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Hearts Insurgent, Grace MacGowan Cooke's great serial story, begins in this Number

THE LADIES' WORLD



• NOVEMBER 1908 •

• FIVE CENTS •

• S. H. MOORE COMPANY, NEW YORK •

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Edited by Charles Dwyer

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1908

Important to Club-Raisers This Month

Until Nov. 25th You Can Offer New Subscribers a 14-Months' Subscription to *The Ladies' World* at the Reduced Price of 35 Cents, in a Club of Four or More, which is at the Rate of Only 2½ Cents per Copy. Get Up a Club Now While This Offer Is Open

We desire to impress upon the minds of our club-raisers the important fact that to all new subscribers, whose subscriptions are received on or before November 25th, 1908, we will send the November and December (Holiday) Numbers Free, so that all who subscribe before that date will get the magazine **Fourteen Months**, or until the end of 1909, for only 35 cents if sent in a club of four or more. This is a special inducement that we can offer at no other season of the year, and is open to all new subscribers, and to any old subscribers whose terms of subscription have expired. Now, therefore, is the very best time for our club-raisers to work up large clubs of new subscribers, and earn some of our most attractive premiums. Give your whole attention to getting new subscribers up to November 25th, after which it will be time to look up renewals of subscriptions expiring with the December issue. If you will begin the work now, and push it vigorously, you can easily make your club larger this year than it has ever been before.

To Those Whose Subscriptions Expire With December

A VERY large number of subscriptions will expire with the December issue, and to all those we shall send enclosed within the magazine a blue subscription blank, intended for a single subscription only, as a reminder of the fact, so if your copy of December contains this blue subscription blank, it will greatly help us if you will fill it out at once and return it with the remittance for next year. As a further notification, and to make it easy to send in a club of subscribers, a separate package will be sent, which will contain a blue club subscription blank, a return envelope, a letter containing interesting information, and an eight-page partial premium list. It should be borne in mind that we always stop the magazine at the termination of the time paid for unless a renewal is received. The December number will contain also a special installment of our premium list for the new year, announcing the liberal inducements that are offered to club-raisers.

We hope to retain as subscribers for 1909 all of those who have taken the magazine during the past year, for we feel sure you will agree with us that *THE LADIES' WORLD* is now better and therefore cheaper than ever before. We think that very few who have enjoyed its monthly visits during the past year will care to give it up, especially as the expense is so very small. Remember the magazine may now be had a full year for only 35 cents, if the subscription is sent in a club of four or more. By getting three of your friends to join you in a club, all may get the magazine at this reduced price, and you will in addition receive a valuable premium for your trouble.

OUR canvassing agents are requested to bear in mind that the offer of November and December numbers free to new subscribers, and to those whose subscriptions have already expired, positively ends on November 25th. After that date all subscriptions must commence with the January number of 1909. We cannot accept subscriptions to begin with the December number.

Our Canvassing Outfit is Sent Free

THE Complete Outfit for Getting Up Clubs for *THE LADIES' WORLD* for the season of 1908-1909 consists of a bundle of sample copies of the magazine, subscription blanks, a batch of agents' canvassing letters, a printed return envelope, a copy of our new and complete Premium List for 1908-1909, and complete instructions to the agent. With this outfit club-raising is reduced to a mere pastime, and a profitable one at that. The outfit will be sent you free upon receipt of a postal card request.

SEE PARTIAL PREMIUM LIST ON PAGE 40 AND 3d COVER PAGE

A Christmas Suggestion

If you cannot think of just the right thing to present to some friend or relative, remember that you can give twelve Christmas presents in one by sending a year's subscription to *THE LADIES' WORLD*. Think of how many volumes of good stories and poems, and almost an encyclopaedia of household lore, will be contained in the publication for 1909.

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One More Reminder

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A Southern woman writes us of her experience in cleaning an ostrich feather, which was so badly soiled by rain and soot, that even a professional cleaner would not guarantee to put it in first-class condition.

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CHAPTER I

"Nigger never die,
Black face and chiney eye!"



HE voice quavered a little and broke on the really dreadful word; but the small girl clung to the pickets and shouted the doggerel a second time with an extremely red face. The mulatto boy pushing a noisy lawn-mower refused to look up, but a lad with a book in his hand sitting on the side-porch of the Taliaferro mansion raised

his head with a start. He listened to the repetition of the taunt, then he came slowly down the steps and approached the dividing fence which cut off the Taliaferro lawn from the weed-grown side-yard of Scott Moncure's place.

"I don't think any nice little girl will say 'nigger,'" he remarked impartially to the surrounding landscape and the pleasant spring weather.

"You don't know any nice little girls, so you couldn't tell," retorted Patty Moncure, proving that she had a tongue which matched the disposition commonly accredited to the possessor of hair as nearly red as the pigtailed which depended behind her small ears.

Lu Quint Taliaferro flushed a little and glanced down at the book in his hand. He was a tall boy for twelve, and extremely well-bred in appearance. The book was a Bible.

"Do you read it every morning?" inquired Patty, curiosity getting the better of her intention to quarrel.

"I wasn't reading it," returned Lu Quint, in an embarrassed tone. "I was just studying something—er—about it."

"Huh," observed the little girl with a toss of her auburn braids, "I'm going to say the names of all the books in the Bible forward and then backward at the exhibition—and never miss a one."

The Taliaferro boy looked impressed. Both families were members of St. Paul's; the children went to the same Sunday-school, and the boys sang in the choir; yet the heads of the clans having quarreled, there was supposed to be a dividing line which would not permit of friendly greetings between them.

L. Q. C. Taliaferro and Scott Moncure had been boys together in this little Virginia village, school-fellows and warm friends. Then as young men they disagreed concerning politics, became editors of rival papers, and neither could see the absurdity of the personal enmity which now spread itself to their children, their servants, the stranger within their gates. Scott Moncure lost everything when Virginia repudiated her bonds, and the big white frame house on the corner, where pretty, inefficient Mrs. Moncure struggled with the problem of housekeeping and motherhood, was full of riotous children, and the scene of much anxious economy. The old Taliaferro mansion, whose lawn took all the rest of the square that was not occupied by the Moncure place, sat back amongst its cedars with a grim aloofness that spoke of the money its

Hearts Insurgent

A Novel

By Grace MacGowan Cooke

Illustrations by E. M. Ashe

neighbors envied. The master of the house was early left a widower with one son, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Taliaferro, Jr., commonly shortened to Lu Quint, and the house was administered by a big, arrogant, fine-looking negress called Aunt Candace.

And there was a little girl, too, a quite marvelous and wonderful small person, who used to come from Richmond to visit the Taliaferros. Her flaxen hair displayed always clean, fresh, shiny ribbons; her frocks were modish beyond belief, and her small countenance (ever clean too) was neutral, if not actually friendly. But Lucy Pate Randolph was kin to kin of the Taliaferros, a visitor in their house, and as such anathema to the young Moncures.

"My mother says you'll kill your grass if you don't quit cutting it that way," Patty remarked abruptly, jerking her head toward the boy with the lawn-mower. "Uncle Dan'l cuts ours with a sickle. He can mow it off with the scythe if it gets too tall. Sometimes we turn in the horse, or our old cow, and let 'em get the good of it."

Lu Quint glanced at the velvet lawn which the mower was leaving behind, and smiled superior.

"You can just look at the two yards," he said cruelly.

"Anyhow, I don't think you had any business to insult Babe like you did."

The insulted Babe paused a moment in his mowing to grin at them.

"I guess I'd better let you study your Bible some more," said Patty, scrambling down from the fence. "You see I know it all now, and I don't have to study it; but my mother says that a little less worldly pride and



CHAPTER II

THEY were all ranged in rows on a platform built up for the purpose in the Sunday-school room, the girls, as being the ornamental sex, in the front row, their white stockings looking like misshapen candles set up in an irregular line, and the boys squirming on a bench back of them.

"Miss Patricia Moncure will now name all the books of the Bible in their proper order, forward and then backward," announced the assistant superintendent.

Patty got to her feet. She had recited those names to the speckled hen, to her tortoise-shell cat; she had recited them in bed and gone to sleep to their music, only to continue them in dreams; yet, standing before a sea of faces, all friendly, everyday people, but now gathering a sort of terrible aloofness by being assembled formally together and seated in order below her—having become in short that strange and awful monster, "an audience"—she started half tremulously. She held up very well through the Old Testament, and was seeing hopefully that place where the Gospels should help her out with their familiar little sequence of, "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John," when suddenly she could not for the life of her think what came after Obadiah.

"Obadiah," she repeated in a frightened little voice—"Oba-di-ah."

She looked about her. Everyone offered her dreadful smiles of encouragement. If somebody had frowned she thought she might have done better. Suddenly there came a hissing whisper from the bench behind, a boyish whisper in tones she recognized. "Jonah," it said. "Jonah."

She knew the voice—yet it was any port in a storm. Drowning men will catch at straws, and she was only a small girl. "Jonah," she repeated glibly, hopped on the recovered word as one mounting a step, and ran on up the stairway of memory to the conclusion of Revelations, whence she fell back again, descending in rhythmic, droning reversal.

Scarcely anybody on the platform had heard the prompting whisper. Nobody but Patty herself, and two or three of the children, knew whence it came; but that knowledge followed her to bed, it sat upon her pillow and drove sleep away. She had received aid and comfort from a hated Taliaferro. She was a renegade—she was a sneak. Tears never came easy with Patty; after hours of aching throat and smarting eyes a few difficult drops bedewed the crumpled, tormented linen beneath her hot cheek and she slept.

But in the gray of dawn she wakened and confronted a world in which she had renounced her gods, thrown down and broken the image in the niche and accepted aid from a Taliaferro. She got slowly out of her bed and stole toward the door of her father's room. Sometimes, when he worked late at the office, he slept in there, rather than disturb mother. Yes, there was the regular breathing. She pushed the door ajar

and looked in. It could not have been the sound that wakened him, for she made almost none; but Scott Moncure's brown eyes, so like those of his daughter, opened and looked into hers.



"MISS PATRICIA MONCURE WILL NOW NAME ALL THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE"

a little more religion would do your father lots of good." And with this shot she fled to where a noisy bell called from a side door of the Moncure house that dinner was ready.

"Papa," she whispered, scarcely above her breath, inching slowly into the room and creeping over toward the bed, "can I have a little talk with you?"

For answer her father pushed back the covers that she might tuck her small cold feet beneath them, and sitting on the bed at his side, his arm around the slim little body, Patty told her guide, philosopher and friend of her crime.

"And what did you say to the Taliaferro boy after the exhibition was over?" asked her father, when the hesitating childish voice made an end.

"I didn't say anything," Patty hastened to assure him. He needn't think she was friendly with Taliaferros as a usual thing. "I just turned my head this-a-way"—she suited the action to the word and gave him a view of a very arrogant little chin and a small, freckled, snub nose lifted at a contemptuous angle—"an' I never looked in his direction when we came out."

Scott Moncure whistled softly under his breath.

"Do you think that was just exactly right?" he inquired.

"Why, mother says you can't be friends with anything about the Taliaferros—and I did *love* their big cat! She said I mustn't pet it and coax it over here, because Aunt Candace would just declare if any harm came to it that I poisoned it. Mother says we'd better let the Taliaferro boy alone, or we'll be quarreling with him all the time."

Moncure's eyes darkened.

"I reckon your mother's right," he agreed finally; "but I am obliged to decide that I don't think a daughter of mine should accept a favor, even from an enemy, without thanking him for it. What do you think about it, Patricia?"

The tears that had come so hard last night rushed to Patty's eyes, brimmed, and rolled slowly down her round cheeks.

"If—if I go over there and thank Lu Quint, the boys'll know all about it," she said finally.

"Your brothers ought to know, oughtn't they?" her father counselled her gently. "Don't you think you ought to tell them?"

"I—I reckon so," allowed Patty, mopping her eyes on the sleeve of her nightgown, and preparing to scramble down and put his admonition into action forthwith. That was Patricia Moncure, at eight, as she would be at eighty—if a thing were held good, there was no middle ground concerning the immediate doing.

She hurried into the long back room given up to her four brothers. Carter and Billy slept in the one bed, with little Percival and Fairfax in the other.

"Boys," she began explosively, "wake up! Lu Quint Taliaferro told me last night, and I'm going over right now to thank him, and I ain't never going to speak to him on the street any more'n I used to; but father says I couldn't be a lady and not thank him if I took a favor from him!"

"What?—what did Lu Quint tell you?" demanded Carter, sitting up in bed and thus dragging the covers from his remonstrating bedfellow's cosy neck.

"He told me that Jonah comes after Obadiah."

"Shucks!" grumbled Carter, shivering. "Is that all?"

"I wonder if Jonah gets him when he comes after him," chuckled Percival, who had had this infantile style of wit applied to his own statements.

"I thought the house was afire," yawned Fairfax.

A well-aimed pillow caught the visitor in the chest.

"Now, you leave," grumbled Carter, only beginning to be fully aroused to the outrage. "And don't you come in here at five o'clock in the morning waking folks up to tell 'em things about Lu Quint Taliaferro. What difference does it make, anyhow, whether he told you or you knew by your own smartness? Nobody cares."

CHAPTER III

PATRICIA, not in the least disheartened—brothers were always just like that—went back to her own room to make a very careful toilet. As a soldier examines his arms and accoutrement, so the woman her dress when she goes into battle; and the little girl is but a little woman, so that the characteristics are not different, but only diminished. It was a very prim and starched, a very scrubbed and brushed Patty Moncure who made her way over to the Taliaferro mansion as the clocks were striking eight. She walked out of the Moncure front gate, along the sidewalk, and up the drive to the other house, ascended the steps and rang the bell. Mammy Candace herself opened the door, imposing in a white head-handkerchief whose stiffly starched ends were pulled out and erected like rabbit's ears.

"I ain't at all sure that young Marse is up," she told the child. "If you got any word you would like to leave, better tell me what it is. My white folks hasn't had their breakfast yet!"

Patty was far too scornful of the source of these taunts to retort that she had not had her own breakfast. She

stood, feeling rather embarrassed over her errand, when a boyish voice called from above the banisters and Lu Quint came slamming down the stairs.

Old Candace retreated from the doorway, and Patty saw into the hall—such a grand hall, with a Brussels carpet all over it, and a hat-rack with a great big looking-glass, while through an opening could be described the breakfast-room with its handsomely served table, and the elder Taliaferro preparing to seat himself at his meal.

When the boy saw whom his visitor was, he came forward shyly, yet with evident pleasure.

"I wanted to thank you for telling me last night what came after Obadiah," Patty hurried to state. "I expect I should have failed if you hadn't told me, and my father says that nobody can be a gentleman and take help without thanking folks for it."

Neither of the young creatures paused to reflect that Patty had no ambitions in the direction of becoming a gentleman.

"Aw, that's nothing," Lu Quint assured her with boyish heartiness. "As soon as I heard that they had given you that to do I thought it was a shame, because you can say pieces like The Charge of the Light Brigade, and such, so much better."

For the first time it came into Patty's head to wonder how the Taliaferro boy should have had knowledge wherewith to prompt. The inquiry showed itself frankly in her round, freckled face.

"Were you studying it—there on the side-porch—when I—" She broke off and stared at him.



"APACHES TO THE RESCUE!" SHE SHOUTED

"When you spoke to Babe?" supplied Lu Quint, with great delicacy ignoring the fact that her speech had been in rhyme and not exactly complimentary. "Yes, I was looking it over to see how hard it was. I was just afraid that anybody like you would get excited and forget some of those old names."

Patty looked at her enemy wistfully. He was a nice boy. She doubted very much if he would pummel a sister out of his room with a pillow when she came to confess important matters to him.

"Marse Quint, yo' pa say he wished you would oblige him with yo' company at the breakfast table," announced Aunt Candace, appearing sourly at the end of the hall.

Patty turned to go.

"I thank you very much for your assistance," she said formally—she had conned this speech during her dressing hour, built it up bit by bit since her father's convincing arguments concerning the necessity of the interview—"I thank you, but of course I don't expect to speak to you at school, nor in church, nor in Sunday-school, any more than I did before. I can't speak to a Taliaferro, because your father and my father—well—we have to be enemies."

The boy nodded seriously, and followed his little visitor down the steps and toward the gate.

"I wish we didn't," he said softly, as soon as they were out of earshot.

"But we do," Patricia supplied with decision. She had less need of the boy than he of her, since his was the forlorn estate of an only child, and she had the torment and delight of four brothers.

"Marse Quint," called Aunt Candace from the porch.

"Yo' coffee gettin' right cold, and the biscuit is like wedges."

Patty turned at the gate, a freckled little eight-year-old, with a pair of earnest eyes like brown velvet, eyes that went straight to the boy's heart.

"My father said I must come over and thank you," she imparted conclusively. "My father's the best man that ever was, and he's always exactly right about everything, so of course your father must be wrong to quarrel with him. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER IV

THE Moncure yard did not run quite to the narrow, shady little back street; the corner was taken out by a tiny graveyard, one of those family burying-places found occasionally in rural villages, where not enough descendants remain to care to move the graves to a proper cemetery, and where the deed has been arranged in such perpetuity that the land cannot be alienated for other purposes.

In this bit of a God's Acre there were curious, thin old head and foot-stones, sagging or fallen, with gruesome skulls upon them, and occasionally a cherub's head with huddled wings each side that was almost as unsightly. The dates ran from 1750 to the year 1840, and Patty used to read the long s's with awe, only a small irreverent giggle disturbing her solemnity over the person who "slipt away in 1753," and whom Patty could not help reading, "flipt away."

Then there were box-like tombs, two of them, built of stone above the ground; and these, standing close together, made a grand playhouse of pleasant afternoons, for the alleyway between was the hall, and the top of the slab on either side was drawing-room or kitchen, dining-room or bed-room, as the little housewife chose.

An only daughter, her loneliness disturbed, not consoled, by four brothers, Patty had a riotous number of dolls. They were none of them expensive; all were in a state of more or less dilapidation; but Patty, possessing a heart that matched the tint of her hair, loved them every one, fondly, fiercely. This afternoon she had set them in a row to rehearse the scene at the exhibition. Her prettiest and best beloved doll received assistance from an enemy, and she was going on to give the subsequent performance of the noble act when thanks were rendered to that enemy in the face of great opposition.

But suddenly the quiet was ruffled by a little whistling, panting sound over toward the back of her own home lot. Perce always went that way when he was down on all-fours trying to creep through the fence. Patty turned and stared apprehensively. She saw a bullet-head, with chicken feathers stuck about behind the ears and elsewhere that they could be made to adhere.

"I wish the boys wouldn't play Indians," she fretted. "Now they've got no right to come over here and 'sturb me.'"

She reached wide, maternal arms to envelop her dolls. Carter, who was already through the fence and coming fast, leaped to his feet and brandished a wooden tomahawk.

"Oom—chee, gitchee!" he shouted—that being the accepted language of braves on the war-path.

"No, you sha'n't," wailed Patty, hovering her brood like a little hen-

partridge, and turning up a big distressful brown eye to watch the coming of the spoiler. Billy and Fairfax had joined their leader, and with fierce grins and mouthings, with brandishings of the bows and arrows both carried, they advanced, making as much of the few rods' approach as possible, and gloating on the terror of their victim.

"Holler," commanded Carter authoritatively. "Say, 'Save me chee-ild!'"

"I won't," Patty defied him stubbornly. "I'll tell father on you. You sha'n't scalp 'em like you did last time. I never did get Rosalie's wig back on."

It was maneuvering on a small stage. It was difficult for the boys to delay actual contact any longer; but, desiring to spin out the performance, they began dancing around the devoted ones in horrid glee, shouting and uttering their terrifying warwhoop.

"I guess I'm an Apache too, when I want to be," argued Patty sulkily. "You hadn't any business to go on the war-path without holding a council fire and having me there. I don't want to play Indian this afternoon."

"Huh!" snorted Carter. "You're nothing but a squaw. We had our council fire without you. Ugh! Ugh! Oom—ee—gitchee—fly at 'em, my braves!"

Fairfax and Billy were ready enough; but small Percival, having sneaked up in most approved Indian fashion at the back of the residence, now put a chubby, grimy little fist over and grabbed as many dolls as his short arm could sweep in.

Patty let out one long shrill cry for help, and clasped the remainder of her children to her bosom.

The cry was answered unexpectedly. A tall boy

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38)

An October Rose

A Two-Part Story, by Harriet Rowland

Illustration by H. G. Williamson

PART II



ROSE sped down the long hill on little feet light as a child's, followed by the gracefully bounding dog, whose cup of joy never brimmed quite so sparkingly as when he might race with his loved mistress. A mile below they met the doctor driving up for his daily call, and half an hour later the young man, still unconscious, lay on a bed hastily set up

in the library, Tilda was despatched in the carriage with a list of the necessities personal and professional, and Rose stood ready to assist the physician in his examination. Motionless under the skillful hands lay the only man of her own age and class the girl had ever seen, and her breath came quickly as she gazed at him, without the faintest shadow of self-consciousness or false modesty dimming her admiration; stripped to the waist, he seemed as beautiful as the familiar photographs of famous statues hanging on the wall above his head—the full arch of the chest, the firm neck, the muscular arms, the calm face, spiritualized by unconsciousness, appealed to her by their nobility, and suddenly the dignity of helplessness appealed to her, too, with overwhelming force; a mist of tears obscured her eyes as she realized that, powerful as he looked, he lay utterly defenseless, wholly unable to resist the blow of an enemy or to return the kiss of a friend. A flood of protecting tenderness surged up in her breast.

"Collar-bone broken, shoulder dislocated, arm broken and wrenched," inventoried Dr. Lennox with professional interest; "a bad knock on the head and bruises by the wholesale. A pity to smash such a superb piece of mechanism. I'd be willing to wager that he rowed for his college."

"Why?" asked Rose timidly.

"His skin is fine and firm like an athlete's; he's tanned to fit an oarsman's jersey, and his rowing muscles are highly developed."

Tilda drove into the shed as the first big drops fell, and while they worked over the bed the storm culminated, sheets of rain fell, lightning flashed, thunder rolled, piercing even the numbed brain of the patient, who opened dim eyes for an instant upon his eager watchers.

The next day Rose's heart sang a solemn song of thanksgiving, as she realized that she had saved a life by her presence at the accident, for, covering the spot where the victim had lain helpless, were huge fragments of the granite shaft, shattered by a bolt of lightning. She felt a deep exultation that she had been the means of preserving that splendid vitality—at length she had helped in this world where she seemed of so little use!

Tilda was in her element; she loved to nurse, and a youth so broken and battered as Raymond Brant allowed the full exercise of her talents, his sunny endurance of pain won her heart, and before a week had passed she was his faithful slave.

"If I call you Tilda," he said whimsically, "you must call me Ray."

"That I will!" she declared delightedly, "Ray of sunshine—that's what you are, boy!" smoothing his pillow happily.

No young man pitched head first on the hard ground ever fell into softer hands or was in greater danger of being spoiled by kindness, for Tilda ministered to every want, real or imaginary. Comrade opened his heart, waving his plummy tail benignantly while he permitted his head to be patted by the uninjured hand, and Rose helped to shorten the long hours of convalescence, reading, talking, singing softly with her guitar, once—when he was very restless with pain—giving him glimpses of a charming little dancing figure wafting past the open door with graceful steps and postures.

"What is that I see occasionally gleaming white through the trees?" Ray asked one day, glancing from the window by his bed.

The girl smiled gently. "That is the angel of the Lord guarding the sleeping."

"The—I beg pardon?"

"The angel of the Lord," she repeated, "who guards the slumbers of the dead."

"Do you mean it's a—a—a cemetery?"

She nodded assent.

"Aren't you sorry to have it so near?"

"No," surprised, "our neighbors are quiet sleepers; they have slept so long and peacefully that there is no thought of sadness. It is very beautiful—I love it. When you can walk I will take you there."

To his amazement the young man also felt the charm of the old inclosure; many of the headstones lay prone upon the ground; the mounds could scarcely be distinguished under the tangle of purple, gold, rose and green, the walls were hidden under a wealth of wild berry vines, woodbine, hollyhocks, and golden rod, and there was in truth no room for thoughts of death—only sweet peace remained.

They spent many hours beside Winifred's white cross,

Rose listening entranced to the youth's tales of travel as he stretched his big frame at her feet.

"Your mind is filled with beautiful pictures," she said wistfully.

"Yes, but the most beautiful of all is not there."

"And that is?"

"The picture of my own home, my wife"—his blue eyes smiling dreamily—"that's the picture a man longs for, little angel-of-the-Lord!"

She glanced away shyly, and turning on his elbow he watched her eloquent face as he talked of his ambitions.



HIS FINGERS FUMBLING FOR AN INSTANT AMONG THE TINY CURLS AT THE BACK OF HER SOFT NECK

"I have something of yours in my hand," he said one evening, as the afterglow faded through the bronze of the pines.

"Of mine?"

"Yes," smiling tenderly. "I knew it was yours the instant I saw it; it is sweet and white and precious like yourself, little angel-of-the-Lord." Opening his fingers he showed a velvet case lying on his broad palm.

"That is not mine," she protested.

"Indeed it is—see!" Pressing the spring he disclosed a slender chain set with pearls, from which hung a heart-shaped pendant—a white rosebud rested on the pale yellow gold, a single dewdrop glistening on one petal.

"How exquisite!" murmured the girl, enraptured by its beauty.

"Do you like it, little white rose? It is yours, as anyone can see."

"It is far too beautiful for me."

"It is not half beautiful enough."

"When could I wear so lovely a jewel?"

"Now!" triumphantly, "let me clasp it around your throat." His fingers fumbled for an instant among the tiny curls at the back of her soft neck, quickening his breath, flushing her cheek faintly. "It becomes you, little one; you are made for dainty things."

The girl was as unaffectedly delighted as a child; indeed she was little more than a child, in spite of the seven-and-twenty uneventful years that had left her face satin-smooth, her eyes unawakened.

"I am going away to-morrow for a few days," he continued, "but I shall be back before you have had time to miss me, and then I shall have something to tell you that I am not free to tell you now."

She could make no reply, and almost in silence they saw the moon rise, flooding the valley with silver radiance.

"A man does not live till he loves," he said, as they entered the garden gate, "and then he does not live till he may declare his love, till he can win his beloved's whole heart!"

"That is yours now," she thought in shy worship, but she did not speak.

The cottage was sadly empty without the big engrossing masculine presence. Tilda openly lamented, but Rose went about in a hush of emotion too intense for words. The night of her loneliness was past, joy had brought the morning; she was beloved—she, the shy recluse! She heard the glad tidings in the man's deep tones that might not voice his meaning while he was her guest, and she loved the delicacy enforcing the short delay; she felt it in the touch of his hand, saw it in the honest blue eyes, luminous though controlled; the heart—his heart bearing the white rosebud!—lying on her bosom—reminded her who needed no reminding. How heavenly that love should come to her, should seek her out in her solitude! She would live wholly for him; surely love like hers would give her skill to read his thoughts, his wishes, that she might make him happy. Oh, if Rose-mother might know and share her joy—then it would indeed be perfect! Soon he would return, they would wander in the dear retreat, his arm would slip around her waist, her head would rest against his shoulder, his eyes would look love into hers, and, bending his high head, his lips—but even in her innocent dreams she would not anticipate her lover's first kiss; her thoughts shrank away in maiden timidity.

He came, bringing a rush of joyous triumph into the gently feminine atmosphere of the tiny home. How big he was within its dainty rooms; he filled the house, the garden, the whole open air with his buoyant masculine personality! Tilda would scarcely let him out of her sight, but in the early dusk of the October evening, girl and man slipped away to their favorite haunt.

"How I have thirsted for this moment," he exclaimed, clasping her small hand; "I have something very beautiful to tell you. It has been hard to wait, little Rose—Rose!" he interrupted himself. "Rose! All beautiful women should be named for flowers, and Rose is queen of all. My Rose isn't a white rosebud, born in mist and moonlight like yourself, little angel; she is tall and rosy and sweet like an American Beauty. You must know each other—the two sweetest women in the world!"

"His Rose!" Rose Medicott's heart stood still; was *she* not his love? Had not eyes, voice, touch told her? Had she, in her inexperience, deceived herself; had the luminous glances, the tender note been for this other Rose, this American Beauty, not for a wraith like herself, born of mist and moonlight? The soft evening sounds suddenly rang loud and shrill, the moon wavered, slipping down across the starlit sky. ("Smile, little daughter, your dear friend will be sad; he will think he has hurt you!") Rose-mother's voice, clear as when years ago she thus had spoken, caught back her soul to earth, and as then little Rose Medicott obeyed.

"I wish you joy," she said softly; "tell me about her." Sinking down near Winifred's grave she leaned against the cross, her face in shadow. The young man threw himself at her feet, clasping his hands behind his head as he poured out the enthralling story—he had loved her nearly a year, but she was not sure of herself. She went abroad, promising his answer when she returned; the steamer was due last Saturday—he was on the pier—before it touched he read in her dear eyes what her lips told him a little later. She had gone home, he might not follow for a day, so he had hastened to his little angel-of-the-Lord to share his joy.

The poor little angel-of-the-Lord quietly fainted during the rapturous recital, but the young lover never knew, for she struggled back to consciousness before his rhapsodies ceased. He never knew, either, that he had slain

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The Holy Land of To-day

By Allan Sutherland

No. 2—Palestine, Egypt and Home



MEMORIES of a different nature crowd upon us as we turn from Rome, with its clustering historical associations, to visit the sunrise land of our race. Palestine is in the latitude of northern Florida, and is some seven thousand miles east of that State. It contains about 12,000 square miles, which is about the size of the State of Maryland. The temperature varies

greatly, from the chill of the snows of Hermon to the sweltering heat of 118 degrees in summer along the lower Jordan. Practically no clouds obscure the sky during the summer months. The country is known variously as Syria, the Land of Israel, the Holy Land, Canaan, and the Land of Judah. The name Palestine was given it by the Greeks, and was so bestowed because of the fact that a portion of it was inhabited by the Philistines. No place on earth is more interesting, no spot more full of historic associations.

It is at Beyrout that travelers as a rule secure their outfits for journeying through Palestine, the cork helmet being among the most useful articles. A thing that interested us was the great demand for money belts, which travelers wear about the waist under the clothing.

The Protestant College at Beyrout, founded in 1863, with the picturesque Lebanon mountains in the background rising to a height of 8,000 feet, is of inestimable benefit to the educational life of that neglected region. It has a theological and a medical department. Its aim is to give the young men of the country an education "sound, modern, and thoroughly permeated with the spirit of Christ." Nearly 1,000 students, mainly Syrians, are en-



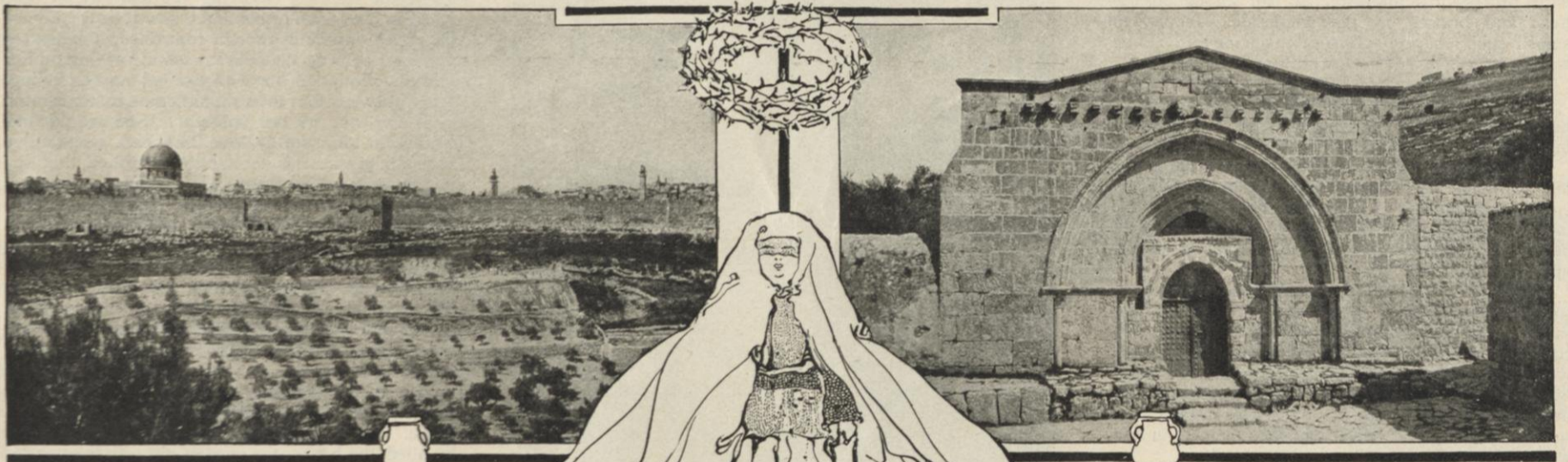
AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA

of water. The request is never refused, and from that initiative the traveler may indulge in any conversation he may desire. On this drive to the Dog River we found the road deep with white dust, with which we were soon completely covered, and the guests at the hotel laughed heartily at our appearance upon our return.

JAFFA. Jaffa, nestling along the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, and surrounded by its acres of orange, lemon and lime groves, and its beautiful palm trees, was a place of much interest, and on registering at the Hotel Du Parc we were surprised at seeing the name of Miss Helen Gould, of New York, and her traveling companions, who had preceded us throughout our trip. We were informed that while she was in Jerusalem, she requested those who had charge of the various missions to call upon her, and made contributions in accordance with her ideas of their need.

Jews, landing for the first time at Jaffa, frequently fall upon their knees and kiss the soil as an expression of their joy at being in the land sacred to the memory of their forefathers. Not less than 15,000 pilgrims annually pass through the city. The house of Simon the Tanner is still pointed out to travelers, and in the yard is an old stone vat used by dyers. On our way to the reputed site of this house, we saw the caves or holes in the walls where a large number of families lived. They had no light or ventilation, and not even doors, pieces of old cloth and rags being hung up at the openings. The children, wearing almost no clothing, surrounded us, begging piteously for bakshish. Simon's house is now used as a mosque.

The streets are steep, narrow and crooked, without sidewalks. Mules, camels and donkeys, noisy men and



LOOKING ACROSS THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE TOWARD JERUSALEM

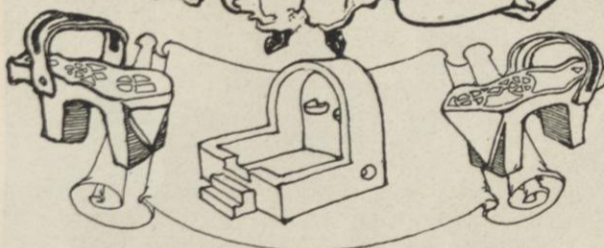
THE CHAPEL AND TOMB OF THE VIRGIN

rolled, but the student body includes no less than a dozen other nationalities, extending over an area reaching from the Black Sea to the Soudan, and from Egypt and Greece to Persia and India. The graduates occupy positions in many of the higher walks of life.

The Lebanon Hospital for the Insane, situated near Beyrout, is the first institution of its kind in Bible lands. It was established in 1898 by Theophilus Waldmeier, who begged the money in America, Great Britain and on the Continent. Many are the stories told of the barbarous treatment received by insane people at the hands of the superstitious and ignorant Mohammedans. A poor man from the neighborhood of Mt. Hermon was brought to the hospital by his mother. When he became deranged, his mother had taken him from one place of exorcism to another, hoping that the evil spirit, which she firmly believed had taken possession of him, might be "cast out." At last one specially distinguished sheik advised that a cross be burned upon the back of his head with a red-hot iron, and this was done. He was finally brought to the hospital more dead than alive, but was on the way to recovery when last heard from.

Another patient, a Mohammedan youth from Damascus, was brought to the hospital wasted to a skeleton and scarcely able to open his eyes. His brother, who brought him, begged that he might be admitted, saying that he would sooner his brother died here amidst such surroundings and where he would be well cared for than be taken elsewhere. This was a fine tribute from a Mohammedan to Christian love and pity. The sick man had just been brought from an exorcist, who had read portions of the Koran over him, and had ordered that he should have nothing to eat. Under careful treatment the young man soon regained his health and strength. Patients have been admitted with bruised and battered bodies, with wounds about the ankles and wrists made by the chains of late dungeon captivity.

On our drive from Beyrout to the Dog River we had our first sight of the maids with their water jars going to and from the wells. They seemed to be thoroughly bent on their errands, although we succeeded in getting a few of them to smile in response to our informal salutations. From time immemorial, it has been a custom in the East that a stranger may with all propriety accost a woman at a well by asking for a drink



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR
ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD

veiled women, boys and girls jostled us in the narrow thoroughfares, where there was much bartering of wares. The natives are very loud in their conversations and are extremely animated and demonstrative. Customers do much of their purchasing while standing in the street, as the queer little shops in some instances are not more than four by six feet in size and ten feet in height, with all sorts of goods piled on the shelves. The market place is the great trade center and there are no fixed prices.

We were attracted by the peculiar salutations with which the natives here and elsewhere greet each other. They have many forms of doing this: one is, when meeting a friend to touch with the hand, with a quick motion, the forehead, the lips and the breast. This is intended to mean: "With my intellect I honor you, with my lips I praise you, and with my heart I love you." Of course much of this is mere formality. Frequently men when meeting may be seen embracing each other; and servants and slaves prostrate themselves, touching the ground with their foreheads, as their masters pass.

JERUSALEM. From Jaffa to Jerusalem, forty miles distant, the railroad leads through the Plain of Sharon, a region teeming with sacred associations, and yonder we can see the blue hills of Judea. Jerusalem is a place which one approaches with awe, reverence and wonder, for here Christ lived, labored and died, and following in His footsteps came many of earth's noblest spiritual heroes. Every spot is suggestive of biblical days, and of the one great tragedy, and of the many lesser tragedies, which have been enacted here. It was here that the Master came as a boy of twelve; and it was here that He was killed. However much doubt may be cast upon the individual places pointed out, yet there could be no denial of the main facts—this was Jerusalem, over which Christ wept and in which He labored; and these were its eternal hills. "He who has not seen it," says the Talmud, "has never seen a beautiful city."

Jerusalem has been a great storm center, about which warring nations have contended for ages. After the famous siege of Titus, it remained a barren waste for fifty years, and was then rebuilt as a heathen city. Constantine once more restored it to

the worship of the true God. In 627 it became a Turkish possession, and since then, with the exception of the brief time when it was occupied by the Crusaders, it has been under Turkish authority. A great gap was made in the wall for the passage of the German Emperor when he made his visit in 1898. At the present time the city contains some 60,000 Moslems, Christians and Jews. We found the streets narrow and poorly paved, with no sidewalks, and filled with donkeys, camels, pilgrims, footmen, horsemen, venders of olive woods, Turkish soldiers, Greek priests, Bedouins, and representatives of almost every nation—a nondescript crowd. The wonder to us was that there could be any progress at all along the crowded thoroughfares when everything was bustle and confusion. The garbage thrown into the streets, "mere ditches of stone," makes them filthy beyond description. The Armenian quarters are the cleanest; next come the Christian, while the Jewish are decidedly the dirtiest. There is not a newspaper or a bookstore in the city. Gas and electricity are unknown. Oil is used for illuminating purposes. There are two ice plants and a soda-water factory.

The famous Mosque of Omar, on Mt. Moriah, is a beautiful building. It is erected over a rock sacred to Mohammedans and Christians, because by the latter it is believed to be the site where Abraham was about to offer up Isaac; while the Moslem credits the legend that Mohammed ascended to heaven through this rock. The hole in the rock, made as he was about to leave the earth, was shown us, as were also the marks made by the hands of the angel Gabriel, who caught and held back the rock, which would have otherwise followed Mohammed to heaven. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is intimately associated with memories of our Lord, for it was on this spot, tradition tells us, that He suffered death. The little square on which it is situated was full of clamorous and impudent merchants, shouting their wares—beads, shells, and every species of fancy-work. As soon as we appeared a rush was made upon us, and we were importuned to buy souvenirs and to give alms. It is scarcely necessary to state that feelings of sentiment and devotion vanished in the presence of such tumult. Within the church are the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and of Nicodemus, and some thirty-seven holy places and objects of special interest were pointed out to us. There was little about them, however, to excite wonder or admiration.

About the Garden of Gethsemane, on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, not far from the Valley of the Kedron, hovers a peculiarly sacred charm. It is only about 200 by 300 feet in size, and is surrounded by a high wall adorned with shrines. Perhaps no spot connected with the life of Christ is better authenticated than this: here He had His darkest hour alone; here His dearest friends slept during His time of need; and here Judas, followed by the mob, found Him and betrayed Him with his traitor kiss. We lived it all over again in imagination as we stood within the shadow of the centuries-old olive trees and amid the flowers, which under the care of the Franciscan monks bloom profusely.

The Wall of Wailing is one of the most interesting places of the city. In going and returning from it, we were surrounded by hundreds of beggars, who persistently followed us until we threw them a number of small coins. The more prosperous Jews give to these beggars small brass coins for use among themselves, four or six of them being equal to a metelik, which is equivalent to our cent. Every Friday afternoon the Jews gather here, as they have done for centuries, to bewail the desolation of Jerusalem and



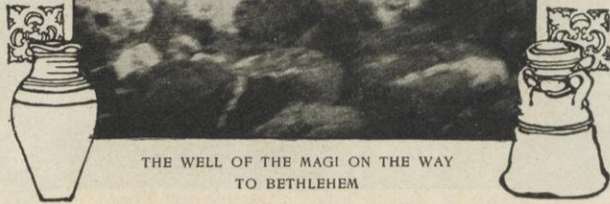
ELISHA'S FOUNTAIN AT JERICHO



THE WELL OF THE MAGI ON THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM



ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM



which is under the direction of the noblemen of Jerusalem, who get a revenue from granting the privileges to sell it. The following is quoted from a letter written in Jerusalem the middle of last October, by a sister of the citizen with whom we boarded during our sojourn: "We are hoping and praying that early rains will set in, as the want of water is very great; almost every one has to buy it, and with great difficulty is it to be had. The poor have suffered much, as what they earn is hardly sufficient to keep them in bread, and they have but little to spare with which to buy water. Living has become very expensive, especially bread."

We were deeply impressed with the splendid work which is being done through missionary agencies. In a number of places in Palestine and elsewhere we found devoted bands of Christian workers, who in the face of many discouragements were educating the young people to become teachers, and to be uplifting influences among their own people.

The bazaars and curiosity shops of Jerusalem were a great attraction, with their carved work from Bethlehem, rosaries of olive wood and of berries, inlaid work in shells of mother-of-pearl, and Turkish rugs. The constant and unnecessary noise about these shops was very annoying. Every one was crying his wares at the top of his voice, and all about was grotesque confusion. It was both amusing and provoking to attempt to buy anything, as the owner always asked much more than he expected to receive for his goods, and at the end the bewildered buyer was fortunate to get what he wanted without paying far more than it was worth. It is quite surprising to the ordinary traveler that business can be carried on at all under such conditions.

One of the many strange customs in Jerusalem is that the people rarely lock their doors at night. During our stay in the city we boarded at the home of a wealthy Jew, who told us that he never locked his doors, and that no one ever gave him any annoyance, although his home contained many rare and unique treasures, in addition to a number of oriental rugs which hung on the walls and over the chairs. The houses were delightfully cool during the day, although the heat may be from 100 to 120 degrees at noon; towards evening we had to wear our light overcoats. This is the time when many travelers catch chills and fevers.

One evening while at dinner we heard a most peculiar noise, weird in the extreme. Upon inquiry we learned that it was a Jewish funeral with hired mourners, and these were weeping as though their hearts would break. According to law, a Jew must be buried two hours after death. The body is carried on a litter, and not in a coffin, and it is not unusual for the funeral to take place in the middle of the night.

The men we saw wore woolen caps, in many cases encircled with a turban. The cap is used for the triple purpose of a head dress, a barley measure and a nose bag for feeding the donkeys. A wide and ample cloak, besides being quite picturesque, is an important article of dress, as it is used as an outer garment for the day and frequently as a bed and covering at night. Underneath the cloak is a tunic or long dress, resembling a bath robe. Around the waist is a shawl or sash, used as a girdle, the width of this girdle indicating the social standing of the wearer—the wider the girdle, the more important is the position held by the person wearing it. The shoes worn are invariably turned down at the heel, so as to be easily slipped off on entering a place of worship or a living room.

At every turn the blind, the lame and the lepers, with other

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)



THE APOSTLES' FOUNTAIN, IN THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA



to pray for the speedy restoration of Israel. They recite psalms and litanies—the favorite psalm being the 79th—and also read the Lamentations. We found some praying, and some kissing passionately the old stones, believed to be the remains of the ancient Temple of nearly two thousand years ago. Some "wail" in a most perfunctory manner, while some really weep, for we saw genuine tears stealing down the wrinkled faces of a few of the older mourners. We could but sympathize with them, for truly their "house is left unto them desolate." Doubtless they recalled the time when thousands of their forefathers were carried into captivity, or perished by famine and sword. Among the pilgrims we saw many Russians, who carefully preserve for their burial the robes in which they bathe in the Jordan.

The Via Dolorosa, the traditional road that Christ used in going to the cross, appeared to us a gloomy thoroughfare, but none the less it naturally excited our liveliest interest.

At certain seasons—during the summer—water is very scarce in Jerusalem, and while we were there it was being freely bought and sold, the venders going about with it in skins and large tin cans. The greatest care is taken to preserve every possible drop; every yard has its cistern, and as rain falls upon the roofs of the houses it is led by pipes into these cisterns. The late Baroness Burdett Coutts offered to donate the sum of a half million dollars to be spent in digging artesian wells, but the Turkish government refused permission, as it would do away with the sale of water,



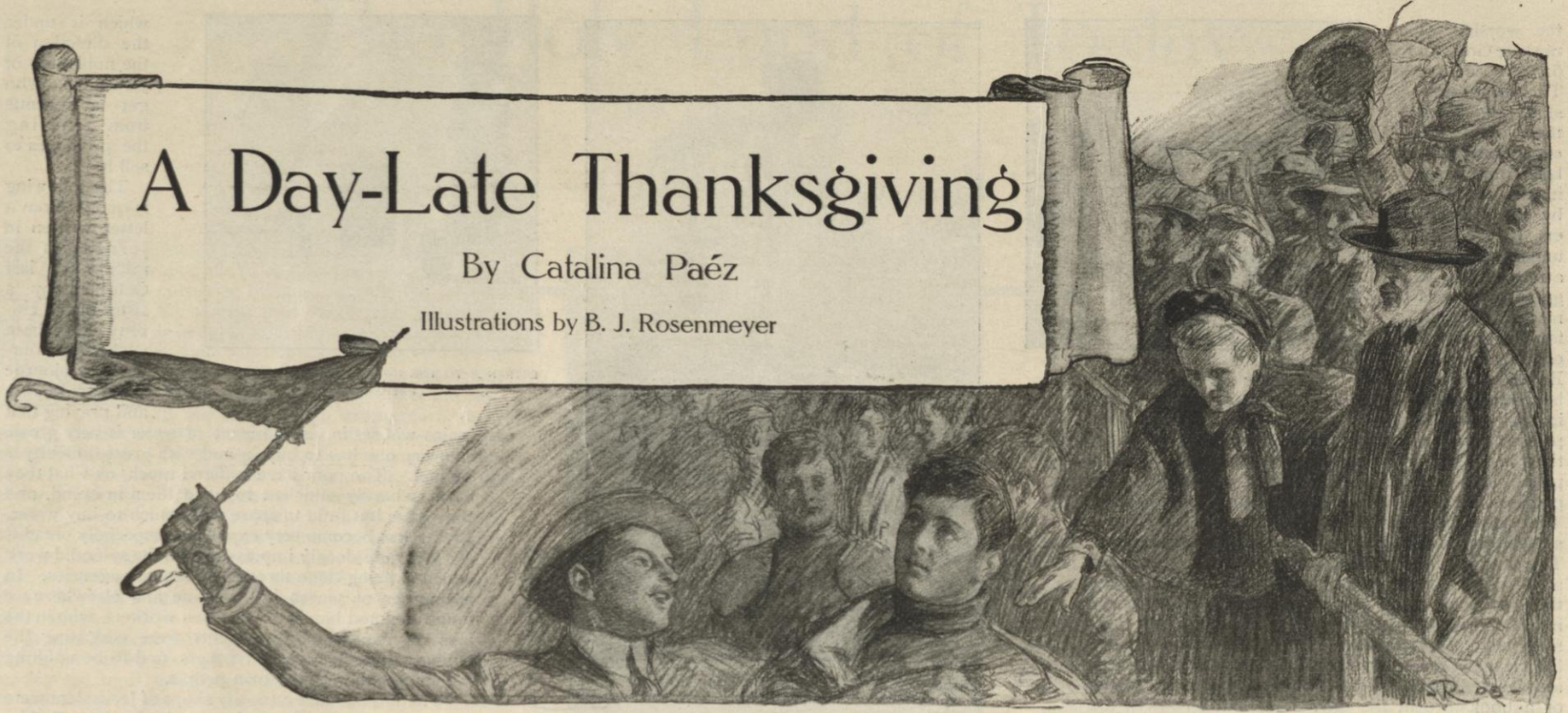
IN EGYPT—THE SPHINX AND THE FIRST PYRAMID



A Day-Late Thanksgiving

By Catalina Paéz

Illustrations by B. J. Rosenmeyer



IT does seem kind of queer to say it, but it's gospel truth, though; the most thankful Thanksgiving of my whole life was the Thanksgiving that wasn't a Thanksgiving at all, for it came a day late.

"You see, it happened this way:

"It was Seth's last year at college. It sounds strange to talk of Seth and college now, when he's a judge and fast growing gray.

You, who've only known him lately, probably can't think of him as anything but a stern, serious man; but all I've got to do is to shut my eyes, and I can see him as I used to see him in the faraway times, that after all don't seem so very faraway. First as the fat, red-cheeked child that came to us, Silas and me, when his father died. The mother, our poor Martha, hadn't been gone a year, when the man she had loved so—and I'll say it for him—who had loved her so—gave up the fight he'd been making with Fate, as he called it (I said it was shiftlessness), and set out to follow her on the long journey, leaving the little boy with no one to look after him but us—Si and me. Poor Martha! Everyone said she had made a mistake when she married the city artist who boarded with us the summer the hay-crop failed. Well, if marrying the man she loved better than life's a mistake, poor Martha was mistaken. And we were that blind about it—Si and me—we never for a minute guessed what it was leading to: his sketching her under apple-trees, ashelling peas, and teaching her to draw, and taking long walks in the moonlight! And one day she and he walks in on us—Si and me—when we were figuring out the cost of a new henery, and she was all red and flustered, and dropped his hand, which she had been abolding, and tumbled a heap at my feet and starts to cry, and says:

"Oh! Phebe, sister Phebe, I've done it! Please say you'll forgive me for not telling you first!"

"And I patted her head and tried to calm her down a bit, though I was trembling all over, fearing I don't know what; and I says:

"Done what, Martha?"

"Got married!" she gasped.

"Well, it's hard to tell about; I guess you've heard the story before, it's village talk. They went away together, and Si wouldn't even tell them good-bye; and she spent the few years that were left to stay in the dingy studio on the top floor of a flat house. Not even death could part them, and so they left Seth to us. He walked in on us quite sudden one day, saying in his loud, childish voice:

"I'm Seth, and I guess you're Aunt Phebe and Uncle Si! They said you would take care of me for mother's sake, even though I do look like poor papa."

"Si and I just set there dumbstruck for a minute; we didn't quite know what to make of it; we hadn't known the father was dead. The baby must 'a' seen something was wrong, for he began to cry, soft-like, to himself.

"Please let me stay, 'cause there ain't any place else for me to go, 'cept to the orphan asylum, and I don't want to go there, 'cause they all wear blue aprons. Oh, I forgot! I have a blue letter!"

"He stopped crying and took a long, blue envelope out of his pocket, with a big red paster onto it, and Si and my names written on it. That letter told us everything; it was from the lawyer friend of his father's, who sent him to us.

"I looked at Si, afraid to say anything and afraid not to. 'Dear Lord, let him forgive,' I prayed. Si laid down the letter and stood up. He looked like what he does when he makes a prayer at meeting, solemn and uplifted like.

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon sons, unto the third and fourth generation,' he said. An' I started to shake all over. 'Let him forgive!' I prayed. Si went on: 'But I guess we'd better leave that to the Lord. Come here to your old Uncle Sethie! Of course you're going to stay!"

"He stayed, making the old house light and happy

with his cute ways and his smart sayings; and I saw him change from the fat, rosy child into a big, gawky boy, all hands and feet, eating like a farm-hand and outgrowing his clothes as fast as I could cut 'em down from Si's old ones. He was useful those days, too: helped Si with the threshing and mowing, and chopped wood, and drove cows, and did chores. And always happy at it, too, whistling and talking to himself, and not minding rain nor snow, nor heat. But we didn't overwork him, never fear. Si and I were a sight too fond of him for that. No fear of our overworking him! But we know—Si an' me—that 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,' and so we didn't let Seth's hands be too much idle. What with school and chores, and singing-school, and spelling-matches, and skating and sleigh-rides in winter, and picnics, and rowing and swimming in summer, his hands were kept full, even for his size hands.

"But there began to come a change. He was no longer a big, overgrown country boy, asking nothing besides plenty to eat and lots of fun. I couldn't rightly say just when and how he changed. It came slow-like, little by little, like the making of a haymow. First the hay lies loose and sweet-smelling all over the meadow, just as the men have cut it; and then it's gathered into little heaps, all around. And these little heaps are raked up and tossed about till they grow into a good-sized rick. And more hay is put in, and more and more, and so it grows, bit by bit, no one noticing much change, till one day you come out and find a mow as high as a house being boarded over for the winter's use.

"And so it was with Seth. A new habit here, a little care there, and one day we found him no longer the old Seth, but a strange young man, with new likes, new longings and new ambitions.

"He got to caring a good deal about his looks, not dudish; but he began to be careful about not sitting down to meals till he'd washed his hands and slicked up his hair a bit. And then, one day, he asked me for some money I had of his—he'd earned it strawberry season—and he went to town and bought a real store suit. I'll never forget the first day he wore it. He looked so big and so handsome, and so like his father. I half groaned when I noticed it, but checked the sound, for there was a something in his face that wasn't in his pa's—a strength, a square setting of the jaw, a way of holding the mouth, that told that the long line of Puritan ancestors on his mother's side had given some of their sternness and self-control to balance off his father's shiftlessness and love of ease and beauty.

"One thing I saw about him that day kind of worried me. It seemed as though till then I hadn't a good look at him for a long while, and I was sort of quick to see the slightest change. The thing that worried me was that he had lost his old healthy color; he was pale and had big hollows under his eyes, like he didn't sleep nights. No sooner had I seen that, than I go up and ask him what time he went to bed, and then the whole thing come out. He'd been in the habit of sitting up half the nights, studying. He wanted an education, and wouldn't ask to go to college because Si an' me had 'done enough for him,' and he'd oughter be 'helping Si on the farm,' and he studied nights.

"Well, of course that couldn't go on. If he wanted to go to college he must go. And he did go. Si and me could afford to give him a proper start in life, if we did have to skimp a little. What did I care if I wore the same dress four winters hand-running? 'Fine feathers don't make fine birds.' Yet I did hate to see Si give up getting a new overcoat; his old one was threadbare. But he said Seth would need extra things at college. Of course we never let Seth know how hard we pinched; he would have given it all up if he knew we were doing without things; for we had hard work to make him accept the money in the beginning. The only way he would take it was by our saying he could pay it back when he was a great lawyer.

"But, sakes alive! I've been talking all this time, an' only just got to the Thanksgiving part of my story, the

Thanksgiving that came a day late, but was a mighty thankful one all the same.

"Seth had done himself proud at college. His lessons were always first to him, and he was head of his class; but besides that he 'had gone in for athletics,' he said in his letters. There was some kind of a game he'd got to liking, football he said it was, and his 'country training did him good service;' he was the 'best man on the team,' we read in the newspaper he sent us. When he went back for his senior year his letters were full of nothing but 'flying wedge,' 'interference,' 'right and left tackle,' and such like heathen talk, which Si and I didn't pretend to understand. And now he was 'training hard' for a big game they were going to play Thanksgiving Day.

"I can't say I much liked that way of spending Thanksgiving. If he was going to play football I didn't see how he was going to get to meeting, too, and to me meeting was the most important of the two things. Used to be, I should rather say; for, would you believe it—what with having Seth so interested in the 'game,' and seeing so much about it in the papers, I began to want to see it myself, and ended up by making Si send to town for tickets for him and me!

"We didn't say a word to Seth about our going; we thought it would be such a pleasant surprise for him when he should see us there. We could picture his pleased face, and how he'd rush up when it was all over, and grab our hands in both of his. An' then he'd show us 'round, and maybe fetch up some of his friends and introduce 'em. We used to talk it over by the fire evenings, and we always finished up by bringing him down home first train after the game, to eat his Thanksgiving dinner.

"As Thanksgiving drew near I got so worked up that I was really afraid I was goin' clean crazy. I found myself standing in front of the looking-glass, bowing and nodding to see which way of doing it looked smartest, and I would take Si's hand and nearly wring it off, saying like an old idiot: 'How do you do, Mr. Smith? Very pleased to meet you! I am delighted to make the acquaintance of one of Seth's friends!' I got that out of Miss Robinson's etiquette-book. There were two or three other ways of saying it, but we made up our minds that way sounded best.

"You see I was about lunny, and made up my mind that the only way to keep my senses was to work hard. I did work hard, and the thing I worked at was that Thanksgiving dinner which we were acoming home to. Though I do say it who shouldn't, there ain't a better cook in the county than me, when I put myself to it, and this time I meant to prove it. While I stewed and baked, Si spent his time looking after the turkey, the pumpkin and the little pig. I hardly know which he thought most of, but I kind of lean to the turkey; he was a big fellow.

"At last everything was done, and I left Hannah Dawson, who came over from the Poor Farm for the day, to do the last few finishings, while Si and I started for the game. It took a sight of time to get there, but at last we found ourselves in our seats. I don't know how we ever got to them; there was such a jam of people, and I nearly lost Si a dozen times. A real polite young man helped us to find our places at last. I looked at Si, and Si looked at me. 'We're here, Si,' I gasped.

"So we are, so we are, Phebe,' says Si. Si is a bit slow.

"I had been so flustered getting settled that I hadn't noticed much what kind of a place we were in, and now I looked around. I gasped again.

"Si, I think there are a million people here! I never saw such a crowd in my life! Yes, fully a million people! I suppose everybody in town comes, like to the cattle show up home."

"Shouldn't be surprised, Phebe,' said Si.

"I guess that's where they play, Si, down there where the lines are marked out. My land! don't that look for all the world like a gridiron? Si, Si, they're coming in—the players. Don't you see Seth there on the end?"

"The people all looked at me. I guess I must have talked pretty loud, and I waved my handkerchief, trying to make Seth see me.

"I stopped when they began to play, I was that scared. I thought they were going to kill each other. I didn't know what they were trying to do, but they would all rush on top of each other, and tumble round, and fall down. And when a man got the ball, he'd run with it, and get all that mob after him, till he was knocked down, when they all piled up in a heap again. Then a man was hurt and they stopped playing, while some men took him off. He didn't want to go, neither. Tried to make them let him play again with a big cut in his head. He looked so white as he lay on the ground that I shuddered and felt sick. I was sorry I'd come. I got all tingly and crawly, and every time I'd look at Seth, rushing around like mad, there would come before my eyes the face of the boy who was hurt, and I couldn't bear to look at my own boy, for fear I'd see him stretched on the ground, as that other one had been.

"Just when I'd make up my mind not to look at Seth, I found myself turning my eyes toward him, and at that minute he got the ball and ran down the field for all he was worth. The others were all after him, of course, but they didn't catch him until he had gone a right smart piece. The people around yelled and clapped and said it was 'a wonderful dash,' and he had 'won the game.' And while they were all talking and yelling the playing stopped.

"Everyone was getting up to go home and Si and I had worked our way up to the railing in front of the first row of seats. The players had to pass right under where we was standing. There they came in a bunch, wrapped up in blankets like so many Indians. And there was Si, smiling and bowing at the boxes where the swells were setting.

"Seth! I yelled, 'Seth, we're up here, Si and me. Don't you see us?'

"He looked around, and catching sight of a lot of people in one of the boxes, he bowed down to the ground; and they all clapped and shouted, 'Bravo! Bravo!' Then a girl in a big black hat threw him a bunch of violets, and he went red as a beet as he caught them. 'Don't forget; dinner at seven!' she called. He looked up and nodded, and with his head still raised, kept moving on. In a minute he would be right in front of me. He couldn't help seeing us. My hands and feet grew cold, and I didn't dare to breathe for fear of losing a word he might say to us. Si was nigh onto crazy, and stood there awaving his arms and shouting like one possessed.

"If I don't make myself notorious he'll never see us in this crowd,' he said.

"Just then Seth came right underneath where we were. He passed so close I could have touched him. He was still looking up as when the girl gave him the violets, and he stared straight at Si and me—and *never so much as smiled*. Si had stopped hollering, and I was as still as a mouse; and so we stood, while our boy passed us by. I couldn't let him go like that, so I leaned over the railing and caught hold of his blanket; but he broke into a run and pulled it out of my hands, never as much as looking back.

"Auntie doesn't seem to be willing to let you pass into dim, dark oblivion,' laughed the man next to him, and he answered something about the 'penalty of greatness,' and being 'public property.'

"And so it was over! He'd pretended not to know us!

"I looked at Si, and then at Seth's friends in the box; and then it struck me how different to them we were—Si and me. They so slick and trim; the women in their furs and feathers, the men with shiny hats and shoes, and overcoats with fur collars. And there was Si and me in clothes that had never been fine, and now were worn threadbare. Si is a big, rugged man, with a grizzly beard, his face all seamed and wrinkled, his hands rough and dark from work. And I ain't much to look at. Trouble and sorrow and work has made me thin, and taken the shine out of my eyes, and pulled down the corners of my mouth. And Seth thinks such a heap of looks. Then we had acted kind of crazy, Si hollering and waving his arms like a big windmill, and me hanging over that railing pulling at Seth's blanket. We had disgraced him, and he was ashamed of us, ashamed to let people know he belonged to us.

"Oh, Si, why did we ever come to this dreadful place? Come, let us go!" I cried.

"That ride home was the miserablest hour I ever spent. Si sat glum and not saying a word. He just looked out of the window, though I knew by his eyes that he wasn't seeing a thing. They had a look that

made me feel queer; I edged close up to him and took his hand. 'Si,' I whispered, 'don't feel too hard to the lad.'

"Hard!" he said, 'hard! I'm as hard and cold as a piece of stone. Don't talk of him, Phebe. Wouldn't know us! Not good enough for him! Goes to eat dinner with his fine friends! Well, let him go to his fine friends and stay with 'em!'

"He stopped and took to looking out of the window another spell.

"Wouldn't know us," he said, sort of talking to himself like. "Our boy wouldn't know his uncle and aunt, because they be old, and poor, and shabby, and countrified!"

"His old eyes grew softer and softer, until all of a sudden they filled with tears, and he laid his old gray head on my shoulder and cried like a child.

"Well, we got home, and when I went into the kitchen I shuddered, it was so different to what we had planned. I took one look at my dinner-table, set in the best room, then shut and locked the door. We didn't eat no dinner that night. We jest set down by the hearth, one on each side, and watched the fire burn itself out, until the blackened log dropped into the ashes under the andirons, and all was dark and quiet. And still we set by the hearth—Si and me.

"The next morning—somehow I don't like to think of that next morning, it was so dreary and dismal—we sort of dragged through breakfast, and I left Hannah to ready up, and set down with Si, by the hearth. We didn't talk; he looked at the fire; I looked at him. As the clock struck ten I heard the whistle of the express. It was the train Seth always came on.

"Si," I cried, jumping up from my chair, 'there's not a mite of use in our setting here this way. I'm going over to Hulda Moore's, and you've got to drive me.' I put my hand on the door-knob, but it

was turned from the other side, and who should walk in but Seth! 'Hullo, Auntie,' he cried, catching me round the waist and giving me a sounding smack before I knew it. 'And, Uncle; how are you both? It does seem good to see you and the old place!'

"Si had grown as white as death, and now he rose from his chair and stood pointing one shaking finger at the door.

"Glad to see us and the old place, be ye? Glad to see us *in* the old place, ye mean. Glad to see us alone, buried in a country town, where none of your fine friends be around to see our gray heads, our careworn faces and our shabby clothes. Shabby we be, but why? Because we spent every cent we had on your education. We stinted ourselves to send you to

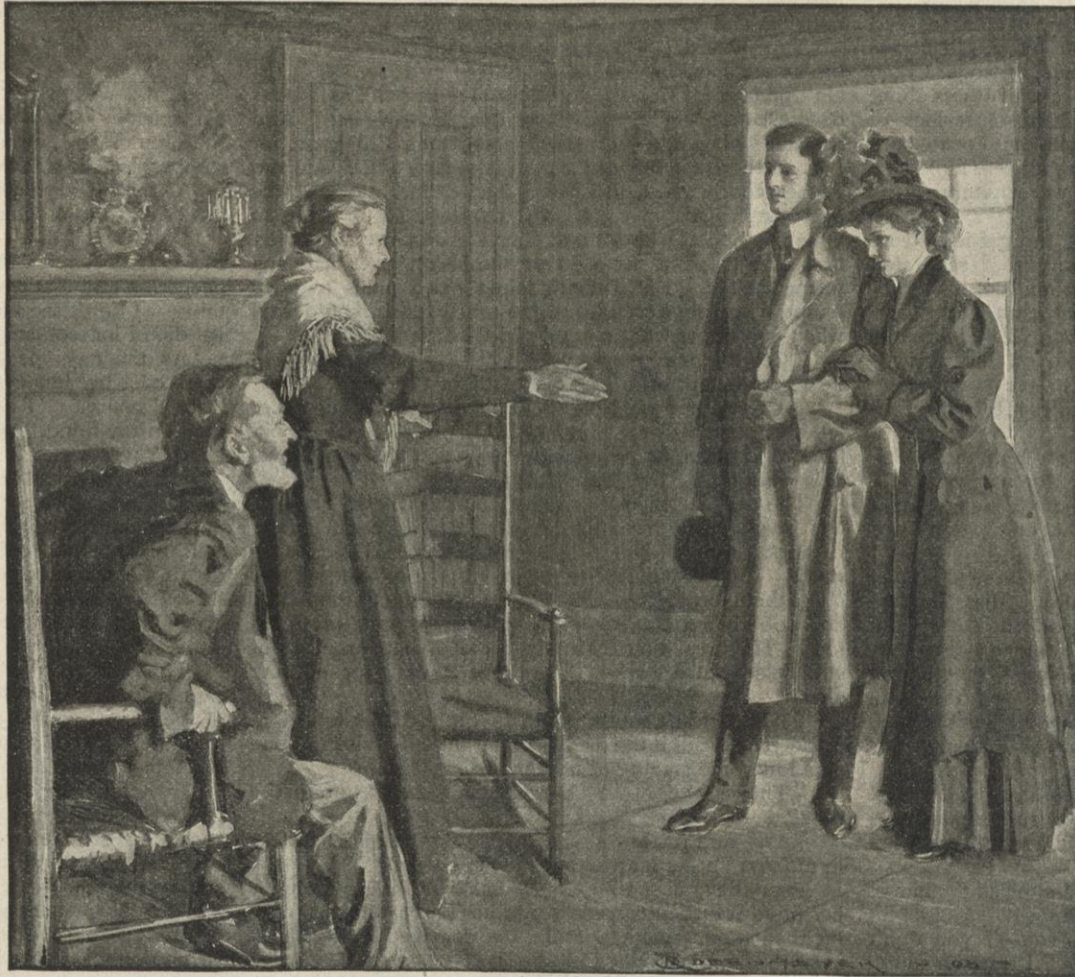
your fine college, where they've learned you to be ashamed of your uncle and aunt. We go threadbare that you may be as fine as your fine friends, who laugh at us. How dare you come here, after what happened yesterday? Now you may go back to your football, and your violets, and your girls in big hats. And don't you ever darken our doors again. Go, I say!

"Seth had turned white, too, and then he began to speak, and Si sank back in his chair, too tucked out to do anything but listen, whether he wanted to or not. But pretty soon he did want to, for everything began to be straightened up and made right. I don't remember his exact words; how could I? I was that flustered, but I know what he told us; I don't fear to forget that. He had never seen us at all, at the game. And when we wondered how he could help it, having looked straight at us after picking up the violets, he colored up, and said it was no wonder if it was after he got the flowers, for the fact of the matter was, those violets were a sort of message, telling him something he very much wanted to know. After he got them he was just blind and deaf, and no matter which way he looked, he could only see one face—a girl's face framed in by a big black hat.

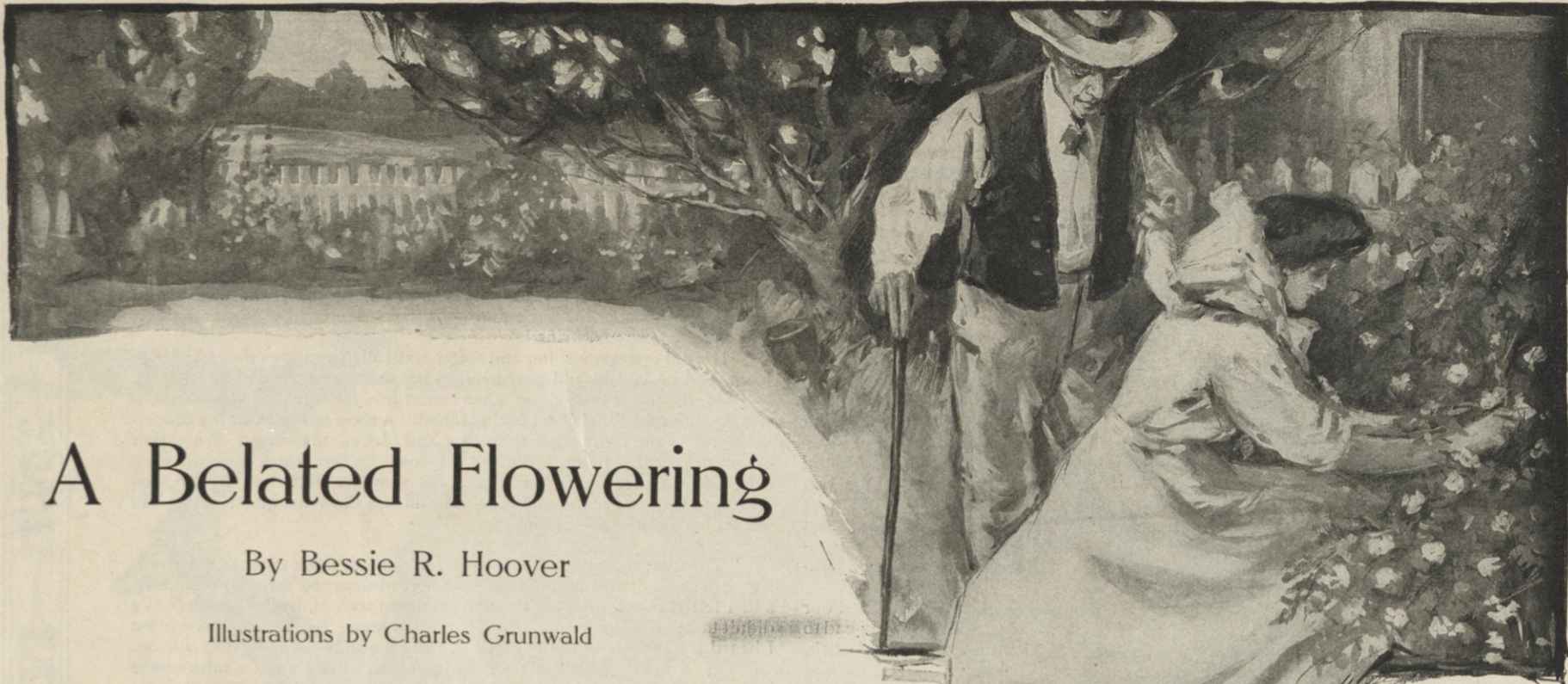
"And so you thought that I was ashamed of my dear uncle and aunt, who have been father and mother to me? Oh, how could you so misjudge me? I didn't want you to meet my fine friends? I think I can disprove that on the instant.' He left the room, and in a minute came back, and leaning on his arm was the girl in the big hat.

"Uncle and Aunt, bid her welcome; for she has come all the way from the city to meet the two who in a little while will be her uncle and aunt."

"Well, of course we bid her welcome, if 'twas only for Seth's sake; but before long we were more than willing to make it for her own sake, she was that sweet and lovable. As we set around the table, awhile later, eating the dinner that should have been eaten the day before, Si said: 'This is the most thankful Thanksgiving of my life, if it is a day late.'"



"BID HER WELCOME, FOR SHE HAS COME ALL THE WAY FROM THE CITY TO MEET THE TWO WHO IN A LITTLE WHILE WILL BE HER UNCLE AND AUNT"



A Belated Flowering

By Bessie R. Hoover

Illustrations by Charles Grunwald

ROGER CRANE'S farm was on a quiet country road that lay, a peaceful thoroughfare, between old-fashioned homesteads with vine-hung gables and generous lawns, shaded by aged trees and brightened in season by ample flower gardens. But the home of Roger Crane had always differed from all others about there on account of its absolute lack of flowers; the neatly-tended lawn, the well-kept house, bare of vines, and the tidy barns had a more austere look, as if only hard work and serious thought were natural to its occupants.

But now, late in November, when the gardens were bare, growing by the prim picket fence that separated Crane's front yard from the pleasant grounds of his neighbor, Lavendar, was a sturdy red chrysanthemum, blossoming in gay abundance. How this flower, like a veritable burning bush, came to grow and bloom on the puritanical old farmer's lawn was a puzzle to the community; and perhaps it took on a deeper significance because of the fatal illness of Roger Crane's wife.

In the small, rag-carpeted front room lay gentle Mrs. Crane, slowly drifting from this life. She was very old, but not quite reconciled to die; and though she no longer suffered in body, the nurse felt sure that her patient was worried in mind.

Without asking a question or letting the sick woman talk more than her strength would allow, Miss Stanley, the nurse, was learning the almost colorless life story of Mrs. Crane, her stern husband, and their elderly daughter, Celestie, who was their only child. Celestie, gray-haired and stooped in form, was yet unmarried; and the years had passed tranquilly and monotonously for her till now, when she was grief-stricken at the thought of losing her mother.

"I feel as if talking would ease me—like," said Mrs. Crane to her nurse one bright, cold November morning; "I haven't any pain now, but my mind's sort of troubled about the past."

"It won't hurt you to talk a little," allowed the nurse. "Shall I call your daughter, or Mr. Crane?"

"No, not now; I'd rather talk to you—if you don't mind, seeing you've got to stay near-by. It's easier sometimes to tell strangers things than it is to tell your own folks. Besides, I don't want to bother Father, and it'd make Celestie feel bad."

"It's nothing that I want to complain of in others," the old woman hastened to explain; "everything's been done for me that could be done. It's my own faults that're making me so uneasy now. But you know my husband—I always call him 'Father'—he's such a good man that sometimes I feel as if, maybe, I hadn't been as good as I ought to be. I ain't prepared to go."

"Just your fancy," smiled the nurse; for the fame of Mrs. Crane's goodness was country-wide.

"No, it's not natural for me to be as good as Father. And I see now that I haven't been just honorable, 'cause I've deceived him in so many little things. There's that red chrysanthemum that Mis' Lavendar gave me, it's been on my mind all the time. Father's such a religious man that he thinks that flowers, and bright colors, and pretty clothes, too, take your mind off from holy things. Father's always been a very pure Christian himself; but I never could be so knowing in spiritual things as he is; I've always been a thought too worldly."

"And Celestie and me can't help but like flowers; we've taken a world of borrowed comfort unbeknown to Father in our neighbor's gardens. But this spring when I was over to Mis' Lavendar's, next door, she offered me roots of anything she'd got, and I forgot myself and hinted that I'd like a red chrysanthemum."

"And she dug the roots right up. Then I was good and scared; but I went right to Father and showed them to him. And he said as long as Mis' Lavendar'd give me the roots it wouldn't be neighborly not to plant 'em, but not to let my mind dwell on 'em too much—but I have."

"And the roots didn't get a good start, and that's what made 'em so late in blooming this fall; but I let Celestie cover 'em up nights ever since frost came, unbe-

known to Father. And the red chrysanthemum has been lots of company to Celestie and me; 'cause whenever we'd get real lonesome we'd run out, when Father wasn't noticing, and see how it was getting along."

The next day the sick woman said to the nurse, speaking of her daughter: "It ain't natural for Celestie to like to live as strict as Father does, 'cause she's young; so I've favored her. And I'm not worrying about what'll come after I'm gone, for I know there's a Power that will take care of Celestie and Father, too, a great deal better than I can. It's just the past that's worrying me. Of course Celestie isn't so young to be left without a mother, she was forty-seven her last birthday; but for all that she hasn't ever had any young life yet. But Father's taken extra pains to keep temptation from her; almost too much pains, you'd say, when you know what a good girl Celestie is."

"Celestie may marry yet," said the nurse, who had heard some talk of it from the neighbors.

"There's nobody here for her to marry that's up to her father's standard—or mine either. But Celestie would kind of like to marry Steve Browdy; you've seen Steve, he's working for the Lavendars this year."

The nurse readily recalled shambling Steve Browdy, and involuntarily her face darkened into a frown.

Mrs. Crane answered this look as if it had been a remark. "I feel just that way about him, too," she sighed; "but then you know Celestie's seen so little of the world, and nobody but Steve has ever paid her any attention before. He's real slouchy in his personal appearance, but still he's a hard worker, though he never gets nothing ahead."

"And Celestie wants to join the Ladies' Charitable Aid Society; we call it the Ladies' Charitable for short. She gets lonesome staying at home so close."

"They sew for the church, I suppose?" put in the nurse.

"Yes, and it's our church, too. But we give our help in money; Father's awful set against gossip."

Every day, as she lingered with slowly failing strength, her mind returned relentlessly to her past faults, magnifying them mountain high. "Oh, I've deceived Father about everything concerning Celestie," she lamented. "I've always favored Celestie; I see it now. He wouldn't let us raise flowers; but Celestie'd save seed catalogues that were sent in, and keep 'em in her room, and sometimes, when Father'd go to town, we'd get 'em all down and pick out what seeds we'd buy if he we had a garden to put 'em in—it passes time. I never told Father, but I never saw no real harm in it then."

"And often, when I knew there wasn't any possible chance of Father's giving in, I'd let her talk about what we'd do if Father *did* give in, 'cause it made Celestie happier. We neither of us are so high-minded as Father; women cling more to little things, anyway. But I ought to have tried harder to do right."

"I never did want to do great things in the world; but I always thought if I could be a good wife and mother I'd be satisfied. But seems like my efforts to be good were kind of divided between Celestie and her father—and didn't come to nothing at all."

"And Celestie loves to read story-books," she confided to the nurse; "but she can't conscientiously because her father's set against anything but religious reading. But when Celestie has a minute to spare after doing the housework she's too tired to put her mind onto solid reading, though a good story-book rests her. And she wants to draw books from the Circulating Library, but her father says she might get hold of a book that hadn't a sound moral; he thinks of everything—so she might. She's never finished 'The Duke's Secret,' that Mis' Beales lent her; he made her take it right back."

"And Celestie's always had one great ambition—she wants to raise chickens and earn a little money of her own. Her father says hens don't pay, and they scratch up things. But Celestie's figured up again and again just what she could do with one old setting hen and a dozen eggs; it figures up wonderful; she goes on multiplying eggs by hens and hens by eggs till it gets beyond her."

And it was to the nurse, too, that Celestie poured out her grief. "Oh, what shall I do without my poor, dear little mother?" mourned Celestie, when Miss Stanley stopped to talk with her on the back porch.

"There'll be your father," reminded the nurse; "you'll have him to look after."

"Yes, but I don't know one bit how to get along with Father," declared Celestie; "Mother's always stood between me and Father. I'll be afraid to ask him for a thing. I don't see how I'm going to live without Mother. I'll die of lonesomeness."

As the days passed, Mrs. Crane worried more and more over her innocent contrivings to give her daughter a little pleasure. "I don't see how I *can* die with this great load on my mind," she sighed.

"Why not call Mr. Crane in," suggested the nurse, "and tell him about it? Would that make you feel better?"

"It might; but I don't like to bother Father; I'm putting him to so much trouble anyhow by being sick. Still, maybe if I told him just how it was, and that I didn't feel prepared to go, maybe he'd—forgive me."

"I'll speak to him at once," promised the nurse. "But if Father's busy, remember any other time will do as well."

The nurse called Roger Crane, who immediately came in. His thin old face was somber with the gloom of the narrow soul that had always fought evil rather than encouraged good; but to-day it was softened by a very genuine sorrow.

In a faltering, but not a feeble voice, the old wife poured out her innocent confessions, ending with the conscience-stricken plaint: "I'm not prepared to go, Father; but you've always been so kind—maybe you could—forgive—"

"Nothing—nothing to forgive," said the old man brokenly; "but everything to thank you for, Mary. You've never done a really wrong thing in all the years we've lived together."

"But, Father, you forget; I hinted for the chrysanthemums."

"A little thing," answered the old man gently.

"And encouraged Celestie about flower seeds and chickens, and—"

"Very little things to remember now; surely not faults." Surprise dawned widely in the eyes of Mary Crane; for his voice carried conviction.

"But the books; once in a while I let folks send books by me to Celestie—they weren't never bad books."

"It was your right, Mary; but all such little things to worry about," repeated her husband.

"Yes, they were little things," responded Mary Crane; "but I can see now that they weren't honorable things. It's only your goodness that makes 'em seem so little, Father."

"Why, Mary, you've been a perfect wife, and mother, too, all these long years; you've been patient and faithful and a good Christian. I couldn't have had a better wife."

"I've always tried to be a good wife," she answered; "I truly tried to be. And when I was doing little things for Celestie I used to think that I saw Celestie's needs clearer than you did—being a woman. You know—"

"Yes, Mary, you saw clearer than I did about Celestie, and you did just right. Now promise me you won't worry any more."

"No, I won't worry, Father, after what you've said," said his wife, her face alight with a joy that nothing in her long, monotonous life had ever brought before.

As the old man sat at the bedside, all the years that he had been a sort of Christian martinet, exacting jealous service from her and his pleasure-denied daughter, seemed to slip from him; and he became more in one with the Master he had been trying so faithfully to serve.

Roger Crane had always appreciated his wife, though silently. He had thought her better than other men's

wives, as it was only natural that anything belonging to him should be. And he had known of most of her harmless deceits, thinking that it was a woman's way. But he had never before thought it necessary to tell her that she had pleased him.

"It's just wonderful," Mary Crane told the nurse when her husband was gone, "to think that Father's been suited all these years. It gives me such happy thoughts; and it's just because Father's so good that he hasn't minded my faults more."

When the dying woman opened her eyes again, after a restful sleep, the thought of her husband's appreciation and praise was still clear in her mind, though many other things had slipped away. And as she glanced around the room she saw on the old marble-topped bureau a glass pitcher, holding a great bunch of red chrysanthemums.

"Mr. Crane thought maybe you'd like to see them," explained the nurse; "he picked the flowers."

"Father thinks of everything," praised Mrs. Crane. "And somehow the chrysanthemums seem to look larger and brighter now than they did out-of-doors."

"Shall I have your husband and Celestie come in now?" asked the nurse.

"No; Celestie and Father have got their work to do the same as if I wasn't sick," she returned cheerfully. "I shouldn't be surprised if I got real well again; I'm feeling a lot better. Tell Father that I'm just resting. But I'm feeling so sleepy that I'll just close my eyes a minute, but I know the flowers will be there when I wake up; they bloomed late—but not too late. Maybe Celestie'll have a good time—yet."

And gradually her voice trailed off into silence, and her mild blue eyes closed forever, shutting out the sight of her treasured blossoms, whose belated flowering had so cheered her gentle soul.

After her mother's death Celestie, who had dreaded the constant association with her father, found herself less afraid of him than she had expected to be; for she saw that he relied on her to take her mother's place, and that he was trying, awkwardly enough at first, to make it easier for her.

"I've been thinking of something your mother asked me long ago, Celestie," he said one evening; "and I think I'd better grant it now."

Would she? Celestie's heart beat almost to suffocation; at last she was really going to know the Duke's secret. "It would help to pass away the time when I'm alone," she admitted. And so it was settled.

"But use your judgment and choose only good books," he added cautiously.

Long after this Miss Stanley, the nurse, met Celestie at a neighbor's house; and to her Celestie poured out the story of the passing years.

"Life'll never be the same to me as it was before she left us," she explained to the nurse. "I'll never get over missing my dear little mother—neither'll Father. But I've never been so happy as I am now in my whole life—only in a new way.

"Just think, Father's built me a bran new chicken-coop! And I'm raising chickens at last. They don't multiply like they might; I tell Mis' Lavendar they mostly subtract themselves; but I make a little money all of my own, and I love to tend 'em.

"And books! I read more books! And I'm treasurer of the Ladies' Charitable. And I've got a real flower garden, too. None of these things take the place of Mother; but they're just what Mother'd have given me if she could. And it was her asking for 'em so long ago that put it into Father's head to let me have 'em now."

"And how is Mr. Steve Browdy?" inquired the nurse. "I suppose you are not married yet."

"Land, no!" laughed Celestie; "Steve's the same as ever, working at Beales's this year. But I want to tell you what Father said about him. He said he didn't feel right in keeping us apart any longer, and that if I felt I'd be happier with Steve I might marry him. And I said, 'Land! Father, I don't want to—I'm all over caring for Steve,' and Father was pleased, and that was the end of it."

"You were good to give up Steve for your Father's sake," sympathized the nurse.

"Nothing to give up," declared Celestie. "You see it happened in this way: it all came about of my reading so much. Reading broadens the mind. I read of so many lords and dukes and barons that they kind of put Steve in the shade. I just naturally grew away from Steve, but I'd never have done it if it hadn't been for the library books. And I haven't found in all my reading a character that comes anywhere near Father yet. The longer I live the



"NOTHING—NOTHING TO FORGIVE—BUT EVERYTHING TO THANK YOU FOR, MARY"

"I'm sure Mother'd rather you'd do just as you thought best," returned Celestie.

"It was about the Ladies' Charitable; your mother asked me years ago if you might join; she seemed to think that you didn't get out enough. What do you think about it now?"

His daughter's face flushed with pleasure. "I'd love to join," she said simply.

"The Society was very kind when your mother was taken; and maybe I've misjudged its members a little in the past. Anyway, you can guard your tongue. And it's lonesome for you here.

"And there's another thing your mother asked me; she said you wanted to get books from the Circulating Library; would you still like to?"

more I appreciate him. I see now what my dear little mother meant when she called him the best man in the world. Well, he is. Not one of those old barons or lords or dukes could hold a candle to Father."

And along the prim picket fence where the solitary chrysanthemum had grown there now blazed every year a riot of colors, for the red flower had been supplemented by many others. And a variegated band of blossoms made Celestie's days bright from the first yellow crocus of spring to the last late-blooming chrysanthemum of early winter. And Celestie grew nearer the austere old man, and understood his religion better the more he humanized it; and they lived contentedly in the small gray house, shaded by the aging elms. It was a belated flowering of simple lives, but none the less beautiful.

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The Boy and His Parents

A Child-Study Talk in Three Chapters

By Priscilla Wakefield

II—The Mother and Her Boy



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DEEP, absorbing and tender in its yearning is a mother's love for her boy. Her all-enfolding, self-sacrificing, patient devotion is the greatest blessing he can have, provided there is united to it the honest desire to fulfill her obligations. True affection does not mean weak or foolish indulgence, but the intelligent love by which a mother seeks to develop in her boy the strong and hardy qualities of manliness.

The impressions made in boyhood may be enduring inspirations through life. If boyhood is happy, there will be happiness years afterwards in the memory of it. The key of many of the great moral problems is in a mother's hands. A mother once wrote in her journal, "Nothing keeps the heart so fresh and young, saves it from bitterness through the cares and disappointments of life, as the daily enjoyment of a happy home. May I always keep this in remembrance and do everything that lies in my power to make home the happiest spot on earth for my children."

Characteristics of the warm-hearted days of boyhood are a boy's love for his mother, love for truth and justice, love of God and beautiful things. The recognition of these facts may help parents to guide a boy.

A mother is her boy's earliest ideal of womanhood. Through her he learns to respect womanhood. Her ideals and standards will be his through all time. If her standards of life are high and pure and noble they will be reflected in the words she speaks, the deeds she does, in the ordering of her household and in her conscientious life. "The light of love in my mother's face made home bright and happy," said a man, looking back tenderly to his boyhood's days. "Her cheerful, contented spirit, her calm way of meeting disappointments, her charitable way of judging others, her kind way of giving encouragement helped me to see how to take life. She seemed to have a well-spring of joy in her heart. I know now that it came from her faith in God and her love of all that is good. Her ideas of duty were very clear, direct and simple. If I had a task or a duty to do and tried to avoid it, or put it off, or excuse myself, she would say, very gently, 'Go and do it,' and her kind look, her few but firm words inspired me at once to do as she said. Then I had the joy afterwards of having her praise and appreciation. When I look back now I see that it was her way to go on quietly, faithfully, uncomplainingly with every duty without expecting praise."

When the mood is in his heart is the moment to talk to a boy on serious subjects. The words spoken at bedtime are usually worth more than anything that has been said during the day. Blessings will follow a mother's prayers made with her boy. In her boy's Bible a beloved mother wrote, "Let this be your guide; look into it every day, if you have only time for one verse. Do not read it as a task, but for the help it will give you in your daily life, and listen to its teachings as the voice from Heaven."

How to Teach a Boy About Himself

A good mother teaches her boy that God loves him, understands him; that God loves truth, purity, goodness, courage, patience, and is very sorrowful over sin. Reverent thoughts about his own life may be placed in a boy's heart by his mother. A child's knowledge of the most sacred elements of life should come to him from his parents, and chiefly from his mother. Nature's laws have a depth, a significance, an importance that cannot be ignored. These subjects should not be left to precocious and evil-minded companions. If a boy is brought up to have beautiful and right-minded thoughts of the sacredness of the body, he will not be attracted by what is low and degrading.

Between the ages of eight and eleven, before going to school, or according to circumstances, or the associations that may affect him, a boy should receive sufficient enlightenment and the reverent knowledge which will make him feel that any rude talk on these themes is profaning the holiest thoughts in his heart. This task in a child's moral training is the most difficult of all, and demands love, wisdom, watchfulness. The dangers of speaking are far less than reticence. There is no excuse for ignoring the subject; there is absolute danger in leaving everything to chance influences. A mother who is watchful will know the proper moment and find the way. The deepest emotions in a child's heart may be appealed to. A mother's tender wisdom and pure words will help her in this task and she may be rewarded as was one, whose boy threw his arms about her neck in love and gratitude, and said: "I shall never forget all that you have told me as long as I live!"

Although affection for his mother may serve as a restraint against wrong-doing, the essence of moral life is always a realization of truth and conscience. It is unsafe for parents to assume that the proper emotion will arise at the proper moment, or good conduct will prevail if a boy has not been taught how to act when problems of conscience arise. In the beginning a boy does right from a wish to please, or for personal reward, but as early as possible he should be helped to understand appeals to reason. Rewards for good conduct may be useful at first, but should not be continued, or a boy will become self-seeking instead of sincere. There will be little progress in right-doing unless his ideas of right are growing more definite every day. When he does what is right because he trusts and respects those who are in authority, when he denies himself a forbidden thing for the same reason, he is gaining in moral strength, learning the great lesson of moral life—to do right for the sake of right, regardless of profit. In this way only can he learn to be governed by conscience; by feeling obliged to do what he knows is right; by making the effort to do right; then follows the feeling of happiness which accompanies the rightful act.

As the Growth Comes

The years from eight to twelve are a unique period. The brain acquires nearly its adult size, health is at its best, activity is great. A boy begins to develop interests outside of his home and can absorb a large amount of information helpful or hurtful. Gradually he should be given freedom as he learns how to use it. Restraints which have been necessary during the years of irresponsibility should be removed when he is learning how to use his reason and common-sense. In great and important matters that are of permanent value there should be still some restraint; in small and transient matters there should be liberty. When a boy sees that the curbing of wrong impulses and the cultivating of right conduct is the aim in his training, when he may be trusted to do the right thing, he is learning to use his liberty. He knows that independence and freedom do not mean a lack of self-restraint, but mean responsibility. He must prove that he can be self-reliant.

Too many rules should not be made in bringing up a boy.

Healthy, vigorous boys are full of spirits and energy and should not be restrained by perpetual repetitions of "Don't." At ten or eleven years of age a boy's tastes are for an active life. He usually cares little for books or study, and cannot be expected to be very industrious. He is fortunate if he can have a garden, where he can dig and plant as he pleases. If he has a dog, or chickens, pigeons, or rabbits, his active interests as well as his affectionate, generous qualities are cultivated in caring for and feeding his pets. For a boy who lives in a town interests may be provided in manual training, or simple industrial work. He may have his tools and carpentering. If he can make or mend little things for the house, he will enjoy being helpful.

The Real Influence of the Home

Home is a boy's training ground for the qualities which lead to manliness—the chivalrous protection for those who are weaker; gratitude, love and generosity toward those to whom it is definitely due; respect for authority; courage to bear disappointments; consideration for others; the sense of how each must do his duty for the good of all. The most beautiful characteristics of a manly nature are strength and tenderness, and these are cultivated in the home associations and through a mother's influence.

A boy should contribute toward the comfort and pleasure of everyone in the home by being cheerful, reasonable, courteous, punctual. His mother teaches him that personal neatness and orderliness are essentials in home life. She sees that his own room is an encouragement to neatness. His tennis racquet, bat, school-books, hat, clothing, or other belongings are not to be scattered about, but put each in its place.

Character-building is helped by having a boy do some little tasks every day in useful work at home—keeping a yard in order, going on necessary errands, relieving someone of care. A good boy remembers that home is not made without earnest efforts on the part of his parents, and he must do his share. His mother sees that his tasks are neither difficult nor enforced, and thus he is encouraged to cultivate a glad willingness to help. A boy who is kept busy seldom gets into mischief.

A boy's heart is full and overflowing. He needs someone who will listen to his confidences. If he is repelled and finds himself alone, he becomes fretful, indolent, or worse. His affairs are not "Nonsense." A good mother never says, "Run away. I am busy." She listens, encourages. Important discoveries may be made in these outpourings. She gives sympathy, enters into his feelings, sees things from his point of view. If he tells of something which proves that he is at fault, she does not reprimand at the time, because this will check further confidences. She gives her attention quietly, tells him she is glad he has confided in her, and that she will talk of it again with him. If a mother has insight she can solve many problems. She is interested in her boy's sports, collections, his school and companions. The choice of his companions should not be left to chance. It is well if they are from families known to his parents—boys and girls who have been brought up in homes where good principles are standards of life.

In the teens a boy enters the age of ideals and hero-worship. His soul is stirred by ideals of the heroic, the good, the beautiful. He selects ideals for imitation, and these are strengthened by stories of persons whose fine actions or brave deeds have won admiration and praise. It is within a mother's sphere to influence a boy's reading, so that trashy books will not attract. History will teach him bravery, loyalty and heroism; biography will give him enthusiasm for noble lives; books of adventure, travel and exploration will teach endurance and perseverance. If good literature is loved in the home, if there is a supply of interesting books and good collections of verse, a boy will acquire a wholesome taste in reading. If he has a natural taste for books he has a joy of his own. If he has not the taste, at least he can be kept away from undesirable reading and sensational newspapers. He can be given the chance to be interested in good things and to form his ideals by them.

The Guiding, not the Driving, Hand

When a boy is very young he should not be allowed to go out in the evening. When he grows older it is not wise to use coercion. A mother's heart can only follow her boy in hope and prayer when she sees his life detaching itself a little from home. Nothing is gained by lectures or queries, nothing by nagging or scolding. The surest dependence is to make home attractive. If possible, there should be a room where he can have his boy friends and be amused with photography, candy-pulling, popping corn; or the living-room of the home must not be considered too good for this. A mother must not be too much interested in her sewing in the evening, or a father with his newspaper. The evening may be a pleasant and profitable part of the day. A mother's tact will provide home occupations, reading aloud, games, talks and music. She will make home a hospitable place, where her boy's friends—boys and girls—will feel it a privilege and delight to be invited to share innocent amusements. The sacrifice of a little space will go far toward making a boy happy. Tact is required by a mother in not letting a boy think he is being kept at home because he is not capable of resisting outside temptation. With wholesome evening occupations for his thoughts and hands the moments glide away and bedtime comes.

A manly boy thinks it a privilege and comfort to go to his mother with anything that has worried him. As he confides in her sympathy and counsel he has a sure sense of relief. A manly boy has a chivalrous sense of protection for his mother. His loyalty and love would not grieve or disappoint her. He would shield her from trouble, or share with her in her sorrows.

In her boy a mother hopes to find comfort as life goes on, pleasure in his career, pride in his success. She teaches him that the quietest, humblest life, nobly lived, has its influence, its happiness in contentment and in the knowledge of duty performed, a clear conscience, an unimpeachable integrity. She teaches him that the best preparation for manhood is in making each day worth while, in doing earnestly and faithfully the little things, in work or study; in innocent, joyous sport, and in kind or helpful acts, and in always choosing the right. A mother's task is not easy—a task worth doing is never easy. She needs concentration in thought and prayer. Often she may be discouraged in her labor of love and duty, but a true mother would not exchange her experience of toil and weariness, joy and sorrow for a life of effortless ease or avoidance of care. A high and holy joy comes from doing her duty well, and she shall have the reward promised in Scripture—her children shall rise up and call her blessed.

What Women Can Do to Earn Money

By Laura A. Smith

NUMBER TWO

The Possibilities of the Social Season

- Be Courteous
- Be Affable
- Be Kind
- Be Willing
- Be Alert
- Be Dainty
- Be Neat
- Be Cheery

I wonder if the November girl has ever thought of using the social and club season as a means of making extra money? Just now, in big cities or in smaller, you hear much of card clubs, literary clubs, dancing parties, afternoon teas—the whirl of the season is well begun. Let us study its possibilities where the girl with a will is concerned.

Every social and every club entertainment must have its touch of hospitality in the way of refreshments. Every hostess and every committee reach the point where they would be glad to have certain details taken off their minds and hands. Think of the opportunity this gives you, in no matter what line your talent lies.

Suppose you live in a big, old-fashioned house, the kind with center hall and long double parlors, or with one big parlor; why do you not go right into the entertainment business? Rent your parlors to hostesses and clubs. Clear the rooms of superfluous furniture and tint the walls a soft neutral tint, against which pretty gowns will be in color harmony. You can tint the walls yourself to save expense, but remember that certain strong colors will spoil the effect of certain other colors. You will want to change the colors of your floral decorations to suit seasons and occasions, and that is another reason why you must not have a bright background. Buy or rent folding card-tables and chairs. If ingenious you can manufacture card-tables yourself with board for the tops and broom-handles for legs. Cover the tops with muslin or felt. Invest a part of your capital in pretty, inexpensive china (if your own china closet will not supply enough), and do not forget the sherbet glasses. These are always in demand, and you can doubtless rent them many times over. You can get very pretty plated forks and spoons in artistic patterns. Little by little you can add the napery, embroidering it with your monogram or your favorite flower, or if you give your parlors a name, with the initials of that. Special parlors, equipped with the tables, chairs and service for entertaining, have become a need where space is scarce, and are welcomed by the hostess to whom entertaining means a deal of work, worry and a complete readjustment of the domestic machinery.

Large parlors with little furniture are a pretty good asset for any girl to have. There are many times when she can rent them—to the kindergarten teacher, for rehearsals, for readings, recitals and demonstrations of women lecturers. Mothers would rather have their sons and daughters attend dances given in the parlor of a house than in a public hall. Big storerooms and attics may be rented for the storage of furniture. I know one young woman who conducts a storage house, hiring the teams and taking care of a big business. As book-keeper in a storage house, she was given much more than her share of work by the lazy manager. She did not complain, but spent her time learning the work and making friends of the teamsters and patrons, and saving her money. The next thing she did was to establish her own business, and she is succeeding well. One girl, owning a fine, roomy brick barn, lined its walls with felt for winter, put in a big stove, cleaned and decorated it, called it "The Barn" and rented it very successfully for social affairs and entertainments. In the summer she rented it to an artist and his wife. Two other girls of my acquaintance rent their old barn to neighbors for storing their autos. Big houses and big barns can be turned to account in many ways.

But there are many more lines of work for you if you decide to try the entertainment bureau. There are the decorations. You can plan these and make the artificial ones, including the candle and lamp shades. You can gradually accumulate palms, ferns and rubber plants and baskets of trailing vines, which you can rent to others, just as the florist does. To keep the goodwill of the florist, if there is one, you could tell him frankly your plans and ask him to allow you to work with him, he furnishing the plants and flowers and you arranging them. Study artistic and suitable decorations, and discuss them with your patron, but always keep back some little detail as a surprise. If there is a guest of honor, decorations in the latter's favorite color are a delicate compliment.

I will not go into detail about all the favors, score-cards and odds and ends which make an affair unique. Should you hit upon a happy idea for score-cards, you might work your way into furnishing them to stationers. When I stand over a case of unattractive favor cards in a shop I sometimes think: "What a pity more girls with real talent and originality do not try their hands at these." If you went about to your friends in your own town and towns near you and offered to supply the favors or decorations, or to suggest them, do you not believe that your offer would be hailed with delight?

If you have any knack at all at preparing dainties, the catering for parties will appeal to you. First, there are the dainty bonbons, matching the decorations in color—a wide field for experiment with fruit and vegetable flavorings and colorings. Dig up grandmother's old cook books and try her recipes for making ambrosia, nectar and all the old delicacies. See how many new things you can evolve. There is a host of candied fruits and flowers that hostesses love to serve in cut glass or fine china compotes for afternoon tea. Each hostess strives for something new in the way of little cakes, tarts or biscuits. Set out, for example, to coat different kinds of fruits, cakes and crackers with chocolate or colored icings, and you will be surprised at the delights you can manufacture. Originate cakes, candies and salads. Plan little menus which can be carried out with little expense. After all, your own garden and pantry hold the materials necessary to make good foods. "I cannot make things good enough for parties," you say. Find a good caterer and engage her services then, remembering to always give work to others you cannot do yourself. The fame of one who can furnish dainty, decorated cakes and salads goes abroad. I know a woman in a southern city who ornaments cakes with flowers of icing, and was urged by ladies who visited her city and liked her cakes to establish a branch shop in a northern city.

There is a chance for a real artist in decorating dishes and studying the color, form and harmony of fruits and salads. Luncheons, wedding breakfasts and teas give the caterer and decorator the best chance. As society reporter I heard many ladies, including the wife of a former president of the United States, lamenting that more young women with artistic sense did not enter this field, plan menus and decorations for the hostess, see that the tables and parlors were properly arranged and everything in readiness in the kitchen.

In connection with her "entertainment bureau" the November girl must not neglect to study forms of social etiquette to advise puzzled hostesses; to know the correct wording of invitations and the little points that many hostesses dread. Here, too, comes in the work of making out lists and addressing invitations and delivering them (impress a small boy in neat clothes into service for this), ideas for announcements of various sorts, getting up programs, selling advertising space on programs—all these can be taken in charge.

The November girl will find a large field in selecting prizes for card clubs and contests or games. She can haunt the home shops and send for catalogues from dealers in other towns. Cotillion favors should bring fame and money to the clever girl. I knew a little German woman, a street seller of artificial flowers, who was "grabbed up" by a cotillion club of generous young people and kept busy and happy making wonderful things of tissue paper—boas, muffs, wands, hats, garlands, flowers.

When summer rolls around you can move your entertainment scenery out-of-doors. Arrange your lawn and your porch for party-giving. You will need fresh white covers for your tables and chair backs to protect dainty gowns; lanterns, big jardinières, rugs or canvas if tables are set upon the lawn. There are many little details which the observant hostess does not neglect. You have a good chance to help your boy friends. Interest them in forming a string orchestra or mandolin and guitar club, and engage them to play for your parties. Here, too, you have a chance to help a girl friend who is musical by engaging her to play. One young woman, a widow with two sons, cultivated her talent for playing good dance music and had her musically inclined son taught to play the drum, and the two are kept busy with engagements.

In all your dealings remember to go over each step carefully with your patron, making sure that you each understand alike. The wisest way is: draw up a written memorandum in duplicate and submit it to her before you go ahead. You will have to use tact in doing this. Many women dismiss business matters with a shrug, but are quick to take offense over discussions of prices and payments. Strike all your bargains first; have the money question so clearly understood that there can be no "feelings." It takes courage to have money dealings with friends, but you must make up your mind to keep your head clear, smile and be pleasant about it, and know absolutely that you are in the right. Beware of the friend who says: "Oh, don't bother me with prices; just go ahead and do the best you can and I know it will be all right." Nine times out of ten, she is the one to complain and feel that she is being cheated, no matter what price is charged her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Family Contentment

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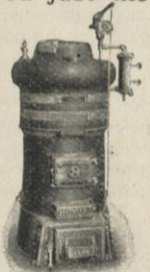
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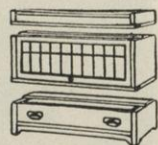
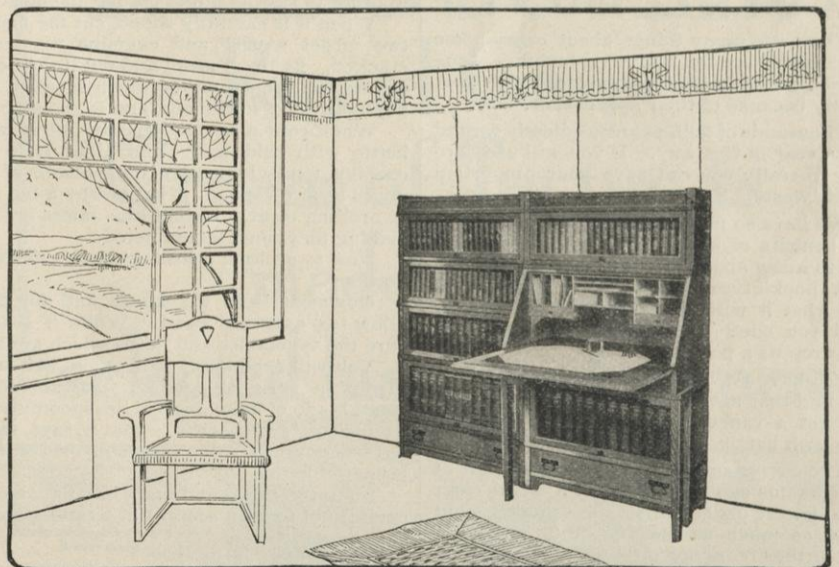


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THE HOUSEHOLD INTERESTS

Soups with Stock—Julienne, Macaroni, Rice, Etc. Chicken and Cream Soups

ONCE knew a dear old lady who used to say to her grandchildren, whom she was teaching to keep house in the good old New England way, that the dishes were not washed until they were wiped and put away. I presume she would say that I had not told how to make soups until I had written about those made with, as well as without, stock, so I am going to follow the subject we began last month and speak now about the meat foundations from which many soups are made.

There are two kinds of stock: that made from beef and called brown stock, and the white, which is prepared from chicken or veal. Into the making of both kinds go meat, bone, bone-marrow and some fat. To the brown stock may be added any sort of meat or bone from which nutriment may be obtained, with the exception of mutton fat, which has too strong an individual flavor to make it desirable. This sort of soup making, then, becomes a real economy, for it is one of the best ways—and there are not many after all—for utilizing the waste parts of steak and roasts, such as the flank in the sirloin cut.

In this process of making stock all the nutriment is extracted from the meat, and not only is the waste meat disposed of, but a soup is concocted which is a welcome addition to any dinner.

To begin with we will take the brown stock, and supposing that you have no materials at hand, we will order from the market.

Have the butcher give you a shin bone of beef, weighing with the meat about two pounds, and be sure to have him crack the bone. Then you must prepare your meat so that you may get as much as possible out of it. In the first place, do not wash your bone and meat, but wipe them carefully with a cloth wrung out of cold water.

When you have washed meat in preparing it for other ways of cooking, you may have noticed that the juices which escaped colored the water slightly. These are the very juices you need to have in soup, so in order to save them do not put the meat under water to be washed. When it is carefully wiped, cut the meat and fat into cubes about two inches square, and examine the bone to see if it is properly cracked. By this I mean find out if the bone is laid open so that you can extract the soft filling which is called the marrow. This contains a great deal of nutriment, and is an essential part of a rich stock.

When your meat is prepared, put it, with the bone, into a soup kettle with cold water, and allow it to heat very slowly. Rapid cooking tends to harden the outside of the meat and prevent the juices from escaping. That is why a hot fire is required for roasting or broiling meat. In that case juices are to be conserved; in stock making they must be extracted.

Now to go back a little from this deviation to the matter of proportions.

Our meat is in the kettle, and for the two pounds we should allow two quarts of water. While it soaks for a few moments prepare the vegetables and herbs which are to be its seasoning.

You will need one small onion, half a small carrot, half a small turnip, a sprig of parsley, six whole cloves, six peppercorns, a small blade of mace and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Besides these add a bunch of "sweet herbs"—that is, sage, savory, marjoram, thyme and bay—tied up in a bit of muslin, or you may use their equivalent in prepared herbs.

Stick the cloves and mace into the onion and brown it (being very careful not to let it scorch) in a tablespoonful of butter or clear beef dripping, and while it is browning cut into the saucepan the carrot and turnip; then when they are somewhat browned, add them, with the herbs, spices and seasoning, to the meat and water. Put the whole on the stove and let it simmer five or six hours.

Does it sound like a long process? It does take time, but the beauty of it is that you are preparing in your leisure moments something which will keep a long time in cool weather, and will prove an invaluable help in the hurry of dinner getting.

When the stock is thoroughly cooked, prepare to take it from the fire. Have in readiness a colander in which is laid a piece of thin flannel, or a cheese-cloth strainer. Place this over the bowl in which you wish to keep your stock, and then strain the contents of your soup kettle. Set the bowl away for the stock to harden, and you will find when it has cooled that you have a rich meat jelly, to the top of which has risen the fat not absorbed in the stock itself.

Skim this off, and your bowl of stock is ready for the preparation of any of a multitude of soups which go under various names.

I want first of all to speak of Julienne soup, as I have a word to say about the preparation of the vegetables, which you know are what distinguishes this particular kind of soup.

I think I am not wrong when I say that most girls dislike to prepare vegetables, and the reason is that it stains the hands. I know this is true, and that black fingers are not pretty when you are using them for daintier work than vegetable cooking. However, this part of the work has to be done, and you are not "really truly cooking" your particular dish, unless you prepare every part yourself, even the most disagreeable of all.

Besides, with a little care you can prevent the blackening of the fingers, which is so much disliked. The cause of the trouble is that the juice which comes from the vegetable turns black from the action of the acid on the steel, and finally runs down to stain the fingers; the safeguards, you will find, are a damp cloth and a small cutting board.

While paring the vegetable it is necessary to hold it in the hand, but it is not difficult to form the habit of pointing the knife blade downward, so that the juice may run off at the point. When this is not possible, watch the knife blade, and when it has on it an accumulation of juice wipe the blade on a damp cloth which you keep at hand. If you are deft with your hands you will know by instinct that you need not put down the vegetable you are holding in your other hand to do this, but may simply pass the blade over the cloth, turning it on both sides, and then begin your paring again, having lost hardly a second. In slicing, quartering and dicing vegetables it is not necessary, if you have a small cutting-board, to hold them in your hand. Steady them upon the board, and use the knife

without touching the blade. In this way very little juice comes in contact with the fingers.

Now for the Julienne soup.

For one quart of the stock use a pint of vegetables, one half a teaspoonful of salt, and one half a saltspoonful of pepper. The seasoning may be added to the stock, which is set upon the stove to heat. Cut such vegetables as carrot and turnip into quarter-inch dice. Cut celery into slices a quarter of an inch wide, or you may use the tops of asparagus, peas or small string beans in their season. Cook these dice in boiling salted water until they are tender, drain them thoroughly, and add them to the soup, which will then be ready to serve.

Did I not say that having stock in readiness was a time-saving device? Compare the making of this soup with one of those made without stock, and you will realize how much less it takes out of the busy hour before dinner.

To make such soup as rice or barley soup with a beef stock, merely cook the grains in salted, boiling water until they are tender, but distinct, not at all jellied, then you may add them to the stock, which has been heated and seasoned as in the Julienne soup. The proportion of the uncooked rice is two tablespoonfuls to a quart of stock. The rice may be boiled in half an hour, but the barley will require first to be soaked and then boiled for two hours.

To make macaroni soup you must allow half a cupful of broken, uncooked macaroni, or macaroni letters, to a quart of stock. This you may cook twenty minutes in boiling salted water before you drain it; add it to the heated and seasoned stock, and serve.

You see I was right when I told you that many soups might be prepared after the stock was made, but do not imagine that the quantity of stock for which I gave you the recipe will be sufficient to try all these soups if each time you use a quart of stock, which is the allowance of from four to six people. Try the small amount

of stock first, however, and when you have done that successfully you can try larger amounts. And see, too, if you can utilize leftover meat which would otherwise be lost.

You will be wondering if I have forgotten the white stock of which I told you, but you will find that a simple matter after you have mastered the brown stock.

The important thing to remember is that white stock must keep the color which gives it its name. It is in a way an indication of its delicacy, and if it is darkened it loses that which distinguishes it



DICING THE VEGETABLES FOR JULIENNE SOUP



THE KNIFE SHOWS WHERE THE MARROW OF THE BONE IS FOUND.

PREPARED STOCK MEAT

from the heavier beef stock. The meats to be used for a foundation for the white soups are chicken and veal, and, as they have not the keeping qualities of beef, it is not advisable to make this stock in large quantities.

Keep in mind the principles of your first stock making: that it is a system of extracting, that all bones should be cracked, and the whole submitted to a long simmering process. To season this more delicate stock use, for two pounds of meat and two quarts of water, one half teaspoonful of white pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of celery salt and an onion.

To make a thin chicken broth from this stock heat it, season to taste and add rice or barley in the proportions given for beef soup. A little variation is sometimes made by adding chopped chicken to a quart of the stock.

This stock serves as a basis for the many vegetable cream soups which are made with milk, one of the most delicious being cream of asparagus.

Cut the tops from one bunch of asparagus and boil twenty minutes in salted water. Take a pint of the white stock and add the rest of the asparagus, cut in small pieces, and boil the same length of time. Also put to heat in the double boiler a pint of milk. Shave one small onion into a saucepan containing a heaping tablespoonful of butter, and cook it carefully but do not allow it to burn. Skim the asparagus out of the stock and add to the contents of the saucepan. Stir until the vegetables are well mixed, and add to them a tablespoonful of flour. When this is cooked and smoothed into the other ingredients, put the mixture into the stock and let it boil for twenty minutes. If you have timed yourself rightly the milk will now be heated in the double boiler. Rub the stock and its flavoring vegetables through a sieve into the milk, and season to taste. At the last moment before serving, the asparagus tops may be added.

Are you sighing because for want of asparagus you may not try this soup at once? If so, I do not blame you, but on the other hand I could not refrain from telling you about it, for without it, to my mind no chapter on soups with stock would be complete.

SALLIE JOY WHITE.

Honey in Cookery

S. H. Moore Co., New York.

GENTLEMEN: I would be very glad if someone could give receipts in the columns of THE LADIES' WORLD for using honey in place of sugar, especially for making cakes. There are so many helpful things in it that I would hardly know how to do without it. THE LADIES' WORLD is the most helpful magazine I read.

Sincerely yours,

ALHAMBRA, CAL., July 23, 1908.

HONEY can be used in many different ways. A nice relish for breakfast is made by dipping half slices of stale bread in a honey mixture made of a cupful of milk, one egg beaten as for custard, a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of honey. After dipping, brown quickly on both sides, using ham or bacon fat to fry in. Serve with honey or butter.

A delicious filling for layer cake or short-cake is made with honey. Blend together half a cupful each of honey and sugar with two tablespoonfuls of water. Heat over the fire until it forms a thread. Remove, and stir in the stiffly-whipped white of an egg. Beat constantly until the mixture cools, when it will be soft and thick like cream. Spread between layers of the cake and frost the top.

In making cakes honey takes the place of a part of the sugar. To a cupful of flour, use two tablespoonfuls of sugar and three of honey, the cakes otherwise being made after the usual recipes. Spice cake has a delicious flavor and "stickiness," the same as when using molasses. In sponge cake use two-thirds of a cupful of honey, one cupful of flour and three eggs. Beat the yolks and honey together, add the flour and four tablespoonfuls of cold water. Mix well, then fold in lightly the stiffly-whipped whites of the eggs. Add lemon or vanilla flavoring. Bake in a quick oven.

Luncheon sandwiches are very appetizing made with one side of the bread spread with thick honey that will not run readily or ooze out on the edges. On the other piece of bread spread butter beaten to a cream. Children are especially fond of these sandwiches in their school lunches. They are also well suited to serve with afternoon tea or coffee. For the latter, cut the sandwiches in fancy shapes with tin cutters.

For an omelet, honey is unexcelled. Make a plain omelet mixture, using water in place of milk, as it makes an omelet more tender. When the omelet is cooked, pour over a fine stream of honey and serve at once. Make griddle cakes in the usual way, and as each one leaves the griddle spread with honey and fold over like an omelet.

Besides these few hints given for the use of honey for table use, there are endless other ways to prepare it in appetizing forms, such as in cookies, ginger snaps, tea cakes, love cakes, many kinds of candies, honey fudge, popcorn balls and others.

Honey has medicinal qualities also. It is often used with great benefit in throat and lung troubles. Taken in place of cod-liver oil it is as beneficial. Occasionally there is a person with whom honey does not agree; but all children who have healthy appetites prefer it to butter. Taken as a stimulant, its effect is equal to that of wine, without its injurious effects.

White clover honey is by far the finest flavor of any that is produced. There is quite a range of flavors between that of white clover and the cloying sweetness of buckwheat, and one can develop his own taste between these several varieties as they are tried and tested. It is a very rare occurrence indeed that the bees ever sip nectar from a plant or flower that is poisonous.

T. C. C.

Kitchen Wisdom

POTATOES should be peeled as thin as possible. Turnips must be peeled thicker, taking as a guide the line that appears just inside the skin. Carrots, parsnips and salsify should be scraped. Sweet potatoes and beets are boiled in their skins.

If a range has become red from overheating or rust, before applying stove blacking rub the surface well with vinegar, allowing it to dry. Blacken when the stove is slightly warm, not hot.

When buying fowls for fricassee, never allow the butcher to splinter the bones by chopping with the cleaver. Ask him to remove the sinews from the legs, and cut through the joints.

If meat, when cooking, has to be turned, be careful never to pierce it with a fork. Boiled or stewed meats should be seasoned when cooking. Broiled and fried meat should be salted and seasoned after removing from the fire.

Corned beef, ham or any salted meat should be put in cold or lukewarm water. Fresh meat should be immersed in rapidly boiling water to prevent loss of juices. Allow both kinds to boil quickly at first, removing any scum that rises, then push to back part of stove to simmer, allowing thirty minutes to the pound for corned beef, eighteen to twenty minutes for ham and mutton. Boiled meat should always be left in its own liquor to cool.

Peas and beans should never be swimming in water. They should be cooked with as little liquid as possible to retain flavor of the vegetables, but must be constantly watched to prevent burning.

There is no reason why the disagreeable odors of boiling cabbage and cauliflower should fill the house. Have the water boiling rapidly, and plenty of it, in an uncovered kettle. Cut the cabbage and cauliflower in pieces, put in a little at a time to prevent the water from cooling, and with a fork push it under the water every few minutes. In this way cabbage should cook in twenty-five minutes.

Before it is ready for the oven, bread should rise to twice its original size. Therefore, do not put in more than enough to half fill the pans, or the loaves may be an ugly shape and the rising dough may overflow into the oven.

When frying in deep fat, never put too much food in your frying-basket at once, or the heat of the fat will be reduced, and the outer surface of the food, instead of being crisp and dry, will absorb the fat, lose flavor or juice and become greasy and indigestible.

When boiling beets, peas, squash, corn or turnips a little sugar in the water will improve them.

A skillful cook attributes her famed success in making delicious mayonnaise to the fact that she always adds a few drops of onion juice.

Salt mackerel should be soaked over night with the skin side up. Change the water the last thing before going to bed and again upon rising. Salt fish should be broiled.

When some member of the family is belated, his dinner should be kept hot, not in the oven where it will dry out, but on a covered plate over a pan of boiling water.

The freshness of fish can be readily judged by redness of the gills, brightness of the eyes and firm, odorless flesh.

A tablespoonful of vinegar added to the water in which fish is boiled has a tendency to whiten the meat and render it firmer.

Dried bread crumbs should be used for puddings, escallop dishes or anything in which milk or other liquid is used. Crumbs for breading veal-cutlets, egg-plants, etc., in connection with egg, should be grated from the loaf, as being fresh, they do not absorb so much moisture.

J. S. K.



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The Turkeyless Dinner

How to Serve a Delicious Thanksgiving Meal at Very Small Cost

HOW to provide her Thanksgiving dinner without bankrupting the family treasury is a problem that confronts more than one housewife this year.

The price of turkeys has soared higher and higher, until what was considered a necessity to the Thanksgiving or Christmas table has become a positive luxury. In many homes turkeys at any time of the year are out of the question, and chickens are frequently substituted. But even these in many places are so high-priced or poor that one would prefer to do without than to spend much money and receive little return.

Those who are fortunate enough to have farmer friends who raise their own porkers can purchase a suckling pig, which, roasted, will make a delicious substitute for the turkey.

A ham, smoked or fresh, will also prove satisfactory, and is especially attractive when boned, stuffed and roasted in the way shown in the illustration.

During this month game abounds in most markets, and in the smaller villages and country places one can secure at least one variety of game. Then there are oysters, which by many are thought to be indispensable to a proper Thanksgiving dinner table. An oyster pie has from time immemorial been associated with the holiday dinner.

So with an oyster pie and a fresh ham, which is by far the best for boning, Thanksgiving day can be finely celebrated.

If a chicken pie is preferred to one made from oysters, use a smoked ham, but do not use the chicken in connection with a young porker, as the flesh is very similar.

The dinner can be helped out wonderfully by serving soup or a vegetable chowder. The cream of corn, pea, tomato or celery variety is usually liked by most people, and these also eliminate the necessity of having meat for the foundation.

Potatoes can be mashed, baked, iced or made into croquettes, or an easy method, and one which will be attractive, is to serve the white variety after the Melba fashion. The sweet potato can be added to the menu, and boiled, baked, mashed or served in the Georgia way.

The steamed, stuffed apples or plain hot apple sauce, always an accompaniment of pork, will substitute for the second vegetable.

If spinach or salad is not desired, and the cupboard boasts of pickled peaches, watermelon rind or muskmelon mangoes, then one of these fruits should be put on a pretty dish and passed with the meats. Cranberry sauce or jelly will make just as good an accompaniment with pork as with the national bird.

Pumpkin pie is within the reach

of all. Thanks can be given that the price of this yellow luscious vegetable has not placed it in the list of forbidden luxuries. A Hubbard squash, baked instead of boiled, makes a richer custard than the pumpkin, but as many people have a sentiment regarding the latter as a truly Colonial dish, and more fitting to commemorate the day, it is for the housewife to determine which is to be used.

Old-fashioned ice-cream should find a place at this meal, and the Colonial cornmeal pudding, baked to a creamy custard, plentifully sprinkled with large, plump raisins, is also a delicious dish. A surfeit of desserts is not healthy, and she is wise who will serve either pudding and ice-cream, or pie and a frozen dessert, winding up with nuts and raisins.

Boned Fresh Ham—Scrub the meat well in lukewarm water and singe off any bristles. If the marketman cannot bone it, take the longest, thinnest-bladed knife at hand and insert at the large end close to the bone; cut steadily and carefully as far through as possible; then repeat the process through the small end until the bone can be turned about and withdrawn. Cover the meat with boiling water, to which add two tablespoonfuls of salt, and simmer six hours; remove, and while hot fill the cavity with bread dressing, set in a dripping-pan and pour over a pint of cider; place in a hot oven and baste every five minutes for one-half hour. At the end of this time remove and take the rind from the fat; sprinkle with granulated sugar, cracker dust, and score with a hot poker. Send to the table hot.

Dressing for Ham—Moisten one cupful of breadcrumbs with a tablespoonful of melted butter; season highly with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, sage and onion juice; or put in a saucepan a tablespoonful of butter and fry in it one minced onion; then add one cupful of soaked bread, the water being pressed out, one-half cupful of stock, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful each of pepper and sage, one-half cupful of celery cut into small pieces; stir until it leaves the sides of the pan.

Stuffed Apples—Pare tart apples and steam until tender but unbroken. Core the fruit and fill the centers with preserved tomatoes, or gooseberries, and place about the roast.

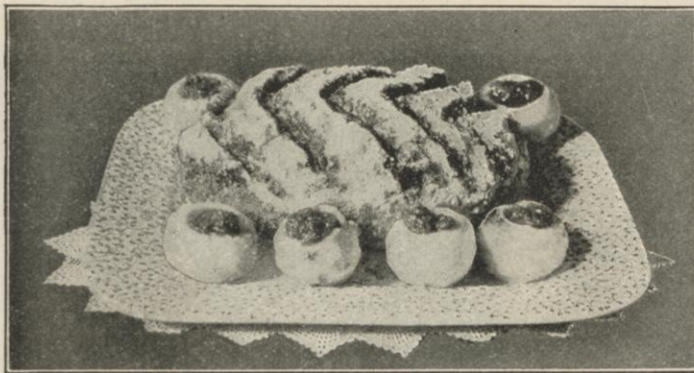
Melba Potatoes—Boil and mash the hot potatoes, season with a little salt and pepper; then whip with a fork until light; place in a hot dish, making a tall mound, which score with a knife lengthwise; place a lump of butter on top and dust the sides lightly with paprika and finely chopped parsley.

Georgia Sweet Potatoes—Boil four medium potatoes, pare and cut into lengthwise slices about one-half inch thick; fry in hot butter and sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar while frying.

Colonial Pudding—Bring one quart of milk to the boiling point and add half pint molasses, one tablespoonful butter, one level teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon mixed with the molasses. Stir three heaping tablespoonfuls cornmeal with a little cold milk and add to other ingredients; scald for a few moments; then turn into buttered baking dish and set in a moderated oven. When it crusts over, stir from the bottom, sprinkle in some large unseeded raisins, pour one pint cold milk over it and continue baking for two hours; stir again gently in another half hour and add one pint more of milk; bake one hour longer. Thick, plain cream and scraped maple sugar should accompany this dish, both being served separately, or spoon the pudding into a deep hot dish and cover with spoonfuls of whipped cream, dotting with preserved cherries or raisins plumped in hot water.

Cranberry Jelly—Stew two quarts berries in a kettle, using just enough water to cover; when soft rub through a sieve. Allow one pound of sugar for every pint of juice; boil and stir for ten minutes, pouring into a mold or dish to become cold. When cold, spoon into a glass dish and decorate with sliced bananas dipped in lemon juice to prevent their becoming discolored.

ANNA W. MORRISON.



BONED STUFFED HAM, SCORED WITH HOT POKER AND DECORATED WITH STEAMED STUFFED APPLES



CRANBERRY JELLY WITH SLICED BANANAS—PEACH AND ICE-CREAM—CORNMEAL PUDDING, TOPPED WITH MAPLE SUGAR, SEASONED WHIPPED CREAM, AND PRESERVED CHERRIES



Chill Fall Nights

Before the fires are lighted, when the evenings are chilly and damp, the room in which you sit in should be warm and dry for your health's sake as well as comfort.

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(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

is just the thing for this time of year. Touch a match to the wick—turn it up as far as it will go. You can't turn it too high, the Smokeless Device prevents. Heats a large room in a few minutes and can be carried easily from one room to another. Handsomely finished in nickel or japan. Burns 9 hours with one filling. Every heater warranted.



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Up to November 25th, club-raisers can solicit new subscribers to THE LADIES' WORLD for 1909, offering November and December free, or fourteen months for the price of twelve. This makes it the easiest time of the year to get up a club. If you have not already done so, send for a complete outfit and begin at once.

Household Information and Economies

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER HAS SOME FAVORITE DISH AND SOME SPECIAL WAY OF PREPARING IT, SOME PET ECONOMY THAT SAVES BUT DOES NOT STINT, SOME HOUSEHOLD KNOWLEDGE THAT WILL BE GLADLY RECEIVED BY OTHERS OF THE FAMILY IF PUT INTO WRITING AND LIMITED TO TWO HUNDRED WORDS. ALL MSS. WILL BE PASSED ON QUICKLY, AND THOSE ACCEPTED LIBERALLY PAID FOR. NONE WILL BE RETURNED, UNLESS STAMPS ARE ENCLOSED. MARK ALL CONTRIBUTIONS HOUSEHOLD INFORMATION EXCHANGE.

Traveler's Memoranda—In making a visit of several days' length, I almost invariably found that I had forgotten to pack some of the little necessary articles for myself or the children, to get along without which causes so much inconvenience. If not a belt, a collar, a buckle, or a pair of rubbers was forgotten entirely, they always made their appearance after the trunks or grips were strapped and locked.

I hit upon the plan of writing down, when not hurried by actual packing, a list of the articles which would be needed, adding to it as I thought of others. I also noted the numerous little "last things" to be done, such as cutting off the water and gas, closing the cellar window, sending word to the iceman not to leave ice, etc. As each article is packed and each task done, it is checked off, and the list slipped into a small handbag, or even my purse. When packing for the return home, I glance over the list to see that nothing has been overlooked, thus avoiding the necessity for my hostess making an express package of the articles I have forgotten, and sending it to me after I reach home. The plan has saved me much real inconvenience, and leaves me in an untroubled state, truly enviable.

A. C. F.

Green Tomato Chili Sauce—As the season was backward our tomatoes were set out late and they did not ripen. We are very fond of chili sauce, and as an experiment I tried using green instead of ripe tomatoes with splendid success. We liked the chili sauce quite as well, if not better, than when made of the ripe tomatoes. I used the following recipe: one peck green tomatoes, six green peppers, six onions, two teaspoonfuls ground allspice, two teaspoonfuls ground cloves, two teaspoonfuls ground cinnamon, two cupfuls brown sugar, five cupfuls vinegar, salt to taste. Chop onions and peppers fine. Boil three or four hours.

Mrs. R. L. B.

A Useful Toy—A child's toy carpet sweeper, costing about ten cents, is a great convenience in sweeping up threads, crumbs scattered on the rug, or in cleaning under tables, cabinets and other furniture too heavy or awkward for frequent moving.

HOPE.

Dining Chair for a Child—When a child has grown too large for a high chair and is not quite large enough for the usual chair in the dining-room, screw four door bumpers into the legs of an ordinary chair, which will raise it higher. If the bumpers are stained to match the frame they will not spoil the appearance of the chair or even be noticed.

R. R. G.

Rusty Shears—A good pair of shears, carelessly left out-of-doors for some time, seemed hopelessly rusty, until at the suggestion of a friend they were scoured with salt moistened in scalding vinegar, soaked for a day in kerosene oil, then dried, sharpened and vigorously rubbed with a flannel cloth dipped in sweet oil. The result was they were restored to their original use and brightness.

R. V. S.

Savings in Underclothes—Every woman appreciates the time and worry it takes to make a full line of underwear, but I have found an easier and more simple way. Each year, during the winter months, make a few pieces of each garment, and you will find your underclothes, by keeping your old ones in good order, will never give out and you will always have a sufficient supply. A little hand-embroidery adds a great deal to the prettiness and daintiness of your corset-covers and chemises and makes the trimmings less expensive.

Mrs. H. W.

A Substitute for Baby Ribbon—Ribbons in underwaists and other underwear are very dainty but also expensive. I find a very inexpensive substitute for them is a crocheted string—chain stitch—of coarse, white, mercerized crocheted cotton. Fasten a tassel of the cotton at each end of the string to prevent it slipping through the beading during washing and ironing.

E. W. M.

Warmth and Economy—When I was a child mother used to fix my stockings in this way: she took her old hose, after they were too badly worn and too short to be re-footed, and run a seam so they would fit my leg snugly. Then turning my stockings wrong side out, she would sew one on each stocking to reach an inch lower down than the tops of my shoes. At the top she would sew them again, leaving the outside stocking a couple of inches longer than the inner one. The two thicknesses of stocking were not so clumsy as one of the heavy ribbed kind and were warmer. Mother would make them in the summer and put aside till cold weather. I hope this hint will help some mother.

M. C.

To Repair Water Bags—Leaks in water bags and rubber gloves may be easily repaired in the following manner: Lay a patch of tailors' mending tissue over the hole, moisten it with common cleaning chloroform, put on another layer a trifle larger, and moisten in the same way until five or six patches of the tissue have been applied. As the chloroform evaporates the patch becomes firm and your bag is as good as new. This method has been well tested in repairing hospital supplies, and under constant service the patches have held for several months.

R. R. G.

Mincemeat—When preparing apples for mincemeat the labor is greatly lessened and results are as good—and I sometimes think better—if the apples are not pared. Wash, quarter and core the amount of apples needed, then run them through the food-chopper, using the attachment that chops but does not grind them. This is a great saving of labor. Another advantage is the saving of apples, which is no small item, as a careless or disinterested person can easily waste a large amount in paring. Try this and you will find it to be a true economy.

M. T.

Preparing Raisins for Cake—Recently we read in the household hints of a magazine that it is best not to wash the packed raisins, as they are clean and in the washing they absorb moisture, which tends to make heavy the cake in which they are used. Experience has taught us that packed fruits need washing, for they often are not thoroughly clean. Then, too, we know nothing of the condition of the hands that packed the fruit. To do away with the difficulty of moisture-laden raisins we wash several pounds at a time, set them out in the sun or above the stove to dry thoroughly, stirring them about occasionally, and at the end of several hours pack them away in glass jars ready for use whenever needed.

Mrs. W. VAN O.

A Fair Exchange—A vacation plan, which was carried out by two ministers, might be followed with profit by others in like situation. These ministers were friends, one living in Brooklyn and the other in a hilly Connecticut town. Their plan was to exchange residences during one month in the year, each occupying the other's house and taking the other's duties and salary. As they could use old sermons, they had plenty of leisure, the country man enjoying sight-seeing in the city and the city man having the country parson's horse with which to take delightful drives. The only extra expense to each family was the carfare. Both families had a complete as well as delightful change of air and scene, and voted the plan a great success. This idea might be followed by families where the fathers are not ministers.

Mrs. C. H. P.

In Preserving Time—A very easy way to know just how many preserves and jellies one has on hand is to have a list on the door of the preserve closet. Take a leaf out of a ledger, draw a line down through the center and write preserves at the top of one side and jellies on the other. Then list them in alphabetic order, quarts first and pints under them, with the date of the year after each line. Also have a small pencil on a cord tacked up with the list, and when a quart or pint is used, change the number. In this way one can always tell how many of each are left. Every jar is marked and dated. Use the manufactured stickers, as they look neat and do not curl off.

Miss F. E. W.

Rocking Chair Outings—One fall I had a severe fever that weakened me so that I was unable to get out for the greater part of the winter, so each day, with a good fire in the room, I wrapped myself up warmly, drew my rocking chair to the window, threw it open, and for half or three-quarters of an hour took a sun bath and breathed in the exhilarating breezes, with the result that I grew well and strong. I greatly enjoyed my outings, and with no expense attached they proved as beneficial as a coach-and-four or an automobile ride.

A. R.

Sticking Labels on tinware is often attended with much difficulty. Neither mucilage nor fish-glue is very successful. If you will wash the part of the tin that is to hold the label with a baking-soda and water solution, and after it is dry rub a piece of onion over the back of the label and then press it firmly and evenly on the tin with a cloth, you will have no further trouble.

Rubber Preserve-Jar Rings that have become hard and inelastic can be made soft, pliable and serviceable once more by immersion for an hour or two in two parts of water and one part of ammonia.

L. K. H.

Warning!

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Authorities
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Containing
Benzoate
of Soda

Injure
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Its use often
Indicates
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Look at
All Labels!

methods, and you can appreciate why Heinz is the one mince meat safe to buy.

Sold in glass, tin and stone packages of convenient size or by the pound by reliable grocers.



30,000 Visitors at Heinz Kitchens annually. Any establishment the doors of which are freely open to the public is sure to employ approved materials and clean methods.

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MANY BRANDS of prepared mince meat are frequently cheapened by the use of low grade materials; then kept from spoiling by benzoate of soda, a poisonous product of coal tar, concerning the danger of which the government only recently issued a warning.

No mince meat can be desirable unless prepared from high class materials by sanitary methods.

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Mince Meat

Contains No Benzoate of Soda

We use only choice cuts of beef; sound, fresh apples; Four Crown Valencia confection raisins and the finest Grecian currants; pure spices of Heinz grinding—everything the best the world produces.

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Figure It Out!!!

Coarse Scouring Soaps or powders cost from 5 to 10 cents a package—for instance, Capitol Scouring Soap05

Metal Polishes cost from 10 cents to 25 cents—a small can, say10

A preparation for cleaning glass costs10

Total25

Why not buy a cake of Bon Ami for 10 cents that does the work of all three and save from 15 to 35 cents?

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As a scouring soap, Bon Ami is not wasteful, nor will it scratch or "wear out" any surface, thereby improving the appearance and prolonging the usefulness of all articles cleaned.

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As a glass cleaner, Bon Ami does away with muss and slops when cleaning windows or polishing mirrors.

It's worth a quarter—costs a dime.

Ask your grocer.



Your stove may look old and not at all attractive, but a few minutes given to the use of our SUN PASTE Stove Polish will make it look as it did when new, and it requires little or no effort to keep it so. Our mirror-smooth, jet-black luster will make a great change in a neglected stove. Two or three minutes a day will be sufficient to keep your stove shining and handsome. SUN PASTE will make your stove an ornament. It is always ready for use. Get it at your grocer's. Decline any substitutes. Insist on having the best. Costs you no more.

Made by MORSE BROTHERS, Proprietors RISINC SUN Stove Polish, Canton, Mass., U. S. A.



Streit Davenport Bed the simplest made

No covered mechanism. Nothing to get out of order. In the ordinary davenport bed, the mechanism is concealed. Upon hidden hinges, cogs and catches depend the change from davenport to bed. To repair these when broken, the upholstering must be torn up!

In the Streit, there are positively no mechanical devices, concealed or otherwise. Simply let down the back and you have a complete, full size double bed. Acts promptly. Can't fail, there is nothing about it to catch or break.

As a bed it is luxurious enough to offer any guest. Not a hint of a davenport about it.

Made in all styles, including Mission, Colonial, Louis XV, Empire, Etc., and in any material, leather, velour, tapestry, etc. The workmanship is careful and thorough—for example, all tufting is done with steel clinch buttons, guaranteed never to come out.

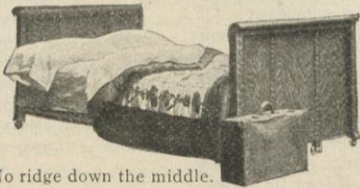
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Then go to your dealer's and order the one you like best. If, for any reason, it doesn't suit you, return it within thirty days and your money will be refunded. (This offer is on the Streit Guarantee Ticket, tied to every piece. Save it.)

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We have just published a portfolio of sketches, showing what other women have accomplished with small rooms. You would find it both interesting and helpful. May we send you a copy?



No ridge down the middle. Full-width head and foot-boards. Fully protected from drafts, your covers tuck in, your pillows stay on. Dust-proof wardrobe box under seat.



Card Parties

May I have suggestions for a card-party, how to assign guests, keep score and limit time? What prizes are appropriate? A. B.

THERE should be the necessary number of tables and chairs. Guests may be assigned to tables by having name cards at places. At euchre parties score may be kept by having at each place a small bag of silk, or other material, into which the winners put counters after each hand is played. The counters are distributed by one person. After the games each guest turns out the contents of the bags and counts his or her score. The games are played for two hours, the hostess announcing when the limit of time is near or over. A prize is given to the winner at each table. Losers at each table draw for a consolation prize. Duplicate prizes are given so that no partiality may be shown by a hostess. This rule applies also to the consolation prizes, which are pretty articles of a little less value than the prizes for winners. Useful or decorative things in glass, china, leather, or metal are given, or silk workbags, handkerchief cases, photograph frames, books, fans, key rings, hat pins, etc.

Household Linen

What amount of household linen should a bride have to begin housekeeping? How is it marked? LAURA J.

A moderate supply would be six sheets, six pillow cases, six bolster cases, three or four pairs of pillow shams, three or four spreads, five or six dozen towels. Table linen should include six tablecloths, six dozen napkins, and a good supply of embroidered or drawnwork centerpieces, side-board covers and doilies. White embroidered letters are used for linen. Monograms or separate initials may be used. They are from an inch to two inches in length. On sheets and pillow cases they are over the center of the hem; on table linen they are across one corner of the hem, or on napkins they may be in the center, to show when folded. The initials of a bride's maiden name should be used for household linen, the same as for her clothing and silver.

Use of the Fork, Knife, Spoon and Napkin

Which fork is used first when there are two or more forks at a place? How are the knife and fork placed when finishing with them? When is a spoon used? Should a napkin be folded when leaving the table? SYLVIA M. T.

The fork farthest from the plate is used first. The knife and fork are placed close together in the center of the plate when finishing. A tablespoon is for soup. A dessertspoon is used for berries or any soft dessert, custards, jellies or ice cream. A fork is used when possible for dessert. A guest at a single meal leaves a napkin unfolded when rising from a table. If staying for several days in a house it is well to watch the hostess and follow her example.

Announcing a Child's Birth

What is the best way to announce a birth? (Mrs.) T. J.

Notes, telegrams or other messages may be sent by a member of the family to those who may be interested. A method observed in some places is to send a small card on which is the baby's full name and date of birth, this little card being tied to the mother's visiting card with a narrow white ribbon. These cards may be sent when the child is three or four weeks old.

When Gloves are Worn or Removed

Will you tell me the rules about the wearing of gloves and what sort of gloves are appropriate to different occasions? ETHEL W.

Gloves are always worn in the street and should be put on before leaving the house. In winter dogskin gloves are for morning use. Suède or kid gloves are for church and afternoon visiting. White kid gloves are for formal luncheons, receptions, teas, dinners, theatre and evening wear. One removes gloves when taking one's seat at a luncheon or dinner; one puts them on again when returning to the drawing-room. It is not usual or necessary to remove gloves when taking a cup of tea or a small cake at a reception. Gloves are not worn when pouring tea or playing cards. One keeps on gloves at a standing-up supper, but removes them if at a sitting-down supper served in courses at tables. Gloves are worn by a hostess at a large at-home or an evening party, but not when she receives before a luncheon, card-party or dinner.

Rules for a Widow

How long does a widow wear mourning? What is the form for her card? E. J. M.

Two years is the period of mourning generally observed. Deep mourning is worn for a year or eighteen months. The veil may then be left off, or a shorter veil substituted. A widow may retain her mourning for three years or for life, if preferred, or continue to wear black always, although leaving off crape. A widow's card is her husband's name, the same as during his lifetime—Mrs. John Wood. MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

DIDN'T KNOW

That Coffee Contained a Drug.

There are still some well-informed persons who do not know that coffee contains a drug—caffeine.

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"I was drinking coffee twice a day, but did not know it was hurting me," writes a Neb. lady. "I don't think I had ever heard or read that coffee was harmful."

"Sometimes I couldn't lie down, had to sleep in a sitting posture, as the heart action was so slow. The doctor did not ask me if I drank coffee and the medicine I took did not seem to help me."

"Finally I got so bad I could not drink half a cup, as the dull, heavy pain around my heart would be worse. I stopped it for a while and felt some better, but was soon drinking it again, and felt the same distress as before."

"Then I decided coffee caused my trouble, also my husband's, for he complained of severe heartburn every morning after breakfast."

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"My old trouble has entirely left me and my husband has no more heartburn. I can say from experience now that Postum is the most wholesome of drinks; anyone can drink it three times a day without harm, but with decided benefit."

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Artistic Needlework

An Embroidered Coat and Some Laces

THREE or four years ago, when hand embroidery on shirt-waists and neckwear began its pronounced vogue, designers feared it was a fad of a season, whose length of life it was impossible to predict. Time has since proven it anything but a passing fancy, for it has grown and its influence has spread into quite unexpected places. We might naturally expect the fine eyelet and satin-stitch to be taken up exclusively by persons with plenty of leisure for the work. On the contrary, however, girls who go to business frequently devote a portion of their noon hour to working another figure or a few eyelets or scallops in a corset cover, hat or shirt-waist, and almost before they realize it, the piece is completed. Even the busy mother rarely rests feet and hands at the same time, and a pretty piece of embroidery is agreeable work, beside holding a pleasant vision of completion.



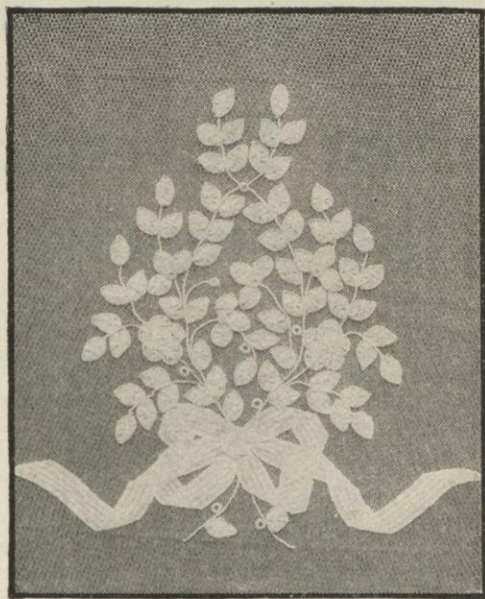
No. 1174—Baby's Jacket, made with a fine quality of piqué. We supply this pattern, stamped on the piqué, in sizes for one or three years, without materials for working, for 65 cents. Complete, with D. M. C. embroidery cotton, 90 cents. We will also send this pattern, together with all working materials, free to any one sending us three subscriptions at 50 cents each.

The little piqué jacket illustrated here belongs in this class of work. The embroidery is most effective, without being intricate or tedious. Similar models are sold, by children's outfitters, for six dollars, yet the beautiful little jacket may be produced for less than one dollar, plus the labor-of-love.

Of the perennial favor of braid laces there seems no question whatever. Of course there is good reason for this. Though intricate lace stitches require skill and practice, there are so many simple and effective joining stitches, that practically require neither, that no one need fear to under-

threads, making the groups of threads form a ladder. This is double work, but is well worth while.

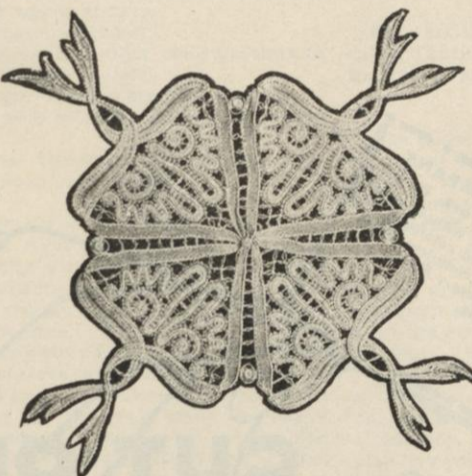
The design No. 1177 may be used either for a piano cover or the bottom of a lace curtain. It measures one and a quarter yard. If used for a curtain, it would be applied to net and hung, one curtain to a window, close to the glass. This sort of curtain is made to hang from the top of the window, but its lower edge reaches barely to the sill, in order that the lace may show plainly, from both the outside and inside, across the lower panes. This is another design



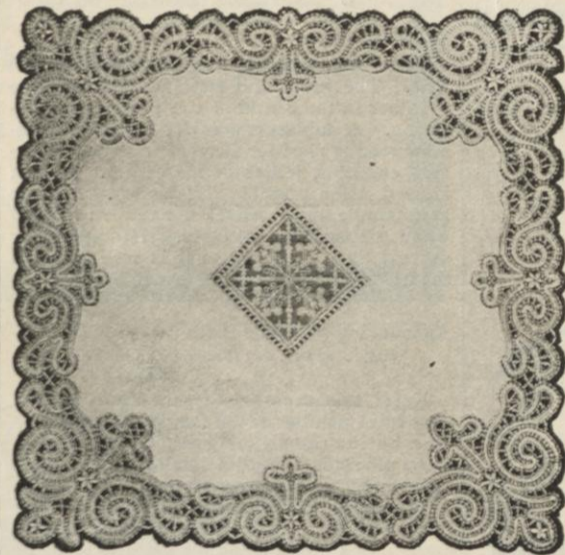
No. 1178—Vestibule Door or Sash Curtain, made with a combination of cord and tape braid to form the flowers. We will supply this pattern, stamped on pink cambric, without materials for working, for 20 cents. Complete, with all working materials, 85 cents. The net for this design, 1x1 1/2 yard, will cost 50 cents extra. We will also send this pattern, together with all working materials, not including net, free to anyone sending us three subscriptions at 50 cents each.

for which either Arabian or Renaissance braid may be used. The filling stitch in the larger spaces is in squares.

Marie Antoinette lace is the name usually given to the floral design No. 1178. The leaves and blossoms are made from wide, flat braid and the stems of cord. The treatment is rather different from other laces, where the braid is shaped to a continuous outline. A piece of braid is cut for each leaf and drawn into shape with needle and thread, then appliquéd to the net. The beauty of Marie Antoinette lace depends upon simplicity of form; practically no stitchery is shown. It is well liked for curtains and is also particularly desirable for a fancy bed-spread. The medallion illustrated might be used for that purpose, appliquéing it in the center and adding a border or a ruffle. The design is stamped on pink cambric. The net should be cut to correct size for the article to be made, and the cambric basted under the net to bring the medallion into the desired position. The stamped design may be seen through the net, and the leaves and blossoms should be shaped and basted in place. The net may be removed for the final sewing around the braid edges, but this is not absolutely necessary, as the cambric is glazed and presents a smooth surface to the needle, which is hardly likely to catch through it in sewing the braid to the net.



No. 1176—Centerpiece, made with Arabian lace braid. Size of pattern, 24 x 24 inches. We will supply this pattern, stamped on pink cambric, without materials for working, for 20 cents. Complete, with all working materials, \$1.25. Where Renaissance braid is desired, the pattern and materials for working will be supplied for 50 cents. We will also send this pattern, together with all working materials, in Arabian lace braid free to any one sending us five subscriptions at 50 cents each; or in Renaissance lace braid for two subscriptions at 50 cents each.



No. 1175—Table Cover, made with Cluny lace braid. Size of pattern, 32 x 32 inches. We will supply this pattern, stamped on pink cambric, without materials for working, for 25 cents. Complete, with all working materials, including the medallion for center, for \$2.00. Where Renaissance braid is desired, we will supply the pattern and complete working materials for \$1.30. We will also send this pattern, together with all working materials, in Cluny lace braid free to any one sending us nine subscriptions at 50 cents each; or in Renaissance lace braid for six subscriptions at 50 cents each.

take the work. The table cover, No. 1175, is of linen, edged with Cluny braid lace. Cluny lace is a bobbin and pillow lace, that requires a certain amount of skill and considerable patience in the making, but braids are woven in exact and faithful copies of the real lace and require little more than careful plain sewing in the making. The same design will develop equally well in Renaissance braid, which is less expensive but not quite so rich in effect.

The centerpiece, No. 1176, is quite unusual in design; this too may be produced in Renaissance braid, though the piece illustrated was made in Arabian braid. The latter braid is ecru in color and goes particularly well with furniture of fumed oak or the dark coloring of craftsman furnishings. The simplicity of the stitchery is plainly notable in the illustration. This piece might readily be enlarged into a cover for a large table, by preparing a square of linen the desired size, hemstitching the edges, and laying the lace piece in the center. Sew all the outer lace edges securely to the linen, then cut it away from under the lace, leaving only a narrow edge to roll back and overcast to make a neat finish. The form and transparency of the lace will be preserved in a cover of suitable size for any table. The linen should match the lace braid in color, whether Arabian or Renaissance be used. A rather wide hemstitching will look best, and it should be worked at both edges of the drawn

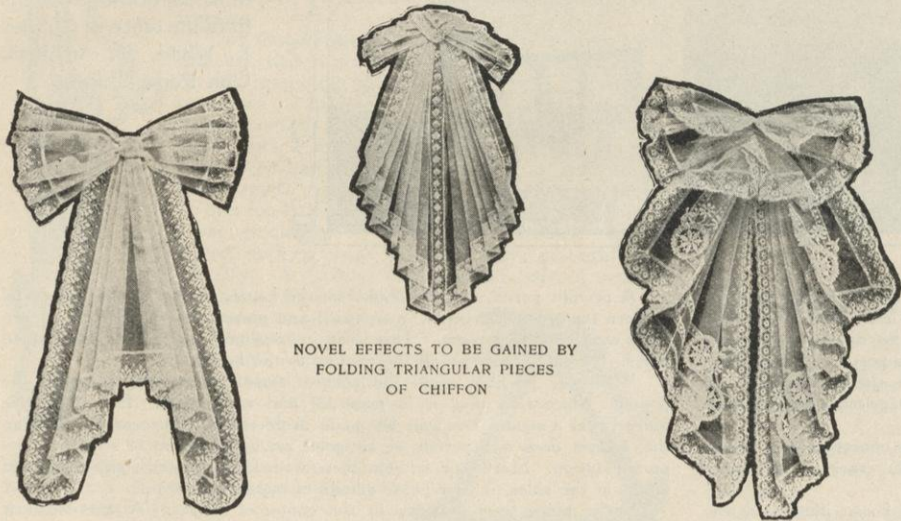


No. 1177—Piano Cover, or Bottom of Lace Curtain, made with Arabian lace braid. Size of pattern, 1 1/4 yard wide. We will supply this pattern, stamped on pink cambric, without materials for working, for 35 cents. Complete, with all working materials, \$1.65. If Renaissance lace braid is desired, price of pattern and materials for working, 85 cents. We will also send this pattern, together with all working materials in Arabian lace braid free to any one sending us seven subscriptions at 50 cents each; or in Renaissance lace braid for three subscriptions at 50 cents each.

Address all orders for patterns, with or without materials, to Artistic Needlework Department, The Ladies' World, Box 1973, New York City

Simple and Pretty Neckwear For Holiday Gifts

A CONVINCING demonstration of the value of intelligent labor is the price asked in the shops for pretty neckwear in comparison with the cost of its material. A bit of chiffon and some scraps of lace, carefully manipulated, become a thing of beauty and intrinsic value. Chiffon in a good quality has the advantage of washing, so these jabots and bows are not so perishable as one might suppose. As their principal beauty is in their shaping and folding, it is advisable to rip the stitches that hold them into shape and wash and iron them as a flat piece. In this way the cravat will be practically new after every renovation. The first three pieces shown demonstrate the different effects that may be gained by the clever folding of a



NOVEL EFFECTS TO BE GAINED BY FOLDING TRIANGULAR PIECES OF CHIFFON

triangle of chiffon. The first piece is made from a piece of chiffon that is six inches deep and measures sixteen inches across the lower edge, which is straight. The triangle so formed, being very much wider at the base than its height, the bias sides are quite long (ten inches in fact), and when the edges are neatly hemmed and the piece of chiffon is laid in three graduated plaits at each side of the center, the jabot effect is formed very prettily. The bow is a straight piece of chiffon, four and one-half inches wide and six inches long. The ends are hemmed and edged with lace, the piece plaited across and a small piece of chiffon tacked around the center.

In the central piece illustrated, the triangle is reversed, or, properly speaking, there are two, the bias edges (measuring nine inches) joined at the center by a row of narrow val insertion. The outer edges are straight and measure five inches, and the lower edges, which are nearly straight, biased only a very little, measure nine inches. The lace on this piece has a small solid dot, and every dot is worked over with blue embroidery silk.

The third cravat is composed of two triangles, but separated at the center. Each is edged with lace, and small lace medallions are inset along the lower edge, which is a sharp bias running from a depth of ten inches at the center to five at the outer edge. The chiffon is straight at the center. The bow is a straight piece of chiffon about the same size as the first, but the ends are slightly rounded and the lace is run entirely around. It is shirred across the center and falls easily, not in a set bow.

The construction of the next two cravats is easily seen. In both of them val lace is used, and the little flower design that runs through the insertion is worked over with embroidery silk, the same treatment being accorded the medallions that are applied. The second cravat has this medallion attached to a separate piece of chiffon that overlaps the plaited lower portion. The insertion is set, lengthwise, in the center of this overlapping piece.

The three neckpieces at the lower part of the page, though attractive and tasteful, are more suggestive of general utility and morning wear. The first is a pretty little turnover collar, with tabs and a bow at the front. It is made of pink chambray, embroidered with white lustre cotton, in scallops worked in buttonhole stitch. The bow and band are finished to match. Any pretty tinted lawn or linen could be used in the same way, and would add a pleasing bit of color to a white waist.

For the neck-bow in Hardanger embroidery, a very fine-meshed scrim was used, the square ends being a piece three by five and one-half inches, cut on the straight way of the goods, and the pointed ends worked on the bias. The design is very simple, employing only two stitches, the flat "Kloster" stitch, and a buttonhole stitch around the edge.

Begin at one of the square corners, and take five stitches side by side, over four threads of the cloth; lay another group of five stitches at right angles to the first, a third at right angles to the second, and a fourth to complete the tiny square. Make a row of these little squares all around, twelve across each end and twenty-one along each side, and buttonhole all around. Work the pointed piece with the same pattern of tiny squares to form a large square in each point, and a row along the sides; buttonhole all around the same as the other. Gather them through the middle, separately, and fasten them together with a narrow band worked with a row of the tiny squares.

The lace-edged collar is simply a straight strip of linen, daintily hemstitched all around, half on one side and half on the other, then folded over so that both right side edges come on the outside. The little

woven laces that are sold at any moderate price. On the jabot-frill down the center front of shirt-waists would be another disposition of this lace. The hemstitched edge may be used alone or with the knitted lace added. Sometimes a hem of a different color may be applied, which is done by making the hem like a binding, both edges turned in and the strip folded lengthwise through the center. The frill is cut wide enough to permit its edge to be inserted in the hem as far as the fold-line. This space is measured and threads are drawn where the hem edges come. The hemstitching is then done in the usual manner, except that both edges of the binding-hem must be caught in taking up the groups of drawn threads.

tabs are also hemstitched, and the whole is edged with the following narrow lace made of very fine thread:

Lace Edge—Cast on eight stitches. 1st row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2, over 3 times, knit 2. 2d row—Knit 3, seam 1, knit 3, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2. 3d row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 7. 4th row—Knit 7, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2. 5th row—Slip 1, knit 1, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 7. 6th row—Bind off 3, knit 3, over twice, seam 2 together, knit 2. Repeat from the first row.

Lace knitted from the finest cotton would still be stronger and wear better than the woven laces that are sold at any moderate price.

On the jabot-frill down the center front of shirt-waists would be another disposition of this lace. The hemstitched edge may be used alone or with the knitted lace added. Sometimes a hem of a different color may be applied, which is done by making the hem like a binding, both edges turned in and the strip folded lengthwise through the center. The frill is cut wide enough to permit its edge to be inserted in the hem as far as the fold-line. This space is measured and threads are drawn where the hem edges come. The hemstitching is then done in the usual manner, except that both edges of the binding-hem must be caught in taking up the groups of drawn threads.

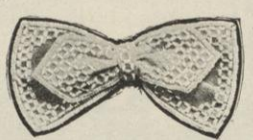
COLLAR EDGED WITH KNITTED LACE



VAL LACE, THE DESIGN WORKED OVER WITH EMBROIDERY SILK



PINK CHAMBRAY WITH BUTTON-HOLED SCALLOPS



NECK-BOW WITH HARD-ANGER EMBROIDERY



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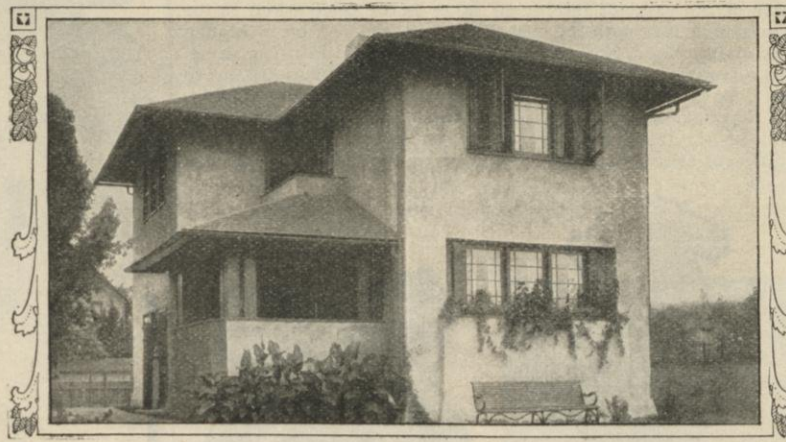
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A \$4,000 House for a Narrow Lot

A Cement Plastered House Planned for and Built on Forty Feet of Ground



This house, finished in southern pine, with oak floors on the first story, and furnace heat, can be built to-day for \$4,000.

The third of a series of actual house problems from the office of Charles E. White, Jr., Architect, Oak Park, Chicago

A \$4,000 House Project is really easier to conceive than one for \$2,000. For the same reason, a \$10,000 house is less difficult to design than one costing \$4,000. In each case practically the same requirements enter into the problem—a certain amount of utility—a portion of comfort—and a measure of art. The more generous the sum, the easier to obtain successful results. That is why architects usually charge more in proportion for small houses than for large ones.

A house design should always be qualified by the characteristics of the site. The narrow lot is perhaps the hardest nut to crack in an architectural scheme.

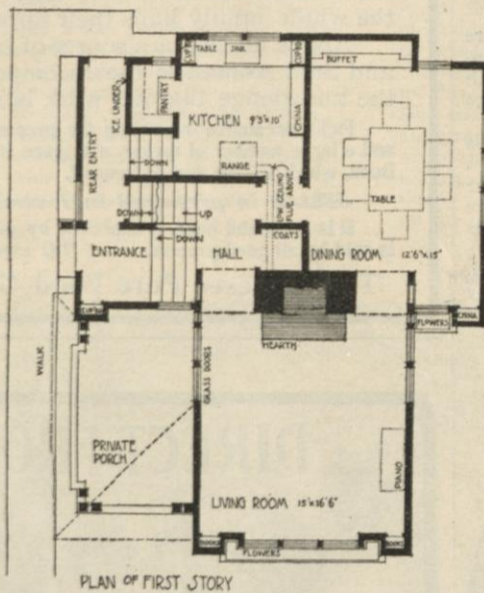
Forty feet is the width of the lot on which the house illustrated was built. The lot suggested the plan, which is, broadly speaking, shaped like the letter T, with the end toward the street. Such an arrangement gives an appearance of space on each side of the living room, and places the less important dining room and kitchen on the rear and more crowded portion of the site. The location of the living room across the front of the building suggested a side, rather than front entrance, in order to provide for the traffic of the entrance way, without encroaching upon the living room.

A private porch, entered only from the house, is one of the successful modern features. Screened in summer, and glazed in winter, it is a veritable outdoor sitting room. This is an improvement upon the old-fashioned porch, traveled across by all the visitors to the house.

Wherever possible avoid the square house type, notwithstanding the popular conception that it is beautiful and economical. It is very rare indeed that a square box can be made architecturally successful. In plan the square does not permit of so good an arrangement of rooms as the parallelogram. Start your scheme then, with an elongated square, and add wings at the sides, if your purse admits of more elaboration.

Never place your building in the center of the lot. Always locate it toward one side, and leave the wide side open for lawn or planting. The walk to the house should never extend diagonally from one corner, nor plough through the center of the lot. Locate it at one side, parallel with the lot line, so as not to cut the lawn into two equal portions.

The house illustrated here is plastered on the outside with cement plaster, in which was mixed a little lampblack, to produce a bluish-gray tone. The exterior woodwork was painted bronze green, and the sash painted white.



PLAN OF FIRST STORY

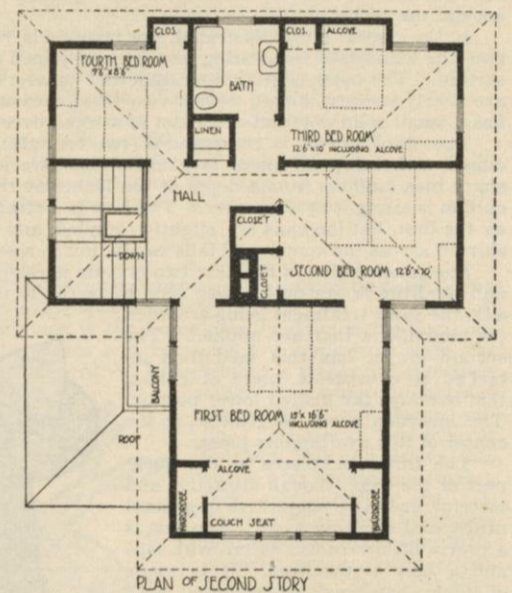
The arrangement of rooms

of the house presented here permitted of an unusually large living room, with light on three sides. The old-fashioned "back parlor" is, thank goodness, a thing of the past.

In a small house it is usually well to have the kitchen near the entrance hall and stairs. In this plan it will be noticed that one can go from the kitchen to the front door without disturbing the family. One can also go down to the laundry in the basement or up to the second story inconspicuously.

A buffet built into the dining-room is probably one of the most satisfactory investments that can be made. The buffet illustrated cost about fifty dollars.

A small kitchen is not only necessary in a small house, but is much to be desired in larger ones. The cool gas range now makes this possible where the coal range required more room.

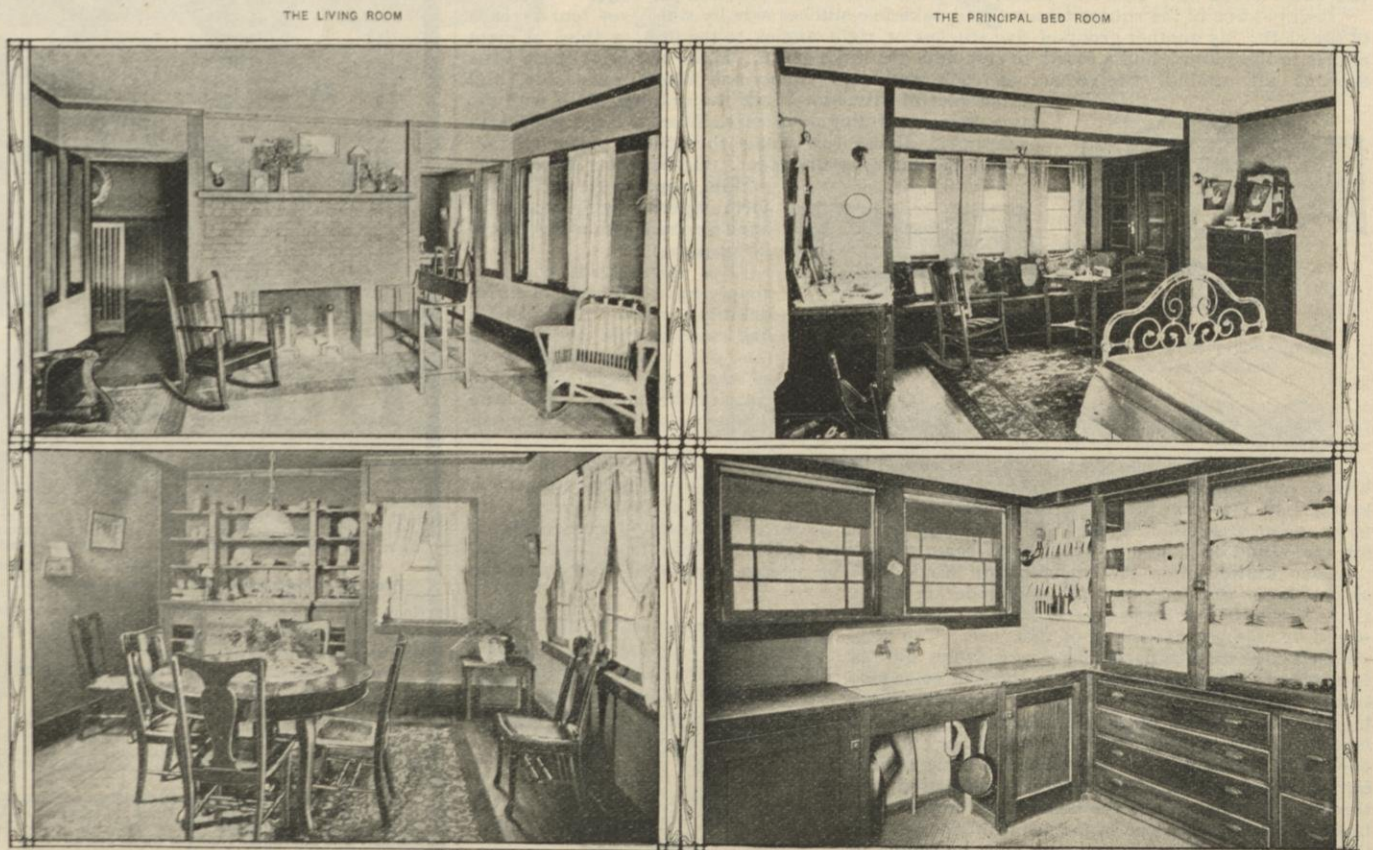


PLAN OF SECOND STORY

It is an excellent idea to have one of the bedrooms extra large— as large as two bedrooms—even if it becomes necessary to reduce the size of all the others. The principal bedroom in this scheme has an alcove at the ends fitted with a couch seat. Wardrobes are provided at each side, one for the master and one for the mistress. A couch seat is nothing more nor less than a seat, extra wide and long, comfortable enough for the afternoon nap. Of course it has a place underneath for the storage of bed clothing. Where provision is made in the basement for the storage of trunks, an

attic is unnecessary. It is well to have a trap door to the unfinished garret, with a trap in the roof directly overhead. These two traps can be rigged up with cord and pulleys, to be operated from the second story, for ventilation.

The rough plaster walls of this house were tinted soft tan, with orange ceilings. They are beautiful, sanitary, and wear excellently well. Plaster for tinting should be finished with rough sand. When finished with pigment water and glue, the surface has a soft variegated appearance, like plush.



THE LIVING ROOM

THE PRINCIPAL BED ROOM

THE DINING ROOM

THE KITCHEN IS ONE OF THE FEATURES

Christmas Gifts a Little Girl Can Make

ALTHOUGH sewing is now a part of every little girl's education, and the talent most likely to be turned to account for gift-making, the field of suggestion seems limited. A needle-book for Mother, spectacle-case for Grandma, and perhaps a book-marker of ribbon for some other member of the family, seem to exhaust the possibilities. It seems unfair for youthful industry to be obliged to repeat itself until monotony makes it irksome, so in the interests of its youthful readers THE LADIES' WORLD has gathered together bright ideas from several sources, hoping they may help in the coming holiday season. While these are all articles of utility, there is sufficient novelty of idea about them to make them attractive.

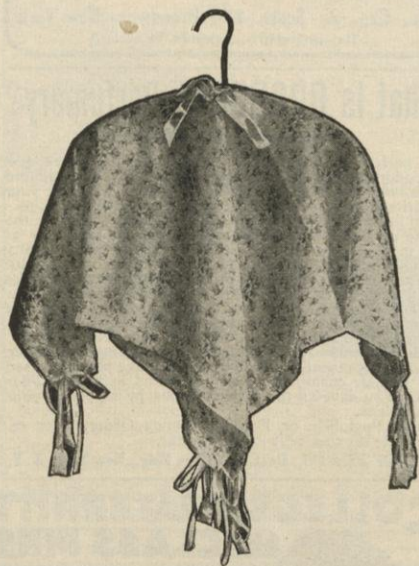


A DARNING EQUIPMENT

The first illustration represents a darning outfit that has this innovation to commend it—balls of thread matching the stockings worn by all the members of the family are strung on a ribbon that hangs from an enameled wooden ring. With tan, white, black and gray stockings in the darning-basket or bag awaiting mending, it will not be necessary to institute a search through work-basket or box for "that ball of darning cotton to match these stockings." Time and patience may be saved, making work progress more smoothly and quickly. A darning ball, a small pair of scissors for cutting threads and an emery cushion, hung by separate ribbons from the same ring; and I think the equipment would be more complete with a small needle-case supplied with darning-needles. The scissors may be omitted if their purchase adds too much to the cost.

The next illustration is a sewing outfit, but for an entirely different purpose. It is a gift for the presiding genius of the kitchen and cook-stove. When I was a schoolgirl, our teacher one day, to test the household knowledge of the class (we did not have cooking and domestic science classes then) asked a classmate, "What does it mean to baste a chicken?" and poor Sally glibly answered, "To sew it up after the stuffing has been put in." Then those of us whose mothers were teaching us to cook laughed exultingly, in our superior knowledge. The mistake, for which our English language is to blame, was natural enough, and it is for this kind of "basting" that the cook's sewing-board is prepared. The foundation may be wood or heavy cardboard. If the latter, the front covering is neatly turned over the edges, and held by threads, that cross the back from side to side and end to end—only enough threads to hold it in place. The back-covering (it may be the same as the front or a piece of colored cambric or calico) is cut the right size, allowing a turn-in all around. This is turned in, then the edges of front and back cover are overhanded together, tacking first at the four corners, in order to keep the edges even. If a wooden board foundation is used, the coverings may be secured to it by tacks. A spool of coarse cotton, about No. 10, is threaded on a length of ribbon and swung at the top. Two leaves of flannel, pinked at the edges, are sewed or tacked in place and supplied with needles, coarse enough to carry the thread. A band of ribbon is placed across one corner, for the scissors to be slipped into, and a smaller band at the other is for a comfortable thimble. If the cardboard foundation is used, these ribbons and the needle-leaves should be sewed on, through the cardboard, before the back covering is put on.

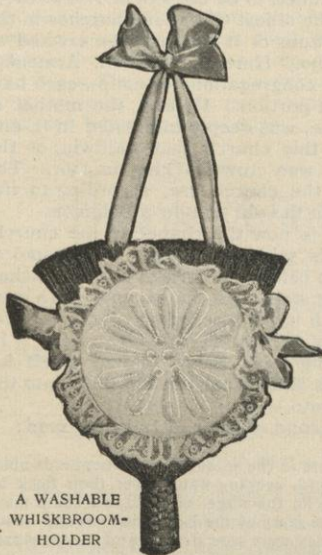
The cover for a waist, to protect it from dust when hung away in the closet, is made of a square of pretty flowered lawn, hemmed on all its edges. The top of the hem is worked with featherstitching, and one or two small satchet-bags, made of ribbon, and loops and ends of baby-ribbon, are tacked at each corner.



TO PROTECT AND PERFUME THE WAIST

In the exact center a round hole is cut, to permit the hook of the hanger to be slipped through. Baste a piece of cord (grocers' cord will do nicely) around the edge of the hole, and buttonhole-stitch over it with the same thread used for featherstitching. The cord is to strengthen the edges and prevent tearing.

The whiskbroom-holder is made of two discs of cardboard, both of them covered in the manner described for overhanding together the front and back coverings on the kitchen sewing-board. A simple design in Wallachian embroidery is worked on the linen piece that is to form the front, and after this disc is covered, both back and front, a frill of lace is overhanded around the edge. Tack the two discs together at each side with a bow of ribbon, and to the back disc tack two ends of ribbon by which to hang it up. A variation on this model would be to embroider the initials or monogram of the person for whom it is intended on the front. The Wallachian design, however, is more easily done when one is not practiced in embroidery.



A WASHABLE WHISKBROOM-HOLDER

The pin screen is an attractive little ornament for the dressing-table. It may be made of linen or silk and embroidered, or pretty brocade or flowered silk or ribbon might be used. The screen is cut in three panels. They are of cardboard, two pieces for each panel, both covered, and the two coverings overhanded together at the edges. The ribbons, crossing each panel, into which the pins are thrust, should be firmly secured to the foundation board, the ends concealed between the coverings of the front and back. The panels are connected by hinges, formed of embroidery silk, caught across from one panel to the next, to form several strands, then buttonholed over. Glass-headed pins decorate the top of each panel, and one is thrust in each corner of the bottom, to form a foot.

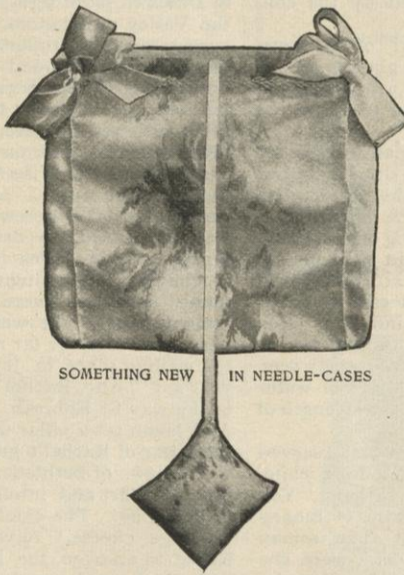
Another kitchen convenience is the "straw vase" for cake-testers. We all know the cook's preference for a broom corn for this purpose, and here she has them ready to her hand, without the necessity of breaking one out of the broom or whisk each time it is needed. The cardboard foundation is covered with brown linen. On it is lettered the rhyme:

"Please try a straw for testing cake;
For vegetables a needle take."

A small glass tube (they are sold in the department stores for hat-pin holders) is held to the board by bands of black embroidery silk. A bunch of straws from a whisk-broom is put in this tube, and should be kept replenished.

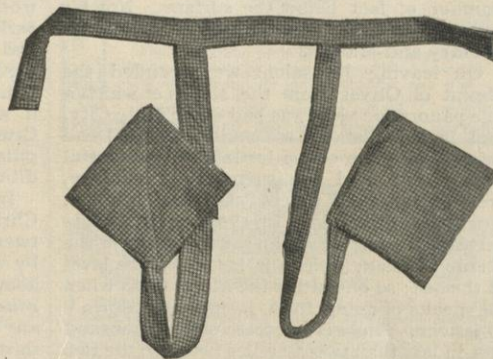
A needlecase, out of the ordinary in form, is shown in the next illustration. It is made of a strip of flowered ribbon about three and one-half inches wide.

A narrow strip of the same is overhanded into each end, forming a little bag. The wide ribbon is hemmed at each cut end and a length of whalebone run in each hem. The flannel leaves for needles are tacked inside, and a small pincushion is held, safe from straying, by a length of narrow ribbon. There are many possibilities in this little bag suggestion, for it may be fitted out for various purposes.

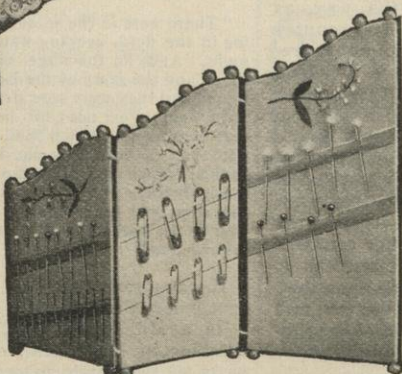


SOMETHING NEW IN NEEDLE-CASES

The last gift illustrated may be described by that much-discussed adjective, homely. Every housewife knows the vexation of, "Where is that holder?" when the stove has become too hot and the bread is burning. If she dons this belt, to which are attached two good, substantial holders, she will many times bless the small hands that made such an ever-present help. Gingham was used in this case. Ticking, denim or any stout material may be substituted. Make the filling of the holders of layers of old cloth. Perhaps a better suggestion is to use asbestos holders, that may be bought in the house-furnishing department of all stores, and let the gingham provide a cover, that may be taken off to be laundered and replaced at the cost of only a few stitches. Asbestos by the sheet is also to be found in the house-furnishing department, and may serve a variety of purposes. A case, either in book or portfolio form, may be made of cartridge paper or even stout wrapping paper. A dozen or more sheets of asbestos may be slipped into this, completing a present that the housekeeper will appreciate. Many of the large shops have adopted wrapping paper and twine of a certain color as a distinctive mark for their parcels, and these materials may both be turned to good advantage if one has a quick perception for pos-



AN ANSWER TO "WHERE'S THE HOLDER?"



A DECORATIVE PIN SCREEN

sibilities. Asbestos sheets cut to shape, and in size only a trifle smaller than the doilies, may be placed under those upon which hot dishes are to be placed, giving additional protection to the table. A piece of cambric, run lightly to the underside of the doily, will serve as a pocket, in which the asbestos may be slipped.

A bag containing dust-cloths made of cheese-cloth, neatly hemmed, makes an acceptable present. It may be planned for a certain room, by matching the color of the room's furnishing.



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while your dealer has a variety of patterns to show. Remember that there's something in the silver line for everybody. Table silver, toilet silver, articles for children, articles for men. When purchasing bear in mind that

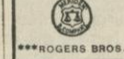
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Silver Cream is the finest, safest and easiest to use of all silver polishes. It cannot scratch, mar or wear away the surface, but gives a beautiful, lustrous polish that makes her silverware the housewife's pride. So easy to use that cleaning the silver becomes a pleasure.



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Send 10c. for sample box.
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I've a Little Blue-Eyed Lassie

Words and music by R. M. STULTS.
Author of "SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD."

Andante con Espress.

mf

1. Down in sun - ny Car - o - li - na, Where the cot - ton blos - soms blow, 'Mid the jas - mine and mag - no - lia Lives the
2. Down in sun - ny Car - o - li - na, There my heart first learned to love; There the hap - pi - ness of woo - ing Seemed like

mf

Ped. * *Ped.* *

sweet - est lass I know. She has eyes so blue and ten - der, And a face so near di - vine, That I
rap - ture from a - bove. Oh, the hap - py hours of free - dom Seem to me a gold - en dream, When we

Ped. *

f rall. *a tempo.*

fain would call her "an - gel" — This sweet South - ern lass of mine. And her smile is like the sun - shine Beam - ing
gli - ded in the sun - light On the bos - om of the stream; Or, per - chance, be - neath some bow - er, In a

rall. *a tempo.* *f* *calla voce.*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

bright - ly all the day, She has tress - es, wav - ing, gold - en, Fair as flow'rs that bloom in May. Oh, the gold - en days of
rus - tic, sha - dy cove, Where the oar - tips kissed the lil - ies, Told the sto - ry of our love. How the ra - diance of her

rall. *f*

rall. *f*

spring - time Are made joy - ful with her song, As we, hand in hand, to - geth - er Through the mead - ows stroll a - long.
beau - ty Ri - valled e'en the glist - ning day, Down in sun - ny Car - o - li - na In the flow - ery month of May.

ff *rall.* *Ped.* *

REFRAIN.

mf

I've a lit - tle blue - eyed las - sie, My sweet Car - o - line. She's a lit - tle blue - eyed las - sie, This sweet - heart of mine. She has

ff *rall.* *mp* *1.* *2 ending ad lib.* *ff*

dim - pled cheeks like ro - ses In the morn - ing dew a - glow — She's my lit - tle blue - eyed las - sie, And I love her so — love her so.

ff *rall.* *ff*

Nestlé's Food

BEST FOR BABIES

If your baby doesn't thrive under the present diet, give him a change.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD is probably just the change he needs



BABY PIEPER
HARTFORD CONN.

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To prepare, you simply add water and boil.

We have a new book on Infant Hygiene which we will send to you with large trial package NESTLÉ'S FOOD (enough for 12 feedings) free on request.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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HENRI NESTLÉ, 75 Warren Street, New York.
Please send me, free, your book and trial package.
Mrs. Street Town State L. W.

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Antiseptic, preserves while it beautifies—sweetens the breath—hardens the gums—whitens the teeth—a leading dentifrice for a Third of a Century

Preserves while it Beautifies

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

25c

At all Druggists (Sent postpaid if yours hasn't it.)

STRONG'S ARNICA JELLY
Ideal for sunburn, keeps the skin soft and smooth; nothing better for chaps, pimples, burns, bruises and all eruptions. The collapsible metal tube is convenient and unbreakable. If your dealer hasn't it, send to us. Sent postpaid for 25c. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906; Serial No. 1612.

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Elsie and the Arkansaw Bear

A Story for Children

By Albert Bigelow Paine

Illustrations by Frank Verbeck

PART VII



UT I must tell you something more about that procession which conducted Elsie to the headquarters of Horatio's colony.

As I told you in the last chapter, Elsie walked between Horatio and his brother Jasper, singing as if her heart would break, while Horatio fiddled for dear life. And before and behind these, and on each side and overhead, moved the wonderful procession. In the very lead were two great deer with antlers, and on one side and on the other of them walked the does, their heads all high, sniffing the morning air. Behind these came the bears—big bears, walking in a great black group; she bears, followed by a great many little ones, who scampered and rolled over in joy at the sound of the music and the prospect of great celebration, while behind these walked Elsie and her companions. And on the right and on the left of them there walked a number of great gray panthers that looked like huge cats and carried their tails straight up in the air, and purred loudly in time to the music, just as happy and good-natured cats might do. There were some little panthers, too, but they mingled with the little bears, tumbling about with them, pretending to fight and claw and scuffle, just as children will when they are very happy and want to show off before company. At the end of the procession came a group of 'possums and coons, and behind all a pack of wolves and foxes, who sat down every little way to bark and howl, like dogs, and so make known their joy. The wolves and foxes were thought to be not thoroughly civilized as yet. Only one or two of them could speak any words in the language of men, and they were not always well-mannered, for which reason they had to take the rear of every long procession when the forest people roamed together through the Great Swamp Woods. The deer were allowed to march ahead, because they were so gentle and well-behaved, and because it was thought the bucks, with their big branchy antlers, made the best show; also, to prove the trust and friendship between all the animals of the colony—the deer in the old savage days having been the prey of the bear, the panther and the wolf.

As Elsie marched along, singing, she could not really believe that she was awake. It was all too strange and wonderful to reason about, at all. So she didn't try to think, but just sang on and on, and forgot the world and all her troubles, everything except the morning woods and the friendly beasts around her.

But presently, just as she had finished a verse and was about to begin again, she saw the big-antlered bucks ahead of her stop and divide to the right and to the left, and then the bears that walked behind divided, too, and made an open path, like the way that opened through the Red Sea, Elsie thought.

Then, very proudly, Horatio and Jasper, with the little girl between them, marched down the open way, while all the animals set up a great noise of grunting and growling and barking and howling and chattering, mingled with some strangely sounding words in men's language, from those who had learned to speak. A few (and these were mostly bears) called out in very deep voices, "Hurrah for Elsie!" though the most of them pronounced her name Elgy or Elzy, for there is no s in the bear tongue, and the sound is very hard for them to learn. And there were some who were just learning to speak and had only learned one or two hurrahs and such things, which they could repeat like parrots, without knowing exactly what they meant. And some of these shouted "There's no place like home!" and others shouted "Hurrah for Horatio!" and one or two called out, "Hurrah for Brother Jasper!" while one very excited squirrel squeaked out, "Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" and missed the branch he jumped for, tumbled right down in front of Elsie, and then jumped up again very quickly and scrambled for a tree, as if the whole procession were after him.

"A foolish fellow," whispered Horatio to Elsie. "The squirrels are mostly that way—just a chattering, noisy lot, that never really will try to learn anything useful. This is about the only one who can say a few words, and you see what he is."

But they were at their journey's end now, for Elsie saw that they were coming near to a big log cabin, but it was so covered with vines and moss that she had mistaken it at first for the side of a cliff. It was the same lumber camp which Bo had visited nine years before, but older and more overgrown. Nature was claiming it, just as she will always claim anything that man builds, unless he stays close by to protect it.

The animals gave one more great round of applause as Horatio and Jasper, with Elsie between them, marched into the open door. Then they began a series of caperings and antics outside the great cabin, making such a clamor that Horatio had to step to the door and give some orders in animal language, some of which must have meant silence, for the menagerie outside became quieter, though a good many of the little ones stayed around the door or climbed up to peek in the windows, as children will.

Elsie found herself in a big room, with a fireplace at one end and a stairway at the other. It had once been the dining-room of the lumbermen, and was now used by Horatio and Jasper as a sort of council chamber and general headquarters of the bear colony. Sometimes, too, when the weather was too bad to teach outside, it had been used for the animal school.

"Elsie," said Horatio, when they were inside, and it had grown quieter without, "you are ruler here, now; you can have anyone to live with you in this house that you want, and you can have the best rooms up-stairs, or all of them if you want them. You are going to be the queen of this colony, and if you want to begin by cutting off my head, you may."

"Oh, Horatio!" cried Elsie. "Oh, dear, good, kind old Horatio! You are going to live here with me forever and ever, of course, and your brother, and as many of your family and friends as you want. Only, of course, I'll have to get a little—just a little—used to them, first, before I could lie down and sleep comfortably with so many."

"Don't you worry, Elsie; not one of them is coming here unless you send for him. And if this colony troubles you, I'll eat it up, as I told you, beginning at the deer and eating all the way down. This is your house from this moment—the house of Queen Elsie the First—and long may she wave!"

"Somebody must have heard that outside, for another riot of shouting and noise broke loose, and Horatio had to go to the door to command peace. Elsie, meantime, was looking about the cabin.

"And may I have fire in the fireplace?" she asked anxiously, looking at Horatio and Jasper, for she knew that most wild animals dislike fire.

"You can have whatever you like, and can get, Elsie, but I'm afraid it will be hard to make fire without matches, and I didn't think to borrow any that night we parted from the Watson boys."

"But I have matches!" said Elsie. "The Watson boys always had me carry a box, because they knew I would keep them dry. I have them right here in my pocket."

Horatio grinned. "Good for you, Elsie! Now you can have things cooked. I've been worried about that a good deal. I was afraid you'd get tired of fruit and nuts and such things, and might not learn to eat other things raw. We let the fire go out, after Bo went away, and it's never been made since. We'll make one, now."

He went to the door, and must have given some orders, for pretty soon some little bears came hurrying in with armfuls of wood, which they laid down and then scampered out again, looking back at Elsie, over their shoulders, as they ran. Horatio arranged the wood in the big fireplace, then Elsie struck a match and soon a flame was crackling up the old chimney.

"How that does remind me of Bosphorus!" sighed Horatio. "He always liked to have a fire. He said it made things so cheerful and cozy, especially mornings and evenings, and I got so I thought so, too, though the rest of the colony always seemed a little suspicious of it. Now I'll show you up-stairs, Elsie."

The top floor was divided into four good-sized rooms. Elsie chose for herself one that looked to the south and east, and had a big tree just outside the window.

"And what can I sleep on?" she asked, looking at the bare floor.

"Never you mind about that. I'll get those little bears to work at once, carrying balsam boughs, and you will have a bed fit for any queen."

Horatio leaned out of one of the windows and grunted something to one of the little bears below. Elsie saw them go scampering off into the woods. Then she and Horatio went back down-stairs, and there they found, lying on the hearth before the fire, two fine fish and what seemed to be a nice rabbit, all dressed and ready for cooking.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Elsie, "where did those come from?"

"Those fish are from the Otter!" said Horatio. "He doesn't care much for being civilized, and doesn't often show himself, but he's the best fisherman in the colony. The rest of us just make believe we're fishing, and sit around with a pole and one of those lines and hooks that Bo left."

"But the Otter laughs at us. He says you can't wait for fish to come to you; you must go after them. And the Otter does go after them, and always brings home a good mess."

Elsie was eyeing the dressed rabbit. "Ratio," she asked, "who caught that?"

Horatio looked at it critically. "Well," he said, "it looks like the work of One-eyed Jim, the panther. He generally takes them like that, without any scars, and skins them in that neat, handy way."

"But," said Elsie, "don't rabbits belong to the colony?"

"Well, yes," said Horatio, "they belong to it, but they are not exactly members of it. We asked them to come in, at first, out of politeness, but they were timid about joining, and it was just as well. We didn't really need them—not in that way. So they belong to us now a good deal as chickens belong to men. We are pretty good to them, of course, and see that they are fed and taken care of, just as men see that their fowls and domestic animals are taken care of, and sometimes made pets of, until they want to eat them."

"Ratio!" said Elsie, looking shocked. "I never thought of it in that way before, and I wouldn't eat this rabbit, now, if it were not already killed and I were not so hungry."

"I know," nodded Ratio. "We're all that way, a good deal. We don't care to eat things alive, especially when we're not hungry. To-morrow we'll have a squirrel for you."

"But the squirrels belong to the colony!"

"No, they just think they do. They're like the chickens, too. Chickens caper and cackle up and down and make a great fuss about being civilized and like folks. Then suddenly one of them gets in the way of the axe and the folks have him for dinner. Chickens and squirrels have to hunt in very remote places if they want to be safe about meal-time."

"Dear me," said Elsie, "I don't believe I like that. I had planned to have a pet squirrel."

"Oh, you can have one! a dozen—fifty of them, if you like. Nobody will touch your squirrels. If he does, he'll go into the frying-pan himself."

While he talked, Horatio had been browning one of the fish over the coals, at the end of long stick. Now he laid it on a clean piece of birch bark in front of Elsie.



HORATIO AND JASPER, WITH ELSIE BETWEEN THEM, MARCHED INTO THE OPEN DOOR

"Try that," he said.
 Elsie tasted the nicely cooked fish.
 "It is very good—very good indeed," she nodded, "if it only had a little—just a little—salt."
 Horatio laughed.
 "That's so!" he said, "of course! I forgot that. There's a whole barrel of it over there, under the stairs. The lumbermen didn't take it away with them. Bo used to like it, but nobody's touched it since. I had forgotten it entirely."
 He went over and brought some on a piece of bark. Elsie sprinkled a little on the fish and tasted it.
 "Oh, 'Ratio, that makes it delicious!"
 Horatio nodded.
 "I'll just slip out now and get something substantial for myself," he said.
 (TO BE CONTINUED)

Puzzles and Prizes

This is the second of a new series of puzzles. We will give \$25.00 in prizes for the correct solution of the four pictures at the top and the inscription at the foot (the letters are simply jumbled together and one omitted from each word), when accompanied by an article limited to 75 words, describing the happiest Thanksgiving Day in your lives.

The Prizes will be given as follows:

- For a correct solution and, in our judgment, the best article, . . . \$5.00
 - For a correct solution and, in our judgment, the second best article, . . . 3.00
 - For a correct solution and, in our judgment, the next best article, . . . 2.00
- The fifteen next in order of merit will receive \$1.00 each.

A list of the prize-winners will be given in the January number.

The Locomotive—Second of a New Series

IN last month's issue we had as our subject for the puzzle that latest exponent of the inventive age, the airship. To-day we have before us the locomotive, hardly less interesting as an invention of man's active brain. When we consider that this locomotive in a much more simple and undeveloped form was not so many years ago in just as problematical a state as the airship is to-day, then we may well have hopes for the further development of the airship. Concentration of mind and enthusiastic interest will solve the problem, and, incidentally, it will solve the "Locomotive Puzzle."

If you will concentrate your mind for a short time and think hard and look well, then you will find hidden among the intricate combination of rods and wheels and cogs and spokes of the locomotive six letters of the alphabet. When you have found the six letters just arrange them in proper rotation, and lo! they spell the name of a part of the locomotive—a very important part indeed. Without this one part the power of this tremendous steam vehicle would be naught—without it we could not speed along on the glittering steel rails through beautiful country sites, valleys and cities. We have in the three small panels, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, the names of three cities, which all depend on railroad traffic for further development. Can you guess the names? To solve them, carefully notice the plus and minus signs, as you would in arithmetic.

Last, and possibly the most difficult to solve, is the sentence in the bottom panel. Arrange the letters of each word correctly, add one missing letter to each word, and you will be able to read the sentence without trouble.

The competition is open freely to all, without charge or consideration of any kind, and prospective contestants need not be subscribers for the publication. The use of this form will be a convenience to us, although not necessary. Letters will not be opened until November 5th, and the competition closes November 10th. Address Puzzles and Prizes, The Ladies' World, P. O. Box 1973, New York.

My solution of the Second of a New Series is:

1. The inscription at the foot is
2.
3.
4.

THE ANSWERS TO THE SEPTEMBER PUZZLES are: 1—Martinsburg. 2—Raleigh. 3—Concord. 4. Winfield. INSCRIPTION: A new and very fascinating series of pictures begins with October.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS: 1st—Lisabeth M. Lutton, Nebraska; 2nd—Mrs. Harry Williams, Tennessee; 3rd—Mrs. Nettie C. Hammer, Illinois. Mrs. George F. Lumb, Pennsylvania; Mrs. J. Wm. Boss, Canada; L. F. Iverson, New York; Mary D. Williams, Massachusetts; Ethel M. Hoadley, Oregon; I. F. Smith, New York; J. A. Evans, Pennsylvania; Fanny Crawford, Mississippi; Mrs. M. C. Dow, California; G. E. Elmer, Rhode Island; Orra McFarland, Ohio; E. S. Severn, Illinois; Mrs. Adeline Armstrong, New York; Mrs. R. D. Cobb, Texas; Mary C. Sonnenleiter, Maryland.



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FASHIONS AND DRESSMAKING

Conducted by  Helen D. Purdy

The Newest Ideas in Girdles and Sashes

THERE come times when it seems necessary to concentrate the mind on the fact that good dressing is largely an individual matter. With any radical change in style-outline (silhouette, the French people aptly call it) it is well to consider your figure—take a personal stock account, as it were—realizing the good lines which must be retained and any undesirable features that may be disguised or improved. The beginning of the autumn and winter seasons were beset with rumors that were most disquieting, proclaiming the vogue of the extreme and impossible. It really was not worth while to fret over the matter, for good sense, like truth, is mighty and must prevail. When we are threatened with the loss of the waistline, the time for serious consideration has come. As a matter of fact the winter's styles are cause for self-congratulation, partly because less material is required in the making, and the combinations of materials afford the most satisfactory conditions for remodeling. The vogue of the separate coat is another feature that will appeal for many reasons. The costume with skirt and waist corresponding or cut in princess, or united by the girdle that makes the princess effect, appeals especially strongly to the woman of mature years, to whom the separate waist always seemed lacking in dignity.

It is in the accessories of costume that many novelties are presented this season, and they all have a distinctive bearing on up-to-date dress. One might almost consider them of greater importance than the gown itself. Neck and waist dressings show the greatest novelties, ruches of every description would seem to permit a choice for everyone, though they are best suited to slender necks and faces; a wide ruche especially has a tendency to impart to a full face a cup-and-saucer effect that is not entirely pleasing. Neck dressing that shall be becoming is a trying problem to the possessor of a short, plump neck. The collar should be carefully fitted and as close at the sides as possible, and when, as now, fashion demands a ruche finish, it should be narrow and flat. For the woman with a slender neck there are many fascinating neck pieces, and practically all of them may be produced at home. A lace band with a ruche on both edges is a favorite form, and a linen band with a narrow plaiting of lawn or fine linen at the upper edge and a wide plaiting at the lower, is immensely becoming to a young face. These are called nuns' collars. The lower plaiting may deepen into a point at the front and is at least four inches deep at the sides and back. Deep lace frills at the wrist are revived for both dress and coat sleeves, a fashion that should be welcomed for its good effect on the hand. Naturally their use in the latter case will be confined to fancy coats; they would be rather out of place in the sleeves of a severely plain tailored coat. These severely plain coats, semi-fitting and neatly tailored, are by no means driven out by the more elaborate models, with trimmings, revers and even sashes of the Empire period. This plain coat has made a place of its own, even in Paris, where it is known as the "American coat."

It is the girdle with sash ends that will be most gladly received of all the newer accessories, and its use will go a long way toward transforming a last season's gown. Almost every gown turned out by a first-class dressmaker has this finish, and in the arrangement of the sash is no inconsiderable part of the gown's effect. It becomes in some cases practically a drapery. Two girdles are illustrated here, representing different arrangements of the sash ends. Both girdles may be made on the fitted foundation found in pattern No. 1091, shown in THE LADIES' WORLD for October. The simpler of the two is made of black ribbon velvet. Several rows (according to the width of the girdle) are laid in plaits and tacked to the boned foundation. Two ends, of unequal length, are then tacked at the left side under a loose knot of the ribbon. The ends are gathered together and finished with a silk tassel. The second girdle is made of white satin and is intended, of course, for evening wear. This, too, may be made by the same pattern. The bias girdle portion is shirred over cords that cross its width at spaces of about five inches, and tacked to the foundation. The sash is draped high on the right side of the girdle and knotted to fall loosely over the skirt on the left side. There are two smaller features in this girdle

illustration that are of interest. One is the ball tassels knotted from satin-covered cord, and the other is the large satin-covered button that apparently secures the sash to the girdle. Both are strong trimming features apart from their association with the sash. Tassels and pendants of all kinds are used made of silk, cord, braid, or, as in this case, the material of the garment.



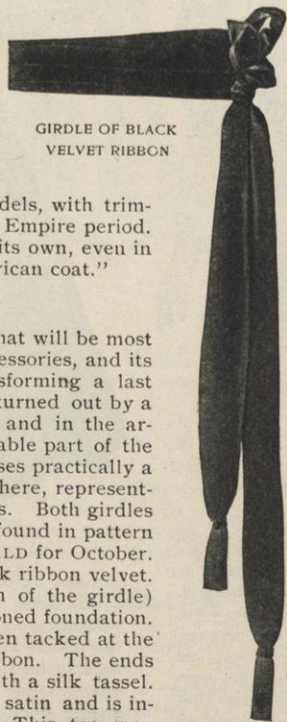
ARRANGEMENT OF SASH AND HAIR RIBBON

Buttons grow rather than decrease in favor, and are used alike on waists, skirts or coats. The wooden mold is the usual foundation, though if a different shape (a square, for instance) is wanted, the foundation may be cut from stiff cardboard. The round shape is most popular and is well-liked framed in a plaited frill of ribbon or silk. The buttons are quite large and as a trimming have something of a medallion effect. Fringes, tassels and pendant ornaments of all sorts, when judiciously used, are good. Satin-covered cord is used in much the same manner as braid, which it frequently replaces. What is called a homemade look, applied as a term of disapprobation to a gown, may, in quite another sense of the word, be applied to most attractive trimmings and ornaments. There certainly must be originality to commend the ornamentation that is designed and made for each gown individually.

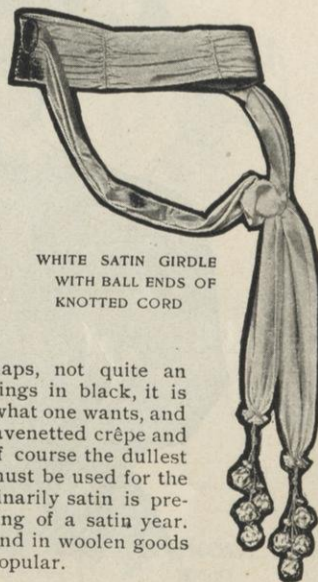
In gathering together the materials for a gown, harmony, not contrast, is the idea to bear in mind. While different tones of one color may be employed to advantage, no second color enters the composition this season, except in tiniest touches in the trimmings. In the matter of favorite colors, darker shades have the preference, and black, either alone or in combination with white—"Maggie combination," it is called—promises to become very popular. A black gown has distinct value and a place in every wardrobe, even when light colors are preferred. There is a prejudiced idea that black is unbecoming to a woman of advancing years, but there is really no foundation for this notion; quite the contrary, in fact. No matter what the color of the gown, its treatment at the neck determines its effect upon the face. That is why the

chemisette and small yokes of lace or soft white chiffon have established themselves so firmly, and the newest neck pieces show an increased quantity of lace and other white stuff in their making. Black gowns generally has the dual advantage of distinction and economy. The well-planned black gown will look well for every occasion, yet not insistently proclaim itself as a color may. No matter what the gown's color may be, hard lines at face and hands are to be avoided. If all-black mourning precludes a white finish, the line must be softened by using a transparent material. Though there is, perhaps, not quite an equal variety of ready-made ruchings in black, it is not a difficult matter to make just what one wants, and the home-laundrying qualities of cravenetted crêpe and veiling should be remembered. Of course the dullest of black gros-grain ribbon or silk must be used for the girdle of such dresses, though ordinarily satin is preferred. It is, by the way, something of a satin year. It is made up into entire gowns, and in woolen goods those with a satin finish are most popular.

Sashes for misses' dresses require the boned girdle support for the benefit of the beautiful ribbons that are used. The doubling-over, stringy process would mean too great sacrifice. The large illustration on this page shows a pretty sash arrangement for a young girl's evening or party dress, with a suggestion for hair-dressing and hair-ribbons. Ribbons are likely to play a prominent part in dress this winter. Many of the floral effects are exquisite. Some wide sash ribbons show these rich blossoms on a background of woven gold threads. This savors rather too much of "painting the lily"; the flowers in delicate colors on white or lightly tinted ground seem in better taste. The girdle is tacked to its foundation and the bow and ends tacked in place, the fastening being made by hooks and eyes. A sash prepared in this way will last many times as long as one that is drawn about the waist and tied every time it is worn. The ends are quite long, one reaching to the lower edge of the skirt. A suggestion of the Empire effect is shown in the standing loop, extending several inches above the waistline.



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Dressing for Winter On Dollars—and Sense

PERHAPS it is cause for thankfulness that the panic times are over, or it may be that the manufacturer has realized that the woman who is dressing on her sense should be considered as well as the woman with dollars; but certain it is that there are more good-looking materials offered at inexpensive prices than ever before. And the dictators of Fashion, too, must have had her in mind, for many of the prevailing styles show dresses of plain materials with wide plaid or striped bands at the foot of the skirt, offering to the ingenious endless opportunities for the combining of short lengths; and so the girl with a limited allowance may go forth joyfully to do her winter shopping, being assured that there are many good things awaiting her.



COSTUME OF BLUE SERGE WITH BLACK SATIN VEST COAT PATTERN No. 1065 SKIRT PATTERN No. 1007

Broadcloth, of course, makes the handsomest street dress one may have, but the durable serge and cheviot and the new chevron stripes are in great demand for tailor suits. Many conservative women invariably choose their winter suit of black, adding a touch of color with hat or blouse to do away with a mourning effect. It is inconspicuous, and therefore may be worn for more than a season without noticeable comment. It is as suitable for church as it is for shopping, and the addition of light gloves and a fancy hat makes it appropriate for even rather ceremonious occasions. But if black is not desired, dark blue or brown is equally as serviceable.

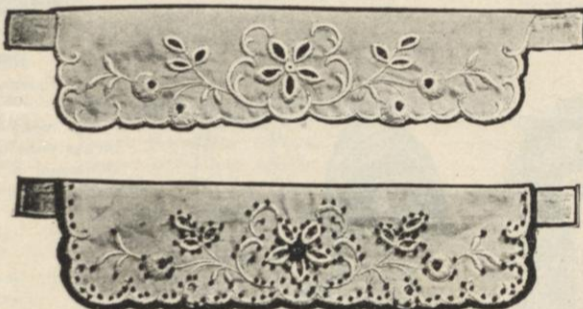
A dark blue serge made by Coat No. 1065 and Skirt No. 1007 could be made most effective if a vest of black satin, and blue covered buttons set in black, be used. The seams should be finished with a black satin piping, and as they are straight, satin ribbon mounted on a cotton cord, instead of the more expensive bias satin, may be used.

A brown dress with buttons and piping, showing a touch of burnt orange, would be most satisfactory. Many of the new models show these narrow satin pipings, and a lavish use of fancy buttons of loosely-wound cord or satin. They may be copied for less than one-fifth the price asked in the stores.

A black dress made by this same model could have buttons of black silk cord, and an adjustable vest—or rather two vests—one of silk showing a touch of gold braid, and one for every-day wear of green denim or white piqué, with a narrow piping of cretonne, showing a red and green Persian design. The vest may be basted or buttoned in, and if your last year's coat has shrunken in the unaccountable way coats sometimes have of shrinking, you will find it "a very present help in time of trouble."

The materials required for such a suit will be:

For the coat:	
4 yards of serge 36 inches wide	\$2.00
5 yards of Dresden cretonne for lining	1.25
Pattern No. 1065	.10
Silk thread	.10
Cotton	.05
Hooks and eyes	.05
Accessories	1.00
	\$4.55
For the skirt:	
6½ yards serge	\$3.25
Pattern No. 1007	.10
Total	\$7.90



EMBROIDERED CUFFS BEFORE AND AFTER WORKING OVER WITH COLORED SILKS

By accessories I mean vest, buttons, or whatever trimming you may select. For a small girl make a blue serge coat by pattern No. 1040. Line it with cretonne, being careful to choose a stripe, or a shadowy design. Make the cuffs and revers of green velvet, Dresden silk showing a blue ground, or better still, if you have a collar and cuff set of white linen, done in the eyelet work, that was so much used last winter, use that. Not, of course, as it is now, but after you have transformed it into an expensive novelty, such as the one in the illustration was fashioned from. One cuff is shown as it was; the other as it now is. Edging the scallops is a band of solid green cretonne, caught with French knots of black. The eyelets are made solid by basting pieces of cadet-blue linen beneath them; they are held in place with knots of green, and in the center of each is a knot of burnt orange.

The cost of such a coat will be:

3 yards of serge	\$1.50
3 yards of cretonne for lining	.75
Silk thread	.10
Pattern No. 1040	.10
Hooks and eyes	.05
Total	\$2.50



SOME HANDMADE BUTTONS

For the littlest girl, a coat that is both serviceable and dressy may be made of fleeced-lined piqué. Buttons and bands, if sparingly used of white cretonne, showing a small flowered design, will give a Parisian air. Such a coat may be made by pattern No. 1040 for less than two dollars.

4½ yards of piqué at 30 cents a yard	\$1.35
1 yard of striped cretonne	.25
Pattern No. 1040	.10
Button molds	.05
Thread	.05
Total	\$1.80



COTTON LACE RUN WITH COLORED SILKS

The making of fancy buttons and appliqué is as simple as the results are satisfactory. The buttons may be of plain or plaid satin, or velvet, of cretonne, or of braid wound loosely and caught to a foundation, which covers a mold. They may be mounted in a ring, buttonholed in silk or silkotone, black as a rule, for that gives a touch of smartness that is very desirable. The outer edge of the ring is caught to the under edge of the button. This setting gives a finish that looks very complicated. If you wish something very chic, make a button of white satin, paint a Dresden flower in the center, and mount it in a ring of gold cord; this cord in silver or gold sells three yards for ten cents, and it may be combined most effectively in the making of appliqué bands. These bands are used on many of the expensive dresses, as narrow vests and panels, or to outline the square neck or jumper of dresses that are worn over a thin yoke or blouse. They are made on chiffon or net foundations, and show elaborate combination of embroidery, silver or gold threads and soutache braids. To buy them one must have dollars; to make them, only a little sense. "Oh," you say, "it's all very well to tell such things to an expert needlewoman, but what of the girl who can't embroider? What of her?" Of one thing you may be assured, and that is, that she is of my own kin. For her the latch-string hangs always on the outside of the Little Shop in Arcadia, where these Dollars and Sense ideas are originated, and put to a practical

THIS PILLOW FREE If You Write AT ONCE



WRITE TODAY and we will send you FREE pre-paid the materials for the beautiful Wallachian Pillow Outfit shown here. The following articles absolutely without cost:

- 1 Wallachian Art Cloth Pillow Top. (Tinted in colors).
- 1 Back for Pillow.
- 1 1909 Premium Art Book. (with 500 latest beautiful embroidery designs!)

This big liberal offer is made in order to put

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into every home. Send today, enclosing only 30c (silver or stamps) for 6 skeins of the silk to work this handsome design, and embroidery lesson with every stitch numbered.

Remember: The Wallachian Art Cloth Pillow Top, Pillow Back and 1909 Premium Art Book, with 500 newest embroidery designs, are all free with the silk. Send your name and address and 30 cents—that is all.

RICHARDSON SILK CO.

220 Adams Street, Dept. 1168, CHICAGO, ILL. We also make Richardson's Spool Silk.

\$2.25 Dress Hat

Latest Style



\$2.25 Our Y 12

The above illustration, our No. Y 12, is an exact reproduction of one of the latest styles for Fall and Winter, suitable for young or middle aged women. Your milliners would charge at least \$5.00 for duplicating it.

Hat is turned up slightly at left side, new style bell-shaped crown, medium size brim; entire hat covered with black silk velvet, stitched velvet binding at edge of brim. Trimmed with large black Amazon ostrich plume across front and extending over to right side; large wired bow of light blue wide silk ribbon at left side with draw across the front. Fancy silk and tinsel band 1½ inches wide in front completes the trimming of this stylish hat. Can also be ordered in brown or navy. Ribbon in all colors. Plume black only. \$2.25 Please state colors wanted. Order Y 12. Each \$2.25

Each hat is packed in strong box for shipment. Express charges amount to from 25c to 60c, according to distance. Perhaps this hat is not just the style you wish; if not let us send you our illustrated

Millinery Catalogue

in which we show over 100 different styles for Fall and Winter wear. For several months our designers have been busy preparing a line of hats of latest models, correct in style and at prices much less than obtainable elsewhere. Write us today for catalogue or send order for hat described above, enclosing remittance. 69

Montgomery Ward & Co.

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For the desired High Point effect

TRYUNE Neckwear Supporter

SILK COVERED DOUBLE BONE ENDLESS LOOP All sizes 5c a Card

1½, 2, 2½, 2¾, 3, 3½ & 4 ins. JOSEPH W. SCHLOSS & CO. 149-151 Fifth Avenue, New York

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If HUB GORE FABRIC was not what we claim, we could not guarantee it to out-wear the shoe or slipper. It's worth while to look for the little heart trade mark on the gore in both sides of the shoe.

Write to-day for our guarantee certificate HUB GORE MAKERS Boston, Mass.



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28 INCHES WIDE Fleece Back Fast Colors

High grade printed fabrics for wrappers, house and street gowns, dressing sacks, shirt waists and dresses for children. Acknowledged the best of their class. Variety of patterns. Retail prices of both, 10c. per yard.

Be sure that the tickets all bear the name of the makers, the Hamilton Manufacturing Co.

If your home retailer will not supply you, write to JOY, LANGDON & CO., Manufacturers' Agents Boston and New York

Improved Finish Fast Colors 36 INCHES WIDE

ADMIRAL PERCALES



Petticoats

No article of wearing apparel has ever claimed such a warm spot in the hearts of well-dressed women as Heatherbloom Petticoats. Heatherbloom has emancipated the wearers of silk petticoats, for it looks like silk, feels like silk, has all the swish of silk, wears three times as long and costs but a third as much. Where a woman formerly owned but one of silk she can now own five of this marvelous fabric that will outsilk silk.

All the leading stores are showing the smart new Heatherbloom styles in all colors, stripes, plaids and silk-embroidered designs. Elaborateness of workmanship determines the price—\$2 to \$8.

This silk label appears in the



waistband of every petticoat

Heatherbloom by the yard 40c, and every yard guaranteed. Displaces silk for linings and drop skirts. Lining counters everywhere; 150 shades. One Quality only. Heatherbloom on every yard.

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The Most Popular of Linings

If a fabric is wanted for a garment lining, a petticoat, a house or dressing gown, household draperies, foundations, pillow-covers, or in fact any lining use, ask for "Hydegrade" and you will be shown the most comprehensive line of high-quality fabrics ever sold under one trademark name. A weave, a weight, a color, for every want. Ask to see the new satin weaves in extra light weight.

15c to 45c a yard and every yard guaranteed

One hundred shades—36 in. wide. Look for Hydegrade on the selvage.

Send for series of souvenir postals, free. By special arrangement the beautiful song "Maid of Heatherbloom," (regular price 25c) will be sent free on receipt of five 2c stamps.

A. G. HYDE & SONS, New York Chicago, Makers of Hydegrade Fabrics.

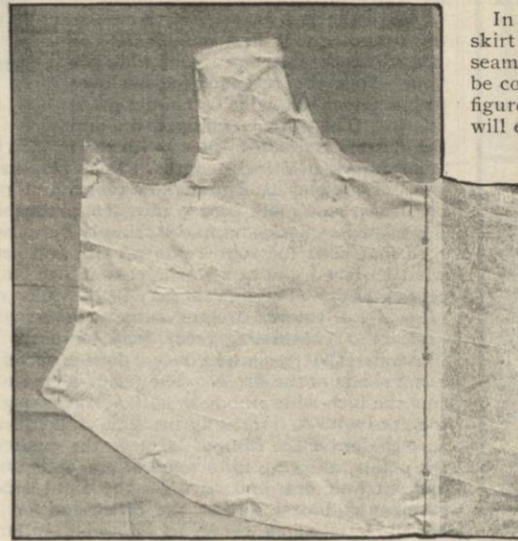


Talks on Dressmaking

How to Piece the Material When It Is Too Narrow

THERE is a very old joke about a sailor who complained, "The rope is too long, and I don't know what to do with it; if it was too short I could splice it." His thought was so filled with the knowledge of how to make a neat and efficient joining, when the material fell short of requirements, that a surplus was simply an embarrassment. There probably never was a joke so silly that it did not contain a grain of solid wisdom tucked away in its moral, and certainly the dressmaker should be able to appreciate the grain in the

size will be double, and will be more valuable than would two separate pieces. Now cut a piece twice as wide as the distance from the pencil-line to the center-front of the pattern, not forgetting three-quarters of an inch additional to allow for the two joining seams. Fold this piece lengthwise in half and lay the front edge of the pattern even with its fold-edge. This fold will be the center-front, and should be marked with a colored thread. The second illustration shows the front with the piece seamed on and the tucks marked by tailors' tacks.



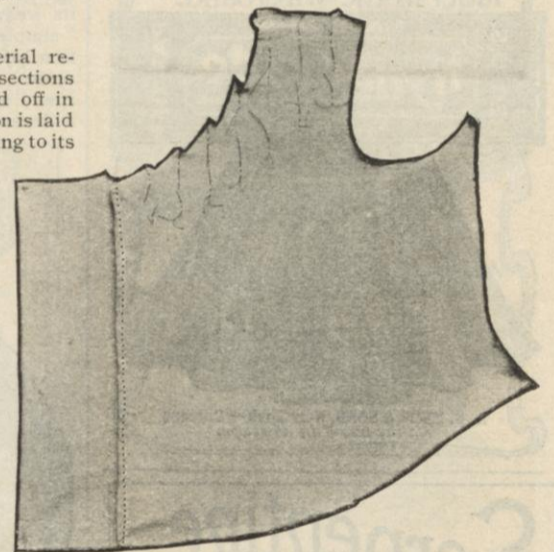
PATTERN No. 1045 LAID ON THE MATERIAL

In remodeling a skirt or cutting a circular skirt it is sometimes necessary to make a seam where there is no plait by which it may be concealed. If the goods has a design or figure, careful matching of the two edges will effect an invisible joining. This cannot be accurately done in the way of ordinary seaming, but by the method shown in the third illustration it is simplicity itself. Turn under a seam at the edge of one section, then lap this turned edge over the other section, so it touches a corresponding figure in the design. Baste the seam by slipping the needle along the fold for a short stitch, then take a short stitch in the under section. When the entire seam is slip-stitched in this manner, turn to the wrong side and stitch along the bastings as an ordinary seam. Press well and the joining will be invisible. Tailors have a knack, when they want to conceal a seam in plain cloth, of picking the cloth with a pin along the seam edges on the right side. This raises the fine

splicing story. Economical cutting is second nature to the thoughtful and ingenious planner, and that is what a first-classman in any trade must be. Many a novel cut and original design is born of the fact that there was not one large piece, only numerous scraps, from which to contrive the garment. There is always a best way to add a piece or corner, whether the necessity arises in remodeling, cutting from a short allowance of material, or from goods that is narrow.

hairy threads that are on the surface of every cloth, though practically invisible except in certain angles of light. While this method does not exactly hide the seam, it makes it less glaringly distinct.

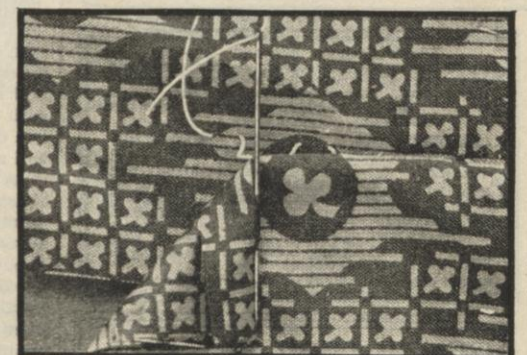
In plain cloth joinings it is very important that the grain of the goods shall be matched. While not impossible to a skilled needle-



THE FRONT WITH PIECE ADDED

In estimating the quantity of material required to cut a garment, the pattern sections are laid out on a table that is marked off in the different cloth widths. Each portion is laid straight on the grain of the cloth according to its indicating perforations. Sometimes a slight shifting from this grain-line will effect a saving of several inches in cutting the cloth, but this is not permissible, for on the grain of the material depends, in great measure, the fit and shape of the garment. Sometimes the addition of a small corner to a gore or section will mean a half yard or more of material saved, but this is not good dressmaking, and the estimates of quantities are not made in this way, but with each section fully laid out, though all are arranged to the best possible advantage. There is one occasion, however, when piecing is necessary, and it is the correct method of doing it that I want to explain. A waist or other garment may, by reason of a number of plaits or tucks, be too wide to cut from a single width of the goods. The place of joining then becomes important, in order that the seam may be concealed judiciously. For illustration I have taken the front of waist pattern No. 1045, shown in THE LADIES' WORLD for August. This is a waist that closes in the back and has two box-plaits at the center-front and several small tucks at each side of these plaits. The pattern indicates that the center-front is to be laid on a fold of the goods, but we then find that the material—a silk and cotton colienne—is not wide enough to cut the full front. The novice or the thoughtless one may think the thing to do is to join another piece to each selvage. A moment's thought will show you that this method will bring a seam from shoulder to waist, down each side of the front, where it will show very plainly. There is a better way. If the joining seams are made on the sewing-lines of the front box-plaits, they will be invisible when the waist is completed. These sewing-lines are indicated by large, single perforations. In the first illustration a pencil-line has been drawn through these perforations and indicates the position of the piecing seam. The remaining portion of the front may be cut from two lengths of single-width goods or from one length of double-width. Material that is 36 inches or more wide is usually folded lengthwise through the center and sold as double width. In cutting these fronts as described from double goods, lap the front of the pattern toward the selvage; the piece that is cut from the underarm seam and arm-

worker, it is a matter of utmost difficulty to make a successful piecing where the edges are bias. If the material at command makes this imperative, the grain in both pieces must be matched carefully and both bias edges cut at an angle that will preserve both lengthwise and crosswise threads in matching lines. It is very much better, when such a case occurs, to cut off the bias piece along the nearest straight-thread line and join on that line. Matching the pattern often means the sacrifice of several inches on the edge of one breadth. It is well to bear in mind this fact when buying goods of pronounced design. If a one-piece circular skirt is being cut every



MATCHING THE DESIGN IN AN INVISIBLE SEAM

seam will be a matched seam, and a design that does not match easily may require considerably more goods than to cut the same garment from plain material.

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SILK VELVET HAT \$2.95

No. G31—Stylish dress hat, made of imported black mirror silk velvet; brim richly shirred. Trimmed with two large extra quality ostrich plumes and folds of fine quality black taffeta silk and velvet, finished with jet cabochon. Worth \$4.00. Can be ordered in black or colors, with black or white plumes. State color desired. \$2.95 Express 25c extra.

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No. G33—Skirt of fine chiffon Panama Trim'd with folds of black taffeta silk as shown. Black, brown or navy blue. Waist measure 23 to 30 inches. Lengths 39 to 44 in. \$3.98 or express 25c extra.

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Everything dear to a girl's heart has been bought and paid for through this club.

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The Girls' Club

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
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WITH EVERY MACHINE we furnish a complete set of eleven different high grade attachments, also the finest and most elaborate book of instructions ever issued, with the aid of which you can do any kind of fancy sewing that can be done on any sewing machine, regardless of price. With every Minnesota Model "A" machine we also furnish the best and most complete set of accessories such as quilter, five extra bobbins, cloth guide, screwdriver, oil can and oil, extra needle plate, foot hemmer, package of needles, etc.

SEND US YOUR ORDER for this Minnesota Model "A" Drop Head Ball Bearing Automatic Lift Sewing Machine, enclose \$16.45 for the four-drawer style, or \$16.95 for the six-drawer style, and the day we receive your order we will notify our factory at Dayton, Ohio, to ship the machine complete with attachments direct to you, securely crated and safe delivery guaranteed. Take the machine home and give it every test, try it on every kind of sewing, and if after testing and trying the machine for three months you are not perfectly satisfied, return it to us and we will refund every cent you have paid, including transportation charges.

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SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Hearts Insurgent

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4)

broke through the evergreen hedge that divided the tiny graveyard from the Taliaferro place. He caught young Percival by the back of the jacket, and shook the dolls out of him as though he had been a receptacle. It is to be feared there was breakage when they fell. Then he turned on the older boys with angry eyes.

"Nobody but a sneak will hurt a girl and make her cry," he asserted.

The three older Moncure boys halted with open mouths; Percival's mouth was as nearly square as a human mouth can be made, and from it proceeded roars of a quite surprising volume.

"She ain't a girl—she's our sister," enunciated Carter, voicing a sentiment widespread among male relatives.

"Well, you let her play in peace; she wasn't hurting any of you," ordered Lu Quint. "You go straight back into your own yard, or I'll make you."

He would make them! He, a Taliaferro, would make the Moncures do anything they didn't choose! He, one Taliaferro, would brave the entire Moncure tribe! And yet, not so. They gazed darkly upon their sister. What was all this talk in the gray of the morning about favors offered and accepted, about thanks which were due and would be paid? Patty had failed them! She had made an alliance with a hated Taliaferro!

Patricia, sorting up her dolls and examining breakage, suddenly caught her breath and looked from Carter to Billy, from Billy to Fairfax, and even at Percival's bewept countenance, where the tears were making little clean channels that showed pink and shiny. Instantly she understood of what she was suspected. It was intolerable. Besides, Rosalie's arm was broken straight off, and Belle's head was cracked. The blazing red dyed her round freckled face, out of which the big brown eyes looked angrily. She flung the damaged dolls in a heap, and leaped to her feet.

"Apaches to the rescue!" she shouted. "Drive the intruder out!"

Before the astonished Lu Quint could make any movement for flight or defense the band was upon him. They met him, a resistless wave of Moncure. They bore him to earth, kicking and struggling; little Percival beat his legs; making war after the manner of her sex, Patty pulled his hair. He shut his lips and struggled silently, slugging away with any fist he could get free, and giving a good account of himself, as the renewed howls of his captors testified.

"What's all this?" It was a deep and most alarming voice which made the inquiry. Apaches and victim fell apart, the young Moncures instinctively retreating toward the line of cedar trees which had been patched up by a rickety board fence where their cow-lot abutted on the graveyard. L. Q. C. Taliaferro, Sr., stood, tall and very terrible, in the opening through which Lu Quint had come.

"Were you fighting with those—those children?" he inquired sternly of his offspring.

Lu Quint scrambled to his knees. He had a cut on his lip, and his face was scratched and soiled.

"Yes, sir," he replied with military brevity, and the hearts of the young Moncures gave a unanimous throb of relief. He wasn't going to tell on them. He wasn't going to make any special plea. Really, if he were not a Taliaferro, he would be a rather remarkably nice boy.

"Well, sir," said his father slowly and coldly, "there is only one worse thing than to fight with the children of that family—and that is, to make friends with them."

"Yes, sir," said Lu Quint, standing now with bent head before his father.

"If these children have elected to come here and make a playground of this place, I want it distinctly understood that you never set foot in it again," L. Q. C. Taliaferro said. "Lucy Pate Randolph is at the house. I am ashamed to have her or her aunt see you in this state. Slip in by the back way."

"Yes, sir," reiterated Lu Quint, as he followed his father's tall form through the opening in the evergreens and was lost to their sight.

"I don't care," said Patty, with her eyes full of tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Other boas at a wide range of prices.

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AGENTS TO COST—75c

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Go into business without investment. No charge for Sample Order.

WAELEER & MERCANTILE CO.
78 GRAND ST.
NEW YORK

THIS PUFF \$1 ONLY
Worth \$2.50 and \$3

Natural curly puffs, eight puffs in set, all colors. Made like a switch. Adjusted in one minute, making the fashionable puff coiffure. The regular price is \$2.50 and \$3 each, but will sell you one for \$1 just to introduce our enormous line of hair goods. Natural Blonde and Drab Shades \$3; 3/4 Gray \$3; 5/8 Gray \$4; very Gray and White \$5. Send a lock of your hair and we will match it exactly. If not satisfied will gladly refund your money. Natural Wavy Switch, 24 inch, weighs 2 oz., \$2.50. Pompadour Hair Roll, 12 inch, 25c; 24 inch, 50c. Our complete catalog of hair goods sent on request. Write today.

G. KINSMAN, Importer of Hair Goods, 136 State St. Chicago

Made to Your Measure by hand from choice new skins (which outwear old stock in a store)

Cummings Glove

Guaranteed Pro-\$1 and paid \$1 up

Cape, Glace, Chamois, Silk—standard colors, all lengths, at Factory prices. Winter Gloves, Children's Gloves. Write for our Style Book.

Cummings Glove Co., 8 Forest St. Gloversville, N.Y.

WILL FIT ANY ARM

Send \$1.00 for this elegant adjustable stock plate bracelet. Roman or Bright Finish.

HENRY MINER MFG. CO.
206 Weybosset Street, Providence, R. I.

Sent on Approval. Send No Money. \$1.50
WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH

Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 2 1/4 oz. 22-in. short stem fine human hair switch to match. If you find it a big bargain, remit \$1.50 in ten days, or sell \$3 and get your switch free. Extra shades a little more. Inclose for postage. Free beauty book showing latest style of hair dressing—also high grade switches, pompadours, wigs, etc.

Anna Ayers, Dept. V-3
17 Quincy St. Chicago.

Darken Your Gray Hair!

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Send for the "Book of the Hair," a 32-page illustrated booklet, containing valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair, and full information about the IDEAL HAIR DYEING COMB

The most practical device for restoring gray, faded or streaked hair to its natural color or to any desired shade. Used like an ordinary comb. Absolutely harmless. Not sold in stores. Write direct to

H. D. COMB CO.
Dept. F, 35 W. 21st St., New York

Bust Forms 50c. Postage paid. Featherbone model. White Washable and adjustable. Light, comfortable, fit perfectly. Look absolutely natural—cannot be detected. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted for this and other articles.

The Crescent Works,
43 Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

The subscription season is now in full swing, and our offers to agents and new subscribers are more liberal than ever before. Send to the publishers for particulars and a canvasser's outfit.

**FOR THE HOME
GOODS OF QUALITY
AT REASONABLE PRICES
SUBSTANTIAL MORRIS ROCKER**

This Massive Morris Rocker is made of Solid Oak; has quartered oak shaped arms, front posts and front rail and is highly polished. May be had finished in either Golden Oak or Mahogany. The arms, supported by five well-turned spindles, are 5 in. in width; the seat with its nine steel coiled springs is large, roomy and comfortable, being 20 3/4 in. wide and 20 in. deep; the back, which is handsomely tufted, is 30 in. high and 18 1/2 in. wide. The cushions are well filled with a mixture of tow, hair and cotton and are covered with first quality Chase leather. For Style, Durability and Quality this chair has no equal at the price. Weight about 65 lbs. Price, \$7.80.

A RELIABLE RANGE

at a reasonable price is a great satisfaction to any industrious housekeeper. Many ranges are sold simply because the prices are attractive. Always place Quality before Price. The Range shown here is made of Blued Polished Steel; uses Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; Wood Extension permits burning 24 in. ch wood; white enameled Cast Reservoir (7-gal.); Pouch Feed Door; High Warming Closet; lavish Nickel Trimmings of best quality; perfect in construction; six 7 or 8 in. covers; oven, 16x20 1/2 x 12 1/2 in.; top, 20x44 in.; weight, 365 lbs. Send us \$29.25 and we will ship this range to you, and if, after 30 days' fair trial, you are not satisfied that, for the money, it is the best Range you ever saw, ship it back and we will refund all it has cost you. Price, without Reservoir, \$24.50. ORDER NOW.

Send for our Large Free Catalog of General Merchandise
NICHOLS, DIBBLE & CO.
Dept. C. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Good-Morning!

By

John Kendrick Bangs

However dark and drear the day,
The skies however bleak and gray,
All surface showing scorning,
I like to hear my neighbor say,
As I go walking on my way,
"Good-morning, sir, good-morning!"

It but confirms a notion glad,
That I these many years have had,
That life is how we take it.
A morning may be good or bad,
It may be frolicsome or sad,
According as we make it.

**A Cranberry Frolic
An Amusing Entertainment for
Thanksgivingtime**

WHAT could be more interesting or more timely planned for a Thanksgiving Eve entertainment than the idea mentioned above? At this season of the year this berry is very plentiful, and an evening's merriment with the cranberry for its leading feature will prove a delight to both old and young. After the guests have all arrived, hand to each one a little bag and tell them to hunt for cranberries, which have previously been hidden in all sorts of places about the rooms. At a given time call the hunt off, and the one who has found the most is considered the winner.

Next have a berry throw. On a stand or shelf on one side of the room, arrange three small baskets. The guests stand on the opposite side of the room and in turn try to throw twenty berries into the baskets. Each basket has a number on it to tell how many points is scored on each berry thrown in. For instance, if a person gets eight berries in basket marked five, five berries in basket marked ten, and seven in one marked fifteen, his score would be one hundred and ninety-five, and the person scoring the highest wins the game.

Spearing berries will also prove an amusing feature. Purchase penny hatpins for spears. Fill a large bowl with a quart of berries and provide small dishes for the contestants to put their berries into as they are speared from the bowl. Four people can conveniently try this at a time, and when the berries are all speared from the bowl, each one counts their berries to see how many they have. The berries are then put back into the bowl and four more guests spear for them. This is a little harder than it sounds, for the contestants must not use their fingers to help get the berries on the hatpins or off of them. The winner in the spearing contest is of course the one who has succeeded in spearing the most from the bowl.

A bottle race is next tried. The requisites for this consist of twenty-five cranberries, a silver knife and a bottle with not a very large mouth. The guests in turn put the berries, one at a time, into the bottle by simply using the knife. Care has to be exercised that the berries do not roll off the knife, for that delays the contestant, who must again pick them up with the knife. The hostess or some other person must have a watch with a second-hand to keep the time, as whoever consumes the shortest time in putting the berries into the bottle wins the race. Prizes may be awarded for the various contests or not, as the hostess sees fit. It makes it a little more interesting to have them, and if expense has to be considered, little favors which are sold at the shops for mere trifles, will be found quite appropriate.

A cranberry pie will be a welcome feature to the evening's entertainment, and is made after the Jack Horner fashion. A little parcel containing a souvenir for each guest is put in a large round pan, and the pan is then covered over with brown paper. Strings attached to the parcels protrude through the paper and a cranberry is strung on the end of each and left on the top of the pie. Each guest takes hold of a berry and pulls. This breaks the crust and each one finds his souvenir on the other end of the string.

All those who take part in an evening's frolic of this sort will undoubtedly enjoy it, as the games are simple and do not require a lot of thinking and skill, as so many games do. Then, too, it does not require a lot of preparation before the guests arrive, and this is equally pleasing to the hostess, who can enter into the fun without being all tired out with a lot of work beforehand.

Sandwiches, small cakes, wafers and hot chocolate will be simple but dainty refreshments to serve at an affair of this sort, and those bidden to the cranberry frolic will surely thank the hostess for a very jolly evening.
KATHERINE D. SALISBURY.



LARKIN

FACTORY-TO-FAMILY DEALING

Furnishes Your Home Without Cost

LARKIN direct Factory-to-Family dealing saves for you all cost that adds no value; gives you the profits of middlemen—greatly reduces the cost of living; affords you \$20.00 worth of unquestioned excellence for only \$10.00. Your money goes twice as far. The Larkin Idea is a practical, co-operative plan which saves money for one million families annually.

Larkin Products consist of Laundry and fine Toilet Soaps, Toilet Preparations, Teas, Coffee, Spices, Extracts, Baking Powders, etc., over 200 home needs to select from. Your family uses \$10.00 worth of such goods every few weeks. With \$10.00 worth you get, in addition, a Premium that alone would cost you about \$10.00—practically twice the value a storekeeper can afford to give. The Larkin Idea of direct purchasing provides without cost a new piece of furniture in thousands of homes each month. If no Premium is wanted you may have \$20.00 worth of Products of your selection for \$10.00. By this offer, Larkin Products actually cost but one-half our list-prices which are regular retail prices.

All Larkin Products are of the highest quality and absolutely pure. Larkin Premiums are noted for their excellent design, workmanship, finish and durability.

**30 DAYS' TRIAL
PAY IF PLEASED**



This \$10.00 Oak, upholstered Reclining-Chair given with \$10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

We will ship to any responsible person \$10.00 worth of Larkin Products and any \$10.00 Premium selected, on 30 days' trial. If customer is not pleased at end of 30 days we guarantee to remove goods at our expense, refund freight-charges and make no charge for a reasonable amount of Products used in trial. Ask any Larkin customer in your vicinity about Larkin quality and square dealing.

Free The new enlarged Fall and Winter edition of our Product and Premium List, also Wearing Apparel Catalogue mailed, postpaid. Let us show you how to save money or furnish your home without cost. SEND COUPON AT ONCE.

Estab. 1875 **Larkin Co.** BUFFALO, N. Y.



This handsome, \$10.00 Oak Chiffonier given with \$10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

FILL IN-CUT HERE-MAIL TODAY
Larkin Co. Please mail Product and Premium List No. 88
Name _____ Street _____ P. O. _____ State _____ C. P. 78

Vapo-Cresolene

(Established 1879.)
"Cures While You Sleep"

**Whooping-Cough, Croup,
Bronchitis, Coughs,
Diphtheria, Catarrh.**

Confidence can be placed in a remedy which, for a quarter of a century, has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

Cresolene is a boon to asthmatics.
All Druggists.
Send postal for descriptive booklet.

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

The Vapo-Cresolene Co.
180 Fulton St., N. Y.
Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

Darken Your Gray Hair

DUBY'S HAIR COLORING HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP, is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copper, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents.

OZARK HERB CO., Block 55, St. Louis, Mo.

LAST WEEK'S WASHING

was too hard for you. Don't try it again that way. Get a Syracuse "EASY" Washer for 30 days' free trial before next wash day. It's a woman's washer. No man or motor required to run it. Our free book tells all about it. Agents wanted.

DODGE & ZUILL,
220 R. Dillaye Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

2c A WEEK

Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100 candle power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

THE BEST LIGHT

Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
226 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

**MAKES IRONING EASIER
NOSTIC STARCH FINISH**

Saves starch, saves wear and tear. Produces beautiful finish on all starched goods. PREVENTS THAT AGGRAVATING STICKING. Ironing is a joy and a pleasure with it. Six weeks' supply, 10c coin.

HOME SUPPLY CO., 945 W. Dauphin St., PHILADELPHIA.

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

25 DESIGNS, ALL STEEL. Handsome—cheaper than wood—more durable. Special prices to churches and cemeteries. Don't buy a fence until you get our free catalogue.

Kokomo Fence Machine Co.,
444 North St., Kokomo, Ind.

In answering advertisements appearing in these columns mention THE LADIES' WORLD

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If so, take advantage of today's opportunities for the merchant, farmer, fruit grower and business man along the Pacific Coast Extension of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway
Descriptive Books Free. F. A. Miller, G. P. A., Chicago

**LEARN TELEGRAPHY
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by mail, in a few weeks spare time home study, under our Practical Instruction—and a good paying, responsible position is yours; we are unable to supply the demand. Many energetic graduates have worked up to salaries of \$5,000 per year. We send complete outfit, and you **PAY US NO MONEY** secured. Write at once for special offer, stating which you prefer to learn.

MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE, 670 Inst. Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich

HYACIL CREAM
Daintily Perfumed
REMOVES FRECKLES

A specially compounded cream applied on retiring, removes freckles quickly and surely. Money back if it does not do the work perfectly. In jars, 50 cents postpaid. Order direct or send for particulars. Address Dept. A.

The Silverton Co., Chicago, Ill.

**Auto-Massage REDUCES
40 DAY FREE TRIAL
For Both Sexes**

So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapeliness speedily returning I know you will buy it. Try it at my expense. Write to-day.

PROF. BURNS, 1298 C Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED
Ladies can make big money selling

MORRIS' MAGNOLIA CREME

This is a skin food and cleanser combined. Endorsed by prominent chemists. Its ingredients do double work, saving the user both time and money. Liberal terms. Send 10c for trial tube (prepaid); 35c for large tube.

MORRIS TOILET GOODS CO., Dept. 1—Chicago.

A-Corn Salve gives instant relief while it takes the corn out by the roots. No risk from cutting or poison.

15 cents at druggists' or by mail.
Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia

"NO BURN" WIRE KETTLE BOTTOM

Rapid Seller. Agents make \$3 to \$5 per day. Write for large catalogue and free sample offer.

RICHARDSON MFG. CO., Dept. E, Bath, N. Y.

Do You Hear Well?

The Stolz Electrophone—a New, Scientific and Practical Invention for Those Who Are Deaf or Partially Deaf—May Now Be Tested in Your Own Home.

Deaf or partially deaf people may now make a month's trial of the Stolz Electrophone at home. This is unusually important news for the deaf, for by this plan the final selection of the one completely satisfactory hearing aid is made easy and inexpensive for everyone. This new invention (U. S. Patent No. 763,375) renders unnecessary such clumsy, unsightly and frequently harmful devices as trumpets, horns, tubes, ear drums, fans, etc. It is a tiny electric telephone that fits on the ear and which, the instant it is applied, magnifies the sound waves in such manner as to cause an astonishing increase in the clearness of all sounds. It overcomes the buzzing and roaring ear noises, and also so constantly and electrically exercises the vital parts of the ear that, usually, the natural, unaided hearing itself is gradually restored.

Prominent Business Man's Opinion
STOLZ ELECTROPHONE CO., Chicago—I am pleased to say that the Electrophone is very satisfactory. Being small in size and great in hearing qualities makes it PREFERABLE TO ANY I HAVE TRIED, and I believe I have tried all of them. I can recommend it to all persons who have defective hearing.—M. W. HOYT, Wholesale Grocer, Michigan Ave. and River St., Chicago.

Write or call at our Chicago office for particulars of our personal home test offer and list of prominent endorses who will answer inquiries. Physicians cordially invited to investigate. Address or call (call if you can).

STOLZ ELECTROPHONE CO., 1241 Stewart Building, Chicago.
Branch Offices: Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Seattle, Des Moines, Toronto.
Foreign Office: 82-85 Fleet St., London, Eng.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists

AGENTS CAN MAKE,

easily, \$20.00 a week by selling to families

OUR FAMOUS TEAS AND COFFEES.
Greatest Inducements Ever Offered.
For full particulars, address

The Great American Tea Company
31 & 33 Vesey St., New York

Stallman's Dresser Trunk
Protects the light from the heavy, the clean from the soiled. Everything at your finger's end. No rummaging. No traying-lifting. Easy to pack. No need to unpack. No mussed garments. Nine compartments. Strongest, roomiest, most convenient trunk. Costs no more than old box style. Sent C. O. D. privilege examination. Booklet sent for 2c stamp.

FRANK A. STALLMAN
73 East Spring St., Columbus, O.

THE LADIES' WORLD PARTIAL PREMIUM LIST.

NOW IS THE TIME TO FORM CLUBS.

In the following partial list of Premiums (selected from our Complete 1908-1909 Premium List), will be found a very desirable assortment of articles which we offer for Clubs of subscribers to THE LADIES' WORLD at 35 cents or 50 cents each, at the discretion of the club-raiser. Now is the season to secure large clubs of new subscribers for THE LADIES' WORLD. Please bear in mind that until November 25th we offer the November and December numbers free to all new subscribers, or to those whose subscriptions have already expired, thus giving 14 months for the price of 12.

Address all letters: S. H. MOORE CO., Publishers, Nos. 23, 25 and 27 City Hall Place, New York.

PREMIUM No. 718

Rolled Gold Plate Festooned Necklace

Given Free for a Club of Only Four Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Eight at Thirty-five Cents Each *

Our illustration, showing the handsome festooned necklace upon a figure, is somewhat exaggerated in order to show the general style and composition of the necklace when worn.



The ever-increasing popularity of this style of ornament has led us to get a large manufacturer to make this necklace especially for our patrons, and the result is that we have a necklace exclusive in style, fine in quality, yet moderate in price. The necklace is made of 14 karat rolled gold plate, with three olive-shaped imitation cut garnets and five pear-shaped pendants. It is very dainty and pretty, and will make a handsome ornament for any lady to wear. Don't fail to investigate this very attractive premium, and if you make this selection and do not consider it an exceptional bargain on the terms offered we will gladly exchange it for any premium of like value in the entire list. It only requires the small club of four subscribers at 50 cents each or eight at 35 cents to get this beautiful necklace, and the remuneration is exceptionally generous, considering the fine quality of the premium. We could give a cheap, inferior necklace for a smaller club of subscribers, but we feel sure our patrons would prefer an article which is thoroughly high-grade. It is guaranteed to be just as represented and to give satisfaction in all cases. We will send the Rolled Gold Plate Festooned Necklace by mail postpaid, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of only \$1.35; or we will give the Necklace free to any one sending us a club of Four subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Eight subscribers at Necklace postpaid, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of \$1.00.

35 cents each. Or we will send the Necklace postpaid, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of \$1.00.

PREMIUM No. 668

Llama-Grained Fitted Shopping Bag

Given Free For a Club of Only Seven Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Fourteen at Thirty-five Cents Each *

Every woman appreciates what a comfort a good-sized, serviceable shopping-bag is. The smaller ones may look dainty, but for genuine comfort and utility a bag that has a long frame and good depth is just what she wants. And when added to that it is equipped with a card case, purse, mirror, memorandum pad and pencil, it seems to us a bag of this kind comes very nearly perfection. Such a bag we are enabled to offer on very easy terms, and we commend most heartily the bag herewith presented as being well worth working for. It is made of llama-grained leather, as are the fittings, and is lined with moire throughout. It has a strap handle, leather-covered frame with gilt lock. Its amplexness can be realized when we mention the width, which is 11 1/4 inches at the bottom, and 6 1/2 inches deep, exclusive of handle. It is supplied in black only. For shopping expeditions, traveling or visiting, this bag is unsurpassed, and it is also very handsome and dignified in appearance. It is guaranteed to be all that we claim for it and to give satisfaction in all cases. We will send the Fitted Shopping Bag by mail postpaid, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.10; or we will give the Shopping Bag free to any one sending us a club of Seven subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Fourteen subscribers at 35 cents each, or for Eight subscribers at 35 cents each and 80 cents extra in cash. Or we will send the Shopping Bag postpaid, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of \$1.75.



PREMIUM No. 700

Triple-plated Silver Butter Dish

Given Free for a Club of Only Seven Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Fourteen at Thirty-five Cents Each

After an absence of several years we have decided to again offer our patrons a handsome silver-plated butter dish. During this time the manufacture of this ware has steadily improved, and we can truthfully say that this premium is far superior to that offered in former years in style, finish, workmanship, yet it can be produced on easier terms than ever before. Manufactured by the Manhattan Silver Plate Co., a subsidiary of the International Silver Co., successors to Wm. Rogers Manufacturing Co., it is really a Rogers' piece of silverware with the well known Rogers' quality, and is stamped with the name of the manufacturer. It is 4 1/4 inches high and 7 inches long, including handles. It is a lovely design, beautifully executed, having fine satin finish except the top of the cover, which is bright; beaded edges; open work handles, with richly engraved spray of butterfly and grasses



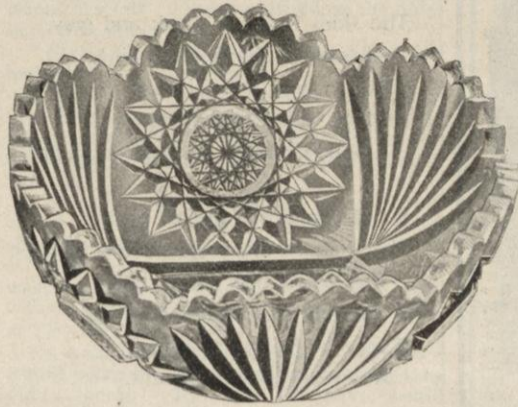
on both sides. It also has a glass drainer and rest for the butter knife. This is a very superior butter dish, warranted to be exactly as represented and to give satisfaction, and we heartily recommend its selection. We will send the Triple-plated Silver Butter Dish by express, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.10; or we will give the Butter Dish free to any one sending us a club of Seven subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Fourteen subscribers at 35 cents each; or for Eight subscribers at 35 cents each and 85 cents extra in cash. Or we will send the Butter Dish, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of \$1.75. Receiver to pay express charges in either case.

PREMIUM No. 539

The "Olivette" Cut Glass Berry Bowl

Given Free for a Club of Only Eleven Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Twenty-two at Thirty-five Cents Each

The beauties of cut glass we all appreciate, but how few realize the work and delicacy of handling necessary to turn out the finished article. The glass is at first blown and shaped into the style desired, and the design is then roughed on or marked in outline on the surface. Then the experienced glass-cutter, with his numerous wheels of stone, copper and steel, cuts in the innumerable lines of stars, crosses, wheels, etc., which are necessary to bring out all the iridescent colors which are contained in the glass. The Olivette Berry Bowl which we offer is the same that gave such excellent satisfaction last year, but we have made arrangements whereby we can give it for a smaller club than formerly, and it now represents a wonderful bargain upon the terms offered. As before stated, it is cut in the Olivette pattern. It is 8 inches in diameter and 3 1/4 inches deep, just the right



size for fruit, berries or nuts. This beautiful bowl would grace any table, and the owner can justly feel proud of such a handsome article for table decoration. Don't confound this with the cheap bowls which are put on the market and called cut glass by courtesy only. This is a genuine cut glass bowl of high grade, which both the manufacturers and ourselves guarantee to be exactly as represented and to give entire satisfaction. The selection of this premium will more than please and we heartily recommend it. We will send the Cut Glass Berry Bowl by express, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of only \$3.10; or we will give the Berry Bowl free to any one sending us a club of Eleven subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Twenty-two subscribers at 35 cents each; or for Thirteen subscribers at 35 cents each and \$1.25 extra in cash. Or we will send the Berry Bowl, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of \$2.75. Receiver to pay express charges in either case.

PREMIUM No. 522

Japanese Decorated China Berry Set

Given Free for a Club of Only Eight Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Sixteen at Thirty-five Cents Each *

Japanese china has been familiar to our patrons for several years, but we doubt whether we have ever offered a handsomer or more refined premium in Japanese ware than the berry



set presented herewith. The coloring is beautiful and the shape of the dishes very dainty; in fact, we consider this set one of the most desirable premiums in the entire list. The set consists of one 9-inch bowl and six 5 1/4-inch individual plates. They are decorated in a beautiful Japanese design, with sprays of chrysanthemums in red, orange and green, with a border of cobalt blue and gold, on a background of blue, pink and green tints. This set can be used for berries, cereals, vegetables, etc., and is very ornamental as well as useful. We guarantee it to be exactly as represented and to give entire satisfaction. We will send the Berry Set by express, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of only \$2.35; or we will give the Berry Set free to any one sending us a club of Eight subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Sixteen subscribers at 35 cents each; or for Nine subscribers at 35 cents each and 90 cents extra in cash. Or we will send the Berry Set, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of \$2.00. Receiver to pay express charges in either case.

PREMIUM No. 557

Ladies' Handsome Calf Skin Belt

Given Free for a Club of Only Two Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Four at Thirty-five Cents Each *

We have aimed for several years past to give some kind of a belt, and after several experiments have found the leather belt offered herewith to be the most practical, serviceable and popular for our patrons. The belt is made of genuine calf skin leather, two inches wide at the back and graduating down to one inch where it joins the buckle, which is gilt. Two rows of corrugations stitched on both sides make this one of the newest of the fall and winter styles. This is not only an attractive but a very durable article, and is guaranteed to give excellent satisfaction. Can be supplied in black, white or brown, in sizes of 22, 24, 26 and 28-inch as desired. Be sure to mention size and color when ordering. We guarantee this belt to be in every way as represented and to give excellent satisfaction. We will send the Ladies' Calf Skin Belt by mail postpaid, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of only Eighty-five Cents; or we will give the Belt free to any one sending us a club of Two subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Four subscribers at 35 cents each. Or we will send the Belt postpaid, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of 50 cents.

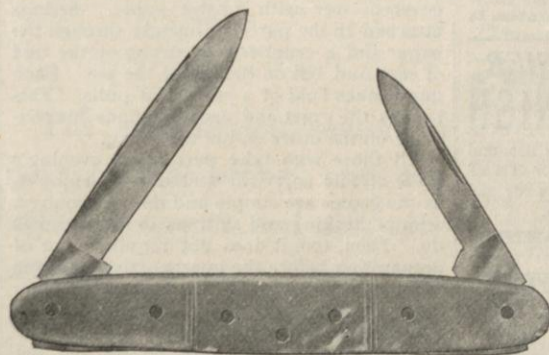


PREMIUM No. 660

Two Blade Pearl Handle Pocket Knife

Given Free for a Club of Only Two Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Four at Thirty-five Cents Each *

We recommend this as being the finest pocket knife we have ever offered upon corresponding terms. It has a fine handle, made of two pieces of solid pearl, and is lined and riveted throughout with brass. It has two blades, one large, one small, guaranteed, both by the manufacturers and ourselves, to be of fine steel and to hold a sharp edge. It is strongly and substantially made in every part, finely finished, and warranted a first-class knife in every particular. Never before have we been able to offer such a fine knife for so small a club, but believing that our patrons would be greatly interested in a high grade knife made of pearl, we make this offer and hope to see it largely chosen. We can positively guarantee it to give the most unqualified satisfaction. We will send the above-described Knife by mail postpaid, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of Eighty-five Cents; or we will give the Knife free to any one sending us a club of Two subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Four subscribers at 35 cents each. Or we will send the Knife postpaid, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of 50 cents.



Beautiful Japanese Botan Rug

Given Free for a Club of Only Three Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Six at Thirty-five Cents Each

This fine premium was offered in our list last year for the first time, and proved to be so popular with our many club-raisers that we are again giving them the opportunity to

secure this Japanese matting rug for the same small club as formerly. It is indeed an article well worth owning. It is made of Japanese matting, which is strong and durable, with an Oriental design printed in reds, blues and greens. Its size is 6 feet by 3 feet, making it just right for a bedroom, living-room or porch.



This style of rug is very popular, being an excellent floor covering, healthful, clean and useful. The rugs are easily cleaned by going over them with a damp cloth, which keeps the colors fresh and bright. While our illustration gives a good idea of this rug, it must be seen to be appreciated. It is a remarkable offer upon the terms presented, and is guaranteed to be just as represented and to give satisfaction. We will send the Japanese Botan Rug by express, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of \$1.10; or we will give the Rug free to any one sending us a club of Three subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Six subscribers at 35 cents each. Or we will send the Rug, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of 75 cents. Receiver to pay express charges in either case. Will be sent prepaid for 40 cents extra to cover transportation charges.

PREMIUM No. 560

12-Button Length Taffeta Silk Gloves

Given Free for a Club of Only Five Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Ten at Thirty-five Cents Each

In these days, when styles change so often, the problem of gloves is a serious one. The short-sleeved shirt-waist has of course made it necessary to have a long-length glove. And the long-length glove is expensive. But here is an opportunity to get free of all cost to you a very handsome, serviceable and attractive pair of 12-button length taffeta silk gloves. They are the regulation elbow length, made of a fine quality of silk taffeta, having 12 buttons, in the sizes 5½, 6, 6½, 7 and 7½. Please be sure to mention size when ordering. These gloves are a very superior premium, as they are fine of texture, make and finish. You will be more than pleased if you select this premium; in fact we absolutely guarantee it to be just as represented. There are cheaper, inferior gloves made, but we have chosen this quality, as we appreciate that our club-raisers want only thoroughly



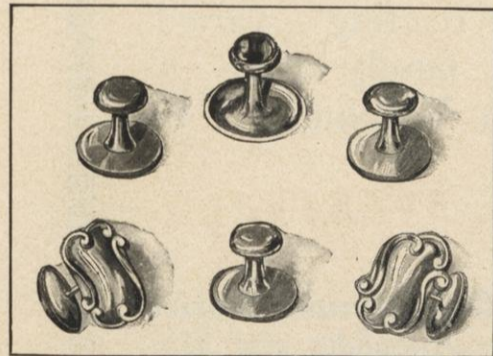
high grade goods, and their wants we aim to supply to the best of our ability. If you choose this premium you are sure to be pleased. We will send the 12-Button Taffeta Silk Gloves by mail postpaid, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of only \$1.60; or we will give the Gloves free to any one sending us a club of Five subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Ten subscribers at 35 cents each. Or we will send the Gloves postpaid, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of \$1.25.

PREMIUM No. 703

Men or Boys' Gold-Plated Shirt Set

Given Free for a Club of Only Two Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Four at Thirty-five Cents Each

Among the few articles in this list given over to the male sex perhaps the premium presented herewith will interest them most. This does not mean that only the men and boys



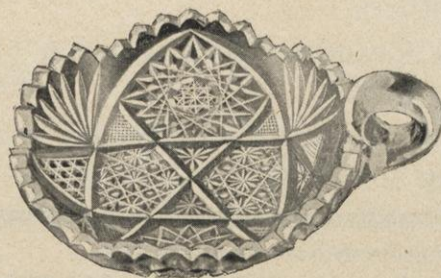
can choose this premium, because, as a matter of fact, it would make an excellent present to give your husband or sweetheart. This set consists of one collar button, set with an imitation amethyst stone; three plain collar buttons, one for the back and two for the cuffs of the shirt, and a pair of handsome cuff buttons made in an attractive scroll design. The entire set is guaranteed to be 14 karat rolled gold plate, and must not be confused with the cheap jewelry so many times offered as premiums. These goods are high-grade in every respect and are guaranteed to give satisfaction in all cases. We will send the Gold-Plated Shirt Set by mail postpaid, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of Eighty-five Cents; or we will give the Shirt Set free to any one sending us a club of Two subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Four subscribers at 35 cents each. Or we will send the Shirt Set postpaid, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of 50 cents.

PREMIUM No. 690

The "Vermont" Cut Glass Nappy

Given Free for a Club of Only Six Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Twelve at Thirty-five Cents Each

This very handsome piece of cut glass is cut in the Vermont pattern and is 6 inches in diameter. Like all cut glass, it has the beautiful iridescent colors which come from the cutting, making it an exceptionally fine table ornament for candy, nuts, etc. This piece of cut glass would make a fine birthday, Christmas or holiday present, as it is small enough to be easily sent, and the club required to get it free is so small that a few hours' time in the morning visiting your friends would more than suffice to form the club. We recommend the selection of this premium highly, as we feel sure it will give genuine satisfaction. In fact, we guarantee this to be the case. We will send the Cut Glass Nappy by express, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of only \$1.85; or we will give the Nappy free to any one sending us a club of Six subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Twelve subscribers at 35 cents each; or for Seven subscribers at 35 cents each and 75 cents extra in cash. Or we will send the Nappy, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of \$1.50. Receiver to pay express charges in either case.

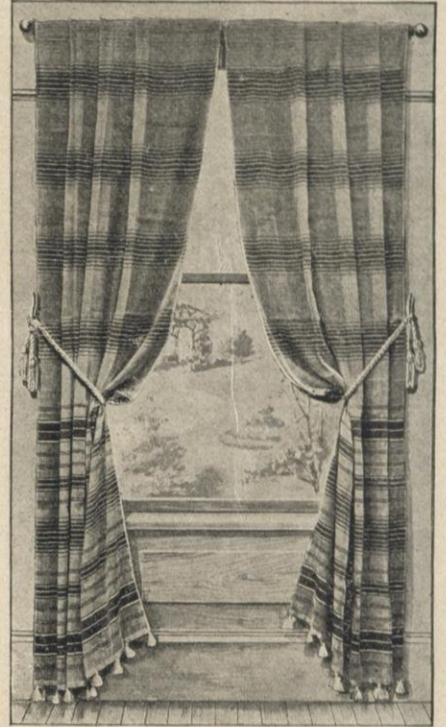


Pair of "Snowflake" Scrim Curtains

Given Free for a Club of Only Five Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Ten at Thirty-five Cents Each

The great success our offers of curtains of various kinds have met with in the past, and the general satisfaction which they have given to the very large number of our patrons

who have selected them, has led us to add another and entirely different style of curtain to the many attractions of the premium list. And so we place before our readers this handsome pair of "Snowflake" Scrim Curtains, offering them upon terms that make them one of the astonishing bargains among the many of our good premium values, and which will enable all of our lady patrons to secure them with very little effort. The premium consists of a pair of these curtains, each one measuring 40 inches wide and 8 feet 8 inches long, including the white tasseled fringe at the bottom. The material is what is known as scrim, a very delicate shade of cream in color. Each curtain has stripes of a pretty light green color running crosswise, the pattern being very well shown in our illustration, which was made directly from a photograph of the curtains as they appeared when draped upon a window. They are durable, and at the same time light and airy, and may be used in both summer and winter in all kinds of doorways and windows. To any of our patrons who may be in need of additional curtains of any kind, we wish to urge them to make the very small effort required to secure this handsome pair of "Snowflake" curtains, knowing that they will surely please you, and that you will feel abundantly repaid for your endeavors. Please note that the curtains will be sent to you postpaid, so you will have no charges of any kind to pay on them. If desired, a curtain with a red stripe instead of green can be supplied. Please mention color when ordering. We will send the above-described Pair of "Snowflake" Scrim Curtains by mail postpaid, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of \$1.60; or we will give the Pair of Curtains free to any one sending us a club of Five subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Ten subscribers at 35 cents each. Or we will send the Pair of Curtains postpaid, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of \$1.25.



PREMIUM No. 712

The Enterprise Food Chopper

Given Free for a Club of Only Four Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Eight at Thirty-five Cents Each

This wonderful labor-saving device should appeal to our readers all over the country. Its simplicity of construction and operation, yet its amazingly excellent work, makes it one



of the best, if not the best of labor-savers to be found in the kitchens of our American women. We have succeeded this year in being able to place before you the world-famous Enterprise Food Chopper, manufactured by the Enterprise Manufacturing Co., and we can well state that there is no better food chopper made; yet we are enabled to offer this upon terms of liberality such as have never been equaled before. The machine is simple in construction. It can be clamped upon any table and your machine is ready to work as soon as you select which cutter you intend to use. There are four of these cutters, one to use for mincemeat, Hamburg steak, cocoanut, horseradish, stale bread, crackers, etc., another for codfish, corn for fritters, scrap meat for poultry, etc., another for hash, tripe, chicken or lobster for salads, vegetables, etc., and the last for making peanut butter. Simply adjust the cutter desired, place the food in the hopper and turn the handle, and your machine is in operation. Easy and practical, as well as well made with steel cutters, and the balance of the machine tinned. Guaranteed both by ourselves and the manufacturers to be just as represented and to give satisfaction. Shipping weight, seven pounds. Inquire of your local express agent the cost of transportation, as you will then know what express charges will have to be paid before it reaches you. We will send the Enterprise Meat Chopper by express, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of only \$1.35; or we will give the Meat Chopper free to any one sending us a club of Four subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Eight subscribers at 35 cents each. Or we will send the Meat Chopper, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of \$1.00. Receiver to pay express charges in either case.

PREMIUM No. 672

Corset Cover Design and Material

Given Free for a Club of Only Two Yearly Subscribers at Fifty Cents Each, or Four at Thirty-five Cents Each

Of course it is very easy to buy a corset cover all finished and made up, and we offer such a one in another column of this list. But the embroidery work you do yourself has a look of distinction and class that is not to be found in store garments. We have, therefore, felt that our club-raisers would be pleased to get a handsome corset cover design such as this, on such very easy terms. The design is stamped on a fine quality of nainsook, and can be embroidered in a combination of eyelet and French embroidery. For your further assistance we furnish with this premium enough D. M. C. French embroidery cotton to work the entire cover. When finished, this will make a very pretty and dainty garment, and we are sure all our needlework lovers will appreciate the generosity of this offer. Offered as it is for the small club of subscribers, it will only take a few minutes of your time to interest your friends in THE LADIES' WORLD, and the remuneration will well repay you for the effort. It is guaranteed to be just as represented and to give satisfaction. We will send the Corset Cover and Material by mail postpaid, also THE LADIES' WORLD for one year, upon receipt of only Eighty-five Cents; or we will give the Corset Cover and Material free to any one sending us a club of Two subscribers for one year at 50 cents each, or Four subscribers at 35 cents each. Or we will send the Corset Cover and Material postpaid, without subscription to the magazine, upon receipt of 50 cents.



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