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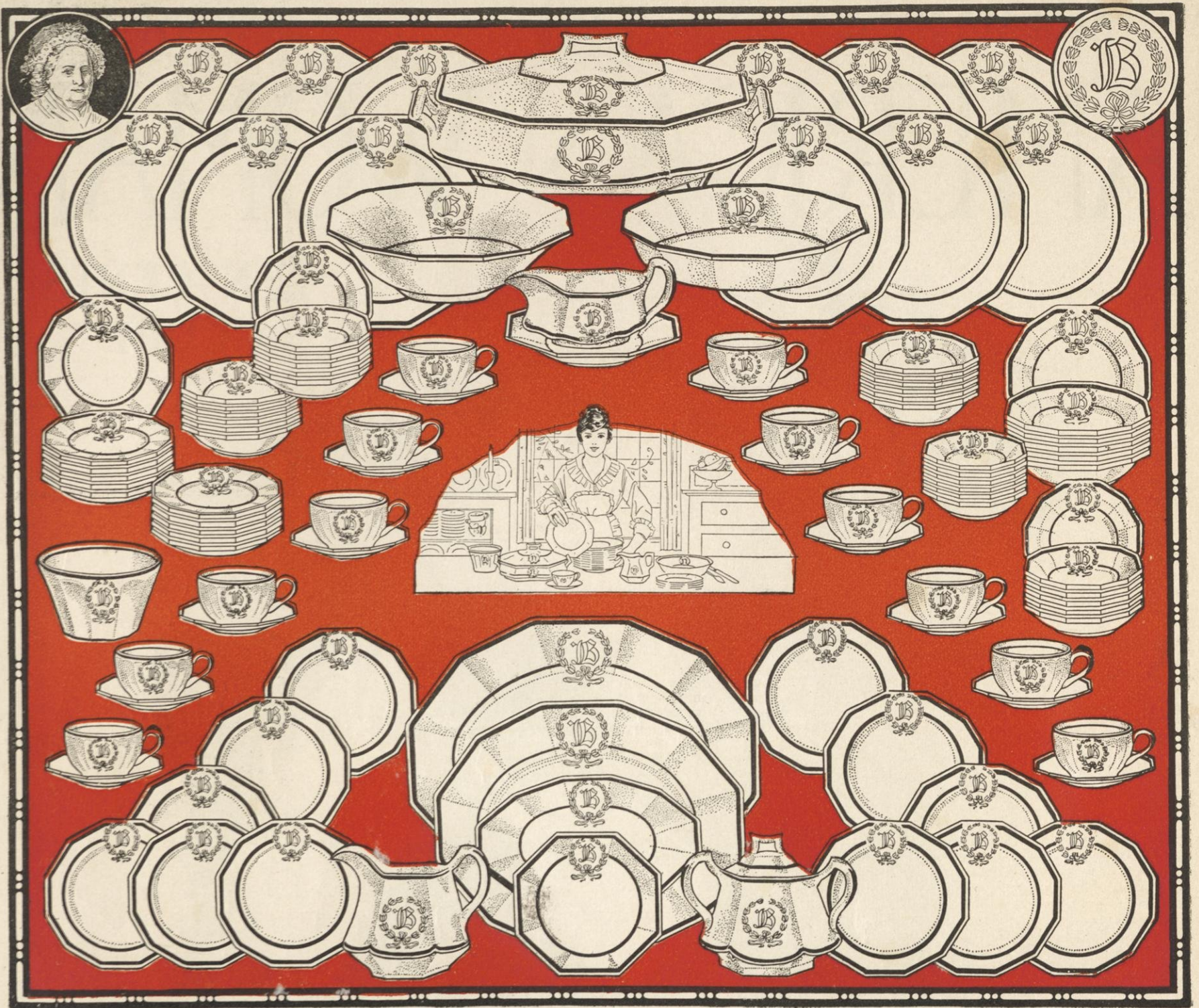
JANUARY 1921

# AMERICAN WOMAN

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Communications intended for The Needleworker or The Home-maker should be directed to the address given at the head of such department; letters relating to subscriptions, agencies, and other business, to The American Woman, Augusta, Maine.

# THE AMERICAN WOMAN

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AGNES CUYLER STODDARD, Editor      MRS. M. M. HYNES, }  
EMMA CHALMERS MONROE, }      Editors Special Departments

AUGUSTA, MAINE, JANUARY 1921

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## Chats with Our Readers

*"Far o'er the hills and valleys,  
O'er lands or ocean drear,  
I send you Christmas greeting  
And wish you a glad New-year.  
May not a care or sorrow  
O'ershadow your sky to-day,  
But a glow of heaven's own splendor  
Illumine your earthly way!  
I wish you a Merry Christmas,  
With wealth of joy and cheer,  
And pray that God may send you  
A happy and glad New-year!"*

**A** CHEERY greeting, isn't it? and straight from the heart, we are sure, of one of the many thousands of good friends we have the pleasure and privilege of chatting with every month. And because it is so earnest and full of cheer we are passing the message on—and on. There is not one among us but is uttering the same heartfelt wish to family and friends. With all our hearts we hope for those who are near and dear to us a full measure of happiness and peace and contentment—everything that is signified by the familiar greetings of the season. But should we not widen our circle? Should we not extend our good wishes to all the world? It is our Father's world, you know; and "the inhabitants thereof" are all His children. Suppose we begin this minute, if we have not thought to do so before now, to withdraw all vindictiveness or condemnation toward people and nations that we feel—with the best of reason, it seems to us—have been entirely in the wrong. Suppose we wipe out the ills of the past, remembering only the lessons they have taught us, and forgetting the why and how, as we put aside our school-books when through with them. Suppose we accept the beautiful truth that there is good in every one and in all things, and that by keeping the eye single to that good we help it to manifest more and more. If we were to do this, would we not take a long step toward making the "Happy New-year" wish come true for the whole world?

**I**T isn't a difficult thing to do. We have only to realize that there is not so much difference in people, after all—not nearly so much as sometimes there seems to be. Most of us are honestly trying to do our best. Very few do a wrong thing wilfully, or for wrong's sake. Believing this, as I am sure we may, can we not afford to be lenient in our judgments? Knowing well that we, ourselves, do not always get the right focus, and that our viewpoint is likely to be a little out of true occasionally, shall we not be the more willing to give another the benefit of the doubt? Surely, surely; and when we do this, earnestly and prayerfully, we are paving the way to world reconciliation. So when the cheery greetings of the new year are ringing from heart to heart and home to home, let us make not a single reservation. Let us wish that the year which is opening may be a happy and prosperous one to all the world, and do our part to make it so. Every bit of service we are able to render, every ray of sunshine we may radiate in the way of making another happier, belongs to all alike, because life is a unit. Nothing is in vain. It may be only a cheery smile or word across the table at child, or wife, or husband, or an encouraging pat on the shoulder of somebody who needs just that touch of comfort—let us not withhold it. The impulse to do or say a kindly thing, however insignificant it may seem to us, should never be resisted, but acted upon. A young woman who has made a splendid success in her chosen vocation told us that when she came to the city,

quite alone and without friends, she would have given up in despair but for the smile and cheery "Good-morning!" from a woman passing her counter. "I had never seen her before, nor have I seen her since," said our friend, now "head buyer" for an important department, "but I wish she might know how she helped me. She made me feel as if I were somebody, after all, and gave me a fresh grip on things. I said I wouldn't give up—and I didn't; but I was right on the verge of it. And she taught me to smile at other folks who may need cheering-up as I did—to pass it on, as you say."

**L**ITTLE things? Well, that depends on how we measure values. In our own opinion nothing can be considered small or insignificant that carries gladness and courage wherever it goes. Here was a girl upon whom devolved the stern necessity of earning her own living and helping to provide for an invalid mother in a little country home miles and miles away. She was new to her work; her pay was meager compared with her needs. She had just received a severe reprimand from the floor-walker because of some error, trifling enough in itself, but big with the possibility that it might cause loss of her position, and the world looked dark, indeed. Then came a woman with smiling face and a pleasant greeting which put new courage into the soul of a homesick, lonely girl who, in her turn, has doubtless brightened many another life in that selfsame way—just as the ripples started by the falling of a pebble into the waters of a quiet lake widen to the farther shore. Isn't it very much worth our while to keep our eyes open, and grasp every opportunity for making sunshine in shady places? Isn't it well to form the habit of saying and doing pleasant things? A bit of appreciation expressed is a wonderful lubricator of the domestic machinery, and there should be far more of it in our homes, as well as in offices or places of business. Let none of us forget this; let us every one remember that we are to add all the comfort and encouragement and joy we possibly can to the right side of the year's balance—the true, positive side. We cannot begin too early, and we cannot do too much; and it is what we call "little things" which count so largely in making a happy, happy New-year for all concerned.

**T**HE year before us should be a happy one, prosperous and progressive. There is every indication that it will be—always if we all play our own part wisely and well. The readjustments which had to come after the world war are proceeding in a sane and satisfactory way, without extreme financial depression or panic; the high cost of living has apparently crossed the "peak" and is coming down—not perhaps as rapidly as many wish, but surely—and that we are on the way to greatly improved conditions there is good evidence. What we need to do, not less than in the darkest days of the war, is to have confidence and show it. We need to believe with all our heart that matters are working out just right for us, for our own country and for all nations and peoples, and to voice and prove this belief in our every-day life. To do this is to cease from faultfinding and condemnation at home and abroad. If we truly feel that "all things work together for good," there can be nothing to grumble and worry about, and much to rejoice over. Should we see some real wrong that needs righting it is our duty no less than privilege to lend a hand in that direction; but if there is nothing we can do, it is far wiser to think and talk of and picture good conditions than evil ones, for so shall we help to overcome the very ill we deplore. Perhaps you have heard the story of the little old lady who shared her seat with a stranger who was also making a day's journey by rail, and who presently remarked, as the train sped on, that he "never saw so many cemeteries in his life." Said the little lady, brightly: "Why, I haven't seen one! But then, I wasn't looking for them; I've been looking for flower-gardens!" Let us all "look for flower-gardens"; and let us believe that the world is on the upward climb, growing steadily wiser and better, and that every year will be happier than the last—the while we do our best to make it so.



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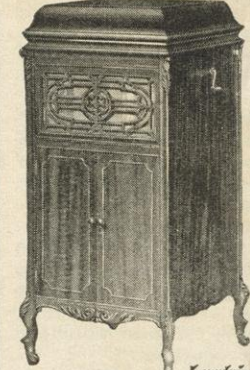
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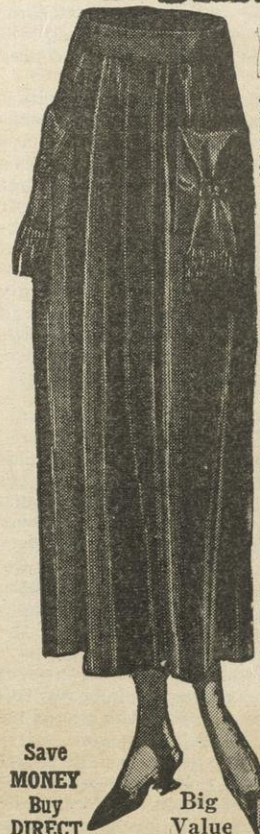
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# THE HOMEMAKER

Conducted by MRS. M. M. HYNES

## My Neighbor and I

LIVE in a town of about five hundred inhabitants, so mine are the usual neighbor problems such as all small-town residents have, more or less, to contend with. Petty, to be sure, but none the less annoying. At the head of the list, perhaps, is the chicken-and-garden problem. Mrs. Smith raises chickens. Mrs. Brown raises garden. Mrs. Smith's chickens eat up Mrs. Brown's garden, and then they both "raise Cain"! However, we have mostly obviated this difficulty by agreeing with our neighbor at the beginning of each season as to which we shall both do—keep poultry or make garden.

But there is another side to the garden question, and here's where my neighbor comes in for his drubbing. Our gardens lie contiguous, with only a wire fence between. We take great pride in our garden, and make a specialty of fall planting. Our aim is to supply our table with fresh vegetables throughout the entire season, and sell enough to pay for the chickens and fresh eggs we buy. Neighbor plants a little garden which is soon gone, and then allows his ground to grow up in weeds higher than the fence. Last year we fought sand-burrs all summer, and not one was allowed to seed on our lot, but my neighbor's ripened to perfection among the weeds, and of course accommodating winds will do the rest. Likewise his alley grows up in weeds, and is made a dumping-ground for tin cans, broken glass and rubbish of various kinds. In consequence my husband, who is a physician, is forced to drive his car around the block, both going and returning from calls, while if the alley were passable he could save just half the distance.

Count number three of this indictment has to do with the unsanitary condition of my neighbor's premises. Like thousands of other good people they have not learned the value of quicklime and crude forms of carbolic acid as germicides and disinfectants. Decaying vegetation and moldy rubbish are an invitation to disease germs, while the unsanitary outbuildings are a constant breeding-place for flies. "Swat" as we may, we shall never be free of this pest while our neighbor's carelessness continues.

Truly, "no man liveth to himself," and it is the duty of each of us to consider his responsibility to the community. It costs little to plant a hedge, a few trees and shrubs, to screen bare, ugly garages and sheds with vines. I have used grape-vines for screening purposes, and found my screen not only a "thing of beauty," but a paying investment as well. I have had the framework for an arbor erected in our backyard. Next summer it will be covered with vines, and will provide a cool place for the children to play in.

I do not know why it should be so, but it seems to me that civic pride is utterly lacking in the small towns such as ours. Perhaps it is because we have no civic organizations or Women's Clubs to wake us up. And that is why I appreciate the opportunity to air this subject in an impersonal way. Obviously, I cannot go to my neighbor and tell him wherein he fails in his duty to the community. And now, in this case against my neighbor, I have been plaintiff, judge and jury. Let the defendant bring on his witnesses. Perhaps I, also, have been guilty. Perry, Okla. Mrs. D. F. Coldiron.

## How To Say "Thank You"

THE writer heard the following remark made at Christmas-time, and it set her thinking that a good many people feel much the same way: "I had almost rather never receive a gift than to have to thank the giver for it. It is extremely hard for me to say the right thing, and to enthuse over anything that is given me is quite beyond my capability, however much I appreciate the kindly thought that prompted the giving."

Perhaps a few ideas along this line of thought which I ran across not long ago will be helpful to those who find the art of receiving graciously, difficult to master.

Who does not love to give to a little child? He seizes the present with a rapturous motion and a twinkle of joy in his eyes, while the mother or some older person in charge puts the "thank you" words into his mouth

*This department is devoted to the interests of woman, especially the housewife. Anything that will lighten labor, brighten or make better the home and household, or help us each and all to lead truer lives, will be cordially welcomed. All readers of The American Woman will, it is hoped, give of their experience for the benefit of others, and ask any needful information for themselves. Send your tested and favorite receipts, hints on the training and care of children, cultivation of flowers, etc., etc., letting what helps you help others. This is the homemakers' own department, and as such all are invited to have a share in its management.*

Address MRS. M. M. HYNES, Boston Highlands, Mass.

or says them for him. Yet we feel amply repaid for whatever the gift has cost us, and realize the blessed truth that it is, indeed, "more blessed to give than to receive." Besides, the child proceeds at once to enjoy his new possession, whether it be a toy or a piece of candy. Instead of this happy, natural way, we grown people make studied bows, smile dubiously, pile on words of thanks, and—lay the gift upon the shelf! Surely, the child's way is best. The joyous outreaching, the look of thanks, the quick caress, and but few words, are what the giver wants and will cherish as his or her reward. Few words are best because not many of us have the tact, the quick wit and the ready tongue to say the right ones on the spur of the moment, and the wrong words spoil it all for both the giver and the receiver. Who of us has not had the very sight of some pretty thing made a trial for years because of the awkward way in which we accepted it? We pile on words because we think they are expected of us, and try to maintain our dignity by showing as little emotion as possible.

Then, alas! that horrible ogre, the "trade-last" idea, flashes over us, and we instantly think of the present we gave or didn't give this particular friend. Is it a false pride, a sense of commercialism, or a commendable honesty that prompts us grown people to "even up" the gift-making, and thus rob it of its chief glory? Oh, that we could "become as little children" in this matter, as in many others. We would surely all be the happier for it.

To see one's gift put to use, yet with dainty care, is also pleasing; and no more delicate compliment can be paid than to refer to a past gift long since forgotten by the donor. I once had a correspondent say: "This is written with the pen you gave me Christmas, two years ago. Ah, the journeys it has made over white paper since then." The reference pleased me greatly, because it showed that my little gift was still of value, and appreciated. We must all confess that we like to have much made of our gifts, be they costly or ever so inexpensive; but it must be done in a sincere, natural way that shows the heart is really touched.

Some people purposely, and others unconsciously, make it hard for their best friends to give them anything. It is usually a sense of pride, a fear of patronage or obligation that forms the ugly barrier. This is peculiarly common among relatives—near relatives, who know one another's needs and financial conditions far too intimately for mutual comfort. The only way to overcome this wretched feeling, if we find it creeping upon us, is to put ourselves in the giver's place, remembering what a joy it is to be able to bestow things upon others. Think how gladly we would do likewise, were we the rich relatives! Remember, too, how it hurts to have a gift received reluctantly. Generous receiving is second only to generous giving, and alas, it is far more rare among grown people.

Again, it has been truly said that the way a woman takes a compliment stamps her place in society. A blush of pleasure denotes the schoolgirl; a giggle, the silly or unsophisticated; a brusque protest, the sensible but unpolished; a fleeting smile and a quiet thank you phrase (if reply be necessary at all) show unmistakably the woman of good training, the one really accustomed to compliments. Many mothers, rightfully anxious to keep their daughters' heads "level," as we say, teach them to have a horror of compliments. They quote the harsh, half true sayings, such as "The man who flatters a woman hopes to find her a fool or to make her one." And with ideas like that in mind the young girl often resents rudely words that are sincerely meant, and makes awkward situations for herself and her real friends. In-

stead, let her be taught keen discernment between foolish flattery and well meant praise, and let her have answering phrases at her tongue's end. Every girl, pretty or plain, who would hold a place in her social world, must acquire the art of graciously accepting a compliment and of tactfully "turning down" the would-be flatterer. A little quiet forethought and preparedness are all that are necessary. We all need to recognize the fact that kindly deeds and kindly words mean so much in this old world of ours that they both deserve gracious reception.

L. M.

## Notes and Questions

Mrs. W. A. Reed asks how to put up string-beans, using salicylic acid. Allow one tablespoonful to three gallons of the beans, after they are broken up, let boil twenty minutes, and seal in glass jars.

Jackson, Miss. Mrs. E. L. B.

Mrs. W. A. Reed, I have a "blue stove," and clean the top with a cloth dampened with oil, then dust with emery-powder and rub well. This treatment gives a beautiful luster. In canning green beans I prepare and cook them as if to serve at once, adding salt to taste, put them into jars with plenty of the liquid, not having them packed too tightly, and just before sealing I put in a tablespoonful of vinegar to each quart. I have used this method for two years, and like it much better than canning with salicylic acid, which I have also tried. The beans keep well, and the flavor is excellent.

R. 3, Carlyle, Ill. Mrs. Isam Parson.

If you are lucky enough to live near a fruit-cannery and can buy sugar-sacks for five or ten cents apiece, you will find them much cheaper than cloth not half so good purchased by the yard. Let me state a few uses I have found for both sugar- and flour-sacks: Made into men's summer underwear, athletic style, they will outwear the garments of dimity or nainsook by far. I use four sacks, set together with insertion or rickrack, for every-day tablecloths. Sugar-sacks can also be made into sheets and pillow-cases for common use, and when bleached nice and white they really look very good. Many other things can be made from them, such as aprons, underwear, and so on. I hope this suggestion will help Maine Homemaker and others who are saving to pay on a home. Mrs. C. C., did you try soaking those mildew-stains in milk for forty-eight hours, then hanging the article in the sunshine? Repeat the process if not at first successful. If the mildew will not yield to this treatment I fear the case is a difficult one, indeed.

Little Housewife of Oregon.

If you have window - shades that are wrinkled, faded, thin or soiled, take them off the rollers, tack the curtains on a smooth, clean floor or table, buy a can of ordinary flat wall-paint, reduce to twenty-five-percent turpentine, go over the curtain once with the paint, then take a stiff bristle-brush or clean scrub-brush and again go over it while wet. Let dry, turn over and do the same on the other side, if necessary; if the curtain is thin the paint sometimes goes through. It must not be too thick. If desired the curtains may be decorated by means of another color of paint. When dry return to the rollers and they are "just like new." If curtains are too ragged to serve longer soak them twenty-four hours in soap-suds—left after the washing—rub and soak them again in warm, clean suds, rub through two waters, boil, rub and rinse until the green or other color is all out, and when dry cut the best portions into the right size for dishcloths, dish-towels, washcloths, etc.,

using the scraps for carpet-rags. "Let nothing be wasted" is a good motto. Can anyone tell me how to use molasses-cane syrup, home-raised, for making tomato preserves? Mrs. May Hetflies.

R. 1, Box 50, Viola, Ill.

In moving I missed my Needlecraft for June and July, and The American Woman for June, 1920. Will some one who has these papers to spare kindly write me, stating what is desired in return for them? Headsville, W. Va. Mrs. J. H. Kline.

Here is a "saving hint," as asked for: Do not throw away the rind from which bacon has been cut. Instead, wash and dry it and keep in a fruit jar to use when cooking cabbage, greens or beans; it gives a good flavor. Framingham, Mass. Sister Kit.

I am greatly interested in our department—really I enjoy every bit of the paper. Will some homemaker send me the address of a company that publishes a good general cookbook? Mrs. C. E. Morrell.

Pocatello, Idaho.

I wish to secure The American Woman containing the instalment of the story "Madelon" for July; will return in good condition, paying all postage. Please write first. If you have much sewing to do, keep a piece of white cardboard in the machine-drawer and slip it under the needle when you have occasion to thread it, and see how much more easily you can do this. I shall be glad to hear from any of the members, and will try to answer all letters received. Although the mother of three young sons, and usually very busy, I always manage to find time for this interesting department.

Mrs. Edna Koch.

7125 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Here are a few of the things I have found helpful: Use cooking molasses for removing grass-stains; it will not fade colored materials. Add a little kerosene-oil to the water used for washing windows; the glass will not be streaked, as when washed with soap or powder. If you wish to stick two pieces of paper together, use a cold boiled potato. When preparing onions for use put them in a pan of water placed on the stove, and avoid smarting of the eyes. When making cocoa or scalding milk for other purpose cover the bottom of the dish with boiling water before putting the milk in and the dish will be much more easily washed. If you have leaf-lard to render put the coarsest knife in your food-chopper and run the lard through; although this may seem a little trouble, time is saved because the lard tries out so much more quickly; you also get more of it, as few "cracklings" remain. I have a little son of four months, and like to see articles on the care of babies.

Clymer, N. Y.

A Mother.

I wish to thank all who so generously responded to my appeal for cards for my little son, Emerson; you have given him many bright and interesting hours. You will rejoice with me that he is much improved and gets around nicely; and I cannot help feeling that the prayers and good wishes of his many new friends have helped him. I am very fond of "our paper," there is so much in it that helps me in my work—bright thoughts that make my tasks lighter. Mrs. H. Armitage.

Black Creek, Wis.

## The Homemaker's Receipt-Book

Chocolate Nut Pudding. — Two cups of scalded milk, in which dissolve two squares of chocolate, shaved finely, one cup each of soft bread-crumbs and chopped nut-meats, three-fourths cup of sugar and yolks of two eggs, beaten to a cream, one half teaspoonful of salt, and juice and grated rind of one lemon. Mix these ingredients, fold in the white of eggs beaten to a froth, pour into a mold—I use a square pan—and bake. For a change I omit the nut-meats, and make a meringue of the white of eggs, covering the pudding after it is baked and browning delicately in the oven. This pudding I serve without sauce.

Fruit Sauce. — One cup of pulp and juice of any fruit that is liked, a scant cup of sugar, one half cup of water and a table-

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# THE AMERICAN WOMAN

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## THE BUTTERFLY OF BUTTERFLY HILL

CHAPTER I

By MARY CLARE DAVRON

"JEFFREY DOANE!"  
"Roger!"  
Two men—tall, handsome, distinguished-looking—met in the dusk of an early September afternoon at a corner where Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street cross. First incredulity, then doubt, and finally glad recognition traversed both faces; then their voices rang out and their hands met in a hearty, prolonged clasp.

"You—alive and here! I can scarcely believe it!"

Blue-eyed and fair, the speaker's face and form were suggestive in their splendid strength of the fighting qualities of the Vikings.

"It is ten years, Roger," replied the dark, ruddy-faced one.

The other nodded.

"When you dropped out of things as you did, when no one heard of you, we thought—we feared—"

"That Hutchinson's verdict had come to pass?" Jeffrey Doane finished for him. "It took a long while to be sure that it would not."

"You are sure now?" Roger Gill asked. His eyes bent anxiously on the other's face.

"Definitely sure. I saw Hutchinson again to-day," answered Jeffrey Doane, and took the hand his friend held out to him. "But I had no idea I should see you in New York—thought you were still on the other side. And accept my congratulations, won't you, Roger? You have been doing fine work over there—fine even for you. Thanks to the newspapers, I have kept track of you and know you have justified our prophecy that you would be the greatest man in the class. Every man in it—back in the old days—was proud of you, Roger."

"And they loved you. There's a difference. But tell me of yourself. Where have you kept hidden? And why did you leave us all this while without a word?"

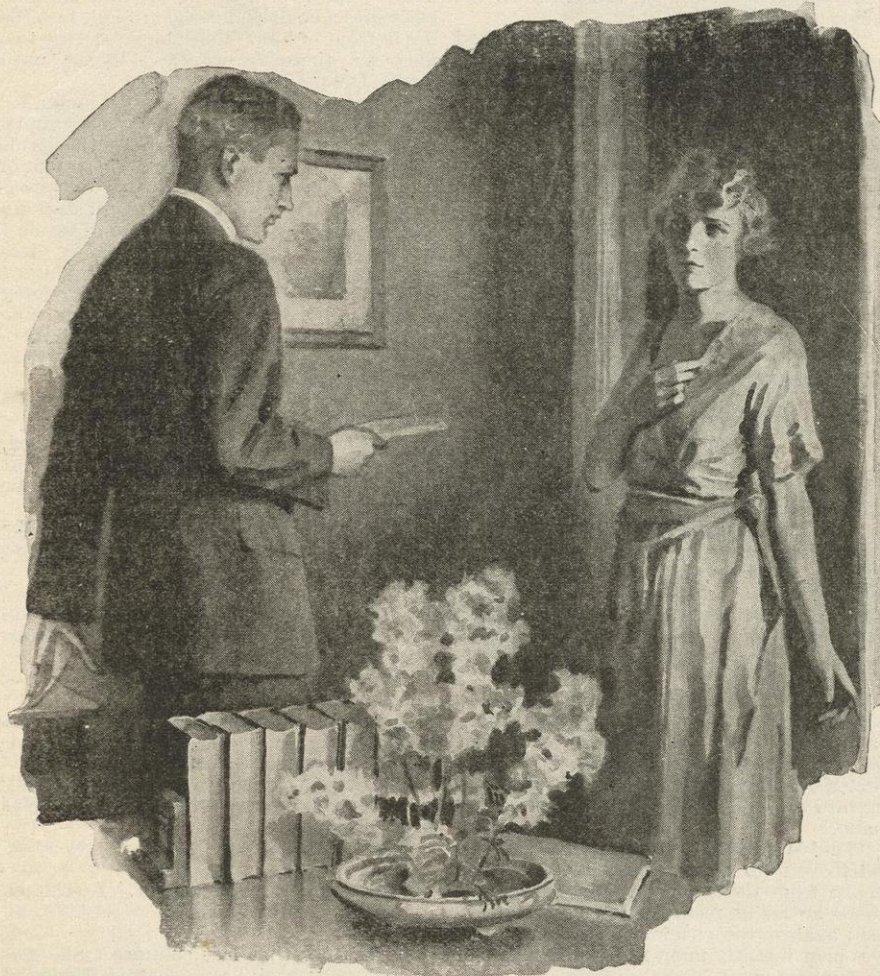
"I have been putting up a hard fight, for a time seemingly against all odds. Things coming as they did were such a blow to me that at first I could not talk or write about it to anyone—not even you. Then hope began to dawn, and since then I have lived just for to-day, when I could come back and take up things where I left off."

"It must have been some special good fortune that put you in my path," observed Doctor Gill. "After a year's absence from New York, I arrived just this morning on the Saint Paul, and leave here to-morrow to visit my mother in the Adirondacks. Couldn't you arrange to come home with me, Jeffrey? Mother would be delighted to see you again. Would it interfere with your plans?"

"I have no immediate plans, and it would give me great pleasure to see your mother again. But can't we have dinner together somewhere, Roger? I am staying here at the hotel, but came out for a little stroll before nightfall. I wanted to see the town light up. Having waited ten years for to-day, I don't want to miss a thing. Many a night, lying wide-eyed under the stars, I have tried to relieve the tedium and ache of homesickness by picturing this very scene."

Roger Gill's face held a look of deep comprehension.

"What a fight you must have made!" he said, admiringly. "Come, I will join you in



"I was about to speak—tried to think of something to say—but there was that about her which kept me silent"

your stroll. Although I have been away only a year, it has been long enough to make the old town look good to me."

"Are you going back to Europe?"

A fraction of a second's hesitancy.

"Perhaps," Roger Gill replied.

CHAPTER II

As they walked up Fifth Avenue, and later when they had seated themselves at the restaurant-table, the two men had much to say to each other, many questions to ask and congratulations to extend. Both physicians, they had been classmates and close friends back in student days. Then had come a few years of practise, followed by the quick rise in his profession of Doctor Gill and the quiet dropping into oblivion of Doctor Doane.

Later, when the dinner was over, both men sat smoking, each turned slightly in his chair that his eyes might from time to time rest upon the never-ending human stream flowing up and down Fifth Avenue.

After a pause, filled with that pregnant silence that comes when two long separated friends have met and discussed matters of

general or surface interest and are about to proceed to deeper and more personal topics, Roger Gill asked:

"You have not married, Jeffrey?"

"No," said Doctor Doane, quietly. "I shall never marry."

"How do you know? You say it as though that were a closed chapter in your life."

"It is. When the bottom dropped from everything ten years ago, that is one of the things that went, too. But you, Roger? Surely you have married."

Roger Gill's gaze fell reflectively upon the end of his cigar.

"No," he replied at length. "No, I have not married."

"Isn't that rather strange?" pursued his friend in gentle raillery and smiling into the clear blue eyes across the table. An unusual gravity there caused him to cease abruptly his bantering tone.

"No, it isn't strange, Jeffrey. Not in my case."

Doctor Doane, with the air of one who feels he has inadvertently touched upon a subject too close to another's heart, refrained from comment.

"You asked me a moment ago," then began the other, "if I were going back to Europe. Whether or not I shall depends upon the answer of the woman I intend asking to be my wife—the woman I have crossed the ocean to see." From the speaker's manner there could be no doubt that his was not an ordinary love-affair. Sympathetic attention in his friend's face encouraged him to continue: "I met her some years ago—eight, to be exact. Mother had gone early that year to our place in the Adirondacks, and I went up for one weekend, arriving unexpectedly on an evening when mother was to have as her guests most of the people of the neighborhood."

"I'm so glad you'll be here for to-night," mother said. "People are always asking for you, and you will have a chance to meet the newcomers—the Hallidays, the Grinnels and the Parmalees. The Marshalls are entertaining a young lady, friend of Helen's—a great beauty, Roger, and a splendid girl besides." This latter remark mother meant to be significant of her disapproval that at thirty-two I gave no indication of becoming a benedict, and I smiled as I assured her that I would do my best to favorably impress the young lady. But mother shook her head. "It looks very much as if I were never to have a daughter-in-law," she said. One of the great regrets of mother's life is that she never had a daughter."

"You should see Lathrop Parmalee's wife," mother continued. "Really, I think she is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. Golden-haired and glowing she is—like a creature that has always played in the sun. I heard someone speak of her the other day—and I shouldn't be surprised if the name clung to her—as 'the Butterfly of Butterfly Hill.' And that is what she seems like—a big, dazzling butterfly, too beautiful and lovely ever to know a care or worry. Although, I think, two or three years older than Lathrop, who is only eighteen, still she is such a child that it seems impossible to consider her a matron."

"Mother added that Lathrop and his wife seemed superlatively happy. He was quite a musician and his wife, besides a keen appreciation of his talent, possessed also a fine contralto voice. It was a pleasure, mother said, to hear them sing and play together."

"This particular piece of news didn't mean much to me, although I had known well the boy's parents, both of whom had died while he was abroad being educated. The sensation of the summer had been his marriage and the subsequent opening of the old Parmalee place, which had remained unoccupied for years—since the elder Parmalee's death. It was a beautiful place, crowning a high hill and surrounded by handsome gardens and long, winding driveways. Years before, the children of the neighborhood had named it 'Butterfly Hill,' due, I was told, to the fact that the most gorgeous butterflies to be found anywhere round could be seen flitting about its broad lawns."

CHAPTER III

"That evening was a fateful one for me. Most of the guests, as in the custom up there, came early; and I had a pleasant hour or so renewing acquaintance with many old friends. It was a beautiful evening, and we all stayed out of doors."

"Helen telephoned that she and Miss Darnton would be a little late. They are

coming over with the Parmalees, I heard mother say; and then, a moment later, I found myself confronted by a tall, slender youth who stood smiling at me in a friendly fashion. "Why, Roger!" he exclaimed, "don't you know me—Lathrop Parmalee?"

"Can't blame me for not recognizing you," I told him. "You've doubled your height since I last saw you. And I am told you are married, too. Congratulations!"

"I want you to meet her, Roger," he said, and as I turned, "No, not now; she's gone indoors with your mother and Helen now. O Roger!" and boyish enthusiasm suffused his delicate face with color; "she is the most wonderful girl in the world!"

"I have no doubt of it," I said heartily. And just then old Doctor Bates and his wife, lifelong friends of my mother, called to me, with the result that I was dragged off for a long talk with the good old doctor, who is always comparing the methods of us later-day men with those of the old school of physicians.

"I had brought up a half finished paper I was preparing for the convention that fall, and upon Doctor Bates expressing a desire to read it, I went into the house for it. I had left it on mother's desk in the library, but someone had evidently come along and pigeonholed it, and I was some moments finding it. As I finally turned with the paper in my hand, there, standing in the doorway, was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. Instantly there flashed into my mind mother's desire that I become interested in Helen Marshall's friend. I thought also of Lathrop Parmalee's remark about his wife, "She is the most wonderful girl in the world," and I knew that without need of further acquaintance I could subscribe that very sentiment to the woman who stood facing me in the doorway. I was about to speak—tried to think of something to say—but there was that about her which kept me silent. We stood facing each other, and I am sure the admiration I felt must have appeared on my face. But it was she who seemed most deeply and unaccountably moved. With a little gesture she clutched at the lace on her bosom, her wide, startled eyes on my face. Then, as if she had finally settled some clash of opinions within herself:

"You are Roger Gill," she said, in a voice so low I scarcely caught it.

"I saw that for some strange reason she was very much agitated. I hope I have not startled you," I said, gently as I could.

"No, oh, no!" And again, as if addressing herself, she continued: "I always knew you looked like that!"

"I was at a loss for an answer, when suddenly she came toward me with outstretched hand.

"How stupid of me not to have known—not to have guessed at once that you were Mrs. Gill's son."

"Why, I think you did guess, and rather quickly, too." She was calmer now, but had by no means regained perfect poise. I tried to invent some excuse for detaining her until her mysterious agitation should die down, and for some time we talked there—I am sure I do not know how long. Her interest in me and my work seemed intense. She plied me with questions—not the foolish kind that make me rather steer clear of discussing my work with most women. With an intelligent understanding, she led me from one thing to another, and I found myself talking more freely of my aims and ideals than I had ever done with any woman before and with precious few men—with none, I believe, since I had known you. Her voice was as wonderful as her face, and as I sat there and talked with her, the spell of her enchantment grew. On but one point was I vaguely uncomfortable; all the while she talked with me, I felt that whatever the primary incentive to her interest, it did not lie directly with me. Yet I was certain that her agitation was due solely to my presence there that evening.

"Where we were sitting, we were quite within sound of the voices from the lawn, and I can remember distinctly the feeling of annoyance I had when I heard Doctor Bates calling me. His voice seemed to startle the girl, too. With what I learned was a characteristic gesture, she again clutched at the lace on her bosom. Even in the dim light, I thought I noticed her face pale. "We have been here a very long while," she said.

"Where in thunder are you, Roger?" I heard Doctor Bates saying. And as he came nearer, the girl ran lightly from the room and on to the porch, while the doctor, his

arm around my shoulder, led me back to mother and her guests.

"Miss Darnton, I want to present my son," mother was saying presently, and I found myself bowing to a statuesque, dreamy-eyed beauty standing beside Helen Marshall. "Ah, there is Mrs. Parmalee now."

"I turned, and instantly knew that both Lathrop Parmalee and I thought of the same woman as the 'most wonderful in the world.'"

"This, as I told you, was eight years ago. To this day, that talk of an hour or so is the only one I have had with her. I have seen her only twice since, and then at a distance—once in her garden, and once driving up the broad driveway at Butterfly Hill. Mother told me, though, that a great change had come over her during that first summer—that she had seemed to grow noticeably older; and also that after that time, she went out very little, becoming, with her husband, almost a recluse within the confines of the big estate on Butterfly Hill. Mother said it was the oddest change she had ever witnessed. Lathrop and the girl could still be heard playing and singing, and they seemed exceedingly happy. But no one could fathom the reason for their self-imposed isolation from such social life as the place afforded.

"Then, last year, a day or so after I had sailed for the other side, Lathrop Parmalee was killed by falling from his horse. Mother's first letter told me of it." Roger Gill's face was flushed, his eyes abnormally bright as he added: "And now I have come from Europe to ask her to be my wife, to tell her the thing that has been suppressed in my heart these eight years."

"You deserve to win. I believe you will. I am sure any woman might well be proud of your love," said Doctor Doane, simply.

"But her heart may have been irrevocably given to that poor boy. Do you believe one can love but once?"

"I used to think so. Now I am not so sure. But for some people—for you and for me—yes. Absolutely yes."

#### CHAPTER IV

Long rays of shaded lamplight filled with soft radiance the huge oak-paneled room, the dark beauty of which was brightened by the glowing colors in richly hued cushions and rugs, by the gleaming reds, yellows and blues of many book-bindings, and by huge bowls of multicolored early autumn flowers. Over it all rose and fell the shadows cast by flames that leaped and danced in the great fireplace.

In front of the fire, with the rose-color from a lamp shining softly on the silvery waves of her hair, sat Roger Gill's mother. She was working busily upon the ball of woolen yarn her fingers were deftly fashioning into a garment that was rapidly taking shape.

"You've no idea how fascinating it is to watch you do that," commented Doctor Doane from the depths of the great chair where he lazily reclined, his head thrown back against the cushions, his deep brown eyes bent intently upon the flying fingers of his companion.

"Roger told me the same thing this afternoon," she replied, and then continued: "I wonder what is keeping him so late. He intended calling on Mrs. Parmalee this evening, he said. Perhaps, though, he is helping her in some detail of the preparation for to-morrow evening."

"The fete seems already an assured success," said Doctor Doane. "Everywhere we went down at the village to-day, we heard it being talked of."

"Yes, I think it will be successful. Many people are especially interested in it, though, because it is to be at Mrs. Parmalee's, and it will mark the first time she has participated in the social life of the place since the summer, eight years ago, when she came here a bride."

"Roger told me something of her. She must be a very extraordinary person."

"Very, indeed. We all know that whatever the whim that kept Lathrop and her away from us all that time, it was of her choosing. Lathrop adored his wife, and a suggestion from her would have been a command to him. He was a musician, and when his wife came here to live she had a very pretty contralto voice that has since been cultivated. We have persuaded her to sing to-morrow night, as her contribution to the entertainment." The lady rose. "I believe I shall not wait up for Roger. Tell

him good-night for me, won't you, Jeffrey? Or he can come to my room when he comes in, if he likes." And, as her guest rose and walked to the door with her: "You do not know how good it is to have you here with us again, Jeffrey. How we did miss you all these years!"

"If I could only tell you all it means to me to be here!" he answered earnestly.

"I do not believe there ever was another man to take your place with Roger. He has so few close friendships, but those few mean everything in the world to him."

When she had gone, Doctor Doane selected a book from one of the shelves, lit a cigar and drew his chair nearer the fire. He had read an hour or so when a footstep sounded in the hall, and Roger Gill stood in the doorway. Never, perhaps, did splendid ruggedness and strength stand out more boldly on the countenance of the handsome blond giant, never did he appear more nearly a perfect specimen of physical manhood. Yet something impelled his friend, after one glance, to spring to his feet and hold out his hand to him.

"Roger! I am deeply sorry," was all he said.

Doctor Gill gravely inclined his head; and then, as though a wave of weariness had suddenly come over him, he lowered his long body into a chair and gazed straight into the fire in front of him. For a long time the two men sat there in wordless silence until finally Doctor Doane rose to go.

"Don't go, Jeffrey. I wish you wouldn't," said his friend, and held out a detaining hand. And later: "I—I had no idea this would occur to-night. I had no intention of broaching the subject—intended only making a short call on her. But—you see I am very inexperienced in such matters—when I saw her, when I talked with her again, there seemed to be nothing else I could say, and I was not surprised when the pent-up longing of all these years found expression and came rushing to my lips. She was very kind—kinder than I had any right to expect. That made it harder, if anything."

"Her answer may not be final," suggested Doctor Doane.

"It is absolutely final. Just as I feared, she has loved once—really loved—and that is the end of it for her. I knew she would be that sort."

"I have known what appeared to be the deepest love change—and in less than two years," said Doctor Doane.

"She will never change. Even while I may try to hope differently, I know she will not. The love of which she speaks means more to her than her very life itself."

"I wonder if love like that is a blessing or a curse," mused Doctor Doane.

Something like interest crept into his friend's face and partly dispelled the shadows slowly gathering there.

"You said that when—the tragedy came for you, you gave up marriage. Was there anyone—"

"Yes."

"Poor chap!"

"There was no engagement. I—I'll tell you, if you'd care to hear."

"Please do."

"I met her that last summer. She was from the south and was visiting friends of mine out on Long Island. I went there for a week-end; and after that, there never was any other woman in the world for me. All that summer I went out there as much as my practise would allow. She knew of my feeling for her, and I had every reason to know she reciprocated. Then, one Saturday—just at this time of the year it was—I was to make my last trip to see her, as she intended going south the following week. I expected then to ask her to marry me, and was very sure of her answer.

"Just about that time, I had begun to realize that I hadn't been feeling well all summer, and on Friday I went to see Hutchinson, with you know what result.

"The blow was a staggering one to me. I had no idea that it could be as bad as that. All that night I tossed in a half crazed delirium, on the one hand trying to think, and on the other not wanting to. Her face would come before me—the dear adorableness of her—and I would resolve to tell her of my love. Even though I was sure she knew it so well, still I wanted to tell her, wanted to hear from her own lips the avowal of reciprocity I knew she would make. And then against all this was Hutchinson's verdict.

"Of course, there was but one conclusion to which I must inevitably come. Yet I felt I could not bear it. I wanted her sympathy

as well as her love, to see the look in her dear eyes when I should tell her—if not of my love, then of the sentence that had been pronounced upon me.

"The next morning came—the day on which I was to have gone to her. And even as it dawned, I knew that this course would be impossible—that I could not trust myself in her presence. I do not know if it was sheer cowardice or supreme bravery that made me stifle the inclination that was tugging at my heart, but in the end, reason won; and, scarcely knowing what I did, without a word to anyone except the requested to Hutchinson that he make known to some of my friends what had happened, I closed my affairs here as quickly as possible and left, hardly caring where I went, and with little hope in my heart."

"And you did not write—even to her?" asked Doctor Gill, marveling.

"No; I never did. It seemed the cowardly way to tell her what I hadn't the courage to say in person."

"But surely during those ten years you have communicated with her?"

"No; never. Only once did I have news of her, and in the most unexpected way. It was one night in Los Angeles—I am not likely to forget it—one of those sweet, balmy evenings. I remember feeling particularly homesick that night—at night, you know, Roger, is when nostalgia comes with such terrific power over an exile. Thinking perhaps a walk in the clear, cool night would help me, I went out. I had gone only a little way when it struck me that the figure of the man walking a short distance ahead of me had a somehow familiar look. Coming closer, I recognized him. He was an old colored fellow who had been butler out at the Larsdens' place in Long Island when I used to go there.

"I accosted him joyously, and almost to the point of tears was he glad to see me.

"He told me the Larsdens had broken up house and gone abroad to live. He, in the meantime, had come out there to the coast with another family, and was eating his old heart out to get back again.

"I let him ramble on in his own way about things, and finally I was rewarded with news of her. 'An' oh, yes, Mr. Jeffrey, you know dat lady—Lawd, I done forgot her name, but the awful pretty one—the one you was all time playing tennis with—well, she done got married.'

"Married! I said, sharply in spite of myself. There could be no doubt as to whom he meant, for his kindly old face broke into knowing, good-natured smiles, as he assured me:

"Oh, yessir, she's don' married. That was the last weddin' Mis' Larsden went to afore she went 'broad.'

"Whom did she marry?" I asked at last. "I forgit his name, an' I did hyear it, too. But 'twarn't none o' dem gemmens dat used to come when you was dere."

"That is all I have heard of her in these ten years, but it was conclusive, you see."

And from the long, haggard lines that had crept to the speaker's face it was plain that the passage of time had by no means healed the old pain, and that the bitter was still very close to the sweet in his memory of that love of long ago.

"How much you had to bear—alone!" said Doctor Gill, profound admiration written on his face. "God! The odds you had to fight against!"

"Strange to say, after that my problem became more simplified. I could not, and did not, expect her to remain unmarried. Nevertheless, that did not lessen the shock of her marrying—and so soon. For I had been very sure she cared as deeply as I. Then I grew more reconciled to my life out there, and I began systematically to note conditions and collect data for the book of which I told you. It is coming out next month, and if by it I can help even one other who may receive the same sentence I did, then I shall feel that those ten years were not wasted.

Both men rose. The hour was late, and the fire had long since died to ashes.

Doctor Gill straightened his shoulders, and the weariness seemed to slip from him like a cloak. But the wistfulness had not gone from his eye, though he said firmly:

"Yes, there is always one's work. It is the heaven-sent blessing—the great anodyne!"

"You have, in addition, the knowledge that you are one of the biggest men in the world. That ought to be very sweet."

Continued on page 10

# MARY MARIE

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

## CHAPTER V—Concluded

**M**Y but I hated to go! Fathers and Aunt Janes are two different propositions. Fathers have more rights and privileges, of course. Everybody knows that.

Well, I went into the library. Father stood with his back to the fireplace and his hands in his pockets. He was plainly angry at being disturbed. Anybody could see that. He began speaking at once, the minute I got into the room—very cold and dignified.

"Mary, your aunt tells me you have been disobedient and disrespectful to her. Have you anything to say?"

I shook my head and said:

"No, sir."

"What could I say? Old folks ask such senseless questions, sometimes. Naturally I wasn't going to say I had been disrespectful and disobedient when I hadn't; and of course, I couldn't say I hadn't been when Aunt Jane said I had. That would be just like saying Aunt Jane lied. So, of course, I had nothing to say. And I said so.

"But she declares you refused to go back to school, Mary," said father then.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you did refuse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you may go and tell her now, please, that you are sorry, and that you will go to school this afternoon. You may go now."

And he turned to the table and picked up his book.

I didn't go, of course. I just stood there twisting my handkerchief in my fingers; and, of course, right away he saw me. He had sat down then.

"Mary, didn't you hear me?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, but—father, I can't go back to that school," I choked. And I began to cry.

"But I tell you that you must."

I shook my head.

"I can't."

"Do you mean that you defy me as you did your Aunt Jane this morning?—that you refuse to go back to school?"

"Yes, sir."

For a minute he sat and stared at me just as Aunt Jane had done; then he lifted his head and threw back his shoulders as if he were throwing off a heavy weight.

"Come, come, Mary," he said sternly. "I am not a patient man, and my temper has reached the breaking-point. You will go back to school and you will go now. I mean that, Mary."

"But, father, I can't," I choked again; and I guess there was something in my face this time that made even him see. For again he just stared for a minute, and then said:

"Mary, what in the world does this mean? Why can't you go back? Have you been—expelled?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Then you mean you won't go back."

"I mean I can't—on account of mother."

I wouldn't have said it if I hadn't had to. I didn't want to tell him; but I knew from the very first that I'd have to tell him before I got through. I could see it in his face. And so, now, with his eyes blazing as he jumped almost out of his chair and exclaimed: "Your mother!" I let it out and got it over as soon as possible.

"I mean, on account of mother—that not for you, nor Aunt Jane, nor anybody will I go back to that school and associate with folks that won't associate with me—on account of mother."

And then I told it—all about the girls, Stella Mayhew, Carrie, and how they acted, and what they said about my being Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde because I was a Mary and a Marie, and the ice-cream, and the parties they had to give up if they went with me. And I know I was crying so I could hardly speak before I finished; and father was on his feet tramping up and down the room muttering something under his breath, and looking—oh, I can't begin to tell how he looked. But it was awful.

"And so that's why I wish," I finished.

chokingly, "that it would hurry up and be a year, so mother could get married."

"Married!" Like a flash he turned and stopped short, staring at me.

"Why, yes," I explained; "for if she did get married, she wouldn't be divorced any longer, would she?"

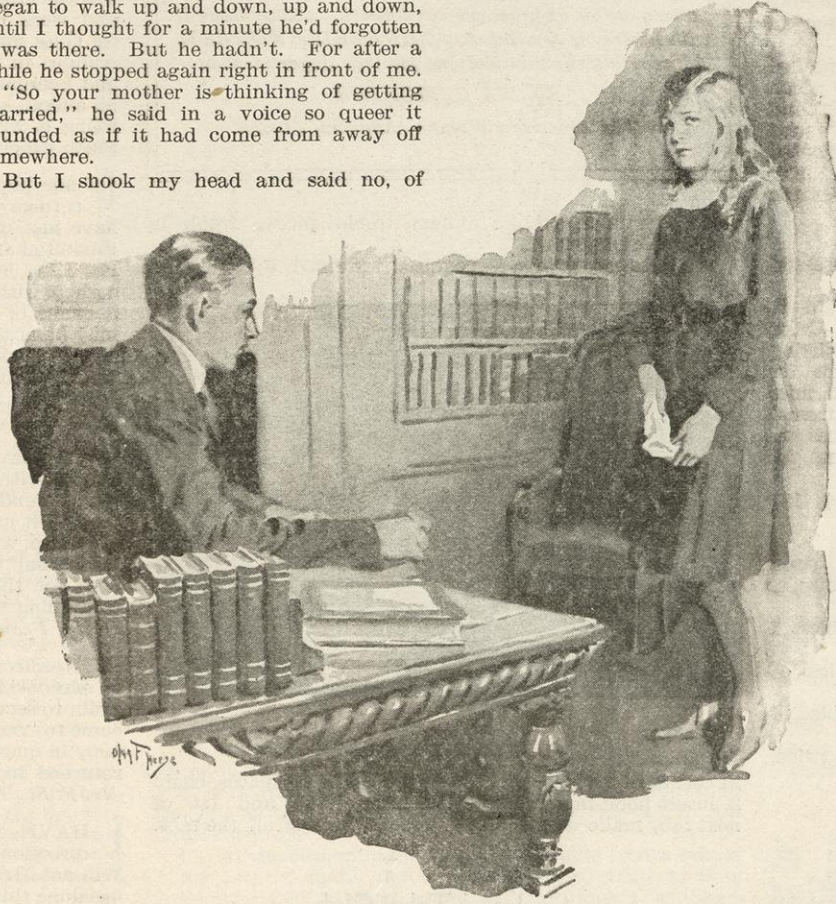
But he wouldn't answer. With a queer little noise in his throat he turned again and began to walk up and down, up and down, until I thought for a minute he'd forgotten I was there. But he hadn't. For after a while he stopped again right in front of me.

"So your mother is thinking of getting married," he said in a voice so queer it sounded as if it had come from away off somewhere.

But I shook my head and said no, of

just know she's keeping up a powerful thinking.

For that matter, so am I. What is going to happen next? Have I got to go to school to-morrow? But then, of course, I sha'n't do that. Besides, I don't believe father'll ask me to, after what I said about mother. He didn't like that—what those girls said—



"Not for you, nor Aunt Jane, nor anybody will I go back to that school and associate with folks that won't associate with me—on account of mother."

course; and that I was very sure she wouldn't till her year was up, and even then I didn't know which she'd take, so I couldn't tell for sure anything about it. But I hoped she'd take one of them, so she wouldn't be divorced any longer.

"But you don't know which she'll take," grunted father again. He turned then, and began to walk up and down again, with his hands in his pockets; and I didn't know whether to go away or to stay, and I suppose I'd have been there now if Aunt Jane hadn't suddenly appeared in the library-doorway.

"Charles, if Mary is going to school at all to-day it is high time she was starting," she said. But father didn't seem to hear. He was still tramping up and down the room, his hands in his pockets. "Charles!" Aunt Jane raised her voice and spoke again. "I said if Mary is going to school at all to-day it is high time she was starting."

"Eh? What?" If you'll believe it, that man looked as dazed as if he'd never even heard of my going to school. Then suddenly his face changed. "Oh, yes, to be sure. Well, er—Mary is not going to school to-day," he said. Then he looked at his watch, and without another word strode into the hall, got his hat, and left the house, leaving Aunt Jane and me staring into each other's faces.

But I didn't stay much longer than father did. I strode into the hall, too, by Aunt Jane. But I didn't leave the house. I came up here to my own room; and ever since I've been writing it all down in my book.

Of course, I don't know now what's going to happen next. But I wish you could have seen Aunt Jane's face when father said I wasn't going to school to-day! I don't believe she's sure yet that she heard aright—though she didn't try to stop me, or even speak when I left and came upstairs. But I

any better than I did. I'm sure of that. Why, he looked simply furious. But there isn't any other school here that I can be sent to, and—

But what's the use? I might surmise and speculate all day and not come anywhere near the truth. I must await—what the night will bring forth, as they say in really truly novels.

Four days later.

And what did the night bring forth? Yes, what did it bring! Verily it brought forth one thing I thought nothing ever could have brought forth.

It was like this.

That night at the supper-table Aunt Jane cleared her throat in the I-am-determined-I-will-speak-kind-of-a-way that she always uses when she speaks to father. (Aunt Jane doesn't talk to father much more than mother used to.)

"Charles," she began.

Father had an astronomy paper beside his plate, and he was so busy reading he didn't hear, so Aunt Jane had to speak again—a little louder this time.

"Charles, I have something to say to you." "Eh? What? Oh—er—yes. Well, Jane, what is it?"

Father was looking up with his I'll-be-patient-if-it-kills-me-air, and with his forefinger down on his paper to keep his place.

As if anybody could talk to a person who's simply tolerating you for a minute like that, with his forefinger holding on to what he wants to tend to! Why, I actually found myself being sorry for Aunt Jane.

She cleared her throat again. "It is understood, of course, that Mary is to go to school to-morrow morning, I suppose," she said.

"Why, of course, of course," began father, impatiently, looking down at his paper. "Of course she'll go to—" He stopped suddenly. A complete change came to his face. He grew red, then white. His eyes sort of flashed. "School?" he said then, in a hard, decided voice. "Oh, no; Mary is not going to school to-morrow morning."

He looked down at his paper and began to read again. For him the subject was very evidently closed. But for Aunt Jane it was not closed.

"You don't mean, Charles, that she is not to go to school at all, any more," she gasped. "Exactly."

Father read on in his paper without looking up.

"But, Charles, to stop her school like this!"

"Why not? It closes in a week or two, anyway."

Aunt Jane's lips came together hard. "That's not the question at all," she said, cold like ice. "Charles, I'm amazed at you—yielding to that child's whims like this—that she doesn't want to go to school! It's the principle of the thing that I'm objecting to. Do you realize what it will lead to—what it—"

"Jane!" With a jerk father sat up straight. "I realize some things that perhaps you do not. But that is neither here nor there. I do not wish Mary to go to school any more this spring. That is all; and I think—it is sufficient."

"Certainly." Aunt Jane's lips came together again grim and hard. "Perhaps you will be good enough to say what she shall do with her time."

"Time? Do? Why—er—what she always does; read, sew, study—"

"Study?" Aunt Jane asked the question with a hateful little smile that father would have been blind not to have understood. And he was equal to it—but I 'most fell over backward when I found how equal to it he was.

"Certainly," he says, "study. I—I'll hear her lessons myself—in the library, after I come home in the afternoon. Now let us hear no more about it."

With that he pushed back his plate, stuffed his astronomy paper into his pocket, and left the table, without waiting for dessert. And Aunt Jane and I were left alone.

I didn't say anything. Victors shouldn't boast—and I was a victor, of course, about the school. But when I thought of what father had said about my reciting my lessons to him every day in the library—I wasn't so sure whether I'd won out or not. Recite lessons to my father? Why, I couldn't even imagine such a thing!

Aunt Jane didn't say anything either. I guess she didn't know what to say. And it was kind of a queer situation, when you came right down to it. Both of us sitting there and knowing I wasn't going back to school any more, and I knowing why, and knowing Aunt Jane didn't know why. (Of course I hadn't told Aunt Jane about mother and Mrs. Mayhew.) It would be a funny world, wouldn't it, if we all knew what each other was thinking all the time? Why, we'd get so we wouldn't do anything but think—for there wouldn't any of us speak to each other, I'm afraid, we'd be so angry at what the other was thinking.

Well, Aunt Jane and I didn't speak that night at the supper-table. We finished in stern silence; then Aunt Jane went upstairs to her room and I went up to mine. (You see what a perfectly wildly exciting life Mary is living! And when I think of how full of good times mother wanted every minute to be. But that was for Marie, of course.)

The next morning after breakfast Aunt Jane said:

"You will spend your forenoon studying, Mary. See that you learn well your lessons, so as not to annoy your father."

"Yes, Aunt Jane," said Mary, polite and proper, and went upstairs obediently; but even Mary didn't know exactly how to study those lessons.

Carrie had brought me all my books from school. I had asked her to when I knew that I was not going back. There were the lessons that had been assigned for the next day, of course, and I supposed probably

Continued on page 17



# The Tab-Collar Still in Favor

By MRS. MARTHA MANCHESTER

**T**HE woman who is at all skilled in the use of that very popular little implement, the crochet-hook, finds herself able to provide many gifts for friends, especially those who do not possess that skill, or perhaps have not the time to apply it. "Real hand work" is at a premium these days; and a gift fashioned by the giver, who brings to it time and care and loving thought, is of more real value than one which may be purchased with the dollars from a well-filled purse, even though the "financial rating" of the two is not to be compared.

The tab-collar, primarily intended for round-necked dresses, but which serves equally well for those which are cut square or V-shaped, is still in high favor, and filet-crochet is especially liked for it. Two very neat designs are given, and others may be readily originated by anyone possessing a little ingenuity. The thread may be of any size desired; the finer the thread the smaller the tabs, and the more of them are required.

**No. 1**—Using No. 80 crochet-thread (finer or coarser, as preferred), make a chain of 359 stitches.

1. A treble in 8th stitch from hook, (chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble, forming a space) 117 times, turn. Or, if preferred, make the 1st row of spaces thus, omitting the long foundation-chain: Chain 8, a treble in 1st stitch of chain (last from hook), turn; \* chain 5, miss 2 of preceding chain, a treble in next, turn; repeat from \* for the required number of spaces. Fourteen spaces are allowed for 1st and last points or tabs, and 15 spaces for each of remaining six tabs.

2, 3. Chain 5, miss 2, 1 treble (for 1st space), 117 more spaces, turn.

4, 5. Thirteen spaces, turn.

6. Three spaces, (7 trebles, 3 spaces) twice, turn.

7. (Two spaces, 4 trebles) twice, 1 space, (4 trebles, 2 spaces) twice, turn.

8. Three spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

9. Five spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

10. Four spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.

11. Three spaces, 4 trebles, (2 spaces, 4 trebles) twice, 3 spaces, turn.

12. Six spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

13. Five spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

14. Like 10th row.

15, 16. Like 6th and 10th rows.

17. Narrow (chain 3, treble in next treble), 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 4 spaces, narrow (by making a treble in next treble, omitting chain), turn.

18. Narrow, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, narrow.

19. Narrow, 7 spaces, narrow.

20, 21, 22. Same as 19th, 2 spaces less each row.

23. Chain 3, a treble in next treble, fasten off. Miss 2 spaces of 3d row, fasten in, and repeat from 4th row until you have the requisite number of tabs; finish the edge with \* 2 doubles in space, double in treble, chain 3, fasten in last double made for a picot; at the point make 3 doubles, picot, 3 doubles.

This makes also a very effective border for a centerpiece.

**No. 2**—No. 100 thread was used for the model. Make a chain of 44 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 8th stitch from hook, 12 more spaces on chain, turn.

2. Thirteen spaces, chain 4, catch in top of last treble for a picot, turn.

3. Eight spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, picot, turn.

4. Three spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, picot, turn.

5. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, picot, turn.

6. Five spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, picot, turn.

7. Two spaces, (7 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, picot, turn.

8. Four spaces, 13 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, picot, turn.

9. One space, 7 trebles, 1 space, (4 trebles, 2 spaces) twice, 7 trebles, 1 space, picot, turn.

10. Three spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, picot, turn.

11. Five spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, picot, turn.

12, 13, 14. Six spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, picot, turn.

15. Two spaces, 28 trebles, 2 spaces, picot, turn.

16. Three spaces, 22 trebles, 3 spaces, picot, turn.

17. Chain 3, treble in next treble (to narrow), 2 spaces, 22 trebles, 2 spaces, treble in corner of next space, omitting the chain (to narrow), picot, turn.

18. Narrow, 2 spaces, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, narrow, picot, turn.

19. Narrow, 7 spaces, narrow, picot, turn.

20, 21. Like 19th, decreasing 2 spaces each row.

22. Chain 3, treble in next treble, picot in top of

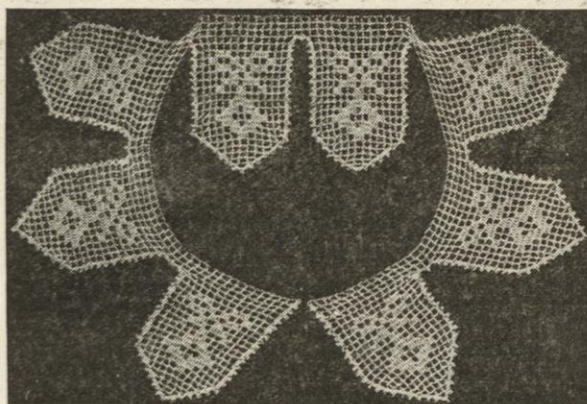
*In order to make the needlework pages of especial interest and value to every member of THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S large household, the editor asks the hearty cooperation of all. Every variety of needlework will be represented from month to month. If you have an original or especially desirable lace-pattern or bit of practical needlework, please share it with others by sending it to THE NEEDLEWORKER. Address all communications for this department to*

*EMMA C. MONROE,*

*Care The American Woman, Augusta, Maine*

treble, chain 2, treble in next treble, picot, treble in next treble; fasten off.

Make as many tabs as required. Thread over, fasten

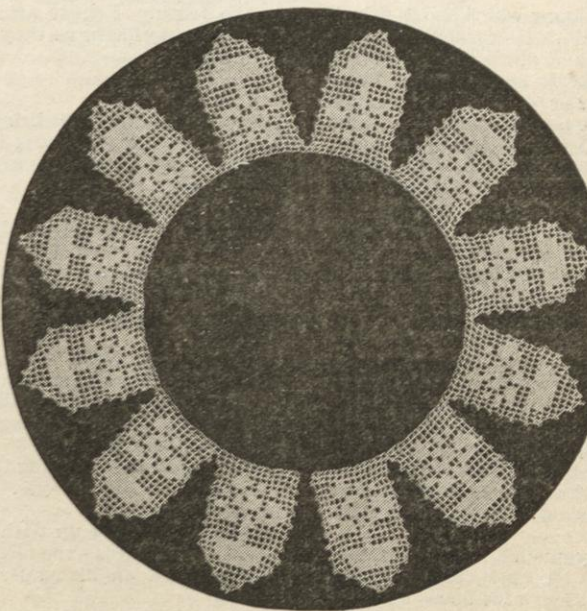


No. 1

in corner of 1st space at top of tab, make 12 spaces, chain 2, insert hook in corner or last space of tab and 1st of next tab, make a treble, and repeat, joining all the tabs.

## Give-and-Take Club

**I** HAVE seen several requests for enlarged patterns of filet-crochet in different papers. I solved the difficulty in this way: Having a very handsome design, sent me from abroad, which was quite too small to be worked from the engraving, I took a sheet of checked paper and a reading-glass, and pressed my sister into service. By aid of the glass I read the pattern from the engraving, row by row, so many spaces and so many



No. 2

trebles, and she marked the trebles and missed the spaces on the checked paper. She might have written them down, but it would have been more trouble than simply to cross the spaces to be filled, and on the paper, too, we could easily tell if a mistake had been made. It was very easy to copy it from the paper. — *M. G. H., New Hampshire.*

**I** LIKE pretty pillowslips, but have not the time to buttonhole the scallops. So as I can crochet very rapidly and evenly, and like to do so, I work the scallops in double crochet. Stitch the outer line of the scallops, cut just beyond the stitching—I take a scallop at a time, so there will be no likelihood of fraying before the work is finished—stitch inside (on the inner line of stamping, or just inside so the stitches will be sure to cover it) with unthreaded needle, lengthening the stitch slightly, and work over the edge, inserting the hook in the little holes made by the stitching. I can do a half dozen scallops in the time it would take me to buttonhole one, and I cannot see but they look just as nice. Picots may be added, or one may make a loop between scallops, filling it with doubles and picots, thus adding a fancy touch which is very attractive—*C. B. D., Ohio.*

**I**N our paper for September, 1919, I find some lovely corners with initials for handkerchiefs or napkins. I have just made one with the letter B, using ecru for the initial and leaves of white, and it is very lovely. Will not Lena Fay, or some other contributor, give us similar corners with the letters U, C and K, commencing with a chain of one hundred and forty stitches, that all may be of the same size? I wish to use them for the family name as a border for a linen centerpiece, and am sure it will please many to have all the letters presented in the same way as those already illustrated.—*Mrs. Grace L. Buck, Encanto, Calif.*

**I**F you have an empty talcum-powder- or other similar box with perforated top do not throw it away, but use it as a foundation for a hatpin-holder for yourself or a friend—it makes a nice gift. Cover it with a bit of silk or ribbon, with a frill to stand up around the top. It will hold a half dozen or more hatpins. Plain silk may be used for the cover, and a band of filet-crochet be added, containing the initials of the one who is to have it.—*Daisy, Pennsylvania.*

**I**N Needlecraft for March, 1916, is a crocheted centerpiece which I have long desired; I have tried again and again to secure this paper, but without success, and now come to "our paper." Will some one kindly loan me the copy in question? Please write first. The favor will be returned in any possible way.—*Mrs. J. B. Brinkly, 406 No. F. St., Aberdeen, Wash.*

**I** HAVE failed to succeed with the hemstitching, directions for which were given in the August number. Will not Mrs. Carrie Saunders, or some contributor who has done this work, kindly send a little sample leaving the pasteboard in position for stitching? I shall greatly appreciate this, and will return favor in any way possible.—*Mrs. L. R. Florey, Bridport, Vt.*

**W**ILL not some contributor send a boudoir-cap, in tatting, not made of medallions, also pretty tatted laces of various designs and widths? I shall appreciate them, and am sure other "tatters" will. Am anxious for some new designs in this lovely work.—*Miss H. H., Maryville, Tenn.*

**W**ILL not Miss Selma Iverson kindly give us napkin-corners and a tray-cover to match the grape-designs in July and August, 1917? Everyone is delighted with the lace and insertion, and I thank her for them.—*Bessie May Stapleton, Daphne, Ala.*

**W**ILL some contributor who has had experience kindly tell me how to use thread of two or more colors, when crocheting? That is, how to carry one color along when working with another. I wish to crochet a flag, with red stripes and blue field. — *Marie Fergstrom, Raymond, Wash.*

**I** VERY much wish directions and illustrations for the forget-me-not lace, in crochet. Will some contributor kindly send them? I shall greatly appreciate the favor and will repay in any possible way. — *D. A. Benedict, Hastings, Iowa.*

**I** HAVE found that silk corset-lacings make the nicest sort of strings for drawing up small fancy bags. Choose a color to match the lining of the bag.—*A. L. B., New York.*

**F**OR sewing on hooks and eyes I use the buttonhole-stitch instead of sewing over and over, as is usually done. It looks neater, and the work lasts much longer.—*Try it.—Mabel Conover, Delaware.*

**I** VERY much wish to see a baby's tatted bonnet or hood, of medallions or any pretty design, also trimmings for the little dresses and other clothes in the same kind of work.—*Mrs. Noreen Stephens, Missouri.*

**I** SHOULD like to hear from any needleworker who does hand-embroidery, crochet, tatting and knitting.—*Mrs. Robert Lichty, Carleton, Nebr.*

# Embroideries in Color for Library or Living-Room

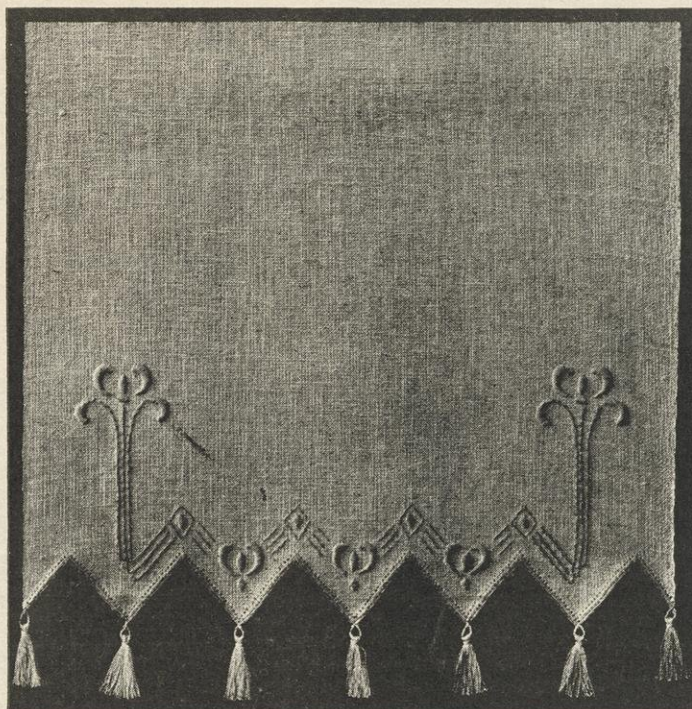
By HELEN MARCHMONT

**A** NEW scarf or table-runner, with or without the matching pillow, is always in demand for the living-room or library — the room in which the family is wont to gather for study, reading or work during the long winter evenings. A touch of variety in the way of furnishings works wonders oftentimes, changing the entire atmosphere of the room; the true homemaker knows this, and so she enjoys making ready a scarf or pillow, new and fresh, to take the place of one that has seen service since the early days of winter arrived, and the home fires were lighted on the hearthstone.

An especially pretty scarf of crash, suitable for a dresser or table, has a simple but unique decoration in one color; blue was used for the model, but any other may be chosen which harmonizes with the color - scheme of the room in which the scarf is to be used. The ends are cut in points and worked over with double crochet or buttonhole-stitch. It is a good plan to stitch the outline of the points and cut a little outside the stitching; then fold the edge back to the stitched line, baste it and work over the tiny hem thus formed. A tassel is attached to each point. To make the tassels, wind thread matching the embroidery twenty to thirty times over a three-inch card, slip off, double, tie closely by winding with a bit of thread about one-eighth inch from the fold, to form the head of the tassel, and clip the ends evenly, make a chain of 10 or 12 stitches, drop the stitch on hook, insert hook through the head of tassel, pick up the dropped stitch and draw through, fasten in the 1st stitch of chain, and attach securely to the point.

The embroidery is done entirely in outline- and padded satin-stitch, and the design is charming because of its very simplicity. Given the perforated pattern, or a transfer which may be used again with carbon-paper, a pillow may be easily made to match. As an odd piece, which there is always a place for, it is sure to be appreciated.

A good-looking scarf and pillow have the popular basket-of-flowers design, showy and quickly executed. The stitches are of the simplest order, and every one counts largely in the general effect. The flower-petals are merely long, straight stitches, done with stranded cotton threaded double; bringing the needle up through the line surrounding the center, carry it the length of the straight line representing a petal, put it down, drawing tightly enough so that the long stitch will lie evenly on the surface, but not puckering the material in the least, bring it up again at tip of next petal and down at center, up again at base of next line or petal, and repeat. The petals of the upper flower are of purple or deep violet, those of the flower at left are rose, and at the right, blue; the flower-centers are of French knots, yellow, surrounded by black. The stems and leaflets are done with green, in outline- and loop-stitch, and the bell-shaped flowers are outlined with blue and have a drop of yellow, tipped by a French knot. Wood-brown is used for the basket, in outline-stitch, four or five



No. 279 W. A Simple but Unique Decoration in One Color

close rows of the stitch forming the handle and bottom of the basket. For the stems and leaflets, and for outlining the bells two strands of the cotton are used; for other work the thread is not divided. The design is fascinating in that it progresses so rapidly and it is very attractive when completed. The foundation is a firm crash or oyster-cloth which will withstand any amount of service.

A crocheted border adds much to the pleasing effect. Draw a thread about one-eighth inch from the edge, and work over this edge with double crochet, following the line of the drawn thread. Use No. 15 or No. 20 crochet-thread.

1. At the corner make a shell of 3 double trebles (chain 4 for 1st), 1 chain and 3 double trebles, chain 1, miss 3 doubles, shell in next, chain 10, turn, miss 1, a double

in each of 9 stitches, \* chain 1, turn, a double in each double, taking both veins of stitch, repeat from \* until you have a block of 5 rows of doubles, miss 8 doubles of edge, or a space of about five-eighths inch, a double treble in next, turn, chain 9, fasten under 1 chain at top of preceding block, turn, chain 1, a double in each of 9 stitches, chain 1, turn, and continue like 1st block, miss 8 doubles, shell in next, (chain 1, miss 5 doubles, shell in next) twice, chain 10, turn, miss 1, 9 doubles, and repeat from 1st \*. At each corner make the 3 shells, the 2d in the double at corner, missing 3 doubles between, and with 1 chain between shells; end with 1 chain, joined to top of 4 chain.

2. Slip back under 1 chain, make a shell as at beginning of 2d row, \* chain 1, shell under next 1 chain, chain 4, a treble in corner of block, chain 3, a treble in same place, chain 6, a treble between blocks, chain 3, a treble in same place, chain 6, 2 trebles separated by 3 chain in corner of next block, chain 4, shell under 1 chain, between shells, and repeat from \*, joining last 4 chain to top of 4 chain of 1st shell.

3. Slip across shell to 1 chain, chain 5 for a triple treble, 2 triple trebles (over 3 times) under same 1 chain, chain 3, fasten back in 1st stitch of chain for a picot, 3 triple trebles under same chain, \* chain 3, a triple treble under 3 chain at corner of block, (picot, a triple treble under same chain) 3 times, chain 3, a triple treble under 3 chain between next 2 trebles of last row, (picot, a triple treble in same place) 7 times, chain 3, a triple treble under 3 chain between next 2 trebles, (picot, triple treble in same place) 3 times, chain 3, shell of 3 triple trebles, picot and 3 triple trebles between shells following, and repeat from \*, joining last 3 chain to 5 chain of 1st shell.

Finish the ends of the pillow in the same way, working the foundation doubles through the two thicknesses of crash, and arranging so that the border is begun and ended with the group of 3 shells. Blind-stitch the side of pillow-cover, so that the pillow may be removed when it is necessary to launder the cover. The border will be found a very attractive one for a luncheon-set, or for towels and other articles, using thread suited to your purpose, or according to the material.

**A** DANISH woman whom I employed to do some plain sewing for me taught me how to make a neat hem in much less time than usually required. She first turned down the raw edge, in the usual way, then folded the hem to the width desired and basted it. She then turned back the hem so that the edge to be felled or hemmed was uppermost, and proceeded to take short, even stitches through the cloth and folded edge of hem, just as you would sew any seam over-and-over. Try this, and I am sure you will be as delighted as was I to see how rapidly the work is done and how neat it looks on the right side, when the hem is again laid flat and pressed.

For table-linen or handkerchiefs of fine lawn this method is especially desirable, as the effect is much like that of hemstitching. — A. C. R., Maryland.

**T**O join lace and insertion without fulling either, as for camisole-tops, handkerchief-borders, or similar uses, lay the insertion over the forefinger of the left hand, perfectly flat, place the lace in position, also flat, and with the edge as close as possible to edge of insertion, and catch through the two edges, using a fine needle and thread. If carefully done, the joining will be practically invisible, and the trimming will look like a single width of lace. — Margaret Lamont, Canada.

No. 279 W. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer - pattern, 20 cents. Runner stamped on cream art-crash, with points hemstitched for crochet, \$1.25. Floss to embroider, 15 cents. Crochet-cotton for edge and tassels, 20 cents

No. 280 W. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer - pattern, 15 cents. Pillow stamped on 18x20-inch cream art-crash with back of same material, 65 cents. Floss to embroider, 40 cents. Crochet-cotton for ends, 20 cents

No. 281 W. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Two transfer-patterns, 30 cents. Stamped on 18x54-inch cream art-crash, 90 cents. Floss to embroider, 60 cents. Crochet-cotton for border, \$1.20



No. 280 W. The Pillow

The Popular Flower-Basket Design, Showy and Quickly Executed

No. 281 W. The Scarf

# MERRY-GO-ROUND

By FLORENCE RYERSON

"Isn't that I don't like you," explained Penelope. "It—it's just that you don't do anything with your life."

From where he sat on a cushioned stool at her feet Roddy regarded her humbly.

"Such as—" he inquired.

"I don't know," she admitted. "You don't seem exactly fitted for anything."

"That's exactly it," he assured her. "There isn't anything pressing for me to do and since I don't have to—"

"There's always charity," she said.

"I've tried that," he reminded her, "and you put a stop to it."

"I know," she admitted, "but that wasn't charity, just turning your pockets inside out and feeding my classes on ice-cream and cake until they were sick."

"They seemed to like it."

"It isn't what they like. It's what's good for them."

"Just the same I bet they preferred my system to yours."

"That's exactly it," she said exasperated. "I had those classes working along seriously week after week, and ever since you came they've been looking for ice-cream and cake and jazz music."

"Is that the reason you won't marry me?"

"I've already told you why," she said.

For a time there was silence. Then:

"I suppose if I'd come back from war with a leg off you'd have fallen on my neck." For an instant his cheerful grin went into an eclipse, then emerged again. "But at least I went."

"And enjoyed yourself," she reminded him. "From your letters anyone would think it was a Sunday-school picnic. You don't take anything seriously."

"Why should I? I've youth and health and enough money."

"More than enough," she told him, a trifle acidly. "I don't think anyone is entitled to so much."

"Very well," he said, with the air of one clinching an argument, "let's get married and divide it by two."

"Can't you even talk seriously about a thing like getting married?" she inquired.

He rose from the stool and stood looking down at her from his full height, a hint of gravity in the back of his eyes.

"Look here, Pen," he said, "you don't mean all this. You are going to marry me—aren't you?"

She answered his look squarely, and her voice was calm although her nails were cutting into her palms as she clenched her hands.

"No, Roddy," she said, "I'm not."

He dropped down upon the stool again, his head on his hands, elbows on knee. The top of his head was covered with a curly thatch, and from where she stood he looked not unlike a small boy in spite of his size. A sudden maternal impulse made her yearn to go over and comfort him, but she sternly resisted.

"I don't know why you're always after me to do something," he said in the end. "Why should I go out and take a living away from someone who needs it when I've more than enough for myself?"

"It isn't that you don't earn a living," she explained, groping for words. "It—it's just your attitude toward life. As though everything were a—a game. Even when you run up against facts—like the things I showed you at the settlement—you didn't try to do anything to stop the evil. You just tried to give everybody a good time so they'd forget their troubles."

"It isn't just my money then—it's me?"

"Yes," she admitted. "You just accept everything and make a game of it. Why," with a sudden thought, "I don't believe you even know where it all comes from—your money, I mean."

He regarded her, astonished.

"The money? Why, dad left it."

"Yes, but how? It wasn't just a lump sum in the bank, of course."

"No," he admitted. "It's in stock and property—things like that."

"What sort of property?" she inquired.

"Apartments and office-buildings—that sort of thing."

"Have you ever seen it?" she pressed.

"Some of it's in Bellingham," he admitted.

"The lawyers tend to it, and Dobson—he was dad's manager. I'd just ball things up if I mixed in. Of course, there are papers to sign and all that."

"That's just it," she told him hopelessly.

"O Roddy! can't you see how awful it is for you to go through life taking everything that's handed to you and not even inquiring where it comes from?"

"It isn't my property you'd marry," he told her. "It'd be me, and you could do anything you wanted with either me or it—tear us down and rebuild, or—"

There was the old whimsical, teasing lilt to his voice and Penelope stiffened against its charm.

"No," she said. "I've got several hundred bad boys I'm reforming now and I'm not going to take you

the long and somewhat erratic career of Rodney Burke, but they had given the check none the less, in accordance with their orders, and Penelope, though protesting, had taken it, for a letter had made it impressively plain that there was nothing personal in the bequest. It was merely given into her trusteeship as an efficient and dependable person (she could fairly see Rod-



"Aw," said Jimmy, "that's a game we're playin' jes' so you wouldn't find us. He calls himself John-Brown."

ney's glee as he penned the words) to spend and administrate as a fund for the betterment of the poor. This was only the precursor of a series of similar amounts, all of them to be devoted to the same philanthropic cause.

"I suppose you know something about this, Miss Harker?" inquired the younger of the firm, softened a bit by her bewilderment. Penelope vigorously denied it.

"I don't even know where he is."

The other regarded her curiously.

"Of course," he continued, "you realize that this constitutes his entire income."

"Entire?" she gasped.

"Yes. The entire income from the estate is to be paid over to you. If it had been anyone else—he groped for words—"if you had not been so well known, Miss Harker—"

A gesture finished his speech. The interview was at an end.

Penelope stood outside the door, the check in her hand, and black murder in her heart. If Rodney had been there she would cheerfully have slain him. Here he was, she reflected, dumping all his responsibilities on her, and skylarking off to parts unknown, without even giving her a chance of telling him what she thought of his performances.

Of course she could always refuse, and yet—was it not a sort of challenge? She had reproved him for not managing his affairs, and he handed them over and dared her to

do better. Penelope had never taken a dare.

And Rodney, at the farther end of the State was ballyhooing for a merry-go-round.

It had all come about quite naturally. On the night he left home with wrath in his heart, he had headed south in his racer with the vague idea of getting away from himself. As he rode, the pounding of the wheels wove into his brain a sort of rhythm, and with the rhythm was born a great idea, the product of his mood of black wrath, and a twisted sense of humor. In a hotel room, fifty miles from Scranton, he composed a letter to his lawyer, and turning in, slept the sleep of the just until the next morning, when he merrily drove his car to a garage.

The man was suspicious for a time, but Rodney's smile conquered in the end. He agreed to send the machine with a driver to Scranton, and Rodney, still whistling blithely, took the road. Once out of sight of the garage, he sat down upon a wall and took stock. In his pockets he found a check-book which he tore into tiny shreds, a watch, some stamps, and twenty-five dollars. With the bills clutched firmly in one hand he retraced his steps, and gathering all the small fry of the place about his heels started an epic voyage from one ice-cream parlor to another. At the end of two hours he was upon the road again, pockets empty, heart light, a whimsical smile in his eyes, and a cheerful whistle issuing from his lips. If he thought of Penelope at all it was of someone he had known a long time ago in some other life. For Rodney was a creature of the moment, and this adventure was all a part of life as he saw it—one round of the great game.

For an hour or more he tramped the white highway, coating his face and hands with a layer of graying dust. It grew steadily warmer and his legs began to ache with fatigue. The road stretched ahead of him through noncommittal green fields as far as eye could see, but behind him in the distance he saw something coming over the brow of the hill. Staring at it, puzzled, he found it resembled nothing which he had ever seen before. As it drew nearer he began to pick out details. Four white horses, a profusion of red, blue and gold, an awning of canvas, striped like stick peppermint, and about it a flashing of light as though the sun was striking upon a million jewels. It was not until the object came within a hundred feet of where he sat that its identity was borne in upon him. It was a merry-go-round!

The thing slowly drew nearer, and then stopped. From a high seat in front, a head emerged and regarded him. It was well thatched with white hair, the face rosy and wrinkled with a certain childlike candor in the smile. The blue eyes regarded Rod with a twinkling good humor; then:

"Be you going my way?" inquired the head. Rodney nodded, his eye roving over the full glories of the equipage as it flashed and twinkled in the sun. "If you like you c'n ride with us."

A minute later he was enthroned on a broad, cushioned seat, high above the four white horses, regarding his host with an interested eye. He was a man old in years, but a sort of whimsical youthfulness transcended his age and gave him the look of a masquerading child. As he sat, his hands clutching the reins, his elbows resting upon corduroy knees, his upper body clothed in a jersey of rusty brown, Rodney found himself thinking of a book of brownies that had delighted his boyhood. The man was regarding him with equal frankness, and it seemed, equal favor.

"Name's Moulton," he said, "Call me Dad Moulton. Live 'round here?"

Rodney shook his head.

"Thought not," said the man. "Don't look like these parts. I reckon you're one of these here returned soldiers—right?"

Continued on page 13

# Sandwich Spreads for Winter Merrymakings

By WINNIFRED FALES

Photographs by Mary H. Northend

**T**HERE is something mysteriously hunger-provoking about a jolly evening party, and the arrival of the refreshment-hour is certain to be greeted with keen appetites. At such times a tray of substantial sandwiches and a pitcher of steaming chocolate will arouse far greater enthusiasm than the usual conglomeration of frothy sweets. With a little care and ingenuity, sandwiches can be made fully as attractive to the eye as fancy cakes and ices, and a clever hostess will take pains to devise new shapes, effective color contrasts, and unusual fillings with piquantly blended flavors and textures, instead of ringing the changes perpetually on plain chicken, ham, and cream-cheese - walnut-paste.

Canapes — or sandwiches with the top slice of bread omitted—are a wonderful aid to novelty, because they permit the use of bright-colored garnishments, and several of the accompanying receipts for fillings are especially adapted to this type. With few exceptions (which are noted in the text) they may be used without buttering the bread, which means an enormous saving of time and labor. They also can be prepared several hours in advance, thus avoiding the "last-minute" rush, and some can even be kept for a number of days. With a covered bowl or jelly-tumbler in the ice-box, filled with one of these delicious spreads, a plate of sandwiches can be put together in a few minutes, and the hostess is prepared for any emergency in the line of unexpected visitors.

**Sardine Spread**  
1 Box Sardines  
2 Hard-Boiled Eggs  
Salt  
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-Juice  
Paprika  
**D**RAIN the sardines and mash to a paste with the yolks of the eggs, lemon-juice, and salt and paprika to taste. Spread on saltines and sprinkle with the white of the eggs chopped fine and seasoned. Sardine spread will keep several days if covered and put in the refrigerator.

**Cabbage-Apple Spread**  
½ Cabbage  
2 Tart Apples  
Boiled Salad-Dressing  
1 Green Pepper  
Salt, Paprika  
**R**EMOVE the tough outer leaves and hard center from the cabbage and set it in the ice-box in a basin of water until very crisp. Pare and core the apples, drain the cabbage, and chop fine. Mingle with enough salad-dressing to moisten moderately, and season to taste. To serve, spread thickly on buttered rounds of cold Boston brown bread and decorate each with a ring of green pepper. This spread can be prepared some hours in advance.

**Olive-Cheese Spread**  
½ Cupful Stuffed Olives  
1 Cupful Cottage-Cheese  
1 Tablespoonful Soft Butter  
Salt  
Cayenne  
2 Tablespoonfuls Milk or Cream  
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Peanuts  
**M**ASH the olives. Put into a shallow dish with the other ingredients and work

to a smooth paste with a silver fork. If the cheese is very dry, more milk may be added; if extremely moist, omit the milk. May be kept two or three days in the ice-box. To serve, spread on fingers of whole-wheat bread and decorate with sliced olives.

### Mixed-Vegetable Spread

1 Cupful Cold Cooked Peas  
1 Small Can Asparagus-Tips  
Grated Onion  
Salt  
Pepper  
1 Pimento, chopped fine

**P**RESS the peas and asparagus through a sieve and season liberally with onion-juice, salt and pepper. Add the pimento. This is particularly delicious as a filling for baking - powder biscuit, a little larger and thinner than usual. Split, spread one half thickly with the vegetable - filling and the other half with mayonnaise, and press together with a crisp lettuce-leaf between; or, instead of the lettuce, a thin slice of ham may be used. The biscuit should be piping-hot and the filling ice-cold. This spread should be used within two days.

### Salmon Spread

1 Cupful Canned Salmon  
2 Hard-Boiled Eggs  
½ Cupful Chopped Celery  
2 Tablespoonfuls Minced Chives  
Mayonnaise Dressing  
Lemon-Juice, Salt, Pepper

**F**REE the salmon from skin and bones and mash to a paste with the yolks of the eggs. Chop the white of the eggs fine and add to the fish, together with the celery and chives. Mingle with just enough mayonnaise to moisten, and season to taste with lemon, salt and pepper. If chives are not available, add minced green pepper for color and onion-juice for flavor. Lettuce is a palatable addition to this spread, which should be used within two days. Make the sandwiches of unbuttered whole-wheat bread.

### Fruit-Nut Spread

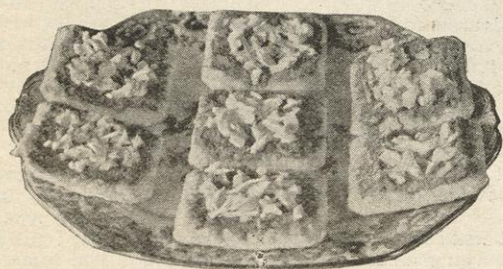
3 Bananas  
½ Cupful Blanched Almonds  
½ Cupful Pitted Dates  
Lemon-Juice  
1 Tablespoonful Minced Canton Ginger  
½ Cupful Fresh Grated Coconut

**P**RESS the bananas through a sieve. Chop the almonds fine, then add to the dates and chop together. Mix with the banana-pulp, ginger and coconut, and season to taste with lemon-juice. This spread is more delicious with oatmeal or whole-wheat bread than with white, sliced very thin and buttered. The bananas should be added shortly before using, but the other ingredients can be combined and kept in the ice-box a week or longer.

### Sea-Food Spread

1 Cupful Cooked Shrimps  
1 Cupful Cooked Crab-Meat  
Mayonnaise Dressing  
2 Tablespoonfuls Minced Parsley  
1 Tablespoonful Oyster Cocktail Sauce  
Lemon-Juice  
Salt, Tabasco

**C**HOP the shrimps and crab-meat fine, moisten with mayonnaise and add the



Sardine Spread



Olive-Cheese Spread



### "Mine's Best"

"Oh, I know mine is best," Dorothy says. "Just taste it, Bobbie!" And Bobbie says, "It's good, but mine's best." For Dorothy's party mamma has made up six lovely dishes of

# JELL-O

each of a different flavor, and all so good that three little girls and three little boys hold one opinion: "Mine's best."

Children know what is good to eat. Who ever heard of a child that did not like Jell-O, or ever saw two youngsters who could agree as to which flavor is best—all being so good?

### A Great Variety of Uses

Something of the wide variety of uses to which Jell-O may be put is shown by the following recipes. There are others even more elaborate, and many more so simple that they may be made in a minute.

### Delight Jell-O

Dissolve one package of Chocolate Jell-O in one pint of boiling milk, and pour half into a border (open center) mould. Set this half away to harden, and when it is hard put a dozen marshmallows around the dish inside and in center of it, sprinkling between them a cup of coarsely chopped English walnut meats. Then pour the rest of the Jell-O on, and when it hardens place another dozen marshmallows and more nut-meats, as before. When ready to serve, pile whipped cream in the center and decorate with a dozen halves of walnuts. A cherry may be added to each individual dish as the pudding is served.

### Berry Frappe

Dissolve one package of Raspberry or Strawberry Jell-O in one pint of boiling water. Just as it begins to thicken whip with an egg beater and add one pint of whipped cream, beating all together until thick. Serve in frappe glasses, partly filled with crushed fresh raspberries or strawberries. Canned berries are good when fresh fruit is out of season.

### Macaroon Velvet Jell-O

Dissolve one package of any flavored Jell-O in one pint of boiling water. When it begins to thicken beat until of thickness of whipped cream, then add six crushed macaroons. Whip all together thoroughly, letting harden, and serve with whipped cream.



### Mrs. Rorer's Jambolaya

Fill tall glasses a little more than half full of mixed sliced fruits, oranges and bananas and other fruits in season. Dissolve one package of Orange Jell-O in one pint of boiling water. When cool, pour it over the fruit in the glasses. Chopped nuts may be added. Set away to harden. —Contributed by Sarah Tyson Rorer.

### Almond Cherry

Dissolve one package of Cherry Jell-O in one pint of boiling water. Pour half into a mould or bowl. When it begins to thicken drop in a row of blanched almonds or walnut meats. When hard, pour in the rest of the Jell-O, add a row of almonds, and set away to harden.

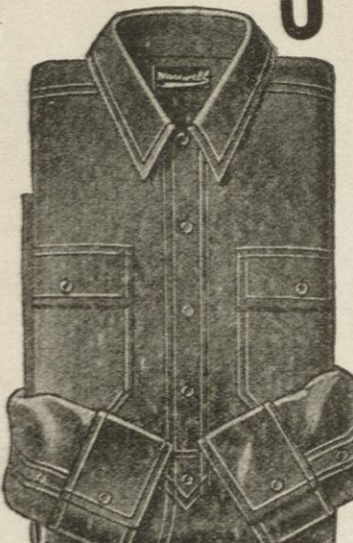
The Jell-O Book is full of information concerning the wonders that can be accomplished with Jell-O, which are no more than hinted at here. Desserts for luncheon and dinner, for the family and for parties; and salads for every day and for special occasions—all these are explained and made easy in the Jell-O Book, which will be sent free to any woman who will send us her name and address.

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Concluded on page 11

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Continued from page 4

The tiniest touch of cynicism tinged Doctor Gill's smile as he replied:  
"I have everything in the world I want—everything but what I want most."  
"While I," mused Doctor Doane, "have but that printed message, my book."

CHAPTER V

Next morning, Roger Gill left for New York. And his mother, understanding, made no demur except a soft sigh and "I had hoped to have you here with me, Roger, until I closed the house next week."

"Jeffrey will remain until then. There are some matters I was putting off looking into, necessitating a trip to the northwest. I shall attend to these, and then when you come back to town next week, I promise to give you as much of my time as you may care for."

"I shall never have that," his mother responded quickly, as she tenderly drew his head down to her and rested her cheek against his. "My big, splendid boy!" she murmured softly, with pardonable love and pride in her tones. And then, very gently: "I am so sorry, dear."

But, save for a few deep-drawn lines in his face, which had come there overnight, the man before her looked in need of the sympathy of no one.

CHAPTER VI

That evening, the beautiful home of Mrs. Lathrop Parmalee was thrown open to the public for the first time since its occupancy by its present mistress. It was one of those affairs for charity that we over here had begun giving when Europe had been little more than a month at war.

Long strings of gay-colored lanterns decorated the spacious grounds, and the house itself shone with myriad lights. Groups of people stood about chatting pleasantly, and echoes of laughter and gaiety filled the place. A short musical programme was to open festivities, then was to come dancing, and, later, the supper.

A few moments after the chairman of the committee had stepped upon the extemporized stage at one end of the drawing-room and announced that the entertainment would begin as soon as the audience had taken seats, an expectant silence fell upon the room.

First were some opera airs by a baritone from the Metropolitan, who had a cottage nearby. Then a famous violinist, also a member of the colony, played several selections. At the last, came Mrs. Parmalee's turn. Many of the guests leaned forward in their chairs. It was as if they might have said: "Now we shall see what this strange woman is like."

In a moment she had glided to the center of the stage, and stood with smiling face and softly clasped hands awaiting her accompaniment. Many in the audience had never seen her, and still others only at a distance, but together with those who had known her that first summer, all agreed that never was beauty more flawless and moving.

Then there happened the inexplicable thing. The accompanist sounded the opening note and the singer, her eyes roaming in friendly fashion over the audience below, opened her lips to sing. Suddenly her gaze became wide-eyed and fixed, her body seemed to go taut, and the notes she was about to utter faltered and died on her lips. But it was over in an instant, the color returned to her face, her body relaxed, and she bowed an apology to her accompanist who began again.

And at the programme's end, when the people were crowding around Mrs. Parmalee and offering her their congratulations, Roger Gill's mother detached herself from the little group of women that formed the committee in charge of the evening's entertainment and went in search of her guest.

He was nowhere to be found.

But outside, with only the light from the star-powdered sky to guide him, a man walked rapidly down the mountain-roads. Apparently he had no destination in view, for he traveled over the same stretch of ground many times. And only the stars could see his face and the light that was shining on it; and none but the Maker of the stars could fully understand the song that was rising from his heart.

CHAPTER VII

Again night in the Adirondacks. Outside

the cool, winy, pine-scented air; indoors the crackle of logs in the fireplace. A man rises from his chair and goes toward the doorway in response to the sound of approaching footsteps. The woman enters and they stand together—he tall and straight and dark, like the prince in a fairy-tale, and she golden-haired and glowing as the princesses in such tales were wont to be. For some moments they stand thus, hand clasped in hand, brown eyes burning adoringly into blue, and blue unable to control the light they perhaps would have withheld. But of words there were none, except the half-whispered breathing of each other's names:

"Adele!"  
"Jeffrey!"

The woman alone seemed to struggle against the tensity that was upon them both. It was as though she were making an effort to bring this difficult moment more into the realm of the commonplace and conventional. But her struggle availed her nothing, and her long, searching glance into the dark face above her revealed that between her and this man mere conventionalities could have no place. For his rapt gaze bespoke only too plainly the message that no woman yet has misunderstood, and from the depths of his luminous brown eyes shone in all its strength and radiance the power of a long-imprisoned love.

Then he held out his arms to her, and her last touch of reluctance fled as he drew her to him and kissed her lips.

It was she who finally broke the silence. "I—I heard—Mrs. Gill told me to-day, Jeffrey, why you—went away as you did. O my dear! if I had only known!"

"I could not trust myself to tell you, Adele," he told her as they seated themselves before the fire.

"Do you think that was being kind?" she asked, a wistful, reproaching sadness in her tone.

"It was the only possible way I could be fair to you." And he told her his story in much the same words he had used two evenings previously when telling it to Roger Gill, her eyes never leaving his face as he talked.

"How long did Doctor Hutchinson—" she began at last, when he had finished.

"He said I could not live a year—that it was the nature of the malady that had possessed me to run its course in that time. He added that little short of a miracle could save me."

She leaned forward in her chair, her color heightened, her eyes like flaming stars.

"And you refused to take me with you! O Jeffrey!"

"Take you! How could I ask you to go, Adele? No man would."

"Foolish, chivalrous notion!" she exclaimed, and shook her head.

"I could not offer you a broken reed."

"All the dearer because broken!" she cried tenderly. "But it will mean this to me—the thought that you might have died out there and I, perhaps, never have known—will make you a hundredfold dearer—" Then she stopped and smiled her tender, wistful smile. "But no, that could not be," she began again. Began but did not finish, for again his hungry arms went round her and again his lips sought hers.

Ages later that evening, she told him her story of those ten years.

"O Jeffrey! that first hopeless year! The awful suspense, the waiting to hear, and, finally, the sickening conviction that, after all, I had been mistaken—that you had not cared—"

"Adele! You never thought that!"

"What else was there to think?"

"That I did not love you? Preposterous! Why, you knew!"

But she shook her head.

"It was the only solution," she said, and then continued: "When that first year had passed—I shudder now when I think of the loneliness and heartache of it—I came up north again and stayed at the Larsdens' for the summer. One night Dick Larsden brought home with him the son of an old friend of his—a boy who had just returned from Europe, where he had been studying music since childhood. He was a beautiful, lovable boy, but strangely alone. Dick told us his parents had died while he was abroad, and they all feared the boy would have difficulty in adjusting himself to the changed family conditions to which he had returned. Everybody liked him, and my own heart, crushed with sadness and misery, of which pride forbade my making mention, went straight out to him in his loneliness. He stayed on at the Larsdens' and finally,

at the end of the summer, asked me to marry him.

"But I was not prepared for that. Gently as I could—for he was three years younger than I—I told him no. In my heart I scorned the idea of ever marrying—anyone. I was very near to bitterness then.

"Then, later, I reasoned it out. My love I had given where it was not wanted—not needed—"

"Adele, I cannot let you speak that way," Jeffrey Doane told her, but she continued:

"This boy wanted me—he needed someone of his own more than anybody else I had ever seen, and I knew I could make him happy. 'I haven't a soul in the world,' he said once, 'and there isn't a thing in the world I care about or want except you.' This cynicism coming over him alarmed me, and then I did not hesitate. I determined to marry him and to bend every effort and energy toward making up to him as well as lay in my power the loss of his parents' love and interest; and I felt as though I should thank God always for giving me this thing to do which in time might drive out the hurt the unwanted feeling had engendered in me.

"We were married that year, and at my suggestion came up here to live. Lathrop feared it would be dull for me, but instead it seemed a sort of haven. I studied my husband's tastes and learned how, for the most part, to anticipate his wishes. Then and in all our subsequent years together, I do not believe he ever knew a sad or depressed moment. Yet I think he divined from the first that my love had in it more of the maternal than any other quality. But he seemed content with that.

"Only once did anything happen that disturbed my tranquility in the role I had chosen. Eight years ago, our first summer here, we were asked out a good bit by the neighbors who had come here for the summer and who had known Lathrop's people. And one night, quite unexpectedly, we went out and I—met Roger Gill.

"Jeffrey, it was as if I were back again in—that summer when you and I were together. I had never seen him before, and had not connected Mrs. Gill with the Roger Gill of whom you had talked so much and whom I knew to be a New York man. Yet the instant I laid eyes on him, I knew him. You know how you used to tell me of him—how big and sturdy and strong he was, and what a wonderful friend he made. Well, something made me know him right on the spot, without ever hearing his name. I talked with him, Jeffrey, for ever and ever so long, and he spoke of many things of which you and I had talked together—hopes and ambitions and things; and then he talked of you—never by name, but I knew to whom he referred. I encouraged him to speak of you as much as possible, thinking perhaps I might find some clue to your strange disappearance, but he said nothing. Nevertheless, that talk awakened me to myself more clearly than anything else could have done.

"For while we spoke together of you, the old wound broke out afresh and I realized that, unwanted or not, the love I had given you was part of me and could no more be uprooted than, merely by desiring it, I could stop my heart from beating. I was quite terrified by my discovery. I knew, of course, that my regard for Lathrop was akin to what I had felt for you. Nevertheless, I had thought that the hurt to my pride, when you went away with no word or apparent consideration for me, had laid the ghost of that love forever.

"After that, there seemed only one course open to me, and I never went again to any of the homes in the neighborhood. In justice to the man I had married, I could not permit a recurrence of that evening. For, during that brief talk with Roger Gill I had forgotten for the moment that I was married, that anyone had claim upon me—forgotten everything save the memory of you and the times we had had together. So I pleaded a distaste for society, and Lathrop, who was always a student, seemed not to miss it at all. We worked and studied together and were very happy. Two years we spent in Paris, where we both studied music. Then we came home and—poor, poor boy—"

Her voice trailed off unsteadily and a spasm of pain passed over her face.

"My dear! My dear!" said the man beside her tenderly, as he drew the golden head to his shoulder and bent his own above it.

But there was more she would say, and

Concluded on page 16

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Concluded from page 9

seasonings. Crisp lettuce-leaves placed between slices of unbuttered rye bread spread generously with this mixture complete a particularly novel and delicious variety of sandwich, or it may be served in the form of canapes and the surface sprinkled with chopped dill pickle. Canned shrimps and crab-meat may be used. Sea-food spread should not be prepared more than a few hours in advance.

**Apricot-Cheese Spread**

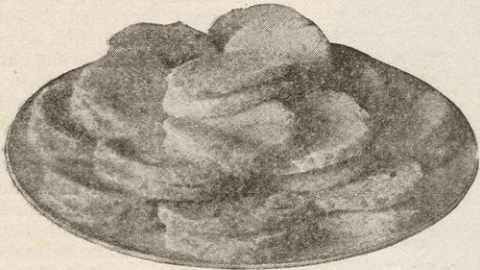
- ½ Cupful Apricot Jam
- 1 Cream Cheese
- 1 Tablespoonful Chopped Candied Cherries
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Butter

WORK the jam, cheese and butter to a smooth paste with a silver fork. Add the cherries and spread between unbuttered rounds of bread, one white and the other rye. If the cheese is fresh, this spread can be kept in the refrigerator two or three days. Raspberry or strawberry jam, Bar le Duc jelly, or orange marmalade may be substituted for the apricot.

**Chicken - Salad Spread**

- 2 Cupfuls Cold Cooked Chicken
- 1 Hard-Boiled Egg
- Mayonnaise Dressing
- Onion-Salt
- ½ Cupful Chopped Celery
- 1 Tablespoonful Capers
- Paprika

CHOP the chicken, egg and capers fine and moisten evenly but sparingly with mayonnaise. Season with onion-salt and paprika, and stir in the chopped celery. (In the winter, chestnuts are an agreeable substitute for celery.) This spread will keep several days, although it is better to add the celery on the day of using in order that it may not lose its crispness. The remaining ingredients of the sandwiches must be added at the last moment, as follows: Heat a dozen Parker-House rolls, split, and spread both halves with the salad-mixture, then put together with a crisp leaf of lettuce and a freshly broiled slice of bacon between.

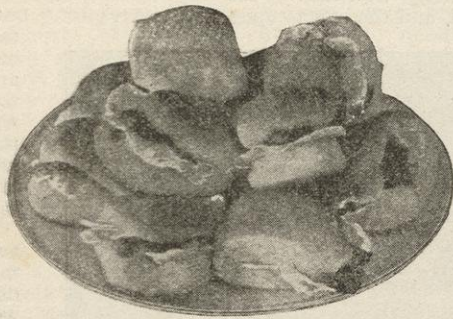


Apricot-Cheese Sandwiches

**Twin Spreads**

- No. 1**
- 1 Cupful Cold Cooked Chicken
- Yolk of One Hard-Boiled Egg
- ½ Teaspoonful Sweet Herbs
- Onion-Juice, Salt, Pepper
- ½ Cupful Chopped Celery
- Mayonnaise To Moisten
- No. 2**
- 1 Cupful Cold Boiled Tongue
- 1 Teaspoonful Walnut Catchup
- White of One Hard-Boiled Egg Chopped fine
- 2 Teaspoonfuls Minced Parsley
- Salt, Pepper

THESE two spreads are to be used in the same sandwich, but must be made and kept separate. They will remain good several days. To prepare Spread No. 1, mince the chicken, mash the egg-yolk, and mix with the other ingredients in the order named. For Spread No. 2, pound the tongue to a paste and mix with the other ingredients, adding a very little mayonnaise if needed to make of the right consistency. Spread a triangle of toast with the chicken-mixture, a second with the tongue, and put together with a lettuce-leaf and a crisp slice of broiled bacon between.



Chicken-Salad Rolls

**Tomato-Jelly Spread**

- 1 Quart Can Tomatoes
- 1 Sliced Onion
- 6 Cloves
- 1 Tablespoonful Vinegar
- Salt, Cayenne
- 4 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
- 1 Small Bay-Leaf
- 2 Teaspoonfuls Worcestershire
- 1 Slightly Rounded Tablespoonful Granulated Gelatine

PUT the gelatine to soak in the cold water. Combine all the other ingredients and let boil gently twenty minutes. Strain through a puree-sieve. Reheat one pint of the liquid (add water if necessary) and in it dissolve the gelatine. Pour into a shallow

tin to form a layer one fourth inch deep, and set in a cold place until hard. To serve, cut a small, square loaf of white bread in thin slices, trim off the crusts, and spread with creamed butter. On each slice lay a slightly smaller square of tomato-jelly. Spread lightly with mayonnaise, and decorate with sliced olives. Tomato-jelly will keep at least a week.

**Canned-Herring Salad**

This is a salad greatly used in Denmark, and it is very appetizing indeed. Mix a finely chopped onion with one cupful of hot boiled rice that has been well drained. Pour over this one tablespoonful of salad-oil that has been beaten to an emulsion with a scant half tablespoonful of vinegar seasoned with salt and pepper. When this mixture is cool but not cold it is turned on a plate, and pieces of boned herring are pressed into the mound. Water-cress or lettuce may be used for a border to the dish and the whole dressed again with oil and vinegar.

**Mock-Lobster Salad**

Take two cupfuls of cold boiled had-dock or cod, shred them finely and mix with two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped pimento. You can get this in small inexpensive cans from the grocer. Add one cupful of celery chopped or cut in small pieces, season with salt and paprika or ordinary black pepper. Make one cupful of mayonnaise dressing and stir two tablespoonfuls into the salad and pour the rest over the top.

**Cranberry Marmalade**

Stew two quarts of berries in three cupfuls of water until they are very soft. Rub them through the colander and return them to the fire, with two quarts of apples peeled, quartered and cored, and a pound of seeded raisins. Stew them very gently for an hour, stirring them frequently, and then add four cupfuls of sugar and continue the gentle cooking for an hour longer with frequent stirrings. Pack in small jars and store in a cool, dry place.

**Raspberry Russe**

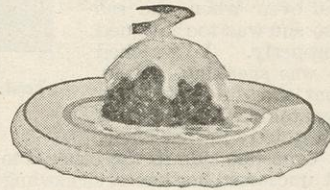
Make as many sponge-shells as you choose, according to the number of persons to be served. Take a jar of raspberry, add to it two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Whip a half pint jar of cream stiff and put the berries into it. Chill. Just before serving fill the sponge-shells. A very good rule for making this shell is to separate the yolks from the white of two eggs, adding a half cup of sugar and beating with an egg-beater. Then add one tablespoonful of cold water, the juice of half a lemon, a pinch of salt and a heaping cupful of pastry-flour. Last of all, add with a spoon the beaten white of the eggs and bake in cupcake-tins. Before serving, cut out with a small pointed knife the center of each little cake and fill with chilled raspberry and cream.

**Fruit Caramels**

One pint granulated sugar, one fourth teaspoonful cream of tartar, one half cup milk. Put over a slow fire and stir continually until it reaches the soft-ball stage. Pour out to cool just enough to handle. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat until it is a doughlike mass, turn out on a board, sprinkle with powdered sugar and one cupful of chopped nuts and raisins and knead as you would bread. Roll into a sheet and cut into squares.



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# How To Improve the Appearance Rest and Good Looks

By ELEANOR MATHER

NOT long ago a friend said to me: "You have studied nearly all the books on health and good looks that have ever been written, and consulted famous specialists on the subject; so perhaps you can tell what is wrong. I feel so tired all the time, just limp and lifeless. Look at my face—see how the muscles sag. I'm only a little over thirty, but I know I appear years older instead of younger, as you say we all should. I take good care of my skin. I sleep eight hours every night and I'm careful about the things I eat—now why do I look so?"

I knew what was wrong before she had finished talking. Every line in her face and figure spelled listlessness and fatigue. Her chest fell in, her arms hung limp, she rested her weight on one foot, her head inclined forward and the corners of her mouth drooped. She needed to rest—to relax. She slept long enough at night; but it was a troubled and restless, not a healthful, sound sleep, and every moment during the day, whether she had work to do or not, she kept nerves and muscles at such tension that even when she sat down to rest she was too fatigued to relax properly. I watched her as she was speaking to me, and saw that she did not know enough about taking proper care of herself to sit quietly in her chair. She moved from one side to the other, she crossed and uncrossed her knees, she swung one foot, she tapped her fingers on the arm of the chair. She exhausted her nervous energy by a dozen totally unnecessary movements, and naturally she worried, for tired nerves always worry. And then she wondered why she felt so listless.

"Why on earth shouldn't you feel tired when you never rest except when you are asleep at night, and even then you wake unrefreshed in the morning?" I asked her, and before she could expostulate, I told her a few things that she should avoid and a few more that she should be careful to do each day. She was so discouraged about herself that she promised to give my advice a fair trial, and although I told her that she should not expect to see very marked results quickly, she carried out instructions so faithfully, that in not much more than a month she looked and felt like a new woman.

The first thing I did was to impress upon her that each time she became overtired she was putting herself right in the pathway of every disease that waited to pounce upon the reckless and unwary. She acknowledged that she had suspected that she contracted severe colds in winter because she seemed too tired to resist them.

One of the chief causes of exhaustion is the constant muscular and mental tension maintained by a large number of persons throughout their lives. Instead of relaxing the body and mind, and allowing the energy which does the work of the world to flow through them, as it were, along their muscles and nerves, which would thereby act as its transmitters, they keep themselves in a constant state of stimulation and muscular resistance. Thereby they prevent a proper flow of blood throughout the smaller blood-vessels of the body, and uselessly exhaust the fund of nervous energy at their disposal.

It is also true, however, that much of the nervous exhaustion from which we all suffer is due to the fact that the food, which we



Yeast Can Be Spread on Crackers Like Cheese and Taken Directly After a Meal

have eaten in great haste, and utterly disregarding the laws of food combination, forms poisonous gases. These are absorbed by the circulation, and serve to poison the nervous centers. This would act in very much the same way as the ordinary products of fatigue, so that the person would be constantly tired, as a result of the food she had eaten.

It has frequently been noted that we wake tired in the morning, after several hours sleep and rest, in spite of the fact that we were not especially fatigued when we went to bed the previous evening. What is the cause of this? Doctors tell us there are several contributory causes. One is that the air of the bedrooms becomes more or less stagnant, and vitiated during the night, especially if the windows are not kept thoroughly well open. Then, too, sleeping under too many bedclothes is an extremely enervating practise. If a large supper be eaten shortly before retiring, the energy expended in the digestion of this meal, and the effects upon

The woman who worries a great deal either neglects her regular work or works overtime.

The first thing you must do if you want to maintain your health and vigor and so get the most out of life is to learn to relax during the day. This is a lesson needed by nearly all of our highstrung American women. Why should the woman in the home have her nerves "worn to a frazzle"? Whenever she has time—even as little as ten minutes will be a great help—she should throw herself down on the sofa or couch, with her head on a low pillow, and relax every muscle. Let her sink into the couch without unconsciously trying to hold herself up. That's what the couch is for. It needs no help. Then she should try to make her mind as near a blank as she can.

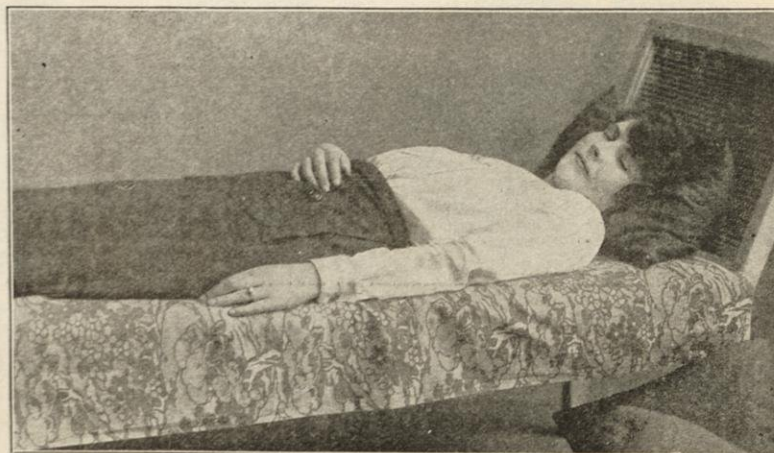
Any day when you are very tired, allow yourself at least a half hour's rest in the evening before going to bed. You will find that you relax much more quickly if you take time to change the direction of your thoughts and recover a small degree of your nerve-force before trying to go to sleep.

Perhaps few people realize the great importance of sleep. The quantity and quality of one's sleep have a marked effect on one's appearance. A famous New York specialist not long ago declared that half the ailments of children and grown people in the metropolis arise from insufficient sleep. There is certainly more truth than fancy in the old saying that all beauty-sleep must be taken before midnight. So those of you who are trying to preserve your youth or to improve your appearance in any way should, whenever possible, go to bed promptly at ten o'clock or even earlier if you can. The popular error in regard to sleep is the idea of assuming that all sleep is one and the same and that, therefore, the only possible estimate of sleep is its length. Now it is certain that the most refreshing sleep is the deepest, and the deepest is the most continuous. Other things being equal, the depth of sleep may be conveniently gauged by the presence or absence of those periods of partial and disordered consciousness which we call dreams.

Not only should one fall asleep within half an hour at the latest after going to bed; not only should one's sleep be unbroken, continuous and complete (dyspepsia is perhaps the commonest cause of imperfection in these respects), but one should wake spontaneously, because one has slept long enough, and should no more want to lie abed than one wants to be in prison. If that be so and if one grudges every moment until breakfast, one can say: "I have slept well."

Even so small a matter as that facial disfigurement, a double chin dreaded by so many women as they advance in years, can be brought on or avoided by the position of the head in sleep. Lie on the pillow with the chin drooped down on the neck and notice how, unconsciously, the loose skin of the chin and neck is thrust forward to make the ugly folds of the double chin. By a slight tip of the head backward, so slight as to be scarcely felt, all this is obviated, and the skin held in a position that makes it firm and causes it night or day to keep its proper place.

The face is a fair register of the state of the nerves and the condition of the body. Nerve-fatigue betrays itself in the puffiness under the eyes, in the sagging of the facial



Whenever She Has Time—Even as Little as Ten Minutes Will Be a Great Help—She Should Throw Herself Down on the Sofa or Couch with Her Head on a Low Pillow and Relax Every Muscle

the system of the poisons as its resultant—all these tend to produce the feeling of exhaustion upon rising in the morning.

A wrong mental attitude toward life and work induces fatigue. When weariness cannot be traced to bodily infection of poisons, there may be poisons in the mind. A good mental cathartic may be necessary.

Remember that worry is mental work.

Concluded on page 16

Continued from page 8

Rod hesitated an instant, then nodded. "How did you know?" he asked curiously. "Shoulders," said the old man, "way you hold your head. And new suit. Just out of uniform, I reckon." Rodney remained quiet. It was as good an explanation as any, he thought. The man watched him with a kindly eye. "Got a job yet?" he inquired.

Rod shook his head. "No," he said truthfully, "I haven't." For a time there was silence. The wagon swayed and strained, creaking and groaning on its way. There was a certain soothing comfort to the motion; after the heat of the roadside the shady perch seemed delightfully cool. He was brought out of his half drowsy silence.

"Can you ballyhoo?" inquired the old man suddenly.

"Bally what?" inquired Rod. "Ballyhoo," said the other. "You know, stand out and put up a line of talk that'll drag 'em in."

Rod grinned suddenly. "Talking," he said with immense conviction, "talking's the best little thing I do." The man leaned back in his seat with a sigh of relief.

"You get the job," he said calmly. "Been looking for a man—like your looks. Ten a week to start with and victuals. You can sleep back there under Ignatz," he added, pointing into the rear of the wagon. "Ignatz is the music-machine," he added by way of explanation. Over the brow of a little hill loomed a church spire. He pointed with his whip. "That's Sockerville. There is a stock fair due t'night an' I want t' git settled 'fore the crowd comes. You'll git your first chance t' try out that line of talk then."

Two hours later, standing on the soap-box before the blatant red-and-gold circle of flashing mirrors, his voice raised to override the strident notes of Ignatz, Rodney Burke, late of Scranton's elite, ballyhooed a joyous crowd of rustics.

It was eight months later that Dad Moulton made him a proposition. The two had grown close together during their hours of travel on the high cushioned seat. In the older man Rod had found a quaint and whimsical personality, one who squeezed the full wine of joy from the vintage of life. They had gone south for the winter along his regular route, and at every little town were greeted joyously by the children until their progress became an ever shifting pageant of mirth. And now Dad was offering him the merry-go-round for his own.

"I don't want t' sell her," he was explaining. "I'm fond o' the old boat and I couldn't bear t' have her pass t' a skipper I didn't like. Sides, there's the kids along the route. They all like you—I c'n see that. You have a natural way with kids—and if you took her you c'd keep right on where I started. You won't find it a bad proposition from the business side. I got a right smart amount laid away in th' bank—enough t' take care of the rest o' my days. I wouldn't leave her now if it weren't for th' rheumatiz. I dasn't go through another winter. Course I don't know how you'd feel about it—but if you took her and I got t' hankerin', I c'd allus come back for a few weeks at a time."

He stared wistfully at Rod. For a minute there was silence as Rodney turned the proposition over in his mind. All winter he had lived from day to day in a sort of a dream. He had found the life to his liking, with its lack of responsibility, its roving, care-free vagabondage, the thought that he could drop out of it at a minute's notice had been always present; but now he must make a decision, and decision was the one thing he hated above everything else. If he took over the merry-go-round and its route, he bound himself in honor to old Dad Moulton; if, upon the other hand, he refused, it meant a return to his home, his money—and to Pen. For an instant her face flashed into his mind. He had thought of her less and less of late. It was not that she was forgotten, but other things had come into his thoughts so thick and fast that her image was becoming blurred and dream-like. As he remembered her now she seemed a bit cold and stern—a sort of relentless deity, demanding the qualities which he had not.

From beside him Dad Moulton spoke. "Of course, if you don't want to—" he said, a note of disappointment in his voice. Rodney pulled himself from his reverie with an effort.

"Yes," he said, "yes—I guess I'll take her, Dad."

"I'm sure Mr. Burke would have wished me to have it," said Penelope. "He stipulated his entire income, you say."

The senior member was regarding her, brow furrowed.

"But it is really seriously needed for repairs," he said. "The tenants are making demands."

Penelope shrugged.

"Oh, tenants!" she said. "They are always demanding unreasonable things." Her voice took on a slight edge. "I tell you I've simply got to have it for the Home. Don't you understand? It's practically built, and it cost so much more than we expected that there is nothing left to furnish the west wing. You've just got to squeeze out a bit more."

"Yes," said the junior member. "But, really, it can't be spared—perhaps next month—"

Her eye lighted. "Why not let me have it this month and take next month's to make improvements?" she demanded.

"Well—perhaps—" said the senior member, doubtfully. It was always hard to refuse Penelope, and usually inexpedient.

"If you could only see my boys!" she said. "It's going to be the finest building of its kind in the country, and you'll have helped to build it—"

She leaned over the desk, her face alight with enthusiasm, and he capitulated.

"Oh! all right, all right," he said with assumed testiness. "Take the money this month. We've put them off before and we can again. The Bellingham politicians are not all they might be and I don't suppose the building-inspector will get after us unless some muckraker comes along and starts him off."

But Penelope was not listening; she was talking to the junior member.

"And classes in clay-modeling," she was saying, "and modern languages. It's going to have the very best branches of study free."

"What about a gym?" he inquired; "football and that sort of thing?"

Later, at her desk, she frowned at the memory of his smile. What, she wondered, was happening to the race? Were they all afflicted with the same mania—a sort of pleasure-drunkenness? When she talked of her classes why did everyone lead to the subject of assembly rooms for dancing, to football, motion-picture machines? She could understand folk-dancing; there was a certain education-interest to that, and gym classes were, of course, a part of the curriculum. But jazz music, football, five-reel dramas, in her cherished Burke House—never!

She glanced up over the door where, in a gold frame, a picture of Rodney was hung. It was, she told herself, put there with no sentimental motives. It was his money, and she was merely the trustee. She had given the home his name, and made him a sort of tutelary deity among the boys. She had done her entire duty by him, but at times, the eyes seemed to regard her reproachfully, as though the picture were feeling some lack in her performances. At such times she buried herself in her work and tried to forget Rodney with his little whimsical gayeties, the teasing lilt to his voice, the boyish mannerisms which drew her to him, and of late, in the press of her duties the image was growing a trifle dim.

And helping her forgetfulness was Jimmy, a red-headed mystery of ten. Jimmy had appeared miraculously in the Grand Central Station, at one o'clock in the morning, a trifle awed by his surroundings, but quite cheerful, and entirely determined to give no information about his immediate past. A policeman had gathered him in, and after passing through the hands of several baffled members of the juvenile association he was passed on to Penelope.

In the stubborn youngster, she found a direct challenge. Somehow, of late, she had found herself failing in her work. It was growing harder to hold her boys, to gain their confidence. It was as though something had atrophied in her and at the bottom of her heart lay a cold fear. It was to prove to herself this was not so that she laid siege to Jimmy's heart.

She bribed him with promises of an education, struggled to learn his hobbies. But nothing could break down his wall of deadly impassivity. He loathed music, turned his back upon the arts, and beyond taking his lathe to pieces and screwing it together again showed no interest in the woodworking de-



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Continued on page 14







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Concluded from page 12

muscles and a deepening of the lines from the mouth up the side of the nose.

To freshen tired muscles, try mopping the face with cloths dipped in ice-water.

Press the cloths against the face until they begin to absorb the heat, and renew with cold ones. You have no idea of the stimulant there is in ice-water.

Perhaps no one ever took better care of her health and good looks than the famous French beauty and opera singer, Madame Lina Cavalieri. With the advice of her doctor she framed the following rules of beauty which undoubtedly have aided marvelously in preserving her good looks, for now, when she is no longer very young she is just as fresh and fair as ever. Her rules of beauty are:

1. When your mirror tells you you are not looking well, rest.
2. To keep the hair beautiful, wash it once a week.
3. To keep the mouth young, massage with the little fingers the lines of petulance from nostrils to lips.
4. To have always a youthful contour, keep the line of the jaw as thin as a knife's edge.
5. To take away the ugly, middle-aged redness of the nose, use hot compressions on it.
6. To keep the tired lines away from the eyes, bathe the lids and skin about the eyes with water as warm as you can endure it.
7. To avoid the multiplied chin, sleep with head low, the lower the better.
8. To refresh the dry, withered skin, bathe it often in water as warm as you can endure.
9. Don't eat when very tired, if you expect to get any good from your food and preserve your beauty.
10. Don't eat more than one hearty meal a day. This is the secret of good looks, health, and long life—a secret which, if every one followed, the doctors could not make a living.
11. Don't eat much meat in hot weather if you would keep your skin free from eruptions.
12. Don't eat cold, starchy foods, like potato salad, and cold porridge, unless you have strong digestive organs.
13. Don't drink iced water. Cool water quenches thirst much better than ice-cold fluids.
14. Don't drink too much coffee or tea, unless you want a complexion like leather in color and texture.
15. Don't go to bed hungry. A glass of hot milk will refresh you.
16. Don't think you can eat too much spinach, lettuce, watercress, dandelion, and carrots. They are complexion-beautifiers.

I have benefited so much myself from the treatment that I am advising all my friends who are not quite as strong and vigorous as they should be to try the new yeast-cure. Yeast contains vitamins, that wonderful energy-building property of food that is often insufficient in the ordinary diet. From one to three yeast-cakes should be taken every day, and they should be as fresh as you can get them, never more than two days old. It is best to take them either just before or directly after meals. They can be crumbled in a cupful of warm milk or water, or spread on crackers like cheese, or eaten by themselves. Delicate persons should begin with half a yeast-cake, after each meal for a week, and then take half a yeast-cake after breakfast and supper, and a whole one after dinner. Continue in this way until strength and vigor are restored, and gradually decrease the dose to one yeast-cake a day.

Both health and appearance, and especially the clearness and color of the skin are closely connected with the condition of the digestive organs. You cannot consume quantities of candy, especially chocolates, every day, or rich cake or greasy fried food, or many pickles, and have any sensible reason to complain because your complexion is growing sallow or muddy-looking. Even plain, nourishing food, if it is badly cooked, becomes indigestible and consequently a menace to the health and complexion. Cereals especially are too apt to be served in a partly cooked condition. Many of them require twice as much cooking as the directions call for. Two tablespoonfuls of sterilized bran sprinkled on the morning's cereal will do wonders toward clearing the complexion and improving the general health, as bran acts as a gentle laxative, a broom to the stomach and intestines, and aids greatly in removing the poisons from the system.

### The Butterfly of Butterfly Hill

Concluded from page 10

her eyes looked straight into his as she told him:

"I loved Lathrop, Jeffrey. I want you to know that. But it was just as I think a mother might love a beautiful, lonely child. And I can never be sufficiently grateful to him. For he saved me from myself and he gave me much—" Here she faltered, and two tears, the parting shadows of a great loneliness, filmed her shining eyes as she suddenly buried her face in his shoulder and murmured softly: "But it was always you, Jeffrey. Always! Always!"

"Adele, my beloved! My dearest love!" Again their lips met and then at last all the heartache, the loneliness and the pain of misunderstanding were as nothing before the power of a love that, despite them, had refused to die and had but grown stronger with the flight of years.

### CHAPTER VIII

One day a month or so later, the New York papers contained the announcement that a certain eminent physician was leaving that day for the other side. The article went on to say that the doctor had come over for a short vacation less than a month before, and was now returning to continue the work he had been doing since the war began among the sick and wounded on the battlefields of France.

That same afternoon, on the deck of an outgoing liner stood a man—tall and fair, and with the fighting spirit of the Vikings strongly marked on his handsome face—gazing out over the broad expanse of water between him and the mainland of his own peaceful country. He was alone, and held his eyes riveted on a distant spot in the direction where at that moment the lazy sunshine of the autumn afternoon would be shedding its golden rays on the broad driveways and flower-bordered walks of far away Butterfly Hill.

Finally, he turned from the rail, and the look of pain that had momentarily darkened his eyes slowly gave place to one of fortitude—the fortitude of a strong man who has been tried before and over whom the forces of circumstance have no power for evil, for he stands with head erect and spirit unafraid to meet whatever may befall.

As we all know, no piece of embroidery with scalloped edge can be considered satisfactory if, after it is completed and laundered, a fringe of frayed threads or "whiskers," few or many, appear around the scallops. The best way of avoiding this that I have found is to stitch around the outer or purled edge of the buttonholing on the sewing-machine. Do this before cutting out. The stitching will not be noticeable, especially after laundering, and the edge will not fray. It is much more quickly done, too, than to go over the edge with a second row of tiny buttonhole-stitches, after cutting out, as many times recommended. The same treatment, too, will prevent the edge of Hardanger embroidery from pulling out.

—Mrs. G. L. Briggs, Massachusetts.

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Goodyear Manufacturing Company, 3691 Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to their friends. If you want one, write today.—Advt.

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Continued from page 5

father would want me to study those. But I couldn't imagine father teaching me all alone. And how was I ever going to ask him questions, if there were things I didn't understand? Besides, I couldn't imagine myself reciting lessons to father—father!

But I needn't have worried. If I could only have known. Little did I think— But, there, this is no way to tell a story. I read in a book, "How To Write a Novel," that you mustn't "anticipate." (I thought folks always anticipated novels. I do. I thought you wanted them to.)

Well, to go on.

Father got home at four o'clock. I saw him come up the walk, and I waited till I was sure he'd got settled in the library, then I went down.

He wasn't there.

A minute later I saw him crossing the lawn to the observatory. Well, what to do I didn't know. Mary said to go after him; but Marie said nay, nay. And in spite of being Mary just now, I let Marie have her way.

Rush after him and tell him he'd forgotten to hear my lessons? Father? Well, I guess not! Besides, it wasn't my fault. I was there all ready. It wasn't my blame that he wasn't there to hear me. But he might remember and come back. Well, if he did, I'd be there. So I went to one of those book-cases and pulled out a touch-me-not book from behind the glass door. Then I sat down and read till the supper-bell rang.

Father was five minutes late to supper. I don't know whether he looked at me or not. I didn't dare to look at him—until Aunt Jane said, in her chilliest manner:

"I trust your daughter had good lessons, Charles."

I had to look at him then. I just couldn't look anywhere else. So I was looking straight at him when he gave that funny little startled glance into my eyes. And into his eyes then there crept the funniest, dearest little understanding twinkle—and I suddenly realized that father, father, was laughing with me at a little secret between us. But 'twas only for a second. The next moment his eyes were very grave and looking at Aunt Jane.

"I have no cause to complain—of my daughter's lessons to-day," he said, very quietly. Then he glanced over at me again. But I had to look away quick, or I would have laughed right out.

When he got up from the table he said to me: "I shall expect to see you to-morrow in the library at four, Mary."

And Mary answered: "Yes, father," polite and proper, as she should; but Marie inside was just chuckling with the joke of it all.

The next day I watched again at four for father to come up the walk; and when he had come in I went down to the library. He was there in his pet seat before the fireplace. (Father always sits before the fireplace, whether there's a fire there or not. And sometimes he looks so funny sitting there, staring into those gray ashes just as if it was the liveliest kind of a fire he was watching.)

As I said, he was there, but I had to speak twice before he looked up. Then, for a minute he stared vaguely.

"Eh? Oh! Ah—er—yes, to be sure," he muttered then. "You have come with your books. Yes, I remember."

But there wasn't any twinkle in his eyes, nor the least little bit of an understanding smile; and I was disappointed. I had been looking for it. I knew then, when I felt so suddenly lost and heart-achey, that I had been expecting and planning all day on that twinkly understanding smile. You know you feel worse when you've just found a father and then lost him!

And I had lost him. I knew it the minute he sighed and frowned and got up from his seat and said, oh, yes, to be sure. He was just Doctor Anderson then—the man who knew all about the stars, and who had been unmarried from mother, and who called me "Mary" in an of-course-you're-my-daughter tone of voice.

Well, he took my books and heard my lessons, and told me what I was to study next day. He's done that two days now.

Oh, I'm so tired of being Mary! And I've got more than four whole months of it left. I didn't get mother's letter to-day. Maybe that's why I'm specially lonesome to-night.

July first.

School is done, both the regular school and my school. Not that my school has amounted to much. Really it hasn't. Oh, for three or four days he asked questions

quite like just a teacher. Then he got to talking. Sometimes it would be about something in the lessons; sometimes it would be about a star, or the moon. And he'd get so interested that I'd think for a minute that maybe the understanding twinkle would come into his eyes again. But it never did.

Sometimes it wasn't stars and moons, though, that he talked about. It was Boston, and mother. Yes, he did. He talked a

lot about mother. As I look back at it now, I can see that he did. He asked me all over again what she did, and about the parties, and the folks that came to see her. He asked again about Mr. Harlow, and about the concert, and the young man who played the violin, and what was his name, and how old was he, and did I like him. And then, right in the middle of some question, or rather, right in the middle of some answer I was giving him, he would suddenly remember he

was hearing my lessons, and he would say: "Come, come, Mary, what has this to do with your lessons?"


Just as if I was to blame! (But, then, we women always get the blame, I notice.) And then he'd attend strictly to the books for maybe five whole minutes—before he asked another question about that party, or the violinist.

Naturally the lessons haven't amounted

Continued on page 20

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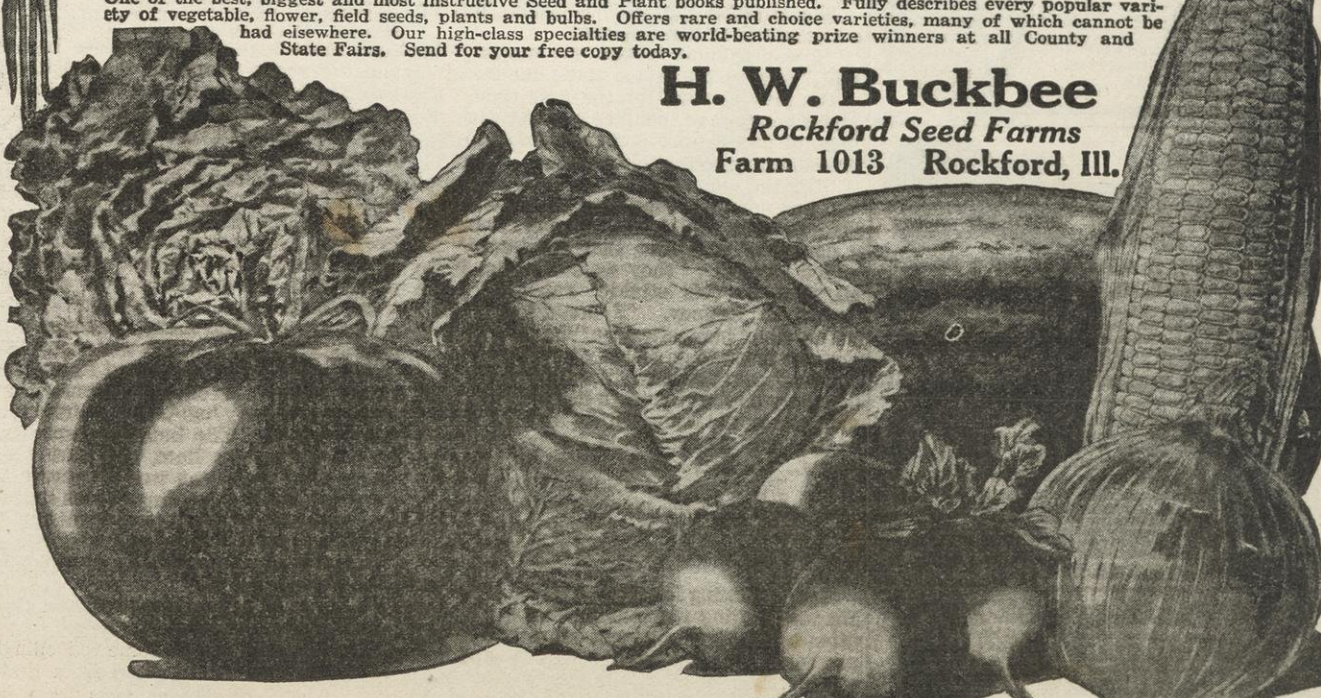
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tance, he had appealed over the heads of the inspectors straight to the people, with a series of highly lurid photographs, and the inspector, like a rat seeking shelter, had taken himself to cleaning house with avidity. The young fanatic had then set himself to making over the neighborhood according to some wild idea of his own. His headquarters, as near as the junior member could make out, were at the settlement house. His name? Oh, his name, was John Brown.

It was of this John Brown that Penelope was thinking, as she gazed out of the window. He might conceivably be open to reason. If she went to him and explained that the money was needed for Burke House—perhaps he had not understood—if she told him how it was, he might drop his absurd reforms.

With a sudden intense desire for action, she went to her room and hastily packing a handbag, slipped into her coat and hat. An hour later she was on a train bound for Bellingham.

She arrived in a flurry of snow and drove to her hotel through the mist. It was after a nervous dinner that she decided inaction was impossible. She would go to the settlement-house that night. The Brown chap might not be there, but she could at least talk with Miss Kinkead, the head of Welcome House, with whom she had had some correspondence.

As she mounted the steps of the settlement she noted with a certain jealous sinking of the heart that it was lighted from end to end, and from within came the hum of voices, the peal of laughter. Opening the door, she came into a blaze of warmth and light, and, for an instant, it was contrasted in her mind with the cold formality of Burke House. Then a gray-eyed young woman came forward and an instant later proved to be Miss Kinkead.

"No," she was saying. "It isn't a party—it's always like this."

From the next room came the shrill cadence of a phonograph and the soft shuffling of feet. Across the hall was the odd clicking purr of a picture-machine, while down the length of the building rang laughter and shouts of happy youth set free.

For an instant Penelope stood, staring at it all, then suddenly she turned to Miss Kinkead, her hand outstretched.

"How did you do it?" she asked humbly.

"I didn't," said the other. "It's all John Brown's doings. He"—she groped for words, "he has a way with him that brings them."

"May I talk to him?" said Penelope.

Miss Kinkead nodded. She did not seem surprised that people should take pilgrimages to see John Brown. Instead, she motioned Penelope to a small office-room.

"Sit down," she said. "I'll try and find him. He's usually in the gym at this time of night."

Penelope stood staring out of the window into the night. Within her there was tumult. Almost, she had decided to remain silent about her reason for coming. Somehow she hardly dared question this man—now that she had looked upon his handiwork—perhaps, it would be better if she asked him humbly for his secret. There was a step at the door and she turned suddenly, to come face to face with Rodney Burke.

"Pen!" he said; and, again, "Pen!"

For an instant she stared at him, then a question rose to her lips.

"Rod," she said, "what are you doing here?"

He stared at her guiltily.

"I'm stopping here for a little while," he said.

Suddenly it came over her in a rush.

"Roddy, you don't mean that it has come to this—that you had to seek charity?"

Her eyes filled with tears.

Rodney stared at her curiously. Somehow, he sensed a difference in her. She seemed strangely softened and chastened, no longer the avenging deity he had known.

"No," he told her, "I haven't been seeking charity, at least, not in the way you mean."

She turned on him suddenly.

"Roddy," she said, "will you come back? Oh," as he stared at her, "I don't mean to me—I know that's over, after the things I said. I can see that I was a blind, conceited fool, but will you come back and tell me what's wrong? I thought

I knew everything that night, but after you left, something in me seemed to die; and now I've got to confess. I failed miserably with everything, with Burke House, and the boys, and, your money—" She was looking at him bravely, and her voice came clear and strong. "I know now what it was that I lacked, Roddy, this place to-night showed me. It's the thing that you've got, and this fellow Brown has—it's the joy of life."

Suddenly she paused. In the doorway stood a red-headed, freckled-faced figure which was strangely familiar, save that the face had lost its sullen look and was frankly and boyishly wreathed in a grin.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Brown, but Miss Kinkead she says—"

"Jimmy!" said Penelope, and he caught her eye and started.

"Miss Harker!" he exclaimed, and then: "Gee! you ain't come t' take us back!"

Penelope smiled wanly.

"No," she said, "I won't take any one back who doesn't want to come, but why did you call him Mr. Brown?"

"Aw," said Jimmy, "that's a game we're playin' jes so you wouldn't find us. He calls himself John Brown." Then, catching sight of Rodney's face: "Gee, I guess I put my foot in it then!" he said, and disappeared.

For an instant there was a silence, then, turning, Penelope groped for her gloves.

"Please believe me, I didn't know," she said. "I never guessed. The last thing I

knew, you were running a merry-go-round."

Rodney started. "You knew," he said, "and yet—you wanted me to come back?"

She nodded bravely.

"Yes. But now, of course, I wouldn't ask you to leave your work here—"

Suddenly with a swift step he was by her side and her cheek was against his shoulder.

"Pen," he said, shaking her softly, "Pen! Do you know where that merry-go-round is?"

"No," she said with a choking little sob.

"I put it away until I could learn to be worthy of coming back to you," he said. "It's just waiting to be put up in Burke House back yard, and O Pen! when it's up we've got 'em coming, dear, we've got 'em coming!"



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# The Rebellion of M'lindy Ann

By JULIA TRUITT BISHOP

## CHAPTER I

**W**HEN Eli Barrows was fairly set in at his work, he was an adept at hectoring; and it was his pleasure to hector on this occasion.

"Yes," he declared loftily to M'lindy Ann as he hitched up; "I've sold the hill place for three thousand dollars—three thousand—do ye take that in? I've got the whole pile in my satchel in there, an' I'm goin' to ketch the eight o'clock train for the city an' put it in the bank. No, you can't go along. It's jest a matter of business, an' I can't tend to it myself, without the expense of two goin'.

What do women know about business, anyway? I reckon I know how this money's come—by good, hard licks—an' I've been a good part of my life makin' it, so it stan's to reason I'd know how to take keer of it."

"I've worked pretty hard for it, myself," said Mrs. Barrows, meekly. She was a little woman with iron-gray hair, and her voice was soft and plaintive.

Eli laughed, throwing back his head. "Well, I call that good!" he said jeeringly. "What does any woman know about work, I'd like to know? Always in the house, havin' an easy time, while men's out in the weather, toilin' for all they're worth. I b'lieve you'd complain if you was in Paradise, M'lindy Ann. You don't know when you're well off—a good home, an' little to do, an' a chance to go to church every other Sunday, besides the political speakin's!"

M'lindy Ann did not reply. She turned resignedly, went into the house, and devoted herself to the "little to do" which Eli had mentioned. The broom was going swiftly and steadily when her lord came in and took up the leather satchel from the table.

"I'll be home in the mornin', on that early train," he said condescendingly, for he was always ready to forgive M'lindy Ann for her shortcomings, and took great credit to himself therefor, as being "easy to get along with." "You can wait breakfast—I'll be pretty hungry, I reckon."

"Buy a roun'-trip ticket, Eli," suggested M'lindy Ann, mildly. But there could not have been any ulterior motive in her suggestion, for she added, under his frowning glance: "They're cheaper in the long run, ye know."

"You talk like you traveled for a livin'," muttered Eli, as he went out to the buggy; and the broom swept steadily on, through one room and into another.

One could live with M'lindy Ann in comparative comfort. She never talked back.

"I wisht ye had some new clothes, Eli," she called after him as he sat in the buggy, his knotty hands with the reins in them resting on the knees of his baggy old trousers.

"If my clothes suits me, there ain't nobody else got anything to do with 'em," he proclaimed testily. "If anybody wants to laugh at my clothes, let 'em laugh. They'd laugh on the other side o' their mouths if they knowed I had three thousand dollars in that little ol' grip!"

And Eli drove away, well satisfied with himself. Reaching town, he stabled his horse near the station and bought a round-trip ticket. He was going to do that anyhow, of course. M'lindy's suggestion had nothing to do with it. Women were always giving advice where it wasn't really needed.

Eli's trip to the city was not dull nor monotonous in the least. It chanced that the car was somewhat crowded, and a gentleman asked permission to share his seat. He was a well-dressed gentleman, with kid gloves, yet he did not hesitate to speak pleasantly to a homely old farmer like Eli Barrows, commenting on the perfect winter weather, and asking after the last summer's crops with the greatest interest. It turned out that he was a member of the Missouri Legislature, on a little tour for health and pleasure, and Eli cheerfully gave him a great deal of information concerning the country in which he lived.

"You know, I always feel at home among the farmers," said the gentleman from Missouri. "Of course a large number of my constituents are farmers, and whenever I can get away I go down among them for an outing. Such good country fare as they give me! Such fried chicken—such butter and

milk—there's nothing at the Waldorf-Astoria can compare with it!"

"I wisht ye'd call in on me as you're goin' back," said Eli, warmed to the heart. "We've got a pretty prosperous place—I'm jes' takin' three thousand up to the city now, to put it in the bank."

The member of the Missouri Legislature looked alarmed.

"Hush! Don't tell that to every one," he whispered. "Have you friends in the city? Do you know where you are going to put up?"

"I don't know yet," said Eli, visibly swelling; "but I reckon I'll strike one o' the big hotels for dinner—somethin' along about forty or fifty cents—I don't mind expenses, this trip. An' there can't no confidence man git the better o' me. I read the papers, I do—an' the first one that comes up an' calls me his long-lost uncle is goin' to git pasted over the head with this here umbrella!"

"But sometimes there are several of them, working together," said the gentleman from Missouri, with deep concern. "Let's see—a friend of mine gave me the address of a place he always goes to—if I haven't lost it—ah, here it is! He says it is a very plain place, but the meals are fine. Suppose we both go there; and I'll keep you in sight after dinner until you get your money banked. Really, Mr. Barrows, after the interesting conversation we have had this morning, I shall not feel safe until you get that money into the bank."

And they reached the city, and Eli Barrows, smiling and grip-laden, went off in a cab with the member of the Missouri Legislature, and was lost in the crowd.

## CHAPTER II

M'lindy Ann had heard the distant rumble of the early morning train as it crossed the valley at the back of the field and sped away to the little town, two miles farther on. Breakfast was ready, and she was keeping it warm on the back of the stove.

The entire house was speckled and in its best Sunday clothes; and, strange to relate, so was M'lindy Ann. Her worn black dress was brushed to the last degree, and showed its threadbareness forlornly. Her shabby old bonnet was waiting her pleasure on the bedroom mantel; her rusty black cape hung over a chair, ready for use at a moment's notice.

She was at the door, watching the bend of the road. Her face was colorless, even to the lips. Unconsciously her fingers plucked and twisted the ends of the ribbon bow at her throat into little black spirals. M'lindy Ann was plainly much disturbed.

When a little cloud of dust came crawling around the bend of the road, M'lindy Ann bestirred herself and set the breakfast on the table. Everything was ready when Eli stepped in at the door, and M'lindy Ann looked up, pretending not to notice that he was trembling from head to foot, and that he leaned against the door for support. What she really did notice was the other fact that his clothes were muddy, that his coat was torn, and that his hat had been crushed almost beyond recognition.

M'lindy Ann hastily set a dish down on the table.

"I see how it is," she said. "You've been run over by one o' them street cars, Eli. Which ones o' your bones is broke?"

Eli burst into futile tears, and sank into a chair.

"It's worse'n that, M'lindy Ann!" he sobbed, with his arms on the table among the dishes and his head on his arms. "I've been robbed an' drugged. I've lost the whole pile—an' it's my own tarnation fault! I was too pesky int'mate with a stranger—but he said he was a member of the Missouri Legislature, an' how was I to s'pose he was lyin'? An' the game they showed me—I could 'a' beat it with one han' tied behind me. I seen my way clear to makin' another thousand or so, to put in the bank along with the other; but they must 'a' put somethin' into the beer—I didn't drink more'n half a teacupful, M'lindy Ann—an' I couldn't move hand or foot when they went into the satchel an' took the whole pile. An' then they come

Continued on page 22

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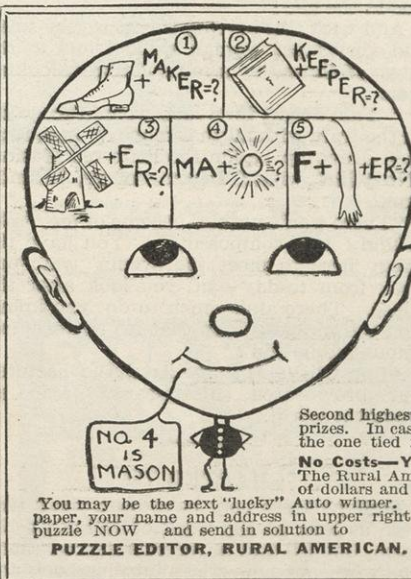
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The solution gaining 150 "Points," which is the maximum, will win the Maxwell or \$1,000 in cash. Second highest will win \$200 diamond ring and so on down list of 25 fine prizes. In case of tie for any prize, both winners will receive same as the one tied for. Contest closes Feb. 23rd, 1921.

**No Costs—You Can Win.**—You will not be asked to subscribe to The Rural American in order to win. We have given away thousands of dollars and over 100 Autos to people from all over the country. **Notice:** Write your solution on one side of a sheet of paper, your name and address in upper right hand corner. Write nothing else on that sheet. Solve puzzle NOW and send in solution to

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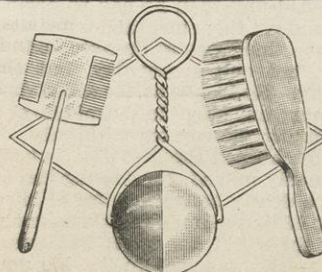
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an' I bought you a whole suit o' clothes, from head to foot. Maybe if you'd had 'em when you went to the city the cows wouldn't 'a' et ye, like they did."

M'lindy Ann arose and gathered up the papers. Eli was about to say something, but she incidentally held up an old leather grip before his eyes, turning it upside down and shaking it to see if it was quite empty. He stood still for a long moment; and when he spoke his voice was a new voice.

"I'm sorry the house is in sich a fix, M'lindy Ann," he said. "How on earth ye manage to keep it clean is more'n I can see. Ye must have to work pretty hard."

And then M'lindy Ann turned and looked up at him, with something gleaming pleasantly in her eyes.

"We've both worked hard, Eli," she said. "Home's a pretty good place, after all them roarin' streets. I've never been as proud of anything as I'm goin' to be of that new church—an' us settin' there in our new clothes! It was awful nice of you to let me go to the city, Eli!"

## Mary Marie

Continued from page 20

But it wasn't just because he was young that Aunt Jane refused. I found out afterward. It was because he was any kind of a man paying me attention. I found that out through Mr. Claude Livingstone. Mr. Livingstone brings our groceries. He's a real young gentleman—tall, black moustache, and lovely dark eyes. He goes to our church, and he asked me to go to the Sunday-school picnic with him. I was so pleased. And I supposed, of course, Aunt Jane would let me go with him. He's no silly boy! Besides, I knew him real well, and liked him. I used to talk to him quite a lot when he brought the groceries.

But did Aunt Jane let me go? She did not. Why, she seemed almost more shocked than she had been over Charlie Smith and Fred Small, and the others.

"Mercy, child!" she exclaimed. "Where in the world do you pick up these people?" And she brought out that "these people" so disagreeably! Why, you'd think Mr. Livingstone was a foreign Japanese, or something.

I told her then quietly, and with dignity, and with no temper (showing), that Mr. Livingstone was not a foreign Japanese, but was a very nice gentleman; and that I had not picked him up. He came to her own door himself, almost every day.

"My own door!" exclaimed Aunt Jane. And she looked absolutely frightened. "You mean to tell me that that creature has been coming here to see you, and I not know it?"

I told her then—again quietly and with dignity, and without temper (showing)—that he had been coming, not to see me; but in the natural pursuance of his profession of delivering groceries. And I said that he was not a creature. On the contrary, he was, I was sure, an estimable young man. He went to her own church and Sunday-school. Besides, I could vouch for him myself, as I knew him well, having seen and talked with him almost every day for a long while, when he came to the house.

But nothing I could say seemed to have the least effect upon her at all, only to make her angrier and angrier, if anything. In fact, I think she showed a great deal of temper for a Christian woman about a fellow Christian in her own church.

But she wouldn't let me go to the picnic; and not only that, but I think she changed grocers, for Mr. Livingstone hasn't been here for a long time, and when I asked Susie where he was she looked funny, and said we weren't getting our groceries where Mr. Livingstone worked any longer.

Well, of course, that ended that. And there hasn't been any other since. That's why I say my love-story doesn't seem to be getting along very well. Naturally, when it gets noised around town that your Aunt Jane won't let you go anywhere with a young man, or let a young man come to see you, or even walk home with you after the first time—why, the young men aren't going to do very much toward making your daily life into a love-story.

To be continued

Concluded from page 2  
spoonful of lemon-juice; boil the sugar and water to a syrup, add the other ingredients, and serve hot.

**Chocolate Hermits.**—Cream one half cup of butter or other nice shortening—I use the nut-butter, and like it well—with one cup of sugar, add two beaten eggs, one half cup of seeded raisins, cut in halves, two cups of flour in which have been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one fourth teaspoonful of salt, and one fourth cup of grated chocolate or chocolate-powder dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Mix well, and drop from a teaspoon on a buttered baking-sheet, put a raisin in the center of each hermit and bake in a moderate oven. I always double this receipt; the hermits are fine for the children's school-lunch.

**Chocolate Cookies.**—Cream one half cup of butter with one cup of sugar, add one beaten egg, two cups of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one half teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, four tablespoonfuls of milk and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir well together, let stand in a cold place to chill—I mix all my cookies at night and place them in the refrigerator until morning—roll and shape, and bake in a moderate oven.

**Brownies.**—One cup of brown sugar creamed with one fourth cup of butter, one egg, three squares of chocolate, grated, three-fourths cup of flour, scant, one fourth teaspoonful of salt and one cup of chopped nut-meats. Put all the ingredients in a bowl and beat thoroughly, spread evenly in a buttered baking-pan, bake and cut in strips.

**Soft Sugar Cookies.**—Cream one cup of sugar and one half cup of butter, add one beaten egg, one half cup of milk, two cups of flour, sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one fourth teaspoonful of salt, and one half teaspoonful each of lemon-extract and grated nutmeg. Put in the refrigerator overnight, in the morning roll and cut, adding flour as necessary, and place a nice plump raisin in the center of each cookie. The "kiddies" think these the best ever for the lunch-basket; I use all the receipts given, so to have a variety in cookies, and never a bit comes home.

Mother of Six.

**Three-Egg Angel-Cake.**—Mix, and sift together four times, one cup of sugar, one and one-third cups of flour, one half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one third teaspoonful of salt, and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Pour on gradually two-thirds cup of scalded milk, add one teaspoonful of vanilla or other preferred extract, mix well, and fold in the white of three eggs, stiffly beaten. Turn into an unbuttered angel-cake tin and bake in a moderate oven forty-five minutes. Ice when cold.

**Raisin Pie (requested).**—Wash one pound each of seeded raisins and currants, put over the fire with water to cover, add one cup of sugar, or as much as will sweeten the fruit to your taste, and simmer until done. Add the yolks of six eggs, beaten to a cream with three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, stirred smooth in a little cold water, and cook until thick. Fill pie-shells, previously baked, cover with a meringue made by beating the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, allowing a tablespoonful of powdered sugar to each egg-white, and place in the oven to brown delicately. This receipt makes three pies. For one pie take one-third the given quantities. The filling will keep some time if put in a cold place.

Rockland, Idaho. Mrs. E. C.

**One-Egg Chocolate Cake.**—Put one egg, beaten light, in a cup and fill the cup with sweet milk, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, creamed with one cup of sugar, one half cup of grated chocolate, melted with two tablespoonfuls of hot water, one and one-half cups of flour, and one level teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Bake in a shallow tin.

**Icing.**—Melt three tablespoonfuls of unsweetened chocolate in butter the size of a walnut, placing it in a bowl over boiling water. Add two cups of powdered sugar and two tablespoonfuls of milk-cream or milk, or enough to make a paste that will spread. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla. The cake may be baked in layers, and the icing used between, also.

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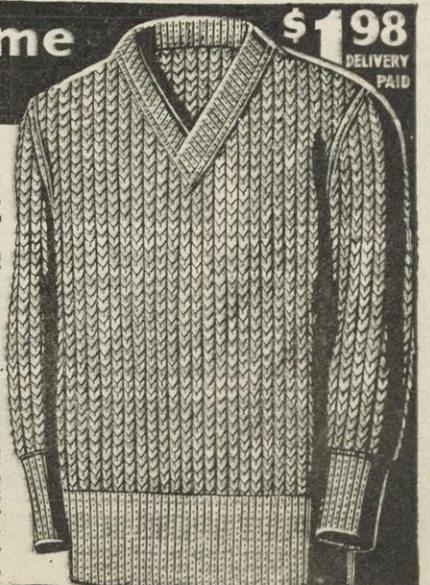
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# The American Woman Calendar

January 1. Saturday Across the snow the New-year bells are ringing... Behold another year!

January 2. Sunday Have courage and refrain from mourning. The loved ones who have joined the choir invisible are safe, and very near to you in these days.

January 3. Monday Days for deeds are few, my brother. Then to-day fulfill your vow; If you mean to help another, Do not dream it—do it now.

January 4. Tuesday It is almost always when things are all blocked up and impossible, that a happening comes. If you are sure you are looking and ready, that is all you need.

January 5. Wednesday In life's small things be resolute and great. To keep thy muscle trained; knowest thou when fate Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee: "I find thee worthy; do this deed for me."

January 6. Thursday If you are tempted to give way to despondency, just hold the thought in mind that God has in reserve for every one of us, this coming year, something better than we can ask or think.

January 7. Friday If you put a little lovin' into all the work you do, And a little bit of gladness; and a little bit of you, And a little bit of sweetness, and a little bit of song,

Not a day will seem too toilsome, not a day will seem too long.

January 8. Saturday I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it! How easily it is done! How infallibly it is remembered!

January 9. Sunday The New-year beckons. He, too, beckoning, nears: Forget not thou that all its gifts are His; Take from His hand all blessings of the years.

January 10. Monday The main thing is that there is always something to do. Perhaps the thing nearest you isn't just what you would choose, but do it with a will, gladly, lovingly, and see what will happen!

January 11. Tuesday Good-morning, Brother Gladness, good-morning, Sister Smile; They told me you were coming so I waited on a while.

January 12. Wednesday The very first step to happiness and power is concentration, both of thought and action—the one leading to the other. There is no fear where there is concentration; health and success follow in its train.

January 13. Thursday Let's "take account of stock" to-day And see what we have laid away— Not in our coffers, but inside.

January 14. Friday There is much discussion about the unrest in the world to-day; but the remedy needed is the remedy always needed, and that never fails: "Faith, hope and love—and the greatest of these is love."

January 15. Saturday A little smile at the end of the week, And a little song for the beauty Of finding the goal that we started to seek, At the end of the path of duty.

January 16. Sunday "It is not I but the Father within me; He doeth the work." If we could but realize the true meaning of this wonderful message, how quickly would all striving and care fade into nothingness.

January 17. Monday Give me the whole of life! The joy, the hope and the pain, The struggle whose end is strength, The loss that is infinite gain.

January 18. Tuesday You are nearer your heart's desire than you think. Press on with love of God in your heart and faith in your soul and mind, with no thought of failure, and you will win.

January 19. Wednesday Be like the bird who, pausing in her flight While on boughs too slight, Feels them give way beneath her and yet sings— Knowing that she has wings.

January 20. Thursday If you want to-morrow to be better than to-day, make your preparations now. Sow the seeds; the harvest must soon follow.

January 21. Friday If all things work together For ends so grand and blest, What need to wonder whether Each in itself is best.

January 22. Saturday Do not depend on props, friends, outside influences. With all due kindness and sociability, stand alone; be a law unto yourself; look within and find the goal your soul is reaching for.

January 23. Sunday The Living Word in silence often speaks; We hear not, and for God's voice oft repine. No answer is withheld from him who seeks, In silence, for the voice of Love Divine.

January 24. Monday Get into your work and do it well; be a master, and create masterpieces. All sorts of opportunities are just waiting for you to take hold of them. Remember that "nothing is impossible" to those who believe.

January 25. Tuesday It isn't the fellow who has a smile Because of the smile of others, The fellow who counts is the fellow who smiles In spite of his scowling brothers. Or whether they smile or whether they don't, If he's true to his own soul's light, He will keep on smiling through thick and thin— He will smile for the sake of the right.

January 26. Wednesday Decide this moment that you will get rid of any feeling of depression. Don't take things so seriously. Cheer up, and march ahead. Make yourself courageous by facing your fears. Exercise promptness and patience.

January 27. Thursday I'm better every time I try to feel a closer tie With all this universal love and beauty where I plod; I'm happier every time I look upon the sweet blue sky, And bend myself in reverence unto the feet of God.

January 28. Friday Cooperation! there is salvation in the word. Each member of the human family giving his special contribution to the world's life and work, expressing his special talent, doing his share of labor, with no mere narrow, selfish end in view, but for the good of all.

January 29. Saturday Over the stormy sea of human fear Two stars forever shine, serene and clear— The star of laughter and the star of love.

January 30. Sunday As we become conscious of the indwelling spirit, of the power of God within us, we are able to demonstrate that power and love to others.

January 31. Monday The days are blossoms time puts forth; Short-lived are they, though fair to see; But each bears seed of some great deed That grows through all eternity.

WHEN you wish to crochet a strip of lace for trimming pillow-slips, petticoats, centerpieces, or other things for which the border is required to have the ends joined, just try my plan and see if you do not think it a good one. Instead of making a chain to begin the lace, start it on a piece of strong coarse thread or cord; I use the medium-sized twine which is tied around small parcels at the drug-store. Make the first row around this cord, not into it, tying the ends so the stitches will not slip off. When you have done the length required and are working the last row of the last repeat, take up the stitches of the first row, matching the pattern, and draw out the cord carefully. In joining a treble to a treble, after making the treble of the last row, insert the hook through the base of treble of first row, draw the thread through, and continue; for a space, make a chain of two stitches, then a treble, join to the treble of first row, and so on. This method leaves no ridge or seam, and is much neater. If carefully done the joining cannot be detected.—Mrs. S. E. P., Wisconsin.

IF you have occasion to make a considerable length of narrow edging which is inclined to twist and tangle, or get out of shape, procure a small piece of pasteboard, and, beginning at the end of the edging, wind it evenly and smoothly around the card to within three or four inches of your crochet-hook or tatting-shuttle, whichever it may be, and pin it securely. Continue to wind it up as you work. It takes little time, but saves a great deal later on.—Miss H. F., Indiana.

# Cocoanut Oil Makes A Splendid Shampoo

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls of Mulsified will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Utmost Comfort." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD Suite 257, 70 5th Avenue - New York City

You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogus, 8863 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

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# Any Reward on this Page Yours Without Cost to You. See Our Offer Below

—The American Woman



**Curly-Head**

Given for **Four** Subscriptions

**No. 2045.** Let us introduce this dear little dolly into your home. We call her Curly-Head because her soft, silky hair is apparently genuinely curly. (This is a real wig and not a painted one.) Curly-Head stands 13 inches tall in her stocking feet, and she comes dressed in a pretty party-frock. Her head is unbreakable. Her body is stuffed and her arms and legs are jointed. This is the greatest doll-bargain that we have seen for many a day.



**Butterfly-Design  
Hemstitched-Scarf**

Given for **Three** Subscriptions

**No. 1812.** The butterfly-motif never ceases to be popular and its combination here with a hemstitched scarf gives the maximum of desirability. The design is stamped on fine-quality crash 18x54 inches. We show only one end, but on each the same design is stamped. Every home finds a use for a pretty new scarf. Here it is; yours for a little spare-time effort.



**Child's  
Belcher-Set Ruby Ring**

Given for **Two** Subscriptions

**No. 1413.** Extra value and quality are apparent in this popular style. Illustration does not display setting to advantage. Stone is richly colored and true to original gem.



**Premo Junior**

Given for **Eight** Subscriptions

**No. 1088.** The box type possesses features found in no other camera of this character. It uses the film-pack exclusively, loads in daylight, and single exposures may be removed at any time for development. To load: Open back, drop film-pack in place—close the back, and camera is loaded in daylight. Has automatic shutter for time or snap-shots, two viewfinders and two tripod-sockets. Takes a clear, sharp picture 2½x3½ inches.



**Cut-Glass Mustard or  
Condiment Jar**

Given for **Two** Subscriptions

**No. 2115.** Stands 3 inches in height, and is 2½ inches in diameter, at its widest part. Has a highly polished silver-plated cover with an opening on one side just large enough to permit the spoon to project as shown in illustration. A glass spoon is given with each jar.



**Glass Relish-Jar  
In Silver Plated Holder**

Given for **Four** Subscriptions

**No. 2113.** This glass jar has a snug-fitting, hollow glass stopper into which extends the handle of the glass spoon, which is furnished with each jar. Because of the snug-fitting stopper it can be corked air tight, keeping the contents fresh. The jar is easily removed from the silver-plated holder into which it is set, permitting cleaning when necessary.

The holder is silver-plated and openwork design of most artistic appearance. The jar may be used for horseradish or any other relish. This jar stands 5½ inches high, and is 2½ inches in diameter. The silver-plated holder is 2½ inches high.



**4-Piece Sanitary Canister Set**

Given for **Five** Subscriptions

**No. 2110.** The purpose of the four containers pictured here is to keep food in sanitary condition. The tight-fitting covers prevent dust and vermin from spoiling or completely destroying the contents. While the covers fit snugly and go down well over the receptacle, the ring handles with which they are equipped, make it possible to remove covers readily.

The containers are made of heavy tin, with the inside plain, and the outside beautifully decorated in two colors, a light-greenish background, with the picture and lettering in black. The scene represented is typical of Holland, and shows a Dutch boy and Dutch girl at the water-side.

These beautifully decorated canisters will add charm to any kitchen- or pantry-shelf, and where used will save money which would otherwise be wasted, if food were left in open dishes or paper bags.

Once you have had a set of these you will never want to be without them.

The inside measurements of the different containers are as follows:

The flour-container measures 7½ inches in diameter and is 7½ inches deep. The one for sugar measures 6½ inches in diameter and is also 6½ inches deep. The one for coffee measures 6 inches deep and 5½ inches in diameter. The one for tea measures 4 inches in diameter and is 5½ inches deep.



**Glass Butter-Tub  
With Silver-Plated Cover**

Given for **Five** Subscriptions

**No. 2112.** This dainty, practical article will lend charm to any dining-table. A floral design is cut all way around the glass tub, a portion of which is shown in our illustration. The highly polished silver top fits tightly around the handles, preventing it from sliding off. Butter can be kept fresher and sweeter with the aid of this sort of dish.

Because of its simple and practical construction it can be cleaned very easily. An article of this kind lends itself admirably for presentation purposes.

This butter-tub is 4 inches in diameter and 1 inch in depth, inside measurement.



**Auto-Filler Fountain-Pen**

Given for **Three** Subscriptions

**No. 2069.** Here is a first-class fountain-pen that we can offer on surprisingly easy terms, considering the quality of the pen and the price usually asked for good fountain-pens. This is a new-fashioned self-filler. No ink-dropper to bother with. Black rubber barrel and cap, just like the higher-priced pens. Easy-writing 14K gold pen. We feel that we are exceptionally fortunate in getting so fine a pen to be offered on such easy terms. Don't miss this.

## OUR OFFER

Select the reward you would most like to have and send us the required number of subscriptions to The American Woman at **50 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you the reward of your choice, prepaid.

**THE AMERICAN WOMAN**  
Augusta, Maine



**Metal  
Bread and Cake Cabinet**

Given for **Sixteen** Subscriptions

**No. 2109.** This beautifully and scientifically constructed receptacle is made of galvanized steel and the exterior is finished in aluminum and gold. It is designed in accordance with certain principles of ventilation which enables it to preserve intact the perfect freshness of its contents and absolutely preventing the soggy and ultimate moldy condition produced by the old-fashioned bread box or compartment in the kitchen or pantry.

It is built absolutely dust-proof, germ-proof, and vermin-proof, and is readily taken apart for cleaning and sterilizing. It contains two removable metal shelves which form three spaces inside of the cabinet.

The cabinet is 20 inches high, 13½ inches wide, and 11 inches deep. It is shipped knocked-down and can be set up easily within four or five minutes. With ordinary care this cabinet should last a lifetime, and be the means of saving considerable money for the prudent housewife.



**Golden-Moire Pocketbook**

Given for **Two** Subscriptions

**No. 2087.** This is a delightful new novelty in ladies' pocketbook or card-case. This dainty little case, 4 inches long and 2½ inches wide is made of Moire which has been treated to a dazzling gold color. The effect is truly marvelous. Contains two pockets and has a secure clasp. This is a novelty that will make your friends envious.



November

**Gold  
Filled**



December

**Birthstone Rings**

One Ring Given for **Two** Subscriptions

**No. 1464.** There is a gem or jewel for each month of the year, and it is considered lucky to wear the stone of the month in which you were born. The quality of these rings is guaranteed 12 karat gold-filled.

The following is a list of the twelve rings, name of each stone, and the month to which it applies.

January—The Garnet, Symbol of Power  
February—Amethyst, Symbol of Love  
March—Bloodstone, Symbol of Courage  
April—Diamond, Symbol of Purity  
May—Emerald, Symbol of Immortality  
June—Agate, Symbol of Health & Long Life  
July—Ruby, Symbol of Charity  
August—The Sardonyx, Symbol of Happiness  
September—Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy  
October—Opal, Symbol of Hope  
November—Topaz, Symbol of Friendship  
December—Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity

**How to determine your ring-size.** Cut a strip of paper so that the ends will exactly meet, when drawn tightly around the second joint of the finger. Lay one end on the diagram at O and order the size the other end indicates. Use the Ring-Gauge. The ring will then be sure to fit.

RING SIZES

O



## Healthy Children -What a Blessing!

**M**ODERN CHILDREN are certainly healthier than those of a generation ago. Mother, who cares so well for *her* kiddies, need only recall her own girlhood to note the difference. Better foods, sensible diet, sanitary appliances and preventive medicine have all helped to cut the infant mortality rate from 30.4 per cent of all deaths in 1900 to 20.8 per cent in 1918.

*U. S. Census Bureau  
Reports Amazing Gain*

**T**HE following is quoted from the Nineteenth Annual Report, Mortality Statistics, of the United States Census Bureau:

"In 1900 the deaths under 1 year of age formed 20.7 per cent and those under 5 years 30.4 per cent of the total deaths at all ages, but for 1918 the corresponding percentages are 13.2 and 20.8. The big decreases in these percentages are undoubtedly due, in large part, to the better care which children now receive."

Gone is the day of black, bitter medicines. Mother would rather not dose the children's stomachs at all, but how to avoid this in treating cold troubles has been a problem.

Vick's VapoRub is the solution. This invention of a North Carolina Druggist, a salve applied externally, penetrates and vaporizes. Released by the body heat, the healing fumes of Menthol, Camphor, Eucalyptus, Turpentine, Thyme, Nutmeg,

and Juniper are inhaled right into the affected air passages with every breath for hours after use. For children, Vicks can be used freely without harmful effect. It has a hundred uses in the home, not only for inflammations and colds in the nose, throat and chest, but for skin diseases, cuts, bruises, burns and stings—"a very present help in time of trouble." Write to Vick Chemical Co., Box 9191, Greensboro, N. C. A generous trial tin will be sent you.



*For All Cold Troubles*

# VICKS VAPORUB

*Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly*