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The

MAY 1922

# AMERICAN WOMAN

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# Bulbs To Plant Now for Bloom This Summer

Some Little Known Flowers That You Should Try;  
And Some New Varieties of Well-Known Things

By F. F. ROCKWELL

**F**OR quick and sure results there are no flowers that equal the class usually described in the catalogues as "summer-flowering bulbs."

Some of these flowers, at least in their older varieties, are known to everybody. Others, equally desirable, and having the added charm of being something that you will not find in all your neighbors' gardens, are very seldom seen. While I have never been an advocate of the "new just for newness' sake," I believe that most of the readers of this magazine will agree with me that there is a certain pleasure in having flowers which your friends have not obtained. This is not a selfish enjoyment, for one of the greatest pleasures you will have from it is to "divide up" with them later on.

It is just for that reason that in this article I am going to turn things right around, and to talk about the bulbs which are less known first; and about those which everybody knows such as gladioli, cannas, and dahlias, last.

Before we get into the question of varieties, however, I want to say just a few words about the advantages of summer bulbs as a class. They are, for the most part, more easily grown than any other kind of flowers; and success with them is much more certain than it is with seeds. Bulbs will start growing under conditions where seeds would be an absolute failure.

Almost all of the bulbous flowers are practically free from insect-pests—more so, it has been my experience, than any other class of plants. And there seem to be very few diseases attacking them that are likely to interfere with their flowering. Then, of course, there is no thinning out or transplanting or anything of that kind to do with bulbs, and most of them can be grown along a fence, or near a building, or in other places where it would be next to impossible to get the ground in condition for the sowing of seeds.

Another thing about most of the bulbs is their long period of flowering. This does not hold true of the gladioli and one or two of the others; but most of the bulbous plants continue to flower from the time they start until frost.

Of the bulbs not usually grown, one of the very best is the tuberous begonia. These are, as the name indicates, members of the begonia family; but you really get the benefit of a year's growth stored up in the bulb, which is ready to produce a wonderful showing in a short space of time. They are especially valuable, as they thrive in a semishady position. The individual flowers, which come in both single and double form, attain a size of from four to six inches in diameter, and range in color from pure white to vivid scarlet, the intermediate shades being soft and delicate. There are also bright, cheery yellows. If you will try a few tuberous begonias this summer in your porch-boxes, or in a well prepared bed near the porch, even where it may be so shady that most flowers would not thrive, I am sure that you will never want to be without them again. The bulbs can be taken up in the fall and easily stored over winter to plant again the following spring.

Then there are the caladiums. While these are "warm-weather" plants, they are easily grown and make such a rapid growth that it is possible for anyone to utilize them. Their chief requirements are some well-rotted cow-manure and plenty of water. There are two distinct types—the "fancy-leaved" and the "elephant's-ear." Both are grown for their foliage only. The leaves of the former are absolutely unsurpassed in their gorgeous but beautifully blended coloring.

They are fine for window-boxes, porch-boxes, or planting in a semishaded position where they will be protected from strong winds.

The "elephant's ear" (*Caladium esculentum*) is one of the most strikingly effective of all summer foliage-plants, bearing enormous green leaves, three to four feet long, and attaining a height of six to ten feet. It is a rank feeder and can hardly be given too much manure and water. Dish-water, if free from grease, will help it to attain its maximum growth.

The big, dense growth of leaves is particularly good to screen any unsightly object, such as a drain, outbuildings, etc.

The little "fairy lilies" (*zephyranthes*) are entirely different from any of the above. They are called zephyr-flowers because of the way the little lilylike blooms, which are produced in profusion during the summer, move and toss at the slightest breeze. A mixture of the red and white varieties makes a most pleasing combination. They are very beautiful, however they are used, but particularly so in a row or border in front of other things. They do well also, when grown in pots or in small tubs.

The tuber rose, which used to be so popular, should be planted much more than it is planted now, particularly the ever-blooming Mexican variety, which has single, pure-white flowers produced from July until frost. Like the older "double pearl" tuber rose, its flowers are delightfully fragrant.

Another comparatively rare, but very easily grown, summer flowering bulb is the "Peruvian daffodil" (*Ismene calathina*). This has very large lilylike flowers of pure white, and with a most attractive fragrance. The flowers are produced freely throughout the season. After the first frosts in the fall, the bulbs should be taken up, like the tuberous begonias, dried off, and stored in a warm, dry place. They can be kept over

for planting out the following season, in late May or early June; or, if preferred, they may be placed in pots or in a window-box to flower indoors during the winter, for which purpose they are particularly fine.

To-day, of course, everybody knows the gladioli. They are to be seen everywhere. It is not so many years ago, however, when only a few people were acquainted with this beautiful flower, and the varieties then in existence were very few. There is another flower quite similar to the gladiolus, which, while comparatively little known at present, should be in every garden. I refer to the Montbretias. While quite similar to the gladiolus in habit of growth, the tall spikes of flowers are much more graceful, and the bulbs are much hardier, remaining out over winter, with protection, in the latitude of Philadelphia. The open, star-shaped flowers borne on long spikes are of particularly bright, gay colors, including glowing scarlet, rich orange yellow, pure gold, and various combinations and variations of these shades. They are of the very simplest culture, requiring only to be set out in fairly good soil, in April or May.



Montbretias are so beautiful, so easily grown, and so inexpensive that they ought to be in every garden



"America," not new but still one of the most beautiful of all gladioli

the very small place where there is not much room for flower-gardens. The clusters of bright-blue lilylike flowers are borne on stems some three feet long, and remain in condition an exceptionally long time. They are usually grown in large pots, or in tubs, and can be placed on the veranda, at the side of porch-steps, or in some other suitable position.

Quite different from any of the preceding is the "Cape hyacinth" (*Hyacinthus can-dicans*). This attains a height of three to five feet, the tall flower-spikes being covered with small, gracefully drooping bell-shaped flowers of pure white. Each bulb will make a grand display, and they cost but fifteen cents or so apiece.

The seven or eight flowers which I have briefly described above are recommended, not to take the place of the more commonly known gladioli, cannas, and dahlias, but to be used in addition to them. Even though you may not be able to try them all, you can at least use two or three of them, selecting those which will be best suited for your own conditions, or the kind of a place you may have to plant them in.

Now as to the dahlias.

Anyone who has attended any of the recent dahlia-shows in New York knows that it is hopeless—unless you happen to be a millionaire—to attempt to keep up with all the new varieties. There seems to be absolutely no limit to the variety of form and color which this wonderful flower is capable of attaining.

What any dahlia-lover can do, however, is to have a few of the different types of this flower; and to add at least three or four new varieties to her collection each year. The older dahlias, which were mostly of what are known as the "decorative" and "show" types, many people did not care for because of their stiff, almost artificial appearance.

The decorative dahlias are much less formal in appearance, resembling in shape the flower of a peony.

The cactus type have long, narrow or quilled petals, and are about as different from the old show dahlias as anything that could well be imagined. The newer type, known as the hybrid cactus, is perhaps the most beautiful of all.

What was said concerning the new varieties of dahlias, applies almost equally to gladioli.

The different types of gladiolus include the new ruffled sorts such as Kunderd's Glory. Then there is the primulinus type, which is entirely different from the ordinary sorts, being of much more slender growth, with their flowers set airily on thin, wiry stems. Their range of coloring, particularly in apricot, yellow, lemon, orange, and vermilion shades, is unmatched by any other flower. The Ford-hook hybrids are another beautiful type and are the earliest flowering. With these it is possible to have some flowers from seed, the first season.

In cannas, too, the developments in recent years have been quite wonderful. The new varieties bear enormous flowers, from four to six inches in diameter. The cannas are among the most easily grown of all bulbs, but like plenty of well-decayed manure and plenty of water. Among the best of the many splendid new sorts are the President, the greatest red of all; City of Portland, bright rose-pink; King Humbert, orange scarlet; Wyoming, orange-colored with bronze foliage; Nokomis, crimson-carmine; Eureka, pure-white.

As the bulbs are quite inexpensive, and may be made to last indefinitely, do not fail to plant a few of them in your garden this spring.

Gloxinias are usually grown as greenhouse or conservatory plants, and are always greatly admired. Very few people seem to realize that their beauty can be enjoyed by anyone during the long summer months, as they will thrive in porch boxes or in a bed near the porch in a partly shady position. The gloxinia is one of the most profuse blooming of all flowers. The bulbs may be carried over from year to year, and can easily be made one of the "features" of one's summer flowers.

The "blue lily of the Nile" (*Agapanthus*), is one of the most effective of all flowers, and is particularly good for



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## Chats with Our Readers

### Leave Life to God

By R. Gladys Wright

*Leave life to God!  
Nor seek to plan its ways;  
Full work enough for thee to watch its days.  
Each day will call for all thy power and skill,  
And hope and faith and trust, and all thy will,  
To make it what a day was meant to be;  
Leave life, itself, to God!*

*Leave life to God!  
And all its future cares;  
Greet thou its mornings with the smile that dares  
To carry courage to the coming hours;  
And freely share with others its own powers,  
And close its evenings with a heart of praise,  
And then—leave life to God!*

*Life left to God  
Will bring a greater yield  
Of golden harvest and of ripened field,  
Than all the weary plannings of thy soul  
Can force to be, or strength of will control;  
Oh, trust a Power that must bring good from all,  
And leave thy life to God!*

some little treat that you know, and she knows you know means much to her, anything into which your tenderest thought shall go and has gone. If you are away from her, be very sure your remembrance is not belated; that it reaches her on that day of which, within a few years, there has come to be an almost world-wide observance. And if she has journeyed from you to the home invisible, to that wonderful place of many mansions, make her dear heart rejoice by gladdening the day for some other mother who, but for your kindly thought, might miss the cheer that should be hers.

RIGHT here seems just the time and the place for a little talk we have had long in mind—ever since the day in August, last year, when we waited in a country railway-station for a friend who was to meet us there. There were three other people, waiting, too, we guessed—one a very young woman who talked and laughed a great deal, a woman of middle years who talked not so much and laughed less, and a third woman who neither talked nor laughed. Her white hair was smoothly banded beneath her simple bonnet, and her eyes, steadily gazing from the station-window, were wistful. But once she smiled, when the very young woman addressed to her a remark which required no answer. They were grandmother, mother and daughter, these three; that fact was quite evident. And the eldest woman's loneliness enveloped her like a garment; not once was an effort made to draw her into the conversation. The very young woman chattered on, brook-fashion, consulting her vanity-case on occasion, the middle-aged woman flirted the leaves of a late magazine and watched the arrivals at the station impatiently until her own conveyance appeared. And then the three went out together, leaving one heart that ached with the keen desire to say something or do something that might lift the shadow of intense loneliness from the heart of another. It might be so easily done. We could imagine how the wistful eyes would light up and the serious face brighten with smiling interest by dint of a little attention. Suppose the very young woman had said: "What a quiet little place this is—don't you think so, grandmamma?" or, "I'm sure we are going to have a lovely time; and I want you to teach me that stitch in knitting for my new sweater while we're here, Gram, dear!" And suppose the middle-aged woman had asked "Wouldn't you like to look this magazine over while we're waiting, mother? There is a special article in it which I'm sure will interest you." The pall which told of utter loneliness would have vanished like mist before the morning sunrays. Be very sure of this—and bear it in mind a bit on Mother's Day—please.

SPEAKING of peace propaganda, we heard a woman say not long ago that she had "clipped and saved all the war-news from the daily papers during the world-war, and meant to scrap them in order of dates so that her boys might have them to read, and would know just how we felt about it while it was all going on." And the friend to whom she told this intention smiled gravely as she slowly shook her head. "I wouldn't do that, dear," she said. "I know those clippings have cost you a good deal of time and trouble, but I would do them up in a bundle and put them in the furnace before giving them to my boys to read—truly, I would. They tell a terrible story of a dreadful mistake. We—you and I, and all who lived that time of torture—can never forget it; but we can refrain from building it into the minds of our children. If we are to have world-peace, with all its blessings, we must teach the righteousness and glory of it to our boys, who will be the men of the next generation. The lesson must be so thoroughly instilled into their growing minds that it will never be forgotten."

HOW many of us—rather, how few—realize what it would mean were we to "leave life to God"? Let us think it over a little; let us strive to gain a glimpse of life as it might be were we to do our best from hour to hour, from day to day, and leave results entirely to that wondrous Power which lives and loves us all—whose children we are. Truly, we need not so painfully and with such troubled forethought choose our ways. We need not make plans and build schemes which often prove so futile, and, if not, which rarely bring us the happiness or even satisfaction we hoped. There is an inward monitor, a guide which never leads astray, "and by lowly listening we get the right word." This is beautifully true, as many have proved and are proving day by day. We have only to listen; and the more we do listen and attend, sincerely, trustingly, the clearer will be the message, the surer we shall be that it is the right one for us. To do the very best thing for ourselves and for others—that is what we all most earnestly desire; surely it is. When we fail it is because we do not know, because we have followed faulty human plans and ideas which run counter to the great Plan which is for the highest good of all. It is not hard to believe this, is it? And it is not hard to believe that when we shall learn to work with that Plan instead of against it, life as we know it here will lose its frets and worries, and grow rich and full and free. Let us seek to listen for the still, small voice of inspiration and wisdom. Let us leave life to God.

THE second Sunday in May is "Mother's Day," always. Keep the date loyally and lovingly in mind, and be sure to observe it by the wearing of a white carnation, the pure, fragrant, lasting flower which has been chosen as a symbol of the mother-love which the day commemorates. This is to let the world know that you remember; let mother know by making her happy in every way you can. Of course you try, always, to make her happy; we are glad to be very sure of that. But on this special day of hers do something a little unusual—or more than usual—that shall tell her how much you think of her, what a large place she holds in your heart. It need not be a big thing—a nosegay of her favorite flowers, a book she has expressed a wish for,

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# CHOOSING OUR WEIGHT

By NANETTE HANCOCK

WHEN we start in to remodel ourselves closer to our heart's desire, we find at once that some things are impossible. For instance, if our nose turns pertly up at the tip, there is no use in setting our hearts on a classic profile. Better to accept our "type" and not only dress our hair and fit our actions accordingly, but choose our costumes with the fact in mind that we are not majestic, but on the contrary should be vivacious and audacious. While if we are tall, with well defined features, and a nose perhaps a trifle longer than we would desire, there is no use in undertaking the part of an ingenue. It would be better to adopt staidness or quiet grace as our goal, and aim at that.

But there is one thing we can choose for ourselves, hard as some people find it to believe. We can regulate our weight almost perfectly. We can choose to be fat or thin, and indeed if we are very much in earnest in our desires, can almost fix the exact number of pounds we want to weigh—and then weigh it.

This sounds almost too good to be true, but all we need to do is to regard ourselves as we might a nice, thin, clean little pig that must be fattened for market, or a racehorse that has grown a little too heavy for his profession and must be brought down to racing weight. This problem does not phase either farmers or horse-breeders. They undertake the fattening of an animal in a nonchalant way which should give cheer and courage to the young woman who is willing to regard herself as a superior kind of animal subject to the same laws. Does anybody sit around and wring their hands over the lean figure of a pig that is to be sold at market? Or does it ever occur to anybody that there is any doubt about the fattening process? Not at all. And there is no more doubt about the results of adding pounds to our own figures. All we need to do is to undertake it as a definite task and keep at it.

If, then, we want to weigh ten or twelve or fifteen or even thirty pounds more than we do at present, what shall we do?

First, we should consider the causes which are apt to cause the thin figure we are seeking to avoid. Here are the most important ones: First, lack of fattening foods; second, enough food but unassimilated; third, overwork, fourth, worry; fifth, "nerves"; sixth, lack of repose in manner.

Now, I am tempted to enumerate that list all over again, putting first "lack of repose of manner," for many of us wear off the flesh we have and keep any addition at bay by this very fault. We choose a rocker instead of a chair in which we can sit quietly, and we rock, and rock, and rock, as we talk or crochet or sew—or "just set." We drum with our fingers, we twist one foot around the other, we play with the beads around our neck, we plait up the ends of the ribbon belt about our waist; in fact, we at all times and constantly use up energy in unnecessary ways. What we all need to learn is to be quiet.

When we sit down, we should do so without fidgeting; we should be able to sit quite without motion, entirely relaxed, graciously inactive. When we talk it should not be at breakneck speed, with emphasis, with motions of eyebrows and hands and shoulders; why not talk leisurely, calmly and save the energy we are throwing away in the other mode of speech?

When we lie down, it should not be with every muscle tense; but we should seek to attain the degree of relaxation which James Whitcomb Riley compares to "molasses dripping over the edges of the bed." In other words every muscle and nerve should be "let loose," and we should consciously make ourselves heavy with relaxation as we



By giving up all solid food, living entirely upon milk, flesh can be gained at the rate of three or four pounds a week

lie. Cultivate this habit of relaxing, of calm, of poise; it is one long step on the way to increase of weight.

Food, of course, is the building-material to which you must look for added pounds, but unless it is thoroughly digested you will get no good from what you eat. So do not swallow your luncheon quickly, jump up and dart off on this or that project. Eat slowly, chew thoroughly, be as leisurely as possible for as long a period as you can after lunch. And do not make the mistake of thinking that the more food you eat, the more you will gain. This is true where the stomach is healthy and digests it; but if you are troubled with indigestion, the more food you eat the farther away you will be from your goal, for your stomach will revolt and instead of extracting more nourishment from the extra food you are giving it, will extract less than it has been doing.

So, first, choose your food carefully, then chew it until it is liquid before you swallow

it, then watch your digestive organs, and see whether they accept graciously the task you have given them. At the first sign of disturbance, lessen or change your food.

It is a perfectly simple thing to gain, for there are foods whose sole function is to add fat to the body, others whose purpose is to provide energy; others again which merely add mineral salts, water, and the minor elements which make a healthy body. This latter group are important because they stimulate digestion and assimilation.

So let us see what we should eat to gain. Potatoes, rice, macaroni, white bread, butter, milk, cream, cereals, sugar (but not to excess), a little fat meat, gravies, etc. If your stomach is out of order, you should avoid the fat meats, gravies, sweet things, and choose things easily digestible. A breakfast consisting of some fruit, always; a great bowl of cooked cereal with cream, if possible, or if not with rich milk, is a perfectly good breakfast, when you add some crisp buttered toast, and chew every mouthful thoroughly. A glass of milk with this is more food-value added. Cut out your coffee and your tea for the time being, and drink and eat only the things which help to add flesh.

Strange as it may seem, water is one of the things which will help you along your chosen road; the reason for this is that it cleanses the internal organs, stimulates elimination, thus preventing impurities from remaining in the body, also stimulates perspiration and helps to keep your pores open, a very important thing to both health and beauty.

For dinner you could have soup, not too greasy, well cooked meats (except pork and veal, which are hard to digest and will not give you the same nourishment), plenty of bread and butter (but not hot breads), potatoes or rice, some green vegetables, and for dessert custard, or blanc-mange, or fresh fruit, or cornmeal pudding, or rice pudding, or any whipped-cream dessert, floating island, any gelatine desserts, baked apples, etc. Your meat should not be too well done, for you have lost part of its nourishing qualities in that case, so have it slightly rare; and you must never eat fried foods. The reason for this is that, being coated with fat, it is difficult for your stomach to digest them, and it works itself into exhaustion trying to

do so. Hot breads ferment in the stomach. Stick to simple nourishing foods for a time, cutting out rich pastries, cakes, candies, etc. Before you go to bed you may eat a dish of rice with cream and sugar, as an extra fattener. For your third meal, do not eat meat or eggs, but stick to vegetables and fruit. For instance, creamed potatoes and spinach, bread and butter, and a dish of berries or of custard. A bowl of soup or a glass of milk will add to the value of this luncheon.

Keep your pores open and your body healthy by a daily body bath, sleep with fresh air in your room, get outdoor exercise every day even if it is only a walk, practise breathing deeply, and always take a complete rest once a day if you can manage to squeeze it in. If it is only fifteen minutes, it will be of value. Slip off any tight clothing, don a kimono or other loose garment and lie down, in complete relaxation. Do not take this resting-time to think of all your worries or to plan things which must be done. Think of perfectly unimportant but restful things. Imagine yourself lying on a soft, fleecy cloud, sinking in and in and in, and just drifting. If you go to sleep, so much the better, but even if you do not, the rest will do you good.

Drink quantities of water, but not while eating. Eight or ten glasses a day are essential. Water inside and out, you see!

If you will follow this diet list, conserve your strength, chew your food, keep the body perfectly clean daily, you will begin to gain at once. If you are willing to give up all solid food and live entirely upon milk, you can gain flesh by that diet at the rate of from one to three or four pounds a week. But with the milk diet, you must not eat other food. In six weeks, you should gain twelve to fifteen pounds on a milk regimen. So, if you are in a hurry, try that road to more avoirdupois. But, in any case, remember that you can certainly gain to whatever weight you desire, if you are willing to work intelligently toward that end. And I know this is so, for I have helped people to gain all the way from ten pounds to forty pounds. So that's that!

*Editorial Note.*—Miss Hancock will be glad to mail detailed directions for the milk diet to any who wish to undertake it, if a stamped addressed envelope accompanies the request. Owing to the immense volume of her correspondence it is impossible for her to answer individual letters, but all requests for specific information along beauty lines will be noted, and future articles will take up the subjects in which the most general interest is expressed.



Slip off tight clothing, don a kimono or other loose garment and lie down in complete relaxation

MRS. W. C. asks directions for a man's crocheted necktie, in double crochet or shell-stitch. She can make such a tie in any stitch desired by first cutting a pattern of the tie wanted, and following it. As a rule, one end of the tie is begun with a chain of about twenty-five stitches, and worked back and forth for fourteen inches, then decreased each side until twelve stitches, or about half the width, remain, on these work the neckband, then widen a stitch each side as you decreased, until you have again the original width, work the end for twelve inches, and fasten off. The overshot-stitch is very neat for such ties. Starting as suggested, make two rows of twenty - four doubles each, chaining one at beginning of each row; in next row make a double in each of three doubles, taking both veins of the stitch, then a treble in fourth double of first row, over second row, and repeat across; again work the rows of doubles, then the overshot row, beginning with one double in double, then the treble, three doubles, and continue, so that an overshot-stitch comes between the overshot-stitches of the preceding row. The next overshot row is like the first, and so on.—Mary L. Davidson, New York.



# THE AMERICAN WOMAN

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## THE WISDOM OF BABES

By ELIZABETH IRONS FOLSOM

MATRIMONY had struck Husky square between the eyes when he was not looking. So he considered, through a murky understanding that was coming to him. He hardly knew the girl who was making coffee on the rusty oil-stove; he had seen her a half dozen times but, as he lurched up and sat on the edge of the cot, he remembered vividly that he had married her at the height of the gayest of old private revels at Hurley's.

He looked at her askance. If she knew he was stirring, she did not show it; her slim, straight back was toward him and remained so.

His glance wavered about the room; he remembered surely that he had married Ollie—darned if he knew her other name—days ago. Beside him, on a rickety stool, was a pile of unopened newspapers—five—seven of them. By that number he knew it was seven days since he had driven into Hurley's for a time with the boys—sure to be seven days, for, if there was one thing he always did, it was to open those daily papers—the impersonal link that bound him to what he used to be. If there was one bill sure to be paid—beside the one at Hurley's it was the paper bill. Seven unopened rolls; it was a week for sure.

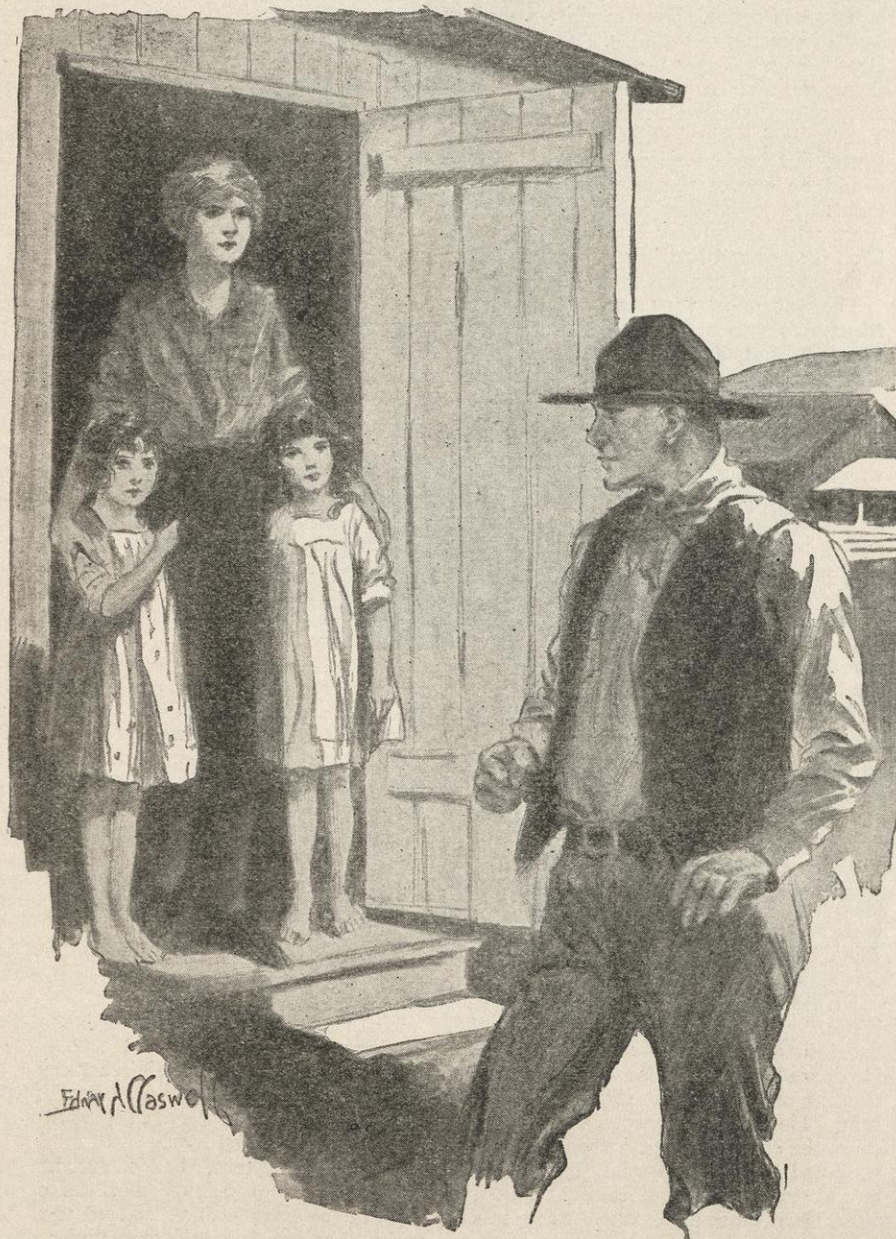
He did not know what to say to that straight back by the stove, so he said nothing, and slouched through the open door to the bench outside. He filled the basin there with water from the bucket and dashed it over his head and neck. The air was tart; it swept down the canyon, following the curving road straight to the bench and blew across his wet head. It was sharp and keen, despite the glitter of the yellow sun that overlay everything. He stood erect in the wind and breathed it hard; that he felt pretty rocky was not unusual but that other feeling, of a new and sharp complication to be faced—he did not know quite what to do with that.

He strolled off to the end of the porch and looked up at the foothills into which the house was backed; yellow and gray and rock-filled; cactus that spired high; the brittleness of the dry season nearing its end. Not a living thing in sight that anyone could want—the goats had browsed it clean before he had let them go; where the fruit-trees had been, it was a little more bare than elsewhere; the sandy dust whirled in the wind—his buggy stood tiltingly by the stable, the shafts prodding the ground—seven days—not much chance for the horse, unless it was roaming the mesa and taking care of itself. He spoke an oath aloud and "Fool!" he said.

The girl by the stove was flipping bacon when he went in; it did not smell so bad. He edged up to the table and sat down. He still could not think of anything to say, and rubbed his face hard with one not too firm hand.

"By George! I need a shave," he hazarded.

The character of the speech did not strike him as befitting a first normal honeymoon breakfast, but it was in compliment to the



"So I'm saddled with a family of three to support," he said roughly.

strange bride that he kept his expletive down to the innocuous "By George!"

She turned then and came to the table.

"This bacon ain't so very good," she observed, also hazardingly. "It cooks all up to a crisp; there ain't no body to it."

He helped himself and glanced slantingly across at her; a red dress, low in the neck—familiar as having been opposite him at another table—he had not been after her other "things"—that was what women called their garments. He looked at her again; her shining black hair was brushed straight back and then down over where her ears probably were; her eyes—he remembered her eyes, too, big and dark—nervous—

yes, nervous; the pink of her cheeks was running around curiously, paling and coming again. His recollection of it was that it had been permanent and fixed.

"You'll have to get some groceries, if you are going to town," she said, with her eyes down. "I've made a list."

He laughed shortly.

"How'll I get there? The horse must be on the blink—no food for a week."

"I've fed him."

"Watered him?"

"Yes."

"I don't suppose there was much for you to eat."

"Plenty."

He looked across at her again; it really was embarrassing because he did not know her. But neither did she know him, and she had rather bucked up to the situation apparently; the room did not look as it had on other times when he had taken a few days for—oblivion—there were no bottles on table or floor; no hodgepodge of traps; someone had done a heap of straightening up. Her red cloak hung on the opposite wall; her black hat topped it—they hung firmly and decisively as if they meant to stay. What a situation! His eyes sought the pile of unopened newspapers, the only natural things in sight and they touched him with a stray filament of courtesy.

"I've been—rather worse—than usual" She did not reply. "If it's any comfort to you—I never was as bad as this." Still no reply. "And—it don't happen often."

"I hope it will never happen."

He was angry at once—that strange girl. "Never mind a temperance-lecture," he said, curtly.

"No; I don't suppose it's any use."

"Not from you."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You were in the crowd, weren't you?"

"Yes. I was in the crowd."

There was something in her voice that cooled him off. He need not, of course, waste sentiment upon her; but, whatever else he may have done, he had not been rough with women; that was why he had fallen quick victim to the madness of the old crowd a week ago. But the girl could not have married him if he had objected—therefore, let him take his medicine and, in God's name, let him not forget that, in the beginning, he was built right, no matter how shattery the structure had become.

So he knew he should not be ugly and he essayed a laugh that might not have a sneer in it.

"Well, let's not row. What do you want from town?"

She handed him a piece of paper. The needs were written there in a schoolgirl hand; round, carefully cupped letters as if the teacher were to inspect them.

He read it over.

"No luxuries here."

"I didn't know how much money you had."

"This must be about the first of the month, isn't it?"

"Yesterday."

"Then there will be a check at the bank. You can add more things if you like."

"You can add them."

"Do you want me to get your—clothes?"

"I guess so."

"Are they packed or anything?"

"No. But there ain't much."

He pushed back his chair. It was a steady parry of slack speech, and wary glance; each was afraid of the other. From behind, he surveyed her; she had dropped her chin into her hands and was staring out of the door down the road that vanished in the dusty mist that clouded the far-off mountains—made of them just hints, so that one could be hardly sure they were there at all. It was



quite still—a faint rattle of scurrying leaves along the ground.

"You are not afraid to be left alone?"

"Afraid? Alone? No."

There was distinct insult in the way she said it. It was as if she had said, "I am more afraid when you are here." It was unfriendly and gave him license to say, holding on to his temper that it might not dominate:

"Nice mixup we are in." No reply. The temper was surging. "Who was it suggested marriage?"

"It was Tice."

"Tice!" It was as if he had spit out the word. She shrugged her shoulders. "Tice," he repeated. "He didn't by any chance, want to unload you on me?"

She got up from the table and turned to face him. Even before she spoke, it occurred to him that she was showing more dignity than he.

"Now look here, Husky. None of that. I'm straight. Don't forget it again."

She spoke calmly enough, but red had mounted clear to her eyes and the things they said to him were not mild nor pleasant. Her chin was firm; she was unlike the girl who had sat next to him in the murk of Hurley's back room.

His hat was hanging on a nail, decorously unusual. He took it down and went out to the stable.

What he wanted was to get away and have a think-out all by himself. The horse looked at him placidly, leaning against the side of the stall as he always leaned against the nearest thing. Husky put him in the shafts and drove off down the road without further speech.

On the highroad he settled himself for the eight-mile drive to town.

Well, he had done it now! The one, last, remaining thing, he had achieved. Holy Smoke! What had he done with his life anyhow? But not all his own fault; he'd been handicapped. They had called him "Husky" on his first day in the west; called him Husky because he was not husky; because he was too tall, thin, stooped in the shoulders and hollow in the chest; too sallow as to skin, too economical as to flesh. "Husky." He had liked it. It was easy to speak and saved wear and tear on the name he had not protected. And weren't they glad, back east, to have him called something else! Weren't they glad that, but once a month at his check time, that he was linked with them by a good, conservative, respectable name! They sent the checks eagerly enough; if he wanted more, he had only to ask; they would put up with almost anything, to forget him. His mother wouldn't. But she had died away back, when there was still a chance for him. He knew how they were feeling about him back there; smugly rich, putting his monthly check down to "sundries"—not minding it; not caring for anything at all about him, except the horror that his return would mean.

Well—he hunched down in the buggy— he certainly did feel like a dog; hands shaky, stomach bad—what a fool a man was.

He sighed restlessly; and he had tried— But they had sent him west when she died, to be rid of him. He rather liked the ranch they had bought for him. To be sure, he didn't want to be bothered with goats, nor bothered with lemon-trees, nor bothered with anything at all, but he had thanked God freely that the ranch was off the tourist trail and about as near nowhere as it could be. He'd picked up the usual crowd at once—they were everywhere—such crowds—the cleanness of mountain, sea and shining sky did not touch them. And he gravitated to them always; pretty cheap goods he was and so were they. Good air—good sky—good world—just man was rotten.

He took off his hat and put it on the seat beside him. His head ached. After all, life had given him a pretty raw deal. He had tried often; not to live up to the smugness of the family—but to live up to a speck of something inside him that got in the way of quite enjoying himself. And just lately, he had tried again—offered himself at the

first call of the war; sneaked it a bit, that it might not be known, but gone over to the recruiting-office and offered himself. They wouldn't have him—not as a gift. They wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole. They wanted round chests and square shoulders; they wanted firm legs and no cough—they wanted everything that he was not. They made short work of him and his pictures of training-camps, discipline and wholesome boys. No, not for him. They would not stand for him. They were right; they were not running a cure for shattered dipsomaniacs; they wanted real men.

And now he had married Ollie Somebody. How they would laugh at him—all that rotten bunch who were his friends. Never mind; when he got to town, he'd sit straight and look them in the eye; he'd stand pat; nobody should call him yellow on this deal anyhow.

He considered; he had been rather pleased to see Ollie in the crowd in the back room that night. He had talked to her a time or two, in Tice's restaurant where she worked; he had noticed her pretty hair and her firmly pink cheeks when she had handed him cups of coffee. She had quite a dashing way of passing out things. She took the glass tops from over the doughnuts with a swing and a smile. He had liked the little, nifty aprons she wore back of the counter. Yes, he had noticed Ollie as many as four times, but he had no reason to think she would be one of the smudgy crowd that night. It jolted him a bit, that she was there with that noisy bunch, but he had liked it later and had kissed her—why not? Why was she there, dolled up like that?

Then at once, they had set to guying them; called them "the lovers" and he had to go on and act the part—they couldn't bluff him. So he sat with his arm about her—then she had slapped him and how they had howled! It was late then, and Tice—yes, it was Tice, the man she worked for, who had said:

"Marry her! Marry her, Husky, if you're so stuck on her. Let's have a weddin'. Marry her!"

"I'm game!" he had shouted. "Can't scare me! I'm game! You game, Ollie?"

"You bet she is." He remembered it very well. "You bet she's game. He get's a monthly check, Ollie. Papa's rich in the east! Let's have a weddin'. What say?"

Then everybody had laughed more and had another round of the same.

He believed it was Tice who had gone out to get the 'Squire. The 'Squire had had a few himself, but that didn't hurt his license to tie the knot. Oh, it was legal, all right.

Then they had shouted some more and thrown rice and put them both in the buggy. Ollie had done the driving and he'd carried in an armful of bottles and staid with them. Then there was the first sane view—the newspapers on the stool.

He did not take any bottles when he went home that night; but it was because they had insisted he should and had guyed him. He drove home with a load of supplies, with Ollie's small bag, a clean shave and a cleared head. He was rather proud of himself, because the crowd had not had as good a time as it had expected. He had called them a bit, by the way he was taking it; tried to make them think he liked it. There was no reason why he should furnish them with entertainment—if he liked it, it would spoil their fun a lot.

He drove in and took his time about putting the horse away. Night was nearly down and there was a light coming through the windows.

He went in with his arms full of bundles. She had crossed a towel about her shoulders and breast and the red bodice was no longer reminiscent of the town.

"What have you done to the place?" he asked, immediately.

"Just cleaned it. It looks nice, doesn't it?"

"By George!" he said.

There were three rooms in the little house; he had kept doors closed because things fell out when he opened them. Doors stood

open—there was a distinct different smell—soap—windows were open too. The kitchen had reverted to a kitchen; his cot was in the front room. The small room beyond was cleared out; it was incredible that the house was so big.

"It looks pretty fine, Ollie," he said, kindly.

A wave of pink ran about her face and throat again.

"We might as well be comfortable," she said, looking away.

"Wouldn't you like a little more furniture—tables, or chairs, or—er—something? There doesn't seem to be much."

"I burned up a lot, it was so dirty."

"We'll get what you want."

They ate their supper silently. He had expected to tell her how he had dashed the crowd, but she did not ask, and somehow he hated to speak of them; they seemed aloof things in the little rooms with the new soapy smell. Nor did he speak of them the next day, nor the next. He was a little afraid of her reserve; so much more than there had seemed to be when she had handed doughnuts—that reserve blocked him; they talked little. He drove with her to Hollis on the other side of the mountain and bought a number of articles of domestic value.

"Can you spend so much money?" she asked.

"That's all right. I sha'n't spend much at Hurley's this month."

He watched her as he loafed about the place from day to day. He did not offer caresses—somehow, he could not, because of the memory of those blurred seven days. But, as he watched her, he wondered what it was that she was dreading. Him? She was thinner; she had lost the swing that he had liked; she sat the evenings out on the doorstep with her chin in her hands. Worrying about something? He frowned—was there someone she wanted? Tice? The big, black-eyed, pasty-faced man whose business was that of restaurants? He wondered. Not jealous, of course; there was no question of sentiment concerning Ollie.

A neighbor ranchman made a call to ask for help in some transplanting. Husky considered.

"I don't mind," he said. "I don't go to town so much."

"It'll do you good to move around," Ollie said when he told her; and it occurred to him that she must think him a lazy dog to sit in the sun day after day.

So he spent a number of days at work; going away in the morning and returning at night. He smiled grimly.

"My first work; I'm on the straight and narrow, all right."

One morning, as he was leaving, she said: "May I take the buggy and go to Hollis to-day?"

No reason why she should not go, but the secret in her eyes touched him—if it was a secret.

He thought about it during the day and on the long tramp home.

As he walked up to the kitchen-door, he stopped short. Sitting on the doorsill, were two small girls; four deeply brown eyes exactly alike, surveyed him.

"What the dickens!" he ejaculated. Two smiles met him quickly and the deeply brown eyes exactly alike, lowered their lids and flashed him coquetry from under them.

"What the dickens!" he repeated, smiling too, because they were humorously alike; small, perfect replicas.

"Well—whose little girls are you?" he said, stopping beside them and feeling frankly entertained.

"Muther's," said one.

"Muther's," said the other.

"And where is mother?"

Extremely small thumbs pointed backward.

"Oh, she's here," said one.

"Oh, she's here," said the other.

He laughed aloud. They were such echoes. Ollie had company, apparently.

But she came to the door and stood just back of the children. They clasped her around the ankles and pulled her forward;

she swayed on the threshold in their clasp. He met her eyes—nervous eyes, as he had often thought. This time, there was challenge in them too.

"Whose children?" he asked, in an undertone.

"Mine."

"Yours?"

"Mine."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. They are mine."

Silence. The left hand little girl whispered in the ear of the right-hand little girl, and both slanted coquetry again at him.

"You knew I had been married, didn't you?"

"What I knew about you, wouldn't take long to tell."

"He was a brute—a drunkard."

Because her eyes told him he was that too, he laughed.

"You've had hard luck, haven't you?" "Luck? Was it luck? It may have been luck the first time—but why do you suppose I married you?"

"Because I was drunk."

She flushed.

"Because I wanted a home for them."

"You had your nerve."

"What else would I have married you for—a man like you?"

"Planned it, had you?"

"No."

"How do I know that?"

"You don't. But what difference does it make?" He looked down at the children and they smiled at him again. She was speaking. "Of course, you wouldn't have married me but for that night—the way it came about. I was trying to have a good time—I wanted a good time—I hadn't had so much—he—was dead somewhere—I don't know where, and I was keeping the children in Hollis. But I did want them so. It seemed as if, if I could only get them, I'd be all right. They are such nice children. I wanted them. I was worrying about them and all of a sudden, I saw the way—when they were joking about marrying you. And then, after it was done, I was afraid. I didn't dare tell you. I worried and then I just said, 'I'm due something in this world. God knows I haven't had much, but I'm due something. I'm due my children.' So I just went and got them. I'll work hard. You know the house is better. And they are nice children, Husky."

"So I'm saddled with a family of three to support," he said, roughly.

"Oh! Well—yes—you are. I didn't know as you'd care, until they get a little bigger."

He turned on his heel and went back to the stable.

The bunch in town had, of course, known about the brats. That was why it was so very funny to them—the joke of dumping some other man's young ones on him for support. It was good. He wondered that they had been able to keep a joke like that—but it had permanent value and it would keep them going a long time. How had she dared! And then to tell him plainly that it was up to him to support them. Not that he cared so much about what it would cost; he hoped he wasn't a piker on money; but to be the goat—to furnish all the Hurley gang with food for mirth—

It was annoying to have two small persons come hand in hand down the uneven path from the house.

He heard Ollie's voice:

"Miggie!"

"But we wants to see him."

He shoved shut the lower half of the stable-door and remained within, busily cleaning a long-uncleaned stall. A row of fingertips had appeared on the top edge of the door and the upper parts of two foreheads kept them company. He cursed the horse roundly and the foreheads disappeared; the watchers had gone down on their heels apparently, for a couple of top curls remained to wave in the wind.

He swept them aside silently with the door when he went out, and in the act

Continued on page 23



# THE MADNESS OF SIMEON PARKER

By S. E. KISER

"YOU don't mean to tell me," said Mollie Richards, "that Sim Parker lives there all alone by himself!"

"Yes, 'n' what's more," replied her sister, "there ain't none of the neighbors has had a chance to say a word to him for fifteen years. It was your marryin' John Richards upset him. The day after you and John started for Westconsin he bought the Ballard place, and as soon as they could turn it over to him he went in and shet himself up like one of these hermits. Goodness knows how he gets along if he ever has to have a mustard-plaster put on his back. Folks were a good deal s'prised that a person who'd been workin' round by the month could of saved up enough to buy such a farm, but he had the money. There wasn't no mistake about that."

"It's curious nobody ever wrote to me about Sim actin' up like that."

"Well, you see, there was a middlin' lot of folks around here thought you'd of done a good sight better'n you did if you'd taken him instead of John, specially when it come out that he'd saved up so much money, and we didn't think, as long as it was all over, it'd do any good to start you botherin' about it."

"H'm!" responded Mrs. Richards, with a far-away look in her eyes.

The truth was that she, too, had strongly suspected, when it was too late, that a mistake had been made. John Richards had not been a bad husband to her, but she had early in her married life become aware of a feeling for Sim Parker that she never acknowledged to anybody.

"This always was the worst place I ever saw for anybody to worry over other people's affairs," she said, suddenly. "But do you really think that Sim went that way on my account?"

Mollie Richards was still on the lucky side of forty, still good to look upon, and the knowledge that a man had become "a little cracked" on her account did not seem to weigh with crushing force upon her mind. She had been a widow a year and had just returned from the west, with no definite intentions concerning her future.

After thoughtfully shelling a few pods of peas, she asked:

"Don't he ever go to church any more?"

"Who—Sim? No."

"How does he get his washin' done, and who cooks his meals?"

"If he ever has any washin' done, he must do it himself, and I guess it's the same with his cookin'."

"Don't he ever have anybody to help him on the farm?"

"No. Does it all himself, and won't even trade up at the Center. Takes what he has to sell away to Greenville, and does all his buyin' there."

"I s'pose he must of aged a good bit in the past fifteen years."

"It's hard to tell. There ain't anybody ever gets close enough to see. When he meets people in the road he pulls his hat down over his face and turns the other way."

"Land sakes! I should think folks would go to the house sometimes and find out what about him."

"There ain't nobody tried that since Deacon Hall thought he'd drop around one evenin' and see how Sim was gettin' on."

"What happened to the deacon?"

"He never would tell, but Sam Winchell and Liza Crawfore, who were walkin' home about ten o'clock that night from a gatherin' at the Calhouns', got nearly scared out of their wits by a man with nothin' but his underclothing on, who come runnin' down the road like mad. They said he looked a good deal like a two-legged greyhound as he went past them, although Sam thought he recognized the deacon's white whiskers. Nobody ever knew any more about it than that. All the deacon would ever say was



"One moment you talk like a parrot, and the next you act like a monkey. Come down out of that!"

that he had done his Christian duty by Sim Parker, and hadn't any more interest in him."

"I'm goin' up there to-morrow to find out what's the matter with him."

"Mollie, don't you do it. He ain't right. I wouldn't trust myself alone with him for all the money you could pile up in that dishpan."

"Land of Goshen, Sarah, don't you ever think of anything but money? There's other things in the world besides that."

"Yes; but you can't get many of 'em without it, except rheumatism and salvation."

"I'm not sayin' it don't come in handy, but I don't believe in wearin' hard places on your soul tryin' to get it. I'm goin' to find out what's the matter with Sim Parker if I live till to-morrow morning."

"Don't go in the daytime, whatever you do. Think—"

"Think what?"

"Think of the deacon."

"Bosh! I never saw Sim Parker when I couldn't make him follow me around as meek as a lamb by crookin' my finger at him."

"Well, at least take along some extr'y cloe's to leave outside," her sister anxiously urged.

"Don't be silly, Sarah. Does his place look as though he made it pay?"

"They say there ain't a better kep' up farm in the county, and the general idee is that he must have a lot of money put away somewhere."

Mollie Richards went on thoughtfully shelling peas.

The widow was starting away on the fol-

lowing morning, having declined to further discuss her intention either with her sister or her brother-in-law.

The house which served as Sim Parker's hermitage stood back a considerable distance from the highway and was well hidden by a fringe of evergreens. The nearest habitation was at least half a mile distant, but if Mollie Richards had any misgivings as she approached the silent abode of her former lover, they were not apparent in her manner. It was a beautiful Sunday morning in mid-summer, and as she went along where were faint traces of what had once been a path from the road to the house, she noticed that the orchard-trees gave promise of an abundant yield in the fall.

Having knocked for a while at the front door without causing a stir inside, she tried the knob, but her effort was unavailing. Then she put her lips to the keyhole and softly called:

"Sim."

But Sim did not answer. She could not peer through any of the windows, because those in the lower part of the house had all been boarded up.

She called "Sim" again, louder than before, and then rattled the door-knob vigorously.

"I don't believe," she said, speaking aloud, "that he's here. He may be out at the barn."

There was a slight noise above her, and, looking up, she uttered a little scream, perhaps as much of surprise as of fright.

Sitting in an upper window and regarding her curiously was Simeon Parker.

"Good gracious, Sim!" she scolded; "what

do you mean by scarin' a person like that? Why don't you come down and let me in?"

"What do you want?" he asked.

There was a gentleness in his tone that she had hardly expected, possibly because his beard obliterated the timid look he had had as a boy.

"I want you to come down here," she replied, "and tell me all about yourself."

"Go away!" he said, plaintively.

"I'll not budge from here till you come down and tell me the meaning of your ridiculous goin's on."

"Go away," he repeated.

"Sim Parker, are you crazy or ain't you? Tell me that, and don't lie about it. And I won't go away till you come down and open this door and tell me what you mean by actin' like a booby. I used to think you had some pride and a fair sprinklin' of common sense. Are you comin' down?"

"Go away."

"If it wasn't for your whiskers, I'd think you might be a poll-parrot. Have you been cooped up here by yourself so long that you've forgot how to say anything but 'Go away'? I'd think you'd be ashamed of yourself."

Instead of answering, he withdrew from the window. After she had waited a while, hoping to hear him unlocking the door, she sat down on the step and considered the matter. There was a resolute look upon her face. After she had waited a long time, having busied herself plaiting spears of grass, she suddenly looked up and caught him peering from the window.

"You may as well come down and open the door," she said. "I'm agoin' to stay right here till you do."

There was another long wait, and then, at last, she heard a rattle at the latch.

"Well!" she exclaimed as the door opened, "you're a nice man, ain't you? Folks say you're off in the upper story, and I declare to goodness I don't know but what they're more than half right."

She stepped inside and as he attempted to close the door after her she said:

"No, leave it open, Sim. You and I used to sit alone together in the dark sometimes, but I think it will be best to have a little light just now. I must say you're quite a tidy housekeeper. I didn't expect to find things so clean."

She stood for a moment, looking around the barely furnished room. On a table in one corner there was a lamp, a spool of thread, and a pair of shears. Suddenly pointing to a chair near the door she said:

"Sit down there, Sim."

He did as he was ordered, nervously running his fingers through his beard.

She picked up the shears and turned toward him.

"Don't!" he cried, and was outside at a leap.

"Come back," she called, hurrying after him, but he ran for his life, darting around a corner of the house and swinging himself with wonderful agility into the branches of a tree where he quickly clambered up as high as he could.

"Sim Parker," she said, pointing the shears at him, "I'm surprised at you. One minute you talk like a parrot, and the next you act like a monkey. Come down out of that."

"Go away," he answered; "I never want to see you again."

"Why? Do you think I'm ugly?"

He sadly shook his head.

"Do you hate me?"

He looked at the far-off blue sky and did not answer.

"Are you coming down out of there?" she demanded, stamping her foot.

He continued to look up, and remained silent.

She coaxed and scolded, to no purpose.

Concluded on page 19



# A NIGHT IN THE BLUE ROOM

CHAPTER VII—Concluded

“WHAT’S this I hear about Colonel Tom?” Hilton snapped, abruptly, without a word of greeting. “Is he dead? and who’s with Leslie?”

At his familiar use of Miss Deering’s name a wave of anger surged over me, but I managed to hold my tongue while the doctor answered:

“No; Colonel Deering is not dead, nor is he going to die just yet. But he can see no one, and must not be excited. He’s in good hands. Isham and Sue are with Miss Deering—and Prince,” he added, significantly, I thought.

Hilton’s eyes had narrowed while the doctor spoke, but that smile never left his lips. Now he swept me up and down with a contemptuous glance and laughed aloud. Then without another word he struck his horse a sharp blow with his riding-crop and went galloping down the muddy roadway toward Deering Hall.

My impulse was to get out and go back at once. What I feared I could not have named; but I felt I must get back to Leslie Deering as quick as I could. I was about to spring out in the muddy roadway when Doctor McKenzie gripped my arm.

“Sit still!” he commanded. “Don’t make a fool of yourself, lad,” he added, positively, but not unkindly. “What good would you do going back there now? None at all. Only complicate matters.” When I protested he cut me short. “Listen to me,” he said. “Leslie Deering will know how to take care of herself. Don’t you worry about that. Moreover, as I just remarked to Frank Hilton, there are the servants and there is Prince should he get obstreperous,” and the doctor gave a short, dry chuckle. “No, don’t get excited. It’s all right.”

I was by no means satisfied, but I settled back in my seat as we drove on. What could be taking Hilton to Deering Hall in such a hurry? He was there the night before. How had he heard of the colonel’s illness? Did he fear that I would interfere with his plans? and how? These and other thoughts flashed through my brain as the doctor’s old horse jogged slowly on.

When at last Doctor McKenzie dropped me at the tavern he said kindly:

“I’ll be going out ’long about six this evening. Glad to take you out with me. But I suppose you’ll want to get back as soon as you can. Now, if you’ll excuse an old man’s officiousness; while I know nothing of your relations with young Hilton I would strongly advise, should you meet him, as I hope you won’t, that you avoid having any words with him.”

“Doctor,” I replied, with perhaps needless heat, “this man Hilton seems to have the whole community hypnotized. Why, everybody seems afraid of him. Well, I’m not! and I sha’n’t go out of my way to avoid him, either.”

How much more steam I would have blown off I can’t say had the old doctor not interrupted.

“Nonsense!” he said. “I’m not supposing you fear Frank Hilton, nor do a good many others ’round here. No, it is not a question of fear, but of common sense. Why, how much good do you think it would do Leslie Deering to have her name mixed up in a brawl between you two hot-headed fools.” His kindly meant bluntness stumped me, and I had no answer ready. “Think it over,” he continued, as he clucked to his horse and went jogging on down the street.

No one was about when I went in the tavern, so I went on up to my room and packed what I wanted in my grip and then took it down to the hall below. My little landlady saw me through the dining-room door and came to meet me. I explained my change of plans, but told her I wanted to

still retain my room. Then, at my request, she called the negro boy and sent him down to the livery-stable for a rig. Ten minutes later the horse and buggy from the stable were at the tavern-door. Peter, the old negro who had piloted me the evening of my arrival, was driving. He climbed stiffly down, grinning a salutation and doffing his ragged hat, then he caught up my bag and deposited it in the buggy.

As I started to follow, my landlady touched me on the arm.

“Don’t think me presuming, Mr. Kirkland,” she said, anxiously; “but I think I should tell you that Frank Hilton has just gone out to the Hall. They say he is engaged to Leslie, you know. Well, he’s been drinking, as for several days, and—well, I thought you should know?”

There it was again! Another warning to look out for Frank Hilton. It made me hot.

“But why,” I asked, shortly, “should my presence at Deering Hall be cause for any unpleasantness? Because of his engagement to Miss Deering—which, by the by, I doubt—does Mr. Hilton presume to dictate as to who shall and who shall not be Colonel Deering’s guests?”

“I don’t know about that,” she replied; “but I may as well tell you, he knew you were out there last night. He asked me about it this morning, and when I told him I knew nothing about it he laughed that ugly laugh of his and said: ‘If that damned Yankee don’t watch out he’ll get his fingers burnt.’ That’s all. But I felt I ought to tell you, so you’d be careful.”

So that was how the land lay! My first impulse was contempt for the fellows’ colossal gall. Then the realization that at that very moment Hilton, half drunk, was out at Deering Hall doing, God knew what; perhaps trying to browbeat that little girl into doing as he wanted. At any rate he was annoying her at a time when she was having trouble enough at best. When I thought of this, I simply saw red. But I forced a reassuring smile to my lips and thanked my landlady for her warning.

“I’ll be back in a few days, so keep my room for me,” I called back to her as I climbed in the buggy beside Peter.

“Drive fast,” I told him. “If you get me out to Deering Hall in thirty minutes I’ll give you an extra dollar.”

Peter used his whip and we were off, the promised extra dollar looking as large as a cart-wheel to old Peter. The sun, with the aid of a sharp east wind, had dried out the roadway considerably and we made good speed. Peter, with his usual garrulousness, kept up a stream of talk, part of the time to me and part to the horse, but I paid little heed to what he said.

When at last he drew up before the front door at the hall I was positive something had already happened. I was absolutely sure of it. Yet, queerly, I was as cool as ice. I shoved a silver dollar into the negro’s hand, and sprang out and ran quickly up the stone steps, calling over my shoulder to him to take my grip round to the side door. I did not wait to knock, but opened the door and stepped into the hall.

## CHAPTER VIII

The house was strangely still; not a sound reached my ears. The silence was portentous. Then, as I started toward the library, I heard a door open in the rear and Peter’s voice talking with Isham. I paid no heed to this, but turned the knob and went on into the library. The room was darkened, and I noticed the curtains were drawn, though it was not yet four o’clock. But a fire burned redly on the hearth, and at first glance I no-

ticed nothing unusual. Then, my eyes becoming accustomed to the semidarkness, I made out a man’s form stretched out on the big Davenport at the right of the hearth. He was in his shirt-sleeves and his neck seemed all muffled up in white. His left arm lay across his breast, and it, too, was swathed in bandages. Leaning closer, I saw a face white as chalk and drawn with pain. The jaws were hard clenched and the eyes were closed. It was the face of Frank Hilton.

A shiver ran up and down my spine. What did it mean? What about Miss Deering? and where was she? These and other questions raced through my brain, while, for the moment I was actually frozen stiff with dread, unable to move or speak. A light touch on my arm and a faint whispered caution caused me to turn. Miss Deering herself stood close beside me, her troubled eyes meeting mine. I caught her hands and felt they were cold as ice. She shook her head, and her eyes cautioned silence, so I did not speak. Then she withdrew her hands from mine and turned toward the door, motioning me to follow. As I did so I glanced back to where Hilton lay. His eyes were wide-open now, gazing steadily after us as we moved toward the door, and, incredible as it seemed, for his white, drawn face told me he was suffering the most exquisite pain, in his eyes there was that same old insolent smile. A moment they mocked and taunted, then closed again and the lines about the mouth hardened. To say the incident gave me an unpleasant moment hardly expresses it. But I pulled myself together and followed Leslie Deering out of the room, my mind a riot of surging emotions.

The dining-room, it seemed, was the only other room on that floor in use. She led the way there and I followed, mechanically closing the door behind me. As yet neither of us had spoken a word. On the rug before the hearth she turned and lifted her eyes to mine.

Love has a language all its own—a silent one that needs no words. What I saw in her face as I held her little hands close to my breast and looked down into the misty, brown pools in her eyes, was enough. She was very pale and the sweet, moist lips quivered with suppressed emotion, but the brown eyes were not lowered. They met mine bravely, friendlily. A moment thus we faced each other, then a warm glow began to creep into her cheeks, her eyes filled and with a tired little sob the golden head nestled against my shoulder.

And I—? I only knew that I held her close and tried in my stumbling way to soothe and comfort her. Nor do I know how long we stood thus—not long, perhaps. Although as yet not one word of actual love had been spoken, I knew we understood each other, and that was enough for the present.

Presently she grew calmer and drew away from me a little, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

“Oh, what must you think of me?” she faltered, still a little hysterical. “It’s not like me to give way like this, but—”

“There now,” I soothed, “don’t try to talk until you feel better. Just sit down here quietly awhile, then you can tell me all about it,” and I urged her into an armchair by the hearth and drew up one for myself.

With her golden head resting against the back of her chair she sat for several minutes in silence with her eyes closed the while I held the hand nearest me in both my own. Presently I said, keeping my voice as steady and cheerful as I could:

“Now never mind the details, but tell me how long since this happened, and if you have phoned the doctor.”

“Oh!” she cried, starting up, her voice breaking. “It seems days and weeks. But it couldn’t have been more than an hour before you came. Of course Mammy and Isham did what they could at once, and as soon as I could get my wits together I phoned Doctor McKenzie. He ought to be here now. Oh! I wish he would come!” Even as she spoke she rose quickly to her feet and looked toward the door, listening. “There he is now!” she cried. “Come, I must see him at once.”

I, too, now heard voices in the hall, but before we reached the door, it opened, and Isham poked his head in to announce that Doctor McKenzie had come.

“He in dar wid Mister Hilton now Yasum, an’ Sue am wid ’im. She done sent me fer some hot water and towels.”

He withdrew his head quickly and went shuffling off toward the kitchen.

Miss Deering and I had paused just inside the door. Instantly I sensed the entire situation. I knew the girl’s tender heart felt compassion for the wounded man and womanlike prompted her to go to him and do what she could to help. But I knew too, how she dreaded the ordeal. I did not hesitate, but laid my hand on her arm and drew her back to the hearth.

“You had best stay here,” I said, gently but firmly. “I’ll go, and if there is anything you can do, I’ll let you know.”

Without a word she sank down in the big armchair and buried her face in her hands. Then I went quickly out and closed the door behind me.

Doctor McKenzie was busily at work over his patient when I entered the room. His back was toward me so I could not see his face, but I could see Hilton’s. It was even whiter than it had been when I first came. The muscles about the mouth were rigid, and I could see beads of sweat thick on his forehead. His eyes stared straight up at the ceiling. But not a sound escaped his lips, though I knew he was suffering intensely. In spite of my dislike for the man I could not repress a thrill of admiration at his grit. I felt a twinge of sympathy too, though I knew that whatever had happened he had brought it upon himself.

Mammy Sue knelt on the far side of the couch, holding his right hand and crooning softly, as negroes do. No one seemed to notice my presence for the moment. But presently the doctor straightened up and turned a grave face to me.

“I wish you’d phone to the stable in town,” he said, “and tell Tom Mabry to bring a closed carriage out here at once. Tell him to put in extra blankets, and to hurry. We must get Hilton to town as quickly as possible.”

“Is it very serious, doctor?” I questioned, searching his seamed old face for an answer I dreaded.

“Can’t tell yet,” he said. “The wound in the throat is of no consequence unless blood poisoning sets in. But the hand and arm are badly torn and I may have to operate. So you’d better call up the stable and tell them to hurry.”

The telephone was just outside the door in the hallway. A moment later I had the livery man on the wire. He said he would be there in thirty minutes. As I hung up the receiver McKenzie came out in the hall.

“Where’s Leslie?” he asked, abruptly.

“In here,” I nodded, and led the way back to the dining-room.

She was sitting just as I had left her, one elbow resting on the chair-arm, her cheek in the palm of her hand, her eyes wide open, gazing down into the glow of the fire. She had not heard us enter, so absorbed was she. But as the doctor spoke she started up as from a dream, her hands clenched, her eyes anxiously questioning.

The old doctor drew her protectingly to

Continued on page 21



# Spring Salads with New Dressings

By PAULA NICHOLSON

**S**ALADS are especially palatable in the spring when the system craves green food and something with a "relish" always makes the rest of the meal more appetizing. They are healthful, too, as dietitians tell us that green leaves possess growth-promoting, fat-soluble vitamins and antiscorbutic properties, all of which is a little too "highbrow" for most of us to bother about when we are preparing dinner. It is enough for us to know that salads are mighty good to eat and should be served often all through the spring and summer.

Even the most elaborate salads are extremely easy to make and the simplest green salads require nothing to do but wash the lettuce, romaine, chicory or whatever is used, mix a little French dressing or pour on your own oil and vinegar at table. Only be careful of one thing this time of year. If you have any reason to think that the leaves are infested with any of those microscopic green bugs that are so fond of good things, put the salad in salted water and let it stay there for ten minutes, not longer or it will wilt. Then rinse it in fresh water, dry on a clean cloth or shake it in a wire basket to remove some of the water and serve at once. Lettuce and all salad greens keep beautifully fresh and crisp if placed in a bag and then put directly on the ice in the refrigerator.

### Delicious Mayonnaise Dressing

- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful Salad-Oil
- 1 Saltspoonful Salt
- 1/2 Saltspoonful Dry Mustard
- 1 Tablespoonful Vinegar
- Dash of Red Pepper

**T**HIS can be made very quickly if the egg-beater is used in mixing and all the ingredients are very cold. I always chill the egg-beater and bowl in the refrigerator for an hour before using and of course the eggs and oil are kept there. Separate the eggs and put the white back in the refrigerator and place the yolks in the bowl, pour the salt on them, the mustard, and sprinkle with pepper. Now take the egg-beater and beat slowly until ingredients are mixed and begin to add the oil, half a teaspoonful at a time, beat until you have a glossy mixture thicker than the heaviest cream. Now add slowly, beating constantly the vinegar (lemon-juice can be substituted if desired). This dressing should be kept on ice until ready to send to the table. If at the last moment you wish to increase the quantity of dressing, beat the white very stiff and mix just before you pour over the salad. This dressing will not keep very long, but will turn watery if the white of the eggs are mixed in it, but is very good made in this way if served at once. Without the white it may be kept on ice for several days.

### Sardine Salad

- 1 Box Sardines
- 1 Lemon
- 1 Lettuce
- 1/2 Cupful Mayonnaise

**T**AKE the sardines from the box, drain them and squeeze a little lemon-juice on each one. Arrange on the white leaves from the inside of a lettuce with a lemon cup filled with mayonnaise in the center. If liked slices of hard-boiled egg can also be used in this salad.

### Bordeaux Salad

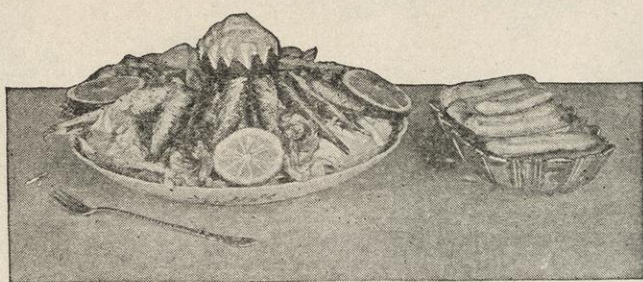
- 1 Bunch Young Onions
- 1 Head Lettuce
- 1 Cucumber
- 1/2 Cupful French Dressing

**S**LICE the onions and cucumber and arrange on lettuce-leaves and pour over the French dressing.

### French Dressing

- 1/2 Cupful Salad-Oil
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
- Dash of Pepper
- 1/2 Teaspoonful Salt
- 1/2 Saltspoonful Dry Mustard

**T**HE best way to mix this dressing is to put the ingredients in a small jar with a screw top or in a tightly stoppered bottle



**SARDINE SALAD.** This is a delicious way of serving sardines in a salad

and shake them up thoroughly. This causes them to mix for a little while, but if left standing they will separate for oil and vinegar will not blend.

### French Dressing for Fruit Salads

**M**AKE the dressing by the rule given above, but substitute lemon-juice for vinegar, omit the mustard and add four tablespoonfuls of orange-juice and one teaspoonful of powdered sugar.

### West Indian French Dressing

- 3/4 Cupful French Dressing
- 2 Teaspoonfuls Chopped Green Pepper
- 1/2 Teaspoonful Chopped Parsley

**M**IX as directed for French dressing and then add the other ingredients.



**TOMATO-JELLY SALAD.** Made of canned tomatoes, gelatine, onion, salt and pepper, and served with balls of cream-cheese and mayonnaise

### Vinaigrette Dressing

- 4 Tablespoonfuls Salad-Oil
- 3/4 Tablespoonful Vinegar
- 3 Teaspoonfuls Chopped Pickle
- 3 Teaspoonfuls Chopped Green Pepper
- 1/2 Teaspoonful Salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful Paprika
- 1/2 Teaspoonful Chopped Parsley
- 1/2 Teaspoonful Chopped Chives or Onion

**M**IX oil, vinegar, salt and pepper and then add the other ingredients. This dressing is particularly good on asparagus salad.

### Spring Salad

- 1 Package Lemon Gelatine
- 1 Pint Boiling Water
- 1 Tablespoonful Vinegar
- 1 Cupful Nut-Meats
- 1 Lettuce
- 1 Cupful Chopped Cucumber

**D**ISSOLVE the gelatine-preparation in boiling water. Let it cool and when it begins to thicken add the nut-meats and cucumbers, put into a mold and serve on lettuce-leaves with mayonnaise or French dressing.

### Tomato-Jelly Salad

- 2 Cupfuls of Canned Tomatoes
- 1 Small White Onion
- 1 Ounce Gelatine
- 1 Saltspoonful Salt
- 1/4 Saltspoonful Pepper

**S**OAK the gelatine in a very little cold water. Cook the tomatoes with the onion (put through the food-chopper or cut very fine) for five minutes. Strain if desired, but if the tomato is in nice pieces this will not be necessary. Take from the fire, add one table-spoonful of lemon-

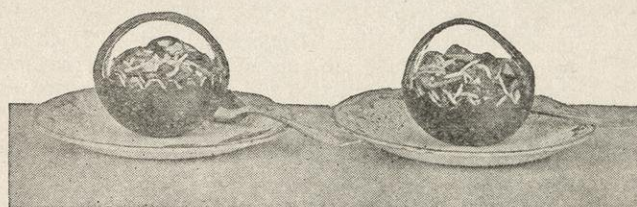
juice or vinegar. Many people omit this, not liking an acid flavor in the salad. Now pour tomato on gelatine and then pour into small cups for molds. When ready to serve the salad, unmold by dipping cups for a moment in warm (not hot) water and slipping the jelly

out on a bed of lettuce-leaves. Place a small ball of cream- or cottage-cheese on each side of mold of jelly and take to the table. Mayonnaise is delicious served with this.

### Orange Salad

- 6 Oranges
- 1/4 Pound Walnuts
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Desiccated Coconut
- 3 Tablespoonfuls Sugar

**C**UT each orange carefully in the form of a basket with a handle and remove the pulp, taking care not to cut through the outer skin. Remove as much of the white inner skin that adheres to the pulp as possible, and cut pulp in small pieces. Shell the nuts and break them in little bits and mix with the orange-pulp, add one half tablespoonful of sugar for each orange served, sprinkle with jelly dressing, a tablespoonful for each orange, fill the orange-skin, and sprinkle the coconut on top of each.



**ORANGE SALAD AND ORANGE BASKETS.** This delicious fruit salad is made of orange-pulp, nut-meats, shredded coconut mixed with jelly dressing

### Jelly Dressing for Orange Salad

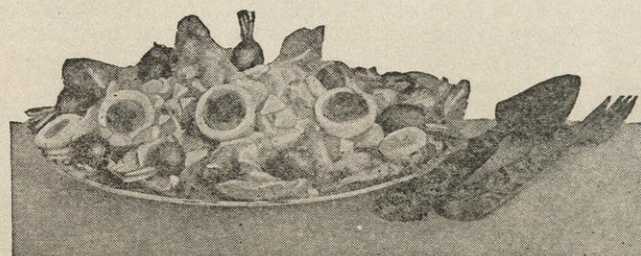
- 1/2 Cupful Olive-Oil
- 1 Tablespoonful Lemon-Juice
- 1 Saltspoonful Salt
- 1/2 Saltspoonful Paprika
- 1 Tablespoonful Currant-Jelly or Grape-Jelly
- 1 Tablespoonful Grape-Jelly

**C**OMBINE the oil, lemon-juice, salt and pepper and then melt the jelly until liquid and stir in thoroughly. This can be used with any fruit salad.

### Carrot Salad

- 4 Small or 2 Large Carrots
- 1/2 Small White Cabbage
- 1/2 White Onion
- French Dressing

**W**ASH the carrots, scrape them and grate them. Grate the onion also and mix well with the carrot. Serve on cabbage sliced as for cold slaw. Use plenty of French dressing.



**MOCK-LOBSTER SALAD.** Made of cold cooked fish, cucumber, radishes and hard-boiled eggs. Serve with mayonnaise

### Mock-Lobster Salad

- 2 Cupfuls Cooked Fish
- 1 Cupful Diced Cucumber
- 2 Tablespoonfuls Vinegar
- 1/2 Cupful Radishes
- 1/2 Cupful Salad-Oil
- 3/4 Teaspoonful Salt
- 1 Saltspoonful Pepper

**T**HIS is a delicious way to use leftover boiled or baked fish, or canned fish may be used. Free the fish from bones or pieces of skin and cut in small bits. Peel the cucumber and cut in dice enough to make one cupful. If the radishes are large, slice, but if small use whole mixed with fish and cucumber. Mix oil, vinegar, salt and pepper together until thoroughly blended, and pour over the fish-mixture. When ready to serve, arrange on lettuce or white cabbage-leaves and place a spoonful of mayonnaise on each portion. Garnish with small radishes and slices of hard-boiled egg.

### Veal-and-Ham Salad

- 1 Cupful Cold Cooked Veal
- 1 Cupful Cold Boiled Ham
- 1/2 White Cabbage or Small Lettuce
- 1 Hard-Boiled Egg

**S**LICE the cold veal and cut an equal quantity of slices of cold boiled ham and then chop them together into small pieces. Boil the egg hard and slice. Arrange the veal and ham on lettuce-leaves or on a bed of finely sliced cabbage. Serve with mayonnaise or boiled dressing, and garnish with slices of the hard-boiled egg.

### Apple-and-Banana Salad

- 2 Bananas
- 3 Apples
- 1/2 Teaspoonful Salt
- 1 Small Lettuce
- Jelly Dressing or Mayonnaise Dressing

**T**HIS should be prepared just before it is served, to prevent the fruit turning dark or looking "mussy." Peel and slice the bananas lengthwise, cutting each slice in two. Peel and slice the apples and mix with bananas. Arrange on nests of lettuce-leaves. Serve with the jelly dressing given for orange salad, or with mayonnaise.

### Strawberry-and-Grapefruit Salad

- 1 Grapefruit
- 2 Cupfuls Strawberries
- 1/2 Cupful Sugar
- 1 Saltspoonful Salt
- 1 Lettuce

**T**AKE the pulp from the grapefruit in as large pieces as possible. Slice one of the cupfuls of strawberries and mix with grapefruit, add sugar and whole strawberries and arrange on the inner white leaves of the lettuce. Serve with a little mayonnaise made with very little vinegar or lemon-juice or with the following:

### Honey Dressing

- 1/2 Cupful Honey
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Teaspoonful Salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful Paprika
- 2 Teaspoonfuls Lemon-Juice

**H**EAT the honey nearly to the boiling-point and pour very slowly into the well beaten yolks of the eggs. Put on the fire and cook for one minute, stirring constantly. Then take off the stove and stir occasionally until cool, then add salt, paprika and lemon-juice. For the salad given above omit lemon-juice if the grapefruit is a very sour one. Just before serving this dressing, beat up the white of the eggs very stiff and stir in.

### Young-String-Bean Salad

- 1/2 Cupful Salad-Oil
- 2 Level Teaspoonfuls Salt
- 1/4 Teaspoonful Paprika
- 1 Cupful Chopped Onion
- 1 Quart String-Beans or Large Can String-Beans
- 6 Olives
- 1/2 Cupful French Dressing

**C**HOP the onion very fine and put in a bowl and cover with the salad-oil and let it soak (marinate) in this for two hours or longer. Wash and string the beans, and if very long cut them in two pieces and boil them until tender, then drain and put in a cold place as soon as cool enough. Line a salad-bowl or fix on individual plates with nests of lettuce-leaves or the white leaves from a cabbage. Pile the string-beans on top, cover with a layer of the onion and gently mix, sprinkle with salt, pour over the French dressing and dust the top with paprika and garnish with stoned olives.



# PRINCE CINDERELLA

By GRACE ALEXANDER

CHAPTER XXI—Concluded

"NO, no, Mr. Darrah. I am quite convinced. But this has been a serious business. The feeling of the natives, as perhaps you know, came near causing a revolt. I should advise you to get your brother away as quietly and quickly as possible—for some years, indeed, he will be safer in Chile or the Argentine. An Indian's hatred never dies until the last trace of scent is lost. Evidently you do not know that the Rajah's own son, believing Lester Darragh to have murdered his father, and mistaking you for him, having never seen your brother but once—really, the resemblance between you two must be extraordinary!—followed you in disguise to this country, and as our hostess' chauffeur has been awaiting the opportunity to kill you. He had learned that Middlefield had at times been your home, and cleverly sought a post in the neighborhood that would enable him to look out for you. Miss Meredith will be my witness that a moment before you woke from your nap I did you rather a good turn in preventing His Royal Highness from knifing you.

"Your collie, Bob, whom you have perhaps missed to-day, I discovered late last night suffering from the first effects of poison, undoubtedly administered by our royal friend. It just happened that I guessed the particular antidote his case demanded, and he is now in my rooms, weak but recovering. I am twice glad, now that I have heard your story, Mr. Darrah, that I did it. To be quite frank, however, my interference at the moment was purely official. The British Government, whose commission I bear, is particularly anxious to have the Rajah's real murderer produced alive, in order that it may prove to the Rajah's people that the crime was a matter of private quarrel and not an English plot."

I knew now not only that Leighton Darrah loved me, but that he was innocent of all crime in the affair of the murdered Rajah, unless brotherly affection, courage and faithfulness were a crime. In the sudden joy that gushed within me I forgot completely that I had been angry with the reverend, forgot even that I had a right to be angry with him. We are never so forgiving to others as when we are right and happy ourselves. At that moment I could have taken the world into my embrace to say nothing of one mild—as-milk rather dumpy man at least forty years old. I couldn't speak. I just sat and looked from one of them to the other. There were bright tears in my eyes and a bright, happy curl on my lips. I was so happy I was afraid, afraid I might turn around, look in a mirror, speak the wrong word or in some other way break the charm, as does the unlucky person in the fairy-tales.

The reverend, for so I found myself still thinking of him, smiled answeringly.

"You understand now, Miss Meredith, why I didn't care for the little photograph. After minute study of it and judicious conference with our friend Shutters at the inn, I decided it was a likeness of the brother, in whom I was not then interested."

"Yes," I babbled, "I understand. It's all right now. Everything is all right."

True, the robin's-egg was gone, but I now realized, it could never rightly belong to me, nor in truth did I want it. Its possession for a dozen hours had been too costly!

I had spoken really to Mr. Field, but Leighton Darrah wheeled toward me, his eyes flashing surprise.

"Everything?" he echoed, inquiringly, of me. "How can that be?"

I wondered a little at the question, but I

didn't follow up its lead. My new joy was master of me.

"Yes, nothing matters now," I replied, confidently. "But your brother, up on the Ridge, in this storm—"

"Is as safe in his shack, wildling that he is, as a deer in a thicket. But I must go to him at once. As long as Seraph is in the neighborhood he is not safe. We will go together, Rose. Sunrise on Waldon Ridge is worth the seeing."

In the east the morning-star still hung, a splendid jewel on the breast of dawn, as Leighton Darrah and I without ceremony of hat-getting slipped out of the front door and turned toward the garage in the rear. The sky was pearling into gray. Dawn was as yet but a breath, an exhalation. In this rain-washed, heaven-anointed world no sin or blackness seemed left. All the earth was holy ground and for an instant we stood with bare, bowed heads to hear the low matin of the wind. Leighton Darrah is a poet, and I knew that for the moment he quite forgot I was with him. He thought altogether of the wind and I thought mostly of him and was content. To be at his side was enough. After I had seen his life threatened I could never have consented to his going up the Ridge alone.

Suddenly returning to a consciousness of my presence, Leighton Darrah gave me a quick look-over.

"This won't do. No wrap. Here," and in a trice he had whipped off his cravenette, and despite my protests, was gently, masterfully putting my arms into the sleeves. It was a distinctly new sensation, being bossed, and I liked it. William, to be sure, had repeatedly tried to manage me but that, please note, is quite another thing.

We hardly spoke as with good speed we moved down the drive. Leighton Darrah seemed wonderfully to understand my wanting to wait for question and answer, to see with me that talk would disturb the exquisite balance of the hour. Meanwhile day, the lily, was slowly unfolding its calyx. On the branches of trees and in the tangly roadside borders happy, hoppy birds were telling their love-stories madly. But for us that time was not yet. Leighton Darrah had taken the precaution to slip Mr. Field's pistol in his breast-pocket, but we saw no sign of Seraph.

Except for their fresh bath of night rain and dawn light, East Middlefield, Middlefield and Middlefield *yan* seemed scarcely more asleep than I had beheld them at high noon. Not a soul was to be seen and apparently none was yet astir, for no chimney wreaths were curling heavenward. As we flashed past the inn, a dog barked only to deepen the stillness that ensued. I thought of all the stuffer's wild creatures in that tightly closed front room and wondered fancifully if the night magic did not still call to them; I thought with tenderness of the beautiful old woman sleeping doubtless in the upper chamber; and I tried afresh to conjecture the purpose of Ezra Shutters in visiting Woodcroft in the dead of the night before. By the time we reached the river the lusty young morning, steadily as we had held to our first speed, had blown apace. A scarlet streak passed us and for an instant one silver note hung on the air behind; it was a tanager, belated herald of the day. Along the plashy river-banks we could make out the gray-green of fringy young willows, free and graceful of line as gay bacchantes. Birds were everywhere calling to buds on this mad May morning to open, open. It was, they seemed to say, an hour for giving what one had: song, color, scent, heart's love.

We shot, still in silence, into the long, rumbling bridge whence night had not yet

fled. The spot was lonely. Years before, so the country firesides told the story, a man had been murdered at this bridge. I shivered slightly inside of myself, with a distinct little thrill immediately after of satisfaction in the protector at my side. Just beyond the bridge, at the foot of the dark, piny steep, Leighton Darrah with a quick turn of the wheel swerved the car to the right and then pressed the brake. He was allowing all of us—I say all, for the plucky little car seemed a living creature—an instant's breath-taking prior to our upward plunge. We looked toward the east. In the pearly sky there were rosy flecks now, delicate as baby finger-tips.

"We must hurry!" cried Leighton Darrah, softly, and set his gear firmly. "Afraid?" he queried, turning quickly toward me, and his hand, spared a second from the wheel, lay ever so lightly on my arm. I answered with a look. "Most things worth doing," he went on, "have some risk about them, haven't they?"

I nodded quick assent. I was young and healthy, and the hour's pinch of danger but made it the more savory. I was young and in love, and ready to pay for my love all that it might cost. At last I was to ascend Waldon Ridge, accepting the challenge its imperious height had flung to me the first day I had seen it, and every day since. But the time and the way of my going were different from anything I had imagined they might be. Though piper we had none. I was going with Leighton Darrah toward this dark steep as gaily and as trustfully as the children of Hamelin Town followed the Pied Piper to Koppelberg Hill. Would a great door leading to a marvelous magic land open in its dark side? Well, I would not be the little lame child left behind.

Leighton Darrah threw in the clutch, and up that precipitous sheep-trail we leaped in our race with the dawn.

## CHAPTER XXII

### What Is Romance?

How we forged our way, in the momentarily broadening light, now straight through dim green tunnels filled with the indescribable scent of wet leaf-mold, and where but for Leighton Darrah's cravenette I should have chilled; now round bold and rocky curves where for interminable seconds we hung above perilous descents; on short cross levels moving with such speed that we seemed to soar, again in zigzag upward climbs forced to measure our progress by car-lengths; how often we were compelled to halt until Leighton Darrah had descended and cleared from our path the wreckage of the night's storm; how I trembled, not for myself but in the recollection that more than once he had made this ascent alone and in pitchy darkness—all this is a story I shall not take the time to relate in full now. It would be a story of triumph for my gray roadster. I had always loved the little car, but on that morning I adored her as with an admirable patience, nay, I had almost said a sagacity of her own, she brought us at last safely to the brow of the Ridge.

Not a moment too soon! Scarcely had the car stopped and we had leaped to the ground and faced, true sun-worshippers, dawnward, when the red voyager from the east, immemorally triumphant overnight, sailed boldly into the sky and once more discovered the world.

Instantly the whole river valley became a basin brimming with rosy light. Long fingers of light searched out and filled every black crevice of the hills. Points of light falling on rain-soaked meadows made the levels flash as with the spears of an armed host. On other summits to west and north,

light glowed goldenly, and shaking against the bare granite masses, told of a godlike presence that had passed.

In that moment I was ready for the plighting of my troth with Leighton Darrah. Apparently he was ready too. He stepped closer to me.

"Rose!" he said, gently. At last it was to come, that sure word of caring for which I had hungered. Fortune had in this respect scanted me shabbily; two dances, a few bars of music, a few looks and phrases that could mean nothing as easily as they might mean all—I was too truly a woman to be satisfied.

Leighton Darrah spoke again and made as if to take my hand.

"Rose—"

A slight snapping sound and—

"Faith, and it's a bit of the mornin's self ye are, Miss Meredith!"

Lester Darrah, for I knew instantly it was he, stood before the green thicket from which he had just emerged, facing us, cap held in outswEEPing gesture of pure Irish grace, like an actor acknowledging the plaudits of a multitude. Straight at me he tossed his pretty compliment with a flash of blue eyes (curious that I had ever thought them gray!) eyes filled with laughter yet strangely ready for tears. There was, I judged from Leighton Darrah's narrative, a matter of ten years between them as time goes, yet save for the greater exuberance of Lester, the resemblance was extraordinary. Lester's hair, like Leighton's, curled slightly, but was without a hint of gray, a detail which, I suddenly realized, had probably made Seraph aware that he was pursuing the wrong man. A darling broth of a boy, that Lester Darrah, worth in the sheer sunny charm of him all the worry that he made other people suffer in payment of it! He had need to be a darling in that moment for because of him, my hour of *knowing*, as all women want to know, was once more put off.

My little gray car held three in comfort, so presently we made our start down the Ridge, driving at a more moderate speed than we had ascended. Luck as well as love must have been with us for we reached level ground and the old bridge with not the slightest mishap. In the broad beauty of this later hour bees as well as birds were busy. It was the sweet of the year, and there was rare store of honey in the close white heads of the clover. That rogue, Lester Darrah, teased me, I might say, every foot of the journey. I thought he would never stop laughing at the way I had flared up in my room on the day he had been standing at the window of the pointed brick cottage, where, he explained, he had flown for the day for pure lark's sake, frightening his brother almost to death and whence, at a shot from Ezra Shutters, who was, it seemed, watching Woodcroft pretty closely about this time, he had fled, leaving his book of Irish ballads behind him. And the longer he laughed the better I loved him. Oh, the tricks and saucy ways of him, the spalpeen, as we drove home in the yellow morning light in the sweet of the year.

The first news that greeted me, on our arrival at Woodcroft where, for a few days we judged Lester Darrah might safely tarry, was that Cousin Sarah had flown. To avoid doubtless the embarrassment that would have attended saying good-by, she had left the house very early that morning, probably but a short time after Leighton Darrah and I had started for Waldon Ridge. The gray veil of dawn must have kindly softened her changed looks. That she did not rely on dawn alone I learned from Malory as with bandaged hand he served Leighton and Lester Darrah and me at breakfast at the small round table by the open casement-windows where places had been cozily laid for us. Lester, I had placed between us, for

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# Quilly Quick and Sammy Slow

New Babies: Vera and Helene Nyce.



AND now it is spring-time! And so many interesting things taking place; really I don't know where to begin nor what to talk about first! The quilting-bee—or Grandfather Quick's garden—or the newly hatched birdies! Dear me! It is most bewildering.

Well, anyway, Grandfather Quick had quite made up his mind to rush his garden work out of the way before the quilting-bee was held, for he dearly loved a party.

So; early one morning Quilly Quick raced to Sammy's house and begged him to come help with the garden work for Gran'father did SO want to hurry it out of the way, that he might sew a little on the pretty patchwork.

Away they ran—helter-skelter—Sammy and Quilly and the little wooden horse. That is, Sammy and Quilly ran and the little wooden horse's wheels rattled bravely. Down the garden-path and through the Bob-white pines; then they came to a 'normous white-oak-tree, and Sammy heard such a commotion that he paused to listen.

"I do believe it's in the redheaded woodpecker's house, Quilly—do come quick."

But before Quilly could reach the tree, pretty Mrs. Redhead herself flew up and into a hole in its trunk. And in the wink of an eye almost she flew out again and twittered:

"Good morning, Sammy and Quilly; don't you want to see my birdies? They are the loveliest ones I ever did hatch, and so healthy—such marvelous appetites! You'll scarcely believe me, but it takes all their father's time and mine too, to provide food for them."

Sammy was dreadfully excited when he peeped into the nest at the squirming babies. But he couldn't believe the sight of his own eyes. Not a feather 'mongst them all—and such big, BIG mouths! He was sadly disappointed for he thought they'd have bright-red heads like the father-bird. And the eggs had been such pretty pink ones, too—Mr. Redhead had given them a peep one day when his mate was out for exercise. But of course Sammy didn't mention his thoughts to the proud little mother. Just then the little father-bird flew up with food for the birdies, and their mouths opened so much wider that Sammy wondered how they could ever close them again.

How Father Redhead did laugh when he saw Sammy's startled face; but he assured him that their mouths wouldn't always look so big; and that soon, very soon, they'd have beautiful feathers, "just like mine," he said proudly, as he preened his own pretty wings.

Then, while they were bidding good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Redhead Woodpecker, they heard a

voice they knew saying, despairingly: "Yes, yes, I'm going as fast as ever I can."

And Mr. Lazybird (whose real name was Mr. Sparrow Brown) flew from the tree-branches, with a most distracted expression on his face. "I must get my mate a cup of water, and I must hunt food for her—and I CAN'T do both at one time. The birdies are hatching and my wife can't leave the nest—what SHALL I do? And I didn't have a wink of sleep the whole night," he chirped to Quilly and Sammy. And he rested for a moment on Sammy's shoulder.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow Brown, as she peered over the edge of her nest. "A wink of sleep, indeed! Why, you snored like a grampus all night—whatever a grampus may be. And YOU needn't complain, for you've had far the easier time. Now I haven't left the nest a second since the eggs commenced to pip! And there's Cousin Chippy Norton spends as much time on the nest as does his wife—but I wouldn't DARE trust you—you are too careless."

At that very identical moment Sammy exclaimed:

"Oh! Oh! I heard a little cheep—I know I did."

"To be sure you did," replied Mrs. Sparrow Brown, proudly; "and if you like you may climb up and take just one tiny peep—not too long—else my birdies will get chilled."

And to Sammy's delight one egg was quite cracked and the baby bird was just struggling from the shell—and another was pipping—and the cheeps and the pecks were sounding at a lively rate.

So; Sammy knew in reason that Mrs. Sparrow Brown couldn't leave her nest; and he told her that he and Quilly would bring her fresh spring-water to drink; and her mate could search for food. And she told Sammy where she kept her best acorn cups; and she did so wish she could have a refreshing bath. "But of course, my dears, I wouldn't dream of such a thing now—for in the time it would take to dry my feathers my birdies would take their death cold—poor little dears! If I could only trust my mate—" And she shook her head solemnly.

But Sammy felt sorry for little Mr. Sparrow Brown. And he told Mrs. Brown very timidly, that perhaps her mate would be different if she wouldn't call him lazy; nor wouldn't scold him so VERY much—he did look so worried.

"Perhaps you are right, my dear," replied little mother-bird, softly. "I have been pretty sharp—what with the nest and the eggs, it is certainly a care, rearing a family. And it does seem as though my mate needs more bringing-up than the birdies—he surely is a trial sometimes."

But when Mr. Sparrow Brown came at that moment with food she thanked him; and Sammy and Quilly ran for fresh water;

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# PORTIERE IN FILET-CROCHET

By MRS. L. L. VINDEDAHL

**U**SE No. 10 crochet-cotton, or a size that will give 5 spaces to the inch. Coarser thread will, of course, result in a wider and longer portiere, finer thread in one shorter and narrower, in proportion. The work may be done in one piece, or in sections and joined, as in case of the model; by the latter method it is easier to handle, but either may be chosen as preferred.

For the small section at the lower edge of portiere, make a chain of 116 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 8th stitch from hook, 36 more spaces (of chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble), turn. Or, if preferred, the long chain may be omitted and the 1st row of spaces made as follows: Chain 8, miss 1, 1 treble, \* turn, chain 5, miss 2, 1 treble; repeat from \* for the requisite number of spaces.

2. Chain 5, miss 2, 1 treble (for 1st space), 105 more trebles, turn.

3. Thirty-five spaces; edge (of 4 trebles, 1 space, turn).

4. Edge (of 1 space, 4 trebles); 14 spaces, 7 trebles, 13 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

5. Five spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 14 spaces; edge.

6. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, (4 trebles, 2 spaces) twice, 7 trebles, 13 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

7. Five spaces, 7 trebles, 14 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

8. Edge; 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 13 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

9. Five spaces, 10 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

10. Edge; 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 13 trebles, 14 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

11. Five spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 14 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

12. Edge; 2 spaces, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 11 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

13. Five spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 10 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 22 trebles, 1 space; edge.

14. Edge; 3 spaces, 16 trebles, 3 spaces, 13 trebles, 8 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

15. Five spaces, (10 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, 16 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

16. Edge; 5 spaces, 16 trebles, 10 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

17. Five spaces, (10 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 8 spaces, 13 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

18. Edge; 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 5 spaces, (7 trebles, 1 space) 3 times, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

19. Six spaces, 19 trebles, (1 space, 7 trebles) twice, 5 spaces, 16 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

20. Edge; 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, (7 trebles, 1 space) twice, 10 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

21. Seven spaces, 19 trebles, (1 space, 7 trebles) twice, 2 spaces, 19 trebles, 3 spaces, 13 trebles, 1 space; edge.

22. Edge; 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 25 trebles, (1 space, 7

trebles) twice, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 7 spaces, turn.

23. Seven spaces, 13 trebles, (1 space, 7 trebles) twice, 1 space, 25 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

24. Edge; 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 28 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 8 spaces, turn.

25. Eight spaces, 22 trebles, 1 space, \* 31 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

39. Five spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 13 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space; edge.

40. Edge; 1 space, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 19 trebles, 9 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

41. Five spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 8 spaces, 16 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 9 spaces; edge.

spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 8 spaces, turn.

53. Fourteen spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 12 spaces; edge.

54. Edge; 13 spaces, 4 trebles, 21 spaces, turn.

55, 57. Thirty-five spaces; edge.

56, 58. Edge; 35 spaces, turn.

59. Thirty-four spaces, a treble in next treble, omitting 2 chain, to narrow.

60. Chain 3, treble in next treble, to narrow 1 space, 33 spaces, turn.

Continue like 59th and 60th rows, decreasing 1 space each row as directed, until you have completed the 81st row, which will be narrow, 1 space. Turn, and working down the diagonal or narrowed edge, chain 3 for 1st treble, \* 2 trebles in space and treble in treble; repeat from \*, ending with space over space at lower edge. Turn, and make a row of spaces, as usual, working to the upper edge again; fasten off.

Make the other side section in the same way. For the second (long) section, make a chain of 116 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 8th stitch, 36 more spaces, turn.

2. A treble in each stitch of last row (chain 3 for 1st treble), turn.

3. Edge; 33 spaces; edge.

4. Like 54th row of 1st section, ending with 19 spaces; edge.

5. Edge; 12 spaces, and continue like 53d row of 1st section.

6 to 54. Same as 54th to 4th row of 1st section, only that, as indicated, there are 2 spaces less at end of even rows and beginning of odd rows, the added edge taking the place of these.

55. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 11 spaces, 4 trebles, 12 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

56. Edge; 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 11 spaces; edge.

57. Edge; 11 spaces, 10 trebles, 12 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

58. Edge; 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

59. Edge; 4 spaces, 13 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 9 spaces, 13 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

60. Edge; 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

61. Edge; 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 13 spaces, 13 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

62. Edge; 6 spaces, (4 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 9 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 8 spaces; edge.

63. Edge; 9 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

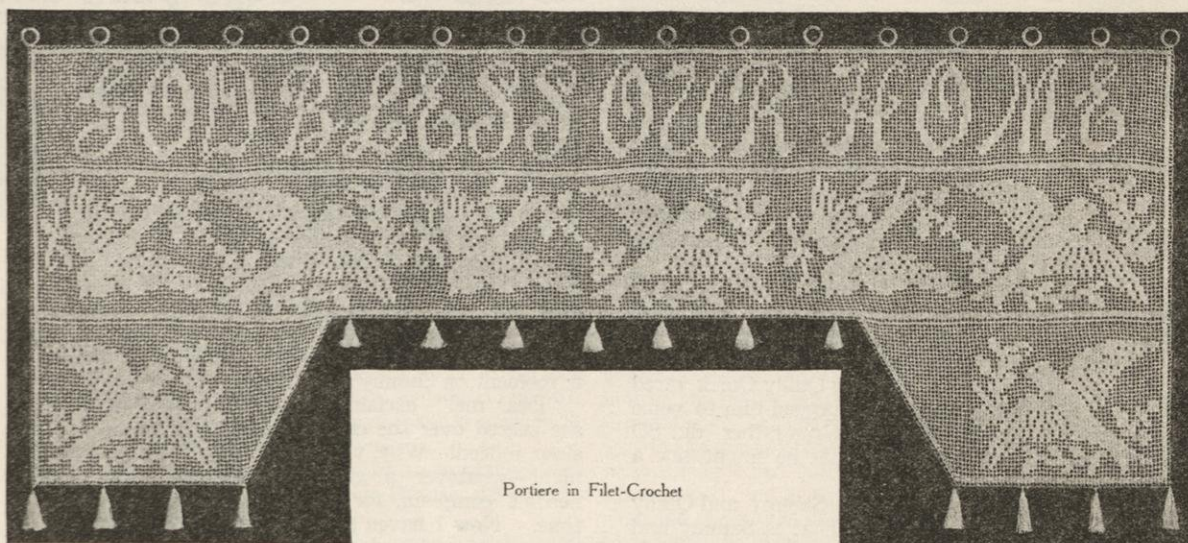
64. Edge; 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 25 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

65. Edge; 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 13 trebles, 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

66. Edge; 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

67. Edge; 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 7 spaces; edge.

68. Edge; 7 spaces, (4 trebles, 1 space)



Portiere in Filet-Crochet

26. Reverse 25th to \*, 19 trebles, 9 spaces, turn.

27. Eleven spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 28 trebles, 1 space, (4 trebles, 2 spaces) twice, 7 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

28. Edge; 1 space, 10 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 22 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 13 spaces, turn.

29. Fourteen spaces, 22 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 5 spaces, (4 trebles, 1 space) twice; edge.

30. Edge; 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 22 trebles, 13 spaces, turn.

31. Twelve spaces, 22 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

32. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 11 spaces, turn.

33. Ten spaces, (19 trebles, 1 space) twice, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

34. Edge; 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 19 trebles, 10 spaces, turn.

35. Ten spaces, 22 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

36. Edge; 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 10 spaces, turn.

37. Six spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 13 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

38. Edge; 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

42. Edge; 7 spaces, 10 trebles, (1 space, 7 trebles) twice, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

43. Six spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

44. Edge; 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

45. Seven spaces, 16 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

46. Edge; 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

47. Four spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, 31 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

48. Edge; 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 13 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.

49. Nine spaces, 10 trebles, (2 spaces, 7 trebles) twice, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

50. Edge; 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 6 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 9 spaces, turn.

51. Eight spaces, 13 trebles, 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

52. Edge; 12 spaces, 10 trebles, 3

## Terms Used in Crocheting

*Ch*, chain: a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the one preceding it. *Sc*, single crochet: hook through work, thread over and draw through work and stitch on hook at same time. *Dc*, double crochet: hook through work, thread over and draw through, over, and draw through two stitches on hook. *Tc*, treble crochet: over, draw thread through work, over, draw through two stitches on hook, over, and draw through remaining two. *Slc*, short treble crochet: like treble, save that the thread is drawn through the three stitches at once. *Dtc*, double treble crochet: thread over twice before insertion of hook in work, then proceed as in treble crochet. *P*, picot: a loop of chain joined by catching in first stitch of chain.



twice, 7 trebles, 11 spaces, 10 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

69. Edge; (2 spaces, 10 trebles) twice, 10 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

70. Edge; 6 spaces, 13 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, \* 8 spaces, 22 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

71. Edge; 6 spaces, 19 trebles, 7 spaces, 13 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

72. Like 70th to \*. 6 spaces, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

73. Edge; 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 16 trebles, 6 spaces, 25 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

74. Edge; 5 spaces, 13 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 16 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

75. Edge; 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 22 trebles, 1 space, 25 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

76. Edge; 5 spaces, 13 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 1 space, 19 trebles, 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space; edge.

77. Edge; 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 16 trebles, 1 space, 22 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

78. Edge; 13 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 3 spaces, 13 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

79. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, 16 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 7 spaces; edge.

80. Edge; 8 spaces, (13 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 10 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 4 spaces; edge.

81. Edge; 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 13 trebles, (1 space, 7 trebles) twice, 6 spaces; edge.

82. Edge; 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 22 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 7 spaces; edge.

83. Edge; 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 19 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

84. Edge; 5 spaces, 28 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces; edge.

85. Edge; 8 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 31 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

86. Edge; 5 spaces, 25 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

87. Edge; 6 spaces, 25 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 2 spaces, 19 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

88. Edge; 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 25 trebles, 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

89. Edge; 5 spaces, 43 trebles, 3 spaces, 22 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

90. Edge; 7 spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, 28 trebles, 4 spaces, 13 trebles, 1 space; edge.

91. Edge; 4 spaces, 37 trebles, 17 spaces; edge.

92. Edge; 11 spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces; edge.

93. Edge; 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 12 spaces; edge.

94. Edge; 14 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

95. Edge; 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 15 spaces; edge.

96. Edge; 11 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 13 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

97. Edge; 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 10 spaces; edge.

98. Edge; 11 spaces, 13 trebles, 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 11 spaces; edge.

99. Edge; 11 spaces, 7 trebles, 20 spaces.

Repeat twice from 4th to 99th row; then

reverse from 3d row, working 3 rows same as 3d, 2d and 1st.

For the third or upper section: Make a chain of 92 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 8th stitch, 28 more spaces, turn.

2. Chain 3, 84 trebles, 1 space, turn.

3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13. Edge; 27 spaces, turn.

4, 6, 8, 10, 12. Twenty-seven spaces; edge.

14. Three spaces, 10 trebles, 8 spaces, 4 trebles, 12 spaces; edge.

15. Edge; 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

16. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 10 spaces; edge.

17. Edge; 10 spaces, (7 trebles, 5 spaces) twice, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

18. Two spaces, (4 trebles, 6 spaces) twice, 4 trebles, 10 spaces; edge.

19. Edge; 8 spaces, 16 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

20. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 25 trebles, 6 spaces, edge.

21. Edge; 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

22. Four spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, (4 trebles, 4 spaces) twice, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

23. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

24. Six spaces, 19 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

25. Edge; (2 spaces, 4 trebles) twice, 7 spaces, 22 trebles, 7 spaces, turn.

26. Thirteen spaces, 4 trebles, 8 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

27. Edge; 12 spaces, 4 trebles, 14 spaces, turn.

28, 29. Like 4th and 3d rows. This completes the first letter, "G."

30. Eight spaces, 22 trebles, 12 spaces; edge.

31. Edge; 9 spaces, 40 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

32. Four spaces, 13 trebles, 6 spaces, 19 trebles, 7 spaces; edge.

33. Edge; 6 spaces, 10 trebles, 12 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

34. Two spaces, 10 trebles, 16 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

35. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 19 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces; turn.

36. Two spaces, 7 trebles, 8 spaces, 28 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

37. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 13 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

38. Four spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

39. Edge; 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 15 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

40. Five spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 13 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

41. Edge; 5 spaces, 25 trebles, 3 spaces, 16 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

42. Seven spaces, 40 trebles, 7 spaces; edge.

43. Edge; 9 spaces, 25 trebles, 10 spaces, turn.

44. Like 4th row.

45. Twenty-three spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

46. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 20 spaces; edge.

47. Edge; 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 12 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

48. Four spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 43 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

49. Edge; 2 spaces, 31 trebles, 10 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.

50. Four spaces, 7 trebles, 18 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

51. Edge; 4 spaces, 22 trebles, 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.

52. Four spaces, 7 trebles, 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

53. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 10 trebles, 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

54. Three spaces, 7 trebles, 9 spaces, 16 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

55. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 19 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

56. Four spaces, 7 trebles, 18 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

57. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 16 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

58. Seven spaces, 49 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

59. Edge; 6 spaces, 34 trebles, 10 spaces, turn.

60, 62, 64. Like 4th row.

61, 63. Like 3d row.

65. Edge; 24 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

66. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 23 spaces; edge.

67. Edge; 8 spaces, 10 trebles, 11 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

68. Three spaces, 13 trebles, 8 spaces, 19 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.

69. Edge; 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, 16 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.

70. Eight spaces, 13 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

71. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 7 spaces, 16 trebles, 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

72. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 16 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

73. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

74. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

75. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, (4 trebles, 3 spaces) twice, turn.

76. Four spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

77. Edge; 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 25 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

78. Six spaces, 22 trebles, 3 spaces, 22 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

79. Edge; 5 spaces, 16 trebles, 6 spaces, 10 trebles, 7 spaces, turn.

80. Eight spaces, 4 trebles, 18 spaces; edge.

81. Edge; 17 spaces, 4 trebles, 9 spaces, turn.

82. Two spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 16 spaces; edge.

83. Edge; 21 spaces, (4 trebles, 2 spaces) twice, turn.

84. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 18 spaces; edge.

85. Edge; 16 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

86. Three spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 16 spaces; edge.

87. Edge; 15 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 13 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.

88. Five spaces, 16 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 15 spaces; edge.

89. Edge; 14 spaces, 19 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

90. Four spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 25 trebles, 10 spaces; edge.

91. Edge; 7 spaces, 25 trebles, 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

92. Two spaces, 10 trebles, 9 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

93. Edge; 4 spaces, (4 trebles, 6 spaces) twice, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

94. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

95. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.

96. Five spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

97. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 13 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

98. Seven spaces, 10 trebles, 9 spaces, 16 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

99. Like 3d row.

100. Thirteen spaces, 10 trebles, 11 spaces; edge.

101. Edge; 11 spaces, 7 trebles, 14 spaces, turn.

102. Four spaces, 22 trebles, 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 10 spaces; edge.

103. Edge; 10 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 31 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

104. Two spaces, 10 trebles, 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 16 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.

105. Edge; 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

106. Two spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 16 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

107. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

108. Two spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, (3 spaces, 4 trebles) twice, 2 spaces; edge.

109. Edge; (2 spaces, 4 trebles) twice, 8 spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

110. Four spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 9 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

111. Edge; 15 spaces, 22 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

112. Six spaces, 16 trebles, 16 spaces; edge.

113, 114. Like 3d and 4th rows.

115. Edge; 18 spaces, 13 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

116. Four spaces, 19 trebles, 17 spaces; edge.

117. Edge; 16 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

118. Two spaces, 4 trebles, (7 spaces, 7 trebles) twice, 6 spaces; edge.

119. Edge; 5 spaces, 13 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

120. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, 19 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

121. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 13 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 8 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

122. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 11 spaces, 13 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

123. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 13 trebles, 8 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.

124. Five spaces, 37 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

125. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 28 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

126. Eight spaces, 19 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

127. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 18 spaces, turn.

128. Nineteen spaces, 13 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

129 to 143. Same as 114th to 128th, reversing directions; that is, work 129th like 114th, backward; 130th like 115th, backward, and so on.

144, 146, 148. Like 4th row.

145, 147, 149. Like 3d row.

150 to 163. Same as 30th to 43d row.

164, 165. Like 4th and 3d rows.

166. Four spaces, 16 trebles, 18 spaces; edge.

167. Edge; 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 10 spaces, 25 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

168. Two spaces, 10 trebles, 4 spaces, 13 trebles, 8 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

169. Edge; 2 spaces, 13 trebles, 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 9 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

170. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.

171. Edge; 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 6

Concluded on page 20



## Prince Cinderella

Continued from page 10

he seemed to belong to both now. Malory graphically pictured for us the embarkment of Cousin Sarah, of which he was the sole witness. She had, it seemed, tipped him late on Sunday afternoon to hire a wagon at Middlefield to convey her and her luggage to the village station at the unearthly hour chosen by the local train for its departure.

"Seven great boxes, madam, and half on 'em crammed! I know, fer I set on 'em!" (She who had arrived at Woodcroft with her entire wardrobe contained in a single suitcase, and so overpowered me that not until later had I appreciated the absence of bulkier luggage!) Malory, looking, I thought, even whiter, if that were possible, than I had yet seen him, rubbed his thin hands together as he talked and showed much distress at the cheerless, still more, the plebeian order of Mrs. Martin's going.

"It didn't look right, madam," he went on, shaking his head in grave perplexity. "Nobody but me a-seeing 'er off, and that fine figger of old southern Haristocracy perched on a common spring wagon-seat beside the driver! I know she felt demeaned, for she held her black widdy's veil down tight over her face, and as the wagon bumped off down the road she didn't so much as turn round once or wave her 'and at the 'ouse." Malory sighed a noble sigh and turned to leave the room. "If ever there were a limousine lady," he concluded, with great firmness, "'er was she."

I concealed my surprise, and relief, at the Frenchness of Cousin Sarah's leave-taking, covering my silence by helping Lester Darrah for a third time to Bessie's remarkably fine waffles. After all, I reflected, it was better that Cousin Sarah had gone away as she did. It spared us both, and in a way allowed her a final opportunity to trump the situation. On the instant I resolved never to tell even Leighton Darrah the truth about her camouflage of birth and looks. Accident had betrayed the ugly facts to me; I would let her remain to all who had known her at my house the exquisite creature of charm and breeding she had led them to see in her. I would do this not at all because I was ashamed of the truth—I had gone past caring for myself who knew, nor in pity for her, but because in my final view of Cousin Sarah I found myself, to my astonishment, admiring her. It was partly the incalculable charm of a fine manner, partly that the completeness with which she had conceived her imposture and the extraordinary perfection of detail with which she had carried it out lifted it into a kind of ideal.

"Thank you, Malory," I said, detaining him a moment longer. "It was indeed kind of you to help Mrs. Martin away. I knew that she had found it necessary to leave Woodcroft, but I am sorry she did not allow us to drive her to Dorchester."

Malory's view of my departed chaperon's social deserts was so obviously the correct one that I felt even in the midst of my relief a twinge of distress. If on turning her back to Woodcroft, Cousin Sarah had permanently commandeered my seven-thousand-dollar touring-car, I think I should really have been happier.

Just as I was wondering how I could manage chaperonless, with three men in the house, even for the briefest interval, Lester Darrah made excuse to leave us. An Irishman is never guilty of being *de trop*. In the great dining-room I was once more alone with my prince, and again with riotously beating heart I awaited his word of love. With eyes fixed on my plate I listened for an interminable moment to Seth Thomas on the mantelshelf.

"Tick, tock, tick, tock!"

I think the excitement and the long strain of the night were beginning to tell on me. For the first time since I had known my elderly friend I was irritated at him.

"Hoity, toity, hoity toity! Young ladies in love, young ladies in love!"

So Uncle Seth's measured swinging seemed to say. From his place directly opposite

me across the little round table I felt Leighton Darrah's eyes on me. When at last he spoke and I perforce lifted my own eyes, my cheeks were, I am sure, as pink as the tiny rose-sprigs in the printed morning-dress into which I had hastily changed. What he actually said was the last thing in the world that I expected to hear.

"It seems to me, Miss Meredith, that you take the loss of your engagement-ring—such an engagement-ring, too!—rather coolly."

As he spoke he continued to look at me in a penetrating, steady way I couldn't quite comprehend.

My eyes opened wide. I sat straight up and stared at him. I was hurt and bewildered.

"But I'm glad it's gone," I answered him. "It brought trouble to everybody. It nearly caused your death. Anyway, it was taken—I couldn't help that, could I? And it's now in the hands of the man who has the right to it."

"But—" he protested, slowly, "naturally, having given it to you—"

I fell back a step. For an instant I stared at him in blank silence. I had no words. I was stunned. Then I came to, and, my eyes blazing with wrath, I burst forth.

"William Moore gave me that ring? Why, I thought all along, I thought that you—oh, this is too dreadful!" Tears of anger and humiliation sprang to my eyes. "Leighton Darrah, you have played me a trick! You've been laughing at me all the time. I—I hate you!"

And quite forgetting dignity I ran as fast as I could from the room out into the hall. Where I was going I did not know nor did I care. My universe was a spent balloon. I wanted only with every atom of my nature to get away from this man who had deceived me. All too clearly now I understood William's searching looks at me, his glances at my hands, his wanting to know why I didn't wear the diamond. All too clearly now I saw that in a way he had a right to

noon at Mrs. Winters," I sobbed, still behind the shelter of my hands. "And you asked me if I could keep a secret. And the next morning it came in the little box, without a card, but of course I supposed— And now the romance is all gone—"

With exquisite tenderness Leighton Darrah seated himself beside me on the great sofa. Gently he unclasped my hands. I turned my face obstinately away. I knew I was a sight. Vainly I darted a hand into each of my two pockets for a handkerchief. Leighton Darrah laughed softly. In another instant I felt against my face folds of the finest linen, immaculate, soft, enormous. My tears were wiped—yes, and my nose was wiped too. It was awful—yes, but somehow comforting. I no longer tried to resist.

"Real romance, Rose, is still there, underneath, where it has always been. You have only torn away the tawdry covering. I understand it all now. To make things clear to you, I must go back a bit. My brother—the devil's imp that he is entirely—once in this country began to feel that the blue diamond was too wonderful to be owned by a heathen even if he is a Rajah. He had no thought of making money by it, money being the last of his concerns altogether, but just the better to take care of it he had it set in a ring. When I found him I knew this would never do. I half cajoled, half persuaded him to let me have it.

"That night in New York, I saw William Moore, whom I had known pretty well as a boy. My father's sister married a brother of Mrs. Moore and after her death the two families continued to visit. We'd met several times since my return to this country. William is a queer duck, but we always got on rather well and on an impulse I showed him the ring. Instantly he begged me to let him buy it. I replied that it wasn't for sale. He asked then that he might send it to you for a few days just for a lark. I protested that this would not be fair to you, but he talked me down finally, insisting that it was just the sort of thing you liked. It seems—for he grew confidential here—that not long before you had taken him to task—told him he didn't understand, etc. I didn't like parting even for a few days with that stone, but when he told me that the girl to whom he wished to send it was to be our hostess for the house-party he had already arranged I should accompany him to, I consented, promising for the present not to betray my ownership. If I were in the house with the stone, I felt that I could watch over it. William didn't tell me that he meant to send it anonymously. The egotism of him! So I never dreamed— But William intended, Rose dear, for once to give you an adventure, and I think, to be quite fair, you must grant that he has done so."

Perversely I shook my head. Now that the whole affair was over it looked to me clumsy and stupid, so do we often unjustly value a deed by its doer! In his effort to be romantic in my eyes William had only made himself ridiculous. He had not been content with dressing himself in his best clothes, but had snatched the first brightly-colored attire he saw in the vain thought that gay garments would make him an adventurer. It was a profound, tactical blunder.

Leighton Darrah slipped an arm about my waist.

"The garish diamond, Rose, is not for such as you. I shall give you pearls. For, of course, a thousand engagement-rings from William Moore would not make you belong to him. You belong to me."

At last they had come, the words of assurance, not, indeed, those of which I had dreamed, but better words. The masterful assumption that I was already his, pleased me more than any formal declaration could have done, and in particular satisfied an old and deep craving of my heart, to which I have already alluded. At last I belonged to somebody.

About the diamond he was right. The robin's-egg was out of place on a girl so small and insignificant as I. He was right too,

Continued on page 24

## HIAWATHA

BY JONATHAN BRACE

*Long before the white man ventured  
To the land of the Red Indian  
There was born an Indian baby  
By the shining Big Sea Water.  
There he lived with old Nokomis  
And his name was Hiawatha.  
As a boy he learned the language  
Of the birds and beasts around him,  
Talked with them and learned their secrets.*

*And one day the great Iagoo  
Made for him a bow and arrows  
Tipped with flint and winged with feathers.  
These he learned to shoot so surely  
That he never missed the red deer  
When he traveled through the forest.  
Thus this Indian boy grew sturdy,  
Clear of eye and quick in action,  
Gaining knowledge from old Nature.*

*If you'd know how with the West Wind  
Hiawatha fought and conquered;  
How he saw fair Laughing Water,  
Daughter of the arrow-maker,  
Saw her, wooed and won this maiden;  
How a Birch Canoe he builded;  
All these things and many others*

*You may find them, if you wish to,  
In the Song of Hiawatha  
Written by the great Longfellow.  
Hiawatha's meanwhile waiting  
As your playmate with his arrows  
And his bow and axe and peace-pipe  
If you will but use your scissors.*

(See next page)

I flared quite decidedly on these last words.

Leighton Darrah laughed softly and continued to look straight at me. The pink in my cheeks must have outmatched the sprigs in my dress by now.

"Legally, yes. But I am wondering just how Moore will feel about that."

It was the second time that he had, as it were, twitted me about William Moore. I rose slowly, giving my chair a slight push backward, summoning every inch of dignity that I possess, provokingly conscious the while that even in my Louis Quinze heels I am only five feet one.

"I am not aware," I answered him, making what, I fear, was a quite ridiculous attempt to appear superior and aloof, "that William Moore has any right to be concerned. He is not my guardian."

Leighton Darrah leaned forward, chin on palm, his brows knitted, as if he found me an enigma complete and extraordinary, the solving of which would require all the patience he could bring to it.

Supreme egoist that he is, he had calmly expected me to guess that he had sent the ring, and my failure, day after day to acknowledge his gift after wearing it, and then my appearing, equally without explanation without it, had been almost too much. Meanwhile Harriet—

Midway of the hall Leighton Darrah caught me, and heedless of who might see, clapped both his hands about my waist; and with no ado whatever lifted and literally carried me into the drawing-room. Scold as I might, it was no use. His arms were strong, his will was iron. Gently, as if I were some naughty little girl whom he intended to chide, he set me down on the great sofa opposite the fireplace. He took his own stand directly before me, and for a moment there was silence. I hid my tear-stained face in my two hands.

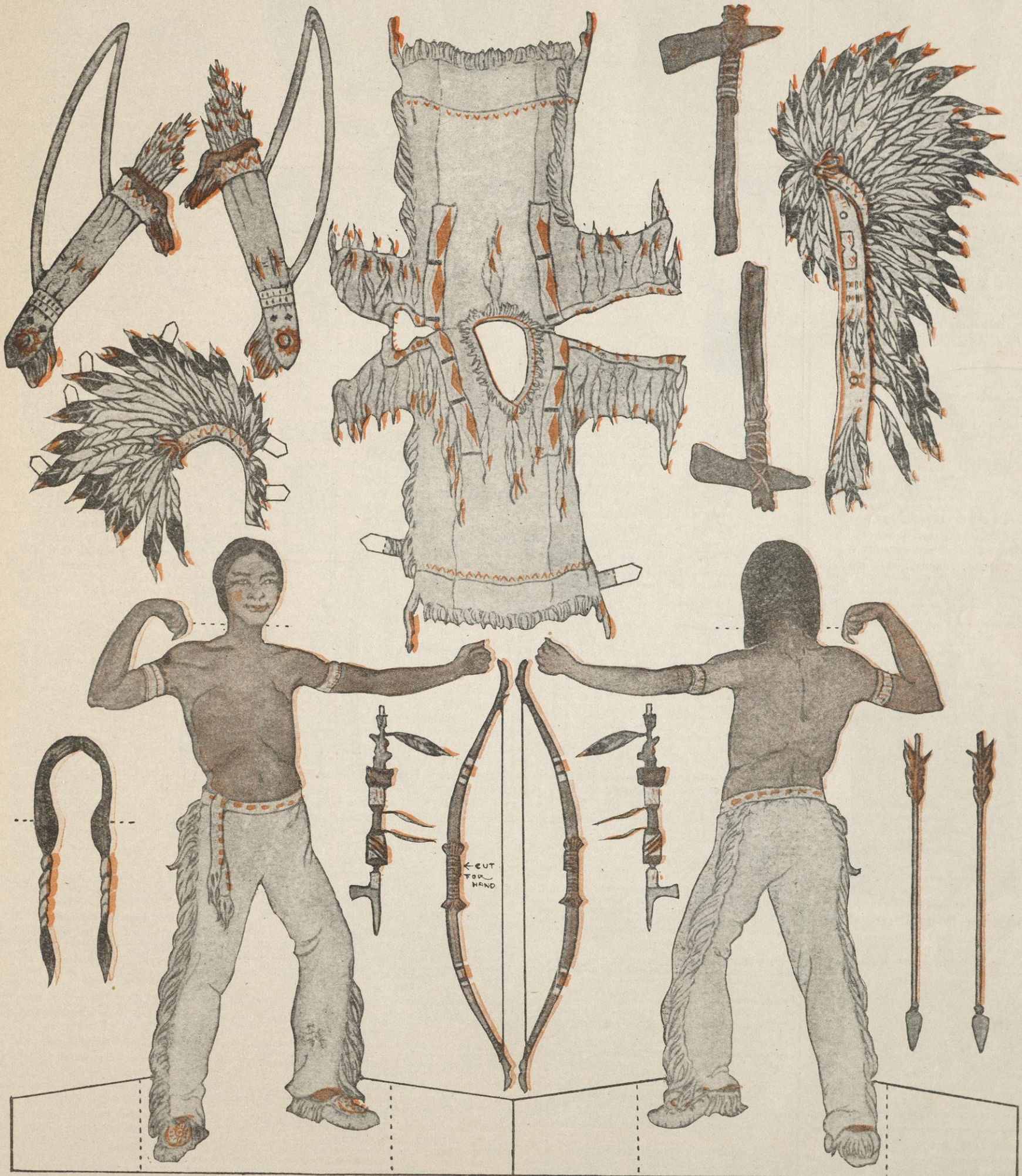
"So that is the way of it," I heard his musing voice. "Poor little Rose! But what under sun and stars ever made you think—"

"Why, you showed it to me that after—"



BY HAROLD CUE

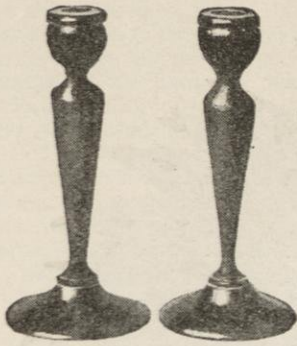
# “HIAWATHA”



To make Hiawatha your playmate, paste this page on another sheet of paper. Then cut out the figures and paste the backs to the fronts. Bend the supports at the base, one forward and one back so figure will stand. Paste hair on front of head only to dotted lines so braids will fall over front of coat when Hiawatha is dressed.



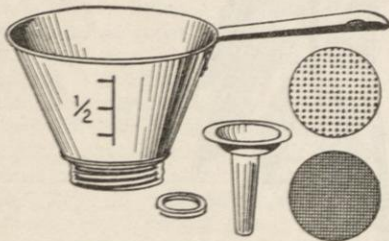
**These Rewards Are Yours for a Little Effort**



**Mahogany-Finish Candlesticks**

A Pair Given for **Four** Subscriptions

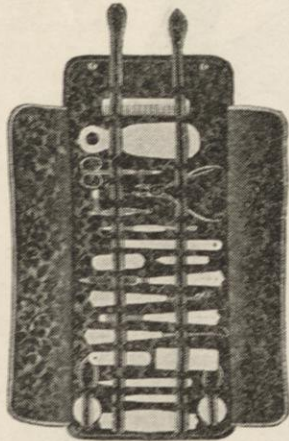
**No. 1924.** In the revival of antiques, the candlestick has been returned to its place of former usefulness and is now an accepted ornament in nearly every home. Simple and graceful lines give to this pair of sticks a quiet dignity and refinement not often found. Made of birch and stained to a deep mahogany tone. About 8 inches high. Felt-cloth bottom. Brass ferrule to hold candles in socket.



**Nine-in-One Combination-Dipper**

Given for **Two** Subscriptions

**No. 2144.** This combination-dipper with riveted iron handle is truly a kitchen-necessity, combining as it does the following nine useful articles in one:  
 1 Dipper 2 Graduated one-pint measure 3 Funnel  
 4 Dipper 5 Bottle-Filler 6 Fine Strainer  
 7 Coarse Strainer 8 Egg-Poacher 9 Skimmer



**21-Piece Manicure-Set**

Given for **Ten** Subscriptions

**No. 2214.** Enfolded in a leather case 17 inches long by 7 1/2 inches wide is an exquisite 21-piece manicure-set. As the illustration shows, there is every piece that can be desired. Note the beautiful style employed. Each article, except where metal must be used, is of snow-white French Ivory. One of the chief features of such a case is that when one is through with it, it may be rolled to a small size, snapped together, and put away, leaving the dressing-table free for the many other articles that must be on it. It is also unexcelled for the person traveling, or for week-ends. The lining is a beautiful piece of brocaded material, closely resembling velvet, and will give you excellent service for years.  
 This set is durable as well as good-looking.

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 Augusta, Maine



**Children's Rompers**

THE children's romper-pattern No. 1252, is cut in sizes for from 1/2 to 3 years. To make the rompers in the 3-year size will require 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 3/8 yard of 27-inch contrasting goods.

**Girls' Dress**

THE girls' dress-pattern, No. 1130, is cut in sizes for from 6 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting goods, and 1 3/4 yards of ruffling.

**Ladies' Blouse**

THE ladies' blouse-pattern, No. 1329, is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust-measure. To make the blouse in the 36-inch size will require 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 3/8 yard of 23-inch contrasting goods.

**Girls' Dress**

THE girls' dress-pattern, No. 1143, is cut in sizes for from 4 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting goods, and 1 3/4 yards of binding for dress and 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for gimpes.

**Children's Dress with Bloomers**

THE children's dress-pattern, No. 1287, is cut in sizes for from 2 to 8 years. To make the dress in the 4-year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 4 1/4 yards of binding.

**Girls' Dress**

THE girls' dress-pattern, No. 1278, is cut in sizes for from 6 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch dark material, with 1 yard of 36-inch light goods.

**Girls' Dress**

THE girls' dress-pattern, No. 1280, is cut in sizes for from 6 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 3 1/2 yards of ribbon.

**Children's Dress**

THE children's dress-pattern, No. 9902, is cut in sizes for from 2 to 8 years. To make the dress in the 4-year size will require 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 1/2 yard of 32-inch contrasting goods.

**Girls' Dress**

THE girls' dress-pattern, No. 1281, is cut in sizes for from 6 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

**Girls' Dress**

THE girls' dress-pattern, No. 1322, is cut in sizes for from 6 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material, with 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting goods.

**Ladies' Apron**

THE ladies' apron-pattern, No. 1182, is cut in sizes for 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches bust-measure. To make the apron in the 36-inch size will require 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 9 3/4 yards of binding.

**Stout Ladies' Dress**

THE stout ladies' dress-pattern, No. 9979, is cut in sizes from 42 to 52 inches bust-measure. To

make the dress in the 46-inch size will require 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting goods, and 5 yards of braid.

**Ladies' and Misses' Cape**

THE ladies' and misses' cape-pattern, No. 1361, is cut in sizes small, medium and large. To make the cape in the small size will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 16 1/4 yards of braid.

**Ladies' Dress**

THE ladies' dress-pattern, No. 1269, is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 13 yards of braid.

**Ladies' and Misses' Dress**

THE ladies' and misses' dress-pattern, No. 1095, is cut in sizes for 16 years, and from 36 to 44 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for jumper, and 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch goods for gimpes.

**Ladies' Apron**

THE ladies' apron-pattern, No. 1161, is cut in sizes for 36, 40 and 44 inches bust-measure. To make the apron in the 36-inch size will require 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

We will send patterns of any of the garments illustrated and described above, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of twelve cents each. In ordering, give number of pattern and size wanted. Limited space prevents the showing of all styles. We will send you our large Fashion Quarterly containing over three hundred styles, dressmaking-lessons, etc., for twelve cents when ordered without a pattern, or ten cents when ordered with a pattern.  
 Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine



**Quilly Quick and Sammy Slow**  
*Concluded from page 11*

and Mr. Brown flew away for more food. Now there was a dear little spring of sweet cold water, and it was quite close to the pond where Uncle Jonathan Bullfrog and his folks lived.

It took only a short time to reach the spring and Sammy was just bending over to fill his cup when he heard a hoarse "hello!" and there was Uncle Jonathan himself waving and shouting to them from the other side of the water.

Sammy called: "We can't stop, Uncle Jonathan, we're carrying fresh drinking-water to Mrs. Sparrow Brown." But Quilly told Sammy to stay a moment with Uncle J. Bullfrog, and he would carry the water. And that was very kind of Quilly, for he was just as anxious to see Uncle Jonathan as was Sammy.

Well, Uncle Jonathan told Sammy he couldn't stay long either, for he had about two hundred grandchildren hatching, down by the rushes, where the sun shone warm. And he had to guard them closely or the trout and crayfish would carry them away; and they had other enemies aplenty.

But he swam to Sammy's side of the pond and he hurried him to where the tadpoles were hatching—down by the rushes. And he told him that his folks would give a party in less than a week, for the little tads would then be full-fledged frogs. And the whole neighborhood were so excited and so proud of them. Some of them already had their legs, and others had both their hind legs and one front one, while a few—

"Have ALL their legs!" interrupted Sammy, in astonishment. "Why I thought frogs always had all their legs!"

Uncle Jonathan gave one hoarse shout and laughed and laughed.

"So they do, Sammy, so they do!" he exclaimed; "handsome legs just like mine! That is, frogs have all their legs, but tadpoles don't. They haven't ANY legs at first—but by-and-by one hind leg wiggles out, then another, then a front leg, then—"

THEN came a tremendous loud croak:

"Jonathan—Jonathan! the crayfish—CR-AYFISH!" And Uncle Jonathan leaped to his feet and he and Sammy saw Aunt Betsy Bullfrog rushing after dozens and dozens of fish, brandishing her broom, and leaping and jumping and splashing wildly.

Uncle Jonathan groaned.

"I'm afraid Betsy'll scold this time—and don't know as I blame her, either. All right, Betsy, I'm coming, I'm coming. Good-by, Sammy, see you at the party." And Uncle Jonathan dived into the water and Sammy dived into the woods. And he met Quilly at the spring. He had returned for more water, because he had looked over his shoulder to see what Uncle Jonathan wanted with Sammy; and so had spilled all the water but one tiny drop.

And one drop was NOT enough to quench Mrs. Brown's thirst. As soon as Sammy saw Quilly he called out:

"O Quilly! what do you s'pose? We're invited to a party—as soon as the little tads have all their legs—Uncle Jonathan Bullfrog says he'll meet us at the foot of the lily-pond—by the big elder-bush—and he'll ferry us across. Some of the little tadpoles'll be frogs in a few days and those that haven't their legs will have their party under water. But we needn't go under the water," Sammy added, hastily, for Quilly looked alarmed at that bit of news. "But do let's hurry, for Mrs. Sparrow Brown must be very thirsty."

Well! they arrived in time to see Mr. Sparrow Brown fluttering about in the greatest excitement—and dropping the food he had brought—and singing in the shrillest shrill voice. And Mrs. Sparrow called to them to come and peep—one of her birdies was entirely out of the shell, and was he not sweet? But Sammy didn't think Mrs. Sparrow Brown's babies were any prettier than Mrs. Redhead Woodpecker's, but he thought they were cunning and he guessed they wouldn't always be so ugly. As for Mr. and

Mrs. S. Brown—they were so excited they didn't miss anything in Sammy's manner.

After the little mother-bird had carefully cuddled her newly hatched bird and the eggs, Sammy whispered: "What will Gran'father think?" And away they ran bumping the little wooden horse over stones and brush. When they arrived at Quilly's home they found Mrs. Quick in the greatest distress. Some of her very prettiest squares of patchwork had disappeared—and the quilting-party to be held in a few days.

"The wind couldn't have carried them away," she said; "because I had them in my workbox where his prying fingers couldn't reach them. And in despair she threatened to take every nut out of the bin but what she'd find them.

"Please don't do that," begged Quilly, "Sammy'n I are going out to speak to Gran'father—then we'll come in and find them for you." And out they dashed and called and searched, and searched and called, but no Gran'father. Only a small spade stuck in the ground where he had marked out a plot for his garden.

Quilly looked frightened.

"Where can he be?" he said to Sammy. Then they saw a spot of color behind a rock—"Gran'father's dressing-gown!" exclaimed Quilly; "he must be sick or hurt." And he and Sammy tumbled over each other to reach the rock—and found Gran'father—sewing patchwork, with the missing squares spread before him.

And he looked a wee bit ashamed and he said:

"I just couldn't help it youngsters—my mother taught me, said it would be just as useful to a man as to a woman. And I do love to sew on nice bright patchwork—it's so quiet and peaceful. And we'll work on the garden after lunch."

So Sammy and Quilly ran to tell Mrs. Quick all about it, and she smiled happily, and said:

"I quite forgot Gran'father's fondness for patchwork, or I might have guessed where the pieces went."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth when in ran Sophia Silvertail—quite breathless. And Mrs. Quick said:

"Whatever is the matter, Sophia?—do let me get you a cup of tea."

"Not this time, my dear," gasped Sophia.

"I've just come from Mrs. Squirrel Flutter's house, and she has the dearest twin babies you ever did see. Only one week old and not a stitch to put on them, but the old worn dresses of the older children. And she is SO anxious that they shall have new frocks before their eyes are entirely open—one of Poppet's eyes is already open just a teeny bit. And she doesn't want them to be dressed in rags when they first open their eyes—and have the little dears feel they are not cared for. So she begged me to help her only a few hours and I said certainly, and that I'd fetch you, for I felt sure you'd be glad to help, too."

Of course Mrs. Quick said yes—she couldn't refuse a neighbor. And she waited only long enough to put her thimble and scissors and her needlebook in her bag. And then she asked Sammy if he wouldn't like to see the Flutter babies and he said yes. And on their way to Mrs. Flutter's house they met Granny Wobblenose wheeling a couple of the babies of Bunny Hollow, in an old carriage made of a squash. And after they had seen and admired the Flutter babies, Mrs. Quick told Quilly he and Sammy would better go home and get lunch for themselves and Gran'father. But dear me, it is quite time to stop—and I've talked of nothing but babies—baby birds and baby frogs! Baby squirrels and baby rabbits! And never a word of the preparations for the quilting-party—well, that at least must wait till next time—so good-by till that time comes.

**H**AS any needleworker the directions for doilies with Cluny-crochet border, which appeared in Needlecraft in January, 1917? If so, will she kindly write me?—Mrs. E. V. Clawson, Brigham City, Utah.



**The Most Profitable Summer I Ever Spent**

How I prepared in spare time at home to earn \$50 a week as a dressmaker

By M——— A———

**L**IKE most girls, I had always looked forward to vacation as the main feature of the summer season. Before father died, I used to go with Mildred Harrington and Kitty Wells to the Harrington's beautiful summer home at Sealcliff or to the Wells' country place in the Adirondacks, where from the time we arrived until the season ended, there was one continuous round of pleasure—bathing, boating and sports of all kinds during the day, with moonlight excursions, dinner parties and dancing at night.

Then prices began to soar and mother could no longer stretch the little income we had to cover all our needs. So I secured a position in an office. Even then we had all we could do to get along.

And last summer, for the first time, I had to give up my vacation with the girls. I had tried to plan ahead and save enough money to go with Mildred and Kitty, but I simply couldn't go. I didn't have the kind of clothes I wanted and knew that I would be miserable every minute contrasting my own two or three simple, little outfits with the wonderful wardrobes of the others.

Of course, I was terribly unhappy for a few days after I had sent Mildred my regrets and later I went to the station to see the old crowd off. As I watched the train out of sight and waved "Good-bye," my eyes were so full of tears I couldn't see, and there was a big sob in my throat when I turned to go back to the humdrum of the office.

And yet last summer, after all, proved to be the most profitable and delightful summer I ever spent. Soon after the girls left, I made a discovery which has meant so much in happiness and prosperity to mother and to me that I am sure other women and girls will be interested in hearing about it.

I had gone up to my room early that night so mother would not know how wretchedly unhappy I felt. And for a long time I sat there thinking. I wondered if my clothes were always going to hold me back and make me different from other girls.

After a while, just to divert my thoughts, I picked up one of my favorite magazines and began idly turning the pages. My glance fell on a picture that attracted me. I began reading the story and—strangely enough!—it was about a girl just like myself who had been unable to take her rightful place because her clothes were not like those of other girls. But she had learned in her own home, during spare time, through an institute of domestic arts and sciences, how to make for herself just the kind of stylish, becoming dresses and hats she had always wanted.

Almost wild with hope, I read every word of the story, and mother agreed that it was surely worth finding out about at least. So I wrote the Woman's Institute and asked how I could learn to make my own clothes.

**W**ELL, in just a few days a beautiful book arrived telling all about the Woman's Institute and the new method it has developed by which any woman or girl, anywhere, can easily and quickly learn at home in spare time all the secrets of the dressmaker's art. When I read how women of all ages and in all circumstances, who live in all parts of the world, had solved their clothes problems in this fascinating new way, I made up my mind that I, too, could do it! So I joined the Institute at once and took up dressmaking.

I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came, and when I found it on the table at home a few nights later, I carried it upstairs and read it as eagerly as if it had been a love-letter.

Any one can learn by this easy, fascinating method. Nothing could be more practical and interesting and complete. There are more than 2,000 illustrations, making every step perfectly plain, and the language is so simple and direct that a child could understand every word of it.

Right away I began to feel like a different girl—happier than I had ever been in my life! I was so interested I devoted every spare moment I could to my lessons. And, of course, I made rapid progress—I couldn't help it. The textbooks seem to foresee and answer every question and the teachers take just as personal an interest as if they were right beside you.

And I realize now how fortunate it was for me that I began my lessons in the summer time. That is abso-

lutely the best time—the logical time—to learn dressmaking. The days are longer and every evening I had several hours of daylight to devote to my work. Then, too, I could work out of doors. And the sheer summer fabrics are so much easier to handle—the summer dresses are so much simpler to make—and summer materials cost less.

When my vacation came, I accomplished wonders! Almost at once I began making actual garments—that's another delightful thing about the course. Why, I made a beautiful little blouse for mother after my third lesson, and in just a little while I was making all our clothes without any difficulty whatever.

What was most important to me, I also learned what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming. My course opened up a whole new world to me.

I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

**W**ELL, when I found I was getting along so splendidly, I decided to turn my study to further profit. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

The very first afternoon one woman gave me an order. I worked like mad on that dress! When it was finished she was so delighted she gave me two other orders—one for a tailored suit.

From that time on it was easy. In less than six months I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone. By this time mother had learned a great deal and helped me. But I had to get first one, then two, women to do the plain sewing. Now I am planning to move my shop to a business block in town.

Of course, our own clothes problems are now a thing of the past. The dresses mother and I wear are always admired and there is no more worrying about money. Since I began my course we have saved at least \$200 on our own clothes and my profits from the shop now average \$50 a week.

Do you wonder now that I regard last summer, beginning though it did with a bitter disappointment, as the most profitable summer I ever spent? And I know that what I did, with the help of the Woman's Institute, any woman or girl can do!

More than 140,000 delighted women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

**I**T costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 48-E, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive—without obligation—the full story of this great school that has brought, to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

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# The Homemaker

Conducted by MRS. M. M. HYNES

## More Helpful Jottings

**M**Y notebook is getting full again, and there comes to me this delightful morning the impulse to pass on some of the ideas helpful to me in my home that I have discovered during the past six months. First, the little hand scrubbing brushes or vegetable-brushes are as useful in the laundry as in the kitchen, and elsewhere. I buy them by the half dozen. Use one for scrubbing any unusually soiled places, such as the neckbands or wristbands of men's shirts; simply lay the article flat on the washboard, soaping well, and apply the brush more or less vigorously. It is much easier than rubbing up and down on the board, and does not wear the article as much. For overalls, and other large articles which are likely to be very much soiled, use a larger scrubbing-brush. I have found a bottle of very thin mucilage a great acquisition to the laundry. Purchase one fourth pound of best white gum arabic, pulverize it, add one quart of boiling water and let stand until the gum is well dissolved; then pour off the clear liquid into a glass fruit-jar or large bottle, and it is ready to use. A tablespoonful of the gum-water added to a pint or more of starch made in the usual way gives a fine gloss to collars and cuffs, and makes lawns and other wash-goods look like new. I use it for very sheer blouses, laces, etc., simply adding it to water enough to dip the articles in; it restores the new crispness as I have found nothing else to do.

If you are the mother of little folks who "just love" cookies for lunch at school or at home, so that you have to bake these goodies often, instead of cutting them out in the usual way, try making the dough into a long roll and cutting off thin slices, baking these as usual. The cookies will be nicer, because the extra handling and kneading and rolling are dispensed with, and of course much time is saved. Or, the dough may be rolled in a sheet and cut in squares, using it all, thus saving time and work. I often mix cookies, gingersnaps, and similar cakes overnight, stirring in as much flour as the dough will take easily, or enough so the spoon will stand upright, and place in the refrigerator overnight. Next morning it is all ready to go to work on, and much less flour is required to roll them out. Take a portion of the dough at a time on the floured board and handle as little as possible. It is a good plan to bake molasses cookies on an inverted pan, as they scorch easily. If you use a gas-oven, as I do, and wish to save on the gas-bill, besides saving time in the making and baking of cookies, have a tinsmith make for you some sheet-iron pans, with sides not more than an inch high, or with no sides at all, that will fit your oven, sliding in easily. You can keep three sheets going, filling one while the others are baking, and your work is done and the gas turned off so much the sooner. When you wish to bake potatoes, too, just boil them fifteen minutes or until partly cooked, then whip them out of the hot water and into the oven, and they will bake in half the time usually required, and be just as good—or better. I steam fruit-cakes that require long baking and finish them off in the oven, just as I do brown bread, this not alone for saving gas, but because the cakes do not get so dry and are very much nicer. Then, too, I always plan to bake all the oven will hold, when using the gas, having something else ready to go in when I take one thing out, until the article that requires longest baking is done.

The adhesive paper, used at most stores for wrapping packages, and which may be had in various widths, is a great convenience to the housekeeper, as is also the passe-

*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.*

partout binding. It makes neat labels for spice-boxes, jelly-tumblers or fruit-jars, and will mend a break in the flour- or sugar-sack. In binding up a cut finger, or other wound, it is better than a string. Simply cut a little strip of it, moisten it and paste it on where the end of the bandage laps. If your favorite magazine, book or paper should be torn you can mend it neatly and quickly. In fact, you will constantly discover new uses for it, as I have done, once you begin. I have recently framed a group of small pictures with it, and the children are interested in mounting the snapshots they took at my old home in the mountains last summer by aid of it. They take a large sheet of cardboard, arrange the snapshots on it, and fasten them with little triangular pieces of the binding across each corner. More anon—if I may!

Mrs. A. J. Kingsbury.

## Suggestions for Mothers of Little Children

**AS** I am a primary-teacher, perhaps I may be able to give Iowa Homemaker a few suggestions which she can adapt to her own problem. In the first grades we use the "progressive" cards before arriving at real book work. Any mother can easily print the words on cardboard, however, instead of buying the sets of printed cards. The cards serve to eliminate the child's memorizing the story rather than words. For word drills I sometimes draw a rabbit, hen, cat, house, and so on, with the word or name printed inside. One does not need to be an artist in order to do this. It makes no difference if the objects are rather shapeless if they can be distinguished. Sometimes several children use sticks; I name a word, and the one who finds it first scores a point.

In spelling I give them words of two or three letters taken from their cards or readers, printing them carefully. The children repeat a word several times a day, then it is erased and they spell it. In this way the letters are learned. The sounds of letters are also taught. In answer to the question "What does the cross cat say?" the sound of "f" is given; "m" in answer to "What does the cow say?" and so on. The blend is taught by putting sight words with letter sounds, as f-an. These will not need to be underlined; the children readily learn to find out words for themselves. In time all word and letter work is printed.

Number work, the first half of the year, consists in using the pegs and boards. A child will very soon find out the answer to two plus one, and write it with colored toothpicks. Of course the numerals must first be made and taught, but this is a very simple matter. Do not allow the little ones to count on their fingers.

I used the rhyme "Chicken Little," and the children acted it for language work. I also had them learn short poems that would interest them. For a drawing-lesson one day I outlined the fox, hen and "Chicken Little," and the children colored them. Then we mounted them and made a poster. They can easily draw the dandelion, fall-aster, daisy and clover with their colored

crayons after a very little practise. No water-colors are used in the first three grades. In music I teach simple, easy songs, and in the afternoon, during the physical-exercise period, we have motion-songs. The point is to make play of school work; children always do most readily and successfully that in which they are interested. Mrs. A. H. Goodridge.

Caribou, Maine.

## Notes and Questions

I enjoy this department so much that I cannot resist the temptation to enter the circle; have been on the outside peeping in for several years. When making bloomers for the little ones, mothers, run elastic in the waistband instead of making buttonholes. They need no side openings, and much time is saved in the making, besides being so much easier for the kiddies to manage. Will someone who has used the hemstitching and picoting attachment for any sewing-machine, or knows about its work, kindly let the rest of us know? K. I. D.

Massaponax, Va.

Will some member of our circle who operates an auto-knitter or any kind of knitting-machine, kindly write me? Will pay all postage, and return the favor in any way I can. Here are some helpful hints for the homemakers: Cold rain-water and soap will remove wheel-grease from clothing. A little kerosene in starch will prevent it sticking to the iron. To remove ink-spots from any article of clothing or household-linen, soak in sour milk. A faded dress may be made perfectly white by boiling it in water to which cream of tartar has been added. Place a lump of camphor in your china-closet to prevent silverware tarnishing. A pinch of soda, added to the water in which cut flowers are placed will make them keep fresh much longer. If raisins and currants are well floured before adding to a cake they will not sink to the bottom. If a little one gets a bruise, apply butter liberally; and the spot will not become discolored. Scraped raw potato applied to a burn will give immediate relief. Mrs. C. H. Kelly.

R. 1, Box 41, Vivian, La.

I have noticed that receipts given in our department almost invariably say so much "flour," not specifying whether bread- or pastry-flour. As an experienced cook I, of course, understand that bread-flour is used in every case where yeast is called for, with very few exceptions, in other cases, pastry-flour. Perhaps this suggestion will be of assistance to some of our young homemakers. One can readily determine "which is which" by taking up a handful, closing the hand very tightly, then opening it. Pastry-flour will remain in shape, showing the imprint of the lines of the hand, and feels soft and velvety to the touch, while bread-flour will not keep the shape, but fall apart like fine sand, and if allowed to slide through the fingers has a slightly granular feeling. Betty.

I wish to pass on a thrift hint: I make candied orange- and lemon-peel to use in cakes and puddings, instead of buying it.

Save all the rinds of oranges or lemons, clean and soak them, make a syrup of sugar and water and boil the rinds in it until they are clear, remove from the syrup, coat with sugar, and dry. They are fine, and keep a long time. Will someone kindly send me a receipt for a good two-crust cream pie? Also for steamed johnny-cake?

Kempton, Ill. Miss M. M. Ewing.

I bind my papers to keep, each year's numbers in a book by themselves. Through changing my address the May number, 1921, was lost. Will someone who has this copy to spare kindly write me, stating what she desires in return? Here is a suggestion I trust will prove helpful: When you wish to remove the old wallpaper before repapering a room, brush it over with alum-water, using an old whitewash-brush, let dry and the paper will come off without trouble.

Chrissie MacGregor.

Dryden, Ont., Can.

## The Homemaker's Receipt-Book

**Caramel Rice Pudding.** — Beat the yolks of two eggs very light, adding a pinch of salt, stir in one half cup of milk, two cups cooked rice, one cup of dark-brown sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix well, turn into a buttered pudding-dish and bake about one half hour in a moderate oven. Very nice hot or cold, and especially delicious if served with whipped cream. I usually make this when I have used the white of the eggs for mock-angel-food cake, or some other purpose.

**Raised Coffee-Bread (requested).** — Over one third cup each of sugar and butter, or other shortening, pour one cup of scalding milk; add one third teaspoonful of salt, and when cooled until lukewarm add one yeast-cake, dissolved in one fourth cup of tepid water, two eggs slightly beaten, and enough flour to make a stiff batter, about two and one-half cups. Cover and let rise, then beat well and spread in a buttered tin. Cover with three-fourths cup of soft bread-crumbs, mixed with two tablespoonfuls each of sugar and melted butter, and a scant teaspoonful of cinnamon, and add sliced apples to cover this. Bake in a moderate oven. My mother used to call this "kuchen," and we had it on our table at least once a week.

**Butter-Scotch Pie.** — Beat the yolk of one egg, add one cup each of dark-brown sugar and milk, three tablespoonfuls of flour, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of cold water, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a pinch of salt, stir these ingredients in a saucepan over the fire until the mixture reaches the boiling-point and thickens, then add a teaspoonful of vanilla and pour into a baked pie-shell. Beat the white of egg to a stiff froth, adding one tablespoonful of confectioners' sugar, spread this meringue on top of the pie and brown lightly in the oven. This is very good, and will be liked when "pie-timber" begins to get scarce. Mrs. L. W. J.

Ottawa, Kans.

**Apple Dumplings.** — Make a nice pie-crust; pare and core an many apples as you have people to serve, fill the cavity at center of each apple with sugar mixed with a little cinnamon or grated nutmeg, roll out a piece of the crust large enough to cover an apple, place one of the apples on the crust and bring the edges up to the top of the apple, pinching together well, place in a well-buttered pudding-dish, rather shallow, or a deep pie-plate, and bake in a rather moderate oven until the apples are tender. Serve with either hard or liquid sauce. We like hard sauce for a change, placing a spoonful on top of each apple just before serving.

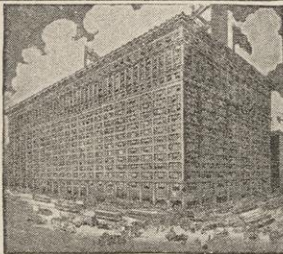
**Hard Sauce.** — One third cup of butter—

Concluded on page 19



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The Madness of Simeon Parker

Concluded from page 7

At length her glance fell upon an axe that happened to be fastened in a block of wood nearby. The tree was a slender one and it was not long before she had the trunk hacked halfway through. Then he began to descend. When he reached the ground she accompanied him into the house, where he meekly sat down in accordance with her orders.

"Now," she said, flourishing the shears, "I'm going to see whether you're the Sim I used to know or not. Put back your head."

He drew a long, fearful breath, closed his eyes, and obeyed.

Grasping a handful of his whiskers she deftly snipped them off and tossed them out of the door. In ten minutes she had his beard trimmed as short as possible, and then, standing in front of him, she critically inspected his countenance.

"You look better," she said. "You're even handsomer than you used to be. I wouldn't of thought it could of made such a difference."

He passed a hand carefully over his face, looking at her thoughtfully as she stood snipping the shears and regarding him with an expression that was not without pity.

"Why have you been actin' up like this?" she asked.

His deep sigh and the sadness in his eyes should have been a sufficient answer, even if her sister had told her nothing. She was determined, however, to have it all from his own lips.

"Sim," she said, "I've heard some strange things about you since I come back. They say you shut yourself up here right after I—" she paused a moment and then continued—"after I went away. What made you do it?"

Something like reproach crept into his look, but he made no answer.

"They say," she went on, "that you turned crazy."

"They do, do they?" he retorted. "Well, I didn't. I come to my senses. That was all."

"I s'pose you went and swore you'd never have anything to do with another woman as long as you lived?" He nodded assent. "I'm sorry, Sim," she said, "I guess I didn't treat you just right. But I thought I was actin' for the best. I thought I cared more for John than—than I did for you."

"Well," he said, standing up, "there's no use talkin' about it now. Why can't you let a fellow alone?"

A smile suddenly overspread the widow's face.

"Sim," she asked, "what did you do to Deacon Hall?"

He looked toward a gun that stood in a corner of the room, and answered:

"I didn't want to be bothered by people meddlin' in my affairs, and I thought the best way out of it would be to send the deacon home discouraged. I thought at first of sending him home without any clothes on, but he run before I'd made him take 'em all off."

"You pointed the gun at him?"

"Yes."

"Sim, that wasn't delicate of you. It might of got you into trouble."

She went over and picked up the gun, possibly to avoid risk, perhaps out of mere curiosity. On the wall just above where the weapon had stood hung a document in a little frame that attracted her attention. It was near the open stairway, and the light from an upper window fell upon it, so that she was able to read it easily. Written in big, uneven letters was this pledge:

"I, Simeon Parker, swear that I will never as long as I live ask any woman to be my wife, so help me God."

"When did you put that up?" she asked. "The day I moved in here."

She became thoughtful, and, raising the gun, carelessly fingered the hammer.

"I wouldn't fool with that," said Sim, backing toward the door.

Evidently fearing that he was going to bolt again, she turned suddenly, her move-

ment being accompanied by a thunderous report. Then there was the sound of falling glass, and the widow tumbled headlong to the floor.

Sim Parker was beside her in an instant. "Mollie!" he cried, "Mollie! Are you dead? My God! tell me you ain't dead!"

He put his arms around her and lifted her to a sitting posture, pressing her face against his breast. She opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"What happened, Sim?" she asked. "Did the gun go off?"

"Yes. Are you hurt, Mollie?"

"I don't know. I feel dizzy. Maybe I just fainted."

He still held her in his arms and she felt anxiously to assure herself that her features were where they belonged. At length he lifted her to her feet, and they looked at the wall where his pledge had hung. Pieces of the frame were dangling from the wire, and there was a ragged hole in the plastering.

"I'm sorry," she said, "that I damaged your building. That must of been a terrible load you had in there."

He unwound his arms from about her and mildly said:

"Don't you think you had better go now?"

"No. Do you think I'm goin' to give up after there's been an act of Providence to set you free from that?"

She pointed to the shreds of paper lying on the floor.

"I ain't free from it," he answered. "I swore it on the Bible. And what would be the good if I was?"

"Sim," she asked, "don't you know that John's dead?"

He straightened suddenly. The droop that she had noticed about his shoulders departed. The dull expression faded from his eyes and his breath came in gasps.

"When did that happen?" he asked, with trembling eagerness.

"Over a year ago. I come back yesterday—come back to you, Sim." An hour later as she piloted him toward her sister Sarah's Sunday dinner-table, she said: "Well, you've got no cause to feel bad. You didn't break your oath, you know. I asked you to marry me—and you accepted."

And they both laughed. The madness of Simeon Parker was quite cured.

The Homemaker

Concluded from page 18

unsalted butter preferred—creamed with one cup of powdered sugar, adding the latter gradually, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla-extract, or lemon and vanilla mixed.

Nice Liquid Sauce. — Mix a heaping tablespoonful of flour with a very little cold water until there are no lumps, stir into one cup of boiling water, add a piece of butter as large as a walnut, let boil a minute or two, and turn over a well-beaten egg, thoroughly mixed with one cup of sugar. Stir briskly until perfectly smooth, or use an egg-beater, and add flavoring, lemon, or vanilla, or both in the proportion of one third teaspoonful of lemon to two-thirds vanilla.

Health Bread (requested). — Into your mixing-bowl put one pint of bran, add one third cup of molasses, one fourth teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cups of boiling water and butter or vegetable-substitute the size of an egg. Mix, and to this add one and one-half cups of wheat-flour and rye- or Graham flour. Dissolve one half yeast-cake in one fourth cup of warm water, and add, let stand in a warm place until light, then add one cup of white flour; form into two small loaves or one large one, put into well-greased tins, filling them about half full, let rise to the top of tins and bake in a moderate oven for one hour, the large loaf, and three-fourths of an hour for the small ones. I use the whole yeast-cake generally; the bread rises more quickly. Sometimes I add raisins for a change. This is a real healthy bread, delicious and wholesome. Mrs. A. M. S. Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

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## Portiere in Filet-Crochet

*Concluded from page 13*

- spaces, 4 trebles, 12 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
172. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 13 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.
173. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 14 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
174. Four spaces, 4 trebles, 15 spaces, 16 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.
175. Edge; 21 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.
176. Four spaces, 25 trebles, 15 spaces; edge.
177. Edge; 12 spaces, 37 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
178. Two spaces, 13 trebles, 7 spaces, 16 trebles, 9 spaces; edge.
179. Edge; 7 spaces, 10 trebles, 12 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
180. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 16 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.
181. Edge; 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 17 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.
182. Twenty-three spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.
183. Like 3d row.
184. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 13 spaces, 10 trebles, 8 spaces; edge.
185. Edge; 5 spaces, 22 trebles, 11 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
186. Two spaces, 10 trebles, 12 spaces, 19 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.
187. Edge; 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 15 spaces, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
188. Three spaces, 19 trebles, 14 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.
189. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 9 spaces, 31 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.
190. Thirteen spaces, 19 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.
191. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 11 spaces, turn.
192. Twelve spaces, 4 trebles, 8 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.
193. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, turn.
194. Twelve spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 8 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.
195. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 28 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
196. Two spaces, 28 trebles, 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.
197. Edge; 4 spaces, 22 trebles, 11 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
198. Three spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 13 trebles, 6 spaces; edge.
199. Edge; 22 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.
- 200, 202, 204. Like 4th row.
- 201, 203, 205. Like 3d row.
206. Four spaces, 7 trebles, 21 spaces; edge.
207. Edge; 20 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
208. Two spaces, 7 trebles, 23 spaces; edge.
209. Edge; 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 18 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
210. Two spaces, 10 trebles, 16 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.
211. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 7 spaces, 13 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
212. Three spaces, 19 trebles, (3 spaces, 4 trebles) twice, 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.
213. Edge; 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 28 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.
214. Eleven spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.
215. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 16 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 11 spaces, turn.
216. Eleven spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.
217. Edge; 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 10 spaces, turn.
218. Ten spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 12 spaces; edge.
219. Edge; 13 spaces, 34 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
220. Two spaces, 49 trebles, 9 spaces; edge.
221. Edge; 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
222. Three spaces, 4 trebles, (7 spaces, 7 trebles) twice, 5 spaces; edge.
223. Edge; 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 12 spaces, turn.
224. Thirteen spaces, 10 trebles, 7 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.
225. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 9 spaces, 4 trebles, 14 spaces, turn.
226. Twenty-two spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.
227. Edge; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 23 spaces, turn.
- 228 to 245. Same as 28th to 45th row.
246. Two spaces, 7 trebles, 23 spaces; edge.
247. Edge; 22 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
248. Three spaces, 10 trebles, 21 spaces; edge.
249. Edge; 20 spaces, 10 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.
250. Five spaces, 10 trebles, 19 spaces; edge.
251. Edge; 18 spaces, 10 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.
252. Eight spaces, 10 trebles, 16 spaces; edge.
253. Edge; 14 spaces, 10 trebles, 10 spaces, turn.
254. Twelve spaces, 13 trebles, 8 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.
255. Edge; 3 spaces, 28 trebles, 15 spaces, turn.
256. Two spaces, 10 trebles, 17 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.
257. Edge; 5 spaces, 10 trebles, 7 spaces, 31 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
258. Two spaces, 52 trebles, 8 spaces; edge.
259. Edge; 12 spaces, 4 trebles, 14 spaces, turn.
260. Fifteen spaces, 10 trebles, 9 spaces; edge.
261. Edge; 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 18 spaces, turn.
262. Five spaces, 19 trebles, 9 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces; edge.
263. Edge; 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, 46 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.
264. Two spaces, 58 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; edge.
265. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 15 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
266. Four spaces, 4 trebles, 18 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.
267. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 18 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.
268. Like 4th row.
- 269 to 282. Same as 99th to 112th.
- Now work back from 12th to 1st row.
- To join the sections, place the edges evenly together, and whip with fine strong thread on the wrong side, taking care that the spaces match perfectly. An excellent plan is to lay the sections on a smooth surface like a drawing-board or table, and fasten with thumb-tacks; when exactly even, sew the edges as directed. Or, the joining may be made by omitting a row of spaces at edge of each section, and adding these as you join, working lengthwise, thus: Fasten in at corner of first section, chain 3, a treble in corner of opposite section, \* chain 2, treble in next treble of same section, treble in next treble of first section, and repeat from \*. The trebles of edge may be made close together, omitting the 2 chain. This joining is quite unnoticeable, as the first described may be if carefully done. If it is desired to make the portiere all in one piece, make a chain of 314 stitches to begin.

chain 8, a treble in 1st stitch of the chain for 1st space, then \* turn, chain 5, treble in 3d stitch of preceding chain, and repeat until you have the required number of spaces.

2. One space, treble in each stitch of preceding row, ending with 1 space, turn.

3. Edge; 28 spaces, 4 trebles, 33 spaces, 4 trebles, 36 spaces; edge.

Repeat from 4th row of each section, working entirely across.

Finish the bottom of portiere with tassels, four across each side section, and seven across the middle, at even distances. The tassels are made by winding the thread around a five-inch card forty times; slip off, double, tie about one fourth inch from the fold for the head of tassel, attach to the work by a loop of thread and clip the ends evenly. Across the top sew one-inch ivory rings, covered with double crochet, using seventeen rings, and spacing them evenly.

The letters, used singly, each with a simple border or without, as preferred, make very lovely insets for initialed towels or other articles. The wide insertion, used for the second section, will be found a most attractive design for the middle of a dresser-scarf, set between lengthwise strips of hem-stitched linen. The ends may be finished with a strip to match, adding a little edge.

Complete, the portiere is twenty-two inches deep, and fifty-six inches wide. The use of finer thread will, as suggested, make it smaller in proportion; for example, a thread giving 6 spaces to the inch, would result in a width of forty-eight inches, 7 spaces to the inch, would give about forty inches, and so on.

**IF**, when making your own designs for embroidery, or copying them from stamped pieces, you find it difficult to get the two sides of a wreath, or similar design, exactly alike, try the following plan, which I have found very helpful: Place a piece of impression- or carbon-paper on a smooth table or drawing-board, right side up, and place on this a piece of white paper or smooth, light-colored wrapping-paper, folded through the middle, fastening securely by means of thumb-tacks or weights. Begin to work at the folded edge of the paper, drawing or tracing one half the design; when finished, and the paper is opened up and laid flat, you will have the entire design true and even, one half traced, and the other half transferred by the carbon-paper. This idea will be found useful in other ways, such as producing the right and left side of a design, when you have but one side; it also saves time in tracing duplicating patterns or motifs.—Alice Marks, New Jersey.

**MRS. N. M. D., Maryland.**—If the design for filet-crochet collar is so much too large that using much finer thread will not bring it to the required proportion, try making the spaces of chain one, miss one, a treble in next, instead of the usual two-chain spaces, and the solid work to correspond. One filled space, or block, would thus consist of three instead of four trebles, two blocks of five trebles, instead of seven, three blocks of seven trebles, and so on, adding two trebles for each additional block instead of three. The design will not be altered, but the entire scale will be reduced.

**WINNIE SCHLETER, Indiana.**—See reply to Mrs. J. R. Brock. Postage is paid on all articles that are used. Illustrated pieces are very frequently sold, and duplicated to order by the one who contributed them, and in this way a little "home-work" business is established, sure to grow if work is well done and at reasonable prices.

**MRS. J. R. Brock, Kansas.**—The Needleworker is glad, always, of new and attractive designs for crocheted lace, edgings, babies' caps, and other articles suggested by you. The stipulation is made that they shall not be copied from another publication.



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# The American Woman Calendar

May 1. Monday  
Be strong, be brave, and do thy part;  
Leave to the Lord the rest;  
For doing all that lies most near  
Will bring thee all that's best.

May 2. Tuesday  
Remember that you can carry joy into every experience; your happiness is really your own, it springs from within, and is never dependent upon external conditions.

May 3. Wednesday  
A little thing, a sunny smile,  
A loving word at morn,  
And all day long the sun shone bright,  
The cares of life were made more light,  
And sweetest hopes were born.

May 4. Thursday  
There is nothing to fear. Perhaps you awake in a depressed mood; if so, do not try to analyze it. Laugh at it and before long it will laugh back. Look a fear in the face and it will vanish from sight.

May 5. Friday  
What if the sun is not inclined to shine?  
The day is dull, it rains or snows,  
Don't let the weather worry you—suppose  
To-morrow will be fine.

May 6. Saturday  
Remember that you are a child of God, and as heir to His kingdom all that the Father hath is yours. Be thankful for your great possessions in Him.

May 7. Sunday  
"Where dost Thou tarry, God?" I cried;  
"I've sought Thy presence far and wide,  
In thought I've ranged infinity,  
But still, alas! I find not Thee.  
Wilt Thou not show me where Thou art?"  
"Look," answered God, "in thine own heart."

May 8. Monday  
Whatever the task before you, set about it cheerily and willingly. If you are busy you will find no time for fret or worry. After all, occupation is the grand panacea for most of our ills.

May 9. Tuesday  
Makes the journey shorter when we sing to every mile;  
Makes the burden lighter when we add a sunny smile;  
Makes all life so different when we deck the toiling day  
With a love that lives forever, as we sing along the way.

May 10. Wednesday  
The feeling of courage is a tonic to our whole being. It can be realized by silently affirming, "I now possess the courage of the Infinite." This will cause our fears to appear as fleeting shadows, and enable us to grow more rapidly into whatever state of consciousness we desire.

May 11. Thursday  
Smile, and the way is clearer;  
Smile, and the world seems dearer;  
Smile, and you shame the sneerer;  
Smile! it's a lot of fun!

May 12. Friday  
Do what you have to do NOW! It will require no more time, and will make you free, and able to perform the new duties and grasp the new opportunities that to-morrow is sure to bring.

May 13. Saturday  
The far goal or near goal, we win them at last,  
If the heart keeps its trust with the right,  
And we climb from the shadows and ghosts of the past  
To the strength and the surge of the light.

May 14. Sunday  
God, our Father, is not apart from His children in a faraway place called heaven, as some would have us think. He lives and breathes within each soul, a holy presence, ready and willing at all times to answer each call for help, and to supply each need.

May 15. Monday  
Work away! there is plenty to do,  
Plenty worthwhile for me and for you;  
And sing as you work, for that is the way,  
To lighten your labor and make it like play.

May 16. Tuesday  
Is fear your bugbear? Try this remedy: Several times a day, when alone, stand erect, straighten your shoulders and declare: "I am fearless, brave and filled with courage. I now conquer my fears. I am courageous."

May 17. Wednesday  
Each day of our life brings a problem or two,  
Not to be feared, but solved.  
We're off with the old one, let's on with the new,  
Not to be feared, but solved.  
The puzzles involving the right and the wrong,  
The question how not to be weak, but be strong,  
These "suns" in life's school day come bobbing along,  
Not to be feared, but solved.

May 18. Thursday  
He who does the right as he sees the right, and has a breadth of charity for those he thinks do wrong, walks in paths of peace.

May 19. Friday  
Nothing's worth a frown or tear;  
Trouble? Just forsake it;  
There's a world of gladness here  
If we care to take it.

May 20. Saturday  
Talk hope—heart, courage and hope; let these be the dominant notes of daily life. "Be of good courage" was the Master's message. This is the word He is asking you to carry to some of His children each day.

May 21. Sunday  
No longer forward or behind  
I look in hope or fear;  
But, grateful, take the good I find,  
God's blessing now and here.  
And so the shadows fall apart,  
And so the west winds play,  
And all the windows of my heart  
I open to the day.

May 22. Monday  
Here and now is the time to cease from dreaming and inertia, to learn to master the illusions which have been allowed to weigh us down, and begin to create new and better circumstances and environment.

May 23. Tuesday  
Whenever a problem comes up in your life,  
Decide it, and promptly forget it;  
It isn't so much the decision that counts  
As the will-power not to regret it.

May 24. Wednesday  
Thoughts are real forces—living messengers of power. Love thoughts, even when brought to bear upon seeming trials and pains, transform them and make them educational.

May 25. Thursday  
There are no empty spaces, the world is full of song;  
This green earth is a garden, the bloomy lanes are long;  
The sunshine floods the meadows, a glory paints the hills,  
And life is love's forever as joy within us thrills.

May 26. Friday  
Resolve now that you will not lose your present possibilities of good by wasting your energy on the past; that you will concentrate your force and power in a glorious, prosperous, happy present.

May 27. Saturday  
Oh, the winds of God are blowing,  
So keep your sails unfurled;  
And they swift and sure will take you  
To safe harbors of the world.  
Forever they're in motion  
To take you where you will,  
Forever full of power  
If there are sails to fill.

May 28. Sunday  
There is nothing too good to be true. As we are able to grasp this idea and open our minds to the highest good, the highest good is what God will be to us. Then all fear will vanish and we shall know that God is all in all.

May 29. Monday  
We might all of us give far more than we do, without being a bit the worse,  
'Twas never yet loving that emptied the heart, nor giving that emptied the purse.

May 30. Tuesday  
Remember that your attitude toward an undertaking has more to do with your success in that undertaking than does your actual labor.

May 31. Wednesday  
We will not speak of years to-night;  
For what have years to bring  
But larger floods of love and light,  
And sweeter songs to sing?

### A Night in the Blue Room

Continued from page 8

him, as her father might have done, and in a few words told her just about what he had told me. While he spoke she had watched him with white, set face. Now she gave a convulsive little shiver and drew in her breath sharply, but did not speak.

"Now, you'd better sit down again," the doctor went on, drawing her back to her chair, "and tell me how this happened. Prince, of course, I can see that. But just what caused it?" Then before the girl could answer, he added: "Better cut it short; just give me the facts. Mabry will be here with the carriage in twenty minutes."

A moment later a marvelous change had come over Leslie Deering. She had risen, and stood facing us both—head up, back to the fire, her figure drawn to its full height. Her face was still pale and except for a flame of color in her cheeks, she seemed perfectly calm. Her eyes glowed like brown opals, and without a flicker.

"I'm dreadfully sorry about this, doctor," she began. "I'm sorry for Frank, too, and I hope it may not be as serious as you fear. But I want you to know I am in no way to blame. Nor must you blame Prince, either. He did it to protect me. And yet I don't really think I was in any great danger. But Prince didn't know that. Bless his heart!"

She paused to wipe her lips with her handkerchief, then went steadily on.

Hilton had come, she said, about half an hour after we had left. He was waiting in the library when she came down and was just replacing her father's bottle in the little cupboard when she came in. She saw at once he had been drinking more than usual. She had often seen him under the influence of liquor but never as much so, nor with such a reckless look in his eyes. But she was not afraid of him. Never had he really been other than respectfully courteous to her. He told her he understood her father was dangerously ill, and said it was necessary that he see him at once. When she told him her father could see no one at present, he became violently excited. Just what happened then she did not say, only that he had wanted her to agree to something she could

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**RITA**  
or, the Outcast Sister  
By LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS

Pressed close against the window pane was a wan, white face.

Continued from page 21

not, even for her father's sake. When she indignantly refused and tried to shame him out of his purpose he threatened her—and when she still refused, he had caught her roughly by the arm. She thought she must have voiced her resentment in a little cry, but of this she was not sure. The next she knew she heard Prince growl. Then the door into the hall flew open, and with a savage snarl, the dog sprang straight at Hilton's throat.

So swift and savage had been Prince's onslaught she said he had knocked her over against the table, but she quickly regained her feet. For the moment she was dazed. She heard Hilton scream, then the negroes' excited voices as they came rushing in. When she had recovered herself enough to know what was happening, Hilton lay on the floor and Prince stood over him, one huge paw on the man's breast, his great jaws crunching his arm, she also saw blood on Hilton's throat.

How she got Prince away she didn't know. She remembered clutching his collar and calling him to let go. Prince had always obeyed her slightest command. He did so now, and somehow she managed to get him out of the room and shut up in the little room back of the stairs. When she returned Sue and Isham had Hilton on the lounge. He had fainted. Then while Mammy bathed and dressed his wounds, she herself had phoned the doctor.

When she had finished, her face was white as paper. She closed her eyes and swayed on her feet. She had gone as far as she could, and I saw she was on the point of collapse. The doctor saw it too, and slipped an arm about her waist and lowered her to her chair. The brown head drooped as she lay back and fell a little to one side and her eyes closed. The doctor rebuked my alarmed exclamation with a look and waved me back.

"Go send Mammy Sue in here, and you stay with Hilton," he ordered.

Ten minutes later—it seemed hours to me—Doctor McKenzie came back to the library. Miss Deering would be all right in an hour or so. He had given her something to quiet her and she had gone to lie down. Then, shaking his grizzled old head, he added:

"This is a bad business, lad, but we must keep level heads. You'll remain here, of course. No, I don't need you. Mabry and I can handle him, and I'll phone you how things go later."

Just then Isham came in to say the carriage had come. Following him came the livery man, Captain Mabry, whom I recognized as the man with the yellowish moustache and goatee I had met the evening of my arrival. Hilton lay with his eyes closed, and the veins in his temples stood out like blue cords. His jaws were tightly locked and I could see he was controlling himself only by a mighty effort. His self-control was fine! At the sound of Captain Mabry's voice the blue eyes opened wide and he turned his head and looked across at the big livery man. After one swift glance his eyes narrowed to mere slits of blue steel, and over his drawn face flitted that smile I had come to hate. But he did not speak.

Captain Mabry spoke a few words to the doctor in a low tone, then crossed to the wounded man's side.

"Hello, Frank," he greeted with cheery familiarity. "Sorter bunged up a bit, I see. What yo' bin doin' t' yourself?"

Hilton looked up at the captain with a curious, half amused expression on his face, as he answered, carelessly:

"Oh, nothing much. Just had a little scrap with a dog and a wild cat, and, well they got the best of it."

A twinge of pain wrenched him, his eyes closed and his jaws snapped together. Nor did he speak again.

Nothing further of any importance occurred. Ten minutes later, protected by a blanket about his shoulders, the doctor and Mabry, assisted by Isham, had him out the door and in the waiting carriage. I watched it from the front steps until it turned out

into the main road, then went on back to the library where Isham was already straightening up the room.

CHAPTER IX

"This is a bad business, Isham," I said, but before I could say more, Mammy Sue came in to say that Miss Leslie was lying down and had sent word for me not to be uneasy about her. She would see me at supper. Then to Isham, who had approached:

"Isham, yo' go right erlong an' fill de woodbox in de kitchen, an' den fill de teakettle. Ah'll be dar terreckly." When he had gone out, grumbling, Mammy cocked her head to one side and eyed me anxiously. "Whut in de name o' Gawd am gwine t' cum o' all dis?" she exploded, finally. "Fust ol' master gwine roun' lak he done los' his las' frien'; den he ups an' have one o' his spells, an' now Mister Hilton comin' here lak er crazy man, an' sultin' de young mistris, an' Prince mighty nigh eatin' 'im up. Yassuh, an' to top hit all, mah honey chile, Miss Leslie, lookin' lak her heart most broke, an' no wonder." She paused to gulp down a sob in her throat, then her eyes flashed defiantly. "Next thing Ah spec dey'll be comin' roun' heah sayin' dey gotter kill Prince kase he done bit er man. Well, suh," and she glared down at me, "effen dey evah tries dat dey'll sho' heah from me."

I knew something of the loyalty of those old negro family-servants like Sue and Isham, and I liked them and respected them for it, but I was just then in no mood to listen to her garrulousness; so I interrupted and assured her no harm should come to Prince who had only done his duty in protecting a woman—like the gentleman he was.

"Now tell me about the colonel," I asked. "Does he know about this affair with Hilton, and shall I see him at supper too?"

"Miss Leslie ain' tole Marse Tom nuthin' 'bout hit yit. She ain't even seed 'im. Kase he bin sleepin' mighty nigh all day. Dar mus' 'a' bin somethin' mighty powful in dat medicine de doctor lef' 'im. But," she added, "Ah reckon maybe he'll be down to brekfus in de mornin'." When I made no reply she turned away. "Well, Ah mus' go now an' see 'bout suppah. Folks is gotter eat, no mattah what happens."

When she had gone I leaned back in my chair and gave myself up to a train of thought that led me far afield. Only twenty-four hours had passed since I had first met Leslie Deering, but I knew now I had loved her from the moment I first saw her down there by the gate. That she cared for me I could not doubt after what I had seen in her eyes across there in the dining-room a little while before. True, she had not said so in so many words, but—well, I simply knew, and with great humility I wondered over it, but glad with a joy unspeakable.

With these thoughts came others. This affair with Hilton would, if indeed he did not die, only make him the more determined and vindictive. He would now demand the last ounce of his pound of flesh. How could I ward off the blow the loss of Deering Hall would be to both Leslie and the colonel? It would go hardest with the colonel, perhaps kill him, I felt sure of that.

I knew it would require nearly thirty thousand dollars to satisfy the mortgage Hilton held. That was a lot of money, more than I saw any hope of raising. Except for the colonel it wouldn't have mattered so much. Beautiful as the place had once been it was now but a fast disintegrating shell of its old self. On the other hand, I felt sure Leslie Deering would soon be able to adjust herself to other surroundings and be happy in the home I could offer her. But I knew, too, that as long as the colonel lived she would never leave him, nor could I ask it.

The fog deepened. The longer I thought, the more complicated the situation became. I was up against a stone wall, for sure; and it loomed high and seemingly insurmountable.

Then I began to see the matter from a different angle. From what I already knew of the timber-growth, especially the quan-

tity of fine black walnut on the plantation, I knew that, given reasonable time, I could cut enough fine timber without injury to the property, to not only pay off that mortgage, but give us plenty to put the old place back where it was thirty years before. In fancy I saw the mansion itself repaired, modern conveniences installed to make it more comfortable; the grounds cleared; the outbuildings put in order; the stables restocked, and the fields once more under cultivation—why, it would be a home fit for a king! No wonder the colonel, remembering it as it once was, loved it and clung to every brick in its old walls.

And now I saw Leslie Deering as the gracious mistress of a restored Deering Hall, and I—yes, I by her side, and as proud as she of the beautiful old home, but prouder far of my beautiful wife. Oh, I took much for granted and built my castles high and fair. The colonel now, somehow didn't figure very prominently in these brave plans of mine. In a vague way he was somewhere about, but, just then it was of Leslie Deering linked with my own future I thought. Then, as suddenly as I had built them, my castles walls crumbled and fell. Dreams, idle dreams, I told myself with an inward groan. For, after what had just happened, instead of Hilton giving the colonel time to cut and sell his timber, I knew he would foreclose as quickly as the law allowed. How quick that was I didn't know, but it would not be long. Deering Hall with all its memories and traditions would have to go unless—I refused to entertain the suggestion.

Then, suddenly, as I lay there in my chair with eyes closed, a strange thing happened. Across my vision there swung into view a picture of the Blue Room as I had seen it the night before. The great four-poster bed at one side, the big writing-table across the room between the two windows, the high, beautifully carved mantelpiece with the quaint chimney-seats at either side, and in its center the blue disc. And now I seemed floating away into space. Soft diaphanous clouds faintly tinged with green and gold encompassed me about. Nearer and nearer they floated, curling and waving in fleecy billows. Then clear and bright through the cloud-wreaths there began to glow a spot of translucent blue. And now it began to whirl with dazzling swiftness, throwing off showers of iridescent sparks. Suddenly the movement ceased. The spot deepened in color to a warm violet hue. Slowly it seemed coming nearer and nearer until to my fascinated gaze it seemed a great blue human eye was looking straight into mine as though it would convey a message.

"Dreaming alone in the twilight?" a voice whispered, clear and sweet from out the cloud-wreaths that still encompassed me. But it broke the spell and the vision faded. For the moment I was a bit dazed as I sat up and looked about me. Then I saw the lamp was lit on the table and that Leslie Deering stood by the hearth not three feet away, looking down at me with smiling eyes.

"Too bad to disturb you, when you were having such a nice nap," she continued, holding out her hands to the blaze but still looking at me over her shoulder. "But it's after six, and supper is almost ready."

I got up quickly and stood beside her. "Oh, I wasn't asleep," I assured her, calmly. "I was just sitting here thinking and planning. But I confess I didn't hear you come in. How long have you been here?"

"Long enough to light the lamp, and—but tell me, do you always make those funny noises with your nose when you are 'just thinking'?" Then she added, demurely: "It sounded very much like the noises papa and Prince both make when they snore."

At which we both laughed outright, though to tell the truth it was hard for me to realize that I had really been asleep and my vision but a dream.

I saw now that she was still quite pale, and that in spite of a brave attempt at cheerfulness, she was controlling herself with



The Wisdom of Babes

Continued from page 6

adopted his attitude toward them. He should say nothing more, but he should show Ollie at all times that she had imposed upon him; that she had made it possible for him to be the laughing-stock. No matter what the crowd was that laughed—it was his crowd and he was a part of it and he did not like ridicule. He wondered if she laughed at him, too, behind his back. That the children giggled together was an affront. He was restless, irritated and of course when irritated and restless, there was but one thing to think of—Hurley's and the amusement there. Then too, he was fascinated by the wish to find out how much was known of Ollie and the children.

He drove in town. He spent blurred days and nights in the Hurley back room. When the limit came and the blurr cleared, he was across a cot upstairs, where there were no rolls of newspapers to tell how long it had lasted. Neither was there a smell of soap—far from it.

He spent a full day getting pulled together. The joking spirit had gone out of the others too; they were glum; even the announcement that "Tice has set up house-keeping with a new skirt," failed to amuse. The joke of the bride and the "babes" at home, failed to arouse interest—it would take some days to put the pep back in things.

The rainy season had apparently begun; the buggy rolled over roads that were smeared with dirty water—the downfall was gray—gray sky, down where it might be touched almost. Through the wetness, he turned the horse toward the ranch as to a refuge, for after all, it was his. He would ignore the presence of the woman and the "babes" as they had thought it funny to call them.

He drove along; he was awfully wet and sick and miserable. He recalled the days he had worked at transplanting; the day he had cleaned out the stall—he might have stuck a bit longer, if he had been treated right. But to be strung—that was not a matter to keep a fellow steady. He swore violently—they had been mighty small, those children—clean little things. It wasn't quite fair to use them as an excuse for what he had been doing. Oh, well—he was just a cur. He'd get rid of them all somehow and sog down into his filth again. Not his fault. He wondered. Was it fair to put blame upon the woman and the youngsters? Yes, it was fair; she had no business to irritate him. No, it was not fair; they were just little white-legged things, who didn't eat much, nor take up much room. It was not because of them, nor because the woman had strung him—it was because he was a cad and a cur. His check would have to be divided; she could go somewhere with half the money and he'd do with less. No, he wouldn't do with less, either; he'd write and demand more—they'd send it, for he could threaten to come and visit them.

The gray soak decided to turn into something with tempest in it; it no longer came down in plain sheets—it flung itself across his knees, into his face, down his collar, in level swathes across the dashboard. When he turned into his own road, it was because the horse found it; he could not have known—the wheels bumped over boulders that seemed to have grown since he left; across rocky slants that had suddenly arisen.

There was no light in the house. The water was striking the top of the door and sweeping down it like a cataract; the panes of the windows were hissing with it. No light inside—he had intended to speak and say what he had to say as kindly as possible, but it made him mad that the house was so still. They had gone to bed. Well, why not? He smiled grimly as he fumbled for a match—why shouldn't they go to bed? Had he expected them all—the whole family, wife and two children—had he expected the whole family to sit up for him!

He found the matches and lamp on the shelf. His hand shook so that he could hardly replace the chimney, but the flame struck up brightly through the clean glass.

The room was empty—the table cluttered with scraps of food; there were jars, a bottle of milk—odds and ends of food-stuffs.

Gone—eh? He took up the lamp in the sudden depression of an untenanted house. At the door of the front room, he stopped. On his cot, there was a huddled mass; he went closer.

Like two kittens—sleeping across each other—Miggie's cheek lay into the other's neck. A little wad of child.

It stirred in the light from the lamp and he felt eager inside him, at the greeting in the deeply-brown eyes exactly alike.

A glance in the inner room told him that Ollie was not there.

Miggie adjusted herself under the clothes. The other child had gone directly to sleep, stretching such small arms—each finger stiffened and then relaxing into cupped softness under his gaze.

"It's waining," remarked Miggie, conversationally, with a drowsy smile.

"Where is your mother?"

"She has goed away."

"Where?"

Miggie did not know.

"When did she go?"

"Maybe las' week."

"Last week!"

"Maybe two—six days."

"What did she say?"

"Nuffing."

"Just went away and left you! Surely she said something. Think. What was it."

He had put the lamp down upon the table and sat beside the cot. Miggie smiled again and put out a hand; he did not know what to do, except to take it—it was hardly a hand at all, and singularly soothing.

"Think, Miggie. What did she say?"

"She said—to eat offen the table where she'd put things an' not to touch the matches."

"But didn't she tell you anything to do?"

"I said—about the matches."

"But more—she must have said more."

"She said for us to be nice."

"But when did she go? Listen, Miggie; how many nights have you slept here without her?"

Miggie looked serious.

"Free or four. I wish she would come."

"But think. Didn't she say where she was going?"

Miggie shook her head on the pillow.

"She knows," she said, decisively.

"Nor how long—"

"She knows," said Miggie again.

He got up suddenly. "She knows," seemed to be all-sufficient. But unquestionably Ollie had left some word for him. He went back into the kitchen. Certainly. There was the obvious thing, which he might have sought rather than question the child—a note pinned to the corner of the tablecloth.

The schoolgirl writing again; round and plain.

"Will you look after the children for a short time? I don't know what else to do but leave them. I'll pay but I must get started. You were right—you should not have to keep them. I have gone to Hollis where I can get work. I'll take them in a few days. They will be good."

Womanlike, no date. Whether it was an hour, a day, or a week—the note was as vague as the child.

He went back to Miggie but she had fallen asleep; tumbled over, more like a kitten than ever, relaxed and unconcerned under the shelter of that, "she knows." He straightened the covers over them and tucked the edges under the mattress. Then he went to the cot in the other room and lay there listening to the rain, rousing once at a sound and peering to see if the children were stirring. "I certainly am dry - nursing them," he told himself with a grin that had many emotions in it.

He was up early, got the breakfast, set it on the table and whistled. The sun came out and peaked in at the trio at the table.

"How old are you, Miggie?" He had hardly spoken to the children before. But

Concluded on page 26



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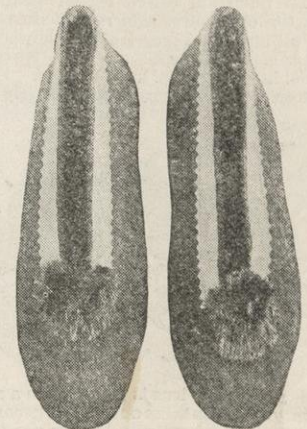
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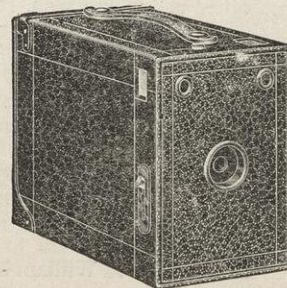
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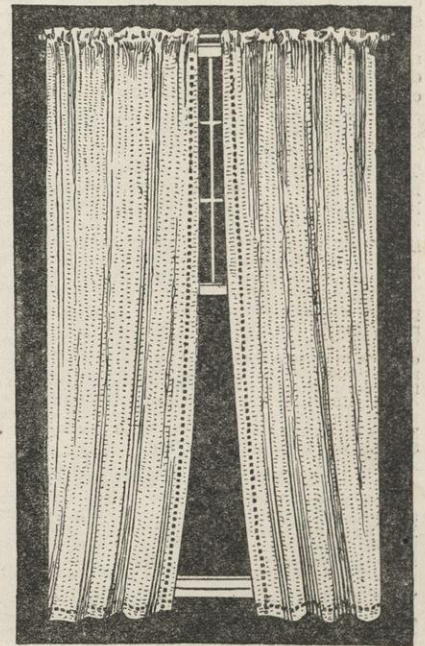
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## Prince Cinderella

Continued from page 14

about romance. The real thing there is the tilt of soul with soul. True romance occurs inside you and has nothing to do with the three-ringed circus frequently offered as its substitute. An hour in a peasant's cottage with Leighton Darrah would be a thrilling adventure. All the jewels of Golconda, presented by William Moore, would merely pall and irritate. As I had always hated shams, I was mighty glad that I was to have the real thing. I turned toward my lover.

"The Tin Cans—do you think you will mind the money—our money—coming from them?"

"Why, Rose, don't you see?" He sat erect in his earnestness and took both my hands. "They are romance, your father's dream. Your own dreams are but the children of his larger one, I suspect. If you and I can achieve anything half so splendid—"

Humbled, I hid my face on his breast. He was always finer than I.

### CHAPTER XXIII

Which Ties Some Knots and Unties Others

Cousin Sarah I never saw again. Beyond ascertaining from my attorney that she had promptly claimed her annuity I did not seek to follow those elegant number two foot-steps. Of one thing I am quite sure—that her first errand on reaching New York was to a beauty repair-shop for a complete new supply of the most highly guaranteed flesh-foods, wrinkle-chasers and rouges. Once only, a month perhaps after her departure, did I hear from her directly. From New York there was forwarded to me an envelope heavily stamped with the two swords crossed upon a shield argent which is the crest of the Maryland Martins. The original address was in Cousin Sarah's small, beautiful hand. Within was enclosed the missing leaf from my genealogy to which was pinned a bill for twenty yards of her favorite black silk necessary now apparently to the support of her own position since she could no longer be said to be upholding mine. A person of spirit would have returned the bill unpaid; I sent a check. I glanced at the table of Maryland Martins on the leaf she had sent. Yes, there was the tell-tale record of Sarah Rodney's marriage.

Whether Cousin Sarah did indeed continue the triumphal tour of her northern relatives I did not seek to learn. But when I thought of her I regarded that course as probable. The thought pleased me. She was of an adventurous nature and I did not like to picture her settling down to the drab routine of one of these boarding homes maintained by cold-bosomed society for spinsters and widows. I hoped that on the contrary she had again found in the house of some other of her kinsmen, remote like myself though he might be, a warm hearth-rug to curl upon and the cream of luxury to lap.

In June William married—shall I say—the remains of Harriet. As soon as I saw them on the morning following the storm I knew that he was completely hers. They belong to the same church and they like the same breakfast-food, and they give every sign of being happy. I had to own that Harriet had understood William better than I. In love the wrong person may do all seemingly right things and it availeth him or her nothing, and the right person may do all the seemingly wrong things and as a reward be adored. Manage a man in precisely the right way and you can bring him to any terms you choose, even to bird-bats. William has developed a positive enthusiasm for them and has bought field-glasses of his own. The truth, of course, was that all along William had never really cared for me as he thought he did. It had been much more his mother's doings than his own. His vanity was indeed horribly and, as far as I was concerned, irreparably hurt because I had never dreamed he sent me the ring, but as things turned out I had really no need to pity him. It had all led him

straight to Harriet Carter. I was awfully glad that William had found Harriet. He is not a matinee idol, fascinating to fevered females, and, surcharged with happiness myself, I did not want him to be lonely. United, we had fallen. I should have increasingly irritated him with my unseemly frivolities. He was indeed quite frank on this point.

"Harriet says that she doesn't think you are quite good for me, Rose. Your—your influence, you know—"

William is, after all, only a great baby. He has at times rather a tired smile. I know that Harriet will always mother him and have a snug bassinet ready when he is worn or sulky—square, tow-headed, blue-eyed William, innocent of jest and dream. So far from resenting his telling me I was not good for him I was so glad he was going to be happy with Harriet I could have placed a sisterly kiss on his brow, but this would have shocked him.

William was, of course, furious at first about our letting "that nigger Seraph" go off with the ring. The fact that it contained a sacred Hindoo gem and that the rest of us except Harriet, of course, all thought essential justice best served so, had no weight with him whatever. Also I think William hated rather to part with the Tin Can. Despite his religion he has great concern for the loaves and fishes; and, though Harriet will come to him well dowered, she hasn't any millions.

But Harriet has awakened William's ego for helping; she has persuaded him that she is an opportunity for doing good. If anyone who has succeeded so admirably in getting what she wants may be said to have failed at all, I think it has been in conceiving life, in its final analysis, to be a science, whereas it is really an art. So absorbed had Harriet been in her quest of William that she never knew what had been going on in the house, and I am certain that William never told her about sending the blue diamond to me.

I am sure that the Pilgrim Fathers will rest much more quietly in their graves than if William had married a fluff of frivolity like myself. Harriet is a woman with a purpose. And after William's mother gets over her first disappointment about losing the Can, she will find Harriet a much more satisfactory daughter-in-law than I would have made. Only I fear that as time goes on, William will find himself possessing less and less of her. Under the present conjunction of stars the teeth, however sound in appearance, are being adjudged the indubitable cause of heart trouble, rheumatism, liver disease, diphtheria, stomach complaint, tuberculosis; I can foresee all of Harriet's coming out ere the honeymoon has fairly set, and Harriet's teeth are her one really good asset! Beyond that I vaguely behold her actual dismemberment. But here I shudderingly draw the veil.

Young Mayhew, Daisy's former sweetheart, proved, on inquiry, to be as substantial and estimable as I could wish, and so they were married one June morning under the walnut-trees by Mr. Field. As a wedding-gift I bought the little brick cottage with a few adjoining acres and repaired and furnished it. Daisy had tearfully owned to me that, fascinated by the robin's-egg, she had taken it off Mrs. Martin's dresser where it could have lain only for the brief interval after that lady's abstraction of it from the cupboard. The child meant—so she assured me, and I believed her—that she wished only for an instant to wear it while alone in her own room. But Bessie had called her, she had run out of the room and downstairs for a moment and on her return the ring, to her unspeakable distress, was gone. Seraph, who had evidently moved into the house for a double purpose of murdering Leighton Darrah and getting possession of the jewel, had been watching every one of us and doubtless possessed himself of the ring at this time. It was after discovering that it was gone that Daisy had met Leighton Darrah in the hall; and, overcome with the need for confession and sympathy, had claimed acquaintance. Since the day

when his young brother had lent his heart to her for a week she had grown so that on first seeing her at my breakfast-table Leighton Darrah had not recognized her. But she had only to ask after Master Lester to make him remember and freely give her the comfort she required.

Malory's pallor, it developed, speedily, was not all or even mainly due to fear. Ezra Shutters came with a warrant for his arrest on the very night after the storm. I think Malory was expecting him, for all the day he had been guttering like a candle about to go out. At sight of Shutters holding the warrant in his hand my poor friend—for so indeed I had come to think him—trembled and then began violently to cough. Immediately a bright stream of blood gushed from between his lips. Ezra Shutters, who was really kind, unlocked his steel-trap jaws far enough to say: "Them prisons—lungs ain't got no chance in 'em! Talk about Christians!" And in the gentlest way he helped Leighton Darrah put Malory to bed in his room while I telephoned to Dorchester for medical aid.

My butler was an escaped convict, wanted for larceny, but Ezra Shutters, who foresaw with me that Malory's end was near, readily agreed not to press the serving of the warrant. Later that evening, resting comfortably under the restoratives the Dorchester physician had administered to him, Malory, waking from sleep, sent his nurse to ask if he might not speak to me, I went up at once to his room.

"You know, Miss Meredith, that I didn't take that diamond. But I got to say to you that there hain't no words this side of 'ell to tell 'ow I wanted it. I could 'ave got it too, easy. I've done time, and I know 'ow."

As kindly as I could, I pressed poor Malory's hand and spoke to him. I felt that the character he had made for himself infinitely surpassed that which any employment agency could have given the most irremovable of butlers. He died that night. It was best. I arranged for the burial of his body in the old family graveyard on the estate, and the next day, in the drawing-room, Mr. Field, at my request, held a service in respect for the man's essential dignity, taking with admirable feeling as the text for his brief and earnest homily those matchless words of Saint Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course."

On forcing the door of Seraph's room we found Cousin Sarah's silver mesh bag which Seraph had taken, thinking that it contained the robin's-egg. He had strewn the flesh-foods and rouge-pots contemptuously over his bureau, and on top of them had laid a scrawled paper, "Much silly old woman." Beside the beauty-jars I found what was a brown curl, apparently Cousin Sarah's, clipped in her youth, and a daguerreotype showing her at about seventeen, a lovely face all curves and bright softness, bewitchingly framed in an old-fashioned "poke." For me—"the princess"—Seraph left an exquisite note telling me he was sorry that he had deceived me, but that the sacred memory of his father and the honor of his people had alike compelled him to do so. He left a check covering fully all that I had paid him in wages and the rugs I had bought of him which he begged me to accept as a gift. In a postscript he gave the address in New York of a native of his province who could be trusted to clean the rugs properly.

As I had suspected, Mr. Field and Ezra Shutters had in a measure worked together, but each in the end had his own fish to fry. As we all talked things over together I found myself admiring Mr. Field extraordinarily. I am positive that he knew Cousin Sarah had been the first to take the robin's-egg and I greatly liked the delicacy which restrained him from making any mention, now unnecessary, of this fact. And quite voluntarily he cleared her of my accusation of stealing my letter to the chief of police about her.

"While you were delayed on the road to Dorchester, Miss Meredith, I watched you from the thicket screening the river-path where I had followed on my wheel. Per-



haps you don't know how much shorter that path is than the road. When you walked down past the bend in the road looking impatiently in the direction of Middlefield for Seraph I opened the bag and took the letter. It was really one of Mr. Darrah's I was after, but when I saw that you were communicating with the police authorities in another city I felt I just must know why. I should have revealed and returned it, but I didn't dare take the time."

Mr. Field did say humorously that if he had fully appreciated Cousin Sarah at the outset he might not have had the courage to remain at Woodcroft, unexampled though the opportunities it afforded were for his purposes. He had not at first realized Seraph's true identity; but when at dinner Leighton Darrah had remarked that Seraph did not like him, he had suspected the truth and begun his vigils in the suit of armor. In the most courteous possible way he thanked me for my hospitality and wanted to pay me for the clothes and the cigarettes, "though really I smoked my own tobacco, all the time, Miss Meredith. Dealers will impose on a lady in these matters." Of course I didn't accept the check. Hadn't he, even from motives of his own, saved Leighton Darrah's life?

"But your name, Mr. Field. Is it—is it really Marshmallow?"

I was feeling a little humbled about the cigarettes, but my curiosity was not to be controlled.

"O dear! Just my little joke. Mainwaring is really my middle name — the Gloucestershire Mainwarings, my mother's family. Really, Miss Meredith, you must admit that you were a temptation. When you actually invited me to live under your roof I could scarcely believe it. You would really have swallowed a much bigger yarn."

"I must apologize for Chizzy's strong language and indeed for a little that I have used myself while your guest. I formed the habit, I confess, during the early years of my deaconate, after frequent enforced attendance on missionary teas. You see, Miss Meredith, I took orders because my mother insisted on it. But I had always a tremendous interest in criminal life and I soon decided that I could best serve my king and country in another way. My work is lower, doubtless, in the scale of service than ministering to souls, but at all events it is honest, and with me the other could not have been. Sometimes I think that religion is whatever is not for the body or wholly for *now*. I have, it is true, frequently used my vestments as camouflage but I have yet, as far as I am aware, to disgrace them. At least, none of the good bishops who know my real occupation, have suggested that I should be unfrocked."

"And your herbarium?" I now felt free to ask.

Mr. Field laughed quietly "The prettiest collection of rogues' thumb-marks you ever saw. Some day, if you like, you shall see them."

"And the library of alienists?" I pressed him further, he seemed so delightfully willing to clear up everything.

"Oh, I've a feeling that the crazy man and the crook are pretty closely akin, both abnormal, you know. I want to *understand*. I don't hate or despise the men I bring to what we call justice. I love them."

"Mr. Field," I cried, leaning impulsively toward him, "you ought to have a parish. Feeling as you do about people—even bad ones—and then your wonderful voice!"

Up to this Mr. Field's manner had been gay, but now on answering me he became for the moment serious.

"Oh, no, no! I was never cut out for a parson. I'm not fit."

So you see, this is a plot without a villain, unless indeed poor William be he, and surely no one would unkindly condemn that well-intentioned creature to such a role. As for the collection, I was never sorry that I had trusted all of them. Black Bessie—influenced, I suspect, by events in the house—came to me, the night following Daisy's marriage, in manifest excitement.

"Jerugalum, Miss Rose, dat pesky yaller nigger done bother me from mornin' till night!"

Her great eyes rolled and her rich African voice took on its most dramatic tone.

"What does he bother you about, Bessie?" I asked, sympathetically

"'Bout jinin' up wid him again. Says he fah'ly perishin' without me."

I could not help smiling at Bessie's now lugubrious note, especially as I recalled the heaped-up basket of good things I had seen only a few nights previous passing from my kitchen into the hands of the languishing one. After all, it might be less trouble for my cook to feed him openly.

"Then, Bessie, it would really be an act of mercy to marry him again, wouldn't it?"

"Dat's what I thinks, honey, and so las' night him and me just met up at the preacher's."

Bessie bridled quite perceptibly and with her old delicious frankness awaited congratulations.

To have censured her for haste or for leading me on to approve her marriage before she confessed it would have been absurdly useless and indeed unfair. Bessie was a born diplomat—it was one of the things I had liked her for, and we must accept the defects of our friends' virtues. So I congratulated her upon being a second time Mrs. Hightower, made a tidy wedding-present and told her—what she had doubtless already guessed—that the house-party was broken up, and I myself was soon to leave Woodcroft for an indefinite time.

My chaperon had flown—I was compelled perforce to take a protector of another sort. With Leighton Darrah's permission I had sent (on Cousin Sarah's flight) for Mrs. Charles Henry; and then I left her alone in the drawing-room with him and Lester. Within half an hour Leighton Darrah came for me to join them — all three of them caught up in a gale of good friendship. Mrs. Charles Henry thereupon set to work to reconcile Mr. Charles Henry with his sons. She is a woman who deals wisely with her husband, making few overt demands, with the result that when with all her half foreign magnetism and beauty she does ask something, he capitulates on the instant. They were handsome enough, those sons, God knows, for any father in his senses to be glad to own—and, well, we all cried and laughed and hung upon one another out of sheer joy when those three proud men "made up."

Leighton wanted me to go at once with him and Lester to the Argentine, so on Wednesday in the little rosy-silk frock in which I first met him (he would have it so!) Mr. Field married us in the great dining-room just before noon.

Twelve o'clock, Seth Thomas sang immediately we raised our heads, and such was the jocund ring of my old friend's tones I almost heard him add, "And all's well."

"All's well, indeed!" I murmured, looking up happily into my husband's face. He did not, of course, understand Seth Thomas as I did, but it was no time for explanations.

I have heard of a fool's paradise; I am convinced that there is also a fool's providence. The things I had loved had at last come to me—I believe because I loved them. If I had not been expecting such a man as Leighton Darrah assuredly he would never have found me.

Lester Darrah was the first to kiss me. Hadn't he, he said, as my one brother, the right? Anyway, he was only returning the kiss I had that afternoon in the Winters' library given to his portrait, now happily turned once more face front. For a wedding-present he asked to make my own the little book of Irish ballads that I had found in the garden behind the cottage, writing my new name in it and begging pardon for troubling me with such a trifle.

With Cousin Sarah departed; Daisy married; Bessie remarried; Malory buried; the reverend, accompanied by his beloved Chizzy, on his way to India, to find and arrest Robert Judd—there was but one thing to do with Woodcroft, and that was to lease it. We ourselves expect to make a tour of the world

when once we have seen Lester Darrah safely out of mischief in far South America. Left to himself, it is doubtful if he would ever reach the Argentine; since he could not at any time be impressed with the fact that his life was in danger, and only consented to go since he had heard that the Argentine was a grand country entirely and worth a man's trouble to look at. Later we shall visit England, and while there, shall be entertained at Gloucestershire at Mainwaring (I had almost said Marshmallow) Manor by Mr. Field, who will presumably have finished his business in India by that time. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry will keep dear old Bob, now as well as ever, thanks to Mr. Field, until our return.

As we three closed behind us the front door of old Woodcroft to face the world, Lester considerably walked ahead a little way, leaving Leighton and me alone together.

"And now, Rose Darrah," asked my husband, "what can I do to make you happy?"

"I think," I answered quite honestly, "I'd like to be courted a little!"

The End

### A Night in the Blue Room

Continued from page 22

difficulty. Back of the brightness in her eyes there was a haunted look, and once or twice the lines about her lips quivered as she talked. The doctor had just telephoned, she said, that Hilton's injuries were not as serious as he had feared. The wound in the throat was trifling, a mere scratch of the dog's paw. His arm and hand were pretty badly torn but the doctor hoped to save them. Hilton had elected to remain at the tavern for the present. He had a comfortable room and was resting quietly, though he was in an ugly frame of mind. But she was not to let that worry her. No, she had not told her father yet. The doctor had cautioned her to keep him as quiet as possible. To-morrow he would be better, and she would tell him.

So much she told me, for the most part with but little tremor in her voice. But I knew it cost her an effort, and I longed to take her in my arms and comfort her. But, somehow, I seemed for the moment all at sea and knew not what to do, so I just stood there like a great gawk and listened. And yet, I think she understood, much more than any mere words of mine could tell her, and I think it comforted her. Presently supper was announced and we went across to the dining-room where Mammy Sue hovered over her during the meal like an old hen over her one chicken.

To be continued

IF you are embroidering corners, in napkins or handkerchiefs, try catching a corner of four squares together, having the corners meet; you can then put the joined corners into your embroidery-hoop, and finish all before taking them apart. I have learned how to save the linen when doing my own stamping. I had a centerpiece and set of doilies stamped for me, and found the stamping was too near the edge for the cloth to be held firmly by the embroidery-hoops, so I basted a strip of old white cloth to the edge of the stamped goods, removing it when the work was finished. Now I stamp my own designs in the same way, and there is very little waste of material.—Mrs. Anna Adkins, Missouri.

WHEN you wish to work with a double thread, instead of putting it single through the eye of the needle and drawing the ends even, first put the two ends together and thread both through the needle's eye—using one of the regular embroidery-needles with long eye—slip the loop end over the needle and pull the ends. This will not catch in your work, nor will one thread pull tighter than the other; hence the work will be perfectly smooth.—Mrs. B. F. Snow, Minnesota.



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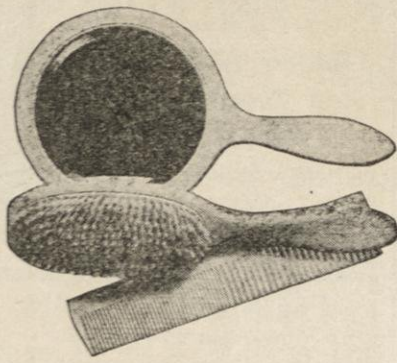
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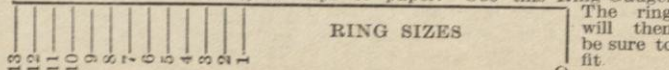
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RING SIZES

The ring will then be sure to fit.

## The Wisdom of Babes

Concluded from page 23

they were not afraid of him; they were distinctly friendly. Less neat than usual. He regarded them seriously. "You need some putting in order, Miggie. Can you do it yourself? How old are you?"

"I'm five."

"And how old is Clarie there?"

"She's five too."

"Oh, not just the same age!"

"Well, she's nearly it."

"Don't you know exactly?"

"Muther knows."

That was their keynote: "Muther knows." They had no concern of the situation. They flirted with him, both of them and he laughed because he felt like it; so odd—not to convey any thrust, nor scorn, nor indifference, but because laughing seemed just then a good thing.

"I am going over to Hollis for your mother. Will you be very good and stay in the house until we get back?"

They would, and they teetered on the door-sill as he drove away—he thought of taking them but he hated to be seen riding about with young ones.

Hollis was on the other side of the mountain and something of a town, but he could get track of her. Tice had a restaurant there too. He could easily come across her, and they could talk it out. The children must be with her—it was a shame to make them carry the weight of anything. He would not ask her to come back to him; not at all. But he would help her arrange to take care of the babies.

But he did not find her. The day wore on, and the clouds that had darkened it since noon, began to spill freely again. He thought uneasily of the children; the stale food—many things that might happen, the loneliness and the one thing to which they pinned their faith; the "she knows" that Miggie spoke so confidently. What a blessed, strange thing a faith was. Was it only children who had it? The faith of the child, the understanding, the wisdom, maybe. Almost dark and he had no clue of her. He went back through the rain as fast as he could urge the horse; he didn't know what those little people might be up to. He was distinctly a man of family cares and worries.

Both heads showed dimly through the water-swept window-panes, as he arrived home.

"Didn't you bwing her?" they asked in duet.

They did not cry, either of them; they stood before him and blinked hard. They struck him as being mighty game—those two scanty morsels of flesh and blood.

He set to work to entertain them after supper; showed pictures, told stories, made them laugh long scales of silver tinkles, and when one on each side climbed to his knees, he glanced at the door; he would hate to be caught doing that nurse act.

He did not know quite what to do about Ollie, but decided to wait and let her make the next move; he was exceedingly busy anyhow, for under Miggie's superintendence, he found the up-end of fresh clothes for them; he essayed washing them and they bore it politely. No word from Ollie and some days hurried past.

Then, from out a clasped-hand reverie, Miggie spoke:

"Mr. Tice tooked her."

"Tice!"

"Mr. Tice, f'om town."

He got up slowly—hot inside, trembling. What was it that they had said at Hurley's? "Tice has set up housekeeping with a new skirt."

So he had come and taken her. She had gone.

Eight miles to town. He drove them fiercely.

He had not considered anything; his lax moral sense, cynicism, scorn, had burned to cinders in the heat of the red rage that assailed. Not once on the road did he say, "What do I care?" Not once did he ask

himself what it was to him that the slim girl he really hardly knew had sought an easy way. What he wanted hurriedly and with all his force, was to get at Tice and to get her. At her—yes, her too. How did she dare to do it! Didn't she know he wouldn't stand for it! And not once did he ask himself why he wouldn't stand for it. He just urged the horse, sat front on the buggy-seat, breathing hard.

It was late—but early for Hurley's—when he reached town. He knew where Tice lived; there was a light in a rear room of his cottage on a side street.

He knocked at the door twice — three times. He beat against it with his closed fist. The slinking man in a white coat, who opened it a wary inch, did not know where Tice was; he put a chain across the opening and inspected the intruder. "No, Mr. Tice was not there."

Then the draught from the partly opened door, caught an inner one and it swung back; there was a glimpse of gaudy hangings, green and blue cushions, a woman in a red dress lounging on a couch.

He set his heavy boot upon the chain. Reserve power of years of dawdling went into it. The chain cracked and the startled servant went back under a blow.

The rage boiled up—over the smiling babies, the girl who had fooled him, the absurdity of his caring. He'd show her! He'd drag her from there—

The woman on the couch sat up and gathered her red draperies over an expanse of abundant flesh. Her cheeks and lips were scarlet; her hair curled and coiled was—yellow.

He stopped short.

"What d'ye mean b' this here buttin' in? Ain't a lady got no privacy in her own house?" He stared at her. "Who are ye?" she demanded.

He backed away. A clamor of voices was ended by the slam of the door

In the early morning, something cool touched his cheek and he awakened.

"Did you bwing her?"

"No, Miggie."

"Mr. Tice tooked her."

"No, Miggie."

"Did you see at the eat place?"

"The—"

"Where the cakes is, that muther uset to bwing."

The old restaurant! The old place! The Tice restaurant where she had worked before! The obvious thing. He had not thought of that! He had thought only of the lurid, the vicious. Was he a fool like that! Did that ruffled-haired baby have more wisdom?

He looked at Ollie across a tower of buns. A sudden moving pink ran up and shut out the permanent one. How little and frail and game she was, handing out those cups of coffee.

With no sign of recognition, she came to take his order.

"Look out of the window," he said.

The horse was supporting himself against the rack—a child at each end of the seat—a space between, where he had been.

She caught her breath.

"Goats would grow if they were taken care of." She looked at him "And lemon-trees would grow too." She did not move. "And the girls would grow up right. It's not too late; I'm not dead yet. Will you come home, Ollie?"

It was the varying pink then, that quite overtopped the other.

MAY we not have more knitted-lace patterns in the Needleworker department? I should particularly like to see yokes for nightgowns and corset-covers, also designs for coat-collars, collar-and-cuff sets, matched trimming for luncheon-sets, and other articles, in addition to the straight knitted laces and insertions.—M. C. B. Wood, Santa Barbara, Calif.





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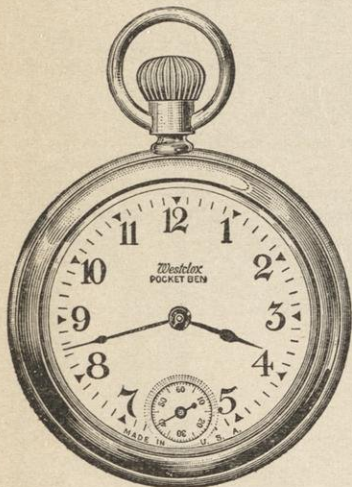
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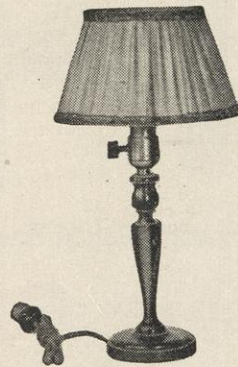


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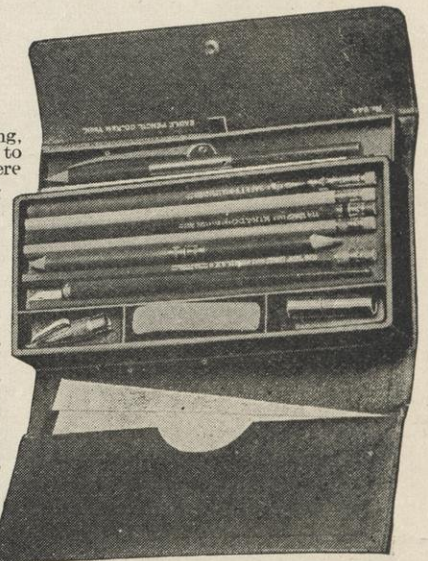
**Four Subscriptions**

**No. 1709.** As a usual thing, pencil-boxes appeal only to the kiddies; but we were fortunate enough to obtain one that immediately drew the grownups' attention. So we know the children will be delighted and the older folks pleased when they see it. It is equally good for office, home or school. Enclosed in a beautiful imitation-leather portfolio 12 1/2 inches long by 8 inches wide. We find: pocket containing writing-tablet and plotting - pad, and two compartments containing the following:

**11 pencils with eraser tops**

- 1 red pencil
- 1 indelible pencil
- 1 pen and penstock
- 1 pencil pocket-clip
- 1 red rubber eraser
- 1 blue pencil
- 1 pencil with compass

**1 pencil-sharpener 1 box excellent pens**  
Quality of every piece is guaranteed, as it is made by the Eagle Pencil Company. No home should be without a set.



### Handsome Casserole

Given for **Six Subscriptions**

**No. 2206.** This beautiful round casserole stands 6 1/2 inches high. The nicked holder is 4 1/2 inches high with a 7-inch diameter, has a plain, neat pierced design. The lining is of a brown polished crockery, with a polished white inside. The size (without cover) is 3 1/2 inches deep, and about 7 inches in diameter. It holds one quart. The person looking for a genuine bargain will surely find it here. It will also save you a great deal of work.



### Three Useful Aluminum Pieces

All Three Given for only **Two Subscriptions**

**No. 2210.** Three useful articles in excellent aluminum, is indeed a wonderful offer. A fortunate purchase makes this possible. Don't miss it. The illustration shows the articles. The preeminence of aluminumware over all other material for kitchen-dishes is too well known to be commented on. These are the three pieces:

- 1 7-3-4 inch Stewpan
- 1 Long-Handled Ladle with 4-inch Bowl
- 1 Combination Strainer and Dipper for Preserving



### From One Club-Raiser

"The fourth watch (Reward No. 2188) reached me in plenty of time and I want to thank you so much for making it possible. The youngsters are delighted with the watches. They are carried everywhere by their proud small owners, and they are almost the greatest treasures amongst the numerous gifts Santa gave them."



### New Style Umbrella

Given for **Six Subscriptions**

**No. 2226.** This new-style umbrella is stylish, of course, but the big thing is the fact that this style is sensibly shaped for strength, safety in a wind, and sightliness. It is called by the manufacturers "The Little Umbrella with the Big Spread" and is guaranteed by them for a year of service. The frame is only 34 inches but the spread is 36 inches. The handle therefore is not so long as with the old-fashioned umbrellas. It has a white ring 4 inches in diameter at the end of the handle, giving it a handsome and useful finish. The cloth is genuine black India.

### Genuine-Leather Handbag

Given for **Six Subscriptions**

**No. 2178.** Handbags are very stylish this season, and we are most fortunate in being able to offer our readers this Genuine-Leather Bag, imitation-alligator finish. The bag itself measures about 5 1/2 by 4 1/2 inches, therefore is of correct size for its purpose. It is finished very neatly on the inside as well as the out-, and as it is of the famous "Artcraft Leather Ware" it is warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Any lady will certainly be pleased with one of these.

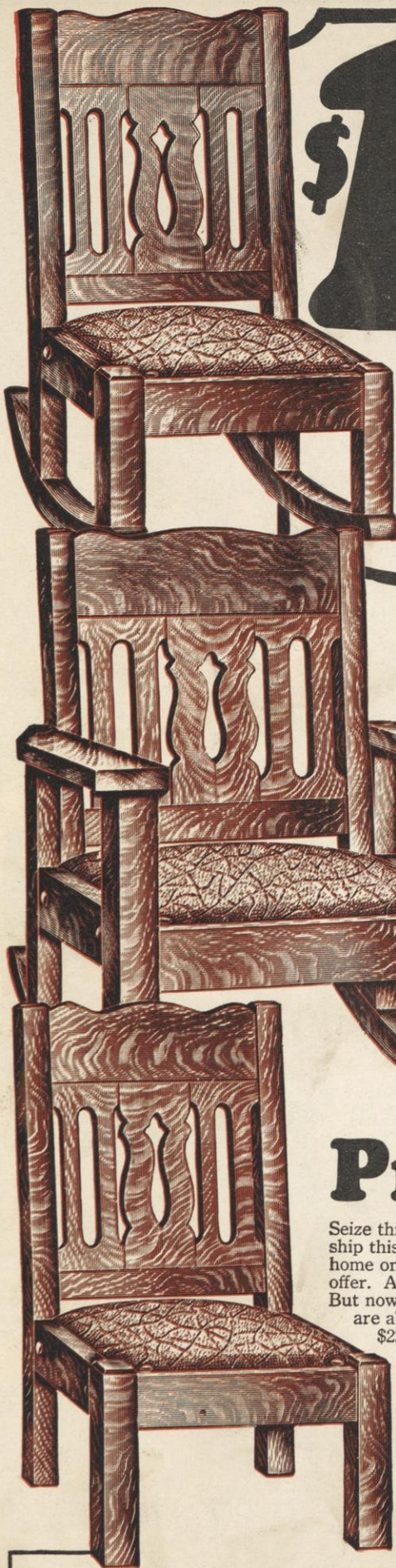


### OUR OFFER

Select the reward or rewards 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, postage prepaid, the rewards of your choice. Order by name and number. Address

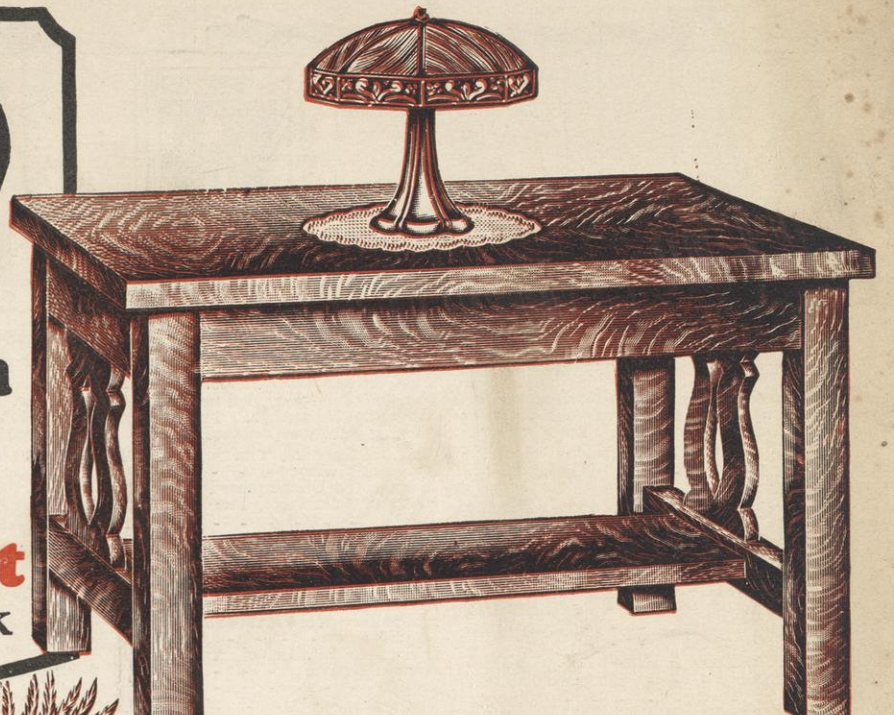
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Augusta, Maine





**\$1.00**

**Down**  
Brings This  
**6-Piece**  
**Library Set**  
Fumed Solid Oak



A Room  
Full of  
Furniture



This Entire Set (6 Splendid Pieces)

**Now \$22<sup>85</sup>**

**Price Slashed**

Seize this opportunity now. Send the coupon with only \$1.00 and we'll ship this entire 6-piece fumed solid oak living room or library set to your home on 30 days trial. We've smashed the price on this sensational offer. A few months ago we had to charge \$35.90 for this very same set. But now, because the factory needed money and we had the cash, we are able to cut the price on this roomful of furniture way down to \$22.85! And you get this rock bottom price on easy monthly payments of only \$2.50 a month! Where can you match this bargain—anywhere? Only \$1.00 brings the entire set on approval—we take the risk.

**30 Days Trial!**

When you get this magnificent 6-piece library set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Before you pay another penny examine it thoroughly. Note the massive, solid construction—the beautiful fumed oak finish—the fine upholstery and graceful lines. Convince yourself that this beautiful set will make your home brighter and more beautiful. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash. Then if not satisfied for any reason and convinced that this is a stupendous bargain—you alone to judge—return the set at our expense and we will refund your \$1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you paid.

**Only \$2.50 a Month**

enjoy the proud ownership of so magnificent a set of furniture. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day, less than one fritter away every day for trifles. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We have only a limited number of sets which we reserve for this acquaintance offer to new customers. We send our complete catalog when we ship the set. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. One price, cash or credit. No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit, no C. O. D.

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Don't delay. Just send \$1.00 along with the coupon as a deposit to show you are really interested. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served. Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial—we take all the risk—costs you nothing if not satisfied—no obligation. Send coupon today—NOW!

**Straus & Schram, Reg. 2605, W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.**

**6-Piece Set**  
**Fumed Solid Oak**

This superb 6 piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. All the four chairs are padded; seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. The upholstery is of a rich brown color, and will give you the best possible service.

**Arm Chair** is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat, 19x17 1-2 in., height 36 in.

**Arm Rocker** is a massive, stately, comfortable piece, with beautifully designed back, wide, shapely arms, and smooth operating runners. Seat, 19x17 1-2 in., height 36 in.

**Sewing Rocker** is unusually attractive and useful. Seat 17x17 in., height 35 in.

**Reception Chair** has beautiful shape to match the other pieces. Seat measures 17x17 in., height 35 in.

**Library Table**—a beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2 in. stock; massive, dignified. Top measures 23 1-4x34 in.

**Jardiniere Stand** matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17 1-2 in. high; the top 12x12 inches.

Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight, about 175 pounds.

Order by No. B6943A. \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.50 a month, price \$22.85.

**Straus & Schram, Reg. 2605 W. 35th St. Chicago, Ill.**

Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you \$2.50 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

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