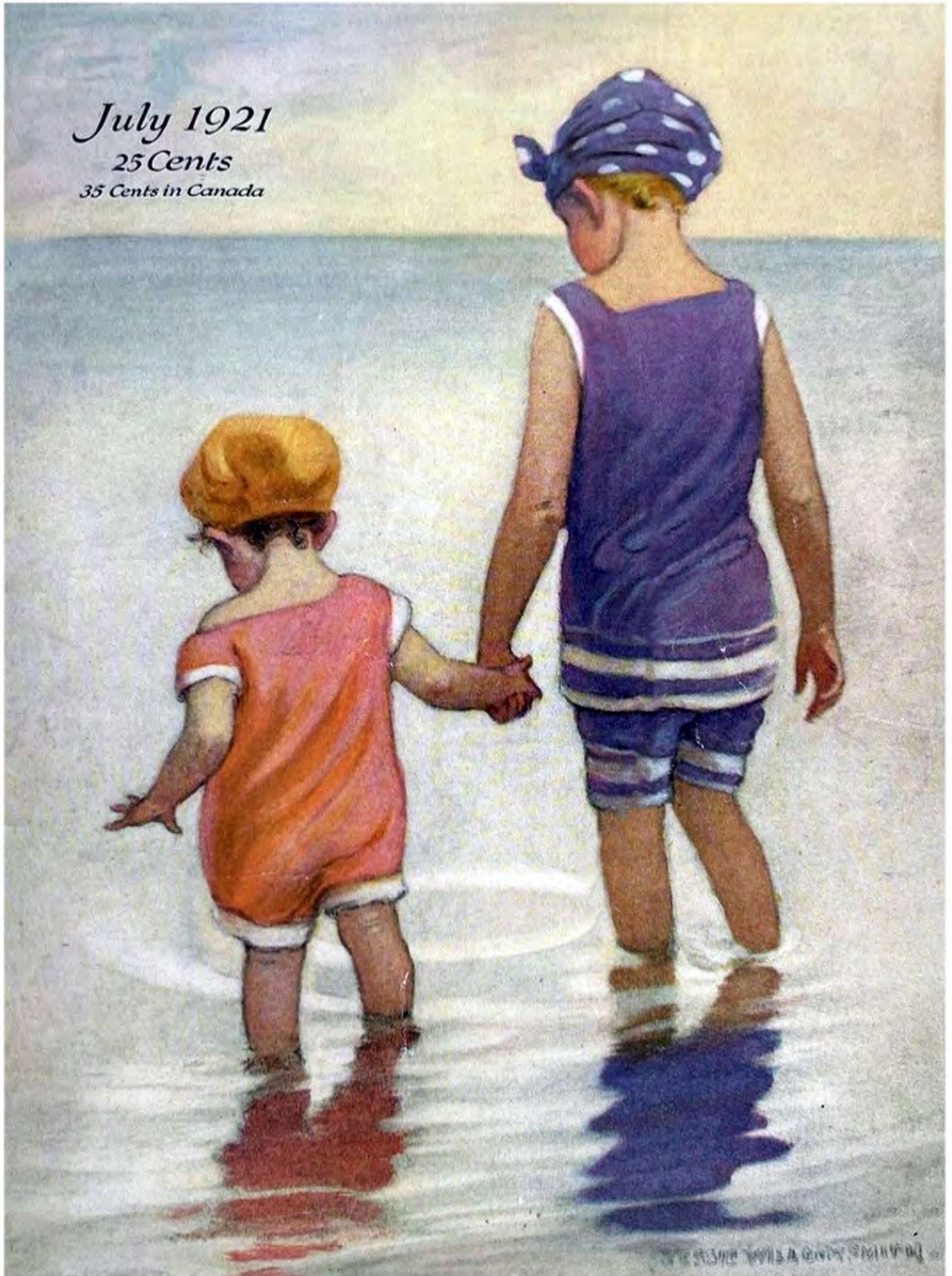


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July 1921
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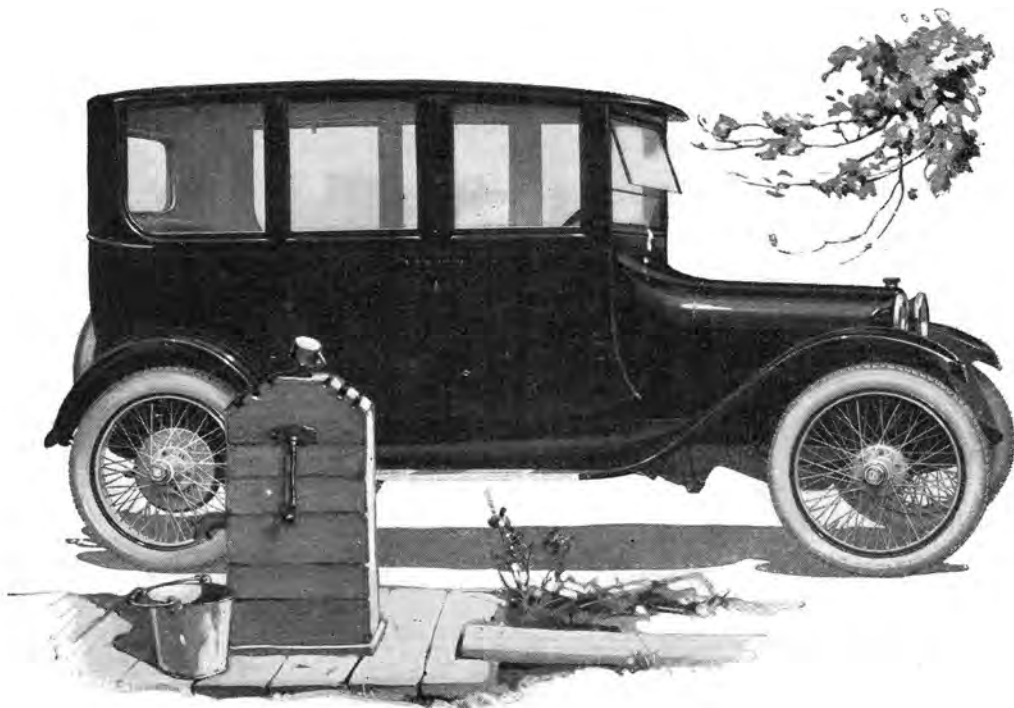
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HEADLINERS

WHERE are you going on your vacation? Good Housekeeping makes its suggestions on page 28.

HAVEN'T you often felt helpless to show people the kindness you really felt? Anne Shannon Monroe's straight-to-the-heart article, page 25, will teach you to translate the affection in your soul into simple language understandable to every hearing ear.

THERE'S to be a new Cabinet office—had you heard? Page 34 will tell you just what President Harding and General Sawyer think about it, and their plans for the future.

PHILANTHROPIC old bachelors are always delightful. Of course Clarence was only a gray gander—but that makes him all the more worth reading about. Emma-Lindsay Squier wrote it—on page 26.

DO you want a boy? If you do, you will find him on page 37. If you don't, look at page 37 and you will!

SUPPOSE your daughter married at seventeen and didn't like it. What would you advise—divorce or a lifetime of duty for a childish mistake? "Sporting," on page 72, will furnish you with a new slogan for conduct.

YOU can visit the Cleveland Convention of the National League of Women Voters for 25 cents. Buy this number and attend with Clara Savage Littledale.

IF a woman meets a day-by-day lack of understanding, a failure of all the little, warm kindnesses that keep love alive, is she ever justified in looking elsewhere for food for her starving heart? You will find one woman's answer—and her denial of it—in "The Beach-Comber." Romance by Hawaii, magic by Fanny Heaslip Lea, scene—in this magazine, page 20.

William Randolph Hearst, Pres. Joseph A. Moore, Vice-Pres. and Treas. Ray Long, Vice-Pres. W. G. Langdon, Sec., 119 W. 40th St., N. Y.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, July, 1921.

Vol. LXXIII, No. 1.

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Every article advertised which cannot, by its nature, be tested, bears the same money-back guarantee if the advertisement appears in Good Housekeeping.

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The School Department

1 **The Investigation We Make**
 NO school or camp is presented in these pages until it has been subjected to strict and thorough investigation. Definite information is obtained by personal visits of the Director of the School Department, from data furnished us by the schools and camps themselves and from the endorsement of their patrons.

2 **The Service We Render**
 THE School Department is maintained as part of Good Housekeeping's service to its readers. The Director will be glad to assist you in making your selection. State the kind or type of school or camp desired, the approximate locality, age and sex of prospective pupil or camper and amount of expenses to be incurred.

3 **The Guarantee We Give**
 BECAUSE of our investigation we present school and camp advertising to our readers under this guarantee: Good Housekeeping agrees to return to parents or guardians, on simple request, the money paid for the first term of any school or camp advertised in its pages, if the institution proves to be not as represented.

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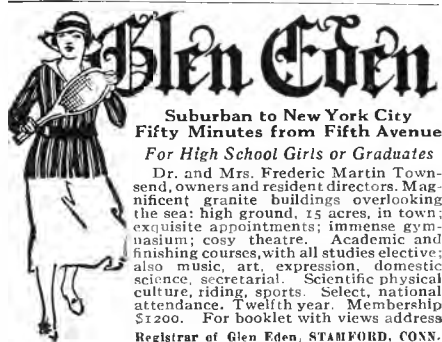
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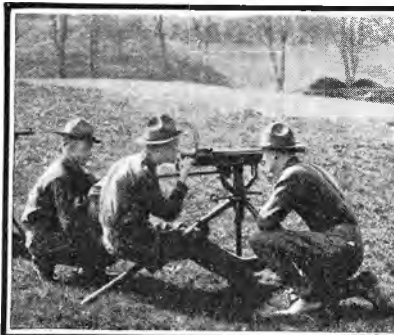
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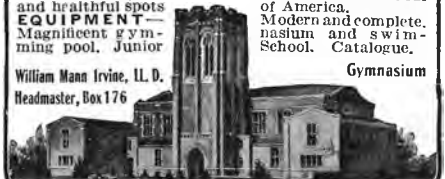
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Director, the School Department

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

119 W. 40th Street

New York City

What the *Editor* Has to Say

A Review of the Sheppard-Towner Bill Case

READERS of this magazine know the fate of the Sheppard-Towner Bill in the session of Congress which ended at noon March 4th—how it was passed by the Senate, December 18th, was favorably reported by the House Committee in January, and was deliberately put to death by the Rules Committee, of which Mr. Philip Pitt Campbell of Pittsburg, Kansas, is chairman. A large majority in the House was ready to vote favorably on the bill, but the Rules Committee, safely elected for another two years, shut its ears to all pleas for action. And all the many millions who wanted the bill passed were made helpless by a few men, who were, in turn, controlled by one man, their chairman.

In the Senate

BUT a measure is never defeated until its advocates give up, and the advocates of the Sheppard-Towner Bill are not the kind who give up. Besides, they were encouraged by the splendid support of the President, who said in his address to Congress when it, at his direction, convened in special session, that he assumed the maternity bill would be enacted promptly. Senator Sheppard reintroduced the bill in the Senate and Judge Towner in the House. The Senate bill was referred to the Committee on Education and Labor, of which Senator Kenyon is chairman, and the House bill to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The chairman of this committee is Mr. Samuel E. Winslow, of Worcester, Mass., Mr. John J. Esch, the former chairman, not being a member of this Congress. Hearings began before the Senate Committee on April 25th. Senator Kenyon, who is heartily in sympathy with the bill, wished to report it out at once, but opponents of the bill demanded to be heard. Somebody Opposed to Woman Suffrage—as if there could be any such folk remaining—generated the opposition, which spoke volubly, denying facts that statistics prove, charging that the bill is being supported by advocates of free love and birth control, and that it is only an entering wedge for socialism. These speakers were followed by Miss Julia Lathrop, Mrs. Maude Wood Park, and Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, who spoke for the bill with all the sincerity and earnestness that a definite knowledge of its overwhelming need and a year of fighting for it have ripened in them.

A SECOND hearing was held Thursday, April 28th. It lasted for nearly five hours and shamed most of those present, for those fighting against the rescue of mothers and babies from needless death lost their sense of dignity and launched bitter personal attacks at Miss Lathrop, the wise little woman who guides the Children's Bureau; at the League of Women Voters, which put the bill first on its legislative program; and at GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, which has been proud to serve the women of America by supporting the bill in every way it could.

The third hearing was held May 5th and lasted for several hours. Some doctors wanted a chance to speak against this bill for mothers. The crux of their argument was that "maternity legislation is a huge fabrication of inflated, socialistic, and wrong ideas" sponsored by a "few women who have money to burn and time to lose in favoring certain pet projects." To these generalities Dr. S. Josephine Baker, of New York, Dr. Ellen C. Potter, of Philadelphia, Dr. Richard A. Bolt, of Baltimore, Mrs. Florence Kelley, and others replied with the appalling facts of the conditions the bill is to alleviate, and the Senate hearings were brought to a close, the committee evidently being unwilling to listen to any more illogical tirades against the bill.

In the House

IN the House Committee there is evidently a disposition to repeat the dilatory tactics of the last session, when the bill was held for more than a year before it was given a hearing. Chairman Winslow is not in sympathy with the bill. He growled at it before, and now that he is chairman of the committee he obviously can do more than growl. Whether he will hold out, in face of a nation-wide appeal—which includes the President's voice—remains to be seen. Some of the men on Capitol Hill say that feminine gratitude is an ephemeral thing and that if the bill is passed now it will not be a good talking point in the campaign next year. Therefore they are for delay. If the bill is held up, let it be over your protest. Let your representative know that you want action *now*. Let Chairman Winslow know that you want action *now*. Let Chairman Campbell know that you want action *now*. And to be on the safe side say a word to your Senators, unless the bill has passed in the Senate before you read this.

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW

We congratulate the Women of America



THE women of America have for years worked indefatigably to secure from the government consideration of the problems which they, as mothers and home makers, knew were of matchless importance to the welfare of the country.

And now, after these years of ceaseless effort, victory is in sight. President Harding has expressed himself in favor of a Department of Public Welfare. He has asked Congress to consider favorably legislation for such a department. And he has again asked that the Maternity Bill be passed so that motherhood may be given the consideration that so incredibly has been denied it.

Good Housekeeping has placed the entire weight of its reading public and all the influence they exerted in support of this bill. It realizes, therefore, after the most studied deliberation, just what this piece of legislation will mean to the future of America.

It is, perhaps, only as part of the evolutionary process that a Department of Public Welfare will be introduced into the United States Government. But it is no accident that women have contributed the greatest single force to bring such a department into public discussion when the councils of the nation are so enormously preoccupied with international readjustments, labor difficulties, and other domestic problems of profoundest gravity.

We congratulate President Harding for the vision that he is thus displaying.

And we congratulate the women of America for the great part they play in that same vision.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE SERVICE OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN

This advertisement, many times this size, was printed in the newspapers to express appreciation of the work of the women of America



THE DREAMERS

*By Martha Haskell Clark
Decoration by James Montgomery Flagg*

Blue and buff, and the tramp of feet,
Sunlight folding a village street,
And over the ranks a "colored rag
That the damned Colonials called a flag!"
Motley uniforms, side by side
With carded homespun, butternut-dyed;
Lean, brown faces and steady eyes
Filled with the dream that never dies.

The drum-beat echoes from hill to hill;
They have passed—but the dream lives still.

Blue and gray, and the cannon smoke
Sullen-drifting from palm to oak.
To each a vision that drove them forth,
From gallant southland to victor north,
Though the comrade glory of olden years
Is scarred with hatred and marred with tears.
Yet born of the travail of those that died
The soul of a nation is unified

The call of the bugles lingers shrill.
They have passed—but the dream lives still.

Khaki-brown, and the trenches grim
With the strain of the dawn-light, gray and dim.
Ankle-deep in the freezing mud,
Raked with shrapnel and caked with blood,
Tommy and poilu, gaunt and tense
With the bitter odds of a long defense—
And lines of khaki that surged and stood
In cheering thousands at Belleau Wood.

From St. Mihiel to the torn Argonne,
They have passed—but the dream lives on.

Sons of Concord and Bunker Hill,
Is the tyranny dead that you went to kill?
Is slavery done? and the bitter need
Of trodden millions to serve man's greed?
Have you no foes at home to fight,
Woes to lighten, and wrongs to right,
Now in the dawn of a world's release
From sword-stained horror to plowshared peace?

Yours the choice—will you take—or give?
You shall pass—will the dream still live?

The Beach-Comber

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

Illustrated by
Prueett Carter

THE beach-comber in tales of the tropics is an old, familiar figure. Always a man. Why, I don't know. Because, after all, male and female created He them, and wind, water, and sky react quite as definitely upon one as upon the other. It isn't popular to admit that women—"nice women"—have streaks of moral weakness, just as it was formerly unpopular to admit that they had legs. However, once in a while, one can't help seeing—as in the matter of Milly Garnett. It's one of those other stories, of course.

Milly married Archie Garnett when she was twenty-two and he was just shaving twenty-five. They left the place of their birth, a small, corn-fed town in Kansas, and trekked to Honolulu on the strength of an offer from a cousin of Archie's who had charge of a wireless office there and knew Archie's yearnings in that direction. Yearnings is, perhaps, a misleading word to use in connection with Archie. He was an electrical engineer by profession, and his work meant something to him. He was not actually brilliant, but he had a good head and a cool one, supplemented by that infinite capacity for taking pains which has been mentioned alongside of genius. He had been in love with Milly from the time she was a little girl, a very pretty little girl, with her hair in a thick, brown braid down her back and her small, straight nose goldenly freckled. As for Milly, she had been in love with Archie for about the same length of time and rated his clean, slow smile, his steady eyes, his pleasant, thoughtful voice, as so many adjuncts to a very happy and peaceful everyday.

Such marriages may be the safest imaginable—and they may not. Safe, to all appearances, Milly and Archie undoubtedly were.

They rented a small cottage on Lunalilo Street and set up their household gods. Milly curtained the windows with scrim for net, put grass rugs on the floor in place of Bokharas, hung photographs of her and Archie's kinfolk about her dressing-table, and planted nasturtiums and marigolds in the front yard. She was a born cook, so nobody's health suffered, and she had usually a bit of sewing for the idler moments. They made a few friends, people like themselves, not very long married, who lived in little houses and kept a wary eye on the first of the month—and once in a while somebody gave a party—a birthday dinner or a Sunday night supper or something like that. Milly was hostess when her turn came around, not any oftener, because Archie didn't particularly care

IT is always a pleasure to print a story by Fanny Heaslip Lea. Whether it is the Hawaiian moonlight or the scent of the hibiscus, love seems a little more poignant in her stories, more delicately edged, than in any others we know. This story introduces a new type of human—or, rather, a new name for an old type. Is there a beach-comber in your town? Read the story before you answer

for parties. He danced badly and disliked cards. He was, as his father had been before him, what is known as a home body. He liked to sit at home of an evening and read, or work.

So the Garnetts sat at home, as a rule, and accomplished a great deal of reading. Milly could sometimes coax Archie out to a moving-picture, but not often. It was a definite change from the old place back in Kansas where she had had a houseful of brothers and sisters to keep things from being dull and where the fireside in winter and the front porch in summer had never lacked a gathering of suitors honorably if not seriously intentioned. Honolulu was not in the least like Kansas. Honolulu was beautiful, of course, but Milly had sometimes in that first year a vague sense of menace behind it all—as one instinctively suspects rainbow-colored fish of not being good to eat. Certainly, purple-shadowed mountains, flaming trees, sapphire ocean and surf pounding forever on shifting sand were not what she had expected of life. Main Street had been to Milly sufficiently populous. Upon her first New Year's Eve in Honolulu, Archie took her down to Fort Street to see the mid-Pacific celebration, and the jostling crowd of Orientals, Hawaiians, soldiers, sailors, and Philipinos turned her cold to the finger-tips. She tried to tell Archie something of what she felt.

"The noise," she said, "and all the crazy colors, and the smells! It's—it's kind of barbarous, don't you think?"

"I rather like it," said Archie abstractedly, "but I'd just as lief go back to the house."

If he had any feeling of strangeness where life in Honolulu was concerned he never said so—to Milly. But then Archie was an inarticulate creature upon the subject of his personal emotions. He had a sense of reserve which amounted to stoicism.

Toward the end of the first winter, as might have been expected, the sewing in Milly's basket was mostly white and of an appealing sheerness. She set a great many

tiny stitches in a great many tiny seams, and kept the completed garments, if one may use so cumbersome a word for such fairy webs, in a drawer with an orris-scented lining.

She wanted a girl, because girls were company for you—was that the first straw to show which way the wind was rising?—and she went through the sick discomfort and veiled, dumb fear of those dragging months with the best grace in the world. She missed her mother dreadfully, but her mother had neither the time nor the money to come to her—Milly's youngest brother was only seven—and while Archie was just as pleased and just as interested as any man could be, in the approaching event, he didn't think it good for Milly to brood over what she felt and why she felt it. He read *Popular Mechanics* aloud to her by way of taking her mind off herself, and discouraged sentimentality.

"You want to keep as normal as possible," he told her. "You look better than you ever did before in your life."

Milly didn't need good advice. She needed to be petted. Naturally she wouldn't say so.

Archie was no good at petting—and didn't know it. He got a raise about that time and took the news home with a glow at his heart. It was his way of paying tribute. He had worked for that raise.

Milly used to look across the table sometimes, lifting her eyes from the endless, delicate stitching, to Archie, silent and satisfied above his books. She knew it was the proper scene—a certain amount of novel-reading reassured her as to that—but sometimes she smiled softly—and sometimes she didn't.

There was a new gas-stove in the kitchen—they had made shift with a two-burner kerosene thing at first—and in the bank, a checking account in the names of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Garnett grew perceptibly. Archie was the soul of justice. What was his was Milly's. She never had to ask for her allowance. It lay in her lap as prompt as pay-day. Nevertheless, sometimes she smiled; sometimes she didn't.

Which may be forgiven her. She knew eventually, in cases like hers, one had to stand the gaff alone. Loneliness before the end was only unnecessary torture.

The girl which Milly wanted was born at eight o'clock of a windy night at the Maternity Hospital, and died at nine. Milly nearly died, as well. Only the reserve strength of twenty-three clean young years enabled her to hold on and keep her head above the waters of dark-



THE romantic camaraderie of you-and-me advanced by rapid stages upon something more tangible. The first time Kirk put his arm about Milly, she drew away from him, and he laughed at her. "Silly, what's the difference? Are you afraid of me?" "No-o," sighed Milly. "Well, then," said Kirk, and considered it settled

ness. On the fourth day they told her that the baby was gone.

"Where's Archie?" said Milly weakly.

The doctor let Archie come in. He had been sitting in a dark, stuffy hallway for hours upon end in the hope that she might want to see him.

"Keep a tight hold on yourself," the doctor warned him in a whisper. "Don't upset her!"

So when Milly, lifting great, shadowed eyes and tired, white hands to the familiar presence, said in a far-away wisp of a voice:

"She was a girl, Archie—I—wanted—a girl— And I've—lost her."

Archie, hands trembling, eyes blind with tears, voice stiff with the grief he dared not unburden, made answer—the worst thing possible: "It's all right, Milly. It's all right, dear."

"It's—not—all right," said Milly.

Tears crept out from under her heavy, white eyelids and slid down her colorless cheeks.

The doctor got Archie away with a jabbing grip on the shoulder.

"She may pull through, and she may not," he admitted in the cheerless gloom of the hallway. "I think you'd better not see her again just yet."

Archie sat down in a straight-backed chair, folded his arms across an intolerable ache in his heart, and waited. He went home for meals, of course, and made a pretense of eating them. His was always the sensible gesture. At the end of the fifth day the doctor said he thought Milly would do, but Archie was not allowed to see her till a week had elapsed. Meantime, he schooled himself to be cheerful and calm with the result that Milly conceived a deep-rooted resentment for his apparent indifference and shed a good many helpless tears as soon as his back was turned.

"Never mind," the nurse assured her, professionally soothing. "Men don't feel as we do about babies, until they get to know 'em. Next time—"

"Next time!" echoed Milly sharply and laughed the first laugh of her convalescence.

She went home three weeks from the day she entered the hospital, and Archie had flowers in the living-room of the little house to greet her. Also he had a maid waiting, a canny little Japanese woman named Matsu, to do the work.

"Can we afford it?" asked Milly languidly. She lay in a long chair with pillows and looked about the room with alien eyes.

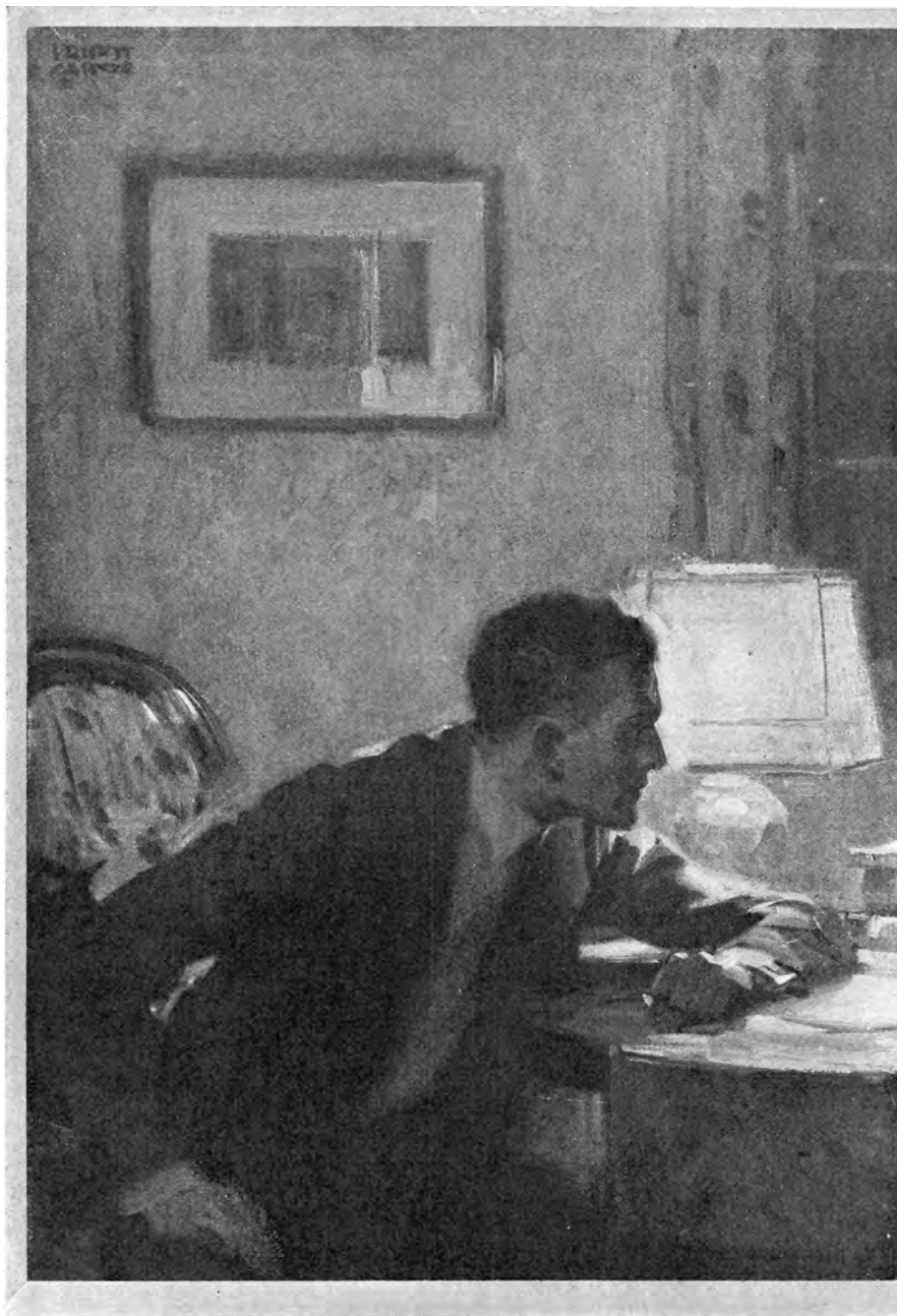
"I think we can," said Archie.

She wanted him to say that she should have a maid whether he could afford it or not. She shut her eyes and turned her head on the cushion with a little sigh.

That night, before she went to sleep, she said to him in a voice that quavered pitifully for all her attempt at reasonableness:

"Archie—she would have been three weeks old, today—I had—I had the little things all laid out for her to wear—the first things."

Archie, knowing it was in those first things, laid out by Milly's own tender fingers, that little Mildred Katharine Garnett



Archie leaned across the table and looked at Milly as if she were an unlovely you've thrown away our lives and our happiness with your two hands? What

had been buried, set his teeth and swallowed hard before he could bring himself to answer. Then, having been told by the doctor not to let Milly brood upon her grief, he patted her shoulder clumsily and muttered,

"Never mind, old girl—never mind."

And Milly thought he didn't care.

He slept that night in the spare-room, which was to have been the nursery, so Milly never knew that he, too, cried, in the dark, for the poor little three-weeks birthday.

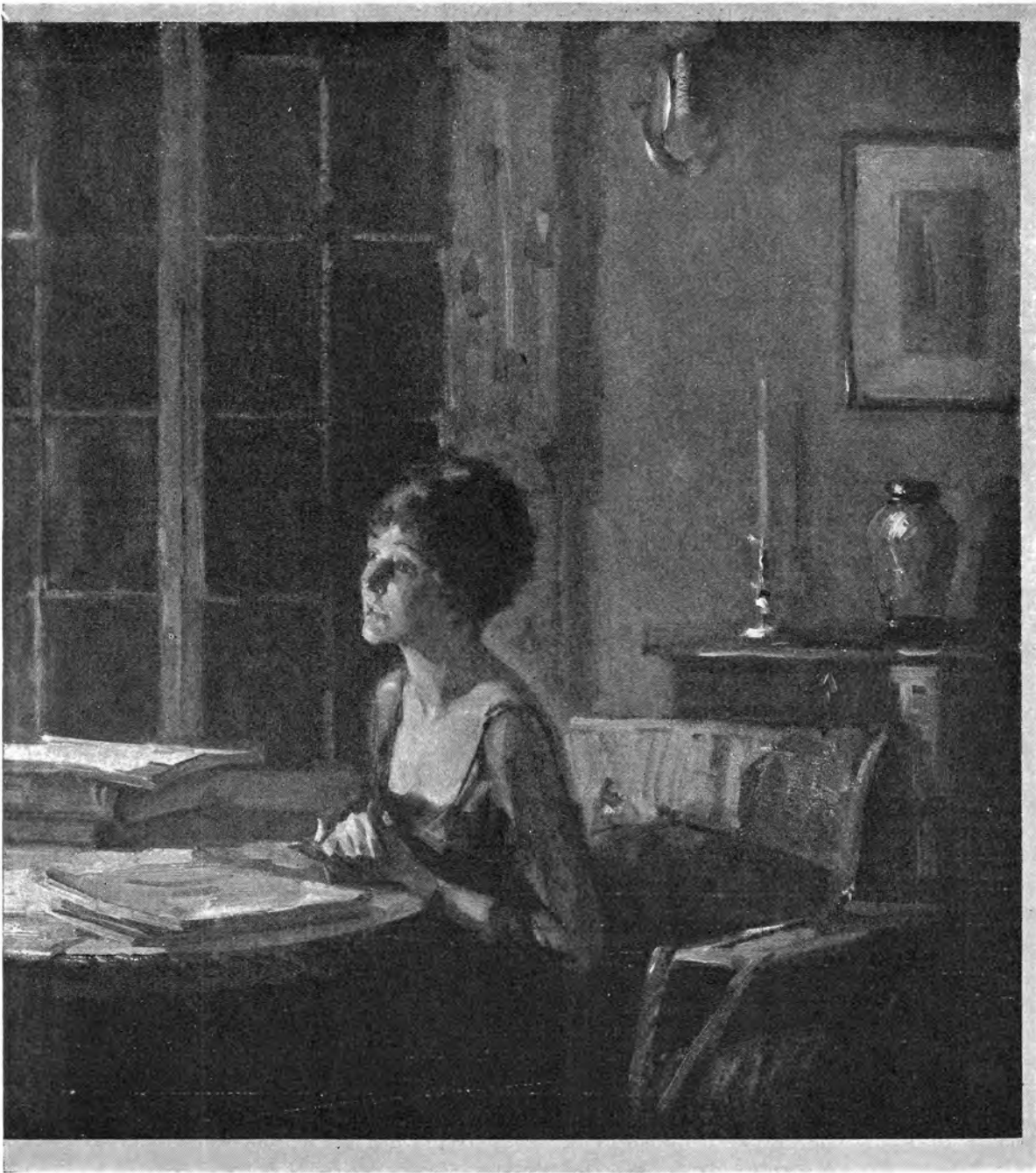
She dried her own tears in the end with the bitter thought that Archie had failed her; that when the dark moment came, she met it while he looked on. She couldn't feel that he had suffered with her—thanks to the thoughtful doctor and Archie's own desire to spare her.

Life is made up of just such odd misunderstandings, implying clearly a sense of humor somewhere.

Milly got well slowly. She wasn't so interested in her world as she had been back in Kansas. She gave the drawerful of baby clothes to the Woman's Guild and stipulated only that she should not know where they were sent.

Matsu kept the little house as clean as a new pin, so there wasn't much for any one else to do in that direction. Milly was tired of sewing, and books didn't seem real to her any more. Sometimes she was almost too tired to do up her hair and came to the dinner-table with the silken, brown mass in a braid down her back.

It would have been the appropriate time for Archie to insist upon moving-pictures and concerts and other distractions, but Archie was just then rather a busy young man. The doctor's bill and the nurse's bill and the hospital bill, along with a lot of other bills contracted at about the same time, amounted to a con-



thing. He began to speak, a dark flush mounting to his cheekbones: "Do you suppose I don't know how is it you want now? I've got no child—no wife. Do you want me to chuck my home in after the rest?"

siderable sum—something to smile at, if only Mildred Katharine had stayed to smile with him. However, his shoulders were broad, and he followed his usual policy of keeping his worries to himself. Also, he was generally late leaving the office. Milly had most of the hours of the day to herself.

Which is where Mrs. Kittredge comes in.

Mrs. Kittredge lived on Lunalilo Street a block or so nearer town, and Milly had met her at various small feminine gatherings, which she appeared to attend reluctantly and always described with no uncertain gift of sarcasm a day or so later. She came to see Milly about three months after the baby's death and professed herself horrified to find Milly so tired and listless.

"Why, you poor girl!" she said, above her second cup of tea, selecting another of Matsu's excellent sandwiches. "What you need is to get out of this house and

away from yourself. What do you do all day?"

"Nothing much," said Milly truthfully.

"Except sit about and mope, eh? It's a shame! Anything as young and good-looking as you!"

Milly did not even rise to the bait of flattery. "I look a wreck," she said. "Do you think I don't know it? It's just that I feel too tired to care. I suppose I haven't got my strength back yet."

Mrs. Kittredge smiled. She had a small, sharp face beneath a quantity of red hair, dark red with a pronounced glint to it, and her thin mouth curled readily into a suggestion of incredulity. Her eyes were gray with determinedly dark brows and no especial softness of expression. She wore very smart clothes upon a slim, erect body and looked to be thirty-one or two. She had a husband—in Shanghai, on business—and one small son with whom she was casually maternal in manner when

he came home week-ends from the military school which he attended.

"See here!" she said suddenly, to Milly.

"All you need is a little prodding. You're a fool to let yourself slump like this. Make your husband take you out more. Go out to the beach and go swimming a lot. You need some sort of exercise in this climate if you're going to keep anywhere near fit."

"He hasn't got time," said Milly indifferently.

"Then go by yourself!"

"Oh, I'd hate that. What would be the use?"

"Then go with me. I'm out there a good bit."

"Why—I might do that," said Milly.

"Do you really want me?"

"Of course I do. Can you swim?"

Milly shook her head, depression settling down once more. "Not very well."

"I'll teach you. You've got a bathing suit, of course?"

The Beach-Comber

Milly had a bathing-suit, of black alpaca, with a full skirt and a sort of sailor waist. She wore it on the beach next day in Mrs. Kittredge's company and never wore it again.

Mrs. Kittredge, smarter than ever in a well-cut one-piece suit of brown wool jersey, with an orange-colored rubber cap pulled over her wonderful red hair, sat down upon the sand between the Moana Hotel and the Outrigger Club and laughed silently but consumedly for almost five minutes.

"My dear," she said, when she could speak, "I didn't know there were any more of those left in the world. Wherever did you get it?"

Milly mentioned the town in Kansas. She flushed a little for the first time in a good many weeks.

"I'll go down-town with you tomorrow morning and help you buy something you can swim in," said Mrs. Kittredge coolly. "You realize you've got to use your legs, don't you?"

Milly flushed again at the naked sound of the word. Nevertheless, she bought a new bathing-suit next day under Mrs. Kittredge's good-natured tutelage, and when she got it on, in the close-shuttered privacy of her own room, with a blue rubber cap on her head, she was startled to see what a nymph-like figure she suddenly presented. She begged for stockings, but Mrs. Kittredge laughed her down.

"Only tourists wear 'em, and only the first day or so at that. No, my dear, this is the intelligent way to swim. The other was Victorian, very."

Milly didn't want to be Victorian, of course. She took herself in hand, therefore, and walked out upon the beach for the first time in her intelligent outfit, feeling that the eyes of the world were focused upon her bare white knees. Which they weren't. Alpaca is really much more conspicuous at Waikiki than wool jersey. One or two people glanced at her, because she was fresh-looking and large-eyed and sweet, and they would have looked at her anyhow.

That day Milly took her first lesson in the Australian crawl, of which Mrs. Kittredge was no mean exponent. In time, Milly was beautifully at home in it herself. She went out to the beach almost every day with Mrs. Kittredge, and when they were not swimming, they lay on the sand and soaked up the sunshine. It seeped through Milly's veins like wine.

She wasn't, at first, conscious of anything but getting back the mere skin-deep joy of living, which she had lost a while. The sea and the sun and the wind laid healing caresses upon her, and the restretching of her languid muscles was happiness of itself. She shut a door in her mind upon the year which had just gone by, and refused to allow herself to think of it. Mrs. Kittredge's amusing cynicisms were more of life than books, and Mrs. Kittredge's friends opened a new phase of existence.

For Mrs. Kittredge had friends a-plenty—nice, lazy, agreeable people, transients for the most part, in the graphic, landladyish

phrase, met on the beach and played with on the beach and left on the beach, as well, when one went home to dinner and a husband.

"Of course, I know a lot of town-people, too," said Mrs. Kittredge, touching upon the subject in passing, "but I do get so fed up with women who don't talk anything but servants and babies and clothes, that it's a relief to meet some one who isn't settled, and who has a broader viewpoint anyhow."

Milly and Mrs. Kittredge became rather intimate almost at once, in the strange way women will, without in the least involving a permanent attachment.

It was through Mrs. Kittredge, of course, that Milly met Bill Hewitt. He was staying at the Moana, with an invalid sister, and he was the sort of person one liked at once without later regret. I don't know that I can describe him more clearly than that. A big man, with nice blue eyes, fair hair, and a likable mouth. He had sat next Mrs. Kittredge one night at a sort of dinner-party, and she hailed him next day on the beach and presented him to Milly.

Hewitt sat down, delighted to be summoned, and talked to the two women for half an hour or more in his pleasantly casual voice, of ships and shoes and sealing-wax. He hadn't a thing in the world to do except amuse himself—and them—and all the time in the world in which to do it. Somewhere, back in the States, he had a law-practise waiting for him, but the law-practise was not a matter of bread-and-butter. Hewitt had an ample income of his own. So had the sister—whom, by the way, Milly and Mrs. Kittredge never met, although they

came to know her in detail through Hewitt's talk.

After that first afternoon, Hewitt was apt to drift along the beach about the time Milly and Mrs. Kittredge came out for their daily swim, and the three of them spent many a careless hour sitting on the sand, watching the outrigger canoes racing in to shore beyond the Moana pier, watching the sun slip lower and lower. It was almost six sometimes before Milly got back to the little house on Lunalilo Street.

There were other young men as well, who stopped to talk to Mrs. Kittredge—she had a vast accumulation of casual acquaintances—but for Milly, Hewitt stood out with an increasingly sentimental significance. He had a way of taking care of her. He was the sort of man who naturally took care of women.

Milly might have noticed that he took care of Mrs. Kittredge with exactly the same degree of solicitude, but Milly didn't. She got in the way of remembering little things he said to her, the look of his eyes when he laughed, the inflections of his voice. He brought chocolates sometimes, which she and Mrs. Kittredge ate recklessly, lying on the sand with the box between them—and Milly kept the ribbons from the boxes, to Mrs. Kittredge's unexpressed but sharp-eyed amusement.

Mrs. Kittredge saw what Milly didn't—that Hewitt was only being pleasant to them both; that Milly meant no more to him than any other pretty young woman whom he might meet in his leisurely travels; that he was likable, lovable even, because he couldn't help it; that he took Milly's informal accessibility for some quaint, pleasing vagary of Honolulu society which allowed women to play about day after day, on sun-warmed beaches, without their husbands. Mrs. Kittredge saw that anything other than that was not in Hewitt's thoughts—but Milly didn't.

To Milly, the man was a miraculously comforting companion, a delicious reawakening of romance, which she had thought was over and done with. She saw him in her dreams at night, bronzed and splendid in his dark-blue bathing-suit, the sun forever on his waving blond hair, forever glinting in his sea-blue eyes. His white teeth flashed when he laughed, and he laughed often. Sand and sea and sky—and *freedom*—that was at the heart of what she felt for Hewitt!—were his background. He had never made her suffer. He was not a piece of the blackest, coldest hour of her life. She had nothing to remember with resentment when she looked at him. So she looked often. Within a month or so, she fancied herself in love with him and went home from the sunset glamour of the beach to the fading flowers of her living-room with actual distaste.

Archie was working hard, and if he saw that new forces were at work in his life, said nothing about it. He did observe, one day, that the bill from the dressmaker was noticeable. (Continued on page 104)

It Means a Lot To Be a Dad

By Edgar A. Guest

It means a lot to be a dad!

There's something in that title which
Makes every man supremely rich,
An' ought to make him very glad.
It's different from the other tasks
Which life of every fellow asks;
To be a father means that you
Have mighty careful work to do.

I don't know how to say it, but

A man can be a poet here,
A merchant or a financier,
Or play the hermit in a hut,
An' he can make his mind to climb
The heights of earthly fame in time,
Or come to wealth by courage grim,
But God must make a dad of him.

He can not of his own accord

Be given a little child to raise,
To guard and keep throughout the days.
He must be chosen by the Lord!
Save God should will it, no man could
Attain the joys of fatherhood,
And he should happy be and proud
To whom that title is allowed.



The heroines of another period were no more beautiful than the girls of today. The superior charm and romance we attribute to them proceed from their lovely and graceful manners

The Happy Ways

By Anne Shannon Monroe

*Illustrated by
Alexander P. Milne*

"Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage."

—EMERSON.

ONLY the gods can give you a manner, but you can give yourself good manners: and of all the self-gifts in the power of your bestowing none other will carry you through life on such well-oiled wheels; none other will come so near making up for any deficiencies with which unkind nature may have handicapped you. Every one turns to gaze upon a beautiful face, but let the lips of the beautiful one open in raucous crudity, and the gazing faces will turn away and go on to happier scenes. But let the face be ever so plain, if the manners are refined and beautiful, there people will flock, and the plain face will never drive them away.

The famous favorites of history have never been merely beautiful women; some have been anything but beautiful. Always it has been the charm of the manner and the manners that held.

How many girls would love to dash

FINISHING schools are fine things for those who can afford them. For those who can not, let us recommend Anne Shannon Monroe, an excellent guide in learning to live life gracefully and beautifully, expressing to the full every lovely and gracious impulse toward humanity. A girl "finished" by Miss Monroe's essays will have as beautiful a polish as the world can offer. And every woman can add them as a post-graduate course in being lovable

gaily into a stiff, ill-conditioned party of young people and spread out the good will they actually feel like rays from the sun for all to warm themselves by, but they were not practised in the art while growing up, and so the kindness stops at the portals of desire. Once hardened in the other way, the repressed, reticent way, it becomes almost impossible to break the barrier between the will to do and the power to do. The most reserve-bound person performs wonderful acts of graciousness in his mind, but he can not

translate them into deeds. A charming philosopher-woman who always made allowances for every one, no matter what was said or done, explained it this way, and I think it's a fine thing to remember. She said: "I know I am lots nicer inside than out, that I think lots nicer things than I say, and have dreams and visions and aspirations of which nothing is ever hinted to the rest of the world, so why shouldn't it be the same with every one else? I take it for granted that it is."

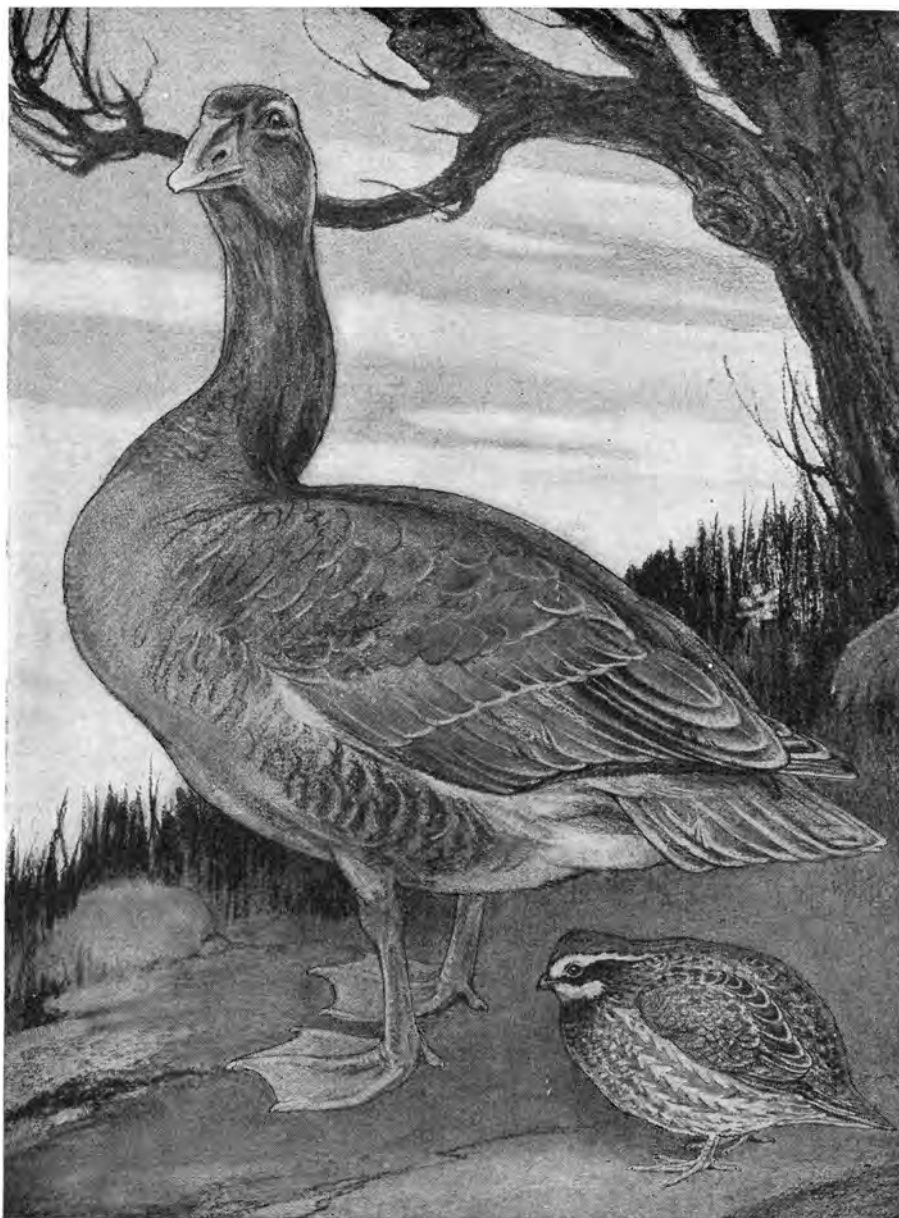
Fine manners are melody, graciousness is song, and some must forever be mute, singing only in their hearts. For to be natural and spontaneous, fine manners must be acquired young, and at home. Then they will harden into habit, and they will extend out not only into social life as represented by the word "society," but into all other human relationships. It is difficult to make good manners move from the outside in—from the world at large into the home—but it is the most natural thing on earth for them to move from the inside out—from the home out into the larger (Continued on page 121)

IT is seldom that any feature of a magazine, however good, receives the generous tribute that Miss Squier's stories have won. Letters come to us from young and old, from the great and good, and from the merely good. Among the most notable names signed to these generous praises is Ruth Sawyer's, which is known to every reader of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. She says: "Your delightful stories by Emma-Lindsay Squier are the first material in any magazine that we have enjoyed as a family—and our ages run from four and a half to four score." You are not too old—young—to like them, too

IT was upon the Hill Trail that Brother and I came to know O'Henry, the Quail Baby. You would have liked our Hill Trail. It ran from the old logging chute, just at the top of the hill above the cabin, straight through woods of pine and fir until it ended at Bright Creek, two miles distant, a turbulent little stream full of rapids and miniature waterfalls, where the lady salmon fought their way up through the fresh water to deposit their eggs. The Hill Trail was bordered by ferns and salal bushes, with delicate, overhanging red huckleberry bushes and rows of young alders who whispered to each other all day like children in church. On either side of the brown ribbon that was the trail a carpet of grass and green moss stretched back into the deep woods, and tapestries of twin-flower vines and wild blackberry bushes hung from stump and fallen tree. The sunlight slanted down through the tall pines and touched the trail with tapering fingers of light as if it loved it. Even in the hottest summer there was always a little breeze that stirred the alders into sleepy gossip and set the pine-trees humming gently to themselves. There was the scent of pine-needles, of fallen leaves, of wet moss.

We loved the Hill Trail best on the drowsy days of summer, when the shadows of the trees were long and cool, and the gentle splash of the tiny waterfall deep in the woods came like distant music. It was on such a day that we lay in the cool, deep moss near the Fairy Ring and stared through interlacing branches at the blue patchwork sky. We heard the tap-tap of a woodpecker not far away, the drowsy hum of a bee, and the shrill twittering of a flock of juncos who were flying overhead. Then from afar came a call that we knew and loved, the deep woods call of the quail, with its three clear notes which said, as we imagined, "Oh, Hen-ry! Oh, Hen-ry!"

The Chinook Indians say that long ago a lady quail was unfaithful to her mate, but afterward repented. Her husband never forgave her, however, and would not come back to her, so now she goes



Daily the gray gander, with his motley family in tow, would gather up O'Henry,

The WILD

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

O'HENRY, THE

through the forest calling plaintively to him, "Oh, Hen-ry!"

As we listened, the quail call came nearer, then a faint, almost imperceptible scurry of leaves that told us that a bevy of the little brown birds was close at hand. Indeed, closer at hand than we thought, for at that instant a mother quail tripped out from the underbrush and at sight of us stopped short with an imperative danger note, sounded, as we suspected, in warning to the children who were following her. We had not moved, but the mother heart was filled with terror. There was a whir of wings, and she rose in the air for a short distance, then fell, crashing heavily into a clump of fern.

"She's hurt," said Brother in a low tone, and quietly yet quickly we rose to

our feet, our one thought to aid the little brown lady in her distress. But as we came near her—so near that my outstretched hand almost touched her—she fluttered away out through the clearing and down the trail, one wing dragging piteously.

Of course you must know it was only a trick. Brother and I should have known it, for we had heard of it many times. But such was the excellent acting of the brown mother bird, with her trailing wing, her helpless fluttering, and pitiful little cries, that we never questioned her sincerity. Half a dozen times we almost touched her, and each time she eluded us and fluttered a few feet ahead. Then suddenly with triumphant whir of strong wings she rose in a graceful arc and disappeared in the thickness of the forest shadows.



and be off through the meadow, not to return until the setting of the sun

H E A R T

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

QUAIL BABY

We stood and laughed—a little ruefully, for we prided ourselves upon our woodcraft. Then I touched Brother's arm as a thought came to me.

"Her children are back by the Fairy Ring," I told him. "Let us hide there and see if she will return to them."

So down the trail we sped, across the little clearing, and stooped behind a thick screen of salal bushes. Nor had we long to wait, for presently there was a soft flutter of wings, a scuttle of leaves, and out from the underbrush, at almost the very spot where we had first seen her, came the mother quail uttering a soft, piping call which meant "Danger is past; all's well!"

As if by magic, a dozen tiny brown bodies scurried out from under leaves, baby birds the size of bantam chicks. They

edded around and behind her like little leaves in the wind, and she spoke to them in soft, maternal notes, telling them perhaps of the two fierce humans from whom she had saved them by exposing herself to capture.

But quails can not count, it seems. For when the little brown mother tripped daintily away into the deep greenery of the fern brake with her brood at her heels, we heard a tiny, piping cry so small as to be only a dot of sound. Following it, we came upon the place where Mrs. Quail's children had hidden themselves, and there we found a baby quail whose tiny legs had been caught in a twin-flower vine, and who was trying to wrench himself free with all his little might. It was but the work of an instant to release the little dark-brown

puffball, and as I held him in my hands he peeped shrilly and mournfully.

We could not bear the thought of leaving him there in the woods on the chance that his mother would hear him and come to him. Perhaps our doubt of her was unjust, but at any rate I carried him down the Hill Trail, through the orchard, and to the little log cabin. Cupped warmly in my hands, he went to sleep, and when he woke up, he forgot that he had been frightened, for he was a very tiny quail, and his life had been so brief that he had not had time to learn the great fear which all too soon becomes a part of every woods creature's life.

That night we put him in a little box with warm flannel covers over him, which we hoped would take the place of his mother's feathers, and the next morning we thought to give him into the keeping of some philanthropic hen to rear with her own children.

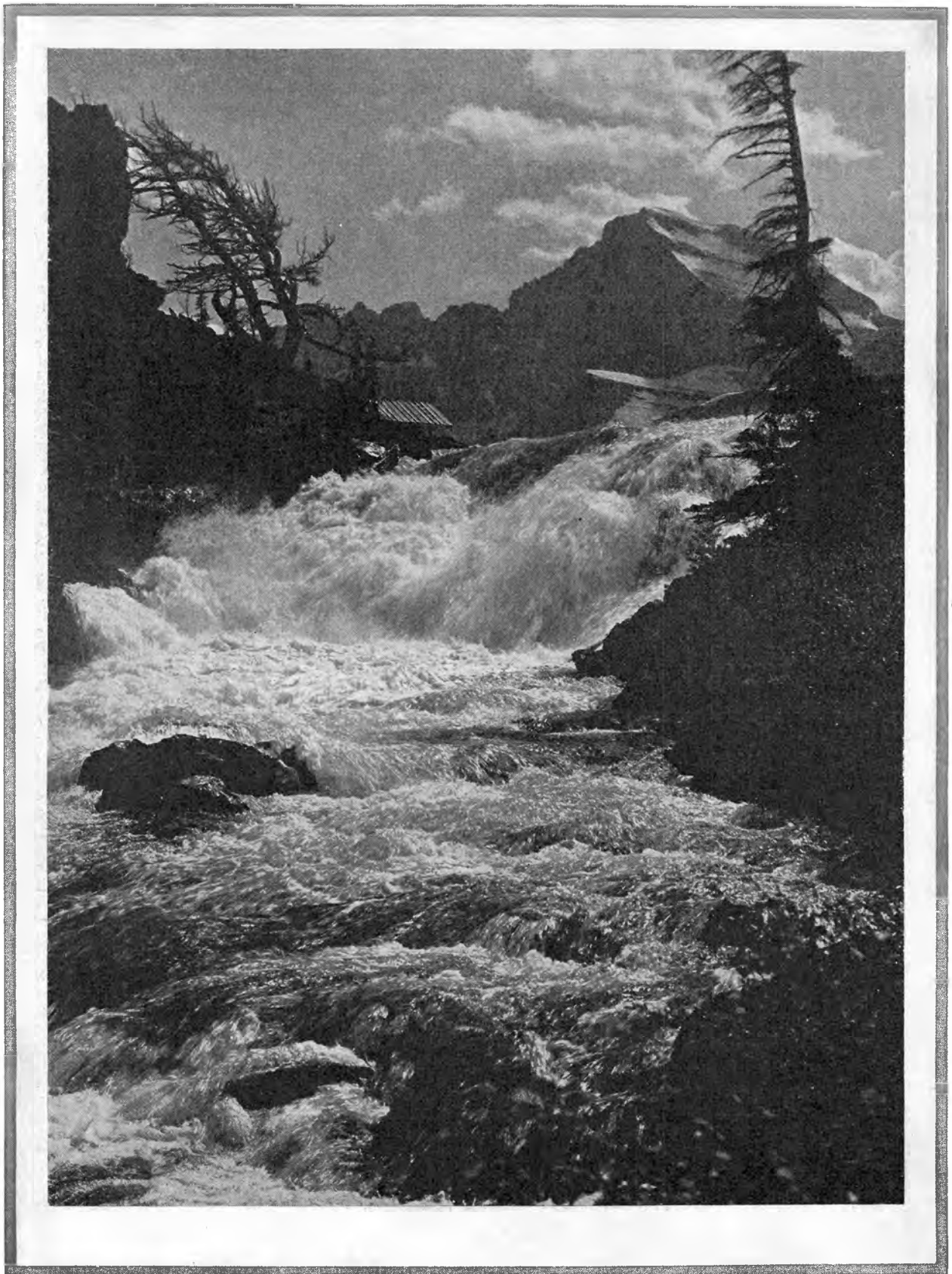
O'Henry, the Quail Baby, did not know that he was not a chicken, but the hens knew the difference, and there was not one lady among them, I am sorry to say, who would stretch her maternal spirit to include him in her family. We tried him on Sironda, the black Minorca hen, who had obligingly hatched out and mothered everything, from Barred Plymouth Rock chicks to white Pekin ducklings, and who had even reared a family of lanky young turkeys. But although Sironda was fustily attentive to her own brood of three-day-old chicks, she clucked sharply when we shoved O'Henry in under her spreading wings, and tried to scalp him with a vigorous peck.

Nor would Liberty, the bantam hen, accept him as a foster child. She squawked as if he were some vicious animal, and only prompt attention on our part saved him from a terrible death.

So we brought up O'Henry by hand and built for him a wire pen where he could spend his days. We dared not let him loose in the poultry yard, for it seemed that every hen, matron and maiden lady alike, resented the presence of the little woods stranger and would have rejoiced in scalping him.

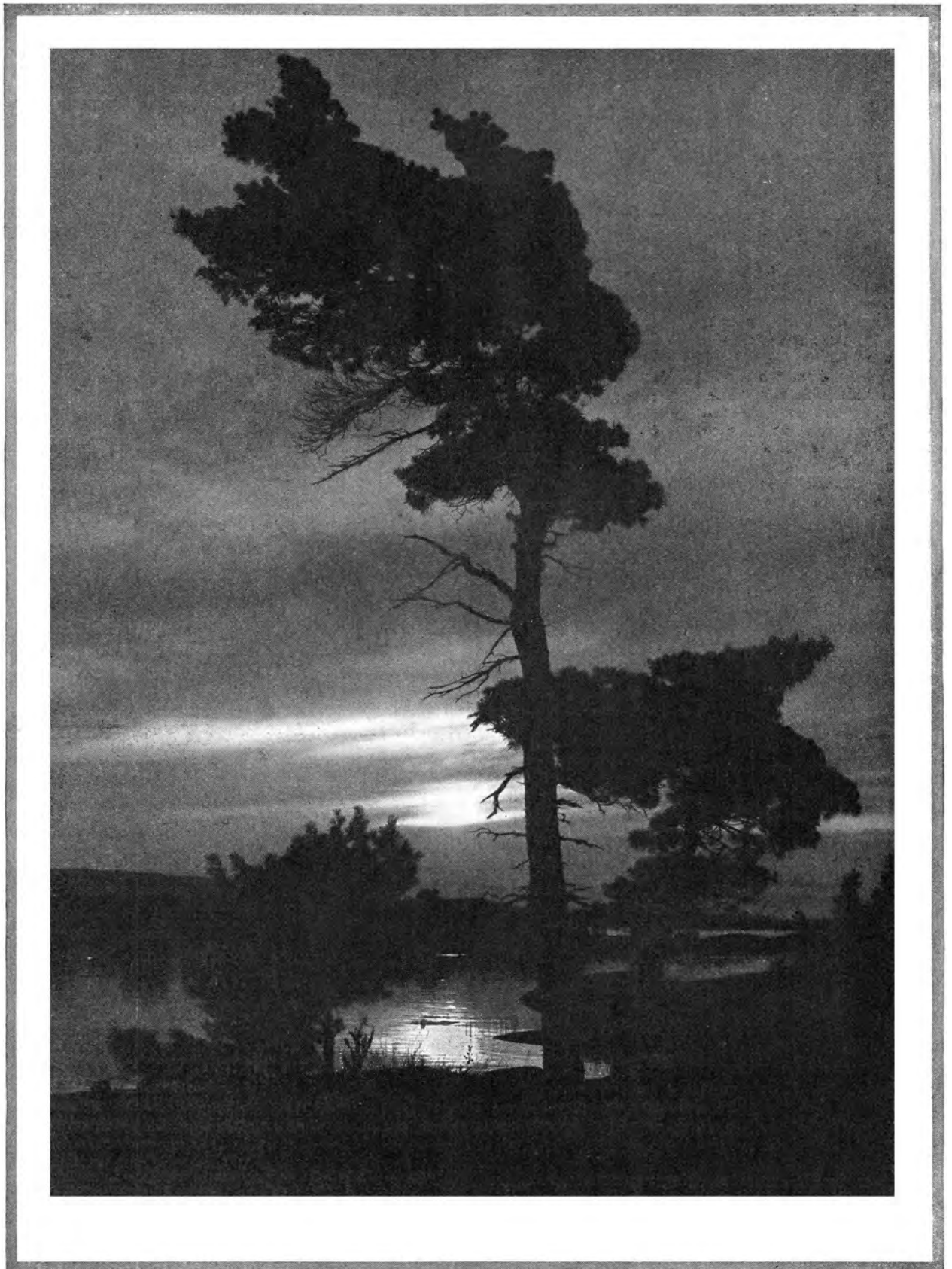
Brother and I lightened O'Henry's captivity as much as we could. We taught him to come to us when we whistled his family call, and we would carry him about on our shoulders, balancing there like a tight-rope performer. We took him with us when we rowed in our little boat on the bay, and he would perch on the bow, keeping himself upright with fluttering wings and tail, cocking his tiny head on one side when the sea-gulls flew over, and uttering at times a faint and thoughtful note.

However, it was really due to Clarence, the gray gander, that O'Henry's life became a happy one at the cove. Clarence was full of years and dignity, and a born philanthropist. If he had been a man, he would have endowed orphanages and given newsboy dinners. As it was, he had a passion for fathering (*Continued on page 153*)



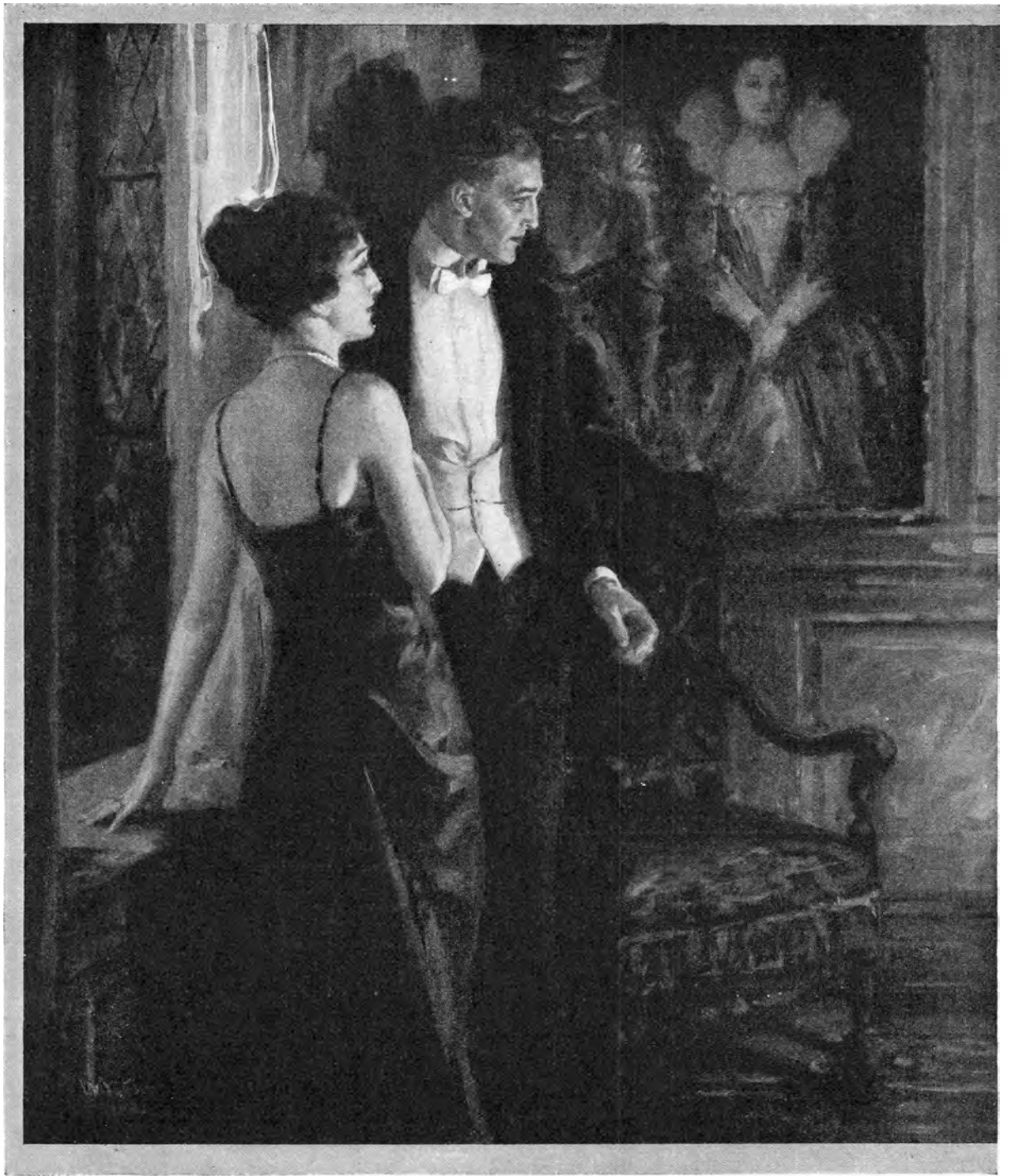
PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN GLACIER NATIONAL PARK BY JOHN HAZEL

WOULD you like to be another person for a while? After all, that is the purpose of vacations. Instead of a change of scene, people really need a change of soul. Get outdoors if you would like to be different. Two weeks in the open country will make you a person who wakes in the morning with happiness, who moves through the day with a contentment as instinctive, as primitive, as the laughter of a stream rippling in the sunlight



PHOTOGRAPH MADE AT GEORGIAN BAY BY JOHN KAHLE

AT dusk you will lie down to rest with a delicious fatigue and a sense of utter fulfilment you never knew in town. The scent of wood-smoke at twilight in the sleepy woods and the taste of bacon and fresh trout cooked on an open fire will savor your dinners through the long, shut-in winter. All your hurried days will be easier and sweeter for the memory of the miles you tramped and the stars above your head on your vacation



"I came solely to see you, Lady Dawn," Tabs said, speaking slowly. "I give you my word of honor lated to—" A sharply indrawn breath cut short what he was saying. They turned quickly.

TABS was in the act of shutting off his engine when he heard himself accosted. "I beg your pardon, but are you Mr. Gervis?"

It was a pleasant voice—a man's. Keeping his eyes on what he was doing, Tabs answered in the negative. Then he recalled that Gervis had been the name of Maisie's second husband. "If it's the Gervis who used to live here," he indicated the house with a jerk of his head, "I'm afraid you won't find him. He's been dead these three years—killed at the Front."

A quiet chuckle greeted this piece of information, followed by a hearty, "Thank the Lord!"

Tabs had finished what he was doing. As he stepped out of the car, he threw a contemptuous glance at the man who

could be so callous. He was a slightly-built, fresh-complexioned young fellow of middle height, with amiable gray eyes and a fair, closely-trimmed mustache. He was dressed in a smartly-fitting suit of striped, navy-blue flannel and carried himself with the plucky alertness of a high-bred fox-terrier.

Before Tabs could say anything, he was apologizing.

"That sounded rotten, I must confess. I'm sorry. But you see, I didn't know the chap. It's his wife that I'm trying to find. She was married to a man named Pollock when I knew her. I was rather a pal of Pollock's, belonged to the same squadron and was shot down at the same time. I've been a prisoner in Germany. Just got back, in fact. As you'll understand, I'm

rather out of touch. I thought you'd be able to tell me whether she still lives here."

It was very damping to his ardor at this particular moment to have Maisie's matrimonial past raked up. Within the next half-hour he would very possibly be asking her to be his wife. He wasn't sure that he was going to, but meeting this friend of her first husband on her doorstep didn't help him make up his mind. He was no longer unsympathetic to the young fellow, but he was quite determined that he must be sent about his business.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the lady you're in search of does live here. But she's not Mrs. Gervis any longer. She's married again. She's Mrs. Lockwood now."

Two people find their kingdoms in this instalment of

The Kingdom Round the Corner

By
Coningsby Dawson

Illustrated by
W. D. Stevens



that my visit wasn't even remotely re-
gazing in from the open door was Terry

A glint of enmity came into the stranger's eyes. "Then you're Mr. Lockwood, perhaps?"

Tab's answered him with a note of irritation. "I'm not Mr. Lockwood. She's a widow. Lockwood also was killed. But I really don't see why you should ask me so many questions. You can find out everything by ringing the bell."

"That's right." The young fellow stroked his mustache. "But I didn't want to do that until I had made certain. Surely you can see how embarrassing—And now this second chap's gone west, you say. Poor little Maisie, she hasn't had much luck."

It was difficult to be brusque with a man of his own class, especially with a man so genuinely likable. But he had to get rid

of him. After having nerved himself up to the point of being at least prepared to propose to Maisie, he couldn't contemplate an evening of sharing her with a stranger and listening to the merits of her first husband.

"So you're an old friend! Well, I'm afraid she won't be free this evening. I have an appointment with her. But if you like, I'll mention that I met you, and I'll let her know that you'll call—when shall we say—to-morrow? Perhaps you'd care to give me your name?"

The young man smiled good-naturedly. "I couldn't think of troubling you to that extent."

"In that case, I'll have to ask you to excuse me. All kinds of luck to you on your return. It must be rather jolly not to be

a prisoner. Good evening."

Tab's crossed the pavement and rang the bell. In order, that he might afford no opportunity for further conversation, he stood with his face toward the door while he waited for it to be opened. He was conscious that the stranger had not departed, but was hovering immediately in rear of him.

It was Porter who answered his summons. "I'm sorry, your Lordship, Mrs. Lockwood is out.—No, she didn't leave any word. She's bound to be back shortly.—Why, certainly, if your Lordship has the time."

While she was closing the front door, he walked across the hall and let himself into the drawing-room. He went directly over to the empty fireplace and gazed up at

Lady Dawn's portrait. It always seemed to challenge him—seemed to be trying to say something to him. It was almost as though it were his conscience hanging there on the wall. He had an idea that it reproached him for his silence with regard to Lord Dawn. He felt that, were he to do what his instinctive sense of justice had first urged—go to Lady Dawn and tell her that her husband had cared for her—the painted face would be no longer turned away from him and the stone-gray eyes no longer averted. He was haunted by the obsession that he would never have any luck till he had vindicated the dead man's memory.

It was Maisie who had prevented him up to now—Maisie with her laughter, her breezy arguments, her short views of life, her contempt for sentiment, her sledgehammer motto, with which she shattered the past, "I never dig up my dead." She had made him hesitant about reopening the subject. Her sister was the most beautiful woman in England. A man never knows to what boundaries a woman's jealousy spreads. He feared, if he persisted, she might impute to him less lofty motives than the desire to play fair by a comrade-in-arms who had gone west.

Something stirred behind him. He swung about and faced the stranger who had accosted him on the pavement.

"Sargent painted it ten years ago," the stranger said. "She's not so young as that now."

"How did you get in here?" Tab's demanded.

The stranger laughed boyishly. "Not too loud or you'll give the show away. I followed you. The maid raised no objection. She thought we were together."

"But what do you want? What right have you here?"

"Want! I know what I want. As to my right, that's problematic."

He commenced to move about the room, picking things up and examining them with a purposeful curiosity. He showed no fear, and yet in all his move-

ments there was a calculated stealth. Tabs watched him in amazement, wondering what he ought to do. If it came to grappling with him, unless he carried firearms, there was little doubt as to who would get the better of the contest. The man might be a lunatic, a blackmailer, a burglar; by his odd mode of entry, he had laid himself open to every suspicion. But he looked perfectly normal; and if he had been a burglar, he surely would have selected an opportunity when no other man was present. It was an awkward situation, this being shut up alone in a husbandless woman's house with an unknown intruder. It seemed to be an occasion for tact rather than the possible fuss of police interference.

AT this moment the stranger made a discovery. He had been examining the five silver photograph frames, each in turn, with close attention. With his back toward Tabs he remarked:

"It looks as though she hadn't forgotten him. Five reminders of his homely mug and not a solitary one of the also-rans! Numbers Two and Three couldn't have made such a deep impression." He caught his breath in a nervous shudder. "It's queer. Everything's queer when one's just come back. One's so changed that he courts his own wife without being recognized. You, too, were out there, I should judge by the way you limp. I wonder whether you've got over the queerness yet. I haven't had time."

From in front of the empty fireplace, Tabs interrupted him. "Look here, my dear chap, I don't want to be rude, and this isn't my house, but what's your game?"

The stranger turned and smiled. His frank gray eyes were amused and friendly. "Upon my word, I haven't any game. I'm like yourself—just paying a visit."

Tabs shook his head and gazed at him fixedly. "It won't do; you know that. You're a gentleman. Gentlemen don't get into unprotected women's houses by your kind of methods."

"They don't. That's a fact." He laughed carelessly. "I suppose this is what comes of having been a prisoner in Germany. One prefers to be underhand."

"Don't you think it's time you stopped fooling?" Tabs spoke in a conversational tone without temper. "There's Mrs. Lockwood to be considered; she may be here at any moment. It's no good coming this returned-prisoner trick; all the prisoners in Germany were returned shortly after the Armistice. Eight months have elapsed."

"All right. Have it your own way."

The stranger ceased to wander and sat down at Maisie's end of the couch. Pulling out his cigarette-case, he offered it to Tabs. "Have a gasper?—You don't need to refuse because of Maisie. If she's the Maisie she used to be, she won't object.—Well, if you won't, I will."

Tabs noticed that his hand trembled in holding the match. The man was a bundle of nerves; he was maintaining this display of coolness only with an effort. Whatever the purpose of his bold intrusion, it was not social, as he had pretended.

"I don't like any man to think me a liar." The man spoke slowly between puffs at his cigarette. "You think it's all

bunkum that I'm fresh out of Germany, but it isn't. Do you see that?" He ran his finger across a gash in his forehead. "That and the ill-treatment I received in the prison camps made me go wuzzy. The only fact about myself that I could remember in all those years was Maisie. So it's natural that I should come to see her first. I wasn't sure of my own identity until a month ago. I suppose I was released at the Armistice, but for seven out of the past eight months I must have wandered in rags over Central Europe. However, all's well that ends well, and here I am."

"But you knew that she'd remarried," Tabs objected suspiciously. "You asked me if I were Gervis?"

"A friend of Pollock's told me that," he explained. "Gervis was excusable. But this Lockwood fellow's the third. It's a bit thick! She certainly has been going it." He looked up suddenly. "I've been doing all the talking. What about yourself?"

Tabs crossed the room and opened one of the long windows which led out into the rockery. The golden afternoon had faded into early evening, and a refreshing coolness was in the air. When he came back, he seated himself at the other end of the couch. "Just to show that there's no ill-feeling, I'll accept one of your gaspers, if you'll allow me.—There's nothing for me to explain. My name is Taborley, and I'm a friend of Mrs. Lockwood. There's nothing else."

The stranger leaned forward. His humor left him, revealing his premature haggardness. He laid a hand on Tabs' arm and asked a question. "You're fond of her?"

Tabs eyed him in silence, trying to divine what was intended. "At any rate, you are," he said kindly. "I see it now."

"Not fond of her. I'm in love with her." The man's face softened as he made the confession. "I was in love with her when she was still the wife of Pollock. I've been through deep waters. I've had to wait for her as Jacob did for Rachel. I've lost most things—my memory, my health, my very likeness—but never for five minutes have I lost my love for her. She was the only star in my darkness." The words fell from him with sober sincerity. "I don't know whether you understand—"

BUT Tabs' thoughts had turned inward. He was living again the englamoured poignancy of the years when Terry had been for him precisely that—the only star in his darkness. The intensity of the vision was like a cry of warning, rousing his sleeping idealism from its lethargy. His present errand became a treachery to be swept aside by his refund strength. He recognized the intruder with new eyes, not as an enemy, but as a comrade—a comrade marooned on the selfsame island of loneliness and bound to him by the common experience of a kindred adversity. Here, close to him, was a fellow waif who had drunk deep of his own bitter sense of desertion. With a thrill of sympathy, his heart turned to him.

"The only star in the darkness!" He repeated the stranger's words. "For most of us there's been one woman who was all of that. If she fails us—" He stifled his pessimism. "When stars fail, one waits for the morning."

"So you, too, had your woman!" The stranger smiled and relaxed against the cushions. "Foolish of me! You can't blame me. Twice I've believed that I'd lost her. First there was Gervis and then this Lockwood. Poor devils, I cry quits on them. But when I found you so at home here, you can guess what I dreaded. And yet you'll never guess why I followed you into this house." He lit a cigarette and crossed his legs. "I didn't want you to escape me till I'd asked a question— Has it ever entered your head that Pollock might not be dead?"

TABS started. Then he sat very still. It was the commonplace tone in which the question had been asked that froze his blood. It was as though this man had said, "I can bring him to life again." For a moment he knew genuine fear, the non-physical fear which the impalpable can awake in the bravest mind. Through the open window the companionable mutter of London entered. The normality of everything on which his eyes rested did its best to reassure him. "I never dig up my dead." He remembered Maisie's motto. But what if the dead—?

He pulled himself together. Pollock not dead! An absurd suggestion! Maisie had changed her name twice since then—a sufficient proof! The poor fellow was demented. Everything he had done bore the hallmark of insanity. He had owned that he had been deranged to within a month ago. Everything he had said might be quite true. He probably had been the dead man's friend and in love with Maisie at the time of her first marriage. The misfortunes that had befallen him had exaggerated his love into mania—which the news of Gervis and then of Lockwood had rendered active. He felt an immense compassion for the man. There, save for the grace of God, sat himself. But what was to be done? Already Maisie was overdue. Not a second could be wasted. He must humor him and get him out of the house, if a scene was to be prevented.

And all the time the stranger had been watching him—following his thoughts, no doubt. He spoke again. "Don't you agree with me? It would be awkward if Pollock came back?"

Tabs forced a smile. "I'm not so sure that I do. She never loved any one but her first husband. She's told me so herself. The other two— I don't believe she herself knows how they happened. They were soldiers. They weren't long for this world. She didn't want to do them out of anything." He glanced at his watch. "By Jove, and I've not dined yet! I'm afraid I must be off. How about you? I'd be awfully glad if you'd take dinner with me."

The man jumped to his feet, so that Tabs rose with him. But once they were on their feet an amused expression of cunning came into his eyes. It told Tabs plainly that he had seen through the strategy.

He shook his head. "Very good of you. But I'm waiting for Maisie." He held out his hand. It was evident that he was determined to take Tabs at his word.

"We'll meet again, perhaps. What you've just said piques my curiosity. Before you go, there's one more question. In your opinion, what (Continued on page 142)



"WHY, Tabs," laughed Maisie, "how romantic of you to sit waiting for me in the twilight!" He came forward as though he were about to push her back. "I'm not alone, Mrs. Lockwood." "I know. Porter told me. But I don't see your friend. Why don't you introduce—" A shiver of fear cut short her laughter. Without warning the stranger advanced into the shaft of light. She saw him and fell back

The Department of Public Welfare

In an interview with Arthur W. Dunn

THE interest which President Harding has manifested in everything that pertains to the betterment of conditions of humanity throughout the country has been shown in many ways. Perhaps the most practical of them all was his designation of Dr. Charles E. Sawyer as a Brigadier-General in the Army in charge of national welfare work. General Sawyer is the White House physician and is in constant touch with President Harding, particularly with regard to all matters such as may come under a Department of Public Welfare and in advocacy of the Maternity and Infancy bill. The President refers all persons interested in these subjects to General Sawyer, and the General represents and speaks for the President when discussing the Department of Public Welfare and the objects sought to be accomplished along the lines of humanitarian work. The following authorized interview with General Sawyer was given in accordance with this understanding and especially for GOOD HOUSEKEEPING:

"President Harding comes from a humanitarian family," said General Sawyer, in explanation of the President's zeal for welfare work by the government. "All his life, since he has been engaged in affairs of government, holding official positions, and in his chosen occupation, he has been interested in his fellow men and women and ever trying to help them improve their conditions, and make life better for them. His father is a doctor and is known as a man ministering to those in distress and need. His mother was devoted to humanitarian duties. His sisters and brother are like their parents; all their lives they have been engaged in work that has been helpful to people. There have been two generations of the Harding family giving their time and energies to helping people.

"Thought of the general welfare of the people has ever been in the mind of President Harding. He talked about it in his speech of acceptance and in addresses during the campaign. He spoke of a Welfare Department in his inaugural address. Since he has been in the White House his thought has been continually

THE next great step forward in government will be in the promotion of the general welfare, a duty with which the government was charged in the beginning, but which has not been satisfactorily met. The proposed Department of Public Welfare, the President's plan for which is outlined here, should enable us to do the things that so obviously need to be done. The bill establishing the department will need your support

turning in the direction of doing something to improve the condition of the human race, to do that which will help and improve mankind. He has in mind the betterment of humanity in its broadest sense; to do that which will result in the development of the most perfect men and women that can be produced.

"The President believes that his ideas can be carried out in a Department of Public Welfare which shall be founded upon the cardinal principles of education, public health, social service, and care of those who have become disabled in the service of their country. At present there are 154 national organizations engaged in uplift work of various kinds, overlapping one another and duplicating information statistics, and data. Much of this information is not generally available and is useful only for the specific purpose for which it was collated. In a Department of Public Welfare all the work of these 154 organizations could be coordinated and correlated in a manner which would be of general benefit and much more effective in results.

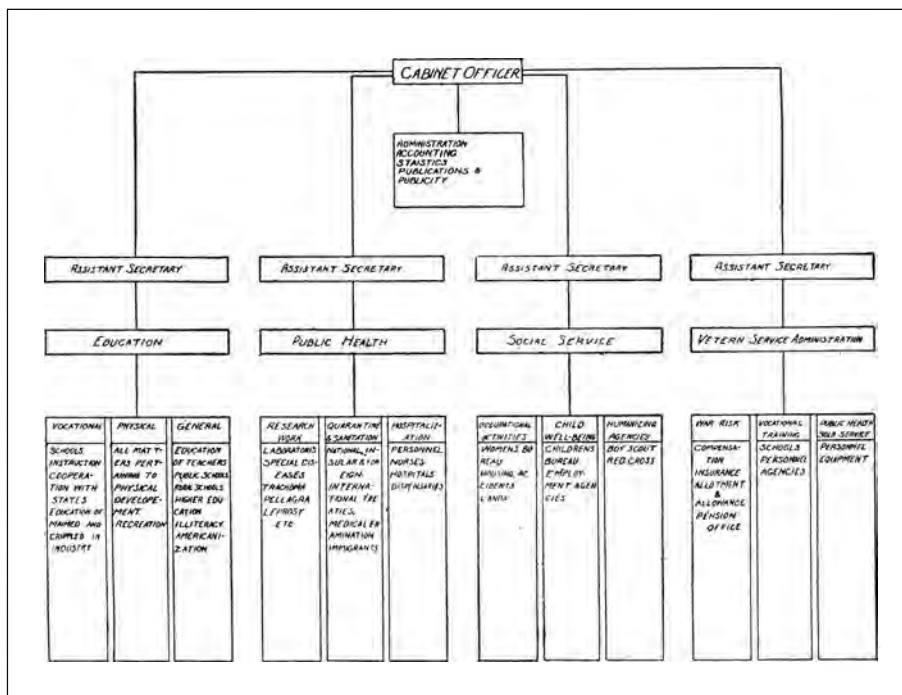
"The plan of a Department of Public Welfare which the President has in mind,

and the details of which have been worked out by those to whom he has assigned that duty, is plainly illustrated in the chart. There will be a new department created with a Cabinet officer at its head. Directly under him and reporting to him will be the officers of administration, accounting, bureau of statistics, publications and publicity. There will be four assistant secretaries, each in charge of a bureau with great responsibilities; bureaus which have been considered by many persons important enough to be separate departments but which can become more effective when coordinated under a general Department of Public Welfare. Each of these bureaus will be independent of the other, but each can draw upon the other for information and data and all can work together in the general scheme of human improvement while the administration of the central department with its statistics and data will be available for each of the bureaus.

"The Bureau of Education, which has for such a long period been a subordinate part of the Department of the Interior will become under the Department of Public Welfare an institution of importance and accomplishment. Its scope can be enlarged to include schools, public instruction, cooperation with the states in educational matters, and the education of those maimed and crippled in industrial pursuits, this feature being a truly humanitarian work. Included in the Bureau of Education would be all matters pertaining to physical development and recreation. President Harding has often shown his interest in these subjects, and even during the busy days since he entered the White

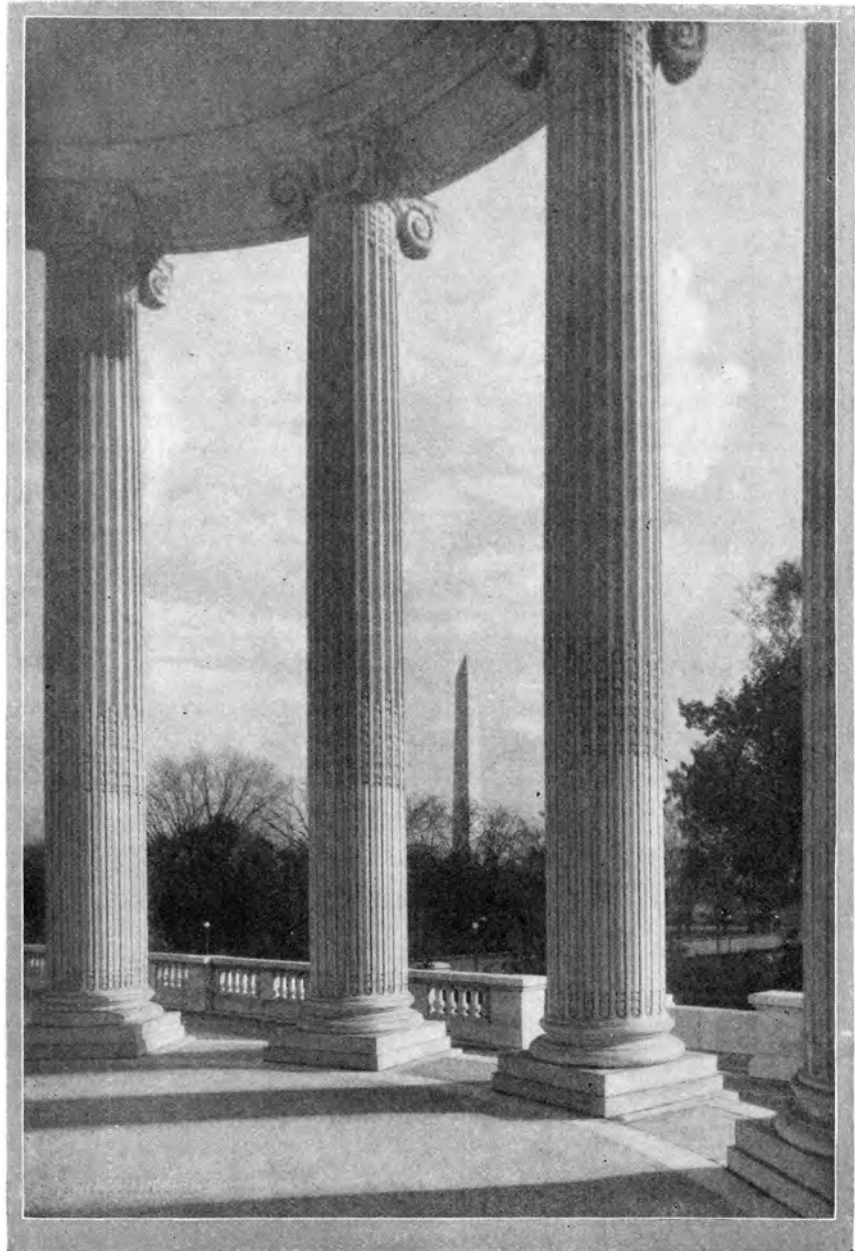
House he has found time to advise and aid those who are devoting their time to these and kindred subjects.

"Public Health is most important; perhaps it is the very keystone of the Department of Public Welfare. Upon the health of the people of the country depends the nation. It is an extensive field, embracing research work, quarantine, and sanitation and, which is very important at this time, hospitalization. This bureau is now under the Treasury Department, but it has nothing to do with the nation's finances, while all its duties (Continued on page 120)



The President's Plan for the Department of Public Welfare

NOWHERE is there a more delightful record of the doings of your representatives in Washington than in these letters by Mrs. Keyes. Men and women, delegates to this or that convention or political representatives, go to the enchanting city, but you can only follow them in fancy, and you seldom know what they do there. Here, then, is your chance to find out. Delegates to the D. A. R. convention looked out through these beautiful columns of their memorial building to the monument to the first President



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Letters from a Senator's Wife

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

DEAR DOROTHY,
Your special delivery letter, in answer to mine asking you to come and stay with me for the opening of Congress, the National Convention of the League of American Penwomen, the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the various other official festivities taking place at about the same time, caused not only a very keen personal disappointment, but a perfect flood of memories. There was no one to stay with the baby, there was very little money in the family treasury, and so you couldn't come. You don't know how familiar it all sounded! I am dreadfully sorry, and another year we must find, together, some solution of the difficulties that stand in the way of your getting to Washington. But

meanwhile, my dear, do you think I needed your appeal to tell you about it all, since you couldn't share in it? I have only been waiting for my first free minute to do so!

For a little while after the inauguration there seemed to be a lull in public activities here, which gave me a chance to do some things which I had wanted to do very much, but hadn't been able to make time for in the previous weeks. Incidentally, I did my own housework during this period, my "retinue," consisting of one maid, being ill. It's just as well to mention this, for you girls at home seem to have an idea that Senators' wives are blessedly immune from all the usual household troubles—and they're not!

I think the thing I enjoyed most, and got the most out of, was going Thursday

mornings to the Bible Class conducted by Mrs. Spencer, the wife of the Senator from Missouri. She is doing a piece of work which few women in official life have equaled, and which I believe none have excelled. The daughter of a famous clergyman, she had such a class in her home in St. Louis for years before she came here. Rather reluctantly, in response to insistent demands from other Senators' wives, she consented to start one here, holding the meetings on Thursday mornings through Lent. Mrs. Elkins of West Virginia, who has a large and very beautiful house, offered the use of her drawing-room. It was packed to the doors. The largest assembly-room in the Washington Club was next offered by its President; that, in turn, proved too small. And now, by the courtesy of the manage-

ment of the Hotel Willard, the class is held in the large ballroom there, and there is an average attendance of more than six hundred women every week! Mrs. Spencer knows her Bible from cover to cover, and she teaches other women to know it, too! And there seems to be a chance that she may teach men as well, for fifteen Senators have asked her to open a class for them.

The influence of a thing like this seems to me so far-reaching as to be almost incalculable. Exactly as there are many women, unfortunately, who say, "Mrs. So-and-So does this, so why shouldn't I?" when Mrs. So-and-So is misbehaving herself, there are a good many who are beginning to say, "If Mrs. Spencer can teach a Bible Class in Washington, and make a success of it in these days when we have thought it rather 'smart' to ignore the Bible, why shouldn't I do it in my own home town?" And why shouldn't she? I hope she will! Why shouldn't *you*, for instance?

During these same weeks, I also began my first active work in the Congressional Club, to which I have so often referred in my letters home. I have belonged to it, of course, ever since I came to Washington, and have always enjoyed going to it very much, but I had never done any work for it until Mrs. Lenroot asked me to take the chairmanship of one of the standing committees, and I assure you that since then I have "hustled 'round" enough to make up for all my sins of omission in the past! The new administration in the Club began its duties at about the same time as the national one, with Mrs. Lenroot, the wife of Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin, succeeding Mrs. Ward of New York as President; while the new Executive Board has almost every section of the country represented on it: Mrs. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, first vice-president; Mrs. White of Maine, second vice-president; Mrs. Watson of Indiana, third vice-president; Mrs. Hoch of Kansas, fourth vice-president; Mrs. Lea of Georgia, fifth vice-president; Mrs. Kelly of Pennsylvania, recording secretary; Mrs. Hadleigh of Washington, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. Young of North Dakota, treasurer.

Mrs. Lenroot is a gracious and delightful woman as well as a very efficient one, and the little speech with which she accepted the president's gavel sounded in a most charming way the keynote of her policy. "If every one of us," she said, "might have a little more of that sense of ownership and pride that comes with responsibility, if we might realize that we all need each other, that each one of us has something to give and something to take, with enthusiasm and loyalty and devotion to our club leavening the whole lump of our body-politic, this administration can not fail."

Isn't that a splendid spirit in which to begin?

By far the most important event of the "little season"—as we call the time here between Easter and the first of June—at the Congressional Club was the reception which we gave to Mrs. Harding about a

fortnight ago. Each member was allowed to bring one bona-fide house-guest—which would have included you if you had been here—but, even allowing for that, it seemed to me, as I approached the club house that afternoon and tried to get inside the door, that Congress must suddenly have doubled in size! It was a lovely day—I am really beginning to think that the "Harding blue" we hear so much about is in the skies, for the weather always seems to be perfect when any great event with which they are connected takes place!—and the entire block was crowded with motor-cars, filled with women dressed in all sorts of fluffy, soft-colored spring gowns, slowly driving up to the entrance.

The receiving line stood, as usual, at the head of the staircase—Mrs. Harding, Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Gillette, Mrs. Lenroot, Mrs. Frelinghuysen, Mrs. Kelly, and Mrs. Hoch—and the entire Ohio delegation, in compliment to Mrs. Harding, acted as supplementary hostesses, "floating" among the guests, while Mrs. Underwood of Alabama, Mrs. Elkins of West Virginia, and Mrs. Pomerene and Mrs. Longworth of Ohio presided at the tea-table, which had in the center a lovely little miniature fountain surrounded with roses and daisies, bubbling and sparkling away in the prettiest way that you can possibly imagine. There were roses and southern smilax all over the building, and of course our frieze of state flags of which we are so very proud as part of the decoration, too. It was all beautifully planned and executed, and next to Mrs. Harding herself—

inauguration, and not long afterward a note was delivered to me by hand, engraved on heavy, white paper surmounted by a gilt crest, which read:

*Mrs. Harding
will be glad to receive
Mrs. Keyes
on Tuesday, March the twenty-second
at five o'clock.*

A note like this, sent from the White House, does not mean that if you have nothing else to do on that particular day, you are free to drop in sometime during the course of the afternoon. It means that any other engagement you may have is immediately canceled, and that on the stroke of the hour mentioned, you present yourself at the door. But I do not think that any Senator's wife, officially summoned, ever presented herself more happily than I did that day, for having known Mrs. Harding when she was a Senator's wife, too, I felt that I knew exactly how I should be received—cordially and quietly and simply, as if she were really glad to see me—and I was not disappointed!

We sat in a small drawing-room made very bright by quantities of flowers, and talked together for fifteen minutes or so before Mr. Hoover, the head-usher at the White House, appeared in the doorway, and I knew that my appointment was over, and that some one else was to come in.

What did we talk about? Why, just the things that women usually do talk about when they visit together—what interests them most! In this case it was writing. And she sent me away even happier than when I went in by telling me that when the League of American Penwomen met in Washington for its National Convention, she would like to have us all come and see her on a day and hour that she would fix later.

*And what did she have on?—*I knew that would come next. It was something soft and gray and very becoming to her—she is very pretty, you know, much prettier than her pictures, with lovely pink cheeks, a brilliant smile, and great dignity, as well as great cordiality of manner—a rare combination!

My "quiet weeks" came abruptly to an end on the thirteenth of April with the beginning of the National Convention of the League of American Penwomen. I have never told you very much about the League, since, as I am first vice-president of it, I

couldn't, very well, without being rather personal, and I know all too well that just as truly as no man is a hero to his valet, no woman is a celebrity to her old friends! But the time has come when—in spite of this handicap—I must tell you a little about it, for with the wife of the President of the United States among its active members, the wife of the Vice-President among its prospective members—Mrs. Coolidge is eligible and has promised to come in—with the National Press Club, the largest men's organization of similar character, also located here, publicly recognizing us as (Continued on page 136)

O Little House of Happiness

By Mary Carolyn Davies

O little house of happiness
Whose rooms are each a song,
Whose doors of welcoming loveliness
Were shut to me so long!

O little house of happiness
Whose windows light the way,
Whom gentle wind and sunshine bless,
You took me in today!

Your doors looked fair to all who spied,
But oh, you're lovelier inside!

whose faculty for giving every woman with whom she shakes hands a personal greeting, even when there is an immense crowd like this, seems to me nothing short of miraculous—I think the woman who deserves the greatest amount of credit for the success of the event is Mrs. Woodyard of West Virginia, the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

It was during those same quiet weeks—which you will perhaps begin to think were not so very quiet after all—that Mrs. Harding received me at the White House for the first time. I went there and left cards, of course, immediately after the



“SONNY”—From a photograph by Ann Anthony Bacon

DON'T you wish you had one? No, we do not mean the apple, prize-winning specimen though it seems to be, but a strong, clear-eyed, future-daring, hostage-to-immortality boy? Perhaps you have one, and are to be envied. Perhaps you have seen yours grow to manhood, and are to be congratulated. Perhaps you have a grandson, and are twice blessed. In any event, we are sure you can appreciate the skill and artistry shown by Mrs. Bacon in this study of a little boy, for love 'em though we do, boys *are* studies. The hardest in the world—except girls



"You meant—" Coombe scarcely glanced at Robin—"that she is old enough for a governess?" "Yes, before the high heels were heard tapping on the staircase. "A good one if—" "If a good one would

The Head of the House

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

AFTER several hours of troubled sleep Feather awoke with the feeling that her world, in which she had been thoughtlessly happy since the day Lord Coombe took charge of her affairs, had fallen to pieces. She realized that what she had thrust lightly away in a corner of her third floor had produced an unmistakable effect when turned out into the light of a gay world. The child was tall, too—for six years old. Was she really six? It seemed incredible. Ten more years and she would be sixteen!

A creature of sixteen, eighteen—with eyes that shape—with lashes an inch long—with yards of hair—standing by one's side in ten years! It was ghastly!

Coombe, in his cold, perfunctory way, climbing the crooked, narrow stairs, dismissing Andrews, looking over the rooms—

dismissing them, so to speak, and then remaining after the rest had gone to reveal to her a new, abnormal mood—that, in itself alone, was actually horrible. It was abnormal, and yet he had always been more or less like that in all things. Despite everything—everything—he had never been in love with her at all! At first she had believed he was; then she had tried to make him care for her. He had never failed her, but while he saw her loveliness as only such a man could, she had gradually realized that she had never had even a chance with him.

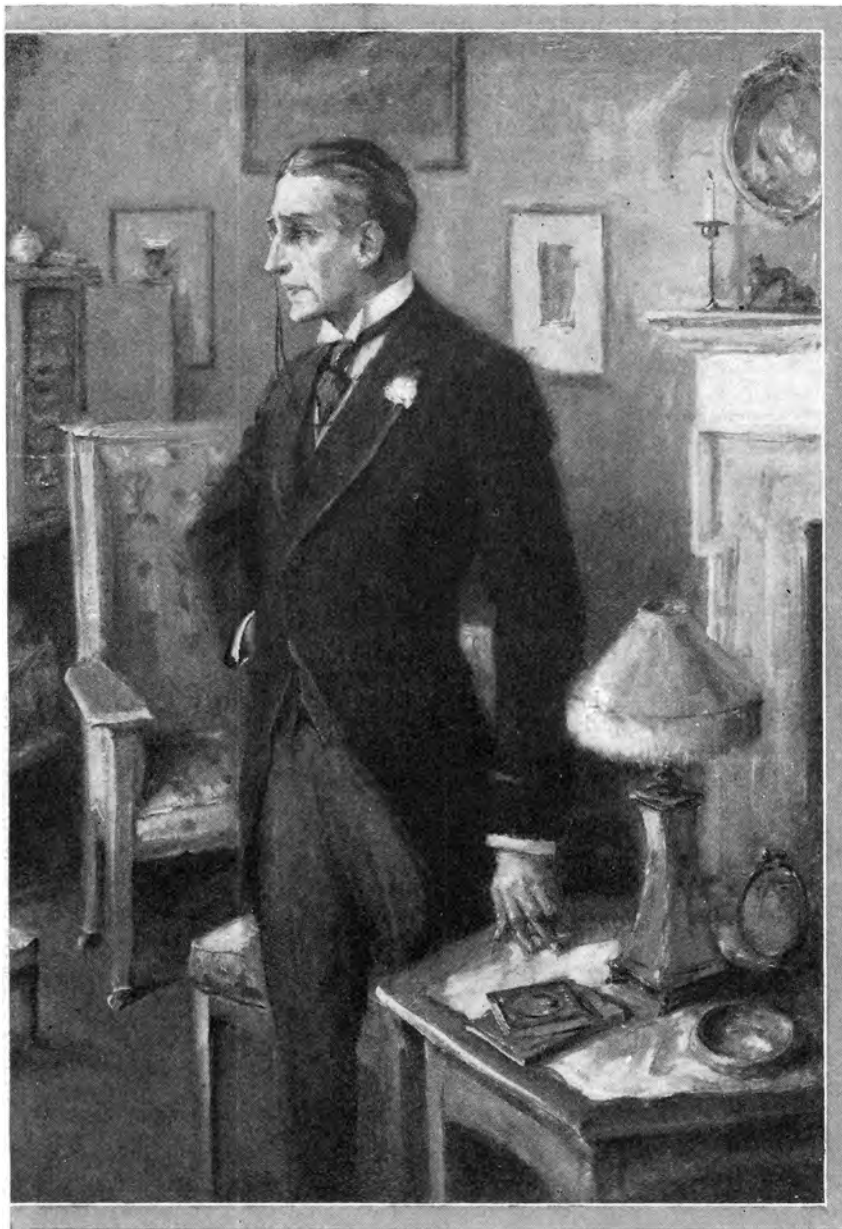
Now, almost impalpably, this realization added to the familiar feeling—or lack of feeling—with regard to Robin. She had not at all hated the little thing; it had merely been quite true that in an inactive way she had not liked her. In the

folds of a vague, malarious mist of thought quietly floated the truth that she now liked her less.

Benby, representing Lord Coombe, came to talk to her on the business of the structural changes to be made. He brought clever plans which made the most of a limited area. He did not even faintly smile when it revealed itself to him, as it unconsciously did, that Mrs. Gareth-Lawless regarded their adroit arrangement as a singular misuse of space which could have been much better employed for necessities of her own. She was much depressed by the ground floor addition which might have enlarged her dining-room, but which was made into a sitting-room for Robin and her future governess.

"And that is in addition to her school-room, which might have been thrown into

** ("I don't expect ever to read another story as interesting as this one," said a reader*



my Lord," said Dowson, rather breathless in her hurry to speak take the place?" Dowson did not attempt refutation or apology

of Coombe*

Illustrated by Fred C. Yohn

the drawing-room, besides the new bedrooms which I needed so much," she said.

"The new nurse, who is a highly respectable person," explained Benby, "could not have been secured if she had not known that improvements were being made. The reconstruction of the third floor will provide suitable accommodations."

The special forte of Dowson, the new nurse, was a sublimated respectability far superior to smartness. She was as proud of her respectability as Andrews had been of her smartness. This had, in fact, proved an almost insuperable obstacle to her engagement. The slice of a house, with its flocking in and out of chattering, smart people in marvelous clothes, was not the place for her, nor was Mrs. Gareth-Lawless the mistress of her dreams. But suddenly, Benby had come with a firm determina-

tion to secure her with wages such as no other place would offer.

She accepted the third floor, because it was to be rearranged, and the night and day nurseries, being thrown into one, repainted and papered, would make a decent place to live in. At the beautiful little girl given into her charge she often looked in a puzzled way, because she knew a good deal about children, and about this one there was something odd. Her examination of opened drawers and closets revealed piles of exquisite garments of all varieties, all perfectly kept, but she found no playthings—no dolls or toys, and only one picture book, and that had "Donal" written on the fly-leaf and evidently belonged to some one else.

What exactly she would have done when she had had time to think the matter over

she never knew, because, a few days after her arrival, a tall, thin gentleman, coming up the front steps as she was going out with Robin, stopped and spoke to her as if he knew who she was.

"You know the kind of things children like to play with, nurse?" he said.

She respectfully replied that she had had long experience with young desires.

"Please go to one of the toy shops and choose for the child what she will like best. Dolls, games—you will know what to select. Send the bill to me at Coombe House. I am Lord Coombe."

"Thank you, my Lord," Dowson answered, with a sketch of a curtsy. "Miss Robin, you must hold out your little hand and say 'Thank you' to his Lordship for being so kind. He's told Dowson to buy you some beautiful dolls and picture books as a present."

Robin's eyelashes curled against her under brows in her wide, still glance upward at him. Here was "the one" again! She shut her hand tightly into a fist behind her back.

Lord Coombe smiled a little, not much. "She does not like me," he said. "It is not necessary that she should give me her hand. I prefer that she shouldn't, if she doesn't want to. Good morning, Dowson."

To the well-regulated mind of Dowson, this seemed treating too lightly a matter as serious as juvenile incivility. She remonstrated gravely and at length with Robin.

But as she talked she was gravely aware that her words passed by the child's ears as the summer wind passed. Perhaps it was all a bit of temper and would disappear and leave no trace behind. At the same time, there was something queer about the little thing. She had a listless way of sitting staring out the window and seeming to have no desire to amuse herself. She was too young to be listless, and she did not care for her food. Dowson asked permission to send for the doctor, and when he came, he ordered sea air.

"Of course you can take her away for a few weeks," Mrs. Gareth-Lawless said. Here she smiled satirically and added: "But I can tell you what it is all about. The little minx actually fell in love with a small boy she met in the Square Gardens, and when his mother took him away from London, she began to mope like a tiresome girl in her teens. It's ridiculous, but it is the real trouble."

"Oh!" said Dowson, the low and respectful interjection expressing a shade of disapproval. "Children do have fancies, ma'am. She'll get over it if we give her something else to think of."

The good woman went to one of the large toy shops and bought a beautiful doll, a doll's house, and some picture books. Robin regarded them with an expression of actual dislike.

"Isn't that a beautiful doll?" said Dowson, good-humoredly. "And did you ever see such a lovely house? It was kind Lord Coombe who gave them to you. Just you look at the picture books."

Robin put her hands behind her back and would not touch them. Dowson, who was a motherly creature with a great deal of common sense, was set thinking.

"Come here, dear," she said, and drew

who had seen the whole story. Are you reading it? See synopsis on page 95)

the small thing to her knee. "Is it because you don't love Lord Coombe?" she asked.

"Yes," Robin answered.

"But why," said Dowson, "when he is such a kind gentleman?"

But Robin would not tell her why and never did. She never told any one, until years had passed, how this had been the beginning of a hatred.

Feeling that she was dealing with something unusual, and being a kindly person, Dowson bought her some playthings on her own account. They were simple things, but Robin was ready enough to like them.

"Did you give them to me?" she asked.

"Yes, I did, Miss Robin."

The child drew near her after a full minute of hesitation. "I will kiss you!" she said solemnly, and performed the rite as whole-souledly as Donal had done.

"Dear little mite!" exclaimed the surprised Dowson. "Dear me!" And there was actual moisture in her eyes as she squeezed the small body in her arms.

XV

WHEN she came back to London from the seashore, Robin was not taken up the steep, dark stairs to the third floor. Dowson led her into some rooms she had never seen before. They were light and airy and had pretty walls and furniture. A sitting-room on the ground floor had even a round window with plants in it, and a canary bird singing in a cage.

"May we stay here?" she asked Dowson in a whisper.

"We are going to live here," was the answer.

And so they did.

At first Feather occasionally took her intimates to see the additional apartments. "In perfect splendor is the creature put up, and I with a bedroom like a coal-hole and such drawing-rooms as you see each time you enter the house!" she broke forth spitefully one day when she forgot herself.

She said it to the Starling and Harrowby, who had been simply gazing about them in fevered mystification, because the new development was a thing which must invoke some more or less interesting explanation. At her outbreak, all they could do was to gaze at her with impartial eyes, which suggested question.

Feather shrugged pettish shoulders. "You knew I didn't do it. How could I?" she said. "It is a queer whim of Coombe's. Of course, it is not the least like him. I call it morbid."

"To be exact, we none of us really know anything in particular about his mental processes," Harrowby pondered aloud. "He has a remote, brilliantly stored, cynical mind. He owns that he is of an inhuman selfishness. I haven't a suggestion to make, but it sets one searching through the purlieus of one's mind for an approximately reasonable explanation."

"Why 'purlieus'?" was the Starling's inquiry.

Harrowby shrugged his narrow shoulders ever so slightly. "Well, one isn't searching for reasons founded on copybook axioms." He shook his head. "Coombe? No."

There was a silence given to occult thought.

"Feather is really in a rage and is too feathery to be able to conceal it," said the Starling.

"Feather would be—inevitably." Harrowby lifted his near-sighted eyes to her curiously. "Can you see Feather in the future—when Robin is ten years older?"

"I can," the Starling answered.

During the years that followed—changing years, growing years—Robin lived in her own world in her own quarters at the rear of the slice of a house. During the early years spent with Dowson, she learned gradually that life was a better thing than she had known in the dreary gloom of the third-floor day and night nurseries. She was no longer left to spend hours alone, nor was she taken below stairs to listen blankly to servants talking to each other of mysterious things with which she herself and the Lady Downstairs and "him" were somehow connected. She realized that Dowson would never pinch her, and the rooms she lived in were pretty and bright. Gradually playthings and picture books appeared in them, which she gathered Dowson presented her with. She gathered this from Dowson herself.

She had never played with the doll, and by chance, a day arriving when Lord Coombe encountered Dowson in the street without her charge, he stopped her again and spoke as before.

"Is the little girl well and happy, Nurse?" he asked.

"Quite well, my Lord, and much happier than she used to be."

"Did she," he hesitated slightly, "like the playthings you bought her?"

Dowson hesitated more than slightly, but, being a sensible woman and at the same time curious about the matter, she spoke the truth. "She wouldn't play with them at all, my Lord. I couldn't persuade her to. What her child's fancy was I don't know."

"Neither do I—except that it is founded on a distinct dislike," said Coombe. There was a brief pause. "Are you fond of toys yourself, Dowson," he inquired coldly.

"I am that—and I know how to choose them, your Lordship," replied Dowson with a large, shrewd intelligence.

"Then oblige me by throwing away the doll and its accompaniments and buying some toys for yourself, at my expense. You can present them to Miss Robin as a personal gift. She will accept them from you."

He passed on his way, and Dowson looked after him interestedly.

"If she was his," she thought, "I shouldn't be puzzled. But she's not—that I've ever heard of. He's got some fancy of his own the same as Robin has, though you wouldn't think it to look at him. I'd like to know what it is."

IT was a fancy—an old, old fancy. It harked back nearly thirty years—to the dark days of youth and passion and unending tragedy whose anguish, as it then seemed, could never pass—but which, nevertheless, had faded with the years as they flowed by, and yet left him as he was and had been. He was not sentimental about it; he smiled at himself drearily—though never at the memory—when it rose again and, through its vague power, led him to do strange things curiously verging on the emotional and eccentric. But even the child—who loathed him for some fantastic infant reason of her own—even the child had her part in it. His soul oddly withdrew itself into a far remoteness as he

walked away, and Piccadilly became a shadow and a dream.

When Dowson brought in a new doll and other wonderful things, a little hand enclosed her wrist quite tightly as she was unpacking the boxes. It was Robin's, and the small creature looked at her with a questioning half-appealing, half-fierce.

"Did he send them, Dowson?"

"They are a present from me," Dowson answered comfortably, and Robin said again:

"I want to kiss you. I like to kiss you; I do."

To those given to physical interests and speculations, it might have suggested itself that, on the night when the creature who had seemed to Andrews a soft-tissued puppet had suddenly burst forth into defiance and fearless shrillness, some cerebral change had taken place in her. From that hour her softness had become a thing of the past. Dowson had not found a baby, but a brooding, little, passionate being.

"THE Lady Downstairs is my mother, isn't she?" Robin inquired gravely once.

"Yes, my dear," was Dowson's answer.

A pause for consideration of the matter and then, "All mothers are not alike, Dowson, are they?"

"No, my dear," with wisdom.

Though she was not yet seven, life had so changed for her that it was a far cry back to the spring days in the Square Gardens. She went back, however, back into that remote, ecstatic past.

"The Lady Downstairs is not alike," she said at last. "Donal's mother loved him. She let him sit in the same chair with her and read in picture books. She kissed him when he was in bed."

Dowson had heard vague rumors of Robin's love affair, but had tactfully refrained from mentioning the subject to her charge.

"Who was Donal?" she said now, but quite quietly.

Robin did not know that a confidante would have made her first agony easier to bear. She was not really being confidential now, but realizing Dowson's comfortable kindness, she knew that it would be safe to speak to her.

"He was a big boy," she answered, keeping her eyes on Dowson's face. "He laughed and ran and jumped. His eyes—" She stopped there because she could not explain what she had wanted to say about those joyous young eyes, which were the first friendly human ones she had ever known.

"He lives in Scotland," she began again. "His mother loved him. He kissed me. He went away. Lord Coombe sent him."

Dowson could not help her start. "Lord Coombe!" she exclaimed.

Robin came close to her and ground her little fist into her knee, until its plumpness felt a little bruised. "He is bad—bad—bad!" And she looked like a little demon.

Being a wise woman, Dowson knew at once that she had come upon a hidden child volcano, and it would be well to let it seethe into silence. At least she had gained a sidelight. And how the little thing had cared! Actually as if she had been a grown girl, Dowson found herself thinking uneasily.



AMONG those who warmed themselves by the Duchess of Darté's fire, Coombe had singularly become her friend and intimate. They talked of absorbing things with frankness. He came to sit with her when others were not admitted because she was in pain or fatigued. He added to neither her pain nor fatigue, but rather helped her to forget them

She was rendered even a trifle more uneasy a few days later when she came upon Robin sitting in a corner on a footstool with a picture book on her knee. It was inscribed "Donal," and Robin was not looking at it alone, but at something she held in her hand—something folded in a crumpled, untidy bit of paper.

Making a reason for nearing her corner, Dowson saw what the paper held. The contents looked like the fragments of dried leaves. The child was gazing at them with a piteous, bewildered face—so piteous that Dowson was sorry.

"Do you want to keep those?" she asked.

"Yes," with a caught breath, "yes!"

"I will make you a little silk bag to hold them in," Dowson said.

She sat down near her, and Robin left her footstool and came and laid the picture book on her lap and the fragments of leaves on its open page.

"Donal brought it to show me," she quavered. "He made pretty things on the leaves." She recalled too much—too much all at once. Her eyes grew rounder and larger with inescapable woe. "Donal did! Donal!"

Suddenly she hid her face deep in Dowson's skirts, and the tempest broke. She was so small a thing, so inarticulate, and these were her dear! Dowson could only catch her in her arms, drag her up on her knee, and rock her to and fro.

"Good Lord! Good Lord!" was her inward ejaculation. "And she was not seven! What'll she do when she's seventeen! She's one of them there's no help for!"

It was the beginning of an affection. After this, when Dowson tucked Robin in bed each night, she kissed her. She told her stories and taught her to sew and to know her letters. Using some discretion, she found certain little playmates for her in the Gardens. But there were occasions when all did not go well, and some pretty, friendly child, who had played with Robin for a few days, suddenly seemed to be kept strictly by her nurse's side. Once, when she was about ten years old, a newcomer, after a day of wonderful imaginative playing, appeared in the Gardens the morning following to turn an ostentatious cold shoulder.

"What is the matter?" asked Robin.

"Oh, we can't play with you any more," with quite a flounce of superiority.

"Why not?" said Robin, becoming haughty herself.

"We can't. It's because of Lord Coombe."

The flouncing little person had really no definite knowledge of how Lord Coombe was concerned, but certain servants' whisperings had conveyed quite an enjoyable effect of unknown iniquity connected with his Lordship.

Robin said nothing to Dowson, but walked up and down the paths reflecting and building a slow fire which would continue to burn in her young heart. She had by then passed the round, soft, baby period and had entered into that phase when bodies and legs grow long and slender and

small faces lose their first curves and begin to show sharper modeling.

Accepting the situation in its entirety, Dowson had seen that it was well to reach Lord Coombe first with any need of the child's. Afterward, the form of presenting it to Mrs. Gareth-Lawless must be gone through.

She became clever in her calculations as to when his Lordship might be encountered and where—as if by chance and therefore quite respectfully. Sometimes she remotely wondered if he himself did not make such encounters easy for her. But his manner never altered in its somewhat stiff, expressionless chill of indifference. He never was kindly in his manner to the child if he met her.

One afternoon Feather swept him, with one or two others, into the sitting-room with the round window in which flowers grew. Robin was sitting at a low table making pothooks with a lead pencil on a piece of paper Dowson had given her.

"This is where my daughter lives. She is much grander than I am," said Feather.

"Stand up, Miss Robin, and make your curtsy," whispered Dowson.

Robin did as she was told, and Mrs. Gareth-Lawless' pretty brows ran up.

"Look at her legs," she said. "She's growing like Jack and the Beanstalk—though I suppose it was only the Beanstalk that grew. Look at her legs, I ask you."

"They are beautiful legs," remarked a laughing young man jocularly, "but

Lord," Dowson answered. "She's a child that wants to be learning things. I've taught her her letters and to spell little words. She's quick—and old enough, your Lordship."

"Learning to read and write!" exclaimed Feather. "Presumption, I call it. I don't know how to read and write—at least I don't know how to spell. Do you know how to spell, Collie?" to the young man. "Do you, Genevieve? Do you, Artie?"

"You can't betray me into vulgar boasting," said Collie. "Who does in these days? Nobody but clerks at Peter Robinson's."

"Lord Coombe does, but that's his tiresome superior way," said Feather.

"He's nearly forty years older than most of you. That is the reason," Coombe commented. "Don't deplore your youth and innocence."

They swept through the rooms and examined everything in them. They even mounted to the upper story to go through the bedrooms. Coombe remained behind with Dowson.

"You meant," he scarcely glanced at Robin, "that she is old enough for a governess."

"Yes, my Lord," rather breathless in her hurry to speak before she heard the high heels tapping on the staircase again. "And one that's a good woman as well as clever, if I may take the liberty. A good one if—"

"If a good one would take the place?" Dowson did not attempt refutation or apology. She knew better.

He said no more, but sauntered out of the room as the high heels came tapping down the staircase and the small gust of visitors swept away.

XVI

Were You Ever Bewitched?

IF not, you will be when you read "The Game of the Bewitchments" by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. It's the jolliest—but it wouldn't be fair to try to tell you anything about it; we were surprised, why shouldn't you be? Look for it in August—with several other capital stories. That will be our midsummer fiction number and will have more than the usual amount of fiction

THE interview which took place between Feather and Lord Coombe a few days later had its own special character.

"A governess will come here tomorrow at eleven o'clock," he said. "She is a Mademoiselle Vallé. She is accustomed to the educating of young children. She will present herself for your approval. Benby has done all the rest."

Feather flushed to her fine-spun, ash-gold hair. "What on earth *can* it matter!" she cried.

"It does not matter to you," he answered. "It chances—for the time being—to matter to *me*."

"Chances!" she flamed forth—it was really a queer little flame of feeling. "That's it. You don't really care— It's a caprice, just because you see she is going to be pretty."

"I'll own," he admitted, "that that has a great deal to do with it."

"It has everything to do with it," she threw out. "If she had a snub nose and thick legs you wouldn't care for her at all."

"I don't say that I do care for her," without emotion. "The situation interests me. Here is an extraordinary little being thrown into the world. She belongs to nobody. She will have to fight for her own hand. And she will have to *fight*. With that dewy lure in her eyes and her curved (Continued on page 92)

perhaps she does not particularly want us to look at them. Wait until she begins skirt dancing."

And everybody laughed at once, and the child stood rigid—the object of their light ridicule—not herself knowing that her whole little being was cursing them aloud.

Coombe stepped to the little table and bestowed a casual glance on the pencil marks. "What is she doing?" he asked as casually of Dowson.

"She is learning to make pothooks, my



The traditional combination of white enamel and mahogany stain gives character to the hall above

MARTIN E. HEWITT

FURNISHINGS *and* DECORATIONS

A Simple Course in Home Decorating

The Use of Interior Finishes—Lesson III

BEFORE the furnishings of a room can be put in place, pictures hung, or doors and windows draped, the ceilings, woodwork, walls, and floor must each receive some sort of finish, and upon the wise choice and correct application of this finish depends much of the beauty of the completed room. For this reason it is highly important for the home decorator to become familiar with the various kinds of finishes on the market, to know under what conditions this or that one is the better choice, and to have enough knowledge of how each type should be applied to enable her to oversee intelligently any work being done in her own home, or even to do it herself.

It would, of course, be folly to pretend that amateur workmanship will equal that of the trained professional, but patience and careful attention to detail, together with insistence upon the best tools and materials, will produce creditable results, and when skilled labor is unavailable, or its cost is found prohibitive, the "prentice hand" is by no means to be despised.

The importance of buying standard finishes, and not only providing good tools, but the right tool for each

By Winnifred Fales

purpose, should be realized at the start. Inferior paints, stains, and varnishes will not produce satisfactory results, even in the hands of an expert, and to buy a ten-cent brush to do work for which a professional painter would require one costing several dollars, to use a bristle brush where camel's hair is the proper choice, or to employ the same brush indiscriminately for every type of work and finish, is to make failure practically inevitable.

The commonly used finishes for walls and ceilings are six in number: kalsomine and other dry colors to be mixed with water, flat paint, gloss paint, enamel, wall-

paper, and painted fabrics which are hung like paper. All are capable of producing artistic effects, and each has its special advantages. Thus, the use of paint makes it possible to obtain the precise tint required, while paper and painted fabric add the interest of pleasing texture to that of color. Water paints are inexpensive and easy to apply. They will adhere to plaster, wood, canvas, wallboard, or builder's felt, and can even be applied over old wall-paper when one wishes to avoid the expense of repapering. Two coats are usually needed for satisfactory results.

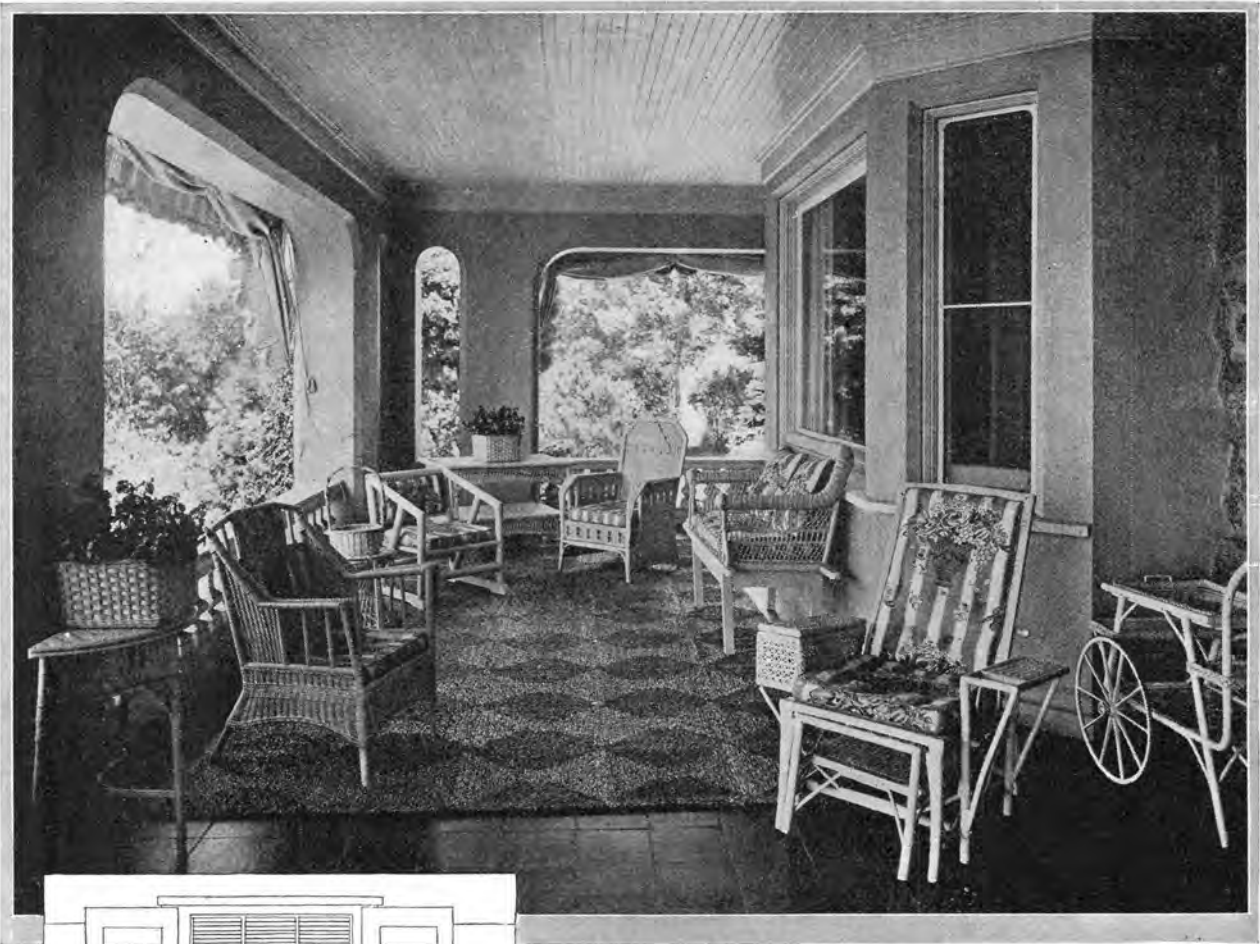
Flat paints are similarly soft and velvety in appearance and, like gloss and enamel paints, have the advantage of being washable. They are somewhat more expensive than water color, but cheaper than enamel. A dull, lusterless wall finish is most desirable from a decorative standpoint, hence the use of gloss and enamel paints for walls is largely restricted to bathrooms and kitchens. Enamel is the easiest of all to keep clean.

Wall-paper has the advantage of contributing texture and also pattern in cases where pattern is desirable. (Continued on page 133)

Can You Answer These Six Questions?

1. What is the best method of removing old wall-paper?
2. How are painted walls prepared for repainting?
3. Should woods for painting be open or close grained?
4. Name one great difference between stain and paint.
5. What are wood fillers, and where and how used?
6. Name and describe four leading types of floor finish.

All of the above questions are answered in Lesson III. To test your own grasp of the subject, carefully read the lesson and then write out the answers from memory



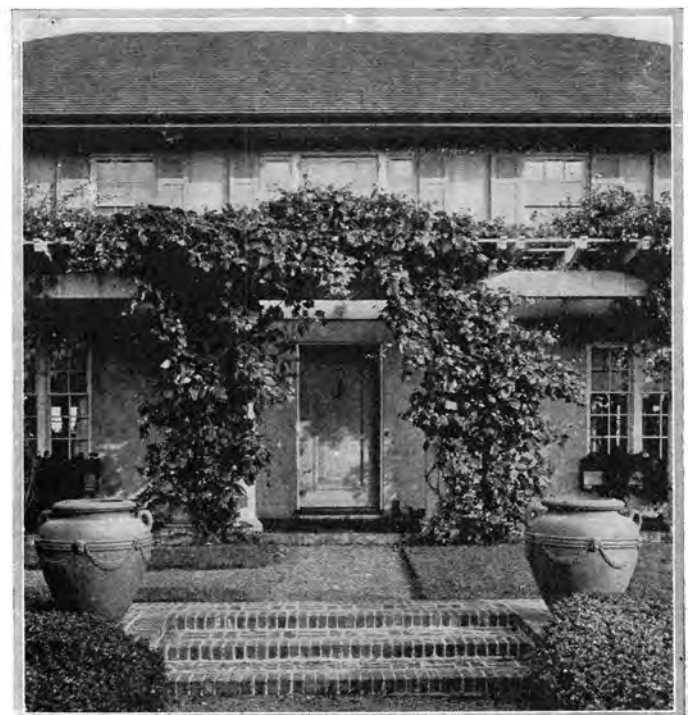
MATTIE F. HAWITT



By
Mildred Towle

Paint, Respectability,

The charm of cool, gray walls as a background for gaily upholstered furniture and the living green of vines and shrubbery is illustrated above and below. At the left is shown what transformations may be effected with ingenuity plus a can of paint. The plant stand was once a towel rack



MATTIE F. HAWITT

AS charity begins at home, so does hospitality begin at the porch, in these enlightened days of outdoor living. To make the porch inviting, the furnishings must be kept fresh and attractive. They must be sturdy, victims as they are to sun and rain, and then they must have frequent care. The greatest ally to the transformation of the porch is, perhaps, a pot of paint. Guy Wetmore Carryl has remarked on the "respectability" of fresh paint. It surely cleanses where it goes, and wisely applied, it glorifies! When one can not indulge in the pieces of porch furniture now shown in the better shops, it is an excellent plan to collect odds and ends, as a khaki hammock, a steamer chair, table, wicker pieces, etc., and apply to each and all a coat of paint, all of the same color. Or again, if a shabby set of wicker furniture is on hand, try painting all the pieces in the same color (Continued on page 90)



MATTIE E. HEWITT

and Porch Furniture

On the ample living porch above, the long refectory table is in excellent proportion. The orange painted furniture upholstered with blue is in brilliant contrast to the neutral walls. Below, a pair of white enameled benches is pleasantly framed by the vines of a charming pergola



MARY B. NORTREMB

The magic that lies hidden in a pot of paint is demonstrated by the porch furnishings sketched above. A shabby deck chair, a khaki hammock, and a discarded kitchen chair were painted black with bright-colored decorations

To Everywoman, Citizen

The high spots of the Cleveland convention of the National League of Women Voters brought to your home

By Clara Savage Littledale

“WELL, now that you have it, what are you going to do with it?”

You are familiar with the question. You have been asked it frequently ever since August twenty-sixth, 1920. If the asking were only restricted to election time! But it isn't. Any time, anywhere, any one may turn upon the newly-made woman voter and demand her platform, present and future. The male voter is seldom subjected to any such searching inquiry. He has had the vote so long that he is allowed to be comfortable with it. Not so the woman voter. She is suspected of ideals and hopes and determinations, of a political plank or two up her sleeve, and she is a subject for much speculation within old-time political circles. In her frank moments she admits that she is a subject of much speculation to herself. Even the best informed among her, even those who worked hardest over many years to secure the right of suffrage for American women, must admit that they can not completely foretell just how the enfranchisement of twenty million women is going to affect the life of this country. But already there are certain sign-posts erected by the woman voter that point the way she is to take. It was to agree on such sign-posts—to indicate their answer, up to date, to the question of what they are going to do with the vote now they have it—that the National League of Women Voters met in Cleveland for its second annual convention.

Although you may not have been able to leave home to attend this gathering of hundreds of women from every state in the Union, you were there by representation when Mrs. Maud Wood Park, chairman of the National League of Women Voters, called the convention to order. It is strenuous—this being special correspondent for you readers of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. I wonder if you know how strenuous! It would have been much less arduous to be special correspondent for your great-grandmothers. But the boundary of your interests—as reflected by your letters and inquiries—is unrestricted. And GOOD



“All women working together for the common good” is the aim of Maud Wood Park, president of the League

HOUSEKEEPING, seated at the press table in Cleveland, was sharply at attention to get for you the platform of the woman voter for the coming year.

I tell you frankly that at the opening of your convention—for even though you may not be enrolled as a member of the League of Women Voters in your state, it was, in a sense, your convention, since you are necessarily concerned with what women voters are planning to do—I was worried. Perhaps it was because I have been to so many conventions of women—suffrage conventions, conventions on child welfare, conventions of women doctors, lawyers, of many professional groups, convention after convention. But it happened that this convention at Cleveland was the first convention of American women voters that I had ever attended.

What worried me, at first, was the lack of difference. It might have been a good old-fashioned woman's rights convention. One by one the states brought in their report of work done during the past year;

one by one the programs for the next year were submitted and discussed. Child welfare, social hygiene, the protection of women in industry, Americanization—those phases of our national life in which women have always been preeminently interested were presented to the women delegates. There was Mrs. Florence Kelley of the National Consumer's League, still pleading for better laws governing manufacture; there were Mary Van Kleek and Mary Anderson arguing for the restriction of women's hours of labor for the sake of the next generation; there were all the women whose names are known in connection with bettering conditions for women and children in this country. And there was a terrible familiarity about it all.

These women, although they were voters, were still pleading, still proving the case that must be evident to any public-spirited man or woman, that women and little children should be protected and helped and taken care of by this immensely rich country. All true, all necessary, all immensely important, but self-apparent. These women,

with all their new-won power of the vote, were still pleading for what every woman wants. I tell you, it made one feel like saying, “O Lord, how long, how long?”

And then it happened. Trust women. Something worth-while is bound to happen when some eight hundred representing several million of the most thoughtful and influential women in the country get together. And the thing that happened at the convention of the National League of Women Voters lifted that gathering out of the realm of the ordinary, of the good but hackneyed, into a vital, live, fighting organization with red blood in its veins, a plan of action, and a definite goal. This organization did something that no other woman's organization has done. They proved themselves honest and keen and capable and of a political sagacity which will mean something in the life of this country. They got right at the root of things.

You can't appreciate what they did until you think over (*Continued on page 130*)



Military discipline has been in force for well over a year and has operated successfully from the start. The boys are daily becoming more self-reliant and are proud of their family and its ability to function efficiently

Discipline in the Home

By Major John H. Earle

MOTHER, where's my garters? Oh, Mom, where's my stockings? Mother, dear, did you see my shoes? Oh, Ma, I can't find my shirt! Mama, where's my blue rompers?"

This, from five boys, all more or less at once, and all in a hurry to get down to breakfast and off to school! Can you imagine the confusion, the hurrying and scurrying, as the whole family joins forces in a frantic endeavor to locate these missing articles? Can you imagine the nervous wear and tear on poor mother as she strives desperately to remember where she has last seen these garments? Weren't the garters on the bathroom floor last night? She thinks the stockings were under the kitchen stove, where they had been left to dry out. And the shoes, had she not seen them in the attic playroom? Jack's shirt, she is sure, was mixed up in the bedclothes last night when he took it off. And Bill's rompers, oh, where had he put them on going to bed? Dear, distracted, tired mother, whose photographic mind is supposed to register and record with accuracy the exact location of each article of every child's clothing and other personal possessions!

To those of you who have been reared as members of large families, or have many children of your own, this morning chaos

WHAT the world most needs to-day is discipline, beginning with the individual and carried through the family right up to the largest unit of government. It should be self-imposed, or agreed to, if it is to be of any value in building character for either individual or nation. There is no one method that is capable of universal application, but the one that is being followed in the home of Major Earle seems to us to be worthy of careful consideration by every family with children, particularly if they are boys. If you have a better method, tell us about it

is probably quite familiar. You may even have become resigned to it, feeling that it is an unavoidable part of the price one pays for having a large family. "They are only children," you are apt to reason. "I must not expect too much of them." Still, it would be nice if Jack would only put his shirt where he could find it in the morning, without howling for mother's assistance. How much easier it would be for mother! How much more peaceful the atmosphere for father!

The condition just described is about what I found in my own family upon my return from France. It was not exactly a shock to me, for the same condition had

existed prior to the war, but either my absence had made matters worse, or my recent army experience had made me more than ever intolerant of lost motion and lack of discipline and efficiency. At any rate, I soon decided that something must be done at once, if my wife was to retain any vestige of her youth, good looks, and composure; and it was principally with the idea of conserving these desirable wifely qualities that I called a family council of war to decide upon ways and means of promoting family efficiency.

A good many years ago, when I was a midshipman at the United States Naval Academy, my life was governed and my habits were molded by a set of Rules and Regulations for Interior Government and Discipline. The regulations were backed up and enforced by a strict demerit system which was most impartially applied. For every conceivable offense, from being late for breakfast formation to gross insubordination, there was a carefully graded number of demerits assigned. There was also a total number of demerits for the year allowed individuals in each class, which, if exceeded, placed one unsatisfactory in conduct and subject to dismissal. Three conduct grades were established—first, second, and third. If you exceeded a specified number of demerits for the month, you were on the second conduct grade. If

you kept within this figure, you remained on the first grade. Similarly, the exceeding of another specified number placed you on the third grade. Midshipmen fortunate enough to find themselves on the first grade at the end of the month were entitled to all the privileges of a student in good standing. On the other hand, to be on the second or third grade meant restrictions and loss of certain dearly prized privileges, such as attendance at hops, leave to visit in town on Saturdays and Sundays, loss of money allowance, and so forth.

This system worked with such fairness and with such excellent results at the Academy that it occurred to me an intelligently modified system of the same sort might function admirably when applied to our family problem. I discussed the matter frankly with my wife and all the boys, explaining how the system worked in the Navy, how beneficial I thought it had been to me in promoting the cultivation of worth-while habits, and gave them some idea as to how I thought a similar system could be made to work in the family. My wife readily agreed that my scheme was worth a trial, and the boys, much interested in the novelty of the plan, were eager to place themselves on the same status as Midshipmen at the Naval Academy. During the war the family had lived in army quarters at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, and at Fort Wadsworth, New York, so the boys were entirely familiar with most phases of army life and military discipline and had acquired a sort of hero worship of every man who wore the uniform. It was, therefore, an easy matter to appeal to their imaginations in presenting my scheme.

The following evening, with all the boys in bed, mother and I sat down to draw up our Rules and Regulations for Interior Government and Discipline of the Household. It was no easy task, you may be sure, for we both desired to make the system excuse-proof from the start, and to cover as thoroughly as our somewhat extensive knowledge of boys permitted all possible juvenile delinquencies.

The first thing we discovered was that the household must function on a definite time schedule. This meant we must all rise on time and that the mother must see that all meals were served on time to the minute. We realized at once that we, as grown-ups, would also have to operate on schedule if the scheme were to be successful. While this would interfere with such sweet privileges as "sleeping in" on cold winter mornings, we never-

theless decided that the results we sought to accomplish were worth our own deprivation of the ordinary grown-up privileges, and agreed to place ourselves on schedule.

A time schedule was then drawn up in the form of General Order No. 1, with due consideration for the difference between school days, Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays.

We then considered how each boy could be of help in assuming certain definite duties in the household, and assigned to each one definite daily tasks, the performance of which regularly and on time would tend to lessen considerably the load carried by the mother. These assignments to duty were worked out with due regard for the age, strength, and capabilities of each child, and great care was taken to apportion work fairly. For instance, Bob, who is fourteen, was naturally assigned work requiring a higher order of intelligence than the twins, Dick and Otis, who are but twelve. Jack and Bill, six and four respectively, came in for minor duties only. Written instructions were prepared for each boy, and these instructions covered exactly what was to be expected of him.

Our next task was to draw up a satisfactory demerit system based upon the schedule given above and the assignments to duties. It was also necessary to list all possible delinquencies and to determine the number of demerits which would be awarded for failure to perform properly and on time any of the duties assigned. In this list we included every possible childish

offense, from being late to breakfast to falsehood and theft. Demerits were carefully graded according to the seriousness of the offense involved, and such a heinous offense as gross insubordination was marked up for special disciplinary action in addition to the award of demerits.

We decided to have three conduct grades, which would be posted weekly, and a minimum number of demerits was determined upon for each grade. Provision was also made for a money prize to go each week to the boy having the least number of demerits for the week, and certain restrictions were involved for boys who found themselves on the second and third conduct grades. Boys on the first grade were members of the family in good standing, and as such were to be entitled to all ordinary family privileges. Boys on the second grade suffered certain restrictions as to liberty and privilege; and those on the third grade were allowed to exist only, all privileges being withdrawn save bed and board. Each of the three elder boys was longing to own a bicycle, so as a special inducement to good behavior a bicycle was to be awarded at the end of four months to the boy having the least number of demerits for that period.

This information was all drawn up in the form of General Orders Nos. 2 and 3, which are given at the end of this article. Reference to General Order No. 2 will show that conduct grade limits differed with age. For instance, Dick and Otis would still be on the first conduct grade with 17 demerits, while Bob, with a like number, would be on the second grade. In this way we sought to compensate for difference in intelligence.

The next evening, the entire plan was read and explained to the boys in great detail. Their attention was directed to the rewards and to the deprivations; and we tried to make them see how much the family would gain in ease of functioning if they would keep to the schedule as outlined. We also attempted to impress upon them the value of the plan as a mold of such good habits as neatness, punctuality, courtesy, and dependability. Criticism of the schedule and assignments was invited, and several changes were made to include good suggestions made by the boys. The plan was then unanimously adopted and scheduled to become effective at 12.01 a.m. the following Monday.

The following day I had typewritten copies of the three General Orders and assignments to duties prepared, and handed one complete set to each boy to be (Continued on page 118)

General Order No. 1

Office of the C. O.
Detroit, Mich.
Sept. 5, 1919.

1. The following daily routine will become effective at 12.01 a.m. Sept. 9, 1919:

	<i>School Days</i>	<i>Saturdays</i>	<i>Sundays</i>
Reveille	6.30 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	7.30 a.m.
Exercise	6.30-6.50 a.m.	6.30-6.50 a.m.	7.30-7.50 a.m.
Bathe and dress	6.50-7.15 a.m.	6.50-7.15 a.m.	7.50-8.15 a.m.
Breakfast	7.15 a.m.	7.15 a.m.	8.15 a.m.
Police rooms	7.45-8.10 a.m.	7.45-8.10 a.m.	8.45-9.10 a.m.
Leave for school	8.30 a.m.		9.30 a.m.
Lunch	12.00 Noon	12.00 Noon	1.00 p.m.
Leave for school	12.30 p.m.		
Report home from school	3.30 p.m.		
Duties per assignment	3.30-4.15 p.m.	12.30-1.30 p.m.	
Play	4.15-5.45 p.m.	1.30-5.45 p.m.	2.00-5.45 p.m.
Dress for dinner	5.45-6.00 p.m.	5.45-6.00 p.m.	5.45-6.00 p.m.
Dinner	6.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
Study	6.45-8.00 p.m.		6.45-8.00 p.m.
Play	8.00-8.30 p.m.	6.45-8.30 p.m.	8.00-8.30 p.m.
Shine shoes, and wash	8.30-8.45 p.m.	8.30-8.45 p.m.	8.30-8.45 p.m.
Taps (Bob, Otis and Dick)	8.45 p.m.	8.45 p.m.	8.45 p.m.
Taps (Jack and Bill)	7.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.	7.00 p.m.

3. Strict adherence to the above schedule will be required. Special requests for leave to attend theater, athletic events, or other engagements after 8.45 p.m. will be submitted to the C. O. for consideration and approval.

JOHN H. EARLE,
Commanding.

Polly Has a *Fourth of July Picnic*

By Sheila Young





LUCIE HAMAR

FASHIONS

EDITED BY
HELEN KOUES



JENNY

One of emerald green organdy is embroidered with jet beads. A blue organdy frock opens in front over a petticoat of white organdy and tulle. This is worn with a broad-brimmed white capeline trimmed with a ruche of quilled ribbon—ribbon ends falling off the edge of the brim, which is narrower in back than in front.

Paris is still smartly clothed in black. Women are wearing frocks of black crêpe de Chine, black crêpe Georgette, black silk twill—a pretty summer cloak of black silk



JENNY

White taffeta gloves accompany this Jenny gown of black crêpe de Chine befrilled in white

Significant of the newest mode is the long, wide sleeve on this Jenny frock of navy blue serge

CRÊPE DE CHINE leads, as a fabric, this summer. Some frocks of organdy are seen—dainty, simple frocks of sheer beauty, worn with large, colorful hats. One new white organdy frock is fantastically trimmed with small embroidered flower-clusters done in bright wool, and the edges of the frock are finished with a picot edge done also in wool. One pretty frock is of rust-colored organdy and rust-colored lace. Another is of rust-colored tulle, black tulle, and black lace.



REBOUX

twill is embroidered on collar, cuffs, and buttonholes with rust-colored thread—crêpe Marocain, black silk jersey, black serge, and black rep. Cloaks and capes are made of similar stuffs; some summer wraps are fashioned of crêpe Marocain and black satin combined, brightened sometimes by a touch of gold on collar and girdle, by a very little fur or embroidery, or by tinted or figured linings. Usually, however, these black wraps are lined with black also—the (Continued on page 96)

The vestiges of a Japanese influence are manifest throughout the lines of this enchanting Vionnet gown of picoted black satin



Fluttering side-draperies, wing-like in shape, give marked individuality to this Vionnet gown of black crêpe de Chine



Fluttering Panels and Straw Braid

Mark Vionnet's Gowns

VERY new are the tailored frocks shown by Vionnet which are trimmed with straw—the straw bands forming the collar and cuffs. A pretty model of this sort, worn recently at Longchamp, is sketched at right. This exclusive house has endeavored not only to maintain the rules of strict simplicity, but to achieve individuality. Thus the uneven hem-line has become a characteristic of this house. Last season Madame Vionnet originated the handkerchief point drapey which gained rapid favor both in Paris and New York. She now turns to a new fashion in the masterful handling of draperies that flutter in varied forms on either side of her otherwise straight and slender gowns.

None but a master hand such as Vionnet's can forego all trimming and yet embody such charm and distinction in a gown of yellow crêpe de Chine, as simple in line as that seen at left

Vionnet adapts straw to a novel use, when she bands the long coat of beige gabardine at right with this fabric. The frock has picot-edged loose squares attached at the top corner only





WORTH



LANVIN

*Worth and Lanvin Hold
To Dignity in Line
And Color*

Plaited gold and black gauze panels falling under the low girdle in front, but over in the back, prove the versatility with which Worth handles the simplest and newest of black crêpe de Chine gowns

Though an advocate of simplicity, Lanvin insists that originality is the key-note to smartness and thus conceives a new looped cuff illustrated in the frock of navy blue serge and black satin at left

Flashes of color appear here and there only to accentuate the somber note that envelops Paris at present, as proved by this summer cloak of thin black serge designed by Lanvin. Black straw hat



LANVIN



DRECOLL

*Drecolll Introduces Great
Width and Length
Of Sleeve*

To enhance the beauty of the skin, Drecolll veils the arm with black Georgette, the width of which marks the new sleeve. The gown is of white crêpe de Chine beaded, Egyptian-like, in white and black

Suggestive of a rose both in texture and trimming, the gown of pink satin, at left, is girdled with a garland of full-blown roses from which drip scintillating dewdrops of pearl and silver sequins

Tionnet's influence is manifest in the exquisite gown of ivory crêpe de Chine at right, for this exclusive house originated the petal skirt which finds great favor in Paris and New York for evening



*Smart and Inexpensive Frocks that Impersonate
The Varied Moods of a Summer's Day*



PHOTO BY IRA L. HILL'S STUDIO



For the informal hours of either a seashore or mountain resort, imported gingham is unrivaled, as shown by this smart model boasting the straight silhouette, low waist-line, and inserted platings of the season. It may be had in heliotrope and white, Copenhagen and white, or rose and white, \$22.50

Designed by one of the most exclusive New York shops, this frock of imported striped voile achieves distinction in its utter simplicity of line and trimming. It is girdled with Prussian blue taffeta. It may be had in rose, Copenhagen, maize, or heliotrope with white; \$29.50

After a winter of continued social activities the balmy summer days are welcomed in a frock with inserted plaits like that at right, of candy-striped tub silk. It comes in a rose, heliotrope, or Copenhagen and white narrow stripe, or in a rose and white wide stripe; \$39.50

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Dressmaking Lesson Number Six—Making Over Last

Season's Silk and Gingham Frocks

THE frocks selected for the Dressmaking Lesson this month have been chosen with an eye to economy as well as style. So often there are a couple of summer dresses on hand neither of which is quite nice enough by itself, but which may either be combined, or some new material added to make one good dress.

An actual illustration of this is the frock below at the left. In the wardrobe was found a crêpe de Chine dress of which the waist looked old-fashioned, but the material in the skirt was good and there was enough of it to cut a long-waisted top from it and the four straight panels shown in this frock. Four panels as a rule would be sufficient, two at the front and two at the back. If a person is rather broad in the back, a fifth panel could be added to give a narrower effect, but it would usually be best to omit it. With this was combined a white crêpe de Chine skirt laid in accordion plaits. The sleeves of the old frock could be used again. A set-in cuff of white tucked crêpe de Chine is placed across the arm, while a similar tucked sec-

tion is used on each shoulder. The making is extremely simple. It could be made to open on the shoulder and under the arm and with or without a lining as preferred. The fronts and backs as well as the panels are cut on a straight fold of the goods. These panels are prettiest when the edges are turned under and lined with chiffon as it prevents a line of stitches. The accordion plaited skirt is attached to the waist lining if one is used, or, if not, to an inner belt. The top and bottom of the waist itself are turned over and hemmed. The panels are buttoned to the waist at the top and are turned over

and hemmed to the top of the skirt hem at the bottom.

In the other frock again is shown a combination of materials. A checked gingham of another season which is partly good could be used, cut either with a one-piece back and sides or with a waist and slightly full skirt as circumstances require. Either would be possible as the joining of the waist and skirt is concealed under the belt. White lawn or white linen could be used for the vest and skirt panel and the collar and cuffs. A long line is given by having the turned-over collar extend to the hip-line on each side. This dress fastens at the side front where the vest is snapped to the gingham. The making of such a frock is quite simple. The white collar is laid on a fold of the goods and is applied to the edge of the gingham as told in lesson five, *JUNE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING*. This conceals all raw edges and makes a neat, durable finish—particularly nice for a wash dress. The skirt panel from the bottom of this collar to the hem is joined in a regular seam which is lost in the gathers.

Selection of Material for Cotton Dresses

COTTON is our universal clothing material, probably because of its wide range in quality and texture and its valuable properties. Now that prices are so high, the problem of wise selection becomes more important and can be done intelligently only through a general practical knowledge.

Woven cloth of all kinds is made up of two sets of threads—warp and woof. The endurance of the resulting material depends on the strength of the yarn and the way in which it is woven. The cut Fig. 1 shows a well-balanced material—warp and woof of same size and strength. This fabric will stand an equal strain in all directions. It is necessary that material for hard wear be (Continued on page 90)

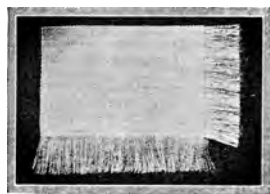


Fig. 1



Fig. 2

Fig. 1 shows a well-balanced material, and Fig. 2 what may happen if the cloth is not well-balanced

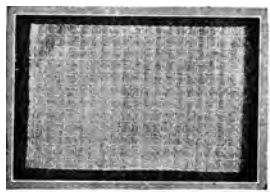


Fig. 3

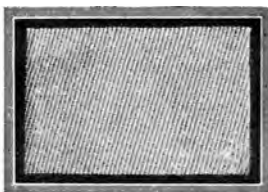


Fig. 4

A cross-barred dimity is shown in Fig. 3, and a serge weave, of a firmly twisted thread, in Fig. 4

Patterns for both these pretty summer frocks may be obtained upon receipt of sixty cents for each one. Kindly give correct size and address Good Housekeeping Fashion Service, New York City





Child's one-piece wool jersey suit, Copenhagen or navy; 2 to 6 yrs., \$3.85. Black taffeta suit (center), combination included; \$19.50. Black, navy, or red rubberized satin bandanna; \$2.85. Black one-piece wool jersey suit with American Beauty, green, or blue stripes, \$7.75. Gray diving cap of extra heavy rubber; 65c. Terry cloth bathing cape in rose, Copenhagen, or yellow; \$8.90

The Season's New Ideas in Bathing Suits Seen in the NEW YORK SHOPS



Bathing suit of black taffeta at left is trimmed with white, Copenhagen, or green stitching. Combination included; \$10.50. Black satin hat with stitching to match; \$4.90. All suits, 34 to 44

Most becoming is the bathing suit of black silk poplin at right daintily trimmed with plaitings of self material; combination included; \$8.90. Rubber cap with large bow. Assorted colors; 65c.

Below: Hand-painted cap of rubberized satin in assorted colors; \$3.75. Black, hand-painted, rubber bag; \$2.50. Black sateen slippers; 3 to 7, \$1.50. White duck, soft-sole shoe; 3 to 7, \$1.95





*Smart and Practical Sports
Clothes Selected in the
NEW YORK SHOPS*



Silk and wool sweaters above and at right, in white, maize, Copenhagen, tan, jade, pink, rose, henna, lavender, or orange; 32 to 38, \$8.50; 40 to 46, \$9. Orders filled in one week; not sent on approval



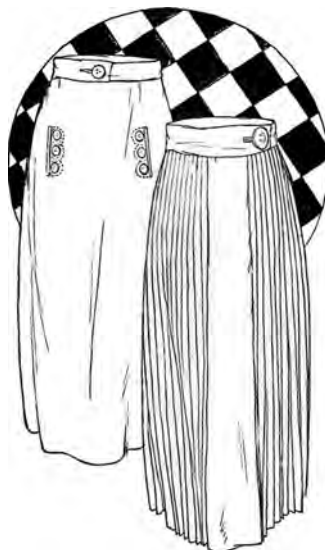
Straw hat at left is white with flowers crocheted in any combination of color preferred; \$12. The hat above is jade, navy, black, rose, or Copenhagen, \$8.50. Give head size and width of brim

Hand-woven and hand-dyed, this silk and wool scarf comes in pastel shades with a contrasting border; \$18. The hatband, also hand-woven, is of cream mercerized cord with touches of color; \$5

Navy, jade, or beige jersey slip-on dress at left; \$35; in rose, gray, or tan wool homespun; \$25; in lavender, pink, or white linen; \$28. White silk waist 32 to 42, \$9.75, or white dimity, \$5

These models show some of the best values from the New York shops. We shall be happy to buy them for you upon receipt of check or money-order. Address Good Housekeeping Shopping Service

Knickers and coat of drab cravenette khaki at right; \$19.50; skirt, \$8.25. Knife or box-plaited white flannel skirt at right below; \$12.75. White cotton gabardine skirt (left below); \$5



IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS



HATS FROM KNOX

With the advent of the Peter Pan collar, favored by young girls, the high-necked sweater gains full sway. Of the finest quality silk mohair, the sweater at left shows a lace pattern and may be had in navy, black, brown, henna, turquoise, white, buff, pearl gray, orchid, or purple; about \$12

Sports are so prevalent at all resorts that the season opens with a new type of silk knitted dress especially adapted to afternoon wear. The model below, cut in the tuxedo blouse style, of pure thread knitted silk, comes in no less than thirty different color combinations; for about \$60

Knitted Weaves Reach Their Zenith



SHOES FROM J. & J. SLATER



THROUGH OUR NATIONAL SHOPPING SERVICE THE WOMAN IN THE SMALL TOWN MAY BUY THE VERY SAME MODELS THAT ARE MADE AND SHOWN IN NEW YORK CITY. IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT CARRY THESE MODELS, WRITE NATIONAL SHOPPING SERVICE, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, TO KNOW THE NAME OF THE DEALER IN YOUR OWN TOWN OR LOCALITY WHO DOES HAVE THEM IN STOCK

On cool and cloudy days at the seashore or mountains one of the new, wool knitted dresses will be donned with glee. A comely two-piece model is that of imported mohair yarn at left, with a plaited skirt and slip-over blouse. It comes in tan, navy, white, brown, gray, black, rose, Harding blue, tangerine, or pistachio; for approximately \$35

IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

The slip-on mode that holds Paris fashions at present is equally dominant in sweaters as testified by the two models here illustrated. These sweaters, made of a reliable yarn distributed throughout the country, show original sports designs. Directions for making the sweaters will be sent upon request. Please enclose a two-cent stamp



SMART, REASONABLY-PRICED HOUSE DRESSES WHICH MAY BE PURCHASED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ARE HERE ILLUSTRATED. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THESE MODELS UNDER THEIR TRADEMARK MAKE. IF HE DOES NOT CARRY THEM, WRITE NATIONAL SHOPPING SERVICE, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, FOR THE NAME OF A DEALER IN YOUR OWN TOWN WHO DOES

FLEISHER YARNS



MINA TAYLOR DRESSES



Youthful and invariably becoming is the basque effect seen on the pretty morning or porch frock at left, which attractively combines a plaid gingham in pink and blue with a plain blue gingham. This frock comes in sizes 16 to 20. This is an amazingly good value for approximately \$4.95

An uneven hem-line is an essential to smartness this summer and takes the form of a scalloped skirt in the frock of plain gingham bound with checked gingham at extreme left. The vest, collar, and cuffs are of white organdy. It is to be had in pink, blue, or lavender; 16 to 20, about \$3.95



Patchwork pink wild roses and green leaves (Hot-iron pattern 501) adorn this white flaxon dress (Jl. 1—4 to 8 yrs.) Yellow, gold, tan, and brown cross-stitch (Hot-iron pattern 501) trims the corn-colored and white voile dress (Jl. 2—6 to 10 yrs.) in center

The daintiest of dresses (Jl. 3—4 to 8 yrs.) for afternoon wear is this of white batiste cut straight from the shoulder with rucks back and front, boasting blue briar stitching, cross-stitch roses, and green leaves (Hot-iron pattern 501) and swiss beading as trimming

HAND-WORK ON SUMMER DRESSES

Frocks with Individuality in Cut and Color

By Anne Orr



THE charm of a child's frock often lies in the touch of color that embroidery or patchwork may give. This charm, as well as a well-cut pattern, is within the reach of even the inexperienced needlewoman through these dress and embroidery patterns.

To use transfer patterns for separate motifs, take the pattern off on cardboard and cut the material from it.

Suited to the older girl the dress (Jl. 4—10 to 16 yrs.) of colored checked gingham at left has organza trimmings and white cross-stitching done in a double thread of heavy, white embroidery cotton (Hot-iron pattern 502)

A bunch of grapes (Hot-iron pattern 502) embroidered in three shades of lavender and two of green achieves distinction in the frock (Jl. 5—6 to 12 yrs.) of natural pongee at right, with a collar and sash faced with black

Charming as a play frock, the one-piece dress and bloomers of light blue gingham (Jl. 6—4 to 8 yrs.) at extreme right has white poplin trimmings, and blue gingham blue-birds outlined in black (Hot-iron pattern 502)

HOW TO ORDER DRESS PATTERNS

Paper patterns for the dresses on both these pages may be obtained upon receipt of thirty cents for each one. The bonnets are each fifteen cents extra. Kindly address Good House-keeping Fashion Service, New York City



A pretty dress for a tiny wedding attendant is the batiste model (Jl. 7—4 to 8 yrs.) at right with a high waist-line formed by a puff and two rows of insertion. A touch of hand-work is added in the sprays of maiden-hair fern embroidery. (Hot-iron pattern 503)



Combining green and white poplin, the tailored dress below (Jl. 8—4 to 8 yrs.) with a bonnet to match shows to advantage the large, dark green cross-stitch medallions (Hot-iron pattern 503) on the white collar and cuffs, and wide front panel of the skirt



A dear little frock is this (Jl. 9—4 to 8 yrs.), of white checked muslin beruffled in pink. A patchwork basket of pink roses (Hot-iron pattern 504) outlined and embroidered in white embroidery cotton makes an adequate trimming for the deep hem. Attractive is the bonnet to match

Relieved by touches of white cross-stitching (Hot-iron pattern 504) on crisp white organdy collar, cuffs, and sash, the Delft blue dotted swiss dress (Jl. 10—10 to 16 yrs.) shows four rows of organdy ruffles on each side of the skirt and the season's long-waisted effect, becoming to younger girls



HOW TO ORDER TRANSFER PATTERNS

Hot-iron transfer patterns for embroidery and patchwork on these 2 pages come in 4 groups: Group 501 carries white dress with wild roses, corn-colored and white dress, and white dress with blue briar stitching, for 25c. Group 502 carries checked gingham dress cross-stitched in white, pongee dress with grapes, and bluebird patchwork dress, for 25c. Group 503 carries wedding dress with sprays of maiden-hair fern, and green and white dress and bonnet to match, cross-stitched in green, for 20c. Group 504 carries white dress with pink ruffles and bonnet to match, and blue dotted swiss dress, for 20c. Patterns for all 4 groups, 80c. Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping



Prices quoted in layette below



French hand-made dress with real lace from \$25 to \$35. French hand-embroidered pillow slip, \$7.50. Down pillow, \$1. China silk slip, \$1.35



Models are priced in layette below

Layettes of Varying Prices and Pretty Accessories That Fulfil a Baby's Multiple Needs

A BABY'S layette should be as soft and fine as can be afforded. Layettes, however, vary considerably. One of twenty-one pieces consisting of the essentials has three bands, three shirts, two pairs of bootees, two barrow coats, two flannel and two nainsook skirts, three night slips, two dresses, and two flannel wrappers, and can be bought for as little as seventeen dollars and ten cents. Another, a fuller layette, consisting of thirty-two pieces, costs twenty-nine dollars and ninety cents. A hand-made layette is listed at the right, and the pieces of which it consists are illustrated at the right and left above and in the center below. These are all



This wardrobe of white enameled wicker with folding drawers, blue or pink tufted pads, and pockets in top drawer; \$28.50. Untrimmed, \$10.75

HAND-MADE LAYETTE	
<i>The articles shown below may be bought separately or as layette</i>	
4 Bands, at 40c	\$1.60
4 Shirts, silk and wool; 2 first size, at \$1.10; 2 second size, at \$1.20	4.60
3 Barrow coats, at \$1.90	5.70
4 Bootees, at 75c	3.00
1 Flannel shawl with hand-embroidered scallop, at	2.85
3 Nainsook skirts, hand-made; 2 at \$2.10; 1 at \$2.50	6.70
4 Night slips of nainsook, hand-made, finished with Valenciennes lace at neck and sleeves, at \$1.85	7.40
4 Dresses of nainsook, hand-made; some with yoke effect; finished at neck and sleeves with Valenciennes lace, at \$2.10, \$2.25, \$2.45 and \$3.00	9.80
3 Flannel skirts; 2 at \$1.90; 1 at \$2.45	6.25
1 Cashmere wrapper, daintily stitched in white, pink, or blue, at	5.25
1 Cashmere sacque, at	3.25
4 Bibs; 2 at 55c; 2 at 95c	3.00
1 Bath apron, Turkish towel-ing, at	2.00
37 Pieces	\$61.40



lovely garments which may be bought as a complete layette or separately, as desired.

The christening dress shown in the center above does not belong to the layette. This may be purchased in varying designs.

For the careful keeping of the tiny clothes is the white-enameled, wicker wardrobe hamper with folding drawers at the left below. Equally useful is the white enameled bassinet, at the right below, which, like the wicker wardrobe, may be purchased either trimmed or untrimmed.

We shall be happy to buy any of the garments illustrated on receipt of check or money-order. Kindly address Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, New York.



Easily moved is this bassinet on wheels, of white enameled wicker with point d'Esprit net over blue or pink silk; \$38. Untrimmed, \$17.75



On a straight business proposition women need expect no favor greater than an opportunity to present their case. From there on it is, and should be, purely a question of ability

Another Business for Women

Women are making their way nowadays into practically every enterprise, but here is a field, of untold possibilities, for which they seem to be peculiarly fitted

By Eleanor Gilbert

MISS PETERS had just been fired. We needn't bother with the flimsy excuse which Mr. Cummings, her chief, mumbled embarrassedly as he handed her a month's extra pay in lieu of the usual two weeks' notice.

The real reason for her dismissal was Mr. Cummings' feeling that she had grown "too bossy," as he put it. She had been his secretary for twelve years, and as far as her work was concerned she was a mighty good secretary. But her complete familiarity with the business of the office carried her too far. She acted as though she *was* the office.

Mr. Cummings admitted that it was pleasant for him not to have to give her dictation of routine letters—she could handle them herself. But it was irritating that she took no dictation from him on any matter. She knew it all. And when it got to the point where she turned the tables and began bossing her boss, he felt that the time had arrived for prompt action. A man doesn't resent his helpmate in the home developing into an imperious czarina, because the home is her rightful province. But the office is *his* kingdom, and he can get rid of the bossy woman employee without having to pay her alimony. Mr. Cummings did.

*Illustrated by
Grattan Condon*

But Miss Peters had a side of the story too, and it's her tale that we're chiefly concerned with here. For when she left Mr. Cummings' office she was confronted with a very serious problem—the matter of finding a satisfactory new job.

Mr. Cummings was an insurance broker. In the twelve years during which she had worked for him Miss Peters had gradually learned every detail of the insurance business, and not only the clerical side. She talked with the various agents who came in, and from them she learned how insurance was sold. They told her their methods of finding and developing prospects and their difficulties, how they met objections and obstacles, why they succeeded and why they failed in various cases, and so on. This information, plus her accurate knowledge of the rates and policies of many companies, made her an encyclopedia of insurance data. When a new agent came, she was not slow to give him advice based on what she had learned from the experience of other men. Perhaps she was tactless about it. For what salesman likes to take advice from a woman—and an office woman at that?

Whence followed her downfall as an office woman.

Rather nervously she took stock of herself as she wondered how to get a satisfactory new job. She was frank enough to estimate herself as only an average woman. She had no distinctive personal ability. She knew she had no educational advantages—she was not a college woman. The thought of going into a new office absolutely frightened her. She was so thoroughly accustomed to insurance routine that she knew she would be slow and stupid in any new kind of office work. Also she was handicapped by being considerably on the wrong side of thirty, and she was not attractive enough to compete with the spring crop of good-looking young stenographers. Moreover, she decided that she wouldn't humiliate herself by taking "an ordinary stenographic job" when for so long she had been a "private secretary."

What could she do?

She herself did not see the obvious thing first. It was an acquaintance who, talking the matter over with her, suggested:

"You know more about insurance than most insurance agents I've met. Why don't you try to sell it?"

Like most women whose experience has been confined to the office, she was a little timid about (Continued on page 126)

"The heart of the nation is sound," you say—but how about your own? This article will help you to find out

The League for Longer Life

Conducted by DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

Director of Good Housekeeping Bureau
of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

As we grow older, diseases of the heart and the circulatory system in general become more threatening. It is true that heart trouble may, and does, infest all ages of man. Even in infants under one year of age, the deaths from heart trouble are by no means inconspicuous. Fortunately, the fatal troubles from the heart in infancy are due, almost exclusively, to congenital imperfection. There are many infants born with imperfect hearts, and therefore the largest part of the deaths that occur under five years of age occur during the first year, and generally soon after birth.

For instance, for the year 1918, the last for which we have complete compilation, in the registration area of the United States, 313 infants died of organic heart trouble before the end of the first year, while only 171 died between the ages of four and five. There are many different forms of heart trouble, but only one predominant form, namely, organic troubles of the heart. There are many cases of inflammation of the exterior membrane of the heart, or of its interior lining, and there are many cases of disease of the arteries in various forms. There are a few other diseases of the appendages of the circulatory system, but none of them destroys any very great number of lives, except the organic troubles and the diseases of the arteries. For our purpose, we take all the diseases of the circulatory system to show the inroads which this group of diseases makes upon human life and human vitality.

It would be useless to call attention to these inroads unless, at the same time, we should accentuate the great importance of such a method of living as would prevent, at least, a great part of the fatalities.

There is no disease which is more subtle in its first approach than some of the chronic troubles of the heart. If one has inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart or of the interior membrane, it makes itself at once known by fever, pain, suffering, and a feeling of oppression over the region of the left breast. On the other hand, serious inroads may be made by an organic trouble, both of the heart and of the arteries, and no tangible or visible symptom be given. For this reason, even more than for many other diseases, frequent examination by a competent physician is of the utmost importance.

There are various habits of life which tend to accentuate heart trouble, which may be corrected and

thus afford a very considerable degree of immunity if known and corrected in time. While, perhaps, there is no known method of restoring the tissues of the heart to their normal condition when once they have been deranged, yet a method of life can be prescribed which will, perhaps, for many years delay any fatal occurrence. At the same time, there are certain habits of life quite common in so-called "civilized" communities which undoubtedly tend to promote the inroads of heart troubles. Some of these have already been spoken of in reference to other diseases, but now we have come to a point in the discussion when particular emphasis must be laid upon these matters.

Unfortunately, statistics seem to show that our present habit of living, including all that belongs to the environment, seems to be gradually increasing the death-rate from heart trouble. Already heart disease has robbed tuberculosis of its hegemony in causing a greater number of deaths than any other disease to which humanity is exposed.

The statistical table which appears below gives a synoptical view of the total number of deaths in the registration area at different ages, and according to sex.

Mistake must not be made in taking the total number of deaths in the registration area as an index of the increase in the mortality of heart trouble. The principal increase in the total number as we approach the present time is due to the inclusion of a larger area and a larger number of people under registration. This does not have anything to do with the relative susceptibility of age and sex to this disease.

Total Deaths from Heart Disease of Males and Females of the Ages Indicated, from 1914 to 1918 inclusive

	Male	Female
Under five years.....	5,398	4,319
From 5 to 19 inclusive.....	10,601	12,120
" 20 " 29 ".....	10,672	12,537
" 30 " 39 ".....	19,328	18,366
" 40 " 44 ".....	14,431	12,441
" 45 " 49 ".....	18,750	15,128
" 50 " 54 ".....	24,942	18,783
" 55 " 59 ".....	31,418	22,506

Many interesting facts are shown by these data. It appears that in infancy and early childhood more boys than girls died of heart trouble. From five to nineteen a larger number of girls than boys died of heart trouble. The same is true of men and women from the ages of twenty to twenty-nine. After thirty years of age the men begin to come to the fore, and for the ten years from thirty to thirty-nine inclusive more men than women died.

Coming now to the particular group which we are discussing, namely, from forty to sixty years, we shall find it more informing to take them in periods of five years. From forty to forty-four inclusive, the men begin to forge ahead in a very marked degree, nearly 2000 more deaths occurring among men during that period than among women. A greater difference is marked in the next quinquennial, in which 18,750 men and only 15,128 women died. Coming now to the age above fifty, we see the difference again increasing. In the five years from fifty to fifty-four inclusive, 24,942 men and only 18,783 women died of heart trouble, and coming now to the last period of five years in this group, we see a still more striking difference, as 31,418 men and only 22,506 women succumbed to this disease.

There must be some reason for this difference. We have in former articles accounted for the greater mortality among women than men in other diseases. How are we to explain this present phenomenon? I think one would venture on extremely dangerous ground if he should attempt in any dogmatic way to explain the difference. I shall only attempt to tell how it strikes me. (Continued on page 139) (The Question Box is on page 86)

KEEPING YOUNG

"THERE'S no use trying to hasten life's morning into the afternoon," quoted an editor from a reader's letter, and added: "And yet how many thousands of people do hasten the morning of life into afternoon and then into night! Useless worry, trouble, old thoughts, old ideas, hasten along the change that could easily be staved off a long time. There's only one morning to each life, and it might as well be prolonged as hastened past." If you like the morning of life, if you want to keep physically young, join the League for Longer Life. Send a stamped, addressed envelope to Dr. Wiley, Woodward Bldg., Washington, D. C., for a copy of his questionnaire. Don't let neglect of your health make you prematurely old



The door opened very softly, and some one knelt down at David's side. He waited, and lips soft as velvet touched his own. His eyes shot open. It was Marie-Anne

The FLAMING FOREST

By James Oliver Curwood

(CONCLUSION)

CARRIGAN turned slowly and looked about his room. There was no other door except one opening into a closet, and but two windows. Curtains were drawn at these windows, and he raised them. A grim smile came to his lips when he saw the white bars of tough birch nailed across each of them, outside the glass. He could see the birch had been freshly stripped of bark and had probably been nailed there that day. Carmin Fanchet and Black

Illustrations by
Walt Louderback

Roger had welcomed him to Château Boulain, but they were evidently taking no chances. And where was Marie-Anne?

The question was insistent, and with it remained that cold grip of something in his heart that had come with the sight of Carmin Fanchet below. Was it possible that Carmin's hatred still lived, deadlier

than ever, and that with Black Roger she had plotted to bring him here so that her vengeance might be more complete? Were they smiling and offering him their hands, even as they knew he was about to die? And if that was conceivable, what had they done with Marie-Anne?

He looked about the room. It was singularly bare, in an unusual sort of way, he thought. There were rich rugs on the floor—three magnificent black bearskins and two wolf. The heads of two bucks

and a splendid caribou hung against the walls. He could see, from marks on the floor, where a bed had stood, but this bed was now replaced by a couch made up comfortably for one inclined to sleep. The significance of the thing was clear—nowhere in the room could he lay his hand upon an object that might be used as a weapon!

His eyes again sought the white birch bars of his prison, and he raised the two windows so that the cool, sweet breath of the forests reached in to him. It was then that he noticed the mosquito-proof screening nailed outside the bars. It was rather odd, this thinking of his comfort even as they planned to kill him!

If there was truth to this new suspicion that Black Roger and his mistress were plotting both vengeance and murder, their plans must also involve Marie-Anne. Suddenly his mind shot back to the raft. Had Black Roger turned a clever coup by leaving his wife there, while he came on ahead of the bateau with Carmin Fanchet? It would be several weeks before the raft reached the Yellowknife, and in that time many things might happen. The thought worried him. He was not afraid for himself. Danger, the combating of physical forces, was his business. His fear was for Marie-Anne. He had seen enough to know that Black Roger was hopelessly infatuated with Carmin Fanchet. And several things might happen aboard the raft, planned by agents as black-souled as himself. If they killed Marie-Anne—

His hand gripped the knob of the door, and for a moment he was filled with the impulse to shout for Black Roger and face him with what was in his mind. And as he stood there, every muscle in his body ready to fight, there came to him faintly the sound of music. He heard the piano first, and then a woman's voice singing. Soon a man's voice joined the woman's, and he knew it was Black Roger, singing with Carmin Fanchet.

Suddenly the mad impulse in his heart went out, and he leaned his head nearer to the crack of the door and strained his ears to hear. He could make out no word of the song, yet the singing came to him with a thrill that set his lips apart and brought a staring wonder into his eyes. In the room below him, fifteen hundred miles from civilization, Black Roger and Carmin Fanchet were singing "Home, Sweet Home!"

AN hour later David looked through one of the barred windows upon a world lighted by a splendid moon. He could see the dark edge of the distant forest that rimmed in the château, and about him seemed to be a level meadow, with here and there the shadow of a building in which the lights were out. Stars were thick in the sky, and a strange quietness hovered over the world he looked upon. From below him floated up now and then a perfume of tobacco smoke. The guard under his window was awake, but he made no sound.

A little later he undressed, put out the two lights in his room, and stretched himself between the cool, white sheets on the couch. After a time he slept, but it was a restless slumber filled with troubled dreams. Twice he was half awake, and the

second time it seemed to him his nostrils sensed a sharper tang of smoke than that of burning tobacco, yet he did not fully rouse himself, and the hours passed, and new sounds and smells that rose in the night impinged themselves upon him only as a part of the troublous fabric of his dreams. But at last there came a shock, something which beat over these things which chained him, and seized upon his consciousness, demanding that he rouse himself, open his eyes, and get up.

He obeyed the command, and before he was fully awake found himself on his feet. It was still dark, but he heard voices, voices no longer subdued, but filled with a wild note of excitement and command. And what he smelled was not the smell of tobacco smoke! It was heavy in his room. It filled his lungs. His eyes were smarting with the sting of it.

Then came vision, and with a startled cry he leaped to a window. To the north and east he looked out upon a flaming world!

With his fist he rubbed his smarting eyes. The moon was gone. The gray he saw outside must be the coming of dawn, ghostly with that mist of smoke that had come into his room. He could see shadowy figures of men running swiftly in and out and disappearing, and he could hear the voices of women and children, and from beyond the edge of the forest to the west came the howling of many dogs. One voice rose above the others. It was Black Roger's, and at its commands little groups of figures shot out into the gray smoke-gloom and did not appear again.

North and east the sky was flaming sullen red, and a breath of air blowing gently in David's face told him the direction of the wind. The château lay almost in the center of the growing line of conflagration.

He dressed himself and went again to the window. Quite distinctly now, he could make out Joe Clamart under his window, running toward the edge of the forest at the head of half a dozen men and boys who carried axes and cross-cut saws over their shoulders. It was the last of Black Roger's people that he saw for some time in the open meadow, but from the front of the château he could hear many voices, chiefly of women and children, and

guessed it was from there that the final operations against the fire were being directed. The wind was blowing stronger in his face. With it came a sharper tang of smoke, and the widening light of day was fighting to hold its own against the deepening pall of flame-lit gloom advancing with the wind.

There seemed to come a low and distant sound with that wind, so indistinct that to David's ears it was like a murmur a thousand miles away. He strained his ears to hear, and as he listened, there came another sound—a moaning, sobbing voice below his window! It was grief he heard now, something that went to his heart and held him cold and still. The voice was sobbing like that of a child, yet he knew it was not a child's. Nor was it a woman's. A figure came out slowly in his view, humped over, twisted in its shape, and he recognized André, the Broken Man. David could see that he was crying like a child, and he was facing the flaming forests, with his arms reaching out to them in his moaning. Then, of a sudden, he gave a strange cry, as if defiance had taken the place of grief, and he hurried across the meadow and disappeared into the timber where a great, lightning-riven spruce gleamed dully white through the settling veil of smoke-mist.

For a space David looked after him, a strange beating in his heart. It was as if he had seen a little child going into the face of a deadly peril, and at last he shouted out for some one to bring back the Broken Man. But there was no answer from under his window. The guard was gone. Nothing lay between him and escape—if he could force the white birch bars from the window.

He thrust himself against them, using his shoulder as a battering-ram. Not the thousandth part of an inch could he feel them give, yet he worked until his shoulder was sore. Then he paused and studied the bars more carefully. Only one thing would avail him, and that was some object which he might use as a lever.

He looked about him, and not a thing was there in the room to answer the purpose. Then his eyes fell on the splendid horns of the caribou head. Black Roger's discretion had failed him there, and eagerly David pulled the head down from the wall. He knew the woodsman's trick of breaking off a horn from the skull, yet in this room, without log or root to help him, the task was difficult, and it was a quarter of an hour after he had last seen the Broken Man before he stood again at the window with the caribou horn in his hands. He no longer had to hold his breath to hear the low moaning in the wind, and where there had been smoke-gloom before there were now black clouds rolling and twisting up over the tops of the north and eastern forests, as if mighty breaths were playing with them from behind.

David thrust the big end of the caribou horn between two of the white birch bars, but before he had put his weight to the lever he heard a great voice coming round the end of the château, and it was calling for André, the Broken Man. In a moment it was followed by Black Roger Audemard, who ran under the window and (Continued on page 154)

The River Trilogy,

three of the most stirring novels ever published serially, is concluded with this instalment of "The Flaming Forest." Good Housekeeping congratulates its readers upon the joy they have found in reading these three serials and shares with them the anticipation of Mr. Curwood's next novel



HOW David came to the stream, with St. Pierre on his shoulders, was a torturing nightmare which would never be quite clear in his brain. He stumbled again and again in the fire-muck; he was burned and blinded, and his brain was sick. But he held to St. Pierre, knowing that he would die if he dropped him into the smoldering débris under his feet

Department of HOUSEHOLD ENGINEERING

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

Mildred Maddocks, Director

We Continue to Serve You

HOUSEHOLD appliances—both good and poor—are ever increasing in number. We have had a perfect influx of them at our testing laboratory during the past few months. At the present time we have over one hundred devices in some stage of the test. This all goes to show that it is becoming increasingly difficult for you to purchase your new mechanical helps and at the same time know that you are getting full return for the money you invest. You can be assured of this by purchasing those devices which have been tested and approved by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, and you will know them because they bear our seal of approval. In our physical laboratory at 105 West 39th Street, New York City, we have every facility for giving the largest as well as the smallest equipment really thorough practical and technical tests. You may rely upon our seal

The Way We Wash Our Clothes

High Spots from Our Questionnaire

“IF I could not have another, I would not take a thousand dollars for my washing-machine.” This or a similar statement indicated the attitude of the majority of replies to our washing-machine questionnaire which we published in the issue of last February. It is perfectly evident, therefore, that the washing-machine has been a great boon as a labor saver.

Of the five hundred housekeepers who reported their experience with washing-machines, about fifty percent had to rub collars and cuffs by hand. Upon investigating, we found that the majority of these women did not use the Institute method of washing. Practical experience with washing-machines has proved to us that our method of washing the soil found on collars and cuffs in moderately hot water will actually remove it, and we urge every housekeeper to try it. There is a scientific reason for doing this. The soil on garments which come in such close contact with the skin as collars and cuffs do, consists of a combination of animal oil and an albuminous substance which are secreted from the tiny glands in the skin. Temperature is most important where this condition exists. You are aware of the effect of heat upon the white of an egg. The same thing happens when excessive heat is applied to this albuminous secretion from the body. While a high temperature must

be avoided, too low a temperature must also be guarded against, because the water will not act as a solvent for the oily secretion. There must be, therefore, a happy medium to take care of this condition, and this temperature lies between 120° and 130° F. It is hot, but not so hot that you can not stand your hands in it. Temperature is so important that it would pay you to go so far as to determine it with a thermometer until your hand becomes sensitive enough to it. After washing in water at this temperature, a very hot rinse, preferably a scalding rinse, should follow.

A great deal of judgment must be used in operating a machine. It is a great temptation to overload the machine in the effort to save time. But do not do it. If the clothes are particularly soiled, reduce the amount which you put into the machine and increase the length of the operating period to insure the best results.

Many people still insist upon boiling their clothes. Boiling not only requires more time but effort as well and is not compensated for in any way. It has been thought absolutely necessary by most people to make the clothes sterile, but what it really does is to aid in the cleansing, because this agitation or bubbling of the water helps to force the suds through the fabric. All this, however, is accomplished in the washing-machine. As for

the sterilization, bacteriological tests have shown that clothes which have been washed in the machine are practically free from bacteria even before they are ironed. Even the most skeptical minds may be put at ease when they realize that an ironing temperature averages about 350° F.

As for soaking the clothes, we shall quote what one housekeeper writes: “The most interesting result that has come out of the Institute method of washing has been the time economy. It has been a religious rite (cleanliness is next to Godliness) in our family, and our family’s family, always to soak the clothes the night before. I always slept better when it was done, but now I practise something new and as a result of no soaking alone I save myself in actual time just one hour of work. The half-hour of time consumed in putting the clothes to soak is entirely eliminated, and I am out of the laundry just thirty minutes sooner every wash day. This is a mere item of time, but the money saving, aside from the value of the time, is interesting. I use one-half as much soap. I heat all water by gas, and the gas that it took to heat the water for soaking is saved. I always soaked in tepid water. The wear and tear on my disposition is remarkable in its economy.”

“My electric wringer snaps buttons off the clothes, often taking some of the material as well.” This criticism came from

a number of women. Our answer is that this will surely happen even with a hand-operated wringer unless a certain amount of care is used when operating it. If you watch for the buttons and fold them under some of the material, keeping them perfectly flat, they should come out uninjured, provided the tension on the rolls is not too great. Never start a piece through the wringer, especially if it is a large piece, until you have separated it from all other clothes. If you do, it is very likely that you will draw up with it other pieces, with the probability of overloading the wringer and the possibility of burning out the motor.

Your washing-machine has years of service built into it. Just how many years depends to a large extent on the treatment which you give it. Neglect of it will surely result in unsatisfactory operation and in a considerably lessened life.

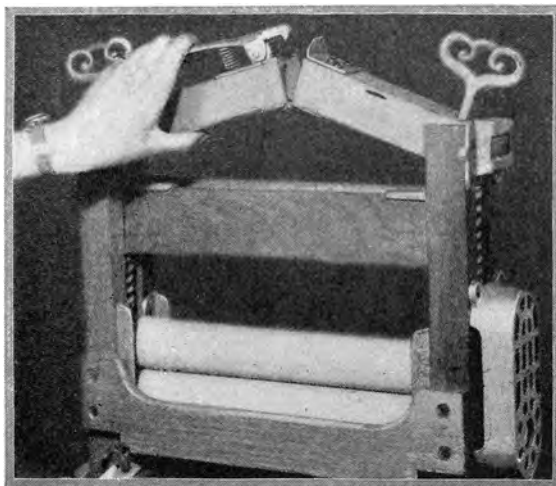
Many washing-machines are made of steel or wood, and frequently a combination of the two. These materials require proper attention. The steel will rust, and wood will shrink and swell, if the machine is not taken care of. If possible, keep your washing-machine in a dry place. After you are through using it, wipe off the parts to get rid of the moisture which is sure to be present while the washing is going on.

The moving parts, of course, will require lubrication. Usually the manufacturer of the washing-machine has taken particular pains to see that those parts which need lubrication can be reached readily and effectively. Give regular attention to the grease cups or oil cups on the electric motor. There is no definite period for oiling the parts of a machine, but they should be oiled previous to the time when they actually show signs of needing it. When the moving parts squeak, this is a sign that you have allowed too long a time between lubricating periods. Follow the manufacturer's instructions implicitly in lubricating, as to kind, quantity, and frequency.

When your machine starts to show signs of use, such as worn paint or enamel, it will pay you to refinish these parts, for the protection that is given by paint is much more important than mere appearance. Periodically it is well to look over the machine and tighten up, or have the man of the family tighten, any loose nuts or bolts.

Each wash day, before using the machine, it is well to flush it out to be certain that no dust has collected in it since the last washing. After the washing is done, flush out the machine again, operating it for a time so as to get proper agitation with the resulting cleaning effect. Do not use soap in this rinsing process. Dry out the tub, but do not attempt, if you have a galvanized machine, to clean off that characteristic white or

Examine the drain occasionally, remove any threads or lint which might have a tendency to clog it



Every wringer should have a safety release

gray coating that you will find deposited on the metal. This coating is the result of a chemical reaction that takes place, due usually to lime and magnesia salts in the wash water combining with the soap. This coating is not harmful; in fact, it protects the metal from further chemical reaction. The coating, however, must not be allowed to become too thick, or it will flake off and be deposited on the clothes as a gray, gummy substance. Wiping the machine after rinsing it will keep this coating reduced to a minimum. Do not use abrasives or chemicals to clean metal tubs or cylinders. Remember that in galvanized machines the galvanizing is simply a coating of zinc on an iron base, and in copper machines tin is plated on a copper base. If you use abrasive materials for either type of machine, the protective surface will be worn down, and soon the base metal will be exposed. After the machine has been cleaned, allow it to dry

thoroughly before replacing the cover. This is particularly essential if your machine has a wood cylinder.

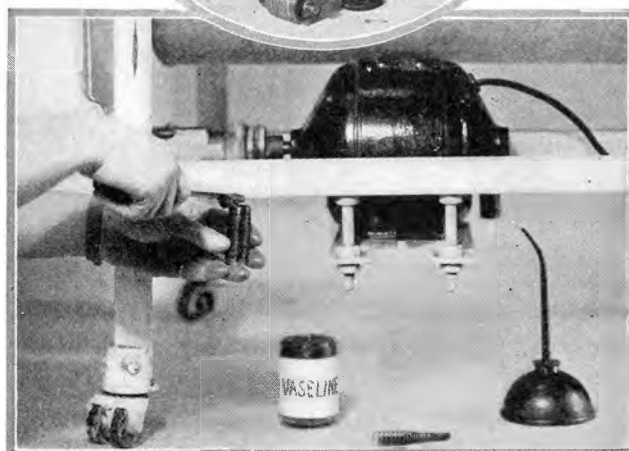
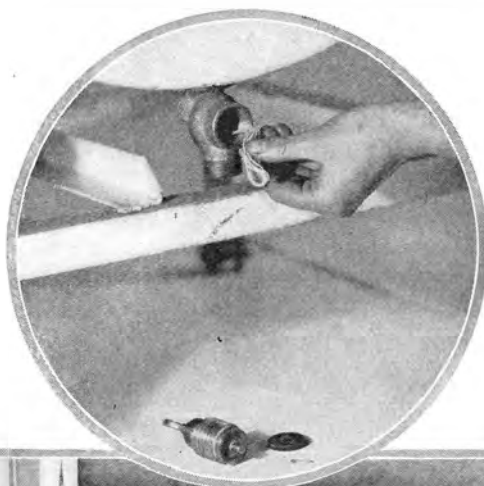
Housewives, of course, are quite familiar with wringers from years of using the hand-power variety, but when a wringer is operated by motive power, the changed condition introduces new problems. Naturally, if a woman is turning a wringer by hand, she will not attempt to overload it on account of the effort required to turn it. If, however, the wringer is being turned by an electric motor or other form of power, the point of overloading is not nearly so apt to be appreciated. Do not use any more pressure on the rolls than is absolutely necessary to get proper results. When you are through using the wringer, release the pressure by operating the thumb screws provided for that purpose. This will prevent distortion of the rolls due to sustained pressure.

The wringer rolls are made of a special rubber compound, and they must not be too hard or too soft. Exposure of the rolls to sunlight or extreme heat tends to harden them, due to the fact that these two things tend to continue the process of curing rubber. It is a good plan to have a light-proof cover to put over the wringer when it is not in use. Of course, the wringer should not be covered unless it is perfectly dry, otherwise the wooden parts will mildew or rot. Do not permit grease or oil to come in contact with the rolls, as these things are solvents of rubber. If the rolls become dirty, clean them with warm, soapy water. If by accident grease should get on them, use kerosene to clean them and then wipe off immediately with a dry cloth and wash with warm, soapy water.

In electrically driven washing-machines take care that the connecting cord is not permitted to lie on a wet floor. When not in use, see that it is coiled properly without kinks and twists, and it will give you years of service. Be careful, when detaching the plug, not to grasp the connecting cord and jerk the plug from the socket, but to take hold of the plug itself and remove it. Do not permit water to splash over the motor. If the tub develops a leak, have it repaired immediately, as water will ruin the motor. If you observe reasonable care and keep your motor lubricated, it will probably last as long as the rest of the machine and give you practically no trouble.

As a summary of the things to be done in caring for your washing-machine, all that need be said is that the same kind of common-sense care which you give your other household equipment will assure you long and efficient service from your washer.

Lubricate your washing-machine carefully, following the directions which accompany it





Consult us on your house-keeping problems, but enclose a two-cent stamp

The Business of Housekeeping

You Can Be a Skilful Shirker, Too

WHO shall say that it is not just as important to learn how to shirk wisely as it is to make and maintain an inflexible schedule of housekeeping events? This letter represents just what the Business of Housekeeping calls for as your forum, experiences of all kinds from all kinds of housekeepers. As a matter of fact, housekeeping is the only business in the world open to a woman where she can pick and choose the times at which she may do things and the times for neglecting these same duties. Think of this, all you housekeepers, when those minutes or hours of discouragement come to you.

"My GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has just arrived, and I am interested, as usual, in every page, but particularly in the Business of Housekeeping. Where is the joy of living if a woman makes herself a slave to her housekeeping?"

"I certainly have a schedule, but if my six-year-old boy wants me to look at something he has constructed out of his tinker toys, I go, perhaps for half an hour—and where is my schedule for that day?"

"We live on a ranch three miles from town and neighbors, and if my husband asks me to go to a distant pasture, I put up a lunch after our breakfast, then pile every one into the car and go for the day, leaving every bed unmade. On our return, my husband fills the lamps and makes the fire. I do the housework and get the supper.

"I noticed, in the article I refer to, that not one woman mentioned her husband in connection with lending a helping hand around the house. The men in this ranch country have experienced so much camp life that they can do anything. For instance, if I am busy with my year-old baby in the morning, my husband makes the coffee and, if necessary, toasts the bread. He does not lose any manliness from these little domestic acts, and as a visitor here from a large city once said, 'The men in

this country must be fine husbands, because the wives are so contented.'

"I know husbands in cities who also help their wives. I visited a friend living in a New York apartment, who used to ask her husband to broil steak, for she found he could do it when they went camping before their marriage. In another case a husband dons a black rubber apron after dinner to wash the dishes, while his wife puts on her white one to dry them, and they are finished in a jiffy. I hope some of my sister workers will try and see how interesting the work becomes if the husband helps a little.

"I have no help at the present time; the laundry goes to town every week with six cakes of soap and a load of wood. I expect this winter to do my cooking, housework, and teach my six-year-old boy a course of lessons from a school in Baltimore, always with the understanding that my husband and nephew will help out in case it is necessary."

This housekeeper from North Carolina believes thoroughly in a working schedule, but at the same time she believes that breaking away from her system occasionally increases interest in her daily duties.

"Our family consists of two adults and three children—two boys, aged four and a half and three, and a baby a year old. I do all my own work except the washing, ironing, and heaviest cleaning. On Fridays I have a woman come and clean the house thoroughly, so I do not have the heavy sweeping to do. I bake on Saturdays and prepare as much as I can for Sunday. I use a fireless cooker and an oil stove and also a steam cooker, so my cooking is easily arranged with a little planning ahead.

"My children play in the yard unless special permission is given to go visiting, and my baby spends most of her waking hours in a big play pen on the porch. Both boys take a nap each afternoon, and the

baby takes a nap both morning and afternoon. I have trained her to go to sleep alone in her crib, so it doesn't take any time to put her to bed.

"I do the sewing for myself and for the children, except my best dresses and suits, which are bought ready-made. I work outdoors in my yard or garden a part of each day and thus keep in good trim. Of course, I can not stick absolutely to my schedule—any one with children will know that—but it is a wonderful help to me. Before I started working on my schedule I was always tired, and yet my work was never finished. If I took time for rest or recreation, I felt as if I were neglecting my home. Now I know just what to do at any special time. My work is better done, and I have much more time to give my husband and children.

"My nerves keep in a much better condition if I get away from home and the children occasionally, so I keep in touch with a young nurse whom I can hire by the day and afternoon. Another thing I have learned is the art of tucking into odd minutes many small tasks that are hard to get at if I wait for some special time. I also try to keep on hand some sewing which I can work on if any of the neighbors drop in.

"I love my schedule, but some days I get tired of it and take a day off, spending my time riotously doing one thing in another's place. It rests me and relieves the monotony, but I'm always glad to go back to work by system the next day."

A woman who makes herself a successful home-maker may feel very proud of her success, for the home is everything in life worth while. Housekeepers are business women working for the largest and most wonderful business in existence—humanity. Do you believe you can shirk wisely and still be a successful housekeeper? For the benefit of others, won't you write us your own experiences in managing your Business of Housekeeping?

This first aid outfit is simple, but contains all the requisites for treating minor injuries



FIRST AID *In the Kitchen*

By Marion M. Mayer

Suggestions from the Institute

HAVE you a first aid kit in your kitchen? If you have not, let me urge you to provide one now. It need not be elaborate; in fact, the simpler it is, the better. It should contain only those requisites which are necessary for treating the minor injuries in the household, and may be small enough in size to be kept conveniently in the kitchen cabinet drawer. Its real value lies in the fact that it is accessible when needed.

No doubt, you have often resolved to outfit such a case and then have promptly forgotten it until an emergency arose when you had to search in a dozen different places for that gauze bandage or adhesive tape which you knew must be somewhere in the house.

You may purchase a first aid case all fitted, or you may fit one yourself. The ready-fitted ones come in various sizes, and although the larger sizes have a few items which the smaller ones lack, they also contain a number of duplicates which usually are not necessary. The advantage of fitting one yourself is that you may purchase only those things which you will actually need.

Our outfit illustrated above consists of a small metal case compactly fitted with one large gauze compress and bandage, one yard aseptic gauze, one two-inch gauze bandage, one one-inch gauze bandage, one one-inch roller cotton bandage, one roll one-inch adhesive tape, one-half ounce iodine, one tube of an ointment for burns, one pair scissors, one pair tweezers, and safety pins.

Tincture of iodine, which is an alcoholic solution, is, of course, very volatile and therefore should be purchased only in small quantities. For first aid use, tincture of iodine may now be purchased in a small glass tube having a swab or applicator on one end. This, however, is good for only one application, since the tube must be broken in order to use the iodine.

The accidents which occur in the kitchen are usually in the nature of burns and cuts. Cuts are probably more varied than burns. They range from a mere pin prick, which actually severs the tissue, to the very severe cut which requires immediate, skilful first aid treatment followed as soon as possible by the attention of a physician. In any case, a small amount of bleeding is not harmful; in fact, it is helpful as the blood itself acts as an antiseptic. But excessive bleeding should be controlled by means of pressure against the blood-vessel on the side of the wound nearest the heart. An amateur should not attempt to treat a severe cut other than to arrest the bleeding. Minor cuts should be treated with iodine and then bandaged. A foreign substance, if present, should first be removed by means of a sterilized needle or pair of tweezers, if it happens to be in the nature of a splinter, or by cleansing with water which has been boiled, if it is dirt. Do not neglect even the smallest pin prick or splinter, because it is quite possible for a painful and dangerous infection to follow, depending upon the general condition of the person's system and the cleanliness of the object which caused the injury.

We Announce

with great pride our new kitchen bulletin, which you will find of infinite value in planning your new kitchen or replanning your old one. It contains the results of our years of experience in the study of the arrangement and equipment of kitchens. The edition is limited. Do not delay. Send for your copy now, price fifteen cents prepaid. Address your order to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, 105 W. 39th Street, New York City

There are burns caused by coming in direct contact with a flame or hot surface, and there are burns or scalds caused by hot liquid, but about the most painful is a burn from live steam.

There are many good old household remedies which have been handed down from our grandmothers for treating burns. Carron oil, which may be made by mixing equal parts of raw linseed oil and lime water, is excellent. Olive and cottonseed oils may be used in place of the linseed oil, although they are not quite so effective. Probably everybody knows the soothing effect of applying directly to a burn a paste of baking soda and water. But everybody does not realize how effective baking soda can be in relieving pain if applied generously and kept well moistened. Our favorite method is to pack the baking soda on the burn at least an inch thick, then bandage it, moisten well under the faucet, and finally apply an outside bandage.

The white of egg which has adhered to the egg-shell which you have possibly just broken may be applied to the burn. Petrolatum is now recommended for burns and scalds, but vaseline and albolene may well be substituted. Always remember that contact with the air increases the pain of a burn; therefore, after the initial treatment, the burn should be bandaged.

If a blister has formed, try not to open it. It is better to allow the tissue under the blister to absorb the fluid. If, however, it becomes necessary to open the blister, do it by inserting a sterilized needle under the well tissue until it reaches the blister.

It is well to keep a small fire extinguisher convenient to the kitchen as a first aid to possible fire. These extinguishers are of great value when the fire has first started, but are useless after it has made headway. Just as with a first aid kit, their value lies in their being at your service at a moment's notice.

The Dwarfies

By
Johnny Gruelle



WHEN the Fourth of July came around, the Dwarfies and all the woodfolk stayed under the ground in their cozy little homes, for there was so much loud popping and booming of firecrackers, it sounded to the wood creatures as if all the hunters in the world were out in the woods shooting their noisy bang-guns.

Now the Dwarfies did not know just why there was so much noise, for they had never seen fireworks or heard of celebrating upon the Fourth, so when some of the Dwarfies came out of their cozy, little, chinky homes and found a number of strange, bright, pretty-colored, round things scattered through the woods, they called to all their friends to run and see them.



Neither the Dwarfies nor the woodfolk had ever seen firecrackers before



Louey Lightningbug held his lantern to the fuse

The Dwarfies could not imagine what the strange, pretty-colored cylinders could be used for, and they crowded about in their curiosity.

Perhaps the Dwarfies would never have guessed what the strange things were, had it not been for Louey Lightningbug. Grampy Dwarfie and little Weeny Dwarfie and Uncle Danny Dwarfie and Henny Hedgehog and Beatrice Bunny and Georgie Gray Squirrel were looking at a pretty red firecracker which they found upon the ground, and they wondered what it could possibly be.

Then Grampa and Granny Fieldmouse came up, pulling little Freddy Fieldmouse in his tiny cart, and Louey Lightningbug, who can not see very well, touched the tail of the firecracker with his tiny lantern.



"Look! It's smoking!" Weeny Dwarfie cried, and they all crowded closer to see better. They watched the tail of the firecracker until it sizzled and sputtered and burned clear down to the firecracker.

"It's gone out!" said Grampy Dwarfie.

But the firecracker had not burned out. Instead, it burst with a loud pop and a great cloud of smoke and startled them all so that Grampy and Weeny and Uncle Danny Dwarfie and all the others fell over backward and kicked their tiny heels in the air. Then, as the other Dwarfies heard the loud pop and saw the smoke, they knew what the strange, pretty-colored cylinders were used for. And as they found fireworks scattered through the woods, they brought them all together and had a wonderful lot of fun, for, you know, Dwarfies can not burn their fingers. So they shot the Roman candles and sky-rockets in every direction, and the woods were filled with the pretty-colored light.

Cunny Coon was not afraid of singeing his fuzzy tail, so he took a fine, whizzy ride through the air while hanging to one of



Felix Fox had two holes burned in his new red coat when the sky-rocket went off

the largest sky-rockets. But when he landed with a thump in a large clump of bushes and hustled back to join in the fun the others were having, Colleen Coon, Cunny Coon's eldest sister, showed him where the pretty little sparks had burned tiny holes in his clothes. Cunny promised Colleen Coon that he would be very careful after that, so Colleen agreed to sew up all the holes for him.

The queer little "snakes in the grass" pleased Gerty and Georgie Gartersnake very much, and Georgie wiggled about so much in his excitement that he upset many of the tiny Lady Bugs.

Annie Angleworm did not like the loud popping of the fire-crackers, so she stayed deep down in her little tunnel living-room, and perhaps it was just as well, for Bobbie Robin said that the excitement made him very hungry.

It took three and four Dwarflies to shoot some of the largest Roman candles, for whenever one of the brilliant-colored balls of fire puffed out, the Roman candle nearly tipped over. Billy Fuzzy Gray Squirrel was sound asleep in his chinky, cozy, tree-trunk home when one of the red balls of fire from a Roman candle came right into his front hall and almost frightened him to death.

Didn't the woodfolk laugh at him when he came bouncing out and down the tree as fast as he could scamper! Billy Fuzzy Gray Squirrel had imagined that all the popping was the banging of hunters' guns, so he had curled up and gone to sleep. But when he saw that all the Dwarflies and other wood creatures were having so much fun, he laughed with them and joined in their excitement.

Mrs. Beatrice Bunny, seeing the pretty lights from the fireworks, came bouncing through the woods with Bertram Bunny at her heels. Mrs. Beatrice Bunny explained to Bertram Bunny that he must never run to see what made a loud "Bang-pop!" unless she went with him, "For, you know," she told him, "sometimes the loud noise comes from a bang-gun which shoots little, tiny, hard things, and when the little, tiny, hard things hit you, my, how it hurts!" Bertram promised his mama that he would always remember.

Felix Fox only had two holes burned in his pretty new red coat, but Weeny Dwarfie's little jacket caught on fire, and Grampy Dwarfie had to carry Weeny and soak him up and down in the brook. Weeny Dwarfie thought this was great fun and laughed so hard he almost drank two little

(Continued on page 116)



The Will-o'-the-Wisp fairies danced at the Dwarflies' moonlight picnic

Sporting

By

Margaret Widdemer

*Illustrated by
Grant T. Reynard*

We are spending a great deal of time, we older people, in talking about the younger set. We are viewing them with alarm and even with horror. But these young people who shock us are the future, and will be the future whether we like them or not. In our day we were the revolutionists; now we are as the very conservatives whose opinions we used to despise. We can't perhaps excuse everything the young folks do, but this story gives us the faith to look at the coming generation and the coming years with the earnest belief that they are both good

IT was back in what seemed to their seventeen-year-old Sylvie the dark ages that Adelaide and Walter Haden, after what they supposed to be much conscientious consideration, had married. It really had not been so much consideration as the imperfectly masked dread of their generation for marriage in itself, a dread evoked in its turn partly by the mess the generation before them had made of *its* marriages, partly by the capacity for facing facts which was just then being acquired painfully by the more earnest-minded of the young people, along with an interest in young Governor Roosevelt's move for reforms, and the epidemics of muckraking in the magazines.

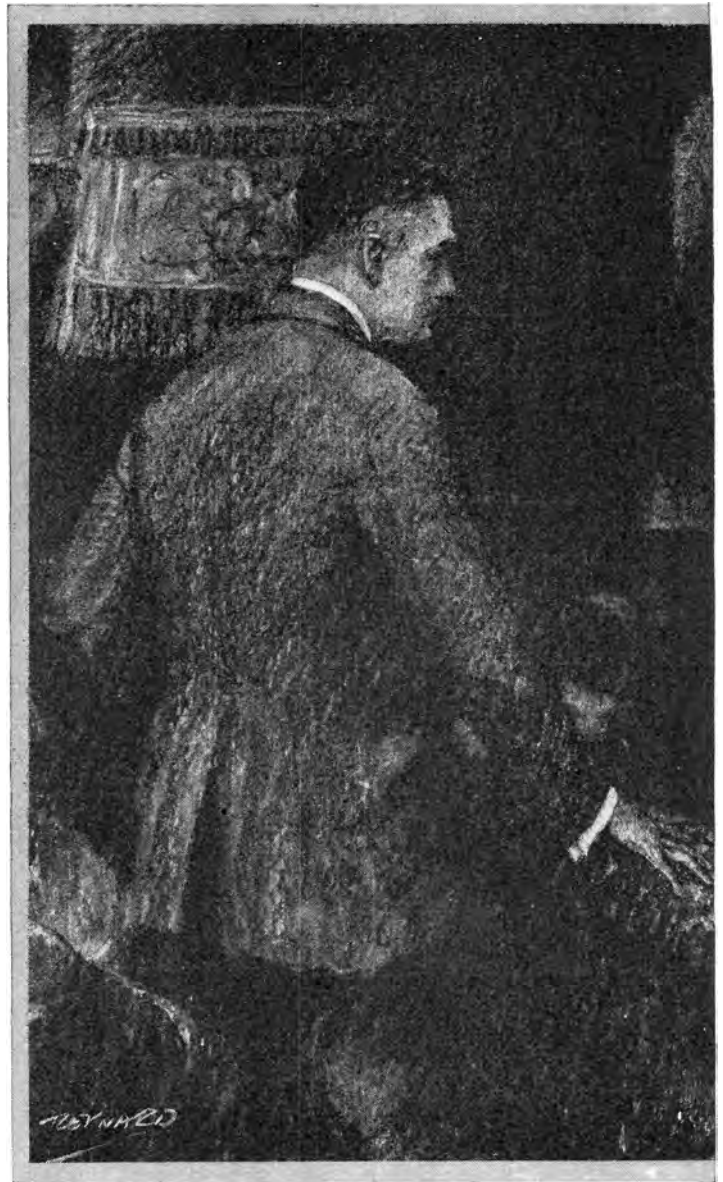
But after the Hadens, at twenty-seven and twenty-nine, had taken their leap over the six-barred gate of matrimony, they discovered with pleasurable surprise that they were living with more reasonable and intelligent people than either of their parents had been, in a state of greater freedom than their parents had permitted themselves or each other. They wished they had done it before, and lived happily with each other ever after.

Sylvie and her younger brother Arthur were the only children they had. Adelaide had felt that it was better to give two children her trained consideration and a chance at college than to be the struggling mother of four or five imperfectly brought up girls and boys. The other view, that the most imperfectly brought up of their children would be better alive to counterbalance the overbreeding of the tenements, was not yet thickly enough in the air for Adelaide to breathe. When she did realize it, after the Great War, she did what she could by precept.

She brought up both her children in a deliberately given freedom, because of her

remembrance of the havoc foolish tyrannies had worked with her own youth and Walter's. They had had to fight so for the simplest, most elemental rights of this day! Adelaide had had a death-struggle to get to college, to take up her profession, to believe anything but what her parents did. And so, along slightly different lines, had Walter. He admitted, half-amused, to a feeling of devilishness even now when he golfed on Sundays. But he did it. Walter, to all visibility, was a very gentle, letting-alone person. The rock-like will that made him a business success emerged only in cases of absolute necessity. He never used authority if he could possibly help it. They had both had conscientiousness rubbed into them hard.

The result of the Hadens' revulsion from tyranny surprised Adelaide a little, though, as Walter said, it really shouldn't have. Having been brought up in absolute freedom, their children felt absolutely free. Their mother had given them what her books on child-training recommended, a chance to express their personalities. They had accepted the chance with pleasure, especially slim little Sylvie. Arthur was more like his mother and father, tall and broad-shouldered and given to meditating on the rights and wrongs of things. But neither mentally nor physically was Sylvie like her parents. At seventeen she was little and slim and gay, with a flare of



At Sylvie's words and movement Henry had stood for a moment willingly in his embrace.

fair, bobbed hair about a decisive, small face which managed to be essentially girlish without any of a girl's unfinished lines. She was flushed and blue-eyed, hard-driving, a little tense, and she enjoyed her own youngness in a self-conscious way which puzzled Adelaide—to whom youngness had always been made a reproach, something to chafe under—not a little.

Sylvie was such a little darling! Perhaps the reason why the world let her be more insolent of manner than some of her mates was that she had so much more charm. She was so vivid, so certain of her young self, and so sweeping in the way she carried it off, that conscientious Adelaide knew herself half-deceived into thinking Sylvie as wise as her elders a good deal of the time.

But one night there came a shock. It was a perfect, thrilling night of midsummer, and Adelaide came out on the side porch for a moment, after a long evening of letter-writing for one of her civic clubs, to breathe the honeysuckle and feel the cool air. There, in the swing-seat, were her Sylvie and young Wilson Davies, and he had Sylvie on his lap, and he was pressing hard kisses all up and down her childish, back-thrown face and throat, with his full, red, womanish lips.



reached her in the doorway and caught her in his arms. "You darling! You real little sport!" he said. Sylvie Then she leaned back in his hold, after he had kissed her, and looked at him as if she were amazed at what she saw

Sylvie's nonchalant explanation, given the next afternoon her mother could catch her to talk with her, was reassuring in a way. They were engaged. Sylvie hadn't particularly intended to conceal the fact—the plain implication of her attitude was that it hadn't occurred to her as any of her mother's business. She was perfectly willing to tell about it, now that her mother had chanced on the fact.

"But, dearest child!" Adelaide protested. "Engaged to be married? You're only seventeen!"

Sylvie laughed. "Oh, it mayn't take," she said airily. "But it's amusing to be having the experience. We think we suit each other pretty well."

Then the sophistication slipped from her for a moment, and the intensity and romance of seventeen showed unguardedly through. "Mother, he's perfectly wonderful! Why, we belong as if we'd been built for each other on purpose. I—why I didn't know things like that ever *happened!* He's—"

She stopped, unable to go into it, and Adelaide, as best she might, tried to show her a little of what an important thing she had done. But Sylvie had always possessed the certitude that freedom gives,

and was haloed besides, hide it as she might with flippancy, in the warm aura of first love. It shone in her eyes and softened her voice, and made everything her mother tried to say like the wind outside.

Adelaide, remembering her own painfully conquered convictions and the effort it had been to her to shut her ears against her own mother's objections to college, to wage-earning for women, to all simple, accepted things of twenty years later, wondered as she talked to her own child. She felt more and more the barrier of non-comprehension and amused indifference she was beating against. Finally she went away to think about it the rest of the day, and bring it to Walter when they talked things over at the day's end.

To her great comfort, he did not appear to take it very seriously.

"Puppy-love," he said. "Though I admit I wish it hadn't been such to the extent of her picking out a pup to fool with. But she'll get over it—or he will. Don't take things so darned ethically, dear. She's just a kid."

Adelaide dropped her comb and sat down limply at the foot of her bed.

"That's just the trouble, Walter! She is just a kid. But she's a child with a

loaded pistol. She has life in her hands before she knows how to make it go properly."

But her husband, who adored his pretty Sylvie and her little cocksurenesses, only laughed again.

"One way to learn swimming is being thrown into the water. Please remember that she has a fair amount of self-certainty coming to her as an inheritance from your mother, if not mine. Gosh, how I used to struggle with mother about the seven days of Creation! But they're just what they always were, as far as I can see."

He smiled at the thought, yet a little ruefully too, and leaned over to pat Adelaide's blue-kimonoed shoulder.

"My dear, you and I are like the old gentleman who said he'd never eaten a second joint, because when he was young he had to give it to the old folks, and when he was old his children took it! We're too darned ethical, as I said before. But don't take Sylv too hard. She's got straight instincts; she's a little sport, right through. She may be impudent and pig-headed, but she'll be dead fair and dead game to the end about anything she starts. She may have life in her hands, but she can deal with it, anyway. This generation

of kids can—the war taught them. They aren't afraid of tackling living, as we were. And I for one am not sorry we've let them keep their courage. She'll be equal to the Davies boy, you'll see—she'll send him flying about his business if he's too impudent. Now come to bed, for goodness' sake. We both have to be up tomorrow at seven-thirty, as usual."

So Adelaide, comforted in spite of herself, recollected that Sylvie *had* put through the plans and experiences of her seventeen years very successfully, and succeeded in getting a calm night's sleep.

Nevertheless, most naturally, after this she watched Wilson Davies with a hawk's eye. The feeling among the tide of young people who were always in and out of the house in the wake of Sylvie, their leader, seemed to be that Sylvie had secured the most-to-be-desired person in town. He was a newcomer, for one thing, and had the glamour of novelty, but it was unquestionable that he was very brilliant and very good-looking. Fathers and mothers liked him, though Adelaide suspected it to be that he had so much gallantry he could afford to waste a little even on the middle-aged. He was unusually charming, at least. Adelaide tried hard to think that his impulsive light-heartedness did not cover a very selfish nature. But she never quite succeeded, though she told herself she was silly to be annoyed by the manner all Sylvie's girl-friends found so charming—half-caressing, half-arrogant.

"But they're all so young!" she told herself, and tried to find the fact soothing. In spite of herself she couldn't help feeling that it was a handicap, instead.

The more she watched Sylvie and her set with this new, anxious vigilance, the more puzzled she was. An epidemic of engagements had broken out hard after Sylvie's, but the various pairs of fiancés stayed paired a very great deal less than Adelaide had imagined could be. How Sylvie could be as passionately in love with Wilson as she unquestionably was, and yet take light-heartedly his gallanting about with Lola Birdsall, who openly played for it, the mother could not understand. Sylvie took it as carelessly as she did everything else. But then Sylvie had always taken everything carelessly, even things that her mother suspected had hurt.

She had never been the sympathy-seeking type of child, even as a little thing. And as she had grown older, she had prided herself more and more on being a "sport," on taking most things unflinchingly and carrying them through. It was the custom of her kind. Well, there wasn't anything to do about it. If sometimes the fluffy-haloed head was held more arrogantly than usual, and the cheeks were a brighter scarlet than even excitement and young love would warrant, Adelaide told herself that life and love are more intense at seventeen than ten years later. And if Sylvie had been pricked by Wilson's

courtesies to Lola, she couldn't have seemed so content herself dancing long evenings through in the arms of dark, silent, young Henry Golden.

Well, the new generation wasn't sentimental or idealistic. It went by results and facts. Perhaps none of these children were capable of the delicacies and jealousies and solitudes Adelaide had believed would always be a part of human nature. Sylvie believed her a sentimentalist, she knew—perhaps she was.

At intervals Sylvie's crowd was given to motor-parties. Sixteen or twenty of them would crowd into four or five cars and, with some distant roadhouse for a goal and some gay, young married couple for chaperonage, go singing down the road and not get back till an hour that was rather past being late—had graduated, in fact, into the early class.

So when Sylvie dashed through the sitting-room one evening with a gay "Going on a motor-bat, mother dear," and added, "We're nearly chaperoned to death—the Ermans and the Lewises are all four going," Adelaide was so used to the procedure that she merely smiled and said, "Have a good time, dear."

The Ermans were little older than the rest, but the Lewises were in their early thirties and responsible-minded, though they liked good times and took them whenever any one could be found to assume an evening's charge of their two-year-old Marietta. Nothing that should not happen ever did happen on these motor-bats, anyway. Sylvie's crowd believed in many and intensive good times, but not in drinks.

"It puts you off your tennis and everything," they explained, coolly putting aside any arguments of less expediency. "One cocktail's all right, but it's silly to get loaded, not to speak of being darned expensive."

So Adelaide did not lie awake as an official watcher-up. It was only that somehow the whole situation was on her mind, and she did not feel like going to sleep. She was holding what is sometimes known

as a post-mortem on her whole policy with her children.

If she hadn't believed so whole-heartedly in giving her daughter the freedom of thought and action she had suffered so for the lack of herself—if she hadn't brought up little, wilful Sylvie, with her baby waywardnesses, so entirely by the book Walter used to laugh at and call—what was it?—"The Self-Folding Child"—queer she couldn't remember its real name—if she'd used more of her pressure that had been so unnecessary a part of her own girlhood—if she'd held Sylvie on a tighter rein during the war years—if she'd risked having the child different from other children, brought up to give strict account of goings-out and comings-in—if she'd handed her training over to Walter, instead of doing it herself—

And yet all the other girls were like Sylvie. And after all, the child was sweet and good and efficient, and as considerate as most young girls. It was only that she took the same amount of liberty her parents had, and treated them as she had been taught, as equals. Even in her self-reproach Adelaide smiled at the unbidden thought that Sylvie didn't really feel in her heart that they *were* her equals. She lay there listening to Walter's even breathing from the other bed, turning over in her mind every move she had made with Sylvie since the girl was born. Finally she stopped herself resolutely. She was worrying herself into a headache. And when she came to look facts in the face, it was only that her daughter was engaged too early, to a man she didn't approve of, and off on a well-chaperoned party. The engagement would doubtless fall through sooner or later. And Sylvie had always come back from these rides by two-thirty at least, which wasn't late when you remembered how long it took to get back from Hunter's Inn—

She looked mechanically at her watch before falling asleep. Three-thirty!

She got up and walked downstairs to the telephone. She might be silly, but she simply could not stand it any longer. She

called her neighbor, Mrs. Doane, whose daughter Marion was Sylvie's chum and with her on the party. It took her quite a while to get any answer. Evidently Mrs. Doane hadn't stayed awake.

"Marion got in an hour and a half ago," she finally heard in her neighbor's sleepy voice. "Wilson Davies and the Lewises and Billy Prince were with her in Billy's car. She said they'd lost the others. I suppose there's been a breakdown. I wouldn't worry."

Wilson Davies was back. Whoever Sylvie was marooned with, it wasn't he; it was some one of the lads she had known since babyhood. And the Ermans slid with her, too. Adelaide slid back into her tossed bed and, in spite of straining ears and nerves, went to sleep.

She was awakened next morning at eight by Walter, standing above her, fully dressed.

F u l f i l m e n t

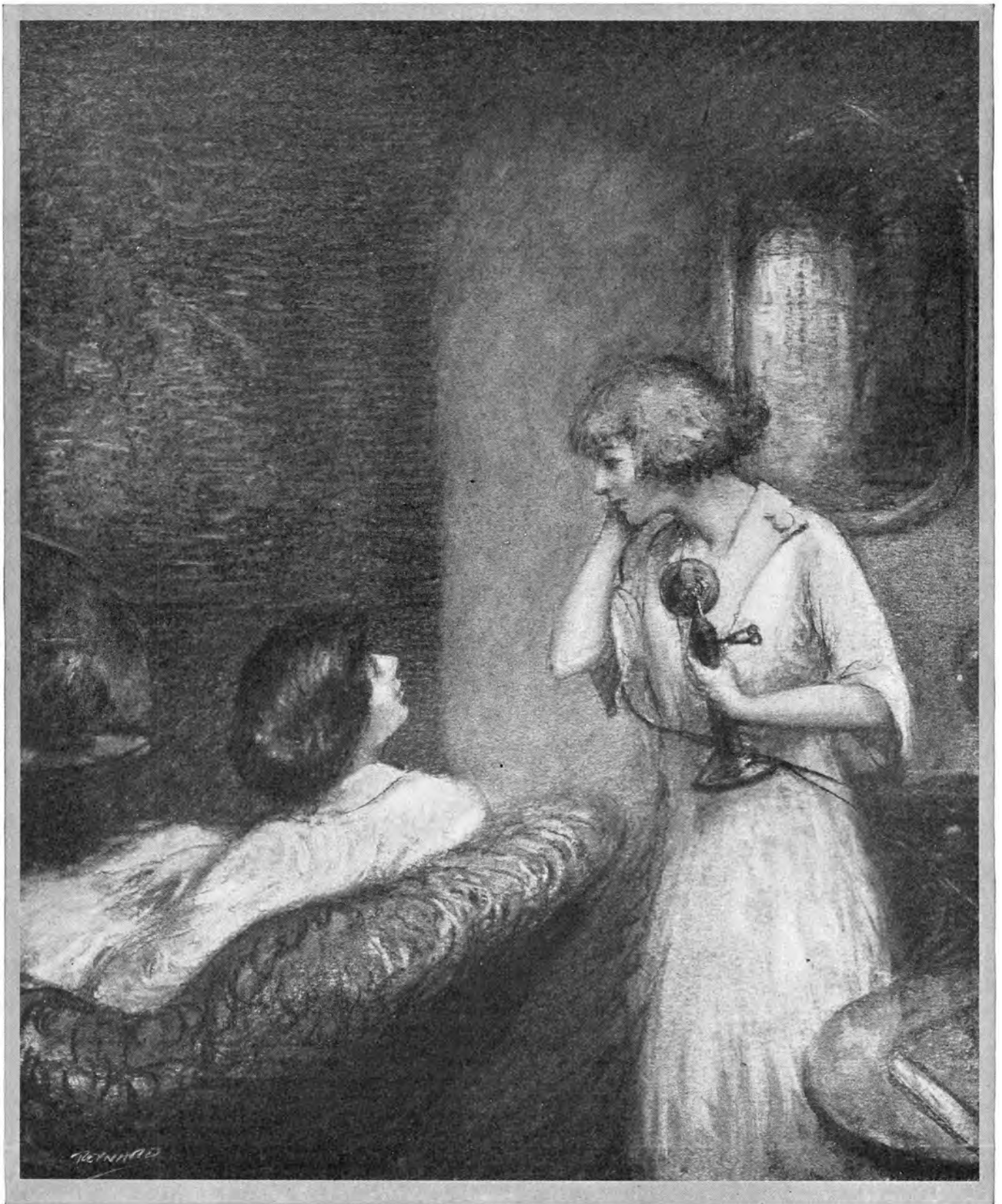
By Caroline Neilson Francke

Warm sunlight cupped in petals cool and gold;
Hot fragrance blown through blue and brilliant skies
By the soft, lilting wind—
And you have kissed my eyes!

The twinkling leaves of birches in the dawn,
Whose limbs shine silver and so fair;
The slipping of cool water in the dusk—
And you have kissed my hair!

A flood of music mounting through the night;
A blinding heat borne from the sleeping south
On the dark wings of wind—
And you have kissed my mouth!

The quiet lifting of your lowered eyes,
Clearer than dew caught in a crystal bowl,
And in them laughter, love, and singing peace—
And you have kissed my soul!



Sylvie stiffened at the telephone, then, as usual, laughed. "It's Henry, mother. Do you mind a scene? I might as well go through with it." Adelaide felt a little thrill of admiration over the girl's courage

"Where's Sylvie?" he demanded.
 "Isn't she back?" gasped her mother, sitting up. "I telephoned the Doanes at half-past three this morning, and Mrs. Doane said that the Ermans weren't back either, and when I found that whoever she was with, it was people she'd known all her life, like a fool I went to sleep. I'd been awake till then."
 "There hasn't been any accident," said Walter quietly, though he looked grave,

"or we'd have heard. But when I got up and found that the car she was in wasn't back, and that the other three were, I felt a little worried. I suppose, though, it was nothing worse than a breakdown, as Mrs. Erman's mother says, and they haven't been thoughtful enough to telephone."
 "Well?"
 "Well, there's nothing to do. I've done all the telephoning I can. They all had

dinner at Hunter's Inn and danced a couple of hours. After that they drove off in a bunch up the opposite way toward home. They lost each other, but they often do that. They came back one by one, from two to three-thirty. But the car that had Sylvie and the Ermans and Henry Golden and Mildred and Estelle Robinson has vanished. Never mind, dear. They'll be back, I suppose. Breakdowns will happen (*Continued on page 99*)

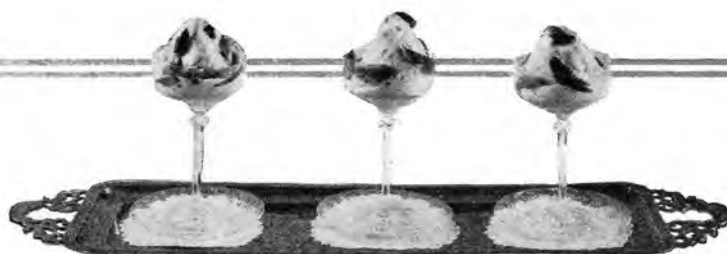
DEPARTMENT OF COOKERY

Good Housekeeping Institute

Mildred Maddocks, Director

We Will Help You

at any time to solve the problems which confront you in the preparation of those three meals each day. Whether it is a baking difficulty, or a request for assistance in planning menus for special occasions, or merely a recipe which you desire, we will gladly give you the benefit of our research and experience. The only obligation on your part is that you always enclose a stamped, addressed envelop which we may use in sending our reply to you. The Department of Cookery is constantly working for you in trying out new recipes and new methods in the kitchen of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, a testing laboratory situated at 105 West 39th Street, New York City. Watch these pages for the results of this experimental work



Quick Fruity Ice-Creams

By Mabel Jewett Crosby

Evolved in the Institute testing kitchen

IS there any dessert more popular than ice-cream? I doubt it. It is the favorite at any time of the year, but there is an especial craving for its cool deliciousness when the warm days of summer come around.

And somehow, there is always a certain satisfaction in making one's own frozen desserts. By so doing, it is possible to get a greater variety in the matter of flavors, and one is sure that the dessert is perfectly pure and wholesome. And, too, it is always less expensive.

But to many the making of ice-cream at home is a distasteful task. This should not be the case, however, if you follow directions carefully and if you place your freezer in the dishpan or a tray while freezing. This will take care of the drip which will always be present to a certain degree when using a crank freezer.

On the whole, the less time needed for the making of ice-creams, the more popular the home variety will become. Select a freezer to fit the needs of your family. The one-quart size will serve six, while the two-quart will make twelve regular servings. Either of these sizes is convenient to use. Larger sizes become more bulky to handle and, of course, necessitate the crushing of a larger quantity of ice and

All the illustrations on the Institute pages are especially posed by us and photographed by Bradley and Merrill

longer freezing. So make the two-quart size do if you can.

Now for the filling. I have happened upon a compromise formula which is quick, moderate in price, and most delicious.

To make enough cream for a two-quart freezer, mix together one and one-half cupfuls of fruit and juice, one-half to one cupful of sugar, one tall can of evaporated milk—the one-pound size—and one-half pint jar of cream. The fruit may be fresh or canned, and the amount of sugar to be used will depend upon which is selected. For this recipe, select any fruit in season, as strawberries, raspberries, peaches, oranges, bananas, etc. When the fresh fruit is used, crush the fruit and add the sugar to it. The exact amount of sugar will depend upon the tartness of the fruit. One cupful will probably always be required for fresh fruit, and perhaps more. Canned fruits may be used, and as these can be kept on the emergency shelf, they will often be more convenient than the fresh. Drain the fruit, crush it if the fruit is large, like peaches or apricots, and measure one and one-half cupfuls, then

fill the interstices with juice. Add to this one-half to three-quarters of a cupful of sugar. The lesser amount will be sufficient in most cases unless you add to the fruit one or two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. The addition of a little lemon juice often brings out the flavor of the fruit and is just sufficient to cut the cloying sweetness of some canned fruits. Left-over juice is excellent to use in fruit punch.

Canned peaches, apricots, loganberries, prunes, pineapple, raspberries, and strawberries are all excellent for the making of fruit ice-creams. A novel combination is pineapple and banana. Put through a potato ricer one large or two small bananas. Then measure and complete the one and one-half cupfuls with shredded, canned pineapple. Always add one tablespoonful of lemon juice when using canned loganberries. In using this recipe, the cream may be whipped, if desired, before it is added to the rest of the mixture. The result is excellent without doing this, however.

I believe that the degree of success in the making of ice-creams at home depends more upon the actual process of freezing than is usually supposed. The same mixture may often be coarse and granular

rather than smooth and delicate as it should be—and all because sufficient care was not taken with the freezing.

The first requisites for freezing ice-creams are a good freezer, a heavy canvas bag, a wooden mallet, a cup measure, also a quart measure, if possible, and a large spoon or scoop. A fiber tub or dishpan for holding the crushed ice is also convenient. Besides these utensils, have at hand plenty of ice and coarse freezing salt. You will not obtain good results with the use of fine table salt for ice-cream freezing. To prepare the ice for use, first break it into rather large pieces with the aid of an ice pick. Then place these pieces, one or two at a time, depending upon their size and the size of the bag, in the canvas bag. Then crush finely with the mallet. This is by far the quickest and easiest way to prepare the ice. It takes much less time and energy and is a cleaner process than using the hand ice-shaver. Then turn this into the tub or pail provided for the purpose and continue until enough ice to pack the freezer has been crushed.

There are two types of ice-cream freezers—the regulation crank freezers, and the crankless or so-called vacuum freezers. These are used in radically different ways, and the directions for packing them should not be confused.

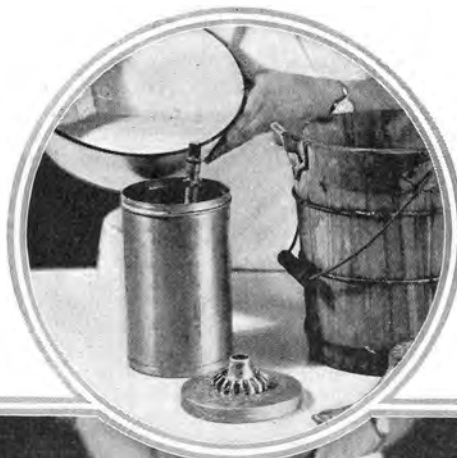
When using a freezer of the *crank type*, first scald well the can in which the cream mixture is to be placed, then run cold water into the can until it is thoroughly chilled. Scald and cool the cover and dasher also. Place the dasher in the can and then pour in the cold cream mixture. Put on the cover and set the can in the freezer tub. Adjust the top and turn the crank several times to make sure that everything is in good working order. Then pack the freezer. Experience has proved that the best proportions to use in freezing are three parts of ice to one of salt. I have found a quart measure and a cup convenient for measuring the ice and salt for a one-quart or two-quart freezer. Use the quart mea-

Use a canvas bag and a wooden mallet for crushing the ice to be used in packing



First scald the ice-cream can, dasher, and cover, and then let the cold water run into it until it is well chilled

Put the dasher in place and then pour in the ice-cream mixture, which should be very cold for good results



sure for the ice, filling it three-quarters full, and use the cup measure for the salt. In packing, first put in the three cupfuls of ice, distributing it all around the can, then sprinkle over this one cupful of the salt. Continue in this manner until the cover of the can is reached. Punch with the mallet handle or spoon handle occasionally to make sure that the packing is solid. Then place on top a layer of ice. It is well to be careful not to use salt above the cover opening. This eliminates the possibility of any salt getting into the cream.

When the freezer is packed, turn the crank steadily and evenly, but not necessarily quickly. After the cream has frozen to a mush, the turning may be more rapid. Do not draw off any of the salt water during the freezing, unless by chance it rises so high that there may be a possibility of its getting into the can. Then draw off just enough to lower the water level below this danger point. It is the melting ice that effects the freezing, so you do not want to lose this.

When the cream is frozen, remove the top of the freezer and any ice which comes above the cover. Wipe off the cover carefully and remove it. Take out the dasher, scraping off the cream carefully with a spoon. Then pack the cream down solidly with the spoon. Replace the cover and insert a cork in the hole through which the dasher fitted. Then draw off all the salt water and repack the freezer, using four parts of ice to one of salt. Cover over with a heavy pad of newspapers or burlap. The cream will be better if allowed to stand packed for about an hour.

When the time for serving arrives, remove the can from its icy packing, wipe it off carefully, and wrap around it for a moment a cloth wrung out of hot water. Remove the cover, run a spatula around the sides, and invert on a serving-dish. The cream can then be cut down in slices. It may be served direct from the can, using a cone-shaped server, if preferred.

(Continued on page 125)

Pack, using three parts of ice to one of salt, and turn steadily until it is frozen





Luncheon Pea Soup with whipped cream and croutons

Early Summer Vegetables

By Florence Taft Eaton

(*Florence Spring*)

Every recipe tested by the Department of Cookery

VEGETABLES have been brought into the limelight as never before, and every thrifty housewife, when planning her daily meals, will include an agreeable variety of the many summer vegetables. Fortunately, not only does the summer offer us a large number of available vegetables, but each and all of these are susceptible not only of agreeable variety in themselves, but also of successful combination with each other.

A delicious dish was served at my own table, the other day, in which one canned vegetable and one fresh vegetable were used. I called it Smothered Onions. Place in a buttered, glass pie plate a layer of cooked, whole, small onions, about eight being sufficient. Place them so that they do not touch each other, then fill in the space between and around the onions with cooked, green string-beans, about two cupfuls. Pour over all one cupful of thin white sauce or cream, well seasoned, and dot with one tablespoonful of butter in small pieces. Place in a hot oven for fifteen minutes or until the tops of the onions are flecked with golden brown. Highly seasoned tomato sauce may be used in place of the white sauce or cream. One and one-half cupfuls of coarsely-minced, cooked sausage or other meat, such as lamb or left-over Hamburg steak, may be added to the tomato sauce, if desired.

Vegetable Peonies. Select six medium and uniform-sized beets and cook until tender. Slip off the skins, hollow out to form cups, and with a sharp knife cut out V's so as to leave the rest in petals. Brush the hollowed-out beets with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter to which one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vinegar, and one teaspoonful of sugar have been added. Then fill the cups with buttered and highly-seasoned, cooked, diced carrots, a b o u t

two cupfuls being sufficient. Place in a hot oven to heat thoroughly and serve. Cold cooked peas, potatoes, or salmon and potato salad may be used instead of the carrots, if the combination is to be used as a cold salad. Use dressing liberally and place on crisp lettuce.

Luncheon Pea Soup. Cook one pint of fresh or canned peas until very soft, in just enough boiling, salted water to cover. Rub through a fine sieve and add one quart of rich milk which has been thickened with two tablespoonfuls of butter and flour melted together. Heat thoroughly and add one-fourth cupful each of finely-shredded cooked carrots and small peas, and season with one and one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and a bit of cayenne. Top each serving with whipped cream and accompany with a liberal amount of richly-browned croutons.

Corn Shortcake. Make and bake a round, baking-powder biscuit shortcake in two layers, rolling each one-fourth inch thick and brushing the bottom layer with melted butter before placing in the oven. Just before serving, remove the top crust, butter the bottom layer liberally, and fill with the following combination: Cut off two cupfuls of cooked corn from the cob, first scoring down the middle, slicing off the tips, and pressing and scraping out the remainder of the kernel. Add three-fourths teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of sugar. Add one cupful of stewed tomatoes to which have been added one tablespoonful of minced onion, one

clove, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of butter, the whole being cooked until the onions are tender. With this mixture, fill the hot shortcake, replace the top, brush with melted butter, garnish with parsley, and serve at once. If desired, make small, flat cakes of Hamburg steak, pan-broil, and use as a garnish around the shortcake.

Scalloped Onions and Peas. Cook eight small whole onions or three large ones, quartered, in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain, and place half of them in a buttered glass dish, dot with one tablespoonful of butter, and sprinkle over them one-fourth cupful of coarse bread-crumbs which have been slightly browned in one tablespoonful of butter or margarin. Add an inch layer of cooked peas, about one-and-one-half cupfuls, which have been highly seasoned with one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, and one-half teaspoonful of sugar. Then add another layer of the seasoned onions and cover all with three-quarters cupful of the coarse, dried bread-crumbs. Pour over all one cupful of milk or thin cream and brown in a hot oven. Tomato sauce may be used instead of the milk.

From one of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING'S readers comes the following recipe for Gravy Spinach. Cook one-fourth peck of spinach until tender. Chop fine and season with one and one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Melt two tablespoonfuls of fat,

add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir thoroughly; then add two cupfuls of meat gravy or bouillon stock and stir until the mixture thickens. Add the chopped spinach and serve at once garnished with hard-cooked eggs. You will find dandelion greens or curly cabbage delicious served in the same manner.



Summer greens, fresh and succulent, have a flavor all their own



GARDEN SETTING, COURTESY OF PIERSON, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

FURNITURE FROM HELEN KEEFE, INC.

This charming kiddies' party was especially arranged for us by Gabrielle Rosiere

When the Kiddies Entertain

The Institute tested these recipes and had a party, too!

EVERY kiddie longs to entertain; every kiddie longs to share the pleasures of his very own party with the little friends of his everyday play. And what gives more joy to the proud mother's heart than the sparkle of those little ones' eyes at the unexpected feast that awaits them! GOOD HOUSEKEEPING mothers have discovered a wealth of little ways to bring sunshine to the kiddies' parties, and here are a few of them just for you.

At the age when children are beginning to learn the mysteries of the alphabet, there is nothing that adds more pleasure to their birthday party than dainty cookies baked in alphabet style. Each child may be served two cookies representing his first and last initial, or the cookies may be used as place-cards spelling out the letters of each youngster's first name. To make these cookies, cream together one cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar, then add two eggs well beaten, four cupfuls of pastry flour, the grated rind of one lemon, one tablespoonful of cardamom seeds, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Knead the mixture in the bowl with the hands until thoroughly mixed, then cut off a small portion, and, with the palms of the hands, roll it into a long, cylindrical strip about one-half inch thick. Form the dough into the various letters desired and bake on a greased baking sheet at 450° F., for about ten minutes.

Another attractive and eatable place-card for the party can be made with simple sweet crackers, oblong in shape. In the center of each cracker place a very small

mound of frosting of any flavor desired, and stand an animal cracker, of the youngster's preference, in the middle of the mound. Then tie a small tag or card, on which is printed the youngster's name, about the animal's neck. These tiny place-cards may be arranged on the napkins as shown in the illustration above.

Graham crackers are always delightful to children, and they may be made even more attractive in the following manner. Spread the crackers well with butter and sprinkle them generously with sugar and a little cinnamon. Place in a moderate oven and bake until brown and crisp.

Caraway Nibbles are great favorites and well worth the little extra time required to make them. When baking bread, reserve one cupful of the sponge. Meanwhile scald one cupful of milk and add two tablespoonfuls of butter and one teaspoonful of salt. When cooled to lukewarm, add the sponge together with one cupful of sugar, one well-beaten egg, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of caraway seeds. Add four and one-half cupfuls of bread flour or sufficient to knead the dough into a loaf. Let raise until double in bulk, cut down, knead, and again let raise until double in bulk. Cut down, knead, roll into a sheet one-half inch thick, and cut into small biscuits. Place in greased pans two inches apart and let raise until double in bulk. Bake at 425° F. for fifteen minutes, then remove the biscuits, split open, and return to the pan with the split side up; brown for five minutes.

When it is not possible or desirable to serve ice-cream at the little ones' party,

try the following dessert, which will please every one equally well, and is really most delightful. Beat two eggs lightly and then add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of thin cream, and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Combine thoroughly. Then place a marshmallow in the bottom of each of six glass custard cups and pour the custard mixture over them. Place the custards in a pan of hot water and bake at 325° F. for forty minutes or until a silver knife will come out clean when inserted in the custard. Place in the refrigerator to cool and serve in the glasses.

A party is not a party to children without cake, and the following Golden Sunshine Cake is an excellent ice-cream cake. Separate four eggs, beat the yolks until thick, and add one cupful of sugar gradually, stirring constantly. Add four tablespoonfuls of cold water and mix thoroughly. Meanwhile, sift together one cupful of pastry flour, one-and-one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and one-and-one-half tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, and add to the mixture. Beat thoroughly; add one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Last, fold in lightly the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in a loaf or tube pan at 320° F. for one hour.

All children crave candy, and for the occasional party when, as a special treat, they are allowed just a small piece, there is nothing better than Maple-Sirup Blocks. Boil one cupful of pure maple-sirup until a little dropped in cold water will quickly harden. Meanwhile, cut bread into inch cubes. Immerse (Continued on page 103)



Delicious and refreshing is Tomato and Cabbage Salad

Crisp Salads for Hot Days

We have tested them all

Each recipe serves six unless otherwise stated

Molded Egg Salad

1890 Total Calories 240 Protein Calories
 6 eggs Lettuce
 ½ teaspoonful salt ½ cupful mayonnaise
 ½ teaspoonful pepper dressing
 3 large tomatoes

Hard-cook the eggs. Cool them slightly, and while still warm, shell them and force through a potato-ricer. Add the salt and pepper and pack the riced egg down firmly into two glasses. Chill thoroughly and remove from the glasses by running a knife or spatula around the edge. It will then be possible to cut the egg into neat slices. Peel and chill the tomatoes and cut into thick slices. Lay one of these on a nest of lettuce and place a slice of egg on top. Pour a large spoonful of mayonnaise over all and serve. This amount will serve eight people.

Mrs. E. T. Murdoch, 8 Summit St., E. Orange, N. J.

Cheese Balls and Watercress

1607 Total Calories 424 Protein Calories
 2 cupfuls cottage cheese ½ teaspoonful paprika
 ½ cupful chopped nuts 1 bunch watercress
 ½ cupful tomato catchup ½ cupful mayonnaise
 ½ teaspoonful salt dressing

The cottage cheese should be very dry and unsalted. Mix it with the catchup, salt, paprika, and chopped nuts. Chill thoroughly and form into small balls. Place three or four balls on a bed of crisp watercress and serve ice-cold with the mayonnaise dressing. This recipe will serve eight.

L. M. Boehmer, 669 S. Jefferson St., Springfield, Mo.

Spinach Salad

870 Total Calories 150 Protein Calories
 2 pounds spinach ¼ cupful French dressing
 1 small onion Lettuce
 ¾ cupful finely-cut celery 2 hard-cooked eggs
 Salt

Wash the spinach very thoroughly and cook in its own juices with one teaspoonful of salt until tender. Drain and chop. Chill and add the onion finely chopped and the celery. Moisten with the French dressing which has been highly seasoned. Place in individual molds, chill thoroughly, and turn out on lettuce leaves. Garnish with the hard-cooked eggs cut in eighths lengthwise.

Marie Pickard, 2259 N. 53rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

80

Pineapple Jelly Salad

1930 Total Calories 115 Protein Calories
 1¼ cupful pineapple juice ½ small cream cheese
 1 teaspoonful granulated gelatin 2 bananas
 2 tablespoonfuls cold water 18 dates (or raisins)
 Lettuce
 ½ cupful mayonnaise
 dressing
 1 teaspoonful lemon juice

The pineapple juice should be that left from a can of sliced pineapple. Bring the juice to a boil and pour it over the gelatin which has been soaked in the cold water. Add the lemon juice and pour it into a flat wet mold so that the mixture will be about an inch thick. A bread pan is good for this purpose. When firmly jellied, cut in cubes and combine with the bananas diced and the dates filled with the cream cheese and each cut in three pieces. Large raisins can be used in place of the dates. Arrange on nests of lettuce and serve with the mayonnaise dressing.

Mrs. S. T. Conkling, 302 Northbrook Courts, Washington, D. C.

Fruit Salad Mayonnaise

2537 Total Calories 57 Protein Calories
 1 egg 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
 1¼ teaspoonfuls mustard 1½ cupfuls salad oil
 1¼ teaspoonfuls salt 2 teaspoonfuls granulated gelatin
 ¼ teaspoonful paprika 2 tablespoonfuls cold water
 ½ teaspoonful pepper 1 cupful boiling water
 Few grains cayenne pepper 1 teaspoonful lemon juice
 1½ teaspoonfuls sugar
 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar

Soak the gelatin in the cold water until soft and then dissolve in the boiling water. Add the teaspoonful of lemon juice and set aside to cool. Break the egg into a bowl or mayonnaise mixer, and add to it the mustard, salt, paprika, pepper, cayenne pepper, and sugar. Beat well and add the oil gradually, beating constantly until the mixture is smooth and thick. Then add gradually the vinegar and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. When the gelatin mixture has begun to stiffen, whip it until light and fold it into the mayonnaise. Chill thoroughly. By this recipe the ordinary amount of mayonnaise is stretched, and the result is a light, fluffy mayonnaise which is especially delicious with fruit salads.

Mrs. James E. Rouse, Hays, Kans.

Tomato and Cabbage Salad

700 Total Calories 95 Protein Calories
 1 small, firm head cabbage 1 finely chopped onion
 3 medium-sized tomatoes 1 medium-sized cucumber
 Lettuce 1 small green pepper
 Salad dressing

Shred the cabbage finely and add to it the onion and one-half the green pepper chopped, and one-half of the cucumber diced. Mix well with either French dressing or boiled salad dressing, as preferred. Whichever is used, be sure that it is well seasoned. Peel the tomatoes and cut them in eighths. Pile the cabbage mixture in a salad bowl on leaves of lettuce and garnish with the tomatoes, the rest of the cucumber sliced, and the rest of the pepper cut in strips.

Mrs. D. M. Warren, White Hall Farm, Warrenton, Va.

Banana and Mint Salad

1367 Total Calories 54 Protein Calories
 6 small bananas ½ cupful mayonnaise
 1 tablespoonful lemon juice dressing
 Lettuce 2 tablespoonfuls chopped mint
 ¼ cupful chopped nuts

Remove the skins from the bananas and cut them in halves, lengthwise. Place them on beds of crisp lettuce and sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice and the chopped mint. Garnish with the mayonnaise or other preferred salad dressing with which the nuts have been mixed.

R. E. Jacobs, 44 Hodges Street, Attleboro, Mass.

Cooked Mayonnaise Dressing

2000 Total Calories 30 Protein Calories
 2½ tablespoonfuls flour ¼ cupful lemon juice
 1¼ teaspoonfuls salt 1 cupful boiling water
 1 teaspoonful mustard 2 egg-yolks
 2 tablespoonfuls salad oil 1 cupful salad oil
 ½ teaspoonful pepper

Mix together until smooth the flour, salt, mustard, pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of oil. Add the lemon juice and boiling water; cook in a double-boiler until well thickened. When cool add the egg-yolks well beaten and beat in the cupful of oil, adding it very gradually at first. When all the oil is added, the dressing should be stiff like mayonnaise. This is excellent as a dressing for vegetable or fish salads.

Mrs. Arthur C. Rider, 2400 Gorman St., Waco, Tex.



A few of the season's fruits which will add variety to your jam making

Time for Jams and Jellies

A Recipe for Every Taste

We have tested them in our kitchen laboratory

EVERY housekeeper prides herself upon the rows of attractive jams, conserves, and jellies which tell the story of busy activity during the summer months, and always there is room for the unusual preserve, that suggests a new flavor.

Slipped Grapes with Oranges are best when made with wild grapes, if possible. Put the skins of two oranges through a food-chopper, measure, add three times as much cold water, and let stand overnight. The next day simmer for two hours and again let stand overnight. Slip one quart of grapes—separate the pulp from the skins—adding all small or unripe ones to the pulp. Simmer the pulp and skins separately for fifteen minutes, then sift the pulp through a fruit press, add to the grape skins, and simmer fifteen minutes longer. Combine with the chopped orange skins, and to three cupfuls of this mixture add two and one-half cupfuls of sugar and simmer until it jellies, when a small amount is tried on a cool plate. Store away in small jars, as this is a rich and highly flavored preserve.

For Cranberry Conserve, cook one quart of cranberries in barely enough water to float them. When all the berries are broken and the fruit has cooked to a mush, measure the mixture and add an equal amount of sugar, the pulp and grated rind of three oranges, and one cupful of seeded raisins. Simmer the conserve until very thick, then pour into clean, hot, sterilized glasses.

Peach and Orange Marmalade. Peel twenty-four peaches, remove the stones, and cut them in thin slices. Peel four oranges, cut the skins into thin

strips, and the oranges themselves into small pieces. Combine all and add three and one-half pounds of sugar. Let stand covered overnight. In the morning bring the mixture gradually to the boiling-point and simmer gently until thick and the consistency of marmalade—about two hours. Pour into clean, hot, sterilized glasses.

Currant Parfait. Stem four quarts of currants. Place two quarts of them in a kettle, add one-fourth cupful of water, and simmer gently for fifteen minutes, mashing the currants at intervals during the cooking period. Strain through a jelly bag and measure the juice. Measure the sugar, allowing two pints of sugar to each pint of juice. Simmer the juice ten minutes, skimming frequently, add the sugar, and when the mixture comes to a boil, add the remaining two quarts of currants and one-half cupful of Maraschino cherries cut up fine. Let simmer until the whole currants are tender, then pour into clean, hot, sterilized glasses.

Plum Conserve. Pit six pounds of plums and cut into quarters, add six pounds of sugar, two pounds of seeded or seedless raisins, and four oranges, the latter having

been put through the food-chopper. Simmer for two-and-one-half hours, adding at the end of two hours one pound of walnuts chopped coarsely. The mixture should be jelly-like in consistency when done. Pour into clean, hot, sterilized glasses.

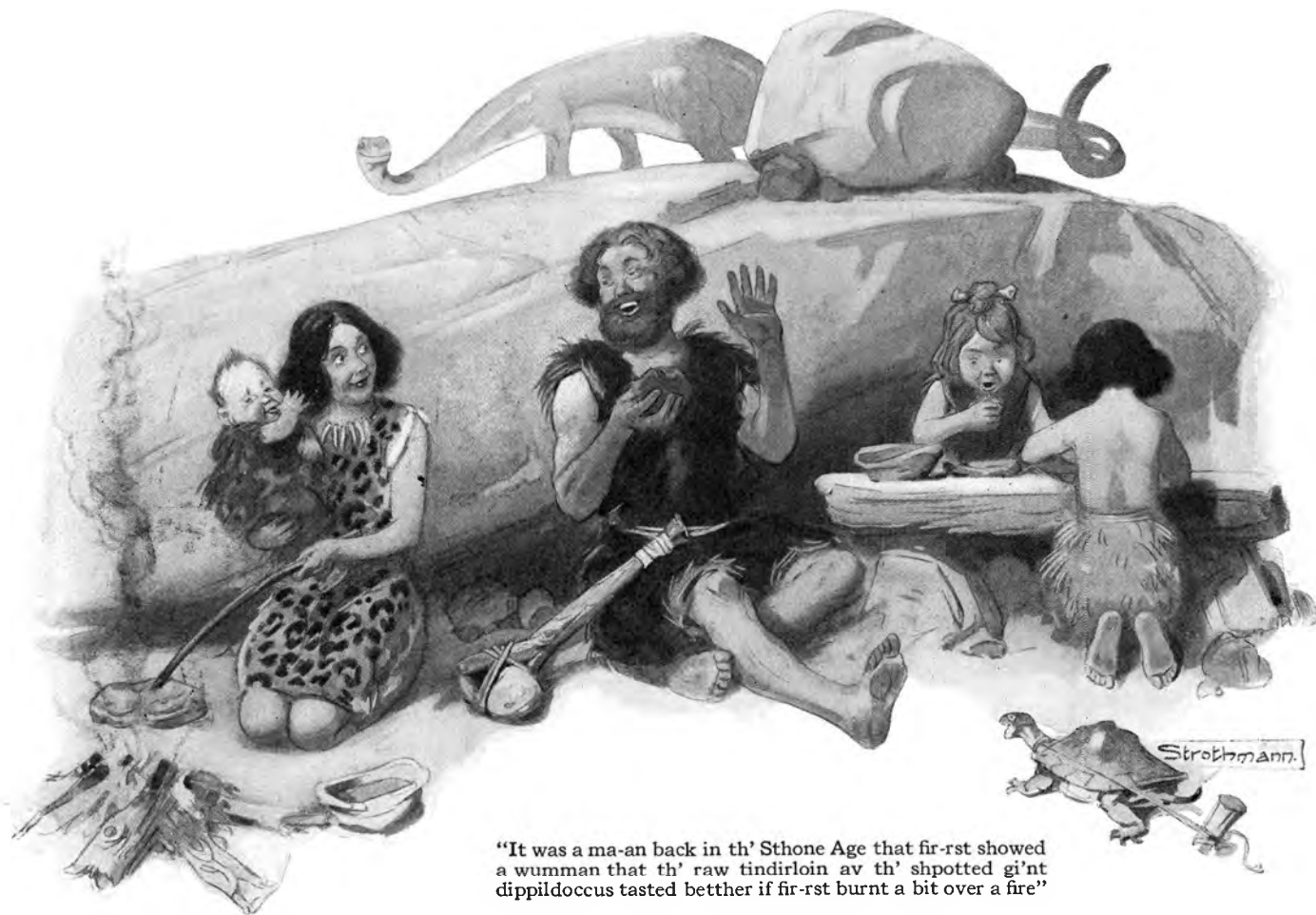
Orange and Quince Conserve. Boil the skins and cores of seven pounds of quinces in three quarts of water until tender, then strain through a jelly bag. To this juice add the quinces chopped fine and the rind of two oranges, chopped fine. Simmer until the quinces are tender, then add nine pounds of sugar heated slightly and the juice of eight oranges. Simmer two hours or until the mixture will jell when dropped on a cold plate. Pour into clean, hot, sterilized glasses.

July Jam. Cook for fifteen minutes five pounds of currants with sufficient water to cover the bottom of the kettle, then strain. Combine with one pint of raspberry juice; put three oranges through the food-chopper, and add to the fruit juices together with two pounds of seeded raisins. Boil eight minutes; then add five pounds of sugar and simmer until a little tried on a cold plate will jell. Pour into clean, hot, sterilized glasses.

Apple Jam. Peel and core one-half peck of apples and put through a food-chopper together with two lemons and one-half cupful of preserved ginger. Weigh and add three-fourths as much sugar and one-half cupful of water. Simmer about two hours or until thick and rich. Ginger root may be used instead of the preserved ginger, if you prefer it. Pour into clean, hot, sterilized glasses.



These crockery jars are most attractive for storing preserves



"It was a ma-an back in th' Sthone Age that fir-rst showed a wumman that th' raw tindirloin av th' shpotted gi'nt dippildoccus tasted betther if fir-rst burnt a bit over a fire"

On Minan' Cukkin'

By Charles Johnson Post

SPINNING the pie dish deftly with one hand and with a knife in the other, Mrs. Hogan neatly sheared off the overlapping edges of limp dough before the impending miracle of its translation into flaky crust. An instant later she had knitted the edges together into a wavy crimp, and the dark, hot depths of the oven were performing their duty.

"Tis a masher hand ye ar-re with pies, Mrs. Hogan!" remarked Mrs. Cassidy admiringly from the kitchen rocker where she was rocking and knitting. "An' at ivry other kind av cukkin'," she added hastily.

"Oh, 'tis nothin', Mrs. Cassidy," said Mrs. Hogan modestly. "Annywan can do th' same."

"Well," observed Mrs. Cassidy with a sigh, "me Bissie can't. She says she don't like cukkin'. I think it's unwummanly for a gurrul not t' like cukkin'." And the plaintive orthodoxy of Mrs. Cassidy's features settled themselves into an even sterner orthodoxy.

"I think," replied Mrs. Hogan, "that it's unwummanly for a good cuk not t' like cukkin'—but ye don't have t' dhrive good cuks t' cukkin'. Ye only have t' dhrive th' bad. What does Bissie like?"

"Well," said Mrs. Cassidy, "from a little gurrul she's been crazy over a pianny 'r a fiddle."

Illustration by
Frederick Strothmann

"Sure," announced Mrs. Hogan ironically, "thin ye were right to rap her over th' knuckles an' ma-ake her cuk—she's lucky ye didn't have her shovelin' coal for a cure. Th' good Lor-rd puts th' instinc's av music in childher jist t' test th' intilligence av th' parents. No intilligint parent ivir allows th' childher anny av their nachral instinc's. I don't doubt that there's well-dressed fam'lies where th' darter's a nachral cuk, an' so they ma-ake her sit on th' pianny shtool or prachise th' Hayway yookoolooloo."

"If a gurrul's a good cuk an' house-keeper fir-rst, Mrs. Hogan," replied Mrs. Cassidy, "thin I see no har-rm in a bit av music on th' pianny."

"It dipinds—it all dipinds," said Mrs. Hogan. "I've heard that Madame what's-her-name—no matter; if I cud rimibir it, I cuddent pronounce it annyhow—said in a piece in th' pa-aper, that if her darter was throlly idduca-ated in music she didn't mind if she tuk up cukkin' 'r knittin' 'r jack-shtraws 'r some other throlly fiminine an' useless perfession. Most av these throlly fiminine things was invinted be Queen Victoria an' other wimmin that

ma-ade a specialty av not thinkin' for thimsilves."

"Don't ye think cukkin's wumman's nachral spear?" asked Mrs. Cassidy in amazement.

"If cukkin' was th' wumman's spear," retorted Mrs. Hogan, "wimmin'd be th' best cuks. Th' lowest paid cuks 'r wimmin; th' highest paid cuks is th' min. Cukkin's a ma-an's job. Ivry invintion an' progress in cukkin's been made be min. If th' truth was known, Mrs. Cassidy, it was a ma-an back in th' Shtone Age that fir-rst showed a wumman that th' raw tindirloin av th' shpotted gi'nt dippildoccus tasted betther if fir-rst burnt a bit over a fire. Thin he praised her burnin' be callin' it cukkin' an' hit her over th' head with a bit av a rock—which was th' manner av lovin' coortin' in thim da-ays—an' they settled down an' lived happy ivir after, ma-aybe. So with a rock or a shtone club ma-an invinted marridge. An' with a few kind wurruds av praise over a bur-rnt monsthrosity, ma-an, th' slick divil, provided all marrid min ivir since with hot meals an' made cukkin' th' only destiny for all wimmin an' gurruls."

"But it's only nachral," protested Mrs. Cassidy. "Wimmin does most av th' cukkin' in th' wurruld!"

"Tis so, she does—all th' cheap an' free marrid cukkin' (Continued on page 96)

We're up to the minute, it's true,
And fighting for liberty, too—
For pleasure and freedom
To housewives who need 'em,
So now let us bring them to you.



“3-minute” men

About three minutes preparation, and the biggest part of your meal is ready to eat—the best part, too. Quickly prepared, delightful, wholesome, this splendid food is a favorite in the modern household.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

A puree of luscious, red-ripe tomatoes fresh from the vines, daintily prepared in Campbell's famous kitchens, with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and other savory ingredients. There are many tempting ways to serve it. Order a good supply and keep it handy.

Price reduced to 12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



Comfort means so much to Kiddies



Adjustable
Shoulder Strap

They don't just sit around or walk sedately; always on the run, even on hottest days. If clothing binds or chafes they feel it twice as much as grown-ups.

Sexton Unionsuit for boys and girls is just the coolest, comfiest garment that ever slipped on a lithe little body.

It yields to every motion so the child hardly knows he has anything on underneath.

And because there is no strain, this sensible unionsuit is a stranger to the mending basket. It is easy to launder and wears wonderfully, both because it is so well sewed and because the nainsook is such strong, durable fabric.



Garter Tab

The girls' style has bloomer legs with elastic and comes in all white, white waist with black sateen bloomers and white waist with pink or blue bloomers.

The boys' style is cut like Dad's, loose and free.

Both have elastic web seam back, buttons for outer garments and garter tabs so arranged that garters can go inside or out.

Sizes 2 to 12 years.

Let us direct you to a store which sells these splendid garments.

SEXTON MFG. CO.

430 Main Street
Fairfield, Illinois

SEXTON
UNDERWEAR &
NIGHTWEAR for
Men & Children

Tested Recipe DISCOVERIES

Good Housekeeping Institute

WHAT have you discovered that will benefit other readers? Help your neighbor by telling us your step-and-time-saving ideas. One dollar will be paid for each suggestion printed. Will you help us by inclosing a stamped, addressed envelop rather than merely a stamp, when you wish the return of unavailable material? Address **GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE**, 105 West 39th Street, New York City

Individual Servings of Asparagus—When preparing asparagus for cooking, divide it into as many portions as there are people to be served, tie securely, and cook as usual. This facilitates serving at the table.

Miss L. T., Mass.

A New Flavor for Your Lemon Pie—When you are making lemon pie filling, give a new flavor to it by adding one banana, sliced crosswise, to the filling just before removing it from the stove. Then proceed in completing the pie as usual. The banana combines in a most delicious manner with the lemon flavor.

Mrs. A. M. S., Minn.

Mint Vinegar—Our family enjoy the flavor of mint vinegar so much that I always make it myself now. Put into a wide-mouthed bottle enough fresh green mint to fill it closely. Fill with vinegar and cork it tightly. At the end of two or three weeks, pour off the vinegar into another bottle, cork tightly, and keep for use in flavoring cold meats, etc. If the mint flavor is not desired, celery seed may be used in the same way.

Miss M. D., S. C.

When Grating Pineapple—When preparing pineapple for marmalade or other use it is much less trouble to cut the pineapple into four lengthwise sections, cutting through the central core. Cut out the hard core, and grate the pineapple with the skin intact. This saves the usual labor of peeling and eying the fruit and is also more economical, as no juice is lost and the pineapple can be grated until nothing is left but the rind.

Mrs. L. M. L., W. Va.

Grape Juice Hard Sauce—I have found that the addition of grape juice to hard sauce gives a delicious flavor. Cream together one-third cupful of butter and one cupful of powdered sugar; add gradually one-fourth cupful of grape juice, alternating with another cupful of the sugar. Place in the refrigerator till very cold. Serve with Cottage Pudding or any preferred dessert.

C. B. K., Pa.

To Make Clabber Palatable—I could not teach my children to eat either clabber or curd, of which I have quantities, until I tried serving it in this way: Over each bowl of clabber or curd I sprinkle a few raisins, a little sugar and nutmeg, and pour over all either sweet milk or thin cream. The children are now so fond of it that they beg for "clabber suppers," and the chickens never get a drop!

Mrs. D. R., S. C.

To Head and Tail Gooseberries—The following is one of my greatest short-cuts and helps. When you have gooseberries to head and tail, try using the strawberry huller and you never again will use your thumb or the scissors, with the resulting sore fingers because of the endless task.

Mrs. G. L. C., Ill.

A Fluffy Cake Filling—To my standard recipe for Boiled Icing—one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of water—I add, just after the sirup threads and is ready to remove from the stove, one tablespoonful of granulated gelatin softened in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, stirring just enough to dissolve the gelatin. Pour this sirup gradually into the beaten white of one egg and beat constantly. If not thick enough to spread, allow to stand in the refrigerator for a few minutes, beat up again, and spread over the cake.

Mrs. F. I. J., Ariz.

Use for Egg-Yolks—So many recipes call for the whites of eggs only that the question of using all the yolks is rather a vexing one. I have solved the problem in this way: Drop the egg-yolks in boiling salted water, and when thoroughly cooked mix the yolks with salad dressing and use as a sandwich filling.

Mrs. M. C. M., Wash.

An Attractive Sandwich—For a new and dainty sandwich, use a doughnut cutter. Cut one slice of bread with the cutter, leaving the center in. Cut another slice, removing the center. Spread the slices with filling and decorate the opening with a tiny beet or pimiento heart cut with a vegetable cutter.

Mrs. B. P. A., Mo.

The Correct Way to Wash Berries—There is always a best way of doing even the simplest things. If berries are washed the best way, rather than what may seem easiest, there is a great difference in their appearance and taste. Always put the berries into water; never turn water upon them, for it bruises, spoils their shape, and wastes their juices. Very carefully stir the berries about in the water with the finger-tips until all the sand has been dislodged, then lift the berries out on a square of absorbent cloth spread in the sun, if possible. In ten minutes the berries will be dry and ready to hull, for the cloth quickly takes up every bit of moisture. The berries will look fresh and beautiful and will have lost none of their natural flavor, and you will find that it is after all just as easy to be particular.

Mrs. A. K., N. Y.

A New Corn Bread—Some time ago my two-year-old daughter, who is more fond of helping Mother cook than I could wish, sprinkled some nutmeg into the corn-bread I was mixing. The family liked it so well that I have put a little nutmeg into my corn-bread whenever making it, using one-quarter teaspoonful of the same.

Mrs. M. S. B., Va.

Hot Weather Shortcake—I have found a way to bake shortcake without having to heat the oven. I make a short biscuit dough, thin it to a batter, and bake in a waffle-iron. This is quite a relief on hot evenings.

M. R. L., Kans.

Vest Pocket Autographic KODAK, Special

with Kodak Anastigmat *f.7.7* lens

\$15.00

The Little Vest Pocket Kodak is to other cameras what a watch is to a clock. It has all the accuracy but avoids the bulk. And the Special Vest Pocket Kodak, with its fine Anastigmat lens, is comparable to the watch that is "full jeweled."

The Pictures are $1\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, but the Kodak Anastigmat *f.7.7* lens produces negatives of such sharpness that enlargements can be made to almost any size. Thus with a camera so small that it can be carried in a lady's hand-bag, you may have large pictures from your Kodak finisher.



Actual size of Kodak.



*Enlargement from negative with V. P. Kodak Special, with Kodak Anastigmat *f.7.7* lens and a 75 cent Kodak Portrait Attachment. Enlargements of this size cost 15 cents.*

The Simplicity of operation gives this Vest Pocket a special appeal. The front pulls out—snap—into position for picture-making without further focusing. And by the use of a Kodak Portrait Attachment, "close-ups" are easily made. This attachment is merely a supplementary lens which you slip over the regular lens as easily as you slip a thimble on your finger.

The Shutter has snap-shot speeds of $1/25$ and $1/50$ of a second and, of course, the time-exposure features. It is quiet, reliable, efficient.

*The Kodak Anastigmat *f.7.7* lens* is made in our own lens factory. Designed for use on this particular camera, it exactly fits the requirements, and makes negatives of such sharpness that perfect enlargements, equal in quality to contact prints, can be made from V. P. K. Special negatives.

A Complete Kodak, is this little Special, even to the autographic feature, whereby you can date and title every negative—and every child picture should have a date—at the time of exposure. It is rich in finish and well made to the last detail.

Film Cartridges of eight exposures are but 25 cents. It is, therefore, a very economical camera to operate, especially as one may have enlargements from favorite negatives, up to post card size, at fifteen cents.

At All Kodak Dealers'

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



Actual size of Contact Print.



Your Mother and Grandmother Before You

GENERATIONS of the most particular housewives have used Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases. Their close weave, fine quality and white color have given years of satisfactory service in homes the country over. The best hotels and hospitals use them because of their sturdy finish and long wear.

Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases are always to be identified by the well-known Pequot Shield. They are sold by all good dealers. They are attractively priced. Pequot Sheeting and Pillow Tubing may be purchased by the yard, and can always be identified by the ticket reproduced below.

Made by
Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company
Salem, Massachusetts

Parker, Wilder & Company
Selling Agents
Boston and New York



This label on all piece goods

DR. WILEY'S Question-Box

Questions concerning foods, sanitation, and health will be answered by Dr. Wiley only if a stamped, addressed envelop accompanies your request. No exceptions can be made to this rule. Prescriptive advice can not be given, nor can samples be analyzed. Address Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

The Good Doctor Is a Little Shy on Dietetics

My doctor is prescribing arsenic in liquid form to be taken after meals to overcome an itching eczema of the palms and feet. He says that in the modern diet there is not enough arsenic. As a subscriber of fifteen years to GOOD HOUSEKEEPING and an interested reader of your department, I am sure your knowledge of chemistry would enable you to inform me what foods contain the most arsenic.

Mrs. E. H. S., Maryland.

Arsenic is a very common remedy for skin diseases. I have no desire to criticize your doctor for prescribing this in your case. When, however, he complains of the modern diet as being arsenic free, he is getting into deep water. There are no foods of which arsenic is an essential component. Arsenic is a very widely distributed element and is occasionally found in foods as an impurity. This is particularly true of foods which have been sprayed for the destruction of insect life, such as fruits, potatoes, etc. When arsenic is taken into the system, nature gets rid of it as soon as possible, either by excreting it or by storing it in those tissues where it will do the least harm, as, for instance, the bones and teeth. Arsenic is also thought to give a certain gloss and beauty to the skin and is sometimes eaten by vain females in the hope of improving their complexion. If they eat enough of it, it will certainly make them quite white in the end. When you see your doctor again, tell him that it is an unfortunate thing that even traces of arsenic are found in our important foodstuffs.

Not Worth Trying

I would like your opinion concerning the following formula for developing the bust:

Liquid extract of imported galega	5 grains
Lactophosphate of lime	5 "
Tincture of fennel	5 "
Simple sirup	200 "

2 tps. in water before meals.
Drink malt extract in connection.

Would this be harmful or cause overdevelopment?
A. M., Iowa.

The medicinal formula which you mention, in my opinion, is utterly useless for developing the bust. The simple sirup which it contains and which forms almost the whole of the preparation is likely to produce a little fat, but is unlikely to deposit it all in the bust. The galega which it contains is not mentioned in the Pharmacopœia as having any useful medicinal property. Its common name is goatsrue. The lactophosphate of lime is probably a mixture of milk sugar with ordinary phosphate of lime. Fennel is a weed which is supposed to have some medicinal property of an indefinite character. When you drink malt extract with this preparation, you get another fat-forming food. There is nothing whatever in any of the components which has any direct effect toward increasing the size of the bust. I could not say that this preparation is harmful, but that is no reason why it should be used. Proper exercise and obedience to the laws of hygiene and nutrition will do more toward developing the shoulders and thorax than any possible medicinal prescription.

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets: for children, "Artificial Foods for Infants," and "The Feeding of Older Children"; for adults, "Constipation," and "Reducing and Increasing the Weight." These pamphlets will be sent for five cents in stamps apiece and a stamped, addressed envelop. All those interested in health should send a stamped, self-addressed envelop for the questionnaire designed for The League for Longer Life. With its aid, your exact physical condition may be determined and improvement made

I Wonder Who Told the Doctor Such an Awful Fib

A prominent physician and head of our four hospitals tells me that grapefruit is not fit to put into the stomach, being almost a poison to the kidneys. My son and myself are very fond of them and have them each morning, but if they really are harmful, will, of course, discontinue their use. Will you kindly advise me of your opinion?

Mrs. F. E. R., New York.

There is nothing any more poisonous about a grapefruit than there is about an orange or a lemon. It is an exceedingly desirable and palatable article of diet, the head of the hospital to the contrary notwithstanding. If you have an opportunity, I wish you would ask him to cite the physiological or other expert authority on which he bases his opinion. Grapefruit, like other wholesome food, may at times cause serious disorders in an upset or diseased stomach. It has the same rank as other food products when eaten by the proper person, at the proper time, and in the proper quantity.

Hard to Get

Please tell me the name of a good molasses and where it can be obtained. I must confess a shocking ignorance and would very much appreciate it if you would enumerate some of the unbolted cereals which can be obtained at the grocery stores or elsewhere. My request for such products so far have secured only looks of blank amazement from grocery clerks.

Mrs. I. J. F., D. C.

You will find it very difficult to get any first-class molasses made in the United States. Old-fashioned molasses came from boiling the sugar-cane juice in open kettles, setting it aside to crystallize, and placing the crystallized mass in hogsheads with perforated bottom covered with cane blades. The molasses gradually oozed out of the bottom of the hogsheads through the force of gravity alone. As no sulphur fumes were used in the manufacture, the resulting molasses was fragrant, palatable, and delicious to the last degree. Now the cane juices are sulphured, limed, chemicalized, evaporated in vacuo at a low temperature, crystallized in the finishing pan, and sent directly to the centrifugal. The molasses obtained is reboiled, recrystallized, and recentrifuged. This process is often repeated a third time. The final molasses is black, surcharged with sulphur dioxide, contains a very high mineral content, and is not at all palatable.

Your quest for whole wheat or whole corn or whole rye products would be equally vain. As a rule retail grocers do not keep these products. Most of the great millers are bitterly opposed to their production. Little by little, nevertheless, the demand is growing and the supply is becoming more abundant. Many bakers are now making brown bread. You will find it served in dining-cars and in hotels and restaurants. It is coming into use in growing numbers of private families. It may, in the course of events, reach girls' boarding schools, where it is most needed. Some day grocers' clerks will not sneer or laugh at you when you ask for these wholesome foods.

Seven Soap Superstitions

Do you know them?

1. Do you believe color means quality?

Soap is like a lot of other things. You get out of it just what is put into it. The actual quality that is built into Fels-Naptha is responsible for its remarkable results.

Some good shampoo soaps are black. Some good complexion soaps are green and brown. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of the combination of ingredients of this, the *real* naptha soap.

Fels-Naptha, the golden bar, makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

2. Do you believe clothes should be boiled?

You boil your clothes to get perfect cleanliness and whiteness. If you were sure of this result *without* going to the bother and expense of boiling wouldn't you welcome the idea?

You can be sure. Use Fels-Naptha. Boil your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, but the point is, there is no need for the expense of heat and the discomfort of boiling clothes. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go. It works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Therefore the temperature of the water is simply a matter of your own preference.

3. Do you believe hard soap means economy?

Results count. A soap that "lasts" may be a slacker as far as cleansing is concerned. It is *dissolved* soap—not the solid bar of soap itself—that does the cleansing work. Hard soap means hard rubbing to get it into action. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes. Worn-out clothes means increased expense.

Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves readily in water, so that you can get the soap into the wash water with the least effort. The perfect combination of naptha, soap, and water loosens the dirt without hard rubbing, thus saving clothes and work.

4. Do you believe hard rubbing is necessary?

Some people think so because it seems too good to be true that dirt can be loosened *without* hard rubbing. Others have the idea that anything that will loosen dirt must be "strong" enough to harm the clothes.

Naptha is used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen even the most delicate cloth and finery. Therefore it *must* be both effective and harmless.

Fels-Naptha is *good* soap and *real* naptha combined. Its naptha *makes the dirt let go* with little or no rubbing and without harm to finest fabric.

5. Do you believe soap causes aches and irritation of hands?

Keeping hands in cold water for some time and neglecting to dry them thoroughly may redden and roughen the hands, particularly in cold weather. Therefore to keep hands in good condition find a cleanser that saves your hands from being in water so long.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go—*quickly*. Why not soak the dirt out of clothes with this safe soap instead of keeping your hands in water to rub and rub?

6. Do you believe in "doping" your clothes?

Why buy inferior soap and then buy a compound or mysterious something to *help* the soap, when by using Fels-Naptha you get clothes clean quickly and safely without "doping" the wash?

7. Do you believe the odor of naptha can stay in clothes?

Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have that delightful clean-clothes smell. The naptha in Fels-Naptha completely deodorizes the wash and entirely evaporates after it has done its work. It makes clothes hygienically clean. A good rinse, and they are fresh and sweet through and through. Prove it yourself.



Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha. Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.



© 1921, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

Don't let tradition or superstition stand between you and the easier, quicker, better way of washing and cleaning with Fels-Naptha. Get the *real* naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR.

HYCLORITE

(An Antiseptic Passed by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association)

THE public should know more about the American Medical Association, the great co-operative organization of over 85,000 medical practitioners.

By a vigorous educational campaign against the nostrum and quackery evil, the Association has saved the American public millions of dollars and prevented untold suffering.

The Association has done more to raise the efficiency of the profession than any other factor in the history of medicine—this through its Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, the Council on Health and Public Instruction and the Council on Medical Education and Hospitals.

All this far-reaching, constructive effort has been supported entirely by members of the Association. There has never been any solicitation of funds from the public.

A medicinal preparation accepted by the American Medical Association must not only be genuinely valuable, but the advertising and selling methods of the company must also be rigidly honest and in accord with the highest ethical standards.

To illustrate: The makers of Hyclorite submitted it to the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the A. M. A.

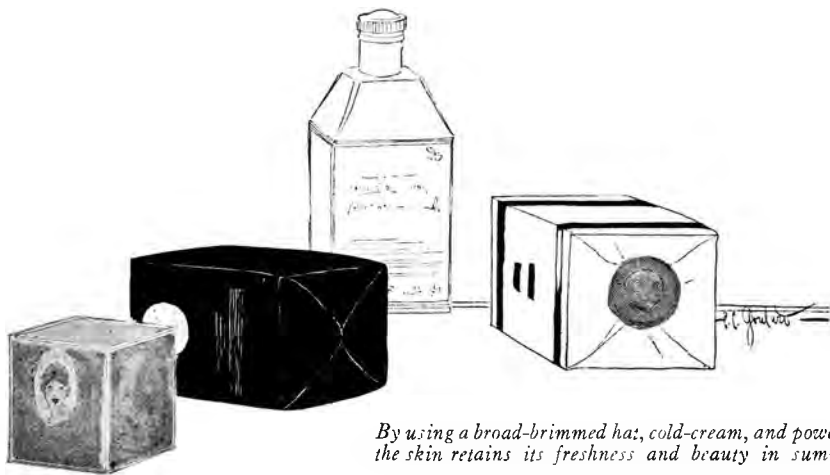
The preparation was subjected to rigid examination regarding its chemical and clinical qualities. When investigation proved it was a reliable and worthy antiseptic, it was officially accepted by the Council.

Every label and advertisement pertaining to Hyclorite has been passed upon by the Association. Claims made for Hyclorite must be unquestionably truthful. The 42 personal and household uses suggested for Hyclorite have been proved safe and efficient.

In buying a product accepted by the American Medical Association, you are safeguarded by the rigid standards of a great, impartial organization.

Bethlehem Laboratories, Incorporated
Bethlehem, Pa.

Made by
General Laboratories
Madison Wis.



By using a broad-brimmed hat, cold-cream, and powder, the skin retains its freshness and beauty in summer

HEALTH and BEAUTY

By Constant Care the Skin Retains its Youthful Appearance in Summer

By Nora Mullane

THE summer season is especially trying to the complexion. From exposure to wind and dust, the scorching sun and sea air, the face becomes freckled, tanned, or sunburnt, according to the texture of the skin and the regular or irregular distribution of the coloring matter in the cells. When these effects of the elements are repeated for several seasons, the youthful appearance of the complexion is destroyed permanently.

The most important of these external influences which cause blemishes is the unnecessary and exaggerated exposure to sunlight without the protection of a hat, sunshade, or the necessary cosmetic preparations, such as good cold-cream, face powder, and soothing lotions.

There is no infallible rule for the preservation of the skin which will fit every person's case, but there are a few simple precautions which will help every woman to preserve the fine texture of her skin, and avoid the harsh methods generally used for the removal of summer blemishes.

Summer Blemishes Removed

Freckles are most marked on young girls with fair skin and red or auburn hair. The sun causes them to appear, and exposure to sunlight makes them grow darker each day. The best way to prevent their appearance is to protect the skin by wearing a broad-brimmed hat, and avoiding all unnecessary exposure of the skin to sunlight. The persistent use of buttermilk, washing the face with soap and warm water, drying with friction, rubbing the spots with fresh lemon juice, and sponging the face with a solution of peroxide of hydrogen will keep the freckles light. The most effective applications for removing freckles and tan are solutions of corrosive sublimate, a most dangerous poison that should not be used except under the direction of a physician. The result is always bad, the skin is made coarse and sensitive, and the freckles return. In all cases of summer freckles it is better to trust to time and the simple remedies for their removal.

Tan and sunburn are like freckles in that they are the effect of exposure to sunlight, sea air, and wind. The brunette will tan, while the girl with thin, white skin will burn first and

tan later. The same local remedies can be used for tanning as for freckles. The treatment for sunburn consists in using soothing creams and lotions and in the application of light cosmetic powder when the skin is not broken. Soap and water should not be used while there is any irritation. The use of powder is justifiable and necessary during the summer months, when the quality of the powder can be relied on and when it is applied properly. It not only acts as a protection to the skin, but is soothing, refreshing, and harmless, providing it is washed off thoroughly at night before retiring. Before applying powder, the face should be washed, and a slight film of cold-cream rubbed in if the skin is dry. If the skin is oily, a lotion should be applied to form a basis for the powder. Any good almond oil cold-cream can be used, if it agrees with the skin. When cream or powder irritates or makes the skin feel dry, another brand should be tried at once.

Oily preparations suit only dry skins; astringent lotions are more agreeable to an oily, moist skin.

The following lotions can be used as a basis for powder by persons who can not use cold-cream: 2 ounces of rose-water and the juice of one lemon, to which add ten to fifteen drops of glycerin to make the powder more adhesive. An excellent lotion which can be used at any time consists of three ounces of rose-water, one ounce of glycerin, and one teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin.

Care of the Skin on Motor Trips

When the skin is to be exposed for any length of time, as on long motor rides, apply a small amount of cold-cream and a generous amount of powder before starting out. Upon your return and before washing the face with soap and water remove the dust and cosmetics with cold-cream. Rub the cream in well and then wipe it off with a soft cloth or absorbent cotton. If time permits, wait an hour before washing the face with soap and water. If the skin feels at all irritated after the washing, apply a little more cold-cream, and dust the skin lightly with powder to remove the oily appearance.



Noted makers of sport silks and sport skirts urge you to launder them this safe way

BELDING BROTHERS were already distinguished for their fine silks in the days of flowered taffetas and stiff brocades. Today their many beautiful silks have an equal reputation for highest quality. Read Belding Brothers' letter which tells you the way they recommend for washing sports and other silks.

DAVID CRYSTAL of New York makes many of the good looking sports skirts of crêpe de Chine, Baronette Satins and Sport Crêpes which you find in exclusive shops in almost every city. Read Mr. Crystal's letter. In it he tells why he urges women to wash their sport skirts in Lux.

These two great manufacturers, like other makers of washable fabrics, were compelled to find out the best and safest way of laundering. To give you the benefit of their experience, we have issued a free booklet, "How to Launder Fine Fabrics." It is crammed with helpful suggestions. Send for your copy today. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Launder your silk things this safe, gentle way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not wring*. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

For colored silks the water should be almost cool. Wash colors quickly to keep them from running. Don't wash two different colors at the same time. Use fresh suds for each color.

Wringing or twisting makes the smooth silk threads slip over one another. This gives the fabric a wavy appearance which is permanent. Water should be squeezed or shaken out.

LUX

Won't injure anything
pure water alone won't harm

Belding Bros. & Co.
New York, N. Y.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Sport silks receive such strenuous wear that it is necessary to launder them frequently.

We are extremely glad to report to you that we have found Lux satisfactory in the washing of our finest silks. It is a pure neutral soap and there is nothing in it that could injure the most delicate silk fibre.

Another thing which recommends Lux to us is the fact that the flakes are so thin that they dissolve quickly and completely. The thick lather makes rubbing unnecessary and also eliminates any possibility of particles of soap sticking to the silk and yellowing it.

We would like to have all purchasers of Belding wash silks launder them in the safe way set forth in the Lux directions. Laundering which will preserve the new appearance of silks in constant use is the best advertisement we could have.

BELDING BROS.
& COMPANY

David Crystal & Co.
New York, N. Y.

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We estimate that one of our silk sport skirts in constant use is washed several times in the course of the summer. The skirt should, of course, look as well after the last laundering as when it was new, if the washing is properly done.

We are urging the use of Lux in washing our sport skirts because it does preserve this new look. We find, for example, that threads do not fuzz up, fray or split when the garment is washed in Lux. Rubbing soap on silk, or allowing small particles of undissolved soap to stick to the fabric inevitably yellows it and makes it wear out more quickly.

Analysis shows Lux to be absolutely pure and harmless. Washing a garment in the safe gentle way you recommend in the Lux directions actually lengthens its life.

DAVID CRYSTAL
& COMPANY





Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

Liquid Silmerine

is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your Druggist's.

Do your own interior decorating!

Good Housekeeping's Department of Furnishings and Decorations has prepared the following folios which not only contain practical suggestions and authentic information, but also a variety of delightful pictures. The equally authoritative leaflets give complete instructions on all the subjects treated.

Folios—25c each postpaid

- Stenciling Furniture and Fabrics at Home
- Drapery Fabrics and Fashions for Doors and Windows
- Lamp Shades You Can Make
- Decorative Use of Slip Covers and How to Make Them
- How to Equip the Clothes Closet

Leaflets—10c each postpaid

- How to Make Rag Rugs
- How to Paint Furniture
- How to Refinish Natural Wood Furniture
- List of Books on Interior Decorating and Allied Subjects
- What to Put on the Mantel and Sideboard

Check those you want. They will be sent postpaid at prices stated. Complete set of five folios and five leaflets sent postpaid for \$1.75. Address:

Furnishings and Decorations

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
119 West 40th Street
New York, N. Y.

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

Lablache is accepted in the most select circles as fashion's favorite powder for the complexions of fair women. Approved by the *Four Hundred*, used by millions—it's so natural and delightfully fragrant.

Refuse Substitutes They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

BEN LEVY CO.
French Perfumery, Dept. 61
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



We have all kinds of **BEADS** and **BUGLES**

for Decorating Waists and Gowns

Beaded Bags Pearl Beads Jet Beads
Bead Looms Cut Metal Beads for Woven Chains
Beads for U. S. P. H. S. Red Cross and Sanitariums
New Direction Book for Loom-Woven Chains, 17c
Send stamp for descriptive circular and samples.
Allen's Boston Bead Store, 8 Winter St., Boston, Mass

Material for Cotton Dresses

(Continued from page 53)

well balanced. The strength of any cloth can be determined by holding it between the forefingers and thumbs and pulling in each direction. The cut Fig. 2 on page 53 shows what might happen if the cloth is not well balanced. The seams will pull out.

Gingham, organdy, voile, percale, nainsook, etc., are *plain weave*—each lengthwise or warp thread passes over and under each crosswise or woof thread. Corded or rib weave material is a variety of plain weave. It has a combination of light and heavy thread. Dimity and madras are our most familiar types. Their beauty comes from their structural design; so does their weakness. The lighter threads break first by rubbing against the heavy cords. The cut Fig. 3 on page 53 shows a cross-barred dimity.

Cotton for sports skirts should be some variation of the *twill* or *serge weave*, made from a firmly twisted thread, which forms a durable cloth. This will hold its shape and not soil quickly. Gabardine and tricotine are our best cotton sports skirt materials. See cut Fig. 4 on page 53. Loosely woven fabrics such as basket, ratiné, and many novelty cloths have a rough surface which soils quickly and gets nappy because of the loose threads.

Cotton is not adulterated with any other fiber, when sold as cotton, but by the addition of starch, gum, glue, China clay, and other substances called *sizing*, a poorly woven fabric can be made to look like a good material. Rub briskly as for washing; the sizing will come out leaving a limp, uninteresting foundation. Particles of starch and weak spots from unevenly spun yarn will show up if held to the light.

Organdy, batiste, lawn, differ only in finish. Oils are used for softness and elasticity, mucilage and gum for gloss and stiffness, starch for weight. This is legitimate if the *dressing* does not prevent the cloth from serving the purpose for which it is bought. Shadow organdy has a surface finish and should be of the best grade to be durable and worth the price paid for it. Before buying any of this group, where the beauty of the material is chiefly its crispness, it is best to wash a sample and compare with the original.

Figured cottons (dimity, percale, English print) have their designs printed on the cloth. To be lasting the design should be clear on both sides.

Dotted muslins are so popular this season it is well to keep in mind the distinguishing characteristics. The paste variety is easily detected. It will change color or come off entirely when ironed. All-over embroidery of small design and *dotted swiss* are produced in two ways.

When the dot is made of a single thread it is lasting. If put in as an extra filling thread and clipped as is the case with nearly all of the moderate priced swiss—it will fall out and leave weak places in the foundation material. This should always be borne in mind when buying swiss.

Each season brings some new variety of staple materials. If we become familiar with the weaves, finishes, and possible adulterations of our staples it will not be difficult to follow the manufacturer's developments. We will know by comparison whether a variation of type will meet our requirements for service and beauty.

Paint, Respectability, and Porch Furniture

(Continued from page 44)

and using cushions with a well-thought-out color scheme.

The color of the house is, of course, considered when choosing that for the porch furniture. It is sometimes effective to have both of the same hue but a contrast is perhaps more interesting. A not too vivid color, as gray blue, or a dull blue green, is a good choice, cool and restful, also a successful background for the gay colors to be introduced in cushions, table covers, plants and flowers. The material used for the cushion covers, in daring stripes or checks or bright all-over patterns, is found to be most successful when one of its colors matches that of the furniture. Suppose the chairs, tables, etc., are painted a dull Indian red with cushions in black, yellow, and white; then a red piping adds to the effect.

The accompanying pen and ink sketches show various old, unrelated pieces which were brought together with a very good result. To form an interesting contrast to a house of light gray, a color scheme of orange, jade green, and black was chosen for the furniture. A khaki hammock, slightly worn, but much faded, was painted black—not a dull, dead black, but a glossy, cheerful black—along the top of which was added in jade green a row of checks about two inches square. Cutting a square hole from cardboard and using it as a stencil made the process very simple. Several chairs were similarly treated.

A cheap and rather ugly steamer chair was amazingly improved. This may be seen in the small sketch at right of page 45. Before painting the canvas part of the chair and the khaki hammock, a coat of flour paste was applied in order to make the surface of each quite smooth, so that less paint would be

required. A basket of flowers in orange, green, and black was cut from cretonne and glued to the back of a black painted rocker. When dry, a coat of white shellac was added for protection. For the Chinese hour-glass chair, of wicker, a smart little cushion was made of black oilcloth, with a simple green and black design for decoration, and two black and green tassels. From the same material, oilcloth, was fashioned a table cover edged with an outline stitch done in green worsted. The corners were weighted down with green and black worsted tassels. The table—bought in the kitchen department!—was made worthy of its destiny with jade green paint emphasized with a few black lines. Another bit of thrift was the use of a gray, earthen beanpot, fitted with an electric attachment, as a base for a reading lamp. A gray and orange shade with black lacquered frame made it complete.

The window-box on page 44 full of flowers was supported on a—yes, a towel rack. A carpenter made the box and nailed it to the rack. The whole affair was then painted a shiny black, and there it is—a charming decoration to the porch, and equally lovely seen through the window. In winter, it will be quite as happy inside the house, placed at a south window. Gray earthen pickle jars are very satisfactory holders for flowers, particularly for sprays of apple blossoms, and for daisies, gladioli, goldenrod, or branches of autumn leaves. They are practical as well as artistic, because the wind can not knock them over. Since outdoor furniture has to be redone so frequently, one may experiment fearlessly in daring colors and bold designs.

Note: On receipt of 10c a copy of our new Service Leaflet, "How to Paint Furniture," will be sent. If you have problems of home decorating, enclose 2c. additional for our questionnaire to be filled out and returned for the expert advice of our decorators



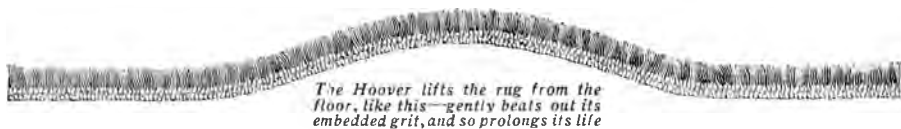
Upon the fresh and lovely surfaces of rugs kept immaculate by The Hoover, your children may play in safety. In the home kept free of dangerously insanitary dust by the dustless but thorough cleaning of The Hoover, there is health protection for all the family. Surely these safeguards have appreciable value. And yet solely through the longer life of beauty that it bestows upon floor coverings, this efficient cleaner repeatedly earns its moderate cost. To save, invest in a Hoover, the one electric cleaner that gently beats out all germ-laden, nap-cutting grit from the hidden depths of rugs, as it electrically sweeps up stubbornest litter, lifts matted nap, freshens colors and suction cleans.

The HOOVER

It Beats — as it Sweeps — as it Cleans

Write for booklet, "How to Judge an Electric Cleaner," and names of Authorized Dealers licensed to sell and service Hoovers bearing our guarantee

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY, FACTORIES AT NORTH CANTON, OHIO, AND HAMILTON, ONTARIO



The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

The HEAD of the HOUSE of COOMBE

(Continued from page 42)

pomegranate mouth! She will not know, but she will draw disaster!"

"Then she had better not be taught anything at all," said Feather. "It would be an amusing thing to let her grow up without learning to read or write at all. I know numbers of men who would like the novelty of it. Girls who know so much are a bore."

"There are a few minor chances she ought to have," said Coombe. "A governess is one. Mademoiselle Vallé will be here at eleven."

"I can't see that she promises to be such a beauty," fretted Feather. "She's the kind of good-looking child who might grow up into a fat girl with staring black eyes like a barmaid."

"Occasionally pretty women do abhor their growing-up daughters," commented Coombe, letting his eyes rest on her interestedly.

"I don't abhor her," with pathos touched with venom. "But a big, lumping girl hanging about ogling and wanting to be ogled when she is passing through that silly age! And sometimes you speak to me as a man speaks to his wife when he is tired of her."

"I beg your pardon," Coombe said. "You make me feel like a person who lives over a shop at Knightsbridge, or in a bijou mansion off Regent's Park."

But he was deeply aware that, as an outcome of the anomalous position he occupied, he not infrequently felt exactly this.

MADemoiselle VALLÉ was an intelligent, mature Frenchwoman. She presented herself for inspection, and in ten minutes realized that the power to inspect and sum up existed only on her own side. She sat and listened with respectful intelligence to the bird-like chatter of Mrs. Gareth-Lawless.

Not many days had passed before she had seen much. The good Dowson she at once affiliated with. She knew the excellence of her type as it had revealed itself to her in the best peasant class—trustworthy, simple, but of kindly, shrewd, good sense and with the power to observe.

Dowson was not a chatterer or given to gossip, but there were many things which Mademoiselle must understand if she was to be able to use her power to its best effect.

"A woman in my place hears enough talk," was her beginning. "Servants are given to it. But it's been my way to credit just as much as I see and know, and to say little about that. My business here is Miss Robin, and I've found out for myself that there's just one person that, in a queer, unfeeling way of his own, has a fancy for looking after her. I say 'unfeeling' because he never shows any human signs of caring for the child herself. But if there's a thing that ought to be done for her and a body can contrive to let him know it's needed, it'll be done."

Mademoiselle Vallé had listened with profound attention. Here she spoke. "You say 'he' or 'him.' Who is he?"

"Lord Coombe. I'm not saying I've seen much of him. Considering—" Dowson paused. "It's queer how seldom he comes here. He goes abroad a great deal. He's mixed up with the highest, and it's said he's in favor because he's satirical and clever. He's one that's gossiped about, and he cares nothing for what's said. What business of mine is it whether or not he has all sorts of dens on the Continent. He might be a bishop for all I see. And he's the only creature in this world that remembers that child's a human being. Just him—Lord Coombe. There, Mademoiselle, I've said a good deal."

More and more interestedly had the Frenchwoman listened and with an increasing hint of curiosity in her intelligent eyes. She pressed Dowson's needle-roughened fingers warmly.

"You have not said too much. It is well that I should know this of this gentleman. As

you say, he is a man who is much discussed. I myself have heard much of him, but of things connected with another part of his character. It is true that he is in favor with great personages. It is because they are aware that he has observed much for many years. He is light and ironic, but he tells truths which sometimes startle those who hear them."

"Jennings tells below-stairs that he says things it's queer for a lord to say. He believes that his Lordship's idea is that there's a time coming when the high ones will lose their places and thrones and kings will be done away with. I wouldn't like to go that far myself," said Dowson gravely.

XVII

THAT part of Lord Coombe's existence which connected itself with the slice of a house on the right side of the Mayfair street was but a small one. A feature of the untranslatableness of his character was that he was seen there but seldom. His early habit of crossing the Channel frequently had gradually reinstated itself as years passed. Among his acquaintances, his Saturday-to-Monday visits to continental cities were discussed with humor. Possibly upon these discussions were finally founded the rumors of which Dowson had heard but which she had impartially declined to credit. Lively conjecture inevitably figured largely in their arguments, and when persons of unrestrained wit devote their attention to airy persiflage, much may be included in their points of view. Of these conjectural discussions no one was more clearly aware than Coombe himself, and the finished facility, even felicity, of his evasion of any attempt at delicately veiled cross-examination was felt to be inhumanly exasperating.

In one of the older squares which still remained stately, though the splendor of modern fashion had waned in its neighborhood, there was among the gloomy, though imposing, houses one in particular upon whose broad doorstep—years before the Gareth-Lawlesses had appeared in London—Lord Coombe stood oftener than upon any other. He lifted the heavy knocker with a special, accustomed knock recognized at once by any footman in waiting in the hall, who, hearing it, knew that his mistress—the old Dowager Duchess of Darte—would receive this visitor if no other.

The occupations of her life had left her in her earlier days little leisure for close intimacies, but when she began to sit by her fire, letting the busy world pass by, he gradually became one of those who dropped in.

In one of the huge rooms she had chosen for her own daily use, by the well-tended fire in its shining grate, she had created an agreeable corner where she sat in a chair marvelous for ease and comfort, enclosed from drafts by a fine screen of antique Chinese lacquer, a table by her side, and all she required within her reach. Upon the table stood a silver bell, and at its sound her companion, her reader, her maid, or a personally trained footman, came and went quietly and promptly as if summoned by magic. Her life itself was simple, but a certain almost royal dignity surrounded her loneliness. Her companion, Miss Brent, an intelligent, mature woman who had known a hard and pinched life, found at once comfort and savor in it.

By her fire she sat, an attracting presence, though only a fine, strong line remained of beauty ravaged by illness and years. The polished forehead was furrowed by the chisel of suffering; the delicate, high nose springing from her waxen, sunken face seemed somewhat eagle-like; but the face was still brilliant in its intensity of meaning, and the carriage of her head was still noble.

Among those who warmed themselves by her

fire, Coombe had singularly become her friend and intimate. When they had time to explore each other's minds, they came upon curious discoveries of hidden sympathies and mutual comprehensions which were rich treasures. They talked of absorbing things with frankness. He came to sit with her when others were not admitted because she was in pain or fatigued. He added to neither her fatigue nor her pain, but rather helped her to forget them.

It was, however, the modern note in her recollections of her world's march in days long past in which Coombe found mental food and fine flavor. The phrase, "in these days," expressed in her utterance neither disparagement nor regret.

"If the past had not held so much one might not have learned to expect more," was her summing up on a certain afternoon when Coombe came to report himself after one of his absences from England. "The most important discovery of the last fifty years has been the revelation that no man may any longer assume to speak the last word on any subject. The next man—almost any man—may have evolved more. Before that period all elderly persons were final in their dicta. They said to each other—and particularly to the young: 'It has not been done in my time—it was not done in my grandfather's time. It has never been done. It never can be done!'"

"The note of today is 'Since it has never been done, it will surely be done soon,'" said Coombe.

"Ah! we who began life in the most assured and respectable of reigns and centuries," she answered him, "have seen much. But these others will see more."

There was a certain thing he believed of which they often spoke as "it." He spoke of it now.

"Through three weeks I have been marking how it grows," he said. "A whole nation with the entire power of its commerce, its education, its science, its religion, guided toward one aim is a curious study. The very babes are born and bred and taught only that one thought may become an integral part of their being. The most innocent and blue-eyed of them knows, without a shadow of doubt, that the world has but one reason for existence—that it may be conquered by the country that gave them birth."

"You are fresh from observation." There was new alertness in her eyes.

"I tell you it grows!" he gave back, lightly striking the table in emphasis. "Do you remember Carlyle?"

"The French Revolution again?"

"Yes. Do you recall this? 'Do not fires, fevers, seeds, chemical mixtures, go on growing? Observe, too, that each grows with a rapidity proportioned to the madness and unhealthiness there is in it.' A ruler who, in an unaggressive age such as this, can concentrate his life and his people's on the one ambition of plunging the world in an ocean of blood, in which his own monomania can bathe in triumph!"

"The world!" she said. "Yes—it will be the world." Then she sat upright in her chair. "Why did you let your youth pass?" she said. "If you had begun early enough, you could have made the country listen to you. Why did you do it?"

And this was in days before the slice of a house with the cream-colored front had put forth its first geraniums and lobelias in Feather's window-boxes. Robin was not born.

XVIII

AS he had not put into words to others any explanation of the story of the small, smart establishment in the Mayfair street, so Lord Coombe had put into words no explana-

As remarkable for the family washing as Lux is for silks, woolens and all fine laundering



5 minutes at night saves you 5 hours next day

Soak your clothes clean instead of rubbing them



JUST the five minutes it takes you to put the clothes into the tubs to soak! It saves you five hours of hard work the next day.

Monday after Monday you have rubbed on a metal washboard trying to get the dirt out. The rubbing wore you out and ruined the clothes, but there has been no other way to get things clean.

Now there is a wonderful new way of washing that saves you hours of hard work. You just soak the clothes clean in Rinso, the new form of soap in granules. Rinso contains so much pure soap that it loosens every particle of dirt while the clothes are soaking.

You put the clothes into a tub of bubbly Rinso suds at night and leave them. All you do in the morning is to rinse them a few times and the dirt is gone!

The ingredients of Rinso are of finer quality than have ever before been put into a family laundry soap.

Your clothes are as safe in these rich suds as in water alone, for Rinso is so harmless it does not even redden your hands.

Start using Rinso next week. You will never again be willing to go back to the old exhausting method of rubbing clothes clean.

Rinso softens hard water. For hard water make an increased amount of the "soap liquid" according to directions on the package, and continue adding it to your tub of cold water until you have a good, rich suds.

Get Rinso from your grocer or any department store. Trial package sent on receipt of 4c to cover postage. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. D-23, Cambridge, Mass.

If you use a washing machine

Soak the clothes overnight in the usual Rinso way. The cleansing suds loosen every particle of dirt. In the morning operate the machine a few minutes and the clothes are clean—even the most soiled spots.

Trial offer

Large trial package—half the size of the regular Rinso package. Send only 4c to cover postage. Lever Bros. Co., Dept. D-23, Cambridge, Mass.

Rinso

*Made by the makers of Lux
—for the family washing*



Safety in Canning

IN BUYING canned foods of any kind, you realize the vital importance of immediately removing the contents, once the can has been opened.

That is because of the acids in these foods. In cooking fruits and vegetables these acids must also be considered. It is therefore advisable to discriminate in choosing your utensils.

Vollrath Ware is as safe for canning as the china dishes in which you permit cooked fruits and vegetables to stand.

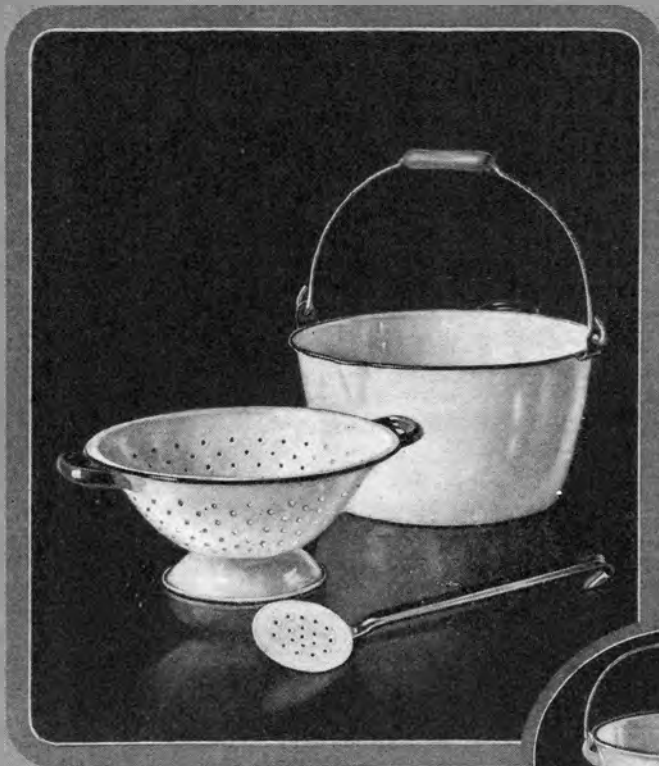
None of the acids affects the smooth, hard, triple-coating of pure enamel on Vollrath Ware.

For protection, for cleanliness, beauty and durability, Vollrath Ware is highly recommended. It is the choice of America's most progressive housekeepers.

Vollrath Ware is sold by department and hardware stores throughout the United States. Always ask for it by name and look for the blue oval label.

★ **The Vollrath Co., Sheboygan, Wis.**

VOLLRATH WARE



Every article of genuine Vollrath Ware bears this blue oval label.

VOLLRATH CAST NEW IDEA KETTLE
Enameled All Over

Excellent for canning. Retains and evenly distributes the heat. 13 sizes.

The Head of the House of Coombe

tion to the Duchess of Dart. That she was aware of its existence he knew, but what she thought of it, or imagined he himself thought of it, he had not at any period inquired. Whatsoever her point of view might be, he knew it would be unbiased, clear-minded, and wholly just. She had asked no question and made no comment. The rapid, whirligig existence of the well-known fashionable groups, including in their circles varieties of the Mrs. Gareth-Lawless type, were to be seen at smart functions and to be read of in newspapers and fashion reports, if one's taste lay in the direction of a desire to follow their movements. The time had passed when pretty women of her kind were cut off by severities of opinion from the delights of a world they had thrown their dice daringly to gain.

But for a certain secret which she alone knew and which no one would have believed in the least if she had proclaimed it from the housetops, Feather would really have been entirely happy. And, after all, the fly in her ointment was merely an odd sting a fantastic fate had inflicted on her vanity and did not in any degree affect her pleasures. So many people lived in glass houses that the habit of throwing stones had fallen out of fashion as an exercise.

There were times when quite stately equipages drew up before Mrs. Gareth-Lawless's door, and visiting cards bearing the names of acquaintances much to be desired were left upon the salver presented by Jennings. Again, as a result of this circumstance, Feather employed some laudable effort in her desire to give her own glass house the conservatory aspect. Her little parties became less noisy, if they still remained lively. She gave an "afternoon" now and then to which literary people and artists and persons who "did things" were invited. She was pretty enough to allure an occasional musician to do something, some new poet to read or recite. Fashionable people were asked to come and hear and talk to them, and in this way she threw out delicate fishing lines here and there and again and again drew up a desirable fish of substantial size.

Sometimes the vague rumor connected with the name of the Head of the House of Coombe was quite forgotten, and she was referred to amiably as "that beautiful creature, Mrs. Gareth-Lawless!" She was left a widow when she was nothing but a girl. If she hadn't had a little money of her own, and if her husband's rich relatives hadn't taken care of her, she would have had a hard time of it. She was amazingly clever at managing her small income, they added. Her tiny house was one of the jolliest little places in London—always full of good-looking young people and amusing things.

But before Robin was thirteen she had found out that the house she lived in was built of glass and that any chance stone would break its panes, even if cast without particular skill in aiming. She found it out in various ways, but the seed from which all things sprang

(To be continued)

Synopsis of Preceding Instalments

TO Amabel, Robert Gareth-Lawless was a great catch. And even when they were married, and their tiny house had to be kept up mostly on promises to pay, the gaiety of their life, and the knowledge that she was petted and praised in the rather fast set they moved in kept her spirits as light as her mentality. "Feather" they called her, and never was there a juster nickname.

But an end soon came to the summer of her butterfly existence. First, Robin was born, an unwanted child, shut off with her nurse in the dingy top rooms of the house. Then illness, short and sharp, which took Robert and left Feather without a penny for the tradesmen who began to close in on her. There was no food in the house, and the agents were renting

to the fruition of actual knowledge was the child tragedy through which she had learned that Donal had been taken from her—because his mother could not let him love and play with a little girl whose mother let Lord Coombe come to her house—because Lord Coombe was so bad that even servants whispered secrets about him. Her first interpretation of this had been that of a mere baby, but it had filled her being with detestation of him, and curious doubts of her mother.

There came a day when Dowson saw her bending over the spread sheets of a newspaper, hot-eyed and intense in her concentration.

"What are you reading, my love?" she asked.

The little, flaming face lifted itself. It was unhappy, obstinate, resenting. It wore no accustomed child look, and Dowson felt rather startled.

"I'm reading about a divorce case, Dowie," she answered deliberately and distinctly.

Dowie came close to her and glanced at the pages filled with dramatic evidence and amazing revelations. "It's an ugly thing to read, my lamb," she faltered. "Don't you read it. Such things oughtn't to be allowed in newspapers. And you're a little girl, my own dear."

Robin's elbow rested firmly on the table and her chin firmly in her hand. "I'm nearly thirteen," she said. "I'm growing up. Nobody can stop themselves when they begin to grow up. It makes them begin to find out things. I want to ask you something, Dowie."

"Now, lovey—!" Dowie began with tremor. Both she and Mademoiselle had been watching the innocent growing up, and fearing a time would come when the widening gaze would see too much. Had it come as soon as this?

Robin suddenly caught the kind woman's wrists in her hands and held them while she fixed her eyes on her. The childish passion of dread and shyness in them broke Dowson's heart because it was so ignorant and young.

"I'm growing up. There's something—I must know something! I never knew how to ask about it before."

It was plain to Dowson that she did not know how to ask about it now.

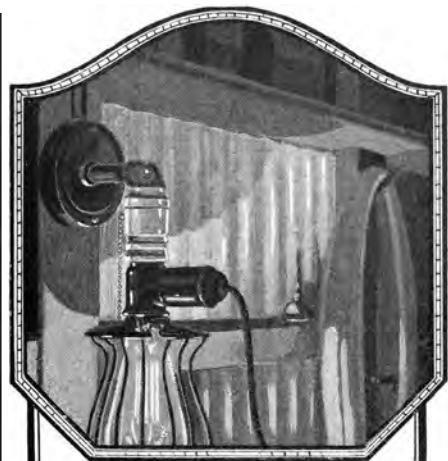
She held the wrists harder and ended in a sort of outburst. "If my father were alive—could he bring a divorce suit? And could Lord Coombe—"

Dowson burst into open tears. And then so did Robin. She dropped Dowson's wrists and threw her arms around her waist, clinging to it in piteous repentance.

"No, I won't!" she cried out. "I oughtn't to try to make you tell me. You can't. I'm wicked to you. Poor Dowie—poor darling Dowie! I want to kiss you, Dowie! Let me!—let me!"

She sobbed childishly on the comfortable breast, and Dowie hugged her close and murmured in a choked voice,

"My lamb, my pet lamb!"



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Cukkin' an' Min

(Continued from page 82)

that's done in th' wuruld," amended Mrs. Hogan promptly. "But th' cukkin' that gets paid for in real money is done be th' min. 'Tis only be some accident that th' job av tannin' leather wasn't hooked on to th' destiny av ivry wumman as th' nachral par-rt av her home wurruk. In thim days frin' husband killed th' deer; th' la-ady wife burnt part av it fr' supper. An' thin aafter clearin' away th' supper things she'd sit on wan side av th' fireplace chewin' on th' hide to soften it for a nice dhress suit an' pair av shoes for hubby, while he'd sit on th' other side shmokin' his shtone pipe an' readin' th' ev'nin' pa-aper. How wimmin ivir got rid av that par-rt av her nachral distiny I dinnaw. I think ma-aybe th' fir-rst wumman t' quit th' dainty fiminine job av chewin' raw-hides was looked upon as a bould creature who was unsexin' hersilf an' refusin' her dooty t' her childher an' her home. Cukkin's no more th' nachral spear av wimmin than is tannin' leather or loadin' freight—though she done thim all wanst. If cukkin' was wumman's spear, they'd be th' most ixpensive cuks instid av th' cheapest."

Mrs. Cassidy's world was tottering. "Cukkin' seems diffrint," she said mildly. "When annythin's been goin' on long enough, it's right, don't ye think?"

"I do not," responded Mrs. Hogan promptly and with emphasis. "Th' wrongest things are thim that's lasted longest. If cukkin' was th' nachral gift av wumman, she'd have invinted ivrythin' about cukkin'. She's invinted nothin'." She backs away from new kitchen machinery with her hair on ind like a cat from a shtrange dog. Th' ma-an that got th' egg-beater in th' hands av wimmin was a janyus."

"Well, Mrs. Hogan," said Mrs. Cassidy plaintively, "if cukkin' isn't a wumman's nachral spear, I dinnaw what is!"

"Wumman's nachral spear," replied Mrs. Hogan firmly, "is supplyin' to th' wuruld things that ma-an knows nothin' about an' makes a mess of whin he tackles thim. What's ma'an's nachral spear, ye ask? Well, if ye believe what th' histry says, ye'll find that ma-an has been th' gran' killer an' robber av th' ages. Ivrythin' that has t' do with killin' he's per-riected beyond th' dhreams av avarice, as somebody says.

"He plays with livin' as if 'twas no more than a game av checkers with th' wimmin an' childher t' be jumped or brushed off inty th' seegar ashes. Whin he luks at life, it's through a pinhole he's ma-ade in a dollar bill. Whin ye ta-ake away th' dollar bill, he's blind. Whin th' divil goes aafter a wumman, he has t' plan a long campaign av intricate blandanderin' that puckers his ould brains in thought; but whin he goes aafter a ma-an, he only shticks a dollar bill in his pocket an' goes off to th' job a-whistlin'.

"I know where there's a bit av a profit t' be ma-ade," says th' divil, knockin' th' ashes off his cigarette, contimpshus.

"Oh, ye do, do ye?" says th' ma-an. "Show me it."

"It's a lovely facth'ry," says th' divil, "but ye must put inty it th' wimmin an' th' gurruls an' th' comin' mothers an' th' little childher—an' dhrive 'em."

"Me own childher?" asks th' ma-an.

"No," says th' divil.

"Oh," says th' ma-an, "that's all right—but ye had me guessin' for th' minnit."

"An," says th' divil, "ye must—"

"All right, all right," says th' man intheruptin'. "Don't waste so much time tarkin' about it; consider it settled."

"Well," says th' divil, "I didn't know if ye was a dead ga-ame spor-rt 'r not—knowin' how fond ye was av animals."

"If there's a dollar in it, I am," says th' ma-an, "an' now t' business. For," says th' ma-an, "while I wuddent wurruk wan av me valyoooble brood mares or fillies, yet wimmin an' childher's plintyful an' not ixpensive."

"An' that's th' trouble, Mrs. Cassidy. All a ma-an knows av livin' is whether it's ixpensive or not. He sits on school boards t' idjicate th' childher that's t' make th' nation—an' all he cares about is th' price av coal an' how much it'll ta-ake to keep th' wather pipes from freezin'. He's willin' t' buy th' cheapest books from th' drummer that gives th' most ixpensive seegars. An' bimeby he sillicts for th' lowest pay a teacher that'll give him th' highest vote whin nixt he needs it. Ma'an's nothin' but a money-getther at th' best. All he knows av livin' is th' price av it.

"Th' spear av wimmin has t' do entirely with livin' an' nothin' with th' price av it. 'Tis wimmin pays th' price for livin' childher, an' 'tis wumman's spear to get a livin' wuruld for them—not a facth'ry. Wimmin's spear is t' furnish th' affliction an' dacincy for th' wuruld; 'tis min's t' furnish th' cold-dhrawn intilligence. Do ye know av annything colder than a ma-an that's got nothin' but brains? Th' heart av th' wuruld was intrusted to th' wimmin av th' wuruld, an' th' pick an' shovel av civyliza-ation t' th' min."

"Wimmin's got brains, too," protested Mrs. Cassidy.

"Sure they have," said Mrs. Hogan, "only they wear their brains modestly inside an' their love outside an' on top. Th' brains av wimmin was hidder inside only to be used in th' occasional emer-r-gency so th' wimmin cud undherstand that ma-an wasn't an entire idjit."

"I don't undherstand ye at all, at all," said Mrs. Cassidy. "Affliction isn't brains."

"Maybe not, ma-aybe not, Mrs. Cassidy," said Mrs. Hogan, "but if only half av what I've heard tell about Hivin is thru, that's th' only kind av brains they've got there."

"But ye shtarted t' tell me about cukkin'," reminded Mrs. Cassidy as Mrs. Hogan opened the oven door for a peek at the pie.

"So I did—so I did," replied Mrs. Hogan cordially as she shut the oven door. "Well, if I was th' min, I'd stand on that sayin' in th' Good Book that a good cuk is rather t' be chosen than great riches."

Fashions

(Continued from page 49)

lining being made of very thin crepe de Chine or mousseline.

Some of these thin, black summer wraps are trimmed with black silk fringe, and this six-inch fringe trims also many of the new frocks. Mme. Charlotte of Premet's has just designed a graceful fringe-trimmed frock of black crepe de Chine girdled very low about the hips, fringe dripping from the lower edge of the wide, scantily draped girdle and finishing the ends of narrow panels falling on the side. The accompanying cape of crepe de Chine has a narrow, flat collar. The cape itself, although circular, is narrow, with a single row of fringe

falling from shoulder to hem on each side.

Hats, too, are trimmed with fringe—fringe of heavy silk dripping from the edges of brims and falling from the crown—very odd and new and pretty. And Reboux is making hats with plumes that tower—plumes massed on the top of a small hat with one towering above its fellows, or a single skeleton plume standing in stark loneliness against the front of the crown of a large hat which might almost be called a cloche. The idea is quite new. Hamar makes a great capeline—a large, droopy hat—of white organdy and decorates the crown with black velvet leaves applied very flatly.

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By ELAINE, Entertainment Editor

ONE may really prepare a cool party for July! The responsibility of the hostess for making her guests feel cool begins with Independence Day, when every one has a holiday and expects to be entertained in one way or another. And the secret of making guests feel cool lies largely in suggestion—if the hostess uses her imagination to make things look cool, the guests will use theirs to feel cool.

Warm Weather Entertaining

One of the most successful summer entertaining ideas GOOD HOUSEKEEPING has ever created was the Snow Party, which was acclaimed all over the country as the ideal of warm weather entertaining, and which was so successful merely because it was so cool looking. So simply was the cool effect achieved in the Snow Party that a few words here will be sufficient for the wise hostess to elaborate

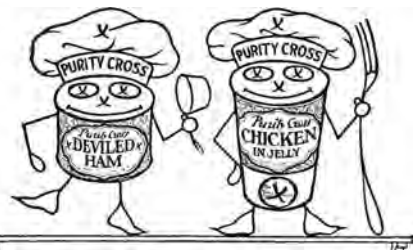
SEASONABLE PARTIES

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upon for some of her season's luncheons or teas or for a summer dinner party.

Cool-Looking Snow Party

White crêpe paper was used for the decorations. The light shades were covered with white crêpe paper shades, and folds of white crêpe paper hung over the window curtains. A snow scene was the centerpiece of the table. A pasteboard house, such as may be purchased in a ten-cent store, was covered with white crêpe paper. Shredded white crêpe paper formed the yard, and a rail fence of white stick candy surrounded it. The tablecloth was white crêpe paper, cut where the edges overhung the table to represent icicles. The favors were balls of cotton sprinkled with asbestos snow. The hostess, or a child, was dressed to represent Jack Frost, in a white crêpe paper costume, with white leggings and a pointed white cap.



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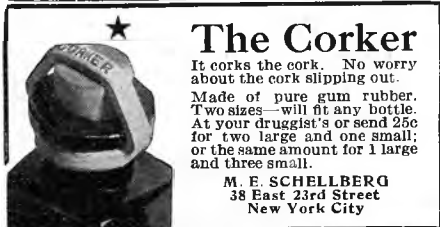


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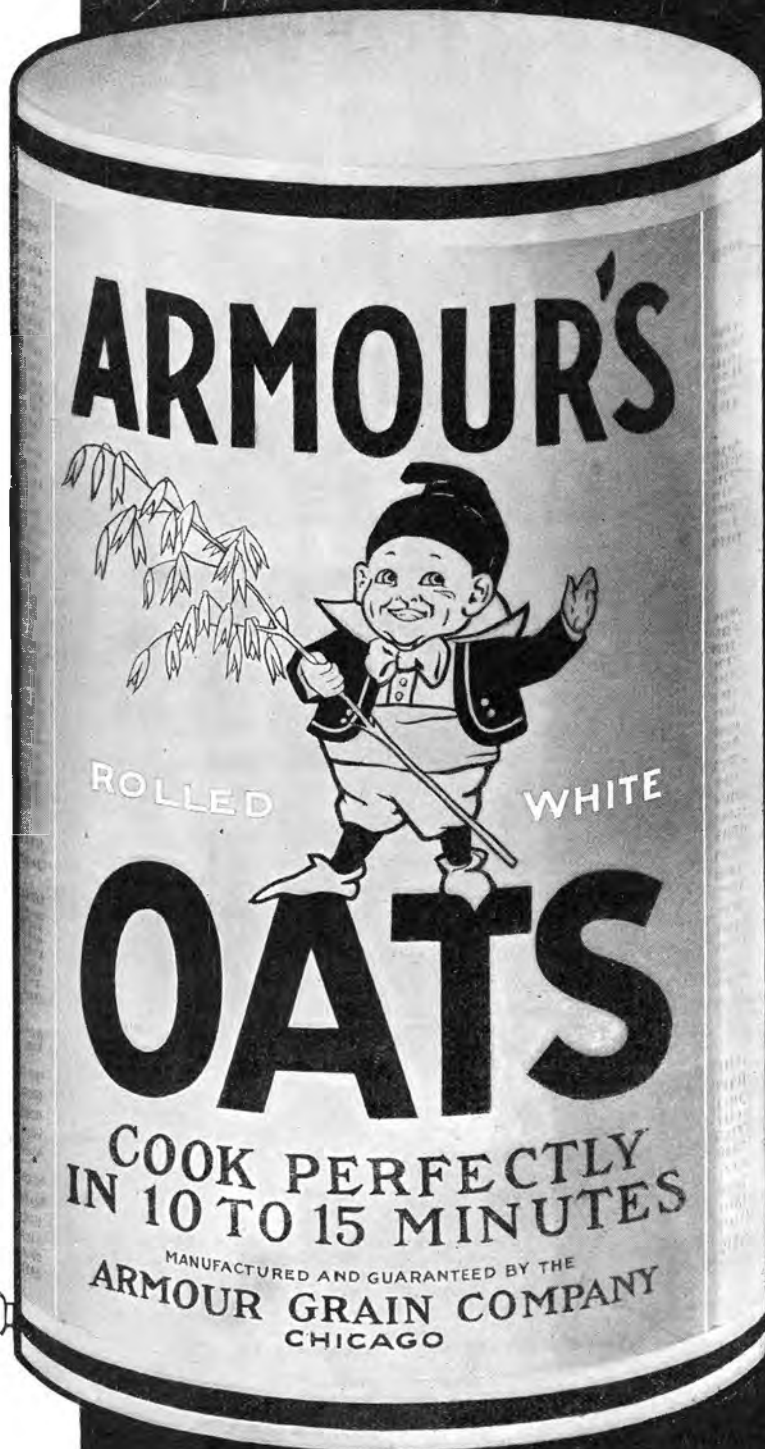


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July 30 to August 14

Sporting

(Continued from page 75)

in the best educated motor-cars. Sorry I woke you up—I hoped you might know something I didn't, for Mrs. Doane said you'd called her up."

He bent down and kissed her goodbye, then went to his breakfast without waiting for her. He was late.

There was nothing to do, not even telephoning. Walter had covered the ground efficiently. He went off, calling up-stairs to her to let him know the minute Sylvie got back. Each was more worried than they let the other know.

IT was three o'clock in the afternoon when Sylvie returned. She was not alone; the rest of the young people who had been in the car were with her, and they burst into the house all together, hysterically gay, chattering and laughing so excitedly that at first Adelaide could make nothing of what they said. Presently—it was more like a play in a nightmare than anything else Adelaide could think of—the others dropped back—Mary and Albert Erman and the Robinson girls and Dick Matrin—and they made a lane on each side of Sylvie and Henry Golden. And Sylvie, laughing—they were all laughing—took Henry's upheld hand, minut fashion, and walked between the two lines to her mother. And on one of her little, scratched, brown hands shone a bright, new wedding-ring.

Adelaide thought it was all a joke at first. It didn't seem that it could be anything else. Then she began to get connected phrases from the clatter of voices, as she stood there dazed—"Justice of the Peace—"

"He pulled us in for speeding, and it seemed only economical to use him when we had him!"

"We were right in the county-seat. Got a license just like a—"

"They only had to wait in line an hour. It's spent three, in one day!" This was Mary Erman's mock-wronged voice.

"He let them off the fine for speeding for a wedding-present!"

"Oh, wasn't Sylvie a sport?"

"Sylvie, we'll give you a shower next week, but don't make it anything expensive—I'm broke."

And above all, Sylvie's high, hysterically-excited voice: "Wish us joy, mother! Henry and I got married this morning, and we're on our way to Philadelphia!"

By this time her mother had faced it. It was real. And at the stricken setness of Adelaide's face the excited men and girls calmed down a little, and the Ermans, whom she faced accusingly, began to excuse themselves. Sylvie had said it was now or never, and Henry had said it shouldn't be never. And she'd taken him up. She said she'd canned Wilson, and this was one sure way to make him stay in the can.

At last, she never knew how, Adelaide got them out of the house. If she had realized it, she did it exactly as if they had been a pack of unwanted ten-year-olds overrunning her home. They went very meekly.

She stood there, still facing Sylvie and Henry. Even yet they seemed like a couple of naughty children whom she could scold and send away. But there was the ring on Sylvie's hand, and by the laws of the land they were husband and wife as truly as she and Walter were. And Sylvie, as far as she knew, did not love the boy.

"How did this happen?" she heard herself demanding.

"We've told you," laughed Sylvie, sinking into a chair. "Sit down, my good husband. You're a relative now; you needn't be mannerly. I said I would, and Henry dared me, and I did. Over painlessly in twenty minutes. Friends will please omit flowers."

Henry Golden answered her more consecutively: "Sylvie said she was through with Davies, and I said, 'Then why not me?' And

she said, 'Why not, then.' And I took her up. We—" he spoke more seriously—"we shouldn't have done it this way, I know, but I wasn't going to take a chance of missing out on her. We're going to play it out on this string, aren't we, Sylvie?"

There was adoration in his voice, but there was purpose, too. Adelaide could not hear anything but gayety in Sylvie's.

"Of course we are!" she said.

"Come now, mother, you don't really mind, do you?" demanded Henry more light-heartedly, putting an audacious arm around her. "It was bound to happen sooner or later, and it might as well be sooner—much better, in fact."

Through the chill at her heart Adelaide tried to answer them kindly. These adventurous, overcertain children, with their confident handling of life that had always seemed to her too important to be approached except with a careful and apprehensive touch, made her feel at once heartbroken over them and awed by them. And inadequate—and helpless!

Such children! She had been aghast—the picture of it came irrelevantly back to her as she faced them—when Sylvie had come cheerfully back from down-town a year before shorn of her two magnificent, fair braids, and with the remnant of her thick, soft locks flaring about her neck and forehead. Sylvie had merely laughed and announced that all the crowd were thinking of doing it. But after a while Adelaide had not minded it; it had made her Sylvie look so like a child—she might have been fourteen, not seventeen, with her fresh, little blue-eyed face so babyishly framed. The childish look was heart-breaking now. There she sat with her wedding-ring on her little-girl hand and the same look of amused defiance on her face that Adelaide had seen when she was a wilful five-year-old. Adelaide wanted to take her in her arms and hide her from the consequences of the wild thing she had done. But you can't hide away married women of seventeen from consequences—

"I have my packing to do, to break further news," said Sylvie briskly.

"Packing?"

"Henry has a brand-new job in Philadelphia. That may be why I married him—for the sensation of fleeing from the dear old home town. We're off tonight."

Adelaide scarcely felt surprised—the greater shock swallowed the lesser. She wondered half-idly what had happened between Sylvie and her fiancé. She had been engaged to Wilson, as far as any one knew, the night before.

Sylvie must have felt the question in the air; at any rate, she answered it as if it had been asked aloud, considering Henry's feelings not at all. But indeed Henry seemed so rapt that nothing could wound him.

"I told Wilson I thought he'd better stick to Lola—part-time beaux aren't my idea of the perfect lover. So Henry and I are going to live happily ever after."

SO that was it! A little later, when Walter had been summoned and come in, and after a brief word to Sylvie taken Henry into another room to talk to him, Sylvie said a little more, her eyes and cheeks dangerously bright:

"In a corner—and just the way he kissed me—and just the same place, at Hunter's Inn, back of the settle—and even the same pet name—it was a little too much! I told him I supposed he was so in the habit of it he just led every girl to that place automatically. So I called it a day." She had been steady-voiced and flippant till now, but her voice tensed as she ended. "I'm going just as far away from him as I can possibly get. I never want to see him or hear of him again!"

"Oh, my poor little girl!" said Adelaide impulsively, putting her arms around her daughter.

Sylvie detached herself. "I'd better go up—"



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stairs and get packed. Tell Henry not to forget to telephone for the expressman."

She swung out of the room. There seemed nothing more to say. It was curiously like an ordinary leave-taking, except that Adelaide felt numbed. They took a train that night. They bade Walter and Adelaide and Arthur the ordinary kind of farewells. An uproarious crowd of their friends saw them off, along with their families. Wilson Davies, a little over-flushed and overgay, like Sylvie, was there, and the two laughed goodbys to each other—goodbys whose flippancy seemed overdone. But that was natural, too.

The house seemed very quiet without Sylvie. The sense of vacancy that Sylvie's absence made was deeper than it had ever been, even when she had spent a year at boarding-school. Sylvie had never been a good correspondent. Her letters were brief, and at present mostly about clothes and the theater, with occasional requests for things she had forgotten. No mention of emotions or adjustments, and not much of Henry. But then Sylvie had never had a knack of putting herself into her letters, and they were at least gay enough.

AND then, on the heels of a long letter particularly full of the joys of living, Sylvie herself, like a young whirlwind! But still a gallant Sylvie, smiling, and exceedingly well dressed, and with no more mark of matronhood on her than when she had gone.

"I dropped in to say that you were right about my being too young to get married," were her first words to her mother, and then, at Adelaide's startled exclamation: "I mean it. Oh, I'm not going to be a short sport and howl over it, but I've come home to stay—for a while, anyhow."

Her mother accepted it quietly. "Very well, dear. And now hadn't you better rest a little before we talk about it?"

Sylvie flung hat, furs, coat, and handbag to the furniture around her, and shook her head violently. "Goodness, no! I'm not tired. I never am—you know that. Except tired of Henry! I was a little fool, mother, just as you said. We might have known it wouldn't work. I might as well be a sport and own up."

"Tell me about it, dear," said her mother. Her quietness was natural. She had more or less expected this since the marriage—Walter had quite expected it. The thing now was to get the child free.

Sylvie burst out: "Why—mother—I didn't know him! And we had to be like relations, like the closest kind of relations. And we didn't know how. Mother—I don't like him! We don't like each other a bit. I didn't know marrying was like that. There's no fun to anything any more. Nothing's nice. Oh, why didn't you tell me?"

"I tried to, dear. I talked to you for a long time when you told me about your engagement to Wilson."

"I wish I'd married Wilson. Supposing he did kiss Lola—he's twice as attractive as Henry! Why didn't you tell me so I'd know?"

It was what youth always says to age, and Adelaide could only answer as age always has to answer youth, "I couldn't, dear."

Sylvie stared at her over her poised powder-puff. "No, I suppose you couldn't."

He had not been unkind to her, as far as Adelaide could make out. They had been lonely, both of them, away from the crowd they knew. Things had been dreary; things had been intolerable, finally. And at length they had both said that things weren't worth while like this, and Henry had walked out of the house to think it out, he said. And Sylvie had walked out in another direction and taken the train home.

"Well, anyway, I'm not going to be a silly idiot," was her conclusion. She smiled at her mother bravely. "I made a bloomer, and I've had a hateful time. Now I'll get a nice new divorce, as you've been expecting all along I'd

have to do—oh, I know!—and have just as good a time out of life as ever!"

The child was a sport, as she called it, her mother thought admiringly. Well, as Walter had said, it was bound to come to this. And Sylvie would be wiser and marry again when she had more sense.

Her father, coming in later, accepted her presence as calmly as he did most things, on the surface. But Adelaide knew him well enough to know that he, like herself, was having a hard time not to have what Sylvie called a "scene" over the child's return. And she was being so plucky over it all. It was really Sylvie's own determinedly light manner that held them to commonplaces of welcome.

"I could horsewhip that fellow!" Walter said to Adelaide the first minute they were alone. "He was twenty-three; he was old enough not to get Sylvie into this. Apparently he hasn't had the decency to try to make things pleasant enough for her so she could put up with him. I know Sylvie. She isn't the complaining kind."

No, she was not, certainly. As she would have said herself, she was "no sympathy-hound." She was being plucky for the whole family just now—except Arthur, who, boy-like, was rather disgusted at the past and impending publicity Sylvie's wilfulness entailed, and annoyed with Sylvie herself in consequence. She was going on with her life just where she had dropped it: the tide of youth swept in and out the house as it had before her marriage. Only Wilson Davies never came and apparently never was asked to come. Once her mother asked why.

Sylvie answered indifferently. "Dunno. Just don't seem to like his type. Guess I've had enough heavy suitors for a while."

It was the only sign Sylvie gave of having been changed by her experiences, and Adelaide said no more.

HENRY gave his wife just a week, then he, too, descended on the Haden home. He telephoned first. Sylvie stiffened at the telephone, then, as usual, laughed.

"Henry, mother. Do you mind a scene? Though I don't know what he can want. I thought we'd said all there was to say."

"I hope he isn't going to try to stop you from getting free," said her mother. "Well, it won't do him any good."

"No, it won't," said Sylvie coolly. "Then I'll tell him he can see me. I might as well go through with it."

Adelaide felt a little thrill of admiration over her girl's courage, for she knew Sylvie was facing the "scene" with dread, in spite of her lightness.

"All right. Come," Sylvie said, taking her hand from the receiver.

So he came. Adelaide and Walter stayed in the room. Walter told Sylvie that he thought it was best, and Sylvie assented indifferently.

He looked tired and older, Adelaide thought, as she watched him, quietly seating himself opposite them in the big living-room.

"I don't think it's particularly sporting of you to come here," Sylvie told him without preface. "We were a couple of little fools; we've agreed to that. We got married for a lark ten years before we were old enough to have sense. It wasn't a lark. So the thing for us to do is to go back and finish out being kids, till we have some sense, and marry, for decent reasons, the people that we ought to marry. I don't believe I've seen the man yet I'd have a chance of being happy with for a lifetime. I know you haven't met the girl. You had a silly kid crush on me, and I didn't even have that much excuse. We couldn't get on with each other. We didn't know what being married was. Now let's call it a day."

Henry Golden did not seem inclined to make a scene, but neither did he seem inclined to assent politely. He did look older, Adelaide

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Sporting

decided, watching him, dark and dogged, sitting facing Sylvie. When he spoke, it was more slowly than usual.

"You're quite right about everything you say—almost," he said. "We were little fools. We did do a fool trick. We hadn't any sense. We couldn't get on. We didn't stop to think a minute. Very well. But as for my not being sporting, Sylvie Golden, you're wrong. The person that's not sporting in this team is you!"

"Henry!" Adelaide began indignantly. "Recrimination—"

"That's all right, mother," Sylvie interposed coolly. "No reason why Henry shouldn't tell me what he thinks of me. It has never made a dent in me so far, but I'm perfectly willing to hear him out."

"Sylvie's right," Walter added unexpectedly. "The boy has a right to give us his side."

But the boy did not seem to be doing exactly that. He faced Sylvie, after a quick nod of acknowledgment to Walter, and went on exactly where he had left off.

"Sylvie, you act as if our marrying young was something nobody'd ever done before—I suppose because the fathers and mothers of most of us that were 'nice' married after they'd finished having fun and were thirty or so. But they were married, after all."

Adelaide looked up in astonishment. What could this be that the boy was saying?

"You asked me to have us wait six months, so we could be better friends—like a silly girls' novel—you that always guyed sentiment. And I thought it was only sporting to say, 'All right.' And you may have thought you played fair, but you didn't. You went around dreaming over Wilson Davies and his talents as a petter. And I couldn't kiss you without permission. You weren't my wife."

"You say the war grew us up too early. You've said that a lot of times. Well, there were other generations that wars grew up early, too. My great-grandmother was just sixteen when she married, and her husband was twenty. They had ten children, first and last—stair-steps. I never heard that either of them yammered or lay down on the job. They made good—they had to. I remember being told about them—they said they were like one person. They belonged. You and I've never tried to belong. You've never been sporting enough to cut yourself loose from the way it felt when Wilson Davies kissed you. You don't know anything more about moral responsibility than a rabbit. You married me. You had no business to cry off living with me. You weren't a sport then, and you aren't now—dropping a thing you haven't fairly tried!"

Sylvie was watching Henry with fascinated eyes, as if she had never seen him before. Her hands were wrung tight together in her lap. She spoke in a low tone, unlike her usual quick, assured little voice.

"You—you say I haven't been sporting? You—you never said that before. You never said—anything."

His answer was merciless, though his face was flushed and quivering. "You haven't been. Not for a minute."

"Then—it's I who smashed things?"

"They aren't smashed. Even now, if you're game, we can make a go of it."

"You mean—" she spoke stiffly—"even if we don't—care?"

He nodded, his passionate voice a contrast to hers. "Yes. I care, and you're young enough to learn how. You haven't any business not to try. It mightn't be fun. But it would be—sporting," he said.

There was a silence. The elders, a little shaken by what they had learned, waited on. Adelaide half rose, with an instinct of protecting her daughter. The boy had no right—no right—with his crashing arguments! What business had he to point out this road of hard duty to her little girl, who had taken a foolish step because she was so young—so unwise? Duty—oh, yes, he was right—but Sylvie had never bothered about duty. She was safe, as Adelaide knew she herself would not have been safe, to hold fast her happiness and her chance at girlhood and freedom.

And then Sylvie spoke. "Well, at least I've always intended to be a sport, and I sha'n't stop now," she said. "Sorry to have been such a nuisance with my family difficulties, father and mother. I—I'll go pack."

Adelaide, aghast, formed her lips to a last protest, when she felt Walter's hand on her arm.

"You're doing the right thing, Sylvie," he said.

Adelaide turned to him in anger. Was he, too, like the young Henry, unfeeling to the point of brutality? And then, looking where he looked, she saw that at Sylvie's words and movement Henry had reached her in the doorway and caught her in his arms.

"You darling! You real little sport!" he said.

Sylvie stood for a moment willingly in his embrace. Then she leaned back in his hold, after he had kissed her, and looked at him, as if she were amazed at what she saw, for a full minute. Her hands dropped on his shoulders with the confident grasp of possession.

"I'm not a sport now, any more than I was when you beat me up so just now," she said with the old happy insolence in her voice. "It's not particularly sporting to do what you find out you really wanted to do all the time. I want to pack."

They were gone from the room. Walter and Adelaide could hear their laughing voices as they clattered up toward the packing, like the children they still seemed. The older people stood still with the echo of the tempests still vibrating about them.

"Well?" said Walter.

"I think," said Adelaide tremulously, "that this generation's only admitted virtue is going to carry them through—Oh, Walter, did you see the look in her eyes?"

When the Kiddies Entertain

(Continued from page 79)

the cubes in the hot sirup, and lift them out on the wax paper to dry. The maple-sirup forms a thin coating on the outside of the bread and gives the youngsters just enough sweetness.

When popcorn is included among the party treats, add a new touch of flavor to it by the addition of peanut butter, allowing one-and-one-half teaspoonfuls of peanut butter to each teaspoonful of butter. Melt the butter, add the peanut butter, and stir until thoroughly mixed, then pour over the popcorn.

For the birthday cake, frost a pyramid-shaped cake made in several layers, each layer smaller than the previous one. Then dip animal crackers in melted chocolate, and

after they harden, place them against the sides of each layer of the pyramid, giving the effect of animals marching around the cake. Place candles on top of the cake.

And just one more suggestion for the birthday cake! Place the frosted cake on a flat plate or board, leaving a space of about two inches all around the cake. Purchase a roll of thin, flat, candy wafers about the size of a fifty-cent piece, and insert them about one-half inch under the cake all the way around. Then melt the end of the desired number of candles, and secure each one on the part of the candy wafer extending from under the cake. The candles resemble a fence around the cake and give a very dainty appearance.

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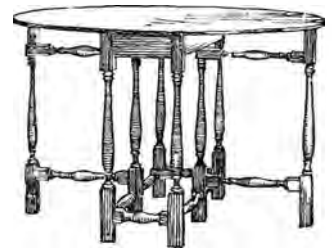
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THE BEACH COMBER

(Continued from page 24)

"I've got to have some clothes. I'm in rags," said Milly coldly.

Mrs. Kittredge had helped her do her shopping. There was a subtle difference apparent in the sort of things Mrs. Kittredge assisted at the buying of. More color and smarter line. Milly was doing her hair a new way and no longer wore her hats too far back on her head, the sign of the small town. Even her walk showed improvement from the standpoint of grooming, and she spent hours over her nails.

"You always look pretty good to me," said Archie—his notion of a compliment.

"The Slim Princess," Hewitt had called her only the day before.

Hewitt stayed three months in Honolulu, at the end of which time he took his sister on to the Orient. He left without ever having departed from his attitude of admiring comradeship so far as Milly was concerned, and Milly stood on the dock when his ship sailed—Mrs. Kittredge was there, of course—with hungry eyes and a dreadful sort of hole in her heart.

"He was a nice boy," said Mrs. Kittredge as they turned away together. And Milly dared add nothing to that.

SHE was by now a slave to the beach in a queer, unknowing sort of way. Physically, of course, it had made her new. But the feel of the water and the feel of the sand and the feel of the sun—the lotus-eating idleness of the thing—had got hold of her. Housekeeping bored her. She left it all to Matsu, whose idea of vegetables was apt to be two—Irish and sweet potatoes—and whose deserts ran the gamut of the more ingenious puddings—bread, rice, and tapioca.

Archie might have thought the result economy. He made no complaint, at any time, although if Milly had turned suddenly, some days, she might have caught him looking at her with a sort of dumb hurt in his eyes.

"Do you go swimming every day?" he asked once.

"Yes. Does it make any difference?" returned Milly.

She knew it did. Archie, so far as one could see, knew nothing about it. He did think, Archie did—at least he said so—that Milly might perhaps go back to doing her own work, since there were only the two of them and the high cost of living continued to mount.

"No, I thank you!" said Milly.

She looked at her beautifully kept hands—and laughed. Archie didn't press the matter. He was tired.

If he thought anything at all about the rift which was widening from one day to another between Milly and him, he didn't voice it. He went about his life as quietly, as steadily, as reticently as he had always done, paid bills as she presented them to him, read his interminable books across the room from her at night, and slept beside her afterward with no word of change threatening. Perhaps he hadn't expected the moonshine to last and considered it all the usual process.

Milly grew desperate under his silence—the new Milly. She developed a silence of her own as to where she went and what she did. Sometimes, of an evening, she ran over to Mrs. Kittredge's bungalow with the excuse of a book to return or borrow, and left Archie to sit alone until bed-time. Mrs. Kittredge's evenings were not apt to be lonely, she usually had callers of one sort or another—masculine chiefly, the atmosphere was pleasantly informal, and Milly had her place there. They called her by her first name and made her one of them. Archie, in comparison, seemed a dull, quiet sort of person. And the memory of Hewitt was still a teasing ache. Caring about Hewitt had opened some sort of door to Milly. She was ripe for mischief when Kirk Neville came along.

Neville was a captain in the Marine Corps and had come out of Château Thierry with a decoration. He was outrageously good-looking in a thoroughly masculine way and had been in and out of love at the rate of three or four times a year since his first long trousers. Eyes, with the softness of an insatiable amorist, above a smile misleadingly ingenuous; mouth, clean-cut and cool below the sophisticated accentuation of a small, dark mustache; hands, lean and brown and swift-gripping. Neville was everything Archie was not—with the added and irrefutable lure of the uniform.

Milly met him first on the beach—in the water, rather. He swam alongside one afternoon, spoke to Mrs. Kittredge, and lingered deliberately till that lady drew Milly into the conversation.

"We won't know each other again. People who meet first in bathing-suits never do, do they?" Milly threw out at parting.

Neville told her with a smile: "I'll know you. I've been trying to meet you for a week."

"How nice of you!" she murmured.

"Question is, when do I see you again?" he insisted.

"Why, I live—my husband and I live—" Milly began.

"Yes, I knew you were married," said Neville. He grinned disarmingly.

Milly's own smile came out demurely. "Lina and I swim almost every day," she said.

"About the same time?"

She nodded, shaking the water from her eyes.

"Then that's that!" said Neville. He swam away from them with a long, powerful stroke.

"Where did you meet him, Lina?" asked Milly casually of Mrs. Kittredge.

"Party at the Country Club, one night," said Mrs. Kittredge, pulling herself up on the steps of the diving stand and sitting down with a meditative eye on the western horizon. "What's more, my good child, I don't advise you to play around with him. You'd be clay in his hands. He's an artist."

"I might be an artist, too," suggested Milly, swinging her pretty feet above a racing tumble of cloudy water.

"You might—but you're not," said Mrs. Kittredge crisply.

Milly stared in abrupt displeasure, but she didn't continue the discussion. She couldn't afford to quarrel with Lina at that stage.

NEVILLE met them on the beach the next day, and the next and the next, and for a good many days thereafter. He was not tied to an office and could mostly do as he pleased with his afternoons. He pleased at that time to spend them with Milly. Which didn't go long unnoticed. His reputation as a gallant had preceded him to the Islands. He knew his favor meant attention from the gossips and didn't much care. Milly realized it shortly and in the height and depth of her folly didn't care either.

She had made two lives for herself, now. One in which she rose in the morning and lay down at night, a perfunctory, alien creature, in the house which Archie kept over her head. One, a gorgeous, glowing day-dream of a life, in which she cleft the stinging sweetness of the waves with Neville's dark head at her shoulder or lay on the warm, dry sand and laughed into his coaxing eyes, or sat beside him in his roadster and watched the gray ribbon of Diamond Head Road unroll before them. There was a high-shouldered curve on Diamond Head where one might sit to watch the sunset in comparative solitude, fingers just touching, voices thrillingly lowered, with a breathless chance of being late for dinner afterward.

Milly took that chance more and more. All her life—that is, all of it which lay behind her—turned gray and barren in the light of those hours beside the sea, those deliciously stolen hours.

She wasn't definitely in love with Neville, but he became in no time at all a kind of necessity to her. He drugged her senses with intimate, delightful foolery. Like her, he was bond to the salt sea and the winy air and the blazing sun. He took great joy of his bodily strength. And he had no morals in especial. Once he said of the husband of a woman who was behaving rather badly,

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him!"

"Oh, Kirk!" cried Milly, offended and shocked. She had enough left of the old upbringing, for that.

Kirk grinned down at her engagingly. He knew his influence over women.

"Well—" he said coaxingly, "how will it?"

He was obviously sincere in his philosophy—man's honor not at all concerned with woman's.

Mrs. Kittredge, who happened to be along that time—they were dispensing more and more with the shield of her presence—looked sidewise at Milly and laughed her brief, dry laugh.

"Always remembering glass houses and the matter of stones," she suggested.

MILLY had moments of frankly disliking Mrs. Kittredge, as Eve, no doubt, had moments of frankly disliking the snake. Nevertheless, one way or another, she saw a good deal of her. For one thing, Milly depended to a certain extent upon the other woman, in the matter of clothes. The friendship with Neville involved new clothes and smarter ones. He was the sort of man who notices a frock, is critical of hats, and has a nose for subtle perfumes. Milly was at some pains to please him. His approval thrilled her oddly. She blossomed out under the warmth of his knowledgeable observation into a conspicuous figure, a figure whom men looked after curiously and women with an instinctive sniff of distrust. It was hard to find in the Milly of Neville's acquaintance, rose-lipped, rose-cheeked, deliberately slumberous of eye and languorous of voice, the unsophisticated creature whom Archie had married and set out to make a home for.

Inevitably the bills for the smarter clothes came home to Archie. He protested quietly.

"Do you need all this stuff? Seems to me a good deal for people in our circumstances. You know what my salary is. I'm not saving a cent."

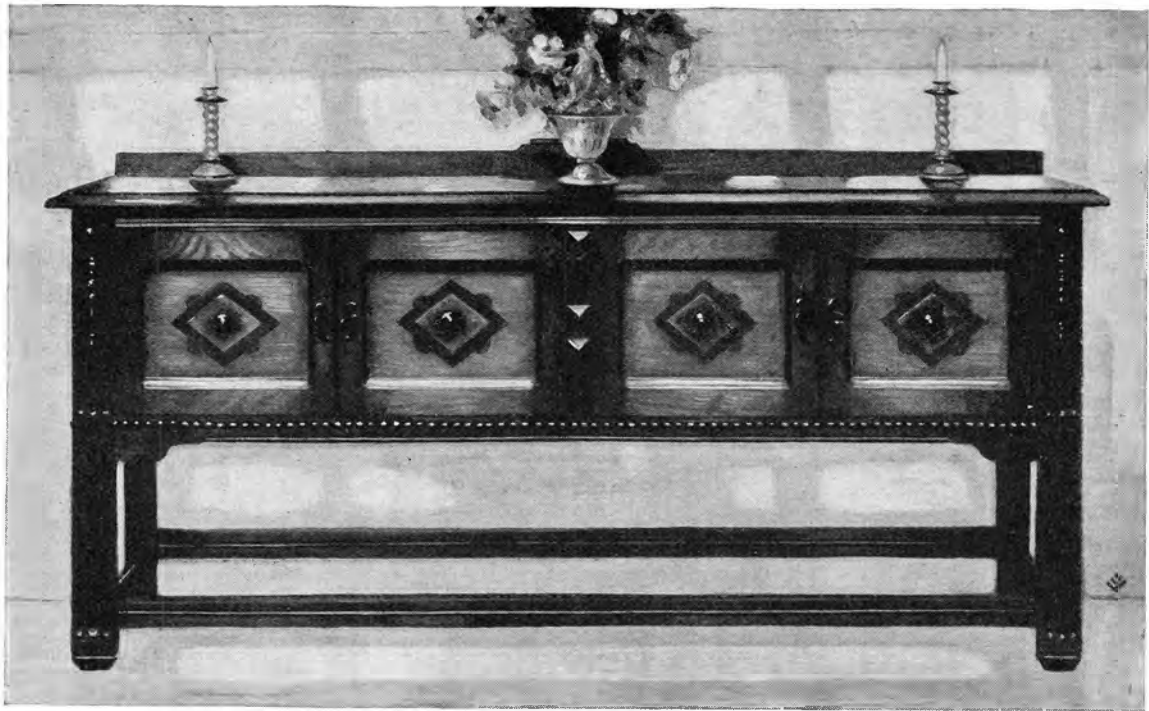
"If I didn't need it, I wouldn't get it," said Milly doggedly.

She awaited an outburst, knew she deserved it, steeled herself to answer it with plausibility. However, no outburst came. Archie only turned away.

The barrier between them reared a visible sky-line. They rose up and lay down together almost as strangers. Milly would have liked her own room, to herself, to be alone with her sun-warmed dreams, but she didn't quite dare suggest it. Back in Kansas such behavior is still considered preliminary to an open break. And Milly hadn't thought of an open break. She hadn't thought of anything beyond the incredible renaissance of glamour in her life, the sweet do-nothingness of the actual moment. She *wouldn't* think—just as she wouldn't think of Mildred Katharine, or the year in which she had come—and gone.

It was Mrs. Kittredge, oddly enough, who forced thought upon her. Mrs. Kittredge walked in, one morning, with a look of grim determination upon her small, sharp features and seated herself in a deep wicker chair beside Milly's dressing-table, at which Milly, midway of the considerable labors of her toilette,

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE



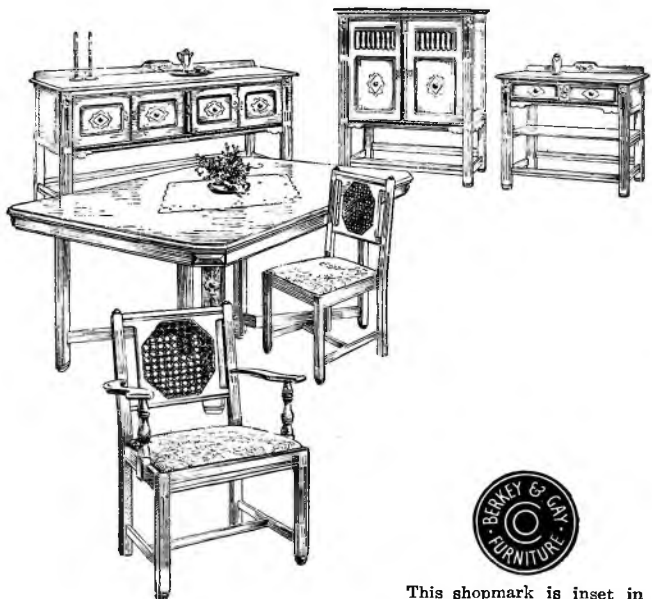
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The Beach-Comber

was powdering and brushing with a song on her lips.

"Morning," said Mrs. Kittredge coolly. "I ran over to have a talk with you. Going out?"

Milly lifted a defiant chin. It was no good keeping things from Lina, because she always found them out sooner or later, anyhow.

"I'm having lunch with Kirk—at the Moana," she said. "Why?"

Mrs. Kittredge leaned back in her chair, crossed her knees, and stared at the younger woman out of half-closed eyes. "I think," she said slowly, "that you are the biggest little fool of my acquaintance."

"Thanks," said Milly. "Did you come over to tell me so?"

"Partly. I've had you on my mind," said Mrs. Kittredge, "for some little time."

"That's very good of you, I'm sure."

"I feel responsible, in a way."

"No reason why you should," said Milly, flaring suddenly. "I'm not a child."

"You won't like what I am going to say to you," continued the other mercilessly, "but I'm going to say it just the same. It's this: Don't you think you'd better let Kirk and the rest of 'em alone and slow up a bit? You're getting yourself badly talked about."

"I haven't done anything I'm ashamed of," defended Milly hotly. The color swept up under her smooth, soft skin.

"I dare say you haven't—as yet," said Mrs. Kittredge dryly, "or I shouldn't trouble to interfere. However—Kirk Neville has taught you a good deal, hasn't he—about the gentle art of philandering? He can teach you a good deal more. Probably will, if you let him. Don't you think it's rather a shame to let go the way you're doing? You've got everything to lose, my dear, and nothing to gain."

"I DON'T see how you dare talk to me like this," said Milly breathlessly. "What do you know about my feelings?"

"I know the kind of girl you were seven or eight months ago," said Mrs. Kittredge, "and I know the kind you are now." She added with a wry little grimace, "I will say your wild-oats-sowing has taught you how to wear your hats!"

"You talk as if I—as if I weren't what I ought to be."

Mrs. Kittredge held up one thin, sunburned hand and inspected the polished nails of it. She said briefly, "I heard a woman on the Outrigger veranda yesterday call you a beach-comber."

"One of those old cats!" said Milly chokingly. Tears stung her eyelids.

"Old cats and gay dogs make up public opinion," said Mrs. Kittredge. She yawned and stretched her wiry little body. "It's no good your being angry with me. I'm only telling you to your face what other people are saying behind your back. I like you well enough to want to see you pull up while there's time. You aren't the first woman that beach has got to. There's something about the freedom of it, the gorgeous physical freedom, as opposed to the sort of thing we came from, that weakens the moral fiber, I suppose. One can't go back to the primitive in one generation—with safety. Then, too, you're idle. You've got nothing to do. And you're good-looking enough to attract triflers. I don't know what that nice young husband of yours is thinking of."

"What about your own?" asked Milly fiercely.

Mrs. Kittredge looked at her a moment in silence. A kind of haggard quietness settled down upon the thin, humorous mouth, the keen, gray eyes, beneath the carefully waved red hair. "I don't usually discuss it," she said coldly, "but if it'll have any influence with you, I don't mind telling you. My husband deserted me some years ago. I haven't seen him since Dick was a baby. His name and mine on a check once a year are the nearest approach to a relationship between us."

She linked her hands together in her lap. The knuckles were livid, but Milly did not see them.

"If I had a husband worthy of the name—and a home that somebody had made for me—you may be very sure," said Mrs. Kittredge bitterly, "that I should know how to keep them."

Milly shrank before the mordant significance of that lowered tone. "It was you who started me going to the beach every day," she said sullenly.

"Yes, my dear Eve!" said Mrs. Kittredge rising. "But who, seeing you in that black alpaca bathing-suit, would have dreamed you had it in you to become a beach-comber and a siren. Certainly I never did."

"Lina," said Milly suddenly, "don't be so beastly disagreeable! You've hurt my feelings horribly this morning. I don't want to stop being friends."

She put out a chilly, imploring hand, which Mrs. Kittredge accepted, sardonically smiling.

"I suppose you really need me to make a respectable third sometimes."

"I can't bear for you to say those things," said Milly reproachfully.

"But all the same, you don't intend to do anything about it, do you?" finished Mrs. Kittredge.

She did not reopen the subject. She had shot her bolt.

MILLY told Kirk Neville at luncheon, that day, across the tiny coffee-cups, something, not all, of what Lina had said to her.

"Well," said Kirk, smiling thoughtfully to himself, "something to it, of course. Dare say people are talking. You're a good-looking child, bound to be noticed." He leaned a trifle nearer, looked suddenly deep into Milly's big, soft eyes, an endearing trick of his and one that never staled in its effect on her. "Milly, is it worth it? Tell me."

"Is what worth it?" murmured Milly evasively.

"You and me," said Kirk, "and our times together. We get a thrill out of life—don't we, Milly?—together! That's what I mean, as you very well know. Of course, if your life's so full of thrills already that you don't need me—or want me—"

She lifted her eyes and looked back at him.

"So it is worth it!" he whispered triumphantly. "I rather thought it was. Then let 'em talk. What do you care? They're jealous, that's all, because you're young and beautiful."

"Oh, Kirk, am I honestly?"

"Of course, you are! Best-looking girl in this man's town! And you're alive. They can't forgive you that."

It all seemed very logical as Kirk put it, but there were hours, of necessity, when Kirk wasn't at hand to support his philosophy, and in those hours Milly began to know a kind of gnawing inquietude. Not even the beach could quite assuage it.

She went about more than ever, after Lina's attempt at a reckoning, and grew comparatively reckless where Kirk was concerned. Hours, each day, they lay on the beach together, swam together, talked together over tea on the lanai of the Moana, and once in a while, Milly, ostensibly caught up in a party of Lina's making, met Kirk at a dance somewhere, but that they didn't dare often. Her evenings were still spent across the table from Archie, a quivering farce.

Also, as any one might have known, the romantic camaraderie of you-and-me advanced by rapid stages upon something more tangible. Kirk was presently free of Milly's hands. He used to kiss them when he left her, with any reasonable degree of seclusion. The first time he put his arm about her, she drew away from him, and he laughed at her.

"Silly, what's the difference? Are you afraid of me?"



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The Beach-Comber

"No-o," sighed Milly.
"Well, then," said Kirk and considered the point carried.

From that to her lips was a mere matter of degree. The night he tried it, she held him off. The scene was, precariously enough, staged in Lina's pantry, with four other people playing bridge in the living-room.

"Please, Kirk—please!" Milly begged him.
"Please, Milly—please!" begged Kirk. He was heartbreakingly good to look at, with that confident little smile on his lips, his dark eyes shining out of his smooth, bronzed face. He whispered close to her ear, "You do like me a little, don't you?"

"Please—please!" gasped Milly desperately. She was fighting herself as much as him. Which he may have guessed. He hadn't much to learn about women.

He stooped again, with Milly's pretty white hands palm-out against his chest fending him away; whispered, "Look at me! Look at me, Milly!"

He had seen the glimmer of the thing he was always hunting in her eyes from the first. He knew if he could once get the surrender of her look—

FOOTSTEPS crossed the living-room floor. He released her instantly. She slipped away from him; was on her knees before the ice-box, one hand exploring its chilly depths, by the time the door opened.

"We're almost ready for food," said Lina, appearing on the threshold. She raked both Kirk and Milly with an amused, slow glance.

"Just a minute, dear," said Milly.
"Patience, old thing!" said Kirk pleasantly. Lina went back to the card-table.

Kirk caught Milly's hand as she passed him hurriedly and said, very low,
"Next time, Milly!"

When Milly made no answer, only snatched her hand away with a nervously imploring glance, he insisted,

"Tomorrow night, the party at the hotel, you're coming?"
"If I can manage it. I don't know."

"I've got a magnate for you. Wear the black lace frock."
"I'm not sure, Kirk."

"Tell him—say it's Lina's party—for Maxwell—eminent financier and all that. He is, really. You've got to come, Milly! I'll meet you here and drive you down."

"I don't know. I can't promise."
"Say yes, Milly. I won't let you go, if you don't. Say yes!"

Milly said it in desperation. She did not want Lina standing once more in the doorway, looking—and smiling.

Next morning, across the breakfast-table, Milly said to Archie buried in the newspaper as usual:

"Archie, Lina is having a little party tonight at the hotel for a Mr. Maxwell—a big business man from the East. He knows her people back home. She wants me to come. . . . I told her I'd have to ask you."

"That must have given her quite a jolt," said Archie without looking up.

Milly's color rose sharply. She clenched her hands in her lap, but schooled her voice to conciliatory smoothness. "Don't be horrid about it. I really should like awfully to go—if you don't mind."

"Am I invited?" inquired Archie tonelessly.
"Why—Lina knows you don't care for dancing—she needs dancing men—I'm sure she'd love to have you—if you'd like to come," said Milly and lifted her coffee-cup in unsteady fingers.

Archie got up from the table and reached for his hat. Milly watched him with an unpleasant flutter in her breast. At the doorway he said, without turning:

"I've got to go back to the office tonight. Tell Matsu to have something for me at about half-past five. I don't care what you do."

After that, of course, when Kirk telephoned at a discreet half after ten and asked briefly, "How about tonight?" Milly answered instantly, "It's all right. We meet at Lina's, don't we? I'll be there by seven."

She spent the remainder of the day very pleasantly, doing her hair and her nails, pressing her frock, and resting. Something like a persistent strain of music hung in her thoughts from one hour to another, something that was going to happen. If she thought of Kirk's eyes, his bold, caressing smile, little tremors ran down to the tips of her fingers; her heartbeats quickened deliciously.

She managed to be busy about something and not too much in evidence when Archie came home for his solitary dinner. She asked him from the kitchen doorway if he had had enough to eat, and he said curtly, "Plenty."

Then he lit a cigarette, took his hat, and went out again, and Milly flew to her room to get out the black lace frock. It was one of the frocks which Lina had helped her buy and whose cost Archie had questioned, a mere web of a thing, black cobweb of flower and leaf over the fair, warm satin of Milly's shoulders and arms, a silver ribbon about the slender waist, a silver and copper rose dripping fragile silver leaves.

Milly was charming in it, almost too charming—her cheeks, the merest thought too carefully flushed, her hair too darkly, simply smooth, her eyes too darkly burning. She flung a black satin cape about her—that, too, had cost a bit—picked up a trifling brocaded bag, and remembered that she had no money in the house. She had the thrifty-forebearing horror of going out without a bit of money. She glanced about desperately. It was almost seven. Nothing in her bureau drawer, nothing in her purse. Her look swept the dressing-table once more and found—she drew a little gasp of relief—Archie's pocketbook. How on earth had he forgotten it?

Money inside—not much. She rifled the worn, brown-leather thing with the shamed blood at her temples. Two folded one-dollar bills. She took one of them and three pieces of silver. She might have thought of thirty pieces of silver under somewhat similar circumstances—but she didn't; she would not let herself think. She closed the pocketbook with impatient, shaking fingers. Something inside interfered. She opened it again, snatched out an envelop, folded small and discolored in the creases, which had stopped the catch of the pocketbook.

SHE looked at it—stood, for all her haste, and looked at it one long, arrested moment. A dreadful curiosity took her by the throat. She handled the small square, stared at it, fingered it. What was Archie carrying about with him like that—treasuring—hoarding? She had to know—anyhow, whether she had any longer a right to know or not. She unfolded it deliberately, cold with a horrid mixture of rage and fear, opened it, shook out the contents.

Something fell into her palm like the touch of lips—something silken and dark and small—something frail as a shadow—tied with a thread of blue silk. A curl—a poor little ghost of a curl—a curl that had never known the sun and the wind of life.

Milly stood and stared down at it while the heart in her breast stopped beating for an instant, then went on again heavily. A cry like a shriek went through her soul, a voiceless cry, "My baby—oh, my baby!"

Then she dropped the pitiful, brown wisp back into the envelop, refolded it, slipped it once more inside the pocketbook, laid the pocketbook back on the dressing-table, and went out, stumbling a little upon the threshold of Archie's house—as well she might.

Kirk was waiting for her in Lina's living-room. So was Lina. So was Mr. Maxwell,



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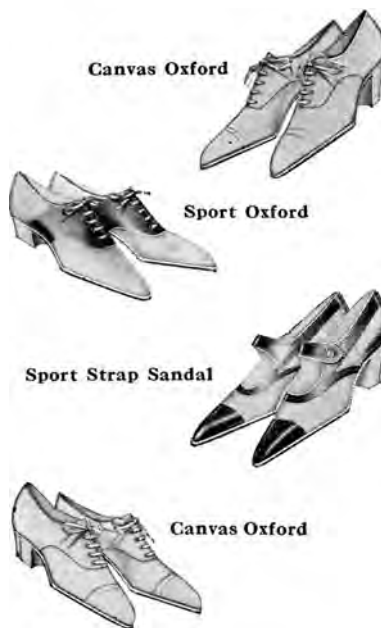
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The Beach-Comber

an elderly man with a gray mustache and a disarming twinkle in his faded, blue eyes.

"You're late, my dear," said Lina critically. "Something kept me," murmured Milly.

She felt that Mr. Maxwell regarded her with approval. She smiled at him pleadingly, and he returned the smile with a measure of protectiveness.

"Plenty of time," he said authoritatively. "Plenty of time!"

"You made a hit with the old boy. Any one could see that." Kirk assured Milly as he swung his roadster out of King Street into Kalakaua. "Don't let him take you away from me, will you, sweetest?"

"How silly you are!" She evaded his hand, closing suddenly over her own.

"He's rich as Croesus," Kirk chuckled, "and his wife's been dead for years. He and my father are terrible pals. That's why I'm staging this fiesta tonight for him. But I don't quite mean to hand over my girl to him, just the same. Don't let him look at you too hard."

"I don't like you to talk to me like that," said Milly rather low.

Kirk's voice, dropped to an answering earnest, grew startlingly warm. "Oh, yes, you do. If I'm losing my head, you're losing yours, too. Think I can't tell? You can't stand me off like this much longer. Why won't you look at me, Milly? Afraid, aren't you?"

But Kalakaua Avenue was after all too brightly lit for any emotional argument other than words. Kirk drove presently, in a tense silence, under the porte-cochère of the big white hotel and helped Milly out with only an ardent crushing of her unsteady fingers.

SHE found herself, at dinner, between Kirk and the guest of honor.

"Now, this is pleasant," said Mr. Maxwell. "I haven't sat down to a table between here and New York that promised a pleasanter evening."

He made himself rather more than agreeable to Milly, without, however, a trace of the sentimentality Kirk had suggested. He talked easily and interestingly on a variety of subjects, carrying an undertone of deference to Milly's opinion that somehow soothed and steadied her.

Kirk whispered at her ear once: "Don't vamp the old chap too hard. I'm still here!"

But Milly gave him her eyes and no more. If she wished to inflame his ardor she was succeeding admirably. His occasional claims upon her attention came with a deeper and deeper insistence.

Outside the big, crowded dining-room with its mingled scents of flowers and food, its shaded lights, its strumming, exotic music, the sea lay dark and murmurous. Its voice came in at the windows, monotonous and unresting. The sea and the beach—just outside the lighted windows—waiting, always waiting. . .

Mr. Maxwell was quoting Kipling: "Somewhere east of Suez," he was saying thoughtfully. "This isn't quite the same thing, of course, but something in common, I should say. Personally, I don't like the tropics. Unquestionably they do something to us poor mortals of the temperate zone. Though, for the matter of that, the colder regions have an effect of their own as well. That enormous loneliness. It takes a strong man—"

Milly looked up at him with a perfunctory question. She had been sitting in a half-daze, not hearing much, seeing less, her mind running in a tortured circle.

"What colder regions?" she asked vaguely. "I was thinking of Alaska, at the moment," Mr. Maxwell explained. "I happen to have interests there."

"Furs?" suggested Milly, trying to appear appreciative.

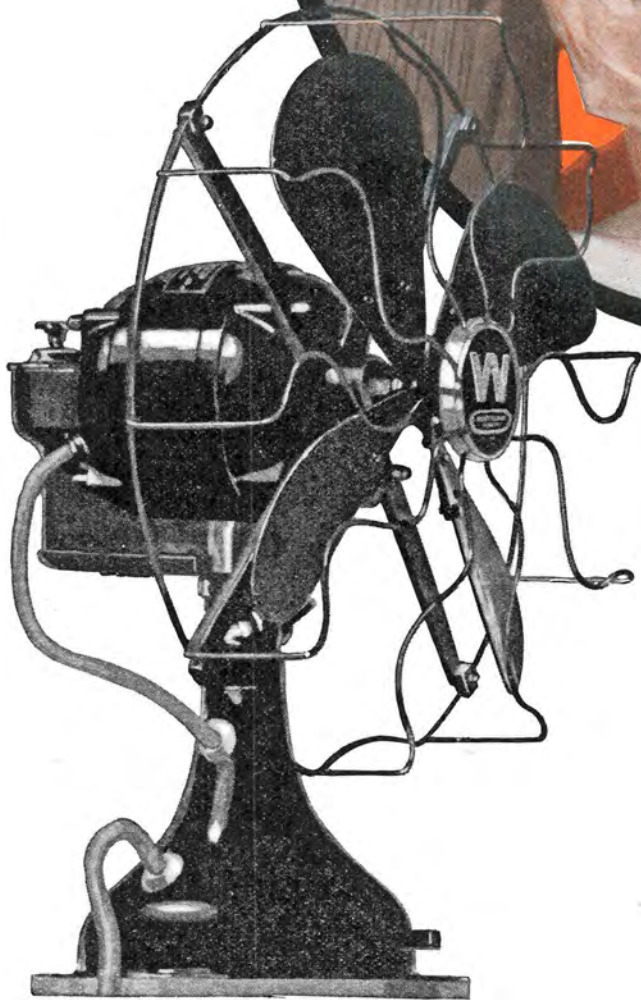
"Not exactly," said Mr. Maxwell kindly. He went into considerable detail in the matter of his Alaskan interests, with the flat-

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Sleep in a bedroom that is cooled by a Westinghouse Electric Fan, and face the sultry days with ample reserves of vitality.

Westinghouse Electric Fans are so quiet as to be practically noiseless. They produce a lot of breeze from a little current. You may be assured that they are durable, and you will like their attractive appearance. The all-over black finish of Westinghouse Fans gives them a quiet richness that is unusually pleasing.

Westinghouse Fans, equipped with the wonderfully quiet Westinghouse motor, are ideal for night use, and for all household or business purposes. There is a very complete line of them at your electrical dealer's, from whom you can get some interesting facts about their exceptional breeze-producing qualities.

For restful nights, and for comfortable days, there is the Westinghouse Fan. You will recognize it by the well-known Westinghouse mark. "Start it going—keep it blowing."

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.

Offices in all Principal Cities • Representatives Everywhere



Suppose you were a catsup manufacturer instead of the manager of a home.

SUPPOSE you manufactured catsup or flour or salad dressing or a cereal—or—well, any one of the other 25 food products advertised in this issue of Good Housekeeping.

If you manufactured one of them, you would depend, of course, on one primary thing for success. You'd have to have markets. Or buyers—or consumers—or whatever you want to call them.

Naturally you would advertise your product. You would call the public's attention to it. You would announce its merits, explain its superior qualities. You would spend a lot of money for advertising (if you wanted to be successful).

At the end of a year, your advertising appropriation would amount to anywhere between \$50,000 and \$1,000,000.

Now you are beginning to wonder. Is this an expense? Is this something for which the consumer will have to pay in the long run? Decidedly not! Your bookkeeper could prove that to you.

Take the case of crackers. Sold in bulk, they are generally of inferior quality. Packaged, they are cleaner, better, more wholesome, and *cheaper*. Years ago, a breakfast food cost 15c a package. Today, the package is much larger and sells for the same price or less.

These are not isolated examples. They are representative of the effect of advertising. Advertising means greater markets, increased production, more efficient buying, lower cost per unit, lower selling price to the consumer.



Advertising will reveal an inferiority in a product more quickly than any other agency. Better than that, no advertising is accepted by Good Housekeeping unless the product is absolutely dependable. (The guarantee is explained on page 4).

Already millions of American women have saved money—and time—and effort as a result of the guaranteed advertisements in Good Housekeeping.



The Beach-Comber

tered expansiveness of an older man finding in an attractive young woman an eager listener. Much of it Milly let pass with smiling, vague attention, but all at once a word or so caught her. drew the dark fire of her look, held her breathless, demanding:

"Tell me that last again! What were you saying about an electrical engineer—and wireless? I didn't quite—"

Across the table Lina, watching, twisted a thin, skeptical mouth.

Mr. Maxwell repeated himself: "I was speaking of a new station which our company has established far up on the Alaskan coast. I said it was incredibly lonely, but that for a man who had strength of character enough to take such a position and stick it out, the prospects were splendid. I said it was hard to find such a man. I was comparing that with this." He swept a keen amused glance around the room.

Milly leaned forward and looked straight into the eyes beneath the grizzled brows. "I know such a man," she said. She wondered if he could hear her heart-beats.

"Oh, you do!" said Mr. Maxwell. Something moved him to pat her hand, gripping the edge of the table.

"He must be an electrical engineer—and a wireless operator?"

"Those are the technical requisites," admitted Mr. Maxwell. He was watching her now with an alert quietude.

UPON the other side Kirk was watching, and listening as well. Milly felt a pressure against the side of her slipped ear, caught a chuckle and a whisper,

"Milly—you little devil!"

She insisted, her cheeks burning: "I know a man—he's always wanted to go there. I am sure he would do. May I send him to see you? May I?"

"Why—I hadn't expected to go into the matter, here—" Mr. Maxwell hesitated.

"But if it were the right man, you'd take him wherever you found him?"

"Yes, I dare say I should."

"Then say you'll let me send him to see you tomorrow morning. Will you give me an appointment for him?"

"Is he a friend of yours?" inquired Mr. Maxwell kindly.

He sensed some secret issue of vital importance to this delightful girl. Beside which, she might have the very man—no telling. In any case, no harm in an interview.

He repeated, "A friend of yours?"

With Kirk's ardent glance brushing her averted face, Milly answered in a low voice: "He—used to be."

"Tell him I'll see him at eleven-fifteen tomorrow morning, Young Hotel lobby," said Mr. Maxwell crisply. He waved her thanks aside. "I don't promise anything, mind. The rest's up to him."

They left the dining-room not very long after that. There was music upon the lanai, and Milly danced twice with Kirk. He was full of outrageous exultation.

"Milly, I never dreamed you had it in you! Think you can put it over? You'd be free then, with a vengeance! Used to be a friend of yours. I could hardly keep my face straight. Leave it to a woman every time!"

"Hush!" said Milly. "Hush! Some one'll hear you. I'm awfully tired. I'm going home after this dance."

"I'll drive you, then."

"No, you won't. Mr. Maxwell's tired, too. He's promised to drop me on his way to the Young."

She drew away from Kirk's possessive fingers, cast a nervous glance about her.

"Have it your own way," he told her, smiling indulgently. "As I told you coming down, you can't stand me off much longer. You know I'm mad about you. Milly—you beautiful child. Be on the beach, tomorrow?"

"I—I can't tell. I'm going now."



HEINZ Vinegars

FRESH VEGETABLES and salads! Heinz Vinegars make them taste better. They are the secret of a surprisingly delicious flavor. For Heinz Vinegars bring out the hidden flavor of green things, and add a rich mellowness all their own. The aroma adds keen zest to the appetite. For all table and kitchen uses.

Selected materials, skill in making, and aging in wood for at least a year are responsible for the rare qualities of Heinz Vinegars,—three kinds:

Malt Vinegar—made from barley malt

White Vinegar—made from selected grain

Cider Vinegar—made from choice cider apples

PINTS, QUARTS, HALF-GALLONS in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

Some of the

57

HEINZ Imported Olive Oil

is the pure, first pressing of choice olives. Made in the Heinz establishment at Seville, Spain, according to the standards of purity and skill that characterize the "Home of the 57."

Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
5 AND 10¢ STORE



Lorraine

TRADE MARK

HAIR NETS

WITH hair nets almost as essential as hair pins, it is a satisfaction to the smartly coiffured woman to realize that the tremendous buying power of the Woolworth Stores brings to her the quality of hair nets she prefers—Lorraine quality—at the economy price of 10c.

In the envelope with each net is included a guarantee slip—proof that the net was thrice-examined and will reach you in perfect condition.



10¢
EACH

Extra Large
Guaranteed
All Colors
 INCLUDING
Grey and White

Sold Exclusively at

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES

The Beach-Comber

"Same time as usual. Don't make me wait for you. I can't stand it." His devilry was slipping into dangerous earnest: "Besides—you've got to let me know what happens in the morning. Rather a Biblical situation, isn't it? Who was it went to war while David—" "Please—please hush!" begged Milly, terrified.

She made her goodbys in the face of Lina's small, searing smile and got away, with Mr. Maxwell as the staidest of convoys.

Kirk's last word was a daring whisper: "Tomorrow! Dream about me, Milly!"

Then the ride home through the fragrant dark—Mr. Maxwell's quiet, friendly farewells—the key that slipped and fumbled in icy fingers before the door swung open—

Archie was sitting at the table in the yellow glow of the lamp, with a book open before him, one hand thrust into his thick, dark hair, as he had sat—how many nights before?

Milly came into the room and dropped her cape and bag upon a chair. She unwound a web of tulle from her hair and flung that aside as well. She sat down at the table and looked at Archie until he lifted his head and looked back at her.

"Have a good time?" he asked grimly.

"Yes," said Milly. "Mr.—Mr. Maxwell was a very interesting person. I sat next him at dinner."

"Did you?" asked Archie briefly and returned to his book.

MILLY had meant to lead up to what she had to say very carefully. Now her knees trembled so violently, her heart beat so against her breast, and such an icy dew broke out upon her forehead that she knitted her hands closely together upon the edge of the table, set her teeth, drew a long, quivering breath and said hurriedly: "Archie—I—I made an appointment—with Mr. Maxwell—for you—tomorrow morning at the Young—eleven o'clock—that is, eleven-fifteen."

"That was good of you," said Archie, without looking up. "May I ask what for?"

Milly told him, in a voice she strove desperately to hold steady, about the station in Alaska where a man was needed—a strong man—and all the rest of it. She talked nervously and quickly, repeating herself once or twice, and she finished shivering from head to foot.

"It's an electrical engineer they need—and I told him—"

"Oh, you did!" said Archie again.

He leaned across the table and looked at her as if she were an unlovely thing. His voice, too, was unsteady. Suddenly it broke. He began to speak very low, a dark flush mounting to his cheek-bones.

"What does Neville think of all this? Did you get his advice? Or has the other one been writing to you? I've sat quiet under it, but do you suppose I don't know how you've thrown away our lives and our happiness with your two hands? What is it you want now? I've got no child, no wife. Do you want me to chuck my home in after the rest? Is that it?"

He got up and went blindly to the nearest window; stood there, staring out into the soft Hawaiian night. It was dreadful to see the way in which he fought himself still, as if every word stabbed and slashed its way out of his ordinary decent reticence.

"You've found a way to get rid of me—is that it?" he asked hoarsely.

Milly heard a sharp, gasping cry. It came from her own dry lips. She ran over to him and caught his hard-clenched hand in both of hers. He jerked it away, but she caught it back again. He could not force himself free without hurting her. But he would not look at her.

She said with the tears streaming down over her pitifully contorted face: "No—no—not that! I want—you—to take me—with you—that's what I want! I know I've been foolish—but—but not—so bad as—you think. I



You're going to like this tooth paste

— it's made by the makers of *Listerine*

THE first time you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will note a delightfully fresh, clean, polished feeling about your teeth.

This means that your dentifrice has really done its work and that you have taken the proper precaution against dreaded pyorrhea.

Listerine Tooth Paste was perfected after

years of study and experiment. Its finely powdered calcium phosphate proves an ideal cleanser. A small amount of mild fruit acid assures that adequate flow of saliva which is so essential.

Altogether you have here a tooth paste that is scientifically ideal for mouth and teeth. The makers of Listerine are proud to stand back of it.



LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.



This is our Fusan Pattern

DEEP, easy chairs, cushiony and comfortable, crackling logs and glowing coals, well chosen rugs and hangings—it is in homes where beauty has been combined with real comfort that you find Syracuse China.

For, though lovely in design and coloring, it is for more than these that Syracuse China is chosen. Its permanence is one of its chief charms. Unlike the thin, brittle egg-shell china which enjoyed a transient popularity, Syracuse China is well made and substantial. No nicks or cracks occur with ordinary handling.

While every effort is being made to fill all orders promptly, the increasing demands make this impossible in many cases. You will be well repaid for waiting, though. Syracuse China is made in America and sensibly priced.

ONONDAGA POTTERY COMPANY
Syracuse, New York

SYRACUSE CHINA

The Beach-Comber

thought you—didn't care—when—my baby—died."

"God!" said Archie, the groan of a man struck down from behind. "Was—that—the beginning?"

"That was—it—" said Milly. She could scarcely speak. "I want—to go away—with you! I want to—start—over again—Archie!"

"When did you make up your mind to this?" Archie was looking at her now. His eyes went through her like swords.

She told him, brokenly, the naked truth, "Tonight."

"Why? That's what I want to know. Why?"

The room was still as death. Milly answered him so low he could scarcely hear her, a sob tearing the words apart,

"I found the little—curl—in your pocket-book."

There was an empty, endless moment, then Archie caught her close, choking back a sob of his own. "Poor little Milly!" he muttered huskily. "There—there—my poor little sweetheart."

He said it over and over again while Milly cried herself still on his shoulder. He didn't say much else. He was Archie. He hadn't much else to say. But once Milly put a groping hand up to stroke his face, touched his eyes, and found her fingers wet.

After a long time, when she was quiet again, he put her in the chair by the table and knelt down and untied her slippers for her. He had done that before, once or twice, but in the honeymoon only. It was a silly little service she adored.

"Sure you want to go to Alaska?" he asked briefly.

"I hate this place!" said Milly. "You don't know—" She stopped, her big eyes mistily imploring. "—Yes, I'm sure, Archie. I want to go."

"What time tomorrow morning did you say?" asked Archie. "Eleven-fifteen?"

Still kneeling, he crossed his arms upon her lap and hid his face in them. Milly felt his shoulders relax as after a long, long strain.

She stooped above him, crooning—the little, tender mother-sounds that Mildred Katharine had stayed too brief a while to hear.

The Dwarfies

(Continued from page 71)

fishies that happened to be swimming by.

Uncle Benjamin Beetle had a hard time quieting his wiggly-worm pony when a whistling bomb shrieked through the grass after the Lady-bug twins.

When the last piece of fireworks had gone out and no one had been hurt or had their toes or fingers burned, the Dwarfie ladies suggested that they have a midnight picnic, so they hastily packed goodies into baskets and went laughing and shouting through the woods to the pond. There they found the Will-o'-the-Wisp fairies dancing over the surface of the water.

"This is the best place to have our picnic!" cried all the lady Dwarfies.

So they asked the Will-o'-the-Wisp fairies to come and share in the picnic, and they all ate cookies and cream puffs and doughnuts until old Mister Sun peeped up over the hills and it was time to run to their tiny homes.

Of course the Dwarfies and the other woodland creatures slept nearly all the day, but along toward evening they came out of their homes and cleaned up all the pieces of burned fireworks they had left upon the ground.

"You know," Grampy Dwarfie told little Weeny Dwarfie as they carried the scraps of fireworks away, "our front yards are just like our faces. We must always keep them nice and clean, so that every one who sees them will know that a clean happy person lives back of them!"

The Greatest Sandwich in the World



"TASTE
THE
TASTE"

It's Ham!

—that most wonderful taste for sandwiches ever made! *But*—it isn't just every-day ham, sliced and slapped into sandwiches that pull and tear apart as you bite into them!

No! *This* ham is cooked ever so tenderly in covered kettles that *keep in* all that bewitching savor and aroma of the salt and sugar curing and hickory smoking. Then it's chopped fine and mixed with the famous old Underwood Deviled Dressing of mustard and mild spices, until the piquant—not too hot—seasoning penetrates every ham fibre.

This ham, spread on thin, crustless slices of fresh white bread!—and you've the Greatest Sandwich in the World.

And listen to this—It costs *less per sandwich* than sliced or home-chopped ham.

Has only one rival—That's Underwood Deviled Tongue—another slick sandwich maker with another tempting taste created in a similar way.

Get a can today and make some of these world's greatest sandwiches. If your grocer hasn't Underwood Deviled Ham or Deviled Tongue, send us his name and 25c for can of either to try. Makes 12 big sandwiches. Both cans, 50c.

Free Recipe Book

"The Little Red Devil Recipes" contains not only novel sandwich combinations, but new salads, omelets, croquettes, etc., as delicious as the sandwiches. In sending, mention grocer's name.

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
48 Fulton Street Boston, Mass



Look for the Little Red Devil Seal of Flavor Quality. It appears on Underwood Deviled Ham and Deviled Tongue. And on Underwood Sardines, Clam Chowder, Clam Bouillon, Clams in Bouillon, Flaked Fish, and Corned Beef Hash.



★
Underwood
Deviled Ham or Deviled Tongue
"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"



Look for the name stamped in both ends of the tin.

Tasty Sandwiches

For porch party or thimble bee, you wish something dainty, something to tempt the appetite. What is more tasty than a sandwich with fragrant coffee or cooling iced tea?

Chicken and Lettuce, Club, Delmonico, or Chicken and Pimiento sandwiches—they are relished by every one. And they may be made in a few minutes, without fuss or bother, from a tin of R. & R. Boned Chicken—tempting slices of chicken meat with the real country flavor.

R. & R. Boned Chicken actually costs less than the same quantity of chicken meat bought "on the fowl."

R. & R. PRODUCTS
Plum Pudding
Boned Chicken
Potted Ham
Potted Chicken
French Process Prunes
(in glass jars)

Just the thing for picnics, outings, hikes, camping parties, etc. Easily carried, easily prepared, always fresh, always good. A tin contains three times as much meat as the same weight of unprepared fowl.

Write for our booklet, "The Home Chef," by Mary Andrews Worthington, containing practical recipes and dainty menus.

EST. 1855

RICHARDSON & ROBBINS
 DOVER DELAWARE
BONED CHICKEN

Military Discipline in the Home

(Continued from page 48)

posted in his room. A similar set was posted in the kitchen for the mother's convenience. Each of the three older boys was given a watch, so that failure to know the time could be eliminated as an excuse for non-punctuality. Watches were to be synchronized with mine each evening at dinner-time.

Monday morning, the zero hour, finally dawned, and what a difference there was in the manner of our arising. The alarm clock had scarcely sounded when seven pairs of feet hit the floor. In each room, with windows thrown wide open, a small boy started on his twenty-minutes' stint of snappy setting-up exercises. Mother and I were doing the same in our room. Following that, there was a grand rush for the bathroom to be first at the cold shower, and a rub-down with a great, rough towel. And then, wonder of wonders, each boy found his own clothes unaided; got into them, also unaided; and arrived at the breakfast-table on time, with clean face and hands, hair brushed, teeth brushed, nails manicured, and shoes shined; and in like manner the duties of the day were carried out without any instructions from us.

Each boy knew what to do, how to do it, when to do it. When he turned in at night, it was with the consciousness of having performed his duties for the day. He had been a responsible member of the family. He had been a help to his mother, instead of a hindrance. The clothes he had just removed were on a certain hook in his room. He could find them in the dark. His neatly shined shoes with stockings inserted in them were just below that hook, and his school books were all in a neat pile where he could find them in the morning. He had left no lights burning or water running. He had not teased the baby or screamed "Mother" from the attic when she was in the cellar. In other words, he had been a blessing to the family, and yet he had had time to romp and play and had thoroughly enjoyed his unique experience.

Results of the System

This system has now been in force for well over a year and has operated with marked success from the start. That it is thoroughly approved of by the boys themselves is evidenced by the fact that when, during a recent move, it was necessarily interrupted for a few days, the boys were impatient for the time to arrive when it could again become effective. Mother is now plump, serene, and happy, and wonders how she managed to exist under the old chaotic conditions. She no longer drives five wild young colts, each pulling in a different direction. They pull now, to be sure, but together and effectively, along the same line toward a common goal. The boys, through systematic study, are all doing exceptionally well in school and are becoming daily more and more self-reliant and manly. Following the army parlance, mother has, since the start, been known as the "Top-Kicker," while I have been dubbed the "Old Man" or the "C. O." The boys are proud of their family and its ability to function efficiently, and would not under any circumstances go back to the old conditions.

The regular morning setting-up exercises have done wonders for them physically. Every chest is deep and arched. Stomachs are flat and lean; limbs straight and beautifully covered with supple, well-developed muscles. Every boy is several pounds over average weight for his years, and in the pink of condition physically. We don't know what it is to have a doctor in the house. The elder boys have been taught to box and wrestle and can give good accounts of themselves in scrimmages with any boys of equal age. In fact, they are so sure of their abilities in fistic encounters that they are apt to carry very

lightly balanced chips on their shoulders, and will sail in and clean up an unsuspecting schoolmate, sometimes with slight provocation. While we do not aim to rear a lot of bullies, the "Top-Kicker" and I both feel every boy should be able to fight and to hit hard when occasion demands. The ability to do this not only adds immeasurably to his own self-respect and self-confidence, but it raises him greatly in the esteem of his companions and not infrequently places him in a position of leadership in his particular gang. In this way he naturally acquires ability in the handling of boys and in the directing of their affairs which will be of inestimable value to him when applied to men, in the battle of life which so shortly follows his school days. And after all, the good things of life are awarded only to the strong, who go after them aggressively, with courage, fortitude, and perseverance.

In the practical application of this principle our experience has taught us that demerits must be awarded only by the "Top-Kicker" and the "C. O." and that the utmost fairness, justice, and impartiality must be exercised. It calls for keen insight into child nature, and judgment of a high order, to award demerits without antagonizing. The "Top-Kicker" is an expert in this line, and can "soak a kid" on a serious offense with enough demerits to put him on the second conduct grade, and still have that unfortunate feel that he has received only what is due him, and that his old "Top-Kicker" is the squarest, whitest mother in the world.

Parents Must Cooperate

Another important point is that every possible facility and convenience must be placed at the disposal of the child for the proper care and the orderly storage of his clothing and other personal property. You can not expect him to hang his hat on a hook that only a grown-up can reach; or shine his shoes if the means are not available. It has therefore been necessary for me to make the requisite alterations in the boys' closets, to assign certain drawers to each boy for storage space, and to instruct them carefully in the orderly and systematic disposal of their effects. A line of coat hooks has also been placed conveniently downstairs for hats and overcoats, as the boys come in and go out during the day, and certain places reserved for rubbers and umbrellas. In order to avoid disputes over ownership of articles of clothing, each child's garments are marked with his initials woven into a small piece of tape and sewn to the garment. Thus if the "Top-Kicker" finds Dick's undershirt in the handkerchief drawer, he can not very well claim it belongs to Otis and get away with it. Prior to the institution of this marking system we had considerable difficulty in ascertaining the ownership of articles of clothing belonging to the twins; and disputes over ownership frequently resulted in fistic encounters, occasionally terminating in bloody noses and black eyes. Twins are funny creatures. They will stick together solidly against outside aggression, but in differences between themselves will fight at the slightest provocation.

Finally, the system, to be effective, must be so administered as to develop in the boys a spirit of fair play, and to encourage the faculty of taking without grumbling or complaint the consequences of their misdeeds. We believe that we have attained this result, and that a strict adherence to our present methods throughout the period of adolescence will foster and promote the growth of every manly trait. Jack and Bill are still somewhat too young to come wholly under the system, but each has his little duties to perform and is held responsible for the orderly disposal of his clothing and other personal property. Through constant observation of their elder brothers, they are rapidly acquiring habits of neatness and punctuality and have already come to realize that they are responsible members of the family. When, in two or three years' time, they are old enough to take their places on the conduct grades, they will have a per-

HOLMES & EDWARDS

SILVERWARE



Two Qualities:
Silver-Inlaid, solid silver
where it wears.
Super-Plate, protected
against wear.

The HOSTESS

Many are the uses of the tomato server (illustrated), in the new Hostess Pattern. It may be employed for the serving of eggs, waffles, sandwiches, toast, croquettes, asparagus, cucumbers and pastries. \$3.75

THE use of plated silverware by those who could easily afford far more costly table appointments is a tribute to the development of the art of silver plating.

Beauty has now been added to utility. Women who discriminate are more and more turning to patterns and designs from the House of Holmes & Edwards recognizing that among the many fine types of plated silver, Holmes & Edwards Silverware is supreme in beauty.

THE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.

Bridgeport, Conn.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor
Manufactured in Canada by
STANDARD SILVER CO. of TORONTO, Ltd.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.



Have You Seen How this test beautifies the teeth?

Millions of people have accepted this offer—have made this ten-day test. They have found a way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

We urge you to do likewise. Watch how your teeth improve. Learn what this new method means to you and yours.

Remove the film

Teeth are tarnished by a film. By that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old ways of brushing do not end it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It mars the beauty of millions. But it also is the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

It forms a breeding place for germs. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people who brush teeth daily escape these film-caused troubles.

How to fight it

Dental science, after long research, has found ways to fight that film. Authorities have amply proved those

methods. Leading dentists everywhere now advise their daily use.

They are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And other most important factors are included with them.

New protections

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It also aids Nature in ways considered essential.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Twice a day, Pepsodent is bringing millions these much-desired effects.

The test is free

Simply mail the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

You will realize then that this way means a new era in teeth cleaning. And we think you will adopt it. Send coupon now.

Military Discipline in the Home

fect understanding of what is expected of them, and thus the transition will be an easy one. In the meanwhile, young as they are, they are able to serve themselves in most things, and mother is thus left free to devote her time and energy to the complicated business of good housekeeping.

GENERAL ORDER No. 2, CONDUCT GRADES

Office of the C. O.

Sept. 5, 1919.

1. The following conduct grades are established: effective at 12.01 a.m. Sept. 9, 1919. The conduct grade week will be from 12.01 a.m. Monday to 12.01 a.m. Sunday.

	Bob	Dick and Otis
1st grade	Less than 16 demerits	Less than 20 demerits
2nd grade	Over 15 and less than 25 demerits	Over 19 and less than 30 demerits
3rd grade	25 or more demerits	30 or more demerits

2. Each boy will be informed at the time demerits are awarded and will be permitted to explain or justify his conduct if possible. Demerits will be posted daily on Bulletin Board and postings will show the nature of the offense, the time committed, and number of demerits awarded.

3. Demerits received during the week will be totaled and totals posted on Bulletin Board every Sunday morning. From these weekly totals representing weekly conduct, assignments will be made to corresponding conduct grades in accordance with paragraph 1 of this order.

4. (a) Boys on the first conduct grade are entitled to all the privileges of a member of the family in good standing. They may take part in all family recreation such as hunting trips, fishing trips, auto rides, hikes, movies, etc., and will receive their regular weekly allowance.

(b) Boys on the second grade will be deprived of allowance and movies for the following week.

(c) Boys on the third grade will be deprived of all ordinary privileges above mentioned, and in addition will not leave the yard limits during the following week except to attend school and church or to run errands for mother.

5. Each week a cash prize of \$1.00 will be awarded to the boy having the least number of demerits for the week. In case of a tie, the reward will be divided. At the end of four months a new bicycle will be awarded to the boy having the least number of demerits for that period.

John H. Earle, Commanding.

GENERAL ORDER No. 3, LISTS OF DEMERITS

Office of the C. O.

Sept. 5, 1919.

1. Effective 12.01 a.m. Sept. 9, 1919, demerits will be awarded as indicated for the following offenses.

ONE DEMERIT

1. Lights left burning unnecessarily.
2. Water left running.
3. Sloppy posture at meals.
4. Use of double negative.
5. Shoes not shined at breakfast formation.
6. Front or back door left open.
7. Clothing left lying around house.
8. Personal articles (toys, books) out of place.
9. Dirty finger-nails at meals.
10. Hair not brushed for meals.

TWO DEMERITS

11. Dirty at meals.
12. Failure to brush teeth morning or night.
13. Failure to bathe or exercise.
14. Late for meals.
15. Calling "Mother" from a distance.
16. Wasting family property.
17. Teasing.
18. Wearing another boy's clothing.
19. Duties not properly performed.
20. Untidy room.

THREE DEMERITS

21. Late for school.
22. Showing poor spirit (envy, jealousy, sullenness).
23. Sleeping in underclothes.
24. Windows not open at night after retiring.
25. "Swiping" food.
26. Telling tales.
27. Faultfinding.

FOUR DEMERITS

28. Malicious teasing.
29. Unkindness.

FIVE DEMERITS

30. Cruelty to animals.
31. Insubordination (mild).
32. Poor school reports.
33. Disobedience (thoughtless).

TEN DEMERITS

34. Falsehood.
35. Theft.
36. Deliberate disobedience.

FIFTEEN DEMERITS

37. Gross insubordination.
- Note: All reports under this heading will be referred to the C. O. for investigation and special disciplinary action.

John H. Earle, Commanding.

634

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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
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Only one tube to a family



The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

The Happy Ways

(Continued from page 25)

world. What a charming thing—and what a moral thing, for the self-control engendered is priceless—to see a family that has been trained to this habit in their daily intercourse, a family in which the members take no more objectionable liberties with one another than with strangers, where all the small courtesies are practised, where every special attention that a guest could inspire is paid the father, the mother, and the children, while the gracious responses flower as do the attentions! I heard a man say in explanation of his own social lacks, "We never had any company at our house, so of course we had no chance to learn manners." As if manners were a company affair!

Lack of good manners goes all the way through and blights at every touch, just as good manners go all the way through and bless at every touch. The motor-hog with his accidents and killings is really only an exaggerated case of bad manners—he was never taught to think of others first and show that he did. The sprawled person in a street car in dull oblivion of using up more than his share of space, the seat retained while a lady or an older person stands, the seat accepted without the courtesy of a smiling "thank you," the nice conductor who helps the old lady off—and the old lady who accepts it as the winds from heaven, as a matter of course, without pleasing acknowledgment, the impatient word to the salesgirl, the salesgirl's stony, gum-chewing indifference to the troubled customer's quest, the cranky insistence over the telephone, the hasty blame to a delivery man—all these are but the outcroppings into the busy world from homes where "manners" have not been taught, where graciousness toward others has not been the key-note.

Class Resentments Should Be Forgotten

The realization that those who serve in street cars, behind counters, over telephone wires, in restaurants and hotels are *human beings*, not automatons, human beings with nerves and sensibilities, might go far toward smoothing out friction and easing a rapidly growing resentment of class against class. And the realization among those who serve in the public machinery of life that those who come in to buy, to look, to pay bills, to eat, to use a telephone, are human, too—even though they come in their limousines—and are often carrying a load beneath that exterior of well-being, a staggering load of grief, or tragedy, or despair, or hopelessness in some special quarter, are often at the breaking point of tension where a pleasant word, a human touch of understanding, an impulsive kindness would ease the pain—if they could but realize this—visualize the possibilities in every other life—how they might help smooth the way! The realization that an insolent manner toward one whom you consider an inferior instantly turns the tables and makes you the inferior in the case might bring pause. But are our young people universally taught these simple lessons? The answer is open to the world today, in what we see and hear as we go about in it.

A woman confessed to me that though married to a "good" man who had never broken any of the obvious moral laws, her life had been one long nightmare; and what do you suppose was the grinding irritation of daily life with him that had produced a veritable boil in her marital existence, sending sensitiveness and soreness through and through her whole being? Well, he ate with his knife—laddled his food in with it. She had tried her best to break him of it, but he had been adamant to all suggestions, hardening himself in the habit with a curious sort of obstinacy in which insensitive natures often clothe themselves at the first suggestion of change or improvement. He didn't regard it as a cardinal sin, and so he refused to be influenced. As the advancing years gave them



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BABY'S daily bath is made easier for you and safer for baby with the Sani-Table-Tub, a combination bathtub and dressing table.

It rests firmly on top of any standard bathtub at the most convenient height, thus taking up no floor space—an advantage in the small bathroom.

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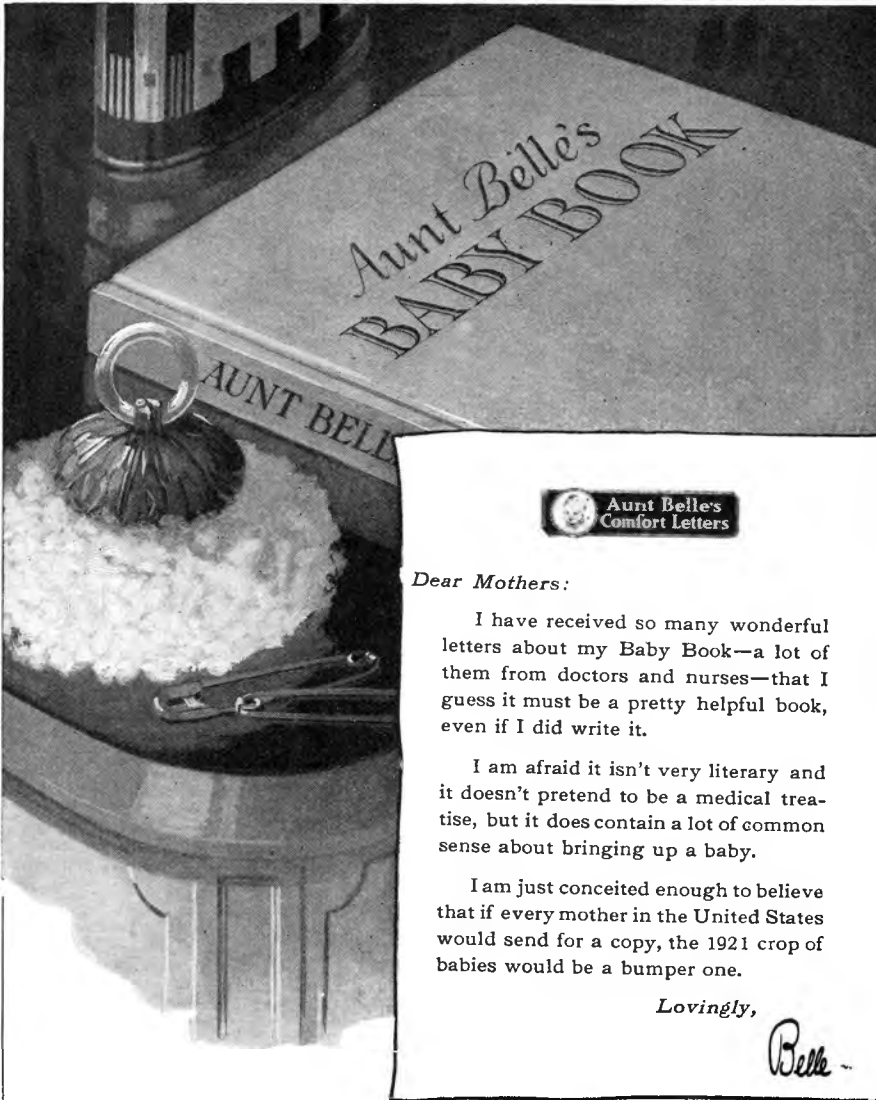


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Sturdy, yet light, the Sani-Table-Tub is enthusiastically welcomed by every mother as a time and trouble saver. When not in use it folds up to half its length and may be hung up out of the way.

Price \$10.00 at Department Stores, Physicians' Supply Houses and Infant Shops in Leading Cities or Direct from Us

WILLIAM J. JACKSON & COMPANY
Manufacturers for Infants
Detroit, Mich.



The Happy Ways

prosperity and freedom to travel, she was steadily more mortified, among strangers, over this hold-over out of an untaught childhood. But he went to his death—long after her—still eating with his knife, and complacently sure that he had always been a good Christian man and a good husband.

There are other common domestic annoyances: the manner of entering a room, loudly, with commotion; the failure to rise when elders enter—or with men and boys, when women arrive; the big, awkward man's way of sprawling his legs out for every one to walk around or trip over; yawning and stretching noisily, talking through a yawn; reading aloud without asking permission, right into every one else's absorption in his own book; scratching, sniffing, thrumming—the thousand and one little domestic pests of bad manners that often are kept in leash when there is "company," but are given full freedom in the bosom of the family.

Our National Failings

Then there is the way of using a pocket handkerchief. I am amazed at the number of times I see women of education—college women from good homes—pull out a handkerchief and blow loudly into it as though no one had ever told them—and they had not thought about it themselves—that this is a purely private operation to be carried on as unostentatiously as possible. I see men daily, professional men, coming down the street with toothpicks between their lips, men who are making a real contribution to their generation, but were never taught at home—and have never observed for themselves—that gentlemen do not do such things. But why go on? American crimes against good manners in the lesser things are as the drops of the ocean, and each of us has only to observe to form a list that will reach to the moon!

We are charged by Europeans with obviousness, with lacking subtlety. We pride ourselves on being open, frank, and candid, but there is a graciousness of manner growing out of graciousness of thought and feeling that we could cultivate much to our advantage, without adopting the insincerity that is sometimes chargeable to the Europeans' account. For instance, is it really necessary, in order to be open, frank, and candid, to turn and stare at people on the street who have physical defects? The recent war brought this American habit home to all of us, I am sure. It was impossible to go on the street with a maimed boy from the trenches without the eyes of passers-by staring all the way, the heads turning for further gazing like wheat blown in the wind. I repeatedly had the experience of taking to the theater in New York a boy who had lost both legs and propelled himself on a little platform. All along Broadway people stared. The boy's hospital-bleached face grew redder and redder as we progressed, and though a show could take his mind off his troubles better than anything else—it was the one real pleasure left him—he gave up going rather than endure the cruel stares.

It wasn't just that he was a soldier on Broadway. I had the same experience with an older man who had lost several fingers from his right hand in a Fourth of July explosion. I would go with him to dine in the most expensive grills, and invariably people all about at the neighboring tables would stare and nudge one another and even whisper "Look!" Which only shows that bad manners accompany diamonds and dinner coats quite as frequently as they do overalls and dinner pails. Lafcadio Hearn lived out his life in Japan because of a defective eye. There alone, after traveling all over the world, he found a people who averted the gaze automatically, never staring at a defect.

In South American countries the crude manners of our business men militate steadily against them; the gentler-mannered Latin



Dear Mothers:

I have received so many wonderful letters about my Baby Book—a lot of them from doctors and nurses—that I guess it must be a pretty helpful book, even if I did write it.

I am afraid it isn't very literary and it doesn't pretend to be a medical treatise, but it does contain a lot of common sense about bringing up a baby.

I am just conceited enough to believe that if every mother in the United States would send for a copy, the 1921 crop of babies would be a bumper one.

Lovingly,

Belle

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She has succeeded most remarkably in putting into her book something of her own buoyant personality and common sense viewpoint regarding baby culture. After reading it you will feel that bringing up a baby isn't so mysterious and difficult after all.

It's an intensely practical book, but as readable as a novel. You will consult it constantly during the first two years at least. It is carefully indexed for this purpose.

Please don't imagine, because we publish it, that it is just a talcum book. Aunt Belle, of course, advises you to use Mennen Borated Talcum and Mennen Korakonia, but only because she believes that both are indispensable for Baby's toilet.

Aunt Belle's Baby Book is an expensive one to make and would ordinarily sell for at least a dollar. We shall be glad to send you a copy for 25 cents.

Please send at once before the edition is exhausted.



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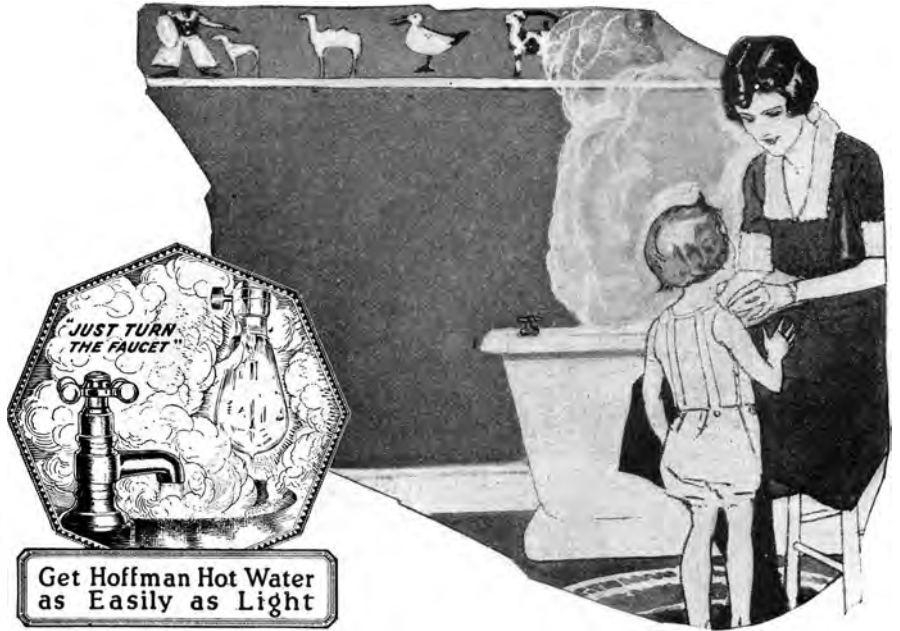
aces do not understand our bluntness. All the trade agreements in the world would not bring the two Americas together as would a course in good manners taken and applied by our traveling men.

And right here we get down to the base of the whole matter: Japanese manners are as they are because the Japanese have recognized the beauty and power in fine manners, even as they have in individual flowers, and trees and birds and bits of rugged coast-line. They have standardized fine manners, and they teach fine manners to their children from their infancy. It is the same with the Latins. While our manners are as they are because we have not had a standard; we have not been taught. We haven't had mothers who universally had good manners of their own, or who were gifted with the ability to impress them into the lives and habits of their growing children. We haven't had schools that stress their importance. We now say, let the teachers instruct the children—but who taught the teachers? Are the manners of those who can get the highest marks in an examination to be depended on? Rarely, I think! Can they teach what they do not know, or rarely practise? Books? There are a few books on social etiquette, as though "company behavior" were the whole of it. Then we have our "finishing schools" where fortunate daughters are sent to be polished off, but the proportion that has the opportunity to attend such schools is small; it does not supply sufficient leaven to leaven the whole loaf. And besides, fine manners are not a matter of finish, of veneer; to be effective, they must go into the grain.

The result is that we have a people much cruder in manner than in sentiment, a people who—save those from the finest flower of the old South and the best culture of the farthest East—generally put the worst foot foremost. We have everywhere over our broad land wives who are all their lives harassed by the ill-mannerly, blunt, or boorish ways of otherwise excellent husbands. We have girls who turn away from what might otherwise have proved happy unions, because of the unpleasant personal habits of men who were not taught in their homes the smaller niceties—men who sprawl, and gulp, and blow, and snort, and wear their hats when they shouldn't, and irritate generally. We have splendid girls of fine character and good heart who fail socially because they are awkward and ill at ease from lack of exact knowledge as to how to conduct themselves. We have dear, lovely girls marrying perfect scalawags because of their fine manners—fine manners were all they did have, and supplied a cloak for all their other imperfections. Had these girls been accustomed to fine manners from their own fathers and brothers, they would not have been so strong a lure. And we have girls marrying to get away from humiliation over the crude ways of their parents. Everywhere, all over our country, we have endurance tests in domesticity because some mother failed to harden the little, new life put into her keeping into the "happy ways."

Few Mothers Teach Courtesy

Some of the best women in the world—with qualities valuable to the race—are not adapted to bringing up children. They are not instinctive mothers. Not being highly socialized, they are not keen human observers. There is the student type, the woman all wrapped up in her studies, living the days in between meetings and lectures on a sort of treadmill plan. I have seen a mother of this type sit at her own table holding forth on Chinese porcelains or Moravian customs, oblivious of everything going on about her, while one child gulped noisily from his own bit of "porcelain," another saved time by injecting an entire roll into his mouth at one bite, almost choking himself to death in the process, and another mopped up bread and gravy, spilling half of every mouthful back again into his plate—home "customs" that the mother didn't even see. And I have seen another mother who



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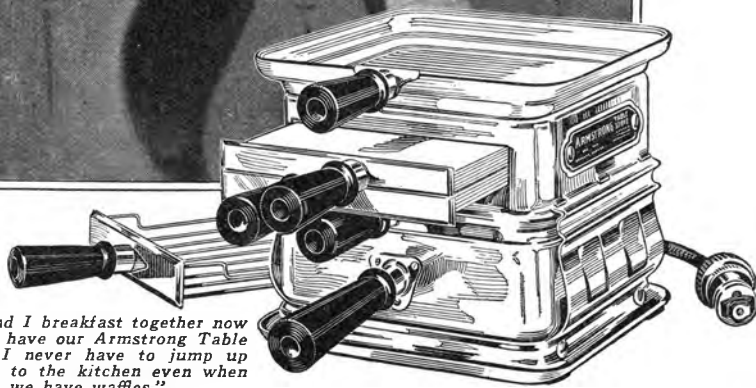
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"Bob and I breakfast together now that we have our Armstrong Table Stove. I never have to jump up and run to the kitchen even when we have waffles."



Waffles and Toast Without Turning

WAFFLES are a joy to make on the Armstrong Table Stove. No grease, no turning and they are ready in half the time for both sides are browned at once.

While the waffles are being prepared two other things are cooking for the Armstrong cooks *three things at once*. And the cost of operation is no greater than that of the ordinary single electrical device. The heat from the two units is concentrated on the utensils by the patented design of the stove.

The Armstrong will fry, toast, boil, steam and broil. Its complete equipment of attractive aluminum utensils includes a deep boiling pan, toaster, griddle, four egg cups and rack.

The tilting plug connection of the Armstrong Table Stove gives you perfect control of the heat. It never sticks.

You will find the Armstrong Table Stove for sale by nearly all good electrical supply and hardware dealers for \$15.00. With the stove comes all of the above named equipment excepting the waffle iron which is \$5.00 extra. Write for booklet A.

ARMSTRONG MANUFACTURING COMPANY
123 W. Seventh Avenue Huntington, West Virginia

★ ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE

The Happy Ways

didn't even know China had porcelains or that Moravian customs differed from any other, giving such close attention to her children's table manners that no first act of crudeness could be repeated and formed into a habit.

Sensitive children from such mothers as the former suffer the keenest tortures when they first go away among strangers, for they receive harsh criticism and hard knocks and stony ignorings; they are slighted and left out of things, and at first they don't know why. And even when they do, it isn't easy to change a lifetime habit overnight. A certain girl was kept out of sororities—though one of the cleverest girls in her studies who ever enrolled in that college—because she tipped her soup plate and lapped up the last drop. She would rather have been a member of a sorority than have title to all the soup in the world, but she defeated her chances utterly by her bad table manners. Children from the latter type of mother go away among strangers, everywhere in the larger world, and are beautifully received, having no tragic sorrows of a social kind. Such girls are instantly recognized as well bred; other mothers want them for their daughters' companions, for their sons' wives; they pave their own way as they go. Children from the former type of mother—though better educated—have to move on a plane lower down. Manners rule or ruin. There is no getting away from that.

The Mannerly Attitude Must Be Taught

All these niceties of behavior have to be taught in detail, act by act. "Behave!" an exasperated mother will exclaim, but this tells the child nothing. They can't realize that this new little life comes to them knowing nothing, and that in the end he will just about be the sum of her teaching. And to be useful in preventing his escape from social destruction, the teaching must be explicit.

Little children, save in rare instances of unusual social gifts, are all about alike. The difference in manners found in the same social levels is almost altogether a difference in mothers. One mother begins leading her baby into ways of showing affection and appreciation for courtesies from the very beginning of manifestation of intelligence. "Wasn't daddy lovely to bring you the pretty card!" said a mother of an ordinary little advertisement card the baby was showing her. The card had no alue, but the thought prompted by the incident was priceless. "Daddy's the best in the world," I heard a mother crooning to her baby as she rocked her, and the baby lips took up the refrain after her, "Daddy's the bes' in the worl'," going off into dreamland with the gracious sentiment on her tongue and in her heart. It is no more "natural" for a baby so taught to express her love in charming phrases and acts than it is for the untaught baby across the street, but as time goes on, through earliest habit, such expressions will become second nature, and as her circle widens, her graciousness will carry to all. Every one will say, "Such a sweet, responsive child!" when they should say, "Such a painstaking mother!"

I know a baby of four who draws his mother's chair out for her. His is a simple, unpretentious home where the babies eat their dinner with the grown-ups, but he eats like a little gentleman and acts like one—and is one. He has been drilled in such social niceties as come naturally into his little life, until already they are automatic. And what is the drawing out of a chair at the dinner table but a natural act of kindness and courtesy "hardened into usage"? We get the habit of doing a courteous thing, and we call it correct usage, but after all it is only kindness let out of bondage. All his life that little boy will draw out the chair for the woman with whom he is dining, while another, just as good at heart, would feel it an affectation, merely because he had not been habituated to it in his childhood.

Once in a while, of course, there is a good manners prodigy, just as there is a musical

prodigy, or a chess prodigy—as if all of one quality that had ever existed in his ancestors had some way collected like gold in a pocket of the earth, to be transmitted direct to this one little vehicle; a child who shoots straight into the world through an ordinary environment, with just the nicest, most charming ways. His road through life—barring accidents—is always a highway well paved. He goes from success to success socially, just as do the other prodigies in their particular lines. He learns from the rest of the world all he is not taught at home; to see a more pleasing way is to adopt it. But with the average child the “happy ways” must be hardened into daily usage, or he will never get them. He is like concrete, which, when poured into a mold, is unchangeable after it sets. If this is the mother’s particular “blind spot”—we all have one, so she need not be sensitive about it—if she is not observing, not adapted to forming her child’s manners, then she should hire another to do it, just as she would engage a musician to teach him music. Good manners are too vital a part of one’s equipment to be neglected merely because a mother can not give the training.

Our ways of doing all the every-day things, from the moment we begin a day till its close, our entrances and exits, our manner of sitting, rising, speaking, walking, talking, meeting friends, giving orders, doing business, entertaining and being entertained, going here and there about the earth, form the exterior which is all most people ever get of us. There may be pure gold deep down inside, but we can’t ask the busy world to stop and mine us to find it out. The evidences of its being there had better come to the surface in the “happy ways” if we want to be appreciated, to get the most out of living, and to give the most. We owe it to ourselves—and those with whom we travel—to be a pleasure-person. Some of the most worthy people in the world go unloved and unappreciated to their graves because of their bad manners. Let us begin to remedy this defect in our national life, and let us begin the remedy where we begin the defect—in the home.

The next article by Miss Monroe will be “Singing in the Rain.” It will appear in an early issue

Quick Fruity Ice-Creams

(Continued from page 77)

The crankless freezer is especially well adapted to serving frozen desserts at porch or outdoor meals, or it may be tucked into the machine on an auto trip. Excellent results may be obtained by the use of this type of freezer, provided directions for packing are very carefully followed. There must, however, be no deviation from the rules. First of all, the measurements should be absolutely level. The ice should be crushed as fine as the rock salt itself. While packing with ice and salt, the cream container should be empty, with the cover in place. To pack, pour in first one cupful of cold water (if the two-quart size is being used). Then fill the ice compartment with alternate level cupfuls of ice and salt. Use a long-handled spoon to help make the packing solid. When the freezer is just as full as it can be of the ice and salt, pour in another cupful of water. Shake the freezer, and if it will hold any more ice and salt, put them in, always being sure that you use equal level measurements of each. Adjust the cover tightly and invert the can.

By this time the food compartment has become so chilled that the sides of it will be all frosted. Pour the cold ice-cream mixture in quickly. Adjust the cover tightly and leave to freeze. The usual time for freezing will be about one hour. It is possible to lessen this time somewhat by opening the food compartment and cutting down the cream from the sides two or three times during the freezing. The cream will remain frozen in this type of freezer several hours without further attention or repacking. The formula for ice-cream included in this article was frozen with excellent results in this type of freezer.



For Ice Cream and Frozen Desserts

Rich and delicious ice cream, custards, puddings, and desserts of all kinds can be made with Carnation Milk. Just cows’ milk evaporated and sterilized in hermetically sealed containers, it is absolutely pure, convenient and economical. We will gladly send you our Cook Book; it includes many good recipes for frozen desserts of all kinds.

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Carnation

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Milk

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Carnation Milk Products Co.
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ont.

Cafe Mousse—2 cups Carnation Milk, 3 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1 tablespoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup very strong coffee. Mix well together the ingredients, and chill thoroughly; then whip. Set the bowl in a pan of ice water while whipping; take off the froth as it rises. Turn the drained whip carefully into a mould, cover tightly, binding the edges with a strip of muslin dipped in melted butter, bury in ice and salt for freezing. Let stand for 3 hours, wipe off mould, and turn on serving dish.

Frozen Custard— $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups Carnation Milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Scald the milk. Beat the eggs

slightly; add sugar and salt. Add the scalded milk and stir constantly. Put in double boiler and stir until mixture thickens and a coating is formed on spoon. Cool, add flavoring and freeze. This recipe makes one quart, enough to serve six people.

Carnation Ice Cream—2 cups Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add the sugar to the milk and stir until the sugar is melted. Add the vanilla and freeze. Use three parts ice and one part salt in freezing. This recipe makes one quart, enough to serve six people.

There are many other recipes as good as these in the Carnation Recipe Book. Send for it.



Better Coffee —and none of the old worries

It's so utterly easy to prepare coffee the Faust Instant way that you forget many of your kitchen worries. You can laugh at the old cooking delays. Faust Instant Coffee can, in a moment, be prepared right at your table—a really delightful task. You can put the messy coffee pot out of your life. You do not need it. You can forget the nuisance of coffee grounds. This costly waste has been eliminated.

And best of all, FAUST INSTANT Coffee or Tea gives you the most delicious coffee or tea you ever tasted. Real coffee and tea—only easier and cheaper to serve. A half teaspoonful (or less) of Faust Instant in the cup—with boiling water added—that's the recipe.

Your dealer has Faust Instant Coffee or Tea; or, if he hasn't received his supply, send us his name and an order.

FAUST A GRADE			FAUST D GRADE		
Coffee (Blue Label)	Tea (Black Label)	Price	Coffee (Red Label)	Tea (Green Label)	Price
Standard Size..... 30 cups	100 cups	\$.64	30 cups..... 100 cups		\$0.25
Medium Size..... 60 cups	200 cups	.75	60 cups..... 200 cups		.50
Family Size..... 120 cups	400 cups	1.40	120 cups..... 400 cups		.90
Hotel Size..... 480 cups	1600 cups	4.25	480 cups..... 1600 cups		3.25

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Club Napkins
Always crisp and clean for meals in the home. Different from the ordinary paper napkins—twice as heavy. Save laundry bills. At 10,000 dealers.

Write Dennison, Department L
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82 **What Next?**

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Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.
17 Clyde Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Another Business for Women

(Continued from page 61)

doing outside work. Nevertheless, armed with her thorough knowledge of the subject, she tackled bravely the job of selling insurance. And in one year there was an amazing change.

She not only earned more than double her previous salary, but the new work effected a favorable physical change. She was healthier because of the outdoor exercise her work compelled; she had more vivacity because meeting half a dozen different people and their arguments each day jacked her up mentally; she dressed better and looked younger. There was life and sparkle and enthusiasm about her. Today she's in the select group of women life insurance agents who earn over \$5,000 a year.

Now, the interesting feature of her story is not merely her personal success. She is by no means a "top-notch," although she is gradually getting ahead. But there are a number of women life insurance agents today who are earning much more—two or three women are credited with incomes beyond \$25,000 a year which they themselves have earned. The chief item of interest in her tale is that she has achieved a success which an average woman can duplicate. She has not progressed by virtue of any extraordinary abilities or unusual opportunities. She is not an exceptional case. She is a type; an average woman whose chief asset—a thorough knowledge of insurance—can be acquired by any intelligent woman who is willing to study as she did in order to achieve the same success.

The Size of the Field

Moreover, neither she nor the hundreds of other women successes in the field have exhausted its opportunities. On the contrary, there is room for thousands of women in the field of life insurance, all over the country.

To succeed here a woman does not need to inherit wealth or influence, to be a college graduate or a financial genius or superlatively clever. Common-sense qualities go a long way. A healthy woman who is willing to study the subject of life insurance carefully, then to work hard and systematically and persistently, and to be willing to learn from the experience of others as well as her own results, can look forward to earning a more than average income.

So here is the story about a field of opportunity in which the average woman can earn a comfortable income, a field that is relatively new, as far as women are concerned. Ten years ago there were 514 women insurance agents in this country—about 3 women agents to every 100 men agents.

Today that number has more than doubled. The Equitable Life Assurance Co. alone has over 700 women on its staff of agents. In several of the companies women have been appointed branch managers, employing men as well as women on their staffs.

The woman manager of a large agency employing only women estimated that five out of every ten women whom she takes on and trains make a success of life insurance selling. She says, further:

"Financially, life insurance is the best paying occupation a woman can choose. Incidentally, it gives her greater independence in daily work.

"But the chief reason is that life insurance is a business for which a woman is especially adapted. She has a sympathy and ready interest in the home life of those in her community. As a woman she realizes the great necessity of financial protection. She can show the self-supporting woman and the head of a family the vital reasons why life insurance is so great a necessity. Call it sentiment, if you will. But it is an important quality which every womanly woman possesses and which is a valuable asset to her in her work."

Other women successes in life insurance

summarize its attractions and opportunities in this wise:

(1) *Income.* The harder you work, the more you earn. This is not true of most salaried jobs. But the experienced life insurance agent can almost prophesy in advance what her sales and earnings may be. There is the example of one agent who systematically spent two hours a day in preparation and seven hours a day calling on his prospects. At the beginning he found that he closed one contract out of every forty calls made, but after operating by this method managed to close regularly one out of every fifteen prospects interviewed.

(2) *Independence.* In many other jobs sheer efficiency is not of itself a guaranty of permanent employment or reasonable promotion. A woman is dependent on many factors in most of the inside occupations. But in life insurance work the woman is dependent only on herself. She can earn a good income as long as she works intelligently and industriously. Her pay is not governed by factors outside her control. Not even so-called "bad times" can injure her so much. For while people with foresight buy insurance in good times, others buy insurance in periods of depression, because then fear is aroused for the future.

Life insurance agents work almost exclusively on commission. There are very few exceptions. And when they don't work there are no commissions. Just because the agent doesn't have to punch a time clock is no reason why he should work spasmodically—beginning the day's tasks at ten or eleven in the forenoon, or even in the afternoon. The successful agents are those to whom freedom of hours means the freedom to work ten hours a day, when necessary, instead of only seven or eight each day. The woman who takes life insurance selling seriously must be a stern self-disciplinarian in the matter of hours. She must be able to make herself work regularly regardless of mood or weather. Only actual illness should keep her idle.

The Social Side

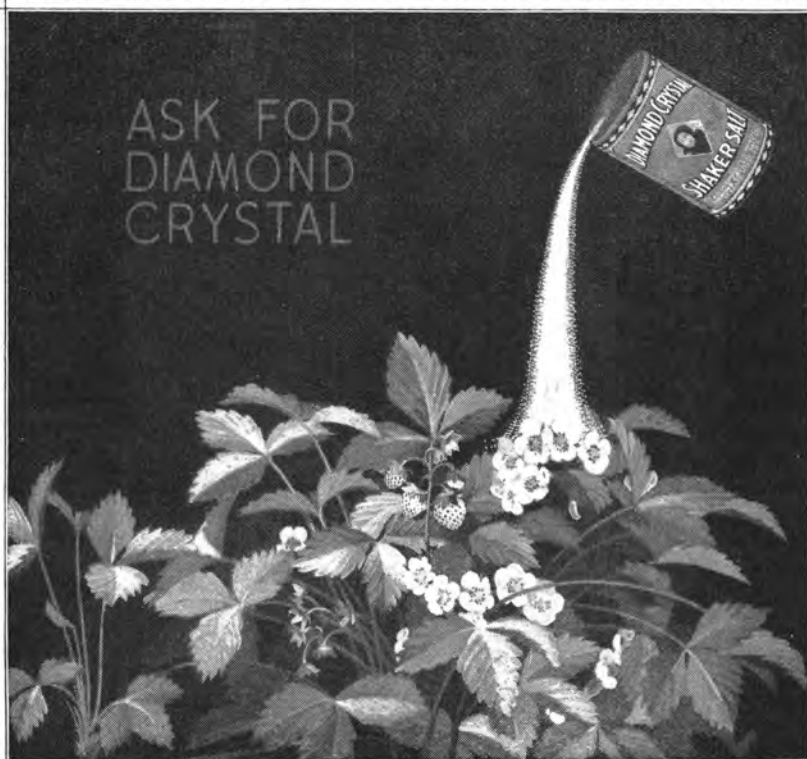
(3) *Meeting people.* To the socially-minded woman this is a strong influence in the selection of life insurance as her work. The most stimulating kind of work is that in which one continually meets new people—learns their stories of struggle and achievement and studies their problems sympathetically. What can be more interesting than entering, even if briefly, into the lives of men and women?

There is a fascination to this side of life insurance work which is irresistible, especially to one who has a natural keenness in the observation of human nature. The expert insurance agent usually knows something of the history and present problems of a prospect before she calls, and very often she is a most welcome guide and friend.

(4) *Outdoors.* Physically speaking, outside selling is healthy work. The insurance agent must walk outdoors a good deal in the course of her work. Men may have some slight advantage over women because they may be able to do more walking, more stair climbing, and see more prospects each day. However, by judiciously arranging her day's program, it is possible for the woman agent to pay many calls conveniently in the same general neighborhood. Women who accustom themselves to going out in all sorts of weather, comfortably clad, develop a physical hardihood that rebuffs common ailments and builds permanent strength.

Age Helps, Not Hinders

In life insurance work, age is no handicap. On the contrary, some of the younger women have the hardest time—unless they are unusual, and we are talking here only of average women. Remember that the life insurance solicitor must give advice—and both men and women are more ready to accept advice from a mature woman than from one apparently young and inexperienced.



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BOSTON Selling Agents New York

Another Business for Women

Among the successful women agents today are many who at the age of thirty-five or forty made their first entrance into business life. Some were widows thrust on their own resources with no preparation for self-support, but an urgent necessity to earn enough to support a bereaved little family. A few weeks of intensive study, followed by persistent work, started them on the road to earning permanently an adequate income. The most successful woman agent in the United States—one who in recent years is said to have earned over \$50,000 annually—entered the work twenty-five years ago when she was handicapped by lack of education, poverty, and a complete ignorance of the English language! Practically all the conspicuously successful women are over forty—most of them first entered the work when over thirty.

Nevertheless, this does not mean that life insurance selling is so easy that anybody can make a success of it. The woman who is seeking an easy job with large pay should not undertake insurance selling.

Insurance selling is a man-size job, but a woman who is robust in mind as well as body can handle it successfully. She need not be extraordinarily gifted, for as was said in the beginning of this article, this is a job which an average woman can tackle with an excellent chance for achieving more than average success. But certainly there are several prerequisites—qualities which the aspiring insurance seller must possess or cultivate, and without which she can not hope to succeed:

Requisites for Success

(1) *She must be physically sound.* That means not only must she be free from chronic ailments, but she must have the exuberant good health that can withstand the inevitable daily exertion—the considerable walking, possible stair climbing, the going about in all sorts of wind and weather.

(2) *She must have an abundance of common sense.* A course of instruction teaches the technique of selling life insurance, but only her own common sense in sizing up each new situation will enable the woman agent to apply this knowledge. The agent who displays a lack of intelligence in promptly meeting a situation, in answering inquiries, in her grasp of the problem which a prospect is talking about, will kill her own chances of a sale—and incidentally make it that much harder for the next woman agent to make a good impression.

(3) *She must have a pleasing personality.* By that it is not meant she must be a big, impressive woman, or strikingly gowned, or conspicuously attractive. It means that, first, her manners must be agreeable, her voice soft, her general behavior dignified; second, she should dress and carry herself well. Her clothes should be good, but conventional. It is a great mistake for her to affect mannish clothes just because she calls on men—and it is ruinous taste to "doll up" like a woman of leisure. Selling insurance is a serious business proposition, and the woman who dresses flippantly for the job can't expect men to take her work seriously.


(4) *She must be persistent.* In every analysis of why an insurance salesman fails the lack of persistence is generally the chief cause. The outside world may regard an insurance salesman as the last word in stick-to-itiveness, but those in the field know that failure to stick is more common than the public is aware of. Insurance salesmen know that for the average worker 40 calls for each policy written is not unusual; in fact, that is the normal average. As the agent grows more expert, it becomes possible to close more sales with fewer calls. Top-notchers in the field are said to write one policy in every seven calls made—but there are very, very few who reach this pinnacle.

The woman who is easily discouraged should keep clear of life insurance selling. But the woman who has a strong body and a healthy





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point of view is not so easily rebuffed. She may know how to face the fact that nine out of every ten calls will result in nothing for a long time to come—and still remain cheerful and take it all as part of the day's work. There is probably no other field in which it is more necessary to keep everlastingly at it—and keep smilingly at it, too!

It may comfort the timid woman to know that, in the experience of most women agents, there has been little difficulty in obtaining interviews. This isn't because of man's invariable chivalry. It's merely because, despite the tremendous influx of women into industry, men still retain their curiosity about women. Women, therefore, are often more successful than men in getting a chance to talk to a prospect.

But that isn't even half the battle. It's one-third or less. The major part of the job is to make a good impression with a pleasing personality and deliver a convincing sales talk.

Today there are only two or three of the small group of big insurance companies who do not employ women. In some cases this is because they sell industrial insurance, a task requiring the making of a tremendously large number of calls. The sheer physical labor is too much for a woman, and so they restrict themselves to the hiring of men.

But there is ample opportunity for thousands more of intelligent, healthy, energetic, the average women to make for themselves a firm and desirable niche in the useful field of life insurance selling.

Department of Public Welfare

(Continued from page 34)

pertain directly to the welfare of the whole people.

"Social service will be an entirely new bureau, but it will include bureaus now under the direction of the Department of Labor, such as the Woman's Bureau and the Children's Bureau. To these can be added other agencies which will be for the general betterment of the people. The Social Service Bureau would have especial charge of maternity and infancy, and would give attention particularly to that prenatal period so important to the health and development of the generations which are to inhabit this country in the future. This subject has already attracted much attention and discussion. Maternity and infancy measures have received favorable consideration in Congress. This is really one of the very important functions of the proposed Department of Public Welfare. Upon the yet unborn generation depend the perpetuity and advancement of the American people and the health and happiness of the human race.

"The care of those who have served and suffered for their country is more than a duty; it is a universal demand from the hearts of the American people, who are devoutly thankful to those brave men who saved this beautiful land of ours. There is nothing that so appeals to the sympathies of a red-blooded American as a wounded soldier or sailor, and to the best of our ability to care for these and their fellows whose health has been shattered and, so far as we can, to compensate them for the sacrifices they have made, become our patriotic privilege. Various bureaus looking to the care of these veterans have been established, but there should be more cooperation among them, and this can be effected only by consolidation and coordination, so that the care of the veterans may go hand in hand with their education, vocational training and being equipped for useful occupations.

"President Harding is intensely interested in the creation of a Department of Public Welfare and in the various bureaus and activities which it will embrace. All of them he considers essential, most of them of vital importance to the upbuilding of the nation and the development and progress of the people."



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A school that meets the needs of one girl or boy does not always meet the requirements of another. A school should be carefully selected with the character and disposition of the child in mind.

The large amount of information that the School Department has on schools throughout the country, through personal visits and also from reports from students who have attended the schools, is at your disposal and we are ready to help you with the school problem.

Send complete information as to type of school, age of pupil, locality desired and the approximate charge you wish to pay.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SCHOOL DEPARTMENT
119 W. 40th Street New York City

To Everywoman, Citizen

(Continued from page 46)

what led up to it. You were only one among the thousands of women who wanted the Sheppard-Towner Bill to become a law. Reflecting your wishes, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING did all in its power to push the bill. It encouraged you to write to your representatives, to bring all possible pressure to bear on Congress. The first battle was won. The bill passed the Senate. In the House it had been referred to the *Committee on Interstate Commerce*. Why that particular committee? That is a mystery that has never been explained. And in that Committee it remained for nearly fifteen months. It did not come up for a vote in the House in spite of the fact that the majority of the people in the country undoubtedly wanted that bill made a law.

Ask the boys who deliver the mail to members of the Senate and the House whether there was public support for the bill. It is a matter of tradition with them. They will tell you of letters and telegrams in such numbers that they had to be delivered in hand trucks. The newly enfranchised woman voter knew what she wanted and did not hesitate to tell her representatives about it. Never has there been such a demonstration of public sentiment. A legislative committee of the National League of Women Voters took a poll of the House and found that enough members favored the bill to assure its passage. It all looked quite obvious and clear that the bill would pass. And did it? Not at all. Congress terminated its session, and the Sheppard-Towner Bill had not even been allowed to come on the floor of the House for a vote. This is only one instance among many of legislation side-tracked.

Small wonder that the brand-new woman voter said to herself: "Am I absolutely mistaken in supposing that 'the voice of the people' rules in this country? Is my hard-won vote a useless instrument after all? Why are the wishes of the majority of people set aside by technicalities in a case like this, and how can this be so?"

The New Fighting Spirit

If, after this experience as a voter, the woman citizen had come to the convention in Cleveland and simply gone on reiterating her belief in welfare measures for women and children, had gone home again to work for them and again be defeated, this second annual convention of women voters would not have been worth attending. But that was not the case. The most striking accomplishment of this convention was the creation within the National League of Women Voters of a Department of Government Efficiency.

"Good government and how to secure it" is to be the main concern of the League. "Women voters out to fight bossism," was the way a Cleveland paper reporting the convention put it.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, honorary chairman of the League, and sponsor for this Department of Government Efficiency, put it in this way: "Government of the people does not, at the present time, function in this country. It is possible for a small group to defeat legislation which the majority want. If the vote in the hands of women is to mean anything, it must mean that this condition shall be changed. And in order to change existing conditions, it is necessary for the woman voter to understand them, to examine the workings of this government, root and branch. She must pledge herself to careful, unremitting study, and then, armed with thorough knowledge, she must open warfare on bossism, on corruption, on trickery, and all other bad influences that aim to make America a democracy in name only."

Other organizations of women have had their political study clubs, have listed good government as one of their many interests, but this is the first national organization of women to put before everything else the necessity of knowing the government under which they

live, knowing why it frequently does not function as the voter would have it, and knowing how to change this state of affairs. If the second annual convention of women voters had accomplished nothing else, this move on their part would have made their coming together important.

There is one practical way of measuring enthusiasm and earnestness at a convention, and foretelling how much of fine spirit will be translated into action. A glimpse into the treasury proves much. Even idealism needs to be backed with dollars and cents. If you are doubtful of the spirit behind this National League of Women Voters, if you want to have proof of the earnestness of their intentions, you should have been present when, in one hour's time, they raised on the floor of the convention, \$79,000. More than a thousand dollars a minute! That is a practical demonstration, surely, that the woman voter means business.

The Day Before the Convention

If you are familiar with the characteristics of conventions, you are probably aware of the fact that it is often more important to be present on the day before the convention opens than it is on the opening day. The first day of the regular sessions is habitually given over to welcomes—a welcome from the mayor, a welcome from the chairman of the local league, from the president of the national league, and so on down the line. But within the committee meetings preceding the convention are thrashed out the main issues that are to come before the convention. If you wish to have a good working knowledge of what chiefly concerns this National League of Women Voters, you have merely to glance at the titles of their seven standing committees. They are as follows: Child Welfare, Women in Industry, Americanization, Food Supply and Demand, Unification of Laws, Social Hygiene, and Election Laws and Methods (now elevated to a Department of Government Efficiency). Rather an inclusive group of interests, is it not? As such, it is peculiarly characteristic of this organization of women voters, the aim of which is to unite all women irrespective of party affiliations, to work for ideals common to them all. Mrs. Maud Wood Park, then Chairman, now President of the National League of Women Voters, put the case briefly in her convention address:

"The National League of Women Voters has been criticized as a non-partisan body," said Mrs. Park. "It would be truer to say that it is an all-partisan body, since its membership includes women from every party. We believe in unity in diversity. We believe that however much women may differ as to party affiliations, there are certain outstanding measures for which they will all work together for the common good.

"The great majority of women earnestly desire such things as proper care and well-rounded education for children, the safeguarding of girls and women in industry, the promotion of social hygiene, the removal of civil and legal discriminations on the ground of sex. It is well for us to come together and take counsel together for the accomplishment of these desired ends which are far more likely to be attained if the program is outlined by an inclusive group of women than if it is left solely to the initiative of political parties."

What, then, are the main points of the program outlined at the second annual convention of women voters? What is to be expected of them during the coming year? First, under child welfare, they reiterated their belief in the Sheppard-Towner Bill for the protection of maternity and infancy. Physical education in our schools, the enforcement of child labor and school attendance laws, were other matters stressed in the program of the women voters.

I mentioned the fact that this convention endorsed the eight-hour day for working women, the prohibition of night-work for women in industry, and the establishment of a living-wage commission, to a well-informed man, on my return from the convention.

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To Everywoman, Citizen

"Why, of course," was his comment. "Every one knows the necessity of such laws." Every one? I wonder how this gentleman would account for the following facts: only five states have the eight-hour day for working women, in six states there is no limitation placed by law on the number of hours a day a woman may work. In the remaining states women are permitted to work 48 to 70 hours a week. As regards night work for women, in only thirteen states are women prohibited from doing night work. In thirty-three states there is no law that would limit the number of hours that women may work at night.

These facts were brought out at the convention of women voters. One of the striking characteristics of this gathering was that the women who attended it were not dealing in generalities. They made no statements which they could not back up with facts. They knew what they were talking about.

The outstanding feature of the social hygiene program which the women voters adopted was their insistence that men and women should be equally protected from and equally punishable for offenses against the moral law. While they urge that the legal age of consent for girls should be raised, throughout the country, to eighteen, they also urge that boys under eighteen shall be equally well protected. These women favored a single standard, but a single standard which provides that if a woman is punished for accepting money for prostitution, the man who offers the money shall be equally punished. This insistence upon equality—an equality of responsibility as well as of opportunity—marked the program of the women voters throughout. A reclassification of the civil service on a merit basis, an equal interest by husband and wife in each other's property acquired after marriage, direct citizenship for married women, jury service for women as well as men, with exemption for mothers of young children, were other measures backed by this convention which stressed equality.

International Peace

One of the most impressive and spontaneous moments during the whole convention came when, after a stirring speech for international peace by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the entire delegation of women rose to its feet and passed a resolution endorsing international disarmament. Their resolution closed with these words:

"Whereas, The President has stated in his message that 'while prudence forbids us to disarm alone, we are ready to cooperate with other nations to approximate disarmament';

"Therefore, Be it Resolved, That we urge upon the President and Congress that they initiate a movement to secure such cooperation with other governments for the reduction of armaments at the earliest possible time."

These then are the sign-posts erected by the National League of Women Voters assembled at their second annual convention in Cleveland. Already this organization counts its members by the millions, so that what the National League of Women Voters wants is a fair indication of what the great majority of thoughtful, patriotic, far-sighted American women want. The welfare of women and children—physical, mental, moral—a government that truly represents the desires of the people of this country, peace on earth—these are the principles for which the National League of Women Voters takes its stand. Are you pledged to work with them? Can you afford as a voter, or as a mother, or even, perhaps, as the quietest member of a small community, to stand aside and let the ranks of the women voters sweep by without you? Get in touch with their work in your state. They need you. Make their platform your platform and you have found the best possible answer to the question,

"Well, now that women have the vote, what are they going to do with it?"



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Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—cools, refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth.

* PERFUMES YOUR BATH — SOFTENS HARD WATER INSTANTLY

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1. At all drug and department stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for sample. Bathasweet imparts the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers.

THE C. S. WELCH CO. Dept. C-H NEW YORK CITY

Furnishings and Decorations

(Continued from page 43)

Cheap grades are less durable than paint and are more apt to fade, but those of fine quality are remarkably durable. Covering the walls with muslin or canvas before hanging the paper will greatly prolong its life by protecting it from cracks in the plastering.

Painted fabric combines several of the desirable features of paint, paper, and wall lining—as the muslin or canvas covering is called. Its heavy cloth foundation prevents cracks from showing through, the painted surface gives an effect similar to that of a painted wall, and it can be had in various patterns and textures.

Preparation of Walls and Ceilings

Whether walls and ceilings are to be kalsomined, painted, or hung with paper or fabric, they must be clean, dry, and free from cracks. Walls previously finished with water color should be thoroughly washed with warm, soapy water applied with a large sponge, and rinsed with clear water, completing as much of the surface as can be reached without changing position, before moving to a new place. Except when kalsomine is to be applied over faded paper for reasons of economy, old wallpaper should be removed by first saturating it with warm water applied with a whitewash brush or a long-handled window brush, and when it has become loosened, scraping it off with a painter's scraper. In some cases a second drenching may be necessary. After the old finish is all off, the walls should be washed clean and left to dry for at least three days. Walls previously painted should have all loose paint scraped off and then be thoroughly washed with a sponge and a solution of one heaping tablespoonful of washing soda in a quart of hot water, and rinsed with clear water. Every vestige of soda must be removed from the plastering before the new finish is applied.

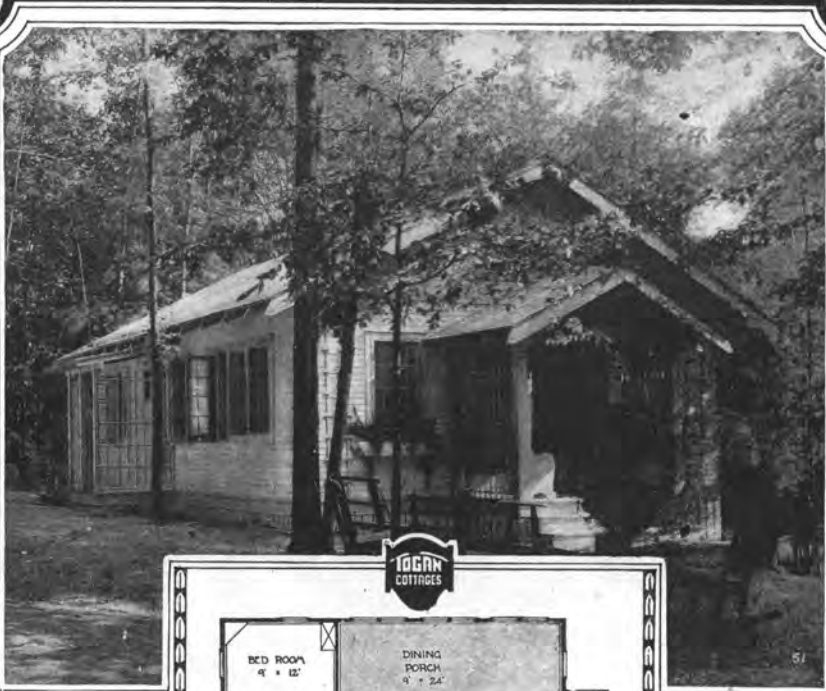
Wherever cracks appear, brush out all loose plaster, or cut out with a metal scraper, wet thoroughly, and fill with plaster of Paris mixed to a stiff paste with cold water and pressed into the cracks with a putty knife or case knife. Mix only a small quantity at a time lest it set before it can be used. Level off the surface of the patch, and when dry, coat it over with white shellac.

Walls to be finished with water paint or kalsomine must next be sized: those on which flat, gloss, or enamel paint is to be used must be primed. Directions for performing either operation will be found accompanying the cans or packages of standard finishes. It is advisable to use the special size or primer recommended for each brand. On old painted walls which are to be repainted, the priming coat may be omitted, and there are some wall-boards which come ready primed. One coat of water color will sometimes give satisfactory results on a well-sized wall, but two are preferable. For other paints, two coats following the primer may be made to answer, but four or five are required for the best work. The first coat is reduced with turpentine. Before work is begun, the can of paint should be emptied into a larger receptacle and the contents thoroughly stirred with a wooden paddle.

The Brush to Use

A flat wall brush four or five inches wide is used for sizing, priming, and painting. Water paints give best results when brushed out in all directions, but the other types should be applied with horizontal sweeping strokes. Painting a ceiling is a difficult task for a novice, and this part of the work should be done by a practical painter, even though the home decorator chooses to do the walls herself.

The same is true of hanging wall-papers and fabrics. One who is gifted with a special knack for such work may obtain fair results, but the majority will find it advisable to employ a paper-hanger.



TOGAN COTTAGES
*PLAN D-1—24' x 36'

For Comfort and Rest

Togan Summer Cottages embody all town-house conveniences. Many people prefer these comforts; they make the joys of outdoor life complete. The catalog "Away from City Cares" will be sent on request; it shows twenty charming designs.

TOGAN-STILES
1623 Eastern Ave
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Velvet Grip

"SEW-ONS" for Corsets

The function of the Hose Supporter is to support—how efficiently it performs that function determines its worth as a Supporter. Merely holding up the stocking is not enough if the grip or clasp slips or rips, causing runs in hosiery. The VELVET GRIP is the only Hose Supporter with the

All-Rubber Oblong Button

a unique feature which because of its shape and larger holding surface does

Prevent Slipping and Ruthless Ripping

Velvet Grip "Sew-Ons" can be bought separately and attached easily to any corset. Ask for them at the Notion, Hosiery or Corset Department.

George Frost Company
561 Tremont St. Boston

Makers of the famous
Boston Garter for Men
and "Pin-Ons" for children

Also the "Baby Midget" for Infants, which not only Holds but is made with the same care and of the same Quality as "Daddy's"

"Holds like Daddy's"

Sold Everywhere—or sent postpaid. Baby Midget—Liste 12c, Silk 18c.

Rice Grains Puffed to Bubbles

Thin, flimsy, flavory grains which add to fruit what flaky crust adds to shortcake or to pie.



Start July Days

With Puffed Rice mixed with berries

Or served with cream and sugar. You have never known a cereal food so flavory and delightful.

These nut-like morsels are used in candy-making. Chefs use them to garnish ice cream. Think of serving such foods as a breakfast dainty.

Also crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children between meals. They are better than nuts or sweetmeats or cookies. Puffed Rice has every food cell blasted so digestion is made easy and complete.

End July Days

With Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk

This means whole wheat—the ideal food—with every food cell broken. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

These are Prof. Anderson's foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence. This process does completely what cooking merely starts. Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. In this form all those elements are utilized. Think of scientific grain foods which to children seem confections. Serve them in these summer days morning, noon and night.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Furnishings and Decorations

Close-grained woods, such as pine, maple, birch, or fir, are best for painting, although any kind of wood can be so finished if carefully prepared. Cypress is the least desirable for the purpose. Pine contains pitch which is apt to work through and discolor the paint unless first shellacked, and all knots or sappy places should receive a coat of shellac, whatever the wood employed. As with walls, the surface must be clean, smooth, and absolutely dry. Remove any roughness with 00 sandpaper, rubbing back and forth parallel with the grain of the wood. Wipe off the resulting dust. On old work where paint is peeling or varnish is cracked and crazed, the finish must be taken off right down to the bare wood with a chemical paint and varnish remover. This may be obtained wherever interior finishes are sold. When the directions have been carefully followed and the woodwork is clean and dry, apply a priming coat, followed at intervals of from thirty-six to forty-eight hours by not fewer than two coats of flat paint and one of enamel. On new work, a total of five coats will give the best wear and appearance. When cost must be rigidly considered, the finishing as well as the under coats may be of flat paint—especially where this finish is also used upon the walls—but the surface will not be quite so satiny and beautiful as that produced by enamel. Each coat except the final one should be lightly smoothed with 00 sandpaper to remove brush marks.

When painted woodwork in reasonably good condition is to be repainted, thorough washing and sandpapering will be sufficient, and only as many coats as are needed to cover the old finish will be required.

Stains and Fillers

Many persons do not understand the difference between paints and stains, and much confusion results therefrom. The chief difference so far as the home decorator is concerned is that paints are opaque and completely hide the grain and texture of the wood, whereas stains are transparent and help to accentuate its beauty. It follows therefore that stain can not be applied over paint with good results, but paint can be applied over stain.

The varieties in common use are oil, spirit and water stains. Oil stains are not quite so transparent as the other two, but are extremely easy to apply and give entire satisfaction on soft woods which have no special beauty of grain to be brought out. Any variety of stain may be applied with a flat bristle brush from two to four inches wide, and water stains may also be applied with a sponge. After five minutes or so the surface may be wiped with a bunch of soft rags to remove surplus stain.

Varnish stain is not a different kind of stain, but a combined stain and varnish which is intended to save time and labor by staining and varnishing in one operation. It is applied with a soft varnish brush and should not be wiped. A glossy finish is produced, but the effect is not so attractive as that produced by the more laborious method of applying stain and varnish separately.

Why and How to Use Fillers

Fillers are substances used to fill the pores of wood and to produce a perfectly smooth surface to receive the final finish. They follow the stain or take its place when a "natural" finish is desired. Paste filler thinned with turpentine to the consistency of thick cream is used on open-grained woods such as oak, mahogany, and chestnut. Apply freely with a bristle brush parallel with the grain of the wood. In about twenty minutes, or when the surface begins to look dull, wipe briskly across the grain with a wad of excelsior or burlap. Twenty-four hours later smooth with fine sandpaper, rubbing first across and then with the grain. As a rule the filler matches the

stain, but interesting two-tone effects can be produced by the use of a different color.

Liquid filler is designed only for use on close-grained woods such as pine, gumwood, redwood, and fir. It is not heavy-bodied enough to fill the large pores of the open-grained varieties. Apply with a varnish brush, omitting the wiping, and sandpaper when dry.

Woodwork whether stained or natural may have either a dull or a glossy finish, the first being given the preference in the main rooms of the house. Dull finish can be produced either with oil wax or flat varnish or by rubbing down a gloss varnish with oil and pumice. Glossy finish is produced by the application of a high-grade gloss varnish or by hand polishing. A good formula for oil finish consists of twenty-eight ounces of boiled linseed oil to four ounces of turpentine. Brush on freely and let it stand ten or twelve hours to soak in. Then rub the surface *with* the grain with a soft rag to remove the thin film which will have formed. This treatment is particularly good for mahogany. Detailed instructions for applying wax and flat varnish will be found printed on the labels. Hand rubbing and polishing require considerable practise in order to be done successfully, and as similar effects can be produced by simpler means, the processes need not be considered here.

Treatment of Floors

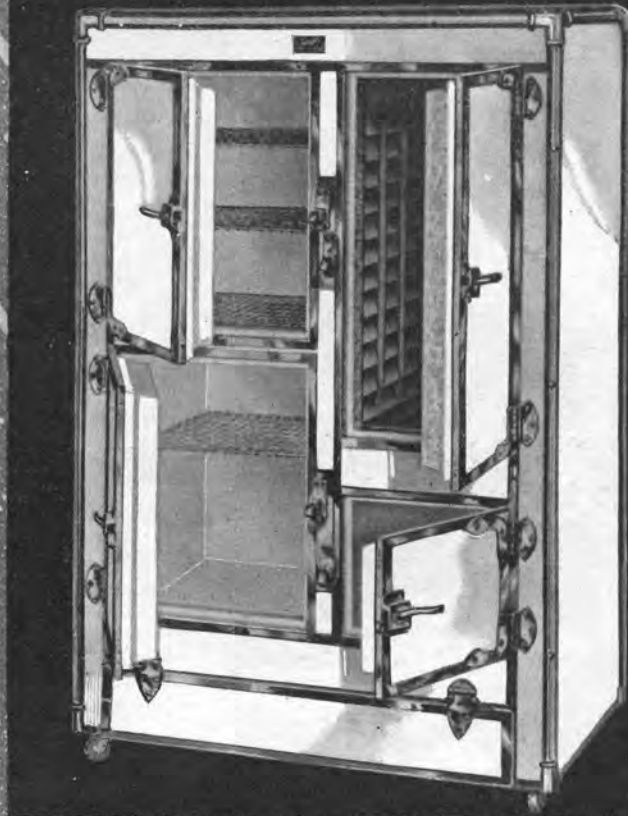
Practically the same rules apply to the finishing of floors as to woodwork except that liquid wax, flat varnish, and flat and enamel paints are not suited to the purpose. Spots should be removed with benzine, turpentine, or by scraping. If the floor is to be stained, the old finish should be taken off by scraping with a machine, or by the use of paint and varnish remover. If necessary to wash the floor, use as little water as possible and postpone finishing for two or three days in order that it may become thoroughly dry. Shellac is the least durable type of finish, but the fact that it can be walked upon within an hour makes it desirable under certain conditions. For old floors which are badly worn and discolored, especially when of soft wood, paint is often the best finish. Its durability may be increased by an application of wax or varnish.

Wax as a floor finish has been in use for centuries. It produces a soft, mellow luster, and if sparingly used will not make the floor excessively slippery. Two thin coats, each separately polished, give better results than a single heavy coat. Varnish when rubbed down by hand produces a beautiful dull finish which does not readily show scratches or heel marks. On floors which require frequent washing the so-called "waterproof" varnishes are especially practical. They have a high gloss which can not be rubbed successfully and hence should not be employed where a dull finish is preferred. Three coats should be used on floors, although two will suffice on woodwork. Two coats of floor paint will give more than double the wear of a single coat.

Choose the Right Finish for Each Purpose

At the last analysis success in interior finishing will be found to depend in large measure upon care in choosing the right finish for each purpose. Wall paints and floor paints are different in composition and not to be used interchangeably. If a varnished surface is to be hand rubbed, a rubbing varnish and not a flat, waterproof, or other type should be employed. The stain or filler should be of the correct type for the wood to be finished and so on through the list. It is only through scrupulous attention to such details which to the lay mind might appear insignificant that finishes of the highest beauty and durability can be produced.

Note: A list of references for supplementary reading, and a set of test questions on the lesson itself, will be mailed on receipt of 6c. Answers to the questions on Lessons I and II are 10c for each set. Our new Service Leaflet, How to Paint Furniture, is also 10c



Seeger

The
**ORIGINAL
SIPHON
REFRIGERATOR**

Standard of the American Home

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HEBE[★]



HEBE Cream Sauce

½ cup HEBE diluted
with ½ cup water
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
Dash white pepper

*Put the butter into
sauce pan. When
melted remove from
fire, add the flour,
stir until smooth, re-
turn to fire, add the
diluted HEBE—stir un-
til smooth. Flavor to
taste with ½ teaspoon
scraped onion or a
little nutmeg.*

Vegetables cooked with HEBE make delightful summer dishes

Summer is here and with it new delights for the table—fresh vegetables and fruits and a welcome change from the winter diet. Vegetables in season are at their best, and make a sensibly simple summer meal, healthful as well as appetizing.

There is no more delicious way of preparing vegetables than creamed. Make the white sauce with HEBE and serve them creamed, and various other ways.

Used every day, in all your cooking and baking, HEBE is a worth while economy. And wherever you use it, you will notice an added richness and fine flavor. It makes foods cooked with it more nutritious, too. Order a can of HEBE from your grocer today and see for yourself!

HEBE is a wholesome combination of foods—pure skimmed milk evaporated to double strength enriched with cocoanut fat. If kept in a cool place, it will stay sweet several days after opening because it is sterilized in the hermetically sealed can.

Send for the HEBE recipe booklet. It is free. Address 3905 Consumers' Bldg., Chicago.

THE HEBE COMPANY

Chicago

Seattle



Letters from a Senator's Wife

(Continued from page 36)

its equal, and with its general membership growing by leaps and bounds, it is looming pretty large in the public eye at present.

It is the largest organization of women writers and illustrators in this country, with its headquarters here, and with branches in every state in the Union. And though nearly all the big women writers—the ones whose names are "top-liners"—belong to it, any woman who has written or is writing professionally is eligible to it, so that naturally we are a very democratic and cosmopolitan body. For several years the annual book-fair, carnival, and ball, held here in the spring, have been events of great local importance. But this is the first time members from all over the country have been invited to join in the celebration. And they accepted the invitation from Texas and California, from Kentucky and Illinois, from New York and Missouri and Arizona and many other states as well!

The first time that we saw them all together—and they were certainly well worth seeing—was at the reception which Mrs. Hoch and I gave for them together at the Congressional Club on the opening day of the Convention. Mrs. Hoch and I felt deeply honored to be the first persons to entertain the women writers of the country gathered together for the first time. Mrs. Coolidge received with us, and Mrs. Lenroot, and Mrs. DuPuy and Mrs. Colman, the president and second vice-president of the Penwomen; while members of the executive boards of both organizations "floated" and poured, and the Marine Band played so enticingly that the Pen-ladies began to dance with each other, and the reception, which began in a very dignified and rather formal way, ended in a regular frolic, and we all felt like old friends before the evening was over!

The Penwomen's Carnival and Book-Fair

The next day the carnival and book-fair began in the big ballroom at the Hotel Willard. Miss Alice Robertson, the Congresswoman from Oklahoma, formally opened it, speaking briefly, but with great force and sincerity, of the tremendous responsibility, as well as the tremendous opportunity, that lies with the writers of the country today. As soon as she had finished, the spirit of merrymaking began, and the hall was thrown open to visitors. It was really a beautiful and inspiring sight. Mrs. Harding sent us quantities of rose-bushes and cut flowers from the White House, and these were sold by pretty girls dressed in fancy costumes, moving about through the crowds. There were booths there in charge of women from almost every state in the Union, bearing the products in literature and art from that state; booths in charge of various charities and philanthropies, like the Near-East Relief and the Madame Curie Fund; and booths representing the various leading magazines.

It was, of course, natural, that I should be GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, and, dressed in blue and white gingham, with a big white cap and apron, with a glistening white kitchen cabinet for a background, and surrounded by pots and kettles and pans. I autographed and sold magazines until my table was absolutely bare. One woman got furiously angry because I wouldn't sell her a percolator which was part of my decorations! But aside from that everything went so well! that I entirely forgot to be tired in the elated condition which I reached before the afternoon was over!

The book-fair lasted for two afternoons and an evening, and in the course of it two lovely pageants and two charming little plays—all written by members of the League—were given. And during the intervening morning we went to the White House for our promised visit with Mrs. Harding. The Harding blue was in the skies again, and after we had passed

through the famous East Room, with its splendid spaces and glittering chandeliers, to the smaller drawing-room where Mrs. Harding received us, she went out with us into the garden, and had her picture taken with us.

And finally, on Friday night—the fifteenth—we had our big costume ball at the Willard, with Mrs. Coolidge as our honor guest, and Mrs. Harding and nearly all the prominent members of diplomatic, congressional, and resident society for our patrons, and the great ballroom was filled again, this time with dancers dressed to represent famous characters in fiction and history. Mrs. DuPuy as Queen Victoria, Mrs. Colman as the Duchess of Devonshire, and I as Balzac's "Woman of Thirty" received the guests, and I felt all the thrills that you and I used to have when we dressed up as little girls, when I got into my pale-green satin, with its hoop skirt and short, puffed sleeves and tight bodice, and my great-grandmother's jewels and lace!

The D. A. R. Convention

The Convention coming to an end with the National Election and revision of by-laws on Saturday—which all passed off beautifully—I was free to present myself Monday evening at Continental Hall in my capacity of delegate to another big convention—the thirtieth annual Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Do you realize, Dorothy, that I have been coming to these Congresses off and on ever since I was a little girl? I think I was only seven years old when mother, who was one of the first "daughters" to join the society, brought me to the "Continental Congress"—for in those days delegates often took their children with them and were even allowed to bring them into the old Albaugh Theater, where the meetings were held. To those early Congresses I owe many pleasant memories—my first real acquaintance with Washington as a city, my first visits to the White House, my first introductions to many famous men. But in those days the meetings were unbusinesslike and often almost riotous. Women had had little experience in such matters; they knew nothing of parliamentary law, and nothing—it sometimes seemed—of keeping their tempers. I think there is no better illustration of the tremendous progress women have made within the last twenty years in organization work than in this great and powerful national society.

The beautiful Memorial Continental Hall where the meetings are now held is no more different from the dingy little theater of my earliest recollections than the knowledge and spirit of the women who throng it are different from those who used to gather in Washington when the society began its work. The President-General, Mrs. Minor, was kind enough to give me a box seat on the opening night, this year, and I never shall forget how inspiring a sight the hall was as seen from there—filled to overflowing with handsomely-dressed, earnest, intelligent women, and decorated with immense quantities of flags and flowers, ferns and palms.

The Vice-President, the French Ambassador—who presented the society with two beautiful vases and a bust of George Washington, all made of Sèvres porcelain, in behalf of the French government—and, for the first time in the history of the organization, the *British Ambassador* spoke. And Sir Auckland Geddes' remarks, wittily begun by addressing us as "D. A. R.—lings" were a worthy reply to the splendid address which Mrs. Minor had given in the morning, calling upon the Anglo-Saxon races to stand shoulder to shoulder through these trying times.

Perhaps it was because the burden of responsibility for the Penwomen's Convention had rested so heavily upon me that, since there was no particular task that our own home chapter asked of me, I took the "Congress" more easily, extracting a great deal of pleasure from it. And one of the most delightful events during the week was certainly the presentation of "living pictures" on the closing night. With infinite precision of detail and delicacy



Canning a Salad Course

"Nothing in the market for salad but just lettuce."

Outside of the largest cities this condition is a very common one during several of the winter months. Why not provide for a variety in the salad course by canning a shelf full of vegetables especially for this purpose. Very young string beans, asparagus tips, baby beets and whole tomatoes are all useful for winter salads.

Young ears of some small variety of corn picked as soon as the grains are well formed make a novel garnish for salads. Cook the ears until tender and pickle in highly spiced vinegar as they have, of course, little flavor of their own. Use with cress and lettuce or any other fresh salad which the market affords.

GOOD LUCK rubbers come packed with all new Atlas E-Z Seal fruit jars

Owing to our capacity of more than 5,000,000 GOOD LUCK Rubbers daily, we are able to announce the return of the GOOD LUCK ring to the pre-war price of 10 cents per dozen without in any way affecting its high standard of quality. Order through your dealer, or, if he cannot supply you, send 10 cents for sample dozen. Send 2 cent stamp for our new cook book on Cold Pack Canning.

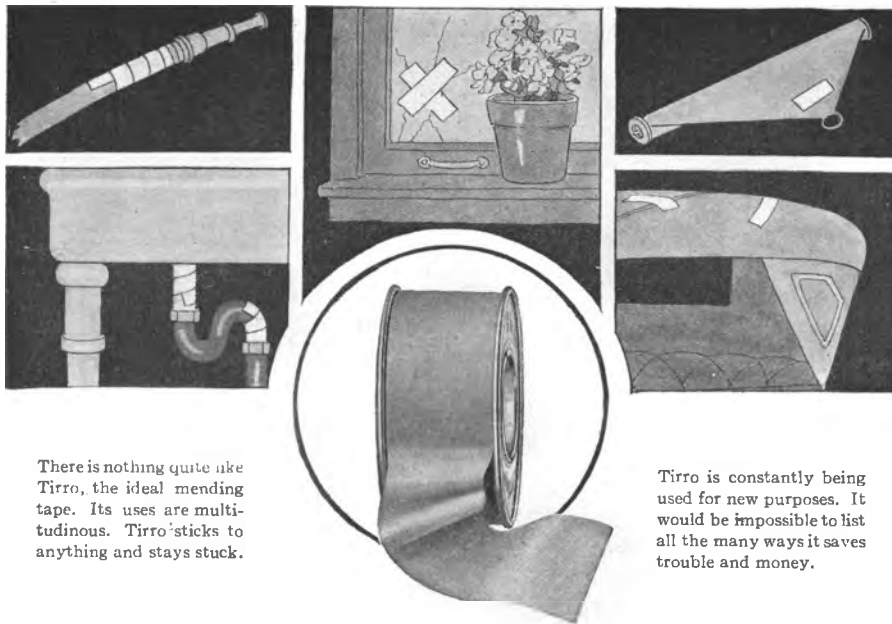


GOOD LUCK

RED JAR RINGS

BOSTON WOVEN HOSE & RUBBER COMPANY
20 HAMPSHIRE STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*The Largest Manufacturers of Rubber Rings
in the World*



There is nothing quite like Tirro, the ideal mending tape. Its uses are multitudinous. Tirro sticks to anything and stays stuck.

Tirro is constantly being used for new purposes. It would be impossible to list all the many ways it saves trouble and money.

Tirro—The Trouble Ender

A handy, waterproofed, sticky tape—sticks to everything

Tirro, the ideal mending tape, is a welcome handy-andy in thousands of homes, offices and shops.

It comes on a spool. It is a strong fabric tape. One side is coated with a clinging compound. It sticks to china, rubber, wood, metal, glass, *anything*. It is instantly ready, and is applied without heating, wetting or mussiness.

Tirro is waterproofed before we

coat it. Then the sticky material is viscous rubber. So it is both leak-proof and an insulation.

Tirro stops leaks in raincoats, in leather, in umbrellas, in automobile tops, water pipes, hose, etc.

Tirro wraps, binds, mends. One thickness or several gives the proper strength. It can be painted to match anything. It becomes a part of the article.



Saves its cost many times over

Tirro not only saves money, but it keeps things we have become attached to in service. Children's toys, for instance. Or mending a tear in a picture. (Put a bit of Tirro on the back.) It keeps tools in service. A broken jardiniere may be mended from the inside.

Favorite books and music can be kept. Many articles would have to be replaced if it weren't for Tirro. That's why it has won such success. Once you buy a spool of Tirro, you, too, will find dozens of uses for it. You'll never be without it. It keeps indefinitely.

A FREE TRIAL STRIP

We'll gladly send you a 12-inch free strip and our Book of a Thousand Uses if you're unacquainted with Tirro or want to test it. Or you can buy it at your druggist's. It comes in two sizes and lengths. Prices in the United States: Large size, 1½-inch wide, 50c; medium size, ¾-inch wide, 30c. Write for free trial strip or buy a spool of Tirro at the drug store.

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

**Water-
proofed**

Tirro

**Extra
Strong**

The Ideal Mending Tape

Letters from a Senator's Wife

of execution, one historic character after another was shown in a great frame on the center of the stage, the concealing curtains drawn back each time by two women in Colonial costume, while Miss Coltrane, the Historian General, also in Colonial costume, read a short sketch of each woman as she was presented. The pictures were divided into groups, from the earliest Revolutionary times, beginning with Mary Ball Washington, through the winning of the West, and finally to Miss Robertson of the present day. Between the groups, songs of the period were sung by men and women in costume—songs ranging all the way from "Drink to me only with thine eyes" to "Ben Bolt."

Women of the Past

The women represented made me feel that we have a great deal to be proud of *as women*, not only in the present, but in the past. Our own Molly Stark and Ann Story were there, of course, and Mercy Warren and Abigail Adams and Betsy Ross and Molly Pitcher and dozens of others. I was glad to see a Hopi Indian maiden, and Margaret Haugherty—"Mother Margaret"—of Louisiana included. And I went away echoing in my heart the little motto printed on our programs, "Oh, Pioneer Mothers, departed but unforgotten! would that we might weave you a new garment of praise, radiant as your bravery, enduring as your deeds, strong as your faith, ample as your mind, and all-sufficient as your affections!"

One of the best speeches given before the "Congress" was delivered by Dr. Rowe, the Director of the Pan-American Union, in which he pleaded for the organization of societies similar to ours in *all* the American countries where great revolutions have taken place. And after hearing his stirring words, I felt an added interest in going very late the same evening that the living pictures were shown, to the reception at the Pan-American Building, given in honor of Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State, by the Minister of Foreign Relations of Venezuela and the other members of the Venezuelan Special Mission, among the festivities in connection with the unveiling of the statue of General Bolivar, the great Venezuelan patriot, in New York.

The Pan-American is called the most beautiful building in Washington, and as I wandered through it that night, I felt that it is the most beautiful in the world. In the middle of the great entrance court, an enormous fountain, surrounded by tropical plants, rose in a diamond-like spray and fell bubbling into a deep pool, beneath which glowed great globes of colored light. The two wide, white-marble staircases were crowded with people—all official Washington, two thousand strong, was there—on their way to the ballroom above, its crystal chandeliers gleaming like jewels, where the receiving line stood, and where dancing was going on and two orchestras were playing. Outside, two more marble staircases descended in the rear to the Aztec garden, illuminated by strings of red, yellow, and blue electric balls—the national colors of Venezuela, shining over the little lagoon and on the annex in the rear, where, between white marble arches, against a background of deep blue mosaic, a third orchestra was playing. And, to make a child's idea of fairyland—and perhaps a grown-up's, too—complete, a supper was served to those two thousand guests which might have come straight out of the Arabian Nights! Never have I eaten such wonderful things, and certainly never among such wonderful surroundings!

And now, before I say good night, I must tell you about something that I have saved until the last, not because it was least important, but because it was most important, and because I want you to remember it when you have forgotten everything else that the letter contains—the speech that the President made

at the opening of Congress before the two bodies in the House of Representatives on the twelfth of April. You've read it, of course, more or less casually. But that isn't the way you would have listened to it if you could have sat beside me that day.

You've realized, perhaps, from his pictures, what a wonderful face Harding has. It is more than merely handsome, it is beautiful, and when he speaks, it is *illuminated*. And with the beautiful face goes a beautiful voice, and a depth of earnestness and sincerity of expression such as I have seldom heard. One by one, clearly, convincingly, without circumlocution or evasion, he drove the different points of his policy straight through to bed-rock.

Since you read the great speech casually, you have probably watched the results which have already sprung from it, casually, too. But here in Washington, there has been nothing casual, I assure you, either in the manner in which Congress has put its shoulder to the wheel to carry out these and other recommendations, or in the eagerness with which we have watched its alacrity. The Colombian Treaty, after hanging fire for *seventeen years*, has been passed. The naval aeronautic bill has been introduced. Do you know by whom? Well, by *Harry*—and I'll wager you didn't know that either, and I wish that you and every other woman would watch what her *own* Senators and Representatives are doing, besides the activities of Congress as a whole.

Best of all—that is, in my opinion—the Maternity Bill has been reintroduced, and I believe that before this letter reaches you it will have been favorably reported out—perhaps even passed—for the Chairman of the Education Committee, Senator Kenyon, under whom it now comes up, is a remarkably just and clear-seeing man, in my opinion, and that opinion, which I held before, was strengthened after appearing before him at a hearing today. I hope this is the last speech that I shall need to make for this bill, and I believe it is—though if it were necessary, I'd be willing to camp on the Capitol steps all summer to see it passed!

A woman who feels that the job of a Senator's wife should be purely social said to me the other day that if I wasn't careful my name would go on that bill as a rider! To which I replied that I was very proud of my name, and that *there was no place where I would rather see it!*

Just at present, however, the place for my name is at the end of this letter! And, with ever so much love, I am,

Always affectionately yours,

Trouce Parrissar Keyes

The League for Longer Life

(Continued from page 62)

In the first place, the activity of the male, and the kind of work in which he is engaged, and the greater responsibilities that rest upon him may in some way—I do not undertake to say how—exert a depressing effect upon the heart and thus lessen its resistance to insidious disease. The problems which men encounter in their active life are, of necessity, greater, more serious, and more absorbing than the problems which come to the ordinary woman's life. The worry over business, disappointed ambition, loss of wealth, overwork, lack of proper sleep and exercise, all tend to lessen the vitality of the body in general, though I could not say of the heart in particular.

Again, the habits in which so many men indulge, as, for instance, in the past, the excessive use of alcohol and, at the present time, the excessive use of tobacco, may, and probably do, account for much of their greater susceptibility. The "tobacco heart" is one well known in medicine. The inordinate use of tobacco in any form does undoubtedly exert a depressing influence upon the heart action. As men were formerly more addicted to alcohol, and are now



"If it has a wringer it isn't a Laun-Dry-Ette"

Do husbands really care?

DO husbands really *care* about how their wives are equipped for housekeeping? For example, do they care what happens at home on washday, when nowadays so many wives *must* do their own washing?

Do they? Well, it isn't a question in our minds at all. Husbands *do* care. They care greatly if we may judge by our experience. Fully half our sales are made through husbands who investigate on their own initiative or at the request of their wives. Often they accompany their wives.

This is the way we like to have it. Most men appreciate simple, safe, well built, labor-saving devices. But the wives do the washing! And if you, oh gentle lady, are not satisfied we care not who approves the construction.

See this *Wringerless* Electric Washer yourself

Go see the Laun-Dry-Ette in operation. Bring your husband with you. For we are sure he wants you to have the best washing machine in the world. This wonderful (no that word is not an exaggeration) washing machine *whirls* a whole tubful of clothes dry for the line in one minute.

It washes beautifully; then it rinses and blues according to the best principles of

washing—and it whirls the clothes dry—(no wringer needed)—and it *never* smashes buttons. It is *easier* and quicker to wash the Laun-Dry-Ette Way.

If there is no Laun-Dry-Ette dealer near you take this advertisement to the nearest electrical or hardware dealer and have him order one for you. Or write for full information about the Laun-Dry-Ette Way of washing.

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LAUN-DRY-ETTE

electric washing machine

WASHES AND DRIES WITHOUT A WRINGER

*First in the industry,
foremost since —*



Foremost in providing sanitary protection for the home

THE Madera-Silent Closet combination shown above, is characteristic of the many refinements that prompt the selection of Thomas Maddock equipment wherever the utmost in sanitary protection is required.



Maddock plumbing equipment is also used in the plants of the Fisk Rubber Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn.; the Federal Rubber Company, Cudahy, Wis., and in many other well-known manufacturing plants in all parts of the country.



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Like all Maddock fixtures, this closet has many sanitary advantages that are the result of the development which began in 1873 when Thomas Maddock pioneered the industry.

It is silent—the sound of its action cannot be heard beyond bathroom walls. And, being made of glistening, pure white, almost unbreakable vitreous china, it is easy to clean and to keep sanitary.

Anyone interested in equipping an old or a new bathroom with fixtures that insure the maximum in health protection, should write for our booklet, "Bathroom Individuality."

Thomas Maddock's Sons Company
Trenton, New Jersey

The League for Longer Life

more addicted to tobacco, than women, any injury which tobacco does to the heart must be registered in the data relating to heart disease. I therefore venture to put forth the suggestion that the greater susceptibility of men over women to heart trouble is due to the excessive and wide-spread use of tobacco. This fact is supported by competent medical evidence, not taken, however, from those who are opposed to the use of tobacco.

The general consensus of opinion among physicians is that even if the use of tobacco does not directly cause diseases of the circulatory system, it promotes them in the most profound way, and in order to remedy any difficulty in the circulatory system of any character, an entire abstinence from tobacco is regarded as one of the most important conditions of the environment.

Other Causes of Heart Trouble

I use the term "heart trouble" in the general sense, as any disease of the circulatory system, and of which organic diseases of the heart are far more numerous than any other one kind. It is the general opinion of medical authorities at the present time that these diseases are profoundly influenced by local infection. It is well known that the infections of the tonsils, or of the roots of the teeth, or of any other organs of the body by means of which pus and its products may be absorbed into the circulation, are regarded as one of the principal causes of rheumatism and its allied diseases.

There is one particular form of heart trouble, namely, inflammation of the lining or internal membrane or the muscular fibers of the heart, which is found to attend cases of inflammatory rheumatism. Whether or not these diseases of the heart are directly caused by these infections, or indirectly through the rheumatic fever, is a matter of small consequence. The outstanding fact of which all should take notice is that, directly or indirectly, these focal infections do cause the heart trouble.

Those who desire to avoid heart trouble, therefore, as well as other threatening diseases, should not fail to assure themselves, by frequent examinations of a medical character, that they are free from any pus-forming deposits in any part of the body.

There are other diseases which are prone to affect the heart. All chronic troubles of an infectious character may be included in the list. Particularly is the heart likely to give way under the stress of syphilitic poisons and the disturbances caused by diabetes and Bright's disease. Very threatening and sometimes fatal heart trouble also accompanies scarlet fever, pneumonia, and typhoid. Especially is this true in the case of children.

The various forms of chronic endocarditis under the age of thirty can usually be traced to some such infectious disease as those just mentioned. Lead poisoning is also a cause of heart trouble, often of a chronic character. Excessive physical labor or exercise is regarded as not an infrequent cause. The fact that so many athletes are subsequently victims of heart disease is important in this connection. While exercise is of the greatest value in maintaining health, fatigue, especially of an extreme character coming from overexertion, is always to be avoided. The cause is not hard to discover. All excessive physical exertion places an additional burden upon the heart. Its action during such exercise is very much accelerated and emphasized, and thus, doubtless, leads to exhaustion and subsequent susceptibility and degeneration.

I am only mentioning some of the more important points in my effort to warn our readers to avoid heart trouble. If they know these facts, and are wise, they will take the necessary steps to avoid the consequences of infringement on natural law.

In spite of all our care and effort, heart trouble may develop. It is of the utmost significance to comfort and continued exist-

Remember the importance of the plumber in protecting the family's health

tence that the patient should know how to live.

First of all, the diet should be simple and free of all excess. Temperance is the cardinal principle here. Even wholesome food should be eaten in moderation. No effort should be made to increase weight, unless one is very thin, but to maintain the body *in statu quo* as much as possible. Indulgence in tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, alcohol, or tobacco, it is evident, should be prohibited. It is best not to try temperance in these conditions, but prohibition.

Another point is to avoid all excessive labor or fatigue and all sudden exertion. Of course, there are times when danger threatens, when sudden movements and intense muscular tension are necessary to immediate safety, but this exertion should be limited to the smallest amount possible to produce the effect. All physical labor should be so controlled as never to lead to fatigue or exhaustion.

One who is troubled with heart disease in any of its forms, especially the organic lesions of the heart, should not rise suddenly from his bed or his chair, but should get up slowly. The whole conduct of life should be made as serene as possible. There is no reason, in many cases, for the death of persons troubled with heart trouble except from their own indiscretions. They run to catch a street-car, or go up a flight of stairs too quickly, or do some other thing rapidly which might just as well be done at leisure. Even in the earlier stages of the disease overexertion often leads to premature death.

It is perfectly natural, as one grows older, that he should more easily reach a condition which is known as "breathlessness," quick and spasmodic breathing, where there may be no organic trouble of the heart. The very moment we feel we are getting into a condition of this kind we should begin self-control, no matter whether our physician has told us our heart is affected or not. Men of fifty and sixty can not expect to follow their boys up the steps, or play hide and seek with them as they played when they were boys. Serenity of mind and of conduct is one of the fundamentals of long life of those who have cardiac troubles.

Care Prolongs Life Indefinitely

Even in very serious inroads into the heart structure life may be prolonged for a more or less indefinite period. The important thing is to secure the care of a physician who is conservative, helpful, comforting, and hopeful. There are certain remedies which are highly important to have on hand to be used in cases of emergency and which, with the care of the doctor, may prolong life for many years. This is true of even severe cases of organic disease. It is still more true of so-called "functional" affections of the heart, such as palpitation, skipping of a beat, and other troubles which, while alarming, are not really very dangerous.

The patient troubled with heart disease should not dwell upon his affliction or think of it any further than is necessary to follow the rules of conduct which have been set forth. There is no reason why he should not be happy and contented and enjoy to the full the life which he is living. It is true that one should be sufficiently aware of his condition to know that his life may be suddenly terminated, and this fact should lead him to have his affairs so arranged that any sudden termination of his life will not leave his family and his business in a disordered and helpless condition. This fact, however, is one that should confront everybody, as life is not at all certain even to the most healthy, and it is the part of wisdom to realize that some day it must terminate.

I am confident that if the people between the ages of forty and sixty, to whom I am addressing this article, would take this view of life, they might enjoy to the full all the days as they come and be as happy and contented as though they were twenty years younger. As our lives advance they become more fruitful. As we grow older we can do more, with the same energy expenditure, than we could in our youth. As our labors are more fruitful as we grow older, our joys are more complete.



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FULLER BRUSHES

60 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

The KINGDOM Round the CORNER

(Continued from page 32)

would Maisie's attitude be if Pollock did come back?"

Tab's was instantly aware that he had made a false move. His bluff had been called. There was only one chance of delaying his departure: at all costs he must involve him in an argument.

"If Pollock came back! Curious that you should suggest that! I've sat in this room and discussed the possibility with Mrs. Lockwood by the hour. For the past two months—that's as long as I've known her—I've been helping her to live as though he might come back."

The man's coolness instantly vanished. "You're not going. Sit down. You've got to explain." He rapped out his sentences in short, quick jerks. His voice had become harsh and imperative. "You can't have any idea what this means to me. It's ridiculous. Why should you, a living man, help her, when she's so beautiful, to save herself for a dead man? She didn't save herself in the case of Gervis and Lockwood."

With a sigh of relief Tabs rescued himself. The man sank down beside him, crowding against him on the couch. His anxiety was as sharp-pointed as a dagger.

"Quick!" he urged. "Don't keep me in suspense."

"I don't know that I can be quick." Tabs spoke leisurely. He paused, trying to think what he should say next. "Mrs. Lockwood, as we both know, is a more than ordinarily charming woman. She's the kind who, without being able to prevent herself, draws men."

The man half rose in his irritation. "You're not answering my question." The violence in his tone was unmistakable. "What I've got to find out is, what put you up to persuading her to live as though Pollock were not dead?"

"I was coming to that." Tabs spoke reassuringly. "Beneath all her gaiety I found, when I began to know her, that she was desperate—desperate to live in the sunshine and mortally afraid of shadows. At the least hint of shadows she grew reckless. She believed her happiness was in the past. So I taught her to play a game, a game that has often saved me from despair. It was just this—to act as though all the goodness one had known still lay ahead. In her case this meant living as though the man whom she had loved were not dead, but waiting for her round some future corner. So that's why—But I think I've answered your question."

Tab's rose from the couch and limped over to the empty fireplace. He stood there beneath the portrait of Lady Dawn, supporting himself with one arm against the mantel.

Uncertainly, as if he were hovering between two opinions, the stranger struggled to his feet. He moved toward the door, halted, and came slowly back. He looked spent, and slim, and wasted in the gathering shadows. As Tab's gazed down at him, he noticed that his face was prodigiously solemn.

"I don't mind now." He swallowed like a small boy getting rid of his emotion. "I don't mind Gervis or Lockwood any longer; it's as though they'd never happened. And I don't feel hard toward her, as I might have. I'm glad you told her about things being round the corner. Because I'm Pollock. I have come back."

Tab's stared at him. He was deeply moved. To humor him in his delusion seemed the height of callousness. Yet what else was possible under the circumstances?

"Of course you're Pollock," he assured him gently. "One wouldn't recognize you from your portraits, but I ought to have guessed."

The man caught the deception in his tone.

He lifted up his puzzled gray eyes. "You don't—No, I see you don't. You don't believe me. Yet I am Pollock."

"My dear chap," Tab's said it coaxingly, "I don't see why you should think I doubt you. I'm quite certain you're Pollock—Reggie Pollock, the first of all the aces, the man who brought down the Zeppelin over Brussels. You see, I know all about you. Your picture was in the papers. I've told you we expected you. So why—"

The front door was heard to open and close. There was the sound of Maisie's voice. They stood rigidly listening in the semi-darkness. Neither of them spoke or stirred. As she entered, a shaft of light from the hall preceded her. Quietly Tab's placed himself between her and the stranger. The stranger made no motion to thwart him. Just across the threshold she halted, leaning forward slightly and peering through the shadows.

"Why, Tab's," she laughed, "how romantic of you to sit waiting for me in the twilight!"

He came forward as though he were about to push her back. "I'm not alone, Mrs. Lockwood."

"I know. Porter told me. But why are you standing in my way?" She laughed again. A shiver of fear cut short her laughter. "What's the matter? I don't see your friend. Why don't you introduce—?"

"He's not my friend. He says he's yours."

"Then all the more reason—Why are you acting strangely? No, please let me into my own room, Tab's."

He had put out his arm to prevent her. Without warning the stranger advanced into the shaft of light. She saw him and fell back screaming, covering her eyes. With a vehemence that was unexpected, he pushed Tab's aside and clasped her to him.

"Maisie, darling, don't be afraid. I'm real. I know everything. And I don't mind.—And I've come back."

At the sound of his voice, she uncovered her eyes. His face was close to hers. The fixed look of terror left her. Putting out her hands timidly, she ran her fingers along the scar in his forehead.

"They've hurt you. Poor Reggie! Oh, my lover, they've hurt you!"

She buried her head against his shoulder and fell to weeping passionately.

II

NEITHER of them saw him go. He tiptoed past them like a ghost and out into the summer night. The sky was luminous with the dust of stars. A sleepy wind was blowing. He jumped into his car and sped away, making such haste that one might have thought he was pursued. They had not seen him go. That was the neglect that rankled. Even though they had seen him, they would not have cared; they would have done nothing to delay him. Like tired ships having weathered many storms, they had furled their sails in the Harbor of Desire.

Even though Pollock had not returned, he himself could never have married her. There are violations of the austerity of the soul which the urgings of the flesh can not accomplish. In the vivid flash of reality that had visited him he knew that now. He was angry—bitterly angry. But his anger was not for her; it was for himself. He could be so audaciously prophetic in the affairs of others. He could advise them and well-nigh compel them to conserve themselves for kingdoms of whose coming there was neither the slightest hope nor warning. His penetrating optimism could foresee the daringly incredible, so that it almost seemed in the case of Maisie that his optimism had created out of the incredible a fact. He could work these miracles of re-

straint for others; himself he could not restrain. His road ran straight as destiny, yet any lazy kingdom of mildness in a woman's eyes was capable of luring him aside.

His saner judgment intervened. He hadn't always been like that. Where had the point of departure started? He traced back the weakness till he came to the moment when he had permitted his sense of justice to be overruled by a woman. It had started with Maisie, when he had allowed her to persuade him to hide the truth from Lady Dawn.

He jammed on the brakes, bringing the car to a sudden halt. To go and tell her must be the first step in his redemption. Till that was done the curse of the dead man would follow him. It seemed to him now, as he looked back, that through all the spring and summer the shadow of Lord Dawn had crept behind him. He would go at once. He would go that night. He knew where he could find her. He would set out like a pilgrim of long ago through the moon-drenched, hay-scented sweetness of the country.

Far below, in a curving streak of blessedness, the Thames ran silvered by the moonlight. He could see the clumped shadows of woods and the flicker of ripples striking fire against the banks. More distantly London glowed—a golden flower cupped in the hollowed hand of night. Holding his breath he listened to the loudness of the quiet. Subtle ecstasies drifted to him, fluttering like moths against the windows of his mind—"Illicite like thoughts, roses like words, in the sweet —"

There was a *desigu*. Maisie had found her kingdom. Was it too much to expect that round some future turning God had another kingdom waiting?

III

HE drove back to London by the most direct route. As he turned into Brompton Square, he thought he caught the door of his house in the act of closing. He might have been mistaken. It was dark under the shadow of the trees. Nevertheless, he hugged the curb as he drove so that he might scan the face of any one on the pavement. Forty yards from his doorstep, at a point where things were darkest, a man passed him. He was a tall man and walked with the erectness of one who had been a soldier. The way in which he carried himself and strode was extraordinarily reminiscent. Tab's slowed down and looked back; the man moved straight ahead, without hesitancy or sign of recognition. It couldn't be Braithwaite; Ann's vicinity was the least likely place in which to find him.

As Tab's left himself into his house he found Ann in the hall. "Was there some one here to see me?" he asked.

"There's been no one to see your Lordship," Ann replied respectfully.

He scarcely knew what prompted him to say it. Perhaps it was the healthy neatness of her appearance—the extreme orderliness of her quiet: "Ann, you're the sanest creature I meet anywhere. You've the pluck of one in a million."

She turned to him a face that was flushing and eyes that were unusually bright. "It's very good of your Lordship. Your Lordship is always kind."

"No, Ann, only human. I know what you've been through, and I'm glad you're getting over it—I have to be away tonight. I shall need some supper. While you're preparing it, I'll pack."

On the way up-stairs he telephoned the garage to send for his car and to return it within the hour. Then he climbed the last flight to his bedroom.

While he packed, he kept pausing and knitting his brows. A ridiculous conviction

Apex

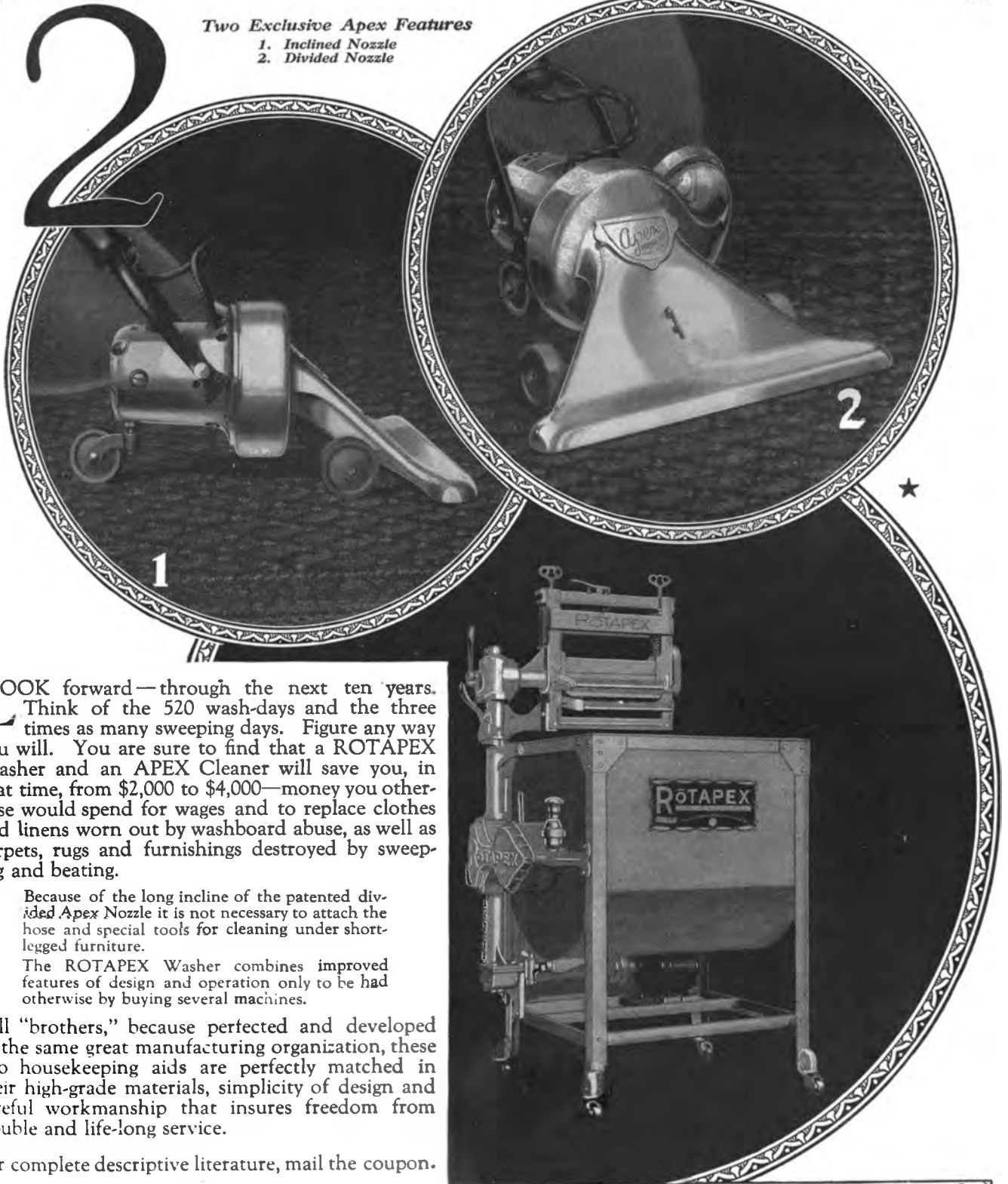
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The Kingdom Round the Corner

was forming in his mind. "It couldn't have been," he assured himself. Yet the more he recalled the man on the pavement, the more certain he was that he had been Steely Jack. But what motive could Braithwaite have had for calling, and why should Ann try to hide the fact that he had called? He had lost trace of him utterly since the day he had handed him Terry's ultimatum. Since then Terry and he had had many meetings, he did not doubt. Braithwaite's influence clung to her like her shadow. But if he was so in love with Terry, the more reason why he should steer clear of Ann. To have called at Brompton Square would have been asking for a cloudburst. It couldn't have been Braithwaite. And yet—

And then there was Ann. Since the day the General's portrait had appeared in the papers, she had given up watching for letters marked, "On His Majesty's Service." She had made no further inquiries as to how his Lordship's friend at the War Office was progressing. Her silence told its story; she had learned the truth. In what spirit she had accepted the truth Tabs had no means of guessing. She was a mystery. If she were playing a game, it was a game the intentions of which he could not fathom. The man he had passed on the pavement could not have been Braithwaite. Common sense insisted on that.

IV

ALL day he had waited—a lazy summer day, drowsy with the hum of bees and heavy with the perfume of cottage flowers. On entering the village of Dawn he had put up at the Dawn Arms, an old-fashioned hunting hostel which owed its prosperity to the fame of the Dawn foxhounds. Having bathed and breakfasted, he had started off to leave his car for Lady Dawn. Arriving at the castle, he had been informed that her Ladyship had left early that morning and was not expected back till early evening. He had filled in the morning by sleeping and the afternoon by joining a band of sight-seeing trippers who had driven over from Gloucester.

With a spice of amusement, he had paid his shilling for admission at the wooden booth outside the castle gate and had found himself herded with a crowd of affectionately inclined young women and young men. In good time a decrepit ex-butler had appeared to act as guide and had led the excursionists over the Norman part of the ruins. He had shown them the dungeons, the room in which a prince had been murdered, and the havoc wrought upon the walls by Cromwellian cannon. The ever-recurring theme of his trembling narrative was the prowess and the splendor of the Dawns. He was like a weak-voiced cricket chirping in the sunshine. His stories of by-gone lords, who had died in rebellions and crusades, were too ancient to grip the imagination. At first his veneration for the race which he served inspired an outward show of respect on the part of his hearers. But soon, in straggling twos and threes, they lagged behind to pluck wall-flowers from the crannies and to explore. Girls, feeling the pressure of lovers' arms about their waists, giggled shrilly. They wandered off to shady nooks in the grass-grown ramparts where woolly sheep looked up somnolently to watch them pass.

To the few who remained the old man mumbled on. It was the nobility of the late Lord Dawn that he was now recounting—the daring horseman he had been, the devilry of him, the lust of life he had had, the greatness of his possessions, and how he had foregone all this beauty to be hammered into the defilement of the trenches like a rat cornered in a sewer.

"Visitors are not allowed in the part of the Castle that is inhabited. But since her Ladyship's away—"

Unlocking a door, he led them through a

tunnel to a grilled gate, through the bars of which they saw the Castle's terraced rose-gardens falling away steeply in a cascade of petals to a water-lilled, green-scummed moat which encircled the stronghold like a necklace of jade. Beside the water's edge a fair-haired boy in a white sailor suit was standing, deeply absorbed in sailing a boat.

"His little Lordship," the old man whispered.

"But I didn't know— How old?" Tabs questioned.

"Eight years, sir, come December."

Long after he had returned to the inn, the picture of the little boy remained with him. This discovery that Lord Dawn had left a son made him the more certain of the justice of his errand.

The azure and emerald of late afternoon drifted into the ensanguined gold of sunset. The long-tarrying twilight had already settled when a messenger arrived, bearing a note. It was from her Ladyship, regretting her absence and saying that she would be happy to receive a visit from Lord Taborley that evening or at any time that was convenient.

V

HE set out at once. He was curious to meet this woman—curious and eager in a strangely boyish fashion. Every one who had mentioned her had spoken of her with a certain hint of fear, not untinged with adoration. He had not been aware how anxious he had been to meet her until her note had summoned him. He wondered whether she had any of the endearing humanity of her sister. He wondered whether what Pollock had said was true, that she looked much older than her portrait. He didn't want her to look older.

His knock was answered by a gray-haired man with the gravity of deportment which is peculiar to footmen. While the man went to inform his mistress, Tabs was left to note how the hall was hung with hunting trophies. Then he heard himself being requested to follow.

Having climbed a winding stair, he was shown into a room in the turret, one side of which was filled by a tall leaded window gazing westward. The landscape which it framed hung against the darkness like a painted canvas—a far-reaching expanse of tree-dotted pasture, vague with islands of mist and rimmed by the last faint sparks of the sunset. In a wide hearth a fire of coals and logs was burning. In the room's center stood a carved table on which was set a massive silver lamp, casting a solitary illumination.

"Lord Taborley, my Lady."

As his name was announced, he heard the rustle of her dress and discovered that she had been seated in a low chair by the window. She rose with a slow grace. There was something indefinitely tragic and foreordained about her every movement. In the dimness his first impression was of her queenly gentleness and pathos.

"I can guess why you've come."

The same deep voice that had taunted him at Maisie's, only now it was no longer taunting! He could not see her face distinctly; it was in shadow. But when she turned, he caught the whiteness of her profile on the dusk, clear-cut and tranquil as a cameo. After having gazed so long at Sargent's painting, he would have recognized anywhere the rounded shapeliness of her head, the hair swept smoothly back from the calm forehead, the splendid strength of her throat, and the delicate, wholly feminine half-moon of her shoulders.

"Won't you sit over here? If you would prefer it, we can have more lights. But they would spoil—" She indicated the vague stretch of country, across which mists were drifting like gray ghosts.

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He drew up a chair at an angle to her own, so that he could study her. "You say you think you know why I've come?"

"I was expecting you," she said quietly. He could feel rather than see the steady kindness that was in her stone-gray eyes.

"If you were expecting me, then your sister must have—"

"My sister had nothing to do with my expecting. Can't you think of any one closer?"

He shook his head. At first he had hoped that Maisie had told her and done his work for him. Evidently it wasn't that. She was attributing some other motive for his visit. It was a motive the disclosure of which called for delicacy. She had prearranged his reception. It was no accident that had caused him to find her alone in the dimness of the gathering evening. The scanty lighting of the shadowy room had been stage-set to spare them both embarrassment.

"If it wasn't your sister—" He paused, at a loss to know how to proceed further.

Her hands came together gently in her lap. When she spoke, her emotional voice had a new tenderness that surprised him. "Will you allow me to help you? We're not such strangers as we seem. For years I've been interested in you. I was always hearing of your adventures in Mexico, Korea, the Balkans, and last of all at the Front. You've been quite a romantic figure in my life. You've always seemed so strong, and I admire strength immensely. I never dreamed that a time would ever come when I would be able to help you— You're in love, and she's not in love with you. You're older than she is, and it makes you unhappy. She has time to experiment, but for you it's different; your love is bound up with the last of your youth. Because you've been unhappy, you've been unwise. Your foolishness ended yesterday with the return of Reggie Pollock. I received the news of his return this morning. So you came down here to me, which was perfectly natural."

He paused, at a loss to know how to proceed further.

HE shifted his gaze and stared out of the window, puzzled and troubled. "Unfortunately for me, Lady Dawn, a good deal of what you've said is true. But I don't see how it makes it natural that I should have come to you. I've been wanting to come for a long time, but was given to understand that what I had to say might be distasteful."

"You must put that out of your mind." She said it comfortingly, as though to a little boy. "There's nothing distasteful in what you have to say. It may cause awkwardness with Sir Tobias, but if you can assure me that you're really in earnest over Terry, I'll be quite willing to risk that in order to become your ally."

He smiled toward her through the darkness. "There's nothing I should like better than to reckon you as my ally. And now I see why we've been talking at cross-purposes. You think that I've come to wheedle Terry's address out of you. Perhaps I have, since you've put the idea into my head. And with regard to my earnestness, nothing except Terry in the whole world matters. She's romance, self-fulfilment, and, as you've said, the last dream of my youth. If I supposed that I were going to lose her, I would rather not have— But I didn't come here to burden you with my troubles. I came to do something for you—something which I've tried to avoid doing, something which has forced itself upon me and followed me until— It's as though I'd been compelled by a personality outside myself. I may make you very unhappy—"

She leaned forward, bringing her face so close that he could feel the fanning of her breath. The moon was newly risen; as it shone on the mist, low-lying in the meadows, it made the countryside luminous like a vast lake of milk which washed about the trees

and submerged the hedges. In its reflected radiance for the first time he saw her features clearly. They startled him, leaping together out of the white blur that they had been into something more lovely than he had imagined. He had never seen such calmness. He knew now why she was declared to be the most beautiful woman in England. But it was the wisdom of her far more than the beauty that enthralled him. There was no weakness that her sympathy could not encompass—nothing that he need be ashamed to tell her. Though she appeared to be about the same age as himself, by reason of her experience she made him feel younger. No woman who had attracted him before had been able to make him feel that. Already he was filled with a strange sense of gratitude.

Very simply she took his hand and folded it between her own.

"You, who have been a soldier, were a little afraid of me. Don't be afraid of me, Lord Taborley. Whatever it is that you've come to do for me, I shall try to be grateful. As for making me unhappy, no one—not even you—has the power to do that."

VI

HE looked at her wonderingly. "They say you never cry."

A slow smile flitted across her face and died out. "You want the truth? You yourself tell the truth. When they say that I never cry, they mean that I never let them see me."

He laughed softly. "I thought it was that. Not to cry at all would be monstrous; it was that that made me afraid of you. A man doesn't like a woman to be stronger than himself— It was about a man who didn't like a woman to be stronger than himself that I came to talk to you."

She had guessed. Through her hands he could feel the commotion of her life struggle and die down till it grew almost silent. The stillness of the room seemed a backwater of the intenser stillness of the night without.

Her lips scarcely moved. "And the man?"

"Your husband."

"But he's dead."

"I know."

He waited for her to flame up at the indelicacy of his intrusion. He almost hoped she would. When she sat motionless as a statue, he continued apologetically.

"I'm trespassing on things sacred. Because of that I've fought to avoid this meeting, knowing all the time that it was inevitable. I've tried to persuade myself that it would be kinder to leave you in ignorance."

"Of what?" She strove to subdue her apprehension. Her profile showed pale and expressionless, as if chiseled in the solid wall of darkness.

"Of his grandeur."

He had said the thing most remote from that which she had expected. He was immediately aware of her relieved suspense—at the same time of her gentle scepticism. He felt irritated with himself at his choice of words. Grandeur did not express the meaning he had intended. When he made a new start, he stumbled his way gropingly, confused by his consciousness of her unuttered doubts.

"Why I have to tell you this I can hardly say. It's not for his sake. It's certainly not for mine. It's for yours, I fancy. Yes, I'm sure of that. By doing him justice I shall be able to help you, though I have no reason for supposing that you stand in need of my help. It's to do him justice that he's been urging me. Yet why should he have selected me to be his spokesman? I wasn't his friend. I never met him till I reached the Front; out there I really never knew him. No one did. He was like a sleep-walker. You'll be wondering why, if this was the case, I should be so impertinent as to mention his name to you—to you of all persons, who can claim to have known him in-



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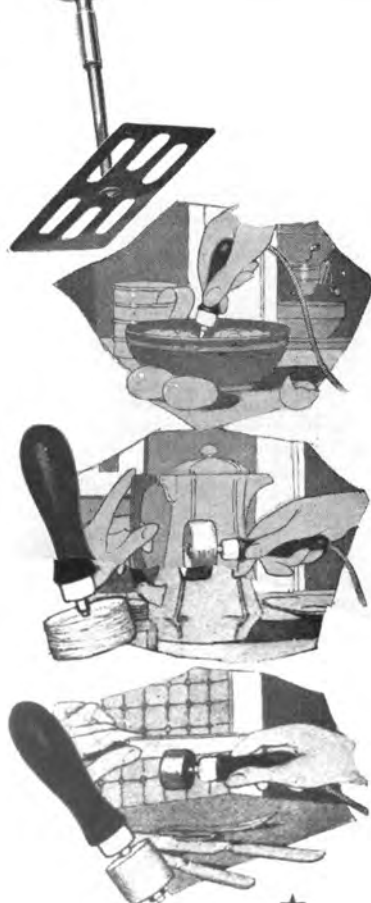
Then, there is a strong, durable, flexible shaft like a speedometer shaft that attaches to the water motor by a half turn of a special lock fastening. And the shaft is conveniently long for any task. At the end of the shaft is a black enamel handle and a simple, secure fastening for the attachments—the buffer, the grinder and the mixer. Strong?—it is sturdy enough to give you long service. Simple?—just a water wheel and a shaft, that's all. Durable?—the internal parts are protected from rust by the Sheridizing process and the outside of the case is nickel-plated and highly polished. There is very little to wear. We have given them as much service on tests as an ordinary family would in ten years.

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The Kingdom Round the Corner

finitely more intimately than any one else. And you'll be wondering why, after two months of procrastinating, I motored through the night from London to force my way into your privacy, without forewarning or introduction. If I'm going to be honest, I must run the risk of appearing absurd. I could resist him no longer. He coerced me with ill-luck. Ever since I entered your sister's house and discovered who you were, he's been arguing—"

"Who I was!" Her head turned slowly. It was her first intense display of interest.

"I mean your relation to him—that it was you who were his wife. At the Front I didn't know that he was Lord Dawn; he'd buried his identity. He was a company-commander in my battalion. I knew nothing of his past. My acquaintance with him began and ended in the trenches. I don't know much now—only what Maisie's told me."

He had been speaking with growing earnestness. Suddenly he flashed into indignant vehemence. "What Maisie's told me! It's false of the man as he was out there. I want you to believe that. Out there he was different. He may have been paltry and base once, but he was reborn into nobility in the glory and the honor. He was overpoweringly heroic. From the humblest Tommy we all adored him—adored him for the example he set of flaming courage. He was cheerful only when there was dying to be done—out at rest and in the quiet sectors he was gloomy. The men loved him for that; it struck them as humorous. And yet he was utterly indifferent to their love. He'd got beyond caring what anybody thought of him. He was too absorbed in establishing reasons for thinking well of himself.

"I learned things about him—one does in the presence of physical torture and death. I learned secrets about the fineness of his spirit which, I believe, he never allowed you to suspect. Probably he never suspected them himself until the ordeal of terror had sifted the gold from the dross. It was the dross that Maisie remembered—nothing else. But we who were his comrades saw nothing but the gold—his untiring ability to share. You weren't there; nevertheless, that's what I've got to help you to understand. I've got to make you see the new Lord Dawn who was born out there. It was last night, after Pollock returned, that I saw my duty clearly. It came on me in a flash that if a man who had been counted dead could come back, it was not impossible that this pleading from beyond the grave, which I've tried to thwart and ridicule—"

HE broke off abruptly. It was the wideness of her eyes that warned him. He was conscious that she, too, was feeling that invisible pressure. She was expecting to see something. He followed the direction of her eyes, glancing behind him into the hollow dimness of the room, where the solitary lamp was turning and the vanished Lords of Dawn gazed stonily down from their canvasses. In that moment he was aware that he had been stating facts as he had never owned them to himself. It was as though his lips had been used.

"Things he didn't allow me to suspect!" She sighed shudderingly. "He allowed me to suspect so much. But tell me. What were these things? Since they're the reasons for your visit, they must be important."

"They're only part of the reasons."

"There are others?"

"The chief reason is yourself."

He spoke cautiously, fearful lest he might lose her attention by arousing her incredulity. Even to himself it sounded preposterous that he, an outsider, should claim to hear so intimate a message from a husband who was dead.

"You believed, Lady Dawn, that you had

ceased to count in your husband's affections; yet wherever his battalion went, you were present with us. The men and officers knew you, without knowing who you were. You were with us in the mud of the Somme; you went over the top with us in our attacks. Yours was the last woman's face that many a poor fellow looked upon before he went west. We were an emotional lot, you'll think, but it wasn't that—it was that death made us natural as children. Women meant more to us than they ever had before and ever will again, perhaps. The nearness to eternity purged us of impurity. It fired us with a wistful kind of chivalry. The change is hard to express. I've known men, who hadn't a wife or sweetheart, cut strange women's portraits out of the illustrated papers and treasure them. As we sit here it sounds a waste of sentiment; out there it seemed tragically pathetic. Every man wanted to believe, even though his believing was a conscious pretense, that there was one woman peculiarly his, who would miss—"

HE interrupted himself to glance again across his shoulder, following her eyes where they proved the stealthy shadows. Then he brought his gaze back. "That was how I first learned to know your face—from the portrait your husband carried. Into whatever danger he was ordered, you went—you accompanied him in the most real sense: he carried you in his heart. From time to time I got glimpses of you. When he thought no one was looking, he would prop your portrait against the walls of dug-outs with a candle lighted before it, as if you were a saint whom he worshiped. You were the inspiration of his steadfastness to duty. What he did out there, he did for you. His courage was your courage; his kindness was your kindness. He was striving every minute to be worthy of you. I know of what I'm talking, for I did the same for Terry. Late at night one would stumble down greasy dug-out stairs, coming in from a patrol, to find him lost in thought and gazing at you. Or one would find him covering page after page of letters which he never sent. When he was dying, alone and far out in No Man's Land, he must have drawn out your portrait from next his heart. It was so tightly clasped in his hand, when we found him, that we couldn't take it from him. I'd almost forgotten all this until I recognized Sargent's painting of you in your sister's house. Then for the first time I discovered your name and who he was. Since then he's given me no rest."

She had been leaning forward, her arm supported on her knee, her chin cushioned in her hand, the white light from the mist-covered meadows falling softly on her through the tall window, revealing the pulse beating in her throat and the trembling of her sweet mouth.

"What was it that he wanted you to do for me, Lord Taborley?"

He hesitated, clasping his forehead, like a man whose memory had suddenly gone blank. "I'm not sure. And yet I was sure before I started talking. Didn't you believe that he died hating you?"

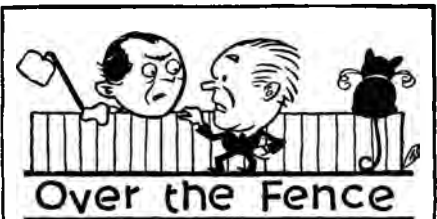
She shook her head. "He left a child by me."

"Then perhaps it was that he'd loved you in his last moments. Was it that that he wanted me to tell you?"

Again, with a gesture, she negated his suggestion. "He'd never have doubted that I would know he had died loving me."

"Then why did he send me?"

Even while he asked it, he marveled at his assurance that she shared his conviction that he had been sent. She turned her eyes full on his face and let them dwell there searchingly. As he returned her gaze, he noted that she was older than her portrait. Her hair, which had looked night-black in the shadows, was prematurely frosted. She was no longer capable



Over the Fence

JUD HALLOWAY and HARRY HOLMES were such good friends they argued all the time—mostly over the back fence.

ONE day both were repainting their houses. Jud shouted, "What kinda paint you using, Harry?"

"U. S. N. DECK PAINT!" Harry shouted back.

"How much a gallon?" asked Jud. Harry told him and Jud grunted, "Huh! The kind I'm using sure is more economical. Fifteen cents less."

"You don't mean 'more economical,' you mean 'cheaper,'" replied Harry. Jud was just about to answer this challenge when a call from Mrs. Jud summoned him to higher debate.

Two years later Jud was preparing to paint again. The paint on Harry's house didn't show a sign of wear. Harry couldn't resist, "Hey, Jud, know the difference between 'more economical' and 'cheaper'?"

JUD, dodging the issue, said, "That was U. S. N. Deck Paint you used, wasn't it, Harry? Guess I'll have to try it."

HARRY said that was the closest Jud ever came to admitting he was wrong.

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The Kingdom Round the Corner

of putting back the hands of time for any man. She read his thoughts. The pride went out of her voice. "Perhaps he sent you," she faltered, "that he might give me back a little of what he took."

"What did he take? Anything that I have—"

She leaned back in her chair. Her face was again in shadow. "My youth. My happiness."

VII

"YOUR youth! Your happiness!" He was astounded. "Strange that you should say that! I thought that I alone was searching."

"Let me talk," she begged. "I want to speak about myself. Not for my own sake, but for yours. To men like you who have lived at the Front, life has become a terribly earnest affair. You're afraid to postpone anything lest death should carry you off before your desire has been granted. But you're not really different from women like myself. Crises come to all of us, when life grows desperate, when to be alone becomes intolerable, when even one's pleasures become a burden, because they are unshared."

"Such a crisis would have come to you sooner or later in any event. It comes to every unmarried man and woman. The war only happened to be the means of bringing home to you your loneliness. When it broke, you didn't have time to choose; you seized on Terry, because she was young and pretty and susceptible. You were terrified by the calamity of being blotted out before you had known love. You forgot that there's a worse calamity—and that's being compelled to live forever with a person for whom you have ceased to care."

"The thought of Terry attracts you, because a marriage with her would seem to halve your years. But why should you want to halve your years? To have lived ought to mean that you have gained experience, which is the most dearly purchased form of knowledge. Why should you be ashamed of it and so anxious to be rid of it? You purchased your experience with blood. It's the most valuable of all your possessions. And if you were to marry Terry, what could she contribute? A pretty face, an unbroken body, and all the intolerance of her youth. A wife, in order to be your friend, would have to be your equal in her understanding of suffering. How much suffering has a girl like Terry had?"

He wasn't angry. He wasn't even offended. What she had been saying had so clarified his thoughts that it had been as if he had been thinking aloud. Her voice was a dark mirror, glancing into which he had recognized himself. His self-knowledge carried him far beyond any arguments of hers. He sat perfectly still, with a face of iron, gazing straight before him.

What he had mistaken for chivalry and romance had been nothing but foolishness. He had been enacting the unwisdom of an infatuated boy with the solemnity of a mature man. His clamor had been unprofitable, undignified, absurd. The utter futility of so much wasted feeling bordered on tragedy; the need which it had expressed had been so primitive, so distressingly sincere. He was confronted with the necessity of confessing that his passion for Terry was at an end.

When had it died? Perhaps only since he had entered this quiet room, with its moon-lit landscape, its lowered lights, and its wise mistress, sitting so gravely alone with her patient beauty and her gently folded hands. But even before he had entered, it must have been dying. For weeks he had been flogging it into a feeble display of energy. More than anything, his conduct with Maisie proved that.

Maisie's excuse for the error of her many marriages recurred to him—that Gervis and

Lockwood had hung up their hats in her hall. Frivolous, yes! But had he been less frivolous in his treatment of Terry? He had felt the compulsion to concentrate his craving to love and be loved on some special woman; Terry had been the handiest, so he'd hung his idolatry on her.

But to acknowledge this implied a fickleness of temperament that was disastrous to his self-respect. It deflated him to the proportions of an Adair. It toppled his lofty standards in the dust. It changed him from a loyalist, making a fanatical last stand, into a haggard runaway.

His pride leaped up in his defense. Turning to Lady Dawn, with grim despair he muttered:

"But I want her. I can't do without her. I want no one else."

VIII

HER voice reached him out of the darkness. "To own that we've been mistaken takes more courage than to persist in the wrong direction. 'I want no one else!' We've all said that. It was through saying it that I brought about my shipwreck. But if you're sure that you want no one else, I'll do my best to help."

She made an effort to rise. She stood before him swaying, a blinded look on her face, her eyes closed, her hands stretched out. He placed his arm about her. Her weight sagged against him.

"Not the servants," she whispered. "Give me air."

With his free hand he jerked the catch and pushed the window wide. The cool dampness of the night streamed in on her. He stood there with her clasped against him, her head stretched back, her body drooping. The moonlight, falling on her face, gave to it an expression of childishness. Her breast and throat, gleaming white as marble, reminded him she was a woman.

She stirred. Her eyes opened. She gazed up at him wonderingly. "I'm better. Foolish of me!"

He supported her till she could lean across the sill. They leaned there together, their faces nearly touching. His arm was still about her; she did not seem to notice it. He was dumb with tremulous expectancy.

"It was about myself that I had to tell you," she whispered. "I was once like you. I wanted no one else. I knew, even while I wanted him, that he could never make me happy. After marriage the distrust grew. Yet all the while I was sorry for him. I would have given anything to undo—His sins were mine. With another woman, less virtuous, he might have been good. In his yearning he tried to drag me down. I couldn't go, not even if going would have saved him. There was something in me, not exactly pride, that prevented. I have never spoken of this to anybody. I'm saying it to you because—"

She broke off. Why was she saying it? The perfume of June roses under moonlight, mingling with the fragrance of her hair, was intoxicating. His arm about her tightened. Was she only allowing him to hold her out of pity because of his confession of loneliness?

"Because," she said, "I think before she knows of your visit it would be better that you should go."

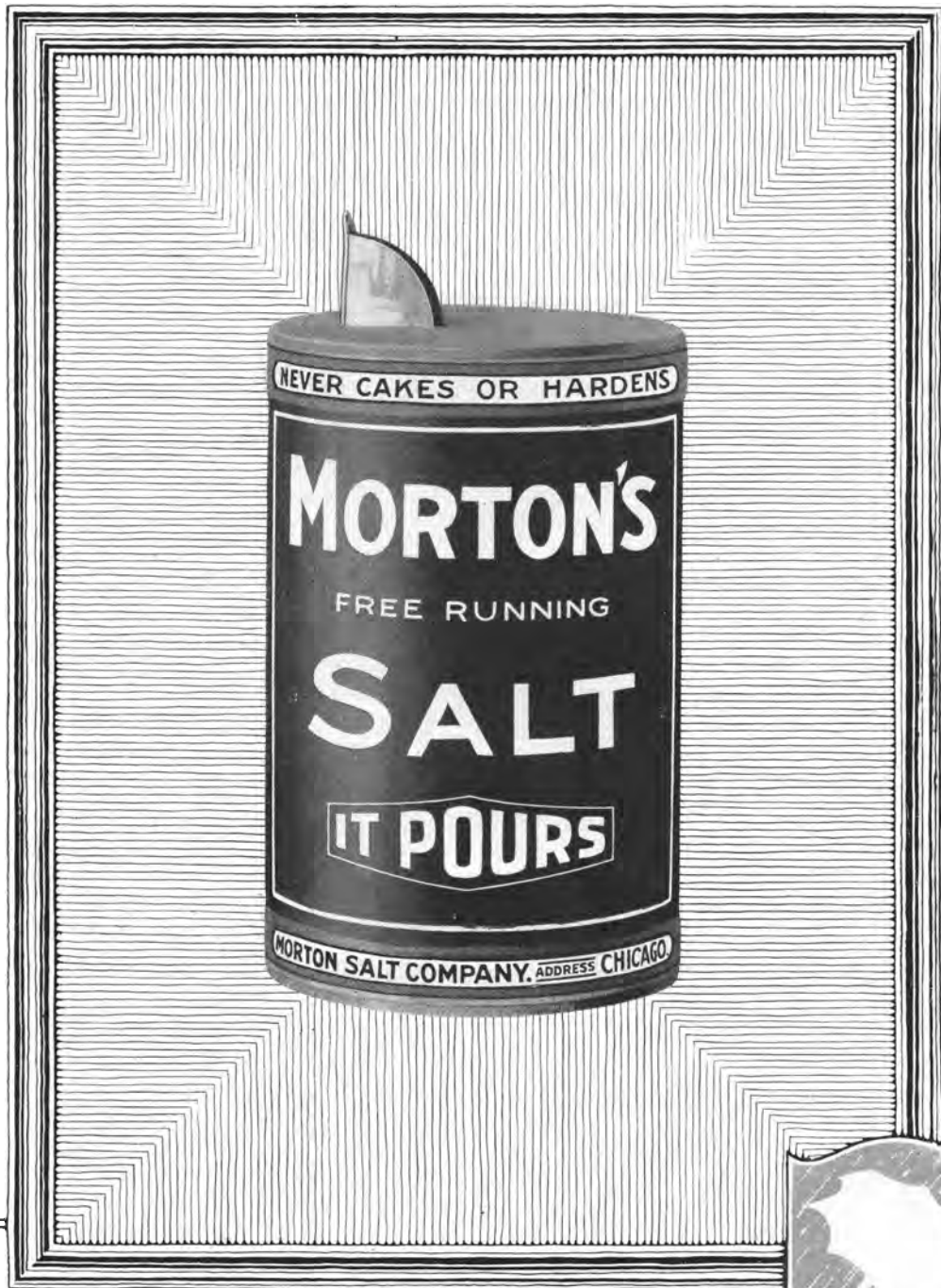
He failed to grasp her logic. "But if I stay, she will never know."

She released herself gently and gazed at him reproachfully. "Never know! But you came in order that she might know."

"I came solely to see you," he said, speaking slowly. "I was compelled, as I've told you. I give you my word of honor that my visit wasn't even remotely related to—"

A sharply indrawn breath cut short what he was saying. They turned quickly, instinctively moving apart. Gazing in from the open door, across the pool of lamplight, was Terry.

(To be concluded)



Popular in the kitchen—no wonder!

YOU appreciate Morton's Salt on the dining table, of course. But in the kitchen its good qualities are still more apparent. There, where larger quantities of salt are continually in demand and where the temperature is always changing, a salt that will pour is actually a necessity. Morton's always pours; its cube crystals are made to tumble off one another. Because it does pour, it's handy, and economical—none wasted. It has a brisk, bracing flavor, too, that people like.

★ MORTON SALT COMPANY · CHICAGO

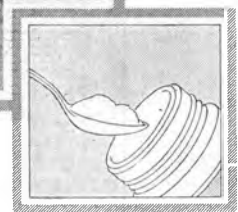
"The Salt of the Earth"



*Ices, iced drinks, ice creams
Cold for 3 days*



*Meats, vegetables, beverages
Hot for 24 hours*



Wide-mouthed Icy-Hot food jars are just the thing for keeping soups and solids cold or hot.

“—a Magic Bottle of a Thousand Uses”

Once there was a man who wrote, “There is magic all about us—even in the kitchen. I know a woman who serves hot lunch to her husband, 20 miles away. I’ve met another who pours from a bottle refreshment that’s always cold—”

And much more he said leads us to believe he was writing of Icy-Hots, for, literally, Icy-Hot is a “magic bottle of a thousand uses.”

For Foods and Fluids

Fruit juices, frappes, lemonades—any iced drink—kept in one of these bottles, can be poured forth hours later still cold and dewy. Hot or cold food and beverages can be carried to work or school in the lunch kit. Ices and ice cream stay fresh and firm in Icy-Hot jars without the bother of packing in ice. Breakfast can be prepared the night before, or dinner in the morning. Every kind of

refreshment, solid or fluid, hot or cold, can be carried on picnics, outings, and auto trips.

In Icy-Hot the vacuum idea has been brought to perfection—wide-mouthed Icy-Hot jars have been developed for solid foods, and more than a score of bottles, pots, jugs, and carafes, in many sizes, styles and shapes, for fluids. Every home should have at least two or three.

You can see these at almost any good store—just ask for “Icy-Hot”—you will know the genuine by the Temperature Test Tag on every bottle.

Send for This Booklet

A dainty and useful little booklet, crammed full of recipes for refreshing drinks and suggestions for lightening labor in the home. Send us your name and address today.

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VACUUM PRODUCTS

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Every Icy-Hot is thermometer tested before shipment. It will keep water steaming hot 24 hours, or icy cold three days, regardless of outside temperature.



Here is an Icy-Hot Carafe. A most convenient container for home refreshments.



This all-around Icy-Hot is an excellent bottle for home or outdoor use.



Made in America

The Wild Heart

(Continued from page 27)

the young things of the poultry yard, much to the dismay of the various mothers.

There was never a queerer sight than Clarence, the huge gander, going the rounds of the hen-coops of a morning, making cooing noises to lure the young chicks out from under their mothers' wings. The mother hens were imprisoned to prevent their scratching in the garden, and Clarence would shovel at the ground with his broad, flat bill and pretend to drop a worm or bug in front of the coop, with the result that half of the lady hen's brood would be at his heels ready to follow where he led. His charges were always well fed, for Clarence was an excellent provider, but the wear and tear on the feelings of the mothers must have been terrific.

It was inevitable that sooner or later the gray gander should discover O'Henry and make him one of his family. We found Clarence in the yard one morning, a dozen odd-sized chickens at his webbed heels. There were two Minorca chicks that belonged to Sirona, half a dozen white Leghorn children, a tiny cockerel with budding wings and tail who was Liberty's son, and a lanky young Plymouth Rock rooster, all run to legs.

WE were minded to see what Clarence would think of our pet, and let O'Henry out of his pen. The gray gander waddled over toward the tiny brown bird, his feathered tail wiggling from side to side, and made some hospitable noises in his throat. Then he pulled up a tuft of grass and dropped it before the Quail Baby by way of getting acquainted. The chicks set upon it noisily, while O'Henry watched them, his little head upraised, his tiny black eyes fixed on Clarence's friendly bulk.

We had no idea of letting him go gipsying with Clarence, for he had become a well-loved playmate, and we could not be sure of his safety when away from us. Brother stooped to pick him up, but with a long-drawn hiss Clarence was upon him in a fury of flapping wings and snapping bill. He did not suffer his charges to be molested while in his care; that was clear.

So we allowed O'Henry to go jaunting with Clarence and his feathered crew. Daily the gray gander would come into the yard with his motley family in tow, and having gathered up O'Henry, they would be off through the meadow, up into the orchard, not to return until the setting of the sun. They would come straggling back in sleepy Indian file, the gray gander at the head of the line, the chicks cheeping fretfully and glad to nestle under the feathers of their distracted mothers. We would watch for O'Henry and whistle the call he knew. He would come to us with his quick, darting run and we would take him into the house for the night. His crop was always crammed disgracefully, and his eyes were heavy with sleep.

Sometimes O'Henry heard the call of the wild, and we wondered when he would obey it. He had grown from a baby bird to a beautiful brown gentleman quail, with white stripes running from his throat down over his breast like a vest. He had a tiny topknot that lifted in moments of excitement, and a clear "Bob-white" whistle that Brother and I imitated, much to his annoyance.

We would hide from him behind the rose-bush and whistle. He would come running, his head stretched out in front of him, and on seeing us would hunch his head in between his shoulders and blink at us reproachfully.

When summer passed and autumn came to the cove, O'Henry was the only one of Clarence's family who still remained with the gray gander. The chicks and ducklings had gradually grown to adulthood and forgotten the kindly gander who had fathered them. But O'Henry still joined Clarence in his daily excursions to the orchard or the meadow.

The next story in this series will be about Alfred, the Seal

Then one day, late in the fall, O'Henry went back to the woods. We grieved for him, because we loved him and because he had chosen the hardest time of the year in which to return to wild life he knew only by instinct. We went along the Hill Trail whistling "Oh, Hen-ry!" But if he heard the call he disregarded it. He never came to us.

Clarence was inconsolable. Day after day he would waddle into the back-yard where O'Henry's empty pen still stood, walk around it, peer through the wire mesh, and make seductive noises of invitation. Brother and I tried to explain to him that our quail baby had grown up and had gone back to his kindred of the woods, but Clarence only hissed at us and regarded us balefully. I think he suspected us of having made away with his little comrade.

One day the snow came, early for the Sound country, and Brother and I, climbing the trail to the top of the hill, saw the familiar three-line imprints of the quail track. We thought of O'Henry, our lost friend; we hoped he was warm and that his crop was full of food.

Then one morning we heard the familiar "quit quit" of the quail very near at hand. The sound came from an empty hen-house, and when we approached it silently and peered through a crack, what should we see there but a bevy of twenty quail—and O'Henry in their midst! He had not forgotten us after all! He had brought his friends and relatives back to the place of his childhood, where he was sure of a welcome for them.

Our hands filled with cracked wheat and mixed grain, we came to the door of the shed, softly whistling, "Oh, Hen-ry!" He came, as in former days, running to us with his head stuck out in front of him, and with a soft whir of wings was upon my shoulder, pecking contentedly at the wheat I offered him, and wiping his bill on my cheek.

All through the weeks of snow and cold we fed O'Henry's clan, and they learned that we were not to be feared. They surrounded us like chickens whenever we came into the shed, for O'Henry's trust in us had inspired their confidence. Not only did they become accustomed to us, but to Clarence as well. For the lonely gray gander caught sight of O'Henry one morning, and waddled over to him, wiggling his excuse of a tail, shoveling the ground with his flat, yellow bill, and expressing his delight in husky quacks. The other quail at first took alarm, and there was much whirring of wings and scurrying of tiny feet. But the gray gander soon proved to them that his intentions were of the best. He merely wished to provide for them. So all those weeks when we fed our "boarders," as we called them, Clarence stayed in the shed with the quail family, grubbing busily at the bare ground, finding little, but making up for the scarcity of food in kindly endeavor.

WHEN the snow melted, the quail went back to the woods—and with them went Clarence. One day we saw O'Henry and his brown cousins scurrying up the hill, darting under ferns and bushes, calling to each other happily—and in their wake was Clarence, the fatherly gander, flattered into thinking that he, and not they, was leading the way.

It was a quaint sight, and we did not try to bring him back because we thought he would return at sunset. But he did not. He disappeared into the woods with the quail family, and we never saw him again. Long afterward, hunters told us of seeing a gray gander with a flock of quail—and they had forborne to shoot.

So we lost two friends at once, but we tried to believe that they were happy together. How Clarence accustomed himself to the ways of the wild, I do not know. But I do believe that somewhere the gray gander still lives with O'Henry, and I can think of no better protector for the quail baby and his family.

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novel?



The Valley of Silent Men

by James Oliver Curwood

A novel that will take you into the wild places where you will meet the new manhood and womanhood of the Far North. No one knows this country so well, or its people better than James Oliver Curwood, because he has lived the vivid life he writes about and he writes as vividly as he lives.

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THE FLAMING FOREST

(Continued from page 64)

faced the lightning-struck spruce as he shouted André's name again.

Suddenly David called down to him, and Black Roger turned and looked up through the smoke-gloom, his head bare, his arms naked, and his eyes gleaming wildly as he listened.

"He went that way twenty minutes ago," David shouted. "He disappeared into the forest where you see the dead spruce yonder. And he was crying, Black Roger—he was crying like a child."

If there had been other words to finish, Black Roger would not have heard them. He was running toward the old spruce, and David saw him disappear where the Broken Man had gone. Then he put his weight on the horn, and one of the tough birch bars gave way slowly, and after that a second was wrenched loose, and a third, until the lower half of the window was free of them entirely. He thrust out his head and found no one within the range of his vision. Then he worked his way through the window feet first and, hanging the length of arms and body from the lower sill, dropped to the ground.

INSTANTLY he faced the direction taken by Roger Audemard. It was his turn now, and he felt a savage thrill in his blood. For an instant he hesitated, held by the impulse to rush to Carmin Fanchet and, with his fingers at her throat, demand what she and her paramour had done with Marie-Anne. But the mighty determination to settle it all with Black Roger himself overwhelmed that impulse like an inundation. As he ran toward the old spruce, he picked up a club that lay in the path.

This path was a faintly worn trail where it entered the forest beyond the spruce, very narrow, and with brush hanging close to the sides of it, so David knew that it was not in general use and that but few feet had ever used it. He followed swiftly, and in five minutes came suddenly out into a great open thick with smoke, and here he saw why Château Boulain would not burn. The break in the forest was a clearing a rifle-shot in width, free of brush and grass, and partly tilled; and it ran in a semicircle as far as he could see through the smoke in both directions. Thus had Black Roger safeguarded his wilderness castle, while providing tillable fields for his people. Up and down through the fog of smoke he could hear voices, and he knew it was this great, circular fire-clearing the people of Château Boulain were watching and guarding.

The footprints led him to a still more indistinct trail in the farther forest, a trail which went straight into the face of the fire ahead. He followed it. The distant murmur had grown into a low moaning over the tree-tops, and with it the wind was coming stronger and the smoke thicker. For a mile he continued along the path, and then he stopped, knowing he had come to the dead-line. Over him was a swirling chaos. The fire-wind had grown into a roar before which the tree-tops bent as if struck by a gale, and in the air he breathed he could feel a swiftly growing heat. For a space he stood there, breathing quickly in the face of a mighty peril. Where had Black Roger and the Broken Man gone? What mad impulse could it be that had dragged them still farther into the path of death? Or had they struck aside from the trail? Was he alone in danger?

As if in answer to the questions there came from far ahead of him a loud cry. It was Black Roger's voice, and as he listened, it called over and over again the Broken Man's name.

"André—André—André—"

Something in that cry held Carrigan. There was a note of terror in it, a wild entreaty that was almost drowned in the trembling wind and

the moaning that was in the air. David was ready to turn back. He had already approached too near to the red line of death, yet that cry of Black Roger urged him on like the lash of a whip. He plunged ahead into the chaos of smoke, no longer able to distinguish a trail under his feet. Twice again in as many minutes he heard Black Roger's voice and ran straight toward it. The blood of the hunter rushed over all other things in his veins. The man he wanted was ahead of him, and the moment had passed when danger or fear of death could drive him back.

He came to the foot of a ridge, and from the top of this he knew Black Roger had called. It was a huge hog-back, rising a hundred feet up out of the forest, and when he reached the top of it he was panting for breath. It was as if he had come suddenly within the blast of a hot furnace. North and east the forest lay under him, and only the smoke obstructed his vision. But through this smoke he could make out a thing that made him rub his eyes in a fierce desire to see more clearly. A mile away, perhaps two, the conflagration seemed to be splitting itself against the tip of a mighty wedge. He could hear the roar of it to the right of him and to the left, but dead ahead there was only a moaning whirlpool of fire-heated wind and smoke. And out of this, as he looked, came again the cry,

"André—André—André!"

Again he stared north and south through the smoke-gloom. Mountains of resinous clouds, black as ink, were swirling skyward along the two sides of the giant wedge. Under that death-pall the flames were sweeping through the spruce and cedar tops like race-horses, hidden from his eyes. If they closed in, there could be no escape; in fifteen minutes they would inundate him.

His heart thumped against his ribs as he hurried down the ridge in the direction of Black Roger's voice. The giant wedge of the forest was not burning—yet, and Audemard was hurrying like mad toward the tip of that wedge, crying out now and then the name of the Broken Man. And always he kept ahead, until at last—a mile from the ridge—David came to the edge of a wide stream and saw what it was that made the wedge of forest. For under his eyes the stream split, and the two arms of it widened out, and along each shore of the two streams was a wide fire-clearing made by the axes of Black Roger's people, who had foreseen this day when fire might sweep their world.

Carrigan dashed water into his eyes, and it was warm. Then he looked across. The fire had passed, the pall of smoke was clearing away, and what he saw was the black corpse of a world that had been green. It was smoldering; the deep mold was afire. Little tongues of flame still licked at ten thousand stubs charred by the fire-death—and there was no wind here, and only the whisper of a distant moaning sweeping farther and farther away.

And then, out of that waste across the river, David heard a terrible cry. It was Black Roger, still calling—even in that place of hopeless death—for André, the Broken Man!

XXVI

INTO the stream Carrigan plunged and found it only waist-deep in crossing. He saw where Black Roger had come out of the water and where his feet had plowed deep in the ash and char and smoldering debris ahead. This trail he followed. The air he breathed was hot and filled with stifling clouds of ash and char-dust and smoke. His feet struck red-hot embers under the ash, and he smelled burning leather. A forest of spruce and cedar skeletons still cracked and snapped and burst out into sudden tongues of flame about him, and the

air he breathed grew hotter, and his face burned, and into his eyes came a smarting pain—when ahead of him he saw Black Roger. He was no longer calling out the Broken Man's name, but was crashing through the smoking chaos like a great beast that had gone both blind and mad. Twice David turned aside where Black Roger had rushed through burning debris, and a third time, following where Audemard had gone, his feet felt the sudden stab of living coals. In another moment he would have shouted Black Roger's name, but even as the words were on his lips, mingled with a gasp of pain, the giant riverman stopped where the forest seemed suddenly to end in a ghostly, smoke-filled space, and when David came up behind him, he was standing at the black edge of a cliff which leaped off into a smoldering valley below.

OUT of this narrow valley between two ridges, an hour ago choked with living spruce and cedar, rose up a swirling, terrifying heat. Down into this pit of death Black Roger stood looking, and David heard a strange moaning coming in his breath. His great, bare arms were black and scarred with heat; his hair was burned; his shirt was torn from his shoulders. When David spoke—and Black Roger turned at the sound—his eyes glared wildly out of a face that was like a black mask. And when he saw it was David who had spoken, his great body seemed to sag, and with an unintelligible cry he pointed down.

David, staring, saw nothing with his half-blind eyes, but under his feet he felt a sudden giving way, and the fire-eaten tangle of earth and roots broke off like a rotten ledge, and with it both he and Black Roger went crashing into the depths below, smothered in an avalanche of ash and sizzling earth. At the bottom David lay for a moment, partly stunned. Then his fingers clutched a bit of living fire, and with a savage cry he staggered to his feet and looked to see Black Roger. For a space his eyes were blinded, and when at last he could see, he made out Black Roger, fifty feet away, dragging himself on his hands and knees through the blistering muck of the fire. And then, as he stared, the stricken giant came to the charred remnant of a stump and crumpled over it with a great cry, moaning again that name—

"André—André—"

David hurried to him, and as he put his hands under Black Roger's arms to help him to his feet, he saw that the charred stump was not a stump, but the fire-shriveled corpse of André, the Broken Man!

Horror choked back speech on his own lips. Black Roger looked up at him, and a great breath came in a sob cut of his body. Then, suddenly, he seemed to get grip of himself, and his burned and bleeding fingers closed about David's hand at his shoulder.

"I knew he was coming here," he said, the words forcing themselves with an effort through his swollen lips. "He came home—to die."

"Home—?"

"Yes. His mother and father were buried here nearly thirty years ago, and he worshiped them. Look at him, Carrigan. Look at him closely. For he is the man you have wanted all these years, the finest man God ever made, Roger Audemard! When he saw the fire, he came to shield their graves from the flames. And now he is dead!"

A moan came to his lips, and the weight of his body grew so heavy that David had to exert his strength to keep him from falling.

"And you?" he cried. "For God's sake, Audemard—tell me—"

"I, m'sieu? Why, I am only St. Pierre Audemard, his brother."

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The Beauty of Fine Porcelain with the Strength of Iron

A refrigerator of enameled "Armco" Ingot Iron has the sheer, beautiful gloss of fine porcelain. The surface is smooth and unbroken by "pin-holes," bubbles or lumps.

This is due to the purity of the iron base. By special processes of manufacture, "Armco" Ingot Iron sheets are purified of foreign matter that is found in all iron ore and in the other metals used. Thus the tiny atoms of iron are closer together,

the texture is uniform, and the enameling grips with the maximum adherence. There is no tendency of the enamel to split, crack or flake.

When buying a refrigerator, a stove, a washing machine, or an enameled table top, ask the salesman if it is made with "Armco" Ingot Iron. Look for the blue and gold Armco triangle which manufacturers are glad to place upon such products.

Look for this blue and gold label on Washing Machines, Refrigerators, Stoves, Enameled Table tops, and other household utilities.



THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL

Dept. E., Middletown, Ohio

In using advertisements see page 4

155

I said, "I WILL have a clean house!"
But I paid a terrible price for it

Before I bought a vacuum cleaner

By a woman who "wouldn't give one house room"

FROM my mother I learned to love a clean house. To this day, I cannot help feeling hurt to see a house that isn't kept clean. It is an ideal, born in me and trained in me. But there have been long, tiresome sweeping days, I can tell you, when I have sat down utterly exhausted and wished from the bottom of my heart that I could be content with a house that wasn't quite so clean.

In spite of the hard work, I clung to my broom and to my determination to have a clean house. Nevertheless I paid for it in time, in strength, in health, in loss of friends and loss of pleasures. And then one day while sweeping I fainted dead away.

I cannot imagine now why I turned a deaf ear for so long to all vacuum cleaner arguments. But a month in bed and doctor's bills put a different light on things. As soon as I was up I went shopping for a vacuum cleaner as fast as I could go. And what was my astonishment to find dozens of different makes on the market yet no real information as to how to choose the best.

I kept asking which was the best, and would get only a long explanation of mechanical details without any thought apparently that what I meant by "best" was the cleaner that would help me clean my house in the easiest and quickest way.

"Look here," I said, "I'm not choosing a piece of machinery, I'm choosing a 'cleaner.' If the machinery part of it makes it a better cleaner, all well and good, but what I am



I always thought I couldn't afford one and was surprised to find they cost so little.

Point No. 1



It must really clean without scattering dust in the room—that most unpleasant of all the broom's disadvantages. The Ohio Electric Cleaner is absolutely dustless in operation. It permits no dust to rise in the room or escape through its special dust bag. You do not have to work in choking clouds of dust on sweeping day. You can clean things thoroughly in dust-free comfort.

Point No. 2



It must pick up lint, threads, hairs, etc. (without injuring the rugs or carpets) and gather deeply embedded dirt. The Ohio has a slowly moving brush that picks up lint, threads and other surface dirt, without injuring rugs or carpets. It has a powerful suction which raises deeply embedded sand and grit and carries it into the cleaner.

Point No. 3



It must save moving heavy furniture. It must be so constructed that you can push it under the average table, divan, bed, bureau, etc., so that you won't have to move them every time you clean. The Ohio is designed as low down to the floor as possible so that you can push it under furniture.

Point No. 4



It must be able to clean in corners because you want the corners to be just as clean as the center of the floor. If the cleaning nozzle is awkward in shape or if both ends are blocked with wheels, corners will be dirty. This point must be watched. The nozzle of the Ohio is scientifically designed to clean the squarest corner.

Point No. 5



It must have attachments for cleaning everything in the house. Bear in mind that the floor is not the only thing to be cleaned. There are portieres, upholstered furniture, walls, beds, etc. Attachments, designed for real efficiency must be provided for this. The Ohio has a full set of attachments that will clean every object in the house thoroughly. They are scientifically designed for efficiency.

Point No. 6



It must be light in weight. If it weighs a young ton it isn't going to be any fun carrying it up and down stairs. The Ohio is light in weight—only 11½ pounds. It is easy to lift, and of course requires only a small fraction of 11½ pounds of force to push it over your rugs. It has good balance and is surprisingly easy to use. It is so very much easier to use than the tiresome broom.

most interested in is how it will clean. I want to know whether it has the good points of my broom and whether it corrects the bad points of my broom without giving me any new faults of its own to worry about."

As I see it, there are six cleaning points for judging any vacuum cleaner. They are not mechanical points. They are cleaning points, as simple and easy to find as can be.

On this page you will find those six points just as I used them, so that you can use them, too, if you wish. Guided by them, I bought an Ohio, and I am absolutely satisfied that it is the best. If you wish, you can get a little book that explains these points more fully, by writing to The United Electric Company, 1302—8th St., N. E., Canton, Ohio, and asking for a copy of, "Choosing a Vacuum Cleaner"



★ OHIO
ELECTRIC CLEANER
LOOK FOR THE CLEANER WITH THE RED BAND

The Flaming Forest

And with that his head dropped heavily, and he was like a dead man in David's arms.

How at last David came to the edge of the stream again, with the weight of St. Pierre Audemard on his shoulders, was a torturing nightmare which would never be quite clear in his brain. The details were obliterated in the vast agony of the thing. He knew that he fought as he had never fought before; that he stumbled again and again in the fire-muck; that he was burned, and blinded, and his brain was sick. But he held to St. Pierre, with his twisted, broken leg, knowing that he would die if he dropped him into the flesh-devouring heat of the smoldering debris under his feet. Toward the end he was conscious of St. Pierre's moaning, and then of his voice speaking to him. After that he came to the water and fell down in the edge of it with St. Pierre, and inside his head everything went as black as the world over which the fire had swept.

He did not know how terribly he was hurt. He did not feel pain after the darkness came. Yet he sensed certain things. He knew that over him St. Pierre was shouting. For days, it seemed, he could hear nothing but that great voice bellowing away in the interminable distance. And then came other voices, now near and now far, and after that he seemed to rise up and float among the clouds, and for a long time he heard no other sound and felt no movement, but was like one dead.

Something soft and gentle and comforting roused him out of darkness. He did not move, he did not open his eyes for a time, while reason came to him. He heard a voice, and it was a woman's voice, speaking softly. Then he heard gentle movement, and some one went away from him, and he heard the almost noiseless opening and closing of a door.

He began to experience pain now, a hot, consuming pain all over him, and he remembered the fight through the path of the fire. Then the door opened very softly once more, and some one came in, and knelt down at his side, and was so quiet that she scarcely seemed to breathe. He wanted to open his eyes, to cry out a name, but he waited, and lips soft as velvet touched his own. They lay there for a moment, then moved to his closed eyes, his forehead, his hair—and after that something rested gently against him.

HIS eyes shot open. It was Marie-Anne, with her head nestled in the crook of his arm as she knelt there beside him on the floor. He could see only a bit of her face, but her hair was very near, crumpled gloriously on his breast, and he could see the tips of her long lashes as she remained very still, seeming not to breathe. She did not know he had roused from his sleep—the first sleep of those three days of torture which he could not remember now; and he, looking at her, made no movement to tell her he was awake. One of his hands lay over the edge of the bed, and so lightly that he could scarce feel the weight of her fingers as she laid one of her own upon it, and a little at a time drew it to her, until the bandaged thing was against her lips. It was strange she did not hear his heart, which seemed to beat like a drum inside him!

Suddenly he sensed the fact that his other hand was not bandaged. He was lying on his side, with his right arm partly under him, and against that hand he felt the softness of Marie-Anne's cheek, the velvety crush of her hair!

And then he whispered, "Marie-Anne—" She still lay, for a moment, utterly motionless. Then, slowly, as if believing he had spoken her name in his sleep, she raised her head and looked into his wide-open eyes. There was no word between them in that breath or two. His bandaged hand and his well hand went to her face and hair, and then a sobbing cry came from Marie-Anne, and swiftly she crushed her face down to his, hold-

ing him close with both her arms for a moment. And after that, as on that other day when she kissed him after the fight, she was up and gone so quickly that her name had scarcely left his lips when the door closed behind her, and he heard her running down the hall.

He called after her, "Marie-Anne! Marie-Anne!"

He heard another door, and voices, and quick footsteps again, coming his way, and he was waiting eagerly, half on his elbow, when into his room came Nepapinas and Carmin Fanchet. She bent over him. Her hand touched his face, and now he began to understand the meaning of that glory shining in her eyes.

"If it hadn't been for you—he would have died!"

She drew back, turning to the door. "He is coming to see you—alone," she said, a little broken note in her throat. "And I pray God you will see with clear understanding, David Carrigan—and forgive me—as I have forgiven you—for a thing that happened long ago."

HE waited. His head was in a jumble, and his thoughts were tumbling over one another in an effort to evolve some sort of coherence out of things amazing and unexpected. One thing was impressed upon him—he had saved St. Pierre's life, and because he had done this Carmin Fanchet was very tender to him. She had kissed him, and Marie-Anne had kissed him, and—

A strange dawning was coming to him, thrilling him to his finger-tips. He listened. A new sound was approaching from the hall. His door was opened, and a wheel-chair was rolled in by old Nepapinas. In the chair was St. Pierre Audemard. Feet and hands and arms were wrapped in bandages, but his face was uncovered and wreathed in smiling happiness when he saw David propped up against his pillows. Nepapinas rolled him close to the bed and then shuffled out, and as he closed the door, David was sure he heard the subdued whispering of feminine voices down the hall.

"How are you, David?" asked St. Pierre.

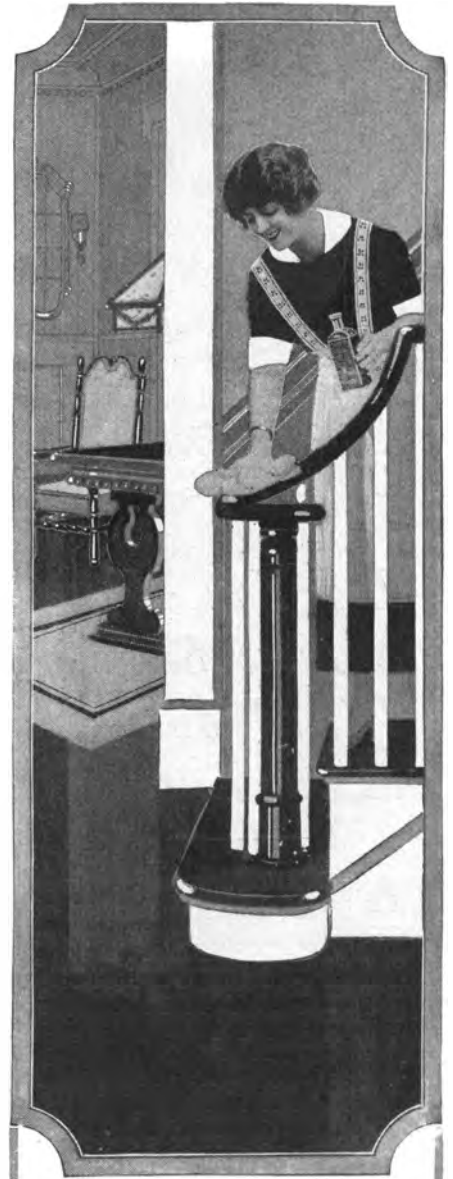
"Fine," nodded Carrigan. "And you?"

"A bit scorched, and a broken leg." He held up his padded hands. "Would be dead if you hadn't carried me to the river. Carmin says she owes you her life for having saved mine."

The look of cheer which had illumined St. Pierre's face faded away, and David saw in its place the lines of sorrow which had settled there. He turned his gaze toward a window through which the afternoon sun was coming, and nodded slowly.

"You saw—out there. He's dead. They buried him in a casket made of sweet cedar. He loved the smell of that. He was like a little child. And once—a long time ago—he was a splendid man, a greater and better man than St. Pierre, his brother, will ever be. What he did was right and just, M'sieu David. He was the oldest—sixteen—when the thing happened. I was only nine, and didn't fully understand. But he saw it all—the death of our father because a powerful factor wanted my mother. And after that he knew how and why our mother died, but not a word of it did he tell us until years later—after the day of vengeance was past.

"You understand, David? He didn't want me in that. He did it alone, with good friends from the upper north. He killed the murderers of our mother and father, and then he buried himself deeper into the forests with us, and we took our mother's family name, which was Boulain, and settled here on the Yellowknife. Roger—Black Roger, as you know him—brought the bones of our father and mother and buried them over in the edge of that plain where he died and where our first cabin stood. Five years ago a falling tree crushed



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The Flaming Forest

him out of shape, and his mind went at the same time, so that he has been like a little child, and was always seeking for Roger Audemard—the man he once was. That was the man your law wanted. Roger Audemard. Our brother."

"Our brother," cried David. "Who is the other?"

"My sister."

"Yes?"

"Marie-Anne."

"Good God!" choked David. "St. Pierre, do you lie? Is this another bit of trickery?"

"It is the truth," said St. Pierre. "Marie-Anne is my sister, and Carmin—whom you saw in my arms through the cabin window—"

He paused, smiling into David's staring eyes, taking full measure of recompense in the other's heart-breaking attitude as he waited.

"—Is my wife, M'sieu David."

A great gasp of breath came out of Carrigan.

"**Y**ES, my wife, and the greatest-hearted woman that ever lived, without one exception in all the world!" cried St. Pierre, a fierce pride in his voice. "It was she, and not Marie-Anne, who shot you on that strip of sand, David Carrigan! *Mon Dieu*, I tell you not one woman in a million would have done what she did—let you live! Why? Listen, m'sieu, and you will understand at last. She had a brother, years younger than she, and to that brother she was mother, sister, everything, because they had no parents almost from babyhood. He was bad. Yet the worse he became, the more she loved him and prayed for him. I fought with her to save the brother. But he belonged to the devil hand and foot, and at last he left us and became what he was when you were sent out to get him, Sergeant Carrigan. It was then that my wife went down to make a last fight to save him, to bring him back, and you know how she made that fight, m'sieu—until the day you hanged him!"

St. Pierre was leaning from his chair, his face ablaze. "Tell me, did she not fight?" he cried. "And you, until the last—did you not fight to have her put behind prison bars with her brother?"

"Yes, it is so," murmured Carrigan. "She hated you," went on St. Pierre. "You hanged her brother, who was almost a part of her flesh and body. He was bad, but he had been hers from babyhood, and a mother will love her son if he is a devil. And then—I won't take long to tell the rest of it! Through friends she learned that you, who had hanged her brother, were on your way to run down Roger Audemard. And Roger Audemard, mind you, was the same as myself, for I had sworn to take my brother's place if it became necessary. She was on the bateau with Marie-Anne when the messenger came. She had but one desire—to save me—to kill you. If it had been some other man, but it was you, who had hanged her brother! She disappeared from the bateau that day with a rifle. You know, M'sieu David, what happened. Marie-Anne heard the shooting and came—alone—just as you rolled out in the sand as if dead. It was she who ran out to you first, while my Carmin crouched there with her rifle, ready to send another bullet into you if you moved. It was Marie-Anne you saw standing over you, it was she who knelt down at your side, and then—"

St. Pierre paused, and he smiled, and then grimaced as he tried to rub his two bandaged hands together. "David, fate mixes things up in a funny way. My Carmin came out and stood over you, hating you; and Marie-Anne knelt down there at your side, loving you. Yes, it is true. And over you they fought for life or death, and love won, because it is always stronger than hate. So they dragged you up under a tree, and after that they plotted together and planned, while I was away up the river on the raft. Marie-Anne knew it would never do for you to see and recognize my Car-

min, so she passed herself off as my wife, while my Carmin came back in a canoe to meet me. They were frightened, and when I came, the whole thing had gone too far for me to mend, and I knew the false game must be played out to the end. When I saw what was happening—that you loved Marie-Anne so well that you were willing to fight for her honor even when you thought she was my wife—I was sure it would all end well. But I could take no chances until I knew. And so there were bars at your windows, and—"

St. Pierre shrugged his shoulders, and in his voice was a little break as he continued: "If Roger had not gone out there to fight back the flames from the graves of his dead, I had planned to tell you as much as I dared, M'sieu David, and I had faith that your love for our sister would win. And now, even my Carmin loves you for bringing me out of the fire. But you are not listening!"

David was looking past him toward the door, and St. Pierre smiled when he saw the look that was in his face.

"Nepapinas!" he called loudly. "Nepapinas!"

In a moment there was shuffling of feet outside, and Nepapinas came in. St. Pierre held out his two great, bandaged hands, and David met them with his own, one bandaged and one free. Not a word was spoken between them, but their eyes were the eyes of men between whom had suddenly come the faith and understanding of a brotherhood as strong as life itself.

Then Nepapinas wheeled St. Pierre from the room, and David straightened himself against his pillows, and waited, and listened, until it seemed two hearts were thumping inside him in the place of one.

IT was an interminable time, he thought, before Marie-Anne stood in the doorway. For a breath she paused there, looking at him, as he stretched out his bandaged arm to her, moved by every yearning impulse in her soul to come in, yet ready as a bird to fly away. And then, as he called her name, she ran to him and dropped upon her knees at his side, and his arms went about her, insensible to their hurt—and her hot face was against his neck, and his lips crushed in the smothering sweetness of her hair. He made no effort to speak, beyond that first calling of her name. He could feel her heart throbbing against him, and her hands tightened at his shoulders, and at last she raised her glorious face so near that the breath of it was on his lips. Then, seeing what was in his eyes, her soft mouth quivered in a little smile, and with a broken throb in her throat she whispered,

"Has it all ended—right—David?"

He drew the red mouth to his own, and with a glad cry which was no word in itself he buried his face in the lustrous tresses he loved. Afterward he could not remember all it was that he said, but at the end Marie-Anne had drawn a little away so that she was looking at him, her eyes shining gloriously and her cheeks beautiful as the petals of a wild rose. And he could see the throbbing in her white throat, like the beating of a tiny heart.

"And you'll take me with you?" she whispered joyously.

"Yes; and when I show you to the old man—Superintendent McVane, you know—and tell him you're my wife, he can't go back on his promise. He said if I settled this Roger Audemard affair, I could have anything I might ask for. And I'll ask for my discharge. I ought to have it in September, and that will give us time to return before the snow flies. You see—"

He held out his arms again. "You see," he cried, his face smothered in her hair again, "I've found the place of my dreams up here, and I want to stay—always. Are you a little glad, Marie-Anne?"

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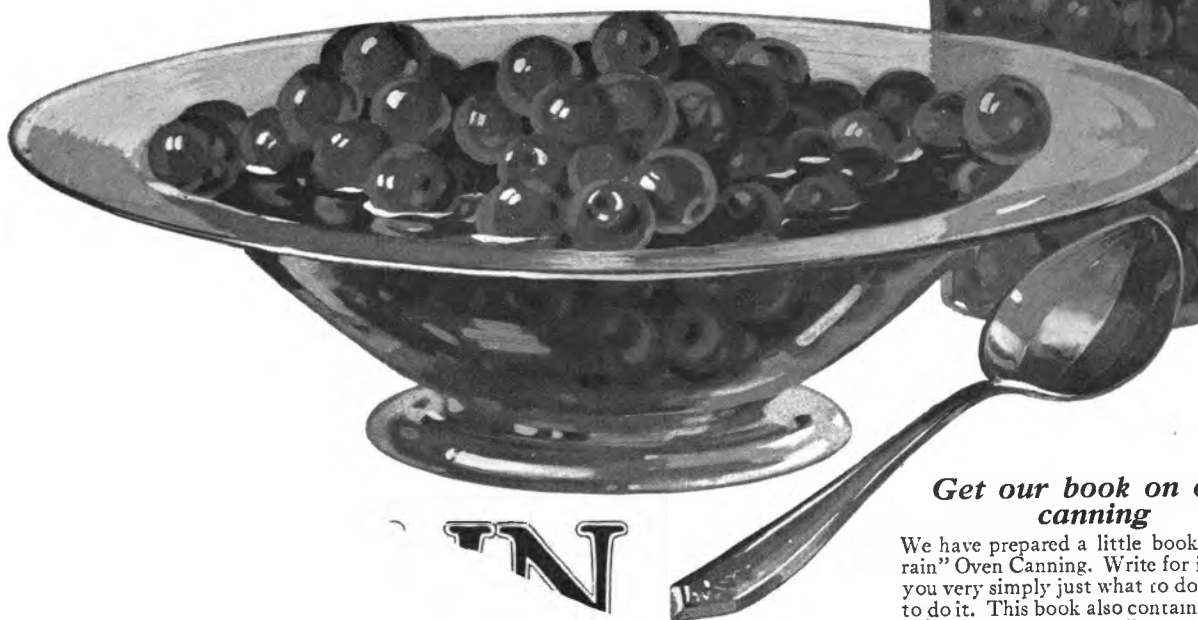
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 Gas Range
 (name of range you now have)



Casserole of Lamb

*2 lbs. breast or shoulder of lamb
2 cups diced potatoes
2 cups diced carrots
1 small onion, chopped
1 cup canned tomatoes
Seasoning*

Cut lamb in small pieces, roll in flour, and brown well in hot fat with the onion.

Put in well-greased casserole with the tomatoes and 1 cup hot water. Bake 2 hours, replenishing water from time to time.

Add potatoes and carrots and bake $\frac{3}{4}$ hour longer. Thicken the gravy and serve very hot, with fresh baking powder biscuits.

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The shoulder, for instance, ordinarily sells for less than the better-known cuts. From it your butcher can cut for you excellent chops, a roast, or stew, as your fancy dictates.

Breast of lamb is also frequently overlooked, although when it is stuffed and roasted, or braised, it is a great delicacy.

If you have not been using these and other savory and tender cuts of lamb to give agreeable variety to warm weather meals, now is the time to do so.

Like the price of meats in general, the price of lamb depends upon supply and demand.

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Wherever this is the case, you will find that cuts are decidedly cheaper.

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