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WOMAN'S WORLD



NOVEMBER 1923  TEN CENTS A COPY

SPECIAL FEATURE -THE POWER OF PERSONALITY- BY ELSIE JANIS

Bon Ami

for
linoleum,
Congoleum
etc.

*Principal uses
of Bon Ami—*

for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs
White Woodwork
Aluminum Ware
Brass, Copper and
Nickel Ware
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Linoleum and Congoleum
Fine Kitchen Utensils



Three Things! Three Steps!

THREE things!—a mop, some water in a pail, and Bon Ami. Three steps!—sprinkle Bon Ami on the floor—go over it lightly with the mop well dampened—and wipe it off with the mop wrung out of clean water.

That's all there is to cleaning linoleum and Congoleum. It's easy—when you use Bon Ami. There's such wonderful absorptive power in this gentle household cleanser that it blots up dirt and grease like magic.

Moreover, Bon Ami is kind to the housewife's hands. It never reddens, never roughens them. That's one of the many reasons why women use it for all the purposes listed above.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet!"



About Alma Boice Holland



ALMA BOICE HOLLAND'S picturesque tales of the Alleghenies combine the artistry and skill of the literary craftsman with an intimate knowledge and sympathetic understanding of the people about whom she writes.

Her human interest narratives of the joys, sorrows and tragedies of these quaint people of the West Virginia hills have been a source of inspiration and wholesome entertainment to Woman's World readers for many years, and if, originally, there were among us some who thought that the mountaineers of the Southland were a class apart from the rest, engaged in countless battles with the "revenuers" and in endless feuds among themselves, we now know, thanks to Mrs. Holland, that the fundamentals of life are essentially the same in the huts that dot Squirrel Mountain as in the more orderly but less romantic dwellings that house the bulk of our nation's hundred million.

Mrs. Holland was born and has always lived in West Virginia and when discussing her state and the people in it her enthusiasm knows no bounds. Her first story, written at the age of nineteen, met with success and was published in Woman's World which also has been the market for her output ever since.

"Of my husband," writes Mrs. Holland, "I am sure you have heard, for he is that 'best man in the world' you so often read about. And my one little daughter is entirely and originally different from every other six-year-old." As for the rest, she keeps house, cooks, washes dishes, sews, reads, plays tennis, goes to church, attends the Woman's Club and does all of the average, every-day things that the million members of our big family do—which accounts, perhaps, for the enthusiastic response that her yarns invariably evoke.

Consider the Source

"NEVER cross bridges until you come to them," said Indolence, as he smilingly shook his head.

"Yes, and what you don't know doesn't hurt you," replied Ignorance sententiously winking a lusterless eye.

And the two remarks sounded so plausible and fitted in so nicely with the mental attitude of Mr. General Public who happened to be passing by that he repeated them to his wife who told their neighbors, and thus, from such unreliable sources, were originated two of the most pernicious old saws in the whole category of catch phrases.

The only trouble with the "eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may die" philosophy is that ordinarily you don't die but live to pay in bitter regret the price of your folly the next day. Doubtless there are bridges in home life and in business life that you may never be called upon to cross but it is reassuring to know that you could gracefully make the maneuver should the emergency ever arise. It is well to leave to chance only that which cannot otherwise be provided for.

Your grandfather and mine knew nothing of appendicitis or diabetes or arteriosclerosis but their ignorance did not render them immune. It is the adversary in the dark, the enemy you don't suspect, against whom you have no protection. The isolation and labeling of the various maladies to which human flesh is prey do not increase their number but merely bring them out in the open where they may be watched and checked.

So essential to the prolongation of life is a knowledge of our physical limitations that one of the largest and oldest insurance companies offers to give free physical examinations to its policy-holders not because of any particular love for its fellow men or to increase their premium rate but simply by advising them of their weaknesses to enable them to take proper precaution and thus postpone the day when final settlement must be made to the executors of their estates.

If we can learn now to regulate today's expenditures in the light of tomorrow's needs and if we can bring ourselves now to have a reliable physician take an inventory of our physical condition we will have gone a long way toward prolonging our lives and preventing their ending in a pitiful anti-climax.

And next time someone attempts to prove his point by quoting those old saws about "not crossing bridges" and "what you don't know not hurting you" just consider their sources and forget them.



ALMA BOICE HOLLAND
author of the
Stories of the West Virginia Hills

CONTENTS

<i>Fiction</i>	
THE FINING POT Serial by Edith Barnard Delano	7
MUD AND STARS By Alma Boice Holland	10
THE STONEHURST AFFAIR By Madeleine Sharps Buchanan	12
<i>Needlework</i>	
GIANT FILET FOR THE TABLE By Sadie P. Le Sueur	20
FIVE NEW TATTED EDGES By Mrs. Will T. Perry	21
OUR BABY'S WARDROBE FOR THE WINTRY DAYS SIMPLE CRAFT WORK—WITH SCISSORS AND GLUE By Sadie P. Le Sueur	22
CHOICE CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS IN TOWELS AND SCARFS Designs by Effie Sory and Sadie Le Sueur	29
SADIE LE SUEUR'S PAGE FOR MOTHERS	32
<i>Home Decoration</i>	
MAKING AN ATTRACTIVE ROOM FOR A FEW DOLLARS By Florence Weisskopf	30
<i>Department of Domestic Science</i>	
A THANKSGIVING DINNER FIT FOR A KING	33
DESSERTS FOR NOVEMBER By Lillian Dynevor Rice	34
SERVING DAINTY DINNERS By Ida Bailey Allen	35
DELICIOUS SALADS YOU'LL WANT TO TRY By Lillian Dynevor Rice	36
<i>Fashions</i>	
WOMAN'S WORLD PATTERNS	23
<i>Beauty and Health</i>	
DOES YOUR HAIR DO YOU JUSTICE? By Marian Adams	45
<i>For Children</i>	
THE CHILDREN'S STORY PAGE By Miriam Clark Potter	50
<i>Miscellaneous</i>	
WHAT MOTHER THINKS ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY	6
THE POWER OF PERSONALITY By William Fleming French	13
POSTMAN'S WHISTLE	38
<i>Verse</i>	
CONTRASTS By Anna Nelson Reed	24
POEMS THE WHOLE WORLD LOVES "Home" By James Whitcomb Riley	54

An Important Change in Subscription Entry

HERETOFORE we have entered all new subscriptions to Woman's World for the issue following the month in which the order was received. For instance, all subscriptions received in the month of September were placed on the mailing list to receive the October issue as their first number. Each month in the year has been an expiration month.

This plan worked successfully with prompt delivery of the magazine when labor conditions were normal, but during the past two years it has been very difficult to secure the right kind of clerical help to give this monthly service. We have, therefore, beginning with September 1st, 1923, changed the monthly expirations to quarterly expirations, thus enabling us to guarantee not only a quicker but a more accurate service in the handling of subscriptions.

After September 1st, 1923, all subscriptions to Woman's World received by us during the months of September, October and November will begin with the October issue and will expire with the September issue—one, two, three or five years hence according to the length of the subscription period.

All subscriptions received during December 1923, January and February 1924 will start with the January issue and will expire with the December issue one, two, three or four years hence.

We are sure that this will make your satisfaction greater and our ability to serve you much more effective.

We wish to do everything we can to make you enjoy your Woman's World to the greatest possible extent.

What Are Your Christmas Plans?

ARE you going through the same old nerve-racking period of preparation again this year, spending money for gifts to compete with friends and relatives on a scale that neither you nor they can afford?

Are you going to let a little false pride or a mistaken notion of good will commercialize the spirit of the day and exclude all the beauty and joy of the event which Christmas commemorates?

You cannot purchase Christmas cheer by the pound. No matter what the resources at your command, you cannot corner the market on good wishes. Ten dollars will buy no more than can be conveyed to a friend in a hand clasp. Why not, then, let Woman's World bear the message of your good will—a message that will be renewed each month throughout the coming year? At your request an attractive gift card will be mailed to reach your friend on Christmas morning and Woman's World with its helpfulness and cheer will spread the Christmas spirit through the twelve months of the year.

"God hands gifts to some and whispers them to others," said Alger, and who can estimate in dollars and cents the value to a human heart of the inspiration and encouragement that are radiated from the stories and articles contained in Woman's World? Thoughts that uplift and point the way are greater gifts than the finest pearls.

Let Us Be Grateful

Thou that hast given so much to me, give one thing more—a grateful heart.

—GEORGE HERRERT.

LET us be grateful this Thanksgiving day that we have friends who believe in us, that we have loved ones to whom our home coming brings comfort and joy and who regardless of our manifold and manifest shortcomings still see in us the sort of person we would like to think we are.

Let us be grateful for the successes we have had, for the memories that we treasure, for the opportunity to profit by the mistakes we have made, for the day of renewed endeavor that dawns for us tomorrow, and finally, for the mellowed philosophy of life and the revised standard of values that the years so mercifully bring.

For some of us the family circle will be shrunk this year, a leaf will be taken from the table, an extra chair be left against the wall, but there will remain like a blessing and a benediction the knowledge that the plan that embraces buttercups and stars will re-unite the circle when its purpose has been served.

Made in the same GREAT plant that
makes CLOTHCRAFT "5130" Serges



The CLOTHCRAFT Shops that make "5130" Serges are the largest single men's clothing plant in America. CLOTHCRAFT Overcoats, made in that same wonderful plant, by the same economic, scientific tailoring methods, share in the same manufacturing savings that lower costs and prices, and make "5130" the wonderful value that it is!

*Tailored in
the same scientific way*

And the same scientific principles of tailoring that give "5130" Serge its shape-keeping qualities, come into play in the tailoring of CLOTHCRAFT Overcoats. The same careful, stitch-by-stitch building together of the fabrics, to fit snugly, to be good-looking and TO STAY GOOD-LOOKING!

**CLOTHCRAFT
OVERCOATS**
*offer you good style,
Fit and Quality at
moderate prices*

IF YOU are one of the men who wear CLOTHCRAFT "5130" Serges, you know already the value that you will find in this season's CLOTHCRAFT Overcoats. But if not, remember, when you go to buy your new overcoat, that there are two unusual guarantees of QUALITY in CLOTHCRAFT Overcoats.

One is an unqualified guarantee of "satisfactory wear and service" over our signature.

The other is the famous "5130" Serge itself! Over 200,000 men buy "5130" every year. Many of them are men who can pay much higher prices! They buy it because it has come to be the best value in men's suits!

CLOTHCRAFT Overcoats are made in the same wonderful plant that makes "5130" Serges by the same tailors and designers, by the same careful, economic, scientific tailoring methods, and



shares in the same savings that make possible the remarkable value of "5130" Serges. That is why CLOTHCRAFT is this Fall's best overcoat value.

CLOTHCRAFT Overcoats are offered in a widely varied range of attractive and dependable fabrics, pleasingly styled models. Your choice may lean to stripes or plaids or the plainest of colors, to light-weight goods, or sturdy storm-proof fabrics no matter! there is a CLOTHCRAFT Overcoat that will please your taste, and give you everything that goes to make honest value and satisfaction.

At the CLOTHCRAFT Store in Your Town.

The JOSEPH & FEISS CO., 2170 West 53rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

CLOTHCRAFT OVERCOATS

FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN \$ 22.50 to \$ 45.00



A Department for Parents

What Mother Thinks

About Thanksgiving Day

A square deal versus a too square meal. Planning Thanksgiving—both the dinner and the day—so that the entire family may participate in the joyousness of the occasion

ONCE more the time has rolled around when the days of the big bird are numbered and when American families are preparing to get together for that most touching of all American holidays, Thanksgiving—the day set aside for so many years for the whole nation to stay by the home-fires and give thanks to a good and gracious God for the favors of the past year.

Long ago, Thanksgiving began in such a simple way—as did America—founded by those who were indeed grateful for protection from perils on every side. In our days of safety and plenty have we forgotten the solid traditions of this early Thanksgiving? Have we digressed from that simplicity, I wonder, and forgotten about being thankful; have we made Thanksgiving nowadays frequently a cross between a burden and a bore? In many instances, I'm afraid we have. And to the mother of the family particularly—especially the one in moderate circumstances and without maid service—I'm afraid Thanksgiving is decidedly a burden, an occasion greatly robbed of its pleasure as a holiday largely because we've somehow gotten the habit of wanting to crowd as many of the items of food we are busy all day being quite subconsciously thankful for, onto our Thanksgiving dinner table, and poor Mother has to engineer the feast frequently all by herself.

That's the wrong idea it seems to me. Thanksgiving, of all days in the world, belongs to the whole family, and all ought to share in it alike with that selfless thinking of the comfort and happiness of others that is the sound basis of any happy day anywhere.

Let All the Family Help

IT'S a great mistake to leave the stage-managing of Thanksgiving to one person exclusively and this is often done because Mother herself doesn't insist on co-operation and on the whole family helping out more or less. Then, almost invariably, though she must go it alone, she undertakes too elaborate and ambitious a program and menu for Thanksgiving, which is not at all necessary. Undoubtedly Mother has her notion away back in her heart, of what an ideal personal Thanksgiving would be, and undoubtedly it is visioned as a sort of glorified occasion where all the loved ones are home and in good spirits, and visit and laugh all day, and where meals are miraculously whisked on and off the table and the stacks of dishes miraculously washed while she has a chance to stay in the midst of the sweetness and fun the whole blessed time and not merely get it in dribs and bits by cocking a hasty ear through the kitchen door every now and then or running into the living-room for a minute between stirs. Pathetically simple little dream it is, isn't it? Pathetically possible, after all, and so often unrealized simply because Mother herself doesn't plan things in advance but instead makes all the trouble for herself.

"Enough is as Good as a Feast"

IN THE first place, whoever elected Thanksgiving day the day for a great national gorge, anyhow? And why overload both table and stomach just because we are thankful? And why not use a little horse sense about planning Thanksgiving and its meals and see if your guests wouldn't rather visit with you than eat so much?

A chicken or turkey, a vegetable or two, a salad and dessert is enough Thanksgiving dinner for anybody. If the folks are counting on one of mother's home-made cakes, it may be added, of course, but it isn't necessary to add several different varieties. One is enough. And since breakfast is usually sketchy and late, why not have dinner in the middle of the day and a light supper of

left-overs, eaten in delightfully intimate family informality and abandon.

And why not prepare most of the Thanksgiving dinner the day before? It is quite possible. The cake, for instance, can be baked even two days earlier if kept in an air-tight box. The salad, especially if one of the delicious gelatin variety, can be made and put safely away a day or two before. The celery can be washed, trimmed and put in cold water the day before, and the relishes can even be dished and set aside, all ready. If the dessert is to be one of the Thanksgiving favorites, mince or pumpkin pie, the paste, at least, can be made the day before, as could also the pumpkin or mincemeat filling.

All this would leave much more glorious freedom Thanksgiving morning. Just imagine having Thanksgiving dinner practically all ready to put on the table when day dawned. Just imagine having only the chicken or turkey and one or two vegetables to prepare. Imagine having only that many pans to wash up—so ridiculously easy to do as you go along? Why it would be like a regular declaration of independence to Mother. And even if there is nobody home but just the family it would be an innovation for them to have Mother out of the kitchen so much. And if there are outsiders, the mere thought of not wearing somebody out in order that they might be over-hull ought to be welcome, and if it isn't there's no harm done.

No woman on earth owes it to her family, married or single, visiting or living at home, to spend a whole day over a hot stove preparing meals which will disappear in fifteen minutes or half an hour and leave them all over-fed and struggling with the woes thereof.

Simply Served Meal is Best

THAT is one thing that interferes with Mother's ideal Thanksgiving day. Another is her attempt to serve the Thanksgiving dinner too elaborately. Of all days in the world, Thanksgiving day is a home day where formality may be dispensed with. Why not serve a good home dinner to dear home folks in an unostentatious way? Why go to the trouble of courses and "flub." The best china and linen and a dainty, attractively set table, yes, just as beautiful as it can be made in a simple, homey way. But why not the old-fashioned way of serving it all on the table at once? This will save Mother or the girls or both from constantly jumping up to remove the plates for courses, it will avoid confusion in conversation and give everybody at the table a chance to serenely enjoy both food and talk. And why not have the dessert all served and ready on a side table where it can make its way to the big table with the least commotion? Many a step would be saved, there would be much less clutter in the kitchen, it would make preliminaries tremendously less complicated and the use of many less dishes in consequence would mean the minimum of dishwashing afterwards.

Another thing that interferes with Mother's ideal Thanksgiving day frequently is Dad's attitude. He usually has no realization of the amount of work for her to do that day so he abuses his cherished privilege of sleeping late, he retards breakfast by deciding to shave about

time the bell rings, he scatters papers and magazines all over the house, he yanks shades up and never pulls them down again, moves chairs about and never puts them back and spreads an air of general disorder everywhere. He begins restlessly wondering when dinner will be ready right after breakfast, he finds the suggestions for attending church with Mother or the children an outrage against his liberty and freedom as a home-loving man who wants to stay home on a holiday when he has a chance—though home

in the afternoon and evening are not infrequently much less attractive—and sometimes when there are guests, guests that he, himself, has invited, he likes to leave the brunt of their entertainment to Mother, with never a thought of being unfair to her but remembering only it is his holiday.

Why can't Dad change all this? Why can't he try for just one Thanksgiving a prompt uprising and a day of endless gallantry, a watching out for every little chance to save and please Mother, a real effort to come closer to his children, know them better, amuse them, a real trying to be an unselfish and gracious host? Maybe Mother may eye him askance the while as if suspicious that he has suddenly taken leave of his senses, but maybe, also, at the end of the day he will be surprised at his own feeling of expansion and enjoyment.

And the children, too. Why can't they grow up with the feeling that Thanksgiving day means something more than just a tired mother, food, and freedom from school? Why can't they grow up with the idea that a large part of giving thanks to God is serving and that helping to make things happier for everybody and easier for Mother not only constitutes service but makes them happier themselves, and, if there are guests, that the simple wish and effort to amuse and give them pleasure is a part of the generous, unselfish hospitality back of Thanksgiving, and a part of their own social duty in the home.

Plan the Day as Well as the Meal

SOMEHOW, Thanksgiving being such a home day, the planning ahead should not be confined to meals alone, either, but should include some definite idea of what to do with the day. The wishes of the whole family could be included in these tentative plans and Father and Mother share equally the responsibility of perfecting them. They could be generalized beforehand, from ways to release Mother from the kitchen to games for the children in the afternoon and evening, so that the day would pass off snappily because well ordered. Too often it just drags wearily by with no definite plan for anybody. It would be fun to plan, too, and surely fascinating home things need to be planned to offset motor cars and picture shows and fascinating outside things that beckon. Not that motors and pictures are not admirable in themselves and haven't a big place in the modern Thanksgiving day if the family taste runs that way, but only that we so need to teach our youngsters how much happiness can be found at home without them, if need be!

So let's turn this Thanksgiving business over in our minds. Let's plan a big day for all the family and let's see if it isn't true that Mother really doesn't get a square deal out of it because she is too busy giving us a too-square meal. And then when the last Thursday of the month comes around let's try the experiment just once of making it a Thanksgiving day for everybody, a day wherein Mother can be thankful, too, along with the rest of the family; and see if the family—not just Mother, mind you, but the whole family and the outsider, too—doesn't vote it the happiest, pleasantest Thanksgiving day they have ever known!

How to bring out the natural beauty of your skin safely and simply



"You always did have good taste, Alicia," Mrs. Latham is saying, "and you got beautiful wedding presents, but what amazes me is how you keep them all looking so new!"

"There's not much of a secret about it, Emily," laughs Mrs. Jollyco. "When I first started housekeeping, I ruined some of my best things with strong soaps—remember those silk bed-spreads my sister gave me? They simply faded away. I finally decided to stick to Ivory Soap for everything, even the woodwork and rugs and curtains. I use two or three of the laundry-size cakes every week. And what you see is the result."



"To keep it clean, the face needs at least one good washing daily with soap and water, and a wash-cloth or soft flesh-brush," says Dr. Pusey.*

In other words, if you would make sure of that perfect cleanliness which is the foundation of all skin beauty, *you must use soap*. Nothing else will so effectively remove the film of oil and dust or powder which accumulates during the day.

But *what soap will you use, and how?*

You should choose your soap carefully. Choose it for *cleansing* and for *safety*. Do not expect more than safe-cleansing from *any* soap. All our years of experience in making many kinds of soap have proved to us that a soap which promises more than this for your complexion *cannot keep its promise*.

A soap that keeps its promise

If you choose Ivory Soap, as so many millions of women have, you will never be disappointed. Ivory Soap promises safe-cleansing, and *keeps its promise*, absolutely!

*Dr. William Allen Pusey, Author of "The Care of the Skin and Hair," Professor of Dermatology, University of Illinois.

Because Ivory is pure *soap*—it contains no coloring matter, no medicine, no mysterious or magical ingredients. We could put such materials into Ivory if we liked, but Ivory doesn't need them.

When you use Ivory, you have only to use it in the perfectly common-sense way suggested by Dr. Pusey. Ivory requires no help from prolonged rubbing—the soil-film disappears quickly and naturally from the surface and pores of your skin.

After rinsing, finish with a dash of cool or cold water, and you will find your skin not only clean, but refreshed and enlivened. Furthermore, there will still remain behind enough of the natural oil to keep your complexion soft and clear.

Do this at least once a day. Then, except perhaps for a little cold cream on windy or cold days, you will need nothing else to maintain that clean, glowing healthfulness which means real beauty.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS



"Me next, me next!"

"All right, Polly dear. Come on," says the nurse at the Children's Home.

"Bathe each child with Ivory Soap every day," said Dr. Verity's first order when he was appointed head physician of this institution. "This is the best way to keep them healthy, for Ivory Soap lather is one of the best antiseptics you can use."

Did you know that most hospitals use Ivory Soap?

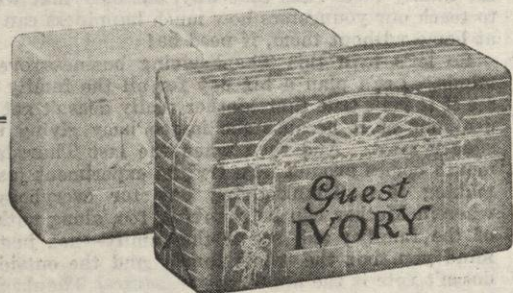


SCENE: West Point, where they make army officers.

Mother and father and Sally Jollyco are struggling through a formal reception, but tea and cakes and even ice-cream can't draw Bobby away from his cadet friends, whose example he hopes some day to follow, provided only—but let Bobby ask the question:

"Say, d'ya have to bathe much up here?"

"Do we!" replies the taller cadet. "Look here, son,—the day a plebe sets foot on this sacred spot, they issue him three cakes of Ivory Soap, and from then on he doesn't do *anything* but bathe!"



NEW! Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your wash-stand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.

The tragic story of Anne Denison—her fall and rise—will strike a responsive chord in every woman's heart



"Mr. Farren" she said, "will you please tell me just what has happened? Mr. Denison—my husband—has told me very little."

The Fining Pot

A gripping, human interest narrative of a woman's inability to stand the daily grind

By EDITH BARNARD DELANO



DON'T be so timid, Brice! You'll get the money back, and more, ever so much more. Ranney promises that."

"Ranney!" His face flooded with color. "That damned scoundrel! Anne, you haven't—Anne, you haven't put that money in his hands—Anne—"

He had grasped her wrists; his face seemed close to hers, a new face, furious, threatening, outraged—a terrible male face . . . His grasp hurt her. She felt herself shaking, swept by an anger that was beyond any anger she had ever known. Anger that was dismay, anger that was shame, anger that was fear, and physical pain . . .

"Anne—what's this man Copeland to you, that he's able to make you do such a thing to me? What's he to you?"

Oh, she wanted to hurt him, to hurt him! To strike him where it would hurt him most!

"Just whatever I want him to be!" said she.

He dropped her wrists. The moment was eternal, as chaos was when new worlds were forming.

"Then—how much of that talk—at the—at the country club—did you really mean?"

"Perhaps you will find that out," said Anne, "and sooner than you expect!"

ANNE DENISON awoke on the morning after her quarrel with Brice with a sudden panicky feeling that something had happened; she brought out of sleep a sense of still being burdened with some disaster, even while her mind groped towards a memory of what it was. It had been the same way long ago when her father died; she had wakened each day during the time that he lay, still and waiting, in the room below, with that feeling of being in an empty space about which trouble was pressing like the walls of a torture chamber closing in; then realization had come, and the knowledge that she had decisions to make, with no one to help her make them. So it was this morning. Something had happened; and she still had something to face, to go through with; there was something that she had to manage. Then she remembered.

She had left him downstairs, the night before, and lain awake for hours before he came up; then for more hours she lay there thinking, listening to his breathing, thinking—and with no lessening of her anger and her sense of having been wronged. She was not sorry she had hurt him; she could have hurt him more, more . . . At last sleep had come; and now, when she awoke, it was to find that Brice had dressed and left the room. A glance

at the clock told her that he must also, long since, have left the house.

Very well! After that final crisis of the night before it would not be as easy to gloss over this quarrel as they had always done before. He had misjudged her, set at naught all her efforts at building up for them both a better social position; he had scoffed at her friends, behaved utterly outrageously about Ranney Copeland . . . The cheek on her pillow flushed . . . Before she and Ranney had parted the afternoon before, there had been words that she had not quite dared think of, words that made her heart flutter when Ranney spoke them, with that tender, solicitous manner of his.

"Anne! You don't know what you've been to me, these past months . . ."

"But that's silly, Ranney! It's nothing—"

"I'm going away tomorrow, Anne, for a few days. When I come back, I'll have something to tell you. Then you'll know. You'll understand—"

No, she had not let herself ponder on those words of his, but they came back to her now with new meaning. "I'll have something to tell you—" Well—yes, her cheeks flushed—why not? Other women had listened to such words. Other women had . . .

She sat up, began to dress. There were small faint marks on her arm where Brice's fingers had pressed, and her anger was fanned to new vigor when she saw them, anger mixed with pity for herself. That she should have had to stand there, held like that, hurt like that! To be hurt like that by any man—she, Anne Denison, like any common fishwife, her husband a common brawler! To be forced to listen to such words! Oh, yes, she had answered him—flung out words of her own, words that, in the moment of fury, she had almost meant. Almost . . . and yet, why not? "Whatever I want him to be!" And "Perhaps you will find that out!" Well—and why not?

THAT thought held her through breakfast. Why not? Surely their life together had become intolerable! Was it not, indeed, wrong to go on, with things between them as they were? Ranney Copeland—oh no! She had no love for Ranney Copeland; she would not marry Ranney

Copeland if she were free tomorrow. Honest enough, she was, about that. To use him as a means of bringing Brice to his senses—that she could do; that, on the whole, she thought she could do very well. But marry him—oh, marry any man but Brice—why, she was married! Married already! Even if she—if she . . .

She left the table, went into the living-room, stood by a window. Even if she left Brice . . . even if she left Brice . . . Divorce . . . No, no! She could never marry again. For she was married. Divorce couldn't alter that. And what could she do? What did women do, when they were divorced, unless there was another man, some man? Women of her sort? Work? Why, she could not even cook very well! No, she had no yearnings for work. Life. That was what she wanted, life. Not the sort of life that Fate was imposing upon her, but the richer life that she yearned for; not just existing, not drubbing along from day to day. Leisure, gaiety, and things—things and money to play with, to buy things with; only the sort of life those other women had, her new friends that she had striven so hard to make . . . Surely she was not asking much!

AND yet . . . Oh, if she could only go away for a time, just for a time! He would see, then! Brice would see. Those marks on her wrist—her eyes misted a little with self-pity, and again that wave of anger welled up. Oh, the trouble was that he would not, no, would not see eye to eye with her. He would not take the opportunities she was trying to make for him. She had not wanted that money for herself. Not for herself only; for Brice, too. It was not her fault that she had not known he had taken out the new insurance; not her fault that she had forgotten about the payment on the house coming due. Anyway, they could have been buying the house by the month, if Brice had not had that foolish horror of prolonged debt. And the money was hers, in a sense; she had helped him save it. That had been part of their plan, in those first days when so much of their joy lay in making plans together; they were to save something every month; and she had helped him do it. She had, to be sure, made him lay out a large part of their savings on the house, and more on the furnishings of it—that furniture that now she hated so; latterly she had made him spend heavily again for their dues at the very expensive country club. But she had a right to decide how that money should be used. There was no harm in what she had done! There would be a quick turn-over—they would get it back again, and more. Then she would be able to have things, do things . . . He had been out-

rageous about it . . . Oh, if she could only go away for a time, he would see! He would come to his senses and see! But there was no place to go. No place—she smiled at the thought—no place, unless she went to visit Miss Willy . . .

SHE had been looking at the street without seeing anything of it, so intensely was her vision an inward one. But now she started. Ranney Copeland's car had turned the corner, was stopping at the curb . . . She drew back from the window—goodness, not in that dress!—she couldn't see him in that dress! Then she saw—not Ranney, but Alice, jumping from the car and running up the cement walk to the door.

The little plump figure bustled into the house, came into the room where Anne was; Alice Copeland, for all her small size, always gave the effect of bustling. Anne's eyes took in at a glance the expensiveness of her clothes—and their dowdiness.

"Nance darling! I've come begging!"

Anne laughed. "For bread and butter? Or can I lend you a dime?"

"Nothing so easy! Nance—George is going to Boston, and I want to go with him! You know how I feel about leaving the children alone with the servants! I tried to get Miss Whitney, the trained nurse we always have, but she's out on a baby case. Couldn't you and Brice stay at the house—just for two nights? You wouldn't have a thing to do—but you know how I feel about the children—"

Anne's mind jumped. She and Brice—two nights—she had wanted to get away . . .

"My dear! But of course—love to—"

"Then you couldn't come now, could you, and just telephone Brice from the house? I could drive you over—I've got Ranney's car—he's away, and George took ours down to have something done to it—"

"I shall have to get a bag, and speak to Lucille."

"But hurry, like a love, won't you? George wants to start early. He'll be there fretting by the time we get back."

Anne went upstairs, for a moment stood in her bedroom with her hands pressed to her cheeks. She and Brice . . . for two nights . . . Then she laughed. Oh, this time Fate had played into her hands! Not Brice! No, not with Brice! She would go, not leave him a word, but just go. For two nights. Only for two nights. It would give him a chance to think. Give him time to find out . . .

She pulled out a drawer, brought a suitcase from the closet. A few things—she would not need much . . . Five minutes later she ran down the stairs.

"I must speak to Lucille," she said.

But Alice Copeland was already opening the front door. "Oh, you can telephone from the house," she said. "You don't mind, do you? George is so impatient . . ."

As they turned the corner Anne looked back; Lucille was standing on the porch, gazing after the car . . .

THAT day and the two following, in the Copelands' house, gave Anne much time for thinking. The rich restfulness of the house itself, the quiet perfection of food and service, even the bed she slept on, with its deep box spring and mysteriously soft mattress and embroidered linen, all were as balm to her spirit; for in such a mood as that in which Anne was, it is physical things that soothe tense nerves. She did not see much of the children; nice little things they were, three small girls who courtseyed prettily when they came into a room, but who, with childhood's prescience, understood well enough that the lady who had come to stay with them was not one who greatly desired their presence.

When she had waved farewell to Alice and the impatient George—Alice had come back three times to kiss the children over again or to leave more directions with their nurse—she had gone into the great dim drawing-room. A New York decorator had "done" it; but Alice had managed to give it an individual touch. Lovely things, costly things; old Georgian paneling, furniture whose dignity matched it. Mellow things; things that were restful and beautiful. Things; things that she, Anne, ought to have!—Why not? Why had Alice Copeland, and the women like Alice Copeland, a house like this? And why, oh, why, had not Anne Denison one like it?

She drifted upstairs to Alice's sitting-room—Alice had told her to use it as her own. Here were bright printed linens—almost unconsciously she computed their cost by the yard. Here were soft chairs, a deep couch with embroidered pillows; magazines and books; a telephone on a stand . . . She remembered that she had not spoken to Lucille before she left, and crossed to the telephone. But she stopped, the receiver still on its hook. Why should she? Why, after all, should she give Brice a clue to where she was? This—she smiled as she thought of it—this was the last place he would think of her being in, here, domiciled in the Copeland house as its mis-

stress for the time! Had she not tried other ways, at other times, and had it all to go over again? She would let him have time to think, time to realize what she was to him, time to come to his senses! She raised the receiver; but instead of her own number, she gave that of the market where she dealt. A roast—he liked the cold-meat regime—let him try it! A large roast, that would last for three dinners; for the rest, she would trust to Lucille's ingenuity.

At luncheon she spoke to the maid. "If anyone calls or telephones, you need not say that I am staying here while Mrs. Copeland is away. It will not be necessary—you may just make a note of the calls, and we will give them to Mrs. Copeland when she gets back."

Three quiet days; two nights of soft sleep; on Friday Alice returned.

"What a darling you've been, Nance! The children look splendidly," she said, as though she had left them for a month and had dreaded to find them small shadows of themselves.

Anne laughed; she was in the mood to laugh easily, well pleased with herself. "But it's been heavenly," she said.

"I hope Brice didn't mind! I hope they made him comfortable!"

Brice—she had not thought of that! Alice, of course, would discover that Brice had not been here. "To tell you the truth, dear," she said, "I didn't bring Brice! He's such an old stay-at-home!"

Mrs. Copeland's face fell. "Oh, dear! Then I shouldn't have begged you to come!" said she.

"Nonsense! Brice was probably glad to get rid of me!"

Anne laughed as she said it, but Alice's face was still

Synopsis of the First Installment of The Fining Pot

"I HATE IT, hate not having things, hate living as I do, where I do—hate not having even a car of my own, having to depend on charity," Anne Denison confided to Ranney Copeland's oversympathetic ears as she bowed along in his big roadster after an afternoon spent in idle chatter amid the luxurious surroundings of the country club.

Again in the evening after dinner when the maid had served coffee in what Anne was pleased to call the "drawing room" she voiced her growing discontent to Brice, her husband, and marveled dispiritingly at his seeming inability to understand.

"I'd like to see you in a limousine of your own, and a house on a hill-top if you wanted it," said Brice. "But, after all, the things men work for and want are just about the same. Those other fellows, the ones whose wives you're running around with, don't have any more. Home! Money enough to get by with! A wife, and—children."

"Oh! I'm glad, glad there are no children," cried Anne.

The news that Brice was in line for promotion with increased pay cheered her a trifle but the joy of the evening was gone.

The next morning as Anne started out for the market Ranney Copeland drew up in his shiny roadster and invited her for a spin in the country. The miles and the minutes slipped by and over the luncheon table at the roadhouse where they had stopped Anne agreed to withdraw for Ranney to invest four thousand dollars from the account that she and Brice had in common. She

would save Brice from himself in spite of himself she thought, and through her influential friendships, double, yes, triple their savings.

But that evening her old-time cheerfulness that had lasted through dinner was dashed when Brice sat down to the writing desk and said he wanted to write a check to pay for some additional insurance he had just taken out.

She thought quickly. He must not, oh, he must not. She had drawn—

"How much is the premium?" she asked.

"Two hundred."

Two hundred—and she had drawn down to less than that. For his sake, all for his sake; and of course they would get it back, "turn it over."

"Brice, I drew some money today."

His face fell. "How much?" he asked quietly.

"Four thousand."

That incredulity in his face—that—"What do you mean? What's happened?"

"Nothing has happened, my dear. You worked hard for that money, Brice, and you were just keeping it there in the bank. I have invested it for you—for us!"

He stood up. "You have drawn out four thousand dollars?"

"Yes. And we'll make money by it."

He swallowed, started to speak, swallowed again. "Anne! it's not true! You haven't drawn out that money!" (Continued page 7 this issue)

serious. "Of course you don't mean that," she said. "But just the same, I feel conscience-stricken. You know, I'm a perfect goose about leaving the children; but I'd rather leave them than be separated from George, even for a day or two! Silly, isn't it?"

Thinking of George Copeland, Anne could have agreed; but she said soberly, "I think it's sweet of you," and meant it. For Alice was sweet; just as sweet as though she had never had anything in the world, anything but love.

IT WAS mid-afternoon when Mrs. Copeland drove her home. From the car she noticed that the front window shades were all at different heights; but aside from that the whole house, even the street itself, struck her as though she had been away from it a year—the same, all too precisely the same, yet somehow not as she remembered; like some familiar place seen after an interval of years, with nothing changed, but whose details, once too familiar to be noticed at all, now stood out in new aspects—and aspects not beautiful. In the haste of her departure she had forgotten her key; a disheveled Lucille, capless, untidy, opened the door for her, and stared.

Anne turned and waved to Alice. "Good-bye! I've had a wonderful time!" she called out, and the car slowly gathered speed and went on down the narrow street.

"Well, Lucille! You have not changed for the afternoon, have you?" she said; but she was smiling a little. She was not going to be severe; they all let themselves go, unless you were right there to stand over them.

"My land! I thought you-all wasn't coming back again!" said the girl. Anne had started up the stairs, and Lucille was following, with the suitcase.

"I have been away with Mrs. Copeland," said Anne. Just as well to explain a little, now; and that was close enough to the truth. "Did you and Mr. Denison get along all right? Did the roast come?"

"Yes'm, it come. Mr. Denison ain't been home las' night."

Anne stood still for an instant, went on into her room. She thought quickly. Must carry it off! "Oh, that's true! I forgot he had to go away. Well, we must have an extra good dinner for him tonight."

Again she ordered by telephone—tomorrow, really, she would begin to go to the store again. Then, alone at last in her own room, she put her things to rights, slept for an hour, dressed herself in her prettiest. She was not going to plan the coming interview with Brice; oh, he would be glad enough to see her! After dinner, a little pretty penitence on her part, embraces on his . . .

SHE waited dinner an hour; Brice did not come. She thought of telephoning the office, realized that it would be closed at that hour. At last she ate alone; the dinner was good—and her appetite was good. How childish Brice was! Once or twice she smiled as she visualized his coming in—the quiet, cautious opening of the door, his fumbling in the hall, her placid self there under the lamp, quite as though nothing unpleasant or unusual had ever passed between them; her looking up—"Hello, dear! Late, aren't you?" Yes, she smiled . . .

Nine, ten o'clock came, and Brice did not come. Until long past twelve she sat there, a slowly returning anger mounting within her. So! He had not got over it yet! He was playing her own game! Then she flushed—Lucille had said that he had not come home at all, the night before. Then, evidently, tonight, also . . . Oh, if that was what he was going to do, all right! All right!

Yet she lay far into the night, sleepless, angry, thinking. It was despicable, his turning the tables like this! But she would not worry—he needn't think she would worry!

In the morning she was aware of Lucille's curious eyes. Before noon she telephoned to the office of Farren & Company. No, Mr. Denison was not there. Would the person who answered be so kind as to leave a message on his desk, asking him to call up his house when he came in? Then she dressed for the street. On her way to the door she stepped into the kitchen, and said, quite casually,

"By the way, Lucille, when Mr. Denison calls up, just say that Mrs. Denison wants to have dinner a little early this evening, will you?" she said. He would know, from that . . .

That afternoon she spent at the country club; went there and back in Vera Ogden's car, whom she met on the way. Gayer than usual, she followed the other women around the links again . . . must take some lessons in golf—weren't in it, really, unless you played . . .

"No'm. Ain't anybody telephoned," said Lucille, to her inquiry, on her return. Oh, she remembered—Saturday! The office closed early. He would not have gotten her message . . .

Again she sat at dinner alone—sat there, not eating . . . No appetite . . . but of course—that tea at the club . . . no other reason . . .

Sunday—no Brice—the long day alone. Again she lay awake . . .

On the morrow her anger began to be mixed with sheer fright. This was not like Brice. Never would Brice go as far as this, just to frighten her, just to get even. Something had happened. By mid-afternoon she realized that she could not, again, sit alone at that table, wait alone in that room for him. She must know . . . Yet something of pride, pride waiting to turn again into anger, made her want, as it were, to cover her tracks. Foolish—oh, she knew it was foolish—nothing could, could have happened; later she would laugh at her panic . . . and it might get into the papers . . . house-telephone numbers could be traced . . .

She went out to a drug-store, one where she was not known, and into the wooden booth that housed the pay-telephone. Brice belonged to no club where he could be staying. She had to gather her courage before she could put in the call; the police-station. No accident reported . . . The hospitals—nothing. Absurd, to call all the hotels . . .

She leaned against the wall of the booth for a moment before she came out of its fetid air. Brice . . . Brice . . . What was it? What was it?

YET it was not until the following day that she found courage enough to do what she knew must be done. Go to him—that was it. He had always hated to have her go to the office; yet she had been there five or six times, knew the men there. He would detest her going there now; the meeting would be none the easier there, with the others around. She would have to make it casual . . . She could. Just to walk in—a little hurriedly—"Sorry to interrupt, my dear, but I wanted to tell you—" and so on. That. Just to see him. Just to show him that she was willing to take things up where they used

to be. She knew she could count upon Brice to do the same thing . . .

Half an hour on the train. The short walk. Those doors, where Brice went in every day, and the elevator . . . The outer office—a smiling nod to the man there. One of the partitioned rooms beyond, where Brice had his desk, with two or three other men. She put her hand on the door . . . how her heart was beating! A tap; then she turned the knob, went in. Brice's desk by the window, so oddly free from papers . . . The men there looked up; Mr. Whitten pushed back his chair, came towards her smiling, hand out.

"Mighty glad to see you, Mrs. Denison! Hope Denison's all right?"

Still she smiled—and how stiff her face felt! Must not let them see—must not let them guess—oh, she must think quickly, speak naturally! Not ask them, not ask Whitten—oh, she must not do that! To think quickly—that was it—to think of the best thing to do, and to smile just enough . . .

"Quite all right, thank you! I wonder—I thought—you suppose I could see Mr. Farren for a moment?"

Oh, she was thankful that idea came to her. Thankful she managed to speak the words, any words. Thankful that her voice sounded enough like her own not to give her away to these men, Brice's associates for—how many years?

An odd little look came and went in Whitten's eyes. Why was he so brisk, so exceedingly cheery? Why was he—embarrassed?

"Oh, I'm sure you can, Mrs. Denison! Just a moment—I'll see—"

Then the room of the head of the firm. Twice before she had met him, once here in the office, once at his house, where Mrs. Farren had asked her and Brice to dine. He received her kindly enough.

"Won't you sit down, Mrs. Denison? What can I do for you?"

She sat down, and he turned in his swivel chair to face her, leaning back with his elbows on its arms, the tips of his fingers together. She knew that Whitten had closed the door behind him, that a young woman left a desk in a corner and followed him out. Suddenly the courage that had upheld her was not there; it was Brice—Brice—she wanted—

"Mr. Farren," she said, "I have come to ask about my husband."

"Ah—yes! Of course! I am sorry, Mrs. Denison, we are all sorry, that things have turned out so."

"He is not—here—"

THE old man took up a paper-knife that was on his desk. "Well, of course, Mrs. Denison, he has told you that! But we are sorry. I may say that we are very sorry indeed."

What did he mean? She could only look at him.

"There was really no necessity for his leaving so soon. In fact, we are disappointed that he felt he must do so. Disappointed in him. These things—ah—happen. No good taking them that way. I am sure that Denison can find a place more—ah—more fitted to his—ah . . . We gave him a month, you know, to look about in."

Mr. Farren paused. Stopped. He had the air of having said all there was to say. She clasped her hands together in her lap to still their trembling, leaned a little towards him.

"Mr. Farren," she said, "will you please tell me just what has happened? Mr. Denison—my husband—has—has told me very little."

His eyes sought the window, came back to her, rested on his hand that fidgeted with the paper cutter. "Well, my dear lady, there is very little to tell! These things happen. There was the question, of course, of filling the place that will be vacant on the first of the month—our Mr. Grant is retiring."

"Yes, I know."

"The promotion really lay between your husband and Mr. Whitten. It is the policy of our firm to give the more responsible positions to men who have, so to speak, an interest in the firm. A small thing, but a guarantee of their feeling the responsibility as their own. On the whole, our choice was for your husband. A few days ago—on Thursday, I think—we put the matter before him, suggested his taking up a small block of the company's stock—we set the amount as low as two thousand dollars."

Anne felt her lips grow cold.

"It was a shock, Mrs. Denison, I may say that it was a real shock, when your husband confessed that he had no savings whatever. We had not—ah—thought him that sort of man. We—ah—expressed ourselves accordingly. I feel we were quite within our rights in doing so. Mr. Denison has received a fair salary here, a very fair salary, and we expect our men to—ah—to live a little better than within their means. Our firm is a conservative one. Therefore we—ah—expressed ourselves accordingly. Mr. Denison seemed—ah—he stated that he regretted the firm's lack of confidence in him—though I think we had not gone quite so far as to imply that—and suggested that we might care to fill his place here. On the whole, Mrs. Denison, that seemed the best thing to do, since he took it that way, and considering our—ah—disappointment. But we gave him—of course we gave him!—a month in which to look about in. We were exceedingly sorry when he came in the next day and informed us that he had decided to leave at once. Exceedingly sorry."

She was not trembling now. It seemed to her that she had not life enough to tremble, that she was still, still, with life dead within her. Like some stiff heaviness that weighed through her whole body. Yet she stood up.

"Thank you, Mr. Farren," she said. "You have told me what I—what I—wished to know."

The cities are full of Ranney Copelands—social and financial parasites—intent only on the gratification of their own desires at the cost of untold human sorrow.



He stood up, held open the door for her. She knew that she was shaking hands with him. Knew that his eyes—really kindly eyes—were upon her own.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Denison. Great mistake, great mistake for young people to live up to their means—beyond them. Great mistake to be hasty . . ."

That outer office . . . the elevator, the street . . . Brice, Brice . . . On Thursday—that was the day after she had gone to Alice Copeland's . . . and that night Brice had not gone home . . .

On the train she knew that she had been walking, walking; how far, she did not know, but for hours. No lunch, just walking, walking . . . So tired . . . Brice, Brice . . .

The narrow street—the corner that Brice had turned so many times . . . The little cement walk—the grass needed cutting—how she hated the sound of the lawnmower, hated having people see Brice there, using it . . . Lucille, tousled, her apron soiled . . . no matter . . . To get into the house, up to her room . . . that horrible feeling of having been walking the streets with her soul bare, bare for everyone to see, like that dream that comes to everyone of walking abroad without clothing . . . her soul, this quivering thing that wanted to get away from the light . . .

BY MORNING she was braced by that blessing of womankind, the instinctive demand of preserving appearances at any cost. She was aware of Lucille's rolling eyes, of the suppressed excitement of her manner, and ignored both. Not by a word of explanation, not by so much as a gesture, would she take a maid into her confidence. Then, too, word or gesture would of necessity touch her own composure, threaten it; and composure she had, was holding hard to, the sort of composure one wears when there is death in the house: there was nothing to do for the moment but wait—later on things would happen—one must wait, hold hard and wait. Wait; and above all, not think. No, not think—shut the mind to those thoughts, shut them out, and just—wait.

Yet—as though it were indeed a house of death—she shrank away from the door when the postman rang. But it was nothing—a letter from Miss Willy. She opened it, scarcely saw the words—poor Miss Willy, always wanting to see her! It was after ten o'clock when the messenger boy dropped his wheel at the curb and came running up to the door. Lucille brought her the little book to be signed, with its grimy sheet scribbled over with names of other people who had received them—those letters or telegrams; those names that meant nothing to her, that meant so much to others. Not until Lucille had vanished into the back of the house again did she really look at the letter in her hand. Then—her knees trembled, from disappointment or relief—then she saw that it was only from Ranney Copeland, his business address in the corner. In a moment she ran a finger under the flap of the envelope. Something dropped to the floor, but her eyes were on what Ranney had scrawled.

"Dear Nance.—Just back, and find this addressed to you in my care. When your fortune is made, you'll be getting dozens of these. I thought it might amuse you to taste the first sample. See you soon.

Yours,

RANNEY."

That was all—some business circular, then . . . How sick she felt . . .

She stooped to the letter that had dropped, turned it over. The handwriting was Brice's.

What becomes of the hours when life stands still? Anne Denison thought of that, afterward, and wondered; at the time, during that day and the next, there was not thought for Anne, but only feeling, and at times an enveloping numbness. Her world had burst, like an electric bulb, its pieces flown off never to be gathered together again; and there was no light. Nothing was real. The very furniture in her house took on strange shapes, grotesque; the sunlight dazzled her, the dark made her want to cry out and beat it away. She was aware of Lucille's anxious hovering at times, knew that food was set before her which she had not ordered and which she did not eat. Rings at the telephone went unanswered; when the door-bell rang,

"I am out, Lucille!" she had called, and heard the girl's drawing voice explaining that Mis' Denison wasn't feelin' right well. There must have been time; but it was unmarked, to her consciousness, like those hours when one sits at a bedside watching a life pass. Now and again she read Brice's letter; then hid it away, locked it away, only to take it out again and read.

"Anne, I have been a blind fool. Even when the girl said you had gone in his car, I couldn't believe it until I learned that he had left town. God knows I don't want to stand in your way. The four thousand, and what you can get on the equity in the house, will see you through until you get your divorce. Let it be desertion. I will not contest.

BRICE."

Gradually, after a day or two, she began again to think, to reason. It was all plain enough. Those words she had said when they parted, the night of the quarrel—"Anything I want him to be" and "Perhaps you will find that out sooner than you expect." Her anger, her miserable, childish anger when she said them, the satisfaction she had had in hurting him! Her leaving the next day for Alice's; Lucille on the porch, staring after the car. She could imagine that scene when Brice returned, and what Lucille must have told him—

"No, sir, she ain't come in yet. She went off this mornin' with Mist' Copeland in the car."

SOMETHING like that, and Brice's anger at her disobedience of his wishes, her apparent flaunting of his command not to be seen again with Ranney Copeland. Her not coming home; and—she turned hot and cold when she thought of that!—what Brice had been through, that next day, at the office. His shame, when he had had to confess to Mr. Farren that he had not so much in the world as two thousand dollars, the two thousand dollars that was only half of what she had drawn just the day before to put into Ranney Copeland's hands, the two thousand dollars that would have given him that coveted and well-deserved better position, a real stand in the world. Yes, her not coming home, after that next day of his; and what sort of night had he spent? What sort of night, while she slept so dreamlessly in that soft bed of Alice's? She recalled, what (Continued on page 39)



The family stood in an anxious embarrassment waiting for the girl to make some move

Mud and Stars

In which a city-bred woman is permitted to see herself not as she looks, but as she is

By ALMA BOICE HOLLAND

Illustrations by Hanson Booth



YOU have heard the verses perhaps about the two men who looked out from behind prison bars. One saw mud and the other saw stars! Well, this is the story of a woman who looked out from behind a past environment into what she thought was a hopeless sea of mud; and how she was able to change the focus of her gaze and see the stars.

The household of Jabez Ward, on Crane's Nest, was in unusual excitement, for Clement had just returned from the bi-weekly trip down to the mailbox and brought a letter from Alan, the older son. A letter from Alan was in itself unusual because his letters since he had gone to town some nine years before had been few and far between. A letter or two during the winter maybe, a postal card from some summer resort during the summer, a check to his mother on her birthday and a box of gifts at the holiday season comprised the ordinary run of correspondence with Alan. And this letter had come at none of the ordinary periods. It was addressed to Agatha Ward, his mother. She opened it nervously while Temperance and Clement and their father, Jabez, crowded about to see. It was just past the dinner hour and a smell of scorching corn from a pan still on the stove seeped into the air. What mattered scorching corn in the face of a letter from Alan?

My very dear Mother,

I am coming home for a visit and I am bringing you a new daughter—my wife of two weeks. Her name is Barbara and she has been quite seriously ill, which is the reason we were married hurriedly. Her doctor said "mountain air," and I knew that you would be glad to see us both. We'll come on the two-forty Thursday, so tell Clem to be sure and meet us with the light buggy. Affectionately, your son,
ALAN.

IMMEDIATELY Agatha Ward began to cry, because custom had taught her that to cry was the approved thing when one had news of a wedding. Of course Alan had been gone for nine years and had probably changed a lot but even at that he was the same little tike who had clung to her skirts and from whose lispings she had first heard the heavenly music of . . . Mammy. He called her mother now. And he was married! Barbara . . . it was a right pretty name. And the poor little thing had been sick; so Alan was bringing her home to his mother. Agatha felt a thrill of satisfaction. Her first-born had not gotten so far away from her after all. What were nine years if they were uneventful? Nothing! At the first sign of trouble her boy was turning to—his mother. The family was surprised at the radiance which shone suddenly through her tears.

Temperance's eyes were glistening. "Oh, Mammy, an'

I've allus wanted a sister. Somebody to chum with an' talk to an'—"

"Whoops!" It was Clement. "D'ye know that this is Thursday an' that it's just half after twelve an' that there ain't a light buggy this side o' John Mason's?"

"There'd be no time to borry, but we'd fix up the spring wagon real comfortable with hay an' some quilts." Jabez was taking a hand.

"I'll get that new crimson an' white quilt I've just finished an' the blue an' gold one an' some pillows an'—" Agatha was becoming enthused.

"Well, you all e'n be hitchin' up an' gettin' ready while I change my clothes for there won't be much more than enough time." Clement started for above stairs.

Temperance hastened to assist her mother get ready the pillows and quilts and Jabez went out to hitch up the bay to the light spring wagon. The air was filled with a pleasant excitement and presently everything was arranged and Clement re-appeared, his week-old beard gone, his black hair shining, and a change of corduroys, well patched but immaculately clean. Temperance and his mother besieged him with last minute injunctions as he climbed up on the seat which he would share with Alan coming home; his father tossed him the reins and he was gone—down the trail towards the little valley station.

CLEMENT would not return for three hours or longer. Jabez went back to the work in the fields and Agatha Ward and her daughter went within to prepare for the returning son and his bride the old room which had once been Alan's own, but which had been allowed to deteriorate into a store room because of the long vacancy.

The outlook was discouraging but the idea of Alan's new wife lent zest and in two hours it was done. The bare wood floor had been scrubbed white and spotless and the four-sectioned window pane was four pastoral spring landscapes not to be approached by any artist of fame. The old chest of drawers was washed with a soapy solution and then rubbed down with a mixture of tallow and turpentine until it gleamed. This treatment was also extended to the straight chair, the door and the window sills. After it was all finished they stood back to view their work and get the general effect. Temperance shook her head dissatisfiedly.

"It won't do, Mammy! Don't look just . . . right."

"It's clean!"
"Yes—it's clean—but folks in towns are used to things different somehow. The woman's magazine showed a bedroom"—she had started down stairs after it. Temperance was studying the page as she came back into the room. She brought it to her mother. "See here, there really ought to be some kind or other of rug on the floor; and a mirror—there simply has to be a mirror; and long curtains to the window and a cushion on the chair, and—and—oh, it's just—all wrong."

Agatha surveyed the criterion of bedroom fashion intently.

"I don't know how we c'd manage it—unless—unless—there's your hope-chest, Temy. Don't you have most of these things in it?"

"My hope-chest?" The girl's tone held reluctance. For a moment she struggled with the thought. "Barbara—Alan's wife—a new sister! It'd take most everything I've got—but, well, I guess maybe that'd be the best way out of it."

AN HOUR later the two of them again stood back to judge of their handiwork and this time the result brought satisfaction. Long muslin curtains were hung at the window; a cushion pieced together of many different colors of silk stood stiffly against the chair-back over which a little round crocheted doily had been hung. A set including scarf, bedspread and bolster cover, embroidered in brilliant blue and which had been given to Temperance by a peddler who had been permitted to stay for several days at the Ward's during a temporary indisposition, adorned the chest of drawers and the bed. A round rag rug which the girl had braided on long winter evenings lay on the floor beside the bed where Alan's wife might step out upon it of mornings. And still they lacked a mirror, and a mirror was essential to a bedroom.

"Mammy," coaxed Temperance, "why couldn't we bring the mirror off the back porch where Pa an' Clement shaves an' let them use their little pocket glasses. They wouldn't care an' it would look so much better. Couldn't we?"

"It would be—nicer," hesitated Agatha, but Temperance was already half-way down the stairs.

The whistle of the two-forty had sounded its long too-o-oot into the hills when Clement drove into the village, and in a few more minutes there came a louder, shriller warning, then a spiral of black smoke and then the train.

Clement doffed his wide hat (that was the last thing Temperance had whispered to him as he started), pushed back his shining hair and moistened his lips nervously. A glow of pride suffused him that there were so many people around the station who would see Alan when he

came home, not to mention the fact that Alan would have a wife—a town wife. Clement tied the horse and made his way towards the puffing engine.

There he was! There was Alan—and—Barbara! Clement rushed forward joyfully.

"Hello, there, Clem, old fellow. How's everybody? Here's your new sister. Don't breathe too heavily around where she is or she might blow away." Alan hailed him gaily and then Clement turned to look at the girl.

SHE was little for a fact; and pale with great dark eyes that reminded Clement of a hurt kitten. She smiled wanly, tiredly and clung a little closer to Alan. "I'm sure—sure pleased to meet you," the boy assured her enthusiastically, "an—an' the air around here is supposed to be good; maybe you'll get to feelin' better." As he spoke he led the way towards the wagon.

Barbara raised the tired eyes a trifle surprisedly when she saw the wagon and a momentary frown passed across Alan's face. Clement noticed both.

"Sorry," he apologized bashfully, "but it was the best we could do. We don't have a buggy an' your letter didn't come in time to borrow one; so Mammy an' Temper fixed this up the best they could."

"Temper?" There was mild interrogation in Barbara's voice.

"Temperance, my sister, your new sister," Alan answered her, as he lifted her up into the wagon. "You better wait here until we go back and get the luggage." Clement was already gone.

"Alan," the tone was fretful, "do I have to ride up that mountain on these quilts with the trunks? I want something up to my back. I'm afraid I'll get frightfully jolted. I do wish I could ride on the seat."

"Why, of course you can, honey. I'll ride back here. I guess mother and Temperance thought you were a really, truly invalid and that you would have to lie down. Be back in a minute. 'Bye!'"

To one who does not love the mountains, twilight there is depressing. Dusk was just beginning to descend when Clement and Alan and Barbara reached the last bend which concealed the house from view. Along the road were dark, stunted growths of cedar and the purpling bushes were yet rain-whipped from a storm of yesterday. A doleful tinkle-tinkle betokened the home-bound cows and somewhere in the distance could be heard the melancholy call of a crow. Something of winter's keenness still lingered in the air and involuntarily the girl shivered. She looked back at Alan. He was musing and smoking his pipe. Barbara endeavored to shake off the feeling of gloom which had taken possession of her.

"We'll be there now in about five more minutes," Clement told her.

So the girl tried to divert her mind by wondering what the house would be like. Presently she had the mental picture worked out satisfactorily. Country houses were always white with wide porches and inviting green trim. There would be a well and some trees in the front yard and they would be white-washed to match the house and the low paling fence. The window shades would be green and the curtains white and to-night the lamps would be lighted and shine forth brightly.

Barbara peered into the distance. It had been five minutes and yet she could see no sign of the lights. Then they turned the corner and there was the house. Little and gray and lopsided; a weather-beaten mountain home with one dim light visible in the back part of it. Barbara felt a real twinge of alarm and it was not until Alan had come up behind her and put his arms around her that the feeling subsided.

"THERE it is," he told her, "just exactly as it was the day I left. Scarcely seems possible that it could have been nine years ago. Mountains don't change like towns!"

"It's been painted twice," vouchsafed Clement, "but houses right out in the weather don't hold paint very good. The inside's different," he promised cheerfully. "It's only been three years since Pa had it papered an' the summer kitchen built on. Your room's been used for a store room but I reckon Temper'll have it fixed up some."

The folks inside the house had heard the rumble of the wheels and had come to the front door; Jabez first by right of prerogative, Agatha directly behind him holding a corner of her apron nervously in one hand, and in the background, Temperance, who by reason of her position hoped to get a glimpse of Barbara before she came into the house.

"Why, she's ridin' on th' seat," gasped Temperance, "an' Alan an' the trunk's ridin' on our best quilts."

"Hush-s-sh!" warned Agatha.

By this time, Alan had jumped out and lifting Barbara down from the high seat carried her bodily into the house. There was a moment's awkwardness. Then the returned son shook hands with his father, kissed his mother affectionately, pinched Temperance's cheek and enquired for the general health. Barbara stood dispiritedly by. Alan turned to her.

"Mother, this is Barbara," he said simply; then, "and this is my father and my sister, Temperance, Barbara."

The family stood in an anxious embarrassment waiting for the girl to make some move. Instinct bade her extend a limp hand. A wave of hysterical wretchedness swept over her. This was Alan's family. She could scarcely believe it; Alan's mother, this ungainly woman in calico; Alan's sister, this bony, untidy girl of awkward demeanor; Alan's father, this rough bearded man in blue denim. Clement was not so bad but he was just a boy and then—to another woman, the women-folks of a man's family are the ones of most concern. It was all so different from what she had expected—she felt herself going limp.

ALAN caught her. "This trip has been most too much for her. She's not very strong yet. Been sick—anemia. Doctor said she needed lots of eggs and milk and mountain air. Be all right after a month or so up here."

Barbara caught the last words as, Temperance leading the way, Alan carried her upstairs. Then she felt herself being gently lowered into a room of space which a quarter of an hour later turned out to be a feather bed. Temperance was bathing her temples with camphor and Alan's ungainly mother was just entering the room with an iron which she had heated to put to her feet. Barbara's breath came in little gasps.

"I'm all right now, please. It's really nothing. I have these faint spells but they are soon over. I'm really quite able to get up now. Where—where's Alan?" She felt somehow desperately in need of Alan.

"I'll go get him," offered Temperance. "He's downstairs washing up." She lingered a half-moment, hoping that Barbara would have something to say about the beautiful room. Barbara surveyed her wearily.

"I—I hate feather beds," she told the waiting girl. "Could you find me something else tomorrow? And will you get us two separate pillows instead of this bolster and take that tidy off the chair? Things like that bother



Barbara suddenly understood. Alan was ashamed of her

Alan." Barbara rose from the bed and advanced towards the mirror above the chest of drawers to straighten her hair. The effect was startling for the mirror reflected a being with unnatural eyes, a mouth drawn hideously to one side, one high cheek bone and one low one and an elongated chin. Alan's wife turned a despairing countenance to Alan's sister. "Will you take it away, please? I—I—oh, how horrible everything is!" She threw herself back on the bed in a convulsion of tears.

Temperance fled. What manner of creature was this who apparently could not appreciate the beauty of such an unusual bedroom? Temperance was angry and hurt

and bewildered and was only soothed when after reciting the whole tale to her mother, Agatha made excuses for the young wife because she was tired and ill.

The evening meal passed off without incident and later Barbara sat in the rocking chair before the fire while the work was being done up for the night.

Morning disclosed the fact that Barbara had brought gifts. After breakfast she asked Alan to carry the grip down stairs for her before the family separated for the day. For Agatha she had purchased a perfume bottle of etched glass which was filled with an odorless pale green liquid. For Temperance, Barbara produced a set of manicurist implements with accompanying boxes of paste, orange stick and polish. For Jabez there was a leather bound copy of the Iliad and for Clement a pair of pongee silk pajamas.

For all of these Alan's wife was stiffly, duly thanked.

A month passed with everybody conscious of a strange new tension in the family. Barbara was consistently uncomfortable despite the many efforts which Alan's kin-folks put forth in her behalf. To Barbara they were always Alan's family. Life in a farm home is essentially a busy one and yet the new wife had only to suggest or wish and things were done for her.

Did she want the water warmed and carried up to her room of mornings? It was Temperance who could pause in the tedious task of putting away the morning's milk to do this. Always there was an iron heated to put to her feet at night, fresh water in the bedroom, extra cooking of tidbits and delicacies; and when Barbara shiveringly expressed dislike of the red flannel blankets which were the best that the little family possessed, then, because the village store had no others, Agatha sat up the most of one night and manufactured a pair from yards of cotton outing flannel.

Alan, working in the outdoors with his father and Clement, had fallen into a sort of kinship with his people and despite the discomforts of her life Barbara was gaining in weight and a slight rose color was creeping into her cheeks.

SUCH was the situation on the day that Lem Parson's boy drove past the Ward place to carry tidings of a party at his house in the following week. Barbara was interested. A party? She had not supposed that these stiff, undemonstrative people ever gave themselves up to the gaiety of entertainment. They were so everlastingly busy! Work—nothing but a continuous round of work from daylight until after dark.

One day, noticing that Agatha had a deep furrow between her brows as she ironed, Barbara had asked Temperance if her mother did not need glasses; and Temperance had answered her, calmly, that her mother was suffering from sick headache. Sick headache and ironing! Barbara had continued her reading slightly provoked to think that anyone would try to iron with an attack of headache.

During the first week of her sojourn with them, Alan's wife had determined that she would educate Alan's family into a different mode of life; but she had failed to take into consideration that the manner of living of mountain folk is almost as old as the soil they till and that, to a certain extent, work must inevitably remain—work.

The party promised something different. It transpired that the entire family was to attend and that there was to be dancing, ice cream and seventeen different kinds of cake.

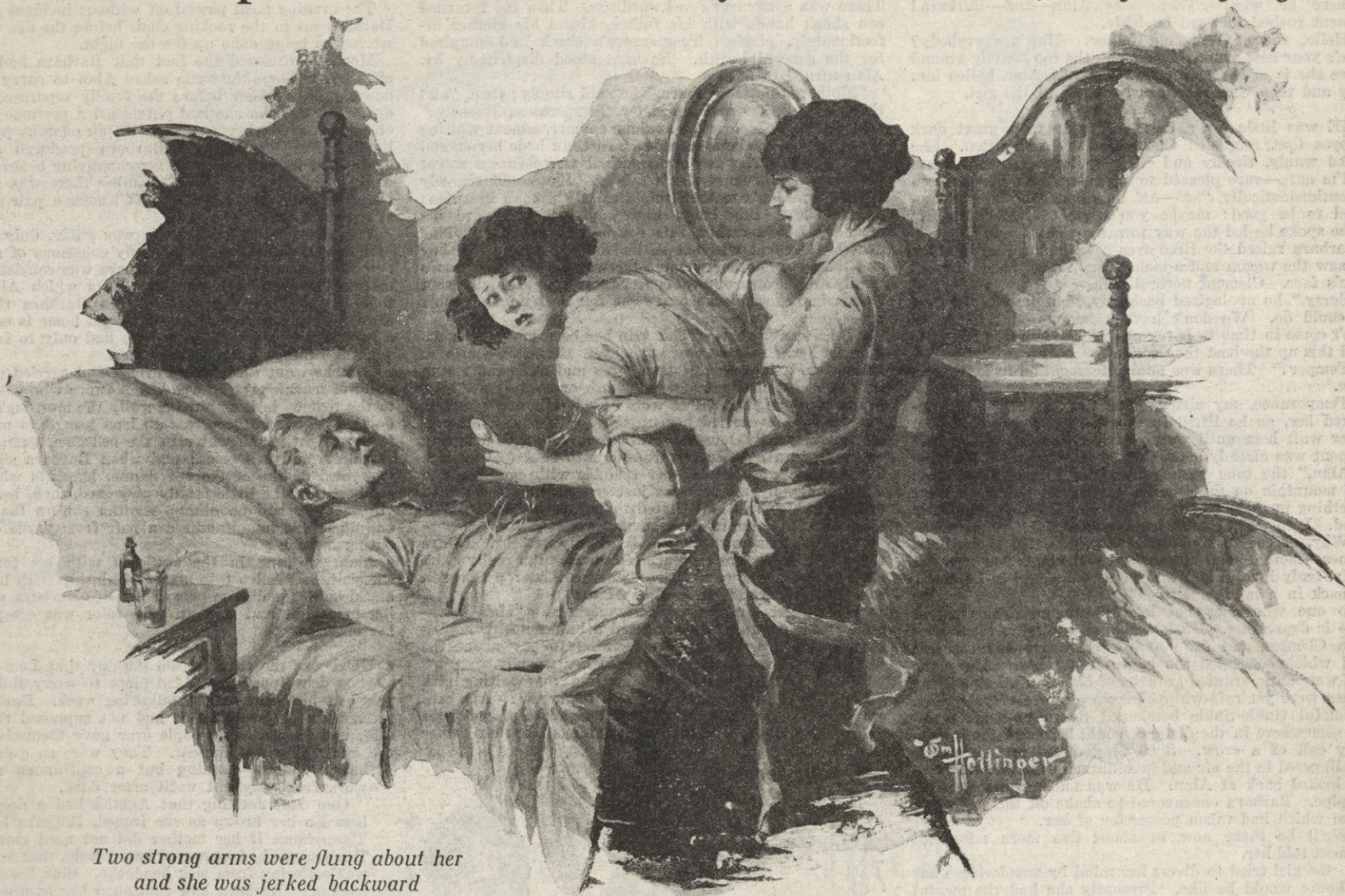
The week passed quickly and on the night of the affair everybody was assembled and ready at half past six. Barbara was radiant in turquoise blue taffeta, a short white cape about her shoulders and her hair piled soft and high. The excitement of the diversion lent a soft flush to her face and her eyes sparkled vivaciously. Temperance

hung timidly by, dressed in stiff white with her hair braided tightly back, glorying in Barbara's beauty. Agatha, who was to help serve the young folks, had donned her full, black poplin skirt and part-silk waist in honor of the occasion.

Jabez had hitched the pair of bays to the spring wagon and placed enough chairs in the back to accommodate the family. Barbara felt instinctively that she was going forth to conquest. She would show these uncouth mountaineers something of the charm and poise of culture. Perhaps if Alan's family saw how other folks admired her, it would affect their

(Continued on page 24)

A Third Episode in the Career of Joan Scarlett, Mystery Girl



Two strong arms were flung about her and she was jerked backward

The Stonehurst Affair

In which the life of a noted lawyer is saved and a cunning criminal brought to justice through the fearless action of a brilliant young woman detective

By MADELEINE SHARPS BUCHANAN



THE storm increased in violence as the man and the girl in the open roadster raced for shelter.

At the gate of a spacious estate they turned in, and ran the car through the grounds and under a shed. Then, with the elements warring about them, they looked at each other and laughed.

"You wouldn't expect two investigators of crime, two hardened old creatures like us, to be alarmed at a storm, now would you?" asked the girl, taking off her hat and regarding it ruefully. "Ugh! That was a nasty flash. Truly I am afraid of lightning. Do you suppose it will keep up all night?"

"It rather looks like it. Do you know whose place this is?"

"Haven't a notion. Don't quite know where we are."

Clyde Morris, one of the most promising young detectives at Headquarters glanced admiringly at his companion as he spoke. And many a man glanced admiringly at Joan Scarlett, and had perforce to glance away again!

Miss Scarlett, with five years of brilliant criminal successes behind her, was never anything but "strictly business."

She loved her work, which had been her father's work during his lifetime, and each year it was possessing her more completely.

"We shall have to get under shelter soon," she said with a shiver. "The storm grows worse every minute. Let us run for the house. I'm frozen."

Her hand in young Morris', they made the house amid another outburst of the storm. Water dripped from their eyelashes and the girl's smart long coat was drenched.

She glanced about the handsome porch while Morris rang the bell. "Fine old place," she nodded. "I should know whose it is."

A man in livery opened the door and while Morris was making his explanation a girl crossed the shadows of the hall within.

"Lane, ask the lady and gentleman to come in," she called in a high, sweet voice.

When Joan and Morris entered the wide, handsomely carved old hall the girl was standing beside the lights she had evidently turned on, regarding them with lively

interest. Trained to read faces, Joan Scarlett liked the girl at once. And she was seldom wrong about things like that.

"You are terribly wet. How wretched!" said the girl with impulsive warmth. "Come into the library here and let me send for something hot. Lane, bring coffee and sandwiches, please."

Joan, protesting, shivering, dragged her wet clothes to the fire which blazed in the wide fireplace in the room to the left.

"We were lunching at the Roadside Inn," she explained through chattering teeth, "and we rather lost our way coming back."

"Whose place is this?"

"This is my father's home," said the girl gently. "My father is John Stonehurst."

"Oh!" Joan swung about. "You are Lucille Stonehurst?"

"Yes."

"And your father is quite ill, is he not?"

"Yes," the girl's soft mouth quivered. "He is much worse. We do not expect him to live many days."

Joan glanced at Morris where they both sat crouched over the blazing logs. The strange illness of the great corporation lawyer had been the talk of the papers for days. Not a specialist who had been called from near or far could guess at the malady which had suddenly struck down a man full of health and spirits.

IT SEEMED strange to Joan, whose business was investigating the apparently unexplainable, that she should have sought shelter in that house of all others during the storm.

"I am sorry to hear that," she told Miss Stonehurst gravely. "You are not alone here, are you?"

"No. There is a nurse and my adopted sister Maud. Some of the servants have been with me for years. And my cousin Edwards Payne was visiting here when father was taken ill. He stayed on."

"I am Joan Scarlett and this is Mr. Morris, of Headquarters," said Joan then impulsively.

Miss Stonehurst started and looked sharply at her two guests. The butler entered at that moment with refreshments and she waited until he had gone before she spoke.

"It is so strange that you should have come at this time. I have longed to consult someone like you about my father."

"You don't mean you think there is anything sinister about his illness?" breathed Joan, her interest afire at once.

"I don't know," Miss Stonehurst looked down at her tightly clasped hands. "It seems so strange that he should have been taken ill, as he was, so suddenly. He grew worse at once."

JOAN poured herself another cup of coffee, glancing at Morris. "Tell me all you can about it," she encouraged her nervous hostess.

"Father came home to dinner last Thursday not quite himself," began Miss Stonehurst obediently. "I mean by that he seemed absent minded and the next night he fell into a sort of stupor over the dinner table. Maud and I helped him to bed. He never came out of that, just kept sinking. For two days now he has lain in a coma. Doctor Van Zandt said this morning he could not live many days. We have had every doctor and specialist here to see him who is at all known. You have probably read that."

"Yes, I have," said Joan slowly. "I wonder if you will answer me some personal questions?"

"I'll answer you anything," said the girl eagerly. "I have become positive that there is something wrong about my father's illness."

"Have you tested him as far as possible for poison?"

"Oh, yes."

"Blood tests?"

"Yes."

"Where was Mr. Payne when your adopted sister and yourself took him to bed?"

"At his club."

(Continued on page 14)

The Power of Personality

An Illuminating Interview With Elsie Janis—Celebrated Advocate of the Smile

By William Fleming French



THE right to be wrong is a divine privilege that the writers of proverbs, maxims, saws and adages have guarded with jealous fervor for centuries—but the man who penned that famous joker: "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep" was plumb reckless, and every American woman knows it.

For "Save the Surface and You Save All" does not apply to womanly beauty. If it did many of our varnish-like cosmetics would have other reasons for their existence than the ability to fatten their manufacturers' bank accounts.

We know, only too well, that rouge and powder and bleach and grease paint and cream and mascara and belladonna cannot produce even superficial or skin-deep beauty, and we know that real beauty has its foundation, its roots, far below the skin. Cosmetics serve us well, but we must not expect the impossible from them; we must realize their limitations.

Beauty consists of far more than the mere possession of classic features, or a perfect form or a peach-bloom complexion. Physical perfection must have something behind it to justify its existence. That something may be strength, or health, or love, or poise, or grace, or charm—but it must be something more than cold, lifeless, unresponsive physical perfection. Real beauty is aquiver with the breath of life; it radiates happiness and health; it exudes buoyancy and spirit; it holds the promise of romance and the glow of expectancy.

And all this is the essence of what? Or Personality, for Personality is the very core of beauty. Without it beauty is robbed of its beauty and with it the plain is made beautiful.

It is personality that surrounds that little freckle-faced, snub-nosed, laughing, friendly, sympathetic, jolly, frank, out-spoken Molly Reilly with friends and admirers—yes, and suitors—while a half dozen infinitely better looking girls hunt their dance partners—and while the classically beautiful Estaline Wentworth-Allyn, or whatever her name may be, reigns in an empty court.

Personality Defined

JUST what is personality? For one thing, it is that spirit which stirs the friendly laugh way down in the cockle of your heart; that puts the twinkle in the eye and the smile on the lips; that inspires the kindly thought and the desire to understand; the something that forces the song from the heart to the throat and prompts the helping hand. It is the spawn of friendship and love—the expression of happiness and understanding and faith.

And then again, it's a viewpoint. It's the something that makes you laugh away your cares; that helps you over the rough spots; that wraps your arms about the troublesome little ones who have undone your day's work—that turns their muddy little tracks across your clean floor into a golden path across your heart; that lifts the burden and soothes the nerves.

And it is the something that draws from the soul and the heart another something that puts beauty into the plainest face and brings a sparkle to the eye and a tilt to the head.

But personality is a two-edged blade—it is not always positive for good. Personality can mar beauty as well as make it. I can close my eyes to picture two young girls; one with the complexion of a hazy dawn, with silken hair like a golden sunset; with figure sublime and features perfect; full throated, white as driven snow—as beautiful as physical perfection can make woman. And the other? Immature of figure, irregular of feature, dark of complexion and with just plain hair. Not even good looking.

But look closer! The golden haired beauty is talking. The soft, full lips are drawn tight, the liquid blue eyes are partly closed. The perfectly molded features are hard set, the beautifully dimpled chin has an aggressive forward thrust.

"Say listen—I've got a living to make. I see myself out hustling for a bunch of bums—I don't think! Charity begins at home, and me, I'm home today."

You turn away. Beauty—beauty is positively ugly this morning. That woman is not beautiful, her physique is simply lying.

But here is our plain little girl. Her lips are not perfect cupid bows of cherry red—but they are laughing. Her eyes are not liquid blue, but they twinkle and dance, with fun and friendship. And there is not a hard line in the jolly little face.

She is not all laughter though. The same question that was asked the beauty, puts a sober, thoughtful look in those eyes, and seems to melt the whole face to softness. She nods slowly:

"Do what I can for the wounded boys? I'd be proud

to—and you can count me in for all day, both days. I'm sorry I can't do much myself."

And then somebody said beauty is only skin deep, when something has flowed up from her heart to her face and stamped it indelibly with beauty.

Personality—would you like to see a sample of it? There is on the American stage a woman with a million



P. and A. Photos

Elsie Janis

Those of you who have seen Miss Janis in "The Fair Co-ed," "The Slim Princess," or in any of the delightful vaudeville skits in which she has appeared can well understand why it is that her presence in a field hospital or army canteen brought courage and cheer to our homesick boys in France. In fact, so widespread was her influence that it was only recently she was decorated by Marshall Foch and saluted with the kiss of the accolade in recognition of her distinguished services.

admirers. A million—yes; two million, and more. Her fame and her friendship are international; the theatre-going public of three countries are at her feet. She has the respect, admiration and comradeship of all who know her.

That woman is "Our Elsie," the girl with the personality-plus. Who has not heard of Elsie Janis, the Pal of all America? No doughboy, certainly. Elsie Sunshine they call her, and Elsie Sunshine she is.

Personality Is the Secret of Her Charm

PERSONALITY—that is what this girl is famous for. Not her skin-deep beauty. And yet when the twelve most beautiful women in America are picked she ranks far up on the list. Is this because she possesses to the nth degree the physical perfections of the so-called beautiful woman? Not at all.

She is beautiful not because of symmetry of feature, perfection of figure, glory of hair or liquid depth of eye, but because of the personality she radiates. Because she bubbles good cheer and joy; because her spirit is unquenchable; because her eyes sparkle with the light of happiness and friendship; because she is as clean and bracing as a sunshiny morning; because she is as fresh as the dew and as joyous as the gurgling brook; because she glows with health and strength; because her gaze is straight and steady, her smile sincere, her voice clear and her handclasp firm. There is nothing weak, or hesitant, or shifty or flighty about this young woman. She is a glorious example of strength in true womanhood.

Elsie Janis has a beautiful mouth, perfect teeth, rich

brown hair and a supple figure—but you hardly notice these qualities in her. There is the expression that seems to blend them all into a something that just fascinates you. For one thing, her brown eyes just won't quit laughing—except when she hears of someone's trouble or pain. Then they just melt—and you melt with them.

Elsie is always smiling—but not the set smile of the professional beauty. It's a twinkling, come-and-go sort of smile. You don't know whether her mouth is going to simply twitch or burst out laughing.

Elsie's smiles are from the heart. When I asked her if she did not think a smile was a great beautifier she became serious.

"Some smiles are—and some are not. I hate a frozen smile. And I can recognize it, too. Don't think I can't. My mother used to say to me: 'Remember, Elsie, a smile in the heart is worth two on the face!'"

"Can you tell me what is your favorite beauty exercise?"

"Gee Whiz, yes! A good, long laugh. Old Doc Laughter is the best beauty specialist I know. Only don't try to kid yourself with a cackle pushed out from your chest. Remember that a laugh from the heart is worth a dozen from the chest."

"You believe in exercise, of course?"

"Oh, you should follow me! Exercise is my middle name. I'm always on the go—swimming, walking, golf, tennis and dancing. In exercise I am strenuous—I admit that. But in everything else my motto is 'moderation.'"

"What success I have had I owe to moderation. If it were not for my exercise hobby I would say moderation in everything. But I just can't seem to get too much fresh air."

"I eat anything I like—but with moderation. If I want ice cream, ice cream it is, with moderation. I have my fun—right along—but with moderation. I even try to be moderate in my laughter."

And her laugh is moderate—it is ever-ready, but low pitched and sincere.

"And I look for moderation in other people," she continued. "If I hire someone to work on the stage for me I look for beauty, of course. But first I want to know if the girls I pick are moderate—so they may keep their beauty. Then I want to know something about their personalities. I don't care how beautiful a woman may appear, she is not beautiful if she is disagreeable or moody or selfish or hard. And when she gets into one of those moods she will not even appear beautiful."

Love Makes Any Face Beautiful

THE surest way to spoil beauty is to forget moderation, or to be ugly. A look of real love will make any face beautiful. Bitter, selfish, hard thoughts will make any face ugly."

"Then you think beauty is largely a state of mind?"

Miss Janis shook her head slowly. "No—o, not a state of mind—rather an expression of a state of mind, or rather of a state of heart. You can't be hard, and grasping, and selfish and inconsiderate and conceited and not have it show on your face."

"Don't forget that. You can't half close your eyes in calculating anger or bitterness and not have them tell on you when you are at your best behavior. You cannot tighten your lips in meanness and not have them more than hint at the devil within you. You cannot spend half your time frowning and not have a few permanent lines creep in."

When this girl of the personality-plus mentioned lines it brought a natural question from me.

"How do you keep your face so free from lines. Why; it's as wrinkle free as that of a sixteen year old girl."

"Aha," laughed Miss Janis, "that's the work of my beauty specialist, old Doc Laughter. A laugh a day will keep the wrinkles away. Only multiply that by a hundred. I laugh and sing and make faces, and that's the only massaging my face gets. But that keeps the muscles of the face firm, and firm muscles mean no wrinkles."

"Then, Miss Janis, you believe that beauty is more than skin deep and that you must be beautiful right down in your heart if you expect to be beautiful on the surface?"

"Exactly! Everybody knows that. You can prove it to yourself in front of the mirror in five minutes. Laughter, love, friendliness, sympathy—that is what makes beauty. At least, that's my firm belief."

And might we not well take this to heart, and put a little effort toward developing beauty from within as well as trying to secure it by massage and cosmetics? If we practice the Janis method and our exercises fail to make us beautiful, there is at least the certainty that they will be good for our souls.

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This illustration shows the sample saucepan about three-quarters the original size.

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The Stonehurst Affair

(Continued from page 12)

"Why didn't the servants carry him upstairs?"

"Lane helped us. Father woke up once and seemed to want us beside him."

"Does your sister share equally with you in your father's will?"

Lucille Stonehurst flushed but after a moment she replied frankly.

"So far as I know. Father and my mother, now dead, adopted Maud when she was a baby. We are of the same age. They were always very fond of her."

"And you? Are you?"

The flush deepened. "Outside of the natural jealousy of the rightful daughter of the house for an outsider, I am."

"Good. I love an answer like that," said Joan brightly. "Why do you feel that there is something sinister about your father's illness?"

"I don't know. I have from the first. And for two nights now and once when the nurse was out in the afternoon, I have seen someone else in my father's room."

"Someone else?"

"Yes. There is a heavy clouded glass in his door upon which a shadow shows plainly. I always hurried into the room but there was no one there. Yet I felt—Miss Scarlett, I felt that there had been something done in that minute or so."

"THEN there was," nodded Joan. "Those feelings never lie unless one is a nervous wreck and even then they can usually be relied upon. I suppose this person could get out of your father's room while you were approaching?"

"Oh, quite easily. Through the dressing room and bath."

"Who is the nurse?"

"A Miss Leslie. She is quite all right. Is well known and has a splendid reputation. Besides, I like her and am sure she knows nothing about any wrong, if wrong there be. I always have the feeling when she is out for her walk."

"Would you like me to stay all night with you?" asked Joan quietly.

Morris smiled and finished his coffee. Joan would be no company for anyone now until this new case was solved.

Their hostess' face lighted. "Oh, will you? I have felt so alone, and father is worse tonight."

"If you will let me do some detecting," smiled Joan. "We might save your father's life, you know, if you give me carte blanche."

"His life—" the girl whispered with pallid lips. "Do you really think that—"

"I think someone is mysteriously making way with him," nodded Joan briskly. "What do you say, Clyde?"

"Plain as the nose on your face," agreed Mr. Morris.

"No one else has seemed to think so," sighed Lucille.

"And we've had all the big men here we could think of."

"Of course they don't think so," said Joan. "Depend upon it, it's absolutely unique, whatever it is. Have you any idea what your father is worth?"

"I don't know. He is wealthy, I do know that. I think he has over a million."

"Then we may expect anything," said Joan grimly. "Men have died and worms have eaten them for far less than that. If you can let me have a dry dress, my dear, I'll start in at once."

"I shall want you to see father," said Miss Stonehurst wistfully as Morris rose and obligingly picked up his coat.

"Tell mother where I am, will you, Clyde?" Joan gave him her cool slim hand for a brief moment. "I'll keep her posted after tonight."

"I'll run out tomorrow and see if you need help," said Mr. Morris pleasantly and bowed to his hostess. "Good luck, Joan. I fancy you have your work laid out for you this time."

"I hope so," said Joan with a dazzling smile. "We're always glad to learn."

Dressed in one of her hostess' little

straight gowns Joan went with her to the suite occupied by the sick man.

The nurse opened the door and came out as the girls approached.

"Miss Leslie, my friend Miss Semple has come to stay with me," said Lucille, according to Joan's instructions. "How is father?"

"The same," the sweet faced nurse paused a moment. "Miss Stonehurst, I am terribly worried about him. I simply cannot make out this case at all. I feel all the time as though something else should be done."

"So do I," said Lucille with a shiver. "Do you think he is going to die?"

Miss Leslie shook her head. "I can't say. He is very weak and never moves at all, you know. The coma seems to be growing deeper."

Inside the luxurious suite occupied by the master of the house Joan bent over the still form of Stonehurst. With deft, slim fingers and keen, clever eyes she went over him, pausing at last to look up at the watching girl.

"What is this little bit of cotton and court plaster on the back of his neck?" she asked.

"Oh, father had a nasty little cut about a week ago. A mere nothing. He was shaving and had been cutting the base of the hair near his collar. He called me and I myself put the first little pad on."

"The cut is a trifle?"

"Oh, yes. Nothing."

"And who has been padding it since? It looks fresh."

"Miss Leslie. Once I did it. The cut has almost healed."

"He did that just before his illness?"

"The day before."

"Ah."

Joan looked no further. Her slim gentle fingers lingered upon that little pad on the back of the sick man's neck as though there she had found the solution to the mystery. Her fine brows drew together. She was standing so when the door opened softly and a girl put her head in.

"Oh, you are with Dad, Lu," said the newcomer with a sigh of relief. "I saw Miss Leslie leave the room just now and was afraid he might be alone."

"Come in, Maud," said Lucille. "This is a friend of mine, Mary Semple, who has come to stay with me. Miss Semple, my sister."

Joan looked with well concealed interest at the stranger. She found only a rather weak, pretty face, large dark eyes, and a shock of fluffy hair.

"Doctor Van Zandt is here," said Maud Stonehurst after she had bowed to Joan with evident amazement. "May he come up?"

Lucille nodded and Maud disappeared.

JOAN waited at the bedside with carefully hidden anxiety. She was quite sure there was something decidedly wrong about this splendid old man's illness and she was eager to see each character in the tragedy. She had also heard a great deal about Doctor Van Zandt. His extensive laboratories had been much talked about and his progress into every road of new discovery discussed with deep interest by medical experts.

It seemed as though she had heard somewhere a vague rumor that this young man was interested in Maud Stonehurst, the adopted daughter. Yet how could this doctor, even if he wished, make way with this fine old man without the nurse's knowledge?

For the nurse was absolutely innocent; of that Joan felt sure. Miss Leslie also had a reputation behind her.

Doctor Van Zandt entered the sick room quietly. Joan looked at him sharply when Lucille made the introduction. She saw a tall, blonde man of forty, perhaps; a pleasant, keen-eyed face, a charming professional manner. He bent immediately above his patient.

(Continued on page 16)



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The Stonehurst Affair

(Continued from page 14)

Miss Leslie came back and the two held low voiced consultation, the doctor examining charts and thermometers and finally rising with a shake of his head.

"I cannot make anything of it, Miss Stonehurst," he said to Lucille. "It is the most baffling case I've ever handled. Your father seems to be in excellent health."

"Is he—is he worse?" breathed Lucille.

"I find him weaker," said the doctor simply. "It would make me if I could save your father. It is a horrible failure for me to lose this case."

"Now why does he say that?" Joan asked herself.

When the two Stonehurst girls followed the doctor to the hall Joan stepped back to the side of the nurse.

"Miss Leslie, I feel I can trust you," she said rapidly. "Will you promise me not to leave the side of your patient unless you notify me?"

"Why—" Miss Leslie looked bewildered.

"I AM Joan Scarlett, investigating the case," said Joan quietly. "I shall trust you to keep that quiet. And I most particularly wish to make sure you will never leave Mr. Stonehurst alone."

"I will not, of course," said the nurse anxiously. "You are sure there is something wrong, Miss Scarlett? I've heard of you and your wonderful work."

"I'm very sure," said Joan drily. "I have an idea. Miss Leslie, has anyone but yourself and Miss Lucille touched that pad on your patient's neck since you have had the case?"

"No. No one. That is only a little scar. A trifle. Almost completely healed. No poison could be taken in through a cut, you know, without our detecting it. There have been tests—"

"I know. I'm not looking for poison. The hurt wouldn't matter. The cut has nothing to do with it. Will you remove the little pad and let me see it?"

"Why, surely."

"How long have you had the case?" asked Joan when she had the little pad of cotton in her slim fingers.

"I was called immediately. The evening the girls carried Mr. Stonehurst to his room."

Joan examined the tiny strips of court plaster, the faint scar on the patient's neck, the little bit of cotton very thoroughly before she gave it back.

"Good. All right. Now replace this, please, and don't forget your promise. It may mean his life. It does if I am right."

"I shall do exactly as you say," replied the nurse quietly.

Edwards Payne came home to dinner and the four young people ate alone in the wide, cheerful dining room. Joan liked young Payne. And she could see nothing to like or dislike about the rather insipid Maud. Frankly, she could not fasten the blame upon any of the three young people in her mind, which was quick to form impressions. Usually correct, too, in its judgment.

Yet she clung stubbornly to her theory. If the theory was correct then someone in the house slipped into the sick room as soon as the nurse left it; she was sure of that. They would have to. And pretty bright about making opportunities they would have to be. For it meant eluding quick-eyed Miss Leslie.

Looking at Edwards Payne she felt she could not suspect his frank boyish face, his clear level gaze.

And Lucille she had definitely discarded. Therefore Maud remained. When Joan came up to a flat wall in her cases she usually ended by suspecting the wall and seeking out its weak spots. It was so now. She concentrated all her peculiar gifts upon Maud Stonehurst. It must be Maud.

After dinner she went with the young people to the upstairs sitting room where they sat in the evening since Mr. Stonehurst's illness, but making an ex-

cuse presently she left them and stole down to the lower hall where Lane, the old butler, was laying fresh logs beside the fireplace.

Joan sat down on the couch by the stooped old figure.

"Lane, you've been with Mr. Stonehurst a long time?" she began pleasantly.

The man started to his feet. She liked his grave old face. She wished she might find more probable villains in the house; it would make her work easier.

"Yes, miss. All my life."

"You must be fond of him then."

"Oh, fond of him! I love him dearly. And his daughter Lucille."

"And not Miss Maud?"

Lane shrugged. "If you'll pardon me, miss, Miss Maud is no favorite with any of the servants. And we've always felt she had no right here. I have been thinking that if she hadn't had that row with Mr. Stonehurst the night before he was took sick maybe he wouldn't have had this attack."

Joan stirred. "Row?"

"Yes, a right-down lively scrap in his den over there. I was passing the door and I saw Miss Maud stamp her foot and I heard Mr. Stonehurst lift his voice, which he seldom did when angry."

"Could you tell me what he said, Lane? I want to ferret out this mystery if I can."

"I've no objection, miss. I heard him say, 'I'll cut you out of my will tomorrow if you do!' And I went on then. I never listened in my life to any of the family doings. They're my family, too."

"Of course. Very right, Lane. And I suppose both young ladies shared alike in Mr. Stonehurst's will?"

"That's what he always said, miss. He never made any difference."

"Do you suppose he got the chance to make that change, Lane?"

"I don't know, miss. I've wondered. The next night he come home so queer in his head he didn't seem to sense what was said to him."

"I see. Thank you, Lane."

JOAN went slowly up stairs again. Maud Stonehurst. That silly little weak-faced doll! Whatever rage she had been in, over whatever whim refused, her brain had never been capable of the clever, diabolical thing which had been done—and was being done—to her benefactor; of that Joan was sure. A tool, perhaps, but never the original criminal.

Making sure that the three young people were still in the sitting room she slipped into the sick room and accosted the nurse where she sat beside her patient, her head bent over a book.

"Miss Leslie, do you know whether Mr. Stonehurst's bathroom contained cotton and court plaster like that on his neck?" she asked.

"There is none in his bathroom, Miss Scarlett. I go to Miss Lucille for it. She has a supply in her medicine chest."

"I see," Joan frowned. "Now call Miss Maud, please, and keep her here a short time, will you? But do not let her out of your sight. Do not let her touch the patient. This is most important. I will pass the door when you may set her free."

"I'll do anything to help," said the nurse eagerly. "I feel more peaceful since you came."

Waiting in the corner of the hall until she saw Maud join Miss Leslie, Joan sped to the suite occupied by the adopted daughter. It took her twenty minutes to make sure she would not find what she sought in the three dainty rooms. She was frowning when she came out. She felt she had her finger on the pulse of the mystery, yet she did not know how to move. Passing the sick room door she saw two things: Maud released from her conversation with the nurse, and young Payne descending the stairs to his hat and coat.

(Continued on page 17)



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The Stonehurst Affair

(Continued from page 16)

"Let me know at the club if there's any change," he called softly to Lucille, "I've got to get out a bit. Gets on my nerves, around here."

Joan ascended the stairs then and went carefully through the suite of young Payne, though she had not much hope there. She found nothing that she sought. Yet she simply could not be wrong.

There was no other explanation. Of course the thing she looked for might be carried on one's person. But not for long, she fancied. And it was so small—so tiny—

Frowning she returned to the sitting room and sat down with the girls.

Maud was knitting and Lucille pored over a book, now and then lifting her eyes to regard Joan anxiously. That young person, deep in her problem, hid herself behind the evening paper. And she noted now and then that Maud glanced restlessly toward the sick room and that twice she started nervously. The evening so far had not been quite uneventful. Joan felt she was gathering the various strings into her hands. She always passed through this uncertain, highly feverish stage before she solved one of her cases. But she went into things with such dogged persistence, such young, warm enthusiasm, that she often felt that was why her work was crowned with success. And each case taught her something.

The thing she desired to find, which must be somewhere, she felt she had passed over, in all likelihood, that evening in her search. If her guess was right, it was so tiny that she might well have overlooked it; yet she was trained to overlook nothing. She would find a chance that night to examine the sick room itself; of course that would be the most likely place. If the criminal dared.

Again she searched the vapid, tinted face of Maud Stonehurst and sighed. No brain there. The girl, if she had anything to do with it at all, moved and thought in obedience to the keen brain which had concocted this terrible thing.

Yet Maud was not innocent. No skilled eyes like Joan's could study her for hours and think her innocent.

Her eyes roved over Maud. They came to rest eventually upon the black ribbon, a fine black ribbon which hung about the girl's neck. At the end of the ribbon dangled a queer-shaped silver trinket, a round little box with filigreed edges.

Somehow Joan was fascinated by that box. It was uncanny; but when she got a "hunch" like that it invariably haunted her until she put it to the test. Somehow she must get that silver thing Maud wore; get it and look inside it. She would search nowhere else until she had it. And she watched behind her paper the slim restless fingers of the other girl, playing with that queer silver trinket.

HER blood ran cold. How horrible. How could such a thing be? She almost hoped she was wrong. But then she often hoped that and went on to the dreadful end of things.

Presently she rose, yawning.

"Sorry, Lucille, but I am afraid I must go to bed," she nodded smiling. "You know I had quite a trip today. I do hope my trunks will have come by morning."

"Of course. How thoughtless of me!" Lucille sprang to her feet. "We are all so anxious these days we are not ourselves. Come with me and I'll see you tucked up. I think I'll go to bed myself. I'll just glance in at father."

"I'll sit up a while," said Maud, "Goodnight."

Inside Joan's rooms Lucille grasped her arm. "Have you found out anything?" she asked trembling with eagerness.

"Nothing to tell you yet," soothed Joan. "But I am progressing. There is only this, Lucille. Someone is trying

to kill your father by the most fiendish method I ever heard of.

"No wonder no doctor can ferret it out! You must just trust me, dear. Tell me one thing. Do you know that Maud arranged that little pad for your father at any time between the hour he cut himself and the beginning of his illness?"

"No," Lucille's eyes opened wide. "How you harp on that little pad!"

"Yes," Joan smiled grimly. "There lies the solution if I am right. And I've got to be right. Nothing else answers all the questions."

At eleven o'clock Joan opened her window and slipped along the balcony toward the windows of Maud Stonehurst's rooms.

The shades were down but the room was lighted, and by lying flat upon the floor Joan so managed that she at last brought into her line of vision two knees clad in a blue silk negligee. There were two white hands Joan knew well upon the knees and in the hands, being turned and turned restlessly, was that queer silver trinket on the end of the black ribbon. Joan watched until she got a cramp but Maud rose before the box was opened and moved to another part of the room. After a moment Joan crept back to her own window. Her lovely flushed face wore a satisfied smirk. She had seen what she wished. Hereafter her object, come what may, was to get possession of that silver thing.

THE night passed quietly. Joan sitting inside her partly open door knew that no one neared the door of the sick room all night and she heard Miss Leslie moving about quietly.

She was dressed in her own gown in the morning and had just finished her tray breakfast when from her window she saw Doctor Van Zandt's roadster spinning up the drive. The world was bathed in a warm sunshine after the storm of the night before, and Joan, though she had not slept, felt fresh and bright and ready for the day's work. When Van Zandt came up the stairs she met him as though by accident at the top. When Joan Scarlett wished she was most fascinating. Few men could turn away from her offered smile. But she only used it for a purpose.

"Good morning," she said sweetly. "May I come with you to see your patient? I am so worried and so interested."

The doctor regarded her a moment, smiled and nodded.

"No one could refuse that request," he bowed. "There are a number of Mr. Stonehurst's business associates downstairs whom I have had to refuse admittance to his room. But you may come along if you wish."

"Thank you so much," said Joan sweetly, and she walked by his side to the sick room where Lucille joined them.

The patient still lay in the strange, moveless stupor. There seemed to be nothing to be done, nothing to be said.

"It's got me," said Van Zandt with a shake of his head. "The thing keeps me awake nights. Heavens, I would like to save this man, Miss Semple!"

"Of course you would," said Joan heartily. "And if he could be saved I am sure you are the one to do it. Are you going into town this morning, doctor?"

"Why, yes. I have to return to my place first, then make a few calls. Why? May I drop you off anywhere?"

Lucille watched Joan breathlessly as she made her strange request.

"If you would run me up to town, provided, of course, you are going that way? I should love to drive this wonderful morning."

Van Zandt regarded her smiling. He was rather proud of this sudden conquest. The girl was a beauty, too. The

(Continued on page 18)



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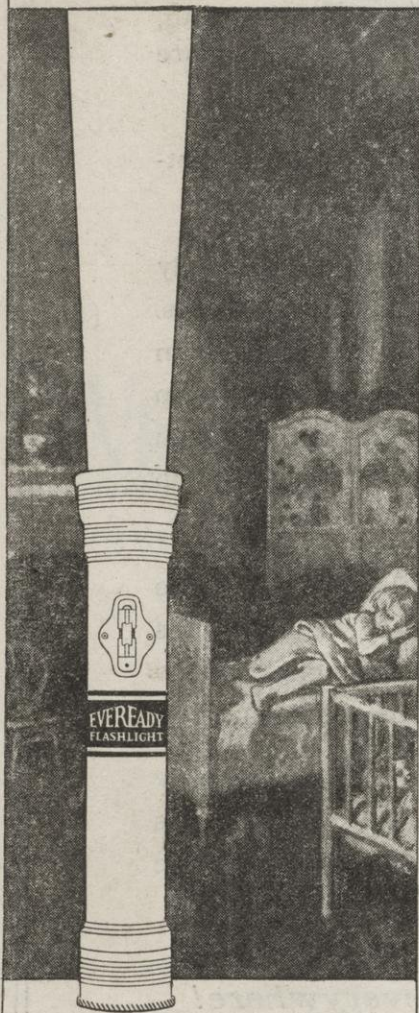
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The Stonehurst Affair

(Continued from page 17)

nurse and Lucille Stonehurst exchanged anxious puzzled glances.

Joan fled to her room to dress and coming out she encountered Lucille, to whom she gave a few whispered directions.

She was just in time to go down the stairs with her hand on the doctor's arm, smiling up at him and chatting openly about their drive. She had the satisfaction of seeing Maud's door open a trifle as they descended.

Lucille watched the roadster turn out of the gates.

"Miss-er-Semple told me to remind you not to leave your patient one moment until she returns," she said at last, turning to the nurse. "How is father this morning?"

"It is strange," said Miss Leslie thoughtfully, "but I seem to detect a bit of life where before this he lay like death. It may be imagination."

"It is Joan," said Lucille with a long breath. "She is wonderful, vital. I feel she will save father."

"From what?" the nurse lifted horrified eyes.

"Oh, I don't know—I don't dare think!" cried Lucille, and rushed from the room.

Joan was making the most of her opportunity. She was being her most charming, sociable self. And the doctor was charmed; she saw that. By the time they reached his own spacious home he was telling her he would give up work for the day and drive her about. That was the last thing Joan desired. She looked at his home wistfully when they stopped before it.

"What a lovely place! Do you own it, doctor?"

"No. It is my brother's house. I hope to build one of my own before long. I have quite an extensive laboratory in here. Would you care to see it?"

Would she? It was what Joan had vamped him for, a sight of that laboratory. Her one idea in being nice to Van Zandt was to discover if he dealt in radium. A moment in his laboratory and she was sure she would know.

"I should love it," she cried enthusiastically. "I have never been in one."

Oh, Joan! It is quite possible that she knew as much as the doctor about chemistry.

"Come in, then," he grinned, "and see mine. I'm hoping to get abroad before long and continue my work over there."

Um. Build a house of his own. Get abroad soon. And his brother owned this lovely old place.

With a gallant manner which amused Joan, Van Zandt escorted her to the door of his snow-white laboratory and left her there with the strict order not to touch anything.

NO SOONER was she alone than she fled to one side of the room where behind glass doors rows of tiny glass tubes containing all sorts of drugs and potions were ranged under typed labels. Down the row Joan looked eagerly, swiftly, until on the bottom shelf, in a bed of cotton she came upon a small case containing two small phials. The third was missing. The name over the precious little case struck the color from Joan's face for a moment, then it flooded back in a rich, lovely hue and her eyes glittered. There had been three tubes in that case once; there were two now. That might mean nothing—or everything. The entire solution lay in the silver thing about Maud Stonehurst's neck.

Joan felt satisfied on one point. Doctor Van Zandt numbered the priceless radium among his laboratory possessions.

When he returned she was at the other side of the room bending over a huge magnifying glass. She started when he spoke.

"Dear me, what do you use this great

thing for? I never saw such a huge one!"

"That?" he laughed amusedly. "That's a gem. One of the best made. You see, I use it when I—" and for fifteen minutes he explained things to Joan Searlett that she had known for years. She simulated wide-eyed interest though she was aching to be out and away. She was through with the doctor now but she was forced to let him drive her to town and leave her at the corner of a busy street. Joan called up Clyde Morris and in half an hour he was taking her back to the Stonehursts as fast as his roadster would move, and listening with grins of appreciation to her story.

At the house she was met at the sick-room door by the nurse.

"I do think Mr. Stonehurst is better," she told her with shining eyes. "I really thought he was conscious once."

Joan smiled. She must be right. Without the application of that thing Maud Stonehurst had, the coma would pass off.

"Let me take your place tonight," she whispered. "But say nothing about the substitution. I'll come in about midnight and you may rest in the dressing-room."

THE rest of that long afternoon Joan spent with Lucille. She told her hostess nothing although she questioned her anxiously every now and then. Joan was deadly afraid that something would occur to prevent the success of her plans.

The air was more cheerful. The entire house felt that the master was getting better. Even Lane went about with a spry step. And Joan watched Maud Stonehurst getting more and more nervous. Her eyes clung to the silver thing about the girl's neck.

She would like to see that thing, but she felt she could wait now. She was fairly sure of her case.

Her plans were too carefully laid to be broken into by any hasty curiosity.

Young Payne came home to dinner and tried to cheer them up by his jolly stories; Joan honestly liked the boy.

She herself was under tension and found it hard to rouse to his gay spirits. But Joan had learned never to be quite herself and she could assume and drop a mask at a moment's notice; it was one of the hardest things her clever father had taught her.

Maud was obviously nervous and Doctor Van Zandt came for her to take a drive right after dinner. Joan smiled as she watched them go and caught the covert smile the doctor flung her behind Maud's back. She fancied those two were anything but comfortable at the good news from the sick room.

A wave of hot rage swept her.

She felt she should like to see Maud Stonehurst behind bars.

Lucille and Payne and she played bridge until she felt she could scream.

At last it was ten-thirty and she excused herself, pausing beside the sick room door to exchange a smiling nod with Miss Leslie.

"Do you think father is getting better?" Lucille whispered as she said good-night at Joan's door. "I can't stand this much longer. What do you know? What does it mean?"

Joan patted her soothingly.

"Go to sleep, dear, and in the morning you shall know, I feel sure," she promised. "I have made all my plans. But we shall have to have patience."

Lucille clung to the other girl. "Joan, it isn't—Edwards isn't—" she began and stopped with a warm flush.

Joan smiled. "Bless you, no," she comforted. "He is a nice boy, Lucille, and I congratulate you both."

In her own room she made few preparations. Merely slipped the automatic in her dress and sat down to wait for midnight. At such a tense moment, near the end of one of her cases, Joan

(Continued on page 19)



Cranberry Sauce for Delightful Desserts!

Just put up cranberry sauce in mason jars and keep it on hand for making delicious desserts that are different! Cranberry Sauce, properly prepared, can be made in ten minutes by this recipe:

Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce

One quart cranberries, two cups boiling water, 1½ to 2 cups sugar. Boil sugar and water together for five minutes; skim; add the cranberries and boil without stirring (five minutes is usually sufficient) until all the skins are broken. Remove from the fire when the popping stops.

Served in any way, cranberries are most appetizing. Especially fine with all roast meats, such as beef, pork, lamb and mutton.

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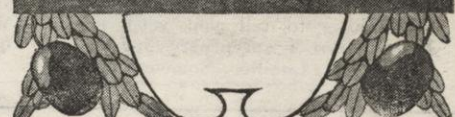
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BAKED PUDDING

SHORTCAKE

Eatmor Cranberries



The Stonehurst Affair

(Continued from page 18)

always realized thoroughly that she was a woman.

Her heart raced. She could almost hear it in the silence.

At eleven she heard Maud come home, heard a long whispered colloquy beneath her open window; saw Van Zandt kiss Maud and climb into his car. Listening at her door she heard Maud pause by the sick room, heard Miss Leslie speak to her, heard Maud pass her own door. And, drawing back, Joan smiled. She was once more quite cool and calm. She was positive that Maud had had no chance at the sick room since her own arrival, nor had anyone else for that matter. The girl must be horribly upset now not to be able to obey the instructions of her lover. When Joan thought of the storm that had driven her willy nilly into these grounds, straight into the heart of this tangle in time to save a man universally beloved, it brought her something of awe. Now and then she saw the hand of a Superior Knowledge and Tenderness in the cases she was thrust into.

The clock ticked on. The house grew quiet. Lights went out.

Joan sat in a tense silence watching the hands of the little clock on the desk. As they reached twelve she rose, turned out her light, closed her door and moved silently down the hall to the sick room.

Miss Leslie left the bed and came to her with a tired smile.

"Miss Maud asked me if she might sit here a while and relieve me," she whispered. "I told her I expected to lie down after a time as her father was much better."

"You're an invaluable assistant," nodded Joan. "Is he really much better?"

"I think so. I cannot offer many ideas about his case as I never encountered another like it."

"It is quite simple," said Joan sharply, "when you know. There will probably be many like it in days to come, and we must know how to deal with them. Don't come unless I call you, Miss Leslie, no matter what you see or hear."

THE nurse stooped above her patient, nodded and passed into the dressing-room where she lay down in such a position that she had the entire bed in full view. She liked Joan and had heard much of her ability, but when she was on a job she was on a job and there was the end of that.

And so the two took up their vigil. And the hours wore on until Joan began to grow worried and to fear that there would have to be another day and night of this horrible suspense.

Ah. There was a slight movement out

in the hall, the lightest footfall. The clock pointed to half past two when the door opened just a bit and to Joan, sitting in the dim light behind it where a person at the bed would not see her, there entered Maud Stonehurst in her night dress and silken bedroom robe.

The girl glanced at the apparently sleeping nurse in the dressing room and advanced to the bed. Once there she bent above the sick man and—drew back with a sharp cry quickly stilled as two strong arms fastened about her and she was jerked backward and flung about to face Joan Scarlett.

"Give me that box and the ribbon," said Joan between set teeth while Miss Leslie sat erect in the dressing room staring with horror.

MAUD sullenly handed over the trinket she had had in her fingers. Joan, her automatic in evidence, pointed to the chair she had herself sat upon and the girl sank down upon it, wordless. With delicate, dainty fingers Joan opened the box, lifted aside wrappers of cardboard, took out a layer of cotton and exposed the tiny glass capsule which held the speck of priceless radium which, laid under the little pad over the scar at the base of John Stonehurst's brain, was making quietly away with his senses and his life.

"You haven't had a chance to apply this since I came, have you?" asked Joan softly. "You began right after your father had refused to let you marry Van Zandt. You told Van Zandt your father said he would cut you out of his will if you did, and he brought you this radium and plotted the thing and you have been his tool. A nice creature you are. The man who took you into his home and cared for you! You watched your chance and set the capsule under that little pad on your father's neck while you pretended to him you were fixing the pad. I know you must have done this. But I know, too, it was all Van Zandt's idea. Of course you are as guilty as he is, because you knew the thing you set under the pad each time you got the chance to, was killing him."

"No—no—I—" Maud started up in horror. "He told me it would take away his senses so that he would not be able to sign me out of his will before we got away and were married and I had my money. At marriage if I had father's consent or if he was too ill to give it, I come into my share of the estate. It was fixed that way for both Lucille and myself. Paul was getting ready to take me abroad. We were married two days ago."

"You were!" Joan started and glanced at the nurse. "And I don't

(Continued on page 33)



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Any bib will be sent made up for embroidery with floss included for 35c or two for 60c.

Order by name and send with remittance to Mrs. Harriet Harper, Woman's World, Chicago.

Bunny

Doggy

Blocks



Left With Two Babies And No Income

At first it was pretty hard to manage—now I keep my pocketbook comfortably filled

By Mrs. Bessie English

WHEN my husband died, two years ago, it seemed the end of the world to me.

There I was with two small children—one only six weeks old—and no income.

My husband's long sickness had taken every dollar of our savings. Baby's coming had brought another expense. The insurance was barely enough to meet all the bills. I was left almost destitute.

I was totally unprepared for the responsibility of being the family breadwinner. The only thing I knew how to do was housework. The outlook was anything but cheerful.



Mrs. Bessie English
97 Pitman Street
Pennsgrove, N. J.

I Wouldn't Hear Of It

Everybody was very kind. There were many offers of help. But I had too much pride to be willing to accept charity, even from relatives. My folks urged me at least to let them take the children, so I would have only myself to provide for. My babies were all I had in the world, and I was determined that nothing should take them from me.

But how was I to manage? I couldn't sleep thinking about it. Both children, and especially the baby, were at the age where they needed a mother's constant care. I couldn't leave them alone to go out working. Yet I faced the necessity of somehow earning enough to provide food and clothing and a home.

I live in a small town. At best there aren't many ways here for a woman to earn a living. And I had to find something that wouldn't take me away from the children. That didn't leave much choice. I would have to take in washing or starve.

I was none too strong. It was a hard grind. At times both my back and my courage were ready to break. But always the thought of my two children kept me going.

It was terribly discouraging. The children, of course, required quite a bit of my time. No matter how long or how hard I slaved over the wash tubs, what I earned was barely enough to keep body and soul together. Even with sewing added, the amount I earned was still pitifully small.

Worst of all, the hard work was gradually wearing me down. I lost twenty pounds. I began to fear I couldn't hold out much longer. The strain and worry of it had me almost in despair.

Just What I Had Been Hoping For

One Sunday I was so tired and discouraged that I was about ready to give up. Trying to get my mind off my struggle, I picked up a paper which a neighbor had brought over. As good luck would have it, the first thing that caught my eye was a way to earn money at home. Exactly what I had long been hoping for but never expecting to find—good pay for work I could do entirely at my own convenience, without stepping out of the house, without any tax on my strength, without set hours, without having to leave or neglect the children.

I read it from beginning to end. It told how a Mrs. Himberg in Brooklyn, New York, had averaged about \$12 a week for nearly two years—in her spare time. How hundreds of other home workers each earned all the way from \$5 to \$25 or more every week—the amount depending on how much time is given to the work.

I made up my mind I could do as well as anyone else. The work looked easy and interesting—knitting socks for the Home Profit Hosiery Company. I didn't know a thing about knitting, but it said no experience was necessary. I immediately wrote for full information about the plan.

The mere thought that perhaps my drudgery at the wash tubs would soon be over put me in better spirits than I had been for weeks. The more I found out about the plan and the money others were earning, the more convinced I became that here was my chance. So I sent in my application. In due time I received my Knitter, a supply of free yarn, and a book of simple and clear instructions that made everything plain and easy. Honestly, I fell in love with my Knitter as soon as I saw it—it looked so clever and capable. After a little practice, I could knit socks fine enough for any millionaire. It is no trick at all on this skillful little Home Profit Knitter. And I can sit down at my machine and earn a good day's pay while watching the children.

My First Check

My first check from the Home Profit Hosiery Company made me happier than any other money I had ever received—for it meant that at last I had found a way to be self-supporting without making a slave and drudge of myself.

Since then practically every dollar I have had has been earned on my Home Profit Knitter—I call it the family Bread Winner. And I have done this without tiring myself or neglecting the children or housework.

Compared with washing or sewing, the work is actually restful. I have regained all the weight and strength I had lost—and have regained my old cheerfulness and self-respect. I am able to give my children all the necessaries and some of the comforts of life. I am gradually putting a little money aside. Above all I can face the future with full confidence that I will always know where the money for the things we need is coming from because the Home Profit Hosiery Company has signed a life contract with me to take all the socks I can knit. It was a lucky day for me when I read about the Home Profit Home Work plan.

Mrs. Bessie English
97 Pitman Street
Pennsgrove, N. J.

It Is Helping Fill Hundreds of Pocketbooks

The Home Profit plan is putting easily earned extra money into the pockets of people all over America—helping them pay for homes, helping them put money in the bank, helping them pay debts, helping them buy furniture and automobiles, helping them dress better and live better, helping them in all the ways that money can be used for.

Some earned \$5, \$10 or \$15 extra every week; a few as much as \$25 or \$30 or more—in the privacy of their own homes, and without any interference with their other duties.

How much one can earn in this way all depends on how much spare time can be given to the work. You are always your own boss—can start and stop knitting whenever you like—any time of the day or evening. You can knit as many or as few socks each day or each week as you choose. Whether few or many, the Home Profit Hosiery Company guarantees to take every pair of socks you can knit for them, in accordance with their simple specifications, and to give you good pay for the socks you send them. They also supply free yarn for all the socks you send them. (But if you prefer, you can buy your yarn from the company at wholesale price and sell the finished hose at your own price to local stores, neighbors, etc. You can also knit sweaters and many other articles on the Home Profit Knitter, either for your own use or to sell.)

There is an enormous demand for the fine quality of wool hose so easily knitted on the skillful little Home Profit Knitter, and the Home Profit Hosiery Company is ready to make guaranteed arrangements with spare time home workers anywhere. It doesn't matter where you live. You don't need to know anything whatever about knitting at the start—the simple and clear instruction book quickly shows you how. All you need is a Home Profit Knitter, a little spare time, and the willingness to use it. No matter what you need money for, it will pay you to send for free information about the Home Profit guaranteed plan. Simply tear out and mail the coupon—now, while it is in your mind. That takes only a minute, but it can easily make a difference of hundreds of dollars a year to you.

Home Profit Hosiery Co.

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HOME PROFIT HOSIERY CO., Inc.
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Send me full information about making money at home in my spare time with the Home Profit Knitter. I am enclosing 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, and I understand that I am not obligated in any way.

Name

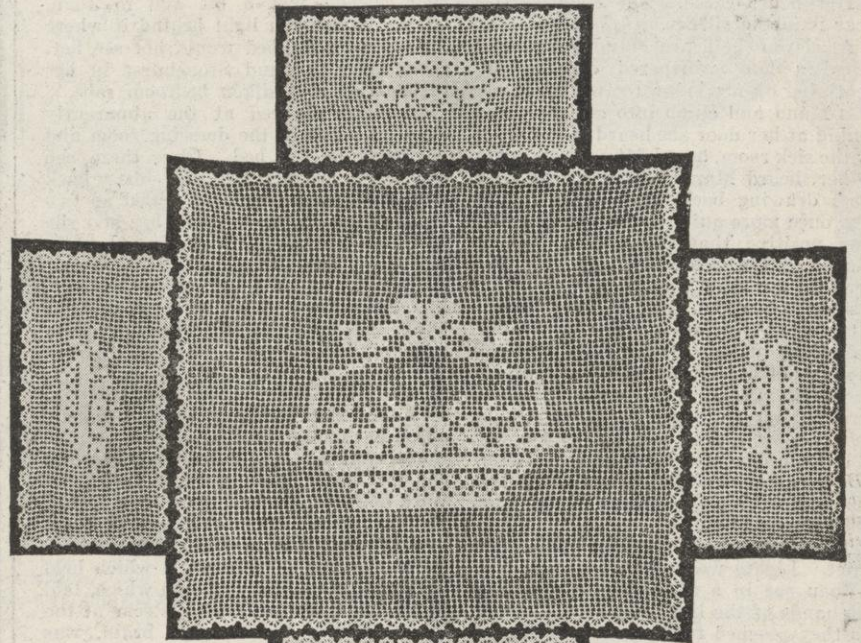
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Giant Filet for the Table

By Sadie P. Le Sueur



THIS type of crochet appeals to those who are not able to work with finer thread—aside from the fact that it has a great vogue now. Especially good are the table sets and the separate square centerpieces to use between meals. If these are made stiff when they are laundered they will keep fresh for weeks and are a great saving of table damask and laundry work. Even if the dining table is not well polished and suitable to use without a cloth, these mats can be used as they cover much of the surface. In the basket table set illustrated the center measures 32 inches after it has been starched and ironed. For a smaller size square the difference is in the number of meshes on each side of the basket. The plate mat measures 11x21 inches and is large enough for the plate, bread and butter plate and glass. The photograph in the center of the page is one-half the size of the filet.

Centerpiece—Ch 254, 1 tc in 8 st from needle. Ch 2 tc in 3rd st. Continue until you have 83 sp. Ch 5,

Ch st, chain stitch: A series of stitches or loops, each drawn with the hook through the stitch preceding.

S c, single crochet: Having a stitch on needle, insert hook in work, take up thread and draw through work and stitch on needle at same time.

D c, double crochet: Having a stitch on needle (as will be understood in following directions), insert hook in work, take up thread, and draw through, thread over again and draw through the two stitches on needle.

T c, treble crochet: Thread over needle, hook through work, thread over and draw through work, making three stitches on needle, over and draw through two, over and draw through remaining two.

D t c, double triple crochet: Thread over twice before insertion of hook in work, then proceed as in treble crochet.

Bl, Back.
P, picot.
Sp, space.

turn. Continue to make open sp until you have 22 rows.

23rd Row.—29 sp, 25 bl (of 1 tc in tc, 2 tc in sp, tc in tc of previous row) 29 sp, ch 5, turn. **24th Row.**—30 sp, 23 bl, 30 sp, ch 5, turn. **25th Row.**—30 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl. Continue to follow working design.

Plate Mat.—Ch 176, 1 tc in 8 st from needle. Ch 2, 1 tc in 3 st all way along ch until you have 57 sp, ch 5, turn, make 7 rows of sp. **8th Row.**—23 sp, 11 bl, 23 sp, ch 5, turn. **9th Row.**—22 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl, 1 sp, 1 bl. Continue to follow working design.

Edge Around Center and Mats.—Tie thread on 1 dc, ch 2, skip 1 sp, 5 dte with ch 2 between in next sp, skip 1 sp, 1 tc in next sp, ch 2. Continue all around. Go around this closely with dte with picot of ch 3, allowing 3 picots to each scallop.

This set is made with carpet warp thread of pure white. If the centerpiece alone is made for "between meals" use the same floss in a deep cream, or ecru can be used.

This thread comes in half pound balls, each containing 900 yds., and retails for about 50c a ball. If unable to obtain it send us a stamped addressed envelope for names of dealers who handle it.

A centerpiece and six mats take three balls and the "between-meals" centerpiece takes one ball. Use No. 8 or 9 Crochet Hook.

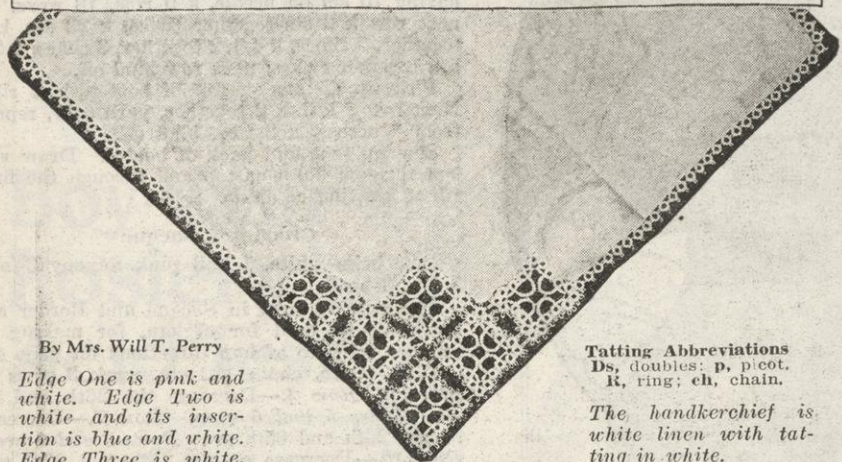




Edge One

Five New Tatted Edges

With a Medallion for Handkerchiefs



By Mrs. Will T. Perry

Edge One is pink and white. Edge Two is white and its insertion is blue and white. Edge Three is white.

Tatting Abbreviations
Ds, doubles; p, picot.
R, ring; ch, chain.

The handkerchief is white linen with tatting in white.

FOR baby things and household linens these tatted edges can be used with embroidery and initials or they are sufficiently decorative to form the only trimming. The handkerchief gives a very simple edge with an original arrangement of medallions.

Edge One: This edge is prettiest made of two colors. Pink and white were used in this case. Use two shuttles. With pink thread, ring 7 ds, with long p between ds. This makes flower. With white thread, working over pink thread, ch 4 ds, p, 4 ds, p, 4 ds, p, 4 ds, join in 4th p of flower. Ch 4 ds. Now make another flower of pink of 7 ds with ps between. With white thread over pink, ch 4 ds. Repeat from first flower.

Edge Two: Use two shuttles. Ring 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, close. Now with second shuttle ch 6 ds, p, 6 ds. (This chain may be of different color.) With first shuttle make 3 ds, join to last p of first ring; 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, close. Make chain of 6 ds, p, 6 ds and proceed as before.

Insertion to Match Edge Two: Same as edge, only in second row join to p in chain of first row.

Edge Three: Made with one shuttle. Ring 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, close. This makes large ring. For small ring, leave usual length of thread; 3 ds, join to last p of large ring, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, close. Make four more small rings, joining at picots. Then repeat from large ring.

Handkerchief

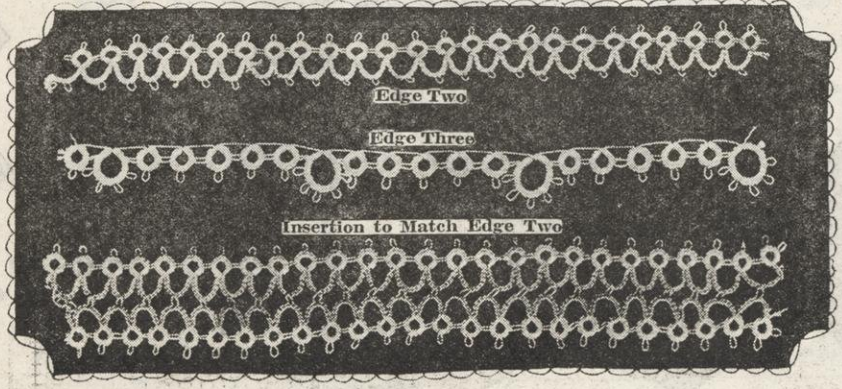
Square Medallion: Use two shuttles. Start at corner and make cloverleaf first as follows: Ring 3 ds, 5 p separated by 2 ds, 3 ds, close. Make second ring same as first, joining first p to last p of first ring. Make third ring same as other two joining its first p to last p of second ring. Ch 4 ds. Ring *3 ds, join to last p of last ring in cloverleaf, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 3 ds, close. Make long ch of 6 ds, p, 4 ds, p, 6 ds, ring*, joining its first p to last p of last ring; ch 4 ds. Make second

cloverleaf same as first, joining its first ring to last ring made, ch 4 ds, ring* joining its first p to last p of last ring of leaf just made. Ch 6 ds, join to last p of long ch, 4 ds, p, 6 ds, ring*, joining first p to last p of last ring; ch 4, make third cloverleaf same as other two. Ch 4 ds, ring*, joining its first p to last p of last ring in leaf; ch 6 ds, join to last p of second long ch made; 4 ds, p, 6 ds, ring*, joining as others to last ring made. Ch 4 ds, make 4th cloverleaf ch 4 ds, ring*, joining to cloverleaf, ch 6 ds, join to last p in third long ch made, 4 ds, join to free p in first long ch, 6 ds. Ring*, joining its first p to last ring and its 5th p to first p in first ring of first leaf made, ch 4 ds, join to base of first leaf. This completes one square. The squares are joined at the corners as shown.

Edge: Ring 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, close. Leave one-fourth inch thread between rings. Ring 3 ds, join to last p of first ring, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 3 ds, close. Repeat for required length.

If tatting has become badly soiled in the making, it is almost impossible to clean it thoroughly by the use of soap and water. Take a quart of water and four tablespoons of ammonia, rinse the tatting gently in this until all soiled parts are removed—then rinse thoroughly in cold water.

Use two shuttles in tatting when the small rings are not to be connected at their bases by a thread, or when you desire to hide passage of thread to another group of stitches, or when threads of different colors are used. Thread from the spool without cutting can be used. Work with two threads is called a chain, work with one thread is called a ring. In using two shuttles, tie the ends of thread together. Put one thread over third finger of left hand, wind it twice around the fourth finger, leaving the shuttle hanging down, using the other shuttle to make the movements the same as if you were working with only one shuttle.



Edge Two

Edge Three

Insertion to Match Edge Two

Send Ten Cents for J.&P. Coats Book No. 14

by Anne Orr



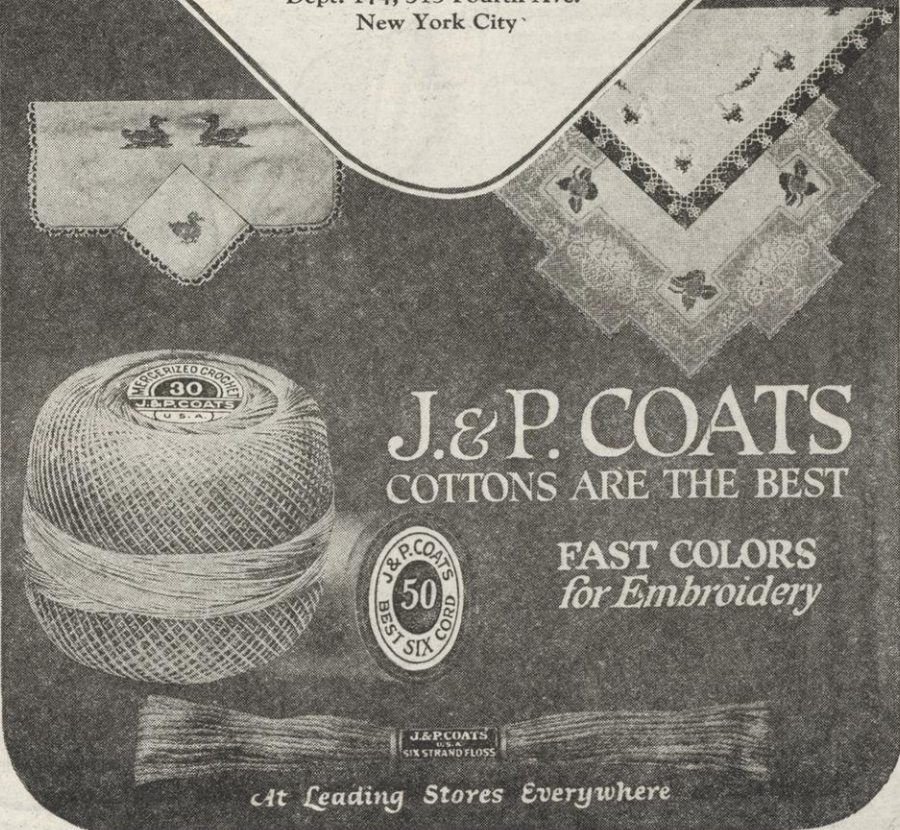
Unusual Designs for Crochet, Cross-Stitch, and Tatting

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Our Baby's Wardrobe

For the Wintry Days

FOR the coming winter months we are showing the newest and most practical styles in warm, woolly things for tiny tots.

The baby is photographed in a crocheted slip-over sweater—a year-old size. She is also wearing the knitted booties which are photographed in pink at the bottom of the page.

The crocheted cap and sacque at the bottom of the page are six months to a year in size. The afghan—finished size 30x26 inches—can be used for a carriage robe, or if it is made for a very small baby it can be used to wrap about him when he is carried around in the early months.

Child's Sweater—1-Year Size

Five balls pink Saxony, 3-fold, 1 No. 3 hook. Starting at bottom of back make a ch of 62 sts. *Row 1.*—In second st of ch work 1 dc, *ch 1, skip 1 st, 1 dc in next st, repeat from* across. Ch 1, turn, at end of each row. *Row 2.*—One dc in first space, *ch 1, 1 dc in next space, repeat from* across, care being taken to have the same number of dc in each row.

Repeat row 2 for all the work. When back measures 9½ inches from start, increase 1 dc at each end on next 3 rows; then add a ch of 31 sts at each end for sleeves. Work 15 dc with 1 ch between each dc on each ch. Work 3 inches, on next row work 28 dc, ch 1, turn, start front on these 28 dc.

Decrease 1 dc at neck end, on each of next 4 rows, work 2¼ inches on remaining sts, then increase 1 dc every other row toward the front 3 times.

Work second side this far, now work across one front, ch 25, work across other side. On next row work 12 dc on ch in center. Now leave 15 dc at each end for sleeves. On remaining sts, finish front to correspond with back. Sew up the seams.

With wrong side of work toward you, work 40 tc at end of sleeves, work 7 rows of tc for cuff, turn cuff back. Work 1 row of dc around the neck, then 1 row of tc; finish with a row of dc.

Work 3 rows of tc around the bottom of sweater. With yarn double, crochet a cord 1 yard long; draw through



Abbreviations are explained on page 20

A Sweater of Simple Crochet Stitches to Keep a Chubby Little Body Warm.

row of tc at neck. Finish ends with cut yarn balls.

Infants' Knitted Knee Booties

Two balls pink Saxony 3 fold. 1 pair No. 2½ needles. Starting at the top cast on 16 sts, k plain, increasing 1 st at each end every other row, until there are 52 sts

on needle, work 12 ribs or 24 rows. Now decrease 1 st at each end every 4th row, until 42 sts remain. On next row bind off first 15 sts, work next 12 sts on an extra needle, bind off remaining 15 sts, on center 12 sts k 14 ribs or 28 rows for instep.

Now pick up 14 sts on each side of instep and 1 st to each of the 15 sts bound off at each side, having 70 sts on needle, k 9 ribs, 18 rows, on next row k 2 sts together twice, k 23 sts, k 2 together, 3 times, k 4, k 2 together, 3 times, k 23, k 2 together twice; next row bind off.

Pick up 45 sts on top of bootie, k 2 ribs. Next row * k 3, k 2 together, yarn over, repeat from * across, k 2 ribs, bind off.

Sew up foot and back of bootie. Draw ribbon through holes at top and through the first rib of knitting at ankle.

Crocheted Sacque

Five balls white, 1 ball pink Saxony 3-fold, 1 No. 3 hook.

The stitches used in Sacque and Border are the same as used for afghan, for making of stitches refer to afghan directions on page 46.

With white, chain 182 sts, work 3 rows of pattern. *Row 4.*—Decrease the 26th and 67 sts. *Rows 5 and 6* even. *Row 7.*—Decrease on the 26th and 65th sts. *Rows 8 and 9* even. *Row 10.*—Decrease on the 26th and 63rd sts. *Rows 11 and 12* even. *Row 13.*—Decrease on the 26th and 44th and 61st sts. *Rows 14 and 15* even. *Row 16.*—Decrease on the 26th and 42nd and 59th sts. Now finish one front. *Row 17.*—Work 20 st, turn. *Row 18.*—Decrease 1 st at neck end. *Row 19.*—Work even. Repeat rows 18 and 19 until there are 28 rows from start, break off yarn. Finish second front same as first. Now leave 3 sts each side for armhole and on remaining center sts, work back, same length as fronts, sew up shoulders.

Sleeves.—Fast'n thread in center st left for armhole. Work 30 sts around armhole, join at end of each row, ch 3, turn, work 9 rows, on the 10th row decrease 1 st at start, 1 st in center, 1 st at end of row. *Rows 11 and 12* work even. *Row 13.*—Same as row 10. *Rows 14 and 15* even. *Row 16.*—Same as row 10. (Continued on page 46)





Boy-wear is Hosiery's Acid Test



—and since Buster Brown Hosiery has for twenty years maintained its leadership for boy wear—it must be good for adult wear!

Buy Buster Brown Hosiery at your retailer's for the entire family.

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No. 1811-W. ATTRACTIVE OVERBLOUSE, that cuts in one piece. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the long sleeve blouse.

No. 1714-W. SMART JACQUETTE, that's easy to make. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch material with 1/2 yard 32-inch contrasting.

No. 1835-W. ATTRACTIVE, ONE-PIECE APRON. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material with 3/4 yards of binding.

Embroidery pattern No. 657-W.

No. 1685-W. HOUSE DRESS, especially adaptable to the mature or plump figure. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 40 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material with 1 1/2 yards 36-inch contrasting.

No. 1678-W. CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS, sleeves either long or short. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material with 2 yards of binding.

Embroidery pattern No. 671-W.

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No. 1255-W. CHILD'S PAJAMAS. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch material.

No. 1523-W. MEN'S AND YOUTH'S PAJAMAS. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches breast measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material.

Patterns are 15c each, postage prepaid. Send to Woman's World, 107 S. Clinton St., Chicago

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Burson "Dixie Grace", like all Burson hosiery, is fashioned in the knitting to fit the foot smoothly and comfortably, to hug the ankle without wrinkling, and to fit the calf gracefully and easily. This trim-fitting neatness is one of the distinguishing features of this remarkable hosiery.

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BURSON KNITTING COMPANY
ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS



The Vee Weave in back of hose (magnified)

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

Made in Cotton, Lisle, Mercerized & Silk



This ticket (in red) on the hem of every pair

Mud and Stars

(Continued from page 11)

peculiarly tolerant attitude towards her. Sensing something of these thoughts, Agatha Ward leaned toward her daughter-in-law.

"It'll be different from what you're used to, Barbry. Us folks don't act like—"

Barbara shuddered at the pronunciation of her name. Why did they persist in calling her "Barbry"? She had corrected this any number of times. "I understand, Mrs. Ward. I won't be disappointed."

And Mrs. Ward, who never heard this name except from the preacher, subsided into silence.

A goodly crowd of both old and young had already assembled when the Wards arrived and if Barbara had hoped to create something of a stir upon her entrance she was not disappointed. The good folks who had come to the merry-making had never before seen a woman attired in a gown such as Barbara wore, although she had selected it because it was most conventional. They were shocked into a horrified silence. It was not long before Alan Ward's wife perceived that something was wrong. Women failed to talk to her except to answer her brief queries with a reserved "Yes ma'am" or "No ma'am." Men avoided her, although Temperance was soon the center of a laughing, bantering group. Agatha had gone to the kitchen. Where was Alan? Barbara looked about her helplessly. Everyone seemed to be occupied with somebody else. Presently Alan reappeared with her cape.

"Put this on, honey, I'm afraid you'll get cold!"

There was a new look in her husband's eyes, half-questioning, half-quizzical, and as he fastened the cape about her slim, bare shoulders Barbara suddenly understood. Alan was ashamed of her. These people did not approve of her costume and so they were avoiding her. Already the violins were being touched into the discordant medley of tuning up and no one had asked her—Barbara—to dance. She was a thing apart. Oh, how she hated these people with their crudeness and their tactlessness and their horrible, horrible customs and standards.

"Stay with me, Alan. I want to dance and—nobody else has asked me." She surveyed the rough floor speculatively. "Or are they going to play some game?"

Six couples had moved out onto the floor and stood waiting.

"They're going to dance," Alan assured her, "square dance, you know."

"But, Alan, I don't know how to dance that kind of a dance."

ALAN laughed. "You better watch a time or two before you try it. These folks don't know how to dance any other kind of a dance."

And Barbara watched, miserably, for an hour. Then she felt tears coming into her throat. What a party! She had not been up from her chair since she arrived. She was being disregarded. Nobody paid any attention to her. Temperance, flushed and laughing with her stiff white dress and tightly braided hair, had danced every set, as they called the clumsy stepping around. What a ridiculous jargon Clement was shouting at the dancers!

"Ice cream an' pink lemonade, Swing your partner—don't be afraid. Gents to th' left, ladies to th' right. Step right out—but not out o'sight! All join hands, now swing your girl, Everybody butterfly whirl!"

Alan had entered into it and swung about with surprising ease some of the very ready wall flowers. Now Alan was outside, smoking perhaps. Barbara determined to find him. The tears were about to overflow and nobody would miss her anyhow. She pulled the cape closer about her and slipped out into the moonlight, hurrying down the little walk

towards the outer yard. A certain poignant tragedy was finding its birth in her heart. The girl had never before faced that inevitable law of nature which makes the ideals of one being seem base, vulgar, commonplace to one of higher type; whereas the ideals of the latter may seem foolish, impractical, worthless to a being of cheaper tastes. So it goes, an endless see-saw, mud and stars! He is fortunate who can see both with an appreciation of the fundamental worth of each.

ALAN was not in sight but over to the left was a group of the women who were busy about the ice-cream freezers. Noiselessly, like some little white ghost in the moonlight, Barbara made her way towards them. Disappointed, unhappy, she instinctively wanted to be near somebody—anybody. They were talking.

Contrasts

By ANNA NELSON REED

Color of dawn or of sunset,
Flooding the sky,
Beautiful, roseate future
Shining on high
So, to the fancy of Childhood,
Life draweth nigh.

Tragic the clouds as they gather,
Hiding the sun,
Dark the despair that convinceth
Hope there is none
Youth, at the touch of disaster,
Seemeth undone.

Yet, as Maturity neareth,
Day after day,
Clearer and truer our vision
Groweth away
Rose hues and darkness together
Fade into gray!

"You surely have my sympathy, Agatha; for you c'n tell by lookin' at her that you can't expect much. She must be a dreadful burden. Been here over a month, too. How'd you put up with it?" There was a garrulous curiosity in the speaker's voice.

"I don't need no sympathy, Samantha Peters!" corrected Agatha. "You're wrong absolute. You're judgin' without knowin'. My daughter-in-law is just about th' sweetest thing th' ever come up Crane's Nest. She's got a disposition like a—like a angel, sweet an' lovin'; an' she's just as good an' kind as she can be. We think there's no one quite like her. Alan sure got a good wife. Course, she can't work much, too little an' frail and then she's just gettin' over a bad sick spell. But you should count th' thousand an' one things she does do for us. It's amazin' for one of her strength; little thoughtful things, you know. Now when I have my sick headaches she can take th' liniment an' rub 'em right away. Her fingers seems full of magic. She kisses me an' calls me Mammy; and you should have seen the presents she brought us. There was a whole set of that new aluminum stuff for me and a bunch of those hard-to-get wool shirts for Jabez, an' Clem got the violin he's been a-hankerin' after all his life. Bless her kind heart! How'd you ever suppose she'd know just what to bring? Oh, we're all over fond of her."

The talking women did not hear the faint choked gasp behind them nor the sound of flying feet. Barbara ran blindly out into the shadows towards the creek and—almost—directly into Temperance who was walking with some of the girls.

"She's so wonderful," Temperance was saying softly, "seems like there never was anybody quite like her. She's so grateful for everything that's done

(Continued on page 43)



At last! an easy, inexpensive way to make unsightly flower-pots attractive

EVERY woman who loves flowering plants will welcome this good news, for this is an ideal way to hide the unattractive red clay of flower pots. Perhaps you have tried tying crepe paper about them only to see it stain and tear. Perhaps you have tried buying jardinières, only to be dismayed at the cost, or discouraged at not being able to get sizes that fit your flower pots.

But this method ends all these difficulties. These cretonne covers are permanent, inexpensive, made to fit exactly, easy to make and attractive. Choose a pretty cretonne and then—

Follow these directions

PLACE the pot in its saucer and set both on a table. Cut a strip of heavy paper a little larger than the circumference of the top of the pot, and a little wider than the height of the pot. Wrap this around the pot and saucer, adjusting it to fit tightly around the top of the pot and the top of the saucer. Let its ends overlap and lepage them together. The lower edge of the paper cuff made in this way will not rest evenly all around on the table, due to the curve of the pot, but a strip of paper about an inch wide, lepage around the bottom

of the cuff will correct this. Then cut off the top of the cuff even with the top of the pot. Slit the cuff down the side; lay it out flat; it is your pattern. On the accuracy of the pattern depends the quality of the finished work.

From pattern cut medium weight cardboard leaving two inches extra at one end. Lap over and lepage to other end. From pattern cut cretonne, leaving one inch extra top and bottom and two inches extra at one end. Apply a broad band of LePage's direct from tube around inside of cardboard cuff top and bottom. Lay cretonne around outside of cardboard. Turn over surplus at top and press it to the band of LePage's until firm. Smooth out wrinkles and then turn over surplus at bottom in same way, drawing cretonne tight.

LePage overlapping end of cretonne to cretonne beneath it, first cutting it off around pattern instead of straight up and down. LePage upholstery gimp around top and bottom of cover for nice finish.

To obtain a pleated effect

A PLEATED effect is obtained by cutting your material about four inches wider than the cardboard cover is tall, and enough longer than the circumference of the cardboard cover to allow for the pleats. LePage a deep hem, at top and bottom of material, making its width a little more than the height of the cardboard. Spread a broad band of LePage's near the top of the cardboard on the outside and lay your material around in pleats. When dry, lepage in same way near the bottom.

THOUSANDS of people have never known until now that LePage's Glue can be used on fabrics, yet the upholsterer has used it for a long time to fasten gimp on chairs. After you spread LePage's on, let it become almost dry before placing the surfaces together; this prevents it coming through on the right side of the material.

LePage's Glue does this work exactly right. It will not dry up, crumble or powder away. Joints made with it are permanent. Its purity gives it enormous strength and makes it possible to use LePage's on silks and satins without staining the most delicate colors.



This new fascinating way to make things at home.

"... I have always known what a wonderful mender LePage's is, but until now I had no idea I could make so many lovely and useful things with it. . . ."

LePage's Craft Book, fully illustrated, contains clear, simple, complete directions for making forty different articles by a method easier and quicker than sewing. After making cretonne covers for your flower pots, you will surely want this book for its many other valuable directions. Send 10 cents, stamps or coin, for LePage's Craft Book to be sent to you by return mail, postage paid. Address LePage's Craft League, care of Russia Cement Company, 48 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

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 Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find 10 cents (stamps or coin) in payment for a copy of LePage's Craft Book.
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Simple Craft Work—With Scissors and Glue

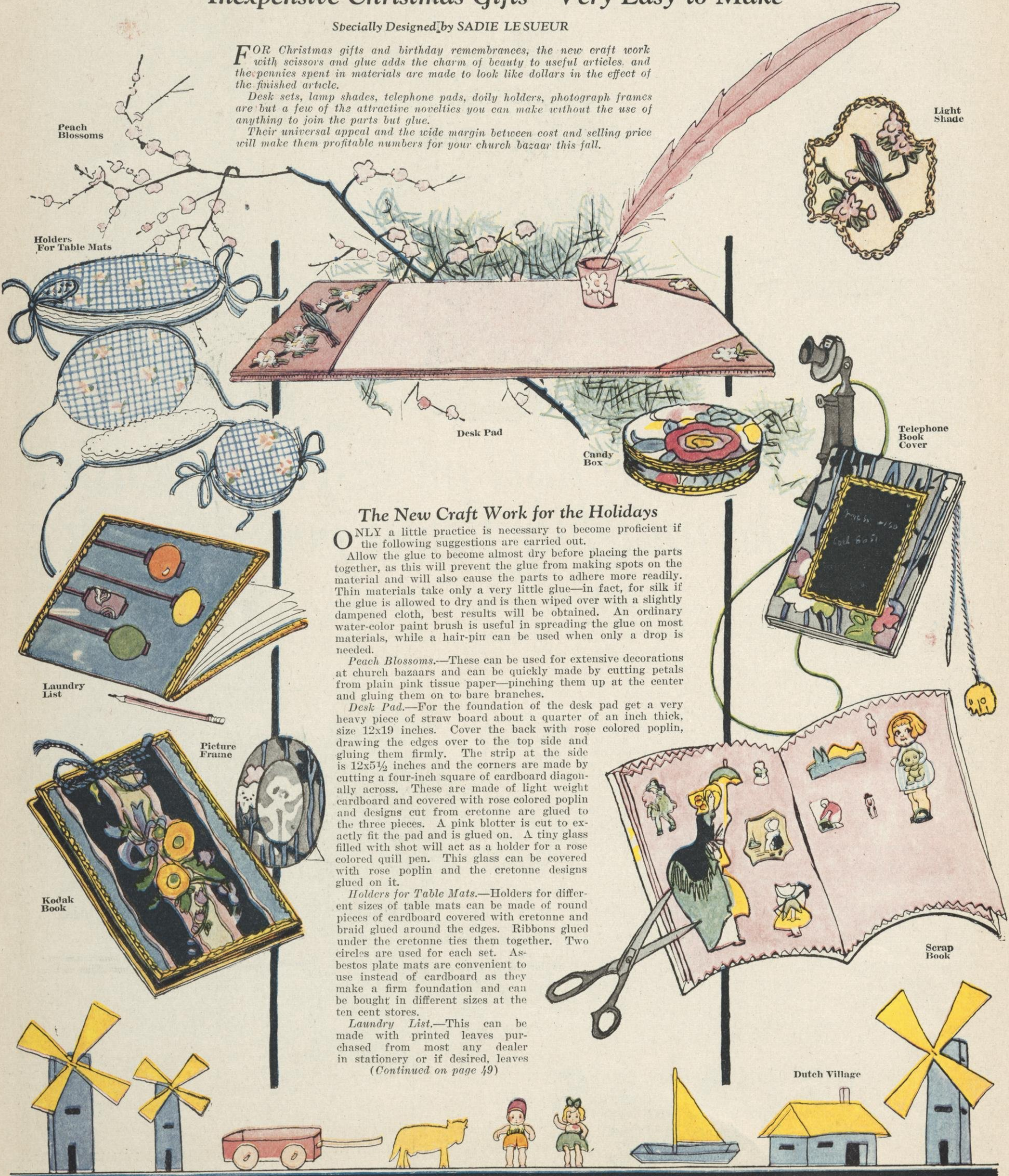
Inexpensive Christmas Gifts—Very Easy to Make

Specially Designed by SADIE LESUEUR

FOR Christmas gifts and birthday remembrances, the new craft work with scissors and glue adds the charm of beauty to useful articles, and the pennies spent in materials are made to look like dollars in the effect of the finished article.

Desk sets, lamp shades, telephone pads, doily holders, photograph frames are but a few of the attractive novelties you can make without the use of anything to join the parts but glue.

Their universal appeal and the wide margin between cost and selling price will make them profitable numbers for your church bazaar this fall.



Peach Blossoms

Holders For Table Mats

Desk Pad

Candy Box

Light Shade

Telephone Book Cover

Laundry List

Picture Frame

Kodak Book

Scrap Book

Dutch Village

The New Craft Work for the Holidays

ONLY a little practice is necessary to become proficient if the following suggestions are carried out.

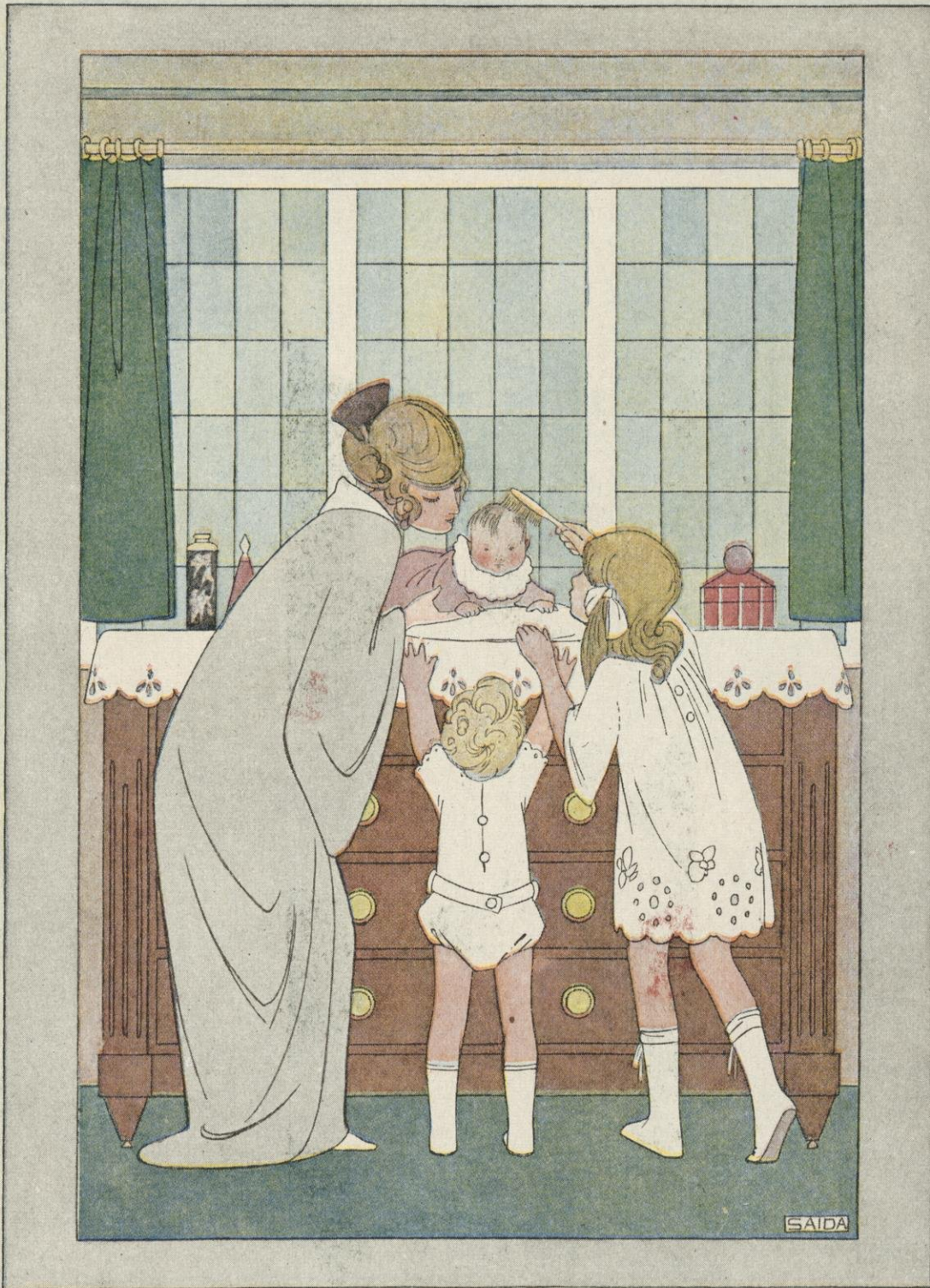
Allow the glue to become almost dry before placing the parts together, as this will prevent the glue from making spots on the material and will also cause the parts to adhere more readily. Thin materials take only a very little glue—in fact, for silk if the glue is allowed to dry and is then wiped over with a slightly dampened cloth, best results will be obtained. An ordinary water-color paint brush is useful in spreading the glue on most materials, while a hair-pin can be used when only a drop is needed.

Peach Blossoms.—These can be used for extensive decorations at church bazaars and can be quickly made by cutting petals from plain pink tissue paper—pinching them up at the center and gluing them on to bare branches.

Desk Pad.—For the foundation of the desk pad get a very heavy piece of straw board about a quarter of an inch thick, size 12x19 inches. Cover the back with rose colored poplin, drawing the edges over to the top side and gluing them firmly. The strip at the side is 12x5½ inches and the corners are made by cutting a four-inch square of cardboard diagonally across. These are made of light weight cardboard and covered with rose colored poplin and designs cut from cretonne are glued to the three pieces. A pink blotter is cut to exactly fit the pad and is glued on. A tiny glass filled with shot will act as a holder for a rose colored quill pen. This glass can be covered with rose poplin and the cretonne designs glued on it.

Holders for Table Mats.—Holders for different sizes of table mats can be made of round pieces of cardboard covered with cretonne and braid glued around the edges. Ribbons glued under the cretonne ties them together. Two circles are used for each set. Asbestos plate mats are convenient to use instead of cardboard as they make a firm foundation and can be bought in different sizes at the ten cent stores.

Laundry List.—This can be made with printed leaves purchased from most any dealer in stationery or if desired, leaves
(Continued on page 49)



Everyone enjoys making baby clean and happy. Mother herself washes little bibs and diapers. Baby is comfortable in diapers washed in Fab suds and Mother's lovely hands keep smooth because there is coconut-oil in Fab's soft white flakes.

Est = 1806 **FAB** Colgate & Co.

Fall Line
Now
On Sale

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Fall Line
Now
On Sale

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The makers of Royal Society Art Needlework Products have devoted time, skill and taste to raising the standard of Art Needlework and to the manufacture of the better quality Art Needlework Materials.

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Send for illustrated booklet describing a variety of beautiful and useful articles

Just try one package, whether you embroider or not. The wonderful stitch diagrams and careful making in these packages have worked miracles in changing the old-fashioned idea that one must be skilled in needlecraft to embroider.

The facility with which you can follow Royal Society lesson charts and the convenience of having "everything in the package" has revolutionized the art of embroidering.

ROYAL SOCIETY ART NEEDLEWORK MATERIALS

- Embroidery and Crochet Cottons
- Celesta, "The Washable Artificial Silk"
- Sweater Twist, an Artificial Silk
- Embroidery Package Outfits
- Stamped Articles, not in Packages

WHEN SHOPPING LOOK FOR THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS BEARING THE ROYAL SOCIETY TRADEMARK. THEY ARE SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

H. E. VERRAN CO., Inc.
19 Union Square West New York



Choice Christmas Suggestions in Towels and Scarfs

Unusual Combinations in the Popular Motifs—Featuring Every Kind of Simple Embroidery

THESE twelve towels and scarfs are especially appropriate for gifts and the results are obtained with comparatively little work. They can be purchased separately or in sets of six as described. The borders are of fast-colored materials in the shades illustrated.

SET No. 1, 3 TOWELS AND 3 SCARFS

By Effie Sory (to the left)

Price for Set \$3.25; 6 Transfers 20c.
Parrot Towel 18x28 in. Stamped on white huck toweling with hemstitched borders of gold-colored suiting. The three rows of hemstitching in the design are already made. The darts at the ends of the rows are to be made in yellow satin stitch. Parrots and swing are to be made in outline stitch, 55c. Yellow, green, blue, red and black floss, 20c.

Initial Frame Towel 18x28 in. finished size—stamped on huck toweling and hemstitched at both ends. Lines are worked in gold outline stitch with lavender French knots. Blue and lavender flowers and green leaves are satin stitch, 30c. Blue, gold, lavender and green floss, 16c.

Basket Towel 18x28 in. stamped on huck toweling with two rows of hemstitching at one end and one row at the other end. Basket is blue outline stitch with blue French knots. Flowers are lavender, blue, yellow and pink lazy-daisy with French knot centers. Butterfly is purple, lavender, yellow and blue outline with a black body, 35c. Blue, lavender, yellow, pink, purple and black floss, 24c. A tatted edge is used.

Morning Glory Scarf 18x52 in. Stamped on cream cotton crash with blue lining binding sewed to under side. Upper edge is to be sewed down with blue running stitches. Morning glories are in satin stitch or they can be outlined in chain stitch, 95c. Blue, yellow, lavender, rose and green floss, 20c.

Wild Rose Scarf 18x44 in. finished size, stamped on heavy white Damascus cloth with ends hemstitched. Flowers are pink and buds are rose in long and short stitch with yellow French knot centers, 50c. Pink, rose, yellow and green floss, 16c.

Poppy Scarf 18x52 in. stamped on cream cotton crash with rose binding sewed to under side of each end. Upper edge to be held with rose running stitches. Poppies and leaves are long and short stitch with black French knot centers, 85c. Rose, green, black floss, 12c.

SET No. 2, 2 SCARFS AND 4 TOWELS

By Sadie Le Sueur (to the right)

Price for Set \$2.75; 6 Transfers 20c.
Scarf with Cross-stitched Basket 17x44 in. Linen-finished linen with blue border hemstitched on 3 sides. Basket is brown with pink, blue and lavender flowers and green leaves, 85c. Brown, blue, pink, lavender, yellow and green floss, 24c.

Cherry Blossom Towel 18x28 in. Stamped on white cotton huck with hemstitched edges. Flowers are pink long and short stitch with yellow French knot centers. Stems are brown outline. The vase is a blue patch to be buttonholed with blue floss. The crocheted edge is photographed below, 35c. Blue, pink and brown floss, 12c.

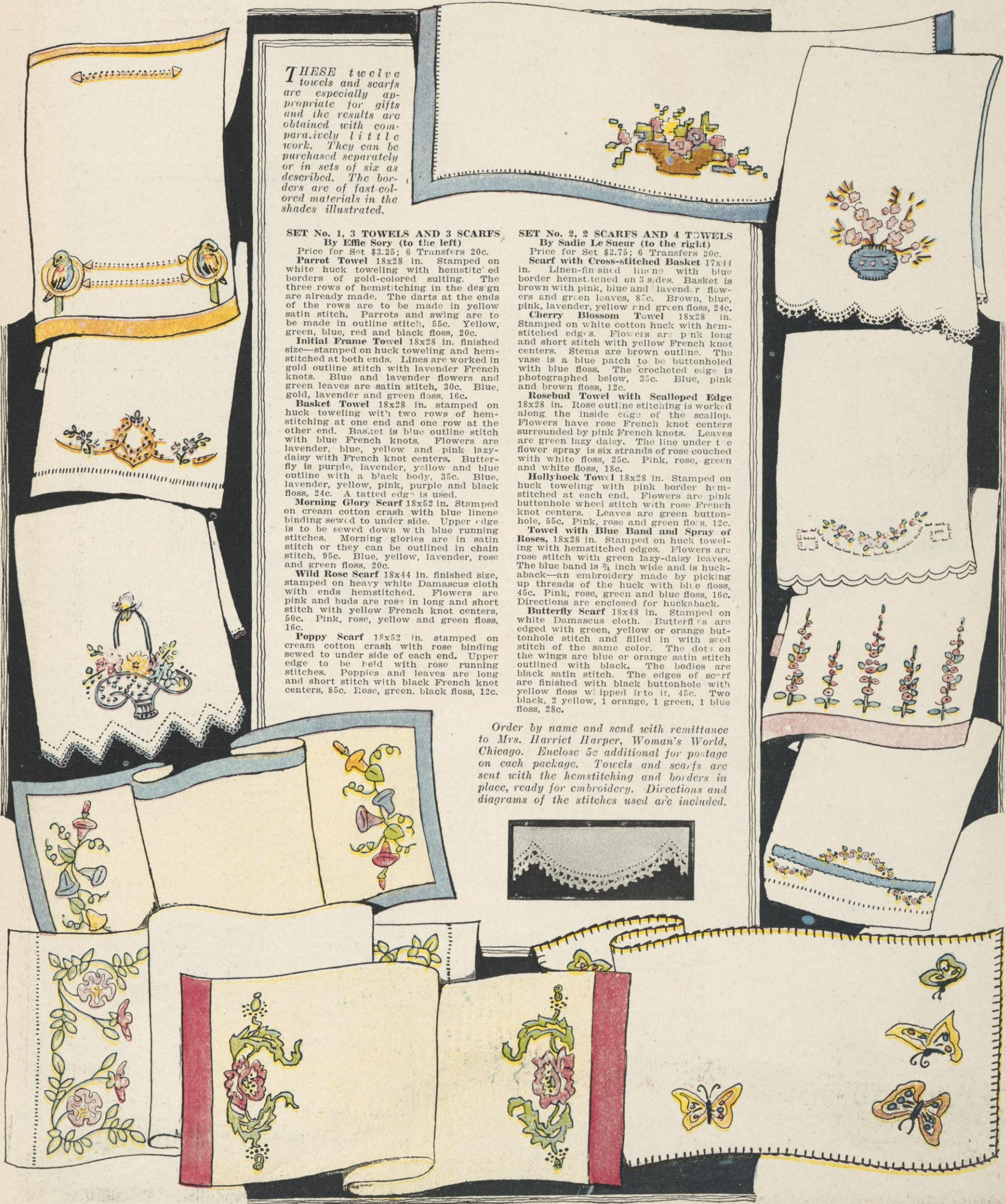
Rosebud Towel with Scalloped Edge 18x28 in. Rose outline stitching is worked along the inside edge of the scallop. Flowers have rose French knot centers surrounded by pink French knots. Leaves are green lazy daisy. The line under the flower spray is six strands of rose couched with white floss, 25c. Pink, rose, green and white floss, 18c.

Hollyhock Towel 18x28 in. Stamped on huck toweling with pink border hemstitched at each end. Flowers are pink buttonhole wheel stitch with rose French knot centers. Leaves are green buttonhole, 55c. Pink, rose and green floss, 12c.

Towel with Blue Band and Spray of Roses 18x28 in. Stamped on huck toweling with hemstitched edges. Flowers are rose stitch with green lazy-daisy leaves. The blue band is 3/4 inch wide and is huckaback—an embroidery made by picking up threads of the huck with blue floss, 45c. Pink, rose, green and blue floss, 16c. Directions are enclosed for huckaback.

Butterfly Scarf 18x48 in. Stamped on white Damascus cloth. Butterflies are edged with green, yellow or orange buttonhole stitch and filled in with seed stitch of the same color. The dots on the wings are blue or orange satin stitch outlined with black. The bodies are black satin stitch. The edges of scarf are finished with black buttonhole with yellow floss whipped into it, 45c. Two black, 2 yellow, 1 orange, 1 green, 1 blue floss, 28c.

Order by name and send with remittance to Mrs. Harriet Harper, Woman's World, Chicago. Enclose 5c additional for postage on each package. Towels and scarfs are sent with the hemstitching and borders in place, ready for embroidery. Directions and diagrams of the stitches used are included.



Making an Attractive Room for a Few Dollars

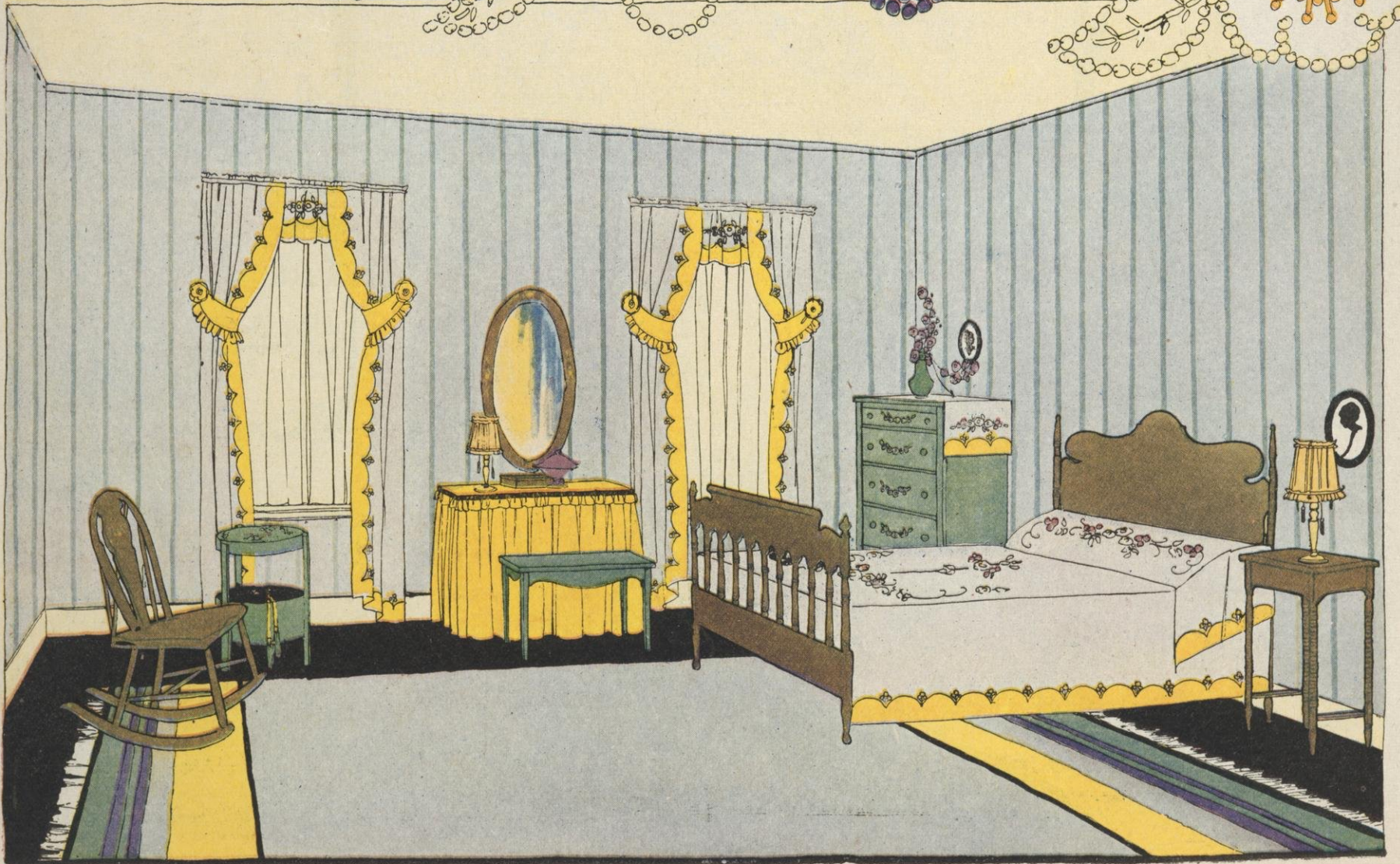
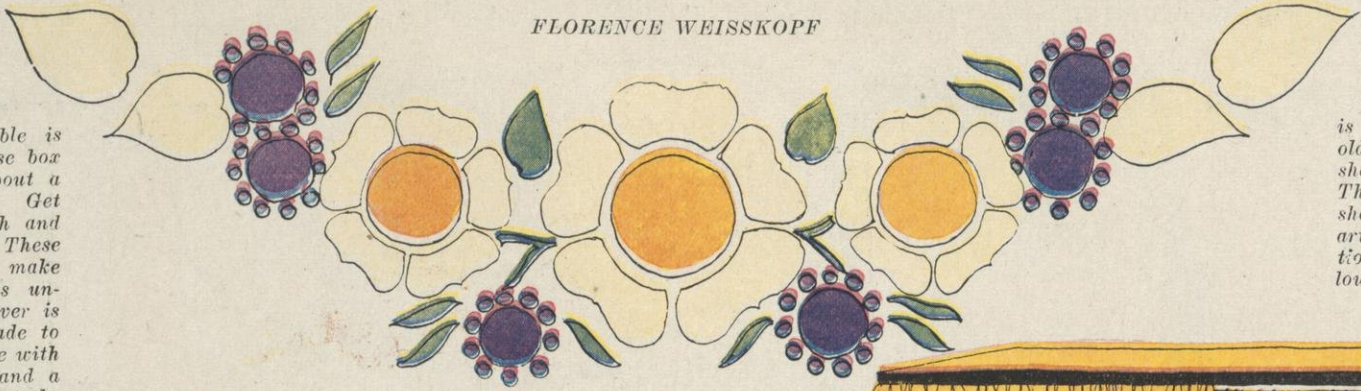
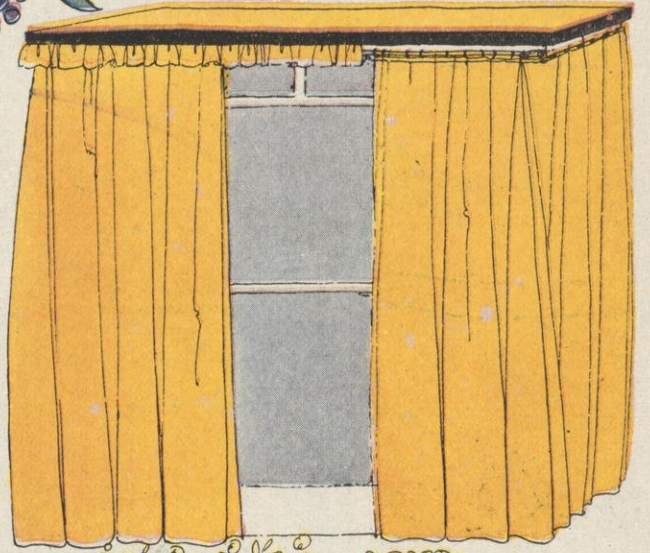
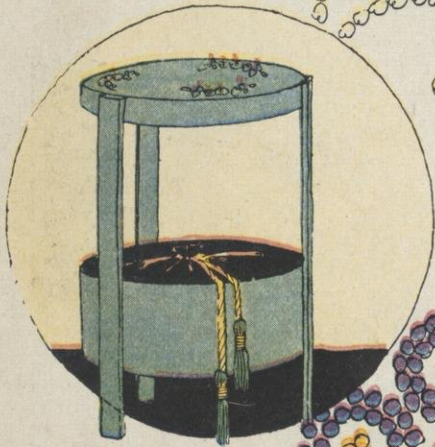
FLORENCE WEISSKOPF

THE sewing table is made of a cheese box sawed down to about a seven-inch depth. Get one that is smooth and free from knots. These are so simple to make that a diagram is unnecessary. The cover is of black sateen made to fit the circumference with two draw strings and a heading to close it at the top. One enamel motif where the legs join the table is an attractive addition to the top of the table which was the cover of the cheese box.

The dressing table is simple to make. An old box is used with the shelves tacked into it. The two small upper shelves are for toilet articles, the middle section for hats and the lower one for shoes.

THE bedroom in the illustration is a lesson in combining odds and ends of furniture into a harmonious, inviting whole. The bed and chair are of the old-fashioned type one of which almost every farm house boasts. There are a large number of designs in existence of spool and spindle turned beds and very nearly all of them are good in design. In fact, they are so desirable that many factories are copying the old models exactly, both in wood and metal. If you have to buy a bed and are limited in price you will find that beds of this type, actually reproducing colonial models are comparatively inexpensive and are very much to be preferred to some of the more elaborate bow end or imitation carved variety that cost even more. They seem to fit into an unassuming interior with homemade spread and drapes much better than the more pretentious type of furniture. If your bed is in fairly good

(Continued on page 48)





Conveniently put up in Paste, Liquid and Powdered forms. Use the Powdered Wax for dancing floors.



JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

You can give every room in your home that delightful air of immaculate cleanliness by using Johnson's Polishing Wax occasionally on your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum. It imparts a beautiful hard, dry, glass-like polish which will not show finger prints or collect dust and lint. Johnson's Wax cleans, polishes, preserves and protects—all in one operation.

A Perfect Furniture Polish

Johnson's Liquid Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It covers up surface mars and prevents checking—Removes the bloom and takes all drudgery from dusting—Forms a thin, protecting finish coat. Johnson's Wax adds years to the life and beauty of varnish. Hot dishes will not mar it. Easy to apply and polish.

Floors polished with Johnson's Prepared Wax do not show scratches or heel-prints and can easily be kept in perfect condition by re-waxing doorways and tracks as they become worn. Your Linoleum will last longer and look better if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Paste or Liquid Wax. It prevents cracking—brings out the pattern—protects from wear—and makes cleaning easy.

\$4.35 Floor Polishing Outfit for \$3.50

With this outfit [consisting of a \$3.50 weighted brush with new wax applying attachment and a 1 lb. (85c) can of Johnson's Polishing Wax] you can easily keep your floors and linoleum like new. This Special Offer is good through dealers—or send \$3.50 direct to us. (Price \$4.00 West of the Rockies.)

FREE—Book on Home Beautifying

There are many ways to make your home more artistic, cheery and inviting. Our book on Home Beautifying gives a hundred practical suggestions for refinishing and keeping furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum in perfect condition. We will gladly send this book free and postpaid. Fill out and mail coupon.

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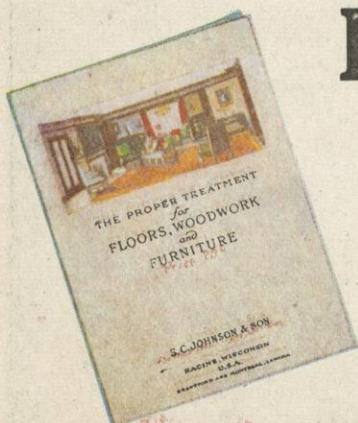
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Please send me free and postpaid your Book on Home Beautifying and Wood Finishing. I understand that it explains how to finish inexpensive soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood. Tells what materials to use and how to apply them. Includes color charts—gives covering capacities, etc.

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Sadie Le Sueur's Page for Mothers

A Complete Wardrobe for Your Five-Year Old Daughter
With Some Simple and Effective Embroidery Suggestions



11-23-488

HERE is another complete outfit for a little girl. This time it is for five-year-old Sally. The mothers of little girls from four to six will find many suggestions in the wardrobe. The stamping lines of each article in the wardrobe are for a five-year size but directions are sent for cutting inside or outside the lines to make them fit a six-year or a four-year size.

11-23-488. The Sunday dress is white cross-bar dimity with rose organdy collar and cuffs. These are edged with blanket stitch in black whipped with white to give a rope effect. Rambler roses with green leaves are worked on the front of the dress between the two rows of black running stitches which are one inch apart. Stamped on white cross-bar dimity with rose organdy collar and cuffs, \$1.00. Black, white, rose and green floss, 18c.

11-23-489. The green batiste party dress has white organdy collar and cuffs embroidered in rose colored outline stitch and clusters of French knot flowers around a rambler rose center. This bouquet is illustrated in the lower left-hand corner of the page. The pink bow requires 1½ yards of narrow satin ribbon. Stamped on green batiste with white organdy collar and cuffs, \$1.25. Lace and ribbon not included. Green, rose, lavender, blue and yellow floss, 24c.

The underwear has a different finish from that shown on our other pages and needs no expensive edge as the ruffles are done in the shell stitch in blue floss, as are also the necks and armholes of petticoat and teddy. The embroidery is done in blue chain stitch and clusters of the same flowers as those on the green party dress.

To Sally's Little Friends

So many little girls are writing us for the cutouts whose mothers do not find it convenient to order any of the wardrobe that we are making the following offer. If you will get your Mother to renew her subscription to Woman's World for a year or send us a new subscription for a year and enclose 50c for it, we will send you the four-color cutout of Sally's wardrobe free of charge at once. Be sure to ask for the cutout when sending the subscription.
HARRIET HARPER

11-23-490. Gertrude stamped flat on flesh nainsook, 75c. Blue, lavender, green, yellow and rose floss, 24c.

11-23-491. Teddies to match stamped flat on flesh nainsook, 75c.

11-23-492. Nightgown stamped flat on flesh nainsook, 85c.

11-23-493. Sweater and Hat to match. The sweater is knitted and requires four balls, the hat is crocheted and requires two balls of yarn. We can furnish the yarn for sweater and hat at 60c a ball in muffin brown (illustrated), jockey green, red or delft blue. Directions are included for a four-year and a six-year size.

11-23-494. The kimona is made of blue flannel with white bands embroidered in blue running stitch and the same French bouquets as those on the green dress. Blue flannel kimona with white bands, 95c. Blue, green, lavender, rose and gold floss, 24c.

11-23-495-A. An afternoon dress is made of tan gingham with bloomers to match. A narrow bias fold of white organdy is put at both sides of yoke, cuffs and bloomer bands. Scallops are formed by taking a darning stitch the length desired for scallop and then a stitch drawn firmly over the bias fold, using orange six-strand floss. The butterflies are embroidered in brown satin and outline stitch with orange satin stitch dots. Stamped on imported tan gingham with organdy folds for edging, \$1.15. Bloomers to match stamped flat, 75c.

11-23-495-B. The hat to match the dress is of brown taffeta with tan taffeta facing and ribbon. A transfer of the butterfly that holds the ribbon in place and cutting lines of the hat, 20c.

11-23-496. Play dress is pink checked gingham with bloomers of same material. The sides of the little apron dress are slightly open to show the bloomers underneath. The edges of the collar and cuffs, and the sides and bottom of the dress are finished with white rick-rack braid. A "crow's foot" of black floss is worked in each scallop. The yellow flowers have yellow lazy-daisy petals and black French knot centers. The leaves are green lazy-laisy stitches. The sash is sewed in the side seams and ties in the back. Stamped flat with apron, sash, rick-rack and white cross-barred collar and cuffs, \$1.35. Yellow, green and black floss, 16c.

11-23-487. Set of four handkerchiefs to match each dress. Stamped on white cross-barred dimity, 30c. The Fairy Masquerade Costume is a dress pattern furnished in sizes 8 and 12 years. No. M12. 20c.

Order by number and send with remittance to Mrs. Harriet Harper, Woman's World, 107 S. Clinton St., Chicago.



A four-colored cut-out of Sally and her wardrobe on heavy stock has been designed by Agnes Barton.

A cut-out of Sally is included with each order or the cut-out will be sent for 15c.



11-23-496



Agnes Harter Barton

A Thanksgiving Dinner Fit for a King

A Royal Meal for a Family of Six—Cost \$3.53



THIS year when Thanksgiving rolls around every house-keeper begins to dread the thousand and one steps of preparation as well as the cost that the time-honored Thanksgiving Dinner entails.

It is with the idea that Thanksgiving should mean more than a tired-out mother and a repast that taxes the family pocketbook that we present Menu No. 1. It is appetizing, well-balanced, economical and will please every appetite. It will save Mother's strength and give her a chance to enjoy a real Thanksgiving with her loved ones.

Menu No. 2, while more elaborate will be found well-planned and not at all difficult to prepare. The costs of the dinners are shown in tables at the foot of the page.

Menu No. 1

BAKED BEAN SOUP.—To make six portions of this soup requires a pint of home-made or canned cold baked beans. Put them in a saucepan with a pint of canned tomatoes, a small onion sliced and a pint of cold water. Cook slowly for half an hour, then press through a colander, season with celery salt and white pepper, and thicken with a tablespoon each butter and flour.

VEAL BIRDS AND GRAVY.—Cut thinly sliced veal steak or any lean cut of veal into pieces about 3 by 5 inches. Even the surface by pounding with the flat side of the meat cleaver, dredge with flour, pepper and salt.

On each piece put a spoonful of stuffing made of fine bread crumbs, seasoned with a pinch of summer savory, 1/2 tablespoon minced onion if liked, and pepper and salt. Moisten with melted butter but no water. Roll veal strip around the stuffing, fasten with wooden toothpicks or tie with string, and be sure to fasten over ends so the stuffing will not cook out. Heat beef drippings hot in skillet, and brown the rolls all over. Then put in baking pan, turn in cup of half milk and half water, hot but not boiling, and melt in it a tablespoon butter or substitute. Cover pan and bake slowly for 20 minutes, then uncover and brown. Remove to hot dish, slightly thicken pan gravy and pour over rolls, and garnish with parsley. If it is desired to extend this the "birds" may each be served on a piece of buttered toast from which the crusts have been trimmed. Pieces of uncooked macaroni can be stuck in the rolls to represent the "birds'" legs, and paper frills put on these.

BAKED PEELED POTATOES.—Peel small potatoes. Rub all over with softened beef drippings, and when Veal Birds are about half done put the potatoes in the pan with them, baste with gravy and finish cooking with Veal.

CREAMED CANNED CORN.—Put the contents of a can of corn in the double boiler. Heat hot, and season with salt, pepper, a teaspoon sugar and a tablespoon butter. Stir a tablespoon flour with four tablespoons milk until smooth, then stir with corn and cook until like rich cream.

PINEAPPLE SALAD.—Arrange slices of canned pineapple on lettuce leaves, and fill the hole in the center with chopped walnuts and a little cheese. Make a border around the center with mayonnaise mixed with whipped cream. Serve wafers with the salad.

APPLE TRIANGLES.—Sift two cups flour with 1/2 teaspoon sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, and chop into it 3/4 cup shortening. After chopping rub with the finger tips until all is well mixed, then wet with ice water to a dough that can be rolled. Roll, fold, and roll again. Do this four times in all, then roll out thin and cut in five-inch squares. Have ready tart apple pulp chopped fine and mixed with 1/4 as much sugar as apple, and powdered cinnamon sufficient to flavor. Add a few seedless raisins. Put a spoonful of the mixture on each square, put on a few dots of butter, and fold to form a triangle. Wet edges with cold water, then press together firmly. Prick top several times, or cut slits in it with a sharp knife. Lay in a shallow pan, do not grease pan, and bake until brown. Serve hot with a slice of Philadelphia cream cheese laid on top of each triangle.

Menu No. 2

FRUIT COCKTAIL.—Use one-half grapefruit for each portion, take out pulp, remove seeds and pith. Add for every two grapefruit (four portions) the pulp of one orange and a dozen skinned and seeded white grapes. Put fruit in a mold which has a close cover. Sprinkle with lemon juice—one lemon to four grapefruit—powdered sugar and a

shake of cayenne or paprika. Put mold in ice compartment of refrigerator until ready to serve. When ready serve in glasses or keep skins in ice water, drain and dry skins, fill with the ice cold fruit, and put in a little of the juice, beat-

ing well before adding. A tablespoon of grape juice added to the juice is excellent.

ROAST GOOSE.—Select a young goose, weighing 8 or 10 pounds. Scrub well with hot water to which a little washing soda has been added, then rinse well and dry outside and in. Make a stuffing of freshly boiled and mashed potatoes, seasoning with salt, pepper, powdered sage and a very little onion. Stuff but do not pack. Sew up, truss, then put in steamer and steam for an hour to sweat off the excessive fat and make the meat more tender. Some cooks parboil a goose for half an hour before wiping dry and stuffing. Then rub all over with flour seasoned with pepper and salt, and roast, putting 1 1/2 cups boiling water in the pan. Roast 20 minutes to the pound if doubtful of its tenderness. Remove from pan to platter when done, turn off all the grease and after stirring in the flour for thickening let it fry a minute or so to get brown before adding the water.

APPLE-PRUNE SAUCE.—Very often small apples are cored but not peeled, and baked at the same time as the goose but not with it, then served in a border about it. For Apple-Prune Sauce core and peel tart apples, put in baking pan, no water, cover, and bake with occasional stirring until they are soft enough to mash. Put a cup of cooked prunes through a sieve, and add to two cups of the hot apple sauce, beating in 1/2 cup sugar

and 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon. Serve cold with the goose.

DUCHESS POTATOES.—Mash freshly boiled potatoes with butter, hot milk, pepper and salt until like a thick cream. They must be beaten free from lumps. Put through the pastry tube and carry the mixture around and around to make little baskets. Brush with yolk of egg beaten with a little milk, and brown in oven.

CREAMED CELERY.—Clean outside stalks and white leaves of a head of celery, cut in small pieces and cook until tender in three cups of water. Scald a slice of onion in two cups milk in a double boiler. Rub celery when soft through a sieve. Blend three tablespoons cornstarch with three tablespoons butter, cook for a few minutes until well blended, gradually add the milk, strained, and the celery, season with celery salt and pepper.

GLACE SWEET POTATOES.—Pare six cold boiled sweet potatoes, and cut in two lengthwise. Dust with pepper and salt. Melt together two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons brown sugar. Dip the pieces of potato in this, and arrange in a baking pan, bake until they are a rich brown.

HEAD LETTUCE SALAD.—Cut crisp head lettuce in sections, or pull apart leaf lettuce. Place on individual plates. For the dressing add to either mayonnaise or boiled dressing a tablespoon minced onion and a pimiento cut in small pieces. Beat well with a dash of paprika, and put a spoonful on each portion of lettuce.

CHEESE STRAWS.—When making pies roll thin any remaining crust, sprinkle plentifully with grated cheese and dust with paprika. Fold, press edges together, roll out, add grated cheese and paprika as before. Do this three

times, then cut in long narrow strips and bake a light brown in moderate oven in an ungreased tin.

BRICK ICE CREAM.—Make a boiled custard of 2 cups milk, 3/8 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cornstarch, 2 eggs well beaten, 1/4 tea-

spoon salt. Mix sugar, salt and cornstarch. Add the well beaten eggs. Bring milk to scald in double boiler and pour it over the mixture. Put back in double boiler and stir constantly until mixture becomes thick enough to coat a spoon. Cool, flavor with 2 teaspoons vanilla extract. Add a tablespoon powdered sugar and a teaspoon lemon juice. Stir in last 3 cups of cream. Pack in brick mold and bury in salt and ice 3 hours.

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE.—Sift 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar and cream 1/2 cup butter, then cream the two together. Sift three cups pastry flour with three teaspoons baking powder three times and measure. After creaming butter and sugar add one-third cup cold water and a cup of flour and beat thoroughly. Add second cup flour and beat thoroughly. Then add third cup flour and two-thirds cup water, also one-half teaspoon each almond and vanilla extract and beat again. Last of all fold in the well beaten whites of four eggs, with which has been beaten a small pinch of salt. Bake in three layers, and put together with the following boiled icing:

ICING FOR LADY BALTIMORE CAKE.—Cook one cup sugar, one-third cup water until the syrup will spin a thread, then pour slowly over the well beaten whites of two eggs, and gradually beat in one cup mixed chopped figs, walnut or pecan meats and marshino cherries. Spread between and on top of cake, or the fancy filling may be used between the layers and the top frosted with plain icing.

Menu No. 1	
Baked Bean Soup	
CROUTONS	
Veal Birds and Gravy	
Baked Peeled Potatoes	Creamed Canned Corn
Apple Triangles	Pineapple Salad
	Cheese
	Coffee

Menu No. 2	
Fruit Cocktail	
Roast Goose	
Apple Prune Sauce	Stuffed Olives
Glaze Sweet Potatoes	Duchesse Potatoes
	Creamed Celery
	Buttered Parker House Rolls
Head Lettuce Salad	Cheese Straws
Brick Ice Cream	Lady Baltimore Cake
	Coffee
Salted Almonds	After Dinner Mints

THIS table and the one opposite give the approximate costs for Menus 1 and 2. With the exception of seasonings such as salt, paprika, etc.—the prices of which are too small to figure—the costs are very complete.

Menu No. 1		
1 lb.	Apples	\$0.08
11 oz. can	Baked Beans09
1 loaf	Bread for Toast08
4 tablespoons	Butter20
3/4 lb.	Coffee15
11 lb. can	Corn06
2 3-oz. pkgs.	Cream Cheese22
1/2 pint	Cream08
2 1/2 cups	Flour10
1	Lemon04
1 head	Lettuce10
1 cup	Milk04
3/4 pint	Oil for Salad13
1	Onion01
12	Paper Frills for "Birds"12
1 can—10 slices	Pineapple35
2 lbs.	Potatoes06
1 package	Raisins (Seedless)05
3/4 cup	Shortening05
1/2 teaspoon	Sugar01
10 oz. can	Tomatoes07
2 lbs.	Veal	1.25
3/4 lb.	Walnuts16
1 box	Wafers05
Total		\$3.53



The Thanksgiving Table is set for Menu No. 2 with the first course in position. The centerpiece may be of fruit as shown or of flowers.

Menu No. 2		
3/4 lb.	Almonds Shelled	\$0.30
1 lb.	Apples04
3 tablespoons	Baking Powder01
9 tablespoons	Butter30
6 stalks	Celery30
1/2 lb.	Cheese20
3/4 lb.	Coffee15
3 1/2 tablespoons	Cornstarch05
1 1/2 pint	Cream24
9	Eggs36
3 cups	Flour (Pastry)10
14 oz. jar	Figs25
10 lbs.	Goose	3.00
1 lb.	Grapes (White)15
3	Grapefruit30
..	Ice10
2	Lemons12
1 head	Lettuce10
2 1/2 pints	Milk29
1 box	Mints15
1 bottle	Maraschino Cherries22
3 1/2 pint	Oil for Salad13
1 bottle	Olives (Stuffed)35
1	Onion01
2	Oranges08
3/4 lb.	Pecans17
1	Pinto05
3 lbs.	Potatoes (White)09
2 lbs.	Potatoes (Sweet)16
1 package	Prunes15
6	Rolls (Parker House)10
2 lbs.	Sugar (Granulated)18
3/4 lb.	Sugar (Powdered)03
2 tablespoons	Brown Sugar02
2 teaspoons	Vanilla05
1 teaspoon	Extract03
Total		\$8.05

Eating for Health

IT is much more important to eat for health than for the mere pleasure and satisfaction of eating. But why not plan your meals for both?

For Easier Digestion

An extended scientific investigation, just completed by high scientific authorities proves that Knox Sparkling Gelatine has a remarkable "colloidal action" which means that it helps natural digestion by softening the food eaten.

For Beneficial Delight

It is so easy to eat for health as well as for pleasure, by often serving for lunch or dinner one of the many delicious desserts and salads, a jellied consommé, or meat, fish and vegetable dishes easily and economically made with

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

And science has gone even further in proving that Knox Gelatine is naturally rich in Lysine—the valuable protein element which promotes healthy growth.

For Child Health

For this reason, Knox Sparkling Gelatine—being a plain, unflavored, edible Gelatine—should be given freely and regularly to the children in their daily diet of pure fruit juices, soups, milk, eggs, cereals, and desserts.

Important Book—FREE

This investigation disclosed so many important facts about the health value of Knox Sparkling Gelatine that they have been recorded in a book, "The Health Value of Gelatine," which everyone should read—especially mothers. This (together with recipe books) will be sent free, on receipt of 4c for postage and your grocer's name. Address:

(Health Dept.)

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
112 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



Desserts for November

Some delicious recipes with cranberries and pumpkins

By Lilian Dynevor Rice

Cranberry Betty
COOK a pint of cranberries with just enough water to keep from burning, until they are soft. Add sugar to suit the taste and let cool. Grease a baking dish, put in a thick layer of dry bread crumbs and sprinkle lightly with brown sugar. Put in the cranberry and cover with another thick layer of crumbs, sprinkling as before. Repeat, finishing with a layer of crumbs, which dot with butter and lightly sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a slow oven for 45 minutes. Serve hot with a sauce made by creaming three tablespoons of butter and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup powdered sugar. When smooth and creamy beat in three tablespoons of cranberry jelly.



little flour, roll up the dough and fold over and pinch the ends after moistening with cold water. Either tie in a cloth and boil steadily for an hour, or put in baking pan, well greased, rub the roll with melted butter and bake until brown, basting from time to time with hot water in which has been melted a teaspoon of butter and a

tablespoon of sugar, this amount being for $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water. Serve with a hard sauce similar to what is given to use with Cranberry Betty, or with the juice of the sweetened cranberries slightly thickened with cornstarch.

Pumpkin Pie

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked pumpkin
1 egg
2-3 cup brown sugar
Tiny pinch salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cornstarch
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk

PREPARE pumpkin as for the souffle given above. Add the beaten egg and the other ingredients, beating well. Line deep pie plate with any preferred paste. Wet edge and add a rim of paste, pressing it on firm. Fill with the prepared pumpkin and bake for about 40 minutes or until custard is firm.

Cranberry Sauce Tarts

MAKE tart forms, bake, then fill with well sweetened strained cranberry sauce, stiff enough to form a jelly. Cross top with 4 strips of pastry, and set in oven until these are lightly browned.

Pumpkin Pie with Molasses

1 cup prepared pumpkin
1 egg
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
1 tablespoon flour
2 tablespoons molasses
2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon each cinnamon and ginger
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

PREPARE pumpkin as for preceding recipes. Mix flour, salt, spice and sugar, add pumpkin, melted butter, beaten egg and molasses and milk. Turn into pie plate lined with pastry and bake in moderate oven until firm. This amount will make one pie.

Cranberry Sherbet

4 cups cranberries
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar
3 cups boiling water
1 cup cold water
1 heaping tablespoon gelatine
Juice of 1 lemon

COOK cranberries in boiling water until very soft, then put through a sieve. Stir in sugar. Soak gelatine in the cup of cold water for 5 minutes. When sugar has dissolved add the gelatine and lemon juice to the hot sauce. Cool and freeze. This makes a delicious change from cranberry sauce to serve with poultry.

Little Pumpkin Souffles



Little Pumpkin Souffles

1 egg
2 cups cooked pumpkin
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
Tiny pinch salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract
1 tablespoon fine dry bread crumbs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg

CUT up pumpkin, remove seeds, cut in pieces and bake or steam, then drain as dry as possible and put through sieve. Beat egg yolk with pumpkin, then the sugar, salt, crumbs and spice. Fill little ramekins with the mixture and bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. Beat egg white with tablespoon powdered sugar, pile a little on top of each ramekin and return to oven to brown very slightly. Serve cold.

Pumpkin Pudding with Chocolate Meringue

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup granulated sugar
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 square grated unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon each cinnamon and ginger
3 eggs
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups prepared pumpkin
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
1 tablespoon melted butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract

MIX granulated sugar with spices, salt, pumpkin, the yolks of the three eggs, milk, cream and butter. Beat one egg white and add last. Turn into pastry lined pie plate and bake for 45 minutes in moderate oven. Beat the remaining egg whites stiff with the tablespoon powdered sugar, and beat in the chocolate which has been melted after grating, over boiling water. Beat in the vanilla extract, spread on top of cooled pie and set in moderate oven for a few minutes to harden.

Cranberry Roll

MAKE a rich biscuit dough, using half again as much shortening as for biscuits. Roll almost as thin as for pie crust, spread with cranberries prepared as above, leaving bare about an inch and a half at each side. Sprinkle berries with granulated sugar and a

Something NEW in the jam jar!



HERE'S a new kind of jam—a delicious jam—a jam that is good for the children—because science says it actually promotes healthy growth. You can make up a week's supply and keep it in the jam jar ready for the school lunch or as a spread for that "between-meals filler" of bread or crackers.

It is also delicious on the morning toast or muffins, or with the breakfast cereal. It makes the most delicious cake filling you ever tasted! And besides its appetizing charm, it is a healthy aid to digestion. It's simple and very economical to make with

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Mother's Gelatine Spread

2 teaspoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful orange juice
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonfuls juice from orange peel
A few grains of salt
1 cupful Karo Syrup (Red Label) or any crystal clear syrup.

Soak gelatine in strained orange juice for five minutes. Set cup containing this in boiling water. When gelatine is dissolved, remove cup from hot water and stir in syrup, salt, and liquid from orange peel, keeping in refrigerator until it congeals or reaches a "spreadable" consistency.

Make the orange peel liquid by shaving off the yellow rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange (do not use the inner white part) add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful cold water; cover and boil about ten minutes. Drain and use this liquid as directed above.

A Valuable Book—FREE

Science has discovered some very remarkable facts about Knox Sparkling Gelatine. As a plain, unflavored, edible gelatine it has proved to be one of our most beneficial foods in aiding digestion and in promoting child growth.

Everyone, especially mothers, should read our book, "The Health Value of Gelatine." It will be sent free, together with the recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," on receipt of 4c for postage and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
112 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Always Highest Quality"



Serving Dainty Dinners

With refreshment suggestions for smaller affairs

By Ida Bailey Allen

MORE and more, the tendency of the times is toward simplicity—simpler homes; simpler clothing; simpler food! In fact, it is positively unfashionable to serve elaborate meals, a six or seven course dinner being a breach of etiquette. It is no longer good form to set a table that is literally groaning with food—a few simple dishes very well cooked, prettily garnished and daintily served, being the order of the day.



Let us consider a little dinner, for instance. We will assume that it is quite a formal affair and we wish to serve four courses. This may sound formidable but, in reality, serving foods in courses does not mean that you are going to provide any more than you ordinarily would for company, but that the service will be divided so that the foods are not jumbled up together.

Suggestive Menu

First Course: An unthickened soup; a fruit cocktail; raw oysters; canapes; or a fish cocktail.

Second Course: A substantial meat dish, as a roast; chicken a la Maryland; baked Virginia ham; or baked stuffed fish; or a nut loaf, in case a vegetarian meal is being provided.

This main dish would be accompanied by a starchy vegetable, as white or sweet potato; rice; or spaghetti; or samp; and one or two vegetables of contrasting color and flavor, as tomatoes and spinach.

Third Course: A simple salad, as a vegetable salad; or lettuce with shredded ripe olives and celery, put together with French dressing—not mayonnaise—and served with toasted crackers; cheese crackers; or cheese straws.

Fourth Course: A simple dessert, which must be of fruit or acid character in case a fat meat or fish has been provided. Little individual pies; Bavarian creams; fruit sponges; ice cream; little assorted cakes; and baked custard with caramel sauce—all are suitable.

Black coffee follows as soon as the dessert is served.

Bread and butter are served throughout the meal up to the dessert.

Relishes are passed between the courses up to dessert; and individual, small baskets of salted nuts may be provided.

There is nothing in such a meal that is elaborate; it can be made extremely simple—but the cooking must be perfect.

The same principles may be applied to a luncheon, with the exception of the main course; the same skeleton menu may be used in planning such a meal. Made dishes are generally used as the main course at luncheon or supper, rather than the more plainly cooked meats; therefore, we would substitute, for example, chicken croquettes; egg and cheese timbales; chicken or oyster patties; or chicken loaf.

Or, in case of a ladies' luncheon, we could combine the main and the salad courses, using a substantial salad as the main dish, such as:

Tuna fish, celery and pimento salad, put together with Chili mayonnaise.

Chicken and celery salad with or without a few seeded Malaga grapes, or bits of diced pineapple.

Stuffed egg salad.

Little bread and butter sandwiches, or buttered rolls could be used as an accompaniment.

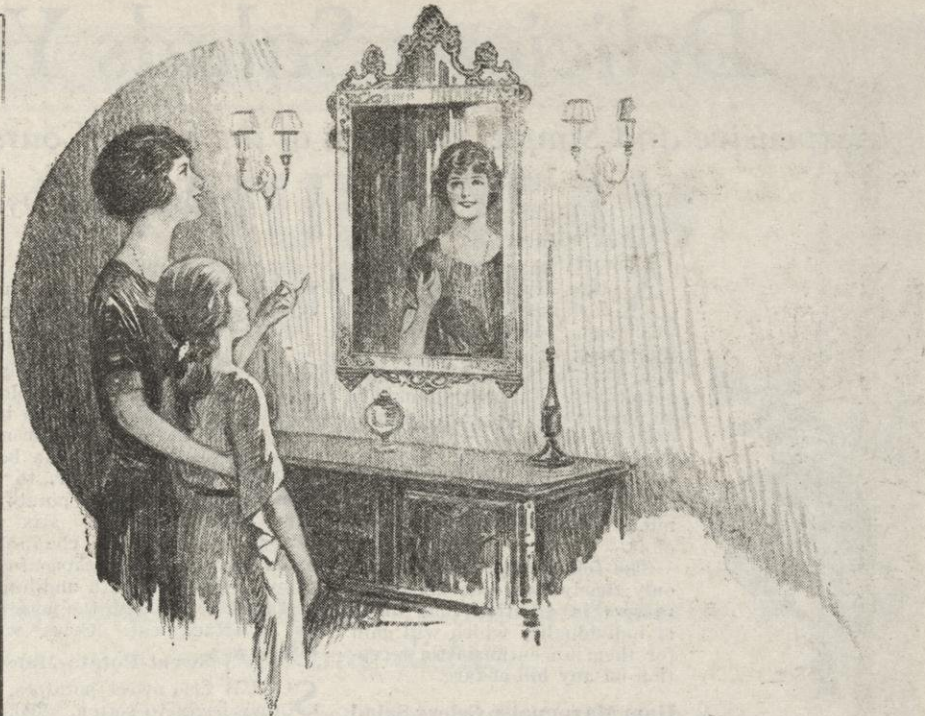
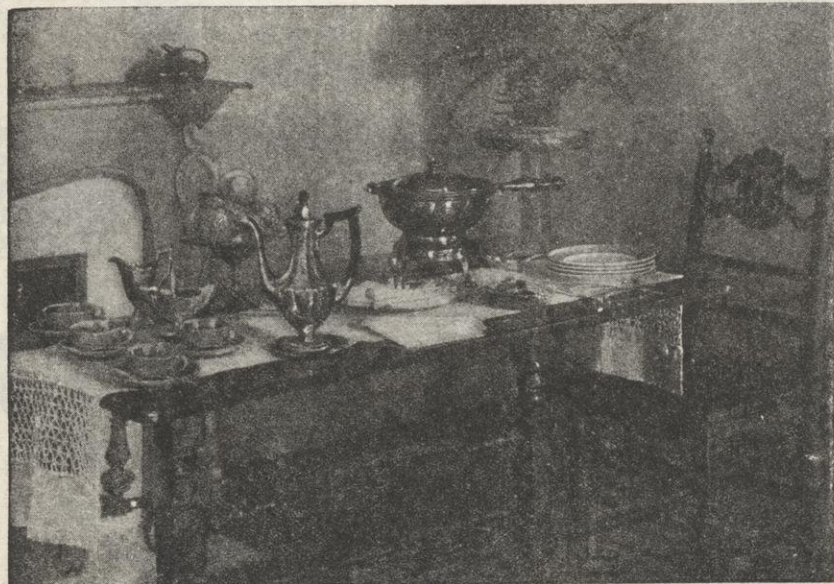
At a luncheon or supper one can use a cream soup, if desired. At either a luncheon, supper, or dinner a fruit salad should be used only when it is to appear instead of dessert, when it is accompanied by cream cheese and crackers; cheese sticks; cheese crackers and coffee. When used in this way at these meals, mayonnaise may be provided.

In planning for little affairs, when one desires just "a bite," as when a few friends come in of an afternoon to sew, or one entertains the Ladies' Aid, or when, in the evening, there are two tables of bridge, or a few men and women friends in, just for a social hour, the question of refreshments is very easily solved—two foods being sufficient. If there are men guests, it is well to remember that they always like good coffee; they care very little for tea—so, during cold weather, at least, coffee should be served.

Suggestive suitable combinations for such little gatherings are:

1. Individual Apple Pies piled with Whipped Cream. Coffee.
2. Cream Puffs filled with ice cream and served with rich Cocoa Sauce. Grape Juice Punch.
3. Charlotte Russe. Iced Tea or Iced Coffee.
4. Toasted Cheese Sandwiches. Hot Coffee.
5. Fruit Salad. Crackers. Coffee.
6. Fudge Mocha Cake. Strawberry Punch.

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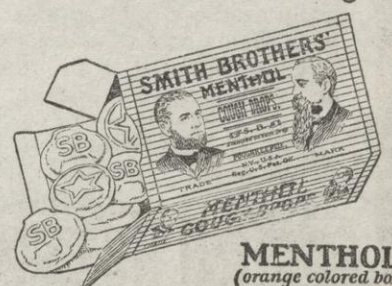
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Delicious Salads You'll Want to Try

Inexpensive and Simple Variants of the Salad Course Especially Timed for the Thanksgiving Dinner

By Lilian Dynevor Rice



AFAMOUS epicure once said that the hostess who, lacking all other accomplishments, could prepare an appetizing salad need never apologize for the quality of her hospitality. Extravagant as this statement may appear it is undeniably true that a well planned salad gives tone to a meal and places an otherwise mediocre menu in a class by itself in the minds of those who partake of it.

The following salads are not only timely and economical but possess in addition that touch of individuality which will gain for them an enthusiastic reception on any bill-of-fare.

Ham Mayonnaise Celery Salad

SCRAPE and cut celery in quarter-inch rings, chill in ice water. Beat with a good mayonnaise one-half cup finely chopped, lean boiled ham to every cup of mayonnaise. Mince in a canned pimento to increase the color. Drain celery, mix thoroughly with the ham mayonnaise, and put in center of the salad plate. Put top of a bright green pepper in center for garnish, and make a border of lettuce leaves, pickled beets sliced lengthwise, and sliced canned olives. This salad is a bright mixture of reds and greens.

Apple Ring Salad

WASH well but do not pare bright red apples. Core, enlarging the hollow left by the removal of the seeds, and cut crosswise in slices three-quarters inch thick. Brush each slice with lemon juice and dip in French dressing. Set apple rings on lettuce leaves, leaving a space between each slice, in which put a little pile of mixed chopped hickory nuts and celery. Put a ball of cream cheese rolled in the chopped nuts on top of each apple ring, and turn mayonnaise over the whole. Or remove stones from dates, fill with cream cheese, and put one in the center of each apple.

Banana, Nut and Marshmallow Salad

USE firm, short bananas. The thick red ones are the best for the purpose. Peel and scrape off the pithy outer surface, using a silver-plated knife. Brush all over with the slightly beaten white of egg after cutting each banana in half lengthwise, then sprinkle with rolled roasted peanuts. Lay on heart leaves of lettuce, or endive if it can be obtained. Garnish with halved marshmallows and walnut halves or Maraschino cherries, and serve with mayonnaise with which one-half cup whipped cream has been mixed. This salad must be eaten within a very short time of its making as bananas discolor quickly.

Gatheremup Salad

CUT into cubes of uniform size one cold cooked beet, one cold cooked carrot, two cold boiled potatoes and a cup of string beans, canned or fresh. Put each in a cup by itself and pour in enough French dressing to cover, letting all stand for 30 minutes. Set curled lettuce leaves in the salad plate with the ends all pointing the same way. Drain the vegetables, and put each in a lettuce leaf by itself, and making as many leaflets as there are people to eat the salad. What is meant is to have three or four small leaflets of carrots, the same number with beets, and so on. Put a spoonful of thick mayon-

naise on each portion. The string beans may be left whole and piled crisscross in the center of the plate. Sprinkle over the mayonnaise a little minced parsley.

Potato-Nut Salad in Beet Baskets

SCRUB clean beets of medium size, and cook in boiling water to which a tablespoon of sugar and a teaspoon salt are added. Drop in cold water, rub off skin and with an orange knife cut out centers. Centers can be sliced for pickle. Put the baskets in French dressing weakened with ice water, to marinate while the filling is being prepared. Boil potato so that it is a little underdone. Cut into dice. Mix with half as much diced celery, one-fourth cup chopped nut meats, a few drops onion juice, and a teaspoonful minced parsley or sweet pepper. Sprinkle with undiluted French dressing. Drain beet baskets, fill with the potato-nut mixture, and set each on a lettuce leaf. Cover with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

Sweet-Potato-Marshmallow Salad

SCRUB firm sweet potatoes, boil without peeling until they begin to soften. Take from fire before they are quite soft. Drop in cold water and slip off skin. Cut in slices one-half inch thick and sprinkle with lemon juice. Cut each slice into a smaller round with a biscuit cutter. The trimmed off pieces can be fried later. On each round put half marshmallow, cut through the center, the cut side upward, and in this imbed a walnut half. Make a ring of the sweet potato slices on the salad plate with young leaves of lettuce between and turn a cream mayonnaise over all. Sprinkle the mayonnaise with chopped walnuts. The sweet potatoes taste very much like fine chestnuts.

Oyster Salad

DRAIN liquor from a pint of oysters, look over for bits of shell and rinse. Heat vinegar sufficient to cover them; when it is hot but not boiling drop them in and leave until they begin to plump, but do not even simmer. Drop at once in cold water, drain off and mix with them a sour cucumber pickle chopped fine, two cups celery cut in small pieces, and season with salt and white pepper. Mix with them a good mayonnaise, and serve on a bed of the celery, with a garnish of thin slips of cucumber pickle, lemon fans sprinkled with minced parsley and a few capers. This is a delicious salad, not much known, and should certainly be tried during the months when oysters are in season. Serve with it thin bread-and-butter sandwiches, spread with a little pepper hash or piccalilli to give a dash of piquancy.

Vegetable and Rice Salad

CRISP stalks of celery by soaking in ice water for an hour. Scrape and cut in half-inch pieces. Cut in half-inch dice cold boiled carrot. Boil rice in salted water until tender, then rinse in cold water until the grains stand separate. Sprinkle each with French dressing and chill. Mix lightly so as not to mash the carrot cubes. Surround with lettuce leaves and cover with a dressing made by beating one-fourth cup thick cream stiff, and adding to it by degrees four tablespoons horseradish, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons vinegar, one-

fourth teaspoon paprika, and a very little cayenne. Serve cold but not chilled.

Head Cheese Salad

WASH thoroughly fresh pig knuckles or pig feet. Two knuckles or four pig's feet will make sufficient head cheese for a good sized mould. For real head cheese the head of the pig is used, but the housekeeper will find it just as satisfactory and much more convenient to use the portions here suggested. Cook the knuckles in water to cover, slightly salting it, until the meat drops from the bones. Lift out the meat, remove bones, and chop meat medium fine. Do not put through chopper. Strain the liquor through a sieve fine enough to strain out bones, but of sufficiently open mesh to let the particles of meat go through. Put the meat back in the liquor, add one-half teaspoon celery seed, one-half teaspoon mustard seed and one-fourth cup vinegar. Cook all together, and cook down until quite thick, being careful not to scorch. Soften tablespoon gelatine in cold water to cover for 10 minutes. Remove meat from fire, stir in the gelatine and turn into a mould or square fireproof glass dish wet with ice water, and let chill over night. When ready to serve turn out on platter, surround with lettuce leaves, and serve in slices with vinaigrette salad dressing. The mould may be decorated before the meat is turned in, with sliced hard-boiled egg, sliced stuffed olives, strips canned pimento, etc.

Pickled Egg Salad

BOIL one-half dozen eggs for 25 minutes. Cool and remove shells, then put in a jar and pour over them boiling hot vinegar in which has been cooked pepper corns, a few whole clove, a blade of mace and a few whole allspice. There should be sufficient vinegar to cover the eggs. Cover close and let stand in a cold place for a week. When ready to use chop eggs, mix with two cups celery cut in half-inch lengths, and a cup of canned or fresh cooked string beans. Arrange on lettuce leaves and put over it a dressing made of one-half cup thick cream whipped with salt and paprika to taste, and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. It will be noted there is no vinegar in this dressing, the eggs being sufficiently acid.

Waldorf Salad

Firm green apples, uniform size	1 cup cream
1 bunch celery	½ cup vinegar
1 cup chopped walnuts and filberts	1 tablespoon sugar
	Heaping teaspoon flour
	Maraschino cherries

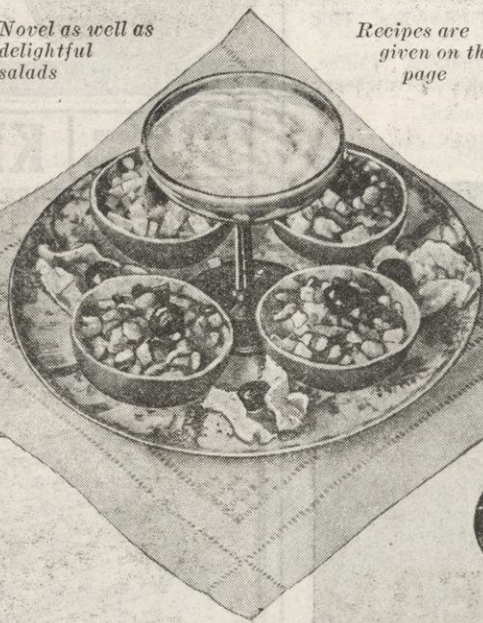
CUT the apples about half way down, take out pulp close to skin, using a grapefruit or orange knife with a curved blade. Put apple cups in ice water until wanted. Use some of the pulp or meat for apple sauce, for only two cupfuls will be needed for the quantities of the other ingredients given. Cut it in dice and put to marinate with the scraped and chopped celery in French dressing for an hour. The nuts should be chopped coarse and lightly salted. Wet the flour with a little of the cream. Heat the vinegar in double boiler, dissolve in it the sugar, stir in the wet flour, and the cream, cook until mixture thickens. Chill, and season with paprika and a little salt. Mix drained apples and celery with the chopped nuts. Mix with some of the dressing. Fill apple cups, put some of the dressing over the salad, serve the remainder separately. Decorate with Maraschino cherries and heart leaves of lettuce.

Novelty Celery Salad

SCRAPE the requisite amount of celery, cut in half-inch pieces and marinate for an hour in French dressing. Mix with a cup of good mayonnaise one-half cup chopped walnuts. Mix in well. Arrange the celery in lettuce leaves and turn the nut-stuffed mayonnaise over it, then sprinkle with paprika or cayenne.

Novel as well as delightful salads

Recipes are given on this page



To the left—Banana, Nut and Marshmallow Salad. Center—Apple Ring Salad of Nuts, Celery and Apples in Apple Cups. Right—Ham Mayonnaise Celery Salad.



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The Stonehurst Affair

(Continued from page 19)

doubt that you'll find your father had set you out of his will. I think and hope you were a bit too late with that ampul of radium. I guessed the plot when I saw the little pad on your father's neck. I didn't see what else it could be. I've studied so much with radium myself. Then when I got in your precious doctor's laboratory and saw that the one ampul was missing from a case of three of radium in his locked cabinet, I drew my own conclusions. It is not everybody who has access to radium. I knew, of course, that you must be the one to place the radium under the pad as the doctor had no chance to do it. Well, it didn't work. Now, you'll come over to the telephone, please, and call your lover. I have two detectives waiting out front to grab him.

"When he hears what evidence I have and sees you he won't wait for any third degree. And I think you'll find you won't come into any fortune—after this."

Maud sprang up with a stifled cry. "I won't—I won't call him!" she stared wildly at Joan. "You can't think to make me do—"

"It's just a little thing beside the crime you've been committing all along," said Joan placidly. "Personally, I don't value your doctor half as much as this splendid man here who has been everything to you, you little ingrate. Come along. Get Van Zandt here with some message or other that he will believe. No faking now. Get him. That's all. I'm a fair shot and I shouldn't mind hurting you a bit."

MAUD, trembling, white, crouched in the chair, called Van Zandt's number in a voice hardly audible, and when at last she got him she lifted mutely appealing eyes to Joan, only to be met by compressed lips and a flourish of the automatic.

"Paul," whispered the girl at the 'phone, "will you please come over at once? I want you. Father—father is worse."

Joan relaxed with a sigh when the receiver was set on the hook.

"Well, that's that," she breathed thankfully.

Young Payne and Lucille entered the room at the same time. Lucille stared in horror at the drooping form of Maud where the girl sat crouched with her hands over her face.

"We heard it all," she whispered. "Edwards did not want me to come in. How dreadful, Joan! Suppose you had not come yesterday when you did?"

"Your father would have died," said Joan gently. "As it is, we have saved him."

"What will they do with her?" whispered Miss Leslie, gazing at Maud who seemed not to hear or see any of them.

"Nothing, I fancy," Joan shrugged. "Mr. Stonehurst is getting well. I imagine he will turn her out with a pittance and let her go with her husband."

"Uncle Jack cut Maud out of his will the day he was taken sick," said young Payne then. "I was in the office with him."

Joan stared a moment at the young man and then she shrugged and laughed. "Well, why didn't I question you a little?" she asked. "I could have satisfied my mind on that point anyhow. You hear that, Maud? So you married your fine young villain for nothing."

"I think the worst thing father can do to them is to send them out of the country with no money," said Lucille with a shudder.

Which is what happened, after all, as anyone who read the famous Stonehurst case, knows.

"And I'll say," remarked Mr. Morris, when Joan Scarlett returned to Headquarters, "I'll say, you wonder girl, you've got every man on the force beat ten miles for brains!"

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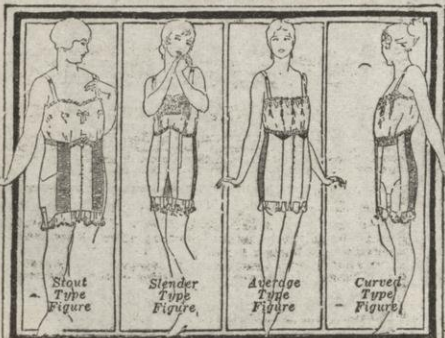


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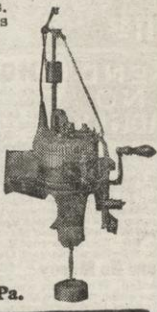
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The Fining Pot

(Continued from page 9)

Mr. Farren had told her; on that Thursday Brice had gone back, closed up his desk, left . . .

Strangely enough, for a long time she had not gone to Brice's bureau. At last she was as strangely drawn to it, stood before it, touched it and drew away, before she gathered courage enough to open the drawers. A few things—only a few things had he taken; in his closet but one suit was missing, an old one. Her picture was still on the top, that picture she had had taken last year in the gown she had worn to the New Year's dance; there had been another, of young Anne Warren, that she had declared absurd, with its hair arranged in that out-of-date way, that she had made him keep out of sight in the drawer. The frame was there, empty . . . She dropped to her knees by the bureau. He had taken that young Anne Warren, that Anne who had won his heart, gone to him so gladly, so joyously; Anne Denison, Anne in the ball-gown, he had left behind . . . left—behind . . .

GRADUALLY life came back to her, or what must serve as life. That numbness of the mind passed, her mental and emotional processes began to fall into their more normal relations with each other. Now, at any rate, she knew. Knew—or believed she knew—what it was that she was going to have to face. As yet she did not think of what she had to live through, of what the years were going to mean; her problem of the moment was that she had to face this thing that had happened to her, somehow erect a barrier between the curiosity of her world and this thing that had come to pass. Just because the inner pride of her spirit was so bruised and shattered, she grasped all the more desperately at an outer pride that might shield her spiritual one. People must be told—they would know, anyway.

Gradually, as the difficulties of the situation made themselves clear to her, she became filled with a cold anger against Brice: that he should have dared to believe that thing of her, that he should have dared to misunderstand her, and put her in this ghastly position! Oh, yes, she had said those bitter things; but she had lived with him ten years. How could he, how could he! Never in her heart had she been unfaithful, undevoted to him, any more than in her actions; of course every woman, in those moments of desperate rebellion that the closeness of the marriage bond brings, thinks of what might happen, thinks of what she might do, thinks perhaps of leaving it all. But she had never meant it; no, never, never! Deliberately she closed her mind to what might have been going on in Brice's mind; she would not let herself think of what he had gone through during those days of her unexplained absence. There was no excuse for him. None.

Anger; dull anger that had no chance of flaring into safety. Then the thought—why not take him at his word? What else, indeed, was there to do? She did not love Ranney Copeland; but she had loved Brice, and this was what had come of it! To go into marriage with one's eyes open—that was the sane way, the safe way. Ranney Copeland . . . How much of truth was there in what she had said to Brice, that she could make Ranney Copeland whatever she wanted him to be to her? She thought of that—shrank away from the thought—grasped at it again—what else was there?

But the world had to be faced, had to be told; and the telling must come from herself, if the tale were to wear the guise she wished it to. There came a morning when she telephoned to make sure that Alice would be at home. An hour later she was in Alice's upstairs sitting room, where Mrs. Copeland was

(Continued on page 40)

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The Fining Pot

(Continued from page 39)

remonstrating with one of her small daughters who did not wish to go out for a walk. A patient maid and the other children were standing near, the other little girls eyeing the one before whom Alice was kneeling with that stolid understanding of childhood, and with something of the good little girl's self-complacency at the iniquity of the naughty one.

"But—I—am—not—going out wif Nelly!" said the small golden-haired person standing in front of her mother. "Yes, you are, darling! Come—put your arm in your coat!"

"Won't!" "Put your arm in, baby!" "Ven I'm going to wear my new blue coat!"

"I'll tell you!" Alice's voice sounded as though she had just thought of the most wonderful thing. "I'll tell you! You shall wear your blue coat the very next time you go out with Mother!"

One little arm went into the brown coat. "When am I going out wif you, Mover?"

"We'll drive down to meet Daddy this afternoon! There—now kiss me, and run!"

Alice stood up, and laughed. "How wonderful you are with them, Alice," said Anne, a little sadly, when the children had left the room. "Where do you get all that patience?"

"Oh, it isn't patience, really! It's a sort of trying to meet them on their own ground, the poor little darlings! You know how you feel yourself, sometimes, about doing things you don't want to do, and wearing things you detest!"

"IS THERE really anything you detest, Alice dear?"

The brown eyes opened wide. "Why—yes, of course there is! I don't think about it very much, but there must be!"

"Ah—you have everything! Just look at this room of yours—at this house—"

Alice's face grew serious. "Nance! I wish you would let me say something to you—"

"Oh, I know what you want to say!" "I don't believe you do—not really! I don't minimize the comfort of having things, Nance, just because I've been one of the fortunate ones that have always had them. But honestly, Anne dear, it is not things that make one's happiness. I'd be happy anywhere, anyhow, with George and the children. I would. And you have Brice, Nance—

he's such a dear!"

Again came that ghastly coldness about her lips that she had felt in Mr. Farren's office. Why had Brice . . . How had he dared to make it so difficult for her? She had to hold hard to that anger against him—had to find something to give her courage.

"Oh—Brice! That's what I've come here this morning for, Alice. To tell you, before anyone else. Brice and I have separated."

Mrs. Copeland stared at her for a moment, then abruptly sat down. Anne moved a step or two across the room, back again, let herself sink softly into a low, deep chair—she thought she did it well; but why, why . . .

Mrs. Copeland flushed. "Anne Denison! How can you say a thing like that! Why, Anne—"

"It is quite true. Or course we are not going to make a scandal of it. There's a way of doing it decently—desertion, I believe, or something like that."

For a long minute Alice Copeland sat there without moving, looking at Anne. Then tears came to her eyes. "Nance! It can't be too late! Let me see Brice—"

"No use, Alice. Brice has already left town. Oh, it's quite all right—much the best thing for us both."

"You don't believe that! You do not—it isn't possible that you can!"

"Oh, please, Alice dear! It's all

(Continued on page 41)



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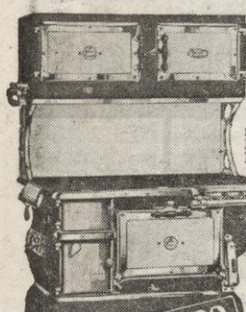
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The Fining Pot

(Continued from page 40)

settled—or will be, as soon as it's possible."

"But—divorce! Anne, you can't!" Anne said nothing; if it was all going to be as hard as this . . .

"Anne! Why, you'd be like that dreadful Callum woman we were talking about at the country club that day—she married again the day after she got her decree!"

Ah, that anger against Brice! "And why not? It's quite legal, I believe!"

"Legal! After those promises—and the life together—oh, Anne!" Alice was openly sobbing now. Then she looked up. "Anne—there isn't—there couldn't be—anyone else?"

Ah, there it was! Brice—and Alice, her best friend, little good Alice—Anne's head went up. "No! There is no one else. Heaven knows, there is no one! But what does a woman do, a woman like me? I'm not young, I'm untrained—what does a woman do?"

Alice sat, thinking; presently she said, "Anne—forgive me for asking, but you've told me so much of your own accord, and I love you, Nance, I do love you dearly. Is there—is there money enough? Because George and I . . . You're not the sort to be willing to take—to take anything—from Brice—"

"I'm not likely to! Brice has seen to that! He has left town, I tell you, left no address," said Anne, and the bitterness of her tone told Alice more than any words could. "But I couldn't take anything from you and George, either, Alice. There's enough to see me through—a little in the bank, and of course I shall sell the house. And—I've four thousand that Ranney has invested for me."

"Ranney—!" Alice got up and walked to a window. To Anne it seemed that she stood there an hour; the time was nearer two minutes or three. At last Alice opened the window, called out to the maid. "Don't let them play off the sidewalk, Nelly!"

WHEN she came back to the part of the room where Anne was sitting, her manner had changed; it was almost as though the conversation between them had not been. Yet there was something in that manner too natural, too forced; something in her voice too casual.

"Ranney—! Oh, yes, we were speaking of Ranney! You know, Anne, I am not really fond of that brother-in-law of mine! I have to confess it. I'm not fond of Ranney. He's so different from George. So utterly different. I suppose you've heard . . . Or haven't you seen him since he got back?"

Why was she asking that? "No, I've not seen, him."

"Well, but you will, of course! Now, I've told him for months that a man in his position was not playing fair in philandering about with other women—the girl wouldn't like it, and she'd be right not to like it. No engaged man—but I suppose it will be different, now that the engagement's going to be announced. Only, George wouldn't have acted that way. I don't, on the whole, think Ranney a man to be trusted. I don't. I wouldn't say it to anyone, not even to you, if I had not said it over and over again to Ranney himself . . ."

Oh, those words, those words going on and on, explanations too many, so much said that so much else might be left unsaid! All that from Alice, who usually talked so little! From Alice, because she suspected that Anne did not know, that Anne might be thinking, that Anne might be counting on . . . Oh, to hold hard, to hold hard to pride—oh, to smile . . .

"But Ranney is really so transparent, dear! Ranney's not a bad sort—I like Ranney!"

Oh, that instant, quickly controlled relief on Alice's face! And the air was suffocating . . . Anne stood up.

"You give Ranney my love, and tell him I'm waiting to hear all about it!"

(Continued on page 42)

when the north wind blows



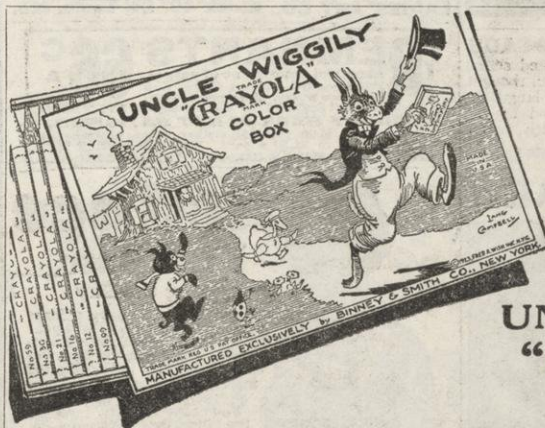
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The Fining Pot

(Continued from page 41)

I must go, now—and don't you worry about me, dear! I'm—I'm all right—"

Mrs. Copeland went with her to the door of the sitting room, and the two women kissed. "Oh, Nance, darling girl! I can't bear to think of it! Surely—oh, can't something be done, even now, between you and Brice? Let me try—let George see him—"

But Anne had endured all she could—something more than she could. "Don't—Alice—" she said. She turned away. Things went black . . .

IT WAS Alice Copeland who told her. How many days later, she did not know. Her first realization of returning life was that she was in a cool quiet room not her own, that a woman in white was constantly there, that sometimes the doctor sat beside her and spoke in too cheerful a tone, in words without meaning; that Alice came in and out . . . Very gradually she remembered; stupid—so stupid of her . . . She had never fainted before . . . Why was there not courage enough, pride enough, to carry one through? She tried to say something like that to Alice.

"Don't you think—don't let yourself think about anything, darling," Alice told her, speaking as she might have spoken to one of her own children. "You just lie there and rest. We are thankful you're here, where we can look after you."

Rest . . . Her eyes closed. That was all that she wanted. Rest.

There were flowers in the room. "George sent them," Alice told her; another day, "They are from Ranney."

And the day came when Alice told her that other thing. The nurse had gone out; the windows were open to the warm air. And Alice told her.

THAT night she lay looking out at the stars, and thinking. Motherhood. The last thing in the world that she could have expected. After ten years, motherhood. A child. A new being, coming out of nothingness into life. And yet—was it from nothingness, was it indeed into life? From nothingness—a creature forming from her life and Brice's, coming after those ten years—after that early happiness, after her own reluctance and Brice's longing, after their quarrel, and Brice's leaving. Into life—what was the life that her child would be born to? What was there for it, coming into this disaster, as it would? Children—they had never meant much to her, children, except as small noisy inconveniences. Brice—it was Brice who had wanted them, Brice who loved them. And now . . .

There were times when she wept from sheer dismay; other times when she was filled with terror and dread; and still others when rebellion was bitter within her, bitter against life, against her destiny, against Brice. In those first days there was scarcely a thought that it was her child which was to be born; it was Brice's child, and Brice was the cause of this thing that was to happen to her, Brice, who had already done so much. In the fullness of that bitterness she forgot her own part in their separation, forgot the share of cruelty that was hers, and forgot all she had contributed to their misunderstanding; the anger that flamed against Brice now became a more consuming thing, a steady, dull glow of the spirit, scorching, deadly. It was not until she was at last moving about her room, after she had insisted on dismissing the nurse whom Alice's tenderness had provided, that the pride was born which was to become a force more impelling than her anger; the immediate cause of that change in her was a visit from Vera Ogden.

"Oh, you poor darling!" was Mrs. Ogden's greeting; and Anne had to endure the embrace that followed, listen to words that nothing could stem. Already, it seemed, people knew

(Continued on page 43)

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(EPILATION)
**Beyond a
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the most beautiful woman you know is beautiful because she is typically feminine. And to be typically feminine you must be free of every suggestion of masculinity—every tiny unwanted hair.

Infinitely Better

It is better, infinitely better, to eliminate your superfluous hair by actually *lifting out the roots with the hairs* (epilation) and in this way destroying the growth, than to continue using ordinary sulphide depilatories which merely burn off surface hair and have the same effect as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots.

ZIP Lifts—Does Not Pull Out

Pulling hair out is very much different than the action of ZIP in lifting the hairs out—hundreds in an instant, gently, quickly and painlessly. Indeed ZIP has found favor with Specialists everywhere and is also rapidly replacing the electric needle.

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To eliminate a growth of superfluous hair it is necessary to attack the roots. Epilation (the ZIP process) is the correct method by which the hair root is lifted out of the hair follicle. It is the scientifically correct method because it does not stimulate hair growth but devitalizes and destroys them.

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NOTE: Madame Berthe is the ONLY manufacturer of a superfluous hair remedy who has specialized solely in superfluous hair treatments for eighteen years. The merits of ZIP were thoroughly proven long before ZIP was so'd to the public in package form. ZIP is not a depilatory—it is an epilator.

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Apply in the nostrils several times daily healing, antiseptic

Mentholatum
Write for free sample
Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

The Fining Pot

(Continued from page 42)

of the disaster to her marriage; knew, moreover, that it was Brice who had left. What would they say, when they knew the rest of it? Could she face their curious looks? Could she face their—pity?

That night she talked with Alice. Already she had told that gentle soul something of the truth—not the fullness of it, but enough so that Alice might understand the desperateness of her predicament.

"Anne," Alice told her, turning her small brown face away and speaking with trembling lips, "Anne dear, George has been trying to find Brice. We knew you would both feel differently about things, now. George has even had a detective . . . He got the report today. We simply do not know where he has gone, Anne. They traced him to Albany. But after that . . . Oh, Anne, I'm so sorry!"

"Thank you, Alice," Anne said, quietly. "And I thank George, too. But—I don't want to know. I don't, really."

"Oh, but—think, Anne!"
"I do think. I suppose there's a chance of my dying—a good chance. Then it won't matter. Not that it matters anyway."

Alice was beside her, had an arm about her. "Don't say that! You don't know what you're saying! Anne—you don't know the joy of it! And—dear, you must not say 'no'—George and I want you to stay here, until it's all over—"

Anne kissed her. "Bless you for that! But I've been doing some thinking, Alice. There is one place where I can go. One place where I can stay, where I can—hide . . . Oh, I want to get away! I want to get away—from everything, from myself and from everything . . ."
(To be continued)

Mud and Stars

(Continued from page 24)

for her that one don't mind th' doin'. Mornin's I carry warm water upstairs for her and yesterday she gave me the prettiest dress, one of her very own, an' she's goin' to fix it for me; and she showed me a new way to comb my hair an' is goin' to send away an' get me a new pair of slippers. All I'm sorry about is I didn't have 'em for tonight. She's just—just sistery, you know. You c'n tell her anything an' she always understands. Alan sure was lucky to get such a darling, wonderful wife. We can't hardly stand the thought of her leavin'."

THE new pain in Barbara Ward's heart rose up and consumed her. She leaned weakly against a tree. She had called these people crude and ignorant and tactless; and now they, in a fineness of spirit which she had not possessed, were defending her from the same attack. As she struggled with the thought she wondered who really had been guilty of the charge? She had been ashamed of these mountain-folk, ashamed of their modes and their manners and their attire; and now tonight in the eyes of their associates she, Barbara, had brought shame to them. She felt her brain whirling and yet out of the chaos one thought came clearly. They had defended her . . . loyally. A cycle of unintelligible thoughts tormented her perturbed mind.

Something was terribly wrong! The moon was turning brown and the stars had gone completely out. Where sky touched earth was no longer a straight line but a distressing wavering back and forth. A noise as of a million tomtoms filled the hitherto quiet night air. The hills round about were closing in closer . . . closer . . . suffocating her. Barbara leaped high
(Continued on page 53)



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DRESSED in an Honor Bright shirt or blouse, your boy's appearance will always give you pride. Honor Brights are as well cut and as well made as Dad's best shirts—trim-fitting, neat, but with plenty of freedom for vigorous sports. And the fabrics, whether you choose the good-looking new percales, cheviots, khaki drill, or black sateen, will give you satisfying service. You'll find Honor Brights uncommonly good value; ask for them at your favorite store!

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Of four physicians, three ordered MINCE PIE

ONE of them smiled, "I suppose people wonder why doctors eat mince pie. Laymen think it is 'heavy'. But mince pie is no 'heavier' than an equal amount of any of its ingredients. And what are they? Take apples, for instance. Are they heavy? An apple a day keeps the doctor away, you know. And cider? That's just more apples. Good, sound beef? That's the mainstay of most meals. Raisins and currants? They supply the iron we need. The spices? They add piquancy. Mince pie is a delicious, wholesome food that anyone can digest."

Women no longer spend hours of grinding and chopping to make mince pies. They simply put a package of None Such Mince Meat into a toothsome, flaky crust, and into the oven. Ready in a jiffy.

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She has learned, like many thousands of charming women, that youth and attractiveness live only in a body unharassed by illness. And she has preserved her youth by preserving her health.

Like her, you should realize that the arch-foe of youth and beauty is the little ailments—headaches, bilious attacks, insomnia and the like. Each takes away piece-meal something of your youth, freshness and charm.

As this attractive woman has done, you can avoid these dangers by maintaining *internal cleanliness*, through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol, by lubrication, overcomes and prevents intestinal clogging. This condition, physicians warn, is not only the cause of minor ailments,

but is also the starting point of most of the gravest diseases of life.

Don't give disease a start. Take Nujol as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol promotes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world.

Sparkling eyes, lustrous hair, the clear, rich, glowing delicacy of the skin—everything which means beauty and attractiveness is the result of a clean system.

The woman who would always be youthful, active and healthy, should see that Nujol is a regular fixture in the bathroom cabinet. For sale at all druggists.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Makes you regular as clockwork

How to Overcome Faulty Elimination

Most of us regard intestinal clogging as merely a cause of temporary discomfort—producing such ills as headaches, bilious attacks, insomnia and the like. Yet intestinal specialists have proved that faulty elimination is the cause of fully 75 per cent of human disease.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition.

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* a means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a medicine and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow of the intestinal stream, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Infants and Children: The mother who permits intestinal clogging in her baby or older child is jeopardizing the health, even the life of her little one. For a clogged system is a weakened system, and leaves the child a prey to serious disease.

Nujol, given to the infant or child, gently softens the accumulated waste, thereby speeding up to a normal rate its movement through and out of the body.

Let your child have Nujol regularly — and see rosy cheeks, clear eyes and happiness return once more.

Elderly People: In advanced years the natural lubricating liquid in the intestine, which serves to soften and assist the movement of food waste, decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of Nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years. Nujol softens the hard waste, thus enabling the intestinal muscles to move the food waste along and out of the body.

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Does Your Hair Do You Justice?

By
MARION ADAMS



Yes, it's the same woman—photographed twice within fifteen minutes' time. A small transformation, little larger than your hand, a brush, a comb and a curling iron—and the change is wrought.



DOES your hair do you justice? I hope so—but that depends upon yourself, you know. For your hair is your crowning glory only when you make it so. Its beauty lies in your own hands.

There is a becoming and attractive way to dress every head of hair; no matter what its color, texture, thickness, length or age. The mature woman has no feature so plastic and so kind to her as her hair—once she learns how to dress it.

If you want to know just what your hair can do for you; if you want to know how proud it can make your loved ones—buy a good, strong-bristled brush and try this formula: let down your hair—give it twenty-five full, strong strokes, from scalp to tip with this brush. At the end of two weeks increase to fifty strokes. This may be done either the last thing at night or the first thing in the morning. But do it daily!

Should your hair be thinning, massage the scalp with a good vegetable or mineral oil (olive oil or liquid vaseline). The mineral oil will not become rancid and should perhaps be given the preference.

Meanwhile you may be trying the different types of hairdress.

Remember that the round, chubby face requires a different type of hair dress than that worn by the long face; that strong features require hair lines that will soften them and would look tragic with the severe head-dress that so becomes a full-throated young girl.

AFTER the strange things women have been doing with their hair for the past three years, many a head is a sad sight today. To use the words of one of America's foremost hair dressers:

"With bobbing and bleaching and dyeing and waving thousands of naturally beautiful heads of hair have been ruined—ruined unless their owners will give them a chance to recuperate. The conscientious hair dressers are refusing to abuse such hair any more, and when such a head comes to us for dyeing or waving nowadays we simply say: 'No; the only thing we will recommend is a good long rest for that hair, with perhaps a series of antiseptic oil treatments if it is baked or dried out.'

"Hair that has been abused or bobbed needs a rest—with a chance to grow. Three to six inches added growth to such hair means a world of life to it—and that means from six months to a year's time. And during that time it must be left alone, except for oil treatments and brushing."

FORTUNATELY for the woman suffering from hair abuse the transformation, the coil and the puff are with us again. This extra hair is worn while the old hair has a chance to "rest." Also it will let you camouflage the misguided bob, if you were inveigled into using the shears on your locks. Another thing about "extra hair": it will enable you to effect a pleasing hair dress while you rest your own hair.

And how about the woman who has shouldered responsibilities, the woman who has ceased to primp and prune.

On this page we have a mature woman photographed twice within fifteen minutes' time. A small transformation, little larger than your hand, a brush, a comb and a curling iron—and the change is wrought.

Is it worth while? Can any woman ask the question?

If care in the dressing of the hair is valuable to the home-keeping woman, how much more valuable is it to the woman who must go forth into the world of art or business for her livelihood? Or to the worker whose social obligations bring her into contact with the most fastidious and exacting of her sex?

And whether they smile into your eyes or behind your back is generally determined by your appearance and bearing—and your appearance is largely a matter of hair dress.

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Mi Nena
Coffret No 2

Rigaud's
Mi Nena
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Style that Wears
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Allen A Underwear
for Men & Boys

Our Baby's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 22)

Work border all around sacque and sleeves, using colors same as afghan, turn the border back around the neck to form small collar; trim with ribbon.

Crocheted Cap

Two balls white, 1 ball pink Saxony 3-fold, 1 No. 3 hook.

The stitches used in cap and border are the same as used for afghan (below).

With white yarn, chain 3, join in a ring, work 12 dc in ring, join at the end of each row, with a slip stitch, chain 2, turn. **Row 2.**—Work 12 pattern sts. **Row 3.**—Increase by working 2 sts in each st of preceding row. **Row 4.**—Increase by working 2 sts in every 2nd st. **Row 5.**—Increase by working 2 sts in every 3rd st. **Rows 6 and 7, even.** **Row 8.**—Increase in every 3rd st. **Rows 9, 10 and 11** are worked even.

Now work to within 10 sts of end, turn, work back and forth for 12 rows.

Work 2 rows of border pattern on bottom of cap. Be careful to draw center of back in. Now work 3 inches of border pattern across the front for turn back, tack in place and trim with ribbon as illustrated and line with silk if desired.

Crocheted Afghan

Six balls white, 6 balls pink Germantown Zephyr, 1 No. 3 1/2 hook.

With white yarn, chain 163 sts. **Row 1.**—Yarn over hook, draw up a loop in second st of ch, yarn over, draw through all 3 loops on hook, *ch 1, yarn over, draw loop through eye formed by chain 1, yarn over, skip 1 st of chain, draw up a loop in next st, yarn over draw through all 5 loops on hook, repeat from* across, chain 3, turn. **Row 2.**—Draw up a loop in first and second st of chain, draw up a loop in first eye of row below, *yarn over, draw through all loops on hook, ch 1, yarn over, draw loop through eye just made, yarn over, draw loop through next eye of row below, repeat from* across, chain 3, turn.

Repeat row 2 until work measures 23 inches. Work border with white, 1 dc in first st, *ch 1, 1 dc in next st, repeat from* all around center, increasing enough at corners to keep work flat on every row. **Row 2.**—Join color in first dc, yarn over, draw up a loop in same st, *yarn over, draw up a loop in same st, skip chain st, draw up a short loop in next dc, yarn over, draw through all loops on hook, ch 2, yarn over, draw up a loop around short loop of preceding st, repeat from* around.

Row 3.—With white same as row 1. **Row 4.**—With color same as row 2. **Row 5.**—With white work 1 dc in first eye, *ch 3, 1 dc in same eye, 1 dc in next eye, repeat from* around. Work the lining same as the top, reversing the colors. Sew the two pieces together, inside the border.

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Gray Hair



You are right to be skeptical in regard to any preparation offered to restore gray hair. So many can't do the work—so many only further disfigure your hair.

A trial on one lock of hair is your safeguard, and this I offer free. Accept this offer and prove for yourself that your gray hair can be restored safely, easily and surely.

I perfected my Restorer many years ago to bring back the original color to my own gray hair, and since hundreds of thousands of gray haired people have used it. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water and as pleasant to use. No greasy sediment, nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color even and natural in all lights. Results just as satisfactory when hair has been bleached or otherwise discolored.

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Cooks all vegetables.
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All complete ready to use when you receive it.

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Yarn for Scarfs, Hats and Bags
Artwool, Weight per ball 1 oz.40
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For Scarfs.
1 Pair No. 3 Crochet Hook.15
For Babies' Sweaters, Sacques and Caps.
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1 Pair No. 3 1/2 Crochet Hook.15
For Afghans.

Brush for Brush Wool Work
Wooden Brush with Wire Bristles 3x2 in. .40
Send orders with remittance to Mrs. Harriet Harper, Woman's World, Chicago.

A New Service Department

With the October issue we started a new department to furnish yarn and accessories to our subscribers for Knitting and Crocheting. In October we featured a brush wool set of scarf, hat and bag. In forthcoming issues we will show sweaters for grown-ups, sweaters and hats for children of all ages etc. If you are interested to have us feature directions for any special articles for winter and spring, write and tell us about them.

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair At Once

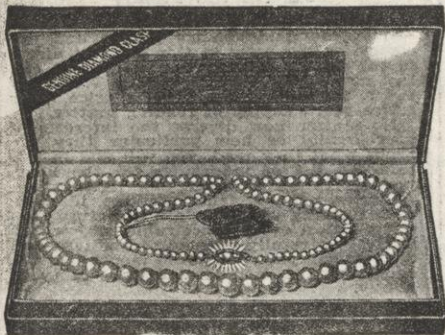
Here's the Secret

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I had tried a great many preparations but I couldn't get rid of it.

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Send for Free Book

A book that tells just how this wonderful method gets rid of superfluous hair is free upon request. Don't send a penny—just a letter or post card. Address Annette Lanzette, Dept. 679 Care Hygienic Laboratories, 204 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.



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that will delight the heart of any girl or woman. La Vega Pearls have the soft, delicate color and lustre of the genuine Oriental pearls which cost hundreds of dollars. We guarantee that they will not break, crack, peel or discolor. They will retain their beautiful sheen and lustre permanently. Upon receipt of the Necklace, if you are not perfectly delighted, you may return same to us and we will immediately refund the price paid. This strong guarantee is made because we know that you would not part with the pearls once you see them. We are making this special reduced-price offer only to those who can appreciate real beauty in pearls and will show and recommend them to their friends.

Send us your order and remittance of only \$4.83 at once and in a few days you will receive a genuine La Vega Pearl Necklace that you will always be proud of. If you desire, we will send C. O. D., you to pay postman \$4.83, plus 15c charges, upon delivery. This is a rare opportunity. Order now. WILLIAMS & CO., 4730-53 Sheridan Road CHICAGO

GIFT APRONS

A MAID in an apron is always quite charming. To a young man's affections completely disarming. You might don this one and invite "Him" to tea; As for the results—well, we'll all wait and see.

This bit of verse with one of the aprons will make a distinctive gift. The embroidery gives a festive air for the Holidays and the aprons are large enough to protect the "best dress." Order by name and send with remittance to Mrs. Harriet Harper, Woman's World, Chicago. Directions for embroidery are included.



Rose Left

The combination of green and white checks with unbleached muslin is new and unusual. The apron is completely made up for embroidery. The edges are black stitched in black with gold running stitches at inside. Flowers and leaves are black and gold on the unbleached muslin and on the pockets. Made up, with six-strand floss included, \$1.00.

Rosemary Right

The tops of panels can be slit and pockets inserted underneath if desired. The back will look the same as the illustration for Rosita. The embroidery is in three shades of blue and two shades of gold. Stamped for embroidery, with floss included 75c. 7 yards of crochet for the edges in pink or blue 70c. Ribbon not included.



Roselind Left

Blue and white checks combined with unbleached muslin have simple cross-stitching for decoration. Edges are cross-stitched in black over a thread of gold. The straight lines are black cross-stitches with a gold running stitch over each cross. The design is worked in gold, green and black. Apron completely made up with perle cotton for embroidery \$1.00.



Rosita Right

The lattice work, on this unbleached muslin apron is blue with French knots at intersections. Flowers are rose, pink, blue, yellow, la z y-daisy. Stamped for embroidery with perle cotton included 75c. Crochet for edges, pink or blue 70c.



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Indian Head tubing offers a cool surface to the face. Its close weave prevents the stripe of the pillow ticking from showing through. It is made 40, 42 and 45 inches in width; at 50 to 59 cents per yard and is sold almost everywhere.



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Photo By Mattie Edwards Hewitt

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Buffalo Specialty Co., 376 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Great Quality Finish

For a Few Dollars

(Continued from page 30)

condition and is in black, mahogany or maple, by all means leave it in the original wood. It may be refinished. This means taking off all of the old varnish first. Do this with a good commercial varnish remover and follow the directions on the can. After all of the old finish has been removed carefully sandpaper the entire piece. A good finish may be put on by applying several coats of shellac. After letting it stand for a few days rub gently with a little powdered pumice and rubbing oil to get off the high polish and finish with a coat of wax sparingly applied and rubbed to a dull polish.

If the furniture is so stained and marred that a wax finish will not cover the spots, finish with a painted job which consists of three to four coats of undercoat paint, each application being permitted to dry thoroughly and all irregularities and brush strokes being smoothed down with fine sandpaper. If you wish to use our painted motif shown on the top of page 30 now is the time to apply it using the perforated pattern and carefully filling in the design according to the directions. This enamel must dry thoroughly a couple of days at least. The last coat is of a good, clear spar varnish. If you want an extra good job give it two coats of varnish and take off the high gloss with pumice and rubbing oil, carefully applied. You now have a painted surface that may be washed off and will give good satisfaction providing all of the directions have been carefully followed. Do not hurry and be sure to allow plenty of time for drying between each application of color.

THE chest of drawers was an old golden oak chiffonier with an oval mirror in a frame with ugly supports holding it in place. This was removed and the dowel holes on top plugged.

The old brass drawer pulls were taken off, the outer hole plugged up and wooden knobs (bought in a sash and door factory) were used. The chairs and dressing table stool were also painted green. The mirror over the home made dressing table is the one that was originally on the chest of drawers. Turn it the other way and paint it black.

The dressing table is a box 34 inches high, 30 inches wide and 20 inches deep. The deep flounce is put onto a 3/4-inch brass pole with 1/2-inch brass rings and slides apart easily. The little flounce at the top is drawn up on two cords and tacked in place with tiny steel tacks.

The spread is made of unbleached muslin with a border of yellow. It is in the candlewick embroidery and planned with comparatively little work. There are several ways of applying the border. The scallops may be basted over on the stamped line and then stitched close to the edge with machine matching the color of the scallop. It may be blanket stitched in place or feather stitched using a long stitch. Drapes and the small valance have candlewick sprays.

The lamps used are the little boudoir lamps described in the October issue. The ivory base with pale pink lining would be just right for the room. If you have a hardwood floor it may be oiled, or shellacked and varnished. A pine floor may be painted a very dark green or black. The woodwork is a creamy ivory and the walls are done in a very pale green striped paper or they may be tinted in a pale green. A flowered paper with a small, gay design may also be used.

Glass curtains which hang straight may be of plain, crossbarred or dotted marquette.

The middle portion of the rag rug is of mixed tans and the outer lines of green, lavender and yellow. One upholstered chair with a flowered chintz slip cover would be a welcome addition.

Perforated Pattern of Candlewick Bedspread, 60c.
Perforated Pattern of enameled motif, 15c.

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

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KENWOOD LINEN CO., 6242C, So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Simple Craft Work
 (Continued from page 26)

can be cut the required size and filled in with pen and ink. When the list is made, measure the size of the sheets and cut two pieces of cardboard one-half inch larger all around than the list. Cut a strip of goods long enough to cover all four sides—allowing one-half inch more, which is necessary to form the hinge of the book. Glue this over the two pieces of cardboard, leaving a half-inch space between the two boards, bind the edges with braid, which is glued on; take a strip of canvas (or a piece of a discarded window shade can be used) 2½ inches wide, glue this around the back of the list—leaving a one-inch indentation on the top side; this gives a hinge to glue flat to the inside of the front of the book. Chinese lanterns are cut from gay colored felt.

Picture Frame.—This can be made by covering a cardboard oval with an opening for the picture in the center with cretonne or silk. Glue the picture in place and cover the back by gluing on a cardboard oval to exactly fit. A standard can be glued on the back of the frame if desired. This is attached by a strip of canvas which is glued both to the standard and the frame.

Kodak Book.—Kodak books can be made by cutting sheets of paper the desired size for leaves. Cut two pieces of cardboard a little larger than the leaves and cover with cretonne, binding the edges with braid, which is glued on. Punch three holes in the cardboard backs and also through the leaves.

Light Shades.—Shields for bedroom lights are made of heavy paper or parchment glued to wire frames which should first be bound with strips of cotton goods glued on. Figures of cretonne can be cut out and glued on them and the edges of the shades covered with braid. The braid is also glued on. If the shades are made of parchment the figures of cretonne will be more secure if the whole shade is painted over with a clear shellac.

Candy Box.—Any tin or cardboard box can be covered with attractive material and the rough edges covered with braid which is glued on. These sell well filled with home-made candies or cakes.

Telephone Book Cover.—Measure your telephone book and cut two pieces of cardboard an inch larger all around than the backs of the book. Cover these with cretonne, leaving a half-inch space between the boards as a hinge at the back. If the telephone book is very thick the hinge space must be increased accordingly. Glue a lining to each inside back of the cover—leaving the inside edge free to slip the telephone book in. A section of a child's book slate is glued flat to the front of the cover and the edges covered with braid. A sponge and a slate pencil are attached.

Scrap Book.—A scrap book which will be suitable for very young children is made by cutting two backs from cardboard 11x14 inches. Cover these with cretonne with nursery figures on it. A lining is glued inside over the rough edges. Both lining and leaves are made of pink cambric. To make the leaves take strips of cambric 13½x43 inches, fold both edges of the cambric to the center—lapping the edges one-half inch and gluing together. Let the folded edges serve as the outside of the pages and pink the rough edges at the top and the bottom. After you have made the desired number of leaves place them with the seam side down and lace them to the cardboard backs through holes punched for that purpose. Glue pictures cut from magazines—preferably colored.

Dutch Village.—This will amuse the children and can be quickly made from fairly stiff paper. Cut little houses, boats and windmills and glue into position. The village can be made in the top of an ordinary suit box and a lake of tinfoil or silver paper with banks of dried grass or excelsior dyed green, is placed in the center. The wagon is paper with milk bottle tops as wheels.

No. 145 Golden Rod Lunch Cloth \$1.10

No. 146 RAMBLER ROSE Dresser Set

No. 65

No. 86

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Napkins, 16 inch (set of four)	.45	1.75	.60
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(Large oval, 18x27 and 2 12-inch Dollies)

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THE CHILDREN'S STORY PAGE

by Miriam Clark Potter

The Plain Gray Thursday

IT'S GOING to be just a plain, gray Thursday," said Mary Ellen to herself. "It doesn't seem like Thanksgiving Day, at all." She sat on the steps of her little white cottage, and stared down the road.

Over at Molly Jones' house people were arriving for dinner. There were all Molly's aunts and uncles and cousins; they came in a big farm wagon, and trooped into the house with laughter and joking. They were going to have a great, big twenty-pound turkey; Molly had shown it to Mary Ellen.

Down the road a way, Mr. Jenkins, with his long white beard floating in the wind, held the door open for his guests. They were his grandchildren, with their mothers and fathers. Mary Ellen heard laughter from that house, too.

The wind shook the ratty vine on her porch; the stiff stalks of the cornfield across the road rustled and cracked. "It's just a plain, gray Thursday for me," she repeated to herself, and stared at the dreary sky.



She sat on the steps of her little white cottage

Inside the cottage, she knew, little mother was putting the very last stitches to a floating rose and silver party dress that she was making for Miss Sally, the young lady daughter of old Judge Summerville, who lived in the big house across the bridge. Miss Sally was going to wear it that evening to a Thanksgiving ball in the city, and she would look like a fairy princess. As soon as mother finished the dress, she would take it over the bridge to the Judge's house; then she would come home, and they would have their plain little Thanksgiving dinner of lamb chops, mashed potatoes, rolls, and mince pie. The mince pie was, of course, a treat; mother and she had planned it together a few days ago, and decided that they would afford it. There was very little money for anything these days; they were very poor.

So Mary Ellen sat on her steps, and sighed a little to herself, and thought what a plain day it was.

The door opened. There was mother, in her old black coat, with the little velvet tam pulled over her curly hair. "I am going to take the dress," she said to Mary Ellen. "Want to come with me?"

"I guess I'll just sit here," the little girl answered. "I feel sort of tired."

"All right, dear," was mother's cheery answer. "I'll be back very soon. You'd better button up your sweater. It's sort of shivery."

Mother went down over the top of the little hill, toward the bridge that led to the Judge's estate. She walked fast and lightly, for mother was a little person, young and dear.

Mary Ellen sat still and listened to the shouts of laughter coming from Molly Jones' house. She had been listening for quite a little while when Billy Pringle went by, on his bicycle. "Heard about the accident?" he called out.

"No; what?" said Mary Ellen.

"The bridge over to the Judge's got washed away," Billy told her. "It was an old, rickety thing, you know; the river is high. Mr. Pottles almost drove his car over it! He's down there, stuck in the mud—"

But Mary Ellen had sprung to her feet; she was rushing down the hill. There was a little crowd of people around Mr. Pottles' car; they were all talking together,

in excitement. Mrs. Purdy, a kind woman in a red shawl, stood nearest; Mary Ellen ran to her.

"My mother!" she said. "She just went over to the Judge's. Oh, Mrs. Purdy, I am afraid she was on the bridge!"

Mrs. Purdy stared back at Mary Ellen with wide eyes. Then she told her, in a calm, quiet voice. "She is probably over there now, dear, safe at the house. Come; we will go right into the store here, and telephone."

Mary Ellen sat down on a cracker box in Mr. White's grocery, and held her face in her hands, while Mrs. Purdy called the Judge's house. She heard her say:

"Is Mrs. Norris there? She was coming over, to take a dress. She hasn't been there? Thank you."

Mrs. Purdy turned to Mary Ellen and put her arms around her. "Perhaps she went somewhere else," she said; but her face was white. "Stay where you are a minute." She went down by the river again, and spoke to the people; they gathered in a little group around her. Then some of the men started running along by the swollen stream, and Mary Ellen shut her eyes.

Mrs. Purdy and two other ladies came into the store. They cuddled Mary Ellen, and Mr. White gave her a chocolate cup cake, which she could not eat. The tears came; but suddenly she looked out of the back window, and gave a loud cry of joy. MOTHER was coming along the river road!

Mary Ellen flew out of the door, and into her arms. Mrs. Purdy and her friends followed, walking very fast. "Yes," said mother, breathless, "I went by the ferry! I wanted to get this little brick of ice cream, for our dinner. I took the dress, and they told me, just now, about the bridge; they said you had telephoned. So you all thought I had been washed away on it? Oh, mercy me!" Mother laughed, a little shakily, and sat down on a stone.

Then she had a regular reception. All the people by the river, who had thought that she was drowned, were so glad to find her alive that they told her things that they had kept in their hearts without speaking. "We don't know what we would do without you, Mrs. Norris; always so bright and cheery!" "You make the prettiest clothes, and you have the dearest little girl!" "We think the world of you!" Two or three ladies were crying, just for sheer relief; and several people asked Mary Ellen and her mother to dinner. But they thanked them, and said no; that they would go home.

As they walked along the road Mary Ellen said: "And, oh, mother, what do you think I was calling this day, to myself? Just a plain, gray Thursday!"

They stopped and hugged each other, right there by the ratty cornfield; and then it was Thanksgiving indeed.



Thanksgiving Day

Grandfather sits at the table head
And we softly bow, while the grace is said.

Grandmother smiles, and says it's dear,
That the day has come, and that we are here.

The table is long; and in every place
There's a dancing heart, and an eager face;

And I think to myself; how great and grand
That the Pilgrim Fathers found this land!

Little Green Goblin

THE Little Green Goblin lived under a tree root. He wore a tiny suit of clothes that was just the color of the grass; his hands and face and hair were a lovely shade of pale green. His cap was topped with an emerald.

"I must have an adventure today," he said one morning, when he woke up. "It is fine, sparkling weather, and just the time for adventures."



The little green goblin lived under a tree root

So he washed his hands in the spring, and brushed his green sheep-woolly hair, put on his cap, and started off.

Along the road at the edge of the woods carts passed, and people walked to town. The Little Green Goblin hid behind a stone and watched.

"There are so many children on the road this morning," he said to himself. "All with boxes and books. I have it! It is just schooltime; they are hurrying along to the little white schoolhouse beside Alder Creek. There goes the bell now."

"Cling, clang!" sang the bell, upon the crisp, sweet air. "Clingity clang, clingity clang!"

Along came a pretty little girl in a blue sailor suit. Yes; she was the last one; there was no one following her. He skipped along behind her, and jumped up, very softly, on the tin box. He was a tiny sprite, and the little girl did not feel him, at all. So he opened the cover of the box, and hid himself inside.

It was dark in there; but it smelled very good. For it was the little girl's lunch box, and full of good things to eat.

"Goody, I am going to school!" chuckled the Little Green Goblin to himself. "I have always wanted to see the inside of a schoolhouse."

The box shook to and fro as the little girl walked, and the Little Green Goblin was tossed all about, like a piece of corn in a popper.

After a while he felt a great bump, and the box was still. "I wonder where I am," he thought. "I guess I will try to get out."

He pushed at the cover, but he could not lift it. He did not know it, but he was in a desk; and a book was on the top of the box.

The children sang, the teacher talked; and the school-room hummed with work. The morning seemed very long to the Little Green Goblin. He crawled inside a lettuce sandwich, and went to sleep.

After a while he felt someone take hold of the box, and carry it somewhere. The cover was lifted, the beautiful bright sunshine streamed in, and he saw the sky.

"Mary; give me some of your good lunch!" begged a voice. "Look at what you've got, raisins, sugar cookies, and lettuce sandwiches!" Peering out, the Little Green Goblin saw a boy with red hair and a freckled face.

"All right, you may have just one sandwich," said Mary, and she lifted the one that the Little Green Goblin was hiding in.

"Look at that!" cried the boy. "Did you see that, Mary? A piece of lettuce jumped out and ran away!"

"It didn't," Mary answered. "You must be crazy."

"It did too," insisted Tom. "I saw it."

The Little Green Goblin was on the other side of the fence by that time, but he heard them. He brushed the crumbs off his tiny suit, and laughed. "Well," he said, "that was a good, big adventure for a little green thing like me! I must hurry home and tell the fat, piggy woodchuck about it."



If your rheumatism comes on again this year—

How can a medicine that is applied on the outside of the skin reach a pain deep down in the joints and muscles? This treatment acts by stimulating the brain to send new blood to the affected area . . .

DON'T suffer unnecessary pain. Get relief at once. It may be splendidly courageous to just "grin and bear it"—but it is a frightful waste of the very vital resources you need to help you get rid of the cause of pain.

Your doctor will tell you that pain should always be relieved—just as quickly and as completely as possible.

And this relief is easily at hand. However deep-seated, however hard to reach the pain may seem to you, it can be stopped—quickly and permanently.

Nearly fifty years ago a remedy for muscular pain was given to the world that has brought relief to so many sufferers that today you will find it in one home out of every three.

This remedy is Sloan's Liniment—probably the foremost household remedy in America, used all over the world and recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep down in joints and muscles, *it can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only aroused.

When you use Sloan's, it stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, upbuilding powers brings to sick, pain-

ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic, it means that disease germs are attacking the joints and muscles. In the tide of pure, new blood that is brought straight to the affected spot when you apply Sloan's, are millions of germ destroyers. So when you send this increased blood supply to the place where the germs are, you also send the very forces that alone have the power to destroy them.*

If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain or a bad bruise—it is because muscle fibres have been stretched to the point of actual injury. The damage must be repaired. The blood supplies the materials out of which the new tissue must be built up—and it washes away the "fatigue poisons" produced by over-exercise.

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Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists. Just apply it—no rubbing is necessary. Immediately you will feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then, almost magically, relief from pain. There is no burning, no blistering, only quick, lasting relief.

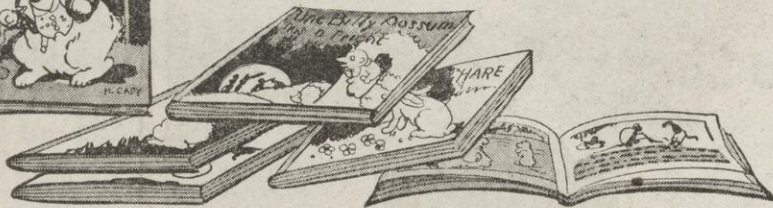
(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs—possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—Kills pain

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THE eight handkerchiefs, one for every day of the week and one for special occasions, teach the youngster habits of orderliness and regard for personal appearance, while the cut-outs afford fascinating and instructive employment for the "shut-in" days of winter.

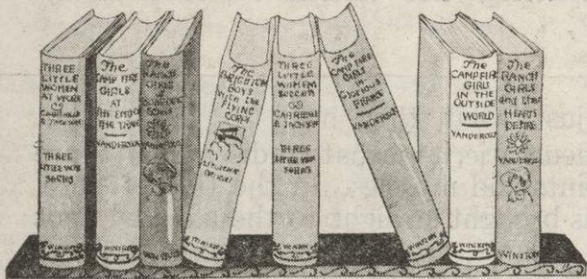
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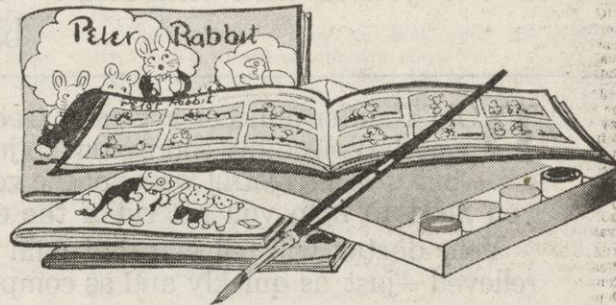
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James A. Manning
President

Mud and Stars

(Continued from page 43)

into space hoping to escape their enveloping tops. Ah, she had escaped!

After an eternity Barbara felt herself begin to sink. She struggled resolutely against it. Yet—she was sinking, irresistibly, irretrievably sinking... down through aeons of space. Presently she began again to hear the earth noises and her nostrils were filled with a strangely familiar odor. The sinking stopped. She opened her eyes. She was on the feather bed. Temperance was bathing her temples with camphor. At the door was Alan's ungainly mother with a hot iron to put to her feet. Alan was chafing her hands. Barbara had a feeling that she had just been born. There was some sort of difference between this and the last time it had been so. Down in her heart were new emotions. She had seen the stars. She put a hand over that of Temperance.

"That you, Tempy?" Barbara patted the rubbing hand affectionately. Temperance choked. Agatha came forward and slipped the comforting heat under the blankets. "Thank you—M—Mammy! You're so good to me!" There was a yearning tenderness in the girl's voice.

AGATHA, kneeling beside the bed, cried unrestrainedly, heart-brokenly for a moment, then holding her apron to her eyes, crept back down stairs to tell Jabez that Barbara was going to die.

But Alan's wife did not die and in three weeks, Clement, who had been promised the job, carried her back down stairs. A big box had come that morning addressed to Barbara and she was anxious to open it. It transpired that Barbara had gifts; a complete set of aluminum cooking utensils for Agatha; a new dress with slippers and everything to match for Temperance; six of the hard-to-get wool shirts for Jabez; and a violin with bow and case for Clement.

Agatha pressed her daughter-in-law to her bosom for an instant as she thanked her. Jabez went straight upstairs to try on one of the new garments with which he proudly re-appeared in an incredibly short time. Temperance flung her arms around the invalid's neck and squeezed until Barbara must call Alan to her assistance, while Clement stood for a moment—overcome—and then voiced the family sentiment:

"Barb, you're a—you're a corker an'—an' a angel!"



Send for the New Fall Fashion Magazine Latest Styles—Newest Ideas

You will be pleased with our fall and winter fashion magazine, because it points the way in fashions for the coming months. Of course you will be able to obtain our material-saving patterns at the regular low price for all styles illustrated and thus save the price of the book many times over. Illustrated articles on stitches, trimmings and difficult points in home dressmaking are included in the book. Send 10c for your copy today. Address Fashion Department,

WOMAN'S WORLD
107 South Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enhance the Beauty of Your Home with O-Cedar

ATTRACTIVE floors add much to the beauty of the home.

With an O-Cedar Polish Mop you can easily renew the lustre and fine appearance of your floors and woodwork.

For the O-Cedar Polish Mop cleans—dusts—polishes—all at one time. It is treated with O-Cedar Polish, which has won world-wide fame for cleaning and polishing fine furniture, woodwork and floors.

This Mop insures you brighter, prettier floors, without the usual hard work. Give it a trial; it's guaranteed to please.

Sizes—\$1.50 and \$1.00



Holiday festivities ahead—home at its best! Let O-Cedar Polish—Mops—Dusters—Wax—lighten your work and beautify your home.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., Chicago-Toronto-London-Paris



O-Cedar Mop Polish

Do you want Mary Ann?

She is just a big, fine, darling doll every girl's heart is hungry for. Mary Ann will come to you without costing one cent. She wants a play mother to walk with her, sing to her when she cries, rock her to sleep.

Mary Ann Can Walk—Cry Sleep—Wink

Her brown hair is soft and silky. Jointed arms and legs, bright blue eyes that sleep. Cries when you lay her down or take her up. Unbreakable head, eyes won't jar loose. Cute silk cap, pretty figured lawn dress, stockings, patent leather slippers.

She is YOURS for doing me a little favor I will send a Mary Ann doll just as described above in return for a small favor. Just write me today and I will tell you how to get her without cost. Send name and address and say "I want Mary Ann."

Send No Money

THE DOLL MAN Dept. L
1102 Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

13 Inches Tall

SPECIAL SALE 3 items

36 in. centerpiece or 18 in. x 48 in. scarf to match. Stamped on extra quality heavy embroidery cloth with boilproof white and blue thread to complete \$1.00

Child's Dress, size 2 to 4 years. Stamped on extra quality silk finish poplin, and sewed, requiring just a little embroidery to complete dress. Price with sufficient boilproof \$1.00 blue thread

Crocheted Scarf End. Sufficient crochet thread for both ends and large clear diagram with full instructions to copy from. Price complete \$1.00 Fully Guaranteed. Order Today

Each stitch in each shade is started, making embroidery very easy to continue. NOTHING BUT a few hours of your time. Send your name immediately for full details.

SEND NO MONEY—Pay postman for item and postage. (If you enclose money with order, we pay postage.) Embroidery Catalog FREE—Write for it today!

L. Stockman & Son, 259 Wyckoff Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. New York's Leading and Pioneer Art Needlework Shop.

AGENTS: MAKE \$4,500 Next Few Months

\$15.00 Daily (Profit For Only Three Sales Daily)

SELL THURSTON OIL-GAS BURNERS

Sizes for any coal or wood Range, Heater, or Furnace. No changes to make in stove. Just set it in—Start it off. No tools needed to install. Use in any Worn Out or New Stove. Clean, intense, even blaze. Great for baking. Three times heat of coal at half the cost. No more coal or ashes to carry. No dirt, soot, or drudgery. Absolutely safe. \$15 a day a snap for hustlers. Popular price seller. Written guarantee. Sample free plan. Get yours free. Write. Thurston Mfg. Co., 128 Dicky Bldg., Dayton, O.

BIG MONEY Quick Sales, Fine Profits and steady demand selling Clows-Knit wearers. All styles for men, women, children. Many making \$300 year.

George Clows Co., Desk 30, Philadelphia, Pa.

EASILY EARNED

This 14 Karat Wrist Watch

GIRLS here is your chance to get this 6 Jewel 14 Karat White Gold Filled WRIST WATCH, an excellent timekeeper, case guaranteed 25 years. COSTS YOU NOTHING BUT a few hours of your time. Send your name immediately for full details.

CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO., Dept. Q-2, 872 Prospect Av., New York

YARN DIRECT FROM THE MILL

OUR CLUB OFFER MAKES THE PRICE LOWER. Finest quality guaranteed Worsted YARN for winter garments. Also Silk and Worsted Mixtures and Persian Fleece (brush wool). SAMPLES of our full line sent on request—FREE.

NORFOLK YARN CO., 739-E Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

The Prophylactic
Tooth Brush

A clean tooth never decays—the Prophylactic keeps teeth clean

The POSTMAN'S WHISTLE

A Messenger of Sunshine and Good Cheer

By and For Our Subscribers

On this page each month we shall publish contributions from our subscribers. Ideas, experiences, jokes, helpful household suggestions—all will be welcomed. The Editors.



A New Postman's Whistle Competition

THERE is a story in this issue more thrilling than tales of the Arabian Nights—the wonderful fact-story of modern manufacturing and merchandising graphically told

through the advertisements that you see.

Your family's health and happiness, your own comfort, convenience and enjoyment of life, all are affected, benefited and enhanced through the splendid values and money-saving opportunities that these advertisements afford.

Because of the merit and importance of the products shown in this issue as well as their practical value to you in your home the Postman's Whistle offers \$25.00 in cash prizes for the best letters received on "the advertisement that interested and helped me the most—and the action I took regarding it."

Five prizes of two dollars each and fifteen prizes of one dollar each will be awarded to those sending in the best letters not over one hundred words in length before November twentieth.

—THE EDITORS.

The Garden Contest

Because of several close decisions which have been referred to an expert gardener for settlement it has been necessary to postpone announcement of the winners in the Postman's Whistle's recent garden competition until the December issue of Woman's World.

—THE EDITORS.

Timely Advice

IF YOU want to avoid that pinched, chilled look in cold weather, don't wear thin shoes and gossamer stockings.

—MRS. S., N. Y.

A Boomerang

A HUSBAND, who had a great habit of teasing his wife, was out driving in the country with her when they met a farmer driving a span of mules. Just as they were about to pass the farmer's rig the mules turned their heads toward the automobile and brayed vociferously.

Turning to his wife the husband asked, "Relatives of yours, I suppose?"

"Yes," said his wife sweetly, "by marriage."

—MRS. N. CLENDERIM, W. Va.

Rice Stuffing for the Turkey

½ cup rice	½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 quart boiling water	½ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons salt	1 egg
¾ cup raisins	3 tablespoons butter

WASH rice and cook in boiling water to which the salt has been added. When tender, drain and pour cold water over it. Drain again. Add raisins, lemon rind, butter and egg slightly beaten. Mix thoroughly.

—MARY F. SCOTT, N. Y.

Delicious Doughnuts that Keep Soft

1 cup sugar	2 tablespoons melted butter
1 cup sweet milk	2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup mashed potatoes	Pinch of ginger, a little salt and nutmeg.
2 eggs	

BEAT eggs light. Pour milk, eggs and butter onto the sugar and potatoes and mix well. Then add other ingredients and flour. Mix until smooth. Have dough as soft as can be handled. Roll out and cut with cutter which has a center hole. Fry in deep fat and sprinkle with powdered sugar. This recipe makes three dozen doughnuts.

—MRS. MARIE E. DOWMAN, Cal.

New Way to Make Delightful Icing

PUT into a double boiler (over perfectly boiling water) ¾ cup of sugar, 1 egg white (unbeaten) and 3 tablespoons of water. Beat constantly for seven minutes. A most delicious soft icing will be the result. Flavor and spread on cake, then sprinkle with cocoanut or nutmeats. This is fine for beginners as it requires little or no skill to make and is so reliable.

—MRS. J. H. DE LA VERGNE, N. Y.

To Break a Coconut Easily

BEFORE trying to break a coconut put it in the oven to warm. When heated a slight blow will crack it easily and the shell will come off.

—MRS. N. E. BRIGHTWELL, Ark.

Poems the Whole World Loves

Home

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
No jewels fine,
Nor lands, nor kine,
Nor treasure-heaps of anything—
Let but a little hut be mine.

Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing,
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

An Old Fashioned Dance for Thanksgiving Day

AND why not? What, for instance, can compare in beauty and in grace with the old-fashioned Virginia Reel whose courtly bows and quaint courtesies may be executed without any lessening of one's self-respect and whose stately dignity and rhythm of motion made it the favored dance of Colonial days? Why not try it at the next party you attend?

Virginia Reel (Sir Roger de Coverley)

The dance is formed in sets of six or eight couples, in two lines, the ladies on one side and their partners directly opposite.

The lady at the top and the gentlemen at the bottom of the line forward and back	4 Bars
Their partners repeat	4 Bars
Same two who commenced turn with right hand	4 Bars
Their partners the same	4 Bars
Same two turn with left hands	4 Bars
Partners the same	4 Bars
Same two who commenced turn with both hands	4 Bars
Partners the same	4 Bars
Same two who commenced dos-a-dos	4 Bars
Partners the same	4 Bars

Top couple next join right hands and turn once and a half round; the lady then gives left hand to next gentleman and turns, gives right hand to partner and turns, left hand to next gentleman and turns, and so on through the entire line. Her partner does the same, turning the lady instead of the gentleman. When the head couple reach the bottom of the line, they join hands (crossing) and chaise up the centre to their places. Then they counter-march down the outside (lady behind ladies and gentleman behind gentlemen). All follow and join partners at bottom of line and chaise to places. Then all join right hands, raising them so as to form an arch, and the top couple join hands and run down the middle, taking their places at the bottom of the line, thus becoming the bottom couple.

The second couple now becomes the top couple, and the figure is repeated. After all have gone through the figure, they all forward and back, forward again and turn partners, thus ending the dance.



Why the League of Nations Wasn't Popular

LADY—Do you think it is fair to take Willie's candy? Tommy—I don't have to be fair—I kin lick him.

—M. F. S., N. Y.

To Renew Old Velvet

AN EXCELLENT way to renew old velvet is to steam it in this way. Turn a hot iron upside down on a rack, place a thick damp cloth over it and lay the velvet, nappy side up, on this. Then take a stiff brush and brush vigorously. You will be pleased with the result.

—MRS. HAZEL ALBRIGHT, Ark.

Card Table Markers

DID you ever try enameling the figures used as house numbers which can be bought at the ten cent store? They make adorable markers for card tables, and are as cheap as anything. An amateur can do the work and the expense is very small.

The Wider Fields

A YOUNG country minister, noted for his jollity, was dining at a farmhouse one Sunday and when his plate of roast chicken was passed to him, he remarked facetiously:

"Well, here's where that chicken enters the ministry."

"Hope it does better there than it did in lay work," rejoined the bright boy of the family.

Modish Dress—and So Cheap!

ONCE when I was puzzling my brain as to how I was going to make an afternoon go hurriedly, I happened to think of creating a frock from an old sheet that had worn down the center. I'm a rather skinny somebody, so I found a straight model could be cut. I made the cuffs and collar of white organdie, after I had dyed the dress a pretty shade of pink, and then I bound them with the pink goods. Rows of black embroidery floss around them, and a tie of black velvet completed one of the prettiest frocks I have ever had.

Not Pay—Give

THE doctor coughed gravely. "I am sorry to tell you," he said, looking down at the man in bed, "that there is no doubt you are suffering from smallpox."

The patient turned on his pillow and looked up at his wife, "Julia," he said in a faint voice, "if any of my creditors call tell them that at last I am in a position to give them something."

To Make Silk Hose Last Longer

PUT vinegar (a tablespoonful) in the last water when washing. It will help to set the black hose and help to keep the white hose white, and both to last longer.

—MRS. N. E. BRIGHTWELL, Ark.

Rosemary for Flavoring Meats

ROSEMARY, a shrub which is very common in most home gardens, is, when properly dried, excellent for flavoring roast meats of any kind, also roast fowl, particularly duck. The rosemary should be picked early in spring or late in fall, before the blooming period when the leaves are young and tender. The sprays should be tied together and placed in a quart fruit jar. A small piece of cheesecloth should be placed over the top to keep out dust and insects. The jar should then be placed in the sun until the rosemary is quite dark and appears thoroughly dry. Place a spray of the dried rosemary in the pan with your Christmas turkey and notice how much it will add to the flavor.

—MISS A. FISHER, Cal.

Going Him One Better

"When I was in India," said the club bore, "I saw a tiger come down to the water where some women were washing clothes. It was a very fierce tiger, but one woman, with great presence of mind, splashed water in its face—and it slunk away."

"Gentlemen," said a man in an arm-chair, "I can vouch for the truth of that. After the incident I was coming down to the water. I met this tiger, and, as is my habit, stroked its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were wet."

—B. H. S., Mich.

FREE

"Baby's Layette"

How to prepare the nest for the little stranger

Send for this little book of friendly advice to mothers and expectant mothers about clothing and other necessities for baby's comfort and health. A complete list of everything you need for baby. It will save you much time, worry and shopping about. Answers the important question: "What shall I buy for baby?" Written by authorities on the care of young babies. Every mother ought to read it. The coupon brings it in a plain envelope.



Why Doctors and Nurses Advise This—

Protection and warmth at vital spots where 80% of baby ills begin

He trusts you, mother, to choose wisely now for his health's sake. Think how helplessly the strong, successful man of the future depends upon your care today!

Medical science, now all intent on better babies, cautions you to protect the little chest and stomach against drafts and chills. Many disturbances once credited to colic, teething, nausea or indigestion, as well as more serious coughs and colds, are now known to be due to poor protection here.

For here is the danger zone—the seat of eight out of ten of baby's troubles. So doctors and nurses skilled in child culture recommend Rubens Infant Shirts—especially now in cold weather.

Their double thickness across chest and stomach, specialists say, solves the problem. It puts you on the safe side always.

Rubens Infant Shirts slip on and off easily—like a coat. Father adopted coat-shirts

long ago. Why not baby, too? They are easier for you, easier for baby. No tapes, no buttons to fuss with. And the adjustable belt, fastened with one safety pin, always fits the growing little body.

Knitted in 12 fine materials, all sizes from birth to four years, for all seasons. Simply made and easy to wash. All sizes in each material the same price.

Only one Rubens

For thirty-one years we have made Rubens Infant Shirts—nothing else. We specialize in infant shirts. And, no matter what you hear, there is only one Rubens Infant Shirt. Protect yourself by looking for the name on the shirt itself. And for the striped box with the two-babies trade-mark, as illustrated here. Then you can be sure.

At good stores anywhere. If any store can't supply you, write us.



Rubens



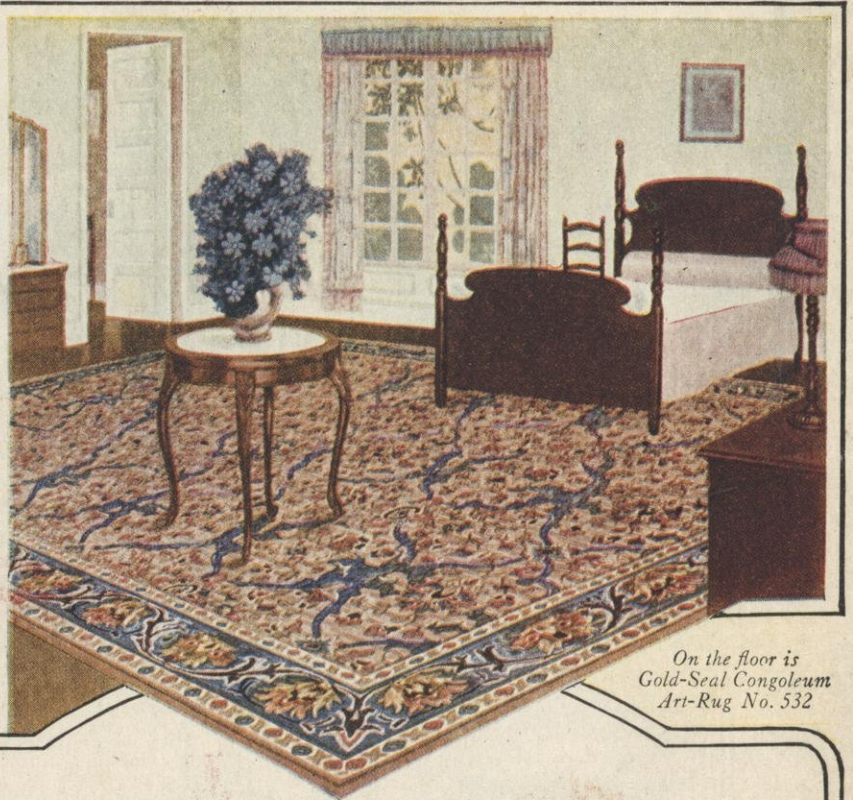
RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
26 North Market Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me without charge a copy of "Baby's Layette," in a plain envelope.

Name.....
Street No.....
City..... State.....
Dealer's Name.....

Look for this box, with the two-babies trade-mark, and "Rubens" on the shirt.

Rubens INFANT SHIRTS

182-PUB2 2-24
 ESTELLA RIPLEY
 BOX 3
 MITCHELL IOWA



On the floor is
 Gold-Seal Congoleum
 Art-Rug No. 532



On the
 floor is
 Gold-Seal
 Congoleum
 Rug No. 530

See These Five New Designs!

They're pictured below—have your dealer show them to you. Inspired by the latest trend in decorative art, these patterns surpass all Congoleum's previous achievements. Gorgeous in coloring! Distinctive in motif! Exquisite in execution! Truly, a Congoleum contribution to home decoration that will delight every woman.

Women who do their own work appreciate the practical as well as the artistic qualities of Congoleum Rugs. These smooth-surfaced floor-coverings are waterproof and accident-proof—unharmful by dust, dirt, liquids or spilled things of any kind. Just a light mopping with a damp cloth restores them instantly to cleanliness. And they lie flat on the floor without fastening, never wrinkle or "kick up" underfoot.

Consider all these points of unquestioned superiority and you will be the more amazed that *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs cost so very little.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 ft. x 9 ft.	\$9.00	The patterns illustrated are	1½ ft. x 3 ft.	\$.60
7½ ft. x 9 ft.	11.25	made only in the five large	3 ft. x 3 ft.	1.40
9 ft. x 9 ft.	13.50	sizes. The smaller rugs are	3 ft. x 4½ ft.	1.95
9 ft. x 10½ ft.	15.75	made in other designs to	3 ft. x 6 ft.	2.50
9 ft. x 12 ft.	18.00	harmonize with them.		

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

A free copy of our interesting booklet showing the complete line of beautiful patterns will gladly be sent to you free upon request.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Kansas City
 Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Don't Fail to Look for this Gold Seal!

There is only one genuine guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rug and on every few yards of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard.

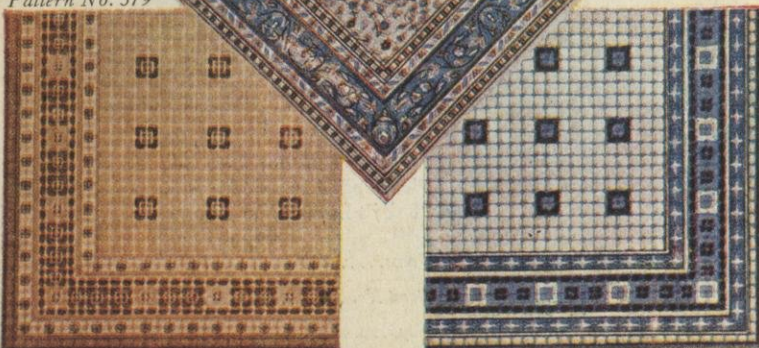
Here Are the Five New Designs



Pattern No. 538

Pattern No. 536

At the right is
 Pattern No. 379



Pattern No. 542

Pattern No. 540

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
 ART-RUGS

2010.10.4