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EMMA CHALMERS MONROE,

Editors Special Departments

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Chats with Our Readers

A Question

By Anna L. Muzzey

*Why should our thoughts run in a time-worn groove
When we may test the new and the untried?
We see fresh vistas opening fair and wide
On fields whose hidden treasures we may prove.*

*While silently the Universe doth move
To vast eternal uses, let us glide
Into its current, and in faith abide
Within the arms of an encircling Love.*

*Ah, fellow pilgrims, shall we dully plod
Like sheep along a trail worn old and gray?
For each there lies a God-appointed way
That to our sight will grow more clear and broad
As it is followed bravely day by day.
Why stick in ruts that other feet have trod?*

EMERSON declared that "there is guidance for each and every one of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word." It is a statement wise and true—so true and wise that it should be printed in illuminated text and hung where it will be seen by all of us every hour of every day—at least, by those of us who are inclined to follow any bypath which seems likely to lead us out and away from clamoring dissatisfaction with present conditions and environment. And there are very few of us who are not confronted once in a while by a problem which seems to admit of no adequate or just solution—that is, no working out that will be the very best for all concerned. Yet we know, since life is a unit, that what is truly best for one, must be best for everybody whom the problem touches; hence, if we are wise, we listen for the right word, we strive for that inward quietness through which shall come to us the whisper of the still, small voice which never errs, the voice of God within us. Obeying the injunction of the Master, we enter into our closet and close the door of the outer senses, discerning thus with the spiritual faculties the solution of our particular problem, the course that we should follow. Having discerned this, let us not turn back; but let us be sure that it is the leading of the spirit, and not of personal inclination or will.

WILL the good friend who writes of being "held and bound by a net of circumstances" to work she hates, take this little talk to heart? Perhaps she will like to know that we have more than once applied the method suggested to the solution of perplexing personal problems with the result that the tangles were straightened out—more or less completely and rapidly as we were able to get the promised guidance without the admixture of our own ideas on the subject but surely straightened. In thus "lowly listening" we must be very sure that we seek the true and right way out; there must be no thought of unkindness, or revenge for injustice we feel has been done us, or hatred for the drudgery we seem called upon to do. If a way is best for us to follow it must be best for all that we follow it—and it is the best way we are seeking. Earnestly and persistently sought, there can be no failure; we shall just as surely find the open door as we live. In the meantime we shall, if we are wise, go on with the work that is ours to do, as happily as possible, realizing that it is a step to something better, or higher, if you will, and freeing it from censorious thought for that reason, if no other; we shall meet the people whom we have heretofore found so repugnant, with smiling goodwill, and decline to believe that they are enemies. It is

really the easiest thing in the world to make a friend of an enemy by changing our own point of view. The same rule can be applied to environment; the world about us responds to our thought of it.

A DEAR woman whom we know well has proved all this so completely that it is a pleasure to hear her tell her experience. She was situated very much as is the friend from whose letter we have quoted. Her work was not pleasant; she had accepted it because she felt she must do something in the way of adding to an income which was almost at the vanishing-point because of ill-advised investments, and had been plodding along year after year with no advancement or hope of one. She was among uncongenial people, who certainly did "bring out the worst in her," as she said—so long as she allowed this. The day came when she awakened to her own spiritual dominion, when she saw that she herself had woven the "net of circumstances" which held her. And having reached this conclusion she proceeded to ask for guidance and listen for the word. She had felt that perhaps she was not capable of filling a more responsible position than the one which called for pasting labels. All at once she knew she was, and that different work—which would be play instead of labor because she loved it—awaited her demand. How it would come, she did not know—she did not need to know, since it was on its way. "Of that I was sure," she told us not long ago; "and somehow the assurance changed my whole attitude toward the work and the people at the factory. Then, one never-to-be-forgotten day, I found a dismissal-notice in my pay-envelope—to take effect unless I could go to another city, where the company intended to remove that particular branch of its work. I couldn't—I did not wish to; I went home, had a talk with the inner mentor on which I had learned to rely, looked over the evening paper, and next morning applied for an advertised position which six months before I would not have thought I could possibly fill. I got it, have had two advances in salary, which surely goes to prove that my work is acceptable—and I love it."

YOU have all heard M. Coue's slogan: "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better"—of course you have, since the country has been ringing with it for weeks and months. M. Coue, himself, is with us now, a genial man with eyes a-twinkle, a winning smile, and sincerity written all over him. He is not doing his work for fame, or power, or pelf; but for the pleasure of helping his brother man and sister woman to possess their rightful, divine inheritance of health and happiness. He disclaims the title of doctor, declaring that he has never cured anyone; he is simply a teacher, or as he says, an apostle, showing people how to cure themselves. Thousands visit his home at Nancy, France, every year, and more thousands are rushing to him here, the majority finding quick and sure relief from ills that have beset them. Like One of Old, he tells those who flock to him, "according to thy faith be it unto thee." There is nothing new about his theory. He believes the imagination—or the subconscious mind—to be more powerful than the will which we have been so often exhorted to strengthen and cultivate, and that if we let go or relax the will, addressing our desire to that which lies deeper, and repeating the suggestion in confidence and frequently, specifically on retiring at night and awaking in the morning, there is sure to be a favorable result. He says, in brief: "If you can make a sick person think his trouble is disappearing, it will disappear." It is good to say, even though we are not sick, since it refers to general well-being, "Every day in every way I grow better and better."

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"GO GET IT"

By THEODOCIA PEARCE

THE very beginning had been a short year before.

The night Tess Turner almost lost her life, Irene, sister of Tess, standing wind-blown out beneath the stars, found hers.

She had come home from her work at the jam-factory to find the doctor and a nurse already there. Mrs. Carter, from across the way, met her at the gate.

"It's Tess," she said—"burned—making jelly—it tipped."

Tess—Irene felt a swift, keen terror. Tess burned. She listened breathlessly to Mrs. Carter's few brief words. Tess—

"Why didn't you send for me?" Irene asked, sharply, with a half fearful, half hopeful glance toward the house.

"Oh, there was nothing you could do. It was just best not to have you around, my dear. The worst is about over now."

Irene hurried into the house; and out in the kitchen she found Jimmie pacing the floor, his face white and drawn. Tess' eager and gay-hearted Jimmie—pacing the floor like that. She went to him.

"Don't, Jimmie; Tess will be all right in a few days. Doctor Palmer is in there. I saw him. He is the best—everything is being done. Don't lose your grip. Tess is going to need you in a little while."

He gripped her hands at that, and she begged him to sit down. He obeyed her command mutely. She watched him for a moment, just sitting there, almost like an old man he seemed, bent and broken. It hurt her just to look at him; she went to the window to gaze out upon the patch of garden in the backyard. Tess had helped her to make the garden—Tess, so white and suffering in the little front room. And she, standing there by the window—just standing—doing nothing—nothing—and they had said it of her—

"Oh, there was nothing you could do. It was best not to have you around."

It stung her spirit like the lash of a cracked whip, and she smarted beneath the blow.

"Irene—" Jimmie called her back from the window. "Don't you want some supper, Irene?"

Supper! She turned sharply from the window, the white-muslin curtains falling from her fingers. Supper—and Tess suffering like that. Almost it seemed sacrilegious to think of food. She wanted to rebuke Jimmie for the suggestion. But his eyes were upon her, penetrating, pleading—

"I'll get us something," she said, quietly, and moved toward the pantry. "I'll make tea, too. Go to the shed and wash up a bit, Jimmie, while I set the table."

Again he obeyed her mutely. There were cookies in a jar, and bread in a box, and preserves in a dish. There was a wrapped piece of cheese, and she took that, also. Tess liked cheese. She was to have fixed it with some macaroni for supper. She set the table numbly, brewed the tea. Jimmie came back from the shed, and they sat down to eat. But the food—she couldn't swallow it—the food—she couldn't—

"I'll be back," she said, and got up

nurse, bending above the figure on the bed. She could not see the face of Tess. It was the hands of the nurse that caught her attention and held it—swift-moving, strong-shaped, capable hands. She looked down at her own, pitifully. At the factory, pasting labels on the countless jars of jam, her hands too, were swift-moving and capable. But what is it to paste labels on jam-jars? The very thought filled her with a sense of utter despair and uselessness. Some there were

who had such splendid uses for their hands, such high service. And the nurse, she watched her breathlessly as she moved about. The doctor—Eric Palmer—how young he was, almost too young to be trusted with Tess. But it did not worry her, only vaguely and for a moment. It was the nurse she watched—the nurse—and those hands—

"Water," the doctor said, presently. "Go get it."

Go get it! Irene sprang back from the doorway at the sound of his voice. It was of steel, hard and polished and strong. It called Irene as the whistle of the factory called her every morning, to a vivid sense of the moment—its actuality and its need. Particularly was she aware of its need.

But there was nothing she could do. It was best not to have her around. She went into the little parlor and sat down on the organ-stool wearily, and began to look about, to see the familiar objects as she had not seen them before; so closely a part of her life—and yet now—so suddenly—barely touching it. Suddenly—hateful to her.

Why had it come, so swiftly and so surely, to mean nothing—nothing? Her mother's organ—even that; she had cherished it most—the poor pictures on the walls, the worn carpet with its red-rose pattern; the center table, its Pilgrim's Progress, its book of texts—all meant nothing to her. Only the hands of the nurse meant something. Desires stirred within her, desires to do and to dare. Oh, if she might use her hands as some people were given to use theirs—if she might! Suddenly she hated pasting labels. No—she had always hated it. Suddenly she knew that she hated pasting them—knew that she must not, dare not, would not go on pasting them longer. Somewhere in the world it must be—her chance—

"Oh, I am mean," she chided herself. "I am mean and selfish, wanting my chance—and with Tess in there, fighting for hers, like

she is." She got up and went back to the doorway. "Oh, I am mean."

The nurse was back at the bedside now, and from the doorway Irene could see her hands. How she longed to grip them within her own, to feel the touch of the firm fingers, to pour out all her pent-up praise, to share this new desire with someone, to take a step forward to some chance—her chance. Then she saw the face of Tess, white and drawn against the pillow, the dark hair a tumbled mass accentuating that whiteness.

"Oh!" she cried, softly—"Oh!" and fled from the room. She could not stay there and feel so helpless the way she did. She went out into the little front yard and down



"... Congratulate us, Palmer." Bob's voice came through to her—so far away it seemed. "I've just asked Miss Turner to marry me."

hastily. "Help yourself, Jimmie."

Anxiety drew her to the threshold of the little front room. She leaned heavily against the door, peering in at the doctor and the

the path to lean against the gate-post.

The night was coming on, the cool September night, coming on soft as a dream comes—and star-studded. She began to ponder, to ponder as she had there in the little parlor, and to know afresh more and more of herself, to feel the stirring of dormant desires within. Down the street the lights began to stand out boldly in the darkness, yellow flecks against the night sky. And watching them, she seemed to be watching herself, the spirit of herself, a light glowing brightly against the sky of her future—a future dark in its mystery, but far reaching and star-studded. And seeing herself—seeing—the fingers of her hands met, gripped tightly together. Her hands. Yes—they were strong hands, swift-moving and capable. There were things in the world that she might do—might find—

And so Doctor Eric Palmer found her. "Well—well—" A kind voice beside her, a strong grip on her arm. "This will never do—never. I told you not to worry about your sister. I told you—"

She turned upon the young doctor, flared suddenly as a fire flares to new light.

"It isn't that—Tess in there—she has Jimmie—she doesn't need me so much since she married him—it isn't Tess—not her chance—but mine—my chance—my hands—my—"

Eric Palmer saw the old swing, and led her to it. She went, stupidly, the leaping glare of her spirit blinding her eyes.

"Now tell me all about it!" he commanded, quietly.

"It's my hands—and the labels. I paste them on. It seems a joke," she laughed, brokenly, "such a good joke on me. I hate it! I am telling you how I hate it. Why can't I use my hands differently—why—like the nurse in there. There ought to be a chance—my chance—somewhere—there—"

"There is," he finished for her. "Always. Now tell me just what it is you want to do. Don't be afraid. Don't hurry—tell me slowly, so that I will understand you. What is it that you want to do?"

"I don't know—" She spoke from her despair. "I've never had time to think what I would like to do. I never had time to know what I am, even—not until tonight. Nor what I want my life to be. Just to marry a Jimmie Barnes, to settle down with him, to cook meals, endless meals—they'd get to be like that, you know, like the jam-jars—endless. I couldn't do it the way Tess does it. She gets them, and she sings while she gets them. And by and by there will be little ones for her, more duties, more work, more meals. Always she will be shut in the one house, and all the world outside. But she won't know. She'll be content. Somehow I cannot understand that sort of happiness. To-night—I watched her hands—the nurse's in there—and the way you said — 'Go get it' — it was the water you wanted — the way you said it — like the factory-whistle calling me in the morning. Only it was more like waking up and finding things different than you wanted them to be — finding yourself different."

"You're a funny little thing, Irene Turner," he told her. "Talking so wildly about your hands and jam-labels, and wanting your chance, all in one breath. I wonder if you know what you want out of life, know it well enough—to go get it."

She lifted her palms upward, as a worshiper might lift an offering.

"Oh, yes—I know that!" she cried. "I want life—more and more of it. I want work—the right kind of work—more and more of that too. I want some kind of success. Great high stacks of it. And the world to travel in. And all the people to be kind to. That's all I want," she laughed, softly, "and isn't it enough? Why, there is nothing else left after that!"

"And so you do not like pasting labels?"

"No—I hate it. I told you that. I want my hands to have something to do like her hands—the nurse's—and my chance."

"Go get it."

She looked to him and her throat throbbed. How sure he was of himself—how sure!

Life was not to him what it was to her, not endless, and weary, and useless days. His life was a purpose, and in it he was so sure—so safe—so—

"But how?" she made a little gesture of appeal; "how? It is different with you. One needs so much to give first before one can go get it. There's money one needs, lots of money, not just regiments of jars to be labeled. Oh, you have never had that, never known what it means to be alive—and about half dead too—you can't see it the way I do."

"Once," he began, slowly, in that kind, even tone, "once—I was just a lad, I worked before a machine in a foundry. I hated it. I wanted to run away. I wanted a chance. There was no money. Then one night my father died. A drunken sot—that's all. I woke up, too—suddenly, just as you say you have. I know how it feels. I went to New York. I began alone—it was twelve years ago."

"Oh!" Irene pondered it well, searching the splendid face, "Oh—one wouldn't know. Sometimes to be tired, to have to cook food, to eat it in a hot kitchen; to have to wash out clothes, to iron them out and then put them on, still hot against you—do you know all of that?"

"All of that."

"One wouldn't think—one wouldn't suppose—just looking at you, that you had known despair, or struggle, or bitterness."

"One learns to hide that," he said. "One even learns to forget."

"To forget"—she made it an echo—"oh, if I only could. And begin to plan my life all over again."

"Whatever you want," he said, "I believe you can get. Life has a funny way of leading us along blindly. And then—" In the dark she heard the snap of his fingers.

"Like that, it comes, the light, the chance. We learn to want a thing, to want it with all our mind and all our spirit. And then when the desire is great enough—we go get it. Nothing is greater than that. Nothing else matters. Nothing stands in our way. Big desire overcomes all else. It is the spur, the strength, the goal. You know that, don't you?"

"I am beginning to know it now," she said.

"You are like a chrysalis," he told her. "The sun of your desire—do you understand?—it is warming that inner darkness of your mind—your real self. Soon the butterfly will come forth and spread its wings."

She tried to laugh with him.

"But a butterfly hasn't any folks to think of. There is Tess sick now—and the house still to be paid for. You see I am helping Jimmie buy the house. Then it will always be a home for me—with them. Even with enough money to start, I couldn't go away. Don't you see?"

"But why go away?"

"There is no chance here or I wouldn't be where I am now—at the jam factory."

"Suppose I told you of a chance—what then?"

"Why"—she breathed hard—"I would go get it."

"You've got the stuff," he warmed to her eagerness. "I thought so. Now I am going to help you out, point a way to you. It's up to you to walk it—if you want to. See? There's a hospital on the other side of this town. They need nurses worse than you need money. How would you like that?"

She looked down at her hands.

"If they'll take me, why I'll work—study—learn. I'll do anything just for the chance."

"You'll have it," he promised her. "I will see you again. I must be on my way now." She followed him down to the gate. He smiled at her kindly as she held it open for him to pass out. "Don't worry about your sister now. I am leaving the nurse for a few days. She will do everything that is necessary."

"No—I won't worry. And thank you—for all you said to-night. For listening to me as you did—when there wasn't any reason for you to listen at all."

"Oh, yes, there was," he contradicted her. "A doctor, if he wants to be the right sort of a doctor, deals with minds as well as bodies. So I'll leave you my orders too—don't worry, for we can always make things work out the way we wish they would if we use patience. Remember that, won't you?"

"I shall never forget it." Alone she leaned against the gate-post and gazed up at the stars. There seemed little else in the night save herself and the silence, and the street-lights glowing. And in life there seemed little else than the soft wonder, the great space of it, and her soul shining. "Go get it." She gripped her arms about the crooked, unpainted post. "Oh, I will—I will. I don't know how—but I will!"

Resolution at best is strength, a sweeping, whirling strength; and freedom, a freedom that is fearless and laughing—an overwhelming ecstasy. Out beneath the stars with her face lifted to the sweet breeze of the night, Irene Turner felt all of that, felt it, thrilled to it—reached out and found it.

"I will—" It was a prayer on her lips, a passion in her heart. "I will—go get it."

That was the very beginning. It had been only a short year before.

Now she often looked back along the year, the splendid, work-filled, ever broadening year—to the beginning. It was like a dream, more like an hour snatched from life, than life itself—life as she had known it before, hard, and relentless, and cruel. The hospital had opened wide its doors to her, and the beauty of the new work which she came to love more and more as the time went on, folded her in. Life was different now, all the people were different, sick, weary ones to be cared for like little children, lost in the labyrinth of pain and despair, of anguish and longing. It was her work, and her service, and her joy to lead them out gently along the path of their pain, through the tangle of their tormented minds, to the high road of health and happiness. Working for life and with life, she had made it her treasure—her sweet comrade. And loving life, she had spread forth her butterfly-wings, flitting from day to day, from duty to duty, longing to soar high—and higher.

And in it all was the kindly interest of her doctor. She came to call Eric Palmer that—her doctor—only softly and to herself. He watched over and guided her progress. It was hard for her at first, and he knew it. But he never knew how much easier he had made many a day for her in a word of greeting, or a quick smile of encouragement, as his practise took him in and out among the wards. Sometimes on her half days off he took her for long drives out into the country, explained to her those things which were most difficult to understand, laughed with her at the mistakes she often made, pointed out to her a source of new effort. It was her high pride that often he trusted her with a difficult case, gave her charge over a life, and knew that she would not fail him. It was a silent prayer in her heart that she should never fail him—never.

One day he stopped her in the hall. It was at noon, and she was hurrying down to the dining-room.

"You look tired to-day, little Irene Turner. Is there anything now that is bothering you?"

She laughed at that, a bubbling sort of a laugh, floating and colorful. "Why, no—I couldn't sleep last night. I guess I got medical terms on the brain. There is a long new list of them for me to learn. And the hateful little things just sat all around all night and wouldn't give me any peace."

"Well, see that you kick them out to-night. Don't let yourself run down the hill, for climbing back is a slow and oftentimes hopeless progress. I have seen so many nurses trying it before. You'll need to sleep to-night."

"Yes, I'll need to sleep to-night," she granted. "For there will be no chance to-morrow night. I go on night duty. First time. Won't it be thrilling? I have always longed to sit up all night, but I have never had the courage. Now I have got to do it anyhow, and no courage about it. Imagine

prowling around all night like some old ghost."

"You'll be scared," he jested.

"Scared?—why? what is there to be scared of?"

But she hadn't counted on Bob Hall. They called her out of the deep, pervading hush of that first night, to the last room of the west wing. She went gaily, expectantly, responding to the summons, reveling in the mystery of it. And at the last room—she stood a moment upon the threshold petrified, suddenly sick, numb.

"Oh!" she cried, and it echoed down the still corridor. "Oh—"

Doctor Carter, the house-surgeon, turned at the sound.

"I'll need you, Miss Turner," he said. "Call Palmer at his home, will you? Tell him it is Bob Hall, son of big Jim Hall—an auto smash up. Tell him that—and to come."

She hastened to do his bidding.

"Bob Hall!" It beat in upon her brain. "Bob Hall—that gay young kid all battered and torn and bleeding. Oh, it is terrible," she shuddered. "Almost unreal, like it couldn't be true. Things like that can't happen, not really—not in our hospital—not in our town."

Even in the dawn she tried to tell herself that it was a dream—a hideous nightmare. The hours, the slow, creeping hours of the night—hours in which they strained and struggled and prayed for life, three of them there in the little room that seemed to reel in the ghastly white light. Irene could never forget Jim Hall's face when he first saw it, a face unbelievable in its inscrutable agony for his boy. At the sight of it she had prayed, had turned back to the red horror of her task with a new, fierce desire. This gay kid, broken, bruised, bleeding—turning from life, yet half fearful to go out with death. Oh, somehow—they must save him, hold him, bring him back—back. Keep him. This gay kid. Often she had seen him, racing the city streets in his car. Everyone in town knew him. At the jam-factory they called him "Young Lochinvar." And seeing him in those old days she had hated him, hated his wealth, his careless joy in living, held him in contempt, grudged his life to him. And after a year she was praying to bring him back, to hold on to life, where he would so readily let go. Nights they left her to watch beside him, to listen for the slightest sound, to soothe back the pain, to lead him out from his delirium. Always there in the dark, peering out from the blackness, she saw that face of big Jim Hall, tortured, terrified, tender. Once she had thought his face coarse, selfish, brutal even. Now before the memory of it she prayed—prayed—and stole softly to the bedside to listen to the labored breathing of his boy.

Those nights, living in the dark, living so close to the great chasm of death, she came to realize afresh the beauty and the privilege of life, and to yearn for it as she had never yearned for it before. Sometimes before the long, slow watch began, Eric Palmer would come in to see her and to see Bob Hall. She liked to believe that he came in to see her; to bring her directions, to pat her kindly upon the shoulder, to smile his encouragement, to leave her comforted and strengthened and inspired. Almost it seemed that he left her inspired.

Then one night after a week of such weary, waiting hours, Bob Hall awakened out of his pain and saw her sitting there beside him and reached out to her. She caught at his poor bandaged hand.

"Are you my mother?" he asked.

"No—I am your nurse," she told him.

"What—happened—tell me—" The words came slowly, sank into a silence. She thought he had gone to sleep again, so still he lay, and his breathing came soft, regular. Then out of that quiet: "Say—I know—it was dark—the old car—"

"Can't you forget about that?" she begged, leaning close, that he might see her face. "Let's talk about something else, won't you?"

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THE VISION OF DESIRE

By MARGARET PEDLER

Author of "The Hermit of Far-End," "The House of Dreams Come True," etc.

CHAPTER VII—Concluded

STARING with horrified eyes at the swift and utter destruction of the *Reve*, Ann shuddered uncontrollably. But for the unknown deliverer who had snatched her bodily from the doomed boat, she herself would be struggling in that almost fathomless depth of water or, stunned by the savage drive of the motor-boat's prow, sinking helplessly down to the bottom like a stone.

"Don't be afraid. You're all right." Again that strangely familiar note in the reassuring voice.

Ann twisted round within the circle of the arms which held her and peered up at the face of their owner. A flickering gleam of light revealed a small white scar high up on the left cheek-bone.

"You!" she exclaimed, under her breath. "Is it you?"

"Yes." She could detect a note of amusement in the voice that came to her through the dusk. "Your creed has proved false, you see. I expected nothing—and here I am with an altogether charming adventure."

"I shouldn't describe it quite like that," she answered, ruefully.

"No? But then you've lost a boat, whereas I've gained a passenger. Our points of view are different."

The arms which held her had not relaxed their hold, and she stirred restlessly, suddenly acutely conscious of their embrace. Instantly she felt herself released.

"Will you be all right?" came in a cool voice.

"Oh, yes—yes." Ann stammered a little. "This is a very steady boat, isn't it?" wonderingly.

"It's a motor-boat, that's why." Now that the uproar occasioned by the accident had died away, she could hear the soft purring of an engine forward. "Still you'd better sit down," resumed the Englishman. "The bacchanalian gentlemen in the boat which ran you down are still blundering about, and may quite probably cannon into us. And you don't want to take a second chance of being shot out into the lake."

"Indeed I don't." She sat down, hastily. "I—I don't really know how to thank you," she began, haltingly, after a moment. Somehow she felt curiously shy and tongue-tied with this man.

"Then don't try," he replied, ungraciously.

This was hardly encouraging, but Ann returned to the charge with determination.

"I must," she said. "If it hadn't been for you I should certainly have been drowned."

"Rather improbable," he answered, as indifferently as though it really mattered very little whether she were or not. "With so many people close at hand someone would have been sure to fish you out. You'd have got a wetting—and so would your unfortunate rescuer. That's all. Still, I'm just as glad I saw what was going to happen. I prefer to keep a dry skin myself."

"Oh! Then you would have jumped in after me?" asked Ann, with interest.

He sat down in the stern of the boat, his arm on the tiller, and regarded her contemplatively.

"I suppose so. A man has no choice when a woman chooses to go monkeying about in a boat and gets herself into difficulties."

"Monkeying about in a boat!" repeated Ann, indignantly. "I suppose you'll say next that I rammed my own boat and sank it!"

"You certainly put yourself in the way of danger," he retorted. "Who in the name of heaven allowed you to go out on the lake alone on a fete night like this? Isn't there anyone to look after you?"

"I look after myself," she replied, shortly. "I'm not a child."

He laughed.

"Not much more, surely. How old are you? Seventeen? Eighteen?"

"Add four," said Ann, "and you'll be nearer it."

"So much?" He fell silent. There had been genuine surprise in his voice. Perhaps he was recalling her as he had seen her at the Kursaal—boyishly slender, her eager, pointed face alight with gay enthusiasm and amusement. *One, two, three—nine strokes.* The

sound of a clock striking came, wafted faintly across from the shore. Ann started up.

"I must get back!" she exclaimed. "I'd forgotten all about the time."

A brief smile crossed the man's dark face. "So had I," he said. And there was something in the quality of his voice which sent the color flying up into her face. "Why must you go back in such a hurry?" he resumed, composedly. "One can watch the fete very well here."

"I'm going to a dance—at the Gloria," said Ann. "Someone—they are coming to fetch me, and if I'm not there—"

"They will be disappointed," he finished for her, a veiled irony in his voice. "What time do your friends expect you?"

"At ten."

"And it is now only nine. If you care to watch the fete a little longer, I can land you wherever you wish and you would still be in good time. I will guarantee your safety," he added, with a smile.

Ann hesitated. On the one hand, she was thoroughly enjoying the water fete as viewed from the security of the Englishman's motor-boat, and the unconventionality of the circumstances added a spice of adventure to the situation. On the other, like every properly brought up young woman, she was quite aware of what would be Mrs. Grundy's pronouncement on such a matter.

"You'll stay?" said the Englishman.

It savored more of a command than a question. Metaphorically, Ann threw Mrs. Grundy overboard into the lake.

"Yes, I'll stay," she answered.

He accepted her decision without any outward sign of satisfaction and she experienced a slight chill of disappointment.

Perhaps, after all, he had only asked her to remain a little longer, not because he really desired the pleasure of her company, but merely in order that he might not be inconvenienced by the necessity of taking her back to Montricheux before he himself was ready to go. She had all the sensitiveness of youth and, once this idea had presented itself to her, she felt self-conscious and ill at ease, only anxious for the moment to arrive when she need no longer trespass on his hospitality.

And then, just as though some secret wireless had acquainted him of her discomfort, he held out his hand with a sudden smile that softened the harsh lines of his face extraordinarily.

"Thank you," he said, quietly. "When you go to bed to-night you'll be able to feel you've done your 'kind deed' for to-day."

Half reluctantly, yet unable to do otherwise, Ann laid her hand in the one he held out to her. His strong fingers closed round it possessively and she was aware of a queer, breathless feeling of captivity. She drew her hand sharply away.

"Is it a 'kind deed'?" she asked, lightly, for the sake of saying something—anything—which should break the tension of the silence which had followed.

"Is it not? To bestow a charming half hour of your companionship on the loneliest person in Montricheux? Oh, I think so."

"You didn't look at all lonely this afternoon," flashed back Ann, remembering the pretty woman with whom she had seen him driving.

"At the battle of flowers, you mean. No." He turned the conversation adroitly. "But I only won third prize, so I'm still in need of sympathy."

Taking the third prize is rather my metier in life."

"Perhaps it's all you deserve," she suggested, unkindly. "Anyway, you've nothing to grumble at. We didn't win anything. We weren't elaborately enough decorated to compete."

"Yet you looked as if you were enjoying it all," he hazarded. "Did you?"

"Yes, of course I did. Didn't you?"

"Not particularly—till someone threw me a rose."

Ann decided to ignore the latter part of this speech.

"You're such a confirmed cynic that I wonder you condescended to take part in anything so frivolous as the fete," she observed.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"When in Rome—Besides, it reminded me of my young days."

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"She carried it off to a sunny corner of the garden to enjoy its contents at leisure"

DREAMERS ALL

By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

"ROSEMARY!" Miss Emily's voice reached the drooping little figure slouched discouragedly on the green seat that circled the pear-tree. "If you'll get your doll, I'll show you how to make it a sun-bonnet. I've got a piece of sprigged lawn just big enough."

"All right, Aunt Emily, I'll get her."

The little girl answered, puppet-fashion, for the heart of Rosemary was in the white tent in the pasture behind the meeting-house, even though her body climbed the steps of the back porch and lounged into a rush chair. One slim hand slipped itself into the pocket of her frock and pulled from its resting-place a glaring-hued circus-bill. Rosemary slowly unfolded the handbill, holding it high and whispering the headlines:

Daring Dorothy, the Most Thrilling Tight-Rope Dancer in Seven Countries

Colonel Bob, the Talking Dog
A Mad Dashing Chariot Race

Marcine, the Funniest Clown in the World

Admission for Adults Fifty Cents
Children, Twenty-Five Cents

As she read, her nostrils dilated with the memory of a pungent odor of grease paint mixed with the thrilling aroma of wild animals. She saw again the grinning, painted person in wide, white ruff, grotesque, full pantaloons and spotted shirt. She heard too, again, the merry, mocking voice:

"Pretty little miss! Marcine wants you to come and see him in the big white tent this afternoon. Only twenty-five cents!"

And the clown had given her the handbill she now read with an eager but hopeless feeling in her heart.

"Grandmother! Aunt Emily!" she said, finally, "I saw the clown in the village! He walked up and down in front of the store, and gave all the children these bills. I touched his sleeve! And I couldn't get waited on for, oh, hours. You see everybody is in the village to-day buying things, before they go to the circus." The last words were a reverential whisper.

But Grandmother Brewster heard them, even though she was busy in the kitchen, and when she had emptied the sugar into the preserving-kettle and banked the fire that the plums might simmer, she went out to the porch and drew the little girl close to her.

"You're all het up, Rosemary. You shouldn't run so hard when you go on errands. Sit still a spell and cool off."

Miss Emily Brewster, Rosemary's aunt, pitting Damson plums on the back porch, looked quickly at the little girl.

"Why, so you are. Go right upstairs and wash your face and hands, and lie down and take a nap, Rosemary!"

Miss Emily bit each word as if it were sour.

The drooping child figure rose, and started across the threshold of the kitchen. Grandmother Brewster shook her head as she watched her go.

"I'm sorry, but your Aunt Emily thinks you're too young to go to the circus this year," she said.

Rosemary turned.

"I don't feel so very sleepy, Aunt Emily; but I'll go upstairs and lie down. I know, grandmother, I'm not going to the circus."

If the words dripped with tears, they were brave. The circus bill, now a bit of crumpled paper, rustled down from Rosemary's hand to the threshold. No one picked it up, and the door was suddenly, yawningly, empty.

Upstairs in the big white room with the four-poster bed, Rosemary neatly removed her dusty shoes, pulled off her hair-ribbon and folded it, and took off her frock. Turning down the white counterpane, she curled down on the morning-star bed-quilt, bare arms outstretched,



"Perhaps it was only her child fancy, but to Rosemary the painted face, the clown costume, the beckoning arms were real."

and half closed eyes fixed on the pattern of the wallpaper. Perhaps she dozed. It was a dull, bee-droning, clover-scented, dream-compelling sort of an afternoon. Perhaps she actually slept. But at any rate, shrilling across the meadow and through the flapping white window-curtain came the strident music of the steam piano on the circus-grounds. Then Rosemary sat suddenly up in bed, rubbing open her eyes, for there in the doorway, Rosemary saw him. Perhaps it was only her child fancy; but to Rosemary the painted face, the clown costume, the beckoning arms, were real. She saw him! He spoke to her!

"Pretty little miss! Marcine wants you to come and see him in the big white tent this afternoon!"

They were just the words he had used at the store.

Only for a second did the clown stand there—then the doorway was untenanted again. But it was long enough for Rosemary. She flung herself from the bed and wriggled her slim self into frock and shoes, still hearing the hypnotic, mocking voice trailing back to her over the fields. As she took her breathless, ardent way down the front stairs, out between the grim white pillars of the Brewster house, and down the hill toward the village, the voice went on ahead of her. And Rosemary followed!

The Damson preserve proved contrary. It took an hour to bring it to the proper degree of lusciousness, where Grandmother Brewster could pour it into the waiting jars and go upstairs to change her dress and cap and fetch down her sewing. She looked into Rosemary's room, and easily explained the emptiness of the four-poster bed.

"Rosemary took a good long nap," she

said, as she joined Miss Emily with her sewing-basket in the cool sitting-room, "then she went down to Harriet's to play. She went out the front door. I found her hair-ribbon on the front stairs, so I know she went down the hill to Harriet's." Then, after a minute: "I always kind of enjoyed a circus once a year. Taking your brother John, was a good excuse for enjoying the animals and the clown, myself. I'd like to take Rosemary."

Miss Emily daintily unfolded her sewing.

"And then my brother John married a stage-woman; and personally, I don't see much difference between acting Shakespeare and walking a tight rope. They're both wanton ways of making a living."

Miss Emily was thinking of the little black-frocked figure that had come to the Brewster house a year before—Rosemary, a child of the stage, a child of mad young love; a child orphan, and all that was left to the two older women who had abhorred her mother and adored her father, their son and brother. Rosemary was a dear little girl, happy if a very slight happiness came to her, tractable, content. But, still, the two women, Aunt Emily especially, feared for Rosemary's future. Suppose she should turn out to be like her mother?

Down the hill, the town was keeping circus-day in gala fashion. There were booths of rosy lemonade, hot-dogs, and ice-cream cones; gaudily gilded wagons where the Fat Woman, the Boneless Man, the Sea-Serpent, and the Last Rhinoceros beguiled and held the happy, surging crowd for a space, also the shrill of brass music to call them to the great white tent where the afternoon's per-

formance was about to commence. Pushing, crowding, crushing against one another in carefree jollity the crowd straggled into the white spaces and took seats on the rough board planking that surrounded the circus-ring. More music, a waving of flags, a pageant of animals, painted ladies, Indians, cowboys, rattling chariots, and the circus was on.

Like children, the circus-crowd became young as the performance carried them away to where there was no humdrum life, and where color, adventure, daring and beauty ran riot. As children do, the crowd laughed, clapped, buzzed and held its breath.

"Daring Dorothy, the world-famed tight-rope performer, will climb a trapeze to a tight-rope stretched halfway to the roof of the tent, walk it blindfolded, and then jump into the net, driving away in her waiting chariot!"

The ring-master made the announcement, and the expectant multitude was hushed with waiting.

Parted flaps of the dressing-tent disclosed Daring Dorothy. She tossed a yellow wig and twisted a seductive pink-and-white smile. She touched crimsoned lips with tiny finger-ends. Carelessly throwing aside her long white cloak, banded with fluffy white fur, she stood clad in silver tights and jeweled corselet. Still throwing her kisses to the gaping crowd, Daring Dorothy climbed to the dizzy heights. When she had reached the top, so far above the ground that she looked like a doll in midair, she poised, threw a last kiss at the sea of eyes beneath, tugged from her bosom a bandage of white silk, bound her eyes, and tiptoed out on the perilously swinging rope. Swaying, balancing, wavering, she reached the middle.

Then she began the last half of the hazardous way. In safety she reached the farther end of the rope. Her tearing the silk bandage from her eyes was a signal to send out the horses, harnessed to the chariot which stood at the tent-entrance, and trained to come dashing in, and stop the empty chariot beside the rope net. As they entered, Daring Dorothy raised her fingers to her lips again, and looked quickly toward the net of ropes that would break her high jump.

"Oh, you mustn't jump, you mustn't."

It was the wail of a little girl's voice, and Rosemary's slight form shot across the ring as the driverless horses, plunging, panting, swayed toward the poised figure.

The thunder of applause that had started was lost in an expectant hush far more anxious than that which had greeted Daring Dorothy. The child would be killed! No—for the grotesque, chattering clown with the painted face, who had been turning somersaults and cracking ribald jokes at the edge of the circus-ring, threw his body at the horses' heads, hurling them a hair's breadth out of their course in time to save the child, who fell, frightened, but unhurt, and then lay still.

A murmur of horror gave way to deafening applause as the woman of the tight-rope gathered Rosemary in her arms. No one in the audience moved to claim the little girl, so Daring Dorothy bore her triumphantly away in her chariot. The grimacing clown gathered himself up and, unforgetful of his part, followed with swaggering walk toward the exit that led to the dressing-tents.

"She ain't a mite hurt, not even scratched,

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THE SERGEANT

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

NO one will ever know whether The Sergeant enlisted or was drafted. Not that it affects either his military standing or the outcome of this narrative; but it was a subject of lively interest with the members of Company A.

"Aw go on," a young buck private would growl, as he rubbed his shirt viciously on the small scrubbing-board, "you can't tell me that dog would track a man a hundred miles. That dog was expressed into town and then followed him out to camp."

"Well," another voice would affirm, hotly. "I knew a dog once that—" And so the debate would proceed, always ending, however, with the question still unsettled as to whether The Sergeant had voluntarily espoused army life, or been inducted into it by aid of the Express Company.

When Pat Moran, the only man who really knew, was questioned, he merely grinned innocently and stuck to his original statement: that when he had gone into Chilton one week after his arrival at camp, he had found the dog in the street, apparently looking for his master, and had brought him out along.

In any case the dog was there, and to the two hundred original members of Company A of the Three Hundred and Twelfth Engineers who had already had six months steady grind on drill-field and in barracks, his arrival was like a living bit of home dropped suddenly in their midst. It was curious how many bonds immediately formed between men and dog. A rawboned youth from Indiana fumbled the long silky ears and recalled that there had been a pup just like him on the farm at home. A young civil engineer with two University degrees, who ordinarily held himself aloof, confided to the man beside him, "I wish my girl could see that dog. She's crazy about them."

"Some pup!" his companion returned. "I wish I could ship him home to my kids."

So, as the bonds of interest multiplied, Company A to a man adopted The Pup, as he was known before his promotion, and after the first speculative and sentimental comments, settled down to enjoy him. And if ever a dog was born to make friends, it was he.

The legs of a mastiff, the head of a collie, and the heart of a man, he's got," was Pat Moran's Celtic summary, and it suited him. He was strong and thick-set for a two-year-old, with soft yellowish-white hair, mottled queerly here and there with brown. His nose was too blunt for a pure collie, and his tail was too short and thick, but these defects of pedigree were more than atoned for by the added quality of friendly strength which they gave him.

His eyes, of course, were his chief beauty. But what mere human praise can do even approximate justice to a dog's eyes? His were large, and brown, and intelligent. They looked at you, and through and beyond you, calmly, wistfully, playfully, contemplatively, as the mood was on; but always with the unfail-

ing sympathy and true charity of a true dog.

He was a born democrat, and no expostulation or reproof on the part of Pat, in whom the sense of reverence for superiors was strong could teach him the nice caste distinctions of army life. But after he had one day in joyous abandon, placed both muddy paws on Major Bowen's immaculate trouser-legs, and had not only failed of being smitten dead on the spot but was actually well received, Pat discontinued his instructions and the major rose in the esteem of the whole battalion.

It was not until after his promotion, however, that the mascot of Company A became the pet of the regiment, and that event occurred on this wise: Corporal Jones, with a few non-coms, was seated under a tree back of the barracks one evening, fondling The Pup. Suddenly he straightened.

"My gosh, fellahs, look here at the chevrons!"

He was holding the dog's right fore leg on which, sure enough, there appeared to the astonished eyes of the onlookers three irregular thin brown stripes, half concealed by the shaggy white. When the ejaculatory profanity had at last simmered down to, "Can you beat that?" and "Wouldn't that

get your goat?" Corporal Jones grew businesslike.

"Say, fellahs, let's get some shears and make his stripes show up."

It took but little barbering to achieve the effect desired, which was even more startling than they had supposed possible. Then The Sergeant was taken back in triumph to the barracks where he was received with roars of laughter, then with salutes and affectionate slaps.

Pat Moran was naturally the most affected. Even after the rest were asleep, he kept repeating softly to his bunkie, "The Sergeant! Don't that just suit him! Honest, I wouldn't 'a' been better pleased if I'd of got promoted myself."

Of course the news spread and for the next few evenings streams of men were wandering around the barracks of Company A, eager to see the prodigy. The men of the Three Hundred and Twelfth claimed him especially; but his fame soon spread to the other line regiments and even penetrated to the Depot Brigade. The officers talked about it at their mess and the rumor of the dog and his chevrons finally got to the ears of the general himself. When Pat learned on one evening, that The Sergeant had actually

been over to Division Headquarters by special invitation, his bedtime remarks to his bunkie savored of the Nunc Dimittis.

As for The Sergeant himself, he passed from comparative obscurity to camp-wide popularity with a calm, cheerful manner that delighted his admirers. Like all true deservors of fame, when it came to him, he did not recognize it. He observed the full military day. Reveille found him alert and frisking in front of the barracks, eager for the morning formalities to be over and breakfast - time to come. When mess sounded, he planted himself on the kitchen-steps, where the cook, his sworn ally, fed him with a largesse that soon developed in him a robust well-being.

All day he kept close to his company; in the morning splashing about in the river or cool shore mud, while the pontoons were in building; nosing about in the dugouts on the side of the hill; trotting patiently along on the days the men went to the rifle range, then lying, panting and nervous, as the shots cracked out and the bull's eye went up and down.

The afternoons he usually spent on the drill-field, while his company did squad-movements and platoon-formations. These he followed with an earnest, businesslike gravity, trotting behind as the ranks formed and reformed, breaking into a run as the men changed to double quick, and resting only when a welcome three-minute fall-out for smokes was called. At which latter time he was the center of interest, and those who could get near enough to fondle him or feed him bits of chocolate were looked upon as men whom Fortune unjustly favored.

The social center of the camp was the great Community House which opened its doors hospitably to the soldiers and their friends. It

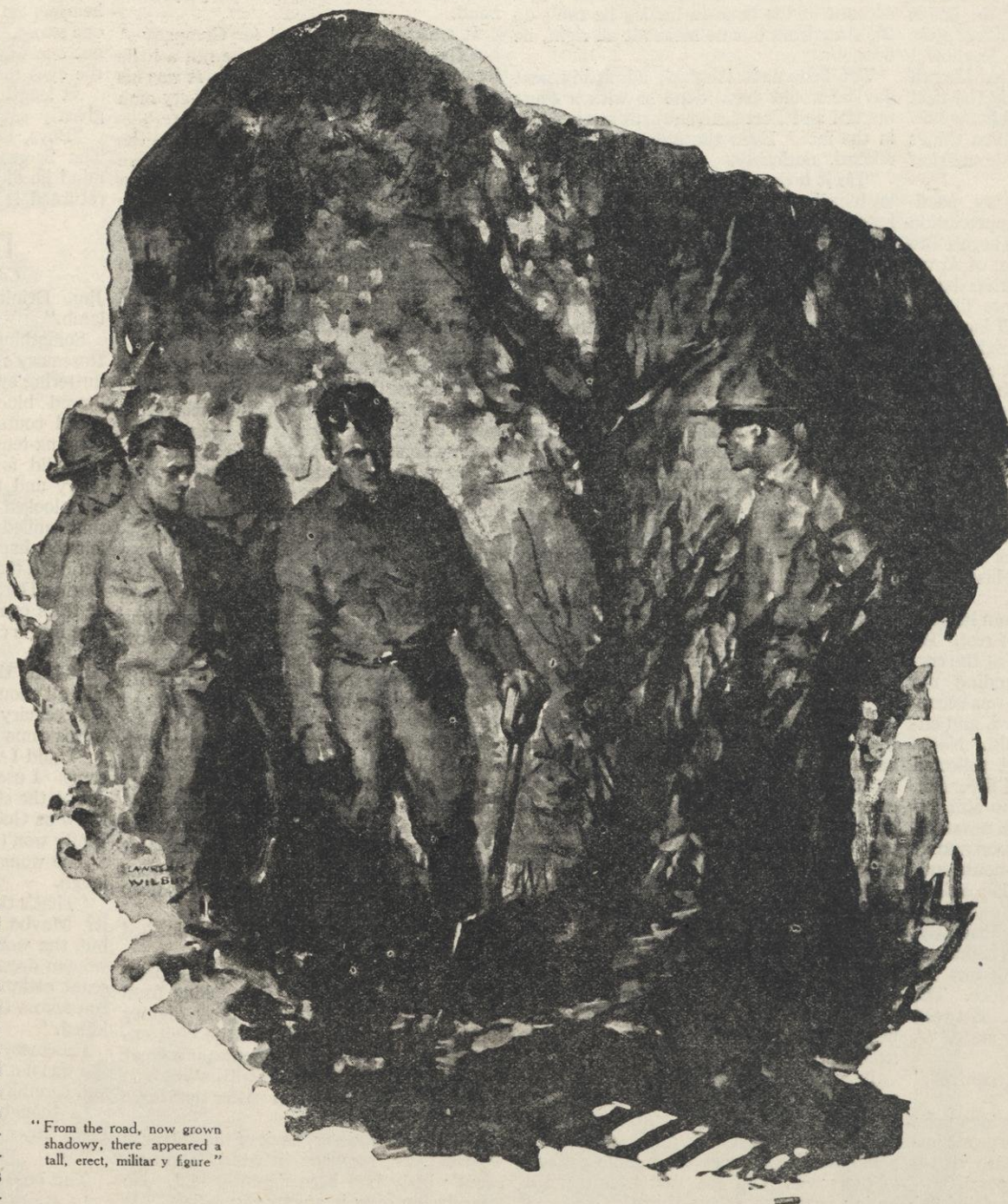
was not long after the fame of The Sergeant had spread, that there began to come thickly to Pat, requests to take the dog over to see some particular wife or sweetheart who had expressed the feeling that her visit would be incomplete without a sight of him.

To comply with these Pat was reluctant. In the first place the evening was the only time he had any chance to enjoy a master's possession of the dog. Moreover, as he explained to the petitioners, "He's like meself. He's no hand for the ladies. He'll make up with the kids all right if there's any there; but he's a man's dog, he is."

And so it proved, for while he bore politely the praise of the women expressed in varying degrees of pitch and superlative, his desire to escape was apparent, and he was soon back among his old pals.

One evening when the civil engineer had returned him with thanks after such a trip, he remarked to Pat: "The Sergeant made a new friend tonight. The colonel's wife is over there with her little girl, and he took to the youngster at once. She really is a little beauty. I don't see how she ever picked out such a dad!"

Pat snorted and several of the other men groaned. For Colonel Lane of the Three



"From the road, now grown shadowy, there appeared a tall, erect, military figure"

Hundred and Twelfth was not a favorite with his men. He was a stern, uncompromising martinet, who seemed to find satisfaction in working them to the limit of their endurance and cutting down their privileges in inverse ratio. The pass-roll steadily decreased; the black-list grew longer each week, and curses not loud but deep, greeted each new evidence of his iron discipline. They were the best drilled regiment in camp, and the most restless and resentful under it. There was that in the colonel's makeup which made men fear him even when they had done no wrong. The major himself had been known to act like an embarrassed schoolboy in his presence. Pat Moran hated him thoroughly, and thereupon decided that The Sergeant should mingle no more with the colonel's family.

The next evening when the first applicant came, Pat shook his head.

"No," he said, with his usual air of grave innocence, "no, you can't have him to-night. He's been doin' too much lately. Just look how thin he's gettin'," patting his well filled sides. "He's like meself; can't stand too much society."

Pleading was vain. Pat was firm, and with a wink to Corporal Jones, he and The Sergeant started down the hill back of the barracks toward the river. When the corporal found them a few moments later, Pat was lying with one arm around the dog, and his blue eyes searching the heavens.

"I've been thinkin'," he began, "that it's time The Sergeant was learnin' a few tricks. It's careless I've been not to teach him before. He's clever enough to do anything if we only show him how. Have you heard where he's sleepin' now? Under the bench in front of the guard-house. It's likely some of the boys coaxed him there. Anyhow I was just wonderin' if—" Pat raised himself nonchalantly on his elbow, "if by the next time I'm on guard, say, he would know how to halt and salute, it mightn't liven things up a bit for the boys at the guard-house that evenin'."

Corporal Jones was quick to see possibilities, so he promptly swore appreciation of the scheme, and then and there began The Sergeant's training in the Manual of Arms, which continued nightly on the river bank.

Hints of new accomplishments filtered out from time to time, but to all inquiries, Pat was smilingly dumb. One night, however, a month after the first lesson, Pat came from the bulletin board with a twinkle in his eye. He was scheduled for guard duty on Sunday. He had taken careful note of the others who also went on guard, and conferred with several of them the next day.

By retreat on Sunday evening, Company A showed a thrill of excitement. Anticipation was written large on every face except Pat's. His was serenely serious as he shouldered his gun and began to walk his post in the accustomed military manner.

At eight o'clock he returned from his first beat for the four hour interval of rest. He was halted by the guard on duty at the corner of the board-walk surrounding the guard-house. He advanced and was recognized by the corporal of the guard, and entered the house as any guard would. Nothing happened. Those who had collected opposite in hope of the promised diversion, passed on. But the faithful who still loitered around the barracks were rewarded about ten o'clock. It was full moon and as light as day. Around the guard-house suddenly appeared The Sergeant. He walked slowly with his head well up. At once from the sentry came a sharp "Halt!" Instantly, The Sergeant reared politely on his haunches.

"Corporal of the guard," sang out the sentry, with a broad grin on his face. The corporal appeared from the door. Between chuckles the sentry managed to state, "A friend."

"Advance friend, and be recognized," called the corporal.

Not in vain had the long evenings been spent on the river bank. The Sergeant immediately dropped on all fours with visible relief, and started toward the corporal.

Then suddenly, just when eight delighted

grins inside the door were ready to break into open laughter as the little scene reached its triumphant conclusion, a sound came that froze all smiles. Against every law of probability, the colonel had chosen that hour for an inspection of the guard. Accompanied by a lieutenant, he stood not ten feet away.

"What child's play is this?" he roared. "Do you think we are running a circus here, or a dog show? In all my thirty years in the army, this is the most unmilitary conduct I have ever witnessed! I'll have every participant in this foolery blacklisted for a month. Take their names, lieutenant. And this dog. Let him be put out of the way to-morrow, so that there will be no repetition." His anger rose with each sentence. "Which man in the company owns the dog? Is he here?"

"He is, sir," said Pat, uprearing himself and saluting. "It's my dog he is, sir. But if you wish him killed to-morrow, there's one more trick I would like him to do for you, sir." It was a daring speech. To all appearances Pat was bland respect and childlike innocence personified, but two blue veins were swelling on his temples, and his heart pounded thickly. Before the colonel could reply, Pat had called, "Sergeant!" The dog came out from under his bench, brown eyes eagerly expectant, tail wagging. "Halt," ordered Pat. And the Sergeant stopped once again and sat upon his haunches. "Sal—ute!" cried Pat, suiting the action to the word himself. Straight went The Sergeant's right paw to his head, and then back with a jerk. "It's the English salute he does, sir," explained Pat. "On account of the bone in his leg he can't do the American, but he means it all right, he does, sir."

The lieutenant laughed, admitting next day he would have done so with a court martial and Fort Leavenworth staring him in the face. Even the colonel's iron mask relaxed, noticeably.

"He is a clever dog. Perhaps we should let him live awhile longer, but see that you keep him out of the way."

Then he hardened again and turned to the disciplining of the guard. Thus it was that The Sergeant's prowess all but cost him, and then saved him his life.

So the weeks passed and July melted with fervent heat into August, when there began to be much painting of oversea boxes, and measuring for woolen uniforms, and tightening up of passes, by all of which and certain other infallible signs, the Three Hundred and Twelfth knew that their days this side the Atlantic were numbered. Company A in its few leisure moments discussed what should be done with The Sergeant when they left. Pat kept his own counsel, but seemed to be thinking deeply. Before any decision had been reached, however, the matter was settled in a way no one expected.

It was Friday evening at Regimental Retreat. The wide, sandy drill-field reflected the heat of the day, and the men, hot and perspiring, set their jaws and prepared for a tedious time.

In the distance, far across the wide road that ran through the center of camp, and half hidden by trees, a throng of visitors sat on the porch of the Community House. A woman wheeling a perambulator had stopped under a tree just beyond the road. Every one was tense, waiting. Every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the drill-field and the men; for it was probably the last Regimental Retreat for the Three Hundred and Twelfth.

The companies lined up, facing the colonel who stood with his back to the road. The order was given for "Parade Rest," and then to the band for "Sound Off." The band began its march across the field and back in front of the companies.

Just then, Fate, in the form of a great steam roller, which was being used to repair the road, passed the main canteen at the extremity of the drill-field, and made its slow ponderous way across the middle distance of the scene. Old Joe Tarr from a neighboring farm was at the throttle, glad that

luck had brought him there in time to see something of interest.

Clear and echoless, when the band was again in place, retreat was sounded and the flag over Division Headquarters began slowly to be lowered.

"Tention! Present—arms!"

Like so many well regulated machines, the men changed position and stood motionless as the first notes of The Star Spangled Banner were heard.

Then, suddenly, every man in Company A caught his breath and watched with dilating eyes the road before them. Old Joe, with a clear track and his hand easily on the throttle, was leaning from the side, intent on the view of the drill-field. A few feet in front of the roller, coming on so slowly and steadily, was a little girl—the colonel's baby. A real dream-child she looked, her white dress and gold curls showing in the sunlight, her little toddling, swaying legs leading her uncertainly where her hands seemed to be pointing.

There was plenty of time next day to discover just why her nurse had left her alone for a few minutes. The fact was, she was there. Every man in Company A, the nearest company to the spot, felt his heart give a leap within him, and a ghastly fear possess him. Would she get across the road in time?

"And the rockets' red glare—" shrilled the band.

Suddenly from the left came the sound of soft feet beating through the sand. The Sergeant, browsing about the edge of the field, had seen.

"The bombs bursting in air—" played the band.

It was almost drowned for Company A by The Sergeant's barks, as he ran a little forward and then back to them. It was his signal of danger and distress, and every man knew it.

Not one but confessed afterward to the same feelings. Should he scream out above the band? Should he fling his gun and run for the road and the child? Would not some other man act first and do the unprecedented thing? Would not some miracle intervene? And through it all in the fast moving seconds there settled, like a dull, petrifying weight, the discipline of months. Colonel Lane's own discipline, which provided for no emergencies.

The Sergeant, panic-stricken at his failure to arouse those on whom he counted, was tearing in flying clouds of dust nearer the road, barking wildly at the heels of the major's horse, then at those of the colonel's.

"Gave proof through the night that our flag—"

The Sergeant had reached the road and was barking desperately up at Old Joe, who calmly smoked his pipe as he looked over and beyond him. The baby, attracted by the dog's cries, had suddenly become aware of the great black mountain descending upon her. She stopped, dismayed, and now stood terrified, watching it.

There was no more time for appeal. With a last despairing bark, The Sergeant leaped up the low bank to the road.

To the two hundred and fifty men who watched the outcome, the next few seconds were a confusion of golden hair and white dress and struggling brown and white. Then it was all over. The golden hair and white dress were seen safe on the low bank. But on the sandy road there lay a very still mass of white and brown with spots of deep, deep red.

"And the home of the brave!" finished the band.

That night at mess, Pat Moran's place was empty. There was some joking from the coarser spirits who felt their dignity forbade a show of grief; but the civil engineer, who had been The Sergeant's great friend from the first, cut in with a voice so cold and quiet that it hurt. After that there was silence.

Pat was found later, back of the barracks with a clean, new box in which The Sergeant's body had been decently laid. He was placing over it an American flag. He

raised up wearily and his thin face was white.

"An' him expectin' us to do it to the very last. That's what gets me. It was a man's job, but he done it. It's a military funeral he must have, boys, he's earned it."

And so the plans were soon matured. Through some mysterious intervention in which the captain was concerned, a gun-carriage was secured, and with true military honors The Sergeant's box was hoisted upon it. Half the men in the company crowded about, eager to help haul it, and the long procession moved down the winding road to the river bank, where under the tree on the spot The Sergeant had received his lessons, his grave had been dug.

When the box had been lowered, the men stood about talking of the dog, of his coming, of his tricks, of his friendships, of his wisdom, and above all, eagerly trying to explain the strange psychological experiences through which each had passed during those few horrible moments in the afternoon.

"You know the reason I didn't do something, was because—" one voice was saying, when suddenly close to them from the road now grown shadowy, there appeared a tall, erect, military figure. The crowd parted, and the colonel passed through and on to where Pat stood with the shovel still passive in his hand.

He hesitated a second, then slowly, deliberately, with the full dignity he would have used toward a fellow officer, he saluted with eyes on The Sergeant's open grave.

Then, turning on his heel, without a glance, he walked away.

Even when it was certain he was out of hearing, no one spoke, no one laughed, no one swore. Each felt a hot lump rising and not one would have looked his neighbor in the eyes for a month of paydays.

At length Pat twisted his thin lips into a ghastly smile.

"Boys, do you mind the night I made The Sergeant salute the Colonel? You mind he didn't return it, then. Well, he's returned it now."

Dreamers All

Continued from page 8

Jim. Drink this and you'll feel better, little lamb."

Something soothingly cold trickled down Rosemary's throat and helped to open two fluttering eyelids and color gray lips. The limpid blue eyes took their wandering, dazed course through the interior of the dressing-tent, stopping at the worn trunks that did for chairs, the heaps of tawdry finery and the cracked mirror. Then the eyes looked up into the kind, chalky face that smiled down assurance at her. She felt soft hands patting her cheek. She was sitting in the lap of Marcine, the clown, and Daring Dorothy stood beside her. A flood of tears came then. Rosemary buried her face in the comforting hollow of the clown's shoulder.

"There, there, don't cry, pet. Tell Marcine all about it," the clown urged.

Rosemary could not lift her head. The words came between sobs.

"I said I wasn't going to the circus and I came. I used the change from the things I got at the store to buy the ticket. I don't know as God'll forgive me. I'm sure Aunt Emily won't."

The woman laughed, a hard, unpleasant laugh.

"That's the way when we're caught, ain't it? Maybe the Lord won't be hard on us; but the world don't have no pity." The woman drew her resplendent cape over her scant attire. "But what possessed you to run across the ring, child? You were most killed."

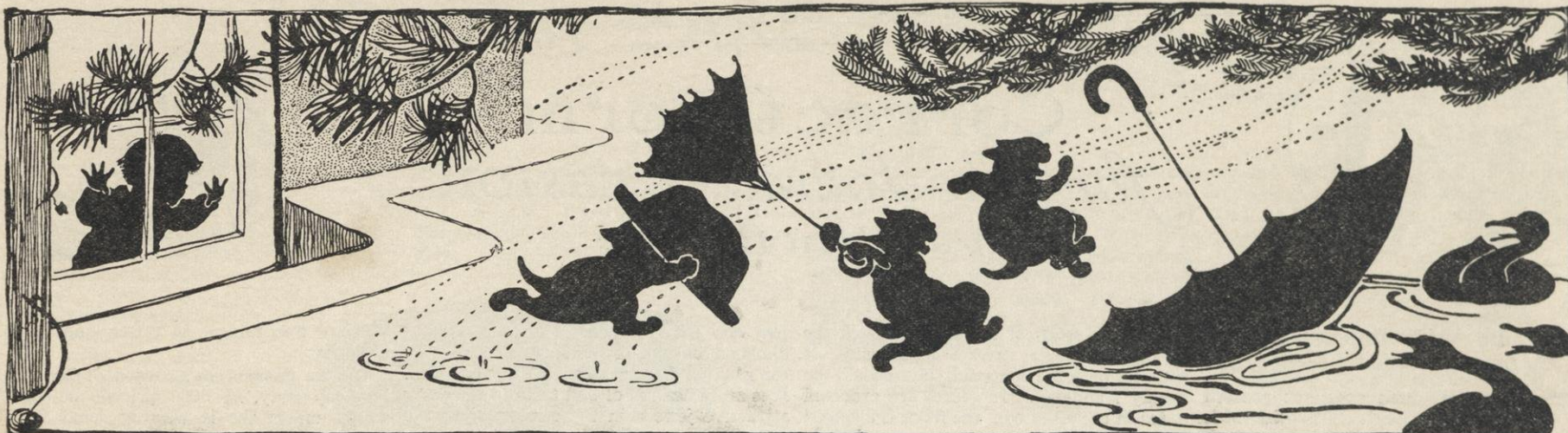
Rosemary raised her head, now. Of this she was not ashamed. She explained slowly and carefully.

"I thought maybe you'd be hurt"—and then, "my mother had a cape like that."

* * * * *

The hours of the afternoon had winged

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Quilly Quick and Sammy Slow: OUT FOR A SAIL THE KITS WOULD GO

BY VERA AND HELENE NYCE



FEBRUARY was past, and March had come in—like a lion—and this was a truly March day. There had been a terrific wind-

and rainstorm throughout the night, and in the morning it still rained, and blew, and lashed everything that came in its way. Seemed sometimes as though the four winds were blowing at one and the same time.

Cook's umbrella nearly blew inside out when she rushed to the woodshed for a basket of wood; and it's lucky the wind happened to blow in the right direction, or dear knows where Tabby and her sack of chips might have landed—as it was, they were just WHIRLED through the kitchen-door—that Uncle Bill obligingly held open.

Only the day before he had toted a barrowload of chips to the shed—enough to last a week, he declared; he didn't see why the folks wasted so many chips anyway; and this morning he was nursing himself in a warm corner of the fireplace because he knew he had an attack of rheumatism coming on—he felt it in his bones.

Anyway—Cook left her open umbrella in the pump-shed to drip; and Tabitha left HER umbrella in the pump-shed to drip; and when Eddy Brown saw them he rushed to the kitchen in the greatest excitement—and beckoned Tub and Wub and Zub to the window and pointed out a big lake in the yard—from the rain! And whispered: "Cook's umbrella's in the shed and it would make the bee-uti-fulest boat—an' I 'most know she wouldn't mind our playing with it a teenchy little bit."

"Well," Wub demanded; "why don't you ask her?"

"Oh!" replied Eddy Brown; "she's busy just now—I shouldn't like to interrupt her."

So! Eddy Brown seized Cook's umbrella—it was a green one—and dashed outside and launched it on the lake; and Wub rushed after, with Granny's umbrella—for a sail—and Zub followed with Grandpa's hat—for AN-OTHER sail. Oh! naughty kits!

"HURRAH!" cried Eddy Brown; "here goes—one—two—THREE!" Into the boat they leaped—all together! And of course it capsized; and with an awful splash they fell overboard—shrieking for Sammy Slow—and Uncle Bill—and Granny—to save them, 'cause they were drowning.

Cook saw them from the kitchen-window—and so did Tabitha; and they rushed forth—Cook to rescue her green umbrella and Granny to drive the drenched and shivering kits into the warm kitchen.

In the wink of an eye she had them before the fire with their feet in a hot mustard bath; and in another wink she had a big bowl of thoroughwort-tea brewing for them. Because it was the very bitterest medicine she had in the house. "And I have a big notion," she said, severely, "to send Brother Bill to Doctor Pedley's for something even worse." At that Uncle Bill slipped quietly out of his warm corner and disappeared.

Well! The kits swallowed their bitter medicine with many wry faces and doleful "meows." Then Granny put them in a row on the settle—before the fire; and Sammy Slow wandered to the kitchen-window and sang softly to himself:

*"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Sammy wants to play."*

Just then, as if in answer to his wish—the sun peeped out—and a great gust of wind blew something from a branch of the big pine—blew it right to the very window out of which Sammy was peering; and to his joy he saw that it was dear Quilly Quick.

His small umbrella acted as a parachute, and landed him gently and exactly where he wanted to be; and he laughed, and he nodded, and Sammy sent the window up with a bang; and in a twinkling Quilly was in the kitchen.

Tabitha took his umbrella and his sweater—it was his Christmas sweater—and asked him would he like a cup of thoroughwort-tea? But Cook said she'd give him some real tea with lots of milk in it; and he had just finished drinking it when they heard the most awful uproar from the pantry—and the door flew open—and Uncle Bill appeared, brandishing his cane and driving a frightened little mouse before him.

Of course you remember Jeremiah Bindle? Well, it was he; and he had a peanut clasped in his arms, and he was rushing along in leaps and bounds. Sammy called out what was the trouble—and Uncle Bill replied that there was a great

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Correct Form for The Social Occasion

By Lillian Eichler



What the Well-Dressed Woman Wears to Social Functions

CORRECT dress does not concern itself solely with rich fabrics, with patterns of wondrous beauty, with the whims of a fickle fashion—as style authorities would have us believe. The secret of being well-dressed entails also the very important matter of being *appropriately* dressed.

In the world of good society, dress plays a notable part in the expression of culture. What one wears is an index to one's breeding as surely as a table of contents is an index to what the book contains. There is, for instance, a proper dress for afternoon-wear, and another for evening functions. There are certain costumes for the wedding, and others for the garden fete. What one wears a-visiting may not be worn to the dinner or the dance.

You see, fashion is quite a temptress and would have us believe that it is the new twist of the mode that counts—the new interpretation of some style-note. But etiquette, sane as always, voices in no uncertain manner what is correct and what is incorrect—and so keeps us from making embarrassing blunders.

"What to wear, and what not to wear"—that is the question that confronts many a woman standing timidly upon the threshold of good society. Shall it be something quiet, sedate, inconspicuous? Or shall it be something with a dash of the unusual to it—something a bit extreme, perhaps—just a bit "different?" Let us have a general review, like the kiddies have in school!

For Occasions of Lesser Formality

The striking characteristic of the woman who is well-dressed is her poise, her grace and ease of manner. She is never self-conscious, never uncomfortable. She is never the center of attraction because she is never conspicuous. She is simply yet smartly dressed, graceful yet dignified, attractive yet inconspicuous. Above all, she is *always* well-dressed—not only on festive occasions.

There is the woman who goes to business. With a smart tailored suit of good quality and several pretty blouses, she can always appear neat and well-dressed. Satin blouses, tucked and high-necked, are excellent for the office. And evenings at home, a soft, fluffy blouse of georgette transforms the suit into an appropriate costume for entertaining.

For business wear, dark colors and heavy materials are always better form than light, colorful materials. A frock of dark serge, simply styled, is in excellent taste. Perhaps a bit of lace can be added at the throat, or a touch of bright color used to relieve the somber darkness of the dress. But nothing should be used that attracts, that is unduly conspicuous.

Then there is the woman who does not go to business, but finds little problems of dress confronting her right in her own home. What shall be worn when one entertains mornings? The morning call is becoming popular, in small towns particularly. Sometimes it is just a neighbor who "drops in" for a bit of a visit—and a bit of gossip. Sometimes it is a duty call from someone who has been entertained previously. Of course the hostess wants to be properly dressed.

A simple frock of the sort in which she may appear on the street is appropriate. It may be of wash material, but should be freshly laundered. If guests are expected to tea in the afternoon, the frock is changed for something more elaborate in silk or cloth.

But perhaps the tea isn't at her home after all. Perhaps she has received an invitation to an informal tea at her friend's home. As tea-time is the fashionable time of the day, she knows that nothing but her prettiest afternoon frock will do. She may wear something clinging of black satin. Or, if she is still quite young, it may be something gay and lovely, made crisply of taffeta. Georgette and novelty fabrics are always appropriate for informal afternoon wear.

Then again, it may not be an invitation to tea! It may be an invitation to the theater—to a matinee. That changes one's plans a bit, of course. One selects a becoming street frock of dark material, inconspicuous and simply styled. Or one chooses one's suit, because it looks so chic with one's new draped turban.

After the matinee one may saunter into the town's favorite tea-room for a dance or two. If one plans to do this, the suit should be waived in favor of one's fluffiest and most becoming afternoon frock. One always wears one's most attractive frock to the afternoon dance—and the brighter the color the better!

Dressing for the More Pretentious Function

Someone once said that there is nothing more beautiful than a beautiful woman. A pretty sentiment, but not quite complete. We would have it read: There is nothing more beautiful than a beautiful woman well dressed. This is particularly true of the formal function in the evening when one wears one's choicest *decollete* and arranges one's coiffure with elaborate care.

There is the formal dance, most colorful of all formal entertainments. Have you noticed that people wear their gayest clothes to the dance? Somehow, bright colors and pert styles harmonize with the spirit of the occasion. The very young person does well to choose tulle, chiffon, net or silk georgette as the dance material—pastel as to color—and fashioned in lines of bouffant youthfulness, with just the merest suggestion of sleeves.

When one is older, one selects a gown more suited to one's years. Sometimes the material is taffeta, sometimes satin, sometimes velvet, sometimes a rich novelty fabric. The color may be somber, to match somber tastes, or it may be quite gay and vivid. Of course the style will be suited to the individual, but it will be strictly *decollete*, since the occasion is a formal one.

What is appropriate for the dance is appropriate also for the formal dinner, except that one's accessories are not quite as elaborate. But if the dinner is not formal one wears semievening dress. The semievening dress is really nothing more or less than a glorified afternoon dress. It may be of any material and color one pleases, but it should not be sleeveless. Black velvet, effectively trimmed with one note of rich color, is an oldtime favorite.

Regarding jewels, one may wear one's choicest diamonds and pearls when one is in *decollete*. If one is wearing semievening dress,

just one jewel may be worn—perhaps a diamond brooch, or a string of pearls. In the afternoon, diamonds may not be worn. It is an indication of bad taste to wear any attractive jewels on the street during the day.

There are many occasions when nothing but formal attire may be worn. We have already discussed the formal dinner and dance. One also wears *decollete* evenings at the theater if one occupies a box or front orchestra seat. At a formal musicale, at a ceremonious tea, at the opera, at a formal evening wedding—on all occasions of formality, men and women wear full dress. Women do not wear hats, but may wear a shawl or scarf of fine lace thrown over the hair and shoulders. Long silk or kid gloves are worn, and these may not be tucked in at the wrist but should be removed entirely.

One more word before leaving the subject of formal dress: Rich materials should be selected rather than elaborate styles. For youth, we suggest lustrous satins and taffetas, clinging georgettes and tulles. For youth-grown-old we suggest handsome brocades and velvets, rich novelty fabrics, silver cloth and laces.

The Older Generation—and the Younger

Old age has a charm all its own—a silver charm that reminds one somehow of mellowed roses and fading sunsets. Where is the youthful beauty who can compete with the gray-and-lilac grandmother?

Of course one does not expect one's grandmother to wear the same kind of gay creations that are worn by young Miss Seventeen. The sound of rustling silk and sweeping petticoats—when petticoats are almost obsolete!—is what gives the elderly lady her charm.

For the woman who is "not so young any more, you know!" we like the soft, wide lace fichu combined with a dress of black brocaded satin with a full skirt that takes one back to the time of the Quakers. Then there is always the shadowy charm of black velvet and black lace. For formal occasions when the elderly lady wishes to appear particularly well-dressed, yet not too conspicuous, nothing can be more appropriate than a gown of black velvet, with wide frills of black Chantilly lace. The lace may be used in the sleeves and as a trimming on the skirt.

The elderly woman may choose any dark color that becomes her—gray, dark blue and black being probably the most popular. There are several light colors that are appropriate, chief among them being light gray, lavender and tan. Materials worn by the woman-who-is-older are taffeta, velvet, crepe de Chine and satin. Taffeta is usually combined with some other material when worn by the older woman. She should avoid such materials as organdie, georgette and tulle as they are meant for youth only.

Now let us jump to the other extreme—Little Sister standing on the threshold of her first real birthday-party. What shall she wear on this auspicious occasion?

Simple, comfortable clothes are the best for children, but they should be of the finest material. Rather give the child one dress of excellent material and workmanship than many that are faulty and inferior. Children cannot be taught too early to ap-

preciate fine things—to prefer quality to quantity.

On the momentous occasion of her first birthday-party, no little girl can be quite happy unless she is wearing some fluffy little frock of georgette, crepe de Chine or net. If it hasn't a huge bow sash, it should at least have plenty of bud or flower trimmings. Yet even this important party-dress must not be gaudy.

Children should not wear dark colors. They do not harmonize with the light, airy charm of childhood. The gayest pinks and blues, the fairest pastel shades, the most delicate tints should be chosen. And whether the dress is for one's birthday-party or for school, it should be as comfortable and simple in style as it is pleasing to the child-heart.

Note: What are your little problems of dress? The Editor of this department is always glad to help readers. Address Miss Lillian Eichler, care of The American Woman, Augusta, Maine, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope for answer.

ONE of the most pressing duties that confronts the young bride upon her return from the honeymoon is the correct acknowledgement of gifts. The only proper way to acknowledge a wedding-present is to send a personal note to the donor. The printed card of thanks is not considered correct by polite society.

SOMETIMES women who do not dance accept dance invitations for the sake of hospitality. To avoid feeling out of place and awkward, these women who do not dance should get together in informal little groups and chat with one another. If they remain alone, in the well-known manner of wall-flowers, they will make themselves conspicuous.

THE abbreviation Jr. is used after the name of a boy or young man who bears the same name as his father. The abbreviation may also be added to a woman's name on her card, when her husband's name is identical with his father's. This is done to make distinction between the cards of the daughter-in-law and the mother-in-law.

AN invitation to a house-party should state definitely when the visit is to begin and when it is to end. Some hostesses also include a time-table with the invitation (to out-of-town friends) marking the most convenient trains for the guest to take. The hostess is not expected to pay for any transportation charges.

AMONG the newer showers for the bride-to-be are the apron-shower and the book shower. Gifts for the former may consist of aprons for the kitchen, the sewing-room, the dining-room, the afternoon-tea, for cooking. Gifts for the latter may include all the best books—from the Bible to the best-seller.

LIGHTER FARE FOR MARCH

By PAULA NICHOLSON

IT is exceedingly good for the health, and also beneficial to the finances of the family, to begin in the early spring to cut down on the amount of meat eaten, to eat more vegetables, especially green

vegetables and fruit. If we cannot get these fresh, the canned varieties make a perfect substitute and we can always get them from the grocer's or home-made from the store-closet. But to keep in condition, it is necessary to maintain the food - values and get the necessary amount of protein each day. This can be done at all meatless dinners by serving egg dishes, or better still, egg-and-cheese mixtures,

beans, peas or lentils, not to mention fish, which should appear on the dinner-table twice or three times a week instead of once only, or in some cases scarcely at all.

Macaroni-and-Onion Escallop

2 Cupfuls Macaroni
12 Onions
3/4 Cupful Grated Cheese
2 Cupfuls Buttered Crumbs

1/2 Cupful Flour
1/2 Cupful Butter (or Substitute)
4 Cupfuls Milk

BREAK the macaroni in small pieces until you have enough to fill two cups, and boil it in salted water until it is soft. Now drain, throw it in a colander and pour cold water over it to prevent the pieces from sticking together. Peel twelve good-sized onions, cut in thick slices and boil until soft. Put a thick layer of the macaroni in the bottom of a well-greased baking-dish, cover with a layer of onion-rings and sprinkle over them a thin layer of grated cheese. Repeat in this way until the dish is full, and then pour in four cupfuls of cream sauce made by melting the butter and when it bubbles stirring in the flour until perfectly smooth and then adding the milk very gradually, stirring all the time and cooking until the sauce is creamy. Cover the top of the baking-dish with a thick layer of buttered crumbs, and bake until light-brown. Serve, decorated with parsley.

Cheese-and-Tomato Toast

1 Tablespoonful Butter
4 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Onion
1/2 Cupful Canned Tomatoes

3/4 Pound Cheese
1/2 Teaspoonful Salt
Dash Cayenne Pepper
1 Egg

COOK butter and onions together for five minutes, stirring constantly, add canned tomatoes (use the thick part of the pulp for this), and cook five minutes more. Have the cheese ready, cut in small, thin pieces, add and season with pepper and salt. When cheese is all melted, add the egg, which must be beaten slightly. Serve on slices of toast.

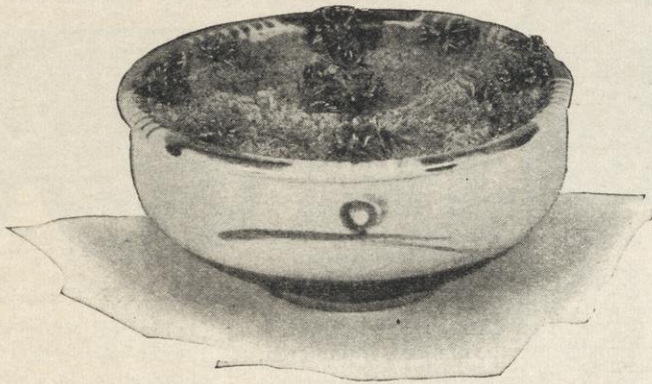
Cheese Souffle

1/2 Cupful Grated Cheese
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1/2 Cupful Milk

1/2 Teaspoonful Salt
Dash Cayenne Pepper
3 Eggs

MELT the butter, add flour and stir until smooth and well blended, pour in very slowly, stirring all the while one half cupful of warm milk. Let it boil up once and add cheese, salt and pepper. When the cheese has all melted take from the fire and add the yolks of the eggs beaten until light and thick. Beat the white very stiff and fold in. Pour into a casserole or buttered baking-dish and

bake covered for five minutes, and then uncover and bake for twenty. The oven must be slow. Serve at once. All these fluffy egg-dishes will fall if left standing any time.



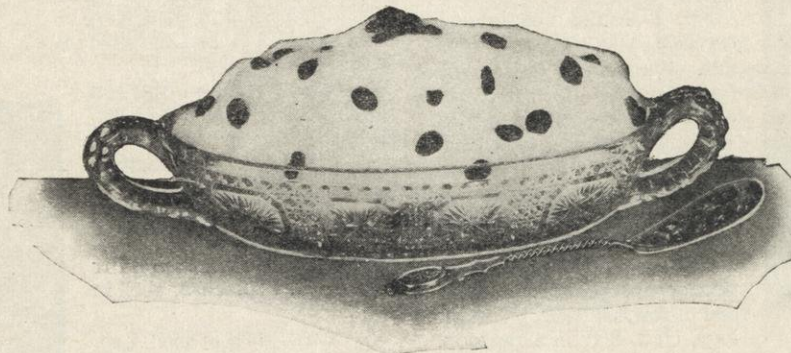
MACARONI-AND-ONION ESCALLOP — Macaroni, onions and cheese are made into an escallop. The top of the dish is covered with buttered crumbs and baked until light-brown.

Rice-Cakes with Cheese-Sauce

1/2 Cupful Rice
1/2 Cupful Boiling Water
1 1/4 Cupfuls Milk
1 Teaspoonful Baking-Soda

1/2 Cupful Cream
2 Tablespoonfuls Canned Tomatoes
Dash of Cayenne Pepper
1/2 teaspoonful salt

WASH the rice in three waters, and soak overnight in water enough to cover it. In the morning drain and add the boiling



GRAPE-JUICE-AND-RAISIN WHIP — This is made from grape-juice, white of eggs, cream, sugar, a little bit of gelatine and small seedless raisins.

water, and cook in a double boiler until the rice has absorbed the water, add milk and cook until it is absorbed, and then the cream, or top milk, the baking-soda and the tomatoes, which must be the thick part rubbed through a sieve until there are two table-spoonfuls. Season with salt and pepper, and take from the fire and spread the whole out on a plate to get cold. Then shape, and fry a light-brown. Or shape, and egg and crumb, and fry in deep fat. Serve on a platter, garnished with parsley, and on serving, pour cheese sauce over each one.

Cheese-Sauce

3 Tablespoonfuls Butter (or Substitute)
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 1/4 Cupfuls Milk

1 Cupful Grated Cheese
1/2 Teaspoonful Salt
Dash of Pepper

MELT the butter, add flour and stir until smooth, pour the milk in very slowly, stirring all the while. Bring to the boiling-point, add salt and pepper, and cheese grated or cut in small pieces. Mild cheese is best to use for this.

Potatoes au Gratin

6 Potatoes
4 Tablespoonfuls Butter
Dash of Pepper

1/2 Cupful Grated Cheese
1 Teaspoonful Salt

WASH the potatoes, pare and chop rather fine. The potatoes should be large enough to make about four cupfuls. Rinse them off with cold water and dry with a clean cloth. Put the butter in the frying

pan, add the potatoes, season with salt and pepper and cook slowly, covering the pan, but removing the cover often to stir them and see that they do not burn. When they are soft put in layers in a baking-dish, sprinkling each layer with grated cheese, having the top layer cheese. Pour in the dish a quarter cupful of water, or better, milk, and bake in a moderate oven.

Macaroni-and-Fish Escallop

1 Cupful Cold Cooked Fish
1 Cupful Cold Boiled Macaroni
1 Tablespoonful Flour
3/4 Cupful Cracker-Crumbs

1 Cupful Stewed Tomatoes
2 Teaspoonfuls Chopped Onions
1 Tablespoonful Butter (or Substitute)

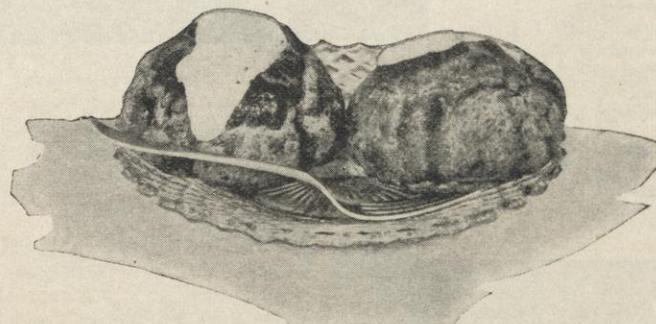
GREASE a baking-dish, put a layer of cold boiled macaroni in the bottom. Be sure it is cut or chopped rather fine. Cover this with a layer of cold cooked cod, haddock or almost any sort of fairly large fish that has been cooked. Free from skin and bones, and pick in small bits with a fork. This is an excellent way to cook fish left over from the dinner of the day before. Fill the dish with alternate layers of fish and macaroni. Fry the onion in the butter, add the flour, stirring until smooth, and then add the canned tomatoes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Strain and pour over the fish and macaroni. Cover the top with crumbs moistened with a little melted butter.

Baked Fish-Roe

1 Fish-Roe
Salt and Pepper

1 Tablespoonful Butter
1/2 Teaspoonful Lemon-Juice

FISH-ROE is in season in March, and as it contains no skin, bones or waste portion, it is not an expensive dainty. Shad-roe is the best, but the roe of herring, haddock, flounders or other fish, is also very good to eat, and much less expensive. Rinse in cold water, and then drop in boiling water,



CANNED OR DRIED FRUIT DUMPLINGS — These dumplings are topped with a tablespoonful of maple-sugar sauce. Any kind of canned or stewed dried fruit can be used for filling.

minutes. Then uncover and bake fifteen minutes more, or until brown. If the roe is thick, it is best to split it after parboiling. Season and dredge as before.

Potato-and-Nut Croquettes

1 Cupful Mashed Potatoes
1/2 Cupful Bread-Crumbs
1 Teaspoonful Butter

1/4 Cupful Milk
1/4 Cupful Chopped Nuts
Saltspoonful Celery-Salt
1 Egg

THIS is a delicious and substantial dish for Lent, or meatless meals of any sort. Mix half of the crumbs with part of the milk, and cook very slowly to a paste. Have the potatoes hot, add the rest of the milk to them and season with pepper and celery-salt. Mix with the crumb-paste, add the butter, which should first be melted slightly. the nut-meats (peanuts, walnuts, or any desired kind can be used). Separate the egg. Beat the white of the egg and add to the potato-mixture. Let it cool and form into croquette or cutlet shapes. Beat up the yolk. Rub the remainder of the crumbs very fine. Dip croquette first in egg, and then in crumbs until well coated. Set in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled, and then fry brown in deep fat.

LIGHT BUT NOURISHING DESSERTS

Grape-Juice Whip with Raisins

2/3 Cupful Grape-Juice
1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls Gelatine
2 Egg-Whites

1/4 Cupful Sugar
1/2 Cupful Cream
1/2 Cupful Seedless Raisins

HEAT the grape-juice with the sugar, saving a tablespoonful of sugar to use with the cream. Soak the gelatine for five minutes in just enough cold water to cover it and then dissolve by pouring the hot grape-juice over it. Strain and let it cool. When it begins to get thick beat rapidly, and add to it by degrees the white of the eggs beaten until dry and stiff. Fill sherbet-glasses or a small glass dish with the mixture and cover the top with the cream sweetened and whipped very stiff. Sprinkle the raisins over all, mixing a few lightly in the cream.

Canned or Stewed Dried-Fruit Dumplings

2 Cupfuls Pastry-Flour
1/2 Teaspoonful Salt
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder

2 Tablespoonfuls Milk
5 Peach Halves
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
2 Teaspoonfuls Butter
1/4 Cup Butter and Lard Mixed

MIX and sift together the flour, baking-powder and salt, cut in the butter and lard, mix and rub between the fingers until grainy, add milk and roll out the dough into five-inch squares. Put half a canned or stewed dried peach in each square, sprinkle a little sugar over it and fold up the corners of the crust over the fruit. Dot with bits of butter and sprinkle a little sugar on it. Bake in moderate oven. Serve hot or cold with a spoonful of thick sauce on top.

Maple-Sauce for Dumplings

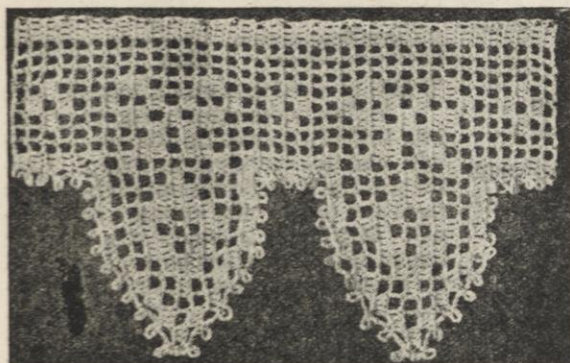
1/4 Pound Maple-Sugar
1/2 Cupful Water
2 Egg-Whites
1/2 Cupful Cream

BOIL the maple-sugar and water together until it will spin a thread when dropped from the point of a spoon. Beat boiling-hot into the stiffly beaten white of the eggs, and the cream must be whipped stiff with the eggs. Serve at once. Put a spoonful on top of each dumpling.

Some Odd and Pretty Designs for Crocheted Trimmings

By VERA BEST

THERE is always a use for crocheted laces, edgings or insertions, and everyone devoted to the manipulation of that wonderful little implement, the crochet-



No. 1

needle, is always glad to add new patterns to her assortment. Thread suited to the purpose for which one wishes the trim should be chosen.

No. 1—Make a chain of 33 stitches.

1. Miss 3, 3 trebles (tr), 8 spaces (sp) of chain (ch) 2, miss 2, 1 tr, 4 tr, counting all.

2. Ch 5, fasten in top of last tr made for a picot (p), ch 9, miss 5 of ch, fasten in next,

2 sp, 3 more tr under ch at end of row, a double treble (d tr) in base of 1st p of last row.

12. Picot, ch 9, fasten back for p, ch 3, tr in 4th tr from hook, 2 in sp and tr in tr *; like 10th from *.

13. Like 9th, ending with 2 sp, 4 tr, a d tr in 1st tr of last row.

14. Like 12th to 1st *; like 8th from *.

15. Like 7th, ending with 4 tr and a d tr in 1st tr of preceding row.

16. Like 12th to *; (p in top of last tr made, 2 tr in sp) 5 times, 4 tr in 4 tr, 8 sp, 4 tr.

17. Four tr, 8 sp, 4 tr.

Repeat from 2d row.

The insertion to match this lace may have the upper part of the design, consisting of the

bowknot-motif, with the little four-block figures between and the edge of 4 trebles each side, or the diamond figure or pendant of the tab may be substituted for the bowknot. Or, for a wider insertion, the entire pattern may be used, with three groups of the tiny block-figures between motifs.

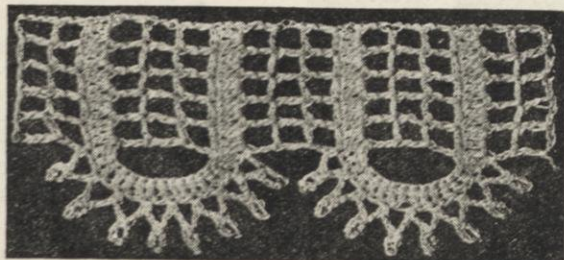
No. 2—Make a chain of 46 stitches.

1. A tr in 8th (stitch) from hook, (miss 3 st, tr in next, ch 2, tr in same place) 8 times, * 1 sp, 4 tr, ch 5, fasten in top of last tr made, for p.

2. Edge (of ch 3, 3 tr in 3 tr, ch 2); (group of 2 tr, separated by 2 ch, under 2 ch between 2 tr of last row) 7 times, ch 3, miss next group, 3 tr in loop of ch at end of row, ch 3, 2 tr in same loop, ch 3, 3 tr in same loop.

3. Ch 5, shell of 3 tr, 3 ch and 3 tr under 3 ch of last row, ch 2, shell under next 3 ch, ch 3, miss 1 group, a group in each of next 6 groups; edge (like 1st row from *).

4. Edge (like 2d row); group in each of 5 groups, ch 3, miss 1 group, shell in shell, ch



No. 2 (For directions see page 34)

for a p, miss remaining 3 ch and make 3 tr in 3 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, 4 sp, 4 tr.

3. Four tr (ch 3 for 1st), 3 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr.

4. Like 2d row.

5. Four tr, 8 sp, 4 tr, then (ch 8, miss 5 of ch, fasten in next) 5 times, turning the p down, ch 9, miss 5, fasten in next, turn.

6. Ch 3, a tr in base of next to last p made, (2 tr under 2 ch between p and tr in base of p) 4 times, 2 tr under 2 ch and 4 tr in 4 tr, 8 sp, 4 tr.

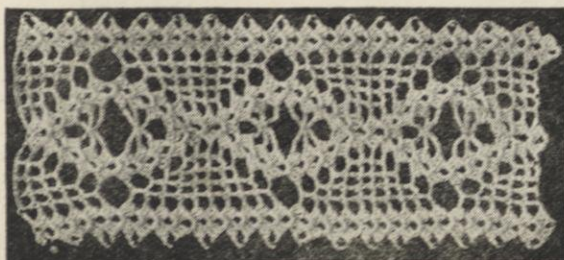
7. Four tr, 4 sp, 4 tr, 9 sp, * 3 more tr under ch at end of row, ch 3, tr in same place to widen.

8. P (of 5 ch) in top of last tr made, ch 9, miss 5 of ch, fasten in next, for p, ch 3, 3 tr in sp and tr in tr, * 2 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr.

9. Four tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, (1 sp, 4 tr) twice, 3 sp, 10 tr, 2 sp; like 7th from *.

10. Like 8th to *; 2 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 2 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr, 4 sp, 4 tr.

11. Four tr, 5 sp, 4 tr, (3 sp, 7 tr) twice,

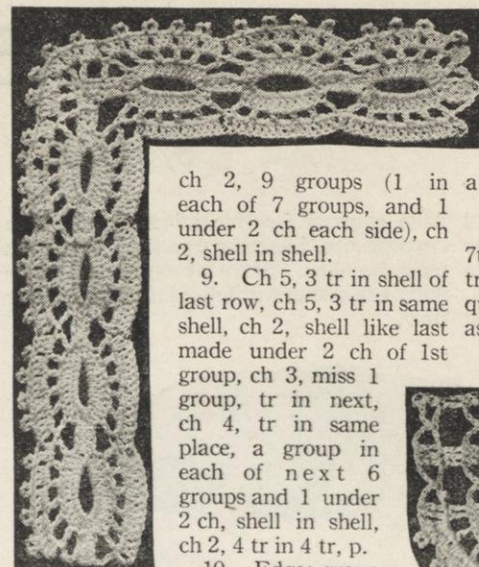


No. 3

6. Edge; group in each of 3 groups, ch 3, miss 1 group, shell in shell, ch 2, 5 groups (1 under 2 ch, 3 in 3 groups and 1 under 2 ch), ch 2, shell in shell.

7. Ch 5, shell in shell, ch 2, 7 groups (1 in each group of last row and 1 under 2 ch each side), ch 2, shell in shell, ch 3, miss 1 group, a group in each of next 2; edge.

8. Edge; 1 group in group, miss 1 group, shell in shell,



No. 4

ch 2, 9 groups (1 in each of 7 groups, and 1 under 2 ch each side), ch 2, shell in shell.

9. Ch 5, 3 tr in shell of last row, ch 5, 3 tr in same shell, ch 2, shell like last made under 2 ch of 1st group, ch 3, miss 1 group, tr in next, ch 4, tr in same place, a group in each of next 6 groups and 1 under 2 ch, shell in shell, ch 2, 4 tr in 4 tr, p.

10. Edge; group in shell, group in each of 6 groups, ch 3, miss 1 group, 3 tr, ch 3, 2 tr, ch 3, 3 tr, all in next group.

Repeat from 3d row. The picots along upper edge may be omitted, if preferred.

No. 3—Make a chain of 34 stitches.

1. Miss 3, 2 tr in next st, ch 3, 3 tr in same place, (4 sp, ch 2, miss 3,



No. 5

shell of 3 tr, 3 ch and 3 tr in next) twice.

2. Ch 4, shell in shell, 4 sp, ch 2, 3 tr in shell, (ch 3, 3 tr in same shell) twice, 4 sp, ch 2, shell in shell.

3. Ch 4, shell in shell, 3 sp, ch 2, shell under 1st 3 ch, ch 6, shell under next 3 ch, ch 2, tr in 3d tr from hook, 2 sp, ch 2, shell in shell.

4. Ch 4, shell in shell, 2 sp, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 8, shell in shell, ch 2, tr in 2d tr from hook, 1 sp, ch 2, shell in shell.

5. Ch 4, shell in shell, 1 sp, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, a double crochet (d c) under 6 ch of 3d row, forming the 3 ch into a cluster, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 2, tr in 2d tr from hook, ch 2, shell in shell.

6. Ch 4, shell in shell, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 11, shell in shell, ch 5, shell in shell.

7. Ch 4, shell in shell, ch 2, tr in 3d of 5 ch, ch 3, shell in shell, ch 8, shell in shell, ch 3, tr in 3d of 5 ch, ch 2, shell in shell.

8. Ch 4, shell in shell, 1 sp, ch 2, tr under 3 ch, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 3, a d c under 11 ch, forming the 3 ch into a cluster, ch 3, shell in shell, ch 2, tr under 3 ch, ch 2, tr in tr, ch 2, shell in shell.

9. Ch 4, shell in shell, 2 sp, ch 2, tr under 2 ch, ch 2, shell in shell, 3 tr in next shell, drop st on needle, insert hook under 3 ch of preceding shell, pick up dropped st and draw through [making a close joining- or slip-stitch (sl st)], ch 3, 3 tr in same shell, ch 2, tr under 2 ch, 2 more sp, ch 2, shell in shell.

10. Ch 4, shell in shell, 4 sp, ch 2, 3 tr under 3 ch of 1st shell, ch 3, 3 tr under 3 ch of next shell, 4 sp (putting 1st tr under 2 ch), ch 2, shell in shell.

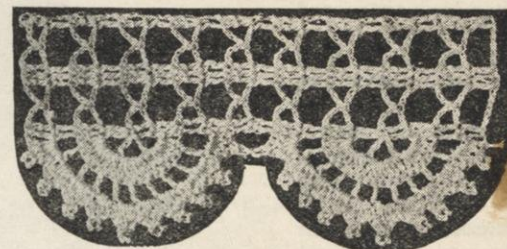
11. Ch 4, shell in shell, (4 sp, ch 2, shell in shell) twice.

Repeat from 2d row. If it is

preferred to have the edges quite straight chain 3, at beginning of row, and at end of row put a treble in top of 3 chain. A simple border may be added to this insertion for a lace to match. The insertion itself is very pretty for towels and other uses, and a pleasing change from the all-filet-patterns.

No. 4—1. Ch 15, a quadruple tr in 7th st from hook; repeat. The quadruple tr is equal to 6 ch. At corner ch 19, quadruple tr back in 7th st, then continue as before. End with ch 6.

2. A d c in each of 4 ch, single crochet



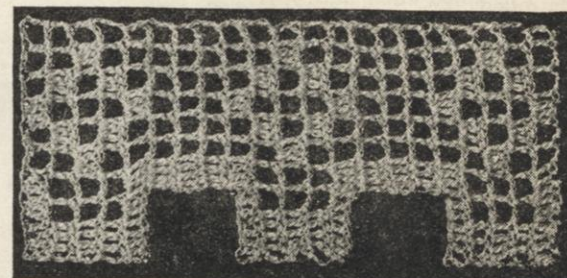
No. 7 (For directions see page 34)

(s c) in next, 12 tr in one half of loop; miss 1, s c in next; repeat. At corner, after 12 tr, miss 1 ch, s c in next, 4 d c in next 4, 3 d c in next, to turn the corner, 4 d c in next 4, s c in next, 12 tr in loop, and continue as before.

3. Like 2d row, filling other half of loop with 12 tr, and with 4 d c in 4 d c, on other side of ch, between; at corner work 4 d c in 4 d c, miss the st in which 3 d c were worked, 4 d c in 4 d c, 12 tr in loop, and continue.

4. Ch 5, * tr in 1st of 12 tr, (ch 2, miss 1, tr in next) 5 times; repeat. At corner, after the last tr around loop, miss 1 d c, tr in next, ch 2, miss 1, tr in next, ch 2, 2 tr with 2 ch between in 2d of 3 widening d c, (ch 2, miss 1, tr in next) twice; repeat.

5. Same as 4th row, on other side, except that at corner, after you have made last tr



No. 8 (For directions see page 34)

of loop before corner, miss the corner and make a tr in 1st tr of next loop.

6. Three tr in 1st sp of loop, (ch 5, fasten back in 1st st of ch for picot, 3 tr in next sp) 4 times; repeat.

7. Fill each sp with 3 tr (with a tr where the 2 tr come together) between; at corner fill 4 sp of loop preceding corner, miss next sp and 1st sp of loop following corner, fill 4 sp, and repeat. If preferred, but 2 tr may be worked in each sp.

This is a very pretty trim for curtains.

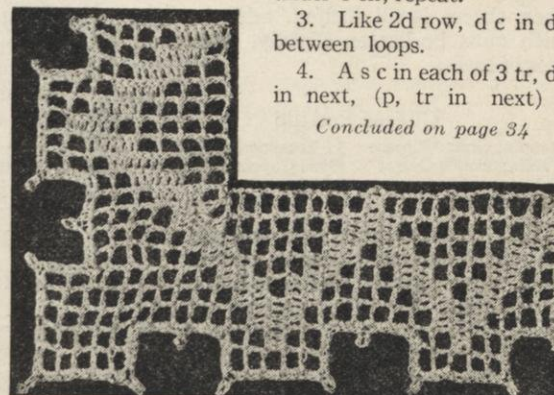
No. 5—1. Chain 10, a triple treble (t tr) back in 6th st; repeat to length desired.

2. Fill half the loop with 12 tr, a d c under 4 ch; repeat.

3. Like 2d row, d c in d c between loops.

4. A s c in each of 3 tr, d c in next, (p, tr in next) 4

Concluded on page 34



No. 9 (For directions see page 34)

The Vision of Desire

Continued from page 7

"You talk as if you were a close relative of Methuselah. You're not so very old."
"Am I not?" He paused a moment. "Old enough, at any rate, to have lost all my illusions."

There was an undercurrent so bitter in the curtly uttered speech that Ann's warm young sympathies responded involuntarily. "I wish I could bring them back for you," she said, impulsively.

Through the flickering luminance of the lights rimming the boat's gunwale, he looked at her with an odd intensity.

Then he laughed—a short, hard laugh that held nothing of amusement.

"That's just what I'm afraid of," he said, "that you might bring them back. Fortunately, I'm leaving Montrichoux to-morrow."

Ann was silent. She was vibrantly conscious of the man's strange, forceful personality. His brusque, hard speeches fell on her like so many blows and yet behind them she felt as though there were something that appealed—something hurt and seeking to hide its hurt behind an armor of savage irony.

His voice, coolly indifferent once more, broke across her thoughts.

"Would you like to go back now?"

He spoke as though he were suddenly anxious to be rid of her as quickly as possible, and she assented hastily. His abrupt changes of mood disconcerted her. There seemed no accounting for what he might say next. He tossed a curt order to a man whom she could discern crouching forward near the engine.

"*Bien, m'sieu,*" came the answer, and presently the motor-boat was dexterously edging her way through the throng until she emerged into a clear space and purred briskly toward the shore.

Once more the Englishman's hand closed firmly round Ann's as he helped her out on to the little landing-stage.

"Good-by," she said, a trifle nervously. "And thank you so much for coming to my rescue."

Still retaining her hand in his, he stared down at her with those queerly compelling eyes of his. She felt her breath coming and going unevenly. For a moment he hesitated, as though deliberating some point within himself. Then:

"Good-by," he said. And his voice was utterly expressionless. It held not even cordiality.

CHAPTER VIII

A Letter from England

The postman, entering through the garden-gate which opened on to the street, found Ann busily engaged in cutting flowers. He greeted her with a smile, pleased to be saved the remainder of the distance to the house.

"*Bonjour, mademoiselle.* Only one letter for the villa this morning."

He handed her the solitary missive which the mail had brought, then he departed, whistling cheerfully, on his way down the street.

Ann fingered the bulky envelope with satisfaction. It was addressed in Robin's handwriting, and she carried it off to a sunny corner of the garden to enjoy its contents at leisure.

"Dear little Ann," ran the letter. "Here at last is the good news we have both been waiting for! I have been offered exactly the kind of billet I wanted—that of estate-agent to a big landowner. The salary is a really generous one and there's a jolly little cottage goes with it, so that you'll be able to chuck free-lancing and come and keep house for me as we've always planned. Needless to say, I've accepted the job!"

"And now to give you all details. My future employer is one Eliot Coventry. We've had several interviews, and I liked him very much, although he struck me as rather a queer sort of chap. I should put him down as dead straight and thoroughly

dissatisfied with life! Heronsmere, the Coventry place, is a fine old house—one of those old Elizabethan houses you're so cracked on. It reminds me a bit of Lovell Court. There will be a lot to see to on the estate, as the bailiff in charge has just let things rip, and Coventry himself has been out of England for some years. In fact, he has never lived at Heronsmere. He's a distant cousin of the late owner and only inherited owing to a succession of deaths. He was abroad at the time and never even troubled to come home and have a look at his inheritance.

"One thing I know will please you, and that is that we shall be near the sea. Silverquay is the name of the village, which is really a part of the Heronsmere property. It is comparatively small, not much more than a little fishing-village; but the town of Ferribridge is only about ten miles distant, so you'll be able to obtain the necessities of civilized existence, I expect.

"Coventry wants me to take up the work straight away, so I should like to move into Oldstone Cottage—our future place of abode—as soon as possible. How soon do you think Lady Susan would spare you? By the way, you won't need to exercise your mind over the servant question. Knowing you were fixed out in Switzerland I wrote off at once to Maria Coombe to ask her if she knew of anyone suitable, and she promptly suggested herself! So she goes to Oldstone Cottage to-morrow to get things in order for us.

"I think I've told you everything. I've tried to imagine all the questions you would want to ask—and to supply the answers!"

"Ever your affectionate brother
"Robin."

Ann laid the letter down on her knee and sat looking out across the lake with eyes which held a curious mixture of pleasure and regret. The idea of sharing life once more with Robin filled her with undiluted joy; but she was conscious that the thought of leaving Lady Susan and dear, sunny Switzerland created an actual little ache in her heart. She could quite imagine feeling rather homesick for Lady Susan's kindly presence, and for the Swiss mountains, and the blue lake which lay smiling and dimpling at her now in the brilliant sunlight.

Her glance lingered on the lake. She had not been on the water since the Venetian fete, nearly three weeks ago, owing primarily to the destruction of the *Reve* and secondly to Lady Susan's incurable aversion to a hired boat. "They roll, my dear," she asserted, when Ann vainly tried to tempt her into giving the hireling a chance. "And the cushions have villainous lumps in sundry places. No, I'll stay on shore until we have a new boat of our own."

So they had stayed on shore; but in spite of herself Ann's thoughts often traveled back to the occasion of that last journey she had made on the lake—with the purr of the motor-boat's engine in her ears and the odd, unnerving consciousness of the Englishman's close proximity. She would have liked to forget him; but there was something about the man which made this impossible. Ann admitted it to herself with an annoyed sense of the unreasonableness of it. He was nothing to her—not even an acquaintance, according to the canons of social convention—and in all human probability they would never meet again.

Yet, try as she might, she had been unable to dismiss him altogether from her thoughts, and since his departure she had several times caught herself wondering, with a fugitive emotion of odd trepidation, whether he would ever return. Once she had even thought she descried him coming toward her along the Grande Rue, and when the figure, which she had supposed was his, resolved itself, upon closer inspection, into that of a total stranger, bearing only the most superficial resemblance to the man for whom she had mistaken him, she experienced a totally disproportionate sense of disappointment.

She folded up Robin's letter and, slinging her basket of flowers over her arm, returned to the house, somewhat troubled in mind as

Continued on page 16



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Continued from page 15

to how she should break the news of her impending departure to Lady Susan. The difficulty solved itself, however, more easily than she had anticipated.

"At Silverquay!" exclaimed Lady Susan, when Ann had explained matters. "Now how charming! I do think Fate is a good-natured old thing sometimes. I shall lose you and yet still keep you, Ann. You'll be living quite near me."

Ann looked up in surprise.

"But you don't live at Silverquay!" she said.

"Almost next door, though. My home, White Windows, is in the neighboring parish—Heronfoot, about five miles away, three if you cut across the fields."

"Then of course you know this Mr. Coventry?"

"No; I've never met him. I knew Rackham Coventry, from whom your man inherited, and I've heard him speak of his cousin Eliot. They were on very bad terms with each other, so that Eliot never came near the place in poor old Rack's time and, as your brother tells you, he was abroad when the property fell to him. Heronsmere is a lovely old house, by the way."

"I wonder Mr. Coventry never came back until now," said Ann. "He must take very little interest in the place."

"He's lived abroad for years, I believe. I remember Rack's telling me he had been crossed in love, and he cut himself adrift from England afterward. I think the girl threw him over because in those days he wasn't rich enough. She must feel rather a fool now, if she knows how things have fallen out. The Heronsmere rent-roll is enormous."

"It rather serves her right, doesn't it?" commented Ann, with a feeling that for once poetic justice had been meted out.

Lady Susan smiled.

"Yes. Though I always feel a bit sorry for people who get their deserts. You never realize how heavy the bill is going to be when you're running it up." She fell silent a moment, then went on: "The pity of it is that I suppose Eliot Coventry will never marry now, and so Heronsmere will ultimately go to a very distant branch of the family. He tried to get himself killed out of the way during the war, I heard. I knew a man in the same regiment and he told me Eliot didn't seem to know what the word fear meant. 'Mad Coventry,' they called him. He took the most amazing risks, and came through without a scratch."

"While poor Robin got badly wounded and gassed into the bargain," said Ann. "That's why I'm so glad he's got this post. The doctors told him that an outdoor job was his one chance of getting really strong again."

"Yes, I'm very glad—for you," answered Lady Susan, ruefully. "But I shall miss you badly, child. However, if Robin wants you, he must have you; and as he wants you to go as soon as possible I should think the best plan is for you to travel back to England with Philip and Tony next week."

It was typical of Lady Susan that she wasted no time in repining but promptly proceeded to sketch out a definite plan of action.

"But what about you?" asked Ann, with some concern.

"I'll come with you all as far as Paris, and there you can drop me to do some shopping. I shall stay two or three weeks, I expect."

Ann's face still remained clouded. She felt that it was hardly fair to desert Lady Susan so suddenly, much as she longed to join Robin as speedily as possible.

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather I stayed with you a little longer?" she suggested, earnestly. "I'm sure Robin could manage for a few weeks—especially as he will have Maria Coombe."

Lady Susan's quick dark eyes flashed over her.

"Who is Maria Coombe?" she demanded. Ann laughed.

"Maria Coombe is a host in herself," she answered. "She's an old Devonshire serv-

ant who was with my mother originally. I believe she came to Lovell when she was about eighteen, as kitchenmaid. Then, when Robin and I were kiddies, she was our nurse, and after we grew too old to need one she stayed on in a sort of general capacity. I never remember life without Maria until she got married. Her husband was killed in the war, and now she's coming to Oldstone Cottage to look after us. I'm so delighted about it," she added. "It will be like old times having Maria around again."

"That's really nice for you," agreed Lady Susan, heartily. "Still, I think"—smiling—"Robin will be glad to have his sister, too. And you needn't worry about me in the least. I've heaps of friends in Paris. Beside, Brett Forrester—my scapegrace nephew—is there now, and he and I always amuse each other."

"Tony knows him, doesn't he? He mentioned having met him in London, I remember."

"Yes. I believe they both belong to the same gambling-set in town—more's the pity!" replied Lady Susan, with grim disapproval. "The only difference between them being that Brett gambles and can afford to do it, while Tony gambles—and can't. I haven't seen Brett for a long time now," she went on, musingly. "Not since last August, when he was yachting and put in at Silverquay Bay for a few days. He's always tearing about the world, though he rarely troubles to keep me informed of his whereabouts. I wish to goodness he'd marry a wife and settle down!"

A sudden puff of wind blew in through the open window, disarranging the grouping of a vase of flowers, and Ann crossed the room to rectify the damage. Lady Susan's eyes followed her meditatively. She liked the girl's supple ease of movement, the clean-cut lines of her small, pointed face. There was something very distinctive about her, she reflected, and she had to the full that odd charm of elusive, latent femininity which is so essentially the attribute of the modern girl with her boyish lines and angles.

"I shall miss you dreadfully, Ann!" she exclaimed, impulsively. "I wish you belonged to me."

She was hardly conscious of the line of thought which had prompted the spontaneous speech. Ann turned round smilingly.

"It's dear of you to say so," she replied. "I shall insist on Robin's letting me come over to White Windows as often as I like—and as you will have me!"

Lady Susan laughed and kissed her.

"You'd better not promise too much—or I shall want to abdicate you altogether," she declared. "I think Robin's a very lucky young man."

CHAPTER IX Oldstone Cottage

The journey from Montrichoux to London accomplished, Ann was speeding through the familiar English countryside once more and finding it doubly attractive after her six months' sojourn abroad. The train slowed down to manipulate a rather sharp curve in the line as it approached Silverquay station, and she peered eagerly out of the window to see the place which was henceforth to mean home to her. She caught a fleeting glimpse of white cliffs, crowned with the waving green of woods, of the dazzling blue of a bay far below, and of a straggling, picturesque village which climbed the side of a steep hill sloping upward from the shore. Over all lay the warm haze of early July sunshine. Then the train ran into the station and she had eyes only for Robin's tall, straight figure as he came striding along the platform to meet her.

Brother and sister resembled each other but slightly. In place of Ann's tempestuous coppery hair Robin was endowed with sober brown, and for her golden-hazel eyes, with their changeful lights, nature had substituted in him a pair of serious greenish-brown

Continued on page 19

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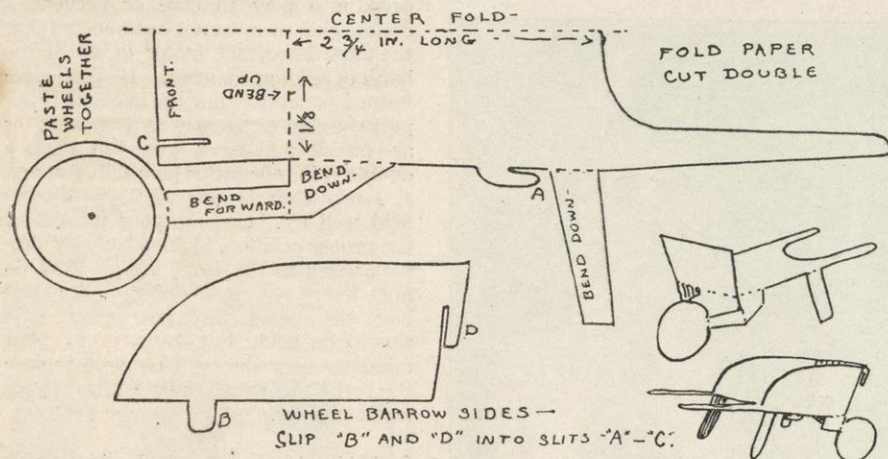
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Educational Uses of Quilly Quick and Sammy Slow

No. 3. "Busy-Work"—Cut-outs as Related to Story—
Scap-Books—Applied Picture-Pasting
By HELENE NYCE

Of course all children love scissors and paper. "Busy-work" with scissors may be divided into three classes:
1—Cut-outs we can find in the stories. The teacher or mother whose ingenuity en-

center and lap to next line, pasting fast. Punch tiny hole through top. A strip of paper one foot long—one inch wide—twisted into what as youngsters we called a "lamplighter" may have its thin end pushed through hole—making handle. Paste fast



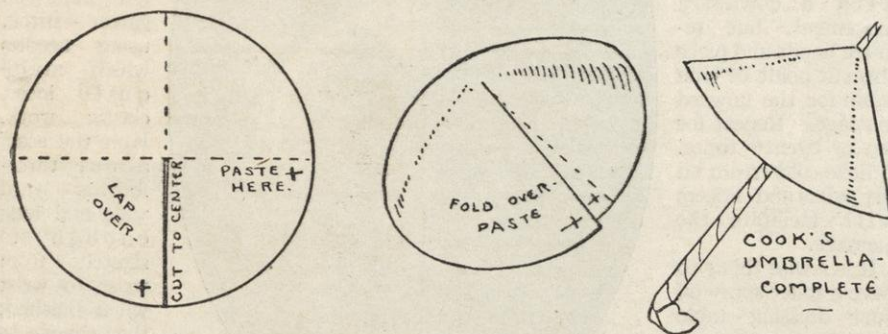
ables her to find these for the children will give a tenfold interest to the work already so fascinating—and triple its value to the child. For in so doing she will not only develop his creative ability, but also train him unconsciously to seek work—and play-material from things right at hand—finding the correlation of all things; rather than believing that each subject stands alone—unrelated to all others.

What can we MAKE from this month's story? Jackie—and Jennie too, will love to make a little wheelbarrow—and how much more delightful when we say: "We are go-

with tiny strips—and behold an umbrella fit for Cook or kitty!

If no compass is at hand, a circle may be marked round a large cup. Or a substitute compass made. For a four-inch circle a strip of stiff paper two and a half inches long has one quarter inch marked off each end—pin at one mark to center of paper—punch pencil-point through middle of other mark—swing pencil around circle.

Cook's basket also is simple—it may be made any size—remembering only that the length of strip for sides must correspond with lengths of two ends and sides of basket—



ing to make Uncle Bill's OWN wheelbarrow—the very one in which he should have wheeled ALL the chips for the kitchen-fire!" Fold lengthwise a stiff sheet of paper eight inches long and six wide. Draw carefully the diagram with center line along fold—bending at dotted lines and pasting wheels together—and uncle Bill will have a fine barrow!

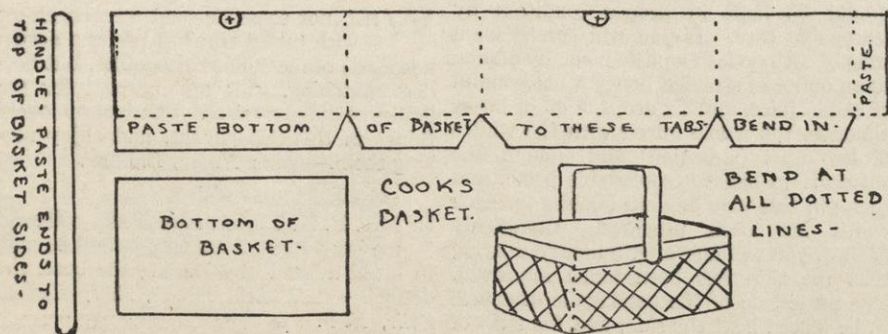
Cook's umbrella may be made tiny or large. We need only to cut a circle from stiff paper—perhaps four inches in diameter is best—draw two lines crossing the center, which divides into quarters—cut one line to

bottom and allow quarter inch to lap and paste.

Tots of two or three, who are allowed blunt scissors—but are far too tiny for the above, will be perfectly delighted to cut out Sophia Silvertail's doughnuts, or the carrots Uncle Bill took to Doctor Pedley—and you will need neither skill nor a vivid imagination to show them how. Nor anything better than yesterday's newspaper for material.

2—The scrap-book. Little or big—made of Manila paper, colored cardboard—mus-

Concluded on page 34



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THERE are two enemies of the perfect, clearly defined chin, a feature upon which depends a lovely profile and the air of distinction we all covet—age and overweight.

Even a girl of sixteen may exhibit a superfluous fold of flesh beneath the natural chin, but for her there is no excuse, since it is an evidence of too great fondness for sweets and fat-building food—and even a tendency to overeating—and too little attention to exercise. In short, she must be both lazy, as to bodily exercise, and overindulgent to herself in the matter of food before a double chin can possibly put in its appearance. And who wants to advertise two such unlovely weaknesses? It is like saying to the world in a loud voice: "I eat too much! I am lazy!"

For the older woman, a double chin merely says: "I am growing old!" But here again, who wants to read such a message in one's mirror, or communicate it to one's friends?

The old adage that prevention is better than cure holds good where chins are concerned. It is a wise woman who gives to her chin the care it should receive, from day to day, and wards off the period of sagging muscles; and it is the sensible girl who regulates her diet and her exercise so that she keeps the lovely lines of chin and throat, and the grace of body that go with youth.

Muscles not used grow flabby and begin to sag, so that the proper method of preventing the appearance of a double chin is by exercise of the muscles of throat and cheeks, and by giving the skin the daily treatment which means a firm texture. Hot water, as we all know, softens and expands, and hot water used continually on the throat and face causes the muscles to become soft. Yet to be clean, hot water is necessary, so what are we to do? The answer is a simple one; we must use hot or warm water for cleansing purposes, but we must always restore the tone to the skin by the dashing on of cold water at the close of our ablutions. So that is the thing the girl of sixteen must remember, and must practise all the rest of her life; when the skin has been softened and loosened by heat, it must be made firm and tight by cold. And the older woman who has perhaps been careless about herself in this regard should begin now, at once, to repair the damage done, and prevent further disaster.

To develop and harden the muscles so that there will be no tendency to sag—which is the cause of the disfiguring double chin—special exercises should be practised daily. Perhaps one of the best exercises is the Rotating Neck Exercise. For this, stand erect with hands on hips, chest out, and drop the head backward as far as it will go. Now roll it around toward the left, then forward, then toward the right. As it comes forward, let it drop toward the chest. The neck should be limp and the head allowed to roll as loosely and independently as possible. Repeat this five or six times but not long enough to become dizzy. Now drop the head sideways toward the left shoulder as far as it will go without raising the shoulder to meet it; resume the erect position, then drop it toward the right, sidewise. Repeat this, also, some eight or ten times.

Another exercise good for throat and shoulder muscles is the Shoulder-Elevating Exercise. Standing with heels together, toes out, head up, chest forward and stomach held in, let arms hang at sides, pressed against the legs, palms in. Now elevate the shoulders as high as possible, drawing in a breath slowly. Lower the shoulders as far

as you can with effort, expelling the breath as you do so. Raise, lower, and repeat twenty times.

Massage the neck before going to bed, and when bathing face and throat use your towel with an upward motion, just as you would do in massaging. The palms of the hands should be placed beneath the chin with the fingers pointing toward the ears. Now, with a firm pressure massage back and up toward the ears. Do not come back



Ready to massage the chin

with a downward movement, but remove hands and place them at point of chin again for the upward massage. Repeat for ten or twenty times. A little cold cream on the palms and fingers will facilitate the massage.

It is a wise thing to have a toilet spray on your dressing-table with some astringent lotion, with which the throat can be sprayed when making your toilette. Also a regular bath spray should be used after bathing and cold water sprayed on the throat and shoulders. A cold spray each night and morning will do wonders for the throat.

A good neck-bleach may be used if the skin has become discolored or tanned, but when once the skin is bleached, the treatment should not be repeated, but the skin should be kept in proper condition by reasonable care. If you will spread on a strip of cotton cloth a paste made by adding to an ounce of strained honey a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and six drops of oil of bitter almonds, the whole mixed with the whites of two eggs (unbeaten) and enough fine oatmeal to make a spreadable paste, and then pin this strip of cloth about your neck which has been previously thoroughly bathed, you will find after a night's wearing that the skin has been much improved. The paste side of the bandage is of course to be placed next the skin, and the strip of

cloth should be wide enough—about three inches, to cover the throat. In the morning remove the pack and bathe thoroughly, washing first in warm water, and then in tepid water to which the juice of two lemons has been added. You may repeat this treatment twice in one week, and then continue for two more weeks, after which let your throat alone, except for the daily care to which every throat is entitled.

And, after all these methods have been called into play to cure or prevent a double chin, it must not be forgotten that the most important factor of all is the habit of holding the chin. If you have formed or are forming the habit of dropping the chin constantly as you walk or as you sit and read, you will have a double chin, no matter how thin you are. A lovely chin is one that is always held well up. Consult your mirror for the proper position, looking at your profile as well as the front view. And do not weary of well-doing, once you have discovered just how your chin should be held, but keep it in your mind and form the right habit to replace the bad habit which is sure to ruin your facial contour.

I HAVE made several shoulder-wraps or scarfs for gifts which have been so well liked by those who received them that I venture to tell how to make them. They may be either crocheted or knitted; I used zephyr—worsted with a thread of silk of the same color, and knitted mine in garter-stitch, using needles which made quite loose, elastic work. Knit the scarf about three-fourths yard wide and long enough to stretch from wrist to wrist when finished; then change to finer needles and knit the cuffs, which are ribbed, either knit one and purl one, or knit two and

purl two, as you like. These may be joined and knit around and around like a stocking, or one can knit them separately and sew to the ends of the scarf. I like this wrap better than the "hug-me-tight" jacket recently asked for.—Mrs. F. B. Albertson, Montana.

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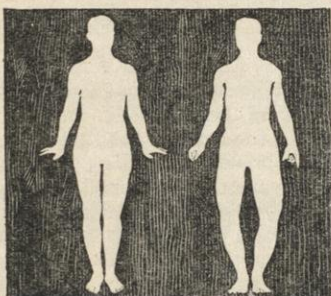
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The Vision of Desire

Continued from page 16

ones. But they were very attractive eyes, for all that, with a steady, "trustable" expression in them that reminded one of the eyes of a nice fox terrier.

"Robin!" Ann sprang out of the railway-carriage and precipitated herself upon him with unconcealed delight. "O my dear! how are you? Let me have a good look at you!"

She pushed him a little away from her and her eyes flashed over his face and figure searchingly. Then she nodded as though satisfied with her inspection. Whereas when she had last seen him he had limped a bit as a consequence of his wound, to-day he had crossed the platform with the old, easy, swinging stride of the prewar Robin, and although his face was still rather on the thin side it had lost the look of delicacy which a year ago had worried her considerably.

"Isn't this all simply splendid, Robin?" she said, gaily, as, after giving her luggage in charge of a porter, they made their way out of the station. "Never tell me dreams don't come true after this—if you dream them hard enough!"

He smiled down at her. Her spontaneous enthusiasm was infectious.

"It certainly looks as if they do," he agreed. "Here's our trap. Jump in!"

She regarded the smart ralli-cart and bright bay cob with interest. The latter, held with difficulty by a lad Robin had left in charge, was dancing gently between the shafts, impatient to be off.

"Our trap?" queried Ann.

"Yes. It goes with the cottage," explained Robin. "Coventry's been awfully decent over everything. Of course, he provides me with a gee to get about on, but as soon as he heard I had a sister coming to live with me he sent down this pony and cart from his own stables. Naturally, I told him that that kind of thing wasn't included in the bond, but he shut me up with the remark that no woman could be expected to settle down at the back of beyond unless she had something to drive."

"He must be an extremely nice young man," commented Ann, as she settled herself in the trap.

Robin gathered up the reins and they set off, the sleek little cob breaking at once into a sharp trot which carried them swiftly along the leafy country road.

"Coventry's not very young," observed Robin, as they sped along. "Must be six or seven and thirty, at least. And I don't think you would describe him as 'nice' if you'd met him. He's very brusque in his manner at times, and I don't fancy women figure much in his scheme of existence."

"Oh, well, he's of no importance beyond being the source of a perfectly topping billet for you." Ann brushed the owner of Heronsmere off the map with an airy wave of her hand. "He's quite at liberty to enjoy his womanless Eden as far as I'm concerned. Men—other than extremely nice brothers, of course!—are really far more bother than they're worth. They're—they're so unexpected!"—with a swift recollection of the up-setting vagaries of mood exhibited by a certain member of the sex.

Robin threw her a brief glance, then, drawing his whip lightly across the cob's glossy flanks, he asked casually:

"And how did you leave the Brabazona?"

"They're both looking very fit after three months in Switzerland, of course, but I think Tony found it a bit boring compared with Monte Carlo. They came straight on to Montrichieu from Mentone, you know."

"Tony still gambles as much as ever, then?"

Ann's face clouded.

"I'm afraid he does," she acknowledged. "At least, whenever he gets the chance."

Robin was a good whip, and under his quiet handling the cob soon quieted down to a more reasonable gait and finally pulled up decorously at a green-painted gateway. A diminutive and hugely self-important young urchin, whom Ann learned later to

know as Billy Brewster, the odd-job boy, appeared simultaneously and flew to the pony's head, grasping his bridle with as much promptitude as if there were imminent danger of his bolting at sight.

Ann laughed as she passed through the gate which Robin held open for her, while Billy touched his hat rapturously for the third time.

"Who is that fascinating imp?" she asked. "Is he one of our retainers, Robin?"

He nodded, smiling.

"That's Billy. He does everything Maria doesn't choose to do, in addition to grooming the horses. You will observe he is the complete groom—minus livery!"

Ann's eager glance swept the low, two-storied cottage which faced her. It was a cozy, homelike - looking little house, approached by a wide flagged path, bordered with sweet, old-fashioned country flowers. One of its walls was half concealed beneath a purple mist of wistaria, while on the other side of the porch roses nodded their heads right up to the very eaves of the roof. From the green-clothed porch itself, clustered trumpets of honeysuckle-bloom poured forth their meltingly sweet perfume on the air. And, framed in the green and gold of the honeysuckle, her face wreathed in smiles, stood the comfortable figure of Maria Coombe.

Ann was conscious of a sudden tightening about her throat. The sight of Maria, with her shrewd, kindly eyes smiling above her plump pink cheeks, and her hands thrust deep into the big, capacious pockets of her snowy apron, just as she remembered her in the long-ago nursery days at Lovell, brought back a flood of tender memories—of the old home in Devon which she had loved so intensely, of Virginia, frail and sweet, filling the place of that dead mother whom she had never known, of all that had gone to make up the happy, care-free days of childhood.

"Maria!" With a cry Ann fled up the flagged path, and the next moment Maria's arms had enveloped her and she was coaxing and patting and hugging her, just as she had done through a hundred childish tragedies in years gone by, with the soft, slurred Devon brogue making familiar music in Ann's ears.

"There now, there now, miss dear, don't 'ee take on like that. 'Tis a cup of tea you be wanting, sure's I'm here. An' I've a nice drop of water nearing the boil to make it for you." She drew Ann into the living-room—a pleasant, sunshiny room with a huge open hearth that promised roaring fires when the winter came—and whisked away into the back regions to brew the tea.

Ann smiled up at Robin rather dewily.

"O Robin! we ought to be awfully happy here!" she exclaimed. As she spoke, like a shadow passing between her and the sun, came the memory of the morning at Montrichieu when she had been waiting for Lady Susan's coming and some vague foreboding of the future had knocked warningly at the door of her consciousness. For a moment the walls of the little room seemed to melt away, dissolving into thick folds of fog which rolled toward her in ever darker and darker waves, threatening to engulf her. Instinctively she stretched out her hand to ward them off; but they only drew nearer, closing round her relentlessly. And then, just as she felt that there was no escape and that they must submerge her utterly, there came the rattle of crockery, followed by Maria's heavy tread as she marched into the room, carrying the tea-tray, and the illusion vanished.

"There's your tea, Miss Ann and Master Robin, an' some nice hot cakes as I've baked for you." Maria surveyed her handiwork with obvious satisfaction. "And I'm sure I wish you both luck, and may a dark woman be the first to cross your threshold."

"You superstitious old thing, Maria!" laughed Robin. "As if it could make twopenny-worth of difference whether a blonde or brunette called upon us first!"

"I don't know nothing about blondes and brunettes, sir," replied Maria—with truth.

Continued on page 23

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A New Touch of Color for the Living-Room

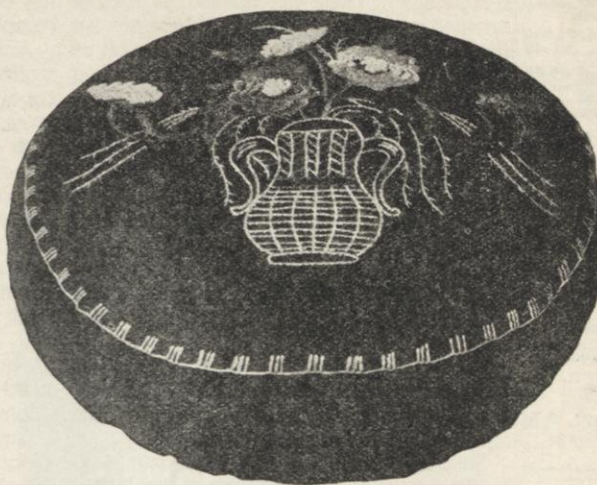
By PRISCILLA GRAHAM

AS the winter months fare on the wise homemaker likes to vary the furnishings of the living-room or library—the room in which the family congregates during the long evenings—just a little; she knows well how attractive such a change is, and that it is the part of homemaking wisdom to provide for it; and so she has always in reserve something new in the way of scarf or pillow or centerpiece, one or more, to bring out when needed.

The pillow and scarf illustrated will serve this purpose admirably. The embroidered design is colorful in the extreme, graceful and showy, yet in the simplest of stitches and quickly worked, and the black background—a fad of the needlework-realm which bids fair to hold for a long time, since it gives just the needed accent—brings out the vivid coloring in a stunning way, toning and harmonizing it. Rope-floss is used for the embroidery—a thread fascinating to work with because of its soft richness and the fact that every stitch counts so largely in the decoration. Old-gold, with a touch of brown, is used for the urn-shaped vase with its curving handles; for the lower part of the vase carry long threads of old gold from side to side, and work the crossing vertical lines in outline-stitch, holding the first threads in place. The band across the middle of the vase is outlined with brown, and the same color is used for the zigzag stitches between the upright bars of the upper part, outlined with old-gold, which is used also for outlining the vase, handles and all. The flowers, all worked in the same way, have centers of French knots, in yellow, surrounded by rows of small, uneven scallops representing petals, the stitches forming which are laid from bottom to top. The half opened flowers show the same arrangement of petals, the rows defined by a line of the material between, and have a green calyx instead of the center of knots. Leaves and stems are also worked solidly, the leaves with a mid-rib, formed by taking the stitches from center to edge, leaving a narrow line of the foundation. Lighter green is used for the outlined sprays, with lateral stitches, and for the flowers

two shades of blue, rose, violet and henna are employed, the arrangement of colors varying with each motif, no two being the same in this regard. The edge of the scarf is finished with a three-eighths-inch hem, held in place by blanket-stitches in groups

which all who see them think so pretty that I wish to pass the idea along. Choose a pair of soles of size desired, and secure them with crocheted straps, two to each sole, crossing them over the instep. A filet-crochet insertion, not too wide, can be used, or any stitch that can be carried out in a straight strap-effect. By cutting strips of cloth and arranging them as suggested, one can easily determine the length and width that will be best for the straps. When these are finished fasten one end of the first at the side of the sole, about two and a half inches—or according to size of sole—from the toe, carry across to the opposite side and fasten at side of heel. Fasten the second strap in the same way, only on the opposite side, so the two will cross over the instep. The straps may be of any desired color, matching the soles, if the latter are of quilted satine. Knitted straps are also nice.—Mrs. A. B. Wetmore, North Carolina.



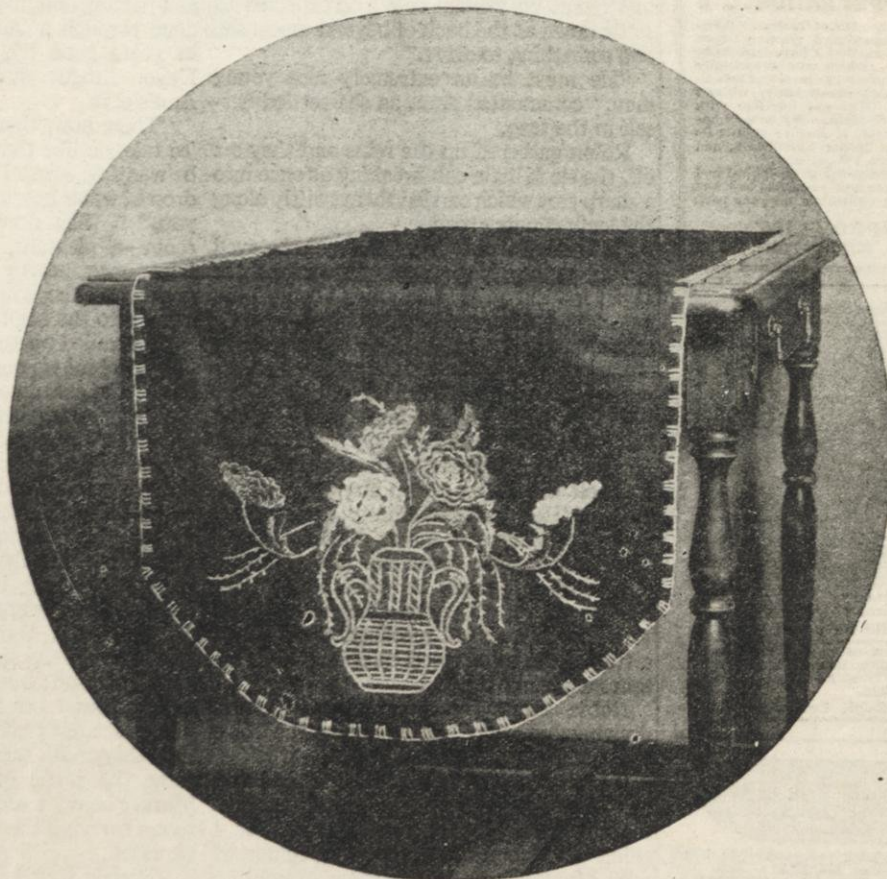
No. 354 W. An Accent Among Couch-Pillows

of three taken over it; make three button-hole-stitches, one eighth inch apart or a little less, miss about three-fourths inch and make another group. Henna is used for this work, which is quickly accomplished and makes a very good-looking finish. The same edge prettily defines the top seam of the round pillow.

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Quilly Quick and Sammy Slow

Concluded from page 11

hole gnawed in his peanut-sack—and while he was explaining, Jerry reached his hole in the wall—hoisted the peanut up and shoved it through; and disappeared after it.

Sammy was SO relieved that little Mr. Bindle had escaped—and he asked Uncle Bill why didn't he want to spare him just one peanut? Uncle Bill replied that he didn't mind one nut or maybe two; but at least a dozen were missing.

Of course Sammy said he was very sorry; but Tabitha looked perfectly astonished; and she said: "Well, Brother Bill, I thought your rheumatism was troubling you; seems to me if you can run that fast after one peanut, you can manage to take your cane and go as far as Doctor Pedley's for some bone-set. The sun's out, so get on your boots and your muffler and hurry along—and be sure to take a couple of carrots with you to pay for the medicine."

Uncle Bill groaned a little, but he soon cheered up when he saw how brightly the sun was shining; and with the bag of carrots slung over his shoulder, and his cane in his hand he trotted along at a lively rate.

Sammy and Quilly hurried down the garden-path to see him off, and there they ran straight into Grandfather Quick and Simon Silvertail. Grandfather was panting and Simon quite breathless—so they rested for a moment. Then Grandfather announced that Mrs. Quick had gone to a quilting-party at Mrs. Chikup's house, and that he was lonely indoors and went out to work in the milkweed-patch; and then Simon came up and told him that Sophia was making doughnuts and didn't he—Grandfather—want to come to his house and have some?

And they both wanted Sammy and Quilly to have some, too. Of course Sammy's mother said: "Yes!" and in less'n a minute he had on his outdoor wraps, and then the kits also wanted to go; but Tabitha said they must stay by the warm fire and wait for the medicine Uncle Bill was bringing them.

Simon Silvertail felt very sorry for the poor kits, and he told them he'd send them a nice bag of doughnuts by Sammy Slow. Then they said good-by, because Grandfather Quick was in a hurry; he had worn little Mrs. Quick's red plaid shawl—and had gotten several mud-spots on it—and he was very anxious to give it a good brushing before she arrived home.

At that Tabitha shook her head and told Grandfather she was surprised—that he should wear Mrs. Quick's shawl—without her permission!

The sun shone beautifully, and it did seem as though everyone were out to enjoy it. There was Mr. Shrewmouse paddling furiously along the Cedar Brook—in a walnut-shell. Quilly called out where was he going—and he said he was going to Simon Stout's for some meal. (Simon Stout was the miller in those parts.) He had a bag that would hold about a thimbleful, and all at once he gave a squeak, for he nearly lost his balance. But he caught himself before Sammy could reach him, and he called out "So long," and went on down the stream.

Next they saw Doctor Pedley stirring 'mongst the leaves to see how his herbs were coming along; and old Timothy Toad was there too, trying to sell Doctor Pedley his coming crop of toadflax—he knew it would be a mighty fine one.

Doctor Pedley wasn't so sure of that. And he said: "You can never tell what a crop'll be until it's harvested; there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. And I won't buy just now—No SIR!"

Grandfather Quick and Simon Silvertail told him he was quite right and Grandfather was going on to tell old Timothy how many of HIS crops had failed, when he saw that Sammy and Quilly were almost out of sight; so he and Simon scampered off to join them, and they all ran until they reached the home of the Silvertails.

After Simon had gotten his breath he called: "Ho! Sophia! I've brought company—some folks to taste your good doughnuts."

Then Sophia came to the door, and she said, sharply: "Well, Simon! Next time you invite folks to eat doughnuts I hope you'll leave some dough to make 'em off!"

Poor Simon Silvertail! He stood with mouth wide open and he gasped:

"Why—where is all the dough you made last night?"

"On the floor!" she snapped; "leastways it was, until I scraped it up a short time ago; I told you not to meddle with my work—but you must make a rack to hang over the stove—to put the dough on—so it would raise more quickly; and the pan slipped off the rack, and such a time as I did have cleaning the stove and the floor!"

Simon said he wouldn't have had that happen for anything—and wouldn't there be any doughnuts left?

When Sophia saw how sorry Simon was she said: "Oh! well; it can't be helped now, so there's no use crying over spilled milk; and anyway there'll be enough doughnuts for to-day if there are none for to-morrow; and they're all cut out and the fat is boiling. So come in, all of you—there's plenty of room, for the children have run over to play with Perkys Anne Twinkletail.



Sophia had just fried half a dozen or so when there was a knock at the door; and in walked Mrs. Red-Squirrel—to borrow a little acorn-flour; and Sophia emptied the plate of doughnuts into a paper bag and told Mrs. Red-Squirrel to take them home for the children—little Rusty was outside that very minute playing with Sammy and Quilly. And the ladies stepped outside for a little chat.

The very minute Sophia closed the door Simon grumbled: "I do hope she won't give too many nut cakes away—but that's her—always giving to the neighbors. Anyway, I guess I'd better fry a few to help out."

And he filled the kettle with doughnuts, and had just taken the last one out when Sophia opened the door.

Grandfather crammed one into his mouth so quickly that he nearly choked, and burned his mouth sorely besides. And Simon crammed one into his pocket, and to cover his confusion he threw another handful so quickly into the boiling fat that it splashed all over the stove—and the flames burst forth—and Sophia gave a frightened squeak; and after the flurry had died down she exclaimed: "For goodness sake, Simon! You'll have us burned out of house and home if you keep on!" And she begged him to keep away from the cook-stove and from underfoot. "You've splashed grease all over yourself too; just look at that big spot on your pocket."

Simon saw that the hot doughnut had soaked grease through his pocket and burned his leg besides. So he confessed and he said:

"I was afraid you'd give 'em all away, Sophia, an' I wanted to be sure of one at least."

"I'm ashamed of you, Simon, for being so greedy," Sophia replied; "doughnuts taste just as good to the Red-Squirrels as they do to us, and there'll be plenty for all; I suppose," she went on, "that was the way Father Quick burned his mouth, too—I was going to ask about it when you nearly set the place on fire. Now here's a plate of dough-

nuts for you—you'd better go outside for a while, for you're worse than the children."

So Simon and Grandfather ate their doughnuts in the sunshine. And then, each provided with a rake, they worked round the pennyroyal-bed and the milkweed-patch. While they were working a big earthworm poked his head above ground—but he didn't stay long, for Robin Red-breast was tapping the earth quite too close to him for comfort.

By the time the leaves were raked from the herb-beds the squirrel children came scampering home, and Sophia called them all to the house, for the doughnuts were all fried and the house tidied up.

"Thanks to Sammy and Quilly!" Sophia remarked. "I never did see more willing workers—and they never touched a thing without permission." Then she poured mint-tea, and Sammy passed the doughnuts, and Quilly served roasted chestnuts, and they had a lovely, cozy time. Long before dusk Sophia Silvertail brushed little Mrs. Quick's red-plaid shawl, and threw it over Grandfather's shoulders. And handed Sammy a bag of cakes for the kits. Simon said if he didn't have such a dreadful back-ache he'd go with them part of the way. "Herb-gardens are all right," he grumbled; "but they're monstrous hard to take care of—and goodness knows if my back aches this bad now, I don't know how I'll get through the summer!" But Sophia told him cheerfully that she guessed he'd get through the summer all right.

Sammy found Eddy Brown and his brothers at supper, and none the worse for their wetting. They were perfectly delighted with their doughnuts—and so was Uncle Bill.

But Tabitha was greatly upset. Uncle Bill had brought home the wrong tea! She told Sammy that he had found that shiftless Doctor Pedley out and no one in charge but Daddy Tarfoot; and he said HE knew just as much about boneset as Doctor Pedley, and he sent home a jug of ANISE-tea; and the kits were just crazy about that. And she said, and Aunt Tammy quite agreed with her—that no medicine could be good unless it were very bitter and bad tasting.

And Uncle Bill chuckled and said he guessed Doctor Pedley wouldn't find many carrots when he arrived home for Daddy Tarfoot was finishing the last one as he left.

WHEN using paper patterns to cut out garments, lay the pattern on the material and press with a warm iron. This causes the paper to cling to the cloth, and saves a lot of pinning and unpinning, with the attendant "wear and tear" of the pattern. To make a French seam with but one row of stitching, turn a raw hem to width desired for the seam, slip the other piece of goods under the edge, turn the hem down and stitch. Many of our home-dress-makers have learned little helpful ideas such as these, and I trust they will pass them on to others.—Mrs. Alice B. Marshall, New Hampshire.

HERE is a hint I have found very useful when buttonholes are to be made in a coat or jacket of dark material: Mark the places for them before putting on the facing; cut away the canvas about three-fourths of an inch from the buttonholes, and put on a strip of dark tape or webbing, so that when the buttonholes are cut and worked there will be no white threads fraying out to be hidden.—Mrs. L. L. N., New Hampshire.

WHEN you are doing drawnwork, Oriental or Swedish darning, or any work of this kind, first hemstitch it without turning the hem; then complete the work, leaving all knots so the hem will cover them, turn the latter and fell with tiny stitches. The troublesome knots, which often mar an otherwise excellent piece of work, are thus completely hidden.—Hilda P., Michigan.

The Vision of Desire

Continued from page 19

"But they do say 'twill bring you luck if so be a dark woman's the first to cross your threshold after the New Year's in, and it seems only reasonable that 'twould be the same when you go into a new house."

Unfortunately Maria's hopes were not destined to be fulfilled, as the first person to cross the threshold of Oldstone Cottage after Ann's arrival was Caroline Tempest, the rector's sister. "Miss Caroline," as she was invariably called by the villagers, was a flat-chested, colorless individual with one of those thin noses which seem to have grown permanently elongated at the point in the process of prying into other people's business. Her hair, once flaxen, was now turning the ugly yellowish gray which is the fair woman's curse, and her eyes were like pale-blue china beads.

She appeared, accompanied by the rector, about half an hour after Maria had brought in tea, and seemed overwhelmed to discover that Ann herself had only just arrived.

"I really must apologize," she declared, in the voice of a superior person making a very generous concession. "I quite thought you were expecting your sister yesterday, Mr. Lovell. I told you so, didn't I, Brian?" She appealed to her brother, who nodded rather unhappily. "And we thought we'd like to call as soon as possible and welcome you to the parish."

Ann didn't believe a word of it.

"She knew perfectly well you were expecting me to-day," she declared when, later on, she and Robin found themselves alone again. "Though I haven't the slightest doubt she told that nice brother of hers just what she wished him to believe. She simply wanted to have first look at me so as to be able to give the village to-morrow morning a full, true, and particular account of what I'm like."

However, she replied to Miss Caroline's apologies with the necessary cordiality demanded by the occasion and, ringing for Maria, ordered fresh tea. The rector protested.

"No, no," he said, hastily. "You must be far too tired to want visitors when you've only just come off a long journey. We'll pay our call another day."

Brian Tempest was the very antithesis of his sister—tall and somewhat ascetic-looking, with a face to which one was almost tempted to apply the word beautiful, it was so well proportioned and cut with the sure fineness of a cameo. His dark hair was sprinkled with gray at the temples, and beneath a broad, tranquil brow looked out a pair of kindly, luminous eyes that were neither all brown nor all gray. Later, when she knew him better, Ann was wont to inform him that his eyes were a "heather mixture—like tweed." Small, fine lines puckered humorously at their corners, and there was humor, too, in the long, thin-lipped mouth.

Robin and Ann brushed aside his protest with a hearty sincerity there was no mistaking. Whatever each of them might feel concerning Miss Caroline, they were in complete accord in the welcome they extended to her brother. He was no stranger to Robin. The latter had put up at the village inn during the time occupied by Maria Coombe in "cleaning down" the cottage and making it habitable; and the rector had dropped in to see him in a characteristically informal, friendly fashion on more than one occasion.

The two chatted together while Miss Caroline put Ann through a searching catechism as to her past, present, and future mode of life, including the age at which her parents had died, the particular kind of work she had undertaken during the war—appearing somewhat taken aback when Ann explained that she had driven a car, the making of shirts and mufflers coming more within the scope of Caroline's own idea as to what was "suitable" work for a young girl—and the length of time she had lived with Lady Susan. The coincidence of Robin's

obtaining a post in the neighborhood of Lady Susan's home impressed her enormously, as fate's unexpected shufflings of the cards invariably do impress those whose existence is passed in a very narrow groove.

"It's really most extraordinary!" she declared, scrutinizing Ann much as though she suspected her of having somehow juggled matters in order to produce such a phenomenon. "Did you hear that, Brian? Miss Lovell has been living with our dear Lady Susan"—she spoke as if she held proprietary rights in Lady Susan. "Isn't it extraordinary that now she and her brother should have come to live so near White Windows?"

"I think it's a very charming happening," replied the rector, "since Oldstone Cottage is even nearer to the rectory!"

He smiled across at Ann—a quick, sympathetic smile that seemed to establish them on a footing of friendly intimacy at once.

"Really," went on Miss Caroline, doggedly pursuing the line of thought to the bitter end of her commonplace mind, "it's as though it were meant in some way—that you should come to Silverquay."

"Probably it was," returned the rector, simply, and Ann observed a quiet, dreaming expression come into his eyes—a look of inner vision, tranquilly content and confident.

"Fancy if it turns out like that!" exclaimed Miss Caroline. "It would be a most singular thing, wouldn't it, if it was really intended!"

"Not at all," answered Brian, composedly. "You're speaking as though you regarded the Almighty as a thoughtless kind of person who would let things happen just anyhow."

"Brian!" Miss Caroline's tones shuddered with shocked reproach. Her brother often shocked her; he seemed to think of God as simply and naturally as he might of any other friend. She herself, in the course of her parochial work in the village, habitually represented Him as a somewhat prying and easily offended individual who kept a particularly sharp eye on the inhabitants of Silverquay.

She hastily turned the conversation on to less debatable ground.

Continued on page 24

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Continued from page 23

"We shall have quite a lot of fresh people in the neighborhood," she remarked, sociably. "Mr. Coventry himself is a stranger to us all, and then there will be a newcomer at the Priory, too."

"Mrs. Hilyard, you mean?" said Robin.

"Yes—" Miss Caroline looked full of importance. "I hear she arrives to-day. The carrier told our cook that he was ordered to meet the four-thirty train this afternoon—to get a quantity of luggage."

"Is there a Mr. Hilyard?" asked Ann, casually. She could see that Miss Caroline was bursting with gossip news which she was aching to impart.

"No; she's a widow, I hear; and very wealthy. The furniture that's been coming down by rail is of most excellent quality—most excellent!"

"How do you know, Caroline?" inquired the rector, his eyes twinkling with amusement.

"Well, entirely by accident, I happened to be taking a basin of chicken-broth to old Mrs. Skinner—you know she lives in one of the Priory cottages—on the very day the pantechnicons were delivering at the house, and I saw quite a number of the chairs and tables as they were being carried in."

The twinkle in Brian's eyes grew more pronounced.

"I'm afraid you must have stood and watched the unloading process, then."

"Well, I suppose I did—just for a minute," she acknowledged, adding with some asperity: "It would be quite fitting if you took a little keener interest in future parishioners, Brian."

"My interest in my future parishioners is quite keen, I assure you—though I don't know that it extends to their furniture," replied the rector, laughing.

"Oh, well, it's nice to know that someone has taken the Priory who is in a position to keep it up properly," persisted his sister. "Don't you agree, Miss Lovell?"

"Of, course," said Ann. "Besides"—smiling across at the rector—"as we're as poor as church mice, it's just as well the new arrival at the Priory should be rich—to even things up."

"I think it's all very interesting," pursued Miss Caroline, still intent on her own train of thought. "Here's Mr. Coventry come home at last to live at Heronsmere—a very eligible bachelor, and with this Mrs. Hilyard, a wealthy widow, living so near by it wouldn't be at all surprising if something came of it."

The rector jumped up, laughing good-humoredly.

"Caroline! Caroline! I must really take you home after that, or Miss Lovell will think Silverquay is a veritable hotbed of gossip. Coventry hasn't been in the neighborhood a month, poor man, and here you are trying to tie him up with a lady who doesn't even arrive until this afternoon!"

"Besides," suggested Robin, smiling broadly. "She may be a really disconsolate widow, you know."

Miss Caroline shook her head.

"I don't think so," she answered, obstinately. "The furniture didn't look like it. One of the packages was a little torn and I caught sight of the curtains inside. They were rose color."

"That was really quite bright of Miss Caroline," observed Ann, with some amusement, when the rector and his sister had started for home. "Only she didn't know it!"

CHAPTER X A Discovery

The morning breeze darted in and out of Ann's bedroom like a child tentatively trying to inveigle a grownup person into playing hide and seek. With every puff a big cluster of roses, which had climbed to the sill, swayed forward and peeped inside, sending a whiff of delicate perfume across to where Ann was kneeling, surrounded by trunks and suitcases, unpacking her belongings. Pleasant little sounds of life

floated up from outdoors—the clucking of a hen, the stamping of the bay cob as Billy Brewster groomed him, whistling softly through his teeth while he brushed and curry-combed, the occasional honk of a motor-horn as a car sped by in the distance. Then came the beat of a horse's hoofs, stopping abruptly outside the cottage-gate.

Ann did not pause in her occupation of emptying a hat-box of its tissue-shrouded contents. Robin had ridden away almost immediately after breakfast, so she merely supposed that having started early he had returned early. But a minute later Maria was standing in the doorway of the room, her broad face red with the exertion of hurrying upstairs, her eyes blinking excitedly.

"Tis Mr. Coventry himself, miss," she announced. "He didn't inquire if anyone was at home; but just followed me in and asked me to tell Master Robin he was here."

Ann rose reluctantly from her knees, dusting her hands together.

"All right, Maria, I'll go down and see him. Perhaps he can leave a message with me for Robin. I hope, though," she added, with a faint sense of irritation, "that he isn't going to make a habit of dropping in here in the mornings."

Only pausing to push back a stray lock of hair she ran quickly downstairs and into the living-room.

"I'm so sorry"—she began speaking almost as she crossed the threshold—"but my brother is out."

With a stifled ejaculation the man standing in the shadow of the tall, old-fashioned chimney-piece wheeled round, and Ann found herself looking straight into the gray eyes of the Englishman from Montricheux. For a moment there was a silence—the silence of utter mutual astonishment, while Ann was wretchedly conscious of the flush that mounted slowly to her very temples. The man was the first to recover himself.

"So," he said, "you are Miss Lovell!"

Something in his tone stung Ann into composure.

"Yes," she replied, coolly. "You don't sound altogether pleased at the discovery."

"Pleased?" His eyes rested on her with a species of repressed annoyance. "It doesn't make much difference whether we're—either of us—pleased or not, does it?"

His meaning appeared perfectly plain to Ann. For some reason which she could not fathom, he found her appearance on the scene the very reverse of pleasing.

"I don't see that it matters in any case," she replied, frostily. "The fact that I happen to be your agent's sister doesn't compel you to see any more of me than you wish to."

"True. And if I'd known you were here I wouldn't have come blundering in this morning."

"I arrived yesterday," vouchsafed Ann. "Won't you sit down?" she added, with perfunctory politeness. She seated herself, and in obedience to her gesture he mechanically followed suit.

"Yes, you were expected to-day, weren't you? I'd forgotten," he said, abstractedly.

No one particularly enjoys being assured that he has been forgotten, and Ann's eyes sparkled with suppressed indignation.

"Can I give my brother any message for you?" she asked, stiffly.

All at once he smiled—that sudden, singularly sweet smile of his which transformed the harsh lines of his face and which seemed to have so little in common with his habitual brusqueness.

"I've been behaving like a boor, haven't I?" he admitted. "Forgive me. And can't we be friends? After all, I've some sort of claim. I pulled you out of Lac Lemah—or rather, prevented your tumbling into it, you know."

He spoke with a curious, persuasive charm. There was something almost boyishly disarming about his manner. It was as though for a moment a prickly, ungracious husk had dropped away, revealing the real man within. He held out his hand, and as Ann laid hers within it she felt her spirits rising unaccountably.

"I hope you'll like it here," he pursued. He glanced round with a disconcerted expression. "Does the cottage furniture satisfy you? Is it what you like?"

"It's perfectly charming," she replied, wholeheartedly. "I love old-fashioned things."

"Well, if there's anything you'd like altered or want sending down, you must let me know. There are stacks of stuff up at Heronsmere."

"You've already sent down the one thing to complete my happiness," she answered, smiling. "That jolly little pony."

"Oh, Dick Turpin. Do you like him?"

"Is that his name? Yes, I like him immensely. Thank you so much for sending him." She paused, then added, rather shyly: "I always seem to be thanking you for something, don't I? First for rescuing my bag at the Kursaal, then for rescuing me, and now for Dick Turpin!"

"You can't do without a cob"—briefly. "I've a little thoroughbred mare up at Heronsmere—Redwing, she's called—who would carry you perfectly."

"Oh, I couldn't—you mustn't—" she began, with some embarrassment.

"Nonsense!" He interrupted her, brusquely. "What are you going to do down here if you don't ride and drive? Lovell will have his work. But you won't."

"I'm proposing to keep chickens," announced Ann. "I'm not in the least an idle person. You lose the habit if you've earned your own living for several years," she added, with a touch of amusement.

"Have you done that?"

She assented.

"Of course I have. You can't live on air, you know, and as my father didn't leave us much else, Robin and I both had to work."

He regarded her with brooding eyes. She was so gay and cheery about it all that against his will his thoughts were driven back among old memories, recalling another woman he had known who had chosen to escape from poverty by a different road from the clean, straight one of hard work.

Before he could formulate any answer, there came the sound of the house-door opening and closing. He rose hastily from his chair.

"Ah! That must be your brother!" he exclaimed, a note of what sounded almost like relief in his voice. He seemed glad of the distraction and shook hands cordially with Robin when he came in. "I'm sorry I was out," began the latter. But Coventry cut short his apologies.

"Don't apologize," he said. "It has given Miss Lovell and myself the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance."

Robin looked from one to the other in surprise.

"Have you met before, then?" he asked. Ann explained.

"At Montricheux," she replied. "Mr. Coventry saved me from a watery grave on the night of the Venetian Fete there."

"From nothing more dangerous than a wetting, actually," interpolated Coventry, in his abrupt way.

"I've just been over to see Farmer Sparkes," Robin continued. "He's put in a list as long as your arm of repairs he wants doing."

Coventry laughed, good-humoredly.

"I suppose they'll all be sticking me for alterations and repairs now I've come back," he said. "What's the use of a landlord unless you can squeeze something out of him?"

"I'm afraid there is a bit of that attitude about most tenants," admitted Robin. "I expect the new owner of the Priory will get let in for the same thing. One or two of the Priory cottages want doing up, it's true."

"Have you seen her yet, Robin?" inquired Ann quickly, with feminine curiosity.

"Mrs. Hilyard, do you mean? No, I didn't come across her this morning."

"Who did you say?" asked Coventry.

Something in the quality of his voice brought Ann's eyes swiftly to his face. All the geniality had gone out of it. It was set

and stern, and there was an odd watchfulness in the glance he leveled at Robin as he spoke.

"Mrs. Hilyard—the new owner of the Priory," explained Robin. "She arrived yesterday."

"Hilyard?" repeated Coventry. "Someone told me the name was Hilton. You don't know what Hilyard she is, I suppose?"

"No; I don't know anything about her. But Hilyard's is a fairly common name."

"Yes, I suppose it's fairly common," agreed Coventry, slowly.

As though to dismiss the topic, he returned to the matter of the repairs required on Sparkes' farm, and for a few minutes the two men were engrossed in details connected with the management of the estate. But Ann noticed that Coventry seemed curiously abstracted. He allowed his cigarette to smolder between his fingers until it went out beneath their pressure, and presently, bringing the discussion with Robin to a sudden close, he got up to go. He tendered his farewells somewhat abruptly, mounted his horse, which had been standing tethered to the gateway by its bridle, and rode away at a hard gallop.

After dinner was over, when Maria brought in the coffee, Ann threw out a tentative remark which instantly achieved its nefarious purpose of loosening the springs of Maria's garrulity.

"They be telling a tale up in the village about the new lady as has taken the Priory," began Maria, conversationally.

Ann sugared her coffee with an air of detachment, and watched Robin fidgeting, out of the tail of her eye.

"You shouldn't listen to gossip, Maria," she reprimanded, primly.

"Well, miss, 'tis true folks say you shouldn't believe all you hear, and 'tis early days to speak, seeing she's scarcely into her house yet, as you may say."

"You give me an uncomfortable feeling that she spent the night on the doorstep," observed Ann.

"Oh, no, miss," replied Maria, matter-of-factly. "She slept in her bed all last night. But maybe, for all that, it's true what folks are saying," she added, darkly. "I'd run out of sugar, so I just stepped round to the grocer this evening after tea, and he told me 'twas all the tale in the village that this Mrs. Hilyard isn't a widow at all, and some of them think she's no better than she should be."

An ejaculation of annoyance broke from Robin.

"The tittle-tattle in these twopenny-halfpenny villages is almost past believing!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Here's an absolute newcomer arrives in the district and they've begun taking away the poor woman's character already."

"Well, sir, of course I'm only speaking what I hear," replied Maria, who, with all her good points—and they were many—had the true West Country relish for any titbit of gossip, whether with or without foundation. "Let's hope it isn't true. But they say her clothes do be good enough for the highest lady in the land. Mrs. Thorowgood—her that's been helping up to the Priory all day—called in on her way home just to pass the time of day with me. It seems Mrs. Hilyard has arranged she shall wash for her, and she was taking a few of her things home with her for to wash to-morrow. And she told me her own self, did Mrs. Thorowgood, that the lace on them be so fine as spider's web."

Ann endeavored to conceal her mirth, and reply with becoming gravity.

"Maria, dear, if a disreputable character is considered inseparable from pretty undies in Silverquay, I'm afraid I shall get as bad a reputation as Mrs. Hilyard," she suggested, meekly.

"You, miss?" Maria's loyalty rose in wrathful protest. "And who should have good things if 'tisn't you, I'd like to know? 'Twouldn't be fitting for any Miss Lovell of Lovell Court to have things that wasn't of the very best. And as to telling up little old tales—there'll be no tales told about you,

nor Mr. Robin neither, so long as I'm in Silverquay. I'll see to that!"

Thoroughly devoted, illogical, and beligerent, Maria picked up the coffee-tray and stalked out of the room, leaving Ann and Robin convulsed with laughter.

To be continued

Needlepoints

L. B. C., Michigan. — From your description I think the stitch you refer to is what is called Newport or caterpillar-stitch, and is worked as follows: Having a chain of the length required, work a double in each stitch; break the wool, fasten in at beginning of row, and work a double in each double, taking the stitch from the back. Again break the wool and fasten in at beginning of row, a double in each of two doubles, and a double treble in top of third double of first row; work next row in same way, only beginning with three doubles, and putting the double treble in top of next double of second row, which will bring it back of the double treble of preceding row. Begin next row with two doubles, and continue. The double trebles run diagonally across the work, each taken into second row back, and missing preceding row. A variation of the stitch is commonly called Newport stitch; that is, having made the three rows containing double trebles the pattern is reversed by placing the double trebles of next three rows in front instead of behind the double treble of preceding row.

INSTEAD of using my embroidery-hoops when I have some embroidery to do on material that is very likely to stretch or pull, I baste the stamped article on stiff brown wrapping-paper or enamel-cloth, which is flexible and can be crumpled in the hand, but will not allow the goods to stretch. The work is more easily done, and more satisfactory in every way. For padding scallops use tubular corset-lacing of proper size, carrying it along between the lines of the scallop and buttonholing over it; simply fasten it where you begin buttonholing. — Annette Havershaw, North Carolina.

A HOT iron takes the place of the basting-needle with a busy homemaker I know who has six kiddies to make and mend for, and consequently must make every minute count to its utmost. She says that basting and pulling out basting-threads take more time than she can spare, so she presses hems and plaits and tucks and seams with a hot iron. A little practise has rendered her so skilful that her work is really neater than if basted. She also uses every attachment of her sewing-machine—the only trouble is in learning just how to use them—then she finds them veritable time- and labor-savers. — Mrs. B. D. V., Connecticut.

IN reply to inquiries about doing filet-crochet with two or three colors, on white background, let me give a method I have found very simple and satisfactory: First prepare your foundation, the size desired for pillow-cover, inset, insertion, or whatever you wish to make, by crocheting as usual the plain spaces; then put in the colors by darning or working over and under the mesh- or space-bars exactly as you would if the foundation were netted. The effect is very good, and if the work is carefully done there is little if any difference between right and wrong side. — Miss M. A. C., Pennsylvania.

TO thread a needle with yarn or heavy, soft-twisted cotton, thread it first with a length of strong, fine thread, doubled; then slip the yarn through the loop or doubled end of the thread and pull on the loose ends, thus drawing the yarn through the eye of the needle. The same method may be employed with any thread difficult to "needle." By the way, I always needle my thread instead of threading my needle, and find the process much quicker and easier. — M. P., New York.

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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 and recipes, 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.

Concerning Gifts

OUR Christmas last year was, of necessity, rather meager as to money spent. The gifts consisted mainly of useful things of which the children had immediate need. I thought of a plan which was very successful in giving prosaic gifts a holiday touch. For instance, the neat brown gloves that matched her winter coat gave the fourteen-year-old young lady of the family a great deal of pleasure, and they were still more appreciated when this little ditty was found in the nicely wrapped package:

*Of course you never would permit
The boys your hands to hold;
This gift of ours will doubtless serve
To keep away the cold.*

Donald, aged twelve, who, like most boys of his age, had great trouble in keeping his hair combed, was presented with an inexpensive pocket-comb, and a year's subscription to a standard boys' magazine, and the verse which foretold the coming of the magazine was this—naming the publication, of course, in the first line:

*The _____
Will give you much joy,
As it always has done in the past;
And if you will let it,
And never forget it,
For a year and a day it will last.*

Ten-year-old Mildred, whose vanity is only excusable because of her immaculateness, received an ivory comb and brush of the more inexpensive variety, with the following note:

*Here's a comb for Miss Vanity Fair,
And a brush to take care of her hair;
But keep watch of the time and take warning,
You must not be late in the morning.*

A warm gray sweater with a red collar, and with this note tucked into the pocket, pleased Helen, who is eight, and much addicted to playing out-of-doors:

*Here is a sweater warm and cosy;
You can play in the snow till cheeks are rosy.*

Much excitement prevailed when it was discovered that mother could "write poetry"! Try it, mothers. It is much easier than you may think to compose a jingle which, though it may display no great literary ability, will be sure to delight the children, especially if it comes as a complete surprise. And, by the way, I think the surprise part of Christmas-giving goes a long way toward the enjoyment of the gifts.

Wiggins, Colo. Mrs. M. B. C. Newlon.

A Worthwhile Motto

"WHERE there's a will there's a way" is right. Work and be happy. I always did like work. I do not see how any woman can say "I hate housework," when it is her duty to do it. I am not very strong, so cannot at times do just what I want to do; that is my only hindrance. But as soon as I am able I do the best I can. I always say that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

Let me give the homemaker who asked how to take the shine from serge or tricotine a method which has been tested successfully: If not too badly soiled, use ammonia

and water, and rub with a bit of dark cloth if the material is dark, so as not to leave any lint. If much soiled I first wash the goods with a suds made of any good brand of soap-flakes recommended for the purpose. If you do not wish to wash it, rip the garment apart and turn it; you will then have practically a new dress or skirt. For ripping I use the blade of a safety-razor, first making a start with the scissors; the blade does the work quickly and neatly.

In response to the plea for advice on how to own one's home: It is not always—or often—what you earn that counts; but what you save. I think the best way is to start in with a building-and-loan association, or cooperative bank—such as may be found in every city and most large towns—arranging to pay a stated amount each month, and bearing in mind that the amount, whatever it is, must be paid on time. Any of these institutions will give you full information in regard to their methods. Every payday, put away a portion, much or little, for that purpose; do not wait until the end of the week to see if there is anything left—there never will be if you work that way. I have taught my daughters to save. They each have a tiny savings-bank, from the bank itself, and every six months I take their little banks to the big bank and deposit the money for them. They are proud of it. My youngest daughter is twelve years of age, and her bank-account was started when she was a wee baby; her godmother gave me five dollars to buy a coat for her, I made a coat at a cost of three dollars and put the remainder of the money in the bank. It is there yet, and I never intend taking it out. Many parents, I know, think it quite right to "draw" on the children's money when they think they have need of it; but I think it a bad business. It kills a child's ambition to save. I know of one case, that of a boy who began saving his money for Christmas, then his parents took it. He said he made up his mind he wouldn't save any more, and to this day he hasn't forgotten it. Try to pay cash as you go along; a little credit will do no harm sometimes, but do not get the habit of having things charged—this does not make for care in expenditures.

Once you begin saving for a specific purpose, in the accomplishment of which you are interested, you will discover many ways. I have made a hat for my daughter of eighteen years which is far prettier than one she would have had to pay several dollars for. To obtain the pattern I traced the shape of an older daughter's hat on paper, then cut a piece of cardboard the same size; for the top I took the top of another old hat, and to cover the frame I ripped two hats that were decidedly out of style, but of good velvet. This I cleaned, pressed on the wrong side with not too hot an iron, and then steamed it to raise the pile; this can be done by holding the wrong side to a hot iron covered with a wet cloth, or over a kettle of boiling water. When dry brush lightly with a soft clothesbrush, and it will look like new. I trimmed the hat with a bow of velvet lined with henna satin, left from her dress. I cleaned her last year's wrap, and with the money saved I shall buy a dresser for her room, something she has long wanted. She has no closet in her room, and I am making one from an old-styled oak bedstead; this will have to serve until a new one can be afforded, and it really is very nice and useful. I should like to hear what other homemakers have done to overcome the lack of closet- or cupboard-room. When paying for a home we must save everywhere we can.

To the friend who writes of being lonely I suggest subscribing for at least five magazines—good ones; a magazine that doesn't pay for itself isn't worth reading. Think of what a blessing our American Woman is,

Continued on page 28

When Children Cough Use Musterole

When you are awakened in the dead of night by that warning, croupy cough, get up and get the jar of Musterole.

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Continued from page 27

and how little it costs. I save all my old magazines, and when we wish to hunt up something, or get lonesome, they are our best friends.

Just a few housewifely hints: When making starch for dark goods, use leftover coffee—which can be saved for two or three days in advance of wash-day—instead of water and the starch will not show. The problem of how to have shining, dry dishes with little work is solved by washing them in hot, soapy water, placing them in a dish-drainer, preferably one with partitions, and scalding them with clear, hot water. After they have stood a few minutes it will be necessary to dry the silverware only, and other dishes will be scrupulously clean—a saving of time and trouble.

If dresses are faded, by the way, use a little of the same color to tint them; they will be quite new again. I dyed six pairs of gray-silk stockings black, and still had dye left from one package. My daughter wished some new gloves, long ones, to wear with her wrap, so I dyed a pair of her white ones light-brown. You must stir the articles often, and put in cold dye; do not boil them long, and do not wring them, just take out, drain a little and hang up. My coat is brown, so I dyed a pair of gray gloves the same color, first boiling out all of the original color possible. My little girl's blue tam was sadly faded; I took off the black pompon, dyed the cap cardinal-red, replaced the pompon, and now she has a "better-than-ever" tam which matches her coat for school-wear. Some faded draperies were dyed light-brown and look as nice as "real pongee." For dyeing small articles, I use an aluminum saucepan, for larger ones a dish-pan, or larger pan.

Will gladly tell you more about my "saving ways" at another time, and shall be very glad to hear from other homemakers who are paying for a home, or have paid for one. May I add that I have long wished to enter the homemaking circle, but was not sure that I could say anything helpful. So I kept a pencil and paper on the kitchen-shelf, and whenever I thought of something that seemed worthwhile I jotted it down. Perhaps others will like to adopt the same plan and "pass on" the ideas that have helped them.

Mrs. R. Peters.

802 O'Brien St., Millvale, Pa.

Bits of Homemaking Wisdom

NOT all young homemakers may know that tablecloths and napkins, or any linens which need to be perfectly smooth in order to look their best, should always be wrung by hand, never put through a wringer. The latter is sure to make wrinkles which are very hard to press out. Also allow the linen to dry thoroughly, sprinkle with hot water, roll up and let stand for an hour longer, then iron with a hot iron, first lengthwise, then across—or first with the warp, then the woof. Iron rapidly until perfectly dry, and your linen will have the crispness and gloss it had when it came from the store. If left damp, your work will be largely lost. It is well to use hot water for sprinkling any articles, applying lightly; it penetrates the fabric at once, and the latter is dampened much more evenly than if cold water is used. In summer, when the clothes get "bone-dry" through a long day of breeze and sunshine, I never iron sheets, towels, and other similar articles; but fold them from the line and put them away, crisp and dry and, as I like to believe, all a-tingle with the magnetism of the sun, vital and health-giving. It saves work, too, which is not a small item.

The window-shades in my kitchen and attic rooms—originally green—had become so faded and worn that I did not feel I could use them any longer, yet I did not wish to replace them with new shades of the same color until it should be necessary to change them all over the house, as the new ones would throw all the others into discredit. I took Indian-head, good heavy quality, cut the length of my windows with allowance

for a hem wide enough for the shade-stick, and put up in place of the old shades; they are so good-looking and serviceable that I am planning to make them for the whole house. Any heavy white cloth will be all right. I put the same width hem at top and bottom so that the shades may be reversed occasionally, or whenever they begin to show wear. One virtue is that they can be so easily laundered. One can trim them with lace or fringe, if desired; but I like them better plain, and to put any decorations into draperies or side-hangings. Shades should, I think, be alike all over the house. One can color the cloth, of course, if liked; but I think the white shades look very nice. I could not, of course, use the old colored pulls, so I made white ones—using a firm, smooth twine, and large brass rings, covering the latter with double crochet, and crocheting cords of the twine to attach to the shade-stick—making them, indeed, like the old ones. One might make tassels of the twine, or any heavy crochet-thread, using these instead of the covered rings, but the latter are neat and simple.

If you have not a kitchen-cabinet, or your kitchen is not conveniently arranged for a cupboard of this kind, just have the man of the house, or a carpenter, put up a shelf, say six inches wide, and running across one side of the room. It should be placed well up, but not too high, just so you can easily see and reach what you want. This shelf will hold everything a cabinet would, and is less in the way than a cupboard standing out in the room would be. I keep everything in a small container, neatly labeled. If you like to buy the regular kitchen-sets, well and good; but I have a set which serves every purpose and can be added to at pleasure, or as needed. I have the tins in which the vegetable-shortening comes; these have, you know, lids which shut in snugly. Given a coat of white enamel, and lettered with dark-green paint, with a narrow band of the latter—which may be, of course, of any desired color—around top and bottom of the can, these containers are as neat as possible. The pound tins I use for soda, cocoa, salt, and so on, the three-pound ones for rice, sugar, cereals of different kinds and other things which I like to have larger amounts of. In order to get the labeling as uniform as possible I cut out letters from stencil-board, first tracing them neatly. I also cut a stencil for the border. The work is much more quickly done than if attempted "free-hand"—indeed, I have not the skill to do it in that way—and much more evenly.

Mrs. Louise L. Ives.

The Value of a Card-Catalog

THE saving of time is equally as desirable as the saving of work or money—since time is money, according to the old adage. Equally, of course, saving of time means saving of money, and promotes efficiency. I have discovered that a card-catalog is a boon to the housekeeper, and wish to pass on some suggestions on the filing of receipts, suggestions which may be turned to other accounts if one desires.

Far too long have we housekeepers been accused of a lack of business-system in conducting the affairs of the home. We have been criticized for using antiquated methods, for lack of judgment, foresight and labor-saving devices in the daily routine of housekeeping. These criticisms are often too well deserved, perhaps; it is so easy for the homemaker and caretaker to slip easily into the ruts outlined by earlier generations. But on the other hand, the spreading abroad of hints and suggestions through the columns of good household-magazines has made possible the adoption of many helps, which we have not been slow in doing. I trust that the following experience may be of aid to the progressive housekeeper in solving at least one of her troublesome problems. Who does not remember with sorrow the valuable time spent in uselessly looking over collections of clippings and receipts for some item known to have been in existence, but mysteriously mislaid? And is there any housekeeper who

has not experienced the disappointment with which one gives up finding a receipt that calls for some "leftover," the name and location of which elude her memory? At nominal expense two small drawers can be fastened in some convenient location, say above the kitchen-table. These drawers should be about six by eight inches, and four inches deep. In these should be arranged the reference-cards, with tabs at the upper edge, only instead of lettering these tabs in order, on each should be written the name of the article for which its special division is intended—bread, cake, desserts, salads, and so on through the long list. The different receipts are then written on the straight cards and arranged alphabetically back of their guide- or reference-card. Receipts cut from papers or magazines, which one has tested or has reason to believe good, can be pasted on the cards, with the illustration of the same on the back of the card, when practicable. In this way an attractive garniture or novel way of serving would frequently be remembered.

In the other drawer have reference-cards like those described, only having the letters of the alphabet; and on the straight-edge cards, under the names of various articles of food, different ways of cooking it. In this way one can find, without losing a minute's time, some way of using up a leftover. And how often we would resist the temptation to throw away some remnant of food, if we could find without too much trouble an attractive guise in which to serve it. Different menus which have been found good may be arranged on cards, and thus save valuable time in planning a meal. The index may be added to at pleasure, and is really a worthy "first aid" for the busy homemaker.

M. L. R.

Notes and Questions

If A Homemaker, Arcadia, Fla., will follow these directions she will find that waxing and finishing pine floors may be accomplished at one operation. This is a government formula: Take one fourth pound of beeswax, one pound of paraffin, one fourth pint of raw linseed-oil and one and one-fourth pints of turpentine, melt the beeswax and the paraffin over a slow fire, add the turpentine and linseed-oil and stir vigorously. Turpentine is highly inflammable, hence care must be taken in mixing this wax to heat the ingredients only by setting the vessel containing them in hot water, and to have no flames in the room. Success in waxing floors lies in applying the wax in thin coats and rubbing it a great deal. This formula will cover about two hundred and fifty square feet.

Elizabeth Van Karsen.

Temperance, Mich.

It is time to be planning our gardens for another season, and it occurs to me that right here may be a hint for the pin-money earners. Nearly all women have a garden for their own use, only; but why not increase the "acreage," and arrange with your grocer to sell your surplus of fresh vegetables, or secure private customers to supply regularly? Shell green peas and take them to market in small tin pails. Pick fresh strawberries every morning and put them in boxes surrounded by green leaves, so they will appear attractive. Give good weight and measure, and you will not lack customers. Cucumbers sell readily, also cucumber pickles; beets, melons and tomatoes are also profitable. No vegetable is easier to raise than the string-bean, and I can scarcely fill my orders for them; there are so many kinds that one can easily have a good variety. My neighbor uses this plan, because he only has a small garden; he plants his potatoes in good soil, and grafts his tomato-plants on them instead of transplanting them.

Ortonville, Minn.

Mrs. E. J. B.

I greatly enjoy the flower-talks. When I was a little girl I was much interested in an old-fashioned garden of a neighbor, and now that I have a home of my own it is my ambition to have just such another, containing all kinds of perennials. It seems to me that

a woman living in the country takes more pleasure in flowers than do city dwellers. I have had bloom from May and enjoy watching the different blossoms come along one after another. Shall be glad to hear from other flower-lovers, especially those who wish to enlarge their collection of perennial plants and seeds by exchanging for others.

Edwina F. Forrester.

R. 2, Framingham, Mass.

I missed a year or two of our dear paper, but it is now visiting us again, and seems like an old friend, yes, and a dearly beloved one, at that; be sure I shall never miss another copy. How many of the mothers find time to play with the kiddies? I very often have a game of ball or marbles with them, or we all go fishing together. They like it; it makes them feel as though I am one of them, and does me a lot of good, besides. Of course they have to help get the work done before mother can play, but this they are ready and willing to do—so they get the fun later. I should like to correspond with some member of our circle who lives on the plains.

R. 1, Malone, Tex. Mrs. J. R. Pope.

If the homemaker who asked how to keep her kitchen-range black and shiny without using stove-polish which so soon burns off, will go over it with a little paraffin-wax on a cloth, I am sure she will be pleased with results. It is far easier to apply than anything I have ever tried, and makes the nickel-trim shiny as well. Will not some homemaker give us a tested and good receipt for making both sweet and sour pickles from small cucumbers?

Constant Reader.

Meacham, Oregon.

I am anxious to obtain a good receipt for canning ripe sweet peppers, so they will keep like the ones we buy at the stores. How can the skin be removed, and what preparation is used to put them in? Both coffee and cocoa are improved in flavor by the addition of two or three drops of vanilla after taking from the fire; do not get in too much.

Charleston, Missouri. Mrs. A. J. F.

Here is another saving hint: Keep a dish or some receptacle on the closet-shelf, and into it put the little cakes of paraffin as they are taken from the glasses of jelly, rinsing each cake off. It is just as good to use again. I am another homemaker who is anxious to have her "very own" home, and eagerly read all the experiences or suggestions of those who have succeeded in attaining this desire. It is hard to save in these days, but it can be done with such an incentive. Let us hear from others. Every bit helps, you know. Is it better to get into a cooperative bank, or to buy of a private concern, and pay so much a month?

Home-Lover.

Portsmouth, N. H.

I wish to clean or dye a coat-suit of chiffon broadcloth which has been worn three winters; I also have a spring suit of French serge that has a shiny look. Shall be very glad of suggestions on the renovation of either or both.

G. C.

R. 2, Box 102, Enoree, S. C.

I always enjoy the helpful suggestions from other homemakers. Does anyone know of something that will remove the paint from a hardwood bedstead that has been painted? When drying bedspreads fold together and pin on the line by the hems; then when nearly dry take down, fold together the other way, and pin. This method stretches the spread evenly and does away with the crease through the middle.

F. D.

South Windham, Maine.

In case a rusty nail is stepped on, apply kerosene to the wound; it is effective and harmless. For whooping-cough give pineapple-juice freely, also lemon-juice and honey. For nose-bleed use alum; good also for cuts—will stop bleeding. Finger-marks may be quickly and easily removed from window-glass by rubbing with a bit of cloth dampened with ammonia. A piece of cut lemon, rubbed lightly on marks made by scratching matches on walls, will remove them. Almost any kind of stain can be

taken out by rubbing butter well into it, then washing with hot water and good soap. I shall be glad to hear from any who are interested in flowers, books, pets, etc., also in knitting by machine. Will answer all letters.

Mrs. G. A. Runyon.

Box 185, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Not everybody may know that very satisfactory shoe-trees can be made of old corset-steels. Wrap the ends well with tissue-paper, insert one end in the toe, and place the other in the heel.

M. T.

Dale, Okla.

(I regret that The Homemaker no longer has an exchange column.)

Old Subscriber, if you will dissolve the cocoa or chocolate for your cake in boiling water, I feel sure you will have better success with it; I use just a little water. I make a quick chocolate or cocoa icing by mixing cocoa and powdered sugar with a little hot water; mix it thick enough so it will not run—not too stiff—and do not cook it. Add vanilla, or any preferred flavoring.

Mrs. R. R.

Bucoda, Wash.

The Homemaker's Receipt-Book

Creamed Mushrooms on Toast.—Make a white sauce by blending three tablespoonfuls of flour with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and cooking until well thickened in two cups of boiling milk, taking care that the mixture does not lump; season with salt and a dash of pepper, to taste. Add one and one-half cups of mushrooms, peeled and cut in small pieces, and let cook twenty minutes. Serve hot on delicately browned toast. Delicious for a Sunday-night supper, and may be made in a chafing-dish. Mushrooms have a good food-value, and are not expensive when one considers how far a pound of them will go.

Parsnips au Gratin.—Bake in ramekins or in a baking-dish and serve from that. If ramekins or individual baking-dishes are used, put one third cup of cooked parsnips, diced, in each, pour over the parsnips a white sauce made by cooking together two tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of flour and one and one-half cups of milk, with seasoning to taste, sprinkle with grated cheese, cover with fine bread-crumbs, dotted with bits of butter and brown in a hot oven. If a baking-dish is used, proceed in the same way, filling the dish within a half inch of the top with the diced parsnips, covering with the sauce, a sprinkling of cheese and the bread-crumbs.

Parsnip Fritters.—Boil and mash enough parsnips to make two cups; add one beaten egg, one half cup of flour, one half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and fry on a hot, well-buttered griddle, as you would any griddle-cakes, until delicately browned. Or, if preferred, fry in deep fat, dropping in by spoonfuls.

Parsnip Souffle.—To two cups of mashed parsnip add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, one half cup of milk, a half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a speck of Cayenne, fold in the white of the two eggs, stiffly beaten, pour into souffle-cups or a baking-dish, and bake until firm, allowing to brown delicately.

Parsnip Chowder.—Scrape and slice enough parsnips to make a pint, or more, depending on the number of people to be served; pare and slice two-thirds as many potatoes, and two large onions; melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and fry the sliced onions in this until tender and lightly browned, add the potatoes, parsnips, and one quart of boiling water, slightly salted, cook until the vegetables are tender, not broken, then add one pint of rich milk, scalding-hot, let boil up once and serve with crackers. Add more seasoning to taste, as required. More milk may be added, if liked. Many prefer to fry out a slice or two of salt pork cut in tiny cubes, using this instead of butter, but we prefer the latter.

Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. A. R. B.

Corn Bread.—Sift well together one

Concluded on page 30

Famous Actresses Society Women College Girls



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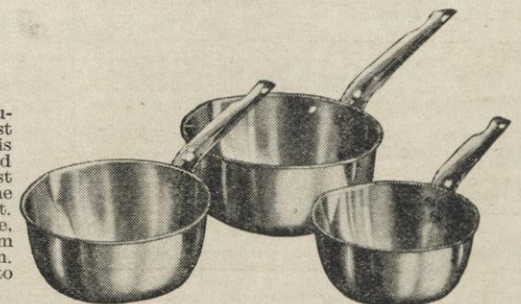
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THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

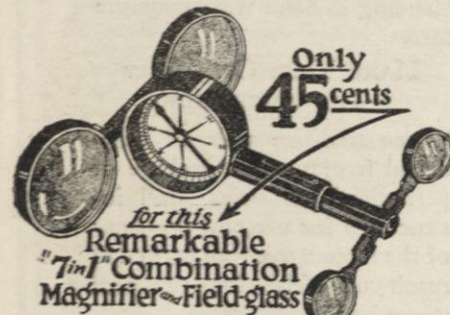
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The American Woman Calendar

March 1. Thursday

The world is a mirror upon the self, Wherein you may readily see yourself; You'll find it good if you seek the best, And, whether it's north, south, east or west, If only the smile of a friend you show, You'll find it friendly wherever you go.

March 2. Friday

Do not be discouraged when all seems dark. When obstacles confront you, then is the time to prove that you believe in your divine self. Anybody can be brave as long as all goes well. The successful man or woman is the one who goes ahead in spite of seeming defeat.

March 3. Saturday

Kind wishes and good deeds, they make not poor; They'll home again, full laden, to thy door. The streams of love flow back where they begin, For streams of outward joys lie deep within.

March 4. Sunday

About nothing be anxious. "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee."

March 5. Monday

We clean our houses every day And throw the useless things away, But often let our minds for years Get filled with foolish thoughts and fears.

March 6. Tuesday

When we look into the avenues of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live and be happy.

March 7. Wednesday

I know there is work to be done, I know that my work is worth while; I know that my fight can be won— All this I know, and I smile. For I have a hand that is strong, I'm blessed with a mind that is clear, A heart that's overflowing with song— Then what, oh, what is there to fear?

March 8. Thursday

Burn the bridges which fear has fooled you into building on the back trail, throw away your bridge-building tools, and fare bravely into the future.

March 9. Friday

When the logs are burning free, Then the fire is full of glee; When each heart gives out its best, Then the talk is full of zest; Light your fire and never fear, Life was made for love and cheer.

March 10. Saturday

Be diligent and faithful, patient and hopeful, one and all of you; and may we all know, at all times, that verily the Eternal rules, and that nothing finally wrong has happened or can happen.

March 11. Sunday

The day is Thine, dear Lord, and I am Thine; Oh, may no unkind thoughts or words of mine Disturb the harmony of this, Thy day. But love, and joy in service have full sway. And what I ask for self I ask for all, And in the name of Him who bade us call Upon Thee, and with childlike faith to say Our Father!

March 12. Monday

Just work away cheerily at whatever task lies just ahead, keeping a song in your heart and a smile on your face; you will be surprised to see how quickly and how well the work is done.

March 13. Tuesday

Every day has its quota of smiles, Every day has its laughter, Every day has its joy that beguiles And brightens the day that comes after. Every day we are freed from some fetter, Every day we get better and better!

March 14. Wednesday

Long ago Lord Lytton wrote: Refuse to be ill. Never tell people you are ill; never own it to yourself. Illness is one of those things which a man should resist on principle at the outset.

March 15. Thursday

Sighs and frowns are not for you, Nor for anyone with work to do; Keep well within the bounds of cheer, And smile your way throughout the year.

March 16. Friday

The Creator has given man dominion over a world teeming with riches for all. If we claim our inheritance and work in harmony with His laws we shall have the abundance and the happiness which He meant we should have. We shall be glorious successes.

March 17. Saturday

Never mind the shadow; for a man's part is to know The shadow is a battle he can vanquish with a blow, Vanquish with a memory and go marching with a shout, When the spirit of his courage puts the darkest cloud to rout.

March 18. Sunday

Give thanks to the Father for the blessings you desire as well as for those you have received. The Master said: "All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." Give thanks then for the thing desired just as though you had already received it.

March 19. Monday

Forward! Not with hesitation, Bravely to the task, just now; They who spurn procrastination Soon shall find the golden "how."

March 20. Tuesday

Thieves cannot break through and steal our happiness if we watchfully bar the doors of our mental corridors against their entrance.

March 21. Wednesday

Though the past has its memories mellow and olden, The future, it hopes all bloom like the May; Let us not, 'mid their offerings gracious and golden, Forget the glad joys that are crowning to-day.

March 22. Thursday

To think well of all, to be cheerful with all, patiently to learn to find the good in all—such unselfish thoughts are the very portals of heaven; and to dwell day by day in thoughts of peace toward every creature will bring abounding peace to the thinker.

March 23. Friday

If the cornerstone in Truth is laid, The guardian walls of Honor made, The roof of Faith is built above, The fire upon the hearth is Love, Though rains descend and loud winds call, This happy house shall never fall.

March 24. Saturday

The man who smoothes a wrinkle into a smile, he who supplies a pleasant thought when one is wanted, who thus repairs and renews God's handiwork, counts with the truest of the world's benefactors.

March 25. Sunday

Oh, the vast, unnumbered ages, As they roll, Are the never-ending pages Of a scroll

Where a Father, kind and tender— Cause, Creator, Friend, Defender— Has revealed His love and splendor To my soul.

March 26. Monday

Enter into the spirit of your work, that you may understand and love it. Catch a vision of the service which it is intended to perform in the world; use initiative in furthering that service; do the right thing at the right time.

March 27. Tuesday

There will be no tears of sorrow, Care shall softly steal away; If the good we'd do to-morrow We shall rise and do to-day.

March 28. Wednesday

If you are in need of any good thing, ask the Father to show the way of attainment and you will be guided to it. God's ideas come in a clear, calm assurance. You know, without knowing how, that you have been guided, and you follow with perfect trust.

March 29. Thursday

Always hope for the best, Put your will to the test, Do your work with a zest And trust God for the rest.

March 30. Friday

Worry and optimism cannot travel the same road, to say nothing of going in the same company. A real good worrier is not generally sought after, either in business or social life; don't be one.

March 31. Saturday

Don't worry, dear—it doesn't pay; The cheerful heart makes bright the way.

The Homemaker

Concluded from page 29

fourth cup of sugar, one half cup of corn-meal one cup of flour, a pinch of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, add one cup of sweet milk mixed with one well-beaten egg, beat all together well, and bake in hot, buttered gem-pans or in a sheet, as liked.

Baked Boston Brown Bread.—One half cup each of sugar and molasses, two table-spoonfuls of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, two cups of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little warm water, one teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cups of white flour and the same of Graham flour, or enough to thicken. Bake slowly one hour.

Fruit Cake.—One cup of butter creamed with two cups of brown sugar, four eggs, well beaten, one cup each of molasses and sweet milk, three cups of flour, sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one table-spoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of allspice and cloves, and two grated nutmegs, one pound each of currants and seeded raisins and one fourth pound of citron, cut in small pieces. Flour the fruit well, and bake the cake in a slow oven.

Alpessauce Cake.—This makes a delicious moist cake, which will keep like fruit cake. One cup of granulated sugar, three-fourths cup of butter, one egg, one and one-half cups of sweetened applesauce, one cup of raisins or dates, finely chopped, one half cup nut-meats, cut in bits, two cups of flour sifted with two level teaspoonfuls of soda, one fourth teaspoonful of cloves and one half teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one half teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a loaf-tin.

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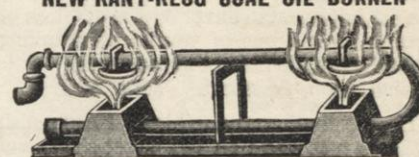


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THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

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Dreamers All

Concluded from page 10

themselves like minutes in the Brewster sitting-room. Miss Emily had become engrossed in cross-stitching a flower-basket pattern and Grandmother Brewster had cat-napped. Not until a ray of the dropping western sun lay like a bar of copper on the green ingrain carpet and a clock somewhere sounded five hollow chimes, did the two realize that Rosemary had been gone a long while.

"I can't think what's keeping Rosemary. You don't suppose—"

It was too awful a thought for Miss Emily to put into words.

"You don't suppose, Emily—" Grandmother Brewster crossed to the side window, shading her eyes with her hands. Hers, also, was too appalling a supposition to voice. As she looked, two figures were coming slowly toward the house through the orchard and woodland that was known in the village as the Down Back Way. The figures approached, and opened the Brewster front gate. Grandmother Brewster paled. "Rosemary's coming home, and she has got a clown with her!"

Miss Emily sprang toward the hall. "I'll lock the door!" she announced.

But meek Grandmother Brewster's authority voiced itself.

"I'm ashamed of you, Emily; it's an ungodly thing to do, to lock a door on a stranger!"

Majestically, Grandmother Brewster opened the door to welcome the grotesque person of the clown and the cringing child. They sat on the edge of a slippery haircloth sofa.

"Grandmother, I stole the change from the things I bought. I went to the circus."

Moisture suffused the blue eyes. Rosemary's lips were tight.

"I brought the little lady home, Mrs. Brewster, to tell you that you should not scold her." Then Marcine, the clown, hurried to explain the happenings of the afternoon. The two women had no words. Spellbound, they listened. The clown continued: "The little girl seems a dreamer. Most of us are. We—you and I—have our dreams. Mine—"

He paused and looked about at the cool gentility of the quiet room, lingering as he marked the mahogany furnishings, the gilt-framed ancestral portraits, the tidy aloofness of it all. "I dream, too, of a home—like this. I see it in the morning when we pitch our tent on the edge of a village, see it in the smoke that rises from your hearth-fires. I see it at night when we pull up the day's stakes and go out, homeless, into the night." Then he turned to Miss Emily. "You, too, have dreamed?" It might have been an arraignment. Rosemary clung to his hand.

"All women, little and big, dream of song and daring and beautiful clothes and applause and wild, free nights on a road where there is no light but the stars—But we all awake and find ourselves in a world of another's fashioning, following rules of another's making—and I—"

turning to Rosemary, "I live your dream, little girl, and it is a matter of paint and sorry masquerading and—hard work."

"You live my dream!"—Rosemary's wondering eyes, less frightened now, turned eagerly toward the clown's.

He smiled down at her in a rare sort of way, then turned toward the two women. "Don't hurt the happiness of a little girl. Not that I blame you, ma'am—" The clown rose and moved toward the door. "But consider how we all dream."

"Rosemary!" Grandmother Brewster's arms were outstretched to enfold the little body. "You shouldn't have done it—but grandmother understands—and she'll forgive you—because you told."

Miss Emily touched Rosemary's curls. "We ought to have taken Rosemary to the circus." Then turning to the door:

"Thank you, sir—and—"

She stepped quickly to the threshold, but the clown had gone.

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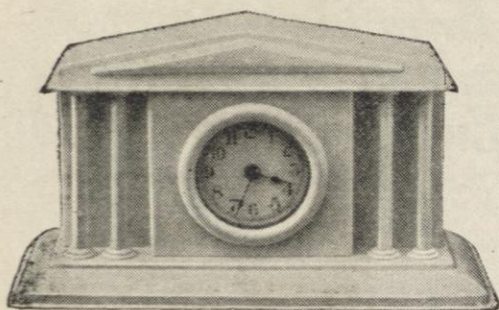
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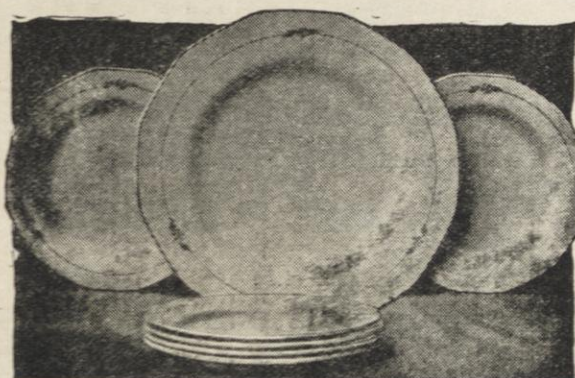
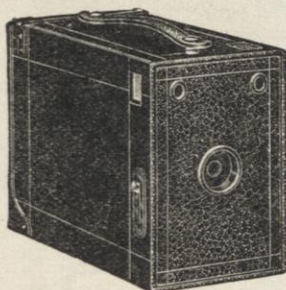
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Given for Six Subscriptions

No. 1088. The box type possesses features found in no other camera of this character. It uses the film-pack exclusively, loads in daylight, and single exposures may be removed at any time for development. To load: Open back, drop film-pack in place—close the back, and camera is loaded in daylight. Has automatic shutter for time or snapshots, two viewfinders and two tripod-sockets. Takes a clear, sharp picture 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches. This is the new improved all-metal box Eastman Hawkeye which supplants the Premo Jr.



Cake- or Salad-Set

Given for
Eight
Subscriptions

No. 2311. This white china set, consisting of one large plate and six individual plates, is handsome; but the illustration cannot show its true beauty. The plates are not round but 12-sided—all with a gold edge and band with small floral decoration within this. The rest of the plate is snow-white. You will find many uses for this set. We guarantee no breakage in delivery, and deliver free.

OUR OFFER

Select the reward or rewards you most desire and send us the required number of subscriptions to The American Woman at 50 cents each. We will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you the reward or rewards of your choice. Address

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

AUGUSTA, MAINE

14 Packages of Flower-Seeds and 14 Packages of Vegetable-Seeds

28 Packages Given for
Two Subscriptions



No. 2430. We have chosen this collection of seeds especially for those who have a garden in their own back yard. Everyone enjoys a fresh cucumber or fresh lettuce for a salad, and there is a great deal of satisfaction in being able to pick them when they are needed. It is truly surprising the amount of vegetables you can raise on a small plot of ground; and with a corner devoted to these selected old-fashioned flowers, you will not lack for beautiful flowers all summer long.

In selecting this collection we have chosen only the very best varieties—varieties that will grow successfully in any climate and in all kinds of soil. Our offer includes 14 packages of flower-seeds and 14 of vegetables as listed below. The Oriental Flower-Garden alone contains 20 or more choice kinds of the most beautiful Chinese and Japanese varieties.

1 Pkt. ASTER, Extra Select Mixture
1 Pkt. SWEET PEAS, Choice Mixture
1 Pkt. CANDYTUFT, All Colors Mixed
1 Pkt. CALENDULA, Double Mixed
1 Pkt. CALLIOPSIS, Finest Mixed
1 Pkt. COSMOS, Fine Mixture
1 Pkt. MARIGOLD, Giant African
1 Pkt. MIGNONETTE, Sweet
1 Pkt. MORNING-GLORY, Choice Mixture
1 Pkt. NASTURTIUM, Tall Sorts, Choice
1 Pkt. POPPY, Double & Single, all colors
1 Pkt. SWEET ALYSSUM
1 Pkt. ZINNIA, Giant Dahlia-Flowered
1 Pkt. ORIENTAL FLOWER-GARDEN

1 Pkt. BEET, Early Eclipse
1 Pkt. CABBAGE, All-Season
1 Pkt. CARROT, Oxheart
1 Pkt. CUCUMBER, Everbearing
1 Pkt. LETTUCE, Black Seeded Simpson
1 Pkt. MUSKMELON, Rocky Ford
1 Pkt. WATERMELON, Kleckley's Select
1 Pkt. ONION, Yellow Globe Danvers
1 Pkt. PARSLEY, Champion Moss Curled
1 Pkt. PARSNIP, Improved Hollow Crown
1 Pkt. RADISH, Prize Mixture
1 Pkt. SQUASH, Genuine Hubbard
1 Pkt. TURNIP, Early Purple Top
1 Pkt. TOMATO, Stone

Our Offer

If you will send us a club of two subscriptions to The American Woman at 50 cents each, we will send each subscriber our magazine one year and we will send you the above named flower- and vegetable-seeds (Reward No. 2430).

The American Woman
Augusta, Maine



"Go Get It"

Continued from page 6

Out of a daze he saw her:

"Who are you?"

"Irene Turner; that's my name. Do you understand?"

"Sure I do. Been here long?"

"A year and eight days over that."

"Where'd you live before?"

"Down on York Street."

"You did? Rotten hole down there. What'd you do?"

His eyes were questioning upon her. She could not turn from their scrutiny.

"I pasted labels on jam-jars in the Burlington Jam-Factory."

"Some job. Like it?"

"No," she declared. "But I had to work at something. I hated it. So I came up here. I had the chance—and I came."

"Like it?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "It is bringing me all that I ask."

He lapsed into silence and sleep. The next night he was wide-awake and waiting for her when she came to him, after seven.

"I'm pulling around," he greeted her, with a smile. "Feeling pretty spry for me. Where have you been all day?"

"Sleeping mostly."

"What—you—in the daytime?"

She laughed at his consternation.

"Yes, in the daytime. If you were up all night, say, wouldn't you be glad to sleep, even in the daytime?"

"Up all night. Don't they let you go to sleep any?"

"A nurse on night duty wouldn't dare to—not a good nurse."

"Are you a good nurse?"

"I hope so," she smiled; "I am trying to be."

"You are," he confided. "Doctor Palmer said you were a peach. Say, sit down, won't you? and tell me what you were going to start in on last night when I went off like a top. Excuse my manners."

"What was it I started?"

"You said something about being here bringing you all you asked. What's that?" She drew up a chair and sat down.

"A chance, mostly," she began. "And success. I want great stacks of success. I want to get out and kick around in the world a bit."

"Bully for you!" he exclaimed; "I mean to do some kicking myself. Had it all set to go to Japan this autumn, and look at me now. I'll say I am on the way."

"Let's go anyhow. We could pretend it. I'll hunt up some Japan travel-books at the library. We'll read a mile or two of journey every night. How's that?"

"Say, you're a humdinger. Palmer never said enough about you. Gosh, you make me glad of the smash-up."

"That's nice of you to say it."

Irene sipped the sweet nectar of gratitude. She had tasted so little of it all her days.

For a week they toured Japan, wandered to wayside shrines, gathered great armfuls of cherry-blossoms, tramped the teeming streets of Tokio. Irene even accused him of flirting with the sloe-eyed maidens. An hour or two she read, then when slumber claimed him, she closed the book, and stole softly out to the routine of the wards and the hours of the night.

One afternoon she went down to York Street to see Tess.

"Just to think," Tess chirped, "that you are nursing Bob Hall. We read all about the accident in the papers. Just to think you are talking to him, actually knowing him. What's he like?"

"Awfully nice fellow. He isn't a bit the snob I thought him to be."

"Wouldn't it be thrilling if he should fall in love with you? Wouldn't it be ripping! Say, wouldn't you have everything you want then! Why—"

"Why don't I—" Irene considered—"go get it—eh? I don't think it would be so hard. I am pretty sure he likes me a lot. I surely would see the world some."

Tess laughed delightfully.

"You ought to make a grab for it," she counseled. "I just bet lots of nurses do."

"I think I'll try," Irene announced, with audacity. "It wouldn't be a bad idea. Bob Hall is right on the level. Honest, you'd like him."

"In the family—you bet. But I've got Jimmie," Tess said, dreamily. "I don't want any more. You're funny, Irene, not caring about romance the way you do. You've always been like that—sort of aloof and sure of yourself. You're going to have an awful smash some day. But catch Bob Hall. I would if I had your chance."

Irene thought about it as she walked back through the early dusk to the hospital. To want a thing—want it so badly—to go get it—could she do that with Bob Hall? Could she? The thought shadowed her, molded upon her mind the picture of all it might mean. The world was a great treasure-house; all the treasures would be hers for the asking.

"Bob Hall likes you," a little voice whispered from within. "Learn to love him. You can—you can—"

It was eight that evening before she went to the last room of the west wing. The first hour on duty had been filled with small preparatory tasks for the night looming ahead. Bob Hall was awaiting her, propped up in bed, watching, with his eyes upon the door.

"Say—what's the idea, making yourself so scarce? I thought you'd never get here."

"You're not so sick now," she made it a rebuke. "You don't need so much attention. You just ought to see some of the poor things in this building."

"Don't talk to me like that, or I'll get sick again. I might even die—and it would serve you right if I did."

"Better try it," she teased. "You'd get an entirely new sensation."

They laughed together and there was something stilted about Irene's laughter. It did not come fresh and free from the heart. Suddenly she was ashamed, ashamed of those little shadow thoughts which had trailed her back to her duty. She wanted to hide them, to make reparation for them. It had been so unkind, so unfair, like cheating Bob—willing to give a little in order to get much. She sat down on the edge of the bed, wondering, confused, baffled.

"You're almost better now," she said. Something she must say—something—and so little there was that she could think of.

"Say, who brought me around? Who made me better?" he asked.

"Why—Doctor Palmer"—in surprise.

"Oh, drat Palmer. Who comes in here every night to look after me?"

"Why—Doctor Palmer."

"Now see here," he admonished. "That isn't being fair. Who went with me to Japan. Not Palmer—not if I know it."

She pretended to be puzzled, frowning at him. "Didn't you go alone?"

"No, I didn't. And what's more, when I do go I won't go alone. Irene—" She shrank back from the eagerness of his face. "Irene—won't you come, too?—won't you, Irene? I love you—don't you see, dear?—Irene—look at me—please—please—look at me—"

She looked at him. She did not dare to turn away from that voice drawing her—drawing—

Once she had seen the dam break along the river, heard the mighty rush of waters roaring through, heard it again now in this hushed moment—a roaring in her ears—a beating in her brain—a bewilderment—a madness—a freedom—an exhilaration. Swiftly—she tried to understand so many things—swiftly.

"O Bob!" She began to sob softly. "O Bob!"

"You care—Irene, you do care—you do love me too?"

He was sitting upright now, reaching out to her, his face coming close—close—a moment floating like a bubble—a moment—and then a step on the threshold—a laugh—the bubble breaking—breaking—

and realization — understanding — overwhelming despair.

Irene sprang to her feet, pushed back hard against the wall, the high wall of reality, breathed hard, answered that cold, keen scrutiny of her doctor with a mute anguish burning in her eyes.

"Congratulate us, Palmer!" Bob's voice came through to her, so far away it seemed, so far. "I've asked Miss Turner to marry me."

"Well — well —" like steel, polished and sharp and bright the doctor's voice was. "Well — well. Sorry to have happened in. Awfully indecent of me to butt in now —"

"Awfully. You're a rotter, Palmer," Bob exulted. They both laughed and the laughter of one was like the shattering of glass, thousands of pieces of glass, falling — falling — and in the heart of Irene Turner a dream lay broken—a dream—broken—

She fled to one of the linen-rooms. She went in, closing the door behind her, locking it. There was a great wicker basket by the tiny window. She sat down on it wearily, rubbing her hands before her eyes, seeing only the dream broken—shattered—lost.

She seemed down on her knees with the pieces about her, picking them up, gathering them in, placing them together; her spirit there, her proud, daring, fearless spirit, down on its knees. And the dream lost—broken—scattered about her. Blindly she gathered them in, those days of the past, moments of happiness, moments of doubt, bright pieces and dark pieces.

The sound of her doctor's laughter—light, buoyant, careless—careless laughter. He did not care. For what she had dreamed and hoped—he did not care.

And that afternoon, that very afternoon Tess had said it—

"You're going to have an awful smash some day."

Slow-moving minutes, and out of those minutes—a picture, a picture of two ways reaching, two ways made up of tiny, sharp-edged pieces.

One way led down to pleasant valleys, a way of cool shade and growing flowers and bird-song. And there in the heart of the valley—a home. She could see the roof plainly through the trees, and smoke coming from the chimney. And laughter—she could hear it, the low, sweet echo of it. And at the door of the house Bob was waiting.

There was the other way leading up—up—a hard, barren, dust-covered, blazing trail. Before her the burning trail, the long, barren years. The loneliness. None there were to go the long years with her. Alone she must mount—alone.

"Oh what can I do?" she cried; "what can I do—" and then, with a little dry sob—"O doctor mine—what can I do—now?"

Well, she must not tarry. One way she must choose. For the hour called, duties called, life called. She must know what she wanted—know it enough—to go get it. Yes—she must go on and on. There was no use in standing still. So she went back to the room in the west wing, let herself in softly, and closed the door. And she tried to tell him—

"Bob—I came back to say—I came back to say—to show you—to tell you—it cannot be. It's a mistake—don't you know?—a mistake."

"No—I don't know."

"It would be wrong, Bob—wrong. We don't belong. You live up on the Hill. I live down on York Street. I belong down there. I could never get away from it. It holds me back, York Street does. I might leave it; but it would never leave me."

"What difference does that make?—tell me. I want to give you some of those things you are wanting, Irene—lots of the world, you know. I want to make you happy. It would be wonderful globe-trotting together. You have done so much for me. I want to give you great things. Why, Palmer said to-night that I owed my life to you. I knew that, without being told. Don't you see, Irene?—I owe everything to you."

"You're grateful, aren't you?" she asked.

"You bet I am. Let me give you those things, Irene, like I want to."

"Sometimes"—she spoke slowly so that he would be sure to understand—"sometimes we mistake love—the real love, you know. There are so many kinds of love. And every kind is beautiful and necessary and precious. Sometimes these loves are built on happiness, friendship, passing desires, gratitude. That is how this is built. On gratitude. Only once is love built upon life. There is no doubt about it when it comes. It is so sure that we could not mistake it. But down in my heart, right now this hour, I know it isn't the real love. And after a while when you get back to the world, you'll see it that way, too—you'll realize—you'll know what I mean."

She left him then, since there was no need for her to stay. She had chosen the way she would go. Down the hall a duty called her into a sick-room, just as life called her to the high and barren places.

At midnight she went down to the dining-room for her lunch. And over in a corner, bent above a table, his head bowed upon his hands—

"Why, Doctor Palmer—" and because her heart would lead her, she went to him. "Why—what is the matter?"

He lifted a white face to her.

"All in," he said. "Big operation upstairs. Just dead beat—that's all."

A maid brought her lunch to the far table and left them alone. She saw that he had not touched the coffee which had been brought to him.

"You ought to have a rest," she scolded, lightly. "You don't treat yourself fairly. Do you know that?"

"I'll be all right to-morrow. Don't you worry about me now. Always worried about something. That's Irene Turner for you. I ought to congratulate you. Lucky girl, Bob Hall is a fine type."

"A fine type," she echoed, picking up her spoon and stirring her coffee. "Too fine. I went back and told him that it was a mistake."

"What?—"

"I told him it was a mistake."

"A mistake? What—a chance like that?"

"It isn't my chance," she said.

"Aren't you the young lady who told me a year ago that she wanted life—more and more of it—and the world to travel in—and great high stacks of success? Isn't that what she wanted? Isn't that what Bob Hall has to give? There's enough money to buy most of the joys for you and to bribe some of the sorrows. Isn't that what you want?"

"No," she denied, "that isn't what I want. You see—I don't love him—"

"Irene—" His voice was so low that she could scarcely hear him. "Now—after to-night—do you want love?"

"Love," she echoed, and then with sudden intensity, "oh, yes—I want love. I have always wanted it. But I was too proud to know. Every woman wants love—every man. It is born in us, I guess—that great want."

"And might love be to you a long road leading up, a dust-covered road, sun-drenched and hard—but leading up? And work, plenty of it, weary, soul-straining work. Might love mean that?"

"That is what it might mean," she cried, softly.

"Are you sure?—"

"Yes—so sure. I saw it to-night—a great flash of light across my sky—the way leading up—I have chosen it."

"A flash across the sky—" he echoed. "You have said it so well. You always know the way to say things so well. I saw it, too—a flash across my sky. To lose you as I thought I had lost you—to go on alone—oh, I couldn't. Do you see? I have been so blind — so blundering — so stupid. But somewhere—isn't there a work for us together—in this little town even—a happiness for us?"

"Yes—" and she smiled across at him. "There is. Let's go get it."



Curly-Locks

Wants To Find Her Mother

Given for Two Subscriptions

13 Inches Tall with Long, Curly Hair

No. 2138. Everybody calls her Curly-Locks because of her unusually long, curly hair that reaches to her waist. Her face is pretty just like her picture—the artist did not flatter her a bit. She is of the unbreakable kind. Her body is jointed. She is 13 inches tall, and will wear this pretty party dress. You can have the pleasure of completing her wardrobe by your own handiwork.



The Eagle Prince Self-Filler

Given for Five Subscriptions

No. 1971. There are a great many Fountain-Pens now on the market, but we are sorry to say there are few really good ones. We have secured for our readers the latest, and we believe the best, in Eagle Prince Self-Filler. The pen is solid gold of the 14K fineness, and the barrel is of the best hard rubber. The feed is the latest lever-action attachment. It is fitted with the usual attachment for holding the pen in the right position in the pocket.

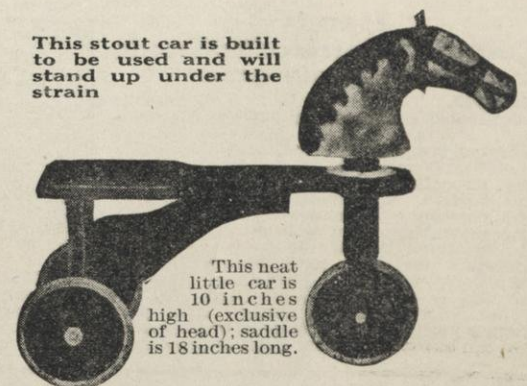
We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to offer these fine pens to our readers upon such favorable terms.

K D Car

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 2299. Let the kiddies develop their muscles with this stanch little K D Car. Rugged as they make them. Rubber tires, so that they make less noise and can be used indoors without marring the floors and furniture. Gaily painted to please the little folks. Leather ears to give a real horsey appearance. Children take to these K D Cars as naturally as a duckling to the water. This is not a cheap affair. Car comes knocked down, is easy to assemble. This fact is of great benefit, as it is easily stored away, or can be packed and taken along when one is preparing to go visiting.

This stout car is built to be used and will stand up under the strain



This neat little car is 10 inches high (exclusive of head); saddle is 18 inches long.

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Select the reward or rewards of your choice and send us the required number of subscriptions to The American Woman at 50 cents each. We will send this magazine to each subscriber for one year and send you the rewards you select. If any reward is not satisfactory, you may exchange it or get the subscribers' money back.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

Rewards for American Woman Club-Raisers



Stencil-Kraft Outfit

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 2382. This outfit consists of a series of stencil-patterns which may be used by children as a toy for pastime and instructive purposes, and can also be adapted to decorative work. The various patterns may be traced on paper and filled in with colors to suit one's fancy, or copied on fabrics when the designs are to be used for embroidering. When decorations are desired for magazine-covers, bookmarks, waste-baskets, pillow-tops, etc., etc., this set will be found very useful. Beside the stencil-patterns the set contains colored crayons, and pencil and pattern-holders.



Four Ferns

Given for Two Subscriptions

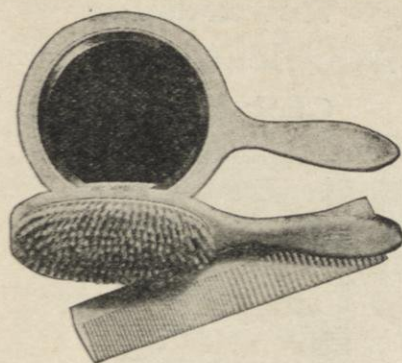
No. 2282. Our offer is for a group of ferns that give the most pleasing and varied effect. Nothing is more effective for household decoration than a potted fern. We guarantee ours to live and thrive, or we replace them free. This is the assortment: Ostrich-Plume fern, a feathery foliage; Lace-fern, graceful, fine and delicate green fronds; Fountain-fern, something like a sword-fern, but has longer fronds than the ordinary variety; Dwarf fern, short fronds, broad and beautiful. They come to you in healthy condition all ready to pot.



Large Gems 12K Filling

Any Size Given for Three Subscriptions

No. 1840. One of the most recent developments in gem-rings is the oblong shape running across the finger. We offer choice of four perfectly imitated stones, Sapphire, Ruby, Emerald, or Amethyst. Sizes 5 to 13. State stone and size—sure.



Florence White-Ivory Set

Given for **Eight Subscriptions**

No. 1811. Our set is all that can be desired in material, style and workmanship. Each article is carefully made and finished in the beautiful Florence White-Ivory. The brush is one of the famous "Keepclean" make with the extra-fine bristles set in an untarnishable aluminum face. In size it is 9½x2½ inches with eleven rows of medium-length, white, high-grade bristles. The mirror is in the most popular style with a 4½-inch round beveled French Glass, very heavy and particularly well made, without the slightest flaw. The comb to match is 7½ inches long with ½-inch teeth. Sent, charges prepaid by us.

Dreamland Pencil-Set

Given for **Three Subscriptions**

No. 1109. As a model of beauty and usefulness, this pencil-set is our finest offering. Every box contains the following assortment:

- 5 Pencils Colonial No. 2
- 1 Pencil Patrol No. 2
- 1 Twin Red and Blue
- 1 Pencil-Sharpener
- 1 Penholder
- 1 Box Best Pens
- 1 Red-Rubber Eraser
- 1 Fancy Lithographed Case

Gilt-top Pencils all have erasers, and are enamel-polished in assorted colors.



A Three-Blader for Men or Boys

Given for **Four Subscriptions**

No. 1440. Three blades and a stag handle make this knife a favorite with men and boys. Miller Bros. of Connecticut forge strength and service into this sturdiest of pocket-companions. Everything about it is correct. Blades are made of very best English Crucible cast steel, hardened and tempered by experts with brass rivets, has bright polished bolsters for a knife like this.

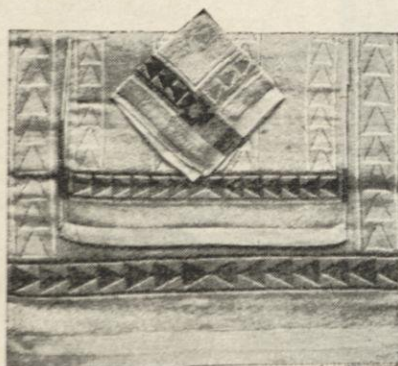
perienced workmen. It is full brass-lined, and shield. When closed, knife is 3½ inches long. Hardware-stores charge handsomely for a knife like this.

3-Piece

Turkish Towel-Set

Given for **Six Subscriptions**

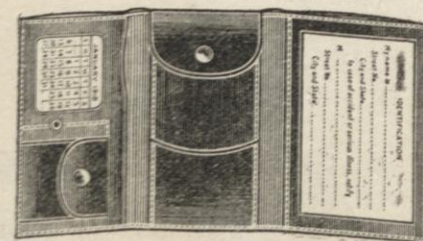
No. 1919. Take a careful look at this illustration and you will get a good idea of the excellent quality of this 3-piece Towel-set. Bath-towel is 41x20 inches (a magnificent size); the face-and-hand piece is 25x13, and the face-cloth of matching design and material is about 12 inches square. Each piece has the Jacquard border, daintily colored across the ends. They are made of the best cotton yarn, bleached to a snowy whiteness, hemmed at the ends and guaranteed to give many years of hard service.



Silver Thimble

Given for **Two 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.



Handy

Combination Pocketbook

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 2922. This is the latest and best in pocketbooks ever made for ladies and gentlemen. Fits any pocket. 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. For personal use, or to give as a present, you cannot find any article more desirable for the money. 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.

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The American Woman
Augusta, Maine

Some Odd and Pretty Designs for Crocheted Trimmings

Concluded from page 14

times, d c in next, s c in each of 3, s c between loops; repeat.

5. Ch 8, * tr between 6th and 7th tr (on other side of loop), ch 3, tr in same place, ch 3, d tr between loops, ch 3; repeat from *, ending with a d tr.

6. Three tr under each 3 ch (ch 3 for 1st).

7. Ch 5, miss 3 tr, a d c between groups.

8. Three tr under each loop of 5 ch.

No. 6—(Illustrated on page 14). Make a chain of 20 stitches.

1. Tr in 8th st from hook, 4 more sp.

2. Five sp (ch 5 for 1st).

3. Ch 3 (for 1st tr), 15 tr.

4, 5, 6. Like 2d row.

7. Like 3d row; then make 15 more tr as follows: Make the last of 15 tr as usual, save that, when working off, you first draw the thread through 1 of the 3 loops on needle; then work off 2 at a time as usual. This makes what may be called a long treble, since it has the extra st at the bottom.

Again put thread over as for tr and insert hook in the ch or single st at bottom of preceding long treble, and continue until you have the requisite number of tr, making the last as usual and joining to bottom and top of tr at end of 3d row; turn.

8. Ch 7, fasten back in 5th st from hook for a p, ch 2, miss 1 tr, d c in next; repeat until you have 8 p, 5 sp.

Repeat from 1st row.

No. 7—(Illustrated on page 14). Make a chain of 19 stitches.

1. A tr in 4th st, ch 5, miss 5, 3 tr, ch 5, miss 5, 2 tr.

2. Two tr (ch 3 for 1st) in 2 tr, ch 3, d c in 3d st of 5 ch, ch 3, 3 tr in 3 tr, ch 3, tr in 3d of 5 ch, ch 3, 2 tr at end of row.

3. Two tr in 2 tr, ch 5, 3 tr in 3 tr, ch 5, 2 tr in 2 tr.

4, 5. Like 2d and 3d rows. At end of 5th row do not turn but ch 3, tr in top of 3 ch (representing 1st tr) of last row, ch 3, tr in same place, ch 3, fasten in top of tr at end of 3d row, ch 2, fasten in top of 3 ch beginning 2d row, turn.

6. Five tr under 3 ch, (tr in tr, 6 tr under next 3 ch) twice, 2 tr in 2 tr, and continue like 2d row.

7. Like 3d to scallop; then (ch 2, miss 1, 1 tr) 9 times, ch 2, fasten in top of tr at end of 1st row, ch 2, fasten at base of same tr, turn.

8. In each of 10 sp make 2 tr, p of 5 ch, 2 tr, then 2 tr in 2 tr, and continue like 2d row.

9, 10. Like 3d and 2d rows.

11. Like 3d row.

Repeat from 2d row. When working 8th row join 1st picot of scallop to last picot of preceding scallop as follows: Chain 3, drop stitch on needle, insert hook in middle stitch of picot of preceding scallop, pick up dropped stitch and pull through, chain 2, to complete the picot, fasten in 1st stitch of chain, and continue as before.

No. 8—(Illustrated on page 14). Make a chain of 30 stitches.

1. Miss 3, 9 tr in next 9 st, 2 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp, turn.

2. Two sp, 4 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr.

3. Four tr (ch 3 for 1st), 2 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp.

4. Like 2d row.

5. Ten tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp.

6, 8. Six sp, 4 tr.

7. Four tr, 6 sp.

9. Ch 8, miss 3 of ch, 5 tr in next 5 st and 4 tr in 4 tr, 2 sp, 4 tr, 3 sp.

Repeat from 2d row.

No. 9—(Illustrated on page 14). Make a chain of 21 stitches.

1. Miss 3, 6 tr, 4 sp.

2. Three sp, 7 tr, 1 sp.

3. Two sp, 7 tr, 2 sp.

4. Ch 10, a tr in 8th st of ch, ch 2, tr in last tr of preceding row, * thus widening 2 sp, 1 sp, 7 tr, 3 sp.

5, 7. Four sp, 7 tr, 2 sp.

6. One sp, 7 tr, 5 sp.

8. Three sp, 7 tr, 3 sp.

9, 10. Like 3d and 2d rows.

11. Seven tr, 4 sp.

Repeat from 2d row to length desired for straight lace.

For the corner, after having worked the 11 rows, as given, proceed as follows:

12. Five sp, 4 tr.

13. Six sp.

14. Like 4th to *, 6 sp.

15. Eight sp.

16, 17, 18. Four sp. Turn the work around, 2 sp along the side of last 2 rows, tr in tr, between 3d and 4th sp of 15th row, ch 2, tr in next tr (between 2d and 3d sp), 2 more sp along side 15th row, turn and work along other side of corner, like 2d row, then repeat the straight border from 3d row.

This trim is very suitable for curtains, goes quickly, and the square scallop is rather unusual.

Educational Uses of Quilly Quick and Sammy Slow

Concluded from page 17

lin or calico—little notebooks or school tablets—all are dear to child hearts.

That there are resting in the old red sea chest upstairs—muslin books, cut and pasted by the dear fingers of my mother for her babies—and used and reused—carried everywhere by them; but fit to-day for baby eyes and fingers, attests to the wearing-qualities of the muslin ones.

Fairly large books with colored covers can be made, in which whole pages of Sammy and Quilly may be pasted—or the pages cut apart, but picture and story both used—arranging the illustrations in their order through the story. A fine fat book, delightful for children from the wee tots upward can be made in this fashion.

Then the wee little books—which all children love! And with the exception of the headpieces—all the illustrations of the Quilly and Sammy stories are particularly fitted for these. Strips of paper or muslin seven inches long and three wide, fastened together by a line of machine-stitching down the center—or a bit of ribbon or cord caught through twice and tied—folded together, make lovely little booklets. Eddy Brown and Cook's dripping umbrella, with the four pictures directly following on this month's page make a story readable without words. With older children paste illustrations on one page and leave the opposite blank—encouraging them to write neatly their own version of the story thereon. A splendid exercise, in imagination—composition and neatness.

3—Applied cutting and pasting. Cards for birthdays—Christmas—Valentines—any time—may be made beautifully by the children. Cut suitable silhouettes or groups from these pages and let the youngsters mount them carefully on cards cut from stiff white or colored paper—add an appropriate greeting; and mother and father will be as proud of the result as Jimmy or Betty!

Calendars and blotters, too, may be decorated thus by the little people. Cut pieces of blotter about five inches long by three wide with a piece each of colored cardboard the same size for cover. Fasten cover to blotter with a knot of ribbon at one end—paste a cute little silhouette on top—and the child has another gift for someone he loves.

Calendars can be made in many ways—an oblong of colored cardboard, with a calendar-pad and single silhouette group on it, is pretty and simple—the older children might make calendars by stringing four cards together on ribbons—pasting three calendar-pages on each, and selecting Quilly and Sam Sammy pictures suitable for spring, summer, fall and winter, for the four cards. There are even more interesting uses for the paper pasting—but I shall have to incorporate those with my next little talk—it is very, very late—and worse than that, I shall be exceeding my space if I do not say good-bye. I shall be glad to hear from anyone who is interested—and to answer all letters enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope for the purpose.



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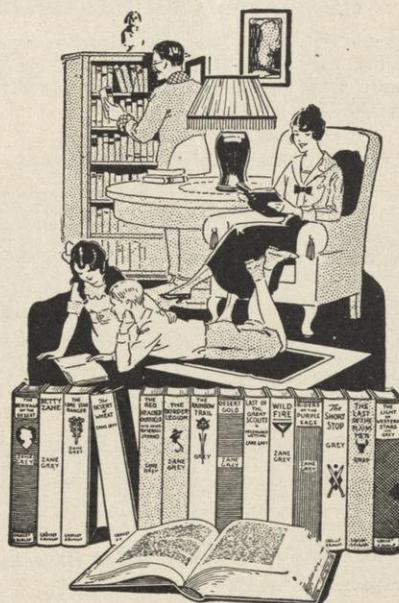
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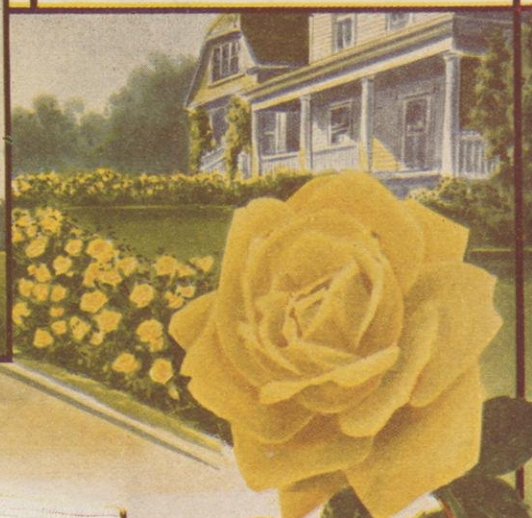
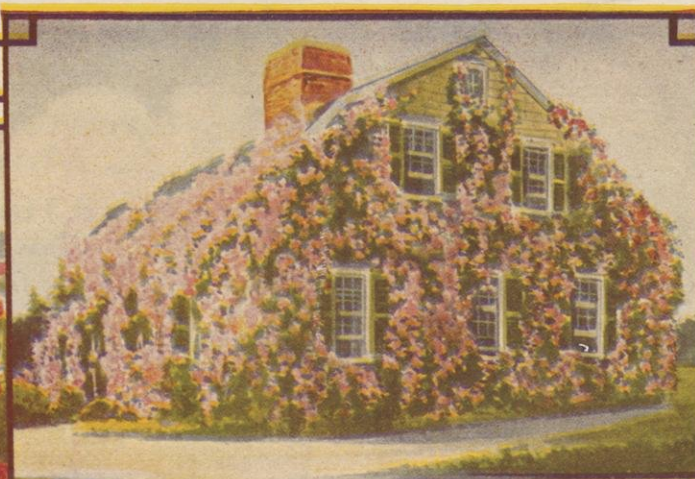


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