

August Good Housekeeping MAGAZINE



15
Cents

THESE MEN AND A THOUSAND MORE



A picked army of milling experts guide the intricate and wonderful machines in the Washburn-Crosby mills, but never actually touch hands to the flour. They work constantly for milling cleanliness, for purity and for the everlasting high quality of —

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR





To Keep Your Floors Beautiful

Every woman knows how annoying it is to have unsightly spots, water stains, dirt stains and foot-tracks spoil the beauty of her floors, stairs and woodwork. They ruin the beauty of her entire home.

Will you test, at our expense,

Johnson's Kleen Floor

the *only* preparation for immediately removing all these discolorations? With Johnson's Kleen Floor *any* woman can keep her floors bright and clean—like new.

Simply dampen a cloth with Kleen Floor and rub it over the floor. Instantly, all spots, stains and discolorations disappear—without the slightest injury to the finish.

Johnson's Kleen Floor rejuvenates the finish—brings back its original beauty—greatly improves the appearance of all floors, whether finished with Shellac, Varnish or other preparations.

Johnson's Kleen Floor is quickly applied—two hours is ample time in which to thoroughly clean the floor, wax it and replace the rugs.

We want to send you, free, sample bottle of Johnson's Kleen Floor and a package of Johnson's Wax to be used after Kleen Floor is applied

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives the floors that soft, lustrous, artistic polish which does not show heel-marks or scratches and to which dust and dirt do not adhere.

It is ideal for polishing woodwork, furniture, pianos, etc. All that is necessary is to occasionally apply it with a cloth, and then bring to a polish with a dry cloth.

Your floors receive harder wear than any other part of your wood-work, hence require special treatment. Kleen Floor will keep them always in perfect condition.

We want to send you, free, prepaid, samples of our Kleen Floor and Prepared Wax, together with the latest edition of our handsomely illustrated book on the "Proper Treatment of Floors, Woodwork and Furniture." No. G. H.-8. We attach a coupon for your convenience.

S. C. Johnson & Son

Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"



S. C.
Johnson
& Son

Racine, Wisconsin

I accept your FREE offer of samples of Johnson's Kleen Floor and Prepared Wax, also booklet on Home Beautifying, No. G. H.-8. I agree to test the samples, and, if I find them satisfactory, will ask my dealer to supply me.

Please use Coupon—Cut on dotted line

Name

Address

Good Housekeeping Magazine Contents

FOR AUGUST

FRONTISPIECE. Illustrating The Predicaments of Molly	122
VACATION ADVENTURES. Illustrated	123
AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS. Photographs	132
THE HOUSEKEEPER-AT-LARGE. On Summer Hotel Life . Isabel Gordon Curtis	138
HOME SCIENCE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS	143
THE PREDICAMENTS OF MOLLY. A Novelette . . . Mary Hastings	145
THE BORROWERS. Chapter III Arthur M. Chase	161
DAME WIGGINS OF LEE. Illustrated	169
CLOTHES AND THE MAN Edmund Russell	172
"HAVING COMPANY" Elizabeth Caruthers	176
CIVIC PRIDE IN AMITYVILLE. A Monolog Drawings and Text by Angie Breakspear	177
THE MOVING PICTURE. William A. McKeever	184
FIRST AID DURING RECOVERY Caroline French Benton	186
HOMELIKE ROOMS. Photographs	188
FICTION AS A DIET Woods Hutchinson, A M, M D	193
PUZZLING PROBLEMS FOR MODERN MOTHERS. Drawings and Text by Frederick White	197
THE FAMILY CONFERENCE. 198-200	
HANDICRAFT. Illustrated 201-205	
Jabots. Library Table Runners. Summer Waists. A Braided, Embroidered Shirtwaist.	
HER APPAREL. Illustrated 206-208	
School Dresses, by Mrs Le Roy-Huntington	
GOOD LIVING. Illustrated 209-235	
A Cake Maker of Old Concord, by Florence Spring. "New" Fruits and Vegetables, by Mary Hamilton Talbot. "Ade's" for Sultry Days. Woman's Page Housekeeping, by Ruth Carran. A Norwegian Morning Meal, by Alice M. Ivimy.	
GOOD LIVING—Continued	
Heat for Next Winter, by Helen Louise Johnson. What to Eat in August. Some of the Recipes. How to Follow the Bills of Fare. Uses for Sour Cream, by Mary D. Oliver. Good Housekeeping Institute. Readers' Questions Answered, by Helen Louise Johnson. Index to Recipes.	
THE EDITOR'S SAY.	236
DISCOVERIES. Illustrated	237-240
Complete Index to Recipes on Page 235	
Complete Index to Discoveries on Page 240	

Copyright, 1910 (Trade-mark registered), by the Phelps Publishing Co. All rights reserved. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England. Entered at the Postoffice at Springfield, Mass, as second-class matter.

Good Housekeeping is published on the twentieth of each month preceding date of issuance, and should reach subscribers not later than the first day of the month of issue.

TERMS—\$1.25 a year (12 numbers), payable in advance, postpaid in the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. In Canada, \$1.75 a year; in foreign countries, the equivalent of \$2.25 in American money. Single copies, 15 cents.

RENEWALS—The date opposite your name on the printed address which appears on the wrapper inclosing your magazine shows to what time your subscription is paid. Thus Aug '10 means that your subscription expires with this (Aug) number. When payment is made, the date, which is your receipt, will change to take effect with the next issue.

CHANGES—Subscribers wishing a change in address must send the old as well as the new address to which they wish the magazine sent. Notice must reach us by the fifth of the month, to take effect with the following issue.

AGENTS—Representatives are wanted in every city and town in the country. A liberal commission will be paid to such as engage with us. References required.

ADVERTISING RATES—\$300.00 per page; \$150.00 per half page; \$75.00 per quarter page; less than one-quarter page \$1.50 per agate line. Fourteen (14) lines to the inch, eight (8) inches per column, two (2) columns per page.

NEW YORK THE PHELPS PUBLISHING CO. CHICAGO

439 Lafayette Street

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1264 People's Gas Bldg.



Hot Weather Housekeeping

Upstairs and down-
stairs---in and out---
one duty after another
---shopping too. No
wonder you're hot, tired
and thirsty. Send out to
the drug store and get



A GLASS OF

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

Just like taking a trip to the mountains. Cooling as a
fresh breeze---fatigue-relieving and thirst-quenching.

Delicious—Refreshing—Wholesome

5c Everywhere

Send for Our Free Booklet

7-B

"The Truth About Coca-Cola."
Tells all about Coca-Cola—what it is
and why it is so delicious, wholesome
and beneficial.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
Atlanta, Ga.

Whenever
you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola

F O R S E P T E M B E R

Should girls be trained in college for wifehood and motherhood?

This question will be answered in the September Good Housekeeping Magazine by *Prof Paul H. Hanus* of Harvard University, *President David Starr Jordan* of Leland Stanford Junior University, *Rev Henry Van Dyke, D D*, *President G. Stanley Hall* of Clark University, and other men and women whose opinions have weight.

Margaret Sutton Briscoe, the novelist, will write of an interesting experiment in co-operation between mothers and school teachers.

Rochester, N Y, will be the subject of a "character sketch" by *Grace Sartwell Mason*, the novelist. Splendid illustrations.

There will be two beautifully illustrated articles on home furnishing and decoration.

Business girls, stirred by our recent "Bachelor" and "Fiancee" articles, will say just what they think concerning matrimony in its relation to the cost of living.

How to make the finest preserves and pickles in the world will be clearly told by experts.

A farm woman will discuss "Housekeeping on the Farm."

The story, by *Raymond M. Alden*, and other features in variety, are too good to be "bunched" in this brief paragraph; find them and see for yourself.

O U R G U A R A N T E E
AN INFLEXIBLE CONTRACT BETWEEN *the PUBLISHER and EACH SUBSCRIBER*

We guarantee the reliability of every advertisement inserted in Good Housekeeping. We mean that you shall deal with our advertisers in the confidence that you will be fairly and squarely treated. If, in spite of all our care, some advertisement should be admitted through which any subscriber is imposed upon or dishonestly dealt with, we will make good to such subscriber the full amount of the loss. The matter should be brought to our attention within the month the magazine is dated that contains the advertisement. The only condition of this contract is that the subscriber shall state, when writing to our advertisers, that the advertisement was seen in Good Housekeeping.



DIAMOND DYES

"STANDARD OF THE WORLD"



A Handsome New Dress for Very Little Money

Here's all you have to do. Get out that old soiled, faded dress that you didn't throw away because the material was too good. The one that became you so well and your friends called "sweet" and stylish. Then get from your druggist a package of Diamond Dyes—one of the latest fashionable colors—and give it a dip. You can restore that old dress to new life and new beauty simply by giving it a new color. And it will serve you many months more.

This simple operation will have cost you but 10 cents and your economy will be a source of much personal satisfaction. Diamond Dyes afford a modern means of keeping well dressed at very little expense. There are a thousand uses for Diamond Dyes and each one saves you money. Waists, gloves, hosiery, curtains, rugs, couch covers—all can be made like new by giving them a new color.

No Risk and No Failures with Diamond Dyes

Diamond Dyes can be used with perfect safety on the most expensive materials. And instead of harming them in any way they give new life to the goods. There is no dye in the world that

gives such splendid results, with so little chance of failure. And that's because they are perfect in formula and positive in action. They are and always have been "The Standard of the World."

The Truth About the Use of Dyes

In the first place you must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well*. This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, can be used successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

Diamond Dyes for Wool should not be used for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, as they are especially adapted for Wool, Silk, or other animal fibres, which take up the dye quickly.

Diamond Dyes for Cotton are especially adapted for Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres, which take up the dye slowly.

"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen, or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

Diamond Dye Annual—FREE Send us your name and address (be sure to mention your dealer's name and tell us whether he sells Diamond Dyes) and we will send you a copy of the famous Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of dyed cloth, all FREE. Address

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VERMONT

The Publisher's Desk

What One Boy Did

In one day last month a certain nine-year-old boy in Brooklyn made \$6.20 for himself getting subscriptions for Good Housekeeping Magazine. Furthermore, he said it was fun!

If you know a boy blessed with even a small amount of business ability, you will do him a good turn by asking him to write to our Agency Bureau for instructions and supplies for taking subscriptions to G. H. We already have thousands of them started in the business.

Big as Pittsburg or Chicago

Did you ever try to realize what a tremendous gathering there would be if all the subscribers of this magazine were assembled in one place? We have some big cities in this country, but only about ten of them have more population than Good Housekeeping Magazine has subscribers and, on the general ratio of readers to subscribers, the population only of New York and Chicago surpass the number who regularly read this magazine. It is quite an inspiring thought to realize that Good Housekeeping Magazine is, each month, going into as many homes as there are people, for example, in the whole of Pittsburg; or, to put it in another way, into as many homes as in the whole city of Chicago. The magnitude of the circulation, however, is not nearly so impressive as the fact that this magazine is primarily helpful and useful, and as such is helping all these tens of thousands of homes into which it goes. In making the homes better,

it is striking at the foundation of American citizenship, and is making better men and women, not only for this, but for future generations.

Good Housekeeping Magazine is going right on in the same good work and along the same helpful lines. Its growth in these past ten years from a few to a full 300,000 is the best argument that the magazine is *good*, not only in title, but in contents. This tremendous growth is due largely to the loyalty of old and new readers alike, and we are confident that this spirit of loyalty will continue, and that the future possibilities of this magazine are almost unlimited.

A Souvenir Offer

Do our readers know how keen the big advertisers are to please them? Do they realize that most concerns will spend the profit, and many times more, should that be necessary, to insure the "good will" without which advertising cannot succeed? Some of you could tell us things which would illustrate the point. Will you do it? Our Advertising Manager at 439 Lafayette Street, New York, is the man most nearly interested. He has a little souvenir that he'd be glad to send out in return for such a letter, received by him not later than September 1, 1910. Our readers are, to his great satisfaction, writing in whenever anything goes wrong in dealing with an advertiser, but this is the other side of it—we'd be delighted to hear from you.

Work and Play

It is perfectly normal to want a vacation and also to want to spend more money on a vacation than one has. One may feel that way and still have a first-rate time with what he has, but why not get a little more?

The above is a sort of a corkscrew introduction and a suggestion that prior to vacation, and during vacation itself, greater possibilities may be opened through the doing of a little work—perhaps a part of each day, or possibly every other day.

Good Housekeeping is a magazine which is wanted everywhere, and it is just as helpful in the middle of summer as in the winter; its helpfulness is conducive to a calm, cool and quiet atmosphere in the home. Some of our best representatives know this, and they do a rushing business through the hot months when thousands of agents are sitting around under trees, or doing something else equally useless and finding fault with the weather because it interferes with their work.

Any man, woman or child of average intelligence, and who is willing to work just a little, can have a vacation all summer long, through working in the morning and earning enough to pay for the whole day. The commissions which we pay are so liberal that one may easily do this.

Why not try? Better write our Agency Bureau today. It costs you nothing, as they supply you with everything except effort—that's up to you!



The Little Fairy Girl

is simply a symbol of the purity of FAIRY SOAP. FAIRY SOAP is made from edible products; it contains no filler, coloring matter or adulterant of any kind.

Pay 25c or 50c for soap if you will, but you will get no more soap merit and purity than are found in FAIRY SOAP at 5c a cake—and, in nine cases out of ten, not so much.

FAIRY SOAP—the pure, white, floating, oval cake—is sold at all good grocery and drug stores.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, CHICAGO

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

“Have You a Little ‘Fairy’ in Your Home?”

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE

THE LEADER
FOR FOUR GENERATIONS
1780-1910

IT
MAKES THE CAKE
AND
TAKES THE PRIZES



52 Highest Awards in Europe and America



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

The genuine Baker's Chocolate is the pure product of carefully selected and scientifically blended cocoa beans from different parts of the tropical regions, to which nothing has been added and from which nothing has been taken. Unequaled for smoothness, delicacy and natural flavor.

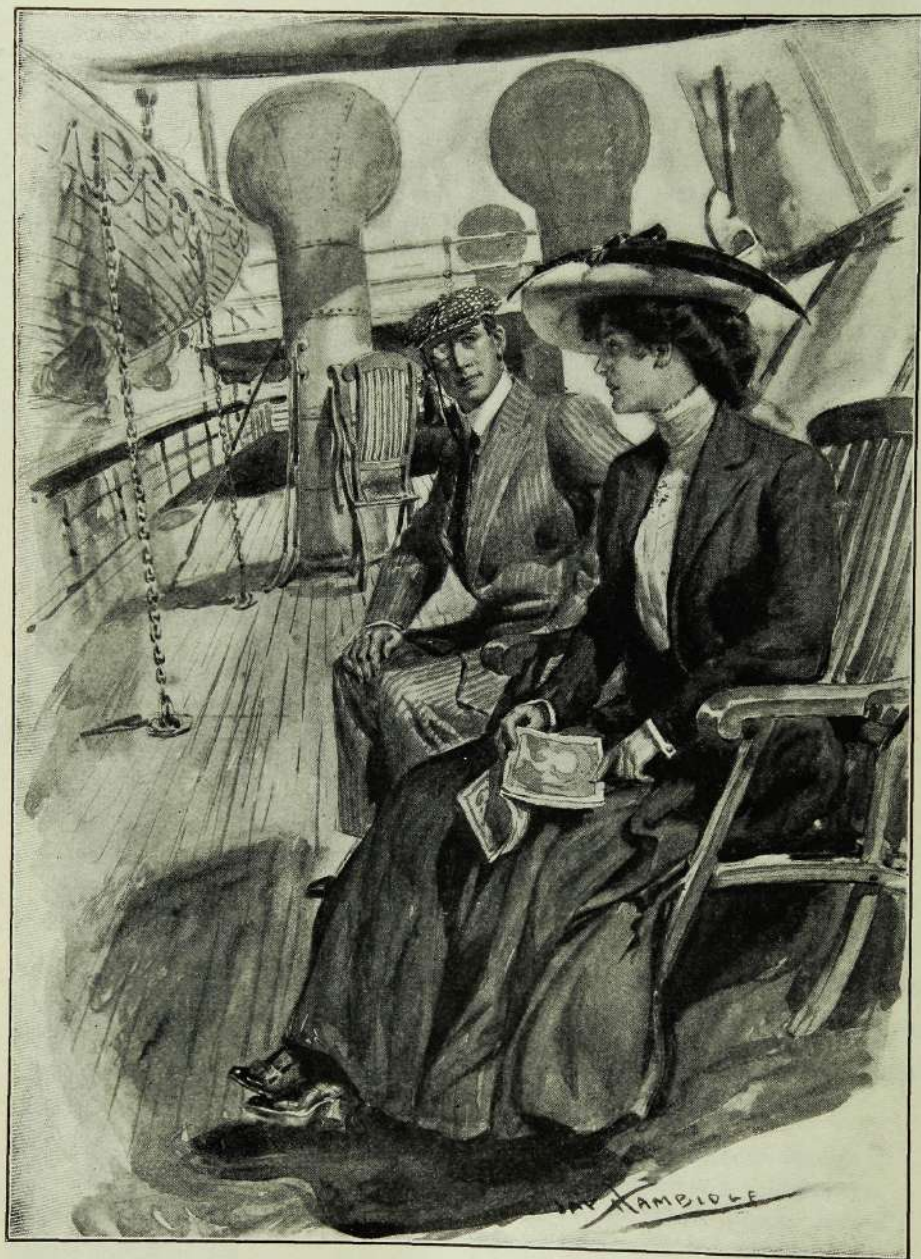
A very attractive booklet of Choice Recipes, with many colored illustrations, telling you how to make a great variety of dainty dishes and delicious candies, will be sent free by

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.





"Not at all," said she, with distinct hauteur.--Page 146

The Predicaments of Molly

Drawn by Jay Hambidge

Good Housekeeping MAGAZINE

*Conducted in the Interests of
the Higher Life of the Household*

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Volume LI, No 2
Whole No 382

AUGUST, 1910

\$1.25 a Year
15 Cents a Copy

VACATION ADVENTURES which proved more or less amusing

Equal to the Emergency

By A. O. H. S.

Among the firmest of my mother's articles of belief is the conviction that the English language, clearly spoken, will carry one successfully—even gloriously—through any emergency in any land. This creed has enabled her to face the unexpected often with triumph and always without panic. Even when family affairs precipitated her from a green-shuttered, white-painted house on a decorous, elm-bordered street within trolleying distance of the Massachusetts State House to a camp on an arid Arizona plateau, thirty miles from a railroad, she was unperturbed.

One day as we—the rest of the family—returned from a sortie up the trail, we perceived from afar that she was in animated conversation with a Mexican; we recognized his race by the long, lithe lines of his indolent figure as he leaned against his pinto pony, by

the glitter of trimming on his conical hat and other similar marks. The conversation was over before we reached the camp, and the Mexican trotted by, saluting us with a kindly *buenas dias*, but he paused for no talk with us. We hurried down to ask Mother what they had been talking about.

"He wanted to find that pretty Mexican girl whose mother does the washing—sometimes," said Mother. "No, of course, he didn't ask in English; it's the strangest thing, the obstinacy of those people, living right in the United States and not learning the language! No, of course, I didn't talk Spanish. But anyone who will speak English plainly enough can be understood. How did I know that he wanted to be directed to that girl's? Well, Madalena was the one word I did understand, and he spoke it with a rising inflection, and she's the only Madalena that I know anything about around here. What's that you say?"

Annunciata is her name? Well, it's probably Madalena, too—they all have a half dozen names."

Carefully we explained to Mother that Annunciata's half dozen names did not include a single Madalena, and that Madalena was the name of a mining camp sixty miles above us. We pointed out to her that if she had directed the wayfarer to Annunciata's adobe hut off in the hills, she had sent him eight miles off his track.

Three weeks later, riding out to Annunciata's mother's, to try to discover why she had not delivered our laundry by the bi-weekly stage, as per agreement, we found a wedding in progress. Annunciata was the bride, and the groom was the misdirected Mexican. True, he had set out for Madalena and mining, but he was no member of a hide-bound race, determined always to accomplish what it undertakes. Driven out of his course by Mother's explicit directions in English and in sign language, behold how much better than Madalena and mining were Annunciata and the tiny ranch of Annunciata's father!

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Mother triumphantly when we presented her with a silver bracelet from the grateful bride and two chromatically bordered silk handkerchiefs from the groom. "There's no emergency that the English language can't reach."

Difficult Rowing

By C. W. T.

One cold, drizzly day last August we went fishing. When about seventy-five feet out we let down the anchor, baited



our hooks and began to fish. At my suggestion my husband stood up to cast, and the next thing we knew over went the boat. My husband jumped into the water, caught me as I fell out, at the same time righting the boat. Then he threw me back in, climbed in himself and took the oars. I began scolding like an old Xanthippe to prevent my dripping partner

from trying to row in while the boat was so filled with water. However, he persisted in trying to move the boat toward land. Finally one of the onlookers shouted, "I think, sir, if you would weigh your anchor you would make better progress."

Business Methods

By T. W. S.

A New York girl was traveling in Ireland. Her party decided to ride donkeys over a bit of country in the neighborhood of the Lakes of Killarney.

The city girl, never having ridden a donkey, was timid, and when riding along a precipice she requested the Irish guide to take her hand, which he did with evident willingness.

When the party was ready to leave their guide, he collected his fees, asking from the New York girl a sum

much in excess of what he asked from the others. She protested, as did some Dublin women in the party who overheard him. These told Pat that they were ashamed of his effort to impose upon an American. Pat seemed astonished at their ignorance of business methods. "Too much, is it?" he cried; "and me holding her hand all that time!"



Camping on the Moquette

By Nemo

When discussing summer plans just before school closed Miss Bronson and Miss White had all the other teachers reduced to a frazzle from envy. They airily announced that their vacation was to be spent "camping on the Moquette." They painted the outing in alluring colors, how they would have three months of it, and together they consulted over clothes, food and camp equipment until all the rest be-moaned their own lot.

It was early in August when Miss Noble, who had the class just below Miss Bronson and just above Miss White, came into the hot city for the day. Miss Noble's vacation was not proving very entrancing, but anything was better than the warm, sticky town. Now, that Miss Bronson and that Miss White—she sighed.

What was that? A young woman was whisking around a corner with what was unmistakably something from the grocer's! No, she couldn't be wrong; she had seen her too many times within the past year. It was Miss White! An hour later, on the second floor of a big department store, she came across Miss Bronson, looking with all a bargainer's enthusiasm over table linen.

"The jig is up, Alice," said Miss Bronson. "I guess we can't fool you any more. You might as well tell the others when you see them.

"Mabel White and I have started bachelor housekeeping. We've a splendid little flat. I'll take you to it right off, if you'll let me. We haven't been away, because we wanted to use the money to buy furniture. No, Alice, we did *not* tell a story. We have been 'camping on the Moquette' all summer. The 'Moquette's' a big moquette rug that Mabel's brother gave us. When we moved in that was just about all we had."

Jinks's Japan Irises

By M. C. D.

Jinks is a poetic friend of ours who loves flowers and who owns a little place not far from the city which he calls "Week-End." It is a bungalow delightfully located in a little wood through which flows a charming brook. Unlike most California brooks, this one does not dry up in the summer time, but purrs on enticingly until the autumn rains. Everything is on such a miniature scale at "Week-End" that it suggests Japan, and Jinks says that in summer time when the brook is low



and tranquil the moon reflects herself therein like a silver platter. This is a very Japanesque simile, and to go with it Jinks wanted Japanese irises near his brook. Now, Japanese iris roots are not yet cheap, in this country, and there were a great many other things that Jinks wanted. But these roots are said to increase in time and so, late in December, Jinks spent ten dollars for roots, and did not get so very many even for that sum. He made a special trip to "Week-End" to plant the bulbs and, on a very rainy Sunday, he set out the roots in all sorts of tender little curves and bends of his bonny brook.

Jinks didn't go to "Week-End" again until February. The first thing he looked for were his irises. Alas! instead of a bonny brook there was now a muddy and raging torrent. Where the gentle curves of several previous winters had been the banks had been gouged out and a large and admirable swimming pool had been formed. Unfortunately, Jinks did not want a swimming pool; he wanted irises reflected in glassy waters.

Jinks was disconsolate. He scattered wild flower seeds over the adjacent banks with a lavish hand, and some came up and blossomed, but bluebells and poppies are not a substitute for irises.

One day in early summer Jinks visited the magnificent country place of a friend some miles away. He was shown the beautiful formal gardens, a pond of lotus, bamboo groves, magnificent palms and a fern forest. Along the stream — Jinks's stream, by the way — bunches of graceful Japanese irises mirrored themselves in the water.

"I envy you those more than anything else," said Jinks. "I'm crazy about Japanese irises. I planted a lot last fall, but that wretched January rain washed every bulb out and completely changed the course of the creek up my way."

"That so?" said the rich and complacent host. "Well, that accounts for those irises. John didn't plant them there. They just grew and the gardener never could figure out where they came from. I must tell him."

"Do," said Jinks dryly.

Rebuked

By L. H. W.

An elderly and benevolent clergyman, a man nearer seventy than sixty, was recently crossing the continent after a winter spent in California. Just in front of him sat a young girl of thirteen or fourteen, utterly unprovided with reading matter or occupation of any kind. For twenty-four hours she sat listlessly looking out of the window. Then the kind-hearted minister could bear it no longer. Selecting a couple of magazines and a book, he leaned forward, placed them on the seat beside her and said, "Wouldn't you like something to read?" She drew herself up stiffly



and replied, "Sir, if you annoy me in this way again I shall appeal to the conductor to protect me."

The American Husband

By Mrs G. P.

A friend of mine was staying at a hotel at Stratford-on-Avon. She was

alone with the landlady one morning when the latter remarked, "It must be a fine thing to be a woman in America!"

"Why do you say that?" asked my friend, laughing.

"I've been in this house twenty years," replied the woman. "My husband is often away and my daughter and I have to carry up the boxes [trunks]. In all those twenty years I never knew a man to offer to help us except an American, and I never knew an American to stand by and let us do it. It must be

heaven for a woman to live in America!"

The Flower Hat

By S. Pike

Mrs Pike had a hat which was an institution in our family. It was not like the "lovely hat" in Edward Lear's *Quangle Wangle* Quee, "a hundred and two feet wide, with ribbons and bibbons on every side," but it



was as wide as the modern doorway permits, and it was lovely and flowery, and when in place on Mrs Pike's head it heightened that effect of girlishness to which no young matron objects. It was, in a word, Mrs Pike's best summer hat, her favorite headgear, achieved after infinite study and research, and it was the only dress-up hat she had with her

at this plain and quiet seashore retreat.

We were upon the eve of the event of the season at the little resort—an afternoon card party or function of some kind, for which the ladies had been ransacking their trunks and littering up their hallways for a day or two. I had just arrived for a few days' visit, to introduce a bit of life and color, if possible, in my wife's quiet routine; to enliven the monotony and add such small luster as I might.

The luster came along sure enough; in fact, there was too much of it.

On that fateful evening I was sent upstairs for a book. The room was dark, and new to me. Grabbing about the book, I was conscious of a gas jet back of my right shoulder, surmounted by a white globe. I struck a match, thrust it underneath the globe and bent down to search for the book.

In the course of about five seconds I was aware of a crackling and a sputtering which made my blood run cold. Reposing on the top of the gas globe was Mrs Pike's flower hat. It was no longer white, but surmounted by a waving plume of Chanticleer red which nearly licked the ceiling. Each lilac blossom, of which there were hundreds, was a tiny bonfire. There seemed to be splendid draft up through the crown of the hat. Blazing flowerets rained upon the rug and the bureau cover.

I sprang to the window, pushed up the screen and soon sent the hat, a roaring meteor, hurtling through the night. A kimono which lay across a chair displayed the new red embroidery in several spots. Other lilliputian bonfires there were, which I soon extinguished.

So far, so good. The house was safe; but how about poor Pike? All the reserves of character which years of labor and disappointment had been storing up were needed, to the last dreg, in

order to break the news to Mrs Pike.

I halted on the staircase and gazed admiringly but fearfully at the picture which greeted my eyes—Mrs Pike, young and fair, serenely unconscious, reading in a corner of the library. She greeted me with a lightsome smile, which cut me to the heart. I forced a sickly grin, and stammered: "I've—er—had—er—a little trouble upstairs."

"What?" she said, sitting bolt upright.

"Well, I've—er—burned up your hat."

"What hat?" excitedly.

"The lilac," I replied, with anguish.

Mrs Pike has never acquitted herself better than at this crisis. Excited? Of course; justifiably so. There was a something in the nature of a brief demonstration, a few pet names were aimed at poor Pike,

then she cried: "I want to see it!" I shook my head. "There's nothing to see."

"But where is it?"

"Out on the grass."

A bellboy with a lantern lighted us to a burned-over patch in the center of which was a maze of cobwebby wire work of wondrous dimensions and intricacy. Rare hatpins, picked up in Paris and Geneva, had exploded their jeweled heads and were no more.

When this trophy was exhibited to the readers and loungers in the parlor there was a roar of laughter in which Mrs Pike joined as heartily as the rest—philosopher that she is.

Be it said right here that the gas globe which I lighted was one which Mrs Pike used only for a hat rest.

The card party the next afternoon was a veritable burst of millinery effervescence, so it was said, but there was one plain, sober, businesslike hat amid the gorgeousness. Yet Pike was forgiven!



Our Borrowed Umbrella

By A. W.

My sister and I, both of us sedate, elderly women, were driving through an open country last summer when a sudden storm came up. The wind wrecked our umbrella during a terrific downpour of rain. We drew up in front of the only house in sight, and refusing the woman's hearty invitation to stay until the storm was over, told her that if she only would lend us an umbrella we would journey on. She brought from the shed a faded brown umbrella of enormous size and *permanently open*. She warned us not to attempt closing it, as it had been "broken and mended open." She wouldn't sell, but would willingly lend her treasure, and we were to leave it at "the store" in the next town.

At first the shelter of that umbrella was most welcome, but soon the rain ceased. Then we reached country where no rain had fallen and the dust was deep in the road. Women came to the windows of houses and men paused in the fields to grin at that pale brown perambulating mushroom. We tried to look unconscious, but grew embarrassed to face even the chickens by the roadside.

Presently the wind arose and increased, and our struggles with that accursed loan became grim instead of ludicrous to us—but not to our audiences!

Never was beacon light more welcome to a weary traveler than the sight of "the store" was to us, and with a sigh of intense relief I released my hold on that awful umbrella.

The Veranda at "Week-End"

By M. C. D.

Jinks decided to add a wide veranda to his bungalow, which he calls "Week-End." He drew elaborate and beautiful plans, which called for a good deal of rustic and ornamental railing. Jinks gave his design to the local carpenter who had constructed the bungalow and left it to him to find the natural wood, still clad in its bark, for the veranda. Later Jinks went down to see the finished porch, and it was charming. Jinks decided to give a ball and to invite the neighborhood.

Jinks always sleeps in a tree house when he goes down to "Week-End." It is a Robinson Crusoe sort of bedroom, only you do not draw the ladder up after you.

On the night of the dance "Week-End" looked most inviting. Large colored Japanese lanterns hung, like luscious fruit, from every oak bough, and the whole place was *en fete*. An orchestra played among the trees, and the veranda where the dancing was to be had been planed and waxed to a nicety. About the rustic railing were ranged comfortable seats and lounging couches.

The dance was a great success. It was a very warm night and the chairs and lounging places were crowded all the time. Everyone said the night was much too warm to have permitted a dance indoors.

The next day Jinks awoke about noon. He did not feel especially like getting up, but there was the debris to clear away, the decorations to remove and the veranda to get in order. Jinks rubbed his eyes. They itched, and he rubbed them again. Queer, how uncomfortable they felt!

Jinks worked hard all afternoon. Occasionally he stopped to rub his eyes. Then his cheeks began to itch, and presently he was scratching his arms. He was perspiring and his sleeves were rolled up. When he went into the tree house to wash up before supper his whole face was itching. As he looked into the mirror he was surprised to see how swollen his eyelids were.

"Guess I'm in for poison oak," he thought. "Must have got it cutting those ferns."

Presently the telephone jingled. Jinks answered it. It was the father of two of his young guests.

"Clare and Robert had a fine time Friday night," he said. "It's a good thing it was Friday night, for they couldn't have come tonight. They're all swollen up with poison oak."

"I've got it, too," said Jinks.

In the evening a neighbor called. His eyes were tiny slits in his puffy cheeks.

"Poison oak," said Jinks. "Where did you get it?"

"Can't imagine," said the young fellow. "It came on Friday night. I haven't been up the creek for a month. Miss Gray has it, too, and Florence and

Fletcher. Guess my eyes are going to close this time."

Going up on the train on Monday morning, Jinks, through the tiny peep-holes which were his eyes, saw more of his guests. Each one was a sight. Every young creature who had been at Jinks's party had fallen a victim to the unpleasant malady in greater or less degree. The hospitable host was in despair. Next week Jinks called on the local carpenter. That amiable person was in guffaws.

"Never supposed you were going to give a party on that porch," he said. "You didn't say what sort o' wood you wanted, and poison oak's plenty around here and has a prettier bark and more shape to it than most any other kind o' wood. But of course you can't go to dancin' and sweatin' around poison oak on a hot night and not answer for it."

Our Carriage

By Mrs George Partridge

Just as we were to take the tramway for Versailles my friend discovered that she had forgotten her purse. I counted the money in mine and found that we had enough for both, provided we spent nothing on extras, so we decided not to go back.

Late in the afternoon, on emerging from the Petit Trianon, we found ourselves under the trees of the palace gardens in a sudden tempest, drenched by torrents of rain and miserably frightened by the vivid flashes of lightning. Coachmen and carriages were there in plenty, but after counting my money I found that if we hired a carriage to convey us to the Place d'Armes, where we were to take the tramway for Paris, we should be short two cents for our return journey.

During the day we had been amused by the appearance and conduct of a funny little Frenchman and his wife, seemingly from the provinces. We ran up against them so many times that we began to think that they regarded us as curiosities and were following us.

While we stood irresolute in the rain they drew near. The man was apparently calling a coachman. A sudden thought came to us. If we could hire a carriage with them we should have

plenty of money. We had lived so long among French people of the middle class that we knew well their thrifty ways, and thought that they, too, would be glad to share the expense.

We explained our situation, and said that if they were planning to take a carriage to the Place d'Armes, we should be very grateful if we might share the expense equally with them.

They seemed delighted to have us. Madame sat beside my friend, her husband beside me. They plied us with all sorts of questions about America, and we really enjoyed the ride. When we finally reached the Place d'Armes I took out my purse. Monsieur and Madame made no movement to alight, although we waited for them to get out first. Then I explained that we wished to pay our share.

At this, Madame, with a pleased laugh, exclaimed, "But it is our own carriage!"

A Cooperative Breakfast

By C. Rieck

John Blake always spent the month of October at Farmer Judson's. Last year when he arrived he was the only guest. It had been a busy summer, and Mrs Judson was tired out. Blake suggested that a trip to her daughter's would set her up, and declared that he was able to take care of himself and the farm.

Toward evening of the day of their departure, when Blake returned from a tramp up the road, he found sitting comfortably on the porch a Miss Graham, a lady of uncertain years, who also always spent October at the farm. She had not been expected, however, until the middle of the next week. Blake explained the situation to her, and they decided that there was plenty of room for both of them and plenty to eat as well.

The next morning Blake arose early in order to prepare the breakfast, but when he reached the kitchen he found that Miss Graham had the fire started and was making biscuits. Determined to show what he could do, he said he would make the porridge.

With Miss Graham's help he found a bucket of cereal, and with the help of a cook book he finally had the porridge

on the stove cooking. He stirred it well, but it took an hour and a half before it reached a creamy consistency. By that time they were both ready for their co-operative meal. The porridge was voted by the critical Miss Graham as the best she had ever eaten.

When the Judsons reached home Mrs Judson naturally wished to know how they had fared in her absence. When Blake told of his porridge making she exclaimed, "Why, where did you find any cereal? I remembered when we got to town that there wasn't a speck in the house, and it kinder worried me."

"Humph!" broke in Miss Graham. "You certainly don't know what you've got. We found a bucketful in the storeroom."

Mrs Judson dropped her jaws in astonishment at this, and, followed by them all, led the way into the storeroom. When Miss Graham brought out the bucket from which the cereal had been taken, Mrs Judson threw back her head and laughed until she shook. "Lor', Miss Graham, that's our chicken' cob corn ground special fine!"

The Forehanded Crows

By S. J.

No one who has never tamed a crow has exhausted the pleasures of country life. When taken young these birds very soon become tractable, and their droll, mischievous ways are always amusing, if not on some occasions agreeable. If taken in pairs their diverting tricks are more than doubled, and they are almost human in their reasoning. If their tongues are split in their babyhood, they will sometimes talk in a weird, croaking manner.

A pair of "Jims" once played the role of jesters in the court of a White Mountain farm. They furnished abundant entertainment to a lady who was visiting the farmer's wife in the summer, and she rewarded their efforts by feeding them from her window. This proved disastrous, for they were early risers, and it seemed to them a great deal pleasanter and less arduous to get an early breakfast at the hand of their benefactress than to have to search for it. But it disturbed her morning dreams, and to prevent the recurrence of the

tapping of their bills on the window pane she closed and tied the blinds.

The "Jims" were temporarily thwarted, but the next evening, when she returned for the night, her amazed eyes found the pair sleeping comfortably, roosting on the footboard of the bed!

Our Rabbit

By Della E. Higgins

Our mountain cottage was far from the beaten path of travel and the invasion of the summer hotel. Such supplies as we did not bring with us we procured of some farmer, or at the little country store.

Returning from a long tramp across country one day we were seized with a longing for the fleshpots of Egypt.

"Let's get some cheese and some crackers and have the stickiest, most indigestible Welsh rabbit we can make!" cried my friend.

I agreed to this, so we paused at the little shack of a store and aroused the proprietor from his nap on a bench by the door. We followed his lumbering footsteps into the building and told him that we wished a pound of cheese and some large square crackers for a Welsh rabbit.

The old man found difficulty in filling our order. Scratching his grizzled locks reflectively, he said, "Got the cheese all right, but hain't got no large square crackers. Won't yer rabbit eat the small ones?"

The Professor

By L. C. S.

When "the professor" and his "lady" arrived at West Farm, and there dawned upon us the utmost importance of the professor's bearing, the half dozen of us who were spending the summer at this pretty place felt that we were in for an unusual treat.

Unprepossessing in appearance, for his clothes bordered upon seediness and his figure was small and insignificant, yet the professor at once established himself as the source of much information, rather indefinite in nature, but all of it interesting. In spite of occasional bad slips in English he talked rather

well, and every evening found him holding forth in the midst of an attentive group. In the course of his conversation he referred continually to large undertakings in which he had been a leading spirit, but he never explained their exact nature. He also dropped occasional remarks concerning the fitness of the surrounding country as a possible site for "the Institution." So vastly secure he seemed in the idea that we must know all about the Institution that none of us had the courage to display our ignorance and inquire whether it was an insane asylum or a canning factory. We rather gained the impression, finally, that it was some sort of a sanitarium.

But not even at the time of the professor's departure had our curiosity been satisfied as to those enterprises he had played so important a part in, and "that Institution."

A chance trip to the nearby city a short time after the professor's departure furnished us with a sequel to the story. We had finished our shopping early and decided to call upon a friend in a suburb, some distance away. As we sat on the piazza, partly hidden from view by vines, we saw a familiar figure coming around the corner of the house. He wore a pair of discolored overalls, and he carried in each hand a pail of paint. Mounting a ladder that was leaning against the summerhouse in the garden, he deftly began to ply the brush.

It was the professor!

He lived, our hostess informed us, in the neighborhood. In a small shop at the rear of his brother's paintshop he manufactured patent medicine. Whenever the medicine market was dull, he naturally "took to painting."

We waited until he moved to the farther side of the summerhouse and then stole away. We did not wish to burst the bubble of self-satisfaction that we knew would sustain the professor's importance through a long winter of patent medicine and paint brushes.

While I was sitting on the porch shelling peas for dinner, our neighbor's little daughter, about two and one-half years old, noticed what I was doing. Running over, she said, "Oh, let me help you unbutton those!" W. R. L.

Adventuresses

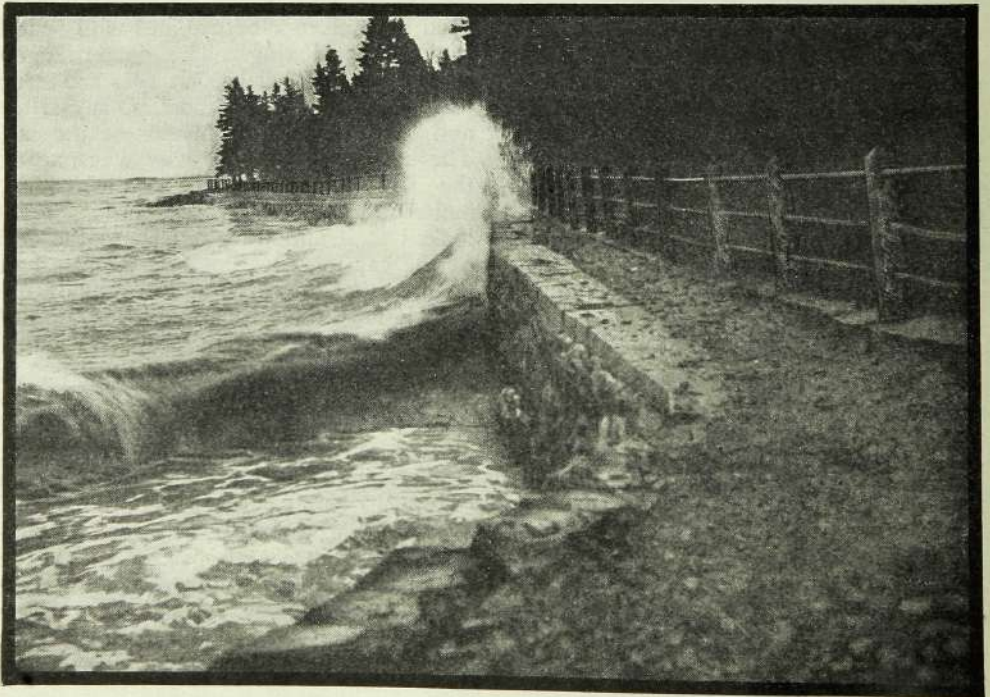
My five-year-old sister's big doll was the cause of intense curiosity during our travels. It was as large as a two-year-old child. In Ceylon the natives thought it was a new kind of god. Whenever a train stopped at a station we placed the doll at the window of our car. The natives crowded round outside, some with awe, salaaming the doll. Crowds followed us on the streets, but if we turned and held the doll towards them they invariably ran away. Once we were coming out of the dining room of a hotel, my little sister carrying her doll. Three young men, standing in the lobby, looked at my sister, then they looked at me, and their looks plainly expressed disapproval. Then one audibly remarked, "She ought to be ashamed of herself, letting that little girl carry that big, heavy baby." Just at this moment my sister turned, and when they saw the "big, heavy baby's" face, they exclaimed as one man, "Why, it is a doll!" and sheepishly disappeared into the smoking room. Mary Elliot.

The summer my sister and I went to the St Louis Exposition the section directly opposite us was occupied by an elderly couple who had apparently never been on a sleeper before and who found it most perplexing. The porter began to prepare the berths. It was too dark to look out of the window, so my sister and I sat facing the interior of the car. The section across the way was one of the first to be made up, to the evident embarrassment of its occupants. They looked at it and then retired to the end of the car to talk things over. We had no idea that we were at the root of the trouble until the wife approached us, and pointing to their section said, "He wants to go to bed in *there*. Would you young ladies please turn your backs?" L. W.

In the voluminous mail of General Taylor of the *Boston Globe* was once a letter which read thus: "What will you charge to publish an advertisement of my White Mountain hotel three and one-half inches in length?" To which the response went by return mail: "Hate on principle to say so, but any White Mountain hotel three and one-half inches long would be such a curio that everybody would go to see it and it wouldn't need any advertising." E. N. B.

American Summer Resorts

Glimpses of Distinctive Features of a Few of the Most Famous

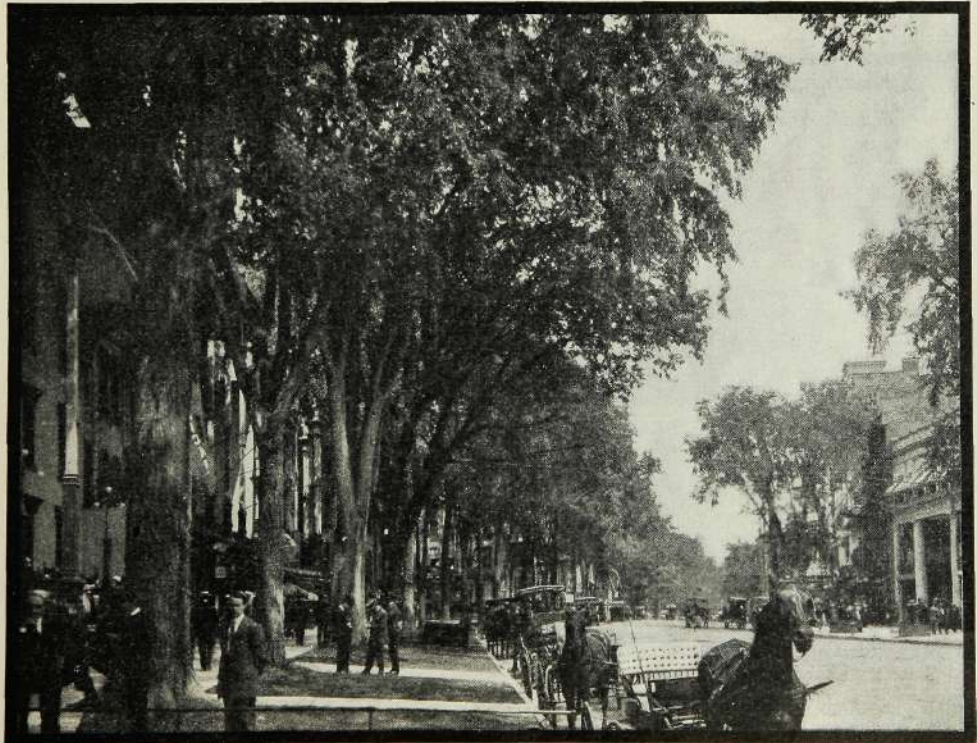


Bar Harbor: two views along the famous Ocean Path of this fashionable resort on Mount Desert Island, Maine



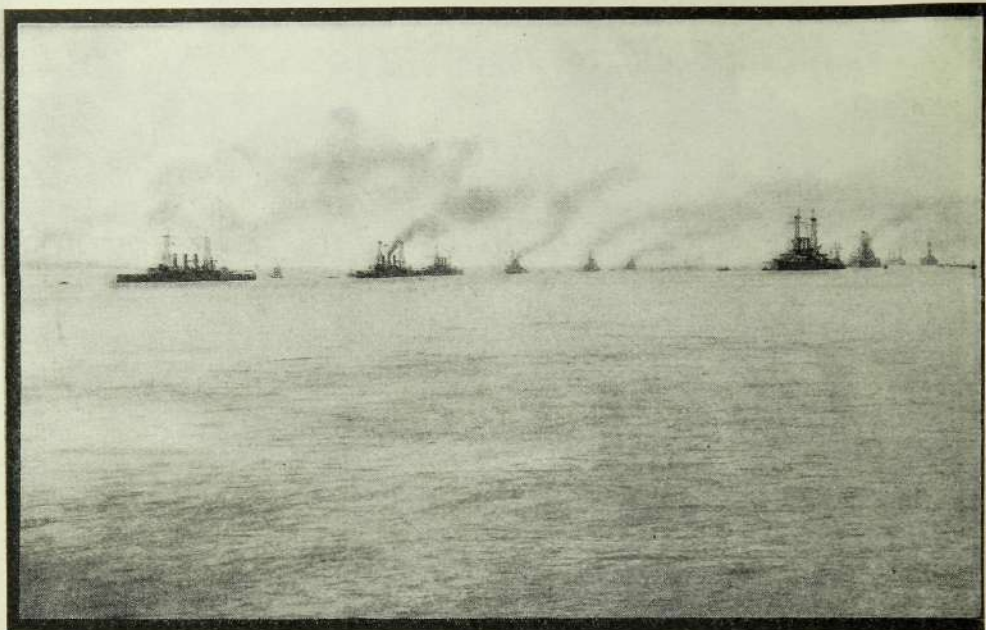
Copyright, 1910, by Detroit Publishing Co

Golf at Lake Placid in the Adirondacks, Whiteface Mountain in the distance

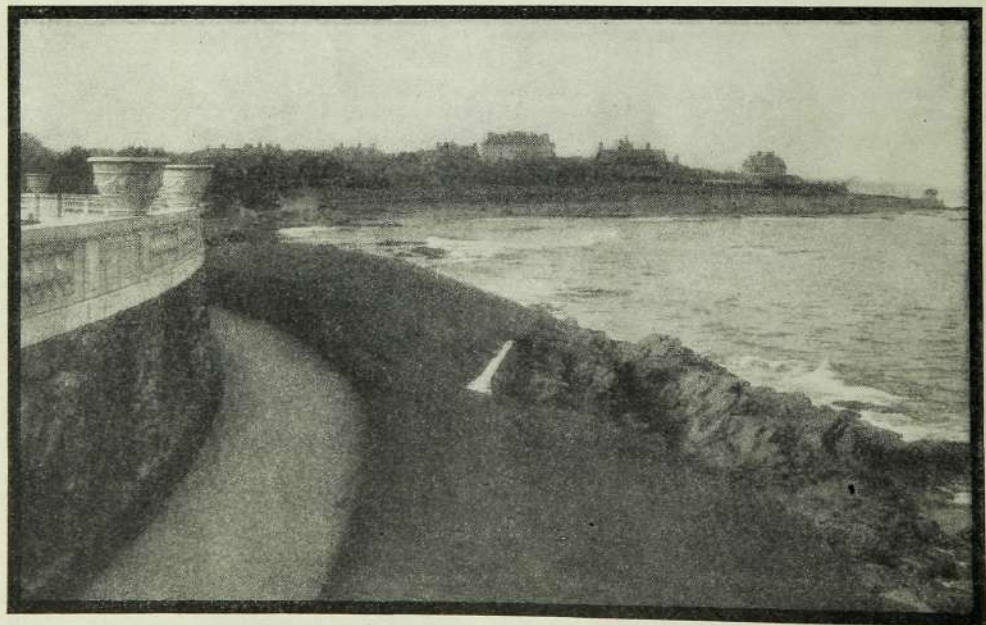


Copyright, 1910, by Detroit Publishing Co

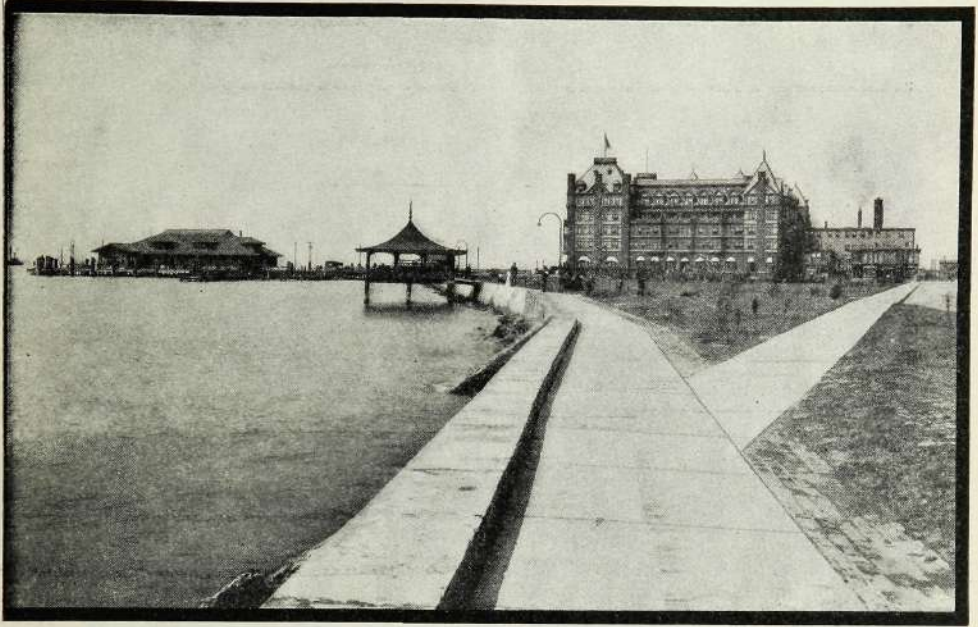
Saratoga in the hotel district



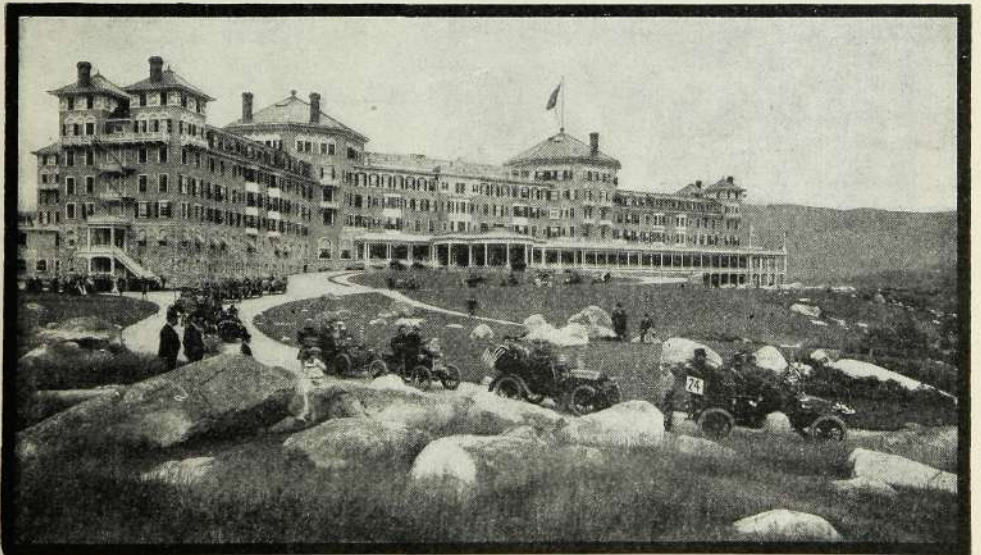
This view of Hampton Roads, steamboat landing and Hotel Chamberlin at Old---



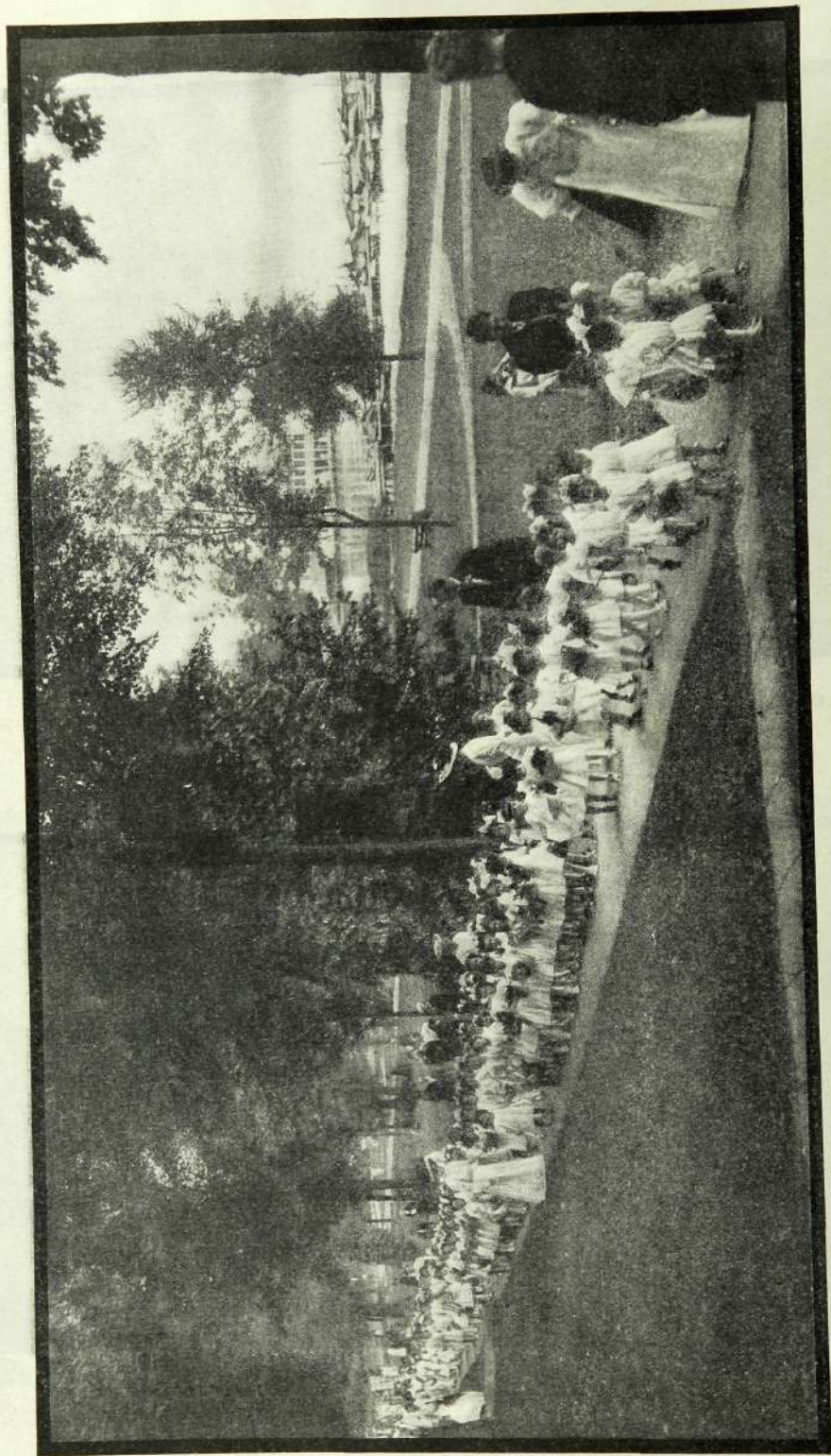
The shore at Newport, Rhode Island, with a suggestion of the Cliff Walk at the left



---Point Comfort, Virginia, is divided, crossing the inside margins of the pages



A favorite rendezvous of motorists is Bretton Woods, in the White Mountains, with its huge hotel



A characteristic bit of Chautauqua, N. Y., from a photograph taken on Recognition Day



Copyright, 1909, by Underwood & Underwood

Atlantic City's famous board walk, in August



Santa Catalina Island, one of the popular shore resorts of California

The HOUSEKEEPER-AT-LARGE

The People and the
Problems she meets



Concerning Summer Hotel Life, with
Portraits of Some Hotel Acquaintances

IF IT takes all sorts of people to make a world, we have a little world in the summer hotel. Its guests are the same, no matter where you go, North, South, East or West. The close proximity of one human being with another in a hotel perhaps brings out more unlovely traits in femininity than any other experience. It certainly does with children—every mother knows that. The jumble of humanity as we see it in such a limelight is like our household goods turned out at spring cleaning time to the garish sunshine. They are solid, dignified, artistic or tawdry, poor imitations or sadly frazzled, as the case may be. In the subdued light of home small vanities, flaws and eccentricities do not show up so obtrusively. When jostled against discordant personalities that jar sharply upon one another where every semblance of home life is obliterated and the very atmosphere is artificial, we see men, women and children at their worst.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." This is one of the underlying reasons for many an uncomely characteristic. The woman, whom necessity keeps busy in her own home, suddenly thrown into idleness, may degenerate into a flirt, a gossip, a horrid snob or a confirmed "kicker," although in her own little circle she is known as a decent citizen.

Do you remember a droll entertainment given at country sociables called "The Old-Fashioned Album"? I have in mind pictures enough to fill such an album. Each one of them I collected during sojourns at summer hotels.

The first is a group. A clever friend of mine calls it the "rocking chair

brigade." Why rockers should be so popular I do not know. A chair which does not sway in tune to the flow of talk would be relegated quickly to some unfashionable corner. The R C B is made up of spinsters or old ladies with husbands reduced to submission or eternal silence. They have married off sons and daughters, reared grandchildren after theories of their own, dictated policies to their clubs, reigned in church circles, ruled their own small social world, trained servants till they were left servantless and laid down lines of conduct for their dearest friends. After such a strenuous existence they surely deserve a breathing spell in the summer—only they bring their policies with them.

The younger set in the hotel, especially the children, have no love for the R C B. In quiet corners they talk of them as "old biddies." Sometimes in moments of high wrath these women have been characterized as "hens" and "cats." Such mild animals have nothing in common, however, with the R C B women, who are capable of tearing a reputation to shreds in quick time. Age does not dull their sight or hearing, and what they do not see or hear they imagine. Conan Doyle would have missed clues they have followed to a solution.

There is not a courtesy or chivalry accorded to old age which they do not appropriate before it is offered them. Their corner of the piazza is immune from drafts, they "hog" the best view

of ocean or mountains, also of the main entrance. They arrange naps, meals and baths so they can be on hand when the boat or train comes in. Each new arrival is an incident and a personage to be scanned. Occasionally the R C B has its spasms of feminine industry, when it crochets, knits wool slippers or embroiders. Each member of the R C B reads the morning papers as diligently as a politician. Somewhere in the brigade is someone who is acquainted with somebody in someway connected with the affair. The R C B knows more people in every state of the Union and more about their affairs than a census man. Every blessed one of them has "an affiliation." If she is not a D A R or an F F V or W C T U or D O T C she has connections with a Winthrop, Vanderbilt or Calvert. Perhaps she goes back in her ancestry to Mary, Queen of Scots, like one old R C B I knew. They are "up" in parliamentary law, palmistry, hygiene, political economy, Browning, sociology, genealogy, Buddhism, the child labor question, civics, biology and dietetics. If you should ever get within listening range of the brigade you might hear the last fizz of every rocket that ever went up at a woman's club. The medley of knowledge possessed by this circle is extraordinary. Nothing touches it except their knowledge of goings on in the hotel. Generally nobody dares to ask them how they came by that knowledge.

One day at a hostelry where army and navy people congregate, the R C B was in its corner. Up the steps came a famous old general who had faced the enemy too many times in his life to flinch before the brigade.

"Good morning, General," said one of the old ladies. The rest of them became fiercely intent upon their work.

"Good morning." It was not a particularly cordial greeting. Then the general dashed at the enemy as boldly as he had done in the sixties. "I have just heard," he began sternly, "that a story came from this corner of the piazza about my little granddaughter, Miss Violet. They are saying she landed from a yacht here at two in the morning, alone, with Robert Blair.

"In the first place, ladies, my grandchild never met Blair; he is the most disreputable young scoundrel in Virginia.

Last night till ten o'clock Miss Violet played cribbage with her grandmother and me in the west parlor. At half past ten she was in bed. The wind blew hard through the night and I went into my granddaughter's room to shut the window. It was one o'clock then and Miss Violet was sleeping like the sweet, innocent child she is. I am here to find out who saw her at two o'clock in the morning with Robert Blair."

For fifteen minutes the old general conducted a court martial. Before he was through with the R C B every member of it was metaphorically upon its knees. In an hour it had scattered, humbled, disgraced, almost ostracized.

I mean no irreverence to white hairs. Every old woman is simply a development of childhood, youth and womanhood, sweet and serene or intensely disagreeable according to her nature. Thank heaven, we find everywhere women who have nothing in common with the R C B—kindly, dignified, grandmotherly dames, whom it is a privilege to know and love!

There is something in the atmosphere of summer hotel life—perhaps it is merely the idleness—which causes even sensible, well-balanced women to form sudden and precarious friendships which within the social boundaries of home would be almost an impossibility. In the jostle of hotel life, where every ambitious female puts her best foot foremost, a great deal is taken for granted. During piazza or beach tete-a-tetes whole family histories have been rehearsed, even the revered family skeleton has been taken from its dusty closet.

A neighbor ran in on me one morning positively excited. She belongs to the order of women who have to tell things or burst.

"Oh," she began, "I have got myself into a horrible mess. That Mrs Van Trump I gave a luncheon for last week was—"

"Was what?" I asked. Her guest had struck me as a decidedly shoddy remnant of the old Knickerbocker family she represented.

"I have had such a shock. My new darkey maid, Rosa, has a brother who works at Phil's. Mrs Van Trump is Phil's sister."

"Who is Phil?" I asked perplexedly. "Haven't you seen the big saloon on

the Avenue with the jumping electric sign? That is Phil's."

"Mercy, yes! Where did you meet the woman?"

"Last summer in the Adirondacks. Mrs. Van Trump had one of the most expensive suites in our hotel. She entertained beautifully. I won my big cutglass ice pitcher at one of her bridge afternoons. She had a swell turnout. I was no worse than anybody else," she added defiantly. "Everybody was nice to her. She said she had a brother in Washington, P. Bennington Smith. She keeps house for him. We have called on each other several times. They have a splendid home on Sixteenth Street. You know what a swell crowd I had for her and she was my guest of honor."

There was no salve on hand to apply to wounds of her sort.

"It was awful enough inviting the women I did to meet her, but there is something worse. I told her—a lot of things I would not have folks know for the world. About my husband's first wife—"

"I did not know—I thought you were the first," I stammered.

"I wasn't. She was horrid; he divorced her. Then I told her about my Uncle Benton dying—in state prison."

I was dumb with astonishment. I had not dreamed of living next door to such skeletons.

"And," moaned the woman, "she did not know enough to keep her tongue still. She is telling these things to everybody. Rosa's brother, who cleans up the saloon heard them. He told Rosa. I have got to send the girl away. If it ever comes to my husband's ears there will be a second divorce in the family!"

Don't tell me that every warlike crisis has been threshed out upon a battlefield, for I have seen summer hotel feuds. There are the ructions which begin at the bridge table, the jealousies which creep into a woman's heart because another has better clothes or more luxurious quarters, because she is popular or beautiful. There are squabbles over children, servants, and goodness knows what else. There are the women who discover snubs where none are intended, and the women who do snub with cruel intent. The average summer hotel harbors more heartburnings, more disappointed hopes, more snobbery, than you

will find under any other roof in America.

The summer hotel is no place for children. Every member of the R C B will tell you so. The old lady who is not grandmotherly by nature cannot understand or love children, and children should not come in touch with such natures when it is possible to prevent it. It is unfair to both.

One morning I sat reading on the piazza of a Connecticut hotel. Nearby a little girl swayed back and forth in a swing. She was crooning softly:

Baby, baby, oh, my darling baby!
Up she goes and down she goes,
Ten times as high as the moon.

Between each stanza came the patter of a nursery rhyme. The little singsong was as sweet a thing as you ever heard; the little prima donna was as unconscious and happy as a twittering bird. But somebody's blood was up. Out came the proprietor with a truculent old lady by his side. She told her tale of woe to the whole piazza. She had been trying to write a letter and she found herself using Mother Hubbard or Jack Sprat instead of words she had in mind; besides, every time the child swung a shadow fell across her note paper. The proprietor did his diplomatic best. He offered to move the desk. That would not do; it occupied now the only decent light in the room. He suggested the writing room. She would have none of that. People were scribbling or gabbling there. One of two things must be removed, the swing or the child. The swing had to stay where it was, for it hung from an iron stanchion in the roof. So they removed a little girl, who sobbed as if her heart would break. There was an indignant mother to deal with, and a nurse with a vituperative tongue. The piazza crowd had resolved itself into two factions, the larger one siding with the child, who could not be comforted.

I have a picture, too, of the other sort of child. One evening last summer in an English hotel I watched a small American boy making a monkey of himself. He played cockhorse on the back of a sofa; he tried to walk on the arm of a chair, and played tattoo on the coal scuttle with a poker. I do not know what other feats he might have accomplished if he had not been marched from the room by a hotel clerk, who threat-

ened to throw him into the street. A painful silence fell on our little circle, for everyone was listening to the child's mother. She had one of these high-pitched, nasal voices which abroad they call American. The hotel man was being scalped, figuratively, for daring to "meddle with an angelic little boy who is simply too cute to live."

It all goes to prove that a summer hotel is no place for a child. Even the sweet, wholesome youngster becomes vain and self-conscious when she listens to the outspoken admiration in which some idiotic women indulge. One little girl I know came home utterly spoiled after a season in a mountain hotel. She was as pretty as a fresh-blown primrose, but she had acquired many vain little traits. For two months she had been tricked out in her best frocks for Saturday night dances. She had spoken her little pieces at silly entertainments, and all summer long the little pitchers had listened to remarks about her beauty, grace and sweetness. One day she sat by while the grandmother told what a lovely baby her eldest child had been. She was showing quaint photographs of a little girl. The child stared at them critically, then she piped up:

"Grandma, was Aunt Alice ever as pretty as I am?"

Perhaps yours is the other sort of child, the youngster who hates to be primped up in best clothes, who runs at the thought of being exhibited and put through his paces at a children's concert. Don't take all the pleasure out of his freedom-loving life by trying to make him conform to the routine life of a fashionable hotel. If you must be there yourself, keep his dear little face as clean as circumstances will allow, let him live outdoors, dig in the dirt or paddle in the ocean, and give him the boon of dirt-defying clothes. Ahead of him stretches many a day of restraint and convention.

I do not believe, either, that a summer hotel is exactly the place for big boys and girls, except when they are exceptionally nice boys and girls, or have exceptionally wise, loving mothers. It is the scene many a time of the first flirtation. There are flirtations that count and flirtations that don't, but somehow the first one of the silly-season order dispels so quickly the modest, lovely

bloom of girlhood. Summer after summer of these flirtations, the kind that Gibson cartoons and the funny papers poke fun at, destroy much we love to keep in our boys and girls. We are left with blasé young people who seem so horribly old and wise we wonder if they are really the younger generation.

Sometimes the onlooker at a summer hotel gets a heartache gazing at the extravagance in folks who cannot afford it. I spent a week once in a splendid hotel at Old Point Comfort. Among the guests was a woman with a pretty young daughter. The ambition of both was to get into the front row. They appeared every night in lovely, new gowns, and they had costumes for all sorts of occasions. They drove and motored and yachted. They came from our city, and I imagined them wealthy people. A few weeks later, when at home, I met them coming from a shabby apartment house. The husband is a clerk, doing not only his day's work, but toiling nights that the wife and daughter may keep up appearances. He eats at cheap, forlorn restaurants during the sizzling summer, and lives the best way he can while they splurge in a fashion far beyond their income. Occasionally the women for whom he drudges away his existence get unmercifully snubbed. They deserve it—not because of their position, but for their pitiful cruelty and the falsity of their lives.

We talk of English snobbery. It is nasty enough, but not so perfectly ridiculous as the American brand. You find it at a summer hotel, where the multitude kowtows to money or name or fame in a style almost as funny as court antics in a comic opera. During the summer of 1908 I met a delightful old couple at a Jersey resort. Although they occupied the finest suite in the hotel they were simple, quiet, plain people. They were courteous to all, but made few friends. The showy crowd soon let them severely alone, for the old lady did not seem to possess one dinner gown, they had no maid with them, and they did not own or even hire an automobile. When they went for an outing they seemed content to saunter behind a slow horse.

One morning the hotel was thrown into a state of excitement, for Judge Taft, then a nominee for President, was

coming to dinner. Nobody seemed to know why. The old couple from Ohio waited at the foot of the steps while he dismounted from his carriage. He greeted them as if they were old, dear friends. It turned out that they were, among his oldest and dearest, also they were immensely wealthy, and they bore a name honored by a whole state. After that episode the attention lavished upon the quiet old couple was almost funny. They laughed heartily over it while alone. The gentle courtesy with which they declined honors suddenly thrust upon them ought to have taught a lesson to a houseful of snobs.

I have left to the last one habitué of the summer hotel. It is the "knocker." The landlord and hotel clerks come in for the largest share of abuse. What is left over is divided between the house-keeper, the cook, chambermaids, waiters, porters, bath-house attendants and sometimes there is enough for the hotel cat. You know their complaints: they have been given beds that feel like the rocky road to Dublin; they never ate such food in their lives; a cracked or nicked dish is ordered off the table with a disdain that intimates they never eat at home off anything less than solid silver. They are generally the people, however, who at home cook their own meals and do their own chores, wait on their own table. When they have the luxury of ordering servants about they resolve to get the worth of their money.

I have sundry portraits left. They have to be crowded into one page of the album, though there have been moments when I should have enjoyed crowding them into a cell with a number on it. There is the irrepressible bore with opinions upon every subject under the sun; the poor creature with a misery in some part of her anatomy; the neighborly soul who will not give you a moment's peace; the woman who gets so friendly she borrows everything, from a safety pin to your bathrobe; the boarder who has

poverty tales to tell; the languishing, sentimental woman with more conquests to record than Alexander had; the mother who nags and punishes her children all day long; and the woman who monopolizes the most comfortable chair, the pleasantest table in the dining room, the best light to read by, the decentest pen, and then empties the desk of stationery for future use.

Oh, there is one portrait I had almost forgotten—it is the cheeky woman. She is legion, but I met one who ought to be printed in cabinet size. I had never seen her till she knocked at my door one morning. (I have wondered since that she did knock.) She was swathed in a kimono and asked briskly if I would allow her to use my private bath. Goodness knows why I said Yes. I guess I was too dumbfounded to say No. When she went away she thanked me sweetly and said I was *so* kind. She hated to pay twenty-five cents for each bath; besides, I was next door and the bathroom was at the end of the corridor. I found she had used my soap and washrag and strewn the floor with dirty towels. For twenty-four hours I called myself names I cannot repeat. She came again next morning wearing the same smile and the same kimono, but I shut the door in her face. She never spoke to me again.

Yet there are many pleasant faces to put in my album; people I learned to know and love and hold in long-time esteem. When I remember them, the unpleasant ones are forgotten.

There is one individual who cannot always take his pick. I mean mine host, the landlord. I could not fill an album with landlords, because most of them have been of the same type—pleasant, friendly, courteous gentlemen; business-like, as they had to be; polite to harassing women; and kind to children. If any profession fits a man to preside over the Court of St James it is that of manager in a summer hotel, for he must be a diplomat of the first degree.

Isabel Gordon Curtis

Home Science in the Rural Districts

THE results of our Rural Home Inquiry, which was instituted by the magazine during the early months of the year 1909, are destined to be far-reaching. This Inquiry followed the ringing call of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who clearly saw that President Roosevelt's Farm Inquiry was leaving the women of the farm largely out of the account. Through the agricultural papers allied with this magazine, which have an aggregate circulation of 675,000, a nation-wide investigation was made, the returns from which were voluminous and exceedingly interesting and important.

In order that the fruits of the inquiry might avail the most possible in behalf of the farm women of America, the material thus gathered was placed in the hands of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. It was then assorted by states and sections among the state Federations, which gave serious study to the problems presented. Reports of this study and the lines of activity which it has been the means of developing were made at the Biennial of the General Federation at Cincinnati in May. Mrs. Philip N. Moore, the president of the General Federation, referred at some length in her opening address to this phase of the Federation's field, bespeaking the thoughtful attention of club women to the needs of our farm women.

In the report of Mrs. Olaf N. Guidlin of Indiana on household economics the "Nebraska plan" was advocated as a distinct service. This plan provides for instruction in plain cooking for young women in outlying districts who are interested sufficiently to find their way to a "center" where the instruction is given gratuitously in the home kitchen of a housekeeper and with all expenses of supplies met by the interested city club or clubs. The housekeepers take turns in the lending of their kitchens and utensils. Much incidental instruction finds its way into these home demonstration classes. The plan, it was reported, has been requested and adopted by clubs in Germany. The lesson days bring zest into the lives of women who come for miles in order to be present.

In behalf of Colorado Prof. Mary F. Rausch of the State Agricultural College spoke of the appreciation and attention given to her occasional five-day courses of instruction in mining towns. She brought attention to the fact that many girls of fourteen and fifteen years of age are plunged into the responsibilities of housekeeping through the death of the mother, wholly untrained and incapable, yet they must rear small children and feed the family. Miss Rausch emphasized the cultural side, and gave instruction in personal hygiene and matters of taste. No "rats" or turbans or sham hair were allowed among her students, and she found the interest so great that vanity was willingly sacrificed. Women and girls came in from the mountains, a long horseback journey, many with infants in their arms, and although the meeting hall was barren, cold and dreary, one voice expressed the sentiment of all, "This is the happiest day of my life." Women who had been housekeepers for over thirty years confessed that they never had an egg beater, a knife sharpener, wringers or washing machines.

Prof. Martha Van Rensselaer of the agricultural college of Cornell University, although speaking on "Education," had this to say: "Education is a failure for girls unless it provides for the care, training and feeding of little children, the outfit for babies and the food for babies and little children. Infant mortality is criminal. Housekeeping and homemaking become drudgery when you don't know how."

Texas reported a committee on investigation into the needs of rural women. Dakota and Oklahoma reported the opening of rest rooms for the comfort and convenience of the women who come into the city districts for necessary shopping and business. These resting places are a veritable oasis in the unfamiliar realm of city life and its distractions.

Nevada told of its library as a center for the women in the outer sections. The library has its traveling divisions, which reach into the most remote quarters.

From Georgia there were rumors of a plan of club extension work in the rural districts. This was the outgrowth of a recent conference of farmers' wives at the call of the agricultural college in Athens. At this conference every phase of household economics was discussed, and there was a demonstration of utensils and appliances relating to home management.

Pennsylvania had its tribute in this regard and unofficially presented the domestic science courses for farmers' wives and housekeepers in the rural districts and mountain settlements as a part of the extension work of its State agricultural college. In the department of eugenics several scholarships are maintained by Pennsylvania women's clubs. State after state has extension work in the interest of rural women, and the expression in this regard cropped out continually both in official and unofficial discussion.

Nebraska called for a rally of all large clubs possessing home departments. This

brought to light year books with home sections and topics innumerable. One year book had such subjects as "The Fireless Cooker," and a demonstration; "The Vacuum Cleaner," and a demonstration; "Electricity in the Household," and a demonstration of sad irons, toasters, chafing dish and motor sewing and washing machines. There were many with cooking demonstrations and lectures by domestic science experts. The rally will doubtless lead to some concerted plan for the promulgation of ideas to the betterment of shut-in sisters.

The Housekeepers' Club of Cocanut Grove, Dade County, Fla, and the Housekeepers' Association of Pittsburg, Pa, were in representative attendance. Pennsylvania reported the intention of organizing tributary clubs or councils in every village and suburban district in the vicinity of Pittsburg. The Cocanut Grove Club has erected a clubhouse and conducts helpful demonstrations and lectures.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe

Girlhood

The Pledgements of Molly

by Mary
Hastings

A Novelette--Chapter I

THE Cretic was to sail in half an hour. The late arrivals were bustling up the gangway, while their trunks went thump-thumping into the hold, and the early arrivals were looking on in superior calm from the decks above.

It was all an old story to Mrs Chisholm, a very pleasant old story, but exceedingly familiar, while to her young cousin, Molly McNare, it was a new and thrilling chapter in the book of life. The staid, middle-aged relatives, gathered to bid the two farewell and making the rather halting conversation that fills in the time before last words can be said, smiled at the shining expectancy of Molly's piquant face; smiled and then sighed with unconscious regret for their own lost youth, and a little sympathetic foreboding for Molly. For what in the world before her would ever justify that joyous expectancy in her blue eyes?

So they sighed and then smiled again at the pretty picture the girl made, standing by the rail in the warm August sunshine, with a young man at either hand. They were not at all alike, these young men. The one she called Phil was tall and light, and the one she called Jeff was a trifle short and dark; but a common despair made identical their expressions as they demanded, in almost a perfect unison, how long she would be away.

"A year, I hope," she replied, with pronounced cheerfulness, refusing to meet the dismay of their countenances.

"A year!" echoed Philip, in open lamentation, while the other said nothing

at all for some moments, gloomily contemplating a young man with a monocle who stood tossing pennies to the scrambling children in the steerage. Then he reminded Molly that he had not arrived in time to look over the steamer with the rest, and he professed a deep desire for a glimpse of its interior.

Like a thoroughbred, Philip remained with Mrs Chisholm and the relatives, while Molly and his rival disappeared within. Molly was talking very rapidly indeed as she led a brisk way from the writing room to the music room, but her chatter was of no avail. Jeff put a detaining hand on her arm, as she was hastening down a long corridor, past the staterooms.

"Wait a minute, Molly," he said, with a gruffness meant to strengthen a voice treacherously near to breaking. "Molly, you're going away—for a year."

"You ought to be glad, Jeff," said the girl, quickly. "When I'm out of the country you'll get me out of mind—"

"Don't go over all that again," he begged. "I couldn't bear it—not at this last. You are sure there isn't anybody you like better?"

"Oh, there's no one. I don't like *anybody*. I don't *want* to. I probably never shall."

"You'll meet someone over there," he sadly predicted.

For a moment's pause they considered this prophecy, each, it must be owned, with differing feelings. Then the girl smiled, and shook her head.

"I'd have to care an awful lot, Jeff."

"Well—until you do—" he broke off

and left it there. "Will you—will you kiss me good-by, Molly?" he besought, his hand again on her arm. "It may be forever—I've a sort of feeling—and—oh, Molly, I've loved you all my life!"

At twenty-three such a declaration does not carry so much weight as an additional decade would bring, but there was no resisting that break in poor Jeff's voice, and the mute pleading of his big dark eyes. Molly's thought of him sped back to the little boy who used to draw her on his sled, and then ahead to the man who must carry his heartache back to a lonely ranch, and there was a sympathetic mist on her lashes as she leaned her cheek for his kiss.

She wondered, even at the moment, how she could do it. Was it a purely pitying sisterliness of feeling, fatal to any deeper depths, or did her sympathy for Jeff mean a tenderness greater than she realized? She could not tell. She did not know her own heart. It was like a bird on the wing, uncertain where it would find rest.

She did not know why she had let Jeff kiss her when she had never before let anyone kiss her, nor could she tell why, in the same stress of parting and sympathy, she did not let Phil.

For Philip, in the five minutes alone with her that he secured, begged the same grace, and she shrank away in quick denial.

"Don't forget me," he begged, gripping her hands and looking down so earnestly, so beseechingly, that her heart smote her, and then filled with mutinous resentment. Why would they all come and make her so miserable? She was not to blame because she could not give them what they wanted. She did not love them, though she liked them so warmly that her lack of love was a positive pain to her. But, anyway, she could not love them both. She did not even know which one of them she liked better. She had told them so, frankly, and that frankness had made mischief; for neither, now, would relinquish hope until the other—or some other—won.

So, on the whole, there was as much relief as anything in Molly McNare's parting smiles, and the emotions with which she watched the figures of her friends and relatives dwindle to mere specks upon the shores of her native land were curiously mixed. And when

Cousin Phyllis, putting away a handkerchief whose flutterings were no longer discernible from the docks, said, "Well, dear, we're off," Molly drew a breath of thanksgiving.

It was something, she reflected, as she leaned back luxuriously in a steamer chair, watching the vanishing sky line of New York, while Cousin Phyllis did some unpacking below—it was something to be away from it all, from the importunity of Philip's presence and Jeff's letters and their harassing questions; from hesitations and floundering and uncertainties, which Molly hated in herself with all the vigor of a decisive nature—away on the other side of the ocean, with Europe and a thousand new experiences ahead of her. And perhaps by the time she returned they would have fallen in love with other maidens!

At that cheering possibility, Molly smiled to herself, then looking up suddenly, with the feeling that she was being stared at, she saw that her smile was reflected; in fact, responded to, by a young man sitting on the edge of the next steamer chair. The next moment he had said something to her; she hadn't the remotest idea what, for her ears were untrained to his English inflection, and she was so surprised at his addressing her that her faculties were confused. But, evidently, he awaited a response, for he gazed at her with genial expectancy. She felt that she must say something, and say it with a dignity to lay his impertinence low. She had not been warned in vain by middle-aged relatives about making steamer acquaintances!

"Not at all!" she said, with distinct hauteur, and gave an undivided, unsmiling attention to the sea.

The young man, after a stare, lay back in his chair. In Molly's memory—though she had not taken a fair look at him—was registered an impression that he wore a monocle. It seemed, somehow, of a piece with his behavior.

Presently Cousin Phyllis appeared, with a rug-laden deck steward in her wake, and after her first look about, "Why, Molly, you're in the wrong chair," she said. "This is yours, next to it. Here's the name on the tag."

A horrible suspicion brought Molly to her feet. "Yes, I saw my name, but I went to the rail and I—I must have come

back to the wrong one," she stammered.

"It's of no consequence," murmured Cousin Phyllis, shaking out a rug.

But it was of some consequence to Molly, as the young man with the monocle proceeded promptly to take possession of the chair she had been occupying, and looked up at her with a poorly suppressed smile. Evidently he had merely informed her that she was in his chair and she had said, "Not at all!" What must he have thought of her? But who cared what he thought? People with monocles and idiotic English inflections shouldn't expect to be understood! And why need he have pounced on her so, ordering her off like a policeman, when there were plenty of other chairs for him to use until she had discovered her mistake herself?

So there was no trace of apology or recognition of error in the way Miss McNare turned her back on him and frostily inquired, "Need we stay on this side of the deck? I—I don't care for it, somehow."

"Just as you like," Mrs Chisholm tolerantly assented. "There's plenty of room, for it's midseason. But the other side has the afternoon sun."

Apparently Molly McNare had a yearning for afternoon sun, for she grasped her steamer rug and departed, shaking off, so to speak, the dust of the Englishman's vicinity. She felt that she had made a little goose of herself. And her subconscious brain was making up a lively subconscious mind to snub that superior, smiling, monocled person, at the first time he obtruded himself upon them.

But the Englishman did not obtrude. Far from being a person it developed that he was a personage; in fact, *the* personage of the steamer—Major Gerald Fitzgerald, D S O, who had only one feeble and flickering life between him and an Irish earldom.

"That accounts for his bad manners," said Molly vindictively, when Cousin Phyllis, somewhat impressed, imparted these facts to her. "He acts as if he owned the earth, and expected to take possession of the sun, too, shortly. . . . Look at him now."

Cousin Phyllis looked and saw the major leaning negligently against the rail, smoking a lean, black, foreign-looking cigar and paying no visible attention

to the vivacious remarks of a New York society woman at his elbow.

"She might be a—a *hawser*, for all the notice he takes of her!" Molly exploded. "He just *tolerates* people! It's disgusting."

"I think she's more disgusting," commented the older woman. "I've noticed how she runs after him. I presume he's bored to death with all that sort of thing."

"Well, he can be polite to her, anyway," Molly insisted. "There, he's moved off now—with a nod over his shoulder. And I think she was just in the middle of a sentence."

"Perhaps she's always in the middle of a sentence!"

Molly laughed, but returned a moment later to the object of her scorn. "Did you ever see a man—a real *man*—who wore a monocle?"

"My grandfather," Mrs Chisholm placidly returned. "He was an Englishman. It's very common in England. But it's an affectation."

"It's a—a *stigma*!" Molly McNare pronounced.

That was the second day out. In the ones that followed Mrs Chisholm was treated to several more disquisitions on the major's shortcomings. Molly liked nothing about him; the way he stood, the way he walked, the way he talked, or didn't talk—his entire tranquil attitude of invincible superiority. In her heart she was burning for an opportunity of impressing him with her entire disregard, nay disdain, of earls and earldoms and all things non-American; but as the only result of an introduction to him was a drawled "Charmed," and a twinkling, bemonocled stare, she did not exactly see her way to the revelation.

For two more days she passed him with a scant nod, and vanished directly from any group he chanced to approach, and then one afternoon, as she and Cousin Phyllis were reading in their steamer chairs, Major Fitzgerald sauntered directly up to them.

He nodded easily to Mrs Chisholm, with the air of old acquaintances, though they had scarcely exchanged a pair of sentences, and then directed the full glitter of his monocle upon Molly.

"I say, Miss McNare," said he, "why do you always run away from me?"

Thus taken meanly unawares, Molly

found nothing better to parry with than a slightly defiant, "Do I?"

"You do," said the major, smiling lazily down at her, his hands in his pockets. "You do. Well, rather."

"Well, then," she returned, a little excited by this sudden attack, "I suppose it's because I wanted to."

Cousin Phyllis made a little anxious click in her throat. The major looked diverted.

"Now, why do you want to?" he drawled, with the air of bantering an amusing child. "You can't tell, before you know me, whether I'm such a deuce of a bore or not."

"Oh, can't I?" she gave back, recovering her buoyant assurance. A demurely saucy smile curved her lips. "Perhaps I just took a dislike to you on sight!"

"The dickens you did!" the major chuckled. His look of *blasé* boredom had disappeared, leaving his thin, bronzed face boyishly mischievous looking. "She's rather a pepper box—what?" he laughed at Mrs Chisholm. "You should have seen her the first time she came on deck. She took possession of my chair, and when I told her so—my word! she lifted her chin at me and said, 'Not at all!'"

"I didn't understand what you said," protested Molly, laughing, but with crimsoning cheeks.

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Because I didn't think it was—well, anything worth while."

Again the young man chuckled.

"Jove, she thought I was trying to make up to her!" he grinned at Mrs Chisholm.

Molly's cheeks were no cooler. She thought it was very weak and silly of Cousin Phyllis to be smiling back at him in that actually intimate way.

"I don't see why you had to tell me that I was in the wrong chair," she declared. "There were lots of other chairs for you until I found out my mistake. An American would never have thought of doing such a thing!"

"Then an American doesn't know Opportunity when he sees it!"

"Opportunity! You mean you *were* trying to—to make up to me?"

"Naturally," said the major, and in obvious amusement sauntered on.

"He's really very funny!" This from Cousin Phyllis.

"He is—*obnoxious!*" said Molly in scorn.

And this was the fifth day out.

On the sixth the major took a stroll about the deck with Mrs Chisholm and exchanged some quizzical remarks with Molly; on the seventh, he walked with both Mrs Chisholm and Molly, and forsook the French countess to have tea, seating himself intimately on the foot of Mrs Chisholm's steamer chair; on the eighth, he walked with Mrs Chisholm in the morning, chatted with them both in the afternoon and strolled with Molly in the evening when the stars were out and the phosphorescent waves were tumbling in silver foam about the bow.

"He's really very agreeable," was Mrs Chisholm's comment, one morning, on all this attention. "He appears much more cordial to us than to anyone else on shipboard."

"We're the only persons on shipboard it's safe for him to be cordial to," Molly observed, with sagacity. "The rest are madly pursuing him, and throwing themselves and their daughters at his head. We are not in his set. We are a relief and a protection. He is skulking behind our skirts."

"Who is skulking behind your skirts?" demanded the object of this description, appearing suddenly beside them at the rail.

"You!" the girl laughed up at him. Her face was beaten to rosiness by the wind and the keen salt air, her eyes were bright as stars and her black hair was blowing about her forehead. "You know that you come to us for protection because we have no designs upon you!"

"You *are* rather a boon," he murmured, with an appreciative chuckle. "How's the prejudice this morning?" It was an old joke, now, between them—three days old—that prejudice of hers against him.

"Failing," she reported. "Your sense of humor is disastrous to it. I find myself almost enjoying your society."

"That being the case, I'll make you a present of it for the day."

The Cretic was nearing Gibraltar, and the major waved his hand at the vast rock ahead of them. "I'll take you all through there, if you'll permit me. It

will be much nicer to go with me than to be herded through with the shipload."

It was much nicer, distinctly. As soon as the major registered at the entrance of the fortress, a man in uniform rushed out and presented them with a private guide, who led them amazing distances, up hill and down, through the long rocky tunnels of the fortifications. It was Mrs Chisholm's first glimpse of Gibraltar and she was genuinely interested, while Molly's imagination caught fire at the gloom and grimness of it all, and she hung over every cannon and lingered at every peephole. The major strolled ahead, occasionally flicking a gun with his cane, occasionally gazing through a peephole at Molly's request, but never, if left to himself, betraying a sign of interest in the proceedings.

"I suppose this is an old story to you," Mrs Chisholm observed, as they came out again into the light of day.

"Oh, Jove, yes," he drawled. "I was stationed here three years."

"Then it must have been a bore for you to trouble to take us over."

"The greater compliment," he nonchalantly assured her. "Shall we drive? There is some time to be killed, and I fancy you'll want to do some sights and the shops?"

Mrs Chisholm hesitated. "If it's understood, of course, that I'm to settle for our share?"

The major shrugged. "As you like."

Chapter II

"Your favor is disastrous," said Molly. She and Major Fitzgerald were strolling up and down the promenade deck, and gazing out over the quiet bay to where the lights of Naples hung, fairylike, over the waters. "After Gibraltar, the New York ladies scowled at me through their lorgnettes; and now, after you took us ashore today, the French countess has stopped speaking. I am going to reinstate myself by explaining carefully that I am not a rival but a bodyguard."

The major looked down at her with the twinkle her innocent audacity brought to his eyes. "I say, Miss McNare, are all girls in your country such saucy ones?"

"You ought to know. You've just come from there."

"I only stayed two weeks, and didn't

look around much. Came over to be best man at a chap's wedding. He was a lieutenant in the Rifles—married a deuced pretty little girl he met out in Egypt, but she hasn't a penny."

"A 'deuced' pretty little girl doesn't need to have a penny."

"Well, it doesn't hurt her looks any, you know."

"So that between a 'deuced' pretty little girl without a penny, and a 'deuced' pretty little girl with a penny, your choice would be instantaneous?"

"Well, rather!"

"I can't make out," said Molly, "whether you say such things because you actually mean them, or just to plague me because I think they are hateful."

"Why should they plague you—eh?"

"Because, oh, because I can't bear to hear a man—anything that pretends to be a man—talk like that! It makes me desperately thankful I haven't a penny, so I'll never be married for my money!"

"You'll never be married for your good temper, anyway," he amiably predicted. "'My face is my fortune' may be all right for you in America," he went on after a pause, "but in England where there are so many pretty girls and not enough nice fellows to go around, why naturally an asset or so helps."

"You think you'd enjoy," said Molly disdainfully, "asking your wife to pay your bills?"

"Jove, I'm not talking of *my* wife and *my* bills! That's a girl, all over! A chap talks of facts, and she pins personalities on him. *I'm* not thinking of marrying, you know!"

Molly paused at the rail, and watched with great attention one shining wave after another break to foam against the vessel. "I suppose different nationalities—even those of the same blood, like England and America—never understand each other," she said at last, in rather a cold voice, apparently doing her thinking out loud. "That's why international marriages are so hopeless."

"Exactly," he assented, lighting a cigar.

It is extraordinary how a girl who wouldn't for worlds on worlds even remotely consider a young man as a possibility in any way dislikes his cheerful concurrence in this point of view.

"I'm going down to write letters," said Molly McNare abruptly.

She wasn't quite sure to whom she was going to write, Phil or Jeff, or both; but she knew it was going to be a good, long, friendly letter, full of descriptions of the Bay of Naples, and of disparaging remarks about insufferable British majors. . . .

"Did you have a pleasant evening, dear?" asked Cousin Phyllis, when her young relative entered their stateroom.

Molly plucked out her hairpins with great rapidity, and made violent passes with a brush at her hair. "That man," she pronounced, "is intolerable."

"Why, I thought you'd come to like him! He made himself very pleasant today, showing us all over Naples."

"He made himself very unpleasant tonight. He's a mercenary, conceited, self-satisfied—*goup!* . . . I can't bear him."

Great was Mrs Chisholm's surprise next morning, when she came on deck, to find Miss McNare and the object of those epithets playing deck shuffleboard together in peace and harmony. "One must have some entertainment," Molly explained cheerfully, when taxed later with her change of heart.

Another day later, when they landed at Genoa, Molly could not find one of her trunks, and thought it had been left in the ship. When the major was rowed back for it, under a scorching sun, and spent hours poking around the ship's hold while all the time the trunk was on the docks among the second-class baggage, Molly proceeded to take back to Cousin Phyllis every disagreeable word she had bestowed upon him, and proclaimed to him, when he rejoined them, hot and sticky and sun-blistered, that every vestige of the prejudice was dead.

He escorted them to their hotel, and then after saying good-by and going to the door, he came back and decided to stay there himself. In a day or so he was going to Paris to join some friends in a motor trip.

"I ought to be there now," he confided to Molly the next day when he had a moment alone with her on the summit of the Rigi, while Mrs Chisholm was chatting with some steamer acquaintances.

"Don't stay on our account. We didn't expect to have a courier always at our service."

"I am renewing my youth."

"Renewing it? Do you consider it passed at your—"

"I'm thirty-five."

"Why, that's young! For a man."

He shrugged. "I've been through too much—seen too much. Egypt—India—Gibraltar—Africa. I know the game too well."

"But hasn't it always new aspects?" she suggested, with a gay little upward glance.

"Very new," he smiled. "Hence I said that I was renewing my youth."

"You take yourself too seriously," admonished the girl. "Silly people make you feel that you're so frightfully important that you'll end by believing it yourself, and forget how to play and have a good time at all."

"You aren't one of the silly people," he observed, twinkling.

"Because I don't think you are."

"Frank as ever, sweet daughter of Freedom. Do you know, Miss Molly McNare, that you're an outrageously conceited young person?"

"Because I think myself as good as you, sir? Poof! I'm a lot better."

"Eh?"

"I'm a girl to begin with, whereas you're only a man."

"Admitted."

"And I'm an American, and you're a mere Englishman."

"Half Englishman. My paternal grandfather was Irish—hence the Fitzgerald."

"That makes it worse. The English have some undeniable virtues. And then you're a soldier, while I—"

"Are you going to accuse yourself of being a *peacemaker*? I won't, as your idiom puts it, stand for that."

"Well, I hate war."

"So do I," he said soberly. "I've seen it. It's the infernal regions done to a turn. But, occasionally it's a necessity."

"Of course. For instance, Lexington and Bunker Hill—"

"Certainly," said he.

"You approve the Revolution?" she cried.

"Most emphatically. You girls wouldn't be half so charming under our system."

"Oh, if you're going to make fun—"

"You told me not to be too serious—"

what? Here's your lovely chaperon returning. Shall we order tea?"

That night Molly wrote to neither Jeff nor Philip. On second thoughts she sent a picture postal to Phil's sister, saying she was having a lovely time. To the middle-aged relatives, who were trying to take the place of the long-lost father and mother, she covered enthusiastic sheets, saying a great deal about Genoa and the Campo Santo and the view from the Rigi; but the major made a very brief appearance as "the Englishman we met on shipboard, who showed us round."

The next morning Major Fitzgerald left for Paris. He announced his intention abruptly, as they were idling over a late breakfast.

"My man's there now with the machine, and my friends are waiting with their motors. We're going to make a party up to the Black Forest."

"It will be a lovely trip," said Mrs Chisholm.

"Lovely," echoed Molly.

The major crumbled his roll. "Ye-es—if people don't get on your nerves, being with 'em so much."

"Choose people who won't get on your nerves," was Mrs Chisholm's wise counsel.

"Lord, who are they?"

"I judge by your scowl," murmured Molly, helping herself liberally to marmalade, "that *we* are getting on your nerves at present!"

"I'm not scowling," said the young man, a little irritably.

"No? Then it must have been your monocle. I've often wondered," Molly confidently imparted, "whether you wore that monocle to war—to the very field of battle?"

"Certainly," said he blandly.

"Is it—to—to terrify the enemy?"

The major pushed his plate away. "I don't believe you're sorry at all to see me go!"

"But I *am* sorry," said Molly simply. Cousin Phyllis said she was sorry, too, and then they rose from the table and she strolled out ahead on to the terrace, leaving the two young people to saunter through the deserted drawing room.

The major stopped to pick up a book off the table, whirled its leaves over and then put it down with a bang.

"I say," he said abruptly, "I suppose you'll let me hear from you?"

"I thought you never wrote letters?" Molly reminded him.

"I don't—as a rule. But I might manage a picture postcard."

"Well, I might manage a picture postcard in return."

He laughed. "And if I manage a letter, will you manage a letter, too?"

"Perhaps."

"No—positively?"

"Well, positively, then."

"It's a go?"

He held out his hand and shook her own upon it, and then, before relinquishing it, he brought out quickly, "What would you say if I were to turn up at that place you're going to—Chamonix?"

"I'd say, 'How do you do?' of course."

"And you'd be glad to see me?"

"Very glad."

"And have time to play round with a chap?"

"Loads of time. We don't know a soul there."

"Flattering as ever! What would *she* say?" He nodded at the door through which Mrs Chisholm had disappeared.

"Oh, she'd say, 'How do you do?' too."

"Well—perhaps I'll happen along."

He looked rather hard at her, for a moment, and then they laughed, a little embarrassedly, as they turned away from each other.

"Is it very serious to promise to write to an Englishman?" inquired Molly of her cousin, after the major's departure. "Major Fitzgerald was so solemn about it I felt as if he were proposing to me!"

"Mercy, Molly, men in his position aren't thinking of proposing to everyday American girls," Mrs Chisholm somewhat quickly reminded her.

But Molly met her glance of sudden scrutiny with a merry smile. "That's the charm of them," she returned. "You feel so safe with them, and they with you. You are in different worlds. But it's awfully good fun to get a peep into the other's world. Shall we go out for a drive now? Oh, by the way, he said something about coming through Chamonix."

"Did he? Well, he'll probably change

his mind. That isn't on his way to the Black Forest."

But the major did not change his mind. He appeared, with a big, gray motor and a thin, begoggled chauffeur, the third morning after their arrival in Chamonix. He explained, with cheerful assurance, that he had found his own party dull.

The next few days were to Molly McNare as unreal and incredible as any chronicled in the Arabian Nights; days of strange enchantment that passed as swiftly as a dream. There were talks and walks; saunters through the town, and scrambles up the mountain sides; lazy loiterings in the wonderful forests; glorious spins in the big, gray motor, now down through the valley, now winding higher and higher up the heights, with the cool breath of glacier streams stealing to them through the August warmth. Sometimes they stopped for tea at some of the quaint, wayside inns, and lingered over the delicious little cakes, watching the sunset glow redden the snows of the mountain crests, and then they drove home in the sweet summer evening while the tinkling cowbells sounded faintly through the valley.

It was in attempting to settle for her share of the first of these teas that Mrs Chisholm received sudden enlightenment as to the major's new status. For he repudiated her francs. That was all very well, he explained, when they were merely traveling companions, but now they were *pals*, and though Cousin Phyllis had never thought of herself as being exactly a pal to anybody before, she accepted the designation with good grace.

One night there were fireworks in the hotel garden. Mrs Chisholm declared herself too tired to stir forth again, but Molly and the major sauntered out alone. The fireworks were pretty, very pretty, but there was also a moon. And it was so much more glorious than any mere pinwheel display of human manufacture that they left the crowd in the gardens and took the hill road up behind the little Catholic church to obtain a clear view of that moon on the sparkling snows of Mont Blanc.

"Isn't it the loveliest thing you ever saw in your life?" Molly asked softly, with a little hushed awe in her voice for the majesty of the night and the

white glory of the moonlight on those ethereal peaks.

"Quite," said the major. But his eyes were on Molly McNare, standing straight and slender, her hands clasped behind her, her face upturned to the heavens. The wonder of the night held her like a spell; her lips were parted, breathless; her eyes were radiant with her vision.

"The loveliest thing I ever saw in my life," repeated the young man, and something in his voice, some husky catch, some throb of inner meaning, roused the girl swiftly from her dreaming to turn and look at him.

As she turned he bent and swiftly kissed her.

"Molly—Molly—my darling Molly."

It was not an appeal, not a prayer, but a cry of tender, jubilant possession. It set the girl's heart beating in a tumult of strange, sharp emotions whose force and meaning she could not understand. She thought she was amazed, aghast, indignant; she thought her heart was beating so hurriedly with anger and resentment; she thought, as she drew swiftly away from his clasp, that her look would chill and silence his audacity, but when their eyes met it was her own that fell. She became conscious that it was not anger, not indignation, nothing that she had ever known in all her life before, that was sweeping over her.

"Molly—I love you!" he said, and she remembered, always, the vibrant thrill of his voice, and how faint and useless was her own murmur of denial against his mastering eagerness. And then his arms were around her again, and her face was buried on his shoulder, and they stood motionless, entranced, with the wonder of the night about them and the wonder of life in their hearts.

It seemed an eternity to her that they stood there, an eternity in which Molly McNare was caught up from laughing, scoffing girlhood to the height of woman's estate. The mystery and magic of love filled her whole being, and she trembled in the strength of her lover's arms and in the joy of his kisses—and then someone came singing down the road and they started apart. She remembered, and murmured that it was late—that they must go—and they went together,

hand in hand, like happy children, in a silence too full for speech.

In the hotel garden he drew her into the shade of an arbor for one last word. "Darling—good night," he said, and kissed her. And then came the light and glare of the hotel, with its curious, prying faces, and Cousin Phyllis asking after the fireworks, and chatting meaninglessly while she moved about their room. And then, at last, came darkness and the seclusion of her bed and the soft, friendly stars shining in through the window.

She did not start downstairs with Cousin Phyllis next morning. An absurd timidity withheld her—and then she had the doubly difficult task of going down alone, and joining them both at table. She said good morning without raising her eyes.

By her plate were two letters—one from Jeff and one from Phil. She winced at the pathetic reminder. They would suffer, but she could not help it. And how far away it all seemed—the old debates, the doubts! How could they ever have hoped to *persuade* her into love! Sympathy, friendliness, affection—these were not love. Love was imperious, conquering, a fearful joy that swept one off one's feet, ready or unready, and hung the world about with banners of rose and gold.

"I hope it isn't bad news?" said Cousin Phyllis.

Major Fitzgerald was staring at a telegram a servant had brought him. His expression was queer.

"My uncle," he said sententially. "Dying." Then, after a moment of frowning thought, "I must go at once. Waiter—a time card."

The time card gave him an hour to catch the Paris express. His packing occupied fifteen minutes of that hour, and for another fifteen he sat in the garden with Mrs Chisholm and Molly, saying a few disjointed farewell things.

At Mrs Chisholm's hesitant remarks of polite condolence, "Don't sympathize too much," he advised, with a twinkle of mockery. "The old chap's been an unjustifiably long time in leaving, you know." He paused, fell into a meditation and then murmured, "Poor old chap. Don't blame him for hanging on to the show as long as he jolly well could. Eh?"

"Of course not," said Mrs Chisholm vaguely.

Molly McNare said noticeably little.

At the last, with his luggage piled in a waiting carriage, and a line of hotel servants drawn up with outstretched palms, the major turned to the girl and took her hand.

"Good-by, Molly," he said under his breath, pressing her hand. "I shall write," and again, aloud, "I shall write."

He wrote from Paris, a few impersonal lines scribbled on the train, addressed to both Mrs Chisholm and Molly; and he telegraphed Molly from Calais, and again on reaching London. Mrs Chisholm answered the letter, and Molly sent a brief message. She was looking in secret excitement for a letter of her own. What would he say? And what would she answer him?

But no letter came. A week passed. The girl was forced to remind herself how great was the major's dislike of letter writing, and how occupied he must be. But she was piqued, resentful. So *this* was all he cared!

Then, a few days later, when they were in Geneva, Mrs Chisholm read in the papers of the death of the old Earl of Lowthers and the succession of his nephew, the young major. Whereupon she sent the few, carefully chosen words she felt the occasion required. She was a little fluttered by such greatness descending upon an acquaintance, and Molly's mental state was a sort of shimmering chaos. She indulged in vague, dazzled day dreams of country castles and English courts, full of youthfully glorified visions of herself as my lady. Fitzgerald sent an immediate telegram to Mrs Chisholm, thanking her for her letter and promising to write as soon as he found time. He added that he might be able to rejoin them later.

That suggestion kept Molly on the *qui vive* for days. The rattling of the hotel bus, the honk of an automobile, the tap of a chambermaid on her door, were all possible heralds of his arrival. Remembering his unexpected descent at Chamonix she tried to overlook, for a time, his not writing, believing that he intended to take them again by surprise.

But he did not appear, and no word came. What *was* the matter? Why didn't he write? Was he waiting to hear from her, a little touched because she had

not answered that half a letter and those two telegrams? But that was nonsense, Molly's frank common sense confessed. He knew she would not write until she had heard from him.

But what was the reason? Had he nothing to say to her, then, after all? Was that scene on the mountain only a sham, a moment's fancy masquerading as love? The girl asked this of herself, over and over again, and every time the memory of his face, his eyes, his voice, came vividly to dispel her doubts. By every test of life that she knew, it was love. He had cared, if only for the moment. Had his sudden new dignities changed him? He had always known that he was to be an earl, but *to be* is vastly different from *being*. Molly accepted that explanation in a burst of indignant anger. His sense of his superior position stung her intolerably.

She forgot her romantic dreams about his earldom, and remembering what he had told her about the impoverished condition of the estate, she scoffed disdainfully at its pretensions. Why, in point of comfort, Jeff's ranch had far the better of the Irish castle; and that apartment that Philip was always talking about would be positively Sybaritic in comparison! As for the title, she wished, ardently, that she had some means of letting him know just what a silly, empty, meaningless affair she considered it! She found herself longing for a letter, most vindictively, that she might have the opportunity to send a reply; a gay, light-hearted, mocking, utterly indifferent reply that would forever slay any idea he might have of her as a waiting Mariana. Her cheeks burned whenever she thought of that night in Chamonix; certain phrases smoldered in her mind as she went about sightseeing, and danced before her eyes across the fair Swiss scenery.

It became a month since the major had left; then five weeks and then six. They were in Lucerne then. Suddenly it flashed across the girl's mind that the major might be ill, and she suggested it when his name occurred casually at mail time. But the illness of earls is not apt to be ignored by English papers, and Mrs Chisholm, who read the London dailies assiduously, had seen nothing of it.

A week later their search was re-

warded. The *Daily Mail* reported that the Earl of Lowthers was spending the week-end in Surrey with his cousin, Sir Monsonby-Heath.

"We can't expect him to remember us, dear, in his position," Mrs Chisholm observed. "Think of the gay life he's probably leading."

Molly's reply had its old saucy vigor. "Well, he might write something! What's the use in knowing an earl if you haven't a single autograph proof of it?" It was much comfort that Cousin Phyllis never suspected any sentiment underneath her resentment—saw nothing but the natural pique of a lively, spirited girl at being dropped by so illustrious an acquaintance. Something of that same pique had touched Cousin Phyllis herself, and she was arguing quite as much with herself as with Molly when she said, "But why should he write, after all? He was a delightful traveling acquaintance, but traveling acquaintances seldom strike very deep roots, especially when the positions in life are so different. And, as a matter of fact, we heard from him last. We never responded to that telegram, you know. Why don't you ever want me to drop him a postcard?"

"Please *don't!* He'd think we were following him up because he's an earl! Of course there's no reason why he should write—none at all!"

Molly's spirit was up in arms now. She would never, she told herself that night, kneeling by the open window with the grateful coolness of Lake Lucerne on her flushed face, never, never waste another thought on that man! Thank goodness, it was only her pride that was hurt, only her pride. She insisted on that, tremendously. She had made a little goose of herself, and let him sweep her off her feet, but she had only briefly mistaken an illusion for a reality. Nothing but her vanity had suffered. She repeated this like a refrain. She added bravely to herself that perhaps it would all do her good; it would teach her to appreciate true men when she knew them, and not to hold her silly self so high! And then, because the snowy splendor of Mount Pilatus reminded her of another snow-capped mountain, and the faint, crescent moon brought a memory of its fuller, richer glory, she left the window and went stonily to bed. She

did not cry, and she pointed out this tearlessness to herself in bitter triumph. It was only her pride!

As time went by and October merged into November and November into December, those days at Chamonix seemed more and more like a dream to the girl, and the memory of them slipped more and more into the background of her consciousness. It had a way of bobbing up, disconcertingly, from time to time, a humiliating, unsolved enigma; but she greeted the reminder with stiffening indignation, and making a valiant virtue of necessity, put it as far behind her as she could, and lived very determinedly in the present.

Fortunately it was an entertaining present, full of diversion. They spent the winter in Berlin, visiting some friends of Mrs Chisholm's, and had some very gay times according to German lights. There were drives and shops and art galleries and coffee parties in the daytimes, and at night there were dinners and theaters and operas and balls—most amusing balls where the German officers whirled Molly very rapidly, without reversing, about the hall, the permitted one time around, breathing rapid compliments into her ear the while; then returned her to her chaperon with a flourish.

They sent her innumerable bouquets, these young German officers, with innumerable sentimental verses attached, verses in which *Herz* invariably rhymed with *Schmerz*, in a fine Wertheresque melancholy. Most of the officers stopped there, for when a young lady, however captivating, proclaims in frankness that she is *no* heiress, there is nothing more to be done about it except to sigh and suffer. A German officer's first duty to his country is to marry money.

The sighs and the paraded sufferings afforded a vast deal of mischievous diversion to Molly and Mrs Chisholm. "I have never had such a military environment," that lady mirthfully declared. "But, Molly, dear, don't you sometimes think that you are the least little bit of a flirt? I'm afraid your American friendliness is rather misleading to these foreigners. . . . Look at that poem from Lieutenant Von Wellhausen."

Molly dimpled derisively. "His *Herz* is indiarubber! They all are. They like to be hopelessly in love. They

wouldn't marry me if they could. I'm not an heiress."

"Yes, but the lieutenant has money of his own, and he said something about being in London this June when we are there."

"He won't come. Our military escorts are rather—transient." A wry little smile twisted Molly's pretty mouth into ironic curves. "Don't worry," she hurried on before Mrs Chisholm could make the reference she saw impending; "that lieutenant can take care of himself. They all can, these foreigners. Why, love is just a *game* to them, Cousin Phyllis. They don't mean anything by it—not as our men mean things. Why, I never," she earnestly declared, "I never appreciated *Americans* so much before."

Her cousin flung her an amused glance. "Which one?"

The corners of Molly's mouth twitched for an instant, but she grew quickly grave. "I haven't heard from Jeff for months," she said. "Not since—since a letter I wrote him."

"It must have been a vigorous letter," Mrs Chisholm hazarded.

"It was." The memory was unpleasant to Molly. She had written that letter in Chamonix.

"I should think that would be a relief, if you are quite sure, Molly?"

"Oh, I'm quite sure," the girl said, a little wearily. "Pity isn't love. I know that now. But I can't help feeling responsible for Jeff. He's such a—such a *kid*. I'm afraid he'll lose ambition, or get to drinking or something, in that country. His letters used to be so—so despondent."

"Oh, the country isn't so lonely," Mrs Chisholm said with purposeful lack of sympathy. "And there are pretty girls at the next ranch, I've heard. Jeff will begin to take more of an interest in them once he has really given up the hope of you. Remember, he's just a boy still. But you hear from Philip? Or didn't you write him as—as vigorously as you did Jeff?"

"Oh, I wrote him. It didn't seem to make so much difference to him. He writes just the same, but they are awfully poky letters—polite comments on my trip and items of news from our friends. I guess he's found out he isn't as fond of me as he thought he was when

I was around. Absence makes a lot of difference," she threw out darkly. Then she rose, with a quick, impatient movement. "I came away to escape all this and here I am going over it. Cousin Phyllis," she cried, "sometimes I think it's dreadful to be a girl! She has to make such decisions, the decisions that have the greatest influence on all her life to come when she doesn't really know a thing about the world or herself. And she can't get away from it. It's ahead of her all the time. She may want to be free, to go about and see things and enjoy them, but there isn't any freedom from—from being a girl! People are always wanting her to do things, or not wanting her to do things!" she finished in such a complexity of incoherence that Mrs Chisholm's bewilderment was highly justifiable.

"But you don't want to be a man, do you?" she asked.

Molly McNare dimpled suddenly with her quick, unexpected laughter. She shook her head and said, with inconsistent fervor: "Not in a million years!"

Chapter III

The June rains had washed London sweet and clean, and the June sun was shining brightly in a sky of cloudless blue. It was a charming afternoon. Three ladies and a gentleman sat at tea at a little table on the terrace of the Ladies' Lyceum Club, overlooking Piccadilly and Green Park.

"We are so fortunate to find you in," the eldest lady was saying in very German English. She had said this several times before.

"It is very nice of you to call," Mrs Chisholm formally responded. "Won't you have another cake?" The conversation was lagging terribly. The Lieutenant Von Wellhausen was staring somewhat too pronouncedly at Molly, who was frankly bestowing her interest on the whirling hansoms and buses that passed in the street below. Every time that Mrs Chisholm made an effort to distract the young man's attention Frau Von der Hagen, his sister, made an effort to distract hers.

"You like London—yes?" that good lady went on, seeing her hostess's eyes reverting to the young officer.

"I always enjoy it," Mrs Chisholm

replied. At that moment a servant approached with a card on his salver.

She took it, incuriously. Then her expression changed. "Molly!" she held out the card to the girl. "The Earl of Lowthers!" she uttered.

"And delighted to see you." The earl was on the heels of his announcement. He stood beaming upon them, rose in his buttonhole, monocle in his eye, nonchalant and debonaire as ever.

"Charmed!" he declared to the automatic hand Mrs Chisholm extended. "Jolly glad," he professed in Molly's direction. "Delighted, I'm sure," to his hostess's fluttered introductions to the Germans, whom he swept with a careless glance.

"Awfully good of you to let me come in like this," he went on, drawing up a chair and accepting the offer of a cup of tea. "But, I must say, you don't deserve to see me. Fancy, not letting a chap know when you're in town!"

"But how did we know you wanted to know," Mrs Chisholm protested. "You never wrote."

"Never wrote! My dear lady, I'm sure I did."

"Then we never received it. The last we heard was your telegram."

"Well, what's wrong with telegrams, eh? You Americans! You expect a chap to toil over his pen like a clerk. Eh, Miss Molly?" he turned sharply on the girl.

She flashed a quick, strained smile at him. The one thought uppermost in her mind was to be very pleasant, very friendly and let no frosty resentment betray a sense of injury. To have him feel that she felt that he had wronged her—that would be the most intolerable sting of all! Her heart was beating its sense of shock in ungovernable excitement. She felt as if he must hear it. "I certainly do, if he wants me to toil over mine in return," she declared, smartly.

"Keen as ever," he drawled.

She felt the scrutiny under his quizzical glance, and her color rose. Quickly she turned to the lieutenant who was viewing this assured addition to their party with no appreciable appearance of welcome, and smiled brightly upon him. But he was not a fool, that young German, and he was not flattered by the brightness of those sudden smiles. Pres-

ently he and his sister took their leave in stately dignity.

"Ah!" said the earl, screwing in his glass to gaze after the departing figures, "that chap looks as if he could eat me alive. Making up to her?" he added, in one of his old laughing asides to Mrs Chisholm, with a nod at Molly.

"I'm afraid he is," she smilingly returned.

"Oh, you're only afraid. Well, I'm jolly well sure, at first sight. But I'm surprised at you, Miss Molly. Don't you know those fellows make rotten husbands—expect their *fraus* to go down on their knees to them?"

"Nonsense!" scoffed Molly. She was fervently grateful to the lieutenant for his presence there that day. Fitzgerald could see she had not been pining in solitude! And she was glad she wore that new white dress.

"How long are you to be in town?" he was rattling on. "Now I've found you—I looked you up at your bankers, remembering you said something about turning up here at this time—I don't mean to let you go. I'm quite at your service y' know. Only, no tombs, no galleries, no old churches! I'll show you the live London. Shall we do a theater tomorrow evening? And dine at the Criterion?"

"You see, Molly," Mrs Chisholm remarked later, "he never meant any discourtesy by not writing. He's really wonderfully agreeable."

"Wonderfully," said Molly briefly.

"When am I to have a minute alone with you?" In spite of his previous remarks the earl was piloting the two travelers through the Salon. Mrs Chisholm had just crossed the room to speak to an acquaintance.

"Why should you have a moment alone with me?" Molly gave back, in studied evenness.

"I want to talk to you."

"But suppose I don't want to talk to you?"

He stared down at her, frowning. "We are wasting words. I must see you. I tell you I have something to say to you, Molly."

The intimacy of tone, his use of her name, stirred her to a quick sense of impending crisis. She took a sharp grip of her nerves, bracing herself to meet

whatever came. "As you like," she said quietly, and followed him to the next room, which was almost deserted. She sat down on the settee in the center of the room. He sat down beside her, and resting an arm on the back of the seat stared at her for some moments in silent intentness. The light badinage of his manner in Mrs Chisholm's presence had vanished utterly; he seemed very eager to say something and at a loss how to begin.

"Remember that night at Chamonix?" he flung abruptly at her.

She felt the traitor color rush into her face. Whatever she had expected, she had not foreseen that sharp reminder. Fixedly she stared at the painting ahead of her—a flock of sheep under a twilight sky.

"Why?" she said slowly.

"Because—" he looked away, stared down at his hat, then his eyes were drawn again irresistibly to her face. The sight of her, of her flushed cheeks and parted lips, the vivid appeal of her youth, her nearness, drew his words jerkily from him in a rush. "Because—I want to begin again. Where we left off. Will you?"

Molly kept silence, a long silence. She saw Cousin Phyllis, talking to her friends, come to the door of their room and then pass on. There was a nervous, unwelcome lump in her throat to be swallowed before she could trust her voice to speak as coldly and distinctly as she wished.

"No," she said then.

"Why not?"

She gave him a half glance; she felt, even if she scarcely saw, the eagerness, the intensity of his eyes upon her.

"I don't want to."

He made an impatient sound. "Why not?"

"Why didn't you write?" she thrust suddenly at him. She had meant never to ask that question, but the moment invited it. And an incredible hope stirred suddenly in her. Suppose there were an explanation?

Looking at him, as he did not answer, she surprised a queer discomfiture of expression, the shamefacedness of a schoolboy detected in mischief.

"Hang it, Molly, you'd never understand."

She waited. "It's not a pretty rea-

son," he muttered. "You see, we—we'd gone pretty quickly. If I'd stayed on in Chamonix it would have been all right, but when I was called home like that, why, by Jove! I just didn't know where I was at. Of course, I knew I was pretty far gone on you, but I didn't know then how gone! . . . I thought I'd wait a bit and get my breath. I didn't quite know what I wanted to do. I didn't know how to write to you. . . . And then, when I'd waited things weren't any clearer than they were before, and I didn't know how to explain my not having written. Anyway, I fancied you weren't giving me a thought, and I'd just better get over it as quickly as I could. You see, I thought then I *could* get over it. But I haven't. I never shall. So I looked you up, and came to tell you so." He paused, with a long breath of relief, as if this conclusion atoned for the explanation. He looked at her for the first time since he had been talking, and her expression changed his mind. He added hastily, "I'm beastly sorry, Molly, I tell you."

"Please don't apologize," she said quietly. "You aren't to blame, you know, because you didn't care for me."

"But I did care for you," he interrupted eagerly. "'Pon honor, I believe I really knew it all the time, only I—I didn't want to know it."

"Why not?"

Again he had that schoolboy air of discomfiture, staring down at his hat. "I'm a poor chap," he blurted, "earl or no earl, and I'd meant to marry money."

Molly stared ahead at the sheep. The twilight in the picture seemed darkening. The painted stars danced dizzily in its skies. "Well, marry money," she heard her own voice giving back with a little note of derisive laughter.

"I don't want to, now, I tell you." He turned about, so he could look at her again. "I want you, I tell you—you! I couldn't get over it. I wanted you all winter. I found out this was the real thing. The other women seemed—seemed stale. I want you back."

"Not in a million years," said the girl with hard distinctness.

"Molly, I didn't expect you'd understand—I knew you'd be angry. But, after all, can't you see it a little bit as it looked to me? You know I was

brought up to—well, I never dreamed of marrying out of my own crowd—a girl of position, with money to hold the old land together. Jove! it needed it. I meant to make a deuced good go of it when the time came, but I wasn't in any hurry; I didn't mean to settle down for years. Then I met you. There was something about you—it bowled me over from the start. But I thought we could just stay pals. I never knew I was in love with you until that night on the mountain. And then something got the best of me. It's had the best of me ever since. It's beaten me. I don't care a hang for the old place. I can do without more money. I've enough for two to scrape along with. I want you."

"You can't have me." A deep, hard anger possessed the girl, a sudden, furious storm, kindled by his words, his claims, and the memory of the humiliation, the chagrin, the harassing uncertainty that he had put upon her all those months. He had left her without even the honor of an explanation. He had not troubled himself as to what she might think, how she might suffer. Now he found that, in spite of himself, she was still desirable, and he proposed to resume her. Did he think that she held herself so cheaply? She could not find words bitter enough to deny him with. "You can't have me," she repeated, and met his look with steadily defiant eyes.

He drew a sharp breath. "We'll see about that. You're angry now."

She rose, seeing her cousin in the doorway. "You flatter yourself," she said under her breath, as they started toward her. "I'm simply indifferent."

She had had her moment of triumph, her longed-for retaliation. But it left her curiously tired and unresponsive. Her anger ebbed like a tide, uncovering strange, new aspects of feeling. For a long time that night she lay awake, staring into the darkness, listening, unheeding, to the subsiding bustle of the club and the rattle of late hansoms, while her thoughts went wearily round and round the circle of her experience. Suddenly she turned and buried her face in the pillow. She cried with a stifled vehemence that astonished herself. What was the matter with her? Why was she behaving like this? Why did she feel so terrible lonely, so depressed? Sustaining resentment and excitement had

been drawn from under her like props, and she seemed to have fallen into a chaos of emotion. She only knew that she felt forlorn and unhappy, and craved the comfort of the scarcely remembered times when there had been a mother's arms to comfort her childish woes. . . . Suddenly she sat up, groping fiercely for her handkerchief. This was nonsense, this was ridiculous. What was the matter with her? . . . She must be homesick!

The thought of home swept over her with irresistible attraction. She had had enough of foreign scenes and strange people; she wanted a sight of streets she knew, and Uncle Arthur's big brick house, and Aunt Clara out in the garden gathering the hardy perennials she loved. She wanted the old round of daily happenings; she wanted, yes, she even wanted to hear the gate click, the ring of footsteps on the walk, and then to see Philip's quick smile of greeting. . . . No, she didn't want to see Philip's quick smile of greeting, she protested in tearful inconsistency. Philip was behaving like—like an alligator. His letters showed that he had forgotten her. They were essays, stupid essays. But, anyway, she wanted to go home. She resolved to persuade Cousin Phyllis to take an earlier sailing.

Chapter IV

The Cedric was to sail in half an hour. Mrs Chisholm and Molly were on the upper deck, looking down on the busy Liverpool docks. This time there were no staid, middle-aged relations to see them off, and there was but one disconsolate young man at Molly's side, but his expression was grim enough for two.

"I am going to cross with you," he said in a low tone that made Cousin Phyllis move considerably away. "Do you think that I'm going to let you run away from me like this?"

"I am not running away from you," said Molly. "I'm just going home. Please, please don't think of coming with me. It wouldn't be a bit of use. Not one bit." She shook her head resolutely, and met his gaze without wavering. It was a gray, moist morning, and the dampness had set a fluff of little tendrils of dark hair dancing about her forehead. They lent a piquant childishness to her

pretty face, and the young man felt a stirring of anger within him, that so young a creature should have so prodigious a will.

"Why do you act like this?" he said sharply. "You cared for me once. You know you did. Can you deny it?"

It was on the tip of her tongue to deny it, and deny it proudly, but a finer instinct checked her. The memory of that night at Chamonix, with its pure, moon-flooded glory, his ardor and her own emotion, swept through her suddenly with a thrill. She would not sully the memory of that night with untruths. She would not paint herself a flirt. That moment had been sincere, spontaneous, and she would not reject it. So she answered him gently, speaking slowly, considering her words.

"I did care—something. You were making me care. You were so strong, so sure. And I took all the rest for granted. I supposed that in the other things you were like the men I knew, the men I'd been brought up with. And then I suppose there was a good deal of glamour about you, too." She turned to him, faintly smiling, with an appeal for understanding. He followed her words with frowning intentness. "I meant to deny to you that I ever cared a shred," she went on after a pause, "or that I was hurt at all by your silence, but you've been honest with me and I'll be honest with you. I felt when you first came back, that if you made love to me again I'd refuse you if it broke my heart. I felt that at the Salon. But I don't feel that now."

"Molly! I—"

"No, no—I don't mean *that!*" she interrupted, and then hesitated before the difficulty of putting her thoughts into speech. The warning bell made her hurry on. "I'm not glad of the chance of refusing you any more—I'm sorry because I have to refuse you. But I can't do anything else. I shouldn't let myself marry you if you asked me every day till the millennium. The glamour's gone. I think it went, somehow, when you were talking to me that first time in the Salon. It came over me, all at once, afterward, that I'd had an—escape. I don't mean I blame you so much. I understand better how you look at things. I understand too well. You want to marry me now because you find, on see-

ing me again, that you still want me. You just want me. That's all there is to your love. But it isn't the kind of love I care for. It—oh, there is no selfishness in it—no tenderness." Her voice fell so low over the last words that he could scarcely catch them. But she pressed on, before he could speak.

"I had a letter this morning that told me what love could mean to a man. It's from someone who has always known me and cared for me. I came away last year partly to get away from him. There was another man, too, but he doesn't count. I was sorry for him, but that is all. I know it now. He's just a boy, a dear boy. This other is a *man*. For when I wrote to him last summer that I had met someone else who was more to me—yes, I thought that about you at the time," she owned at Fitzgerald's quick exclamation—"why, he just wrote back saying he was going to be the same friend to me as ever, and he kept his word. He wrote me things about home that he thought I'd like to hear, but he never said a word of his own love again, never until that letter I had this morning. And then he told me—he couldn't help it—how he had kept on loving me and loving me and always would, and he wanted me to tell him, before I came home, whether I really cared now for that someone else. If I did, he wasn't going to bother me with questions, but would be the same friend to me as ever. I'm going home to tell him now."

"And d' you mean to make me believe," Fitzgerald's voice was sharp from the shock of her words, "that you have come to care for this chap you were running away from last year?"

"I—I think I'm going to," she confessed, flushed but stanch. "I wasn't ready last year. I wasn't sure of—of anything. I've learned a lot since then," she threw out with a whimsical, appealing smile at him. "And I know that you and I would never be happy together, really happy. We might be just for a time, but afterward—you'd only care for me as long as I was amusing and

independent, and we'd have nothing in common to keep us together. Our sympathies, our tastes, would all clash. I'm more—more *American* than I knew I was till I came away from America. I couldn't be happy away, and you'd never fit in there, even for a visit. Oh, no, don't think I'm deciding just because I've come to the conclusion that we're *unsuitable*." She checked the words on his lips. "I'm only trying to make you see that you are better off this way, too. And, by and by, you'll find the girl with money." She could not resist this impish thrust, but she tempered it with a little wistful April smile.

The final whistle shrilled, and she held out her hand in farewell.

"Please go," she said. "If you love me just a little bit you'll leave me."

He took her hand, gazing long at her, trying to force a way into the depths of her eyes with his. But he saw nothing but that new, sweet seriousness, unwavering, steadfast. His grip on her hand tightened.

"Jove!" he said huskily. "I believe I'd better."

Mrs Chisholm came hurrying up to say good-by; there were a few last usual things said by them all, and then, almost before he realized it, Fitzgerald was off the boat and on shore, in the front ranks of the onlookers at the docks, and Molly was leaning over the rail, waving her hand. Their eyes met in a last, long look; a sudden mist clung to the girl's lashes, and she saw him through a dazzle of tears. For he had been romance to her; he had filled her thoughts, and she had woven dreams about him, and in the memory of those dreams her heart went out to him in a rush of that peculiar tenderness that a woman feels for the man she sends away from her.

Then, as the figures on shore grew smaller and smaller and finally lost their identity in a blur of light and dark, the girl drew a long breath that was half a sigh and half a laugh and turned sharply away. She went and stood beside her cousin in the bow, her eager face turned toward home.



The Borrowers

A Detective Story by Arthur M. Chase,

author of
"Mrs. Burton's
Butting-In" et cetera



Chapter III

IN JERSEY MANOR, as is not unusual with suburban communities, people go to bed at an early hour. Until ten o'clock there are lights in the lower windows of the houses, and there is some little passing to and fro along the quiet streets; but after ten o'clock the lights are withdrawn to upper stories, while footsteps on the pavement are infrequent and sound unduly loud and distinct. An hour later, and Jersey Manor is wrapped in darkness and repose. A lighted window is rare, and is much more apt to denote a bed of sickness, anxious watchers and the family doctor than a belated bridge party or some other convivial gathering. Then the houses are visible only as shadowy and detached masses, while the streets become dim and solitary vistas under the spreading branches, with, here and there, a lonely street lamp to cast a feeble radiance.

As it was later than the latest hour mentioned, when Dorothy set out in pursuit of the mysterious person from the Stantons' house, her way led through silent and deserted thoroughfares. Merely to be out alone at the dead of night was sufficient novelty to give the affair a tinge of excitement; and the stillness, the loneliness and the pursuit of the figure flitting on in front through the shadows, all combined to set her a-tingle with the sense of adventure. So swiftly and quietly did she follow the retreating stranger that when the latter paused under an electric light Dorothy was near enough to establish her identity. Unmistakably it was Celestine, the French maid of the Baroness. At this discovery Dor-

othy was ready to clap her hands in exultation. Only some extraordinary reason could induce a well-trained French maid to climb out of a window and go hurrying through the streets in the middle of the night.

"And that reason is Mirabeau," Dorothy told herself with conviction. "How I know it I don't know; but I know it. Every good detective has to imagine some things before he can prove them, I've read, and my imagination points to that poor, stolen dog."

Running on the grass beside the walks, and keeping in the shadows, she followed the swiftly retreating Celestine up over the hill into the old quarter of Jersey Manor, and thence down into the village. There the chase ended abruptly. One minute she saw Celestine's figure silhouetted sharply against the lights of a corner drug store; but when, a minute later, Dorothy herself cautiously turned the corner, the French maid had disappeared. Straight and empty, and so bright in the moonlight that she could have seen a cat moving across it, ran the street; but there was not a sign of Celestine, nor even an echo of the loud tapping heels that Dorothy had been following.

She ventured a little way down the street, peering into shadowy yards and dark porches, and then slowly returned. With a stamp of impatience and disappointment she entered the drug store.

"Mr Foster," she said to the druggist, who emerged from his sanctum behind a high partition, "did you see anything of a young woman going by here, just now?"

"H'm," replied the druggist, "young women aren't so uncommon round drug stores. What was she like, Miss Ingram?"

"Small, slim, wears a dark gray suit with a narrow blue stripe, a gray toque with a touch of blue velvet, dark gloves—brown I think," replied Dorothy promptly. "She has black hair, brown eyes and," with a sudden recollection of the ticket agent's description, "is foreign looking."

Foster leaned over his counter, and said confidentially, "There's a young woman in the telephone booth, Miss Ingram, who might answer the description."

Turning, Dorothy was a little startled to observe the somewhat saturnine face of Celestine staring at her through the glass door of the booth.

"It's her," she said, too hurriedly to be grammatical. "Please, Mr Foster, pretend to sell me something—tooth powder, soap, anything."

"How about a nice chocolate sundae?" asked the crafty Mr Foster.

"Delicious; how clever of you!" said Dorothy. While she was consuming the chocolate sundae Celestine emerged from the booth, and left the store in silence. No sooner had she disappeared than Dorothy sprang to her feet.

"Quick, Mr Foster!" she cried. "Please telephone Central and find out what number she called up."

The obliging Foster complied.

"Central says," he announced, "that the call was for four-seven-eight."

"Four-seven-eight, Jersey Manor?" cried Dorothy incredulously. "Why, that's absurd; it's impossible. Four-seven-eight is our number."

The druggist telephoned again.

"No doubt about it," he said from the booth, "four-seven-eight was the last call from this 'phone."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Dorothy, running to the door. As she had feared, there was absolutely no sign of Celestine in any direction. Whereupon Dorothy went back to the telephone booth and herself called up four-seven-eight.

"This is Miss Dorothy," she said. "Martha, tell me, did anyone telephone you just now?"

"Yas'm, Miss Dorothy, somebody done rung up, li'l while ago."

"What did she say?"

"Land o' goodness, I dunno, Miss Dorothy. Jes' kept a mumblin', and a mumblin'—I couldn't make no sense out of it. Where is you at, Miss Dorothy?"

"Never mind," replied Dorothy, "I'll be home in a few minutes. Be sure you leave the front door unlatched."

Explaining the situation briefly to the druggist, Dorothy took her way homeward in a somewhat crestfallen mood. After all, her opponent had been too clever for her. But the very fact that she had been at such pains to throw Dorothy off her track strengthened that young lady in her suspicion that the midnight excursion had something to do with Mirabeau.

"She's probably overheard the Stantons talking about me at the table. And if she is connected with Mirabeau's disappearance, then I'm one of the people she's most in fear of."

Arriving at her own house, she quietly let herself in at the front door. But as she was in the act of locking it, bolting it and hanging up the chain, the telephone bell, which was close beside her, rang with disconcerting suddenness.

"Miss Ingram," said Foster's voice through the telephone, "that woman came back."

"Did she?" Dorothy asked, in an excited voice, subdued however by the fear of waking the household. "What did she do?"

"Telephoned," replied Foster laconically.

"Well?" said Dorothy, impatiently.

"You see, Miss Ingram," said Foster, "the night young lady operator is a good friend of mine, so I found out that the Frenchwoman telephoned to New York—Gramercy, double three-nine-two. And my young lady friend says that's at 144 East—th Street."

"Thank you, and the young lady friend," cried Dorothy rapturously. "You're perfectly splendid. I'll certainly follow up that clew. So much obliged. Good night."

She hung up the receiver, with a smile of triumph. After all, clever Miss Celestine, he laughs loudest, etc.

She was in the act of turning out the hall light when a faint but inexplicable sound startled her. Apparently it came from just outside a window nearby, and it might have been a moan, a grunt, a groan, a sigh or something compounded

of all these. Whatever it was, it arrested Dorothy with her hand raised above her head, and in that attitude she stood listening intently.

The unfamiliar sound did not occur again, which was disconcerting. If you hear an inexplicable noise in the dead of night you want to hear it again, straightway, so that you can assign it, without delay, to its proper position in your category of familiar noises. Dorothy, breathlessly alert, ran over possible explanations while she waited. A burglar! She hastily calculated the distance up the long flight of stairs into the darkness of the floor above, where her father was asleep. A drunken man? She was not sufficiently acquainted with the sounds produced by drunken men to decide. At last an idea flashed into her mind. With a determined look she crossed to the window and gently raised it.

"Celestine," she said, in a low voice.

There was no answer; no sound.

"Celestine," she said again, a little louder. Still there was no answer; no sound.

As the moon was almost directly overhead, the shadow of the house lay in a narrow strip along the edge of the lawn. Dorothy, peering through the window scanned this dark strip and observed something there that made her start. A thin shadow, projecting a little way upon the moonlit lawn, might have been caused by a chimney, except that it seemed to move slightly.

"Who's there?" said Dorothy. "I'm not afraid of you."

"Don't be, I beg," replied a man's voice. "I have been so afraid of frightening you."

"But who are you?" Dorothy asked.

"A neighbor; Mrs Stanton's cousin," the voice replied.

"Oh," said Dorothy. "Mr Mirabeau?"

"Precisely," he answered. "The man, not the dog."

"In answer to your unexpressed question," he continued after a pause, "as to what I am doing here, let me explain that I happened to be crossing your grounds, and seeing you at the window, I stopped in the shadow for fear of giving you alarm. Now that there is no occasion for concealing myself I shall, of course, proceed."

The shadow she had been watching moved, and a tall and slender individual emerged into the moonlight. With a start Dorothy recognized him as the young man she had seen at the Junction that afternoon.

"Good-night," he said, with a bow, "and a thousand pardons."

"Wait," said Dorothy quietly. "You did not walk like that this afternoon."

A half stifled groan, which he tried to turn into a laugh, escaped him.

"Very true, O Argus-eyed young lady," he said.

"And it was you I heard before," said Dorothy swiftly. "Tell me, are you hurt?"

"Nothing—a little twist of the ankle," replied Mirabeau.

He stopped, tottered and suddenly collapsed upon the ground. Whereupon Dorothy, with marvelous celerity, unlocked, unchained and undid the front door, and flew to his assistance.

"He's fainted," she said in dismay, stooping over him.

"Oh, no," he replied in a weak voice, "nothing so unmanly. Just sat down."

"Can you get up again?" she asked.

"If you'll give me a hand."

She grasped his outstretched hand in both of hers and gently pulled him to his feet.

"Good," she commented. "Wet grass is a grand place for catching colds. Can you hop?"

He nodded, and gave a feeble jump.

"Steady yourself by resting your hand on my shoulder," said Dorothy, masterfully, "and I'll get you to the front steps."

He placed one hand on her firm young shoulder, and under her guidance slowly hopped around to the front of the house. There he seated himself on the steps while Dorothy ran into the dining room and returned with a glass into which she had poured some whiskey from one of her father's decanters.

"You are so capable," he said, gratefully.

"You are so plucky," she returned, with a sympathetic little laugh. "I can see how white and drawn your face is."

"Indeed, it's nothing," he said earnestly.

"And now," she said, "which will you have—a doctor and an automobile

to take you home, or two men with a stretcher?"

"I'd just love to sit here in the moonlight and talk to you," he declared fervently. "But since you suggest my going home—well, I'll have neither the doctor nor the stretcher. If I might trouble you to telephone to my cousin, John Stanton, who is very large and sturdy, he will help me to get home."

Once again that night Dorothy sought the telephone, and presently returned with the news that John Stanton would soon arrive. Seating herself on the top step, she waited for the young man to speak. And he, seated on the bottom step, seemed to be waiting for her to speak. A fitful breeze, soft as a caress, fragrant with the odor of growing green things and of freshly upturned earth, stirred the budding leaves of a vine which overshadowed them. A mysterious kind of world spread before them, a world of shadows, of dim outlines, of expanses of pale moonlight. Nothing was distinct, nothing was ugly or harsh or jarring; it was all very peaceful and dreamy and still.

Far away, some watchdog bayed, making a long-drawn, mournful noise in the silent night.

"Oh," said Dorothy abruptly, "it reminds me of Mirabeau."

"Of the dog?" he said.

"Yes, your cousin's dear old dog," she replied. "I would rather have him dead than detained somewhere away from his home and his mistress. Dogs are wonderfully affectionate, you know. Why, I've heard of dogs who were lost or stolen grieving so pitifully that they've starved themselves to death or gone crazy. And Mirabeau was an unusually sensitive, high-strung animal. If he's been stolen, as I think he has, someone is guilty of great cruelty. It's wicked to keep him away from his beloved mistress."

Unconsciously she spoke in low and sympathetic tones, as befitted the hour, the caressing breeze and the mysterious moonlit night.

"Oh," he said, in a matter-of-fact voice, "how very odd!"

It was the note that jarred. The breeze, after all, was only chilly; and the night was becoming decidedly damp and unpleasant. At this juncture John Stanton arrived, revealing evidences of

hasty dressing in his tousled hair and wrinkled sweater.

"Well, well, young man," he said, "there must be an interesting story connected with this. How did you get a sprained ankle at his time of night, I'd like to know?"

"There's no interest to the story, except for my very gallant rescue by Miss Ingram here," replied Mirabeau lightly.

Raising himself with John's help, he turned toward the girl with a smile.

"As soon as my ankle behaves itself—tomorrow, I hope—may I come over and express my thanks?"

"Delighted to have you," replied Dorothy.

She watched the two men go down the path to the gate, the big, burly figure of John supporting Mirabeau's more slender frame.

"He never," she said to herself reflectively, "explained how he hurt his ankle. And he was so funny about Mirabeau," she added, with sudden discontentment.

"John," said Mirabeau, when they reached home, "I suppose you had better telephone for a doctor. This ankle seems to be swelling pretty fast. But let's be quiet, and not wake my mother. This sort of thing only alarms her unnecessarily."

Accordingly, Mirabeau was taken to his room, undressed and put to bed with all the stealth possible. It was not, however, sufficient to prevent the Baroness from being awakened. Hearing the sound of muffled voices, and a sort of subdued commotion, she straightway wavered between the conviction that the house was afire, or that it had been entered by burglars. Finding either idea insupportable, she arose, and, clad in a kimono of vivid green, made a dramatic entry into her son's room.

The little tableau of John and his wife, in dishabille, standing anxiously beside the bed, the doctor bending over it and Mirabeau's white face on the pillow, was enough to startle stronger nerves than the poor old lady's, and she announced her presence by a shrill scream. This was succeeded by a fit of hysterics so violent as to distract the attention of everybody from the patient on the bed to the patient on the floor.

An hour later, Mirabeau smiled tenderly in the darkness of his room.

"Dear old lady!" he whispered to himself.

From her bedroom, the door into which she had insisted should be left open, came the sound of her deep and regular breathing. She had, at last, fallen asleep, after endless ejaculations, anxious questionings, little terms of endearment in French and English.

"Dear old lady!" whispered Mirabeau, and fell to thinking about the events of the evening.

They had not begun to be events until a late hour, when he had gone out upon the porch for a quiet smoke. There—as he leaned against a pillar—the moonlight, a meditative mood and one of John's Sunday cigars led him to regard the big Ingram house across the street with a mildly sentimental interest. He had lost no time in describing the attractive girl at the Junction to the Little Woman, who had promptly identified her as Dorothy Ingram.

While he smoked and mused, Dorothy, herself, descended the steps of her house and hastened down the street. Not recognizing her in the distance, Mirabeau supposed she was some maid in a hurry to keep a belated tryst, and dismissing the incident from his mind, he continued to smoke and muse. But a little later, happening to glance toward the Ingram mansion, his attention was instantly riveted by a faint gleam of light which glowed out of the darkness at the side of the house, and straightway disappeared. A few seconds later it reappeared, and again disappeared. A projecting wing of the house was bathed from top to bottom in the moonlight; and while Mirabeau watched he caught sight of a shadow moving along at the bottom of this wing. There was something in its slow and stealthy progress that immediately roused his suspicion.

"A burglar, by thunder!" he exclaimed. "It can't be anything else."

To think, with a man of Mirabeau's impulsive disposition, is to act. He slipped off the end of the porch, crossed the street, keeping the hedge between himself and the intruder, lightly vaulted the gate and promptly started to steal around in the shadows at the base of the house. When he arrived at the wing the mysterious figure had disappeared. But even while he paused to investigate, he caught sight of a dark

object moving near the hedge that ran at the back of the Ingram grounds. It was difficult, from his position, to see clearly; but as he could not round the corner of the wing without becoming fully disclosed in the moonlight, he remained where he was, taking cautious and excited peeps. Presently his patience was rewarded by another of the gleams of light, coming this time from close beside a stable which stood at some distance from the house. A little later a gleam seemed to come from the interior of the stable.

Mirabeau decided to take a chance, and ran swiftly across the moonlit lawn. Arrived at the side of the stable, he found an open door, and peered inside. A moonbeam, falling through the doorway, revealed the dim shapes of an automobile and some carriages, but nothing more. From somewhere within there was the sound of a horse munching, but otherwise silence.

Without hesitating Mirabeau slipped inside the stable. A sudden, loud stamp from the invisible horse reverberated with a hollow noise. And then he became aware of a thread of light, filtering, apparently, through a partly closed door at the far end of the stable. Toward this light Mirabeau slowly and carefully groped his way, holding his breath for fear of stumbling over some unseen object or of treading on a loose board.

Gaining the far end of the stable at last, without mishap, he cautiously drew near the place where the beam of light filtered forth. A door was slightly ajar, and from where he stood Mirabeau could see that the light came from an electric pocket lamp held in the hand of a man. Owing to the fact that the pocket lamp was near the ground, and cast a feeble light, anyway, Mirabeau could distinguish only the lower part of the man's body, his head and face remaining invisible. He was standing beside a big, open trap door. No sooner had Mirabeau remarked this fact than the pocket lamp was suddenly raised, and he found himself gazing in astonishment at the long white beard, the aquiline nose and the intellectual features of the gentleman whom he had had pointed out to him as old Judge Ingram.

"A thousand thunders!" he exclaimed softly, "the young lady's father."

To the feeling of anticlimax and dis-

comfiture that attended this discovery followed another: that he had no wish to pry into another gentleman's secrets, no matter how mysterious that gentleman's actions might be. He turned accordingly to steal away, when he was suddenly arrested by hearing the judge utter his name.

"Mirabeau, Mirabeau," said the deep voice of the judge, "come here."

Mirabeau paused in stupefaction.

"Come here, Mirabeau, you dog," said the judge.

Mirabeau could only gasp.

"Here's something for your supper," the judge went on.

Something fell with a thump.

"Bad dog," said the judge in severe tones, "who killed my beautiful Perseus. I'll teach you to kill cats. A brief incarceration in a dark cellar will be a salutary lesson for you, sir. Here, you wicked dog, is a whole chop."

There was another thump.

"Impossible! Incredible! Name of a dog!" Mirabeau gurgled.

He was almost caught; for, before he realized it, the trap door had been closed with a soft thud and the judge's hand was on the latch. Mirabeau made several frantic leaps on tiptoe, and subsided behind a wheelbarrow. From this point of vantage he saw the tall figure of Judge Ingram stalk with dignity along the stable, and disappear through the big doorway in front.

Still crouching behind the wheelbarrow, Mirabeau endeavored to deduce a reasonable and sane explanation of the extraordinary events he had just observed.

"But in the name of everything that is rational," he murmured, "what is their object? The old man has my cousin's dog concealed here in the cellar of the stable. And I see with my own eyes, today, at the Junction, his daughter playing with a puppy on whose neck is Mirabeau's collar. But she is of the greatest assistance to my cousin in looking for the dog. She is the clever one in whose ability as a detective my poor cousin has such implicit faith. Can it be, then, that she is two-faced, that charming girl? Ah what a thousand pities, if so!"

Mirabeau, as was usual when excited, fell into an odd mixture of French and English.

"And the whole neighborhood turned topsy-turvy, while the sedate judge calmly conceals the dog within a hundred yards of his own home. *Mille tonnerres!*"

He gave way to fits of silent laughter.

"And the last joke of all will be that Mirabeau escapes," he said finally.

Rising to his feet, he made his way into the inner room, and without any difficulty found and raised the trap door.

"Here, Mirabeau, good dog," he said in a stage whisper.

There was no whine or yelp of recognition in response. Striking a match, he stooped over the opening in the floor and peered down. The flickering light revealed nothing but the earth floor of the cellar, upon which a few bones and pieces of meat were scattered. The match went out, and striking another match, Mirabeau leaned far over.

"Mirabeau, good old fellow," he whispered.

He leaned over so far that suddenly he felt himself losing his balance. He struggled convulsively to regain it; the match went out and he gave a desperate leap, landing on the ground below with a crash.

For a minute he was half stunned by knocking his head against some hard object. He sat up, and then tried to struggle to his feet. But a sickening twinge of pain in one of his ankles made him sink down again, quickly.

"Twisted it when I landed," he muttered, through his set teeth.

Mirabeau was a sinewy and determined young man, yet it took more than one attempt and more than a little fortitude to drag himself up out of the trap door, with that throbbing, excruciatingly painful ankle. And it took more than a little fortitude to drag himself slowly, step by step, while the perspiration stood out on his forehead in great beads, the length of the stable and across the lawn. Occasionally, in spite of himself, a little groan would escape from his pallid lips; and it was one of these groans that had startled Dorothy, with results that are known to the reader.

Mirabeau lay in bed, gazing up into the darkness, and stretched his arms wearily. After all, an eventful evening. But it was not of his bandaged ankle he was thinking, nor of the missing dog. How absolutely charming she had looked

as he went away, the light through the door behind falling upon her! The slim, cool hands that had helped him up; and the firm young shoulder on which he had leaned—how sweet she was! And, at the Junction, with what delightful abandon she had run and romped with the puppy!

"Ah, she is real," he muttered, "she is genuine. She has much behind those dark eyes that look at you so straight. She is not like many American girls, just a bundle of affectations. She is a real woman, that one."

And her father's act in hiding Mirabeau, and the episode of the dog collar?

Mirabeau gazed up into the darkness, and stretched his arms again wearily, as the town clock struck four.

"Bah," he muttered, "it is not thinking of the dog that keeps me awake."

Chapter IV

Dorothy Ingram stood on a street corner in New York and consulted a slip of paper in her hand. "One hundred and forty-four East —th Street," she said. "It must be close by."

East —th Street, or, at least, that part of it adjacent to Dorothy's corner, has, for New York, almost an air of antiquity. It long antedates the era of apartment houses, or the still older era of flats, and even the period, long gone by, of brownstone fronts. Most of the houses on either side, are lower and broader than city houses of the present generation; they are built of brick with brownstone steps and trimmings; and some of them sport bay windows or narrow balconies ornamented with rusty and dusty iron railings. They belong to the time, two generations ago, when the young giant city was first spreading out into the country above Fourteenth Street. And in the heart of the city they have remained, an eddy in the rushing stream, a sheltered nook in the tumult.

There is a charming old world flavor about the spot. To be sure, the elevated trains rattle by, not far away; but some of the house fronts are covered with vines, in which, on this spring morning, the sparrows twittered with vociferous gayety. An attentive ear might hear the humming of the subway expresses under ground; but on —th Street a few trees

were bravely putting forth their leaves. The shadows of neighboring skyscrapers fall across the old houses; but they still preserve the tranquil, homelike look of a former generation. It is an attractive, old-time bit of New York, and like all old-time bits in New York, it possesses the melancholy charm of the evanescent. "Here we are," the old buildings seem to say. "Enjoy us now while you may; for tomorrow will come the house wrecker, the steam drill, the blasts of dynamite, and the pneumatic riveter."

Dorothy walked down the street, and stopped in front of a house that was in no way distinguished from its neighbors, except by a neat sign hanging above the door.

"An Asylum for Helpless Animals," she read.

"The very place," she said in glee.

"Of course Mirabeau is here. And what a deliciously quaint, sweet sign, 'Asylum for Helpless Animals'!"

"Not so bad of Celestine to bring him here," she thought, as she rang the bell. "But why on earth did she do it?"

The door was opened by a boy in uniform.

"I came to see about a stolen dog," Dorothy began.

"Yes'm. See the superintendent," replied the boy.

He showed her into a dark little office on the first floor, and there the superintendent presently came to her.

"I want to see about a stolen dog," said Dorothy.

"Yes," said the superintendent.

She was quick, cold, monosyllabic and businesslike, and about as human as a cash register.

"His name was Mirabeau, and he disappeared three days ago," Dorothy explained.

"Yes," clicked the superintendent; "we rarely know a dog's name."

"I think," said Dorothy, rather timidly, "I have reason to believe that he was brought here by a French maid named Celestine Marsaud."

The superintendent consulted a ledger on her desk.

"On Friday night a dog was brought here by a Mademoiselle Marsaud."

"Oh, goody, splendid!" cried Dorothy enthusiastically. "It's dear old Mirabeau. May I see him right away?"

"Unfortunately not," said the superintendent with metallic coldness.

"It is a rule of this establishment," she went on, eyeing the astonished Dorothy, "that animals which are not claimed by someone in three days must be removed."

"Removed!" cried Dorothy. "For goodness sake, to what place?"

The superintendent actually hesitated an instant.

"Off the earth," she said, and added, as if in extenuation, "painlessly."

"Do you mean they're killed?" said Dorothy aghast.

The superintendent nodded, once.

"Pain-less-ly," she repeated.

"But it isn't three full days," Dorothy protested.

"We are overcrowded," said the superintendent, coldly.

"I can't understand it," Dorothy cried. "Mirabeau was a very valuable dog, and a beautiful one, and wonder-

fully intelligent. I simply cannot understand it. You should at least have waited a little while in his case."

The superintendent compressed her lips, and said nothing.

"So Mirabeau is dead?" said Dorothy miserably.

"The dog brought by Mademoiselle Marsaud is dead," replied the superintendent, inexorably.

"Good morning," said Dorothy, and turned away.

On the doorstep she glared at the sign above her head.

"An Asylum for Helpless Animals!" she hissed. "A pretty asylum!"

And then, suddenly, the whole row of old-fashioned vine-covered houses, across the way began to dance and glimmer in the hazy sunlight.

"Dear old Mirabeau!" she said, through her tears. "Dear old Mirabeau is dead!"

(To be concluded)



To Keep Cool Hot Nights

A TRAINED nurse of many years' experience declares she knows no better way of keeping cool than that of wringing a piece of linen out in ice water and laying it over the eyes and forehead. A block of ice with several relays of linen on top of it may be kept conveniently near the bedside in case the sleeper should wake. A small bottle of water may also be put on the ice, although this nurse does not approve of drinking much ice water. If several blocks of ice are kept in different parts of the room, they will lower the tempera-

ture to a surprisingly large degree.

The same nurse also advocates hanging damp sheets over all doors. They should not be hung at the windows, however, as nothing should be at or near the windows which will in any way impede air circulation.

One bright little woman, when asked her secret of obtaining sleep, no matter how high the mercury climbed, laughingly gave the paradoxical reply that her secret was simply—her hot water bottle. She fills it half full of cold water and slips it between her pillow and case.



Seven fine cats kept she



She sent them to school

Dame Wiggins of Lee

And Her Seven Wonderful Cats

EDITOR'S NOTE—These rhymes, and the drawings as well, are attributed to John Ruskin, as a playful product of his earlier years.

Dame Wiggins of Lee
 Was a worthy old soul
 As e'er threaded a needle
 or wash'd in a bowl;
 She held mice and rats
 In such antipa-
 thy
 That seven fine cats
 Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice, scared
 By this fierce whisker'd crew,
 The poor seven cats
 Soon had nothing to do;
 So, as anyone idle
 She ne'er loved to see,
 She sent them to school,
 Did Dame Wiggins
 of Lee.

The master soon
 wrote
 That they all of
 them knew
 How to read the
 word "milk"
 And to spell the
 word "mew."
 And they all washed
 their faces
 Before they took
 tea.



Each rowing a wherry

"Were there ever such dears!"
 Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

He had also thought well
 To comply with their wish
 To spend all their playtime
 In learning to fish
 For stitlings; they sent her
 A present of three,
 Which, fried, were a feast
 For Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired
 Of living alone;
 So she sent for her cats
 From school to come home.

Each rowing a
 wherry,
 Returning, you see,
 The frolic made
 merry
 Dame Wiggins of
 Lee.

The Dame was quite
 pleas'd
 And ran out to
 market;
 When she came back
 They were mend-
 ing the carpet.

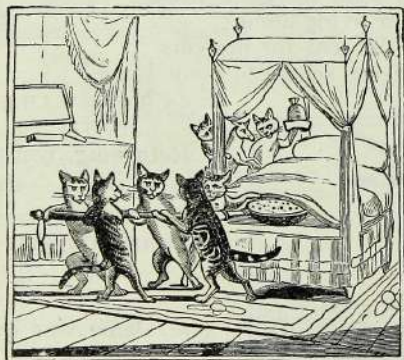


They mended the carpet

The needle each handled
As brisk as a bee ;
" Well done, my good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,
She ran out for some rice ;
When she came back
They were skating on ice.
" I shall soon see one down,
Aye, perhaps, two or three,
I'll bet half a crown,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee

When springtime came back
They had breakfast of curds ;
And were greatly afraid
Of disturbing the birds.
" If you sit, like good cats,
All the seven in a tree,
They will teach you to sing!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.



They warmed the bed

So they sat in a tree,
And said, " Beautiful! Hark!"
And they listened and looked
In the clouds for the lark.



Wheeling a sick lamb

Then sang, by the fireside,
Symphonious-ly,
A song without words
To Dame Wiggins of Lee

They called the next day
On the tomtit and sparrow,
And wheeled a poor sick lamb
Home in a barrow.
" You shall all have some sprats
For your humani-ty,
My seven good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.



Each riding a sheep

While she ran to the field
To look for its dam,
They were warming the bed
For the poor sick lamb.
They turned up the clothes
All as neat as could be ;
" I shall ne'er want a nurse,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good-night,
And went up to bed,

When, lo! in the morning,
The cats were all fled,
But soon—what a fuss!
“Where can they all be?
Here, pussy, puss, puss!”
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame's heart was nigh broke,
So she sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back
Each riding a sheep.
She fondled and patted
Each purring tom-my:
“Ah! welcome, my dears,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.



Blowing trumpets

To show them his poultry,
He turn'd them all loose,
Then each nimbly leap'd
On the back of a goose,
Which frighten'd them so
That they ran to the sea,
And half drown'd the poor cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For the care of his lamb
And their comical pranks
He gave them a ham
And abundance of thanks.
“I wish you good-day,
My fine fellows,” said he;
“My compliments, pray,
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.”

You see them arrived
At their Dame's welcome door;
They show her their presents,
And all their good store.
“Now, come in to supper,
And sit down with me;
All welcome once more,”
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.



They sat down to supper



All drawn by his team

The farmer soon heard
Where his sheep went astray,
And arrived at Dame's door
With his faithful dog Tray.
He knocked with his crook,
And the stranger to see,
Out the window did look
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For their kindness he had them
All drawn by his team,
And gave them some field mice
And raspberry cream.
Said he, “All my stock
You shall presently see,
For I honor the cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.”

He sent his maid out
For some muffins and crumpets,
And when he turn'd round
They were blowing of trumpets.
Said he, “I suppose
She's as deaf as can be,
Or this ne'er could be borne
By Dame Wiggins of Lee.”



Clothes and the Man

by Edmund Russell

EDITOR'S NOTE—The stimulating ideas which follow come from a man of cosmopolitan life and training, a portrait painter and orientalist.

Man has fallen into the black pit.

Like all pits made by savages, easy to get into and hard to get out.

Any attempt makes him seem ridiculous, so he will not try.

The worst is, woman wants to fall into the pit after him.

She mistakes his fall for a flight. She confounds the sandals of Mercury, the wings of Icarus, and the pants of Jonathan.

The continual wearing of black turns taste negative, dulls color feeling.

The continual wearing of conventional clothes makes art and beauty seem eccentric and reprehensible. The continual wearing of things made by tailors kills originality.

The continual covering of the body with hideousness makes the neglected body hideous.

Stunting body dwarfs the mind.

Man's dress is supposed to be more rational than woman's. This is not so.

It is simply more ugly.

All portrait painters, and especially portrait sculptors, fulminate against the wooden dress of man.

In his Kensington studio, surrounded by the wonderful collection of contemporary portraits he intended to bequeath to the nation, I once heard George Frederick Watts hold forth on the subject. He said: "The tube, being formed to afford the highest degree of rigidity with a given amount of material, has been adopted as the

most suitable form for every part of man's dress—hat, collar, coat, cuffs, trousers."

Judging from the fashion books, a new stovepipe without a dent is the ideal—the battered stovepipe is what we usually attain. The tubular system thus falls before the ineradicable depravity of our nature, which will bend its limbs and refuse to wear zinc.

It is useless for tailors to draw gentlemen in trousers without a crease. It is useless for them to supply

"trouser stretchers" to efface every night all evidence of ever having clothed a human limb

during the day. So long as human limbs are formed on one principle and garments on another, the result will be failure. The perfect cylinders of the fashion books may be our ideal type, but the battered stovepipe is our actual working type. The tailors must find a Utopia of their own for their tubes. In this fallen world they are a failure—heaven be praised!

There are two ways in which dress may harmonize with the form it clothes. It may be loose so that it flows freely over the limbs as drapery. This is the classical type. Or it may fit the limbs closely. This the medieval type.

The tube exactly excludes both these sources of beauty. It is not full enough to take any folds of its own. It is just full enough to miss all the lines of the figure.

For a long time man's garbing has been treated with scornful indifference.

Don't look upon dress as a vanity, but a serious responsibility, affecting health, growth and happiness—influencing all relations with other people.

Don't own anything black but an evening suit and umbrella. One has more magnetism in light. Black blots out the figure and destroys the sense of flesh, and though one may seem somewhat smaller, he also appears less interesting.

There are now signs of quickened, though external interest, a feeling that it must be readjusted, at least to suit the needs of our athletic awakening; together with the dim deference to the differences of position that are slowly emphasizing themselves in spite of our affectation of republicanism.

Our highest efforts have been in the direction of conformity to the exclusion of personal expression. Unfortunately, after dressing like a dummy for some

Don't wear patent leather—after the patent has expired.

years, one begins to feel dummy—act dummy—finally *be* dummy.

Today, full breathing is lifting the chest to break its bonds. Marathon running, rowing, motoring, burst belts and buttons.

Joy never got over the whipping it received in the Reign of Terror. The art vacuums of the bun-eating Georges were almost as bad for the taste of England. Then came the Rollo and Lucy ideals of the prim little girl-queen Victoria, who said: "I will be good" when told of her sovereignty.

With us, just as we were emerging from the cruel Jacobeanism of our stern-and-rockbound-coast ancestors, came the struggle for independence with all its hardships; and when the century plant was about to bloom again, it was almost cut in two by internal difference.

Now the dazzling paint box of success has been thrown wide open, and Industry and Commerce ask us to take our choice. The only trouble is that without national taste we scarcely know how to choose.

When those divinities who end our shapes declare the present costume of man will never be changed, and has never been surpassed, they forget that it is only a comparatively short period that it has been in existence and that it probably has but a short period to last.

I predict that even in our time we shall see the greatest change both in men's and women's clothes. It will be *radical*, not fanciful.

At first it will come through higher knowledge of the needs of life—then grow to art, personal taste, the joy of individual expression.

What form will it take? Who can tell—who cares? Probably a modification of the Greek in summer and warmer climates—of the medieval for the dignity of winter.

Occupation used to dominate dress. When the butcher, baker and candlestick maker evolved convenient coverings suited to the peculiarity of their callings, the whole world was more picturesque and interesting.

Real dress should, indeed, come from the demands of labor. The idea that all men must be alike and equal, in doing away with trade distinctions, has made the son ashamed to follow the footsteps of dear old dad, and so injured the progress and permanence of our crafts. We all are slaves of the machine, but dislike to tell of *which* machine.

It has often been said *re* quantity and quality that one good suit is better than two poor ones. This is not true. Two give the benefit of change. Clothes, like human beings, need rest.

Someone has well said: "The cad will always outfashion the extreme fashion."

"The swell will observe the mode in all its niceties and correctness.

"The well-dressed man will moderate the swell's idea a trifle so as to allay a suspicion in his own mind that he is exciting undue scrutiny.

"The ultra-fashionable man will err intentionally upon rare occasions—in making sure of being on the safe side."

Fashion is really the caprice of trade—the lure to buy more.

Fortunately, country life of the higher class is doing much. There is hope in the open. The book of masculine dress in town is iron-bound. In the country all is different, though there are rules even in fashionable negligence.

Still, much greater individuality is attainable and a man's country outfit may now be elaborate and varied. In the colonies this prevails to a great extent. The upper India Englishmen wear for

full dress a short white jacket with pointed back, over close-fitting black evening trousers and scarlet *cummerbund*.

One also remembers those smart short coats and plaids of the Scottish officers

Don't confound simplicity and cheapness—simple effects may be very costly, but—

Don't think that costliness is essential to good taste—when we say cheap we usually mean crude. Very smart dressing is often inexpensive.

at the balls of the Gesireh palace or Shepherd's at Cairo. With the sprinkling of native princes in chogas and jewels they suggest what must have been the variety and splendor of ancient days.

If we belong to the army of shoddy and shabby genteel we can console ourselves with the knowledge that "it is better to wear old clothes with the air of wealth than new ones with background of poverty." But in these days of "sales" and bargains, shabby genteelism is almost extinct, can be found only in the newly arrived immigrant who has not been a day in New York.

Children even no longer patch the castoffs of their forebears on their hind-bares, like the little boy who complained to another: "Papa's just had his beard shaved off—I suppose some day I'll have to wear the old red thing."

On this subject Prentice Welford has the best word: "There is loss of power in wearing old clothes—in other words, putting on a part of your old dead self for economy's sake. Not even a snake will crawl into its old skin after casting it, for sake of economy. Nature never wears her old clothes. Nature never economizes, after man's fashion, in putting the plumage on a bird, the fur on a quadruped, the tints on a flower. If she did, the prevalent color of everything would be that of old coats and pantaloons, and the hues of God's firmament those of a secondhand clothing store."

The rain falls on the just and the unjust, the trouser covers good and bad legs. I again asked Watts, England's Titian, what was the greatest defect of our modern dressing. "The concealment of the ankle," he replied; "it takes all spring and lightness from man's wonderful poise." Especially did he object to the pants then worn, spreading over the shoe in the style called "elephants' feet."

It is customary to sport a black frock coat with pearl-gray underpinnings, but as light emphasizes, it is much better to give character to the chest by wearing the coat light and the pants dark—this increases personal expression and dignity, though it is rarely done.

Most men wear the coat three or four inches too small across the chest. The

tailor grabs and pulls it together until the poor frightened man sinks to his lowest breath and is fitted to it. Naturally, he makes no more breathing effort than his coat allows; the next time he cowers in a little more, the chest slips down, the gold watch chain shines with greater prominence, and then they say he died from overwork.

Don't wear gloves—they make wrinkles in the face.

If the chest is lifted to its greatest height, the tailor will remonstrate, "No gentleman stands like that." "That poise is good, but you cannot keep up to it." Never mind, you can *grow* up to it, and soon will need still more room if you give the lungs a chance. A new life is drawn in with new expansion; in a year or so what was unnatural will become normal and you are beginning to live in personal control.

Tell the tailor not to *pull* it together, but to *put* it together. Take care, also, not to exaggerate the wobbling protuberances he calls "padded shoulders." "*Une épaule naturelle*," if not slanting to the point of weakness and deformity, gives much more grace and poise and action.

Not long ago a pink shirt was looked upon as a pathological absurdity, ranking with silver-backed hairbrushes, a man's having his nails manicured; now every color has crept into our haberdasher's windows. Even when badly done this is a promising sign. I saw a shirt the other day of green with violet stripes, the violet waistcoat fastened with amethyst buttons.

Evening dress still demands the white bosom of a blameless life for the man in the ironed mask, and here the lines of conventionality must reign supreme; softness or ruffles simply look untidy.

Head, hands and feet, through their connecting joints of neck, wrist and ankles, should be free for motion and action. The neck is the bridge between head and torso, most complex in structure, most important in growth. Its freedom is absolutely necessary to expression.

Aside from all facts of beauty, the collar in front should never come above the point where the head and neck join.

Don't wear a red tie unless browns become you and your color is fresh and skin clear or dark.

Don't pull up the knees of your trousers in company—it's better to be baggy than fussy.

In the back it can be higher, as the pressure is supported by bony structure. Some of our long stiffly starched necks make one think of a whitewashed fence around a lunatic asylum.

The influence of tight collars in impeding the circulation of the blood to the head by pressing on the jugular vein is well known to military surgeons with the troops in India; but the bad effect of such pressure in cooler climates has been demonstrated by the observations of Professor Forster of Breslau, who states that three hundred cases have come under his notice in which eyesight has been affected by the disturbance of the circulation.

Most men are uncomfortable in gloves. The clumsy fingers of man do not pinch well. They make men awkward, self-conscious, and are a conventionality of which we have little need.

For women they unify the tone of the costume. In winter gloves several sizes too large become men, as if thrust on for warmth. In summer they are an affectation.

It is an indication of want of breeding for a man to wear gloves too small or on inappropriate occasions.

The history of the word "cravat" is interesting. The word came into our language about 1636. Taken from the uniform of some Austrian cavalrymen who wore a fold of coarse linen under the neck of their short Hussar jackets. These riders were called "*Cravates*." Later a French regiment adopted the same uniform and was styled "The Royal Cravates."

It is supposed that English universities have a course of cravat tying; but this preparation for the world to come seems to end there so far as dressing is concerned.

One of the healthiest signs of progress is our even feeble return to the use of sandals, which seems to be growing each summer, and to be taking the place of the "health shoe." In ordinary shoes ugliness and inconvenience unite to the highest degree. We might as well wear flatirons.

Shoes are now found in every shade of brown, russet and tan, occasionally wine, gray and olive, so may be easily

harmonized with other details, which gives finish and taste, and one need not wear black with daytime dress. White shoes become all, and make in some way the feet particularly interesting, seeming to suggest activity, charm of nature, good humor.

White socks suggest thinness of blood, cold feet or extension of underwear.

Spats always look spatty, only become broken-down colonels with red noses and gold-headed canes.

Clocks should not tick too loud, but it is pleasant to catch a jewel-like moment of color.

We begin and end with the consideration of black.

Men wear black from custom, ignorance, indifference. Because other men do. Because it fogs in London. Because they don't know any better.

There are only four types to which black is becoming: rogues, fat men, undertakers, those bowed down with grief or disaster. Shall we take our choice?

Black is diminishing, depressing, forbidding, aging and—expensive. It makes a man look old, small, bilious, unfortunate, and either wicked or pious.

Watch two men going down the street—one in light overcoat and the other in black. Which of them will you have the impulse to want to know? Your interest and liking will all go out to the one in light clothes, unless for other overpowering differences. Even in business transactions you are more likely to win if you wear a light suit.

"Pepper and salt" is a compromise. Grays of different tones best of all.

Choose tweeds of different threads where through the gray you may even find a line of scarlet, of green and turquoise and yet all quiet.

Plain clothes look too clean.

In early days of physical freedom, bright tones and public joy prevailed; then came the darkness of the middle ages; now we awake to the spirituality of paler effects; while a wider possession will give back to art and life the whole gamut of the color scale.

Shall we leave this painful subject of men's dress?

"Whaur's the extra reverence in wearing shoon two sizes ower sma'?"

"It mayna be mair reverent," suggested Birse, "but it's grand, and you canna be baith grand and comfortable."

J. M. Barrie.

"Having Company"

By Elizabeth Caruthers

OUR all-the-year-round home is in a delightful summer resort, directly on the ocean side. Consequently, from June to October, we are besieged with company. Tired friends and relatives decide to "spend a week or two with Elizabeth, it's so lovely at D—."

In my better moments I am glad that I have it within my power to furnish rest and refreshment for the weary populace, but there are days when I feel that such self-sacrifice is not required of me, nor of any other woman who is her own maid of all work.

Last summer, from the third of July to the middle of September, our home was given up to summer company of all ages, from the boy of nineteen to the dear lady of sixty-nine, who, by the way, was the most helpful and the least troublesome of all. (Here's to the woman who has learned her lesson!)

I have tried to solve the problem of why it is that one more in the house makes so much extra work. We women say, "Oh, one more doesn't make any difference," but this is a fallacy in which I shall never again indulge. If your own family be a small one, one more *does* make a difference, especially if that one comes from a winter's hard work intending to make her stay in your home a vacation. It means unnumbered extra duties on your part, with little or no help from her.

Unless she be very near and very dear it will be a doubtful reward to see her depart plump and sunburned after two or more weeks of your good food and the ocean breezes and warm sun of your delightful piazza.

Why should she not be plump and brown when the extent of her duties for the day has been to hastily sweep the dishes from the dining room to the kitchen table, where she leaves them in a heart-sickening pile (not even disposing of the remains of the meal left on the plates) for you to make clean for her next robust meal. Only very occasion-

ally does she go so far as to wield an assisting towel.

Our well-fattened vacationists were not unkind, only thoughtless; but they caused me to prepare for myself a list of resolutions which I shall rigidly observe on my rare visits, even though by so doing I lose an extra coat of tan or gain one less pound. I give them for the benefit of those who are addicted to the visiting habit:

First: I shall never allow my hostess to guess that the food she has prepared is not to my liking—even though that food be fried liver. I shall eat it (horrible thought!) or perish in the attempt.

Second: I shall never leave any of my personal belongings about her house. They shall be replaced in my own room at whatever cost to myself.

Third: I shall not sit idly rocking in the next room or on the piazza, calling out curious questions, or try to carry on any conversation whatsoever while my hostess washes the dishes in the kitchen, because this necessitates her coming to the door to hear what I have to say. I shall, instead, wipe said dishes for her, and what is more, I shall put them, when dry, in their proper places, which I shall take pains to learn.

Fourth: I shall each day take some small duty off her hands, such as dusting and tidying the living room, or sweeping and dusting the front hall.

Fifth: I shall take pains to impress upon my hostess that I have come to see her *at least* as much as the town or the scenery.

Sixth: When I offer my help with the housework I shall do it determinedly, with the intention of being of real assistance, not half-heartedly, with the secret hope that it will be rejected.

Seventh: I shall make some return for my entertainment, either by a definite invitation, or by some appropriate gift.

Eighth: I shall never visit without a direct and definite invitation, and shall never overstay my time.

Civic Pride in Amityville

A Monolog

By Angie Breakspear

With Drawings by the Author

"**H**OW do you do! I'm right glad you ran in for a minnit, 'cause if I couldn't talk to somebody about the doin's at the town hall last night—say, I'd bust! So much consecrated excitement has got my head a-spinnin' like a merry-go-round. Wa'n't all of it elegant? No use talkin', them ladies certainly riz to the ovation. When wimmen folks gits took hard with somethin', whether it's a new game, a religion with modern improvements, or a lendin' of a helpful hand somewheres, there's abs'lutely no stoppin' of them!

"Where did you set in the assembly chamber? Git out! You don't mean to tell me you wa'n't there? Guess you're most the only female in the county who didn't come, and I'm ashamed of you.

"What? Land! Your bein' a relation visitor next door, and a mite deaf, wa'n't no excuse. Better take that comfortable chair there and lemme tell you what happened. I'll make you a cup o' tea while I'm talkin'." (Whereupon, Miss Hetty Batty administers to the creature comfort of her caller, without losing the thread of her conversation, nor her enthusiasm for the topic under discussion.)

"Of course, I sha'n't 'specially blame you for not bein' interested in what took place last night. To tell the truth, I was skeptic and ignorant as a lemon pie myself before I heard that grand woman speak!

"I reckon you wa'n't here in Amityville long before hearin' of Mrs Chester Foster, *nee* Min Doolittle, and about as how she does love to pose 'round these parts as bein' a little different and exclusiver from other folks. Also about her takin' up of fads and sciences as soon as they come to git to be the fashion. That girl was always full of odd notions. She wa'n't very popilar here

to home for a while after she got educated at them boardin' schools up the Hudson. And she come back with a funny-lookin' walk and some fancy new words—that got right into circulation just the same. But, land! We all seen it didn't spile her a bit when she married the young Foster feller from Al-



Miss Hetty Batty, whose observations are here recorded

bany, and took her weddin' trip to foreign climes. Sense she's settled down on her people's estate without any lugs or anythin' she's been better liked. Minnie Doolittle-Foster always treated me like a lady.

"Folks say she'd ruther be the big toad in a small puddle. Sure as you live, that's what she is. No wonder Min is a mite lofty headed. When we come to think of her rebuildin' the school-house and helpin' the church, like she done, not countin' the lib'ry donation, we ain't half thankful enough to her. Specially after how tight-fisted her father was with all his sawmill money! Talk about bein' close! Well, speakin'

of the Doolittle family always resurrects old memories—and I'm gittin' off my subject.

"It seems, come about three weeks ago, Min started a agitation for the havin' of a swell friend of hern, a Mrs Gilbert Plaza, come to deliver a lecture on suffrage, which Min said it was every woman's duty to attend. An' that she would speak herself in its interests.

"The girl drummed up a sight of trade for it, and them as she didn't call on she wrote to. I got a card from her, but I didn't take no stock in no sech goin's on! I was a confirmed 'anti'! Which shows how rattle-brained you can be without knowin' it. The 'anti' people are the ones as ain't looked into the matter, lemme tell you!

"Last night was the appointed day for the caucus, or suffrage mass meetin', or whatever you've a mind to name it. It was well seen that Mrs Minnie Doolittle-Chester Foster has a infloonts in this here town. The wimmen folks jest come in droves from every corner of the community. I thinks to myself, thinks I, it must of took a sight of money for stamps to write to all of them!

"Really, there was strange faces amongst 'em, from as far away as eight miles up river. You never seen sech a crowd! Why, even that woman, Miss What's-Her-Name, who dotes on cats, and is all time a-talkin' so longin'ly about a-wantin' to see the Hippodrome—she traveled way from Three Rivers and stayed overnight, to hear the meetin'. She's got a self-made education. But no wonder! Wa'n't she post-mistress up her way once? Constant studyin' of the pictures on postal cards was what made her very informed about matters, includin' the Hippodrome. She claims it is more pretty and improbable than the Eiffel Tower, or the Sphee-nix in Egypt. You could learn a lot a-talkin' to that girl. Why, she's enlightened concernin' the



Mrs Chester Foster, nee Min Doolittle

pattern of every city hall in the country. Her character is plain and unpretendin', and the gover'ment certainly lost the employment of an intellectual person when she quit the postoffice.

"Well, up to the goin' in of the last woman, I held back, sulkin' and obstinate, a-feelin' sensibler than all them others, who I knowed wa'n't fit in their brains to attend no sech meetin'! Half of 'em only went out of curiosity. Not because they expected to learn nothin'.

"Who do you suppose the last female to enter was? That fat Mrs Hickey who lives over by the railroad depot, and copies every hat I git! Of all the persons I ever disliked I hate her the worst! When I seen her a-goin' it was enough. I jest up and threw this shawl across my shoulders and ran in to see them all makin' fools of themselves!

"What? Well, you might not believe it, but say! that lecture put more into my head than I could of believed possible, and I don't mind sayin' it.

"Mrs Chester Foster was the chairman. And, after a nice speech to introduce her lady friend—this Mrs Gilbert Plaza, speaker, who migrated clear from Providence for the purpose of presidin' over that there entertainment—Min sat down on the platform (where the whole town could gaze at her elegant clothes fetched from Europe with her two years ago) and she let her friend, the brilliant lady, say whatever she'd a mind to. The speaker certainly spoke grand! And at random. Nothin' learnt by ear about it. No man who was ust to politics could talk like she done.

"I'm a-dyin' to see what the *Wednesday Call* will write about that lecture. Really to goodness, a few exceptional wimmen present couldn't no more grasp most of the facts gave out than they could 'a' took hot coals on to their tongues. Min's friend must 'a' been disgusted with them. But she was too tackful to show it.

"What? Certainly, I could hear every word the speaker mentioned from where I set in the last row. She told us how it wa'n't no longer un-womanly to express strong views. I'm gratified, because 'strong views' is my weakness. She sez: 'Best society leaders is now enthusiastic, help-

ful advocates of the suffrage cause.' Min pricked up at the 'best society' mention. 'There was a time,' sez she, 'when wimmen folks with suffrage leanin's was afeared to avow them!' (Sneers from the fat Mrs Hickey.) 'But time has worked marvelous changes!' sez she, roundin' up with a speech that would 'a' did credit to Julia Caesar.

"Then she told that the suffrage movement has created sech a stir all over the country that the woman who ain't on record as a believer, or a subjec' open to belief, declares her ignorance of her common duty as a citizen of the grand U S A.



Miss What's-Her-Name, from Three Rivers



Mrs Gilbert Plaza, speaker

Bryan if it would make her a more worthy and political citizen. She up and sez to Mrs Plaza: 'If wimmen git to votin', I'm goin' to ask the President to cut the dog tax of this town. Two dollars a year is entirely too much for a little dog like mine, what only weighs four pounds. The price of pets is scandalous! And, land knows—then she begun cryin' again—'a poor lone widder is got to have pets, as a substitute to brighten her cheerless days.' Old man Simmons never looked to me as bein' much of a 'day brightener'! I s'pose the widder ought to know, of course.

"Howsomever, I'll say this for her; the widder was a willin' convert, and ready for a total immersion in the suffrage belief, so to speak, even before she knowed a thing concernin' what it was all about!

"When the Simmons woman had got through with her 'say' the prominent speaker waved her hand and sez: 'I feel that right here in Amityville, where culture, reason and intelligence predominates, there is wives and maidens anxious to raise their voices in the great cause, realizin' it's the same as havin' a voice in

her gover'ment.'

"Say, there wa'n't a dry eye in the hall after that. Patriotics jest welled up in every heart present!

"The Widder Simmons got to snivelin' and a-thinkin' of her husband, Hank, who was sech a stump speaker when Cleveland got elected. We all felt for her awful. She took it so hard. She got up, like at revival meetin', and told as how she'd do diff'rent if she had Hank back. That she would turn from Republican to Democrat jest to please him! Rememberin' his aversion to arguments—unless they was on his side. Why, she even agreed there and then to rename her dog Dandy (which was asleep on her lap) William Jenning

her gover'ment.'

"She was a-goin' to say more, but a interruption occurred by the risin' of that poor Lize Danks, who must 'a' thought the meetin' was a kind of 'card party.' It's a gossiped fact that Lize always goes to them 'casino' parties and comes home every time with a gold clock! She's the smartest first-prize taker in the county. I always believed her knowledge of playin' cards was owin' to her tellin' of fortunes to support herself that time she broke her leg (when her first husband died) and she couldn't leave her settin' room bay window all winter. Yes, she's a regular kleptomaniac with them cards!

"Of course, the Providence lady hadn't no comprehension about Lize's bein' a little funny in her sense—and land! we couldn't stop her once she was up, and a-goin' it. Lize commenced a ramble about woman's true sphere bein' beside a cradle, without havin' their noses in the men's votin'! She hollered it out that her husband would always vote wherever he was offered the most money, and 'twa'n't nobody's business! She flourished her umbrella a-sayin': 'I can't tell a Democrat from a adjective, and I don't want nobody to learn me! A Socialist is the only kind of polytic that sounds like fun to me, 'cause I'm a very social person. I like to be on the go all the time! I know for a fack,' sez she, 'that ladies with playful natures cannot cramp their minds with votin' problems. I never could grasp rithmetic, and you or nobody like you can learn a old dog new tricks!'

"Dear me! Then Lize declared if she'd a-knowed this thing was the kind of entertainment it was, she wouldn't 'a' bothered gettin' all dressed up and comin'! But the poor soul didn't know no better, and we got her quieted before she hurt anyone's feelin's.

"Personally, the part I liked was when Mrs Plaza sez: 'Ladies, look all about you!. Ob-serve! It is not necessary to forfeit our nachral feminine grace and dainty, delicate charm jest becuz we're interested in votes for wimmen!' There wa'n't much dainty, delicate charm to ob-serve from where I set, but mebbe the speaker meant well by 'em. She explained how we could wield a strong infloents over the ballot, without becomin' ourselves actual workers, and how 'to stren'then our interests and quicken our civic pride.' When she sez, 'Equal suffrage will help us to stren'then the moral purpose of men!' certain people shot me a look.

"Now, I ain't celebrated for bein' overluxurious with my praise for men, and none of 'em has had chances to wallow in my sassiety much. For that



The Widder Simmons

reason, mebbe, folks here pities me. Well, I ain't never noticed any matches made in Amityville what got my envy riz—so far! Speakin' of heartsick subjects, don't mind tellin' you this much. Old Arthur Koe had the gall to propose matrimony to me once. I set my foot on him pretty quick! Another time a book agent got funny with some complimentary sayin's that any other old fool 'ceptin' me would 'a' took as final. He soon seen I wa'n't so easy led as I look. I'm plannin' to eventually jest up and marry some man or another to hear the tongues a-waggin'. It'll be worth the risk! But I ain't a-goin' to be in no hurry of takin' the step, lemme tell you.



Poor Lize Danks

"To me the only unpleasant minnit of them grand three hours was when fat Mrs Hickey asserted herself. You could see she's a firm sot advocator of 'rights' for the sake of what torture and discomfort there is in them for others! I'll betcher the only picture she's got on her walls is a cheap print of the Declaration of Independence, framed, and hangin' where it's never out o' her sight.

"Mrs Hickey has a ugly disposition and temper, with anatomy to back it up. If that kind of female ever got elected President she'd declare war every thirty days! When she ran out of countries to war on she'd start on home talént,

and git the four corners of America rowin' with each other! That's the only fear I'd have of seein' wimmen git too much! Sooner than votin' for her, if she ran for office, my ticket would go to a man. Even a unworthy man.

"As a wind up, Mrs Plaza from Providence said as how we was a little band of cohorts to forge another link in the far-reachin' chain. Then there was somethin' poetic like, about strikin' while the iron is het, every mother's daughter of us! Land, she was elegant! I was right took with that speaker. Of course, her clothes wa'n't the kind I'd pick out. Her big hat wouldn't be becomin' to me at all, but it looked nice

on her. I bet Miss Purdy, the town milliner, liked to died when she seen it.

"Mrs Plaza begged us to think for ourselves when she had gone, and I *have* did a heap o' thinkin' all day! But, lemme tell you, it's a wager that there wa'n't more than eight out of that huge gatherin' of thirty-six fool wimmen folks who could tell you today what last night's upliftin' speakin' was about.

"They all went home, like as not, and had the common jedgment knocked clean out of 'em by their headstrong, know-it-all husbands! That's like a lot of whalebone-willed wimmen! But, on afterthought, wait a second, lemme insert one clause—all on 'em exceptin' Mrs

Hickey. There's a liability, from her personal understandin' of the science of civil gover'ment, that she went home and licked her downtrod old man. She's stren'thened his 'moral purposes' so often the poor creature ain't got no purposes left!

"Yes, ain't it disgraceful to act so? Well, good-by. Come in again. Hope my tellin' of it is done you some good." (Shouting through the open door after her departing guest.)

"Considerin' of fat Mrs Hickey's goin's on, there's more than one way of 'wieldin' a strong infloonts.' All wimmen folks ain't put upon—between me and you!"



That fat Mrs Hickey

The Moving Picture

A Primary School for Criminals

By William A. McKeever

Professor of Philosophy in the Kansas State Agricultural College

WHAT is to be done with the moving-picture shows? All over this beautiful land of ours, in the cities, towns and villages, we find these "nickelodeons," "lyrics" and "electrics" at work six or seven nights in the week, grinding out their reels of excitement and enchantment before the eyes of the motley throng of men and women, boys and girls.

It is a great popular craze—popular partly because it is cheap, but chiefly because of the fact of its realistic nature. For some generations in this country we were called upon to do battle with the "yellow back"—the dime novel—which fight has been practically won by us. The cheap, trashy story has at last been driven into the more remote and less enlightened corners of the flimsy periodicals. But precisely of the same character as the cheap story, and ten times more poisonous and hurtful to character in its results, is the moving-picture show when in the hands of a man whose first concern is to draw a crowd and make it pay.

These moving pictures are more degrading than the dime novel, because they represent real flesh-and-blood forms, and impart their lessons directly through the senses. The dime novel cannot lead the boy farther than his limited imagination will allow him to go, but the moving picture forces upon his view scenes that are new. That is, they give him first-hand experience.

The Work of the Schools Undone

If the reader will make a round of visits to a large number of these shows, he will agree with me as to their objectionable character. He will find depicted again and again, in living form, all sorts of acts of a criminal and depraving nature. And around it all is thrown a sentiment such as to give the mind of plastic youth a tendency to regard the coarser forms of conduct as a

common thing in our daily walks of life. There he learns precisely how robberies, holdups and murders are committed; how officers of the law, such as policemen, are false to their oath of office and to the demands of plain, everyday duty; how divorces are originated and how the various members of the family violate the most sacred laws that bind together the home circle and give it its charm and perpetuity.

If the citizens of any community should assemble with the purpose of laying plans and devising means whereby to teach immorality, obscenity and crime, I can think of no better way definitely and certainly to bring about such results than the use of the moving-picture show as it is now conducted. It is a serious matter, this picture business. We tax ourselves heavily for educational purposes, and employ teachers in the schools to inculcate, among other things, certain higher moral principles. In fact, we agree that the end of all teaching in the schools is moral character, and then we permit and license these cheap and vitiating shows to run, and we permit our children to attend, and not only unlearn all the moral lessons of the schools, but learn directly many of the immoral lessons that were once confined to the worst centers of our largest cities. In fact, the motto of these moving-picture organizations might be this: "A red-light district in easy reach of every home. See the murders and the debauchery while you wait. It is only a nickel."

Suppose the Teachers Take Charge

If the situation I am describing is true—if it is true that these shows are depicting scenes such as I have named—the moving picture is the crown and summit of all the influences demoralizing the youth of the country today, not even the saloon being an exception. Now, I believe it to be a sound principle of procedure that all public education

should be under the direct charge and control of the public, and should be conducted in its moral aspects by the dictates of the public conscience and in the interest of the public welfare. These moving-picture shows constitute a school. They are offering a course of direct and specific instruction. They exert a powerful influence on the young. The boys and girls of the land are learning daily, or rather nightly, lessons in wrongdoing, but no one in a position of responsibility knows anything about or has anything of authority to say about the course of study in these schools.

What a cry would go up, and what a scandal there would be, indeed, if one of the teachers in our public schools should follow the methods of the picture showman. Suppose this teacher should say, "Now, boys and girls, the lesson for today is on the question of a holdup. I want to show you how false the average policeman is; how he will agree, secretly, with robbers to meet them on some dark street at night, and protect them while they strike down and rob some innocent person; and how they will pretend the next day to be looking for the robbers, and will keep the public in ignorance of their real motives and methods."

Then, after this is presented by means of the pictures, the teacher will announce that for tomorrow the subject will be the family brawl. "I want to show you," she will say, "just how the man goes to the saloon and gets drunk on whiskey, and then goes back and mistreats his wife; and how, while he is out in the night, he gets into the company of others of criminal minds and does unnamable things. You boys will be men yourselves some day, and you will want to know just how to do these things. Then, there will be a lesson for you girls, too. I want to show you just how girls learn to flirt and take up with vulgar men; how they meet them out at night and go with them to questionable places, where they are under the glare of the lights, and receive all sorts of questionable treatment. I want to show you how enticing it is, so that when you girls grow up you will know just how these things are done, and how you can easily take up with them. I will also give you a few lessons showing you just how to deceive your mother and make her think

you have gone to the young people's prayer meeting, while at the same time you slip out into this company. There will be pictures to show every scene and every movement, so that you can remember it as long as you live, and think about it as you go about your daily affairs."

A Campaign of Opposition

It is clear to anyone who will make a study of the matter that the moving picture is one of the greatest means of direct instruction in use today. I am not condemning this picture business as a whole, but I am condemning with all my might the use to which the thing is put. And yet how easily it could all be turned into good! There is an endless number of views and movements to be shown that will contribute to the building of character.

Now, what ought to be done to utilize the splendid possibilities of the moving picture as an instructive and moralizing agency? It is much to be regretted that the public school and church officials cannot find a practicable way to use it in their work, for logically it should come into their hands. However, the cost of equipment, the added fire risk and the possible injury to the eyes stand in the way. But the desired results can certainly be obtained in more than one indirect way, provided all who are interested take hold of the matter and seek to restrict the manufacture of objectionable films and to restrain the local manager from using such films.

In our attempt to bring about reform in the moving-picture business, we must bear strictly in mind the purpose for which this business is at present conducted—namely, to make money. If we can bring or force the manufacturer and local manager to the conclusion that a cleaner business will also be profitable, then they will readily fall into line with us. What the situation needs now is public discussion and agitation. So, let the local workers for moral reform use some of the following methods:

1. Choose someone who has the clearest insight into the moral possibilities of the moving-picture business to write a strong article for the local press. In his article let him state as clearly as possible just what this agency is doing for or against public morals, and let him

point out also what it can do under cleaner management.

2. Seek to get the business into the hands of clean, conscientious men—men who will not knowingly traduce the public morals by displaying a picture that is suggestive of any kind of evil. If it can be found that one of the managers of the local shows is of the moral character just described, then let all well-meaning people assist him in every legitimate way to establish himself in business, and to secure the public patronage.

3. It may be practicable, in many instances, to secure a city ordinance, authorizing a local censorship of the moving-picture shows. In that case the manager might be allowed to display his pictures only after they have been passed upon favorably by a committee of persons having the common weal at heart.

4. As it was once possible to trace the influences of the dime novel directly to the criminal act of the youth, so will it be found possible to trace the evil effects of certain moving pictures. Let the local workers be on the lookout, and they will find boys brought into the juvenile court accused of committing criminal acts such as they have seen

vividly portrayed in the picture shows.

5. Send a committee of persons who understand the psychology of teaching to attend all the picture shows in the town for the course of a month, and to take down quietly detailed statements of all of an objectionable nature that is shown, said or done in each of the places. The data thus gathered will furnish much ammunition for the work of reform.

By the foregoing means, and others that will readily be thought of, there may be carried on a great effective movement looking toward a purification of the moving-picture business. In all of their attempts, however, the workers must not forget to continue their campaign of education. What the average person needs to have shown him is precisely how the evil moving picture undermines public morals; that is, the worker must be specific in his statements, and not depend simply upon general charges.

Finally, it must be remembered that the moving picture may be made one of the most powerful agencies for the moral or spiritual uplift of any community. Let us not try to annihilate it, but to transform it into what it ought to be.



First Aid During Recovery

By Caroline French Benton

THE time of peace is the time to prepare for war, and by the same token the day of health is the day to get ready for sickness. The shops seem to have taken this fact to heart, for never before were the windows so full of attractive things for invalids, from the large and serious things, like rolling chairs, to the little comforts, such as rubber cushions and the like.

There are tables, for one thing. The very best is a white iron one with a foot which turns directly under the bed, so that it cannot possibly trip up the nurse, and a top which can be raised or lowered by a screw, which turns at any angle.

This top, which is about a foot and a half by two feet, does not rest on the bed at all and so is always level, and since it can be raised or lowered, it accommodates itself to the position of the patient; if he is lying down flat, it can be brought directly over his chest, and if he is propped up with pillows, it lies across his lap.

The next best thing to this is a table with short legs. If the clothes are spread smooth before it is put on the bed, the table should stand quite firm; otherwise there is always the danger that it will slightly tip. One can be easily prepared at home by shortening the legs of a fold-

ing sewing table. When not in use, it can be set against the wall. Even if one has the more substantial table, this home-made substitute is excellent for a convalescent child, as he can push it about the bed and on it cut paper dolls, or paint pictures.

But the chief thing an invalid enjoys is a pretty, tempting tray for meals, with china never seen at any other time. Somehow coffee always seems different from a *little* pot, rather than poured from the stalwart silver one used by the family in general; and a hot dish under a cover of its own is much more interesting than the very same delicacy on an ordinary plate with a bowl reversed to keep it warm. Here is the especial delight just now of the large china shops, for they are filled with the most charming breakfast and invalid trays. The most elaborate has a tea, coffee and chocolate pot, each with a cup and saucer to match; a covered dish, a toast rack, an egg cup, a plate, and salt and pepper shakers—all in gold and white. The soup set is a good-sized covered bowl with a plate for crackers, and salt and pepper shakers. Besides these two are coffee sets with or without the covered dish, and sets for tea alone. With each comes a tray of light wood, painted white, with two handles. One can buy the tray by itself and stock it with china to suit the individual needs and purse.

The comfort such an outfit can be the busy housekeeper alone knows. With it on the shelf she no longer has to hunt for the small teapot, only to find it has mysteriously disappeared. All she has to do is to heat the lovely invalid dishes, put the small snowy napkin on the tray and arrange the meal, and the effect would give the worst dyspeptic a digestion.

There is that most useful utensil, the individual chafing dish. This is small, inexpensive and wonderfully convenient. At night it will quickly heat a cup of milk or broth, and in the daytime one can scramble an egg and serve it piping hot, to the amusement of the invalid. With a child this dish is an unending source of joy and comfort. Then there is the little refrigerator. In a city house where the patient is on the third floor for the sake of quiet and the ice is in the basement, there are endless trips up and downstairs day and night, and the cost

in wear and tear is greater than the cost of the refrigerator. It should not stand in the sick room, but out in the hall. Besides the ice itself, it will easily hold a day or a night's supply of milk, eggs, soup, custards and jellies.

If one cannot have this, however, the next best thing is a large-sized red flannel cozy, lined with asbestos; this slips on tightly over a pitcher of cracked ice and keeps it from melting for ten hours; with a fever patient this is a valuable help. Of course the cozy keeps hot things hot quite as well as it keeps cold things cold, so it serves a double purpose.

One more useful thing for the convalescent's comfort is the individual ice cream freezer. Pure ice cream is greatly favored by doctors as palatably conveying a large amount of nourishment. The little freezer which holds a pint, or a still smaller size, costs but a dollar, and takes little ice. With it one can make a dish of ice cream in only a few moments; and experience proves that nothing is better liked by a patient.

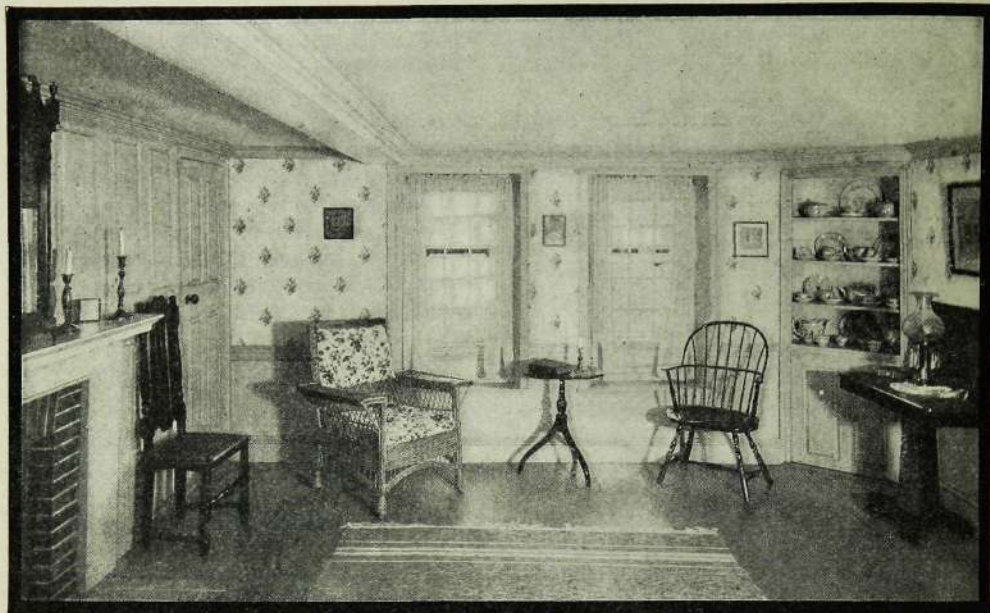
Last of all there is to be considered the vital question of food, and this requires constant study. Usually there are certain things a sick person cannot have, such as starch and sugar or eggs, and it seems as though these things were necessary in every dish one can think of.

There are three ways out of this dilemma; the first is too often taken by the inexperienced amateur nurse. It is, find out what he can have, and give it to him. Can he have milk toast? Then milk toast it is, day in and day out. Are eggs suggested? They are served at each meal till the patient prefers an easy death to more of them.

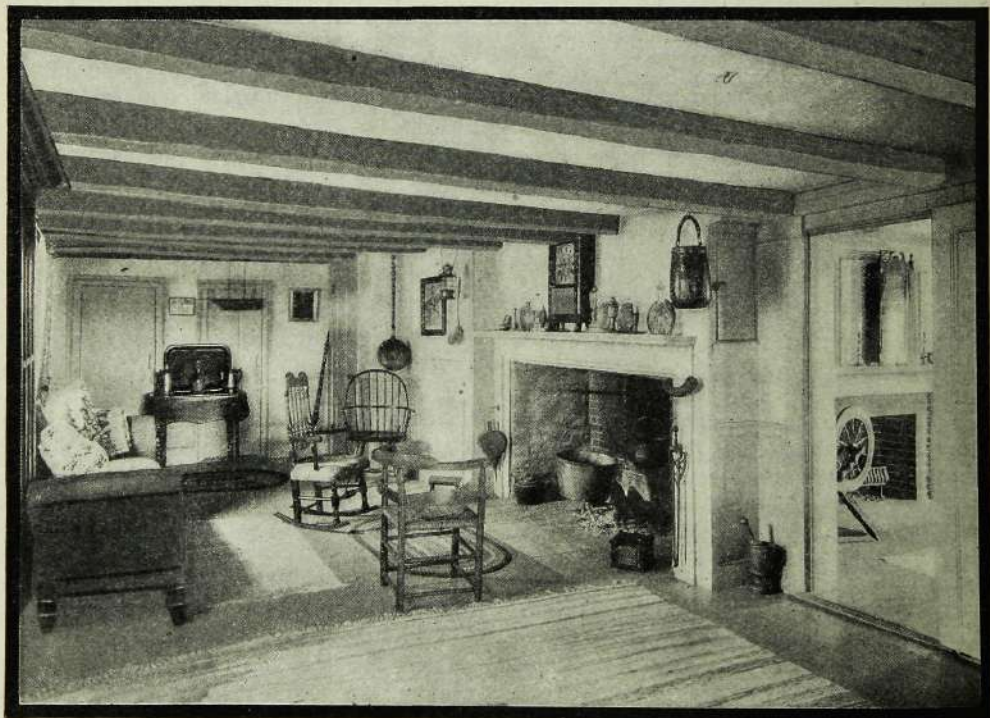
The second way is better. It is to ask the doctor to write out a diet list to be observed and keep it pinned up in the kitchen. It will tell just what one can have under such and such circumstances, suggesting dish after dish which one could never have remembered by one's self. If starch is forbidden, here are dishes without it; or, if meat is prohibited, here are meatless menus.

The third way is to get a book of invalid's cookery and study it as the nurses do at training school. If one has time for that, the patient will have a perpetual feast.

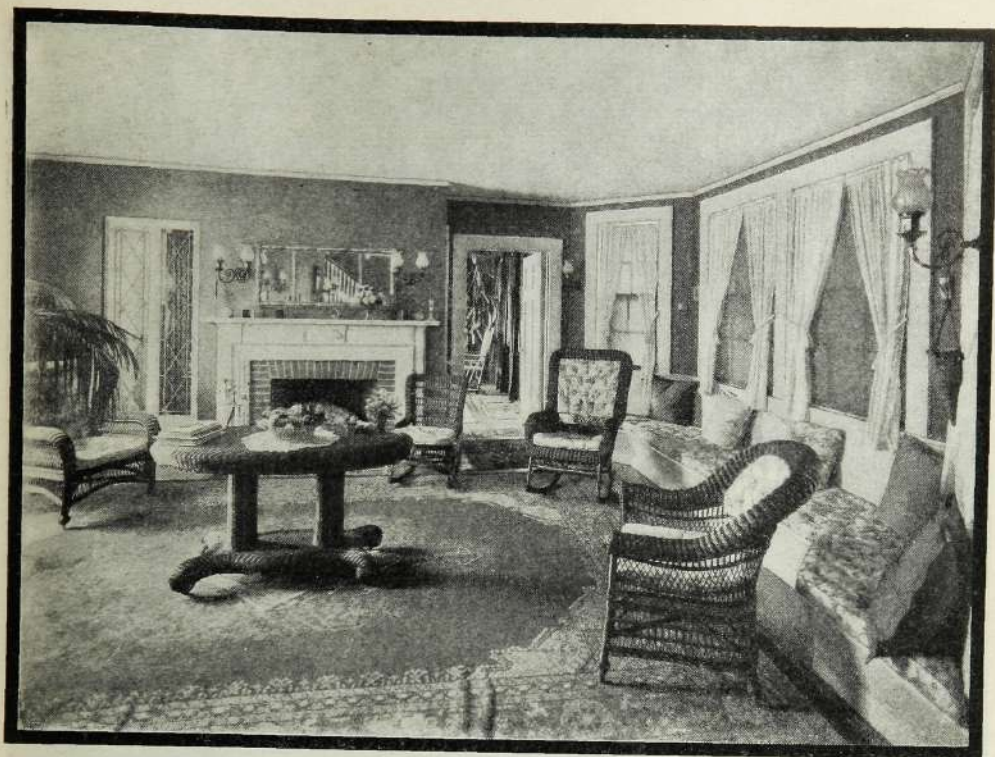
HOMELIKE ROOMS



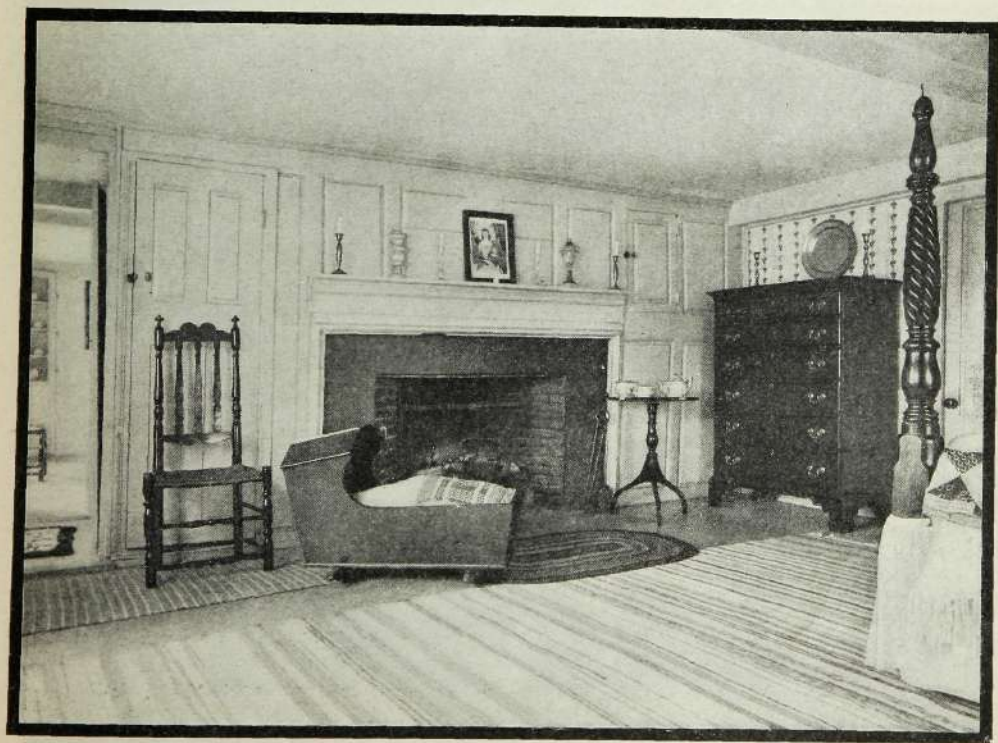
This dining room, which is sitting room as well, in a New England colonial house, is typically correct, and holds the real feeling of home



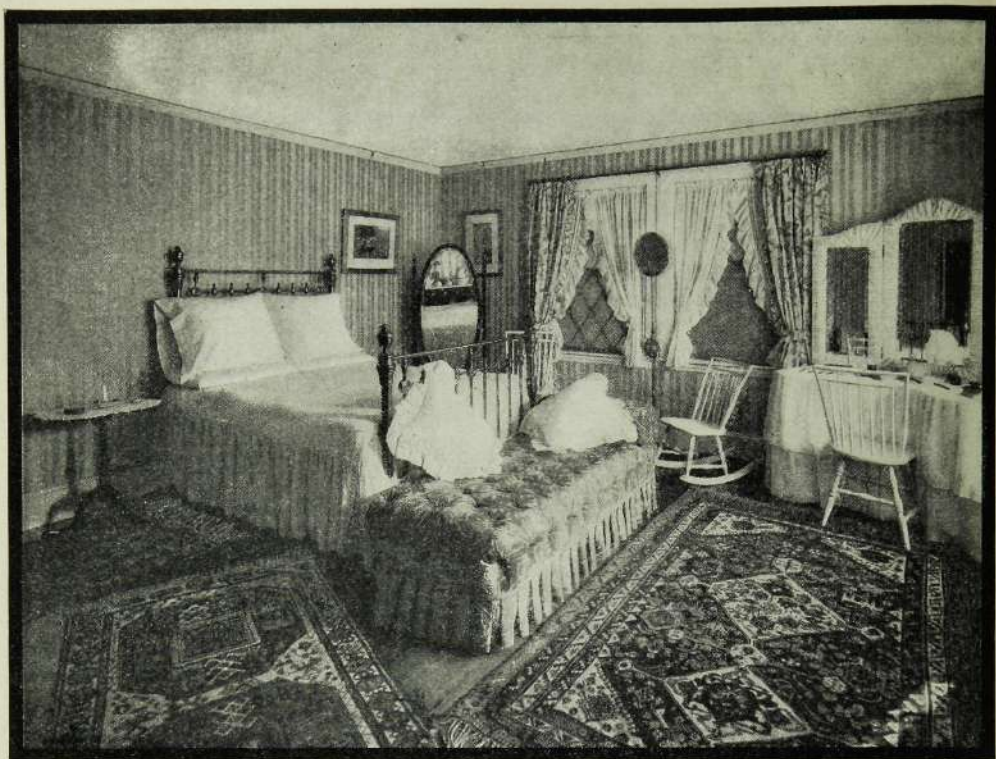
The sitting room in a colonial farmhouse. The motif of inviting hospitality established by the great open fireplace is closely followed throughout



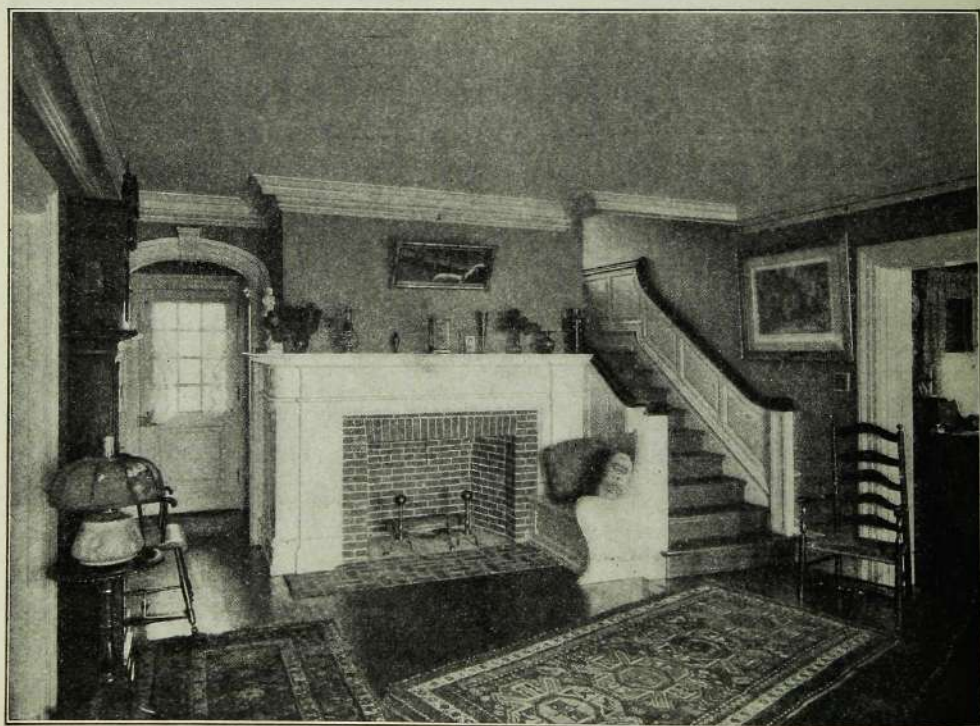
The decorative scheme of this living room is well suited to a country house. The simple treatment of the many windows is especially worthy of commendation



The wall treatment of this colonial bedroom, partly paneled and partly covered with a figured paper, is unusual, as is the high mantel shelf



This combination of figured overdraperies and couch cover with two-toned striped wallpaper is good



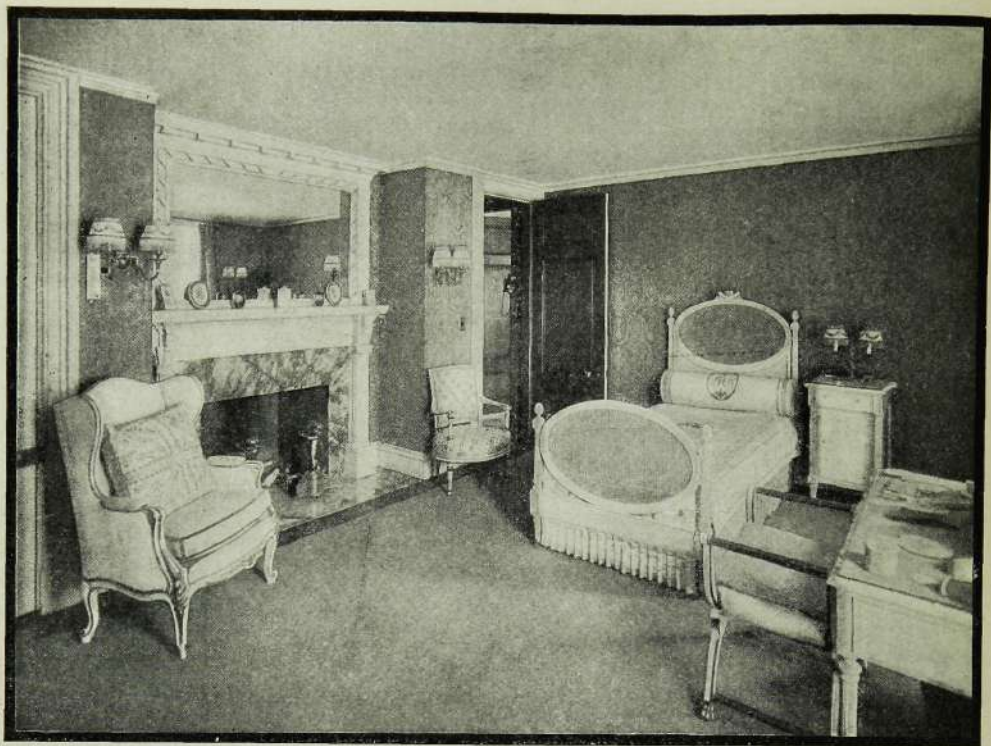
The wood mantel and inglenook seat, finished with ivory white enamel like the woodwork, are attractive



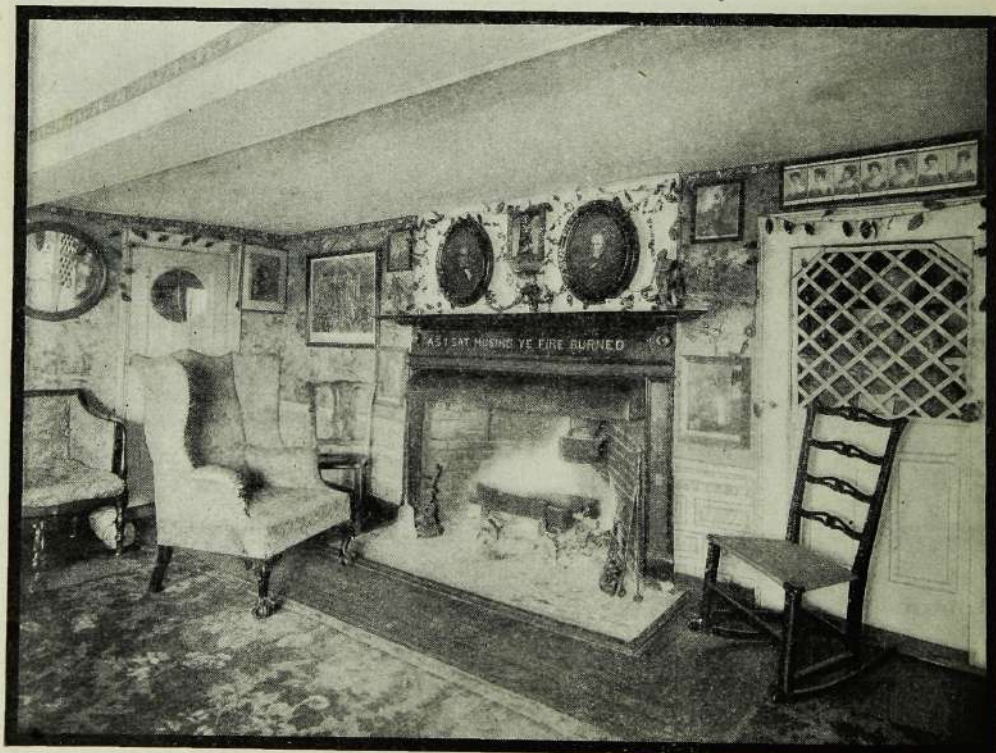
The colonial design of the mantel strikes the keynote of the scheme of decoration, and is well complemented by the chintz-covered wing chair and other furniture of the room. The airy spaciousness this shows is especially desirable in a room which holds, as does this one, a grand piano



This combination of library and living room is delightfully expressive and homelike. The assembling of the appropriate furniture has been wisely done. The wall of one tone harmonizes perfectly with the rich mahogany of the standing woodwork



The Louis XVI period idea is brought out in the brocade wall covering and the design of the furniture used in this bedroom



The motto over the fireplace seems to voice the atmosphere of the room--quiet and full of the restfulness of home

Fiction as a Diet

Or, Feeding the Imagination

By Woods Hutchinson, A M, M D

TO THE serious minded, the value of fiction as a diet would seem about equivalent to that of froth as food. They would assure us that we might as well endeavor to grow fat by snuffing up the east wind, like the scriptural wild ass of the desert, as to build up either mental or bodily power upon a diet of fiction. But some of the apparently most useless things in the world are the most necessary to life.

We cannot eat froth, or digest the air or gas that its bubbles contain, but nearly half the bulk of our most important single food—bread, the staff of life—is composed of it. A loaf is a bubble of flour froth, and owes much of its digestibility and wholesomeness to the spongy, porous form which its gas contents give it. Plants cannot eat air, yet one of the principal aims of scientific tillage is to keep the soil bed well stirred up, so as to be porous and full of air, down to the very tips of the roots of the crop, that chemical and bacterial changes, without which no plant can live, can take place freely.

Food for the fancy may neither directly strengthen the intellect nor enrich the memory, but neither of the latter can either grow or keep healthy without it, any more than other living things can without the sunshine and fresh air—those most ethereal and unsubstantial of things. A man can no more grow healthfully and happily with a starved and warped imagination than he can with a crooked spine. Man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; which surely includes song and story and writing such as all ages agree to call inspired.

We promptly admit, parrot fashion, that the imagination is the noblest faculty and only creative power of man, but what do we do to feed and to train it? We bleat in flocks that the inventor, the discoverer and the thinker "must have a wonderful imagination;" but we

totally forget that no one can build a house, or shoe a horse, or dig a ditch, or cook a dinner, or make a dress well and creditably, without an imagination. No two problems, no two situations in real life, are ever exactly alike, and the man with a dull imagination can neither see nor meet the new factor. In the language of biology, he cannot adjust himself to his environment, and hence fails to survive.

One of the most extraordinary things about our amazing system of education is that, while it concentrates its gravest and most ponderous attention upon the intellect, the memory and the reason, it leaves the cultivation of the imagination largely to chance. The stories that the child hears in the home and on the streets, the romantic and highly improbable accounts of his own adventures which he constructs and recites to his fellows, the dime novels and the penny dreadful, the stories of Indians and pirates and detectives which he smuggles into his desk and under his pillow—these are the only food which the worshipers of the three R's provide for the development of his noblest faculty. What wonder that he gulps them down with ravenous indiscriminateness, as a thirsty child would muddy water, or a starving one half-cooked food.

The very eagerness of his craving shows its vital importance to him. The greatest possible service of education, and one which it practically does not perform at present, is to train a child to grasp and master a situation and adjust himself to it. But he cannot possibly do this without a constructive use of his imagination. Any food for fancy, however coarse or rank, which will start him to thinking for himself, to imagine new possibilities, to dream of better things, will do him a more priceless service than any amount of mechanical drilling or cramming of his memory. Information, no matter how useful or important, is of no value until it has

been digested, and the only faculty of the mind which contains any pepsin is the imagination.

From the point of view of bodily health as well as mental efficiency, you might as well let your liver go to sleep as your imagination. Only get a child or a child man to read and enjoy reading, and form the habit of it, and you have taken the longest single step toward leading him to think and to act for himself. This is why the powers that be, whether temporal, ecclesiastic or domestic, have always opposed "indiscriminate reading." Not a little of the still surviving denunciation of "trashy fiction" and the "sensational press" are survivors of this attitude of mind.

It makes comparatively little difference *what* a child or a man reads to begin with; the main thing is to form the habit, and his instincts can be trusted to steadily lead him to something better. A stolid, impenetrable, pachydermatous imagination is the greatest foe of progress and enemy of human welfare. Any means which cultivates and stimulates the imagination within reasonable limits will cultivate and enlarge every faculty of the human mind and body as well.

It is not a question of whether we will feed this faculty of ours or not, but simply of what and how. It will feed itself, and if it cannot get wholesome food will eat garbage. But, primarily and fundamentally, it prefers sound food, and nothing but the absence of it will drive it to devour trash and offal.

There are three great foods for the growth and fields for the training of the imagination: the story, whether spoken or sung, the drama and the novel. "These three, and the greatest of these is" the novel. It is the best food for fancy ever invented—the surest, the most wholesome, the most accessible.

Happily, in childhood, nature provides food for the imagination in such profusion that all our stupidity and perversity can scarcely succeed in starving the flame. The glory in the grass, the wonder in the flower, the light that never was on sea or land, touch and gild the smallest and commonest of everyday things about us. No matter whether the things themselves are attractive, or even useful—their mere existence is gilded by the magic of our childish vision until it becomes a source of pleasure in itself.

As Stevenson, with that wondrous insight into the very heart of the child mind, sang:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

And, heaven be praised! we are unless some "grown-up" positively goes out of his way—whether by indifference or neglect, or scarcely less often by well-meant interference or instruction—to prevent it! The delight in myth and legend and fairy tale, which is just beginning to be recognized, even by educators, as Nature's royal road to learning; the wondrous romances which the child will construct either of his own adventures, presumably in some previous incarnation, or of the habits and doings of some imaginary friends and playmates of his who come to him in the dusk; his lightning transformation of a walking stick into a prancing charger, of a couple of chairs on the nursery floor into the Flying Dutchman, and fat old Fido into any kind of ravenous beast required by the artistic necessities of the situation, from a Jabberwok to a "pole bearer"—all show his eagerness to develop his highest single faculty, that of putting two things together and out of them creating a new and different third.

Even now his unspoiled taste is sound. He would much rather have stories of birds and butterflies and flowers and grass and trees, of sun and wind, than stories of ghosts and demons and gods and goddesses. Give him plenty of happy, breezy, wholesome true stories of the living world about him, and he will not crave, in fact will be positively repelled by, those morbid echoes of jealousy, murder, lust and spite which play so large a part in myth and legend, folk story and Old Testament story.

While many of these myths and legends are of the keenest interest and a source of enjoyment to the child, I frankly confess that I cannot help feeling that their indiscriminate use can easily become a source of harm and that they should be most carefully selected and modernized for his use. Most of them are tinged with that profound melancholy of the earlier ages of man, which still exists in savages. Man is but a pigmy and the sport of higher powers, some friendly but more of them malignant, all mischievous and uncertain.

The one secret of success, the highest achievement, is not to boldly face and conquer Fate, but to cringe before her, to secure the favor of some god by some trick, however disreputable or dishonorable, to get control of some word of power, some trick, some magic secret, some invincible sword. The game of life is never to be played openly, but always with loaded dice.

I can conceive of few better means of riveting in his mind the firm conviction that trickery will always vanquish honesty, favoritism conquer merit, error be stronger than truth, than an indiscriminate course of these ancient tales and stories.

But when the magic carpet of reading is placed at his command, his immediate surroundings become too limited, too prosaic, and he begins to fly hither and thither, sitting cross-legged upon it, to the uttermost parts of the earth. He sails the Spanish main, leaps over reeking bulwarks and staggers across decks slippery with blood beside his bosom friends and idols the pirates.

They are not usually men "of much moral principle," as Mr A. Ward apologetically remarks, but they are not a pin worse in even the yellowest of the yellow back than the gentleman adventurers of the sixteenth century, and they are three whole grades in the rogue's gallery above any god or goddess yet invented. The same is true of *The Boy Outlaw* and *The Terror of the Everglades*. The hearts of these swashbuckling heroes are always in the right place, even if their heads and heels indulge in some strange capers. The desperado who is the bravest, most generous, the most faithful to his friends and most magnanimous to his enemies, the most chivalrous to woman and the kindest to the poor, is the one who emerges triumphant in the long run, eight times out of ten.

No less romantic and less vivid are the imaginings of the mind of the girl, but her fancy takes a gentler and softer turn: the dignities and delights of housekeeping and of home making, the care of wondrously beautiful and brilliant children, the charm of diamonds and silk dresses and beautiful carriages and princely mansions; later the discovery, the wondrous revelation, of the Prince Beautiful, with the raven locks and the marble brow and the soulful, piercing

eyes. He will probably have a snub nose and freckles and hair like a shoe brush when he comes, but he will be the Prince Beautiful just the same. It is not too much to say that a boy's ideals, his standards, his notions of what success really consists in, and what is best-worth while, his attitude toward women, his attitude toward the nation and the race, are as largely molded and determined by the fiction that he reads and delights in as by any other single factor.

The same is equally true of the girl and her ideals. They both *will* dream dreams and build castles in the air and construct their ideals out of some sort of material. The question is, What kind of raw material are you furnishing for the fabric of these visions—or are you letting them go out into the highways and hedges and glean for themselves? It is as cruel and as injurious to deprive a growing boy or a budding girl of an abundance of sound, wholesome, enjoyable fiction as it is to debar them from butter on their bread and sugar on their porridge.

It is best to provide much of this supply of imagination food from real life. There are plenty of real flesh and blood heroes, both in the past and round about us in the present, far superior to any demigod or saint. But just as the great artist can, not merely hold the mirror up to nature, but hold it in such a way as to make the picture not only tower, but the emblem of the eternal verities as well, so the gifted word painter can draw a figure, or tell a story which is, in the strictest sense, truer and more convincing than the precisest and most strictly accurate recital of fact.

We love the characters in the novel as we seldom do people in real life, because the artist has enabled us to recognize in them the eternal and never-dying triumphs and failures, loves and wars, hopes and fears, of humanity. This is why, while we are often fearfully bored by all but our very best friends, if we see too much of them, we never lose interest in Colonel Newcomb, *Tristram Shandy*, *Jeannie Deans*, *Mr Pickwick*, *Leatherstocking*, *Sir John Falstaff* and *Becky Sharp*.

The novel has risen to a distinctly higher plane and clearer atmosphere than the story or the drama by improving the justice and the life truthfulness of

its conventions, by making the rules of the game fairer and more humane. It has got rid of at least two hampering and indeed demoralizing conventions and influences—the miraculous hero and the patron god or goddess.

A large percentage of even the most deathless legends and stories of the heroic age are absolutely repulsive to our modern sense of fairness and decency. In the novel the characters are men and women of flesh and blood like ourselves. They start, fairly and squarely, "from the scratch," in the race. There are differences, of course, of station, of birth, of financial condition, of bodily and mental gifts, among them; but these, in all real literature, are carefully stated and explained, so that the players are accurately handicapped by them, and carry weight accordingly. The fact is brought out that every peculiarity has its compensation, every disadvantage its corresponding advantage.

The modern novel, whether the shilling shocker or the six-shilling three decker, has many claims to be regarded as the broadest and most democratic means for the cultivation of the highest power of man that the world has yet seen. So far from making a man or a woman shallow and frivolous and frothy, it broadens his horizon, it deepens his sympathies, it kindles his imagination, it shows him the defects of the present and the possible beauties and triumphs of the future.

An abundance of novels is, in our mental diet, what plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables is in our physical one, not merely a source of legitimate and wholesome enjoyment, but absolutely necessary to life, health and progress. Novels are the best and most easily accessible means of lifting us out of ourselves and the rut we have got into, calling away the blood from the overworked and overdriven areas of our brain, and sending it coursing through the starved and underexercised ones. Once we come under their magic spell we have thrown off the livery and the bondage of our trade and our occupation and become just men and women again, living the life, thrilling with the joy, pulsating with the passions of the whole race. Pure, sound fiction—and it does not need to have a moral, or be instructive, or conceal a sermon, but just

to be a first-class story, keeping to the rules of the game—is as wholesome for the mind and morals as sunshine is for the body.

The most restful thing for a tired brain and overwrought nervous system is a brisk, enjoyable walk, or a keen, eager game in the open air, followed by a hundred pages or so of a good novel. You will sleep better, go back to your work next day fresher and better rested, than you would be if you had endeavored to crowd your brain with additional information or instruction for practical use in your life work.

Many stories of real life, of adventure, biography, travel, of the newest achievements and discoveries in the wonder world of science, are as interesting, as fascinating, and, in moderate doses, as refreshing, as a novel or a good story; but most of them, however keen their interest and fascinating their appeal, are still adding, gradually, fatigue poisons to the store already in your blood, while the novel is practically doing nothing but washing them out of the overworked areas of your brain.

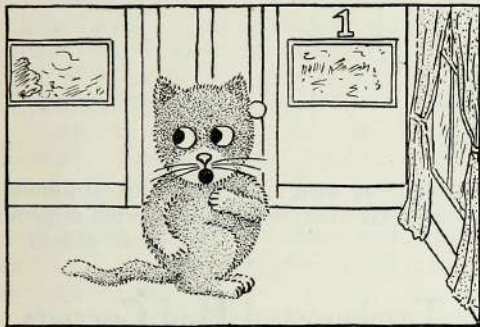
The very "brainlessness" of the novel is one of its great advantages. The fact that it can be read without effort, almost without volition; that it carries you along on its flowing stream like a dead leaf on a river, is one of its best features from the point of view of health.

If, oftener, men read until they forgot their troubles, there would not be half so much drinking for the same purpose. I regard it as one of the most useful rules of mental health to keep on hand constantly at least one good novel, no matter who it is by or what it is about so long as it tells a good story and paints things as they really are. And at least once a day, preferably just before going to bed at night, plunge into it long enough to forget yourself and be unwilling to stop. It will make your sleep sounder, your brain clearer and your temper sweeter and saner than almost any other form of mental exercise possible.

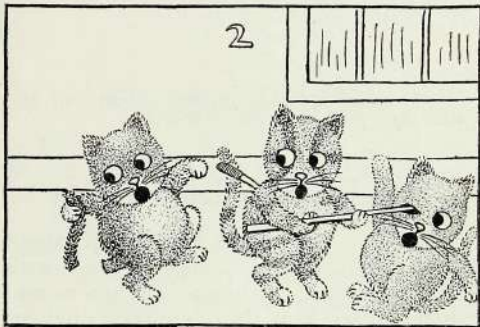
If you are tired a good novel will rest you; if you are worried it will make you forget your worries and yourself; if you are sick it is one of your best medicines. The man or woman who, in the sunset afterglow of life, can enjoy a good story has found the secret of perpetual youth

PUZZLING PROBLEMS FOR MODERN MOTHERS

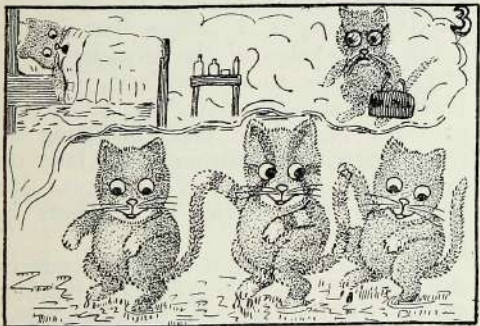
BY FREDERICK WHITE



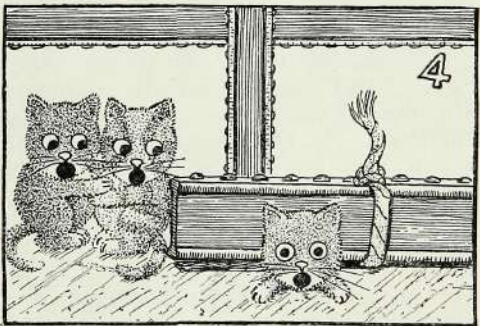
If you were a nervous mother
And imagined every day



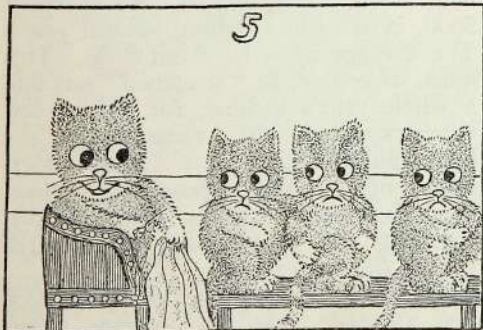
Every harm and every evil
When your darlings were at play.



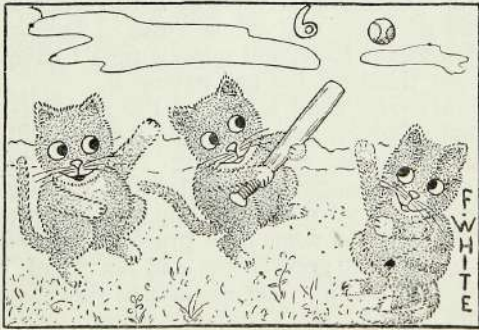
And if coughs and colds were threatened
Every time their feet were wet.



And if something must have happened
To at least one little pet.



Would you keep them always with you—
Do you think it would be right.



Just because you were not happy
With the children out of sight?

The Family Conference

[Letters addressed to this department are cordially welcomed, and as many of them as possible are printed. The Editor.]

Sunday Supplement Fun

MR EDITOR—I read the article about the comic Sunday supplement with great approval. I am a foreigner, and when I first saw the comic supplement of an American newspaper I was horrified. We took then, and are still taking, the *Washington Star*, but the comic supplement I have always kept away from my children, for it is simply hideous.

I should like to tell you of one experience I had when calling my neighbor's attention to this menace to sweet, sane childhood. In this case it was a sister-in-law, who handed the comic paper to her boy and mine, of about the same age, in my house. I quickly protested, telling her I did not allow my children to see it, as it could only do them harm. Her husband took up the discussion, disapproving of my point of view, for "all work and no fun makes Jack a dull boy." I wanted him to show me the "fun" in these supplements. Well, they pitied me because as a foreigner I did not have that subtle sense of humor Americans have, and many a time I have been thankful for not having it.

My own child is full of life and normal mischief, while my little nephew will stand aside, encouraging him to do things he ought not to do, and smiling in his sleeve when my boy gets caught and punished while he is praised for having been a "good" boy, and not "bad" like his cousin. Let me add to this that the "good" boy's father is a very intelligent man, and has had a good education in refined surroundings. But even in

intelligent men one finds this stubbornness, that everything in America is good.
Mrs C. E. Wood.

Teachers and Hod Carriers

MR EDITOR—I have just read "Teachers and Hod Carriers," a letter by Henry J. Connell. Having taught for five years in Massachusetts, I believe that I have a fair knowledge of the situation here. Mr Connell is, to say the least, illogical. Having first said that "the teacher is paid for the whole year, including all the holidays and vacations," he later on limits them to a year of 190 days. He also cites the salaries of teachers in Somerville.

Now, the discussion seems to concern the salary of the average school teacher. Surely \$700 is not the average wage. Far from it—it is nearly the maximum paid in this state. Girls fresh from normal school work for less than \$400, seldom more. The majority never reach \$600, even after teaching several years. The average must be about \$550. This must, of course, be "stretched" out into a whole year's income, for only a few teachers can use their vacations for any other purpose than rest. Most superintendents strongly oppose any summer work by their teachers, believing that the long rest is necessary to the tired nerves of the teacher.

To make this average salary of \$550 last a whole year, the average school teacher may consider her income to be \$1.50 per day for 365 days, or \$1.80

per day for 300 days (the number of days that a good day laborer ought to average in a year). If ill or absent she must pay her substitute herself. It is not done by the town or city—she is never paid for a day that she does not work.

Now, the hod carrier, if honest and reliable, can work every working day—if not at hod carrying at least he is not debarred from something else by a physical inability which is the result of his regular work. Any thoroughly good and faithful day laborer who could rely only upon \$1.80 a day the year 'round would be pitied.

Moreover, a hod carrier may work a lifetime. Statistics show that the average grade teacher who follows her profession for seven years succumbs then to ill health. Is it any wonder that many admirable young women avoid the teacher's profession?

It seems to me that every parent and citizen should endeavor to make the teaching profession more attractive. They should try to obtain bright and clever young women for the instructors of their children. This cannot be done while salaries are as they are at present.

Leslie Faxen.

Eating with a Knife

MR EDITOR—I was much interested in an article by Charles B. Holcomb entitled "Eating with a Knife." I learned to eat something over seventy years ago, and my good father paid great attention to the table manners of his children. We conveyed our food to our mouths on our knives; silver forks were not necessities then, and our two-tined ones were little better than chop sticks.

Our knives then were unlike, in shape, those in use now, in that they had a blade about one-fourth of an inch wider at the end, rounding up on to the back, which was slightly hollowed. We were carefully instructed to hold our knife with the thumb resting on the back of the blade, just below the handle, and to lift our food on the rounding part, thus preventing any danger of cutting the lips. In this way the food was conveyed to the mouth just as daintily as does my lady of the present day with her fork.

Why, in the name of common sense, is it any worse to put a knife in the mouth than a spoon? Why?

There are other things which to my mind are more evidence of ill breeding than eating with a knife; one is the wicked waste of food, mussed up and left on plates, by guests at table. It seems to me a proper respect for one's host should prevent such waste. There is an old adage, "Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." It is just as true now as ever.
Seventy-five.

Dietetics for Men

MR EDITOR—During the past few months many men, newspaper and magazine writers, have written articles attempting to explain the rise in food prices, and almost invariably they made reference to the "wasteful and ignorant" methods of cookery employed by the American housewife.

For instance, Mr W. C. Harvey wrote of "Our Beef Supply" in the *Review of Reviews*. He closed his article with a tirade against the American housewife, from which one would infer that women were serving their menfolks daily with rich steaks, which the men ate dutifully and with resigned expressions, longing all the while for a cheap stew. An editorial appeared in the *Chicago Record-Herald* expressing the hope that high prices might cause an "awakening" on the part of American women and lead them to a study of dietetics.

All this criticism is most unjust. In every household, rich or poor, the food is invariably selected and prepared with special reference to the food tastes of the men in the family. I know of many homes where the fact that the men dislike certain dishes is sufficient reason for those dishes being excluded from the table. Most men are victims of the potato habit, and insist on potatoes at every dinner, and I have known men who demanded them at every meal.

As a rule men submit good naturedly to any change in household arrangements except that of diet—that is another, and with them a very serious matter, and they resist stubbornly any attempts at changes in that line.

When a man comes to the table very hungry and intent on being filled up as

soon as possible, one gets scant attention when attempting to explain the proper proportion of proteids, carbohydrates, fat and mineral matter necessary to health. As soon as his hunger is appeased, matters pertaining to food will not interest him.

In every city where lectures and lessons in scientific cookery are given, men and boys should be made welcome. At first they would probably attend with the idea that they were to be offered a new and novel form of entertainment. But once their presence was secured they could be given talks and demonstrations enabling them to understand the classification, proper combination and nutritive values of foodstuffs. Then they could sympathize and co-operate with the women in adopting better balanced, more nourishing meals than are possible under present conditions.

Coax the men into the Good Housekeeping Institute! It would be an excellent place to start a movement to teach men more intelligent habits of eating which in time would become widespread. Then American women can progress more rapidly toward a saner and more saving method of cooking.

I find this magazine an excellent "trade journal" for the housewife and a reliable guide in all matters pertaining to home keeping. Wishing you a continuation of your present success, I am,
Yours sincerely, *Mary E. Wilson.*

The District of Columbia

MR EDITOR—Your editorial paragraph entitled "Unfortunate Washington," is a little off from the facts. There has been no change "from civilian government to military" in the District of Columbia; in fact, no change whatever in the form of government, which consists now, as heretofore, of three commissioners, two civil and one military, the latter being a regular army officer designated as the engineer commissioner, and detailed to this work. The civil commissioners are appointed by the President, and one is supposed to be a Democrat, the other a Republican.

Neither is the District supported by congressional appropriation — one-half

the expenses of the District is paid by federal appropriation, the other half by local taxation. As a large portion of the more valuable real property in the District is federal property, and therefore exempt from taxation, it is quite proper that the federal government should pay a portion of the District expenses—I believe the proportion would be more than half if the federal property paid taxes at the same rate as private property is assessed.

E. C. Hall.

A Little Bluffing

MR EDITOR—I have tried to imagine myself in the place of the clergyman's wife who walked miles paying parish calls, and am sure this is just about what would happen:

Clergyman—Mary, why didn't you call on some of our parishioners this afternoon?

Mary (good naturedly)—Well, silly, think I'm going to *walk*? Behold the contents of my purse, will you? A yeast ticket and ten cents!

And I think Mr Clergyman is an unusual man if he wouldn't laugh and make it right, on the spot.

Perhaps, as a bride of only three months' standing, I have no right to attempt to advise. However, I have found a little bluffing to go a long way in business and, so far, in matrimony as well, and I hope I can keep up the habit of joking off small disagreements. The best of husbands will occasionally forget to leave money. Why not take it for granted that he intended to be just, and make a joke of demanding it?

Women are inclined to take things too seriously, I am afraid. The money question is a ridiculous one, apt to become troublesome and even tragic if not settled early, but, like a great many other troubles, can be easily ridiculed out of existence. I couldn't laugh if my husband got drunk or became dishonest. Just let him try to be domineering, though, and I can be *impudent*, and manage to get the joke on him. What's a woman's brain good for if she can't out-wit one man?

Elva Durkee Hargreaves.

Handicraft



Jabots

The day of the jabot is not yet over, nor will it be for a long time to come, for nothing else can give so smart and neat a finish to a waist.

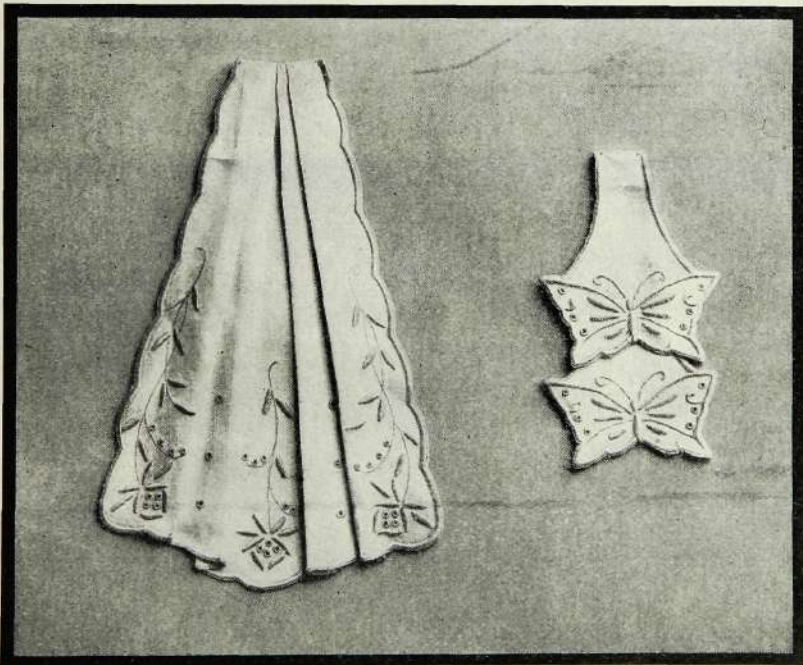
Original and dainty designs for jabots are sure of a welcome, and the two illustrated possess both these qualities.

Plaited tie No 993+ is made of fine white linen. The embroidery may be done in white, pink, blue, brown or green cotton. Stamped linen for No

993+ costs 20 cents, postpaid. Cotton for working costs 7 cents extra.

The butterfly jabot, No 992+, can be made of white, pink or blue linen. Stamped linen, in color preferred, for No 992+ costs 15 cents, postpaid. Cotton for working costs 7 cents extra.

In ordering, address Handicraft Department, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE, Springfield, Mass, making all money orders and checks payable to the Phelps Publishing Company.



Jabot No 993+

Jabot No 992+

Library Table Runners

By Adelaide Blanchard Crandall

THE choice of a suitable cover for the library table is a problem that gives concern to many a careful home keeper. Good taste demands quiet tone and rugged texture to combine with the solid, well-built furniture. It is with this in mind that we choose the deep, natural coloring and coarse, irregular weave of Russian crash.

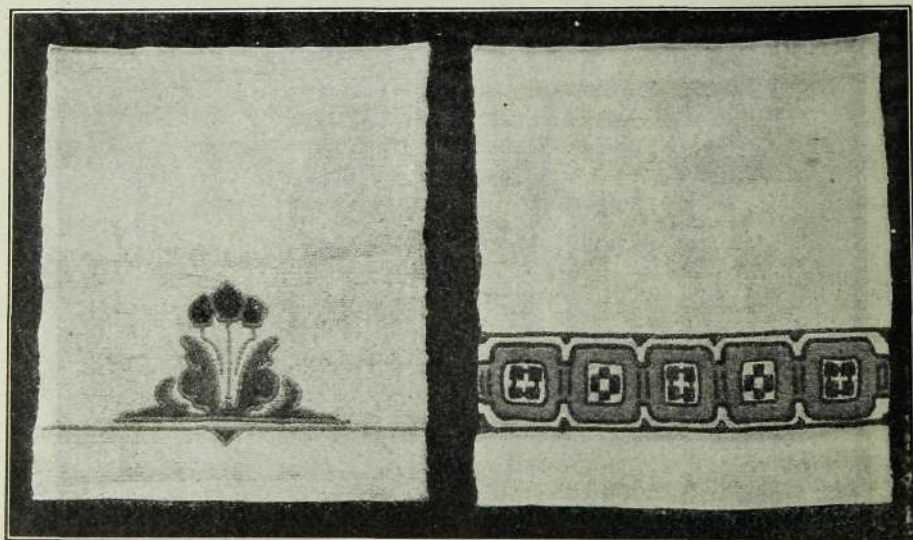
Nos 985+, 986+, 988+ and 989+ are runners designed especially for library tables, though they are suitable for the sideboard as well. They are meant to go lengthwise of the table. Rich color effects for the ends are brought about by the use of colored linens, applied to the crash by means of floss couched around the edge of each piece, forming a heavy outline of a different color. These runners may also be used satisfactorily for the bare dining table. The applique should be in white linen with white floss for outline.

For those who are not familiar with applique work a description of the process may be helpful. The outline of the design is stamped upon the crash. The three-inch hem is turned up on the right side, with the raw edge of the crash upon

the lowest horizontal line of each design. After stitching this edge with the sewing machine, a line of couching one-quarter of an inch wide is placed over it, neatly covering the raw edge and the machine stitching.

The colored linen to be applied is cut out and basted to the crash, the applique perfectly fitting the outline upon the crash. This also may be stitched all around, as near the edge as possible. Machine stitching is not absolutely necessary, but it adds greatly to the durability of the work. Next, several threads of linen or cotton floss (which can hardly be found too heavy) are placed side by side upon the edge of the applique, making a band three-sixteenths of an inch wide, and covering the raw edge of the linen and the machine stitching. With a single thread this is sewed down firmly, the thread lying directly across the bundle of threads exactly at right angles to them, not slanting, as in ordinary sewing. (See illustrative example.) These stitches are placed one-quarter of an inch apart, or a trifle closer.

In working the inner outlines around



A library table runner. The decoration is of colored linen applied by couching with floss. No 985+

A runner for library table, dining table or sideboard No 986+

the openings in Nos 986+ and 989+ a single thread is used instead of a bundle of threads, passing it around and around the opening back of pins which hold the strands in place until they are couched down. (See illustrative example.) The spots in the centers of the openings in No 986+ are wrought in plain embroidery.

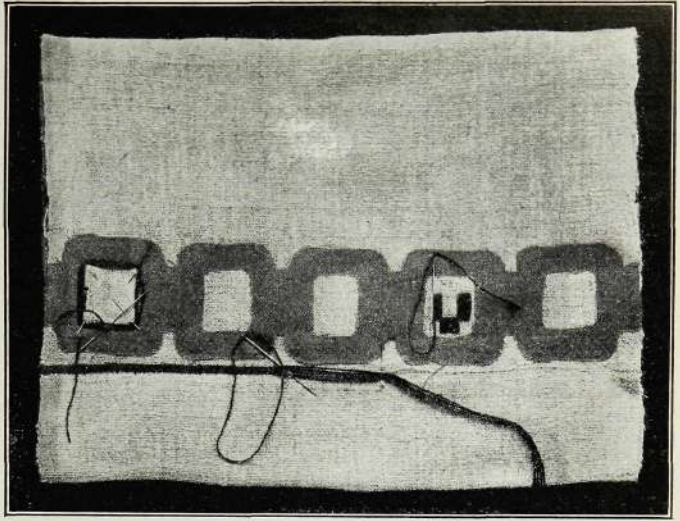
The colors chosen for these runners are such as might be found in a fine old Japanese print. By a careful search for linens and floss, or by doing one's own dyeing, suitable dull blues, greens, buffs and mahogany reds may be obtained. No 985+ is wrought in dull olive green for the foliage, reddish buff for the flowers and the little triangle at the hem. The whole is couched in green blue, considerably grayed.

No 986+ is in grayish blue, with all the couching done in a darker blue.

No 988+ is greenish blue applique, with dull mahogany outlines.

In No 989+ the central rectangles of each part of the design are deep buff. The rest of the applique, including the tiny squares, is russet brown. The couching is in a glowing buff, slightly lighter than the central rectangles.

These runners, stamped on natural-colored Russian crash, including stamped linen to applique for the design, cost 75 cents each, postpaid. The length of a

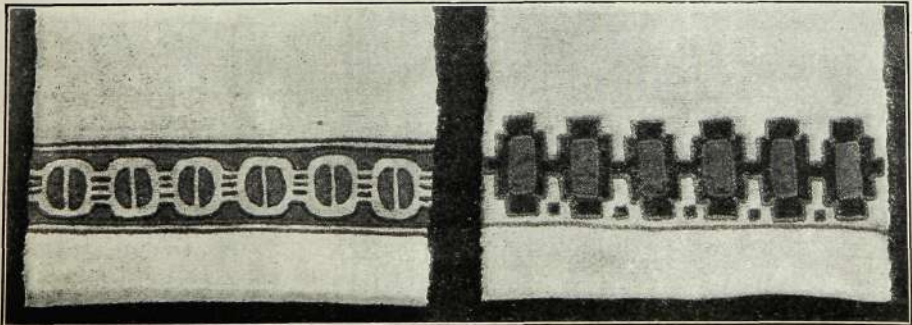


Floss being couched down to the hem of a runner

runner, hemmed, is 50 inches; the width varies from 15 to 17 inches. The runners come in other lengths if desired. Black or colored cotton floss for couching costs 30 cents extra.

The runners may be made up for camp or bungalow use with much less work, but with the same effect. In this case the runners come with the same designs stenciled upon them, the design to be outlined with cotton floss. A runner 54 inches long by 17 inches wide, stenciled upon natural or colored homespun in any of these designs, costs 75 cents, postpaid. Cotton floss for working costs 25 cents a dozen skeins.

In ordering, address Handicraft Department, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE, Springfield, Mass, making all money orders and checks payable to the Phelps Publishing Company.



An effective table runner. No 988+

A Russian crash runner with colored linen applique.
No 989+

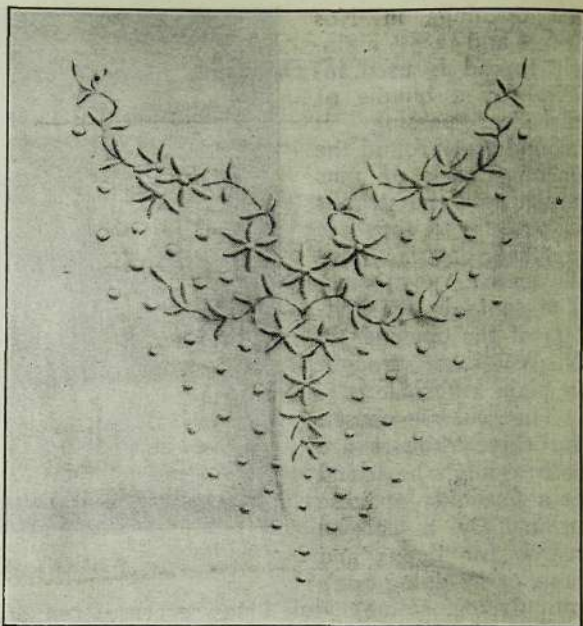
Summer Waists

Cotton crepe has not ceased to be a popular material for summer shirtwaists, and with good reason, for it is easily laundered, and does not need to be ironed. The two waists illustrated are made of cotton crepe, but the same designs will be stamped on crossbar dimity, white or tan soisette, or india linon, if desired. Waist pattern No 967+, stamped on cotton crepe, crossbar dimity or india linon, costs \$1, postpaid. Stamped on white or tan soisette No 967+ costs \$1.25, postpaid.

Mercerized cotton, in white or in colors, for working this waist costs 30 cents extra.

Waist No 964+ has a design for braiding. This waist is stamped on cotton crepe, crossbar dimity, white or tan soisette, or india linon. Stamped on cotton crepe, crossbar dimity or india linon, waist pattern No 964+ costs \$1. Stamped on soisette in white or tan, No 964+ costs \$1.25, postpaid.

Couching or soutache braid for braid-



Cotton crepe waist No 967+

ing this waist pattern costs 30 cents extra.

If waist pattern No 964+ is ordered in the tan soisette, soutache braid to match can be furnished.

In ordering, address Handicraft Department, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE, Springfield, Mass, making all money orders and checks payable to the Phelps Publishing Company.



Cotton crepe waist No 964+

The Handicraft Department can furnish sofa pillows and portieres to match the table runners illustrated upon Pages 202 and 203. A 20-inch square sofa pillow, top and back, stenciled in any of these designs upon homespun, costs 45 cents, postpaid. The homespun comes in old blue, brown, cream, sage green and natural color. Black silk floss for outlining costs 20 cents extra.

Stenciled homespun portieres cost \$3 a pair. Silk for outlining one pair 80 cents extra.

For ordering, see directions above.



A waist of braiding, embroidery and crochet. No 994+

A Braided, Embroidered Shirtwaist

By Alice E. Manning

A shirtwaist that is rather unusual in design and manner of working is shown in No 994+.

The waist owes its decoration to three different factors: braiding, embroidery and Irish crochet roses. The crochet roses are purchased already made, and sewed on in the places stamped for them.

The stems and leaves of the roses are embroidered, the stems in outline and the leaves in solid embroidery. The graceful and unique scroll design is braided, in either soutache, mouse tail

or coronation braid, and the effect most pleasing.

This waist can be made of india linon, fine white batiste or soisette.

Stamped on three yards of india linon, batiste or soisette, waist pattern No 994+ costs \$1.50, postpaid. This includes cotton for working.

The braid and crochet roses cost 50 cents extra.

It should be stated whether soutache, mouse-tail or coronation braid is preferred.

In-ordering, address Handicraft Department, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE, Springfield, Mass, making all money orders and checks payable to the Phelps Publishing Company.



Her Apparel

School Dresses



By Mrs Le Roy-Huntington

Patterns for the gowns illustrated in this article CANNOT be furnished

“WHAT shall I make for the children's school dresses?” is the question mothers are asking themselves, even before the summer vacation is half over. These six little frocks were designed especially for school wear, and ingenious mothers will have little difficulty in copying them.

will be fine flannel, serge, lightweight broadcloth, diagonal, panama and corduroy for the heavier goods. For the light-weight materials, cashmere, lamballe and wool crepes will be used. Braid plays a very important part in the trimming of these dresses.

The fabrics used for school dresses

will be fine flannel, serge, lightweight broadcloth, diagonal, panama and corduroy for the heavier goods. For the light-weight materials, cashmere, lamballe and wool crepes will be used. Braid plays a very important part in the trimming of these dresses. The little frock with the plaited skirt and the waist fastening with three but-



A dress of robin's-egg blue voile. The skirt is kilted and the waist is braided



A pretty school frock of deep olive green lamballe, and trimming of black silk braid



A smart school dress for an erect little girl



A golden brown, wool crepe school dress, with a yoke and panel

tons is made of deep olive green lam-balle. It is trimmed with rows of black silk braid, with a thread of gold running through it here and there. The waist is plaited at the top, both front and back, making it easy and roomy.

The wide turnover collar is edged with two rows of the black silk braid. The tie at the throat is of black satin, also trimmed with the braid.

The sleeves reach halfway between the elbow and wrist, and are finished by bands trimmed with rows of the braid. The neat belt is finished in the same way.

One mother is planning to copy this frock, using a very light-weight, mouse-colored corduroy for the material. She will have mouse-colored satin collar, cuffs and belt, these being trimmed with black silk braid.

Another idea for this dress is that it be made of navy blue material, and have bright red braid for trimming.

The plaid kilted skirt dress has an upper body of rather severe, straight cut. This body or waist is of warm Indian

red, very fine serge. The kilt is a plaid wool, the plaid containing for colors the red of the waist, black, dull green and yellow. The folded sash is of fine, soft, red serge, like the waist, but it might be of silk or dull satin.

The straight body and straight plain stock collar of this dress give an air of stylish severity that is very becoming to little girls who are straight and carry themselves well. It will not do at all, however, for girls who stoop, and who "slump" when they sit down.

Another of these frocks has a plaited skirt and a braided upper body. It is extremely simple, and easy to copy. The material is of robin's-egg blue voile, in rather a dullish tone. The braid is blue in a darker tone.

This frock fastens in the back with little robin's-egg blue silk buttons, and there is a blue silk piping about the short sleeves and the square neck.

This model could be copied for a dressy frock in white voile or white lam-balle.

The princesse dress, with the yoke and



A Persian red broadcloth coat for a small boy



A stylish coat for a girl of the new Rostand blue

panel in one piece, is made of golden brown wool crepe. The sleeves and yoke are of ecru china silk.

On the front of the yoke are fancy gold buttons, and around the edges of the yoke and panel is a braid of brown and gold.

This dress could be made of navy blue serge, with sleeves and yoke of navy blue taffeta, and the trimming of red silk braid.

Or, it would be very pretty if made in a fine black-and-white checked material, and in this case could be worn with a white wash guimpe.

The effective little coat illustrated is quite in the latest mode, having been copied after a French model. It is made of a peculiar shade of blue cloth, the color being too light for navy blue, and not quite so vivid as a peacock blue. This shade is called the Rostand blue, and it seems to be becoming to most children.

The coat has a short waist, marked by a belt of the blue cloth. This belt

has cloth-covered buckles. The skirt part is full, and the fullness is bound in at the bottom with a straight band of the cloth.

The shawl revers are braided in sou-tache of the same tone as the coat. They are piped with the cloth of the coat, as are the braided cuffs.

This coat could be made in one of the new reds, or in a rich green.

The one little boy among all these girls has a coat of beautiful Persian red broadcloth. It is trimmed with red-and-black braid, with decorative buttons fashioned of the braid, knotted.

The most effective thing about this coat is the big collar, which extends far out over the shoulders and is slashed deeply and finished at the edges with the braid.

The turn-back cuffs are also slashed and braided. There is a low belt of the cloth edged with braid.

This coat would do for very small girls as well as for little boys.

Good Living



Helen Louise Johnson, Associate Editor,
and Director Good Housekeeping Institute

To the Housewife

Every recipe printed herewith has been tested expressly for Good Housekeeping Magazine by an expert in cookery. Quantities and directions should be exactly right as here given. Failure with any recipe should be reported to the Associate Editor. Questions concerning processes, materials and apparatus used in cookery will be answered through these pages by Miss Johnson.

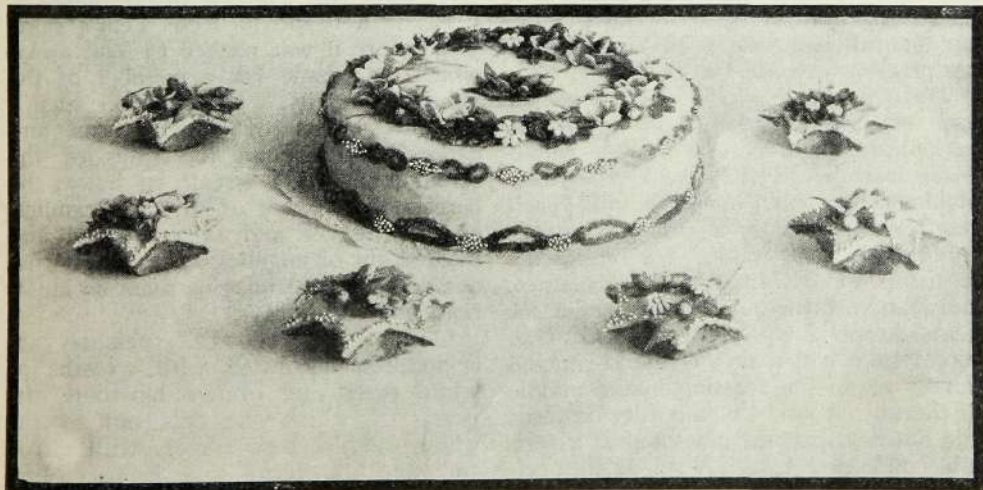
A Cake Maker of Old Concord

By Florence Spring

ONE thing in which we of old Concord now pride ourselves is that we have among us a woman who makes most beautiful and artistic cakes—so say her customers and friends—and although it is a long step from a minute man to a cake, if each is the very best of its kind, the cake may worthily help

uphold the prestige of the historic town.

Some two years ago a most interesting article appeared in this magazine, descriptive of Mrs Betty Lyle Wilson of Nashville, Tenn, and her cakes and methods of decoration. Mrs Ruth Odorne Wood, the subject of this sketch, read the article with much interest, and



One of Mrs Wood's beautifully decorated cakes, surrounded with individual cakes

wrote Mrs Wilson, thinking it would be interesting and profitable for the two "cake artists" to be in correspondence. A pleasant pen friendship sprang up between them.

"Come right into the dining room and sit down where I am working," was Mrs Wood's cordial greeting as I entered her hospitable door. Spread upon the table were her few and simple implements. She was decorating some little cakes, made and frosted the day before, for a children's party. The cakes, star-shaped and smoothly iced, the edges outlined by tiny silver candies, were at one side; before her were a cake board, two large boxes of pink, candied rose leaves, a section of green, translucent citron, a bar of angelica, a lemon, a small sharp knife, a glass of water and a small pair of pincers. A damp cloth was at one side, which I noted she used constantly, to prevent the least stickiness.

With the utmost deftness and daintiness, she quickly cut long, thin slices of citron, using the green edges for stems and leaves. "What do you do with the yellowish part?" I asked. "Use what I can for mince pie meat and sell the rest by the pound to a friend who makes pies in quantity," she laughed. "I can't bear to waste anything."

Before beginning to decorate the cakes, she cut a pile of stems, and another of leaves, outlining the edges and making the delicate tracery of the veins with the sharpest of knives, made another little heap of rosebuds, molding the green part of angelica, and the bud of a pink confection she had previously made, and cut all her rose petals out of the big petals which she buys.

Then, as by magic, I saw a rose, a bud, leaves and stems, laid lightly on each little cake, and soon the whole dozen were before me—the loveliest bits of bloom that could delight a child; each was to be packed in a little gift box.

Making large cakes for children's parties is one of Mrs Wood's specialties, and many are the quaint conceits she invents to delight the little ones. One round cake had a tiny celluloid-rimmed mirror set in the frosting in the middle of the top; around this a border of ferns and flowers made the glass appear a veritable miniature lake. A set of tiny celluloid ducks were sailing about, or among the ferns, and around the outside

of the cake was a conventional border of a lattice work of citron and white daisies, the daisy petals made of tiny oval candies, with yellow candy or lemon-peel centers.

Another square cake had a bunch of roses, buds and leaves lightly thrown across one corner, and across the other corner was ingeniously outlined a little yard with lattice fence of citron, in which some cunning china chicks and their mother were industriously picking up bits of candies.

A cake going to a child interested in mechanical toys had, on the smooth frosting, an automobile track laid out, on which was running a tiny paper automobile, apparently after a family of small bears who were scrambling away. A lovely conventional border around the edges of the cake supplied the color scheme.

Often Mrs Wood makes little gardens on the top of children's cakes, with paths and borders, and little china birds or rabbits among the flowers and ferns. One can well imagine the delight of the child fortunate enough to have one of these cakes for a birthday party treat!

The cakes for grown persons have beautiful decorations of roses, pink, white and yellow, with leaves and ferns of citron and molded angelica; also daisies and violets, all arranged in the most artistic way. The flowers, leaves and ferns are not laid flat, but have the appearance of a lovely wreath or bunch laid lightly on the cake, sometimes tied carelessly with a green citron ribbon.

I saw a beautiful New Year's cake, just before it was packed to send away, which was made for a member of the Emerson family. On the top was a graceful bunch of roses, ferns and daisies, and around the sides of the round loaf was a wreath of holly; the berries were made of tiny red candies, and the leaves and stems shaped and molded out of angelica so cunningly that one could almost imagine them no imitation, but real sprays.

One of Mrs Wood's specialties are bridecakes, decorated with wreaths of white roses and orange blossoms, the petals of which she cuts out of the white candied rose leaves, with citron and angelica ferns and leaves. Into these go the conventional ring, thimble and dime, each done up in a bit of paraf-



Mrs Wood putting on the finishing touches, with the aid of her little daughter

fin paper, and tucked into the cake after it is baked, before frosting. Sometimes these cakes are in the form of hearts.

An idea which I think is original with her is to make and pack the small, star-shaped, round or oval cakes with the dainty and beautiful decorations for people to send as steamer gifts. One can imagine the pleasure these give to the recipients, to whom they have the double advantage of a gift that delights the receiver, as well as something that can be shared. One gentleman was so delighted with the small cake given him that he refused to eat it, and carried it carefully to his daughter in Paris.

The large cakes sometimes start on long journeys, and, beautifully and perfectly packed, have traveled to England, California and into many different states.

This avocation does not at all interfere with Mrs Wood's vocation, that of wife and mother, or with her social duties. She is a shining light in the local dramatic club. She has a family of five children, who are greatly interested in her work.

"This work started," said Mrs Wood,

"with making birthday cakes for my own children. I always liked to cook; then one day some friend asked me to make a cake for her, and that was the beginning. After that I just went on."

She disliked to sew, and after other people wanted her cakes it occurred to her that she would cook and hire others to do her sewing for her. This suggests the availability of cake making as a supplementary occupation for many women who wish either to increase their income or to exchange for cookery some other uncongenial work. I have in mind two or three women, in different places, who, with hardly a settled purpose, have easily drifted into a good and paying business, and have, in fact, more orders than they can fill in the time they are disposed to give. If a person objects to filling private orders, there are local or city exchanges, which welcome first-class or original cookery products. I am sure that cake making, with supplementary cooking, affords an open field for women in many a town, and can be readily combined with the ordinary duties of housekeeping.

Mrs Wood is generous with the secrets of her art. As a starting point, her cakes themselves are rich and delicious. Everything she puts into the decorations, is, with the exception of the tiny china toys on the children's cakes, edible and good, this being in striking contrast to the flour and chalk consistency of many of the decorations on the confectioners' cakes. To begin with, the frosting must be a smooth foundation for her decorations. After many experiments with the ordinary rules, she has finally decided on a smooth mixture of confectioner's sugar and water of a consistency to spread easily, and flavored with vanilla or lemon juice. This never cracks nor makes ridges, and has the further advantage that when the cake is cut a smooth edge, with no crumbling or falling off, follows the knife. For the small cakes, where the space is small, she adds a little cream, but cannot safely use this where a large surface is to be covered. For the little cakes she uses the following rule:

Children's Cakes

Cream one-third cupful of butter; add one cupful of granulated sugar, beat together. Two eggs, beaten separately; one and one-half cupfuls of pastry flour, in which two and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been sifted; one-half cupful of milk; flavor with orange extract and vanilla, a little of each. Add the milk and flour alternately until all is used; beat well.

Pound Cake (For Birthday Cakes)

One-half pound of butter, scant, cream well. Add one and two-thirds cupfuls of granulated sugar; beat five eggs, whole, one at a time, beating each thoroughly and quickly; two level cup-

fuls of pastry flour, in which one-quarter of a level teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted. Flavor with a sprinkle of nutmeg, and one-half teaspoonful each of orange and vanilla extract. Beat well. This makes one good-sized loaf, which may be baked in a round tin, with or without a hole in the center. Bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour to one hour.

Sometimes a sponge cake is called for in a request for one of the large cakes. If so, she uses this rule:

Sponge Cake

Beat the yolks of five eggs until light and spongy. Add one cupful of granulated sugar, beat again. Add the juice and grated rind of half a lemon and a little salt. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff; mix in lightly. One cup of pastry flour, folded in carefully at the last. Bake in a moderate oven forty minutes to one hour, according to size.

Nut Cake

This is another favorite, and often used for the small cakes, as well as for the large loaves: One-half cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of granulated sugar, three eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, two level cupfuls sifted pastry flour, two and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three-quarters cupful of milk, one cupful broken nut meats. Cream the butter, add the sugar, beat well. Add the beaten yolks of the eggs, then the flour and milk alternately, the baking powder sifted in the flour, then the beaten whites of the eggs, and the nut meats. Flavor with lemon, vanilla, or orange and vanilla mixed. Beat well. Bake in a moderate oven.



THE art of natural education consists in ignoring the faults of children nine times out of ten, in avoiding immediate interference, which is usually a mistake, and devoting one's whole vigilance to the control of the environment in which the child is growing up, to watching the education which is allowed to go on by itself. But educators who, day in and day out, are consciously transforming the environment

and themselves are still a rare product. Most people live on the capital and interest of an education which perhaps once made them model children, but has deprived them of the desire for educating themselves. Only by keeping one's self in constant process of growth, under the constant influence of the best things in one's own age, does one become a companion half-way good enough for one's children." Ellen Key.

"New" Fruits and Vegetables

By Mary Hamilton Talbott

UNCLE SAM is literally ransacking every corner of the globe for dainty and novel foods with which to tempt the appetite of the epicure, and also the person of more moderate means. The Bureau of Plant Industry is sending agricultural experts to the uttermost ends of the earth to bring to us foods that the people of other countries find excellent, and of which we are ignorant. And, too, plants growing wild in other lands are brought and trained by breeding with others in cultivation, thus helping Mother Nature to create fruits and vegetables that the world has never seen before.

One of these foods is the *udo*, a plant that is grown like celery, and can be used either as a salad or an ordinary vegetable. It is planted in beds, and yields a crop for eight or ten years. It comes from Japan and is as common in that country as celery is here. It can be grown from Florida to Maine, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but has proved especially hardy and vigorous in New England. The plant is easily raised, and is ready for market earlier than the earliest asparagus. By shaving its long, blanched shoots in thin shavings and serving with French dressing, it makes a salad with not only a distinct flavor of its own, but a crispness that is unusual and an appearance that is most attractive.

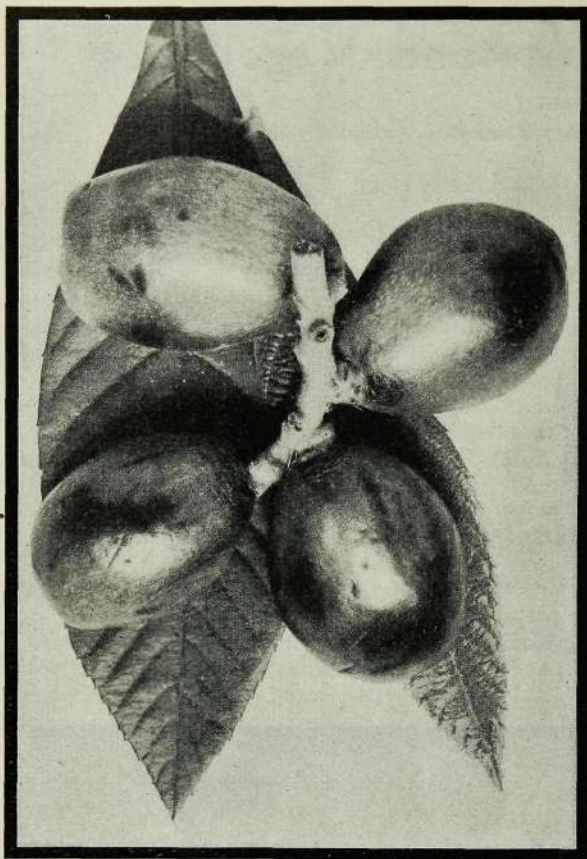
A vegetable that is just making its appearance on the menus of some of the large hotels in the North is the *chayote*, a large, green, pear-shaped vegetable, rough as a green pepper, but having more the color of a cucumber. It grows on a perennial vine, which bears a large crop of fruit—as many as five hundred to the vine. It was found in the West Indies, and can be

grown in our lowlands south of the Carolinas, within two hundred miles of the coast. Its roots, too, are edible, and its young shoots are as tender as asparagus. The texture of the fruit itself is a little like that of a squash, with a flavor like that of a cucumber. It can be baked, fried, stuffed or made into a salad.

The mangosteen, the most delicious of all tropical fruits to be grown upon our soil, is about the size and shape of an orange, and has a hard shell of a purple brown color, about one-quarter of an inch thick. When broken open, it discloses seven ivory-white segments of flesh, more delicate than a plum, with a flavor almost indescribable in its suggestion of both the grape and peach. This fruit comes from the West Indies, and is cultivated now in the Panama



Udo plant



The "loquat," a sort of pear-peach-apricot from Japan, now grown here

Canal zone and parts of southern Florida. A few years more will see it upon tables in many parts of this country.

Another new food is the Japanese loquat, a fruit about the size and shape of a seckel pear, bright yellow like a ripe banana, fuzzy like the peach and

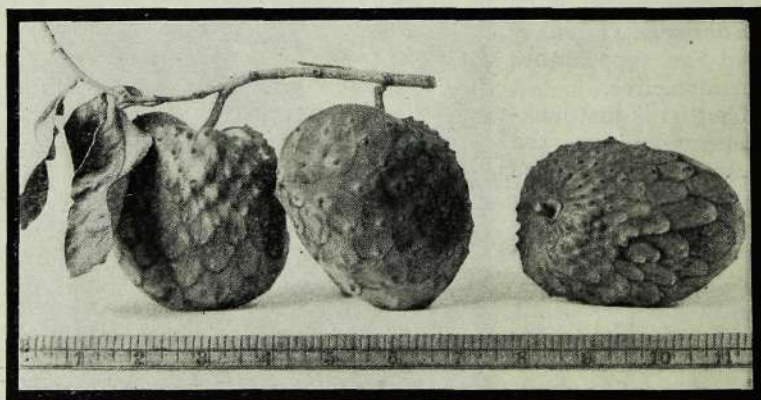
possesses much of its sprightly acid flavor. This fruit is growing in groves in Florida.

A recent triumph which is going to prove a boon to housekeepers is the citrange, another discovery of the Bureau of Plant Industry, which is growing in

with a sprightly sub-acid flavor between the peach and apricot. It is very juicy. The ever-green tree that bears this fruit in clusters is growing here in the Gulf States and parts of California.

A most interesting introduction into this country is the French truffle. In California and the Southwestern states there are now growing truffle oaks, brought from the region in France where the finest truffles are grown. When we can purchase this delectable fungus at a moderate price the efforts of Uncle Sam's plant experts will be greatly appreciated by lovers of this highly prized dish.

A unique fruit invention of this government bureau is the tangelo, a combination of tangerine and pomelo, the latter meaning grapefruit. This "kid-glove grapefruit" will be a welcome addition to our table, for it can be peeled and pulled apart without soiling the hands. It is between the grapefruit and tangerine in size, and though somewhat sweeter than the former, pos-

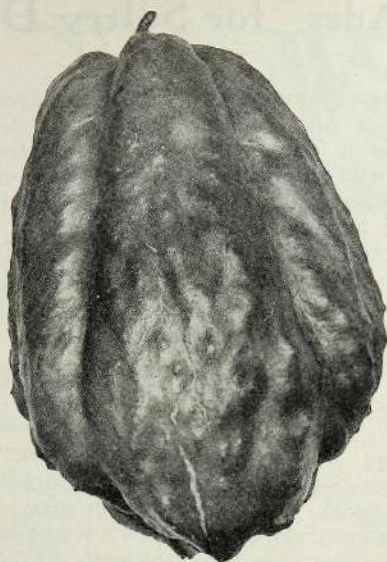


The "cherimoyer," a tropical fruit, with a sub-acid flavor. Its good shipping qualities will make it a valuable addition to our fruits

the cotton belt and other Southwestern states. It is principally an "ade" fruit, and when lemons are scarce and high the citrange will take their place. It makes a preserve equal in flavor and appearance to that made from peaches. A "trifoliate orange tree" which bears an acid bitter fruit was crossed with a sweet orange and this resulting fruit looks like a small orange, and though sour it makes an excellent breakfast food when dressed with sugar.

A luscious persimmon from China is now growing in North Carolina, which is as large as an apple and can be pared and eaten like one. It is seedless and yellow, and is minus the puckering effect of the native article.

Other interesting new things to eat are the delicious pistache nut recently introduced into California, which has thrived where even the almond has failed; the *cherimoyer* from the island of Madeira, a luscious fruit whose flesh is creamy white and about the consistency of a mellow pear; the *avocado*, a salad fruit grown in southern Florida; the Mulgoba mango, which will soon be for sale in our markets from Florida; and fresh

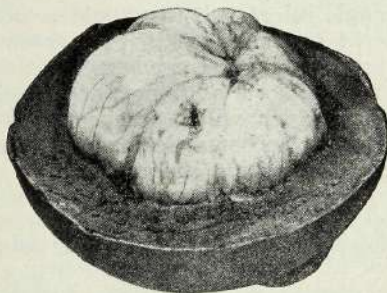


The "chayote," a new all-round vegetable, which can be baked, fried, stuffed, made into fritters or used as a salad

dates instead of dried ones. Thousands of date palms brought from the valley of the Nile are now bearing in Arizona and California.

Another fruit, which we know only in the dried form, is the *leitchee*, or Chinese nut; this will soon be familiar in its fresh state. Trees have been introduced into California the fruit of which is a round, juicy plum, surrounded by a leathery brown skin. This fruit is vastly more delicious than the seedy raisin we know.

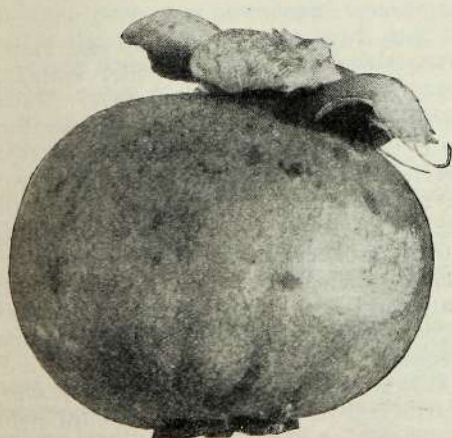
The avocado or alligator pear has now become a staple article of



Mangosteen cut open

food in New York restaurants and in many homes where the products of the tropics are known and appreciated. Although its familiar name would indicate that it should be classed as a fruit, this is not the case in warmer climates, where it forms a familiar article of food and is considered more as a vegetable; in fact, frequently referred to as "vegetable marrow" and "midshipmen's butter."

It is common in tropical America and in all of the islands of the West Indies, where its season varies so as to cover the six months from about August to January. It varies from one to two pounds in weight, is pear shaped and of two distinct varieties, one being green and the other a brownish purple color. The edible portion is a yellow buttery substance from one-half to one inch thick surrounding a large, hard seed.



The "mangosteen" a brilliantly colored peach-grape flavored fruit, whose beauty will always make it attractive

Ades" for Sultry Days

THE success of lemon, orange or pineappleade; in fact, of all these drinks, depends, as it does with ices and sherbets, on the way one begins. Water, lemon juice and sugar will not necessarily make a good lemonade, but a syrup made of water and sugar may be used as a basis for all kinds of delectable concoctions.

General directions: Make a syrup of one pound of granulated sugar and one pint of water. Put the sugar and the cold water in a saucepan over the fire, and stir until the sugar is dissolved, or until the water begins to boil. Cook without stirring until the syrup spins a delicate thread. Take from the fire and add the fruit juice while the syrup is hot, always using two or more fruits if possible, in order to give flavor in place of a flavor. If lemonade is desired, lemon should predominate, but orange or pineapple juice, or both, should be added to yield the best result. An adept in the art of mixing these summer drinks will add all sorts of things, and produce a punch which will be the envy of the uninitiated, with tea, lemon and orange juice and anything else at hand.

Peach Sorbet.

Add to the amount of syrup given one cupful of orange juice, one-fourth cupful of lemon juice and two cupfuls of peach pulp. Reduce to taste. Chill or frappé and serve.

Pineappleade

There is now on the market a bottled pineapple syrup, or unsweetened juice prepared from the ripe fruit, which is easy and very good to use. To the amount of syrup given add, while hot, one-half cupful of lemon juice and one and one-half cupfuls of pineapple juice, or one cupful of pineapple and one-half cupful of orange juice.

Tea Punch

Add one pint of delicate, freshly made tea to the syrup, with one-quarter cupful each of lemon and pineapple juice and one-half cupful of orange juice. Cool. When ready to use, reduce with carbonated water, add one orange and one lemon sliced thin, and one-half cup-

ful of maraschino cherries. Mint may be added if desired.

This tea punch may be varied at will by the addition of different fruit juices. There is a bottled white grape juice, which, mixed with carbonated water, makes a delicious beverage. This, or the red grape juice, cherry or strawberry juice, or the juices from different canned and preserved fruits, may be used.

Fruit Punch

Use for the syrup given whatever fruit juices are at hand or desired, blending them to taste, remembering that pineapple syrup adds a flavor which nothing else can give. Add one cupful each of pineapple cut in pieces, maraschino cherries and the berries or fruit in season, one sliced lemon and one sliced orange. Seltzer water may be added if desired.

Grapefruit Punch

Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and one cupful of water. Add the juice and pulp of six good-sized grapefruit and one orange. When cool, strain, add one cupful of white, unfermented grape juice. Chill and reduce with water to taste.

Pomegranate Syrup

Press the juice from fruit and seeds, strain and boil down until thick; measure. Add half the amount of juice in sugar, and bottle to use with various fruit beverages. This juice adds a delicate flavor and good color.

Raspberry Shrub

Cover two quarts of good ripe raspberries with one quart of cider vinegar. Cover and let stand for two days. Mash the berries in the vinegar. Strain the juice through a cheesecloth on to two quarts of fresh fruit. Stand another two days. Mash and strain again. Add two cupfuls of sugar to every pint of juice, put in a saucepan over the fire and simmer for fifteen minutes. Skim, strain, bottle and seal. Strawberry and blackberry shrub may be made in the same manner.

When ready to use, fill glasses one-fourth full of chopped ice and fill with the shrub, or reduce with cold water as desired.

WOMAN'S PAGE HOUSEKEEPING

Specimens of the Instruction
Afforded by Daily and
Sunday Newspapers

by
Ruth
Carrau

AFTER one learns that woman's page matter is, in the newspaper offices, called simply and earnestly "hen dope," and is looked upon by the editorial and reportorial force as dead matter; that, appealing inscrutably to the sex without a vote, for that reason alone is printed, one ceases to wonder that its compilation shows many errors, and wonders that it shows no more.

To the credit of a few newspapers it must be stated that their woman's pages are carefully edited by women who know, and in the general average, when the inevitable haste of compilation is taken into account, show as few bad breaks of judgment as most of the women's magazines and periodicals. But even they suffer at the hands of wielders of editorial shears in other offices who hack paragraphs here and paste them there for "space fillers," with little judgment. It is the part of a newspaper worker to accept the post that is assigned, and if a young woman whose tendencies are strictly social is given the woman's page to make up, it is not her part to reason with the editor.

"Don't you get the exchanges?" he will say to any demur. "And the women's magazines? Well, then. Cut out all the hen dope you need—only don't run up against the copyright law—that's all." And in the end it is about all.

Some papers have much of their woman's page space provided for by syndicated series of articles over the names of women more or less famous for culinary skill or beauty prescriptions. This matter, being signed, is more or less responsible material. But the balance of the page, the "Hints to Housewives," "Ad-

vice to Mothers," "The Home Doctor," "Beauty Hints," and the like, under which is published carelessly compiled matter, may well fall under cursory investigation at least. And from this list the "Contributors" and "Correspondents" columns must not be omitted, wherein questions are answered and information vouchsafed that cover the range of human life.

The faults of the woman's pages seem the inevitable results of the system, and without attempting the impossible—that is to say, either the annihilation of the woman's pages or the overthrow of the editorial preconception of the unimportance of them—it is possible to suggest a few easily worked reforms.

It may be that every recipe cannot be verified, every "hint" proven of value before publication; it is, after all, the housewife's fault if she be beguiled into paths where her judgment does not follow her. But even here reform may begin, in a woman's page editor, by limiting herself if she be without practical, trained knowledge of cooking and house-keeping, to the clipping of recipes from some standard collections of them and to the omitting of those from some careless "pages" where quantities are not given.

It is also possible, in this connection, to omit from the list of household recipe exchanges the English periodicals. There are certain newspapers whose household pages are littered with recipes calling for "ounces," "castor sugar," or unobtainable herbs, etc, taken from the English weeklies. These are not practical, to say the least, since for many of the terms the American housewife has not the defi-

niton, and too few of them own their own scales or systems of reducing from pounds to cupfuls.

But the great reform may be wrought—should be wrought—in the printing of drug combinations, medical hints, household remedies and the like. Medical science is moving fast in these days, and is throwing aside as worse than useless many treasured household remedies. In many cases where remedies seem to cure, the symptom is only dulled, and the cause of the trouble still untouched. The good rule to follow is that when some ailment presents itself that careful diet and bathing and outdoor exercise and sleep will not cure, a physician should be sought. Ravaging acids should be carefully used, and if one intends to try a drug or chemical, either in the home or in the body, of which she is ignorant, it is surely the better part of prudence to find from some reliable source something definite about the drug and its action, for even "safe" prescriptions may turn to harmful ones in ignorant hands. If the editors of the woman's pages would decide in a body to eliminate the drug habit from their pages, and if the beauty doctors would discard the many poisonous compounds whose prescriptions now indent their columns, two of the most dangerous columns of the woman's page would be blue penciled at one fell stroke, and at worst the worst would become a little better, and the best might become very good indeed.

Following are extracts from the woman's pages of different newspapers in support of the foregoing criticisms. The dates of the issues in which the paragraphs or articles appeared are on file with the editors of this magazine.

In the St Paul (Minn) *Pioneer-Press*, not very long ago appeared the following query and answer; two days later it appeared in the Jacksonville (Fla) *Metropolis*:

What is a good thing to use to get rid of parasites? My little girl's head is full of them.

Wash your child's head in plenty of gasoline or alcohol, far away from any fire, and after you are sure the head is thoroughly cleansed, wash it well with soap and water.

Gasoline, being one of the most volatile substances in common use is always to be considered as highly explosive, because even at ordinary temperature some of it is going into gas, and this gas when mixed with air is the explosive product

which a spark may set off. Time and again we hear of "spontaneous" explosions of gasoline when the substance is being used away from any fire. Friction will produce the danger spark as well as the higher temperature that generates the gas more rapidly. Any mother who has rubbed a cat's back in the dark, has seen the spark, and is willing to believe that it was not her imagination, will hardly run the risk of that friction of her child's hair in gasoline which may at once create the explosive gas and the spark which will ignite it. The caution to use away from any fire does not make this dangerous advice any less dangerous for general use, and the daily news columns are going to be filled with the fatal results of the woman's page practice of this thing if the use becomes at all general. Ignition of the hair means serious burns.

There is another use of gasoline which has been lately recommended in several woman's pages. A clipping from the *Chicago Tribune* follows:

DRY CLEANING—Place a tin lard can containing gasoline in the center of a tub and pour hot water around it to heat it. Put in garments and cover with flat lid. Let soak twenty to thirty minutes; then shake up and down several times good. Use soap if soiled. Hang in the air.

No word of caution here about the use of this most dangerous fluid. No advice to avoid fire, to use in the open air, even when the gasoline through heating must volatilize much more rapidly at the higher temperature. And without reflecting upon the average intelligence of women in any way, it must be admitted that there are fewer women who realize the dangers of gasoline to the full than women who do not. And not even in the hands of those few women can it be called always safe.

A class of home remedies which is in high favor on woman's pages is poultices. For instance, in the *Chicago Daily News* is this remedy:

If poisoned with ivy cover the irritated parts with a poultice of bread soaked in a paste of baking powder and water. Renew. After fifteen minutes remove the poultice and let the skin dry off for a quarter of an hour, after which soak the bread again and apply, repeating the process till relieved.

The poison from ivy is in the form of an oil, and this must be dissolved and absorbed from the skin. The action of the soda will not be enhanced by the bread, it being used merely as a medium

for retaining the soda solution. Most cases of poisoning by ivy are readily controlled and a majority of them require but one painting over at a physician's office. The first principle in modern treatment, not only in this trouble, but in all infectious diseases, is to avoid anything in the nature of a poultice, because the ivy poison acts similarly to an infection, and poultices are favorable to spread of the trouble.

The Boston *Herald* published the following prescription for freckles, which was printed broadcast over the country:

Chloride of ammonia, one drachm; corrosive sublimate, ten grains; distilled witch hazel water, three ounces; rose water, three ounces. Mix and apply with a sponge twice a day.

This six-ounce mixture contains ten grains of corrosive chloride of mercury. For an internal dose one-tenth of a grain is the maximum, so if anyone drank this mixture, it would be ten times more than enough to cause death. There is no caution whatever attached to the prescription that it is a deadly poison, even with this large amount of mercury in it, and, as a matter of fact, anything with this drug in it should be labeled poison, however minute the quantity. This is effective temporary treatment for freckles in the hands of an observer of effects. That statement is purposely a guarded one, and when one thinks of the irresponsible class of people who are most apt to use it—young girls in whom the sense of caution and the safeguards of some amount of scientific knowledge have not begun to display themselves—one realizes that a word of caution should at least accompany the prescription when it is printed broadcast. In this connection it is interesting to note in the beauty column of the Chicago *Record-Herald* the following statement:

Formulas for bleaches cannot be printed, since all of them contain mercury in one form or another, and mercury is poison.

Other papers may have such editorial rules, but no such statement of them beyond this one has chanced to fall under the writer's eye.

The Baltimore *American* announced: "A cold in the head may be relieved by snuffing powdered borax." The Cleveland *Leader* three months later said: "For cold in the head nothing is better than powdered borax, snuffed up the nose." The Chicago *Tribune* about the same time gave the same advice. A

physician to whom this "cure" was submitted replied: "If anybody with an inflamed nasal membrane has the courage to try this formula a second time he should be given a ticket to a free dispensary immediately, as one of the first symptoms of leprosy is anæsthesia of the nerves!"

A weak solution of borax is cleansing, stimulating and healing to mucous membranes. The first paper quoted on this subject added: "For sore throat a small quantity of powdered borax dissolved in the mouth and swallowed is effective." In this the idea is more rational, because the saliva furnishes the solution before the borax reaches the inflamed surface. Most sore throats do not extend into the œsophagus, and there can be no reason then for swallowing the borax, and there is certainly no constitutional benefit to be gained thereby.

In the *Journal* of Springfield, Ill, appeared this paragraph: "It is worth remembering that if it is necessary to paint the skin with iodine in medical treatment, it should be done in the dark. Thus it will not blister the skin or even stain the flesh."

In applying tincture of iodine to the skin the readiest means of telling how much has been applied is by the color, from a light yellow to a dark brown. When painted on in the dark, the body heat causes absorption and disappearance of color, and for small areas this may be advised, but for extensive use the dangers of poisoning are great. Iodine is soluble in alcohol, and a much better practice would be to remove the excess with alcohol.

Here is a hint which was contributed to the Chicago *Tribune*: "When cooking chicken, place chicken and common glass tumbler in a kettle with cold water, and the chicken will become tender in two-thirds the time it will in boiling it without the tumbler."

The only way to test this trustful advice from a trusting contributor would be carefully to halve a chicken and boil the right half with, and the left half without, the tumbler. And then, with the cold water stewing, what would the chicken, tender or tough, amount to, compared to its extracted juices!

In the Chicago *Tribune* was this item:

Don't be afraid of plenty of ice water. To remove all food, butter, olive oil, fruit, or coffee

marks from any garment of any fabric, apply immediately plenty of ice water. Rub quickly with clean napkin till dry.

Against all the dictates of common sense, this was deliberately "tested" by the present writer, with fruit and oil stains on cotton and wool, with no results except the total ruin of the scraps of cloth involved, yet this "hint" is being published all over the country.

The Kansas City *Star* had this gem: "There is nothing more useful in impromptu summer dwellings than plenty of wire netting, so many are the uses to which it can be put. Wire netting, gilded, makes fine transoms, as well as chicken coops, etc."

A chicken coop of wire netting, gilded, rearing its meshy breadth to the blue, stirs the imagination indeed.

The correspondence columns afford food for thought to the wise and pitfalls to the unwary. The Jacksonville (Fla) *Metropolis*, in answer to a request for removing blackberry stains from a shepherd's plaid woolen skirt, said: "Try mopping with gasoline." As gasoline does not remove stains, this reply was a stab in the dark.

An Illinois daily was responsible for the following:

For young infants it is most important to adhere to an ironclad rule of feeding the baby every two hours during the day up to 10 o'clock at night. If the baby is asleep at the regular time, feed it anyway. Of course cow's milk is too rich for young babies unless diluted with one-half water until the child gets to be about eight months old, when you can give the milk without the water.

The first haziness comes with the definition of the word "infant." Mothers and poets will variously call a child an infant from any age after birth up to two years. To the average mind, any child in long clothes must be an "infant," and this makes the duration of infancy depend on whims of clothing rather than on nature. To the medical mind the term signifies up to three months of age. Even at this age the two-hour feedings are too frequent. The modification of cow's milk is disposed of with an ease that might well make specialists in children's nutrition envious, since the selection and modification of cow's milk to be used for one baby is to be governed entirely by that baby's physical condition, and not by lightly flinging together any milk and

any water, half and half. And to some babies of eight months, unmodified cow's milk could mean, and has meant, death.

Dropping suddenly from the tragic to the ridiculous, read this from the *Metropolis* of Jacksonville, Fla:

I have been greatly troubled as to what should be done when a drop remains on the spout of a teapot after a cup of tea has been poured.—D. F. H.

The tea service should properly be placed on a tray, in this case the tantalizing drop may fall on the tray. If no tray is used then patiently wait until the drop falls into the cup. These are the best ways to avoid awkwardness.

Cook books published previous to the age of scientific formulas indulged freely in vagaries like: "Take some eggs and add to them a good handful of sugar," etc, but even on a woman's page it is a shock to come across this sort of recipe published in the Kansas City *Star*:

BALTIMORE CHERRY PUDDING—Stew some sour cherries till about half cooked, when stir into them cinnamon, brown sugar and a little brandy. Add a small quantity of grated breadcrumbs. Put in a buttered dish some slices of toast well buttered, and sprinkled with sugar in alternate layers with the fruit. Bake according to your judgment.

Following is an apricot jam recipe, published with the enticing catchword "inexpensive" in the Chicago *Journal*:

A delicious and inexpensive jam may be made from dried apricots. Take one and one-half pounds and cut into small pieces; put in a jar; cover with three pints of water, and let stand three days. Thereafter boil with five pounds of sugar.

Five pounds of sugar to one and one-half pounds of a fruit already sweet! Haste no doubt was to blame for the following recipe in the Omaha *World-Herald*:

CHEESE SANDWICHES—Wash and dry water-cress thoroughly; put with a teaspoon of mayonnaise between slices of bread.

Let us look now at some of the "daily menus" published throughout the land. Here is one from the New Orleans *Picayune* of a summer day:

DINNER—Potato soup, broiled beefsteak, mashed potatoes, macaroni with cheese, creamed carrots, lettuce with mayonnaise, blackberry rolypoly with liquid sauce, cafe noir.

Potatoes twice, macaroni and cheese added unto them, carrots creamed to these; followed by a heavy mayonnaise, and unto all more heaviness of spirit and heat of body in blackberry rolypoly with liquid sauce—for a summer night in New Orleans!

A Norwegian Morning Meal

By Alice M. Ivimy

THE sweetest of hard cheeses, and the saltiest of salted fish, followed by plenty of jam—this is the typical Norwegian breakfast. While in the country and following the customs of native life this breakfast does not come amiss. To read of these dishes in America is one thing; to partake of them in that crisp mountain air during the short summer when night and day mingle and blend is quite another. Many American women who went to see Norway's marvelous mountain railway last year brought to the unwonted menu an excellent appetite and left with unimpaired digestions.

The first dish handed to you with your cup of tea is a dark cocoa-colored cheese, cubical in shape and about nine inches in height. Its thin, smooth crust is hidden by a clean white napkin pinned neatly round its circumference, and by this each, in turn, grasps the cheese to shave off thin waferlike slices, to eat with the delicious white rolls and mountain butter. This cheese is never absent from the native breakfast table, and by the time you leave the country you will probably have learned to like it as well as the native does. It looks like smooth maple sugar and tastes like a combination of milk, turpentine and hay. With this on his plate, the Norwegian helps himself to his favorite preserve, cranberry jam. It will, perhaps, surprise you to see him take a mouthful first of one and then of the other, but the cheese is so sweet and the jam so piquant that the transition is less violent than you might imagine.

His second course at breakfast bears a strong family resemblance to the first, for it is cheese again. Only a small piece of the "gammle oos" is served, however, and in a closely covered dish. You learn the reason when you raise the lid. This "old cheese" smells stronger than the ripest Gorgonzola ever exported, and so venerable is it that it is cracked and seamed like the crust of Mount Etna. On closer inspection you find that all the brown cracks are filled with fine dust which moves sponta-

neously. This cheese the Norwegian also shaves into thin slices and lays on his bread or wheat biscuit. It is very good if you are sufficiently free from prejudice to try it.

Having thus whetted his appetite with cheese, the Norwegian, who leads a strenuous life and places his meals far apart, proceeds to a third course, consisting of smoked mutton or smoked tongue. The mutton is often a most disreputable-looking bone, with hard morsels of dry, raw meat smoked to a dark brown clinging to it. From this he helps himself to as many thin chips as he can get off and these, too, find a place on the plate near the cranberry jam. While eating mutton the Norwegian makes brief incursions into the potted and tinned fish that are permanently upon the table, anchovies, delicious sardines in oil, fillets of herring that have been smoked first and then preserved in oil, and pickled tongues. All these things were there on the table at supper the night before, but you will find them still in place at breakfast and the natives eat them with relish at both meals. The consumption of cranberry jam goes on steadily through all the courses. A breakfast specialty in Norway is the sandwich made of a single piece of buttered roll, or bread, or toast, covered with appetizing foods. If you take breakfast at the wayside stations on the mountain railway or in the villages you will find buffets with dozens of such sandwiches spread in tempting display, and flanked with huge bowls of rich milk from which you help yourself with the glass ladle. There will be the brown cheese, already described, and two or three other hard cheeses; white-like Gruyère, bright rose smoked salmon, sardine and anchovy mixed with a bit of hard-boiled egg, pallid smoked cod, coral salmon roe, also smoked, and salted herring roe.

To Americans, accustomed to a hot breakfast of milder composition, this Norwegian fare may not sound inviting. It is probably well adapted, however, to the exigencies of the Scandinavian climate.

Heat for Next Winter

By Helen Louise Johnson

THERE are three methods by which houses are now generally heated: hot air, hot water and steam. There are many systems, but these are the fundamental ways, varied by combinations of any two, and the direct and indirect systems.

In the oldest form of heater, the fireplace, what heat did not go up the chimney was radiated into the room. The first stove, made by Franklin, was, in fact, a device for giving a larger and more quickly radiating surface, thus preventing the escape of so great a proportion of heat up the chimney. Following close on the making of this stove came that of a closed iron box, all surfaces exposed to the room, and connected with the chimney by a pipe or flue. And then there came the great day in which this stove was inclosed in a jacket or outer box, and flues were built from this to carry the heat to the various parts of the house hitherto unheated. This is the hot air furnace, a simple device to take advantage of the law of physics that air when heated expands and rises, thus giving space for cold air to enter, to be heated and passed on in turn.

The hot air furnace consists of a heat generator or stove of some kind, around which is commonly built an outer chamber of metal or brick. Into the air space between the two is carried a cold air duct connecting with the outer fresh air, which passes around the hot stove, and, becoming heated, rises through flues at or near the top of the inclosure, to the various rooms of the house.

The heat from a steam-heating apparatus is not produced by the change of water into steam, but the changing from steam into water again. A pound of water vapor in condensing gives off enough heat to raise twenty-two and one-half pounds of air from 32 degrees, or freezing point, to 212 degrees, or boiling point. It is plain that if, after being changed into vapor, the steam can be captured and inclosed, it will act as a medium for conveying heat. A steam-heating apparatus, therefore, must consist of a firebox and boiler in which the

steam may be generated, pipes to carry it to the rooms to be heated and radiators or receptacles in which it may condense. Water, when changed into steam, increases in volume so that a cubic inch of water makes a cubic foot of steam, thus it must rise through pipes and circulate through the system, condensing in the radiators and running back to the boiler to be again converted into steam.

The principle of the hot water heating system is also one of expansion. All matter expands when heated, water as well as iron or glass, and expansion occurs long before the water is changed into steam. Fill a teakettle full of water, put it over the fire, and just as soon as it begins to heat the water begins to spill out of the spout. Place a large kettle or boiler full of water in the cellar, attach a system of pipes and radiators running through the house and build a fire under the kettle. As soon as the water begins to heat it will rise and run through the pipes and radiators, and when the heat has been taken up the cooled water flows back into the boiler. Water will carry four times as much heat as an equal quantity of air. This heat is first given up to the radiators, which then pass it on into the air of the room.

Now, the production of heat is a very different matter from the proper distribution of heat. The fireplace produced plenty of heat, but it failed to distribute it. The furnace selected may be of the best, but if not properly located and adjusted in relation to the rooms to be heated, may entirely fail in giving the desired result. And this may happen with any system of heating.

In selecting the system by which the house is to be heated, many things have to be taken into account besides the first cost. Satisfactory hot air heating depends upon the observance of three fundamental facts; namely, a proper cold air supply, the readiness of heated air to move in the direction in which it meets the least resistance, and the increasing velocity of heated air in proportion to the height of the flue. These facts deter-

mine certain things in the building or setting of a furnace. Application of them makes the avoidance of horizontal pipes of any length a necessity; demands round or square pipes in place of flat ones, and curved in place of right-angled elbows. Hot air will move with the prevailing wind, and enter a well-ventilated room rather than a close one. Also it will rise to an upper room, if opportunity be provided, in preference to going to a lower room.

This means that after a good furnace with a large radiating surface is selected, its location must be chosen with reference to these laws. The lines of pipes leading to the different registers should be as nearly as possible of the same length; the hot air flues leading to the upper rooms should be smaller than those to the lower floors, but all should be as nearly as possible at the same elevation or angle. Hot air pipes should never have a rise of less than one and one-half inches per running foot; the shortest pipes should lead to the rooms on the cold side (usually the northeast corner of the house), and each hot air flue should be covered with a sheeting of asbestos or similar non-conducting material.

The flues leading to the upper floors of the house should be entirely independent of those below, and this precaution makes it necessary to carefully locate flues and registers on the plan before the frame of the house is built. It is not enough to have a large register; the inlet to it is the part that carries the heat. This is strictly the architect's part. It is for him to see that such specifications are given the heating contractor as will properly determine the size of pipes, registers or radiators. The exposure of the room, the square feet of glass, wall surface, etc, all determine these details quite as much as the cubic capacity of the rooms, and there is a definite relative area of pipes and registers.

The advantages of the hot water system are found in its comparative ease of operation and regulation. Wind does not materially affect the traveling of heated water, which may be made to go where wanted. Moreover, the heat is available as soon as circulation is established; therefore the house is always warm when the heater is properly in-

stalled and run. The heat may be regulated from the furnace, a smaller or a hotter fire producing less or more heat, as demanded by the weather conditions. This makes this form of heating particularly desirable in fall and spring when the temperature fluctuates from freezing to summer heat. In the steam and hot water heating systems the pipes take up less room than hot air pipes, and carry no dust or dirt.

In a steam apparatus there is more mechanism and more danger from careless handling. Heat is not available until steam is produced, and this not only requires a hotter fire to begin with, but necessitates regulation of heat from the radiator rather than the boiler end, with a consequent waste of fuel when less heat is required. The use of hot water or hot air is common in ordinary dwelling houses, and of hot water or steam in larger buildings. Objections are occasionally made to the radiators required in a hot water system. These may be done away with when the system is direct-indirect, in which the air is carried over coils under a register; or a combination system may be installed and radiators be used in halls, bath, dressing rooms and pantries, with registers in the other rooms. But the great improvement made in house radiators in the last few years should render these objections invalid. A good hot water heater takes but little room in the cellar, and when properly installed is comparatively inexpensive to operate. Too small a boiler should not be purchased, for the capacity of a heating boiler should include a reasonable reserve power. The right kind of heater is designed, not so much to save coal, as to use all the heat in the coal to its utmost capacity.

The prospective builder should not merely decide that he wants his house heated by a certain system, and then leave architect, builder and heating contractor to do as they please in installing the system; there are many kinds of boilers and furnaces, and, unfortunately, more kinds of plumbers; and the systems must be studied and the requirements of house and family stated if comfort is to be insured. The best suggestion one can make is to say to those who are building, that they should select a first-class maker and pay a fair price if they would obtain the best possible results.

What to Eat in August

Suggestions for Bills of Fare for Two Weeks

[Foods marked with an asterisk will be found among the Recipes on Pages 225-226]

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Peaches and cream
Shirred eggs
Rolls Coffee

Dinner

Roast lamb
Browned potatoes
Peas
Tomato salad
Caramel ice cream
Coffee

Supper

Lettuce sandwiches
Cottage cheese
Rhubarb and fig marmalade
Iced tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Fruit Cereal
Muffins Coffee

Luncheon

Peach shortcake
Iced cocoa

Dinner

Peapod soup*
Cold roast lamb
Creamed potatoes
Stuffed tomatoes
Watermelon
Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Boiled eggs
Toasted muffins
Marmalade
Coffee

Luncheon

Clam bouillon
Fruit
Wafers Tea

Dinner

Ragout of lamb
Spanish browned potatoes*
Green corn
Lemon jelly
Sour cream cookies
Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Muskmelons
Frizzled beef
Toast Coffee

Luncheon

Spanish peppers*
Iced coffee

Dinner

Meat loaf with eggs*
Boiled rice
Fried beets*
Peach pudding
Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Creamed codfish
Popovers Coffee

Luncheon

Potato salad
Brown bread sandwiches
Tea

Dinner

Clear soup
Sliced meat loaf
Molded lemon jelly*
Boiled potatoes
String beans
Spanish cream
Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Peaches and cream
Cereal
Rolls Coffee

Luncheon

Scrambled eggs with tomatoes and green peppers
Iced tea

Dinner

Broiled whitefish
Potatoes au gratin
Eggplant
Tomato salad
Wafers Cheese
Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Scrambled eggs
Bacon
Rolls Coffee

Luncheon

Eggplant salad*
Brown bread and butter
Iced tea

Dinner

English mutton chops
Stuffed potatoes
Lima beans
Fruit Coffee

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Muskmelon
Vesuvius eggs*
Toast Marmalade
Coffee

Dinner

Tomato bouillon
Chicken a la Maryland
Corn fritters
Creamed potatoes
Mocha macaroni custard*
Coffee

Supper

Marble salad*
Lettuce sandwiches
Pineappleade

MONDAY

Breakfast

Fruit Cereal
Toasted rolls
Coffee

Luncheon

Vegetable salad
Wafers Cheese
Tea

Dinner

Creamed chicken with rice border
Carrots en casserole
Endive salad
Fruit Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Broiled tomatoes
Cream sauce
Toast Coffee

Luncheon

Deviled eggs
Marmalade sandwiches
Tea

Dinner

Pepper ragout*
Buttered beets
Boiled potatoes
Ice cream
Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Fruit Cereal
Muffins Coffee

Luncheon

Mushroom omelet
Iced cocoa

Dinner

Clear soup
Halibut a la Creole
Mashed potatoes
Cauliflower, sauce hollandaise
Fruit Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Tomato omelet
Sally Lunn Coffee

Luncheon

Fish in ramekins
Watercress
Wafers Tea

Dinner

Salpicon of fruit
Macaroni au gratin
Succotash
Cauliflower salad
Wafers Cheese
Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Fruit
Corn fritters
Rolls Coffee

Luncheon

Vegetable salad
Plain sandwiches
Tea

Dinner

Fried soft shell crabs
Sauce tartare
Hashed browned potatoes
Cucumber and pepper salad
Frozen peaches
Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Fruit Cereal
Cinnamon buns
Coffee

Luncheon

Corn pudding
Sliced tomatoes
Cream cheese

Dinner

Clear soup
Lamb's tongue in jelly
Potatoes in cream
Squash
Pepper salad
Lemon ice
Coffee

Bills of Fare with Noonday Dinners

Breakfast

Fruit Cereal
Entire wheat muffins
Coffee

Dinner

Beef pot roast
Brown gravy
Browned potatoes
Buttered beets
Blackberry pie
Coffee

Supper

Stuffed tomatoes
Cream sauce
Sliced peaches
Sponge cake Tea

Breakfast

Poached eggs on toast
Buttered toast
Coffee

Dinner

Clear soup
Beef en casserole

Lettuce salad
Lemon ice
Coffee

Supper

Cold tongue, sliced
Creamed potatoes
Blackberries Cake
Tea or Coffee

Breakfast

Muskmelons
Baked hash
Muffins Coffee

Dinner

Boiled salmon, egg
sauce
Mashed potatoes
Sliced tomatoes
Snow pudding
Coffee

Supper

Peach shortcake with
cream
Lettuce sandwiches
Iced coffee

Breakfast

Fruit Omelet
Popovers
Coffee

Dinner

Broiled steak
Baked Potatoes
Squash
Cucumber and pepper
salad
Cream cheese
Marmalade Coffee

Supper

Fish soufflé
Watercress
Fruit
Chocolate cake
Tea or Coffee

Breakfast

Dried beef in cream
Griddlecakes Coffee

Dinner

Veal pot pie
Green corn

Cabbage salad
Watermelon
Coffee

Supper

Tongue and pepper
salad
Cup custards Cake
Tea or Coffee

Breakfast

Fruit Cereal
Rolls
Coffee

Dinner

Tomato soup
Veal hash
Corn pudding
String beans
Ice cream
Coffee

Supper

Creamed mushrooms
on toast
Sliced tomatoes
Fruit Tea
Cookies



Some of the Recipes

Peapod Soup

Take two quarts of peapods and put on to boil in one quart of water. Boil down to one pint. Make a cream sauce with one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one pint of milk. Add the peapod juice and serve. Left-over cooked peas, mashed through a colander, may be added if desired.

Spanish Brownded Potatoes

Chop fine six cold boiled potatoes, three large sweet green peppers and one very small onion. Heat a heaping tablespoonful of butter or good drippings in a frying pan and add the chopped potatoes, etc, with one teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of white pepper. Stir, and cook over a moderate fire ten to fifteen minutes. Then brown, fold over like an omelet and serve hot, with parsley or cress arranged at each end. A. S.

Spanish Peppers

Prepare six sweet green peppers by cutting off one end of each and removing all seeds and ribs, leaving them so

they will stand upright. Cut enough raw corn from the ear to make three teacupfuls, slicing it off thinly two or three times around, and scraping the remaining pulp from the cob. Chop fine one onion and three sweet red peppers, and fry these ten minutes in a little butter, with two ripe tomatoes cut small. Add the corn, season with salt, fill into the peppers till they are level full, and on top of each lay an inch thick slice of ripe tomato as a cover. Salt and pepper the latter and sprinkle with well-buttered cracker crumbs. Set closely together in a baking pan with a very little water in the bottom, and bake three-quarters of an hour, basting the outside of the peppers every ten minutes. A. M. S.

Meat Loaf with Eggs

Chop one pound of lean beef and one-half pound of veal, with one-quarter pound of pork, very fine. Mix well. Add one raw egg, beaten light, and three soda crackers, rolled fine. Mix with one dessertspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of paprika. Form into an ob-

long roll, packing firmly. Then make a groove through center. Put in this groove three hard-boiled eggs, end to end, press or roll together, patting the meat to make it more firm. Roll the meat level in cracker crumbs, put in a shallow baking pan and bake two hours in a moderate oven, basting occasionally with melted butter. (This means water to which melted butter has been added.) When the meat roll is sliced, there should be a slice of egg in each piece of meat, if the eggs were put in properly and carefully. Serve, garnished with parsley or lettuce. H. B.

Fried Beets

Choose rather large beets, scrub well in cold water with a vegetable brush and put into boiling water. Cook until tender. Put them when done into cold water and rub off the outside skin. Cut in thick slices, dredge in flour seasoned with salt and pepper and fry in pork or bacon fat. M. S.

Eggplant Salad

Select a young eggplant and have ready a large pot of boiling salted water. Peel the eggplant and put at once in boiling water and cook until thoroughly tender, turning from time to time to prevent discoloring. When first cooking the eggplant will float; hence the necessity of turning often, always with silver fork. Allow the plant to get thoroughly cold and then slice in lengthwise strips; remove the hard inner part and seeds. About an hour before serving pour over a French dressing. Serve icy cold on lettuce leaves. M. B.

Vesuvius Eggs

Toast slices of bread cut a little over half an inch thick. Butter them and trim to three and one-half inch squares. Heap high on each the stiffly beaten white of an egg, and carefully slip the unbroken yolk into a depression in the center. Put in a hot oven and cook very rapidly until the edges of the white are delicately browned and the yolk sufficiently set. Garnish with fresh parsley and serve immediately. A. M. S.

Mocha Macaroon Custard

Make a custard with the yolks of four eggs, one-half cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of rich milk and one-half cupful of strong coffee. Add six

tablespoonfuls of powdered macaroons to this and bake the custard until set. When cold cover with the whites of the eggs whipped stiff with one-quarter of a cupful of hot syrup and one-half cupful of whipped cream. Garnish with candied cherries and angelica. The custard should be very creamy. H. L.

Marble Salad

With a vegetable cutter cut enough balls from raw potatoes to make two cupfuls. Boil in salted water till done, but not broken. Peel and boil in salted water till slightly tender two cupfuls of white button onions. Boil half a dozen tender beets in salted water, and when cold cut balls from them with the vegetable cutter. Chill all these separately. At serving time cover a platter with lettuce. Marinate the potato balls with French dressing, roll each one in parsley and celery leaves minced fine together, and heap in the center of the platter. Arrange the little white onions next, and the beets around the outside against the green bordering of lettuce. Over the onions and beets pour French dressing, a tablespoonful at a time, being careful not to disturb the green-coated potato balls in the center. A. M. S.

Pepper Ragout

Cut two pounds of beef or veal into inch blocks and roll them in flour. Put into a saucepan a large tablespoonful of drippings, and when hot add the floured meat, turning the latter till very thoroughly browned all over. Now stir into the fat in the pan one tablespoonful of flour, and when smooth, add one teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, a large onion sliced, two bay leaves, one teacupful of stock or water and two large fresh tomatoes, or a coffee cupful of canned ones. Stir gently until boiling, and then add six good-sized fresh sweet green peppers cut in strips, all seeds and ribs having been carefully discarded. Cover, and simmer an hour and a half, or until the meat is tender. A. M. S.

Clam Bouillon

Chop one pint of clams very fine, add two cupfuls of water and the clam liquor to these, with a bay leaf, sprig of parsley and a slice of onion. Simmer ten minutes, strain through a cloth, dilute if necessary, and serve with or without whipped cream.

How to Follow the Bills of Fare

THE bills of fare seem in the main to explain themselves. Fruit, eggs and cold dishes of all kinds are suggested in the place of hot meats and desserts, or those which require much time or heat in their preparation. The labor of cooking should be reduced to the minimum, and, where possible, the fireless cooker or the casserole should be used. If each day's work is planned in accordance with bills of fare prepared for several days in advance, much time and labor will be saved. Do all the work possible in the early part of the day; cook with alcohol, gas or electricity, and the meals, if well planned, will not take all one's time or strength.

A week's bill of fare with noonday dinners is given, as many prefer to have the hot and heavier meal in the hottest part of the day. A comparison will show that it increases work and expense, rather than decreases either. It has rarely been found possible to actually reverse dinner and luncheon, serving the luncheon dishes for supper, for this does not seem to satisfy the appetite. When dinner and supper are served in place of luncheon and dinner, common testimony shows that two heavier meals have to be prepared than by the other plan.

What may be done when the working hours permit is to have two in place of three daily meals, with a probable gain in health and time, and a decrease of labor. Have breakfast a little later and add one dish, serving a cereal and a hot dish of some kind. Then have dinner about two o'clock, and later crackers or bread and milk, or fruit and bread and butter for those who desire it, eating this meal in the cool of the evening on the porch, and leaving the dishes until breakfast time to wash. The children are out of school and vacation time should come for housewife as well as breadwinner.

During the hot weather it is necessary to purchase perishable food supplies in small quantities and to use the leftovers as quickly as possible. The meals should be planned so that there are few leftovers, for a careful watch must be kept of pantries, cellar and refrigerator, and cooked or uncooked food left exposed

or unused any length of time cannot be regarded as in the best condition, especially if left where flies have access to it. Purchase meat, fruit and vegetables from that butcher or grocer who keeps these supplies under cover. Shun the man who displays all his goods on the street pavement, prey to flies, dust and bacteria. Buy only as much as needed for each day, appreciating that in the city the vegetables are anywhere from one to three days old when bought and should be used at once. There are not many cities in which there is a large local supply of fresh vegetables, and for the most part these come from distant points to the city market.

During the hot weather care must be taken to buy firm, ripe fruit and vegetables, without suspicion of decay. After purchasing, the food must be so cared for as to keep it in good condition until used. This applies not only to vegetables and fruits, but perhaps especially to the milk supply. Where there are children in the family, the water and milk supplies must be watched with increasing vigilance. If there is the least question about the water, boil and cool it for future use. The care of milk should begin at the dairy barn, but the immediate responsibility of the housekeeper begins at the doorstep where the milk is left. A cool, safe place should be arranged where the milkman can leave the bottles.

Where there are babies fed on a milk supply about which there is the slightest question, the milk should be pasteurized or sterilized. Some physicians recommend the pasteurizing of all milk in the hottest weather as a proper safeguard, but sterilizing certainly reduces the digestibility of milk, and some feel that pasteurizing also does so to a certain degree.

Every utensil which comes in contact with milk *must* be thoroughly cleansed and sterilized. There will be comparatively little trouble with the usual summer complaints of children if the utmost care is taken to see that their food is neither too green nor too ripe, and the water and milk supplies are attended to in a careful manner.

Uses for Sour Cream

By Mary D. Oliver

DURING three generations of cooks these recipes for the use of sour cream have been in use, and can always be depended on to give fine results.

Feather Cake

One cupful of rather thick, sour cream, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of sifted flour, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful, level, of soda dissolved in a little water, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one teaspoonful of baking powder.

Nut Cake

Three-fourths cupful of thick, sour cream, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one cupful of chopped English walnuts, one egg, one-half teaspoonful each of salt and soda; flavor to taste. Bake in loaf nearly an hour in moderate oven.

Layer Nut Cake

One-half cupful of rich, sour cream, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, measured before sifting, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful each of salt and soda, one of baking powder; vanilla. Bake in three layers. Use nut filling.

Spice Cake

Three-fourths of a cupful of sour cream, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar, yolks of two eggs and one whole egg, two cupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful each of baking powder, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of salt and soda. Bake in three layers, and put together with boiled frosting.

Plain Fruit Cake

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, three cupfuls of flour, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of chopped walnuts. Spice to taste; one teaspoonful of soda in tablespoonful of hot water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg.

Black Cake (Used since 1823)

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of molasses, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, one-half pound of

citron, one-half pound chopped figs, one-half pound almonds, three-fourths of a pound of butter, ten eggs (leaving out the whites of two), one teaspoonful of soda, two of cinnamon, one of cloves, one of allspice, four tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade. Bake very slowly.

Cream Cake

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt and soda; vanilla. Bake in gem pans. Sprinkle granulated sugar over before putting in hot oven.

Gingerbread

Three-fourths of a cupful of thick, sour cream, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of flour, two eggs, one rounding teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of lemon extract, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Bake in gem pans and frost with confectioner's sugar frosting.

Southern Gingerbread

One cupful of thin, sour cream, two thirds cupful of butter, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, two cupfuls of raisins, four eggs, one and one-half quarts of flour, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, cloves, grated lemon peel and nutmeg.

Plain Gingerbread

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful each of soda, ginger, cinnamon, allspice, salt, two cupfuls of flour. Bake in flat tin and frost.

Cookies

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of granulated sugar, one egg, salt-
spoon of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one of flavoring. Stir stiff with spoon, take small quantity on board, roll, sprinkle sugar and cinnamon on top.

Fruit Cookies

Two tablespoonfuls of sour cream, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of chopped raisins, one cupful of butter,

two eggs, one cupful of chopped walnut meats, one teaspoonful each of soda and cinnamon, one-half grated nutmeg. Flour to roll.

Cream Cookies

One cupful of thick, sour cream, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, salt and flavoring to taste. Flour to make as soft as can be rolled. Sprinkle with sugar.

Quick Cream Cookies

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of sugar, one egg, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one level teaspoonful each of soda and salt; flavor. Drop with teaspoon on well-buttered pans, pat down and sprinkle sugar on each. Also one-half nut meat on each.

Ginger Cookies

One-half cupful of sour cream, one and one-half cupfuls of molasses, one-quarter cupful of hot water with one teaspoonful of soda in it, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of ginger; mix as soft as possible to roll.

Thick Ginger Cookies

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of lard, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful each of salt, soda, cinnamon and cloves. Flour to roll. Cut rather thick.

Fried Cakes

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, beat, add one level teaspoonful each of salt and soda, one-half nutmeg, and flour to roll, using as little as possible. Cut and fry in deep fat. Use thin cream.

Fried Cakes

One-half teacupful of thick, sour cream, one cupful of buttermilk (or sour milk), one egg, one cupful of sugar, one level teaspoonful of soda, one of salt. Flavor to suit. Flour to roll—fry in hot fat.

Hermits

One cupful of thick, sour cream, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of chopped raisins, two-thirds cupful of butter, two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful each soda, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Flour to make stiff as can be stirred. Drop by teaspoonfuls on well-buttered

pan, leaving plenty of room for them to spread.

Cream Biscuits

One quart of flour with one teaspoonful each of salt, soda and baking powder rubbed through; then add two large tablespoonfuls of thick, sour cream to the milk used in wetting; mix, handle lightly and bake in hot oven.

Graham Gems

One large tablespoonful of thick, sour cream, one of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of white flour, one cupful of graham flour, one egg, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda. Have gem pans hot.

Graham Biscuits

One and one-half cupfuls of graham flour, one-half cupful of white flour, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda. Wet with thin, sour cream. Roll one-half inch thick. Bake slowly.

Sweet Potato Pie

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of sugar, one pint of mashed sweet potato, yolks of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half a nutmeg, little salt. Mix and bake with one crust. Cover with meringue or spread while hot with strained honey.

Sour Cream Pie

One cupful of sour cream, two-thirds cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of chopped raisins, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, yolks of two eggs, little salt. Bake in one crust. Use whites for meringue, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar; brown.

Deviled Eggs

Boil six eggs hard, cut in halves lengthwise, remove yolks and mash with fork, adding enough thick, sour cream to moisten, add mixed mustard, salt and a little red pepper. If cream is too sweet add dash of lemon juice and put back into whites.

Cream Horseradish Sauce

Beat one-half cupful of thick, sour cream, add a little salt and sugar and beat in one-half cupful of grated horseradish. Serve with cold ham.

Good Housekeeping Institute

The Use of Household Machinery

With the increase in the numbers of household machines comes increasing bewilderment in the housekeeper's mind. She naturally turns for advice to a place where these things are tried, and asks confidently or confidentially, as the case may be, for a definite, specific naming of one machine. To be the best of anything, a household device or apparatus, just as much as a food or remedy, must fit the special need of the particular house and family; and these needs, in general, vary in every house on the block. The best in Number Thirty may be entirely out of the question in Number Forty-two.

Speaking generally, most of the fireless cookers are good. A good fireless cooker is a well-made, properly insulated one, constructed in such a way and of such material as to insure its keeping in a sanitary condition when used in a proper and cleanly manner. That is all the manufacturers can do. The results which will come from the use of that fireless cooker depend upon the user. The one to purchase is the one which best fits the needs of the buyer. Having purchased a good cooker, she must not expect that it will perform miracles unless she is a magician, and can put together the ingredients of which culinary miracles are made.

There comes in occasional complaint: "We have used so-and-so and it does not do the work." Investigation usually brings out one of two things: either the machine was sent without printed directions for putting together and its use, or else those directions were ignored. One fundamental fact must be accepted by the manufacturers; namely, that until within recent years women have received no training in the use of machines. In consequence, the woman often prefers to be her own machine, exhausting strength and time, rather than adopt a patent device to save them. From time immemorial the boy has taken things apart to "see the wheels go round," while the girl has only occasionally inves-

tigated the sawdust stuffing of her doll. She takes the things on faith, and when the doll becomes a household machine she condemns it if it does not do all the work automatically. Lack of mechanical training makes it impossible for the woman to discriminate between a good and a poor machine, and when the one she tries does not do all she expects or hopes, she condemns them all.

Carefully printed directions should be attached to each, even the most simple machine. Every manufacturer, for his own good, should see that this is done, and the directions should be as carefully read and followed by the woman. A meat chopper will not chop with its knife turned wrong side to, or its grinder improperly put in. There is a manifest effort on the part of manufacturers to simplify household machinery and make it as easy as possible to use, but the women must meet this half way if they are to have good tools—by learning how to use the good things already made.

Then when you have read and followed the directions given, if the machine does not work according to your expectations, write to the manufacturer—not the seller, but the maker—of the machine, and tell your troubles. The apparatus you have may be defective, or it is possible that a few moments' instruction will smooth out all your difficulties. Such things have happened right here in the Institute, where there are mechanical engineers to help in testing the machines. One device did not do its work at the outset, but when a man from the factory came and showed how it actually went together, our troubles were over. In this case no printed directions were attached to the machine, and if any came with it, they had been mislaid. They should be *attached* so these mistakes will not occur.

Comfort in the Kitchen

Excessive heat is one of the discomforts of summer cooking, whether it be in country or city home. The gas companies have done much in reducing the price of gas as its consumption has in-

creased, and in giving a cooking rate. It is time the electric light companies followed suit. The common rate of electricity for household use at present averages about ten cents a kilowatt hour. It would seem to the mere observer to be economy to put in other meters attached to the cooking apparatus and to make a day or cooking rate of say five cents a kilowatt hour. Enough householders could be interested to warrant running the machinery through the daylight hours. Electric cooking is safe, clean and cool, and in many places where there is no gas electricity is now used.

Meantime the gas and vapor stoves of different kinds are at hand to be used. Various inquiries have come to the Institute regarding flatirons for summer use, and this plan has been suggested where electricity is not to be had: Take a single-burner alcohol vapor stove, which radiates comparatively little heat, yet will heat a thin iron lid very hot and quickly; use a flatiron with detachable handle or two cores, heating one flat while using the other, and the heating of laundry or kitchen from a big coal fire will be obviated.

Several people have come to us in difficulties with their gas stoves. So far

as can be told without personal investigation, the trouble is largely with the adjustment of the burner. There are two kinds of gas manufactured for lighting and heating purposes, coal and water gas. Coal gas is prepared by distilling any coal rich in hydrogen; while water gas is produced by passing superheated steam mixed with vaporized naphtha over red-hot anthracite coals. The coal gas for both heating and lighting is superior to water gas, and it is also safer. In some places natural gas is used and in others a gas made from gasoline or some of the mineral oils. All of these differ in the amount of oxygen or air consumed in combustion, and the burners must be adjusted to admit the proper quantity. Gas varies much in quality, and each stove has to be adjusted to the kind of gas used. Carbon-monoxide is only feebly combustible, so the greater the quantity of this element the more gas passes through the meter without result in light or heat.

Water gas does not make any better cooking fuel than it does an illuminant, and where the householder is obliged to use it, every precaution should be taken by the housewife to see that the cocks of the stove are properly adjusted, tight and in good working order.



TRADE MARK

Jelly Cooker

No 93—Grandma's Jelly Cooker. A blue-and-white enamel kettle having two enamel supports at the sides to hold a wire jelly strainer which can be let down into the kettle with fruit inside to cook, then lifted to drain without removing from kettle. Or the fruit can be cooked in another kettle and put in cheesecloth to drain so that it may be squeezed if desired. Made by Hughes & Co, 2138 Cornell Road, Cleveland, O.

Casseroles

No 94—Fulper Stoneware Casseroles and Petite Marmite. These are

earthenware casseroles with cover and one handle on side and finished inside with a fine brown glaze. They come in different sizes. The petite marmite is the small brown marmite pot used for cooking and serving this soup. Made by the Fulper Pottery Co, Flemington, N J.

Food Chopper

No 95—Steinfeld Food Chopper. A two-part chopper having an adjustable cutter fastened to the body of the machine with a screw clamp. This clamp may be loosened or tightened so as to cut or grind coarse or fine as desired. Simple to adjust and clean.

Made by Steinfeld Brothers, 520 Broadway, New York City.

Milk Sterilizer

No 96—Arnold Sterilizer. A tin receptacle holding eight milk bottles in a rack, which is placed in a chamber having a cover and telescope hood. The steam generated in the basin below enters this chamber through tubes, and the milk may be sterilized or pasteurized as desired. The construction of the lower basin permits continued production of steam at a comparatively low degree of heat. Made by the Wilmot Castle Co, Rochester, N Y.

Asbestos Specialties

No 97—Asbestos Lined Pie Plates and Jelly Cake Pans. Double sheet iron pans of ordinary shape and size, having an interior lining of sheet asbestos. Convenient for use in ovens apt to bake too fast or hard on the bottom. Made by Hall & Carpenter, 518 and 520 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

No 98—Asbestos Stove Mat, Extra Heavy. A small, square, perforated metal frame holding an asbestos pad. For use in protecting table or cloth from scorching or the marks of hot utensil or flatiron. Made by Hall and Carpenter, 518 and 520 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Double Roasting Pan

No 99—The Savory Roaster, a well-constructed enameled roasting pan with cover. Both pan and cover are made in one piece, therefore smooth, and hard finished without cracks or seams. The bottom of the pan is so constructed as to raise the roaster proper from the bottom of the oven, allowing a circulation of air, therefore securing more even cooking. Made by the Republic Metalware Co, Buffalo, N Y.

Bowl Holder

No 100—Frambach Bowl Holder. A simple steel frame which may be screwed to the table. The frame has an adjustable clamp with a thumb-screw bolt which holds the bowl securely in position, thus leaving the

hands free for beating, stirring, etc. Made by Agnes S. Frambach, Box 362, Ridgewood, N J.

Radiator Brush

No 101—King Radiator Brush. A soft black bristle brush made in the form of a letter "U" and having a twisted wire handle. Devised to clean between the radiator tubes where dusting is so difficult. Made by the King Mfg Co, 56-58 Columbia Street, Newark, N J.

Coffee Pot

No 102—Arnold Automatic Steam Coffee Cooker. A heavy tin coffee pot in which the coffee cooks by steam. The coffee pot sets in an outer jacket having a false bottom which permits the producing of steam with comparatively little heat. Cooking in this way, the coffee can stand for some time without deterioration. Made by the Wilmot Castle Co, Rochester, N Y.

Ice Cream Freezer

No 103—Sanitary Freezer. A glass freezer (rings on the side indicate portions for eight), to be used for ices or creams frozen without stirring or rotating. Made by the Consolidated Mfg Co, 373 Asylum Street, Hartford, Ct.

Book Leaf Holder

No 104—Bartley Book Leaf Holder. A simple, nickel-plated device to insert in the leaves of any book and hold it open without injuring the leaves or binding. Made by Joseph Dana Bartley, Burlington, Vt.

Flour Sifter

No 105—A well-made heavy tin scoop with a spherical-shaped sieve, which has three scraping wires attached to a revolving handle. Made by the National Mfg Co, Worcester, Mass.

Potato Masher

No 106—This has a wooden handle into which fits a durable, perforated, sheet steel masher, curved on one side so as to fit against the side of kettle or bowl. Made by The National Mfg Co, Worcester, Mass.

Readers' Questions Answered

By Helen Louise Johnson, Associate Editor

[Questions are welcomed, and will be answered, so far as the space will allow, through these pages. A personal answer, by mail, will be furnished on receipt of one dollar.]

Cook Book Giving Balanced Meals

Is there a cook book that gives menus for well-balanced meals, from the plain to the luxurious, with complete directions as to how to prepare and serve? Nebraska Subscriber.

There is no such cook book known to this magazine. The question of so-called balanced rations is one needing so much detailed explanation that it would be somewhat impossible to publish it in this form. In general, there is little attempt made to completely balance each meal, it being believed that the balance can best be obtained by proportioning the proteins, fats and carbohydrates in a series of meals.

French Artichokes

This vegetable is an expensive one, even when most in season. It can be found nearly all the year around in the large cities, such as New York, but is probably best in the early spring. To serve, it should be boiled whole and served hot with a hollandaise sauce, or cold as a salad. This in reply to A. M.

The Baby's Cradle

"Why is a cradle frowned upon by the medical profession?"

Because constant disturbance of the muscular, circulatory and nervous systems is quite as bad for the child as for the adult. Seasickness results from a motion not greatly dissimilar to that of a cradle. Some people like to be rocked in a hammock, but their number is few and the majority are able to express their dislike of the motion. The baby cannot tell to what tortures we submit it, but it is fairly safe to assume that it needs to be far more quiet than the adult. The amount of motion in a sleeping car is no greater to the adult mechanism than the motion of a cradle is to the delicate machinery of a baby.

Casserole Dishes

Cooking by means of the casserole does not require special recipes. It merely means slow cooking in a covered earthenware dish, especially designed

for this purpose, in the oven, in place of on top of the stove at a higher and less even temperature. Or, where a gas stove is used with a heat distributor on top, the casserole may be placed on one of the back lids and the article cook as slowly as if in the oven. Oven cooking is preferable, however. Almost all vegetables, all stews, many warmed-over dishes and some desserts may be cooked in this way with a gain in result. It takes more time, but it saves flavor and food and many steps. Brussels sprouts, cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, onions, peas, beans and all canned vegetables are far more delicious cooked in this way. Irish stew becomes a glorified French entree; a poor man's rice pudding, a rich man's dish.

A Family Doctor Book

Is there such a thing as a reliable family doctor book, after the style of the doctor books of twenty or thirty years ago? If not, must a family purchase several books in order to secure the same information? H. T.

We know of none and have none to suggest. It would seem better in all cases in which it would be necessary to consult a book to consult a doctor. There are books published, such as *What to Do Until the Doctor Comes*, several "first aid to the injured" books, and many good ones on the care of infants and children, which give directions for the home care of light forms of such things as chicken pox, etc. These we can recommend, but the general family doctor book, so necessary years ago, when knowledge and skill were limited, and people widely scattered, is now obsolete.

American Association of Home Economics

The American Home Economics Association is the outgrowth of an annual meeting of teachers of home economics, known as the Lake Placid Conference. This Conference was started twelve or fourteen years ago at Lake Placid, N Y, and met there yearly until the membership grew so large it became necessary to hold the meetings in different parts

of the country. The progenitors of this movement were Mr and Mrs Melvil Dewey, Mrs Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mrs Alice Peloubet Norton of the University of Chicago, Miss Isabel Bevier of the University of Illinois, the late Miss Parloa, the late Dr Atwater of Wesleyan University, and others. The secretary of the Home Economics Association is Dr Benjamin Andrews, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, and the proceedings of the Lake Placid Conference may be obtained through him. The annual dues of the Home Economics Association are two dollars, this entitling the member to the reports of the meetings and the *Journal of Home Economics*, which is published five times a year by the Association.

Rice, Potato and Cottonseed Flour

In reply to Mrs R. J. both rice flour and potato flour can be purchased in the majority of the large grocery stores. Cottonseed flour is not as yet in the market.

The Use of Gelatin

Gelatin should always be covered with cold water and soaked for some little time in order to absorb this water and therefore be more easily dissolved. When it has soaked long enough, it can be readily dissolved by adding a hot liquid to it, but it is better first to dissolve it over hot water, then add the hot liquid and strain. This insures the complete dissolving of the gelatin without leaving some of it sticking to the dish. It should never be boiled, as this makes a glue. Cream of sufficient weight or age will whip without the addition of gelatin or cornstarch, and is very much better without these additions.

Requested Recipes

Pepper Mangoes

Cut the tops and remove the seeds from green peppers. Lay them in strong salt water for a week, then soak them in cold water for one day; drain and pack in jars. Mix vinegar and water, half and half, add a small piece of alum, scald this mixture and put it into the jars over the peppers. Repeat this for three days. Drain them again, then fill them with a stuffing made of finely chopped cabbage seasoned with horse-

radish, ground mustard, ginger, mace, cloves and cinnamon. Pack the filled peppers into the jars again, and pour over them boiling vinegar.

Chicken a la Maryland

Singe and dry the chickens and cut in pieces as for fricassee. Dip each piece in water and roll it in flour. Try out pieces of fat bacon and brown the chicken in this fat. If the chicken is a young spring chicken and sauted slowly in the fat, it will not need further cooking; but if not a broiler, after browning, it should be covered with water and simmered gently until tender. Heat two tablespoonfuls of the bacon fat, add two tablespoonfuls of the flour and stir until smooth and slightly brown. Add one cupful of cream and cook, stirring continually until the sauce thickens. This amount will have to be doubled to make sufficient sauce for one chicken. Season the sauce with salt and pepper. Pour over and around the chicken and serve with corn fritters as a garnish to the dish.

Squab Recipes

Broiled Squabs

Split the squabs through the back and breast, brush with melted butter, or lay a slice of bacon on each half and set into a hot oven for twelve minutes. If not browned sufficiently, finish the cooking over clear coals. Serve on slices of toast moistened with dripping in the pan.

Roast Squabs

Dress and tie into shape, and fasten thin slices of bacon over the breasts. Put a little butter into each bird. Roast for thirty or forty minutes in a hot oven, basting them frequently with melted butter.

Squabs in the Casserole

Prepare the squabs as above. For each squab, saute two slices each of carrot and onion, one tablespoonful of chopped celery and two or three potato balls. Put the vegetables in the casserole, cover with hot stock and cook one hour. Add the squabs, cover and cook for thirty minutes. Serve from the dish.

Obtaining a Copyright

C. E. W. should write to the Register of Copyrights, Congressional Li-

brary, Washington, D C, and ask for blanks to be sent to him, as the red tape of procuring copyright varies with the article to be copyrighted. For instance, if it is a book, certain legal forms have to be gone through when submitting certified copies to the register. Full information is given on the blanks.

Preserving Mushrooms

B. C. asks if there are any ways by which she can preserve the large quantities of mushrooms now growing near her home. The home canning of mushrooms has not proved successful in the majority of cases. If you are not near a market where you can sell the large supply, you may be able to dry the mushrooms as follows: Cook until the moisture is evaporated, then spread them on tins in a moderately hot oven and dry until they can be powdered. Put in jars and seal.

Polishing the Range

If Mrs C. P. will polish the top of the coal range every morning with a good stove polish, she will find it will continue to look well. Remove the ashes and brush the dust from every part of the range. Rub off the top with a damp paper and polish with a thin coating of good stove polish. Take the dry blacking brush and polish every part.

Blacking should not be put on over dirt, nor when it is not needed, and the dry polishing should be thorough, so that the bottom of the utensils used on the

top of the stove will not become soiled. Whenever the range becomes soiled during the day, rub it off with a dry soft newspaper.

The Care of Sinks

The kitchen sink and its pipes are sufficiently difficult to care for where soft water is to be had; infinitely more so when hard water has to be used. Flush the pipes thoroughly three or four times daily with hot followed by cold water, and when the water from cooked vegetables is poured into the sink drain, follow it immediately with plenty of cold water. Grease, of course, chills as it reaches the pipes and hardens on the sides, and hot solutions of washing soda should be used at least once a week in most places; more frequently in cases where much food is cooked, many dishes washed or the water is objectionable in any way.

Where the water is temporarily hard water, it may be boiled and plenty of hot boiled water be poured into the drain; where it is permanent hard water, soda must be used, and if the pipes are first heated with plenty of hot water and a very strong solution is then poured through them, a soap can scarcely be formed in the pipes, whatever may happen when it reaches the sewer. A soap is not formed until the material cools, and soap is soluble in hot water. So the remedy for your trouble seems to be plenty of hot water and frequent applications of the soda solution.

Index to Recipes, August Number, 1910

Black cake	228	Meat loaf with eggs	225
Chicken a la Maryland	234	Mocha macaroon custard	226
Children's cakes	212	Nut cake	212
Cookies	228	Nut cake	228
Cream biscuits	229	Peapod soup	225
Cream cake	228	Peach sorbet	216
Cream cookies	228	Pepper mangoes	234
Cream horseradish sauce	229	Pepper ragout	226
Deviled eggs	229	Pineappleade	216
Eggplant salad	226	Plain gingerbread	228
Feather cake	228	Pomegranate syrup	216
Fried beets	226	Pound cake	212
Fried cakes	229	Quick cream cookies	229
Fruit cake, plain	228	Raspberry shrub	216
Fruit cookies	228	Sour cream pie	229
Fruit punch	216	Spanish browned potatoes	225
Gingerbread	228	Spanish peppers	225
Gingerbread, Southern	228	Spice cake	228
Ginger cookies	229	Sponge cake	212
Ginger cookies, thick	229	Squabs in the casserole	234
Graham biscuits	229	Squabs, broiled	234
Graham gems	229	Squabs, roast	234
Grapefruit punch	216	Sweet potato pie	229
Hermits	229	Tea punch	216
Layer nut cake	228	Vesuvius eggs	226
Marble salad	226		



The Editor's Say

Announcement

An event of importance to our readers, and of particular interest in the magazine field, will be the appearance of a large and beautiful special number of Good Housekeeping Magazine for October. The resources of this large establishment are drawn upon to the fullest extent to produce the finest number thus far issued. In point of text matter, illustrations and decorations, the October issue will surpass all previous numbers.

Our readers have a treat in store for them, as I can promise without reservations of any kind.

The occasion and purpose of this special number, with full particulars, will be disclosed in the September number.

Discovery Gossip

An agent sold \$15 worth of subscriptions recently to one woman, who said she would take the magazine as long as she lived because one of our Discoveries saved her \$150 by telling her how to remove blue mold from linen.

The Discoveries tell not how things can be done, or should be done, but how they have been done by the narrator or by someone she knows; they are recitals of experience. Sometimes they fall short of telling the whole story, as it might be told, in which event a reader, or several readers, write to furnish the remaining facts or make the situation clearer.

Every contributor of a new, practical Discovery paragraph is aiding by so much the promotion of better housekeeping and home-making and earning a penny besides. The price paid for available Discoveries is one cent per word, fifty cents being paid for a paragraph which counts less than fifty words.

A subscriber in Oakland, Cal., writes to ask how one is to know

when Discoveries are not accepted. Unless return postage is inclosed, we editors cannot undertake to return unavailable manuscripts; the mail is too voluminous to permit it. Every sheet of Discovery manuscript should be labeled with the name and address of the sender, for hundreds of letters come in every week, which must pass through several hands, and the chances of loss are heavy unless manuscript is clearly labeled.

Send as many Discoveries as you please in one envelope or collection, but PLEASE label your property.

It is wise not to include other business in the same envelope with Discoveries. These come piling in, sometimes, scores of letters at a time, and must await a reading till other mail, apparently more immediate, is disposed of. Important errands may thus be held up for days.

NOW is the time to send in warm weather Discoveries. Kindly bear in mind that oftentimes several persons "discover" the same fact; that we may have already on hand, awaiting publication, paragraphs almost precisely like those you send. It is the persistent Discoverers that pocket the pin money.

Imagination

One of the first discoveries an editor makes in the course of his work is the lack of imagination on the part of a considerable proportion of his readers. In a word, people are literal. This is to their disadvantage, oftentimes, and to his disadvantage. Many a reader cannot read between the lines, nor make allowances or inferences. The number of persons who can enjoy a piece of imaginative work is few.

What wonder that an editor

comes to make the cultivation of the imagination something of a hobby?

The redoubtable Woods Hutchinson, M D, speaks truly and vigorously of certain aspects of imagination and health in his admirable article in this issue on "Fiction as a Diet, or Feeding the Imagination." Every parent should read and remember what he says. Those who are not parents will likely acquire a fresh point of view and enjoy novels and stories the more for it.

Easy \$\$\$\$

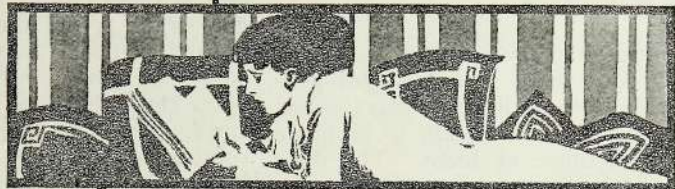
Read our Vacation Adventures in this number, then write us concise, simple stories and anecdotes of your own vacation adventures and those of your friends and submit them to the Vacation Editor with reference to the glowing possibilities of the August number, 1911. Goodly prices will be paid for anecdotes and stories of this description, cash on acceptance. Put on your thinking cap!

Kinderkins

Children! Who wants some lovely things to make, with color pictures to make them from? Animals and fruits and dollies and all sorts of things? Your friend Miss Adelia Beard has invented some fascinating things for you, very easy to make, which will be printed in color. The first ones, I expect, you will find in the October number, which will reach you about the 25th of September.

Mark that date on your calendar and ask Mother to let you see the new "Kinderkins," as it is to be called.

James Eaton Tower
Editor



Discoveries

♣ The woman's club in a small town raised money for the benefit of a tuberculosis camp in a novel way. Automobile owners gave their machines from two until seven o'clock on a pleasant afternoon to take people to points of interest or on beautiful drives, as designated, at different prices. Thirty-seven cars were in use, and all did a "rushing business." Carnations were sold at booths and in stores all over town. The club realized about three hundred dollars. A.

♣ I was advised to have my name or other mark of identification stamped on the bottom, rather than on the side, of my club bag. My adviser gave as his reason that any traveler, especially a girl, might be placed in a most unpleasant situation through having her name or initials and place of residence made public in this way. R. E. B.

♣ A girl working her way through college had taken lessons in jewelry work at an arts and crafts school and learned how to do neatly all sorts of odd jobs. Before going to college she invested ten dollars in a set of jeweler's tools, a saw, blowpipe, soldering outfit, small pliers and a hammer. A card on the college bulletin announced that jewelry repairing would be done neatly, quickly and reasonably by Miss S. In less than two weeks she had paid for her outfit, and has since earned steadily never less than eight dollars a week. The work is done in her room at a small table. She puts pins on brooches, mends chains, shortens and sharpens hatpins, resets stones and does almost anything which can be done at a jeweler's for about half

the price. In odd half hours she turns out a variety of baubles which sell on sight. I. G. C.

♣ Finding that my linen parasol was getting soiled and dusty in my wardrobe, I made a cover to protect it. From a piece of pretty cretonne I made a bag six inches longer than the parasol, and seven inches wide, running a drawstring of ribbon through an inch-wide hem at the top. A bag of this kind, made of white linen and embroidered with her initials, makes a dainty gift for a bride. M. E. E.

♣ For a refreshing drink for a small party, have a siphon or two of plain soda sent from the drug store; then, with fruit juices, variously flavored soda water can be served. Pour a little raspberry, strawberry or other juice into a glass, fill with soda from the siphon, stir, or pour back and forth into another glass until well mixed. A little cracked ice may be added if the juice and soda are not cold. C. B.

♣ The common tin covers for pans and kettles get rusty and bad looking and require much labor to clean. I purchased a set of six white enamel ware covers of various sizes. I had a plain, narrow molding nailed to some blocks about one inch thick over the kitchen table and near the stove. This gave room to hang the covers behind with their handles resting on the edge of the molding. They look clean and white and are easily kept so. Into the molding I screwed small brass hooks at intervals of two or three inches, on which I hang my spoons,

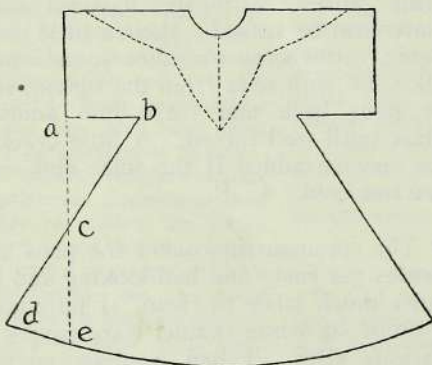
ladles, meat fork, potato masher and bread board. M. V.

☛ My little girls have learned by means of their dolls many social usages generally unheeded until later years, when mortifying mistakes are apt to be made through ignorance of them. The dolls make calls, give "at homes," teas, etc. When a member of Edith's doll family commits a breach of etiquette, Anne may take for a while as forfeit any member of that family. The children think it a most fascinating "grown-up" play. E. V. T.

☛ When lace insertion is set crosswise in a thin skirt the weight of the cloth below soon causes it to tear. This may be remedied by putting a piece of net a little wider than the insertion back of it. The net strengthens the insertion, but does not detract from its daintiness. Rubidoux.

☛ Get a paper hanger to save you some scraps from jobs where he uses varnished paper on kitchens and bathrooms. It will make the best shelf paper you ever used because it can be so easily wiped off. D. E. J.

☛ My friends admire my *jibbah*. It is much prettier and more graceful than



an ordinary kimono, and it takes only half a day to make one. The material should be at least forty-four inches wide. There is absolutely no waste in cutting, except the circle or square at the neck. The length of the sleeve must be determined according to the figure. When that is done the distance from underarm to bottom, *b, d*, is bisected at *c*, and the

triangular portion *a, b, c*, which is cut out, is turned right around to form the gore *d, c, e*. If the gown is made of figured material, a yoke of plain goods would be pretty. If the *jibbah* is of plain cloth the yoke may be beautifully embroidered, making a pretty and becoming house gown. My best one is of black silk cashmere with a yoke of cloth of gold, embroidered in black. C. M. H.

☛ If you live in the country, send plenty of warm wraps in the team to the station for your guests. City people are seldom "dressed for it" when going to spend a few days in the country. Do not neglect to send wraps, even on a warm evening. The difference in temperature between closed cars and the air of open country is always noticeable. M. P.

☛ A number of paints and stains upon the market and convenient for housekeepers' use contain a solvent that has a rather serious physiological effect upon some people. If a can of aluminum paint is opened and a strong odor like banana or pineapple is noticed, it would be wise not to use this paint. If it is used for a sink the paint should be put on in dry weather with the windows wide open, a current of air passing through the room. This solvent is known chemically as amyl acetate, and certain physiological changes following its use are recognized by physicians and chemists. An extensive investigation on this subject has been undertaken at the pharmacological laboratory of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture. It has already been shown to be poisonous. The following injurious effects have been noted in one family: An aluminum paint with this odor was put on a sink in an apartment. Three members of the family suffered from inhaling the fumes, which penetrated to all parts of the apartment. One member of the group, a seamstress, was seized with a violent headache, so blinding that she was obliged to give up her work. A laundress who was present became nauseated, vomiting followed, continuing at intervals through the night. Another member of the family entering the apartment, although the windows were thrown up immediately, was attacked by violent palpitation of the heart which

continued for hours. A painter, to whom a bottle of stain with this odor was returned, said that the paint always made him sick, and that he could never use it himself. If used at all it would seem good sense to take every precaution to have the paint put on by a person in very good health and with a current of air in the room. There are at present apparently no laws to control its use. H. K.

☛ We have solved the problem of carrying two different liquids at the same temperature in one vacuum bottle. Our bottle is of the quart size and has an opening one inch in diameter. This permits us to place inside the bottle a test-tube, three-quarters of an inch in diameter and ten inches long, holding approximately eight ounces. If the test-tube is tightly corked, then dipped in liquid paraffin, there will be no danger of the two liquids mixing. Be sure to place part of the liquid which is to surround the test-tube in the bottle before you put the test-tube in, so there will be no danger of breaking either bottle or test-tube. In this way we carry milk for the baby and lemonade or water at the same time. C. A. L.

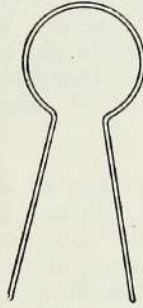
☛ A friend who had three small boys given to filling their pockets with arrow heads, cocoons, nuts, bean shooters and nails, could not distinguish between treasures and trash. She finally made three stout bags, a foot square, with an initial on each, and hung them in a closet on special hooks. Whenever the small suits went to the laundry the contents of the three sets of pockets were carefully placed in the right bags, to the great relief of the owners thereof. M. B. T.

☛ The covers of stamp books that are sold at any postoffice are firm enough to make a foundation for little slip covers of linen or silk. These covered stamp books sell well at summer fairs. B. G.

☛ Having some delicate lace to mend, I hunted in vain for net sufficiently fine in weave to match the groundwork of that which had been torn. Even the most expensive was too coarse. I happened to think of footing, which solved my whole difficulty at once, five cents' worth proving an ample supply for my pur-

pose. It comes in widths beginning at about an inch, in weaves quite fine enough, and the invisible selvage of it is an advantage, being proof against fraying out. A. D.

☛ In washing nursing bottles I always had a great deal of trouble in holding them firmly, especially when rinsing them in boiling water. My husband invented the following scheme, which removed the difficulty entirely: We bent a strong piece of copper wire to fit around the bottle, leaving the two ends branching out for a handle. With these handles the bottle can be held under a spigot or immersed in boiling water. The bottle slips in and out of the wire without any trouble. This wire is also useful in holding a bottle when it is being filled with milk. A. W.



☛ At a hotel I had the misfortune to upset a bottle of shoe dressing in the middle of an expensive plush rug. There happened to be a can of condensed milk in the room, which I quickly opened and poured on the stain; then I rubbed it gently, following the nap, until the black stain was absorbed by the milk. With a sponge and cold water I then washed up the milk, with the result that not a trace remained. Medico.

☛ Just outside the windows, in my old country house, I placed boxes full of scarlet geraniums. The effect against the gray of the old house was very pleasing. After the first hard rain, however, I found that my windows were splashed with mud from the boxes. I covered the earth in the boxes with grass cut from the lawn and have no more trouble with spattering mud. E. D. L.

☛ An institution in our home is our "patience box." This box contains a certain few toys that are never used except in times of sickness. The box itself is a light wooden one, 18 inches long by 12 inches wide by 12 inches deep. It is enameled white, inside and out, and has painted on the lid the words: "A little patience for little patients." The lid is

three inches deep, fits down over the top and can be removed entirely. The front side of the box is loose, and hinged at the bottom, so that it will open out, and it is fastened with little wooden cleats on the inside of the box. Opened out, the box makes a doll house; or, turned over on the other side, a table for either playing or eating. The toys kept in the box are inexpensive ones that can be destroyed in case of contagious illness, while the box itself can be fumigated and treated to a fresh coat of paint. M. H. M.

Neither my sister nor I liked to do the dusting, and generally shirked it, until one of us invented the following game. The name of each article of furniture in the room was written on a slip of paper with some number beside it. A chair counted five, a small table ten, the bookcase fifteen, and the piano, with its four legs to be carefully dusted, was worth twenty. Every day we drew from the pile of slips until all were taken, dusted whatever came to us and kept careful account of our scores. On Saturday morning the scores were compared, and the one holding the highest was excused from all dusting for that day. L. W. S.

We editors are near to discovering the bottom of the Discovery drawer—Discoveries are getting low. Now, Discoveries seldom can be made to order; they happen. Ransack your memory, Reader, also watch for new Discoveries, and send us all you have, writing the word "Discoveries" on the corner of the envelope and inclosing no other material or business. A stamped return envelope, self-addressed, will insure the return of unavailable matter. Label every sheet

clearly with name and address. Fifty cents each is paid for the smallest paragraphs; one cent per word above fifty words.

One of my summer indispensables is a large Japanese umbrella with a deep ruffle of netting around the edge.



I cut off the handle and fasten a hook on the top. Then, when I want to read or sew outdoors and at the same time be protected from troublesome flies and mosquitoes,

I fasten this umbrella on to the limb of a tree or suspend it from a chain on the porch, directly over my chair, adjust the netting and put a small weight or two around the edge to keep it in place. M. M. W.

I wonder how many women have had the experience, when touching up the woodwork, of getting a spot of paint on their shoes, and being unable to remove it with kerosene, turpentine or anything else. There is a simple and effective way, however. Moisten the tip of a parlor match, and rub it on the spots. Then rub it off with a dry cloth. G. G. P.

To encourage our little girl to dress herself as quickly and neatly as possible in the morning, a record is kept showing when she began and finished. She is enthusiastic over the comparisons from day to day. Other methods failed to check the growing habit of slow dressing. E. M. B.

Index to Discoveries, August Number, 1910

Bag, initials for	237	Nursing bottles, to handle	239
Benefit, automobile	237	Paint on shoes, to remove	240
Curtain rods, excellent	239	Paint precautions	238
Discoveries wanted	240	Pans, covers for	237
Drinks, refreshing	237	Parasol cover	237
Dusting, game for	240	Patience box for children	239
Etiquette for children	238	Quick dressing, to promote	240
Guests, wraps for	238	Shelf paper, varnished	238
Insertion, to strengthen	238	Shoe dressing, to remove from rug	239
Jewelry repairing	237	Stamp books, covers	239
Jibbah, to make	238	Vacuum bottle, two liquids in	239
Lace, to mend	239	Window boxes, care of	239
Mosquitoes, to evade	240		

Vital Questions

Mushrooms and Bananas

MR EDITOR—I was interested in Miss Flint's article on mushrooms in the July number, but wish to call your attention to one point in connection therewith which might cause poisoning. Miss Flint says: "Another mushroom whose identity cannot be mistaken is the *Boletus*. Scientists tell us that none of this family is dangerous. The *Boletus* is from five to six inches high—" and there follows a description which presumably might be applied to any of the *Boleti*. It might be construed that there is but one mushroom called the *Boletus*. Instead, there are many edible varieties. William Hamilton Gibson's list includes thirteen, and a number since have been experimented with by mycologists. In one article Mr McIlvaine claims that all the *Boleti* are harmless, though some are too bitter to eat. I might quote from a number of authorities concerning the experiments made by them, but the consensus of opinion is that while the *Boleti* as a whole have been maligned in having so many varieties declared poisonous (as used to be the case) it is better to be cautious and to avoid anything doubtful. This is a broad statement, but it is so difficult for an amateur to tell "which is what" that he would better leave the whole class alone than not be sure.

I speak more emphatically because of an experience in our own family, where mushrooms were studied for years. A basket of *Boleti* of new variety, but presumably edible (from description in several reference books) made a member of the family desperately nauseated simply from being near them an hour or two and getting their odor; little if any touching was done.

One cannot be too careful with mushrooms of any type.

Also please mention the danger of bananas as food for very young children. The danger is as great as that from marshmallows, mentioned in July issue. In our own family a little girl of three choked on a banana at the dinner table. Sitting at her side was her attendant—her nursery governess—who,

however, had failed to notice that the child had taken too large a bite. It didn't seem possible that the child could be saved, though she was, finally. The piece was by a miracle pushed down by her father.

Bananas should be cut into very small bits for children and *never* given to them whole. They are so slippery and so heavy and close formed in consistency that unless well masticated, a little at a time, the tendency is to mass in the mouth or throat.

Eleanor E. Arragh.

Washington's Government

MR EDITOR—Your usual accuracy is not evident in your editorial on Washington. Since the commission form of government was established there, the third commissioner has always been an officer from the engineer corps of the army; it is no new thing. Furthermore, as a taxpayer, objecting in many ways to the irresponsibility of our rulers and the way in which Congress many times treats us, I think the bungling and the waste are not so great as in most cities. The well remembered Lydecker case was that of an army officer.

There is very rarely any theft among civilian employees. J. R. C.

What To Do

MR EDITOR—I have had a bitter experience, which I will relate for the benefit of other young mothers. One day I found the five-year-old daughter of a neighbor teaching my three-year-old an act of wrongdoing. I corrected my child, and with the best of intentions told my neighbor, so that she could speak to her child. At first she thanked me for telling her, but after speaking to her child, who denied the circumstance, she became very angry, and while not saying anything to me directly, she has forbidden her children to play with mine, and has ceased speaking to me; all of which has been very unpleasant, especially to my daughter, whose feelings

were sorely hurt when she was sent home from there the next day.

I still feel that I did rightly in speaking to the mother, for the offense was a dreadful one, but on seeing the results I have determined never to do so again. Perhaps it would have been better to correct the other child myself, but it seemed my duty to tell the mother, so that she could be watchful in the future.

This is a subject upon which a little discussion in the magazine would be of great help.

Mrs M. A.

No Housekeeping for Her

DEAR GOOD HOUSEKEEPING—I have been tremendously interested in reading the different letters on what may be termed "Matrimony and Finances," and perhaps my little contribution will be welcome.

I am a professional woman, loving my profession. I have always rebelled against the idea that just because a person is born a woman one should have no other object in life save that of matrimony. My mother tried hard to have me marry, but I always balked when it meant the old way. Although I was religiously taught to cook, to sew and to carry on a house, I have not the least inclination toward that sort of thing. It would, then, have been misery for me to enter into wedlock that would have meant that I be a housekeeper. I have always had an ideal in regard to a husband, and that is that he should be my comrade that, on equal terms and economic independence of each other, a life of helpfulness and profit might be lived. It is good for a woman to have a man's point of view in things. And the other side is also true.

For several years after my birth I traveled on my father's ship, and my mother and myself were the only women folk. So I am used to seeing a good deal of men. I worked in an office with them for years, and I went to college with them, and I still retain the idea that marriage should be a comradeship. This puts it upon the man to keep up in things that are of general interest, to treat his wife always with the deference that he would treat a dinner companion.

Of course this might not apply in the least to young people marrying in the years before forty, for then there should be children. Then the wife should have, as she is to be housekeeper and mother, for her own, such a sum each week as would be paid a good housekeeper, that she might not be dependent upon her husband for her carfare, as I have seen a college woman, and a long time teacher. A woman in moderate circumstances ought to dress well on five dollars per week and have something to put away in her own name. Do you think my idea a strange one?

Theo.

Lack of Imagination

MR EDITOR—I have just read with astonishment G. T. C.'s article about her mouse trap. It is inconceivable that a woman of enlightenment, a teacher, a lady, should publicly brag of giving a mouse to a cat! Does she not know that she can get, for about ten cents, a trap which kills the mouse in the moment when it catches it? Or, if she fears that such a contrivance may not be reliable, is she unaware that there is such a thing as chloroform, and that some of it, on a piece of cotton, could be as easily slipped into her tumbler as a layer of cardboard?

Or, knowing these things, does she prefer to keep a little living thing, the most helpless and easily terrified in the world, palpitating for hours in a trap and then prove its fear of her only too well-grounded by handing it over for an hour or so of the most exquisite torture to a cat? If she does not prefer, I can imagine how foolishly sentimental must be any plea to her for mercy in a future case; but I cannot believe that—it seems to me that she must be imaginative rather than eagerly cruel. But it is when we run up against such lack of imagination that we begin to realize how the old, gladiatorial shows were delightful to a nation which carried them even farther, or how the mirth of modern Cockneys in the East End of London is supposed to be most excited by the death agonies of cats and dogs which have been run over.

And you, I believe, have charge of children!

Virginia Tracy.



Begin Early—

Children "brought up" on

POSTUM

are free from the evil effects of *caffeine*—the habit-forming drug—in coffee and tea.

Postum is made of clean, hard wheat, skillfully roasted, including the bran-coat which contains the Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain) for building healthy brain and nerve tissue.

Begin early to insure a healthy nervous system for the little ones.

"There's a Reason"

Iced Postum—served with sugar and lemon is a delicious, cooling Summer food-drink.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Now, You Show This to Your Husband

and ask him what he thinks of it as a fair *business* proposition.

Read over the coupon together and see if he doesn't say that a trial sack of Occident Flour represents as good and safe an investment as *anyone* can make. You cannot *risk* a penny in trying Occident Flour.

You cannot *lose* a penny in trying it.

But if you *don't* try it you *will lose* an opportunity, on which you take no chances, to become acquainted with *the* flour that will go farther and produce far better baking results than any you can be using now.

Your husband likes good things to eat—particularly the good things you make.

He will like your baking better if you use Occident Flour.

If we were not *sure* of this we could not *afford* to make the money-back-guarantee.

A Word to Dealers:

Occident Flour is far superior to other flours. If you want to sell goods that give your customers absolute satisfaction, you must carry Occident Flour. Write us today.

OCCIDENT FLOUR

—Made So Much Better
It Must Cost More

Every good business man and every woman with a "good business head" knows it is cheaper to pay a little more for an article that goes farther and gives better results.

Our Offer

Try a sack of Occident Flour, making as many bakings as you wish. If you are not satisfied that it is better than any other flour you can buy, your money will be returned *without argument*.

All we ask is that you tear off the coupon and hand it to your grocer. Tear it off now and you won't forget. If your grocer does not sell Occident Flour, he can easily get it for you. If he won't, send us the coupon or a postal giving your own and your grocer's name and address.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.

Minneapolis U. S. A.

Explanatory Note: Usually reasons for extra quality are given in advertisements. It would take a book to give the reasons for Occident quality—to explain about the hard, glutinous wheats used—our unique methods of cleaning, washing and drying these wheats—the many intricate processes of separating and purifying the flour particles—our laboratories where chemists and bakers study, test and safeguard the Occident product. We give you far greater assurance of better satisfaction with Occident Flour than mere reasons in advertising. We give you the very best reason—proof in the flour itself by trial at our risk.



**Tear off
Coupon**

Mr. Grocer: I want to accept the Russell-Miller Milling Co.'s trial offer on Occident Flour, at their risk, as they advertise in Good Housekeeping. It is understood that if I do not find Occident Flour to be all that its millers claim it to be, my money will be refunded—no charge for flour used in the test.

Name.....

Address.....

Grocer's Name.....

Grocer's Address.....

(Grocer's name and address must be filled in)

Special Notice to Grocer:—We will protect you fully in this guarantee. If any Occident sacks are returned through dissatisfaction with the flour, you are authorized to refund the full purchase price and we will reimburse you for same.

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING CO.



"Send Another Dozen"

IF YOU ever tasted Campbell's Tomato Soup we needn't tell you how delicious and satisfying it is. You *know*.

And you know how easy it is to prepare; and how wonderfully convenient for all seasons and occasions. All we need say is, *get all the good of it*. Order sufficient at a time and have it in the house.

It always opens fresh and pure; and full of appetizing flavor. The oftener you serve it the better for your family's health and satisfaction. There is nothing like

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is the only prepared soup made of choice New Jersey tomatoes ripened to the hour *on the vines*. If you never ate this wholesome delicacy you cannot afford to put off trying it.

It pleases the most critical taste. It is appropriate at the most formal functions. It is welcome anywhere. Almost every day there is some occasion when it is exactly what you want.

Our handy little Menu Book describes many tempting ways to serve it, either hot or cold. We will gladly send you a copy for the asking. And if any Campbell's Soup does not fully meet your expectations the grocer refunds your money without demur.

Why not phone your order now?



21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Beef	Clam Bouillon	Mutton Broth	Tomato
Bouillon	Clam Chowder	Ox Tail	Tomato-Okra
Celery	Consommé	Pea	Vegetable
Chicken	Julienne	Pepper Pot	Vermicelli-Tomato
	Mock Turtle		

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY, Camden N J

I'd die for Annie Laurie,
But for Campbell's Soup not I.
I'd rather live in glory
When the swallows homeward fly.

Look for the red-and-white label



Hear Blanche Ring sing her big successes

You'll enjoy the song hits which this famous comedienne introduced to the public—the big hits which not only brought her rounds of applause but made the songs popular.

No one has ever sung them—no one could sing them—like Blanche Ring.

The natural buoyancy and unmistakable joy which are always present in everything she does on the stage are just as strongly in evidence in the records she has made for the Victor:

- 60015 **Billiken Man**
- 60016 **I've Got Rings on My Fingers**
- 60017 **Yip! I Adee! I Aye!**

Blanche Ring, who is now appearing for her second season as the star in "The Yankee Girl", makes records exclusively for the Victor and is only one of the many famous entertainers you can hear in your own home on the Victor.

Just drop into any Victor dealer's, and he will gladly play these and other records made by the new Victor recording process. Then, and not until then, will you realize that the Victor is the greatest of all musical instruments.

There is a Victor for YOU—\$10 to \$100. Victrola \$125 to \$250. Victor Records—single- and double-faced—60 cents and up.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal,
Canadian Distributors

To get best results, use only
Victor Needles on Victor Records



Victor

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

When you write advertisers please say "I saw adv in G. H."

First Steps in Heating Values



It has taken many, many careful steps in planning, manufacturing and testing to develop the marvelous heat-producing IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. They are the final steps in heating economy. They save heavily in fuel—save in care-taking, save furniture and decorations from ash-dust, save in doctor bills, save fire risk to building, save half the daily house-cleaning, save in time and temper.

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

are a high-class investment from every standpoint for any size or kind of building requiring heating.

The cost of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will average the lowest annual outlay. For instance—an IDEAL-AMERICAN outfit costing \$200, and lasting 25 years, represents an outlay of \$8 only a year. As there is no reason why IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators will not last as long as the building, say 50 years, the outlay would be \$4 only per year. The saving of a few tons of coal a year, which these outfits effect, will easily repay the first cost and then produce a handsome yearly profit on this ideal heating investment—to say nothing of the other savings, the comforts and the health protection. No one, therefore, can afford to continue the waste and nuisances of old-fashioned heating.



A No. 2-22-S IDEAL Boiler and 330 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$180, were used to Steam heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable competent Fitter. This did not include cost-of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.

Do not wait to build a new home, but enjoy comfort and content in the present one. No tearing up partitions or floors, nor disturbing old heating equipment until ready to put fire in the new. Sizes for all classes of buildings—smallest to largest—in town or country. Our free book, "Ideal Heating Investments" tells much that it will pay you well to know. Take the first step *today* and tell us kind and size of building you wish to heat. *Prices are now most favorable.*

Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

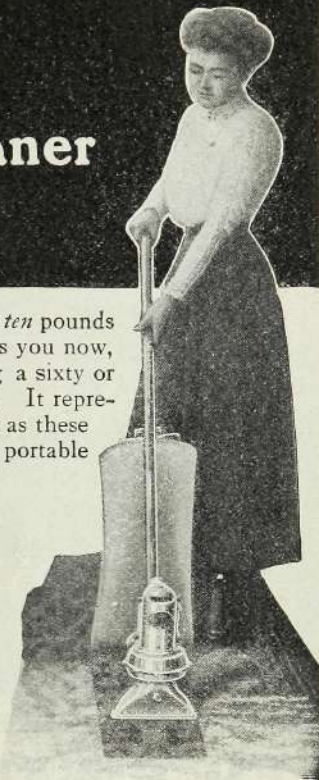
Write to Dept 22 Chicago



A Postage Stamp

Puts the

"RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner in Your Home



YOU see here an Electric Suction Cleaner which weighs but *ten* pounds instead of sixty. The "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner enables you now, for the first time, to clean by electricity, without lugging a sixty or eighty pound machine from room to room—up and down stairs. It represents as great an advance over heavy weight vacuum cleaners as these cleaners represented over brooms. For it is the only really portable Suction Cleaner.

Manufactured Exclusively for the RICHMOND SALES CO.
By THE McCRUM-HOWELL Co. Park Ave. and 41st St.,
 New York
 Five Factories
 Two at Uniontown, Pa.— "RICHMOND" Boilers and Radiators, "RICHMOND"
 One at Norwich, Conn.— Enameled Ware, Bath Tubs, Sinks, Lavatories,
 One at Racine, Wis.— "RICHMOND" Suds Makers, "RICHMOND" Concealed
 One at Chicago, Ill. Transom Lifts, and "RICHMOND" Stationary
 Vacuum Cleaning Systems.

Anyone Who Can Afford Brooms Can Now Afford the Best Suction Cleaner Made

All that any Vacuum Cleaner or Suction Cleaner can do, the "RICHMOND" does. And it does, besides, some things which no *other* machine can do.

You can, for example, use the "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner with or without hose. The hose attachment slides off and on with the same ease that your foot slides into an easy slipper.

Slip on the hose, and the ten pound "RICHMOND" with its six special cleaning tools (all furnished without extra cost) cleans hangings, walls, books, bedding, upholstery, clothing, hats, underneath radiators, furniture, etc. It is also supplied with a special attachment for hair drying, pillow renovating, etc.

Slip off the hose and you have a floor machine which weighs no more than a common carpet sweeper. The every day work of rug and carpet cleaning—of cleaning hard wood floors, tile floors, hearths, bath-rooms, porches, etc., can be done either with or without the hose.

A Postage Stamp the Only Cost

required to put this ten pound cleaner in your home. Just send us your name and address and we will have delivered to your door without one penny of expense to you—without obligation of any kind—a "RICHMOND" Suction Cleaner. You can prove for yourself in your own home just what this will do for you. But write today and we will include with our reply a hand-some illustrated booklet.

The Richmond Sales Co.

Sole Selling Agents
 Dept. 26, 160 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.



Fill Out and Mail This Coupon Now

RICHMOND SALES CO.,
 Dept. 26, 160 Broadway, New York
 I would like to have a "RICHMOND"
 Electric Suction Cleaner demonstrated
 in my home, provided it places me under
 no obligation whatever.

Name _____
 Address _____
 My Electric Light Co. is _____

A TABLESPOON IS THE HOUSEHOLD STANDARD OF MEASURE FOR SOAP POWDERS

DON'T be fooled by the size of the Soap Powder Packages Some *look* big but *do* little.

Here are the results of an actual test:

You should be able to guess the story—think of Corn *before* and *after* it is **POPPED**

PEARLINE

ALWAYS HAS BEEN—IS NOW ALWAYS WILL BE

Best by Test

TRY TO MAKE SOAP PASTE OF THE FLUFFED SOAP POWDERS BY PEARLINE'S DIRECTIONS—SEE WHAT YOU'LL GET



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF PEARLINE WEIGHED ONE OUNCE



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ONE OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE



—A TABLESPOONFUL OF ANOTHER OF THE FLUFFED, LOOK-BIG PACKAGES WEIGHED ONE-HALF OUNCE SCANT

ED. PINAUD'S HAIR TONIC

(Eau de Quinine)

is a delightful comfort when traveling. Wonderfully refreshing at all times, especially after a long ride in train or motor car.

A daily application keeps the scalp healthy and imparts lustre and refined fragrance to the hair. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. Send 10c. to our American offices for a liberal testing sample.

Parfumerie ED. PINAUD
207 ED. PINAUD Bldg., NEW YORK

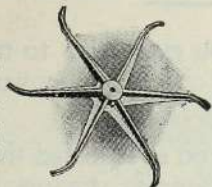
Another delightful preparation is ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL. Exquisite toilet water. Large bottle (6 oz.) 75c.



The things that count in Vacuum Cleaning are Volume of Air and Evenness of Suction.

This Oddly Shaped Fan

Making thousands of revolutions per minute, creates an absolutely even, strong suction of more volume and velocity at the cleaning tool than any other device practical for a portable vacuum cleaner.



Patent Applied For

Scientifically designed fans have wonderful power; for instance, our fans ventilate mines,

raise wheat from ships, drive chopped corn stalks into silos, convey kindling wood, and exhaust dust and refuse from carpet cleaning plants and other dusty factories

Sturtevant engineers have experimented three years to design the most efficient combination of fan, motor and dust collector for household vacuum cleaning, and this set is the result—it draws through an inch hose nearly 100,000 cubic inches of air per minute—a force that withdraws dust and dirt with a thoroughness that gives a unique sanitary value.

Sturtevant VACUUM CLEANER

Evenness: A vital advantage of fan-made suction over that of a pump or diaphragm cleaner is the continuous instead of an intermittent flow of air. This avoids jerking the threads of fine fabrics or leaving streaks when the cleaning tool is moving rapidly.

Durability: A revolving fan has little wear and tear and cannot leak, while a pump is wrenched and ground by every plunge and must soon lose efficiency on account of leakage. Sturtevant fans, installed over thirty years, in the hardest kind of service and still doing good work, testify to their durability.

Reliability: Our fans, driven by our electric motors, make possible the high speed of U. S. battleships, and they must be as trustworthy as engine or propeller. Our forced draft fans in battleships are no more carefully made than those in our vacuum cleaners.

Efficiency: This fan looks very simple, but every inch of it—in curvature, in weight of metal, in breadth and taper of blade—is the result of exhaustive tests. Fan suction is ideal for vacuum cleaning, and this is the first perfect application of that principle.

Details of Construction of the Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner

The cleaner consists of the machine, 12-foot hose, an unusually complete outfit of tools for cleaning, 20 feet electric lamp cord and plug, and is operated from an electric light socket. The motor is the same high grade as all our work, absolutely guaranteed. The fan is one piece of aluminum, which, because of strength and lightness, is better than any other material.

By using 1-inch hose (most cleaners use 3-4 inch hose) greater volume and velocity of air are secured at the tool, enabling it to pick up larger particles, and clean at greater distances from the tool than is possible with other cleaners. The cleaner is easily rolled about on three rubber-tired wheels.

Very handsome, finished in aluminum, occupies space less than two feet square. Weight, 65 lbs.

There is nothing about the machine to get out of order. So simple that a child can operate it, and so soundly made that it will last for years. There is practically nothing about it to break or wear out. The dust receptacle will hold the gatherings of months and yet is easily emptied.

We make only one style of cleaner for household use, as our tests show that it is the smallest machine that is practical and durable, and we do not care to manufacture a cleaner that is a toy, or which will go to pieces or fail to do satisfactory work.

Adaptability: The Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner keeps rooms clean to a degree that sweeping, dusting and scrubbing never can, and it does all this with practically no labor whatever; it meets the requirements of large or small homes and also gives perfect satisfaction in hotels, theatres and public institutions; in fact it is the only small, compact machine which will run continually without getting out of order and do the same satisfactory work as the larger system machines. Can be used with any length of electric cord.

Write for Illustrated Booklet No. 30 to

B. F. Sturtevant Co. General Office
HYDE PARK, MASS.

Machines can be seen at:

BRANCH OFFICES: 50 Church St., N. Y. City; 135 N. 3rd St., Phila.; 329 W. 3rd St., Cincinnati; 300 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis; 530 S. Clinton St., Chicago; 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburg; 1006 Washington Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.; 31 Oliver St., Boston; 529 Metropolitan Bldg., Minneapolis; 425 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland; 1108 Granite Bldg., Rochester; 520 Hazen Bldg., New Orleans; 319 Connecticut Mutual Bldg., Hartford.

We are glad to quote trade terms to responsible dealers

Guarantee: In judging vacuum cleaners, remember that this is made and absolutely guaranteed by the firm that for 50 years has designed and marketed more high-grade air-propelling fans than all other concerns in the world combined.

Price: \$130

Delivered anywhere in United States.



Paint Your Walls and Get Exact Tints



HAVE you ever tried to match wall-paper or any other wall-covering to rugs or furniture?

☐ Have you ever leafed through book after book of samples, trying in vain to find something that would *just suit* the color values of your rugs and draperies?

☐ You wanted a blue—found six blues—and not one but would scream at your rug.

☐ Same with the yellows, grays and browns.

☐ The only wall covering for the *particular* person is a *made-to-order* one. Then the tint can be made *exact*. Use white lead paint and have it mixed and tinted by your painter *to your order*.

☐ Our white lead ("Dutch Boy Painter" kind) is smooth and clear, tints beautifully, and gives any finish desired—dull, half-gloss, high-gloss or enamel.

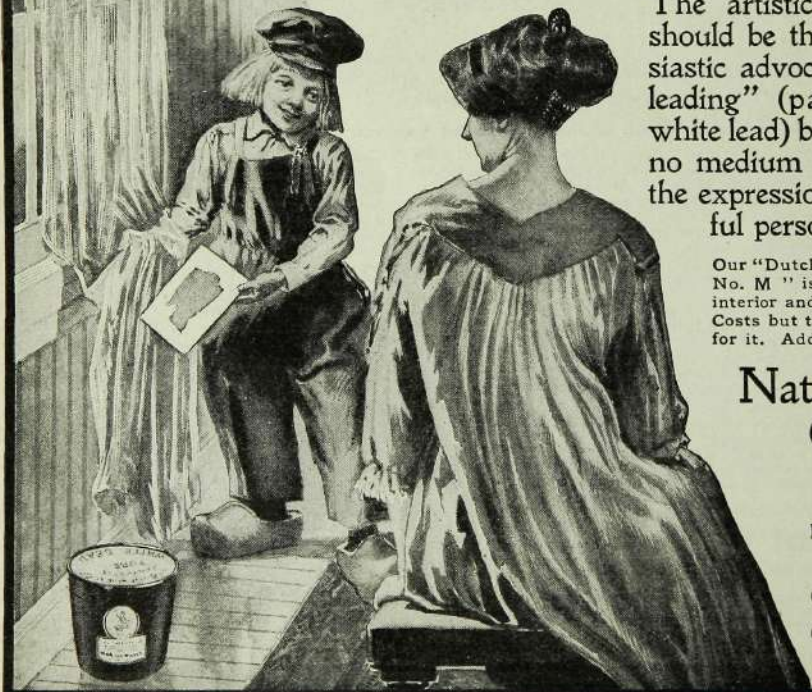
The artistic home-maker should be the most enthusiastic advocate of "white-leading" (painting with white lead) because there is no medium so flexible for the expression of the tasteful person's wish.

Our "Dutch Boy Paint Adviser No. M" is very helpful on both interior and exterior decoration. Costs but the trouble of asking for it. Address

National Lead Company

An office in each of the following cities:

New York Boston Buffalo
Cincinnati Chicago
Cleveland St. Louis
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.
Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co.,
Pittsburgh)



Annihilator of Space



To be within arm's reach of distant cities it is only necessary to be within arm's reach of a Bell Telephone. It annihilates space and provides instantaneous communication, both near and far.

There can be no boundaries to a telephone system as it is now understood and demanded. Every community is a center from which people desire communication in every direction, always with contiguous territory, often with distant points. Each individual user may at any moment need the long distance lines which radiate from his local center.

An exchange which is purely local has a certain value. If, in addition to its local connections, it has connections with other contiguous localities, it has a largely increased value.

If it is universal in its connections and inter-communications, it is indispensable to all those whose social or business relations are more than purely local.

A telephone system which undertakes to meet the full requirements of the public must cover with its exchanges and connecting links the whole country.

The Bell Telephone System annihilates space for the business man to-day. It brings him and any of his far-away social or business interests together.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

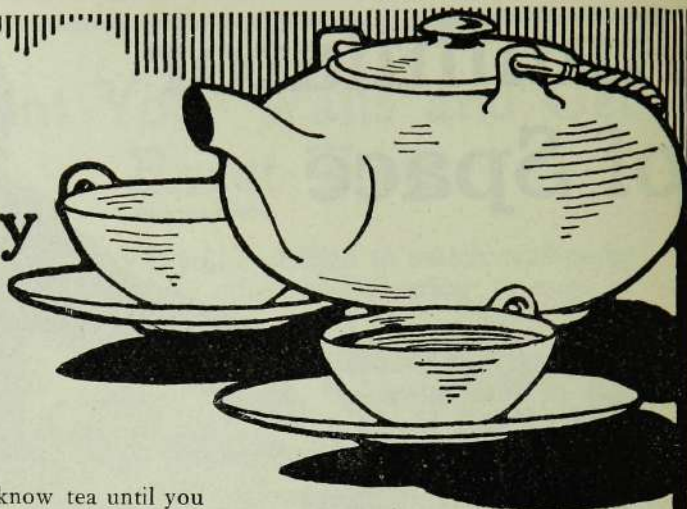
One Policy,

One System,

Universal Service.

When you write advertisers please say "I saw adv in G.H."

An Opportunity for Tea Drinkers



You cannot claim to really know tea until you have tasted truly high-grade India-Ceylon tea skillfully blended. A few figures will give amazing proof of this statement: The English have always been great tea drinkers, but the introduction of India-Ceylon tea doubled the national consumption in twenty-five years. Three-quarters of all the tea used by that nation of connoisseurs is India-Ceylon, while in the United States it is less than one-tenth. The reason is that the tea trade is in the hands of the English, and most of the India-Ceylon yield is taken by British markets.

MARQUISE TEA

Sold by Mail on Approval

is a delicious blend of the products of twelve of the world's best plantations. It is a tea such as you have probably never tasted except in Canada or England. It offers to most American women their first opportunity to learn from experience why this delicate beverage is four times as popular in British lands as with us

Don't try to imagine **Marquise Tea** by the tea you buy at your grocer's: The United States is (to speak plainly) a dumping ground for tea that English markets reject. *It is only occasionally and in small districts that tea like Marquise ever gets to this country.*

These are pretty strong statements, are they not? They are strong, but *true*, and you can test them without risk.

Here is our Offer We will send on request six half-pound packets, wrapped and sealed in metal foil that protects the sensitive leaves from all change. Try one of the packets, and at the end of a week either return the other five at our expense or send us \$2.40. If you don't find **Marquise Tea** equal to any that you can buy at \$1.50 per pound, you need not keep it. Write us that you accept this offer, and the tea will be shipped at once.

Marquise Tea is actually most economical, because, brewed according to directions, it goes much further than the tea you are now using. But even if it were not economical, it would please you vastly because of its revelation of flavor and aroma.

Accepting our offer brings no risk, and it gives you an opportunity to offer a new pleasure to your family and your guests. If our claims are false, you lose nothing. If they are true, the sooner you accept our offer the better. Write, before you forget, to

William Welch Stanley Co., Ltd.

143 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.



Beginning with the next number

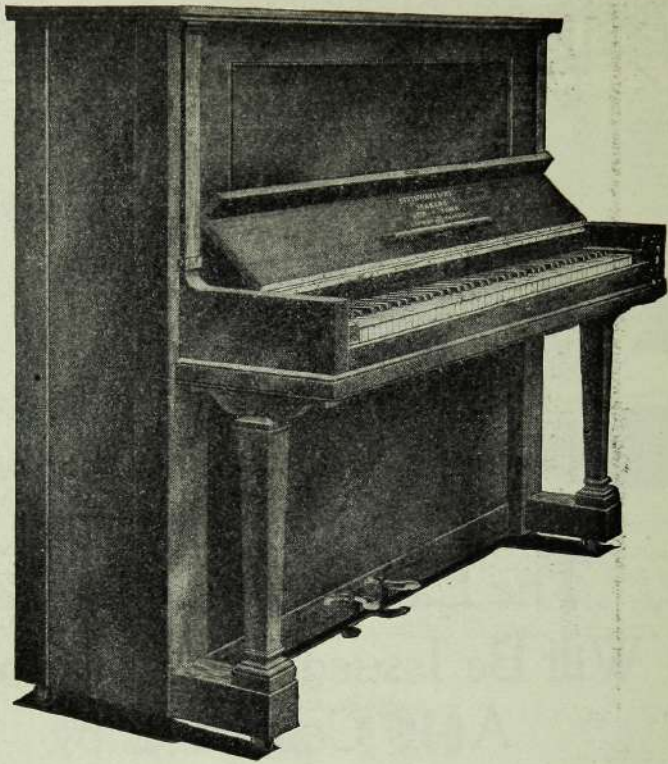
The Ladies' Home Journal
Will Be Issued Twice a Month
At 10 Cents a Copy

The leading woman's magazine at the popular 10-cent price. The first twice-a-month number will be out August 25th—the next September 10th.

The Entire 24 Magazines
For \$1.50 a Year
The Same as at Present

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

*The
Upright
Piano
of
"Grand"
Value*



STEINWAY VERTEGRAND

It was the house of Steinway that evolved the principles which to-day mean so much in all piano making. It has been the uninterrupted endeavor of four Steinway generations that has created and maintained the reputation of the Steinway as the standard piano of the world.

The Steinway Vertegrand is well described as the Upright Piano of "Grand" Value. At \$550, ebonized case, it is at once an instrument of unusual worth and easy acquisition.

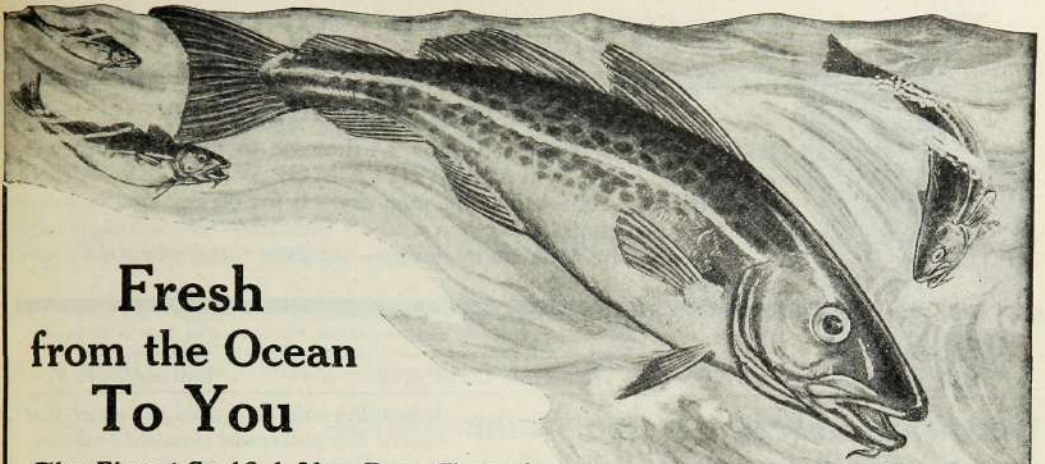
Illustrated Catalogue will be sent upon request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS,

STEINWAY HALL,

107 and 109 East Fourteenth Street, New York,

Subway Express Station at the Door.



Fresh from the Ocean To You

The Finest Codfish You Ever Tasted

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes will give a new meaning to "Codfish" in your home. This choice New England delicacy is entirely different from the dried, over-salted, "soak-over-night" kind and far superior to any Codfish you can buy even at the fish market.



BURNHAM & MORRILL FISH FLAKES

10c and 15c Sizes

makes it possible for you to enjoy really fresh Codfish wherever you may live.

Our exclusive method of cooking, mildly salting and packing the fish the same day it is caught—absolutely without preservative of any sort—retains all the fine delicate flavor. The sanitary container, itself, bespeaks the high quality of the contents. The fish is wrapped in pure parchment and hermetically sealed, without solder or acid—it never comes in contact with the metal. Every housewife will be delighted to find how delicious

Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, Fish Chowder, etc.

can be made with Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes.

Thousands of Grocers are selling Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes today—if yours hasn't it in stock, he will be glad to get it for you. If you will just try Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes once you will certainly agree with everyone that this is a simply perfect fish product. If your Grocer chances not to be supplied, in order that you may immediately try Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes yourself, we will gladly mail you a regular 10c size on receipt of 10c from you. It costs us 18c to do this—postage alone being 11c. This shows our faith in our product.

GOOD EATING was written especially for us by Mrs. Janet Mackenzie Hill, the noted domestic scientist. It contains many new and original recipes and table hints, and is mailed **Free upon request.**

BURNHAM & MORRILL COMPANY, Portland, Maine, U. S. A.

Packers of the justly celebrated Paris Sugar Corn

WHITE MOP WRINGER



Makes Floor Washing Easy

The work of wringing a mop, so tiresome to the back and hands, is entirely eliminated by using a WHITE MOP WRINGER. A slight pressure on the handle wrings the mop *dry*. It fits on any kind or size of pail and requires no fastening—on and off instantly. It cannot damage the pail. The iron parts are malleable—not sheet metal—hence it is very strong and will not rust out.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send, prepaid, the Family Size, No. 2 for \$1.50; No. 3 for \$1.75. Your money back if you're not satisfied. Write for booklet, "Using Mop Wringers."

WHITE MOP WRINGER COMPANY

Fultonville, N. Y.

Good Housekeeping Magazine is now the only household periodical that retains this convenient standard book size. It will be maintained, thus advertising still further to its popularity.



This is the Cover of a Book

intended for the owner of a home already built or now building, to prove that the use of tile in a bathroom is not only attractive but also necessary. Tile is the sanitary and inexpensive covering for the walls and floor of the bathroom. This book "Tile for the Bathroom," will be sent free.

Also these other books if you are interested: "Tiles on the Porch Floor," "Tiles for Fireplaces," "Tiles for the Kitchen and Laundry."

THE ASSOCIATED TILE MANUFACTURERS, Room 4, Reeves Bldg., BEAVER FALLS, PA.



When answering advertisements in Good Housekeeping remember "our guarantee"

Willing Service

We want every one of the 300,000 women who read Good Housekeeping Magazine to take and keep this thought: As the editorial section is the soul, so is the advertising section the body. Both are at your service; equally they are eager to give that service to you.

Thousands of women know their way about among our advertisements quite as well as they know their favorite shops. They know that here may be found word of the new and the good, with reminders of the things which have become the standards in their lines. They are the women whom our advertisers describe as "the best sort of business friends."

Thousands of other women still pass by the advertising section, quite unaware of what they miss. Through years of dependence they have learned that the editorial features of the magazine are filled with help and inspiration. They have not yet realized that the advertisements are the natural complement of the editorial policy.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
M A G A Z I N E

NEW YORK

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

CHICAGO



I JUST LOVE IT

Little girls and little boys like Underwood Deviled Ham. Spread it on their bread and butter, and hear them say: "Gee, that's good, Mother."

They like the good taste of its tender boiled ham, for it is boiled *en casserole* to keep all the original and delicious ham taste of salt and sugar and hickory smoke.

And they like the taste of the 42 mild spices that are all ground up fine with the good ham.

TASTE THE TASTE

For fishing, picnicing, all outdoorings—great. For luncheons, meal emergencies, all indoorings—great, too.

Our booklet, "Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News," tells how to make sandwiches, canapes, hors d'œuvres—very rare Underwood Deviled Ham dishes.

Our other booklet, "Underwood's New England Sea Foods," tells of a New England sea taste—the green sea taste of Underwood's flavorful fried sardines in oil, mustard, tomato sauce or sauce; clams in their own delectable juice; glorious clam chowder, etc.

For your grocer's name we'll send both booklets free. And for 15 cents and your grocer's name we'll send small can Underwood Deviled Ham to try. Address Wm. Underwood Co., 70 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

Don't put it off. You'll forget it. Get some Underwood Deviled Ham and some Underwood New England Sea Foods from your grocer *to-day*.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Branded with the Little Red Devil



Electric Toast for $\frac{1}{10}$ of a Cent a Slice

The G-E Radiant Toaster provides the easiest, quickest and cleanest way known of making perfect toast.

Insert four small or two large slices of bread; turn the switch and serve the toast browned to *your* taste. Toast visible in the making is always made right—you see every bit of the toasting process.

General Electric Radiant Toasters

make a slice of toast a minute at a cost of 1-10 of a cent a slice.

The toaster is light and attractive; the cheery glow of its radiant coils makes it a pleasing addition to any breakfast table.

Each leg is rubber tipped so that it cannot scratch the highly polished table or harm the finest damask cloth.

Or it can be used on the sideboard, sewing table, in the kitchen, in the parlor, anywhere—anytime.

Radiant heat is the only kind that makes hygienically perfect toast, crisp, delicious and easily digestible. The G-E Radiant Toaster transforms, by its radiant heat, all the indigestible starch granules into easily digested and nourishing dextrine.

Ask your lighting company or electrical supply dealer today about the G-E Radiant Toaster—they will guarantee it.

If you cannot get one in your city, send \$4.50 and we will send one complete with 6 feet of silkolene conductor cord, and attaching plug—all charges prepaid.

General Electric Company

Dept. 119 Schenectady, N. Y.

2637



**Before you build your house—
before you get your plans—
before you decide anything,
send for and study our 120-page book
“Concrete Houses and Cottages”**

There are two volumes, one showing small houses and one showing large houses. Each has over a hundred illustrations, with floor plans; all the houses shown are built of concrete in some form. The price is \$1.00 per volume.

For the sake of economy, utility and attractiveness your house should be built of concrete. The book explains. And when you build remember that

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

MAKES THE BEST CONCRETE

Specify Atlas. It is the standard brand. It is made from genuine Portland Cement rock only, contains no furnace slag, is always fine and of uniform quality. Atlas is the brand bought by the Government for the Panama Canal.

WE ALSO MAKE STAINLESS
ATLAS-WHITE
PORTLAND CEMENT
FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES

Other books in the Atlas Cement Library:
Concrete Construction about the home and on the farm, Free
Concrete in Highway Construction - - - - - 1.00
Concrete in Railroad Construction - - - - - 1.00
Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction (delivery charge).10
Concrete Cottages, Free Concrete Garages, Free
If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY
DEPT. 76, 30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK
Largest productive capacity of any cement company in the world.
Over 60,000 barrels per day.

Antique Silver Purchased

WE will give from \$1.00 to \$2.00 (in some cases more) an ounce, troy weight, for Old English or American Silver, if it is about one hundred years old and of desirable pattern.

The melting value of silver is about fifty cents an ounce. This is the price usually paid for old silverware.

Should you desire to sell your antique silver, have each article weighed in ounces at your druggist's. The weight he gives you will be, if accurate, identical with the weight our scales will show, as in apothecaries' and troy (jewellers') weights the ounce is the same. Tag each piece separately, stating the weights clearly on each tag. Pack the silver carefully, putting plenty of old newspaper between the articles. Send to us on approval, prepaying expressage, marking the package clearly with your name and address as well as ours.

Also mail a letter giving number of pieces shipped, weight of each piece, and a brief description of each article. Write on one side of paper only.

We shall send you at once our cash offer for each piece. If this offer is not accepted, the silver will be returned to you without delay, at our expense. We shall also refund in full the amount of expressage paid out by you in sending the silver to us.

The money tied up in old silver can often be used to better advantage in the form of cash. It has been our experience that appraisals made by us as experts are extremely satisfactory.

HOWARD & CO.

(Established 1866)
Jewellers, Silversmiths, Dealers in
Antique Silver.

Fifth Avenue & 47th Street, - New York City

AUGUST PUZZLE



BREAKSPEAR

SEE NEXT LEFT-HAND PAGE FOR EXPLANATION OF CONTEST

When answering advertisements in Good Housekeeping remember "our guarantee"

NABISCO

SUGAR WAFERS

No more delectable refreshment can be served on a hot Summer's afternoon than a fruit-lemonade accompanied by NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS of appropriate flavor.

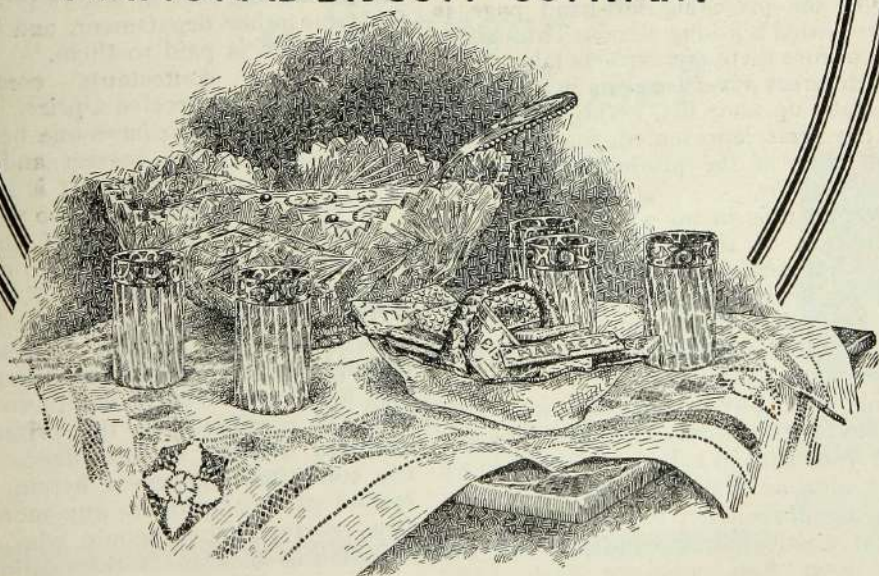
As an informal between-meal confection or as a complement to the formal dessert, NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS are equally appropriate.

A practical suggestion would be to keep a dozen tins—varied flavors—on hand.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





PUZZLES

June and August Puzzles

The awards in the June puzzle contest are as follows: Five dollars in cash was awarded to Susan P. H. Winslow, Mass. Three dollars' worth of merchandise went to Helen E. High, Cal; Miss Henrietta Holly, Ill; Mrs John C. Hume, N Y. Two dollars' worth of merchandise went to Mrs Stanley Rogers, Cal; Gertrude M. Olinick, Ky; Miss E. M. Renton, N Y; Catherine Spencer, Cal; Mrs H. S. Goble, Ia; Mrs L. E. Young, N C; Mrs H. Towle, N J; Margaret Lyttle, N Y; Miss S. G. Dorety, Mass; Mrs R. S. Faris, Ill.

The eight books selected from our list went to Mrs P. S. Gray, Mont; Adelaide B. Holway, Me; Clara Beard, Wis; E. Juliet Bourn, D C; Mrs J. P. Mosher, N Y; Miss Elizabeth B. Bradley, S D; Mr A. H. Jolly, Jr, Pa; D. W. Atkins, Ind.

The advertisers represented in the June puzzle were Vacuum Insulating Co, Fulton Manufacturing Co, The Welch Grape Juice Co, The Consolidated Manufacturing Co, Daggett & Ramsdell, The New Haven Clock Co.

The August Puzzle

On the preceding left-hand page is represented a fishing scene. Throughout the picture there are extracts taken from six different advertisements in this issue.

Make up your list, giving the names of the firms represented, together with the name of the product they manufacture.

While it is in no way a part of the condition of this puzzle, yet if you have had any experience with the article or articles mentioned, we would be pleased to have you state it. The prizes are, however, not contingent upon such information.

In this puzzle contest we offer prizes for the twenty-two best answers. For your skill in solving this puzzle we will give as first prize \$5.00 in cash. For the three next best answers each \$3.00 worth of merchandise. For the ten next best answers each \$2.00

worth of merchandise, to be selected from some dealer, manufacturer or concern offering goods in this issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE. And, finally, for the eight next best answers, each one popular book, the successful contestants to make their choice from the following list of valuable home books and fiction:

The Good Housekeeping Family Cook Book. Saracinesca, by F. Marion Crawford.
Brewster's Millions, by George Barr McCutcheon.
The Gentleman from Indiana, by Booth Tarkington.
Graumark, by George Barr McCutcheon.
The Wings of the Morning, by Louis Tracy.
The Sea Wolf, by Jack London.
The Common Lot, by Robert Herrick.
The Westeners, by Stewart Edward White.
In the Bishop's Carriage, by Miriam Michelson.

This puzzle contest is open to all. Correct solutions of this month's puzzle will be published in the October issue of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE. Mail your letter so that it will reach Springfield not earlier than August 8 and not later than August 15. Address all letters to the Puzzle Editor, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE, Springfield, Mass.

In spite of the fact that we state every month that answers received in any other way than in an envelope with no other inclosure will be thrown out, several of the contestants inclose the puzzle answers in letters intended for some other department, and hence no attention is paid to them.

Sometimes contestants complain that they do not receive a prize. They think they ought to have one because their answers were correct and sent within the specified time. It is impossible for more than twenty-two persons to win prizes. Therefore, if you do not receive a prize, there is no one in particular to blame for it. Keep on trying as others do, and you are likely to win one some month. We search through the several thousand answers that are received every month as carefully as possible, and the prizes are awarded strictly in accordance with the conditions expressed herein. We cannot pay attention to any more letters received from people who enter complaints because of their failure to receive a prize.

The Sign of a Clean House



Old Dutch
Cleanser has
brought spick and
span cleanliness and
banished drudgery
in millions of homes.

*Is it
a Stranger
to Your Home?*

You'll find
it a friend
in need and
in deed!



*Large
Sifter - Can*

giving full
directions and
many uses **1.00**

A Responsibility



We owe ourselves to eat and drink that which is best. "Best" is a much abused word but every man and woman knows what is really *good*.

Hotel Astor Coffee

is not only *good* coffee but it is the *best* coffee. A blend of berries from famous plantations, making a velvety brew, smooth and rich and full of real coffee-flavor. Delicate in bouquet. So fragrant and refreshing once you taste it, you will always use it. The Connoisseur's coffee.

Put up in one and three pound tins. The whole berry, ground or pulverized.

35 Cents a Lb.

If your grocer cannot supply you, we will send a full pound tin pre-paid upon receipt of price and your grocer's name.

B. FISCHER & CO.
Importers New York



The Charming Harbor of Quidi Vidi, N. F.

The most delightful trip from New York

12 DAY VACATION CRUISE \$60.00 UP

Berth and meals included (First Cabin) to

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA AND ST. JOHN'S NEW FOUNDLAND

Offered by the

RED CROSS LINE

This Cruise allows two days in Halifax and St. John's—giving time to visit the many points of interest.

Novelty—grandeur—change of scene—delightful climate, charming sea voyage and remarkable economy—are combined in this cruise. You live on the steamer when in port. No hotel expenses. A foreign tour costing four times as much could not be more delightful.

The large steamers "Florize!" and "Bornu" have every modern equipment—Bilge Keels, wireless, submarine bells and searchlight. Sail every Saturday at 11 a. m. during summer and fall. We also offer a booking to return via Black Diamond S. S. Line stopping at Sydney, Cape Breton, up the Gulf and River St. Lawrence to Montreal, and rail to New York, 14 days, \$65.00 up, berth and meals included, except on railroad. Send for illustrated booklet 26.

BOWRING & CO., 16 STATE ST., NEW YORK.



1847 ROGERS BROS.



X S TRIPLE

"Silver Plate that Wears"

FANEUIL
PATTERN



The famous trade mark "1847 ROGERS BROS." on spoons, forks, knives, etc., guarantees the heaviest triple plate. Send for catalogue "V23."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
(International Silver Co., Successor)

New York Chicago MERIDEN, CONN. San Francisco

Let Me Do Your Cooking



Why worry, watch and fret over a hot stove when you can put your meat, vegetables, custards—in short, the whole meal for the whole family—into my ample shelves and cook it, as food never was or can be cooked in any other way, over ONE BURNER of stove, range, gas, gasoline or oil stove? I come in both round and square shapes—both kinds have whistles.

IDEAL

Combination Steam Cooker and Baker

made of heavy tin or copper with all copper seamless drawn tank; seamless top. I blow my whistle 20 minutes before water needs replenishing;

never go on a strike nor talk back. I cut the cost of fuel and work in half.

I hold 16 one-quart jars in canning fruit

Free Cook Book 92 pages. It tells you all about me. Gives full details; letters from people all over the land who would not do without me for ten times what I cost.

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Desk A, Toledo, Ohio
County and State Agents Wanted—Salary and Commission to sell this and 200 other household specialties

AN ARGUMENT



WHEN THERMOMETER SAYS "IT'S HOT"

THERMOS ANSWERS ~ "CERTAINLY NOT, MY CONTENTS ARE 'ICY COLD'."

AND WHEN THERMOMETER GOES BELOW 32 AND SAYS THERMOS BOTTLE "TIS NOT SO" FOR "ALL IS HOT! HOLD!"



AND **THEY'RE BOTH RIGHT**

FOR AUTOMOBILING - YACHTING - HUNTING - SICKROOM - NURSERY - OFFICE - FACTORY - HOME OR TRAVEL - AT ALL DEALERS -

PLEASE BE CAUTIOUS. LOOK FOR THE NAME THERMOS ON THE BOTTOM OF EVERY GENUINE ARTICLE. AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
THERMOS BOTTLES, 243-247 WEST 17th STREET, NEW YORK

Use the Sanitary Crystal Glass Ice Cream Freezer



And save 60% of Ice required in all Crank Freezers. This means a saving of Money. Avoid all danger of Ptomaine poisoning by using Crystal Glass Freezer instead of metal. This means health and safety.

No Cranking--No Grinding

Neither Crank, Gear, nor Dasher required. This means happiness to the Housewife. One size only. Produces dessert for eight persons. Unused portion can be re-packed and safely kept for days. Your dealer will supply you. If he refuses or tries to substitute a Crank Freezer, send us \$1.25 for each Freezer desired, with dealer's name, and we will promptly ship by express. Descriptive circulars and Special Offer for two cent stamp.

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., Sole Manufacturers

405 Asylum Street,

HARTFORD, CONN.



Read our guarantee on the Announcement Page of this issue



Spokane, Washington, Shopping District. A Scene in the Good Housekeeping Series of Shopping Districts

WE offer the user of small space a guaranteed circulation of 300,000 copies, the results of our policy of guaranteeing the reliability of advertisements accepted, the use of display type and illustrative features, the assistance of a Service Bureau for the preparation of copy. Rates—\$1.50 per page line each insertion. Sept. forms close July 25th. Write for more information. Address SMALL AD DEPARTMENT, Good Housekeeping Magazine, Springfield, Mass.

For Country-house Use Try Our Short Length PURE BAYBERRY CANDLES

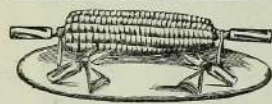
Burn slowly. Leave pleasant odor. \$1 per doz. Souvenir box of three, 30 cents. All postpaid.

CAPE COD PRODUCTS CO., North Truro, Mass.

"Home-Making, the New Profession"

Is a 70-page hand-book—it's FREE. Home-study domestic science courses. For home-makers, teachers and for well-paid positions. Bulletins "Free Hand Cooking," 10 cts; "Food Values," 10 cts.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF HOME ECONOMICS, 507 W. 69th St., CHICAGO, ILL.



PERFECTION CORN FORKS hold sweet corn when hot without soiling fingers. By turning Fork corn revolves for seasoning. Silver plated, \$1.00 per pair, postpaid. G. Pflieger Hardware Spec. Co., New Haven, Conn.

FRUIT JAR LABELS

No more guessing about your jelly cups and fruit jars. 400 gummed labels covering all kinds of fruit, perforated in book form, postage prepaid, 10c. THE ART STATIONERY COMPANY Department A, 4413 Woburn Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Song Writers--Composers

Send us your song lyrics, melodies or complete songs. Immediate publication guaranteed if possessing merit. We publish "Blue Bell" and other big successes.

The F. B. HAVILAND PUB. CO. 127 West 37th Street, New York



Corns Why risk blood-poisoning by cutting them—and then get only temporary relief—when A-Corn Salve actually removes roots and all. 15 cents at druggists' or by mail. Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia.

Anti-Ant
DRIVES OUT ANTS

DOES NOT KILL, but QUICKLY and EFFECTIVELY drives away, expels and drives out GUARANTEED, or MONEY REFUNDED. Powder form—merely sprinkle about where the ants are—absolutely harmless to all human beings. NOTHING LIKE IT. Send 25 cents, TODAY, for FULL SIZE SPECIAL SETTER-TOP BOX OF ANTI-ANT. Save ANNOYANCE and keep the ants out of your establish- ANTI-ANT COMPANY, Dept. A, SOUTH BEND, IND.

Don't Spoil Good Food

Cook it in NEVER-BREAK HYGIENIC Cooking utensils, which bring out its best flavor.

Never Scorch — Never Burn — Always Cook Just Right

Full information about NEVER-BREAK Cooking utensils and a few of Mrs. Kirk's recipes free, upon request.

THE AVERY STAMPING CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

SILKS

DIRECT FROM THE MILL

Save you one-third on Broad Silks cut any length direct from our looms. Exceptional quality, guaranteed service. Send 4c stamp for big samples and full particulars. Agents wanted. In writing please state if agency is desired. Auburn Silk Mill, 35 Clark St., Auburn, N. Y.

HAND TAKES OUT STAINS

from all fabrics without rubbing. Cleans everything, from laces to carpets and woodwork. Contains no harmful chemical. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it, send his name, and I'll send you.

T. W. HENRY, 144 Court Avenue, DES MOINES, IA.

The Housewife Can Save Steps

with our WHEEL TRAY. Loaded with dishes easily rolls anywhere. Black Gloss Japan Finish. Height 31 in., 8 in. rubber tire wheels. Two Oval Trays, Extra Heavy Steel, 26 in. and 28 in. Price \$10 express prepaid, Pacific Coast \$12. Circulars Free. Wheel Tray Co., 435 A West 61st Place, Chicago, Ill



LOOK OUT FOR GERMS

Steer clear of public drinking cups. They're dangerous. Carry in your pocket this featherweight Collapsing Drinking Cup

Made of pure aluminum, light, strong, and clean and will not rust. A necessity when traveling. Send 15c, stamps or coin, for sample cup, also our interesting illustrated catalogue, No. 100, telling you about our line of puzzles, novelties, games and toys. Send 15c today.

NEW YORK NEWS COMPANY Dept 48, 15 Warren St., New York



STALLMAN'S DRESSER TRUNK

Easy to get at everything without disturbing anything. No fatigue in packing and unpacking. Light, strong, roomy drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. Hand Riveted; strongest trunk made. In small room serves as chiffonier. C.O.D. privilege of examination. 2c. stamp for Catalog.

F. A. STALLMAN, 130 E Spring St., Columbus, O.

Restful sleep comes to peevish, wakeful children WHEN BATHED WITH WARM WATER AND

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

EXCELLENT FOR SKIN DISEASES, CURES CHAFING, SOOTHES AND HEALS.

Sold by Druggists

PIKE'S Toothache Drops Give Quick Relief

The Kettle Spoon Rest



Made of Aluminum—it will not rust. Hangs on inside of kettle and allows the drip from spoon to return to food being cooked. No spots on stove or floor. Especially convenient during preserving season. At stores or by mail **10 cents**. Agents wanted. Send for list of other kitchen necessities, including new Aluminum Initial Jelly Moulds.

THE BARNARD CO., Dept. 56, Boston, Mass.

Ironing Day Hot?

You can avoid the excessive heat of the flat iron, save four-fifths of your time, and do the ironing better by using the **Home Ironing Machine**

It irons all flat pieces beautifully, without scorching. Saves time, labor, clothes, money. Light, simple, inexpensive. Gas or gasoline heat costs 1c per hour. **30 Days' Free Trial**. Booklet "Clean Linen" Free.

HOME IRONING MACHINE
254-M Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.



DAISY FLY KILLER



PLACED ANYWHERE, ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLIES. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. **Lasts all season**. Made of metal, cannot spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. **Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 20 cents.**

HAROLD SMOLERS
150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

The Master School of Music

VOCAL DEPARTMENT
Madame Aurelia Jaeger assisted by Edward Falk and eminent faculty.

96 Clinton Street,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Daily Expense Record



Helps reduce household expenses. Replaces all clumsy make-shifts with handsome, well-bound book. Printed headings. A child can keep it. Takes only two or three minutes daily. Checks extravagance. Will be sent to any address by mail prepaid on receipt of 50 cents, stamps or money order.

Warren Novelty Company, Easton, Pa.

Department of Household Arts and Science

Three-years Normal Course
One-year Home-Makers' Course
One-year Lunch Room Management Course

26th year begins Sept. 13th, 1910. Write for circulars.

MECHANICS INSTITUTE, Rochester, N. Y.
Carleton B. Gibson, President

SCHOOL AT HOME

Educate Your Child

Under the direction of
CALVERT SCHOOL, Inc.

Established 1897

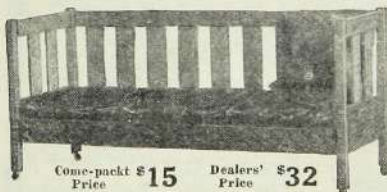
A unique system by means of which children from six to twelve years of age, inaccessible to good schools and too young for boarding school, may be educated entirely at home by parents, teachers or governesses according to the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of a school with a national reputation for training young children. For catalogue and sample lessons, address

V. M. HILLIER, Headmaster, 4 West Chase Street, Baltimore, Md.

Why Pay Any Dealer \$32?



Here's a better davenport for less than half—you to be the judge.



Quarter-sawn
White Oak,
in finished
sections,
choice of
eight stains

One Hundred and Fifty other handsome pieces (\$3.50 up) in our free catalogue. Write for it today.

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 840 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

ALLEN SOLDERSSET MEND THAT PAN

or leaking pail, kettle, boiler, sink, etc. Fix that broken clasp or pin — all metal things, with holes, breaks or cracks, any size. Completes home mending outfit. A touch means a break. **REMAKES** in one solid piece—stronger than original. Tin, copper, brass, phosphor-bronze, lead, galvanized iron, steel, etc. Also for plumbing, auto, cycle, gas, repair, campers, young mechanics, vessel men, tinkers, electricians, tinsmiths, hotels and restaurants. 25c postpaid. Agents wanted. L. B. Allen Co., Inc., 1124 Columbia Ave., Chicago, Ill.



WRITE US FOR FREE COOK BOOK



It tells how to cook without fire. This book and a **DUPLEX FIRELESS STOVE** will save you three-fourths your fuel, time, labor and worry. These fireless stoves are made of metal and **Bake, Roast, Steam and Stew**. The Duplex Joint Stove with 2 Aluminum pots cost only 84. Send stamp for Cook Book postage.

Durham Fireless Stove Factory,
100 Durham St., Muncie, Indiana

FOOTCURA ANTISEPTIC FOOT BATH

GIVES REAL RELIEF

For the feet and all chafed and irritated surfaces caused by perspiration. It especially relieves all impure conditions of the skin and neutralizes all body odors. On the market over 15 years. The original foot bath treatment. Sold by the leading druggists and department stores everywhere. Price 25 cents.

If not satisfied return original package to your dealer and money will be refunded. Mailed postpaid if your dealer cannot supply you.

Sold by May's, New York; Wamsutter's, N. Y. and Philadelphia; Jordan, Marsh, Boston; Kane's, Washington; Auditorium Pharmacy and Mandel Bros., Chicago; Har's, St. Louis; The Boston, Providence; Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore; and other big stores.

SANDERS CHEMICAL CO., Minneapolis, Minn.



KITCHEN BOUQUET

GIVES A DELICIOUS FLAVOR AND RICH COLOR TO SOUPS, SAUCES, GRAVIES, ETC.

USED BY LEADING CHEFS AND EMINENT TEACHERS OF COOKERY

SAMPLE FREE

THE PALISADE MFG. CO.
50 CLINTON AVE., WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

LOOKS WELL

36 INCH

DANISH POPLAR

Trade Mark

CLOTH

The BEST staple

Half-Wool Dress Fabric

25 cts. per yard

WEARS WELL

Now is the time and this is the fabric for making your **Outing Suit, Tennis Suit, Bathing Suit** for the coming summer.

Your children need some *inexpensive, natty, stylish* dresses which can be laundered and *look better for it*. There is no better cloth made for these several uses.

Black, Cream and Navy Blues are all fast and will not crock.

Made in a full line of dark and light shades by the **HAMILTON WOOLEN CO.**

If you cannot secure these fabrics from your home retailer, write us, and we will tell you how and where to get the goods.

WELLINGTON, SEARS & CO., Manufacturers' Agents
Boston and New York

LAUNDERS WELL

SCHOOL Boarding School and Colleges require the use of

CASH'S Woven Names

Any name interwoven with fine white cambric tape as the tape is being made, in guaranteed washable color. You would have to ravel the entire fabric to get the name off. Accept no substitute. Orders filled in a week. Orders filled at your store.

Actual Photo of Tape. Black, Red, Green, Navy or Blue letters. Many styles of letters. Samples, etc., sent free on request.

CASH'S Woven Names

If your dealer cannot supply you this, send us his name and \$1.25 for 6 doz. Tapes, full name \$2.00 for 13 doz. Tapes, full name 75c. for 6 doz. Tapes, 3 initials only \$1.20 for 12 doz. Tapes, 3 initials only

J. & J. CASH, Limited
(Established in England over half a century)
Write to our American factories at
215 Chestnut Street South Norwalk, Conn.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

WOMEN — CONSPICUOUS

for complexions always smooth and velvety, that never lose their youthful attractiveness, that seem to be impervious to exposure, to sun and wind, are users of that great beautifier—**Lablache**. It prevents that oily, shiny appearance, and counteracts the disagreeable effects of perspiration. Lablache is cooling, refreshing and pure.

Rosier Strazerrers. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream. 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. Send 10c. for sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO., French Perfumers
Dept. R, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



Make The Home Beautiful

Whether you are furnishing your new home or reletting your present one it is essential that the color of your rugs should be in keeping with your plan of decoration. For boudoir, hall, library or den **Thread and Thrum Rugs** lend an air of distinction and individuality that has made them famous from coast to coast. Made in any color or combination of colors you desire, of high class wool or camel's hair—seamless, reversible, heavy and durable. Write for our color card and price list to

Arnold, Constable & Co., New York.

THREAD AND THRUM WORKSHOP
Auburn, N. Y.

"You choose the colors, we'll make the rug."

Bunions

INSTANTLY RELIEVED

and lasting comfort guaranteed by using

THE FISCHER

BUNION PROTECTOR

It reduces swelling, stops friction and irritation and keeps the shoes in shape. Over 250,000 sufferers benefited.

FREE TRIAL We will send this sure Bunion Relief on 10 Days' Trial. No pay if it fails. Send size of shoes and if right or left foot.

THE FISCHER MFG. CO., 961 3d St., Milwaukee, Wis.



PROF. I. HUBERT'S

MALVINA CREAM

"The One Reliable Beautifier"

Positively removes Freckles, Sunburn and all imperfections of the skin, and prevents wrinkles. Does not merely cover up but eradicates them.

Malvina Lotion and Ichthyl Soap should be used in connection with **Malvina Cream**. At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Cream, 50c., Lotion, 50c., Soap, 25c., postpaid. Send for testimonials.

PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio.



DE LONG CO.

HAIR PINS

DE LONG **HAIR PIN**

JET **JAPAN**

THE DE LONG NON-SLIPPING AND EYE COMPANY

The Package with the White Band
All Sizes; All Dealers
Free Samples on Request

THE DE LONG HOOK AND EYE CO., Philadelphia



IN NO COMBINE OR TRUST

HORLICK'S

Original and Genuine Malted Milk

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk malted grain extract in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Others are Imitations — Ask for "HORLICK'S"

When you write advertisers please say "I saw adv in G.H."

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Best for three generations and still surpassing all imitations. Wood or tin rollers, dependable, lasting springs; shade raises or lowers at will and "stays put." Improved" requires no tacks for attaching shade.

Inventor's signature on every roller.

Stewart Hartshorn

Look for it. Take none without it.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Relieves SCALP DISEASES and HAIR FALLING. 50 cents and \$1.00 at Drugists.

Test Your Breathing Capacity NOW



How much can you expand your lungs? Four inches? Two? One and a half? Try it. Your health depends upon it.

You may live in the Colorado Rockies—in California—in the purest air—yet you cannot be well unless you have the lung power to utilize the air you breathe. Correct breathing habits are your best protection from tubercular trouble. Fresh air is better than any tonic you can buy.

Let Me Teach You

Let me show you how to develop your lungs—How to absorb the life-giving oxygen from the air—How to be strong—tested—with rich red blood bounding through your system. Let me show you how to protect your health NOW—before too late.

Send for my book, "Health, Grace and Beauty"

It gives you an idea of what I have done for more than 45,000 women—of what I can do for you. It is full of information that you can use to better your own mental and physical condition. Write and tell me how you feel. If you are nervous—weak—irritable—run down, let me help you. Enclose this advertisement with ten cents in stamps for book.

SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 22, 246 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Lifts Jars, Saves Scalds.
No more Burns. Hot clamp-top fruit jars carried or easily lifted from boiling water by the **Simplex Lifter**. Needed in every kitchen.
Gorman Mfg. Co., Dept. G, 33 Broad St., Boston, Mass. (Pat. today. Applied For)

LADIES Ease Your Feet WITH Pillow Oxfords



\$3.00

Postpaid in U.S.A.

The Ideal Summer Shoe for woman's wear; absolute comfort for TIED, TENDER FEET; a beautiful hand turned shoe, no breaking-in required; relief from hot Corns and Bunions; soft, flexible, durable, dressy, and stylish. The sole oak leather. The whole top genuine Vic Kid, soft, pliable. RUBBER HEELS. No lining to wrinkle or chafe. WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY. Absolute comfort and satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded. Write for our Free Illustrated Catalogue and special self-measure blank.

PILLOW SHOE CO.

184 Summer Street, Dept. H, Boston, Mass.

I Demand Attention



Keep Your Flour Clean

You owe it to your family to do this. Take it out of that paper bag, it attracts moisture and makes the best of flour soggy. Mice can break in and steal. Let me tell you about the



KIKO BIN SIFTER

how it keeps the flour clean and sifts it out to you pure and wholesome.

The booklet, *The Road to Model Town*, for the asking will be sent you.

KIKO BIN SIFTERS, \$3.00 in all Department Stores
THE ROGER-RAYMOND MFG. CO.,
Westerly, R. I.

In Every Part Of The House. The Bissell

is an everyday necessity.



No matter what other methods are employed for cleaning carpets or rugs, there still remains the daily need for a good, medium-priced, hand-propelled carpet sweeper that promptly and efficiently gathers up all dirt and litter, without noise, dust or effort.

The housewives of the world attest the superiority of the BISSELL, the genuine original sweeper, the recognized leader in every country where carpets and rugs are used.

You can double your comforts in the use of the Bissell by having two machines, one for upstairs, one for down. This saves carrying the sweeper up and down, and insures having a sweeper always at your command. No woman who has ever used a BISSELL sweeper can get along without one.

Write for booklet illustrating our standard brands and telling you in detail what the sweeper accomplishes, and the sacrifices you are making in not having one.

Buy of your dealer, send us the purchase slip *within one week* from date of purchase, and we will send you a card case with no printing on it, something any lady or gentleman will appreciate.

Prices \$2.75 to \$6.50

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Dept. K, Grand Rapids, Mich.
(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)





KLEINERT'S OLYMPIA DRESS SHIELDS

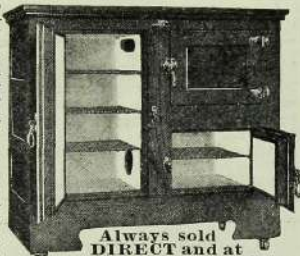
CAN BE WASHED AND IRONED

No Odor
GUARANTEE IN EVERY PAIR

Write for Our Free Book on Home Refrigeration

This book tells how to select the home Refrigerator, how to know the poor from the good, how to keep down ice bills, how to keep a Refrigerator sanitary and sweet—lots of things you should know before buying ANY Refrigerator.

It also tells all about the "Monroe," the Refrigerator with inner walls made in one piece of solid, unbreakable, White Porcelain Ware an inch thick and highly glazed, with every corner rounded. No cracks or crevices anywhere. The "Monroe" is as easy to keep clean as a china bowl.



Always sold
DIRECT and at
Factory Prices. Cash or
monthly payments.

The "Monroe"


Most other Refrigerators have cracks and corners which cannot be cleaned. Here particles of food collect and breed countless germs. These germs get into your food and make it poison, and the family suffers—from no traceable cause.

The "Monroe" can be sterilized and made germlessly clean in an instant by simply wiping out with a cloth wrung from hot water. It's like "washing dishes," for the "Monroe" is really a thick porcelain dish inside.

The high death rate among children in the summer months could be greatly reduced if the Monroe Refrigerator was used in every home where there are little folks.

The "Monroe" is installed in the best flats and apartments, occupied by people who CARE—and is found today in a large majority of the VERY BEST homes in the United States. The largest and best Hospitals use it exclusively. The health of the whole family is safeguarded by the use of a Monroe Refrigerator.

When you have carefully read the book and know all about Home Refrigeration, you will know WHY and will realize how important it is to select carefully. Please write for book today.
Monroe Refrigerator Co., Station F, Cincinnati, O.



An ESKAY'S FOOD Boy

Eskay's Food was substituted for mother's milk when this husky little fellow was two months old. His picture tells the story.

Ten feedings of ESKAY'S and our book for mothers—"How to Care for the Baby"—free.

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., 425 Arch St., Philadelphia

THE BRIDE'S PRIMER—A Most Delightful

FUN and wisdom drawn from the perplexities of a bride during the first year of wedded happiness, offered in the simple language of childhood primer, will provide many a merry laugh to smooth the rough places in everyday life. Beneath its quaint fun is the real and helpful human interest which makes the book unique among gift books. The text, by Thornton W. Burgess, is supplemented by a charming talk to brides by Tom Masson, of Life. The drawings, by F. Strothmann, are printed in colors, making the whole an exquisite book.

Gift Book for Brides

"It would make a jolly gift for a bride—any bride."

—Detroit Free Press

"It is a large, elaborate, extravagant work, with magnificent colored illustrations, and contains wisdom as well as fun."

—Pittsburg Dispatch

"No bride should be without it."

—New York Globe

"One of the most novel and original publications of the year."

—Every Ev'g, Wilmington, Del.

"The work is one of the most interesting that has been issued in many a day."

—San Francisco Chronicle

"It is not only very amusing but a very timely book."

—New York Herald

Handsomely Bound in
Cloth, Price Post-
paid \$1.50

ORANGE JUDD COMPANY, 439 Lafayette Street, New York

**1000
Towels
for \$2**

**Absolutely
Hygienic
No Laundry
Expense**



A Clean New Towel for Every Wash

We want every housewife to know the many advantages of these splendid **sanitary** towels in the home.

Scott Tissue Towels

are made of the finest quality absorbent crepe paper. They take up the moisture instantly from face or hands. Used once, and then thrown away—a new hygienic towel at every wash for each child and member of the family. Less expensive than ordinary towels—no laundering.

Your Money Back if Not Satisfied. Send us \$2.00 TODAY and we will express, prepaid, one thousand "Scott Tissue" towels, with fixture to hold the roll. Try them, and if they are not satisfactory, return them to us at our expense, and your money will be refunded.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY,
Manufacturers of "Sani-Tissue" toilet paper.
626 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia

SANITAS

THE WASHABLE
WALL COVERING

You will prefer SANITAS, for its decorative merits alone, to the finest wall paper.

Yet you pay no more for SANITAS than for good cartridge paper.

On this basis you pay no extra whatever for the stain proof, fade proof, dust and dirt proof qualities of SANITAS, which make it tenfold more serviceable and satisfactory than any wall paper.

SANITAS corrects old leaky cracked walls and insures new walls against defects.

Dull finished paper and fabric effects; glaze tile designs for bathrooms, kitchens, etc.

Ask your dealer or decorator to show you SANITAS. Or write us your needs fully. We will tell you how to be satisfactorily supplied and also send you free samples and sketches.

STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.,
Dept. G, 320 Broadway, New York



WIPE OFF THE DIRT

The Invincible JUNIOR

IT EATS
DIRT

**Avoid Summer
Worries**—BANISH
DUST!

The simplest, easiest way to keep your home always dustless and clean is by using the famous

**Invincible Junior
Electric
Renovator**

Steady, Strong Suction Created by Centrifugal Fans.

The only efficient air-cleaning machine at a moderate price. Silent. Built especially for homes. Easy to operate—to attach—to move around. A child can clean house with it. No valves, no gears, no pumps—no wearing parts. Will last a life time, saving you money every year.

Prove its superiority before you purchase. We'll send you a machine to try—no charge, no obligation. Write for free illustrated booklet. Dept. B.



**Electric
Renovator
Mfg. Co.**
2129 Farmers
Bank Bldg.
Pittsburg, Pa.

**\$19.50
BRASS BED**



On Ap-
proval
Freight
Prepaid

BISHOP (GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.) sells this beautiful genuine brass Bed (worth \$40.00), Colonial style, Direct to you for \$19.50, returnable at our expense and your money refunded if not found satisfactory and worth double our price. Or, we will send the Bed with guaranteed springs and Cottonfelt Mattress complete for \$29.50 (worth \$60.00).

It is a full-sized double Bed 4 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. 4 in. long, with heavy 2-inch continuous Pillars—your choice of bright or "satin" finish, both guaranteed for 10 years.

Bishop's Book of Correct Styles contains colored plates of artistically furnished rooms in "period" and modern designs, illustrates and describes over 1,000 styles of dependable furniture, priced one-third below ordinary retail values.

Send 25 cents in stamps for the book on approval (we credit this amount toward your first purchase). We will refund the postage if you do not find it a correct and valuable guide to furniture buying.

We ship on approval and prepaid freight to all points east of the Mississippi River and north of the Tennessee Line, allowing freight that far to points beyond. Write today. References, any Grand Rapids Bank.

BISHOP FURNITURE COMPANY, 15-31 Ionia Street, Grand Rapids, Mich



\$200
**A Wardrobe
 in Any Corner
 of Your Home**

Up in 10 seconds, without nails
 or screws; taken down as quickly

Pullman Self-Supporting Wardrobe

can be put up in any corner by simply pressing a
 lever. Made of steel, handsomely oxidized. Has
 10 hooks and rod for suit hangers. Takes no floor
 space like a heavy wardrobe, but has same space for
 clothes. Has no base to collect dust and there is
 nothing to move when you sweep.

It is light, strong, durable. Will not injure wall-
 paper or plaster. Weighs only 4 pounds.

Just the thing to take to your summer cottage,
 where closets are scarce.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send \$2 and we'll
 ship, charges prepaid; if west of Mississippi River,
 add 25c. Money back if Wardrobe is not satisfactory.

Free illustrated booklet upon request.

Pullman Mfg. Co., 37 Allen Street, Rochester, N. Y.

SOIESETTE

REGISTERED

Superior To Silk Pongee



Has the lustrous texture
 and richness of silk pongee
 but offers three times the
 wear at far less cost. These
 exceptional qualities have
 made SOIESETTE the
 most largely used fabric of
 its kind in the world for

Walking Gowns, Children's Dresses,
 Afternoon Frocks, Shirt Waists,
 Evening Costumes, Slips, Foundations, etc.

Launders perfectly. Holds its
 exquisite coloring and finish per-
 manently.

Look for this label in every garment
 made from Soiesette.



All shades and colors. At all the better stores.

CLARENCE WHITMAN & CO., 39 LEONARD ST., NEW YORK.
 Makers of the Famous FLAXON White Goods.

“Mum”

takes all the odor out
 of perspiration

Easy to use. Takes less than
 a half-minute to apply enough
 to keep the body sweet and
 clean for the whole day and
 evening.

Does not irritate the skin, nor
 check perspiration, nor injure the
 most delicate clothing.

Has no odor of its own, but
 gently neutralizes other odors.

25c at drug- and department-stores.
 If your dealer hasn't "Mum," send us his
 name and 25 cents, and we'll send it postpaid.

MUM MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

A Safe Precaution

DR. HUBBARD'S VEGETABLE GERMICIDE

On Vacation or Travel



A most effective Germ Destroyer
 and preventive of disease.
 It is a hygienic necessity.

Destroys bad odors and purifies
 the air.

As an antiseptic spray or lotion
 for wounds, burns, bites of in-
 sects, browntail moth, rash, etc.,
 it has no equal.

It is highly beneficial in the
 treatment of all Catarrhal trou-
 bles.

Agreeable in odor and safe to
 use.

Comes complete with a service-
 able atomizer or in bulk at all
 druggists'

Try Dr. Hubbard's Vegetable Germicide Toilet
 Soap, a perfect soap of the best possible quality.

All druggists handle our goods.

J. HUBBARD & CO., 46 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Fine-Form

TRADE MARK

MATERNITY SKIRT

Registered in U.S. Pat. Office



of great interest to
Every Prospective Mother.

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society.—Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no tipping or basting.—Can be worn the year round.

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our Fine Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"—It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users. **10 Days Free Trial.** When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented, send it back and we will cheerfully refund every cent paid. **Other Skirts**—If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you—same guarantee—Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. F, Buffalo, N. Y.

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the Fine Form Maternity Skirt is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—a fault so repulsive to every woman of refined tastes. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY'S TOILET PREPARATIONS

ESTABLISHED 1868



CREAM VAN OLA

For softening and whitening the skin. Feeds and nourishes the tissues, and is considered the standard by the fastidious. Jars, 25 cents.



ROSALINE Cannot be detected, gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint that is truly beautiful.

ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars, 25 cents.



HY-GEN-IA FACE POWDER

A refreshing and medicinal face powder for beautifying the skin. It will not clog the glands or pores of the skin. Flesh and White, 50c a box.

Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of prices. Goods sent on receipt of price and postage.

No. 1062 Guaranteed under the FOOD and DRUG ACT June 30, 1906.

Dr. J. Parker Pray Co., 10 and 12 East 23d St., New York City
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors

Sunburn, Tan, Freckles

are unpleasant results of a vacation spent outdoors. You can enjoy your outing and never fear for your complexion if you use

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm

LIQUID TOILET POWDER.

It cools and refreshes the scorched skin and quickly heals the burn. Not greasy or sticky. So pure you could drink it without injury. Contains no lead or other harmful ingredient. Used by famous beauties since 1850 for beautifying the

Face, Neck and Arms.

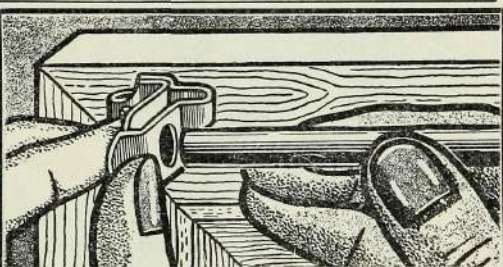
Its use cannot be detected.

3 colors—White, Pink, Rose-Red.

75c. at druggists or mailed on receipt of price by Migsr.

For Free Sample write to

LYON MFG. CO.,
30 South Fifth St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



When You Buy

Curtain Rod Holders

remember that you will wish to put up and take down the curtains for spring and fall cleaning and for occasional dusting during years to come. To avoid trouble with screw thread collars, dropping of separate parts and climbing up and down a step ladder you should

Demand a SNAP

Made in one piece of best spring brass to hold standard 3-8 inch curtain rods for lace, silk, muslin and all other window, door and sash curtains. Simply SNAP the rod in place. Made in two styles. Price ten cents a pair.

FREE We will send a sample pair for your dealer's name—you to agree to ask your dealer for the SNAP Curtain Rod Holders when you need them next time if the sample pair are satisfactory.

The Blake Signal & Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass.

Guernsey Brown White-Lined Examined



Earthenware

Let Guernsey lend distinction to your table service.

Follow the growing vogue of cooking and serving in the same dish.

Guernsey Earthenware—that beautiful brown, white-lined, highly glazed earthenware—adds to the attractiveness of any table. It puts the finishing touch to beautiful silver and snowy linen.

Shirred eggs, chicken and steaks *en casserole*, potatoes and macaroni *au gratin*, baked tomatoes, *souffles*—taste so good when served piping hot in Guernsey Earthenware.

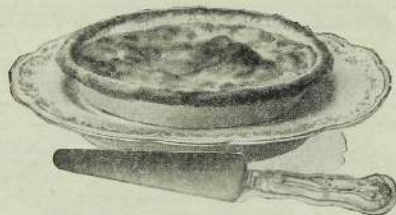
Write today for our new book, "Cooking and Serving in Guernsey Earthenware." It will tell you all about the new way to cook.



The Guernsey Earthenware Co.

18 East End St.,

Cambridge, Ohio.



PIES, Cakes, Puddings, and all kinds of Desserts requiring Milk, will be much more delicious if you use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Convenience, Economy and Better Results in your Cooking make the use of Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK and Borden's PEERLESS BRAND EVAPORATED MILK (Unsweetened) a most valuable habit.

Book of 80 Fine Recipes free for the asking while they last.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co. "Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857

New York



"It's Easy to Make Kornlet Fritters"

Yes, and everybody loves them when they're made. Just a moment to beat the batter and drop it, spoonful by spoonful, in the hot fat. Then, a plate piled high with rich, golden brown morsels—m-m—m-m!

Perhaps you don't know what KORNLET is and why it makes such delicious fritters, griddle cakes, puddings and soups.



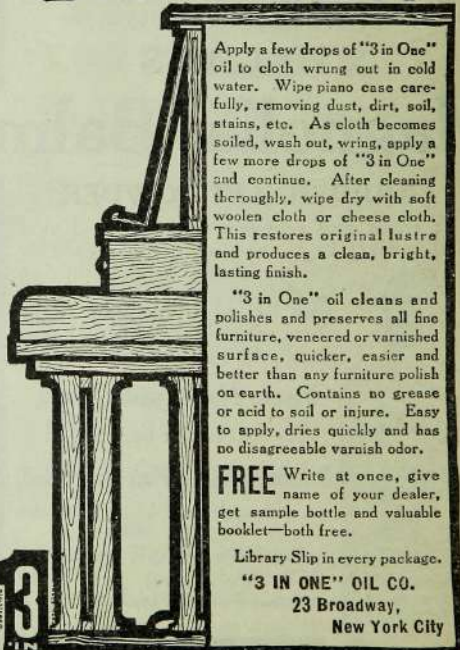
KORNLET is the best part of green corn—the succulent milk of the kernel—the part which carries all the fine flavor and goodness of green corn—

Kornlet

is the concentrated extract of fresh ears, prepared and canned when they're tenderest. Book of KORNLET recipes sent free for your grocer's name.

THE HASEROT CANNERIES CO., Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

TRY THIS ON YOUR



Apply a few drops of "3 in One" oil to cloth wrung out in cold water. Wipe piano case carefully, removing dust, dirt, soil, stains, etc. As cloth becomes soiled, wash out, wring, apply a few more drops of "3 in One" and continue. After cleaning thoroughly, wipe dry with soft woolen cloth or cheese cloth. This restores original lustre and produces a clean, bright, lasting finish.

"3 in One" oil cleans and polishes and preserves all fine furniture, veneered or varnished surface, quicker, easier and better than any furniture polish on earth. Contains no grease or acid to soil or injure. Easy to apply, dries quickly and has no disagreeable varnish odor.

FREE Write at once, give name of your dealer, get sample bottle and valuable booklet—both free.

Library Slip in every package.

"3 IN ONE" OIL CO.

23 Broadway,

New York City

Eat Junket Ice Cream

and be satisfied.

The best of the best is Ice Cream made with Hansen's Junket Tablets. Easily and quickly made, and is the most palatable, easiest to digest and most nutritious of all Ice Creams.

10 JUNKET TABLETS
for

10 Quarts of Ice Cream—10 Cents.

At grocers' and druggists'.
Our booklet of Recipes—Free.

Chr. Hansen's Laboratory,
300 Hansen Avenue, - Little Falls, New York



You'll
Like It—
Everybody
Likes It



Sample Free.

Enough to Make One Pint.

The very highest quality of Gelatine put up in the famous "Already Measured" package. Ordinarily directions say, "Take $\frac{1}{2}$ package," etc., leaving you to guess really at the amount, for no one can be sure of pouring out just $\frac{1}{2}$ of a package of anything.

Every package of Minute Gelatine is divided into fourths, and each fourth makes one pint of delicious dessert, a whole package making one-half gallon.

Give us your grocer's name and we will send you free enough to make one pint, also the Minuteman Cook Book, containing 35 tested receipts for Minute Gelatine.

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY,
38 West Main Street, Orange, Mass.

SIMPLIFY HOUSEKEEPING

with a

Fibrex Fireless Cooker

Made with one piece of light, tough FIBREX for the outer case.



It won't rust, leak, warp, soak water or grease, or absorb odors. Best heat retainer known. Holds cooking heat for 10 hours. The inner vessels will last a lifetime.

Because it is simple, price is low; ask for it. No cooker gives more value for the money. Write for free booklet.

FIBREX SALES CO.

49 Federal St. - - Boston, Mass.

19-43

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER



One Touch of Mennen's Soothes the Whole World's Skin

Positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn; deodorizes perspiration. For over a quarter of a century it has been the standard toilet preparation.

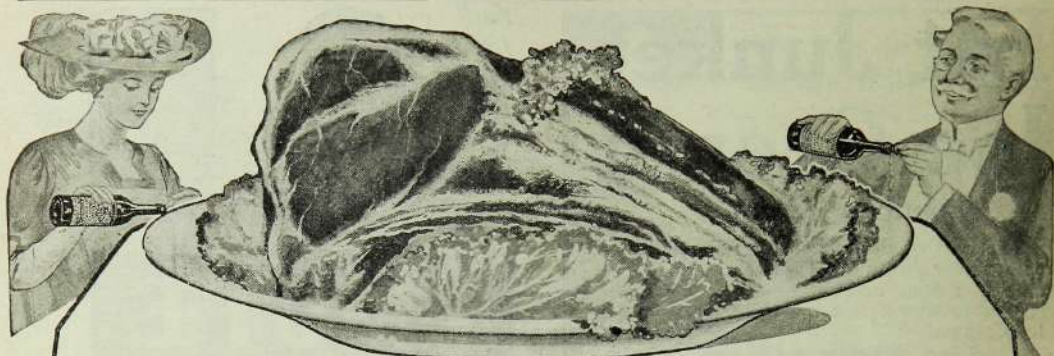
Remember to ask for Mennen's, and accept no substitute.

Sample box for 2c stamp

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Orange Street, Newark, N. J.

The Pioneer Makers of Talcum Powder



ROASTS No other seasoning can equal the delicate touch given all roasts by adding

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The leading cooks throughout the world know the value of Lea & Perrins Sauce as the "final touch" to many a dish.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

IN Preserving—try Karo

this season. It gives a more natural, more delicate flavor to all preserved fruits. *The perfect preserving syrup is made with one part Karo to three parts sugar.* See Karo Cook Book.

The great cooking and table syrup, Karo, agrees with everybody.

Karo

CORN SYRUP

Eat it on

Griddle cakes
Hot biscuit
Waffles

Use it for

Ginger bread
Cookies
Candy

Karo Cook Book—fifty pages, including thirty perfect recipes for home candy making—Free. Send your name on a post-card, today, to

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
Dept. P NEW YORK P. O. Box 161





BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Delicious—Appetizing—Satisfying

The Kind That Keeps After It Is Opened

Made only from selected tomatoes, picked at their prime and cooked ever so lightly to hold the natural flavor, combined with purest spices—in kitchens of spotless cleanliness.

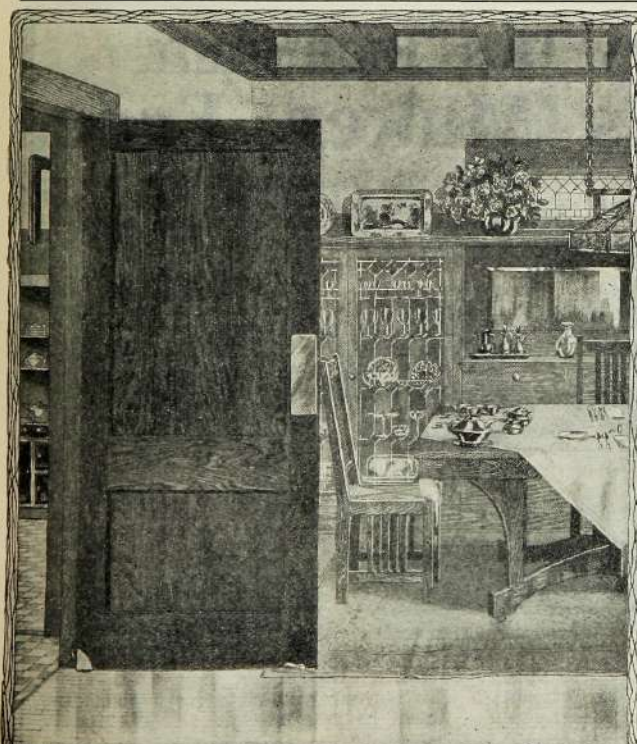
Contains only those Ingredients Recognized and Indorsed by the U. S. Government

Insist on products bearing our name, not only ketchup, but soups, canned fruits, vegetables and meat, jams, jellies, preserves, etc.

Write for free booklet, "Original Menus," telling what to have for breakfast, luncheon, dinner.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.

Rochester, N. Y.



Perfect Doors for All Purposes

Every room in every kind of building can be fitted more satisfactorily for wear, and more in harmony with the trim and finish, by using



Morgan Doors are light, remarkably strong and built of several layers of wood with grain running in opposite directions. Shrinking, warping or swelling impossible. Veneered in all varieties of hard wood—Birch, plain or quarter-sawed red or white Oak, brown Ash, Mahogany, etc.

Each **Morgan Door** is stamped "**MORGAN**" which guarantees quality, style, durability and satisfaction. You can have them if you specify and insist.

In our new book—"The Door Beautiful"—**Morgan Doors** are shown in their natural color and in all styles of architecture for interior or exterior use, and it is explained why they are the best and cheapest doors for permanent satisfaction in any building.

A copy will be sent on request.

Architects: Descriptive details of Morgan Doors may be found in Sweet's Index, pages 678 and 679.

Morgan Company, Dept. W. Oshkosh, Wis.
Distributed by Morgan Sash and Door Co., Chicago
Morgan Millwork Co., Baltimore, Md.

Handled by Dealers who do not substitute.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

There are over 300 of them—all different—for every conceivable use—for houses, factories, railroad cars, automobiles, boats, etc. But there is a special kind for every purpose—with sixty-one years of varnish-making experience back of it. Here are a few kinds:

Interior work—"38" *Preservative Varnish* is best except for floors. Never blisters, cracks nor turns white. Water will not affect it.

Exterior Work—*P & L Spar Finishing Varnish* is the most durable protection for all outdoor woodwork and marine use. Weather-proof, temperature-proof, and salt-waterproof.

White Enamel Work calls for *Vitralite*, which is moisture-proof, easy to apply on any surface inside or outside; never turns yellow and lasts almost indefinitely.



Test it
with
your
heel

61

FLOOR VARNISH

is the one superior finish for floors. Hit it with a hammer; stamp on it. *You can dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish.* It's heel-proof, mar-proof and water-proof.

Send for Free Sample Panel Finished with "61"

Test it yourself. It will be your assurance that "61" is the floor finish you want. Ask for "The Finished Floor." It tells how to finish and care for floors. Dealers everywhere carry P & L Varnishes. If yours hasn't the kind you want, send direct to us.

Our new book "Decorative Interior Finishing," besides telling about P & L Varnishes, gives many valuable pointers. It is sent free, on request.

*"Shows Only
the Reflection"*

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC. VARNISH MAKERS 61 YEARS

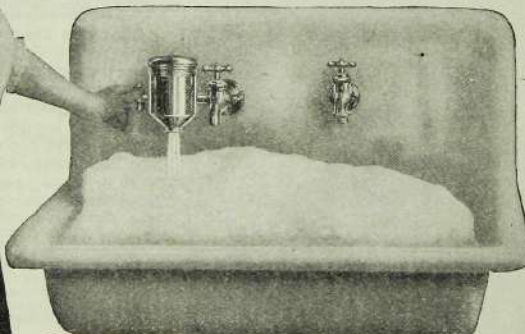
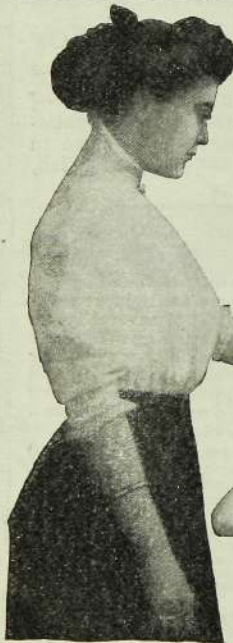
Address inquiries to 79 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada address 21 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario

FACTORIES: NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO BRIDGEBURG CANADA LONDON PARIS HAMBURG

Branch Offices and Warehouses: St. Louis, San Francisco

Try This "RICHMOND" Suds-Maker Free

You simply turn the faucet and The RICHMOND Suds-Maker delivers thick, hot suds. It does not in any way interfere with the hot water faucet and can be easily attached to it. It gives you instead, two faucets—one for clean, hot water—the other for thick, hot suds.



Think of the dozens of ways this ingenious device will cut down the work in the kitchen! Learn what it means to save hundreds of steps every day—to always have thick creamy soap suds on tap. The "Richmond" Suds-Maker gives you any quantity of soap and water thoroughly mixed in scientific proportion—it is always ready to meet your instant needs. It puts an end to the drudgery of dishwashing—simply place dishes, silver, glassware under its creamy suds for an instant, then just rinse and wipe. It puts an instant automatic end to waste, to unsightly soap dishes, to the nuisance of using up the odds and ends of soap. Use any kind of soap.

Just send your name and address together with the name and address of your local plumber and

we will forward by express prepaid one RICHMOND Suds-Maker. Use it ten days—then if you think you can spare it, return it at our expense. This is your chance to learn about the greatest convenience, money and time saver you can install in your kitchen. Write today.

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO.,

276 Terminal Building

New York, N. Y.

INDIVIDUALITY IN FURNITURE



Lies as much in the expression of your taste in color and finish as in lines and form.

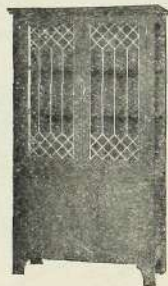
We offer you a wide selection of styles, and your choice of any of several finishes; or will finish your furniture from your own suggestions to harmonize with the color schemes of your rooms.

Our stock is especially rich in models of Old New England Furniture which so admirably accords with interiors of good taste and refinement.

Let us send you (gratis) a full set of illustrations of our different models.



A LEAVENS' FURNISHED INTERIOR



WILLIAM LEAVENS & Co. 32 CANAL ST., BOSTON., MASS.

That Must Be a BARCALO Bed —It Certainly Is

BRASS AND IRON BEDS so well constructed that you can test the corners with a heavy hammer bear the Barcalo trade mark. The next time you look at beds see that the salesman subjects them to this "hammer test."

Then you will know before you buy how well the bed will wear.

When you buy the Barcalo Brand you will know that you have bought a bed so good that its makers can afford to guarantee it to you for 35 years.

And the Barcalo Line of Brass and Iron Beds is so extensive that you will be suited in style, size and price.

The Barcalo Process Guaranteed Finish on our brass styles insures a permanently handsome bed. Look for the seal on the cross-bar at head of bed. Write for Barcalo Style Book and pick your design.

Barcalo Mfg. Co., Dept. H1, Buffalo, N. Y.



NOTE—Our Corner Seal and Finish Seal are new. Your dealer may have Barcalos without these. Look for the trade mark—Barcalo-Buffalo—at foot. This and 35-year guarantee protects you sufficiently.

ATHLETIC GIRLS



Rely on
**CUTICURA
SOAP**

For soothing, refreshing and cleansing the skin after exercise. The sanative, emollient properties of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment render them invaluable for the preservation and purification of the complexion, hair and hands.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd.; Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.
32-page Cuticura Book, post-free, giving description and treatment of skin affections.



A Sunburn Soother

If talcum powder has *not* relieved your sunburn, it is because you have never used Colgate's.

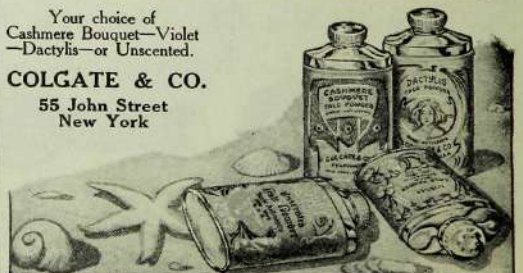
The Real Boric Powder

Safest and best in its antiseptic and healing value, because chemical analysis proves it to contain eight times as much Boric Acid as the best of six other advertised talcum powders examined by an eminent chemist.

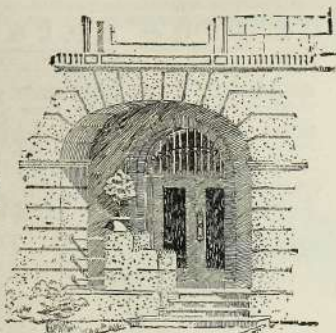
Take a box with you to seashore or mountains for comfortable summer dressing.

Your choice of
Cashmere Bouquet—Violet
—Dactylis—or Unscented.

COLGATE & CO.
55 John Street
New York



Three Things to Remember When Ordering Hardware



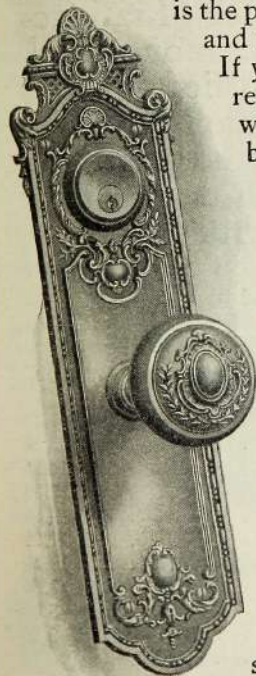
First—insist on quality. It may cost a little more, but in the long run it pays. Then consider the safety of the locks. With these two points settled, choose the design—your architect will advise you which pattern is in keeping with the character of your house. If

SARGENT

Artistic Hardware

is specified—all that need concern you is the pattern—for quality and safety are assured.

If you are building or remodeling a home write for our free book—the



SARGENT Book of Designs

It shows a great variety of designs—a style for every type of architecture, and a choice of patterns for each style. This allows free exercise of your own individuality, yet keeps the hardware in perfect harmony with the building itself.

The Sargent Colonial Book is also of rare interest—ask for it.

SARGENT & COMPANY,
139 Leonard Street,
New York.



This Electric Iron Lasts a Lifetime

and can be used in the house or on the porch—Tuesday or any other day or every day—for any kind of household ironing or pressing work. Always ready.

General  Electric

Flatirons

heat quickly and stay hot even on heavy wet ironing. The heat can be regulated to suit the work—from laces to table cloths. The air jacket heat insulation of the cover prevents the heating of the hand, and the handle is always cool.

The G-E Electric Iron saves time, fuel, energy—the most economical iron to use—the leading labor-saving device for home workers. It is perfectly clean—“floats” over the work and gives the smooth or glossy finish that pleases. And it lasts a lifetime.

One thousand lighting companies are offering this electric iron on a free trial basis. Tell your lighting company or supply dealer today that you wish to try the General Electric Flatiron. Hundreds of thousands have been bought this way.

If you cannot get the G-E Iron locally, send \$6.25 and receive (charges prepaid) our handsome, nickel-plated six-pound electric flatiron with a “pull off” attaching plug, 8 feet of approved asbestos conductor cord and socket attaching plug. A non-heating three-deck stand is sent free with each iron.

General Electric Company

Dept. 118 Schenectady, N. Y.

2636



The quaint charm of this room is largely owing to the soft gray tone and dull finish of the standing woodwork, ceiling and beams. To secure this effect and furnish and decorate such a room suitably and harmoniously requires true artistic taste and some technical knowledge; as well as the use of the best stains and finishes.

Murphy Varnish Company offer *without charge* to all who use their materials the complete service of their Department of Decoration. This is under the management of Margaret Greenleaf, the well known decorator and magazine writer. If *you* desire to consult her send in your plans or a rough draft of them. Complete information regarding the proper wood finish for standing woodwork and floors of all rooms together with sample panels showing the effects advised will be sent, also color scheme for decoration throughout.

Remember this service is free to those using the Murphy Varnish Company's materials.

The finishes made by this Company are the best and most lasting on the market and include—Enamels, gray and white, a full line of Penetrating Oil Stains showing all tones and suited to all woods, Nogloss Varnish to be used where a dull finish is desired, Transparent Wood Finish Interior where a gloss or semi-gloss surface is preferred, and for floors any stain may be used under the Transparent Floor Varnish which is easy to apply and care for and is durable.

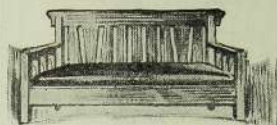
Address Department of Decoration

Murphy Varnish Company

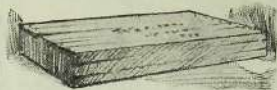
345 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Our free catalogue

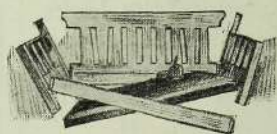
explains how you can get furniture at less than half price



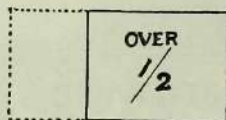
This is the piece you get



This is the way you get it



These are the sections, ready to be put together.



This is what you save



OUR guarantee of satisfaction—your money back if not satisfied—should answer any objection you could offer. Stained and finished free, if desired. Either plain or quarter sawed white oak.

Ask us to mail you the catalogue free. It is a delight to read.

Ask for furniture catalogue No. 11

Look over these bargains:

	K. D.
\$17.00 Rocker	\$ 7.75
30.00 Settee, with cushion	13.50
35.00 Davenport	16.25
25.00 Morris Chair	12.25
8.00 Foot Rest	4.00
25.00 Library Table	11.25
50.00 Dining Table	19.50
30.00 Dining Table	13.50
12.00 Bookcase	5.00
6.00 Fern Stand	2.50
15.00 Porch Swing	6.75

Brooks Mfg. Co., C. C. Brooks, President
4608 Rust Avenue, Saginaw, Mich.



**An
Ever-Dry
Salt
Only 10c a Year**

You can have salt on your table like the salt you see in hotels—salt that always flows freely, never clogs. Yet it isn't mixed with starch.

You can have the finest, purest, saltiest salt that was ever made. And the cost is only 10 cents per year over soggy, coarse, impure bag salt.

Simply ask for Shaker Salt.

Purified Salt

Every table salt save Shaker contains considerable gypsum. And gypsum is Plaster of Paris—a pebble former—the basis of gravel and gall stones.

We remove this gypsum by an elaborate process—the only one known—and we own it. Shaker Salt is safe; but every substitute contains this dangerous impurity. We can prove this by Government tests.

Sanitary Salt

Shaker Salt comes in a paraffined box, proof against dampness, odors and dirt. It can't be contaminated. Each box has our patent spout for convenience in pouring.

You can get this fine-grained, dainty, dry salt anywhere if you insist on it. You would not then go without it for fifty times what it costs.

Sold by all good grocers. Price (east of the Rockies) 10c per box. Be sure of the name—Shaker Salt.



Diamond Crystal Salt Company

St. Clair, Mich.

Makers of the only salt 99 7-10 per cent pure, as proved by Government tests.



(82)



**The Only Sanitary
Caps for Fruit Jars**

Seal your Mason fruit jars with "Sanicap" Jar Caps. Then your preserves are protected against the dangers which accompany old-style zinc caps.

"Sanicap" is made of tin plate heavily coated on both sides with a special enamel. It is the only jar cap guaranteed to be absolutely proof against the action of fruit acids.

Sanicap

You take chances with the old style zinc jar caps. For when you lay a jar on its side the liquor from your preserves runs between the porcelain lining of the zinc cap.

The action of the fruit acids on the zinc produces zinc salts, which mingle with your preserves and cause sickness.

Don't be content with the old-style unsanitary zinc jar caps when "Sanicap" cost less, look better, last longer. Easy to seal and open. Threads won't slip.

Every careful housewife *wants* "Sanicap" jar caps for her preserves. But some women do not get them because they don't look for the name "Sanicap" in center of cap.

"Sanicap" Jar Caps are sold by dealers at 15c per dozen. 7 dozen for \$1.00 (except on the Pacific Coast). If your dealer does not carry "Sanicap" write to us direct and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

New York—Chicago—San Francisco—Montreal
Offices in All Large Cities



What Nurses Say of Delicious **Bonano**

I have given Bonano a fair trial and must confess that I like it. I was on a case and my patient being compelled to remain on a liquid diet for some time, I tempted her with some Bonano which I prepared myself, and she enjoyed it and is drinking a cupful twice a day.

I shall add BONANO to my list of liquid beverages hereafter.

Name on request.

Bonano is made from carefully selected, fully ripe bananas that have been matured on the trees, not picked green and allowed to ripen later—like the bananas you are familiar with. This gives the full, delicious, ripe banana flavor—almost unknown to this country. These fully ripe bananas are then dried—then roasted—then granulated. This process brings out a new and delicious flavor—the **Bonano** flavor.

Bonano is absolutely pure—without the least adulteration.

Bonano will quiet your nerves and tone up your stomach and your entire system. You will not only be delighted with the delicious flavor but even more with the surprising health-building result.

A 25-cent can makes 75 cups. Order one from your grocer **today**. If your grocer hasn't **Bonano**, send us the attached coupon for free sample, or 25 cents for full-sized can.

International Banana Food Co. DEPT. I. CHICAGO

I am enclosing 2 cents to pay postage on a sample of Bonano which is to be sent me free.

Name

Address

Your Grocer's Name

Grocer's Address

This Jar Preserves Appearance as Well as Quality



*Atlas
E-Z Seal
Jar*

*With
Lightning
Trimings*

IS there anything handsomer on a pantry shelf than a row of jars filled with fine peaches, pears or plums, and each separate fruit looking as natural as though just picked?

You can have fruit as fine in appearance as in quality if you use the favorite wide mouth **ATLAS E-Z SEAL JAR** at preserving time.

This jar is the ideal container. It is machine made—of extra quality glass and *all* glass—unusually strong—perfectly smooth at the lip and free of thin spots and weak places. Large peaches, pears and similar fruits go into the **ATLAS E-Z SEAL JAR** *without cutting*.

It is the most convenient of all jars to fill, empty and clean. A quick and sure sealer. Throw away old style, small neck jars and do your "canning" in the wide mouth "**ATLAS E-Z SEAL**."

Every housewife sending her grocer's name will receive free a book of preserving recipes

HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO., Wheeling, W. Va.



No Rubber Ring *used with*

Sooner or later, rubber rings become porous, leak air, taint, mould and spoil the contents. Instead of a rubber ring the Economy has a pure, everlasting, always air-tight gasket which is a part of the cap. It is odorless, tasteless, sanitary, unaffected by any food acids and remains air-tight forever. Nothing else like it.

the Economy JAR

Economy Jars Will Delight You

They Make Home-Canning a Pleasure

No other jar seals like, keeps like, or opens like the **ECONOMY JAR**

Keeps all vegetables, fruits, meats, fish, etc., perfectly forever—no mould, no taint, everything kept sweet, tasty and luscious for years.

Entirely different principle from old-style rubber ring sealing.

Using Economy's so simple and easy—self-sealing, no screw-top, wide mouth, smooth edges, straight sides, gold-lacquered cap, sanitary and absolutely air-tight.

Wide mouth,
Sure seal

Seals by air pressure

Dealers Everywhere
Sell Economy Jars

Hundreds of Thousands of Housewives Use Them



Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer has used Economy Jars four years. She says: "I tried the Jar and was exceedingly pleased with it. I canned peas, beans, tomatoes, carrots, besides a number of fruits and not one jar spoiled."

Marion Harland says: "I have made a thorough test of the excellence of Economy Jars in my kitchen and they seem to be all that is claimed for them."

Elizabeth Towne says: "The Economy Jar is a great success. There is nothing else that can come any where near touching it. It's surely the best yet."

If your dealer hasn't them send us his name and we will tell you how to get one dozen Economy Jars FREE.

Write for Free Recipe Booklet.

Patented, Trade Mark

Kerr Glass Mfg. Co.

Reg. U.S. & Canada 181 Hoyt St., PORTLAND, ORE.



Home-made open Pies with deli- cious fillings of Strawberry, Pineapple, Lemon, Rhubarb. Both crust and filling will be perfect if you use

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

see the Cook Book. To make the crusts of tarts and all pastries dry and tender, by all means use Kingsford's (one-sixth Kingsford's instead of all flour.) *The Book tells.*

Send for the Cook Book "P"—"What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch." 168 of the best recipes you ever tried. *The book is free.* Your name on a post card will bring it.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
OSWEGO, N. Y.
National Starch Company, Successors



COX'S INSTANT POWDERED Gelatine

Saves time and bother and makes finer, better foods. It dissolves instantly in boiling water—no soaking or waiting.

This Gelatine is extraordinarily smooth and rich, due to a purity and refinement developed by 80 odd years experience in the making of finest Gelatine.

Cox's Manual of Gelatine Cookery contains more than 200 recipes for salads, desserts, jellies, savorys, invalids' dishes, etc. They are just the things you'll want to give variety to your daily menus. Send us your name and address for a complimentary copy.

In buying look for the red, white and blue Checkerboard Box. Do not accept substitutes.

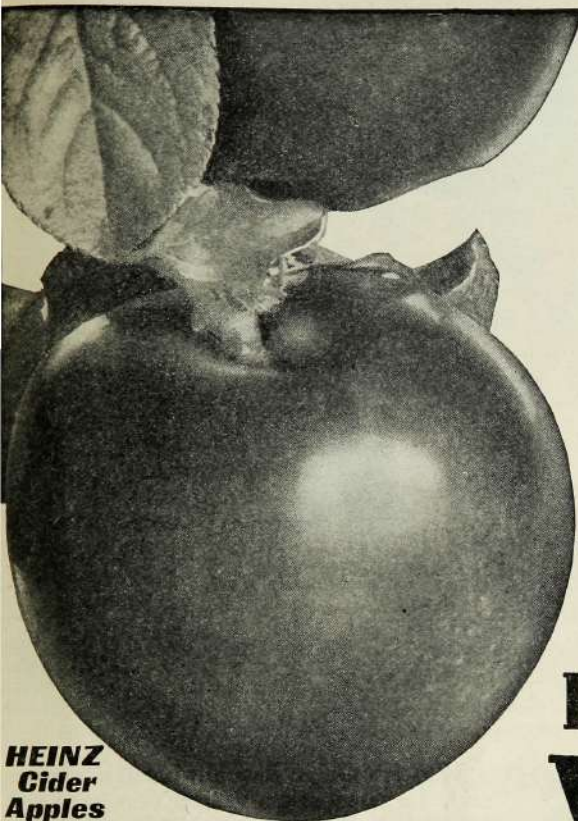


—BLACKBERRY MOLD—

5 to 6 persons. $\frac{1}{2}$ oz (one heaping table-spoonful) Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. blackberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. good cooking apples, 1 gill ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup) water, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. ($1\frac{1}{2}$ cups) sugar, thinly peeled rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon.

Pick over the berries and put them into a saucepan with the apples which have been cored, peeled and cut into slices, the sugar, and one gill of water. Cook slowly until soft, then rub through a sieve. There should be one-and-a-half cups of the puree. Dissolve the Gelatine in one gill of boiling water, then add it to the mixture. Stir for five minutes, then pour into a wet mold. Serve with whipped and sweetened cream.

THE COX GELATINE CO.,
Department J, 105 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.
U. S. Distributors for J. & G. Cox, Ltd., Edinburgh, Scotland.



**HEINZ
Cider
Apples**

Only selected kinds are used for Heinz Vinegar.

The quality of cider vinegar begins with the apples. The Greenings, Baldwins, Spies and Kings of Western New York and Michigan give the greatest amount of rich juice, best for vinegar, and these are the principal varieties of apples used in making

HEINZ Pure Apple Cider Vinegar

Only the pure apple juice of *first pressing* is used in Heinz Cider Vinegar, whereas the first pressing of apples is more often sold for sweet cider and only the second pressing, mixed with water, used for cider vinegar.

Age improves all vinegars, and it is frequently more than two years from the time the apple juice is pressed until it reaches your table as Heinz Cider Vinegar. All of which contributes to its healthfulness, mellowness and aroma. The

57 Varieties

also include the following:

Heinz Malt Vinegar

made from sound barley malt and aged until rich and mellow.

Heinz White Pickling and Table Vinegar

a distilled vinegar of great strength.

All sold by grocers in sealed bottles and half-gallon jugs; also by measure from barrels—but, when buying in this way, be sure you get the Heinz brand.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY.

Distributing Branches and Agencies throughout the World.

Member American Association for Promotion of Purity in Food Products.





Walker's GRAPE JUICE

"It's Clear because it's Pure"

OTHER bottled grape juices give you "the bitter with the sweet." The sweet is the pure juice of the edible part of the grape. The bitter is the tannic acid derived from the seeds and skins by over-pressing.

Its presence can be detected, first, by a cloudy appearance of the juice, with precipitation of sediment after standing; second, by a bitter after-taste in drinking the juice—an effect of astringency or puckerishness similar to that produced by alum.

The tannic acid that causes this bitterness is not one of the beneficial fruit acids that help to make the healthfulness of the grape—these acids are the tartaric, citric and malic. Tannic acid is unwholesome and a digestive irritant.

Write for the recipe book showing many delicious grape juice drinks and desserts.

THE GRAPE PRODUCTS COMPANY
NORTH EAST, PA.

When answering advertisements in Good Housekeeping remember "our guarantee"

Walker's Grape Juice is without this tannic acid. Its absence from Walker's can be proved inversely as its presence is proved in other grape juices. Walker's is clear and transparent; no cloudiness, no floating matter, no sediment. Its flavor is full, rich, sweet and mellow; there is no astringent taste or shrivelling sensation in the mouth after its use. Neither does it discolor the teeth, lips or tongue, as ordinary grape juices do.

There is no virtue in the elements that make ordinary grape juices unattractive to the eye and detract from their flavor and healthfulness. Those elements are in simply because it is easier and cheaper to let them in than to keep them out.

They are not in Walker's because the Walker standard demands the best—only the desirable elements of only the finest Concord Grapes.

The full smooth flavor and rich, fruity bouquet of Walker's Grape Juice are a revelation to those who have known only the ordinary juices made from over-pressed grapes.

Be sure you get Walker's—in the "Ten-Pin" Bottle. Sold by the best grocers and druggists. Also at soda fountains.



The "Ten-Pin" Bottle



Puffed Wheat Served With Blackberries

Fifteen Million Dishes Every Month

Since summer began it has been almost impossible for our mills to supply enough Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. People are eating fifteen million dishes per month.

For breakfast, they serve them with sugar and cream. Or they mix them with berries. These crisp grains with berries form an enticing blend.

For luncheons or suppers — for between-meals or bedtime — they are served in a bowl of milk. That's a delightful dish. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are as crisp as crackers, and four times as porous as bread. And they supply the whole grain, as crackers and bread do not.

All that needs to be done before serving is to crisp the grains in a warming oven.

Just Imagine This:

If you are not one of these users, we ask you to imagine this:

Gigantic kernels of wheat or rice, puffed to eight times natural size. Made so porous and crisp that they melt in the mouth. Made so digestible — by exploding the starch granules — that digestion begins before the grains reach the stomach.

Great, nut-like grains, shaped just as they grew. Ready to absorb whatever you mix with them.

Can anyone wonder that people are eating fifteen million dishes per month?

Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 15c

(Except in Extreme West)

These are Prof. Anderson's foods — the foods that are shot from guns.

The wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The grains are puffed to eight times their natural size. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have the whole grains made porous and crisp and digestible.

Good for Hot Days

These curious, digestible, ready-cooked cereals are the ideal summer foods. They are so delightful that four people in five prefer them to all other cereals. We have proved this by lunch-room tests.

And they don't tax the stomach. Never before were cereal foods made even half so digestible.

It is true they don't last long. Children are apt to want several servings, several times a day. But what better food can you serve to them than these whole grains made wholly digestible?

We ask you to order one package of each—order them now from your grocer. Do this to see what you've missed.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

(59)

When answering advertisements in Good Housekeeping remember "our guarantee"



*The Twin Servants
of Beauty*

Soothing, softening, rejuvenating the skin, their ministrations bring and *keep* that perfect complexion which is the natural birthright of every woman.

For the natural skin foods—used by Oriental women for centuries—are the palm and olive oils skillfully blended in

Palmolive Soap—Palmolive Cream

As Good a Cream as Palmolive is Soap



Palmolive Soap, 15 cents the cake. Palmolive Cream, 50 cents the jar.

If your dealer has no Palmolive Cream, send us 50 cents for a full-size jar and we will include, prepaid, a liberal sample cake of Palmolive Soap and the interesting booklet—"The Easy Way to Beauty."

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., 360 Fowler Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

(96)

Bake a Whole Swift's Premium Ham



—serve hot or cold. Enjoy its fine grained delicacy, mildness, extra quality and delicious taste.

Swift's Premium Bacon, sliced, in glass jars, is *all* bacon—no waste—every slice perfect and of uniform thinness.

At all dealers

"U. S. G. Inspected and Passed."

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Read
this

Don't Sweep

but nevertheless

Do Not Give Up Sweeping

Sweeping is as necessary now as it was in your grandmother's time. The development of air suction has provided an efficient and dustless method of gathering loose dirt.

The development of the Hoover Principle has provided, in addition to dust gathering by suction, a means of releasing all imbedded dirt and clinging lint, hair and ravelings.

HOOVER
ELECTRIC
TRADE MARK
SUCTION SWEEPER

gives you this combination. The suction opening is large (32½ sq. in.) The suction is powerful, continuous and unvarying. A rotary brush of 2,200 revolutions per minute brushes the carpet with spiral rows of soft hair bristles. The suction raises the carpet slightly from the floor, and the impact of the tufted bristles vibrates or shakes it 4,400 times per minute. Every particle of dirt is released, all of it is gathered up, and the floor and floor coverings are left perfectly clean, perfectly smooth, and perfectly aired. All in one simple, dustless and practically effortless operation, positively without injury to the fabric.

Fifteen special attachments and connections for cleaning above the floor level.

"That little Hoover Book" contains the whole story, with many points which you will find new, interesting and valuable. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it.



"However Clean—
Hoover Cleaner"

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER CO.

GENERAL OFFICES: 408 Maple Street, New Berlin, Ohio

NEW YORK
Marbridge Bldg.
B'way at 34th St.

CHICAGO
24 East
Monroe St.

PHILADELPHIA
Store 12
Mint Arcade

CLEVELAND
83 Taylor
Arcade

DETROIT
Washington
Arcade

NEWARK
Lyric Bldg.
11 Beaver St.



Grateful Relief From the Torture of SUNBURN

with its annoyance and unsightly after effects is absolutely assured if Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is constantly used.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream will prevent all the skin troubles of hot weather—will save your complexion and keep the face, neck, arms and hands soft and healthy. This Summer you can avoid all the discomforts of sore, parched, irritated skin if you will use

HINDS
Honey and Almond
CREAM

every day. Apply it gently night and morning as well as before and after exposure to sun or wind: you will not be troubled with either blistering or peeling.

If the skin should be already burned, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is delightfully cooling, soothing and healing to the fevered surface, affording almost instant relief. It contains nothing harmful and is

GUARANTEED NOT TO CAUSE A GROWTH OF HAIR

Mothers find it excellent for babies' delicate skin—
Fathers know it is unequalled after shaving.

Price 50c. in bottles only:—pure, refined and sure to accomplish all that it claims. Substitutes may disappoint. Sold by your dealer, or sent postpaid by us if not obtainable. *Write to-day for free trial bottle.*

A. S. HINDS

35 West Street, Portland, Me.



COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

**Ivory Soap is not an ordinary laundry soap.
It is a better-than-ordinary soap.**

It is made of *better-than-ordinary* materials and is intended to be used for *better-than-ordinary* purposes.

There are any number of soaps that cut dirt much more quickly than Ivory Soap will. They are fine—for cleaning pots and pans and cement walks.

But don't wash shirtwaists with them; or woolens; or colored goods; or silks; or dainty dress fabrics; or

laces; or any other article that is *better-than-ordinary*.

For cleaning things of that kind, Ivory Soap is so much better than anything else that it really has no competitor.

And the reason is simply this: Ivory Soap is pure. It contains no "free" alkali. It is the mildest, gentlest soap it is possible to make. It cleans—but *it does not injure*.

Ivory Soap 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure.



When Good King Arthur ruled the land,
 He was a goodly King:
 He stole three pecks of barley meal
 To make a bag pudding.

A bag pudding the Queen did make
 And stuffed it well with plums;
 And put therein great lumps of fat
 As big as my two thumbs.

The King and Queen did eat thereof
 And all the Court beside;
 And what they could not eat that night
 The Queen next morning fried.



When next the King did feast his Court
 He spread a royal board:
 Nor plums nor fat was served thereat
 To tempt each Dame and Lord.

Yet when the Queen arose next morn
 There was naught left to fry,
 Whereat she sat upon a stool
 And piteously did cry.

Of all that mighty feast was left
 No single scrap to eat.
 All had been valiant trencher-men,
 For 'twas the Cream of Wheat.



TEASING!

Mother may I
have some more?



The Kind with the Flavor - Made from Selected White Corn

THE GENUINE TOASTED CORN FLAKES HAS THIS SIGNATURE

W.K. Kellogg

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO., Battle Creek, Mich.
Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.