



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The American woman. Vol. 30, No. 1 June, 1920

Augusta, Maine: The Vickery & Hill Publishing Company, June, 1920

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/FLNWLLSPQBKT48I>

Based on date of publication, this material is presumed to be in the public domain.

For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

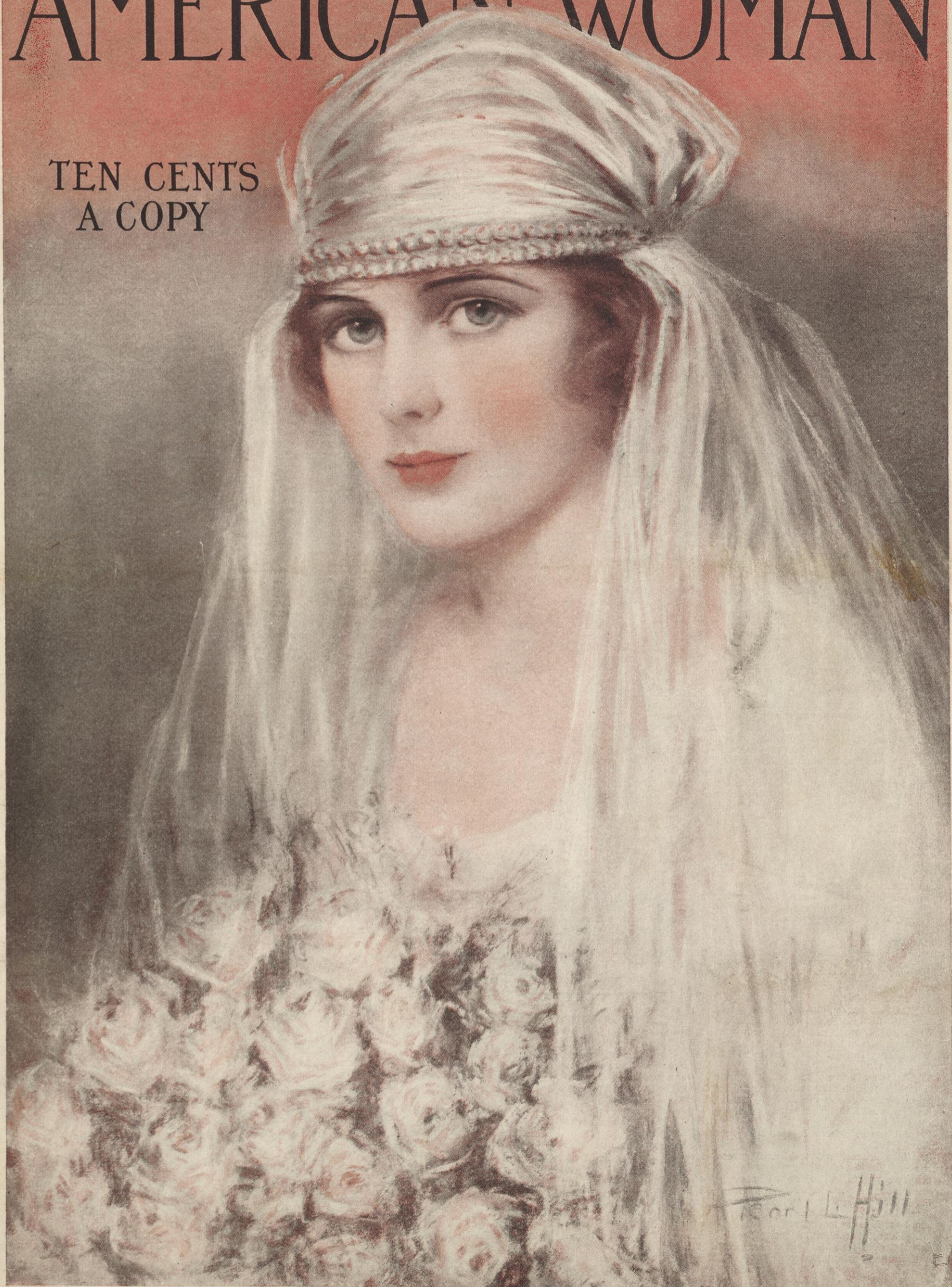
AUGUSTA MAINE

THE

JUNE 1920

AMERICAN WOMAN

TEN CENTS
A COPY



W. H. Hill

Sweaters for the Summer Girl

By MARY E. FITCH

Knitted Sleeveless Sweater

MATERIALS required are four skeins of Shetland floss, blue for the body of the sweater and one skein, gray, for the collar, with a pair each of No. 3 and No. 5 needles, and a crochet-hook that will carry the yarn smoothly, yet do close, firm work. Any other colors preferred may be chosen; or, if liked, the collar may be of the same color as the sweater.

Cast on 84 stitches, using the larger needles, and knit back and forth for 56 rows, or 28 ribs; it is a good plan to knit with double yarn for the 1st 6 ribs, giving added weight to the bottom of the garment, as a hem. If a longer sweater is wanted, add to the number of ribs as desired.

For the belt: With the small needles knit 3, purl 3; repeat for 28 rows, or to a width of three inches, without stretching the work.

With large needles knit 15 ribs; then decrease a stitch at beginning and end of a row every 4th rib until 5 stitches have been decreased each side, leaving 74 stitches. Knit on these stitches until the back measures 22 inches, or the desired length, if you have added to the length below the waist.

For the shoulder: Knit 27 stitches and slip off on a large safety-pin or piece of twine; bind off 20 stitches at back of neck, knit the remaining 27 stitches, and work back and forth on these, increasing 1 stitch every other rib until you have added 25 stitches, which will bring you to the belt; commencing with the 20th rib from the shoulder, increase 1 stitch on the underarm every 3d rib until 8 stitches have been added. With the small needles knit 3 and purl 3, to match the back, then with large needles knit 28 ribs, or the length of back below belt, and bind off loosely on the wrong side. Knit the other front to correspond. With crochet-hook work around neck and down fronts with double crochet. Having reached the top of the belt on left side, chain 9, miss space of 9 stitches, 5 doubles in 5 stitches across center of belt, chain 9, miss remainder of belt, and continue. The chain loops are for buttonholes.

Sew up the underarm seams, taking a stitch from each edge, and not drawing the work. It is an excellent plan to slip the 1st stitch of each row, back and front, at the underarm, as a better edge is thus given.

For the buttons: Using the collar color, make a chain of 3 stitches, join; 10 doubles in ring; 2 doubles in each double, with 1 chain between. Continue in this way, widening the cover to fit the mold, then narrow for the under side. In case you cannot obtain molds of required size (those used on the model are one and one-half inches in diameter), circles of heavy pasteboard may be cut, and two of them glued together; pad lightly with a smaller circle of wadding and cover with flannel or cotton. Two buttons are required. Sew them to the belt opposite the loops.

For the collar: Make a chain of 122 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 8th stitch, (chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble) 38 times, 39 spaces in all, turn. There should be 3 spaces to the inch, making the collar about 13 inches wide across the back.

2. All spaces (chain 5, treble in next treble for 1st space).

3. Two spaces, 106 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

4. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 33 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

5. Edge (of 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space); (16 trebles, 1 space) twice, 22 trebles, (1 space, 16 trebles) twice; edge.

16. Edge; (4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, * 5 spaces; work back from * to beginning of row.

7. Edge; (4 trebles, 1 space) 3 times, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, * 1 space; work back.



Knitted Sleeveless Sweater

8. Edge; (4 trebles, 3 spaces) twice, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, * 1 space; work back.

9. Edge; 93 trebles; edge.

10. Edge; 4 more spaces, 4 trebles, * 21 spaces; work back.

11. Edge; 16 trebles, * 21 spaces; work back.

12. Edge; 4 trebles, * 29 spaces; work back.

13. Edge; 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, * 21 spaces; work back.

14. Edge; 4 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, * 21 spaces; work back.

15. Edge; 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, * 21 spaces; work back.

Repeat from 10th row, continuing the border as in 10th to 15th row, until you have completed the 34th row, which will be like 10th row.

35. Border (like 11th to *); 6 spaces, narrow (by working a double treble in next treble, no chain between, turn).

36. Narrow (by making a chain of 4 stitches, treble in next treble), 9 spaces; border (like 12th row, reversing from *).

37. Border (13th row to *); 4 spaces, narrow.

38. Narrow, 3 spaces; border (reversing from *, 14th row).

39. Border (15th row to *); 3 spaces, turn.

40. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space; border (10th reversed).

Continue, keeping the 3 spaces on neck-edge, without further decrease, and carrying the border as directed, from 10th to 15th row, until you have completed the 83d row.

84. Nine spaces; 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

85. Two spaces, 31 trebles, turn.

86. Twelve spaces; fasten off.

Fasten in on other side of collar and repeat from 35th row. Then work entirely around the ends and outer edge of collar with 2 trebles in each space and treble in treble, filling each corner space with 5 trebles. Sew the collar evenly to neck of sweater, taking care not to stretch the latter.

If preferred to the sailor style of collar one may work the entire length with the border and 3 or 4 spaces on the inner edge, and sew on as directed. This will give the effect of a rolling collar. Any other pattern may be chosen for the filet, but that given is simple and attractive.

Tuxedo Sweater

By Mary E. Fitch

MATERIALS: Five skeins of Scotch yarn for the body of sweater, and rather more than a skein of contrasting color for the filet-crochet collar. Rose was chosen for the sweater and gray for the collar of the model, but any preferred colors may be substituted at the pleasure of the worker.

Knitting-needles of two sizes—No. 3 and No. 5—are used, with a bone crochet-hook which will carry the wool smoothly.

Cast on 75 stitches, with double yarn, using the large needles.

Knit back and forth until you have six ribs (twelve rows) with the double wool; this makes the lower edge heavier, as a hem. If preferred, the work may be done with single wool and knit up for the hem, or the latter may be omitted altogether. Knit seventy-two ribs, which brings you to the sleeves.

At beginning of next row cast on 10 stitches, knit across, cast on 10 more stitches for the other sleeve; repeat, casting on 10 more stitches at beginning and end of every rib until you have added 70 stitches for each sleeve, making 215 stitches in all. On this number knit twenty-three ribs.

At the shoulder: Knit 97 stitches, slip off on a large safety-pin or any preferred device, bind off 21 stitches for back of neck, and knit the remaining 97 stitches for two ribs. Now at the neck edge widen or increase 1 stitch every rib until 28 stitches have been added. On the 25th rib, counting from back of neck, bind off 10 stitches at end of sleeve, and continue binding off 10 stitches at end of sleeve each rib until you have taken off the 70 stitches on each sleeve, corresponding to those cast on. Knit seventy-two ribs, finishing the lower edge to correspond with the back, and bind off loosely. Knit other front to correspond.

For the cuffs: With fine needles pick up 44 stitches, evenly, at end of sleeve, knit in double rib—knit 2, purl 2—for one and one half inches, then knit back and forth in the

plain garter-stitch for four inches and bind off loosely.

For the belt: Cast on 22 stitches, using the fine needles, and knit back and forth for fourteen ridges; then knit 4, bind off 14 stitches, knit 4; on the return row knit 4, cast on 14 stitches, knit 4; continue until the belt is thirty-six inches long, or as long as required, and bind off. Fasten in 4 stitches from the edge, at one end, make a chain of 14 stitches, fasten 4 stitches from opposite edge, turn, and fill the loop with 18 doubles. Make a similar loop at other end of belt. Sew a button about four and one-half inches from each end of belt, and when adjusting the latter pass one end through the slash and loop over the button, the other loop over the other button.

For the Collar: Make a chain of 36 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, a treble in each stitch of chain, turn.

2. Edge (of chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles); 10 spaces, turn.

3. Three spaces (chain 5, treble in next treble, for 1st space), 16 trebles, 2 spaces; edge (of 4 trebles in 3 trebles and top of 3 chain, turn).

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

5. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

6. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 3 spaces, turn.

7. Three spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

8. Edge; 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 7 spaces, turn.

Repeat the pattern from 3d row, ending with 2d and 1st rows. Make the strip three repeats, or about eight inches longer than necessary to extend around the neck and down the fronts of sweater, and turn up the extra length for a four-inch pocket at each end. Sew up the underarm seams and sleeves evenly, and sew on the collar, joining the spaces to the garment and leaving the side which has the edge of trebles free. Sew up the pocket, and fasten with a crocheted button of the body color at each corner. Two of these buttons are also used where the belt is attached to the side seam, and two at front of belt for fastenings.

For the buttons: Chain 3, join; 10 doubles in ring; 2 doubles in each double; a double in double, 2 in next, widening the cover to fit the mold; a double in each double; a double in every other double, and repeat until narrowed off. Slip the mold in after the 4th row. Leave a length of yarn to sew to the garment.

For the cuffs: With fine needles pick up 44 stitches, evenly, at end of sleeve, knit in double rib—knit 2, purl 2—for one and one half inches, then knit back and forth in the



Tuxedo Sweater

HERE is my way of making scalloped edges, and they never fray: After putting in the padding-stitches, cut the scallop and buttonhole it neatly and closely. I sometimes stitch the stamped lines on the machine, but do not think this is really necessary. Cut a little in advance of your work, not more than a scallop, or two at most. They are more easily cut than after buttonholing, and when you have finished there is the satisfaction of knowing you have not to cut them out, and the edge could not look nicer. No other working will be needed.—E. M. J., Connecticut.

IN lingerie waists it is sometimes quite impossible to find a place for the buttonholes, in case of much delicate trimming. A very good substitute for the buttonhole is a loop, and a simple and easy way of making it is to do a plain ring in tatting to correspond with the size of the button. Draw the ring up snugly and tie, leaving a sufficient length of thread by which to sew to the garment. These loops are easily put in place, and very durable; use fine thread for them.—J. M. L., Rhode Island.

A VERY neat and attractive way to embroider scallops is as follows: First do the embroidery on them in the ordinary way; then when this is finished cut around the edge and when the material is nicely trimmed off, buttonhole-stitch over the embroidered edge. This will cover all fringe or fraying of material, and make a very firm scallop. It is also a good way to finish Hardanger work.—Mrs. H. A. Glesner, Wisconsin.

Change of Address

—Subscribers should notify us promptly of any change in their street or Post-Office address, as the Post-Office Department will not deliver second-class mail unless the complete address is correct. Give the former as well as the present address, or we shall be unable to make the change.

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

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

PUBLISHED BY THE VICKERY & HILL PUBLISHING CO.

Address all letters to THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE: 50 cents per year. To subscribers in Canada, 65 cents per year, and in other Foreign Countries, 75 cents per year. (Positively will not accept Canadian and other foreign stamps)

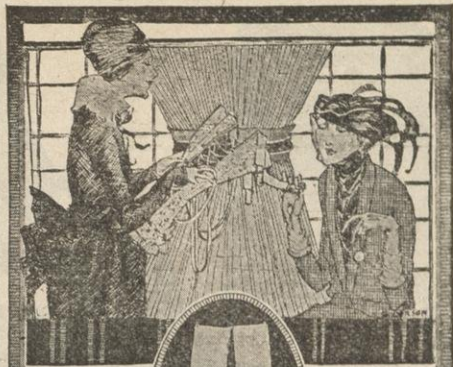
The postage on The American Woman is prepaid by the publishers, at the above rates

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

AUGUSTA, MAINE, JUNE 1920

"Our Moneyback Guarantee"

All advertisements appearing in THE AMERICAN WOMAN are absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded, by the advertiser or by us, if you purchase goods advertised with us and they prove unsatisfactory. This applies equally to purchases made through your retail merchant or direct from the advertiser. The only condition is that in making purchases, the reader shall always state that the advertisement was seen in THE AMERICAN WOMAN.



We can change those for Velvet Grip "Sew-Ons"—put them on gladly for you.

No! I don't think I will take that corset. It hasn't the Velvet Grip Hose Supporters.

VELVET GRIP "Sew-Ons"

can be attached to any corset—the easiest thing in the world to do. It is always well to have a set handy to replace the inferior hose supporters found on so many good corsets.

The unique feature of the "Sew-Ons" is the all-rubber Oblong Button same as found on all genuine

Velvet Grip
HOSE SUPPORTERS

Look for the Oblong Rubber Button—the Button that Prevents Slipping and Ruthless Ripping.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, MAKERS, BOSTON

Chats with Our Readers

A'GREAT many letters asking advice, and comfort, and help, have come to our American Woman during the past little while. Many of these are from mothers, and others whose loved ones have passed from mortal sight, and who feel, naturally, that life is no longer worth the living. "The future stretches ahead so dark and lonely, with never a ray of hope and cheer to brighten it—how can I bear to go through it all?" Thus writes one mother, whose only son passed to the world invisible from the battlefields of France. She feels, as do many more who share her sorrow, that to smile, and strive to face life happily and hopefully, as in the days when he was with her, would indicate disloyalty to her boy, and signify that she is forgetting. Yet it would do nothing of the sort, and if that boy could speak to her or make her understand his view of the matter, he would tell her so. He would tell her that he wants her to go on doing her best to make others happy, and that so she will make him happy; that it hurts him beyond measure to have her go about with tear-dimmed eyes and drooping mouth, hushing by her very presence any sounds of joy there might be in the household. He knows well she will never forget, and he is glad to have her think of him very often, lovingly, but happily, and not as among the dead but the living, for so, indeed, he is. Death has never touched him, nor any other of our dear ones. Most of us have come to believe this with all our hearts; that is, we accept it as truth, yet find it very hard to live up to it. It is one thing to believe, another thing to make that belief a working factor in every-day life. Yet we can do this if we will; and there is no better way to begin than to shut out the future and simply resolve to live one day at a time. We have the privilege of knowing intimately a dear woman whose lot in life would seem to be among the hardest. Left a widow with two little children, she put her shoulder to the wheel and worked to keep them with her, send them to school, and bring them to beautiful young womanhood and manhood. Never was a better son or daughter—never mother and children more devoted to one another. They had a modest but very pleasant home which the mother kept, while daughter and son worked happily in good positions. Not an isolated or unusual case, of course; yet the dwellers in just such homes are the happiest people in the world.

THE war came; the son enlisted in the service of his country and the world, and after a time the daughter, too, went overseas as a nurse. Neither of them returned. The little home was given up, and the mother went bravely to work again. "It is far better so," she told us. "Not only am I keeping our savings intact, as I know they would both want me to do, but work is a wonderful panacea. If one is heartsick and lonely, and feels that it is quite impossible to go on with life, that minute is the time to get busy doing something that needs to be done. Any cheer or encouragement you can give others, too, as you go along, is sure to come back to you. At first it seemed to me I could not take up the burden of life again, when there seemed nothing to live for—no incentive whatever. I know other mothers feel and have felt the same, but not all are left so entirely alone here as was I. Now I am not alone, and I cannot tell you how glad and grateful I am for the knowledge. One night as I sat thinking of my dear ones, and trying to picture every detail of their forms and faces, wondering at the same time how I could live without them through the long months and years that were before me, a thought came to me so clear and distinct that it was like a voice—a voice I knew well: 'One day at a time, mother o' mine—just one day at a time!' I cannot tell you what that meant—how much it meant to me. It was exactly what my boy would have said, and I knew it; and I could almost catch a little ripple of laughter, joyous and triumphant, as if my children knew their message had reached me. I adopted the motto on the spot—how could I do otherwise? and I wish I might convey to other sorrowing ones, whose hearts are perhaps filled with anxiety for the future, a sense of the

comfort and blessing it has brought into my daily living. I have nothing to do with to-morrow—there is only one day, even one hour at a time; and to-day, lived to the very best I knew, cannot lead to grief or disaster. What makes me happier than anything else is that I so often get from my boy and girl a cheery 'wireless,' helpful and comforting as was the message I have told you of."

"ONE day at a time!" Isn't that one of the best of good mottoes for the present day? Everywhere we hear murmurings of discontent over constantly rising prices, stories of profiteering and food control by private corporations, strikes and rumors of strikes—and the end is not yet. Looking ahead we find it very easy to prognosticate disaster; indeed, it is hard to say what may not happen in the face of such unrighteous transactions as we see all about us. Crazed, apparently, by the greed for the dollar, men are taking advantage of their brothers' necessities as never before. The lesson of the war has been forgotten, seemingly; the "get-together spirit" which gave us the victory has died away. Suppose we forbear to peer into the future, which looms so threateningly, and cease thinking and talking of the evil time in store for us and the world. To continue to do this, unless we can offer some remedy and do our earnest part toward applying it, only serves to strengthen the possibility we deplore, and set it a long way forward on the road toward probability. Suppose, when we awake in the morning, we say to ourselves: "I will live this day without thinking of what has been or what may be. I will strive, so far as in me lies, to be kind and true and faithful, doing the work that is mine to do better than I have ever done it before, and doing it gladly and without grumbling, thankful for the opportunity to be of service. If any word or deed of mine may help to right a wrong it shall be given; but I will not invite troubles by worrying over the future. The hand of my Father has led me to where I am; He has me and my loved ones in charge, and I will trust Him." No evil can befall one who earnestly and faithfully adopts and follows such a rule of life.

MORE: by so doing we may aid in bringing about the fulfillment of a most wonderful prophecy or vision, vouchsafed to that noblest among American women, Julia Ward Howe, years ago. It came to her at a time when she had good reason to feel discouraged over the thwarting of all human purposes for world betterment; when she herself needed its uplift more than anyone save herself could realize: "I had a vision," she writes, "of a new era which is to dawn for mankind, and in which men and women are battling equally, unitedly, for the uplifting and emancipation of the race from evil. I saw men and women of every clime working like bees to unwrap the evils of society, and to discover the whole web of vice and misery and to apply the remedies, and also to find the influences that should best counteract evil and its attending suffering. There seemed to be a new, a wondrous, ever-permeating light, the glory of which I cannot attempt to put in human words—the light of new-born hope and sympathy blazing. The source of this light was human endeavor—immortal purpose of countless thousands of men and women who were equally doing their part in the world. I saw the men and the women, standing side by side, shoulder to shoulder, a common and indomitable purpose lighting every face with a glory not of this earth. All were advancing with one end in view, one foe to trample, one everlasting good to gain. And then I saw the victory. All of evil was gone from the earth. Misery was blotted out. Mankind was emancipated and ready to march forward in a new era of human understanding, all-encompassing sympathy, and ever-present help. It was the era of perfect love, and of that peace which passeth all understanding." Is not that a goal worth striving toward? No matter how discouraging things may seem just now, we have but to remember that it is always darkest just before the dawn, that humanity is one in essence—and that God is in His heaven.

6000 MILES GUARANTEED

Inner Tube Free
Here is the limit in tire bargains. 6000 miles—or more—from our special reconstructed double tread standard tires, and a practically puncture proof, standard make inner tube FREE with a purchase of one of our standard make double tread tires. **We Risk All...You Nothing** Your satisfaction guaranteed.

See the Saving

SIZE	PRICE	SIZE	PRICE
30x3	\$6.45	34x4	\$10.95
30x3½	7.75	34x4½	12.75
32x3½	8.95	35x4½	12.95
31x4	9.95	35x4¾	13.25
32x4	10.25	35x5	13.95
33x4	10.65	37x5	14.25

Free Rollin' With Each Tire
Write Today! Send \$2.00 deposit for each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D., subject to examination. 5% discount allowed if cash is sent with order. Specify whether straight side, clincher, non-skid or plain is wanted when sending in orders for these tires.

SUPERIOR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
79 East 31st St. Dept. 45. Chicago, Ill.

NINE MONTHS TO PAY

Immediate possession on our liberal Easy Monthly Payment plan—the most liberal terms ever offered on a high grade bicycle. **FACTORY TO RIDER prices save you money.** We make our bicycles in our own new model factory and sell direct to you. We put real quality in them and our bicycles must satisfy you. **44 STYLES, colors, and sizes to choose from in our famous RANGER line.** Send for big beautiful catalog. **Many parents advance the first payment and energetic boys by odd jobs—paper routes, delivery for stores, etc., make the bicycle earn money to meet the small monthly payments.** **DELIVERED FREE on Approval and 30 DAYS TRIAL.** Select the bicycle you want and terms that suit you—cash or easy payments.



TIRES lamps, horns, wheels, sundries and parts for all bicycles—at half usual prices. **SEND NO MONEY** but write today for the big new catalog, prices and terms. **MEAD CYCLE COMPANY** Dept. H-2, Chicago



FREE For 10 Days Wear

Send no money. Just ask us to send you either of these wonderful, dazzling, genuine Tifnite Gem rings to wear for 10 days. If you can tell it from a diamond, send it back. **No. 1. Solid gold mounting, Eight-Ladies' newest six-prong tooth claw design flat mounting. Has a wide band. Almost guaranteed genuine Tifnite gem, almost a carat.** **No. 2. Solid gold mounting, Eight-Ladies' newest six-prong tooth claw design flat mounting. Has a wide band. Almost guaranteed genuine Tifnite gem, almost a carat.** **No. 3. Solid gold mounting, Eight-Ladies' newest six-prong tooth claw design flat mounting. Has a wide band. Almost guaranteed genuine Tifnite gem, almost a carat.** In sending, send strip of paper fitting around second joint of finger. If satisfied upon arrival send \$4.60—then \$8 monthly until the price, \$16.50, is paid for either one. Otherwise return the ring within ten days and we will refund any payment made. This offer is limited. Send while it holds good. **The Tifnite Gem Co., Dept. 703. Chicago, Ill.**



Remember, Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



Leopold Godowsky
Pianist



Dorothy Jardon
Prima Donna Soprano



Archer Chamlee
Tenor



Elias Breeskin
Violinist

A great welcome for Brunswick Records

Music lovers overwhelm us with orders. Tremendous eagerness shown for this latest Brunswick triumph

HARDLY had Brunswick records been announced than orders came in from all parts of the country—an avalanche of orders.

We had planned and made preparations for what we considered a very large production.

But the instant approval and the enormous demand compelled us to greatly increase our production facilities.

This reception of Brunswick Records has created a sensation in the phonograph world. No welcome could be more sincere—nothing could prove more certainly the place of the House of Brunswick in the hearts of the people.

Something different in records

Just as we brought advancements in phonographs when we introduced The Brunswick several years ago, so do we again contribute to better music through improvements in recording.

We come with Brunswick Records at a time when reproduction seems to have reached perfection. But you will quickly appreciate the betterments. We felt 'midst all the wonderful advance of modern recording, that there was still a final development, one that would bring complete synchronization.

The outcome is remarkable. It brings hidden beauty, magnetic personality. It brings life into phonographic music that might otherwise be mechanical.

Pictured here are some of our great artists—famous the world

over. Their selections on Brunswick Records set new standards. Hitherto hidden qualities are now brought out sympathetically.

Each Brunswick Record is interpreted by a noted director or an accomplished artist technically trained in the art of recording.

Thus we bring that rare charm into Brunswick renditions which you will recognize instantly.

We invite you to join the thousands of critical music lovers now judging Brunswick Records. Hear them. Make comparisons. Note their superiority.

We're sure you'll want to add many Brunswick selections to your collection of records.



Max Rosen
Violinist



Irene Pavloska
Mezzo-Soprano



Theo Karle
Tenor



Virginia Rea
Coloratura Soprano

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

General Offices: 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co., 819 Yonge St., Toronto

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

Entered at the Post-Office at Augusta for Transmission at Second-Class Rates. Address All Letters to the American Woman, Augusta, Maine

Vol. XXX

Published Monthly

AUGUSTA, MAINE, JUNE 1920

Single Copies Ten Cents

No. 1

NEARLY A TRAGEDY

By E. M. JAMESON

"WHEN you have quite decided not to come?"

Bagillt tried hard to make his voice answer to his will.

He had no desire that his wife should realize how bitterly disappointed he felt. Perhaps he was less successful in his endeavor than he supposed, or the knowledge that she had failed him again entered Christina's mind. At all events, she had the grace to blush. She drew nearer, sitting down finally on the edge of his chair and tossing his newspaper aside. Then she slid her arm round his neck and laid her cheek against his in the adorable way she had.

Bagillt held her closely, though in his soul he was beginning to realize that with Christina all these charming ways meant very little. When a man passionately in love begins to see the flaws and goes on loving, he is in need of a good deal of sympathy.

Christina had been spoiled all her life. Her selfishness was masked under a soft manner. Those melting brown eyes of hers, with their sweeping lashes had saved her, from infancy onward, many scoldings. Even now, though she set his wishes at defiance, and in spite of his clearer knowledge, a glance at her delightful little face reduced Bagillt to silence. How could a man be angry with anything so lovely?

She saw his stern expression soften, and thought she had gained her point, rubbing her velvet cheek against his, kitten-fashion, in acknowledgment. Bagillt loved the caress, but he knew he must assert his will one day. Weakness where she was concerned increased upon him, and he despised irresolution in himself or others. From his youth up, force of circumstance had compelled him to decide for himself. He was by nature masterful, a little lacking in sympathy, perhaps. Life had dealt him too many hard blows. He had himself mainly to thank for success, and the deeper sense of life had hardly touched him until Christina came and completely changed his outlook, turning the dross of his hard-working existence to gold.

He thought of this now, and his clasp grew closer. He would be patient, kind—who could be anything else with Christina? But he meant to be firm, too.

To please her he had changed his plans three times already. That was twice too many for a man. He heard her voice now, coaxing him.

"You'll stay, Leigh? And we'll go home in a day or two together. Why hurry? Let's arrange it so. It will simplify things. I don't want you to go, and equally I don't want to lose the fun here."

She spoke in a hurry, giving him no opportunity to offer objections.

He let her run on, feeling doubtful as always how best to deal with the wife to whom he had only been married a few weeks. They were, as a matter of fact, finishing their honeymoon at the house of Christina's cousin. Their own home waited for them. Three times Christina had persuaded him to put off their return. It hurt him that she should be less eager than he to settle down to life together. She had hardly troubled to take the short journey to the house to see all the wonders he had prepared for her.

Demonstrativeness came with difficulty to Bagillt, as it does to a man who has barely achieved thirty years of life with no one for whom to care deeply. He took her rounded face between his hands, and looked into her eyes.

"Dearest, how do you expect a man's work to get done?"

Christina laughed, and tried to get away, but he continued to hold her.

"Now you've got me you will have to do less."

"Now I've got you I shall have to do considerably more," responded Bagillt, grimly. "My pride is up, Kit. I should hate you to

go short of anything you've ever had."

"Have I had more than most girls?" asked Christina, elevating her brows. A knowledge of the value of money had not been inculcated by her parents.

"Your father is a rich man. I'm a comparatively poor one—at least, not that now—but I am altogether dependent on the work of my brains—my health."

"Well, both are good," said Christina with a laugh. "Why worry?"

Bagillt kissed her, still half amazed that he should have the right to kiss anything so wonderful.

"If you had had to count your coins, Christina, to subsist on only one not too respectable meal a day, while you worked your brain at top pressure—"

"Pouf!" said Christina, with a gay little laugh, "it's quite unnecessary to go into harrowing details. I haven't any brain to work at high pressure. I'm a butterfly, Leigh, and I mean to flutter a little more before settling down into staid married life."

Bagillt felt an ache in his breast. Would she ever be anything but feather-headed?

"You make me feel very old, Kit. You ought to have married a gay young spark, content to play around with you eternally."

Christina laughed again. He loved the roguish sound.

"I never liked boys for serious things—like husbands." She administered a little pinch. "And it pleases me to hear people say, 'Leigh Bagillt. Do point him out to me—the barrister who conducted the Kenchling case?' Somebody asked me the other day who was that tall, distinguished, clever-looking man. Naturally, I felt a thrill of pride."

"Only pride?" asked Bagillt, eager as a boy in the midst of his amusement, and yet a degree wistful. "Don't you ever feel more than pride?"

"I feel heaps of things beside pride," said Christina lightly, ruffling his hair. "And, anyhow, we get on very well together, when you don't expect me to be too obedient."

With one of her quick gestures she moved away from him and sat down on a couch at the other side of the blazing wood-fire, a fashion-paper in her hand. She spoke jestingly, but Bagillt took her words in earnest. Always at the back of his mind he wondered whether she cared for him, or whether impulse only had swayed her decision. Other people beside Bagillt asked themselves that question. He was too strong a man not to

own enemies. Uncompromisingly honest he had his detractors. With neither money nor influence in high places, he had worked his way up, until now people began to prophesy a great future for him.

He scanned the newspaper for another moment, then rose. Mrs. Durant's motor-car was humming outside the window, waiting for him, though personally, the public car at the end of the road would have pleased him quite as well.

It was evident that Christina, absorbed now in the fashion-paper, considered the matter settled. She had no intention of joining him at their home later in the day. A mingled love, and impotence, and doubt swept over him. He had yielded his will several times, he would hold now to his resolution.

Christina, having found the illustration she wanted, put the journal down, and thrust the poker into the fire.

"It would have been very uncomfortable for us to be there to-day and to-morrow," she said reflectively, while he stood looking down at her. "The servants don't arrive until Thursday. There'd be only old Bates and his wife."

"Bates can lay a table with anyone," Bagillt felt bound to stand up for his old employes, "while as for Hannah, where would you get more excellent cooking? They have made me mighty comfortable for the past five years. And, couldn't we rough it for one forty-eight hours together?"

"Comfort doesn't begin and end with either Bates or Hannah," commented Christina. "And, anyhow, I guess we've chosen the wiser part to delay."

She flicked a glance at him from under her long lashes. Hitherto, he had yielded easily enough, like everyone else with whom she came in contact. He glanced at his watch, lingering a moment. His voice, very controlled, sounded expressionless.

"Do precisely as you like."

He wondered if marriage always undermined a man's will-power. The effort of denying her anything cost him much.

He used one last argument.

"I wish we could have been at home to-night for the first time together, Kit. It seems an unlucky omen."

Christina, disappointed, laughed lightly. "I'm not in the least superstitious. What difference can it make? I've promised to stay for the ice-party to-day."

"You promised me first," said Bagillt. "But it's all right if you want so much to stay. Bates and Hannah will look after me."

"I'm sure they will."

She sprang to her feet and laid her hand on his arm.

"We shall have a lifetime together, Leigh. What are two days among so many?"

He winced. The words and the manner were not her own. The cousin was worldly wise, and contact with her this past week had made Christina far more difficult. Acting on an uncontrollable impulse he swept her up, and strained her to him, kissing her passionately. Then he set her down again. She smiled.

"You'll stay, Leigh?"

"No," he spoke almost roughly, afraid of himself. "I'll go home when I leave the office to-day. A man can't play around eternally because a woman asks him to."

He went out of the room. Christina, thrilled by this first glimpse of his authority, raised her brows.

"Aren't men difficult?"

But in her heart she admired him. She combated an impulse to run after him. Now was the time to show her independence. She would be a slave to no man. As people began so they usually went on. Why should she be the one to yield? All the silly formulas uttered by the older women of the house-party flashed through her mind. Yet, during her self-argument, she edged nearer the

Continued on page 9



"The booming of the gong roused them. He tilted her face to look into her eyes"

ROSE O' PARADISE

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

CHAPTER XXIII—Concluded

JORDAN MORSE answered Miss Merriweather's telephone-call. "I want to talk with you," said she, peremptorily.

"I'll come right up," replied Morse. She stood on the porch with her hands tightly locked together when Jordan dashed up the roadway. She walked slowly down the steps.

"What's up?" demanded Morse. Molly glanced backward at the quiet home. Theodore's mother was taking her afternoon siesta, and no one else was about. She slipped her hand into Morse's arm and led him under the trees.

"Let's go to the summer house," she urged.

Once seated, Morse looked at her curiously.

"You're ill," he said, noting her distorted face.

"No, only furious. I've made a discovery."

"Anything of value?"

"Yes, to you—and to me."

Morse bent a keen glance upon her.

"Well?" was all he said.

"I know where your niece, Virginia Singleton, is."

She said this deliberately, realizing the while the worth of her words.

Morse got to his feet unsteadily.

"I don't believe it," he returned.

"I knew you would not; but I do, just the same."

"Where?"

"In this town."

"No!"

"Yes."

Morse dropped back on the seat once more.

"For God's sake, don't play with me. Why don't you—"

"I'm going to! Keep still, can't you?"

"You're torturing me," muttered the man, mopping his brow.

"She's—she's Jinnie Grandoken—the girl who played at Theo's party."

"Good God!" and then through the silence came another muttered:

"Great merciful God!"

Molly allowed him to regain his self-control.

"I told you that night, Jordan, I thought I remembered her," she then said. "To-day I found out it was she."

"Tell me all you know," ordered Morse, with darkening brow.

Molly openly admitted her jealousy of Jinnie. She had no shame because, long before, she had told her husband of her absorbing passion for Theodore King.

"I discovered it purely by accident," she went on, relating the story.

Morse chewed the end of his cigar.

"Now what're you going to do?" demanded Molly, presently.

Jordan threw away his cigar and thrust his hands deep into his pockets, stretching out a pair of long legs. There he sat, considering the tips of his boots, in silence.

"I've got to think, and think quick," he broke out suddenly. "My God! I might have known she didn't belong in that cobbler's shop—I'll go now. Don't mention this to Theo."

As he was leaving, he said with curling lip: "I guess now you know my prospects you won't be so stingy. I'll have to have money to carry this through."

"All right," said Molly.

When she was alone, Molly's anger decreased. She had an ally now worth having. She smiled delicately as she passed up the stairs to her room, and the smile was brought to her lips because she remembered having begged Jordan to help her in this matter several times before. Then he had had no incentive, but to-day— Ah, now he would give her a divorce quietly! The social world in which she hoped to move would know nothing of her youthful indiscretion.

That night Jinnie and Peg were bending anxiously over a basket near the kitchen stove. All that human hands and hearts could do had been done for the suffering barn-cat. He had given no signs of consciousness, his breath coming and going in long, deep gasps.

"He'll die, won't he, Peg?" asked Jinnie, sorrowfully.

"Yes, sure. An' it'll be better for the beast, too."

Peg said this tempestuously. "I'd like to have him live," replied Jinnie.

"Milly Ann mightn't love him, but she got used to Happy Pete, didn't she?"

"This feller," assured Peggy, wagging her head, "won't get used to anything more on this earth."

*"Now they talk in the churches of God and His Son,
Of paradise, heaven and hell;
Of a Saviour who came on earth for mankind,
And for His children all should be well."*

*"Now I'd like to know if God didn't make me,
And cause me to live and all that?
I believe there's a place for nobody's child,
And also for nobody's cat."*

Mr. Grandoken lifted misty eyes. "It's fine," he said, "an' every word true! Every single word."

The next morning Jinnie went to the basket behind the stove. The cat was dead—dead, in the same position in which she had left him the night before, and close to

bie, carrying their precious dead comrade, started for the hill.

CHAPTER XXIV

"He Might Even Marry Her"

"I don't see why you must have her out of the way entirely," hesitated Molly Merriweather, looking up into Jordan Morse's face. "Couldn't you send her to some girls' place?"

"Now you don't know anything about it, Molly," answered the man, impatiently. "If she doesn't disappear absolutely, the cobbler and Theodore'll find her."

"That's so," said Molly, meditatively, "but it seems horrible—"

Morse interrupted her with a sarcastic laugh.

"That's what Theodore would think, and more, too, if he thought any one was going to harm a hair of the child's head."

Molly flamed red.

"To save her, he might even marry her,"

Morse went on relentlessly.

"He wouldn't. He couldn't!" she cried stormily. She had never permitted herself to face such a catastrophe save when she was angry.

Jordan Morse contemplated his wife a short space of time.

"I can't understand your falling in love with a man who hasn't breathed a word of affection for you," he said tentatively.

Molly showed him an angry face.

"You're not a woman, so you can't judge," she replied.

"Thank God for that!" retorted Morse.

"We shouldn't have had any of this trouble," he continued, at length, "if you'd let me know about the boy. There's no excuse for you, absolutely none. You knew very well I would have come back."

All the softness in the woman turned to hardness.

"How many times," she flamed, "must I tell you I was too angry to write or beg you to come, Jordan? I've told you over and over."

"And with all you say, I can't understand it. Are you going to impart your precious past to Theodore?"

"No," replied Molly, setting her lips. Presently Morse laughed provokingly.

"How you women do count your chickens before they're hatched! Where did you get the idea Theodore was going to ask you to marry him?"

"I'll make him," breathed Molly, with confidence.

"Well, go ahead," bantered Morse. "All I ask for releasing you is that you'll help me rid myself of my beautiful niece, Virginia, at the same time ridding yourself, my lady, and give me my boy when we find him."

His tones in the first part of the speech were mocking, but Molly noted when he said "boy" his voice softened. She looked at him wonderingly. What a strange mixture of good and evil he was! When he got up to leave, she was not sorry. She watched him stride away, with a deep sigh of relief.

She was still sitting in the summer-house when Theodore King swung his motor through the gate and drew up before the porch. He jumped out, wiped his face, saw Molly, and smiled.

"Well, it's cool here," he said, walking toward her.

"Yes," said Molly. "Come and sit down a minute."

Theodore looked doubtfully at the house. "I really ought to do some writing, but I'll sit a while if you like. I passed Jordan on the way home."

Molly nodded, and Theodore quizzed her with laughing eyes.

"Isn't he coming pretty often?" he asked.

"Jordan's got prospects, Molly! If his niece



"She's—she's Jinnie Grandoken—the girl who played at Theo's party"

"Poor kitty!" mourned Jinnie. She was thinking of the beautiful world, the trees and the flowers, and the wonderful songs of nature amidst which the dying animal had existed. "I hope he'll go to some nice place," she observed sadly, walking away from Mrs. Grandoken. Later, after cogitating deeply, Jinnie expressed herself to the cobbler.

"Lafe, Lafe dear," she said, "it's all true you told me, ain't it? All about the angels and God? The poor kitty's suffering awful. He's got the Christ too, hasn't he, Lafe?"

The man looked into the agonized young face.

"Yes, child," he replied reverently, "he's got the Christ too, same's you an' me. God's in everything. He loves 'em all."

That night the girl sat unusually long with paper and pencil. Just before going to bed she placed a paper on the cobbler's knee.

"I wrote that hurt kitty some poetry," she said shyly.

Lafe settled his spectacles on his nose, picked up the sheet, and read:

*"I'm nobody's cat and I've been here so long,
In this world of sorrow and pain,
I've no father nor mother nor home in this place,
And must always stay out in the rain."*

*"Hot dish-water, stones at me have been thrown,
And one of my hind legs is lame;
No wonder I run when I know the boys
Come to see if I'm tame."*

*"I've a friend in the country, and he's nobody's dog,
And his burdens're heavy as mine,
He told me one day the boys had once tied
A tin can to his tail with a line."*

his nose was the meat Peggy had tried to entice him to eat. She lifted the basket and carried it into the shop.

"Poor little feller," said Lafe. "I 'spose you'll have to bury him, lass."

Bobbie edged forward, and felt for Jinnie's fingers.

"Bury him on the hill, dearie, where you found me," he whispered. "It's lovely there, and he can see my stars."

"All right," replied Jinnie, dropping her hand on the boy's golden head.

That afternoon, just before the funeral, Jinnie stood quietly in front of the cobbler.

"Lafe," she said, looking at him appealingly, "the kitty's happy even if he is dead, isn't he?"

"Sure," replied Lafe. "His angels've got charge of him, all right."

"I was wondering something," ventured the girl, thoughtfully. "Couldn't we take him in the 'Happy in Spite' Eh, Lafe?"

Lafe looked at her in surprise.

"I never thought of takin' anything dead in the club," said he, dubiously.

"But he's happy, you said, Lafe?"

"He's happy enough, yes, sure!"

"Then let's take him in," repeated Jinnie, eagerly.

"Let's take 'im in, cobbler," breathed Bobbie, pressing forward. "He wants to come in."

They lifted the cover of the basket, and there in quietude the barn-cat was sleeping his long last sleep.

Jinnie lifted one of the stiff little paws, and placed it in Lafe's fingers. The cobbler shook it tenderly.

"You're in the club, sir," said he in a thick, choked voice. Then Jinnie and Bob-

bie, carrying their precious dead comrade, started for the hill.

"No," replied Molly, setting her lips. Presently Morse laughed provokingly.

"How you women do count your chickens before they're hatched! Where did you get the idea Theodore was going to ask you to marry him?"

"I'll make him," breathed Molly, with confidence.

"Well, go ahead," bantered Morse. "All I ask for releasing you is that you'll help me rid myself of my beautiful niece, Virginia, at the same time ridding yourself, my lady, and give me my boy when we find him."

His tones in the first part of the speech were mocking, but Molly noted when he said "boy" his voice softened. She looked at him wonderingly. What a strange mixture of good and evil he was! When he got up to leave, she was not sorry. She watched him stride away, with a deep sigh of relief.

She was still sitting in the summer-house when Theodore King swung his motor through the gate and drew up before the porch. He jumped out, wiped his face, saw Molly, and smiled.

"Well, it's cool here," he said, walking toward her.

"Yes," said Molly. "Come and sit down a minute."

Theodore looked doubtfully at the house. "I really ought to do some writing, but I'll sit a while if you like. I passed Jordan on the way home."

Molly nodded, and Theodore quizzed her with laughing eyes.

"Isn't he coming pretty often?" he asked.

"Jordan's got prospects, Molly! If his niece

isn't found, you know, he'll have a fortune. Better set your cap for him."

Molly blushed under his words, trying not to show her resentment. Was Theodore a perfect fool? Couldn't he see she desired no one but himself—him alone?

"Jordan doesn't care for me that way," she observed with dignity, "and I don't care for him."

Theodore flicked an ash from his cigar.

"I think you're mistaken, Molly—I mean, as far as he is concerned."

"I'm not! Of course I'm not! O Theodore! I've been wanting to ask you something for a long time. I do want to go back home for a day. Would you take me?"

Theodore eyed her through wreaths of blue smoke.

"Well, I might," he hesitated, "but hadn't you better ask Jordan? I'm afraid he wouldn't like me—"

Molly got up so quickly that Theodore, surprised, got up too.

"I don't want Jordan, and I do want you," she said emphatically. "Of course if you don't care to go—"

"On the contrary," interrupted Theodore, good-naturedly, "I should really like it. Yes, I'll go all right. I have a reason for going."

Molly's whole demeanor changed. She gave a musical laugh.

He could have but one reason, and she felt she knew that reason.

What a handsome dear he was, and how she loved the whole bigness of him!

As she turned to walk away, Theodore fell in at her side, suiting his steps to hers.

"Mind you, Molly, any day you say but Saturday."

"Why not Saturday?" asked Molly, pouting.

"I might want you then!"

Unsuspecting, Mr. King explained.

"The fact is, Saturday I've planned to go on the hill. You remember Grandoken's niece? I want to find out how she's progressing in her music."

If Theodore had been watching Molly's face, he would have noted how its expression changed darkly. But, humming a tune, he went into the house unconcernedly, and Molly recognized the rhythm as one Jinnie had played that night long ago with Peg Grandoken's lace curtains draped about her.

Jinnie's youth, her bright blue eyes, her wonderful talent, Molly hated, and hated cordially. Then she decided Theodore should go with her, Saturday.

That evening when Jordan Morse came in, Molly told him she would help him in any scheme to get Jinnie away from Bellaire.

"You're beginning to understand he likes her pretty much, eh?" asked the man, rudely.

Molly wouldn't admit this, but she replied simply:

"I don't want her around. That's all! As long as she's in Bellaire, the Kings'll always have her here with her fiddle."

"Some fiddle," monotoned Jordan.

"It's the violin that attracts Theodore," hesitated Molly.

"And her blue eyes," interrupted Jordan, smiling widely.

"Her talent, you mean," corrected Molly.

"And her curls," laughed Morse. "I swear if she wasn't a relation of mine I'd marry the kid myself. She's a beauty! She has got you skinned to death."

"You needn't be insulting, Jordan," admonished Molly, flushing.

"It's the truth, though. That's where the rub comes. You can't fool me, Molly. If she were hideous, you wouldn't worry at all. Why, I know seven or eight girls right here in Bellaire who'd give their eye teeth and wear store ones to get Theodore to look at 'em cross-eyed. Lord, what fools women are!"

Molly left him angrily, and Morse, shrugging his shoulders, strolled on through the trees. Not far from the house he met Theodore, and they wandered on together, smoking in silence. Morse suddenly developed an idea. Why shouldn't he sound King about Jinnie? Accordingly, he began with:

"That's a wonderful girl, Grandoken's niece."

This topic was one Theodore loved to speak of, to dream of, so he said impetuously:

"She is indeed. I only wish I could get her away from Paradise Road."

Morse turned curious eyes on his friend.

"Why?"

"Well, I don't think it's any place for an impressionable young girl like her."

"She's living with Jews, too, isn't she?"

"Yes, but good people," Theodore replied.

"I want her to go away to school. I'd be willing to pay her expenses—"

Morse flung around upon him.

"Send her away to school? You?"

"Yes. Why not? Wouldn't it be a good piece of charity work? She's the most talented girl I ever saw."

"And the prettiest," Jordan cut in.

"By far the prettiest," answered King without hesitation.

His voice was full of feeling, and Jordan Morse needed no more to tell him plainly that Theodore loved Jinnie Grandoken. A sudden chill clutched at his heart. If King ever took Jinnie under his protection, his own plans would count for nothing. He went home that night disgusted with himself for having stayed away from his home

"I'll help you, Jordan, I will. Anything, any way to keep him from her."

They were both startled and confused when Theodore came upon them suddenly with his swinging stride, but before Morse went home, he whispered to Molly:

"I've thought of something—tell you to-morrow."

That night Molly scarcely slept. The vision of a black-haired girl in the arms of Theodore King haunted her through her restless dreams, and the agony was so intense that before the dawn broke over the hill she made up her mind to help her husband, even to the point of putting Jinnie out of existence.

That morning Morse approached her with this command:

"You try to get Jinnie to go with you to Mottville. You wouldn't have to stay but a day or so. There your responsibilities would end. I'll be there at the same time. Will you do it, Molly?"

"Yes," said Molly, and her heart began to sing and her eyes to shine. Her manner to Jordan as he left was more cordial than since his return from Europe.

At noontime, when Theodore King saw her walking, sweetly cool, under the trees, he joined her. Molly had donned the dress he had complimented most, and as he ap-

"Yes, yes," and Lafe sighed. "I sent him once by Peg to ask a big eye specialist. He's a good little shaver, but his heart's awful weak. You wouldn't think he's almost eleven, would you?"

Theodore shook his head, shocked.

"It isn't possible!" he exclaimed.

"He ain't growed much since he come here over two years ago. Jinnie can carry him in one arm."

"Poor child!" said Theodore sympathetically.

Just then Jinnie came into the room shyly. Bobbie had excitedly whispered to her that "the beautiful big man with the nice hands" wanted her. She hesitated at the sight of Mr. King, but advanced as Lafe held out his hand to her.

Before Theodore could explain, she had told him:

"The master isn't giving me a lesson to-day, but he will to-morrow because you're coming."

With pride in her voice, she said it radiantly, the color mantling high in her cheeks. Molly's importunate insistence escaped Theodore's mind. When with Jinnie ordinary matters generally did fade away.

"I'm very glad," he replied. "I hope you've progressed a lot."

"She has, sir, she sure has," Lafe put in.

"You'll be surprised! How long since you've heard her play?"

"A long time," answered Theodore, and, still forgetting Molly, he went on, "I wonder if you'd like to come to the house to-morrow to dinner and play for us. My mother was speaking about how much she'd enjoy it, only a short time ago."

Jinnie's eyes sparkled.

"I should love to come," she answered gladly.

He rose to go, taking her hand.

"Then I'll send the car for you," he promised her.

He was sitting at his office-desk when Molly the Merry once more came into his mind. An ejaculation escaped his lips, and he made a wry face. Then, in comparison, Jinnie, with all her sparkling youth, rose triumphant before him. He loved the child, for a child she still seemed to him. To tell her now of his affection might harm her work. He would wait! She was so young, so very young.

For a long time he sat thinking and dreaming of the future, and into the quiet of his office he brought, in brilliant vision, a radiant, raven-haired woman—his ideal—his Jinnie.

Suddenly again he remembered his promise to Molly and slowly took down the telephone. Then deliberately he replaced it. It would be easier to explain the circumstances face to face with her, and no doubt entered his mind but that the woman would be satisfied and very glad that Jinnie was coming with her violin to play for them. Molly wouldn't mind postponing her trip for a few days.

Molly was reclining as usual in the hammock with a book in her hand when he ran up the steps.

"Molly," he began, going to her quickly, "I want to confess."

"Confess?" she repeated, sitting up.

"Yes, it's this way: When I went out this morning I felt sure I could arrange about to-morrow. But what do you think?"

Miss Merriweather put down the book, stood up, her hand over her heart.

"I can't guess," she breathed.

"Well, I went to Grandoken's—"

"You could have sent a note," Molly cut in.

Theodore looked at her curiously.

"I could, but I didn't. I wanted Jinnie to understand—"

His voice vibrated deeply when he spoke that name, and the listener's love-laden ears caught the change immediately.

"Well?" she murmured in question.

"When I got there and saw her, I forgot about Saturday. Before I had a chance, she told me she wasn't going to the master's to-day. Then without another thought—"

Continued on page 23



"How dared you?" she uttered hoarsely. Her voice grew thin as it rose to the point of a question"

country so long; angry that Molly had not told him about the baby; and more than angry with Theodore King.

CHAPTER XXV

When Theodore Forgot

For the next few days Jordan Morse turned over in his mind numerous plans to remove Jinnie from Grandoken's home, but none seemed feasible. As long as Lafe knew his past and stood like a rock beside the girl, as long as Theodore King was interested in her, he himself was powerless to do anything. How to get both the cobbler and his niece out of the way was a problem which continually worried him.

He mentioned his anxiety to Molly, asking her if by any means she could help him.

"I did tell her I'd write to you," said Molly.

Morse's face fell.

"She's a stubborn little piece," he declared presently. "Theo's in love with her all right."

"You don't really mean that!" stammered Molly, her heart thumping.

"Perhaps not very seriously, but such deep interest as his must come from something more than just the girl's talent. He spoke about sending her away to school."

"He sha'n't!" cried Molly, infuriated.

Morse's rehearsal of Theodore's suggestion was like goads in her soul.

"If she'd go," went on the man, "nothing you or I could do would stop him. The only way—"

Molly whirled upon him abruptly.

proached her, she lifted a shy gaze to his.

"You couldn't take me to-morrow, you're sure?" she begged, her voice low, deep and appealingly resonant.

Theodore hesitated. Being naturally chivalrous and kindly, he disliked to refuse, but he had already sent a note to Jinnie to meet him at the master's Saturday, and it went against his inclination to break that appointment.

"I don't see how I can," he replied thoughtfully, "but choose any day next week, and we'll make a real picnic of it."

"I'm so disappointed," Molly murmured sadly. "I wanted to go Saturday. But of course—"

"I'll see if I can arrange it," he assured her. "Possibly I might go up to hear her play to-day. I'll see— Later I'll 'phone you."

Leaving the house, he headed his car toward the lower end of the town. He was glad of an excuse to go to Paradise Road. Lafe smiled through the window at him, and he entered the shop at the cobbler's cordial, "Come in!"

"I suppose you want Jinnie, eh?" asked Lafe.

"Yes. I'll detain her only a moment."

Bobbie got up from the floor where he was playing soldiers with tacks and nails.

"Boy'll call Jinnie," said he, moving forward.

The two men watched the slender blind child feel his way to the door.

"Bobbie loves to take a part in things," explained Lafe. "Poor little fellow!"

"Is he hopelessly blind?" asked Theodore.

Some Alluring Blouses for Milady's Summer Outfit

By FRANCES HOWLAND

Of the charming models for separate waists presented the "yard waist" is very sure to bear off the palm, especially with the girl or woman who delights in simplicity. The style is as popular as when it first came out, and takes its name from the fact that a square yard of material is required to make it; a better or more comprehensive name would be the "one-piece waist," for that is exactly what it is. The material is folded across diagonally, or from corner to corner, through the center, and creased by pressing with an iron; then fold on the other diagonal and press again, thus dividing the square, by these creases into four half squares, with points meeting. Starting where the creases intersect at the center of the square, cut along the first crease three inches each way, forming the opening for the neck. Cut down the second crease six inches, or more if you wish the V-shaped neck-front lower, folding back the revers to the end of the first, or crosswise cut, and cut down the same lengthwise crease three inches for the back of neck, folding back the revers in the same way. Fold back, or up, the corners at the ends of first crease to form the pretty pointed cuffs, and cut the same depth off the remaining corners, giving two half squares. Cut these in two, making four smaller half squares, and seam the longest side of each to the sides of the square above where the corners were cut off, thus widening the bottom of the garment back and front. The waist is now ready to make up by sewing the underarm seams and finishing the bottom, and an afternoon will serve for the entire work of cutting and making. At the waistline an elastic tape may be run in, or a tape may be used in the draw-casing for adjustment.

The decoration is, of course, another con-

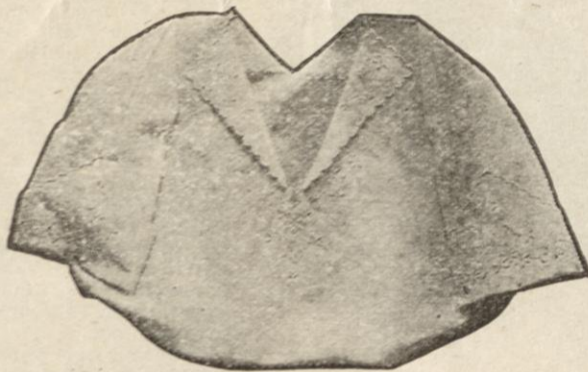


No. 249 A. No Daintier Waist Than This Was Ever Donned

an eyelet at center of each flower—a most artistic and graceful design.

An extremely lovely waist of white batiste has a deep, square collar turning away to form a V-shaped front, and an embroidered decoration as pretty as it is simple. Eyelets are used with solid dots for the berry-clusters, and eyelets alone for the center of the flower-motif; two petals of the latter are done in padded satin-stitch, worked from center to edge in order to leave a generous midrib of the material until nearing the tip, when the covering-stitches are carried straight across from edge to edge. Other petals are outlined with cording—which, as you know, is merely a narrow satin-stitch—and filled in with French knots, and the stems are corded; simply run the line with short stitches, follow this with another row of stitches taken between the first, or by overcasting the first row, then cover with tiny over and over stitches, picking up as little as possible of the material. The cuffs and back of the collar have a little different arrangement of the same design, and the finish of tatted rings gives an extra distinction.

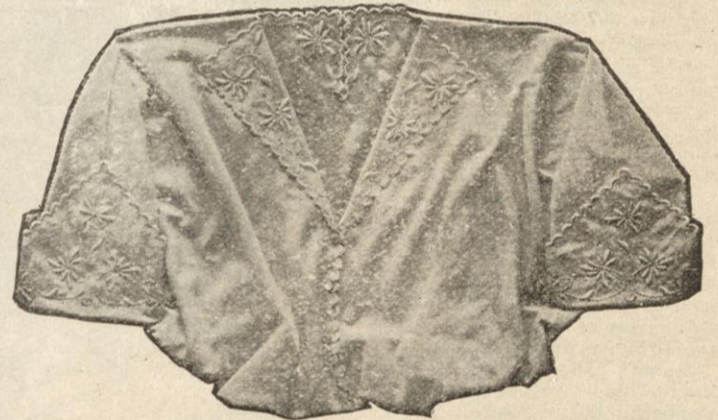
For the edge: Make a ring of 5 double knots, (picot, 3 double knots) twice, picot, 5 double knots, close; a larger ring of 5 double knots, join to last picot of preceding ring, 3 double knots, picot, (2 double knots, picot) twice, 3 double knots, picot, 5 double knots, close. Repeat, alternating small and large rings, joining each by 1st picot to last picot of preceding ring, and leaving a space of thread between that will allow them to lie in a smooth, even row, until you have the length required. Whip neatly to the edge of the narrow hem. Any dainty, narrow edging, crocheted, tatted or knitted, may be substituted for that given—which is, however, very neat and pretty.



No. 250 A. The "Yard Waist" Is a Favorite Style

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

EMMA C. MONROE,
Care The American Woman, Augusta,
Maine



No. 251 A. The Same Model, with Open Front

sideration. That of the first waist pictured is dainty in the extreme and very simple, consisting of leaf-sprays and tiny-petaled flowers in solid embroidery, the flowers having each an eyelet center which gives lightness to the design without too much openwork. The edges of revers and cuffs are finished with small, plain scallops, button-holed narrowly, and the entire effect is as good as possible. For wear about the house, morning or afternoon, a plain, neat hem, or a facing of bias-binding, may take the place of the buttonholing, perhaps with a row of French knots or of brier-stitching in delicate color, or a narrow lace may finish the edges. I opine that a great many square yards of material, of one sort and another, will go to the making of this sensible, simple and withal very comfortable garment of the "slip-on" variety.

Another model of the "yard-waist" differs from the first in that the second crease is cut entirely down the front, the edge of which is finished with a continuation of the tiny button-holed scallops edging the neck and revers and closed with small pearl buttons. The decoration is also of solid embroidery, with

No. 249 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 35 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on white batiste, \$4.00. Floss to embroider, 26 cents. Thread for edge, No. 100, 28 cents extra

No. 250 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 35 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on white voile, \$1.50. Floss to embroider, 34 cents extra

No. 251 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 35 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on white seed voile, \$1.50. Floss to embroider, 34 cents extra

No. 252 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 35 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on white batiste, \$4.25. Floss to embroider, 34 cents. Thread for edge, No. 70, 28 cents extra



No. 252 A. Tatted Edging Gives an Added Charm to This Attractive Blouse

Surely no daintier waist was ever donned by its dainty owner than that which has "been kept for the last," as the children keep the very choicest of their goodies! It is essentially a June waist, with its graceful rose-design, which, though rather elaborate in appearance, requires comparatively little work to complete, as treated. The stems are corded, or worked as described in fine satin-stitch over the run-in padding; the rose-petals are outlined with padded satin-stitch, and the center is worked in the same stitch, as is one half of each leaf, the other half having an outline of fine cording. Then the petals and half of each leaf are filled in with seed-stitches—small French knots may be substituted, if preferred—and the effect is almost lovelier than can be imagined unless one has a glimpse at the completed waist. The collar is rounded in the back, with front revers turning away to make the favorite V-shaped neck—which may be more or less deep, as desired, since one half the collar folds over the other in surplice-effect. The neat, turnback cuffs have the same decoration, and the edge of collar and cuffs has a dainty crocheted edging as a finish.

For the edging make a chain of required length. If not quite sure about this, it is well to leave a length of thread so that the chain may be added to after the 1st row.

1. Chain 5, * miss 2 stitches of foundation chain, a treble in next, chain 2; repeat from *.

2. Chain 7, miss 2 spaces, fasten in next treble; repeat.

3. Five doubles under 7 chain, picot of 4 chain, 5 doubles under same chain; repeat.

WILL some contributor send a crocheted nightgown-yoke, with sleeves, for a little girl of two years?—Mrs. E. W., Ohio.

Yoke with V-Shaped Front, Rose Design with Lacets

By ELLA M. COLE

THREE balls of No. 60 crochet-cotton were used for the model. Beginning at the back, make a chain of 260 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 8th stitch. (chain 2, miss 2. 1 treble, forming a space) 84 times, turn.

2, 3. Chain 5, miss 2, 1 treble (for 1st space), 84 more spaces, turn.

4. Edge (of 2 spaces); 1 lacet (made thus: Chain 3, miss 2, a double in next, chain 3, miss 2, 1 treble, a lacet thus covering 2 spaces), 13 trebles, 1 space, 3 lacets, 10 spaces, (2 lacets, 2 spaces) twice, 1 lacet, 2 spaces, * 10 trebles; work back from * to beginning of row.

5. Edge; 1 bar (of chain 5, miss 5, 1 treble), 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 7 trebles, 3 bars, 1 space, 23 trebles, 2 bars, 7 trebles, 2 bars, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 7 trebles, * 1 lacet, 1 space; work back.

6. Edge; 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 1 bar, 7 trebles, 2 lacets, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 lacets, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 1 lacet, 1 bar, 7 trebles, * 3 spaces, 1 bar, 2 spaces; work back.

7. Edge; 1 bar, 16 trebles, 2 bars, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 1 bar, 7 trebles, 1 lacet, * 1 space, 7 trebles, 4 spaces; work back.

8. Edge; 2 lacets, 7 trebles, 1 space, 1 lacet, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 16 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 1 lacet, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 bar, * 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space; work back.

9. Edge; 2 bars, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 bar, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 lacets, 7 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 7 trebles, * 1 space, 13 trebles, 2 spaces; work back.

10. Edge; 3 lacets, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 1 bar, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 bars, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 1 bar, 1 space, * 13 trebles, 1 space, 25 trebles; work back.

11. Edge; 3 bars, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 lacets, 7 trebles, 1 bar, 10 trebles, 1 lacet, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 lacets, 1 space, * 13 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, 16 trebles; work back.

12. Edge; 3 lacets, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 bar, 1 space, 10 trebles, 3 bars, 16 trebles, * 1 space, 13 trebles, 2 spaces; work back.

13. Edge; 3 bars, 4 trebles, 2 lacets, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, (1 lacet, 7 trebles) twice, 1 space, 2 lacets, 13 trebles, * 2 spaces, 19 trebles, 1 space; work back.

14. Edge; 1 lacet, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 space, (1 bar, 7 trebles) twice, 1 space, 2 bars, * 10 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles; work back.

15. Edge; 1 bar, 28 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 2 lacets, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 2 lacets, 7 trebles, 1 space, * 1 lacet, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 7 trebles; work back.

16. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 6 spaces, 2 bars, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 7 trebles, 1 space, * 10 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar; work back.

17. Four spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 lacet, 13 trebles, 1 space, 3 lacets, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 2 lacets, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, * 1 lacet, 7 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 1 space; work back.

18. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 7 trebles, 1 bar, 13 trebles, 1 space, 3 bars, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 2 bars, 1 space, * 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 13 trebles, 1 bar, 1 space, 4 trebles; work back.

19. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 1 bar, 10 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 4 lacets, (1 space, 10 trebles) twice, 3 lacets, 1 space, * 7 trebles, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles; work back.

20. Three spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 bars, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 3 bars, 1 space, * 16 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 bar, 7 trebles; work back.

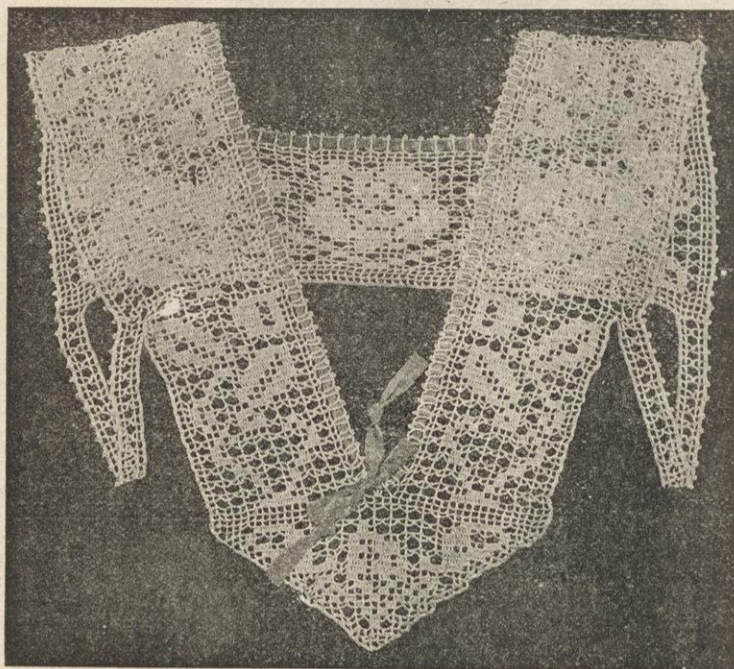
21. Three spaces, 1 lacet, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 lacets, 7 trebles, 4 lacets, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 4 lacets, 2 spaces, 16 trebles, * 1 space; work back.

22. Three spaces, 1 bar, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 bars, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 bars, 1 space, 10 trebles, * 5 bars, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 2 lacets, 10 trebles, 4 bars, 1 space; work back.

23. Three bars, 2 lacets, 1 space, 16 trebles, 6 lacets, 4 trebles, * 5 lacets, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 bars, 1 space, 7 trebles, 6 lacets, 1 space; work back.

24. Three spaces, 2 bars, 6 spaces, 6 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 3 bars, 7 trebles, 1 space, turn.

32. One space, 4 lacets, 4 trebles, 2 lacets, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 bar, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.



Front of Yoke

bars, * 2 spaces, 6 bars, 10 spaces, 5 bars, 1 space; work back.

25. All spaces (85). This row completes the back.

26. Twenty-four spaces (beginning shoulder).

27. One space, 1 lacet, 5 spaces, 4 lacets, 4 spaces, 1 lacet, 2 spaces, turn.

28. Two spaces, 1 bar, 13 trebles, 4 bars, 13 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 1 space, turn.

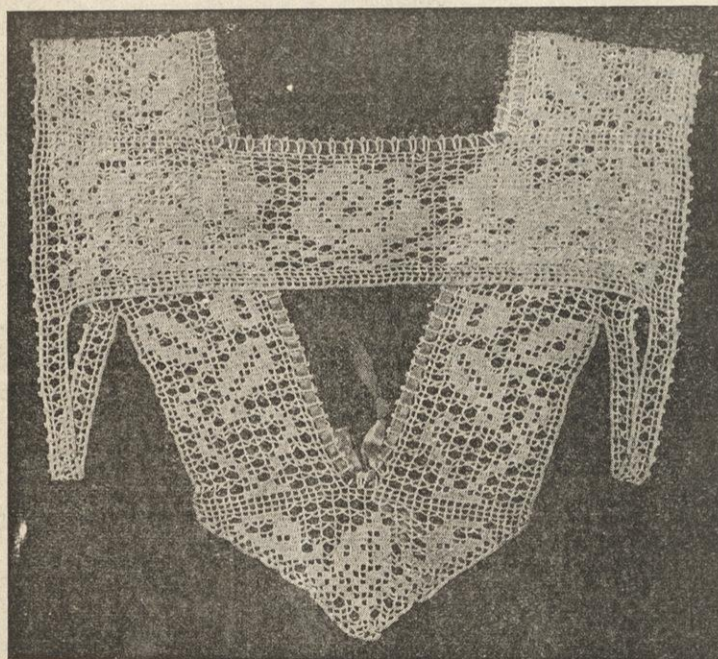
29. Two spaces, 7 trebles, 2 lacets, (7

33. One space, 1 bar, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 2 bars, 4 trebles, 4 bars, 1 space, turn.

34. One space, 4 lacets, 1 space, 2 lacets, 4 trebles, 1 bar, 13 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

35. Two spaces, 13 trebles, 1 lacet, 7 trebles, 2 bars, 4 trebles, 4 bars, 1 space, turn.

36. One space, 2 lacets, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 lacets, 7 trebles, 1 bar, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.



Back of Yoke

trebles, 4 spaces) twice, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

30. One space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 3 lacets, 1 space, (4 trebles, 2 spaces) twice, 2 bars, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

31. One space, 7 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space,

37. Two spaces, 10 trebles, (2 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 bars) twice, 1 space, turn.

38. One space, 1 lacet, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 2 lacets, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

39. Two spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 bar, 1 space, turn.

40. Two spaces, 10 trebles, 1 lacet, 7 trebles, 1 space, 2 lacets, 1 space, 16 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

41. One space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 4 spaces, 2 bars, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 bar, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, turn.

42. One space, 10 trebles, 1 lacet, 10 trebles, 1 space, 5 lacets, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, turn.

43. One space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 5 bars, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 bar, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, turn.

44. One space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 2 lacets, 4 spaces, 3 lacets, 2 spaces, turn.

45. Two spaces, 3 bars, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

46. One space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 lacets, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 1 lacet, 2 spaces, turn.

47. Two spaces, 1 bar, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 1 bar, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 space, turn.

48. Two spaces, 4 lacets, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 1 lacet, 13 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

49. Two spaces, 13 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 4 bars, 2 spaces, turn.

50. Two spaces, 1 lacet, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 2 lacets, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, turn.

51. Four spaces, 2 bars, 4 trebles, 3 lacets, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 2 spaces, turn.

52. Two spaces, 1 lacet, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 3 bars, 1 space, 4 trebles, 7 spaces, turn.

53. Two spaces, 16 trebles, 4 lacets, 7 trebles, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 1 bar, 2 spaces, turn.

54. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 7 trebles, 4 bars, 7 trebles, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

55. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 1 bar, 10 trebles, 1 space, 3 lacets, * 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

56. One space, 7 trebles, 1 bar, 13 trebles, 3 bars, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

57. Like 55th to *, (1 space, 10 trebles) twice, 1 space, turn.

58. One space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 space, 3 bars, 2 spaces, 19 trebles, 1 space, turn.

59. One space, 8 lacets, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

60. One space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 8 bars, 1 space, turn.

61. One space, 4 lacets, 1 space, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 1 lacet, 13 trebles, 1 space, turn.

62. One space, 2 lacets, 1 bar, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 bars, 1 space, turn.

63. One space, 2 lacets, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, turn.

64. One space, 1 lacet, 2 spaces, 13 trebles, 1 space, * 25 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, turn.

65. Like 64th to *, 4 trebles, 4 spaces, * 16 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 1 space, turn.

66. One space, 1 lacet, 16 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 2 spaces; like 65th from 2d *.

67. One space, 1 lacet, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 bar, 1 space, turn.

68. One space, 1 lacet, 10 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 1 space, turn.

69. One space, 2 lacets, 7 trebles, 1 space, 1 lacet, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, (7 trebles, 1 space) twice, 1 bar, 1 space, turn.

70. One space, 1 lacet, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 bars, 1 space, turn.

71. One space, 2 lacets, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 3 spaces, (4 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 1 bar, 1 space, turn.

72. One space, 2 lacets, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 13 trebles, 1 bar, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, turn.

73. One space, 2 lacets, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 2 bars, 1 space, turn.

74. One space, 2 lacets, 16 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

Concluded on page 18

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. *Dic*, 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.

WEDDING A LA JAZZ

By AGNES ROSS WHITE

ALL day long there had been much business going on in the Douglass household. Mrs. Douglass was worn to weariness by concern about all things, the judge was glad because of his business elsewhere, while young Bob had steered clear of the fuss and errands by going fishing. Margaret, the bride-to-be of the morrow, had dawdled over putting things in order, and then—moped.

If Mrs. Douglass had had the time to give heed to her, the girl's mood would have been another thing about which to be concerned, inasmuch as by late afternoon Margaret had become decidedly irritable; "touchy," Bob pronounced her at dinner-time.

"If Jeremiah P. Corliss knew you as well as I do he would save himself a whole lot of trouble right now, before it's too late," declared Bob, with the frankness of brotherly love.

"He is quite welcome to save himself as far as I am concerned," retorted Margaret, "and he would save himself from one perfectly charming in-law at the same time."

"Margaret! Robert!" Mrs. Douglass tried to insert a proper buffer by her mild reproof.

"Here comes the poor simp now. He couldn't keep away till to-morrow. Lucky thing I've had such an example come into my own home; it'll be the saving of me," and the saved youth made a bolt for the backyard.

Tall and husky, blonde, tanned and wholesome, happy and not caring who knew it, Jeremiah P. Corliss was evidently not a "simp" to Bob's family.

"Come up, Jerry, come up." The judge's heartiness spoke approval, while Mrs. Douglass beamed with a motherly pride already assumed. Margaret was silent, but smiled and moved along on the settee to make room for him.

"Hello, folks! Hello, Peggy! No, thanks," as the judge motioned him to a comfortable chair and cigars. "Going to stop for only a minute," and Jerry took the place Margaret made for him beside her.

But this minute was the lover's minute, and the end of an hour found him still there—the judge and Mrs. Douglass outstayed.

"Matter, Peg? It's a wedding to-morrow, not a funeral. You haven't peeped six times during the whole evening."

Margaret turned a worried, almost tragic face to him as he tried to draw her out of the light from the window behind her. She spoke hurriedly, almost whispering, as she stood beside him.

"Jerry, come! Come around to the side piazza. I've got something awful to tell you." She caught him eagerly by the sleeve as if to forestall any exclamation. "Sh! Come on!" On the side piazza, where there was no lighted window, she faced him and the words came fast, as if she hurried to have a task done. "There's something troubling me and I've got to settle it—I mean we've got to settle it—both of us, Jerry—to-night. I just don't see how I can marry you to-morrow. There, now!"

"Margaret Douglass, what in the world is the matter with you?" Jerry gasped for breath and then asked in alarm: "Peggy, dear, are you sick?"

"No, no, no, I'm not sick. I'm afraid—oh, I'm afraid that I don't love you. Oh, I don't mean that. I don't know—that's it, I don't know, I'm not sure, and, Jerry, can't you see I've got to be sure, and I just thought I should go crazy thinking of it. Don't you see for yourself how awful it is not to be sure?"

For a minute Jerry stared at her, then his lips set in a thin line and a scowl gathered between his eyes.

"Um—" His tone matched the scowl. "Well, I must say it's a nice time to find it out."

"I should think it is a great deal nicer to find it out to-night than to get married and regret it a year from to-night, or even a week from to-night."

"Oh, go on! Out with it," he said brusquely, as she paused. "I suppose that you've found out that you love some one else. That's the way the play goes, isn't it?"

"Jerry, that is cheap—and don't be horrid. Isn't the whole thing serious enough?"

"Good Lord, I should think it is serious. Honest, Peg, I don't seem to understand; you can't be serious. Do you mean that you never have loved me?"

"That's it. I don't know. How do I know if I ever loved you? Really loved, I mean."

"Pretended mighty well. I never guessed it wasn't the real thing."

He laughed shortly.



"Peeking from the crumpled tissue-paper which filled one side, gleamed folds of shiny, soft satin"

"O Jerry, Jerry! don't!" Her voice had a half sob of pleading. "Please, just think it over; I have, until I am nearly wild. We've just grown into this thing; ever since I can remember it's just been 'Jerry and Peg.' Parties, outings, any old thing that came along it was always 'Jerry and Peg.' We seem to have been just pushed ahead—drifted—you know what I mean."

"Hanged if I do. You can speak for yourself; I wasn't drifting. I was working like the very devil for what I wanted."

"Jerry Corliss, you never did any such thing. I tell you it was just 'Jerry and Peg' right from the very beginning. There isn't a girl in town who would interfere with you just because they're all my friends, and there isn't a boy who would ever even try to flirt with me any more than if I were a—were a gorilla. They're all your friends, and I belonged to you. Oh, I hate that. And there you are. You see we haven't either of us really had a chance to know."

"What's been your brand of reading-matter lately?"

But Peg might not have heard his question.

"You just wait till you get to thinking about it as I have and you'll see how awful it is. I didn't sleep a wink all night—or only a little bit. You see, if there were some way by which I might know. Of course I didn't get even a scare about the war. Just keeping things running here wasn't like going into the trenches, and right up to machine-guns and things." For an instant he wondered why the big plant had worried him so much. Munitions, high explosives, possible enemy workmen with enemy treachery, they had very nearly thrown the Front into the high light of safety. "Maybe if you had an accident or something," he heard her go on, "why I might know right in a minute that I do lo—"

Jerry's hands went down into his pockets and he squared his shoulders.

"Well, I'll be darned if I am going to get out into the street and be chewed up by a car just as an experiment. You'll love me with sound legs and arms and innards, or you needn't love me at all. I guess I can buck up and live through it if—"

Sobs from a huddled Peg stopped him.

"You see—you see if you loved me you wouldn't go into a rage like that; you'd just feel sorry and heartbroken as I do. Yes,

you would. We've — you've always scrapped over things, and lots of times you don't try to please me at all. You just see how horrid you can be; and you always act that way when things are the very worse possible."

"Peggy, dear, I know what's the matter." He had an inspiration almost womanly. "You're tired out—teetotally fagged." He tried to draw her close to him. "Come, Peg, be a sport; to-morrow will soon be over. Of course we love each other, and our scrapping is a good sign. We'll settle right down into happiness and we won't be bothered one mite by a scrap; a little flareup or two won't jar us. Why, Peg, you're the finest little scrapper—"

"I am not; I loathe a scrap; it makes me sick all over. And you always nag me into one."

Peg had yielded to the extent of wiping her eyes and smoothing her hair, and Jerry, uncommonly wise, only said:

"Peggy, dear," as he slipped an arm about her—"Peggy, dear, let's kiss and make up."

She snuggled ever so little closer and asked doubtfully:

"You don't suppose it would do any harm if you kiss me? I feel so perfectly miserable."

Jerry choked back a laugh and his voice was very grave.

"I don't suppose it would do a bit of harm."

After a little Peg drew away from him.

"Now, please be patient, for I want you to realize that I do have such awful doubts. Honest to goodness, Jerry, I don't feel about love the same way poems and stories talk about it. Something's the matter—and I want to be sure. I don't care what people say; they are not going to live our lives. Can't you stand what they say if I can?"

"People can go to thunder; so can poets and things. You can bet I know my own mind as well as they do. I tell you all this fussing—"

"No, I'm not tired—not a bit. Mother has done all the fussing. You know I didn't want this bothersome old spread; it was mother—and your mother, too, was every bit as bad. And, anyhow, Jerry, you'd never want me to marry you if I were the least bit doubtful. Now, would you?"

"No—no—" He pinched his lower lip thoughtfully. "No—not that way, Peg-

Of course we can't go on with it if you honestly feel that way—and you wouldn't stage some of your cut-ups now, would you?" he added suspiciously. "I—oh, well, I'm man enough to take it—come to think of it, Peg, you haven't really thrown me over, have you?"

"Why, no, I didn't say exactly that, but—"

"Better stop you right now then."

"Jerry, you are not to do that again."

"Ever?" he questioned as she slipped her fingers over his lips.

"Oh, don't, don't, don't."

The little break in her voice told of weariness and tears.

"I won't, Peg; believe me. It's only that I haven't come to realize that you mean what you say. Now, then, what are we to do?"

"I want to go away, I don't care where; it will be better anywhere than here for a while. Mother will be—oh, terribly sorry, I suppose—" She paused, caught her breath and went on eagerly. "Jerry! I can go to Nan Appleton. Nan is the very one I need. There's a train from Morris Junction at one o'clock. Jerry, get your car and take me over to catch that."

"To-night? Your mother won't listen to it."

"We won't ask her. If we leave here at a quarter of twelve we'll make it easily. I'll telephone just as early as I can and dad will fix it up with mother. It's just the thing; it's like an answer right out of the—out of the—er—sub—something-or-other. Won't you do that for me, Jerry?"

He showed his grit by standing like a sandstone gargoyle as she coaxingly twisted a button on his coat.

"Please—please—Jerry."

"Hang it all, it isn't the way to do; there's no sense to it, but—"

"You're a brick, Jerry, and everything is going to come out all right. And I'll call you up the minute I feel sure. How'll we fix the get-away? I can manage my end of it all right; dad and mother are always sound asleep by eleven. Where'll I meet you? Around on Prospect Street under those maples; that's a good place." She ran on like a whirlwind, asking and answering her own questions without troubling him to consider them. "How many bags can I take in the roadster?"

"One's the limit."

Jerry, still bewildered by the rush of things, snapped scrappingly, but Peg took no notice.

"O dear! Well, I suppose I'll have to manage somehow. I'll be there at a quarter of twelve. I'll never forget how nice you've been about this—never. Jerry—" she made a little movement toward him but drew back quickly—"er—I'm going to get ready now as fast as ever I can, and you'd better hurry along, too."

Jerry hurried along, his mind very hazy as to how the situation had come about. Once he stopped and half turned, as if to retrace his steps, but muttered something under his breath and went on. So here he was, at ten o'clock at night, going for his car to take Peg thirty-five miles to Morris Junction to catch the one-o'clock train for Holborn. And they were to have been married at noon on the morrow.

He switched on the lights in the garage and closed the door toward the street. Then he sat down on a tool-box in front of the car, scowled at the radiator and whistled a lot of unharmonized notes very softly.

A step on the driveway disturbed him.

"Hey, Jerry! Open up!" The voice was loud and cheerful.

"Cuss it!" He had the door open wide enough to haul the cheerful one in before he could enlarge on his second "Hey." "Stop your yelling like a steam-calliope, can't you?"

"Sure. What are you doing here at this time of night?"

Allen Barton walked around the car and stopped, regarding Jerry curiously as he sat on the tool-box.

"You look some worried—unnatural. What's doing?"

"Fixing the weather-vane on the Methodist-church steeple. Can't you see for yourself?" snapped Jerry.

"Uh-huh. Want any help?" Allen's broad grin did not look like sympathy. "Say, you look sick. Anything I can do for you? As best man to-morrow I'd be willing to begin to-night."

"All right. I want your car, and I want it right away."

"What's the matter? Yours busted? Where are you going, anyway?"

"Oh, sit down. I might as well tell you the whole story."

"Whew! Sounds fishy to me," com-

mented Allen. "Why, man alive, there's no sense to it. Do you think Peg is up to some monkey-shine? With all respect for Peg, and you, too, you know that ever since she was a skinny little thing with a Dutch cut she's broken loose semioccasionally. And most times you've been tickled silly over it and encouraged her. I will say she's pulled off some stunts that were peaches."

"I know it, but somehow this has got me worried. She couldn't, Allen—she just couldn't play the devil at her own wedding. No, sir, even Peg wouldn't do that."

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say she couldn't or wouldn't." Allen's tone was maddeningly skeptical. "Peg's a kid—any girl is who's under twenty—and you're right, you're right, I'm telling you, she's a mighty fine kid, but say, she doesn't want one of these 'here-comes-the-bride-um-tum-ty-tum' weddings. What she wants is a jazz wedding, and if you are not a darned chump you'll give it to her."

"That's all right, but I want to be square. Now, as man to man I want to ask you: Did you ever think Peg—well—er—you know—only liked me?"

Allen went through many and violent contortions to suppress roars of laughter.

"How in blazes do you expect me to know?" he gasped. "I've been minding my own business—"

"That's enough. Cut out the rest of it. I'm going to pull off a little stunt of my own, and I want your car. I can't get more than forty miles an hour out of mine and I can get seventy with yours."

Allen looked serious. "Take the car and my advice. Don't try to get more than sixty out of it; anything over that is reckless. Any reason why I can't know your scheme?"

"I don't know much about it myself, yet. I'm going to start for Morris Junction, but, Al, they've taken off that one-o'clock night train, and anyway, if Peg wants to go to Nan Appleton's I reckon Doctor Appleton can tie the knot in Holborn as well as if he came down here to do it as per schedule. Maybe Peg will be sure by the time we get there."

Allen whistled. "Come on and get the car. I've got an idea. Look here, you drive right along out of this town—not over sixty, though—and don't you stop for anything—except the law, of course. Get that? Don't stop for anything—and leave it to me."

At a quarter of twelve a low-hung, sporty-looking car, painted bright yellow, was waiting in the shadow of the heavy-topped maples on Prospect Street. After ten minutes Peg appeared, weighed down by a heavy bag.

"I've been waiting back there for ever so long," she almost whispered. "Didn't know this was you. Why Allen's car?"

"Want to make good time. Hurry up; we're late. Here, I'll fix that. What in time have you got in it? Ammunition?"

"You wouldn't let me bring two bags so I had to put all into one, didn't I? Everything will be all mussy, and I could have taken two as easily as one in this car."

Out of Prospect Street and through a short side street they moved slowly, almost noiselessly, then on to the boulevard, and once there the yellow car shot ahead with a roar. The speedometer swung around to forty-five, fifty, fifty-five.

"Jerry!" Peg gasped for breath against the wind. "We—don't need—to—go—so fast."

"I'm not going to run any risk by loafing around. We'd look pretty sneaking back here around two o'clock. And then think of tomorrow."

Jerry held the steering-wheel with both hands and set his eyes intently on the road ahead. Peg slid down into her seat silent. A sign, "Dangerous curve ahead" flashed back into the dark and the road seemed to drop off into an abyss. The yellow streak stood on edge as it swung around the corner and swerved sickeningly to the other side. There was a yielding impact, and again they were almost flying over the straight road ahead.

Peg grasped the side of the car and screamed:

"Jerry! Go back! Go back! You struck someone. Oh, you've killed a man. I know you have."

She did not hear Jerry mutter "Allen," and half laugh to himself. "Can't now."

"But you must. You must, I tell you. Back there in the road! Didn't you see? It was old, crippled Jim Seeley. Jerry, what are you doing?" For Jerry had not slackened speed.

"Take you back to get mixed up with—whatever is there—at this time—to-night? Not much. If somebody is dead we can't help him; if he's hurt there were a couple of men on the sidewalk to help him. I'll come back and face it after I've taken you to the junction."

She was silent for a minute, then Jerry heard her sobbing. He glanced uneasily at her with half-hesitation, and then with grim

determination again set his eyes on the road ahead. Presently her sobbing ceased and Peg sat silent, but at every least curve or moving shadow he felt her stiffen beside him, and heard her gasp with terror.

Then Morris Junction was in sight and Jerry stopped opposite the station.

"Lots of time," he commented as he glanced up at the clock in the tower. "Wait here; I'll get your ticket. You had better get on down the platform a bit."

She watched him cross the street and her tenseness relaxed a little.

"Dear old Jerry," she murmured, "how could he do it?" Then she hid her face in her hands and shivered, but in a moment she straightened up and admonished herself. "Peggy Douglass, you'll get what's coming to you this time; and you'll deserve all you get."

Withal it was such a dejected Peggy as Jerry had never seen before who waited for him in the station square at Morris Junction.

"Little inconvenient, Peg," he announced cheerfully. "That one o'clock has been taken off. No train through to Holborn till nine."

Peggy gave a dismayed gasp; then she spoke with conviction.

"We should have gone back when—oh, back there. It wouldn't have been half so bad to have turned back right there, as we knew we should have done."

"There's something else we can do," Jerry considered judiciously. "I can take you on to Holborn, to Nan, and I can be back—let me see, it's a hundred miles from here and one o'clock now—I can be back home for breakfast—if you can stand a little fast driving going out."

"Oh, no, please. I've had enough to last me as long as I live. And what's the use? We've got to go back and face things."

"I have, but you haven't."

"I'd like to know why not? I was with you when you—when it happened, wasn't I? You can't get around that."

"I know one thing: this is no place for us to stand and argue. If they've sent out a call for a yellow car we've taken a mighty fine place to stage a finding. I'll do as you agree, but let's come to an agreement somewhere else," and he turned the car in the direction of Holborn.

They had hardly left the lights behind them when an entirely new aspect of the affair dawned on Peggy.

"Jerry, if you ki—killed someone, or no matter what you have done, will dad be the judge?"

"Probably," he admitted. "That settles it; he'll give you just all the law will let him. You know dad is awfully down on these speeding accidents, and I heard him say only the other day that such offenders would get no mercy from him, not if it were Bob. It would almost kill him, Jerry, but he would do exactly as he said. A judge has to be that way, you know. Did you think of that?"

"I've thought of a lot of things, and the more I think of them the more I want to take you to Holborn."

"I won't run away like that. I got you into this thing and I'm going to stand by you. No, you needn't talk to me."

"Look here, Peg, can't you think how I'd feel to have you obliged to give evidence against me. I don't want to have you put through that. I don't know how I'll manage it, but let me take you to Holborn and I'll find some way to keep you out of this thing."

He cursed himself for the part he was playing, but as he saw it there was the whole future at stake, and the further he went the further he had to go.

"Could they make me convict you?"

"I expect they could."

There was a long pause. Peg's imagination flashed through the turmoil her world would be in. She saw her mother prostrated, her father bowing before a heartbreaking duty, Jerry—Jerry convicted—sentenced.

"And—would they call it—m—murder—or something like that?"

"See here, no more of this. Am I going to take you to Holborn or are we going back?"

He slowed down to a stop.

"I won't tell anything and they can't make me—dad or anybody. They'll have to guess, and I don't believe they can convict anyone on a guess."

There was stubborn defiance and something else. Jerry made himself keep the bounds he had set.

"There is one way." He spoke slowly, as if reluctant to name it.

"Well—" Peg waited.

"The law can't make a wife testify against her husband."

"It can't?" There were relief and joy in her voice. "Then that's settled; we'll get married right away."

"Hold on, Peg. You know how much I want that, but I'm not going to let you do it because you think you got me into something and you'll do anything to get me out. You were right; we've got to be sure of love. I see that now."

"Jerry Corliss, I do love you, and I've loved you all the time, and you should have known it and not let me make you start on this fool trip to-night. And now you make me beg you to get married."

Sobs again, hysterical ones this time, and Jerry knew he was coming into the heritage of a Boss of Creation at last, and as the roll of comforter went with the heritage he discharged it to the utmost.

When Peg's sobs had ceased and she had begun to see the brighter prospects through his optimism, much time had gone and the chill and grayness of morning warned them that Holborn was still miles beyond.

"But you must promise me, Jerry, that you'll never again drive a car faster than twenty miles an hour."

"Great Scott! Do you want me to be arrested for obstructing traffic? Twenty miles an hour!"

"Not more than twenty-five, then. And do call Allen just as soon as we can. We must know the worst there is to know."

"That's generally bad policy, but I'll call him."

While Peggy waited just outside the next village Jerry found some difficulty rousing sleepy operators and a soundly sleeping Allen.

"Hello, Al. Beautiful morning." . . . "No, thanks. I'm on my way somewhere else. Any alarming news back home?" . . . "Had to; Peg's uneasy." . . . "Worked like a charm." . . . "That's right, some best man you are." . . . "What was it, anyway?" . . . "Scarecrow out of Hooper's field?" . . . "Bet your life." . . . "Wire congratulations about ten o'clock." . . . "Right." . . . "By."

"Not a sound of anything unusual as far as Al knows," he reported to Peggy. "Oh, but would Al know? You should have called the police-station." "Now, Peg, you promised not to worry. That's right. Laugh! What is it?"

"Your face. O Jerry! oh," and Peggy giggled quite naturally in her relief. "You have got a smooch over one eye, some grease on your upper lip and plain dirt on your chin."

"You're some sight yourself, my lady. Probably the grease on your face came off my upper lip."

"Don't be silly. I want my cold cream. Get my bag, please, that's a good boy."

On the grass by the roadside the big suitcase was open flat. Peeping from the crumpled tissue-paper which filled one side gleamed folds of shiny, soft satin and fluffy ruffles of lace. Jerry knew what it was, for it had been held up very gingerly for his inspection a couple of days before.

"I—wondered," he mused. Peggy looked like a wee girl culprit, half ashamed and very funny, as she stood before him, a dab of cold cream on each cheek, a patch of a looking-glass extended in one hand, a fluttering handkerchief in the other. In a flash she dropped them both and her arms went round his neck.

"I never thought anything awful could happen, Jerry. I planned it all right but it didn't go that way. All there was to it I hated that cut-and-dried parading before folks, but I wanted to wear my dress—it's a stunner, Jerry, really. And you could have telephoned for your things; they would have got to Nan's by noon. You see it was all as simple as anything, and—my goodness me, Jerry Corliss," she broke off her breathless explanation as her glance wandered to the car, "you've brought your bag along."

Then they both laughed.

"Now look at that daub of cold cream on my coat. Incriminating, isn't it?"

She ignored the cold cream on his coat and suddenly looked suspicious. "And back there—in the road, Jerry?"

"Back there—in the road—is still very likely ahead of us—in the road."

His ambiguous answer kept them both thoughtful until Doctor Appleton's gate was just ahead.

Then Peg looked up sidewise.

"Jerry, if we should be married a thousand times, I don't believe there'd be another time as exciting as this one, do you?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Jerry earnestly, "but rather one exciting wedding with you, Peggy, dear, than nine hundred and ninety-nine cut-and-dried ones with someone else."

"You are the best fellow in the world," she spoke softly and seriously, "and you've got to believe that I know how silly I've acted." Then she added as she smiled at him through a mist of contrite tears: "And I promise you: never again—never again, dear boy."

This time careless driving nearly ran down in reality the milkman who was just turning into the street from Doctor Appleton's driveway.

Nearly a Tragedy

Continued from page 3

door. He was still in the hall putting on his coat. Her face softened. She did love him—almost well enough to give up her own wishes. She trod softly, a little nearer the door. How surprised he would be. Her fingers touched the handle.

The voice of her hostess sounded on the staircase.

"You're returning, of course, this evening, Leigh? Christina has gained her way, as usual."

To Christina came the sound of her cousin's shallow laugh. A pause ensued. She could imagine Leigh's face, the determined set of his mouth and chin. The very strength that had first attracted her, now ranged against her. She heard his voice. He had a delightful voice. It held that same controlled note.

"It's very good of you, Helen, but I feel bound to return home to-night. Here you are all too amusing, too disturbing. I can't concentrate, and I have an important case or two coming on."

Again Mrs. Durant laughed lightly.

"Always the same excuse—business—business! Would another day or two really make so much difference? Remember, honeymoons such as yours only happen once in a lifetime."

"It's good of you," said Bagillt, again. "But we have exceeded our 'moon' by three weeks. The most delightful things must come to an end. Thank you for all your kindness and hospitality." He was shaking hands now. Christina felt her opportunity was lost. Before Mrs. Durant's quizzical gaze she could not cede her point. She heard the car start, then wandered back into the library. She was apparently immersed in the fashions again when her cousin entered.

Mrs. Durant was a handsome woman in the early thirties. Hitherto Christina had taken her as a model. Now she felt quite unreasonably annoyed with her for having appeared on the scene when she, Christina, chose to change her mind.

"So Leigh remains obdurate." Mrs. Durant smiled in her provoking way. "Did all your powers of persuasion fail, Christina?"

"He thinks it wiser to go," said Christina. "Helen, what do you say to this coat?"

She had no desire to be rallied, and within her dawned a loyalty to her husband which she had hardly imagined to be there.

Mrs. Durant barely glanced at the page.

"You're not thinking of following his example and deserting us?" she asked. "You wouldn't be so weak-minded? And besides, you promised."

"If it comes to that," said Christina, "I promised Leigh first. But, of course," speaking hastily, "I told him I would not return until Thursday. Why should I?"

"Why, indeed," echoed Mrs. Durant. "D'you know, for a moment, I actually thought you had given in."

"Did you?" queried Christina. "What a ridiculous idea!"

She laughed, when all the time what she longed to say was:

"Yes, I'm going, because I believe I ought to go—and—in some queer, unexpected way, I want to go."

But she was very young, and Mrs. Durant would have despised her for her weakness in yielding. And probably the remainder of the house-party would be told and she would have to face a battery of quizzical glances.

Mrs. Durant went now to the window and looked out. Frost lay heavily on the treetops and turf, the sky was dark-gray. She shivered, dropped the curtain and came back to the fireside. Her face was harder still, even bitter.

"Don't let your husband gain the ascendancy over you, Christina. Take my word for it, men are tyrants."

Again that sense of loyalty dawned in the girl's breast.

"Not all men, Helen."

"All, without exception, all!"

Christina shook her head.

"You'll laugh me to scorn if I say that Leigh is not a tyrant. He has a strong will, but he's just and kind," she colored, "he can be tenderness itself. Don't smile in that cynical way, Helen, please. I know I ought to go home to-day."

"Then you'll go, silly child, since you invariably follow your own inclinations."

"Am I like that?" asked Christina, with a hint of wistfulness, "it sounds rather hateful. At all events, I'm not going."

Mrs. Durant smiled.

"That's right. You've gone up enormously in my estimation. I have a great admiration for Leigh; but, believe me, if you assert yourself at the beginning of your life together you'll find things more easy in the future."

She passed in her restless fashion to the door, pausing there, a graceful figure, the shadow of unhappiness in her eyes.

"Sugden says the ice is perfect. It will be great fun, Christina. I'm glad you're not going to miss it. Foolish Leigh, to be so wrong-headed!"

"I'm sure I shall enjoy it," said the girl, absently. Then just as the door swayed open, she added: "Helen, tell me, have you found this kind of thing pays?"

"Pays? What kind of thing? Ah, I understand. You see, I was a fool in the first days. I gave way in everything. I was so devoted to Hugh. I believe it must have bored him. Later, when our wills clashed—" She drew a long breath, and for an instant beneath the worldliness Christina recognized the full tide of her unhappiness. Then the shutters closed down again—it was Helen Durant standing there, hard, superficial. She went out of the room. Christina heard her singing as she passed up the staircase. Hugh Durant had been away for nearly a year.

"She—she cares for him, I believe," Christina went over to the chair her husband had occupied, picked up the newspaper and smoothed it out, then curled up in the deep chair and remained there for a long time thinking. She seldom thought. It seemed odd to miss Leigh. During the seven weeks they had been together there was no suggestion of boredom. They were happy—sometimes like lovers, sometimes merely good comrades. But always happy. Once when she knocked her arm she remembered she had cried with the pain, and he had bathed it, and bandaged it, and kissed it, to make it well. And the pain eased, she had gone to sleep in the shelter of his arms, held closely in just such another chair as this.

Poor Helen! Perhaps Hugh had not the tender ways of some husbands. And after all, their clashing of wills had not paid. Hugh was abroad, Helen wasted her days in search of something new to divert her mind—restless, miserable. Christina saw herself drifting that way, too, little by little. Leigh growing colder, more disillusioned day by day. And suddenly, she found the mere thought intolerable. She wished to keep his love. Strange that it should be Helen who had shown her to herself in her true colors. It was hateful to have it said of her that she invariably followed her own inclinations. Nobody ever expected her to do anything else. Great decisions had not been exacted from her. She had lived the life of a butterfly. There had been no crumpled roseleaf in her path.

This was a trifle—the matter of two days. But in her heart she knew it represented far more than it seemed. She remained there undisturbed for a long time, and into that hour she compressed the most serious thoughts of her existence. She would yield her will halfway.

"I'll surprise him by going home to-morrow," she said, getting up slowly. "That will show him—" she paused. It was not convenient or agreeable suddenly to develop a conscience. It complicated life—it hurt. Perhaps it was one of the things marriage did for girls. Hitherto, it had not occurred to her to yield her own way. Leigh's face haunted her. To-morrow she would go home and settle down. To-day she could not. There was a luncheon-party. In the afternoon they would adjourn to the lake to skate. There was to be a trio of musicians to play for them. Supper would be served later in a marquee on the ice. Christina went slowly up the staircase to her room.

Mrs. Durant's maid had laid for her the frock she was to wear, brown chiffon velvet, a coquettish little hat with a quill, the furs Leigh had given to her.

She wandered round the room. Yes, to-morrow she would go. That was good and obedient and magnanimous of her. To-morrow—A pair of her husband's heavy dogskin gloves lay on a chair where he had tossed them. She took one up and held it for an instant against her cheek, then blew a little kiss into the palm, laughing. Yes, to-morrow she would go; nothing should make her change her mind again. Some of her luggage had already gone. No raillery on Helen's part should influence her.

With one of her sudden impulses she ran across the room to where the telephone stood. She rang up her husband's office. His voice presently answered her.

"Hullo. . . Yes, this is Leigh Bagillt. . . Who's speaking? . . . You, Christina?"

Across the wires she heard the instant change of voice, the note that came there for her alone.

"It's—!" Christina's tone held an unusual uncertainty. "It's only—I wanted to know if you got safely to the office?"

"Why, of course," she heard his laugh. "What should have happened to me?"

"Are you very busy?"

"Up to the eyes."

"You sound cheerful."

A quick pang shot through her.

"It's mighty good to be at work again," said Leigh, half apologetically. "You see, by nature I'm a man of action, Kit. I couldn't be happy playing around all the time."

"I'd hate you to be like that," said Christina. "But I miss you, Leigh."

"That's good hearing."

He was evidently no longer even slightly annoyed with her. In fact, he was quite disconcertingly cheerful. (She could not see his face as he spoke.)

"Truly, I'll be home to-morrow," she went on. "I mean it."

"To-morrow, instead of Thursday? Good!" There was no enthusiasm in his voice. But there was also none of the scepticism she dreaded. "I'll tell Bates and Hannah to be ready for you."

"And—I won't keep you a moment, Leigh, as you're busy—I suppose you won't change your mind and come back here this evening?"

There was a pause, just as if right to the other end of the wire her influence reached him. His voice came quiet but decided.

"We settled all that a few hours ago. I've phoned to Bates that I dine alone to-night. Have a good time, dear. So long."

His tone was final.

Christina hung up the receiver. A flat sensation enveloped her. He was so matter-of-fact. She longed to hear him say he missed her. He had not expressed the least desire for her. She went from the telephone, her throat swelling, in her heart a mingled disappointment and longing.

"I wish—I wish—I'd arranged to go," she said, taking up one of his gloves again, smoothing out the fingers. Then she threw it down with a pettish gesture. "I'm like a little dog guarding his master's possessions. I never felt in the least like this before. Marriage is very difficult. He might have said he—well, to-morrow isn't so very far away."

* * * * *

The ice was perfect, the company gay. Christina in the mysterious gloaming of the winter afternoon laughed and skated with the best. They had all motored down to the lake. The cars stood in a row waiting at the far end of the stretch of steel-gray water, their lamps illuminating the dusk. Some of the guests had attached small lanterns to the belts of their coats. They flitted about like fireflies, red and blue and orange. It was all very gay, very beautiful and very dull, Christina thought, wondering how many of the others, like herself, made a pretense of mirth. The band on the opposite bank played a melody that touched a fibre in her somewhere—waltzes could be such melancholy things. She experienced a sudden intolerable longing for the home that waited for her. It was very perfect of its kind, though hitherto it had not interested her as much as it might. Leigh was not rich yet, but he had made a home for her so satisfying that a millionaire might have envied it. She realized now how much her indifference must have hurt him. Since morning the scales which blinded had fallen from her eyes. Skating there in that mysterious gloaming, swaying from side to side in an intoxication of movement, many thoughts came to her. In the midst of an undercurrent of music and laughter and the ringing sound of the steel on ice, she saw Leigh dining alone the first night in his new home—just because she thought life more worth while here. If to-morrow were only to-day! She flagged in speed.

"Tired?" asked the man with whom she skated. "That was a clinking rush! How beautifully you skate."

"I'm tired," Christina agreed, seizing her opportunity, though with Leigh she could have gone for miles.

Mrs. Durant swept up to them. She smiled a brilliant smile that did not touch her eyes. Christina wondered if other people recognized her unhappiness.

"Glad you stayed, Christina? The ice is perfect, isn't it? Like a sheet of glass!"

"Perfect!" agreed Christina, ignoring the first query. "But I've just told Mr. Rodney I'm tired. I'll go over to the shelter and rest a little. Console my partner by skating with him, Helen."

She wanted to be alone to think out a project that was forming in her mind. Without waiting to hear a protest she swerved away from them toward the less frequented part of the lake where stood the chalet and the line of cars. The attendant took off her skates.

"Send Mrs. Durant's chauffeur to me," Christina said.

The man came immediately.

"Abney, I want you to take me back to the house, and then on to my own house. I find I must go at once. You know the way?"

"Quite well, m'm."

"I will leave a note for Mrs. Durant."

"Very good, m'm."

From the far end of the lake Mrs. Durant saw the lights of a car detach themselves from the rest, and follow the road bordering the lake. It was dark now, just between dusk and moonrise. She pointed out to her partner the gliding lights.

"Someone going home," she remarked, never dreaming it could be Christina.

The latter, a few moments later, her

dressings-bag beside her, hastily packed, experienced the sensation half pleasurable, half scared that she had felt on her wedding-morning. Into her muff was thrust the pair of gloves Leigh had left behind him. She held them closely. The country roads were bare of vehicles. It was to the chauffeur's advantage to get back to the lake with all speed in case he should be wanted. As he drew up at the hall-door of her own home Christina sprang out.

"Don't ring, Abney. Give this note to Mrs. Durant when you get back."

She slipped a generous sum into the man's hand, and stood watching, until she saw the tail-light of the car disappear through the gate. The house, a long, low frontage, showed no lights. Leigh would not be home for a couple of hours yet. This was an odd fashion for a bride to enter her home, but she had herself to thank for it. She was still enough of a schoolgirl to enjoy the surreptitiousness of it all. She was smiling when old Bates opened the door and let a flood of light and warmth upon her. She thrust her dressings-bag and muff into his hands, and ran past him into the hall, kneeling on the rug and holding out her arms to the blaze as if to embrace it. Bates, a tall, thin, old man with gray hair, stood aside, respectfully watching her.

"I've changed my mind, Bates. I often do. What a gorgeous fire! I haven't seen the hall lighted up like this. How beautiful it is!"

She glanced about her, with eyes that shone, as the comfort and beauty of her home stole round her heart. The firelight disclosed rich coloring, the brown of polished wood, a splash of orange, the bronze of a lamp. Christina forgot everything and everyone but Leigh as she drank in the beauty of home. Leigh who had prepared all this for her. If she had not returned to-night she would have been filled with an everlasting regret. She rose from her knees, and sat down in one of the high-backed chairs, then came out of her reverie to glance at the old servant.

"I've come home unexpectedly, Bates, because I—well, I suddenly wanted to, and they tell me I always follow my own inclinations. I thought it would be an amusing surprise for your master."

"Yes, m'm."

"He's dining alone, Bates?"

"Yes'm. He phoned to me just now to tell me to lay a small table for him in the library. He preferred it to being in the dining-room by himself."

Christina sighed delightedly.

"I'm glad I came, Bates."

"Yes'm. And he gave orders that Hannah wasn't to prepare the course dinner he'd arranged, but just to send up a grilled chop, two vegetables and a savory. Dining alone, he didn't care for more. Hannah will be glad you've come. She cried, she was that disappointed. The first dinner in the new house, and all."

"It was dear of her to cry," said Christina. "Tell her, Bates—or wait, I'll go and tell her myself. Will she be angry if I go into the kitchen?"

"She'll be proud, m'm."

This new and lovely mistress was like a child tiptoeing around the hall. There were long-stemmed carnations in the vases, a bowl of violets on a table near what Christina decided was to be her favorite chair. She turned to look at the thin, upright old man awaiting her pleasure.

"We must get busy, Bates, to have everything ready in time. Be very, very discreet. Your master must not know I'm here—until the gong sounds for dinner. I'll dress early and hide. Keep to the first arrangement exactly. What fun!"

Her eyes brimmed over with delight.

"Plenty of flowers for the table, Bates?"

"The master saw to that, m'm. Carnations and violets."

"My favorite flowers, Bates."

"So I imagined, m'm."

Hannah was broad, and red, and very cordial when the news was broken to her. She entered with zest into the spirit of the surprise. The phone message had come in the midst of her culinary preparations like a bolt from the blue. She insisted on brewing a cup of tea for her mistress, and buttered lavishly for her acceptance a hot scone. Christina consumed it there and then, leaning against the kitchen-table, watching Hannah's clever, pudgy hands.

"Now I'm going on a voyage of discovery," she said. "I'll find my way."

"The rooms is well-aided, ma'am, with good fires in them," said Hannah.

Christina went upstairs. She had seen her room before in its transition state. It was only to-day she took any real interest in her home. It was a big room, gay and dainty. Her trunks stood unstrapped. She had considered herself magnanimous to do without a maid until Leigh was richer. She presently slipped into a white frock, a soft wisp of a thing that half concealed and half disclosed the white beauty of her neck and arms. There was a gleam of silver here and there. Just the frock for a bride's

first evening at home, alone with her bridegroom. She nodded to her own reflection, then tiptoed about, putting the room in order again. Leigh might come in, and he must not guess she had been there. She switched off the light, then went through to his dressing-room. Banks had laid out his master's evening clothes in due order. She was laughing like a schoolgirl when she ran downstairs, and followed Bates about as he laid the table in the dining-room. It was a round mahogany table, on which were set mats instead of a tablecloth. In the center stood a silver galleon, exquisitely wrought, the gleam of it reflected on the dark polished wood.

"How beautiful, Bates! A wedding-present?"

"No, m'm. Master's own idea. He told me the thought of it came into his mind one day—the finest day of his life—the day his ship came home."

"What day was that?" asked Christina. Leigh had never told her.

"Excuse me, m'm, the day you promised to marry him. I sha'n't forget his face as long as I live, when he came home and told me and Hannah. He hasn't had much of a life, the master. If I may make so bold, Hannah and me feel very grateful you've made him so happy."

"Thank you, Bates."

As he came and went she remained looking thoughtfully at the silver trophy which typified the change she had brought into her husband's life.

Time passed. Leigh was late. She grew restless.

"Something must have happened, Bates—an accident perhaps."

Bates shook his head.

"Don't worry, m'm. He thinks he's dining alone. Where's the hurry to come back to an empty house? Sh! I think I hear the taxi."

Christina hid herself in the back of the hall. Bates threw open the door. The taxi scrunched on the gravel. Bagillt entered slow.

"How are you, Bates? It's beginning to snow, and it's frightfully cold. Tell Hannah to give me ten minutes grace. She's cross with me, I expect."

"She was extremely disappointed, sir, when your message came."

Bagillt gave a short laugh, without mirth, and went up the stairs. Christina heard the door of his room shut with a slam.

She stole up and waited, until the slow moments passed. When the clock in the hall chimed the quarter the ten minutes would be up. The silvery sound began. Bagillt heard a faint tap at his door.

"Come in," he called, thinking it was Bates. A frightful sense of disappointment held him in a vise. This first evening would never come again. He was not superstitious, but it seemed a bad omen for the future. He was standing in his shirt sleeves, one arm thrust into his dinner-jacket when the knock came. The door was pushed open a little way. Half turning he caught a glimpse of someone standing there.

"All right, Bates, just ready."

"It—it— isn't Bates," said Christina's voice. "I've come to ask you to take me down to dinner, Leigh. I've come home."

With a lightning movement, Bagillt threw away his coat and crossed the room.

She never forgot the amazed wonder and glory of his face. He caught her in his arms.

"You! O Kit!—you!"

There was a sound like a sob in his voice. He put his head against her shoulder, and held her, without another word. She could hear his breath coming short and fast.

"I never guessed you'd mind so much," she said, her soft cheek against his hair. "Leigh, I had to come. I wanted you so badly. I was sorry."

Tears gathered in her eyes. He kissed her with a kind of solemnity, and for a moment there was silence.

The booming of the gong roused them. He tilted her face to look into her eyes.

"I'm happy," he said, "outrageously, supremely happy. Happier even than I was on our wedding-day, Kit, because now you understand."

Christina, her arms round his neck, kissed him. There was no need for words.

Presently the gong boomed out again.

"Hannah will be angry," said Christina, settling his tie. "Put on your coat, Leigh, and we'll go down together. You'll have to eat a big dinner to satisfy Hannah, this first evening at home."

* * * * *

"Seems I might as well have saved myself the trouble of cooking a dinner, for all they've eaten," grumbled Hannah, "dishes coming out as full as they went in."

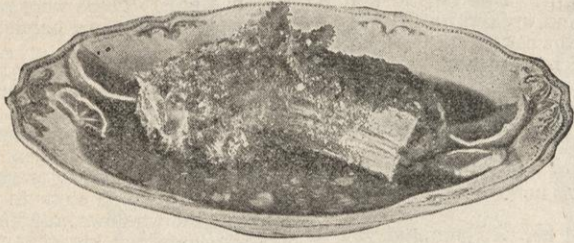
"They're happy," said Bates. "And that's all that matters. See his face—see hers. What do savories signify when you're young and in love! Hold out your glass, old lady—here's to 'em both!"

What Can Be Done With Bread - Crumbs

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

THE use of bread-crumbs is a conservation and they can be utilized in so many different ways that it pays the thrifty housewife to keep them always on the emergency shelf. Any leftover pieces of bread or toast are suitable for this purpose. They should first be dried in the oven, grated, and put in a glass jar to keep them from moisture.

When used for escalloped dishes of meat, fish or vegetables, one fourth of the amount necessary should be laid on the bottom of a buttered dish. The second fourth is placed in the middle, while the remaining half should be mixed with butter and put on the top.



Breaded Lamb-Chops with Tomato Sauce

Breaded Lamb-Chop with Tomato Sauce

TRIM the chops smoothly, sprinkle over pepper and salt, dip in beaten eggs, then in bread-crumbs. Have ready the frying-pan with hot fat; fry to a light brown on both sides. When the meat is perfectly done, place it on a hot platter, dredge some flour in the frying-pan, add salt, pepper, a tablespoonful each of chopped onion and parsley, and a tablespoonful of butter. Pour in a cup of tomato-sauce, stirring constantly. When it boils up pour over the chops, garnish with

chopped onion and parsley, and serve at once.

Tomato Bisque

- 1 Can of Tomatoes
- 2 Cups of Boiling Milk, with 1 Teaspoonful of Soda Stirred in
- 1 Teaspoonful Sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful Flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter rubbed in
- Pepper and Salt
- Handful of Dry Bread-Crumbs
- 1 Cup Boiling Water

PUT tomatoes over fire, boil one half hour, strain and rub through a colander. Boil milk in another kettle, stir in butter and flour, and after one boil, keep hot. Add pepper, salt, sugar and soda to the tomatoes; simmer five minutes, pour into tureen, stir in crumbs, and lastly the thickened milk. Serve at once.

Baked Macaroni

BOIL one half pound of macaroni in salted water until soft, and the water has boiled down until there is just sufficient water to cover the macaroni well. Then turn into a baking-pan, sprinkle with pepper, and cover thickly with grated cheese and dot all over with bits of butter. Bake until brown, but do not allow to dry.



Baked Macaroni

Escalloped Fish

BREAK into small pieces 1 can of salmon, or two cups of cooked fish; moisten with thin white sauce or tomato-sauce. Into the fish mix two or three hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine. Stir all together, cover top with bread-crumbs and small pieces of butter. Bake until crumbs are brown.

Salmon Croquettes

- 1 Can Salmon
- 2 Raw Eggs
- 1 Tablespoonful of Butter
- Yolks of 2 Hard-Boiled Eggs
- 1/2 Cup of Bread-Crumbs

MINCE the fish; work in the butter, slightly warmed, the "powdered" yolks, raw eggs, and finally the crumbs. Form into pyramid-shaped croquettes. Roll in salted bread-crumbs and fry in hot fat.



Salmon Croquettes

Escalloped Oysters

- 1 Quart of Oysters
- 1/2 Cup of Cream
- 1 Cup of Bread-Crumbs
- Season with Salt and Pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter

COVER the bottom of a baking-dish with crumbs, moisten with the cream, dot with pieces of butter. Season with pepper and salt, add the oysters, with a little of their liquor, and cover with crumbs, seasoned, and butter, cook with a cover, then remove cover, and brown.

Mock-Duck

- 2 Pounds of Round Steak
- 1 Cup of Bread-Crumbs
- 1 Tablespoonful of Chopped Parsley
- 1 Chopped Onion
- 1 Teaspoonful Salt
- Pepper
- 1 Egg

GRIND the meat, and all the ingredients, mix well, add egg unbeaten. Mold into a roll, put into a greased baking-pan, with a little water or stock, and baste frequently. Bake two hours. May be served hot or cold.

Bread-Crumb Batter Cakes for Breakfast

ONE pint of bread-crumbs, moistened with milk several hours before using. When ready to use, beat an egg separately and add one pinch of salt, one pint of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda. Mix well and add one large spoonful of flour to make them turn well. Fry as you would any other batter cake. If wanted particularly nice, take half buttermilk and half cream, instead of all buttermilk, or use sweet milk with baking-powder and omit soda.

Stuffed Eggplant

CUT a large eggplant in half, remove the center and chop it fine. Mix with bread-crumbs, one teaspoonful each of minced onion and parsley, a good sized lump of butter, salt and pepper. Put back in the shells. Grate over it a crust of bread, dot with small pieces of butter, and bake.

Baked Hash

RUN any kind of cold cooked meat through the grinder. Equal parts of mashed Irish potatoes. Salt and pepper to taste. Butter and milk enough to keep it from being too stiff. Put in a baking-dish and pour over two tablespoonfuls of tomato-catchup. Sprinkle well with bread-crumbs, and brown. Serve hot.

Cheese Omelet

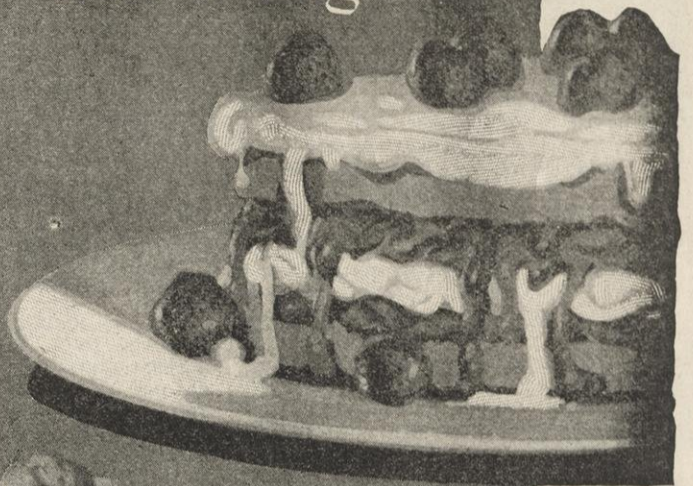
STIR one tea-cup of bread-crumbs into one pint of scalded milk. Add butter the size of an egg, a little salt, and one half cup of grated cheese. Then add three eggs beaten separately. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Baked Eggs

HARD-**B**OIL the eggs and cut into slices. Put a layer of eggs in a baking-dish well buttered, then add bread-crumbs with pieces of butter throughout. Season with salt and pepper, cover the top with crumbs and grated cheese and bake a rich brown.

MAZOLA

for shortening



for salads



for frying



Once you try Mazola you will never go back to lard or butter for cooking - or olive oil for dressings

FREE

A book worth while writing for. The new Corn Products Cook Book contains 64 pages of practical and tested recipes by leading cooks. Write us for it today. Corn Products Refining Company, P. O. Box 161, New York City.

MADELON

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Author of "Pembroke," "A New England Nun," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV—Concluded

A PASSAGEWAY was left quite clear to the space between the windows on the west side of the room, where it was whispered the bride and groom were to stand, and the people all pressed back toward the walls; but no one came. A little hum of wondering conversation rose and fell again at fancied stir of entrance. Folk hushed and nudged one another a dozen times, and craned their necks, and the clock struck the half hour, and the bridal party had not come.

In a great chair near the clear space between the windows sat the bridegroom's mother, with a large pearl brooch gleaming out of the black-satin folds on her bosom. Her face, between long lace lappets, looked as clearly pallid and passively reflective as the pearls. Not a muscle stirred about her calm mouth and the smooth triangle of forehead between her curtain slants of gray hair. If she speculated deeply within herself, and was agitated over the delay, not a restless glance of her steadily mild eyes betrayed it.

People wondered a little that she should not be busied about the bridal preparations, instead of waiting there like any other guest; but it was said that Dorothy had refused absolutely to have any helping hands but those of her old black slave woman about her. It was known, too, that Dorothy had only once taken tea with Burr's mother since the engagement, and everybody speculated as to how they would get on together. Dorothy had, in truth, received the rigorously courteous overtures of her future mother with the polite offishness of a scared but well trained child, and the proud elder woman had not increased them.

"When she comes here to live I shall do my duty by her, but I shall not force myself upon her," she told Burr. Burr's mother had not seen any of the dainty bridal gewgaws, but that she kept to herself. People glanced frequently at her with questioning eyes as the time went on; but she sat there with the gleam of her personality as unchanged in her face as the gleam of the pearls on her bosom.

"Catch her looking flustered!" one woman whispered to another.

After the clock struck nine a long breath seemed to be drawn simultaneously by the company; it was quite audible. Then came a sharp hissing whisper of wonder and consternation; then a hush, and all faces turned toward the door. Burr Gordon, his face stern and white, stood there looking across at his mother. She rose at once and went to him with a stately glide, and they disappeared amid a distinct buzz of curiosity that could no longer be restrained.

"They've gone into the parson's study," whispered one to another.

Some reported, upon the good authority of a neighbor's imagination, that Parson Fair had "fallen down dead"; some that Dorothy had fainted away; some that the black woman had killed her and her father.

Meanwhile, Burr and his mother went into Parson Fair's study. There stood the minister by his desk, with his proudly gentle brow all furrowed, and his fine, long, scholar-fingers clutching nervously at the back of his armchair. He cast one glance around as the door opened and shut, then looked away, then commanded himself with an effort, and stepped forward and bowed courteously to the woman in her black-satin and pearls. Elvira Gordon looked from one to the other, and the two men followed her glances, and each waited for the other to speak.

"Where is she?" she asked, finally.

"She is up in her chamber," replied Parson Fair, in a voice more strained with his own anxiety than it had ever been in the pulpit over the sins of his fellow men. "I know not what to say or do—I never thought that daughter of mine—she will not come—"

Then Elvira Gordon cast a quick, sharp glance at her son, which he met with proud misery and resentment.

"It is quite true, mother," he said. "We have both tried, and she will not come."

"Perhaps a woman—" said Parson Fair. "I wish her mother were alive," he added, with a break in his voice.

"I will go and see her if you think it is best," said Mrs. Gordon.

In her heart she rebelled bitterly against seeming to plead with this unwilling bride to come to her son. Had she not felt guilty for her son, with the conviction of his own secret deflection, she would never have mounted the spiral stairs to Dorothy Fair's chamber that night. Parson Fair led the way, and Burr followed. The people stood back with

a kind of awed curiosity. Some of the young girls were quite pale, and their eyes were dilated. Folk longed to follow them upstairs, but they did not dare.

At the door of Dorothy's chamber crouched, like a fierce dog on guard, the great black African woman. When the three drew near she looked up at them with a hostile roll of savage eyes and a glitter of white teeth between thick lips. The parson advanced, and she sprang up and put her broad back against the door and rolled out defiance at him from under her burring tongue.

But he continued to advance with unmoved front, as if she had been the Satanas of his orthodoxy, which, indeed, she did not faintly imagine. She moved aside with a savage sound in her throat, and he threw the door wide open. There sat Dorothy Fair before them at her dimly dressing-table, with all her slender body huddled forward and resting seemingly upon her two bare white arms, which encompassed her bowed head like sweet rings. Not a glimpse of Dorothy's face could be seen under the wide flow of her fair curls, which parted only a little over the curve of one pink shoulder. Dorothy wore her wedding-gown of embroidered India muslin; but her satin slippers were widely separated upon the floor, as if she had kicked them hither and thither; and on the bed, in a great, careless, fluffy heap, lay her wedding-veil, as if it had been tossed there.

Elvira Gordon, at a signal from Parson Fair, entered the room past the sullen negress, (who rolled her eyes and muttered low,) and went close to the girl at the dressing-table.

"Dorothy!" said Mrs. Gordon.

Dorothy made no sign that she heard.

"Dorothy, do you know it is an hour after the time set for your wedding?"

Dorothy was so still that instinctively Mrs. Gordon bent close over her and listened but she heard quite plainly the soft pant of her breath, and knew she had not fainted.

Mrs. Gordon straightened herself and looked at her. It was strange how that delicate, girlish form under the soft flow of fair locks and muslin draperies should express, in all its half suggested curves, such utter obstinacy that it might have been the passive unresponsiveness of marble. Even that soft tumult of agitated breath could not alter that impression. When Mrs. Gordon spoke again, her words seemed to echo back in her own ears, as if she had spoken in an empty room.

"Dorothy Fair," said she, with a kind of solemn authority, "neither I nor any other human being can look into your heart and see why you do this; and you owe it to my son, who has your solemn promise, and to your father, whose only child you are, to speak. If you are sick, say so; if at the last minute you have a doubt as to your affection for Burr, say so. My son will keep his promise to you with his life, but he will not force himself upon you against your wishes. You need fear nothing; but you must either speak and give us your reason for this, or get up and put on your wedding-veil and your shoes, and come down, where they have been waiting over an hour. You cannot put such a slight upon my son, or your father, or all these people, any longer. You do not think what you are doing, Dorothy."

Mrs. Gordon's even, weighty voice softened to motherly appeal in the closing words. Dorothy remained quite silent and motionless. Then Burr gave a great sigh of impatient misery, and strode across to Dorothy, and bent low over her, touching her curls with his lips, and whispered. She did not stir.

"Won't you, Dorothy?" he said, gently, then quite aloud; and then again: "Have you forgotten what you promised me, Dorothy?" and still again: "Are you sick? Have I offended you in any way? Can't you tell me, Dorothy?"

At length, when Dorothy persisted in her silence, he stood back from her and spoke with his head proudly raised.

"I will say no more," he said; "I have come here to keep my solemn promise, and be married to you, and here I will remain until you or your father bid me go, with something more than silence. That may be enough for my pride, but 'tis not enough for my honor. I will go back to your father's study, Dorothy, and wait there until you speak and tell me what you wish."

Burr turned to go, but Parson Fair thrust

out his arm before him to stop him, and himself came forward and grasped Dorothy, with hardly a gentle hand, by a slender arm.

"Daughter," said Parson Fair in a voice which Dorothy had never heard from his lips except when he addressed wayward sinners from the pulpit, "I command you to stop this folly; stand up and finish dressing yourself, and go downstairs and fulfil your promise to this man whom you have chosen."

The black woman pressed forward, then stood back at a glance from her master's blue eyes.

Dorothy did not stir; then her father spoke again, and his nervous hand tightened on her arm.

"Dorothy," said he, "I command you to rise"—and there was a great authority of fatherhood and priesthood in his voice, and even Dorothy was moved before it to respond, though not to yielding.

Suddenly she jerked her arm away from her father's grasp, and stood up, with a convulsive flutter of her white plumage like a bird. She flung back her curls and disclosed her beautiful pale face, all strained to terrific resolve, and her dilated blue eyes.

"I will not!" she cried out, addressing her father alone; "I will not, father. I have made up my mind that I will not."

Then, as Parson Fair said not a word, only looked at her with stern questioning, she went on, shrill and fast:

"I will not; no, I will not! Nobody can make me! I thought I would, I thought I must, until this last. Now when it comes to this, I can do no more. I will not, father."

"Why?" said Parson Fair.

"I would have kept my promise, father. I would have kept it, no matter if—I would have been faithful to him if he—" Suddenly Dorothy turned on Burr with a gasp of terror and defiance. "I would never have done this, you know!" she cried; "it would never have come to this, if you had spoken and told me you were innocent."

"What do you mean, child?" said Parson Fair, sternly.

"He would not tell me that he did not stab his cousin Lot," replied Dorothy, setting her sweet mouth doggedly. Her blue eyes met her father's with shrinking and yet steadfast defiance.

"Dorothy," said he, "do you not know that he is innocent by his cousin's own confession?"

"Why, then, does he not say so?" finished Dorothy. "How do I know who did it? Madelon Hautville said she was guilty, then Lot Gordon; and Burr would not deny his guilt when I asked him. How do I know which? Madelon Hautville was trying to shield him; I am not blind. Then Lot liked her. How do I know which?" Suddenly she cried out to Burr so loud that the people in the entry below heard her: "Tell me now that you are innocent, and either your cousin Lot or Madelon Hautville guilty," she demanded. "Tell me!" Burr, white and rigid, looked at her, and made no reply. "Tell me," she cried, in her sweet, shrill voice, "tell me now that you did not stab your cousin Lot, and Madelon Hautville spoke the truth, and I will keep my promise to you, even if my heart is not yours."

Parson Fair grasped his daughter's arm again.

"No man whom you have promised to wed should reply to such distrust as this," he said. "Dorothy, I command you to go downstairs and be married to this man."

Then Dorothy broke away from him with a wild shriek.

"No, I will not marry this man with his cousin's blood on his soul! I will not, father; you shall not make me! I will not! Night and day I shall see that knife in his hand. I will not marry him, because he tried to kill his cousin Lot. I will not, I will not!"

The black woman pushed between them with a savage murmur of love and wrath, and caught her mistress in her arms, and crooned over her, like a wild thing over her young.

"There is no use in prolonging this, sir," Burr said to Parson Fair.

The elder man looked at him with a strange mixture of helpless dignity and sympathy and wrath. "You know that I have no share in this," he said, and he glanced almost piteously from Burr to his mother. "I could never have believed that my daughter—"

"We will say no more about it, sir," re-

sponded Burr. "I hold neither you nor your daughter in any blame."

Then he offered his arm to his mother, and the three went out and downstairs, and the black woman clapped the chamber-door to, with a great jar, upon her mistress, whose calm of obstinacy had broken into wailing hysterics which betokened no less stanchness. Parson Fair, Burr Gordon, and his mother, at the foot of the stairs among the curious wedding-guests, looked for a second at one another.

The parson's fine state seemed to have deserted him. There were red spots on his pale cheeks. His long hands twitched nervously.

"I will—inform them," he said, huskily, at length, but Burr moved before him.

"No, sir; I will do it," he said. Then he strode into the great north parlor, where the more important guests were assembled, and where he and Dorothy were to have been married. He stood alone in the clear space between the windows, and knew, as the eyes of the people met his, that they had heard Dorothy's last wild cry, and knew why she would not marry him. He stood for a second facing them all before he spoke, and in spite of the shame of rejection which he felt heaped upon him by them all, and a subtler shame arising from his own heart, in spite of the fact that he could not offer any defense, nor do aught but bend his back to the full weight of his humiliation, he had a certain majesty of demeanor. Revolt at humiliation alone precipitates the full measure of it, and the strength which survives defeat, even of one's own convictions, is of a good quality. Silence under wrongful accusation gives the bearing of a hero. There was a hush over the assembly so complete that it seemed as if the very personalities of the listeners were drawn back from self-consciousness to give free scope for sound. When Burr spoke, everybody heard. "The marriage between Dorothy Fair and myself is broken off," was all he said.

Then he went out of the room as proudly as if his bride had been by his side, through the entry to the study. Parson Fair and his mother were there. "They know it," he announced, quite calmly; then he took his fine wedding-hat from the table.

"Where are you going?" his mother demanded, quickly.

"To walk a little way," Burr turned to Parson Fair. "I beg you not to feel that you must deal severely with your daughter for this," he said, "for she does not deserve it. She was justified in asking what she did, and in feeling distrust that I did not answer."

"If a wife's faith cannot survive her husband's silence, then is she no true spouse, and 'twas the part of a man not to answer," said this Parson Fair, who had all his life followed in most roads the lead of his womankind, and not known it, so much state had he been allowed in his captivity.

"She was justified," said Burr, "and I beg you, sir, not to visit any displeasure upon her. I have not at any time been worthy of her, although God knows had she not cast me off, and did not this last, with what I remember now of her manner for the last few weeks, make me sure that her heart is no longer mine, I would have lived my life for her, as best I could; and will now, should she say the word."

With that, Burr Gordon thrust on his wedding-hat, and was out of the study and out of the south door of the house.

CHAPTER XXV

In the yard was drawn up in state, behind the five white horses, the grand old Gordon coach, which had not been used before since the death of Lot's father. Lot had insisted upon furnishing the coach and the horses for his cousin's wedding. The man who stood by the horses' heads looked up at Burr in a dazed way when he came out of the house and spoke to him.

"When my mother is ready you can take her home, Silas," said Burr. "Then drive over to my cousin's, and put up the coach and the horses."

The man gasped and looked at him.

"Do you hear what I say?" said Burr, shortly.

The man gave an affirmative grunt, and strove to speak, but Burr cut him short.

"Look out for that bad place in the road, before you get to the bridge," he said, and went on out of the yard. The road was suddenly full of departing wedding-guests, fluttering along with shrill clatter of persistently individual notes, like a flock of birds.

Burr, out of the yard, passed along through their midst with a hasty yet dignified pace. He said to himself that he would not seem to be running away. He looked

Continued on page 14

How To Improve the Appearance Beautifying the Mouth

By ELEANOR MATHER

As we grow older we unconsciously write our characters in our faces for all to read who have eyes to see. We say, perhaps, that a certain woman looks peevish or sulky, or cross or determined, or she has "such a sweet face," or she seems so jolly and good-natured.

"The lines which give the mouth its expression speak the record of one's years," says Susanna Cocroft, the well known physical-culture expert. "They are the result of all the words and most of the thoughts whether sweet or otherwise which have been framed by the lips in the past. Each word leaves its impression, and the more often a thought is held, the deeper the impression until it becomes a habit. Truly the lips speak without moving."

The plain-faced woman with a happy-looking, smiling mouth is far and away more attractive than the doll-faced girl on whose pretty face is reflected not a happy spirit and generous thought, but self-will and egotism. Real beauty and attractiveness are much deeper than a lovely complexion and a charming regularity of feature. One often sees people, who, to use a colloquial expression, "haven't a feature in their faces," whose look of interest and good-will to all at once attracts everybody to them. So be careful how you let your mouth sag into peevish and unbecoming lines. The shape of the mouth is even more character-revealing than the shape of the chin. The woman with a sense of humor, and a fun-loving disposition, usually has a short upper lip with quite a depression under the nose, while the corners of the lips tip upward. On the other hand, a well shaped mouth with rather full lips is an unfailing sign of coquetry. A long thin mouth, with tightly closed lips, shows selfishness and an intention to have one's own way at all costs. Some of our best known financiers have such mouths. Very bright-red lips which owe their tint to Nature, and not to the use of a lip-stick, show a cruel nature. General Ludendorf is said to have just such lips. Loose lips show sensuousness, while a big, but well closed mouth shows business sagacity, and the possession of that comparatively rare quality called "common sense."

A prominent voice-specialist told me the other day that the woman who habitually speaks loud, always has an ugly mouth, as she lets her words too much, and if she learns to modulate her voice her mouth is always prettier.

You can judge for yourself if this is true by looking in the glass and watching yourself talk. Speak loud, "holler" as the children call it, and you will note the hard, rough lines that come around the mouth. Speak gently and see how quickly these lines are replaced by soft, pretty curves. You do not need to yell, as some people do, to be heard, unless all your family and friends are deaf. You can speak low and distinctly, and still be heard for as long a distance as you wish your voice to carry.

The skin of the lips should be smooth and of healthy, reddish pink in color. Chapped lips, with the skin rough and cracked, are always repulsive to look at, as well as extremely unpleasant and even painful to the possessor.

When afflicted with a deep crack, like a cut, in the middle of the lower lip, constant treatment with spirits of camphor is beneficial. If out-of-doors all the morning, a tiny phial of the spirits



Alice Elliott shows determination in the lines of both her mouth and chin



Gloria Swanson, in the part she was playing when this picture was taken, gives an very good imitation of the selfish mouth



Virginia Faire, in this interpretation, shows a simpering appreciation of her good looks

should be carried, so it can be put on the surface frequently. It feels like hot shot for a second, but the sting soon passes away. The spirits should be put on night and morning also. Camphor ice will act in the same way, but much more slowly, and at the same time it is more in evidence when applied.

Tincture of benzoin may be applied in precisely the same way. If it be strong enough to cause an uncomfortable sensation of "drawing," it may be diluted with a few drops of glycerine, using very little of the latter, for it neutralizes the astringent.

Another pleasant and healing application is made by a solution of one grain of permanganate of potash in a tablespoonful of



Constance Talmadge the moving-picture comedienne, shows the infectious charm of a wide-mouth smile

clear rosewater. While this is wet on surface, French chalk should be dusted on.

It is always well to wash any sore spot with a weak solution of boracic acid before applying the astringent. The object of the acid is thoroughly to cleanse the place.

There is little doubt but that continued cracks of the lips indicate a thin condition of the blood, and a physical state that is below par. Tonics containing phosphates are usually prescribed, and iron may be taken. This, of course, is a matter for physicians to decide, and one should certainly be consulted when the lips cannot be healed.

Those little sore spots that sometimes stay so long in the corner of the mouth may come from the stomach, and frequent applications of bicarbonate of soda will sometimes cure them.

Many women are greatly troubled by what are called "cold-sores or fever-blisters." The unsightly swellings on the lips, doctors tell us, are not due to a cold or a fever, but to a disturbance of the circulation or of the digestive organs, and as these symptoms often accompany a cold or fever, hence the name; but as everybody knows, these little pests quite frequently make their appearance when one has not the sign of a cold. You can always kill, or at least cut very short, the life of a cold-sore if you commence treatment early enough in its existence. There is a little antiseptic salve on the market which is primarily intended to cure skin-affections, but which also dries up an incipient cold-sore very rapidly, or, if applied early enough drives it away. Spirits of camphor works well with many people, while on others it has little effect. Usually, however, the camphor is applied in the wrong way, and so it does more harm than good, for used by itself it quickly becomes very irritating to the skin. It is most effective when applied to a fever-blisters or deep crack in the lips, after touching the place with a tiny piece of absorbent cotton wet with an alum solution made by dissolving as much powdered alum in a tablespoonful of water as it will take up. This can be strained and bottled for use. Let the alum dry on the sore and then apply spirits of camphor in full strength. When this, in turn, is dry, put on a very little cold cream, not enough to penetrate the slight coatings of alum and camphor, but only sufficient to prevent the sensitive surrounding skin from chapping and cracking as the result of the astringents. If a cold-sore or fever-blisters is so vigorous that it seems to defy all treatment, get a little permanganate of potash from the druggist and also an ounce of rosewater. Dissolve a grain in a tablespoonful of rosewater and keep the sore constantly wet with this. After each application a little French chalk or simple talcum powder should be applied to this—just enough to conceal the raw spot, but not sufficient to make it unduly conspicuous. One advantage of this treatment is that the permanganate bleaches the skin, thus preventing the continued redness that is so annoying after the sore has healed.

Never bite the lips. This trick is nearly as disfiguring as biting the nails and as hard to cure. Biting and wetting the lips constantly not only entirely spoils the shape of the mouth and quickly transforms pretty lips into ugly ones, but it also makes the tender skin of the lips very sore, and as this surface

Concluded on page 21

THE charm of a beautiful complexion merits none but the finest and daintiest of face powders.

Freeman's FACE POWDER

For 40 years the choice of women who prize their beauty. Of lovely fragrance and closely clinging.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO., Dept. 122, Cincinnati, O.

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using Stillman's Freckle Cream. Prepared for one purpose only—clearing the skin. If you have freckles, write us today for our Free Booklet "Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you.

Stillman Cream Co., Dept. 34, Aurora, Ill.

End Gray Hair

Let Science Show You How

Convince Yourself Free

For years science has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color. Now that way is found. Thousands of women have restored the natural color of their hair with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

Mary T. Goldman's

Scientific Hair Color Restorer

FREE Send today for a free trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and state the exact color of your hair.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the result. And how it differs from old-fashioned dyes. Write today.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1650 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of

OTHINE

—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength OTHINE, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

FACE WASH

Mrs. Bradley's famous preparation removes old cuticle and gives you new, soft, white skin free from oiliness. Removes moth, tan, freckles, pimples. 25c pkg., 3 for 50c by mail. Agts. wanted.

Mrs. C. S. Bradley, H-1921 Western Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

D. J. Mahler, 826-X, Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Big Money

Made by agents selling our wonderful Facial Soap, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Spices, Extracts, etc. Free cake of soap & agents terms mailed to any address.

Lacassian Co., Dept. 272, St. Louis, Mo.

Comfort Baby's Skin

With Cuticura Soap

And Fragrant Talcum

For sample Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance. Address Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

Continued from page 12

neither to the right nor left, except to avoid collisions with silken and muslin petticoats, yet he was conscious of the hush of voices as he passed, and knew that they all recognized him in the broad moonlight.

When he reached the lane which led across lots to the old place, he plunged into it by a sudden impulse. He went halfway down its leafy tunnel; then he stopped and sat down on a great stone which had fallen off the bordering wall.

Great spiritual as well as great physical catastrophes stun for a while, and there is after both a coming to one's self and an examining one's faculties, as well as one's bones, to see if they be still in working order. Burr Gordon, sitting there on his stone of meditation, in the moonlit dapple of the lane, came slowly to a full realization of himself in his change of state, and strove to make sure what power of action he had left under these new conditions.

His first thought was a cowardly one—that he would sell out, or rather give up his estate to his cousin, take his mother, and turn his back upon the village altogether. He knew what he had to expect. He tasted well in advance the miserable and half ludicrous shame of a man who has been openly jilted by a woman. He tasted, too, the covertly whispered suspicion which perhaps never quite departed, and which now was surely raised to new life by Dorothy's loud cries of accusation. He knew that he was utterly defenseless under both shame and suspicion, being fettered fast by his own tardy but stern sense of duty and loyalty. It seemed to him at first that he would be crippled beyond cure in his whole life if he should stay where he was; and then he felt the spring of the fighting instinct within him, and said proudly to himself that he would turn his back upon nothing. He would brave it all.

There was a light wind, and now and then the young trees in the lane were driven into a soft tumult of whispering leaves. Burr did not notice when into this voice of the wind and this noise as of a crowd of softly scurrying ghosts there came a crisp rustle of muslin and a quick footstep up the lane. He only looked up when Madelon Hautville stopped before him and looked at him with incredulous alarm, as if she could not believe the evidence of her own eyes.

Dressed like a bride herself was Madelon Hautville, in a sheer white gown, which she had fashioned for herself out of an old crepe shawl which had belonged to her mother, and cunningly wrought with great garlands of red flowers. She was going to Burr Gordon's wedding, not knowing the lateness of the hour; for her brother Richard had played a trick upon her, and set back the clock two hours, when to his great wrath she would not stay at home. The others were half in favor of her going, thinking that it showed her pride; but Richard was sorely set against it, and watched his chance, and slipped back the hands of the clock that she should be too late to see the wedding of the man who had forsaken her.

Madelon looked at Burr, and he at her, and neither spoke. Then, when she saw surely who it was, she cried out half in wonder and half chidingly, as if she had been his mother reproaching him for his tardiness:

"What are you doing here, Burr Gordon? Do you know 'tis nearly eight o'clock, and time for your wedding?"

"'Tis nearly ten," said Burr, "and there is no wedding."

"Nearly ten?"

"Yes."

"But 'twas not eight by our clock."

Burr took out the great gold timepiece which had belonged to his father, and held it toward her, and she saw the face plainly in the moonlight.

"What does this mean?" she said; and then she cried, half shrinking away from him: "Are you married then? Where is she?"

"Dorothy Fair is at home in her chamber, and I am not married, and never shall be."

"Why—what does this mean, Burr Gordon?"

"She will not have me, and—no blame to her."

"Will not have you, and the people there, and the hour set! Will not have you? Burr, she shall have you! I promise you she shall. I will go talk to her. She is a child, and she does not know—I can make her listen. She shall have you, Burr. I will go this minute, and talk to her, and do you come after me." Madelon gave a forward bound, like a deer, but Burr sprang up and caught her by the arm. "Why do you stop me, Burr Gordon?" she cried, trying to wrest her arm away.

"Do you think I have no manhood left, Madelon Hautville, that I will let you, you beg a woman who does not love me to marry me?"

"She does love you, she shall love you!"

"I tell you she does not!"

Burr spoke with a bitterness which might well have come from slighted love, and, indeed, so complex and contradictory are the workings of the mind of a man, and so strong

is the bent when once set in one direction, that not loving Dorothy Fair, and loving this other woman with his whole heart, he yet felt for the moment that he would rather his marriage had taken place and he were not free. His freedom, which he knew was a shame to welcome, galled him for the time worse than a chain, and he felt more injured than if he had loved this girl who had jilted him; for something which was more precious to him than love had been slighted and made of naught.

"She does—you are mad, Burr Gordon! She was all ready to marry you. She came to me to help on her wedding-clothes. She was all smiling and pleased. How could she be pleased over her wedding-clothes if she did not love you? She does, Burr! She is a child—I can talk to her. I will make her. Let me go, Burr! You wait here, and not fret. Oh, how pale you look! I tell you, you shall have her, Burr!"

"I tell you, Madelon, she does not love me, and I will not have you go."

Madelon stood looking at him, her face all at once changing curiously as if from some revelation from within. She remembered suddenly that old scene with Eugene, and a suspicion seized her.

"There's somebody else!" she cried out, fiercely. "There's no truth in her. If she thinks—she shall not—nor he—I will not have it so!"

"For God's sake, Madelon, don't!" said Burr, not fairly comprehending what she said. He sat down again upon the stone, and leaned his head upon his hands. In truth he felt dazed and helpless, as if he had reached suddenly the mouth of many roads and knew not which to take. The intricacy of the situation was fairly paralyzing to an order of mind like his, which was wont to grasp, though shrewdly enough, only the straight course of cause and effect. He revolved dizzily in his mind the fact that he could not tell Madelon the reason which Dorothy had given for her rejection of him, and the conviction was fast gaining upon him that it was not the true and only reason. He held fiercely to his loyalty to Madelon, and his shamed loyalty to Dorothy, and his slipping clutch of loyalty to himself, and knew not what to say nor what course to take.

Madelon, as he settled back upon the stone and bowed his head, made toward him one of those motions which the body has kept intact from the primitive order of things, when it was free to obey Love; then she stood back and looked at him a moment, while indignation and that compassion which is the very holiness of love swelled high within her. Then suddenly she leaned forward against him in her white robes, with the soft impetus of a white flowering tree driven by the wind, and put her arms around him, and drew his unhappy head against her bosom, and stroked his hair, and poured out in broken words her wrath against Dorothy Fair, and her pity for him. And all this she did in utter self-despite and forgetfulness, not caring if he should discover how great her love for him still was, believing fully that his whole heart had belonged to the other girl, and was breaking for her, and arguing thence no good for herself.

"She shall never marry him, that I swear to you, Burr!" she cried, passionately; "and in time she may turn to you again. There is no faith in her!"

Burr listened a while, bewildered, not fully knowing nor asking what she meant, letting his head rest against her bosom, as if he were a child whom she comforted.

"Burr, you shall have her, you shall have her yet!" she said, over and over, as if Dorothy were a sweetmeat for which he longed, until at last a great shame and resolution seemed to go over him like a wave, and he put her away and rose up.

"Madelon," he said, "you don't know. Listen. You will scorn me after this—you will never look at me again, but listen. Dorothy must never know, for all the slight of this last must come from her and not from me, since she is a woman and I a man; but you shall know the whole truth. I never loved Dorothy Fair, Madelon, not as I love you, as God is my witness. She was pretty to look at, and I liked—but you cannot understand the weakness of a man that makes him ashamed of himself. I left you, and—I went—courting her because she was Parson Fair's only daughter, and I was poor, and that was not all the reason. I liked her pretty face and her pretty ways well enough, but all the time it was you and you alone in my heart; and, knowing that, I left you, though I was a man. I turned Judas to my own self, and denied and would have sold the best that was in me. Now you know the truth, Madelon Hautville."

Madelon looked at him. Her lips parted, as if her breath came hard.

Burr made as if to pass on without another word, but she held out her hand to stop him, though she did not touch him.

"Stop, Burr," she said, with a strange, almost oratorical manner, that he had never seen in her before. It was almost as if she mounted before his eyes a platform of her

own love and higher purposes. "Listen to me," she said. "That night when I was in such terrible anger with you that for a second I would have killed you, I put it out of your power, forever, to do anything that could turn me against you again. I broke my own spirit that night, Burr. The wrong I would have done you outweighs all you ever have done or ever can do me. There is no wrong in this world that you can do me, if I will not take it so; and as for the wrong you may have done yourself—that only makes me more faithful to you, Burr."

Burr stood looking at her, speechless. It was to him as if he saw the true inner self of the girl, which he had dimly known by half revealings but had never truly seen before. For a minute it was not Madelon Hautville in flesh and blood who stood before him, but the ghost of her, made evident by her love for him; and his very heart seemed to melt within him with shame and wonder and worship.

"O Madelon!" he gasped out, at length.

But Madelon turned away then.

"You must go home now," said she, "and I must. Good night, Burr."

"Good night," said Burr, as if he repeated it at her bidding.

Then they passed without touching each other. Madelon went home down the lane, across the fields, and Burr went out in the silent street, whence all the wedding-guests had departed, and homeward also.

CHAPTER XXVI

In this little Vermont village, lying among peacefully sloping hills, away from boisterous river-courses, there was small chance of those physical convulsions which sometimes disturb the quiet of generations. The roar of a spring freshet never smote the ears of the dwellers therein, and the winters passed with no danger of avalanches. From its sheltered situation destructive storms seldom launched themselves upon it; the oldest inhabitant could remember little injury from lightning or hail or wind.

However, there is no village in this world so sheltered in situation that it is not exposed to the full brunt of the great forces of human passion, when they lash themselves at times into the fury of storm. It was here in this little village of Ware Center, which could never know flood or volcanic fire, as if a sort of spiritual whirlpool had appeared suddenly in its midst. The thoughts of all the people, lying down upon their pillows, or rising for their daily tasks, centered upon it, and it was as if the minds of all were prone upon the edge of it, gazing curiously into the vortex.

The Sunday after Burr Gordon's disastrous wedding-day the faces of all the people on their way to meeting wore the same expression, in different degrees of intensity. One emotion of strained curiosity and wonder made one family of the whole village. The people thought and spoke of only one subject; they asked each other one question: "Will any of them be at meeting?" The Unitarian church was nearly deserted that Sunday, for Parson Fair's former parishioners returned to their old gathering-place, under stronger pressure, for the time, than religious tenets.

It was a burning day for May—as hot as midsummer. The flowers were blossoming visibly under the eyes of the people, but they did not notice. They flocked into the meeting-house and looked about them, all with the same expression in their eyes.

When Burr Gordon and his mother entered, a thrill seemed to pass through the whole congregation. Nobody had thought they would come. Mrs. Gordon, gliding with even pace, softly murmurous in her Sunday silk, followed her son, who walked with brave front, although he was undeniably pale, up the aisle to the pew. He stood about to let his mother enter, meeting the eyes of the people as he did so; then sat down himself, and a long glance and a long nudge of shoulders passed over the meeting-house. Burr and his mother both knew it, but she sat in undisturbed serenity of pallor, and he stirred not a muscle, though a red spot blazed out on each cheek.

Madelon Hautville sat in the singing seats, but he never looked at her nor she at him. There were curious eyes upon her also, for people wondered if Burr would turn to her, now Dorothy Fair had jilted him; but she did not know it. She heeded nobody but Burr, though she did not look at him, and when she stood up in the midst of her brothers and sang, she sang neither to the Lord nor to the people, but to this one weak and humiliated man whom she loved. The people thought that she had never sung so before, recognizing, though ignorantly, that she struck that great chord of the heart whose capability of sound was in them also. For the time she stood before and led all the actors in that small drama of human life which was on the village stage, and in which she took involuntary part; and the audience saw and heard nobody but her.

Burr, stiff as a soldier, at the end of his pew, felt his heart leap to hope and resolve through the sound of this woman's voice in

the old orthodox hymns, and laid hold unknowingly, by means of it, of the love and force which are at the roots of things for the strengthening of the world. With weak and false starts and tardy retrogrades he had woven around his feet a labyrinth of crossing paths of life, but now, of a sudden, he saw clearly his way out. He trampled down the scruples which hampered and blinded him like thorns and had their roots in a false pride of honor, and recognized that divine call of love to worship which simplifies all perplexities. He would take that girl singing yonder for his wife, if she were indeed so generous-minded after all, not now, but later, when there could be no possibility of slight to Dorothy Fair. His honest work in the world he would do, were it in the ploughshares or the wayside ditches, with no striving for aggrandizement through untoward ways, and so would he humbly attain the full dignity of his being.

When Madelon Hautville stopped singing not one in the meeting-house had seen Burr Gordon stir, but the soul in him had surely turned and faced about with a great rending as of swathing wills that bound it.

Parson Fair preached that morning. Great had been the speculation as to whether he would or not. When he stood up in his pulpit and faced the crowded pews and the steely glances of curious eyes through the shifting flutter of fans, he was as austere composed as ever; but a buzzing whisper went through the audience like a veritable bee of gossip.

"He looks dreadful," they hissed in one another's ears, with nudges and nods.

All the principal participants in the village commotion were there except Lot Gordon and Dorothy Fair. Dorothy had not come, in spite of her father's stern commands, and sterner they had been than any commands of his to his beloved child before. Dorothy had cowered before her father, in utter misery and trepidation, after the company had left that wedding-night, but yielded she had not—only fallen ill again of that light fever which so easily beset her under stress of mind.

That Sunday morning, striving to rise and go to meeting as her father said, and being in truth willing enough, since she had a terrified longing to see Eugene Hautville in the choir and ascertain if he were angry or glad, she fell back weak and dizzy on her pillows, and the doctor was called. Dorothy's fever ran lightly, as all ailments of hers, whether mental or physical, were wont to do; and yet she had a delicacy of organization which caused her to be shaken sorely by slight causes. A butterfly may not have the capacity for despair, but the touch of a finger can crush it; and had it more capacity, there would be no butterflies.

It was a full month before Dorothy was able to go out-of-doors, and all that time the gossips were cheated out of the sight of her, and her father was constrained to treat her with a sort of conscience-stricken tenderness, in spite of her grave fault. Her mother had never risen from a fever which seemed akin to this; and Dorothy, in spite of his stern Puritan creed, was yet dearer to him than that abstraction of her which he deemed her soul.

Looking at the girl, flushed softly with fever, her blue eyes shining like jewels, as she lay in her white nest, he knew that he loved her life more fiercely than he judged her sins. He would turn his back upon her and go out of her chamber, his black height bowed like a penitent, and down to his study, and wrestle there upon his knees for hours with that earthly and natural love which he accounted as of the Tempter, yet might after all have been an angel, and of the Lord. And when Dorothy came weakly downstairs at last with the great black woman guarding her steps as if she were a baby, he found not in himself the power of stern counsel and reproof which he had decided upon when she should have left her chamber.

All the neighbors knew when Dorothy Fair first stepped her foot out-of-doors, and told one another suspiciously that she did not look very sick, and that they guessed she might have come out sooner, and gone to meeting, had she been so minded.

And in truth the girl, beyond slight deflections in the curves of her soft cheeks, and a wistful enlarging and brightening of her blue eyes, as in thoughtful shadows, was not much changed. The first Sunday when she appeared in the meeting-house she wore, to the delight and scandal of the women, one of the new gowns and hats of her bridal-outfit. Dorothy Fair, in a great plumed hat of peach-blow silk, in a pearly silk gown and pink-silk mitts, in a white-muslin pelerine all wrought with cunning needlework, sat in the parson's pew, and uplifted her lovely face toward her father in the pulpit, and nobody knew how her whole mind and fancy were set, not upon the sermon, but upon Eugene Hautville in the singing-seats behind her. And nobody dreamed how, as she sat there, she held before her face, as it were, a sort of mental hand-mirror, in which she could see her head of fair curls, her peach-

Continued on page 20

Concluded from page 7

spaces, 7 trebles, 1 bar, 7 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, turn.

75. One space, 2 lacets, 2 spaces, (16 trebles, 1 space) twice, 2 bars, 1 space, turn.

76. One space, 3 lacets, 10 trebles, 1 space, 2 lacets, 10 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, turn.

77. One space, 2 lacets, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 bars, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 3 bars, 1 space, turn.

78. One space, 2 lacets, 14 spaces, 2 bars, 1 space, turn.

79. One space, 4 lacets, 3 spaces, 3 lacets, 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, turn.

80. Six spaces, 3 bars, 10 trebles, 4 bars, 1 space, turn.

81. Eight spaces, 5 lacets, 2 spaces, turn. This row leaves the underarm.

82. Two spaces, 5 bars, 1 space, 19 trebles, 1 space, turn.

83. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 10 trebles, 3 lacets, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 space, turn.

84. One space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 3 bars, 10 trebles, 1 bar, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

85. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 10 trebles, 2 lacets, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

86. One space, 7 trebles, 1 lacet, 10 trebles, 2 bars, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 bar, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

87. Two spaces, 16 trebles, 1 space, 1 lacet, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 7 trebles, 1 space, turn.

88. Two spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 1 space, 3 lacets, 1 space, turn.

89. One space, 3 bars, 1 space, (4 trebles, 2 spaces) twice, 10 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.

90. One space, 1 bar, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, 13 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.

91. One space, 1 bar, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 bar, 3 spaces, 3 lacets, 1 space, turn.

92. One space, 3 bars, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.

93. One space, 1 bar, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 1 space, 2 lacets, 1 space, turn.

94. One space, 2 bars, 4 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.

95. One space, 1 bar, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 lacets, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

96. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 2 bars, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 2 lacets, 1 space, turn.

97. One space, 2 bars, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

98. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 bar, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 lacets, 1 space, turn.

99. One space, 4 bars, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.

100. One space, 1 bar, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 bar, 10 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.

101. One space, 1 bar, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 1 bar, 4 spaces, (4 trebles, 1 space) twice, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.

102. One space, 1 bar, 4 trebles, 1 space, 5 lacets, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.

103. Like 102d, with 5 bars over 5 lacets.

104. One space, 1 bar, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 3 lacets, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.

105. One space, 1 bar, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 3 bars, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 lacets, 1 space, turn.

106. One space, 2 bars, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 1 lacet, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 lacets, 1 space, turn.

107. One space, 2 bars, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 1 bar, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 lacets, 1 space, turn.

108. One space, 3 bars, 4 trebles, 1 space, 1 lacet, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 lacets, 1 space, turn.

109. One space, 3 bars, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 bar, 4 trebles, 1 space, 3 lacets, 1 space, turn.

110. One space, 3 bars, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 3 lacets, 1 space, turn.

111. One space, 3 bars, 19 trebles, 7 spaces; fasten off.

Fasten in at other end of back and work the second shoulder and front to correspond with first. For the point, which completes the front:

1. Twenty spaces, chain 8, treble in corner of 1st space on opposite side, 20 spaces, turn.

2. Forty-three spaces, turn.

3. Four spaces, 1 lacet, 5 spaces, 10 lacets, 6 spaces, 1 lacet, 3 spaces, narrow by putting a treble in next treble, with no chain between, turn.

4. Narrow (by chain 3 and a treble in next treble), 2 spaces, 1 bar, 16 trebles, 1 space, 10 bars, 16 trebles, 1 bar, 2 spaces, narrow (as at end of 3d row).

5. Narrow, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 lacets, 7 trebles, * 1 space, 3 lacets, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 lacets, 2 spaces; work back.

6. Narrow, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 bars, 10 trebles, * 1 space, 4 bars, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 bars; work back.

7. Narrow, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, * 2 lacets, 1 space, 13 trebles, 3 spaces, 2 lacets, 1 space; work back.

8. Narrow, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, * 1 space, 2 bars, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 2 bars; work back.

9. Narrow, 1 space, 16 trebles, 1 lacet, 1 space, 1 lacet, * 7 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space; work back.

10. Narrow, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, (1 bar, 4 trebles) twice, * 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; work back.

11. Narrow, 2 spaces, 16 trebles, 1 lacet, * (7 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles; work back.

12. Narrow, 2 spaces, 1 lacet, 2 spaces, 1 bar, * 13 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles; work back.

13. Narrow, 1 space, 1 bar, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, * 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space; work back.

14. Narrow, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, (4 trebles, 2 spaces) twice, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, narrow.

15. Narrow, (2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles) 3 times, 2 spaces, narrow.

16. Narrow, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, * 4 trebles; work back.

17. Narrow, 2 spaces, 1 lacet, 4 trebles, * 3 spaces; work back.

18. Narrow, 1 space, 1 bar, 1 space, 4 trebles, * 1 space; work back.

19. Narrow, 2 spaces, 1 lacet, * 4 trebles; work back.

20. Narrow, 1 space, 1 bar, * 4 trebles; work back.

21. Narrow, 5 spaces, narrow.

22. Narrow, 3 spaces, narrow.

23. Narrow, 1 space, narrow. Fasten off. If it is found that the edge is inclined to draw a little, or be too tight, make a double treble to narrow at end of row, and commence next row with 4 chain, to narrow, instead of 3 chain.

For the underarm band:

1. Fasten in top of treble in which the last treble of 81st row was made, 1 space, 1 lacet, 1 space, turn.

2. One space, 1 bar, 1 space, turn.

Repeat these 2 rows, alternating lacets and bars, until the strip is as long as wanted, and join to the back. Make the other in same way.

Finish the outer edge, which is sewed to the garment, by filling the spaces evenly with doubles. Around sleeves make a picot of 4 chain over every 2d treble, or every 6 doubles.

For the beading: Fasten in the top of a treble at edge of neck, chain 5 for a triple treble, * a triple treble in same place, chain 4, fasten in top of triple treble for a picot, a triple treble in same place, chain 3, miss 2 spaces, a triple treble in next, and repeat from *, joining last 3 chain to top of 5 chain.

Put 1 triple treble at corner of 1st of 3 spaces of front, chain 3, the group of 3 triple trebles, with picot in 2d, in 2d of 3 spaces, chain 3, 1 triple treble at corner of 3d space; then continue with the group in every 2d treble, as before. Run the ribbon under 1st and 3d of each group, and over the 2d triple treble.

Give-and-Take Club

IN the January, 1918, issue of our paper there appeared a border in grape design by Selma Iverson. Will not this contributor, or some other who is able to do so, send a pattern of the same for a round centerpiece? A similar design will serve my purpose. I wish to use this pattern for a dining-room set, and can make up an insertion, but not the round pattern.—Mrs. R. E. Mc., Montana.

SOME years ago I saw, I think in our paper, illustration and directions for making a tatted butterfly, using two colors? Will some one send me such a sample? Will return the favor in any way possible. I am always glad to see the new and pretty patterns of tating.—Mrs. Rose J. Tenney, South St., Haverhill, Mass.

WILL not some contributor send a crocheted counterpane, to be made in blocks or squares, with border to match? Should like something new and pretty.—Mrs. C. B. H., North Carolina.

IF Mrs. J. H. Kline, who asked for a square yoke having the word "Baby" in filet-crochet, will look in The American Woman for September, 1917, she will find a very pretty little yoke of this description.—Mrs. Albert Southern, Morris, N. Y.

TRY winding a piece of soft flannel about three inches wide around the arm of the sewing-machine and see how nicely it serves for a pincushion while working at the machine. Will some one tell me just how to put feet in stockings?—Mrs. W. J. Thomlinson, Box 91, Murry Hill, N. J.



Big Special Offer

Open a Charge Account

Send for our big Free catalog of clothing and shoes for men, women and children. Everything on small monthly payments.

\$1.00 Down Complete Outfit of 3 Wash Suits

Sizes 3 to 8

3 Splendid Suits—All Different

Every mother will appreciate this wonderful offer of three different wash suits at this bargain price. Boy at the left is wearing blue stripes Tommy Tucker suit with fancy collar, tie cuffs and belt. Suit on the little fellow in the middle is green and white Middy style with Sailor collar and bow tie. Suit on the little chap at the right end is fashionable Oliver Twist style of tan line with cord tie and detachable knickers. These suits will launder well and give wonderful service. You will be delighted with them. Each set has 3 different styles of one size only.

Sizes 3 to 8 years. Order by No. S-14. \$1.00 with coupon, \$1.00 monthly. Total price \$6.98.

Elmer Richards Co. Dept. A303, West 35th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen:—I enclose \$1.00. Send me the 3 Wash Suit Boy's Outfit No. S-14. Size..... If for any reason I wish to return these suits after examination I may do so and every cent I have paid will be returned to me instantly without a question. If I keep them I will pay \$1.00 a month until total price, \$6.98 has been paid.

(This coupon must be signed by your mother or father)

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

6 Months to Pay

This splendid outfit of 3 suits costs you less than 3/4 cents a day. Learn to buy the Elmer Richards way as thousands of other people are doing. Anything you want in clothing and shoes for men, women or children, and you pay in small monthly sums. No charge for credit. Latest styles and strictly dependable qualities only.

Send Coupon

This big bargain offer only open while we can fill the orders. Mail this coupon with a \$1.00 P. O. order or a dollar bill. Remember you take no risk. See these suits for yourself. Mail the coupon NOW.

Elmer Richards Co.

Dept. A303, West 35th Street, CHICAGO

HUMP Hair Pins
Keep the Hair in Place
5 Different Sizes—Stand 10¢ Packages Everywhere
HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.
SOL. H. GOLDBERG, PRES. CHICAGO

Beautiful Gold-Filled Birthstone-Rings

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1464. There is a gem or jewel for each month of the year, and it is considered lucky to wear the stone of the month in which you were born. We have been able to make such an advantageous arrangement with one of the largest jewelry-manufacturers that every one of our subscribers can get a beautiful Birthstone Ring of the very best workmanship upon the most liberal terms.

The quality of these rings is guaranteed 12-karat gold filled. They will wear for years and look like solid gold—from the appearance we can not tell the difference and we do not believe any one else can. Furthermore, we absolutely guarantee these rings to wear for five years; they will probably wear much longer. Any ring that fails to give entire satisfaction may be returned and a new one will be given in exchange. Every ring bears a trademark of quality.

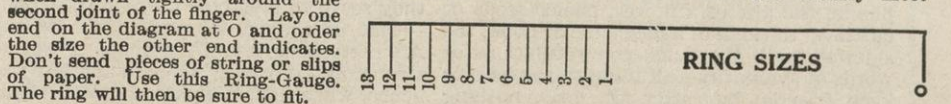
Our illustrations are correct representations of the pattern, and the stones are shown in exact size. The ring itself is perfectly plain, while the stones are solitaires, the most perfect and beautiful imitations of real gems that we have ever seen. They are set in the popular Tiffany setting. Each ring comes in a pretty case lined with white plush, and with each we send the proper Birthstone verse, telling what the stone means, etc.

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



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

When you order your ring be sure to give the premium-number; tell us the size and month you want. To determine the size of a ring, cut a strip of paper so that the ends will exactly meet



SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of two subscriptions to The American Woman at our special Club-Raisers' price of 35 cents each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you a Gold-Filled Birthstone Ring (Premium No. 1464). Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

THE HOMEMAKER

Conducted by MRS. M. M. HYNES

How One Busy Woman Keeps Her Friends

"YOU are such a busy lady, with your housework, church-work and sewing, that I do not see how you manage to keep so many friends. Half the people in town know you and are friendly with you; yet you never give a reception, or a tea, or—"

"No, indeed," broke in the busy woman. "Or even go calling, that I can see," finished the puzzled neighbor.

"And I am not young, nor pretty, nor rich, nor even stylish," added the lady with a rare smile. Then she said soberly, half to herself: "It is rather queer that people stay friendly with me. I hadn't thought of it before."

"Oh, I didn't mean it just that way," stammered the caller. "Of course those that know you love you because you are lovable; but I wondered how it is that people who know you only a little do not cut you dead for not returning their calls within a certain time, or leave you out of their parties because you do not entertain. I asked for my own sake, I have such a time trying to keep the peace, apologize, and go as much as I do. And I know there are a great, great many women who would like to have this problem solved for them."

The busy woman narrowed her eyes thoughtfully for a minute or two before she spoke:

"Give my telephone a large share of the credit," she said. "When the evening paper comes in—that is my leisure time—I scan its social columns or 'locals' for the names of friends. If one is mentioned as just returning from a long trip, or perhaps a little sojourn in Florida or elsewhere, I go straight to the 'phone, call her up and give her a cordial greeting, asking about her travels. Indeed, any event of importance in my friends' lives means a 'phone message from me, for it is less formal and quicker than a note, and it voices my sincere interest in them. And you would be surprised to see how it pleases people, especially those who are not intimate friends. I do this usually in the early evening hours, when the call is not likely to be an interruption.

"Then I have found that a long-stemmed, beautiful flower, and my card, carried by my small daughter Dorothy, pleases a friend better than a call; so when I am working in my garden, getting fresh air and recreation for myself, I am also growing a number of calls, doing them with a hoe instead of a cardcase! We forget that well people love flowers as much as sick people do; besides—note this—a lady doesn't have to be in afternoon dress to receive either the telephone or the flower greeting.

"Another thing I love to do is to send a new magazine or paper, with some specially good article marked—one that I know appeals to her taste or chief interest—for a neighbor's perusal. It is easy to remember a friend's fads, and it is easy to get the habit of reading with half an eye for them and three-fourths for self. None of these things takes any time to speak of, either. But when folks are sick I do try to give them more time, doing something unusual, if possible.

"Then I do *wholesale* calling in summer-time; I walk around this block, or that one, and stop for little chats with families sitting on their porches. One such trip serves to see a lot of friends informally. No, these aren't calls, but they keep us in touch with our neighbors, and *save* calls. I just insist on staying friendly and informal, never apologizing for not coming otherwise.

"In fact, dear, I wonder if that isn't the root of the matter?—being cheery and unruffled one's self, and showing an interest in everyone and their affairs whenever and wherever we meet. It isn't what you say so much as the way you say it, and the way you look at them when you say it. For whether high or low in the social scale, people crave sympathetic friendliness. They turn to a smile as our eyes turn to a cheery fire in the grate here, involuntarily, instinctively, hoping for warmth of soul. The telephone, the gift of a flower, choice seeds or cuttings, the loan of a magazine or book, the sidewalk call, the quick congratulations or words of sympathy—all these things help to keep friends; but after all, dear, nothing takes the place of the 'I-like-you' look and tone. If you don't forget people they won't forget you; and if you show that you like

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.

them they will think you 'the loveliest woman in town.'"

L. M. C.

The School Problem—and Others

FIRST, let me tell Mrs. Monroe how I was taught to melt chocolate in the cooking-class at college: Our teacher told us it would lump and burn if placed over the direct flame, and that the best way was to put it in a pan and set the pan in another of boiling water. In these days of the high cost of living, to help keep down the egg bill, try scrambled eggs this way: Just after breaking the eggs into the pan add a half cup—to about four eggs—of batter or cooked oatmeal, and scramble as usual. This really improves the flavor, and makes the eggs go much further.

May I say a word about the school problem? I have no children old enough to send to school yet, but let the fact that I am an ex-teacher be my shibboleth. I do not yet know from experience the mother's side of the question, since my wee daughter is only four months old, but I do know the teacher's side; and I appeal to mothers of school children, without meaning to give advice to those who certainly know better how to rear children than I do, to please help the poor teacher in her efforts to teach your children what you do not have the time nor, in many cases, the patience to teach. I know from experience that all too many of our school patrons think the teacher lacking in discipline and patience in her teaching; this would not be so bad if the parents did not air these views before their children. Coming from homes where the parents have this habit children are invariably rude to the teacher, as a result of the knowledge that "mother and father don't think teacher treats me right, either." Remember this: No matter how poor your opinion of the teacher may be, do not tell the children; but please, please go to the teacher herself—otherwise you are not giving her fair play. Many times when you go to the teacher with your questions you may "go to scoff," but remain to talk things over earnestly and sincerely, and when the teacher finds you are really interested in your child, she—or he—will take more interest, a personal interest, from that time on. Again, let me offer the following suggestion to all mothers who wish to "add to joy's too scanty sum a little more": If you have the opportunity, get acquainted with your child's teacher—make the opportunity if it does not come unsought. Invite her to your home and make her feel that she is always welcome there. In many cases the teacher is a young girl, away from home probably for the first time, and very, very homesick. And oh! how good the sight of a real home, and real home-life does look to these homesick ones! Invite them to your home and see if they do not enjoy it. Also, when you meet a teacher, do not insist on talking nothing but school, and about "how very mischievous Johnny is, you know, and little Mary is extremely nervous and sensitive, and must not be worked too hard!" Instead, tell her that you are trying to help her by cooperating in her work, and then forget school and talk to her as you do to other people of your acquaintance who are not schoolma'ams!

I heard a mother make the remark the other day that "only mothers should be allowed to teach school, as they could, of course, understand children better." I told her, in return, that I thought all mothers should be compelled to teach school for one year, at least; then they would understand the teacher better! For practical purposes both remarks went wide of the mark; but they serve to illustrate the two viewpoints—that of the parent and of the teacher. An ex-teacher myself, perhaps I am too strong on the teacher's side; and a few years hence, when little daughter starts to school, I may change my views somewhat. But may I never so far forget my experience as a teacher as to fail to give my child's teacher

the cooperation she will most surely need—and all teachers need. I have been married several years, but this is practically my first year at real housekeeping. I have boarded and done light housekeeping, but not real homemaking and homekeeping. Since I married I have been in school or teaching almost constantly, and certainly do enjoy the change to home life, this being my very first year out of the schoolroom or college. You homemakers who have never done anything but keep house since your marriage—don't regret it! Make the most of it, and be glad and grateful that you do not have to do anything else. There may be more money in working for a salary than there is in keeping house, but in the long run you do not realize more out of it. I know whereof I speak, for I have tried it. As for spending-money, I have as much now as when I taught—which would be the last cent my husband possessed if I were foolish enough to ask for it. When we taught school together, after our marriage, our money was always banked together and used indiscriminately to pay all needful expenses; and now, since I do not teach, my allowance is the same as formerly—all there is in the bank, be it much or little!

A Contented Mother.

Oakwood, Texas.

Notes and Questions

Will not Happy Wife, Valparaiso, Indiana, kindly write me, giving full address?

Mrs. John Conway.

1017 Pine St., Wilmington, Del.

Buckeye Mother, I have a little boy of five years, who acted just as you say your small son does; I used to whip him, but found it did no good whatever, yet if I ask him to do a thing pleasantly and kindly he is always ready to obey. He is more willing to do as I ask than either of my other two boys, aged respectively two and ten years, but I have to be very gentle with him, also firm.

Mrs. A. L. F.

Geneseo, N. Y.

We all know the never-failing tendency of gingham to shrink. After making my aprons the desired length I found they always came out of the wash an inch or more too short, and solved the problem by basting in an overwide hem, using small running-stitches. After the apron has been washed the hem is easily taken out, turned the proper width, and stitched as usual on the machine. Do not starch aprons before the first washing. Has any homemaker a good and tested receipt for pound-cake? One rich and fine of grain, containing citron, and that is mixed with a spoon. I have always had an aversion to mixing cake with the hands.

New Jersey Homemaker.

Plainfield, N. J.

I should like to hear from Mrs. Lulu Manchester, or from any reader knowing her address, or that of Bert Basnett, who was in Everett, Wash., when last heard from.

Maude Basnett.

Concordia, Kans.

I wish to secure a copy of The American Woman for April, 1917. Will return, paying all postage. Please write first.

Cashmere, Wash. Mattie Brisky.

Here is the way I clean my stove: Rub a little soap on a damp flannel, dip this into the stove-polish, apply to the stove and polish when dry with a brush or cloth, vigorously used. The polish is much more durable put on by this method. Mrs. A. B. L., to take the ink-spots out of the sleeve of your silk waist saturate them with turpentine, let remain several hours, then rub between the hands. This will take ink out of cotton and worsted goods, also, without injuring the color or texture. There may, of course, be a difference in inks, but all my experiments with this simple eradicator have been successful. I, too, would like plain instructions for doing upholstery at home, also for recovering an old umbrella—

or, rather, putting a new cover on an old frame!

Another Homemaker.

Hillsboro, Ohio.

Will some reader who has The American Woman for July and August, 1919, containing "The Years for Rachel," let me hear from her? I will return papers, paying all postage, or send whatever may be wanted as a return of favor. Please write first.

Mrs. J. W. Thunberg.

R. 1, Box 81, Nelson, Minn.

Though I live in the country and have a great deal of work to do, I always find time to read our paper. The Homemaker is of great assistance to me, and I should like to offer a few suggestions that may be helpful to others. For one thing, my two small boys like to write with ink, and grasp the opportunity whenever I carelessly leave the bottle where they can get hold of it. One day, finding I had no ink with which to write a letter, I bethought myself of bluing, such as we use when rinsing clothes. It worked so well that I now use no other "ink," and if it is spilled the stains are readily removed. A paper fringed to a depth of six to twelve inches and tacked to the kitchen screen-door at the top, on the outside, will help prevent flies alighting. Rubbing the screen-door over with a cloth, moistened with kerosene occasionally, will also keep flies away. Will some homemaker tell me how to care for flowers in the house through the winter? I have never been successful in keeping them.

Fredericktown, Pa.

Mrs. M. B.

The Homemaker's Receipt-Book

Rechauffe of Fish. — Melt a large tablespoonful of butter, add one cup each of cooked rice and flaked cooked fish, and cook two or three minutes, then a cup of thick tomato puree, a half dozen drops of table-sauce, a half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, let come to the boiling-point, and serve at once.

Minced Liver on Toast.—Cook one tablespoonful of minced onion in three tablespoonfuls of butter until pale—brown, add three-fourths cup of milk, well mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour, cook until smooth and free from lumps, add one cup of cold cooked liver, finely chopped, season with salt and paprika, and when piping-hot dip over slices of brown buttered toast. Chicken, veal, fish or other meat may be used in the same way, and either makes a delicious breakfast-dish, beside using up left-overs.

Tripe au Gratin. — Cut one pound of tripe in one-inch squares; place a layer of diced bread (I save all slices of stale bread for such uses) in the bottom of a buttered baking-dish, season with salt, finely minced onion and minced parsley, add a one-inch layer of tripe and repeat the seasoning. Repeat the layers until the dish is full, having bread-crumbs on top, pour over it three cups of thin cream sauce, well seasoned, and bake thirty to forty minutes in a moderate oven, letting the crumbs brown delicately. You will like this, even though tripe is not a favorite dish at your table.

Broiled Finnan-Haddock.—Wash the fish thoroughly, let stand in cold water for one hour, drain, cover with boiling water, and let remain five minutes. Drain again, wipe dry, rub thoroughly with lemon-juice and butter, and broil over a clear fire. Serve with pickle sauce.

Pickle Sauce. — Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and blend with it two tablespoonfuls of flour; add gradually one cup of hot water, cooking and stirring until smooth, then stir in a teaspoonful of made mustard, a half teaspoonful of onion-juice (or more, if the flavor is liked stronger), and two teaspoonfuls of cucumber pickles, finely chopped. Season with salt and pepper, add one egg, beaten to a froth, cook one minute longer and serve.

Creamed Oysters. — Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan or chafing-dish, blend with it two tablespoonfuls of flour, add gradually two cups of cream or rich milk, stirring constantly until smooth and well thickened, season with pepper and salt, and add a pint of oysters, cooking until they curl. Serve on toast. These receipts are all "tried and true," quickly prepared, and fine for a small family.

Mrs. C. B. F.

Portsmouth, N. H.

"Best Ever" Doughnuts. — Beat one egg with one cup of sugar, add one cup of butter-milk, in which dissolve a teaspoonful of

Concluded on page 17

The American Woman Calendar

June 1. Tuesday

Now the heart is so full that a drop o'erfills it; We are happy now because God wills it. Whether we look or whether we listen, We hear life murmur and see it glisten.

June 2. Wednesday

Don't be in a hurry about finding your work in the world—it will find you when you have made yourself ready and worthy. Just look about you in the place you find yourself in, and try to make things a little better and happier right there.

June 3. Thursday

Take the world as it goes! Oh, that's the best way; With God's arms around it, it can't go astray; The sunlight above it, the meadows below, It's a sweet world of glory—and so let it go!

June 4. Friday

Pain is not considered a pleasant thing in itself, but if we can bring ourselves to look upon it as friendly, and try to get the lesson it is sent to teach, it will be the better for us. It often sharpens the intellect, quickens the conscience, clarifies the mind, and greatly increases the capacity to appreciate the good things of life.

June 5. Saturday

What though our eyes with tears are wet? The sunrise never failed us yet. The blush of dawn will yet restore Our light and hope and joy once more. Let us take comfort, nor forget That sunrise never failed us yet.

June 6. Sunday

Heaven is not far off, but is in the soul of him who loves the right. The kingdom of heaven is a spiritual kingdom. It is the realm of divine harmony, where all the ideas of mind work together in divine order.

June 7. Monday

If your friend does wrong go find him, And tell him frankly, as true friends must. But drop no word of his faults behind him— No one is better who hears him discussed. There are fairer heights for our minds' scaling, There are nobler themes for our speech to choose. Than this friend's fault, or that friend's falling, If they are not near us to hear our views.

June 8. Tuesday

Speak the good word. If you can think of nothing good to say of any person, friend or foe, do not speak of that person at all; but it very rarely happens that we cannot find some kind thing to say, something to speak well of—if we will.

June 9. Wednesday

Never worry over losses; when you once become resigned You will find that you're the gainer if you've kept your peace of mind.

June 10. Thursday

Life is like a mirror; look into it with a smile, and a smile will be immediately returned.

June 11. Friday

We'll slip the little beads along Our rosary of years; We'll count the sunshine and the song, But never count the tears. We'll see the blessings as they fall Though stumbling by the way— Because our eyes are on the stars, And hope lights up the day!

June 12. Saturday

Keep your mind young by fresh, vigorous thinking, and your heart sound by cultivating a cheerful, optimistic disposition; therein lies the secret of perpetual youth.

June 13. Sunday

Thou art the captain of my soul; Though round me stormy seas may roll, I cannot fear. Thou art the Master of my fate; In Thee alone am I made great— Abide Thou near.

June 14. Monday

The very first thing to do, if you have not already done it, is to fall in love with your work. Only so can you do the very best of which you are capable, and find the stepping-stone to greater things.

June 15. Tuesday

Let's play that this heart, with its sorrow, Is bidden be joyous and glad; Let's play we will find on the morrow The joys that we never have had.

June 16. Wednesday

Courtesy begets courtesy; it is a passport to popularity. The way in which things are done is often more than the things themselves.

June 17. Thursday

Like the star that shines afar, Without haste and without rest Let us wheel with steady sway Around the task that rules the day, And do our best.

June 18. Friday

Make it your life rule to stamp your best upon everything that passes through your hands. No matter what your vocation is, try to stand at the head. Do your best; deal with the best; choose the best; live up to your best.

June 19. Saturday

To love some one more dearly every day, To help a wandering child to find his way, To ponder o'er a noble thought and pray, To smile when evening falls, with shadows gray This is my task.

June 20. Sunday

The Voice is calling to each and every one of us: Cease the profitless struggle and self-endeavor, and look to Him who is the transforming and transfiguring power. This will insure speedy and absolute triumph. Look and live!

June 21. Monday

Right here and now's the place to start; You can! There's work a-plenty—do your part! You can! This minute, waiting at your door, Are opportunities galore; With wisdom, garner in your store, You can! Of course you can!

June 22. Tuesday

The hopeful, cheery, optimistic nature is like a tonic. We always feel better after meeting a person possessing such a disposition—and the best of it is there's no patent on it!

June 23. Wednesday

On the long, upward journey of the soul, When mists of doubt obscure the final goal, Then give us strength, when in the valley's gloom, To note that on the hills the flowers bloom.

June 24. Thursday

The spirit of joy and gladness characterizes all sane, wholesome, successful careers. You are not a success if you are not joyous, if you are not optimistic.

June 25. Friday

Take joy home And make a place in thy heart for her, And give her time to grow and cherish her; Then will she often come and sing to thee When thou art working in the furrows.

June 26. Saturday

Browning said, "Love is energy of life." Love certainly is the greatest energy we know anything about. It is love that moves the world. No other human agency has been half so powerful for good. No other can lift man wholly to the divine.

June 27. Sunday

Life is good and life is fair; Love awaits thee everywhere. Love is life's immortal prayer! Live for love and thou shalt be, Loving others, true to Me!

June 28. Monday

The world makes way for cheerful people; all doors open to them who radiate the sunshine of hope and gladness. They do not need an introduction; they are welcome everywhere.

June 29. Tuesday

A crowd of Troubles passed him by, While he with Courage waited; He said: "Where do you Troubles fly, When you are thus belated?" "We go," they said, "to those who mope, Who look on life dejected, Who weakly say good-by to Hope— We go where we're expected."

June 30. Wednesday

To strive every day to better your best opens the gateway to excellence and success.

The Homemaker

Concluded from page 16

soda, one half teaspoonful each of salt and ginger, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and a tablespoonful of shortening, dipped warm from your kettle. Add flour to make a dough as soft as can be rolled and handled, and fry in hot lard.

Fruit-Cake.—One cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one half cup of shortening (I use good drippings), one cup of sour milk, in which is dissolved one teaspoonful of soda, two and one-half cups of flour, mixed and sifted with one half teaspoonful of salt, a rounded teaspoonful of cinnamon and one half a nutmeg, grated, two-thirds cup of raisins and one half cup of currants or chopped nut-meats. Wash and dry the fruit, and dredge well with flour before adding it. Line the bottom of the pan with oiled paper, and bake one hour in a moderate oven. This is a really delicious cake for one so inexpensive, and better for long-keeping. I usually double the receipt. Wrap the loaves in waxed paper and keep in a crock. In case of emergency slices may be steamed and served with sauce as a fruit pudding. Siva Nordlaw.

Haverhill, Mass.

Chocolate Cake.—Cream one third cup of butter or other shortening with one cup of sugar—brown preferred—add one egg, beaten to a froth, one cup of sour milk, three dessertspoonfuls of cocoa, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of cloves, a half teaspoonful of vanilla and one and one-half cups of flour. Sift the dry ingredients with the flour. Beat thoroughly to a smooth, creamy consistency. The secret of success with one-egg or other inexpensive cakes lies largely in the beating. I always add the milk and flour a little at a time, beating all the while, to give a fine-grained cake.

Feather Cake.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter creamed with a scant cup of sugar, one egg, well beaten, one cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour sifted with a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one teaspoonful of cornstarch, and a teaspoonful of lemon- or vanilla-extract. This makes a nice layer-cake, or cottage pudding.

Cookies.—One half cup of shortening, one cup of brown sugar, a pinch of salt, one beaten egg, one half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of sour milk, a little grated nutmeg, and flour to roll. Do not make the dough too stiff. Bake in a rather hot oven. My little folks think these cookies all the nicer if a plump raisin is pressed in the center of each.

Raisin Pie (requested).—One half cup each of sugar, sour milk and chopped raisins, one beaten egg, a half teaspoonful each of salt and cloves, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and two teaspoonfuls of vinegar. Mix well and bake with two crusts; tastes much like mince pie. These receipts are all "tried and true." Wamsutta Mills.



You and yours Should brush teeth in this new way

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of teeth are now cleaned in a new way. You see them everywhere—glistening teeth.

They are pretty teeth, but there's a deeper reason for them. They are safer, cleaner. The cloudy and destructive film is every day combated.

You will use this method and have your family use it when you make this ten-day test.

To end the film

The purpose is to fight film—that viscous film you feel. It is the teeth's chief enemy.

It is that film-coat which discolors. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief

Sent to anyone who asks

A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to anyone who asks, and millions have thus proved it. Every person owes himself that test.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid

cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

The film is clinging. It enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It dims the teeth, and month after month, between dental cleanings, it may do a ceaseless damage. That is why tooth troubles come despite the daily brushing.

What dentists urge

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Authorities have amply proved it by many careful tests. It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use.

harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has discovered a harmless activating method, and active pepsin can be every day applied.

Two other problems have been solved in Pepsodent. In three ways this tooth paste brings a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch the results of a ten-day test. Read the reason for them, then judge for yourself what is best.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U. S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how they whiten as the film coat disappears. Cut out the coupon now.

Ten-day tube free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 537, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family.

Genuine Aspirin

Name "Bayer" means genuine
Say "Bayer"—Insist!



Say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then you are sure of getting true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"—genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

AGENTS

Write quick for samples of Zanol Soft Drink extracts. All flavors. Orangeade, Cherry, Grape, etc. Not sold in stores. Sells in every home. Wonderful demand. Made at home in a minute. No tax to pay. Costs less than one cent a glass.

Make \$200 a Month

Greatest Agents' proposition in years. Roberts made over \$200 last month. He writes: "I sell in almost every home. Prohibition will double my income." Easy seller. A big repeater. Take orders every day. Steady income. Hundreds of our Agents making big success. Territory going fast. Write quick for agency and samples.

American Products Co., 205 1/2 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN published Monthly at Augusta, Maine, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NAME OF— Editor, Mrs. A. C. Stoddard, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Managing Editor, G. M. Lord, Augusta, Maine Business Manager, P. V. Hill, Augusta, Maine Publisher, The Vickery & Hill Publishing Company, Augusta, Maine

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1% or more of total amount of stock.) John F. Hill, Incorporated, Augusta, Maine P. V. Hill, Augusta, Maine E. H. Brown, Chicago, Ill. N. S. Weston, Augusta, Maine Known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders, holding 1% or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: John F. Hill Estate

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1920.

Nathan S. Weston, Notary Public. (My commission expires October 27, 1922)



BIRD LOVERS

SEND for free bird book "Canaries for Pleasure and Profit." Gives valuable information about breeding, training, rearing, feeding, care and expert. Sent free together with samples of West's Quality Bird Foods on receipt of 5 cents in stamps to cover postage.

MAGNESIA PRODUCTS COMPANY
Department 2 Milwaukee, Wis.
West's Quality Bird Foods
Oriental Birds Now In Stock

FREE BOOK LEARN PIANO

This interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced player. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. Quinn Conservatory, Studio 68, 198 Columbia Road, Boston 26, Mass.

BEADS MAKE YOUR OWN

Portieres, Chains, Bags, Ornaments, Tassels, etc. Results most pleasing. We teach you how. Design sheet free. Portiere Sample No. 6, large line 10c. Portiere Sample No. 7 best line on market 25c. Sample line No. 1, for necklaces, etc., 10c. Sample line No. 2, Better Beads, 25c. Sample card of Embroidery Beads, 35c. May be returned or credited on order.

N. E. Johns & Co., 43 Fitzsch Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio



Girls' Long Waisted Dress
THE girls' long - waisted dress - pattern, No. 9638, is cut in sizes for from 8 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, and 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting goods.

Ladies' Dress
THE ladies' dress - pattern, No. 9651, is cut in sizes from 36 to 42 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 1/4 yard of 7-inch contrasting goods for chemisette.

Ladies' and Misses' Dress
THE ladies' and misses' dress-pattern, No. 9642, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and for 36 and 38 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 5 yards of 36-inch material, and 2 1/2 yards of ruffling.

Children's Rompers with Waist
THE children's rompers - with - waist-pattern, No. 9661, is cut in sizes for from 1 to 6 years. To make the rompers

with waist in the 4-year size will require 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 1 yard of 36-inch goods for waist.

Ladies' One-Piece Dress
THE ladies' one - piece dress - pattern, No. 9662, is cut in sizes from 36 to 42 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 4 yards of 36-inch material, with 1/2 yard of 32-inch contrasting goods or 2 yards of 4 1/2-inch allover lace.

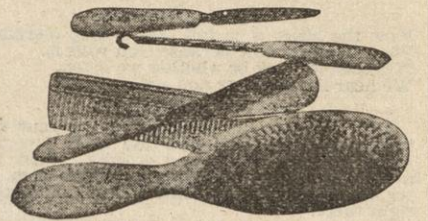
Ladies' House-Dress
THE ladies' house - dress - pattern, No. 9654, is cut in sizes from 36 to 42 inches bust-measure. To make the house-dress in the 36-inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, and 3 yards of binding.

Ladies' Dress
THE ladies' dress-pattern, No. 9645, is cut in sizes from 36 to 42 inches bust - measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 1/4 yard of plaiting, and 6 1/2 yards of lace edging.

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. Each number calls for a separate pattern.

Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

Four Dandy Premiums



5-Piece Toilet-Set

Given for Ten Subscriptions

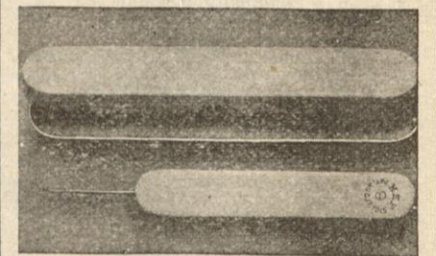
No. 1730. In this convenient set are included: A famous "Keepclean" Hairbrush, size 10x2 1/2 inches, with eleven rows of medium-length, best bristles—7 1/2-inch Comb, Shoe-Horn, Shoe-Hook, and Flexible Nail-File. Handles, and all parts where metal is not required, are made of Florence White Ivory, a composition closely resembling genuine ivory. It is clean, white, washable, and durable. All are carefully packed in an attractive box.



Crystal Cream-and-Sugar Set

Given for Eight Subscriptions

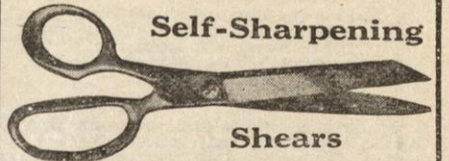
No. 1937. Every woman fond of beautifying her dining-room table with useful and serviceable pieces will recognize in this set that combination of beauty and utility so often sought but seldom found. First to attract your attention is the initial—your initial—permanently burned into the glass in sterling silver and it will neither rub off while in use nor in the process of cleansing. Sterling silver is also used for the wreath and rim, both of which are plainly shown in the illustration. The crystal is of high grade, absolutely flawless, and wrought in a design that is both attractive and distinctive. Fine glassware is just as important as fine linens or other table-decorations, and this set will add a finishing-touch of refinement to any dining-table. Just right in size. Large enough to be practical for general family use, small enough to be dainty and attractive. Sent in corrugated cartons, and safe delivery guaranteed. Be sure to state initial wanted.



New-Idea Crochet-Needle

Given for Four Subscriptions

No. 2002. Those who have used this new crochet - needle, including members of Needlecraft's Staff, say that, once you adopt this needle, you never will go back to the old one. The flat handle enables one to hold the needle easily and securely between the thumb and finger without cramping the hand, thereby giving a uniformity to the work which cannot be secured by any other shape of handle. It is being adopted by the best crochet-workers. The handle is French Ivory. The needle comes in a handsome plush-lined, ivory-finished case, making it exceptionally appropriate for gift purposes. Sizes 8 (medium) to 14 (fine). State size when ordering.



Self-Sharpening Shears

Given for Three Subscriptions

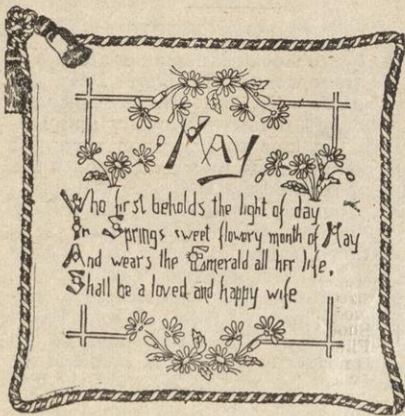
No. 1130. One of the greatest advantages found in these shears is in their self-sharpening feature, a patented device, by which the blades are held true to cutting-edge, and always in perfect alignment. Keep them in a conspicuous place in your kitchen and keep them perfectly clean. You will find uses for them never dreamed of. Use them to cut the roots and stems from spinach, to cut the fins from fish instead of with a knife and thereby avoid the danger of cutting your fingers. For removing grapes from the stems, for cutting flowers, for removing the core and seeds from grapefruit, for cutting raisins, figs, dates, parsley, and many other things, you will find them a great convenience.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the gift you most desire. Send us the required number of subscriptions to The American Woman at our special Club-Raisers' price of 35 cents each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the gift of your choice. Send all orders to

THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

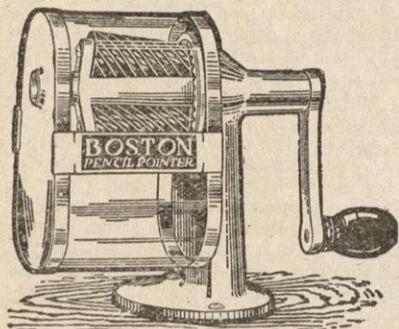
Earn a Premium This Month



Birthmonth Pillow

Given for **Four** Subscriptions

No. 1068. Tell us the month when you were born and have one of these lucky birthmonth pillows, with its appropriate verse. They are stamped on tan-colored art-cloth and furnished with a plain back. Remember, there are twelve different designs and you must state which you prefer. A splendid birthday-gift for a friend. We include with each pillow sufficient embroidery-floss to entirely work the design.



Boston Pencil-Pointer

Given for **Ten** Subscriptions

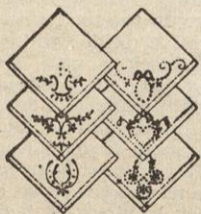
No. 1978. With a Boston Pencil-pointer even a child can put a fine working-point on the dulllest pencil in half a minute. It is an article that should be in the home of every family, school or office. It will not ruffle the temper of those who use it, because it will not break the lead. And it saves buying many pencils, thus saving its owner much money. We send it by mail, postage prepaid.



Butterfly-Design Hemstitched Scarf

Given for **Five** Subscriptions

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



Six Lawn Handkerchiefs

Given for **Four** Subscriptions

No. 1180. Exceptional value is offered in these six hemstitched handkerchiefs of soft, white lawn. They are dainty in size, about 12 inches square, and each is stamped with a different and tasteful design. For finishing we include two skeins of mercerized cotton.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the premium you most desire and send us the required number of subscriptions to *The American Woman* at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **35 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you the premium of your choice.

**The American Woman
Augusta, Maine**



Ladies' Bloused Waist

THE ladies' waist - pattern, No. 9643, is cut in sizes from 36 to 40 inches bust-measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt

THE ladies' skirt - pattern, No. 9655, is cut in sizes from 26 to 32 inches waist-measure. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material.

Ladies' Tie-On Waist

THE ladies' tie-on waist - pattern, No. 9658, is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust-measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 1 1/4 yards of 15-inch contrasting goods, and 3 yards of binding.

Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt

THE ladies' skirt - pattern, No. 9644, is cut in sizes from 26 to 32 inches waist-measure. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 2 1/4 yards of 44-inch material.

Ladies' Shirtwaist

THE ladies' shirtwaist-pattern, No. 9656, is cut in sizes from 36 to 42 inches bust-measure. To make the shirtwaist

in the 36-inch size will require 2 yards of 40-inch material.

Ladies' Waist

THE ladies' waist - pattern, No. 9657, is cut in sizes from 36 to 42 inches bust-measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material, and 3 yards of ruffling.

Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt

THE ladies' two-piece skirt - pattern, No. 9649, is cut in sizes from 26 to 32 inches waist-measure. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, and 2 1/2 yards of plaiting.

Ladies' Waist

THE ladies' waist-pattern, No. 9648, is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust-measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Four-Piece Skirt

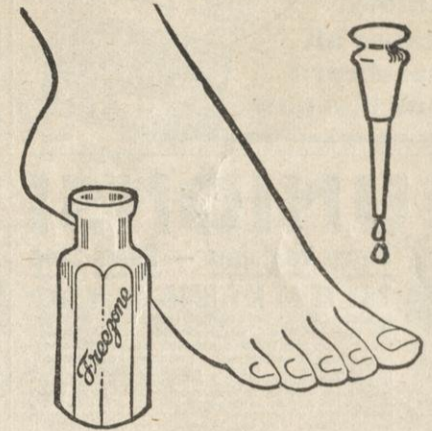
THE ladies' four-piece skirt - pattern, No. 9650, is cut in sizes from 26 to 32 inches waist-measure. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 2 1/4 yards of binding.

We will send patterns of any of the garments illustrated and described above, by mail, post-paid, on receipt of twelve cents each. In ordering, give number of pattern and size wanted. Each number calls for a separate pattern.

Address **THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine**

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

Only \$2 DOWN ONE YEAR TO PAY

\$44 Buys the New Butterfly Jr. No. 2 1/2
Light running, easy cleaning, close skimming, durable. Separators are **EASY TO CLEAN** guaranteed a lifetime against defects in material and workmanship. Made also in four larger sizes up to No. 8 shown here; sold on **30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL** and on a plan whereby they earn their own cost and more by what they save. Postal brings Free Catalog Folder. Buy from the manufacturer and save money. (21)
ALBAUGH-DOVER CO., 2237 Marshall St., Chicago

Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYE WATER

strengthens weak, inflamed eyes, and is an ideal eye wash. Good since 1795. Keep your eyes well and they will help keep you.

35c At All Druggists or sent by Mail Upon Receipt of Price
Write for our Booklet. It is **FREE**
JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO.
170 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Don't itch, use Resinol

Wrist Watch Given

You can get this fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for 5 years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' Silver Sets, fine Locketts, La Valliers and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10 cts. each. Order 20 pictures when sold, send the \$2.00 and choose premium wanted, according to big list. **RAY ART CO., Dept. 1, CHICAGO**

GIVEN "RESOLUTE" YACHT RACING

Here's a real boat for red-blooded boys and girls. A wonderful little racing yacht modeled and named after the famous cup defender, "Resolute." This is a full yacht-rigged boat with foremast, main, gaff and jib sails and masts. Has loaded keel and metal hull, cannot tip over. Sail spread 20 inches, deck 14 in. Can outdistance any boat of its size. Beautifully finished in brilliant colors. **FREE** for selling 50 packages Bingo Household Products at 10c. each. No trouble to sell. Order today. Send no money.
BINGO CO., Dept. 635, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Agents Wanted MAKE BIG MONEY

selling guaranteed waterproof Kitchen Aprons. Three styles and colors. **WRITE AND LEARN HOW TO OBTAIN SAMPLES WITHOUT COST.**
Moss Apron Company 941 PILOT BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"Old Glory" Flag Pin

Show your allegiance. Wear the Stars and Stripes on your waist or lapel of your coat. The pin we offer you is pure-white, with the United States flag attractively printed in colors. We will send you one, together with our latest Premium-List, for one 3c stamp to pay mailing expense. Send today.
THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

FILMS DEVELOPED

Mail us 20c with any size film for development and 6 velvet prints. Or send 6 negatives any size and 20c for 6 prints. Prompt service. **Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 254 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.**

Nothing equals
SAPOLIO
for
scouring
and
polishing
cutlery.
Makes all
metalware
look like new



Wm. T. Morgan's Sons
SAPOLIO

BUNIONS!

Hump Vanishes — Pains Stop
TRY IT AT MY RISK New, marvelous
bunions. Stops pain almost instantly—banishes
the ugly hump and tired, swollen, burning condi-
tion. You can wear a smaller shoe with com-
fort—Test it at my risk. First trial convinces.
No apparatus, no plaster, no shield or pad. It is
PEDDYNE for Bunions. You will say it is wonder-
ful, so quick, so sure does it act. Don't waste
time and money on useless methods. Don't suffer. Try
PEDDYNE at my risk. Write today before you do
another thing. Just say "I want to try PEDDYNE."
Address **KAY LABORATORIES, 538 So. Dearborn St.,**
Dept. A-538, Chicago, Ill.

GET BIG BUSH OFFER

We do not deal through distributors but County Agents only.
GET OUR BIG
MONEY CATA-
LOG TODAY.
Don't wait! Learn
how you, in your
spare time can
make Big Money,
introducing Bush
Cars in your com-
munity. The cars with
Money-Back guar-
antee. Bush light
four and De Luxe six. Don't wait. Write today!
BUSH MOTOR CO., Chicago, Illinois, Dept. F3, Bush Temple



Catch Fish, Eels, Mink, Muskrats and
other fur-bearing animals
in large numbers, with the
New, Folding, Galvanized Steel Wire Trap. It catches them like a
fly-trap catches flies. Made in all sizes. Write for descriptive price
list and booklet on best bait known for attracting fish. Agents wanted.
WALTON SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 41, ST. LOUIS, MO.



YARN DIRECT FROM THE MILL

Send for Free Samples of 50 shades.
Superior quality. Great variety of
bright colors; also Gray, Brown,
Navy, etc. Persian fleecy and silk
sport mixtures. Lowest prices.
Agents Wanted.
NORFOLK YARN CO., 15 Garden Bldg., Boston 17, Mass.



Make Your Home or Auto Beautiful
UN-X-LL-D POLISH
Cleans, protects, polishes—dries instantly, easily ap-
plied, no hard work. Leaves nothing sticky or greasy—
results pleasing, lasting and satisfying. There are
cheaper polishes but none as good. A trial proves
this. Most satisfy you or money refunded. Mailed
upon receipt of \$1.00 postpaid, including shipping charge.
"GOOD PROPOSITION FOR AGENTS"
Un-x-ll-d Polish Co., SYRACUSE, N. Y.
107 W. Onondaga St.

**PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM**
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.



10 TRANSFER-PATTERNS 10c

FOR ONLY
For Embroidery, the easiest method known for
Stamping. You place the pattern, wax side down,
on the fabric to be stamped, pass a HOT iron
over the back of the pattern, and instantly the
Design is transferred to the fabric. We have a
very large assortment of Transfer-Patterns, and
to get you acquainted with this method of
Stamping we will send you TEN Transfer-Patterns,
assorted Designs, for only 10 cents, coin or stamps.
THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

KODAK FILMS Let us develop your
next roll of films. As
a special trial order we
will develop your next roll for 5c and make the prints
for 2c each. Highest quality. **MOSER & SON,**
2022 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

INVENTORS desiring to secure patents should send for
our free Guide Book "How To Get Your
Patent." **Randolph & Co., Dept. 122, Washington, D. C.**

MOTHS Bedbugs, Roaches, Headlice, Fleas, etc. are
instantly killed by Evan's Insect Fluid. Plesant
odor. Guaranteed stainless. \$1.00 Ql. postpaid with
free sprayer. Agents wanted. **My-ck Chemical Co., Buffalo, N. Y.**

KODAK FILMS
Developed, any size 5c each. Prints, any size 5c each. This
is NOT a special trial offer, but our REGULAR price. Superior
service. **LOCKE & CO., 295 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

MENDETS — WONDER MONEY MAKERS
mend leaks instantly in all utensils, hot water
boys, etc. Insert and tighten. 1c and 25c a
package postpaid. **AGENTS WANTED**
Collette Mfg. Co., Box 474, Amsterdam, N. Y.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's
Freckle Ointment—Your druggist or by
mail, 6c. Free book. **Dr. C. H. Berry**
Co., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

SPECIAL OFFER Your next Kodak Film De-
veloped 10c and first six prints 2c
each. Best workmanship. 24 hours service. Enclose money
with order. Write for price list "K" and sample print.
Johnston & Tunick, 53 Nassau Street, New York

Continued from page 14

blow hat, and her slender white-muslin shoulders reflected from Eugene's dark eyes. The fall of every curl had she studied well that morning, and the folds of the muslin pelerine over her shoulders. And when the congregation arose for the hymns and faced about toward the singers, then did Dorothy let her blue eyes seek, with an innocent unconsciousness, as of blue flowers, which would have deceived the very elect, Eugene's face.

But his black eyes met hers with no more fiery glances. Eugene never even looked at her, but sang, with stern averted face, which was paler and thinner than Dorothy's, though he had had no illness save of the spirit. In vain Dorothy sought his eyes, with her blue, appealing ones, during every hymn; in vain once or twice during the sermon she even cast a glance around her shoulder, with a slight fling of her curls aside, and a little shiver, as if she felt a draught. Eugene never looked her way that she could see.

When the long service was over, Dorothy, with sly, watchful eyes, quickened her pace, and strove so to manage that she and Eugene should emerge from the meeting-house side by side. But he was striding far ahead, with never a backward glance, when she came out, lifting daintily her pearly skirts. Burr was near her, but him she never thought of, even to avoid, and his mother's stately aside movement was not even seen by her. She courtied prettily to those who met her face to face, from force of habit, and went on thinking of no one but Eugene.

Again, in the afternoon, Dorothy went to meeting, though her pulses began to beat, with a slight return of the fever, and again she strove with her cunning maiden wiles to attract this obdurate Eugene, and again in vain. That night Dorothy lay and wept awhile before she fell asleep, and dreamed that she and Eugene were a-walking in the lane and that he kissed her. And when she awoke, blushing in the darkness, she resolved that she would go a-walking in the lane on every pleasant day, in the hope that the dream might come true.

And Mistress Dorothy Fair, with many eyes in the neighbors' windows watching, went pacing slowly, for her delicate limbs as yet did not bear her strongly, day after day down the road and into the lane, and, with frequent rests upon wayside stones, to the farther end of it. And yet she did not meet Eugene therein, and her dream did not come true.

But it happened at last, about the middle of the month of June, when the great red and white roses in the dooryards were in such full bloom that in another day they would be past it and fall, that Dorothy and Eugene met in the lane; for there is room enough in time for most dreams to come true, and for the others there is eternity.

That afternoon Dorothy had gone forth as usual, but she said to herself that he would not come; and halfway down the lane she ceased peering into the green distances for him, and sat herself down on a stone, and leaned back against the trunk of a young maple, and shut her eyes wearily, and told herself in a sort of sad penitence that she would look no more for him, for he would not come.

The grass in the lane was grown long now, with a pink mist over the top of it; the trees at the sides leaned together heavy with foliage, and the bordering walls were all hidden under bushes and vines. Everywhere on bush and vine were spikes and corymbs of lusty blossoms. Birds were calling to their mates and their young; the locusts were shrilling out of depths of sunlight. Dorothy, in the midst of this uncontrolled passion of summer, was herself in utter tune and harmony with it. She was just as sweet and gracefully courtesying among her sisters as any flower among the host of the field; and she had silently and inconspicuously, like the flower, her own little lust of life and bloom which none could overcome, and against which she could know no religion. This Dorothy, meekly leaning her slender shoulders against the maple-tree, with her blue eyes closed, and her little hands folded in her lap, could no more develop into aught toward which she herself inclined than a daisy plant out in the field could grow a clover-blossom. Moreover her heart, which had after all enough of the sweetness of love in it, opened or shut like the cup of a sensitive plant, with seemingly no volition of hers; therefore was she in a manner innocently helpless and docile before her own emotions and her own destiny.

She sat still a few minutes and kept her eyes closed. Then she thought she heard a stir down the lane, but she would not open her eyes to look, so sadly and impatiently sure was she that he would not come. Even when she knew there was a footstep drawing near she would not look. She kept her eyes closed, and made as if she were asleep; and some one passed her, and she would not look, so sure was she that it was not Eugene. But that afternoon Eugene Hautville,

who had gone all this time the long way to the village, felt his own instincts, or the natural forwardness of his heart, too strong for him. Often, watching from a distance across the fields, he had seen a pale flutter of skirts in the lane, and knew well enough that Dorothy was there, and had turned back; but this time he walked on. When he came to Dorothy he cast one glance at her, then set his face sternly and kept on, with his heart pulling him back at every step. Dorothy did not open her eyes until he had fairly passed her, and then she looked and saw him going away from her without a word. Then she gave a little cry that no one could have interpreted with any written language. She called not Eugene by his name; she said no word; but her heart gave that ancient cry for its lover which was before all speech; and that human love-call drowned out suddenly all the others.

But when Eugene stopped and turned, Dorothy blushed so before his eyes that her very neck and arms glowed pink through her lace tucker and sleeves. She shrank away, twisting herself and hiding her face, so that he could see naught of her but the flow of her muslin skirts and her curling fair locks.

Eugene stood a minute looking at her. His dark face was as red as Dorothy's. He made a motion toward her, then drew back and held up his head resolutely.

"It is a pleasant day," he said, as if they were exchanging the every-day courtesies of life; and then when she made no reply, he added that he hoped she was quite recovered from her sickness.

And then he was pressing on again, white in the face now and wrestling fiercely with himself, that he might, as it were, pass his own heart which stood in the way; but Dorothy rose up, with a sob, and pressed before him, touching his arm with her slender one in her lace sleeve, and shaking out like any flower the rose and lavender scent in her garments.

"I want to speak to you," she said, and strove in vain to command her voice.

Eugene bowed and tried to smile, and waited, and looked about her head through the tree-branches into the field.

"I want to know if—you are angry with me because—I would not—marry Burr," said Dorothy, catching her breath between her words.

"I told you that you had no reason—that he was not guilty," Eugene said, with a kind of stern doggedness; and still he did not look at her.

"I could not marry—him," Dorothy panted, softly.

"I told you you had no reason," Eugene said again, as if he were saying a lesson that he had taught himself.

"Are you angry—with me because I could not marry him?" Dorothy asked, with her soft persistency in her own line of thought, and not his.

Then Eugene in desperation looked down at her, and saw her face worn into sweet wistfulness by her illness, her dilated eyes and lips parted and quivering into sobs, like a baby's.

"I am not angry, but I encourage no woman to be false to her betrothal vows," he said, and strove to make his voice hard; but Dorothy bent her head, and the sobs came, and he took her in his arms.

"Are you angry with me?" Dorothy sobbed, piteously, against his breast.

"No, not with you, but myself," said Eugene. "It is all with myself. I will take the blame of it all, sweet," and he smoothed her hair and kissed her and held her close and tried to comfort her; and it seemed to him that he could indeed take all the blame of her inconstancy and distrust, and could even bear his self-reproach for her sake, so much he loved her.

"I would not have married Burr—even if—he had told me—he was innocent," Dorothy said, after a while. She was hushing her sobs, and her very soul was smiling within her for joy as Eugene's fond whispers reached her ears.

"Why?" said Eugene.

"Because—you came first—when you looked at me in the meeting-house," Dorothy whispered back. Then she suddenly lifted her face a little, and looked up at him, with one soft flushed cheek crushed against his breast, and Eugene bent his face down to hers. They stood so, and for a minute had, indeed, the whole world to their two selves, for love as well as death has the power of annihilation; and then there was a stir in the lane, a crisp rustle of petticoats and a hiss of whispering voices; and they started and fell apart. There in the lane before them, their eyes as keen as foxes, with the scent of curiosity and gossip, their cheeks red with the shame of it, and their lips forming into apologetic and terrified smiles, stood Margaret Bean and two others—the tavernkeeper's wife and the wife of the man who kept the village store.

For a second the three women fairly covered beneath Eugene Hautville's eyes, and Margaret Bean began to stammer as if her old tongue were palsied. Then Eugene

collected himself, made them one of his courtly bows, turned to Dorothy with another, offered her his arm, and walked away with her out of the lane, before the eyes of the prying gossips.

CHAPTER XXVII

It was four o'clock that summer afternoon when the three women (Margaret Bean, the tavernkeeper's wife, and the storekeeper's wife), who had followed Dorothy and Eugene into the lane to pry upon them, set forth to communicate by word of mouth the scandalous proceedings they had witnessed; and long before midnight all the village knew. The women crept cautiously at a good distance behind Dorothy and Eugene out of the lane, and watched, with incredulous eyes, turning to one another for confirmation, the pair walk into Parson Fair's house together. Then they could do no more, since their ears were not long enough and each went her way to tell what she had seen.

All the neighbors knew when Eugene Hautville left Parson Fair's house that afternoon, but their knowledge stopped there. Nobody ever discovered just what was said within those four walls when Dorothy—who, soft plumed though she was, had flown in the faces of all her decorous feminine antecedents and her goodly teaching—confronted her father with her new lover at her side.

It was safe enough to assume, for one who knew her and them well, that the two men did finally turn and protect her and shelter her each against himself, and his own despite as well as ore another. After that Eugene Hautville was seen every Sunday night and twice in the week going into Parson Fair's house, and the candles burned late in the north parlor.

The banns were published in a month's time. Some accounted it unseemly haste, after the other banns which had come to naught, and some said 'twas better so, and they blamed not Parson Fair for placing such a flighty and jilting maid safe within the pale of wedlock—and they guessed he was thankful enough to find a husband for her, even if 'twas one of the Hautvilles.

However, Eugene was held in somewhat more of esteem than the others, since he had in his own right a snug little sum in bank which had come to him from an uncle whose name he bore. When it was known that Eugene had bought the old Squire Damon place, a goodly house with a box-bordered front walk, and a pillared front door, and would take his bride home to it, public favor became quite strong for him. Folk opined that he would, even if he was a Hautville, make full as good a husband as Burr, and that Dorothy Fair would have the best of the bargain all around. While many held Dorothy in slight esteem for her instability and delicacy, and thought she was no desirable helpmeet for any man, some were of the opinion that she had shown praiseworthy judgment and shrewdness in jilting Burr for Eugene.

Dorothy this time made small show of her wedding, and was married in her father's study with only the necessary witnesses and no guests. Eugene Hautville had chafed. Dorothy also, with her feminine desire for all minor details of happiness, was aggrieved that she could never now appear before the public gaze in all the splendor of her wedding gear. But Parson Fair stood firm for once, and would have it so.

All the watchful neighbors saw was, after nightfall and moonrise, Parson Fair's door open, and the bride and groom appear for a second in a golden shaft of light which flashed into gloom at the closing of the door, and left there two shadows, as if the story of their life and love had already been told and passed into history. And then the neighbors saw them move up the road with long vanishing flutters of the bride's white draperies, and the great black woman, steadying a basket against her hip, in their wake, following her mistress like a faithful dog, with perhaps the most unselfish love of all.

The black woman favored Eugene more than she had ever favored Burr, perhaps because she was a true slave of love, and leaned with the secret leanings of her mistress' heart against all words of mouth, obeying her commands with a fuller understanding of them than Dorothy herself.

When this new lover came a-courting, the African woman had always greeted him at the door with that wide, sudden smile of hers, at once simple, like a child's, and wild, like the grin of an animal; and her voice, in her thick jargon, was nearly as softly rich to him as to Dorothy. Moreover she kept no longer jealous watch at the door of the room where the lovers sat, and was fond of treating the young man with little cakes which she made with honey, whose like was to be eaten nowhere else in the village.

After Dorothy and Eugene were wedded they faded into comparative insignificance in the thoughts of the villagers, which were then centered upon Burr Gordon and Made-

Continued on page 22

Concluded from page 13

is all the time irritated by the teeth it is constantly cracked and rough. If one has the courage, it is well to apply to this habit of biting the lips the same methods used to break up the practise of biting the nails. For example, if the outer edges of the lips are rubbed with a drop or two of aloes, or a few grains of red pepper, the effect upon the tongue will be a startling reminder the next time one attempts to bite the lips. You can make an excellent homemade lip-salve to use on badly bitten lips by taking a teaspoonful of cold cream—there is an excellent one in the market that can be used for this purpose—with this you combine half a teaspoonful of beeswax and a grain of carmine, and blend the two by allowing the wax to liquify over heat. The wax must not be allowed to become very hot or it will not harden properly. Let this cool, but while it is still liquid stir into the cream and add ten drops of spirits of camphor. Rub a little of this on the lips when going out into the air. It can be used as often as liked.

I cannot understand why the woman who says she is too poor to have her teeth attended to properly buys a new dress or a rug for the floor, or squanders money in other ways not nearly so necessary. Good teeth and healthy gums are most important to health, not to speak of good looks. Doctors have lately discovered that many intricate diseases of the digestion, as well as severe headaches, cases of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia can be traced directly to decayed teeth or diseased gums. The teeth should be examined every year by a reliable dentist, and if there is a tendency toward accumulation of tartar which ordinary brushing or rubbing occasionally with powdered pumice stone will not remove, the teeth should be cleaned by the dentist. If children have uneven teeth they should not be allowed to grow up with this defect, but should be taken to a dentist when the second teeth come in, to have them straightened, which can be done quite easily thus early in life. When children's first teeth decay in the upper jaw before the teeth of the lower jaw are ready to come out, they should be filled and not pulled out, for if they are removed any great length of time before the permanent teeth appear, the upper jaw is likely to develop faster than the lower, or just the contrary if the teeth are lost first from the lower jaw. This causes the projecting teeth that are so disfiguring to the face. Little children should never, under any circumstances, be allowed to suck their thumbs, as this habit frequently leads to an uneven development of the jaw, entirely spoils the shape of the mouth and sometimes even causes the adenoids that obstruct the breathing.

The teeth should be cleansed at least twice a day, in the morning and before going to bed at night, and it is better also to clean them just after the midday meal. Most people only half cleanse the teeth when they use a tooth-brush, for they brush crosswise of the teeth. Now rubbing the brush to and fro only polished the middle of the surface, just as the nails would be affected if a woman rubbed her chamois buffer over the top only. You turn your fingers sidewise when polishing them, so that every part of the nail may be made to shine, don't you? You can't turn your teeth, naturally, but what you can do is to adapt the brush to the teeth. The brush should be held across the teeth and placed at the top of the gums of the upper jaw. Then the bristles must be drawn down to the bottom of the teeth, following the space between. The lower jaw is treated by beginning at the gum and drawing the brush up toward the top. Chances are that particles will be eliminated; in any event the edges of the teeth have been cleared.

And, of course, dental-silk should be used after each meal, drawing it between the teeth to remove any bits of food. If they remain they certainly will make the teeth decay.

We hear a great deal nowadays about Riggs' Disease or Pyorrhea of the gums, which doctors tell us afflicts about one person out of every ten after they reach the age of forty. This used to be thought incurable, but first-class dentists have demonstrated that it can be readily cured in early stages, and even if the gums have been badly neglected this disease may be put a stop to by extracting several teeth. What causes this condition is not known absolutely. Some investigators think that the culprit is one of that mischievous family of germs whose activities cause us so much trouble elsewhere in the body, while others believe that an irritated condition of the gums is to blame for this condition. A useful treatment that allays this irritation consists in removing the calcareous deposits about the gums, and by regularly massaging the gums themselves so as to improve the circulation of the blood in them. This is done with the tooth-brush, and the best time for it is directly after brushing the teeth. Place the brush with the bristles at the base of the gums with the side of the brush against the teeth. Then, pressing the brush against the

gums, turn the handle in such a way that the back of the brush moves outward. The bristles should work between the teeth as the brush rotates. The pressure of the gums upward toward the teeth massages them, creating a good circulation about the roots of the teeth. Massage the gums on both sides of the teeth in the same way. If your gums are tender they may bleed a little at first, but they will not bleed after they have been gently massaged for a time or two and relieved of all congestion about them.

If your teeth are loose or sore, have them looked at by a dentist, for the chances are you have Pyorrhea which should be checked at once before the pus sacs which always form at the roots of the teeth in this condition, can send their poison through the blood and thus over the body to work all sorts of mischief.

If you suspect Pyorrhea, you should use a tooth-powder that is especially prepared to combat it.

Don't let your teeth become discolored and black-looking from an accumulation of tartar.

Nothing is more repulsive to behold. If not too long standing this can readily be removed by using powdered pumice-stone and lemon-juice.

That the work may be done to best advantage a person should stand before a mirror. Twist a wisp of absorbent cotton about the end of an orange-wood stick, which is then dipped into the lemon-juice. From that it is stuck into the pumice and rubbed directly upon the teeth. Nothing could be simpler than this, yet rubbing does not always accomplish what it should, for the reason that it is not done correctly.

It is useless to rub the centers of the teeth, for, almost without exception, they are white. It is on the edges, the side, and tops at the gums and next to the other teeth that tartar and discolorations accumulate, and so it is these places that must be whitened. The stick, constantly put into lemon-juice and pumice, should be confined to those regions as near the gums as possible without loosening the flesh. It must be understood that if this cleansing is done carelessly the gums will be loosened from their place and a diseased condition result.

When all the teeth have been rubbed in this way a careful rinsing must be given the mouth, as the teeth should not be brushed immediately.

When all the grains are removed a soft brush may be applied, taking care that all cracks between the teeth are cleaned.

Nothing will do more to prevent the accumulation of tartar than the continual use of lime- or soda-water. The latter may be mixed as required, a teaspoonful of bicarbonate to half a glass of water. After brushing the teeth at night the mouth must be rinsed with this. It may be used also in the morning.

Another thing you can do just after you brush your teeth in the morning is to massage the lips by rubbing them gently with cold cream and then giving them a sharp pinch to make them glow. While doing this bend them back a little, giving them a little curling twist which keeps them from getting thin and at the same time promotes the circulation.

Never press your lips together, but practise keeping them slightly apart. This does not mean to sit with the mouth open, but to let the lips merely touch. Don't gape, but don't press the lips so tightly together that you look cross enough to bite the head off a nail.

Needleworker's Exchange

LET me tell you of a way I have learned to insert lace in pillowcases. I buy those which have the hem machine-hemstitched, cut the hemstitching through the center, and sew the insertion to the cut edges with fine thread and close stitches, catching back on the line of the previous hemstitching. This gives a really lovely finish, the lace having the appearance of being woven in the cloth; the work is quickly and easily done, and does not pull out or fray.—*Laura Sherman, New Hampshire.*

A VERY neat and attractive way to embroider scallops is as follows: First, embroider as you would any ordinary scallop; then, when the first row is finished, cut the material around the edge, trimming carefully, and buttonhole over the embroidered edge. This will cover the raw edge of the material, and make a very firm scallop. It is also a good way to finish Hardanger work.—*Mrs. H. A. Glesner, Wisconsin.*

IF you wish to give a touch of delicate color to a lingerie waist or dainty handkerchief, and have it "different," try crocheting an edge on the Valenciennes edging or insertion used for trimming the article. Choose fast-color thread, fine and of delicate shade, and use a fine hook with the ordinary double stitch. I have seen filet-motifs outlined with fine colored thread in buttonhole-stitch, and the effect was very pleasing.—*C. V. M., Indiana.*



"I ended corns forever in this scientific way"

Millions have said that about Blue-jay.

Others tried it and told others the same story.

So the use has spread, until corn troubles have largely disappeared.

If you have a corn you can settle it tonight. And find the way to end every corn.

Apply liquid Blue-jay or a Blue-jay plaster. The pain will stop.

Soon the whole corn will loosen and come out.

Think what folly it is to

keep corns, to pare or pad them, or to use the old harsh treatments.

Here is the new-day way, gentle, sure and scientific. It was created by a noted chemist in this world-famed laboratory.

It is ending millions of corns by a touch. The relief is quick, and it ends them completely.

Try it tonight. Corns are utterly needless, and this is the time to prove it.

Buy Blue-jay from your druggist.

B & B Blue-jay Plaster or Liquid The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

10¢ OR 25¢ **Anti-kamnia** FOR HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, INFLUENZA AND ALL PAIN - **AK** Ask for A-K Tabs **TABLETS**

Noted Authors' Popular Copyrights

One Book Given for Eight Subscriptions

No. 1877. The following list of books includes some of the most popular writings of our times. Every author holds a prominent place among noted writers, and every book is one of the "best sellers." Bound in cloth, illustrated and printed on superior paper. Full library size. Order by name and number.



- Oh Money! Money!—Eleanor H. Porter
- Just David—Eleanor H. Porter
- Heart of Rachael—Kathleen Norris
- Nan of Music Mountain—Frank H. Spearman
- Whispering Smith—Frank H. Spearman
- The Virginian—Owen Wister
- The Indian Drum—MacHarg and Balmer
- The Light in the Clearing—Irving Bacheller
- Just Patty—Jean Webster
- Daddy Longlegs—Jean Webster
- K—Mary Roberts Rinehart
- Molly Make-Believe—Eleanor H. Abbot
- Chip of the Flying U—B. M. Bower
- At the Foot of the Rainbow—Gene Stratton Porter
- Whispering Wires—Henry Leverage

- Laddie—Gene Stratton Porter
- Freckles—Gene Stratton Porter
- Girl of the Limberlost—Gene Stratton Porter
- The Call of the Cumberlands—C. Neville Buck
- The Turmoil—Booth Tarkington
- Penrod—Booth Tarkington
- Polly of the Hospital Staff—Emma C. Dowd
- Trail of the Lonesome Pine—John Fox, Jr.
- Prudence of the Parsonage—Ethel Hueston
- Tess of the Storm Country—G. M. White
- A Certain Rich Man—Wm. Allen White
- The Silent Places—Stewart Edward White
- Number Seventeen—Louis Tracy
- Broken Halo—Florence Barclay
- Carolyn of the Sunny Heart—Ruth Endicott

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of eight subscriptions to The American Woman at our special Club-Raisers' price of 35 cents each we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you your choice of one of the above named books.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN Augusta, Maine

Yours for Helping The American Woman

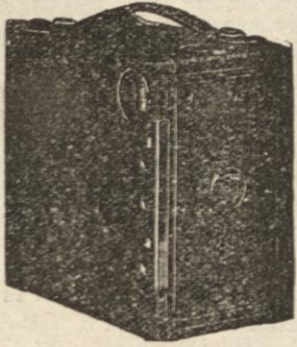
Every Premium Guaranteed



A Modern Cinderella

Given for Four Subscriptions

No. 1448. "A Modern Cinderella" is one of Miss Alcott's best books. With the same characteristic familiarity which distinguishes all her writings she draws a beautiful picture paralleling the old fairy-story even to the very modern shoe. The story is of three sisters, their aged father, and a young gentleman friend of the family. To the youngest daughter falls the care of the household, while her two sisters devote themselves to art and literature. Accepting her duties cheerfully and without complaint, she wins at the end a fitting reward.



Premo Junior

Given for Twelve Subscriptions

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

Latest Model Fast-Black Sateen Petticoat

Given for
Eight
Subscriptions

No. 1862. In accord with the latest style-tendencies, we have introduced a newly modeled petticoat of superior quality and workmanship, fully in harmony with the demands of present-season fashions for outer garments. An absolutely smooth front, without a wrinkle, a fashionable fullness at the bottom, with the slender, close-setting effect around the waist, are distinctive features of this new model. It is made of superior-quality fast-black sateen with deep accordion-plaited flounce and an under or dust-ruffle. It comes in 36-, 38-, 40- and 42-inch lengths and we guarantee a perfect fit. Order by number, giving length desired. The waist will then be sure to fit.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the premium you most desire and send us the required number of subscriptions to *The American Woman* at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **35 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you the premium of your choice.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

Continued from page 20

lon. The curtain went down upon Eugene and his bride as upon any pair of wedded lovers in his Shakespeare book.

Burr was in exceedingly ill repute, but he did not himself know it. Many of his old friends treated him coolly, but he attributed that to the embarrassed sympathy and constraint which they naturally felt toward him in his position. He thought they avoided him because they knew well that he would suspect even friendliness lest it contain a pity which would hurt his pride; and he thanked them for it. But the truth was, that outcry of Dorothy's against him on the wedding-night had lashed up into a hurricane all the suspicions which Lot's avowal had stilled. They did away easily enough with the force of Lot's statement, for there are many theories to furnish skin-fits for every difficulty, if one searches in the infinity of possibilities.

Lot's true reason none fathomed, for it was beyond their sounding-lines of selfish curiosity; but they found another which seemed to meet the needs of the case as well.

Lot, they said, had bargained with Burr to give up all claim to Madelon, and he would set him free by confessing an attempt at suicide. Margaret Bean, it was reported, had seen the letter which Lot had written to Burr in prison. When Madelon, who, half crazed by anxiety about her lover, had wrongfully accused herself to save him, had seen him turn to her rival and scorn her after his release, she had accepted Lot in a rage of pride and jealousy, as he had planned for her to do. The breaking off of the marriage between her and Lot they mostly attributed to the simple cause he had mentioned—his failing health—though some thought that he had hesitated about marrying into the Hautville family when it came to it.

Suspicion had been for a time somewhat hushed against Madelon, the more so that she had been seen, since Dorothy had jilted Burr, to pass him with scarce a nod, and was popularly supposed to hold an Indian grudge against him, and to be still anxious to wed his cousin Lot.

However, the tide soon turned again. On the Sunday after the bans between Dorothy and Eugene had been published, Burr had been seen to walk home openly with Madelon from evening meeting; and it was soon known that he was courting her regularly.

Then darker whispers were circulated. People said now that they were accomplices in attempted crime. That black atmosphere of suspicion and hatred, which gathers nowhere more easily than in a New England town, was thick around Burr and Madelon. They breathed, though as yet it was in less degree, the same noxious air as did the persecuted Quakers and witches of bygone times. The gases which lie at the bottom of human souls, which gossip and suspicious imaginations upstir, are deadlier than those at the bottoms of old wells. Still Madelon and Burr knew nothing of it, nor Burr's mother, nor Lot, nor any of the Hautville men. The attitude of Madelon's father and brothers toward herself and Burr had done much to strengthen suspicion. High voices and strange remarks had been overheard by folk strolling casually, of a pleasant evening, past the Hautville house.

In truth, at first old David Hautville and all his sons except Eugene had risen against Burr and Madelon, all their pride in arms that she should return to this man who had once forsaken her for another. But later they had yielded, for their pride was undermined by their own gloomy convictions as to Madelon, which they confided not to one another. However, the boy Richard still greeted Burr surlily, with a fierce black flash under frowning brows, and scarcely spoke to Madelon at all until the day before her marriage. That was set some two months after Dorothy's.

Burr and Madelon, during the days of their betrothal, were as closely beset by spies on every hand as a party of Madelon's old kindred might have been, encamped in a wooded country, where every bush veiled savage eyes and every tree stood in front of a foeman, but they did not know it. Folk knew when Mrs. Gordon went to visit her son's betrothed, though 'twas on a dark evening. They knew what she wore, and how long she stayed. They knew when Madelon returned her visit; they knew, to remember, in many cases, more details of their daily lives than Burr and Madelon themselves.

Madelon had few wedding preparations to make. The wedding-garments which she had stitched with sorrow for her marriage with Lot would serve her now. She employed her time in increasing still further the household stores of linen for her father's and brothers' use, when she should be gone, and in making a great stock of sweet-sauce, jelly, and cordials from the fruits and berries of the season.

One afternoon in late summer, when the high blackberries were ripe, Madelon set forth with a great basket on her arm. A fine cordial, good for many ills, she knew how to

make from the berries, and had planned to brew a goodly quantity this year. She went down the road a way, then over some bars, with her hands on the highest and a spring like a willow branch set free, across a pasture where some red cows were grazing, then over another set of bars, into a rough and shaggy land sloping gradually into a hill. Here the high blackberries grew in great thorny thickets, and Madelon pressed among them warily and began picking. She had not picked long—indeed the bottom of her basket was not covered—when she heard a rustle in the bushes behind her and looked over her shoulder hurriedly, and there was Lot Gordon.

Lot came forward from a cluster of young firs, parting the rank undergrowth with the careless, wonted movement of one who steers his way among his own household goods. Well used to all the wild disorder of out-doors was Lot Gordon, and could have picked his way of a dark night among the stones and bushes and trees of many a pasture and woodland. Moreover, Lot, uprising from the great nest which he had hollowed out for himself from a sweet-fern growth under the balsam-firs, exhaling their fragrant breath of healing, and coming into sight, made better show than he had ever done in his own book-walled study.

Here, where the minds of other men swerved him and incited him not, where only Nature herself held him in leading-strings with unsearchable might or was laid bare before his daring eyes and many a secret discovered, Lot Gordon gained his best grace of home. The balsam-firs framed him with more truth than the door of his own dwelling. To Madelon, as he came out from them, he looked more a man than he had ever done; for all unconsciously to her mind of strong and simple bent, he had seemed at times scarce a man but rather some strange character from a book, which had gotten life through too strong imagining.

Moreover to-day his likeness to Burr came out strongly. Madelon saw the cant of his head and swing of his shoulders, with a half sense of shame that he was not Burr, and yet with a sudden understanding of him that she had never felt before. She had not seen him since her betrothal to Burr. She thought to herself, that he was thinner, and that the red flush on his cheeks was the flush of fever and not of the summer sun.

"How do you do, Lot?" she said. Madelon's cheeks wore a splendid red; her green sunbonnet hung by its strings low on her neck; and her head, with black hair clinging to her temples in moist rings, was thrust out from the green tangle of vines like a flower. When Lot did not answer at once, but stood pale and trembling, as if an icy wind had struck him, before her, she pulled the prickling vines loose from her dress, and came out. "How do you do, Lot?" she said, again. Still Lot did not answer, and after a minute she turned with impatient dignity as if to enter her fastness again; but then Lot spoke.

"Like mankind," he said, "'tis not well, and it tends to death, but we were born with a lash at our backs to do it."

Madelon knit her brows impatiently for this was his old talk, that savored to her of ink and parchment and thoughts laid up in studied guise, like mummies. Then she noted his poor face, and again the look like Burr, which caused her heart to melt with the fancy of her love in like case, and she said, with that gracious kindness which became her well, that it was a pleasant day, and the smell of the balsam-fir was good for him.

But Lot looked at her with his great eyes set in hungry hollows, and answered her in that stilted speech which she liked not, trying to smile his old mocking smile with his poor lips, which only trembled like a child's when tears are coming.

"There are rivers of honey and gardens of spices, and branches dropping balm," said Lot, "where a man can walk but his soul cannot follow him. His soul waits outside and strives to taste the sweet where he swallows it, and smell the balm and the spices when he breathes them in, but cannot; and that is only good for a man which is good for his soul."

"I don't know what you mean," said Madelon, shortly.

"I mean that I am outside all the good of this world, since the one good which I crave and cannot have is the gate to all the rest," said Lot. Then suddenly he cried out passionately, lifting up his face to the sky: "O God, why need it be so? Why need a man be a bond-slave to one hunger? Why need this one woman be the angel with the flaming sword before all the little pleasures I used to taste and love? Why need she come between me and the breath of the woods, and the incense of the fields, and their secrets which were to me before my own, so I can take no more delight in them?"

Madelon looked at him half in pity, half in proud resentment.

"If it is so," she said, "it was not of my own accord I came; you know that, Lot Gordon. I meant no harm to you, and the harm that I did, you brought upon yourself

I would not have come here to-day if I had known you were here and that it would disturb you."

"You could not have helped coming," said Lot. "I have been here since morning, and you have been here all the while."

"Why do you talk so, Lot Gordon?" cried Madelon, angrily, for Lot's covert meanings fretted her straightforwardness beyond endurance. "You know that I have just come here!"

"You came here when I did," said Lot, "when the fields were dewy. You held up your skirts and stepped daintily. I went ahead and you followed, high-kilted, pointing your steps among the wet grasses like a dove. Had I looked over my shoulder I could have seen you, but I looked not lest the power of flight might be in you like the dove."

"I shall go away if you talk like this. I will not stay here and listen to it; you know I was not here," said Madelon, and she paled a little, for she almost thought, used to his fanciful talk though she was, that Lot had gone mad.

"We walked toward the sun," persisted Lot, "but you were in my shadow and needed not to cast down your eyes. I saw some red flowers, but I did not pick them for you, and I heard you stop and break the stems as you came after. When we reached the shade of the firs there I sat down, but I left the space there, where the needles are smoothest and thickest, for you, and there you sat too, all day."

"Lot Gordon!"

"You need not mind, Madelon, for all day I looked not over my shoulder once. I saw not your face, nor touched your lips, nor your hand, nor even the folds of your dress. I harmed you not, even in my dreams, dear."

Madelon, standing quite free of the clinging blackberry-vines, held up her dark head like an empress, and looked at him. In truth she felt little pity for Lot Gordon then, for she liked not being made to follow other than Burr even in a man's dreams. Still, when she spoke it was not unkindly, for in spite of this jealousy of herself for Burr, and in spite of her inability to understand such worship of herself, when she was spent in worship of another, she remembered how she had nearly taken the life of this man, and how he had striven to shield her, though against her will, and on hard and selfish conditions, and how he had at last sacrificed himself to set her free.

"Lot," said she, "there must be no more of this. I am almost your cousin's wife. You have no right." And then she repeated it passionately. "I say you have no right to love me like this, if I do not love you, Lot Gordon. I will have no other man but Burr think me at his heels. I will follow him till the day of my death, but no other. I would only have married you to save his life—you know that. You know I never loved you. You have no right."

"The right of love is every man's who sets not himself before it," returned Lot, with sad dignity. "I will not yield that even for love of you, Madelon; but myself shall be pushed yet farther out of sight, I promise you, and you shall be pestered no more, child. Go on with your berry-picking."

A great mound of rock uplifted itself like the swelling crouch of some fossil animal among the sweet-ferns and the wild scramble of vines. Lot sank down upon it panting for breath. He leaned his head wearily forward between his hands, his elbows resting on his knees.

Madelon looked at him hesitatingly; she opened her mouth as if to speak, then was silent. She looked at the high vines, black with fruit, then at the field beyond, as if half minded to go away and leave them.

Finally she fell to picking again without a word. Lot coughed once, but he did not speak. Madelon kept glancing at him as she picked. Compunction and pity softened more and more her fiery heart, the more so since she felt the guilt of happiness in the face of the woe of another upon her. Finally she said, with that fond reversion to the little homely truths and waysides of life with which the feminine mind strives often to comfort, that she would put up for him a jug of her blackberry cordial, and furthermore that she hoped his cough was better. She said it with half constrained kindness, not looking up from her berry-picking; but Lot lifted his head and thanked her and said the cough was nearly cured, with eagerness to respond to grace, like a child who has been chidden.

Then he watched her with bright eyes as she picked, his breath coming hard and quick.

"Madelon!" he said, and stopped.

"What, Lot?"

"You remember—the gewgaws which I—showed you, Madelon—the feathers and ribbons and satins, and the other things? You cared not for them then. Will you have them now, for your wedding-gift?"

"No, Lot," said Madelon, quickly. "I thank you, but I cannot take them; I have enough."

To be continued

Continued from page 5

"Well?" interviewed Molly with widening eyes.

"Pardon me, Molly," Theodore said tactlessly, "for forgetting you—you will, won't you? I asked her to play here to-morrow night."

Molly felt the structure of her whole world tumbling down about her ears. He had forgotten her for that girl, that jade in Paradise Road, the girl who stood between her and her hopes. She took one step forward and forgot her dignity, forgot everything but his stinging insult.

"How dared you?" she uttered hoarsely. Her voice grew thin as it raised to the point of a question.

"Dare!" echoed Theodore, his expression changing.

Molly went nearer him with angry, sparkling eyes.

"Yes, how dared you ask that girl to come here when I dislike her? You know how I hate her—"

Mr. King tossed his cigar into the grass, gravity settling on his countenance.

"I hadn't the slightest idea you disliked her," he said.

Molly eagerly advanced into the space between them.

"She is trying to gain some sort of influence over you, Theo, just the same as she got over that Jewish cobbler."

Theodore King gazed in amazement at the reddening, beautiful face. Surely he had not heard aright. Had she really made vile charges against the girl? To implicate Jinnie with a thought of conspiracy brought hot blood about his temples. He wouldn't stand that even from an old-time friend. Of course he liked Molly very much, yes, very much indeed, but this new antagonistic spirit in her—

"What's the matter with you, Molly?" he demanded abruptly. "You haven't any reason to speak of the child that way."

"The child!" sneered Molly. "Why, she's a little river-rat—a bold, nasty—"

Theodore King raised his shoulders, throwing back his closely cropped head. Then he sprang to refute the terrible aspersion against the girl he loved.

"Stop!" he commanded in a harsh voice, leaning over the panting woman. "And now I'll ask you how you dare?" he finished.

Molly answered him bravely, catching her breath on a sob.

"I dare because I'm a woman. I dare because I know what she's doing. If she hadn't played her cards well, you'd never have paid any attention to her at all. No one can make me believe you would have been interested in a—in a—"

The man literally whirled from the porch, bounded into the motor, turned the wheel, and shot rapidly away.

CHAPTER XXVI

Molly Asks To Be Forgiven

All the evening Molly waited in despair. She dared not appear at dinner and arose the next morning after a sleepless night. For two or three hours she hovered about the telephone, hoping for word from Theodore. He would certainly 'phone her. He would tell her he was sorry for the way he had left her, for the way he had spoken to her. Even his mother noticed her pale face and extreme nervousness.

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. King, solicitously.

"Nothing, nothing—much," answered Molly evasively.

Mrs. King hesitated before she ventured: "I thought I heard you and Theo talking excitedly last night. Molly, you mustn't quarrel with him. You know the wish of my heart. I need you, child, and so does he."

Miss Merriweather knelt beside the gentle woman.

"He doesn't care for me, dear!" she whispered.

For an instant she was impelled to speak of Jinnie, but realizing what a tremendous influence Theodore had over his mother, she dared not. Like her handsome son, Mrs. King worshiped genius, and Molly reluctantly admitted to herself that the girl possessed it.

"He's young yet," sighed the mother, "and he's always so sweet to you, Molly. Some day he'll wake up. There, there, dearie, don't cry!"

"I'm so unhappy," sobbed Molly.

Mrs. King smoothed the golden head tenderly.

"Why, child, he can't help but love you," she insisted. "He knows how much I depend on you. I'd have had you with me long before if your father hadn't needed you. Shall I speak to Theodore?"

"No, no—" gasped Molly, and she ran from the room.

Under the tall trees she paced for many minutes. How could she wait until dinner—until he came home? She felt her pride ebbing away as she watched the sun cross the sky. The minutes seemed hours long. Molly went swiftly into the house. First

assuring herself no one was within hearing distance, she paused before the telephone, longing, yet scarcely daring to use it. Then she took off the receiver and called Theodore's number. His voice, deep, low and thrilling, answered her.

"It's I, Theo," she said faintly—Molly."

"Yes," he answered, but that was all.

He gave her no encouragement, no opening, but in desperation she uttered:

"Theodore, I'm sorry! Oh, I'm so sorry! Won't you forgive me?"

There was silence on the wire for an appreciable length of time.

"Theodore?" murmured Molly once more.

"Yes."

"I want you to forgive me. I couldn't wait until you came home."

She heard a slight cough, then came the reply:

"I can't control your thoughts, Molly, but I dislike to have my friends illy spoken of."

"I know! I know it, Theodore! But please forgive me, won't you?"

"Very well," answered Theodore, and he clicked off the 'phone.

Molly dropped her face into her hands.

"He hung the receiver up in my ear," she muttered. "How cruel, how terrible of him!"

It was a wan, beautiful face that turned up to Theodore King when he came home to dinner. Too kindly by nature to hurt any one, he smiled at Molly. Then he stopped and held out his hand. The woman took it, saying earnestly:

"I'm sorry, Theo. I'm very sorry. I think I'm a little cat, don't you?" and she laughed, the tension lifted from her by his cordiality.

There was a wholesomeness in her manner that made Theodore's heart glad.

"Of course not, Molly! You couldn't be that! And next week we will have a lovely day in the country."

Molly turned away sadly. She had hoped he would do as she wanted him to in spite of his appointment with Jinnie Grandoken.

That evening Jinnie wore a beautiful new dress when she started for the Kings. Of course she didn't know that Theodore had arranged with Peggy to purchase it, and when Mrs. Grandoken had told her to come along and buy the gown, Jinnie's eyes sparkled, but she shook her head.

"I'd rather you'd spend the money on Lufe and Bobbie," she said.

But Peggy replied, "No," and that's how it came that Jinnie stepped quite proudly

from the motor-car at the stone steps.

Molly Merriweather met her with a forced smile, and Jinnie felt strained until Theodore King's genial greeting dissipated the affront. After the dinner, through which she sat very much embarrassed, she played until, to the man watching her, it seemed as if the very roof would lift from the house and sail off into the heavens.

When Jinnie was ready to go home, standing blushing under the bright light, she had never looked more lovely. Molly hoped Theo would send the girl alone in the car with Bennett, but as she saw him put on his hat, she said, with hesitancy:

"Mayn't I go along?"

She asked the question of Theodore, and realized instantly that he did not want her.

Jinnie came forward impetuously.

"Oh, do come, Miss Merriweather! It'll be so nice."

And Molly hated the girl more cordially than ever.

On arriving home Jinnie beamed out her happiness to the cobbler and his wife.

"And the fiddle, Peggy, they loved the fiddle," she told the woman.

To be continued



110 Piece Dinner Set Famous Bluebird Design

Amazing value. This offer breaks all bargain records. In each piece the highest type of color harmony and exquisite design has been attained. The entire set is in the popular colonial shape, decorated with that emblem of happiness, the Bluebird, whose varied hues blend wonderfully with the perfectly natural colorings of the flowers in pink, green and lavender. Has lovely blue bordering on each piece. Each piece is fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to check or craze. Then, too, that splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay even before it is fired. This finish permeates and gives to the piece the indestructible glaze of rich snowflake white. This wonderful dinner set can be yours for only \$1.00 down and \$2.70 monthly. Price, in all, \$29.95. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

Send the Coupon

Easy Payments Open an account with us, we trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. Send for this wonderful bargain above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all, cash or credit. No discount for cash. Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices. No C. O. D. 30 Days' Trial Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer? Free Catalog Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today—NOW.

Along with \$1.00 to us now. Have this 110-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set shipped on 30 days' trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon today Right NOW! Straus & Schram, Dept. A303 W. 35th St., Chicago

A Complete Service— 110 Pieces This splendid set consists of 12 dinner plates, 9 in.; 12 breakfast plates, 7 1/2 in.; 12 fruit saucers, 8 1/2 in.; 12 cups, 12 saucers; 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 inches; 12 bread and butter plates, 6 inches; 1 platter 11 1/2 inches; 1 platter, 12 1/4 inches; 1 covered vegetable dish, (2 pieces); 1 oval open vegetable dish, 9 1/2 inches; 1 round vegetable dish, 9 1/2 inches; 1 gravy boat; 1 gravy boat stand; 1 bowl, 1 pint; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 cream pitcher; 1 pickle dish; 1 butter dish, 7 1/2 inches. This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight shipped, about 100 pounds. Order by No. G5979A. Send \$1.00 with order, \$2.70 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, \$29.95 No C. O. D. No discount for cash.

Form for coupon with fields for Name, Street, R.F.D. or Box No., Shipping Point, Post Office, State, and checkboxes for Furniture, Rugs, Stoves, Jewelry, Men's, Women's, Children's Clothing.

Raise a Club of American Woman Subscriptions and Get One of These Premiums Without Cost



**Mahogany-Finish
Candlesticks**

A Pair Given for Seven Subscriptions

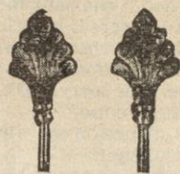
No. 1924. In the revival of antiques, the candlestick has been returned to its place of former usefulness and is now an accepted ornament in nearly every home. Simple and graceful lines give to this pair of sticks a quiet dignity and refinement not often found. Made of birch and stained to a deep mahogany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



Stork Embroidery-Scissors

Given for Four Subscriptions

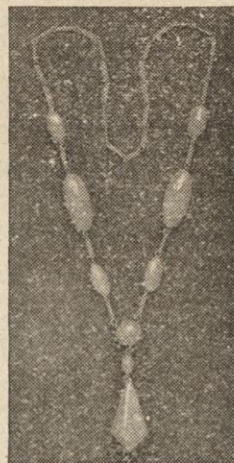
No. 1728. When our supply of these splendid scissors is exhausted it will be extremely difficult to obtain more, and the price will probably be double. Get a pair now and get a bargain. Blades are finest nickel steel, smooth-cutting and with stiletto points. Shown about one half actual size.



Silver Hatpins

Given for Two Subscriptions

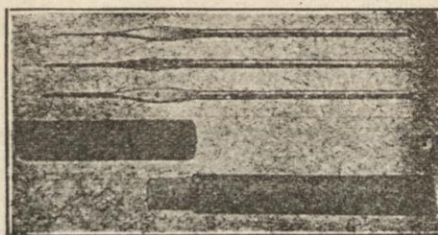
No. 1797. We illustrate a pair of Sterling-Silver pins. There are eleven other designs. Reverse sides same design. Stems are about six inches long. One pair on this offer.



Popular Paris Chain

Given for Six Subscriptions

No. 2080. This striking and popular style chain is made of amber-colored celluloid beads, links, and pendant of the same shape and arrangement shown in the illustration. The largest beads are 1 1/4 inches long and the pendant is 2 1/2 inches long. The chain slips over the head and is of such ample length as to require no fastening to bother with. The Paris chain is bound to delight any woman who at all cares for neck-chains.



Three Crochet-Hooks

Given for Two Subscriptions

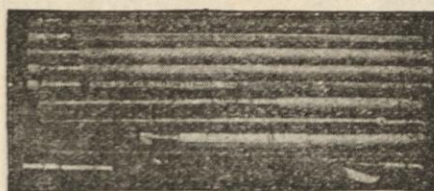
No. 1729. For the greater convenience of those who enjoy the useful accomplishment of crocheting we provide three high-grade and accurately made hooks or needles, as some prefer to call them. There are a large, a medium and a small size, each with the flattened finger-hold. They are sent in a plain, wooden box.



**Real-Shell
Cameo-Brooch**

Given for Five Subscriptions

No. 1987. This artistic Real-Shell Cameo of delicately carved pink is set in one-twentieth-stock gold, which wears wonderfully. The shell is surrounded by imitation-pearls of a tiny size. The pin looks very rich, and only an expert could tell it from a costly real hand-carved Cameo pin. The illustration shows the actual size.



Dreamland Pencil-Set

Given for Five Subscriptions

No. 1109. As a model of usefulness this set will take first rank among school-children and big folks alike. Every article is made on quality standard by the Eagle Pencil Company. See what a splendid assortment is sent in each box.

- 1 Pencil, Colonial No. 2
- 1 " Alpina No. 2
- 1 " National No. 2
- 1 " Arcadia No. 2
- 1 " Marvel No. 2
- 1 Pencil-Sharpener
- 1 Chanticleer Penholder
- 1 Box Best Pens
- 1 Combination Pen, Pencil and Eraser
- 1 Twin Pencil, Red and Blue
- 1 Red-Rubber Eraser
- 1 Fancy Lithographed Case

Gilt-top Pencils all have erasers, and are enamel-polished in assorted colors.

Worthwhile Premiums for The American Woman Club-Raisers



**Just-Right
Salt-and-Pepper**

In Handsome Cut Glass

Given for Eight Subscriptions

No. 2074. We have succeeded in securing for our club-raisers a cut-glass salt-and-pepper that is so near perfect in all respects that we have named it the Just-Right Salt-and-Pepper. The size is the usual large size suitable for tableware. The design is the ever popular whorl-and-hob-star design. And, best of all, the tops are all glass—nothing to corrode or rust. You fill the shakers by removing cork stopper in the bottom. We guarantee you complete satisfaction with this premium.



Birthflower Brooch

Given for Two Subscriptions

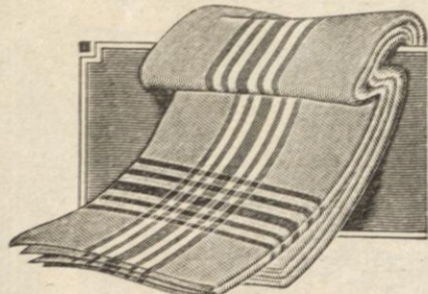
No. 1658. This Friendship circle is decorated with Hand-painted Flowers, each representing the lucky flower of one of the months. There are also five Brilliant White Stones firmly set in the Circle, and a Pin on the back to fasten the Brooch to the garment. The Brooch is of solid composition. White on the back, faced with polished Pearl-Gray. Tell us the month in which you were born and we will send you the appropriate flower.



**Crushed-Silver
Dessert-Set**

Given for 7 Subscriptions

No. 1969. The handsome set illustrated here is brand-new, made expressly for this season's trade. It consists of a Creamer, Sugar-Bowl and Tray and is very dainty. They are heavily plated with silver and the dishes are lined with 24K gold. They will surprise and delight our lady readers. They are very ornamental as well as useful and are a generous reward for the small number of subscriptions required to get them. We send the set by mail, postage prepaid.



A Fine Couch-Cover

Given for Nine Subscriptions

No. 1818. These couch-covers were bought just before the advance in price of nearly all goods of the kind, at a price far below what the same goods would cost if bought now, and we propose to let our friends share with us in our GREAT SAVING. We are always on the lookout for anything that will benefit our friends, and we know that in these covers we can save them more than half what they would have to pay today.

Here is what we offer for a cover, the material of which is heavy, compact, closely woven rep with ornamental stripes around the edge, harmonizing with the body of the cover; a very desirable long-wearing fabric, which will not readily tear, fray or show signs of wear. The groundwork is a beautiful shade of brown, and the size 92 1/2 inches long by 50 1/2 inches wide, ample for the largest couch, cot-bed or even double bed; and many other uses to which it may be put, that will suggest themselves to the reader.



Baby's First Set

Given for Five Subscriptions

No. 2029. Here is an ideal gift for baby, a teaset of P & B guaranteed silver-plated ware, consisting of fork and spoon made expressly for baby. The set is mounted on a prettily illustrated card with verse, all in colored inks, making an ideal gift. Every piece of this well-known ware carries the registered trademark and is guaranteed to have a base of 18-per-cent nickel-silver, plated with a heavy plate of pure silver, 999-1000 fine.



Kewpie Ring

Given for

Four

Subscriptions

No. 2030. This is the very latest novelty in rings, and is bound to become very popular. Kewpie guarantees that. It is made of Sterling Silver and offered on such liberal terms that everyone can have a Kewpie ring. It comes in little-finger sizes 3 to 6. State size when ordering.



**Turkish
Guest-Towel**

One Given for

Three Subscriptions

Pair Given for

Six Subscriptions

No. 1956. These Turkish Bath-Towels, size about 17x33 1/2 inches, are the correct size for the guest-room or for "best" towels with which every good housekeeper likes to be supplied against emergencies. They come stamped across the end so they can be worked.



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

Given for Two Subscriptions

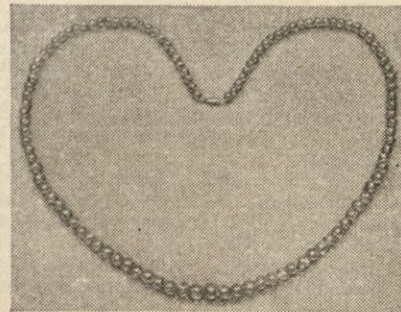
No. 1413. Extra value and quality are apparent in this popular style. Illustration does not display setting to advantage. Stone is richly colored and true to original gem.



Silver Thimble

Given for Three Subscriptions

No. 1290. A genuine guaranteed sterling-silver thimble—dainty, light, strong, perfectly modeled and beautifully engraved. Be sure to state size desired; we have them in sizes from 5 to 11.



Coral Bead Necklace

Given for Three Subscriptions

No. 2077. This 24-inch necklace is made of the popular graduated imitation coral beads. They are strung on a stout cord, and necklace is fastened by a gold clasp. This necklace is simple and unassuming, but will add a touch of distinction to any woman's dress. Our terms are extremely liberal.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the gift you most desire and send us the required number of subscriptions to The American Woman at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **35 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to

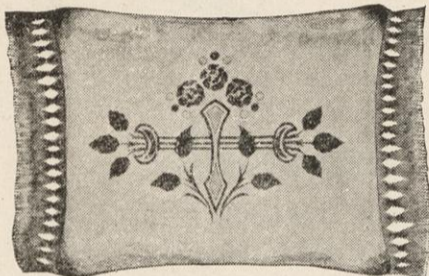
THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine



Baby-Blue-Eyes

Given for **Nine Subscriptions**

No. 2046. Baby-Blue-Eyes is a sweet-faced doll 15½ inches tall, with unbreakable head and stuffed, jointed body. She wears a pretty frock and bonnet, which can be removed for a camera-portrait of this lovable doll, and speaks for itself. We guarantee that she will make any little parent happy.



Aberdeen-Crash Pillow

Given for **Six Subscriptions**

No. 2058. This pillow-cover comes to you all ready to slip a pillow into and use, for it requires no embroidery-work or finishing-touches except to sew up one end. A floral pattern is stamped stencil-like in green and red and yellow. It is all made up, back and front, with a beautiful fringe across both ends. It is 17x20 inches, made of Aberdeen-crash, a material that resembles gray linen, and will stand long wear and rough usage, beside always looking fresh and clean. It is a companion-piece to our Aberdeen-crash table-runner, that has been so enormously popular with our club-raisers.

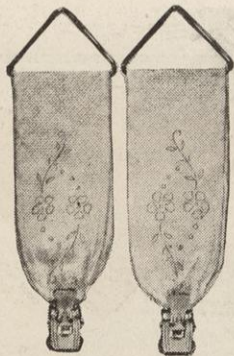


"Rembrandt" Paint-Box

Given for **Five Subscriptions**

No. 2004. This is a high-grade, artist's moist-color outfit with the widest range of color-possibilities.

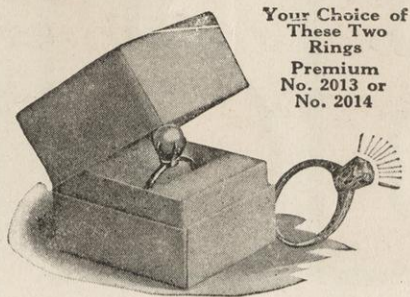
There are sixteen pans of regular colors, a tube each of black and of white moist colors, and a camel's-hair paint-brush. The outfit is of the famous Milton-Bradley manufacture. All comes in a special partitioned metal box 8½x3 inches.



A Pair of Hangers

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 2064. The hangers are stamped for embroidery but are all ready to use without working if so desired. A nickel triangular hanger is fastened in one end and the famous G. M. C. fastener at the other. Ideal for hanging skirts or for decorative hangers for bedroom-walls.



Your Choice of These Two Rings
Premium
No. 2013 or
No. 2014

Your Choice of These

Two High-Grade Rings

Given for **Eight Subscriptions**

No. 2013. This ring has a genuine Sterling-silver shank, with a new-style chasing that makes a very unique and handsome ring. The stone is a brilliant white sapphire, which can hardly be told from a real diamond.

No. 2014. This is a 14K solid-gold ring with a large imitation-pearl stone.

Either ring will come to you in a hinged, plush-lined box as shown in the illustration.



New Reading-Glass

Given for **Four Subscriptions**

No. 2021. With the aid of this powerful glass the finest print becomes legible. Lens is 2½ inches in diameter, enlarging print to twice its actual size. It is bound with a nickel rim, and the handle is of black composition resembling ebony. Total length, including handle, is about 7 inches. We will send it without breaking.



Auto-Filler Fountain-Pen

Given for **Six Subscriptions**

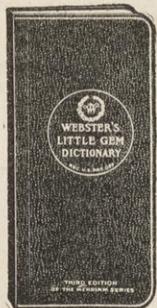
No. 2069. Here is a first-class fountain-pen that we can offer on surprisingly easy terms, considering the quality of the pen and the price usually asked for good fountain-pens. This is a new-fashioned self-filler. No ink-dropper to bother with. Black rubber barrel and cap, just like the higher-priced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



Cut-Glass Candy-Jar

Given for **Eight Subscriptions**

No. 2049. Cut-glass candy-jars are the very latest fashion. They are ornamental as well as useful. For gift-purposes they are supreme. The one we have chosen is very beautiful. The illustration shows the style and decoration. The decorations are cut into the glass, and the shape of the cover is very distinctive. The height of the jar, including cover, is about 9½ inches. The diameter of the mouth of the jar is 3½ inches. We highly recommend this premium, and we guarantee against breakage in transit.



Webster's Little Gem Dictionary

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 2043. An ideal pocket-size dictionary of over 200 pages based on the authoritative Merriam's Webster. 22000 words. Gazetteer of World's names of places, prepared since World-War, maps, tables of useful information, etc. Dark-green cloth binding.

Imitation-Bead Bag, The Latest Fad

Given for **Fifteen Subscriptions**

No. 2066. This is the very latest thing in hand-bags for ladies. The design in gay colors is stenciled on black velvet. The effect is beautiful and very striking. It is not the ordinary-method stenciling, but the design and background are composed of minute round dots that have the appearance of genuine beads. The bag we give is all made up with handsome 6-inch frame, substantial chain and clasp, with silk lining. In addition each bag contains a small pocketbook and vanity-mirror; the pocketbook and back of mirror are covered with same material as the lining of bag. The bag measures about 7 inches across the bottom and is about 7½ inches deep.



Sterling-Silver Tatting-Shuttle

Given for **Five Subscriptions**

No. 1851. Sterling silver carries its own guarantee of quality and needs no elaboration. Shuttle is fitted, in size, to the hand, has wide space for thread with close points and can be wound without a holder. Notice the pointed end for picking up picots. Finished in dull gray.

Beautiful Bud-Vase

In Genuine Cut Glass and Silver Plate

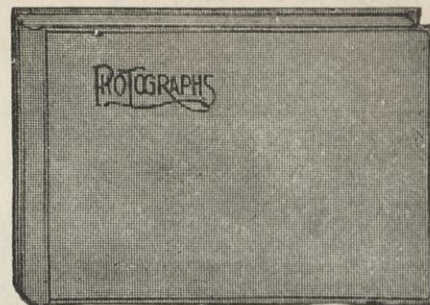
Given for **Four Subscriptions**

No. 2075. A useful and ornamental decoration for Dresser, Desk, Mantel, or Table. The cut-glass tube can be removed from the base for cleaning. The base is finished in silver plate. The tube is 8 inches tall and of just the right size for one rosebud or other flower. It is also useful on dresser as hatpin-holder.



Earn a Premium Yours Without Cost

—The American Woman



Amateur Photo-Album

Given for **Three Subscriptions**

No. 2039. Here is just the Album for everybody who uses a camera or who has received pictures as souvenirs of a pleasant journey, a picnic, the residence of a friend, or the other numerous snapshots and photos that one hates to lose. There is only one good way of keeping these pictures, and that is by pasting them into a photo-album such as we here offer. In this way the pictures are always available when wanted. This album is 8½x5½ inches in size, and contains 75 pages. It is bound in heavy buckram with the word Photographs in gold letters on the cover. We predict an enormous demand on these liberal terms.



Eveready Flashlight

Given for **Seven Subscriptions**

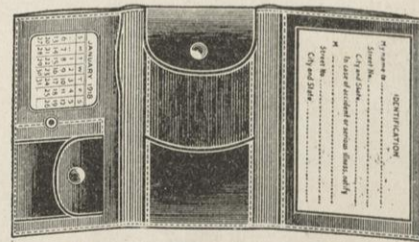
No. 1791. Don't grope in the dark, or stumble over a chunk of night. Get an Eveready Daylo and walk in safety. The Eveready can't blow up nor blow out. It is absolutely safe under all conditions. In doors or out, it turns darkness into daylight. A simple pressure of the thumb instantly produces a clear, white, brilliant light on the very spot you want it. The illustration shows the Comet, 6½-inch Eveready, equipped with a genuine Eveready Mazda bulb and latest, long-life Tungsten battery.



Three Children's Silk Handkerchiefs

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 2057. These are real Silk Handkerchiefs imported from Japan. Our offer is for six of them with a different picture in many bright colors in the corner of each handkerchief. Each handkerchief is eight inches square.



Handy Combination Pocketbook

Given for **Four Subscriptions**

No. 2022. Made of leather, black or tan, well stitched and the handsomest and most durable. It is entirely new, strongly made, and wonderfully limp and flexible.

This pocketbook contains Calendar for this year. Large Enclosure for Bills with patent button. Coin-Purse with flap. Card-Case. Postage-Stamp-Holder; and two side pockets.

At one end is an Identification-Card. By entering your name, address, height and weight, occupation, "If injured notify," etc., you have always on your person something to identify you in case of accident or your address if you should lose your pocketbook. This card can be removed from book at any time, if desired. State your choice of black or tan.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the article that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to The American Woman at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **35 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to

THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

Aladdin

Readi-Cut Homes

Cut Building Costs



Before You Build:
Be Sure of Getting
Complete Shipment of Materials

Lumber stocks were never so low as at present. Nails are practically impossible to secure in most communities. Orders for doors and other mill work are six to twelve months behind delivery dates. Many towns have a glass famine. Lath are about impossible to secure and going up in price regularly. And nearly all other items are difficult to obtain. This will cost millions of dollars to those who build this year in delays on the job. The man who plans to build will probably suffer, unless he secures a guarantee of delivery of complete materials.

Shortage of Materials Everywhere

Writing in the New York Herald, John C. Howell says, "Even a normal building program, in 1920, will experience difficulty in having orders for building material filled on demand. The building material scarcity will have a serious effect in retarding the development of a program at all commensurate with the building requirements."

Aladdin Shipments Overcome All Difficulty You Are Protected by a Guarantee

Upon receipt of your order you will receive a bona fide guarantee of complete shipment of all materials required to build the Aladdin Home you purchase. Where else can you get such a guarantee of prompt, complete and satisfactory delivery of all materials? Aladdin Homes are shipped from the four greatest timber-producing sections in the United States. From the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Canada to the Gulf—Aladdin can serve you wherever you live. Aladdin houses are manufactured and shipped direct from the Aladdin Company's own mills in Michigan, Mississippi, North Carolina and Oregon. They come to you in a straight line from the nearest timber region. Complete Sales and Business Offices are maintained in connection with each mill. Fully 24 hours' time is saved in your mail reaching our offices.

Bungalows, Dwellings, Garages, Summer Cottages

The Aladdin Book of Homes has a message for you. Amongst its pages, profusely illustrated in colors, leading home designs are represented to you. Aladdin houses are cut to fit as follows: Lumber, millwork, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paints, varnishes. Aladdin's Dollar-a-Knot guarantee is proof of the high quality. Knotless lumber, the purest and clearest that ever came out of the forest, is the kind that is used in Aladdin homes. This is evidenced by our famous Dollar-a-Knot guarantee, which has now been in effect for over four years. The highest grade paints, hardware, doors, windows, millwork, etc., are all included. This material is shipped to you in a sealed box-car, complete, ready-to-erect. Safe arrival in perfect condition is guaranteed. Send today for a copy of the 100-page Book, Aladdin Homes No. 2051.

The ALADDIN Co.
 Bay City, Michigan

Save the Waste and Reduce the Cost

The Aladdin System scientifically prepares the materials and conserves the labor. You can save 18% on the cost of the lumber and 30% on the cost of the labor. Certified records of thousands of Aladdin Homebuilders in every state prove these statements. You can prove these statements for yourself, for there is an Aladdin home near you wherever you live. Fourteen years' success of the Aladdin System of construction have firmly established its many advantages. The lumber that's wasted costs just as much as the lumber that's used. The only possible way to reduce present prices of lumber and labor is to save the usual waste. The Aladdin system prepares all the lumber in our mills ready to be nailed in place. Waste of lumber is reduced to less than 2%. Cost of labor is reduced 30%. One man will do in six days, with Aladdin Materials, what it requires ten days to accomplish without Aladdin's system. The book, "Aladdin Homes," free to prospective builders, explains this completely and thoroughly.

Write to
 Nearest
 Offices

Branches:

Wilmington, North Carolina;
 Hattiesburg, Mississippi;
 Portland, Oregon;
 Toronto, Ontario,
 Canada.



100
 Beautiful
 Homes in the
 Aladdin Book



The Aladdin Co.
 Enclosed find stamps for your book.
 Aladdin Homes No. 2051

Name
 Street
 City
 State