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THE  
AMERICAN WOMAN



AUGUSTA, MAINE

JUNE 1916

# THE HOMEMAKER

Conducted by MRS. M. M. HYNES

## One Mother's Views

**A**FTER reading the letter from An Interested Homemaker I must ask the Editor's permission to give my opinions. The writer says she is not a mother—a fact that seems to me very evident. Personally, I feel sure she is one of those old maids referred to in the saying, as always bringing up her children to perfection! She suggests that if a child is fretful and will not go to sleep, the mother should not even wish it to do so, but cultivate the unselfish spirit. Now I feel sure that if she had been obliged to walk the floor for hours, night and day, as I have done, trying to soothe and still the little one in my arms so that I, too, might have a little rest, she would wish pretty hard that the child would go to sleep. Surely a mother should have patience and love—and where is there a mother who does not? I think those who have no children should write about something they have had experience with, and let us mothers give ideas on the proper bringing-up of children. I think, too, the fathers need advice, as well as the mothers. It seems to be considered the fault of the mother if children are not what they should be. The father can go about the house, finding fault and saying harsh words—to use no stronger term—yet it is not his fault if the children do the same thing; it is the fault of the mother who has not taught them properly. This seems to me all wrong. Let us hear from mothers of ten children or more on the subject of how to bring up the little ones; such women can give us younger mothers some really good advice. And, ye maidens, give us suggestions about sewing, raising chickens, and doing other things that you know all about from experience.

Just a bit of advice to all concerned: When some one visits you and brings children, whom she tells to let books and other things alone, do not say: "Oh, that is all right—that will not matter." If you have a book the children can have, give it to them, but do not let them have free license to go through everything there is. I once heard a little fellow say to his mother: "When I go to grandma's she lets me do as I like; it is just you, mamma, that makes me leave grandma's books alone—she doesn't care." Now she did care; she did not like to have her books torn and soiled. But it was her way to say: "Oh, it is all right," a way that was bad for the child and everybody else.

In regard to shirking in housework, I do that often, especially when ironing. Sheets for family use are never ironed from spring till fall; dish-towels, kitchen-towels, common underwear, nightgowns, and similar articles are rarely if ever ironed. By keeping a broom and dustpan in a convenient place I save a great deal of sweeping by brushing up around the stove occasionally, or whenever anything is scattered.

Glenwood, Wis. Mother of Seven.

(Which goes to prove that a brush in time saves nine, doesn't it? I am sure An Interested Homemaker will take your letter in the spirit in which it was written. In my own opinion she gave us a very interesting and inspiring little talk on the subject of training the wee folk.)

## Pin-Money Hints and Other Ideas

Perhaps a description of some of my ways of earning money at home may be helpful to others, or at least offer a hint which can be put to use. We all like to return favors, you know, and I have been greatly benefited by this department. First, I crochet babies' bonnets. I began by making one for a friend as a gift. Others saw my work and asked me to provide headgear for their little ones, and since that time I have made a good many bonnets. I use any desired color of thread, charge a reasonable price, and find the work a pleasure as well as some profit.

I do dressmaking, also. A few years ago I began by doing plain sewing; then I found that by being careful and practising one can soon do the most difficult kind of work, and if reliable patterns are used there is seldom any trouble. A good dressmaker never goes begging for work, as you know; there is plenty to do in every community. It seems to me one great secret of success is, to do the thing people want done—that is, to supply a demand. Of course, one can create the demand; but it is far easier to fill one that already exists.

How many homemakers are fond of flowers? I am, and among my great favorites are the rose, canna, ferns, elephant-ear and hydrangea, of which I have a great many. There are others which I like almost equally well.

I should like to express my sympathy with

*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 useful information for themselves. Send your tested and favorite receipts, hints on the training and care of children, cultivation of flowers, etc., etc., letting what helps you help others. This is the homemakers' own department, and as such all are invited to have a share in its management.*  
Address MRS. M. M. HYNES, Boston Highlands, Mass.

all those who are bereaved—who have had to part with their loved ones. I have had the same sorrowful experience, and doubtless few among us have not. Yet with most people it is not so much the great griefs that cloud over the sunshine of life, but rather the little daily worries. How happy the home might be, generally speaking, but for foolish quarrels or misunderstandings. And not only do we suffer much in the anticipation of evil, but often distress ourselves greatly by apprehending misfortunes which never come about, after all. Contentment, we are told, consists not in great wealth, but in few wants. If you ever feel blue or sad, peevish or fretful, just sit down and count your blessings. Look at the sunny glory of the day, the flowers and trees, the serenity of sunset and the pale moonlight, and ask yourself: "What would not a blind man give to see all this?"

Will not some homemaker give me her experience in adopting children? I have none, and have thought I would adopt a little one could I find one who needed a home.

R. 2, Hanceville, Ala. Mrs. Mann.

(I have often wished I might be able to "match up" the we ones needing a home and mother-love and care, with the homes and mothers who need them. There will surely be many among the homemakers of our circle to share with you their experience, and we shall all be glad to know you have found just the right one—or more than one. It is a beautiful thing to do, and a blessing cannot fail to follow the doing.)

## Help Given and Asked

To clean windows prepare a mixture of about one fourth cup of kerosene-oil, a tablespoonful of either soda or powdered borax and one and one-half gallons of water. Dip a woolen cloth in this, wring it, and go over the glass; then, when dry rub outside and in with a dry cloth or soft paper. It will shine like crystal. When you are making fruit-pies stir a little flour in with the sugar and sprinkle on top of the fruit; the juice will not be nearly so likely to run out. Next time you make Graham bread, try mixing the sponge up with Graham flour instead of white; then when you are ready to mix stiff use the desired amount of white flour. You will find this method gives a better flavor, and I have more "luck" with it, especially if the Graham flour is coarse or has much bran in it. If you do not like the skins of cranberries, first cook the berries thoroughly then put them through a fine colander; add the usual amount of sugar and you have a delicious sauce. Save the leaves and tough stems of celery and dry them; they are very nice for seasoning dressing, soups, and other foods which require such flavoring.

Perhaps I can help those who have to fit their own clothes, by giving a few suggestions. When you put the waist and skirt of a dress together, first attach the band to the skirt. Put the waist on, then the skirt, pull the waist down and adjust the fulness where it is wanted. Take a piece of chalk (a pencil for light goods) and with the right hand reach as far back as you can, and mark at the top of the belt around as far as possible. Do the same with the left hand. When the garment is removed you will find the waist-line well marked; cut one third inch below the mark to allow for seams. To put on hooks and eyes with least trouble, first sew on the hooks where you intend them to go; then put on the waist, and stick pins in so that the hooks will fasten easily over them as you hook the garment; unfasten and remove the waist, and sew the eye just where the open part of the pin comes. You can also run a chalk-mark from the neck along the edge to the end of the placket in the skirt, and it will show you exactly how far over to close the dress; a little practise will help in any of these things.

And now I want to ask a favor or two. Can any homemaker tell me how to clean the brush of a carpet-sweeper, other than by washing with water? Also how to clean a bread-board, one side of which was used to turn hot bread out on, the other for rolling pastry. Through neglect, while I was ill, it has become strong, and gives an unpleasant taste to anything that is placed on it hot.

It belongs with my kitchen-cabinet, and I very much want to clean it. Old Maid.  
Red Oak, Iowa.

(Not a very "old maid," I am sure; just a brave, bright girl who has stepped into the dear mother's place, and is filling it as well as she can for father's sake. Send your full address for information concerning the alphabet in filet-crochet asked for.)

## A Cure for Stuttering

Let me urge M. X., in regard to the little child who has begun to stutter, not to be alarmed. I have had experience along that very line, and know whereof I write. My little boy talked very plain, unusually so, with never a thought of stuttering until he was about two years old; then it came to him all at once. The first word he stuttered on was "over," and he could scarcely talk that day, because the word was forever bothering him. My sister-in-law thought it sounded so cute that she would ask Roy time after time questions which he would have to use the word "over" in answering. I told her finally that she must not do—that it was no laughing matter. He did not stop with one word, however; he kept right on stuttering, constantly getting worse, and for one whole year we could do nothing with him; after that each year he got better until he was six years of age, when the difficulty left as suddenly as it had come. He is now seventeen, and a very good, strong, clear talker.

My sister's little daughter, four months younger than Roy, never stuttered at all until they came to live in the same place with us, and she began playing with my boy; then she became even worse than he, and did not get over it until her eighth year. My neighbor has a boy who began stuttering at the age of six years, and at ten was quite free from the habit. I know other mothers who have had similar experiences with their children.

Try to anticipate what your little son is going to say, and put the word or words in for him; and do not let him see that you know he is stuttering if you can possibly avoid it. If you should look amused or frightened, he will seem unable to talk at all—at least, such has been my experience. Children are very sensitive, and conscious of what is going on in the mother's mind whether she says anything of it or not. Just help him with the troublesome words, and try not to notice the difficulty; he will come out all right, eventually.

Newark, Ohio. Mame Mayberry.

(I am glad of your appreciation of our Homemaker, and to know that you will do all you can to make the department interesting and helpful. There is nothing more pleasant than a friendly "getting together" in just the way we are allowed to do. Do you not agree with me?)

## Some Helpful Suggestions

I have often thought I would at least try to repay in part the benefits derived from this "homey" corner, and so I am begging admittance to-day. Keep two or three blocks of wood covered with oilcloth on the kitchen-table, and use them to set sauce-pans and other utensils on; this precaution will save the table from becoming blackened. Machine-oil stains should be rubbed with soap and cold water; hot water is very likely to "set" them and make them permanent. If the seats of caned chairs are sagging, turn them upside down and wash well with soapy water, soaking enough to thoroughly wet them; in drying they will tighten to almost their normal condition. Eiderdown bed-covers are apt to become hard after long use, and may be restored to elasticity by hanging in the sun for a few hours. When you are embroidering or sewing, and the finger is pricked so as to color the material, just saturate the stain with a few drops of peroxide and it will disappear. This is very successful if used immediately, before the stain dries. A good way to clean ribbons is as follows: Take a woolen cloth dampened with gasoline and go over the ribbon on both sides. Hang in the air where the gasoline will evaporate and leave the ribbon

clean and odorless; then by pressing lightly with a moderately warm iron it will look like new. This method does not wear out the ribbon as washing does. Remember that gasoline must not be used in a room where there is a fire or artificial light—it is "safety first," you know. When you wish to make over woolen garments that cannot be washed, it helps greatly to rip them as required and pin them securely to the clothes-line on a windy day. A good brisk breeze will do wonders toward restoring the goods.

I wish the homemaker who asked a remedy for her little boy's bow-legs would try rubbing the outside of the limbs with alcohol and salt; this treatment cured my little son. It must be persisted in, and is very strengthening.

A Square Peg, your letter interested me. I think I must be another one, but am beginning to think there is a place for even a square peg. Like you, I took in a family washing, and the lady said she was pleased with my work; in a month or so, however, she gave it to another. But never mind—just remember the old saying: "Try, try and try again." Twenty-Three Years Old.  
Amherst, Mass.

(That is a wise saying, truly; if faithfully put in practise it is sure to bring wonderfully good results.)

## How To Manage a Party for Little Folks

Is there room in your happy circle, dear homemakers, for "just one more?" It is needless to say I enjoy your letters, for it would be a very unappreciative personage who did not. In an earlier number I noticed a request for suggestions on how to manage a party for little folks, and take pleasure in passing on my experience, trusting it will prove helpful. Several days before Christmas, send out holly-decorated envelopes to the small friends of the little host or hostess, containing the following message:

*"In my palace of ice,  
All children who're nice  
Are asked to a party,  
With Christmas cheer hearty,  
At \_\_\_\_\_ o'clock; yours truly,  
"Santa Claus."*

The address of the sender must, of course, be added to the summons below the signature of Santa Claus. This idea may be changed for a party at any season of the year.

Big brother or papa must be dressed to impersonate Santa Claus. I covered the walls of the room in which the little folks were to be entertained, with cheesecloth, moistened with weak gum-arabic water and sprinkled with mica-dust; chairs and sofa I placed near the wall and covered with sheets to resemble snowdrifts. Small Christmas-trees were set here and there laden with snow, which was raw cotton powdered with mica-dust, sometimes called diamond-dust, and several screens, draped in sheets and decorated with evergreen, added to the novelty of this "palace of ice."

The little guests are greeted by their small entertainer and Santa Claus. As soon as all have arrived each is given a white envelope containing a puzzle which, when put together, shows Santa Claus. The one who gets his done first receives for a prize a toy Santa Claus, filled with small candies.

For the next game a silver cord was stretched across the doorway and a number of cotton snowballs were attached to it. Santa Claus blindfolds each child in turn, gives him a pair of blunt scissors and leads him to the cord. The game is to clip a snowball from the cord without touching it with the hands. If this was accomplished the ball belonged to the child, and inside each was a white rubber ball to be kept as a souvenir.

Instead of a Christmas-tree for the favors I had an old-fashioned "grab-bag," made of heavy paper and filled with various kinds of small, inexpensive gifts. The little guests were blindfolded in turn, given a stick and allowed three trials to strike the bag. When one was successful a general scramble was made for the shower of favors which fell upon the floor, and each child was directed to take one to carry home with him as a "remembrance."

After this game the guests were ranged in a long line, two by two, and while somebody played a selection on the piano they marched into the dining-room. The table had a rather unique decoration: for a centerpiece—a small tree, all in white, with popcorn and snowballs of cotton and mica-dust. The dessert was vanilla ice-cream, served in the shape of snow men. These were made by using balls of ice-cream, the smaller one on

Concluded on page 12

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THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

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AUGUSTA, MAINE, JUNE 1916

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**Chats with Our Readers**

A Thanksgiving

For flowers that bloom about our feet,  
 For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;  
 For song of bird and hum of bee,  
 For all things fair we hear or see—  
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,  
 For pleasant shade of branches high;  
 For fragrant air and cooling breeze,  
 For beauty of the blooming trees—  
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

So sings our "Sage of Concord," Ralph Waldo Emerson. His great and noble heart seemed always sending forth a psalm of thanksgiving, whatever the season—spring, summer, autumn or winter, it mattered not; there was always something, a great deal, indeed, to be grateful for. And wise are we who shall follow his splendid example, finding in every incident of life's journey, from the seemingly least to greatest, something which shall make our heart rejoice. No matter though the happening—and that is not a correct definition, by the way, since nothing comes by chance, but in accordance with a law which is at the same time inexorable and beneficent—may seem to us unfortunate or tending to discomfiture, if nothing worse, let us accept it in the right way, perhaps as a means to the end of a needed lesson, or as an open door to something happier. It really is not hard to do this, once we have formed the habit of seeking to see the best side of things; and the habit is one which is rapidly strengthened by practise. It is a habit which serves to cultivate and develop the faith that is in us, too, in a most wonderful way, and it does make the whole little world which revolves about us a thousand times more beautiful and glad. A good friend of ours, who is nothing if not very earnest in the pursuit of knowledge that is helpful, has made this habit a working factor in her every-day life, bringing it to bear on the simplest circumstances. If she misses a train, for example, having done her very best to get it, she does not scowl and fret; she simply looks about to find a reason for the untoward occurrence, and rarely fails to do so. Only the other day she arrived at the station just in time to see the last car of the train she should have taken in order to reach the home of a friend at an appointed hour disappear in the near distance. "Now—why?" she questioned, and smiled; there was no other train by means of which she could "connect" until afternoon. As she walked back to the waiting-room she heard her own name called eagerly. It was the friend to whose home she had intended going. "I am so glad to have met you!" said this friend; "really, I felt sure I would. The session had to be postponed, so I took to-day for my shopping, and we'll have a splendid time together." As it is entirely safe to say they did have.

It may be asserted that this was a most unusual "coincidence;" and this fact is admitted without discussion—if we admit the possibility of coincidence itself. Certainly as we persist in this manner of living and doing, as we endeavor to discern the good cause back of every effect which, on the face of it, seems not good, we get outside the pale of what we may name accidental agreement, and find ourselves in touch with a law which brooks no chance. By persistently seeking for and expecting good, even in the smallest things or circumstances, we enter that open door which no man can close, and find the kingdom. Regarding this our friend Emerson declares: "It inspires in man an infallible trust. He has not the conviction but the sight that the best is the true, and may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time the solution of his private riddles. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being. In the presence of law to his mind he is overflowed with a reliance so universal that it sweeps away all cherished hopes and the most stable projects of mortal condition in its flood. He believes that he cannot escape from his good. The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee. You are running to seek your friend. Let your feet run, but your mind need not. If you do not find him, will you not acquiesce that it is best you should not find him? for there is a power which, as it is in you, is in him also, and could very well bring you together if it were for the best. You are preparing with eagerness to go and render a service to which your talent and your taste invite you, the love of men and the hope of fame. Has it not occurred to you that you have no right to go, unless you are equally willing to be prevented from going? Oh, believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world, which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear! Every proverb, every book, every byword that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home through open or winding passages. Every friend whom not thy fantastic will but the great and tender heart within thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace. And this because the heart in thee is the heart of all. . . . So we come to live in thoughts and act with energies which are immortal, and can calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it, and thus hath already the whole future in the bottom of the heart." Small wonder that serene soul was named "The Sage of Concord."

A problem has come to us which, without doubt, is in greater or less degree the problem of many women: "I wonder if our American Woman can give me a little advice—perhaps I may say comfort; surely I need both. And yet my reason for needing  
 Continued on page 18

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# A SPINNER IN THE SUN

CHAPTER XII—Concluded

By MYRTLE REED

Author of "Lavender and Old Lace," "Flower of the Dusk," "The Master's Violin," etc.

A CHILD brought up in a convent could have been no more of a nun in mind and spirit than Araminta. Ralph well knew that the stern guardianship had not been relaxed a moment, either by night or by day. Miss Mehitable had a well deserved reputation for thoroughness in whatever she undertook.

And Araminta was made for love. Ralph turned to look at her as she lay on her pillow, her brown, wavy hair rioting about her flushed face. Araminta's great gray eyes were very grave and sweet; her mouth was that of a lovable child. Her little hands were dimpled at the knuckles, in fact, as Ralph now noted, there were many dimples appertaining to Araminta.

One of them hovered for an instant about the corner of her mouth.

"Why must you walk?" she asked. "Is it because you're glad your ankle isn't broken?"

Doctor Ralph came back and sat down on the bed beside her. He had that rare sympathy which is the inestimable gift of the physician, and long years of practise had not yet calloused him so that a suffering fellow mortal was merely a "case." His heart was dangerously tender toward her.

"Lots of things are worse than broken ankles," he assured her. "Has it been so bad to be shut up here, away from Aunt Hitty?"

"No," said the truthful Araminta. "I have always been with Aunt Hitty, and it seems queer, but very nice. Someway, I feel as if I had grown up."

"Has Miss Evelina been good to you?"

"Oh, so good," returned Araminta, gratefully. "Why?"

"Because," said Ralph, concisely, "if she hadn't been, I'd break her neck."

"You couldn't," whispered Araminta, softly, "you're too kind. You wouldn't hurt anybody."

"Not unless I had to. Sometimes there has to be a little hurt to keep away a greater one."

"You hurt me, I think, but I didn't know just when. It was the smell, sweet stuff, wasn't it?"

Ralph did not heed the question. He was wondering what would become of Araminta when she went back to Miss Mehitable's, as she soon must. Her ankle was healing nicely, and in a very short time she would be able to walk again. He could not keep her there much longer. By a whimsical twist of his thought, he perceived that he was endeavoring to wrap Araminta in cotton wool of a different sort, to prevent Aunt Hitty from wrapping her in her own particular brand.

"The little cat," said Araminta, fondly. "I thought perhaps it would come to-day. Is it coming when I am well?"

"Holy Moses!" ejaculated Ralph. He had never thought of the kitten again, and the poor child had been waiting patiently, with never a word. The clear gray eyes were upon him, eloquent with belief. "The little cat," replied Ralph, shamelessly perjuring himself, "was not old enough to leave its mother. We'll have to wait until to-morrow or next day. I was keeping it for a surprise; that's why I didn't say anything about it. I thought you'd forgotten."

"Oh, no! When I go back home, you know, I can't have it. Aunt Hitty would never let me."

"Won't she?" queried Ralph. "We'll see!" He spoke with confidence he was far from feeling, and was dimly aware that Araminta had the faith he lacked. "She thinks I'm a wonder-worker," he said to himself, grimly, "and I've got to live up to it."

It was not necessary to count Araminta's pulse again, but Doctor Ralph took her hand — a childish, dimpled hand that nestled confidingly in his. "Listen, child," he said: "I want to talk to you. Aunt Hitty hasn't done right by you. She's kept you in cotton when you ought to be outdoors. You should have gone to school, and had other children to play with."

"And cats?"

"Cats, dogs, birds, rabbits, snakes, mice, pigeons, guinea-pigs — everything."

"I was never in cotton," corrected Araminta, "except once, when I had a bad cold."

"That isn't just what I mean, but I'm afraid I can't make you understand. There's a whole world full of big, beautiful things that you don't know anything about; great sorrows, great joys, and great loves. Look here, did you ever feel badly about anything?"

"Only — only —" stammered Araminta; "my mother, you know. She was — was married."

"Poor child!" said Ralph, beginning to

comprehend. "Have you been taught that it's wrong to be married?"

"Why, yes," answered Araminta, confidently. "It's dreadful. Aunt Hitty isn't married, neither is the minister. It's very, very wrong. Aunt Hitty told my mother so, but she would do it."

There was a long pause. The little warm hand still rested trustfully in Ralph's.

"Listen, dear," he began, clearing his throat; "it isn't wrong to be married. I never before in all my life heard of anybody who thought it was. Something is twisted in Aunt Hitty's mind, or else she's taught you that because she's so brutally selfish that she doesn't want you ever to be married. Some people, who are unhappy themselves, are so constituted that they can't bear to see anybody else happy. She's afraid of life, and she's taught you to be. It's better to be unhappy, Araminta, than never to take any risks. It all lies in yourself at last. If you're a true, loving woman, and never let yourself be afraid, nothing very bad can ever happen to you. Aunt Hitty has been unjust to deny you life. You have the right to love and learn and suffer, to make great sacrifices, see great sacrifices made for you; to believe, to trust — even to be betrayed. It's your right, and it's been kept away from you." Araminta was very still and her hand was cold. She moved it uneasily. "Don't, dear," said Ralph, his voice breaking. "Don't you like to have me hold your hand? I won't, if you don't want me to." Araminta drew her hand away. She was frightened. "I don't wonder you're afraid," continued Ralph, huskily. "You little wild bird, you've been in a cage all your life. I'm going to open the door and set you free." Miss Evelina tapped gently on the door, then entered, with a bowl of broth for the invalid. She set it down on the table at the head of the bed, and went out, as quietly as she had come. "I'm going to feed you now," laughed Ralph, with a swift change of mood, "and when I come to see you to-morrow, I'm going to bring you a book."

"What kind of a book?" asked Araminta, between spoonfuls.

"A novel — a really, truly novel."

"You mustn't!" she cried, frightened again. "You get burned if you read novels."

"Some of them are pretty hot stuff, I'll admit," returned Ralph, missing her meaning; "but, of course, I wouldn't give you that kind. What sort of stories do you like best?"

"Daniel in the lions' den and about the ark. I've read all the Bible twice to Aunt Hitty while she sewed, and most of the Pilgrim's Progress, too. Don't ask me to read a novel, for I can't. It would be wicked."

"All right — we won't call it a novel. It'll be just a story-book. It isn't wrong to read stories, is it?"

"No — o," said Araminta, doubtfully. "Aunt Hitty never said it was."

"I wouldn't have you do anything wrong, Araminta — you know that. Good-by, now, until to-morrow."

Beset by strange emotions, Doctor Ralph Dexter went home. Finding that the carriage was not in use, he set forth alone upon his feline quest, reflecting that Araminta herself was not much more than a little gray kitten. Everywhere he went, he was regarded with suspicion. People denied the possession of cats, even while cats were mewling in defiance of the assertion. Bribes were offered, and sternly refused.

At last, ten miles from home, he found a maltese kitten its owner was willing to part with, in consideration of three dollars and a solemn promise that the cat was not to be hurt.

"It's for a little girl who is ill," he said. "I've promised her a kitten."

"So your father's often said," responded the woman, "but someway I believe you."

On the way home, he pondered long before the hideous import of it came to him. All at once, he knew.

## CHAPTER XIII

### The River Comes Into Its Own

"Father," asked Ralph, "who is Evelina Gray?"

Anthony Dexter started from his chair as though he had heard a pistol-shot, then settled back, forcing his features into masklike calmness. He waited a moment before speaking.

"I don't know," he answered, trying to make his voice even. "Why?"

"She lives in the house with my one patient," explained Ralph; "up on the hill, you know. She's a frail, ghostly woman in

black, and she always wears a thick white veil."

"That's her privilege, isn't it?" queried Anthony Dexter.

He had gained control of himself now, and spoke almost as usual.

"Of course I didn't ask any questions," continued Ralph, thoughtfully, "but, obviously, the only reason for her wearing it is some terrible disfigurement. So much is surgically possible in these days that I thought something might be done for her. Has she never consulted you about it, father?"

The man laughed — a hollow, mirthless laugh.

"No," he said; "she hasn't."

Then he laughed once more — in a way that jarred upon his son.

Ralph paced back and forth across the room, his hands in his pockets.

"Father," he began, at length, "it may be because I'm young, but I hold before me, very strongly, the ideals of our profession. It seems a very beautiful and wonderful life that is opening before me — always to help, to give, to heal. I — I feel as though I had been dedicated to some sacred calling — some lifelong service. And service means brotherhood."

"You'll get over that," returned Anthony Dexter, shortly, yet not without a certain secret admiration. "When you've had to engage a lawyer to collect your modest wages for your uplifting work, the healed not being sufficiently grateful to pay the healer, and when you've gone ten miles in the dead of winter, at midnight, to take a pin out of a squalling infant's back, why, you may change your mind."

"If the healed aren't grateful," observed Ralph, thoughtfully, "it must be in some way my fault, or else they haven't fully understood. And I'd go ten miles to take a pin out of a baby's back — yes, I'm sure I would."

Anthony Dexter's face softened, almost imperceptibly.

"It's youth," he said, "and youth is a fault we all get over soon enough, heaven knows. When you're forty, you'll see that the whole thing is a matter of business and that, in the last analysis, we're working against nature's laws. We endeavor to prolong the lives of the unfit, when only the fittest should survive."

"That makes me think of something else," continued Ralph, in a low tone. "Yesterday, I canvassed the township to get a cat for Araminta — the poor child never had a kitten. Nobody would let me have one until I got far away from home, and, even then, it was difficult. They thought I wanted it for — for the laboratory," he concluded, almost in a whisper.

"Yes?" returned Doctor Dexter, with a rising inflection. "I could have told you that the cat and dog supply was somewhat depleted hereabouts — through my own experiments."

"Father!" cried Ralph, his face eloquent with reproach.

Laughing, yet secretly ashamed, Anthony Dexter began to speak.

"Surely, Ralph," he said, "you're not so womanish as that. If I'd known they taught such stuff as that at my old Alma Mater, I'd have sent you somewhere else. Who's doing it? What old maid have they added to their faculty?"

"Oh, I know, father," interrupted Ralph, waiving discussion. "I've heard all the arguments, but, unfortunately, I have a heart. I don't know by what right we assume that human life is more precious than animal life; by what right we torture and murder the fit in order to prolong the lives of the unfit, even if direct evidence were obtainable in every case, which it isn't. Anyhow, I can't do it; I never have done it, and I never will. I recognize your individual right to shape your life in accordance with the dictates of your own conscience, but, because I'm your son, I can't help being ashamed. A man capable of torturing an animal, no matter for what purpose, is also capable of torturing a fellow human being, for purposes of his own."

Anthony Dexter's face suddenly blanched with anger, then grew livid.

"You —" he began, hotly.

"Don't, father," interrupted Ralph. "We will not have any words. We'll not let a difference of opinion on any subject keep us from being friends. Perhaps it's because I'm young, as you say; but, all the time I was at college, I felt that I had something to lean on, some standard to shape myself to. Mother died so soon after I was born that it

is almost as if I had not had a mother. I have not even a childish memory of her, and, perhaps for that reason, you meant more to me than the other fellows' fathers did to them. When I was tempted to any wrongdoing, the thought of you always held me back. 'Father wouldn't do it,' I said to myself. 'Father always does the square thing, and I'm his son.' I remembered that our name means 'right.' So I never did it."

"And I suppose, now," commented Anthony Dexter, with assumed sarcasm, "your idol has fallen?"

"Not fallen, father. Don't say that. You have the same right to your opinions that I have, but it isn't square to cut up an animal alive, just because you're the stronger and there's no law to prevent you. You know it isn't square!"

In the accusing silence, Ralph left the room, and was shortly on his way uphill, with Araminta's promised cat mewling in his coat-pocket.

The grim, sardonic humor of the situation appealed strongly to Doctor Dexter.

"To think," he said to himself, "that only last night, that identical cat was observed as a fresh and promising specimen, providentially sent to me in the hour of need. And if I hadn't wanted Ralph to help me, Araminta's pet would at this moment have been on the laboratory-table, having its heart studied — in action."

Repeatedly, he strove to find justification for a pursuit which his human instinct told him had no justification. His reason was fully adequate, but something else failed at the crucial point. He felt definitely uncomfortable and wished that Ralph might have avoided the subject. It was none of his business, anyway. But then, Ralph himself had admitted that.

His experiments were nearly completed along the line in which he had been working. In deference to a local sentiment which he felt to be extremely narrow and dwarfing, he had done his work secretly. He had kept the door of the laboratory locked and the key in his pocket. All the doors and windows had been closely barred. When his subjects had given out under the heavy physical strain, he had buried the pitiful little bodies himself.

He had counted, rather too surely, on the deafness of his old housekeeper, and had also heavily discounted her personal interest in his pursuits and her tendency to gossip. Yet, through this single channel had been disseminated information and conjecture which made it difficult for Ralph to buy a pet for Araminta.

Anthony Dexter shuddered at his narrow escape. Suppose Araminta's cat had been sacrificed, and he had been obliged to tell Ralph? One more experiment was absolutely necessary. He was nearly satisfied, but not quite. It would be awkward to have Ralph make any unpleasant discoveries, and he could not very well keep him out of the laboratory, now, without arousing his suspicion. Very possibly, a man who would torture an animal would also torture a human being, but he was unwilling to hurt Ralph. Consequently, there was a flaw in the logic — the boy's reasoning was faulty, unless this might be the exception which proved the rule.

Who was Evelina Gray? He wondered how Ralph had come to ask the question. Suppose he had told him that Evelina Gray was the name of a woman who haunted him night and day! In her black gown and with her burned face heavily veiled, she was seldom out of his mental sight.

All through the past twenty-five years, he had continually told himself that he had forgotten. When the accusing thought presented itself, he had invariably pushed it aside, and compelled it to give way to another. In this way, he had acquired an emotional control for which he, personally, had great admiration, not observing that his admiration of himself was an emotion, and, at that, less creditable than some others might have been.

Man walls up a river, and commands it to do his bidding. Outwardly, the river assents to the arrangement, yielding to it with a readiness which, in itself, is suspicious, but man, rapt in contemplation of his own skill, sees little else. By night and by day the river leans heavily against the dam. Tiny, sharp currents, like fingers, tear constantly at the structure, working always underneath. Hidden and undreamed-of eddies burrow beneath the dam; little river animals undermine it, ever so slightly, with tooth and claw.

At last an imperceptible opening is made. Streams rush down from the mountain to join the river; even raindrops lend their individually insignificant aid. All the forces of nature are subtly arrayed against the obstruction in the river-channel. Suddenly, with the thunder of pent-up waters at last

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# THE AMERICAN WOMAN

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## THE IMPOSTORS

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

I HAD rather meet a nice man than see the Abbey," Priscilla Warrington admitted to herself, as she whirled down Piccadilly in a hansom and eyed the passers-by.

The sentiment may have indicated low tastes; but it must be urged in extenuation that, during two months on the Continent, Priscilla had met many beautiful cathedrals, and no nice men. Not that the men had been unappreciative. From Naples to Berlin, from Budapest to Paris, resplendent officers, roystering students, gallant citizens of many types had invited her smiles; but she had not dared to smile.

"In our country," she explained, when writing to a home friend, "one knows that a man will stop, when one crosses one's fingers and says 'King's X'; but I doubt, I seriously doubt whether these heavenly angels, in comic-opera clothes, understand the rules of the game."

And so, being a wise young woman, with a wholesome respect for unknown explosives as well as a mighty curiosity concerning them, Miss Warrington had, while traveling, restricted her smiles to the ranks of bell-boys, waiters, and porters, and had eliminated from her calculations all men who could not be tipped. The small coin of the realm, so she found, furnished an excellent line of demarcation. Now, at the end of June, Priscilla was established in England, and was finding difficulty in keeping her smiles from becoming catholic. As she looked from her cab, she reflected that there was something very satisfying about tweeds and bowlers after a surfeit of uniforms and caps. These big, sturdy men, with the strong mouths and the boyish eyes, reminded her of the dear, safe, comfortable men at home. They looked as though they might know the rules of the game and abide by them.

"But I don't know any of the creatures," sighed Priscilla; then she brightened. Weren't the rest of her party well under way for Windsor? Hadn't she a whole June day all to herself? Wasn't she wearing her smartest frock and hat in honor of the Clarksons, with whom she was going to have tea, after seeing the Abbey and St. Margaret's?

"Stop at St. Margaret's first," she said, blithely to the cabby, as he turned into Westminster; and when he drew up before the church and she stepped out with a froufrou of chiffons, she signed to him to wait. Extravagance, of course; but this was a day for extravagance.

The slender figure was swallowed by the old gray doorway. Inside the church there was a shadowy quiet, rose-perfumed. A few tourists buzzed about, under the eye of a dignified verger, but Priscilla did not join them. She was a mercurial young woman, prone to shifting moods; and now, all of a sudden, she felt distinctly "churchy." The word is her own; but it describes well enough the vague, yearning emotionalism which prompted her to slip into an out-of-the-way pew and drop upon her knees. When she

rose the tourists had vanished, but a group of fashionably dressed folk had replaced them, and others were drifting in.

"There's going to be a service," thought Priscilla, still in soulful mood. "I believe I'll stay for it."

She settled back in her seat; but, gradually, she realized that the character of the gathering was scarcely devout. Everybody seemed to know everybody else, and conversation though subdued, flowed freely. The girl's brain searched and found the answer to the riddle. A wedding! A very swell wedding! All outsiders, save her, had been shooed out of the church; but she had been overlooked. Of course she was an intruder; but leaving now would be in the nature of looking a gift horse in the mouth; so she

toward the little window in the top of the cab, hesitated, stopped short, dropped back into her lap. It would be fun to see where the bride lived. The procession halted. Far down the line guests were leaving their carriages and mounting the steps of a big, imposing house. Now was the time for escape — but no; the street was blocked. It would be necessary to stay in line and follow the empty vehicles to the first corner beyond the house. Little by little, the cab jerked its way toward the spot where the awning and the carpet ran down to the curb.

Why not? A flush came into Priscilla's cheeks, a sparkle into her eyes. Why not? All her traditions, inherited and acquired, rose to offer conclusive answers to the question; but she put them aside. Even the

tle gasp of terror. Guilt was written upon every line of her face, but the man with the admiring eyes did not seem to notice her dismay. "Lady Mary makes an attractive bride," he was saying when the culprit regained her self-possession sufficiently to listen. "They say the old duke has been very keen about this match. He does look pleased, doesn't he? Do you know, you are looking a bit fagged. Can I get you anything?"

"Fagged!" Prostrated was the adequate word; and yet — and yet — a returning joy of life was making itself felt in Priscilla's heart. Had she not said she would rather meet a nice man than see the Abbey? Well, she had not seen the Abbey; but here was a man and indications pointed to his being "nice." Priscilla's spirits rose. He seemed like a direct answer to prayer; and, though undeserving, one need not be unappreciative. And so she smiled at him, deliberately, radantly, fully realizing that he was not bell-boy nor waiter nor porter, quite convinced that she would not be allowed to tip him for service rendered. He caught the smile and exchanged another for it.

"So hungry as that?" he asked.

"Famished."

He took possession of her, steered her through the crowd, found a seat for her in a little morning-room out of the confusion, and left her there while he went on forage. She nestled back comfortably among the cushions and watched him hurrying down the hall. Even his back was likable, such a fine, straight, broad-shouldered, capable sort of a back. There was a man who would get the best of whatever lay beyond the dining-room doors. And yet there was a theory that the way of the transgressor was hard! Priscilla shook her head. The way of the transgressor, like the descent of Avernus, was easy, and, so it seemed, joyous, withal.

The Nice Man was back in a few moments, bearing plunder that

justified belief in him. "The best I could do, short of felling scores of England's noblest and reaching the buffet over their bodies," he said, gayly.

"It looks delicious," Priscilla murmured; but, unexpectedly, a scruple had come out from under the anæsthetic which had overwhelmed it, with all of its kind, and was assuring the hungry young woman that she couldn't possibly eat the food of hosts who did not even know her. When it came to the breaking of bread — well, having swallowed a camel, one ought not to strain at a gnat; but every wrongdoer draws a line somewhere. Now, the Nice Man was different. He hadn't actually been provided by the duke. There would be no mortal sin against the laws of hospitality in appropriating him, so long as he himself was willing.

Apparently, the Nice Man had no curiosity in regard to the girl's name or home or friends. That she had brown eyes, with golden lights in them, and brown hair with distracting ripples through it, and a piquant, provocative face, and a sudden illuminating

Concluded on page 10



"She wasn't used to men with eyes like those—such terrible, serious eyes"

stayed until the ceremony had been performed, the bridal party had trailed down the aisle, and the crowd was preening itself for flight. Then she passed out into the sunlight, through the ranks to which she did not belong.

Motors and carriages galore were in waiting. One by one, they received their aristocratic freight and rolled away; and, as Priscilla stood watching, a hansom forced its way in between a big motor-car and a luxurious victoria, and a smiling Jehu beckoned to her. She stepped into the cab, the driver cracked his whip, and they were off in the wake of the coroneted carriages and the gorgeous cars. The cabman waited for no order, and in her excitement she overlooked the fact that the Abbey was still unseen and that she had not given the Clarksons' address. Not until the procession turned off from Pall Mall and was bowling along past Green Park did it dawn upon her that she was still attending the wedding. The guests were all going on to the reception, and her driver had taken it for granted that she was one of the elect. Her hand went hastily up-

veriest Puritan may have his moment of madness. Priscilla's was upon her. The spirit of adventure had her in its grip, and she flung the proprieties, the decencies, to the wind. In so large a crowd, who would ever know? She had always wanted to do something really shocking. Here was her golden opportunity. The fates had cast it at her feet.

The cab was stopping, a magnificent being in livery was opening the doors, the time for hesitation was past. A young person, with the air of a Vere de Vere, paid and dismissed a mildly intoxicated cabman, trailed an unmistakably Parisian frock along the crimson carpet, and ran the gauntlet of more magnificent beings in livery.

A moment later she found herself alone in a crowd and awake to her iniquity. Now that she stopped to think, the thing was horrible, an offense against every law of good breeding. She must escape. Panic descended upon her; she started toward the door; and, just at that moment, a pleasant masculine voice drawled into her ear: "Awful crush, isn't it?" Priscilla gave a lit-

# Yokes of Attractive Design

By ETHEL H. STETSON

**A** NEAT and very pretty yoke for corset-cover is made in points, using filet-crochet. Two balls of crochet-cotton, No. 50, are required, and the corset-cover, when completed, is large enough for forty-inch bust.

Chain 23 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 7th stitch from needle, (chain 2, a treble in same place) twice, chain 2, miss 2, a double in next, chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble in next, (chain 2, a treble in same place) 3 times, making 4 trebles, separated by 2 chain, forming what we will call a shell, for brevity, miss 2, 7 trebles in remaining 7 stitches of chain, turn.

2. Chain 3 (for 1st treble), 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 2, miss 2, treble in treble, forming a space, \* chain 2, shell in center of shell of last row (under the 2d 2 chain), chain 5, shell in center of next shell, turn.

3. Chain 4, shell in center of shell, chain 2, a double in 3d of 5 chain, chain 2, shell in shell, chain 2, a treble in last treble of same shell, \* 2 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

4. Four trebles (chain 3 for 1st, always), 3 spaces; like 2d from \*.

5. Like 3d to \*; 4 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

6. Four trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space; like 2d from \*.

7. Like 3d to \*; 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

8. Four trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space; like 2d from \*.

9. Like 3d to \*; 1 space, 7 trebles, (2 spaces, 4 trebles) twice, turn.

10. Four trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; like 2d from \*.

11. Like 3d to \*; 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

12. Four trebles, 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 4 spaces; like 2d from \*.

13. Like 3d to \*; 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

14. Four trebles, 7 spaces, (7 trebles, 1 space) twice; like 2d from \*.

15. Like 3d to \*; (1 space, 10 trebles) twice, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

16. Four trebles, 6 spaces, 25 trebles, 1 space; like 2d from \*.

17. Like 3d to \*; 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

18. Four trebles, 3 spaces, 13 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; like 2d from \*.

19. Like 3d to \*; 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 16 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

20. Four trebles, 5 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 4 spaces; like 2d from \*.

21. Like 3d to \*; 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

22. Four trebles, 4 spaces, (10 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 16 trebles, 1 space; like 2d from \*.

23. Like 3d to \*; 1 space, (7 trebles, 2 spaces) twice, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 13 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

24. Four trebles, 5 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 13 trebles, 4 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space; like 2d from \*.

25. Like 3d to \*; 1 space, 19 trebles, 17 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

26. Four trebles, 24 spaces; like 2d from \*.

27. Like 3d to \*; 1 space, 4 trebles, 24 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

28. Forty-six trebles, 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space; like 2d from \*.

29. Like 3d to \*; 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces, 16 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

30. Four trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, (2 spaces, 4 trebles) twice, 1 space, 7 trebles, 1 space; like 2d from \*.

31. Like 3d to \*; (2 spaces, 4 trebles) 3 times, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

32. Four trebles, 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 3 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces; like 2d from \*.

33. Like 3d to \*; 4 spaces, 10 trebles, 11 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

34. Four trebles, 12 spaces, 7 trebles, 5 spaces; like 2d from \*.

35. Like 3d to \*; 20 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

36. Twenty-eight trebles, 7 spaces, (7 trebles, 1 space) twice; like 2d from \*.

37 to 48. Same as 15th to 26th rows, inclusive.

49. Like 3d to \*; 26 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

50. Eighty-five trebles; like 2d from \*.

This completes one front. Continue with

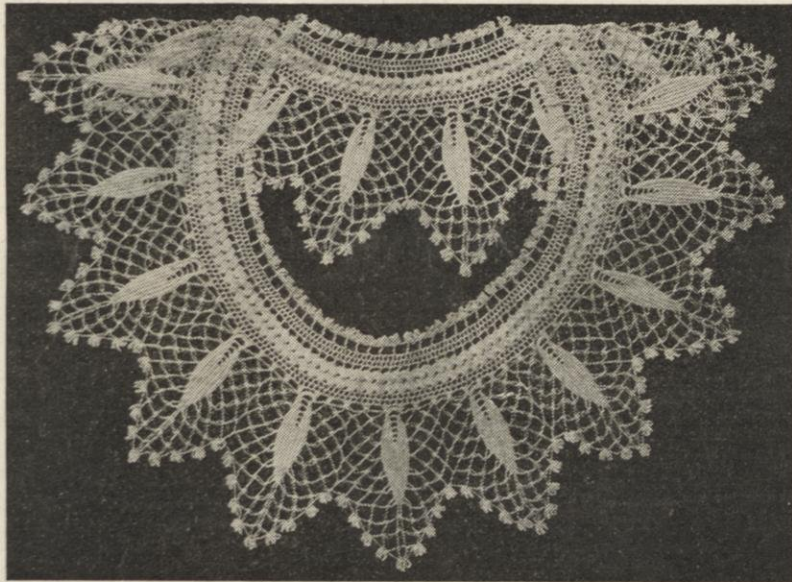


A Neat and Very Pretty Yoke in Filet-Crochet. By Mrs. M. C. S.

the band of shells across the shoulder to back, thus:

51. Chain 4, shell in center of shell, chain 2, fasten with a double in 3d of 5 chain, chain 2, shell in next shell, turn; repeat this

same; make the 49th same as 27th, 50th same as 28th, again repeat from 15th row, ending with 49th and 50th rows as given. Now make the shoulder-strap, and work the other front same as first.



A Dainty Round Yoke of Leaf-Pattern. By Mrs. J. B. Morrow

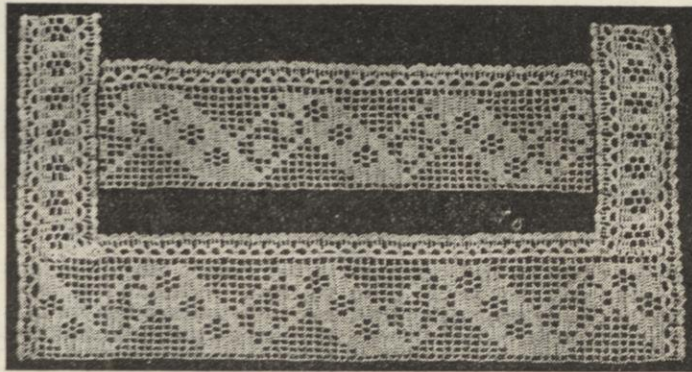
row 30 times, or until the shoulder-strap is as long as required, ending with the even row.

81. Like 3d to \*; 3 trebles under chain at end of row, turn.

82. Same as 2d row.

Finish all along the selvage of trebles with chain loops: Chain 4, miss 2, fasten in next; repeat. Along the other edge, chain 4, miss 1 row, fasten; repeat.

For the underarm band make the inser-



The Square Yoke May Be Fashioned of Any Pretty Insertion. By Mrs. M. C. Sharp

tion of 2 shells width, as for shoulder-straps: Fasten at end of shell at end of last row of the back, preceding the strap, and make a chain of 12 stitches, turn.

tion of 2 shells width, as for shoulder-straps: Fasten at end of shell at end of last row of the back, preceding the strap, and make a chain of 12 stitches, turn.

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

EMMA C. MONROE, Roxbury, Mass.

1. Miss 5, 3 trebles, with 2 chain between, in next stitch, chain 2, miss 2, fasten, chain 2, miss 2, shell in next, chain 2, fasten where chain started, turn.

2. Chain 2, shell in shell, chain 5, shell in shell, turn.

3. Chain 4, shell in shell, chain 2, fasten in 3d of 5 chain, chain 2, shell in shell, chain 2, fasten in loop of 4 chain between 2 shells of shoulder-strap, turn.

Repeat 2d and 3d rows across shoulder-strap, which will give a width of 4 shells; then join next 5 odd rows to loops of edge of trebles of front, missing a loop between joinings, and continue the insertion of 2 shells around to back, joining to the loops of back, and last row of insertion neatly to 1st row. It is better to have the corset-cover made before working the insertion for armholes, as you will then know just how much is required.

Run lingerie ribbon or tape in and out the openings formed by the connected chains between shells.

A dainty round yoke combines knot-stitch with other stitches in a leaf pattern. Make the leaves first, using No. 40 crochet-cotton and hook of size suitable to carry the thread easily. Chain 40, turn.

1. Miss 10 stitches, a double in each of 30 stitches, chain 5, a double in each stitch down other side of chain, turn; \* chain 10, miss 3 doubles, a double in each following double, picking up the back vein, which will give the ridge, 3 under chain, chain 5, 3 doubles under chain and 1 in each double down other side of leaf to within 3 of the end, turn; repeat from \*, with 5 chain at top of leaf in next row, and 6 chain at top in each of next 3 rows; in last row chain 10, miss 3, work back with double in double to top (or base) of leaf, fill the 6 chain closely with 11 doubles, then (make 2 knot-stitches, miss 6 doubles, fasten in next) 3 times, (2 knot-stitches, fasten in loop of 10 chain) 4 times, 2 knot-stitches, fasten in same chain, (2 knot-stitches, fasten in next loop) 3 times, 2 knot-stitches, miss 6 doubles, fasten in next, (2 knot-stitches, miss 7 doubles, fasten in next) 3 times, turn; (2 knot-stitches, fasten in knot of last row) 8 times, 2 knot-stitches, fasten in same knot, (2 knot-stitches, fasten in next knot) 7 times, turn and repeat last row. This completes a leaf. When making the 2d leaf join to preceding as follows: After completing the 3d row of knot-stitch, turn; make 1 knot-stitch, fasten in 1st knot of 1st leaf, \* 1 knot-stitch (or chain 3 loosely), fasten in next knot of 2d leaf, 1 knot-stitch, fasten in next knot of 1st leaf; repeat from \* 3 times, and fasten off; join last leaf also to 1st, making the yoke of desired size. The model has 17 leaves.

2. For the edge, fasten in a knot, (chain 10, fasten in same knot) 3 times, chain 6, fasten in next knot; repeat.

3. For the inner edge, fasten in 2d of the 11 doubles at top of leaf, chain 3 for a treble, 2 trebles in same place, \* chain 7, 3 trebles in 9th of 11 doubles, (chain 7, 3 trebles in next knot) 3 times, chain 7, 3 trebles in 2d of 11 doubles; repeat around; joining to top of 3 chain.

4. Chain 5, \* miss 2, 1 treble, chain 2; repeat from \* around, joining to 3d of 5 chain.

5. Chain 5, \* treble in next treble, chain 2; repeat around, join to 3d of 5 chain.

6. Chain 3, miss 2 spaces, \* a double treble in next treble, 1 double and 12 trebles under the double treble, miss 2 spaces, and repeat from \*; under the last double treble make 11 trebles and join to top of 1st 3 chain.

7. Slip to 5th treble of shell, \* a double treble in 5th treble of next shell, 1 double and 12 trebles under the double treble; repeat from \* around, join.

8. Slip to 5th treble of shell, chain 8, \* a treble in 5th treble of next shell, chain 5; repeat from \* around, joining last 5 chain where 1st started.

9, 10. Spaces, same as 4th and 5th rows.

11. Chain 10, \* miss 2 spaces, a double treble in next, (chain 10, fasten in top of double treble) 3 times, chain 5; repeat from \* around, joining to 5th of 10 chain, (chain 10, fasten in same place) 3 times, and fasten off neatly.

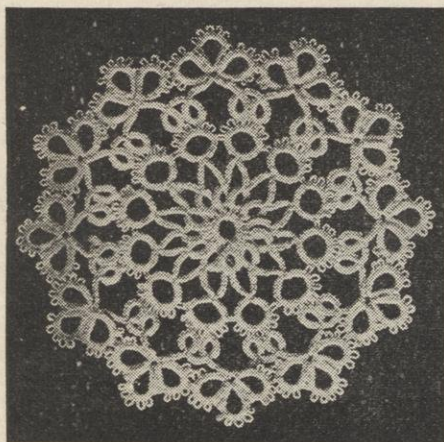
This makes a very handsome border for centerpiece, ending with 5th row, or continuing with 6th and 7th rows, if desired.

A square yoke may be fashioned of any pretty insertion one likes to use. [For that illustrated No. 40 crochet-cotton was chosen. Make a chain of 44 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 7, a treble in next, chain 2, miss

Concluded on page 6

# Some Pretty Novelties in Tatting



Medallion No. 1

## Guest-Towel and Medallions

By Rano Diwane

**A**N insertion in modern tatting — that is, tatting using only the picots required for joining — is very neat and serviceable for towels or other purposes. In colored or white purse-silk it makes a very pretty passementerie, or in linen or cotton thread an attractive trimming for tub-dresses. Use No. 15 crochet-cotton — coarser or finer thread will give same results in a wider or narrower insertion.

Make a ring of (9 double knots, picot) twice, 9 double knots, close; a chain of 11 double knots; a ring as before, joining by 1st picot to last picot of preceding ring; another ring opposite, so that the base adjoins the base of the last ring made; \* chain of 11 double knots; a ring, joining by 1st picot to last picot of preceding ring; another ring close beside but not joined to this; chain of 11 double knots; a ring, joining by 1st picot to last picot of preceding ring; a ring opposite, the base adjoining base of last ring, joined by 1st picot to last picot of 2d ring made; chain of 11 double knots; a ring, joined by 1st picot to last picot of preceding ring; another ring, close to the last but not joined by picot; chain of 11 double knots; a ring, joining by 1st picot to last picot of preceding ring; a ring opposite, joining by 1st picot to last picot of 6th ring of preceding point (the 6th ring made); repeat from \* to length desired.

This is a pretty insertion, also, for pillow-slips, sheet-shams, aprons, and similar articles. It may be used as a border, if desired.

Medallions are in frequent demand for insets, borders, or to be used in different combinations for yokes, collars, and other things. Two very attractive designs are presented:

**No. 1.**—Commence with a ring of 1 double knot, picot, (2 double knots, picot) 11 times, 1 double knot, close and tie.

2. A ring of 7 double knots, join to picot of center ring, 7 double knots, close; chain of 7 double knots; ring of 7 double knots, picot, (2 double knots, picot) 8 times, 7 double knots, close; chain of 7 double knots; repeat, joining a small ring to each picot of center, alternating these with the large rings, chain of 7 double knots between, and joining each large ring to preceding by 1st picot at side, also last to 1st in same way; join last chain at base of 1st ring. This row completes a very pretty small medallion.

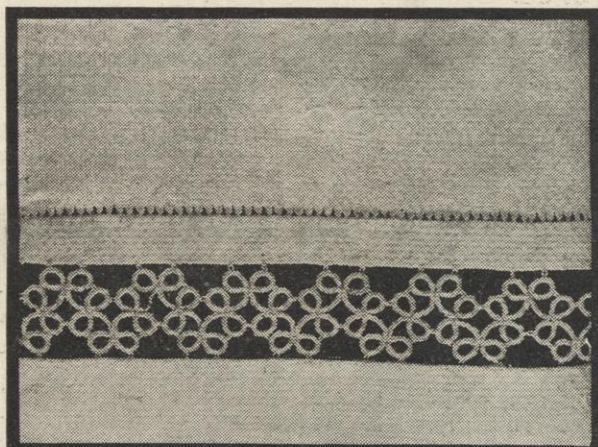
3. A small ring, joining to 4th picot of

ring of last row; chain of 4 double knots; another small ring, joining to 6th picot of same large ring; chain of 7 double knots; a ring of 7 double knots, picot, (2 double knots, picot) 6 times, 7 double knots, close; a 2d ring, joining to 1st by 1st side picot, a 3d ring, joining to 2d by side picot, forming a cloverleaf, chain of 7 double knots; repeat, joining 2 small rings over each ring of preceding row, and 1st ring of each cloverleaf to last ring of preceding cloverleaf by next to middle picot; join last to 1st cloverleaf in same manner, and last chain at base of 1st ring.

**No. 2.**—Make a ring as for center of 1st medallion.

2. Make a chain of 3 double knots, (picot, 3 double knots) 3 times, miss 1 picot of center ring, join to next; repeat, making 6 chains in all, joining last to picot where 1st started; fasten off neatly. This completes a small medallion which is very pretty for filling spaces between the larger ones, or it may be used to form yokes, collars or other articles of "allover" lace.

3. Make a ring of 2 double knots, (picot, 2 double knots) 7 times, close; chain of 5 double knots, picot, 5 double knots; a ring like 1st, joining to preceding by 1st side picot; another chain; a ring, joining as before; a chain of 3 double knots; a ring of 2 double knots, join to last picot of preceding ring, (2 double knots, picot) 8 times, 2 double knots, close; chain of 3 double knots; ring of 2 double knots, join to last picot of preceding ring, (2 double knots, picot) 6 times, 2 double knots, close; chain of 5 double knots, join to picot of chain opposite, 5 double knots; ring, as before, joining as directed; a chain, joining to that opposite; a ring, joining to preceding; a long chain of 5 double knots, (picot, 5 double knots) twice, join to middle picot of chain of 2d row, (5 double knots, picot) twice, 5 double knots; a ring, joining to last ring of preceding point by middle picot. Continue with the 2d point as directed, joining 1st picot of the long chain to last picot of preceding long chain, and middle picot of same to middle picot of next chain of 2d row. Repeat, making 6 points, joining last to 1st by middle picot of last ring, and last long chain by last picot to 1st picot of 1st long chain; join last chain securely at base of 1st ring and fasten off.



An Insertion in Modern Tatting

## Square Yoke for Corset-Cover

By Mrs. J. D. Gibson

**C**ROCHET-COTTON No. 40 was used for the model; a finer thread may be substituted, and the sections repeated as many times as required, with shoulder-pieces correspondingly longer.

Commence with a ring of 6 double knots, picot, 3 double knots, picot, (2 double knots, picot) twice, 3 double knots, picot, 6 double knots, close; make a chain of twisted knots, thus: Make the 1st half of knot 4 times, then the last half 4 times, 8 stitches in all (this we will call a group); make another group, picot, 2 groups; a ring as before, joining by 1st picot to last picot of preceding ring; repeat until you have 8 rings and 7 chains, then make a chain in the usual way of 4 double

knots, (picot, 4 double knots) 5 times — this for the top of section; make a ring as before, turning and working back, joining to middle picot of ring opposite (or the last ring made); make a chain of twisted knots as described, and repeat, alternating the chains and rings as before, joining each ring by 3d picot to 3d picot of opposite ring, until you have on this side, too, the 8 rings and 7 chains of twisted knots. Having finished the 8th ring, make a chain of 4 double knots, (picot, 4 double knots) 3 times, and repeat from beginning, joining each chain of twisted knots by the picot to corresponding chain of preceding section.

Continue in this manner until you have made four sections, joining each as described or until one half of front is as wide as required; if finer thread is used an extra ring and chain may be added to each row before turning, and an additional section or more made to give requisite width.

Continue the 9th section the length for shoulder-strap, and make the latter 2 sections wide. Make the back 7 sections wide, then the shoulder-strap, and finish with the other front.

This pattern is a simple one, and readily adapted to many uses. The shoulder-strap makes a very neat insertion for towel-ends; or the insertion may be made as directed for fronts and back of yoke, turning with the shorter chain at top and bottom in order to have both edges alike; either the insertion or the lace to match (made as directed) may be wider or narrower by repeating the rings and chains a greater or less number of times. A luncheon-set may have

doilies and centerpiece edged with the lace; and if it is desired to curve the border the rings may gradually decrease in size toward top of section, and the last chain or two chains at bottom (according to width of border) be left unjoined.

## Boudoir- or Breakfast-Cap

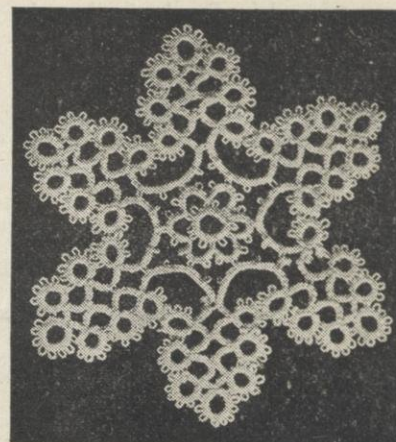
By Mrs. E. H. Fenstermacher

**C**ROCHET-COTTON No. 10 was used for this cap, which may be white or ecru; or crochet-cord, in dainty color, may be used, with ribbon band of a harmonizing or contrasting hue.

1. Make a ring of 10 picots, separated by 1 double knot; close, tie and cut thread, or leave one fourth inch of thread and continue without cutting.

2. Make a ring of 6 double knots, join to last picot of center ring, 6 double knots, close; leave one half inch of thread, or a little more, make a ring of 6 double knots, picot, 4 double knots, picot, 2 double knots, picot, 4 double knots, picot, 6 double knots, close; again leave the designated space of thread, make a ring like 1st of the row, joining to next picot of center ring; leave space of thread, make a large ring, joining to preceding large ring by 1st (side) picot; repeat, joining a small ring to each picot of center ring with 2 small rings joined to 5th and 10th picots of center ring, and alternating with large rings, 12 of each. Tie last thread at base of 1st ring and fasten off.

3. Make a small ring, as before, joining to 1st free picot of large ring of last row; leave same space of thread, make a large ring of 6 double knots, (picot, 6 double knots) 3 times, close; leave space of thread, make a small ring, joining to next picot of same ring; repeat, alternating



Medallion No. 2

small and large rings, leaving always the same space of thread between, joining 2 small rings to each ring of last row, and large rings by side picot; fasten last thread at base of 1st ring.

4. Make a small ring, join to picot of ring of last row, leave space of thread, as usual, make a large ring, as in last row, leave space of thread, make a small ring and join to same picot with preceding ring, leave space, make a large ring, joining to preceding by side picot, leave space of thread make a small ring, joining to picot of next ring, leave space of thread, make a large ring, joining by side picot to preceding, leave space of thread and repeat the row, joining last large ring also to 1st, and last thread at base of 1st ring.

5, 6, 7. Like 4th row.

8. Same as 4th, only joining but 1 ring to each picot of preceding row.

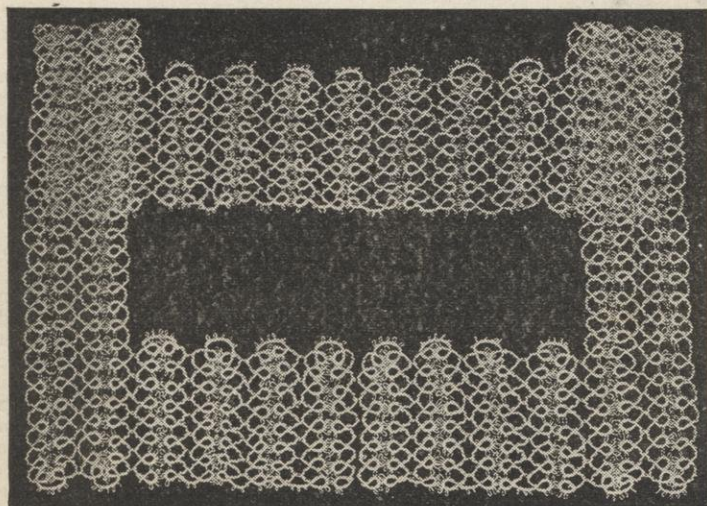
9. Make a large ring, joining to picot of ring in last row, tie on second or spool-thread, make a chain of 14 double knots, a large ring, again a chain of 14 double knots, a large ring, missing 1 ring of last row and joining to picot of next, chain of 14 double knots, a large ring, joining to preceding by side picot, chain of 14 double knots, and repeat, joining each ring to preceding and last to 1st, and last chain at base of 1st ring.

10. Join to picot of last row, and make a chain of 2 double knots, (picot, 2 double knots) 7 times, join to picot of next ring; repeat around, joining last chain to picot where 1st started.

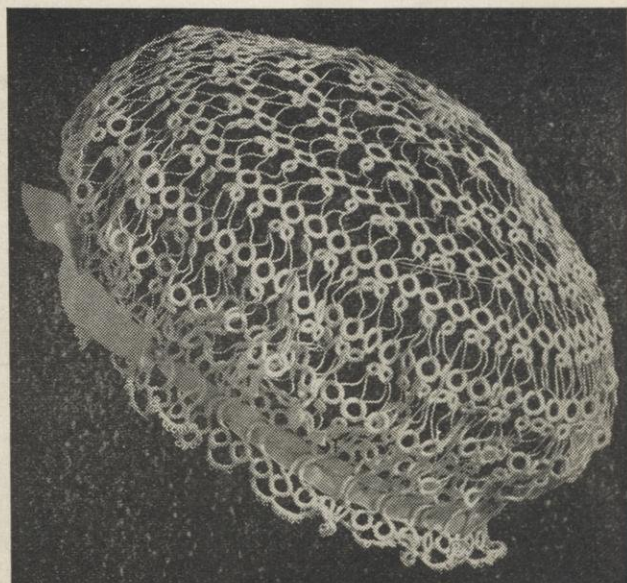
Run ribbon under 2 chains of 9th row, and over 2, and tie the ends in a graceful bow.

A very pretty bonnet for a baby can be made by this pattern; first, make the crown of the size wanted, then — leaving 5 or 7 rings across back of neck — work back and forth until the front is large enough, go around the whole three times, drawing in the neck to give a good shape, and making more rings in the last row.

**T**HE busy home-mother likes to know how to save all the work possible, and here is a help I have found very good: When you wish to sew edging to a garment turn the hem and crease it, just as it is to be; lay the lace flat along the crease, stitch in place, and finish the hem as usual. — Mrs. F. D., New York.



Square Yoke for Corset-Cover



Boudoir- or Breakfast-Cap



# Designs in Crochet for Luncheon-Sets

## Forget-Me-Not Border for Luncheon-Set

By J. Lenore Brinker

**T**HE service-plate doily is illustrated. The tumbler-dollies may have a single straight row of the forget-me-nots, the doilies for bread-and-butter plates may have points three deep, or the width may be arranged as preferred, for doilies and centerpiece. The border is worked from inner to outer edge, as most straight laces are made, and is all worked on one side, that is, not turned. The 2d treble of each flower must have an extra loop, and is made thus: Thread over needle, insert hook in work, take up thread and draw through, over and draw through 2 loops, over and draw through this last loop, forming a tight chain-stitch, then over and draw through last 2 loops. The chain-stitch thus made forms the center of the flower and will be designated as "center" hereafter; also the 4th chain from the hook when a flower is begun, is used as the base stitch, and will be designated as such.

No. 15 crochet-thread was used for the model, but finer thread may be chosen at pleasure.

1. Chain 7, 2 trebles in 4th stitch from hook (taking care to make the 2d of these trebles as above directed), chain 3, 3 trebles in center, chain 3, fasten in center with a single, chain 3, 2 trebles in center, chain 11, 2 trebles in 4th stitch back from hook, (chain 3, 3 trebles in center, chain 3, fasten in center) 3 times, chain 3, 1 treble, fasten in base stitch with a single, chain 7, remove hook from work, insert in the top (2 loops) of last treble made in 1st flower, pick up the dropped stitch and draw through, make 1 treble in center, chain 3, fasten in center, chain 3, 3 trebles, chain 3, fasten in center, chain 3, 1 treble, fasten in base stitch.

2. Chain 7, drop stitch on needle, insert hook between the top loops of 2d and 3d trebles of 3d petal of 1st flower, catch the dropped stitch and draw through, chain 7, 2 trebles in 4th stitch from hook, chain 3, 2 trebles, drop stitch on needle, insert hook in 4th stitch of 7 chain of previous row, catch the dropped stitch and draw through, 1 treble, 3 chain, fasten in center, chain 3, 2 trebles, drop stitch, insert hook between top loops of 2d and 3d trebles of 3d petal of 2d flower, catch dropped stitch and draw through, chain 7, 2 trebles in 4th stitch from hook, (chain 3, 3 trebles, chain 3, fasten in center) 3 times, chain 3, 1 treble, fasten in base stitch, \* chain 7, drop stitch, insert hook in top of last treble made in 3d flower, catch and draw through, chain 3, fasten in center, chain 3, 3 trebles, chain 3, fasten in center, chain 3, 1 treble, fasten in base stitch, \* chain 7, fasten with a double in 4th stitch of inner 7 chain.

3. Chain 7, 2 trebles in 4th stitch from hook, chain 3, 2 trebles, drop stitch, insert hook in 4th stitch of 7 chain, catch dropped stitch and draw through, 1 treble, chain 3, fasten in center, chain 3, 2 trebles, chain 3, join to 3d flower as previously directed, chain 7, 2 trebles in 4th stitch from hook, chain 3, 2 trebles, join to lattice (7 chain) as previously directed, 1 treble, chain 3, fasten in center, chain 3, 2 trebles, chain 3, join to 4th flower as previously directed, chain 7, 2 trebles in base stitch, (chain 3, 3 trebles, chain 3, fasten in center) 3 times, chain 3, 1 treble, fasten in base stitch; repeat from \* to \* in 2d row twice.

Repeat from 2d row, making one more flower in each row until the point is as deep as desired, then decrease by making one flower less in each row. Repeat the points to the length required, and join last row to 1st. Whip the lace to a buttonholed linen center.

This design may be used in many ways, and is not at all difficult nor tedious to do; once the "knack" of forming the flowers and joining them, as described in 2d and 3d rows, is caught, it will not be found necessary to look at the directions, since the work is a mere repetition.

Collars and cuffs, yokes, handbags, and a great variety of articles may be prettily made of these little flower-motifs.

### A Pretty Crocheted Doily

By Nettie Carriel

Chain 6, join.

1. Chain 3, 13 trebles in ring, join to top of 3 chain.

2. Chain 6, \* miss 1, a treble in next, chain 3; repeat around, join to 3d of 6 chain, making 7 spaces in all.

3. Chain 3, 2 trebles in same place, \* chain 3, 3 trebles in next treble; repeat

around, joining last 3 chain to top of 3 chain which stands for 1st treble.

4. Chain 3 for a treble, a treble in each of 2 trebles and 1 in chain, \* chain 3, 5 trebles over 3 trebles and 1 in chain each side, repeat from \* around, ending with 1 treble in last of 3 chain, join.

5. Chain 3, treble in each following treble and 1 in chain, \* chain 3, 7 trebles over 5 trebles and chain each side, repeat around, ending with treble in last of 3 chain and in each treble to complete the group; join.

6, 7, 8. Same as 5th row. The 8th row has 13 trebles across diamond.

9. Eleven trebles (chain 3 for 1st) over 13 trebles, missing 1st and last, chain 4, fasten under 3 chain, chain 4; repeat around, join.

10, 11, 12, 13. Same as 9th row, decreasing the trebles in diamond by 2 each row, and increasing the chain loops between by 1. The 13th row has 3 trebles in the diamond and 6 loops between.

14. A treble in 2d of 3 trebles, (chain 4, fasten under 4 chain) 6 times, chain 4; repeat around, join.

15. Chain 3, a treble in each stitch all around, join.

16. Make 2 knot-stitches, miss 4 trebles, fasten with a double; repeat around.

17, 18. One knot-stitch, fasten in knot, \* 2 knot-stitches, fasten in next knot; repeat around, join.

19. One knot-stitch, fasten in knot, \* chain 5, fasten in next knot; repeat around, join.

20. Chain 3, 6 trebles in next 6 stitches, \* chain 3, a treble in center of 5 chain, chain 3, treble in fastening double of last row, in each of 5 chain, and in double, 7 in all; repeat from \* around, join.

21. Five trebles over 7 trebles, chain 3, 3 trebles over treble and in chain each side, chain 3; repeat around, join.

22. Three trebles over 5 trebles, chain 3, 5 trebles over 3 trebles and in chain each side, chain 3; repeat around, join.

23. A treble (always chain for 1st treble of the row) in 2d of 3 trebles, chain 3, 7 trebles over 5 trebles and chain each side, chain 3; repeat around, join.

24. Three trebles over 1 treble and in chain each side, chain 4, 5 trebles over 7 trebles, chain 4; repeat around, join.

25. Five trebles over 3 trebles (and in chain each side, when widening the diamond), chain 4, 3 trebles over 5 trebles, chain 4; repeat around, join.

26. Seven trebles over 5 trebles, chain 4, a treble in 2d of 3 trebles, chain 4; repeat around, join.

27. Nine trebles over 7 trebles, chain 4, (chain 4, fasten under 4 chain) 3 times, chain 4; repeat around, join.

28. Seven trebles over 9 trebles, (chain 4, fasten under 4 chain) 3 times, chain 4; repeat around, join.

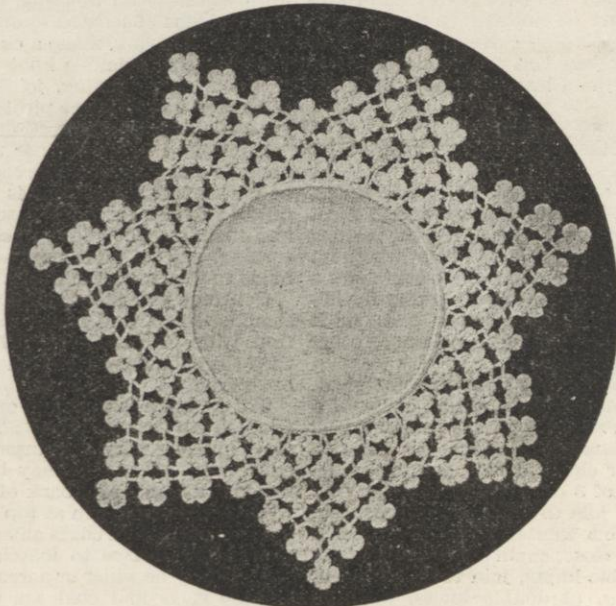
29. Five trebles over seven trebles, (chain 4, fasten under 4 chain) 4 times, chain 4; repeat around, join.

30. Three trebles over 5 trebles, (chain 4, fasten under 4 chain) 5 times, chain 4; repeat around, join.

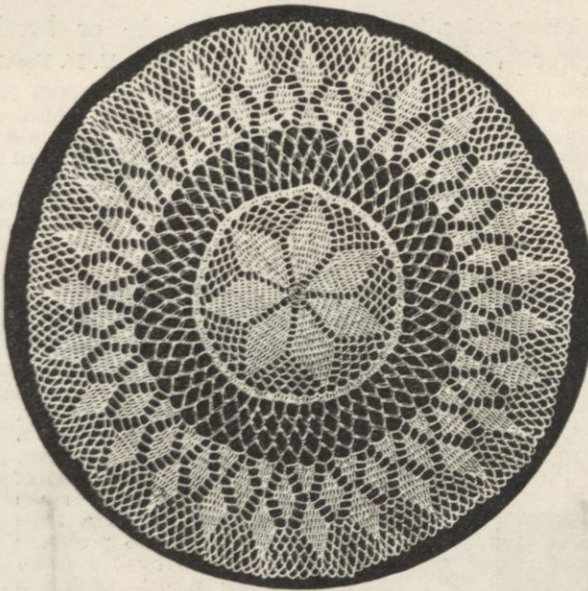
31. A treble in 2d of 3 trebles, (chain 4, fasten under 4 chain) 6 times, chain 4; repeat around, join.

32. Slip to center of 4 chain, \* chain 4, fasten under next chain; repeat around, join and fasten off.

By using a coarser thread, No. 10 or No. 15 crochet-cotton, this design makes a handsome centerpiece, or cover for piano-stool, recently asked for. For a pretty luncheon-set the border of diamonds may be applied to a linen center, and the center star used for the smaller doilies. Or one may vary the pattern in any way dictated by fancy.



Forget-Me-Not Border for Luncheon-Set



A Pretty Crocheted Doily

material has been neglected so long for this purpose, as it sheds dust, does not soil easily and cleans beautifully without shrinking.

## Yokes of Attractive Designs

Concluded from page 4

2, 1 treble in next, forming a space, 12 trebles in next 12 stitches, 2 spaces, 7 trebles (counting all), 3 spaces, turn.

2. Chain 5, treble in next treble (for 1st space of row, always), 1 more space, 8 trebles, (chain 2, a treble in next space) twice, chain 2, miss 2 trebles, 8 trebles in next 8, 3 spaces, turn.

3. Four spaces, 7 trebles (last 2 in space), chain 2, treble in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space, and 11 in following 11 stitches, 1 space, turn.

4. One space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 13 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

5. Six spaces, 8 trebles, (chain 2, treble in next space) twice, chain 2, 2 trebles in last 2 of 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

6. One space, 4 trebles (last 2 in space), chain 2, treble in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space and 5 in 5 trebles, 7 spaces, turn.

7. Six spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, turn.

8. (One space, 7 trebles) twice, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

9. Four spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

10. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

11. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

12. Four spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

13. One space, 7 trebles, 4 spaces, 4 trebles, 5 spaces, turn.

14. Like 7th row.

15. One space, 16 trebles, 7 spaces, turn.

16. Six spaces, 7 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 1 space, turn.

17. One space, 5 trebles, (chain 2, treble in space) twice, chain 2, miss 2 of 7 trebles, 8 trebles in next 8 stitches, 5 spaces, turn.

18. Four spaces, 13 trebles, last 2 in space, chain 2, treble in space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space, and 5 in 5 trebles, 1 space, turn.

19. Two spaces, 13 trebles, 2 spaces, 7 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

Repeat from 2d row 3 times, ending with 2d and 3d rows; or make the strip as long as required for the width of yoke. At end of last row turn the work and go along the side to commence the shoulder-strap, as follows:

20. Chain 3, for a treble, make 2 trebles in each of 6 spaces, turn.

21. Chain 3, 3 trebles, 2 spaces, 4 trebles, turn.

22. Chain 3, 1 treble, (chain 2, treble in next space) twice, chain 2, 2 trebles in last 2 of 4 trebles, turn.

23. Chain 3, 3 trebles (last 2 in space), chain 2, treble in next space, chain 2, 2 trebles in next space and 2 in 2 trebles, turn.

24. Chain 3, 12 trebles, turn.

Repeat last 4 rows 8 times, or until the shoulder-strap is of sufficient length; make the other strap in the same way, joining to a second strip of insertion, made as described, for the back.

For the edge:

1. Work doubles entirely around the neck and sleeves.

2. Chain 6, miss 6, 2 doubles in next 2 doubles; repeat.

3. Fill each loop with 9 doubles.

4. Slip to 2d double of 1st loop, chain 5, miss 2, a treble in next, \* chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble, chain 2, a treble in 2d double of next loop, chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble; repeat from \*.

5. Six trebles in 1st space, fasten with a double in next; repeat.

The insertion alone is very desirable for towels and similar articles, and a lace may be made to match by adding any border that is desired.

**A** SIMPLE and inexpensive way to make a guest-towel or bureau-scarf is as follows: Take a piece of huck toweling the desired length, turn one-inch hems over on the right side and stitch; then baste zigzag or wave-braid over the line of stitching, on the right side, covering the edge of hem, and work three French knots on each curve of the braid, either in the form of a triangle or along the edge of the curve. For a towel the monogram or initial is to be worked in padded satin-stitch, or outlined and filled in with French knots. The scarf may have the monogram on one end and a simple design in solid embroidery on the other, the whole to be worked in pink, blue or any delicate tint to match the color-scheme of the room.

—A. L. W., Minnesota.

### 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.

# Interesting Embroideries for Summer Work

By ADDIE MAY BODWELL

**T**HE woman who is wise is already choosing materials for her summer work; for whether she "goes on a vacation" or remains at home, she is pretty sure of a good many spare moments in the course of each day, which may be utilized in making attractive things for her own home, or to fill her Christmas-gift box. If she is herself a housekeeper she knows full well that no gift can be more acceptable to any housekeeping friend than a centerpiece, a pillow, a towel, or other bit of embroidery.

A scarf for the dresser would seem a rather formidable piece of work, at first thought; not so, however, with the one illustrated. To begin, it is embroidered on a material called "doilicloth," in itself decorative; it resembles the old-time momie-cloth, with pebbled or crepelike finish, and is as firm and durable as possible. The embroidery is in our favorite Madeira work; a flower-motif, with eyeleted center surrounded by petals in padded satin-stitch, and a curving stem with drooping leaves. One of these motifs occupies each front corner of the scarf, and one is placed at each side of the center, where the buttonholed scallops curve inward around it very prettily indeed. One who is a rather rapid worker could easily complete such a scarf in a short time, and she is sure to feel well repaid — whether she intends it for her own household use or for a gift.

A very pretty centerpiece, not of ordinary design, introduces a touch of color, but may be worked with white if this is preferred. Iridescent silk was used for the piece illustrated, the plain, wide scallops buttonholed with this and the motifs worked in satin-stitch, slightly padded.

The curving line of graduated eyelets which connects the motifs is done with pale green, and the colors are not obtrusive in the slightest degree. The centerpiece seems especially suited for summer use, when we like to have large dishes of flowers for the dining-table and elsewhere. Finished, it is twenty-one inches in diameter.

It is really quite impossible to have too many towels, and needleworkers who enjoy carrying out a new version of an old story, and noting the charming effects made possible by a little change in design or treatment, will welcome the pretty—and withal durable—towel illustrated. The work is done in two shades of delft-blue; and it may

be suggested in passing that any other color may be substituted which the worker prefers, always with the stipulation that the dye must be absolutely fast — or as nearly so as it is possible to provide—because a towel requires so frequent tubbing. The

over the center of the scallop in second row. The design is simple, but very showy.

Ever and always is the home needleworker seeking new worlds to conquer—in the shape of pillows. She wants something that can be quickly done, because it does

heavy outlining placed close together, the two outer rows of dark green, the center row of black, which brings out or accentuates the other coloring in a wonderful way. The leaves have also a touch of black near the tips. The foundation of the pillow is of tan ticking, and it is finished with cord and tassels of green.

### Needlepoints

**MRS. L. W. F.**, Pennsylvania. —The embroidery designs published six months ago can still be had. Send for them by number, as given, addressing the order The American Woman, Augusta, Maine. The sample of edging enclosed, taken from the handkerchief, is netted, not crocheted. A great deal of such work formerly came from Armenia. I will gladly give you the names of workers who do very nice tatting and crocheting — or other class

of needlework — on receipt of your full address, with stamp.

**MRS. J. H. M.**, Connecticut. —I have not the address of the reader who made the request alluded to. Why not send the "pretty, original sample" for illustration in our department, with directions, so that all may share it? Please do.

**MRS. W. B.**, Nevada. —From your description, the work is shadow embroidery — very popular some years ago. It is done on very sheer material, the pattern traced or stamped on the wrong side, and the work done also on that side. If you wish directions for it I will gladly give them to you in this department.

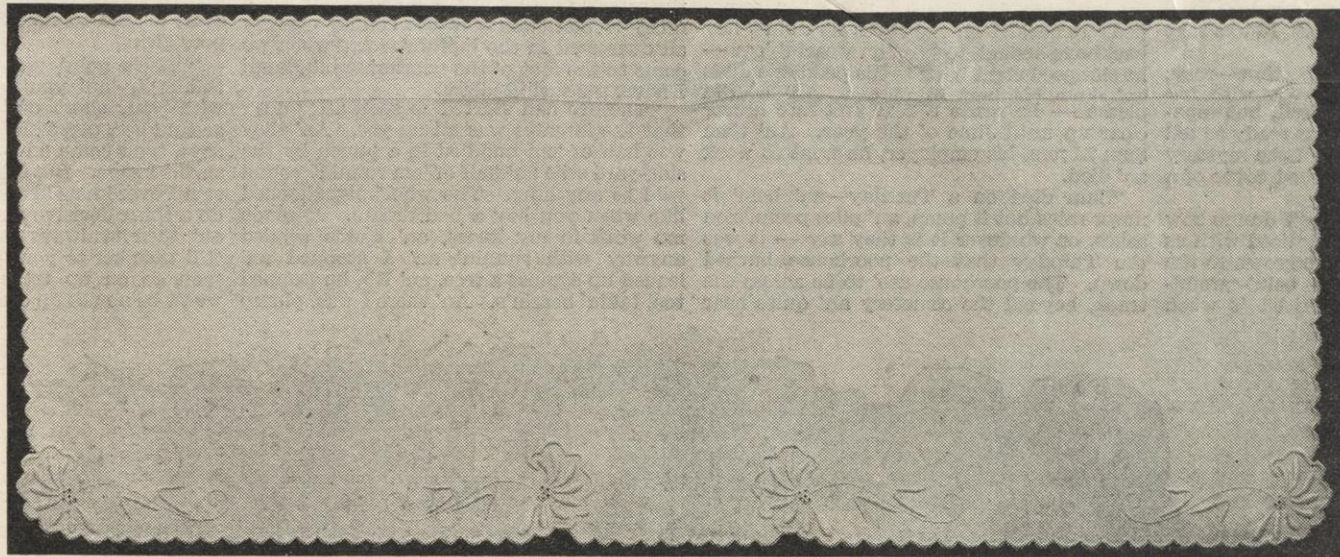
### Requested

**I** SHALL be very glad to see a crocheted border, three or four inches wide, suitable for a round centerpiece thirty inches in diameter. —Mrs. J. B. M., California.

**W**ILL some one kindly send directions for a round pillow in crochet? —Mrs. F. M. O., Indiana.

**I** SHOULD like to see directions, with samples, for crocheting a baby's jacket, hood and booties to match. —Mrs. J. H., Illinois.

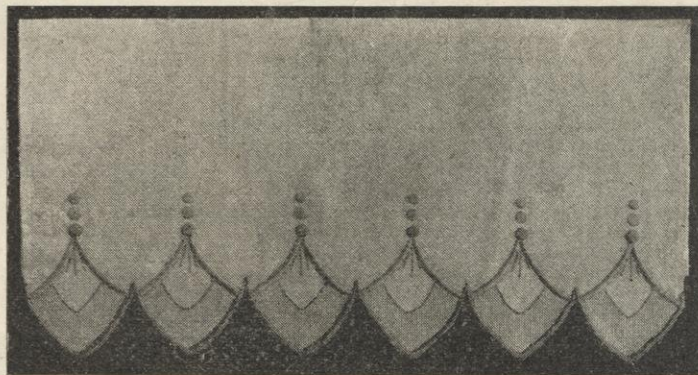
**I** AM very interested in tatting, and always glad to see new patterns. Should especially like to see a tatted yoke in points; should also be glad to see a luncheon-set, three sizes of doilies and centerpiece, with matched border. —Alice Long, Vermont.



No. 39 A. A Most Attractive Scarf for Bureau or Sideboard

darning is first done, and with the lighter blue; simply pass the needle under each little raised thread of the huck, in turn, up and down, until the space indicated is covered by the blue threads. With the darker thread outline the upper edge of the darned space, buttonhole the second row of scallops with the lighter, and where these scallops come

not pay to put too fine or tedious work on a sofa-pillow that is to see service—and no pillow is worth while unless it can be used; and she wants, too, something that is novel and attractive. The pillow presented fulfills every one of these requirements—and more. The center of the motif is of medium green, in satin-stitch, without padding; this



No. 40 A. A Delightful New Version of An Old Story

together, at the highest point, work a coin-spot in satin-stitch, padded, using the darker blue; above this work two more spots, of light blue; the radiating lines, in outline-stitch, between the scallops, are of dark blue, as is the buttonholing of the edge, the highest points of this first row coming

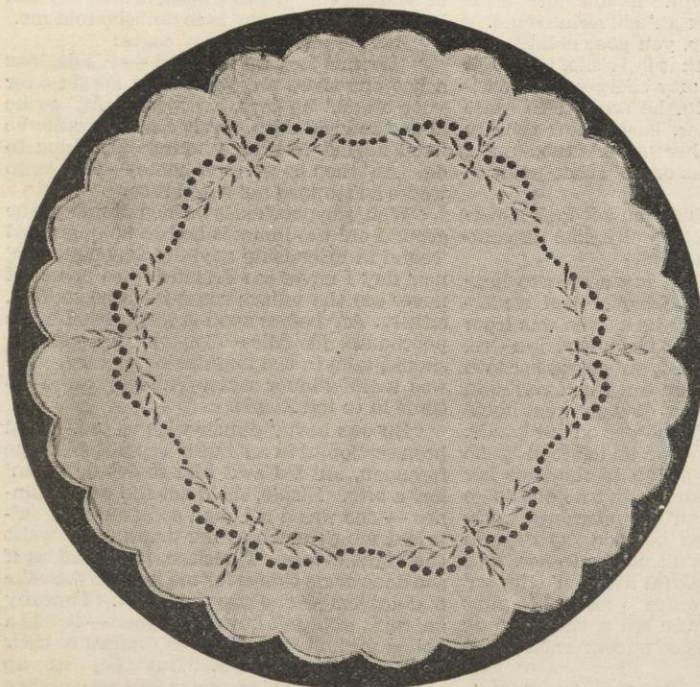
circle is outlined with black, and from it radiate long single stitches of light green. Large French knots, in two shades of terracotta, complete the motif. The feathery leaves have a heavy outlining of medium green for the center rib, and from this, at each side, branch the long stitches of pale green. The scrolls consist of three rows of

No. 39 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on white doilicloth, 50 cents. Floss to embroider, 20 cents extra

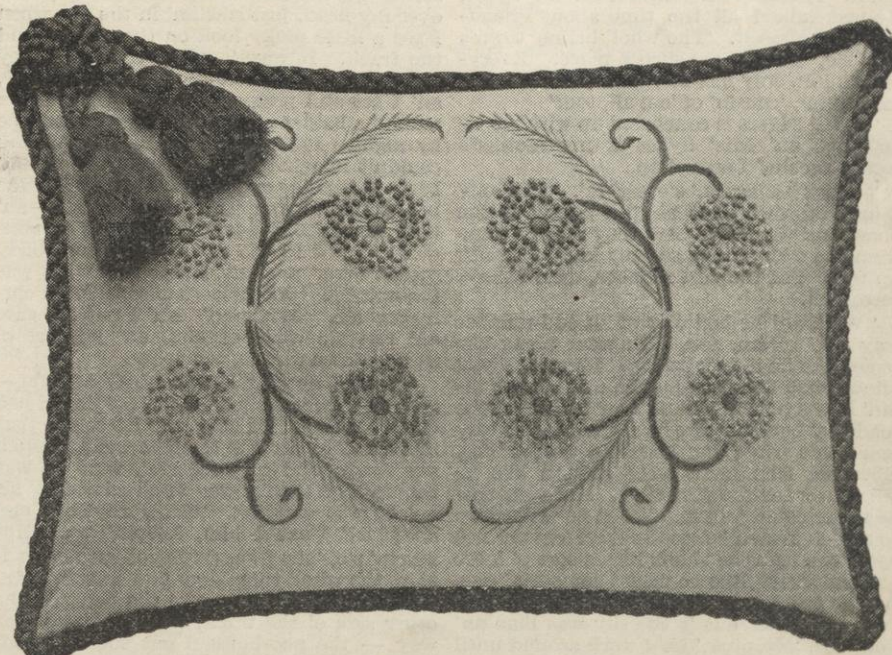
No. 40 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on 18x27-inch huckabuck, 25 cents. Floss to embroider, 20 cents extra

No. 41 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on 22-inch white linen, 50 cents. Floss to embroider, 50 cents extra

No. 42 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 10 cents. Stamped on 20x24-inch tan ticking with plain back, 25 cents. Floss to embroider, 30 cents extra



No. 41 A. Introducing a Delicate Touch of Color



No. 42 A. This Pillow Is of Novel Design and Serviceable

# LONESOME

By ZONA GALE

SOME folks." Calliope Marsh said, "has got spines an' some folks hasn't. But what I say is, nobody can tell which is which. Because now an' then the soft-spined breed just hardens up all in a minute an' behaves same as steel. So when I meet a stranger that sort o' sops along through life, limp an' floppy, I never judge him. I just say: 'You look like the kind that'd knock with one knuckle, but mebbe you can fair bu'st the door in, if you're rill put to it.' It was that way with Eb Goodnight."

I loved Calliope all the time—rosy, wrinkled little creature of sixty, with her bag of extracts and laces to sell, but especially I loved her when she was ready to tell a story. Then she took on all the mystery and promise of the distinguished cover of a book.

"Land, land," she went on, "I dunno how it is other places. But I've noticed with us here in Friendship—an' I've grown to the town from short dresses to bein'-careful-what-I-eat—I've often noticed 't when folks seems not to have any backbone to speak of, or even when they go 'round sort o' crazy—their's usually some other reason, like enough. Sensitive or sick or lonesome, or like that. It was so with Eb—an' it was so with Elspie. Elspie, though, was interestin' on account o' bein' not only a little crazy, but rill pretty besides. But Eb, he was the kind that a signboard is more interestin' than. An' yet—"

With that she paused. I knew Calliope's "an' yet." It splendidly conceded the entire converse of her arguments.

"Eb come here to Friendship," she went on, "less public than Elspie did. Elspie come official, as an inmate o' the county house. Eb, he sort o' crep' in town, like he crep' everywhere else. He introduced himself to me through sellin' needles. He walked in on me an' a two-weeks ironin' one mornin' with: 'Lemme present myself as Ebenezer Goodnight, sewin'-needles, knittin'-needles, crochet-hooks an' shuttles an' anything o' that, an' down he set an' never opened his mouth about his needles again. Eb was real delicate, for an agent. He just talked all the time about Friendship an' himself. 'The whol' blame' town's kin, s'e, 'I never see such a place. Everybody's kin, only just me. Air you,' he ask' me wistful, 'cousin' of 'em all, too?'"

"Mis' Myers is connected up with me by marriage an' Mis' Sykes is my mother's secunt cousin," I owned up.

"That's it again, s'e, sighin'." "The only things in town that ain't a cousin is the horses an' the dogs. An' they mostly come from the Oldmoxons, so they kind o' match up too. I'm the odd number, dum it, s'e, sorrowful."

"Well, an' he hed sort of an odd-number way about him, too. He went along the street like he didn't belong. I dunno if you know what I mean—but he was always takin' in the tops o' buildin's an' lookin' at the roads an' behavin' like he noticed—the way you don't when you live in a town. Yes, Ebenezer Goodnight went around like he see things for the first time. An' somehow he never could join in. When he walked up to a flock o' men he stood side of 'em an' not with 'em. An' he shook hands sort o' loose an' temporary, like he meant somethin' else. An' he just couldn't bear not to agree with you. If he let out 't the sky was blue an' you said, 'No, pink,' he'd work around until he'd dyed his sky pink too. He seemed to hev a spine made mostly o' molasses. An' sometimes I think your spine's your soul."

"Eb had been lonelyin' 'round the village a month or so when Sum Myers, that run the big rival grocery to the post-office store, took him an' his peddler's pack into the grocery—an' Eb was pretty tickled. He went down first mornin' in his best clothes to dish up kerosene an' cheese. But when somebody remarked on the clothes he didn't hev backbone enough to keep on wearin' 'em—he slimped right back to his peddler's duds an' done his best to please. An' he did please—he made a real first-rate grocer clear up until June o' the year. An' then Sum Myers, his employer, he went to work an' died."

"Sum died on a Tuesday—an' bein' it never rains but it pours, an' piles peelin's on ashes, or whatever it is they say—it was the Tuesday that the poorhouse burned down. The poorhouse use' to be across the track, beyond the cemetery an' quite near

an' silas Sykes an' Ephraim Holcomb, that was managers o' the poorhouse, an' some more, went puffin' past us yellin' 'Put it out—run fer water—why don't you do suthin'?'—an' like that, most beside theirselves."

"Them poor critturs," says I, "O my! them poor critturs in the home—' for there must 'a' ben twenty o' the county charges all quartered in the buildin'. An' when we come to the foot o' the poorhouse hill, land! I never see such Bedlam."

"The nre had started so soon after dusk that the inmates was all up yet. An' they was half o' 'em huddled in a bunch by the side-yard stile an' half o' 'em runnin' 'round wild as anything. The whol' place looked like when you hev a bad dream. It made me weak in my knees, an' I was winded anyway with runnin' an' I stopped an' leaned up against a tree, an' Eb, he stopped too, takin' bearin's. An' there I was, plump

"Oh, I dunno, s'she, an' I could see her smilin' in that bright light, 'oh, I dunno. It'll be some place to come to, afterwards when I go out walkin', s'she. 'I ain't no place to head for. I sort o' circle 'round an' come back. I ain't even a grave to visit,' s'she, 'an' it'll be kind o' cozy to come up here on the hill an' set down by the ashes—like they belonged."

"I know I heard Eb Goodnight laugh, kind o' cracked an' enjoyable, an' I took some shame to him for makin' fun o' the poor girl."

"She's goin' plumb out o' her head," thinks I, "an' you'd better get her home with you, short off." So I put my arm around her, persuadish, an' I says: 'Elspie, I says, 'you come on to my house now for a spell,' I says. But Eb, he steps in, prompter'n I ever knew him—I'd never heard him do a thing decisive an' sudden except 'sneeze an' then he always done his best to swallow. 'I'll take her to your house,' he says to me; 'you go on up there to them women. I won't be no use up there,' he says. An' that

was reasonable enough, on account o' Eb not bein' the decisive kind, for fires an' such."

"So Eb went off, takin' Elspie to my house an' I went on up the hill where Timothy Toplady and Silas Sykes an' Ephraim was rushin' 'round, wild an' sudden, herdin' the inmates here an' there, vague an' energetic. I didn't do much better, an' I done worse too, because I burned my left wrist, long an' deep. When I got home with it Eb was settin' on the front stoop with Elspie, an' when he heard about the wrist he come in an' done the lightin' up. An' Elspie, she fair surprised me."

"Where do you keep your rags?" s'she, brisk.

"In that flour-chest I don't use," I says, "in the shed."

"My land, she was back in a minute with a soft piece o' linen an' the black oil off the clock-shelf that I hadn't told her where it was, an' she bound up my wrist like she'd created that burn an' understood it up an' down."

"Now you get into the bed," she says, "without work-

in' the rag off. I'm all right, s'she. 'I can lock up. I like hev'in' it to do,' she told me."

"But Eb puts in, kind o' eager:

"Lemme lock up the shed—it's dark as a hat out there an' you might sprain over your ankle," he says, awkward. An' so he done the lockin' up, an' it come over me he liked hev'in' that little householdy thing to do. An' then he went off home—that is, to where he stopped an' hated it so."

"Well, the poorhouse burned plumb to the ground an' the inmates hed to be quartered 'round in Friendship anyhow that night, an' nex' day I never see Friendship so upset. I never see the village roust itself so sudden, either. An' before noon it was settled 't the poorhouse in Alice County, nearest us, should take in the inmates temporary. We was eatin' dinner when Timothy an' Silas come in to tell Elspie."

"Eb was hev'in' dinner with us too. He'd been scalopin' in an' out o' the house all the forenoon, an' I'd ask' him to set down an' hev a bite. Elspie, she'd got the whol' dinner—she was a rill good cook an' that surprised me as much as her dressin' my wrist the night before. I declare, it seemed as if she done some things for me just for the sake o' doin' 'em—she was that kind. Timothy an' Silas wouldn't hev any dinner—it was a boiled piece, too—bein' as dinners o' their own was gettin' cold. But they set up against the edge o' the room so's we could be eatin' on."

"Elspie," says Timothy, "you must be



"I don't care what anyone o' you says—Miss Cally nor none o' you. So you might just as well say less. Tell 'em, Elspie!"

my house. An' the night it burned I was settin' on the side stoop without anythin' over my head, just smellin' in the air, when I see a little pinky look on the sky beyond the track. It wasn't moon time, an' they wa'n't nothin' to bonfire that time o' year, an' I set still pretendin' it was rosebushes makin' a ladder an' buildin' a way of escape by night. It was such a nice evenin' you couldn't imagine anything really happenin' bad. But all at once I heard the fire-engine bell poundin' away like all possessed—an' then runnin' feet, like when there's an accident. I got to the gate just as somebody come rushin' past an' I piped up what was the matter. 'Poorhouse's afire,' s'e. 'Poorhouse,' s'I. 'My land!' An' I out the gate an' run alongside of him, an' he sort o' slowed down for me, courteous."

"Then I noticed it was Eb Goodnight—lonelier'n ever now that his employer hed died that day. I'd never see Eb hustle that much before, an' the thought went through my head, kind o' wonderin', that he was runnin' as if the fire was a real relation o' his an' he was sent for. 'Know anything else about it?' I ask'd him, keepin' up. 'Not much,' s'e, 'but I guess it's got such a head-start the whol' thing'll go like a shell.' An' when we got to the top o' the bank on the other side o' the track, we see it was that way—the poorhouse'd got such a head-start burnin' that nothin' could save it—though Timothy Toplady, that was town marshal, an' chairman o' the county board,

against Elspie, standin' holdin' her arms 'round the tree-trunk an' shiverin' some."

"Elspie, s'I, 'why, you poor child!'"

"No need to rub that in, s'she, tart. It's the one word the county charges gets sensitive about—an' Eb, he seemed to sense that, an' he ask'd her, hasty, how the fire started. He called her 'miss,' too, an' I judged that 'miss' was one o' them poultice words to her."

"I dunno, s'she, 'but don't it look cheerful? The yard's all lit up nice, like fer comp'ny,' she says, rill pleased."

"It sort o' uncovered my nerves to hear her so unconcerned. I never hed understood her—none of us hed. She was from outside the State—but her uncle, Job Ore, was on our county board, an' he got her into our poorhouse—like you can when you're in politics. Then he up an' died an' went home to be buried, an' there she was on our hands. She wa'n't rill crazy—we understood 't she hadn't ben crazy at all up to the time her mother died. Then she hadn't no one to go to an' she got queer, an' the poorhouse uncle stepped in; an' when he died, he died in debt, so his death wa'n't no use to her. She was thirty-odd, but awful little an' slim an' scairt-lookin', an' quite pretty. I allus thought—an' I never see a thing wrong with her until she was so unconcerned about the fire."

"Elspie, s'I, stern, 'ain't you no feelin', s'I, 'for the loss o' the only home you've got to your back?'"

ready to go sharp seven o'clock Friday mornin'.

"Go where?" says Elspie.

"To the Alice County poorhouse," says Silas, blunt.

"Oh!" says Elspie. "Oh— an' sort o' sunk down an' covered her mouth with her wrist an' looked at us over it."

"The twenty o' you'll take the seven-six accommodation," says Timothy, then, "an' it'll be a nice train-ride for ye," he says, some like an undertaker makin' small talk. But he see how Elspie took it, an' so he slid off the subjec' an' turned to Eb.

"Little too early to know who's goin' to take the Myers' store, ain't it?" s'he, cheerful.

Eb he dropped his knife on the floor.

"Yes," he says, flurried, "yes, it is— like he was rushin' to cover an' a 'yes' to agree was his best protection."

"Oh, well, it ain't so early either," Silas cuts in, noddin' crafty.

"No, no," Eb agrees, immediate, "I donno's 'tis so very early, after all."

"I'm thinkin' o' takin' the store over myself," says Silas, tippin' his head back an' rubbin' thoughtful under his whiskers. "T'd be a good idee to buy it in an' no mistake."

"Yes," says Eb, noddin', "yes. Yes, so 't would be."

"I donno's I'd do it, Silas, if I was you," says Timothy, frownin' judicial. "Ain't you gettin' some stiff to take up with a new business?"

"No," says Eb, shakin' his head. "No. No, I donno's I would take it, either, Mr. Sykes."

"I was goin' to say somethin' about the wind blowin' now east, now west, an' the human spine makin' a bad weathercock, but I held on, an' pretty soon Timothy an' Silas went out."

"Seven o'clock Friday a. m., now!" says Silas, playful, over his shoulder to Elspie. But Elspie didn't answer. She was just sittin' there, still an' quiet, an' she didn't eat another thing.

"That afternoon she slipped out o' the house somewheres. She didn't hev a hat— what few things she did hev had been burned. She went off without any hat an' stayed 'most all the afternoon. I didn't worry, though, because I thought I knew where she had gone. But I wouldn't 'a' asked her— I'd as soon slap anybody as quiz 'em— an' besides I knew 't somebody'd tell me if I kep' still. Friendship'll tell you everything you want to know, if you lay low long enough. An' sure as the world, 'bout five o'clock in come Mis' Silas Sykes, lookin' troubled. Folks always looks that way when they come to interfere. Seems 't she'd just walk past the poorhouse ruins, an' she'd see Elspie settin' there side of 'em all alone—

"—singin'," says Mis' Sykes, impressive, 'like the evil was in the music, sittin' there singin', like she was all possessed. An', says Mis' Sykes, 'let me tell you, I scud down that hill, one goose pimple.'

"Let her alone," says I, philosophic. 'Leave her be.'

"But inside I ached like the toothache for the poor thing — for Elspie. An' I says to her, when she come home:

"Elspie, I says, 'why don't you go out 'round some an' see folks in the village? The minister's wife'd be rill glad to hev you come,' I says.

"Oh, I hate to hev 'em sit thinkin' about me in behind their eyes,' s'she, ready.

"What?" says I, blank.

"It comes out through their eyes," she says. "They keep thinkin': 'Poor, poor, poor Elspie. If they was somebody dead 't I could go to see,' she told me, smilin', 'I'd do that.'"

"That evenin' Eb come in an' set down on the edge of a chair, experimental, like he was testin' the cane.

"Miss Cally," s'e, when Elspie was out o' the room, "you goin' t' let her go with them folks to the Alice County poorhouse?"

"Well, s'I, 'I don't see what that's wise I can do besides.'

"Would you take her to board an' me pay for her board?" s'e, like he'd sneezed the i-dee an' couldn't help it comin'.

"Goodness! s'I, neutral.

"Eb sighed, like he'd got my refusal.

"Why under the canopy," I ask'd him, for a hint, "don't you take the Sum Myers' store, an' run it, an' live on your feet? I ain't any patience with a man," s'I, "that lives on his toes. Stomp some, why don't you, an' buy that store?"

"An' his answer su'prised me:

"I did ask Mis' Myers for the refusal of it," he said. "I ask' her when I took my flowers to Sum, to-day — they was wild flowers I'd picked myself, he threw in, so's I wouldn't think spendthrift of him. An' I'm to let her know this week, for sure."

"Nex' day I was gettin' ready for Sum Myers' funeral — it was to be at one o'clock — when Elspie come in my room, sort o' shyn' up to me gentle.

"Miss Cally," s'she, "do you think the mourners'd take it wrong if I's to go to the funeral?"

"Why, no, Elspie," I says, su'prised. 'only what do you want to go for?' I ask' her.

"Oh, I dunno," s'she. 'I'd like to go an' I'd like to ride to the graveyard. I've watched the funerals through the poorhouse fence. An' I'd kind o' like to be one o' the followers, for once — all lookin' friendly an' together so, in a line.'

"Go with me then, child," I says. An' she done so.

"Bein' summer, the funeral flowers was perfectly beautiful. The mound at the side o' the grave was piled knee-high, an' Mis' Myers went home real cheerful from the funeral an' was able to help get the supper for the out-o'-town relations — a thing no widow ever thinks of, anyway till the next day.

"Well, a few of us waited 'round the cemetery afterwards to fix the flowers on the top o' the sod, an' Elspie, she waited with me— fussin' quiet with one thing an' another. Eb, he waited too, standin' 'round. An' when it come time for us women to lay the set pieces on, I see Elspie an' Eb walkin' off toward the top o' the cemetery hill. It's a pretty view from there, lookin' down the slope toward the Old Part, where nobody remembered much who was buried — an' it's a real popular walk. I liked seein' 'em go 'long together—someway, lookin' at 'em, Elspie so pretty an' Eb so kind o' gentle, you could 'a' thought they was real folks, her sane an' him with a spine. I slipped off an' left 'em — the cemetery bein' so near my house — an' Eb walked home with her.

"But I'd just about decided that Elspie wa'n't to go to Alice County. I hadn't looked the i-dee in the face an' thought about it, very financial. But I ain't sure you get your best lights when you do that. I'd just sort o' decided on it out o' pure shame for the shabby trick o' not doin' so. I hadn't said anything about it to Timothy or Silas or any o' the rest, because I didn't hev the strength to go through the arguin' agony. When the seven-six accommodation had pulled out without her, final, I judged they'd be easier to manage. An' that evenin' I told Elspie — just to sort o' clamp myself to myself, so's I'd pull together on what I'd decided an' not give way at the knees on account o' the responsibility o' keepin' her.

"I was up early that Friday mornin', because I judged 't when Elspie wasn't to the train some o' them in charge'd come tearin' to my house to find out why. I hadn't called Elspie an' I s'posed she was asleep in the other bedroom. I was washin' up my breakfast-dishes quiet, so's not to disturb her, when I heard somebody come on to the front stoop like they'd been sent for.

"There," thinks I, 'just as I expected. It's one o' the managers.'

"But it wa'n't a manager. When I'd got to the front door, lo an' behold, there standin' on the steps, wild an' white, was the widow o' the day before's funeral— Mis' Sum Myers, lookin' like the grave hed spoke up.

"Cally!" s'she, from almost before she laid eyes on me, 'Cally! Somebody's stole every last one o' the flowers off'n Sum's grave. An' the ribbons.'

"She was fair beside herself, bein' as the loss hed piled up on a long sickness o' Sum's an' a big doctor's bill consequent an' she nervous anyhow an' a good deal o' the ribbin' tyin' the stems was silk, both sides.

"I'll hev out the marshall," s'she, wild. 'I'll send for Timothy. They can't hev got far with 'em. I'll know,' s'she, defiant, 'whether they's anything to the law or whether they ain't.'

"I hed her take some strong coffee from breakfast, an' I got her, after some more fumin's an' fustin's, to walk back to the cemetery with me, till we give a look around. I do as many quick-moved things as some, but I allus try, first, to give a look around.

"An' another thing," s'I to her as we set out, 'are you sure, Mis' Myers, that you got to the right grave? The first visit, so,' I says, 'an' not bein' accustomed to bein' a widow, an' all, you might 'a' got mixed in the lots.'

"While she was disclaimin' this I looked up an' see, hangin' round the road, was Eb. He seemed some sheepish when he see me, an' he said, hasty, that he'd just got there, an' it come over me like a flash 't he'd come to see Elspie off. An' I marched a-past him without hardly a word. I'd seen one or two other lords o' creation that wasn't fit to lord it over the insect world. It looked to me Eb didn't hev the spine of a mackerel.

"We'd no more'n past Eb when we heard some shoutin'. An' there, comin' drivin' like mad, was an early delivery wagon o' somebody's, an' in it Silas an' Timothy, wavin' their arms.

"It's Elspie — Elspie!" they yelled, when they was in hearin'. 'She ain't to the depot. She'll be left. Where is she?'

"I hadn't counted on their comin' before the train left, but I thought I see my way clear. An' when they come up to us I spoke to 'em, quiet.

"She's in the house, asleep," s'I, 'an' what's more, in that house she's goin' to

stay as long as she wants. But,' s'I, without waitin' for 'em to bu'st out, 'there's more important business than that afoot for the marshall,' an' then I told 'em about Sum Myers' flowers. 'An', s'I, 'you'd better come an' see about that now — an' let Eph an' the others take down the inmates, an' you go after 'em on the eight-five. It ain't often,' s'I, crafty, 'that we get a thief in Friendship.'

"I hed Timothy Toplady there, an' he knew it. He's rill sensitive about the small number o' arrests he's made in the village his term. He excited up about it in a minute.

"Blisterin' Benson!" he says; 'ain't this what they call vandalism? Look at it right here in our midst like a city!' says he, fierce — an' showin' through some gleeful.

"Why, sir," says Silas, 'mebbe it's them human goals. Mebbe they've dug Sum up,' he says, 'an' mebbe—' But I hushed him up. Silas always grabs on to his thoughts an' throws 'em out, neck an' crop, dressed or undressed. An' there was Mis' Myers nervous as a witch a'ready, an' a widow for the first time, an' all.

"Well, it was rill easy to manage 'em — they bein' men an' susceptible to fascinations o' lawin' it over somethin'. An' we all got into the delivery-wagon, an' Eb, he come too, sittin' in back, listenin' an' noddin'.

"I allus remember how the cemetery looked that mornin'. It was the tag end o' June — an' in June cemeteries seems like somewheres else. The Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality hed been tryin' to get a new iron fence, but they hadn't made out then an' they ain't made out now — an' the old whitewashed fence an' the field stone wall was fair pink with wild roses, an' the juniper-tree was alive with birds, an' the grass layin' down with dew, an' the white gravestones set around, placid an' quiet, like other kind o' folks that we don't know about. Mis' Myers, she went right through the wet grass, cross lots an' round graves, holdin' up her mournin' an' showin' blue beneath — kind o' secular, like her thinkin' about the all-silk ribbin' at such a time. Sure enough, she knew her way to the lot all right. An' there was the new grave, all sodded green, an' not a sprig nor a stitch to honor it.

"Now!" says Mis' Myers, real triumphant. 'Land, land!' s'I, seein' how it really was.

Timothy an' Silas, they both pitched in an' talked at once an' bent down, technical, lookin' for tracks. But Eb, he just begun seemin' peculiar — an' then he slipped off somewheres, though we never missed him, till, in a minute, he come runnin' back.

"Come here!" he says. 'Come on over here a little ways,' he told us, 'an' not knowin' anything better to do we turned an' went after him, wonderin' what on earth was the matter with him an' ready to believe 'most anything.

"Eb led us past the vault — where Obe Toplady, Timothy's father, lays in a stone box you can see through the grating tiptoe; an' round by the sample cement coffin that sets where the drives meet for advertisin' purposes, an' you go by wonderin' whose it'll be, an' so on over toward the Old Part o' the cemetery, down the slope of the hill where everybody's forgot who's who or where they rest, an' no names so. But it's always blue with violets in May — like somebody remembered, anyhow.

"When we got to the top o' the hill we all looked down the slope, shinin' with dew an' sunniness, an' little flowers, runnin' in the grass, thick as thick, until at the foot o' the hill they fair made a garden. A garden about the size of a grave, knee-deep with flowers. From where we stood we could see 'em — hothouse roses an' straw flowers, an' set pieces, an' a lot o' pillows, an' ribbins layin' out on the grass. An' there, side of 'em, broodin' over 'em lovin', set Elspie, that I'd thought was in my house asleep.

"Mis' Myers, she wasn't one to hesitate. You could always depend on her to bu'st out with whatever celebration o' i-dees her head got up. She was over the hill in a minute, the blue edge o' petticoat bannerin' behind.

"Up-un my word," s'she, like a cut, 'if this ain't a pretty note! What under the sun are you doin' sittin' there, Elspie, with my flowers?"

"Elspie looked up an' see her an' see us streamin' toward her over the hill.

"They ain't your flowers, are they?" s'she, quiet. 'They're the dead's. I was a-goin' to take 'em back in a minute or two anyway, an' I'll take 'em back now.'

"She got up, simple an' natural, an' picked up the fruit piece an' one o' the pillows, an' started up the hill.

"Well, I nev-er," says Mis' Myers; 'the very bare brazenness. Ain't you goin' to tell me what you're doin' here with the flowers you say is the dead's, an' I'm sure what was Sum's is mine an' the dead's the same—'

"She begun to cry a little, an' with that Elspie looks up at her, troubled.

"I didn't mean to make you cry," she

says. 'I didn't mean you should know anything about it. I come early to do it — I thought you wouldn't know.'

"Elspie looks around at us then as if she first really took us in. An' when she see Eb an' me standin' together, she give us a little smile — an' she sort o' answered to us two.

"Why," she says, 'I ain't got anybody, anywheres here, dead or alive, that belongs. The dead is all other folks' dead an' the livin' is all other folks' folks. An' when I see all the graves down here that they don't nobody know who's they are, I thought mebbe one o' 'em wouldn't care—if I kind o' adopted it.'

"At that she sort o' searched into Mis' Myers' face an' then Elspie's head went down, like she hed to excuse herself.

"I thought," she said, 'they must be so dead — an' no names on 'em an' all — an' their live folks all dead too by now — nobody'd care much. I thought of it yesterday when we was walkin' down there,' she said, 'an' I picked out the grave — it's the littlest one here. An' then when we come back past where the funeral was, an' I see them flowers — seemed like I hed to see how 't would be to put 'em on my grave, that I'd took over. So I come early an' done it. But I was goin' to lay 'em right back where they belong—I truly was.'

"I guess none of us hed the least i-dee what to say. We just stood there plumb tuckered in the part of us that senses things. All, that is, but one of us. An' that one was Eb Goodnight.

"I can see Eb now, how he just walked out o' the line of us standin' there, starin', an' he goes right up to Elspie an' he looked her in the face.

"You're lonesome," s'he, kind o' wonderin'. 'You're lonesome. Like—other folks.'

"An' all to once Eb took a-hold o' her elbow — not loose an' temporary like he shook hands, but firm an' four-cornered — an' when he spoke it was like his voice hed been starched an' ironed.

"Mis' Myers," s'he, lookin' round at her, 'I's to let you know this week whether I'd take over the store. Well, yes,' he says, 'if you'll give me the time on it mentioned, I'll take it over. An' if Elspie'll marry me an' let me belong to her, an' her to me.'

"Marry you?" says Elspie, understandin' how he'd really spoke to her. 'Me?'

"Eb straightened himself up an' his eyes was bright an' keen as the edge o' somethin'.

"Yes, you," he says, gentle. 'An' me.'

"Oh," she says to him, 'are you just thinkin' in behind your eyes: "Poor, poor Elspie!"'

"No," he says, 'no — I ain't thinkin' that. I'm just thinkin' "poor me," like I've been all my life.'

"An' then she looked at him like he was lookin' at her. An' I felt aii' hushed up, like the weddin' was beginnin'.

"But Timothy an' Silas, they wa'n't feelin' so hushed.

"Look a-here!" says Timothy Toplady, all pent up. 'She ain't discharged from the county house yet.'

"I don't care a dum," says Eb an' I must say I respected him for the 'dum' — that once.

"Look a-here," says Silas, without a bit o' delicacy. 'She ain't responsible. She ain't—'

"She is too," Eb cut him short. 'She's just as responsible as anybody can be when they're lonesome enough to die. I ought 'a' know that — it's all's been ailin' me. Shut up, Silas Sykes,' says Eb, all het up. 'You hev just et a hot breakfast your wife hed ready for you. You don't know what you're talkin' about.'

"An' then Eb sort o' swep' us all up in the dust pan.

"No more words about it," s'he, 'an' I don't care what anyone o' you says — Miss Cally nor none o' you. So you might just as well say less. Tell 'em, Elspie!'

"She looked up at him, smilin' a little, an' he turned toward her, like we wasn't there. An' I nudged Mis' Myers an' made a move, an' she turns right away, like she'd fair forgot the funeral flowers. An' Timothy an' Silas actually followed us, but talkin' away a good deal — like men will.

"None o' us looked back from the top o' the hill — though I will say I would 'a' loved to. An' about up there I heard Silas say:

"Oh, well. I am gettin' kind o' old an' some stiff to take a new business on myself."

"An' Timothy," he adds, absent, 'I don't s'pose, when you come right down to it, as Alice County'll really care a whoop.'

"An' Mis' Myers, she wipes up her eyes, an': 'It does seem like courtin' with Sum's flowers,' she says, sighin', 'but I'm rill glad for Eb.'

"An' Eb not bein' there to agree with her, I says to myself, lookin' at the mornin' sun on the cemetery an' thinkin' o' them two back there among the baskets an' set pieces — I says, low to myself:

"Oh, glory, glory, glory."

"For I tell you, when you see a livin' soul born in somebody's eyes, it makes you feel pretty sure you can hev one o' your own, if you try."

# The Impostors

Concluded from page 3

smile that brought lurking dimples into view, seemed to content him; and, though he talked of himself, manwise, the talk was only of his tastes, his beliefs, his dreams, and held no hint of his name or occupation or rank.

"Funny how little one knows what an hour will bring!" said the Nice Man, quite as earnestly as though he had not been evolving a hopeless commonplace. He was apparently addressing a paper-cutter which he had taken from the writing-desk and was fingering.

"A man goes along doing stupid things; and then, some day, he starts out to do what promises to be more than ordinarily stupid—and finds the meaning of life waiting for him just around the corner."

It wasn't profound and the paper-cutter was not impressed; but the man's voice was earnest and there was a seriousness about his mouth and the eyes he lifted suddenly to Priscilla had a look in them that was not prescribed by the manual of polite flirtation. The girl beside him felt a sensation that was novel even in a day prodigal of sensations. He was nice. Oh, he was very nice; and, if she were a real guest—but she wasn't. She was an impostor! If he knew how she happened to be there he would despise her. Englishmen were such sticklers for the proprieties—in their women folk—and he was probably a lord or something else just as sticklerish. Not for worlds would she have him know—but, if he didn't know, she would never see him again.

He was looking at her again, and his eyes—well, they were really remarkable eyes. She wasn't used to men with eyes like those—such terribly serious eyes, full of all sorts of disconcerting questions. They made her feel dreadfully all-overish, happy and unhappy and cold and hot and wishful and afraid.

"I wonder," the man began, and left the sentence hanging there for a moment. "I wonder—"

She wondered, too; but she did not dare satisfy her wonder by waiting to hear what he was wondering about. Once again panic swooped down upon her.

"Are there any ices?" she asked, leaving his problem helplessly adrift.

The matter-of-fact tone and question jarred him rudely out of dreams into reality.

"I—I fancy so," he stammered. There was reproach in his face, but Priscilla was ruthless and the instinct of self-preservation was strong within her.

"Would it bother you too much to get me one?" she asked, sweetly polite, but wrapped in conventionalality as in a garment. "Strawberry, if they have it. The rooms are so hot, aren't they? It's a shame to send you into that melee again."

"Not at all. I'm delighted."

He was civil but perplexed. The change had come so suddenly. She had seemed so kind. What had he said? What had he done? Nothing; but perhaps in another moment he would have—and what right had he? A sudden thankfulness illumined his face and—as he turned away, it was Priscilla who was puzzled.

Why should he look so relieved? It was odious of him. She almost wished she had allowed him to go on. She was half tempted to stay and see what he could be induced to say, but—a vision of confession and its consequences rose before her. No; she must escape while she could. She sprang to her feet and moved swiftly toward the door, but stopped suddenly. A pretty, elaborately gowned woman, with a gray-haired, distinguished-looking man by her side, was coming slowly along the hall, absorbed in her companion, talking volubly, vivaciously, in a voice unmistakably American. Priscilla stared at her compatriot for an infinitesimal fraction of a second, recognition flooding her eyes and consternation following close behind. Then, turning, she sought refuge in a window-alcove, partly drawing the heavy curtain behind her.

That Betty Allison should arise out of her past to block the road to safety! Betty Allison, who would know at a glance, and whose curiosity was sure to have outlived her marriage into the British nobility. There would be no escaping Betty without giving a detailed explanation of her presence in London and at the wedding. Priscilla could actually hear the rapid fire of questions—Where are you staying? With whom are you traveling? Who brought you here?

From behind the friendly shelter of the curtain the girl peered out, waiting nervously for the propitious moment. At any time the Nice Man might come back with the strawberry ices and then it would be too late to run away.

The high American voice sounded more

and more clearly, the figures of the woman and the man appeared outside the wide open doors of the morning-room. In another moment they would have passed; but during that moment, Lady Betty perceived a low divan ranged against the wall directly opposite the open doors and paused before it, with a laughing word to her companion who, nothing loath, sank upon the low seat beside her.

Lady Betty's voice had sunk to a murmur. It gave place now to the lower, deeper murmur of a man's voice, a voice much too fervent for mere society nothings. Really, Lord Kilrose should look after Betty. The voice suddenly achieved nonchalant lightness. Some one must be coming down the hall. Priscilla's prophetic soul announced the Nice Man; and when she looked out, cautiously, there he stood in the doorway, his eyes searching the empty room, his face an eloquent study in disappointment.

The couple on the divan were watching him idly.

Priscilla debated the situation. She could not stay there in the alcove indefinitely. She certainly could not go out and meet Betty. Perhaps, if they grasped the idea that there was a tate-a-tete scheduled for the morning-room, a fellow feeling or a desire for privacy might make the intruders move on. The Nice Man had come into the room and was standing beside the chair in which Priscilla had been sitting when he left her, his expression still one of surprise, tinged deeply with annoyance and regret.

Priscilla moved so that he could see her, though her face was hidden from the woman on the divan.

"I'm here," she said, in a nervous little voice. "It was so warm. There is a little more air here by the window."

The man's face cleared miraculously, and he joined her.

"I was in a beastly funk, you know—afraid you had gone. You're not feeling faint, are you? I'll open the window."

He suited the action to the words; and, as she looked out into the garden, Priscilla's longing for flight swelled to monumental proportions.

"I wonder whether one could get out, that way," she said.

"Out where?"

"To the street."

"I suppose so; but who wants to get out to the street?"

Truth rushed to her lips.

"I do," she said with fervor.

He stared blankly at her.

"But, if you want to go away—" he began, somewhat stiffly.

An overwhelming desire to cry came upon her. If anything could make the situation worse, tears would do it; but she felt them coming. The lump in her throat was swelling, her self-control crumpling up little by little.

"If you want to go—" repeated the offended young man at her side.

"Oh, I do, I do!" she urged. The quiver in her voice caught his ear; and, as he looked down at her, he saw something glistening on her eyelashes. His bewilderment deepened. She was not snubbing him. She was appealing to him. He did not understand, but his manhood rose to meet the appeal.

"There's some one I want to avoid," she explained. "Some one it would be dreadfully embarrassing for me to meet; and if I could go out quietly, through the garden—Do you think it is possible? Do you truly?"

Her voice was tremulously eager. The man stepped out through the long French window and looked about him.

"The area entrance is around the other side; but we couldn't go out there, anyway. That would look jolly queer. There must be a garden-door somewhere in the wall. I've an idea it's around the corner of the shrubbery down there. Shall we try for it?"

"If anyone should see us?"

"We are passionately fond of gardens. There's probably a door somewhere through which one could walk out into this particular garden without exciting comment. Even if the balcony scene has an audience, it will probably be credited to whim—or sentiment, and I don't imagine anyone will see us."

He was using the first person plural freely and Priscilla found it comforting. She was no longer alone in her adventure. Gathering her trailing skirts around her, she stepped out through the window.

"There are some steps here; but they are rickety. Be careful." The man turned to lend the girl a hand. For a moment their eyes were on a level, his face was very close to hers, and something in the eyes, in the whole face, made her step carelessly, stumble and fall. He caught her, held her in his

arms only a second longer than necessity demanded, and set her on her feet on the brick walk, with a scrupulously formal: "You're not hurt, I hope?"

"Oh, no, thank you. It was no fall at all."

The girl replied with a conventional civility even more pronounced than the man's; but in her fast-thumping heart she felt she had fallen far, fallen fathoms deep into something—a something to which she refused to give a name. For the time being they had forgotten they were trespassers; but, rounding the shrubbery corner, they came upon a gardener busy with rose-cuttings. Priscilla stopped short with a little exclamation of dismay; but the Nice Man demonstrated the superiority of his sex by a cheerful serenity. He even stood watching the gardener nonchalantly for a few moments before he said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"My man, there's a street-door somewhere along here, isn't there? We'll go out that way to our cab and avoid the crowd."

The gardener arose, wiping his hands.

"Yes, sir. Just beyond the pear-trees. I'll unlock it for you, sir."

He led the way, unlocked the door, and stood respectfully aside. A coin changed hands.

"Thank you, sir. You'll be coming back. I'll leave the door unlocked, sir."

Priscilla drew a long, exultant breath. She had escaped. The worst was over—but was it? She looked dubiously at the Nice Man and her exultation ebbed. They would have to say good-by now. He was signaling for a hansom; but there was a puzzled expression on his face.

"Now, why was he so sure I'd be coming back that way?" he said reflectively. Priscilla's glance traveled up past the handsome honest face with its boyish eyes, to the mop of blond hair which the wind had ruffled untidily.

"Your hat," she suggested.

"Oh, I say!"

A cloud of distress swept over his face, accenting the boyishness.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Don't you want to go back?"

"Well, hardly—hardly. Stupid ass to forget that hat!"

"Why not go and get it?"

"It won't look well, you know—if anyone should see me—climbing in a side window."

"But even if some one should see you and stop you, you'd only have to tell who you are and send word to one of the family."

"That's just it," the man began—and stopped. "That's the last thing I could do."

Once more he checked himself and stood looking down miserably into the questioning eyes. At last he squared his shoulders resolutely.

"There's no use in dodging it. I may as well explain that I don't want to be dragged into the limelight. It wouldn't do me any good to send my name to the family. They wouldn't know it. They've never heard of me. I don't belong in there. I wasn't invited."

"What!"

Priscilla's exclamation was a subdued shriek, pregnant with feeling. The man read the feeling as horror.

"Yes, I know," he said, wretchedly. "I ought to have told you. It's rather a dirty business, breaking into a man's home, but we can't always choose, and I never thought very much about it before. It was all off color to speak to you—caddish trick; but you looked so—you were so—you know one does things without stopping to think, sometimes."

"One does," admitted Priscilla, with conviction. Her brain was in a whirl. What was the man? He talked like a burglar, and yet surely no burglar ever had eyes like the honest, unhappy pair looking into hers.

"And I hated to have it all come to an end."

There was no antecedent for the "it," but Priscilla seemed to understand.

"Why did you go?" she asked. "It wasn't your cabman?"

He looked surprised.

"Cabman! Oh, no. I walked. The Old Man sent me, you see."

"The Old Man?"

"Yes; our editor. He got word that Z—was coming over from Paris for the wedding and going back on the two-o'clock train—incog. and all that sort of thing, you know. So he sent me up to see if I could squeeze a word out of the old chap on his latest eastern entanglement. The duke's down on newspaper men—froths at the mouth if he meets one; so there was no use asking for the interview. Had to break in as one of the guests

and watch for my chance. Beastly business. Don't know why any decent fellow does it; but somehow or other the thing seems different when it's for your paper. I managed to duck the receiving line and was looking around for Z—when I saw you, and—and—Oh, well, I fell down on the story, but I knew there was another man waiting at the train, and he'd get the interview some way or other. I meant to look up my man; but it didn't seem worth while. Nothing seemed worth while except—There weren't any strawberry ices, all apricot," he ended, lamely.

"You're a newspaper man?" Priscilla asked, breathlessly.

"Yes."

"Not a lord or an earl or anything?"

He gloomily disowned the whole British Peerage.

The girl laughed—a hysterical little laugh, full of smiles and tears, and relief and nerves—a laugh so complex that the man altogether failed to analyze it.

"Oh, it's too absurd! It's too perfectly absurd," she said, as she turned and climbed into the waiting hansom. The man stood, staring after her, his eyes stormy, his jaw set in an ugly fashion.

She leaned forward, entreaty in her eyes. "You'll have to get in. I can't tell you, with the cabman watching us."

"Into the cab?"

He was amazed, incredulous.

"Oh, yes; do, please. I'm like the Ancient Mariner. I simply have to tell my story—but if I don't do it very soon, I sha'n't have the courage to do it at all. Do get in."

He sprang into the cab. An interested eye peered through the aperture in the top and a beery voice asked: "Where to?"

The man looked at Priscilla.

"Anywhere," she murmured, recklessly.

Here was kidnapping added to her earlier crimes. It had seemed easy to explain to the Nice Man, when she first heard that he, too, was a rank outsider; but now a realization that men have one set of proprieties for themselves and another for their women-folk had come to her and once more she was afraid, desperately afraid that the eternal masculine would be scandalized, uncharitable, when her story was told.

"Round Hyde Park," the man said to the driver; and, as he turned to the girl beside him, she took her courage in both hands and plunged into her confession.

"I was so ashamed. I couldn't tell you. It was mostly the cabman's fault. I'd never have thought of it, if he hadn't taken it for granted."

No prelude; no context. The man was altogether befogged.

"B-but—" he stammered.

She snatched the words from his lips. "But it was horrid. Of course it was. I don't see how I could do it. The moment I was in I would have given the world to be out. But I couldn't tell you. I knew you would be shocked, and I—you—well, I did not want you to know. I kept feeling worse and worse?" She turned to face her companion. It was out now. He knew the worst about her. She would be able to read his opinion of her in his face.

The face expressed nothing save hopeless bewilderment.

"The wedding," she explained, impatiently.

"Oh, the wedding!" His brain was laboring. "You weren't invited to it?"

She shook her head.

"I just happened to be in the church."

"And you don't know the duchess or Lady Mary or any of that crowd?"

Another dismal shake of the head.

A singularly cheerful alertness had succeeded the Nice Man's state of stupefaction. He was leaning forward now to look into her face, but she did not dare to meet his eyes.

"Perhaps you aren't an American heir-ess?" he hazarded with a certain subdued hopefulness.

She was done with masquerading and concealment.

"I'm nobody. I'm nothing. I'm traveling with a Cook's party and we are staying at a cheap boarding-house, number nine, Bedford Square. Will you please tell the driver to take me there?" She hurled out the damning details with reckless defiance; and, as defiantly, lifted her head and looked at him—only to drop the long lashes swiftly over her eyes again, after one glimpse of the face so near her own. "It really was the cabman's fault," she quavered in a queer uncertain little voice.

"God bless him! I wish I knew the name of that cabman. I'd like to mention it in my prayers," said the Nice Man, as his hand closed, gently, over hers.

# Suggestions for the June Wedding

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

**T**HERE is no season of the year that is so popular for weddings as June, the month of roses, for it allows of either outdoor or indoor weddings. The bride on this, the most important day of her life, is desirous that the events of the day pass off smoothly, and that her wedding may present some unusual feature.

The invitations, if you wish to be in good style, should be in the hands of the engraver a month before the ceremony, for they should be sent out two weeks in advance of the day appointed. It is in good form to have them either engraved or written, the only important thing being that two persons should not be allowed to address the inner and the outer envelope. It is often questioned how many separate invitations should be sent to one family. This depends, in a measure, upon your intimacy. It is admissible to direct the envelope to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and Family or to Mr. and Mrs. Brown, sending each member of the family a separate card.

The decoration of the house or church depends upon the taste of the bride, and can be either simple or elaborate, as she desires. The use of wedding-bells has gone out of fashion, but it is still permissible to arrange a bower of flowers in one corner of the room where the bride and groom receive congratulations. Roses are the favorite flower during this month, and they are found in so many colors that it is a very easy matter to vary the scheme to suit surroundings.

If the ceremony is in the morning a wedding-breakfast should follow immediately afterward. An early evening wedding demands a dinner, while a buffet-lunch is the favorite way of serving refreshments if the wedding takes place after eight o'clock.

The wedding-gifts should have a room devoted to their exclusive use. Be careful in displaying them not to mix the different articles together. The china should be in one section of the room, the silver in another, each individual thing having its appointed place. The question of showing the card of the donor, must be decided by the hostess; but the latter-day way is to discard it entirely.

It is always interesting years afterward, if you have thought to place a guest-book on a table in the reception-hall, to look it over, bringing to memory the different guests.

The table-decoration, which forms such an important theme on an occasion like this, depends largely on the time of day that the wedding occurs. An elaborate dinner demands appropriate setting; and the use of smilax, roses and tulle can be employed. A unique way of designing a centerpiece is to form an enormous rose, using tulle and smilax for this purpose. It should be defined by a wreath of smilax into which roses have apparently been dropped. If you wish to make it more elaborate a second wreath of smilax can be used to outline the edge of the table.

It is sometimes a perplexing question just how to serve the wedding-cake. There is no set rule. It is sometimes placed in the center of the table, where, after the ceremony, it can be cut by the bride; at other times it is put on a table by itself. Individual boxes of cake designed to be carried home should be arranged on a small table in the hall. The most fashionable form of boxes is heart-shaped, although square and oblong are often used. They may be finished with either plain or watered satin paper and marked with a monogram or the initials of the bride and groom intertwined. An invariable rule, how-

ever, is to tie them with narrow white ribbon. The easiest way to entertain your guests is by serving a buffet-lunch. For they wait upon themselves, gathering in small groups that make it more sociable; and anyone who has attended a wedding realizes that the



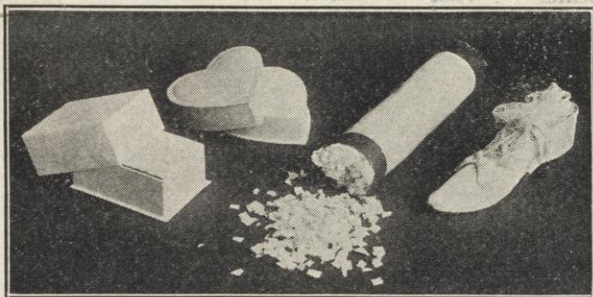
Unique Table-Decoration

more formality is done away with, the more enjoyable is the occasion.

### MENU

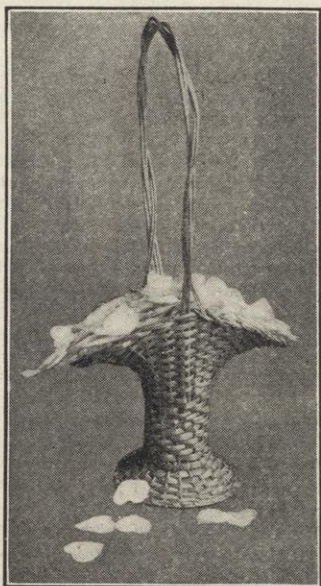
- Chicken Patties
- Thimble Rolls
- Lobster Salad
- Fruit Salad
- Lettuce, Fig and Rose-Leaf Sandwiches
- Strawberry Ice
- Caramel Ice-Cream
- Small Cakes
- Coffee

**Chicken Patties** Put in a saucepan half an ounce of butter, half an onion minced fine, and a small



Wedding-Cake Boxes and Dainty Packages of Confetti

carrot shredded. Toss about for two or three minutes to fry but not to brown; then add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Mix well with other ingredients and add three pints of hot water and a pint of boiling cream, half teaspoonful of salt and saltspoonful of white pepper. Simmer one hour and strain into saucepan. Add to each pint of it half a gill of warm cream. Place back on range and let simmer. Then mix in a quart of diced chicken-meat and cook for a few minutes. Fill the shells and serve.



Rose-Leaf Confetti

**Lobster Salad** Cut lobster-meat in dice and marinate in French dressing. Set on ice until ready to serve, then drain, and mix with an equal amount of shredded lettuce. Dress with French dressing and arrange in a mound on a bed of lettuce-leaves. Garnish with the heart-leaves of lettuce, slices of lemon and lobster-coral dried and passed through a sieve.

**Fruit Salad** Sliced oranges, sliced bananas, shredded pineapple and freshly shredded coconut. Sprinkle freely with sugar. Chopped walnuts and almonds may be added if desired. For dressing use one pint of fresh strawberries, equal quantity of pulverized sugar, mashed together. Beat stiff the white of three eggs and add gradually to berries. Beat until the mixture will stand up high.

**Fig Sandwiches** Mince a bowl of extra-quality figs; add a small quantity of water, cook in a double boiler until a paste is formed, then add a few drops of lemon-juice. Cool the mixture and spread on thin slices of buttered bread; sprinkle with finely chopped English walnuts and cover with pieces of buttered bread.

**Rose-Leaf Sandwiches** Wrap the butter in a napkin and put it overnight in a jar on a bed of rose-petals; strew more flowers over the top and cover the jar tightly. Spread both bits of bread lightly with the butter and put upon them three or four candied rose-petals. Lady-fingers or cake may be used. Brush over them meringue instead of butter. Flavor meringue with rose. Garnish dish on which they are served with rosebuds and green leaves.

**Strawberry Ice** One quart of strawberries, one and one-half cups of sugar, juice of one lemon. Melt the sugar in one cup of water and add the strawberries, crushed fine. Stir all over the fire until nearly to a boiling-point. Remove from fire, add lemon-juice, and strain through cheese-cloth. Let cool and freeze.

**Caramel Ice-Cream** One quart of cream, one quart of morning's milk, and one half pint of brown sugar. Put the sugar into a small frying-pan and stir over the fire until it becomes liquid and commences to smoke. Turn it into the hot milk and cream, flavor with vanilla and stir constantly until it is cool. Strain the mixture into the freezer and bear in mind that the flavor of the cream is varied by the browning of the sugar more or less.

After the wedding-dinner is over and the time has come for the newly married couple to start on their wedding-journey, the throwing of rice for good luck has been discarded. One finds to-day in its place dainty packages of confetti. Sometimes it takes the form of a little white slipper with a silk bag top. The ribbon being untied, this is thrown after the bridal couple and the confetti falls out, showering them. There are also found in the market paper tubes and bags, to be used for this purpose, but the newest thing of all is rose-petals made of white-tissue-paper and tinted with pink and yellow edges. They are handed to the guests in baskets ready for use.

With the many new ideas that are constantly being shown there is no reason why the little bride cannot arrange for a distinctive wedding, one that brings out individuality in its thoughts.

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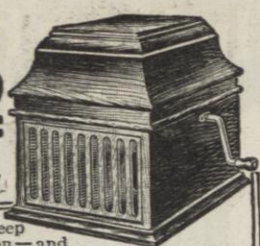
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**The Homemaker**

Concluded from second page of cover

top of the larger; white stick-candy was used for arms, cloves for eyes and nose, and a bit of candied cherry for the mouth, while tiny hard red candies provided buttons down the front. The effect was indeed novel, and the children were delighted. I trust the homemaker who made the request will get as much enjoyment out of a similar party as I did from this. It takes so little to make a child happy that success is sure to crown every earnest effort in this direction.

By the way, when baby gets a splinter in his finger, just try filling a small bottle with hot water, and placing the finger in the mouth of it directly over the splinter; in nine cases out of ten the latter will be withdrawn, and the process is not nearly so painful to the wee sufferer as when a needle is used. Contented Wife and Mother. Waverly, Ill.

(Should not the water be poured from the bottle before the finger is inserted? I have known this method tried successfully many times — the steam extracting the splinter.)

**Notes and Questions**

Will Another Polly kindly send me her name and address? I am anxious to write her. **Evelyn Evingred, Abbottsford, Mich.**

M. B. C., my remedy for ants consists of a few drops of paregoric in water. This attracts the insects. Place the mixture in a shallow dish and the ants will fall into it. We have tried this and found it worked very well. **Eileen, Rochester, N. H.**

(I cannot republish the formula of spike-nard-root tea for expectant mothers, but will gladly send it to you on receipt of full address and stamp. This is true as well of other formulas asked for.)

In answer to the inquiry how to take a scorch from worsted goods, let me say that in pressing a light serge skirt I burned it quite badly. I felt sure it was spoiled, but I saturated the scorched part with peroxide and placed it in the sun. To my delight, all signs of it disappeared, and the goods did not seem injured at all. **Mrs. A. R. W., Rocky Mount, N. C.**

(I cannot publish your request, for reasons which have been given; but will gladly see that you have the folder containing the formula for using seawrack as a flesh-reducer on receipt of your full address, with stamp.)

M. X., my little son was exactly like yours; he talked plain and at an early age, then when nearly three years of age commenced to stutter badly. I thought this was caused by the older children hurrying or bothering him when he commenced to tell anything he knew; so I taught him to stop and say "Tra-la-la" before he tried to talk, and also had the other children listen to him. He got over it in a very short time, is now nearly six years old, and never stutters. I suppose to count "one, two, three," or speak any other words slowly, would serve the purpose. **Mrs. H. A. Heljeson, Letcher, S. Dak.**

If Elizabeth Heinze will write me, giving full address, I shall be very glad to send her the papers asked for. **Mrs. E. M. Guntermann, 674 S. Fortieth St., Louisville, Ky.**

Will some one kindly send me a receipt for making maple-butter? I shall appreciate the favor, and will return it in any way I can. **Mrs. Norman E. Russell, Thurman, N. Y.**

Has any sister an extra copy of our American Woman for February, 1916? I missed mine, and am anxious to obtain it. Will return favor in any possible way. **Mrs. C. A. McFarland, R. 4, Kearney, Nebr.**

(Write first.) I have a jasmine that is always loaded with buds, but never blossoms; the buds grow until nearly ready to open, and dry off. I have tried every remedy I know—gave it more root-room, better soil, etc., and keep it out-of-doors in summer and indoors in winter. Can any one tell me what to do? I am anxious to see it bloom. **Garner, Ark. Mrs. K. C. R.**

(That is a problem for Mr. Rexford who will, I am sure, be glad to solve it.)

Mrs. Noah Long, I am glad to give you my receipt for soap; I know it to be good: Empty the contents of one can of concentrated lye into one half gallon of water, which will become quite hot. Stir until the lye is dissolved and gets cool. Have ready six pounds of clean grease, melted but not hot; pour into this, in a small stream, the dissolved lye, stirring all the while, and con-

tinue stirring until quite thick. It can then be poured into molds or left to cool in the vessel you make it in, but should be cut in squares before it becomes quite cold and hard. You will have some nice white soap if clean grease is used. **Coleman, Tex. Mrs. Ettie Smith.**

M.W., try boracic acid for those perspiring feet. Can any homemaker give me information regarding two brothers, William J. or John H. Donald? I have been separated from them and would like very much to know of their whereabouts. **Mrs. Belle Clemens, 415 E. Fifth St., Santa Ana, Calif.**

In looking over an old issue of our paper I came across a letter from Mrs. Sarah Tuttle, in which she states that amber beads are good for throat troubles. Does she, or any homemaker, know where I can obtain these beads? I will gladly return favors in any possible way. **Mrs. J. J. Wright, R. 4, Ashland, Ala.**

(Any first-class jeweler will be able to give you the desired information.)

I am very anxious to obtain a root of the musk-plant. We had one when I was a little girl, but I have never since been able to find the plant. If any sister has one will she kindly write me what she would like in exchange? **Mrs. Mary A. Brown, 12 N. Mill St., Lead, S. Dak.**

If Missouri Subscriber will write me, giving full address, I will gladly tell her of my experience; am sure it will prove helpful to her. **Mrs. Carrie Sonder, R. 1, Duboistown, Pa.**

**The Homemaker's Receipt-Book**

**Mock-Hare.** — Take three pounds of the shin of beef and cut into pieces about two inches long. Roll in flour and fry for a few minutes in some good dripping. Now put the meat into a crock or jar — I use a large beanpot which is kept for the cooking of meat alone — cover with cold water, add a half teaspoonful of salt, an onion with two or three cloves stuck in it, a carrot cut in thin slices, a small turnip, a piece of celery, a bay-leaf, ten or twelve peppercorns, a sprig of parsley, a half teaspoonful of sweet herbs and a tablespoonful of raisins. This combination gives a flavor which we think delicious, and quite different from the ordinary "pot-roast." Cover the jar, place it in a saucepan of boiling water and cook three hours. After it has cooked for two hours mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little water, add a tablespoonful of catchup, and stir in, afterward stirring occasionally until finished. Arrange the pieces of meat on a platter and pour the gravy over them, and serve with baked potatoes and currant jelly. Carefully prepared, this makes an economical and nourishing dinner. The cooking can be done in the oven, but care must be taken that the oven is not too hot, and that the gravy is replenished as it evaporates.

**Pressed Beef.** — Take a flank of beef, remove superfluous fat, and roll; put it into a kettle, cover with boiling water, add a tablespoonful of salt, a half teaspoonful of peppercorns, a bit of bay-leaf, and any bones you may have left from other meats. Simmer slowly until the meat is in shreds; there should be very little of the liquor left when done. Arrange in a deep pan or bread-tin, pour over it the liquor, and put on a weight. This is very nice to slice cold, and uses up every particle of the meat. **Mrs. G. B. Langworthy.**

**Apple Layer-Cake.** — Take any good one-egg layer-cake and split it into two or three layers. Put the layers together with the following filling: Stew four good-sized apples (in as little water as possible) until they can be rubbed smooth as paste; add one half cup of sugar and cook until quite thick. Have ready the white of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and whip the smooth applesauce slowly into this meringue while boiling-hot, thus cooking the latter. When thoroughly beaten spread between layers and set away to cool. This makes a thick, delicious filling, and the cake does not dry out if not all eaten at one time. I should like to correspond with readers living in other States. **Mrs. N. E. Robinson, R. 7, Box 154 G, Lansing, Mich.**

**Favorite Cake.** — Cream one cup of sugar well with a large mixing-spoon rounding-full of shortening; add the yolks of two eggs, beaten to a froth, and mix well. Sift your flour, then measure two level measuring-cupfuls and sift again with two level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one half teaspoonful of salt. Add to the first mixture alternately with two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, stirring all the time. Beat the white of the two eggs to a dry froth, and add last

with a teaspoonful of vanilla or other flavoring. Mix just enough to blend the white of eggs well with the batter, grease and flour your tin — I use one about eight inches square, and two inches deep — and bake in a moderate oven thirty-five to forty minutes. Test by pressing your finger lightly on the cake; if the dent remains let it bake a little longer, if it springs back the cake is done. These general instructions are good for almost any cake. I use this in a variety of ways, as it is easy to make and not expensive. For a simple fruit-cake add one half cup of raisins, cut in halves and a few currants, and bake in a deep cake-tin; marble-cake is made by stirring two teaspoonfuls of cocoa into one third of the mixture, and putting light and dark alternately into the pan. Another nice change is to flavor with a teaspoonful of lemon-extract, bake in a deep tin and frost with chocolate icing. Baked in gem-pans you have a nice cup-cake, and there are many other variations. **Mary of Malden.**

**Imitation Raised Cake.** — One half cup of shortening, one cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, one cup of milk, added alternately with two cups of flour, with which is sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of grated nutmeg or any preferred flavoring, and one cup of raisins.

**Sponge Cake.** — Three eggs, beaten light, one and one-half cups of sugar, one and three-fourths cups of bread-flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one half cup of cold water and one half teaspoonful of lemon-extract. **Twenty-Three Years Old.**

**Mock Bisque Soup.** — Stew one half can of tomatoes until soft enough to strain easily; scald one quart of milk in a double boiler, and thicken with a tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed smooth with a little cold milk. Season with salt and pepper, add the strained tomatoes, in which stir a pinch of soda to prevent the milk curdling, and a generous tablespoonful of butter. Serve hot with crackers or croutons. Should the soup curdle, a few whisks of the egg-beater will remedy the trouble. I usually add a bay-leaf to the milk when scalding, as we like the flavor.

**Codfish and Cheese.** — Soak one pound of codfish six hours in tepid water, then let it come to a boil. When cool pick into flakes with a fork and season with pepper. Make a white sauce of one cup of milk, scalded in a double boiler, and thickened with a tablespoonful of flour blended with a tablespoonful of butter. I usually use the prepared flour, or add a pinch of baking-powder to it, if plain. When the sauce thickens mix it with the flaked fish and pour into a buttered baking-dish. Sprinkle grated cheese thickly on top and bake in a quick oven to a delicate brown. The sauce is nicer if a beaten egg is added to it before cooking, but good without.

**Cheese on Toast.** — Cut one third pound of mild, soft cheese into bits, put into a small saucepan with a level tablespoonful of butter, one beaten egg, one half teaspoonful of salt (unless the cheese is unusually salt), a level teaspoonful of mustard, a pinch of Cayenne, and five tablespoonfuls of milk. Cook over boiling water until the cheese is soft and creamy, then set where it will keep hot without cooking for a few minutes. Toast five slices of bread, and poach an egg (or two, if wanted) for each slice. Spread the cheese-mixture over, drop the egg on top, and serve at once. We like this better than the regular "rabbit" for an emergency supper. It is very good without the eggs.

**Bread and Cheese.** — Cut four slices of bread — or according to the number of persons to be served — about one half inch thick; lay a slice in a buttered baking-dish, spread with butter, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper or paprika, and cover with a layer of cheese cut in very thin slices. Repeat until the bread is used; beat two eggs to a froth, add one pint of milk, pour over the bread and bake one half hour. **Haverhill, Mass. June First.**

**Lemon Cake.** — Four eggs, beaten separately, two cups of soft A-sugar, one cup each of sugar and sweet milk, four cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and any flavoring liked. Half this receipt makes a nice loaf-cake. As given, it makes four large layers. **Newville, Pa. Mary C. Barrick.**

**Leopard Cake.** — Two cups of granulated sugar, three-fourths of a cup of shortening, three eggs, beaten light, one half cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Take out one half of the batter, mix with spices, and alternate the light and dark when putting into jelly-pans. Flavor the light batter with vanilla or whatever extract is preferred. **Newville, Pa. Mary C. Barrick.**

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What Every Woman Should Know About Health and Beauty

No. 7. Toilet Hints for the Middle-Aged Woman

By ELEANOR MATHER

**M**OST articles about beauty and hygiene seem to be written from the standpoint of the young woman, the very person who in the nature of things has least need for them. The woman of middle age does not have very much help given her in this respect, which is a pity, for it is in middle life that a little legitimate attention to "beautifying" makes the greatest difference. Did you ever stop to consider why it was that in many instances such a woman today looks anywhere from ten to fifteen years younger than her mother did at her age? The answer is simple, it is because she does not neglect herself as her forebears used to do, because she takes care of her complexion, keeps her hair in good condition and knows how to dress herself.

Is not such knowledge just as practical and really a great deal more useful than a profound knowledge of fancywork or the rules of auction bridge?

Many women, who fritter away hours over perfectly unnecessary fancywork or in making rich cakes or candies to spoil their

digestions, consider it sinfully vain to spend even ten or fifteen minutes a day making themselves better-looking. Is this really sensible? A pleasing appearance is one of the best business or social assets in the world, so why should anybody hesitate about acquiring it by every legitimate means? Perhaps the greatest fault I have to find with the woman of fifty or more, is that too often she neglects her hair. Now there is nothing that makes so great a difference to the appearance as the condition and arrangement of the hair. No possible frame for the face can add greater dignity or do more to soften the lines of age than silvery gray or white hair. But while nothing is more beautiful than this same hair in good condition, it is unfortunately true that it is the ugliest and most unkempt coiffure in the world if it is allowed to get dusty and dirty-looking and to become thin and straggly.

Gray hair should be shampooed every three weeks if possible, and even oftener if one lives where there is much soft-coal smoke or a great deal of dust and dirt, as it shows the dirt much quicker than dark hair. White hair is apt to be dry and brittle, so all the greatest authorities on the treatment of the hair forbid the use of anything but pure soap for shampooing. A certain brand of white Castile is the best to use for the purpose. This should never be rubbed directly on the head, but should be shaved and dissolved in warm water. It can be applied to the scalp with a small velvet sponge or a soft nail- or shampoo-brush. The brush cleans the scalp more thoroughly and quickly, but if the hair is rather weak and falls out easily it is much safer to use the sponge, dipping it in fresh, soapy water and rubbing the scalp thoroughly until all dirt and dust and every particle of dandruff has been removed.

When the hair is really white and not iron-gray, it is a good plan to rinse it after each shampoo with indigo-water to give it a shining, silvery tint. This chemical should always be purchased at a drug-store and enough put into the water to make it light-blue. Care should be taken not to get too much, as it will give the hair a distinct blue tinge if it is carelessly used. Indigo acts on the hair in the same manner as it does on the clothes in the wash.

There is also sold a certain preparation of indigo that gives gray hair a most attractive silvery sheen, takes the dull look from pure white hair and makes it beautifully glossy and keeps it from turning yellow. It is entirely harmless and does not hurt the hair in the least.

White or gray hair should never be allowed to remain dry and brittle. The roots should be carefully oiled. White vaseline or colorless oil are the best things to use for the purpose. If rightly applied, the hair should not become sticky or greasy. Part the hair at intervals and rub the remedy thoroughly into the scalp with the fingertips, using a very little at a time. Twice a week is often enough for this treatment.

It is absolutely necessary for nearly every woman to use a good tonic at least twice every week to keep gray hair from falling out. Now most ordinary hair-tonics cannot be used for this purpose, as they stain the hair or turn it yellow. But there is a certain very excellent tonic that has been compounded especially for such hair.

Elderly women whose skin is loose and

flabby will in a short time find it wonderfully improved, if they will treat it in the following manner: Once a day give the skin a coating of an oily cold cream or skin-foam, and massage it first by rolling the skin firmly between the fingers, then by smartly slapping it; this should be continued for about ten minutes. Immediately after this, dip a towel in cold water—ice-water during the warmer months, and ordinary hydrant-water at other times. Cover the face



Picking up the flesh and allowing it to fall in place again

and throat completely with the wet towel and allow it to remain on until it begins to grow warm, then dip in cold water and apply as before. Continue this for fifteen minutes. It is extremely beneficial to add a mild astringent to the cold water. Two teaspoonfuls of tincture of benzoin to a pint of water is a good mixture. After the cold application it is well to again massage the face and neck in such a manner as to build up the underlying tissues and make a plump, fleshy padding under the skin. This is done by a light but rapid movement of the finger-tips, that consists in picking up the flesh and allowing it to fall in place again. To aid this manipulation a moderate amount of some good cold cream should be used.

The sensible woman of middle age always dresses appropriately to her years. She does not think it is necessary to appear invariably in black or to look like an "old fogey." She wears soft shades of lavender, purple, or plum-color, with white frocks in summer; and, if she finds it becoming, sometimes even pale blue. If she likes them, she has navy-blue tailor suits, but when she chooses a very handsome frock of broad-cloth or velvet she usually selects black, as it is more elegant in these materials. She seldom wears brown, as it is apt to be unbecoming to an elderly woman unless she has a youthful pink color in her cheeks.

She sees no sensible reason why she should not look her very best on all occasions.

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

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Care The American Woman  
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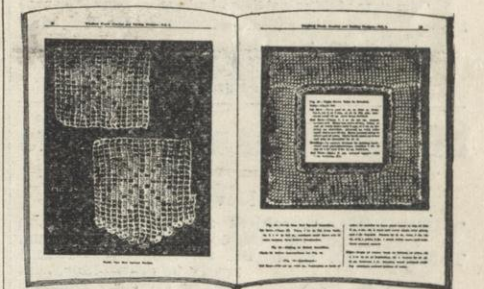
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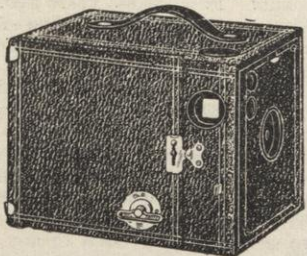
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Size of Picture 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches

ready for six exposures, and the Film may be removed in broad daylight and another entered in its place. The size of the picture made is 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches and the Meniscus Lens in this Camera is of extra quality and brings out the details beautifully clear and sharp. The construction is entirely of wood and metal, covered with seal-grain leatherette. Two brilliant View-Finders and an Automatic Time and Instantaneous Shutter give the operator absolute control over every exposure. This is not a toy, but a perfect-working instrument, guaranteed to make real photographs correctly, yet simple to understand and use, with nothing to get out of order. There is every reason why all should have it, as we prepay postage and send it with full instructions.

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# A Spinner in the Sun

Continued from page 2

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THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

unleashed, the dam breaks, and the structures placed in the path by complacent and self-satisfied man are swept on to the sea like so much kindling-wood. The river, at last, has come into its own.

A feeling, long controlled, must eventually break its bonds. Forbidden expression, and not spent by expression, it accumulates force. When the dam breaks, the flood is more destructive than the steady, normal current ever could have been. Having denied himself remorse, and having refused to meet the fact of his own cowardice, Anthony Dexter was now face to face with the inevitable catastrophe.

He told himself that Ralph's coming had begun it, but, in his heart, he knew that it was that veiled and ghostly figure standing at twilight in the wrecked garden. He had seen it again on the road, where hallucination was less likely, if not altogether impossible. Then the cold and sinuous necklace of discolored pearls had been laid at his door—the pearls which had come first from the depths of the sea, and then from the depths of his love. His love had given up its dead as the sea does, maimed past all recognition.

The barrier had been so undermined that on the night of Ralph's return he had been on the point of telling Thorpe everything—indeed, nothing but Ralph's swift entrance had stopped his impassioned speech. Was he so weak that only a slight accident had kept him from utter self-betrayal, after twenty-five years of magnificent control? Anthony Dexter liked that word "magnificent" as it came into his thoughts in connection with himself.

"Father wouldn't do it. Father always does the square thing, and I'm his son," Ralph's words returned with a pang unbearably keen. Had father always done the square thing, or had father been a coward, a despicable shirk? And what if Ralph should some day come to know?

The man shuddered at the thought of the boy's face—if he knew. Those clear, honest eyes would pierce him through and through, because "father always does the square thing."

Remorsefully, the need of confession surged upon him. There was no confessional in his church—he even had no church. Yet Thorpe was his friend. What would Thorpe tell him to do?

Then Anthony Dexter laughed, for Thorpe had unconsciously told him what to do—and he was spared the confession. As though written in letters of fire, the words came back:

"The honor of the spoken word still holds him. He asked her to marry him, and she consented. He was never released from his promise—did not even ask for it. He slunk away like a cur. In the sight of God he is bound to her by his own word still. He should go to her and either fulfil his promise, or ask for release. The tardy fulfilment of his promise would be the only atonement he could make."

Had Evelina come back to demand atonement? Was this why the vision of her confronted him everywhere? She waited for him on the road in daylight, mocked him from the shadows, darted to meet him from every tree. She followed him on the long and lonely ways he took to escape her, and, as he walked, her step chimed in with his.

In darkness, Anthony Dexter feared to turn suddenly, lest he see that black, veiled figure at his heels. She stood aside on the stairs to let him pass her, entered the carriage with him and sat opposite, her veiled face averted. She stood with him beside the sick-bed, listened, with him, to the heart-beats when he used the stethoscope, waited while he counted the pulse and measured the respiration.

Always disapprovingly, she stood in the background of his consciousness. When he wrote a prescription, his pencil seemed to catch on the white chiffon which veiled the paper he was using. At night, she stood beside his bed, waiting. In his sleep, most often secured in these days by drugs, she steadfastly and unflinchingly came. She spoke no word; she simply followed him, veiled—and the phantom presence was driving him mad. He admitted it now.

And "Father always does the square thing." Very well, what was the square thing? If father always does it, he will do it now. What is it?

Anthony Dexter did not know that he asked the question aloud. From the silence vibrated the answer in Thorpe's low, resonant tones:

"The honor of the spoken word still holds him. . . he was never released . . . he slunk away like a cur . . . in the sight of God he is bound to her by his own word still."

Bound to her! In every fibre of his being he felt the bitter truth. He was bound to her—had been bound for twenty-five years

—was bound now. And "Father always does the square thing."

Once in a man's life, perhaps, he sees himself as he is. In a blinding flash of insight, he saw what he must do. Confession must be made, but not to any pallid priest in a confessional, not to Thorpe, nor to Ralph, but to Evelina, herself.

He should go to her and either fulfil his promise, or ask for release. The tardy fulfilment of his promise would be the only atonement he could make.

Then again, still in Thorpe's voice: "If the woman is here and you can find your friend, we may help him to wash the stain of cowardice off his soul."

"The stain is deep," muttered Anthony Dexter. "God knows it is deep."

Once again came Thorpe's voice, shrilling at him, now, out of the vibrant silence:

"Sometimes I think there is no sin but shirking. I can excuse a liar, I can pardon a thief, I can pity a murderer, but a shirk—no!"

"Father always does the square thing."

Evidently, Ralph would like to have his father bring him a stepmother—a woman whose face had been destroyed by fire—and place her at the head of his table, veiled or not, as Ralph chose. Terribly burned, hopelessly disfigured, she must live with them always—because she had saved him from the same thing, if she had not actually saved his life.

The walls of the room swayed, the furniture moved dizzily, the floor undulated. Anthony Dexter reeled and fell—in a dead faint.

"Are you all right now, father?" It was Ralph's voice, anxious, yet cheery. "Who'd have thought I'd get another patient so soon!" Doctor Dexter sat up and rubbed his eyes. Memory returned slowly; strength more slowly still. "Can't have my father fainting all over the place without a permit," resumed Ralph. "You've been doing too much. I take the night work from this time on."

The day wore into late afternoon. Doctor Dexter lay on the couch in the library, the phantom Evelina persistently at his side. His body had failed, but his mind still fought, feebly.

"There is no one here," he said aloud. "I am all alone. I can see nothing because there is nothing here."

Was it fancy, or did the veiled woman convey the impression that her burned lips distorted themselves yet further by a smile?

At dusk, there was a call. Ralph received from his father a full history of the case, with suggestions for treatment in either of two changes that might possibly have taken place, and drove away.

The loneliness was keen. The empty house, shorn of Ralph's sunny presence, was unbearable. A thousand memories surged to meet him; a thousand voices leaped from the stillness. Always, the veiled figure stood by him, mutely accusing him of shameful cowardice. Above and beyond all was Thorpe's voice, shrilling at him:

"The honor of the spoken word still holds him . . . he was never released . . . he slunk away like a cur . . . he is bound to her still . . . there is no sin but shirking . . ."

Over and over again, the words rang through his consciousness. Then, like an afterclap of thunder:

Father always does the square thing! The dam crashes, the barrier of years was broken, the obstructions were swept out to sea. Remorse and shame, no longer denied, overwhelmingly submerged his soul. He struggled up from the couch blindly, and went out—broken in body, crushed in spirit, yet triumphantly a man at last.

### CHAPTER XIV

#### A Little Hour of Triumph

Miss Evelina sat alone in her parlor, which was now spotlessly clean. Araminta had had her supper, her bath, and her clean linen—there was nothing more to do until morning. The hard work had proved a blessing to Miss Evelina; her thoughts had been constantly forced away from herself. She had even learned to love Araminta with the protecting love which grows out of dependence, and, at the same time, she felt herself stronger; better fitted, as it were, to cope with her own grief.

Since coming back to her old home, her thought and feeling had been endlessly and painfully confused. She sat in her low rocker with her veil thrown back, and endeavored to analyze herself and her surroundings, to see, if she might, whither she was being led. She was most assuredly being led, for she had not come willingly, nor remained willingly; she had been hurt here

as she had not been hurt since the very first; and yet, if a dead heart can be glad of anything, she was glad she had come. Upon the far horizon of her future, she dimly saw change.

She had that peculiar sort of peace which comes from the knowledge that the worst is over; that nothing remains. The last drop of humiliation had been poured from her cup the day she met Anthony Dexter on the road and had been splashed with mud from his wheels as he drove by. It was inconceivable that there should be more.

Dusk came, and the west gleamed faintly. The afterglow merged into the first night; and at star-break, Venus blazed superbly on high, sending out rays mystically prismatic, as from some enchanted lamp. "Our star," Anthony Dexter had been wont to call it, as they watched for it in the scented dusk. For him, perhaps, it had been indeed the love-star, but she had followed it, with breaking heart, into the quicksands.

To shut out the sight of it, Miss Evelina closed the blinds and lighted a candle, then sat down again, to think.

There was a dull, uncertain rap at the door. Doctor Ralph, possibly—he had sometimes come in the evening—or else Miss Hitty, with some delicacy for Araminta's breakfast.

Drawing down her veil, she went to the door and opened it, thinking, as she did so, that lives were often wrecked or altered by the opening or closing of a door.

Anthony Dexter brushed past her and strode into the parlor. Through her veil, she would scarcely have recognized him—he was so changed. Upon the instant, there was a transformation in herself. The suffering, broken-hearted woman was strangely pushed aside—she could come again, but she must step aside now. In her place arose a veiled vengeance, emotionless, keen, watchful; furtively searching for the place to strike.

"Evelina," began the man, without preliminary, "I have come back. I have come to tell you that I am a coward—a shirk."

Miss Evelina laughed quietly, in a way that stung him.

"Yes?" she said, politely. "I knew that. You need not have troubled to come and tell me."

He winced. "Don't," he muttered. "If you knew how I have suffered!"

"I have suffered myself," she returned, coldly, wondering at her own composure. She marveled that she could speak at all.

"Twenty-five years ago," he continued, in a parrotlike tone, "I asked you to marry me, and you consented. I have never been released from my promise—I did not even ask to be. I slunk away like a cur. The honor of the spoken word still holds me. The tardy fulfilment of my promise is the only atonement I can make."

The candlelight shone on his iron-gray hair, thinning at the temples; touched into bold relief every line of his face.

"Twenty-five years ago," said Evelina, in a voice curiously low and distinct, "you asked me to marry you, and I consented. You have never been released from your promise—you did not even ask to be." The silence was vibrant; literally tense with emotion. Out of it leaped, with passionate pride: "I release you now!"

"No!" he cried. "I have come to fulfil my promise—to atone, if atonement can be made!"

"Do you call your belated charity atonement? Twenty-five years ago, I saved you from death—or worse. One of us had to be burned, and it was I, instead of you. I chose it, not deliberately, but instinctively, because I loved you. When you came to the hospital, after three days—"

"I was ill," he interrupted. "The gas—" "You were told," she went on, her voice dominating his, "that I had been so badly burned that I would be disfigured for life. That was enough for you. You never asked to see me, never tried in any way to help me, never sent by a messenger a word of thanks for your cowardly life, never even waited to be sure it was not a mistake. You simply went away."

"There was no mistake," he muttered, helplessly. "I made sure." He turned his eyes away from her miserably. Through his mind came detached fragments of speech. The honor of the spoken word still holds him . . . Father always does the square thing . . . "I am asking you," said Anthony Dexter, "to be my wife. I am offering you the fulfilment of the promise I made so long ago. I am asking you to marry me, to live with me, to be a mother to my son."

"Yes," repeated Evelina, "you ask me to marry you. Would you have a scarred and disfigured wife? A man usually chooses a

Continued on page 16

# Appropriate Good Things for June

By ISABELLE CLARK SWEZY

**H**OW natural it is, that in the summer we all want dainty things, the more delicate meats, fish, the summer vegetables and, above all things, the pretty, dainty desserts. Who would think of wanting a suet pudding in June!

## How To Select and Prepare Fish

In selecting fish, see that the eyes, gills and skin are bright and the flesh firm. Soft fish is not fresh. Fish which has been frozen should never be thawed by placing in warm water; put it in very cold water and thaw gradually, then remove at once from the water and wipe. To scale a fish, dip quickly in and out of very hot water, then, while holding firmly by the tail, scale with a sharp knife, working toward the head. The bones of all fish may be removed without difficulty by gently running the finger along the underside of the backbone and carefully loosening the bones attached to the backbone. Do this on both sides, then with the same movement dislodge the smaller set of bones which are attached to the backbone. Unless the fish is to be baked whole, with the head and tail left on, it is always better to remove the bones, as it adds so greatly to the enjoyment of eating it.

## Baked Fish with Oyster Dressing

Fish stuffed with a dressing to which has been added a half pint of oysters is delicious. In summer, the canned oysters must be used. Where fresh clams are plentiful, they make an excellent substitute. Clean, wash and wipe the fish, leaving the head and tail on. Rub inside and out with salt and pepper. Add the grated rind of a lemon to the inside, stuff, sew up the opening and skewer into the shape of a letter S. Dredge with flour. Make a few gashes across the top and into each lay a thin slice of salt pork or bacon. Add a spoonful of drippings and set in a hot oven. As the flour begins to brown, baste frequently with the drippings in the pan. Allow about fifteen minutes to the pound. It is done when the flesh separates easily from the bone. Remove to a hot platter and garnish with slices of lemon and celery-foilage. Before putting the fish in the pan, lay two strips of cotton cloth across the bottom of the pan in opposite directions, that the fish may easily be lifted out when done. Serve with drawn butter.

**Fish Dressing** One half pint of oysters or clams, two cupfuls of fine dry bread-crumbs, one cupful of cracker-crumbs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt (level), one quarter teaspoonful of pepper, one half teaspoonful of sage, one teaspoonful of minced onion, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, one half cupful of melted butter or part drippings, one half cupful of boiling water. Melt the butter in the hot water. Mix seasonings with crumbs, and add.

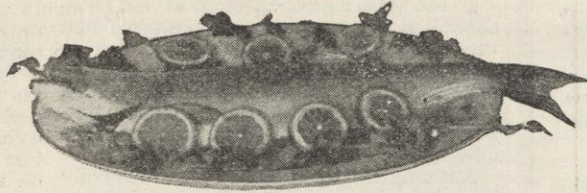
**Drawn-Butter Sauce** Melt one third cupful of butter and stir in two level tablespoonfuls of flour until smooth, then add one and one-half cupfuls of hot water or fish-stock, and season to taste with salt and pepper and a dash of Cayenne. Stir and let simmer five minutes.

## How To Properly Cook Codfish

Comparatively few persons seem to know that to let codfish boil hard toughens it. Break the codfish apart and cover with cold water. Let soak overnight or several hours. Then drain off this water and add more cold water and bring very slowly to a boil. Again pour off the water and cover with fresh cold water and bring slowly to a boil. If still too salty, repeat the process. Then cover with fresh water and simmer very gently until done. It is then ready for preparing in any way desired. For codfish balls, use twice the quantity of mashed potato as codfish, season to taste and add plenty of butter and moisten with cream. Codfish balls are always better if either cooked in deep hot fat or in a skillet with salt-pork grease. The flavor of the salt pork adds greatly to them.

**Whitefish French Steaks** Bone the whitefish and cut into pieces appropriate for serving.

Season both sides with salt and pepper, dip in flour and fry a rich brown in hot drippings. Prepare a butter dressing as follows: Rub a rounding tablespoonful of butter to a cream, add one tablespoonful of minced parsley, half a teaspoonful of grated onion, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, a little salt and paprika. Spread on the fish steaks after they have been arranged on the serving-platter, and set in the oven with the door open a moment, for the sauce to melt. Remove at once, sprinkle



Baked Fish Is Good all Summer

over the top some very finely minced sweet pickle, and serve.

**To Fry Fish** Fish for frying should be seasoned well, then dipped in a mixture of flour and cornmeal (half of each), then fried a rich golden brown. This is much more satisfactory than to roll it in flour alone, or in cornmeal alone.

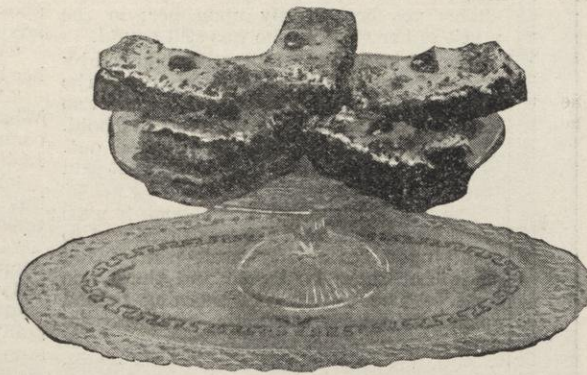
**Fish Cutlets** This is an especially good way to use cooked fish which may be on hand. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir in flour until smooth. Then pour on gradually,



Sandwiches Appropriate for the Card-Party

stirring constantly, one cupful of rich milk or part cream, and cook until it thickens. Remove from the fire and stir in gently the well beaten yolks of two eggs. Mix gently with the fish; season to taste with salt and pepper and a little celery-salt. Form into cutlets or flat cakes, dip in fine bread- or cracker-crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in crumbs and fry to a rich brown. An egg for "crumbing" should be slightly beaten and have added to it two tablespoonfuls of cold water.

**Steamed Fish with Cheese** Any of the white-meat fish are appropriate for this, especially



Devil's-Food with Custard Filling

whitefish or halibut. Clean, rub inside with lemon-juice, sprinkle with salt and pepper, close, lay on a cloth in a steamer and steam until done, allowing about fifteen minutes to the pound. Turn out on a buttered platter. Make a rich cream-sauce and add to it a can of mushrooms (or omit the mushrooms if desired) and pour over the fish. Cover the entire top with strong grated cheese and set the platter in the oven on top of a dripping-pan and brown.

When preparing fish to be served in this way, as it is to be served from the platter in which it is browned, it is best to use an old, cheap platter and hide its unattractiveness by garnishing prettily after taking from the oven, covering the edge of the platter with parsley or cress.

It certainly does break the monotony of things to have a few friends in once in a while, and it is well to plan on doing a little entertaining before it gets too hot to be enjoyable. If a bridge game is to be played in the afternoon or evening, sandwiches cut in the shape of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades are very attractive and appropriate. For the hearts and diamonds, carry out the color-suggestion of the cards by making a filling in which is some pimento for the red, and decorate the center of the top with a bit of the red pimento. For the clubs and spades, have a dark filling, and the tops decorated with a raisin or bit of date. Perhaps a few of these suggestions for fillings may help you.

**Nut and Cheese Sandwich-Filling** To half a cupful of English walnuts put through the food-chopper with the fine chopper (they should be almost a paste), add one small breakfast-cheese and one canned pimento. Mix together thoroughly, work in a few bits of lettuce-leaves, mix with a little salad-dressing and spread between thin slices of bread which have been thinly buttered.

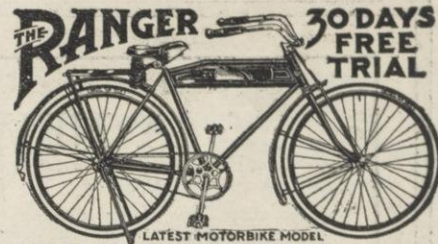
**Olive-and-Nut Sandwiches** Put half a cupful of peanuts through the food-chopper and mix with one small, soft cheese and six stuffed olives. Spread between thin slices of Graham bread spread with mayonnaise.

**Tongue and Gherkin Sandwiches** Put cold boiled tongue through the food-chopper. Mix to a paste with any preferred salad-dressing. Add some sweet gherkins chopped fine and some bits of lettuce and serve between thin slices of buttered brown bread.

**Devil's Food with Custard Filling** Use any preferred devil's-food receipt, or try this one I am giving you. Turn the cake-batter into a large dripping-pan; it should be not more than one third inch deep (or several pans may be used), and bake in a quick oven. When done and cold, spread two-thirds with the following custard. Cut this part in two and place the pieces on top of each other for layers. Put the third piece which was not covered with custard on top. Cut into oblong cakes and cover the top with boiled frosting, sprinkle with grated cocoanut and decorate with a candied cherry in the center.

**Devil's-Food** One half cupful of butter, two level cupfuls of fine granulated sugar, four eggs, four squares of unsweetened chocolate, one cupful of milk, two and one-half cupfuls of pastry-flour, four level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cream the butter, then add half of the sugar and work until very creamy. Beat the egg-yolks until thick and lemon-colored and add, then the balance of the sugar. Stir in the melted chocolate. Mix and sift twice the flour and baking-powder. Sift a little into the first mixture and mix well, then add a little milk, then flour and milk alternately until all is used. Beat hard, add vanilla, then fold in the white of the eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Bake in a moderate oven if it is to be thicker than described above.

**Filling for Devil's-Food** Two-thirds of a cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, two cupfuls of boiling milk, a pinch of salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla. Beat the eggs and stir in the flour, sugar and salt, which shall previously have been well mixed together. Stir this into the boiling milk and cook until thick, stirring constantly. It takes but a few moments and scorches easily. Remove from fire, and when cool, flavor. When cold, put between the cake-layers.



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## A NEW DRESS

for

### The American Woman

Beginning with the next issue (July) the covers of The American Woman will be printed in colors. This is the great surprise we have had for our readers and which we promised to tell you about last month. We know you will be delighted with the July design, a beautiful girl's head painted expressly for "our paper."

You may be interested to know that our covers will be printed on the very latest two-color presses, guaranteed to do work equal to any in the country—the same kind of presses that do the highest-grade art color-printing. We believe nothing is too good for The American Woman, and after a most thorough investigation and comparison we purchased two of these presses with full automatic equipment at a cost of about \$25,000.00.

Take your copy of The American Woman and notice the improvements and additions we have made. In March 1915 we added a Floral Department, at the request of thousands of subscribers. Last July we changed our cover-design. In August we enlarged the Fancy-Work Section, giving at least four illustrated pages to this popular work, and offering patterns and stamped goods for all embroidery-designs, at small cost. We settled on the present highly finished, coated paper last September. Effective with our October issue, we eliminated all medical and objectionable advertising, and printed a Moneyback Guarantee insuring each and every subscriber against loss of any kind. In October we started a Cooking-Department, and in November a Beauty-Department. Too much praise cannot be given these last two new features; for beside being intensely interesting in themselves, the editors stand ready to answer (promptly and in a personal letter by mail) any question a subscriber wishes to ask. And now come colored covers. This last improvement but marks another advancement toward our goal.

We are able to give you all this because we have been in the publishing-business for forty-two years, own our own building and printing-plant, comprising all the most up-to-date labor-saving devices, from a machine that makes our type from blocks of metal, to the press that receives a roll of white paper at one end and delivers a finished paper at the other; because our mechanical department is located in Maine, away from the disturbing influences of the large cities and near the great paper-mills of the country. We believe we can eventually give you as attractive, interesting, and valuable a paper in The American Woman for only 25c. a year as most publishers have to charge 50c. for.

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The American Woman, Augusta, Maine

## A Spinner in the Sun

Continued from page 14

beautiful woman, or one he thinks beautiful, to sit at the head of his table, manage his house, take the place of a servant when it is necessary, accept gladly what money he chooses to give her, and bear and rear his children. Poor thing that I am, you offer me this. In return, I offer you release. I gave you your life once, I give you freedom now. Take your last look at the woman who would not marry you to save you from—hell!"

The man started forward, his face ashen, for she had raised her veil, and was standing full in the light.

In the tense silence he gazed at her, fascinated. Every emotion that possessed him was written plainly on his face for her to read.

"The night of realization," she was saying, "turned my hair white. Since I left the hospital, no human being has seen my face until now. I think you understand—why."

Anthony Dexter breathed hard; his body trembled. He was suffering as the helpless animals had suffered on the table in his laboratory. Evelina was merciless, but at last, when he thought she had no pity, she lowered her veil.

The length of chiffon fell between them eternally; it was like the closing of a door.

"I understand," he breathed; "oh, I understand. It is my punishment—you have scored at last. Good—"

A sob drowned the last word. He took her cold hand in his, and, bending over it, touched it with his quivering lips.

"Yes," laughed Evelina, "kiss my hand, if you choose. Why not? My hand was not burned!"

His face working piteously, he floundered out into the night and staggered through the gate as he had come—alone.

The night wind came through the open door, dank and cold. She closed it, then bolted it as though to shut out Anthony Dexter for ever.

It was his punishment, he had said. She had scored at last. If he had suffered, as he told her he had, the sight of her face would be torture. Yes, Evelina knew that she had scored. From her hand she wiped away tears—a man's hot, terrible tears.

Through the night she sat there, wide-eyed and sleepless, fearlessly unveiled. The chiffon trailed its misty length unheeded upon the floor. The man she had loved was as surely dead to her as though he had never been.

Anthony Dexter was dead. True, his body and mind still lived, but he was not the man she had loved. The face that had looked into hers was not the face of Anthony Dexter. It had been cold and calm and cruel, until he came to her house. His eyes were fishlike, and, stirred by emotion, he was little less than hideous.

Her suffering had been an obsession—there had been no reason for it, not the shadow of an excuse. A year, as the Piper said, would have been long enough for her to grieve. She saw her long sorrow now as something outside of herself, a beast whose prey she had been. When Anthony Dexter had proved himself a coward, she should have thanked God that she knew him before it was too late. And because she was weak in body, because her hurt heart still clung to her love for him, she had groped in the darkness for more than half of her life.

And now he had come back! The blood of triumph surged hard. She loved him no longer; then, why was she not free? Her chains yet lay heavily upon her; in the midst of her victory, she was still bound.

The night waned. She was exhausted by stress of feeling and the long vigil, but the iron, icy hand that had clasped her heart so long did not for a moment relax its hold. She went to the window and looked out. Stars were paling, the mysterious east had trembled; soon it would be day.

She watched the dawn as though it were for the first time and she was privileged to stand upon some lofty peak when "God said: 'Let there be light,' and there was light." The tapestry of morning flamed splendidly across the night, reflecting its color back upon her unveiled face.

From far away, in the distant hills, whose summits only as yet were touched with dawn, came faint, sweet music—the pipes o' Pan. She guessed that the Piper was abroad with Laddie, in some fantastic spirit of sun-worship, and smiled.

Her little hour of triumph was over; her soul was once more back in its prison. The prison house was larger, and different, but it was still a prison. For an instant, freedom had flashed before her and dazed her; now it was dark again.

"Why?" breathed Evelina. "Dear God, why?"

As if in answer, the music came back from the hills in uncertain silvery echoes.

"O pipes o' Pan!" cried Evelina, choking back a sob; "I pray you, find me! I pray you, teach me joy!"

### CHAPTER XV

#### The State of Araminta's Soul

The Reverend Austin Thorpe was in his room at Miss Mehitable's, with a pencil held loosely in his wrinkled hand. On the table before him was a pile of rough copy-paper, and at the top of the first sheet was written, in capitals, the one word: "Hell." It was underlined, and around it he had drawn sundry fantastic flourishes and shadings, but the rest of the sheet was blank.

For more than an hour the old man had sat there, his blue, near-sighted eyes wandering about the room. A self-appointed committee from his congregation had visited him and requested him to preach a sermon on the future abode of the wicked. The wicked, as the minister gathered from the frank talk of the committee, included all who did not belong to their own sect.

Try as he might, the minister could find in his heart nothing save charity. Anger and resentment were outside of his nature. He told himself that he knew the world, and had experienced his share of injustice, that he had seen sin in all its hideous phases. Yet, even for the unrepentant sinner, Thorpe had only kindness.

Of one sin only, Thorpe failed in comprehension. As he had said to Anthony Dexter, he could excuse a liar, pardon a thief, and pity a murderer, but he had only contempt for a shirk.

Persistently, he analyzed and questioned himself, but got no further. To him, all sin resolved itself at last into injustice, and he did not believe that any one was ever intentionally unjust. But the congregation desired to hear of hell—"As if," thought Thorpe, whimsically, "I received daily reports."

With a sigh, he turned to his blank sheet. "In the earlier stages of our belief," he wrote, "we conceived of hell as literally a place of fire and brimstone, of eternal suffering and torture. In the light which has come to us later, we perceive that hell is a spiritual state, and realize that the consciousness of a sin is its punishment."

Then he tore the sheet into bits, for this was not what his congregation wanted; yet it was his sincere belief. He could not stultify himself to please his audience—he must take him as he was, or let him go.

Yet the thought of leaving was unpleasant, for he had found work to do in a field where, as it seemed to him, he was sorely needed. His parishioners had heard much of punishment, but very little of mercy and love. They were tangled in doctrinal meshes, distraught by quibbles, and at swords' points with one another.

He felt that he must in some way temporize, and hold his place until he had led his flock to a loftier height. He had no desire to force his opinions upon any one else, but he wished to make clear his own strong, simple faith, and spread abroad, if he might, his own perfect trust.

A rap resounded upon his door. "Come," he called, and Miss Mehitable entered.

Thorpe was not subtle, but he felt that this errand was of deeper import than usual. The rustle of her stiffly starched garments was portentous, and there was a set look about her mouth which boded no good to anybody.

"Will you sit down?" he asked, offering her his own chair.

"No," snapped Miss Mehitable, "I won't. What I've got to say, I can say standin'. I come," she announced, solemnly, "from the Ladies' Aid Society."

"Yes?" Thorpe's tone was interrogative, but he was evidently not particularly interested.

"I'm appointed a committee of one," she resumed, "to say that the Ladies' Aid Society have voted unanimously that they want you to preach on hell. The church is goin' to rack and ruin, and we ain't goin' to stand it no longer. Even the disreputable characters will walk right in and stay all through the sermon—Andy Rogers and the rest. And I was particularly requested to ask whether you wished to have us understand that you approve of Andy Rogers and his goin's on."

"What," temporized Thorpe, "does Andy Rogers do?"

"For the land's sake!" ejaculated Miss Mehitable. "Wasn't he drunk four months ago? and wasn't he caught stealing the deacon's chickens? You don't mean to tell me you never heard of that?"

To be continued

# Among the Flowers

Conducted by EBEN E. REXFORD

## Summer in the Garden

**T**HERE will be plenty of work to do in the garden throughout the entire season, but many of us who start out in the spring with a great deal of enthusiasm seem to get the impression that after our flowers begin to bloom there is really very little more to be done, and the result of our neglect is—a garden full of weeds during the latter part of the season. Our plants suffer because of them, and the neat and clean appearance which ought to characterize all gardens is spoiled. Therefore—wage warfare against weeds from early spring to late fall. Make a practise of pulling up every one you see as soon as you see it. If this were done, each year, we would soon have gardens that were comparatively free from weeds. But if we allow one to develop seed, it will furnish enough to fill the whole garden with its progeny.

The impression formerly prevailed that most of our annuals had a comparatively short period of bloom, and after that period was over, not much was to be expected from them. We have learned more about plants in late years, and we now know that if we prevent a plant from ripening seed it will at once make another effort to perpetuate its species, and as the first step in this direction is the production of flowers, we find that by cutting off flowers as soon as they fade, it is an easy matter to keep most of these plants blooming all through the season. Not with the freedom and profusion which characterize the early part of the season, perhaps, but still with such freedom as makes it well worth while to cut away all seed-vessels as soon as they form. A few flowers are much better than none. It does not involve a great deal of labor to go over a good-sized garden two or three times a week and cut off the flowers that have passed their prime. Do this, and continue the season of bloom through the autumn months.

What have you done with your house-plants?

If they are in pots, be sure to see that they never get dry at the roots. Allow this to happen only once and many plants will receive such a check that it will take months for them to recover from it. Keep in mind the fact that the soil in a pot will part with its moisture rapidly in warm weather.

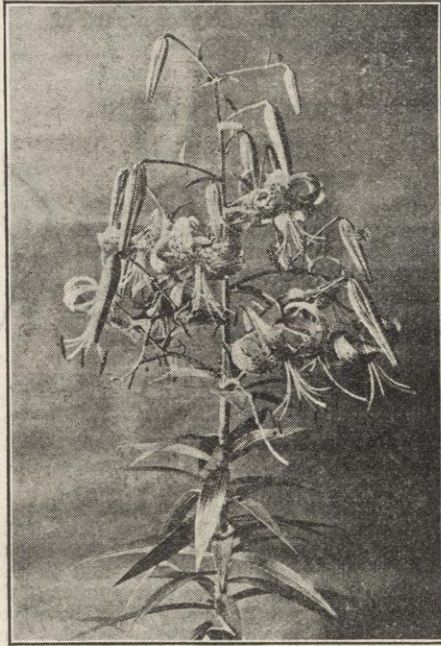
If pot-plants are put out-of-doors for the summer, as they should be, choose a partially shaded place for them. If exposed to strong sunshine they are often scorched by it. It is an easy matter to make a screen of lath to break the effect of hot sunshine. Set four posts in the ground and fasten this screen to the top of them, and you will have all the shade you need. If the woman of the home is not "handy with tools," set the boys to work.

If your plants have been turned out of their pots and planted directly in the ground keep careful watch of them, and if they show a tendency to make too rampant a growth, as most of them will, cut them back sharply from time to time, to keep them within the limits that can be given them in the window-garden, next winter. Most persons who follow the planting-out system in summer do it with a view to letting their plants take care of themselves from June to September. They are allowed to grow to suit themselves, and when the time comes to lift and pot them there will be a great quantity of branches that must be cut away, as well as roots. If attention is given during the summer, much of the vitality of the plant can be saved by not allowing any branches to grow that will not be needed in the winter. If attention of this kind is not given, half of the plant will have to be sacrificed in the majority of cases, and this amount represents just so much wasted effort. I do not advise turning plants that are intended for use next winter out of their pots during the summer—for the reason that so many roots will have to be cut away at potting-time that the plant will receive a severe check at the very time when it ought to be in the very best condition of health in order to withstand the debilitating effects of the change from out- to indoor conditions. If plants are kept in pots the year round, the result will be far more satisfactory than when the planting-out-in-summer method is followed. And a good deal of hard work will be saved, for it is not an easy

matter to lift and repot a lot of plants whose roots have spread far and wide in the soil. Plants in pots are always under control.

Be careful to see that dahlias are securely supported. A sudden wind or a heavy rain-storm will often break down their brittle branches, and when this happens they are ruined for the season.

Be constantly on the lookout for the black beetle if you are growing chrysanthemums.



The Tiger-Lily

Where this pest comes from no one knows. To-day not one can be found on your plants. To-morrow there will be dozens of them. And in two or three days, if nothing is done to stop their deadly work, your plants will be ruined. Prompt action is of the greatest importance. I know of only one remedy, and that is the insecticide sold by all seedsmen and plant-dealers under the name of nicotine. It is a good plan to lay in a supply at the beginning of the season, so that it can be used as soon as there seems to be any need for it. If one has to order it after the beetle has put in an appearance it will not be likely to arrive until the enemy has done its work and taken its departure. Prepare for defensive action in advance.

Tuberous Begonias and Gloxinias are admirable plants for the summer decoration of the porch and veranda. Give them a light and spongy soil — leafmold and loam combined in equal parts — water moderately, and keep them away from strong sunshine. In watering the gloxinia be careful to see that none of the water gets on the foliage. If a drop falls there and is allowed to stand decay will often set in, and the immediate effect will be a hole in the leaf, and soon the entire leaf will die off. The large, luxuriant



Tuberous Begonias and Gloxinias are admirable plants for summer decoration

foliage of this plant is one of its chief charms, and as much of it should be saved as possible.

If you have any hybrid perpetual roses, see that they get the kind of treatment which results in the production of flowers, later on. This treatment consists in cutting back branches, from which flowers have been produced, to some strong bud or "eye"—from

which one can reasonably expect a new branch to develop. It must be borne in mind that flowers on these plants are always produced on new growth, and without such growth there can be no blossoms. Therefore feed the plants well, and prune well, to encourage the development of new shoots. Not all of these will be likely to bear flowers, but some of them will, and one fine rose will richly repay you for all the care expended on your plants.

In the rage for "something new" we often overlook the good old flowers which ought to have a place in every garden. One of these neglected plants is the Tiger Lily. It has the merit of being entirely hardy anywhere at the north. It should be grown in clumps to be most effective. A large clump of it, often with a score of flower-stalks four and five feet high, each one bearing from ten to twenty flowers, is a sight worth seeing. Its tawny richness of color, spotted with dark brown, makes it a noticeable addition to any garden. Give it a place.

Now is the time to start some plants for use in the window-garden next winter. Not geraniums, for these plants require at least a year's growth before they are large enough to give satisfaction, but heliotropes, begonias, ferns, and all kinds of hanging-plants. These should be started early enough in the season to allow them to become thoroughly established by the beginning of fall. After that time they should be trained into symmetrical shape and got ready for winter work. It is a sorry mistake to wait until winter is at hand before arranging for plants from which to expect flowers during winter.

## The Question-Box

**Ants on Peonies.**—Mrs. A. O. I should advise spraying your peonies with tobacco-water. Make it quite strong, and apply daily, until the ants take their leave. It will leave a tang on the buds that the ants do not appreciate. I think a liberal application of barnyard-manure to your larkspur will increase its growth. Dig it into the soil about the roots of the plant.

**White Flies.**—Mrs. G. S. Spray your plants with an infusion of nicotine to kill the flies that are on your plants, and apply lime-water to soil, to kill the eggs that are deposited there, from which these flies are hatched.

**Azalea in Summer.**—B. B. N. Put this plant out-of-doors in a shady place. Keep it well watered, but do not apply enough to make the soil wet—just enough to prevent it from getting dry at its roots. If it once gets dry you will get no flowers from it next winter.

**Ammonia in Watering Plants.**—Miss D. S. Ammonia is a stimulant to plant-growth, to some extent, but it is not a fertilizer. I should advise frequent applications of fine bonemeal. But if your plants seem to be making satisfactory growth be satisfied with it, and use no fertilizer until they show a disposition to come to a standstill, or at least, to slacken development. There is such a thing as killing plants by kindness.

**Keeping Sweet - Peas Blooming Through the Season.**—Mrs. W. S. R. This correspondent writes that her sweet-peas bloom very freely during the early part of summer, but after that they have very few flowers, and early in fall the vines die. What's wrong? Other people seem to have flowers until frost comes. The trouble doubtless comes from failure to prevent the plants from developing and ripening seed. All flowers should be cut off as soon as they begin to fade. The plant, in its effort to perpetuate its kind, will at once set about the production of more flowers — this being the first step in the process of self-perpetuation—and in this way we keep it blooming all the season.

**Geraniums Failing To Bloom in Winter.**—M. A. S. This correspondent writes that her geraniums make a vigorous growth in winter, but fail to bloom. From what she says about their rampant growth I think she overfertilizes them, thus causing the production of branches and foliage at the expense of flowers. Next winter do not feed them so well. Give them just enough fertilizer to keep them going steadily ahead, but not enough to force a rapid growth.

**Velvet Grip**  
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON  
**HOSE SUPPORTER**  
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Prevents tearing and "drop stitches." The Oblong Rubber Button "gives" with strain, and is so fashioned as to hold the fabric firmly—without injury.

For "The Littlest One"—  
**Baby Midget**

**Velvet Grip**  
HOSE SUPPORTER

Sample pair of Child's Pin-ons, 15c post-paid (five are.)  
Women's, Misses' Sew-ons (four) 50c

Lisle 10c.  
Silk 15c.  
at stores or by mail

"They hold like dada's, mama's, sister's and brother's."  
GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON.

**JAPANESE ROSE BUSHES**  
**Five for 10cts.**

The Wonder of the World  
Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we guarantee it to be so. They will **BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS** Winter or Summer, and when 8 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house in the winter as well as in the ground in summer. **Roses All The Year Around.** Package of seed with our guarantee by mail, only **Ten Cents.** Japan Seed Co. Box 269 South Norwalk, Conn.

**Put Life Into Your House Plants**

Your half dead, limp or wilted winter plants will brighten up, grow and blossom same as in summer if you use our scientific, odorless plant grower and fertilizer. Its action is quick and helpful, enriches the earth and feeds the plants. Two sizes, 25c and 50c sent postpaid. Enough to last the average household a year. Write today. **United Fertilizer Company** 383-A ELLICOTT ST. BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Travelers' Roomy Bag**  
Given for Six Subscriptions With Lock and Key

Premium No. 1770

**HANDSOME and roomy, this bag is designed to meet the traveling-needs of any one of the family. It is stylish in appearance and large enough to hold the ordinary effects of several people for a considerable journey. You will be proud to own and carry such a good-looking bag. Only close observation will reveal that it is anything other than a grained-leather bag. It is furnished in black with the grained effect of genuine leather. The material is tough, wear-resisting and waterproofed. To further give it the appearance of elegance it is substantially mounted with brass catches, lock and handle-rings. The handle itself is large and comfortably gripped. Corners are reinforced with leather, firmly riveted. The bag rests on four heavy gliders which raise it slightly from the floor. The lining of the bag is striped cambric of a non-soiling color, and there is a deep, full pocket for holding numerous small articles. The bag is 17 inches long, stands 11 inches high and is 8 1/2 inches wide at the bottom. It weighs only 2 1/2 pounds. Get this bag for your vacation-needs. It will prove to be an indispensable traveling-companion.**

**SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER.** If you will send us a club of six new subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of 25 cents each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you this **Traveler's Roomy Bag (Premium No. 1770).** THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

**Handy Flashlight**  
Given for Three Subscriptions

Premium No. 1611

A flashlight has come to be considered a necessity, and the one we offer you is complete in every detail. It measures 1 1/2 x 3 inches, and consists of a bright polished metal case with hinged bottom, a combination flash and permanent light, a high-grade battery and a new electric bulb. The battery will last for months, and new ones may be secured of your dealer or you can get them from us for either subscriptions or cash. Its piercing rays are always ready to penetrate the darkest corners of barn, outhouse, closets, etc. It is absolutely safe and there is positively no danger from fire. We send it prepaid, complete with battery, just as illustrated.

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**LINKS ONLY 12c**



**STERLING SILVER. ROLLED GOLD**  
Start a Friendship-Maid-Link-Bracelet, latest New York fashion. We start yours by giving you one link absolutely FREE engraved with 3 initials. Your friends give or exchange others. What more beautiful token or sentiment could be expressed. Send to-day for one or more LINKS (12c. each) stating initials, Rolled Gold, Sterling Silver, Beaded or Plain design wanted. Start with Link and Ribbon we give FREE with first 12c order or more. Friendship Jewelry Co., 83 Chambers St., Dept. 206, New York

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THIS machine does the work in less time than the most expensive washing-machine on the market—is more easily operated and will wash a tub of clothes in from five to ten minutes. With this machine your clothes are not subjected to the wear that is caused by the beating and batting processes used by other makes. A child can operate it. We have distributed thousands of these washers, as premiums, to satisfied users. Get yours before another wash-day passes. Returnable if you are not pleased.

**SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER.** If you will send us a club of three new subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of 25 cents each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you Our Rapid Vacuum Washer (Premium No. 1396).

**Perfect Food-Chopper**

Given for Four Subscriptions  
HOUSEKEEPERS no longer try to get along without a food-chopper. The Enterprise is the most practical and useful of all. It has eliminated the drudgery of the old-time chopping-knife and bowl. A few easy turns of the handle of this machine, and out comes the food, chopped as fine or as coarse as you want it. Four interchangeable cutters come with each chopper. No. 1—is for very coarse chopping, usually of vegetables; No. 2—is somewhat finer for making Hamburg steak, etc.; No. 3—is for very fine cutting such as mince-meat; No. 4—is a grinder or pulverizer, a practical maker of peanut-butter. They can be quickly removed for washing. The machine is packed safely for transportation. Express charges are paid by the receiver.

**SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER.** If you will send us a club of four new subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of 25 cents each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you the Perfect Food-Chopper (Premium No. 1082).

**Baby Blossom**

Given for Four Subscriptions  
Premium No. 1567  
THIS doll is the newest creation in the popular Art Character Dolls. Every little girl who has ever cuddled Blossom has been delighted. She is truly huggable, lovable and kissable. She is fully jointed and unbreakable, you may drop her on a hardwood floor without doing any damage. Blossom is a marvelously lifelike infant at teething age. She wears a handsome long baby dress of muslin with a fancy yoke. It is lace-trimmed around the neck, yoke, sleeves and bottom. Baby also has long warm flannel underclothes. The little fancy lace-trimmed muslin cap with the two bright-blue bows is too cunning for words. Her clothes may be taken off and put on, they also may be washed as often as necessary. Every little mother can make additional clothes as desired. Blossom's eyes are light-blue and her expression is bright and happy while she has the little comforter in her mouth.

**SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER.** If you will send us a club of four new subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of 25 cents each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you Baby Blossom (Premium No. 1567).

**THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine**

**Two Serviceable Corset-Covers**

**Ladies' Corset-Cover**

EMBROIDERED flouncing is especially suitable for this design, No. 7588, which has no shoulder-seams. Lawn is used for the peplum joined by beading with ribbon running through and tying at the side; edging is used to finish the armholes.  
The pattern, No. 7588, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure. To make the corset-cover in the 36-inch size will require 2½ yards of 13½-inch flouncing, with ½ yard of 27-inch lawn for the peplum; 2 yards of beading, 2½ yards of edging. Using plain material, 1½ yards of 36-inch goods will be plenty.

**Corset-Cover for Stout Figures**

FOR the figure that is overweight, this model, No. 7365, was designed. It is cut on lines that will adjust to the figure with a comfort and smoothness most unusual. A peplum has its advantages; and ribbon, beading and edging for decorating, keep this corset-cover in the class of the very daintiest.  
The pattern, No. 7365, is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 bust measure. To make the corset-cover in the 36-inch size will require ¾ of a yard of 36-inch material, 2½ yards of beading, 3½ yards of ribbon, and 3 yards of edging.

**Ladies' Morning-Set**

A BOON to the woman who likes to dress her part while working, is this design of a morning set, No. 7608; a one-piece middy blouse, four-gored skirt and a cap comprise the set.  
The pattern, No. 7608, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 5½ yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting goods to trim.

**Ladies' Apron**

WHEN you're active in the home, wear this apron, No. 7675, for protection; the banding at the neck and around the sides is decorative; so the pockets are, as well as useful. Closing at the back. The skirt is in three gores.  
The pattern, No. 7675, is cut in sizes for 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. To

make the apron in the 36-inch size will require 3¾ yards of 36-inch material, with 4½ yards of banding.

**Ladies' House-Dress**

FOR the routine of home duties this dress, No. 7636, is an appropriate garb. On the full lines of a street dress, it has a three-gored skirt, high or regulation waistline. Contrasting goods contribute a neat collar and roll cuff on the three-quarter sleeve. Closing is at left front. The cap is trimmed to harmonize with collar.  
The pattern, No. 7636, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 5½ yards of 36-inch material, and ¾ of a yard of 27-inch contrasting goods.

**Chats with Our Readers**

*Continued from page 1*

either will imply ingratitude. Two years ago my husband passed to the unseen world. I was at first stunned by the suddenness of the blow, and really did not care what happened to me. Indeed, I welcomed any evidence of material dissolution, and naturally went down-hill rapidly. I took no interest in looking after my home, leaving that to a daughter; another (married) daughter took charge of her father's business, and I truly came to be a non-entity. It was all my own fault, I grant you, but none the less detrimental to well-being because of that. One day an old friend came to see me, and in her shocked expression I read her opinion of the change she saw in me. 'What have you been doing to yourself?' she asked. 'You look all of twenty years older than when I saw you last!' which I knew was very true, and rather gloried in the fact. 'That was before John left us, you know,' I reminded her gently. Said my friend: 'John was a sensible man. He is just as sensible now as he ever was, and I am as sure as that I am

here that he feels very sorry to see you give up in this way. It isn't right, and you ought not to do it. If you hadn't something to do right here, you wouldn't be left on this mundane sphere. We are here to develop the spirit that is in us, our own individuality, if you please, and there is no time to waste. We are not to bury our talents in a napkin if we would receive the commendation awarded a good and faithful servant, but must use and increase them. How are you doing this? By sitting in sackcloth and ashes, mourning over the past and going to pieces generally, leaving the care of your home — YOUR home, mind you — and the business of which John was so proud, and which you and he planned together, to other hands — dear, good hands, I grant you, but not your own, as they should be. Frankly — there was a twinkle in my friend's eyes which made her words less harsh, 'I'm ashamed of you — truly, I am.' And she meant it. And I realized the truth of her words and resolved to turn over a new leaf; but I very soon found that was far easier to say than do. My daughters had held the reins so long that they felt 'mother' was not able to hold them. I couldn't do this, or that or the other thing; I was not even accounted competent to choose a new hat or gown, and as for assuming any charge of the business, or looking after the maid — that wasn't to be thought of. I had worked hard all my life and earned a rest. Now I am less than twenty years older than my elder daughter, and decidedly on the sunny side of sixty; and I am rebelling strenuously against the sort of bondage I find myself in. The fact that I forged my own fetters doesn't make them any less galling. I want to know how to break them.'

Echo answers, "Break them!" To point the moral here is the story of a woman who did it: She was left very much in the same situation, which she made a predicament by unwise action — just as the good friend whose appeal we have quoted did. Her children, dear and good, fell into the way of really believing that she must be saved all necessity for thought or exertion; she must not even go into the city by trolley — perhaps a half hour's ride — without an attendant, usually her youngest daughter. She came to her senses, fortunately not too late. One day, left quite alone at home and duly impressed with the necessity of taking a nap in the middle afternoon, she swore the maid to secrecy and departed cityward. She did not return until dinner had been waiting for some time, much to the consternation of the assembled family; and before she arrived the parcel-delivery brought a hat-box directed to herself, with sundry other packages. These were opened, and the belief that "mother" had suddenly taken leave of her senses — whereas she had merely and

*Concluded on page 19*

**Some Pretty House Garments**



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

# Pretty Underwear



contrasting tone. No other trimming is needed.

The pattern, No. 7498, may be had in sizes for 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 3/4 of a yard of contrasting goods in 27-inch width.

### Children's Dress

TO take away the plainness, this model, No. 7543, is given a box-plaited front and back. The embroidered collar is in contrasting goods, so is the belt that is inserted through straps and the sleeve cuffs, giving the popular style-note for the summer.

The pattern, No. 7543, is cut in sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years. To make the dress in the medium size, will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 1/2 yard in 27-inch width to trim.

### Boys' Suit

CUT according to the latest fashion - dictates for boys' suits; in the combination of light and dark material, No. 7392 may be made with or without suspender - straps. The straight trousers button to the waist which has front closing.

The pattern, No. 7392, is cut in sizes for 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. To make the suit in the 4-year size will require 1 yard of light goods in 36-inch width, and the same of dark material.

### Misses' Corset-Cover and Petticoat

A LUXURY that you may have at low cost, is pictured in No. 7725. Choose between the combination and separate garment. Ribbon, beading, edging and insertion will make it as elaborate as you wish. If corset-cover is made separate, add a peplum; omitting the ruffle on the petticoat gives a plainer style.

The pattern, No. 7725, is cut in sizes for from 14 to 20 years. To make the combination in the 16-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 1 1/2 yards of beading, 2 1/2 yards of ribbon, 3 yards of narrow edging, or 2 1/2 yards of wide, and 2 1/2 yards of insertion. For the corset-cover alone, 1 1/2 yards of material will be plenty.

### Ladies' Princesse Slip

LOOKING at this design, No. 7708, we know that it has its place in the present vogue for flounces and ruffles. It will give the picturesque effect to the summer dress if made according to the pattern, on full lines, with either front or back closing and having a gathered ruffle or circular flounce of embroidery; edging and insertion finishing the neck and armholes.

The pattern, No. 7708, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. To make the princesse slip in the 36-inch size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 3 yards of 14-inch flouncing; 3 1/2 yards of edging, 1 yard of insertion, 1 1/2 yards of beading and 1 1/2 yards of ribbon. Or for a plain slip with a square neck, 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch goods.

### Girls' Dress

FOR school or practical wear No. 7538 is so simple in construction that the girlie can make it herself. The bias fold of material in contrasting note that finishes the neck, forms the belt, wristband cuff on a gathered sleeve and extends down the center front, is a very neat and appropriate trimming.

The skirt joined to the belt is in three gores. The pattern, No. 7538, is cut in sizes for from 4 to 12 years. To make the dress in the 8-year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material with 3/4 of a yard of 27-inch goods to trim.

### Children's Dress

AN extremely graceful little model is No. 7498, suitable for checks or plaids. Scalloping that is so much used on plain dresses is featured in this one, on the collar and belt, also the sleeve-cuffs, which are formed of solid color material in



## Chats with Our Readers

Concluded from page 18

happily recovered them — was growing apace when she walked in, a clear-eyed, bright-faced, smiling woman in the very prime of life. "Why, mother, where have you been?" began the chorus, although the inquiry would seem quite needless because of the accumulated evidence. "Why didn't you wait so that one of us could go with you?" "So imprudent for you to go alone, at your time of life!" The mother smiled, a smile in which was just a touch of merry mischief. Scarcely fifty-six was she, straight, trim, well built, with all her faculties really "better than new"—what should she not do "at her time of life," right in her prime? "I did not think it imprudent," said she; "I wanted some things which I could just as well get alone. Besides, I found that I must go over to New York to-morrow night on a little matter of business, and wanted to make sure of an outside state-room ticket." It was a bomb, and it did its work thoroughly and well. It cleared away the prison-walls that had been rising higher and higher for so many months. There were plenty of disclaimers—oh, yes; but these were half hearted after the first. Mother had asserted her rights, and everybody knew she meant to stand by them. She picked up the dropped threads with marvelous rapidity, and now she is building her individuality as God intended. And we honestly and sincerely recommend her course for the solution of that other problem, so like it as to be rated the same. Let our friend break those fetters, reassuming graciously every charge she has let go in the months of weakness which follow a deep grief. She can do this without calling down anger or recrimination if she goes about it the right way, pleasantly and firmly. If heroic methods are needed let her not hesitate to use them—always with kindness and the desire to do the very best thing for all concerned. Let her never lose her temper to the extent of becoming party to any quarrel, but pursue her course sensibly and wisely, and she cannot fail to regain a freedom which will seem all the more sweet because for a time she has relinquished it. And let us hear again from her after she has compassed this good and worthy end.

A man's future is his own. He makes it every day as he goes along. What a man chooses to-day he chooses for to-morrow; what he overcomes to-day he is overcoming for to-morrow; what he yields to to-day he is still more likely to yield to to-morrow.

## Stylish Dresses for Juniors

**Instant Bunion Relief**  
**Prove It At My Expense**



Don't send me one cent—Just let me prove it to you as I have done for 57,832 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you a treatment FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send you a treatment absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and treatment will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope.

FOOT REMEDY CO. 3571 W. 28th St. Chicago

## Misses' Spring-Bracelet

Given for One New Subscription



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 imitation pearls—one on each side of the bright polished signet top—make it one of the most stylish bracelets of the year. It has a patent expansion spring that adjusts it to any arm. Our offer is so liberal that no girl in the whole country need be without this bracelet, and everyone knows a girl never has too many.

**SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER.** If you will send us one new subscription to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of 25 cents, we will send the subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you this Misses' Spring-Bracelet (Premium No. 1302). THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

## Gold-Filled Baby-Set

Given for Three Subscriptions



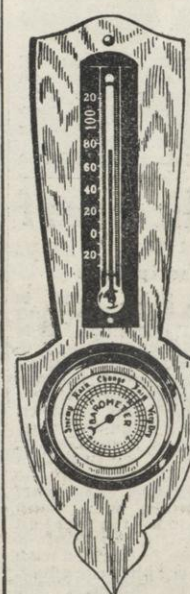
THIS fine guaranteed 12-karat gold-filled set consists of a Baby Neck-Chain with Heart Pendant, a Baby Ring, and two Baby Pins. We guarantee them for five years and will replace any set that does not prove satisfactory.

**SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER.** If you will send us a club of three new subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of 25 cents each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you this Gold-Filled Baby-Set (Premium No. 1731). THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

## Going To Rain?

Weatherometer Will Tell You

Given for Four Subscriptions



WILL it rain tomorrow? Everyone likes to know. Sometimes it is highly important that you should know. When you own a reliable and scientifically constructed instrument like the Weatherometer you don't have to guess. You can know definitely 15 to 24 hours in advance what to expect. You can then plan your work, your outings or your trips to town with certainty. On the farm or in small communities an instrument like this is almost indispensable. It operates automatically as soon as it is regulated to its position. Full directions sent with each instrument.

The Weatherometer consists of a reliable Barometer and Thermometer combined, both mounted on a walnut finished panel of ornamental design. Its height is 13 1/2 inches. The Barometer is of polished brass with easily read dial. The sensitive needle foretells all changes—Stormy, Rain, Change, Fair or Very Dry. The Thermometer is of oxidized brass with a 5-inch scale. The mercury (not alcohol) column accurately registers the temperature for a range of 20 degrees below zero to 120 degrees above zero. We are able to offer this unique instrument on attractive terms. We deliver it by parcel post prepaid and guarantee it to reach you in perfect scientific condition—ready to forecast tomorrow's weather and tell you the degree of heat or cold. Worth far more than the little work we ask.

**SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER.** If you will send us a club of four new subscriptions to The American Woman at our regular subscription-price of 25 cents each, we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and we will send you the Weatherometer (Premium No. 1747). THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

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

**Summer Dress-Goods**

Premium No. 1650

**Popular Colors**

- White
- Pink
- Blue (all shades)
- Lavender
- Brown
- Gray

**IRISH POPLIN** is the most popular of the summer cotton fabrics. It looks cool and is cool. A dress of this beautiful material can be worn with good taste on all occasions. It is 27 inches wide, and comes in all colors, the most popular of which are listed above. Be sure and tell us what color you want. Samples will be sent for a two-cent stamp, the cost of mailing.



**A Dress for 9 Subscriptions**

Send us nine subscriptions to this paper at our regular subscription-price of 25 cents each per year, and we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and will send you postpaid eight yards of Irish Poplin.

**A Skirt for 6 Subscriptions**

Send us six subscriptions to this paper at our regular subscription-price of 25 cents each per year, and we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and will send you, postpaid, five yards of Irish Poplin.

**A Waist for 4 Subscriptions**

Send us four subscriptions to this paper at our regular subscription-price of 25 cents each per year, and we will send each subscriber this paper one year, and will send you, postpaid, three yards of Irish Poplin.

**A Dress- or Waist-Pattern Free** With each order we will send free any dress- or waist-pattern shown in any recent issue of this paper. The pattern must be selected at the same time the subscriptions are sent. Be sure and give correct size. Or you may order the pattern shown in our illustration: No. 7667. This is a three-gored skirt, long or short sleeves, and comes in sizes 36- to 44-inch bust measure.

Address your order to **THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine**

**Practical Garments**

**Ladies' Waist**

NOT a little of the charm of this waist, No. 7536, lies in the deep yoke front and back; in an effort to win all the distinction, it supplies the upper part of a sleeve which is gathered at the wrist to a frill that gives a dainty finish. The frill at the neck, outlined with covered buttons and which forms the collar at the back, almost becomes a vestee for the open neck at front. Surplice-closing of the waist gathered to yokes is another style-note.

The pattern, No. 7536, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, with 1 1/4 yards of ruffling.

**Ladies' Shirtwaist**

JUST a nice plain waist, No. 7001, that will come from the wash as shimmering and fresh as when new, made in silk or any of the soft wash-materials. The shoulder-fronts are gathered; a simulated box plait where the closing is made has its importance next to the collar and flare cuffs in contrasting note that brighten up the garment considerably.

The pattern, No. 7001, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the shirtwaist in the 36-inch size will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material with 3/4 of a yard of contrasting goods.



**Girls' Middy Dress**

IN the popular "slip-on-over-the-head" style is this dress, No. 7581. The handsome sailor collar and sleeve-cuffs in combination effect and contrasting note, are smartly decorative; the pocket in the left breast of the blouse is another feature. An underwaist is employed for the joining of the plaited skirt. The neck-lacing is properly an important detail.

The pattern, No. 7581, is cut in sizes for from 6 to 14 years. To make the dress in the 10-year size will require, for the blouse, 2 yards of 36-inch material, and 1/4 of a yard of 27-inch goods to trim; for the skirt, 2 yards of 36-inch width material, and 3/4 of a yard for underwaist.



**Misses' and Small Women's Dress**

THIS model, No. 7431, on the long lines that are so becoming has a surplice vest of material in contrasting note, in harmony with the directoire collar. A richly embroidered belt piece, like the bib-section of a bodice for evening wear, is so very novel on this dress that we call it the distinguishing feature. The back is the same as the front design, without the vest, and buttons give their support to make this model a very charming one. Closing is at front.

The pattern, No. 7431, is cut in sizes for from 14 to 20 years. To make the dress in

the 16-year size will require 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch goods, with 3/4 of a yard of silk for the belt-piece, and sleeve-cuffs, in 36-inch width; and 3/4 of a yard for the collar and vest in 27-inch width.

**Ladies' Work-Dress and Cap**

FOR "keeping our house in order," we have this outfit, No. 7723; the lines of a business-suit are not more neat and trim.

The belted Russian blouse depends upon banding alone to give the finishing touch to the neck, down the front, to the sleeve-edges and for a belt. The woman of activity may be becomingly dressed in this, with a three-gored skirt.

The pattern, No. 7723, is cut in sizes for 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 5 1/2 yards of banding.

**Ladies' Apron**

NO one could ask more style in a garment of this kind than the illustration, No. 7619, shows. Bungalow type, with contrasting goods for the pretty collar, finishing the raglan sleeves, forming the belt and trimming the pocket in the right side of the four-gored skirt, as well as marking the surplice-closing and binding the right front edge of the skirt-portion.

The pattern, No. 7619, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the apron in the 36-inch size will require 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material and 1/2 of a yard of contrasting goods to trim.

**NEW FABRIC GLOVES**

IN the last few seasons there has been an enormous improvement in the heavy cotton gloves, designed to imitate chamois or doeskin. At first, these imitations were staring white affairs, clearly showing the cloth weave, distinctly cotton in appearance. Now the fabrics are so closely woven, so creamy in color and so thick-piled that it is difficult to tell them from the genuine skin. Whether they are called "leatherette," "chamoisette," or other similar names, these washable gloves bear an astonishing resemblance to the real thing. Moreover, they are more pliable after being washed than are the gloves made of skins and they wear longer, as the chamois and doeskins must have the soap left in them to prevent their getting stiff, and this tends to make them wear less well. For some years the fabric gloves came in pure white and strong yellow. Now, however, a creamy tone is attained by lining white gloves with a deep yellow, which shades softly through to the surface. These gloves also come in a pale-putty shade, as well as darker gray, tan and biscuit.

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

# The American Woman Calendar

June 1. Thursday  
 "Consider the lilies, how they grow"  
 In all their glorious majesty and power,  
 As gracefully their wondrous blossoms sway,  
 And they in meekness trust, from hour to  
 hour—  
 Behold the lilies!

June 2. Friday  
 Be it known to you that in all the great,  
 calmly rolling universe there is only one thing to  
 be afraid of, and that one thing does not exist  
 unless you create it—it is fear.

June 3. Saturday  
 O life and love! O happy throng  
 Of thoughts whose only speech is song!  
 O heart of man; Canst thou not be  
 Blithe as the air is, and as free!

June 4. Sunday  
 All power is of the spirit, or God. You are one  
 with God. Every noble purpose within you is  
 born of God; and the dream of advancement is  
 God's picture and promise of what may be yours.

June 5. Monday  
 The worlds in which we live are two—  
 The world I AM and the world I DO!

June 6. Tuesday  
 When you are living in the spirit of progress, a  
 seeming failure in one direction means that there  
 is something still better for you in another direc-  
 tion. Failure, then, if accepted in the right way,  
 is but the open door to a greater success.

June 7. Wednesday  
 One smile can glorify a day.  
 One word true hope impart;  
 The least disciple need not say  
 There are no alms to give away,  
 If love be in the heart.

June 8. Thursday  
 By the great law of attraction or affinity, you  
 know that your own is always seeking you, if  
 you are seeking it with all your might.

June 9. Friday  
 You nod your fate in your own hand,  
 If you but set the mark to win;  
 No adverse fate can will withstand,  
 Nor check the power you have within.

June 10. Saturday  
 Kindness is twin to goodness; try it, and see  
 how fast you can grow.

June 11. Sunday  
 God has been good to me. To tell in part  
 Demands new words and all eternity.  
 His gracious bounty in so many ways  
 Has blessed me through bright years of happy  
 days.  
 I have not eloquence to voice His praise.  
 I can but say again, with grateful heart,  
 God has been good to me.

June 12. Monday  
 That which others do for us but encourages  
 our own weakness. Neither spiritual, mental  
 nor physical strength can be ours through the  
 exertions others make. We must exercise our  
 own faculties and muscles.

June 13. Tuesday  
 Let's live just for to-day,  
 Trust God and banish fear;  
 There is no time but now,  
 There is no place but here.

June 14. Wednesday  
 Look for blessings and you are sure to find  
 them; live to-day, work for the good, please and  
 be pleased. Let us each make sure that the  
 world is a little better and happier because we  
 are in it.

June 15. Thursday  
 Then cease your worry, just work and trust,  
 There is nothing wiser to do;  
 The Power that rules the stars and flowers  
 Will carry you safely through.

June 16. Friday  
 Never are we our own masters until, like the  
 centurion with his soldiers, we can say to Joy,  
 "Come!" and to Grief and Anxiety, "Go!" and  
 be obeyed of these.

June 17. Saturday  
 The wind blows east and the wind blows west,  
 And to one it is worst, and to one it is best;  
 But whether 'tis rainy or cloudy or bright,  
 It's sooner or later all things will come right.

June 18. Sunday  
 Let us say to ourselves: "I will arise and go to  
 my Father," and going back into the eternal  
 kingdom of ALL GOOD, stand fast in an all-  
 abiding faith, no longer to be shaken by external  
 conditions, wasted with vain regrets or empty  
 longings.

June 19. Monday  
 Give us all fears to dominate,  
 Ali worthy joys to know;  
 To be the friend we wish to see,  
 To speak the truth we know.

June 20. Tuesday  
 Nothing is impossible; there are ways which  
 lead to everything, and if we had sufficient faith  
 and will we should always have sufficient means.

June 21. Wednesday  
 If you want to be happy begin where you are;  
 Don't wait for some rapture that's future and  
 far;  
 Begin to be joyous begin to be glad,  
 And soon you'll forget that you ever were sad.

June 22. Thursday  
 Learn to assert stoutly the possession of what-  
 ever quality you seem to lack, or which is dor-  
 mant, remembering that to change the thought  
 is to change the man.

June 23. Friday  
 Whate'er you do, watch how you think;  
 Make no mistake in this;  
 Whate'er you sow will surely grow,  
 And yield you woe or bliss.

June 24. Saturday  
 With a good thought for the first step, a good  
 word for the second step, a good deed for the  
 third step, we enter paradise.

June 25. Sunday  
 Let my soul walk softly in me,  
 Like a saint in heaven unshod,  
 For to be alone with silence  
 Is to be alone with God.

June 26. Monday  
 A gay, serene temper is the source of all things  
 noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of  
 the greatest and noblest sort flows from such a  
 disposition.

June 27. Tuesday  
 Do you wish for kindness? Be kind.  
 Do you wish for truth? Be true.  
 What you give of yourself you'll find;  
 Your world is a reflex of you.

June 28. Wednesday  
 Yesterday is but a dream and to-morrow is  
 only a vision; but to-day well lived makes every  
 yesterday a dream of happiness and every to-  
 morrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore,  
 to this day!

June 29. Thursday  
 Cling ye to faith beyond the forms of faith!  
 She reels not in the storm of warring words;  
 She sees the best that glitters through the worst;  
 She feels the sun is hid but for a night;  
 She spies the summer through the winter bud.

June 30. Friday  
 As "the good tree bringeth forth good fruit,"  
 so does every blessing flow to the lives of those  
 who vow and keep allegiance to the best.

## POEMS WORTH KNOWING

Lillian Whiting, poet, essayist and lecturer,  
 was born in Boston, May 19, 1864. Her writ-  
 ings have been a source of comfort to many des-  
 pondent souls, and it has been said that there  
 is not an old scrap-book that does not contain  
 one or more of her fugitive poems, gleaned from  
 the newspapers, and periodicals weekly and  
 monthly. That which follows was taken from  
 just such a collection. Of a volume of essays,  
 published under the title "The World Beauti-  
 ful," one reader wrote the author: "You have  
 saved me from suicide; God bless you." Her  
 writings have the charm of personal appeal;  
 coming straight from the heart, they reach the  
 heart.

### Beginning Again

When sometimes our feet grow weary,  
 On the rugged hills of life,  
 The path stretching long and dreary,  
 With trial and labor rife—  
 We pause on the toilsome journey,  
 Glancing backward in the glen,  
 And sigh with infinite longing  
 To return and begin again.

For behind is the dew of the morning,  
 In all its freshness and light,  
 And before our doubts and shadows,  
 And the chill and gloom of the night,  
 We remember the sunny places  
 We passed so carelessly then,  
 And ask, with a passionate longing,  
 To return and begin again.

Ah, vain, indeed, is the asking!  
 Life's duties press all of us on,  
 And who dare shrink from the labor,  
 Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone?  
 And it may be not far on before us  
 Wait fairer places than then—  
 Life's paths may yet lead by still waters,  
 Though we may not begin again.

For evermore upward and onward,  
 Be our paths on the hills of life,  
 And soon will a radiant dawning  
 Transfigure the toil and the strife,  
 And the hand of our Father will lead us  
 Tenderly upward then;  
 In the joy and peace of a fairer world  
 He'll let us begin again.

## ORIGIN OF JUNE WEDDINGS

The first people to adopt the month of  
 June as sacred to Hymen, the god of mar-  
 riage, were the ancient Romans, who con-  
 sidered June the most propitious season of  
 the year for entering upon matrimonial re-  
 lations. The Romans held that June wed-  
 dings were likely to be happier than alliances  
 contracted in any other month of the year,  
 especially if the day chosen were that of  
 the full moon.

They also held that of all months May  
 was to be most avoided, as in that month  
 newlyweds would come under the influence  
 of spirits adverse to happy households.  
 These ancient marriage-superstitions were  
 retained by the Christians in the Middle  
 Ages, and even to-day June is considered by  
 many to be preeminently the month of mar-  
 riages.

## HER GENTLE HINT

The curate (engaged in a theological dis-  
 cussion with his landlady):—"And what  
 do you think of the character of St. Paul?"  
 The landlady.—"Ah! he was a good soul.  
 Do you remember how he once said we  
 should eat what is set before us and ask no  
 questions for conscience's sake? I've often  
 thought how I would have liked him for a  
 boarder."

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 nants is set off with a true-to-life photographic reproduc-  
 tion of a famous film star.

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 useful and ornamental things.

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- |                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
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| Charles Chaplin    | Grace Cunard        |
| Earle Williams     | King Baggot         |
| Lottie Pickford    | Jane Gail           |
| Francis X. Bushman | Mary Fuller         |
| Richard C. Travers | June Keith          |
| G. M. Anderson     | Edna Mayo           |
| Blanche Sweet      | Clara Kimball Young |
| Dustin Farnum      | Ruth Stonehouse     |

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| <b>Old Life's Shadows</b><br>Outside Her Eden<br>Sequel to Old Life's Shadows      | <b>The Bailiff's Scheme</b><br>Rosamond's Love<br>Sequel to The Bailiff's Scheme         | <b>Tresillian Court</b><br>Guy Tresillian's Fate<br>Sequel to Tresillian Court |   |  |                        |   |                            |

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## RINGS! RINGS! RINGS!

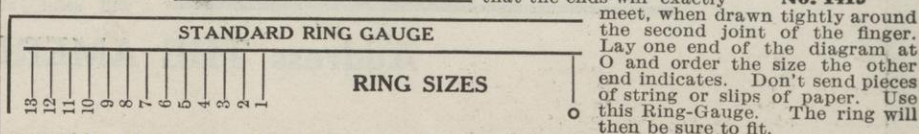
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| <b>No. 1413</b> | <b>No. 1414</b> | <b>No. 1415</b> |                 |                 |

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|---|-------------|
| <b>Ring</b>   | <b>Subs</b> |
| No. 1403 Twin-Set Im. Diamond                           | 1           |
| " 1404 Solitaire, Im. Ruby                              | 1           |
| " 1405 Diamond Cluster, Ruby center, Im. stones         | 1           |
| " 1406 Twin-Set Im. Pearls                              | 1           |
| " 1407 Large Solitaire Im. Diamond                      | 1           |
| " 1408 Lady's Engraved Ruby                             | 2           |
| " 1409 Lady's Genuine Diamond, small stone              | 3           |
| " 1410 Lady's or Gent's Engraved Band                   | 1           |
| " 1411 Lady's or Gent's Plain Oval Band or Wedding-Ring | 1           |
| " 1412 Lady's Engraved Cameo, something new             | 1           |
| " 1413 Child's Plain Gold Chip Ruby                     | 1           |
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