective love; and the women of this land lost their *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* when Theodore Roosevelt passed away—a true knight of modern times.

I know that Colonel Roosevelt held to the old-fashioned chivalry that put the ideal of home life first, as the following extract from a Christmas letter to Mrs. Marie Mattingly Meloney will prove:

"That every decent young man should have a family; that every youngster may have a good and wise mother; and every good woman a child for her arms."

HE ALSO was firmly of the belief that the time had arrived for the extension of suffrage to women. He was the first national leader to advocate woman's suffrage, and the Progressive National Party, of which he was leader, was the first to incorporate the suffrage plank in its national platform, and he

worked for it on every occasion to the end. While I do not know Mrs. Roosevelt's views in the matter, I have always felt that undoubtedly her great strength of character, her unusual common sense and efficient administration in the home, as well as her wonderful help in Colonel Roosevelt's work, had much to do with his judgment that women were ready for the vote.

I often wondered if another woman existed—a woman with a small proportion of the interests of Mrs. Roosevelt—who would take upon herself the task, day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out, without a break, of opening and sorting her husband's huge mail as this wife did. I do not know of a task more tiresome or boring; that work took hours upon hours of time that she could have otherwise spent pleasantly.

But Mrs. Roosevelt exhibited the same spirit of efficiency that was so marked in her husband. Naturally, that work would have fallen upon my shoulders, as of course it was a physical impossibility for Colonel Roosevelt to attempt covering that portion of his work.

Mrs. Roosevelt put in one pile all of the mail she thought her husband ought to see, and in another pile the mail to which I could perfectly well attend. That was a heavy and tiresome task, and Mrs. Roosevelt's efficient and self-effacing methods in her many avenues of assistance to her husband proved to my satisfaction, "the worthier the aid the more those principles are practised." I had the uncommon opportunity of observing and profiting by the successfully efficient, helpful and self-effacing worker in the really great wife of a great man.

ON THE morning of Colonel Roosevelt's death, Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, one of Colonel Roosevelt's oldest and most intimate friends, went with me to Oyster Bay. At that time—as Colonel Roosevelt many months before had instructed me to place at Mr. Bishop's disposal, all his correspondence, for Mr. Bishop's exclusive use in writing a biography of Colonel Roosevelt's life, the story of his career as revealed in his letters—I told Mr. Bishop of a most interesting incident, and with his consent I quote it here:

"On February 5, 1918, when I arrived at Colonel Roosevelt's apartment at a New York hotel, I found Mr. Henry Allen of Kansas visiting with the Colonel. Colonel Roosevelt was lying on a big divan. After getting my papers in shape for instant attention by Colonel Roosevelt the moment the visitor should leave, I sat and waited for the conclusion of the interview. As Mr. Allen arose to leave—he was sailing within a day or so for Europe in the interests of Red Cross work, and while absent from the country was elected to the governorship of Kansas—he said, 'Take good care of yourself, Colonel; you are the only bet for 1920.'

"The gist of Colonel Roosevelt's reply was: 'I would not lift a finger to get the nomination. If the party unanimously and spontaneously comes to me and says that I am the only man who can lead the party in this crisis, why, of course, I can not decline it.'

"The dearest to me in the male line are on the other side of the water, fighting and being made ready to fight for their country. If they do not return, what would the Presidency mean to me? In case they do return, nothing could give me greater joy than to spend the rest of my time with my family.

"I would like to be President again because it would enable me to accomplish results which are dear to my heart, but if they take me, they will have to accept me without the slightest modification or abandonment of my principles."

AND I wish to repeat here an instance of great interest to women, an instance that should be of equal interest to men. An intimate friend of the Colonel's told me on the evening of the day he was laid at rest that four gentlemen, all close to him in one way or another, at one time or another, returned to New York together from the funeral.

Naturally, the whole theme of conversation was Colonel Roosevelt in life and what his death meant.

During the conversation one of the gentlemen remarked that Colonel Roosevelt had told him not long before that certain politicians had come to him to induce him to replace my own services. They could find no objection to me, except that I was a woman. I am told that Colonel Roosevelt on that occasion said:

"Miss Stricker is the first woman secretary I have ever had. I have never had better service than she has rendered. She shall continue as my secretary!"

One very human instance of Colonel Roosevelt's foresight was shown in his intense interest in the welfare of working women and children, for whose relief he always was striving. Now, years after he first showed that interest, a resolution has been introduced into Congress by Representative John Jacob Rogers, of Massachusetts, for an amendment to the United States Constitution, empowering Congress to legislate on working hours and conditions for women and children.

OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S fearlessness, both physical and moral, I have not spoken and shall not speak at length. It is said that he was timid in his youth. I can only say that he must have changed tremendously as he grew to manhood. The favorite political practise of terrorization never moved him; he was ready at a moment to fight any man or collection of men, even Congress when he thought it was in the wrong. He defied the all-powerful Republican Party. He feared only God.

This is not a "tribute" to Colonel Roosevelt; it is the observation of him at closest range in times of joy and sorrow, under every conceivable condition. To know him was to love him and to believe in him. I knew him well.



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You would change your ideas of a ready-made soup if you came to the Van Camp kitchens.

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ingredient. They compare countless blends and methods. And they never stop until they attain the utmost in that soup. It takes several years, sometimes.

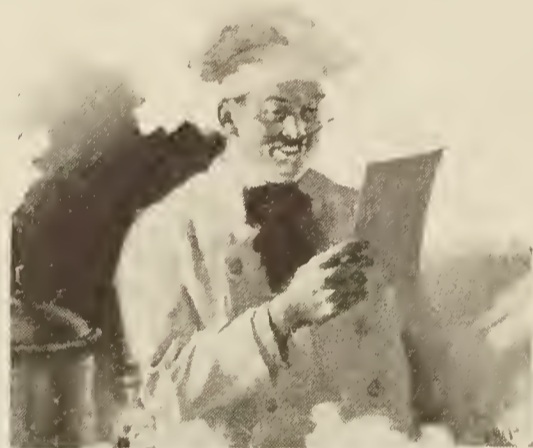


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The old ways of soup making were very inexact. The ablest chefs could never make soup twice alike. Home-made soups varied enormously.

In the Van Camp way we take a prize Parisian recipe. A noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris makes the basic soup.

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Then every detail is fixed in a formula. And the Van Camp chefs forever follow it exactly.

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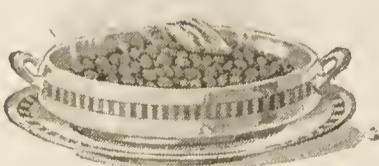
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Compare these Van Camp Soups with others. See what our skill and our care have accomplished. It will be a revelation.

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The sauce baked with them was evolved by testing 856 formulas.



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A new grade made from blended peanuts with every bitter germ removed. 535

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IT may take but an instant to capture love—an instant of flashing beauty, of healthful, glowing color—such as the “Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette” gives. The woman who knows this secret looks confidently into the future and sees only happiness.

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the BLOOM. Presto! Such beauty and cool freshness in a few moments!

Note: Don't use too much BLOOM. Get a natural result.

These three preparations may be used separately or together (as above), as the “Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette.” Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), removes face shine. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, brunette. Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't break—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 50c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, Pompeian HAIR Massage.

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To one person only in a family (and to September 27th only), we will send for a dime a special box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It contains one-half of our regular 50c box and should be at least a month's supply. This offer is made so attractive that you simply cannot resist trying Pompeian BEAUTY Powder now. And once you try it we are sure you will buy it steadily. Samples of Pompeian DAY Cream and Pompeian BLOOM will be included, so that you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Clip the coupon now, before it is too late.

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“Every Color in the Rainbow”



The “Broadmoor” Sweater
Latest Fleisher Creation



Continued from page 15

TRAPS

"In a few days. I am trying to get up some stores and things and Evelyn is trying to get up her nerve. She has never really roughed it and is afraid that she may be eaten by a mink, or something."

A week later the two girls departed for the snow-filled forests and I saw them off with envy. So now in the hiatus of personal observation I shall have to log what happened by triangulation; bearings taken on Evelyn, Cornelia and the Man, up to the time when I made my landfall again.

THEIR little train pushed through the drifts, eventually to arrive at the woodpile which marked the junction of the railroad and the corduroy road, this latter underneath a couple of feet of powdery snow. Here Jules met them with the sleigh and ponies and hauled them twelve miles into the forest to the lake.

The snow had fallen with a high wind which had swept the lake clean, so that the two girls had a long stretch of virgin ice for their skates. The black, unscratched surfaces made a profound impression on Evelyn and she remarked it to her chum.

"It seems to me that this is the first time I've ever had anything really new," said she one day. "Perhaps that is the secret of the charm of it all. It's dreadful to think that everything one gets is so tainted with previous human contact. Our new gowns go through a dozen hands before they reach us. Workmen have smoked and spat all over a new house. What happens to our food is too awful to contemplate. The water we drink is filled with human emanations from dams and pipes and the glass itself. We get nothing really new. Even the men who make love to us have been pawed over by we don't know how many hands or whose."

"FORTUNATELY," said Cornelia, "ignorance is bliss."

"Ignorance is horror! Especially in this case. By the time a man gets old enough to marry he's not fit to marry—us."

"You are too fastidious, dear. You had better marry a boy, then take him to an uninhabited island and rear him to a marriageable age. But you know you wouldn't want the pristine article. Suppose a man were to come walking down out of these primeval woods, a real man, young and strong and splendid, and you were to look into his eyes and feel convinced that you were the first woman in his life. You wouldn't want him."

"I should. At least, I think I should."

"Well, it's a pity that it's not apt to happen." Cornelia looked smilingly at the charming, temperamental face set in its aureole of costly furs. "Because it's pretty certain that he would want you. What an explosion there would be!"

"Look at those clouds," said Cornelia. "I think we're going to have a blizzard. Let's go in. I want to write some letters."

"Go ahead, old dear," said Evelyn. "I feel as if I wanted to skate to the end of the world."

"Then take another romp to the head of the lake and perhaps you may meet your affinity," Cornelia advised. "*Pour moi, l'abri. A bientôt!*" And with a wave of her hand she started off across the lake with long, swinging strokes.

It was then about one o'clock and the sun, bright though a dark bank of cloud, was rising above the tree-tops to the northwest. The air was still and the black ice invited etching for its very flawlessness.

Evelyn reached the head of the lake, about two miles from the camp, and here some potent magnetism began to tug at her gliding feet. She now found herself possessed of an intense desire to view the upper lake beyond the portage, to inscribe its frozen flawlessness with a few sweeping parabolas.

SHE skated in to the shore and discovered that she could continue without much difficulty on skates, for the portage had been partly flooded and the roaring north wind had swept the frozen marsh fairly clear of snow. Presently she glided out from the sparse growth and stared with wonder and a sort of awe at a spectacle which lacked no single note of the purity which her soul had always craved.

For the lake was one of God's wonderful uncut gems hidden there in the heart of the trackless forest. Its very simplicity was almost terrifying: Nothing but a stretch of gleaming ice which reflected the cold, glittering blue of the sky and rimmed with a thin border of white from which there rose a broader band of darkest green.

EVELYN knew that there was time enough and to spare for her to skate the length and return to camp before the early Winter nightfall, and she could not see where lay the slightest hint of danger. The wolves of the region were virtually extinct and for miles and miles there were no human habitations. So, thrilling with the wildness of it all and her self-assumed sovereignty, she held on her course until about half-way to the upper end, where her interest was suddenly deflected at sight of a dark little rift on the eastern side with something which gleamed from the depths of it.

This proved to be a frozen brook, bordered by gigantic trees, which flowed down through a diminutive ravine and terminated in a little fall up which the ice had crept while the running water still tinkled musically beneath. Evelyn was enchanted. Worse than that, she was lured into slipping off her skates to follow up the tiny cataract for a little way into the woods.

But she did not see where the brook came from. The snow had fallen before the tumbling brook froze; and, distrusting the grotesquely formed ice, Evelyn was floundering along when underneath the powdery mass of dry snow-crystals some monster seized her ankle viciously and with a sudden snap. She shrieked with terror and plunged forward, the hidden beast still clinging; and then it tugged her foot from under and she fell, struggling, her screams muffled in the snow.

FOR a moment she thought that she had trod upon a crouching animal and expected to feel it swarming over her. But nothing of the sort occurred. She did not lose consciousness; and, finding herself still held, firmly though not painfully, she managed to scramble up and raise her foot. A steel trap had her by the ankle, its blunted teeth sunk into the heavy leather of her high hunting-boot. Under this was a thick woolen stocking.

The trap was old and rusted, with no great strength in its double springs, so that Evelyn suffered no pain. But she could not budge it the fraction of an inch, so she followed up the chain only to find to her despair that its end had been passed around a beech sapling and secured with an iron padlock. She was as hopelessly a prisoner as if she had been the lynx for which the trap had been set.

As Evelyn realized this, she crouched in the snow and spent several very terrible minutes fighting back the panic of terror which threatened to sweep away her self-control and drive her to raving and shrieking and struggling to tear herself loose. The boys' high boot she wore laced for only a few inches at the ankle and could be got on and off only with strong tugging under the best of circumstances. She now unlaced it as far as she could and tried to free her foot from boot and stocking both, but the effort quickly proved to be futile. With the chain drawn taut and her free foot braced against a rock she put out all her strength to tear herself loose, but the steel jaws did not yield a hairbreadth.

IT SEEMS odd that Evelyn should have suffered no pain, as one would think that a steel trap large enough to take even the foot of a girl would have had the power to crush the flesh and very likely smash the bone of her leg. A lynx takes a deal of holding. It is certain that the trap must have been very old and so thickly rusted that the springs slipped up the jaws reluctantly. And it must also be borne in mind that the gripping strength of a trap increases enormously as the jaws approach their contact, and there is a vast difference in the diameter of a girl's plump upper ankle and the leg of a lynx or wolf.

If Evelyn had not possessed her full share of pioneer grit, the horror of her situation must certainly have got away with her in the next half-hour, for as she huddled there exhausted from her futile efforts the black cloud-bank spread over the sky and the snow began to fall. She gave herself up for lost. In ten minutes' time her skate-tracks would be covered, leaving no trace of the direction in which she had strayed. They would never think of looking for her on the upper lake.

As the object of this narrative is not to harrow the feelings, we will pass over the girl's anguish of mind. She remembered having shrieked a few times, less in terror than on the infinitesimal chance of there being human cars within the range of her voice. It did not quite carry to those, but it did to others more acute; and as she was gamely trying to compose her mind to a gentle, painless passing into oblivion from cold before the sun should rise again, she was roused from the apathy already stealing over her by a troubled canine whine followed by an inquiring, "Woof!"

EVELYN looked up and saw beside her, almost in reach of her hand, a large, rough-coated tawny dog which so closely resembled a wolf that she might have been startled into a fresh paroxysm of terror but for the marvelous expression of solicitude in the animal's intelligent face. Hope rushed back into her heart and she gave a broken sob, at which the dog dropped on its haunches, raised its pointed muzzle and sent a sonorous howl ringing through the vast silence of the place.

Several times it howled thus, then seized her short skirt and tugged gently as if encouraging her to try to rise. But there was no strength left in her to do so much as make the attempt; and, apparently understanding this as if from past experience, the dog sprang up, gave another "Woof!" which said as plainly as words, "Just wait a minute," and tore off through the woods.

A series of joyous and excited yelps roused her again, and she looked up to see the dog bounding up to her and whirling back as if to hasten the steps of a broad-shouldered young man in a Mackinaw coat, fur cap and the *bottes sauvages* of the Canadian habitants.

IT IS doubtful if any lynx or bobcat ever greeted the trapper with more concentrated fury than did Evelyn this young woodsman plunging to her relief with a startled exclamation of astonishment and horror. It was not until he had succeeded in liberating her and she tried impotently to rise that he raised his vibrant voice with its broad Maine accent to defend his innocence.

"Fraid you take too much for granted, young lady," said he gently. "I'd be the very last man to set a trap in these woods or any other. This one must have been here for years." He scuffed away the snow from the sapling to which the chain was attached. "Ah, just as I thought! Look here on the far side and you'll see that the bark has grown right over the chain." He wheeled quickly and caught her in his arms, for Evelyn had fainted.

SHE was still in his arms when consciousness returned, being borne along strongly, albeit with a peculiar swaying motion, and it was several minutes before she came to realize that the man who carried her was limping heavily.

They were on the lake, close to the shore. It was nearly dark. The wind had risen and the fine snow was driving past like smoke in a gale. Evelyn was being carried like a child, her cheek resting on the man's right shoulder, and as her brain cleared she discovered that they were moving toward the upper end of the lake.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked. "Set me down. I can walk."

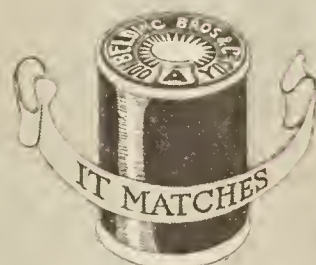
Continued on page 36



Afternoon frock by Hickson developed in Beldings Nancette.

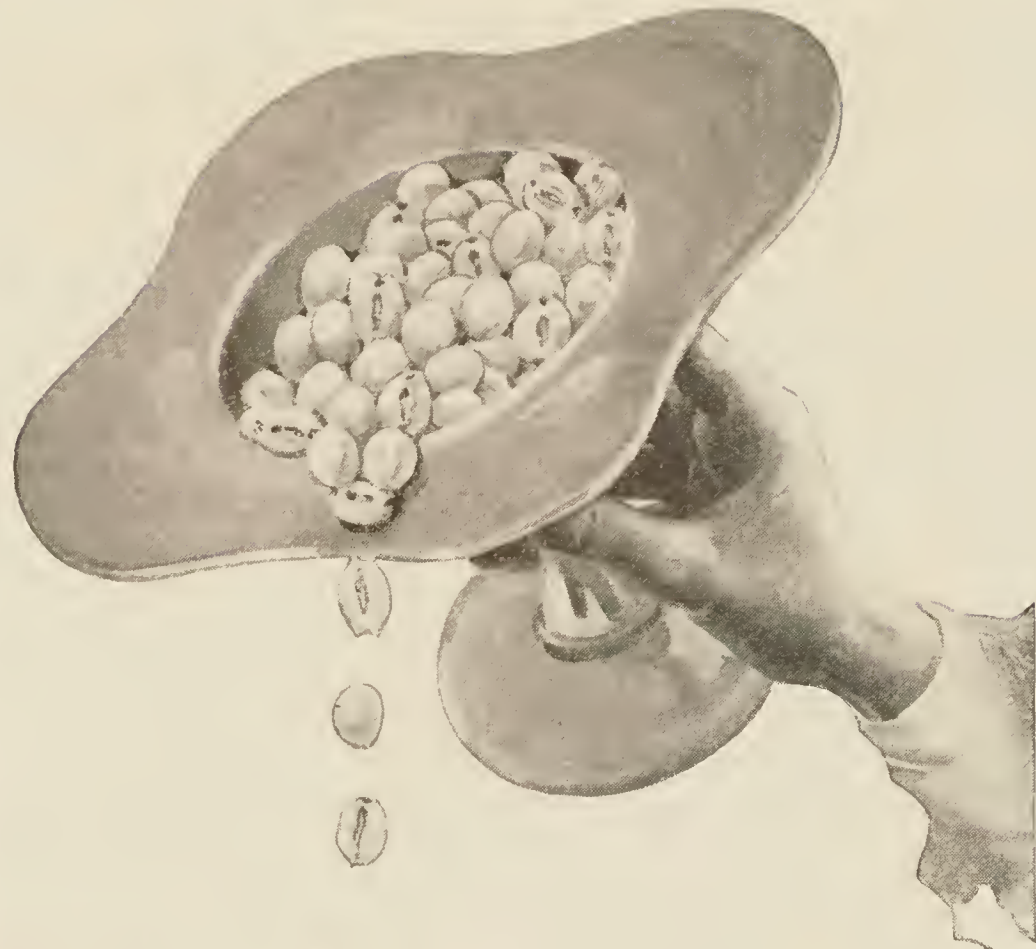
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TRAPS



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Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, puffed to bubbles eight times normal size.

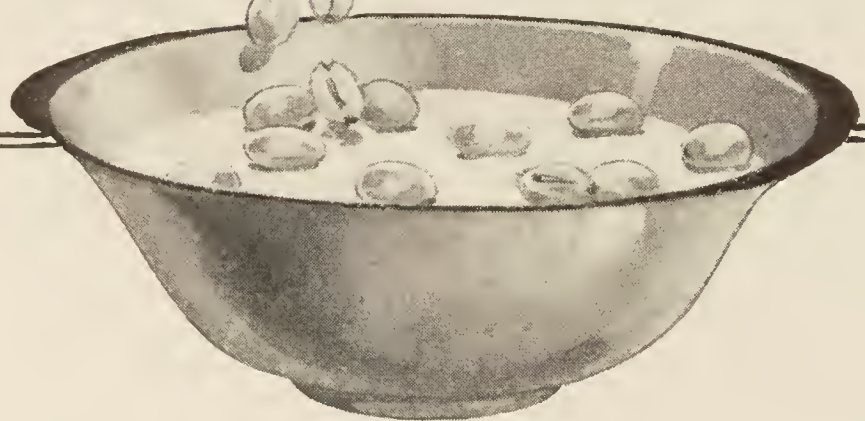
The grains are thin and crisp and flaky. They are four times as porous as bread. And they taste like food confections—like airy nut-meats, toasted.

Steam Exploded

The grains are heated to a high degree, then shot from guns.

Every food cell is exploded, so digestion is easy and complete.

Nothing makes a milk dish so enticing. Nothing forms such ideal whole-grain food.



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Let no day pass without them. Children need whole grains. And here they are as ever-ready, tantalizing tidbits.

No supper dish you ever served compares with Puffed Wheat in milk.

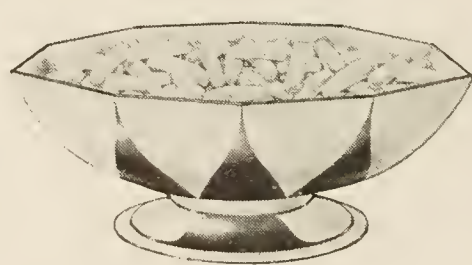
Puffed Wheat and Corn Puffs

Each 15c, Except in Far West



Mix With Fruit

To add delightful blend.



Eat Like Peanuts

Crisp and lightly butter.

The Quaker Oats Company

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"We're almost there," he answered. "My cabin is just around this point. You ca'an't walk. Your leg may be broken, for all we know." They turned into a little bight in the shore of the lake and a moment later she caught the pungent odor of wood smoke. Then a long, low log cabin came in view, the light streaming from four windows. The woodsman limped sturdily up to it and kicked on the door, which was opened by a broad, thick-set man with a mop of curly, grizzled hair who plunged immediately into a sea of interrogations, speaking fairly pure French mixed with *patois*.

EVELYN was carried into a spacious room partitioned off at one end of the cabin and laid gently on a bed. The woodsman glanced at her a moment, then turned to the *habitant*. "Make some tea, François," said he in French; "then put on your skates and go down to the Schuyler camp and tell them that the young lady is here."

"Never mind the tea," said Evelyn. "He'd better go at once. They are no doubt searching for me already."

He nodded. "Very well," said he, and gave the order, then drew up a chair to the side of the bed. Evelyn offered neither remark nor protest as he unlaced her boot all the way, slit the leather with a small, keen-edged knife and, gently freeing her foot, began to test for fracture through the woolen stocking.

For she had made an astonishing discovery, and one which took her mind from her injury—no great affair. The room was well lighted by a large lamp in a bracket beside a dressing-table, and the first object to catch her eye was a photograph of herself in plain *passé-partout*. It was a portrait taken of her as a *débutante* at the time of her coming out, five or six years before, and this particular reproduction had been given the first full page in one of the "society" magazines. And around it were other and smaller portraits cut from various illustrated publications.

IT DAWNED upon the girl's astonished mind that this young man, woodsman or game-keeper or fire-warden or whatever he was, had enshrined her here in his primitive abode deep in the pathless forest. By what right? With what hope or reason? Why herself, of all persons infinitely beyond his reach? Her eyes rested with amazement on his strong, well-balanced profile, so typically that of the region, then passed to the powerful hands, well shaped but giving unmistakable evidence of manual labor, which were now gently manipulating the bones above the ankle-joint. There could be no question of his station. Here was a rugged Yankee of the Maine woods, forceful, intelligent, possibly a graduate of some small down-East college with a technical as well as practical knowledge of forestry, rather more than a head keeper, what the French would call an *intendant*; the steward or superintendent of an estate valued in the millions.

He had not recognized her, of course. The portraits no longer resembled her very much. She had grown far prettier and more alluring, fuller of figure and less childishly plump of face.

"NOTHING wrong there," said he suddenly. "Not even swollen any to speak of. Does it hurt you any?"

"No," she answered. "I want to thank you and apologize for what I said back there. I thought you were the trapper."

He laughed. "Too bad he couldn't have been there. It was *some* bawling-out. What were you doing so far from camp?"

"Snooping around. Who are you, anyhow? The superintendent of this tract?"

"You might call it that. My name is Milliken. That won't say much to you, as the woods are full of Millikens, from the Governor of the State down to—me. I'm better known hereabouts as 'Josh.'"

"I like 'Josh' better, I'll admit. Well, Josh, if it hadn't been for that darling of a dog they'd have found a dead fur-bearing animal in that trap. How can men be such brutes!"

"You ca'an't blame the trappers entirely. As long as you ladies must have the furs the men are going after 'em."

"You shouldn't have carried me, Josh, lame as you are."

He smiled. "I walked into a trap myself once, and I didn't get off as easily as you did."

"Really?" Evelyn looked about the room. "You are very nice and snug here. Who is the girl over the table? Your fiancée?"

"Yes—only she doesn't know it. I'm afraid to have her find it out for fear she'll break the engagement."

"Have you known her long?"

"Six years this Winter. Unfortunately, or fortunately maybe, she doesn't know me. The fact is, I've never laid eyes on her."

"How romantic! And you've been true to her, just the same?"

HIS strong, handsome face grew suddenly grave. "Yes," he answered, in a different, quiet tone, "I always have—even before I knew about her. And until she turns me down I always shall be. Ca'an't I make you some toast?"

"Please—if it's not too much trouble." Evelyn was conscious all at once of an intense desire to be alone. She wanted to reflect, if only for a few brief moments, on this bizarre coincidence. So, while her host was making the toast she reflected. Scarcely three hours before when Cornelia had told her that she would not be satisfied with a man merely because he was young and strong and splendid and on looking into his eyes she should feel convinced that no other woman had ever entered his life, she had been inclined to deny it. And lo! Here it had come to pass, and she realized instantly the utter impossibility of her becoming sentimentally interested in a man so far removed in station from herself.

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"You ought to be ashamed. Did you bring him back with you?"

"There was no answer."

"Josh!"

"Ma'm'selle." The rich voice was even more vibrant, less assured.

"About your lameness. Was that trap you walked into at Château-Thierry or Belleau Wood?"

There was a silence filled with the odor of toasting bread. Then a meek voice answered: "Neither, ma'm'selle. It was at Soissons."

"Merci, mon ami."

The silence which followed was mutual, Josh being occupied with his burning toast and Evelyn with her burning thoughts.

She thought of the wealthy young man with whom she had an "understanding," and of her own very moderate expectations if she did not marry him.

AGAIN her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Josh bearing a pyramid of toast with jam and butter, Bataille stalking interestedly at his heels. Evelyn, a girl of healthy appetite, thrust unpleasant thoughts aside and fell upon the crisp and tender toast. "Getting trapped makes you hungry, Josh."

"It sure does. I didn't need a tonic, though, when I put my foot in mine. We'd been two days on an orchid diet."

"What corps were you?"

"I ran with that first pack of persistent leathernecks known as the Marines."

"Really?" A rich color flooded Evelyn's face. She was not surprised. He was precisely the type of which she had imagined the Marines to be composed.

And yet this knowledge and the admiration it brought did not in the least alter her personal sentiment toward him. She would have admitted freely that he was, perhaps, one of the world's elect, a member of the tiny factor which had turned the course of its history and each individual of which ought by rights to have his niche in the Hall of Fame. But granting all this brought him no nearer as a matrimonial possibility.

You may say that Evelyn must have been the uttermost breed of snob, but that is scarcely the word. She would have been delighted to do this young man honor in her home or publicly and proud to rate him as an esteemed friend. But because his hands were horny and calloused and his strong neck rough and red with the fine, weather-beaten creases that come of the out-of-doors, and because he spoke with the provincial accent of the region, even though grammatically, an extreme fastidiousness amounting almost to a caste fanaticism—like that of a Hindu—placed him absolutely outside her sentimental pale.

This now began to trouble her because Cornelia might come at any moment with François and her true identity be at once disclosed. She felt it incumbent to prepare him in some way.

"JOSH, how did you happen to set that little flapper on such a tower of ivory?"

"Meaning why have I elected her High Girl? Well, you see a well-found, unattached youngster just naturally craves a girl of some sort, and being born with my full share of nerve I thought I might as well pick out the best. I grew up in these woods. My father looked after the tract before me and was good friends with a lot of rich, fashionable people that used to 'go in' hunting and fishing and camping and on canoe-trips. I got a taste for high society when I was a kid."

"And it spoiled you for—for—"

"For my own class?" His eyes twinkled at her embarrassment. "But it *was* my own class. What is American aristocracy anyhow? Indians, or rich people from anywhere, or the descendants of the ones that made the country what it is?"

"I suppose you are right. I never thought much about it. What made you pick out this particular girl?"

"Her style, I reckon. Of course her looks had a lot to do with it. She struck me as the prettiest thing I'd ever seen, and the most thoroughbred. A young fella that spends most of his time alone in the woods needs something of that sort to fasten to. It keeps him cheered up. More than that, it keeps him straight—when he goes out."

"And she kept you straight?" Evelyn's breath came a little faster. It is not the privilege of every society girl to undergo apotheosis in the heart of a strong man.

"Straight as one of these spruces."

"You never felt like making love to any other girl?"

"I won't say that. But I haven't."

EVELYN drew a deep breath. Then, her face rather pale, she raised herself slowly, swung her feet to the floor, and, sitting on the edge of the bed, stared fixedly at the lamp. "Do you know who—who I am?" she asked.

"Of course. You're the girl. Evelyn Duane. I knew that you were at the camp—with Miss Schuyler."

She turned slowly and looked into his face. It was set and impenetrable as a mask; the face of an Indian brave such as his ancestors had fought in these very woods.

"Josh—it can never, never be."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Positive."

"No fighting chance?"

"Not one."

He stared at her intently for a few seconds. Then the corners of his eyes began to twinkle, and Evelyn wondered why. He did not seem to be taking it very hard, nor bothering about any pretense of so doing. The blood poured into her face again. She felt that she should be relieved, but instead of that resented it. In fact, it struck her suddenly that he looked relieved himself. Could it be that he was disillusioned? That he found the original disappointing? Evelyn's temper began to rise. She felt foolish and regretted intensely having volunteered her ultimatum so precipitately.

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Concluded from page 36

TRAPS

And the chill doubt struck through her that possibly she had made a mistake: that after all it might not be so difficult to love this man.

"YOU don't seem very much cut up about it," said she.

He shrugged. "To tell the truth, I never had much hope."

"Why not?"

"Because I knew your sort. I knew your private opinions of 'rough diamonds' and 'Nature's gentlemen' and all that stuff. You can't help it. That's the way you're reared. I don't say that it's the wrong way, even if a bloody war has just been fought and won to change it. But it's the intolerant way—and when you get right down to brass tacks, the Junker way, the Boelie way. Well, I guess I'll have to get me a new joss."

He rose suddenly, stepped across the room and took the passe-partout from its nail. With the point of his knife he removed the photograph, delicately as a surgeon operating. The others he treated likewise. Evelyn watched him in silence.

"COME watch the blaze," said he, looking at her with a smile. She got up and stepped to the doorway. He crossed the big room, stood for a moment looking thoughtfully into the fire, then laid his collection gently, almost reverently, on the low-burning back-log. The full-length portrait of the lovely debutante writhed and twisted as though in pain. Josh looked at Evelyn.

"She keeps smiling," he observed.

"You—brute!"

"No. I believe in cremation for one's dead, and she's dead to me. She told me so."

The flames licked around the edges of the portrait. There was a brilliant flare. Josh stepped back, brought his heels together and stood at salute. The tears gushed into Evelyn's eyes—a purely emotional reaction, no doubt; for why should a girl's eyes fill at the burning of her picture by a man whom she has just finally and peremptorily refused?

THERE came a scuffling and stamping outside; then the door was flung open and Cornelia, covered with powdery snow, burst in. It took more than a mere blizzard to dismay this robust and determined damsel. At sight of the tableau, Evelyn standing in the bedroom doorway with glistening eyes and Josh straight and grim in front of the fire, Cor-

nelia's pretty face suggested that of an astonished little girl.

"Josh!"

"Hello, nurse!"

"My word! So you are the— When did you get back, and what are you doing here?"

"Oh, resting up—and incidentally looking over my property."

"Your property?"

"Sure, nurse. After Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood got pretty well advertised as unhealthy real estate for German residence old Cousin Abner began to take a real, live interest in me. Then he heard that I'd got mine at Soissons and would probably lose my leg, when he up and changed his will. He's left me this whole piece of woods. I hope we'll be good neighbors."

"But Josh—it's worth millions!"

"Yes, if one cares to liquidate. But I don't think I do. I like it better the way it is."

I THINK that Evelyn portrayed the thoroughbred she was by sticking right on at the camp after this for the remaining three weeks, instead of conceiving a sudden distaste for her surroundings and returning immediately to town.

There she stopped and scuffled about on skis and snow-shoes and figure-skated on the patch of ice they cleared and drove a pony in front of her toboggan and learned to make venison sausage and watched with dreamy, meditative eyes the swift progression of an ardent love-affair which had germinated in a base hospital in France.

Evelyn felt no rancor, no regrets, merely a sort of faraway melancholy that something of the sort could not happen to herself.

"You see, doctor," said she to a month or so later, "a wood-thrush is quite as nice a bird as a lawn-robin, and they are the same species, I imagine. But if there was only one hen robin and one male wood-thrush left of all the birds in the world, I do not believe that she would mate with him, or he want her to. It is rather that way with me. I may be too fastidious, as Cornelia says, and silly and unreasonable and all the rest, but I can't seem to see myself wishing to marry any man not brought up as I have been."

"How about your soldier?" I asked. "Your near-flancé?"

She shook her head. "No," she answered; "he is not the same. The war has changed him."

Continued from page 19

PAMELA'S MITE

Presently she rushed out from a back room with wild excitement in her eyes. "Oh, mother!" she panted. "The strangest thing! There is an old mansion, a Colonial mansion, right in the back yard of this place. They say it's one where Washington used to come a great deal. He met General Braddock there. It's all furnished as it used to be then, and it's built right over an old fort. And there are cells down in the cellar where they kept the Indian prisoners and all that. You can go through it for fifteen cents. Oh, it's too good a chance to miss! Come along! Never mind your tea. We can have some later."

"Pamela," cried her mother, half laughingly, half despairingly. "I am so tired this minute that I feel as if I'd never get up again. Go through the old place a dozen times if you wish, but do let me alone for a while."

PAMELA rushed away, paid the fifteen cents to the pretty young girl who had charge of the entrance and found herself ascending the steps of a genuine old Colonial mansion set in the strangest place in the world, the back yard of what appeared to be a comparatively modern apartment-house and surrounded on three sides by its back walls.

With bated breath and awed delight, she roamed from room to room, reading the sign over each door: "The Dining-Room;" "The Blue Parlor where Washington met and received his commission from General Braddock;" "Colonel Carlyle's Bedroom;" "General Braddock's Bedroom;" "The room where Washington slept." And as she surveyed the great, high mahogany four-posters, the queer, quaint dressing-tables, the faded pictures and rugs, she seemed scarcely to be in the twentieth century, and would have been little surprised if Washington himself had stepped out of one of the rooms to greet her. Then down the cellar stairs she hurried to see the curious old kitchen, and in the back the dungeons where tradition had it that refractory Indian prisoners were confined.

BACK in the great, wide, main hallway, Pamela gazed about her, loath to go from the house yet a while, and presently she sat down on an old horsehair-covered couch to think and dream over the scenes of bygone days that this interesting old mansion must have witnessed. And while she was so sitting, an elderly lady came down the stairs and sank at her side, evidently to get her breath, for she appeared to have been busy and hurried. Pamela eyed her slyly, for she was a very sweet-faced, white-haired, attractive old lady, and Pamela wondered what she could have been doing that tired her so. She was obviously not a casual visitor.

"This is a very warm day, isn't it, my dear?" she remarked, fanning herself vigorously.

"And I have been so busy rearranging the room of the Carlyle children! It must be ready for exhibition to-morrow. It has been quite a piece of work, and none of the other ladies of the society were free to do it to-day."

Her remarks aroused Pamela's always keen interest.

"Would you mind telling me if that was the

room marked 'The Carlyle Children?' " she inquired timidly. "I noticed that it was closed."

"Yes," answered her new friend. "It has never been properly furnished, but at last we have managed to collect suitable things that are authentic for it. Such dear little trundle-beds and a crib and a little old high-chair that actually belonged to the Carlyles. And also a number of interesting old books and pictures for children. Perhaps you don't realize it, my dear, but this old house is one of the finest specimens of Colonial mansions in the country, and it is a crying shame that people in bygone years have thought so little of it that they shut it in as they have with these ugly old buildings and have hidden it from sight so that one would never know it is here."

"Fortunately, however, there are a few people left who love the associations of their ancestors and the founders of this country, and are willing to make some sacrifices to restore them to their former glory. Many who own historic pieces of furniture or appropriate articles of Colonial or Revolutionary days, have given them to be placed here, and later the society hopes to purchase and tear down these buildings, and restore the grounds. My name is Mrs. Fairfax, and my ancestors have lived for two centuries in Alexandria."

SEEING that she had thus introduced herself, Pamela, who had been absorbedly drinking in this information, replied:

"I am Pamela Davies; and oh! Mrs. Fairfax! I've just thought of something I want to ask you about. Perhaps you might be able to tell me. I love old things, too, and everything with a history." She dived into her little silk bag and drew out something that she spread in the elderly lady's lap. "My mother and I found this in an old trunk in our attic and mother does not know anything about its history. But it has the name 'Sally Fairfax Carlyle' on it and I just happened to think that perhaps you might be able to tell me how I could find out about it. Your name is Fairfax and this is the old Carlyle mansion. It's very queer, isn't it?"

Mrs. Fairfax adjusted her glasses, took up the quaint old sampler and examined it closely. For several long moments she surveyed it in silence, and Pamela, whose hopes had been raised by the strange coincidence of the names, presently decided that this friend was no wiser about it than any one else. And her disappointment was proportionately deep. Suddenly, however, Mrs. Fairfax dropped the bit of linen in her lap and exclaimed, "Child, tell me all you know about this thing!"

Pamela repeated the meager details of the finding of the sampler, and her mother's surmises as to its possible ownership. When she finished, Mrs. Fairfax remarked very quietly: "Well, however this may have come into your possession, there is no doubt in my mind but that it is the identical sampler worked by little Sally Carlyle, the last daughter of the house."

"This Sally was my great-great-grandmother, and there is a curious tradition

Concluded on page 38



The Charm of Lovely Hair

Lustrous and luxuriant—faintly fragrant—full of lights and shadows—framing the face in loveliness.

Nothing so enhances the beauty of every line and feature as soft, beautiful hair. Nothing is easier to possess—responds so wonderfully to care and proper treatment—as nothing suffers so quickly from neglect.

In the Q-ban preparations you will find the complete answer to all hair toilet needs.

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Liquid Shampoo

and Q-ban Toilet Soap to refreshingly, thoroughly cleanse the scalp and hair—leave it soft, fragrant and invigorated.

Q-ban Hair Tonic to nourish and stimulate its growth, preserve it through life. Keeps the scalp healthy and free from dandruff.

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer to restore the natural, dark, youthful color to gray, streaked or faded hair. Absolutely not a dye.

Q-ban Depilatory—the last touch of refinement—to remove superfluous hair. Easily applied, non-irritating—odorless—quick in results—guaranteed not to harm the most delicate skin.

Each Q-ban article is the product of careful study—a compounding of the purest ingredients. For nearly a generation American women have found a satisfactory answer in the Q-ban line.

The Five Q-bans

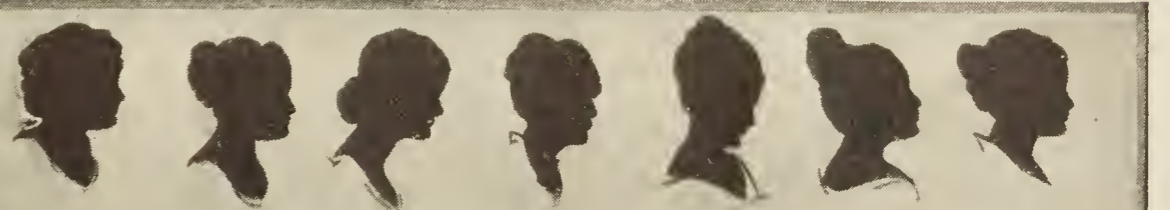
Q-ban Toilet and Shampoo Soap - \$.25	Q-ban Hair Tonic - \$.50—1.00
Q-ban Liquid Shampoo - .50	Q-ban Hair Color Restorer - .75
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Q-ban preparations are for sale throughout the United States and Canada at drug stores, or wherever toilet goods are sold

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Study Your Silhouette

The shadow picture reveals the secret—how to accentuate the beauty curve of neck and shoulders. There is an ideal way to dress the hair for every type of face. Our booklet will show you how to get the best results. Comes in every Q-ban package—or we will gladly send you copy if you'll write.



Study your silhouette

There is an ideal way to dress the hair for every type of face

One Food Cost That Stays Down

**Still 5 Cents
Per 1000 Calories**

Quaker Oats—the food of foods—costs you five cents per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value.

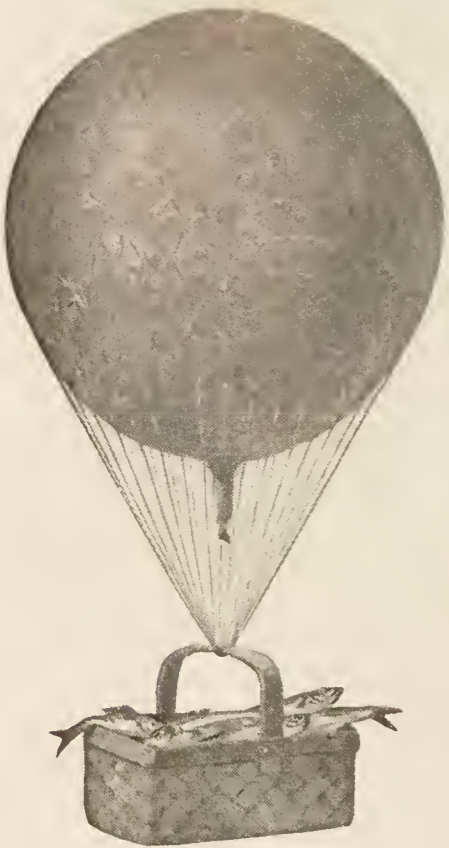
That is one-tenth what meat costs—one-tenth what fish costs—on the average.

Some common foods, on this calory basis, cost from 15 to 20 times oats.

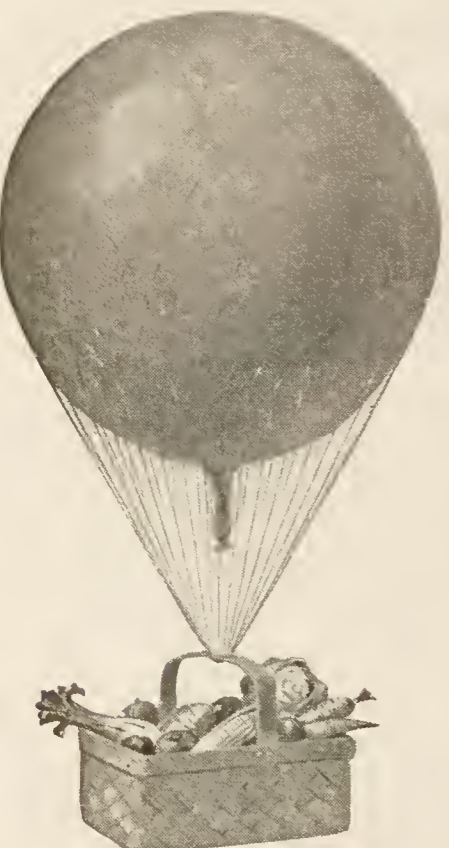
Make Quaker Oats your breakfast. Use this low cost to average up your food cost.



**Meats Average 50c
Per 1000 Calories**



**Fish Averages 60c
Per 1000 Calories**



**Vegetables Average 50c
Per 1000 Calories**



Two Dishes—One Cent

Two big dishes of Quaker Oats for one cent. Why, a bite of meat costs that.

Then think what a food this is. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food—nearly a complete food.

In the needed food elements, including minerals, it shows almost perfect balance.

Cost Per 1000 Calories

Based on Prices at This Writing

Quaker Oats	5c
Round Steak	41c
Veal Cutlets	57c
Average Fish	60c
In Squash	75c

Costly foods should not be eliminated. Meats and vegetables are necessary.

But remember that Quaker Oats costs one-tenth as much. It's a wonderful food and delicious.

Make it the basis of one meal a day.

Quaker Oats

With That Luscious Flavor

Get Quaker Oats to make the meal doubly delightful. These are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

You get all this extra flavor without extra price when you ask for Quaker Oats.

**Packed in Sealed Round Packages
with Removable Cover**

HARVEST HOME A SCHOOL PARTY, TOO

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

AN OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL PARTY

ANY church society or club which has decided that socials and fairs can no longer be depended upon to lure golden shekels into the treasury, should try a Harvest-Home Social. Then they would change their minds. The best place to hold an affair of this kind is in some one's big barn or garage. Of course the town hall will answer the purpose if it must, but the barn will be more picturesque and draw a better crowd.

Instead of depending on notices in the daily press or on placards hung in the windows of the grocery store it is a good plan to send invitations, just as you would to a big general reception. Correspondence-cards decorated round the edges with sketches in red ink may be used. Fruit, red leaves, sprays of golden-rod, or little old-fashioned dancing figures are suggestions which may be easily followed.

Arrange half a dozen or more booths around the walls of the barn, thus leaving the whole center of the place free for games and old-fashioned dances. Booths are easily made by erecting a lattice-like frame which is covered with trailing vines, leaves and bright-yellow paper.

The walls and ceiling are decorated with bunches of unhusked corn, strings of red and green peppers, together with boughs of trees. Japanese lanterns hung from the ceiling will add to the gay effect of the whole scene.

As each guest arrives he is met at the door by a ticket-man who for a specified sum sells small squares of cardboard which will admit the guests to the various booths. Numbers on these tickets correspond with the numbers over the doors of the booths.

Games and amusements of various kinds are found in each little compartment instead of the usual array of articles which no one wants. This pleasing departure from a time-honored custom is enough in itself to insure the success of this social.

Booth number one is a queer-looking place at first glance. But if one stops a moment and watches a player rolling rubber balls at the row of big fat harvest moons which are sitting at the end of the long board, it is easy to solve the puzzle. This game is only another kind of ninepins, with moons in place of pins. The person who succeeds in making a certain score is decorated with a tiny yellow ribbon.

A second booth is labeled Rural Revelations and here fortunes are told in an excitingly novel manner. The floor of the booth is swept clean except for the huge pile of corn thrown in one corner. The girl in charge, who is dressed as a gipsy maiden, wears round her neck a long ribbon strung with rings. As many as a dozen girls may try their fortunes at the same time by taking a ring and hiding it in an ear of corn.

To identify her ear she pins a bow of ribbon of a certain color to it, or else a tiny strip of paper on which her name is written. A cock is then admitted, and is naturally attracted to the tempting grain. The first ring to be discovered by his prying beak indicates that the girl to whom it belongs will be the first bride of the group.

The magic-tree booth, the booth of Noah's Ark and the refreshment booth are the other attractions which contribute to the success of this novel Harvest-Home Social.

The refreshment booth serves the good old-fashioned dishes which our mothers and fathers, or grandmothers and grandfathers, ate at the farm suppers which followed the September corn-huskings. The dishes can be arranged in tempting form on a bare board table.

IN OUR grandfather's day the young folk held all their parties in the schoolhouse. They were jolly affairs, too—those spelling-bees, quiltings, apple-parings and corn-huskings that filled the little red building with fair maidens and gallant youths.

It is sometimes hard for us to find a substitute for the healthful merriment that clung to the droll games and quaint amusements of the period. Perhaps the best plan of all is not to try to find one, but to resurrect the fun of a hundred years ago in an old-fashioned school party of our own.

Invitations to this entertainment should be written on coarse brown paper in the form of an announcement stating that the district school will open on a specified date and that all pupils must be in their seats by eight o'clock.

The room in which the party is to be held can easily be made to resemble a schoolroom. A small table with a bell on it and a chair are placed at one end of the room for the teacher. Benches are arranged for the pupils, leaving a space in the center. When all the guests wearing the quaint costumes of their forefathers have arrived, a spectator might think that the calendar had been turned back a century or so.

Games are in the form of lessons, and are announced by the tapping of the teacher's bell. First of all, however, slates must be distributed. These slates are made at home. For the cover, cut two oblong pieces of cardboard measuring five by seven inches. Paste frames of brown paper around the edges and lace them together with red ribbon.

To each slate is tied a small pencil and between the outside covers are several sheets of paper folded in the middle and fastened with the red string which holds the slate together. A realistic touch may be added to the booklets by sketching the simple outline of an old-fashioned schoolhouse on the outside cover.

The first game is a spelling lesson, for which the following list of words is written upon the first inside sheet of paper of the booklets:

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Mrebecstp | 6. Oysdalth |
| 2. Oolochs-asyd | 7. Usplip |
| 3. Pepsal | 8. Pingsell-cbe |
| 4. Hetcare | 9. Rseccs |
| 5. Eslonss | 10. Sstale |

The pupils are to decipher what the real words are. Then the books are passed in to the teacher to be corrected and credit marks given. Each correct answer counts ten points.

During recess the pupils play old-fashioned games and refresh themselves with apples, big baskets of which are placed in corners of the room. The teacher's bell calls them back to a lesson in botany. This is called Planting a Garden, and consists of ten questions the answers to which are the names of flowers. The following query is typical of the ten:

I planted a watch. What came up?

After this lesson, school is dismissed and supper served. Doughnuts, cookies, apples, nuts, raisins, sandwiches, lemonade and cider make a suitable menu.

The correct words in the spelling lesson and the lesson in botany will be forwarded to any hostess. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Directions for preparing the magic-tree booth and the booth of Noah's Ark may also be procured by writing to Edna Erle Wilson, THE DELINEATOR, Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

Concluded from page 37

PAMELA'S MITE

that has come down in our family about this identical little bit of linen. My grandmother herself told it to me when I was a child and I've never forgotten it.

"It seems that little Sally Carlyle was a great favorite with General Washington, who often came to visit at the house. She began this sampler as a child of eight, worked on it a whole year industriously—she would hardly stop to eat—and planned when it was finished to give it to her beloved 'Grandpa Washington,' as she called him. It was almost completed when Washington was suddenly taken ill and died. And little Sally was so heart-broken by the calamity that she would never consent to finish her sampler, but put it away as it was and told her children, in after years, its history.

"DURING my grandmother's time it disappeared, and she told me she thought that a Carlyle cousin had claimed it and taken it away with her when she married and went to New England.

"That cousin must have been some connection of yours and this is how it came into your possession.

"I never saw the sampler myself, but there can not be the slightest doubt that this is it. The name and its very unfinished state goes to prove it without a question.

"And now, little Pamela, as a member of the society, I think I can positively speak for them and say that we are most anxious to have this sampler to frame and hang on the wall of the children's bedroom which I am now arranging. Nothing more appropriate could be found to adorn the room than the handiwork of one of the very little girls who occupied it.

"If you will consent to sell it to us, I know the society will be willing to offer you at least fifty dollars for it. Are you willing to sell it?"

Pamela's eyes suddenly gleamed. Fifty dollars for this little, stained, worn bit of linen with its strange historical associations! With that fifty dollars she could purchase

the bicycle, her heart's desire.

She was just about to assent eagerly when a sudden thought stopped her. Into her mind had come the remark, made a while before by Mrs. Fairfax, of how so many were willing to make sacrifices of the fine, historical articles they owned and give them to help adorn a mansion that should be one of the shrines of their country. They could give—and she was to sell!

THE struggle in her mind was short but decisive. In another moment she had turned to her new friend.

"No, Mrs. Fairfax, I can't sell it; I really can't; but I'll give it to be placed in the Carlyle children's room, and all I ask is that I can come here and see it every once in a while, because then I'll feel that though it's only a mite, I, too, have a part in helping to restore historic Alexandria."

Mrs. Fairfax gazed at her incredulously a moment, and then folded her impulsively in a big, embracing hug.

"You dear child!" she cried. "You have been more than generous. But I'm going to do something for you, anyway. You shall become a life member of the society, and shall have your say in helping to do the restoring."

"MOTHER, mother!" cried Pamela, rushing out to join Mrs. Davies a few moments later. "I've given away the sampler—and I'm a member of the Society for Restoring Historic Alexandria—and Mrs. Fairfax says I can come and help her to-morrow when they open the Carlyle children's room; and oh! it's been so interesting."

And Pamela threw herself, breathless and incoherent, into a chair by her mother.

"I'm sure of one thing: I don't know what you're talking about!" laughed Mrs. Davies. "But I can see that you've been having a very nice time."

"Nice!" echoed Pamela scornfully. "I've had the most wonderful time I ever had in my whole life!"



SO that you may see how white and sweet and fresh it is, we have asked many merchants to display an open can of Snowdrift. Snowdrift is in a sealed can when you buy it, but we guarantee that every can *you* open, in your own kitchen, will be white and sweet and fresh—just the nicest shortening you ever used.

We honestly believe that Snowdrift is so much better than any other shortening that you would never

use any other shortening after you had once tried Snowdrift.

Won't you try it?

If you don't think it is good, your grocer will give you your money right back—or we will.

But we are sure you *will* like it.

Your grocer has Snowdrift or can easily get it for you. In 1, 2, 4 and 8 pound, net weight, tins.

THE SOUTHERN COTTON OIL TRADING CO.
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TALK OF THE TABLE

BY HELENA JUDSON

THE head waiter in a certain high-class New York restaurant often has to meet it in the open, this question about what's new in food.

Perhaps the inquiry comes from a woman who plans to give a restaurant luncheon in the future and needs a few advance tips on what to order.

For know ye by all these presents that to be behind in the matter of cuisine is as serious an offense as to wear a last year's frock!

If the day happens to be one in early Autumn when the mercury has climbed to a Midsummer temperature, the burning question will in all probability be answered by a display of the latest successes in "French poached eggs." These may be mounted in elaborate fashion, masked with a delicately tinted sauce and decorated with truffles and fancy forms of bright-colored vegetables.

In fact, French poached eggs are as ornamental as French pastry and are often arranged on trays, ready to be passed from table to table for inspection and choice. Some of them are set in aspic jelly and molded in individual glass dishes, so that all the beauty of the decoration shows to the best advantage. Others may be served unmolded on a lettuce leaf with colored sauce decorated with geometrical designs in capers, caviar and bits of pickled beet.

To poach an egg in true French fashion requires a professional touch which seems hardly short of juggling. An ice-cold egg broken into rapidly boiling salted water strongly tinted with lemon-juice or vinegar, and a skilful folding of the white of the egg around and around the yolk, as it poaches, presents the appearance of an egg that has been soft-boiled in some miraculous way and still kept in shape. It bears no resemblance to the ordinary poached egg. There's nothing flat about it in either form or taste.

After the four or five minute poaching, it is again treated to an ice-water bath. Then it is trimmed here and there until the smooth exterior is worthy of the decorations in store for it.

One of the most handsome arrangements is to place the egg on a round of cold ham or tongue in the bottom of a glass mold, garnish with overlapping slices of several bright-colored vegetables as a border and fill the mold with highly seasoned liquid aspic. When jellied, the egg with its garnitures shows through the covering of jelly and also through the glass. It is eaten directly from the dish.

When served unmolded, the poached egg is occasionally set on a base formed of a slice of tomato or a round of jellied meat or fowl.

By removing two or three of the inner rings from a sliced onion or hollowing a thick slice of cucumber or beet, an attractive holder can be arranged for the curving surface of the cold egg.

DOING NEW THINGS WITH SALADS

WITH a cold-egg dish the epicure will order a "somehow acid" salad, such as grapefruit with romaine or any preferred fruit with a sharp French dressing. Cantaloup is growing in favor as a salad material and is excellent combined with grapefruit or a rather acid orange.

Skilled salad-makers always find some new way of arranging the materials to be used so as to give an ultra-modern effect. For instance, a cantaloup salad, served in individual portions, often shows the diced melon heaped in a little

mount at one side of the plate with long, slender leaves of romaine shooting clear across the plate in comet fashion.

This is so far removed from the usual ring-around-the-plate arrangement that every one at the table sits up and takes notice.

Here is originality! Matchlike strips cut from cantaloup or cucumber, piled crisscross with a little bouquet of watercress or tiny leaves of lettuce in the center—another easily copied arrangement from the trained hands of the lords of the lower regions.

Many a luncheon or even an informal dinner closes with an elaborate fruit salad in place of dessert, followed by a final of toasted crackers, cheese and black coffee.

"Salad My Lady," "Salad Alma," "Salad My Fancy," and many other hotel favorites are among the fruit salads often served in place of a sweet course.

pepper, each strip projecting a little beyond the edge of the glass. The sauce in this instance contains no tomato, but is what is known as a "fancy French dressing" with a dash of Worcestershire or chutney and a slight flavoring of horseradish.

Cucumber cocktail is made from small, firm cucumbers, the pulp cut in dice. In this way all large seeds are avoided, which would be an objection to using larger cucumbers. Ordinary cocktail sauce is used and the bottled variety is preferable for home use, changing the flavor slightly, if desired, by the use of lemon-juice or a little cream.

A mound of finely chopped olives is in the center and two long strips cut from the solid pulp of the cucumbers are placed at each side, projecting above the glass. A curving strip of green pepper forms a bridge from one side of the glass to the other and the whole arrangement

ters play this rôle most creditably and are found nowadays where toast would have been used three years ago. This is true in the serving of creamed chicken, poached eggs, especially when accompanied by a Creole sauce, for a luncheon dish, and in many other ways.

Corn ezoquettes, or the same mixture molded flat in outlet shape, are served with a tomato purée or Creole sauce, while the cunning little individual corn timbales baked in small molds in an outer pan of hot water are also frequently associated with tomatoes, a corn timbale and a stuffed baked tomato alternating as a border garnish to a planked steak.

Professional chefs have learned how to overcome the handicap of being outside the zone of the vegetable garden and the milky sweetness of freshly gathered corn is cleverly imitated by adding milk, sugar and a little butter to the water in which corn on the cob is boiled. Pieces of the stalk are also put into the kettle, as these are almost like sugar-cane.

These little tricks all tend to conserve the natural flavor of the corn and are essential, as it has been estimated that every hour which elapses between the gathering of corn and its cooking means an appreciable loss of sweetness and flavor.

In the quaintly foreign restaurants cucumbers and Summer squash are served in ways almost unknown to the average American. Translucent strips of tender white pulp, moistened with a thin Hollandaise sauce and served as an accompaniment to fish, are so unlike cucumbers in their usual form as to be almost unrecognizable. They are delicate, delicious and well worth trying.

As a variation of this last method of serving, there are cucumbers lyonnaise. This means merely the frying of rings of onion until well browned. Then add slices from a large cucumber and continue the cooking until all are well browned. Sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and serve with hot or cold meat.

Italian and French cooks treat Summer squash much as we do eggplant, and, to many persons, the flavor of the squash is preferred. The breadcrumb slices are fried in deep fat when wanted crisp and brown, but are also delicious cooked without the covering of crumbs and merely browned in a little butter or oil. Squash so cooked will prove a novelty in the average American home.

PEACHES DE LUXE

IT WAS in Paris, at a hotel famous for its cuisine, that I first made the acquaintance of "a poached peach." It was served as the fruit course at the "little breakfast" which is what the French call their morning coffee and rolls.

This particular peach came to me on a shallow glass saucer, set in a larger one filled with crushed ice so that the fruit was thoroughly chilled. It appeared to be raw, but minus its skin and plus a tiny twig and two leaves stabbed into the stem end. The color of the peach was so perfect and the serving so exquisite that I still have a mental picture of it.

To the taste it was a dead-ripe, luscious peach, but I afterward learned that it was what the French call a "poached peach," the same process being applied to plums of all sorts and also to pears. These last, however, are not so adaptable to poaching, as the skin does not pull off as easily, after cooking.

THE DIGNITY OF FOOD

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

THERE are people who do not care what they eat. When this is not an affectation it is a mistake. The seat of the soul may not be in the stomach, as certain of the ancients held, but the source of all of our physical and much of our spiritual well-being is there. One of the pillars of health is good food, and upon the temple of health rise the towers of happiness. The soul is strangely wired to the body, and lights will hardly flash from the upper windows unless somebody attends to the dynamo in the basement. The art of life consists in making necessities luxurious, transforming drudgery into craftsmanship, doing the unwellcome gracefully. And the woman who does not know her way in the kitchen will hardly find her way into the heart of her family. Old Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great mogul of English letters, said, "I look upon it that he who does not mind what he eats will hardly mind anything else."

THE VERSATILE VEGETABLE

HAVE you ever had served to you a vegetable cocktail as a preliminary course at luncheon or dinner? The probability is you have not, because of all the long list of cocktails, the vegetable cocktail is the least known. Tomatoes, cucumbers and celery are the vegetables best suited to these appetizers and just now they are all seasonable. There must be nothing about the vegetable cocktail to suggest a salad, as it is strictly an appetizer and for this reason there must be no lettuce served in connection with it. Use an individual glass with a moderately high stem, place on a plate with a small linen or lace-paper doily under the glass, and provide an oyster fork or something similar.

For a celery cocktail use diced celery and green peppers with a slice of hard-boiled egg within a ring of capers, as a center garnish. These are set in a spoonful of thin mayonnaise, smoothed flat in the form of a circle just a little larger than the slice of egg.

There is a sort of picket-fence arrangement round the inside of the glass formed of julienne strips of celery with an occasional one of green

looks like a miniature Japanese garden—tiny and green and fresh!

These are all pretty little conceits and start a festive meal merrily on its way. They are needed to give zest.

Then there is green corn! The average housewife would hold up her hands in amazement to see the vainglorious way in which this comparatively humble vegetable disports itself in fashionable restaurant life.

Plain stewed corn, served in a chafing-dish, commands a price of sixty cents "per portion," if sautéed in the chafing-dish with onion, green peppers and tomato, it becomes corn à la Creole, and the price is accordingly increased. Corn au beurre noir (pronounced "o burr nwah"), meaning black butter, is another favorite hotel dish. The corn is cut from the cob and cooked in a small quantity of butter until it is well browned. It is then served either as a vegetable or as the foundation for a broiled chop or a second joint of chicken.

The old-fashioned corn oysters are more than ever popular since the war, when it was necessary to find a substitute for toast as a garnish for many a dish of fish, fowl and meat. Corn oys-



Photo by Brown Bros.

The refectory table, a real old one from a monastery, or a reproduction, is quite the thing now. Here is one, set for a buffet supper

why have indigestible fried foods?

Don't give up the delicious fried foods you like so well—just fry them in Crisco, and they will be as wholesome and digestible as if they were baked.

There are three reasons for the wholesomeness of Crisco-fried foods:

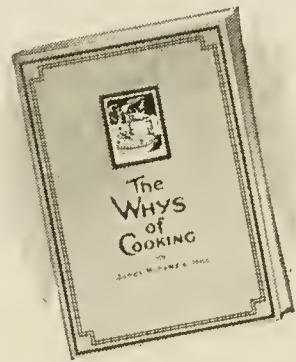
First—Crisco itself is easily digested because its melting point is lower than the temperature of the body.

Second—It is tasteless and odorless, so that foods fried in it are delicate and appetizing to a degree that is impossible when a strongly flavored cooking fat is used.

Third—Crisco forms a protecting crust so quickly around frying food that none of the fat can soak in to make it soggy; doughnuts, fritters, potatoes and croquettes are really baked inside a crisp brown shell.



Ask your grocer for this sanitary, air-tight package of Crisco. It is never sold in bulk. Sizes, from one pound, net weight, up.



Why turn doughnuts during frying but not croquettes?

"The Whys of Cooking" tells you this and many other things, such as—why deep frying is cheaper and more wholesome than pan frying; why Crisco makes such delicious, tender cakes and pastries, and how to make them; how to set the table and serve meals correctly. Scores of cooking questions answered; scores of new recipes; many colored illustrations. 108 pages. Written by Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School and editor of "American Cookery". Sent for only 10 cents in postage. Address Dept. F-9, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.

Use Crisco for Everything

Crisco is just as great an improvement in baking as it is in frying. It makes pie-crust and biscuits light, flaky and tender. Add salt, and it gives cake the real butter taste at less than half of butter cost. It's the better, modern cooking fat for every purpose. Try it.



"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE" THE TREE OF JOY

purchase of articles of mere adornment displayed at the fair.

In New England we pinch a penny. France knows how to pinch a sou. The little Lucienne must have a *dot* in order some day to be married. And Raoul, at least it was the family aspiration and ambition, was to be educated to be a schoolmaster.

SO JEAN and Marie saved all they could. There was money when the beets were sold in the fall. As often as possible Marie added another coin to the wooden sock under the pile of sheets in the cupboard. It is this historic *bas de laine* from which the Bank of France has always been filled. The average saving for each family the national exchequer computes to amount to eighty francs, which is about sixteen dollars, a year. The savings that Jean and Marie had accumulated represented all the self-sacrifice and denial of the years of their married life. Their compensation was the wonderful sense of security they felt with this little fortune tucked away against the emergencies of existence.

Oh, everything went very well in the village of St. Pierre l'Aigle! There weren't so many people; only about three hundred. But they were so happy. Nobody, of course, was rich. But nobody either was poor, not what you'd call poor, if you understood.

AND you should have heard their church-bells! The bells of France seemed a sweeter tone than anywhere else in the world. At sunset they always called the people to prayer.

Why, you know the picture. The art club of Evanston, Illinois, or of East Orange, New Jersey, has shown you "The Anglus," by Millet. And so true is all great art to life that it might have been labeled, as well, "Jean and Marie in the village of St. Pierre l'Aigle."

That is the way they were, I'd like to have you know, before they were caught in the great cataclysm of civilization to which all the tornadoes that ever swept Nebraska or Kansas can not compare.

In March, 1919, now, they are still alive, traveling laboriously along the *route nationale*. Nothing can stay them. They are going home. I doubt they even know how cold the wind is.

I have told you what was home in St. Pierre l'Aigle. But stay; it was also more. In America the roots of our generations do not go down very deep. Not so long ago, perhaps, our folks pulled up from New England and set out for Chicago, and the next generation, with the driving instinct of the pioneer, pushed right on to Seattle. Almost as blithely as the birds build nests each Spring, we Americans can make a new place home.

It is not so in France. Family trees have been rooted for such centuries in one soil they will not grow in another. Transplanting is simply inconceivable. The little stone house in which Jean and Marie lived was hundreds and hundreds of years old. Great-great-grandfathers of Jean had lived in it. Everybody now gone lay near by in the little churchyard. All their lives Jean and Marie had never been beyond the boundaries of their own canton.

THEN the great war took them. Jean was called to the colors. Marie-Louise, even though her children were small, must manage somehow as other women did. And she had to get used to terror. Always while she hoed the beets and cared for her children during the day, as while she lay staring at the dark in bed by night, there was constantly with her the thought, "Where is Jean now?"

Always, you see, he might be dead or dying, dying alone somewhere, in anguish. It is like living death for a woman to drag through the torturing hours, feeling like this about the man she loves. Once or twice Jean did get home on *permission*. But a *permission* went so quickly! It seemed to Marie-Louise that he had hardly snatched her and the children to his heart before he was gone again.

Of course everybody kept on expecting that next month perhaps—oh, at the very most, next year—this awful nightmare would be over. Was not Marie always burning tapers before the shrine of St. Pierre?

Still life and death went steadily on. The year 1918 came. And then the evacuation. The enemy had reached other towns before. Now it was even St. Pierre l'Aigle. And the good St. Pierre in his niche in the church did nothing at all about it.

Of course it was sudden. There was not time even for the town crier to beat his drum and tell it in the public square. Before it was known they were near, the German guns were firing. The *mairie* had been hit. The *potier's* house was next. The *curé* was calling the people.

Marie-Louise, with the baby Lucienne in her arms and Raoul by the hand, went wildly with the rest. Some died by the way. When Raoul's little legs could go no farther, the *curé* picked him up. Somehow, only God knows, because Marie can't remember, she and her children were among those who reached the railroad at Crépy-en-Valois. In Paris the simple stricken folk from St. Pierre l'Aigle wore swept along in the great tide of refugees pouring into the city with the arrival of every train. Marie and Raoul and Lucienne were among those sent south.

In the wooden barrack hastily erected to receive them in the town at which they arrived, they had to live with a thousand other people. There was a cot-bed and two blankets. There was coffee for breakfast and nothing at all for noon, and there was soup for supper. There was no place to be clean. There was no heat and very little air. Many of the people died.

One day a doctor came. From the doctor Marie learned that the trouble with Raoul

was tuberculosis, and it was fresh eggs and milk he needed. Something up in heaven might just as well have been prescribed. All of the cows and most of the hens were gone from France. But such food as it was possible to get to supplement the meagre rations the government could arrange for refugees, Marie bought with the money she had brought from the cupboard at home. She tried to get work. But thousands were trying. And almost nobody could. Besides, in this department they cultivated the vine instead of the beet. Marie knew the beet and she did not know the vine. You see, that is the way in France; you do the thing your ancestors for generations before you did.

JEAN had been in the hospital for months. I don't remember where it was that it happened; not at Verdun or Noyon, but some other place. Well, he was wounded and decorated. By the time Marie's letters found him he was *réformé*, which is, made over as well as could be. And he went for his little family.

The *préfecture* to which he applied for a permit to take them back to the Aisne said the railroads up there weren't running and there was very little, anyway, for people to go back to. "We shall manage somehow," he and Marie said to each other. It was inconceivable to them that they should not.

In France there is nothing so strong as the tie I have spoken about, the *amour du pays*, that binds you to the soil where you were born. There was the urge of all their ancestors in the call that came to Jean and Marie. They could listen to nothing else.

Finally the *préfecture* gave them a permit that allowed them to go on the railroad as far as Paris. There they put most of the money they had left into the purchase of the donkey and cart and some small food supplies. The army was still on duty somewhere pending the peace the world conference was busy about. There was no one to stop folks like Jean and Marie now coming back along the roads of France to the areas where the battles had been. So the government let them go.

They are going home. I shall always see them as I passed them that French gray morning in March on their way to the Aisne. There are a million and a half men dead in France. There are a million and a half more *réformés*, some of them maimed much worse than Jean. And there are, all told, twenty-five million people directly the victims of the war's devastation in this land alone. The pitiful, pathetic little processions of them hoping for home again, as they plod along the roads of France, I shall never forget.

JEAN and Marie and the children sleep in the straw in the cart at night. Every night Marie dreams of the violets that border her vegetable-beds. "They must just about now be in bloom," she says to Jean. "We shall pick them and put them in the little blue vase. You remember the blue vase that belongs in front of the clock, Jean?"

One morning she adds, "I hope nothing's happened to the blue vase that belongs in front of the clock."

Each day they go as far as they can. The road out of Paris at first is not so changed from what it once was, a straight long ribbon of white, sentined by beech-trees and silver birches hung with mistletoe. They pass through little villages where women in black shawls and *sabots*, and children in black aprons, and now and then a donkey, move to the side of the road to let their cart go by. They come to the forest of Compiègne, which stands in gray-green beauty in these mists of March, all carpeted with daffodils as lovely as in any Spring before the war of the world.

But now the devastation begins to appear. They cross a bridge marked "*Pont dangereux. Ralentir.*" There are eighteen hundred bridges like this to be rebuilt, some gone entirely and some still standing marked "Dangerous. Go slow." They pass by a factory with its great machinery hanging wrecked in mid-air, wrenched to ruin. They come to a railroad with the rails torn up and the cars in the ditch. But it is the houses that mean most to Jean and Marie. Now they see all the houses that they pass with holes in the roofs and the windows gone.

"It might be our house has been hit," says Marie.

JEAN looks at his empty sleeve. He has always been so handy with tools. "Well, if it has," he says, "you can help. Somehow," he insists doggedly, "we'll fix it."

"Surely, somehow. And I can help," agrees Marie.

They are going home, you see. All things seem possible if only one is going home.

Now they are finding the villages as they pass so battered that many of the walls are down. "But if the bedroom should be gone, we could sleep in the kitchen," says Marie.

"It would even be better. It would be warmer," says Jean, turning his coat collar higher.

They have passed through Rethondes, the little town where the history of civilization was changed when Foch, the Marshal of France, met the German delegates here.

BUT the history of civilization? It is as nothing to these two now going by. St. Pierre l'Aigle is all their world.

Crépy-en-Valois is at least on the edge of it. And Crépy at last lies before them, a broken town.

I know how it looked to me—worse than the ruins of all the other civilizations I had read about. Pompcii, you know, is so far past. But here in the Departments of the Oise and

Included on page 44



Skinner's

Silks, Satins, Taffetas
(36 inches wide)

THE wonderful wearing quality of SKINNER'S Silks is a tradition in American households, handed down from mother to daughter and to granddaughter since 1848.

So firmly implanted is SKINNER DURABILITY in the minds of women of today, so universal has become the demand for these pure-dye fabrics, that millions now buy silk goods by name and insist on SKINNER'S.

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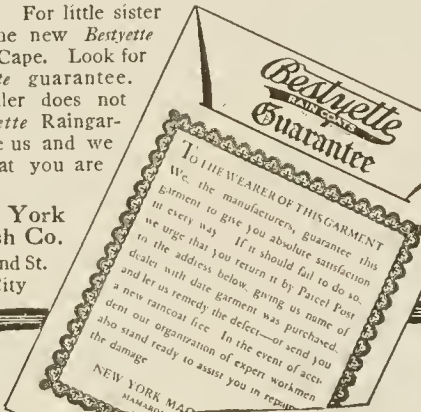
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"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE" THE TREE OF JOY

the Aisne, life and love strangled only yesterday still haunt these new ruins.

You can feel the ghosts of the dead brush your skirts as you pass. Jean, a soldier, is as used to the dead as to the living. But Marie shudders. Here have been people whom at least she knew about.

Under the stress of a common humanity that terrible night when she got away here on the railroad, some of them even spoke to her. Now there is no one about, no women in little black shawls and *sabots* to get out of the way of the cart in the road. But as they cross the Place de la République, some one comes out of a cellar. Here and there a human being appears in a wrecked doorway. A few people are living in the corners of the walls of what once were their houses.

MARIE turns to Jean a frightened face. "Mon Dieu," she murmurs, "our roof, too, might be gone."

"There would be the chicken-coop," he persists. "Yes, the chicken-coop," she agrees. They are going home. Anything, anything will do.

At last they are ascending the road to the high plateau they must cross. Soon they would see it. "Way off on the hillside would be St. Pierre l'Aigle."

I have told you as best I could what St. Pierre l'Aigle was like. But if Jean and Marie could have told you, what I have said you would see was not half enough. Why, if they told you, not Versailles and the Tuileries could anywhere compare with La Grand' Place where the *mairie* faced the church of St. Pierre against the evening sky.

On the plateau they pause. The man stands with his hand shading his eyes to look as far as he can. And as far as he can see, only the broken columns and sagging arches of what once were cities and villages stand in spectral ruin against the sky. Away and away from here stretch six thousand square miles of ruin like this. Two hundred and sixty-four villages in this one Department of the Aisne are destroyed.

AND Noyon and St. Quentin and Soissons are among its great cities laid waste. But not these, the famous cathedral towns of France and the ancient capitals of world-conquerors, do Jean and Marie look for.

Over across on the hillside St. Pierre l'Aigle should be. And they can not see St. Pierre l'Aigle anywhere.

"There, there, *n'est-ce pas?*" urges the woman. But she is mistaken. The man shakes his head. Neither of them can see St. Pierre l'Aigle.

The woman thinks it's the mist of the French gray day. The man knows better what war is. His face has gone ashen. But he does not speak. Only when the children begin to cry, he says sternly, "Hush!" And the man and the woman with the children in the cart and the donkey plod on.

They pick their way carefully in the debris of the villages through which they still must pass. It is impossible to tell what was one house from what was another, although they had known these villages well, Cœuvres and Lavarsine and Ambleny. Friends of theirs had lived here.

In the stillness round about, Marie turns suddenly to Jean. "What," she exclaims hoarsely, "what if St. Pierre l'Aigle should be like this?"

Ten kilometers down the next cross-road they come to the hillside where once was St. Pierre l'Aigle.

There is no church. The image of St. Pierre himself is powdered plaster. There are no houses. There are no trees. There is no village. All that was one is a huddled heap on the ground.

The man and the woman stumble blindly in the ruins. How shall they even find which were the stones of the house of their fathers? The man moves the toe of his boot over a pile of debris. A flash of color appears. He leans and picks up a broken bit of glass. It is from the blue vase that belonged in front of the clock.

THE wind is very cold. The children begin to cry again. And no one tells them not to. Jean and Marie can only stand silent, stricken, helpless, dumb.

More than stones is in ruin. All the hopes and ambitions and aspirations they ever had are in ashes. Little Lucienne's marriage *dot*, Raoul's schooling, the security they planned for their own old age, all, all, all are fallen here. Not all the beets they can hoe for the rest of their lives can fill the *bas de laine* again.

The battles at Verdun and Ypres and the Somme and the Marne are won. The battle for life in the Aisne and the Meuse and the Ardennes is only begun. The cost of it is an increase of two hundred and thirty-five per cent. in the price of the necessities for existence.

A million and a half people are homeless in France in 1919. And the wind from the Aisne is stinging and sharp.

OH, THE men who die gloriously aren't all there is to the war! The men and the women and the children who have to live miserably are the rest.

Jean and Marie are at the sunset hour. There are no bells. All their sweet music is melted now in munitions. But mechanically the woman's lips begin to move in prayer. Not the "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis*" of old is she saying. But the "*De profundis*."

Over and over she repeats: "*De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine; Domine, exaudi vocem meam.*" So she cries to God from the depths of her abyss.

In the dugout in the side of the hill, in which they find refuge, she can not close her eyes in sleep. "Mother of God, have mercy," she moans through the night. "Mother of God, have mercy!"

You know about home in Greencastle, Indiana, or in Waterbury, Connecticut.

So it was, too, in St. Pierre l'Aigle before war wrecked it. To the man and the woman who've lost it, there can be nothing more beautiful—not even up there where they say the streets are all golden and the gates of the city are pearl.

Mother of God, have mercy!

HOW TO REMIT

ALL contributions to this desperately needed work in France should be addressed to the French-Relief Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City. Friends who have definite desires with regard to the expenditure of the money given may state these in full and Mrs. Daggett will do her utmost to have their wishes fulfilled.

Continued from page 14

THE WHEELER

yours, only he ain't much of a fighter. But you don't want a fighter anyway, do you?"

"No; but I want a rooster that's got spunk enough so the hens won't lick him."

"Aw, I guess there ain't no hen that can lick him. He ain't so bad a fighter, only he gives up easy. Father says it's because his comb and gills is too big," replied Plupy. "How'll you trade?"

"Even," replied Mr. Adams. "Your bird for mine."

"I'll take you," replied Plupy.

So Plupy hurried back to his yard, where he spread a slipuoose on the ground and threw a handful of grain into the ring, and as the Black Spanish stepped into the noose greedily to gobble the corn, Plupy deftly caught him by the legs.

Then with his bird under his arm he sped back across the garden to where his friend awaited him with the Bolton Gray.

I DO NOT suppose there was a happier boy in the town, or one to whom the future looked more roseate, than Plupy as he walked home across lots, carefully holding and admiring his beautiful rooster, and scarcely able to realize his doubly good fortune. Doubly good, I say; for he had, as he firmly believed, the only rooster in town that could lick the Rocky Mountain, and he had also the means to win the prize book and at the same time to extend financial aid to Divine Implore.

For in his active brain he had thought out a most effective method of raising money for the cause, of passing a most congenial and delightful afternoon and of getting even with Ed Towle. He would hold a rooster-fight and charge admission. Did not the minister tell you to watch and fight and pray? Did not the hymn say so, too, and also say:

The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it day by day
And help Divine Implore.

Good enough! He would watch; and would get as many as he could to watch the fight at ten and perhaps fifteen cents

apiece. His rooster would do the fighting. He guessed he couldn't pray unless wishing his rooster would lick was "sorter prayin'," and he couldn't renew it boldly day by day without wearing out his rooster, and he wouldn't do that even for Divine Implore. Anyway, there wasn't much time.

The challenge was given to Ed orally that night, and Ed, after looking at the Bolton Gray, promptly accepted and agreed to bring his bird up the next Saturday afternoon. The fight was to be in the back yard, where the high fence on one side and the barn on the other screened the proceedings from public gaze. Admission was to be ten cents a head and upward; indeed, as far upward as possible. The proceeds of this light-hearted felony were to be equally divided between the promoters; but Ed, confident in the invincibility of his warrior bird, offered to bet his share with Plupy, and that youth, realizing that

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune—

accepted with equal promptness, but with some inward misgivings. What if the Bolton Gray should fall short of its recommendations? Gosh! And again—Gosh!

The next day Plupy spent all his spare time in canvassing for patronage with good success.

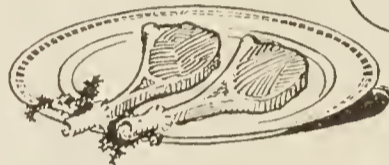
SATURDAY came, and as it was a cool day, it was excellent for the highly respectable and praiseworthy purpose of Plupy. The fight was to begin at three o'clock, when Plupy's mother and aunt would be down-town for the Saturday shopping and his sisters would be at the home of some girl friend. Before the scheduled time about thirty fans had assembled: Fatty Gilman, the twin Browns, Skinny Bruce, Fady Finton, Pewt, Beany, Tim and Bill of the Squamscott House stables, and Old John of the Club Stables and other worthies. Old John was to be referee,

Continued on page 46



4½¢ 4½ Cents Buys a Complete Breakfast Why Pay More?

To serve enough lamb-chops to supply 700 calories would cost, at early summer prices, 30 cents. Serve fish, and 700 calories would cost 30 cents. Serve eggs, and 700 calories would cost 59 cents. Serve liver, and 700 calories would cost 23 cents.



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59¢ Purity Oats is the concentrated rolled oats. It is so much better that you see, feel and taste the difference. The flakes are big and meaty. The taste is totally different—something peculiarly nut-like. The package contains all flakes,—no flour, no hulls.

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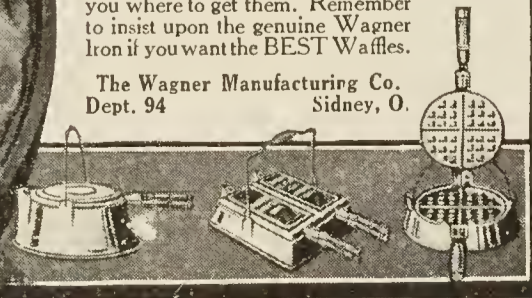
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Write today for book of new Dromedary Cookie recipes. Sent Free upon request. Try these delightful

Cocoanut Orange Jumbles

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| ½ cup shortening | ⅓ cup orange juice |
| 1 cup sugar | ½ cup Dromedary Cocoanut |
| Grated rind of one orange | 3 cups barley flour |
| 1 egg, beaten | 4 teaspoons baking powder |

Beat shortening and sugar to a cream. Add orange rind, egg, orange juice, cocoanut, and flour sifted with baking powder. Roll into a thin sheet. Cut out with doughnut cutter, place the jumbles a little apart on buttered baking pan. Brush top of each cookie with slightly beaten egg-white or cold water; cover with Dromedary Cocoanut. Dredge with granulated sugar and bake to a delicate brown in a quick oven.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.

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There is no elaborate process or "treatment"—no waste of time or bother. Simply apply Hinds Cream. It quickly relieves sunburn, and is the best emollient for the hands, and for mosquito bites or irritation after bathing. For best results, use it before and after exposure to dust, wind and sun.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c; Trial size 15c.

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On your vacation trip, take a Hinds-Week-End Box. Contains trial sizes of Hinds Cream, Hinds Cre-Mis Soap, Talcum and Face Powder; also generous sample tubes of Hinds Cold Cream and Disappearing Cream. Easily packed, light to carry. At your dealer's, or by mail, price 50 cents, postpaid in U. S. A.



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No need to be troubled with rats and mice. "Rough On Rats" never fails to clear the premises of these pests when used according to directions. It is not a ready-mixed exterminator; rats do not learn to avoid it because the food you mix it with can be changed as necessary. It tempts old and young rats alike. At drug and general stores. "Ending Rats and Mice"—booklet—sent free.
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FITS ANY SOCKET—ONE PIECE—NO BREAKAGE—SHADE HOLDER RING. No Change in Light Position. Gets Results in the Way You Want Them.

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Electric Specialty Co., St. Louis, Mo.

THE WHEELER

as he admitted he was superlatively skilled in the refinements of the art.

Ed had arrived long before, and he and Plupy had divided three dollars and sixty cents, and then by previous agreement had put the entire sum into the hands of Old John to await the issue of the combat.

Ed brought out his bird and dropped it. It was indeed a sturdy, upstanding bird of about seven pounds weight. Plupy got his and dropped it at the other end of the thirty-foot enclosure, to give them time to maneuver for an opening.

Loud expressions of disbelief in its prowess were heard on every side.

"Huh, the Domenique will lick him in two minutes," said one.

"I want my money back," said another.

"Aw! Shut up and wait," snarled Plupy.

AT THE view of the white bird the Domenique straightened, then dropped its wings, pecked the ground with its yellow beak, walked several steps sidewise, stopped, shook its head, then straightened up and crowded, whereupon an unexpected thing happened; for the Bolton Gray, folding its glorious tail up and tucking its wings close to its sides, ran straight across the yard toward the Domenique and launched itself against its rival like a catapult.

The Domenique rose in the air and met it fairly, but was sent back a yard by the shock. In a second they stood beak to beak, the white bird crouching close to the ground, its feathers laid close to its body, its tail folded closely. Only its hackle stood out like a Queen Elizabeth ruff. The Domenique stood high, with its head depressed, its hackle raised, its powerful yellow legs slightly bent. Smack! They met in the air like two feathered bombshells, and again the Domenique was knocked back in spite of its size and weight. Again they struck, and this time the Domenique, having the advantage of the ground, sent the white bird sailing back. But it alighted gracefully on its feet, ran forward, and with a slashing drive caught the Domenique off its balance and knocked it heels over head, whereupon Plupy stood on one leg with delight, the crowd roared and squealed approval and the betting men began to offer even money on the white bird, which was readily covered by the wise heads, who knew that when the birds came into close quarters the superior height and weight of the Domenique would speedily end the battle.

With astonishing quickness the big bird recovered and struck savagely. The white bird ducked and the Domenique shot over its head, whirling as it struck the ground and meeting the white bird in mid-air, sent him sailing back fully three feet. The white bird, landing lightly, ran forward and struck like lightning, but the Domenique ducked, and as the white bird sailed over, it struck down savagely with its heels and a few barred feathers flew into the air.

But it was much overweighted, and after a particularly heavy pounding wheeled and ran, followed by the Domenique.

ROUND the yard they went, the small bird with tail still folded, its wings held close to its body and its head nodding in unison with its rapidly alternating legs, followed by the Domenique. After a couple of turns the big bird put on a spurt, overtook the white bird and slashed it, falling over it in its savage energy. The white bird turned and in turn got in a couple of stinging drives. Then there was a sharp rally in which the Domenique again pounded its small opponent and received several whip-like strokes that sent the feathers flying.

Again the white bird broke away and again there was a race around the yard, then a rally and sharp fighting. Both birds were bleeding from their combs and wattles, but on the white hackle of the small bird it showed much plainer than on the Domenique. But there were signs that showed the old hands that the white bird was much fresher than the other. The big bird's wings were not quite closed when it chased its opponent, but the flight-feathers were exposed, showing that it was wing-weary. Its beak was open, but it ran sturdily and was still strong and aggressive.

They had been fighting steadily for twenty minutes and the small bird was still trim, taut and compact, although its hackle was reddened and its saddle feathers torn. Again after a sharp rally it broke away, and again they circled the yard and in and out of the currant-bushes, the white bird running easily, the Domenique obstinately following and eventually overtaking it, when there would be a repetition of the heavy, pounding blows of the giant and the quick, sharp, whip-like slashes of the pigmy, and then a break-away and a race.

Not a minute's rest did either take until after a breakaway and the resulting chase, the Domenique after a few steps stopped.

THE small bird, which had run a considerable distance, seeing that it was not pursued, wheeled and came back jauntily, and again there was a sharp battle for fully five minutes before the white bird broke away. But this time it was not followed a step, and the Domenique half turned to walk away when back came the persistent little warrior with a rush. The Domenique met it and secured a beak hold, but did not strike, and the small bird slashed it twice, sending the feathers flying. With a loud squawk the Domenique broke away and ran rather unsteadily for a corner, pursued by the gallant little Bolton Gray, pecking and striking like a demon.

Into the corner the Domenique thrust its head, squawking loudly as it felt the stinging blows from behind.

"He's licked! Take your bur-r-ds!" roared Old John.

Ed rushed forward and picked up his squawking Domenique, while Plupy, wild with delight, retrieved his bristling little king-bird, receiving a sharp peck for his pains, and carried it, crowing defiantly, to its coop and to its admiring wives.

The battle was over. Plupy had reduced his friend, Ed, to his least common denominator, was the happy possessor of the handsomest and best fighting rooster in the community, if not in the world, as he thought, had won the fabulous sum of one dollar and eighty cents, had earned an equal and equally fabulous sum, and the sacred cause of foreign missions was advanced by the sum of three dollars and sixty cents.

He was showered with congratulations; he was offered tempting sums for his Bolton Gray. Is it any wonder that he refused every offer and declined to name any price for his handsome and doughty bird?

THE auditorium of the old white church was filled to the doors. In the organ-loft the big instrument rumbled a final diminished seventh after the tuneful thirds of the sopranos and altos.

Rising then, the good pastor stated that eighty-five dear children had left in the hands of the committee eighty-five sealed envelopes containing money earned by their labors during the prior week; that he would proceed to open the envelopes, one at a time, count the money, announce the amount to the official teller, who would enter the name and amount on the blackboard, and the pupil whose name was called would rise and tell the audience how the money was earned.

THERE was a rustle of anticipation and each child leaned forward with a "One to be ready, two to be prepared, three to be going, and four to be there" attitude. The pastor took up an envelope, opened it, counted the money and said, "Lucy Wilkins, thirty-five cents," whereupon the name and the figures went on the board.

"Very good, Lucy," said the minister encouragingly. "And how did Lucy earn the money?"

"Washing dishes for the lady in the next house," replied Lucy, and sat down without informing the audience that her mother had washed her own dishes for the entire week without her daughter's help.

"Mary Emerson, twenty-eight cents;" and Mary rose with quivering lips to falter, in her disappointment at being beaten by Lucy, that she had minded Mrs. Carroll's baby.

"Herbert Moses, one dollar and twenty cents;" and a score of boys scowled balefully at Herbert as he answered briskly, "Keteihin" six strings of perch 'n' pick'el; good ones, too; an' sold 'em."

"Sarah Lamprey, sixty cents;" whereupon Lucy turned scarlet and ran out her tongue at Sarah as that successful financier told how she had made and sold molasses candy. Several other young ladies expressed in their faces stern disapproval of Sarah and a strong desire to burst into tears.

"Georgie Simpson, one dollar and twenty-five cents." Now Georgie was well-named, and looked his name, and the glare of disgust and disappointment on the faces of the boys as they wigged in their seats positively warmed the atmosphere. But when Georgie explained that he had earned his money by hemming a table-cloth and a dozen napkins for his mother, a half-smothered "Aw!" ran like a ripple from seat to seat, and as each boy of any enterprise whatsoever registered a vow to lick Georgie before the week was out, it looked as if Georgie had a brilliant, not to say hectic, future before him.

THE next dozen boys and girls did not approach the record of Georgie, and the only ripple of amusement was when Tomtit Thompson turned in sixty-five cents as the proceeds of a "nigger-minstrel show in his barn" and was nosed out at the wire by Hende Hickey, who turned in sixty-six cents for six dozen bullfrogs' hind legs sold to Caterer Harvey.

During the proceedings Plupy sat with an affectedly bored air, waiting the time when he would surprise them, and when his name was called—

"Harry Shute, three dollars and sixty cents,"

—an "oh" of surprise was heard.

"Betcher he stole it; he never earned all that money," whispered one disappointed boy, the otherwise charming Georgie Simpson.

"You needn't tell me that boy got the money honestly," said a severe lady to her neighbor. "He never did in this world."

"Praps his father gave it to him just to make a show," stridently whispered another.

It was evident that Plupy was not very popular.

By this time the name and figures had been written up, and the pastor with a smile of pleasure asked if his dear young friend and pupil would be good enough to tell him how he earned so large and so nobly generous a contribution to the sacred cause.

"Got it fightin' roosters," said Plupy triumphantly.

"Wh-a-t?" gasped the minister.

"Me and Ed Towle had a rooster-fight in my yard and charged admission and got a dollar an' eighty cents apiece and bet it on the roosters, and my rooster licked the stuffin' outer Ed's 'n' I got his dollar 'n' eighty cents 'n' mine, too," he added, and stopped to bask in the admiration that so noble an act must command.

PLUPY'S father, who had been astonished at the size of his son's contribution, at once became almost apoplectic with the erinon flush that dyed his neck, ears and countenance, while a gasp of horror spread over the congregation. Several strong men were so affected that they bent their heads below the level of the seat-backs and their shoulders heaved convulsively, but to a woman the ladies of the congregation sat rigid with stern disapproval, while the feathers in their bonnets nodded with indignation.

With a strong effort the pastor found his voice, or what was left of it, and it quavered with deep feeling as he said:

Concluded on page 48

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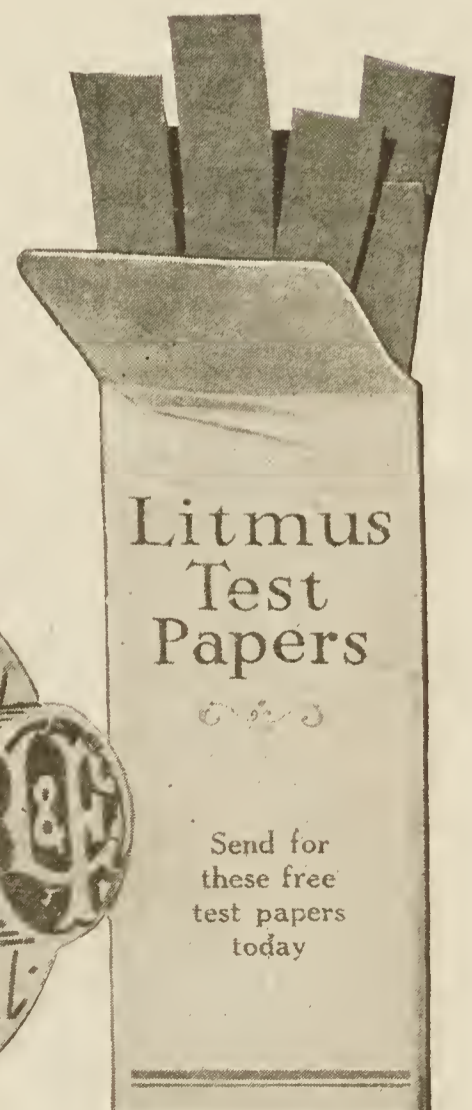
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THE WHEELER

"And do you mean to say that any pupil of this Sabbath school indulged in the wicked, sinful, corrupt and cruel pastime of making two of God's creatures fight and tear each other to pieces?"

Plupy looked at him with the utmost astonishment, as he answered: "Why, Mr. Goode, it ain't cruel. Roosters like to fight better'n anything, 'n' they don't tear each other to pieces; they just pull out a few feathers and bloody each other's combs and gills a little, but that's all; and you told me to do it, too," he added as an afterthought.

"Wha-a-a-a-t!" gasped the parson. Indeed, it seemed as if he would never let go of the word. "Do not add falsehood to your crime!" he thundered.

Plupy's father sat up suddenly and his eye began to blaze and his jaw to protrude.

"You told us to earn money any way we could, and to fight for it, and you had the choir sing a hymn about watchin' 'n' fightin', 'n' helpin' Divine Implore," said Plupy in an aggrieved tone.

PLUPY'S father relaxed, and a sudden hysterical squeal that rose in his throat was turned into a fit of coughing. Several men similarly affected arose and blindly groped their way to the exits, coughing violently into their bandannas.

"What an abandoned little wretch!" hissed a thin-faced, spectacled woman sitting immediately behind Plupy's family, whereupon his sister Keene, a black-haired young lady with snapping eyes, turned and made a grotesquely hideous face at his critic.

"Brethren, sisters and friends," said the pastor, "I am deeply grieved and inexpressibly pained that so unfortunate a misinterpretation has been made of my words and of the words of that most beautiful of hymns. This young man's act has been, I most devoutly and prayerfully hope, not wilful, but mistaken. But certainly it was an act that can not entitle him to credit, nor to a chance for the prize book. We will proceed with our roll-call."

Plupy sat down and glared balefully at the pastor, at the congregation, at the world. There was a fell conspiracy against him. There could be no doubt of it. There always had been and there always would be as long as he lived. It wasn't no good to try to do anything for any one, anyhow. If a feller could crochet a tidy or do tattin' or cut out paper dolls he could get all the prizes.

Well, he would show 'em some day. He wished he was a pirate. He would make old Mister Minister walk the plank, and if he came up after striking the water he would—he would drop a anchor on his head, or hit him with a marlinspike. And every old woman with specs, too.

Anyway, they had got to give him back his three dollars and sixty cents. He earned it honest, and if they wouldn't give him no prize they had got to give him back his money.

Yes, sir; he guessed not! And if they didn't

give him back his money perhaps there wouldn't be some windows broke in the church all right!

HE STARED around with sullen, rebellious eyes. On every side he met stony, repellant faces. "Huh!"

He bet his father would liek him. He glanced timidly at the members of his family as they sat in their pew at the front of the auditorium.

He caught his father's eyes. There surely was a twinkle of amusement in them, and suddenly one eye winked in good fellowship, and his father waved his hand.

Plupy felt a wave of relief sweep over him. His father was for him every time and didn't care who knew it.

His mother smiled and nodded encouragement. She didn't care who knew it, either. Plupy grinned back at her.

His sister Keene shook a surreptitious fist at the minister and shook her head in a way that indicated sinister plottings. His Aunt Sarah was at home with Georgie, Annie, Frank and the baby, but Plupy knew she was for him horse, foot and dragons against the world.

"Gosh!" They were all for him.

All except perhaps his oldest sister, Celia. Plupy tried to catch her eye, but her face was turned away. Plupy had fears for her. She was exceedingly rigid in her uprightness. Well, one couldn't expect everything in this world.

THE two prizes had been awarded, the last hymn sung, the benediction pronounced, and a disappointed congregation was slowly dispersing, for when only two presents are given to eighty and more competitors, the percentage of disappointed ones and their friends is very large.

Plupy's family went out together and were joined by Plupy. His father laughed, slapped Plupy on the back and presented him with a silver quarter; then, with Celia on one hand and Plupy on the other, and preceded at a distance by Plupy's mother and sister Keene, they slowly passed down the broad stairway.

As the last three reached the lower landing they were confronted by a quartet of good churchwomen.

"We trust, Mr. Shute, that you will punish your son as he should be punished for his impious and sacrilegious behavior," said one acidly.

Plupy's father smiled wickedly and with evident enjoyment as he replied:

"Yes, ladies; he deserves severe punishment. I have already punished him severely, but not severely enough. I only gave him a quarter. It was worth double that. Here, boy, is another quarter."

With two silver quarters clinking sociably in his pocket, and with the realization that he had the best fighting rooster in the neighborhood, Plupy looked to the future with that confidence that youth and health, wealth and a clear conscience afford.

"DON'T TELL DAD"

"A trifle sulfurous still!" Smiling faintly, Mrs. Harbury touched her bag.

"Down-town, dear? It is going to be hot." With elaborate ceremony Enid approached her mother's ear.

"Lunch!" she muttered in a stage whisper. "The Rittingham. Julia phoned—elegant Julia. Meet that theatrical man of hers—the wonderful Faunce. Don't tell dad!"

SHE stood off and looked at her mother. "Iron that pucker out—instantly! It makes you look eighty!"

"Enid"—Mrs. Harbury hesitated—"I'll just mention it to your father; it isn't comfortable—not telling him things."

"Well, how comfortable is it telling him? He makes rows all over the place—you know! He doesn't want me to go out of the house except in the baby-carriage with a bib."

"I can't stand it—I won't! He's going to be made sorry—see if he isn't!"

"Oh, Enid, you'll make me sorry!"

"My dearest!" Enid snuggled up to her. "I'd be a brute to do that, wouldn't I! Nice little, sweet little, puckered little mother! You didn't use to have such puckers, though. And here's nother gray hair to pull out—there! Oh, I like you! Ouch! What for did you put so much starch in your ruffles—they scratch!"

"WHY haven't I known it? How long's it been going on?" This in a manner to make his wife wince. "Haven't even met the fellow, have you?"

"Certainly." She informed her inner monitor that she had known how he would take it, but she would get through the scene somehow. "He and Julia Reeves were here together for tea the other day. You don't understand, quite. He is Julia's friend—"

Harbury actually snorted in his disgust. Julia's friend! I know him," he fumed. "Julia! Dashed if I'll let Enid run with all the men Reeves lets into his house!"

"Enid is not running with him, Jerome!" Winnifred found herself in the position of defendant where she had meant to play neutral (couldn't Jerome see that it was because she was worried herself that she had at last come to him? But if he was going to take that tone—)

"Twice at lunch—never alone, of course—an automobile ride or two—a matinee—tea at various places—all perfectly harmless. You wanted Enid to be gay this Summer, and since we can't get away, and Julia seems anxious to include Enid in this much older set of hers, why not let her take her good times where they are offered?"

She spoke to the winds. "Saw him at Tyler's last week—bragging about that Hun play he'd helped put on—a rotten thing!—patting himself on the back because it'd given him juicy royalties through war-time—that's the kind of hero he is! Great, smooth chap—all wind and brass—one eye out for a woman's pretty ankles—" Harbury was growing purple. "To have Enid—Enid!—within a mile of him—what have you been thinking of, Winnifred?"

"I have been thinking"—her voice came clear and cool as ice—"that you are making quite too much of this. I have been thinking that it might be as well if you trusted your daughter a little more!"

"De-testable rake!" Harbury strode up and down, flinging out an epithet at every turn. "Pestiferous braggart! Guzzler! Slacker! I'll put my foot down. I'll tell her my opinion. We'll have it out to-day! Where is she?"

WOULD he storm on interminably? Winnifred had a sick sense of the disagreeable presence in the room of a blustering stranger. Oh, for the old Jerome with the old gentle consideration beneath all incisiveness! Who quicker than he to condemn this vulgar scene!

"You can't have it out with her!" She put aside her own misery to find words that would penetrate. "Enid has done nothing wrong, nothing without my knowledge; but if you make her angry—as you have made Thornton angry—she will withhold all confidence from us both, as he is doing!"

He stood stock still, looking at her with inflamed eyes in which she could recognize nothing familiar, nothing that did not revolt. Then slowly, as the minutes passed, she saw something emerge as out of great darkness—terrified—pleading.

Without knowing why, her own eyes filled with tears; she put her hands up to him—words had no potency!—and smiled. His face quivered, broke up, but he turned instantly, and with a military precision he had not doffed with his uniform, went out of the room.

"YOUR father has put his foot down, my dear." She said it with ghost of a smile.

"But, muddie, oh, muddie, if he could just have waited two days!" wailed Enid. "Two days with that foot! Then I wouldn't care. But, dearest, it's all planned, and I—want—to—go!"

"You sound, dear, as if you were five!" Winnifred regarded her wistfully. How much



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"DON'T TELL DAD"

simpler things were when Enid was five! "Well, if you are guessing that I'm cross, you guess right!" Enid sat down with an air of really attending to the matter. "He is going to take us on that mountain ride—perfectly marvelous, Julia says it is now, with the rhododendrons in bloom—and it's a road most people don't know about—hilly and secluded—oh, altogether ducky!"

"We land at a log-cabin sort of place, where they'll kill a chicken for us and make corn-pone—and—and it'll be just fun! It's not so terribly far, either; we'll get home before it's really dark, and does father know that Julia is twenty-nine and Mr. Faunce forty, I suppose!"

"Your father doesn't like him, Enid."

"As if that ought to settle it! Mother—honest Injun, now—do you think it ought?" Winnifred smiled meaningly. Enid grinned. "Nor I!" she declared, comfortably crossing her knees. "But his car is a peach, and I love to ride, and I want to see the rhododendrons and the log cabin, and—you'll let me go, won't you, dearest? This once—only this once? Then the major may plant his foot wherever he pleases!"

"Supposing," said Mrs. Harbury after long reflection, "supposing you get an invitation from Mr. Faunce for me, Enid? It ought to satisfy your father if I go with you."

"It ought to," said Enid cheerfully, "but it won't."

THE little scene at the curb before their house in the bright afternoon sunlight fastened itself on Winnifred Harbury's memory with the vividness of colors under water, to flash back at her in inadvertent moments all her life long. She would see the long, dull-green car—florid taste barely restrained here, or in the man's silk socks that matched his bronze tie and olive skin—those two, close together, waiting for her as she came down the walk. Enid, trying not to sparkle in her demure pongee and close cap, Faunce with eyes for Enid and plainly nothing else. The instant's thankfulness that Enid's youth had never been alone with that sophistication.

With all his rant, had Jerome been so far off? And then, the door of the car held open rather too obsequiously, explanations made as to where they would "pick up" Julia—the sound of the telephone bell shrilling within the house—herself pausing—the maid running out—

Thornton's voice over the phone, and at the first word her heart sinking down, down.

"But I can't, dear. I'm going with Enid." She must, or— What was it he seemed to say? He mumbled so. He couldn't be saying that! No, Thornc, no, no!

"I'll come, I'll come. Do you hear me, Thornton? I'll come! At the school? Where? There? I'll come, Thornton. Do you hear me? I'll come!"

Then, at the very last—that could not, of course, be spared her—"Don't tell dad!"

THERE was no taking a full breath until she reached Thornton—Thornton, whose many scrapes had never before been touched with dishonor. The white, frightened boy's face in the drug-store on an obscure street where she found him did not seem like her son's, and his half-hysterical speech, "I was going to put it back!" Over and over, just that—"I was going to put it back!"—testified more clearly to his pitiable state of nerves than to any facts.

She had to drag him out into the sunlight, seek a secluded spot in a park, shake him, laugh at him, love him, before she could check the wild stream of self-accusations, and get from him anything like a coherent story. So needless a rock on which his ship had foundered, so paltry a sum—half a month's allowance, she calculated swiftly—to mean a boy's heartbreak and disgrace! She saw at once that no medicine could be so soothing as the actual sum in Thornton's hands.

Leaving him on the park bench, she made a hurried trip to the bank, but arrived just too late. A sudden determination took her then to Thornton's school. If she had thought, she might have guessed what would seem to the principal the most natural thing to do, but she had not thought, and the shock was great.

She found Jerome already in the building. Thornton's father had learned only what the principal could tell him—that Thornton, treasurer of his class, had been unexpectedly called upon that afternoon to produce his small funds and made, as his sole answer, flight from the school.

It remained for Mrs. Harbury to remind them of a patriotic occasion a few days back, of how Thornton had felt it a point of honor, as the son of a returned officer, a point of honor—her dry lips managed an ironic smile—to contribute; and his allowance being delayed—she did not look at Jerome—he had "borrowed" from the class treasury, expecting to return the money before it was needed.

IN ALL the pain and humiliation of the discussion that followed, Winnifred found the one intolerable pang in the sight of Jerome's stricken face, Jerome's unyielding silence. As she left at last to go back to Thornton, in the confusion of her mind one resolution burned like fire.

Thornton himself must learn from that look of Jerome's what it was he had done to his father, and from Thornton's own telling Jerome must learn what he had done to his son! There was no choice. If the gap were not bridged now, it would never be.

She ran the gamut of every appeal but command; she touched every chord she knew; and at last she conquered. When darkness was upon them, when their bodies were spent with hunger and fatigue, she conquered.

"I will tell dad!" he burst out sobbing. "Oh, mother, I will tell dad!"

In the last moment of their privacy, as they waited on a corner for the lighted car bearing down upon them from far up the street, the gay boyish note came miraculously back to

Thornton's voice. "He'll eat me alive, mums, but I don't care!"

And she had laughed with him, seeing his face look so happy.

THORNTON was fed, Thornton was tucked into bed, like the very little boy he seemed to-night, and Jerome sent up to him. "Be gentle," she whispered.

"I'll try," he answered so humbly that her heart yearned to him.

But she could not think of Jerome now. Alone in the silent rooms down-stairs her mind gave itself up to creeping worry. Enid was not at home. There had come no message from her.

"Winnifred," Jerome touched her on the shoulder, where she sat crouched in a chair drawn close to the window.

The room was in darkness. She was staring out into the street, which showed plainly under the electric glare.

"Winnifred, it's all right. It's all right—"

HER posture more than her dearth of words alarmed him.

"Where is Enid?" he asked sharply.

She told him then how she had let Enid go.

"I did it, Jerome, I did it! I needn't have, but I did!"

And she had telephoned to the Reeves's house and learned that Julia had not gone that afternoon with Mr. Faunce.

"They went alone, Jerome—Enid and that man! He must have planned it deliberately. I did it, Jerome, I did it!"

He drew up a chair and sat beside her, watching the street. They spoke very little—and not at all of Thornton. Winnifred had a vague feeling that that was over and settled; she need not worry any more about Thornton.

More, too, she felt—that something big and comforting was in the room with her, something she had not known for a very long time.

WHEN it was twelve, Jerome got up abruptly and went to the telephone.

Winnifred got up, too, and turned on the light. Inaction had suddenly grown horrible, impossible.

She heard him call Faunce's number. A long pause. Then Jerome, curtly:

"That you, Faunce? This is Harbury. Who is this speaking? Mr. Faunce not home? Where? When will he be in?" Harbury hung up with a click.

"What is it? What is it? Oh, my dear, you mustn't take it so! Nothing can be so bad as that! Tell me, tell me, Jerome!"

"The scoundrel!" he said thickly.

He caught hold of her as if to steady himself, and with a bewildered gesture put one hand to his head.

"Winnifred," in the same thick, dreadful voice, "Winnifred, that was Faunce! I know his voice. That was Faunce, I tell you! Where is Enid?"

AT SIGHT of his breaking, her own courage came back to her.

"Nothing can happen to Enid, Jerome."

She had touched a spring; something in him was unloosed; words poured wildly out.

"She's with him—she's there—my little Enid—so sweet and young and gentle and dear—with that—and I can't choke him. I can't get my hands on him—there's no help—no way out—it's all black, black, black!"

Nothing happen? Ah, the parents who had said that of their daughters, and the beast had come; the old men who had said that of their wives, and the women shot down; the mothers who had said that of their babies, and seen them spitted on bayonets, tossed to the flames!

Innocence and youth were no sanctuary—they made a target for filth; faith and honor held no security—they were treachery's shining mark! He talked as a man talks who has seen life stripped, decency made a sport, the things upon which society builds, and by which only it can survive, go down in ruins.

AND as the woman beside him listened to his rasping voice, watched his racked and haggard face, through the breaking barriers understanding flooded in. She saw why the old ties had been so slack, the old springs gone dry; she saw how in the face of hideous forces, before the drift of awful currents, a man's nature—the most nearly unchangeable of all things—may be changed, warped, clouded; she saw that where she had given reproach, resentment, anger, she should have given pity, pity, pity!

And while she still listened, her own lips dumb before the horrors that were flowing from his, a little sound at the door cut through the spell binding them, a little fluttering sound, like a wind-beaten bird seeking shelter. Their hands dropped, Jerome's voice died in his throat; they turned starkly, straining their ears, holding back the very sound of their breathing.

WINNIFRED flew to the door and opened it—upon Enid—Enid, so footsore, weary, trembling, that she had fallen against the door of her own home, and from where she lay stretched up a hand to knock.

Together they brought her in and laid her upon the couch. She looked up into their agonized faces and smiled—such a fleeting, mischievous, heart-breaking smile.

"I'm tired—that's all," she spoke quite clearly. "You see, I walked."

"My little girl. My little girl—" Tears were running down his cheeks.

"I didn't like him, and I wouldn't come back with him, so I walked."

"Good girl, Enid!" He said it, and made his quivering lips smile at her. "G-good girl!"

"Wasn't I?"

She nestled contentedly, surveying him. Then came the most exquisite moment in Winnifred's life, when Enid suddenly put her arms around her father's neck.

"Darling dad," she said, "don't look so—I'll tell you—"

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IN PAWN TO A THRONE

tassel hanging down on the left shoulder. When ready, she opened the door and bade Spiro enter. "Let down the rope from the window," she said. "When I am on the ground, I will shake it to let you know." Spiro took her hand, carried it to his lips. Both thought of how their lives had been intertwined—and that this might be the end. "Sto kalo," he said huskily, "kai o theos mazy sou."

The girl leaned forward, and, drawing down his head, kissed his forehead. Then, agile as a gymnast under the excitement of the moment, she climbed down the knotted rope.

IN THE garden below Artemis stood among the shrubbery, feeling much like a young bird which had fallen out of its nest. Now that the step was irrevocably taken she seemed very small and helpless in the vast world of intrigue and violence!

When she heard the regular footfalls of the *evzone* on duty in the garden, her self-possession returned. Here was the touchstone to make or mar her fortunes. She stepped forward in his path. The *evzone* approached her and peered into her face.

"It is indeed she," he whispered, saluting. "At your orders, Kyria Artemis."

"Tell me if I look right," she answered simply. The boy adjusted the cap at a slightly different angle over her left ear. He stepped back and surveyed her with approval. Indeed she presented a gallant young figure. Greek-like, she was oblivious of her costume, and it was the boy who was the more abashed at seeing before him the girl whom they called their great lady, descendant of one of the greatest families of Greece, looking exactly like an *evzone*. Yet his enthusiasm overcame all else, and in muffled tones he whispered:

"You look like a brave *pallikari*, and no one would suspect you did not belong to the royal guard. But, my lady, can I not help you to escape? Niko changes at four. If you stay, I can go with you then."

"No; I must see if I can not get out before—with the help of this." She indicated her costume. "If I can not, I will return here, and you and Niko shall help me."

"Ova sas kale!"

ONCE outside the gates of the palace, so vivid a sense of freedom held her that she wanted to break into song. She who had felt like a helpless fledgling a quarter of an hour ago now felt like an eagle, able to soar away into space wherever she might desire. Her feeling of elation was succeeded, however, by a brief period of terror at the ease with which her enterprise had succeeded thus far. She shook off this mood.

"It is fear that wrecks the plans of the guilty," she told herself. "I am not guilty, so I shall not fear."

Under a street-lamp ahead she saw a group of *epistrates*, who at this time were acting partly as detectives and partly as plug-uglies to cow the Venizelists. They would probably not question any one in the uniform of the king's guard; yet, unwilling to take the least unnecessary risk, she turned back, took the first street to her left, and made a detour around a couple of blocks to get back into the Kifissia Road.

She met no other persons abroad, for these were unnatural times in Athens, and the streets became deserted with darkness. Just opposite the Grande Bretagne she found, as she had hoped to find, several motor-cars still waiting at their stand, with the chauffeurs snoozing in the cars.

"I wish to go to the Piræus. What is the fare?"

"Ninety drachmas."

"Ninety drachmas! Preposterous!"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "No automobile will go for less. Essence is sixty drachmas a gallon—and none to be got at that."

Artemis had been haggling for appearances' sake only. "Very well. Start your car. I wish to go down on the quay opposite the French cruiser there."

AFTER much trouble the chauffeur managed to start his car. Past the invisible Temple of Jupiter they tore, their glaring pathway of light turning all outside it to inky blackness, and on down the wide, straight street which leads to the Piræus. On the quay they had to drop into second speed, for the whole waterfront was crowded with refugees.

"Here we are, my *evzone*," the chauffeur said, stopping his car. "There is the French cruiser."

Artemis sat for a minute without moving. "There is a message I must send back to Athens. You shall have an added twenty drachmas to your ninety if you will deliver a letter for me the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Willingly."

"But I have no paper or pencil."

The man handed her the stub of a pencil and a bit of dirty paper. Artemis wrote:

Pallas Athena, at night, in her temple.

She folded it several times and wrote Elihu's name on the outside.

"Deliver this to the American Legation the first thing to-morrow morning," she said.

The chauffeur again assured her that this should faithfully be done, woke up a boatman sleeping in his boat to take Artemis out to the cruiser, and drove back to Athens.

WHEN the rowboat bearing Artemis Bysas in her *evzone* disguise neared the French cruiser, a sharp challenge came out of the dark: "Qui va là?"

Artemis stood up, and through her hollowed hands called back, "A messenger from Athens."

There were quick footsteps on the cruiser, and when the rowboat reached the gangway two young officers and three marines with rifles were waiting to receive her.

Lightly Artemis stepped out of the rowboat.

"It is of the utmost importance that I should see the commandant at once," she said.

The authority in her voice impressed the older of the two officers. After an instant's hesitation he bowed slightly.

"Come with me," and he preceded Artemis up the steps to the deck.

SHORTLY afterward she was ushered into the commandant's cabin. He was sitting on the edge of his bed, wrapped in his dressing-gown. The Frenchman asked sternly:

"Who sent you here?"

"No one, *mon commandant*. I came to beg your help to reach Saloniki as soon as possible."

An angry look passed over the ruddy face of the officer. Contemptuously he answered: "Your uniform precludes you from going to Saloniki; and how dare you come here at this hour? Are you a madman, or do you think I am an imbecile?"

"I am no more a madman than you are an imbecile, commandant. It is for the sake of France and the civilized world, as well as for Greece, that I ask this."

"If it is for the sake of France, then it is to me you can speak. You need not go to Saloniki."

"Forgive me, commandant, if I must be cautious even toward you. It is to Mr. Venizelos and to Mr. Venizelos alone that I can speak."

"As you have said, we must be cautious. Why should I trust you?" he asked, pointing to her uniform.

"You have every reason to mistrust my uniform," she admitted, "but for the safety of Saloniki I must see Mr. Venizelos at once. If Mr. Venizelos does not vouch for me after he sees me, then shoot me for a spy. Commandant, I can not tell you more—but you will not regret helping me."

THE commandant rose to his feet. "What sort of help do you expect from me?"

"To send me to Saloniki in one of your torpedo-boats at top speed, and since it is important that I should not be recognized by any one, I should like to be landed at the house of Mr. Venizelos, which stands by the sea."

"It is possible," the officer temporized, "that you may never reach Saloniki, even if I should send you. There are mines and submarines that may sink you. Then the important thing you have to say will go to the bottom of the sea."

"I have thought of that, commandant. If you decide to help me, I will write a letter, which I shall beg you to put in your safe. If I reach my destination, you can destroy it. If not, you can send it either to Mr. Venizelos or to your own prime minister, as you choose, though I should prefer Mr. Venizelos to see it first."

For still a few minutes more the Frenchman considered the question. Then he opened the door leading to his sitting-room, turned on the light, and motioned her to enter.

"Write your letter," he said brusquely, pointing to a desk.

THE destroyer that bore the last of the Bysas, darting this way and that, like a giant swordfish, made its way safely into the besieged port, and Artemis, in the uniform of the king's guard and with her hands shackled, was brought into the presence of the greatest of modern Greeks.

Instantly he recognized her, and, pointing to her handcuffs, cried:

"What does this mean?"

"Your friends do not wish to run any risk for your safety. They did not know me, and I suggested it myself."

With his own hands the great Cretan essayed to loosen her bonds, and, turning to the French officers, said warmly:

"With no one else could my life be safer."

Apologizing, the officers loosened her hands.

Artemis thanked them and begged them to withdraw, now that Mr. Venizelos had vouched for her.

Long and earnestly the two talked, the girl laying before him the plans of the Royalists. She told him about the cross of the Bysas and its contents, and of the American who had gone in pursuit of it.

"But why, my child, did you take so great a risk?" Mr. Venizelos asked when she had finished. "Could you not have sent me word by some one else?"

"I might. Spiro Millioti was very anxious to come, but I had two reasons for coming myself. First, I was afraid Spiro might not be able to reach you so quickly as I, if at all, and second—once more the color mounted to her face—"I should have had to marry the *diadoque*."

SHE laid her hand on his sleeve, and, peering into his face, asked wistfully:

"It isn't any longer necessary for Greece that I should marry him, is it? Since he and his dynasty have dishonored our country, we can no longer regard them as legitimate."

Mr. Venizelos nodded. "Where are you going from here?" he asked.

"I must return to Athens for a few days. After that I can come back here and do what I can for you and your cause."

"Must you go to Athens?" he asked.

Artemis hesitated, blushing furiously. The man she was talking with was reputed to have remarkable intuition. He saw that a strong reason was influencing her.

"Very well," he said; "return to Athens; but after that I should like to have you go to France and England, and personally bring before the prime ministers of those countries the necessity for the dethronement."

With the two French officers Artemis stayed to dinner, and thereafter in due course of time, and without adventure, she arrived once more at the French cruiser in the Piræus. The commandant himself came out to receive her, and she saw at once from his manner that he knew who she was.

"I did not sleep till I learned by wireless that you were safe," he said warmly.

Continued on page 54



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Diana's Discovery

By Beatrice Gordon

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GREFÉ

FROM her accustomed place on the little porch, Diana Montgomery watched her husband out of sight on his way to the early train. But for the third successive morning, Don did not look around or wave to her from the bend in the road. Hurt and disappointed, she stood looking wistfully after him for a moment longer than usual. She wondered vaguely how many husbands stopped caring for their wives in three years—and what, if anything, these other women did about it. Then she turned mechanically and entered the house.

Every day for months there had been evidences of a change in Don's affection for her. All of them were small, of course, so small she hadn't been able to bring herself to mention them. Things were apparently just the same as ever, but Don was growing away from her, she knew. He had given up almost every little demonstration of his love. In the morning, he read the paper all through breakfast, scarcely giving her a word. Then, at the last minute before rushing from the door, he merely brushed her cheek in parting. All day long, she had just the memory of that hurried kiss.

At least two nights a week lately he had been staying down town for dinner. Usually he would phone late in the afternoon to tell her—"It's the busy season, you know," or "Got a big job that must be cleaned up tonight." And, of course, such messages meant long evenings alone for Diana—long evenings when thoughts were beginning to come that she tried and tried to push back. Was it always business that kept Don in town? Yes, it had gone that far. Suspicion, just a shade of suspicion, had begun to lift its head above the horizon of her great blind faith in her husband.

And so this morning, when again he had failed to turn and wave "Good-by," the hurt went deeper in Diana's heart, and all that forenoon as she went about her work the change in Don was almost constantly in her thoughts. Then, in the afternoon she had an inspiration. She would surprise him that night with a real "spread," a dinner after his own heart. Every dish should be something of which Don was especially fond. He could not help but see what pains she had taken to please him and maybe when it was all over, he would take her in his arms as he used to and tell her how wonderful she was to be always planning for his happiness. The prospect of it sent her forth gaily on a marketing expedition and her plans for the surprise carried her all through a happy afternoon.

And then, as the hands of the clock were falling toward six-thirty, and the snowy cloth had been spread and the very best silver laid, and the golden sweet potatoes were growing brown in the oven, and a juicy steak was just waiting his step on the walk outside to go over the roaring fire—the phone rang. Diana ran and caught up the receiver, "Yes?" and, then—"I'm at the St. James, just sitting down to dinner with Turner. Sorry. Get yourself a bite. I'll be home about ten"—and before she could really grasp the words there was a click on the wire. He had gone.

Diana dropped to a chair, sat there a long moment trying to adjust herself to the overwhelming disappointment, then rose and half running, half stumbling up the stairs, threw herself upon the bed in her own room and gave herself up to a flood of tears.

TWENTY minutes later as she lay, fairly worn out with weeping, she was roused by the sound of footsteps on the porch below. She jumped up and rushed to the long mirror—to see how red her eyes were. Then as she listened, a familiar receding whistle proclaimed the caller only the boy with the evening paper and she was much relieved.

But the momentary excitement had dried up the fountain of tears. Diana was again herself now. She walked over to the mirror to arrange her hair, and as she stood there, her eye fell to a picture on her dressing table, a picture of herself taken the June they were married, a picture Don used to call his favorite. There was a girlish charm about it, emphasized by the dainty, becoming dress she wore. It was a dress that any one would have said must be Diana's even if they had seen it in a shop window. But what held her gaze now was not the picture itself so much as the contrast between it and what she saw reflected in the mirror. She looked from one to the other, and then, slowly, she seemed to feel coming over her a great understanding. And with it came a firm

resolve. She would not submit quietly to the loss of her husband's love.

An hour later, the dining-room cleared of its silver and linen, the carefully planned dinner things put away for tomorrow, she was running through a pile of magazines in the den. And, at eleven when Don came up the stairs she was fast asleep, the trace of a smile still upon her lips.

FOR a few months things went on apparently as usual in the Montgomery home. Don was deeply engrossed in his work at the office, where he was slowly but surely winning recognition from his firm. He frequently worked till late at night and always had to hurry to catch his train for town in the morning.

But there had been a subtle change in Diana. She had somehow chased away the shadow that formerly pursued her. During the day, she sang cheery little songs as she went about her work. And on more than one occasion she had failed to have dinner ready at the appointed hour. She seemed continually preoccupied—with something pleasant. Don noticed this, of course, and it bothered him a little. Once or twice he tried to discover Diana's secret, but he got no satisfaction from her.

When he came home at night and let himself in with his latch key, Diana was never there any more to greet him. He had to get his slippers and hang up his coat and hat himself. But when he whistled Diana was always upstairs in her room. And she would come downstairs simply radiating some pleasant secret! Could she be preparing some surprise for him—or what had come over her lately?

THEN finally one glorious October evening it all came out in a most wonderful way! Don had left the office a little later than usual. It had been one of those days—which happen in all offices and all kitchens—when everything seems possessed with contrariness. He was worn out physically and mentally.

Arriving at his station, he walked slowly, thoughtfully, up the hill toward his home. He was wishing that he felt more as he used to feel about his home. He pictured to himself the bright, attractive girl he had married three short years before. How she had changed! Had *he* wondered.

From the bend in the road, he noticed that the house was lighted brilliantly. "Probably callers—or worse still, *guests*," he thought. "I *hope* not! All I want to-night are slippers, the big chair and a book! There isn't anybody in the world I want to see!"

Going up the porch steps, he tried the door. But it was locked and the curtains drawn. He listened, but heard no voices. So he produced a bunch of keys, turned the lock and entered. What he saw amazed—transfixed him!

There stood Diana—yes, it surely *was* Diana—but a NEW Diana! She was waiting for him with a strange, glad light in her blue eyes! She was younger—more beautifully alluring than ever before—and she was wearing the most wonderful and becoming dress he had ever seen!

Instantly he was conscious of a change within himself. Under the magic spell of reawakened love, he tried to speak, but could not. And so he came toward her slowly—both arms outstretched.

"Diana!" he cried in a voice she could never forget. He was the old, proud, tender Don once more!

IN the big leather chair before the open fire that night, Don and Diana sat watching the dancing flames and talking of a new-found happiness. They had so much to say that words suddenly seemed inadequate. Most of what these two had to tell each other does not concern us. It cannot be told in minutes, nor yet in years; it cannot be perfectly told even in a lifetime, for it is endless and runs through eternity.

"I must have been blind, dear," Don said, after a long silence, "but—thank heaven!—my eyes are opened at last!"

"Well, it wasn't *your* fault, Don," Diana replied. "I don't know how it came about. But I grew careless and indifferent about myself. You really never saw me in anything much but dowdy house-dresses or something equally untidy—and I don't blame you. But I haven't told you the real secret yet."

"You see, I felt that you were growing away from me—I saw it in so many little things. And one night when you phoned that you were not coming home, I had a terrible cry about it. Then I caught a



There stood Diana—yes, it surely *was* Diana—a NEW Diana! She was waiting for him . . .

vision of myself as I had been. And I saw at once, of course, that no woman can hope to win—or hold—her husband's love and respect, unless she keeps herself attractive.

"Right there I resolved to try and remedy the trouble. But the *expense* looked like an insurmountable difficulty. You know we haven't had any new clothes to speak of—either of us—since we were married. The money has always been needed, even before we had it, for what seemed just *necessary* things.

"Well, while I was pondering over my problem, suddenly the solution flashed into my mind. I recalled reading a magazine article, a few evenings before, about a girl who found the way to happiness, by learning how to make stylish, becoming clothes for herself.

"It told about an institute of domestic arts and sciences, through which any woman could learn during spare time, right in her own home, how to make all kinds of dresses and hats.

"So I hunted up that magazine and read the Cinderella story again. It was so convincing that I sent for more information at once.

"IN just a few days a handsome book came, telling all about the Woman's Institute and its 25,000 delighted members. I saw right away that here was just the opportunity I needed, so I joined and took up dressmaking.

"When my first lesson came, I knew *any* woman could learn to make her own clothes by this easy, fascinating method. The pictures make everything so plain that a child could understand. I really felt like a different woman just because I was so happy! I spent every minute I could on the lessons and at night, I dreamed I was wearing the kind of clothes that would bring you back to me!

"One delightful thing about the course is that almost right away you begin making actual garments. Why after only three lessons, I made the prettiest little housedress. It's in the closet of my room with a lot of charming, dainty things. I hid my work and lessons there because if you saw them too soon, it would have spoiled all my surprise for you!

"The course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two each day. The textbooks foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest in your work as if they were right beside you.

"You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient.

"Besides learning how to make every kind of garment at a saving of half or more, I also learned the all-important thing in making clothes—the secret of dis-

tinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to really develop style and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctly becoming.

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"So that's the secret of my surprise, dear," finished Diana. "Just think what it is going to mean to us all the rest of our lives. And isn't it fine that *any* woman or girl anywhere can learn through the Woman's Institute to dress attractively at such little cost?"

"It certainly is," replied Don, drawing her face down close to his. "Any school that can teach women and girls the things you have learned in so short a time is performing a wonderful service. Now—let's go up and see the rest of this magic wardrobe!"

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564

Model No. 562—The "Suffrage." A determined little shoe, this—with its business-like toe and its militant military heel! And there's efficient comfort in every smart line of it, soft Russia Calf—on the new long vamp last

562

But the most important of these—is shoes!

Shoes and hats and gloves—essentials, of course! But your shoes determine your confidence in your costume—your ease and comfort!

This season offers unusually beautiful fashions in the Red Cross Shoe. Exquisite workmanship and material, smart lines and curves that give grace and trimness to your foot! And the famous "bends-with-your-foot" comfort that is built into every Red Cross Shoe! These qualities make the Red Cross Shoe important in every woman's wardrobe. See this charming footwear at the Red Cross Shoe dealer's in your town.

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Model No. 563—The "Versailles." Gay French feet couldn't be more carefree than the feet that choose this black kid boot. Its plain toe and Louis heel are so pretty graceful that you wouldn't dream it could be so comfortable!

563

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Continued from page 52

IN PAWN TO A THRONE

"I shall always be grateful to you, commandant, for having so quickly helped me. Your officers will tell you that I enjoy Mr. Venizelos's confidence."

"And what are your plans now, mademoiselle? We can place a boat at your disposal and send you directly to France."

"It is possible that I shall have to ask such a favor of you in a few days, but just now, after asking your hospitality till nightfall, I must go back to Athens once more."

"Then we shall have to send an escort with you." Vehemently Artemis shook her head.

"No, no, commandant! It must not be said that one of my family touched Greek soil protected by foreign bayonets. When I go, I go alone. I thank you, but you can not help me now, except by letting me rest here until nightfall."

THE commandant did not insist. He placed his suite at her disposal and bade her have a good rest. With his first officer, however, he had a long conversation on the subject. And the fears of the one strengthened those of the other.

"If she will not let us protect her openly, we must do so by stealth," the first officer agreed. "They must be on the look-out for her, and if she falls into their hands—"

When they stepped out into the clear, starlit night a cutter manned by eight rowers was waiting.

At the quay the commandant stepped from the boat and offered Artemis his hand. She laid hers lightly in his and sprang ashore, needing little help. The Frenchman raised her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Au revoir, mon ezzone; and remember that the sooner we can send you safely to France the better we shall like it."

Before he could realize what she was about to do, she had bent down and kissed his hand.

"Little Greece is grateful to great France," she said. "Au revoir!"

She walked away toward the station. At the same moment a young ensign appeared from the dark, and saluted the commandant. "The two automobiles are in readiness."

FROM the boat sprang a number of sailors. They divided into two squads, each under command of an ensign.

"Whatever you do, don't let her suspect your presence unless it is absolutely necessary. A boat will be awaiting you here." The sailors disappeared into the night, walking softly.

Artemis found a carriage in the square by the station of the electric railway and told the driver to take her up to the tennis-courts by the Temple of Jupiter. There she paid off the driver, watched him out of sight, then walked back to the Acropolis. For some time she stood near the lower gate, and, observing no sign of life, made her way up to the upper gate. Softly she called, "Megacles!" several times without result. Fearing to raise her voice, she decided to climb the high iron railing.

Inside she rattled Megacles's door until he wakened. When the light from his candle shone upon her face, he first made the sign of the cross vehemently, then fell upon his knees and kissed her feet.

"Thank God! You are well again!" he cried. "Well?" she queried. Then she saw a look of terror come into Megacles's eyes, and she guessed that he thought her out of her mind.

"Kyria Artemis, how did you get here?" he cried. "And in this costume? You are ill. You must return to the palace at once. You do not know what you are doing."

"Listen, Megacles. I am not ill, and I am not out of my mind. I escaped from the palace, and I have been to Saloniki."

"You have been to Saloniki!" he exclaimed in wonderment. "Why, only this noon the doctors gave out a bulletin telling how ill you were, and that you might not be able to leave your room for several weeks, because Spiro's death—"

"SPIRO'S death!" echoed the girl. A sudden faintness came over her. So the worst she had feared had come to pass! "Spiro's death," she repeated. "Now did he die?"

"You do not know?" the keeper asked excitedly. "Then perhaps that is not true either."

"If they say he is dead, I fear it is too true. How do they say he died?"

"He was cleaning his automatic pistol, and it accidentally went off."

"They shot him themselves, Megacles!" she cried passionately. "They killed him. If ever a man died in the service of his country, that man is our Spiro."

Trembling and miserable, she leaned against the wall of the little house. By a curious trick of the mind, in her great sorrow and agitation, she remembered telling Elihu Peabody that Spiro was her walking shadow, and that when he should cease to be she herself would cease to be what she was. What then was going to happen to her when she should no longer be Artemis Bysas? The tears surged to her eyes; but they did not fall. The long practise of suppression unconsciously dominated her.

WHEN she could speak again she returned from the dead to the living, and asked: "Has any one been coming to the Acropolis at night?"

"No one that I know of," Megacles answered uncertainly, scratching his head.

Artemis shook his arm. "It is very important that I should know. Are you not sure?"

Sheepishly Megacles confessed: "Some time ago I gave a key to a young American who loves Greece very much, and who likes to come here at night."

In a voice that sounded unlike her own, Artemis managed to ask: "Who is he? What is his business here?"

"I do not know his name, and I do not know his business."

"Can you describe him?"

"He looks like a statue made by Praxiteles."

"And you don't know whether he has been here lately?"

"No; I have not seen him for several days." "Thank you, Megacles. I will not keep you up longer. Good night!"

Artemis went up to the little Temple of the Wingless Victory, gleaming so white and cold and impersonal in the night, and waited. She felt alone and bereft as never before in her life.

The death of Spiro—Spiro, who had carried her on his shoulder in her babyhood and childhood, who had been her constant companion and had watched over her ever since—had shaken her profoundly. And in addition to Spiro there was the young American—who had not come to the Acropolis. He, too, must have died for Greece—and for her.

He had loved her, and he was dead, and it was she who had sent him to his death. Artemis lived over again the last night that she had seen him. He had begged for just a word then, and she had denied him even that. Softly and caressingly she spoke to the spirit of young Peabody, "I was not human, Elihu; but I am now—now that you are no more."

AT LAST the tears were loosened. Without shame she wept, surrounded by the ruined splendor of her race. She knew now with a knowledge that tortured her that she loved Elihu and had loved him all along, and that he was lying dead somewhere in the neutral zone. All she cared for she had sacrificed to Greece, and she was left, an utter beggar, alone, on the very threshold of life.

She felt the more miserable because her lover had died without knowing how much she cared for him. Sob after sob shook her. The French sailors, who had climbed the fence while she had been speaking with Megacles, watched her pityingly from their concealment, unable to help or comfort her. They laid their hands on their automatic pistols and longed for some one to fight in her behalf.

Suddenly Artemis started up, listening. Some one was coming. Under the translucent blue of the night a solitary figure was ascending the marble steps.

Artemis wanted to run to meet him, but all she did was to raise herself on her knees and wait, unable to do more. Her arms were outstretched toward him, and then without knowing it she cried out his name.

In an instant Peabody had sprung to her and was holding in his arms a clinging little figure, a girl sobbing and crying, unquestionably a woman, indubitably his very own by the greatest force that binds one life to another.

Neither of them knew how long they stood there clasped in each other's arms. Time was a part of eternity and their love was that eternity itself. At last Elihu held her from him. "You have not asked me how I succeeded?"

"You are back. So I know."

FROM his breast-pocket he brought forth the cross of the Bysas. He placed the chain around her neck, and the jeweled cross gleamed faintly on the blue of her ezzone tunic.

"I reached Athens this afternoon," Elihu went on, "and the town was full of rumors about you. First, I heard that your marriage to the crown prince was soon to take place, then that you were very ill at the palace. When I reached the legation they gave me your note. I did not know what to make of it, but I decided to come up here anyway. It is two hours since I started. I suppose it was nerves, but I had the idea that I was being followed, so I doubled about like a hunted fox. If they managed to keep in my trail—Hark! What is that?"

Pat, pat, pat! The tread of feet in unison was coming up to the gate. There was a sharp command in a voice which Artemis recognized as that of the young German officer who was staying incognito in the palace.

"Quick! Make your escape," Elihu commanded. "I locked the gate. That will delay them some time. Then I can keep them from passing through the Propylæa for a quarter of an hour more."

In a flash Artemis saw the queen's strategem. She had had Elihu watched and followed, in the hope of tracking her down through him. Below she could hear Megacles protesting that he could not find his key. He spoke loud, shouting out his words. Artemis understood that he was trying to warn her. Her heart throbbed, but her mind worked clearly and rapidly.

"DEAR one, I could not escape if I tried, and I am not afraid of those ezzones—I am only afraid of your willingness to do for me more than I have yet asked of you—more than I expected ever to ask of any man. I want you to hide, and leave me alone with the ezzones."

"You ask me to hide, while you face them alone?" Elihu cried.

"Yes, it is that I ask of you. If the danger were only for me, I could not ask it. We would stand side by side and fight—and Spiro has taught me to fight well. But the danger is to my country and the Entente. You do not know the Greeks. If they found me here with you, alone at night, I should have no influence over them. Will you do this greatest of services for me? Will you hide?"

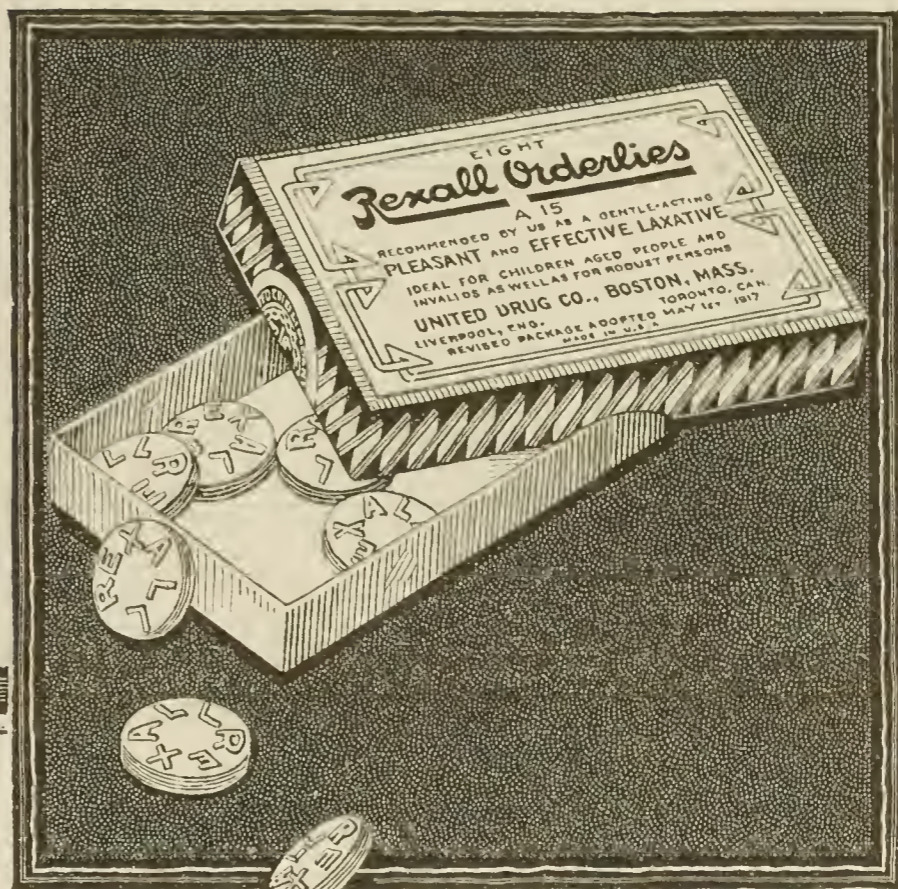
Elihu kissed her hand and without another word left her. Megacles by now had reluctantly opened the gate, and the ezzones were advancing two at a time, their officer following.

Artemis stood with crossed arms between two of the columns of the Propylæa. So still was she that she might have been a statue herself, and when the officer first perceived her he stopped, open-mouthed. Then he came a step nearer, to make sure of the identity of his prey.

"Aha! So it is you—dishonoring the uniform. I have tracked you down at last. You are under arrest, Fräulein."

The eight ezzones he commanded belonged to the king's guard, which was supposed to be devoted heart and soul to the Royalist cause. Yet Artemis had faith enough in the Greek spirit, which first had conceived the idea of democracy, to appeal to it, even under the present circumstances.

Concluded on page 56



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naturally
and form
no habit~

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Do the cracks in your floors spoil the looks of your rooms?

Above are two pictures of the same living-room. The only difference in the two pictures is in the floors. On the left a wood floor is shown, with its unsightly (and unsanitary) cracks. On the right a Blabon Art Floor of Linoleum—with its wide expanse of smoothly beautiful (and sanitary) surface.

The superior attractiveness of Blabon Art Floors rest not only on this one point. Unlike wood floors Blabon Art Floors are made in a variety of colors and designs. For example, the plain Blabon Art Floor shown above is made in brown, gray, green, blue and terra cotta. We also make 357 tile, mosaic, carpet, matting, hardwood and other designs in many colors for every room in the house.

Blabon Art Floors when waxed and polished have all the luster of hardwood. Quieter and softer to the tread than any other type of floor. Easy to clean, and keep clean. Wonderfully durable. Moderate in price. See your dealer, or write for booklet.

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BLABON ART Linoleums

THOSE FLOORS

BY MARTHA H. CUTLER

WHAT shall we do with our floors? Those who put in hardwood floors some years ago thought their question was answered for all time. But many of them have since confessed to a bitter disillusionment. The correct process of caring for hardwood floors is a simple one, but the materials must be the best.

FREQUENTLY it is necessary to darken or to change the color of a floor. Light floors, while they have the advantage of not showing dust, do not make a satisfactory foundation for the color scheme of a room. The floor color should be the darkest in a room, and light, shining borders round a rug neither fulfil this requirement nor make an artistic background for the rug itself.

The oil stains are highly satisfactory and the man who makes his own will be sure that the materials are the best.

Directions for mixing stains and details concerning the application of various finishes as well as the selection of floor coverings will be sent out by THE DELINEATOR on request.

If the floor is made of one of the open-grained woods, oak, mahogany or walnut, the next process after staining is the application of a good paste "filler." In twenty-four hours this will be hard and the floor must be sandpapered smooth with 00 sandpaper. Close-grained woods like pine, chestnut, birch and cedar do not require the filler.

BEFORE either a varnish or a wax is used the floor must be smooth, dry and clean, free from all loose dirt. Usually two coats of varnish are required, with a twenty-four hour wait, for drying, between applications. The best waterproof varnishes, if they are properly used, are guaranteed not to show water marks, heel marks, and so forth.

If a dull finish is desired, the final coat can be rubbed down with powdered pumice and water forty-eight hours after it has been applied. A varnish used for out-of-door work is splendid for kitchen floors. It seems like tempting Providence to pour boiling water on any varnish, but we are told this particular varnish has stood even that test.

A wax finish is both beautiful and durable if it is kept renewed. When the floor is to have extremely hard wear, a ground-work for the wax is supplied by a preliminary coat of under-lac or varnish.

Both waterproof varnish and wax are now used to preserve linoleum. Good linoleum is expensive, but its long service justifies its cost. It is the part of wisdom to take every precaution to make it last. Disaster is caused by allowing water to get under it and into its pores. To avoid the former, the linoleum should be firmly cemented in place; to escape the latter, varnish or wax should be used as a protection.

Authorities differ about the comparative advantages of these two preventives. It has been proved that unless a very good quality of waterproof varnish is used, it will merely stiffen the linoleum and make it crack. Precaution must be taken in the use of either.

OLD floors are, of course, the serious problem. Individual advice is really needed for each, since the conditions vary. It is not always necessary to remove the old finish and start again, but it frequently is.

If the old finish is a varnish, the professional uses a steel scraper and sometimes a plane. The amateur will find it simpler to use one of the patent "removers," although the greatest care must be taken in washing it off with gasoline after it has done its work. Be desperately cautious in using gasoline. If any of it is left, the new finish will not harden.

Oxalic acid will remove stains; but that, too, must be neutralized by a thorough washing with weak ammonia water or there will be trouble. An old wax finish may be cleaned off with benzol or with one of the solvents on the market. There are many preparations for cleaning and reviving floors if extreme measures are not required.

Information about rugs and full directions for refinishing floors and materials to be used in this work will be sent to you if you request them of Harriet Baxter Sheldon, Interior-Decoration Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Concluded from page 54

IN PAWN TO A THRONE

Standing there amid all that spoke of the highest Hellenic ideals, with the cross of the Bysas on her breast, she was like a vision from those far-off times when her race had led the world. Disregarding the pompous German, she appealed passionately to her countrymen: "Sons of Hellas, I am Artemis Bysas. You all know my family; you all know it has ever stood for the honor of Greece. To-day Hellas is passing through her darkest hour. A foreign-born woman who is our queen has brought dishonor upon us, to satisfy the aspirations of her own race. I have used your uniform—not to dishonor it, but to help save the honor of your country. Whoever touches me betrays Hellas and serves Prussia."

HANS VON KLENZE had seen much since coming to Greece which had outraged his sense of the fitness of things, but nothing to equal this of a prisoner's daring to dispute the question of her arrest. He fairly gurgled with indignation.

"Arrest her!" he sputtered. No one moved. One of the *evzones* spoke: "Kyria Artemis, tell us, for we are truly bewildered. We did not know whom we came here to hunt for. We were told you were ill in the palace—and here the lieutenant tells us you have betrayed the king, while you tell us the queen has betrayed Greece."

"*Evzones!* Spiro Millioti, whom you all know, was killed because he would not serve Prussia. I escaped at night, and went to Saloniki to thwart the foreigner who rules over us and would betray our honor. Is there one of you who would do less?"

One who has not lived in Greece can hardly appreciate how typical this whole scene was. Certainly to Hans von Klenze it was so fantastic for soldiers to discuss the ethical aspect of an order that he felt as if he were losing his mind. Furthermore, he perceived that he was losing control of his men. He drew his pistol from its holster and shouted furiously: "Hold your tongues, you swine! Arrest her at once, and bring her along by force, or I will shoot her where she stands."

A SINGLE shot rang through the night, and Hans von Klenze, blond beast from Prussia, crumpled up on the marble steps, his automatic falling from his hand. "That is the last time you will call us 'swine,'" said one of the *evzones* calmly, putting his pistol back into its holster. "We are not Germans. Now, Kyria Artemis, at your orders." In the startled hush that followed, there sounded swift footsteps.

"Hands up!" came a sharp command in a French accent. "The first man who moves, dies." The *evzones* glanced about and saw nothing but the muzzles of automatic pistols. In the darkness they seemed to be surrounded by an army of French sailors. "Who is there?" Artemis called in alarm. "Friends!" answered an ensign, stepping forward and saluting. "The commandant ordered us, without obtrusiveness, to see that you reached your home in safety. It seemed necessary to obtrude."

Artemis turned to the *evzones*. "It is only our French brothers. They will not hurt us. They are the allies of all true Hellenes. If any of you wish to go to Saloniki to fight to rehabilitate the honor of our country, come forward and give your hand to this officer. If

there are any of you who still feel that they owe allegiance to the foreign traitors who are our rulers, you may go free. I give you my word that no one will molest you."

"No!" cried one of the *evzones*. "What we want you to do is to give us your word, as a Bysas, that the Other One in Saloniki is not a traitor, as we have been told."

"On this cross of the Bysas I swear to you that he in Saloniki stands for the honor of your race. Who fights for him fights for Greece!" One of the *evzones* stepped forward and offered his hand to the French ensign, who had spoken in Greek, and who not only took the hand, but kissed the young Greek on both cheeks. Following this, one after the other, they all stepped forward and gave their hands to the ensign.

The man on the ground moaned. "Pick up that *canaille*," the officer said to his men. "We will take him to the ship and try to mend him up, though he isn't worth it."

Four of the sailors picked up the German. "Allons! *En avant!*" commanded the ensign. He himself lingered an instant. "France, mademoiselle, watches over you."

Artemis touched the cross on her breast. "May France ever be victorious, so that barbarism may not prevail."

Down the steps he ran after his men, whom Megacles was letting out of the gate.

When all was silent again, Elihu came forth from his hiding-place.

"Not a very heroic rôle you assigned to me, my Pallas Athena."

ARTEMIS took both his hands in hers. "Only a great-minded man would have been able to sink his pride and play so unheroic a part. Yet had you not done as I asked, I should never have succeeded with the *evzones*. Then there might have been a pitched battle and incalculable harm done. And now I must leave you again. Mr. Venizelos wishes me to go to France and England. My work here is done." "My work begins—and I, too, must go to France; for my country is at war."

He took her in his arms. "Let me bring you to the safety of our legation to-night, and to-morrow let us be married and go to France together. I have your guardian's consent, and it is befitting a Bysas to be a bride of war. Will you?"

The old whimsical smile returned to Artemis's lips, enhanced by a new tenderness.

"Why not, since you answered my call and came to life? But you must remember that so long as I live part of me belongs to Greece. Whenever she needs me I must come to her."

"A part of me, too, will belong to her. She will have the two of us instead of only one."

SUDDENLY she pushed Elihu from her, and, gazing sternly up at him, demanded: "And after the war is over, and you have served your country, what will you do then, Mr. Elihu Peabody?"

"I shall watch over you the rest of my life." "No; I mean, what will you do to uphold the traditions of your name?"

The American laughed. "You stickler for traditions! I had already decided on that some time ago. It shall be 'Peabody & Son.'"

And far away in America, Mr. Peabody, Senior, before going to sleep folded his hands once more and said: "They will be done."

The End

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THIS IS "FINANCIAL SENSATION," THE \$60,000 BULL. HIS BIRTHDAY, AND HIS SIXTEEN GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, ARE RECORDED. IS NOT A BABY WORTH THE NOTICE GIVEN A BEAST OF THE FIELD? IS YOUR BABY'S BIRTH REGISTERED?

BABY'S BIRTHDAY WHY HE SHOULD KNOW IT

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

WHO are you? Do you really know and can you prove it? Or are your identity and age only matters of hearsay?

Will your baby be able to prove definitely at every turn in his life just who and how old he is? He will if his birth is registered. Otherwise he will not.

A young woman out in Indiana has recently learned the truth of this to her sorrow. And to her financial loss as well, for a birth certificate was all that stood between her poverty and a life of comfort.

Her parents were Swiss, but Mary was born in this country. When she was three years old her father was killed in an accident, leaving the little girl and her mother without a penny.

It doesn't need a very fertile brain to imagine the struggles and hardship that these two suffered during the years that followed. Nor the blessed relief they felt when word came of the inheritance that had fallen to Mary through the death of her uncle in Switzerland.

All that Mary had to do, in order to come into the inheritance, was to establish her identity. That would be simple enough, she thought, for a certified copy of her birth certificate would prove legally that she was she.

And so, the happiest girl in all the land, she sallied forth to the town hall for this necessary bit of evidence. But it was not forthcoming.

Diligent and repeated search through the official records failed to reveal any mention of Mary's birth. Preposterous thought it was, she had to believe the unbelievable fact that her parents had not regarded her birth—the most important event in the entire span of her existence—as of sufficient importance for record.

She was then informed that the Swiss Government would accept a sworn statement from the doctor who had presided at her birth. But he had died long since. It was finally agreed upon that there was no other possible method of proving that Mary was Mary.

Accordingly her property was lost and the unfortunate mother and daughter continued their combat with poverty.

A SECOND story from life, equally astounding, but with a happier ending, is told by Doctor Hurty, Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Health.

This one also is about a girl whose claim to her inheritance was challenged, in this instance, because there was a doubt about her age. Her grandfather had left his estate to his unreliable son in trust, the money to be transferred to his granddaughter upon her twenty-first birthday.

When she reached this age and claimed her property her father disputed the claim and demanded evidence of her alleged age, asserting that she was in fact only nineteen. As there was no record of the girl's birth, the court was in a quandary. The matter was discussed far and wide.

Finally, in an inspired moment, one of the old residents in the community remembered that a valuable cow belonging to the deceased grandfather had given birth to a calf on the day that the baby granddaughter was born, and he remembered it so well that he was willing to swear to it.

The calf represented a definite money value. Its birth would have been recorded as a matter of course. Sure enough, it was found that the

birth of the calf had been carefully registered and the date coincided with the one claimed by the heiress as her natal day. Thus was she enabled to acquire the property and only because the birthday of a calf had been recorded.

There are other animals—not human—whose births are registered: Horses and dogs; no end of dogs; cats of high degree and known ancestry, which are of such consequence that they must be kept track of; and cocks and other noble members of the feathered family. Even the jackass, the butt of many of our best jokes, can smile down upon us with patronage and condescension. For is not his existence formally and solemnly entered in ink on a carefully preserved and cherished record? While we less consequent creatures scramble through life ignobly unregistered.

IN NEW Jersey there is a beautiful, sleek and arrogant bull, named Financial Sensation. He is regarded with fitting honor and respect by his unregistered human admirers. And no wonder! He has a birth certificate and it contains minute information about his sixteen great-great-grandparents. What wouldn't his human admirers give could they say the same!

It is left for them, if they were born in most States of this country, to be ranged along with such as the mule, who, as Mark Twain once put it, is "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity." For how can there be a claim to ancestors or even to descendants of whose existence there is no record and, consequently, speaking legally, no positive knowledge?

But of definite, practical importance all through our workaday life is the fact that a birth certificate is always accepted as unquestionable legal evidence of one's age, parentage or citizenship. It gives proof that one is old enough to go to school or to leave school; to go to work; to vote; or to marry. During the recent war every one who went into overseas service, soldier, sailor, doctor, nurse or social worker, was confronted with a request for a birth certificate.

It is manifestly impossible to enforce laws for compulsory education and prohibition of child labor without adequate and enforced laws for birth registration. Purposeful effort to reduce our inexcusably high baby-death-rate can be begun, and satisfactorily continued, only in those localities where there is knowledge of the birth-rate.

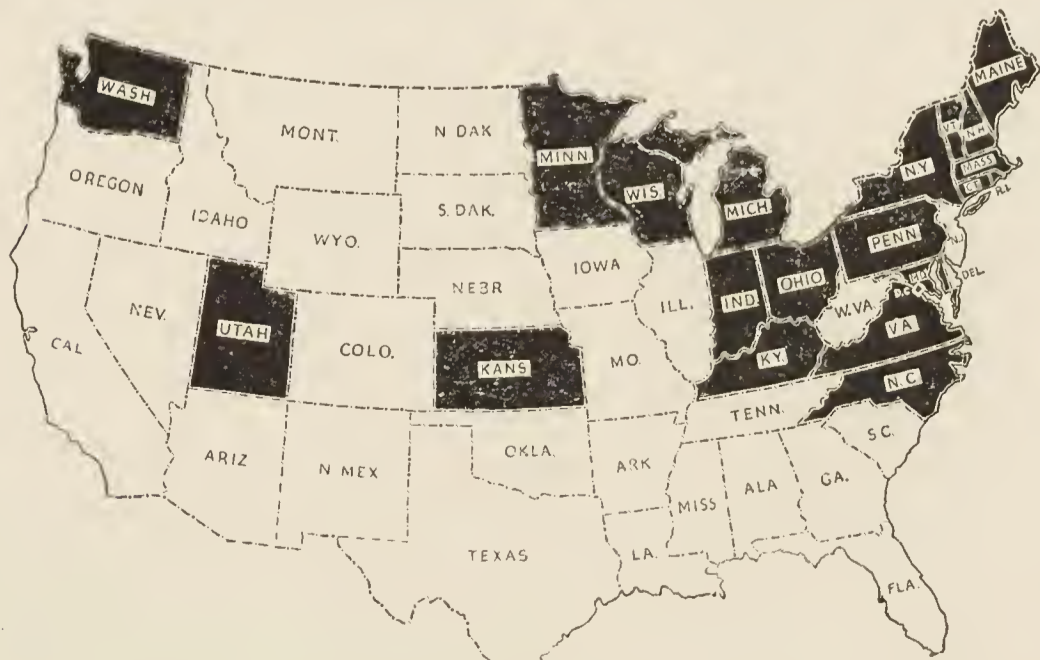
Europeans take the question of birth-registration seriously. In England, for example, not only must births be reported, but they must be reported within thirty-six hours.

But in the United States the Bureau of the Census at Washington, in 1917, listed but twenty States, besides the District of Columbia, as having birth-registration laws whose provisions and enforcement were adequate.

These States comprise only 50.9 per cent. of the estimated population of the country, and are printed in black on the map shown below. Is your State among these?

If not, make it your business to see that steps are taken to add it to this honor roll. If you don't know how to go about it, write to me and I'll tell you.

Don't let your baby go through life with any uncertainty about his identity. Register his birth.



ONLY THE STATES IN BLACK HAVE ADEQUATE BIRTH-REGULATION LAWS



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SEASONABLE MEALS

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

Menus for a Week in September

SUNDAY BREAKFAST		
Blue Grapes	Corn-Meal Muffins	Spanish Omelet*
	Coffee	Apple Jelly Milk
DINNER		
Chicken Pie	Corn on the Cob	Mashed Potatoes
	Apricot-and-Marshmallow Salad	Scalloped Cabbage
	Ginger Ice-Cream*	
SUPPER		
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches*		Lemonade
MONDAY BREAKFAST		
Diced Watermelon	Quince Jelly	Toasted Corn-Meal Muffins
		Coffee
MILK		
LUNCH OR SUPPER		
Poached Eggs with Lobster Sauce*	Coffee-Cakes*	Blue-Plum Salad
		Coffee
DINNER		
Roast Leg of Lamb	Mint Sauce	Browned Potatoes
Large Radishes Boiled and Buttered	Apple Pie	Creamed Cauliflower
TUESDAY BREAKFAST		
Sliced Peaches	Coffee	Toast
		Milk
LUNCH OR SUPPER		
Baked Potatoes	Salad of Romaine	Creamed Dried Beef
Oatmeal Cookies		Poached Plums
DINNER		
Macaroni and Cheese	Grape Sherbet	Tomato Salad
WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST		
Baked Pears	Coffee	Corn-Meal Mush with Top-Milk
		Toast
		Milk
LUNCH OR SUPPER		
Broiled Frankfurters	Hot Apple-Sauce	Potato Salad
		Gingerbread
DINNER		
Baked Beans	Scalloped Potatoes	Stuffed Baked Onions
		Peach Shortcake
THURSDAY BREAKFAST		
Wheat Cereal Molded with Dates	Coffee	Top-Milk or Cream
		Toast
		Milk
LUNCH OR SUPPER		
Old-Fashioned Hash	Baking-Powder Biscuits	Lettuce with French Dressing
		Honey
DINNER		
Sliced Ham	Creamed Potatoes	Mustard Sauce
	Cucumber Salad	Glazed Carrots
		Lemon Pie
FRIDAY BREAKFAST		
Sliced Pineapple	Coffee	Cinnamon Toast
		Prepared Breakfast Food
		Milk
LUNCH OR SUPPER		
Bread and Butter	Salad of Tomatoes Stuffed with Cream Cheese	Caramel Custard
DINNER		
Broiled Haddock with Sauce Piquante*	Baked Apples with Whipped Cream	String-Beans
		Boiled Potatoes
SATURDAY BREAKFAST		
Oatmeal with Sliced Bananas and Top-Milk or Cream	Toast	Peach Butter
	Coffee	Milk
LUNCH		
Daisy Salad*	Chocolate Pudding	Toasted Bread
DINNER		
Roast Pork	Fried Apples	Plain Corn
	Grape Jelly*	

* RECIPES for the dishes starred in these menus will be sent upon request. Address Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

IF YOU follow the suggestions of these menus it will probably mean that you will have on hand during the latter part of August and the first of September extra vegetables and fruits, corn, tomatoes, apples, plums, peaches, grapes and so forth.

You older housekeepers will have pretty clear ideas in your own minds as to how you will use or preserve these. Your long experience and your knowledge of what your family likes during the Winter months are the only guides you need.

The following advice, therefore, is particularly for the young or inexperienced housekeeper, a little chat to help her to decide what to do with any surplus.

If you have a cellar or basement storeroom, plan to store as many potatoes, onions, carrots, beets, pumpkins, squash and apples as your family will need. Store only the more nearly perfect apples and vegetables, however.

CORN dries readily and is a palatable product to use during the Winter. Remember that it should be treated as soon after the picking and husking as possible. The following directions are taken from the Wisconsin bulletin on drying:

"Immediately after husking, place the ears in unsalted boiling water for five minutes; plunge into cold water; drain or wipe with clean towels; cut kernels from cob, being careful not to cut too close to the cob. Use a sharp knife. Dry in a warm oven by placing it on clean platters, dripping-pans or trays. Leave the oven door open while the corn is drying. Stir frequently during the drying process. Do not over-heat. The temperature should never exceed one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit. Allow corn to remain in a dry place for several days, turning it frequently in the mean time; this permits more complete and effective drying. Store in paper bags or boxes."

SHOULD you have extra tomatoes, grapes, plums, peaches or pears you will probably wish to can or preserve them. By "preserves," of course, is meant fruit canned in a very heavy sirup, using a fairly large proportion of sugar (three-fourths pound of sugar to every pound of prepared fruit).

Any of these fruits, and here I include tomatoes as a fruit, may be successfully canned either by the "open-kettle" or the "cold-pack" method.

By the open-kettle method is meant cooking the fruit in a saucepan and then transferring the material to sterilized jars, filling and sealing at once with sterilized caps and rubbers.

By the cold-pack method is meant packing the fruit cold and raw in sterilized jars, covering with a sirup of the density desired, topping lightly with the sterilized rubber and cap (not sealing tightly), and processing for a given length of time in a hot-water bath or in a pressure cooker. This method has been hailed with much delight because it has enabled us to can vegetables other than tomatoes, which have always been successfully "put up," even by the open-kettle method.

It is impossible in a space as limited as this to give complete directions for cold-pack canning. I will, however, gladly send the details of this method to any young housekeeper who

will write to me stating what she wishes and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

IMPERFECT apples, besides being very good when canned as apple-sauce, are useful in other ways. The apple-juice strained is excellent for jelly-making. In fact, when other fruit-juice will not "jell," a quantity of apple-juice boiled up with it will often "turn the trick."

APPLE JELLY

COVER quartered apples, parings and cores with water and cook until very soft; drain through a jelly-bag into a pan. This process will take some time. Do not try to hasten it. Measure the juice obtained, and then measure out three-fourths as much sugar. Boil the juice twenty minutes, then add the sugar which has been heating in the oven and let it all boil until the jelly test is obtained. During the boiling remove the scum which rises to the top. The jelly test consists merely in dropping a little of the liquid from a spoon. If it has boiled sufficiently long it "jells" as it falls.

Apple catchup is another pleasant dish.

APPLE CATCHUP

1 quart unsweetened apple sauce
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon mustard
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon onion extract
1 teaspoon cloves
2 teaspoons salt
1 pint vinegar

SIMMER slowly until thick, bottle and seal. A similar catchup can be made from plums or grapes, and spiced to taste. Sorghum or molasses may be added if a sweet sauce is liked.

THE following are also prime favorites and not too difficult for first attempts in this line:

INDIAN CHUTNEY

2 dozen ripe tomatoes, medium-sized, chopped
6 onions, medium-sized
3 red peppers, chopped
3 green peppers, chopped
1 pound seedless raisins
1 cup celery, cut fine
2 quarts vinegar
3 cups sugar
Salt to taste
1 dozen tart apples, chopped

COMBINE the ingredients and cook until all are soft and the chutney is thick. Pour into hot sterile jars and seal them.

GRAPE FUDGE

4 pounds seeded Concord grapes (pulp and skins)
4 pounds sugar
1½ pound English walnuts

BREAK walnuts into small pieces, mix all the ingredients and cook together for twenty minutes, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Pack in sterilized tumblers and cover with melted paraffin.

CHILI SAUCE

COOK together twelve large tomatoes, chopped; two medium-sized onions chopped fine; three green peppers chopped fine; two tablespoons salt; three cups vinegar; one tablespoon mustard; one teaspoon cinnamon; one teaspoon nutmeg; and two tablespoons sugar, about one hour and one-half, and seal the mixture in scalded jars or bottles.

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THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

this explanation for a purpose. Her heart was beating like a trip-hammer, but she felt no panic now that she was standing close to Gerald, listening to his calm voice. When he walked to the window she followed him silently. He investigated this window as he had done the one in the library; then, throwing a leg over the sill, he stepped out. Rosalie, leaning out beside him, gave a little gasp of fear. She had supposed there was a balcony, or at least the roof of a porch, but when she looked down she saw that Gerald was apparently standing on thin air. He was holding to something alongside the window-frame. Slowly he was working his way along the side of the house. She was about to beg him to come back when he reappeared beside the window.

"There's a ledge running along to the wing," he whispered. "I believe we can make it, if you're willing to try it. It's narrow, but by holding on to the vine that covers the side of the house it's safe enough. Give me the bag and furs. Now, step out—no, backward! I'll guide your foot. That's it—now put your hand here—get the vine? That's right! No, don't look down! I've got hold of you—you can't fall!"

SHE obeyed his instructions silently, while in the pit of her stomach there began a queer sensation as if that part of her anatomy harbored a whirlpool. In spite of the chill breeze that blew over the park-like lawns a hot perspiration broke out on her body. She would never have believed that human knees could take up so much room as hers did as she flattened herself out against the wall. The ledge was just wide enough to support her feet if she placed them sidewise on it. The vine, friendly at the beginning of the journey, had a way of falling her every few feet, leaving her left hand groping desperately for it.

But Gerald's grip on her arm never slackened. His voice was always in her ear just at the instant when it seemed to her she could not lift her foot to make the next move.

"Only a few steps more," he would whisper. "You're doing splendidly! Now, stand perfectly still—something's happened to this confounded vine!"

Something had indeed happened—the vine had suddenly ceased to be! There was a dreadful stretch of bare, smooth wall. She knew it before he told her, for she had stretched out her left arm and there was nothing there to take hold of. It was incredible that a thing so friendly could be so treacherous. Pressed desperately close to the wall, she could not repress a sob.

Gerald's voice was close to her ear. "Six steps to the side will do it, dearest. Flatten your arms out along the wall. Don't think about trying to hold on to anything. Move your foot along slowly."

"I can't!" she moaned softly. "If I let go of the vine I shall fall backward! Let me go back, Gerald—let me go back to the window. You go on—"

"Rosalie!" His voice was steel. She knew that this was the way it must have sounded when he gave a command to his men. It thrilled through her, whipping her nerves, drawing her up to attention.

"Stretch out your left hand till you touch my shoulder," he snapped. "Now—move! You can't fall—you—can't—fall—you're—doing—fine—you—"

AND then suddenly he stopped, for his own left hand had touched the wall of the east wing. Now the most difficult moment of the whole feat had arrived, for he had to turn about on the narrow ledge, which stopped at the wing, reach out and pull himself on to a narrow balcony that extended under four windows. Once he had done this, it was a matter merely of leaning over the railing to steady Rosalie as she, too, turned herself about.

The instant she saw the balcony, confidence returned to her. The floor of the little balcony was on a level with her waist. It required a good deal of scrambling and tugging, but eventually she stood beside Gerald on the balcony, trembling a good deal, feeling all at once a deadly weakness.

Holding to the balcony rail she looked back at the way they had come. In the window of the library a light flashed out. It fell in a golden oblong across the trees and the snow-powdered lawn. A man's head and shoulders appeared at the window, scanning the darkness. She shrank back against Gerald and they stood motionless, clutching each other, in the dark corner of the balcony. In a moment the man disappeared, but shadows showed in the oblong of light as on a pale-golden screen. Evidently two or three persons were moving about in the library.

It was immediately that they heard the sound of hammering blows.

"They're breaking into the bedroom," Gerald said, under his breath.

AT THEIR backs was a window. Gerald put up a swift hand and gave an exclamation of satisfaction; the window moved up at the first push. They stepped through it into a room that was full of the ghostly shapes of chairs and couches in gray linen coverings. Gerald closed the window behind them. This room, they discovered, opened on to a short side corridor which ran the length of the wing. Reconnoitering cautiously, Gerald came back and beckoned her to follow him.

At the end of the corridor was the black well of a service stairway. As they slipped toward this they could hear the sound of hammering blows and voices, muffled by the wall of the inner corridor. Their pursuers would very shortly be in the bedroom; they would find the open window and come to the conclusion there had been a getaway by way of the ground. They would then at once surround the house and begin searching the grounds.

These thoughts were in both minds as Gerald and Rosalie felt their way down the stairs, into a narrow hall, through this and

then into a small storeroom out of which opened the stairs to the basement. At the top of these stairs Gerald paused, doing a quick bit of thinking.

"They'll search this side of the grounds first," he said under his breath. "We want to get away from this wing—keep close behind me—walk as still as you can—"

He turned and boldly crossed the kitchen, an enormous, old-fashioned room, behind the huge range of which Rosalie imagined that some one would surely spring out at them. By this time she felt as if there were quicksilver instead of blood in her veins, her hearing had become painfully acute, every creak of the boards under her feet causing the skin to creep at the back of her neck.

THEY went from one room to another—scullery, storerooms, butler's pantry, servants' dining-room—and before the opening of each door there came that breath-arresting instant when she wondered if this would be the last door before they came upon a room occupied by some one posted to watch for them.

But with each step Gerald was working toward the west side of the house, and in the servants' dining-room they came to an outer door—unlocked save by a bolt on the inside. Drawing aside the muslin curtain over the glass of this door, they could see a stretch of what had at one time been a large kitchen-garden; beyond this was a maze of stables, garage, a conservatory with much of its glass broken and an expanse of cold-frames glistening under a watery moonlight. The sky was clearing; the kitchen-garden appeared uncomfortably stark and unshadowed. It afforded no protection except through a double row of dead pea-vines and a few straw-en-shrouded shrubs. But they had to cross it to gain the shelter of the stables; and after a listening moment Gerald unbolted the door.

Rosalie now knew what it was to feel like a rabbit which has momentarily thrown the pack off the scent. Running fleetly, bending double between the pea-vines, dodging from one stack to another, she followed the leader toward the longed-for shadow of the stables. It was in reality only a short dash, but it seemed a mile before they had rounded the corner of the first building and paused for her to get her breath.

THE stable, or garage, was now between them and the house. Through a little wilderness of trees and shrubbery they could see the high brick wall that surrounded the estate. Following along in the shadow of the garage, they came to its west corner. Taking advantage of a mass of lilac-bushes planted here, Gerald took a quick survey. Then he motioned to Rosalie to follow. He had seen that a driveway led from this side of the building off into the shrubbery. They did not dare step out into it, but they were able to follow it without leaving the shelter of the tangle of shrubs and trees that outlined its course, and, stopping now and then to listen and watch, they came at last to an opening in the wall which was plainly the service gateway to the place.

They stepped into what was plainly not the main road. But when they had walked along it a few yards they could see the woods in which Rosalie had hidden. They stopped for a brief, whispered consultation. The result was that they decided to run the risk of being seen on the main highroad, to cross it and plunge into the woods, which offered more shelter than the cross-roads. There was one anxious moment as they reached the corner where the lane met the main road. Peering out from behind the corner of the Lemar wall, they could see far down the road to where it broadened and curved toward the gates of the Lemar estate. There was no one in sight.

AS LONG as she lived, Rosalie never forgot the sensation of relief she felt as the friendly trees closed around them and the darkness of the woods covered them. Following closely behind Gerald, she walked, holding her breath each time a twig snapped or dead leaves rustled under their feet. But in ten minutes they had left behind them every sight and sound of the abhorred Lemar estate. There was absolute silence about them except that very faint and far-away sounded the whistle of a train. The wood was not so dark as when she had first entered it earlier that evening, and the pale moonlight falling through the leafless branches showed a rough stone fence, evidently dividing two country places. The ground began to rise rather sharply; the underbrush and dead branches underfoot disappeared; they were approaching the other side of the wood and in a few moments would probably come out upon the edge of some one's home fields. Rosalie realized for the first time that this part of Long Island is too densely settled to be comfortable for fugitives. Her heart sank as she thought of sinking through some one's premises, into a village where every eye turned in her direction would make her wince. Also she was suddenly aware that she was terribly tired. A sickening numbness was creeping over her; her head felt queer and light; the black trees danced about her.

AS IF he felt how it was with her, Gerald turned and, putting his arms under hers, he half-carried her up the slope. They reached level ground, the trees thinned, and abruptly they came out upon a paved road, on the other side of which was a low wall, a gateway and a pretentious lodge with an iron griffin over its doorway.

"Hallelujah! I know where we are!" Gerald exclaimed. "That's the Garnet place—visited there once—half a mile more is Barrington Center. We left Lemar's a mile away across the woods, two miles by road. At Barrington we'll get a taxi—by George, it's lucky I didn't tell my driver to wait!"

"Your driver?"

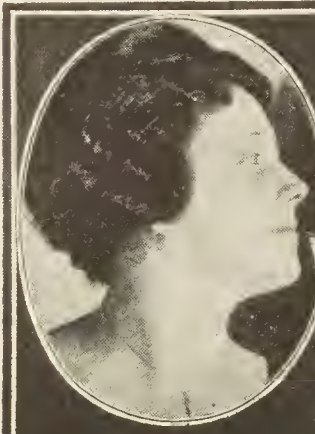
"Yes; I came out here by motor. Picked

Continued on page 61

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Continued from page 60

THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

up a wandering night-hawk in town. But some hunch told me to dismiss him at the cross-roads just before I got to the Lemar place. They can't trace me that way, at all events."

They sat down on the stone fence while Gerald went over the advantages of their situation. They had successfully evaded their pursuers for the time being; of that he felt confident. Of course, if the men who discovered Lemar's unconscious body should immediately telephone the police to watch the station nearest to the Lemar estate, they would be in danger of being arrested on suspicion. And yet, as far as they knew, they had not left behind them a single clue; the motor-cyclist had not actually seen Rosalie go into the place; and no one, as far as he knew, had seen Gerald enter or leave. Gerald gave a sigh of relief.

"There are nine chances in our favor to one against us!" he cried. "And I'll tell you what we're going to do: we're going to forget the arm of the law is feeling for us, for after all we're as innocent as lambs; and as for your sister, I believe that what she did was done in self-defense. We're going to walk right out on the highroad, as bold as you please. We're a pair of lovers who are taking a stroll in the moonlight. I've just got home from overseas, and we've come out to Barrington to have supper and dance at the King's Inn, which is right around here somewhere—"

"Oh, Gerald! Dare we?"
 "Dare we? We don't dare do anything else! Why, you poor little scared thing, we're not guilty! Just get that out of your mind. From this minute we shake off all that back there. Darling, we shake it off—for the rest of our lives."

"Gerald, how you must hate what I've dragged you into—"

"Don't! We won't talk about it now, sweetheart. You're dead tired. I know it by your voice. Wait until you've had a chance to rest. There are things I've got to say to you, too, but they'll wait until we're out of here. Come; it isn't much farther now."

THEY stood up. In the darkness of the wood, with the unforgettable smell of leaves wet with snow-water in their nostrils, with the cool, damp wind on their cheeks, they stood, very close, gazing at each other. And all the doubts, the agonies, suddenly evaporated before the one great fact of their physical nearness. With a gesture as old as time, his arms went out to gather her in, and hers went up about his neck. Desperately, as if to make up for what each had suffered, as if incredulous of the miracle that had brought them together again, they clung to each other with something frenzied in their clasp. Their lips clung as if they suffered from a mortal thirst. Everything that had been was forgotten in the quenching of that thirst.

"Gerald—that letter—" she whispered presently. "Did you mean—"

He stopped the words with a quick kiss. "Dearest, there are things I don't understand yet, but I do know this: from the minute I heard your voice back there, in that dark room, before I even saw your face, I knew that I was going to fight for you. You are my wife, my very own, and nothing, nothing, ever is going to come between us. Somehow we're going to get things clear between us. I knew that the instant I saw your eyes. Oh, Rosalie, I've been through such hell—you never can know what hell—but it all vanished when I saw your eyes—such sweet, clean eyes you have, Rosalie! How can you ever forgive me for forgetting your eyes, dear?"

Her arms tightened about him as if to protect him from his own remorse; with her lips against his cheek she murmured over and over her love, her pathetic gratitude, her unbelievable joy.

They might have been standing there half an hour later, had not the sudden sharp barking of a dog somewhere on the grounds of the near-by country place aroused them. Gerald looked at his watch with a start. Eleven o'clock! They must be on their way.

THEY left the wood and struck out along the road to the west. A quarter of a mile of rapid walking brought them to a brightly lighted inn that stood back some distance from the road. A short distance below them were the lights of the village of Barrington Center. Along the half-moon of driveway in front of the inn three or four motors were parked; the sound of music from a harp and violin came out to them.

Rosalie shrank back a little.
 "Do you think we'd better?" she whispered.
 "Of course! For one reason, you need some hot food. When did you have dinner?"

She admitted that she could not remember having had any, at which he hurried her into the inn without further ado.

"Remember," he admonished her, "we've motored out from New York, and our car is having a new tire put on at the garage."

The inn had once been quite a royal manor-house, with a wide hall down the center and two huge rooms on either side.

In the rooms to the east a half-dozen couples were dancing or eating, but on the other side of the hall was a room with an open fire and no one to enjoy it save a huge yellow cat. A lonely looking waiter wandered in and out. Gerald managed to look coolly from one room to the other, as if there really were a choice.

"Want to dance?" he asked, in the slightly bored but dutiful tone of the good husband.

"Oh, no, I don't think so," Rosalie responded, catching his manner to perfection. "The fire looks rather nice, doesn't it?"

THE waiter at once sprang to place one of the small tables nearer the fire. Rosalie bent to stroke the cat, Gerald put his hands in his pockets and whistled under his breath with great calmness.

"Some good hot soup," he said—"awfully cold to-night for motoring. And how about—Just let me see the card, will you? Wonder

how long it will take them to fix that tire? How about roast turkey, dear? You know you're starving! Awfully early dinner we had, eh? Oh, yes, you do! Yes—yes. And, now, let me see, some spinach à la—"

"You know I don't like spinach, dearest!" she protested in a perfect spoiled-young-wife tone.

They both laughed immoderately. They were hilarious, now; the wine of the game was in their veins. They could scarcely wait for the man to get out of the room before their hands had flown together; their eyes were like stars.

All at once they looked preposterously young and happy. They bent over the yellow cat, who looked at them both with cryptic green eyes and purred gently.

"Darling, darling, do you know that this is our wedding supper?" he breathed.

HER face became like a rose. Wonderful things were in her glance at him. She whispered back:

"He doesn't know"—meaning the lonely waiter—"he doesn't know we've only been married— Oh! I was going to say we've only been married a few hours! How strange! We've been married four months, and we've been together four hours!"

"Gerald, do you think he notices how excited we are? Gerald, there are bits of that vine all over you! Oh, brush me off, too, before he comes back."

Happiness went to their heads like wine. It was impossible to keep their faces politely bored, like all the married faces in the world, as they looked at each other across the little table.

Such food had never been tasted before by mortal palates; such a fire, such a cat, such a nice waiter, such a delightful inn, had never been seen before by mortal eyes.

They put aside for the moment explanations, all unhappy and terrible things, and were just two lovers who had lost, and then had found, each other. That tremendous miracle absorbed them, made any sort of connected conversation impossible.

AND it was not until Gerald had paid the bill and they were once more out in the dark, in the vague moonlight, that at last she said with a catch of her breath, as if now she braced herself for something she had been greatly dreading:

"Gerald, why did you write me that terrible letter?"

He looked down at her quickly.
 "I think I should be the one to ask you that! Rosalie, what made you write me that you had changed your mind about our marriage; that you were willing to—get out of it? How could you let Hugo Stone write me the things he did about you? Didn't you know that it would almost kill me? Didn't you know that it would torture me, day and night, that letter?"

"When I got it I went crazy. I know, now, that I couldn't think or reason. I don't remember any of that time, except that I wanted to be killed. I don't even know what I wrote you after I got your letter. I only know that when I came to myself in the hospital I didn't want to live."

"Gradually there came to me a suspicion that somewhere a mistake had been made. I didn't understand it—I don't understand it now—but when my colonel came to me and said I was going to be invalided home because my wife needed me, I could hardly live to get here. I had a feeling that if I could only look at you—"

WITH an exclamation of horror she unwound his arm from about her shoulder and, stopping short, stood looking up at him in white-faced astonishment.

"What—are—you—saying?" she gasped.
 "A letter—from me—saying I wanted to—get out of our marriage? Gerald! I never wrote that letter!"

He in turn stared at her, speechless. His hands gripped her arms fiercely, unconsciously.
 "But you signed it! Your name was at the end."

"No, no! I never signed such a letter. I wrote you every week, and there was not a single one of my letters that did not tell you I loved you and wanted you and looked forward to the day when you would come home—"

"But Hugo Stone said you were willing, for money, to—to—"

"Who is Hugo Stone?"
 "But, Rosalie! You know him—he told me things about you. He said he had just talked with you at your apartment—"

"I never heard his name—"
 But here she stopped short, for there flashed through her mind a vivid picture of Rebecca Brinkerhoff of the Home Service, lifting the corner of a blotter, taking out an envelope and reading off a name. Hugo Stone! She saw the name written on the envelope, and suddenly her intuition leaped to supplement that vision. She gave one sharp cry:
 "My sister!"

WITH that cry both of them seemed to grasp at the thread that would unravel the bewildering situation.

"Yes—yes, your sister!" Gerald repeated.

"Does she know Hugo Stone?"
 But Rosalie did not immediately answer, for she was thinking back over the one occasion when she had seen her sister prior to her disappearance.

"Gerald!" she exclaimed. "Have you that letter?"

"No; I tore it up at once. I thought I should be killed and I didn't want any one to see it—"

"But the date—when was it written?"

He shook his head. He could not remember, but he believed it was within a week or ten days after he left America. She gave an exclamation of affirmation. But all she said was:

Concluded on page 62

Film on Teeth

Is What Discolors—Not the Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



Millions of Teeth Are Wrecked by It

That slimy film which you feel with your tongue is the major tooth destroyer. It causes most tooth troubles.

It clings to the teeth and enters crevices. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. So millions find that teeth discolor and decay despite their daily brushing.

The film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So brushing does not save the teeth if it leaves that film around them.

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Four years have been spent in clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its constant use. And we supply a 10-Day Tube to anyone who asks. Thus countless homes have now come to employ this scientific dentifrice.

Your Tube is Waiting

Your 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is waiting. Send the coupon for it. Then note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will be amazed at these ten-day results.

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

But pepsin alone won't do. It must

be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible.

Now active pepsin is made possible by a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is found in Pepsodent alone.

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Cut out the coupon now.

<p>Pepsodent</p> <p><i>The New-Day Dentifrice</i></p> <p>A scientific tooth paste based on activated pepsin. An efficient film combatant, now endorsed by dentists everywhere and sold by druggists in large tubes.</p>	<p>Ten-Day Tube Free</p> <p>THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 610, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mail Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to</p> <p>Name</p> <p>Address</p>
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THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

"Let's hurry! I want to get home—you and I will learn the rest of this from my sister."
At Barrington they had only a moment or two to wait for a New York train, and they boarded it without having caused any unusual interest, apparently, in the minds of the two or three persons about the station. They were rather silent during the journey, each absorbed in thought.

ONCE Rosalie asked Gerald what had occurred when he arrived at her apartment and found her sister. He told her of his astonishment when confronted by another girl who so remarkably resembled the one he had married, and of Leontine's evident state of nervousness and terror.

She had recognized him at once, and when he insisted on knowing where Rosalie had gone, she poured out to him the whole tale of her adventure of that evening. She would have talked, he said, to any one, such was her unbalanced state. As soon as he had grasped the character of the dangerous errand Rosalie had undertaken, he left the apartment, the one idea in his mind then being to overtake her and dissuade her from going to the Lemar house.

Astonished as he had been by the discovery of this unknown sister-in-law, he still felt no curiosity concerning her, every emotion being swamped by his fear for Rosalie. He had torn down to the station, missed by a fraction of a minute the very train that Rosalie had caught, and had then chartered a motor-car to take him to the Lemar place.

ROSALIE listened to him with a sober face, though her eyes shone as he told her of his anxiety for her safety.

"Then you—you had already begun to forgive me because I never told you about my sister?"

"Why didn't you tell me, Rosalie? Not that it matters one jot, but secretiveness doesn't seem like you, you know."

She watched the flying night for a silent moment.

"I didn't tell you because I was a coward. Our marriage was so sudden, and after that there was so little time, and it seemed so precious. I couldn't bear to spoil it by speaking of something that has been for years a sore spot in my heart."

"Dear! You don't need to speak of it now if you'd rather not."

"Ah, but now you must know, because it's all twisted up with what has happened. When my sister and I were fifteen my mother brought us to New York to go on with our music training. Both of us had promising voices—my father, when he died, had made her promise to see that we had the best training possible—and my sister especially was talented.

"Oh, I believe she could have gone far if she had only had my ability to grudge and save herself for the best. But she hated hard work, and most of all she hated being poor."

"We lived in that dingy old apartment, and we had to save and scrimp for our lessons; we knew no one; we could not afford amusements, not even decent clothes. And my sister loved clothes and gaiety. From the very first the city called to her and drew her like a magnet."

"I didn't feel that way. I was happy because we had splendid teachers, and mother and I were always looking ahead to the day when I'd have good engagements and when my voice would do the things I wanted it to do."

"But Tina wasn't like that. She never saw anything but the present hour. We hadn't been in New York a year before mother and I knew that sooner or later Tina was going to break our hearts. I am glad mother died when she did."

A BLEAK, pinched expression came into her lovely face; her eyes, looking straight ahead, did not see the car or the flying night outside the windows, as she told the sordid tale.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "I'm telling you what I should have told you before I let you marry me. You will think what I've been through has stuck to me in little ways that will come out to shame you—"

"Don't, Rosalie, please don't! Nothing has stuck to you but the best in the world. You are the sweetest, cleanest—"

SHE gave a little shake of her head.

"If I'm what you say it's because God put in my heart something that made me hate what Tina loved. She often declared she could not live without that sort of life, and I should have died if I'd had to live it. That was the difference between us, and I suppose that is what drove us further and further apart after mother died."

"I tried to keep her with me. I have always kept the apartment just as mother left it, thinking that some time Tina would come home, sick, perhaps, a failure at last, and the old things would remind her of mother. But in three years she has been to see me only when she needed a loan—perhaps a half-dozen times."

"Soon after mother went she took an apartment of her own; she let me know that she did not want me interfering with her life. And then I took mother's maiden name. I was continually being taken for Tina, our names and appearance being so much alike, and when I began to get professional engagements I wanted to defend myself against such embarrassment."

"I thought I was through with it all when I did that. But it seems that I wasn't."

"You say you were often mistaken for your sister?" Gerald interrupted with some excitement in his voice. "Do your photographs look alike?"

"More than we do, especially a profile photograph."

Gerald was silent for several moments. Then he stood up as they came into the

Pennsylvania Station. His face was very grim.

"It's a toss-up in my mind," he said, "whether I want to see your sister first or Hugo Stone!"

Late the next afternoon Gerald and Rosalie stood in the hall of a great skyscraper waiting for an elevator to take them to the street. They stood in the corridor outside the door of Hugo Stone's office, but that punctilious gentleman had not come out to see them into the elevator.

In fact when they said good-by to him, it had been as much as he could do to assume his usual superior pose. For he had had the most disagreeable and disconcerting half-hour of his life.

Confronted with Rosalie and an exceedingly scornful young lieutenant, he had gasped and floundered, he had tried bluffing his way out, and had his bluff uncovered by a half-sheet of note-paper on which was a serawled confession signed by Leontine Maddern.

When he had fully grasped the blunder he had made, he tried for a suave contrition. Rosalie had merely gazed at him with her clear eyes, and Gerald had laughed rudely.

"IF YOU weren't going to marry my sister," he said, "I'd thrash you the way you deserve."

"Look here, Gerald, you can't talk that way to me, you know!" Stone cried. "Your wife's sister obtained money from me under false pretenses; that's a mighty unpleasant accusation to have brought up against a sister-in-law, you know."

"I don't think there's much choice between that and the accusation that could be brought against my brother-in-law!"

"You must remember that your sister consented," Stone sneered.

"I know. I've just seen Eleanor." Gerald's tone was dry. "I think she's sorry, now. At any rate, in the circumstances she's promised not to influence my mother against my wife; in fact, she's going to break the news to her and I'm to take Rosalie to see mother this evening. Mother'll be all right."

"And I've got only one thing to say to you, Stone: Eleanor is the kind of person who doesn't easily forget mistakes. If you want your path to be a comfortable one from now on, you'll treat my wife right."

"And if you want to be safe, you'll remember that army training is great for muscle and I'm watching to see that you carry out directions. My wife was Miss Rosalie Byrnes before she became Mrs. Cromwell—do you think you can remember that?"

"I can try," said Stone morosely.

"Angels can do no more," remarked Gerald gaily.

HE WAS in high spirits as he masterfully bade his wife shake hands with this future member of his family. And Rosalie demurely gave her hand to Hugo Stone. After which all three bowed with some ceremony, Hugo Stone opened the door, and the Cromwell family peace pact was finished.

Gerald felt no doubt of his mother's eventual forgiveness.

"First she'll cry and have an awful spell," he said to Rosalie, as, tucking her hand under his arm, he walked her along Broadway. "Then she'll get wanting to see me. Then when she's cried on my shoulder she'll take a long look at you."

"And that," he added complacently, "will be the finish of her, for you are undoubtedly the most beautiful wife any Cromwell ever had. And I happen to know that my mother is nutty about beauty."

ROSALIE gave a long sigh of complete happiness.

"I think you managed that interview with Mr. Stone wonderfully, Gerald. You looked so fierce and strong and handsome!" Which showed that Rosalie was already learning wifely tact. "And you managed poor Tina quite as well. I never saw her so really amenable to reason."

"She had to be!" retorted Gerald. "We had her in our hands. What with fear of how the Lemar affair might turn out, and fear of what Stone and I might do to her, she was helpless."

"When I was taking her to her apartment last night she told me she had been offered a South-American contract, and she's decided to sign up for two years."

"If only she would!"

"She will, all right. I didn't mince words with her."

"It will be a good thing for her aside from everything it will mean to us. She'll have to work hard and regularly and away from Broadway she'll have a chance to get on her feet again."

The old accustomed shadow fell over Rosalie's face, and he saw it. He put his hand over hers.

"DEAREST, you're going to put all that fear out of your heart from now on," he said. "Didn't the morning paper say that Lemar declares he fell and struck his head on the hearth? He's never going to bother your sister again, you may be sure of that."

"And you have carried your share of your sister's burdens. From now on, if there are more, you and I carry them together. Do you get that—together?"

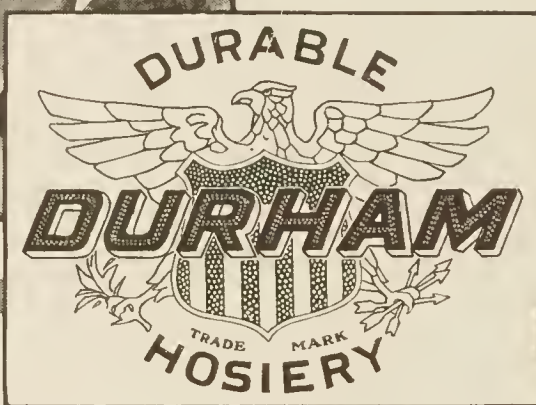
On the same corner where Rebecca Brinkerhoff had balanced herself with their problems one day, they now came to a stop, ostensibly to let the traffic flow across-town, but in reality to smile into each other's eyes, a smile of the most perfect faith and an admiration so flagrantly admiring that a traffic policeman stood transfixed as he eyed them. Then, recovering himself he waved four trucks northward, held back the limousine of a bank president, and called:

"Do you want to cross, or don't you—you young nuts?"

The End



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Mabel Normand

Miss Normand is only one of the many famous stars of the screen and the drama who find delight in the fine fruity flavor of Adams California Fruit Chewing Gum.

Continued from page 1

THE LAND OF BLUFF

own country, in the free atmosphere of America, he answers to this description: but in his fatherland, with a helmet on his head, under the command of the officers of the emperor, he has just revealed himself as the most deadly two-footed beast the world has ever known. The tiger and the hyena are gentle lambs beside him.

I was among the first in 1914 to pass through the sections of France the Germans had just abandoned after the first battle of the Marne. During that period when they believed themselves victors they employed the policy of frightfulness "to end the war sooner," as they explained.

I have seen with my own eyes their atrocities and obscenities. Don't talk to me about the good-natured German when he becomes a soldier and thinks he is going to win. I know him. Nothing more cruel or insolent exists. One has to make oneself believe that he belongs to another species to console oneself for being a man.

Fortunately the war has taught us who are our friends and against whom we must be on our guard.

IT WAS not to be expected that a nation as large and as influential as the United States would escape the unjust and slanderous judgments of this geography. It was portrayed there with features that falsely caricatured it.

Of all the English words that have passed into general use the most frequent in all the languages of Europe, the one that is understood in every country, is *bluff*. And for those Europeans who went by this traditional geography the United States was the land of *bluff*.

They recognized its industrial, commercial and agricultural grandeur, its marvelous inventions. They spoke with awe of its huge cities, but they always concluded by saying that there was more appearance than reality in all this; that a good deal had to be allowed for exaggeration.

To be sure, the American was capable of great things, but he was equally capable of making them seem ten times as great as they really were.

And yet with a remarkable lack of logic those very ones who believed the United States to be a country of "bluff" thought at the same time that its inhabitants could produce the most remarkable inventions and perform unheard-of miracles. Writers of fantastic tales, novelists, when they imagined anything that passed the bounds of probability, laid the scene in the United States.

Let any one who can explain this contradiction between belief in the *bluff* of this country on the one hand and the unshakable faith in its capacity and initiative on the other.

UNTIL recently Europe had lived far removed from America and almost back to back with her.

In the first months of the war Europe's attention was all centered upon herself. We smile now as we recall the errors and illusions of that period. The war was going to be short; it would be settled in less than a year.

But when it began to draw itself out, and to take on a monotonous character, when it began to seem interminable, attention began to wander from the battle-fields and toward the other side of the ocean. Europe—if I may be permitted the figure—kept one eye upon the immediate fortunes of war, and with the other she watched North America.

Europeans had to eat. They had to replenish the tremendous waste of the materials of war. They had to make unprecedented expenditures which, after exhausting the savings of the nations, made necessary the assistance of a banker with immense resources.

And from across the Atlantic, from the still neutral United States, came food, arms, and great loans of money. No, this was no *bluff*.

AND at the same time a new name, a name which seemed to grow from day to day, marched beside those of Lloyd George, Poincaré, Briand, Clémenceau, Joffre, Foch, all the leaders of the European war.

What is Wilson doing?

What does Wilson say?

Wilson became the personification of the United States, and as they spoke of him, all thought of the distant, gigantic land, trying to divine its attitude.

Another amazing innovation confused the Europeans. In the old world of emperors, of kings, they could conceive influence and authority only in the person of a ruler dressed in uniform, epaulets on his shoulders, his breast glittering with decorations and his hands clasping the hilt of a sword.

And people experienced a rare sensation at seeing William II., that traditional, decorative monarch who believed he ruled by divine right, assume the tender accents of *Lohengrin* to address a simple university professor whose name had been completely unknown in Europe six years before.

The marking of his name on a slip of paper by several million Americans one day had sufficed to change the professor into the most influential man of the world, into the most respected ruler. And sovereigns by divine right, with long centuries of monarchs behind them, vied with one another for his favor.

Napoleon, not yet a hundred years dead, could he come back to life among us, would understand William II. as master of all Europe, but he could not understand a university professor as arbiter of the destinies of an entire land, and this by vote of his fellow citizens.

AND there was another reason for general stupefaction. People began to feel that something new, something until then unbelievable, was making its appearance.

The sun no longer rose in the East; Europe saw it coming up in the West, across the Atlantic. And it was the sun of universal justice which shone upon the world for the first time.

Hitherto justice had existed only for the

individual: the nations were beyond the jurisdiction of the law. For the man who burns, robs, or slays there are the police, the courts, and the criminal code—there is prison or execution. But let him do the same thing clad in a uniform and in the name of his country, and he becomes a hero, and can aspire to a statue in the public square.

The moral standard exists only for individuals. There are neither judges nor morals for the nations, or if there be morals, they are those of outlaws, for whom strength and success justify everything.

From across the ocean there rose a voice like that from Sinai, formulating again the Ten Commandments, not for men, but for nations, for those primitive organizations with their prehistoric appetites that need some one to civilize them and fit them for a life of mutual intercourse.

And this voice of one man that contained a hundred million voices spoke to the crowned sinners and madmen who through their bestiality had revived the days of the cave-man, saying:

"Thou shalt not sink a ship of peace carrying innocent lives.

"Thou shalt not murder women and children.

"Thou shalt not enslave the defenseless peasant.

"Thou shalt not make war with diabolical refinement."

And as the mighty voice of the greatest of nations was not hearkened to, they laid down their work and took up the sword, the noble, unstained sword of Justice.

PEOPLE thought they saw a new America.

All her promises, no matter how great, were fulfilled beyond expectation; the promised help came, augmented a hundredfold. Truly it was the land of exaggeration, but in a sense contrary to popular belief. It did not do the work of one, and call it that of ten. It promised for one and did for a thousand.

Everything came as had been promised—food, arms, money, in spite of the difficulties and the distance, in defiance of the threat of the submarines. Thanks to this aid the Allies were able to continue the war, and in this prolongation lay the hope of victory.

And when the United States, deciding to punish the criminals of Europe, entered the war itself, it did even more than before. Its citizens submitted to all the restrictions of a food administration, in order to increase their shipments of provisions. That land of immense agricultural wealth, which possessed in abundance all the products of the earth, voluntarily deprived itself of its rich food to send more help to starving Europe.

But all this changed only one aspect of the current error. The wealth of the United States, its marvelous industrial production, its generous aid, all this was real and without the least *bluff*. But what about their intervention in the war? How were they going to make the criminals, who had disregarded their warnings and laughed at their demands, feel their indignation?

NOT more than three years ago it was the general belief in Europe that the United States, so mighty in the arts of peace, would be incapable of achievement in war. All that had to do with huge machines, rapid progress, colossal undertakings, marvelous industrial inventions, was accepted by the European as logically and properly American.

But the idea of their organizing an army that could compare with those of the Old World was absurd and out of the question. However great the American gift of improvisation, this was one point in which it could not hope to triumph.

And so when the American government announced the sending of great numbers of troops the pessimists sneered, and the incredulous could not conceal their doubt. They took refuge in the old error. Yes, the industrial, commercial, and financial assistance was really remarkable; but this business of a big army, that was a *bluff*.

A minority of us who knew our own history and had not forgotten that of other lands, had faith. The stock remark that the United States could never be a great military power, as great as the other nations, made us smile.

The United States has always been what it made up its mind to be, what it has had to be. We recalled the War of the Secession, which began as a struggle between State troops, and ended as a war between the two largest armed forces the century had seen, with battles which taught much to soldiers of the Old World.

Many of the great military achievements of to-day, such as the submarine and the repeating gun, were originated and developed during this struggle between soldiers who had been peaceful citizens a short time before. The victorious Prussia of 1870 only copied, developed and perfected the American inventions.

We who remembered the resourcefulness of America in that great moment of her history said with conviction:

"The people of the United States will do all they make up their minds to do. If they wish to have the greatest army of the world they will have it. They have only to want it."

And they wanted it!

THE masses of Europe, terrified by the last supreme effort of Germany in 1918, which carried her almost to Paris and very nearly retrieved the first defeat of the Marne, felt hope and courage as they learned how America was keeping faith. Every twenty-four hours there were landing in France six thousand, eight thousand, even ten thousand, men.

With clock-like regularity two million men fully armed and equipped had crossed the Atlantic amid floating mines and submarines, as if it were nothing but a strait.

And the soldiers of the Star-Spangled Banner came just in the nick of time, like an actor

Concluded on page 66



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Concluded from page 65

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THE LAND OF BLUFF

who waits in the wings for his cue to enter and vanquish the villain in the last act of a drama. The Japanese have a military proverb which says, "Victory belongs to the one who can resist half an hour longer." That is true; but one might also say, "Victory belongs to the one who throws the deciding balance into the scales of war."

For four years France and England had been able to counterbalance the forces of the enemy. There is no doubt that in the end the Western powers would have triumphed, but how long it would have taken! And how exhausted the Allies would have been! But America came to their aid with the deciding balance, and the final victory was a matter of weeks.

THE speed and secrecy with which the American army reached Europe had something theatrical about it. One saw the soldiers in the trains, about the cities, but not even the best informed knew how many there were.

The pessimists and the incredulous went on doubting to the very end. They did not believe in the American army.

And yet by a strange contradiction the very ones who refused to believe that the United States could organize in a few months an army like those of Europe, expected the most remarkable inventions from these Americans.

The name of Edison was on everybody's tongue. Edison would end the war with one of his discoveries.

And those who looked for portentous machines which should mow down millions of men at great distances, aeroplanes which would poison all the air of a nation, and other fancies in the same style, refused to admit a logical, ordinary fulfillment of a promise—the actual organization of an army.

EVERYTHING in a European's judgment of the United States goes by contraries. He considers it a practical country, poor in imagination, absolutely given over to money-making; and yet at the same time he expects the most amazing feats from it, magical accomplishments which transcend the limits of all possibility.

But there were others even more deceived than the peoples of the Allied nations in their judgment of the fighting forces that the United States could put into the field. These were the Germans.

They believed more than any one else in the American bluff. That promised American army was only a bluff. Thus believed the crown prince, that sorry, bedraggled crow who croaked of the joys and glories of "fresh, gay war;" thus the German strategists and even the kaiser.

That false, conventional geography which had so long deceived us all, blinded them up to the very end. At the beginning of the war they talked of "that contemptible little army" of the English, believing that it would never grow. The Britisher, said they, was a sailor, not a soldier.

Toward the end of the war, they laughed insolently at the bluff of a promised army, considering it another of America's imaginary inventions. But their laughter was cut short by an avalanche of khaki-dressed soldiers, who, together with the French and the English, broke their lines.

THE legend of the American bluff is buried, and buried deep, for good and all. In the future all that is said of the United States will be accepted in blind faith.

Even if the most marvelous, the most incredible, of things are promised, the world will expect to see them realized the following day.

To the shame and remorse for the old errors there is joined amazement at the attitude of this country, the foremost of the earth.

It has just saved the liberty of Europe; it has restored justice throughout the world; thanks to it, humanity can pursue its upward path without being plunged again into the Middle Ages, which the Central Powers, with their mystic conception of authority, had hoped to do.

All Europe is living on what America is sending over; all the countries owe her sums of money whose figures would have terrified bankers fifty years ago.

Any other nation, so covered with glory, would develop an insolent pride, and would try to impose its will upon all others, to lay the world prostrate at its feet.

The American giant rests a moment, looks about him, wipes the sweat from his brow, and then goes on with his daily task, like a simple, noble, generous soul, satisfied with having done his duty.

VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

has another article in our October issue—a poignant character-study, entitled THE SLEEPING-CAR PORTER



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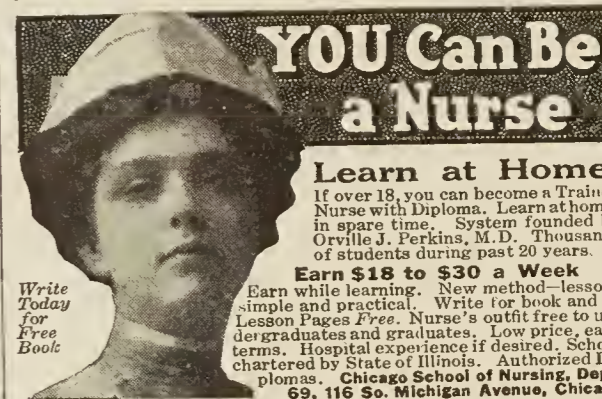
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Continued from page 12

HILLS OF HAN

But at times thoughts of them slipped in. On the walk to Ping Yang, the second afternoon, he was swinging down a valley where the road was no more than the stony bed of an anciently diverted stream.

The caravan of a mandarin passed, bound doubtless from Peking to a far western province. That it was a great mandarin was indicated by his richly decorated sedan-chair borne by thirty-two footmen with squadrons of cavalry before and behind.

Five mule litters followed, each with a brightly painted young face pressed against the tiny square window, the wives or concubines of the great one. Each demurely studied him through slanting eyes.

And at last one smiled; quickly, brightly. It might mean death to be caught at it, yet life was too strong for her. He walked feverishly after that. He had said one thing to Henry—something never before formulated, even in his own thinking.

What was it? Oh, this! "Henry, I'm full of a fire and energy that no longer finds an outlet in my work. I want to turn to new fields. If I don't, before it's too late, I may find myself on the rocks."

THERE was something bitterly if almost boyishly true in that statement. The vital, vigorous adult that was developing within him now, in the forties, seemed almost unrelated to the young man he had been.

Now, standing there, a stern figure, on the Hankow Bund, he was aware of a developed, flowering instinct for the main currents of the mighty social stream, for rough, fresh contacts, large enterprises.

His religion had been steadily widening out from the creed of his youth, gradually including all living things, all growth, far outspreading the set boundaries of churchly thought.

He thought, at times, rather grimly, of the trials for heresy that now and then rocked the church; and wondered, as grimly, how soon the heresy-hunters would be getting around to him. The smallest incident might, sooner or later would, set them after him.

Henry Withery was certain, in spite of his personal loyalty, out of his very concern, to drop a word.

Or it might come from within the compound. Or from a passing stranger. Or from remarks of his own at the annual conference. Or from letters.

THERE were moments when he could have invited exposure as a relief from doubt and torment of soul. There was nothing of the hypocrite in him. But in soberer moments he felt certain that it was better to wait until he could find, if not divine guidance, at least an intelligent earthly plan.

All he could do, as it stood, was to work harder and harder with body and mind. And to shoulder more and more responsibility. Without that he would be like a wild engine, charging to destruction.

His daughter would be, for a time certainly, one more burden. He was glad. Anything that would bring life real again!

Work above all; every waking moment, if possible, filled; his mental and physical powers taxed to their uttermost; that was the thing; crowd out the brooding, the mere feeling. Action all the time, and hard, objective thought.

The difficulty was that his powers were so great; he seemed never to tire any more; his thoughts could dwell on many planes at once; he needed but a few hours' sleep.

And so Betty would be a young woman now, mysteriously as old as her mother on her wedding-day; a young woman of unknown interests and sympathies, of a world he himself had all but ceased to know. And it came upon him suddenly then, with tremendous emotional force, that he had no heritage to leave her but a good name.

He stood gripping the railing, head back, gazing up out of misty eyes at a white-flecked blue sky. A prayer arose from his heart, and a whisper passed his lips:

"O God, show me Thy truth, that it may set me free!"

IN THE intensity of his brooding he had forgotten to watch for the steamer. But now he became aware of a stir of life along the river-front. The beggars were paddling out into the stream, making ready their little baskets at the ends of bamboo poles.

Over the cliffs, down-stream, hung a long film of smoke. The steamer had rounded the bend and was plowing rapidly up toward the twin cities.

He could make out the two white stripes on the funnel, and the cluster of ventilators about it, and the new canvas across the front of the bridge. A moment later he could see the tiny figures crowding the rail.

The steamer warped in alongside a new wharf.

Doane stood near the gangway, all emotion, nearly out of control.

FROM below, hundreds of coolies, countrymen and ragged soldiers swarmed up, to be herded off at one side of the wharf.

The local coolies went aboard and promptly started unloading freight, handling crates and bales of half a ton weight with the quick, half-grunted, half-sung chanteys, intricately rhythmic, with which all heavy labor is accompanied in the Yangtze Valley.

Two spectacled Chinese merchants in shimmering silk robes came down the gangway. A tall American, in civilian dress and overcoat but carrying a leather sword-case, followed.

Two white missionaries came, one in Chinese dress with a cue attached to his skull-cap, bowing to the stern giant as they

Continued on page 68

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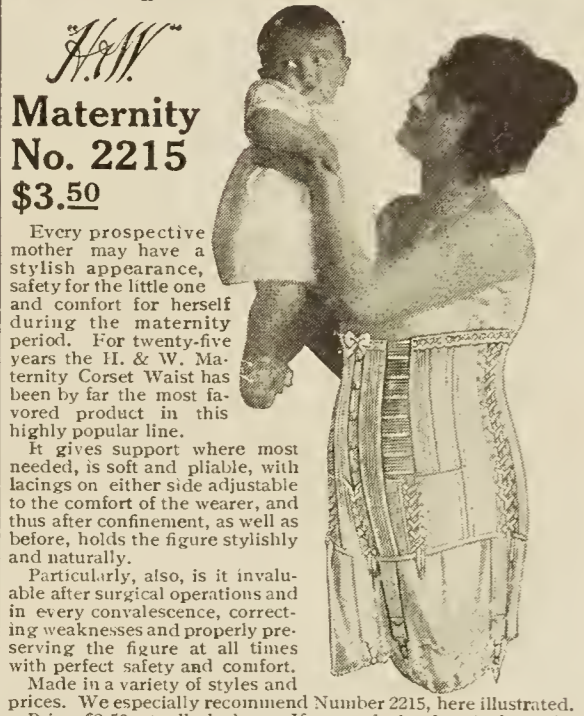
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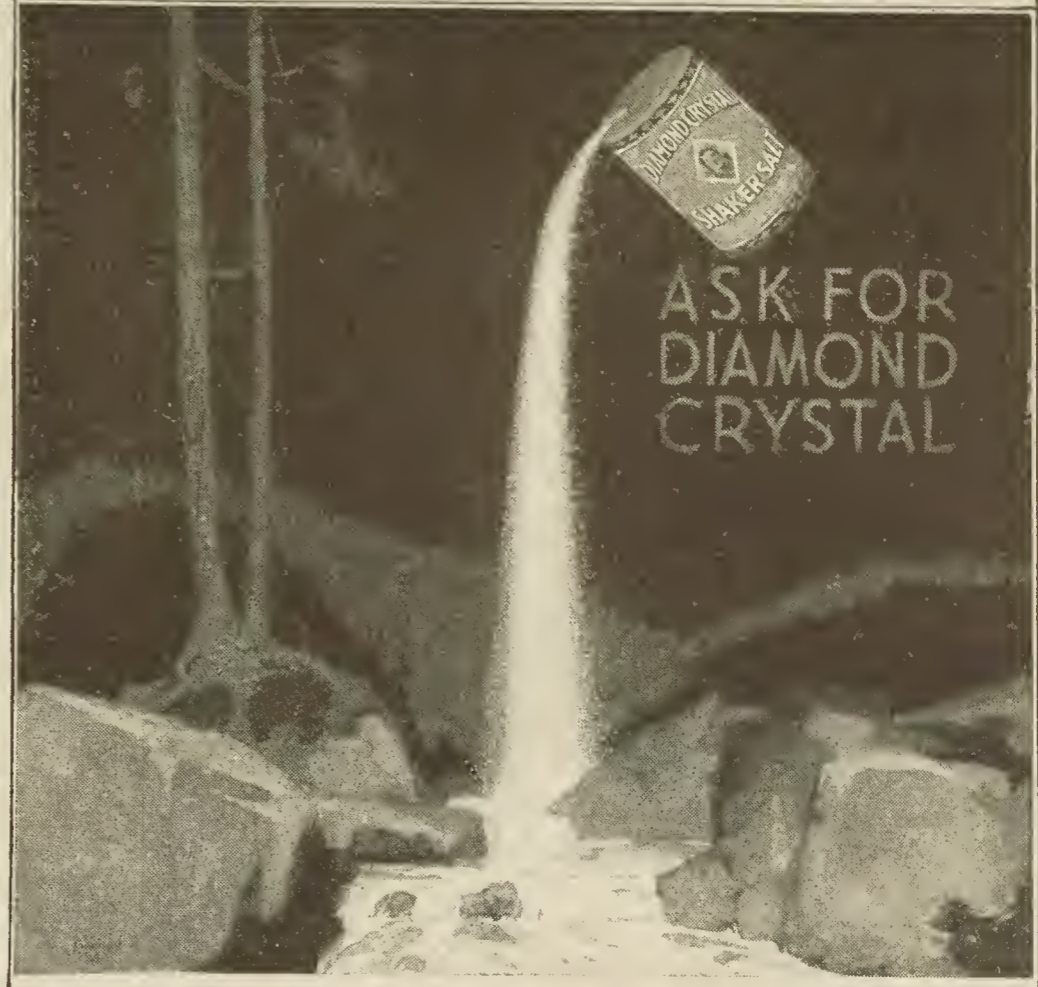
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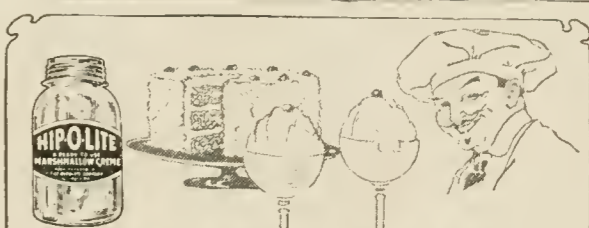
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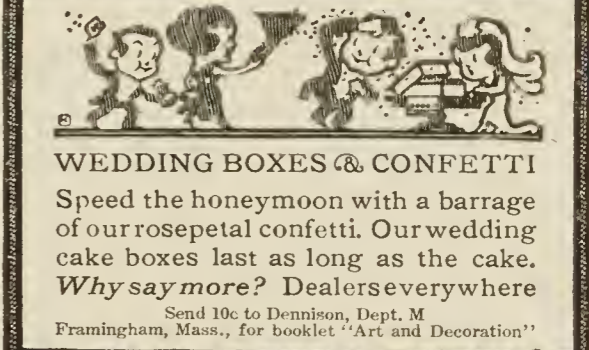


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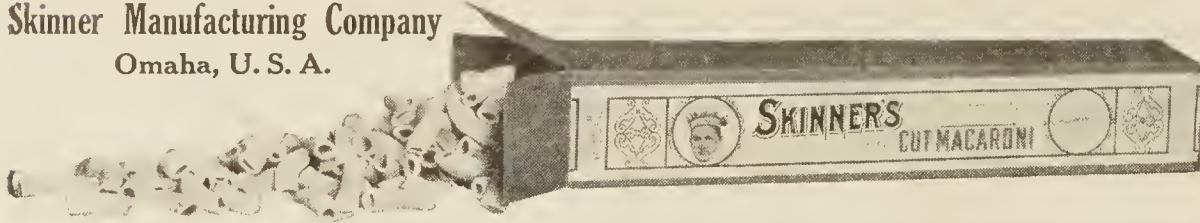
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HILLS OF HAN

passed. Then a French father in black robe and shovel hat; a group of Englishmen; a number of families, American, British, French; and finally, coming along the shaded deck, the familiar, kindly face and silvery beard of Dr. Hasmer—he was distinctly growing older, Hasmer—then his wife, and, emerging from the cabin, a slim little figure, rather smartly dressed, extraordinarily pretty, radiating a quick charm as she hurried to the gangway, there pausing a moment to search the wharf.

Her eyes met his. She smiled. It was Betty. He felt her charm, but his heart was sinking.

She kissed him. She seemed all enthusiasm, even very happy. But a moment later, walking along the wharf toward the Bund, her soft little face was sad.

He wondered, as his thoughts whirled around, about that.

HER clothes, her beauty, her bright manner, indicating a girlish eagerness to be admired, wouldn't do at the mission. And she couldn't wear those trim little shoes with heels half an inch higher than a man's.

She had, definitely, the thought and the gift of adorning herself. She was a good girl; there was stuff in her. But it wouldn't do; not out there in T'ainan. And she looked like anything in the world but a teacher.

She fascinated him. She was the lovely creature his own little girl had become. Walking beside her up the Bund, chatting with the Hasmers, making a fair show of calm, his heart swelled with love and pride. She was delicate, shyly adorable, gently feminine.

It was going to be difficult to speak about her costume and her charming ways. It wouldn't do to crush her. She was bright enough; very likely she would pick up the tone of the compound quickly and adapt herself to it.

YOUNG Li Hsien, of T'ainan, had come up on the boat. Doane talked a moment with him on the wharf. He, too, was taking the Peking Express in the morning, and was traveling first class. The boy's father was a wealthy banker.

Li appeared in the dining-car at noon, calmly smiling, and, at Doane's invitation, sat with him and Betty. He carried a copy of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," in English, with a large number of protruding paper book-marks.

They talked in Chinese. Li had much to say of the Japanese. He admired them for adopting and adapting to their own purposes the material achievements of the Western world.

He had evidently heard something of Theodore Roosevelt and rather less of Lloyd George and Karl Marx. Doane was of the opinion, later, that during the fifteen-hour the lad told all he had learned in six months at Tokyo.

When asked why he was not finishing out his college year he smiled enigmatically and spoke of duties at home. He knew, of course, that Doane would instantly dismiss the reason as meaningless; it was his Chinese way of suggesting that he preferred not to answer the question.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later they transferred their baggage to the Hansi Line, and headed westward into the red-brown hills, passing, within an hour, through the southern extension of the Great Wall, now a ruin.

The night was passed in M. Pourmont's compound at Ping Yang. After this there were two other nights in ancient, unpleasant village inns.

There were a number of young men at Ping Yang; one French engineer who spoke excellent English; an Australian; others, and two or three young matrons who had adventurously accompanied their husbands into the interior. They all called in the evening. The hospitable Pourmont took up rugs and turned on the talking-machine, and the young people danced.

Doane sat apart; watched the gracefully gliding couples; tried to smile. The dance was on, Betty in the thick of it, before he realized what was meant.

He couldn't have spoken without others hearing. It was plain enough that she entered into it without a thought; though as the evening wore on he thought she glanced at him, now and then, rather soberly. And he found himself, at these moments, smiling with greater determination and nodding at her.

JOY! . . . Not before this moment, joy in all the years of puzzled, sometimes bitter, thinking, had he realized the degree in which mission life—for that matter, often the very religion of his denominational variety—shut joy out. They were afraid of it. They fought it.

In their hearts they associated it with vice. It was of this world; their eyes were turned wholly to another.

His teeth grated together. The muscles of his strong jaws moved and bunched on his cheeks. He knew now that he believed in joy as an expression of life.

If he had known where to turn for the money, he would gladly, at that moment, have planned to send Betty back to the States, give her more of an education, even arrange for her to study drawing and painting.

THAT night, late, long after the music had stopped and the last guests had left for their dwellings about the large compound, she came across the corridor; tapped at his door. She wore a kimono of Japan; her abundant brown hair rippled about her shoulders.

"Just one more good night, daddy," she murmured.

And then, turning away, she added this, softly:

"I never thought about the dancing until—well, we'd started."

He stood a long moment in silence, breathing rather hard; then said:

"I'm glad you had a pleasant evening, dear. We—we're rather quiet at T'ainan."

PAO T'ING CHUAN was a man of great shrewdness and considerable distinction of appearance, skilled in ceremonial intercourse, a master of the intricate courses which a prominent Chinese official must steer between beautifully phrased moral and ethical maxims on the one hand and complicated political trickery on the other.

But, as Doane had said, he knew the cost of indemnities. It was on his shrewdness, his really great intelligence, and on his firm control of the "gentry and people" of the province that Doane relied to prevent any such frightful slaughter of whites and destruction of their property as had occurred in 1900. Pao, unlike most of the higher mandarins, was Chinese, not Manchu.

The Taot'ai of the city of T'ainan-fu, Chang Chih T'ing, was an older man than Pao, less vigorous of body and mind, simpler and franker. He was of those who bewail the backwardness of China.

From the Taot'ai's yamen, on the first day of the great April fair, set forth his excellency in full panoply of state—a red-and-gold sedan-chair with many bearers, an escort of twenty footmen, with runners ahead.

Behind this caravan, hidden from view in the depths of a Peking cart, with the conventional extra servant dangling his heels over the foreboard, rode Griggsby Doane.

THE principal feature of the opening day was a theatrical performance. The play, naturally, was a historical satire, shouted and occasionally sung by the heavily costumed actors, to a continuous accompaniment of drums and wailing strings.

The stage was a platform in the open air, under a tree hung with bannerets inscribed to the particular spirit popularly supposed to dwell within its encircling bark.

The play, begun in the early morning, was now well advanced. At its conclusion, the audience was beginning to break up when a slim, blue-clad figure mounted the platform and began a hurried speech.

Chang and Doane looked at each other; then as one man, moved forward down the knoll with the throng. The Taot'ai's attendants followed, in scattered formation.

The speaker was Li Hsien. At first the crowd, at sight of the magistrate's button and embroidered insignia, made way as well as they could. But as the impassioned phrases of Li Hsien sank into their minds, resistance developed.

LI WAS lashing himself up, crying out more and more vigorously against the Ho Shan Company, the barbarous white governments from which it derived force, foreign pigs everywhere.

Li owed his fresh point of view wholly to these same pigs. He had openly expressed admiration for the achievements of the whites. His dream was of a new Young China that should shake itself awake and meet the white races on their own ground.

But of course, the first step, here in Hansi, would be the overthrow of the Ho Shan Company. This could best be accomplished by rousing the old hatred of foreigners as such. And Li was taking the direct road to a quick, violent result.

The magistrate waved his arms; shouted a command that Li leave the platform.

Li, hearing only a voice of opposition in the crowd, poured out voluble scorn on his head. The crowd jostled Doane. A stick struck his cheek. He whirled and caught the stick, but the wielder of it escaped in the crowd.

CHANG tried to reason, then, with the few hundred within earshot.

The sense of violence seemed to be increasing.

Li shouted out charge after charge against the company. He begged his hearers to be brave as he was brave; to destroy all the works of the company with dynamite; to wreck the grounds of the foreign engineer at Ping Yang and kill all the occupants; to kill foreigners everywhere, and assert the ancient integrity and superiority of China.

"Be brave!" he cried again. "See, I am brave. I die for Hansi. Can not you, too, die for Hansi? Can not you think of me, of how I died for our cause, and yourselves, in memory of my act, fight for your beloved country, that it may again be the proud queen of the earth?"

He drew a revolver from his sleeve; shot twice; fell to the stage in a widening pool of blood.

AT ONCE the vast crowd went wild. Those near the white man turned on him as if to kill him. His clothes were torn, his head cut. Man after man he knocked down with his powerful fists.

Before many moments he was exulting in the struggle, in his strength and the full use of it.

The runners fought as well as they could. Two or three of them fell.

Then a body of horsemen came charging into the crowd, soldiers from the judge's yamen, all on white tough little Manchu ponies, swinging clubbed carbines.

Right and left, men and boys fell.

The crowd broke and scattered. Chang, bleeding from several small wounds, his exquisitely embroidered silken garments torn nearly off his body, made his way back to the red-and-gold chair.

Doane was escorted by soldiers to the mission compound. He slipped in to wash off the blood and change his clothes without being seen by Betty or any of the whites.

To be continued



The Ham with the Blue Tag needs no parboiling

PARBOILING, to remove excessive saltiness, is a long, irksome task. And the ham's a disappointment, too, for in parboiling, so much of the taste—and much of the food value also—is lost.

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Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham

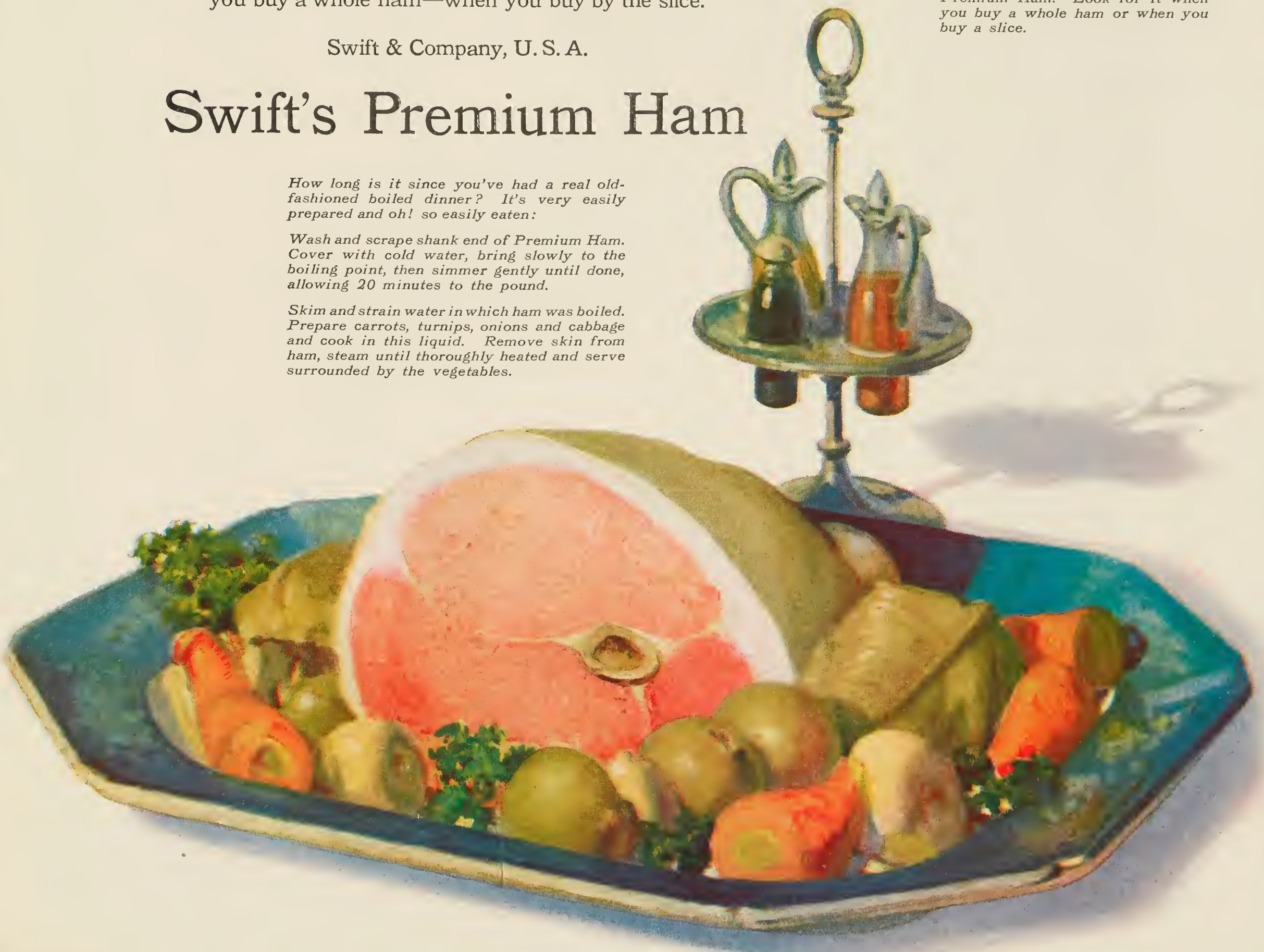
How long is it since you've had a real old-fashioned boiled dinner? It's very easily prepared and oh! so easily eaten:

Wash and scrape shank end of Premium Ham. Cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boiling point, then simmer gently until done, allowing 20 minutes to the pound.

Skim and strain water in which ham was boiled. Prepare carrots, turnips, onions and cabbage and cook in this liquid. Remove skin from ham, steam until thoroughly heated and serve surrounded by the vegetables.

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DIAMOND DYES

Obtainable of Every Reliable Druggist in the U. S.

Concluded from page 4

TO-MORROW'S DAUGHTER

things do not show on the screen. It looks like a companionable, though busy, place.

Busy enough, yes. And plenty of people about, yes. But each person is so very busy building a city of his own out of his own ambitions that he might just as well be an unsociable hornet building a little nest of mud in the barn-loft or a beaver plugging away down by the creek.

IT TAKES a strong person to stay sweet and steady and ambitious in the great impersonal streams of city life. Such a one-idea'd stream of people hurries out in the cool of the morning hours on its way to work!

Every one is absorbed in getting to the office on time. No one talks or smiles. No one cares for your aches or pains.

Nobody marks your birthday on the office calendar. There are no special treats at the lunch-counter or on the boarding-house table. Nobody cares whether you had any breakfast or not, or whether you have money enough for your lunch in your pocket-book.

The happy, busy crowd that we saw in the movies soon becomes a lonely company. The girl who last month sighed to be free from the trammels of the country would give almost everything—but her pride—to hear some one say, "Hullo, Madeline, how's your folks?"

In a few weeks she will stand in the flickering lights and shadows of some electric sign and her eyes will grow dim thinking of how the shadows of the maples about the court-house square used to waver on the walk when the band concert was on. She watches the automobiles glide by and catches herself wishing that Alfred Peters would come along, stop and hail her and offer her a lift. Then she stiffens, and a clanging street-car takes her to the place called home.

NOW let us suppose that you have attained to the success that might make you a guest of the woman you most admire, say Mary Pickford or Frances Starr or Madame Schumann-Heink. What do you think she would give you to eat? Fresh food from the country!

If she lived in the city—which she does not—where would she take you to drive? Out into the park, where the trees are no finer than those at home on the road to the fair-grounds!

People in the country and the small towns have a heap of things that city people dream about and sigh for. Think, when city people get the chance, winter or summer, where do they go? To the country, of course.

How about romance in the city? The city is full of interesting people, and there is always the possibility of a romance.

But city life takes small cognizance of the single woman. She is a factor in business. No doubt about that. But her social niche is not yet scooped out for her.

Girls in the city learn, too, that business, big business or near-big business, is likely to rob even the nicest men of sentiment. Their standards of life make marriage, if it comes at all, very probably largely a matter of business and of calculation.

And one can not blame them much. The always apparent poverty of a city is a warning to a man not to entangle himself or the girl he might love in its meshes. And so he calls on the girl he meets and likes, takes her out a few times, and then suddenly she finds his attentions and his calls have ceased.

She is further from the romance of her life than in the old days, in the "stupid old home town," where the boys were her playmates and as a matter of course sooner or later married a home-town girl and settled down.

The average boy and girl who come to the city are doing its most humdrum and constricted tasks. It may last one year or ten or twenty. But that is how they begin. Their beat behind the desk or counter would not reach half down a block at home.

And, if the truth is told, there are fewer who understand, fewer who follow you. Your boon companions are not the men and women who are head-liners in the papers, but chance companions—the girls at the next machines, perhaps the girls in the third floor back.

OF COURSE there is something the matter with our small towns.

But there is nothing the matter with the people. No one can get us to admit that any finer folk live anywhere than in the rural sections of the United States. The country is where our city and national leaders come from, our Rainbow Divisions, our genuine citizens.

But the small-town people do not know the possibilities of their homes. They need do so little to compete with the city, if they only knew it!

In thousands of towns the city fathers are adding a few blocks of pavement year by year to improve the streets. They lay out parks and regulate traffic and boost the Business Men's Association. They even pass laws to take care of delinquent boys and girls.

But how many hours have they given to plans for making the town a homey place for the girls and boys who are pining for the city? Ask them, and then tell me. After all, it is up to the younger generation to get what it needs at home.

If you want a club, ask for a place to meet and write to THE DELINEATOR for plans of organization. If it is training you need for any special line of work you want to undertake, see what your own town can do.

Try out your town. Hunt for its virtues. The city will wait, and there are adventures in the home town that you have never sought. Let us help you find them.



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Some day you'll wear *Everwear*.

Everwear Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Concluded from page 7

"HE IS SO DIFFERENT"

He would not let me meet his ship or even come to the camp where he was sent with his regiment. I saw him for the first time in my own home, and he nearly hugged the breath out of me. There was a queer, burning look in his eyes, and all he could say for a moment was, "Jean—girl!"

Since that night, however, I have had to hold back so much of the love I hoarded up all those months we were apart. He has not wanted it. He could come to see me every evening. He comes once or twice a week. He could take his old position in the bank, and I would marry him the next day, and go to housekeeping in two rooms. What do I care about a wedding journey or a trousseau? What I want is Billy.

But he will not go back to the bank. He has a horror of stools and desks. And he doesn't want me—just yet.

Yet there is no other girl. I think it was Kipling who gave me the clue, when I read him aloud to Billy the other night, after one of our rather strained silences.

I happened upon the "Chant-Pagan"—the one beginning:

"Me that 'ave been what I've been,
Me that 'ave gone where I've gone,
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen—
'Ow can I ever take on
With awful old England again,
An' 'ouses both sides of the street—"

I HEARD a sort of gasp from Billy. When I had finished the poem, he got up suddenly and said good night.

As I sat on, alone, with the book open in my lap at "Chant-Pagan," the immense, sick distaste of that "returned hero" showed me what was the matter with Billy, and with all the other grave-eyed, self-contained, restless yet indifferent young-men-just-out-of-khaki. They suffer from reaction. It is the last installment of the price we pay for war.

After what they have been and seen, life here, for the time being, has gone stale. And we girls and women are a part of "life here." Certainly they have no hostility toward us. But they can not have—or, rather, they can not show—the love for which we hunger.

Haven't you seen a rubber band stretched and stretched until, though unbroken, it has in it no more elasticity? In just that way the "spring" has been taken out of Billy—and out of your Tom or Roger.

He and I—he and you—are fit subjects for romantic reconstruction. And just as the burden of war fell on him, the burden of reconstruction must fall on us who stayed at home. What are we going to do about it?

Something we *must* do. This tired-souled, gray youth is *our* youth. Its happiness is ours, and our happiness depends on it. We

can not allow ourselves to be infected by the germ of indifference.

Nor can we show resentment. It would not be fair. Our hearts are wrung with tenderness for missing limbs, for eyes from which the light has gone. A wounded spirit is a more pitious thing than broken flesh.

I am going to fight—and win—by reconstructing our romance.

My first move will be the rebuilding of Billy's conception of me. I shall make him interested in me all over again. Instead of letting him be "grand, gloomy and unapproachable" when he comes to see me, I shall talk, and set him talking, about ideas of genuine and universal interest—neither the war nor parochial gossip.

TO BASE firmly our new romance, I shall sweep away all the rubbish of exactions and hollow traditions. Before the war an engaged American girl expected the man to be continually importuning her to marry him and put him out of his misery. Also she expected much "fussing," many gestures of devotion.

I shall understand if he fails to send me flowers and candy every week, to do the demonstrative, or to ask me to set an early date for the wedding.

My third measure of reconstruction is thoroughly practical. I shall learn to cook. One bit of life in the war zone which Billy did describe to me was his billciting in a French home conducted with the maximum of good eating and the minimum of waste.

I hope he has not drawn too unenthusiastic a comparison between home efficiency over here and over there. At least, I am not going to be on the wrong side of that comparison an instant longer than it takes me to master the newest Hooverized cook-book.

This last bit of reconstruction is especially the task of every war bride.

ONE other thing I know I must do for Billy. I must teach him to laugh again—to laugh gently and not with the cruelly grim humor of the trenches. Laughter is the cure for the morbidity of taking oneself with tragic seriousness.

It is only in the fairy-tales that the prince can spend a year killing dragons and monsters, then marry the princess the day he comes home and the two of them live happy ever after. I have to get used to a new Billy. Why should not I—and he—get used to a new and more worth-while me? To be interesting mentally, not to be exacting emotionally, to prove myself a practical helpmate, to evoke the comedy of life—when I have brought to pass these things, I hope and believe I shall have reconstructed a more golden romance than the old boy-and-girl attraction.

"NIFTY"

- Says the boy

"THRIFTY"

- Says mother



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CHICKEN LICKEN

A PLAY TO ACCOMPANY
CUT-OUT ON PAGE 18

THE story takes place in a pleasant country, through which a road runs by an Open Gate, over a Bridge and past a Wood, until it passes a wicked Fox's Den, beyond the Wood.

When the story begins CHICKEN-LICKEN comes through the Open Gate and after careful thought looks beneath the Oak Tree near the gate for something to eat. An Acorn falls from the trees and hits him on the head. He is much startled.

CHICKEN-LICKEN says: "Goodness me! The sky is falling! It hit me on the head. What shall I do?"

He runs around excitedly.

"I will go and tell the King!"

CHICKEN-LICKEN starts to go along the Road when HENNY-PENNY comes through the Gate calling after him.

HENNY-PENNY says: "CHICKEN-LICKEN! CHICKEN-LICKEN! Where are you going?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN says: "I'm going to tell the King the sky is falling."

HENNY-PENNY says: "May I go with you, CHICKEN-LICKEN?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN says: "Yes, we will go together and tell the King."

They start to go, when COCKY-LOCKY comes through the Gate, and calls after them.

COCKY-LOCKY says: "Where are you going, CHICKEN-LICKEN and HENNY-PENNY?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN and HENNY-PENNY say: "We are going to tell the King the sky is falling."

COCKY-LOCKY says: "May I go with you, CHICKEN-LICKEN and HENNY-PENNY?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN and HENNY-PENNY say: "Yes, we will all go together and tell the King."

They start to go and get as far as the Bridge when DUCKY-DADDLES comes up from the stream.

DUCKY-DADDLES says: "Where are you going, CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY and COCKY-LOCKY?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY and COCKY-LOCKY say: "We are going to tell the King the sky is falling."

DUCKY-DADDLES says: "May I go with you, CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY and COCKY-LOCKY?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY and COCKY-LOCKY say: "Yes, we will all go together and tell the King."

They just get over the Bridge when GOOSEY-POOSEY comes up from the stream and calls to them.

GOOSEY-POOSEY says: "Where are you going, CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY and DUCKY-DADDLES?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY and DUCKY-DADDLES say: "We are going to tell the King the sky is falling."

GOOSEY-POOSEY says: "May I go with you, CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY and DUCKY-DADDLES?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY and DUCKY-DADDLES say: "Yes, we will all go together and tell the King."

They all go along the road until they reach the Wood, when TURKEY-LURKEY comes from behind the trees.

TURKEY-LURKEY says: "Where are you going, CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY, DUCKY-DADDLES and GOOSEY-POOSEY?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY, DUCKY-DADDLES and GOOSEY-POOSEY say: "We are going to tell the King the sky is falling."

TURKEY-LURKEY says: "May I go with you, CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY, DUCKY-DADDLES and GOOSEY-POOSEY?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY, DUCKY-DADDLES and GOOSEY-POOSEY say: "Yes, we will all go together and tell the King."

Then as they start to go by the Wood, FOXY-WOXY comes out from behind his Den.

FOXY-WOXY says: "Where are you going, CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY, DUCKY-DADDLES, GOOSEY-POOSEY and TURKEY-LURKEY?"

CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY, DUCKY-DADDLES, GOOSEY-POOSEY and TURKEY-LURKEY say: "We are going to tell the King the sky is falling."

FOXY-WOXY says: "Oh! But that is not the way! May I go with you? I will show you the way."

CHICKEN-LICKEN, HENNY-PENNY, COCKY-LOCKY, DUCKY-DADDLES, GOOSEY-POOSEY and TURKEY-LURKEY say: "Yes, we will all go together and tell the King, and FOXY-WOXY shall show us the way."

FOXY-WOXY takes the lead and they all follow him around his Den three times, until they are dizzy. Then FOXY-WOXY stops in front of his Den.

FOXY-WOXY says: "Here we are. See, this is an underground passage to the King's palace. Now, all follow me and we shall soon be there."

FOXY-WOXY goes into his Den, and after him go TURKEY-LURKEY, GOOSEY-POOSEY, DUCKY-DADDLES, COCKY-LOCKY, HENNY-PENNY and CHICKEN-LICKEN. When they are all in one hears growls and cries; it is

FOXY-WOXY saying: "Row-wow-row!"

TURKEY-LURKEY saying: "Gobble! Gobble!"

GOOSEY-POOSEY and DUCKY-DADDLES saying: "Quack! Quack! Hiss-s-s! Quack! Quack!"

COCKY-LOCKY saying: "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

HENNY-PENNY saying: "Cut, cut, cadaw!"


CHICKEN-LICKEN saying: "Peep! Peep!"

Then, when all is still, FOXY-WOXY comes to the mouth of his Den.

FOXY-WOXY says: "Don't tell the King, but I wish the sky would fall every day."

FOXY-WOXY walks off; and that is the end of the story.

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PARIS NEW YORK




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B-48



The Delineator

September 1919

IN FASHION, the September morning lies far afield from its representation in canvas and oils. There is a crispness in the air, the pleasant fragrance of burning leaves, the revival of town life, all helping to turn a woman's thought toward a new type of dress. Voiles look faded and organdies feel distinctly wind-blown. One is looking in the direction of street dresses and suits. Of the former, Paris sent two to the races that are having a great vogue. One is made of blue serge, with a white *gilet* or vest that runs down, V-shaped, almost to the bottom of the skirt. The other is very simple, with a diagonal closing in the waist and a collar which ends in a deep plaited fringe across the back. Both have the new, fuller skirt which Paris recommends for the Autumn. Paris also uses the redingote for the races and the promenade, but it does not relinquish its beloved chemise dress even for these new favorites. Instead, it gives them a new look by multi-tucking the skirt or changing the body.

For dresses that are once removed from the *trotteur*, Paris is using a new fringe in a new way. It hangs in Honolulu fashion from the waistline to the very bottom of the skirt. It is made of very heavy silk, so that it falls into the straight lines of the new fuller, softer skirts. Paris also uses monkey fur, something that has never been successful in establishing itself over here. Ostrich fringe is prettier and more becoming. The French do fantastic things with the heavier wool materials that will not fray, cutting them into hip-length fringe on skirts or into narrower fringes on capes. It is Indian-looking and rather bizarre.

WOMEN who are looking for distinction in a less conspicuous form than these wide fringes will get it by means of the new full tunics, wider skirts, hip draperies and the fall embroideries and braidings. These latter trimmings are extremely handsome and are used with a prodigal hand. White embroidery or *soutache* braiding in deep bandings and large motifs are employed on blue serge and gabardine. Scarlet is also used on navy blue, but either of these sharp contrasts, although very good-looking, once seen is never forgotten, and for that reason the new combination of navy blue on black is more satisfactory unless you have a great many dresses. You can use a little color if you like, mixing a bit of colored embroidery or beading with braid. This is new, and offers an opportunity for something quite individual but not too unforgettable even if you follow the French fashion of almost covering a skirt with two or three rows of wide banding or of placing a large motif on the back and corners of the new blouse suit coats.

Suits are something to be reckoned with this Autumn, for they promise to be very smart. They are going back to rather more tailored lines than we have seen for some time. One reason, perhaps, is that the manufacturers are making very good-looking suit materials that are so striking in themselves that they call for very simple, uninvolved lines. There are very wide stripes in gray or white on black or dark blue, and also stripes that graduate in width from the very narrow to the very wide—*rayée* as the French call it. Very large checks, forming hair-line squares of white on a dark ground, are sometimes woven into the material and sometimes arrived at by means of machine-stitching done in heavy white silk. In these materials the coat is often very long. Shorter coats are also used, cut on very simple lines. For the softer suit materials there is a very charming blouse coat that is particularly lovely in *duvetyn*, the new quilted satin and velveteen.

Dress 1856



PARIS HOLDS THAT IT IS A SHORT SKIRT AND A FULL ONE BUT YOU MORE TRIMMING IS USED

Sketches by the Famous



In the Premet costume at the left the suiting is no less interesting than the suit. It is one of the latest Autumn mixtures and is used by Premet for a long, belted coat and a skirt with the fulness placed at the hips. The cut of the coat is simple but not severe, and it reverts to the Directoire type of notched collar



A style of afternoon dress that Doucet understands to perfection, and which Mlle. Praince, the Parisian actress, wears so gracefully, adds to its elegance by well-disposed ruffles, the short sleeve and a characteristic Doucet arrangement of iron-frou at the neck

All skirts are fuller, but not all of them flare, as one can see from the straight lines of this dress of Chéruit's. It is white satin, embroidered in gray, and the long kimono sleeve is significant, for it may mark a turn in the tide of the manche courte



Premet evidently had the brazier fires of Autentil in mind when he made this coat, for a woman, in wearing it, will not mind turning her back to the world while she warms her feet in the pesage between the races



Fulness is introduced in many fashions, but in few that are more successful than the double puff of Beer's tunics over a hem so narrow that it is slit at the side. The dress is of dark-brown tuffeta and the bands are blue



A charming dress by Jenny achieves the effect of a bolero and a three-tiered skirt by means of fringe. Jenny calls attention to the fact that the rose-red sash tied in front is new. The dress is of chamois-colored crêpe Georgette

CAN CHOOSE BETWEEN STRAIGHT LINES AND THOSE THAT FLARE THAN IN MANY YEARS

French Artist, Soulié



Paris apparently intends to return to its limousines this Winter, or Chéruit would not have dared so greatly with the stand-away line of the collar of this figured brocade cape. The rolled-up drapery has the effect of drawing it in at the feet



Paris speaks of "the Dutch silhouette," by which it means fulness and drapery at the hip. It is the line which is followed in an evening gown of tulle and embroidered silk. It was created by Mme. Havet of the Maison Agnès

Paris expects to repeat the success of silk fringe with monkey fur this Winter. Martial et Armand use it on a costume of Scotch plaid cloth for the Autumn. Here the new fulness, though more moderate than in some cases, has a distinct flare at the bottom

Beer might have called it "La Ballerina," instead of "Ceudrillon," for it is a very Dégas of a dancing dress with its draped rose gauze bodice and a skirt that spreads its ruffles at the sides. The afternoon sleeve is so short that the evening gown must be sleeveless so that you can distinguish between the two



Jenny makes up for the shortcomings of her sleeves by the height of her collar. The pointed line of the vest running down into the skirt is new and is sometimes continued almost to the hem. Paris conceals the scarcity of her materials by the variety of her trimmings. Jenny has simulated stripes by rows of velvet ribbon on marine-blue faille, and a panel by her manner of placing tassels on the front of the soft, full skirt





Dress 1801

Dress 1806

Coat 1875

Dress 1862

Dress 1878

COSTUMES FOR HOME AND STREET

Soft Silk and Tailored Dresses and a New Coat

1801—Charmeuse is used for a delightfully smart frock that adapts itself gracefully to luncheon or tea, and is quite simple enough to be worn almost anywhere in the daytime. The stand-away collar is new, and the long surplice line of the draped waist is invariably becoming to women. The sash ends finish the waistline prettily and the one-seam sleeve ends in a new flared cuff. The skirt is cut in two pieces, giving the wide hip drapery. The dress can be made with or without the camisole lining in taffeta, moire, satin, charmeuse, faille silk, foulard or tricotine, serge, gabardine and velveteen.

36 bust requires 4 5/8 yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, 5/8 yard satin 35 or 36 wide. Bottom 1 3/8 yard. It is correct for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

1862—A September necessity is the first trotteur dress of novelty cloth. The high neck and the straight plaits of the skirt have the tailored look that is new this Fall and which is essential to the successful street frock. The side closing trims the waist which can be made with or without the body lining. The skirt is cut in four pieces, and two plaits at each side of the front and back give the new soft lines. It is becoming to a woman of mature or slender figure in tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, checks, stripes, satin, charmeuse, faille silk, taffeta or silk poplin.

36-inch bust requires 3 1/2 yards of novelty cloth 44 inches wide. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2 1/4 yards. It is suitable for ladies of 32 to 50 inches bust.

1806—Up the back, over the shoulders, and down the side closing in front run the buttons on this frock of serge. The waist is cut with the fashionable square neck and the bell sleeve is a graceful thing. The skirt is made in three pieces and gathered to a slightly raised waistline. You can finish this dress without the body lining. It is suitable for wool jersey, tricotine, serge,

gabardine, checks, plaids, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, moire, velveteen or faille.

36-inch bust requires 3 1/2 yards serge 44 inches wide including a sash, 1/8 yard satin 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

1875—The smart velours coat for general wear is distinguished by its simple well-cut lines and good-sized collar. The sleeves are sewed into a comfortable armhole which is rather deep and the narrow laps make a nice-looking finish on the set-in pockets. The adjustable collar is becoming worn open or closed, and could be made of the coat material or of fur cloth. Mixtures, tweeds, wool velours, tricotine, gabardine, serge, camel's hair cloth, velveteen, plush, fur cloth and melton are suitable materials for a woman or young girl.

36-inch bust requires 2 3/4 yards velours 54 inches wide, 3/8 yard near seal 54 inches wide.

This coat is excellent for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

1878—Your Fall wardrobe? Does it contain one of the coat dresses that women are wearing so much both in New York and Paris? This one has a new side closing, a quite unusual convertible collar, and a simple straight skirt softly gathered to the trim waist. The dress gives the attractive one-piece lines and can be made with the body lining or without it. It is an excellent style for tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, checks, serge, jersey cloth, broadcloth, velveteen, satin, charmeuse, moire or faille.

36-inch bust requires 2 3/4 yards tricotine 54 inches wide, 3/8 yard taffeta 32 to 40 inches wide for collar. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 96



Coat 1874
Skirt 1861
Scarf 1266

Coat 1865
Skirt 1849
Bag 10742

Coat 1865
Skirt 1849
Spat 1167

Coat 1868
Skirt 1816

Coat 1842
Skirt 1805
Bag 10752

THE SUIT IS A FALL SUCCESS

It Has Tailored Lines or Bloused or Belted Coats

1874—1861—1266—The newest length in its coat and the latest width in its tailored skirt appear in an exceptionally smart suit. The coat has French simplicity of line and the adjustable collar is excellent. It is suitable for women or young girls. The skirt is in two pieces. Use tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, broadcloth, velours, stripes or checks for the suit and fur or fur cloth for the scarf.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards velours 54 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard velours 32 or more wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 38 or more wide for spat. Bottom 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard.

Coat, 1874, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust, also for misses. Skirt, 1861, is for ladies of 35 to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip. Scarf, 1266, is for ladies and misses.

1865—1849—Broadcloth is used for a suit cut on the revived tailored lines. The coat is extremely new in style and length and has an outline quite out of the ordinary in the back. The skirt is made in two pieces, and the sides lap over below the set-in pockets. This suit is especially good in tricotine, broadcloth, wool velours, stripes, checks, gabardine or serge.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards broadcloth 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Bag is bag number 10742.

This coat, 1865, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The skirt, 1849, is for ladies of 35 to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches hip.

1865—1849—1167—Distinction in line and smartness in material is achieved by a new suit of fashionable widely spaced hairline stripes worn with spats. The coat is cut on well-tailored lines, with a very good-looking pointed panel effect in the back. The shawl collar is becoming and the length is new. The skirt is in two pieces with an attractive out-

line in front and set-in pockets. Bottom 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards suiting 44 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard velours 35 or 36 wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard broadcloth 38 or more wide for spat.

Coat, 1865, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust. Skirt, 1849, for ladies of 35 to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip. Spat, 1167, for ladies and misses, should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

1868—1816—For general wear comes a very good-looking suit with the simple well-tailored lines worn by smart women. The notched collar is well cut and the dart plaits in back can either be stitched or pressed in. The skirt is cut in three pieces, and the front closing is generally liked for skirts of this character. Serge, gabardine, soft twills, tweeds, mixtures, tricotine and checks are suitable materials.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards mixture 44 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard velvet 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

Coat, 1868, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; it is also adapted to misses. Skirt, 1816, is for ladies of 35 to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

1842—1805—The blouse suit is very fashionable and the Russian coat is particularly pretty for a woman or young girl. The bloused coat makes a desirable suit for afternoon use or general wear, but it can be worn unbloused if you prefer. The collar is convertible. The skirt is two-pieced with very nice set-in pockets. The suit is excellent for tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, velveteen or broadcloth.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards striped suiting 54 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard velvet 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Bag is bag number 10752.

Coat, 1842, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; also for misses. Skirt, 1805, for ladies of 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 96



Dress 1869

Dress 1862

Dress 1880
Embroidery design 10745

THE STYLES OF AUTUMN

Suggest a Fuller, Easier Life
Open Necks Vary Only In Line

1869—Figured silk in the body combines with cloth for a dress that is suitable for street or informal afternoon wear. The silk upper part is cut in the fashionable kimono style and the straight lower part shows the new soft fullness. Use tricotine, soft twills, serge or gabardine alone or with satin, plaid silk, taffeta or foulard. You can also make this dress of satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine alone. The dress can be made with a camisole lining if you wish to use it.

36-inch bust requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard figured silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard cloth 50 inches wide for collar, skirt and a sash. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

It is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1862—A long narrow surplice collar above and plaits below the belt offer becoming lines that are so well suited to either the woman of slender or mature figure. The waist has a trim, attractive cut, and the sleeve ends in a new cuff. The plaits at each side of the front and back give an excellent width, and the dress has the one-piece effect. It can be made with a body lining. Use tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, checks, stripes, satin, charmeuse, faille, taffeta or silk poplin.

36-inch bust requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

This dress is pretty for ladies of 32 to 50 inches bust measure.

1880—A new draped waist and then just one tuck after another gives a charmeuse frock the entrée anywhere throughout the daytime. The waist is made on kimono lines, and the sleeve is finished with a new flared cuff. The skirt is two-pieced, and the tucks are extremely fashionable and make quite an inexpensive trimming. You can make this dress with or without a camisole lining, and it is suited to crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, silk crêpe, chiffon, silk voile, serge, gabardine, soft twills, tricotine or broadcloth.

36-inch bust requires 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards charmeuse 36 inches

wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Embroidery design 10745 trims the dress.

This dress is graceful for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

1817—A redingote of tricotine with fancy ribbon vest is about the smartest thing that Autumn fashion does in street frocks. It has the lines of a suit and all the advantages of a dress. The high standing collar is new and quite a change. The straight skirt is cut in one piece, and the dress can be made with or without a body lining. Satin, taffeta, charmeuse, faille, moiré or tricolette is suitable, or you could use serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills or jersey cloth alone or with a satin foundation and collar.

36-inch bust requires 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards tricotine 35 or 36 inches wide, 2 yards satin 13 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

1839—One of the fashionable new hairline stripes is combined with satin in a simple street dress. The straight panel front and back is broken on the sides by the widened hip effect. A dress of this type is usually made with a body lining. Tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge or velveteen can be used alone or with sleeves of satin or plaid. It is also suited to satin, taffeta, charmeuse, silk poplin, checks, plaids and moiré for women or young girls.

36-inch bust requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards striped cloth 54 inches wide, 2 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard Georgette 20 or more wide to veil collar. Bottom 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard.

This dress is adapted to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also suitable for misses.

1850—Long box plaits give the length of line and slim effect that is so desirable for the simple tailored dress of tricotine, soft twills, serge, gabardine, checks or jersey cloth. The narrow collar softens the square neck, and the plain close sleeve is very good style for a dress of this type. The cloth dress is usually made with a body lining, but it can be made without if you prefer. The dress is also suited to satin and charmeuse. It is excellent for a young girl, too.

36-inch bust requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards serge 44 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard fur cloth 54 inches wide. Lower edge 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

1872—1167—Wool jersey carries itself well in a smart street frock accompanied by broadcloth spats. This is an excellent one-piece style to choose for tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, checks, velours, velveteen or

jersey cloth for a woman or young girl. The side body is cut in kimono fashion, and the dress can be made with a body lining. Bottom with plaits drawn out 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards wool jersey 54 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard satin 32 or more inches wide for vestee and to line sash; $\frac{3}{8}$ yard broadcloth 38 or more wide for spat.

Dress, 1872, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; also for misses. Spat, 1167, for ladies and misses, should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

1840—A simple dress that is very desirable for early Autumn tailored wear is made of serge and finished with satin collar and undersleeve. The two-piece lower part comes up in tabs over the sash, giving the well-liked one-piece dress effect. The upper part has a becoming collar and a graceful wide sleeve over the close under one. You can make this dress with a body lining. Women and young girls use tricotine, serge, gabardine, soft twills etc.

36-inch bust requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards serge 50 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard satin 35 or 36 wide for collar and to face lower part of undersleeve. Bottom 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Embroidery design 10660 trims the dress.

It is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; also for misses.

1800—The straight slip-over-the-head blouse is very fashionable and is particularly good under a suit coat. It can be in two different lengths and offers the best neck outlines for the Fall. The wide sleeve is made in one seam and is particularly graceful in light materials like Georgette crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor. Women and young girls also use satin, velveteen, fine serge, gabardine and jersey cloth. There is a closing on the shoulders. Embroidery design 10708 trims the blouse.

36-inch bust requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards fringe.

This blouse is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

1854—1266—A panel front and plaits on the sides show how smart a new frock can be in gabardine. It is a splendid type of one-piece dress for a woman or young girl for Autumn wear with a scarf of fur cloth or velvet. It is an easy style to make and to wear in tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, checks, jersey cloth, satin or charmeuse. The dress can be made with a body lining or without it, as you prefer.

36-inch bust requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards gabardine 44 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide. The scarf is fur. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

This dress, 1854, is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust, also for misses; the scarf, 1266, is for ladies and misses.



Dress 1817



Dress 1839

Dress 1850



Dress 1872
Spat 1167



Dress 1840
Embroidery design 10660



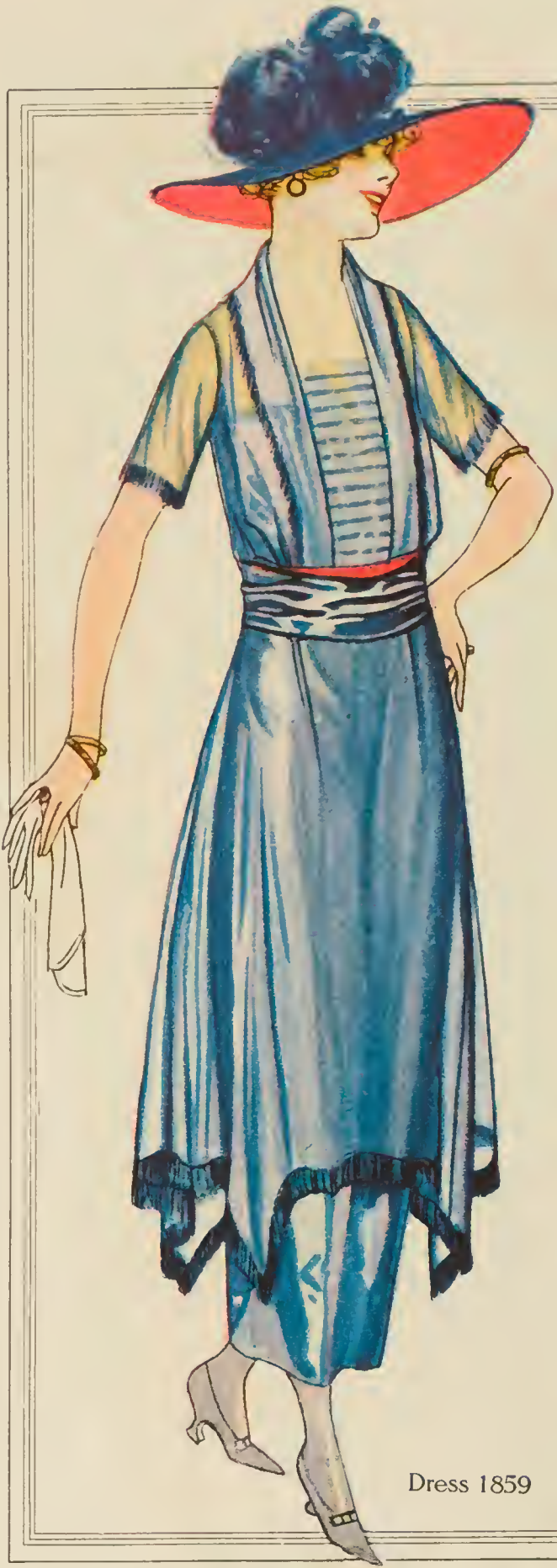
Blouse
1800

Embroidery
design
10708



Dress 1854
Scarf 1266

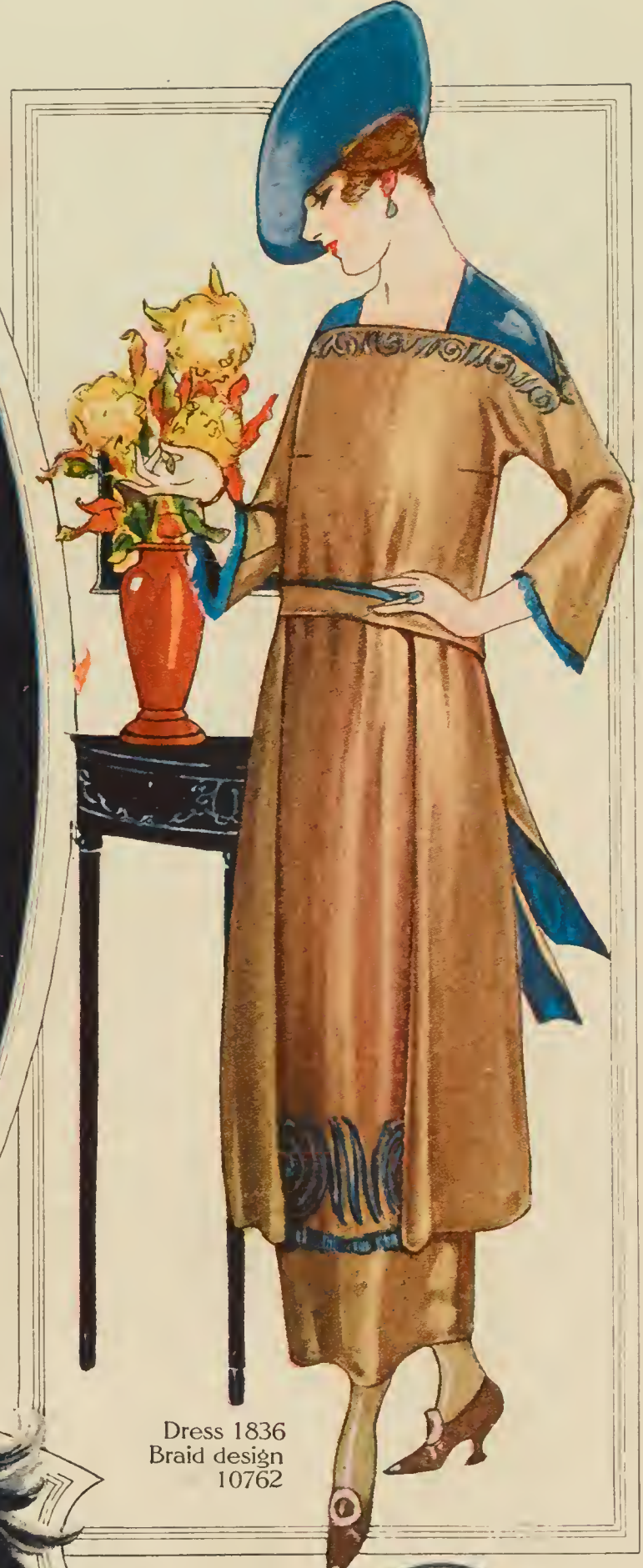
Other views of these garments are shown on page 96



Dress 1859



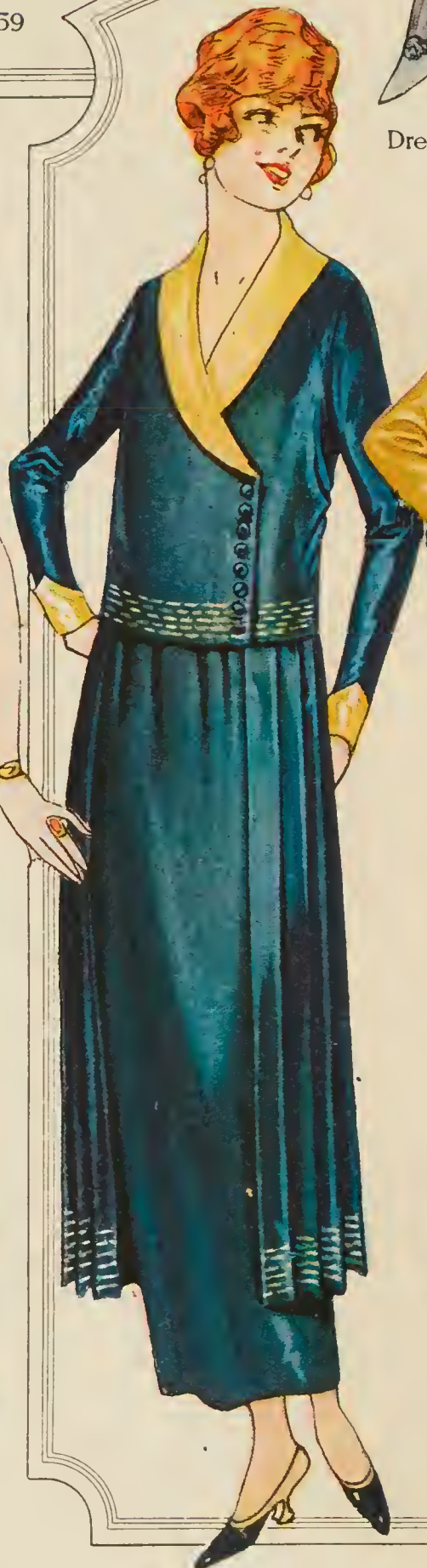
Dress 1864



Dress 1836
Braid design
10762



Waist 1847
Skirt 1838



Dress 1856



Waist 1843
Skirt 1821



Dress 1829
Embroidery
design 10760

Other views of these garments are shown on page 96



Dress 1686
Braid design 10729

Dress 1693
Scarf 1266
Braid design 10716

Smock 1694
Foundation 9842

WHEN LINES CHANGE

Soft Fulness, Circular Skirts and More
Length in Blouse and Tunic

1859—The demand for more width is met most satisfactorily by a tunic cut in two pieces. The foundation skirt is in one piece and has a straight lower edge. There is a camisole lining and another type and length of sleeve. Both sleeves are made with the one-seam construction. For a silk dress use satin, charmeuse, moire, faille, taffeta, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor. It is smart in tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, broadcloth or velveteen alone or with the foundation and collar of satin.

36-inch bust requires 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide for full-length foundation skirt, 6 yards of fringe. Bottom 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 34 to 50 inches bust.

1864—The example of Parisian versatility in handling the one-piece dress is shown in a tucked frock made with a vest and long collar. A few French houses are making their vestees with high necks, something you can do here if you wish, but the open V-line is much more becoming. This is a charming dress for tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, broadcloth, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine. It can be made with a body lining if you wish to use it.

36-inch bust requires 5 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard Georgette 18 or more inches wide for vestee. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

1836—The vogue of the long blouse, the kimono sleeve and panel effect is carried one step farther by the long overdress of a satin gown which gives you something new and unusual in the arrangement of the neck. The skirt is in two pieces with a little fulness at the back. This makes a decidedly elegant dress in satin, crêpe meteor, velveteen, etc. For more general wear you can make it of serge, gabardine, tricolette or wool jersey. You can make it with a body lining. Braid design 10762 trims the dress.

36-inch bust requires 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide including lower part of skirt, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting

satin 18 or more inches wide, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yard material 35 or 36 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard. This dress is effective for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

1847—1838—Here is a moire dress that you will choose for its fuller skirt, standaway collar and short kimono sleeve. The waist is draped and is made with a camisole lining. The two-piece skirt can be cut short and used over a two-piece foundation skirt. Use satin, charmeuse, tricotine, etc. 36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 5 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards moire silk 39 or 40 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard fur cloth 54 inches wide, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards material 32 inches wide for foundation skirt. Lower edge of foundation skirt 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard; skirt in full-length 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

This waist, 1847, is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The skirt, 1838, is excellent for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.

1856—Flying panels give the width at the side that is characteristic of the new French fashions. They also suggest the redingote, although it is really a dress with a draped waist and one-piece skirt. The simple collar and long plain sleeve are smart for a tailored dress. It can be made with a body lining, and you can use a shorter sleeve with a circular cuff. The dress can be made of tricotine, soft twills, gabardine or serge alone or with a foundation of satin, plaid silk or moire. It is also suitable for satin, charmeuse, moire, faille, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor.

36-inch bust requires 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards tricotine 44 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard satin 27 or more wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard. This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1843—1821—For a dress that will look entirely new choose the new full circular skirt. In one piece it is very pretty for plaids and checks and stripes. It can also be cut in two pieces, and be made in a shorter length like a tunic over a two-piece foundation skirt. The waist has the fashionable draped jumper sash and a French lining. Use serge, gabardine, velveteen, etc., with satin sleeves and side body.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards broadcloth 54 inches wide (skirt cut on a lengthwise fold), 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide for side front and side back and sleeve, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards material 35 or 36 inches wide for foundation skirt. Lower edge of foundation skirt 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard; circular skirt in full-length 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

This waist, 1843, is correct for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust. The skirt, 1821, is for ladies of 35 to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches hip.

1829—*On dit* that the next change in style will carry us toward more fitted lines. You get a hint of it in this dress, in the long body which though rather straight in line is draped to the figure. It has the new Medici collar, and you can

make it with a camisole lining or without. The sleeve has one seam, and the tunic and foundation skirt are both straight. The tunic is fuller and gives the new silhouette. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, moire or tricolette. The grape embroidery is fashionable.

36-inch bust requires 5 yards taffeta silk 35 or 36 inches wide with lower part of skirt, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard material 32 to 36 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard. Embroidery design 10760 trims the dress.

This dress is excellent for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

1686—The one-piece style, but with an arrangement of panel and yoke that gives it individuality, makes a good-looking dress for serge, gabardine, checks, satin, taffeta, silk poplin or moire. The yoke in front is cut in one with the panel and there is a yoke but no panel in back. The skirt is straight, the sleeve has one seam, and a body lining can be used or not, as you like.

36-inch bust requires 3 yards serge 54 inches wide including a sash, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard satin 18 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Braid design 10729 is used to trim the dress.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 34 to 48 inches bust measure.

1693—1266—There are a number of ways of arriving at the softer, fuller fashions, but one of the best is by means of straight flounces over a straight skirt. The waist has the kimono sleeve which is such a good arrangement with a draped jumper of this type. You can use satin, taffeta, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor, with the waist and flounces of silk crêpe; or the whole skirt can be made of the silk material. The dress can be made with a body lining.

36-inch bust requires 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards satin 40 inches wide, 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards Georgette 35 or 36 inches wide for jumper and skirt. Lower edge 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yard. The scarf is fur.

This dress, 1693, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The scarf, 1266, is for ladies and misses.

1694—9842—The fact that the smock is unsmocked does not disturb the French designer in the least, for the important thing is the new length, the kimono sleeve and the line of the neck. It can be made of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor and worn over a satin foundation that takes the place of a body lining and skirt.

36-inch bust requires 3 yards figured Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards narrow ribbon, 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards medium wide ribbon, 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards wide ribbon, 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

This smock, 1694, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust, also for misses. The foundation, 9842, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.



Dress 1887

Coat 1886

Dress 1889
Scarf 1266

Coat 1888
Spat 1167

Coat 1890

FOR THE PROMENADE

Dresses Worn Under Separate Coats

1887—A dress that offers you the new circular line in a deep flounce below a long body is made of beige-colored tricotine stitched in dark blue. Paris uses a great deal of stitching to give a fresh look to her rather limited supply of materials. For a dress of this sort you can use soft twills, gabardine, serge, checks, broadcloth, velveteen, poplin, plaids, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, moire or faille. It can be made with a body lining if you wish to use it.

36-inch bust requires 3 yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 2½ yards.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 bust.

1886—A handsome coat of plush or velveteen, the new heavy tricolette or satin is indispensable with afternoon dresses or with a dark silk or satin gown when you go to the theater informally after a restaurant dinner. The lines of the deep yoke and adjustable collar are extremely nice and make a graceful *manteau*, as the Frenchwoman would call it. There are two ways of making the back, and the coat can be worn without the string belt, pockets or cuffs. You could also use duvetyne, velours or broadcloth. Bottom 2½ yards.

36-inch bust requires 3¾ yards plush 54 wide.

This coat is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is suited to misses too.

1889—1266—Softer lines mark the two-piece skirt of a satin, charmeuse or moire dress that could be used for tea or luncheon. It would make itself more generally useful in tricotine, serge and stripes. The waist has a body lining, and plaits at each side of the skirt continue the line of the vest.

36-inch bust requires 4½ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, ½ yard chiffon 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards with plaits drawn out. The scarf is fur.

This dress, 1889, is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The scarf, 1266, is for ladies and misses.

1888—1167—Very English looking is this coat with its cape and adjustable shawl collar. The armhole is deep enough for comfort. Use velours, duvetyne, broadcloth, mixtures, tweeds, camel's-hair coatings, melton, checks, plush or fur cloth for the coat, and melton, kersey or felt for the spats.

36-inch bust requires 3½ yards checked velours 54 inches wide, ¾ yard velvet 35 or 36 inches wide, ¾ yard material 38 or more inches wide for spat. Lower edge of coat in full length 1¾ yard.

This coat, 1888, is adapted to ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust, also to misses. The spat, 1167, for ladies and misses, should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

1890—Furs are so expensive this year that many women will use the fur fabrics for the big draped collars of their separate coats. The fur cloths are very beautiful and could be used to advantage for a coat of this type, for its lines are so simple. The sleeve is cut in one with the body and there is a sleeve protector for motoring, etc. You can also use duvetyne, velours, plush, camel's-hair cloaking, checks, tweeds, mixture, broadcloth and cloaking satin.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards velours 54 inches wide, ½ yard fur cloth 54 inches wide. Bottom 2 yards.

This coat is excellent for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 96



Blouse 1857
Skirt 1861
Embroidery design 10717

Blouse 1689
Skirt 1861

Dress 1884

Blouse 1798
Skirt 1849

Dress 1882

FRENCH DRESSES

New Separate Blouses and Skirts

1857—1861—A new type of draped blouse goes over the top of a two-piece skirt of soft twills, gabardine, serge, velours, faille, moire or satin. The sleeve is kimono and the blouse can be made of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or plaid silk, either with the camisole lining or without it.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 1 7/8 yard crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards tricotine 44 inches wide. Lower edge 1 7/8 yard. Embroidery design 10717 trims the dress.

This blouse, 1857, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The skirt, 1861, is for ladies of 35 to 49 1/2 hip.

1798—1849—With a smart neck and a good one-seam sleeve the draped blouse gives a costume look to a separate skirt. Silk crêpe, chiffon, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and taffeta can be used for the blouse with a two-piece skirt of tricotine, gabardine, serge, poplin, checks, plaids, stripes, mixtures, cheviot, velours, broadcloth or homespun. The blouse has a camisole lining.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1 7/8 yard satin 39 or 40 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards trimming, 2 1/4 yards stripes 44 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

This blouse, 1798, is for ladies of 32 to 42 bust; the skirt, 1849, for 35 to 49 1/2 hip.

1689—1861—Under-the-belt blouses are indispensable and this one has the fashionable kimono sleeve. It can be made of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, satin, etc. The two-piece skirt is the new tailored type for tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, broadcloth, velours, checks, stripes, faille, satin, moire, charmeuse or taffeta.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1 3/8 yard striped washable silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 1/2 yard plain silk 35 or 36 inches wide including plaiting, 2 yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1 7/8 yard.

This blouse, 1689, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 1861, for ladies of 35 to 49 1/2 hip.

1884—The Dutch silhouette is much in vogue and is shown here in the hip drapery of the two-piece skirt. The dress slips on over the head and is drawn in at the waist by an elastic or drawstring. The body is cut kimono fashion and there is a camisole lining. Use satin, charmeuse, moire, faille, taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, serge, tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, velveteen, broadcloth or duvetyn. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

36 bust requires 4 3/8 yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide, 1/2 yard Georgette 18 or more inches wide, 5/8 yard material 35 or 36 inches wide for plaitings.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 bust.

1882—Such a frock as a French house sends to the races is made in one-piece fashion, in satin, charmeuse, moire, or faille with a vest of contrasting satin or vesting. In tricotine, soft twills, duvetyn, etc., the vest can be of broadcloth, satin, corded silks, vestings or moire. In velveteen it should be of satin, corded silks or vesting. It is made with or without a body lining.

36-inch bust requires 2 3/8 yards serge 54 inches wide, 1 1/4 yard broadcloth 36 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 46 bust; also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 96

IN AND OUT

Straight and Circular
Honors and Both



1793—Paris has introduced several new types of dress, but nothing shakes her faith in the one-piece frock. She gives it a fresh look by making it of an interesting material and changing the outline of the collar, neck and pocket. One sometimes sees dresses of this type closed in back, with a high neck chemisette or made with a high collar and buttoned in front, but the open neck is more general. This dress can be made either way and is a good style for wool jersey, tricotine, serge, gabardine, the new quadrangle checks, satin, taffeta and velveteen. It can be made with or without a body lining as you prefer.

36-inch bust requires 2½ yards check wool 54 inches wide, ¼ yard plain wool 22 or more inches wide. Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure, also adapted to misses.

1837—1266—Ladies of both rank and file require a dress of this sort for walking, shopping or business. With a fur or fur cloth scarf you can wear it until late in the season and then carry on with it under a separate coat. It is a one-piece style and the broad front panel repeats itself at the back. The dress can be made with a short sleeve and without either the pockets or body lining. You can use tricotine, jersey cloth, gabardine, serge, velveteen, satin, taffeta or charmeuse for this dress for a woman or young girl.

36-inch bust requires 3½ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting material 18 or more inches wide. The scarf is fur. Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

This dress, 1837, is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure, also for misses. The scarf, 1266, is suitable for ladies and misses.

1795—1557—Upsetting the old notion that the plainest dresses are the most useful this dress can be worn any place where you'd use a simple frock, and many places where you wouldn't. The waist has a French lining and the tunic gives the new circular line. The skirt itself is in two pieces with soft plaits at the front. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor, soft serge, gabardine and stripes for this dress.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4⅞ yards charmeuse 35 or 36 inches wide including a girdle, ¾ yard contrasting material 35 or 36 inches wide, 1½ yard material 27 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge of the skirt with plaits drawn out measures 1½ yard.

This waist, 1795, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust. The skirt, 1557, is correct for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip measure.

1806—A really charming French dress has all the little Parisian touches that lift a frock far above the level of its own simplicity. The left-handed line of the front closing is continued down the back of the dress to the hem, giving the effect of a back closing. It can be made with the very short, very French sleeve or with a wide sleeve, that is not so short but is perhaps more practical. The skirt is cut in three pieces and is gathered at the slightly raised waistline. It can be made with a body lining if you care to use it and you probably will to protect a nice satin, charmeuse, taffeta, velveteen, moire, faille, wool jersey, tricotine, gabardine, serge, checks or plaid. The cobweb embroidery is quite lovely and means very little work.

36-inch bust requires 2½ yards jersey cloth 54 inches wide, 2⅝ yards ribbon 6 inches wide for sash. Lower edge 1½ yard. The bag is bag number 10752, and embroidery design 10741 trims the dress.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1845—1866—A circular skirt in an unusual outline at the bottom flares below a draped waist tied in an ingénue bow behind. The skirt is in two pieces and can be cut in two ways, in either the length you see here or a shorter style that turns it into a tunic over a two-piece foundation skirt. In both cases it gives you the new width in a new way. The drapery of the surplice front suggests the outline of the figure and is a change from the straight line of the chemise dress. The dress is made with a French lining and would be good-looking in satin, charmeuse, faille, taffeta, tricotine, soft twills, serge, gabardine, checks, stripes, velveteen or broadcloth. The circular skirt is especially pretty in checks and plaid.

36 bust and 38 hip require 5¼ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting 36 inches wide. Lower edge of foundation 1⅝ yard, circular skirt in full-length 2½ yards.

This waist, 1845, is graceful for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust measure. The skirt, 1866, is suitable for ladies of 35 to 49½ inches hip measure.

1820—9842—A satin foundation and a handsome blouse make a costume that can be multiplied by the number of blouses of this type that you have in your wardrobe. Blouses in different colors worn with the same foundation give the impression of several dresses. The kimono blouse either in this length or a little shorter is enjoying a great vogue and is very becoming as well as very fashionable. It slips over the head and you can make the sleeve without the puff. It is suitable for Georgette crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, satin, crêpe meteor, velveteen or serge for a woman or young girl. The foundation can be worn in place of an underbody and skirt with this blouse.

36-inch bust requires 2⅞ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 1⅞ yard fringe, for foundation 36 inches bust requires 2⅞ yards satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard. Embroidery design 10735 trims the blouse.

This blouse, 1820, is excellent for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is also suitable for misses. The foundation, 9842, is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1797—The woman-about-town shares the plaited one-piece dress with the woman-out-of-town. Neither of them can get through the day without a simple wool or silk frock, something that is easy to get into and rarely has to be put up for repairs. A dress, in fact, that is never out of order. Four plaits at the front and four at the back arranged two on a side, give this dress the more tailored look that characterizes many of the Fall styles. There is another collar and you can leave off the pockets, but they have the fashionable effect of widening the hip. This dress does not absolutely require a body lining but the upper part will keep fresher if you use one. For the dress for women and young girls use tricotine, gabardine, serge, checks, plaids, wool jersey, wool poplin, satin, taffeta or silk poplin.

36-inch bust requires 3¼ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge of skirt with plaits drawn out measures 2 yards.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust, also to misses.

IN AUTUMN

Lines Divide the
Exploit Fulness

1804—1266—Stripes in two directions attract in one way in a splendid type of cloth frock, worn with a fur scarf. It is made with an overblouse which slips on over the head, and gives the long body lines that are greatly liked. The straight lower part has the overskirt effect, and forms the only trimming necessary. The sleeve is one-seamed and the dress can be made with a camisole lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces, and is arranged at a slightly raised waistline. Use wool jersey, tricotine, serge, gabardine, checks, stripes, plaids, velveteen, satin, taffeta, charmeuse, etc.

36-inch bust requires 3 3/8 yards striped woolen 50 inches wide including sash, 1/2 yard broadcloth 27 or more inches wide. The scarf is fur. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

This dress, 1804, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The scarf, 1266, is for ladies and misses

1808—Gabardine is used for a simple frock with narrow braiding on the vest and sleeve. The waist has excellent lines and the long collar and square neck are good style. The skirt is cut in four pieces and two plaits at each side of the front and back give the new width. The skirt can be gathered at the sides or fitted with darts. This dress can be made with or without a body lining. It is a suitable style for satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, silk poplin or serge, gabardine, tricotine, checks, plaids and wool poplin would make a splendid dress for wear throughout the Autumn.

36-inch bust requires 3 yards gabardine 54 inches wide, 3/4 yard satin 39 or 40 inches wide.

Lower edge of the skirt with plaits drawn out about 2 3/8 yards.

This dress is excellent for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

1789—1786—A draped waist and a new full puff tunic skirt take the newest lines in a frock of soft moiré silk. The waist is very graceful and becoming, and the stand-away collar shows the latest neck effect. The waist follows the figure a little more closely than the lines we have been using, but it is not snug. It is made over a French lining. The skirt has a straight tunic arranged in a very unusual puff effect over the straight foundation skirt. You could use taffeta, satin, charmeuse or faille or velveteen for this dress for the Autumn.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4 1/2 yards moiré silk 36 inches wide, 1/4 yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 3/4 yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of foundation. Bottom 1 1/4 yard.

This waist, 1789, is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The skirt, 1786, for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip.

1820—1671—A velveteen blouse and a cloth skirt make a very smart costume for many occasions. The blouse is cut in kimono fashion, and is suitable for women and young girls in Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, satin, crêpe meteor, velveteen or serge. The skirt is in two pieces on splendid lines for serge, gabardine, tricotine, soft twills, checks, stripes, plaids, satin, taffeta or charmeuse. The sleeve is a very graceful length for Autumn wear, and it could also be finished with the puff at the wrist which is new and pretty. It is a nice blouse for serge, and could be trimmed very attractively and inexpensively with hand-embroidery or braiding.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 1 7/8 yard velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 1/4 yard cloth 54 inches wide (without nap). Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

This blouse, 1820, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure; it is also very attractive for misses. The skirt, 1671, is adapted to ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip measure.



Dress 1804
Scarf 1266



Dress 1808

Waist 1789
Skirt 1786



Waist 1792
Skirt 1838
Embroidery design 10745

Dress 1813
Braid design 10657



Waist 1841
Skirt 1866

1792—1838—Charmeuse is used for a frock that offers the new wide skirt and a becoming surplice waist. The back of the waist comes over the shoulders like a yoke to the front, which is softly gathered, and the dress is made over a French body lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces on the latest Autumn lines, and is used over a foundation, also two-pieced. Crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, satin, charmeuse or taffeta would make a delightful dress.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4 3/8 yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide for waist, skirt and lower part of foundation, 1/2 yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide (including plaitings), 1 3/8 yard material 35 or 36 inches wide for upper part of foundation. Lower edge of foundation skirt 1 3/8 yard; skirt in full-length 2 1/4 yards. The embroidery design, 10745, is used to trim the dress.

This waist, 1792, is adapted to ladies of 32 to 50 inches bust. The skirt, 1838, is correct for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip measure.

1813—Georgette and satin form a delightful combination for an afternoon frock throughout the Autumn. The waist is made in jumper effect, and comes down below the belt like a peplum in front and back. It can be cut with U or high neck instead of the round, and the sleeve finished differently. The skirt is in two pieces and is gathered at a slightly raised waistline. This dress could be made with or without a camisole lining. You can use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine alone or with the side body and sleeves of silk crêpe. The braiding makes a very handsome and quite inexpensive trimming on the dress.

36-inch bust requires 2 1/4 yards Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide including sash ends, 3 1/8 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide for the skirt and camisole. Lower edge of the skirt measures about 1 3/4 yard. Braid design 10657 is used to trim the dress.

This dress is excellent for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1841—1866—A bold woolen plaid appears over dark satin in a smart frock for general wear. The waist is soft and becoming, and the front closing is greatly liked. It is made over a French lining. The circular skirt gives the new width over its narrow foundation. You can make it longer and discard the foundation altogether if you wish; both foundation and skirt are cut in two pieces. You could use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, moiré, faille or serge, tricotine, gabardine, checks, stripes or velveteen for this dress.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 3 yards plaid woolen 54 inches wide, 7/8 yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 1/4 yard material 35 or 36 inches wide for upper part of foundation, 3/8 yard Georgette 18 or more inches wide for vest front. Lower edge of foundation skirt about 1 3/8 yard; circular skirt in full-length 2 1/2 yards.

This waist, 1841, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust. This skirt, 1866, is correct for ladies of 35 to 49 1/2 inches hip measure.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 96



To Know Is to Choose Wisely

Your doors, window-frames, mantels, sideboard, floors—what wood shall they be made of?

You can't, you mustn't make a mistake in the part of the house you *live with* and see most of. What is more vexatious than a mistake—your own mistake—staring you out of countenance day after day!

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Dress 1280
Tam-o'-Shanter
1477
Embroidery
design 10656



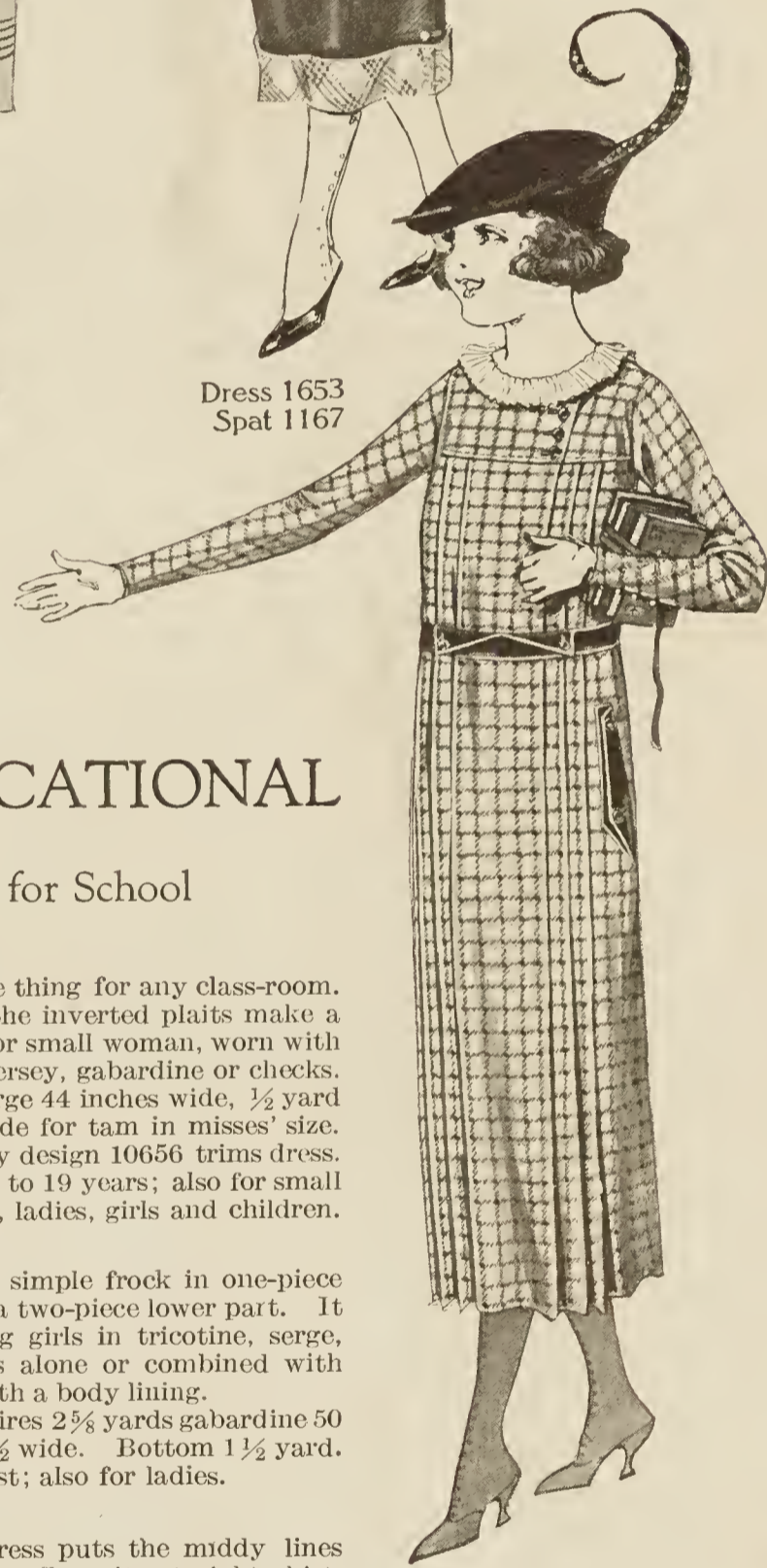
Dress 1840



Dress 1653
Spat 1167



Dress 1872



Dress 1854

HIGHLY EDUCATIONAL

Simple Dresses for School

1280—1477—A sailor dress is the thing for any class-room. It slips on over the head, and the inverted plaits make a becoming dress for a young girl or small woman, worn with the tam. Use serge, tricotine, jersey, gabardine or checks.

16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards serge 44 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard flannel 36 wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 32 wide for tam in misses' size. Bottom $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard. Embroidery design 10656 trims dress.

Dress, 1280, is for misses of 12 to 19 years; also for small women. Tam, 1477, for misses, ladies, girls and children.

1840—Exceptionally smart is a simple frock in one-piece dress effect with trim waist and a two-piece lower part. It is splendid for women or young girls in tricotine, serge, gabardine, soft twills or checks alone or combined with satin or silk. It can be made with a body lining.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards gabardine 50 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards ribbon $1\frac{1}{2}$ wide. Bottom $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. It is for misses of 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.

1653—1167—A good-looking dress puts the middy lines in its long blouse and a broad cuff on its straight skirt. The blouse slips on over the head. Women and young girls use jersey cloth or serge. The spats are smart.

32-inch bust or 15 to 16 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards serge 54 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard silk 36 inches wide; $\frac{3}{8}$ yard material 38 inches wide for spat. Bottom $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.

Dress, 1653, is for misses of 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies. Spats, 1167, is for misses and ladies, and should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

1872—A tailored one-piece dress inspires the higher life in frocks at least for young girls or women. The front and back give a panel effect over the inserted section at each side, and the sleeves are cut in one with the side body. A body lining can be used or not under tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, checks or velours.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards wool poplin 44 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard satin 18 wide, 12 yards braid. Bottom $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard. It is for misses of 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.

1854—Checked woolen is just right for this one-piece dress. The side plaits give the new fulness below the deep yoke, which can be discarded, however, and you can use or omit the body lining in tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, checks, jersey cloth, satin or charmeuse for the young girl or woman.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards woolen 44 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard satin 36 inches wide. Bottom $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. It is for misses of 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.





Dress 1853
Smocking
design 10592

Dress 1881

Dress 1877

AROUND THE CLOCK

For Every Day and Parties

1853—A quaint little laced jumper gives a new turn to the Empire line. The kimono blouse can be gathered and the skirt is straight. Young girls and small women use satin, taffeta, plaids or serge with silk crêpe, satin, etc. 16 years requires 2½ yards tricotine 44 inches wide, 1½ yard Georgette 39 or 40 wide for blouse and platings. Bottom 1½ yard. Smocking design 10592 trims dress. This dress is nice for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also correct for small women.

1881—A net vestee smartly fronts an Empire frock of satin. The waist is made in simple, attractive kimono style, and the skirt is two-pieced. Use charmeuse, moire, faille, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, checks, plaids, serge, gabardine, velveteen, tricotine or soft twills. 16 years requires 3½ yards satin 36 inches wide, ½ yard net 24 or more inches wide for collar and vestee, 8 yards of edging. Lower edge 1¾ yard. It is attractive for misses of 14 to 19 years.

1877—A deep bosom and stand-off collar take a simple frock quite out of the ordinary for young girls or small women. The skirt is straight and the body lining can be used or omitted in tricotine, gabardine, serge, checks, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, faille, crêpe de Chine, etc. 16 years requires 2½ yards jersey cloth 54 inches wide, ½ yard satin 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard. This dress is pretty for misses of 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

1851—A new wide straight tunic and a draped surplice kimono waist make a delightful dress for young girls or small women in satin, taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine. It can be made with a camisole lining. Bag 10752 is used for the bag. 17 years requires 4¼ yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting 32 or more inches wide, 1½ yard material 27 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge 1¾ yard. It is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

1846—A tunic puffed at the hip gives the new lines in an adorable dancing frock for young girls or small women. Use taffeta, flowered silks, messaline, faille, gros de Londres or crêpe de Chine. The skirt is straight. 17 years requires 3½ yards pompadour silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 1¼ yard flouncing 12½ inches wide, ¾ yard material 27 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge 1¼ yard. It is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also adapted to small women.



Dress 1851
Bag 10752



Dress 1846



He is the Talcum Professor!



HE'S the small person who has taught the world to appreciate Talcum—Mr. Baby, with an honorary degree from the College of Comfort. He knew what he wanted—and got it for the whole family.

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But they found Mennen's! Mennen Borated Talcum Powder cooled and soothed baby's flower-soft skin and brought refreshing sleep. And it also won over every member of baby's family to the Mennen Idea.

Mennen Talcum—after the shower-bath—takes the discomfort of perspiration out of work, makes tight garments loose, tight shoes comfortable, smooths the sheets to the feeling of silk on a hot night, is a delightful toilet adjunct, and, in the special Talcum for Men, is wholly satisfactory after shaving.

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1853

1881

1877

1851

1846

OUTDOOR WARDROBES

Styles That Bring Out The Girls



The Final Touch

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But—why ruin the effect with a complexion that cannot stand the closest glances? Why attract by other charms and repel by a rough or blemished skin. Be fair of complexion—be fair to yourself.

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

gives that final touch which counts for so much in winning admiration and praise. Wherever you are, have your complexion above criticism. Carmen will do it—the powder that stays on.

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and the new Carmen - Bernette Shade

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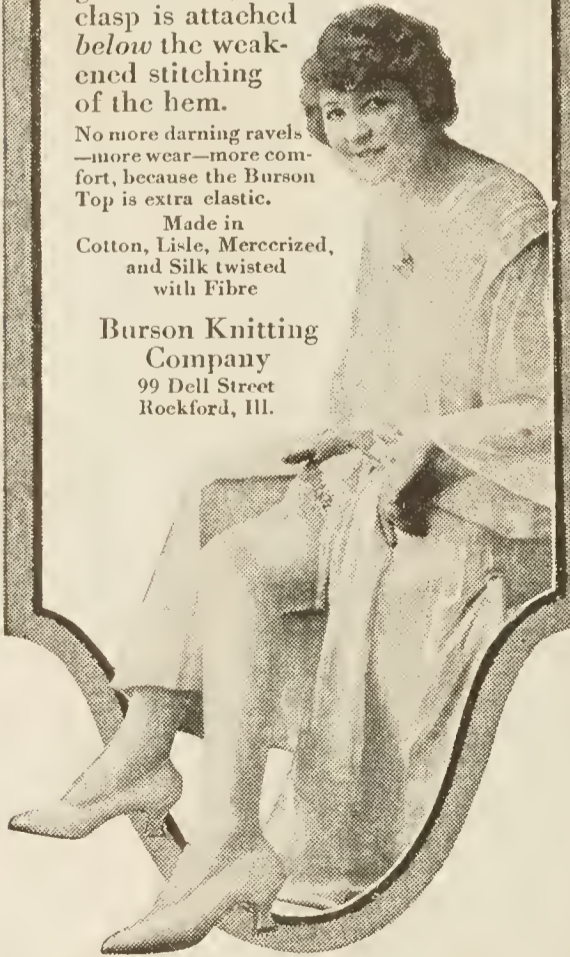


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The narrow hem top prevents garter runs, because the garter clasp is attached below the weakened stitching of the hem.

No more darning ravels—more wear—more comfort, because the Burson Top is extra elastic. Made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized, and Silk twisted with Fibre

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Coat 1873



Coat 1322
Doll set 395



Dress 1850

Coat 1842; skirt 1466
Scarf 1266



Coat 1868
Skirt 1530
Spat 1167



Coat 1885



1850

1873—A big check makes a smart coat for school and general wear. The collar is convertible and very becoming and the set-in pockets are most convenient. Velours, cheviot, check, mixture, tweed, gabardine, broadcloth, fur cloth and velveteen would be good materials.

12 years requires 1 7/8 yard checked woolen 54 inches wide, 1/2 yard plain cloth 44 inches wide.

This coat is pretty for girls of 4 to 15 years.

1322—395—A slashed belt and an adjustable collar give sufficient style to this coat to accompany a very smart doll. The Empire line is pretty. It is a nice coat for velours, velveteen, corduroy, broadcloth, checks, faille silk or bengaline.

4 years requires 1 1/4 yard broadcloth 54 inches wide for coat; for doll 7/8 yard material 36 inches wide for dress, 1/4 yard material 27 or more inches wide for hat in 24-inch size.

This coat is splendid for girls of 1/2 to 12 years. The doll set, 395, 14 to 30 inches tall.

1850—Broad box plaits, a deep yoke, narrow belt and close sleeves leave nothing to be desired in a frock for a girl or woman. It is a splendid type of one-piece dress for tricotine, soft twills, serge, gabardine, checks, jersey cloth, satin and charmeuse. It can be made with a body lining. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2 1/8 yards.

32-inch bust or 15 to 16 years requires 3 1/4 yards serge 44 wide.

This dress is attractive for misses of 32 to 34 inches bust; also for ladies.

1842—1466—1266—The blouse-coat suit is new and has a soft becoming line for a young girl or woman. The coat has a convertible collar and is easy to make. The skirt is cut in two pieces.

34-inch bust or 17 to 18 years for coat and 17 years for skirt require 3 yards duvetyn 54 inches wide, 7/8 yard near seal 44 or more inches wide for scarf in misses size and collar. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard.

Coat, 1842, is for misses of 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; skirt, 1466, correct for misses of 14 to 19 years; also adapted to small women. Scarf, 1266, is for ladies and misses.

1868—1530—1167—All aboard for boarding-school in a pocketed suit and trim spats. The coat has the new lines and is suitable for ladies also. The skirt is cut in two pieces. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard.

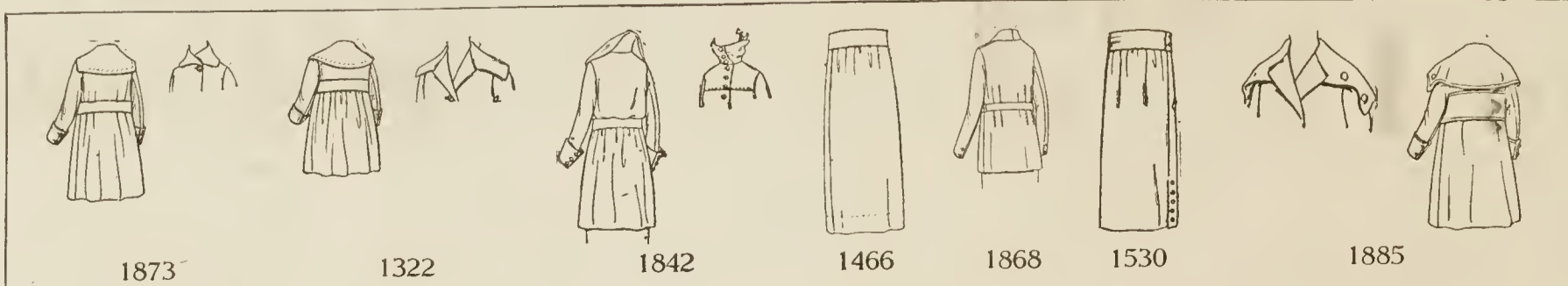
32 bust or 15 to 16 years for coat and 16-year skirt require 3 3/4 yards cheviot 44 inches wide; 3/8 yard 38 or more wide for spat.

This coat, 1868, is for misses of 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; skirt, 1530, for misses of 14 to 19 years; also adapted to small women. The spat, 1167, are for ladies and misses, and should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

1885—A broad belt, an adjustable collar, and the new coat of chinchilla is thoroughly satisfactory for the junior and her younger sister. The sleeve has a big cuff and is set into an armhole cut rather deep. This is a good style for velours, broadcloth, check, melton, velveteen, corduroy or fur cloth.

10 years requires 2 yards of chinchilla 54 inches wide.

This coat is very good-looking for girls of 4 to 15 years.



1873

1322

1842

1466

1868

1530

1885

SEPTEMBER COSTUMES

Suit, Coat and Frock



Coat 1874
Skirt 1372

Coat 1871
Skirt 1772

Coat 1883
Hat 1195

Coat 1876

Coat 1879

1879

Dress 1852

1852

1874—1372—A very slim, trim suit is delightful for the young girl in tricotine, soft twills, serge, gabardine, broadcloth, plaids, velours, velveteen, stripes or checks. The coat has the new lines, an adjustable collar and the straight skirt is one-piece.

34-inch bust or 17 to 18 years coat and 17 years skirt require 3½ yards cheviot 52 inches wide. Lower edge 1¼ yard.

This coat, 1874, is for misses of 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies. The skirt, 1372, is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

1871—1772—A new blouse suit is especially becoming to the young girl or small woman in velveteen, tricotine, serge, gabardine or checks. The coat is new and is made in kimono style with an Empire waistline. The skirt is cut in two pieces on excellent lines.

16 years requires 3¾ yards velours 54 inches wide, ⅝ yard material 38 or more inches wide for spat. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

This coat, 1871, and skirt, 1772, are suitable for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

1883—1195—A coat and a hat to match in velveteen is the acme of smartness for the junior wardrobe. The body and sleeve of the coat are cut in one, and the adjustable collar is draped snugly about the neck. Use velours, broadcloth, cheviot, velveteen or checks.

8 years requires 3½ yards velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide, including hat in 8 years or 20¼ head measure, 1 yard fur banding to trim collar, ¾ yard fur banding to trim hat.

This coat, 1883, is attractive for girls of 4 to 15 years. The hat, 1195, is for girls of 2 to 12 years.

1876—A deep round yoke shoulders the responsibility for a decidedly attractive broadcloth coat. The gathers in the lower part give the new fulness and the coat looks very French finished with a band at the bottom. Use velours, broadcloth, velveteen, checks, soft twills, serge, gabardine, faille or moire. The collar is convertible.

10 years requires 1½ yard broadcloth 54 inches wide, ¼ yard velvet 35 or 36 inches wide.

This coat is excellent for girls of 1 to 12 years.

1879—The cool days of Autumn mean warm coats for the junior, and this one is cut on new lines. The straight front and Empire back make a good combination. The collar is convertible and is very smart and the armhole cut slightly deep. You could use tricotine, serge, gabardine, checks, broadcloth, velours or velveteen.

10 years requires 2⅝ yards broadcloth 54 inches wide.

This coat is becoming to girls of 4 to 14 years.

1852—Messaline makes a pretty little dress for afternoon wear. The surplice waist drapes around and ties in a sash in back. The short sleeve is attractive in a dress of taffeta, erépe de Chine, plaid silk, checked or flowered silks. The skirt is straight. You could also use serge, plaid or check woolens, or gingham, chambray or linen.

13 years requires 3¼ yards messaline 35 or 36 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting material 27 or more inches wide.

This dress is pretty for girls of 8 to 15 years.



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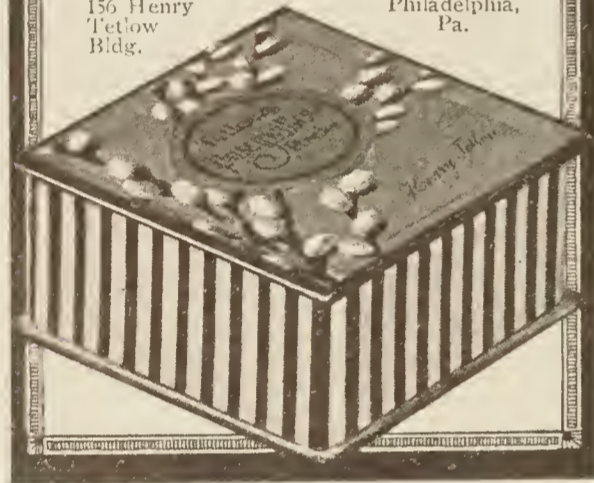
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Talc de luxe
Rouge & Toilette Cream

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- Pussywillow Toilette Cream, 50 cents.

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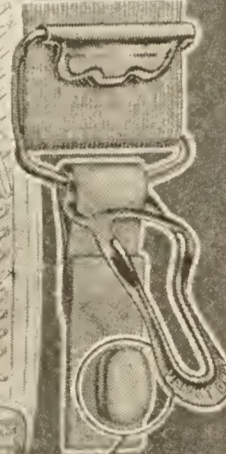


Velvet Grip Hose Supporter

A Guide to Good Corsets

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on corsets indicates that the thought of the manufacturer was not how cheap but how good he might make his product.



Oblong Rubber Button

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FROCKS THAT ANSWER THE ROLL-CALL AT SCHOOL



Dress 1870

Dress 1858

Dress 8134 Embroidery design 10656

Dress 1749 Braid design 10748

1870—A one-piece plaid woolen frock is practical and satisfactory for the school wardrobe of the junior and her younger sister. The closing at the back makes a smart finish, and the sleeves are one-seamed. You can make this dress of gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, repp, cotton gabardine, piqué, serge, checks or plaids.

10 years requires 1 3/4 yard plaid woolen 44 inches wide.

It is nice for girls of 6 to 15 years.

1858—White piqué takes to very simple lines in a smart one-piece frock for little sister. The waistline can be placed high or low and the sleeve has one seam. Gingham, chambray, piqué, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine and linen, or serge, checks or plaids are excellent materials.

8 years requires 2 1/4 yards piqué 35 or 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide.

It is for girls of 4 to 12 years.

8134—Every girl loses her heart to a sailor dress at one age or another. This one slips on over the head, and the box plaits come up to a pretty yoke. Use serge, drill, repp, piqué, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray, etc.

6 years requires 3 1/4 yards chambray 32 inches wide, 1/2 yard contrasting chambray 32 inches wide. Embroidery design 10656 trims dress.

It is for girls of 4 to 14 years.

1749—A braided blouse and plaited skirt prove that one and one make a double success in a junior frock. The blouse slips on over the head, and has a one-seam sleeve. The straight skirt is sewed to an underbody. Use linen, cotton poplin, drill, gingham, etc.

10 years requires 1 7/8 yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard linen 35 or 36 wide for skirt. Braid design 10748 trims the dress.

It is for girls of 4 to 15 years.



Dress 1867 Embroidery design 10656



Dress 1863 Tam-o'-shanter 1477

1867—The one-piece sailor dress always stands high in the estimation of the feminine world. Tucks on each side of the front and back give an excellent line, and the pointed yoke is unusually trim; it can be discarded if you wish. The dress slips on over the head. It is a good style for school wear, and is suited to drill, piqué, repp, linen, cotton poplin, chambray, cotton gabardine, gingham, serge or checks.

11 years requires 2 3/8 yards serge 44 inches wide, 3/8 yard flannel 35 or 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10656 trims the dress.

This dress is attractive for girls of 4 to 15 years.

1863—1477—A middy dress, and soft tam of velveteen, corduroy or velours, lead the way to the classroom. The dress slips on over the head, and the upper part, which is made in the popular middy fashion, can be buttoned or sewed to the straight skirt. This is a very practical arrangement, as a tub cotton blouse can be worn with a serge skirt, or you can use linen, cotton poplin or drill for the whole dress.

13 years requires 3 yards galatea 32 inches wide, 1 3/4 yard chevot 44 wide. 3/8 yard velours 50 wide for tam in girls' size.

This dress, 1863, is nice for girls of 4 to 15 years; the tam-o'-shanter, 1477, is suitable for ladies, misses, girls and children.



1870

1858

8134

1749

1867

1863

FASHION SEEN FROM FEMININE AND MASCULINE ANGLES

1161—1477—A middy dress and a velvet tam do splendid team-work throughout the Autumn. The dress slips on over the head, or closes down the front. A yoke facing can be used and the sleeves may be finished differently. This is a simple dress in serge, linen, drill, cotton poplin, piqué or gingham.

8 years requires 1 3/4 yard wool poplin 44 inches wide, 1/4 yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide; 3/8 yard velvet 32 or more inches wide for tam in children's or 20-inch head.

This dress is for girls of 4 to 12 years; the tam for ladies, misses, girls and children.

Dress 1848
Embroidery design 10732



Dress 1161
Tam-o'-Shanter 1477



Rompers 1844



Dress 1819
Embroidery design 10656



Suit 1860
Hat 9850



Suit 1855
Hat 9850

1848—A batiste dress is not too small to be adorably pretty for a very young lady. A series of tucks relieves the simple lines, and a waistline could be arranged at Empire or French depth for an older child. The sleeve is one-seamed. This is excellent for the first short dresses in nainsook, lawn, batiste, cotton voile or mull.

3 years requires 1 3/4 yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10732 trims the dress.

This dress is becoming to girls of 1/2 to 5 years.

1844—A new pair of gingham rompers qualifies for first aid in childhood's earliest adventures. The back can be closed at the Empire waistline, or the entire back of the bloomers can be fastened with buttons and buttonholes. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen or seersucker. The one-seam sleeve is set into a slightly deep armhole.

3 years requires 2 1/4 yards gingham 27 inches wide, 1/4 yard plain gingham 27 inches wide.

These rompers are for children of 1 to 6 years.



Middy blouse 3242

1819—The sailor dress knows no rivals where the schoolgirl is concerned. The blouse of this one has splendid naval lines, slips on over the head, and the deep yoke facing is cut without shoulder seams. The skirt is straight.

12 years requires 3 1/2 yards serge 44 inches wide, 3/4 yard flannel 35 or 36 wide. Embroidery design 10656 trims the dress.

It is for girls of 4 to 15 years.

1855—9850—Percale in two colors for the suit and a soft hat meet every sartorial requirement of four years. The suit has the new high waistline and the trousers are straight.

4 years requires 7/8 yard percale 36 inches wide for waist, 7/8 yard percale 35 or 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard cloth 48 inches wide for hat in 4 years.

This suit is for boys of 2 to 5 years; the hat for boys of 2 to 12 years.

1860—9850—A cheviot suit with hat to match makes a smart costume. The sleeve has a smart flare at the wrist, the very latest thing in men's fashions, and a seam at the waist. You can use straight trousers. Use cheviots, homespun, serge, tweeds, cheeks, etc.

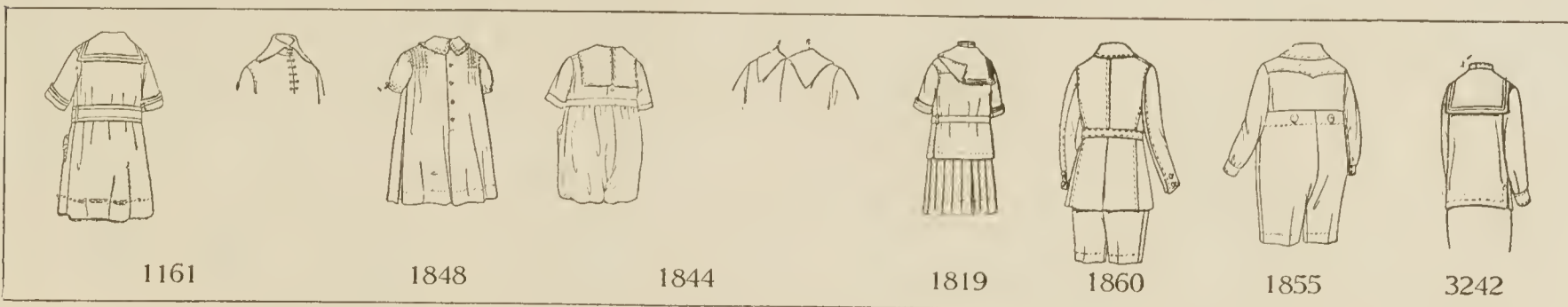
12 years requires 3 1/2 yards cheviot 54 inches wide for coat and hat in 12 years or 7 hat size.

This suit is for boys of 8 to 16 years; the hat for boys of 2 to 12 years.

3242—The middy blouse competes equally well at gym, class or for general wear for the young girl. It slips on over the head, and the sleeves can be finished in another way. It would be suitable for a small woman, too, in serge, drill, linen or cotton poplin.

16 years requires 2 3/4 yards linen 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard contrasting linen 36 inches wide.

This blouse is for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also suited to small women.



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THE NEW WIDE SKIRT IN THE MAKING

THE EASY WAY TO HANDLE THE CIRCULAR SKIRT

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS

FASHION, this Autumn, promises a very distinct change. The skirts are to be wider and in many cases will be cut on a new line. In some of the new models it will be a matter of adding half a yard or a yard to the narrow skirt. But in the dress I have shown here, the skirt is cut so that it flares and ripples at the bottom, giving a new silhouette as well as a new width. It is not only full, it is circular. Many of the new fuller skirts are straight, and you know how to handle them. I have taken the circular skirt for this lesson because it is some years since we have worn skirts of this type, and I want to show you just how easy it is to make it, and how little work there is to it if you go about it in the right way.

The first thing is to choose the right material for it. It should not be cut from narrow material, and it should not be cut from a material that is not firm or has not a good body. You can use it for anything from a street dress to an evening gown. It is particularly lovely for a figured or plaid material (Ill. A), or any material with a design, especially if you can cut it in one piece, because there is nothing to break the design of the fabric.

You can also use the stripes and checks in either wool or silk materials. For a street dress, broadcloth, serge, gabardine, tricotine, velours and velveteens all come in widths that cut splendidly for this skirt. The possibility of cutting it in one piece makes it a beautiful skirt for brocade. It cuts splendidly too from gros de Londres, moire, silk poplin, faille, taffeta, satin and charmeuse. Many of these materials will have to be pieced, but if the piecing is done carefully it will not be at all objectionable. In light colors these materials are used for evening dresses, and in the darker colors for day dresses.

YOU probably have in mind just what material you will use, but please don't get it until you have bought your pattern. It would be such a pity to get too much or too little, and you won't know exactly what you will need until you have your pattern in the right size and have decided just how you are going to cut the skirt and how you will finish it at the bottom. The skirt should be bought by the hip measure, taken seven inches below your normal waistline, the tape held easily around your figure.

After you have your pattern you must decide just how you are going to cut it. It makes a difference whether you cut it lengthwise or crosswise, in one piece or in two pieces. The one-piece crosswise skirt is the prettiest, because there is no break at all in your material. You can only use this cut, however, if your material has no nap. If it has a nap, your skirt must be cut lengthwise, so that the nap will run down in broadcloth and the ordinary velveteen. If the nap runs up in broadcloth, the material will roughen and become woolly. If it runs down in plush and velveteen, it will flatten out and lose its depth of

color. The broadcloth nap must run down so that it will lie smooth, and the plush and velveteen nap should run up so that the pile will fall out and show the full richness of the material. Some velveteen can be bought with a straight nap, so that it is practically a napless material and can be cut crosswise.

The advantage of cutting the skirt in two pieces is that it divides the bias and gives you the straight of the goods over the hip. In the one-piece skirt you have the bias thread at the center of the back. When you sit on it, it is bound to stretch.

In the two-piece skirt you have a bias thread at both front and back, but they are less bias and less likely to stretch. The straight thread over the hip prevents stretching there.

You must also decide before buying your material whether you are going to use a hem or facing. The pattern does not provide for either. It is cut, however, 37 inches long at the center front from the normal waistline to the bottom. Now if your skirt measures 34 inches, you will have enough material for a hem. If you need the full length of the pattern, you will have to buy more material for a hem if the skirt is cut lengthwise. If it is cut crosswise, you will have to buy wider material if you want a hem. In any case, you would have some material left over, on account of the way the skirt cuts. For this extra material I would suggest using the bib for the waist. If you get a contrasting material for the upper part of the waist, you will have a complete dress.

ILLUSTRATION 1 shows the one-piece skirt laid crosswise on material 48 inches wide. If you want a hem, you will have to buy wider material. If you want a facing, get a little more material than the pattern calls for. To make the one-piece skirt as I have shown in Illustration A, with the bib and the facing at the bottom, the woman who requires the full length of the pattern will need 2 3/4 yards of material 48 inches wide.

Illustration 2 shows the one-piece skirt cut lengthwise on a material 54 inches wide with a nap. For goods of this width you will have to piece the skirt at the lower corner of the back, but the piecing will not be objectionable if it is neatly done. 2 1/2 yards of a material of this width will give a woman who needs the full length of the pattern a sufficient length for either a hem or facing.

Illustration 3 gives you the two-piece skirt cut straight at the front in material 54 inches wide. In this skirt you will have a bias thread at the back. You will require 2 1/4 yards of material 54 inches wide if you make the skirt with a facing. If you require the full length of the pattern and want to make it with a hem, you will need 2 1/2 yards.

ILLUSTRATION 4 shows the two-piece skirt on material 54 inches wide cut bias at the front and back and straight at the hip. This gives a very pretty effect in plaids, and it will stretch less than the arrangement in Illustration 3. For this skirt you will need 2 3/4 yards if you make it with a facing and 2 1/2 yards if you make it with a hem. All these quantities that I have given include the material for the bib of the waist. They are for women of 28 inches waist measure who require the full length of the pattern when finished.

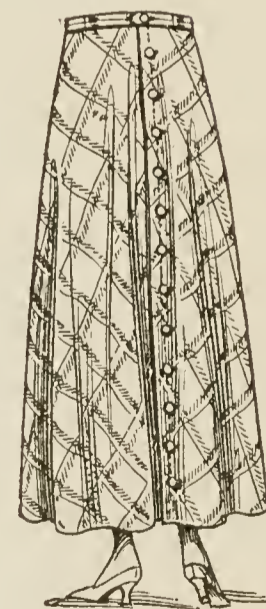
A wool material should be sponged before it is used. Sponging keeps it from spotting to a certain extent and also from shrinking. When you are ready to cut the skirt, open your pattern, read the directions and look over your Illustrated Instructions. Lay aside the pieces you are not going to use. Place your pattern on the material, following the cutting directions. Pin it on with pins placed closely together, so it will hold the pattern edges absolutely even. Use sharp dress-making shears in



Waist 1703 Skirt 1821

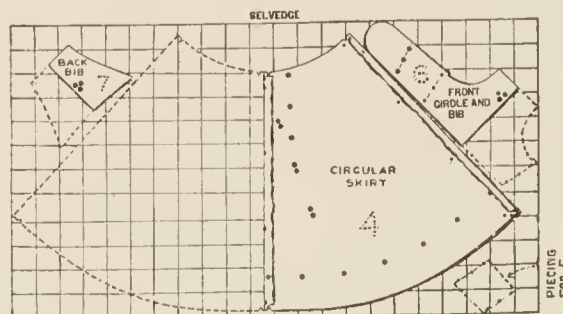


1703

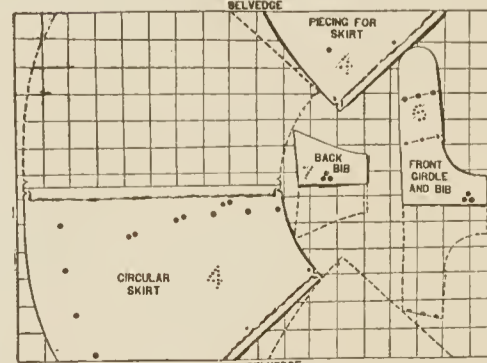


1821

Ill. A
The new full circular skirt



ONE-PIECE SKIRT CUT CROSSWISE—MATERIAL 48 INCHES WIDE WITHOUT NAP
Ill. 1



ONE-PIECE SKIRT CUT LENGTHWISE—MATERIAL 54 INCHES WIDE—WITH NAP
Ill. 2

"I'm different"

I won't slip from your fingers just when you are about to sew me on. I won't cut your thread or fabric. I never twist or squirm around. I won't become unfastened once I click.

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cutting and follow the edge of the pattern exactly. Clip the notches so that you can see them, but do not make them any deeper than necessary. Mark the perforations that you will use in making the skirt with tailor's tacks. The first picture on the Illustrated Instructions shows how to make the tacks. The next three pictures illustrate making the belt and where to place the hooks and eyes and the tape that you use in hanging up the skirt. In sewing on the hooks place them just inside the edge of the belt. They should be sewed through the rings and over the bill. The eyes should extend just far enough beyond the edge of the belt to fasten easily and should be sewed through the rings and at the edge of the belt.

For a back-closing skirt turn under the edge of the right back at the notches and pin or baste the edges as shown in the picture on the Illustrated Instructions. The Illustrated Instructions also show how to finish the pocket edges and put in the pockets, and how to put the skirt on the inside belt. The upper edge of the skirt should be turned over three-eighths of an inch on the inside of the belt. After the skirt is basted to the belt and its back edges lapped it should be tried on to be sure it sets nicely. It should be snug at the waist and fit easily over the hip. The lapped edges form a placket and only need snap fasteners.

If you find the skirt is a little too large for you at the waist, take it off the belt and gather it three-eighths of an inch from the top. Distribute the gathers so that the fulness looks best on the figure. Most of it should come over the hip. Rebaste the skirt to the belt and try it on again.

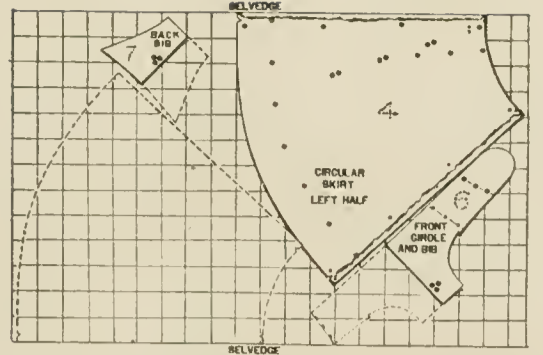
If the skirt is small for you at the waist, you have a very exceptional figure, and if you will write to me sending your address I shall be glad to help you.

The seam edges of the skirt must be finished neatly. If you are using a heavy cloth that will not fray, you could simply pink the edges after the seam is pressed open. If you are using a material that does fray, the seam edges should either be overcast closely or else covered with seam-binding ribbon run on by hand.

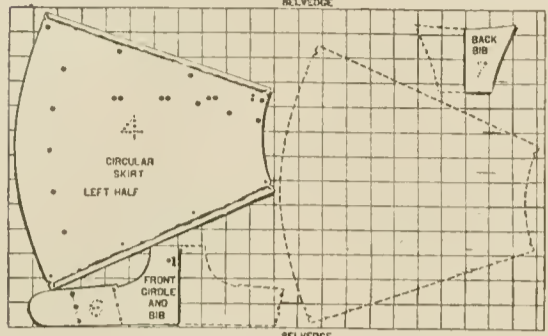
The upper edge of the skirt should be covered with ribbon seam-binding, put on flat, and hemmed at both edges.

A CIRCULAR skirt will stretch, but if you let it do its stretching before you finish the bottom you won't have to alter the skirt afterward. The best thing to do is to stretch the skirt as much as possible before finishing it at the bottom. Cut strips of material and pin several thicknesses of them to the bottom of the skirt. Pin the two halves of the skirt together at the top and pin on strips of the material to hang the skirt up by. Slip these strips over hooks in your closet that are just far enough apart to hold the skirt up evenly. Then let your skirt hang for two or three days and let it stretch as much as it will. There is an excellent picture on the Illustrated Instructions to show you just how to fix your skirt for this process.

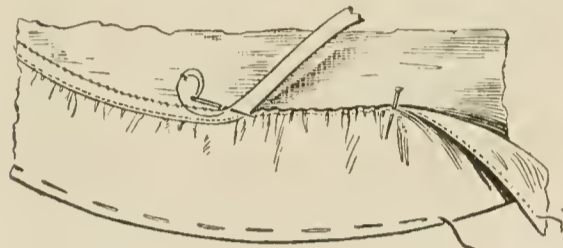
After the skirt has stretched for two or three days it will be quite safe to turn up the bottom. Put it on evenly, and fasten the placket. The easiest way to hang it is to have some one do it for you. Take a piece of cardboard and mark with it the number



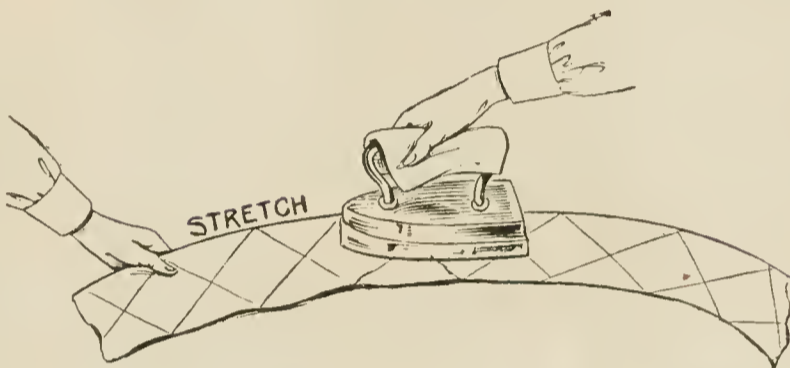
TWO-PIECE SKIRT CUT STRAIGHT AT FRONT - MATERIAL 54 INCHES WIDE III. 3



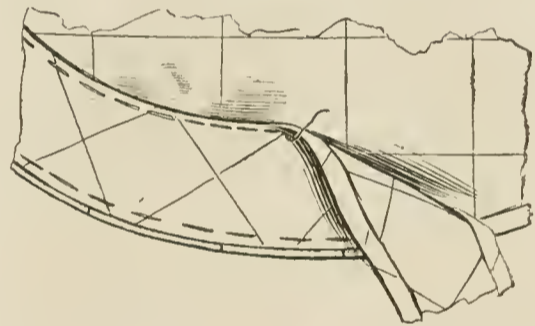
TWO-PIECE SKIRT CUT STRAIGHT OVER THE HIP - MATERIAL 54 INCHES WIDE LAID OUT WITH .. PARALLEL TO SELVEDGE III. 4



III. 5 Putting in the hem



III. 6 Stretching the lower edge of the bias facing



III. 7 Putting in the facing

three-eighths of an inch and basted to the skirt (III. 7), and then hemmed, taking care that the sewing does not show through on the skirt itself. There should be three-eighths or one-half inch between the stitches. In a wool material it is better to cover the edge of the facing with ribbon seam-binding than to attempt to turn it in, for that is rather clumsy. The lower edge of the seam-binding is sewed to the facing with small running stitches and the upper edge is sewed to the skirt with small, invisible stitches that do not strike through to the right side.

of inches that you want your skirt to clear the ground. Eight inches from the floor is the best length for the street. The French woman wears her skirt very short, but American women have wisely avoided the knee-length style. On the other hand, the very long skirt which is used by a few American houses does not look new or smart and it is not worn by the best-dressed women. The eight-inch length is conservative, smart, becoming and comfortable.

Stand on the table and have some one mark the bottom of your skirt, using the cardboard marker, marking the correct lines with pins. The marker is much better than a ruler because you are much less likely to make mistakes with it. After the even line is marked, take off the skirt, turn up the bottom and pin and baste it. Try it on again to be sure that it is perfectly even.

If you are using a hem, trim off the bottom of the skirt where it sagged, leaving an even $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches all around for the hem. The edge of the hem will be a little wider than the part of the skirt which it lies against. Run a gathering-thread three-eighths of an inch from the edge of the hem and draw it in to fit the skirt. (III. 5.) Then baste the edge in place. The easiest way to finish the hem is to cover the upper edge with ribbon seam-binding sewed on flat. (III. 5.) The lower edge can be sewed to the hem with small running stitches or hemmed. The upper edge should be hemmed to the skirt, taking just a thread of the skirt on each stitch so that the sewing will not show through on the right side. This part of the work must be done carefully. When the hem is pressed, the slight fulness will shrink out.

THE hem is the neatest finish for a skirt of this kind and it is the easiest finish for an amateur to handle where circular edges are involved. If, however, you have decided to use a facing, cut the facing of bias strips of the material $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide. This is more economical than a circular facing, for a circular facing takes too much material. A bias facing can easily be made into a circular facing by stretching it with an iron. After the facing strips are seamed together, press the seams open and press the lower edge of the facing, stretching it as you do so. (III. 6.)

The lower edge of your skirt should be turned up and basted and trimmed off evenly. Turn in the lower edge of the facing three-eighths of an inch and baste and press it. Lay the facing inside the skirt with its fold edge one-eighth of an inch above the fold edge of the skirt. (III. 7.) The fold edge of the facing should be hemmed to the lower part of the skirt, taking care that the stitches don't show through on the right side. In a silk material the upper edge of the facing can be turned in three-eighths of an inch and basted to the skirt (III. 7), and then hemmed, taking care that the sewing does not show through on the skirt itself. There should be three-eighths or one-half inch between the stitches. In a wool material it is better to cover the edge of the facing with ribbon seam-binding than to attempt to turn it in, for that is rather clumsy. The lower edge of the seam-binding is sewed to the facing with small running stitches and the upper edge is sewed to the skirt with small, invisible stitches that do not strike through to the right side.

AUTUMN FABRICS AND FASHIONS

THE phrase that sums up the new fashions for the Autumn is "more width." There is a very distinct movement on foot to get away from the narrow, constricted styles. Paris never adopted the lead-pencil silhouette with its long tight skirt that was used by some American houses. To the easy width that they have been using they have added even more fulness, in tunics, circular skirts, gathered skirts and hip draperies. The most distinct departure in the styles is the circular tunic, circular flounce and circular skirt. This new cut not only gives more width, but a new silhouette, because there is a flare at the bottom. For street dresses these skirt styles will be used in tricotine, soft twills, light-weight duvetyu, serge, gabardine, broadcloth, checks and plaids. The same materials will be used for the chemise dresses which Paris goes on creating with fresh variety and interesting details in the way of new vests, tucked skirts, etc. For afternoon dresses the smartest materials will be the satin-finished silks like satiu, charmeuse and crêpe meteor. Faille and moire will also be good because they have a certain stiffness and body which accents the new silhouette. Taffeta will be used, but will not be as fashionable as satin. These same silk materials will be employed for evening, for the theater and for dancing dresses. For their most formal evening gowns older women will use the velvet and metal brocades and metal cloths, while young girls and debutantes will use tulle, chiffon, Georgette or net, as well as the soft silks and satins.

FOR day dresses there will be the short sleeve, the open neck, either collarless or with one of the new stand-away or plaited collars, the long blouse, the redingote styles, the use of multi-tucked skirts, versions of the vest, and the draped hip-length body that suggests the line of the figure.

The wide circular skirts are used for street dresses, afternoon dresses and evening gowns, but not for suits. For the suit there is a slightly wider skirt with straight lines, but with no unnecessary width, which would be burdensome in walking. For the suits the coats are also cut on a straight silhouette, even when there is the effect of soft fulness that you get in the new blouse coats. The Autumn suits will be made on more tailored lines, especially when they are used for hacking and walking. You will find them at their smartest in striped and checked materials, in men's-

wear mixtures, tweed, oxford and covert cloth. They are also made of serge, poplin, gabardine, tricotine and twills. These last materials can be used for either the tailored or the semi-tailored suit, and for the latter there are also the duvetyuns, velveteens, wool velours, meltons, camel's-hair cloth and broadcloth. The very long belted coat is used by the French houses and is extremely good looking.

AUTUMN suits mean Autumn blouses. There are two types, those that are worn over the skirt and those which slip under it. The latter are the most popular, and the former are the most fashionable. The smartest blouse with the suit is a long blouse that gives the line of the vest front at the opening of the coat. There is a new version of the long blouse which is really an adaptation of the long body to separate blouse uses. This blouse is draped to the figure and stops at the hip. It is very good-looking, and if you make it the same color of your skirt it gives the effect of a complete dress. The blouse that is worn under the skirt is always useful. You can make it as extravagantly lovely as you like with beads, embroidery or lace. The more elaborate blouses are made of the silk crêpes, chiffons, silk voiles and nets. Satin, taffeta, foulard, charmeuse and crêpe meteor are very useful and also smart looking in the long blouse. For hacking suits, the under-the-skirt blouses are made on simple lines of silk, cotton or flannel shirtings.

Women have learned the satisfactory ways of separate coats and dresses so thoroughly that even the promised vogue of the tailored suit will not interfere with the popularity of coats and wraps for motoring, traveling and general wear. Hacking coats will be made of tweeds, checks and mixtures. For afternoon and general day use the smartest materials will be duvetyu, velours, fur cloth, plush, camel's-hair cloaking, broadcloth and cloaking satin. The fur cloths come in very clever imitations of seal, caracul, broadtail, Australian opossum, gray rabbit, chinchilla, beaver, mole, plush and ermine. These fur cloths are very beautiful and since furs themselves are so expensive the fur fabrics will be used for collars and cuffs on coats and suit jackets as well as for entire coats. If you have real fur, sable, stone marten and Siberian squirrel will be the fashionable pelts for coat collars. The short coat wraps and capes will be made of miuk or kolinsky.

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IN ITS FILET MEDALLIONS THE NEW HOUSE LINEN IS AT HOME

BY MARIE ASHLEY

FINE linen and real lace! What a host of domestic pride and feminine joy are conjured up in the old phrase! Indeed, fine household linen and delicate embroideries are the lawful heritage and the just prerogative, the hope and ambition, of every woman. Exquisite nappy and embroidered bed linens are not considered an extravagance or a luxury to-day, but rather a duty to the family, for a daintily laid table and an attractively appointed house have become a well-understood part of modern life. The psychological effect of one's surroundings is rated just as highly as the number of calories consumed at each meal or the amount of protein necessary for one's pet Pom.

Styles come and go, but the call of the linen-closet is ever the same. Snowy damask has the same appeal to the fastidious woman to-day that it had a thousand years ago. But the woman of the present has a wider range in design and material and in the choice of the handwork she will use for her house-linen. Embroideries of all kinds are extremely popular this season, and the designs have never been so tempting or so decorative. After the restraint of the past few years women are indulging their craving for beautiful things to the fullest, and the war-worn linenpress is replenished with a prodigality of beautiful work that satisfies even the connoisseur.

Table-linen especially has cast aside all its former frugality and appears with a lavish display of lace and embroidery. Delicate needlework, new embroidery stitches and hand-made laces give a distinction and charm to a home that can not be obtained by any other means. Fortunately it is not so much a matter of pounds and pence as a little well-directed time and care, and, like many of the good things of life, it is within reach of those who will expend a little effort to obtain it.

There is a particular urge for new things that comes to a woman in the Autumn after she commences to set her house to rights for the Winter. No matter how replete her linen-closets may be, she still wants a few new pieces to add to her stock. After the hurly-burly of the long vacations, country entertaining and Summer traveling, it's a joy to come back to an established sort of city life again, with all the correct accessories and appointments. And her first choice this year will be the new filet crochet work.

FILET crochet is the most fashionable type of handwork used at present for household linen—and it is especially lovely and worthy of attention in the dining-room. The lacy open-work is shown to best advantage over dark mahogany, and the admiration it attracts during a meal well repays one for all the trouble and time spent upon it. I am illustrating some particularly beautiful filet medallions this month on a square centerpiece and a long scarf. They are also suitable for any kind of house-linen, service, bed or bathroom use. I have used the filet crochet with a very striking design for a combination of satin-stitch and Italian cut-work. The combination of filet and embroidery lightens the effect, and brings out the motifs of the lace more vividly than when it is used alone.

Filet crochet is very easy to do, and the design shown here is unusually pretty and is quite simple. A great many women consider crocheting easier and quicker than embroidery. It makes especially nice pick-up work, for it calls for no accompanying thimble, scissors, loose thread or any of the other appliances usually connected with the fancy-work bag. It

is just as easy to pick up or to lay aside instantly, and one can accomplish a surprising amount in just a few spare minutes a day—those wasted moments one throws away while waiting for a telephone call, the postman in the morning or the belated guest at night. Filet crochet wears extremely well, and it launders nicely. The crochet is usually done in either white or in écreu. Many women like the écreu for scarfs and covers, etc., for general daily use and find it very practical. The white, of course, is more elegant and far more dainty, and in the long run it usually proves the most satisfactory. There is nothing so satisfying as exquisitely fresh white linen, and it is very effective on dark woodwork, or very pretty on white or colored woodwork.

THESE oblong medallions would make a very handsome tea or luncheon cloth. They would also be delightful for bureau-

carry out the lacy effect that is so lovely and very unusual. The eyelets work up especially quickly, and neither the eyelets nor the cut-work is hard to do. The embroidery cotton used for it should match the écreu of the linen, or it should be white on a white background.

The oblong medallions illustrated were 7 inches long, and for ordinary crochet you could use a No. 8 steel crochet-hook and No. 50 crochet cotton. If you crochet tightly or use a finer cotton, the oblongs will be smaller, or if you crochet loosely and use a coarser cotton they will be larger. Make the scarf and the centerpiece of medium-weight art linen. Cut the scarf 2½ inches wide (or as wide as the width of three of the oblongs) and 60 inches long. The centerpiece is 24 inches square, but can be made in any size you wish. To do the filet you will need No. 50 crochet cotton (écreu) and a No. 8 steel crochet hook.

FOR THE FILET MEDALLIONS

IN ORDINARY crochet, using No. 50 crochet cotton and a No. 8 steel crochet hook, the filet oblong will be 7 inches long. If you crochet tightly or use finer cotton, they will be smaller; if you crochet loosely, they will be larger.

Make the scarf and square centerpiece of medium-weight art linen. Cut the scarf 21½ inches wide (or as wide as the width of three of the oblongs, and 60 inches long). The centerpiece is 24 inches square, but can be made any desired size. To make the filet you will need No. 50 crochet cotton (écreu) and a No. 8 steel hook. Begin at the first row of Illustration 1—

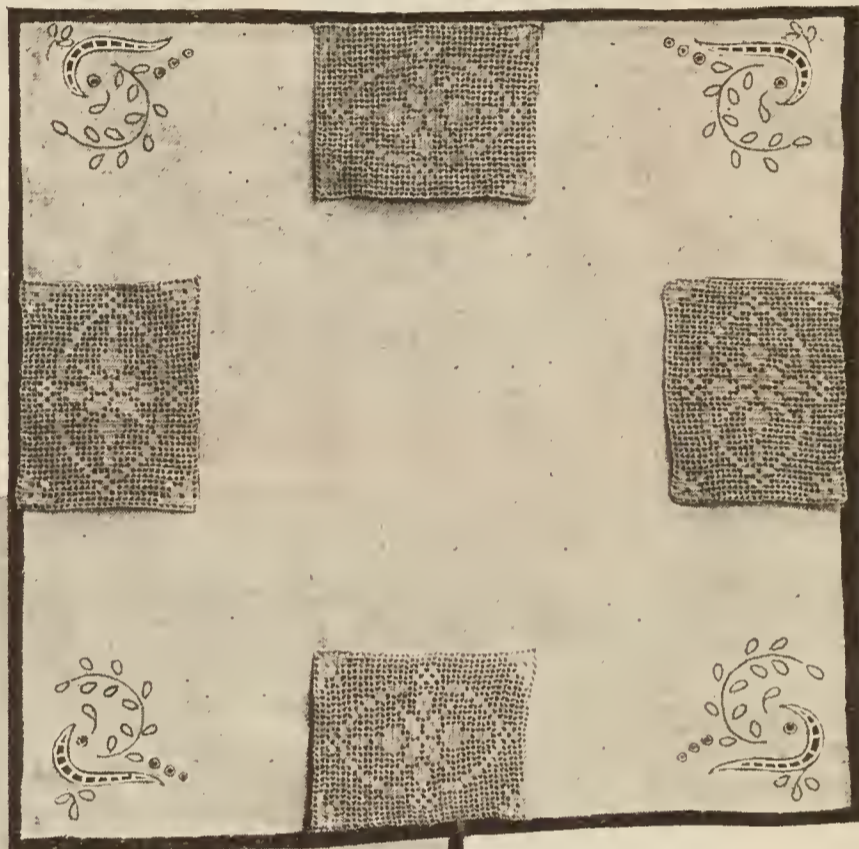
ch. 129 skip 8 sts. next the hook 1 d. c. into next st. to form the first o. 2 ch. skip 2 sts. 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o. 39 more o. 5 ch. turn.

Second row—1 o. 5 s. (4 d. c. worked close side by side form one solid square. If 2 or more s. follow consecutively work 3 d. c. for each and an extra d. c. at the end.) 29 o. 5 s. 1 o. 5 ch. turn. Now follow the diagram making 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square, until the end of the diagram is reached. You will need six filet oblongs for the scarf and four for the centerpiece. Hem both pieces all around, rolling a very narrow hem. Overcast two filet pieces to each end of the scarf, placing one end even with the side of the scarf. Set a third filet oblong between the two end oblongs, placing it up on the scarf so that the lower edge is even with the lower edge of the scarf. Hem the top and two sides down to the scarf. Cut the linen away underneath to within one-half inch of the sewing, roll this ½-inch in a narrow hem and overcast it.

STAMP a motif from the embroidery design in each corner. Work 2 single crochet into each outside square of filet all the way around and cover the rolled hem on each side of the scarf with single crochet taking the stitches through the material.

Cut the centerpiece 24 inches square, or any desired size, hem the squares down on the center of each edge and stamp a motif from the embroidery design in each corner. Finish the edge in the same manner described for the scarf.

The original set was made of écreu linen and the filet was worked in écreu. For day-pillows the linen should be of fine quality and if you use it over a colored satin pillow it is better to use quite a sheer linen, so that the color will show through. In that case the filet medallions should also be done in a fine thread. For the table on the other hand you could use a very heavy linen. The medallion should then be done in heavy cotton.



A centerpiece squares itself smartly with filet medallions

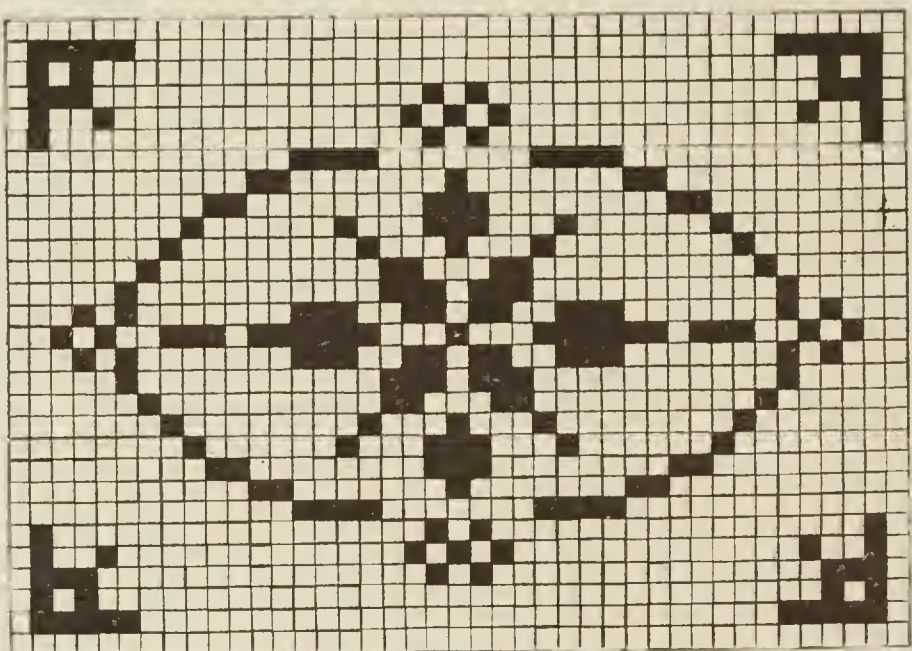


Embroidery design 10447

A scarf to match; combines embroidery and filet

scarfs, pincushions, table-tops; and, crocheted in a heavier cotton, the filet would be very striking on towels. The medallions are quite suitable for use on curtains too, and they would be charming on pillowslips, day-pillows or pillow-shams. The design can be done in heavier or in finer cotton, depending upon the purpose for which they are to be used and the quality and weight of the linen they are to trim.

THE embroidery is lovely; it is delightful done in a combination of the Roman cut-work, eyelets and satin-stitch embroidery. The cut-work and eyelets

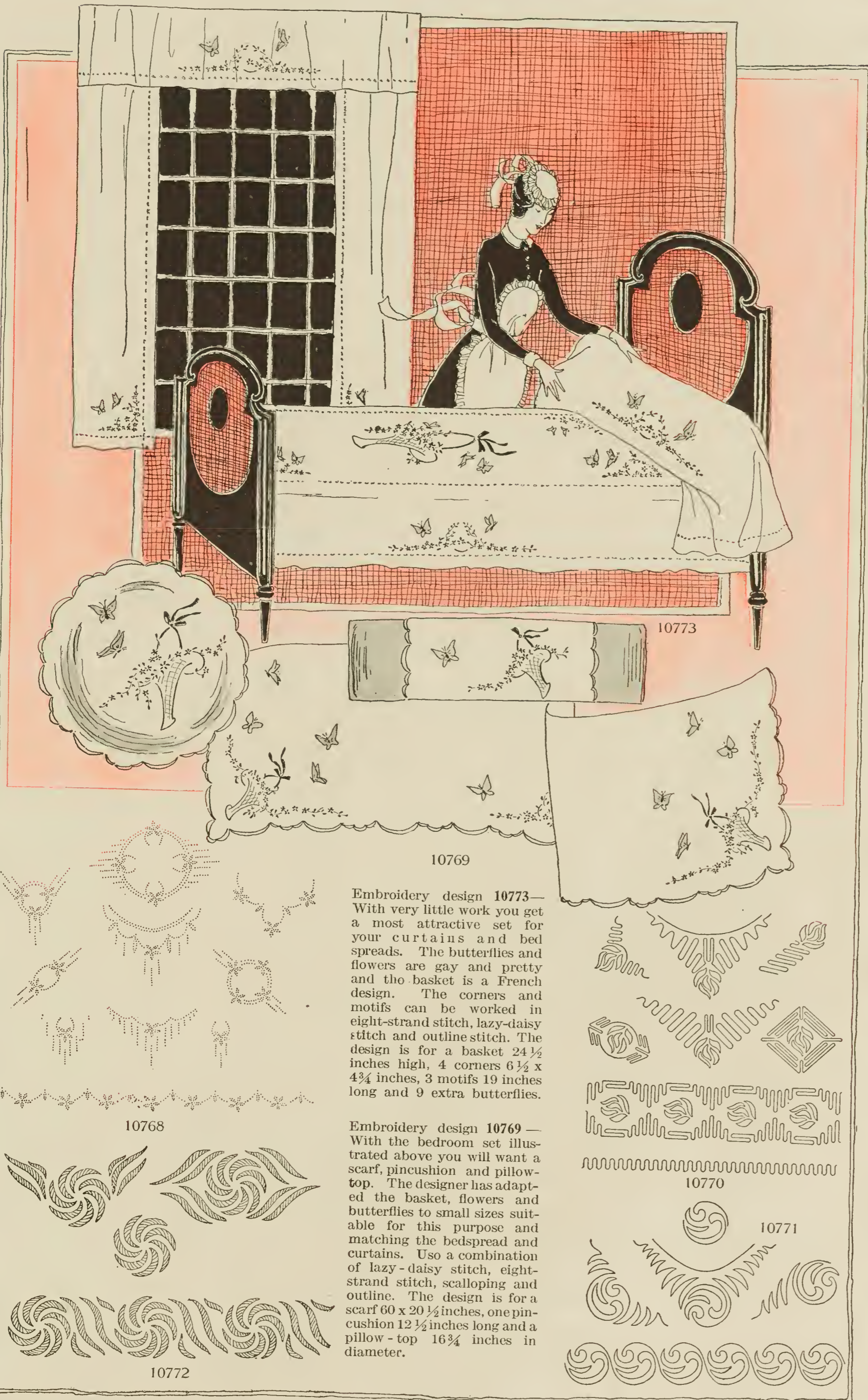


Detail of the filet medallion

FOR THE HOUSE AND THE HOUSEHOLDERS

Embroideries for the Bedroom and the First Fall Dress Trimmings

BY MARIE ASHLEY



Embroidery design 10773—With very little work you get a most attractive set for your curtains and bed spreads. The butterflies and flowers are gay and pretty and the basket is a French design. The corners and motifs can be worked in eight-strand stitch, lazy-daisy stitch and outline stitch. The design is for a basket 24 1/2 inches high, 4 corners 6 1/2 x 4 3/4 inches, 3 motifs 19 inches long and 9 extra butterflies.

Embroidery design 10769—With the bedroom set illustrated above you will want a scarf, pincushion and pillow-top. The designer has adapted the basket, flowers and butterflies to small sizes suitable for this purpose and matching the bedspread and curtains. Use a combination of lazy-daisy stitch, eight-strand stitch, scalloping and outline. The design is for a scarf 60 x 20 1/2 inches, one pincushion 12 1/2 inches long and a pillow-top 16 3/4 inches in diameter.

Beading or French-knot design 10768—Beading has lost none of its popularity; a great deal of it is used on Georgette blouses, evening dresses, etc. For evening, metal, jet or steel beads are very handsome. This design is especially dainty and it is adapted to 3 1/4 yards of banding 1 3/8 inch wide, 2 motifs 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches, 5 motifs 3 1/2 x 6 1/4 inches, 1 motif 6 1/4 x 5 inches, 2 motifs 5 3/4 x 4 inches, 3 motifs 4 1/2 x 4 3/4 inches, 4 motifs 5 3/4 x 1 1/4 inches, 6 motifs 3 x 1 1/4 inches, 4 motifs 3 x 3 inches and 4 corners 5 1/4 x 4 inches.

Embroidery design 10772—Embroidery of this character is very successful because it is bold and effective and means very little work. The chrysanthemum effect is new and quite beautiful and should be worked in a combination of outline and single or one stitch. The French houses are using embroidery of this character on their Fall suits and hats as well as on blouses and dresses. It is designed for 3 1/2 yards of banding 5 inches wide, 4 corners 12 x 6 1/2 inches, 2 motifs 14 x 6 1/4 inches and 6 motifs 5 inches in diameter.

Braiding design 10770—Braiding takes a new turn this Fall by combining itself with embroidery. It also gives you the opportunity to introduce a little color, if you like, with the dark braiding. It would be smart for a suit or hat; of course, it is also very good for skirts, waists and dresses. The design has been adapted to 5 1/4 yards of banding 4 inches wide, 1 3/4 yard edging 3/4 inch wide, 2 neck motifs 6 1/2 x 9 inches, 6 corners 5 x 3 1/4 inches, 4 motifs 6 x 4 3/4 inches, 4 motifs 5 3/4 x 2 inches, 2 corners 5 x 10 inches and 4 motifs 2 1/2 x 4 3/4 inches.

Braiding or Embroidery design 10771—It is not often that one finds a braiding design that is at once as open as this one and yet covers the ground so completely and satisfactorily. It is very handsome done in braiding, couching, chain-stitch or outline embroidery. It is nice for waists and skirts and very, very nice for hats. The design is suitable for a banding 5 1/2 yards by 3 1/8 inches wide, 2 neck outlines 10 1/8 x 6 1/4 inches, 6 motifs 8 3/4 x 3 3/4 inches, 6 round motifs 3 1/4 inches in diameter and 6 motifs 7 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches.



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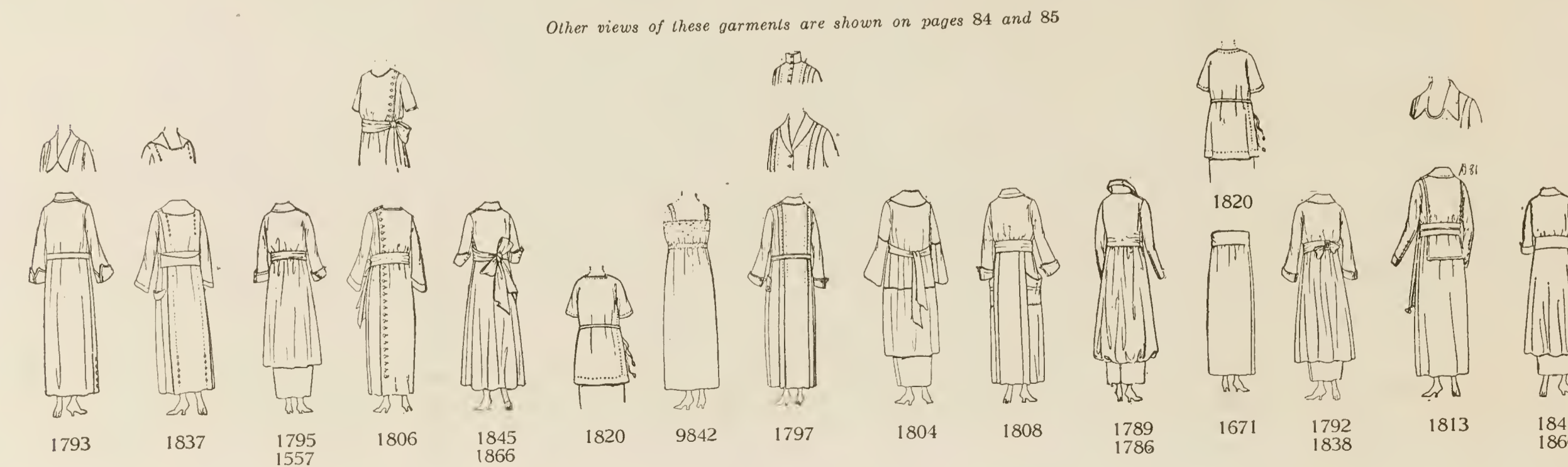
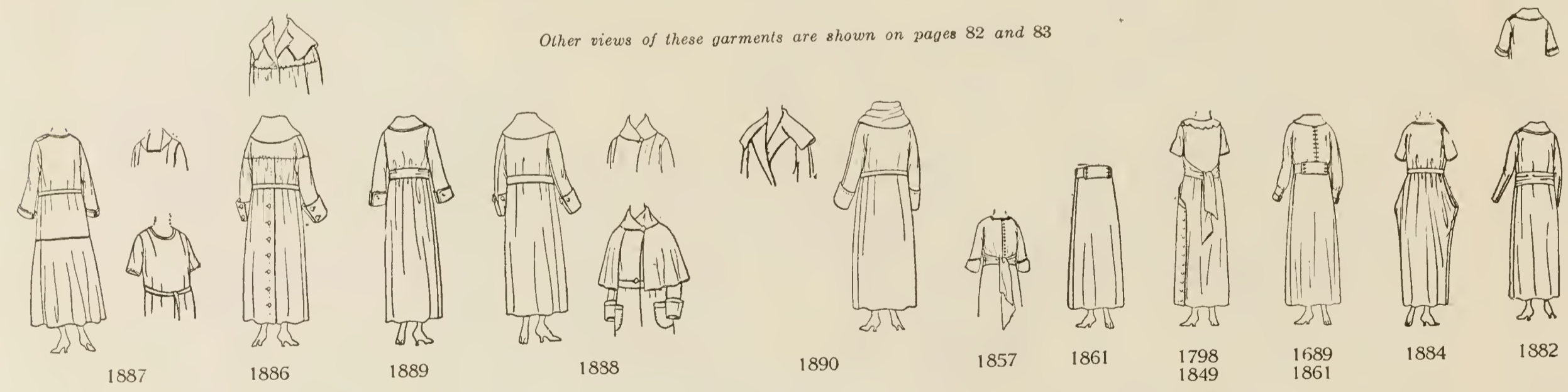
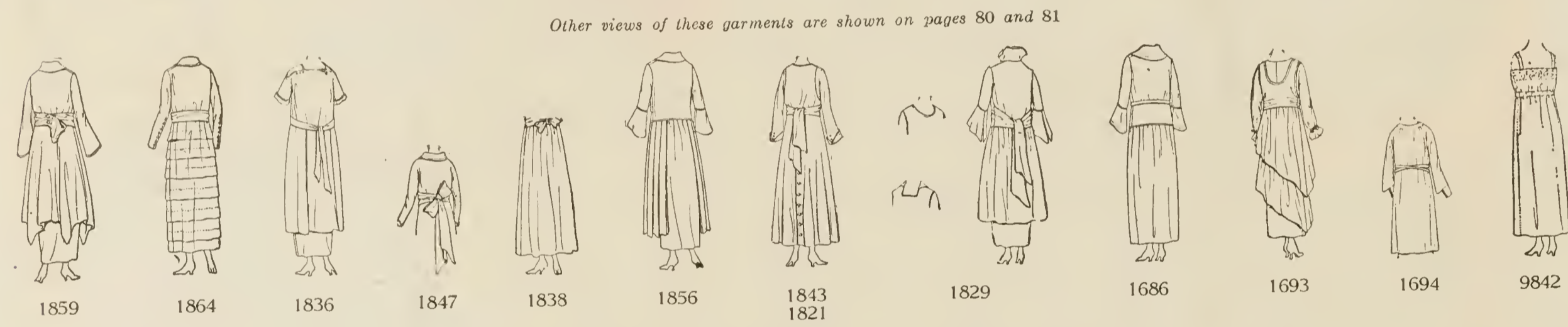
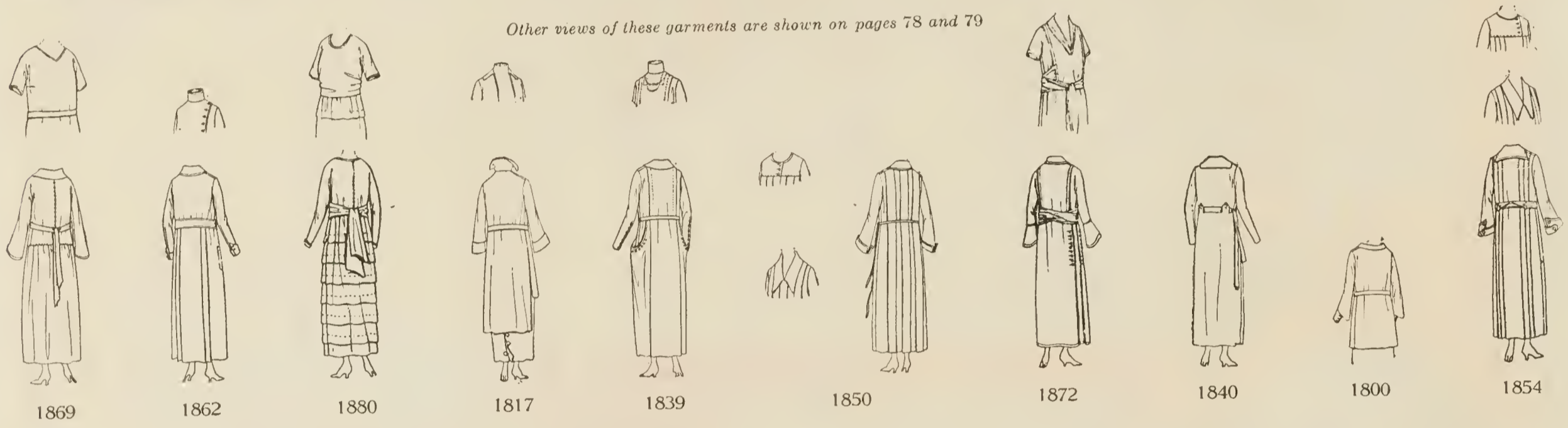
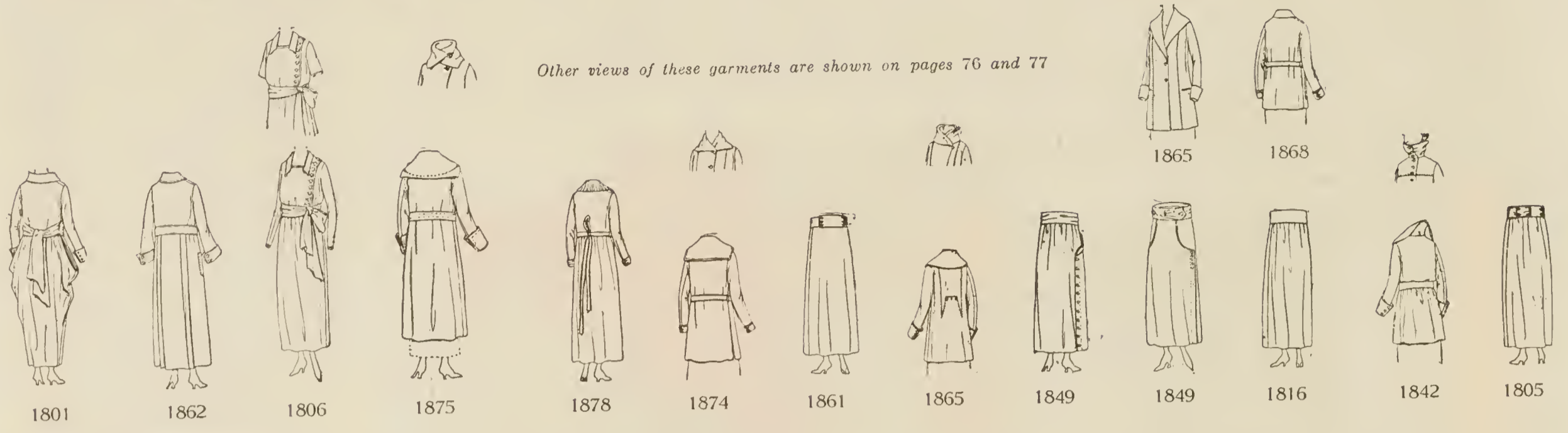
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COLGATE'S CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



*Like
the charm of
an old-fashioned
garden*

In its flower-born fragrance Cashmere Bouquet Soap suggests the rifled treasures of an old-fashioned garden. Delicate, yet lasting; piquant, yet refined; reminiscent, yet elusive; favored by those of particular taste today, as it was in Grandmother's time.

Nor is that exquisite perfume its sole attraction, for Cashmere Bouquet Soap is luxuriant in its lather and so wholesomely pure that it is safe for baby's delicate skin. It is an economical soap too, wearing down thriftily to a tissue-like thinness, and "hard milled" so that it does not soften and waste as do some soaps, when left wet in the soap dish.

COLGATE & CO. Established 1806 New York

Cashmere Bouquet Soap is sold in two sizes at all the better shops. The large cakes cost 25 cents each; the medium cakes 10 cents each.

Exquisitely Perfumed