



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

The American woman. Vol. 28, No. 7 December, 1918

Augusta, Maine: The Vickery & Hill Publishing Company,
December, 1918

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

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

For information on re-use see:

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

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

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

AUGUSTA MAINE

THE

DECEMBER 1918

AMERICAN WOMAN



Change of Address

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

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

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

PUBLISHED BY THE VICKERY & HILL PUBLISHING CO.

Address all letters to THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

SUBSCRIPTION-PRICE: 30 cents per year. To subscribers in Canada and other foreign countries, 50 cents per year. (Positively will not accept Canadian and other foreign stamps)

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

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

AUGUSTA, MAINE, DECEMBER 1918

"Our Moneyback Guarantee"

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

Gray Hair Restored



In From 4 to 8 Days

A Great Discovery

Gray haired women need not be handicapped by their whitening locks, either in business or socially. The natural color can be restored in from 4 to 8 days with a clear, colorless liquid applied by combing through the hair.

This great discovery is of vital importance now, when so many home women must become bread winners. Now, today, before you start on your new work, send for a free trial bottle of

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

Not a crude dye, naturally repulsive to fastidious women, but a pure, clean preparation which doesn't interfere with shampooing or curling. Its use is as permissible as that of the powder which every woman knows she needs.

Send for Free Trial Bottle

Cut out this coupon now, fill it out and send it.

Mark on it the natural color of your hair—is it black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown? Better still, enclose a lock in your letter.

We will send a trial bottle and special comb by return mail. You can buy the full sized bottle at your druggist's, or direct from us if you prefer.

Remember, when the first gray streaks appear is the time to begin with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and mail the coupon for the free trial bottle today.

Mary T. Goldman
854 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
854 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black dark brown medium brown light brown

Name

Street

Town..... State.....

SERVICE FLAGS

BULL DOG BUNTING—Best for Wear

2x3 feet - \$1.75	5x8 feet - \$6.00
2 1/2 x 4 feet - 2.25	6x10 feet - 8.00
3x5 feet - 3.00	8x12 feet - 12.00
4x6 feet - 4.50	10x15 feet - 17.50

Three smallest sizes have 1, 2, or 3 stars sewed on; larger sizes any number of stars sewed on 9 cts. each; spaces provided for more. Loose stars for spaces, 50 cts. per dozen.

HONOR ROLLS, for 28 names, \$1; for 100 names \$2. Mourning Sleeve Bands, with Gold Emb. Star, 75c.

U. S. FLAGS **BULL DOG BUNTING**
Sewd Stars and Stripes

A Good Flag makes a useful Christmas Gift.

2x3 feet - \$2.50	4x6 feet - \$4.50	8x12 feet - \$12.00
2 1/2 x 4 feet - 3.00	5x8 feet - 6.00	10x15 feet - 17.50
3x5 feet - 3.50	6x10 feet - 8.00	12x18 feet - 25.00

All flags guaranteed fast colors. Promptly mailed via insured parcel post. No cash in advance required from churches, lodges, etc. Silk Service Banners, all sizes, made to order. Price list mailed.

Louis Fink & Sons, Good Flags, 57 N. 7th St. Phila., Pa.

Chats with Our Readers

MERRY Christmas?" Scarcely that, in the old-time acceptance of the season's greeting, to which we have so often given utterance. We cannot make merry when we see the little service-flags fluttering here, there and everywhere, in many and many of which the blue star has changed to gold, when we realize the grief that has entered homes where Christmas merriment reigned so little time ago. No matter how bravely sorrow is hidden, we feel it—perhaps especially those of us who have met just such sorrow face to face in days gone by—and we must bow our hearts in sympathy. But we can do all in our power to make others happy; that is a beautiful privilege, and by exercising it to the utmost we cannot fail to feel the warm glow of reflected happiness. We can make sure that no one who needs the touch of Christmas cheer we can give goes unremembered. Our gifts must perforce be small as regards intrinsic value, but they may be wisely selected and scattered, and carry not only our loving thought but a message of the real Christ spirit, born within. And we can be thankful; we can all unite in making Christmas a day of true thanksgiving—not alone because our armies are victorious in every encounter with the enemy, but because we who live to-day are witnessing the birth of "the new time" when the Christmas song, nearly two thousand centuries old, shall have the ring of verity, and "Peace on earth, good will to men" no longer be an empty phrase. "Behold, the old order changeth;" for that we may be deeply thankful. With all our heart we believe that the time is at hand when it will not be asked of a man, "How much has he got?" but "how much has he given?" the time when service, true service to our fellowmen, will be accounted of much larger value than the dollars we may have been enabled to accumulate—or may not have been. This greatest war of history has taught us many lessons—not the least of which is the value of cooperative service. We do not believe the world can ever go back to the old idea of "every man for himself." The true Christmas spirit, the realization that in every soul is the Christ, and that "as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me," is with us. Let us be thankful.

GIVE!" that is the call of the day, as it has been the Christmas call from time immemorial. It is for us to heed it as we have never done before. And we must give not because we have to, but freely, gladly, to the fullest extent of our resources, esteeming the opportunity to aid in the great work for humanity a precious privilege. It is for us here at home, living in comfort and far from war's alarms, to support and cooperate with the great organizations for relief, without which our fighting line could not "carry on" and victory would be impossible. Just now has come the campaign of the seven organizations, so closely associated in their work of mercy and human salvage that it would be difficult indeed to draw any line—the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Catholic War Council (including the work of the Knights of Columbus and special war activities for women), the Jewish Welfare Board, the Salvation Army, the American Library Association and the War Camp Community Service. In raising the amount required for their year's work they are cooperating instead of conducting separate campaigns as heretofore—this at the behest of President Wilson. And it is a wise course. Each organization will have its own "budget," to be expended in the furtherance of its special work, as in the past; but the spirit of unity will be shown by their complete cooperation, each aiding the other in the performance of the duties they are called upon to perform. That every dollar asked for will be subscribed there is no question. We know that in thus giving we are placing in the hands of worthy agents funds to be used for the comfort and well-being of our soldiers, and for war-sufferers in desolated lands, and not for one moment will we hesitate to give to the very utmost; and that means that we must go without

come comforts we have considered quite essential, but which we now know can be lopped off and we be none the worse.

AND there is the Red Cross—so aptly named "the greatest mother in the world." We all know what its manifold service means, and that the scope of its activities is constantly widening. For example, according to the report recently received by the war council, Red Cross workers in August received and answered ten thousand letters from relatives here at home asking information about dear ones in the fighting ranks, and also wrote hundreds of letters for the soldiers to the "folks back home." Seven new hospital recreation huts were established during the month; nearly thirty-five thousand people—including twenty-five thousand children—were treated at the dispensaries near the front, operated for the benefit of the civilian population, and educational exhibits for the combating of infant mortality and tuberculosis were attended by three hundred and eighty thousand persons in the same time. There seems truly no limit to the helpfulness and mercy of the Red Cross; and when we know that our second war-Christmas will be signalized by its Christmas Roll Call, we are sure of universal response. "This means that every adult American, not in the actual service of his country, is summoned to membership in the American Red Cross—because he is needed, and because it is a pledge of loyalty to our men and to our Allies. It is not a campaign for money, but for members. Last year the Christmas membership drive resulted in a total of over twenty-two million. This year it will be a greater number. We have sent our men. We have known our casualty lists. We have had the war come home. The Red Cross will have reached trench, camp, canteen and hospital. It will have touched every enlisted man with the promise, if it is asked, of service to his home folk—for the sign of Home Service is where they all may see. The millions of dollars poured out through the Red Cross by those twenty-two millions of people have measurably helped to lessen the immeasurable pain of the war. Making it a Red Cross Christmas is a national observance now. It is so fully appropriate a Christmas expression that we know in the red symbol the meaning of the very heart of Christmas." And so we will not only renew our own membership, but will induce "just one more" friend to join with us—more than one, if possible.

AND with our giving, which must be hearty and spontaneous, we will not slacken one iota our work of conservation. We have told you of the necessity for saving paper—which grows daily more urgent. The thought must be constantly with us to do with just as little of this precious commodity as we possibly can. It has always been so plenty and so cheap that it does seem a little strange to talk of saving it; we have never quite realized how many, many articles of daily use are made of it. But now that we understand the keen necessity of saving every scrap we can, of making every paper bag or piece of wrapping do double duty and as many times double duty as possible, we are facing this new requirement in the same spirit that we have faced every other. "Don't wrap it, please," is the average shopper's reminder; and any package not absolutely needing the protection of wrapping is dropped into a capacious bag to be carried home. Paper bags are carefully folded and laid away, to be returned to the grocer for refilling, and the same with wrapping-paper and twine. The American housewife has taken hold of this need in the same practical, systematic fashion that has characterized all others. Said a man in our hearing recently: "If this war is won—and it is—the women of America have done it." We may say without exaggeration that they have done, and will keep right on doing their full share. No call to action remains unanswered. The American woman is at her post—and that post is everywhere, in every department of labor, in the home and out of it, here and overseas. Saving or serving, whenever the call comes, to whatever field, the answer is "Here!"

Only \$2 DOWN ONE YEAR TO PAY

\$38 Buy the New Butterfly Junior No. 2 1/2. Light running, easy cleaning, close skimming, durable. Guaranteed a lifetime against defects in material and workmanship. Made also in four larger sizes up to No. 8 shown here.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL Earns its own cost and more by what it saves now in use in cream. Postal brings Free catalog-folder and "direct-from-factory" offer. Buy from the manufacturer and save money.

ALBAUGH-DOVER CO., 2237 Marshall Blvd., CHICAGO

FREE BOOK LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. Quinn Conservatory, Studio 6 Y, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

MOVIE MACHINE GIVEN

Have your own "movie" at home. A wonderful moving picture machine, complete with gas generator and 3 sets reels, all different (35 views). Powerful lens showing pictures large and clear. Given for selling 25 art and religious pictures or 25 piggy-back cards at 10c each. Order choice today.

GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 1327, CHICAGO

This Is Your Last Chance

To Subscribe to The American Woman

At the Old Price

Read Special Offer to Old Subscribers

Two Years for 50 Cents

Last month we told you why it was necessary to increase the price of *The American Woman*. Increased cost of everything that goes into the manufacture of a magazine has revolutionized the magazine-publishing business. Increased wages and shortening of working hours have kept pace with rising costs of paper and every kind of supplies. This is not a condition that confronts *The American Woman* alone. All publications have found it necessary to readjust their standards in the face of these unusual conditions.

The Zone Postal Law fixes a gradually increased scale of postage for several years to come, and therefore magazine-prices will in all probability go higher.

The American Woman will always be published at the lowest possible subscription-price consistent with our established standard for a woman's good household magazine. We will not cut down the quality of our publication, and so

The American Woman will be 35 cents after January 1, 1919

We did not want to advance the subscription-price of *The American Woman*. This move has been forced upon us by the changed conditions in the publishing business as explained above.

For two years your publishers have been bearing the increased cost without saying much about it. We hoped conditions would change for the better.

Now we learn from the paper-manufacturers that we must pay an increase of 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ % in the cost of our paper stock for the coming year. Still we do not ask you to bear even your proportionate share of this increase.

Last year we asked you to pay a slight increase of five cents. We hoped to stop there. This year we must ask for another five cents and must discontinue our special Club-Raisers' price after January 1. Be sure to read and take advantage of this

SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR OLD SUBSCRIBERS

Sit down now and write a letter like this

.....1918

The American Woman
Augusta, Maine

I enclose ~~30 cents~~
50 cents for which please renew
or extend my subscription for ~~1 year~~
2 years from
the time it is now marked to expire.

My name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City.....State.....

All our old subscribers are now given an opportunity to renew or extend their subscriptions, at the old price.

Send us 30 cents and we will extend your subscription one year from the time it is now marked to expire. Send us 50 cents and we will extend your subscription two years from the time it is now marked to expire.

The attached form of letter is for your convenience. If you do not wish to cut your magazine, write a letter like it.

Club-Raisers should be sure to read our announcement on page 20. Get subscriptions now, while the old rate holds good, and earn your premiums more easily and quickly than ever before.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

Augusta, Maine

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

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

Vol. XXVIII

Published Monthly

AUGUSTA, MAINE, DECEMBER 1918

Single Copies Five Cents

No. 7

THE YEARS FOR RACHEL

By BERTA RUCK

Author of "His Official Fiancee"

CHAPTER IV

The Understanding

ON the mantelpiece below stood a framed and tinted photograph of mother at seventeen, wearing an apple-green bustle and with her fair hair cut in a fringe; those swords and that portrait of a pretty Welsh girl represented the two forces in my father's life. He would have run away to sea if he had not fallen in love with the daughter of his father's banker. But he stayed, to give himself the chance of speedy marriage. Did he ever look at those swords with a sigh? If so, nobody knew it. I think, now, that he did. But then I thought very little of any love-problem that hailed from a generation back.

That to which one owes one's being, the mutual attraction of one's parents, seems to eighteen such a shadowy thing!

Now came something important, my very first real grownup talk with a man who was not a brother.

Selby Harrison began by telling me very gravely that he had Mr. Brook's permission to let me know a certain amount about this wretched affair at the bank. His young voice was strained and miserable as he said: "The fact is that certain books have been discovered to be not—entirely in order."

"What?" I said. I was too young to have learned how men loathe putting into what we call "definite words" anything to do with their business. I know now that men demand the roundabout method of expression and that she who takes a crude feminine short-cut through it is guilty of trespass. But then I said, "Selby, do you mean that a lot of money has gone?"

He reddened; he murmured something about his "precious cousin," and "probably on his way to Australia by now."

"Oh," I said, looking at him, "and what is going to happen?"

Selby said nothing was to "happen," actually. There had been a rather painful scene between Mr. Brook and some members of the board.

"It won't go further than that, but the whole affair has altered things," he said. "Your father won't be going away from here, Gwen! that's one difference."

You know, my father's promotion was due in a month, and it had been first whispered, then "hoped," and was by now practically certain that we should be leaving Tros-yr-Avon, that we should go to a "grander" house, and be much better off generally. Our family had been looking forward to this, for all "change" means "change for the better," to the young! But not for me; for supposing it had meant leaving him?

And now, it seems, dad's promotion would be postponed, he would not get the better bank in England.

"It's a pity," I said, not too sadly. "But anyhow you will be staying on here, Selby, won't you? That's what matters most." I looked at him shyly again. "Things aren't altered for you."

He looked away from me, at my father's bookshelf with its long red row of Captain Marryat's novels. He said:

"Things are altered. It is my cousin who has disappeared, leaving this mess to be cleared up by the rest of us. The slur is on my family, as well as on the bank. I don't



"Did you ever have a dream, Gwen, a day-dream of some desert island where you would be cast ashore?"

shirk that, dear. And that's what will make the difference to you and me, Gwen."

"To us?" I said, startled.

"Yes," said Selby, more gravely. And, standing a little away from me, he added a sentence that sent my heart down again as low as it had gone during those moments of suspense in my bedroom yesterday. "While this lasts, I cannot ask you to be engaged to me."

Stunned, I murmured: "Not engaged, Selby? You don't want us to be?"

"It would not be fair, dearest, to you," Selby explained, earnestly. "This thing is being kept as quiet as possible. But if I let you announce your engagement to a man

whose own cousin had left the place under a cloud, it would bring your name—yours, my Lily Maid!—into this sordid business. I would not."

Now of course I adored Selby for saying this. It was noble, chivalrous. (The words "a little bit of a prig" would never have occurred to me then; never!) At the same time, this sent my dreams crashing into ruin about me. Just when I thought I was going to be so happy— Two big tears, welling up from my eyes, splashed upon my serge-clad knee as I sat.

"Darling, darling, don't cry," Selby besought me with the usual panic of a man unused to the sight of feminine emotions. "After all—I say, my little sweetheart,

please don't. Even if we're not engaged it will not make any difference in what we feel for each other, will it?"

"No, but if I'm not going to see you, Selby," I gulped. "think how awful it will be, fuff—feeling as much as we do!"

"But what do you mean? not see me?" repeated the young man. As I sat there on the table swinging my toes disconsolately above dad's wastepaper-basket, he slipped his arm about me. Always his jacket-sleeve had that scent of Virginian cigarettes. For years I never got a whiff of them without getting also a little mental glimpse of Selby Harrison's blond, comely young face. "Don't be such an absurd darling," he said, tenderly. (This was a great expression of his, always, to me.) "Of course you will see me, Gwen. This need not affect my coming here and all that sort of thing. I only mean it won't be an official engagement. We shall have our understanding just the same, of course. You won't mind its being just that for the present, will you?"

An "understanding!" Oh, rose by any other name! Oh, compromise beloved by man, bringing to him all the advantages and little of the *gene* of the official engagement! But Selby was sincere enough in thinking that, in the circumstances, this was the right course to take. As for me—

"Mind?" I whispered, in relief. "Oh, as if I would mind anything you liked! As long as I can just see you; as long as there can just be this—"

And I pressed my cheek timidly against his sleeve. This was the moment that the door of dad's den flew open and dad himself, ignoring the sanctity of lovers, (though he himself had promised we need not be disturbed until as late as nine o'clock.) dad himself burst into the room as impetuously as one of the boys might have done.

"Gwen!" he said sharply. I sprang off the table, (scarlet-cheeked, and the picture of guilt, no doubt!) upsetting the wastepaper-basket, that rolled across the rug. "Gwen! What is all this about your sister?"

"What, dad?" I asked, dazed, standing, looking at him. "Who?"

"Hilda!" rapped out my father even more sharply. "Did you know anything about this?"

"No! What?" I asked wonderingly. "Hilda didn't come in to supper because she was going to wash her hair while the water was hot. I haven't seen her since she went into the bathroom. What has happened?"

"You knew nothing about it?" insisted my father, sternly.

From the expression on my face he must have seen that I did not. He said, looking angrier as well as younger than I had ever seen him before: "This is too much. Upon my word, it is too much. Everything seems to be happening at once." This is what I felt myself. For eighteen years it seemed as if nothing particular had been happening to me. And now, within a couple of crowded days I had been living in what seemed a perfect vortex of love and crime. "I pity any man who's got daughters," continued dad, very bitterly and unjustly, it seemed to me. "This is worse than any of the boys. You can reckon with them, but—Hilda! She said nothing to you, then, about intending to run away?"

"Run away?" I gasped. "Is that what she has done?" And I remembered Hilda's outburst in bed the other night: "I would love to run away from you all; love it."

What Has Gone Before

Gwen Brook, who tells the story, becomes engaged to Selby Harrison, a slowgoing, conservative young English bank clerk. Though he can't offer her anything for "indefinite ages" she is wonderfully happy, yet extremely reticent and shy about telling others of her engagement. She dreads to go to tea where she must meet the comments of her large family. Beside Mr. Brook and his quiet wife, there are Gwen's brothers Everard, Trevor and Jack and her sisters Hilda and Prudence. But the trying ordeal is lived through and afterward a clairvoyant friend of Hilda's tells Gwen's fortune. She sees for her a happy marriage, but not soon, to some one in uniform and with wings. Later the excited Gwen receives a great fright when she thinks her lover is being arrested; it proves to be his cousin Tom, and not Selby in trouble, however. Her first love-letter, merely a short informal note, fills Gwen with ecstasy and she goes happily to bed with it beneath her pillow. Roused by the sound of sobbing she finds Hilda grieving because her parents have refused to allow her to spend the coming Easter holidays with a rich school-friend and have also forced her to return to Vernon Slinger, this school-friend's brother, a bracelet won from him by a bet.

I explained to dad that this was all I had heard. "I thought it was just the way she talks when she is annoyed about something," I said, turning to meet the disapproval on Selby's face.

Selby had never really admired Hilda's dark prettiness, her defiant ways. Hilda, of course, was scarcely the type of the Lily Maid of Astolat; neither was she ever shy. Nor, by the way, had she ever seemed to think very much of Selby Harrison.

Dad turned away, muttering something about "wiring to those confounded people."

I caught him by the arm. "But, dad, what has happened? Where has she gone to?"

"Birkenhead, I suppose," retorted my father, with a short laugh that made me think that he must be joking.

CHAPTER V The Runaway

No joke, as it turned out, but the sober truth.

From Tros-yr-Avon station our rebellious Hilda had sent back a note (excrucially spelled, as usual) by the outside porter, saying that she was off to Liverpool by the seven-o'clock express. She was going to "explain" to the Slingers herself that it wasn't her fault about sending that bracelet back. She couldn't bear it any longer. She had wired to them and they were expecting her. She couldn't help it; she had to. And she didn't "care who said what!"

This was the message on which her family had to sleep that night. Now, judging from what I have seen of the behavior of some present-day flappers, the mutiny of Hilda may not strike you who read it as the epic that it was to us then. The verdict of some of the tolerant, indulgent home-circles of today might be merely:

"Just imagine the cheek of that kid! Defying her people who said she wasn't to stay at that house! Planning it all out! Bicycling down to the station when she was supposed to be washing her hair! Borrowing her journey-money from her brother without saying what it was for! Wiring to those people at the other end, and all. Pretty cool, wasn't it?"

They might take it in that way. But I am at a loss for words to describe the magnitude of the earthquake that shook our family. Mother, after Selby had gone, wept like a source.

"I suppose I might have known. I might have guessed the child meant to do something outrageous. But how was I to know? John! You've indulged her too much. You spoil her. You spoil all the girls, you know you do!"

"Precious little spoiling in the family after this," came grimly from dad. "I imagined that any daughter of mine would have had more sense and better taste than to— She ought never to have met these people!"

"But," sobbed mother, "you knew she had met them. The girl was sent to school here because of the mountain air, and you did say Hilda might go to Birkenhead at Christmas—"

"My fault, of course. I've too much to think of as it is. I trusted to you, Anne, to see that the children don't make unsuitable friends!"

"John! I made her send back the bracelet at once! I was firm!"

"When it was too late. These precious nouveau-riche Slingers that she's gone flinging herself at the head of— Who really knows anything about 'em?"

"I do," piped up the voice of Prudence. Scenting trouble, the youngest member of the family had pattered down from dad's dressing-room where she slept; and now, in her little blue-flannel dressing-gown, she had joined the aghast group in the drawing-room, taking up an inconspicuous position on a stool behind the fire-screen. Her small face with its immense eyes and impish, toothless mouth peered round the screen as she gave forth the gleaming of months. "They live in a 'normous house outside Birkenhead—"

"Yes; never mind their house, we know all about that—"

"Mr. Slinger is an awfully nice, kind old gentleman, rather like King Edward. I saw him once at Prize Day in a very bulgy waistcoat and a pink head; quite bald. He sits all day long writing checks for his sons. I heard him say so."

"How many sons has he got?" demanded my father, looking down distractedly upon his youngest born.

"Two, daddy. Harry's at Eton. Vernon is the one that everybody likes, though. Vernon's going to manage the business, later on. He was twenty-one last December," Prudence informed us, reveling in this chance of an audience. "He's got a darling red setter puppy called 'Lassie,' and he is so nice if he were only taller. He's just two inches taller than Hilda; they measured last Christmas under the mistletoe. Hilda always teased Vernon awfully; she told him

she never could possibly be engaged to anybody who wasn't six foot two—"

"Where on earth did you hear all this?" snapped my father.

Prudence said simply, "I just picked it up, dad. And oh! he's a little devil for—"

"What?"

A giggle from Jack was suppressed at a glare of dad's as Prudence explained:

"There's a little devil in Vernon's match-box that puts out its tongue for you to strike matches on."

Dad turned to the sofa. "Isn't there a mother at all. Anne?"

Our mother only faltered "I did make Hilda send the bracelet back!" and wept afresh.

Prudence answered for her:

"Yes; there's Mrs. Slinger, who is so fat and kind, just like a tea-cosy! She wears a toque all made of Parma violets, and when Hilda was staying there, she and Evelyn Slinger hid it. Mrs. Slinger only laughed. She does so love little babies," Prudence gabbled on, wiggling her bare toes on the hearth-rug. "She would so like to have a dozen grandchil—"

"Why aren't you in bed?" dad interrupted violently swooping down upon her. "Do you all know that it is a quarter to eleven?" (This was an hour of immoral lateness for Tros-yr-Avon.) "Everybody ought to be in bed. If I had a car I'd motor up to Birkenhead to-night myself, but I couldn't

ter, and her blue serge, and her best boots!" Selby smiled.

"You always see things in those odd, irrelevant details, my Gwen! Like a little reporter!"

"What d'you mean?" I said, dashed.

"Why do you disapprove of details?"

"I? 'Disapprove'? Of anything to do with you, darling?"

Shy again, I turned back to the violets; also to the subject of the runaway.

"Well, but she didn't even take anything for the night, Selby; I looked. And the Slingers may not be nice about that bracelet after all. And then dad, turning up in one of his worst tempers and being awful!"

Gravely Selby murmured something about her needing a lesson—

"But," I sighed, "it'll be such an awful one! She'll be on her way home now; just think what a ghastly journey! Probably alone in a smoking carriage with dad, and he telling her exactly what he thinks of her friends! Or else saying nothing behind the newspaper, and leaving her to her own thoughts— Oh, poor little thing when she gets home and has to face all of us— What will happen—"

Here a little breeze scattered a cloud of petals from the blossoming cherry-tree over Selby's fair head and his shoulders. It looked like confetti, I thought—and then I felt a little annoyed with myself for noticing that. There couldn't be any confetti strewn

"No," he retorted. "You won't see your sister here again."

With a pang I realized that she must have been packed off to her convent straight from Birkenhead.

"Not—?" I said blankly, as mother came running downstairs.

"No," said dad, and looking over my head he made his petrifying announcement.

"When I got there, I found that she was married to that young scoundrel ten minutes before I reached the house this morning!"

CHAPTER VI

The Stay-at-Home Lovers

Hilda, married?

The two words that made up this astounding piece of news must have echoed and re-echoed and been murmured and whispered and exclaimed in every house in Tros-yr-Avon for weeks after this, from the houses outside, whence people drove in to church, to the houses above the shops where we dealt. They must have been discussed by every family in the place, whether the people came to call at the Bank House, or whether they only knew the tribe of us by sight. I am sure the affair must have been as much talked over (in both Welsh and English) as anything that had ever happened there to flutter a tea-party. Wild interest raged in Hilda's late school, of course; even, Jack told us, at the country school.

Hilda Brook married! Mr. Brook's daughter from the bank—that little dark one—eloped! That girl from school; she'd run away and got married.

But never mind the effect of that news upon the sleepy but gossipy neighborhood to which it must have come as a veritable Godsend; this story must keep to the news as it affected me in my engagement. See what a gulf it fixed between me and the sister lately so near to me. Hilda, who the night before had been a schoolgirl, sobbing over a schoolgirl's row in the little bed next to mine, was now a married woman. Little Hilda, to whom I (the grown-up engaged sister) had felt quite motherly, had outstripped me in a day by years of a woman's life. I had lost her; never again to find the relationship as it had been. Yet I did not miss her as I should have thought I might. For, if I had lost my chum-sister, I had my Selby. Also, there was no sting in the thought that Hilda had "given me green stockings" by getting married over my head. For Selby was not in love with her. She was only Mrs. Vernon Slinger.

Dad, ignoring the attitude of the neighborhood, ignoring letters from Birkenhead, a call at the bank from Mr. Vernon Slinger himself, and almost chronic tears from mother, declared that he washed his hands of the whole disgraceful business.

So that was that; and now I am going to skip on a little in the story.

At intervals during the next year or so, my father used to thank goodness that one of his girls knew how to behave herself, and that in the course of time, if all went well, he would have one presentable son-in-law.

The sight of Selby and me must have been some comfort to him. At least he knew that Selby had not been making secret, half chaffing, but persistent cub-love to me since the first day he'd seen me (as Vernon Slinger had, it seemed, to Hilda during her first visit). At least, he was certain I had not flirted (while still too young to know about such things) and teased and coquetted with Selby to the verge of making him vow: "You'll be sorry for this one day, you little devil; you'll get to like me. And as soon as I see that I'll pick you up and carry you off to the nearest church. I shall have the license made out to be ready at any minute!"

(Which had been, apparently, the Hilda-Vernon climax.) Yes; at least dad could be sure that there could be no idea of special licenses and of eloping motor-cars in the mind of my betrothed—who was then saving hard and working hard; winning golden opinions from the Tros-yr-Avon board.

"A man must earn happiness" was one of Selby's maxims. Selby considered that his sister-in-law elect behaved "disgracefully." But it was the man he blamed; young Vernon Slinger, one of those swift, well-off fellows without any idea in his head beyond racing and prize bulldogs and expensive restaurants. Marrying for a whim! Taking advantage of the headstrong folly of a mere child! Probably getting desperately tired of her before the year was up.

"O Selby!" I said anxiously, listening to what was to me the Oracle-on-all-Subjects; "do you think that is what will happen?"

"Impossible to say; we shall see as time goes on," pronounced Selby Harrison. "These violent delights have violent ends," as Shakespeare says."

"Vernon Slinger seemed not so bad, from his letters," I pleaded. "Dad wouldn't see him, but even dad said his letters sounded straight enough."

"M'yes. But his action, Gwen! Abduc-

Continued on page 14

Your Subscription To The American Woman Expired With This Number if The White Blank Is Found Herein

We send this White Subscription-Blank to you because it is a handy way of renewing your subscription. All you have to do is sign your name and mail it to us with the money (coin or stamps). It is our way of telling you that this is the last copy of The American Woman you will receive unless you renew at once. You don't want to miss any part of the splendid new serial story starting last month, "The Years for Rachel," by Berta Ruck, the author of "His Official Fiancee," the most popular serial we ever published. We are going to try to make the editor's talks, fancy-work pages and all the special departments even more interesting and helpful the coming year than they were the past one.

NOTE—If your renewal has already been sent to us, please disregard this notice and accept our thanks for your earlier remittance.

The American Woman
Augusta, Maine

borrow one without giving this business away," complained my father. "I'll catch the first train in the morning. Anne! Early breakfast, please."

* * * * *

It was a rather dreadful day at the Bank House after he went. Hilda was on everybody's minds. Even I, wandering in a world of my own, put aside for minutes at a time the thoughts of my peaceful, soul-satisfying "understanding" with Selby Harrison, who loved me. I felt wretched on Hilda's account. I confided this to Selby, when he came that afternoon to find me at the bottom of our garden getting fresh violets for the vases; it was a soft and flowerful April, "with sunshine and rain for the narcissus," that one when I became plighted to Selby and when Hilda ran away.

"By this time she'll have left off feeling angry and she'll just be feeling silly," I told him sorrowfully, as I looked up at him from the dewy grass border. There had been one or two heavy showers that day. "Poor Hilda, Selby!"—the trouble in the house had taken away some of my shyness of his Christian name, of himself. I began to feel that, as I put it to myself "we had belonged to each other for ages now." Out among the wet grass and the fresh buds and the chill breezes I talked to him quite freely. "Just think of poor Hilda tearing off to those people whom she doesn't really know well, (except Evelyn) in just her red tam-o'-shan-

for any of our family for a long, long time to come. Besides, who wanted any? Sadly enough I went on telling Selby that mother had said dad thought of packing Hilda off to a convent near Paris where the Wynn-Matthews went, and where she'd be right away from the Slingers and everybody.

"Gladys Wynn - Matthews says the Mother Superior is so frightfully strict she never lets the girls go anywhere or do anything at all," I told my lover. "O Selby! to think that I shall be here, so happy with you, and that poor little Hilda will be shut up in that stone cage."

"Don't be an absurd darling," said Selby, holding my wet violets while I dried my fingers on my handkerchief. "It will do your young sister no end of good to come under discipline of some sort for a time. She hasn't your disposition, my sweet Gwen. Personally I think this idea of the convent is a wise plan of Mr. Brook's."

* * * * *

Poor Mr. Brook! To think that his "plan," too, was to be flung into Fate's waste-paper basket with so many other schemes and hopes and intentions for the best.

That evening he came home from Birkenhead alone. In the hall he shouted for mother. I ventured to go up to him; he looked grim, and very much overtired.

"Dad," I hazarded, "isn't Hilda coming back?"

JEAN JOSSYLN GROWS UP

By FLORENCE RYERSON

ALL Christmas stories should start with a well balanced sentence about the ice and snow. This is the Law and the Prophets. There should be a tang and snap to the air, sleighbells ringing, ears and fingers frosted, a bit of atmosphere in the flash of sun on frosted trees, and the cheery good-fellowship of a crisp, cold morning.

This will have to begin with no such assistance, for, though it was Christmas morning none of these things were present. The sun shone upon ordinary lawns, closely cropped and green, upon flowers and gardens, and, yes, upon Jean Josslyn descending the steps of her apartment-house.

Jean was dressed in white. A white suit, white furs and a duck of a white hat. In her furs, on the muff and neckpiece thrown back from her pink throat, were sprigs of holly, California holly which is more brilliant than the English. The clusters of red berries, as large as a child's fist, made little spots of color against the whiteness of her furs.

Furs were not necessary, but it was winter, and in winter one wears furs, even in California. So fashion dictates, and Jean was a slave to fashion, not because she wanted to be, but because her bread and butter and the various other dishes which were served therewith, all depended upon it.

Women in Guatemala and Siam were waiting to copy that white hat. Ladies in Kamchatka and Peru were cutting patterns like that coat. Females of questionable age and unquestionable avoirdupois, were sleeping on kids to reproduce the curls in her neck, and Jean Josslyn, tripping down the steps of the smartest apartment-house in Los Angeles, sighed deeply and felt the weight of publicity descend upon her.

A small boy was waiting by her machine and at her appearance he uttered a shrill whistle, which brought three other small boys, liberally striped with red candy. They fought together momentarily, and the victor opened the door of her car with a sticky hand.

Jean registered a smile. There, it is out! That "registered" tells the whole sad story of her life. Jean Josslyn was a Movie Queen, a Film Princess, a pampered darling of the screen. Daily she rose (somewhat earlier than the other poor working girls) and motored to the studio where she walked through a crowd of aspiring and perspiring extras to the room marked "Miss Josslyn, Private."

After that her work was practically the same. She dared not and died not. Not for her the Dangers of Daisy or the Bravery of Bess. Her business was to look helpless and appealing, to scream at the sight of a mouse, to faint in the arms of the hero every two hundred feet, and to shake her adorable curls and pout her equally adorable mouth when he proposed.

The names of the films were different, the scenes were different, the plots were slightly different, but Jean was always the same. The public would not have it otherwise, and Jean had grown to loathe the public with a hatred which was almost an obsession.

"I won't be helpless!" she stormed to the director. "Did you ever hear of a girl in this day and age who'd let a man help her over a three-foot fence? I'm going to climb it!" and she did.

"Cut!" said the director, wearily, to the camera-man, and the latter stopped his grinding. "You've got to let him lift you over the fence," he explained to Jean. "That is where he discovers how helpless and innocent you are."

"Innocent!" snorted Jean, wrathfully, running a hand through her curls. "Innocent! any girl who'd let a man help her over that fence would be deliberately working him!"

The director was used to temperament, also temper. He lowered his voice to the honeyed tones which he employed with all those who drew salaries of over a hundred a week.

"But the public—" he began, and Jean shrugged her shoulders.

"All right; so be it! If the public wants it, it goes! On with the dance." She draped herself gracefully upon the silk bosom of the hero, pointed to the fence, shuddered, looked up pleadingly through her curls and was lifted tenderly over. "Great guns, what drivell!" she muttered to the leading man; and a month later a vast and tearful movie audience breathed as one:

"How sweet and helpless!"

Behind the scenes Jean loathed the leading man. He firmly believed that all women were pining for love of him, and he it



"'Oh, I don't know why I'm telling you all this,' he broke off, suddenly"

said in his favor that he was not far wrong. But no man is a hero to his valet, (it has been said before, but it is true,) and no professional hero can keep up the pace all of the time. When he wasn't lifting Jean over three-foot walls and scaring away the naughty little mousies he chewed gum and read the Sunday Supplement. In the Sunday Supplement when a lady treats a man particularly badly it is a pretty sure sign she's pining for his love.

Jean treated him particularly badly, he was irresistible, (he had twenty mash notes a day to prove it,) ergo, she suffered from a hopeless passion. He called her "poor little girl," strictly to himself, and at times grew almost tender. He had decided to give her One Perfect Day, and so he had invited her to have dinner with him on Christmas at that dear little inn at the beach.

He had asked her a long way ahead, and Jean was not an accomplished liar. She accepted in sheer astonishment, and regretted at her leisure. Not that there was something she cared about doing. When one has no family Christmas is a mockery at the best, but anything was better than an uninterrupted tete-a-tete with Byron de Vere.

The terrible day drew nearer and nearer and, at the last minute she lost courage and fled.

"I've been called away suddenly," she told the clerk, trusting to think of an excuse before the next day, and she betook herself to her machine as a ship-wrecked mariner takes to a lifeboat.

* * * * *

On the other side of the city Brent All-

bury stood at his hotel window and stared gloomily over a busy street. Brent was two thousand four hundred twenty-two miles and some odd feet away from home, and he was counting every mile. He had come to Los Angeles on business, hurried business, and the call was important enough to make him forget the fact that his trip would mean being away from home on Christmas.

Half unconsciously he straightened his shoulders and threw up his chin.

"Got to buck up," he told himself. "Another month of this before I can go home."

And he turned once more to his typewriter which lay half buried under a sheaf of manuscript.

It was not from necessity that Brent Allbury was without an invitation for Christmas dinner. If he had wished to disclose his identity he might have been flooded with invitations. He could, had he so chosen, have been the lion at half a dozen dinners on Adams Street. But Brentwood Allbury loathed publicity, and feared almost more than he loathed it.

Behind his six foot two of masculinity lurked a soul which belonged by rights to the shrinking girl of thirteen. He dreaded the fierce white light of fame, and fled at the sound of his name, or rather, his nom-de-plume, for Brent Allbury had built up a character for himself, a wholly imaginary mentality, consisting of all the things which he was not.

As Peter Mann, the iconoclast, the fearless smasher of tradition he was hated and worshiped in every State in the country.

But living up to Peter—that was quite another matter, and one which Brent Allbury refused to face. He had, on the whole

managed to keep the dreadful truth quiet. It was known in literary circles, of course, a thing like identity cannot be kept entirely from others of the craft, but the country as a whole did not know that Peter Mann, the audacious, who dared tell the truth about politics, about morals, and, above all, about women, was the shy and more than retiring young man who gazed dismally over Spring Street on a Christmas morning.

It was the knowledge of his own potential possibilities which added to Brent Allbury's gloom. He felt rather as though he carried eternally with him a stick of dynamite which might, if he did not exercise vigilance, explode and render him an object of interest for the leo-hunter.

Brent had viewed the spectacle of the lion-cage, surrounded by an interested crowd, and he had no desire to change places with the king of beasts.

So he returned to his typewriter and began a fierce and heartless denunciation of the world in general and the custom of Christmas in particular which was rendered still more caustic by the gone feeling about his heart. Later he knew that the article would be the bone of contention through the Press in every State, and as he wrote he grinned a little in anticipation of the row it would kick up. Then the grin faded from his face and his fingers ceased to tap the keys. A great distaste for the whole thing came over him, and, muttering a few uncomplimentary remarks to the spirit of Peter Mann he rose and made for the street. Anything, he decided, was better than spending Christmas alone in his rooms.

Ahead of him a comfortable-looking trolley-car was rolling upon the track. Whimsically, he sprinted a bit and boarded her, resigning himself into the hands of the Goddess of Chance, and even as he did so, he looked ahead and saw The Girl.

She was slender and young, and dressed in a suit of shabby blue, with a hat which hid her hair, but she was pretty, unmistakably pretty, and about her there was an air of self-reliance which captivated Brent. At California Street the girl left the car, and Brent, still in the hands of Chance, rose from his seat and followed her into a jolting "Dinky" which ran from the top of the hill to the wooded arroyo below. And, above him, the fickle goddess smiled. How was he, a mere mortal, to know that the girl in blue was Jean Josslyn?

For while Brent Allbury stared at his typewriter in the noisy hotel that morning, Jean had driven slowly through the city, watching the moving groups about her with wistful gray eyes. They all seemed to have homes, and people who cared for them, she thought almost bitterly, while she, the idol of the great public, had been deserted even by her paid chaperon. The girls in the company were not her kind and the people she loved—

"I won't!" she had told herself savagely, winking back the tears, "I won't think about them. I've got to stay here and make money. It's my job."

She turned her machine away from the city so that she might not witness any more family reunions, and drove out through the boulevard to the studio.

"I might as well spend the day cleaning up my dressing-room," she thought. "No one will be there to bother."

Once on the lot she opened the door and let herself in. The room was in confusion, due to the hastiness of her changes and the fact that her maid had hurried away to a Christmas-eve dinner. Her dresses were strewn about in little mounds of silk and lace. Everywhere were scarfs and silk stockings, hair-ornaments and satin slippers. The place seemed to be full of every sort of luxurious dress, with one exception. In the center of the floor, where she had left it, was a suit, a dingy blue suit with a worn collar and an equally dingy sailor hat. By the side of it lay a pair of plain, common-sense shoes and a worn handbag, such as shop-girls are supposed to carry (and don't).

It was the clothing she had worn in the picture they had been taking the day before when, weary of the pursuit of two rich young men the heroine pretends to lose her money to test them. This was the wardrobe mistress' idea of the proper clothing for a lady in reduced circumstances.

The director had regarded them wrathfully, sworn a little under his breath, and ordered them discarded.

"Get something cuter!" he roared. "The fans wouldn't stand for it a minute!" so the clothing, promptly exchanged for a trim silk dress, reposed in the center of the floor.

Continued on page 16

Household Fittings Make the Best of Christmas Gifts

By FRANCES HOWLAND



No. 169 A. The Fir Pillow Is a Delightful Remembrance

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

Address all communications for this department to
EMMA C. MONROE,
Roxbury, Mass.



No. 170 A. An Interesting Design, and Very Quickly Worked

FIRST, there is the fir pillow. What could be sent from "the old home down in Maine," or elsewhere, that would more appeal to us than one of these fragrant pillows, redolent with the odor of fir or pine? How it soothes to sleep, carrying one back to the days of childhood before the cares of maturer years came to keep one open-eyed. Surely it is a comfort—just big enough to tuck in among the other pillows so that we can breathe its fragrance—and, as suggested, a nicer gift could not be found. Even if there is no old home-farm from which the precious "needles" may be had, the filled pillows may be purchased in any city store, and we have but to cover them.

The oblong pillow illustrated is just the right size, stamped on tan ticking twenty inches long and twelve inches wide, which will be the seam smaller when made up. The letters of the inscription: "Firs That Fill the Air with Fragrance," are outlined with green floss, the cones with golden-brown, and the stems and needles also with green of a darker shade. If you wish to do so you may easily tint portions of the design. Stretch the stamped goods on a smooth surface covered with blotting-paper, fastened down with thumb-tacks. Dilute a small quantity of green paint with turpentine, and with a tiny brush carefully stain the letters between the stamped lines. Darken the paint with black or Vandyke brown for the stems or branches, shading these lighter toward the tips, and use brown for the cones, darkest at the base and a little lighter at the tip—the shading being accomplished by using less paint on the lighter portions. With care you can do such tinting nicely. Take up very little of the dye or paint on your brush at a time, and do not allow it to spread beyond the stamped lines.

The tray or oval centerpiece will be appreciated by any housekeeper who has an oblong table to cover. It is fifteen by thirty inches when finished with a narrow hem, and the material is the popular and serviceable Russian crash. The embroidered decoration is showy, but very simple and rapidly executed. Black, blue, yellow and green are the colors used; the large, flower-shaped forms are filled in with darning-stitches of blue—a long stitch on the surface and a short one underneath, the outlining throughout is done with black, and the center of two flowers of each group are filled in with French knots of yellow, the third with knots of green. The small forms are crossed by long stitches of green and outlined also with black. The work "goes" so very quickly that it is most fascinating, and the effect

is quite out of proportion to the time and labor that must be expended to produce it. The lace edge may be purchased or handmade—that used for the table-runners would be very pretty.

Those selfsame runners afford another illustration of the value of simple stitchery—given a pleasing design. The little diamond-shaped forms, large and small, are worked in padded satin-stitch with a rather dark-green floss, and outlined with black. These forms are arranged in two rows, the larger ones next the border, one between each two sections or scallops, the smaller ones above and between the first. The border is done in chain-stitching, using a light shade of golden-brown, and in each section is a little curved outline of black. One could easily provide doilies to match the runners and have a very attractive lunch-set.

Finished with a narrow hem, the runners are about forty-five inches in length and eleven and one-half inches wide, to which the border adds two inches. Using No. 30 crochet-cotton (finer or coarser, if preferred), make a chain long enough to extend easily around the piece. It is far better to make such trimming of exactly the right length than to cut it.

1. Miss 3, 3 trebles in next 3 stitches, * (chain 2, miss 2, 4 trebles) twice, (chain 7, fasten back in 4th stitch from hook for a picot) twice, chain 3, miss 6, 4 trebles in next 4 stitches; repeat from *.

2. Slip over 1st 3 trebles, chain 3, 2

trebles in space and treble in treble, * chain 2, miss 2, 4 trebles, picot-chain, fasten between the 2 picots of chain of last row, picot-chain, miss 3 trebles, 4 trebles in next 4 stitches; repeat from *.

3. Like 2d row to *, (picot-chain, fasten between picots of chain of last row) twice, picot-chain, miss 3 trebles, 4 trebles in next 4 stitches; repeat from *.

4. Slip over 4 trebles, and to middle of picot-chain, * (chain 6, fasten back in 4th stitch for a picot) 3 times, chain 2, fasten between picots of next picot-chain, repeat from *, (chain 6, fasten back in 4th stitch) twice, chain 2, fasten between picots of next picot-chain; repeat.

The joining is nicely accomplished; leave a little space (of 5 chain-stitches) between 1st group of 4 trebles and last group, at end, and connect these by the picot-chain; connect the 2 groups of next row by 2 picot-chains, and so on. If preferred, the border may be sewed to the runner at end of 1st row, joining the ends of chain, and also the last picot-chain to top of 3 chain which represents the 1st treble of the row; after this join each row as completed. Instead of "fulling" the lace at corners, too, it may be made to turn the corner: Work the last of the 3 groups or blocks of trebles on one side of corner, make a picot-chain, then work the 1st of next groups close to the corner on other side, putting 1st treble of 1st group in same place with last treble of preceding group. Then continue as directed. The border may be

worked into edge of hem, if preferred, but if separately, it can be taken off should it become broken or worn while the linen itself is still good.

Needleworkers' Exchange

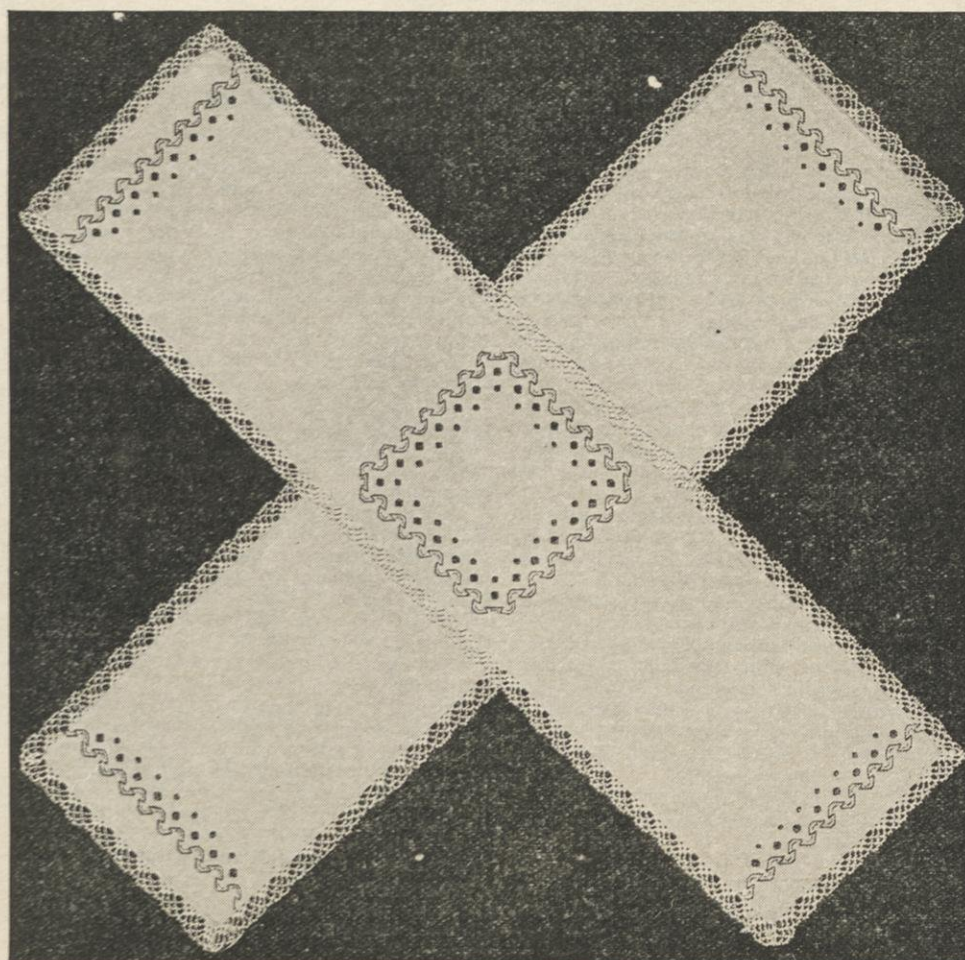
IN making thin waists and other garments a pencil will be found of very great assistance. Rule your lines for tucks, etc., when you cannot turn the stuff down by a thread. Put a pencil-dot where a button is to go or a buttonhole is to be cut. One washing will remove all pencil-marks, which need not be heavy enough to be noticeable, anyway. Another thing of value to the home needlewoman is a small pair of compasses or "dividers," which help to measure distances very much more quickly than by folding pieces of paper, although the latter plays a useful part once measurements are made.—Mrs. C. W. B., Ohio.

IF you find it difficult to work the initial, monogram or other bit of embroidery in the corners of napkins or handkerchiefs, try one of the following methods, all good: First if you have a number of corners to do, baste four of them together; you can put them in your embroidery-hoop without trouble. If you have but one or two, sew a piece of cloth to the corner, making it of sufficient size to hold in the hoop; or, take a piece of pasteboard three or four inches square, cut out a square hole large enough to expose the stamped initial, baste the handkerchief on the pasteboard so that the initial comes over the opening, and you are ready for doing the embroidery.—M. H. J., Vermont.

IN basting a long seam try threading the needle without cutting the thread from the spool; when the basting is finished the thread may be cut. This saves the time and trouble of continually threading the needle, and also saves thread; because, where one would not stop to wind short lengths on an empty spool for future use, if it can be pulled out in one long piece, after stitching the seam, one feels it to be a saving to wind it for use another time.—Anna C., Rhode Island.

I HAD a very pretty waist of sheer material which had a bad iron-rust spot on one side of the front, just below the shoulder. I made a tatted medallion, basted it over the spot, and in corresponding place on the other side, felled it securely, and cut away the material underneath. Beside repairing the waist it adds much to its attractiveness. A crocheted medallion may be used, if preferred, choosing thread to correspond with the material of the waist.—D. R. D., Kansas.

WHEN embroidering initials in the corners of napkins or handkerchiefs, baste the corners of four of them together, then slip the embroidery-hoops in place, having the corners meet in the center. By adopting this method one can work four initials without changing the hoops. I trust this suggestion will be as useful to other needleworkers as it has been to me.—A. L. B., Maine.



No. 171 A. A Pair of Table-Runners with Crocheted Border

No. 169 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on 12x20-inch tan ticking, with plain back to match, 25 cents. Floss to embroider, 25 cents extra.

No. 170 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 30 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on 16x32-inch Russian crash, 25 cents. Floss to embroider, 30 cents extra.

No. 171 A. Perforated stamping-patterns, 30 cents. Transfer-patterns, 15 cents. A pair, stamped on 12x48-inch oyster-cloth, \$1.00. Floss to embroider the pair, 25 cents. Crochet-thread for edges, 45 cents extra.

Emblem Pillow-Cover, Oddfellow Design

By MRS. W. A. BUNCH

USE ecru crochet-cotton No. 20, and make a chain of 192 stitches.

1. A treble in 6th stitch, (chain 1, miss 1, 1 treble, forming a space) 93 times, turn. It will be noted that, since the spaces are of 1 chain instead of 2 chain, a less number of trebles are used for the blocks or solid work; thus 1 block or 3 trebles, fills 1 space, 5 trebles fill 2 spaces, instead of 7 trebles, as usual, and so on, allowing 2 trebles instead of 3 trebles to each block or space, with 1 treble extra. If preferred, the spaces may be of 2 chain, and 3 trebles used for filling each, as usual, which would result in a larger cover unless finer thread were used.
2. Chain 4, treble in next treble, for 1st space, 93 spaces, turn.
3. Four spaces, (5 trebles, 4 spaces) 15 times, turn.
- 4, 5. Three spaces, (9 trebles, 2 spaces) 14 times, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
6. Like 3d row.
- 7, 8. Ninety-four spaces.
- 9 to 14. Like 3d to 8th row.
15. (Four spaces, 5 trebles) 5 times, 34 spaces, (5 trebles, 4 spaces) 5 times, turn.
- 16, 17. Three spaces, 9 trebles, (2 spaces, 9 trebles) 4 times, * 32 spaces; work back from * to beginning of row.
18. Like 15th row.
- 19, 20. Like 7th row.
21. (Four spaces, 5 trebles) 4 times, 46 spaces, (5 trebles, 4 spaces) 4 times, turn.
- 22, 23. Three spaces, 9 trebles, (2 spaces, 9 trebles) 3 times, * 44 spaces; work back.
24. Like 21st row.
- 25, 26. Like 7th row.
27. (Four spaces, 5 trebles) 3 times, 18 spaces, 11 trebles, 35 spaces, (5 trebles, 4 spaces) 3 times, turn.
28. Three spaces, 9 trebles, (2 spaces, 9 trebles) twice, * 33 spaces, 15 trebles, 17 spaces; work back.
29. Like 28th to *, 15 spaces, 19 trebles, 32 spaces; work back.
30. (Four spaces, 5 trebles) 3 times, 32 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 15 spaces, (5 trebles, 4 spaces) 3 times, turn.
31. Thirty-two spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 49 spaces, turn.
32. Forty-eight spaces, 7 trebles, 9 spaces, 7 trebles, 31 spaces, turn.
33. (Four spaces, 5 trebles) twice, 18 spaces, 7 trebles, 11 spaces, 7 trebles, 35 spaces, (5 trebles, 4 spaces) twice, turn.
34. Three spaces, 9 trebles, 2 spaces, 9 trebles, * 34 spaces, 7 trebles, 11 spaces, 7 trebles, 17 spaces; work back.
35. Like 34th to *; 17 spaces, 7 trebles, 11 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 5 trebles, 18 spaces, 5 trebles, 6 spaces; work back.
36. (Four spaces, 5 trebles) twice, 7 spaces, 45 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 19 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 18 spaces, (5 trebles, 4 spaces) twice, turn.
37. Thirty spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 19 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 45 trebles, 19 spaces, turn.
38. Nineteen spaces, 45 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 3 trebles, (2 spaces, 5 trebles) twice, 1 space, 7 trebles, 30 spaces, turn.
39. Four spaces, 5 trebles, * 24 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 5 trebles, 8 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 5 trebles, 18 spaces, 5 trebles, 13 spaces, * 5 trebles, 4 spaces, turn.
40. Three spaces, 9 trebles, * 40 spaces, 7 trebles, 8 spaces, 5 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 23 spaces, * 10 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.
41. Edge (like 40th to *), 23 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 40 spaces, edge (like 40th from *).
42. Edge (like 39th to *); 41 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 24 spaces.; edge (like 39th from *).
43. Thirty spaces, 7 trebles, 11 spaces, 7 trebles, 47 spaces, turn.
44. Same as 43d row, reversed.
45. Edge (which now repeats from 39th to 42d row); 25 spaces, 7 trebles, 9 spaces, 7 trebles, 14 spaces, 17 trebles, 20 spaces; edge.
46. Edge; 17 spaces, 25 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, (3 spaces, 7 trebles) twice, 24 spaces; edge.
47. Edge; 25 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 11 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 11 spaces, 9 trebles, 8 spaces, 9 trebles, 15 spaces; edge.
48. Edge; 15 spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 11 spaces, 23 trebles, 27 spaces; edge.
49. Thirty-two spaces, 9 trebles, 5 spaces, 9 trebles, 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 21 spaces, turn.
50. Edge; 15 spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces,

- 7 trebles, 9 spaces, 11 trebles, 5 spaces, 11 trebles, 25 spaces; edge.
51. Edge; 23 spaces, 35 trebles, 8 spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 14 spaces; edge.
52. Edge; 15 spaces, 9 trebles, 8 spaces, 9 trebles, 9 spaces, 11 trebles, (1 space, 11 trebles) twice, 23 spaces; edge.
53. Edge; 23 spaces, 11 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 11 trebles, 10 spaces, 25 trebles, 18 spaces; edge.
54. Twenty-six spaces, 17 trebles, 12 spaces, 9 trebles, 11 spaces, 9 trebles, 29 spaces.
55. Edge; 23 spaces, 9 trebles, 11 spaces, 9 trebles, 40 spaces; edge.
56. Edge; 39 spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 19 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 22 spaces; edge.
57. Same as 56th reversed.
58. Edge; 40 spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 5 trebles, 8 spaces, 9 trebles, 23 spaces; edge.
59. Twenty-nine spaces, 9 trebles, 8

71. Thirty-one spaces, 35 trebles, 47 spaces, turn.
72. Forty-seven spaces, (11 trebles, 1 space) twice, 11 trebles, 30 spaces, turn.
73. Edge; 23 spaces, 11 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 11 trebles, 40 spaces; edge.
74. Edge; 39 spaces, 9 trebles, 11 spaces, 9 trebles, 22 spaces; edge.
75. Same as 74th row, reversed.
76. Edge; 40 spaces, 9 trebles, 11 spaces, 9 trebles, 23 spaces; edge.
77. Twenty-nine spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 6 spaces, 9 trebles, 5 spaces, 45 trebles, 19 spaces, turn.
78. Same as 77th row, reversed.
79. Edge; 23 spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 5 trebles, 8 spaces, 9 trebles, 5 spaces, 45 trebles, 13 spaces; edge.
80. Edge; 23 spaces, 5 trebles, 6 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 9 trebles, 8 spaces, 5 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 22 spaces; edge.

Now work like 26th back to 1st row, reversing the order, which completes the pillow-cover. For the border:

1. A treble (chain 3 for 1st) in each stitch all around, with 6 trebles in each corner space, to turn easily; join and turn.
2. Chain 10, miss 3 trebles, fasten in next, slip over next 2 trebles, turn; 24 trebles in loop of 10 chain, fasten in 2d treble, chain 7, miss 7 trebles, fasten, turn; * chain 3, miss 1 treble, a quintuple treble (over 5 times) in next, repeat from * 11 times, miss 7 trebles, fasten, slip to 2d treble, turn; 4 trebles in 1st space, 2 trebles in next space, chain 7, fasten in top of last treble for a picot, 2 trebles in same space, (2 trebles in next space, chain 7, fasten in top of last treble for a picot, 2 trebles in space) 9 times, 2 trebles in next space, picot of 9 chain, 2 trebles in same space, 4 trebles in next space, fasten in 2d treble of last row, chain 5, miss 4 trebles, a treble in next, chain 5, miss 4, slip over 14 trebles, turn, and repeat. Have a loop of chain come at each corner, covering the 4 trebles, and fastened in 1st and last of 6 trebles; this can easily be arranged, if need be, by missing or slipping over a treble more or less in making preceding scallops.



Emblem Pillow-Cover, Oddfellow Design

- spaces, 5 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 46 spaces, turn.
60. Same as 59th, reversed.
61. Edge; 23 spaces, 9 trebles, 6 spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 12 spaces, 17 trebles, 20 spaces; edge.
62. Edge; 17 spaces, 25 trebles, 10 spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 6 spaces, 9 trebles, 22 spaces; edge.
63. Edge; 22 spaces, 9 trebles, 11 spaces, (9 trebles, 8 spaces) twice, 9 trebles, 15 spaces; edge.
64. Edge; 15 spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 8 spaces, 9 trebles, 9 spaces, 9 trebles, 24 spaces; edge.
65. Thirty-one spaces, 9 trebles, 7 spaces, 9 trebles, 9 spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 21 spaces, turn.
66. Twenty-one spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 9 spaces, 9 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 9 trebles, 31 spaces, turn.
67. Edge; 26 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 11 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 10 spaces, 7 trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 15 spaces; edge.
68. Edge; 15 spaces, 9 trebles, 8 spaces, 9 trebles, 12 spaces, 23 trebles, 26 spaces; edge.
69. Edge; 25 spaces, 9 trebles, 5 spaces, 9 trebles, 13 spaces, 25 trebles, 17 spaces; edge.
70. Edge; 20 spaces, 17 trebles, 14 spaces, 11 trebles, 5 spaces, 11 trebles, 25 spaces; edge.

81. Edge; 22 spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 19 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 6 spaces, 5 trebles, 23 spaces; edge.
82. Edge; 32 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 19 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 23 spaces; edge.
83. Twenty-nine spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 5 trebles, 8 spaces, 9 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 38 spaces, turn.
84. Thirty-four spaces, 15 trebles, 5 spaces, 9 trebles, 8 spaces, 5 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 29 spaces, turn.
85. (Four spaces, 5 trebles) twice, 17 spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 6 spaces, 9 trebles, 5 spaces, 15 trebles, 22 spaces, (5 trebles, 4 spaces) twice, turn.
86. Like 34th to *, 21 spaces, 15 trebles, 5 spaces, 9 trebles, 6 spaces, 9 trebles, 1 space, 9 trebles, 16 spaces, work back.
87. Like 34th to *; 17 spaces, 9 trebles, 9 spaces, 9 trebles, 34 spaces; work back.
88. (Four spaces, 5 trebles) twice, 36 spaces, 7 trebles, 9 spaces, 7 trebles, 19 spaces, (5 trebles, 4 spaces) twice, turn.
89. Thirty-two spaces, 7 trebles, 7 spaces, 7 trebles, 49 spaces, turn.
90. Fifty spaces, 23 trebles, 33 spaces, turn.
91. (Four spaces, 5 trebles) 3 times, * 16 spaces, 19 trebles, 33 spaces, (5 trebles, 4 spaces) 3 times, turn.
92. Like 28th to *; 34 spaces, 11 trebles, 17 spaces; work back.
93. Like 28th to *; 56 spaces; work back.
94. Like 91st to *; 58 spaces; work back.

Needlepoints

MRS. L. B. S., Maine.—A straight piece of lace may be used for a round centerpiece by furling the upper or selvage edge as required. If the lace be tightly rolled and tied, and this edge dipped into boiling water for a minute, then allowed to dry, it will sometimes shrink sufficiently to give the required curve—that is, if the thread has not been previously wet. Be careful to moisten only the upper edge. If you are crocheting a strip of lace for the purpose, make a double instead of treble at end or beginning of every other row, at the top; in this way the curve is produced, and may be regulated at discretion. I have been unable to find the “large round centerpiece with crocheted border of a rose done in a diamond,” but will gladly print your request for it, if desired.

ESTHER K. EVANS, Indiana.—Your sample of lace is beautifully done for a wee maiden of nine years. I am sorry it has been published—and that I cannot again illustrate it, but I have laid it away among my treasures. You will like to know, too, that a little friend of my own, just one year older than you, has copied it; I think she means to write and thank you for it, or has done so.

EDNA F., New York.—The patterns of any embroidery designs shown at any time may be had by enclosing the required amount to The American Woman, stating the numbers wanted. Will other friends kindly note this reply?

MRS. A. J., South Dakota.—Crash, scrim, oyster-cloth, cotton crepe, linen or any preferred material may be used for the strips to set between crocheted insertion for a bedspread. Or one may use strips of plain crochet.

MRS. N. M. L., New York.—You will find two very lovely yokes, such as you ask for, illustrated in the October issue; this month; hence I do not print your request. Thank you for your appreciation of The Needleworker.

Requests

I SHOULD like to see some lace about two inches wide, with turned corner, for curtains, also some little edgings for baby's clothes.—Mrs. P. H., Wisconsin.

WILL some contributor kindly send a baby's cap in crochet? Should like something simple and pretty for a little girl of two years.—Mrs. A. B. H., South Dakota.

MRS. C. R., Pennsylvania.—I can discover no error in the 15th row of yoke, and several friends have written of having completed it, and desiring to thank Mrs. Butler, who so kindly “shared” it. If you would like the yoke itself, or any assistance—other than I can give you—you might address the contributor at Butte City, Calif.

MRS. E. S., Wisconsin.—Send to The American Woman, enclosing price and giving the number of the little hat, stamped; you will be able to obtain it, I am sure.

Terms Used in Crocheting

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

THE WOMAN WHO WON

By W. R. GILBERT

WHEN Mahoney came into the room and saw the young man sitting in an armchair by the fire, his plain, genial face was clouded with pity and dismay.

"You shouldn't have come all this way, Jack!" he cried, hurrying forward. "I would have gone to see you!"

The visitor raised his face. It was growing shadowy in the big, gloomy library, but a sudden leaping flame in the fire shone on worn features and vacant eyes that peered past Mahoney at nothing.

"My man brought me here," said Dundas. "I wanted to see you. At least—" He laughed. "I can't do that, but—"

"How can you joke about it, Jack?" interrupted Mahoney, in his impulsive Irish way.

His face was quite pale with the intensity of his feelings. He sat down and did not look at the boy.

"Oh, well, one has got to grin and bear it! It was a cut I got on the head at Loos! Played the deuce with the optic nerve. Oh, I can't remember all the long words the doctors used!" He smiled drearily. "Words don't matter, anyway! The fact's there. I can scarcely see at all now, and in about a month or so—but I didn't come here for you to weep over me. The women do that. I know you feel sorry. Let's cut out all that!"

He moved impatiently in his chair. His face had been singularly handsome, in a boyish, clean-cut way, before the sufferings and hardships of war had set their mark upon him: stooping shoulders and pallid face, and those peering, dark-rimmed eyes.

No wonder that his friend could not bear to look at him! Mahoney remembered the Jack Dundas of other years—gay, high-spirited, perfectly groomed; a trifle at life, weak and foolish, undoubtedly; but with a trick of winning and keeping the affection of his fellows. He had been the most popular member of clubs where Mahoney, self-made and diffident and homely, had been quite civilly ignored by all but Dundas. A rather odd friendship had sprung up between the irreproachably dressed young man of fashion and the simple, uncouth-looking Irishman, whose wealth had not been great enough to buy his admittance into the world of society.

Then the war broke out. Dundas went to the front, and Mahoney, abandoning the social pretensions that had brought him nothing but disappointment, married a plain, good-natured Irishwoman who had been his secretary, and retired to live quietly in a huge, old-fashioned mansion at Hampstead.

"You got my letter congratulating you?" asked the elder man.

"Yes. Didn't I answer it? Oh, well, one hadn't much time for letter-writing out there. Ridiculous rot, my getting the V. C.! Matter of luck. Colonel happened to be in sight when I brought poor old Crossley in. Most of the other fellows deserved it more!"

"It isn't luck that makes a man do things like that, my boy!" said the Irishman. "Put 'p' before luck, and—"

"Oh, shut up, man!" protested Dundas. "You're as bad as the newspapers!" After a moment of silence he leaned forward: "Mahoney, I want a business talk with you."

Mahoney's genial face was troubled and embarrassed.

"My dear Jack, please don't think of it! At any rate, another time!"

"But I came to see you about the matter—the ten thousand you lent me! Of course, things aren't particularly brilliant financially just now. I've got the three hundred a year the poor old mater left me. As for earning any more—he laughed shortly—"unless I set the craze in society for artificial flowers, I believe the blind can make 'em—"

"Don't talk like that, Jack!" said his friend uneasily. "Mustn't get bitter, whatever happens! And you know perfectly well that I'd no more dream of asking you for the money than—"

Mahoney could find no parallel.

Dundas moved his eyes toward where he supposed the speaker to be. He laughed again not quite so bitterly.

"That may be sentiment, but it's not business!"

"I'm Irish," said Mahoney, hotly. "My feelings come first, business afterward!"

"Yet you're on the way to being a millionaire!" said Dundas, with a smile.

Mahoney got up and crossed the room to a sofa that stood beside the desk. He unlocked it, and knelt by it. Dundas lay back with closed eyes.

The light of the February afternoon was fading swiftly.



"She went to him. Seeing his face she gave a little startled cry"

"Shall I switch on the light," said Mahoney, "or is it more restful for you as it is?"

"As it is, thanks!"

The elder man came back to the fire with some papers in his hands.

"I think it's here."

He was sorting them.

"What is? You're deuced mysterious!"

Dundas spoke with the irritability that his affliction had brought with it. In the old days he had been the sunniest-tempered fellow who had ever run through three fortunes.

"It's the acknowledgment."

Mahoney found the paper that he had been seeking, and put it into the young man's hand.

"Well? I came here to tell you that I'll pay you what I can. I'll—"

The paper was withdrawn from his hand. There was the rustle of a flame that was being fed.

"You've not burned it? Good heavens, Mahoney!"

The boy's face was working. He thrust out a trembling hand and grasped Mahoney, who had been kneeling by the fire.

"Steady on! Don't throttle me!" Mahoney laughed.

"You shouldn't have done that! It's splendid of you to let me off." Dundas spoke chokingly. "Don't think I don't realize that, but—I could pay you something—a little every month! I was a fool before the war, chucking money away as I did! When you lent me that ten thousand, I—"

"Don't think of it again, now!" said the Irishman. "I'm proud to have been able to help you. Too old to fight, but not too old to do a good turn for a gallant V. C.! There now!" He laughed to hide his feelings.

"The whole thing's done with. We'll not dig it up again!"

"But what can I say? You—"

"Now don't begin. I won't have it, I tell you!"

"You expect me to take a thing like this

without trying to say what I feel? Well, of all the—"

"Oh, bless the boy! You really want to know how to thank me?"

"It's impossible to thank you."

"Not a bit impossible. You can thank me by not referring to the matter again."

"But, my dear fellow!" Dundas laughed weakly. "Really there's a limit to— One man doesn't let another—"

"Then you're determined not to thank me?" Mahoney chuckled. "I've caught you!" He looked at the boy with a very warm affection in his eyes.

"Stay and dine with us, Jack! My wife will be delighted to see you. I've told her so much about you."

Dundas. The glare of light was dazzling eyes that were not blind.

"What does this mean?" the girl said.

Her frightened whimper passed unheeded. The two men had forgotten her presence.

Mahoney sat down heavily, and leaned his head on his hand.

"Mr. Mahoney"—she grasped his arm insistently—"Jack's engaged to me. I dare say he told you."

"No!" The reply came in a muffled voice. "He told me other things, but not that."

She looked from one to the other with agonized entreaty.

"But this seems so awful! It's so—so horrible for me! Won't one of you explain? You must."

Dundas, who had been standing with his head sunk on his chest looked up.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I'll explain, Hilda. Before the war Mahoney lent me ten thousand pounds. He had my acknowledgment for it. The other day he wrote to me. Someone had told him I was blind. Well, I was tempted, and I didn't hold out. I came here this afternoon, and pretended to be blind. I knew what a generous fellow he was—how simple. I hoped he'd let me off. He did. He burned the acknowledgment. That's all! If you hadn't turned up I doubt if he'd ever have found out. We'd have gone to Australia, as we'd arranged. He's left all the clubs—he knew none of my friends. He wouldn't have found out. You see?"

She stood with her hands clasped together, her face white as marble.

"I can't believe it, Jack!" she said, in a little tremulous whisper.

"It's true!" he said hoarsely. "Time you found me out, old girl, before it's too late. Mahoney and everyone think me a hero, because I saved Crossley. But I've no pluck. None at all. I'm a real rotter! I'm mean! I do vile, low things—things other fellows would scorn to do!"

"I'm a coward!" the boy went on, vehemently, "I lie and squirm out of things! I can't face the music! I—but I think you understand now. Why did you come here this afternoon, Hilda?"

"They told me you were here. I was lurching in Hampstead, and thought I'd call for you. Jack—"

She went to him, but he put out his hand and kept her away.

"It's all up, old girl! Now that you know what I am, I don't keep you to your promise. Not such a blackguard as that!"

"If you're a rotter Jack," she whispered, "you want someone to help you not to be. I'm going to!"

"O my dear!"

His voice broke. They held each other close for a long moment. He spoke to Mahoney, a new tone in his voice.

"I'll work hard, out in Australia. I'll send you the money—never rest until it's sent! Do you hear, Mahoney?"

"You don't really think it's the loss of the money I feel?" said the man, who had never spoken harshly in his life, and did not do so now.

But there was that in his voice that made the girl, looking into her lover's eyes, whisper pitifully:

"Oh, poor Jack!"

"Leave me alone with him, old girl!" he said, hoarsely.

"No," she went to Mahoney—"Mr. Mahoney; I know what Jack is, now, yet I'm going to marry him. Won't you—can't you—"

"It's different for a woman," he replied very low. "I'm afraid I can't."

"It was vile, but he's so awfully sorry. He sees how dreadful it was."

"I can't." He spoke with an effort. "We were friends. He needn't have thought I'd come down on him for the money. I'm not that sort. And—we were friends!"

"He's quite right, Hilda," said Dundas. "It's different with woman; but men can't stand this sort of thing. I know, because they've found me out before."

She bent over Mahoney and spoke in a sob-choked voice.

"Don't you see! There are different sorts of courage! Jack's done this thing and it nearly breaks our hearts, because we love him; but—think of the day when he dashed across that field in the face of awful fire and saved Major Crossley! Perhaps none of the other men in the trench would have done anything mean—anything small. But they all saw the man lying there helpless and none of them went for him but Jack. Oh, we mustn't forget that, we who love him. I don't know—perhaps it isn't the better sort of courage; but"—her voice broke; tears

Concluded on page 22

THE ALLEANZA FEMMINILE

By KATE E. HORTON

THE great war with its far-reaching effects has brought a change perhaps unequaled elsewhere in the realm of womankind into the lives of the women of Sicily. For in Sicily the traditions of the east, fostered successively by the Saracen and Spanish invasions of the eighth and twelfth centuries, still prevailed at the beginning of the present war. The place of woman was not only figuratively but literally "in the home." Rarely on the street or in public places was a woman of social prominence to be seen. So distasteful to the Sicilian woman, in fact, was the thought of appearing publicly, that even shopping—that delight of the feminine heart—was left to others. The cloistered seclusion was not alone the custom of the higher classes, the women of the poorest classes as well, bound by the same oriental traditions, kept strictly to their homes.

Into this social state of an age long past, breaking down the bars of custom that hedged these women of Sicily from public affairs and lives of independence, the present war stretched a relentless and imperative hand. For Sicily, true to her past, responded to the call for men, sending thousands of her best to fight on the Italian front. Left at home, the women of the people, unaccustomed to work outside, were suddenly forced to support themselves and their children, while upon the women of the higher class fell the task of caring for these poorer sisters—to see that they were enabled to earn their living, or to provide for those who through sickness became necessarily a public burden. All classes responded nobly. The spirit of patriotism and loyalty, the innate charity and love in every woman's heart, enabled these women of Sicily to break away from the customs that had hitherto bound them. The most prominent women of Palermo immediately organized what is known as the "Alleanza Femminile," a federation of women who devoted themselves with splendid energy and utmost devotion to their suffering people.

It is through this Alleanza Femminile, whose members understand the Sicilian people and their dialect—for the imprint of Saracen and Spaniard is to be found in the language as well as the customs of Sicily—that the American Red Cross has been able to aid in their time of need the people of Sicily and the "profughi," as they call those from northern Italy who have taken refuge there. Upon the appeal of the Alleanza Femminile to the American Red Cross Commission in Italy, the American organization was enabled to save six hundred boys, orphans of the richiamati, from what threatened to become slow starvation. These orphan boys established by the Alleanza Femminile—at considerable strain upon the slender finances of this organization—in the Villa Filipina, a former recreatorio or playground of a Catholic institution, were subsisting on an orange and a piece of dry bread as a daily diet, when the appeal to the American Red Cross was made. The American organization immediately came to the rescue with the gift of a soup kitchen stationed on the grounds of the recreatorio, where each day these grateful boys receive a steaming bowl of rich soup, furnished through funds of the American Red Cross.

A second activity, this time established directly and solely by the American Red Cross for the families of the richiamati of Sicily—the mothers, wives and children of the soldiers at the front—is the public food-distribution. This food-distribution under the personal direction of Mrs. Donald Shaw MacLaughlan, wife of the American Red Cross delegate to Palermo, takes place every Thursday, and is always attended by members of the Alleanza Femminile who understand the people and their dialect. Here quantities of meat, rice and condensed milk are given to the families whose need, particularly because of sickness, is vouched for by the Alleanza Femminile and other Italian charity organizations after careful investigation.

Cordial as have been the relations and splendid as has been the cooperation of all the Italian societies with the American Red Cross throughout Italy and Sicily, possibly none has worked more harmoniously with the American organization and been of greater help than the Alleanza Femminile, whose members, for the first time, perhaps, in the course of sheltered lives, have thus undertaken tasks of public character. Reports from American Red Cross workers in-

the Palermo district never fail to express their gratification at this harmony of Sicilians and Americans in a great work to further a common cause.

Looking Out for Our Nurses

Who is mothering and sistering the nurse in France, while she is spending her time and energy sistering and nursing back to health your boy at the front?

It may not have occurred to all of us, but

Paris an enormous bureau—the Red Cross Woman's Bureau of Hospital Service—which takes care of most of these vastly important routine matters for the Red Cross Army nurse. At the head of this bureau is Miss Ruth Morgan, and working with her is Miss Julia Stimson, the chief nurse.

The problem of equipment is complicated by the eccentricities of the war market in France. Many ingenious substitutes have been involved and many adroit de-

ducing American models in the leading French shops.

There was the difficulty, too, of supplying the out-of-town nurses with necessary equipment. Travel is so burdensome in these days of many documents and leave so uncertain that it was found impracticable for the nurses to come to Paris for what they wanted. The Bureau found an answer to that problem by opening a mail-order service in a big Paris department-store.

The matter of housing has been another "sticker." Conditions at the front are such that it is often next to impossible to provide the nurses with comfortable, or even livable quarters. Even the big base hospitals get so full that there is no room for the nurses to sleep. The plan has been for the Army to take a house outside the hospital in the vicinity. The Women's Bureau takes care of the equipment and furnishings of these homes, down to the least detail.

In two of its own hospitals where the rooming-space is not adequate, the Red Cross has opened similar homes for the nurses. In addition, they have taken over a large house at 41 rue de Galilee as a permanent nurses' hotel. This house has accommodations for seventy-five nurses. There are two gardens, and balconies overlooking them. There are a telephone, hot and cold water and steam-heat in every room. The assistant to the chief nurse lives there and holds herself in readiness to give advice and help whenever called upon.

Beside these necessary provisions for sleeping-quarters, the Red Cross is constructing at every base hospital a Nurses' Club in the shape of a small baraque with reading-, rest-, and class-rooms opening off a large main room where afternoon tea is served. The Y. W. C. A. has been asked to detail a secretary to each of these clubs, or where the work does not warrant it, to every two or three clubs. In Paris, a club for nurses as well as other Red Cross Workers has been opened at the Hotel Roblin.

Recreation and "off time" have long been recognized as of equal importance with working hours. The recreation question has a way of looking out for itself. Whoever heard of a group of American girls who couldn't contrive to enjoy themselves in their playtime in a thousand and one ways? All they need is the time and place to relax and they will furnish their own entertainment. They are as resourceful there as in other fields.

Where and how to spend a leave is another "off-time" question which the Bureau has shown great discernment in handling. They are ready with suggestions, as well as offering practical facilities such as the Pension Galilee for those who wish to spend their leave in Paris. Convalescent leave has received special attention. Besides offering the opportunity to consult specialists, the Bureau finds accommodations for convalescents at Cannes and Biarritz during the winter and at LaCroisic during the summer. For girls just out of the hospital details are attended to, trains looked up and rooms engaged. Just now, the Bureau has under consideration a suitable place for convalescents in need of mountain air.

Besides the various provisions for her well-being the American nurse has revealed an amazing aptitude at "looking out" for herself.

In the last offensive, there were cases when nurses "just over" were set to work with practically nothing in the way of accommodations and the tools to which they were accustomed. Six weeks later, the chief nurse says she found them installed in model hospitals. They themselves had created out of the material at hand all that was needful to place the hospital on a working basis. There is never a whimper at hardship and never a complaint at privations. They are true soldiers, ready to "do and do without," like the men whom it is their mission to attend.



Villa Filipina Where Six Hundred Boys, Sons of Soldiers at the Front, Are Cared for

it certainly has to the mothers of these girls and women that they can't spend all their time bending over the beds of wounded soldiers. It is not all glamor, poetry and romance. Nurse or no nurse, they are still human. They must be fed three times a day, they must be clothed, they must sleep occasionally, and in order to stand the trying physical and heartbreaking strain they must rest—they must have their hours of recreation.

In the early days of our part in the great war, back in August, 1917, Miss Martha Russell, in charge of army nurses, and Miss Elizabeth Ashe, in charge of the Red Cross nurses for civilian work, stopped in London on their way to France and went over with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid the splendid work al-

vices worked out by the Women's Bureau. For it takes more than a war market to "stump" the Women's Bureau. When instructions come from Washington, for instance, Miss Morgan and her staff proceed to fit the local conditions to the instructions, not always an easy matter with quality and quantity both minus. But Miss Morgan is of the opinion that if results cannot be achieved in one way they can in another. Witness the new washable gray jersey uniform, the rubber boots which will go on over an ordinary shoe, and the "trench-coat" specially adapted to the peculiar kind of damp cold, to which the weather-man is so notoriously partial "over there."

Just to illustrate how the Women's



Palermo Boys at the Villa Filipina, Eating Soup Furnished Daily by the Red Cross

ready started there for American Red Cross nurses in London. And these women theoretically became the mothering angels of our nurses. A nurses' club was started. A "leave" club where nurses found a home-like environment in which to spend hours off duty.

This answered a crying need and the work grew to tremendous size. It became necessary to centralize. And to-day there is in

Bureau tackles a problem, let us take the shoe difficulty. Kipling says somewhere: "The marching man is no stronger than his feet." That is certainly equally true of the nurse. We can well understand that the American nurse balked at compromising her efficiency by wearing the ordinary high-heeled French boot. But American shoes are not to be had easily in France. The Bureau has cut the Gordian knot by intro-

THE HOMEMAKER

Conducted by MRS. M. M. HYNES

Some Conservation Suggestions

Concluded from last month

YORKSHIRE pudding, taken from my English friends, is a most excellent stretcher. After a piece of meat is roasted, remove it from the gravy or drippings. Have ready a waffle-batter, turn it into the hot drippings, and bake in the oven. It is delicious served with the meat, and makes the amount go twice as far. Do you catch the possibilities? Flavored gravies is another excellent stretcher. Most housewives of the middle west know how to make gravy, but there are lots of women who never have made it. The simplest and most inexpensive way is to put into a skillet a heaping tablespoonful of lard, cottolene, crisco, or any other grease-substitute, and when hot put in a heaping tablespoonful of flour. Rub smooth and cook until the flour is brown, then add a pint of water, stirring until the gravy is smooth and thickened. Add salt to taste. Now for the variations and the stretchings. Many housewives use milk instead of water; it makes a richer gravy but it isn't essential. Suppose it's eggs you wish to stretch. Boil three eggs until good and hard. Meanwhile toast a half dozen slices of bread about four inches square. When the eggs are hard, separate white and yolks; put the white through the vegetable-press, and mix thoroughly through the gravy. Arrange the toast on a platter, pour over it the gravy, and last put the yolks through the vegetable-press, sprinkling lightly over the whole. A pleasing, tasty dish, and three eggs serving six people is the result.

Suppose it's only a few scraps of meat you have. Chop them up, mix them in the gravy, season well, toast a plateful of corn, rice, or wheat flakes, or puffed rice or wheat, until crisp, and pour the gravy over all. Meat for three will thus become a meat-dish for six or more. Or, mix a tablespoonful or two of peanut butter with a little hot water, and stir into the gravy, then use it to put over plain boiled rice. Peanut-gravy and rice will soon become a family favorite.

The rice-and-curry, a favorite dish of the orient, offers such possibilities! I never knew how to use rice until I lived in the orient for some time. It is served at least once a day. A day without rice there would be like a potatoless day here. The rice is boiled or steamed until tender, and then left to steam dry so it is not soggy. Then with the gravy idea varied in endless ways it is served. First the rice on the plate, with the gravy dipped over it. The orientals always flavor the gravy-combinations with curry-powder, but that is not necessary. Put a tablespoonful of grease in a skillet, chop an onion fine, and fry it brown. Then add a tablespoonful of flour, and brown it, then the water. Add almost any leftover bits you have, after chopping them fine, any bits that go well together, vegetables, meat, chicken, fish, or any bits you have, in fact. Then salt and pepper the mixture, add a little chili sauce, or tomato sauce, or chopped up pickle, and you have the essential idea of the oriental rice and curry, with only the curry left out, and you wouldn't like that if you had it.

Rice served with stewed fruit is another oriental dish. It is called compote or whatever kind of fruit you use. To serve, put rice in the dessert-dishes and dip any kind of juicy fruit over it, and serve. It goes splendidly together.

Rice with tomatoes dipped over it, or macaroni, or spaghetti, with tomatoes dipped over it, is an idea taken from the Italians, and is really worth while, but always break the macaroni into small pieces. It will not aggravate the men-folks then.

Mashed potatoes with tomatoes dipped over is another wholesome combination; and by the way, if you have a vegetable-press small potatoes will have no terrors for you, nor need they be wasted. Simply wash them clean, boil them tender, put them through the vegetable-press, and presto, the skins are left in the press, and the potatoes are ready to be seasoned and beaten up into fluffy, delicious mashed potatoes.

Make a bread pudding, leaving out sugar and flavoring or raisins, and add salt and grated cheese instead, and serve it as a main dish at luncheon. I copied this from a Scotch friend.

The meat-loaf, or fish-loaf, or bean-loaf is another stretcher. All stale bread, as leftover crumbs or larger pieces that many would discard, when put into the oven to thoroughly toast dry are rendered clean

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

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

and sterile. Then put them on the bread-board and roll with a rolling-pin to fine crumbs. Put these into a covered tin, so they will keep crisp, and keep them ready to use in making hosts of things. When they are moistened with water, or meat-stock, or milk, and mixed with ground-up meat, or nuts, or bean puree, and an egg or two added, and it is seasoned with salt, pepper, sage, or onion, or whatever seasoning you wish; and is packed in a bread-pan, and baked in the oven, and the combination is cold, it can be sliced and made to serve the main portion of luncheon, or even dinner. Salmon can be used the same way, or a salmon-and-macaroni combination served with sliced lemon is good.

A hasty dessert for a party of six was made from a rather scanty bowl of dried applesauce. It came as an inspiration to me, for I was sixty miles from the nearest store, and that was all I had for dessert. It took two weeks to get supplies that sixty miles. I put the sauce in a deep saucepan or steamer, and added three cups of water and additional sugar, making a very thin sauce. Then I prepared dumpling-dough, making a nice fat dumpling for each of the party. They were light and fluffy, and, with the semithickened applesauce dipped over them, were hailed with delight by both sexes. That dessert, since then, has become a favorite one in our circle of friends. We use any fruit we choose, simply adding enough water and sugar to make sufficient liquid to cook the dumplings in.

As to dumplings, I find so many housewives who have given up trying to make them. They are easy to make if you follow a few simple rules. Have sufficient space between the top of the liquid in which you intend to drop the dumplings and the top of the vessel in which they are cooked, so they will not touch the lid, when fully raised. Have the liquid boiling-hot when you drop them in, and cover immediately; and do not lift the lid or let the stove be jarred in any way for ten or twelve minutes. They are quite sure to be done when this time has passed. If fully done uncover and serve at once, or at any rate remove them from the pot, break them into halves with the aid of two forks, so they can steam out, and set them aside. Leaving them covered on the stove in the pot, after they are done will surely produce failure.

The phrase "a meatless day" causes a great deal of mirth in some families. Let me tell you why. Once a week the family buys a piece of meat, or kills a chicken, and that's all the meat that family has. The chicken, if it is chicken week, is dressed, and the pieces good for frying are fried. It gives each member of the family at least one piece, unless the family is rather large. A milk gravy is made from the fryings and served with the potatoes. The bony pieces are boiled, the stock is thickened with a little flour, and seasoned, and dumplings are dropped in the soup, or half a cup of rice or barley is boiled until tender in the stock, making a substantial soup. The meat from the bony pieces is picked off and minced, mixed with potato, or formed into croquettes, or some of the other stretchers. The rest of the days of the week are meatless, and I mean no meat. The protein element is supplied by eggs, cheese, nut-stretchers, or by one of the legumes: peas, beans, or lentils. If meat is purchased that week, it is served in some of the ways spoken of before.

I once stayed successively with two housewives. One had a family of five children, the other of four. The former was accounted a fine cook, and I knew of people who came purposely to visit her to get their fill once in a while. Her grocery bill at that time, some years ago, averaged thirty dollars a month. The latter housewife, with the smaller family, was not a good cook, nothing was very tastefully served or cooked. Usually she went or sent to the store just before each meal, and put on the table what she had purchased. Her grocery bill was never less than sixty dollars. The same difference exists to-day, with the fig-

ures of both proportionately higher, in a great many families. Economy means foresight, and intelligent planning.

Anybody can use lots of money and materials in cooking and feeding a family. It doesn't take brains or education to do that, but it does take a real genius to economize intelligently and consistently day after day, and not let it warp the soul, or spoil one's happiness. But it's an object worthy of the attention of any housewife, for money saved is money earned. Eating for efficiency is the best economy I know of. It saves both your money and your health, and also in this great crisis it saves food for the nations.

Whatever you have at hand, whatever you must buy, study the best ways of serving it, and the varieties of ways in which it may be served. If it is eggs, specialize in egg-dishes; if milk, study up custards, junket, milk gravies, cornstarch, milk puddings, milk soups, and cottage cheese. I found the last-named served in England with no salt or pepper added, but just cream, and then served with jelly or preserves.

Do not be misled by such receipts as the following, which recently appeared. It was called "pumpkin pie without the pumpkin," and then it gave a list of ingredients, as eggs, milk, etc., that must have made that one pie cost as much as a whole big pumpkin. But choose rather the kind of receipt that came out later, telling how to make pumpkin pie without either milk or eggs, but substituting corn-flour instead, and which, upon trial, made so delicious a pie that the jury (the men of the family) failed to mention that they detected any change.

In this connection I'd like to suggest the real economy of those little individual pie-, or custard-, earthenware dishes, about two and a half inches in diameter, and one and a half inches deep. I make all my pies in these. They do away altogether with the bottom crusts, thus saving wheat-flour, and in case of open-faced pies, as pumpkin, lemon, custard, or cream pies, no flour at all is necessary. I find them really economical. They fit so nicely in luncheon-boxes, as well as for serving at the table.

Breakfast-foods, porridge, or cereals, whichever you call them, are pleasingly varied by cooking a handful of raisins, or chopped dates, or figs, with the oatmeal, or whatever is used, and frequently no sugar need be added, for the fruit gives it a sweet taste. It is better anyway to stop using raw sugar. Foods that need sweetening can have sugar cooked in them, and corn syrup, or a little jelly, make a very good substitute, if more is needed.

The only confections children need can be made from syrup. Taffy, in its various forms, is a wholesome confection. Raw foods are so important, and especially for growing children; as, raw apples, celery, lettuce, cabbage or radishes. Something raw each day should be eaten to furnish necessary vitamins and cellulose. An intelligent study of essentials, and food-values, is not beyond any housewife, if she really wishes to learn. The value of carbohydrates, fats, protein, starches, cellulose, vitamins, and mineral salts, should be taught in all grade schools, as it is being taught in some. The future housewife could then economize intelligently.

Much more could be added, and thousands of homemakers who have learned long ago to economize because of necessity could help out; they very often keep quiet, however, because of the simplicity of their receipts and the plainness of the food. Let us all remember that these qualities are exactly what we are looking for to-day, and lend a hand. Our pet economies may help others to a variety.

J. H. W.
Topeka, Kans.

Baby Bonds and the Baby

MY! you have no idea how I enjoy this department. And I do want to tell you all of one way we have of doing our bit. Some time ago, when the "Buffalo" nickels first

came into circulation in our locality, and before we saw the new dimes, I decided to save all the new nickels I chanced to receive in making change, believing that would be an easy way to earn my next winter's dress without really missing the money; "many a little makes a mickle," you know, and a few cents put away at a time soon count up. By the time I had about five dollars saved, however, we heard whispers from afar that the stork was making other plans for my "Buffalo" nickels, so we saved them closer than ever. Then the new dimes began to come and we saved every one of them also; and by the time our precious wee daughter arrived, we had twenty dollars' worth to put in the bank for her. Then we decided to save the pennies, and any chance new quarter or half-dollar we happened to get, and say! it is surprising how fast they count up. Our baby is fourteen months old, and we have purchased for her fourteen "baby bonds," or war-savings stamps, one for each month of her life; and we shall keep right on through the year. Now we have never missed this money, we know it is helping our Government, and in five years our little daughter will have a nice bank account of her own, as each baby bond is worth nearly five dollars now. We are still saving, and would not think of spending any new money for anything else; really, this method is a great help in "resisting temptation." Many times my husband and I have come home without buying some article we thought we needed, just because we had received several new coins in change and would not spend them. He is as enthusiastic as I am, and we never let a new coin get away from us; all go into baby's bank, and once a month the accumulation is "traded" for a baby bond.

I, too, have sent my precious ones into service, and am very proud of a son who has won his commission as lieutenant at the age of twenty-one, and is now stationed in Virginia, helping train men for air-service in France. He is anxious to go to the front, but the Government seems to think he is more needed on this side at present, which is of course quite a relief to me; although when his turn comes to go across, I shall be even prouder, if that is possible, to be the mother of such a son as he. My younger boy enlisted at eighteen, but received an honorable discharge seven months later because of ill-health. He is very anxious to join the colors, and should the war continue until he is physically fit he will still go to France to help whip the Kaiser. And we know the war must go on, and we must all do our very best in saving and working, until permanent peace—a peace that will make the world a safe and happy place—is assured.

Now let me offer a few suggestions—discoveries of my own: Never put a crocheted yoke on a baby's dress; it is too rough for the tender skin, no matter how fine the thread. Trim the bottom of dresses and skirts to your heart's content, but leave the neck plain. And do not let the little one wear a crocheted hood unless you put in a silk lining.

Don't let baby sleep on your arm; this will cause the little body to be crooked. And do not lay the weight of your arm across baby's body at any time; it is a thoughtless and careless habit many mothers have of going to sleep with one arm thrown over the little one. Not even when holding baby should any unnecessary weight be allowed to rest on it. Do not wean a baby during the hot months; if old enough to wean, and teeth are cut, let it go until September, at least. For several weeks before weaning, feed the wee one a little at each meal—a little rice, well-cooked oatmeal, orange-juice, milk-toast, crackers in milk, even mashed potatoes with milk and butter well whipped in, or milk gravy, are good. Egg-soup is excellent—most babies and even grown folks like this for a change. It is made by pouring a cup of boiling water—be sure it is boiling—over an egg broken into a bowl, with salt and pepper to taste. Do not beat the egg, but stir it while adding the boiling water; crumb in a little bread or crackers. All these and many other things will give baby strength and relieve the mother, for after a child begins eating regularly it need not nurse so often. My baby eats a little of nearly everything we do. By watching her bowels closely I have found very little to disagree with her. She will eat nothing

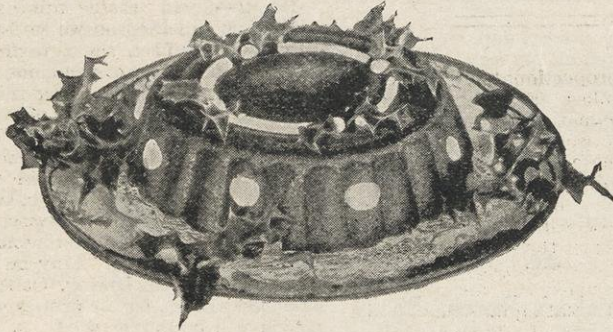
Concluded on page 12

For the Holiday Season

By ISABELLE CLARK SWEZY

AT Christmas time, somehow, one really does long for something sweet! And there is no reason why we shouldn't have it, provided we remember always that those "over there" want it just as we do, and need the sugar vastly more, and that we at home should obtain our "sweets" principally from the sugar-substitutes. It is just like sending them a Christmas present when we save on the sugar that it may be sent over there!

You see, to begin with, Americans have always eaten more sugar than the people of other nations, and more than is really good for them, and it is time we are evening things up a bit. There is nothing which furnishes heat and energy so quickly as sugars and fat. While we all need some in our diet, it can readily be understood how extremely important it is that those bearing the great physical hardships for us, exposed constantly to severe weather and the greatest endurance, be not deprived of what they need. It must be a source of great satisfaction to each of us to know that what we save goes to someone who is doing so much for us. So in planning our good things for the holiday season, we shall keep constantly in mind the necessity for saving fat and saving sugar, and using a variety of flours instead of all wheat, and I think with our consciences all clear we can sit down and enjoy our good things much more, surely, than if with every morsel we had to say to ourselves, "Someone else really ought to have this!" Conditions vary so in different localities, that we all should accustom ourselves to using, as nearly as possible, the substitutes most easily obtainable where we live. In one part of the country, maple-syrup may be secured without difficulty, while in others it cannot be obtained at all, or the price is prohibitive. The same is true of honey. In some receipts, the white corn syrup works most admirably, while in others, the dark corn syrup is equally or more satisfactory, depending upon the flavor desired. Remember always, when substituting syrup for sugar, to reduce the quantity of liquid. When making puddings or cakes, jam or jelly may often be substituted satis-



A Christmas Cake

half a cupful white flour, two level teaspoonfuls baking-powder, one half teaspoonful salt, one half teaspoonful cinnamon and one quarter teaspoonful cloves. Add this gradually to the first mixture, together with one third cupful finely chopped suet. When well beaten, stir in one cupful of jam—preferably raspberry or strawberry. If desired,

a cupful of raisins and half a cupful of nuts may be added, in which event they should be stirred in with the last of the flour. Turn into a greased tube cake-pan and bake in a slow oven until, when a straw is inserted, it can be with-

drawn clean and dry. It will require about three-fourths of an hour. This may be served cold as a cake, or hot as a pudding. The illustration shows it as a cake, decorated with a little sugarless frosting, for which you already have the receipt, and a few almond halves.

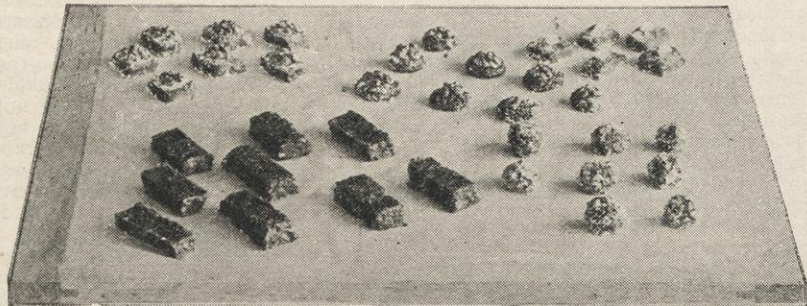
Some good Christmas cookies which the children will all relish are made as follows:

Honey Cookies Heat together one half cupful vegetable shortening and one cupful of honey. When fat is melted and honey is somewhat thinned, set aside to cool. Mix and sift two cupfuls white flour and one cupful barley- or rice-flour, one teaspoonful baking-powder, one half teaspoonful soda, one half teaspoonful salt and one half teaspoonful nutmeg. Add one well beaten egg to the honey- and -fat mixture, then gradually sift in the mixed and sifted dry ingredients. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla, then add enough more flour so they may be rolled thin. The amount of flour varies with the



The Delicious Honey Cookies Which Are So Popular

brands used. In some instances the amount given will be sufficient. Roll thin, cut into fancy shapes with a cookie-cutter, press a raisin or bit of date into each and bake in a moderately hot oven. If more convenient, oat-flour may be used and spices added — one level teaspoonful of cinnamon and a pinch of cloves, or all spices may be omitted and two squares of melted chocolate may be added to the fat and honey before stirring in the flour, and nuts may be pressed in immediately upon removing the cookies from the oven, while still soft. A cupful of cocoanut (first



Good Candies That Save Sugar

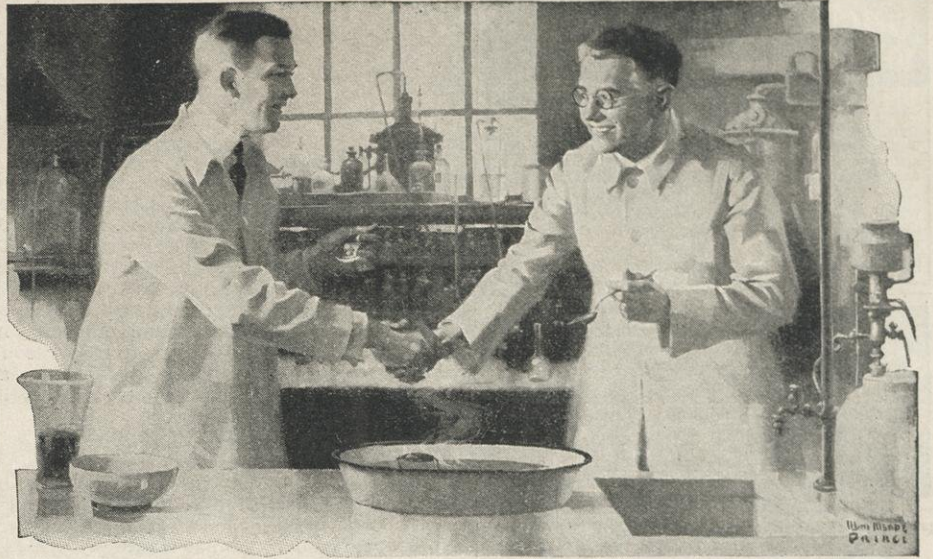
factorily. The following Christmas Cake is a good example:

Christmas War-Time Cake Cream together half a cupful of brown sugar, and one third cupful of corn syrup. Add the yolks of three well beaten eggs. Mix together one half cupful sour milk and half teaspoonful soda, and add. Mix and sift together one cupful soy-bean-flour or rice-flour,

steamed) may be added to the dough. A great variety may be made from this one receipt.

Nut Spice Cake (Sift flour before measuring and use level measurements.) Mix together one half cupful butter-substitute, one cupful corn syrup and one cupful molasses. Pour over this two-thirds cupful boiling water

Concluded on page 21



The History of a Van Camp Soup



A Parisian Chef

In the Hotel Ritz, created the original recipe. It embodied some 20 ingredients, and 23 hours were required in the making. In a culinary contest held in Paris this recipe took the prize. Thus this soup became the leader in that city of fine cookery.



Materials Analyzed

These Van Camp scientists fix a standard for every ingredient. Every material must come up to that standard. Some materials are selected by analysis to insure against variation.

Thus a Van Camp Soup is always at its best — exactly like the model soup adopted.



Scientific Cooks

Later this chef was employed by Van Camp, and that recipe came with him. Here our culinary experts, college trained, worked three years to improve it. By testing countless blends they evolved a savor which amazed the chef himself.

All Van Camp Soups are perfected in that way. Our scientific cooks start with a famous recipe. They try out hundreds of ways to improve it. And they never stop until they reach the limit in deliciousness.



The Final Formula

Then every step and detail is recorded in formula. And that formula is always followed to the dot.

In every Van Camp Soup you get a famous recipe perfected in this way. You get the very utmost in blend and ingredients.

They come to you ready to serve, at a trifling cost—the finest soup ever created.

Try two or three, and you will never again be content to serve an ordinary soup.

VAN CAMP'S

Soups — 18 Kinds

Other Van Camp Products Include
Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Pork and Beans

Also perfected by these culinary experts. Beans selected by analysis are baked for hours by super-heated steam. Baked with a sauce which is the final result of testing 856 formulas.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

Based on a famous Italian recipe which our experts spent years in perfecting. Never in Naples or anywhere has one ever tasted a Spaghetti which compares with this.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from a perfect blend of Spanish and Virginia peanuts, with every germ removed. The germs are slightly bitter. It means a new delight to lovers of peanut butter.

Yourself and Your Child

What To Do When Baby Does Not Thrive

By DR. C. B. SOUTHWICK

EVERY baby less than a year old should be weighed once a week. When the child gains at the rate of about six or eight ounces in this period we may be sure that he is thriving, but when the gain is only four ounces or less he should be carefully watched and if the weight does not soon increase more rapidly it is probable that he is not getting the proper amount or the right sort of food, and changes in his diet should be made. It is best to consult a doctor about this. A well nourished baby usually grows about eight inches the first year, which averages nearly three-quarters of an inch a month. During the second year the growth is not so rapid, being only about a third of an inch a month, while the weight increases about twelve ounces in a month. So you can be certain that if your child does not gain at the rate of about a pound a month during the first year and three-quarters of a pound a month during the second year he is not as healthy as he should be. It should always be remembered that the chief business of the child is to grow, and a steady growth is essential to health. A baby should always be hungry at his regular feeding-times. When his wants are attended to he should be satisfied and happy, and should soon fall asleep.

During the first month of his life the baby should spend at least nine-tenths of his time in sleep. During the second month, if he is normal, he begins to notice things and people and is attracted by bright objects. When baby first comes into the world he is deaf for about four days, but the hearing slowly develops so that at the end of a month or six weeks this sense is very acute, and loud noises disturb and frighten him. From the third to the fifth month, according to his strength and vigor, the baby should be able to hold the head erect without support, and from the seventh to the tenth month he should be able to sit alone. Teething usually begins at about the seventh month, though a tooth may commence to push its way through the gums as early as the fifth. At about six or eight months old the baby should begin to creep, and by the tenth month should make attempts to stand upright. From the twelfth to the eighteenth month he is learning to walk and by the time he is a year and a half old should be able to walk alone.

When a child is one year old he should sleep twelve hours every night and have a nap of an hour and a half's duration in the morning and another in the afternoon. At two years one nap a day of a couple of hours' duration is sufficient, but there should be twelve hours sleep every night. A four-year-old child should also have twelve hours sleep, and a six year old eleven hours, and this amount of sleep should be insisted upon until the tenth year.

It is well to insist on a daily nap until the child is four or five years old, and if he is at all delicate, keeping this up a year or two longer will benefit his health; for sleep is a great restorer.

If the baby is small for his age, if he seems weak and ailing and does not gain in weight as he should, first look to his food. No general rule can be given about this, for every delicate child is a law unto himself and it is necessary to adapt the milk to his individual digestion. Sometimes a child of six months will thrive on a formula ordinarily suitable for children of eight or ten months, or a ten months' child may need a formula usually given to a baby of three or four months. If the baby is breast-fed and yet does not show the proper increase in weight, the mother should at once consult a physician to learn what is wrong.

Constipation is one of the commonest troubles to which babies and young children are subject and it has many different causes. In a nursing baby the fault usually lies with



Our Mammias Do Just as the Doctor Says, and We Never Are Sick

the mother who, almost without exception, suffers from this trouble herself. Perhaps she takes too little exercise, eats too concentrated food, too little fruit and vegetables, or drinks too much tea or coffee. She should take bran or mineral oil, or some mild laxative, and be careful of her diet. If the tendency toward constipation still persists in the child even after it has been corrected in the mother, the baby should be given from one half to one teaspoonful of cream in a little hot water three times a day. If this does not bring about the desired result it may be necessary to give it before every feeding for a while. For a bottle-baby it is best to dilute the food with oatmeal-water made by taking three tablespoonfuls of oatmeal and allowing it to soak in cold water overnight. The next morning add one quart of cold water, and boil steadily down to one pint for about four hours and then strain through muslin. This should be added to the milk formula instead of barley-water. After the sixth month a little orange- or prune-juice can be given to a constipated child the first thing in the morning. Sweet-oil (olive-oil) or pure codliver-oil is also often recommended for this purpose. This can be given in doses of ten to thirty drops three times a day after feeding. No child should ever be allowed to go more than twenty-four hours without a movement of the bowels. Omitting the lime-water in the milk-formula and using instead one quarter teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda sometimes relieves a constipated baby.

In spite of the warnings given again and again about neglecting the throat-troubles of young children, many women will be careless about symptoms of the gravest import and delay sending for the doctor until it is too late to save the little sufferer. One mother who refused to send for her physician in a case of throat trouble not only lost her own child but spread the disease through a neighborhood, needlessly endangering the lives of many children. When she was remonstrated with for her criminal folly by the doctor who made out the death-certificate she replied with tears that she didn't think it was anything serious, and she didn't want to be quarantined. She had sense enough to know that quarantine meant a shutting out from the world, but apparently she did not have intelligence enough to heed the many warnings to call the doctor at once when white patches appear in a child's throat.

When something is wrong about a young child do not neglect it in the foolish belief that he will outgrow it. Even so comparatively common a thing as vomiting should not be regarded as natural and but little attention paid to it. No really healthy child vomits frequently, and if your baby does so

there is something decidedly wrong. First of all, try to find out the cause of the vomiting. If the baby throws up his food as soon as it is taken it is often because the quantity given is too large for the stomach to hold readily. In such cases give less food at a meal. Another cause for this kind of vomiting may be taking the food too rapidly. If he is breast-fed do not allow him to nurse so fast, or if he is a bottle-baby make sure that the aperture at the end of the rubber nipple is not too large. In some cases the baby will vomit because his band is too tight, or because some one jounces him about just after a meal.

Think of all these causes before you decide that the food itself does not agree with the baby.

If the baby keeps spitting up food at any time between meals, or vomits soft curds, this shows a gastric disturbance which may be caused by food that is too rich. Before you mix the formula for the baby's bottle remove some of the cream from the milk. If the vomiting ceases you can add cream little by little. If this does not work try doubling the quantity of lime-water in the formula. If cane-sugar or malt-sugar is being used, cut down the amount at least one half; and in some cases milk-sugar should also be cut down. In a few cases it is necessary to omit the sugar entirely for a little while, then gradually go back to it.

A nursing baby who vomits should be given two tablespoonfuls of barley-water just before he is fed and then nursed for only fifteen minutes. The intervals between feedings should in such a case be increased from one quarter to half an hour.

If the vomiting is accompanied by diarrhoea do not give any food at all until you have given the baby a teaspoonful of castor-oil, and then give a little barley-water, but no milk. Send for the doctor at once, for more deaths in infancy are due to diarrhoea than to any other cause, and a mild case of diarrhoea can in an infant develop into a serious or even a fatal condition in a few hours.

Colic always means that the food does not digest properly. If the baby screams and draws up his legs, and has a tense abdomen, turn him over on his stomach, letting him lie on a hot-water bottle with a flannel cover or a flannel cloth that has been heated in the oven, and gently pat his back. If the pain still continues drop a little hot water in his mouth with a medicine-dropper. In severe cases it is well to put two or three drops of essence of peppermint in this. Don't give soothing-syrups or gin and water or herb-teas. If colic is frequent the baby's food is probably too strong. Use more water when making up the formula, or in the case of a breast-fed baby give an ounce of hot water (two tablespoonfuls) just before nursing and be very careful to avoid constipation both in mother and child.

One of the commonest troubles of childhood is earache, and often follows a cold or some infectious disease like measles or scarlet fever. Baby sometimes suffers greatly from earache without the cause of his screams being suspected. If the child presses his head against his mother when she holds him, or pulls at his ear with his tiny hands look out for earache. Press just in front of the ear, and if the baby cries out as if in pain, there is surely something wrong. Heat is the best remedy for this. Let the child lie with the sick ear on a hot-water bag only half filled and covered with a flannel, or heat a flannel in the oven and place it against the ear, or make a small bag, fill half full of salt and heat in the oven. If this does not cause the pain to subside, syringe the ear with water at the temperature of 110 Fahrenheit. Don't poultice or blister, except under a physician's orders. You can use an ordinary fountain-syringe for an ear-syringe by filling it with a pint of water at

Dr. Southwick will be glad to answer any questions relating to this article if a stamped and self-addressed envelope is sent for reply. Address
Dr. C. B. Southwick
Care The American Woman
Augusta, Maine

Concluded on page 21

Set in Solid Gold Solid Gold

Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit \$4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it send us \$2.50 a month until \$15.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 3039 Chicago.

GIVEN \$20

UKULELE Hawaiian Guitar, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet or Banjo

Wonderful new system of teaching music by mail. To first pupils in each locality, we'll give a \$20 superb Violin, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar, Cornet or Banjo absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only expense. We guarantee success or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write at once—no obligation.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 456, CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW KIND OF INCUBATOR

Requires 3 minutes a day. Saves work, time, money. Built round, like hen's nest. No cold corners. One gallon of oil, one filling of lamp to a hatch. Wonderful built-in moisture attachment and complete circuit radiators mean even heat, moist and mild always. Many other features that save work, time and money fully described in new FREE book—write postal for your copy NOW.

Radio-Round Incubator Co., 4612 Jones St., Wayne, Neb.

10 TRANSFER-PATTERNS 10c FOR ONLY

For Embroidery, the easiest method known for Stamping. You place the pattern, wax side down, on the fabric to be stamped, pass a HOT iron over the back of the pattern, and instantly the Design is transferred to the fabric. We have a very large assortment of Transfer-Patterns, and to get you acquainted with this method of Stamping we will send you TEN Transfer-Patterns, assorted Designs, for only 10 cents, coin or stamps.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS!

OUTFIT FREE TO MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS

Cash or credit! Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. WRITE TODAY!

NATIONAL IMPORTING & MFG. CO.
Dept. H 3 425 Broadway, New York

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. A. O. LEONARD, Suite 257, 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

Gov't Positions for Women

Thousands of permanent positions being created steadily for women, 18 to 60, in Washington and elsewhere. Clerks (ordinary education), Stenographers, Typists, etc. Protected by Civil Service. Promotions; higher salaries, dignified, patriotic; easy work, short hours, long vacations with pay. We'll coach you for quick appointment. Position or money—back guarantee. WRITE for "Book Here" giving list of positions, etc. Washington Civil Service School, 1010 Marden Bldg., Washington

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.

50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.

GIVEN POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS

Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling 25 beautiful Pictures or 25 pkgs. Post Cards at 10c each. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 527 CHICAGO

Wrestling Book Free

Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks, and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong, healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age.

Farmer Burns, 3039 Ramze Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN WANTED

For U.S. Government office jobs. \$100 month. Write for list of positions open. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. Y 31, Rochester, N.Y.

\$1.00 EARN \$1.00 Write for 12 of Our Famous Art Pictures! Sell for 25c each. When sold send us \$2.00 and keep \$1.00. B. A. NAP CO., 961 East 23rd St., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

GIVEN Stop wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 25 art and religious pictures or 25 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice.

GEO. GATES CO. Dept. 227 Chicago

Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles

All druggists; Soap 25c, Ointment 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston"

The Years For Rachel

Continued from page 4

MOTHER HUBBARD'S No-Rub Roller Wash-Board

Wonderful invention. No hand rubbing—no tired arms—no backaches. Rollers do the washing. Makes hand washing easy and quick and even takes place of washing machine. No wear on finest fabrics. No injury to hands.

30 Days Trial at My Risk

Let me send you one of my wonderful Roller Wash-Boards to try in your home 30 days at my risk. Send only \$1 and I shall deliver one all charges paid. Try it 30 days. If not entirely satisfied, your money refunded. Send for free booklet.

Agents wanted **MOTHER HUBBARD, 10 Washington St., Mendota, Ill.**

MEN & Heres a pleasing way WOMEN! to make money

We need agents and have a big money making proposition for you. You can do it as hundreds of plucky men and women are doing by creating your own trade, selling Ho-Ro-Co Medicated Skin and Scalp Soap, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, Extracts, Spices and Household Specialties. Splendid profits, increasing monthly. No experience required. Write us now for samples and full particulars.

HO-RO-CO MFG. CO., 115 Locust St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Agents: Big Money

For your spare time. Men or women selling guaranteed hosiery. Must wear 12 months or replaced free—all styles, colors and fancy stripes, including silk hose. Sell for Less Than Store Prices. Often sell dozen pair to one family. Every man or woman, young or old, can make big money selling this quality line. Write for samples. **Thomas Hosiery Co., 8107 Elk St., Dayton, Ohio**

BEADS

Portiere Samples, 10 cents. Embroidery Sample Card, 200 kinds, 25 cents. Money credited on order. Great Variety for Chains, Necklaces, etc. Design Sheet FREE.

N.E. Johns & Co., 43 Pletzsch Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

GIVEN POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS

Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling 25 beautiful Pictures or 25 pigs. Post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. **GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 527 CHICAGO**

CASH vs. OLD FALSE TEETH (broken or not). We pay up to \$35.00 per set, also highest prices for Bridges, Crowns, Watches, Diamonds, Old Gold, Silver and Platinum. Send NOW and receive CASH by return mail, your goods returned if price is unsatisfactory. **Mazer's Tooth Specialist, Dept. 44, 2007 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.**

RAISE BELGIAN HARES For U.S.

HUGE PROFITS easily and pleasantly made. We furnish stock and pay you \$5.00 a pair and express charges for all you raise. Contract and book "Fortunes in Hares," 10c. Nothing free. **NATIONAL FOOD & FUR ASSOCIATION, Dept. 32, MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

I've a new Soap, Extracts, Toilet Goods, Perfumes, etc. for agents. 100% profit. Sample free. Write quick. LACASSIAN CO., DEPT. 75, ST. LOUIS, MO.

GIVEN Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 25 art and relig. pic. Insert and tighten. 10c and 50c package postpaid. **AGENTS WANTED, Collette Mfg. Co., Box 474, Amsterdam, N.Y.**

"Marching Through Germany" The SONG MASTER-PIECE! Inspiring words and air. 15 cents; Orch. 25 cents; Band, 35 cents. **Tree Music Co., Seattle, Wash.**

MENDETS - WONDER MONEY MAKERS mend leaks instantly in all utensils, hot water bags, etc. Insert and tighten. 10c and 50c package postpaid. **AGENTS WANTED, Collette Mfg. Co., Box 474, Amsterdam, N.Y.**

Chickens Sick?—Use Germozone Roup, colds, bowel troubles, sore head, limber neck, etc. At dealers or postpaid 75 cts. with 5 book Poultry Library. **GEO. H. LEE CO., Dept. 724, OMAHA, NEB.**

TWO 3c Stamps

Bring you this big 106 Piece Xmas PACKAGE

It is your duty this year of all years to pass around as much Christmas cheer as possible. A hearty greeting, a Christmas card, seal or sticker will go a long way toward keeping the festive fires burning. We offer a wonderful Xmas combination of Cards, Seals, Taps, Stickers, etc., making in all 106 pieces. Each piece is beautifully embossed with handsome Christmas designs, and printed in many colors. We send all this for only 6 cents, just to make you acquainted with The American Woman and its new book of premiums for Club-Raisers.

Send Early Two and you will get the 106-piece Xmas package, a sample copy of The American Woman and the latest gift-book for this magazine. Send to **THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine**

tion, I call it. Well, it's a big gamble. There's no basis to an attraction like that. I should say that they were bound to get sick of each other."

"O Selby!" I breathed; "fancy if you were ever to get sick of me!"

To utter this thought had all the fascination of gazing from the upper slopes of one of our mountains down, down into the black tarn at the foot of the precipice. One was safe, up on the sunny slope—but supposing one fell?

"Don't have such absurd-darling fancies," said Selby, tenderly, as he patted my shoulder. "You know as well as I do that I shall stick for ever. Love—real love—goes on and on."

So our "understanding" went on and on. Was there anybody in Tros-yr-Avon who was ignorant of the fact that "we were" (as I put it exultantly to myself) "lovers"? Not a soul, I think, from our friends the Wynn-Matthews in their big house a mile out of the town down to William Richard Pritchard, the little boy who brought the laundry home on a wheel-barrow. In that place, in those days, it would have been impossible for a girl and a young man to be credited with a relationship which, for good or ill, becomes increasingly more possible to-day—"just pals." Everyone knew that we had become inseparable. Saturday afternoons always found us turning our backs on that little town set between the mountains and the sea; sometimes bound on a boating expedition with bait, sometimes on a tramp up toward the mountains, with rock cakes and milk chocolate in Selby's pocket; or beyond New Road (where as yet none of these modern "artistic" villas had been put up) it found us rambling happily through the narrow, up-and-down Welsh lanes between the fern-bound stone hedges.

"Can't talk when we're bicycling. Speed—that's what ruins everything," Selby had once said, "let's walk."

And there were very few people in the parish who hadn't met us, from the rector to the whole Tros-yr-Avon County School football-team, once returning home jubilant and muddy from a match at Bangor. Yes; I do remember that afternoon; I remember the commotion of feet and laughter and Welshly accented talk breaking upon us from behind; and how two or three of the crowd coming up from the station, were singing a music-hall song of six months ago (up to date for Tros-yr-Avon!) and one or two others a verse of the eternal Sospan Bach.

*"He was have a sister Bella
She was got an umbrella
And she think so much about it
She was nev-er go without it, was you
ev-er see
Was you ev-er see
Was you ev-er see."*

I remember Jack's hail to me through the fast-gathering gloom of that afternoon; I remember, (long, long ago as it is!) how the taller figure striding free-limbed beside my brother turned and dragged off his cap. Faces were pale blurs in the dusk above the overcoated shoulders and bare, splashed knees. I didn't recognize O. T. Owen. Jack let me know about it afterward!

"You might see when a fellow's saying 'Good evening, Miss Brook.' O. T. was rather sick, I can tell you. Must have thought you jolly rude. But when a girl's wrapped up in an 'understanding,' as you call it, she might as well be deaf and dumb and blind!"

The truest words, old Jack, that you ever spoke.

I forget how soon it was that Prudence was allowed to say, quite unchecked and before visitors, "Gwen and Mr. Harrison are 'understanding' in dad's den," or "Those two have gone up to 'understand' in a boat on Quellyn Lake this afternoon."

Spring had passed; then summer. Autumn came. But those early days of my betrothal seem all spring as I look back upon them. Perhaps it is because my state of mind matched that season. So young, so girlish, so dreamy; so alight with glimpses of sunshiny happenings, yet not without its April tears. Sometimes I was so happy that I laughed and laughed with Prudence and Jack over some silly little family joke, until you would have thought I was the youngest of the three. Yet though I was generally as bright as a newly opened celandine, I could close up in dull reserve. We had our little differences, Selby and I; "storms in teacups," mother said once (making me wonder for a day at least how father could have borne to marry one so uncomprehending). After these I was made miserable by the fear that I might have disillusioned Selby; he might see now that I was bad-tempered, selfish, shallow, not worthy of him. What young engaged girl does not know this panic? Another thing. It is difficult to put

down; it is difficult for me now to realize myself as the Gwen who was as I must describe her. So close, so utterly unawakened on one side of myself. I was still shy of letting him kiss me. Indeed, his kiss did not mean as much to me as the sweet things he sometimes said. I coveted the verbal petting. The other I scarcely wished. Am I the one and only engaged girl who has felt thus about her fiance's caresses? Am I? I wonder.

Once I confided to him that I "supposed I was not naturally demonstrative." He was always considerate; always. He would not "bother" me in this mood. I think it did not seriously "bother" him.

I used to sigh: "O Selby! Just to be together, looking at the same beautiful pink sunset cloud hovering over the mountains, you and I! That seems so perfect! It seems as if any more sort of lovmaking would spoil it!"

"My lily-maid," Selby used to reply, reverently, "how different you are from any other girl. It's wonderful, the accord between us. Did ever two people in the world have such an understanding before?"

He meant that. And so this understanding went on; generally most happily. Once or twice, I remember, he sulked a little because I would not neglect my practising, even for him. I wanted to learn all his accompaniments by heart; Selby used to sing, in a light, cool tenor, "My Dreams" and the "Indian Love Lyrics."

*"I lie hidden in the grass
And I count the moments pass.
For the month of marriages is drawing near."*

I adored his voice. I adored him. Always, whenever I went shopping in the town, or carrying out little pottering duties about the house, or mending socks for the boys, always the thought of Selby was with me. Selby's face loomed before my inner eyes; radiant in the glow of pink sunset-clouds I saw through everything those fair, transfigured features of Selby. For me, as I then was, it fulfilled every need of my being. What more could love do? What more, after all, could happiness achieve? I could ask for nothing.

I only wonder now, over such vestal-natured women who will never know more. To such, even married, the love and happiness that sufficed me then, will be the end of the story "for ever after." Selby was devoted to me; lucky, lucky girl that I was! It went on and on. Then came the day when another family avalanche crashed down into the dreamy landscape of my life.

CHAPTER VII

The Finger of Change

It was mother—that gentle, plaintive, husband-ridden soul—mother who took the law about the banished Hilda into her own hands! A letter came one morning upon thick, expensive stationery. Mother, lifting her head above the coffee-machine with a gesture of a worm that turns, said:

"John, I am going to her." She mentioned no name. We all knew whom she meant. "Your father won't come!" she went to me as I helped her to pack a portmanteau. "But I know he's miserable about her."

And two hours later mother went off. That night a telegram came from Birkenhead.

"Beautiful little boy; both doing well; weighed nine and a half pounds. Writing. "Grannie."

Hilda, at eighteen, was the mother of a son!

"And I am a maiden-aunt!" I said, laughing at the absurdity of it. (We were all laughing, except father.)

"You needn't talk. So am I," said Prudence, aged eight.

She, an elf in a pinafore and long black-cashmere stockings, continued to give herself airs on the subject during the whole time that mother was away, and I kept house.

"Good practise for Gwen in years to come," said dad, kindly.

Then mother came home to the Bank House a different woman; so elated with the beauty of her grandson whose advent seemed to have made her younger instead of older; so pleased with the whole of the Slinger menage!

"Vernon is devoted to Hilda; devoted," mother reported over the cup of cocoa that I brought up to her room where the rest of the family followed me. "I see they're really happy. And I'm very fond of him now—do you know he asked whether my hair wasn't longer than Hilda's? We're the greatest friends. He insisted on giving me a gold curb bracelet; look! Just to remind me of what had brought us together. And I don't mind old Mrs. Slinger saying her g's in that funny way. It's homely," said mother, de-

fensively, taking sugar. "At all events she's been a splendid mother to those young things, and she's shown Hilda all about keeping house, and you can't imagine how she worships that baby! And, as for the way they spoiled me all the time I was there! My dears, if you had seen my bedroom! But the bathroom was almost the most wonderful—"

Really it looked for some moments as if even mother, who had brought us up on plain living and high thinking, had been fascinated by mere possessions!

"I'm afraid you'll find it a deplorable contrast here, you know, Mrs. Brook," put in her son Jack, politely. "Still, when I go off to those engineering works of O. T.'s uncle, I might be able to put you in a few gold-plated taps at wholesale prices?"

"Don't be silly, John! You are coming with me very soon, aren't you?"

"Not I," muttered dad, peering over a snap-shot that mother had brought, showing herself holding a cascade of lace out of which emerged the tiny, senile face of Hilda's week-old boy.

"Yes, yes, you are," persisted mother, with a nod and a reassuring glance about the rest of her family that dad was presumed not to see. "Think of Lady Adelaide. Hilda is so like that old portrait of her at your dear mother's! It must be from her that Hilda inherited—all that!"

"All that there ever was to inherit in our family," said dad, grimly.

But presently, after all, Lady Adelaide won the day. She was that ancestress of our father's who had eloped with and married at Gretna Green the young Naval officer who was afterward killed on the Victory.

So father and mother, ignoring all that they had ever said about nouveaux-riches, clandestine love-affairs, marriages-in-haste, disgrace upon a good old family, and the rest went off on a formal visit of reconciliation to the married daughter. (Another godsend to the Tros-yr-Avon gossip!)

Then, later still (I am scurrying over the time, you see), Hilda came to stay at her old home.

A strange, incredibly chic Hilda, with Viennese hats in Vuitton boxes, a Hilda who was naughtily eager to toss the word "goloshes" like a squib into the drawing-rooms of the more snobbish of our friends. She was accompanied by a lady-nurse in uniform of whom everybody was terrified, and the baby, "Sonnie," my godchild whom everybody loved.

"Little boy bach very prutty is Miss Hilda's little boy bach," said Mary-cook.

Our eldest brother Everard, having won the Sword of Honor at Sandhurst (where he vowed it had been hawked round in vain for days before he took it) had passed out and had joined his regiment at the depot. His love-affairs had gone past our counting now; but he was *blase*, and he had told Gwladis Wynn-Matthews, (my best girl-friend in the neighborhood) that girls were beginning to bore him to tearless, racking sobs. This he didn't mind telling her, as she was engaged, and sensible.

Our second brother Trevor had left "Bangor Coll." and had gone up to study medicine at Thomas.

Prudence was being educated at the French Convent near Paris. (Once destined for Hilda's expatriation!)

Jack, having been for a year captain of the football-team once led by his idol O. T., was now navying in muddy blue overalls in some shops near Birmingham.

I, Gwen, was the only one at home. (I didn't mind.) I had Selby. I had the pearl ring that had belonged to his mother. (This he gave me on the very day that news came of his recalcitrant cousin in Australia, so that our understanding was official now.) I had my bottom drawer for which to sew, storing up a squirrel-board of trousseau things. The only thing unchanged was my understanding with Selby Harrison. It seemed as if no change could ever come to that.

Happy (they say) is the kingdom whose annals are a blank!

Then something came. Something brought change to me. I didn't realize it at the time. I've only just begun to realize it fully now. It began with a summer invitation from Hilda to me, spelt with the Elizabethan spaciousness of touch that was Hilda's own.

"Can't you tell dad that he must let you come and stay at the Bunggaloe in Lleyn?" she wrote.

Now Lleyn is that purple-sleeved arm of Wales that stretches lazily out into the silver sea; dividing Cardigan Bay from Carnarvon Bay. Wine-strong air sweeps across it from either bay, and the whole peninsula is sweet with honeysuckle and bog-myrtle. Vernon and Hilda had been prospecting

there on a walking-tour a year before; Vernon, with the Saxon's gift for taking the best of all other countries, had decided that a foothold must be made in that Paradise.

"We shall be there for most of the summer," Hilda wrote. "At least, I shall, and Vernon for as many long week-ends as he can get away from the office. Do tear yourself away from the great Selby for a fortnight and come and help me with Sonnie while nurse has her holiday. Also we have an old bachelor sort of person staying with us who met Vernon in Switzerland ages ago, he's frightfully clever and rather a dear, but he's quite a crock poor thing, having hurt his back in an accident climbung. So if you came and took little pottering walks on the shore with him so as to give me the chance of having a tramp with Vernon all to myself I would bless you for ever. He likes young people and you'd amuse him, talking to him. I can't describe things to him. But you can tell Selby he needn't be nervous about your flirting with this Mr. Massingham, he's quite as old as the hills.

"Sonnie does say such wonderful things now; everybody says he is quite the most extraordinary child for his age, but tell mother he does still lisp a little, but everybody says he is more like a child of eight! And tell dad I say he must let you come.

"Your loving sister,
"Hilda Slinger."

But even then I knew better than to say "must" to a man of our father's type.

I said, coaxingly:
"Dad, darling, I suppose you wouldn't let me go to Lleyn?"

"You mean you want some journey-money?" grunted dad. And I got it and went.

CHAPTER VIII

The Desert-Island Theory

"Gwen!"
"Yes, Mr. Massingham?"
"That's rubbing it in, rather," said my sister Hilda's other guest, in his soft voice that had a kind of edge in it.

I had been at the Vernon Slinger's bungalow in Lleyn for a week now, and this tall, frail, graceful Mr. Massingham had been there when I arrived. Of course I knew his age; Hilda had told me that he was forty-four, and I was a little surprised that someone so old should not seem more elderly. There was a fine network of wrinkles all over his lean face, from the keen eyes to the restrained but mobile mouth, but after the first glimpse of them one didn't notice those wrinkles as much as the almost young pose of the head, and the smile, that made one think he was catching his own eye over some joke that was not entirely funny, but a little bitter as well. When I first shook hands with him I noticed what beautiful hands his were, and I realize, now, that his nails, his hair, his teeth, and the small details of his clothes were all as exquisitely cared for as those of a woman who is still pretty, but *passee*. I think it touching, now. We were sitting, on this afternoon that I remember, in the shade flung on to the sands by the rock that towered behind us. Beyond that shade stretched the golden sands, and beyond those the waters of Cardigan Bay glittered like a sheet of silver foil, spreading to the far-away amphitheater of mountains, the soft blue zig-zag that sweeps from Snowdon to Saint David's Head.

Much further along the beach a collection of ink-black patches—a herd of Welsh bullocks—were lazily moving down from the sand-hills. Sweet air and silence bathed the place; there was not a soul in sight beside my tiny nephew, paddling at the water's edge.

I was dividing my time between giving an eye to Sonnie and an ear to Mr. Massingham, whom my sister had begged me to take off her hands while she (our hostess) went off on some inland expedition with her husband. She had also left with us Lassie, Vernon's young red setter who was so tiresome about rabbits. So Lassie lay beside me on the sand, at intervals heaving a sigh, giving a soft whine, or thrusting a paw across my lap to urge me to walk on.

I was in a lazy mood, glad to rest and to listen to Mr. Massingham, who lounged on the sands beside me; a long, loosely built figure, too narrow in the chest, topped by the broad-brimmed hat pulled well over his eyes.

"What is rubbing what in?" I asked him. He pulled at his pipe before he replied. Then, between puffs, he said:

"Only the 'Gwen' and the 'Mr.' Don't you see?"

He was certainly old enough to call me by my Christian name, if he meant that?

"Oh," I said, looking up from the little grotto of pink shells that I was idly building up before me. "I don't mind your calling me Gwen."

"That's not quite what I meant," he said, sitting puffing away. "Has it never occurred to you that I might have another name?"

"Oh," I said, embarrassed. "But—I don't know what your other name is. And

—and besides, I can't imagine calling you anything but Mr. Massingham!"

Again he gave that sort of smile at himself.

"Once upon a time," he said, "before I had reached the days when it was suitable for young girls to address me as 'Mr.' some people used to call me 'Jack.' But never mind that."

I was afraid I'd hurt his feelings, and blushed pinker than my shells with embarrassment. All I could think of to say was:

"But—but Jack's one of our boys' names at home. Jack is the one who is going to be an engineer; he's my favorite brother."

Puff, puff.
"So that's Jack," remarked Mr. Massingham, amused. "And you can't imagine any other Jack."

"Oh, I didn't say so!"
"No; you didn't, Gwen. I should have said you couldn't imagine me—puff—as Jack."

"Well, but you—" I checked myself. I was painfully pink all down my neck. I think he knew that, though he was not looking at me; his smile became very gentle. I said, hastily: "I mean, Jack is only nineteen!"

"I see," said Mr. Massingham, very

quietly. "I'm afraid I always do see; and that's all I ever do. That's what I meant a moment ago. What did you think I meant?"

"I don't know. You—you talk as if I thought you were ninety, but it's you who try to make out that I am about nine," I said, rather angrily scooping up the sand in little grooves. "You're always teasing me, Mr. Massingham. And you know quite well that I haven't been away from home very much, and that I can't talk very easily to strangers, and—and that you're much too clever for me. I don't know what you mean, very often!"

"My dear, (for if you can only imagine me as Mr. Massingham I can certainly call you 'my dear'.) you didn't think that I meant you should call me 'Jack,' did you?"

Of course I had thought so. So I could say nothing.

"Oh, no," he said in that attractive voice. "Let us continue to be Mr. Massingham and Gwen; Gwen and Mr. Massingham. Your instinct is entirely right. I wouldn't alter it. I wouldn't risk spoiling a—"

He left unfinished whatever he was going to say, and looked away over the glittering sea again. There was a silence between us. At the water's edge Sonnie splashed and

pottered, intent upon a star-fish; slowly, slowly the black bullocks moved along the sands. Mr. Massingham smoked; I arranged my shells. The heavenly air caressed and braced one—

Presently I said a little shyly:
"Please tell me what you were going to say just now; before you began to talk about my calling you Mr. Massingham?"

He knocked out his pipe against his boot, buried the ashes in a little hole in the sands, and settled his back (the back that was not strong), against the sun-warmed rock as he answered.

"I was thinking of desert islands," he told me. "I suppose it's this jolly, out-of-the-way, lonely place miles away from a railway-station that made me think of desert-islands. Did you ever have a dream, Gwen, a day-dream of some desert-island where you would be cast ashore? Some unknown spot 'Last, loveliest, loneliest, exquisite, apart' surrounded by clear, deep waters and a coral reef, where there'd be dates and bread-fruit to eat, strings of shells and scarlet flowers to wear, and nobody else there but one other person? Did you, Gwen, ever know that dream?"

To be continued



Thomas A. Edison

Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Amberola — Only

\$100

After Trial!

Yes, we will send the New Edison Amberola, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of the latest Diamond Amberol Records, on free trial without a penny down. On this offer you can now have the genuine Edison Amberola, the instrument which gives you real, life-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument. *Seize this opportunity!* Send coupon now for catalog.

Edison's Favorite Invention

For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last his efforts have been crowned with success. Just as he was the first to invent the phonograph, so is he the only one who has made phonograph music life-like. Read our great offer.

Get the New Edison Amberola in Your Home on FREE TRIAL!

Entertain your family and friends with the latest song hits, with your favorite, old-time melodies—with everything from grand opera to comic vaudeville. Roar with laughter at the side-splitting minstrel shows. Then after trial, send it back if you choose.

month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all musical results of the highest priced outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for \$1 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first! No money down, no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send coupon now for full particulars of this great offer

Rock-Bottom Offer Direct!

If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only \$1. Pay the balance on the easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it—a \$1 payment and a few dollars a

New Edison Catalog FREE!

F.K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors, CHICAGO, ILL.

To F. K. BABSON
Edison Phonograph Distributors
Dept. 3039
Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Amberola.

Name.....

Address.....

Your name and address on a postal or letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Find out about Mr. Edison's great new phonograph. Get the details of this offer—while this offer lasts. Write NOW!

CANADIAN OFFICE: 355 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

RO-SAN
Indoor Closet

The original chemical closet. More comfortable, healthful, convenient. Takes the place of all outdoor toilets, where germs breed. Be ready for the long, cold winter. Have a warm, sanitary, comfortable, odorless toilet right in the house anywhere you want it. Don't go out in the cold. A boon to invalids.

GUARANTEED ODORLESS
The germs are killed by a chemical in water in the container. Empty once a month as easy as ashes. Closet guaranteed. Thirty days' trial. Ask for catalog and price.

ROWE SANITARY MFG. CO.
512-5th St., Detroit, Mich.
Ask about Ro-San Washstand—Hot and Cold Running Water Without Plumbing.

AGENTS—Only One in the World
KEROSENE (Coal) BURNER

Makes any stove a gas stove. Burns just like gas. Cheapest fuel known. Wonderful labor saver. Safe. No kindling to cut—no coal to carry—no ashes to empty. Everybody delighted with it. The high price and scarcity of coal makes this burner sell everywhere. Agents just coining money. Write for agency.

Thomas Burner Co. 707 Gay St. Dayton, Ohio

GIVEN LARGE EASTMAN
GENUINE

Promo Film Pack Camera, for selling 25 beautiful pictures or 25 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order choice today. Sent prepaid.

GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 627 CHICAGO

"Old Glory" Flag Pin

Show your allegiance. Wear the Stars and Stripes on your waist or lapel of your coat. The pin we offer you is pure-white, with the United States flag attractively printed in colors. We will send you one, together with our latest Premium-List, for one 3c stamp to pay mailing expense. Send today.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT CIRCULATION, ETC., OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN

published Monthly at Augusta, Maine, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NAME OF—	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
Editor, Mrs. A. O. Stoddard	Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Managing Editor, G. M. Lord	Augusta, Maine
Business Manager, P. V. Hill	Augusta, Maine
Publisher, The Vickery & Hill Publishing Company	Augusta, Maine

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1% or more of total amount of stock.)

John F. Hill, Incorporated	Augusta, Maine
P. V. Hill	Augusta, Maine
E. H. Brown	Chicago, Ill.
N. S. Weston	Augusta, Maine

Known bondholders, mortgages and other security holders, holding 1% or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:

John F. Hill Estate	P. V. Hill
P. V. Hill	

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager or owner.)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September 1918.

Nathan S. Weston,
Notary Public,
(My commission expires October 27, 1922)

Dressmaking Self-Taught

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1796. To cut and make dresses is a science requiring unusual skill and ability. That many of our readers are already expert in this science we do not doubt; but even so, we offer this practical book on Dressmaking with confidence that everyone will find it indispensable.

To the beginner it brings in concise and easily understood terms the training of many years' practical experience; to the advanced student it carries the authority and close understanding of an expert of recognized standing.

In 20 complete lessons this work covers every needed phase of dressmaking in a way which you can adapt to every passing style.

To the woman who has found out the great savings to be effected by making the family clothes at home, this book will add many practical suggestions for money-saving, and if it is so desired it may easily become the stepping-stone to a lucrative and dignified profession.

The professional is expected not only to know how to cut and make, but to give worth-while advice to her clients. To the professional woman this book will be a storehouse for ready reference and help.

If you will send us a club of two yearly subscriptions to *The American Woman* at our special **Club - Raisers** price of **25 cents** each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you a copy of **Dressmaking Self-Taught (Premium No. 1796).**

The American Woman, Augusta, Maine

Jean Josslyn Grows Up

Continued from page 5

Jean looked at it thoughtfully for an instant.

"I wonder," she remarked to herself. "I wonder what it's like to wear things of that sort all the time, and not have people staring after you when you go on the streets." Half absently she took off her trim white hat, and replaced it with the battered black, tucking her curls under the crown. The effect was magical. "I look almost human!" she told herself in the glass. Whimsically she slipped off her white suit and put on the ancient blue one. The reflection which smiled back at her from the mirror left her chuckling. Then the desire for an audience struck her.

"It would be fun to go out in it, just once," she thought. "I—I'm going to try." She picked up the battered handbag. "I'm going to be a poor working-girl who's independent and perfectly able to take care of herself. It'll be a new kind of part."

She strode up and down for an instant, watching the effect in the mirror, then, transferring a little cash from her silver purse to the old handbag she ran her machine inside the studio grounds and deserted it shamelessly for the nearby street-cars.

It was a long time since she had been in the street-cars and the holiday crowd cheered her and seemed to stretch forth a hand of good fellowship. Ordinarily she would have been the target for curious glances, but to-day she searched the faces about her and found not a single sign of recognition.

"Clothes do make a difference," she told herself. "Clothes and the mental attitude."

The car ran out toward Pasadena and at California she transferred to a "dinky" which ran down the long street to the arroyo. There was a certain spot which she wished to explore. Once when they were taking pictures of a woodland scene, they had flashed through the place and something about it had dimly reminded Jean of home. To-day she was making for it half unconsciously.

The car stopped at the edge of the arroyo and she took a path which wound down into its wooded depths, stopping now and then to listen to a stray bird or pick a bit of sweet-scented sage. The sycamores had lost their leaves and stood gaunt and pale in the sunlight, but the oaks were still green, and here and there a bush of holly rose, brilliant with scarlet berries. She sat down for a time under the shade of one of the bushes; then, lured by the tinkle of a stream, followed the path to the bottom.

The arroyo is dry all summer, but at the first rain in the autumn a torrent rushes down from the mountains and the river-bed is filled until spring. At present there was a very respectable stream and Jean sat upon a stone and threw twigs and bits of dry grass into the current as she had done when she was a child. A bit of rock, dislodged by her foot, splashed the water into her face and she reached for her handkerchief to dry it. Her handbag was gone!

She had brought it from the car, of that she was sure; but she must have dropped it under the holly-bush where she sat for a minute. Turning to hurry up the trail she ran into a young man who was descending with the bag in his hand.

"Oh!" she breathed, relieved. "You've got it!"

The young man smiled and handed it to her. He was tall and brown, she saw at a glance, and when he spoke there was a boyish shyness which she liked.

"It's yours? I thought the owner was probably around here. I'm glad I kept on." Jean took the bag with a little laugh.

"I'm glad too! You see I might have had to walk home."

"On Christmas!" said the young man. "But you're in luck to have a home to walk to. I'm not quite that lucky myself."

Jean regarded him keenly. He stood before her, his hat in his hand, looking like a small boy who is anxious to make friends. He seemed to feel that he ought to be moving on, but, obviously, it was something which he did not wish to do. It would not hurt to prolong the conversation, thought Jean. He certainly did not recognize her, and it would be rather fun to have an audience for the new part.

"I haven't any place to spend Christmas either," she told him. "At least, no place that I care to go."

"That's tough!" said the young man, heartily. "It's harder on a girl than a man. You don't belong out here, then?"

Jean shook her head and sat down on the rock by the edge of the water. The young man hesitated for a minute, then selected

another stone and doubled his length upon it.

"No," said Jean. "I belong in the east—Boston."

The young man regarded her in astonishment.

"Boston! Why, that's where I come from!"

Jean nodded.

"I know. I could tell by your accent. That's the reason I let you speak to me. You don't suppose I'd let every man sit and talk to me, do you?"

"I'm sure you wouldn't," he declared.

"But you don't talk like a Bostonian."

"I've been out here four years," explained Jean, "and of course in our work—"

She bit her lip.

"Yes—" said the young man eagerly. He seemed anxious for her to go on, and Jean proceeded more casually.

"I mean when a girl works, she doesn't meet very many cultured people."

"I know," he said sympathetically. "It's pretty tough. Do you have to stay here?"

Jean nodded.

"It's up to me to keep the old home-stead going," she told him ruefully. "There is just mother and three younger girls in a house on Brattle; it'd kill them to have to give it up. And so it's up to big sister. Of course they all hate it, because they've been brought up to believe that no real lady ever works, but just the same—" There was a trifle of hurt in her eyes. "Just the same, they take the money! Sometimes I—I'd give a year of my life to be back in the snow and ice, and see a real Christmas once more."

"I know," said the other. "Icicles and evergreen and real holly. I hate this stuff," he added, pointing to a spray of California holly in his buttonhole. "It's so blatant."

"This looks like a little place we had below Plymouth," said Jean, softly. "Trees and a stream and a wood all our own."

The man nodded.

"Trailing arbutus under the leaves, and wintergreen berries, and a cranberry bog over the hill," he added dreamily.

"You're mixing your seasons," complained Jean. "You wouldn't find arbutus until May, you know, and the bog's frozen by now."

"Just the same," said the man, "I bet you could find some red wintergreen-berries by looking under the leaves!"

"Don't!" begged Jean, her head in her hands. "Please don't! I can't stand it. Remember, I'm in exile."

The man was silent for a while, then:

"Do you mind telling me your name?" he asked. "Mine's Brent Allbury. There's other fixings, such as two middle names and a Junior, but my friends call me Brent."

Jean looked at him for a minute. He was sitting bare-headed and his fair hair was rumpled in a fashion which made him look more like a cherub of six than a grown man. Also there was a certain wistfulness to his expression which was disarming.

"My name?" she said, and hesitated, then: "My name is Margaret Foster." She spoke the truth. Jean Josslyn was a figment of the imagination. She held out her hand.

"I'm glad we met, comrade in exile."

The man took the offered hand and pressed it firmly.

"So am I!" he declared, and almost at once they were friends.

They talked of many things. Of Boston, the surge and crowd of the subway, of the glimmering lights on the Common, of the quaint little twists of the narrow streets, and the shops with their books and pictures.

"You've been there more recently than I!" said Jean, wistfully. "I've not seen it for two years, except on flying visits."

"Your work keeps you busy?" asked Brent, hopefully. Confidences, he felt, were in order.

"Yes," she nodded. "It does," and ignoring his palpable interest carried the war into the enemy's camp.

"You are working in the city?"

Brent nodded.

"After a fashion. I'm a sort of a free lance, you see. Do a little hack writing."

He spoke dismally, not from any intent to deceive, but because the warning spirit of Peter Mann seemed to hover over him, leaving him with the cowed and apologetic air of one who has been doing something he shouldn't.

Jean leaned forward.

"I thought you were a writer or an artist," she said. "I—I hope that you are having good luck."

"Not—not very," he admitted, feeling that it would never do to confess the truth.

"You won't find my name in any very big magazines, I'm afraid."

"Well, don't get discouraged," said Jean. "Things are always hard at first. I remember when I started—"

She paused.

"Yes?" said Brent.

"When I began working," she amended. "Everything seemed terribly complicated and I had to fight hard. It's really only recently that things have been easier."

"Just what do you do? may I ask?" said Brent.

Jean considered.

"Oh, a little bit of everything," she said finally. It was no lie. In the course of her many roles there was not much which had been omitted. "I'm with a moving-picture company, you see, and I do a little typing, help the publicity department, (that's true, anyway, she thought with a grin,) and do a bit of sewing for the star."

"Who is the star?" asked Brent, and, looking at him, Jean took a chance.

"Jean Josslyn," she told him, and to her joy, saw no answering suspicion in his face.

"Never saw her," he said. "I'm not very long on the movies, as a matter of fact. I hate these pretty-pretties above everything. What I like to see is a girl who really has spunk enough to get out and do things, like you, for instance. Now I don't suppose the star herself has half your pluck."

Jean smiled.

"I don't suppose things are always easy for her," she observed.

"No," said Brent, "perhaps not. But, after all, she's the star, and everyone strews her path with roses. She probably likes it too. Most of those clinging-vine types are deadly selfish in real life."

Jean came to the rescue of her shadow self.

"I don't believe she always likes to be so helpless," she told him. "I think she must get sick of it sometimes."

"Then why doesn't she play something worth while?" inquired Brent with the severity of youth. "I've never seen her because she's always been the very type I detested. If she's got anything in her it's high time she brought it out." Suddenly it seemed to strike him that he might be hurting her feelings. "I don't mean anything against your Miss Josslyn," he told her.

"I only mean that a woman who weeps and willows on the screen is bound to influence other women to do the same, and what this country needs is gleaners, not leavers."

He stopped for an instant, struck by his own epigram.

Jean stared at him, puzzled. It was not given her to know that she was no longer looking at Brent Allbury but was hearing a bit of wisdom from the lips of Peter Mann.

Brent returned her look absently, then drew a notebook from his pocket and began writing something down. It was not until this formality was observed that sanity descended upon him.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, horrified. "I wasn't thinking."

Jean nodded.

"You're forgiven," she said. "But would you mind telling me what you were doing?"

Brent blushed with embarrassment.

"I always try to write things down," he explained. "I'm so apt to forget."

"I see," she said. "Then a sudden thought came to her. 'Have you ever tried scenarios?'" she asked.

"No," he admitted, "but I've been thinking about doing it lately."

He might have added that the business which had drawn him to California was connected with the picture rights to one of his books.

"You ought to," she told him. "They pay awfully well, you know, and it might tide you over until you could get established in the magazines. Lots of young writers are doing it."

"I'm afraid I'm not very good at thinking about the money end of things," admitted Brent, vaguely. Suddenly he was moved to confidence by the sympathy of her glance.

"Can you add and subtract?" he asked suddenly. "So that they'll come out the same every time?"

"Yes," she admitted. "I'm pretty good at arithmetic."

"Then," he hesitated, glanced at her, and went on, "do—do you suppose you could add this?" He brought forth a long line of figures from his pocket and laid it in her hand. "I suppose you think I'm crazy, but I can't seem to add. Never could. I get half through a column and something starts me to thinking and I can't ever get it to come out the same way. Now this, for instance, it made me think of two different

things to write about, but I never managed to add it twice the same."

Jean regarded the line of smeared figures for an instant and a little smile crossed her lips. Here was a man after her own heart, she reflected, no movie hero with broad shoulders and vainglorious conversation, but a human being who needed help. With a little mothering gesture she put out her hand.

"Of course I'll add it," she said, and an instant later the result was written in firm figures at the bottom of the toppling column.

"May I ask what the grand total means?" she inquired.

"It's the number of unmarried women in the United States," he said.

"Unmarried women!" she gasped.

Brent was staring at it absently. "It seems like an awful lot, doesn't it?" he said. "Of course there's lots who are too young to marry, and there's lots who don't want to, but there must be an awful number who'd like to have and have never been asked!"

"Why on earth—" began Jean, but he swept her aside.

"Then there's lots of men who really ought to be married, whether they want to or not." Suddenly a light kindled within him, and before Jean's astonished eyes, Peter Mann came to life. "Then why shouldn't those women have the right to go out and select the men who really ought to be married, and make a home for 'em?" he inquired. "Why not register all the marriageable men above a certain age and present the list to the marriageable women on request?" He had risen and was flourishing the paper in one hand, emphasizing his remarks with a broad and expansive gesture which was peculiarly Peter's, but suddenly his roving eye fell upon Jean Josslyn where she sat, wide-eyed, and he stopped short and sank down upon a stone, his head on his hands. "Now I've done it!" he said. "Please forgive me if I've scared you, but you see when I get an idea—"

Jean nodded her head. There was a boyishness about Brent which went straight to her heart.

"I think I understand," she told him; but he merely groaned.

"You—you'll think me crazy!"

"No," she assured him, "I merely think you have been alone a great deal and you've learned to think things out loud."

He raised his head from his hands and looked at her with honest eyes.

"It isn't that I've been alone," he said. "It's only that I've been afraid of people. I can't tell 'em my thoughts somehow, except on paper. They either don't understand and pretend they do, or else they do understand and pretend they don't. Oh, I don't know why I'm telling you all this," he broke off, suddenly, "but you seem so sort of capable, somehow, and I've never seen a girl just like you in all my life. Most of 'em are so sort of soft and—and fluffy that a fellow can't talk about anything but theatres and ice-cream."

Jean Josslyn leaned forward, her lips apart.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that is the nicest compliment I've ever had paid me in all my life!"

It was an hour later that she glanced down at the watch at her wrist and scrambled to her feet hurriedly.

"It's four o'clock," she said. "Did you dream it was so late?"

Brent Allbury shook his head.

"It might be midnight," he assured her, "and I'd not know about it. I never have any idea of time. I think trying to get to places at a certain hour is the most awful thing I know."

Jean threw back her head and laughed a little ringing laugh.

"You—you're perfectly delightful," she told him. "But anyway we're going to get somewhere at a certain hour this time, for I'm here to boss. If we don't leave we'll not find the way back in time for dinner," and like two children they frolicked up the wooded path to the station.

It was when they were seated in the almost deserted car that Brent turned to her.

"See here," he said. "I don't want to be cheeky or anything, but don't you think—couldn't we have dinner somewhere? It seems as though I couldn't have Christmas dinner alone, and you said you didn't have anyone to eat with—"

There was a wistful appeal in his eyes and Jean answered the look squarely.

"I should love to have dinner with you," she said simply, and at that moment a little picture came into her mind of Byron de Vere waiting at her apartment, and she gave a little laugh.

"What is it?" asked Brent, but she only shook her head.

"Nothing," she told him. "I just happened to think of something, that's all."

Brent leaned toward her, a look of understanding in his eyes.

"Do you do that too?" he asked. "Laugh out at something funny you've just thought of, and then find everyone looking at you? It's an awful feeling, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Jean, "it is!" and she smiled back happily at the friendliness of his glance.

* * * * *

It was not until the next day that she had really time to review the affair at her leisure. They were taking "mob-stuff" on the lot and the frenzied director had dismissed her while he trained a hundred would-be actors by brute force.

"Go 'way!" he had pleaded almost tearfully. "Please go 'way somewhere. I—I got t' swear!" and chuckling to herself, she had gone.

Now in her dressing-room, with the shouts of the mob deadened by the closed door, she lay back on a chaise-longue, her hands clasped behind her curly head, and reviewed the night before.

They had chosen a quiet place for dinner, the repast had been modest enough, considering the nature of the event, but still, the evening stood out even in her busy life. It was the conversation, she decided in the end. Somehow Brent had been so different from the men she had known, so boyish, so whimsical, so full of admiration for her capability, that the whole evening had been a sort of fairy-tale. She had come out of it with a fresh feeling that life was good after all, and that the world contained much which was sweet and lovely, and that it was a wonderful privilege to view that world through the eyes of Brent Allbury.

"Why—I want to see more of him!" she told herself, in astonishment. It was a feeling which she had never had before for any man.

Her thoughts went back to the evening before; and she smiled to herself.

"He thinks I'm only a stenographer," she told herself, happily. "I wonder what he'd say if he really knew?"

There was a knock at the door, and, answering it, she found the leading man standing before her, his arms folded in a consciously masculine pose.

"I've come to tell you that you're going to dinner with me to-night," he said, masterfully.

And looking at him with clear gray eyes, Jean answered with equal force:

"I've got another engagement! thank you," and shut the door firmly.

She wished to be alone with her thoughts.

"He'll call up," she told herself. "I know he'll call up! I told him to," and she started as the tinkle of the 'phone answered her thought.

But it was only her dressmaker with tiresome appointments for the eternal fitting of frocks, and she put down the receiver almost petulantly. She had waited all day to hear from Brent and as yet he had not called. He was to ask for Margaret Foster, she had told him, and the telephone-girl was directed that all calls for that name would be answered by Miss Josslyn in person. But still he had not called.

Word came that she was wanted in a scene and Jean, with a backward look at the 'phone, went out to throw herself into the arms of the leading man, as specified by the script of the scenario.

As a matter of fact, it was three days before she heard from Brent. She had, in the meantime, gone all through the phases of emotion from disappointment to indignation and from indignation to wrath. But at the sound of his voice her anger melted. After all, one could not be angry with Brent.

"I've got something to show you!" he said eagerly. "I've been working like a nigger for two days, because I knew if I saw you again it would put the whole thing out of my head. But now it's done, and ready for you to criticize. May I see you?"

"Of course!" she told him.

"How about dinner?" he asked.

"Couldn't we go somewhere?"

"Yes," said Jean. "We could," and arranged to meet him at the "Copper Kettle," a quaint little place on a side street.

"Where we can really talk," she told him.

"Would—would you mind calling me up at six and reminding me?" asked Brent. "I'd hate to keep you waiting, and I—I might get to writing and forget."

Chuckling a little, she wrote down the number on her pad. Here was novelty at least. Later she called him, and from his preoccupation judged that he was deep in some story, but when, dressed in the shabby blue suit, she reached the tea-room, she found him there before her, staring out the door with eager eyes.

"Here you are!" he said, boyishly, springing to his feet. "I was so afraid I might miss you that I've been waiting twenty minutes."

Jean laughed happily. The welcome in his face was so unmistakably genuine that it gave her a feeling of importance which was entirely new and strange.

Concluded on page 20



SHIP YOUR FURS TO "SHUBERT"

GET MORE MONEY

MUSKRAT — SKUNK — RACCOON — OPOSSUM — FOXES

and all other Fur-bearers in your neighborhood bringing the Highest Prices ever known. Ship your FURS direct to the largest house in the world dealing exclusively in North American Raw Furs, a reliable—responsible—Safe Fur House with an unblemished Reputation existing "for more than a third of a century," a long successful record of sending Fur Shippers Satisfactory and Profitable Returns—Quicker.

GET A TRIAL SHIPMENT OFF—TODAY

Write for "The Shubert Shipper," the only reliable, accurate market report and price list of its kind published.

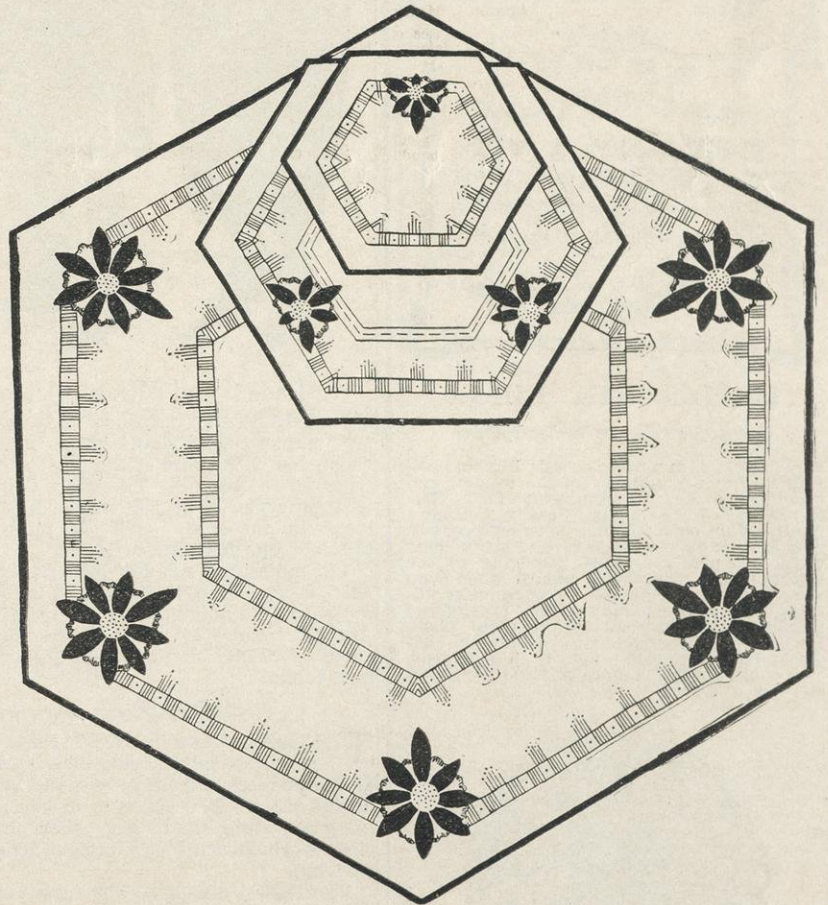
Write For it—NOW—It's FREE

A.B. SHUBERT, INC. - 25-27 W. Austin Ave. Dept. 49 Chicago U.S.A.

What 15c will bring You from the Nation's Capital

Washington, the home of the Pathfinder, is the nerve center of civilization; history is being made at this world capital. The Pathfinder's illustrated weekly review gives you a clear, impartial and correct diagnosis of public affairs during these strenuous, epoch-making days. The little matter of 15c in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder 13 weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its 26th year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but \$1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, fairly, briefly—here it is. Send 15c to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. The Pathfinder, Box 86, Washington, D. C.

Here Is Just the Thing You Want for Your Dining-Room



STAR LUNCHEON-SET

Given for Six Subscriptions

No. 1989. The Luncheon-Set is getting more popular than ever. No dining-room is complete without one. The set we offer is unusually attractive, and when you have embroidered it in colors which harmonize with your room, you will be very proud of it. The set consists of thirteen pieces, as follows, stamped on a fine-quality white butcher-cloth:

- 1 CENTERPIECE, 20x23 inches
- 6 DOILIES, 10 inches
- 6 DOILIES, 6 inches

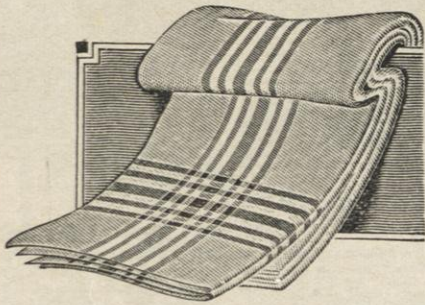
The stars are to be worked solid, with French knots for the centers. The rest of the work, with the exception of the edge, is plain outline-stitch and French knots. The straight edge may be in buttonhole-stitch; or, if you prefer, a crocheted or tatted edge would give a pleasing effect. The Luncheon-Set is designed for either round or square table.

SPECIAL OFFER

If you will send us a club of six yearly subscriptions to The American Woman at our special Club-Raisers' price of 25 cents each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you the Luncheon-Set (Premium No. 1989).

THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

**BEAUTIFUL PREMIUMS
Can Be Easily Earned**



A Fine Couch-Cover

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 1818.—Too much cannot be said in praise of this useful premium. We believe it is the **Bargain of the season.** They were bought just before the advance in price of nearly all goods of the kind, at a price far below what the same goods would cost if bought now, and we propose to let our friends share with us in our **great saving.** We are always on the lookout for anything that will benefit our friends, and we know that in these covers we can save them more than half what they would have to pay to-day.

Here is what we offer for a cover, the material of which is heavy, compact, closely woven rep with ornamental stripes around the edge, harmonizing with the body of the cover, a very desirable, long-wearing fabric, which will not readily tear, fray, or show signs of wear. The groundwork is a beautiful shade of brown, and the size, only think of it! **seven and one-half feet long, and four feet wide,** of ample size for the largest couch, cot-bed, or even double bed, and many other uses to which it may be put that will suggest themselves to the reader. But why say more? One must see and handle it to realize the bargain we are giving. So impressed are we with its usefulness and sterling value that we want each of our readers to get one of them, which all may do, upon our very liberal terms.



Birthmonth Pillow

Given for Three Subscriptions

No. 1068. Embroidered Birthmonth-Pillows are the novelty of the season, and promise to be a permanent fad. The collection of these may easily become a family affair, each member being represented. A charming little verse is given, introducing the gem or precious stone belonging to the birthmonth. Tell us the month when you were born, and have one of these lucky pillows. They are stamped on tan-colored artcloth and furnished with a plain back. Remember, there are twelve different designs, one for each month in the year. You could not find a more suitable Birthday gift for a friend or relative.



Fancy Lace Center

Given for Three Subscriptions

No. 1717. In size this center is 27 inches, and the lace is so skilfully made by the latest machines as to be superior in style and finish to handwork costing much more.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the article or articles that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to *The American Woman* at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **25 cents** each, and we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to

**THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine**



Ladies' and Misses' Waist

A SMARTLY buttoned vest and the narrowest of shawl-collars make this waist, No. 9055, one of the most successful styles of the season. The waist is in semi-tailored style, so it will make up attractively in materials such as pussywillow taffeta, crepe de Chine, or voile.

The ladies' and misses' waist-pattern, No. 9055, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch, or 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material and 1/2 yard of 36-inch lining.

Ladies' One-Piece Apron

THE apron shown in No. 9051 is so simple that a schoolgirl could make it, for it is all in one piece and the only seams are those at the sides. The apron is in the popular bungalow-style and has short kimono-sleeves which are a comfortable length for working.

The ladies' one-piece apron-pattern, No. 9051, is cut in sizes for 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches bust measure. To make the apron in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 32-inch, or 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch goods, with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

Children's Dress

THE very tiny girl, if she is of the type which looks well in frilly things, should number a frock like No. 9065 among her possessions. Its daintiness depends entirely upon the material chosen, for the design is really very simple.

The children's dress-pattern, No. 9065, is cut in sizes for from 2 to 8 years. To make the dress in the 4-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 30-inch, or 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 1 1/2 yards of edging, and 1 1/2 yards of 2-inch insertion.

Children's Undergarment

HYGIENIC undergarments play a very important part in the health of chil-

dren, and therefore special designs which are adapted to the age of the little wearer are made. No. 9063 is a well built garment on very simple lines. It consists of an under-waist and drawers, the latter opening at the sides and across the waistline at the back.

The children's undergarment-pattern, No. 9063, is cut in sizes for from 2 to 10 years. To make the undergarment in the 8-year size will require 1 1/2 yards of 27-inch, or 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' One-Piece Apron

A DESIGNER who has cleverly combined simplicity with utility has produced the practical apron shown in No. 9050. It is one of those very easy patterns which can be cut in less time than it takes to tell about it. The apron is all in one piece, with short kimono-sleeves which leave the arms free for action. It slips on over the head and the low U-shaped opening is filled in with a piece of contrasting material.

The ladies' one-piece apron-pattern, No. 9050, is cut in sizes for 36, 38, 40, 44 and 48 inches bust measure. To make the apron in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting material, and 4 1/2 yards of binding.

Ladies' Dress

SUCH a small matter as the draping of the collar makes all the difference in the style of this very simple frock, No. 9059, for mornings. The collar is softly folded around the neck and buttoned all the way to the waistline after the style of a nurse's costume. The plain waist has long, close-fitting sleeves set into slightly deep armholes.

The ladies' dress-pattern, No. 9059, is cut in sizes from 34 to 46 inches bust measure. Width at lower edge of skirt is 1 1/2 yards. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch bias material, with 1 1/2 yards of 22-inch contrasting material.

**Three
Useful Premiums
for
Home or Office**



**Eagle Prince
Self-Filler
Given for
Twelve
Subscriptions**

No. 1971.—There are a great many **Fountain-Pens** now on the market, but we are sorry to say there are few really good ones. We have just secured for our readers the latest, and we believe the best in **Eagle Prince Self-filler.** The pen is **solid gold**, of the 14K fineness, and the barrel is of the best hard rubber. The feed is the latest improved, the filling-attachment is in the end of the pen (a **small knob, see illustration**);

when the pen is filled this is entirely concealed from view, and the pen looks like the ordinary pen. It is fitted with the usual attachment for holding the pen in the right position in the pocket.

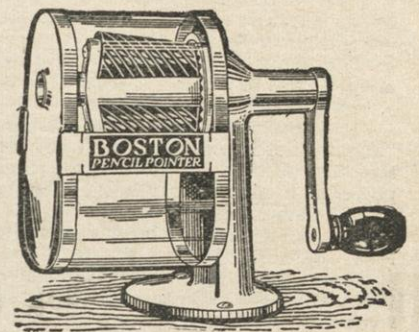
We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to offer these fine pens to our readers upon such favorable terms. Take our word for it,

they are among the best, and let us send you one upon our generous terms.

**New Universal Graphic
Dictionary**

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 1960.—This Newest Dictionary contains more than one thousand pages, size 5 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches. It has many pages of color-plates, and illustrations in black and white. It contains all the words in the English language in ordinary use, including rules for Pronunciation, Dictionary of Prefixes and Suffixes; of Terms used in Business and Law; of names of Men and Women; of Mythological and Classical Names; of Forms of Address of Popular Titles; of Cities and States; of Important Persons, Places, Monuments; Foreign Words and Phrases frequently met with in Literature; Latest Census Statistics; Maps of the World and of the United States in colors; Flags of All Nations in Colors; and a Pronouncing Dictionary of European - War Words. Printed from good clear type on good-quality paper. Bound in "Government test" flexible cover which looks like leather.



Boston Pencil-Pointer

Given for Seven Subscriptions

No. 1978.—With a Boston Pencil-pointer even a child can put a fine working-point on the dulllest pencil in half a minute. It is an article that should be in the home of every family, school or office. It will not ruffle the temper of those who use it, because it will not break the lead. And it saves buying many pencils, thus saving its owner much money. We send one to any of our readers, by mail, postage fully prepaid, who take advantage of our

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the article or articles that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to *The American Woman* at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **25 cents** each, and we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium or premiums of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all orders to

**The American Woman
Augusta, Maine**

We will send patterns of any of the garments illustrated and described above, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of ten cents each. In ordering, give number of pattern and size wanted. Address **THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine**

**By Our Liberal Offers
and Some of
Your Spare Time
You Can Secure Attractive
Additions
For Your Home**



**Fancy Work
Silk**

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 196. There is a kaleidoscopic assortment of bright changing colors, ever changing patterns, odd sizes and fanciful shapes in this big, bulging package of fancy-work silk. And there is no end of uses to which this silk can be put. Quilt, sofa-pillows, sewing-bag, doily, tidy, tea-cosy, shoe-bag, tray-bottom, pincushion, couch-cover, chair-seat, laundry-bag, and many other purposes are suggested by every package.



Tear-Drop Center

Given for **Five Subscriptions**

No. 1990. Seldom do we find a center with so much beauty for so little work as is in this Tear-Drop Center. The deep edge, consisting of single and triple scallops, alternating, immediately attracts your attention.

The design is stamped on 36-inch white Bucher-Cloth and is prettily grouped and well balanced. The work is for solid and eyelets. The only variation of the regular methods of work is given by the shaded eyelets, or tear-drops which extend in a point toward the center from the larger motif. These are padded on one side, and the width gradually diminishes to the usual eyelet-stitches on the other side.



Another Tasteful Selection

A Pair Given for **Eight Subscriptions**

No. 1676. These Pillowcases finish up about 21x35 inches each. The pattern for embroidery is stamped on one end of special seamless Pillow-Tubing. The use of nice embroidered Pillowslips makes it unnecessary to have pillow-shams. It takes but a little more time to work the design than it would to make the slips of ordinary goods, and the results are more satisfactory.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the gift that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to **The American Woman** at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **25 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to

**THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine**



Ladies' and Misses' Dress

THE comfortable loose effect which makes this style of dress so attractive is the drawing feature of design No. 9072. The dress is very simple to make, for it consists of a two-piece skirt which is joined to an underwaist, and a blouse which slips on over the head.

The ladies' and misses' dress-pattern, No. 9072, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and from 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Width at lower edge of skirt is 1 1/2 yards. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, 1/2 yard of 36-inch lining, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch silk.

Ladies' and Misses' Shirtwaist

A NEW type of waist which has lately been designed is introduced in No. 9054. The closing extends from the left shoulder to the waistline and the buttons are set very close together. The collar is in the new style, with the ends forming the tie.

The ladies' and misses' shirtwaist-pattern, No. 9054, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the shirtwaist in the 36-inch size will require 2 yards of 36-inch goods, with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting material, and 2 1/2 yards of edging.

Ladies' One-Piece Plaited Skirt

THIS skirt, No. 9083, is the new conservation design which is cleverly planned to use the smallest possible amount of material and still be comfortable and wearable. The large plaids which are so fashionable this season come in the 54-inch width and are well suited to a plain skirt.

The ladies' one-piece skirt-pattern, No. 9083, is cut in sizes from 26 to 32 inches waist measure. The width at lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require only 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

Ladies' and Misses' One-Piece Dress

THIS dress, No. 9068, is a special design which has been worked out by a clever

designer to cut from the least possible amount of material. The dress is all in one piece and slips on over the head. The diagram shows how the dress is cut to form kimono-sleeves and a yoke at the back which is buttoned.

The ladies' and misses' one-piece dress-pattern, No. 9068, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and from 36 to 40 inches bust measure. Width at lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, and 2 1/2 yards of binding.

Girls' Dress

SEVERELY simple and in keeping with the military spirit of the day is this tailored dress, No. 9064, for a schoolgirl. It is an excellent style of dress to wear in the classroom when made up in dark-blue serge, with collars and cuffs of tan or white linen. The dress buttons from neck to hem, and may be stitched together at the waistline, or made up as a separate blouse and skirt. The Buster Brown collar with a soft silk tie is very girlish and attractive.

The girls' dress-pattern, No. 9064, is cut in sizes for from 8 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

Girls' Dress

THE pattern for this dress, No. 9062, is remarkably simple, for the entire skirt-section is cut in one with the front panel. There is a seam at center back, but as the top of the skirt is gathered quite full the seam is not noticeable. The dress buttons from neck to hem at center front, and the V-neck is finished by a broad collar of contrasting material.

The girls' dress-pattern, No. 9062, is cut in sizes for from 8 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch, or 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 3 1/2 yards of sash ribbon.

**Pieces of Jewelry
That Are Sure To
Please You**



**Real - Shell
Cameo Brooch**

Given for **Five Subscriptions**

No. 1987. We consider ourselves most fortunate to be able to offer our friends this artistic Real-Shell Cameo at such easy terms. The delicately carved pink Cameo is set in one-twentieth stock gold, which wears wonderfully. The shell is surrounded by imitation pearls of a tiny size.

The pin looks very rich, and only an expert could tell it from a costly real hand-carved Cameo pin. The illustration shows the actual size.

Stylish pins of this character denote good taste, as well as add that touch which gives charm and distinction to one's appearance.



15-Inch Pearl Necklace

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 1601.—Uniform in shape and with a lustrous sheen that closely resembles the genuine, this pearl necklace is truly a beauty. You would hardly imagine it possible to imitate so perfectly. There is just as much pleasure in wearing them as there would be in displaying a string of originals.

**Duchess
Watch**

Given for
**Thirteen
Subscriptions**

No. 1504. We illustrate the 6-size Duchess Ladies' Watch, which has the Bassine Case, in Solid Composition Gilt Metal, Fancy Engraved, Stem-Wind, and Pendant - Set, with Antique Bow and Flat Stem. The Movement is Damaskeened, Quick Train, Hardened Steel Cut Pinions, Straight Line Escapement, carefully adjusted. The makers guarantee it to keep good time and give satisfaction, replacing it or repairing it if otherwise and showing no misuse on its return to the factory. One could not ask for a better warrant for a watch given as liberally as this. We send it by mail in a lined box, together with the manufacturer's printed contract with the user.



Hand-Painted Waist-Pins

Given for **Two Subscriptions**



No. 1784. A woman has so many uses for such neat little pins as these. They are so handy for catching up gaps in a waist, pinning a bandeau, or for any place where a small but attractive pin is required. Forget-me-nots are hand-painted on filled gold. Both pins are included in our offer.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the gift that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to **The American Woman** at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **25 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you the premium of your choice. Order by name and number.

Send all subscriptions to

**The American Woman
Augusta, Maine**

We will send patterns of any of the garments illustrated and described above, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of ten cents each. In ordering, give number of pattern and size wanted. Each number calls for a separate pattern.
Address **THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine**

NOTICE

Club-Raisers'

Special Price

Only

One Month

More

On January 1, when the price of *The American Woman* goes to 35 cents the special Club-Raisers' price of 25 cents must be discontinued. Read our announcement on page 2 of this issue. Until Jan. 1, you may take subscriptions at our special Club-Raisers' price of 25 cents. After Jan. 1, you must ask 35 cents for each subscription. This means one more month—the best subscription-month of the year—in which to raise a club at the special price. You can point out the advantage of subscribing now—this month—through you, an American Woman club-raiser. Think what this means and take advantage of this opportunity to raise a large club and secure from our selected list worthwhile premiums for your Christmas giving. You will find many premiums most appropriate for Christmas-Gifts advertised in this issue. Under these circumstances you will find it easy to raise a club this month.

START NOW

Jean Josslyn Grows Up

Concluded from page 17

"That was a dreadful waste of time!" she declared. "The world may have lost a masterpiece just through me." Later, at a little table she looked across at him questioningly. "What have you brought to show me?"

"A scenario. I've never done one before, you know, but after meeting you the other day I got to thinking, and this is the result. I thought they might put it on at your studio."

He handed it over, blushing like a school-boy with his first poem, and Jean began to read.

The waitress came with her dinner, but she left it untasted and read on while Brent watched her face wistfully. After a time she laid down the paper and there were tears in her eyes.

"It—it's lovely!" she said softly. "It's true, isn't it?" he said eagerly. "I made the heroine support her mother and sister, you see, and fight up through the things she had to face in order to save them from want. That makes the fight better than if she only worked for herself, and in the end she wins not in spite of them, but because of them."

She turned away her head. "It's a wonderful story," she said softly. "but I don't know—"

Her voice trailed into space. "Do you think your studio would put it on?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I'm afraid not. It isn't the type of thing Miss Josslyn plays. The fans wouldn't stand for her in that kind of a part."

"Miss Josslyn!" he almost snatched the story from her hand. "what has Miss Josslyn to do with it? That's your story. I wrote it for you. Do you think I'd let anyone else play the part? Don't you see? I wrote it so as to give you your chance?"

Jean stared at him, and suddenly she saw the truth. To him she was a little stenographer in a great studio, wearing out her heart to be a star. And to help her he had this beautiful thought.

"I—I don't know how to thank you properly," she began, and choked.

"Don't!" he said, earnestly. "Please don't. Just let me try what I can do. Perhaps if I talk to the head of the studio he'll let you try for the part anyway. I know if they'd only give you a chance you'd make good, you're so—so pretty and—and sweet."

Before Jean's eyes rose the picture of Brent Allbury, the unknown, trying to gain an interview with the sought-after head of her studio. His chances of gaining admission were slightly less than one to a million.

"Well, if you'd like to try," she conceded, at last. "but I'm afraid you couldn't even get him to talk with you. He's fearfully hard to see, you know?"

"Just leave that to me," said Brent, and she did.

After that their talk turned to books and ranged from Dickens to Tater and from Du Maurier to Maeterlinck and, quite naturally, it paused for an instant at Peter Mann.

"I loathe him," said Jean, positively. "He's the very sort of man I abominate. Do you know—" she leaned forward suddenly. "Do you know, he reminds me of Byron de Vere?"

"Oh, no!" said Brent, feebly.

He had heard about the invincible Byron earlier in the evening.

"Yes," Jean nodded. "He's the cave-man type who wants to beat everything in his way. He'd like to drag a woman off by her hair." A sudden thought seemed to strike her. "I think he'd really like Jean Josslyn. She's exactly the clinging type which would appeal to him."

She paused and gazed at Brent, who was regarding the atmosphere with dreamy eyes.

"What's the matter?" she asked and he shook his head.

"Nothing!" he said, but the rest of the evening his conversation was pervaded by a sort of mental haze for behind a surface interest in events he was wondering. What would Peter think of Jean Josslyn?

Later that night he decided the question. It was after he had put Jean on the car. (She absolutely refused to be taken home) and was once more in his room. He smoked a thoughtful cigarette, staring out over the street. He had never seen Jean Josslyn, but he had heard a good deal—who hadn't? And after all she was merely the manifestation of a type. What would Peter think of her?

After a time he descended upon his typewriter, and, until late in the night, clicked the keys, and a week later, the country learned what Peter Mann thought of Jean Josslyn.

Jean, clipping in hand, faced Brent across the table.

"Didn't I tell you?" she inquired, triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you he'd like her? She's the cave-man's ideal. The perfect clinging vine to twine about the rugged oak. I knew he'd approve."

Across from her, Brent squirmed uncomfortably.

"I know," he said. "Mann would like her, of course, but personally I detest the type. Perhaps," he grinned whimsically, as his sense of humor got the best of him, "perhaps it's because I haven't a single thing for one of 'em to cling to!"

Across the table Jean smiled back at him. "Never mind," she comforted. "We can't all be Peter Manns. And, by the way," she changed the subject abruptly. "Did you do anything about that scenario?"

"No," he shook his head. "Your manager is out of town."

"Yes," she smiled, a little relieved. "In New York."

"But he'll be back next week," he assured her. "I intend to see him then."

"No!" she exclaimed. "Please don't bother. Give me the script. Perhaps I can take it to him myself. He—he's really quite nice to me. Don't come unless he sends for you."

Brent nodded.

"Just as you say. You're the boss, you know. And by the way, I've got to ask you something. Do—do you mind adding up some accounts? I've gotten all mixed up on my check-stubs again."

And for twenty minutes, Jean Josslyn, the moving-picture queen, wrestled with unreluctant accounts.

"And now," she said, severely, at the end of that time, "now they're straight, and for goodness' sake, when you deposit something don't subtract it from your total!" with which parting injunction she left him for her car.

Then a week later it happened. She had known something was coming. There are times when the immensity of some on-coming event casts a shadow before it and the whole day had gone wrong.

It began that morning when the director produced the script for her new play.

"I will not, I positively will not play the part of that little fool!" she declared. "Aren't you ever going to let me grow up? I'll be twenty-three next month and it's high time I left this sweet-sixteen business to the children."

The director looked about suspiciously for eavesdroppers.

"Don't!" he said, "please don't. You've got to stop telling people your age like that, Miss Josslyn. You know the public wants 'em young."

"But I can't keep on forever!" wailed Jean. "I've got to grow up sometime. I don't want the critics writing caustic things about perennial youth! Now I've got a scenario here—"

The director interrupted hurriedly.

"If you think this heroine is too young we'll make her a year or two older," he said, "say eighteen, or (persuasively) nineteen. Nineteen is as old as they'll stand for, Miss Josslyn, honest it is."

"I don't care what they'll stand for!" said Jean. "I'm not going around in short skirts and curls any longer! Now I've got a scenario here—"

"You know I don't pass on scenarios!" said the director, desperately. "You'll have to talk to his Nibs," and he passed her on to the general manager, lately returned from New York.

His Nibs listened to her tactfully. He had seen too many stars through the teething of temperament to be much impressed.

"If you don't like the part you don't have to play it, of course," he told her, "but I don't think you'd better grow up for a little while yet. You see you're quite charming as you are, and the public—"

Jean threw up her hands in despair.

"I don't care about the old public!" she told him desperately. "I've dressed for it and worked for it five years now, and just once I'm going to please myself. My hair goes up and my skirts are going to be lengthened to-morrow."

She stood in the doorway, her eyes blazing and her mouth set, a picture of defiance, and the general manager raised a deprecatory hand.

"Very well," he capitulated. "If you feel that way, go ahead; but before you do I've a story here which might interest you. Impressively he thumbed the typewritten copy on his desk. "It's a story which is probably one of the biggest catches of the year, and it fits you exactly. It is a play written for you by Peter Mann, and the heroine is a dear little thing of sixteen."

An hour later Jean sat in her dressing-room, defeated. She had read the story and she saw that Fate was stronger than she, for Peter Mann had written a play for Jean Josslyn which was all the public might wish. Deep down in her heart she knew that her shadow was stronger than herself and she would have to play that part.

And even as she looked Byron de Vere was standing at her door.

"His Nibs is waiting for your answer about that picture," he told her; and then: "There's a peach of a part for me in it. D'ye know, sometimes I think I'm an awful lot like that Peter Mann guy!"

Wearily Jean climbed the steps to the manager's office and crossed the threshold. There was a man standing beside him, but for an instant she did not raise her eyes, and across the room came the voice of his Nibs.

"Jean Josslyn," he said, "I want you to meet Peter Mann."

* * * * *

It seemed to Jean that they would never be alone. That there would never be a chance to thrash out all that there was between them. His Nibs talked interminably of ways and means, he dragged them over the lot and introduced them to countless actors and directors, he even took them to lunch in his car, and flaunted them before the admiring gaze of the multitude. And over all the babel of congratulations and conversation, the thought beat in on Jean: "He will think I was laughing at him." For she knew Brent, knew his shyness, his fear of ridicule.

At last there was a little lull and Jean bent over for an instant.

"I must see you," she told him hurriedly. "Can't you talk to me somewhere?"

He nodded dully. There was a hurt in his eyes which made her heart ache for him.

"If you wish," he said, and she turned to his Nibs.

"Mr. Mann and I want to talk over the story," she told him. "Do you mind if we desert you?"

"I mind—but I resign you to a handsomer Mann!" said His Nibs with heavy gallantry, and he dropped them in Pasadena, at Jean's request.

Almost blindly they stepped into the little dinky and sought the green arroyo. Somehow, Jean told herself, it was the only place where they could really talk, for though Brent Allbury and Margaret Foster might eat in peace at the largest restaurant, Jean Josslyn and Peter Mann must seek the wilds for solitude.

But once beside the rushing stream she turned on him.

"Why did you come?" she wailed. "Why didn't you stay away, as I told you? Then things might have gone on as they were!"

"The manager sent for me," he told her dully. "You told me to come when he did."

"But I haven't even shown him your scenario," she told him.

"Yes," he nodded. "When I got there I found that he had located me through my agent. He wanted a story for Jean Josslyn, I mean, for you, from Peter Mann," he shrugged wearily. "But that isn't what really matters. The only thing I care about is that you've been playing with me all along."

"But I haven't!" she told him. "Please believe me, I haven't!"

He turned to her and his eyes wore the hurt blue of a child.

"I thought you were a working-girl who had fought and struggled and understood," he said. "The things I said weren't intended for a public idol. Well—you've had your bit of fun, and I suppose I oughtn't to row about it. But you see, I've lost something pretty dear to me!"

"Don't you suppose I've lost something too?" cried Jean. "Don't you suppose I'd gotten fond of Brent? I was lonesome and blue, and nobody talked to me as though I were a human being, and then he came along and made me forget myself. I thought he needed me and that I was helping him. I liked his helplessness, and now I find he's Peter Mann, who not only helps himself, but goes about reforming the world. Do you suppose I like that?"

Brent turned suddenly and looked into her face.

"You really think that's me?" he said. "That awful bruiser? Why, he's everything I'm not. I only made him up for the fun of the thing and he makes me madder than he does you sometimes, but I have to write him that way because he—he's Peter Mann. Why, my dear—" He stopped and suddenly a little smile came into his eyes. "Would you mind telling me which one you really are?" he asked simply. "Because I think I love both of you."

And with a little laugh Jean Josslyn walked into his arms.

For the Holiday Season

Concluded from page 11

and let stand until cool. Mix and sift two cupfuls barley- or rice-flour and one and one-half cupfuls white flour, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one half teaspoonful nutmeg, one half teaspoonful ginger, pinch of salt and one level teaspoonful soda. Beat two eggs until light. Sift gradually a part of the flour-mixture into the fat and syrups, and when of rather a soft consistency, but too stiff to run, add the beaten eggs, then sift in the balance of the dry mixture, adding a cupful of broken nut-meats and half a cupful of raisins with the last of the flour. Turn into greased patty-pans or bake in a loaf or layers. The oven should be rather slow when the cake is first put in. If baked in small pans, the heat may be slightly increased after the batter is fully risen. If baked in a loaf, the entire baking should be done slowly. It is done when the cake shrinks from the sides of the pan.

Christmas Caramels (Without sugar.) Mix together one half cupful corn syrup and half cupful of honey and bring to a boil, then add gradually about seven-eighths cupful rich, top milk or cream and a pinch of salt. Stir constantly and cook until it will form a very firm ball when dropped in cold water. It should not be brittle, but must be quite firm. Then add one half teaspoonful vanilla and pour into a greased pan. When cold cut into squares. For Chocolate Caramels add one and one-half squares unsweetened chocolate when first putting on the fire. For cocoanut caramels, strew one cupful of steamed shredded cocoanut on the pan before pouring out the mixture. For nut caramels, strew the pan with a cupful of broken nut-meats—any kind, but preferably walnuts or Brazil nuts.

Maple Caramels Two cupfuls crushed maple sugar, one cupful very rich milk or part cream, three-quarters cupful glucose and a pinch of salt. Boil, stirring constantly until a firm ball is formed when dropped in cold water, then add one half teaspoonful vanilla and pour, to a depth of half an inch, into a greased pan. For cocoanut, or nut caramels, follow directions as given above.

Cocoanut Balls Cook together until it will spin a thread, one and one-quarter cupfuls honey, three-quarters cupful corn syrup, two tablespoonfuls of water. Then pour on to the stiffly beaten white of one egg, pouring in a thin stream and beating constantly until quite thick. Add one half teaspoonful vanilla and when quite stiff stir in all the steamed shredded cocoanut it will hold—about one cupful. Roll into balls or flat cakes, lay on greased paper and brown in a moderate oven. Part nuts and part cocoanut may be used if preferred.

Chocolate Fruit-and-Nut Bars Put through the meat-grinder one cupful figs, one cupful stoned dates, one cupful walnut- or Brazil-nut-meats and half a cupful of cocoanut. Add two tablespoonfuls of honey or if more convenient, a very little strawberry-preserve or orange-marmalade—enough to make it mold easily. Press down into a greased pan, having it about three-fourths of an inch deep. Let stand a few hours in a cool, dry place under a weight. Cut into oblong bars or any preferred shape and dip part into melted chocolate. Some of the balance may be rolled in cocoanut, and some rolled in finely ground nuts.

Butterscotch Mix together three-fourths cupful corn syrup, one fourth cupful honey, one cupful brown sugar and one third cupful butter. Boil together until brittle when dropped in cold water, then pour into a buttered pan and when nearly firm cut in squares.

Christmas Pop-Corn Balls Have ready about three quarts of freshly popped corn. Make a candy as follows: Mix half a cupful of maple or other syrup with one half cupful corn syrup and boil until it spins a thread. Pour it quickly through the popped corn, stir in a cupful or more of shelled and halved peanuts and mix all thoroughly. When cool enough to handle, roll into balls or form into other shapes. If desired, a square of chocolate may be added to the syrup when first put on the fire. If maple syrup is too expensive or difficult to obtain in your locality, use a mild-flavored

molasses or sorghum. Half a cupful of molasses or sorghum mixed with half a cupful of corn syrup is a good combination. Simply boil until it spins a thread and stir through the popped corn while hot, molding the balls before the syrup has a chance to become cold.

Yourself and Your Child

Concluded from page 13

the temperature just mentioned and holding it not more than two feet above the little patient's head and placing the tip of the syringe about a quarter of an inch from the opening of the ear. The ear can be syringed every hour until the pain subsides or the doctor comes, for when the attack is long continued it is best to call in a physician to make sure there are no complications or serious trouble.

Eczema is, unfortunately, very frequent among little children. Infants, subject to this disease, usually show a skin that is bright-red, cracked, and covered with moisture on the cheeks, forehead or under the knees or elbows. It comes from such a variety of causes that salves and lotions are of little avail unless they are used in connection with proper diet or internal medication when required. Do not allow the child to scratch the raw surfaces, as this irritates and poisons them. The child's hands can be tied up in thumbless mittens made of linen, or pieces of cardboard can be bound on the arms like splints in the way described in a previous article or special babe-mits made of celluloid can be bought for this purpose. Very often it makes the eczema worse to touch the parts with water and soap, and they should be bathed with olive-oil instead. The local areas of eczema should be kept dry and the part bandaged. It is unsafe for any mother to experiment on her own account with a severe case of eczema.

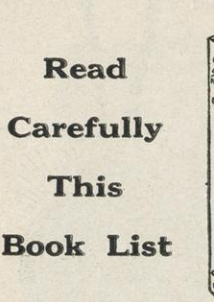
Croup is greatly dreaded by most mothers, but though very distressing, simple spasmodic or catarrhal croup is really not so dangerous as it seems. The child may be put to bed apparently in his usual health, or with perhaps a slight cold, when suddenly, after sleeping quietly for a little while, it will begin to gasp for breath, and after an attack of loud, hollow coughing, will be covered with perspiration. Dip a piece of flannel in hot water, wring it out and place on the child's throat and chest as hot as can be borne, or open an umbrella over a child's crib, throw a sheet over this and then place a teakettle of boiling water on a firm chair or table so that the spout comes under the sheet and the baby can inhale the steam, but be very careful that the spout of the kettle is not near enough his face for the steam to burn him.

This usually affords great relief, but if the attack continues give a teaspoonful of syrup of ipecac, and if the child does not vomit at the end of an hour, give another teaspoonful. For a young baby you can give ten drops every fifteen minutes until it has the desired effect. If the croup is not quickly relieved by the measures just described, it is best to send at once for the doctor, for it may be of the membranous or diphtheretic variety, which is a very serious and dangerous disease.

160 Hens—1500 Eggs

Mrs. H. M. Patton, Waverly, Mo., writes, "I fed 2 boxes of 'More Eggs' to my hens and broke the egg record. I got 1500 eggs from 160 hens in exactly 21 days." You can do as well. In fact, any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 3039 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs" Tonic for \$1.00 (prepaid). So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing. Send a dollar today or ask Mr. Reefer for his free poultry book that tells the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.—*Adv.*

Do Not Miss This Attractive Book Offer



Read Carefully This Book List

For Your Home Library For Christmas Giving

Noted Authors' Popular Copyrights

One Book Sent for Seven Subscriptions

No. 1877. Every author holds a prominent place among noted writers, and every book is a worthwhile book. Bound in cloth, illustrated and printed on superior paper. Full library size. Order by name and number.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>By GENE STRATTON PORTER
At the Foot of the Rainbow
Freckles
Laddie
Michael O'Halloran
A Girl of the Lumberlost</p> | <p>By MYRTLE REED
Lavender and Old Lace
Old Rose and Silver</p> |
| <p>By ZANE GRAY
Betty Zane
Heritage of the Desert
Last of the Plainsmen
Light of Western Stars
Rainbow Trail
Lone Star Ranger
The Border Legion</p> | <p>By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
House of a Thousand Candles</p> |
| <p>By EDWARD NOYES WESCOTT
David Harum</p> | <p>By WINSTON CHURCHILL
The Inside of the Cup
The Crisis
Conniston</p> |
| <p>By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON
Graustark
Prince of Graustark
Hollow of Her Hand</p> | <p>By EMMA C. DOWD
Polly of the Hospital Staff</p> |
| <p>By ELEANOR H. PORTER
Poor Little Rich Girl
Just Patty</p> | <p>By B. M. BOWER
Chip of the Flying U
Her Prairie Knight</p> |
| <p>By LEONA DALRYMPLE
Diane of the Green Van</p> | <p>By BOOTH TARKINGTON
The Turmoil
Penrod
Seventeen</p> |
| <p>By JOHN FOX
Trail of the Lonesome Pine</p> | <p>By FRANK H. SPEARMAN
Nan of Music Mountain</p> |
| <p>By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY
The Rosary
Mistress of Shenstone</p> | <p>By ELEANOR H. PORTER
Just David</p> |
| | <p>By KATHLEEN NORRIS
Heart of Rachael
Story of Julia Page</p> |
| | <p>By JULIE M. LIPPMAN
Martha-by-the-Day</p> |
| | <p>By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
"K"
Street of Seven Stars</p> |
| | <p>By CHARLES NEVILLE BEECH
Call of the Cumberlands</p> |

Wholesome Fiction for Your Home

One Book Given for Seven Subscriptions

No. 1985. These are reprints of famous copyrighted books, every one of which has won a place in the hearts of the reading public. All are well bound in handsome cloth bindings and are printed on good paper. Full library size. Your home library should be well supplied with books from this list. Order by number and title.

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| Red Pepper Burns | Grace S. Richmond |
| Mrs. Red Pepper | Grace S. Richmond |
| Twenty-Fourth Day of June | Grace S. Richmond |
| Under the Country Sky | Grace S. Richmond |
| Captain Warren's Wards | Joseph C. Lincoln |
| Thankful's Inheritance | Joseph C. Lincoln |
| Kent Knowles | Joseph C. Lincoln |
| Silver Horde | Rez Beach |
| Iron Trail | Rez Beach |
| Ne'er-Do-Well | Rez Beach |
| The Barrier | Rez Beach |
| Winning of Barbara Worth | Harold Bell Wright |
| God's Country and the Woman | James Oliver Curwood |
| Woman Thou Gavest Me | Hall Caine |
| Heart of the Desert | Honore Willise |
| Return of Tarzan | Edgar Rice Burroughs |

A Modern Cinderella

Given for Three Subscriptions



No. 1448. Miss Alcott is every girl's favorite writer and all her books have been enthusiastically received. "A Modern Cinderella" is one of her very best books. With the same characteristic familiarity which distinguishes all her writings, she draws a beautiful picture paralleling the old fairy-story even to the very modern shoe.

The story is of three sisters, their aged father, and a young gentleman friend of the family. To the youngest daughter falls the care of the household while her two sisters devote themselves to art and literature. Accepting her duties cheerfully and without complaint, she wins at the end a fitting reward. Printed on best paper, from large type, bound in cloth binding, colored cover.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the premium you most desire. Start at once to get your club of subscribers and send us the number of subscriptions required at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of 25 cents each, and we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice.

The American Woman
Augusta, Maine

Gifts That Will



Child's Belcher Set Ruby
Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1413. Extra value and quality is apparent in this popular style. Illustration does not display setting to advantage. Stone is richly colored and true to original gem. For size cut a strip of paper so that the ends will exactly meet when drawn tightly around the second joint of the finger. Send this strip to us and we will send correct size.



Baby-Set 12K Gold Filled
Given for Six Subscriptions

No. 1731. Baby's heart will rejoice with this cute little jewel set. Every piece is 12K gold-filled, and is so good as to be guaranteed for five years. We will replace any set which doesn't prove satisfactory. Each set comes pinned to a velvet heart and consists of a Baby Neck-Chain with Heart Pendant, a Band Ring, and two Baby Pins.



Baby Blossom, Art Character Doll

Given for Eight Subscriptions

No. 1567.—This doll is the newest creation in the popular Art Character Dolls. Every little girl who has ever cuddled Blossom has been delighted. She is truly huggable, lovable and kissable. She is fully jointed and unbreakable, you may drop her on a hardwood floor without doing any damage. Blossom is a marvelously lifelike infant at teething age. She wears a handsome long baby dress of muslin with a fancy yoke. It is lace-trimmed around the neck, yoke, sleeves and bottom. Baby also has long warm flannel underclothes. The little fancy lace-trimmed muslin cap with the two bright-blue bows is too cunning for words. Every little mother can make additional clothes as desired. Blossom's eyes are light-blue, and her expression is bright and happy while she has the little comforter in her mouth.

Please Little Folks

You can obtain these without cost



Holds Two Pictures
Locket and Chain

Given for Eleven Subscriptions

No. 1754. A handsome dull Roman-gold finished locket holding two pictures. Chain is 15 inches, with safety slide and catch.



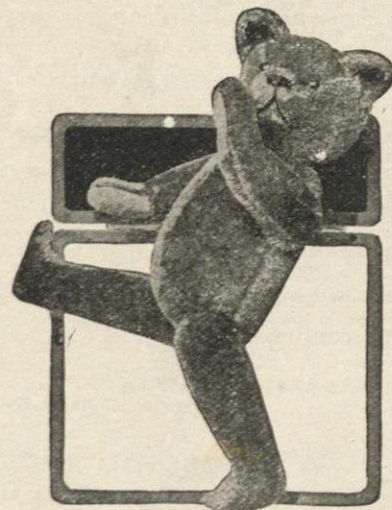
Grumpy

Given for Eight Subscriptions

No. 1600. It is that winsome little frown that gives Grumpy her charming personality.

Baby Grumpy stands 14 inches high and is fully jointed; she will sit down and place her hands in any position. She comes fully dressed as shown in the picture; her clothes may be taken off and put on, and additional dresses may be made as desired. Her dress is white pique, lace-trimmed around neck, and with hem, sleeves, and yoke edged with pink-and-white trimming. White stockings, white pique hat with pink cord and balls, held in place by an elastic under chin. Pink cheeks, mouth red, eyes blue, and light hair.

Grumpy's head is made of unbreakable bisque, her features are permanently stamped.



Teddy Bear

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 1801. Since the first Teddy Bear appeared in Toyland, his popularity has never been questioned. This is a big fellow with bright, sparkling eyes, attentive ears and smiling countenance. His limbs can be placed in such natural positions as to appear alive. Press Teddy's back and he squeaks. Made of clean, silky plush, solidly stuffed and sewed to withstand rough usage. He is 16 inches high.



Name or Initial Pin

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1975. This handsome pin is made of Liberty Silver, which is a combination of metals closely resembling Sterling Silver, the front being plated with 14-K gold. We will engrave three initials or any name of not more than ten letters. The engraving cuts through the gold, showing the bright metal making a very handsome pin.

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the premium you most desire. Start at once to get your club of subscribers and send us the number of subscriptions required at our special **Club-Raisers'** price of **25 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Send all orders to

The American Woman
Augusta, Maine

The American Woman Calendar

December 1. Sunday
Our Father never faileth
To give His children strength;
They need but lean, to measure
Its height and breadth and length.
"Lo, I am with you always!"
This is the promise true
That knows no shade nor turning—
Beloved, meant for you.

December 2. Monday
You cannot run away from a weakness; you must sometime fight it out or perish, and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?

December 3. Tuesday
A brotherhood is breaking across the world again
And love of kind is waking within the hearts of men.
A force on earth is dawning, triumphant with its wars.
And soon will come the morning of victory for our cause.

December 4. Wednesday
The sun will shine after every storm, there is a solution for every problem and the soul's highest duty is to be of good cheer.

December 5. Thursday
Give me to feel with kindness rare,
Give me to act with courage fair,
Give me to bless. This is my prayer
Along the way.

December 6. Friday
Keep out of the past. Let its mistakes, its follies and its sins go. Make to-day happy, virtuous and useful. To-day alone is yours.

December 7. Saturday
"If I could do the kind of things—"
Wake up, my friend, you can!
There never were invented strings
To hold down any man.
And when you've fought the winning fight
'Gainst fear and doubt and ill,
You'll know you can do all that's right—
You can do what you will.

December 8. Sunday
For every need there is fulfillment; for every question there is an answer; and for every prayer there is the reply—straight from the Heart of God.

December 9. Monday
When we sow the seeds of anger, discouragement and doubt,
We should not be surprised to see the crop of weeds they sprout!
For verily our words are seeds that bring forth of their kind;
And be they flowers or noisome weeds, their origin is MIND.

December 10. Tuesday
Keep your mind young by fresh, vigorous thinking, and your heart sound by cultivating a cheerful, optimistic disposition. Hold young thoughts persistently and expect a good, long, useful life.

December 11. Wednesday
When we're waitin' for the sunshine why not cultivate the time
With creatin' homemade sunshine, just to keep us feelin' prime?
Just to keep us from complainin' when there's so much we can do
Makin' brightness for our pathway, and a heaven that shines more blue.

December 12. Thursday
Judging by appearances, and trying to find light and guidance in them, we are very apt to become negative, fearful and discouraged. Walking in the light that shines from within we become positive, fearless and free.

December 13. Friday
My life isn't free as I'd choose it to be,
But I'll be courageous and merry;
For hating my burdens won't help me at all—
It will just make them harder to carry!

December 14. Saturday
People never need grow old, nor poor, if they love and give as fast as love and goods come to them. Real wealth is love-wealth—more and more comes, if we give, like rivers which increase as they constantly refresh all along the banks, and never run dry. We attract the blessings we bestow.

December 15. Sunday
Trust you to Love, and never think to fear him,
Follow you closely the light of his white flame,
The trail is safe, his lamp is trimmed and burning
Hold you the password of his Holy Name:
"God is love."

December 16. Monday
Youth is not a time of life. It is a state of mind, a temper of the will, a vigor of the emotions, a freshness of the deep springs of life. Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years.

December 17. Tuesday
It is easy enough to take wrong roads,
And stray far off from the proper track;
But the task of life, as we lift its loads
Is to follow the compass and come safe back.

December 18. Wednesday
Our highest welfare, both spiritual and physical, is made to depend upon our acceptance and use of the blessings within our reach.

December 19. Thursday
Plant lilies and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring;
Plant love, and love will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

December 20. Friday
There are sufficient latent potencies in every one of us, if we would only arouse and make them operative, to keep us in health and harmony. We can all be our own healers, if we will.

December 21. Saturday
The thing that is wisest is holding on dearly
To the big ideal in a practical way—
For out of such purpose at last shines clearly
The ultimate splendor, the infinite ray.

December 22. Sunday
Repeat to yourself this truth over and over:
"The spirit of divine love and wisdom goes before me and makes plain and successful my way. That which I seek is seeking me, and God guides me into an expression of that which is for my highest good."

December 23. Monday
When you put on your clothes in the morning
Be sure that you button away
Your gloom and your growl, your frown and your scowl,
—And leave only the glad and the gay.

December 24. Tuesday
The lesson of Christmas amounts to this:
We can all be our best; we can make sure that none shall have cause to be sorry because we were born; and by patient continuance in well doing we may add our voices to the song which is yet to resound, "Glory to God, good will to men."

December 25. Wednesday
A song across the sunlight for the boy in khaki clad,
And a prayer above the waters for the gallant Navy lad;
A hymn for every mother from whose heart dear lads like these
Have gone to fight our battles and to save our liberties.
Hurrah for blue and khaki, and God bless them both to-day,
As they guard the sundered oceans, as they face the front-line fray!

December 26. Thursday
Instead of saying "I want," let us ask "What can I give? What can I do this day, this moment, to make somebody else happier?" For as we give we get, in pressed down measure—only we must give for the love of giving, and without thought of reward.

December 27. Friday
Make the pills you have to take
Out of sunshine, for the sake
Of what ails you; try 'em when
Grief and shadows darken men,
That the healing of their power
May rebuild the sunny hour
Of life's hope and cheer and free,
And the love that sets us free.

December 28. Saturday
"Gladness of heart is the life of a man, and the joyfulness of a man prolongeth his days."

December 29. Sunday
Pain there is not—pain nor sorrow, they have vanished as the dew
When the morning sunlight glimmers from the bosom of the blue.
Fear I know not—like the shadows that take wing before the day,
In the brightness of thy Being all my fears have passed away.

December 30. Monday
Your dreams are coming true—never forget that; just a step, just around the turn there awaits a glad fulfilment of your dearest hopes.

December 31. Tuesday
Hold fast this prophecy:
The best is yet to be!

The Woman Who Won

Concluded from page 3

were streaming down her face—"I'm sure we must forget this! We must help him! I as his wife—you as his friend." She had one of Mahoney's hands in hers. Her beautiful eyes were imploring him. "I've talked with men who were out there with him," she went on. "They told me such tales of his bravery—how he kept the men from panic once or twice under fire—how he volunteered to carry a dispatch through a wood and got through, wounded in three places. Oh, and how he cheered them all last winter in the trenches, kept up their spirits by his plucky jokes! I can't forget all that—I can't."

Mahoney said nothing, but the glimpse that she had of his face must have reassured her, for she continued, pleadingly:

"If we left him, he'd give up trying—he'd sink lower and lower! Oh, please, forgive him! Don't—don't be hard! I know he's hurt you—I know! But—you're big enough to forgive!"

Dundas, standing with bowed head, spoke in a low voice.

"It's no good! I'd do the same if I were in his place. Let's go, Hilda."

"Mr. Mahoney's going to forget all about it, Jack!"

She looked at Mahoney, who got up, ill at ease and fumbling with his hands.

"It's all right, Jack," he said.

Mahoney had never been able to express himself fluently.

Dundas looked at him in silence; he, too, could find no adequate words. The girl smiled upon them both through her tears.

"We won't try to thank him now, Jack," she said, trying to speak steadily, "but we'll show him—won't we?—that we're grateful. We won't forget his kindness!"

She took Mahoney's hands in hers. His plain face flushed. Women of her world had usually looked disdainfully upon him with his ill-made clothes, his shy, awkward manner.

"Some day," she whispered, "you'll be glad you weren't hard—glad that you helped a man to find, at last, the better sort of courage."

* * * * *

And Jack Dundas with her help, did find it. No one would recognize in the burly, sun-burned, steady-eyed squatter the immaculate weakling of the old days. In time they paid Mahoney the full sum, of course, but there are other debts, less easily paid, and that is why they value the simple, homely man as their best and truest friend.

Earn one of these Premiums before Jan. 1, while our special Club-Raisers' price of 25 cents holds good—The American Woman, Augusta, Maine

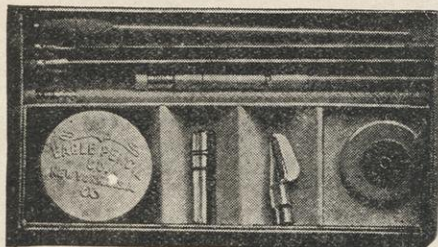


Combination Fountain-Pen and Pencil

Given for *Nine* Subscriptions

No. 1893.—If you have searched in vain for a satisfactory fountain-pen, here is the goal of your quest. Every pen must meet the exacting test of daily general use, or it may be returned. The rubber contained in it comes from Para, Brazil, the iridium point comes from Russia; the 14K gold pen is made from gold procured from the U. S. government. A smooth writer, the ink flows smoothly to the last drop in the barrel. Refilling is accomplished in the most satisfactory way by the dropper filler. To increase the usefulness of this superb writing-article, the end opposite the gold pen is equipped with a propelling lead-pencil. A few turns of the screw force the lead into writing position or return it to its protective socket. Each pen is equipped with a safety clip to insure against loss and is mailed in a box with directions, filler and extra box of leads.

with a safety clip to insure against loss and is mailed in a box with directions, filler and extra box of leads.

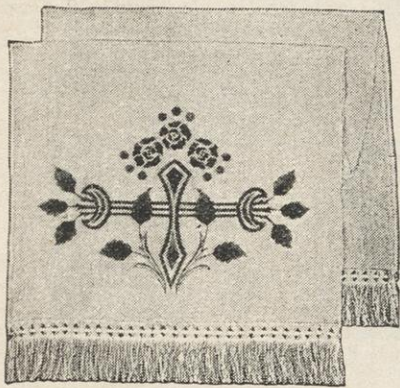


Schooldays Pencil-Assortment

Given for *Four* Subscriptions

No. 1335.—Here is something to delight the children. The fancy-covered box contains a splendid selection of articles most needed for the children, whether in school or at home. Each box contains:

- 3 Pencils with erasers and medium lead:
- 1 Smilax 1 Arrow 1 Parrot
- 1 Combination Pen and Pencil
- 1 Cork-Handled Penholder
- 1 Disk Pencil-and-Ink-Eraser
- 1 Metal Box of Pens
- 1 Pencil-Sharpener
- 1 Aluminum Drinking-Cup

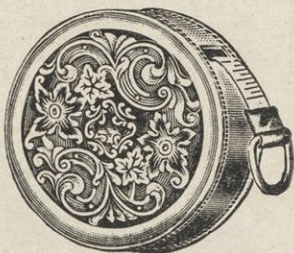


Aberdeen-Crash Runner

Given for *Five* Subscriptions

No. 1890.—The moment you take this runner from its wrapper it is ready for use on your parlor-table, for it requires no embroidery-work or hemming.

A floral pattern is stamped, stencil-like, in red, green and brown on each end, while a neat fringe adds a finishing touch. It is 17x52 inches; and, as you probably know, Aberdeen Crash, a material that resembles gray linen, will stand long wear and rough usage beside always looking fresh and clean.



36-Inch Measure

Given for *Two* Subscriptions

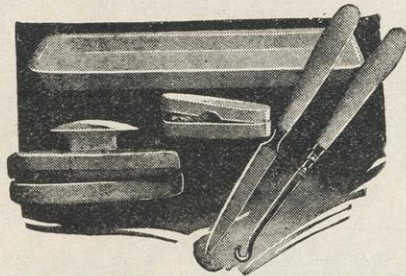
No. 1742.—Pull the ring and the measure unwinds from coiled spring to which it is secured. When you release your hold the measure winds back into place ready for the next call to duty. Case is made of silver-ine, beautifully embossed. Convenient, beautiful, inexpensive, needed, and a good gift for any needleworker.



Eveready Flashlight

Given for *Seven* Subscriptions

No. 1791.—The wonderful efficiency and absolute safety of the Eveready Electric Lights have established them as indispensable articles of family use. For finding one's way about the house at night, looking down dark stairs and halls, finding things in dark attics or closets, for the sick-room, and even protecting oneself against burglars—for all these and countless other purposes—there is nothing so convenient and economical as this Eveready light. Indoors or out, it turns darkness into daylight. A simple pressure of the thumb instantly produces a clear, white, brilliant light on the very spot you want it. The illustration shows the Comet, 6½-inch Eveready, equipped with a genuine Eveready Mazda bulb and latest, long-life Tungsten battery. Battery is guaranteed against depreciation for six months when not in service. New batteries may be obtained at all hardware and general stores, or will be sent by us for three subscriptions. When ordering separate batteries be sure to give us the number 1791.



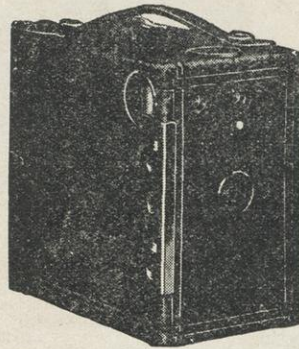
Ivory-White Manicure-Set

Given for *Eight* Subscriptions

No. 1920.—At a glance the illustration shows what a practical and useful set we have presented.

In addition to the 4x7-inch tray which holds all of the other articles there are a 3¼-inch buffer, a box of nail-polish, a 6-inch flexible nail-file and a nickel-plated button-hook. Each article, except where metal must be used, is made of clean, white celluloid, which so much resembles ivory.

Each set is sent in an attractive paste-board box. An agreeable surprise and genuine satisfaction is in store for everyone who is fortunate enough to receive one.



Premo Junior

Given for *Eleven* Subscriptions

No. 1502.—The box type possesses features found in no other camera of this character. It uses the film-pack exclusively, loads in daylight, and single exposures may be removed at any time for development. To load: Open back, drop film-pack in place—close the back, and camera is loaded in daylight. Has automatic shutter for time or snapshots, and two viewfinders. Takes a clear, sharp picture 2¼x3¼ inches.



Mahogany-Finish Candlesticks

A Pair Given for *Six* Subscriptions

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



Sailor-Boy Jack

Given for *Five* Subscriptions

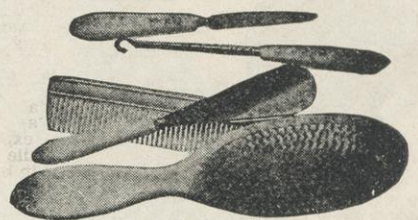
No. 1839.—Jackie is anxious to join the doll family. He hasn't told us in words, but his expressive little face tells you of his desire more plainly than volumes.

What joy this little boy doll will bring to childish hearts! He's so lifelike! Mothers will see in Jackie's face the image of their own youngster. His large inquisitive blue eyes, cupid-bow lips and baby-pink cheeks are true as life.

Jackie had his sailor-suit on when he had his picture taken, but it can be slipped off and another put on if some little mother should wish to change it. The sailor-suit is very becoming, with its white blouse and bright-colored trimmings.

Like all true sailors, Jackie has nine lives and will stand many hard knocks and dangers which would soon destroy or "kill" an ordinary doll. Jackie is practically indestructible.

All his limbs are jointed. When standing he is 12 inches high. His weight is eleven ounces. He is reaching out his arms to you. Let us send him.



5-Piece Toilet-Set

Given for *Ten* Subscriptions








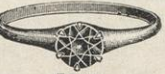




No. 1730.—In this convenient set are included: A famous "Keepclean" Hair-Brush, size 10x2½ inches with eleven rows of medium-length, best bristles—7½-inch Comb, Shoe-Horn, Shoe-Hook, and Flexible Nail-File. Handles, and all parts where metal is not required, are made of Florence White Ivory, a composition closely resembling genuine ivory. It is clean, white, washable, and durable. All are carefully packed in an attractive box.



Ladies' Patriotic Pin

Given for *Two* Subscriptions

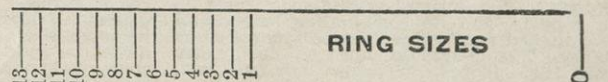
No. 1976.—Here is a little pin that will appeal to all our women readers. It is in the form of a circle surrounding a star, the outer edge being set with Rubies, Pearls and Sapphires, making the colors of our flag, Red, White and Blue, in a setting of gold-filled stock.

 January The GARNET Symbol of Power	 April The DIAMOND Symbol of Purity	 June The AGATE Symbol of Health and Long Life	 July The RUBY Symbol of Charity	 August The SARDONYX Symbol of Happiness	 October The OPAL Symbol of Hope
 February The AMETHYST Symbol of Pure Love	 May The EMERALD Symbol of Immortality	Gold Filled Birthstone-Rings Premium No. 1464 Any Ring Given for <i>Two</i> Subscriptions		 September The SAPPHIRE Symbol of Constancy	 November The TOPAZ Symbol of Friendship
 March The BLOODSTONE Symbol of Courage	 December The TURQUOISE Symbol of Prosperity				

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the gift that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to The American Woman at our special Club-Raisers' price of 25 cents each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to

The American Woman
Augusta, Maine



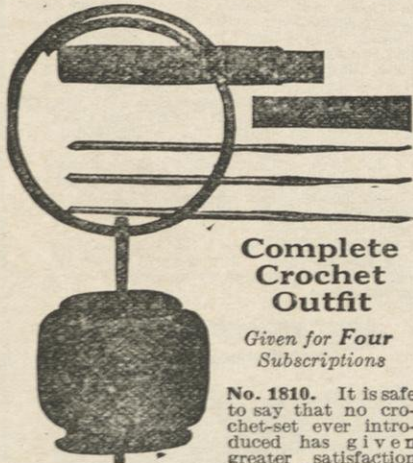


Baby Glory

Given for
Nine
Subscriptions

No. 1974. Every little "America First" mother will be delighted with the patriotic red-white-and-blue dress which this newcomer from Toy-town is wearing. She is a darling and will win the heart of every member of the family. She is 14 inches tall in her dainty little stocking-feet. And she wears real shoes. She has the latest, up-to-the-minute unbreakable head, with the sweetest features, tinted in true-to-life colors. Her healthy little body is plump, and her expression too cute for anything.

The drawing does not begin to do her justice. Baby Glory is a "made-in-America" doll and designed only for children who love their Uncle Sam. You may dress her in any costume you choose, but none will be more appropriate and inspiring than this costume becoming a real offspring of Uncle Sam, which we furnish for her traveling-gown. Baby Glory is yours on the most liberal terms.

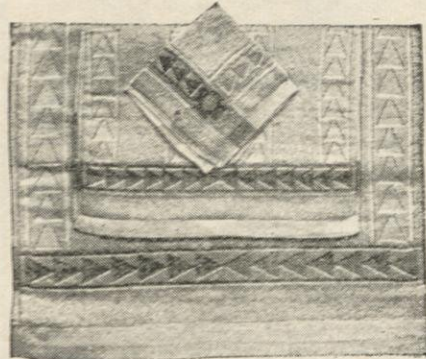


Complete Crochet Outfit

Given for Four Subscriptions

No. 1810. It is safe to say that no crochet-set ever introduced has given greater satisfaction than our combination

outfit No. 1810. Holder for Crochet-Cotton is the most practical devised. From an adjustable bracelet which is slipped on over the wrist a spindle with a celluloid disk depends. On this disk the crochet-cotton is held in such a manner that the thread runs off smoothly as you crochet. Made entirely of white celluloid. Very light. Three Needles—large, medium, and small size—enclosed in a wooden holder, and a Ball of medium-size crochet-cotton, are also included.



3-Piece Turkish Towel-Set

Given for Nine Subscriptions

No. 1919. Take a careful look at this illustration and you will get a good idea of the excellent quality of this 3-piece Towel-set. Bath-towel is 41x20 inches (a magnificent size) the face and hand piece is 25x13, and the face-cloth of matching design and material is about 12 inches square. Each piece has the Jacquard border, daintily colored across the ends. They are made of the best cotton yarn, bleached to a snowy whiteness, hemmed at the ends and guaranteed to give many years of hard service.



Butterfly-Design Hemstitched-Scarf

Given for Four Subscriptions

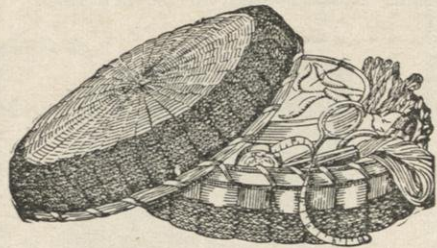
No. 1812. The butterfly-motif never ceases to be popular, and its combination here with a hemstitched scarf gives the maximum of desirability. The design is stamped on fine-quality crash 18x54 inches. We show only one end, but on each the same design is stamped. Every home finds a use for a pretty new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



Stork Embroidery-Scissors

Given for Four Subscriptions

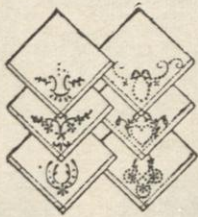
No. 1728. When our supply of these splendid scissors is exhausted it will be extremely difficult to obtain more, and the price will probably be double. Get a pair now and get a bargain. Blades are finest nickel-steel, smooth-cutting and with stiletto points. Shown about one half actual size.



Sweetgrass Basket

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 1809. Fragrance is remarkably pleasant and lasting. One of the most treasured of sewing-companions. With its close-fitting top it makes a neat and appropriate basket for the sewing-club or to take with you when calling or traveling. In your own home it keeps your sewing-work and materials always handy. Average diameter 9 inches. Articles in basket not included in offer.



Six Lawn Handkerchiefs

Given for Four Subscriptions

No. 1180. Exceptional value is offered in these six hemstitched handkerchiefs of soft, white lawn. They are dainty in size, about 12 inches square, and each is stamped with a different and tasteful design. For finishing, we include two skeins of mercerized cotton.



Silver Thimble

Given for Three Subscriptions

No. 1290. A genuine guaranteed sterling-silver thimble—dainty, light, strong, perfectly modeled and beautifully engraved. Be sure to state size desired; we have them in sizes from 5 to 11.



Powerful Reading-Glass

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 1918. With the aid of this powerful glass the finest print becomes legible. Lens is 2 1/4 inches in diameter, enlarging print to twice its actual size. It is bound with a nickel rim and the handle is of black composition resembling ebony. Total length, including handle, is about 7 inches. We will send it without breaking.

Every Premium Guaranteed The American Woman



Long Silk Scarf

Given for Six Subscriptions

No. 1212. Material of this 60-inch scarf is as soft and highly finished as silk. Can be effectively doubled. It comes hemstitched ready to wear in white, pink or blue. White will be sent unless you choose a color.



Dripless Tea-Strainer

Given for Four Subscriptions

No. 1922. There are a host of tea-strainers on the market, but none of them can compare with the worth of this new style. It is beautiful, useful and practical. Where tea is served from the table, it is the one strainer that you can set on the table without staining the cloth. It is absolutely dripless. Good quality throughout. Ebonized handle. Gold-lined bowl.



Silver-Plated Dessert-Set

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 1035. Each set consists of a sugar-bowl, creamer, and tray, of quadruple plate. A very dainty, useful set in a quality that looks and wears well.



Cut-Glass Bonbon-Dish

Given for Eight Subscriptions

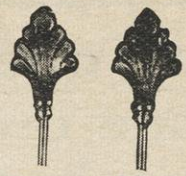
No. 1907. For bonbons, spoons, and many other purposes, this is a beautiful dish. The flowers and hob-stars are cut in the latest satin-finish, and the floral and mitre cutting combines an arrangement of beauty which is found only on the higher grade lines of cut glass. Eight inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide. A very attractive high-grade, stone-engraved dish. Sent prepaid and safe delivery guaranteed.



Silver Service-Pin

Given for Three Subscriptions

No. 1954. If you have a friend or relative in the United States Military or Naval Service, you should wear one of these handsome service-pins with one star, if you have two friends you should wear one with two stars, or if three friends, three stars. These pins are made of Sterling Silver, the stars are blue, set in white enamel, surrounded by a red border, and are very neat and attractive in appearance. We have them in one, two and three stars. In ordering, state which you wish us to send you.

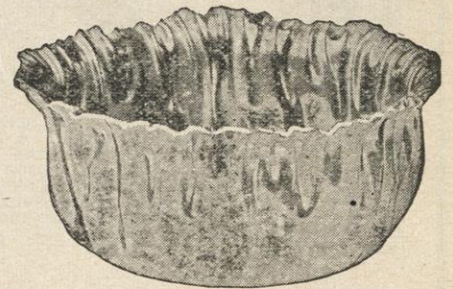


Two Silver Hatpins

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1797. In keeping with millinery tendencies, we have selected two hatpins which are the embodiment of good taste and refinement. The designs are both unique and handsome, and the very latest in style and popular favor. The heads are real sterling-silver, and there is not a hat or trimming with which they will not appropriately harmonize.

The illustration is of actual size and the design is the same on either side. The stems are of polished steel and of just the right length to be in keeping with prevailing millinery styles.



Crushed-Silver Bonbon-Dish

Given for Four Subscriptions

No. 1036. You must see this dish to fully appreciate it. It is all in shining silver and gold. The outside is thrice coated with sterling silver and the inside is bright with a fine deposit of gold.



Show Your Patriotism

Ring or Pin Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1873. Every loyal American should wear the emblem of our country in these patriotic times. It is a duty you owe to yourself and to your country.

"Old Glory" is here represented on a pin and on a ring. Both are guaranteed Sterling silver with enameled colors, red, white and blue. For waist, bandeau, tie, or man's lapel the pin is of just the right size. The ring should be worn on the little finger. It is furnished in sizes 3 1/2 to 6 only.

Proclaim to everyone your loyalty to country by displaying one of these beautiful emblems.



Soldiers' Testament

Given for Three Subscriptions

No. 1905. With this neat little book tucked away in an inside pocket, there is an added feeling of security for the soldier and also for the mother or friend at home who presents it. The protecting influence of the Word of God, the constant reminder of His teachings, will give one strength to face every trial. This edition is gotten up especially for the soldier. It is bound in khaki-colored cloth with an American flag embossed in colors on the front cover. The fly-leaves contain the words of The Star-Spangled Banner; Onward, Christian Soldiers; America; and The Battle-Hymn of the Republic. Several references are also made to favorite chapters and verses. There is a space for owner's name, address and service. The size is only 3x4 inches.

Special Offer

Select the premium that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to The American Woman at our special Club-Raisers' price of 25 cents each, and we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to

THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

Join



Make this a Red Cross Christmas

AMERICA'S second war-time Christmas is almost here. Our thoughts, our interests, our hearts are not in the trivial things now—they are with the boys in France, and our war-tried Allies.

Their thoughts, their interests, their hopes are in the Red Cross and the knowledge that it is ever present and ready to lend them aid most needed.

Let our Christmas message to those loved ones be that we

stand solidly behind the American Red Cross—that there is full membership in every American home. No other word we can send will give them greater encouragement, or fortitude for that which must be accomplished.

All you need is a heart and a dollar

Red Cross Christmas Roll Call, December 16-23

Contributed through Division of Advertising



United States Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by the
Publishers of The American Woman, Augusta, Maine



**6-Piece Set
Fumed Solid Oak**

\$1.00 A Room Full of Furniture

DOWN

Send only \$1.00, and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only \$1.00 down, then \$2.50 per month, or only \$24.90 in all. A positively staggering value, and one of the biggest bargains ever offered. Look at this massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is send the coupon with \$1.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today sure. Either have the library set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

6 Pieces

This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich dull wax, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19x19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17x17 inches. All four pieces are luxuriously padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24x34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with \$1.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. **No. C. O. D.** Sent knocked down. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 pounds. Money back if not pleased. **Order by No. B5186A. Send \$1.00 with order; \$2.50 monthly. Price \$24.90. No discount for cash.**

Act Now—While This Special Offer Lasts

Don't wait a day longer. Sit down today and send in the coupon for the 6-piece Fumed Solid Oak Library Set. For a limited time only are we able to offer you this stupendous bargain. Prices, as you know, on everything are going up, up, up. It is impossible to tell just what day it will be necessary for us to increase the price of this wonderful Fumed Solid Oak Library Set. So act, but act quick. Fill out the coupon and send it to us with the first small payment and we will ship you this wonderful 6-piece Fumed Solid Oak Library Set. **Pieces not sold separately.**

Free Trial Coupon
STRAUS & SCHRAM, (Inc.)
 Dept. 3039
 West 35th St., Chicago, Ill.
 Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised 6-Piece Fumed Oak Library Suite. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the suite I will pay you \$2.50 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the suite within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.
 6-Piece Library Set, No. B5186A. \$24.90.

Send This Coupon!

Along with \$1.00 to us now. Have this fine library set shipped on 30 days' trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon today.

Easy Payments!

Open an account with us. We trust honest people, no matter where you live. Send for this wonderful bargain shown above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all cash or credit. **No discount for cash.** Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash discount. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices.

30 Days' Trial! Free Bargain Catalog

Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today for free bargain catalog.

Name.....
 Address.....
 Post Office..... State.....
 If you **ONLY** want catalog put X in box below
 Furniture and Stores Jewelry
 Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing Paints Roofing

STRAUS & SCHRAM,

Dept. 3039,

W. 35th Street, CHICAGO, ILL.