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AUGUSTA MAINE

THE

MARCH 1919

AMERICAN WOMAN



THIS HOME APPLE-ORCHARD

Premium No. 1945



Is one of the most popular premiums we have ever offered. Last season, the first time we offered this collection, several thousand club-raisers planted the little trees. They have given almost universal satisfaction, so we offer them again.

Given for Only Three Subscriptions

Each little tree is produced by grafting together a "scion" (branch) from a selected tree of heavy-cropping record, to a healthy one-year root. Each little tree is about a foot high. They take root at once, make rapid growth, and bear large crops of choice apples, even sooner than larger trees planted at the same time.

Two Each of Six Best Varieties

Two Genuine Delicious

The very finest apple grown. Large. Deep red, shading to golden yellow. Wonderful flavor.

Two Yellow Transparent

A summer apple. Pale yellow. Mildly acid. Bears very early, sometimes the first year.

Two Jonathan

Deep yellow, nearly covered with bright red. Winy flavor, choice quality, long keeper.

Two Stayman Winesap

Deep rich red. Juicy and sweet. A splendid keeper, and generally prized for cooking.

Two Winter Banana

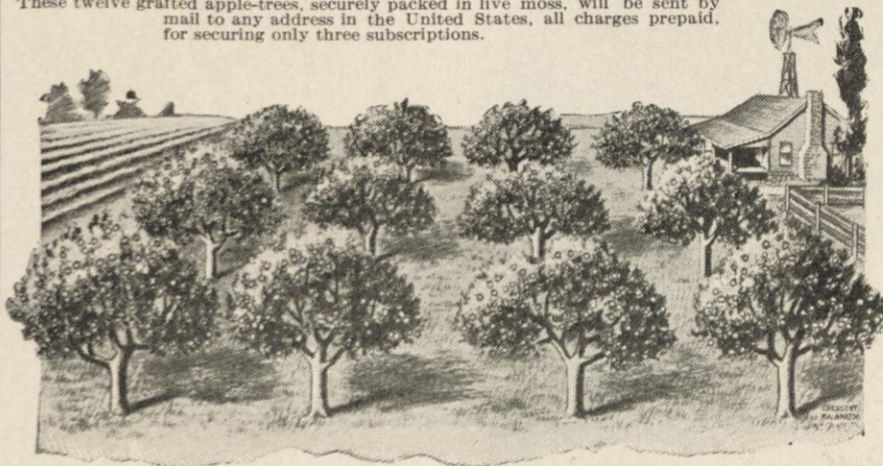
Beautiful and good. Deep yellow with red blush. Fine-grained, tender and juicy.

Two Wealthy

Remarkably hardy. An abundant bearer of choice, finely flavored apples of good size.

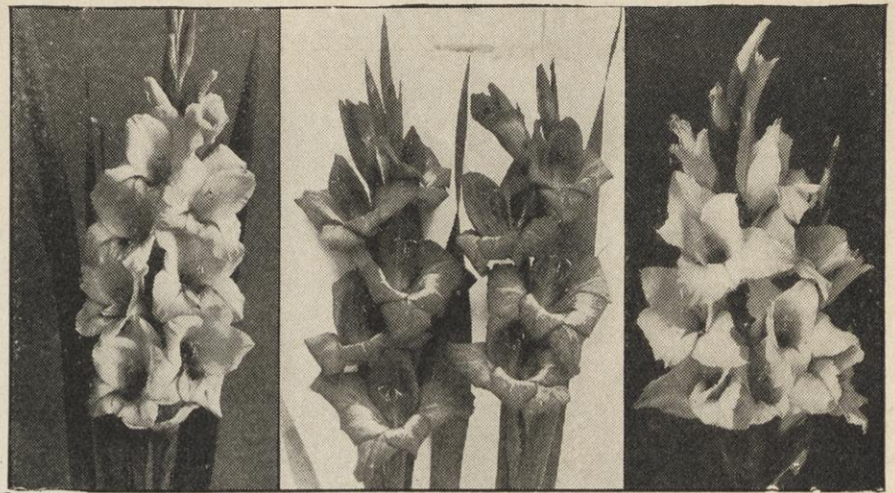
LET US SEND YOU THE TWELVE GRAFTED APPLE-TREES, POSTPAID

These twelve grafted apple-trees, securely packed in live moss, will be sent by mail to any address in the United States, all charges prepaid, for securing only three subscriptions.



SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of **three** subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of **35 cents** each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you **Twelve Grafted Apple-Trees (Premium No. 1945)**.

Address **THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine**



12 Exquisite Gladiolus-Bulbs 12 Fine Named Varieties

Given for **Two** Subscriptions

No. 1951. The opportunity for our readers to secure the best varieties of the modern type of Gladiolus that will flower this season, producing an abundance of exquisite blossoms. They have been selected from thousands of varieties as those most nearly approaching perfection in form and color.

As a garden-flower, gladioli are unsurpassed; they ask no favors, simply winning your admiration on their own merits. From the time they thrust their green blades of foliage above the ground, they retain their deep, healthy color until frost. Vigorous and sturdy in growth, they require no attention save to be kept free from weeds and watered during severe dry spells. They are almost impervious to attacks of disease or insects; and, once the flower-stalks have formed, you can count on each bud to open into a full, perfect bloom.

The assortment we send to our subscribers includes the exquisite sorts named below. All are well-matured bulbs that will flower the first season planted, and are not to be confused with the small and inferior bulblets which require two or three years growing before they throw flower-stalks.

With these superior kinds there never need be a day through the summer when you cannot find the closely capped buds of Gladiolus unfolding into wonderful-hued flowers. You can constantly discover new combinations of color and arrangements of markings until you wonder at the limitless ingenuity of nature.

SCHWABEN. Delicate soft yellow with dark-red blotch in the center. Very fine flower and free bloomer.

NIAGARA. Magnificent large flowers; soft primrose-yellow tinged rose-pink in the throat and penciled with carmine.

PRINCEPS. Color rich crimson with intense shadings in the throat and broad white blotches across the lower petals. Flowers are large.

EMPERESS OF INDIA. Velvety dark red with a purplish tint.

BARON OF HULOT. Dark violet bordering on rich deep indigo-blue. The finest of its color.

AMERICA. Soft lavender pink; large flowers of exquisite shape. One of the finest of the new bright sorts.

PEACE. The grandest tinted white sort; tall, vigorous grower, long spikes well formed, open pure-white flowers slightly tinted lilac on the lower petals.

In planting, select, if possible, a sunny location, placing the bulbs four to six inches apart and about three inches deep; keep free from weeds, and an occasional stirring of the ground as soon as the plants appear will prove highly beneficial.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of **two** subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of **35 cents** each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the above named Gladiolus Bulbs (**Premium No. 1951**).

Address **THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine**

FLOWERS From Spring to Fall

Premium No. 2001

All Given for Three Subscriptions
Our Big Collection of Ten Hardy Flowering Shrubs, Ornamental Trees, and Vines will surround your home with a veritable sea of fragrant, ever changing beauty from spring to fall.

They Will Bloom
the First Year

and every year after, ever increasing in size and beauty, and bearing thousands and thousands of delicately colored flowers. The shrubs, etc., in this collection, are one-year size, cut back to about a foot in length.—the best size to plant, for permanent results. All these Ornamentals are perfectly hardy, and will grow anywhere in the United States. They are sent at the right time to plant.

10 Hardy Ornamentals Given!

Our Big Collection consists of Ten Hardy Ornamentals:—seven Flowering Shrubs, Two Flowering Trees, and One Flowering Vine. We have made a careful selection so as to secure a continuous season of flowers from earliest spring through the summer and fall, to the very edge of winter. (The duration of flowers of each variety is shown in small type below.)

- Cornus Florida (MARCH and APRIL)
- Thunberg Barberry (APRIL and MAY)
- Coral Berry (MAY to JULY)
- Snowball Hydrangia (JUNE to AUGUST)
- 2 Flowering Catalpas (JUNE and JULY)
- Sweet Shrub (JUNE to OCT.)
- Trumpet Vine (JUNE to SEPT.)
- Two Roses of Sharon (AUG. to NOV.)

The Barberry in this collection is Thunberg's Japanese, the only variety recommended for planting, by National authorities.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of **three** subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of **35 cents** each, we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you the 10 Hardy Ornamentals named above. (**Premium No. 2001**).

Address **THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine**

6 Hardy Everblooming ROSEBUSHES 6

All Six Given for Two Subscriptions

Premium No. 1999

These plants are vigorous one-year-old, well-rooted bushes, guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition. They will thrive in any good garden-soil; and if given ordinary care, all, except the climbing variety, will bloom this season. Special cultural directions on their planting and care are enclosed with each collection.

They should not be set out in the open ground before all danger of hard freezing is past; but if they arrive when weather conditions are unfavorable, they may be set in pots or boxes and grown indoors. When bushes are received and you are ready to plant, separate the varieties, as they will come all wrapped in moss and oil-paper.

Accept our offer below and send your order in, **Now**. Roses will be forwarded at once.

Imagine the joy of walking into your own garden and cutting an abundance of beautiful fragrant blossoms every day from early spring to late frosts.

Climbing American Beauty

The realized dream of every rose-grower in all its promise and glory. The same as the old American Beauty developed into a hardy outdoor climbing rose, an everbloomer, sturdy of growth. The foliage is immune to disease, insects and weather. Vivid rosy crimson in color, with delicious fragrance. Blooms the entire season.

White Killarney

The "Irish Beauty" claiming first place. Thrifty, pure-white in color, robust and vigorous in growth. The flowers are produced in great masses from early spring until late fall.

Maiden's Blush

An indispensable rose for decorative purposes. It is vigorous, healthy, hardy enough to with stand all climates. Its culture is the very easiest, as it will thrive in any ordinary garden-soil, producing large double flowers all through the growing season. The delicate blending of colors is most indescribable, rose tints in the center of flower, gradually shading into pale blush and creamy white.

SPECIAL OFFER

If you will send us a club of **two** subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of **35 cents** each, we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you the six rosebushes named above (**Premium No. 1999**).

Address **THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine**



Hadley

Its magnificent deep velvety-crimson color is retained at all seasons of the year. The buds are medium-long, opening full and double in the center, producing large double flowers which are of such rich, heavy texture as to appear cut from velvet; they are borne in profusion on long stiff stems well above the foliage. Strong, healthy grower, excellent bloomer, makes an ideal rose for everyone.

President Taft

This beautiful variety is absolutely distinct; no other compares with it. It has a hardy, vigorous constitution, bears a profusion of elegant buds, which develop into flowers. The color is brilliant sparkling pink of the most delightful shade.

Miss Alice Rothschild

A deep citron-yellow and creamy buff, intensifying as the flower expands. A perfect yellow rose that would retain its color and form of flower has been very difficult to obtain, but this one combines hardiness, freedom of bloom, vigorous growth and exquisite fragrance, making it the desirable rose for everyone.

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

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

AUGUSTA, MAINE, MARCH 1919

"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.

Chats with Our Readers

THE inward bound car was crowded. Our own seat-mate was a trim, businesslike woman, with white hair and dark, soft, smiling eyes, who somehow made you feel as though you had always known her, or if you had not that you really ought to have. In the seat just ahead sat two women, and as the car came to a stop at a station the voice of one of them rang out: "Oh, I'm not doing anything, although I really have plenty of time. There's nothing for me to do, if I wanted to—you know I was fifty my last birthday." It was then our friend with the dark eyes and silvery hair flashed us a smile that told of intense amusement—and something else. "Fifty!" she said, as the car sped on. "Do you know, I would almost like to shake that woman and wake her up. Why, she is right in the very prime of life, or ought to be. Nothing for her to do? There is everything to do. The demand for workers—the right workers—was never greater. The world needs them. Our country needs them. The trouble with us has been in days gone by that many—all too many—in our human hive were drones, dependent upon the toilers of the race for service and sustenance. That has been the apple of discord. It has bred anarchy, Bolshevism, or what you will—and it will keep right on until the direst disaster overtakes us unless we are able to prove that the lesson of the war has not been lost. Service must be our watchword—helpfulness to our fellow beings in ways that are small or great, if, indeed, they can be measured. Even though the war is over we cannot go back to the days before the war, prosperous, happy days, as we think of them now—and stagnant! We've got to go on—the only question is as to the how, whether graciously and gladly, doing our part with loyal good-will, or resentfully and full of faultfinding, and because we must. There are big problems ahead of us as a nation, and as individuals, and womankind has a great share in the solution. Not one of us is exempt from duty. 'Fifty?' The dark eyes brightened with a sunny smile. "Bless the woman—I am on the shady side of sixty, yet I should be very loath to acknowledge there would not be plenty for me to do these many coming years—if not one thing, then another. We all have a share in world betterment, and there is nothing else so very much worth while."

WASN'T she quite right about it?—this cheery, busy woman who is now, so her card told us, lending a hand at the free employment bureau, but who will always find something to do. Isn't the cause of world betterment the one cause above all others that we should take a deep and abiding interest in furthering? Because it really includes all others. There is nothing we can do for another's welfare or happiness that is not done for world betterment. The mother who cares for her little ones, keeping them well and safe and glad, and at the same time teaching them the unity of life and the duty and pleasure of mutual helpfulness, is doing a big share in the home. The woman who is not needed in the home, or who perchance feels the necessity of adding to the family income strong upon her, and so goes forth to do with her might what her hands find to do cheerily and faithfully, is doing her share, just as she who performs her many home duties, looking well to the ways of her household and seeing that nothing is wasted, welcoming the family workers home at night and sending them out in the morning, well-fed and happy, is doing hers. No woman who is filling any position capably and interestedly need seek another. At the same time every woman should remember that she owes the world service, that if she does not do her part toward making this glorious earth a better and happier abiding-place for all the inhabitants thereon—herself included—she is missing a great, great deal—more than can be told. And there is always a chance for her. This is particularly true to-day of the woman of middle-age, so called, whole children are grown and no longer need her as in childhood. Because she has reached the half-century mark is neither excuse nor reason for folded hands. She herself needs the occupation as much as

it needs her. Even though it be true that she "does not have to work," so far as money is concerned, something to do, something that will bring her into the army of workers for world betterment, and prove to her that "every day is a fresh beginning," is for her a vital necessity.

THERE is always a field of endeavor awaiting us—always something to do. Wherever the need exists there is the opportunity; but there must be open eyes to see, and ears to hear the call. Just by way of inspiration let us tell you of what one woman has done and is doing—impelled by the idea of service, of world-betterment. She is Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, originator of the Moonlight Schools, and leader of the movement which looks to the establishment of these educational centers all over the country so that those who can neither read nor write may learn to do both. We have not been in the habit of associating illiteracy with the people of the United States, yet the census report for 1910 tells us that nearly six million persons over ten years of age were at that time unable to read or write, and that less than one third of the number were of foreign birth; and we know that more than seven hundred thousand men, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one registered for the first draft of the war by making their mark—in a deplorable sense of the term. Yet within a year after the first call to the colors there could not be found a U. S. soldier who did not understand at least the first principles of the English language; and this wonderful change came about in greatest measure through the work of Mrs. Stewart and those associated with her in the "Moonlight School" movement. She herself was a "mountain girl;" from childhood she felt the pall of ignorance resting upon the people of her native mountains, and as she grew older the "vision" took shape in her mind—the idea of freeing these people from the bondage of mental slavery. And so the work was commenced in a little Kentucky town, and has grown within the last half dozen years until it touches every place in the country which has need of it—that is, where there are any who in childhood lived too far from a school to be able to get instruction in "the three R's."

THE name "Moonlight School" is in itself interesting, compelling, but the movement is much more than is implied by the name. It is a chain or system of night schools where those who have grown up absolutely ignorant of letters may have their minds opened to the written and printed word. As one of the mountain people said, after coming to the first Moonlight School in Kentucky, "Some of us had one chanc't, some of us ain't had no chanc't, and now we're all goin' to hev a second chanc't." And that is exactly what it means. Pupils came whose ages ranged from seventy-five to ninety, all anxious for the "chanc't" to learn how to read and write which had been denied them in earlier years. One old man of ninety-four wanted to read the Bible and was not able to do this until he had attended the sessions of this night school. With a great many of the old people the desire to read the Bible has probably been the greatest incentive for studying. As for the name of the movement it may be said to have chosen itself. For the opening of the first school, Mrs. Stewart says, she selected a moonlight night. "I knew if I could gather these folks from the rural districts for the first four moonlight nights, I could hold them for the rest of the period. After all, understanding psychology, I realized that it would take only six weeks to teach the slowest pupil the fundamentals of reading and writing. The moonlight drew them. The beauty of the night was a distinct appeal. We had arranged for schools or centers in different sections, and expected about three pupils to each school. Instead we had twelve hundred the first night, coming from other counties than our own." Think of the marvelous work wrought by the idea of a girl who resolved that she would serve her neighbors. It was in September, 1911, that the Kentucky Illiteracy Commission, of which Mrs. Stewart is chairman, was founded; now the idea embodied in its organization has spread to more than twenty-six States—with more to follow—and the United States census report of 1920, is sure to tell a wonderful story. We may not all found Moonlight Schools—that was the opportunity of a little Kentucky schoolgirl, and she grasped it. But there is something for us each and every one to do, and the world needs the best we can give.

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15SE28 Three articles in one. You won't beat this bargain anywhere. Blue or pink plaid percale apron dress, plain color percale bib apron, and combination cap. Easily laundered. Bib yoke, loose belt, pocket trimmings, short sleeves ruffles and face band on cap are in harmonizing plain color percale outlined in white. Dress buttons visible at left side. Has two handy patch pockets. Really a stunning looking outfit and just what you want to wear about the house. See what a bargain it is. And whether you send for this outfit or not be sure to send for our bargain Style Book.



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MY PAYING GUEST

By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON,

Author of "The Lightning-Conductor," "The Princess Passes," "The Motor Maid," etc., etc.

THE Baronet as Boniface." The ridiculous phrase shot into my mind as if suggested by some heap of mischief, and I could not dislodge it. As I walked through the house with the solemn Buckmaster at my heels, noting the changes with a critical eye, the words kept repeating themselves in my brain. What a title for a satirical article in some "society" paper—an article which would pour ridicule upon me and my new business.

Well, I was in for it now; I had counted the cost and there was no going back. In an hour my doors would be open to my first set of guests, fifty-three of them; the forerunners, I hoped, of an increasing host who would wish to stay under my hospitable, if expensive, roof.

I made a tour of the whole house. Passing to the kitchen, I found Joseph in his square white cap, marshaling a company of assistant cooks and kitchen-maids; the firelight dancing on bright copper vessels and culinary apparatus of every kind. In the sitting-rooms and the bedrooms all was in order. Expectant footmen moved softly over the noiseless carpets; pretty chambermaids in spotless prints were on the alert in the corridors.

Descending to my little room on the ground floor, I walked to my new roll-top desk, looked at the businesslike letter-files, and the copying press, and buttoned my frock coat. I was undeniably nervous. A copy of the "Times" lay on a chair, and as I picked it up my eye went at once to an advertisement in the hotel columns which I read for the twentieth time:

"Sir Trafford Exton, Bart, begs to announce that on and after the twentieth of December his house, Exton Hall, will be open for the reception of guests. This famous Elizabethan house, standing in the most picturesque part of the country of Derbyshire, is too well known to need description. The interior has been redecorated and furnished with electric light. A chef of the highest reputation is in charge of the kitchen. Excellent fishing is to be had in the Derwent, which flows through the grounds, and is preserved by Sir Trafford Exton. Two packs of hounds are within easy reach. The house is three miles from Dingley station, and carriages meet the principal trains. Sir Trafford Exton will himself superintend the arrangements of the house and can guarantee to those who visit Exton Hall accommodation superior to that of any hotel in Europe, combined with privacy, quietude, and the comforts of an English country house of the first rank. Tariff on application." "The Baronet as Boniface" indeed!

Yet I had little compunction in turning the old family home of the Extons into a hotel. There was no one to say me nay, no one whose family pride could be wounded. My uncle, Sir Ralph—bachelor, scholar, recluse, and twelfth baronet—had left everything to me absolutely—the grand Elizabethan house and thousands of acres of land. All this was mine, but—I had scarcely a penny besides; for my good uncle had lived on his capital and when he died there was only a couple of thousands in the bank. At first I thought I must sell the stately house which had sheltered the Extons for generations; then this strange idea had come to me, and I had instantly acted upon it. My uncle had been a gourmet. Joseph—once a famous Parisian chef—had found small scope for his talent in cooking for one man alone and eagerly fell in with my whim. Buckmaster, my uncle's butler, an admirably honest fellow and an excellent manager, consented, after the first shock of surprise, to stay with me rather than go forth and find another place. With their help the rest was easy. I spent all the money I had in redecorating the house and stocking the cellar. My advertisements brought me many answers, so



"When she came into the full light, she raised her veil and looked at me"

eager were the members of the snobbish middle class to rush into the house of a real baronet; and, enormous as were the terms I asked, I found nearly fifty people eager to come to me on the opening day, while every room was booked for Christmas week. If this kind of thing continued, I should soon be making my fortune!

On the third day, toward evening, a solitary cab drove up to the door, and true to my intention of playing Boniface in good earnest I went in person to receive my guest.

A woman in black stepped from the cab, alone. Her figure attracted me at once, so magnificent was her bearing; so perfect her bust and waist, set off by the tight-fitting, simply made gown. When she came into the full light, raised her veil and looked at me, I could not help starting; for her beauty surpassed that of any woman I had ever seen. Her face was a long oval, with a straight Greek nose, level brows and eyes of such deep violet as to be almost black; and in them such an expression of suffering and something else indefinable that my heart beat fast in pity, admiration and sympathy. Her hair, simply dressed in a low knot on the

neck, was of a ruddy gold, with depths of copper-colored shadow.

"I am Mrs. Mackintosh of Bath," she said, in a full, rich voice. "I wrote that I was coming."

"Certainly," I stammered, moved by her beauty, and the curious tragic distinction of her manner. "Your room is ready."

As she passed out of sight I stood staring after her, so strongly had she impressed my imagination, and I found myself involuntarily speculating about her, wondering if she were really Mrs. Mackintosh of Bath, and what cruel fortune could have planted such a look in her beautiful eyes.

Within the next two or three days, I found that everyone in the hotel was talking about Mrs. Mackintosh. She led the quietest of lives, walked a little, read in an easy chair in the conservatory, sought no new acquaintances but answered pleasantly when she was addressed, seemed to prefer the society of her own sex; in short, did nothing remarkable, save — to be what she was.

I was keenly anxious that the people should all enjoy themselves this Christmas week, so giving a good send off to my new

enterprise; and from the first I had assumed the position of host in my own house, treating the visitors as though they were a party of personal friends whom it was my pleasure to entertain, this being part of my commercial scheme. I therefore mixed with them freely in the public rooms of the house, was always at their service, and constantly arranged excursions, riding-parties, shooting-parties, and other diversions. I found that the great majority of the people who had been attracted by my advertisement were, as I had expected, of the rich manufacturing classes from the Midlands, and I had shrewdly judged that this was the very class which would be the most susceptible to social cajolery on the part of a "real live baronet." My judgment was well founded. The people followed my lead with docility; and, many of them being really nice people, we soon became a united and happy party.

In my efforts for the gaiety of my guests I received hearty backing from one of the visitors—a certain Roderick Hilliard, an Irish doctor, of uncertain age and exuberant manners. He was one of the latest arrivals, and from the first threw himself with enthusiasm into the social life of the house. He was exactly the kind of man I would have chosen to second my efforts, and the games he got up and the amusements he suggested were arranged with a kind of genius. Yet I sometimes felt a mistrust of my lieutenant; his manners seemed too buoyant to be natural, and it struck me there was something artificial about the Irish brogue of which he positively reeked. His hair was white, and curled all over his head. His face was bare, save for a heavy dark moustache and bright-blue eyes twinkled from behind gold-rimmed spectacles. The man puzzled me, and I could not place him in any well defined social category.

It was noticeable that Mrs. Mackintosh took no part in the gaieties which went on around her. She spent much of her time in solitary walks in the country, and usually slipped away to her room when entertainments were afoot, to the disappointment of many of her fellow guests. That Doctor Hilliard had observed this shyness I discovered one morning when I was talking to Lady Hendry in the conservatory, and naming at her request the beautiful foreign birds in the large cages there. Mrs. Mackintosh was reading in a chair not far from me, and when the irrepressible Irishman came up and took a chair by her side, I could not avoid overhearing some of the conversation that followed.

"I'm getting up an entertainment for tonight," he said, leaning persuasively forward; "and everyone hopes that you will take a part in it."

"Really," she answered, wearily, "I am afraid that I must ask to be excused. I am sure there are many others who can do better than I."

"But there is no one in the house so popular," he cut in, "and we cannot allow you to hide your talents. Do be good-natured," he insisted, "otherwise"—and he leaned forward, speaking in a lower voice—"people will begin to think you have some reason for keeping in the background. You know what gossips there are in the world, always eager to scent a mystery."

I was not looking at Mrs. Mackintosh, but I could tell by her sudden movement that she had half risen from her chair. There was silence for a few moments, silence which I could not help feeling was pregnant for her. Then she spoke in a voice which she strove in vain to render natural.

"Very well," she said; "rather than cause disappointment, I will join in the entertainment."

"Thank you a hundred times!" cried Hilliard, effusively, springing up. "That is very good of you. I know I can depend on your

Continued on page 10

THE YEARS FOR RACHEL

By BERTA RUCK

Author of "His Official Fiancee"

CHAPTER XV—Concluded

SELBY, however, wrote that but for his longing for me he would have enjoyed his trip abroad more than any holiday he had ever known—but it cost him every penny he had managed to put by for our marriage, that should have come off the summer following his illness.

Just a year from the date when he had first settled upon that other date, he explained to me that he would have to start saving all over again. He said: "The Board have been fearfully decent about not letting me lose seniority. My job is still open under your father, since Pritchard got himself transferred to Denbighshire. I shall come back, of course, to be near you. And, Gwen, my sweet," he concluded, appealingly, "if you still care enough for me to wait for me—"

"If—!" I said with a very tender smile for this returned Selby who, in spite of his travel-sunburn, was still gaunt and hollow-eyed enough to touch any girl's compassion. Mine he touched so deeply that it persuaded me for quite a long time that I loved him more deeply than before. My people were sure of that.

"And what have you been doing with yourself," he asked at last, "without me?"

"Oh—nothing," I said. "Just the house, you know, and my playing, and waiting for you to come back."

"Ah, my darling, how sweet and patient you are," he said, with such conviction that I simply couldn't tell him the disgraceful truth—that I often felt neither sweet nor patient; sometimes I even wished to goodness that I could have gone away for six months; just as he had, from the "house" and the whole blessed town and everybody in it; yes, even if it meant leaving him.

If I might tender a word of advice to lovers (the class that most needs and most ignores it) I should say "never let the beloved grow accustomed to your absence."

Gradually, during the last months, I had forgotten the "hurt" of absence, and I had grown so used to being without my Selby that I now felt I could bear another long half year of separation, as long as that meant any sort of a change! But, without further change yet, we took up our life as it had been before that first visit of mine to Hilda in Llyn; Selby at the bank, I as the only one of the Brook girls left at home.

We had our old Saturday walks, our old practising of his songs about "the month of marriages is drawing near" and "the River of Years."

("Nay," said Time, "but we must not bide;

The way is long and"—)

The neighborhood, embodied in Miss Margaret Pritchard, scrutinized me narrowly and purred over me that I must hardly know myself, having my dear Mr. Harrison back again.

I said that already it seemed as if he had never been away.

Even to think of those next years at Tros-yr-Avon makes me dawdle in my story; forgive me!

I will hurry now to the break.

CHAPTER XVI

The Break from Cover

A young voice, fresh and gay, broke in upon the dawdling lethargy of those days. "I should go perfectly mad if I had to live in this place now," declared my old chum Gwladys Ashley, who used to be Gwladys Wynn-Mathews.

Her husband had taken a year's home-leave from India, and they and their nine-months-old baby-girl were staying with her people in the old-fashioned, rambling house outside Tros-yr-Avon.

Hilda and I (for young Mrs. Vernon Slinger was paying the Bank House one of her angel-visits) had walked up to the Wynn Mathews' to call, to inspect and to worship. That is, I worshiped the pink rounded thighs and the dark, solemn gaze of Gwladys' little daughter; but Hilda was always rather like that lady who divided her own sex into "Mothers and Mothers of sons."

Such an outwardly humble manner had

Hilda of saying "I'm afraid I know nothing at all about little girls; I'd feel lost with them!" Her own Sonnie was six years old when little Gwennie Ashley was born, and he was now the purveyor to his family of all the newest music-hall songs, delivered with a cherubic lisp. Her second lad, Reginald, was now three; and she (Hilda) always had to hasten home from any calls on old friends in Tros-yr-Avon (doubtless thankful for the excuse) to see that "The Weblet," Webster Vernon Slinger, was fed.

impressed; Hilda was not abashed because she had married into a family that was, as she herself put it "Anything But" in the army. Miss Pritchard sat in a low chair between these two, looking from one to the other as if she were always thinking they could tell her more than she ever asked, full of questions as she was.

She went on: "Is it strange to be 'Mrs.' to the maids who've always known you? And where is your husband? Staying up in



"Lots of girls do things now," said Gwladys, looking at me almost with concern

She was going to advance this plea after seven minutes in the Wynn-Mathews' drawing-room, all abuzz with afternoon chatter from a selection of Wynn cousins and aunts, who were gathered together with the old rector (as usual the only man of the party) with Mrs. Owen, the doctor's quiet, handsome-eyed wife, and with Miss Margaret Pritchard, who caught us in her usual net of questions. She began "How do you like being at home again, Gwladys?" Now Gwladys, I saw, had acquired all the delicious subtle arrogance of a certain type of very young army woman. Her clichés, her Hindustani tags marked out her travels as did the labels on her trunks. Every stay-at-home woman there seemed to pay a sort of homage to her now. Only Hilda was not

Scotland? Oh! Ought he to be in Scotland, while you are here?"

Cake, handed by young Mrs. Ashley, dammed the flow for an instant; then it was diverted to my sister.

"What should you do, Hilda, if your husband went to stay away without you?"

"Thoroughly enjoy the rest, I should think," challenged young Mrs. Ashley from the other side. "Must be a relief to any woman to get her home to herself for a week without what I call the Slogan of Married Life echoing through it; the man's eternal call of 'Are you upstairs, dear?'"

Miss Pritchard bridled quite as she was meant to do above her feather-boa. She remonstrated:

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. Beside Mr. Brook and his quiet wife, there are Gwen's brothers Everard, Trevor and Jack, and her sisters Hilda and Prudence. A clairvoyant friend of Hilda's sees for Gwen a happy marriage, but not soon, to some one in uniform and with wings. 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 sobs, 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. Hilda runs away to the Slingers; she is married to Vernon when Mr. Brook reaches there next day. One summer, Gwen goes to her sister's seaside bungalow, and meets there a bachelor friend of Vernon's, Mr. Massingham. Many talks with the latter give Gwen a different aspect of life and love. The wedding of a chum, at which Gwen is bridesmaid, necessitates a sudden return home. Selby's welcome is most loverlike but his attentions to Edith Cathcart at the wedding dance arouse in Gwen intense jealousy. She is still vexed with him when he goes away with friends on a walking tour. No letters come from him, but days of anxious waiting bring the message, "Selby seriously ill. Can you come at once?" Doctors and friends had given up hope, but Gwen, by the strength of her love, brings Selby back from the very brink of death, and cares for him until he is well again.

"I am sure Hilda does not complain of married life; do you, Hilda? Is your husband—no cream, thank you—is your husband as devoted as ever? Doesn't Gwen feel quite jealous to see such a happy couple?"

That ravenously inquiring look on the regular, old-maid face over the teacup had something pathetic about it to me. But I wasn't surprised that everybody in the room seemed to shun her, and after saying "How d'you do, Miss Pritchard?" turned to talk to another neighbor.

Above the babble and chink of china Miss Pritchard's insistent voice rose again:

"How long are you going to stay this time, Hilda?"

"Not long," said my sister, rising and adding with some fervor, "I'm going now, I think."

Young Mrs. Ashley seized her by the arm.

"No, you don't," she said, softly. "I haven't had a word with you and Gwen yet. Come and gossip in our room. (They've taken Babs up) Imposs; in this parrot-house—"

She led Hilda out, while I brought up the rear as befitted the unmarried sister.

We adjourned to the big spare room, now cumbered with the Ashleys' steamer-trunks, with the cot, and with the baby-basket.

And very pretty those two mothers of under twenty-five looked together (I thought) as they gave themselves up to being thoroughly natural; comparing notes over tiny garments and gossiping in the Esperanto of Woman all the world over.

For they talked baby.

No; I won't quote. All men and some women are bored by it. It was not. I listened to it all.

There I sat, with one finger in the pink grip of the mite who was put down to sprawl and kick on the old ring-shawl spread on the bed; I, with so little to say. It was of a world apart from mine, this soft quick murmur of talk that seemed to make young Mrs. Slinger and little Mrs. Ashley into cronies and old friends, though it was Gwladys and I who had always been the chums!

At last Gwladys turned from the pattern of a "simply splendid little nuns-veiling robe that goes on and on for nighties afterward" and laughed: "All this must be too boring for Auntie Gwen! And we haven't met for such ages. No! since the wedding; then!"

She pointed to the framed photograph of her wedding-group, hanging up over the washing-stand.

"What freaks we all look in those clothes," Hilda said, following her gesture. "Hair done big, and skirts down to our toes. Yet I suppose we thought we looked 'it' at the time."

"We did look 'it,'" declared the girl who had been the bride of that group. "Isn't fashion a mysterious thing? It's a force, the way it makes a certain line or shape of garment just right and charming at one time, and all wrong and awful even two years on. You'd think that if it had been really becoming it would at least look nice, whether it were out of date or no. But it is not." She gazed at the memento of a younger day. "Look at our hopeless shoes, I ask you. My dears, what a lot of things have happened to all of us since I danced through every single pair of my trousseau slippers!"

"They've happened to you. Not to me," I said, as Gwladys came over to lift her bonnie baby from the chuddah on the bed.

I looked at her. Gwladys had lost color and weight in India; but what she had gained! She was gayer than ever, with depths beneath. The old-fashioned house seemed to smile at her presence and at the whirl of outside life and modernity that she brought into it; I smiled, too. And Hilda told her:

"You know, everything here in Tros-yr-Avon, every stick and stone and anti-macassar is exactly the same as when you went out to India."

"No; I think Gwen's got better-looking," pronounced my old chum, generously, as she sat herself down with her infant in the rocking-chair and drew the pink-lined baby-basket up to her knee. The nurse who had traveled back with the Ashleys had gone to her people; the new

one had not arrived, but Gwladys took as naturally as did Hilda to baby-rites, and could talk on through them all.

She gave the little birdlike movement of the head that turned her into a bright-eyed thrush, regarding me critically.

"I say, isn't your birthday before mine? You'd make me look a perfect old scrag beside your skin and your delightful cuddling neck! Suits you to do your hair showing the shape of your head and parting it at one side like that girl at the Zenith—" Then, breaking off and talking to Hilda again: "Did you see the new piece at the Zenith? Clive and I went to the first night before we came down—"

And it was then that Gwladys declared that she would go perfectly mad if she had to live down here (as I had to, I thought, beginning to feel a little ruffled).

Gwladys rattled on.

"When are you going to get married?"

The last time but one that she had asked me that question I had said: "Oh, nothing's settled about that," with a sort of smiling importance because there had been not anything to "settle." The very last time I had replied serenely: "Next year, we think." I hadn't thought that at any time that question, showing a chum's interest, would bring any sting with it. But actually now, it stung; a very little, but it stung.

It was a tiny effort to me to speak as cheerfully as usual as I said:

"It isn't really fixed yet. You know it had to be put off. I don't suppose it can possibly be for another year."

"Oh," said Gwladys, looking at me rather curiously. "What a pity. And when it is, where shall you be going?"

"Nowhere," I told her. Selby would be staying at the bank after we were married.

"Then, where will you live?"

"Selby is rather keen on taking one of those little rough-cast, red-roofed houses they are building along New Road, outside the town, when it's finished."

"What? One of those Garden City looking places?" said Gwladys.

"Surely you'd rather have an old-fashioned sort of place, with a proper garden and all that, right away?"

"Selby rather likes the principle of Garden Cities. He thought it would be better to start with something entirely new; electric light and everything," I explained. "It would be more comfortable, really, than an old-fashioned sort of place."

"Some men are demons for their comfort," observed Hilda the experienced. "It starts when they are Sonnie's age. Not that any man ever is much older than Sonnie really; d'you think they ever grow up after seven, Gwladys? I think they only get larger—"

But Gwladys was going on questioning me.

"But, Gwen! Perhaps you'll have to go on living in Tros-yr-Avon all your life, then?"

"Well?" I said, smiling.

But I turned from her bright, inquiring face to the windows. From one of them, I saw (beyond the woods of the Wynn-Mathews' grounds) the distant mountains, scarred with purple pyramids and ravines of slate-quarries. The steam of the intruding train was a puff of cigarette-smoke before the clear face of Snowdon. From the other windows I got a glimpse of the slate roofs two miles away; of the tawny turrets of the Castle; and of the Straits that draw a gleaming blade of silver between the flat, hither shore of Anglesey and the gray quay walls of Tros-yr-Avon. Buzzing slowly across them like a beetle on the waters came the small steamboat ("stemar bach Sir Fou") that Selby and I had taken so often at the start of our rambles; yes, the scene in all its details was familiar to me as the face of my mother. I had known every line of that view from my babyhood. I said: "Well, it's a dear little old place."

"To get away from!" concluded Hilda Slinger and Gwladys Ashley, suddenly and simultaneously. Then they laughed and

linked little fingers and wished a wish, but Gwladys persisted: "It's a hole. If you could only get away from it, even for a bit!"

Hilda said: "We are taking her to London with us for a fortnight in the autumn."

"Can't you leave her there?" said Gwladys. "Can't you do something, Gwen?"

"Do what?"

"Well—Meg took up nursing," said Gwladys, slurring quickly over her sister's name; she knew, and we knew, that it was for love of our own good-looking heart-crusher of a brother Everard that Meg Wynn-Mathews had left Tros-yr-Avon and had plunged herself into the first strenuous work that offered. This happened while Selby was in Germany.

"Lots of girls do things now," said Gwladys, looking at me almost with concern over her baby's fluffy head. "They're beginning to bar just 'being' at home, getting every year a little less pretty, and dropping one thing after another that they used to do, and watching their baby-sisters slip into their places. (How old is Prudence? fourteen?) The boys go. Why should the girls hang on and on?"

tone of her voice when she said "Vernon" was gayer than all laughter, prouder than all defiance. Gwladys might be thinner, paler, older-looking than I; but how joyous were her eyes; and both of them spoke as those who have authority when they declared that I was "buried" in this place. I pondered. Outside my window the trees of the garden rustled, and the tide of the Straits ebbed away from the quay-walls of our old town; inside my room there was a deep sigh from Lassie, the red setter, (who was not as young as she had been,) who had come with Hilda, and who slept at the foot of my bed when nights were chill. At the back of my mind there grew stronger with each moment that reawakened craving to get away. Away to something larger and freer than this daily round at the Bank House!

I felt that it was a strange, reprehensible craving, but rather original; did not realize that it was no more "original" than the struggle of the newly feathered thrush to drop over the edge of the overcrowded nest.

"Just being" at home, that deplorable prewar profession for women, seemed to me the fate one ought to accept. Still— It was

the older generation grows tired of fighting for what is more or less of a lost cause? I am certain that never should I, in my teens, have enjoyed the freedom that was allowed to Prudence the Afterthought, who took herself away from her French convent when she felt that they "couldn't teach her any more there!" and put herself to a school in Dresden, of which she had heard from a schoolfellow. (At the same time my youngest sister decided that the name of Prudence was "perfectly absurd" and that she would in future be known as "Picot," to rhyme with Cheek-oh.)

Well, after some talk and headshaking it was conceded to me that when I went up to London in the autumn with my sister Hilda and her husband, I might be allowed to "look round for something to do," if I liked.

Selby said: "Don't be such an absurd darling! I shall never want my wife to work; and we shall be married in a year or two."

"Yes. But until then, Selby dear?"

"Don't you want to be with me?" he said, so reproachfully that I felt stabs of remorse, and said nothing more for some days about going away and getting work to do.

But we returned to the subject. By degrees he grew accustomed to it, which I suppose is the first step toward breaking down a man's objection to anything.

I packed up for my visit to London with the inward determination that I would never return to Tros-yr-Avon—on the old terms.

CHAPTER XVII
The Job

It was a delightful fortnight that I spent with the Slingers as their guest at Jules Hotel that autumn.

"Gwen's last fling before she takes on the job," said Vernon, with a twinkle. "She'd better put in as good a time as she can."

And generously did he and Hilda help me to do so. We went in for a round of theaters (which I then adored), we dined at the Carlton and lunched at Prince's with selections of Vernon's friends, we danced at Ciro's; we visited our one "quiet" brother Trevor in his rooms and dragged him forth to frolic with us. Hilda and I shopped; that is, she shopped and I watched, gasping. I hardly had time for more than a short daily note to Selby, to tell him all that we were doing.

One Saturday we went to see the flying at Hendon. That afternoon stands out in my memory as the very first time I had set eyes on aeroplanes! Fascinated, I followed them with my gaze, getting a crick in my neck and a bad splash of oil from above upon my best coat. Hilda fumbled a handful of sovereigns out of her gold-mesh bag and announced that she was going to treat me to a passenger-flight, while my brother-in-law threw up his hat in mock delight and exclaimed that now, with any luck, he could look round for Number Two and choose a woman with a head upon her shoulders who would know something about running a house. But his stumpy fingers closed very firmly on my sister's, confiscating money and bag and all. Flight was not to be, for young Mrs. Vernon.

The week afterward the Slingers returned to Birkenhead, but—I caught my breath at first over the audacity of all this! I did not go back to my home. My father had said that I might stay on, provided I put up with someone they "knew about." This was found in the person of Miss Esther Slinger, an aunt of Vernon's. She was a small, independent spinster who possessed small, independent means and a little house in Bloomsbury, of which she agreed to let me two upper rooms as a "P. G." As to the question of work—

"Work! Gwen will soon get tired of that," father said, in answer to Selby's protest. "I am sure I am. Let her try it."

He had, of course, no vague idea of what "work" might be obtained by a girl without training of any sort, but with some intelli-

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"My thoughts flew back to that day so long ago when he had talked about desert islands to me"

"There's only me at home, my dear Gwladys."

"You'd leave home, I suppose, if you were getting married?"

"Yes. But they wouldn't think I need, before," Gwladys said, quite earnestly. "It's then you do need it. You ought to see—a few other people, Gwen."

"Why?"

She didn't answer. I think she and Hilda exchanged glances. Then my chum made one of her irrelevant and Tros-yr-Avon-tea-party-shocking remarks: "How would any man like to have to marry the first girl he's ever kissed?"

"What? Why do you say that?"

"I cannot imagine. It just opened up a train of thought," murmured Gwladys, again over the babe's head. "However, you are buried here, Gwen."

"I am not. I'm perfectly happy," I assured her—and myself.

But what she said brought back all the restlessness and the longing for change that I had crushed because they were not kind to Selby. That same night I sat up in the room I had once shared with Hilda; her little bed was thrust away into the attic, but it was still "Miss Gwen's room." I turned over and over in my mind everything that had been said that afternoon, as I am afraid I should not have turned anything that was ever told me by parent or schoolteacher. For the lore of our elders and betters never impresses us as forcibly as the problem where it "strikes a contemporary."

Gwladys, with her "gorgeous time" in Simla and her delight in her baby, had known two distinct kinds of happiness. So had Hilda. Already their lives had been "packed with sweet." Hilda might be considered to have made a mesalliance; the

a long time before I slept, weighing the possibilities of my getting away.

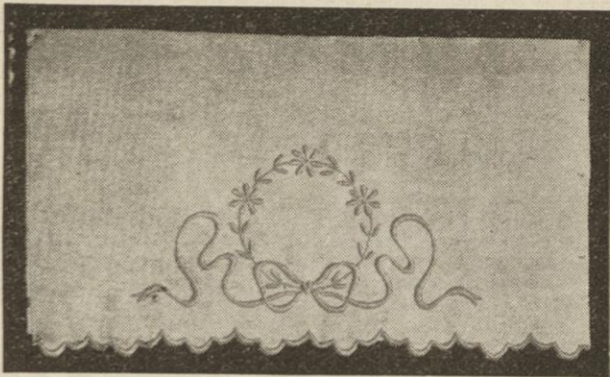
"There's Selby," was the thought to which I kept coming back. "Selby, poor darling," I added with that little warm throb of compassion for him because he had been so ill, after all. No one had explained to me— Perhaps nobody there realized that this particular type of compassion, felt by a woman toward the man who has been the lover, spells only one thing, the end. For if pity be akin to love; it's but a poor relation, as Mr. Massingham once said.

I told you what I now believe is that all the love in me that was worth giving went out of me and left me, with the strength which I had put forth on that poignant night when I "willed" Selby back to this stressful world of ours. The strength returned. But if it was the unacknowledged end of love, it was the beginning of another life for me.

I told father and mother, first of all. I didn't admit to them (because I hadn't fully admitted it to myself) that I felt restless and cramped at home. I put it that since Selby had lost so much time and money, and since we had to wait so much longer before we could think definitely of getting married, why need I wait, doing nothing? Why should I not try and earn money too? I should be able to save a little myself for my trousseau and for house-furnishing. Other girls did. Why not? At first, of course, there was argument and opposition, but not the opposition there would have been even five years before. In a big family, it seems to me, parents start with quite rigid ideas of discipline and upbringing and forbiddances, which "vignette off" into indulgence toward the end. Rules relax and "principles" soften with age. Or is it that

Pretty and Useful Things for Easter-Giving

By FLORENCE INGALLS



No. 181 A. There Are Never Too Many Guest-Towels in the Linen-Closet

THERE has come to be almost as large a demand on our gift-boxes at Easter as at Christmas-time, and surely it behooves us all to keep these precious receptacles well filled at all seasons. There are many pretty and useful articles which may be fashioned during spare moments, if one keeps such a bit of work at hand where it may be taken up for a few stitches now and then, and it is a comfort to feel that we are ready for almost any gift-making emergency—isn't it?

A set of embroidered napkin-rings will delight the soul of any housekeeper. As a rule, of course, every member of the family possesses a napkin-holder—a ring, clip, or whatever may be chosen—properly marked to designate its ownership; but there are frequently guests for a week-end or longer period, and the good hostess will like to provide for their use some dainty embroidered holders, having no two designs alike, and carrying out the pleasant sense of personal possession. Sometimes the embroidery is done in color matching the decoration of the china, but more often in pure white. The pretty set illustrated is of white pique, with edges buttonholed in small scallops, and the designs worked in solid and eyelet—with a touch of corded outline- and seed-stitch in one of them. Given the suggestion, one can readily adapt any small patterns in her collection to the purpose, utilizing any scraps of linen, pique or other suitable material. A set of these holders will prove a most acceptable gift. Many housekeepers like to use them for the home family, and when this is done the initial of the owner may be embroidered on each. One soon becomes accustomed to one's own design, however, so there is little danger of making an exchange.

The guest-towel is another bit of household embroidery of which no well-ordered linen-closet can hold too many. The use of the small hand-towel has grown steadily in favor since the introduction of the custom some years ago, and now no housekeeper thinks her store of linens quite complete unless it includes a generous number of these as well as the towels of regular size. And a little hand-embroidery, quickly executed, gives them all just the personal touch that hostess and guest alike delight in. The bowknot and wreath form a favorite design, handsome and very durable when executed in padded satin-stitch, and the other end of the towel is simply buttonholed, without additional decoration.

For the housekeeper, the girl at school or college or the friend who calls one room in a boarding-house "home," there can be no mistake made in choosing a pretty pincushion as an Easter remembrance. The simple design used on the one presented is in solid-and-eyelet embroidery, and the wreath may enclose the initial of the one for whom the gift is intended. The edge of both back and front is finished with deeply indented scallops, the lacing-eyelets being so arranged

that the point of each narrower lace, with corner, scallop on the embroidered circle, or front, comes between two of the others. Place a pincushion of proper size between, lace with ribbon matching the other fittings of the dresser, and tie the ends in a looped bow at one side.

With the coming of spring and summer we find the necessity for pretty handbags emphasized, and a really sensible embroidered bag ranks first in the mind of the woman who cannot have such an accessory to match every gown she wears. The bag illustrated, while it cannot lay claim to the distinction of novelty either as to shape or decoration, is yet convenient, durable and in the best of taste—which counts for much with the wise woman. It is of Russian crash, measuring ten inches in extreme width, when finished, and nearly that in depth, with deep, rounded bottom and slanting sides. A drawstring is made about one and one-half inches from the top, and a double cord run in—on ribbon may be used for the draw-strings, if preferred, choosing a color which matches the gown or suit with which the bag is to be carried on any particular occasion.



No. 183 A. And Always the Pincushion

Requests

WILL contributors kindly send some pretty corners for lunchcloths, also yokes and simple edgings for dresses?—*Pariscovia Demidoff, Afognak, Alaska.*

I AM very desirous of a round yoke in Irish crochet, and should also like to see a collar-and-cuff set in the same work.—*Subscriber, New York.*

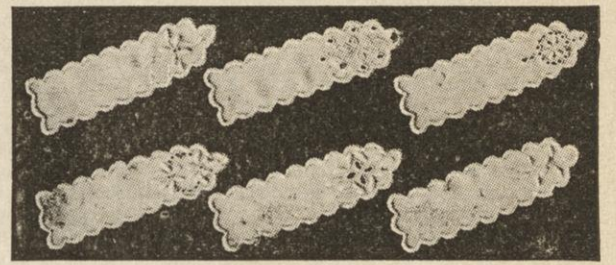
WILL not some contributor send directions, with sample, for a rather wide knitted lace, or attractive design, with corner turned? I want this for a table-cover; should like a

narrower lace, with corner, for curtains, also insertion to match both patterns. I do more knitting than anything else, and am always glad to see new patterns.—*Mrs. L. B. Gary, Maine.*

IN May, 1917, there was a beautiful design for a carriage-robe in filet-crochet. Some wicked wind whisked a part of it away before I had completed it. Will some one who has the paper kindly write me?—*June H. Clarke, Brooklyn, Conn.*

WILL some one kindly send directions, with illustration, for a cosmo corset-cover?—*Mrs. W. G. C., Wisconsin.*

I AM always glad to see directions and illustrations of new and pretty yokes for corset-covers, nightgowns, etc. Should like to see one with butterfly design, also other pretty patterns in filet-crochet, with sleeves and without. I make my pin-money in this way, and like to have a nice assortment of patterns. Should like to see one of the pointed yokes which meet on the shoulder and under the arm, in spider-web pattern, which I find is always popular.—*C. K. B., Idaho.*



No. 182 A. A Set of Embroidered Napkin-Rings Will Delight the Housekeeper

form a hem, if embroidery just allow a seam and stitch close to the cord of the embroidery or right on the edge of the work; then turn that which has been allowed for the hem and stitch. This gives a first-class imitation of trimming that has been whipped in, and takes much less time.—*Miss W. W. H., Indiana.*

WILL not A Reader, Kansas, write more fully about the making of a corset-cover yoke in filet-crochet from a cross-stitch design?—*Mrs. E. M. Thompson, Olympia, Wash.*

AM looking anxiously for a child's set, knitted or crocheted, consisting of hood, sweater, muff and mittens for a little girl, and "Teddy-bear" suit for a little boy. I am using no yarn to make sweaters for myself, but like to see the children warmly clothed.—*Mrs. B. M. J., Maine.*

WILL some one kindly send a pattern for doilies, different sizes, to be made of quite heavy thread and used on a polished table without tablecloth? Should like them oval and round, also a centerpiece. Table-linen is now so high in price and scarce that I think we should "substitute" such sets for the usual cloth.—*Mrs. H. F. G., New York.*

Needlepoints

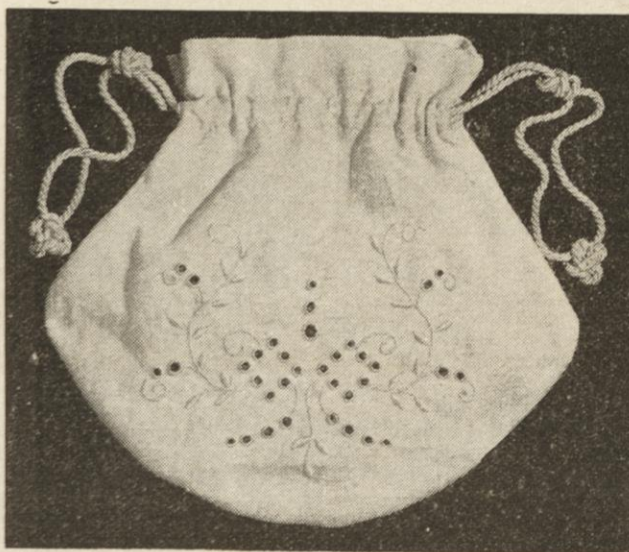
A NEAT way to finish corset-covers is to hem the armholes and work double crochet over the hem, closely; this gives a more finished look than the plain hem and is very durable.—*Mrs. E. T., Washington.*

TO cut insertion, place the attachment next to the quilter on the sewing-machine and set the insertion on the edge close to the work; then adjust the margin to the left, place the needle just where the insertion is to be cut, and with unthreaded needle stitch the entire length. Follow the line of holes, in cutting. When insertion is to be sewed on a straight strip a very good way is to baste the lace or embroidery on the straight edge of the goods; if lace, allow enough of the goods to

ELLA R. B., Ohio.—It is impossible for me to suggest a definite and uniform price for work done to order; indeed, this is a question far more satisfactorily settled between the worker and her customer. In a general way it is considered a good plan to work by the spool or ball, at a stated price; yet some patterns take up thread nearly twice as rapidly as others which are more intricate. You might make a pattern or two of the lace or insertion you have an order for, keeping account of the time required; then see how many patterns go to the yard and charge a reasonable price for your time by the hour. As a rule there is little difficulty in agreeing upon a fair valuation for such work with a would-be customer, and it is a wise plan to come to such an understanding before the work is done.

A. T. E., Illinois.—You might advertise in some good paper that you will do either crocheting or tatting to order, and secure customers in that way; having filled two or three orders and given satisfaction your work should speak for itself and result in more orders, since a pleased customer is the best advertisement. Or you might place some articles in a woman's exchange. Again, I am very glad to illustrate new and desirable pieces, and refer all orders or inquiries to the contributor. If the work is well done and at reasonable prices, the creation of a "home-order" business is only a matter of time.

ELLA B., Idaho.—Bullion- or post-stitch, sometimes called wheat-ear stitch, is much used for embroidering designs of wheat and is doubtless that to which you refer. It resembles, as you say, the roll-stitch in crochet, and is really a sort of elongated French knot. To make it, bring the needle out through the fabric, say at the tip of a "kernel," insert again at nearly the same place, and bring the point out at the base of the kernel, taking a stitch the length required for the roll. Wind the thread evenly around the needle eight to twelve times, according to the length of the stitch, holding the needle down with the left hand and winding with the right; then, still holding the needle down, draw it carefully through the material, pull up the thread to where the needle was inserted, and let the coil of "overs" lie evenly on the surface. Pass the needle through to the back of this place, and repeat.



No. 184 A. Convenient, Durable and in the Best of Taste

No. 181 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on 15x24-inch huckabuck, 35 cents. Floss to embroider, 7 cents extra

No. 182 A. Perforated stamping-patterns, of set, 25 cents. Transfer-patterns, of set, 10 cents. Set of six stamped on pique, 15 cents. Floss to embroider, 14 cents extra

No. 183 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on white linen, 25 cents. Floss to embroider, 7 cents extra

No. 184 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on Russian crash, 35 cents. Floss to embroider, 7 cents. Floss for cord, 20 cents extra

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

EMMA C. MONROE,

Care The American Woman, Augusta, Maine

With Tatting-Shuttle and Crochet-Hook

Child's Tatted Yoke

By Mrs. N. L. Castle

THIS is easily and quickly made, and will be especially liked by the beginner in tatting, as it requires but one thread. No. 50 thread may be used for a baby's yoke, coarser thread for an older child; or it may be readily enlarged to any desired size. It is better to cut a pattern of the required size and shape the yoke to this.

1. A ring of 4 double knots, (picot, 4 double knots) 3 times, close; turn, make a 2d ring of 6 double knots, picot, 6 double knots, close; * turn, a 3d ring like 1st, joining by 1st picot to last picot of 1st ring; turn, make a large ring of 6 double knots, join to picot of 2d ring, (2 double knots, picot) 8 times, 6 double knots, close; turn, make a ring like 1st, joining by 1st picot to last picot of 3d ring; turn, make a ring of 6 double knots, join to last picot of large ring, 3 double knots, picot, 3 double knots, close; again the 1st ring, joining by 1st picot to last picot of 5th ring; turn, a ring of 3 double knots, join to last picot of 6th ring, 3 double knots, picot, 6 double knots, close; repeat from * until the neck is of size desired, ending with 1st ring. Either fasten off or turn; if the latter leave about seven-eighths inch of thread.

2. A ring of 3 double knots, join to middle picot of last ring made, 3 double knots, close; leave space of thread, a little more than one fourth inch, and repeat, joining a tiny ring to picot of each lower ring in last row, turn.

3, 4, 5. Same as the 2d row, gradually lengthening the space of thread between rings to allow for the curve of collar, and joining each small ring to center of thread in preceding row. The space of thread in 5th row should be about three-fourths inch. These rows may be repeated in the same way to make the collar of desired width for "grown-up" size.

6. A ring like 2d ring of 1st row; turn, a ring like 1st ring of 1st row, joining at middle picot to space of thread between 1st 2 rings of 5th row; turn, a large ring like 4th of 1st row, joining by 1st picot to picot of small ring; turn, a ring like 1st ring of 1st row, joining to preceding ring as before, and at middle picot to space between next 2 rings of 5th row; turn, a ring like 2d of 1st row, joining to last picot of large ring. The border is exactly like the neck, save that each of the medium-size rings are joined to space of thread, and the small rings each side of the large one are not joined at all to each other. Join a medium ring to each of 5 spaces of 5th row; to the 6th space join 2 rings, * 1 ring to next space, 2 to next, repeat from * to within 5 spaces of the end, and join 1 ring to each of these.

To the 1st small ring of 1st row attach a loop for fastening, say of 24 double knots, and to the small ring at other end of collar a tiny crocheted button.

A very pretty border is made by omitting the 1st row; make the 2d row for the 1st, adding as many rows as liked, and finishing with the 6th row, one ring being joined to each space if no curve is desired, and the spaces of uniform length. Along the upper edge (1st row) make a crocheted chain from picot to picot, to sew on by; or run the needle through the hem, catching into each point.

The border, as described, will be found very neat and pretty for a luncheon-set, as it may be made to match perfectly in varying widths for the different sizes of doilies and centerpiece. The edge (6th row) in fine thread is very lovely for trimming handkerchiefs and other fine articles, as may be desired.

A Round Medallion for Collars, Yokes or Borders

By Mrs. W. A. Bunch

Make a chain of 8 stitches, join.
1. Fill the ring with 12 doubles, join.
2. Chain 10, 2 quadruple trebles (over 4 times) in 6th stitch from hook, chain 5, fasten in same stitch, chain 4, fasten in next double of ring; repeat until you have made 12 petals.

3. Slip to top of 1st petal (or make a chain of 10 stitches, passing at the back), * chain 7, fasten in top of next petal; repeat.

4. Slip to center of 7 chain, * chain 8, fasten in center of next loop, chain 8, fasten in same place for a picot; repeat around, making the last picot where 1st chain started.

5. Slip to center of loop, * chain 9, fasten in center of next loop, chain 8, fasten

in same place; repeat around, ending with a picot, as before.

6. Slip to center of loop, * chain 13, catch back in 8th stitch from hook for a picot, (chain 8, fasten in same place) twice, forming a triple picot, chain 5, fasten in center of next loop, chain 8, fasten in same place; repeat around, ending with a picot where 1st chain started. This completes a medallion.

For a yoke make ten medallions, or as many as required for the desired size, joining 2d to 1st by middle picots of three consecutive cloverleaves, or triple picots, and others in same way, leaving four free cloverleaves on lower edge and two on the upper edge.

For the beading:

1. Chain 8, join for a picot, * (chain 11, fasten in 8th stitch from hook) twice, chain

7, fasten in 2d picot of 1st of 2 free cloverleaves of 1st medallion, chain 4, fasten in 4th stitch of 7 chain (always counting from hook), repeat from *, joining to 2d picot of next cloverleaf, (chain 11, fasten back in 8th stitch) twice, chain 4, fasten in upper picot of cloverleaf which joins medallions, chain 4, fasten in same 8th stitch with last picot, chain 8, fasten in same place; repeat across, ending the row as begun, with 3 free picots, separated by 3 chain, turn.

2. Chain 12, fasten back in 8th stitch, * chain 3, miss 3, a double treble in next, chain 8, fasten in top of double treble; repeat across.

3. For the edge, slip down the double treble to middle of 1st picot; * (chain 11, fasten back in 8th stitch) 3 times, chain 3, fasten in 2d picot of cloverleaf of medallion below, repeat from * around medallion,

very effective as a border for a centerpiece or between-meal cloth.

The Needleworkers' Exchange

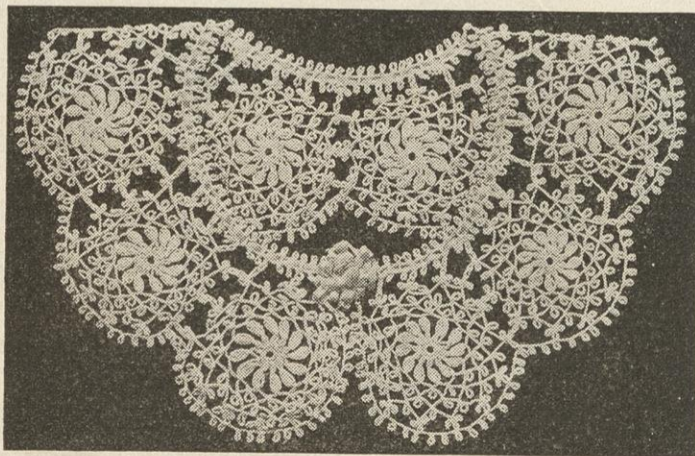
WHEN making lace, insertion or yokes in filet-crochet, the ends of which are to be joined, make the size or length required with the exception of two rows of spaces across; then instead of making a chain of five stitches for a space, chain two, take up the end to be joined (being sure it is not twisted), make a treble in corner of 1st space, * chain 2, treble in next treble of same side, treble in next treble of oppositeside, and repeat from * to the end, finishing off as usual. You will have a joining as smooth as the rest of your work, and one that cannot be detected.—Mrs. V. L. W., Indiana.



Child's Tatted Yoke

TRY using your embroidered waists that are worn under the arms and around the neck, but of which the fronts are still good, for fashioning the waist of a frock for little daughter, using material of the same kind for the skirt, and joining with beading or insertion. These wee dresses are very dainty and serve to utilize the materials which otherwise would be of little or no value.—Mrs. A. S. B., Illinois.

WHEN using wooden knitting-needles with many stitches, sharpen one end of each needle and thrust into the center of a common bottle-cork of small size; if this is done the stitches never slip off the needles.



A Round Medallion for Collars, Yokes or Borders

joining to the lower picot of joined cloverleaf between medallions, continue around all the medallions in the same manner, and finish the row as begun, joining to 1st picot of beading, at other end.

The medallions as used in the model were made of heavy ecru thread, to serve for a coat-collar. Cuffs may be made to match. For a yoke, run ribbon in the beading, as shown. The pattern is a very showy one, and quickly executed, and will be found

A knob for the same purpose may be made on the ends of steel needles by dipping in melted sealing-wax and winding or rolling it on until it is of right size, then let cool.—Anna L. Bates, Vermont.

THOSE who do much crocheting are sure to find themselves with an accumulation of odds and ends of crochet-thread. I have made simple edgings and insertions for

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. *Dtc*, double treble crochet: thread over twice before insertion of hook in work, then proceed as in treble crochet. *P*, picot: a loop of chain joined by catching in first stitch of chain.

towel-ends, some of them only three or four spaces wide, also roses for Irish crochet, insets, medallions, also small squares for doilies and pincushion-covers. There is always a use for such things, and the thread is utilized to the last bit.—I. D. S., Nebraska.

WHEN crocheting a yoke with the underarm strip crocheted, make this separate from the yoke and whip or crochet it in place. As this piece wears out first, it may be easily replaced by another without disturbing the yoke at all.—Ella Burgess, Ohio.

AN easy way to keep count of the number of rows when knitting is to have a piece of paper handy and as the row is finished punch a hole. If your celluloid knitting-needles are too blunt, sharpen them as you would a pencil. Do the work slowly and carefully, so as to keep the point even.—C. F., Ohio.

IF when making maltese or hairpin lace you desire coarse or heavy work, put hook under both threads at left of center instead of upper thread, and make two doubles instead of one. When using fine thread, even, this may be done, and will be found very effective.—Mrs. F. V. B., Michigan.

A PRETTY finish for pillow-cases, especially for little daughter's room, is made by working doubles along the raw edge, using any delicate color, and turning back on the right side to give a cuff-effect.—Mrs. E. J. D., New York.

WHEN sewing hooks on a waist, cut a piece of cardboard of the right width to slip in the hem or plait. This prevents the stitches from being taken through to the right side of the garment, and one does not have to be so careful about them, hence it saves time and bother. Slip the cardboard along as you sew on each hook.—Mrs. F. G. Allen, Maine.

IF you wish a very neat trimming for handkerchiefs, baby's garments, and other small articles, try this: Make a chain of five stitches, turn, a double in second stitch from needle, half treble in next, treble in next and double treble in next; repeat. Or for a smaller point make a chain of four stitches, a single in first, double in next, treble in next, and repeat. This is very pretty in white or delicate color, and works up rapidly.—L. B. K., Idaho.

IN sewing on hooks with invisible eyes I always sew on the hooks first, just where wanted; then put your needle or a pin in where you think the eye should go, and catch the hook over it. If not in the right place the error can be easily remedied, and it is far less trouble to move the pin than the eye after it is sewed on. When putting on snap-fastenings, or ball-and-socket catches, I always sew the ball on first, and on the top side; then I press the ball down in the goods hard enough to leave an imprint, and sew the socket where the impression is.—Louise Evans, Ohio.

I HAVE found the following a help for hurried mothers with many buttons to sew on: Double your thread before threading into the needle, then double again, making four strands of thread; the button is on strongly and quickly, with very few stitches.—Mrs. W. W. R., Georgia.

Give and Take

IF Mrs. W. P., Iowa, Mrs. D. S., Pennsylvania, Mrs. A. M. R., Ohio and Mrs. A. L. J., Ohio, will write me, I feel sure I can help them with the patterns asked for.—Mrs. Emma Wallace, Idana, Kansas.

WILL some contributor send directions, with sample to illustrate, for an "Elk," or "B. P. O. E." sofa-pillow? And will not Mrs. R. W. Burgess, Washington, and Mrs. D. S., Pennsylvania, send me full address?—Mrs. H. M. Barr, Sezsmith, Alberta, Canada.

FOR my housekeeping friends, or those who are getting ready to "housekeep," I like to make a guest-towel for a Christmas-gift, finishing the ends with crocheted lace. Will not contributors send some new designs for such laces, simple but pretty?—Ora Francis, Ohio.

THE NINTH LETTER

By FRANKLIN P. HARRY

SNOW-COVERED, Caldwell Island lay like a white smudge in the gray Chesapeake. A chill wind blew from the northwest, the sky was dull and leaden, and the ice-choked, churning waters of the bay were so near its color that it was difficult to determine where one left off and the other began.

The little bay-steamer, bucking and plunging against the ice masses, was barely able to nose her way into the pier. Once in, she was hastily unloaded and as hastily loaded again, fearful of a moment's wait lest the fast thickening ice lock her in ere she reached the open channel. Even the channel showed signs of not remaining clear long.

Five of the nine residents of the little island, muffled to the eyes against the dead cold, came down to the wharf to watch her put in. Huddled together like sheep on the sunny side of a barn, they stood by the boat-house and stamped their feet upon the whining, hard-packed snow, and laughed and joked with the boat's crew. This was their only diversion in winter—this twice-a-week visit of the little steamer.

No passengers alighted—they expected none. A few boxes of groceries, a barrel of sugar, some salt meat and the pitifully flabby mail-sack were put ashore, and a few barrels of fish and an even flabbier mail-sack loaded. Then once more the little boat beat its way out into the bay. Gray clouds, winter's dusk and its own smoke soon blotted it from sight.

"Wonder what's the matter with Old Sam Ebaugh? He gen'rly allus gits here t' see the boat unload."

Old man Warden spoke thickly from behind his much mended green muffler.

"Thet's so! I ain't seen him sence this artnoon."

Cal Jones's sentences jerked themselves in time to the swinging motion he was making with his long arms as he beat them across his chest to urge on the tardy circulation.

"I reckon Sam'll be 'long soon's he goes back hum 'n' turns aroun' three times 'n' sets down," laughed Grandma Cole, catching their remarks. "He come down apast our house lickety-split, 'n' jist as he got in front o' our gate, that ole Nigger cat o' mine run out acrost his path. Sam's that powerful superstitious he jist turnt in his tracks 'n' headed fer hum."

A fit of high-pitched cackling cut Mrs. Cole's recital short.

"Bet you run Nigger 'crost his path, Grandma Cole," Mollie Lewis laughed, accusingly, as she tucked her stiff fingers under the old woman's elbow and her warm brown shawl as well—the old brown shawl that had wrapped up all the babies on Caldwell Island, and hidden many a well-filled basket of good things that its owner quietly slipped through wolf-haunted doors.

"Wouldn't 'a' ben the fust time!" confessed the guilty one, as calmly as her continued chuckling would permit. "Land's, I've knowed Sam ever sence we wuz children together, 'n' I've made him see many a strange sign 'n' token 'count of his superstitiousness. He's as superstitious as he is chuckle-headed, 'n' thet's sayin' a right smart."

Her keen old eyes roved up the snowy road, dim now in the gathering dusk, past the little cluster of houses to one remote from the others, the farthest one out. Young Sam Ebaugh lived here, old Sam's son.

"Look how he's treated young Sam 'n' Libby! Young Sam had a right t' marry Libby ef he wanted to; he wuz his own man. Now old Sam won't have nothin' to do with him; won't even speak to him. Ef that's not chuckle-headedness, I don't know what is! Libby's good as the Ebaughs any day, 'n' she's thet good-natered she'd ferget all about how he's treated her ef he'd only come aroun' 'n' act decent. She's gona make a good housekeeper, 'n' old Sam could have a comf't'ble hum with 'em ef he wanted to."

"Young Sam's had hard gittin' along this winter," Mollie said sympathetically.

"Yas; 'n' old Sam had a right to help him out a leetle 'till spring comes. Typhoid fever don't let you git well in a day. The

boy couldn't help he got sick; he'd 'a' done all right ef he hadn't 'a'. Ef I wuz old Sam I'd be too superstitious to let the neighbors come in 'n' do what I orta do!" Fine scorn made the old lady's voice tremble.

Cal Jones and old man Warthen had kept pace with the postmaster, and were already draped about the warm stove in the store when the two women arrived. As they went

pressions of awe and gravity to help things along. The old man gazed from one face to the other with troubled eyes. The carefully sown seed had taken root. But then, Grandma knew her ground thoroughly, having slyly delved in it for the past sixty years.

Friday, the thirteenth of the month, the first night of the full moon!



"'Y'know that's a bad sign, Sam'"

up the steps, old Sam Ebaugh turned in the path and entered behind them.

He frowned a gray-browed frown as he recognized Grandma Cole, and sought to pass her with a curt nod. Grandma willed it otherwise. The postmaster, hearing her sharp, high old voice, ceased his important thud-thudding as he backstamped the mail to listen. Grandma Cole's conversation was oftentimes very diverting when the listener chanced to be a third party to it.

"Goodeben, Sam!" she said genially.

"Goodeben, Sary!"

"Think it's gittin' colder?"

"Yas, a leetle," he returned, edging away as he scented danger.

"'Y' mitted the boat in," she insinuated, following him up. "I saw you comin' this way, 'n' when y'turnt, I sez, sez I: 'Sam must 'a' forgot sumpen.' It's powerful ag-gravat' in ain't it?" she sympathized.

There was a suppressed titter from about the stove.

Old Sam fidgeted uncomfortably, but said nothing.

"The Avalon had a hard time gittin' in," she informed him, mercilessly enjoying his evident uneasiness. "Wouldn't be seprised ef this wa'n't the las' time, too, fer a spell. Come to think about it; this is Friday, the thirteenth o' the month, 'n' the fust night o' the full moon! Y'know thet's a bad sign, Sam; mighty bad—'n' las' night I dreampt about muddy waters."

Her voice trailed off into a mysterious cadence, she cast a quick, birdlike glance at her empty mail box, then bustled out. Years of acting could not have improved her exit, nor her intonation, nor the climax she had worked up in the old man's mind. The delighted listeners had assumed ex-

pression of awe and gravity to help things along. The old man gazed from one face to the other with troubled eyes. The carefully sown seed had taken root. But then, Grandma knew her ground thoroughly, having slyly delved in it for the past sixty years.

Friday, the thirteenth of the month, the first night of the full moon!

It began abruptly with a prayer, a queer, rambling sort of petition that did not seem to get anywhere. He waded through that as rapidly as he could, and attacked the closely written, jumbled sentences beneath it. His unfamiliarity with handwriting made it a doubly difficult job. He held the paper at all sorts of angles, rattled it, glowered at it, frowned at it, scowled; his wrinkled face a working study of bewildered thought.

"Ps. This is an Ansient prayer. It is said That whoever will copy it and mail one each day for nine days in succession, will, on The ninth day, receive some great blessing. But, if you don't do it, some great Misfortune will befall you. 'Write it just as This is written, but don't sign your Name.' There was no signature. He turned it over and over, carefully studying the scrawl, the hint of possible misfortune should he refuse to obey, already beginning to work upon his superstitious mind.

"But if you don't do it, some great Misfortune will befall you." Suppose, before he had completed the nine, he should become suddenly paralyzed? What then? Or suppose he forgot to mail one of the letters, or lost it? Would it be held against him? Of course he would obey the command; there did not seem to be any way out of it, but the prospect did not afford him any pleasure. Far from it!

Slowly he arose, at length, tucked the letter behind the clock on the mantel, and went to bed. His mind was full of strange thoughts, strange fancies. Out in the other room the clock, discordant, noisy, seemed to spell out misfortune with monotonous persistency as it ticked, and every time it spelled it with an extra "s".

After a while, in his dreams, fitful, depressing, the same word still floated; at times dull red, at others sickly green. Once he fancied a mouse poked his head through the wall, regarded him for a moment with beady eyes, then emerged with a letter in its mouth. It crossed the room, ran up the high "four-poster" bed and deposited it upon the patchwork quilt above his chest. Back it scurried and returned with another, and another, and another until he awoke, stifled, suffocating with the weight of them. He was glad when morning came.

The wind had died down in the night, but instead of being warmer, the thermometer outside the door showed a considerable drop. The sun shone at times, but a thin film of smoke-colored clouds hid it for the better part of the day. The channel through the ice that the little Avalon had broken for herself was now frozen solidly over; and rough, piled-up masses of ice stretched outward as far as the eye could see. Caldwell was shut completely off from the outside world.

Old Sam got his breakfast, fed his two pigs and the cat—a gray one—and came back and straightened up the house. He was unusually neat and orderly. Every dish was carefully washed and put away, every crumb brushed up, every chair—there were three—arranged in a stiff row against the wall.

Then, with a newspaper spread over the oilcloth on his kitchen-table, and with the ink and pen handy, he sat down to write the first of his nine letters. It was a sore task to the old man, it having been years since he had used a pen. When he had fish and crabs to sell, and it was necessary to write to the commission men in the city, he always used a pencil; but this letter had been written in ink, so of course he had to use ink also.

With the utmost fidelity he copied the

Continued on page 20

Making Good Use of Cheese

By ISABELLE CLARK SWEZY

YOU can remember—can you not?—when cheese was served only with the pie? Of course that was several years ago, and now we are more apt to figure that if ample meat or fish or eggs is served during the first part of the meal, we are adding too much protein or fat or both if we add pie with cheese at the end. Cheese has nearly twice as much protein, weight for weight as beef, and its fuel value is twice as great. As one of the Government Bulletins describes it: "It contains over twenty-five per cent. more protein than the same weight of porterhouse steak and nearly twice as much fat." You will understand from this, then, that if you would otherwise serve your family one pound of steak, and you use in its stead one half pound of cheese, you have given them the same food-value approximately. Owing to its being so highly concentrated a food, like eggs, it is well to combine it with starchy foods, or serve it at a meal where starchy foods predominate. When using milk and eggs with it, it should be figured that still additional protein is being added to the meal, while the fat content is being decreased proportionately. In other words, less cheese is required to obtain the needed protein. This is a better method, when desired as a meat substitute, than to use it alone.



Cheese Puff

Cheese Puff Grate half a pound of dry cheese, or cut fine. Mix with it one chopped pimento or one minced green pepper. Add one fourth teaspoonful of salt and a few shakes of paprika or red pepper and a little onion-juice. Spread part of this mixture over a layer of buttered bread-cubes arranged in a greased casserole. Cover with another layer of cubes and spread with more of the cheese mixture. Beat two eggs, add a pint of milk and pour over. Bake in a moderately hot oven for about twenty-five minutes. The quantity of cheese is sufficient for about two cupfuls of bread-cubes. Serve as soon as taken from the oven or it will fall. It is especially attractive if decorated with slices of dill pickle and olives, as illustrated.

Noodles and Cheese (Macaroni, spaghetti or vermicelli may be substituted.) To make the noodles, beat one egg slightly, adding to it one third teaspoonful of salt if a small egg or one half teaspoonful if large. Sift in flour to make a dough as stiff as for pie-crust. Roll very thin—as thin as possible—cover with a cloth and let stand about half an hour. Roll up like a jelly-roll and cut off in thin slices without unrolling. Let stand again for twenty minutes, or longer, drop into boiling salted water or seasoned stock and boil twenty minutes. Turn the noodles into a hot serving-dish and stir through them the following sauce. Garnish with parsley and a slice of lemon—or omit the lemon.



Noodles and Cheese

Cheese Sauce Beat the yolk of one egg slightly and add to it a cupful of milk. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add three of flour and stir until smooth, then add gradually the milk. Cook, stirring constantly until it thickens. Then add a level cupful of strong grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of onion-juice (which may be obtained by scraping an onion), and a minced green pepper from which the seeds have been removed. The pepper may be omitted if preferred. Cook, stirring con-

stantly until the cheese is thoroughly melted or cook over in a double boiler. Then add gradually one half cupful of tomato puree, and season highly with salt and pepper and a dash of paprika. If one prefers, the tomato may be omitted, and a little additional milk used.

Cheese Balls Cheese balls may be served with salad, or are very delicious if served hot, as a border around a mound of mashed potatoes. Have ready one and one-half cupfuls of grated cheese. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add two of flour, stir until blended, then add three table-spoonfuls of milk and the cheese. Add about one fourth tea-spoonful of salt and a little Cayenne or paprika. Beat the white of two eggs stiff and fold in. Form into balls, roll in fine cracker-crumbs and fry in deep, hot fat to a golden brown. Drain on brown paper.

Cheese-and-Potato Croquettes Prepare a thick cheese sauce as follows: Melt two level tablespoonfuls of butter, stir in four of flour and add gradually, stirring constantly, one third cupful of milk. When thickened and smooth, add one half cupful of grated cheese, and let stand over hot water until cheese is melted. Have ready two cupfuls of hot, well salted mashed potatoes. Drop into them one egg and beat well. Then form into balls. Remove a part of the center of each ball with a spoon and fill with a spoonful of the cheese mixture. Cover the opening with potato, rolling it smooth. Then roll each in fine crumbs, then beaten egg, then crumbs, and fry in deep hot fat. If the potato is well beaten with the egg, these balls will be very delicate. They may be served piled in the center of a round platter, surrounded with creamed peas and decorated with parsley.

Sweet-Potatoes with Cheese Boil and mash sweet-potatoes. While definite measurements are not necessary in a receipt of this kind, the following proportions are good, although the quantity of cheese used may vary to suit one's convenience or taste. To two cupfuls of the mashed sweet-potato allow two tablespoonfuls of butter and a quarter of a cupful of cracker-crumbs. Melt the butter, stir in the cracker-crumbs and when coated, mix with the mashed sweet potato. Add about one quarter teaspoonful of salt. Form into cups or nests and brush over with beaten egg, or melted butter. Arrange on greased baking-pan and in each hollow put a spoonful of the following mixture and bake until the cheese mixture is browned: Beat one egg slightly, add three table-spoonfuls of milk, a pinch of salt and dash of pepper, and one third cupful of mild, soft cheese cut into bits or put through the food-chopper. Serve on a hot, round platter, decorated with parsley. If desired, it may be served with white sauce, to which a little grated cheese has been added.

Creamed Onions with Cheese and Pepper Sauce Allow one medium-size onion to a person. Par-boil the onions in salted water until almost tender. Remove a part of the centers, leaving rather a thin shell. Chop the portion removed. To six onions use the following

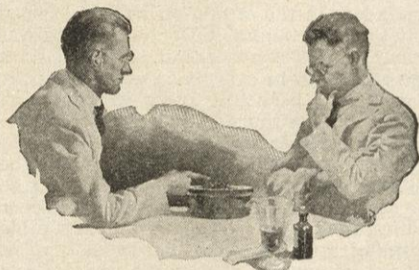
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How Scientists Bake Beans



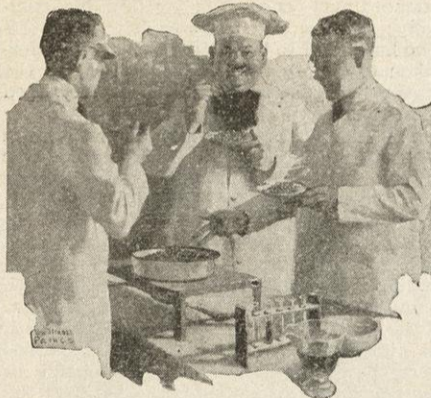
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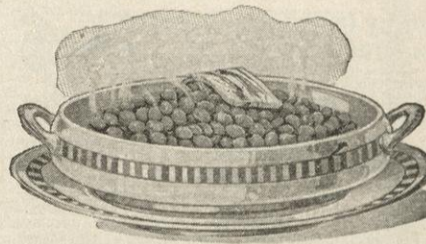
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My Paying Guest

Continued from page 3

promise. Now I must go and attend to details, and settle with the other performers." "Stop!" she called, as he was hurrying away. "You have not yet told me what part I am to play."

"Oh, I thought I had explained," he answered, hastily. "It's a kind of trial, you know—"

"A trial!" cried Mrs. Mackintosh. "Oh, that is horrible! No, I cannot—"

"But I have your promise," he said, maliciously, "and I really can't let you off now."

He moved away without giving her time to answer. A moment or two later, when I had satisfied Lady Hendry's curiosity about the birds, I had to pass Mrs. Mackintosh on the way back to my office. I had spoken but few words to her since she had been in the house, save the formal ones of greeting when she arrived; and now as I bowed to her she looked up into my face. My heart leaped as our eyes swam together, for as plainly as if she spoke I could read her thought, "I am a woman in despair." Her glance said, "I want the help of a man—a true man." I stopped before her, hesitating; my lips parted to speak; but the violet eyes were lowered again to her book. I moved away, wondering deeply.

For the rest of the day I was occupied, and it was late in the afternoon when I learned that the entertainment Doctor Hilliard was preparing was a mock-trial, founded on a case still fresh in everybody's memory; the trial of the beautiful Lady Mortimer at Exeter for the murder of her elderly husband by pushing him over the high cliffs at Sidmouth, an affair which had excited the keenest interest and divided the public into two camps; some declaring that the prisoner had escaped only owing to the favorable summing up of a judge notoriously weak and tender-hearted wherever a woman was concerned, others maintaining that she was of spotless innocence and that even to suspect her was a scandal. I felt fierce toward the Irishman when I saw he had inveigled Mrs. Mackintosh into playing the part of the accused in the mock-trial, for I was sure that it must be distasteful to her, or to any other woman, to sustain such a role; and if I could have stopped the performance, I would willingly have done so. But Hilliard had shown extraordinary energy in drilling his company; a judge and three or four barristers who happened to be in the house, had undertaken to supply the legal element, and the matter had gone so far that I scarcely liked to interfere.

The play began in the large drawing-room soon after dinner. Hilliard had worked like a horse in coaching his witnesses, and he appeared wonderfully familiar with the details of the real trial. The opening speech of the prosecuting counsel was delivered with great eloquence; the examination and cross-examination of the witnesses was conducted with as much earnestness as if it had been a case at the assizes; and the audience listened with an almost painful interest. Other names were chosen, instead of those belonging to the principals in the genuine case, but the facts were the same. They showed that Lady Mortimer had been the wife of a man, elderly and irritable at the time he married the beautiful, penniless girl, and who, after marriage, developed a furious jealousy, which almost amounted to monomania. It was admitted that he made his wife's life miserable with his causeless fits of passion. One day they had gone for a walk together along the high cliffs near Sidmouth, where they were staying for Sir Henry Mortimer's health. In a couple of hours Lady Mortimer returned alone, saying that her husband had slipped over the edge of the precipice and fallen to the beach below. She was pale and excited, and begged that help might at once be given. The village policeman started for the scene of the accident, with two or three fishermen, and Sir Henry was found on the sands with a broken neck. An examination of the spot from which he had fallen showed that the edge of the precipice had crumbled away.

At first no one thought of bringing an accusation against the young widow, but at the inquest a man turned up who was a cousin of her late husband, and his only relative. The counsel he employed took a strong line against Lady Mortimer; servants who had heard quarrels between the husband and wife came forward; a dismissed maid of Lady Mortimer's swore that her mistress had once said she wished Sir Henry were dead; while the widow herself had to admit in the box that she lived extremely unhappily with her husband, and had once actually said, in a moment of anger, the

words which the maid had attributed to her. The coroner took a serious view of the case, and Lady Mortimer was arrested.

During the progress of this mock-trial, my eyes and those of many others were rarely absent from the face of the prisoner in the dock, realistically arranged by Doctor Hilliard. She sat quite still, and apparently indifferent. Even her wonderful eyes appeared lustreless and apathetic. Her level brows were slightly raised, and once or twice she glanced with lifeless indifference around the crowded room as a base woman of the world surveys the pit of a theatre from her box. So protracted were the proceedings that at eleven o'clock they had to be adjourned to the following night, and the party broke up, many crowding around Mrs. Mackintosh to congratulate her on the way she had played her part.

I disliked the entertainment exceedingly and, irritated and vaguely excited, I did not feel inclined to sleep. When my guests had all gone to bed, I wandered out into the garden. The night was beautiful—crisp with frost, silent and starry. There was no one in sight, not a light was visible in any window, save in one room on the first floor, which I knew to be the private sitting-room occupied by Doctor Hilliard. He sat up late, and keeping whisky in his room, often entertained some of the men after the rest of the house had gone to bed.

The stable-clock struck one, and soothed by the beauty of the night, I walked on, passed through the gate that led from the garden to the park, and took the path to the river. I could hear its music as it swept rapidly along, black and fierce under the high banks. The path presently came to the river, which it followed, winding with the course of the stream. Rounding a corner, I suddenly came in sight of the rustic bridge which spanned the stream in its broadest and deepest part. To my astonishment, I saw a tall, dark figure before me. As I looked, it moved quickly on to the bridge, swayed, and threw up its arms in a gesture of supplication to heaven. In the fraction of a second, I realized who it was, and sprang forward. Before she had time to leap, I was at her side, and had caught her round the waist.

Her body throbbed under my hands, and we stood silently looking into each other's eyes. Still in silence, I led her back to the path.

"If only you had been a moment later!" she cried.

"Thank God I was not!" I answered.

"You have kept me from death now; but you can't keep me from madness, which will be the consequence of one more night such as this."

"I wish I could help you!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, if you could—if anyone could!" she murmured.

"Then let me try. Let us walk here, away from that black river. I would give my right arm to help you!"

She walked by my side, across the great park, she and I alone under the starlight, and a strange thrill of pleasure ran through me to think that she should let me champion her.

"I don't know how I have lived through this evening," she began. "Sir Trafford, my name is Isabel Mortimer."

The shock of surprise held me silent for a second, and before I could speak she went on, her words unstemmed like a mountain torrent, pouring out her story. She declared herself innocent of her husband's death (I only needed to look into her eyes to believe that), saying that she would have saved him if she could, but that the bank crumbled, and he was gone before she could stretch out a hand. She felt that the trial had left a stain on her life, and she wished to disappear from the world which had known her, and live somewhere in country peacefulness. This she might have been able to do had it not been for the very man who had first raised suspicion against her—James Fox, her husband's cousin, and only relative, to whom all Sir Henry's money would have gone had he died a bachelor. This man was an actor, so clever that he could change himself in a play (even his voice) so that his best friends wouldn't recognize him. He could not bear to lose the money, and he had conceived the idea of forcing Lady Mortimer to marry him. He had her watched, and followed her everywhere, pretending that he had letters from her husband stating that he stood in fear of his life from her, and that she meant to poison him. She knew that those letters were forgeries; but

Concluded on page 11



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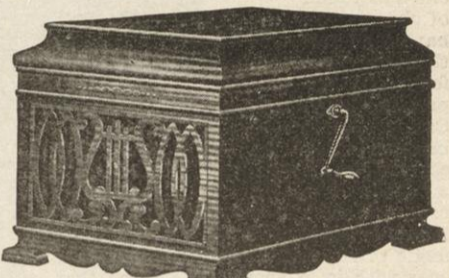
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Making Good Use of Cheese

Concluded from page 9

proportions: With the chopped centers mix one very finely chopped green pepper which has been first parboiled five minutes and had the seeds removed. Add one minced canned pimento. Melt two tablespoonfuls (level) of butter, add a bruised clove of garlic and two tablespoonfuls of flour; stir until blended and smooth, then add gradually one and one-half cupfuls of milk. As it thickens, remove the garlic and add the mixture of chopped onion, pepper and pimento. Pimento may be omitted, of course, if preferred. Then add one third cupful of soft, mild cheese cut into bits, and stir until it is thoroughly melted; season well. Fill the onions with this mixture, pouring around them all that remains.



Welsh Rarebit with Shrimps

Welsh Rarebit with Shrimps

Melt in the top of the double boiler a tablespoonful of butter, stir in a level tablespoonful of flour, and add gradually one half cupful of milk to which has been added one egg-yolk slightly beaten. Mix, then add a cupful of strong grated cheese, one fourth teaspoonful of salt, dash of paprika and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce if convenient, or a few drops of tabasco. Stir

constantly until cheese is melted and until the sauce is very thick. Then add half a cupful of chopped shrimps and pour at once over slices of hot, slightly buttered toast or crackers. Decorate with shrimps and serve immediately.

Cheese Toast with Baking-Powder Biscuit

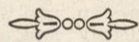
spread with soft cheese and

Left - over baking - powder biscuit are delicious if split open, and placed in a hot oven or under the gas-flame to toast until the cheese melts. Serve them with coffee.

Cheese Biscuit

These are good served with hot coffee, and with jelly or jam to accompany them.

Mix and sift two level cupfuls of flour, four and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one quarter teaspoonful of salt, then work in a rounding tablespoonful of shortening. Add one third cupful of grated mild cheese, or work in soft cheese with the fingers, as shortening, then add one cupful of milk. Roll out on a floured board to about one third inch and cut with small biscuit-cutter. Brush over the tops with milk, and bake in a hot oven.



My Paying Guest

Concluded from page 10

she could not endure the shame of any reopening of the case which was what her persecutor threatened unless she married him.

"Can you not guess now who is the man calling himself Doctor Hilliard?"

"The coward!" I ejaculated.

Then she told me that so clever was his present disguise even she did not know him at first, as she had only seen him previously with a heavy red beard and a fair florid skin, his own sandy hair and no spectacles; but when he had inveigled her into the play, and when she realized what it was about, she saw that it was another stroke of her relentless enemy and she had wished to end her misery in death.

For an hour we walked in the remoter parts of the park, and before I led her back to the house again, I knew that for the first time in my life I was passionately in love. The light still burned in "Doctor Hilliard's" room, and I resolved to act at once. Leaving Lady Mortimer in the drawing-room, I ran upstairs and tapped lightly at his door. Though I could see he was surprised, he was ready at once with his artificial smile and his effusive manners of good fellowship; but when I locked the door behind me, and took out the key, the smile became a stony grin.

"Mr. James Fox," I said quietly, "this game of yours has gone far enough—too far. You are an impostor, and a blackmailer, working on the fears of a defenseless woman!"

"What do you mean?" he spluttered, forgetting in his excitement the Irish brogue; "how dare you—"

For answer I stepped quickly forward, and before he guessed my intention whisked off the curling wig and the chin beard, leaving him a bare-faced, sandy-haired man of forty.

"Now," I said, "we speak on even terms. I shall not allow you to stop in this house another hour. I have called a groom, and he is getting ready a dogcart to drive you to Dingley to catch the early mail to London. Before you go you will hand over to me the forged letters with which you have been threatening Lady Mortimer." An evil glare

came into the fellow's eyes. "You'd better look sharp!" I cried. "I am a stronger man than you and I'll take them by force if you don't surrender them."

The fellow was at heart a coward, and with an oath he snatched a package from his pocket and flung it on the floor. Picking it up and transferring it to my own coat, I told him to pack his things at once, standing over him while he did so; and exactly twenty minutes later I conducted him downstairs, through the silent house, put him in charge of the groom, and he was driven off into the darkness. Then I went back to the drawing-room. Never shall I forget the light in a pair of glorious violet eyes, when I told Mrs. Mackintosh what I had done and gave her the letters to destroy.

"You are the only real man I ever knew!" she said brokenly.

I felt the blood rush up into my face; and then I asked her a question.

* * * * *

Next day in answer to many inquiries, I stated that Doctor Hilliard had unexpectedly been called away on business, and when evening came and some of the people were eager for the continuation of the trial I stood up, saying that, much to my regret, I would suggest that the affair be allowed to drop. I added that I thought last night had somewhat overstepped the bounds indicated by good taste, and that Mrs. Mackintosh had been unpleasantly affected by her part in the entertainment. Notwithstanding, I went on, she had been inclined to continue, but I had asserted my authority—not as landlord, but as her affianced husband—to forbid it. And I hoped that in the circumstances not only might I be forgiven but congratulated as well. Then I looked at Mrs. Mackintosh (whom no one would ever know any more as Lady Mortimer) and she smiled up at me—no longer a sad smile; and somebody started the song: "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"

Being a Boniface had had other than commercial advantages, after all.

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1 pint corn meal, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 cup Kingsford's Cornstarch, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 pint buttermilk, 1 1/2 tablespoons Karo, 2 eggs, butter size of an egg. Sift the dry ingredients together. Add the Karo and beaten egg to the buttermilk and mix quickly with the dry ingredients. Cut in the melted butter last.

Waffles

3/4 cup flour, 1/4 cup Argo Cornstarch, 1 tablespoonful Mazola, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful Karo, 2 eggs separated, whites beaten stiff, 1/2 cup milk. Sift flour, Argo Cornstarch, baking powder and salt in a bowl, add Mazola, Karo, yolks of eggs and milk, mix till smooth, then add the whites beaten stiff, mix lightly together. Bake on a hot waffle iron, greased with Mazola, 3 minutes on each side, till nice and brown. Serve at once with Karo or Karo Maple Flavor.

Divinity

3/4 cup Karo, 2 cups sugar, 1/3 cup hot water, 2 eggs (whites only), 2 ounces chopped nuts, 3 ounces chopped raisins, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Boil sugar, Karo and water together till it forms a hard mass in cold water. Beat whites of eggs very stiff, and beat in the nuts and raisins. Pour on the hot syrup, beating all the time. When mixture will stand alone, drop from teaspoon onto buttered plates.

Baked Sweet Potatoes

Parboil the potatoes, peel and cut in half lengthwise. Put in baking dish and cover generously with butter. Pour over all one good half cup Karo (Crystal White) and sprinkle thickly with brown sugar. Bake every little while and bake to a nice brown.

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Common-Sense About Health and Good Looks

Walking into Health

Conducted by ELEANOR MATHER

WALKING is the most beneficial of all exercises and the one best suited to people of all ages and occupations. A walk every day in the open air will do more to keep the blood pure, the complexion clear and the lungs strong and able to resist coughs, colds and the germs of pneumonia, tuberculosis and other dread diseases than all the medicine in a drug-store. But such walks must be taken regularly and not spasmodically. To take a long walk occasionally from which you come back thoroughly fatigued does you not good, but harm, for few of us realize just how dangerous intense fatigue is. Bodily exhaustion releases certain toxins or poisons in the blood that are just as real a peril to the system as if some noxious substance were taken in small quantities into the mouth. Remember always, when you start out for a walk, that you will have to come home again; so turn back before you begin to feel tired unless you are going to call on someone at whose house you can have a good rest before you return.

A well-known physician told me not long ago that one of the most valuable cures for chronic indigestion he knew was to take a brisk walk in the sunshine every day before dinner, and another an hour after that meal. Bring up the children to the "fresh-air habit" and they will develop into strong and healthy men and women. If a child spends the greater part of the day out-of-doors breathing oxygen into his lungs you will find that he will quickly rebel against the stuffy, impure air that is characteristic of even the best dwellings.

Walking is not only beneficial to the body, but it is also an excellent tonic for the mind and is one of the best remedies in existence for all sorts of worries. The next time you feel worried and nervous, if it is possible for you to do so, just drop everything and start off for a brisk walk in the sun and see if an entirely new and more cheerful train of thought is not at once forthcoming. If you cannot get anybody to talk to, you can be best of company for yourself if you take an interest in all that is going on around you.

In order to make your daily walk really health-giving it is necessary to walk properly. Not one person in ten does this. The most common error is to slouch along with the figure slumped down, the shoulders rounded and the stomach thrust out, the head thrust forward with the chin craned upward and the arms hanging in front of the body. I never see anyone walking in this way without thinking of Gelett Burgess' famous limerick which runs something like this:

*"My feet they drag me round the house
 And up and down the stair,
 The only thing I have to do
 Is steer them everywhere."*

When you slump along in the way just described you are not really walking at all, you are just "steering your feet."

Most people have been told time and again that they should hold the shoulders back and keep them level, hold the chest up and abdomen in, hold the neck up straight like a column and keep the chin in, but how many remember to do this for more than a minute or so after they are reminded? Now although this has been many times repeated it cannot be too often emphasized that there is more than grace and good looks in correct posture, there is health as well. Whether

sitting or standing or walking, the principles that involve the correct carriage of the body mean both health and good looks. That the slouching posture was a menace to health was long ago recognized by doctors and it has even been given a terrifying Latin name. It is known as the habitus enteropticus, or asthenic droop; and some physicians claim that neurasthenia, nervous prostrations, mental despondency, or melancholia can be brought on by faulty posture through the effect of displaced position of the organs and the impeded circulation of the blood. There is another point also that is too seldom thought about, and that is the effect the correct posture has upon the mind. If this seems rather far-fetched to you, just think for a moment. Is not the bowed head synonymous with humility, defeat and sorrow, and are not faith, courage and determination expressed by the lifted head? And the lifted head means the lifted heart—"Lift up your hearts," says the Psalmist.



Rising on the Toes from Twenty to Forty Times Each Night and Morning Will Do Much To Prevent Flat Feet and Fallen Arches

To get the most out of any walk, see to it that your chest is high as well as your head, and that your legs move freely from the hips in a swinging step and you breathe deeply as you walk.

For any woman who does her own housework, walking forms a large part of the exercise, and as the

hips. This position gives the side-bending of the trunk that is beneficial to the internal organs, especially the liver. Sweeping a floor in this way is as beneficial an exercise as golf, particularly if all the windows are open, thus giving you the fresh air you need.

Even the simple act of raising a window is a fine stretching exercise if properly done, just as it often is injurious if much force is exerted when the body is in the wrong position. Hold the abdomen in and keep the back nearly straight, and get force into the arms by giving a push against the floor with your feet.

Doctors tell us that holding the vital organs high is one of the first principles of health for a woman.

And while I am talking about housework I must not forget to tell you that you can make the household ironing ten times easier if you sit down at your work instead of standing. Use a chair or a stool that is high enough so that you can iron in comfort and train yourself on all big pieces to use first right hand and then the left in your work. In this way both sides of the body and both arms will be exercised equally, and so be equally developed.

Weak feet and ankles and what is called flat foot are much more common among women than men. Flat foot is not a local injury to the arch as is often supposed, but is almost always due to a weakened condition of the leg-muscles that support the arch. Weak feet are gradually converted into flat feet by wrong posture in standing and walking. Turning the toes out, as not long ago all well brought up little girls were taught to do, is now pronounced by physical-culture experts to be all wrong physiologically and to be primarily responsible for many foot troubles, as this position puts a great strain upon the arches of the feet. If you have this habit try, if you value the condition of your feet, to correct it. This can be easily done by drawing two chalk-marks on the floor about three-quarters the length of one of your feet apart and walking on these marks several times a day until you have acquired the habit of walking with the feet straight. Rising on the toes from twenty to forty times each night and morning will do much to prevent flat foot.



Exercise To Strengthen Weak Ankles.—Sit in a Chair of Moderate Height and Rest the Toe of One Foot on the Floor with Sufficient Weight To Prevent Its Shifting. Keep the Knee Steady and Move the Heel from Side to Side, with Rotary Motion

To discover whether or not your feet have a tendency toward weakness, notice whether or not there is a bending inward of the ankles when standing or walking, or a disposition to walk on the inner side of the feet as shown by the uneven wearing of the shoe. This condition may be present with a high instep and with no evidence of flat foot. As flat foot develops, the inward bend of the ankle is more and more apparent, the inner hollow of the foot disappears and the entire sole of the foot rests flat on the ground when the shoes are removed.

The American Indians used to travel over rough trails for weeks at a time, the squaws with heavy burdens on their backs, and they never had any foot trouble. Such ills as fallen arches, ingrowing nails, corns or bunions were never heard of among them, because they did not torture their feet with shoes that were too short, or too narrow, and because they never toed out when walking.

Extremely high heels are just now responsible for many ills. The rheumatic pains in the legs, feet and back that some women are suffering from are often not rheumatism at all, but simply strained muscles due to high-heeled shoes which throw the weight down on the weakest part, the arch of the foot, instead of where it belongs, equally distributed between the ball and heel.

Mrs. Mather will be glad to answer any questions relating to this article if a stamped and self-addressed envelope is sent for reply. Address

Mrs. Eleanor Mather
Care The American Woman
Augusta, Maine

Concluded on page 21

THE HOMEMAKER

Conducted by MRS. M. M. HYNES

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

Suggestions Which One Homemaker Has Found Good

If your bread- or cake-tins get the "habit" of rusting, as they will sometimes do even with the best of care, rub them with a bit of paraffine and put them into a hot oven for a little while, after which wash in hot soapsuds and dry thoroughly. When baking, you will find that tins treated in this way require less greasing than they did. When baking anything which calls for melted shortening I always melt the butter, lard or other fat in the pan which is to be used for baking the food in, thus greasing it without any waste. I have found, too, that a little flour dredged into a greased pan and then rapped out serves as well as a buttered paper to keep cake from sticking.

The appeal for the conservation of paper certainly made a good many of us "sit up and take notice;" but I have never thrown away paper bags that were whole and clean, there are so many uses for them. When you empty one, smooth it out into its original folds and put it away in a pantry-drawer or other convenient place; scarcely a day will pass that you do not need to "requisition" one of them. And don't throw away your baking-powder cans, when empty. Instead of steaming one large loaf of brownbread, I steam it in three or four baking-powder cans, pound size. It takes no more fuel, as I put the cans in one steamer, and a loaf is eaten at a meal. Then in this way I can have a "plum loaf" or two, with the plain ones. The bread is just as good reheated, and we like the small, round slices. To cut it, instead of using a knife when hot, I take a piece of clean, strong twine and draw through the bread. This cuts evenly and doesn't make it soggy. A baking-powder can, too, makes the very best of chopper for potatoes or vegetable hash. Punch two or three holes in the bottom of the can and use it to chop the vegetables in the frying-pan. The can-tops make nice cookie-cutters; or they can be used to bake tiny individual pies of custard or squash, when you have a little of such filling and a bit of crust left over. Really, there is no need or sense in throwing anything away; you can put nearly everything to some practical use. We have learned some good lessons in saving during the war-times that are now over; let us see that we do not soon forget them.

Instead of buying the packages of shredded or flaked salt fish "ready to use," I purchase a good but cheaper brand of boneless fish which comes by the pound, put it through my food-chopper and store it in a wide-mouthed glass jar with tight-fitting cover. It may be used in the same way as the prepared fish, which costs twice as much, or more. By the way, if the knife of your food-chopper gets dull don't send it to be sharpened at more or less expense, but put some pieces of scouring-soap through it. The soap may still be used for scouring after it has served in the capacity of knife-sharpener.

Borax is good for cleaning aluminum ware; dampen a cloth in water, dip into powdered borax and rub the vessel with it, then wash in warm soapsuds and wipe with a dry cloth. Aluminum should not be rinsed in clear water, either cold or hot. Use good clean soapsuds, and dry with a soft cloth, which is itself perfectly dry. If this practise is adopted when the ware is new, it will keep bright; but I have found that it shows every scratch and that it is discolored by any acid food, like tomatoes. Personally, I prefer cooking-utensils of agate or enamel ware. There is much complaint that these chip easily, and soon give out; but I have enamel saucepans and kettles that have been in constant use for three to five years, and are still as "good as new," to all appearances. For one thing, should food burn on, never try to scrape it off. Soak it in ashes and water for a few hours, then put into a hot oven and let it remain until the burned stuff drops away in the form of ashes; or, which I like better, put a handful

of washing-soda in the pan, add a little water, place on the stove and let simmer for a while, and the "stuck-on" food will come off, leaving no trace. To keep the outside of a saucepan clean, run over with a little grease or soap before placing over the fire; then wash the outside as carefully as you do the inside. Many good housekeepers never think of washing the outside of a cooking-utensil, such as kettles or pans. Have I talked enough, for once?

Mrs. J. H. Bartles.

(Not too much, surely.)

Her Experience with Adopted Children

I wish to say to Mother of One that we have an adopted child in our home, and so far find the experience a decided success. We have one child, and a more lonely little fellow than he was would be hard to find anywhere. We found it very easy to love the adopted one, and treat him and dress him just as we do our own; and the joy the little fellow takes with his mamma and "daddy" is wonderful to see! He was in a home for eighteen months and does not remember his own mother. One would find it hard to realize that the boy of now is the child that was, so quickly and completely has he adapted himself to his new surroundings. Both his parents are living, so far as we know, but the mother is not able to care for him on account of mental illness, and the father gave them up. The child is bright, good-looking, loving and lovable; and no one, unless informed of the fact, would suspect that the children are not brothers—as indeed they are in the highest and largest sense of the word, for are we not all children of the same Father?

We also have an older boy, now nineteen, from the same institution, and he is just as good morally as any of the boys raised in their own homes in this community. He is working on our own place now, while awaiting his call to the service of his country and humanity. Judging from my own experience, I am sure Mother of One will find a healthy, loving little one from a home just as satisfactory as one taken from other sources; and the beauty of it is one can be reasonably sure there will be no one to step in later and make trouble, if one takes care to have the proper papers made out. A children's home is only too glad to place the little ones left in its charge where they will be cared for properly, and trained to become good men and women; and they are given outright, if desired, to responsible parties. Of course, the home must have assurance of the character and standing of a person who applies for a child, and this is perfectly as it should be. In conclusion, I am sure that if one is really in earnest in the desire to adopt a little one, one will never be sorry for doing this and will receive as much benefit as the child. Perhaps in a home that is otherwise childless, and in which both wife and husband have longed for the music of childish laughter and the pattering of little feet over the floor, the small newcomer may seem to bring a greater blessing; in no case, however, have I known of any real dissatisfaction resulting from such adoption. Our own son surely loves his "Walter boy," he as calls the little fellow we have taken, and oh! the good times they have! I will gladly give Mother of One further experiences if she cares for them, and will write her personally if she will send full address. Anna Lee. Montana.

A Budget of Helpful Hints

If you will dissolve one half pound of borax, two pounds of unslaked lime and four pounds of sal soda in ten quarts of water and boil twenty minutes, set aside for twenty-four hours, pour off the clear solution, leaving the dregs, add five to ten quarts more water, and put away in jugs or bottles that can be tightly corked, you will have the finest washing-fluid or javelle water imaginable. When washing day comes soak the clothes as usual, and put into a boiler two-thirds full of water to which has been added one half to one teacupful of the solution and a bar of good laundry-soap, finely shaved. Boil for fifteen minutes, take out, suds, rinse in blue water and hang on the line. No rubbing is required, and your clothes will be as clean and white as if you had spent hours on them. The solution is not harmful, and garments last longer when washed in this way than when rubbed on a board to remove the dirt.

In cold weather you will find it a good plan to heat your clothespins before hanging clothes on the line; just take a large drip-

Continued on page 15



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Whatever strength you borrow,
However much you mock!

MARCH, with all its bluster and bad weather is, to the woman who is on the alert, the month of great preparations!

You know that the men-folks

are not waiting for April sunshine before making their plans and getting their materials ready for the year's work. The fertilizers, manure, tools and fence-posts—in fact, all the things which may be wanted after the season out in the open has begun—have been or are being secured. The same preparedness should be used for the flower-garden and for the vegetable-garden—even for the veranda-boxes, and plants for the vases and for the porch. Now is the time to start in order to have everything just as you would like to have it by Decoration day.

With the peoples of half the world still dangerously near the verge of starvation, the necessity for everyone who can help out by growing a few vegetables for home consumption, and thereby doing his or her bit to help, is as great as it ever was.

With the Vegetables

Starting Seeds in the House.—Of course, the amount your little garden may be made to yield will depend very largely on how soon you get it started. Fortunately there are many things which stand transplanting very readily, and these can be

put out in the garden partly grown, hastening by some weeks the state at which they will be ready for use. Among these vegetables those which may be most readily started indoors are cabbage, lettuce, beets, celery, tomatoes and peppers. All but the last two, which need not be started until late this month, are cool-growing plants which will germinate readily in a temperature of fifty degrees or so, such as can be given in the kitchen or living-room of most houses.

The seeds should be started in small, shallow boxes, and should not be planted over two inches deep. Cigar-boxes will answer the purpose, but they are likely to warp and crack when wet, so something a little heavier is better, such as a soap- or a cracker-box sawed up into two-inch sections. A few holes should be bored in the bottom to insure perfect drainage.

For starting the seeds in, you can get a bag of "humus," either from your local seed-store or by mail or express. If you have

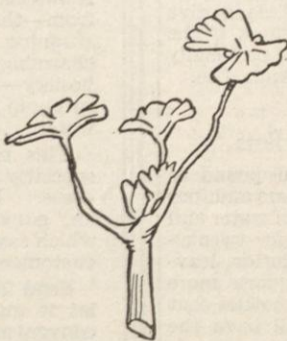
available leaf-mold, sand and any light soil, you can make a good compost for starting the seeds in by screening these three ingredients and mixing them together in about equal proportions. The idea is to have a light spongy soil which will retain plenty of moisture and which will not form a crust over the little seeds after they are planted. Some rough material such as excelsior, the screenings from the leaf-mold or fine coal-cinders should be placed in the bottom of the box or flat before putting in the soil for starting the seed.

Then fill in with soil to within a quarter of an inch of the top of the flat, pressing the soil well down into the corners and around the edges. Give a thorough watering, and allow the prepared flat to stand for several hours, and then sow the seed—ten or so to

the inch—in little rows marked off with the point of a pencil or a small pointed stick, about two inches apart. Cover lightly, water again gently, and place near the stove or in a warm window, and keep the flats covered for a few days with a piece of newspaper or a pane of glass, which does not fit quite tight, to retain the moisture near the surface and hasten the germination of the seeds.

While the seed-boxes may be kept in the dark until the seeds have sprouted, as soon as they are up above the ground, they must be given plenty of direct sunlight, and should be kept as near the glass as possible. It is well to turn the boxes every few days to keep the little plants from "drawing" toward the glass.

To keep the little plants growing rapidly, great care must be exercised in watering them. Examine the soil in the boxes at least once every day, and never let it dry out. It is important to apply the water rather early in the morning, particularly on bright, sunny days, so that the foliage and the surface of the soil can dry off before night. Otherwise, there is danger of losing the plants through "damping off." How often watering will be necessary will depend largely upon the temperature of the room and also upon how dry the air in the room is. Two or three waterings a week should be sufficient until the plants are ready to transplant. Plenty of fresh air should be given, because if the little seedlings are kept in a close, hot room they will grow tall and spindling, and be next to worthless.



Geranium - Cutting, with Largest Leaves Cut Back, Ready To Put in Sand To Form Roots

Get Plenty of Plant-Food Ready.—Both for the vegetable-garden and for the flower-garden, to obtain the best of vegetables and an abundance of blooms, you will need a great deal of plant-food. Put in a bid now, before the yards and manure-pits have all been cleaned out, for a load or two of the oldest, most thoroughly decayed, and most thoroughly rotted and most finely broken up manure, preferably horse- and cow-manure mixed. This can be used nowhere on the farm where it will bring bigger returns on a cash basis than upon the vegetable-garden—and probably a few wheelbarrow-

Concluded on page 15

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loads can be spared for the flowers! The amount of manure you can use, will, of course, depend upon the size of your garden. Next in importance to the manure is a bag or a half a bag of bonemeal to have at your disposal for use in the vegetable-garden and on flowers. And then you will want a few pounds of nitrate of soda. You will find this the greatest stimulant for your plants of all kinds that you ever tried. It is an ordinary agricultural chemical which looks like coarse salt. The best way of using it is to dissolve a tablespoonful or so in hot water and to mix this in a ten- or twelve-quart watering-can, full of water, and apply by giving a light sprinkle after watering with plain water in the usual way.

This Month with the Flowers

The greatest danger which threatens your plants during the early spring months is attacks by the aphid or plant-lice, mealy-bugs and white flies, particularly by the former. As the warm days begin to come, the aphid, which, like some of the plants, have been more or less hibernating during the winter, will begin to multiply with incredible rapidity—the result being that almost before you are aware of what is going on, some of your best plants may be ruined.

A most careful examination of every plant you possess should be made at this time. The aphid, if taken in time, can be controlled very effectively by the use of nicotine in such commercial preparations as Black Leaf Forty, Aphine, or Nicotidene. A small bottle of any of these preparations, diluted according to directions and used in a small sprayer will prove an absolute knock-out to any of the plant-lice with which it is brought in contact. Make two or three applications at intervals of a few days to a week and then give the plants a thorough rinsing off in clear water.

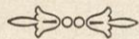
Making Cuttings for New Plants.—It is not difficult to propagate new plants by taking "slips" or cuttings. Plants that have been repotted or cut back to stimulate new growth will now be covered with new shoots that should yield just the right material for this work. For the best results, the slips or cuttings should be young, firm and brittle. Not so old as to be tough and stringy, nor so young and rapidly grown as to be soft and pliable. New growth that will "snap" like a bean when it is bent between the fingers and thumb is in the best condition for rooting readily. Fill a "flat" like the one mentioned above for starting seeds in, with ordinary clean, medium-coarse sand; very fine sand will not do because it packs down tight around the roots, stays wet and soggy and excludes the air. Make the slips from two

to four inches long, cut the end off clean, so that there are no bruises or shreds of bark attached, cut the larger leaves back about one half, and insert the cuttings into the flat of sand sufficiently deep to hold them firm and steady. If the box is put in a sunny place, it should be shaded with newspapers for a few days from the direct sunlight; after that, they will take care of themselves. Water frequently enough to keep the sand evenly moist.

Garden Bulbs and Roots.—Tuberous begonias, dahlias, cinnamon-vines, caladiums, callas, and so forth, which are often planted directly out-of-doors as soon as the warm weather comes, can be had in much better shape by starting them now. Take a flat similar to those used for seeds or cuttings, only three or four inches deep instead of two inches, and fill with humus or with a mixture of leafmold and sand. The bulbs may be planted in this, kept moist, and in a warm place until they begin growth, and then either set out-of-doors in a cold frame or in some sheltered position in the flats, or to get still stronger plants put up in individual pots and grown to good size for setting them in the open about Decoration time.

The Question-Box

Starting Rose-Slips. — Miss E. S. Many of the roses sold by the nurserymen are "budded" plants—that is, a slip of the rose wanted is grafted on to the roots of a stronger growing stock; but many are sold grown on their own roots. It is possible to root rose-slips and to grow your own plants. Both "soft-wood" or growing and dormant cuttings are used. For the former, the wood may be taken now from a plant growing inside or in the early summer from plants growing in the garden. The cuttings should be made in much the same way as described for taking cuttings from soft-wooded plants to be started in the house. As it takes them longer to root than geraniums and similar things, a method often successfully followed is to fill a box or frame with sand or cinders containing only a little soil and place the cuttings in this, covering each one with an inverted jelly glass. The use of the glass is not only to protect the plants but to keep the air and the soil around the little slip moist. When the little cutting has taken root and the new leaves are put out, it may be very carefully taken up and put into a pot. Or if it is early in the season, it may be transferred to the point where it is to grow permanently. Cuttings rooted and started in water may be put into small pots in soil containing a proportion of sand, and repotted as they become established.



The Homemaker

Continued from page 13

ping-pan, put the clothespins in this and place in the oven until well heated through. They will not split half as readily as when used cold, and it will save the nipping of your fingers by Jack Frost. Do not try to hang out all the clothes at once. Have your rinsing-water warm, wring out a small basketful of clothes, say a half dozen large pieces, more of small ones, hang them out and come back for more. You can do the work with far more comfort, and the clothes will not freeze before you get them on the line. And here is one way to make a handy receptacle for your clothespins: Take two pieces of heavy cotton, denim, duck, or any material you may have, about seven inches wide and twelve inches long. Cut a hole in one piece near the top large enough to get the hand through easily, sew the pieces together all the way around, turn, and sew once more across the top about one inch below the first seam. Bind or buttonhole around the opening for the hand, run a piece of wire through the space at top of bag, and hang over the clothesline. The wire can be bent to hook on, or can be fastened on and left there. The bag can be pushed along the line, and the pins are always handy. A small basket with handle, such as grapes come in, can be utilized in the same way.

I find that my darning lasts longer if the darning-cotton is shrunk before using. On washing-day I wind several yards of the cotton on a bit of thin wood and throw it in the rinsing-water for a time, then take it out and dry it. Then when stockings are darned the work will not shrink and pull out as I find it is very apt to do otherwise. A piece of net basted on the wrong side of a stocking and darned through will produce a much neater piece of "repair work" than if the darning is done without any foundation; or baste on a firm piece of cloth, according to the quality of the stocking and the wear it

is likely to get, and darn the hole in the usual way over this.

How many of the mothers save the rows of buttonholes from old shirts or waists? Try using them on a blind placket for the children's rompers and dresses. Buttonholes may be purchased by the yard to use for the same purpose, but we who have learned to conserve like to make everything count, and the strips suggested will serve just as well as those we buy.

Do not let the seats or knees of trousers for the little—or big—men wear entirely through so there is an open hole. Take them before they reach this stage. Over the thin portion place a piece of the material or heavy lining, cutting it so that it will cover the thin part fully, baste it, and stitch around it on the sewing-machine. One may stitch across the patch, diagonally and from side to side, if need be, and care should, of course, be taken to see that the patch and outside lie smooth—that is, the thin part should not be more full than the lining. The stitching is not noticeable, and the work is far neater than when the patch is put on the outside to cover a hole; the garment, too, will wear nearly as long again. I trust I have helped some one. Canadienne. Vermont.

(As I am sure it is safe to say you have. That washing-fluid, by the way, should be labeled "Poison," so that there will be no danger of its being mistaken for something else.)

Notes and Questions

Can any homemaker tell me how to color a white plume dark-green? Mrs. A. B. Amsterdam, N. Y.

(The easiest way, and surest to give satisfaction.)
Concluded on page 16

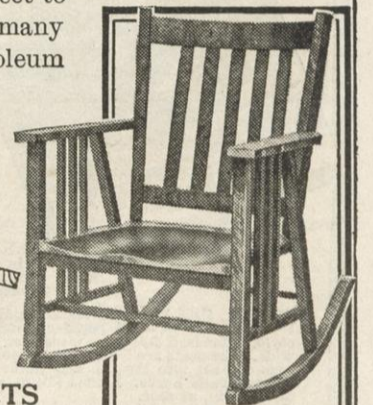
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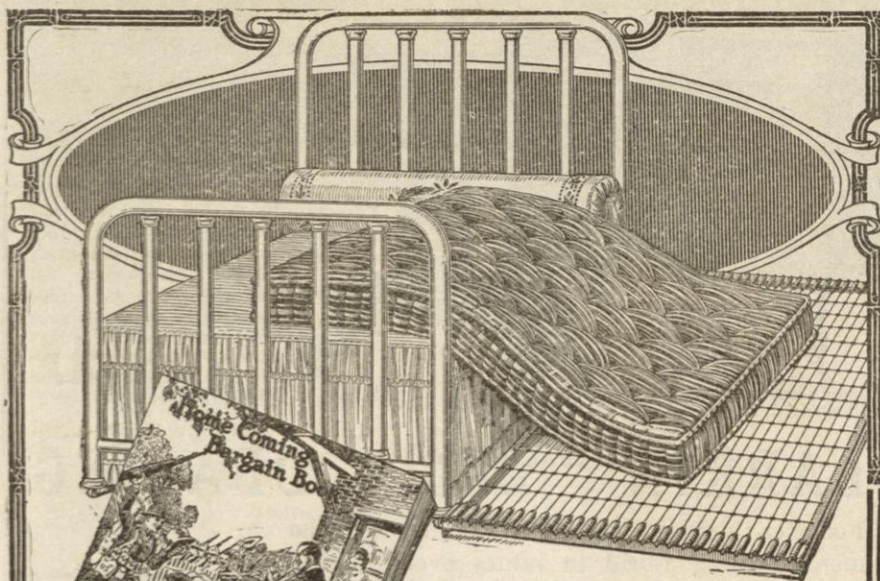


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Concluded from page 15

faction, I think, would be to take the plume to a professional dyer. Perhaps some homemaker has had experience in dyeing such things at home, however; if so, she will gladly share her knowledge with you, I know.)

Will some reader who lives where the elderberry grows kindly write me? I wish to get some roots for planting. Fruit is scarce here, and I have a good place to grow these berries, but have been unable to secure a "start" from any nurseryman; so turn to our paper, as we all do, for assistance.

Freedom, Okla. Mrs. Harry Crist.

Will some one who has the magazine with the series, "The Seven Deadly Sins," kindly write me? Mrs. Nelson Knight, I have some copies of the All-Story Magazine if you wish them, also have copies of Argosy, Red Book, Blue Book, Woman's Home Companion and Farmer's Wife I will gladly send.

Box 437, Mitchell, S. Dak. W. A. K.

I, too, have a little daughter of five years who gets very lonely, as she lost her wee sister six months ago. Will not some member of our circle who knows of a little girl, about two years old, who needs a good home and a mother's love and care, kindly write me? Or will some one who has taken a child from a "home" advise me?

Andrews, Fla. Mrs. A. B. Penningsdorf.

Do all the homemakers know that suede or mocha gloves can be cleaned by simply rubbing a bit of fine sandpaper over the soiled parts? It works like magic; actually makes the gloves like new. Try it and save the money you would pay a cleanser, to buy thrift-stamps!

Farmer's Wife, if churning is a failure, add a tablespoonful of salt to each gallon of sweet cream, then sour it the usual way and churn. Will some one send me a copy of The American Woman for March, 1917? Please write first, as I need but one paper.

Ellen Prince. R. 4, Box 84, Bluford, Ill.

Old Subscriber, I am glad to give you my method of taking the lettering out of flour-sacks: Dissolve one half pound of lump washing-soda in four quarts of hot water, put in the sacks and allow to simmer on the back of the range from twelve to twenty-four hours.

Easton, Pa. Mrs. J. A. W.

Will some one send me a copy of Needlecraft for March, 1918? Will return favor in any possible way. Please write first.

Mrs. James F. Cheney. R. 1, Box 13, Haigler, Nebr.

I should like very much to join you for a little chat. Old Subscriber, this is the way I manage with flour-sacks: Dip in water and wring slightly, rub soap all over the parts that are colored and roll up. I usually do this when beginning the washing, on Monday, and let the sacks lie until the other white things are rubbed. Most of the lettering will come out with rubbing, and boiling will finish the process. Should the color seem stubborn, put a little lye in the boiling suds. Mrs. R. Barnett, my mother was a Barnett, but her people came from Virginia. We may be related, however.

Mrs. Eunice Hopper. R. 1, Oakwood, Texas.

Will some one who has Illustrated Companion for July and August kindly write me? Will pay postage both ways.

J. June Mechem. 114 No. Hinman St., Columbus, Indiana.

I am very anxious for information concerning my brother, William Edward Tinsley, last heard of in Connecticut. If anyone who has seen him since April, 1917, will write me, I will return the favor in any way possible. I wish also to learn of my cousin, Galen Benfield, from whom I have not heard for more than a year.

Ingalls, N. C. Ruena Tinsley.

Will any reader who has the story "The Secret of the Storm Country," either in book form or in papers, kindly write me whether she will loan or exchange it?

Cresco, Iowa. Loretta Rink.

When you cook cereal cover the dish and let it stand ten or fifteen minutes after taking from the fire; it will steam free from the utensil in which cooked, and every particle will come out. Then pack what is left over into a small square tin—I have one especially for the purpose—first wetting it in cold water. This gives a good shape for slicing and frying.

Rhode Island. A Worker.

(I am sorry it is not allowable to ask for contributions of money or other things through this department, however good the purpose.)

Will some one who has Illustrated Companion for April, 1915, or all the papers with the story "Leone Varney's Trials," kindly write me? Lizzie P. Berry.

R. 2, Clinchport, Va.

I'm sure we all like house-plants, but some fail to have many because they feel

they cannot afford earthenware pots and do not like the unsightly collection of tin cans—at least, that was my experience. Now, however, I paint my cans. Last year I used green paint, this year I happened to have a dark brown. There is usually a little leftover paint somewhere about the place, and almost any color will do. It takes but a few minutes. Paint new cans inside and out to keep them from rusting. Plants that blossom only once in a year I keep in a back room until they are ready to bloom, then bring them out so that all can enjoy them. I have a number of A. D. Livoni dahlia-bulbs I should like to exchange with homemakers for other slips or plants, if desired.

Mrs. John Hellberg. R. 4, Oregon City, Oregon.

I very much wish to secure a copy of The American Woman for June, 1915, and will do any favor I can in return. Please write first, as but one copy is needed.

Nell Westertorp. R. 1, Box 173, Port Arthur, Texas.

In reply to Iowa Homemaker, here is a very good cement for broken china: Take a very thick solution of gum Arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes of the consistency of heavy cream. Apply with a brush to the broken edges of the ware, fitting these together perfectly, and fasten in place. Put away for three days or longer, and the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of this cement makes it the more valuable for china or porcelain, not so good for glass, of course.

Will some homemaker who lives where bayberries grow kindly write me? I was greatly interested in the article on the making of bayberry candles in a recent issue of our paper. Perhaps some homemaker will like a bit of my experience in candlemaking. There were many scraps and ends of candles in the house, and one afternoon when alone I proceeded to experiment with them. I got a tube by using an apple-corer, crocheted a wick of knitting-cotton, melted the bits of candle—and had two candles every bit as good as new! Was that not "conservation"? Perhaps the lady who wrote the article in question could tell me about the bayberries, and whether they would grow here.

Florence Butterfield. Hamilton, Bermuda.

(The lady's address is, I think, Salem, Mass. I see no reason why bayberry-bushes should not grow in Bermuda; they flourish in Massachusetts. Whether rooted cuttings of the shrub or the berries should be used for propagation I am not sure—but somebody is sure to tell you all about it, in the true homemaker fashion.)

Here is a saving hint that may help in buying thrift-stamps or Liberty bonds: If your window-shades are faded or worn at the bottom, take them from the roller, remove the stick, turn the shade bottom up and tack to the roller exactly where you took off the other end. Hem the end removed from the roller, replace the stick, and your shade is ready to use half as long again, anyway. We are anxious to obtain information concerning Albert Laurence Wortman, a soldier at San Francisco Bay when we last heard from him. Any news of him will be most gratefully received, and favor returned in any possible way.

Missouri. I. S.

(In asking such information one's full address should be given. Apply to the Salvation Army, which has a branch in every large city, or to the "Home Service Bureau" of the American Red Cross.)

I have read with deep interest the letters in our Homemaker department regarding the adoption of children. In my own town is a sadly neglected little one who wants to live with me. I can give him a good home and the best of care, but am unable to support him. I have read articles in magazines stating that charity workers frequently find those who are willing to help in a pecuniary way, but are unable or unwilling to care for a child. Is there any way of getting in touch with such people? I shall be glad to hear from homemakers who can give me this information.

Missouri. M. K.

(This is another appeal which should have the full address of the writer. However any letters will be forwarded—even though it is "against rules.")

Will some one who has a copy of The American Woman for March, 1917, kindly loan it to me? Will return, if desired.

Mrs. O. C. Myers. 311 East Benton St., Wapakoneta, Ohio.

(Remember that it is always wise to "write first," if but a postal card, to say one has and will loan the paper desired.)

Government positions offer wonderful opportunities to both men and women. Railway Mail Clerk, Post Office, Rural Carrier, Departmental Clerk and other "exams," everywhere soon. Prepare for "exams" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book free. Write Patter-son Civil Service School, Box 3079, Rochester, N.Y.—Advt.

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Giant Climbing Tomato—Is one of the largest grown. Vines grow very strong and will carry an enormous weight of fruit, very solid, crimson color; specimens often weighing 2 to 3 lbs. each.

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The Years for Rachel

Continued from page 5

gence, breeding, and looks. I put these things down without the hesitant modesty which would have been exacted in the day of my gentle mother, who never had to earn and never did earn a penny. I put them down as assets, just as people seeking situations put down in their advertisements "Musical, certifi., excellent refs." It's the same thing after all, as Mr. Massingham told me. Oh, yes; of course I had met Mr. Massingham again. Vernon took Hilda and me to his studio over some mews in Yeoman's Row; a workmanlike sort of room with "nothing a bit artistic" about it, as Hilda commented.

Mr. Massingham smiled his dry smile as he looked about the place, bare but for the little necessary furniture (all good of its kind) and a huge silver bowl full of roses that stood on the low table.

"What a lovely rose-bowl," Hilda said. "Look, Vernon; it's one like that I wanted." "That's not a rose-bowl, my dear child," Vernon told her in his downright voice. "That's a pot for something, isn't it, Massingham?"

Mr. Massingham murmured something about putting the weight, he believed.

"Who won it?" Hilda asked thoughtlessly, coloring as she remembered that Vernon had told us poor old Massingham had been a very good all-round athlete; he'd heard from a man who was up at Oxford with him.

Mr. Massingham smiled at her quite kindly as he said: "I did, Hilda, in the Iron Age."

During the intervening years between this and our first meeting in Lley, Mr. Massingham and I had seemed to keep in touch with each other, although I had only seen him once or twice during my brief visits to Birkenhead, and we had written for Christmas and birthdays; he had sent me a couple of books, I had knitted him a tie. Now it was he who got me my work; my first job. This was that of assistant to the librarian in a big newspaper-office. It brought me two pounds a week; thereby astounding my family; for this was as much as was earned by a greatly quoted girl cousin of Selby's, a light of Newham. Goodness knows what exams she hadn't passed and what marks she hadn't gained higher than any man of her year. Yet she was pleased enough when her certificates and references brought her a post as secretary to a member of Parliament, at a salary of a hundred. I think "Gwen's job" had this effect upon my family; it shook their faith forever in marks and exams.

Now the editor of "The Morning Mail" had been up at Oxford with "poor old Jack Massingham."

I tried to do my introducer credit. I don't say that I was particularly good in this new life of files and tickets and catalogues, but I was at least better than most people they engaged. I kept that job for six months, and I only lost it because another employee, a man, had met with an accident and had to be found a lighter post.

"Horrors!" I thought, when this news was brought to me. "Shall I have to give up everything and go back to Tros-yr-Avon again?"

But no. It was again Mr. Massingham who saw to it that I was not out of work by the change. I found my friend in the editor's room when I was sent for.

"Well, I suppose there's no reason why Miss Brook shouldn't stop on as a sort of special correspondent or interviewer," the editor was saying in his rather dreary voice. He was a disappointed-looking creature. "She might do tea-shops, perhaps. Rehearsing for the cinema. How this or that strikes a woman. But I don't know that there'd be much in it. The Woman Proposition, as they call it, doesn't really loom very largely in our readers."

"You decry yourselves, Travers," said Mr. Massingham in his gentle tone.

"Any experience in actual writing, Miss Brook?" Mr. Travers went on.

"I'm afraid not," I began.

It was Mr. Massingham who cut me short.

"Miss Brook won't have to do any writing, my dear chap! She's got a much rarer gift than that. Much more useful to your egregious paper, too. She can't write, but"—he tapped with one beautiful hand on the edge of the editorial desk—"she can see, and she can reproduce it like a film record and a gramophone rolled into one. She can make everybody else see what she's had under her eyes. That's the one gift of the Welsh. That's what takes them from the Board-school and puts 'em into the pulpit, and the Cabinet. That's what'll add ten thousand women-readers to your circulation. You send Miss Brook out to look at things, and then she'll come back and report to the

office-boy or whoever it is. He'll write it down."

The editor looked peevishly at him; then smiled, as if in spite of himself, at me as I sat there at the other side of the desk, anxiously awaiting his verdict.

"Curious look Miss Brook has got of Linette Lyle, sometimes," he remarked. "It's the hair and the general outline. Did you ever see her in 'Buttercups and Daisies'? Awfully good second act where she takes down her hair—a rotten play, of course, but the girl makes it."

"Send Miss Brook to interview her," suggested Mr. Massingham, carelessly. "She'll always bring back the best 'Pribble-prabbles' or 'Back-chat,' or whatever the column is, that you've ever had. Her country-people have a natural genius for making gossip live. I'll answer for her."

As we walked down from Fleet Street toward Charing Cross I said very gratefully to my friend:

"That was awfully good of you, Mr. Massingham."

"Was it?" He looked down as we walked.

"You wanted to stay on in town, then?"

"Very much."

"And Selby Harrison? Doesn't he want you to go back to the Bank House?" he said.

"Oh—yes— But I don't think he minds for the present. We're both working, you see."

"Yes— You start to-morrow, do you? You'll let me know how you get on?"

I think I didn't let Mr. Massingham down when I returned from the various Rose-shows, from the Chelsea Pageants and the Bazaar-openings for which I presented the card of "my" paper during the next few months.

When Fridays came round, it seemed almost dishonest to take money for what came to me so naturally; like going out to a party and then describing it to the others at home. Only I had to return to the office instead, and "talk" what I had seen, not to the office-boy, of course, but to a subeditor. This was a little weasel-faced man who said "handkercheeve" for "handkerchief" and who was fond of introducing into his talk the more wayworn cliches of other tongues, such as "infra dig," "pas si bete," "mea culpa" and "sotto voce." He could "see" nothing for himself, it appeared, except which part of all that I'd seen would appeal to our readers. That he knew unerringly.

I believe he voted me a "find," thanks to the quality that Selby had noticed in me years ago, of seeing things "in detail, like a little reporter."

Mr. Massingham, teasing me, told me that I belonged to the large class of women who have a hawk's eye for the essential.

"Anyhow I earn my living by it!" I defended myself, and he laughed and said he withdrew the charge.

I often thought, however, how much more amusingly things could have been described by my youngest sister Picot, now at the pitiless age of fifteen.

* * * * *

At the beginning of all this I must say I enjoyed my life to the full; enjoyed the nouveau-riche pride of possessing my own work, my own salary, my own latchkey, my own rooms to arrange as I chose. Actually I could have arranged the whole of Miss Slinger's house had I so wished.

Miss Slinger was an ardent suffragist, spending her life at meetings and in starling-like dartings into her own dining-room, where she would stand to gulp down a cup of cocoa and a biscuit, and then out again, clutching a notebook. A north-country woman, she came of a line of notable housewives; and what her grandmothers had achieved in their perfectly conducted kitchens she aimed, I think, at bringing about in a whole country of which the keynote would seem to be Waste, and Wanton Waste. Seeing no other help, she held that if all women had the ballot, all children would be decently fed and clothed and kept; and I think she burned to convert me, of whom she became fond (as one does sometimes become fond of people with whom one has no iota of anything in common. "Common ground" is so often a battle-ground!) I pleaded no time for meetings except those which I was paid to attend. I did attend one or two, in my reporting capacity.

CHAPTER XVIII Hiraeth

There is a story of a little flower-girl who grew to hate the scent of roses, because it meant to her the toil for her daily bread. I wonder how long it took, with her? For

Continued on page 18

My 10 years with a Corn

By a woman who typifies millions



How Blue-jay Acts

- A is a thin soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.
 - B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.
 - C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.
- Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

I had, like most women, two or three pet corns which remained with me year after year. I suppose that one was ten years old. It had spoiled thousands of hours for me. Of course I pared and padded them, but the corns remained.

Then Somebody Told Me

Then somebody told me of Blue-jay. I promised to get it, and did. I applied it to my oldest corn, and it never pained again. In two days I removed it, and the whole corn disappeared. It was amazing—two days of utter comfort, then the corn was gone. That day I joined the millions who keep free from corns in this way. If a corn appears, I apply a Blue-jay promptly and it goes. I've forgotten what corn aches were. I have told these facts so often that not a woman I know has corns. Now I gladly write them for this wider publication. Certainly corns are unnecessary. Paring and padding are needless. Harsh, mussy treatments are folly. When a corn can be ended by applying a Blue-jay, surely everyone should end them. And anyone who will can prove the facts tonight

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Ladies' and Misses' Dress

A SIMPLE afternoon gown, which is suitable for many occasions, is illustrated in No. 9042. The waist may be made of Georgette to show the ribbon camisole which is a part of the pattern. This wide band forms the square vest at the front. The waist is gathered at each shoulder to give a soft effect. The deep, flaring cuffs are a feature of the dress. The two-piece skirt may be of charmeuse or the same material as the waist.

The ladies' and misses' dress-pattern, No. 9042, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and from 36 to 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch, or 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material, with 1 1/4 yards of 13-inch lace and 2 1/2 yards of 4-inch ribbon.

Ladies' Waist

A SMART vest in plastron effect lends distinction to this new waist, No. 9023. The waist may be made of Georgette, with contrasting vest. The draped collar is also a very new style-note. The vest is slashed in two places at the waistline to allow the narrow belt to slip through. The long sleeves are gathered into close-fitting cuffs.

The ladies' waist-pattern, No. 9023, is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2 yards of 36-inch, or 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material, with 1/2 yard of 36-inch lining.

Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Skirt

THE smart new panel skirt is illustrated in No. 9036. It is a very simple two-gored skirt; and the arrangement of the panels is left to the wearer's taste, as they may be used at front and back or at each side. If used at the sides they are side-plaited, but if used at front and back they may be gathered. There is a deep tuck and a deep hem in each panel. The skirt has a slightly raised waistline.

The ladies' and misses' two-piece skirt-pattern, No. 9036, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and from 26 to 32 inches waist measure. Width at lower edge is 1 1/4 yards. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch, or 4 1/2 yards of 40- or 44-inch material.

Ladies' Waist

THE collar is the center of attraction for this dressy waist, No. 9028, for it also

forms the long revers which button on to the belt. The back extends over to give the effect of a shallow yoke and the front is gathered at the shoulders. A Shirred vest is made with the youthful round neck.

The ladies' waist-pattern, No. 9028, is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Any size will require 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch contrasting goods, and 3/4 yard of 36-inch lining.

Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Skirt

THE cleverly designed tunic-skirt, No. 9025, goes very well with the accompanying waist. The skirt is really very simple and easy to make, as it is nothing but a two-gored foundation with the side draperies formed from square pieces of the material.

The ladies' and misses' two-piece skirt-pattern, No. 9025, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and from 26 to 32 inches waist measure. Width at lower edge of skirt is 1 1/2 yards. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch goods for the skirt, and 1 1/4 yards of 36- or 44-inch material for tunic and belt.

Ladies' Kimono-Waist

A REMARKABLY good-looking waist in kimono-style is the one shown in No. 9038. The overblouse is of contrasting material and is separate. It slips on over the head, and the back is drawn around to the front, where the sash-ends are tied. The U-shaped neck is finished with a pretty collar which is quite long at the back. The shorter sleeves are lengthened by flaring cuffs.

The ladies' kimono waist-pattern, No. 9038, is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Any size will require 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch lining.

Ladies' Two-Gored Skirt

PANELED skirts are in fashion this season, but it is the loose style, which hangs free from the shoulders, which is in favor. No. 8995 is a very smart model which illustrates the new idea. The skirt has two gores and is gathered all around the slightly raised waistline. The front and back panels are arranged so that they button on to the

belt. Wide silk braid or fringe may be used for trimming the panels.

The ladies' two-gored skirt-pattern, No. 8995, is cut in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. Width at lower edge is 1 1/4 yards. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 3 1/4 yards of 36- or 42-inch material, without up and down.

Ladies' and Misses' Dress

THE chic little apron-tunic is an idea which has lately come over from Paris, and it is shown in a very simple version in No. 9040. The continuation of the panel makes the vest which forms the square neck. The panel is trimmed with the most fashionable trimming this season, which is silk fringe. The full-length sleeves are dart-fitted. The waist is in modified waist-coat-effect, and one end buttons over the other. The two-piece skirt is gathered to the foundation waist.

The ladies' and misses' dress-pattern, No. 9040, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and from 36 to 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting material, 1/4 yard of fringe, and 1/4 yard of 36-inch lining.

WHILE making over a dress for my nine-year-old daughter, I discovered that by cutting the largest flowers from the old sleeves, which were made of the same embroidered flouncing as the skirt, and applying to a new berth of plain material, it had the effect of rich, heavy embroidery and matched the skirt beautifully. Allow one eighth inch all around when cutting out the flowers or designs, baste in position and sew neatly, turning under a few stitches ahead. The idea can be carried out on waists, corset-covers, etc., and the work is very durable, quickly done, and most satisfactory in every way.—Mrs. F. L. T., Alabama.

I RECENTLY finished the seams of a lingerie waist with machine-hemstitching, using two thicknesses of heavy blotting-paper between the seams. I found that by cutting the blotting-paper the exact shape of the waist-pattern and about an inch in width, then basting the goods to it, edges even, there was no danger of stretching the seam in stitching. If this method is used and the blotting-paper is removed carefully, by creasing back and forth on the line of stitching, this work can be done on very sheer material and makes a dainty finish.—Mrs. N. H. M., Illinois.

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hope came and remained as he went swiftly, lamp in hand, to admit the caller.

"Why'n the name o' Goodness can't y'move faster, Sam!" a querulous, impatient old voice greeted him.

Hope changed to disgust as he recognized Grandma Cole.

"Git out the way so's I kin git in," she panted; "I'm nearly froze now!"

"Ef you'd stay hum, Sary, 'stid o' trollopin' round so much, you wouldn't git so cold," he grumbled inhospitably. Grandma Cole always had an irritating effect upon him, to-day more so than ever. Why couldn't the meddlesome critter stay whur she was wanted? He glared at her sourly.

His glance was returned with interest.

"Mark my words, Sam Ebaugh," she flung at him hotly, "nless you change your ways pretty soon, one of these days you'll be mighty glad t'have some'un trollop out in the cold to you. You're gittin' older. One o' these days it'll come dinner time 'n' the snow'll still be piled up on your doorstep!"

He fidgeted uncomfortably, knowing how well she had spoken. He never let himself think of it, but the day would come, sooner or later, wherein he would be helpless, dependent. A prey to rheumatism, that in itself was rendering him more helpless every winter.

"I reckon I kin take keer o' myself," he muttered, his eyes refusing to meet hers. She had crossed over to the little egg-stove, and, removing her gloves, began warming her knotted, withered fingers by its glowing bowl.

Her very silence served more to refute his argument than anything she could have said. His restless eyes wandered hither and thither, and returned always to the time-yellowed face of the clock. He ceased to wonder at her errand. Twenty minutes of eight.

His visitor was laboring under some excitement, or something that rendered her temporarily speechless, a strange state for Grandma Cole. She was angry, there was no mistaking that; and suddenly her pent-up speech issued in a snapping torrent.

"I jist ben up to Young Sam's 'n' Libby's!"

"Eh? What?" asked the old man, startled out of his reverie by the energy of her tone.

"I said I ben up to Young Sam's; you gittin' deaf?"

His eyes reluctantly met hers, though he seemed hardly to comprehend what she was saying. Twenty minutes and the store would close; twenty minutes more, and whatever it was that threatened would be due to fall.

"There's where you ought 'a' ben, you chuckle-headed, stubborn old mule! You've ben due fer a good talkin'-to from me fer a long time, 'n' sez I: 'when I go past his place, he gits it!'"

He made as though to interrupt her, but she continued, unmindful.

"You married agin your daddy's will, 'n' raced on hossback clar to Easton, 'n' he comin' behind you fit to split the wind! You beat him out, 'n' he came aroun' 'n' treated you like any sensible father should. Ef Pheenie wuz livin' you'd act meek, I'll tell you! She knows how much help you got when you needed it, 'n' you got a right to help Sam 'n' Libby." She caught her breath sharply and launched forth again. Old Sam stood stupidly by and listened, though only half hearing. "They got wood 'nuf to last 'em 'till mornin', 'n' thet's all. They got none too many kivers on the bed. What d'ye think they had fer bre'kfus? Two slices of fat-back—every blessed mouthful o' meat they had in the house—'n' half a stale loaf o' bread!"

"They made their bed; let 'em lay in it," defended Old Sam, though his stubborn spirit quailed before his tormentor.

"Be keerful how you're makin' your bed, Sam Ebaugh!" she railed. "It's likely to be mighty uncomf't'ble fore long. They'd make a good hum fer ye, ef you'd meet 'em halfway. They got t' have help this winter, but soon's work opens 'n' he gits his strength back, he kin take keer o' hisself. You better step in while you got your chance. The neighbors' done about all they kin afford t' do, 'n' ef anything happens it'll be laid at your door!"

The clock hand continued to move upward, and the space was very short between it and the completion of the hour. Her voice droned in his ear, yet she commanded only a part of his attention. All the stubbornness of his will seemed concentrated on staying the upward motion of that blued finger of steel.

"Libby needs attention 'n' strength'nin' things t' eat," she was saying.

"Whut's the matter with her?" he asked sourly, catching the new note creeping into her voice.

"Matter?" cried the old lady incredulously. "Matter! Why, sumpen's the matter thet any other father would 'a' knowed

Concluded on page 23

Common-Sense About Health and Good Looks

Concluded from page 12

A too narrow shoe will make a cripple out of the strongest man or woman, a shoe too short will break down the strongest arch in time as well as developing painful corns and bunions. The most effective cure for bunions are shoes that are wide enough to take all the pressure from the toe joint. If you have had a bunion for a good while it cannot be cured in a week or so; it will take at least six months or a year before all the swelling entirely disappears, but all soreness will be gone very soon if correctly treated. If an inflamed bunion is neglected the inflammation may become so deep-seated that it will lead to a disease of the bone for which a surgical operation is necessary. An excellent lotion to use on a bunion is made of two drachms of carbolic acid, two drachms of tincture of iodine and two drachms of glycerine. This should be painted on the bunion with a tiny camel-hair brush each day. The bunion can be protected from the shoe by wearing over it a disk of white kid with a hole in the center, such as is often used for corns.

Corns are not a dangerous, but certainly are an annoying and crippling ailment, and when they are carelessly cut may bring on a severe case of blood-poisoning, endangering life. Never pad corns with cotton to relieve the irritation brought on by too tight shoes for this only increases the trouble. A layer of tissue-paper smoothly folded several times and then placed over the corn sometimes gives great relief. When the corn has first begun to form, tincture of iodine applied daily will prevent the further accumulation of callous skin, but if you have suffered from the corn for a good while it will require more strenuous treatment. It is best to begin the treatment by softening the corn for ten minutes in hot water and then drying the foot thoroughly with a towel. With an orange-wood stick gently loosen the calloused part along the edges and press it up. The very center will doubtless require cutting, but great care should be taken to prevent injuring the soft flesh underneath it or drawing the blood. After removing the corn apply peroxide of hydrogen with a bit of absorbent cotton and to prevent the stocking touching the fresh skin where the corn has been, lay over it a tiny bit of clean white muslin or linen. Many cases of blood poisoning have resulted from neglecting these simple precautions. There are in the market several excellent preparations for removing corns.

Occasionally there is a tendency for the nails of the big toes to grow down in the flesh at each side. This is exceedingly painful and is usually brought on by shoes that are too short or too sharply pointed at the toes. It can be prevented by getting shoes that fit properly and by notching the nail in the center on the top, which will cause the sides to grow toward the middle rather than toward the edges. The painful corners should be then trimmed out carefully with sharp nail-scissors. If merely notching the top does not bring relief, the center of the nail should be scraped from base to the top. Being thus weakened the center of the nail will be depressed and the sides will rise from the flesh. In scraping be very careful not to scrape deep enough to penetrate the quick.

It is very important to keep the pores of the feet open; consequently they should be bathed very frequently and they can be kept in splendid condition by giving them a "sand bath," or a scouring with sand after you have washed and dried them. Keep a bowl of clean sand beside your wash-bowl or in the bathroom somewhere near the tub and after the bath rub the feet thoroughly with this. It scours off callouses and opens all pores. If you cannot get sand, coarse salt will do as well, but be careful to see that none of the sand or salt remains between the toes when the stockings are put on.

The following exercises will, if persevered in, greatly strengthen weak ankles:

Sit in a chair of moderate height and rest the toe of one foot, minus a shoe, on the floor with sufficient weight to prevent its shifting while moving the ankle-muscles. Keep the knee as steady as possible, then move the heel from side to side with a rotary motion. This is not as hard to do as it sounds. If this is done for five minutes night and morning you will find after a few weeks your ankles will not be quite so tired on coming in from your daily walk. A brisk rub with alcohol after this exercise twice daily also tends to strengthen the tissues to the eventual improvement of the muscles.

Where the ankle-bone is too small for the size of the body, as is so frequently the case, there is, of course, small means of remedying the trouble beyond strengthening the muscles, but this latter is quite essential.

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Catalog Free Get our New-Edison catalog. Your name and address on a post-card or letter (or just this coupon) is enough. Find out about this offer—while this offer lasts.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Dist.
3033 Edison Block Chicago, Illinois
Can. Office: 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

To F. K. BABSON
Edison Phonograph Distributors
3033 Edison Block CHICAGO, ILL.
Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial on the new model Edison Amberola.

Name.....
Address.....

YOU NEED NO MONEY 46-PC. DINNER SET GIVEN WE PAY FREIGHT



The MOST GIGANTIC OFFER Of The Century. To gain a wider distribution for our high-grade family supplies, we offer **ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome, artistically decorated, full size 46-PC. DINNER SET for sale of 11 BOXES OF SOAP** of extra quality and finely perfumed, giving as premiums, with each Box of 7 large cakes, Baking Powder, Perfume, Talcum Powder, Teaspoons, Shears and Needles (as per Plan 2351) here shown; you get them all on this Plan.

Many other equally attractive offers & hundreds of other useful Premiums such as Toilet Sets, Linen Sets, Furniture, Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel, in fact, anything you need; or we pay large cash commission.

Special Free Present We give a 12-Pc. Silverine Knife and Fork Set, or 6-Pc. High Grade Granite Kitchen Set, or elegant 14-Pc. Silverine Spoon Set **FREE** of all cost or work of any kind. Simply send your name and address and ask for this **FREE PRESENT**. We also give Beautiful Presents for appointing agents to work for us.

We Pay The Freight on Soap, Dinner Set and Premiums, allowing plenty of time to examine, deliver and collect before paying us. Send at once for our **Big FREE Agents Outfit**. No license needed. We protect you. You advance no money. You have nothing to risk. A 8-cent stamp or post card is your only expense. **WRITE TODAY.**

THE PURE FOOD CO., 628 Pearl St., Cincinnati, O. Established 1897.

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.**

6 EVERBEARING 6 RASPBERRIES ST. REGIS VARIETY

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1943. Put these plants out in the early spring, you can pick ripe berries from them by the middle of June. From then on until the latter part of October, they will give you an abundance of fruit; the only raspberry ever produced that will bear large, beautiful, firm and full-flavored berries, brilliant crimson in color, for over four successive months of the year.

No special care or culture is required to produce an abundance of luscious, juicy fruit that will prove more appetizing when picked fresh from your own bushes.

The growth is strong and vigorous, with fine, heavy stalks and a mass of healthy, dark-green foliage. It succeeds upon all soil and is absolutely hardy everywhere. If you have failed with every other variety of raspberry-plant, St. Regis will succeed, whether growing for home use or market. The plants we offer are well rooted, stocky bushes that will throw strong, vigorous canes soon after you set them out. They are full of stored-up vigor just waiting for a chance to turn itself into loads of blossoms and fruit. They are not to be compared with the small cuttings that have not the vitality to stand transplanting.

St. Regis is certainly the most delicious and popular of all small fruits, as it is one of the first to ripen in the spring and its coming is heralded with delight by all the family. It is excellent for table-use and for canning, retaining its flavor better than any other kind of fruit. Beautiful in form and color, delicious in flavor, healthful and nourishing to the body, about every desirable characteristic possible for a fruit to possess.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us a club of two subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of 35 cents each, we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you the six Raspberry plants named above.

Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine



COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THIS

MARY CARD YOKE

are given on page 7 of the April number of

NEEDLECRAFT MAGAZINE

If you want to make this beautiful creation of Mary Card, the expert crochet-designer of international repute,

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Exclusive right to publish all creations of Mary Card is only one of the many features that make Needlecraft the most popular fancy-work magazine in the world. It is authority on all things made with the needle. It pictures new suggestions every month and gives working directions that are easy to follow.

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Housewife Waterproof Apron

Given for Six Subscriptions

No. 2003. You can always have a clean apron without changing if you wear the "Housewife" waterproof apron. Everybody who ever does housework needs one of these aprons. They are made of fancy percales that have first been treated to a waterproofing process so that spots or any kind of soiling can be wiped away with a damp cloth. Just like the illustration, pocket and all. The bib is double thickness so that it stands up without pins or strings. Think of the convenience and protection offered by this apron, and take advantage of our liberal offer.

Special Offer. If you will send us six subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of 35 cents each, we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you the above named apron.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

The American Woman Calendar

- March 1. Saturday: All together, brave and ready, Heads erect and footsteps steady, Knowing well all good's before us, Let us sing a joyful chorus— Forward march!
March 2. Sunday: As we come into and live continually in the full, conscious realization of our oneness with the Infinite Life and Power, all else follows. Weakness is exchanged for strength, sorrow and sighing for joy, fears and forebodings for faith.
March 3. Monday: Let's dream like the child in its playing, Let's make us a sky and a sea; Let's change things around us by saying They're the things that we wish them to be.
March 4. Tuesday: Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.
March 5. Wednesday: Would you be wiser? Then learn to forget The fears and the worries, the doubt and regret; Be earnest, be watchful, be prayerful, be kind, And soon you'll rejoice in the cares left behind.
March 6. Thursday: The habit of making the best of everything, of finding something good in every situation, a silver lining to every black cloud, adds wonderfully to the joy of living, giving peace of mind and happiness to those who cultivate it and contributing very largely to the happiness of others.
March 7. Friday: Give the glad hand to another to-day, Lift with your thoughts the dark sky; Send words of cheer to the sad far away— Buds sleep 'neath snows that drift high. Roses and violets hidden may be, But they bloom when warm zephyrs blow over the lea.
March 8. Saturday: The thoughts with which we start each day are far more important to our welfare than the clothes we put on or the breakfast we eat; yet how often do we stop to reflect what these thoughts are?
March 9. Sunday: And so behind life's darkest clouds God's love is always shining We veil it at times with our faithless fears, And darken our sight with our foolish tears, But in time the atmosphere always clears, For His love is always shining.
March 10. Monday: Are you dreaming of the big thing you are going to do to-morrow, or are you doing the little thing which you can do to-day, giving yourself as you go along; giving, if you have nothing else to give, encouragement, inspiration and helpfulness to those on the way with you?
March 11. Tuesday: Oh, when there is sadness or sorrow, Let's dream till we charm it away; Let's learn from the children, and borrow A saying from childhood: "Let's play!"
March 12. Wednesday: Prosperity begins in the mind. You must lay its foundations in your thoughts, surround yourself with a prosperity atmosphere. In other words you will build into your environment, into your life, whatever dwells constantly in your mind.
March 13. Thursday: One day at a time, 'Tis a wholesome rhyme! A good one to live by— One day at a time.
March 14. Friday: If you made a mistake yesterday, forget it. No strength was ever built on continued regret. To-day is the result of yesterday, but it is more important to remember that to-morrow will be the result of to-day.
March 15. Saturday: Just bear in mind, my brother, This thought, whoever you are: For the wound you cause another Your heart must bear the scar.
March 16. Sunday: To-day let us look for "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" and follow its guidance. As we do so we will find that the beautiful and the true is being revealed to us. Our souls will awaken and rejoice in the companionship found there.
March 17. Monday: Get busy! that is the only way To accomplish what you should do this day, And to love the work which you have to do Will lead to the work that is joy to you.
March 18. Tuesday: No matter what your present conditions, so far as environment and circumstances appear to be, hold yourself constantly in the thought of what you desire, while performing every duty faithfully, and you set into operation forces that will make your dreams come true.
March 19. Wednesday: Let us not blow up to-day; let us keep our tempers in; Let us try the light-hearted way, let us give ourselves a grin. Let us not burst out to-day, let us curb the bitter screed; Let us walk the sunlit way, let us live the loving creed.
March 20. Thursday: Sometimes we meet a person whose mere presence seems to change sorrow into joy, fear into courage, weakness into power; such a person, be sure, has come into the realization that "I and my Father are one," a knowledge of his oneness with Infinite Power.
March 21. Friday: Within the casket of thy day Let nothing evil find its way, And let no frets and worries stay.
March 22. Saturday: Never is one of us his own master until, like the centurion with his soldiers, we can say unto joy, "Come," and unto fear or grief, "Go," and be obeyed of these.
March 23. Sunday: Give me the larger vision, O my God; Let not the world of things obscure my view; Lead me to see in everyone the good, To seek beneath the seeming for the true.
March 24. Monday: A little more patience, a little more charity for all, a little more love, a brave looking forward to the future with more faith in our fellows, and the race will be ready for a great burst of life and light.
March 25. Tuesday: Who blesses others in his daily deeds Will find the healing that his spirit needs; For every flower on others' pathway thrown Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.
March 26. Wednesday: Remember that "where there is a will there is a way," and where there is a Divine Will there is a glorious way. You cannot be defeated until you acknowledge your failure to yourself.
March 27. Thursday: All that is at all Lasts ever, past recall; Earth changes, but thy soul And God stand sure.
March 28. Friday: We are pretty sure to find what we look for; troubles may come to most of us, but those who are on the watch and constantly expecting them get the largest share.
March 29. Saturday: All you bestow on causes or on men, Of love or hate, of malice or devotion, Somehow, sometime, shall be returned again— There is no wasted toil, no lost emotion.
March 30. Sunday: The Word of God is love; speak it in every thought, every act and every deed. The Word of God is health; breathe it, think it, and radiate it as a healing balm to all the weary people of all nations. The Word of God is life; dwell upon it, vitalize it, live it!
March 31. Monday: Drop Thy still dews of quietness Till all our strivings cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, And let our ordered lives confess The beauty of Thy peace.

The Ninth Letter

Concluded from page 21

ov long ago. You oughta be the proudest man in this place, 'stid a' actin' like a wet hen. They've got a baby up to their house!"

And now the angry note slipped entirely away and pride—a real granny-pride rung in her cracked old voice.

"I ben up there sence early this mornin', 'n' jest washed 'n' dressed him a hour ago. Ef I must say it myself, he's as big 'n' hearty a child as I ever laid eyes on, 'n' I've washed 'n' dressed every baby on Caldwell fer the last thirty year."

Old Sam's eyes swept from the creeping clock-hand to the old lady's face, and a smoldering glow softened his flinty blue eyes. Slowly, though perceptibly, his aged-shoulders straightened until he added a good four inches to his height, and with the going up of his shoulders, his head found its younger-day level. A good many years fell from him as she chattered away, and had they but known it, in that brief instant Old Sam and Mrs. Cole found the first thing in all their lives in which they were mutually interested.

"It takes after the Ebaughs," she said decisively. "He has their eyes 'n' chin, 'n' I wouldn't be surprised if his hair won't turn dark, in time. Libby's that proud she don't know what to do with herself, 'n' she's already made up her mind to call him Sam."

Grandma Cole was thoroughly warmed up to her subject, but she got no further. The old fellow facing her suddenly sprang into activity.

He snatched at the newspaper that covered something on the table. There sounded the scratch and splutter of a hastily pushed pen, then she saw him slip a letter into his pocket, and after it a small roll of bills and some loose change that had been lying beside it. Next, silent through curiosity, she stood by and watched him scramble into his coat, unmindful now of his rheumatism, and throw his muffler about his neck. Without a word he clapped on his rusty fur cap, and turning strode out into the night, forgetting to close the door.

Unmoved by his abrupt departure, she stood by the stove and watched him, an eager, hurrying blot against the snow. At the end of his path he did not turn down toward the store, but went in the opposite direction.

There was only one house up there. One house wherein lived Young Sam and Libby—and the new baby.



Silk Georgette Sleeves

Order by No. D-26

Order Immediately While It Lasts

Order Direct From This Ad

Send Only

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and we'll ship you this

Fine Silk Satin Frock

This stunning style is made of a very fine grade of silk satin. The circular collar is of white satin, while the waist part is cut in panel effect, having attractive multi-colored embroidery in the center. Under the white collar in back is a wide square collar of self material embroidered and edged with black silk fringe. The panels continue below the waist-line on either side in front and are beautifully embroidered and edged with black silk fringe. The belt of self material terminates in front in sash effect. The sleeves are of silk georgette crepe with cuffs of satin. Furnished in Navy blue, plum, grey or black. Sizes 34 to 44 and Misses 16 to 20. Give color wanted, also bust, belt, hip and skirt length. Order by Style No. D26. Only \$1.00 with Coupon, \$3.00 Monthly. Price \$18.95.

6 Months To Pay

Order this bargain on our liberal credit terms. No need to pay all down to get the very latest and amazing values in anything you want to wear. We trust honest people no matter where they live. Buy the easy way! Send today for this offering and see for yourself what a big advantage it is to use your credit with us. Act right now.

Send Coupon NOW!

Thousands will be sending in for this bargain. It will be first come, first served. Mail coupon with \$1.00 P.O. order. Order immediately while it lasts. Be one of the first to get your new spring frock. This is a very special offer we are making for a limited time only. So order now! Also get our remarkable free bulletin of men's, women's and children's clothing on credit. Send coupon today!

Elmer Richards Co. Dept. 1053, W 35th St. Chicago

Please send me the Ladies' Frock, No. D-26.

Color.....Size Bust.....

Belt.....Hip.....Skirt Length.....

If I am not satisfied with the Ladies' Frock I can return it and get my payment back. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised price of \$18.95 on your terms of \$1.00 with coupon, balance \$3.00 monthly.

Name.....

Address.....

Post Office.....State.....

If you want the Bargain Bulletin, which is FREE, put X here

A Page of American Woman Premiums

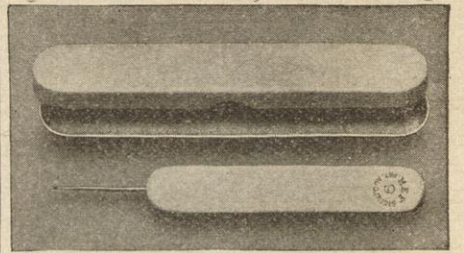
Containing many valuable small-club offers, all of which were selected with the greatest care for our club-raisers. Take a copy of The American Woman and call today upon your friends and neighbors. You may be surprised to find how easy it is to secure their subscriptions and renewals. There are certainly many gifts here described that you would be glad to have for your own. They were selected for you and they are yours upon the easy terms herein explained.

We recommend wholeheartedly every premium in this list. Don't delay. You owe it to yourself and family to earn one or more of them.

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 regular subscription-price of **35 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to

THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine



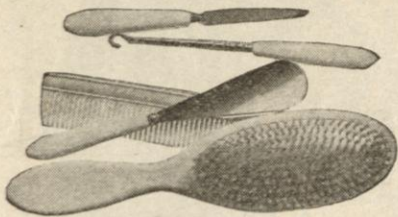
New Idea Crochet - Needle

Given for **Four Subscriptions**

No. 2002. Those who have used this new crochet-needle say that, once you adopt this needle, you never will go back to the old one. The flat handle enables one to hold the needle easily and securely between the thumb and finger without cramping the hand, thereby giving a uniformity to the work which cannot be secured by any other shape of handle. It is being adopted by the best crochet-workers. The handle is French Ivory.

The needle comes in a handsome plush-lined, ivory-finished case, making it exceptionally appropriate for gift-purposes.

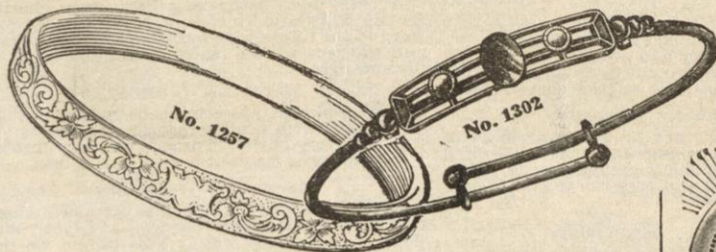
Sizes 8 (medium) to 14 (fine). State size when ordering.



5-Piece Toilet-Set

Given for **Ten Subscriptions**

No. 1730. In this convenient set are included: A famous "Keepclean" Hair-Brush, size 10x2 1/2 inches with eleven rows of medium-length, best bristles—7 1/2-inch comb, Shoe-Horn, Shoe-Hook, and Flexible Nail-File. Handles, and all parts where metal is not required, are made of Florence White Ivory, a composition closely resembling genuine ivory. It is clean, white, washable, and durable. All are carefully packed in an attractive box.



Guaranteed Gold Bracelet

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 1257. This all-around, gold-tube, secret-fastening bracelet is beautifully and daintily engraved in popular bright fashion. It is 2 1/4 inches in diameter and is patterned after an expensive solid-gold bracelet. We guarantee it to wear satisfactorily for three years.

No. 1302. This beautiful rolled-gold-plate spring-bracelet is just what every girl wants to wear this season with her short sleeves. The design itself is very attractive and the two iml. Pearls—one on each side of the bright polished signet top—make it one of the most stylish bracelets.

Misses' Spring Bracelet

Given for **Two Subscriptions**



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.



Brotherhood Ring

Given for **Five Subscriptions**

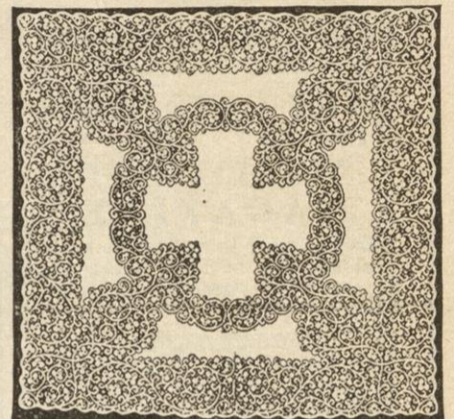
No. 1986. Our beautiful Brotherhood Ring is of 1-20 gold stock, and is one of the very latest pieces of jewelry. We are sure that it will please you.



Pearl Necklace

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

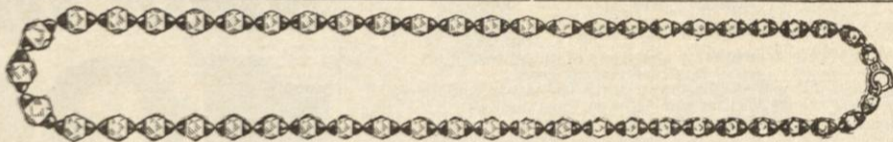
No. 1601. Uniform in shape, and with a lustrous sheen that closely resembles the genuine, this pearl necklace is truly a joy to possess. Fifteen inches long. Fastens with spring clasp.



Handsome Lace Square

Given for **Five Subscriptions**

No. 1716. This 54-inch Square Table-Cover has a deep Lace Border, the Cross-and-Wreath effect being brought out in the center as shown in our picture. This pattern is taken from an original design in handmade lace, and the copy is perfect in every detail. It is some of the finest work now done by improved lace-machinery, and gives everyone the chance to have a very expensive design under moderate terms. It launders well and, in appearance and wearing qualities, compares favorably with costly handwork.



New Crystal Beads

Given for **Four Subscriptions**

No. 1994. Our New Crystal Beads are the latest things out, and are beauties. They are admired by young and old. The string is 27 inches long, and Beads are strung on a double thread. The clasp is strong and dependable. We can furnish in two colors, choice of amethyst and white, or sapphire and white. The Beads taper from the center. The largest bead is of such size as to make the string dainty and beautiful. Beads were never before as stylish as now. These New Crystal Beads will delight you.



Birthflower Brooch

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

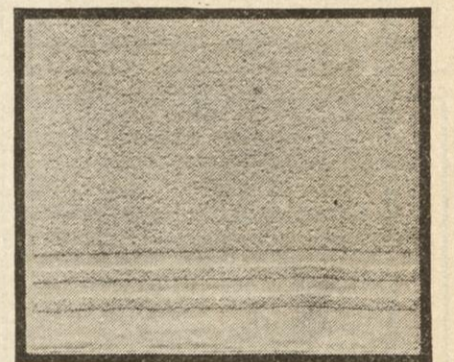
No. 1658. This Friendship circle is decorated with Hand-painted Flowers, each representing the lucky flower of one of the months. There are also five Brilliant White Stones firmly set in the Circle, and a Pin on the back to fasten the Brooch to the garment. The Brooch is of solid composition. White on the back, faced with polished Pearl-Gray. Tell us the month in which you were born and we will send you the appropriate flower.



Silver Hatpins

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 1797. We illustrate a pair of sterling-silver pins. There are eleven other designs, equally pleasing, in the series. Reverse sides have same designs. Stems are about 6 inches long. Our offer is for a pair of pins.



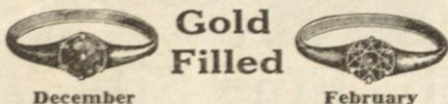
Large Turkish Towel

Given for **Six Subscriptions**

No. 1958. Have you ever thought what a sense of cleanliness and exhilaration a Turkish towel seems to suggest?

It is the ideal bath-towel, but its usefulness there has made it an equal favorite for face and hands.

You will be impressed with this towel here because it is so large and because of the superior quality which is so effective for a vigorous rub-down. Keen satisfaction awaits every user.



Gold Filled Birthstone-Rings

December February

Birthstone-Rings

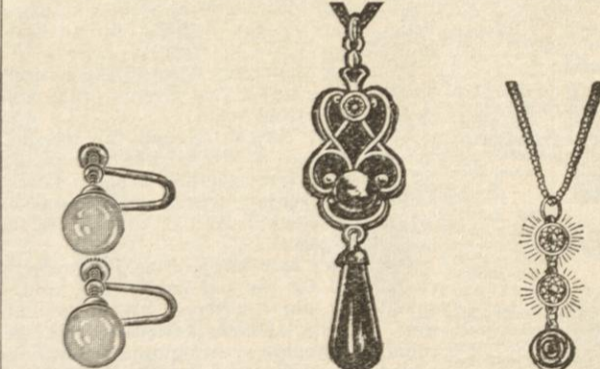
One Ring Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 1464. There is a gem or jewel for each month of the year, and it is considered lucky to wear the stone of the month in which you were born. Furthermore, we absolutely guarantee these rings to wear for five years; they will probably wear longer. They are one-twentieth-gold stock. A gem corresponding to its appropriate month and guaranteed to perfectly imitate the genuine. The two illustrations answer very well for the general style of the other months. The stones are shown in exact size.

The ring is perfectly plain, while the stones are solitaires, the most perfect and beautiful imitations of real gems that we have ever seen. They are set in the popular Tiffany setting. With each we send the proper birthstone verse, telling what the stone means, etc.

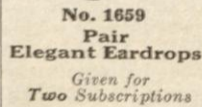
The following is a list of the twelve rings, the name of the stone, and the month to which it applies:

- January—Garnet—Symbol of Power
- February—Amethyst—Symbol of Pure Love
- March—Bloodstone—Symbol of Courage
- April—Diamond—Symbol of Purity
- May—Emerald—Symbol of Immortality
- June—Agate—Symbol of Health and Long Life
- July—Ruby—Symbol of Charity
- August—Sardonyx—Symbol of Happiness
- September—Sapphire—Symbol of Constancy
- October—Opal—Symbol of Hope
- November—Topaz—Symbol of Friendship
- December—Turquoise—Symbol of Prosperity



Sterling-Silver Rosebud Pendant and Chain

Given for **Seven Subscriptions**



Pair of Elegant Eardrops

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

Rosebud Pendant and Chain

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 1659. These high-grade goods are made in the latest popular style as shown in our illustration, which is of exact size. A select quality of extra finished Gold Wire is used, and the large French Pearls have an opalescent lustre equal to natural Pearls. They are practically indestructible. The Eardrops fasten without piercing the ear and are easily attached or taken off. Many ladies are wearing these attractive ornaments, and our liberal terms benefit you.

No. 1397. Made of one piece finest-quality sterling silver with one brilliant at the top, a large, round, tinted imitation pearl, fully beaded, in the center, and with a large stone to match, hanging from the bottom. The chain is 16 inches long with very fine links. It is of sterling silver, soldered throughout and will not break.

No. 1555. Two flashing brilliants set in coral-pink Persian ivory. A dainty pattern and good value. Chain included.



Oblong Gems 12K Filling

Given for **Four Subscriptions**

No. 1840. A choice of four synthetical stones, Ruby, Emerald, Sapphire, or Amethyst, is offered in this new style of gem-cutting. Stones are set flush with ring. Quality is 12K Gold filling. Sizes 5 to 13.



Ladies' Jeweled Pin

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 1976. Here is a little pin that will appeal to all our lady 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.



Two 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.

No. 1975. Liberty Silver is used for the underlying material, over which there is a 14K gold plate. 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.

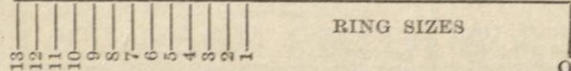


Your Name or Initial Pin

Given for **Two Subscriptions**

How To Determine Ring Size

Cut a strip of paper so that the ends will exactly meet, when drawn tightly around the second joint of the finger. Lay one end on the diagram at O and order the size the other end indicates. Use the Ring-Gauge.



Six Elegant Teaspoons

Given for **Eight Subscriptions**

Betsy Ross Pattern

No. 1973. These fine teaspoons are manufactured from a combination of metals so closely resembling Sterling Silver that it is extremely difficult to tell them from genuine silver, and they will wear for years and give satisfactory service. Our illustration shows them one-half size. The knowledge that we are able to offer our readers the opportunity to get a handsome set of six of these teaspoons upon such favorable terms is gratifying to us. We send them upon the most liberal terms.



American Woman Club-Raisers should read carefully this page of selected premiums and note the quality of each article which is offered to you as a reward for getting new subscriptions and renewals to The American Woman. The Renewal Season is not yet over. Don't fail to take advantage of it



Sailor-Boy Jackie

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.

Family Stereoscope and 25 Views



Given for Six Subscriptions

No. 1358. For entertainment and educational purposes there is nothing to equal the family stereoscope. No home is complete without one. A picture is placed on the holder which adjusts to your vision, and when you look through the powerful lenses, you are transported, as it were, to the very scene of the picture. Everything becomes lifelike and real when seen through the Stereoscope.

Our premium is a carefully made product with closed visor-hood, velvet trimmings, adjustable handle, and view-holder.

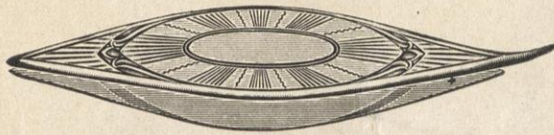
With each stereoscope we give you 25 stirring views as follows:



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.



Sterling-Silver Tatting-Shuttle

Given for Five Subscriptions

No. 1851. Sterling silver carries its own guarantee of quality and needs no elaboration. Shuttle is fitted, in size, to the hand, has wide space for thread with close points and can be wound without a holder. Notice the pointed end for picking up picots. Illustration full-size. Finished in dull gray.

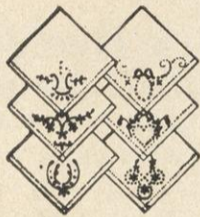


Long Silk Scarf

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.

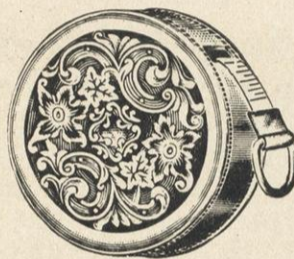
Every Premium Guaranteed To Please—The American Woman



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.



Tape-Measure

Given for Two Subscriptions

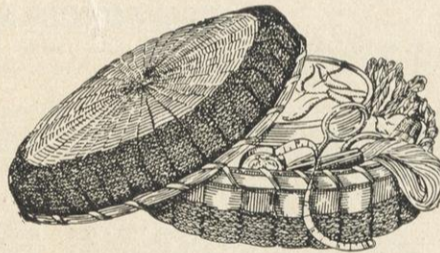
No. 1742. Thirty-six-inch measure, in a gray-finish silverine case. It coils itself on a quick-action spring when you are through using it. Both sides are embossed with like designs. Every work-basket needs one.



Dripless Tea-Strainer

Given for Four Subscriptions

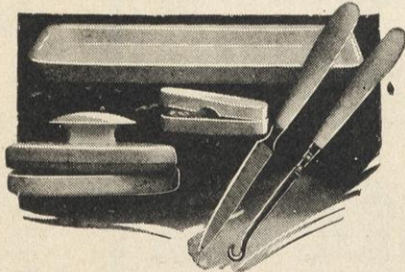
No. 1922. There are a host of tea-strainers on the market but none of them can compare with the worth of this new style. It is beautiful, useful and practical. Where tea is served from the table, it is the one strainer that you can set on the table without staining the cloth. It is absolutely dripless. Good quality throughout. Ebonized handle. Gold-lined bowl.



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.



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 the other articles, there is a 3¼-inch buffer, a box of nail-polish, a 6-inch flexible nail-file and a nickel-plated buttonhook. 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 pasteboard box. An agreeable surprise and genuine satisfaction is in store for everyone who is fortunate enough to receive one.



Schooldays Pencil-Assortment

Given for Four Subscriptions

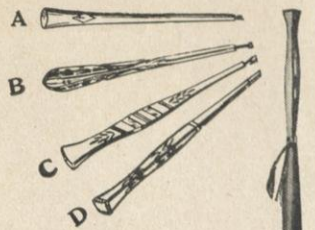
No. 1335. Here is something to delight the children. The fancy-covered box contains a splendid selection of articles most needed for the children, whether in school or at home. Each box contains:

- 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**

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the premium you most desire. Start at once to get your club of subscriptions and send us the number of subscriptions required at our regular subscription-price of **35 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you the premium of your choice. Send all orders to

**THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine**



Fancy-Handle Gloria Umbrella

Given for Eleven Subscriptions

No. 1724. A neat-looking, tightly rolled umbrella of good-quality black gloria. Frame is 26 inches and, when opened, covers a spread of 36 inches. Eight ribs. Tassels. Cloth case. Total length, including handle, averages 36 inches. Four styles of handles. State, when ordering, which style is preferred. You will be pleased with what we send, and you will be delighted to own and carry an umbrella as serviceable and good-looking as this.



Powerful Reading-Glass

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 1918. With the aid of this powerful glass the finest print becomes legible. Lens is 2½ inches in diameter, enlarging print to twice its actual size. It is bound with a nickel rim, and the handle is of black composition resembling ebony. Total length, including handle, is about 7 inches. We will send it without breaking.



Narrow-Band Wedding-Ring

Given for Four Subscriptions



Solid Gold

No. 1852.—Even wedding-rings change in style, and the most in favor at present is the narrow, well rounded ring like our illustration. It is heavier and thicker than the old-style flat band-ring, and for that reason does not chafe the finger. Appropriate for either men or women, in sizes from 5 to 13. Gold-filled. Be sure to give ring size.

Pendant and Chain

Given for Twelve Subscriptions

No. 1757. A dainty design in 10K solid gold with baroque pearl, synthetic stone and 15-inch fine-link chain. Sent in plush box.

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 re-urn 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.



175 Chicks Didn't Lose One

G. W. Miller of Pittsburg, Okla., writes me: "It has always been my luck to lose a lot of chicks every spring. This spring I got a package of Reefer's Ready Relief. Out of 175 chicks hatched I haven't lost one." August A. Heldt of Roseburgh, Wash., writes: "I lost 1/3 of my first batch before I got the Ready Relief and after I got it I didn't lose one."

You will not lose a single chick either if you use Reefer's Ready Relief. Poultry raisers in every part of the United States have proved that Ready Relief saves baby chicks from the dreaded White Diarrhea plague. One package of this new scientific discovery will save 500 chicks if you give it to them in their first drinking water and keep them on it for 10 days or 2 weeks. Send \$1 today for a package of Ready Relief. Aren't 500 of your baby chicks worth \$1? That's five for a cent. A still better way is to send \$2.35 and get three regular \$1 packages on my special discount for a season's supply. A Million Dollar Bank guarantees to refund your money instantly if you are not absolutely satisfied with results. You don't take the slightest risk. Send for your supply of Ready Relief today — NOW.



America's Poultry Expert
E. J. REEFER



Hatched 140 Chicks — Only Lost One

Mrs. T. E. Murphy of Hughesville, Mo., writes: "I used your Ready Relief for White Diarrhea in my chicks and only lost one out of 140." Here are letters from a few of the hundreds who write me:

- Never Lost a Chick**
I used the box of Reefer's Ready Relief and never lost a chick. — MRS. FLORENCE FERGUSON, Indianapolis, Okla.
- 104 Chicks—Raised Them All**
I have tried your White Diarrhea and Cholera cure, and find it as good as recommended. Have had 104 chicks hatched off, and not one has died. — F. M. HAMMONDS, Shamrock, Tex.
- Raised 200 Chicks, 50 Turkeys**
I received the White Diarrhea Tablets and gave them to the chicks for two weeks and the chicks are doing fine. I had 200 hatch and 50 turkeys. — M. S. FITZGERALD, Hendrysburg, Ohio.
- No More Chicks Lost**
Have not lost a single chick since I began using Ready Relief. — Mrs. J. B. COURSON, Cordova, Ala.
- Only Lost One of Incubator Hatch**
Received the box of Ready Relief. My incubator just hatched and I only lost one chick with White Diarrhea. — Mrs. O. F. Gillham, Central City, Neb.
- Hatched 200—Raised Them All**
My neighbors have lost lots of chicks. I had over 200 hatched and haven't lost a single one with White Diarrhea, and I give Ready Relief the praise. — Mrs. G. Hancock, Sturgis, Ky.
- Ready Relief Saved Them**
I had a flock of chicks with the White Diarrhea when I received the Ready Relief tablets, which saved the whole flock except one that was too near dead. — Mrs. Ella Palmer, Searsboro, Iowa.
- Saved 260 Hatch**
Received your tablets Friday, and have been giving it to the 260 chicks. They were about a week old, and was losing three or four a day, but this morning they seem all right, and lost none the last twenty-four hours. — F. WEIST, Talcottville, N. Y.
- Raised Entire Hatch**
Ready Relief is all you claim it to be. I did not have it for my first hatch of incubator chicks, and lost thirty-one, but have not lost one of my next, and they are four weeks old. — MRS. DAN HOLY CROSS, Silvercross, Ind.
- Ready Relief Stopped Loss**
I got a box of Ready Relief. My chicks were dying 20 and 30 a day and now I don't lose any. — MRS. H. L. BUTTON, Hamona, Kan.
- Hatched 117—Raised Them All**
I have been using your White Diarrhea remedy on my last lot of little chicks. I hatched 117 chicks and have not lost a one. They are ten days old today, and not a weak one in the flock. — JOHN A. CLARK, Jonesboro, Ark.
- Only Lost 1 out of 100**
I have only lost one chick out of a hatch of 100 since using Ready Relief. — MRS. N. KENNEDY, Joffa, Ill.

Reefer's White Diarrhea Remedy

(Called Reefer's Ready Relief)

This remedy is the discovery of a chemist whose name is a household word to doctors and druggists all over the United States. It is a scientific medicine that acts as an immediate intestinal antiseptic and keeps the stomach of the baby chick in perfect condition. Poultry raisers the world over and the foremost authorities in America endorse Ready Relief.

Results Guaranteed Or Money Refunded

Here is a facsimile of the guarantee of a million dollar bank. This bank guarantees that Reefer's Ready Relief will produce results. This million dollar bank guarantees to refund your money instantly if you are not entirely satisfied. You run no risk. So don't delay. Order your supply of Ready Relief today and thus ensure yourself that your chicks will live.

A Million Dollar Guarantee
Absolute Satisfaction or Money Back

National Bank of the Republic

KANSAS CITY, MO.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I hereby guarantee that Mr. Reefer will carry out his agreement *** and this bank further agrees to return to the customer the total amount of his remittance, if Mr. Reefer fails to do as he agrees.

Very truly yours,

E. J. Reefer
President.

Order TODAY!

E. J. REEFER,
Poultry Expert
3033 Poultry Building,
Kansas City, Missouri
Enclosed find:
\$1.00 for one full size []
package of Reefer's
Ready Relief.
\$2.35 for three full size \$1 []
packages of Reefer's
Ready Relief on special discount.
(Mark X in square opposite order you want.)
Send this with an absolute Bank
Guarantee that you will refund my
money if this tonic is not satisfactory
to me in every way.

Send \$1.00 NOW for a full-size package of Reefer's Ready Relief. Don't put this off. You want to be ready before your chicks hatch. Don't take the chance of delay. You take no risk. A Million Dollar Bank stands ready to refund your money as soon as you ask for it. [If you don't send for this bank guaranteed chick saver now, at least send the right hand coupon for Mr. Reefer's valuable free poultry book that gives the experience of a man who himself has made a fortune and is helping others to make money out of poultry.] Pin a dollar bill to the coupon and send it today. Better yet, send \$2.35 and take advantage of my special discount for three packages. Send for this guaranteed chick saver NOW. It has helped thousands of others and will help you, too.

FREE Book
E. J. REEFER,
Poultry Expert
3033 Poultry Building
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
Send me free and without obligations your valuable poultry book entitled "White Diarrhea and How to Cure It," containing simple directions that will show me how to raise 98% of every hatch.

Name.....
Address.....

E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert, Kansas City, Mo.
3033 Poultry Bldg.

Name.....
Address.....