GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

JUNE

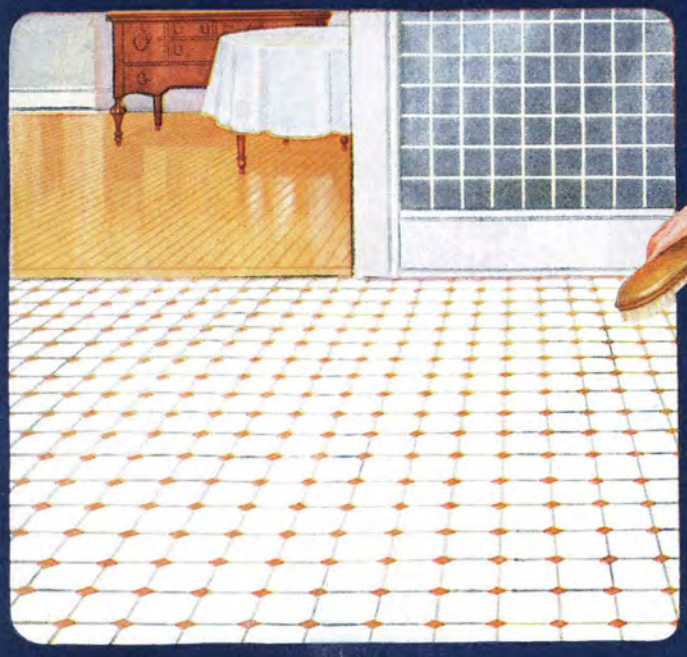
25 Cents
35 Cents in Canada

SUMMER FASHIONS

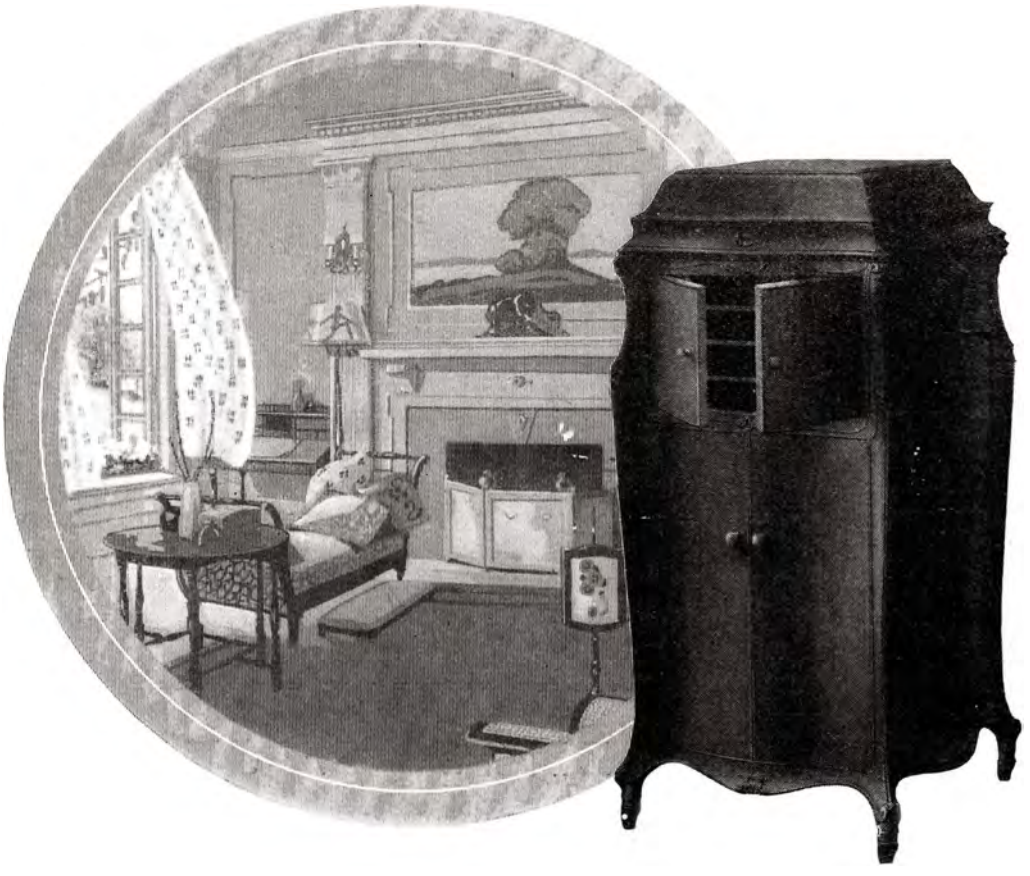
JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

Stories by Kathleen Norris, Frances Hodgson Burnett
Margaret Sangster, Coningsby Dawson, Emma-Lindsay Squier

Easy and Efficient



Old Dutch Cleanser makes scrubbing easy. Does more and better work; saves time and labor. Cannot roughen or redden the hands. The quality insures economy.



The Victrola is to music what gold is to commerce

—the one final standard of value. When, in selecting an instrument for your home, you choose the Victrola and Victor records, the whole world confirms your judgment.

Victor records and Victor instruments are one. Each is made to operate with the other and no other combination can be made to produce as satisfactory results.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. New Victor records demonstrated at all dealers in Victor products on the 1st of each month.

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!
VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J.

In using advertisements see page 4

Midsummer Madness

MANY magazines for July and August are apparently edited on the theory that it doesn't make much difference what goes into those issues. Folks are supposed not to care what they read or whether they read at all on hot summer days and nights. GOOD HOUSEKEEPING does not subscribe to that theory or believe it is good business to put any left-overs into the summer issues. On the contrary, we pick out the best we have, for it is hard to read when the woods and the roads and the rivers are calling, and an appeal in opposition to them or offering in compensation for them must be a strong one. We can promise you that you will not be disappointed if you look forward to many a happy summer hour with GOOD HOUSEKEEPING. There will be no slump in its table of contents, no assumption that its readers are less interested than now in the things for which it stands

CONTENTS *for* JUNE

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, June, 1921 Vol. LXXII, No. 6

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MOST KITCHEN SINKS ARE SO LOW THAT THEY CAUSE ENDLESS DISCOMFORT AND BACK STRAIN . . . "Standard" KITCHEN SINKS HAVE ADJUSTABLE LEGS SO THAT THEY CAN BE SET FROM 32 TO 36 INCHES HIGH, AS DESIRED. MEASURE HEIGHT OF SINK FROM TOP OF RIM TO FLOOR. . . . ALL "Standard" SINKS ARE SHOWN IN CATALOGUE "Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES FOR THE HOME. WRITE FOR COPY

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WASHINGTON . . . . . SOUTHERN BLDG.	HUNTINGTON . . . SECOND AVE. AND TENTH	SAN FRANCISCO . . . . . 149-55 BLUXOME
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ST. LOUIS . . . . . 4140 FOREST PARK BLVD.	MILWAUKEE . . . . . 311 FIFTH	DETROIT OFFICE . . . . . 414 HAMMOND BLDG.
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FACTORIES: Pittsburgh, Pa.; Louisville, Ky.; New Brighton, Pa.; Toronto, Can. POTTERIES: Kokomo, Ind.; Tiffin, O.

In using advertisements see page 4

A money-back guarantee covers every article advertised in Good Housekeeping

You will note, in the advertising pages of Good Housekeeping, that all household appliances, all food products, and all toilet preparations, are marked with a star (★).

★

This star indicates that they have been tested *and approved* by the Department of Household Engineering of Good Housekeeping Institute or by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health.

★

The examinations are technical and practical. If it is a household appliance, it must perform adequately and efficiently the use for which it is intended. Such tests, under the supervision of experts, take place under conditions approximating those in the average home.

★

Obviously, there are many things advertised which are not testable. These, however, bear the same money-back guarantee if the advertisement appears in Good Housekeeping.

INDEX TO Good Housekeeping's Guaranteed Advertisements

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.

CALIFORNIA

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CUMNOCK SCHOOL
OF EXPRESSION
Beautiful high location with sweeping view of mountains, city and distant sea. College courses in Literature, Art, Languages, Journalism, Story-Telling, Oral and Dramatic Expression. Academy (accredited High School), Junior School (all grades). Musical department. Resident students over 14. For catalog address **HELEN A. BROOKS, A.M., Director**
Cumnock Hall Box 100 Los Angeles, Cal.

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Upon the Scripps Foundation
FOR GIRLS LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA
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Pasadena Military Academy College preparatory. Full High School Courses. Grammar grades 6th to 8th. Sound scholarship. Character training. Free courses in aeronautics, wireless. Horsemanship, outdoor athletics year round, gymnasium, indoor swimming. Every modern convenience.
CALIFORNIA, Pasadena.

Mount Washington Military School
Formerly Westlake Military School
Mount Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.
An ideal school for boys in an ideal location. Most modern, up-to-date equipment. Grammar, High School and Preparatory courses. All men teachers. Chemical and Electrical Laboratories. Manual training. U. S. Army Officers. Summer term begins June 12—a real outdoor summer for red blooded boys. For catalog, address
COLONEL WM. STROVER, President

PAGE
MILITARY ACADEMY
A Big School for Little Boys
Military life appeals to youngsters—at Page it is combined with work and play that develop initiative and self-reliance. The growing mind is guided by wise men and women who thoroughly understand boys. Every advantage of climate and location. Large modern buildings; seven acre campus. Let our catalog tell you all about us. **Boys grow big and strong in California.**
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Route 7, Box 946
Los Angeles, California

CONNECTICUT

The Fannie A. Smith KINDERGARTEN TRAINING SCHOOL
Our graduates in great demand. Intensive courses in theory and practice. Unusual opportunity for practical work. Grounds for athletics and outdoor life. Catalog.
FANNIE A. SMITH, Principal.
CONNECTICUT, Bridgeport, 1122 Iranistan Ave.

HILLSIDE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Norwalk, Connecticut
College preparatory and special courses. Normal living in right environment. Every comfort. All healthful activities. Gymnasium. Catalog.
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Vida Hunt Francis, A. B. Smith
Principals

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The School for a Boy
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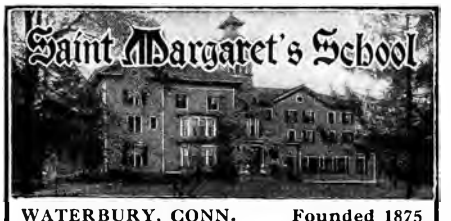
A college preparatory school for boys of 16 and over. Formerly The Rosenbaum School. Small classes and individual instruction. Booklet on request.
SAMUEL B. ROSENBAUM, Principal,
CONNECTICUT, Milford.



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40 Miles from New York
Classes limited to five.
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Telephone Lenox 1725

Westport Home School for Young Boys
A school of ten to twenty boys. Close personal attention to morals, behavior and mental development. Family life a prominent feature. Address
EDWARD D. MERRIMAN, A.M. (Yale), Principal.
CONNECTICUT, Westport.

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For High School Girls or Graduates
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A School for Girls. Beautifully situated on Long Island Sound at Southfield Point. Intermediate, general, and college preparatory courses. Music, gymnastics, athletics, and sports. Horseback riding, skating, skiing, 52 minutes from Grand Central Station, New York. Limited enrollment.
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BERNICE TOWNSEND PORTER
Assistant Principal
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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

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A School for Girls. Established 1892. College Preparatory. Post-Graduate and business courses. Domestic Science. Required athletics under trained supervision.
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For Girls
A distinctive school in the National Capital giving to a selected number of girls the best American culture. Preparatory, Collegiate, Domestic Science and Secretarial departments. Music, Art, Expression. Organized play and recreation. Well ordered home and social life. Athletics.
Miss Charlotte Crittenden Everett, Principal
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In using advertisements see page 4

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY

For Young Women

Located in Suburbs of Washington, D.C.
James E. Ament, Ph.D., LL.D., President

A Junior College for high and preparatory school graduates offering advanced academic subjects. Instruction in music, art, expression and vocational branches. Special domestic science diploma course. Attractive club life for every student. Campus of 85 acres, with more than 30 buildings. Gymnasium; swimming pool; all out-door sports; horseback riding. Organized study of Washington. References required. 1921 registration nearing completion. Catalog on request to

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The Main Building

Martha Washington Seminary

FOR YOUNG WOMEN

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College Conservatory

For Young Women

Gainesville, Georgia, 50 Miles North of Atlanta

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The abundant resources for the development of body, mind and soul constitute an environment wherein you may spend four happy years in the realization of your ideal of TRUE CULTURE.

Brenau Means Refined Gold

Standard courses leading to the degrees of A.B. B.O. and Mus. B. Special students in music, oratory and art—household economics—secretarial branches and physical culture.

Faculty of 40 college graduates—student body of 500, thirty states represented—non-sectarian, seven fraternities—Home-like atmosphere, democratic spirit, Student Self-Government.

Modern equipment, 96 acres, 32 buildings, including up-to-date gymnasium with swimming pool. Healthful climate in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

We invite your inspection. For particulars, address:

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Two years course leading to well paid position in schools, colleges, universities, community centres, industrial gymnasiums, banks, department stores, etc. Free graduate placing bureau. Strong faculty. Swimming pool, gymnasiums, tennis, dancing auditorium. Summer Session with course designed specially for teachers. View book and catalog on request. Address

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Address Dept. G.H.-6, 4200 Grand Boulevard, Chicago

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Successful preparation for all colleges for women, and for universities. General and Special Courses. Fireproof school and residence buildings. Science laboratories. Art studio. Gymnasium. Roof playground. Catalogue.
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SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION

Every Boy Recites Every Lesson Every Day.
BOYS TAUGHT HOW TO STUDY.
Careful Selection and Personal Supervision.
Thorough Preparation for College.
Military Drill. Junior R. O. T. C.

Graduates admitted to leading colleges on certificate. Campus of forty acres. Nine fine buildings. Thorough sanitation. Healthful country life. Beautiful lakes near by. All athletic sports. Summer School with attractive courses.

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INDIANA

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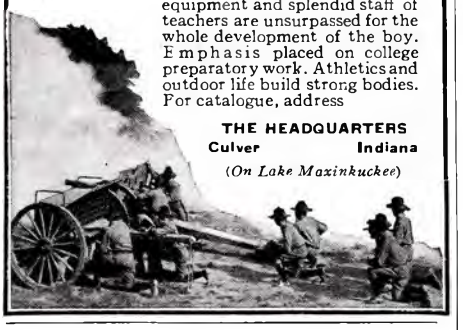
THE HEADQUARTERS
Culver Indiana
(On Lake Maxinkuckee)



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If not, let us help you find the right school. Write the Director of the School Department full particulars.

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National Boarding School for Boys. Rate $1,000.
MURRAY PEABODY BRUSH, Ph.D., Director.
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Courses: College Preparatory; College; Domestic Science; Music; Expression. Advantages: 10 miles from Baltimore. Fireproof buildings; Strong faculty; 67 years' history. Catalogue. Address
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Limited number of girls, individual instruction. Concentrated College Preparation by teachers from college faculties. General course. Outdoor life of ten-acre estate near Baltimore. Scholarships. Address
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Home of the Boston Cooking School Cook Book. Cookery and Household Technique for the home and for professional use. Six months and intensive short courses. Send for booklet. MISS ALICE BRADLEY, Principal.
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Where young women are guided understandingly and successfully to beautiful and efficient Christian womanhood. A school to which families are sending the fourth generation of their daughters. 81st year. Membership in the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

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INCORPORATED

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SURPASSING ANYTHING EVER ATTEMPTED HERETOFORE

Special Teacher's Normal Course. Public School Music leading to supervisor's diploma. All departments open, including piano, voice, violin and dramatic art. Nationally known teachers have been secured for these courses in addition to our own strong faculty. Private and class lessons. Demonstration class. Ten artist and orchestral concerts. Theory classes free. Our graduates succeed in big positions because their training is right. Dormitory for women students. Get our summer circular. It will help you make your plans. Write today.

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For boys. Rate $1200. Fall term opens September 28th. Emphasizes health, happiness, achievement. Catalog on request.
MAINE, Farmington.

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For Boys and Girls of All Ages

Distinctly college preparatory, covering all grades, from kindergarten to college. Special diploma courses for students not wishing to enter college. Household Arts, Music, Art, Secretarial and Business Courses. Faculty of experienced college graduates. 3-acre estate with 5 buildings in Boston's most beautiful suburb. 85 acres and 5 buildings in the Blue Hill region, 15 miles from Boston. Hillsview, the school's summer camp, is used for week-end sports and games. For catalog address

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Principal
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Abbot Academy

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Founded 1828

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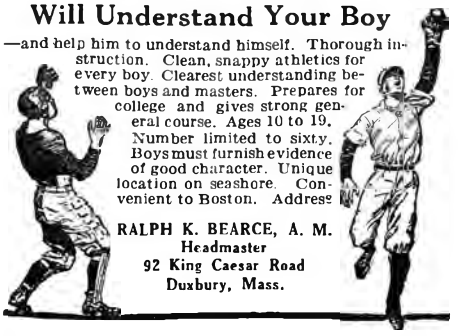

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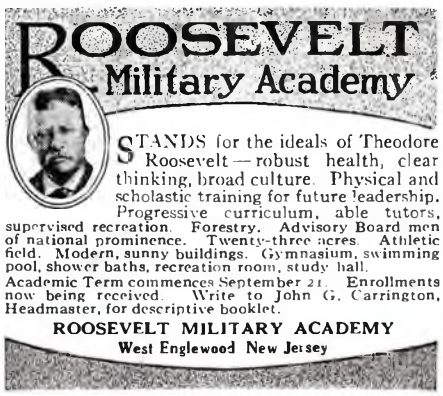

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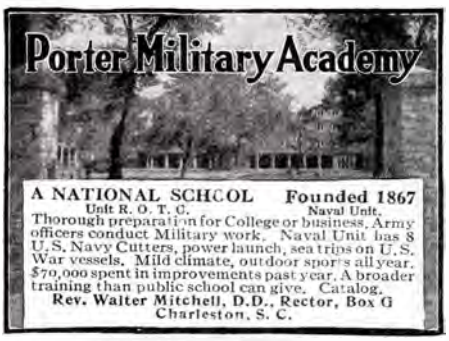

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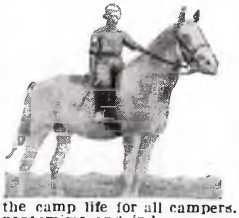

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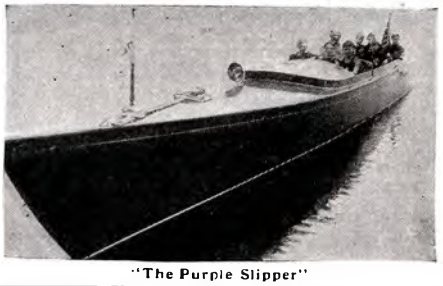

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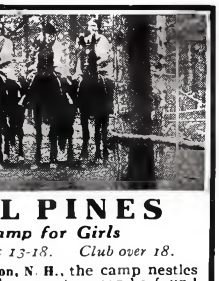

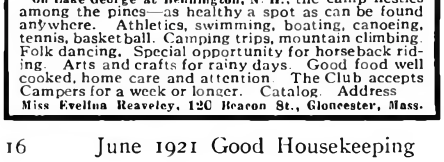

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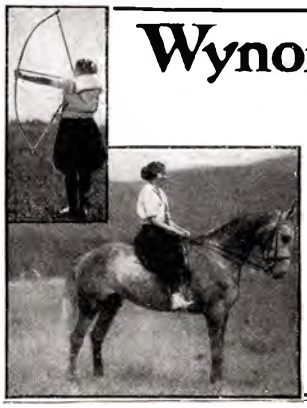

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Every effort directed to the development of highest ideals, mental alertness, and physical well-being. The camper learns assurance, consideration for others, the joy of helpful living. Equipment, personnel and service meet the desires of discriminating parents and campers.

Horseback riding, hiking, swimming, canoeing, tennis, golf and many other beneficial and enjoyable sports. Dramatics and dancing add to the day's fun. Cozy kiosks, running water, electric lights, warm and shower baths. Abundant, well-balanced meals. Competent councillors, wise supervision, trained nurse. Juniors 8 to 12 years. Seniors 13 to 20. Send for booklet.

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LAKE MOREY CLUB—a modern hotel, under same management

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On Lake Champlain. Two distinct camps. 15th season. Recreation camp for boys 8 to 16. Tutoring camp with separate director for boys who desire to study. Address
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In White Mountain region. Mile of lake shore. Best of everything for the best girls. Free horseback riding, water and field sports, handicrafts, music and dancing under expert instructors. Sponson and war canoes. Cozy screened bungalows, spring and artesian well water, modern plumbing. Satisfied parents and happy girls tell the story. Booklet on request.
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Directed by The Commandant of The Staunton Military Academy.
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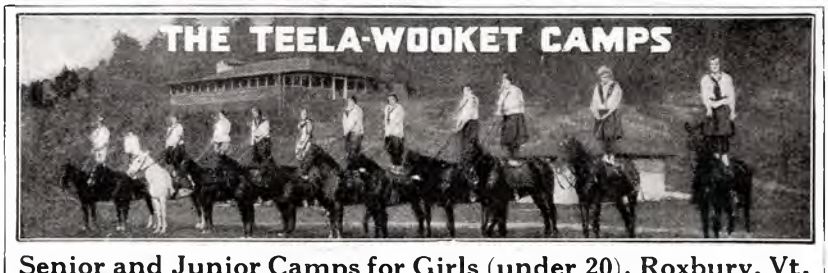
Until June 7, address **The Commandant, Box 143B, Staunton, Va.**
After June 5, **Camp Terra Alta, Terra Alta, W. Va.**



Senior and Junior Camps for Girls (under 20), Roxbury, Vt.

'Midst the Green Hills far to northward,
'Neath the pine trees on the hillside,
Stands a girls' camp Teela-Wooket,
Teela-Wooket, Summer home-land.
Thence the pale-faced maidens journey—
Coming from the far off cities.
Turn they far unto the Northland,
There to spend the summer care-free,
Bathing in the limpid waters,
Camping on the rugged mountains,
Tossing balls and running races,
In the fields of Teela-Wooket.

A three hundred acre wonderland in the heart of the Green Mountains. Famous for its fine saddle horses, free riding, and thorough instruction in horsemanship. Write for a booklet with the stories and pictures of camp life at Teela-Wooket.

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Sandstone Camps
Green Lakes, Wisconsin. Tenth season. Three camps, 150 girls, ages 8 to 22. Season eight weeks. $325.
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Camp Ty-Glyn
A Summer Camp for Boys—7-16. Mowyn Lake, Roosevelt, Wisconsin. All land and water sports. All counselors college men, each one a specialist. For booklet, write to G. A. ROGER.
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Wetomachek Camps for Girls. Powers Lake, Wisconsin. Under the management of The Chicago Normal School of Physical Education. Junior and Senior Camps, July and August for girls, ages 9 to 22. A strong force of trained counselors. References required. Write for booklet. REGISTRAR.
ILLINOIS, Chicago, 430 South Wabash Avenue, Box G.

Camp Ad-A-Wa-Gam For boys 7 to 17 years. On Tomahawk Lake, Oneida County, Wis. 500 acres. Long and short canoe trips. Indian pony riding. Forest trips, athletic fields, sailing, fishing. Medical supervision, physical training. Address MR. F. E. BACHHUBER.
WISCONSIN, Tomahawk Lake.

What the *Editor* Has to Say

Can't You See the Beauty in a Thing Like This?

FIVE years ago this month GOOD HOUSEKEEPING published an editorial appeal for better citizenship. In it we said, in part:

"The stability of a democracy rests upon the honest participation in its forms of government of a majority of the enfranchised citizens. So long, however, as a mere majority support certain ideals, those ideals will merely live, not flourish. Only through the driving power of a public opinion so general as to merit the usual term 'united' can worth-while advances be made. Now any man buttonholed on the street will tell you that we need a great increase of both intelligence and honesty in our electorate. Charges—and proofs—of fraud are the commonplaces of every election season. . . .

"At the present time—and we have never heard that it was ever otherwise—it is the custom for a young man who has come of age during the year to join the ranks of the voters without any attention being paid to him. Yesterday he was a child legally; today he is a citizen with as much influence at the ballot-box as the most learned and experienced man. He makes his way to the polls, casts his ballot, and goes out to swell the ranks of those who look upon voting as a matter of slight importance and never once think of the significance attached to the casting of a ballot. It does not occur to him that voting constitutes the chief difference between being a citizen and being a subject. . . .

What to Do With the Fourth

"OUR proposal is that hereafter on the Fourth of July—which we at present don't know what to do with—there be suitable services in convenient places for the men and women who will vote for the first time at the following November election. Certificates of citizenship, bearing the state seal and appropriate wording, and signed by some designated official, should be given to each new voter, who should take an oath of citizenship, the duties and privileges of which should be explained in a public address by some well-known man of unquestioned probity. The occasion could be made very impressive, and in a few years would doubtless be looked upon as the public event of the year."

The suggestion was too new, and too big, to be carried out that year, and the next year we were girding ourselves for the part we were to play in the great tragedy across the sea. We played that part well; we pulled together; we forged a nation out of discordant elements. And yet out of it all we got no urge for better individual citizenship, for national thought and service in daily life. We admit the nation's claim on us in an emergency calling for active service in the field, we forget that every year brings an emergency calling for active service at the polls.

The General Federation Plan

ONE of the most hopeful signs of the times is in the way the new members of the electorate are meeting their duties and opportunities. Their long struggle for the vote has made it seem to them a thing to be cherished and used with wisdom and understanding. They decry the carelessness with which citizenship is granted to both native-born and foreigner; they would invest the act with ceremonial and dignity, giving the new voters to realize that the ballot box, the very symbol of democracy, must be protected if the nation is to survive. That the women have not been thinking vaguely along these lines is indicated by the fact that the General Federation of Women's Clubs has planned to throw the whole weight of its influence into an effort to secure a nation-wide observance of a citizenship day, when every new voter shall be welcomed by those already privileged to play a part in democratic government. The president of the General Federation, Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, has sent out the following letter to its officials in every state:

My Dear Club Women:

I am appealing to you today to give your active and enthusiastic cooperation to a plan of our Department of American Citizenship—a plan definite, concrete, deeply appealing and capable of being made a tremendous agency for creating the spirit of American Citizenship, which is a far greater thing than the American Voter or the American Politician.

You know how our boys—and now, we are thankful to say, our girls, too—slip into maturity and voting rights all unnoticed.

You know how our foreign-born are huddled in squads into sordid and sometimes ribald courts, where citizenship is ground out to them with no more dignity than potatoes are sold over a counter.

Yet to become a citizen of the United States ought to be a profound experience. It ought to rank with the two or three great occasions of life. Here and there a citizenship day has been celebrated. Here and there a group of foreign-born have been welcomed. Only occasionally have our own children been included.

The plan of the Department of American Citizenship is as follows: In every little town and hamlet, in every big city, let the club women of this Federation start a movement to make the Fourth of July—

Citizenship Day

NO matter what other celebrations are listed, let a part of that day that commemorates the time when American Citizenship became an actuality in the world, be given to a noble welcome extended by the whole community to the boys and girls who have come of age during the year and to the foreign-born who have become citizens. Both these groups should be included and recognized at the same time, thus intensifying in the minds of both the spiritual significance of the occasion. There should be a procession and flags—flags of all the peoples included, which should, at the appropriate moment, be bowed before the Stars and Stripes; there should be music for young feet to march by; there should be wise words uttered on the meaning of citizenship in this greatest of all democracies; there should be a proud welcome given by dignitaries of the community in the presence of massed crowds of relatives; and the generation a little older, the young men who have fought for the land, should be there to point the onward hand to the newer Americans.

This is not a vague general appeal. Mrs. Pennybacker, Chairman of the Department of American Citizenship of the General Federation, is going to follow up the campaign. She will soon have in print a list of definite suggestions for the day which you will be able to get from Headquarters (415 Maryland Building, Washington, D. C.). The General Federation will do all it can to help publicity and popular understanding.

ALICE AMES WINTER.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING endorses this appeal and will at all times be ready to do its part in advancing the cause of good citizenship. Will you?

WILLIAM FREDERICK BIGELOW

LOST FRIENDSHIP

By Fannie Stearns Gifford

Decoration by Maurice L. Bower

Why did you speak to me last night,
  Leaning across the gate, when I
Drowsy with wind and meshed moonlight
  Longed only for good-by?

My hand was cold. . . . Why did you try
  To clasp my fingers suddenly?
My lips were cold as frost-flowers. Why
  Did you lean close to me?

All I could say was "No," and "No."
  I gathered up my dewy cape.
The garden gave me shelter. So
  I made a child's escape.

I wish you did not love me. . . . Oh,
  I wish you had been still and proud!
You are too wise to need me so.
  Why did you speak aloud?

Last night, I was your friend. Today
  What helpless leagues we stand apart! . . .
And I can watch—and still be gay—
  The ruin of your heart.

Miss Mack of the Sixth

By Kathleen Norris

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

LOVE is the great theme of all the greatest literature, and this is a love story by a great writer—perhaps the greatest she has ever written. It is the story of a woman who loved many times and always well, who would go on loving as long as she lived, again and again, after trouble and disappointment and sorrow and loss. There is not a moonlight night in the whole story, but there are other things. There are patience and tenderness and abnegation and faith. Instead of a lovely heroine with white hands, there is Miss Mack with her hardened, work-worn fingers. Instead of demanding lovers, there are Grandma, and Sister Annie, and little Adele. You can improve your education with this story—it will teach you something new about love

"YOU can go now," said Miss Lizzie Mack, in a lifeless, somewhat nasal tone, looking dispassionately from the geography papers she was correcting to the boy she was punishing. "And the next time you misbehave, you won't get off so easy!"

The boy, alone in the dusty, dirty, chalky, inky sea of polished walnut desks, came out of a drowsy, almost comatose condition, stared at her vaguely, blinked, unwound his weary, cramped young body from the curve it had taken about the wooden flap of the desk and the iron supports of his seat, glanced at the clock that he had supposed stopped, yawned profoundly, and shambled and shuffled to the teacher's platform.

"Once and for all, I won't stand for any more of your nonsense!" Miss Mack reminded him.

The boy mumbled his way to the door; she heard him give a wild whoop as he thundered down the stairs of the old schoolhouse and tore madly into the airy freedom of the street.

It was a spring afternoon, the first really balmy and sweet day after weeks of fog and rain. Through the opened tops of the schoolroom windows fresh breezes were moving; the tassel of lilac that the timid little Haley child had brought exhaled, in dying, a delicate and haunting perfume. Miss Lizzie remembered the two big lilac bushes in Grandma Towney's old house in Capp Street—

She sighed, settling her spectacles on her pudgy nose with a pressure of thumb and forefinger. A heavenly silence spread and deepened about her. The captive and concentrated noises of the day, the brutal shuffling and stamping and shouting of four hundred youthful savages, was blessedly ended until nine o'clock on Monday morning. She could bring her mind uninterruptedly to these examination papers. She marked them in red ink, with quick, smooth movements of her clean, nervous, knobby hands.

The hearts of seventy children were bound up in these smudgy and crumpled sheets, but they were not Miss Lizzie's class, and she had no personal interest in them. She marked them inflexibly; the children who did not "pass" would have to come back for the first four days of their normal Easter vacation, but Miss Lizzie told herself harshly that she couldn't help that. *She* had to come back, in spite of her own room's good showing, because of lost time in a midwinter epidemic. Let 'em come back, for all her!

A particularly disgraceful sheet made her shut her lips in a tight line. Karl Reismann, of course. She would have to show that paper to Mr. Poett.

Miss Lizzie was fifty-one; Mr. Poett was twenty-nine. Miss Lizzie had the sixth grade—had had it, indeed, since the actual year of Mr. Poett's birth—and had worked up from forty to eighty-three dollars and thirty-three cents a month. Mr. Poett was the principal and had a salary of two thousand a year. He was a pleasant-mannered young man, but a great disciplinarian; no blubbering nine-year-old had ever got the better of him. Lizzie admired him; she knew that he would "fix" Karl Reismann for this disgraceful work. There'd be a note sent to Karl's folks, and when the boy went home to his parents' delicacy store, with his pink eyes and his round, slouching shoulders, his pop would give him the licking he deserved. The neighborhood always knew it when Mr. Reismann licked any one of the children: Christine, with her red face and tight, scant, short, yellow braid; Otto, who was not quite normal, a beaming, sly-eyed, seventeen-year-old with a downy growth on his chin; poor, inky, dirty, blubbering Karl. They were "mean youngones," Miss Mack said. She had had them all in her class-room. She did not like Adele even to speak to them.

Adele! The name was never long absent from her thoughts. She looked at the clock and began to fold her papers together. Adele would be home around five; she and Pansy Roach always managed to dawdle away an hour or more on Mission Street after high school. Lizzie saw no harm in that; she had been born on Capp Street herself, and Mission Street then, with its jingling horse-car, had been to her the same delicious distraction it was now, when even the clanging cable-car of the nineties had been discarded as antiquated, and the street was threaded with the flash of electricity. While the neighborhood had seen diverse changes in Lizzie's time, many of the familiar landmarks, or ones very similar in type remained: the drug stores with their colored globes and their deceptive window silhouettes of bright young clerks at fountains and girls under parasols, the meek little shops where patterns and embroidery floss were sold, the restaurants with the word "French" scrolled over the custards and oranges in the dark windows, the tailors visibly driving steaming irons over dark fabrics, the milliners with "Any Hat in This Window Three Dollars," and the grocers' windows neatly banked with canned tomatoes and coffee beans.

Untying her creased black silicia apron and pinning on her black straw hat with the limp black satin bow so accurately placed between the two red roses, Lizzie shook her brown serge jacket before slipping her pipestem arms into it, and finished her street attire by fastening a dead, worn roll of fur, tied with satin ribbons, about her lean throat, and picking up two brown kid gloves, creased almost into ropes, and a flat, shabby leatherette bag with tarnished nickel clasps. The gloves were rarely on her hands, but she would have felt vulgar without them.

She opened a schoolroom window four inches, picked from the floor a blackboard eraser, enveloped herself in a cloud of choking, white dust as she beat it against another, blinked through her glasses at the room in parting, and went down the big, rubber-smelling, bare stairs, and out into the dusty spring sunlight of Mission Street. A beggar accosted her at the gate, but Lizzie murmured something nervously and went on. She always said that these fellows were buying property somewhere, if the truth was to be known.

She walked along, giving her tired back a little jerk now and then, blinking busily right and left at every one who passed her. Hers was a face and figure that had been familiar in this neighborhood for some forty-five years, as "the little Mack girl," "Miss Mack, who is teaching this year," "Miss Mack of the Sixth," and now as "old Miss Lizzie." She had been a round-faced, rather piquant-looking child, but even as a young woman something about the shrewd, mischievous eyes, prominent like a frog's, and the fat little pouchy cheeks, had not been pretty, and now Lizzie, wrinkled and counter-wrinkled, still chubby, always blinking suspiciously, and in sarcastic amusement, at life, was homely and dried and spinster-like almost to caricature. Children all hated her class-room and wept rebelliously when inexorable promotions brought them into her clutches. The tradespeople disliked her, and there was not a policeman or a car-conductor in the Mission who had not encountered her bitter, shrill displeasure.

Tonight she turned into Biffin's Market, a narrow cave flanked on one side by hang-

"Listen here, Aunt Lizzie," Adele said bravely, going over to kneel beside the rocking-chair. "Papa and I want to know frankly what you think. Shall I go with him, or shan't I?"

ing beeves, and muttons in their dirty wool, and on the other by the littered counter and the slashed and bloody sections of some mighty oak-tree, used here for chopping-blocks.

Biffin was dashing about at full speed, slashing, weighing, jerking off string with a bloody thumb, jingling the cash register. The sawdust under his feet was littered with mashed bones and shreds of meat; an oily pencil rested in the thick, grizzled curls above his ear. His son was thumbing meat into the chopper, the red coil of it curling out into a waiting tissue-paper. Drooping women waited their turn patiently.

"How do, Miss Mack?" said old Biffin. "Come for that twenty-pound turkey, hay?"

"Yes, you fellers would be glad enough to have me waste my money on it!" Miss Mack said with a shrill, defiant cackle of laughter.

"I'll bet they're wearin' a path to the bank. Look at it—forty cents!" said a shawled, thin-faced woman beside her in an undertone as she displayed a slip of pot roast.

Miss Mack eyed kidneys, pulled their papery skin to see if they were fresh, looked with a sniff at chops, asked to see a veal cutlet, tossed it aside, bent low to smell the pink sausage meat that was heaped in a clean china platter. The butchers, father and son, exchanged a significant glance over the drooping hat of

the thin, cautious, suspicious school-teacher. Lizzie saw it, but she did not care. She was tired; she must cook whatever she bought, and nothing invited her.

In the end she bought nothing, but went a few doors beyond to the delicatessen, where she told fat, round-faced, high-bosomed Mrs. Reismann that her frankfurters were the best in the neighborhood.

"Yes, and more cheap, Teacher!" the matron said absent-mindedly, with a solemn glance and nod.

She was weighing cream cheese, slashing off a modicum with her spoon, restoring a fraction of the fraction as she watched the scale. She wrapped the wooden saucer and dropped it into a paper bag with other parcels with incredible rapidity, wiped her hands on her apron, made some pencil calculations on the bag itself, shouted "Christina!" toward the door at the back, and said pleasantly, "Who is next, is it?"

But Lizzie must answer her remark conscientiously. "Oh, I don't know about that!" she said with her little, dry laugh.

At the bakery Lizzie remarked to the bakery woman that those fellows up in Sacramento were going to put a law through about the sort of bread people sold nowadays, and high time, too! The heated and busy woman muttered in return that people didn't have to buy bread here; there were other bakeries in the Mission. Yes, but they were all the same, Lizzie reminded her sharply, departing.

Two more blocks in the gritty gusts of warm wind and the dazzling glare of the sinking sun, and Lizzie turned in at a dull and respectable doorway, one of three that stood aligned at the top of four clean wooden steps. Hers was the right-hand door and gave immediately upon her own hall. The other two doors opened upon flights of inside stairs, but Lizzie preferred the lower floor; the flat was smaller and cheaper. She and Adele had only four rooms, but they were nice rooms.

There was afternoon sunlight in the back room, the kitchen, and a strip of sunshine fell in the little dining-room, too, showing the dust on Lizzie's sewing machine, and the strawberries painted by Adele upon the six fruit plates. The front rooms seemed rather dark and dull; they were extremely small, connected by a folding door, and used as bedroom and parlor. Lizzie had to lock everything, every morning, and the place became close. It smelled of the old horsehair sofa, the plush davenport where Adele slept, the dry paste behind the wall-paper, and the gas-log at the grate.

But Lizzie was used to it, and she was thinking of something far more important.

"Auntie's *bay*-bee!" she called from the very doorway.

"Dare's my *Yiz*-zie!" a young voice answered gaily, and Adele came out of the bedroom and kissed her.

This greeting was a sort of code between them, one of their many little jokes. Adele in every other (*Continued on page 122*)

Annie's trunk had come, and in it Lizzie found the blue cashmere she was married in, and baby clothes and bootees for Adele

"We want the cradle of American childhood rocked under conditions so wholesome and so hopeful that no blight may touch it in its development"

Letters from a Senator's Wife

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

DEAR Elizabeth:

There have been so many times in our lives when I have been ill, and you have been my most faithful and constant visitor, that it is hard for me to realize how completely things are reversed now—that I am well and strong at last, and leading the most active kind of life, while you are lying quietly out on a sunny veranda in California, with orange and lemon trees blossoming all around you, idle for the first time in years, and idle because you are not able to be busy. I wish I could run in on you with flowers and magazines and jelly, and gossip about our little world, as you used to do for me! I want to see you so much that I'd start tomorrow if I could, you dearest friend that any woman ever had! But since I can't, a letter must start instead, that will tell you, as well as it can, about the great events of last week.

"I am thinking of you constantly," you write on a half-sheet of paper—"thinking of the great social and political drama that is being enacted in Washington now, and of your share in it. You are having a wonderful opportunity. Do write to me about it."

To tell you all I should like to about it would take a longer time than I can spare to write, and a much longer time, I am sure, than would be good for an invalid to read! But I will tell you as much as I can this evening. And in the light of the fourth of March, which still seems to be burning brightly all around me, I wish not only to relate, but to prophesy. For I believe, my dear, that we are at the beginning of a great era, and that later on it will be a satisfaction to us both if we can look back and recall the fact that the promises of this great day have been fulfilled.

But I am getting ahead of my story.

The early part of Inauguration Week was very full for me, for I was, as usual, going out a great deal, and I had a luncheon in honor of Lady Geddes, the wife of the British Ambassador, on Tuesday, and began my preparations to do all I could to make the visit of the New Hampshire delegation to the Inauguration—the Governor and his wife, with the members of his staff and council and their wives, more than thirty of them in all—as pleasant as possible, especially as the wife of our other Senator is very ill and could take no part in the festivities. But the Inauguration celebration really commenced, for me, when I received a little card on which was written

Mrs. Marshall
To meet Mrs. Coolidge
Wednesday, March third
Five o'clock

This meant that Mrs. Marshall was asking the wives of the Senators to come to tea with her and Mrs. Coolidge, who, after Friday, was to become automatically the president of the organization called "The Ladies of the Senate," to which I have referred before.

When I reached Mrs. Marshall's apartment at the Willard, I found the rooms already thronged with my colleagues and the table set with the beautiful silver service which, the week before, we had given to her as our retiring and greatly loved president; while on a table near it stood the immense silver loving-cup which the members of the Senate had given to the Vice-President, filled with roses. It is difficult to describe the spirit which seemed to pervade the rooms. We were all glad to welcome Mrs. Coolidge, who is just as nice as she can be, with the friendliest and most cordial manner, and an uncannily accurate memory for names

and faces, and yet there was no getting away from the fact that this was Mrs. Marshall's last "At Home," that we were going to lose her. At all events, I didn't want any tea, and I didn't stay very long. As I turned to go out, I met the Vice-President coming in, and tried to tell him how I felt.

"Well, she thinks the world of all of you," he said, looking over toward his wife. "And—and the United States Senate is a pretty good place. But it's better to leave this way than to have every one glad we're going!"

Thursday was, as usual, my own receiving day—my last official one this season—and as Governor and Mrs. Brown were to receive with me, and the entire delegation were to be my guests, I was naturally anxious to have everything as attractive as possible, and spent a busy morning. Afternoon tea, in Washington, for a Senator's wife on her day at home, means a good deal more than merely tea. It means coffee and chocolate and sherbet; it means sandwiches and biscuits and cakes and candy and salted nuts; and on a special occasion like this one, it means salads as well during the latter part of the afternoon, flower-decked rooms, friends to "pour" and "float," her best bib and tucker for the hostess. And, most of all, it means literally hundreds of callers!

I have referred more than once to the burdensome routine of making calls, but out of the fulness of recent experiences I can't help saying something about the equally burdensome routine of receiving them! Any one who takes it into her—or his—head to do so may call on a Senator's wife—and does! So besides her own friends, who wish to call on her, and the various persons who for official reasons must call on her, there are dozens who come out of curiosity, or because they have nothing better to do, or for no reason at all. Girls' schools located in Washington advertise in their catalogues that pupils will be taken to see "official" women, as part of their education, and I have had as many as sixty girls here in the course of one afternoon, their youthful footsteps carefully guided by a teacher in charge, who come and shake my hand and murmur that they are pleased to meet me, and then wander into my dining-room and devour everything in sight. I have also had callers investigate the engagement pad on my desk, help themselves to a few flowers, or telephone beforehand to say that the receiving hours which had been announced—from four to seven—were not convenient for them, and that they would like to come at half-past three!

We did not, fortunately, have to assist in the education—or in the nourishment—of many young ladies from schools last Thursday, but my new friends here nearly all came in to join with me in welcoming my old friends from home, so the house was crowded for several hours; and when the party was over, I kicked my slippers off my aching feet—I used to think I knew all about tired feet when the boys were babies, but I have changed my mind since I came to Washington—and tumbled into bed, thankful that the night-session which is the invariable rule of the last night of Congress was keeping Harry at the Capitol, and that we had been forced to decline a very attractive dinner invitation in consequence.

The early part of the week had been very warm, bringing out the first buds on all the trees, and the crocuses and narcissi in the gardens, but the fourth of March came in with a brisk breeze blowing, and a crisp, sparkling freshness in the air which is unusual here in the spring. As I stepped out of the house, Sixteenth Street, looking north, was a beautiful sight. Our next-door neighbor here is the French Ambassador, and just beyond him live the Spanish Ambassador, and the Swiss, Cuban, and Polish Ministers. And from each of these magnificent white marble buildings shining in the sun hung great flags of their respective countries, flying stiff in the wind, almost as if they had been fastened to the prow of a boat. Each Senator had two tickets placed at his disposal for the Inauguration exercises, and I gave my extra ticket to Mrs. Woodbury, the wife of the retiring Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who was waiting for me at the front door in one of the big gray motor-cars marked, "Navy Department." Early as it was—not much past ten—the streets were beginning to be pleasantly crowded with the most good-natured, orderly, happy crowds that it has ever been my good fortune to see. And as we swung down by the Treasury Building, we had the luck to arrive at the exact moment when the cavalry from Fort Myer, escorting the delegation going to the White House to meet the President, passed that corner. Then we sped along down Pennsylvania Avenue, and thanks to the official permit on our motor, past the guards at the Capitol, and took the private elevator to the Senate Gallery.

The balconies to the dingy old chamber were filling fast. Mrs. Harding came in, beautifully dressed as always, dignified and composed; Mrs. Coolidge, with her two lovely boys; Mrs. Marshall, wearing an enormous bouquet of orchids; Mrs. Gillett, in a long sable coat; one Senator's wife after another—dear little Mrs. Sheppard with her rosy cheeks; Mrs. Gay with her beautiful, golden hair; Mrs. Lenroot—the newly elected President of the Congressional Club—with her sweet smile and kind eyes; Mrs. Sutherland, just back from a trip to Florida, bubbling over with good spirits—the place was thronged with handsome, interesting women. And down below Mr. Marshall was presiding for the last time, while a few last appointments were being confirmed, and—according to a time-honored custom—Senators who were to remain were delivering eulogies upon Senators about to depart, and the men thus complimented were replying to the speeches made in their honor.

Three times the clock was set back, for the fiction that the new Congress begins at twelve is always strictly maintained. Then the Senators and Senators-elect and Cabinet-designate and visiting governors began to take their places on the east side of the chamber, crowded to the very entrances, of course, with extra chairs placed as closely together as possible; and the members of the House of Representatives took their places on the west side, with the retiring Cabinet, and the members of the diplomatic corps gorgeous in uniforms trimmed with gold lace and decorated with medals. Next on the east side again came the members of the Supreme Court wearing their robes, and the ranking military and naval officers. The Speaker of the House and the Vice-President-elect were escorted to seats beside the Vice-President; and finally, with Mr. Knox, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Cannon ("Uncle Joe"), Mr. Overman, Mr. Reavis, and Mr. Stedman, the President-elect entered the chamber and took his place just in front of the raised platform where the Vice-President sits.

There is a strict rule—and it is usually pretty strictly enforced—that there shall be no applause in the galleries, but there was, that day, and not even an attempt to suppress it. Over and over again it rang out—for the diplomatic corps, for General Pershing, for Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Marshall, and, of course, most of all for Mr. Harding. Then a hush—can a hush be mighty?—it seemed to me as mighty as the applause—fell as Mr. Marshall turned and administered the oath of office to Mr. Coolidge:

"Do you solemnly swear that you will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that you will bear true faith and allegiance to the (*Continued on page 142*)

Justice and the Judge

By S. E. Kiser

I wonder how the judge can learn
To hold the balance firm and straight;
He must be solemn, strong and stern
In ordering the sinner's fate;
He must not look beyond the mask
Of sullenness the culprit wears;
The judge's is a heavy task,
For Sympathy spreads many snares.

I watch a little boy at play,
I hear him sing his little song;
His thought is pure, his spirit gay,
He has not learned that wrong is wrong.
How innocent his pleasures are!
His rosy cheek I fondly pat,
And toss him high and swing him far—
The criminal was once like that.

The judge must wear a solemn frown,
And let his words like lashes sting;
He sees the culprit shrinking down,
A hated and degraded thing!
If I were judge I'd be too mild,
I fear, in finding punishment,
For I'd be thinking of the child
That once was glad and innocent.

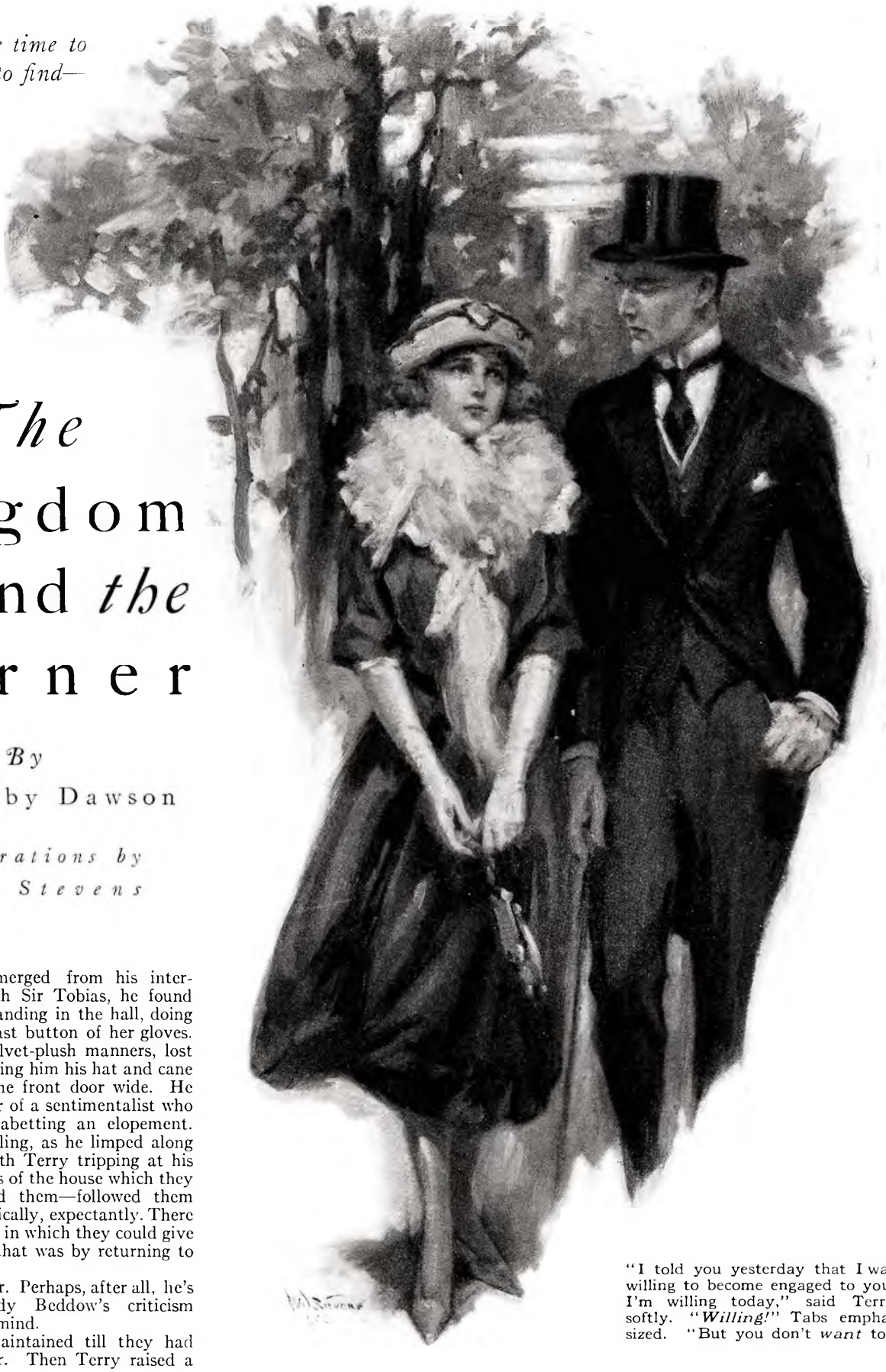
You still have time to go with Tabs to find—

The Kingdom Round *the* Corner

By

Coningsby Dawson

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens



"I told you yesterday that I was willing to become engaged to you. I'm willing today," said Terry softly. "*Willing!*" Tabs emphasized. "But you don't *want* to"

AS Tabs emerged from his interview with Sir Tobias, he found Terry standing in the hall, doing up the last button of her gloves. James, of the velvet-plush manners, lost no time in proffering him his hat and cane and in flinging the front door wide. He did it with the air of a sentimentalist who was aiding and abetting an elopement. Tabs had the feeling, as he limped along the pavement with Terry tripping at his side, that the eyes of the house which they had left followed them—followed them jealously, romantically, expectantly. There was only one way in which they could give satisfaction and that was by returning to it engaged.

"He lacks ardor. Perhaps, after all, he's too old!" Lady Beddow's criticism drummed in his mind.

Silence was maintained till they had rounded a corner. Then Terry raised a shy, laughing face.

"Downcast, Tabs? You look as though you were bearing the sins of all the world."

"Not of all the world!" he corrected gravely. "Only of three people."

"Then I'm one of them. Who are the other two?"

"You know already—Mrs. Lockwood and Braithwaite. I saved all your necks, but I broke my own."

She brushed against him affectionately. "Tabs, you're a trump."

Her praise displeased him. "I didn't tell you for that."

"Then why?"

"Because I thought you ought to know that your father isn't so keen on me as he was, Terry."

"That's all right," she said cheerily; "I am. But what have you been doing to Daddy?"

"Describing Mrs. Lockwood as a lady above reproach and accusing him of uncharity toward Braithwaite."

She tossed her head and laughed outright. "You *have* become converted!"

"Converted!" He pondered her assertion. "No. I may have become more pitying, but I've not become converted, if by that you mean that I condone what these two people have done. I still think that Mrs. Lockwood's conduct with Adair was inexcusable and that Braithwaite's holding back the truth from you was dishonorable. In talking with your father I gave Braithwaite all the credit for speaking out to him like a man, and I let him suppose that Mrs. Lockwood had given up Adair unconditionally. As you know, Braithwaite didn't come up to scratch till I'd handed him your ultimatum, and Mrs. Lockwood— But you don't know about her yet. I haven't told you."

"I know," Terry smiled roguishly. "Maisie's a great abuser of the telephone. She called me up this morning to ask whether she might share you with me for a few weeks. When I asked her why, she said, to help her to forget Adair. Of course I consented."

Tabs looked down at his companion to see whether her last remark had been sarcastic; to his discomfort he found that it had not. "I'm not sure that I like to be lent round like that," he objected. "I was sorry for her last night and promised to help her, but this phoning you to ask your permission puts an entirely erroneous complexion on the affair."

"Not erroneous if I understand," she assured him, glancing up with tender frankness.

He smiled at the way she cozened him. Was she willing to lend him to another woman because she was so sure of him, or because she didn't care whether she lost him or not?

"Your father suspects me of being lukewarm about you," he said, "and I can't blame him. He knows nothing about our meeting yesterday. He doesn't know you care for Braithwaite. All he knows is that I asked his permission to approach you and then let two days elapse. When I did come to his house again, it was to defend the two people who have caused him most annoyance. My reason for defending them was that I might make things easier for you. But my position is false, Terry. Every day your parents are expecting we'll become engaged; every day that we don't—"

"I told you yesterday that I was willing to become engaged to you. I'm willing today," she said softly.

"*Willing!*" he emphasized. "But you don't *want* to. The man you love is Braithwaite. What difference has this confession of his made?"

She shrugged her shoulders and looked away, so that he should not see the quivering of her mouth. "It's made everything impossible. I admire him more than ever. I admire him for having told the truth and for having climbed so far up by his gallantry. But— I know I couldn't marry him without bringing ridicule upon all of us. Noble notions about human equality don't work in practise. He's what he is—fine of his kind. He's finer than you or I, Tabs, only he's not our sort. He couldn't ever become our sort. If I were as big as he is, I might not mind. But I'm little and mean; I care so much for caste. And yet, in spite of that, I want to marry him. I oughtn't to tell you, of all people. But I can't tell him, and I can't tell any one—any one but you, Tabs. I want him so much that I'm ashamed sometimes. I wouldn't have my people know it, so you must stick by me. Do at least as much for me as you promised to do for Maisie—stay with me till I can forget him." And then she added ruefully: "It isn't much fun for you after all you'd expected. I'm sorry."

He couldn't afford to let her become emotional. Riders and smart equipages were passing. Several times already they had been recognized. The introduction of Maisie's name supplied him with a loophole.

"Mrs. Lockwood rather adds to our complications. If I'm not engaged to you and I see something of her, your father will never understand. He thinks already that I'm lenient to Maisie only because she's good-looking."

Terry didn't permit him to get farther. "Daddy's probably right. Be honest, Tabs. Would you have stood up for her, if you'd found her fat and forty? Of course you wouldn't! Maisie's a dear, but she's dangerous. She can't help being dangerous; it's half her attraction. By the way, we've been walking entirely in the wrong direction."

They had come out by Hyde Park Corner. "How do you make that out?" he asked. "I thought we would lunch at the Ritz."

She began to apologize. "Before I met you this morning, I'd arranged for us to lunch with her—I mean with Maisie. You don't mind, do you? I was speaking with her over the phone, and she said we must come because she didn't feel safe."

"She said that to you, too? She said the same thing to me. But you and I, do we want her?"

Terry nodded, making her eyes wide. "We'll all make each other safer. That's what friends are for. I told her we'd be at her house by one."

"If you told her that—" He pulled out his watch. "Twelve forty-five. We can just do it in a taxi. If you told her that, we'd better stick to your plans."

He hailed a passing driver and helped her into the cab.

Tabs had barely recovered his place by the window their eyes that their laughter had been at his ex-

when Maisie and Terry entered, laughing. Directly he caught sight of them, he guessed by the mischief in pense. It was Terry who spoke. "Oh, Tabs, how could you do it? It was like a little, frightened boy!"

II

"YOU'RE one of the few men who get all they desire. Perhaps why Terry evades you is because she isn't one of your really big things." Maisie had said that. As he and Terry chugged their way to Mulberry Tree Court, he eyed her, sitting beside him. Would he ever get her? If he did, would she prove to be one of his really big things?

It wasn't very big of Terry to be using him as a stalking-horse for her love for Braithwaite; he felt morally certain that that was what she was doing. She hadn't acknowledged to having seen him, but Tabs felt instinctively that she had seen him. He also felt that within the next twenty-four hours she would be seeing him again. It was impossible for him to accuse her of clandestine meetings of which he had no proof; at the same time he was distressed by the restraint that was put upon himself. As things were, anything might happen. When it did happen, it would happen suddenly, and he would be in a measure to blame. And here again, in this luncheon with Maisie, he was being made a party to her policy of secrecy. There could be no doubt that Sir Tobias was in ignorance of her continual correspondence with Maisie.

He looked at her. How near she seemed to him and yet in reality what miles away! He could listen to her voice. He could touch her. But he could not foresee a single one of her future actions. She was remote and strange and dear. She had offered to become engaged to him, but she was no part of him. She filled him with discomfort and unrest. He could love her so that it seemed that, if he did not win her, he would never be able to love any other woman, but he could not trust her.

When all was said, how little he really knew about her! His need of her fought with his sense of discretion. Would he ever be able to bridge that gulf of years? Lady Beddow's unhappy criticism haunted him. "Perhaps, after all, he's too old for Terry." Perhaps she was right; experience

should marry experience and inexperience, inexperience. This lost youth which he'd been so clamorous to recover, what if it were actually nothing positive, but only an absence of knowledge? In his frame of mind it seemed little short of marvelous that she should still sit beside him. She looked so dainty and subtly haughty, so austere in her virginal beauty, that it seemed to him he must have wronged her with his silent conjectures.

"You're more than ordinarily pretty today," he said.

"Am I? What you mean, I suppose, is that you like my gown. It's a new one. I'm wearing it for the first time, especially for you."

She turned her laughing face toward him, violet eyes, flushed cheeks, golden hair, white teeth—everything aflash with instant gratitude. The discovery of how easily he could command her happiness touched him.

"Can I make you as merry as all that just by telling you you're beautiful?"

She compressed her lips and nodded. "It's not being told. It's being told by you."

He felt for the moment that he had recovered her, that he had bridged the gulf of the years that divided. Before anything further could be said, they were halting in Mulberry Tree Court.

III

ON entering the house with the marigold-tinted curtains he had glanced round casually for any signs of Lady Dawn. After Terry left him to go in search of Maisie, he walked over to the tall French windows and found himself once more gazing out on the garden rockery with its oval lake, its silent fountain, and its toy boat that never sailed anywhere. He made an effort to continue gazing out, for his impulse was to turn and look at the portrait over the fireplace. He tantalized himself by trying to ignore it. But it was strange the fascination that it held for him. He had the feeling that behind his back the face had changed from the profile position in which it had been painted, so that the steady, stone-gray eyes were challenging his attention. At last he resisted no longer; walking over to the fireplace, he stood gazing up at it.

It seemed to him almost as though the woman on the canvas were about to relax her pose and quiver into life. The longer he looked, the less aloof she became, and the more her serenity trembled. He felt that he knew so much about her, so very much more than he had ever been told. There were experiences of pride and terror which were common to them both—the pride and terror of appalling heart-hunger. He knew, as though those painted lips had confessed it, that he was the one man in the world who had the power to make her cry. And yet he dissociated in his mind the woman of the portrait from the woman who had slipped past him out of the night with the taunting, sidewise smile of feminine triumph. The living woman could wound and disappoint; the woman of the portrait was his friend entirely.

He was startled out of the mood into which he had fallen by the sound of footsteps crossing the hall. He was not going to be discovered in that position a second time. He had barely recovered his place by the window, when Maisie and Terry entered laughing. It would have been easy to mistake them for sisters, with their golden heads and clear complexions. Directly he caught sight of them, he guessed by the mischief in their eyes that their laughter had been at his expense.

It was Terry who spoke. "Oh, Tabs, how could you do it? It was like a little, frightened boy."

He glanced from one to the other of them for further enlightenment. "Do what? If you'll let me know, I'll tell you."

"Run away, as you did last night," Maisie explained. "I've just been describing it to Terry. There was I sitting on the couch when Di entered. The first thing she asked me was, 'Who's your new butler?' 'He'll be here in a minute,' I said. 'I'll introduce him to you.' We waited for about a minute, and when you didn't come, I went out into the hall. 'He's gone, madame,' Porter told me. 'Gone!' I exclaimed. 'He can't have gone without saying good-by.' But I was afraid you had, so I went on to the steps and called after you. When I came back into the drawing-room, Di was smiling. 'I've read about lordly butlers,' she said, 'but it's the first time I ever met one.' So there you are! You can imagine what a trouble I had to clear myself. I only downed her suspicions when I assured her that you were on the point of becoming engaged to Terry."

Instantly Terry's eyes sought his; the laughter died out of them. He shared her annoyance that Lady Dawn should have received this piece of information—Lady Dawn of all persons. He wasn't engaged to Terry. He was a long way from being engaged to her.

The silence that followed made Maisie aware that she had been guilty of a mistake. He suspected that she had intended to be guilty of it from the start. Nevertheless, she played the part of innocence, making her cornflower eyes eloquent with apology.

"Oh, I'm afraid I've put my foot in it. But you are almost engaged, aren't you?"

Tabs laughed good-humoredly. "It's all right, Mrs. Lockwood. You didn't mean to, but you've paid me back in more than my own coin."

Porter relieved the tension at that moment by announcing that lunch was served.

When they had taken their seats in the front room overlooking the make-believe village green, Terry surprised them by saying carelessly, "Oh, Maisie, you remember General Braithwaite whom we nursed in our hospital?"

Maisie looked up sharply, trying to warn her that Porter was still present. "Of course I remember him," she said. "Since then we've both met him a hundred times.— I think Lord Taborley would like some bread, Porter."

But Terry wasn't to be deterred. She seemed to be taking a perverse delight in introducing the one subject on which it would have been most fitting for her to have remained silent. "Since Tabs came back we've found out all about the General. You'll never guess who he really is or was. It's difficult to say whether he is or was, now that he's demobilized."

Tabs recognized the blaze of recklessness in her eyes, like the glare of lighted windows from which the curtains have suddenly been thrown back. He had seen that look in her eyes at the hunt when, in disobedience to shouted warnings, she had looked back across her shoulder challengingly before taking an audacious jump. There was the fear of the thing she was about to do in her expression and the panic of determination to get it done. He attempted to turn her aside from the danger by slipping in quietly,

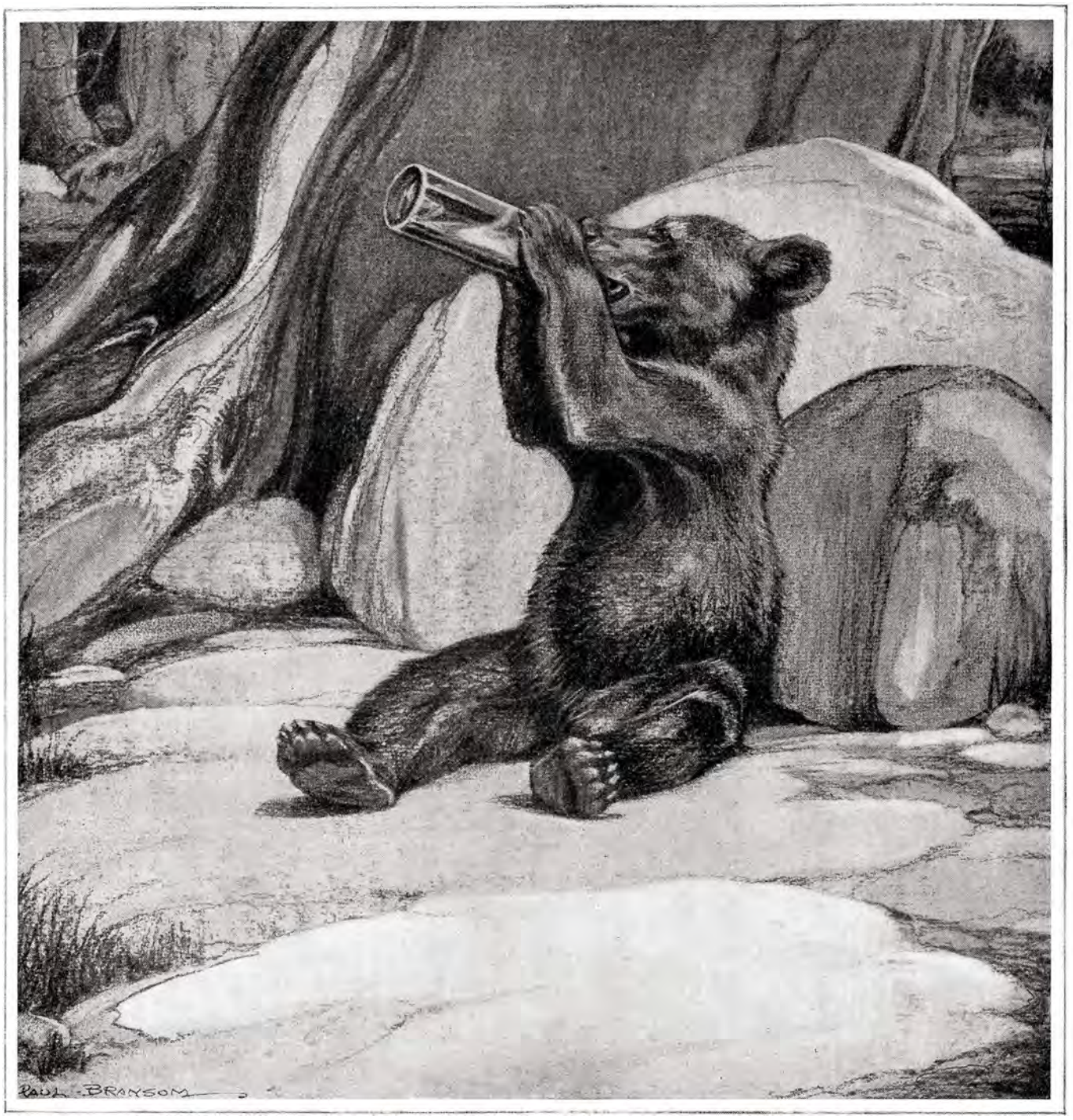
"I don't think I'd discuss the General at this moment, if I were you, Terry."

"At this moment!" she flashed back with a scared smile. The sound of her own voice seemed to clap spurs to her excitement. "Why not at this moment, dear Tabs? Everything comes out sooner or later. If there's going to be any spreading of gossip, one takes the sting out of it by being the first to spread it. Besides, you oughtn't to mind. You ought to feel most frightfully bucked."

"Nevertheless, I don't think I'd say it."

Then he held his breath, for, paying no heed to him, she turned to Maisie.

"You mustn't laugh, but it's too good to keep to oneself. Before he was a general, what do you think he did for a living?— He used to clean Lord Taborley's boots and press his trousers. You don't believe it, but it's a fact. Daddy's terribly grim with me over it. Of course it was *infra dig* to go footing all over town with your best friend's valet. But how was I to know that he'd been that? Daddy says I ought to have sensed it, if I'd had any sort of social instinct. But here's the funniest thing of all, the way (*Continued on page 174*)



Timothy clung to the bottle habit and would sample the contents of any bottle he found. Once it was a bottle of kerosene, and I shall never forget the look of pained disillusion that followed the first mouthful

The WILD HEART

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

TIMOTHY THE DIRTY BEAR

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

PERHAPS it is unjust to the memory of our friend Timothy that we should think of him as "the Dirty Bear." I wouldn't prejudice you against him for the world. "Dirty" has such a reprehensible sound. But Timothy was dirty in a perfectly legitimate way. He had a primitive soul that found delight in grubbing in rotten stumps for maggots and in burrowing into the soft earth for Indian potato roots. You can see that under such circumstances he could not keep his face and paws scrupulously clean, any more than a child can who makes mud pies. He hated water—but then, so did we, unless we could take our baths in the Bay—and he had an almost fanatical fear of soap. Brother, who was reading "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," thought Timothy might have been a reincarnation of some eccentric hermit who had vowed never to wash himself for the rest of his life.

We knew Timothy long before he knew us. We did not know him by name, but we knew where he lived, and we had what

you might call a speaking acquaintance with his mother. It happened thus:

One day, in our explorations along the creek bed at the end of the Hill Trail, we came suddenly upon a hole in the bank. It was almost covered by long, overhanging ferns, and had not a puff of wind stirred the fronds just as we were passing, we should never have known about the hole at all. It was on the opposite side of the creek, but we found a place where a fallen log bridged the little stream, and the next moment we were standing on the opposite side at the foot of the embankment, pushing the ferns aside and peering into the depths of a black and wonderfully inviting hole.

Had we thought to look, we might have seen in the sandy slope that led up to the hidden entrance the imprints of a foot almost human in shape, although not nearly so large. Footprints that turned in toward each other—and we should have known. But our minds were filled with the fascinating possibilities of the miniature cave we had discovered. Perhaps it was a pirate den; perhaps gnomes lived there; or perhaps we were on the track of buried treasure.

On hands and knees I led the way into the inky blackness with Brother close behind me. The daylight behind was blotted out. For several yards the passageway went straight ahead, then it turned suddenly to the right; and I, turning with it, stopped so abruptly that Brother coming behind bumped into me. A curious, powerful odor enveloped us, as of darkness made odorous by furry bodies and warm by living things. Then from ahead of me not more than two yards away flashed the savage gleam of two blue-green eyes. There was a menacing growl which set our spines to tingling, and at the same instant came the sound of whines and a movement as of baby things disturbed in their sleep. I was conscious of a sickish, fainting feeling, for I realized suddenly that we were in the house of a mother bear.

Brother needed no urging to make his exit. He was backing out on hands and knees far more quickly than he had come in, and I was prodding him along, followed by those menacing, hair-raising growls.

Why the lady bear did not attack us is more than I can tell. The brown bear of the northwestern woods are harmless and even friendly little persons, but the mother when protecting her young is more ferocious than a wildcat or a mountain lion. Perhaps Mrs. Timothy knew that our visit was unintentional and that we meditated no harm toward her or her children. At any rate we gained the entrance of the cave untouched and unharmed, but breathing heavily and with knees that were wobbling sadly.

Perhaps you think we should have stayed away from the house of the lady bear, but we did not. We were interested, you see, in knowing how much of a family she had, and we never went along the creek bed without leaving some offering in the shape of food at the mouth of the hole.

Sometimes it was an apple or a leaf of lettuce, and if nothing else availed, we broke off a licorice root fern and placed it there for her. It was our method of apologizing for our intrusion and of expressing our interest in the family.

One day we saw the mother bear with her children, and that is how we came to name Timothy. She was at the mouth of the cave, half asleep in the warm sunshine, and the four cubs were rolling over each other like gridiron heroes in a football scrimmage. They were squealing like young pigs, and from time to time she remonstrated against their noise by a sleepy grunt. Then, as we watched, the bear cub at the bottom of the furry pile squeezed out and stood on his hind legs. His face was covered with brown, sandy loam, and his squinty black eyes peered out as through a mask. I knew a boy who lived at the head of the Bay whose face always looked so. His name was Timothy, and that was why on the spot we so christened the bear baby.

Our next meeting with Timothy was in the nature of a near-tragedy. We were hunting for trilliums in Trillium Gulch, a hidden valley to which we ourselves had cut a path from the Hill Trail. The white, lily-like flowers starred the hillside there in the spring, and it was our fond belief that no one came there but ourselves. Hunters and trappers go everywhere, however, violating even such a woodland paradise as ours. As we went down the narrow trail, pushing aside the light branches of the alders and the fir-trees, we heard a plaintive, whining cry almost human in its poignancy. We stopped for an instant, listening, wondering. Then we slipped softly down the path, thrust aside the interlacing ferns, and found ourselves beside the little stream which ran like a silver ribbon through Trillium Gulch. The sounds came from the left, and following their lead we rounded a boulder in the trail and came upon a sight which filled us with gasping indignation. A little brown bear with a fleck of white on his furry throat was tugging frantically and futilely at the jaws of a steel trap which held his two front paws in a cruel, biting grip. There was blood upon the jagged clamps, and the face which the little fellow turned to us was piteous in its baby misery, a little brown face covered with loam. It was Timothy, the Dirty Bear.

I do not like even now to think of the half-hour which followed. So strong was the steel trap that the combined efforts of Brother and myself could only pry the cruel jaws apart the fraction of an inch. We were hampered, too, in our work of mercy by poor little Timothy, who did not realize that we were trying to help him, and bit at us and scratched with his hind feet. Our hands were soon covered with blood, and there was a long, jagged line of red on Brother's face where the baby bear had clawed him. But we did not pause in our efforts. Finally, by the aid of a stout stick, we managed to open the jaws of the vicious trap, and the poor little fellow, his front paws cruelly torn and bleeding, whimpered like a baby, and sitting down on his haunches, began to lick his wounded paws, stopping at intervals to hold them out in front of him like a child whose finger is hurt and wants it made well by a kiss.

Strangely enough, he was not afraid of us now, and when I took him in my arms his plaintive whimpering gradually ceased, and he licked at his paws solicitously.

No doubt we should have taken Timothy back to his mother and trusted to nature to heal his grievous hurts. But nature would take too long, and in the meantime he would suffer cruelly. He was such a little bear, you know, and had not yet achieved the stoicism which makes the older woods creatures almost indifferent to pain. So even at the cost of causing his mother a great deal of worry at his prolonged absence, we took him down the hill with us to the log cabin to receive first aid treatment for his wounds.

That is how Timothy, the Dirty Bear, became a friend of ours. Fate in the form of a hunter prevented us from taking him back to his home in the creek bank. The poor lady bear was shot the next day. One of her cubs was captured, and the other two children escaped to the woods to live as best they could. So Timothy belonged to us, and he was the merriest of playmates.

When we rescued him from the trap he was a very tiny bear, being no larger than Tinker, our black and tan rat terrier. He slept in a clothes-basket on the back porch, sometimes having for a bedfellow Three-Spot, the mottled black and white cat. Three-Spot at first had been greatly alarmed by Timothy's rough and sportive overtures of friendship. But when she found that by boxing his ears she could correct his manners and set him yelping with fright, she took to imposing upon his good nature by making him serve at night for a mattress. In the morning we would find the two of them curled up together, Timothy snoring gently and Three-Spot digging her (*Continued on page 136*)

Owosso, Michigan
February, 22, 1921

W. F. Bigelow,
Editor Good Housekeeping,
119 West Fortieth Street,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Bigelow:

I have just read "The Wild Heart" by Emma-Lindsay Squier in Good Housekeeping. Won't you please send this word on to Miss Squier, telling her how beautifully she has looked into the heart of Nature. It is a great pleasure to me to find some one else who has seen Nature as I see it, after my fifteen years of traveling next to the soul of it. "The Wild Heart" is a beautiful thing, and I enjoyed it very much.

With all best wishes, I am
Sincerely,
James Oliver Curwood

In this living hall the balance between brilliant and neutral colors is skilfully maintained

FURNISHINGS *and* DECORATIONS

A Simple Course in Home Decorating

Building the Color Scheme—Lesson II

By Winnifred Fales

COLOR is veritably the magic wand of the decorator, for with its aid the same room may be made to appear larger or smaller, higher or lower, warmer or cooler. Color may also be utilized to brighten a gloomy interior, to produce both unity and variety, and to supply accent. It helps to minimize architectural defects and ugly details. In addition, color exerts a profound influence upon the inmates of the room, and soothes or stimulates, depresses or delights, according to the combinations and intensities employed.

The potency of this magical element makes it imperative for the home decorator to understand the laws governing its use. The beauty of the most carefully chosen furnishings will be lost if the background is unsuitable in color, and the effect of an entire room may be destroyed through the wrong choice of a rug, or a jarring note in the hangings or upholstery.

Three attributes of color which must constantly be kept in mind by the home decorator are *hue*, *value*, and *intensity*.

Hue is a term used to designate either the color itself, or a shade or tint of that color, as blue-green, or orange-yellow.

Value refers to degrees of light and dark. Thus we may have light, medium, or dark values. The word *tone* is often employed synonymously.

Intensity is a word which needs no explanation. In relation to color, its varying degrees are commonly described by such adjectives as bright, soft, dull, glowing.

In addition, colors may either be warm and advancing, or cool and receding. Red and yellow and all mixtures which contain one or both are warm and advancing colors. We speak with truth of the "hot yellow sunshine," and of "red-hot metal." Wherever these two colors appear, they produce an impression of warmth and vitality, which may become oppressive if they are used in excess or in the wrong places. Red is the more stimulating of the two, and to some temperaments is extremely irritating when applied over large areas.

A surface or an object colored red or yellow appears nearer than one of blue or green, hence the title "advancing colors."

These attributes are possessed in varying degrees by all tones and modifications of red and yellow, ranging from cream down through the various shades of orange to the browns, and from palest rose to reddish purple. Any color which is tinged in the slightest degree with red or yellow is to that extent a warm, advancing color. Such colors are useful in pulling together the walls of a bleak, over-large room and imparting a sense of warmth and cheer.

Blue is the coldest of the colors and green the next coldest. Green is produced by mixing yellow—a warm color—with blue, hence it is less cold than pure blue. So long as it contains more blue than yellow, it is a "cool" color, but the moment the yellow overbalances the blue, a "warm" green begins to develop. Blue and blue-green are termed "receding" colors because a surface colored blue or green, particularly in light values, appears more distant than it actually is. These attributes of coolness and recedingness are true in different (*Continued on page 113*)

ANNOUNCEMENT

LESSON three of the Home Decorating Course will present authoritative information on the decorative treatment of walls, floors and woodwork. The choice and correct application of appropriate finishes for every purpose will be discussed in detail. A careful study of this and the succeeding lessons will enable the home decorator to solve without difficulty all of the ordinary decorative problems which she may encounter.

PHOTOS BY MARY H. NORTHEND

COLOR *and* CHARM In Window-Boxes

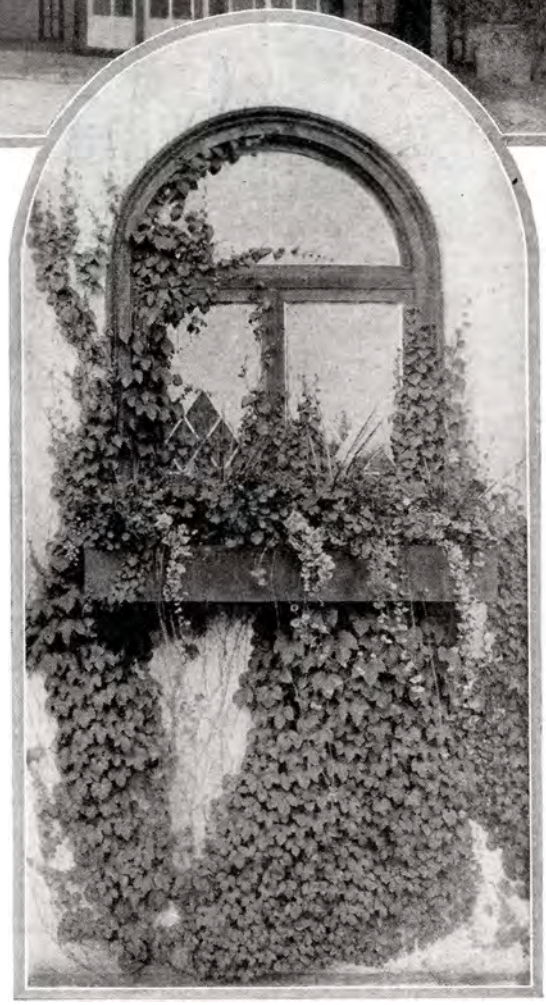
By Mary H. Northend

IF the face of your home looks grim, austere, and melancholy, add window-boxes to both upper and lower stories, and watch it smile! If the long, bare side appears bleak and monotonous, build window-boxes below the sashes, and marvel at the transformation of the blank wall into a thing of beauty and endless variety. More and more they are being used, on pretentious as well as simple homes.

What a delight to the dweller in the city apartment are the boxes of bright bloom, which bring the joy of outdoor gardens into his cramped quarters. The spicy odors of geranium and the elusive sweetness of heliotrope and mignonette are wafted into the rooms by every passing breeze, and their masses of bright color lend enchantment to the most commonplace interior.

In ever-increasing numbers, too, window-boxes are used to enliven the monotonous façades of apartment houses. Crimson, white, or salmon-pink geraniums mingled with green asparagus fern nod down from awninged windows on the boulevards of all our larger cities, and to picture the great residence hotels without their charming window-boxes would be to fancy them shorn of one of their greatest attractions.

But continue along one of those same boulevards until it becomes a country road—not the rutty, dusty country road of days gone by, of course, but a smooth, dark ribbon of macadam bordered by green meadows—and you will see the windows of comfortable farmhouses adorned with boxes of the same type as those which bring the essence of the countryside to the city apartment. Here they seem to bring the house itself into closer communion with the brown earth, the luxuriant garden, and the fields of green and gold which stretch away on every side.



Flower boxes on a level with the second-story windows create spots of vivid color against the cool, gray walls of the beautiful house at the top of the page. The lower picture illustrates an interesting mingling of flowers and foliage plants with ivy

© UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

How many of you know the rich gifts to be found in a garden? Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn, one of the finest types of New York society woman, took time from the numerous philanthropic and educational movements that fill her busy winter days to tell you of the wonderful summers she spends sturdily planting and harvesting on her Connecticut farm. The deep sincerity of her message can not help but convince you that you are listening to some one who really knows

The Gold in My Garden

By Emily E. Hepburn

WE all meet people who feel that life is not giving them a square deal. If these same people were to turn this reflection inward, instead of outward, they might, perhaps, discover some good reason for this. Success, as a rule, requires a tremendous effort. In any event, it calls forth our very best endeavors. Now, the motive power back of this final step to achievement represents in almost every case —good health.

Without it, I hear people say: "Oh, I rather guess I'll wait a few days before I begin work. Perhaps I shall feel more in the humor for it then."

This sort of procrastination, which is not uncommon, is not due to a lazy mind, nor is it due to a weak will. These people are merely below par physically. They lack the quality of health to put them in the very front ranks of the successful. What, then, is the answer? Work—physical work!

To attain the coveted feeling of fitness, devote a short while every day, if only half an hour, to some form of vigorous physical work, which, after all, is the most natural and the most beneficial kind of exercise. Some kind of labor performed each day will keep a woman well and mentally alert, and it will keep her heart attuned to the call of life, and it will help to keep her soul safe from corrosion.

Mere exercise, for the sake of exercise alone, will never accomplish this. Exercise must, in addition, include some sustained interest in a definite program of work. For example, I point to a well-established fact, that once a woman has experienced the delightful satisfaction of having accomplished some real out-of-door work, any form of exercise just for the mere purpose of exercise will readily lose for her its charm and value.

This fact was borne in on me after a considerable experience of practical gardening. For, indeed, the only form of exercise I have known for several years past has been that obtained from working six months of the year on the family farm at Ridgefield, Connecticut. A game of golf will keep one in the sun and fresh air. This is pleasant exercise, passed in the company of agreeable companions. One may also use the dumb-bells for twenty minutes or half an hour. Or one may enjoy a walk or drive and find pleasing stimulation in it. But the lesson I have learned, by reason of several years' comparison of exercise and work, is that exercise alone, from the standpoint of health, is of merely temporary value, for the simple reason that it furnishes no lasting interest, and therefore may be classified as a health fad or a pleasant diversion or a means of "taking the air." No exercise will ever give the deep, personal pleasure that a woman will experience at the end of a day's work in the field or garden. (*Continued on page 139*)

Love was just as sweet—and just as bitter—in your grandfather's time, as you will see if you take a look back

ACROSS *the* YEARS

By

Margaret Sangster

Illustrated by Walter Biggs

The sick boy was speaking in a delirious monotone. Private John Gordon smoothed back the boy's blanket

THE old man raised his head with the quick, high strung movement of a one-time fire-horse who thrills again to an almost forgotten alarm. He spoke in the curiously soft voice of the contented blind.

"It's a bugle, Johnny, a bugle!" he said, and his tone throbbed with something that was half excitement and half awe. "It's a bugle sounding the old call! Is the parade forming, Johnny? Are you sure they'll be marching down *this* street? We mustn't miss the parade!"

The young man's hand tightened upon his grandfather's faded blue sleeve. He, too, spoke with a trace of excitement, but it was the excitement of youth, not that of a dear, remembered dream.

"No, it's not the parade, Granddad," he said, "not yet. But they'll be along presently."

The old man was speaking again. "Can you see the fellow who's blowing the bugle, Johnny?" he questioned eagerly. "They were such little lads, the buglers! And they were always in the very thick of it."

The young man's voice was gentle. "Yes, I can see him, Granddad," he said. "He's standing on the corner. His hat's off, and the sun's turning his hair to silver. And there are three others in front of him, listening. One of 'em has a sleeve pinned back against his coat."

The old man tapped the sidewalk vigorously with his cane. He might have been applauding. It was a long moment before he spoke. And then: "Boy," he said a shade huskily, "Boy, this is a great day! Fifty years it is—fifty years since we marched into Washington with the war over—since we marched toward *home*. And now we're marching back again—all that are left of us. I wonder," his voice was suddenly eager, boyish, "I wonder if Billy Preston's here. He'd come if he was able. And Simeon Ladd—in my company he was! We've lost sight of each other these many years. And Arnold Percy and Ben Harrison. They're all here, somewhere — if they're living. If," the voice broke; all at once the boyish note was gone, "if I could only *see*, I'd find them —if I had to go through the city with a fine comb!" The words were tremulous.

There was sympathetic understanding in the young man's tightening hold upon the blue sleeve. *His* eyes would have to do for both of them! The thought drew him closer to the old man as he took in all the color, all the details of the thronged streets. Always the action and the interest—yes, and the romance—centered about the men in blue and gold. Stooped, gray, faded, they were, but it was their day! Old, yes—they were old! But in the tone of their brave voices, in the light of their unfaltering eyes, there was a spirit that could never die, a spirit that would go marching on and on! Yes, they had come back, every one of them who could! Washington was crowded with them. Somehow their uniforms did not seem out of date in Washington — 1865 was only yesterday! And the city has a quaint charm that makes a fitting background for gold braid, and wide felt hats, and frosted hair.

"I'll find them for you, Granddad," the young man found himself promising huskily—somehow, he nearly felt ashamed of his strength, his youth. "I'll find them for you—if they're here. Billy Preston, you say, and Simeon Ladd, and Arnold Percy, and Ben Harrison. Let me know what posts they belonged to, and I'll look for them."

"They'll be here," the old man reiterated, "if they're alive. They wouldn't miss the fiftieth reunion—not those boys!" There was nothing incongruous in his use of the word! "They were here in '65, God bless them! And—" his voice was suddenly a glad voice—"what's fifty years, after all?"

The young man was about to answer when the interruption came. It came out of the sunlight with all the suddenness of a summer thunderstorm. There was the sound of a scuffle and a sputter of half-hearted curses from the gutter, curses that rose above the mocking yells of urchins. There was a bedlam of youthful jeers,

"I want an orange," he was saying over and over again; "an orange. An' cookies like mother makes for me." with a hand that trembled. "Oranges an' cookies an' mothers. Mothers with hands, *with warm hands*"

above which shrilled the impotent rejoinders of a tired age.

The old man turned sharply. "What is it, Johnny?" he questioned. "Is—is somebody fighting? What is it?"

The young man had turned with his grandfather, and a half-smile rose, simultaneously with an expression of pity, to his lips. For a withered old man, dressed flamboyantly in the tarnished green and red of a Zouave, stood in the gutter. He was swearing with a finished bitterness, while he tried to free himself from a circle of ragged little ruffians who danced around him.

"Sure," shrilled one of them, "sure it's only a hand organ we're afther needin'. We gotta da monk!"

A burst of loud laughter greeted his sally. But the old Zouave, his arms raised high above his head, shrieked with rage.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" he screamed, "ye dirty little brats! Fifty years ago ye wouldn't 've dared—curse ye! Fifty years ago—"

The young man dropped his grandfather's arm.

"It's some rough kids teasing an old Zouave, Granddad," he said. "I guess I'd better see if I—"

There was something strangely alert, something almost seeing, in the old man's voice as he answered. "Yes, go help him, Johnny—hurry!" he urged. And then, more slowly, "You said a *Zouave?*"

* * * *

THE sick boy was speaking, speaking in a delirious monotone. "I want an orange," he was saying over and over again, "an orange. An' cookies. Cookies," he repeated the word almost wildly, "sugar cookies with raisins. Like," he laughed, "like mother makes fer me—like—" All at once he was sobbing. "Mother, *mother dear*, they're chokin' me!" The sobbing died away. And, "Oranges," he whispered, "oranges an' cookies—an' oranges—"

Private John Gordon raised haggard eyes to the Medical Officer

"Oranges and cookies," he groaned. "listen to the boy! Oranges and cookies he wants. And there's not a thing in this whole blasted camp but salt pork and bacon! I'd sell my soul for an orange!" His voice was shaking.

The Medical Officer laid a kindly hand on his arm. "I'm afraid," he said in the infinitely tired voice of a man who has lived for three years with warfare and death, "that he'll not be wanting anything very long. The lad's near through—poor youngster! He's very young to have seen —this."

Private John Gordon smoothed back the boy's blanket with a hand that trembled. "He's only fourteen," he choked.

"He's—he's my little brother, sir. Ran off and enlisted—bless him!—so that he could be near me. They gave him a drum, and—he pounded it. The whole regiment loves him. Even the Colonel knew about him—praised him once to me. And now—"

The boy was speaking again. "Oranges." The words came fluttering, now, from hot, dry lips. "An' mothers. Oranges an' cookies an' mothers. Mothers with hands, *with warm hands*—"

The Medical Officer patted the kneeling man's shoulder with fingers that were curiously unsteady. "While there's life—" he began, and stopped. He had quoted it so many times of late! "Better go outside for a breath of air," he advised instead. "You'll be needing it before this night's through!"

Private John Gordon lifted his head. "I can leave him?" he questioned. "It's—"

"Nothing immediate," the Medical Officer said almost curtly, "and he'll not," he nodded to the bed, "be missing you!"

PRIVATE John Gordon stumbled to his feet. He *did* need fresh air; his eyes were smarting from the smoke of the oil lamps that lighted the old barn with grotesque yellow splashes of radiance. He wondered, as he stood irresolutely above the rude cot, what the mother back home would think if she knew that her boy was dying in a barn. And then suddenly he wheeled away from the cot and bolted for the fresh air. All at once he felt weak, frightened. He had faced death many times and unafraid, but it was his own death that he had faced so calmly. The thought of his little brother going out on the great journey *alone*—he clenched his hands until the finger-nails cut into the palms of them—left him shaken and helpless.

It was a dark, still night, an unkind, brooding sort of night. As he stood on the trampled path leading down to the gray streak of road, John Gordon felt a sudden resentment against the God who had forgotten to light the very stars in the sky. Stars help, sometimes, when a man is facing a moment too big to struggle against. With a fierce toss of his head he looked up into the blackness of clouds and breathed a prayer that was almost profane in its simplicity. And then, half against his will, he started down the path.

Here and there, among the trees, a tiny bivouac fire gleamed through the darkness. Men all along the line were resting after the march; resting and cooking their little suppers of bacon—John Gordon swore softly—and salt pork! A comrade, from in front of one of the fires, called an invitation, but he did not hear it. Down the road he went, away from the dark barn and the darker shadow that hovered near it. He had never retreated in the face of an enemy before. But *death!* All at once he was running, running blindly from the greatest enemy of all. But run as he might, he could not leave behind him the memory of the boy's choking, pleading whisper.

"Cookies," the boy had asked for, "an' oranges, an' mother—*mother!*"

He was getting near the outposts. But somehow he did not care. The boy was his brother, his little brother who had run away to be near him. And the Medical Officer had said that he was about—through. All at once he heard his own voice asking God for a miracle—and knew, even as he asked, that the day of miracles was over.

In front of him a fire seemed to rise suddenly out of the dark. It was a brave little fire, larger and bolder than the other fires that had dotted the sides of the road; it seemed as if the maker of it must have wanted to celebrate something. For a fire very close to a front line is a celebration.

Private John Gordon found himself watching the maker of the fire as one watches the characters in a play, with a curious, almost subconscious interest. Silhouetted against the yellow light he was, a slim fellow in the baggy breeches and flowing sash of a Zouave. Gordon could not see his features—could not even, in that space between darkness and leaping flame, see the colors of the uniform he wore.

But as he watched, he could see the Zouave rise suddenly and toss an armful of fagots into the fire, could see him kneel where the light was strongest and lift a box tenderly in his two hands. It was a plump little box, a box suggestive of home, and fruit cakes, and loving woman fingers. Private John Gordon caught his breath sharply as the Zouave broke the string that fastened it. He found himself leaning forward, there in the shadows, as the paper wrappings were reverently unwound.

He knew what a box from home stands for to a soldier; that it means what a breath of June-time air, fresh with the sweetness of clover, means to a prisoner behind bars. A box from home is a soldier's hope, a soldier's prayer, and, more than often, a soldier's salvation. A box from home, filled with homely little gifts, is opened with fingers that are almost wistful, sometimes almost hesitant!

The Zouave took off the last bit of wrapping paper and laid it carefully on the ground beside the fire. He lifted the cover of the box—

John Gordon's rigid arms were suddenly outflung. For by the dancing light of the fire he saw that there were oranges in the box, round, gold-colored globes, and cookies that slid invitingly out of the red-fringed napkin that held them, and little frosted cakes. It was a home box, a box that would bring joy to the heart of any far-from-home man. And it was the sort of box that would almost bring life to a far-from-home boy, a dying boy.

WILD thoughts flashed into the mind of the man who stood in the shadows. All at once he heard himself thanking God for the miracle that, a scant ten minutes ago, he had bitterly thought impossible. Surely the Zouave would give him an orange and a cooky when he knew—when he understood that the orange would bring peace; that the cooky would, perhaps, bring sanity and happiness to a child's fevered mind.

The Zouave was kneeling, still silhouetted in a dark mass against the light. As Gordon, half awestruck, watched him, he saw one of the shadow hands lift something from a box, raise it to the shadow lips. And then he heard the sound of a man sobbing in the stillness, sobbing with the breathless, catchy sobbing of a child who has waked from a troubled sleep; of a man who has suddenly, unbelievably, found life-giving water in a desert place.

And then, like the bump at the end of a falling-through-space dream, a shrill bugle call cut across the night. The Zouave straightened automatically as he heard it, and the hand that held a token to his lips dropped stiffly. Like a marionette worked by hidden wires, he replaced the something in the box, scrambled to his feet. With a jerk of his arm he lifted a musket, and in a moment more he had gone swiftly away through the dark.

John Gordon blinked. It might almost have been a vision, a mirage created by a too-tired brain. But no! There in the firelight lay the box, neatly, primly, telling its tale of a white house, and a trim little kitchen, and hollyhocks against a stone wall. As he stared at it, his bewildered eyes caught the flash of the fire flame upon one of the golden oranges. It seemed almost as if the orange were—winking.

JOHN GORDON afterward was not conscious of any moment of decision for what he did. The orange seemed to wink at him, and he heard a boy's pleading voice, and then the box was tucked under his arm and he was running—running. Somewhere in the back of his brain, half formulated, was the thought that the Zouave might not give him the orange or the cooky if he waited to ask for it. A man may be selfish, quite understandably selfish, when he has received a box from home up near the front lines. Half formulated was the other thought that the boy, *his brother*, might die while he stood there waiting for the Zouave to return. But the thoughts were only very misty, there in the back of his brain. His taking of the box, his running with it, was almost involuntary. He was not conscious of any feeling of theft—of guilt, even. He was only conscious of the miracle that had happened before his eyes. The Zouave who owned the box was only a tool in an All-Powerful Hand.

Back he ran along the road that stretched to the shadow-cloaked barn. The little bivouac fires laughed at him, from among the trees, like so many will-o'-the-wisps, as he ran. Some one called a greeting to him, but he did not hear it.

He was breathing hard when he gained the threshold of the low-raftered room, but his eyes searched, almost happily, across the unaccustomed radiance of the oil lamps, for the boy's cot. The boy should have his orange and his cookies. And when he had grown well again, he should have his mother!

The Medical Officer was standing beside the boy's cot. Another man, a man in a long, black gown, was kneeling. For a moment John Gordon did not understand. And then with a wild cry—a cry of inarticulate pain, he was across the room and kneeling beside the man in black.

"Ted," he was choking, "Ted! I have them for you, the cookies and the oranges. Pull up—there's my boy. It's brother talking to you, brother John. Look at me, boy! I've oranges—and—"

Suddenly he stopped talking, for the boy was looking up at him with eyes that held the spark of recognition.

"I wanted—" the boy's whisper was weak, fluttering, "to—be—a—soldier. I wanted—to be—with *you*." All at once the voice changed; it was the swaggering young voice of a military camp. "Where's my drum?" it questioned, "My drum! I gotta—beat— (*Continued on page 93*)

THE blind man's voice shook. "Sir," he said, "I—stole your box. But—there were circumstances—" His sightless eyes turned in dumb entreaty toward the Zouave. "My little brother was dying. He was asking for oranges and cookies—" The old Zouave stood motionless. His hands, still holding the daguerreotype tight to his breast, had a strangely lifeless look

MILER SŒURS

Of a fabric as precious as it is rare is the white and blue linen frock by Miler Sœurs at left, in which sailor lines and white button trimming subtly suggest themselves as source of inspiration

As cool and brisk as a morning breeze, and reflecting in color the golden rays of a summer sun, the sheer organdy frock at right, designed by Premet, is oddly trimmed with thin, knotted braid

PREMET

FASHIONS

Soft Fabrics, Spanish Shawls, Combs, Fascinating Parasols, And Droopily Trimmed Hats Emphasize Femininity in Summer Fashions

EDITED BY HELEN KOUES

PARIS sends us definite word of the summer fashions which are being worn. We learn that the severe tailored jacket—fitted to the waist-line and slightly flaring over the hips, with smart mannish revers and pockets—has given place, with the approach of warm weather, to the loose, straight or slightly flaring jacket above the conventional narrow skirt. These loose coats are made of gabardine, poplin, serge, or kasha and are usually bound on the edges with braid or, smarter still, with a fold of the material.

Tailored frocks of crêpe de Chine such as are made by Renée, Rolande, and Chanel are very smart also—a frock of crêpe de Chine under a loose, straight crêpe de Chine coat making an ideal costume for warm days. Odd little coats of toile de Jouy bound all about with narrow black galon ciré are smart over thin frocks of crêpe Georgette. Other jackets are made of cotton matelassé in white, yellow, or pale rose, bound on the edges with cotton braid or tied with ribbons.

Over a transparent frock of black crêpe Georgette, for instance, is worn a short, straight jacket of black and white toile de Jouy—cretonne—one of the large patterns designed by Bianchini for curtains and furniture coverings. This striking little coat is bound, pockets and all, with black ciré ribbon. Similarly, a short coat of heavy yellow linen, embroidered with a skeleton design of leaves done in white thread and bound with white braid, is worn over a frock of white crêpe Georgette.

And crêpe Georgette is preferred to organdy for the summer frock—entire summer wardrobes, day frocks and evening gowns, being made of this delicately firm fabric. One simple model is rendered exceedingly dainty by the picot stitching which finishes the edges of the sleeves, tablier, and skirt. A model of black Georgette—and very much black is worn—is bound about the straight neck and short

Glazed straw and colored flowers or fruit mark summer millinery for tailored wear, as illustrated in this and the hat at right trimmed to suit the ever-varying whims and moods of femininity

Though threatened for a moment, the existence of fringe is now assured for the summer, as proved by this Renée suit of dark blue gabardine girdled with a belt of braided, varnished leather

MADELEINE ET MADELEINE

Traveling becomes a matter of comfort and luxury in the straight Madeleine et Madeleine coat at left, of navy silk twill lined with gray crêpe de Chine and trimmed with bands of black toile cirée

Though Paris conturiers agree on simplicity of line, they are at variance as to trimming, for Lanvin in this crêpe de Chine or serge dress insists upon corded embroidery to achieve distinction

RENÉE

sleeves with a narrow fold—a mere cord—of Georgette, the edges of the loose-falling panels being finished with picot stitching.

One Georgette frock is trimmed with great, flat roses made of narrow picot-edged strips of Georgette sewn round and round on the skirt, which is slit at intervals—the loose, rose-weighted panels falling over the narrow Georgette underskirt. Another is charmingly decorated on collar, sleeves, and skirt with arabesques of very narrow, very thin ribbon of the same color, shirred on scantily in rows.

Frocks of figured foulard are worn under loose jackets of heavy crêpe de Chine in black or some harmonizing color, lined with foulard. A black foulard showing a red figure, for instance, would be worn under a red crêpe de Chine coat attractively lined and trimmed with the foulard.

A frock of pale rose organdy from Miler Sœurs is trimmed on the skirt and corsage with the tiniest of crosswise tucks and narrow little ruffles of white lace, the whole a sheer vision of pink prettiness. A white organdy is trimmed with tucks and arabesques of picot-edged yellow organdy. Another dainty white organdy frock is trimmed with flat flounces of black tulle footing and small pink and blue flowers knotted with narrow black velvet.

Frocks of white or pale-colored cotton crêpe are (*Continued on page 165*)

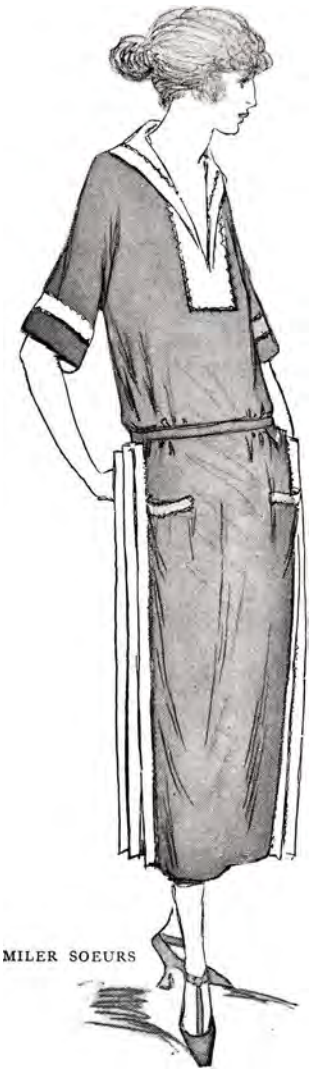
LANVIN

Flannel for Sports, Crêpe and Organdy for Afternoon

By maintaining rules promulgated by Paris whereby simplicity of line and trimming must be adhered to, Miler Sœurs achieve ultimate chic in the frock of rose crêpe de Chine at left, which uses white open-work bands as finish

Unrivaled is the vogue of flannel for sports this summer, for it fabricates many a Paris golf suit, as seen in the model at right, wherein Drecoll combines jade green with white, paneling and binding the straight skirt with green

If squares were dominant in Paris last season, more fanciful patterns are attained this summer, as shown in this blue organdy Poiret frock embroidered in a twig-like design with rose and dark green. Cravat of violet ribbon



MILER SOEURS

DRECOLL

POIRET

CHÉRUIT LANVIN

Summer Frocks Glorify Lace and Crêpe

GOWNS FROM MARY WALLS

Denoting the latest manner of touching a dress with color, this white, Copenhagen, navy, or yellow cotton crêpe frock stitches its skirt with bright-colored wool embroidery, which also edges the neck-line and sleeves

Black, though extremely smart this season, is overwhelming in its severity for certain types. A compromise is gained in the charming gown at left by veiling a black taffeta slip with flame-colored Georgette cloth

Because of its elusive grace and drapable quality lace has endeared itself as a summer fabric, as seen at right in a dress of black satin wearing a flowing, coat-like effect of exquisite white lace, girdled with a narrow metal belt

A hat of distinction for formal wear consists of brown swiss art braid with a fan-like effect of paradise plumes

Piquant in its old-fashioned poke lines, the hat of scarlet red taffeta at right above is graced with cherries and grass

In Large or Small Hats, Fabrics and Braided Straws Prevail for Summer

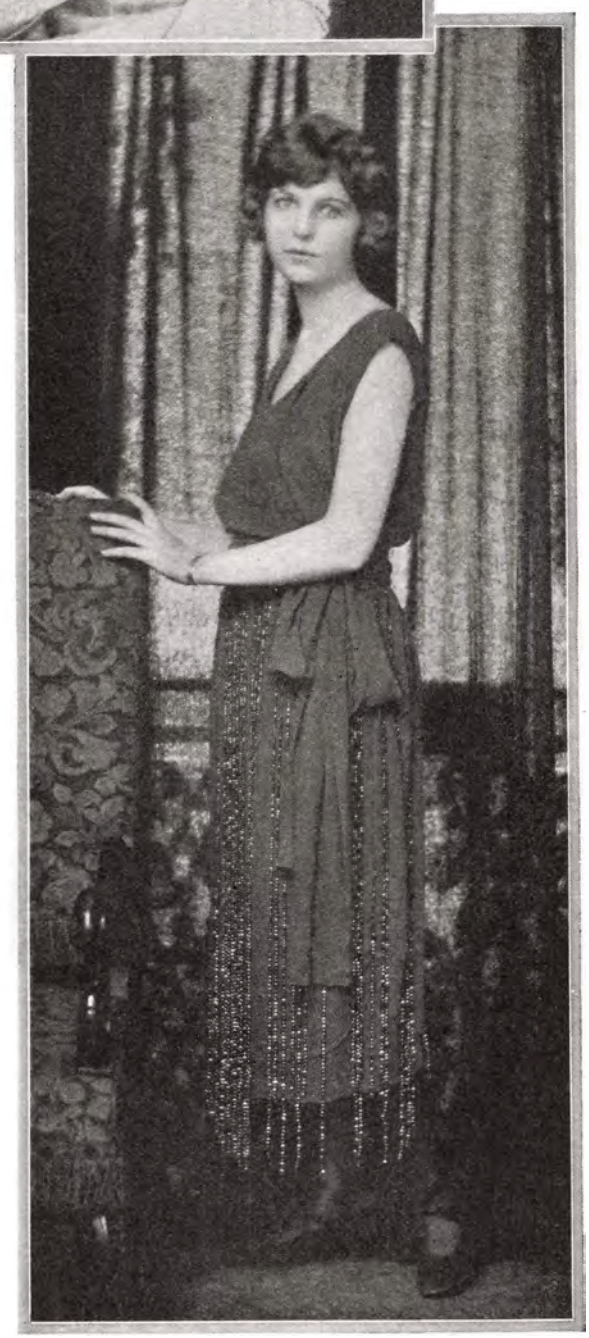
MODELS FROM OGILVIE

Summery and crisp as a puff of breeze is this loose-hanging frock of white, cross-barred swiss, embroidered in bright-colored worsted. Its accompanying hat is pale-blue straw strewn with vivid cretonne patches and dangling beads

No less enchanting in its bicorne effect is the smart sports hat at left, particularly suited to sweaters. It is topped with Maurvin calico, faced with rough straw, and bound with blue, while its elongated tassels give the hat an added tilt

LANVIN

JENNY



CHANEL

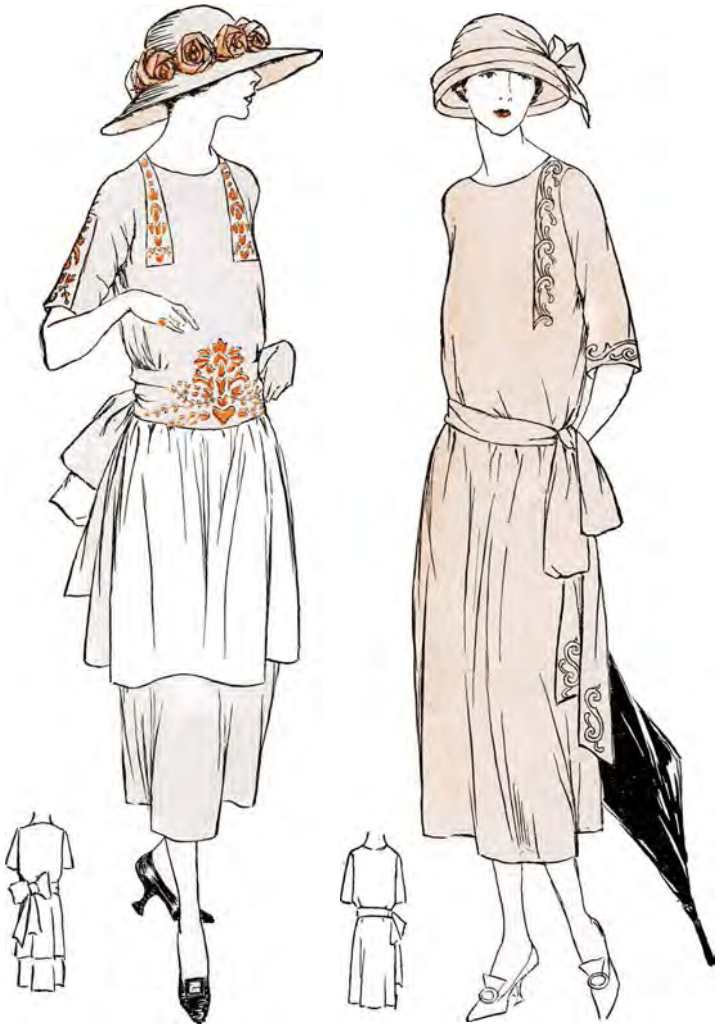
Paris Breaks the Rule of Simplicity By Using Fringe and Luminous Beads

MODELS FROM FRANKLIN SIMON & CO.

That Paris is trying to force the circular skirt is assured by this befringed model of black crêpe de Chine, by Jenny. Chanel enhances simplicity of line in the sphinx crêpe de Chine dress at right, by a luminous shower of beads

With masterful skill Lanvin handles the unusual in the gray crêpe de Chine coat dress at the top of the page embroidered in lengthwise stitches of gray wool and silver. Hermance hat of black glazed straw and taffeta ribbon trimming

PHOTOS BY IRA L. HILL'S STUDIO



Adopting the straight lines of the season, this sports dress (Ju 2) of linen may be embroidered or outlined in self color with heavy embroidery thread. If a more striking effect is preferred, black or white thread on colored linen may be used. (Hot iron pattern 402)

New with the summer is the surplice bodice and flounced skirt (Ju 5), shown at extreme left, which may be made of white batiste or Georgette crêpe outlined in a Chinese blue embroidery cotton with one strand of six-strand thread. (Hot iron pattern 405)

NEEDLEWORK ON SUMMER CLOTHES

Stitchery and Embroidery You May Apply Yourself

By Anne Orr

EMBROIDERY, which is in such vogue at the moment, is prettiest when used with restraint. The woman who has any deftness with her needle can easily put a bit of stitchery on her own frocks. For instance, the dress at the left above of Georgette crêpe would be a far more effective dress embroidered in blue cotton than trimmed in any other fashion, just as a simple sports dress would be twice as pretty outlined or embroidered as shown.

Mrs. Orr has designed simple motifs to be applied to some of the prettiest dresses of the year. Hot iron patterns which are easy to use will transfer the design to the material. Directions for the embroidery and colors used are given in the captions.

HOW TO ORDER

Hot iron transfer patterns for patchwork and embroidery on these two pages come as follows: 401 and 409 for 20c, 402 and 403 for 30c, 404 and 405 for 20c, 406 and 410 for 25c, 407 with 3½ yds. of braiding for 25c, 408 for 20c. Address Anne Orr, Good Housekeeping. Paper patterns for dresses are extra and cost 60c each, blouses 30c each, collar and cuff set 10c, and collar and vestee 15c each. All dresses and blouses may be had in sizes 34, 36, 38, and 40. Address Good Housekeeping Fashion Service, New York City

A vest and collar (Ju 10) may trim a summer suit or dress. This pongee set is outlined in a Chinese blue embroidery cotton with 2 or 3 strands of 6-strand thread. (Hot iron pattern 410)

Another style of vest (Ju 6) is this of ecru organdy embroidered in rose, blue, green, and yellow squares. Light blue ribbon is passed through the beading across the front. (Hot iron pattern 406)

In soft pastel shades for summer wear with white skirts, or in navy blue or brown for the street, this Georgette cloth waist (Ju 8) shows smart embroidered butterfly designs. (Hot iron pattern 408)

Making a pretty finish for a simple summer frock, this collar and cuff set (Ju 9) of white organdy and lace is embroidered in rose, French blue, and bright yellow squares. (Hot iron pattern 409)

After the style of the Russian peasant blouse, this model (Ju 3) of white or colored crêpe de Chine or linen, embroidered in contrasting colors, is unusually smart. (Hot iron pattern 403)

This linen, chambray, or crêpe de Chine dress (Ju 7) is most effective if braided with soutache braid or outlined in navy blue floss in self tone or contrasting colors. (Hot iron pattern 407)

Of white handkerchief linen, this dress (Ju 4) has appliqués (Hot iron pattern 404) of linen. The flowers are of a soft rose with an embroidered center of a deeper rose thread, and the green linen leaves are outlined in black or white. Equally effective is an appliqué of all one color, either in rose or blue, and outlined in the same tone. If of crêpe de Chine, a pretty combination is to embroider gray crêpe with navy silk, and make the appliqués of navy Georgette crêpe or taffeta

In either plain gingham or linen this sports dress (Ju 1) is trimmed with borders of white cross-stitch worked in six strands of embroidery cotton on French blue linen. (Hot iron pattern 401)

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Dressmaking Lesson Number Five—Simple Sports Coats and Frocks for Midsummer Wear

IT is really surprising what you can do for yourself in the way of home dressmaking, if you will give the matter as much thought as it deserves. So many women have a feeling that they "just can't do it themselves," and that they would be much more certain of success, if they bought something ready-made, or took it to a dressmaker, even though it would be more expensive. Instead of taking this attitude, why not say, "There are women who make their own clothes and who make them well. Why shouldn't I be able to?" If you approach the subject in this frame of mind and do not attempt anything but simple clothes at first, you will soon find that you can make extremely smart costumes for yourself at a trifling cost compared with the prices of ready-made clothes or those made by a good dressmaker.

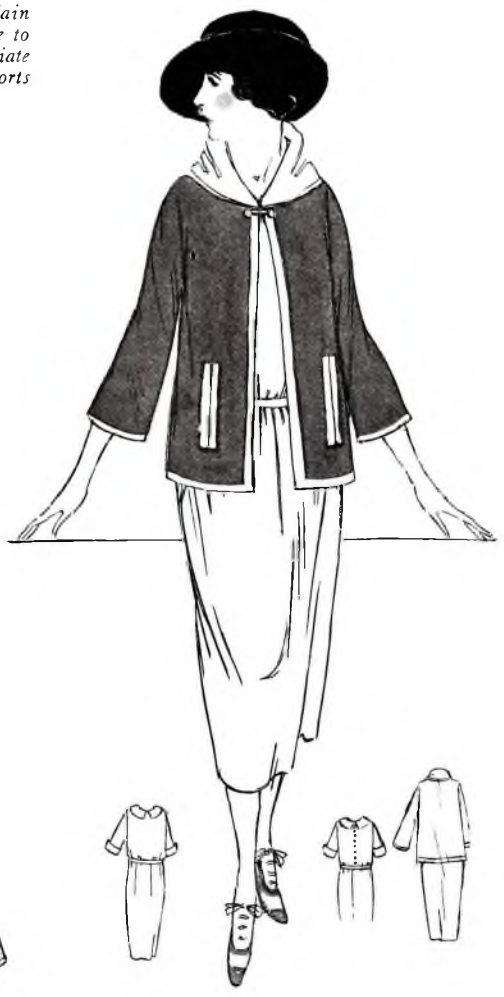
There are two things that constitute more than half the battle: one is the pattern, so that you will get a good cut; the other is the final pressing, finishing, etc. Just as in the first case it would be difficult to cut the pattern yourself, so it would be difficult to do final pressing, and there is bound to be a little tailor around the corner, whether you live in a big city or a small town, who has done pressing as a profession all his life, and to whom you can take your garment for pressing when half finished or when completed. This pressing, of course, refers to wool material; linen, as a rule, you already know how to press yourself, or can find out how to do it from any one who knows how to iron.

The three costumes illustrated would answer about the same purposes. The three designs are shown to offer a selection.

The first and third costumes would be smart with the dress of white flannel or white linen and a coat of colored flannel, or a dress of white jersey with a coat of colored tweed. The coat would not be so pretty in jersey, as the box coats are better in a heavier material. The second costume could be of crêpe de Chine combining a bodice of a polka-dotted or striped material, with a plain skirt and a cape of velour of the same color. In a navy blue, for instance, it would answer for general summer wear, whereas in a bright green, yellow, or flame-color it would answer for sports. It will make little difference, aside from your own personal needs, whether the dress is to be made of linen, crêpe de Chine, or wool except that the pressing of a wool frock would have to be done by a tailor. (*Continued on page 145*)

Equally smart are this and the costume at the right of the page, combining a white flannel, jersey, or white linen one-piece dress with a coat of colored flannel, suède cloth, or tweed

In crêpe de Chine of a polka-dotted and plain material, and a cape of a velour in a shade to match, this costume in navy blue is appropriate for street wear, and in bright colors for sports



Patterns for these dresses may be obtained upon receipt of 60c. each and the coats and cape, 30c. each. Kindly give correct size and address Good Housekeeping Fashion Service, New York

The persistent problems of clothing the awkward age vanish before this gray dotted swiss frock, which makes its skirt of two scalloped flounces and finds blue ribbon an adequate finish

No one will question the unfailing success achieved by contrast of color, after seeing the attractive dress in center of red and white cotton crêpe, and the yellow and white linen frock at right

Frocks for the Younger Girls that Bespeak Coolness and Comfort for the Summer Months

MODELS FROM MISS STICKNEY

Flesh-colored Georgette makes for charm and grace in this party frock finished with a silver-edged gray ribbon sash. The dress at right is of tucked French voile and écru lace with a taffeta sash

THERE comes a time in the life of every growing girl when she appears almost fantastic in the frocks which so far have been becoming. To avoid the awkward age, styles should be carefully selected to suit her changing size and personality. It is frequently possible to hand down to a younger sister many of the dresses which must be discarded. Should the difference in size be too great to permit this, the dresses may be cut over to advantage for a still smaller sister.

As always, plaited skirts and middy blouses are a stand-by at the ages of ten to fourteen. Supplementing these are the attractive slip-over blouse models which may also be worn with a plaited skirt. A harmonizing check, plaid, or a stripe, which is newer, lends variety to the costume and is equally as smart as a skirt of the fabric of which the blouse is made.

Sports Coats and Sweaters

Sports coats of jersey cloth or rougher fabric and sweaters of any type are appropriate with this costume. In fact, the sports coat will take the place of the top coat and may be worn with anything. Particularly effective are they with light frocks on cool days in summer at the beach or in the mountains. Like her older sister, the girl at the (*Continued on page 140*)

This play apron of blue chambray insists upon blue dotted handkerchief linen as sleeves. Older sister prefers a more striking contrast, such as brown and gray linen in the frock shown at right

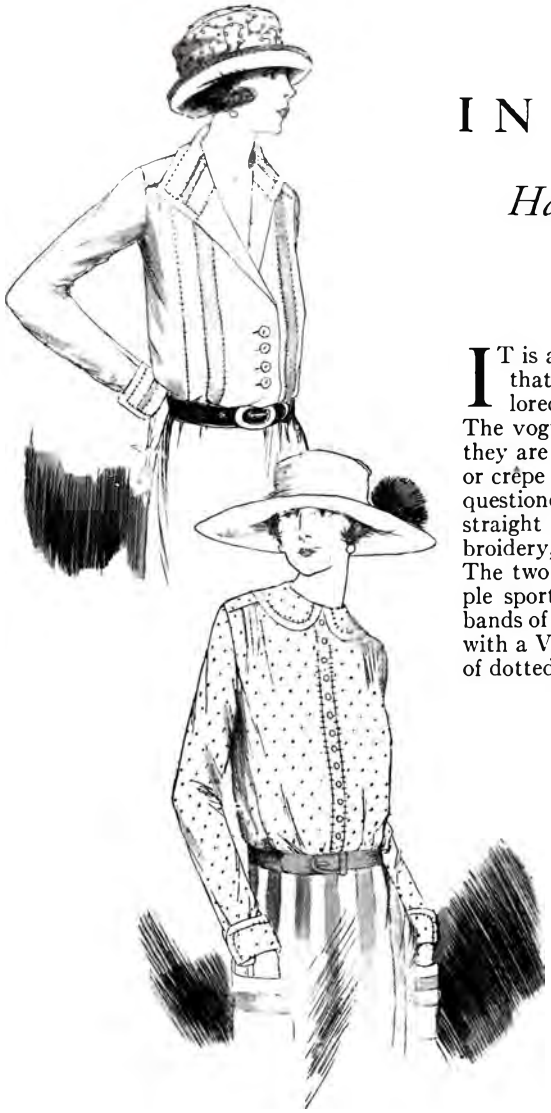
IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

Handmade Frocks and Blouses You Can See For Yourself In Your Town or Locality

IT is a surprising thing this year to find that waists unless of a strictly tailored type are scarcely used at all. The vogue for one-piece dresses, whether they are of serge for the street, or of linen or crêpe de Chine for summer wear, is unquestioned. Summer frocks are cut on straight lines with hand stitchery, embroidery, or sometimes lace as trimming. The two waists illustrated are of the simple sports type, one made of alternating bands of voile and piqué fagotted together with a V opening at the neck; the other is of dotted swiss of the Peter Pan type with the collar closing at the throat. This type is especially smart with the high-necked sweater which is much worn this summer, and is also a protection against sunburn.

Through the enterprise of far-sighted manufacturers it is now possible to find in the small communities smart hand-made waists and dresses such as are illustrated. The dresses are particularly lovely. They are made entirely by hand in the newest styles and trimmed either with embroidery or fine handwork, which makes them both unusual and distinctive. The prices are moderate for dresses of their character.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT CARRY THESE MODELS UNDER THEIR TRADEMARK NAMES, WRITE NATIONAL SHOPPING SERVICE, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, NEW YORK CITY, TO KNOW THE NAME OF THE DEALER IN YOUR OWN TOWN OR LOCALITY WHO DOES HAVE THEM IN STOCK



COQUETTE MODELS

Dotted swiss reaches its zenith for not only is it popular for summer frocks, but fashions waists, as seen here in a white, hand-fagotted model boasting a Peter Pan collar which combines well with the new high-necked sweater; 34 to 42, about $8.50. White batiste, about $7.50

Following the edict of simplicity which is manifest in fashions throughout, whether in Paris or New York, the white waist at top of page is cut on tailored lines and combines bands of white voile and piqué. It is trimmed with pretty hand-drawn work and fagotting; 34 to 42; about $9.75

To certain types ruffles prove becoming, and with this in mind the frock at right embroidered and worked in hand-drawn work has been selected, which achieves distinction in a combination of yellow and white voile. Also in lavender, Copenhagen, or rose and white; about $29.50

Trimmings are more or less the slaves of fashion and like them take a new form at the change of season. One of the most characteristic of the summer is fagotting, which trims with embroidery the dress of white voile at extreme right. The round neck has a plaited ruffle; about $27.50

IN YOUR LOCAL SHOPS

Practical Summer Frocks of Gingham and Lawn For Every-day Wear at a Reasonable Price

SIMPLE dresses of gingham, lawn, or organdy are to be found this season in particularly attractive styles. There is the one-piece effect as well as the surplice and the dress with the defined waist-line. Just as the manufacturer who makes the finest of hand-made dresses has distribution throughout the country, so the manufacturer of inexpensive gingham and lawn dresses, adopting the best styles of the season, has national distribution. A good example of this is to be found on this page in dresses which may be bought in your own town under their trademark name, for as low a price as three dollars and fifty cents.

The advantage of buying trademarked dresses is that the manufacturer puts his name on his product and stands back of the product with the guaranty not only of style but of serviceability. These dresses, which are carefully selected for style, are inexpensive in price and are made of fair material. The gingham used for them with the exception of the red, which is not used, will wash without running. The lawns are prettily patterned and of the preferred colors and will also give good service.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THESE MODELS UNDER THEIR TRADEMARK MAKE AND SEE THEM FOR YOURSELF. IF HE DOES NOT CARRY THEM, WRITE NATIONAL SHOPPING SERVICE, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, NEW YORK, FOR THE NAME OF A DEALER IN YOUR OWN TOWN WHO DOES

SACSON DRESSES

Whether for morning or afternoon, dresses have almost superseded the once popular white shirtwaist and skirt. An extremely good value for a morning frock is this of printed cotton lawn with a collar and cuffs of white pin-tucked organdy. Rose, Copenhagen, or lavender, about $3.50

It is amazing to see what good styled models may be had at the lowest possible prices. An odd trimming of looped braiding finishes the white organdy collar and cuffs of the gingham dress at left, cut in the becoming surplice effect. In Copenhagen, lavender, or green, for about $5.50

Easily slipped on and not only charming as a porch dress but equally effective for the country or seashore is the frock of printed dotted batiste in the center of group at left, which though inexpensive shows one of the best styles of the season. Lavender, rose, or Copenhagen, about $5

Organdy of all materials is the coolest for the heat: such a frock is invaluable to a summer wardrobe. A pretty model, trimmed with rick-rack braid, is shown at extreme left, which comes in lavender, maize, peach, Copenhagen, or Nile, about $6.50. All models in sizes 16 to 46

IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS

Summer Frocks of Infinite Charm and Distinction

THE kind of dresses you should buy for your summer wardrobe depends entirely upon where the summer is to be spent. As a rule, however, whether it is seashore, town, or mountains, there is some part of the summer when you need sports frocks such as those illustrated at the right and left of this page. The straight homespun frock with its braid-bound edges is extremely smart in white or bright colors worn with a high-necked, white shirtwaist. For the beach is the white flannel dress with its bright sports coat of veldyne and a hat of the same color. Not only is this particularly smart, but very useful.

The cotton summer dress is a necessity almost everywhere. Here are pretty models varying in price. Of voile with hand-drawn work and real filet, the straight model at the left below could not be lovelier had it come from the Rue de la Paix. A good linen frock with straight lines is also illustrated at the right below.

For the girl who is graduating three pretty frocks are shown on the opposite page. In one, the lower part of the skirt is pink, as a color is sometimes permitted nowadays. The other frocks are white. The one of organdy is extremely nice and of low price, while the one of Georgette is irreproachable in style and workmanship.

During some part of the summer you will need a sports dress of this character. This of homespun in white, blue, rose, gray, or tan mixtures with its braid-bound edges and white muslin or linen waist is extremely smart; 16 to 38; dress, $35; waist, $12.50. A cotton dress exquisite in every detail is that of white, light blue, or maize voile at right, with bands of real filet, hand-drawn work, and hand embroidery. The sash is of the same fabric and color as the dress and gives the long-waisted effect; $38

Very smart and useful for the beach is this white flannel dress with a green, rose, blue, or tan sports coat of veldyne. This type of costume ensures comfort and eliminates the use of shirtwaists, which are always a tremendous expense at a summer resort; 16 to 38; dress, $39.50; coat, $35. A dress that may be worn almost anywhere in summer is that at left of linen with stitching and a patent leather belt. It embodies the straight lines of the season. In green, lavender, or Copenhagen blue, $28

Of a material as sweetly pretty as the frock itself is this model combining a bodice of white organdy with a skirt beruffled in pink and girdled with a row of pink organdy flowers which terminate in a bow at the back. In sizes 14 to 18, $28.50

Elaborate models should be avoided for graduation as simplicity is the keynote to smartness. The frock at right lends itself charmingly to this occasion and is of white organdy with a trimming of roses and Irish insertion. Sizes 14 to 18, $23

The sash effect is always youthful and becoming and makes for charm in the dress of striped gingham at left at top of page with a shawl collar and vest of white organdy. It comes in blue and white, tan and white, or green and white; $11

Because of its soft material and tunic effect this hand-fagotted, white Georgette dress would prove not only suitable for graduation but equally appropriate for summer dances or afternoon wear in general in the country. Sizes 14 to 18, $48

For town wear during the hot weather is the frock of navy voile figured in tan at right at top of page. The vestee and collar are of white organdy edged with lace while the inserted bands are brown. This practical frock is an excellent value at $11.75

The summer dresses illustrated on both these pages show some of the best values in New York. We shall be happy to buy them for you upon receipt of check or money-order. Address Good Housekeeping Shopping Service, New York City

One of the finest characters in fiction, in one of the best stories we have read, is

The Head of the House of Coombe

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Illustrated by Fred C. Yohn

ON the afternoon of the day upon which Robin played with Donal in the Gardens, Coombe was standing in Feather's drawing-room with a cup of tea in his hand and wearing the look of a man who is given up to reflection.

"I saw Mrs. Muir today for the first time for several years," he said after a silence. "She is in London with the boy."

"Is she as handsome as ever?"

"Quite. Hers is not the beauty that disappears."

"What is the boy like?"

Coombe reflected again before he answered. "He is—amazing. The Greeks used to make statues of bodies like his. The Creative Intention plainly was that all human beings should be beautiful, and he is the expression of it."

Feather was pretending to embroider a pink flower on a bit of gauze, and she smiled vaguely. "I don't know what you mean," she admitted with no abasement of spirit, "but if there was ever any intention of that kind, it has not been carried out." Her smile broke into a little laugh as she stuck her needle into her work. "I'm thinking of Henry."

"So was I," answered Coombe.

Henry was the youngest and next of kin who was—to Coombe's great objection—his heir presumptive, and was universally admitted to be a repulsive sort of person both physically and morally. His character and appearance were such that even his connection with an important heritage was not enough to induce respectable persons to accept him. But if Coombe remained without issue Henry would be the Head of the House.

"How is his cough?" inquired Feather.

"Frightful. He has no physical cause for remaining alive."

Feather made three or four stitches. "Does Mrs. Muir know?" she said.

"If Mrs. Muir is conscious of his miserable existence, that is all," he answered. "She is not the woman to inquire. Of course she can not help knowing that when he is done with—her boy takes his place in the line of succession."

"Oh, yes, she'd know that," put in Feather.

It was Coombe who smiled now—very faintly. "You have a mistaken view of her," he said.

"You admire her very much," Feather bridled.

"She doesn't admire me," said Coombe. "She is not proud of me as a connection.

THE author of a long list of books that the world has loved has probably written no better story than this—the story of a man's lifelong devotion, through scorn and calumny, to an ideal; the story of a pleasure-loving woman's pursuit of pleasure, undeterred by any responsibility life brought or death left to her; the story of a babe's growth to womanhood in an atmosphere of indifference to a babe's needs, a child's desires, a young girl's ambitions. In the second instalment Robin, a child of six, had her first kiss and learned for the first time that there are mothers in the world. The kiss and the news about mothers both came from Donal Muir, a boy she played with in the Gardens. More kisses, other knowledge of motherhood, were to come from him, but only after the long years to womanhood had been bridged. First, and soon, a broken childish heart is her portion, a result of the misunderstood, whispered-about relations of her mother, Feather, with Lord Coombe. The story has fascinated us: we are sure it will please you

She doesn't really want the position for the boy, in her heart of hearts."

"Doesn't want it!" Feather's exclamation was a little jeer only because she would not have dared a big one.

"She has strong ideas of her own as to how he shall be brought up. She's rather Greek in her feeling for his being as perfect physically and mentally as she can help him to be. She believes things. It was she who said what you did not understand—about the Creative Intention."

"Creative Intention's a new name for God, I suppose," said Feather. "But if Mrs. Muir thinks good looks are the result of religiousness, I should like to let her see Robin. I saw Robin in the park last week, and she's a perfect beauty."

"Last week?" said Coombe.

"She doesn't need any one but Andrews. I should bore her to death if I went and sat in the nursery and stared at her. No one does that sort of thing in these days. But I should like Mrs. Muir to see the two children together!"

"That could not easily be arranged, I am afraid," he said.

"Why not?"

His answer was politely deliberate. "She greatly disapproves of me, I have told you. She is not proud of the relationship."

"She does not like *me*, you mean?"

"Pardon me. I meant exactly what I said in telling you that she has her own very strong views of the boy's training and surroundings. They may be ridiculous, but that sort of thing need not trouble you."

Feather held up her hand and actually laughed. "If Robin meets him in ten years from now—*that* for her very strong views of his training and surroundings!" And she snapped her fingers.

Mrs. Muir's distaste for her son's unavoidable connection with the man he might succeed had a firm foundation. She had always been rather grave about her little son, and when her husband's early death left him and his dignified but not large estate in her care, she realized that there lay in her hands the power to direct a life as she chose, in so far as was humanly possible. The pure blood and healthy tendencies of a long and fine ancestry expressing themselves in the boy's splendid body and unusual beauty had set the minds of two imaginative people working from the first. One of Muir's deepest interests was the study of development of the race. It was he who had planted in her mind the daringly fearless thought of a human perfection as the Intention of the Creative Cause.

Through her darkest hours of young bereavement she felt as if this were a sort of light she might hold in her hand as she trod the paths which were in the days before her. Donal was handsome and radiant with glowing health and vitality. Braemarnie was picturesquely ancient and beautiful. It would be a home of sufficient ease and luxury to be a pleasure, but no burden. Life in it could be perfect and also supply freedom. Coombe Court and Coombe Keep were huge and castellated, and demanded great things. Even if the Head of the House had been a man to like and be proud of, the accession of a beautiful young Marquis would rouse the hounds of war, so to speak, and set them racing upon his track.

Helen Muir was *not* proud of the Coombe relationship, and with unvaried and resourceful good breeding she kept herself and her boy from all chance of being drawn into anything approaching an intimacy. Donal knew nothing of his prospects. There would be time enough for that when he was older; in the meantime, there should be no intercourse if it could be avoided.

She had smiled at herself when some-

"ARE you her mother?" Donal asked eagerly. "Of course I am!" smiled Feather. Donal quite flushed with excitement. "She doesn't know," he said. He turned on Robin. "She's your mother. You thought you hadn't one. She's your mother!"

thing seemed to prompt caution in connection with his little boy flame of delight in the strange child he had made friends with. But it *had* been a flame, and though she had smiled, she sat very still by the window late that night, and she felt a touch of weight on her heart as she thought it over. Suddenly she left her chair and rang for Nanny.

"Nanny," she said when the old nurse came, "tell me something about the little girl Donal plays with in the Gardens."

"She's a bonny thing and finely dressed, ma'am," was the woman's careful answer. "It's pretty to see the pair of them. They're daft about each other. Just wee things in love at first sight."

"Donal has known very few girls. Those plain little things at the manse are too dull for him," his mother said slowly.

"This one's not plain and she's not dull," Nanny answered. "She's like a bit of witch fire dancing, with her color and her big silk curls in a heap. Donal stares at her like a young man at a beauty."

"I must see her," Mrs. Muir said. "Tomorrow I'll go with you both to the gardens."

Therefore the following day Donal pranced proudly up the path to his trysting place, and with him walked a tall lady at whom people looked as she passed. Robin was waiting behind the lilac bushes, and her nurse was already deep in her book.

"There she is!" cried Donal, and he ran to her. "My mother has come with me. She wants to see you, too." And he pulled her forward by the hand. "This is Robin, mother! This is Robin," he panted with elation, and stood holding his prize as if she might get away before he had displayed her. His eyes lifted to his mother's were those of an exultant owner.

Robin had no desire to run away. To adore anything which belonged to Donal was only nature. And this tall, fair, wonderful person was a mother. The child could only look up at her as Donal did. So they stood hand in hand like little worshipers before a deity.

Andrews' sister, in her pride, had attired the small creature like a flower of spring. Her exquisiteness and her physical brilliancy gave Mrs. Muir something not unlike a slight shock. She stooped and kissed the round cheek delicately.

"Donal wanted me to see his little friend," she said. "I always want to see his playmates. Shall we walk around the garden together, and you shall show me where you play and tell me all about it!"

She took the small hand and they walked slowly. Robin was at first too much awed to talk, but as Donal was not awed at all and continued his prancing, and the mother lady said pretty things about the flowers and the grass and the birds and even about the pony at Braemarnie, she began now and then to break into a little hop herself, and presently into sudden ripples of laughter like a bird's brief bubble of song. The tall lady's hand was not like Andrews', or the hand of Andrews' sister. It did not pull or jerk, and it had a lovely feeling. After one turn round the Garden, the tall lady sat down on a seat to watch them play. It was wonderful. Donal kept calling out to her and making her smile; he ran backward and forward to her to ask questions and tell her what they were "making up" to play. Several times Robin stopped and stood still a moment with a sort of puzzled expression. It was because she did not feel like Robin. Two people—a big boy and a lady—letting her play and talk to them as if they liked her and had time!

A victoria was driving past the Gardens. It was going slowly because the two people in it wished to look at the spring budding out of hyacinths and tulips. Suddenly one of the pair—a sweetly-hued figure whose early season attire was hyacinth-like itself—spoke:

"Stop here!" she said. "I wish to get out."

As the victoria drew up near a gate, she made a light gesture. "What do you think, Starling?" she laughed. "The very woman we are talking about is sitting in the Gardens there. I know her perfectly, though I only saw her portrait at the Academy years ago. Yes, there she is. Mrs. Muir, you know." She clapped her hands, and her laugh became a delighted giggle. "And my Robin is playing on the grass near her—with a boy! What a joke! It must be *the* boy! And I wanted to see the pair together. Coombe said it couldn't be done. And more than anything I want to speak to her. Let's get out."

A moment later Helen Muir, turning her eyes from Robin whose hand she was holding, saw two women coming toward her with evident intention. At least one of them had evident intention. She was the one whose light attire produced the effect of being made of hyacinth petals.

Because Mrs. Muir's glance turned toward her, Robin's turned also. She started a little and leaned against Mrs. Muir's knee, her eyes growing very large and round and filling with a sudden worshiping light.

"It is—" she ecstatically sighed, or rather gasped—"the Lady Downstairs!"

Feather floated near to the seat and paused smiling. "Where is your nurse, Robin?" she said.

Robin, being always dazzled by the sight of her, did not, of course, shine. "She is reading under the tree," she answered tremulously.

"She is only a few yards away," said Mrs. Muir. "She knows Robin is playing with my boy and that I am watching them. Robin is your little girl?" amiably.

"Yes. So kind of you to let her play with your boy. Don't let her bore you. I am Mrs. Gareth-Lawless."

There was a little silence—a delicate little silence.

"I recognized you as Mrs. Muir at once," said Feather unperturbed and smiling brilliantly. "I saw your portrait at the Grosvenor."

"Yes," said Mrs. Muir gently. She had risen and now looked with a gracious calm into Feather's eyes.

Donal, allured by the hyacinth-petal colors, drew near. Robin made an unconscious little catch at his plaid and whispered something.

"Is this Donal?" Feather said.

"*Are* you the Lady Downstairs, please?" Donal put in politely.

Feather's pretty smile ended in the prettiest of outright laughs. Her maid had told her Andrews' story of the name.

"Yes, I believe that's what she calls me. It's a nice name for a mother, isn't it?"

Donal took a quick step forward. "*Are* you her mother?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course I am."

Donal quite flushed with excitement. "She doesn't *know*," he said.

He turned on Robin. "She's your mother! You thought you hadn't one! She's your mother!"

"But I'm the Lady Downstairs, too." Feather was immensely amused. She was not subtle enough to know why she felt a perverse kind of pleasure in seeing the Scotch woman standing so still, and that it led her into a touch of vulgarity. "I wanted very much to see your boy," she said.

"Yes," still gently from Mrs. Muir.

"Because of Coombe, you

LOST CHILDREN

By Mary Stewart

It was a winsome, eerie child
Came skipping down the street,
With sunny hair, wind-blown and wild,
And dancing little feet.

"Whose little child are you?" I asked.
She looked at me and smiled,
"Why, I don't know; I hardly gue s
I'm anybody's child."

She kissed me on the cheek and laughed,
"Come run away and play!"
Then skipping on called blithely back,
"I'll be your child today."

I saw her slip behind the hedge
With tears I could not hide.
"Oh, merry, faery little girl,
You *are* my child," I cried.

I'm sure some little children-souls,
A-wander in the sky,
Get lost in hunting for their homes
And pass their mothers by.

Sometimes they come to careless arms
That grudge to let them stay,
And leave quite empty mother hearts
That want them night and day.

"Come and let Lord Coombe look at you," said Feather. Coombe was watching the inner abhorrence in the little face

know. We are such old friends. How queer that the two little things have made friends, too! I didn't know. I am so glad I caught a glimpse of you and that I had seen the portrait. *Good* morning. Good-by, children."

While she strayed airily away, they all watched her. She picked up her friend, the Starling, who, not feeling concerned or needed, had paused to look at daffodils. The children watched her until her victoria drove away, the chiffon ruffles of her flower-like parasol fluttering in the air.

Mrs. Muir sat down again, and Donal and Robin leaned against her. They saw she was not laughing any more, but they did not know that her eyes had something like grief in them.

"She's her mother!" Donal cried. "She's lovely, too. But she's—her *mother!*" and his voice and face were equally puzzled.

Robin's little hand delicately touched Mrs. Muir. "*Is* she?" she faltered.

Helen Muir took her in her arms and held her quite close. She kissed her.

"Yes, she is, my lamb," she said. "She's your mother."

She was clear as to what she must do for Donal's sake. It was the only safe and sane course. But—at this age—the child *was* a lamb, and she could not help holding her close for a moment. Her little body was deliciously soft and warm, and the big curls all in a silky heap were a fragrance against her breast.

X

DONAL talked a great deal as he pranced home. Feather had excited as well as allured him. Why hadn't she told Robin she was her mother? Did some mothers never tell their children, and did the children never find out?

"I am glad I know you are my mother," he said. "I always knew."

After he was asleep, Helen sent for Nanny.

"You're tired, ma'am," the woman said when she saw her. "I'm afraid you've a headache."

"I've had a good deal of thinking to do since this afternoon," her mistress answered. "You will be as startled as I was. By some queer chance that little girl's mother was driving by and saw us and came in to speak to me. Nanny—she is Mrs. Gareth-Lawless."

Nanny did start.

Mrs. Muir stopped just a minute and then, "We must leave for Scotland by the earliest train," she said.

"What'll Donal do?" The words escaped from the woman as if involuntarily. "He's a strong-feeling bairn—strong!"

"He'll be stronger when he is a young man, Nanny. That's why I must act now. There is no half way. I don't want to be hard. Oh, am I hard—am I hard?" she cried out low as if she were pleading.

"No, ma'am. You are not. He's your own flesh and blood.

Mrs. Muir's hand flew to her side. "He's my heart and my soul," she said. "And it will hurt him so, and I can not explain to him, because he is too young to understand."

Donal always slept like a young roe in the bracken, and in deep and rapturous ease he slept this night. Another perfectly joyful day had passed, and his mother had liked Robin and kissed her. All was well with the world. He was wakened by a light in his room and by the sound of moving about. He sat up quickly and found his mother standing by his bed.

"We let you sleep as late as we could, Donal," she said. (*Continued on page 148*)

If you would save your health as well as your money, if you would pile up ahead of you years of life as well as dollars, read this article now, then join

The League *for* Longer Life

Conducted by DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

Director Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation, and Health

LET us pause for a moment in our study of the comparative susceptibility to disease of different age groups to reiterate the vital necessity of taking precautions against disease and the deterioration of our bodily functions if we would approach even middle age with vigor sufficient for the full day's work and the full enjoyment of life. Man is prone to be careless with his most precious possession, good health; he treats his body—a machine that can be fashioned only by the Master Builder himself—as if it would last forever, when, as a matter of fact, statistics show that the human machine is scrapped after yielding less of its potential service than almost any other mechanism of record. This is not the fault of the human body; barring accident or disease, it will with proper treatment last out its allotted cycle. How seldom it gets that treatment is indicated in part by the statistics that follow. Many people will be too careless of their health even to read them, but for all who want to live usefully and well they have tremendous significance.

In round numbers, 24,000,000 men in the United States were enrolled as candidates for recruiting the armies in the war against Germany. Of this vast number, 5,719,152 were called for physical examination, and the records of these examinations are in the office of the Adjutant-General of the Army. This is the first opportunity this country has ever had, on so large a scale, to make a census of the physical condition of its young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. In the course of time all these data will be available for study and comparison. Already the records of approximately 1,000,000 of these men have been compiled. This million include only the younger men first called, but may serve as an indication of what the complete examination of the data will show.

We have partial records of a much larger number—about 2,000,000 men, who were passed by the local boards and sent to the camps for further examination. Five hundred thousand additional men were rejected by the local boards. These boards rejected, for physical defects, 29.59 percent of the men examined by them. Of the men who were passed by the local boards and sent to the camps for further physical examination, 8.1 percent were rejected on reexamination. In other words, more than one-third of all the men called for examination were found to be physically unfit for military service. This fact alone would be cause for serious national concern, but the medical officers of the Surgeon-General's Department call attention to the fact that the examinations made were far less rigid than those for enlistments in the army and navy in pre-war periods. Large numbers of minor defects, which it was thought might be corrected, were passed over, both by the local boards and by the subsequent examiner at the camps. A large number of men were passed for military service and put into positions which required mere clerical work, inasmuch as they were not suitably fitted for the hard physical work of the actual soldier, but a considerable percentage of these men were found unqualified even for the light work to which they were assigned, and were consequently discharged from the service.

The detailed data show a great variation in the percentages of men rejected by different local boards, and in different states. It is evident that the strictness of the examination, and the viewpoint of the examiners, was not the same in all cases. All the data, however, point to the disturbing fact that the number of really physically unfit men—that is, those having a permanent and irremovable degree of unfitness—was much larger than the percent named above—one man in every three.

It is further stated that the data indicate that about 22 percent of the rejections were caused by some mechanical defect in the organism, or rather some defect or disease that would interfere with its mechanical performance, such as defects in the bones and joints, flat-foot, and hernia. An additional 15 percent were rejected because of the imperfection of the sense organs, and about 13 percent for defects in the heart and arterial system. Twelve percent were rejected on account of nerves and mental troubles, in part due to abnormal thyroid action. About 10 percent were rejected on account of tuberculosis and severe cases of venereal disease. Eight and one-half percent were rejected because of defects of development in physique, 6 percent on account of trouble in skin and teeth, and a little over 13 percent for all other defects.

It is not likely, when the complete returns are classified from the whole number of registrants physically examined, that any material change will be made in the number or general type of defects enumerated above.

We are forced therefore, however reluctant we may be to admit it, to the conclusion that in the present state of development of the manhood of America *at least 33 percent of those who reach maturity are not physically able to perform military service for their country.*

It is pertinent to add here that many of the rejected men did not know of their defects until they were examined, and to suggest that the reader of these lines may be equally ignorant of some defect that will disqualify him for real success in life.

There is no reason to believe that if an examination similar to that to which the young men were subjected were made of the young women of the country a less pitiable condition would be revealed. Our boys and girls are reared alike; no more stress is placed upon a young woman's physical fitness for motherhood than upon a young man's fitness for the stress of business life or even the emergency of battle. The result is one that should appall us—one-third of the fathers and mothers of the next generation themselves unfit to bear a man's or woman's real part in the world.

Perhaps twenty women will read this article to one man, but the lesson it teaches should be known to all. If the twenty who read these data will call the attention of their men friends to the terrible handicap under which (*Continued on page 162*)

(*The Question-Box is on page 86*)

In this great moment, as never before, youth has need of knowledge; you can not afford to go into the labyrinth of the future without the torches your forefathers have lighted

Should I Go *To College?*

This question, just now uppermost in the minds of thousands of high school graduates, is answered by a famous college teacher, a graduate of Vassar, professor of English Literature at Wellesley

Margaret Sherwood

Illustration by Franklin Booth

AS Smith and Wellesley are looking forward to the fiftieth anniversary of their founding, and Vassar, which celebrated some years ago her fiftieth birthday, is now preparing to commemorate the half-century of life of her Alumnae Association, chance has placed in my hands the alumnae registers of a number of different colleges. Here are life histories, some long, some short, covering five, ten, twenty, even forty and more years since graduation, and, as is almost always the case with biography however brief, they prove interesting reading, giving convincing evidence of the value of college training as a preparation for work in life.

As I study these records, the first point that I should like to make in testimony to the worth of college training is that it will help keep the young from mistaking the nature of real achievement. Though the list I hold in my hand represents many of those whom the world would call successful, I find here cause for deeper satisfaction than can come from evidence of mere power over people or ability to amass money. Money success is not everything; it is not anything in itself, and may be less than nothing if it means a lessening of values, a cutting off of higher aims. The one success in life is in finding the way to serve one's generation and, through this, the future.

If I say that these records of the work of those in whose training college has played a large part are not primarily money successes, it is because a certain splendor of finer purpose shines through them, not because external success is lacking. No earthly rewards could adequately crown such service as is here represented. Incidentally, however, my list contains names of many of those who have won position and influence. I dare say that in many cases there is represented the equivalent of what an alumna of one of these colleges, engaged in industrial welfare work in a huge mercantile establishment, recently told me, that she was earning ten thousand dollars a year. Yet the source of my satisfaction, as I listened, was something far deeper than her salary: she is shaping the lives of hundreds of girls and young men. By the way, when she was asked recently what, of all aspects of her training, had helped her most in this practical work, she responded,

"My college courses in Greek and in English Literature."

In the great moment in which we live youth has need, as never before, of preparation for the tasks that lie before it. This is a crisis such as (*Continued on page 134*)

The Dwarfies

By Johnny Gruelle

The Dwarfies were telling each other jokes

ONE day the Dwarfies were gathered in a shady part of the great forest, laughing and talking and telling each other of jokes the little forest creatures had played upon each other, when Lumpy Doodle Dwarfie and Weeny Teeny Dwarfie came running up.

"Do you remember," Lumpy Doodle Dwarfie asked of the other Dwarfies, "the old man who passes through the forest almost every day, hunting herbs and roots?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" some of the Dwarfies replied. "He is a very kindly old Grampa man and is always playing hide and seek with us!"

"Yes," said Lumpy Doodle Dwarfie, "he is the nice old man I mean! Well, today, when Weeny Teeny Dwarfie and I were playing together, this nice old Grampa man came through the forest with a basket on his arm, and he tried to catch Weeny Teeny Dwarfie and me. But he is such an old man that, of course, when we jumped around back of the trees, we easily kept out of his reach. But it was lots of fun! Wasn't it, Weeny Teeny Dwarfie?"

"We laughed and laughed!" said Weeny Teeny Dwarfie. "And the nice old Grampa man laughed and laughed too, and we played until we finally let him catch us. Didn't we, Lumpy Doodle Dwarfie?"

"Yes!" said Lumpy Doodle Dwarfie. "And the kindly old Grampa man hugged us until we said, 'Umph'!"

"When he comes back through the forest, let's all play with him!" all the Dwarfies cried.

The nice Grampa man tried to catch the Dwarfies

She told them all about herself and the kindly old Grampa man

"That would be nice!" said Lumpy Doodle Dwarfie. "But Weeny Teeny Dwarfie and I thought we could have more fun by going to the kindly old man's cottage and seeing just what is there. He told us he was walking all the way to town, so he will not be home for a long time."

"Yes let's go to his cottage!" cried all the Dwarfies, so they followed Lumpy Doodle and Weeny Teeny Dwarfie through the forest, laughing and shouting, until they came to the kindly old man's cottage. Then, as they found the door open, they romped inside and found—a dear, old Gramma lady sitting in an easy chair, sound asleep. But the Dwarfies and the other forest folk made so much noise the kindly old Gramma lady awakened. My, wasn't she happy to see so many cunning little creatures, and she told them all about herself and the nice old Grampa man.

The Dwarfies made doughnuts for the golden wedding

"We have lived happily together for fifty years!" said the nice old Gramma lady. "And Grampa has gone to town to get a golden wedding present for me, for today is our golden wedding day!"

When the kindly old Gramma lady told the Dwarfies this, they all talked together and planned a nice secret. Then, while some of the Dwarfies stood and talked with the kindly old Gramma lady, some of the Dwarfies ran home and carried bundles of things back to the little cottage. My, how they did work!

Some of the lady Dwarfies sewed on fine cloth and silks, while other Dwarfies worked in the kitchen, making wonderful doughnuts and cream puffs and other delicious things to eat. Then, when the goodies were cooked, Grampy Dwarfie waved the last magic doughnut and danced about the kitchen. For, you see, Grampy Dwarfie had run home with the other Dwarfies and had returned with the Dwarfies' Wishing Pebble in its lovely copper urn.

And as he made the magic doughnuts, he had made a wish with each, so as soon as the kindly old Gramma lady had taken the first bite, she became just as young and pretty as she had been exactly fifty years ago.

Then the lady Dwarfies dressed her in the pretty new dress they had just made for her, and combed her hair just as she had combed it long ago.

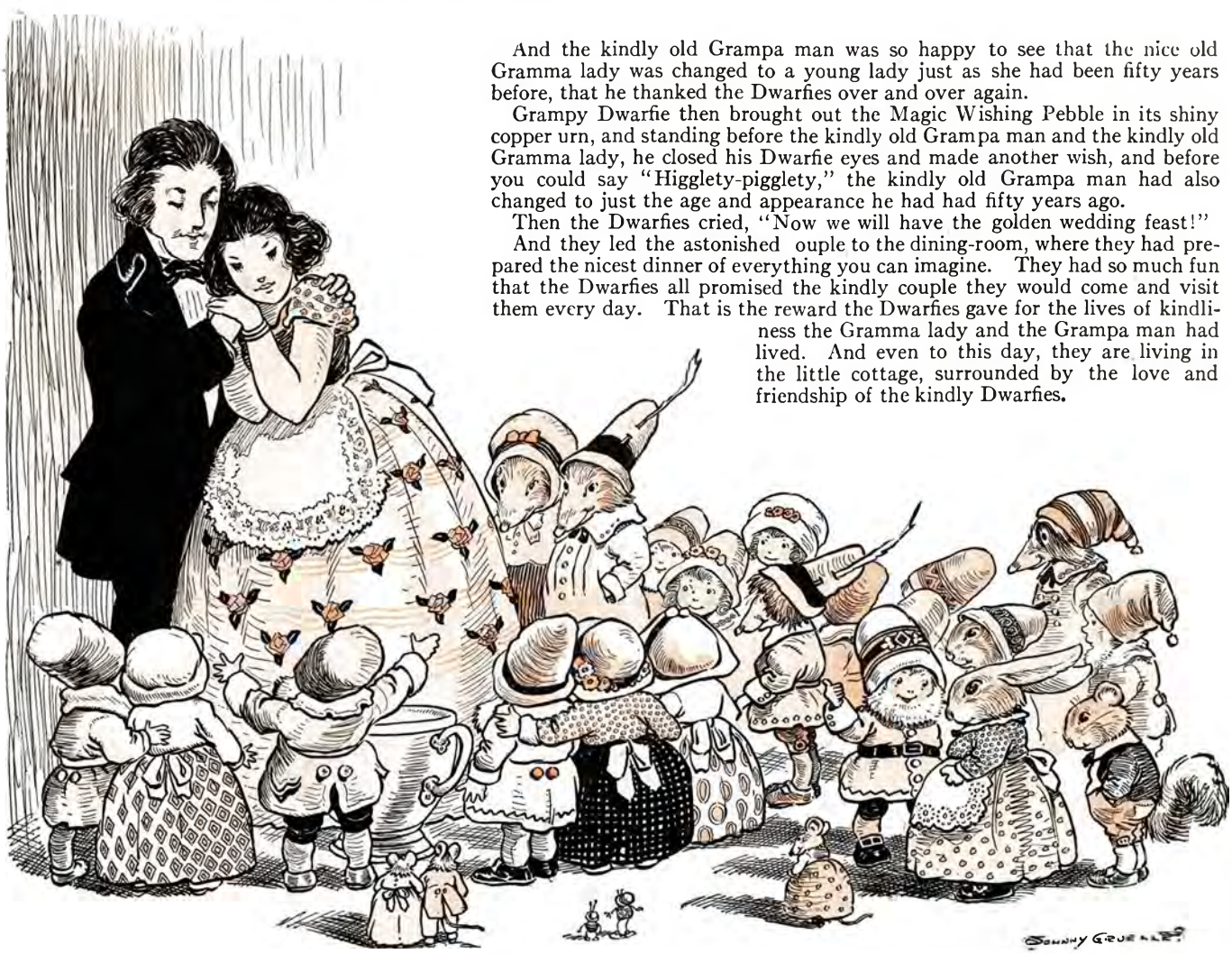
So when the kindly old Grampa man returned to the cottage with his golden wedding present, he found a most lovely present waiting for him.

And the kindly old Grampa man was so happy to see that the nice old Gramma lady was changed to a young lady just as she had been fifty years before, that he thanked the Dwarfies over and over again.

Grampy Dwarfie then brought out the Magic Wishing Pebble in its shiny copper urn, and standing before the kindly old Grampa man and the kindly old Gramma lady, he closed his Dwarfie eyes and made another wish, and before you could say "Higglety-pigglety," the kindly old Grampa man had also changed to just the age and appearance he had had fifty years ago.

Then the Dwarfies cried, "Now we will have the golden wedding feast!"

And they led the astonished couple to the dining-room, where they had prepared the nicest dinner of everything you can imagine. They had so much fun that the Dwarfies all promised the kindly couple they would come and visit them every day. That is the reward the Dwarfies gave for the lives of kindliness the Gramma lady and the Grampa man had lived. And even to this day, they are living in the little cottage, surrounded by the love and friendship of the kindly Dwarfies.



Grampy Dwarfie made another wish and changed the Grampa man to a young man again

Be Sociable!

By Mildred Scott Alexander

Illustrated by
John Alonzo Williams

YOUNG love stories are a find for any editor. They are the rarest things in the magazine business—because it is seldom that the man or woman who has lived long enough to write well still retains enough of the radiant sunshine of youth to put it on paper. This story is a find—with all the magic of summer and girlhood and laughter in it. Read it! It will take you back to your youth

EVER nold a piece of raw meat over a bunch of kittens and watch 'em jump for it? That's what Fate did when she turned Stephen Bayard loose among our crowd here in Sandyville.

Not that you could exactly call any of us kittens—Babe Dillon's the youngest, and she was nineteen in April. But everybody's been pretty much fed up on the vegetable variety of male, and certainly Stephen Bayard could never be called a vegetable.

As Donna Hatton put it the morning after the reception, when the gang collected on our porch to talk things over:

"It isn't as if we could remember him when he was a freckled-faced kid, the way we can the fellows who've stuck in Sandyville. His father being a minister, they've traveled a lot, and it's made Stephen Bayard *different!* And four years of medical training gives a man an air of *savoir-faire*, don't you think, girls?"

Now Donna Hatton's my chum, and I've always admired her cleverness, but I must say she never loses a chance to remind us of the six months she spent in the city one time with her cousin Flora. She's worn a rather cosmopolitan manner ever since, which makes the rest of us pretty tired. But Donna does know how to handle men. She's always had the whole male population of Sandyville eating out of her hand. So when she got off that about Stephen Bayard's "air," every one naturally agreed with her.

"I think that little sprinkling of silver about his temples is awfully effective," said Mabel. "I'm sure it isn't a sign of age, though, for Reverend Bayard told mother he was only twenty-six."

Mabel's over twenty-two herself, so pretends to think twenty-six not much.

"He has the *love*-liest eyes," sighed Babe. "Just the color of cold steel—and they have such a way of boring straight through one."

Imagine cold steel being lovely! But Babe being the youngest, we've always had to make allowances for her romantic chatter.

"Physicians must have boring eyes so they can see through to the patient's soul. The real doctor is one who heals the soul as well as the body," said Donna. "Do you know, I believe I need a spring tonic," she murmured dreamily. "I feel depressed a lot of the time."

That brought the whole porchful of us up straight.

"Tonic indeed!" giggled Mabel. "Donna Hatton, you know perfectly well you were raving only last week because you weighed a hundred and thirty-five pounds. Why the sudden desire to get fat?"

"Who said anything about getting fat?" Donna retorted peevishly. "A tonic doesn't necessarily make a person fat; it's only—"

"Sh!" warned Babe. "There he comes!"

We all looked up as the parsonage door opened, and Stephen Bayard came out on the porch. He glanced over and nodded—the parsonage porch is about fifty feet to the right of ours—then turned his back and began putting up a sign near the edge of the wall where the honeysuckle vines just missed it.

We kept perfectly quiet till he'd finished and gone back into the house; then the girls began to talk again in excited whispers.

"He must be fixing the parlor for his office," said Babe. "That's a nice, neat sign he's tacked up, and ought to draw trade."

"No need to worry about his trade," I grinned at Donna. "Half the females in town will be trooping in for a tonic before he has the nasty stuff mixed."

Donna pretended not to hear. "Do you know, Frankie," she remarked, "it's a shame that you, of the whole bunch, should happen to live right next door!"

A new man affects Donna the way the siren whistle does the fire-horses.

"Yes, too bad you're so unsociable with the fascinating sex," laughed Mabel. "Bet your mother's been trying to tune you up already—telling you—"

"Muzzle it!" I cut in, crossly.

It was the truth. Mother *had* been doing just what Mabel said.

"I think you're mean, bringing up that old joke," said Babe. "You all know how Frankie feels about it."

I shot her a grateful look. For one of her years Babe does display sense at times.

After they'd gone I sat and thought glumly about the old joke Mabel had dragged out again. It started, I think, when I went to my first party, on Donna's ninth birthday. Mother shined me all up in blue-ribboned swiss, and as she tucked Dunny's present into my hand, she admonished,

"Now act like a little lady, keep your dress clean, and be sociable with the little boys."

Through some kink of nature I was able to oblige on two points, but when it came to the third, I balked. The minute I'd been paired off with one of the scrubbed and starched little boys to march out for refreshments, a fit of self-consciousness swallowed me up, till I felt like the barred and bolted front of a stone church. I ate my way stolidly through the chicken and ice-cream, hardly knowing which was which, and when at last, after we'd cracked the favors, I escaped in an agony of relief, I heard my dinner partner say to another boy:

"Gosh! Frances Purdy's a persimmon!"

And from then on it was always like that. Of course, as I grew up, mother gradually stopped telling me to keep my dress clean and act like a lady, but I never started anywhere—*never*—without her reminding me to be sociable, till I felt she'd have them carve on my tombstone for me to be sociable with the boy angels—if there *are* any. Which would just naturally make me shy off from the creatures.

The older I got, the more I seemed to have that closed-up-stone-church feeling whenever there were boys around. The girls did what they could to try to help me, and *I* tried telling myself over and over that boys were humans like us, and it shouldn't bother me to talk to them. But it wasn't any use. If one of them even asked to see me home—which wasn't very often, I can tell you—I began thinking up excuses right away and made them sound so stiff and stupid he probably thanked his lucky stars at getting off so easily.

So you can see it was like waving a red hankie at a bull for Mabel to bring it all up about the reception and Stephen Bayard. Because of course mother *had* said, as usual, when we were starting over to the church parlors:

"Now, Frankie, do try for once to forget yourself and have a good time like the other girls. Reverend Bayard's son being new here—just home from college and all—you girls should be sociable with him and make things pleasant so he won't get lonesome."

I wanted to scream. How *could* I ever forget myself when she kept reminding me all the time? Also, I didn't care if young Dr. Bayard *was* lonesome. *I* knew all about being lonesome, as far as that went.

So I got in a corner with some of the little girls after they'd finished passing ice-cream dishes, and told them stories. I didn't even look at Stephen Bayard. Not that it made any difference in his lonesomeness. He was simply barricaded by females the whole evening.

"DOCTOR STEVE has the loveliest eyes," sighed Babe. "Do you know, I believe I need a spring tonic," Donna murmured dreamily; "I feel depressed a lot of the time." That brought the whole porchful of us up straight. "Tonic indeed!" giggled Mabel. "You know perfectly well you were raving only last week because you weighed a hundred and thirty-five pounds"

Well, inside of two weeks after the church reception, almost all the women in town seemed to have discovered some secret ailment, and came streaming into the parsonage parlor, where Dr. Bayard had fixed up his office and must have been busy mixing dope from morning till night. But the funny part of it was, he didn't appear to get very interested in any one except in a professional way.

For once Donna was stumped. "Do you know, girls," she said one afternoon when we were playing croquet on our side lawn—I'd been awfully popular with the girls all summer—"do you know, I half believe Dr. Steve thought my asking for a tonic was amusing. He gave me abominable stuff. I emptied most of it down the kitchen drain, and when I took the bottle back, he said to get plenty of exercise and I'd be all right without any more medicine." Her tone was injured.

Mabel laughed unfeelingly. "No doubt he looked through your frail physique to your soul and saw what a little fraud you were. Why don't you try something genuine? Now *I*—" Mabel paused to get a dramatic effect—"I had the dear man holding my pulse for ten minutes one night last week."

I was so surprised I missed the middle wicket, although my ball was lying almost dead to it. The idea of Mabel being sick was ridiculous. She's a hundred and sixty pounds of solid pink flesh and never even had the measles.

"Fact," she insisted, as we all stared at her. "I ate three cucumbers sliced in vinegar last Wednesday for supper, and finished off with raspberries and whipped cream. I guess the combination wasn't very good—at least it did things to me. Mother telephoned Dr. Bayard at about ten-thirty. I was really too sick to enjoy myself much, but he stayed till nearly midnight and was awfully sympathetic."

None of us said anything for a few minutes. I, for one, was stunned. To think of anybody who'd always been as dependable as Mabel deliberately *making* herself sick!

Well, it's small wonder that Babe, who's younger than the rest of us and very impulsive, did what *she* did just then. No doubt Mabel's telling about fixing up something real was what put it into Babe's head.

We were all standing there not saying anything after Mabel'd finished, when Dr. Bayard came tearing down the street in his flivver and stopped at the parsonage stepping-stone. He got out and started up the walk with his little black case under his arm.

Now, Babe's ball was at the other end of the yard, and it was her turn to play. Quick as a streak she darted across the grass, got herself tangled up with the middle wicket, and tumbled full length on the ground. When we reached her, she was curled around the double arch, moaning.

Whatever Babe's motives, there wasn't any sham about results. By the time we'd got her on our parlor couch, she fainted dead as a door-nail and never came to till after her ankle was all nicely bandaged. Which was probably just as well, because there was a hole in her stocking, and it might have spoiled her pleasure in having Dr. Steve take her home if she'd known about it.

For the next two weeks Babe had a wonderful time. Every day or so the doctor came to change dressings and see how her ankle was getting on.

The Dillons have a big side porch that is almost like a room, owing to thick wisteria vines that almost close it in on two sides. The first time I ran over to see Babe after the accident—if you could call it that—she told me how glad she was to think she'd just finished the new cretonne covers for the furniture.

She did look lovely propped up in a wicker chair with pinkish-lavender pillows. Babe just naturally takes to purple and all its shades, being a perfect blonde, and she wore her best lavender organdy nearly every day, changing off with a gorgeous mauve teagown her brother Bob sent from New York.

"Of course a sprained ankle is no *joke*," she said to me one afternoon when the other girls had gone. "Sometimes it hurts like sin. But there are compensations." She drooped her lashes and gave me a peculiar look.

"Meaning?" I put down the tea I'd been drinking and sat up, rather startled.

Babe toyed with one of the roses George Hardy had sent the day before. "Of course he's not said anything definite," she said, "but then we've never really had a chance for many words alone. Mabel and Donna absolutely haunt the place, and if for once they aren't here, it seems mother thinks she has to hang around. But he simply *lingers* over the dressings, and his touch on my ankle is so gentle—and sort of—tender."

"Doctors always try to not hurt any worse than necessary, or a person will call another one next time," I said.

Babe paid no attention. "I sprinkle a little oil of lavender on the bandage every night. I think Dr. Bayard likes simple, old-fashioned things. He's *devoted* to the memory of his mother, and she always wore a sprig of mignonette—except when it wasn't in season, I suppose. Of course, lavender isn't quite like mignonette, but it's the same principle. One night I accidentally poured on oil of sassafras instead of the lavender; mother'd been using it for ants. It smelled to heaven, but most of it had evaporated by morning, and I don't think the doctor noticed it."

I took a slice of lemon from the tea-tray and put it in my mouth, rind and all.

"Frankie," said Babe, after a minute, "I want to tell you something. I know you and Donna have been chums for years, and I'd never say a thing against her for the world, but really she's acting catty about Dr. Steve. And when she's as good as engaged to Jim Pendleton, I think it's a shame."

She leaned over and shoved a couple of roses into my hand.

"Don't you think, Frankie, that as Donna's best friend, you ought to speak to her? It isn't just anything you could put your finger on, but she's always vamping around. The way she uses her *eyes!* Frankie, it's disgusting. Mabel never acts like that. She's at least aboveboard. And as I said, it isn't fair to Jim. Can't you get her to see it, Frankie? You're the only sensible one in the crowd."

I ignored the intended compliment. One hates to be called sensible; it implies disagreeable things. "Do you think, Babe, that you're being fair to George?" I asked. "After the loads of flowers he's given you and the way he's taken you everywhere all winter?"

"Oh, George!" she shrugged. "He knows I've only been running around with him for something to do. Besides, the flowers haven't cost him anything, his father owning the greenhouse. And I'm really *serious* about Dr. Bayard."

"But supposing Dr. Bayard is already engaged?" I suggested. "He's been in college several years, besides traipsing around to different parishes with his father."

Babe looked rather blank for a minute, then rallied. "Shucks! There wouldn't be any women of *his* type in an old medical school, and as for the flocks Reverend Bayard's tended—well, I can *tell* by the way he looks at me—and his touch on my ankle. Anyway, promise you'll speak to Donna, Frankie. It's for her own good."

It was a couple of mornings later that Donna ran in to show me a new organdy hat she was making.

"Simply stunning, Don," I told her, as she pirouetted into the living-room, where I'd been doing scales all morning.

"I think it's a bit nifty, myself," she agreed, taking a fat copy of Bach from the music rack and fanning herself with it. "How on earth can you warble in here with the doors shut, my dear?"

"Consideration for the neighbors," I said. "Come on, we'll go out to the porch."

"If I could sing like you, Frances Purdy, I'd be letting *one* of the neighbors hear

Little Dreams

By Phyllis Coate

A young girl's eyes are tender things
Where, fluttering with gentle wings,
Small dreams fly in and out.
She can not keep the wee things still;
They tremble in her eyes and thrill,
And hover round about.

Sometimes a mother's eyes are tired,
And sometimes calm and love-inspired,
And always clear and deep.
But dream-things of a young girl's kind
In mothers' eyes are hard to find;
Their wee dreams seem to sleep.

The dearest mother that I know
Explained it all to me, and so
I'll pass along the cue.
She said, "The dreams that I once prized
Have since then all been realized—
My little dreams were you!"

I thought how lucky it was that Donna was only conscious enough to want a drink when we left. It would have made her awfully peeved if she'd noticed that her chum was riding off with the cause for which she'd suffered and bled

me," said Donna, as we dropped into the swing and she fished thread and scissors from her sewing bag.

"Nonsense!" I said. "Take off that bonnet and show me how you're doing it so I can try one myself. Not that I'd dream of choosing such a gorgeous shade. I'd never be able to wear it."

"It's orchid." Donna held the beautiful, flaming thing at arm's length and adjusted a fold. "This shade *will* look rather well with black hair. I've enough for a dress, too. Babe Dillon can affect weepy duds if she likes, but *I* prefer something vivid. Men invariably admire it."

I took the plunge. "Dunny, Babe asked me to tell you that she doesn't like the way you're trying to vamp Dr. Bayard. She doesn't think you're being fair to Jim."

"Babe's a sentimental little fool who hasn't a chance in the world. And as for Jim—pouf!" Donna dismissed Jim as Babe had George Hardy.

"Listen, my child. Babe thinks she's making a *coup d'état*, but she'll never be able to pull it off. She'll never have the chance. I'm going her several better. I'm having my tonsils and adenoids out next Monday morning—an honest-to-goodness operation."

"Donna Hatton!" I gasped. "You wouldn't be such an idiot as to have an *operation* when it isn't necessary!"

"But it is necessary, as it happens. Dr. Steve said so when he examined my throat the other day. You know I've had quinsy every year for ages, and he said one tonsil was dreadfully infected."

"But," I objected feebly, "there's no hospital in Sandyville. You'd have to go to the city."

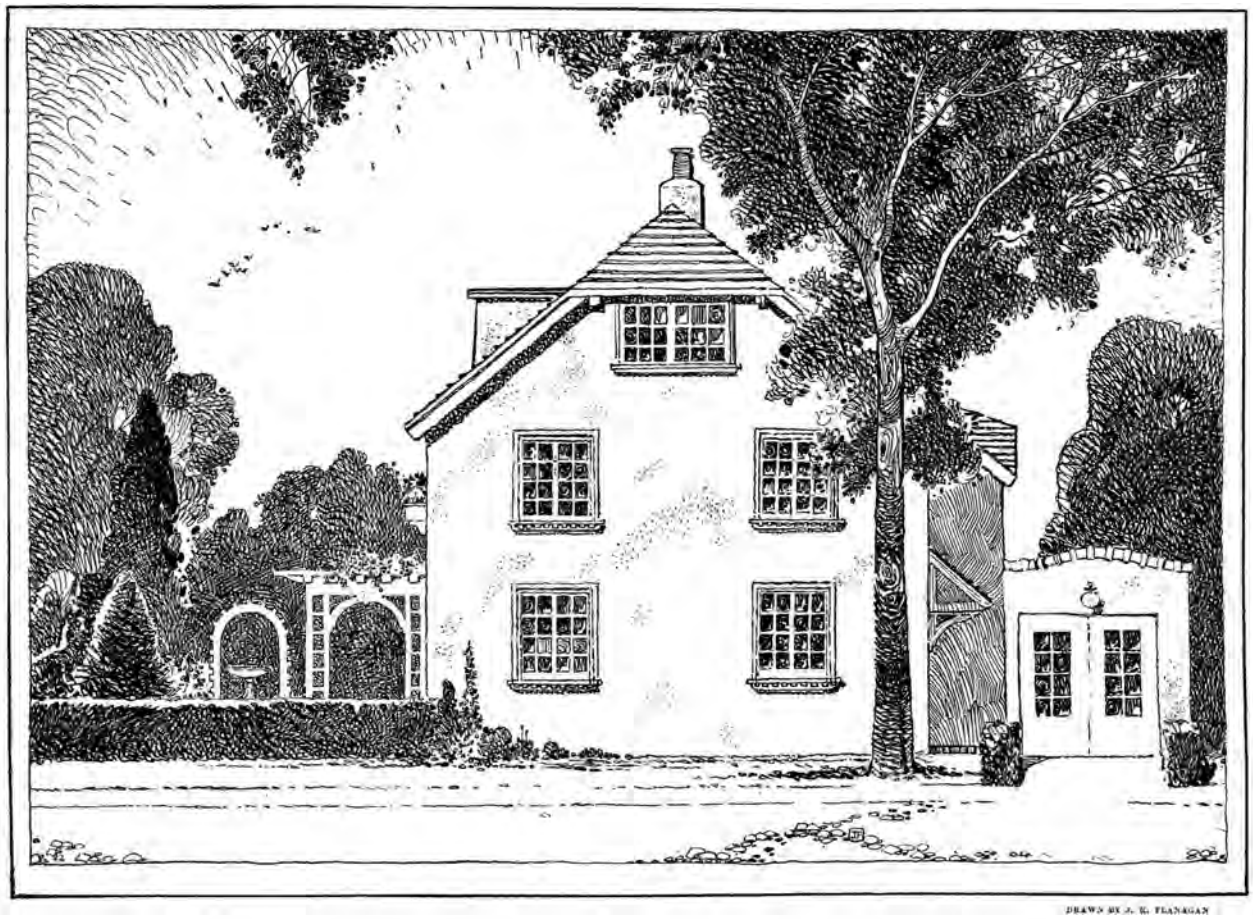
"Not at all," said Donna. "He's agreed to do it on the dining-room table. Mother didn't take to the idea at first, but I explained we could spread papers over everything to catch the blood. It's a very bloody operation," she finished with satisfaction.

"Who'll give you the anesthetic? Dr. Bayard can't do both."

"You primitive creature! Don't you know they're only giving a local anesthetic for tonsils now? Old Doc. Tuggle can manage nicely when Dr. Bayard shows him how."

Old Doc. Tuggle is one of the Sandyville landmarks and has been among those present when most of our crowd drew their first breath. I doubted whether he'd hold with anything new-fangled. I was worried and told Donna so.

"Silly!" she said. "Of course this thing will be much more serious than a little old sprained ankle, but I fancy I can see it through." (*Continued on page 99*)



The air castle of an architect is more practical than the air castles of other men; it is set firmly on a building lot, instead of clouds, and the plans and specifications are always included

An Architect's Ideal Home

By Henry Wright

AN architect is a man who spends all his busy days putting people's air castles into terms of bricks and mortar. For some he designs tiny bungalows, with sloping roofs and cozy fireside nooks. For others, pretentious dwellings to dominate great estates. He experiments with the quaint charm of Italian stucco, and the gabled English cottage. He reproduces the quiet simplicity of the New England Colonial type, and the snug comfort of the Dutch Colonial. For men and women—different in their tastes and in their incomes—he builds different houses to suit the pictures that have been growing in their minds perhaps for many years.

Through all the years of busy planning for others, his own house is taking shape in his mind. Through looking at a hundred types, one type out of all the others comes to be the one which expresses best his character. And that house is sure to be a good one, for it is built by the man who had the dream. It is so hard to turn a dream over to another to express: sometimes they do not understand; sometimes they understand, but the dream is too expensive and must be put away forever. But the architect begins his dream with an exact knowledge of the dollars and cents involved. Even the fireplace, which is the real soul of a home, has its price tag. And the architect planning for himself has the technical advantage of being able to weave into his design the intimate requirements of his home problem and to perfect them into a complete and practical working plan without sacrificing the touch of personality essential in the successful home.

The problem of building a home is one of ever-increasing complexity. Care must be taken in the selection and use of the site, in the choice of a style of architecture, in the manner of construction, in the type of heating, and many like considerations. But, after all, we must not lose sight of the principal intent of our undertaking, which is to provide in the best possible manner within our means for the comfort, convenience, and pleasure of the family in its daily home life. Only by so doing can we hope that our house building will result in the creation of a real home.

This, then, is the house designed by an architect to be his own home. As such, as the deliberate choice of a man whose business is houses, and whose days are spent in learning to give the best art and the best comfort for the least money, it can not fail to be of the greatest interest to every one who is thinking of building either now or in the future.

In these plans the effort has been to meet each requirement of the home in the most direct and practical manner. This has required the subservience of preference in architectural style and a disregard of certain customary but inessential details of arrangement. The purpose has been, on the one hand, not to stint or economize in either space or cost beyond a reasonable point, while on the other, to see that each and every part, within and without, should serve its purpose to the greatest degree and with the least interference consistent with a well-balanced whole. To the well-known adage, "A place for everything and everything in its place" is to be added, "A use for everything, otherwise omit it."

The site on which this home is to be located is on a quiet side street in a pleasant suburban community. The frontage is north or slightly northeast, but it could equally as well be east. There is required but little front yard, that otherwise useless space which is often necessary to shut out the noise and commotion of a more prominent thoroughfare. The arrangement for entrance permits the front lawn to be kept at the level of the public footpath, providing a direct and inviting approach, without steps and terraces, to the entrance door, which is just at the side of the house, giving access directly to the stair hall.

The house plan is divided lengthwise into two almost equal parts. One side, or rather segment, is devoted to entrance and service, directly related to the entrance walk, driveway, and garage; the other side is given over entirely to the quiet living

area, which has an outlook along its principal exposure directly upon the garden.

A word of explanation is in order with regard to the practical garden. This is not intended to supply the principal table necessities, but is just sufficient for pleasurable exercise during spare moments, without becoming a burdensome care. However, with an intelligent use of fertilizers and cold frame propagation, such a space will supply many fresh, seasonable delicacies so as to become a factor in the daily menu during a considerable part of the year. The garden is treated as a definite and intimate part of the plan.

The entire space required for the house, garden, and service yard is 65 ft. front by 85 ft. in depth. However, as is the case in most suburban property, the lot is unnecessarily deep, and it is proposed that the remaining rear yard shall be used jointly with the next neighbor in the form of a tennis court, each contributing one-half of the required space, 50 x 120 feet.

The basement is to be excavated only under the study and stair hall, with just sufficient space for the heater and its attendant fuel supply and waste. The coal is to be contained in a tight, concrete-roofed compartment, and the ashes in a sub-floor container. The heater is to be a magazine feed type, automatically controlled. Thus the use of the basement stairs is confined to a twice-a-day attention to the heater. The necessary dust is confined within a virtually sealed chamber. The entire first floor is supported on a concrete underfloor, eliminating all cracks and annoyances due to wood shrinkage.

The dining-room is just comfortably large enough for ample service for the table, which is fifty-six inches in diameter, providing readily for six places. A serving table, near the kitchen entrance, is placed under the window opposite the living-room door, while the inside wall has a built-in buffet with china cabinet above and drawers below. The fourth side is enlarged by a bright bay window, which looks out upon the garden and has a wide window shelf for flowering plants.

The living-room is a bright, cheerful room, as large as is consistent with the general extent of the plans. French doors afford access to the tiled porch with a trellised roof, the garden lawn being just a step below the floor level. While this porch might readily be glass enclosed, this would require an additional expenditure, both in original cost and in heating cost and care attendant upon a large amount of additional glass. As an offset to the omission of this very popular feature is to be noted the arrangement of the living-room, in which the fireplace is made to occupy the inside wall, permitting the fullest use of the bright, airy part of the room along the outside walls, as well as leaving space for the very ample windows which look out upon the attractive garden, rather than, as is frequently the case, upon the uninteresting side wall of the neighboring house. In addition, the living space is augmented by the study, a room not usually found in a plan of such small dimensions. In its location, entering both from the hall and the living-room, this room has a wide variety of uses, especially in a family in which the children have reached an advanced school age.

The fireplace is, of course, a practical open hearth for burning wood. Under the case of double bookshelves is provided a cupboard for the current wood supply.

The popular fancy for a one-story house or so-called "bungalow" has been fostered partly by the lack of appreciation of good stair design. Second-floor sleeping rooms have many advantages, especially where the family is moderately large, and this plan is frankly for a home of two floors. This arrangement is not, however, to be confused with the customary house of virtually four stories, where the basement plays an active rôle in frequent stair climbing, and an attic is depended upon for storage of bedding, winter garments, and supplies. While it is the intention to provide for roof ventilation and attic storage space, accommodations are made in the numerous second-floor closets, wardrobes, etc., for all the requirements of current housekeeping. The stairs are designed with a careful proportion of rise and tread and a broad landing just halfway.

The plan of the second floor will be found on page 118. In the upper hall is a large linen closet, with drop front shelves and paneled doors, while the upper part extends back over the adjoining closet, forming ample storage for bedding. Another hall closet is provided for vacuum cleaner, etc. The principal chamber is of just comfortable size for two beds and other furniture, but has generous closet accommodation and a dressing closet with extra lavatory.

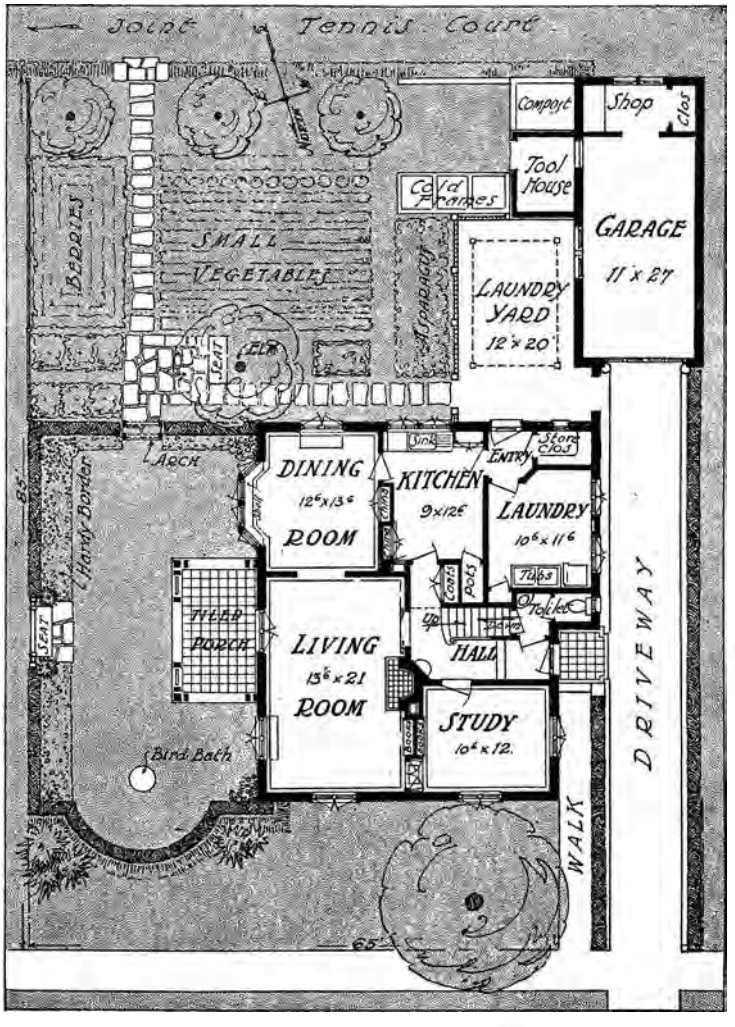
The room on the opposite side of the bath has a large amount of window openings and may be used as a sleeping porch; the extra closet is for sewing and mending needs. The bathroom closet accommodates a soiled-clothes basket, towels, medicines, etc.

The small front room is a comfortable size for one occupant with an occasional guest. The wardrobe closet may have mirrored doors. The sitting-room is the largest room on this floor, having a fireplace with a basket coal grate or gas log if preferred. This is also the guest room, there being provided a bed which is folded into the closet, except when needed. At the time of occupancy by the guest, this closet is available for his use, without disarranging any of the regular family requirements.

Only one bathroom is provided, but should a maid be required, a stair can readily be added to the attic by a slight change in the closet space, and here a maid's room and bath may be arranged. However, the one bath is generous in size, and there is also the extra lavatory in the dressing-closet, which might be arranged as a small bathroom, if desired. But not only are bathrooms expensive in first cost, especially if provided with good fixtures, but also they require much care and attention. With the addition of the conveniently located first-floor toilet, it is felt that ample accommodations have been provided.

It remains then to explain the arrangement and use of the service portion of the plan.

In the first place, all this area, including also the front entrance hall and toilet, is to have a floor of composition, which, if proper selection is made, is as pleasant and attractive as the best linoleum and has no cracks. There is also laid with this floor a sanitary coved base, leaving no corners for difficult cleaning and extending (*Continued on page 118*)

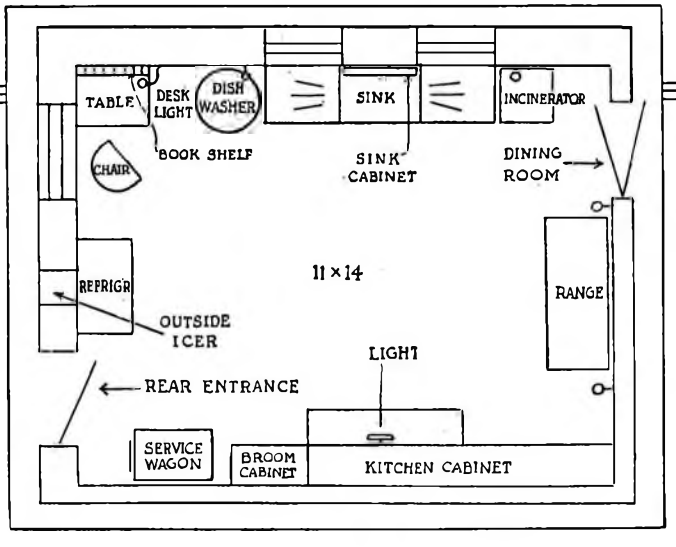


Placing the house, garage, and garden on the lot is almost as important as placing the rooms within the house

Are You Planning

a new kitchen or replanning an old one, and is the problem of equipment about to confront you? If so, let us come to the rescue. We test every kind of household equipment in the physical laboratory of Good Housekeeping Institute, at 105 West 39th Street, New York City. Every appliance passing our prolonged technical and practical tests is given our approval. This approval is indicated by our seal—the red star in the oval—which the manufacturer attaches to his appliance. You should select only devices carrying our approval seal, because you know they will be worth the money and will give you satisfactory service for a reasonable period of time. Our lists of tested and approved household devices are at your orders

The type and arrangement of equipment in this kitchen mean efficiency for both mind and hand



This article is to aid you in planning or replanning your kitchen. You will find in it valuable suggestions

Kitchens and *Other Kitchens*

Suggestions for Replanning Yours

WHETHER it is the planning of a new kitchen or the replanning of an old one, the same basic principles are involved. Although there are various means, there is one big end in view—to save the time and energy of the worker. Architects of today are giving the kitchen fully as much attention as any other room in the house. It is right that they should, for doesn't the efficient management of the household depend largely upon the smooth running of the culinary department? A gloomy, ill-ventilated, and poorly-equipped kitchen should not be tolerated in this present day and age.

"Won't you please send us a plan for a model kitchen?" is a request repeatedly received at Good Housekeeping Institute. We hesitate to say that there is a model kitchen, for we feel that a kitchen is model only when it is well planned, well equipped, and adapted to the size of the particular house and the number of people who are to live in it. Therefore, the plan illustrated above we do not call a "model," but a well-arranged kitchen.

If possible, in building your new home, plan the kitchen as a wing with three sides exposed. It provides an excellent chance for cross ventilation, having windows on opposite walls. This arrangement can be incorporated into so many different types of house plans that we consider it about the best. In all probability, however, the corner kitchen, or one with two outside walls, will be found in the majority of house plans and already built houses. The kitchen shown above is one of this type. Its size, 11 feet by 14 feet, is about right for a family of six. A rectangular kitchen is preferable to a square one, because it always affords a chance for a better arrangement of equipment.

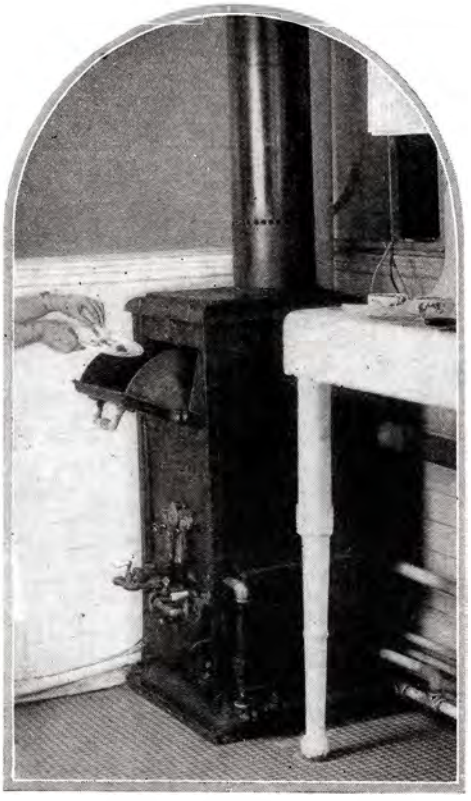
You will note in this plan that there is a direct progression of all working operations. As the supplies enter the kitchen, they are placed on the service wagon where they are unwrapped, and then stored either in the refrigerator or kitchen cabinet. In preparing a meal, one starts at the refrigerator, proceeds to the kitchen cabinet, and thence to the range. The vegetables are prepared at the sink and then taken to the range, and finally everything is taken into the dining-room on the service wagon. After the meal, the dishes are removed from the dining-room by means of the service wagon and placed on the right-hand sink drainboard, where they are scraped and prepared for the dishwasher. The incinerator beside the sink drainboard takes care of all the

refuse, and you will note from the photograph on this page the convenience of this arrangement. While the dishwasher is operating, the pots and pans and all the dishes in which food has been cooked can be washed at the sink. It is too much to expect any dishwasher to wash such dishes as these. The dishes are then dried, placed on the service wagon, and rolled into the dining-room, where they are stored in built-in cupboards. So much for the arrangement.

As for the individual places of equipment, it is difficult to say which is the most important. The kitchen cabinet, however, represents the center of work. It may be obtained in either wood or metal; both are good. Some manufacturers make side sections for storage to accompany their kitchen cabinets, such as we have shown in the photograph on page 69. Where expense is an important consideration, any competent carpenter can easily build side sections on the working unit to fit the wall space. It is advisable to buy the working unit, because it is not possible to provide a home-built one with the necessary bins for flour and sugar. One of our side sections we have planned for a broom cabinet, in which can be kept brushes, dust mops and cloths, brooms, etc.

The type of range will depend upon the kind of fuel available. Gas or electric ranges are about the cleanest and require the least amount of care. Electricity is expensive for cooking unless the electric rate is five cents or less per kilowatt hour. We have found a rate of three cents comparable with gas at one dollar per thousand cubic feet. The cost of operation can be reduced greatly, however, if the range is used with intelligence.

The enameled iron sink is the most practical choice, and if given a reasonable amount of care will last a long time. The sink in our plan has two drainboards which are cast in one piece with the sink itself. We believe that this arrangement makes for greater convenience and less breakage of dishes. If you already have a sink with no drainboards, hardwood ones



Scrape the refuse into the incinerator

may be installed. They are satisfactory provided they are well impregnated with linseed oil to make them impervious to grease and water. The height of the sink is the most important feature. For the housekeeper of average height, five feet two inches to five feet six inches, we have found that thirty-five inches from the floor to the bottom of the sink is the most convenient height. Fiber dish pans prevent chipping of china and also reduce the unnecessary noise. Eliminate wooden sink racks; they are bound to absorb grease and soon become unsanitary.

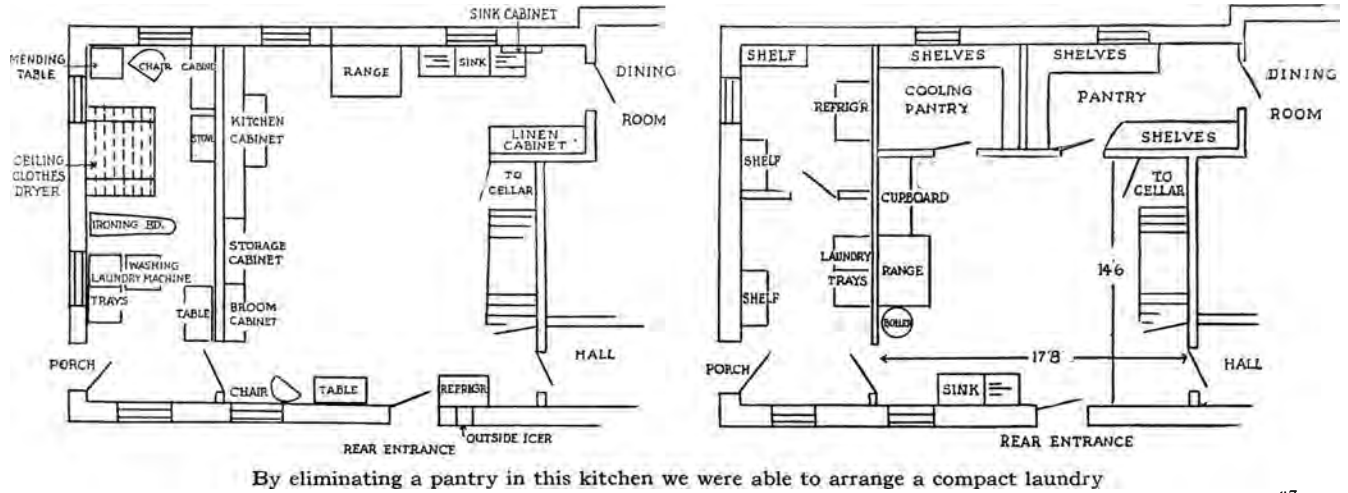
You will note the small sink cabinet directly above the sink between the windows. In this are kept all the brushes, scouring soaps, and other accessories used at the sink. This cabinet is about the size of a medicine cabinet and can be built to harmonize in design with the kitchen cabinet. Sink cabinets are made for the purpose by some manufacturers of kitchen cabinets.

The convenience of the incinerator has been spoken of before. This piece of equipment eliminates the necessity of having to bother with the garbage man and garbage pail, and attending inconveniences. It uses gas as the fuel and requires one and one-half hours completely to burn up its full capacity, one bushel, at a fuel consumption of approximately 67 cubic feet per hour. The incinerator can be used as a receptacle for the garbage until you are ready to destroy it. The ashes must be removed from the bottom at regular intervals. A flue or outdoor connection is absolutely necessary for the escape of odors. The incinerator can be installed in the cellar of a home in which kitchen space is limited, but it will not be so convenient.

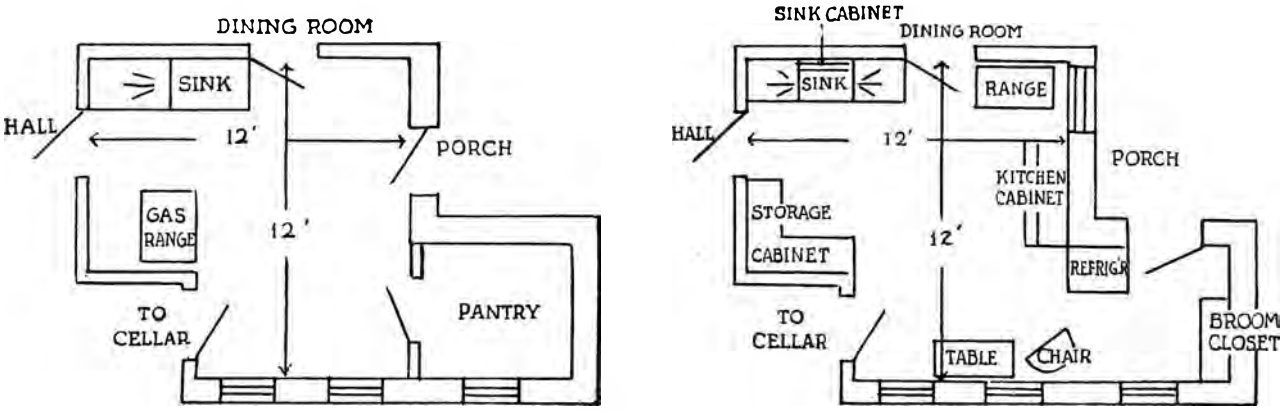
The dishwashing machine will be found a help only if it is connected with the house plumbing so that it can be filled and the water discharged without any lifting of water on the part of the operator. If it is not properly installed, it will be only an exchange of labor rather than a saving. It is possible to allow the dishes to dry by themselves, if hot enough water is used in rinsing them, but we believe that for the sake of the appearance of the kitchen and the assured feeling that the dishes are absolutely dustless when they are to be used again, the few moments required for putting them away will be well spent.

The care of a dishwashing machine should have special emphasis. You are fully aware of the condition of your sink if it is not constantly cleaned. The same condition occurs in a dishwashing machine, but is usually not realized until it has reached a tragic state. It needs more than just a rinsing; it needs a frequent washing with a stiff brush and lots of soap and hot water to cut that greasy deposit on the sides and trays. If the soap is not effective enough, a solution of washing soda no doubt will be, but care must be taken after using this to flush the machine and drain pipe thoroughly with clear water, so that no soda solution is allowed to lodge in the pipes.

Our plan on page 66 may be criticized for having the refrigerator so remote from the center of operations. This particular



By eliminating a pantry in this kitchen we were able to arrange a compact laundry



Every kitchen is provided with its rest corner, preferably located near a window

refrigerator provides for outside icing, hence its location against the outside wall. The outside icer means not only convenience to the iceman, but economy to the housekeeper, for in cool weather the refrigerator can be cooled by the circulation of cold air from outdoors. Even if it had no outside icer, it would be located in the same place, because we believe it is preferable to walk a few more feet to it than to have to clean up the iceman's tracks when he comes to ice it. The drain pipe goes right down through the floor and outdoors, so that the drip pan under the refrigerator is entirely eliminated. In selecting a refrigerator, your choice should be one which is well constructed and well insulated. A seamless lining is preferable for sanitary reasons. As for the size, for a family of six, a one-hundred-and-fifty to two-hundred pound icer will be large enough.

The service wagon somewhat resembles a tea wagon, much less elaborate and with a finish in keeping with the rest of the kitchen equipment. It has innumerable uses, some of which have previously been mentioned. It is especially useful in serving and clearing away a meal.

A very important feature of our kitchen is the rest corner, which is provided with a small table and comfortable chair and a bookshelf above the table for holding cookbooks, magazine files, a card catalogue for recipes, budget books, etc. It is here that the housekeeper can either relax or use to good advantage those few spare moments while she is waiting for something to cook. A similar rest corner should be a part of every kitchen, but it is especially important in homes where the worker is not a member of the family.

You will notice the location of the lights in this kitchen. Side lights are most satisfactory, provided there are a goodly number, because they eliminate all shadows and throw the strongest light directly on the particular operation which the worker is carrying on. Over the kitchen cabinet is installed a light with a cylindrical-shaped bulb and reflecting shade. For use at the table, there is the small desk light.

Small, high windows are located above the drainboards. It is inadvisable to place one directly above the sink, because it means too direct a glare in the worker's eyes. The window near the rest corner is of the usual size to permit the worker to view the outdoors while she is relaxing. Admit as much of the daylight into the kitchen as possible, and do not hesitate to experiment with various types of windows.

A tile floor is often advocated for kitchens. From the sanitary standpoint, nothing can be said against it, provided the joints are tight and the corners round. As to appearance, it is very attractive and easy to care for. But it entirely lacks resiliency and therefore becomes very tiresome to the muscles of the feet and legs to walk on it. Where floors of this type exist, provide them with a generous supply of cork or rubber composition mats.

If the floor is new and is of good hardwood, it may be treated with melted paraffin wax. Every pore of the wood must be filled with this by means of a warm iron. The floor will then be impervious to grease spots and still have all the springy quality of a wood floor. This, however, is an expensive treatment. A hardwood kitchen floor can be waxed with paste wax, rubbing it in and filling all the pores well. About every six months, it will require a renewal of the wax. Water will ruin waxed wood floors, so do not wash them any oftener than necessary. Instead, treat them occasionally with a small amount of liquid wax which in itself is a cleansing agent.

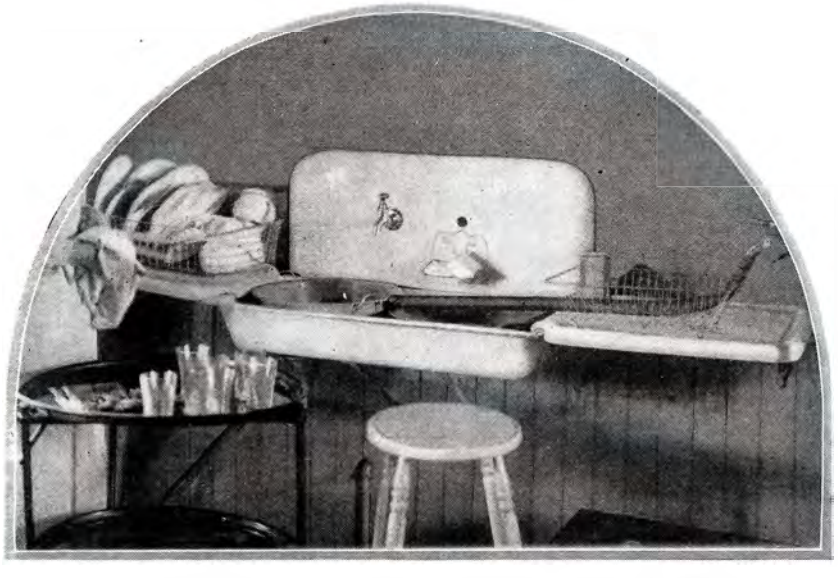
We believe linoleum the best kitchen floor covering for the average home, provided it is properly laid and every seam cemented with a linoleum cement. If it is merely tacked down, it presents about the worst flooring, because it accumulates dirt and grease in the seams and makes an excellent place to harbor vermin. In caring for linoleum, an initial filling with paste wax followed by frequent treatments with a small amount of liquid wax is necessary to preserve it and add to its wearing qualities. The INSTITUTE kitchen floor bears out this point. The linoleum has been cared for in this way for about five years and still looks almost brand-new in spite of the amount of wear on it daily.

If the floor is very old or splintered and must be painted, give it two or three coats of a good deck paint. Then, after it has dried thoroughly, apply wax. Spots can be wiped from the surface of a floor of this kind so that only occasionally will it require a good scrubbing. Constant scrubbing with soap and water will splinter a wood floor and shorten its life, while wax will preserve it.

There are available at the present time various composition floor coverings which we believe are satisfactory. One type is flowed on the floor and another is laid in sections to represent tile. This composition flooring is not so tiring as tile and has the resiliency of linoleum.

The walls of the kitchen may be tiled to five or six feet above the floor and finished with hard plaster above that. A much less expensive but no less sanitary substitute is the entire wall of plaster marked off in six-inch blocks to represent tile up to wainscot height. Metal tiling is another choice. If tile is used, do not finish off the top with a ledge, but use the plain, rounded tile.

For a sanitary surbase, where tile is used on the walls, the problem is easily solved. With the all-plaster wall, it is possible to



Two drainboards and a service wagon have improved this kitchen

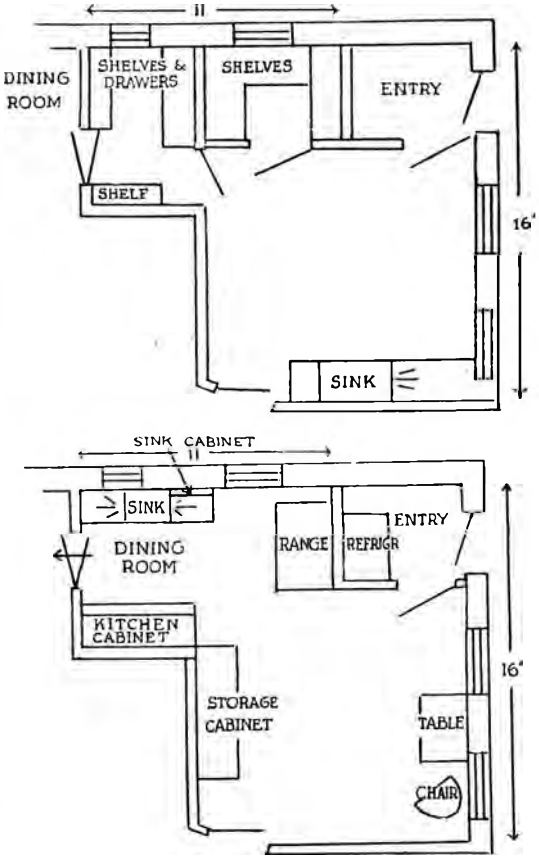
A cabinet of this type with wide sections spells neatness in the kitchen

eliminate the surbase and that unsanitary crevice by using a plastic cement put on flush with the linoleum and rounded up to the wall.

Doors of the slab type, although more expensive, are preferable because of the ease with which they can be kept clean. Where you can not eliminate the wood trim in the kitchen, it should be finished in some manner so that it may be easily cleaned. A cream enamel paint or a warm gray enamel paint makes a very attractive finish. The easiest to keep looking well and the least costly to maintain is the water stain followed by a treatment of paste wax. The color selected will depend upon the color scheme of the room. We have found through practical experience that a scheme of soft yellow for the walls, buff for wood trim, and a fine brown and tan check for the floor covering is a most attractive and restful combination. Glossy white enamel is very sanitary looking, but causes eyestrain, which in turn increases bodily fatigue.

Butlers' pantries should be given no space in homes where there is no maid or butler service. They require too many extra steps for the housekeeper and mean too many extra corners to be cleaned. It is an interesting fact, in our study of kitchen plans, that housekeepers in remodeling their kitchens are always anxious to eliminate all pantries. Many people contend that the pass pantry acts as a buffer between kitchen and dining-room, preventing the cooking odors and noise from reaching it. This, no doubt, is true to a great extent, but why not provide adequate ventilation in the kitchen by installing an electric fan opposite the windows. The housekeeper should consider herself as well as the comfort of her family and guests, and eliminate all unnecessary steps.

The three groups of kitchen plans on these pages are those of readers, and we hope that they will be suggestive to you in replanning yours. In each case we have shown the original plan as we have received it, and adjoining, the plan indicating our suggested changes. You will note that in every plan the pantries were eliminated. In making these changes, we kept in mind that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and as many corners and angles as possible were got rid of. We traced the route of the worker in all her operations, and located the equipment so that there would be the minimum amount of retracing of steps. We grant that walking is good exercise, but it is preferable to take the exercise outdoors. Where we were permitted to make structural changes, we improved the lighting in some plans by either increasing the number of windows or changing their location.



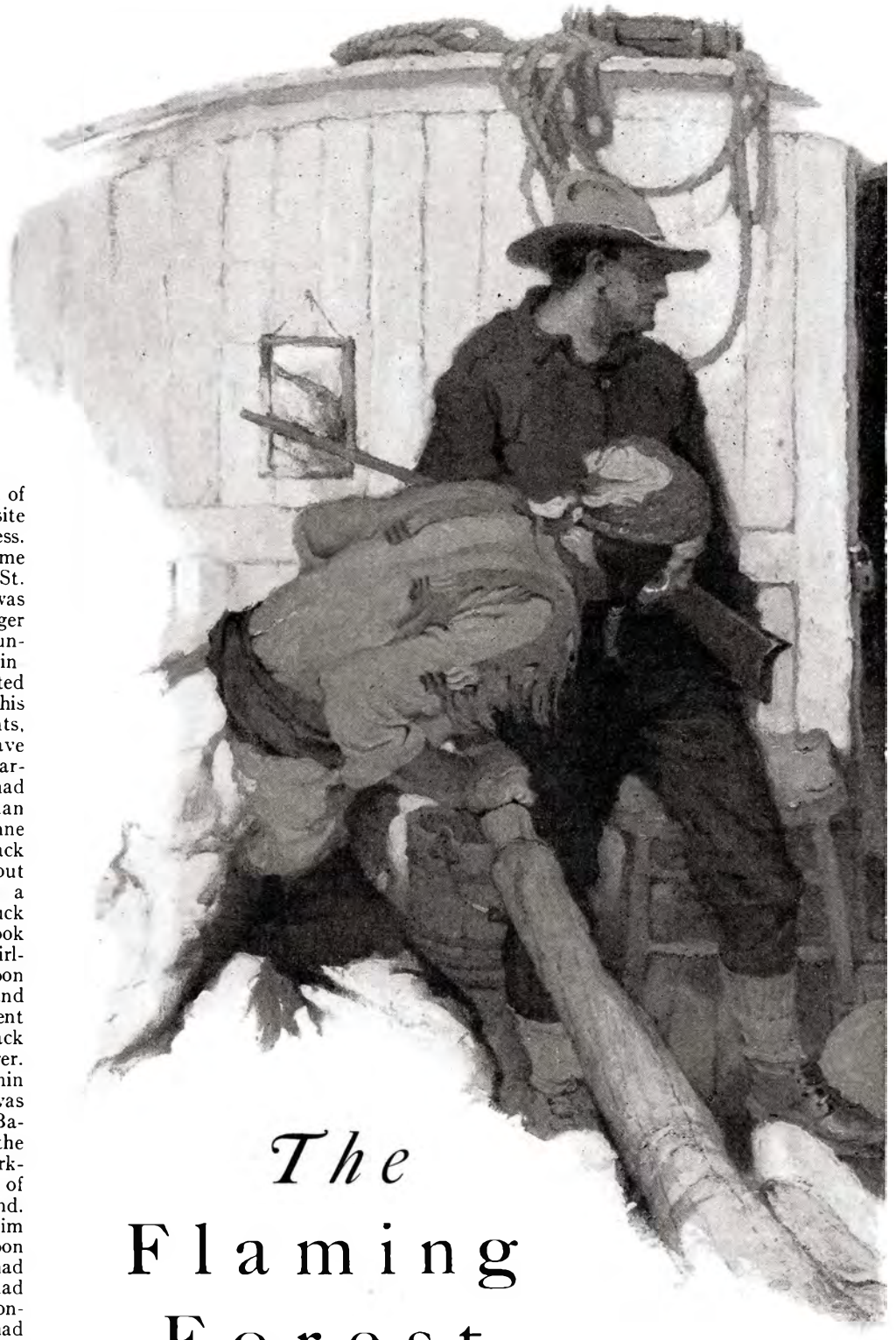
Note the original plan (above) as we received it. Could the sink be any farther away from the dining-room?

In the rearrangement, the pantries were eliminated, and kitchen and storage cabinets suggested instead

For every new, conveniently-arranged kitchen, there are a great many old country kitchens which are almost the bane of the worker's existence and are real problems in themselves to be made more efficient. Much credit, therefore, should be given any housekeeper having a kitchen of this type who can work out some way of improving her conditions. The photograph of a sink, on page 68 shows how one woman increased its efficiency by providing it with a drainboard on either side. By using a service wagon, she eliminated some of the drudgery of dishwashing. This is what she writes:

"There is much in the attitude of mind with which one approaches any job. It will be drudgery pure and simple, if one always holds a feeling of dread, of wishing it were done. On the other hand, one may see in prospect tidy tables, a clean, shining sink, pretty dishes white as snow. In the same way, one may see a cozy, tidy, comfortable room evolve from a littered, disordered one. It's one's own ability and the consciousness of it that enables her to see that satisfying picture. A happy state of mind can be cultivated toward menial work as surely as one can cultivate a taste for higher life.

"My home is a large, old-fashioned house and it is as difficult to work efficiently in it as it is in many farmhouses. Nevertheless, I proceeded to study to (*Continued on page 148*)



A prisoner, Carrigan is taken to the domain of the Boulains, a wonderland of the North — a chapter of intense interest and many surprises

The Flaming Forest

By James Oliver Curwood

THE astounding statement of the man who sat opposite him held David speechless. He had guessed at some mysterious relationship between St. Pierre and the criminal he was after, but not this, and Roger Audemard, with his hands unclenching and a slow humor beginning to play about his mouth, waited coolly for him to recover from his amazement. In those moments, when his heart seemed to have stopped beating, Carrigan was staring at the other, but his mind had shot beyond him—to the woman who was his wife. Marie-Anne *Audemard* — the wife of Black Roger! He wanted to cry out against the possibility of such a fact, yet he sat like one struck dumb, as the monstrous truth took possession of his brain and a whirlwind of understanding swept upon him. He was thinking quickly, and with a terrific lack of sentiment now. Opposite him sat Black Roger, the wholesale murderer. Marie-Anne was his wife. Carmin Fanchet, sister of a murderer, was simply one of his kind. And Bateese, the man-gorilla, and the Broken Man, and all the dark-skinned pack about them were of Black Roger's breed and kind. Love for a woman had blinded him to the facts which crowded upon him now. Like a lamb he had fallen among wolves, and he had tried to believe in them. No wonder Bateese and the man he had known as St. Pierre had betrayed such merriment at times!

A fighting coolness possessed him as he spoke to Black Roger.

"I will admit this is a surprise. And yet you have cleared up a number of things very quickly. It proves to me again that comedy is not very far removed from tragedy at times."

"I am glad you see the humor of it, M'sieu David." Black Roger was smiling as pleasantly as his swollen eye would permit. "We must not be too serious when we die. If I were to die a-hanging, I would sing as the rope choked me, just to show the world one need not be unhappy because his life is coming to an end."

"I suppose you understand that ultimately I am going to give you that opportunity," said David.

Almost eagerly Black Roger leaned toward him over the table. "You believe you are going to hang me?"

"I am sure of it."

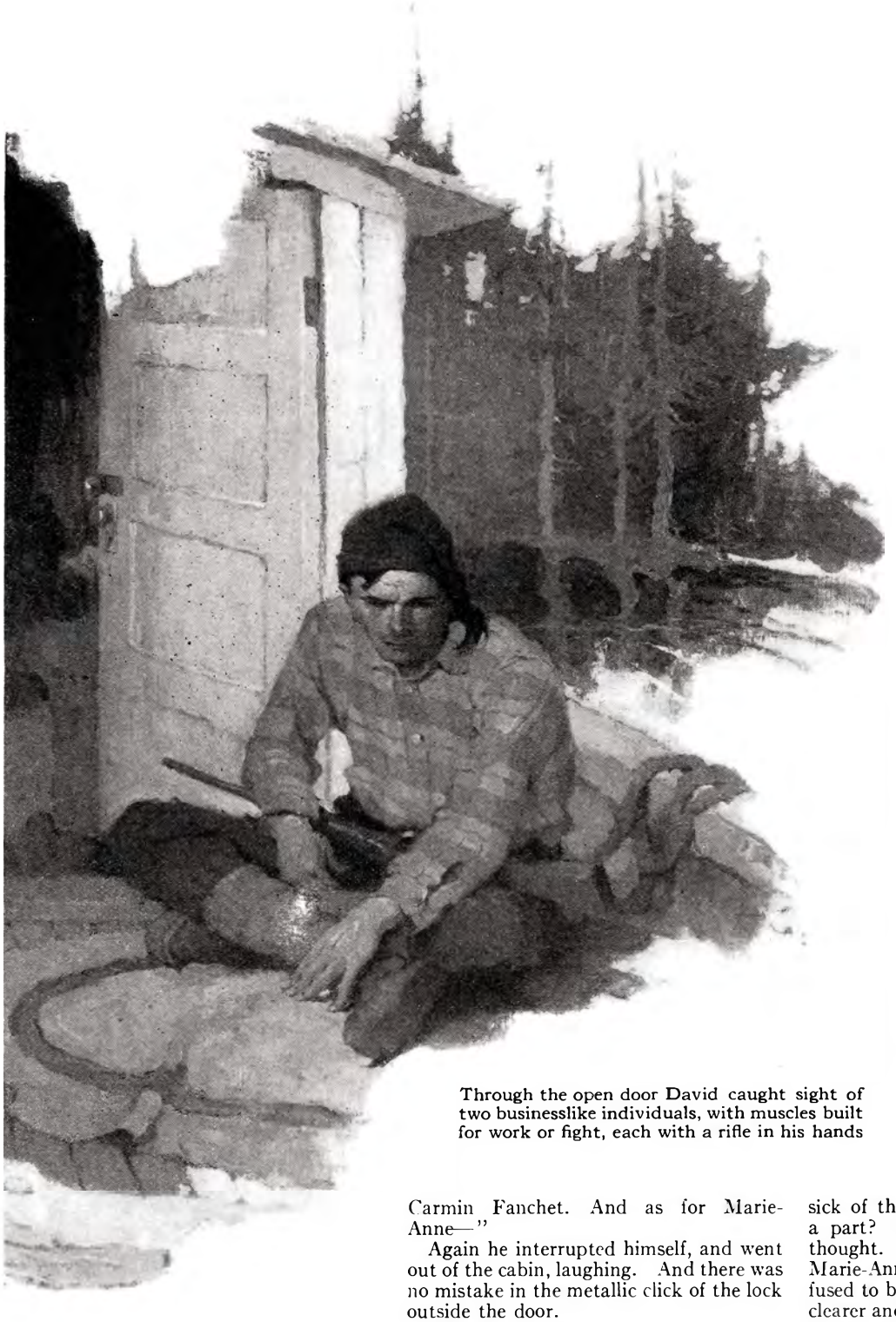
"And you are willing to wager the point, M'sieu David?"

"It is impossible to gamble with a condemned man."

Black Roger chuckled, rubbing his big hands together until they made a rasping sound, and his one good eye glowed at Carrigan.

"Then I will make a wager with myself, M'sieu David. *Ma foi*, I swear that before the leaves fall from the trees, you will be pleading for the friendship of Black Roger Audemard, and you will be as much in love with Carmin Fanchet as I am! And as for Marie-Anne—"

He thrust back his chair and rose to his feet, the old note of subdued laughter rumbling in his chest. "And because I make



Through the open door David caught sight of two businesslike individuals, with muscles built for work or fight, each with a rifle in his hands

Illustrated by

Walt Louderback

this wager with myself, I can not kill you, M'sieu David—though that might be the best thing to do. I am going to take you to the Château Boulain, which is in the forests of the Yellowknife, beyond the Great Slave. Nothing will happen to you if you make no effort to escape. If you do that, you will surely die. And that would hurt me, M'sieu David, because I love you like a brother, and in the end I know you are going to grip the hand of Black Roger Audemard and get down on your knees to Carmin Fanchet. And as for Marie-Anne—"

Again he interrupted himself, and went out of the cabin, laughing. And there was no mistake in the metallic click of the lock outside the door.

For a time David did not move from his seat near the table. He had not let Roger Audemard see how completely the confession had upset his inner balance, but he made no pretense of concealing the thing from himself now. He was in the power of a cutthroat, who in turn had an army of cutthroats at his back, and both Marie-Anne and Carmin Fanchet were a part of this ring. And he was not only a prisoner. It was probable, under the circumstances, that Black Roger would make an end of him when a convenient moment came. It was even more than a probability. It was a grim necessity. To let him live and escape would be fatal to Black Roger.

From back of these convictions, riding over them as if to demoralize any coherence and logic that might go with the evidence he was building up, came question after question, pounding at him one after the other, until his mind became more than ever a whirling chaos of uncertainty. If St. Pierre was Black Roger, why would he confess to that fact simply to pay a wager? What reason could he have for letting him live at all? Why had not Bateese killed him? Why had Marie-Anne nursed him back to life? His mind shot to the white strip of sand on which he had nearly died. That, at least, was convincing. Learning in some way that he was after Black Roger, they had attempted to do away with him there. But if that were so, why was it Bateese and Black Roger's wife and the Indian Nepapinas had dared risk so much to make him live, when if they had left him where he had fallen he would have died and caused them no trouble?

There was something exasperatingly uncertain and illogical about it all. Was it possible that St. Pierre Boulain was playing a huge joke on him? Even that was inconceivable. For there was Carmin Fanchet, a fitting companion for a man like Black Roger, and there was Marie-Anne, who, if it had been a joke, would not have played her part so well.

Suddenly his mind was filled only with her. Had she been his friend, using all her influence to protect him, because her heart was sick of the environment of which she was a part? His own heart jumped at the thought. It was easy to believe. In Marie-Anne he had faith, and that faith refused to be destroyed, but persisted—even clearer and stronger as he thought again of Carmin Fanchet and Black Roger. In his heart grew the conviction it was sacrilege to believe the kiss she had given him that morning was a lie. It was something else—a spontaneous gladness, a joyous exultation that he had returned unharmed, a thing unplanned in the soul of the woman, leaping from her before she could stop it. Then had come shame, and she had run away from him so swiftly he had not seen her face again after the touch of her lips. If it had been a subterfuge, a lie, she would not have done that.

He rose to his feet and paced restlessly back and forth as he tried to bring together a few tangled bits of the puzzle. He heard voices outside, and very soon felt the movement of the bateau under his feet, and through one of the shoreward

windows he saw trees and sandy beach slowly drifting away. On that shore, as far as his eyes could travel up and down, he saw no sign of Marie-Anne, but there remained a canoe, and near the canoe stood Black Roger Audemard, and beyond him, huddled like a charred stump in the sand, was André, the Broken Man. On the opposite shore the raft was getting under way.

During the next half-hour several things happened which told him there was no longer a sugar-coating to his imprisonment. On each side of the bateau two men worked at his windows, and when they had finished, no one of them could be opened more than a few inches. Then came the rattle of the lock at the door, the grating of a key, and somewhat to Carrigan's surprise it was Bateese who came in. The half-breed bore no facial evidence of the paralyzing blows which had knocked him out a short time before. His jaw, on which they had landed, was as aggressive as ever, yet in his face and his attitude, as he stared curiously at Carrigan, there was no sign of resentment or unfriendliness. Nor did he seem to be ashamed. He merely stared, with the curious and rather puzzled eyes of a small boy gazing at an inexplicable oddity. Carrigan, standing before him, knew what was passing in the other's mind, and the humor of it brought a smile to his lips.

Instantly Concombre's face split into a wide grin. "*Mon Dieu*, w'at if you was on'y brother to Concombre Bateese, m'sieu? T'ink of zat—you—me—*frères d'armes! Ventre saint gris*, but we mak' all fightin' men in nort' countree run lak rabbits ahead of ze fox! *Oui*, we mak gr-r-r-eat pair, m'sieu—you, w'at knock down Bateese—an' Bateese, w'at keel polar bear wit' hees naked hands, w'at pull down trees, w'at chew flint w'en hees tobacco gone."

HIS voice had risen, and suddenly there came a laugh from outside the door, and Concombre cut himself short and his mouth closed with a snap. It was Joe Clamart who had laughed.

"I w'ip heem five time, an' now I w'ip heem seex!" hissed Bateese in an undertone. "Two time each year I w'ip zat *garçon* Joe Clamart so he unnerstan' w'at good fightin' man ees. An' you will w'ip heem, eh, m'sieu? *Oui?* An' I will breeng odder good fightin' mans for you to w'ip—all w'at Concombre Bateese has w'ipped—ten, dozen, forty—an' you w'ip se gran' bunch, m'sieu! Eh, shall we mak' ze bargain?"

"You are planning a pleasant time for me, Bateese," said Carrigan, "but I am afraid it will be impossible. You see, this captain of yours, Black Roger Audemard—"

"*W'at!*" Bateese jumped as if stung. "W'at you say, m'sieu!"

"I said that Roger Audemard, Black Roger, the man I thought was St. Pierre Boulain—"

Carrigan said no more. What he had started to say was unimportant compared with the effect of Roger Audemard's name on Concombre Bateese. A deadly light glittered in the half-breed's eyes, and for the first time David realized that in the grotesque head of the riverman was a brain quick to grip at the significance of things. The fact was evident that Black Roger had not confided in Bateese as to the price of the wager and the confession of his identity, and for a moment after the repetition of Audemard's name came from David's lips the half-breed stood as if something had stunned him. Then slowly, as if forcing the words in the face of a terrific desire that had transformed his body into a hulk of quivering steel, he said:

"M'sieu—I come with message—from St. Pierre. You see windows—closed. Outside door—she locked. On bot' sides de bateau, all de time, we watch. You try get away, an' we keel you. Zat ees all. We shoot. We five mans on ze bateau, all ze day, *toute la nuit*. You unnerstan'?"

He turned sullenly, waiting for no reply, and the door opened and closed after him—and again came the snap of the lock outside.

STEADILY the bateau swept down the big river that day. There was no let-up in the steady creaking of the long sweep. Even in the swifter currents David could hear the working of it, and he knew he had seen the last of the more slowly moving raft. Near one of the partly open windows he heard two men talking just before the bateau shot into the Brule Point rapids. They were strange voices. He learned that Audemard's huge raft was made up of thirty-five cribs, seven abreast, and that nine times between the Point Brule and the Yellowknife the raft would be split up, so that each crib could be run through dangerous rapids by itself.

That would be a big job, David assured himself. It would be slow work as well as hazardous, and as his own life was in no immediate jeopardy, he would have ample time in which to formulate some plan of action for himself. At the present moment, it seemed, the one thing for him to do was to wait—and behave himself, according to the half-breed's instructions. There was, when he came to think about it, a saving element of humor about it all. He had always wanted to make a trip down the Three Rivers in a bateau. And now—he was making it!

At noon a guard brought in his dinner. He could not recall that he had ever seen this man before, a tall, lithe fellow built to run like a hound, and who wore a murderous-looking knife at his belt. Through the open door David caught a glimpse of two others. They were businesslike looking individuals, with muscles built for work or fight; one sitting cross-legged on the bateau deck with a rifle over his knees, and the other standing with a rifle in his hand. The man who brought his dinner wasted no time or words. He merely nodded, murmured a curt *bonjour*, and went out. And Carrigan, as he began to eat, did not have to tell himself twice that Audemard had been particular in his selection of the bateau's crew, and that the eyes of the men he had seen could be as keen as a hawk's when leveled over the tip of a rifle barrel. They meant business, and he felt no desire to smile in the face of them, as he had smiled at Concombre Bateese.

It was another man, and a stranger, who brought in his supper. And for two hours after that, until the sun went down and gloom began to fall, the bateau sped down the river. It had made forty miles that day, he figured.

It was still light when the bateau was run ashore and tied up, but tonight there were no singing voices or wild laughter of men whose hours of play-time and rest had come. To Carrigan, looking through his window, there was an oppressive menace about it all. The shadowy figures ashore were more like a death-watch than a guard, and to dispel the gloom of it he lighted two of the lamps in the cabin, whistled, drummed a simple chord he knew on the piano, and finally settled down to smoking his pipe. He would have welcomed the company of Bateese, or Joe Clamart, or one of the guards, and as his loneliness grew upon him there was something of companionship even in the subdued voices he heard occasionally outside. He tried to read, but the printed words jumbled themselves and meant nothing.

It was ten o'clock, and clouds had darkened the night, when through his open windows he heard a shout coming from the river. Twice it came before it was answered from the bateau, and the second time Carrigan recognized it as the voice of Roger Audemard. A brief interval passed between that and the scraping of a canoe alongside, and then there was a low conversation in which even Audemard's great voice was subdued, and after that the grating of a key in the lock, and the opening of the door, and Black Roger came in, bearing an Indian reed basket under his arm. Carrigan did not rise to meet him. It was not like the coming of the old St. Pierre, and on Black Roger's lips there was no twist of a smile, nor in his eyes the flash of good-natured greeting. His face was darkly stern, as if he had traveled far and hard on an unpleasant mission, but in it there was no shadow of menace, as there had been in that of Concombre Bateese. It was rather the face of a tired man, and yet David knew what he saw was not physical exhaustion. Black Roger guessed something of his thought, and his mouth for an instant repressed a smile.

"YES, I have been having a rough time," he nodded. "This is for you!"

He placed the basket on the table. It held half a bushel and was filled to the curve of the handle. What lay in it was hidden under a cloth securely tied about it.

"And you are responsible," he added, stretching himself in a chair with a gesture of weariness. "I should kill you, Carrigan. And instead of that I bring you good things to eat! Half the day she has been fussing with the things in the basket, and then insisted that I bring them to you. And I have brought them simply to tell you another thing. I am sorry for her. I think, M'sieu Carrigan, you will find as many tears in the basket as anything else, for her heart is crushed and sick because of the humiliation she brought upon herself this morning."

He was twisting his big, rough hands, and David's own heart went sick as he saw the furrowed lines that had deepened in the other's face. Black Roger did not look at him as he went on.

"Of course, she told me. She tells me everything. And if she knew I was telling you this, I think she would kill herself. But I want you to understand. She is not what you might think she is. That kiss came from the lips of the best woman God ever made, M'sieu Carrigan!"

David, with the blood in him running like fire, heard himself answering: "I know it. She was excited, (*Continued on page 104*)

NEVER had David seen Carmin Fanchet more beautiful than in this moment, her hair a radiant glory, her eyes wide and glowing, and, as she looked at him, a smile coming to her red lips—this woman whose brother he had brought to the hangman, this woman who had stolen Black Roger from another!

THAT RAINY DAY

An article written specially for this year's brides and grooms

By Francis H. Sisson

Vice-President, Guaranty Trust Co., N. Y.

SIR FRANCIS BACON has truly written: "Extraordinary Expense must be limited by the worth of the occasion. . . . But Ordinary Expense ought to be limited by a Man's Estate; and governed with such regard as it be within his compass." Never was the problem of saving more simply, more fully stated, for there is nothing abstruse about the proposition. It is a common-sense situation confronting every one, wherein the only thing to understand definitely is that one can not put by for a rainy day unless one lives well within one's means. It does not take a business man to know this self-evident fact staring all of us in the face; it does not require an intricate amount of bookkeeping to tell us that we are spending more than we make. Somehow, we soon get to know it—unpaid bills accumulate, we find ourselves without ready cash for running accounts, there is an economic pressure from without, and threatening bankruptcy calls a halt. On the high altar of life we are burning the candle at both ends.

What does it matter, you say. We can be young but once; there is always a chance of bettering our estate; the amount we save by thrift does not warrant the sacrifices we have to undergo; we must keep pace with our neighbor; we must put on a bold front even though we dine on pine boards at home with only a crust for a meal. On such an attitude all the preachment in the world is going to have but little effect. What does it matter to them that "the night cometh, when no man can work"? Why talk of old age before there is time for it! Every one of us has a gambling instinct, and life is the cheapest thing to throw away at the beginning of the race: one does not have to collect on one's extravagances until many years have passed. Why worry? Let's go out and blow it. How often do we hear this cry!

Now, I am not one to throw a damper on this ardor. To me the thrift and saving ideas have overemphasized the purely negative aspects of their estimable cause. Human nature does not like to live under restrictions; it does not like to contemplate the possible penalties of youth. In health, why work for sickness; in youth, why prepare for old age? Does it not, on the face of it, seem morbid to hold up these bogies in continual threat?

We, who are studying finance, have many lessons to learn from this revulsion. We should like our savings banks to groan with the fruits of labor; we should like our stocks and bonds to be eagerly sought after; we want every being to hold life insurance. But with all that, is the human being secure in our hands? Have the banks of the country given thought, in the midst of their bookkeeping and investment campaigns, to the social responsibility they should assume toward their depositors and buyers? Have we yet taken example from France, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, and paved the way for the average man's buying good securities readily in small denominations or on the instalment plan? Have we made the path easy for the man who makes money and the man who wants to borrow money to meet to best advantage, without the interposition of many middlemen? The financial market for the person of small income is like the vegetable market for the household: in order to get your vegetables, you have to pay the rent and service of the green grocer, the commission merchant, and the jobber, instead of buying straight (*Continued on page 131*)

ILLUSTRATION BY A. P. MILNE

The new gospel of saving is different from the old. Don't worry about old age; save for the sake of the ability to throw open the door to the sunshine of opportunity instead of closing it against rain

Approach the Arlington Memorial as one will, only perfected symmetry meets the eye

Fame's Eternal Camping Ground

By Lucretia E. Hemington

SERVICE is sacrifice; the supreme sacrifice for one's country is death in her service, and a country's glory is measured by the honor she pays her dead. Ancient Athens, who knew so supremely how to live, knew gloriously how to honor her men fallen in her defense. Fitting it was that in the dedication at Arlington reference should be made to the funeral oration delivered by Pericles over Attica's slain, whose blood saved the state from the enemy. One saw in fancy Pericles and the procession of mourners pass without the walls to the sacred burial spot, adorned with marble. Only the time was transmuted to the present, and Pericles to a nation, great and courageous through the blood of her sons, honoring the fallen.

Not only Pericles belonged to the services at Arlington, but Phidias, that master dreamer who clothed his dreams in exquisitely carved marble. As the thousands left the marble benches, one fancied how those ancient Greeks possessed the place in spirit, thrilled once more by the utter perfection of white marble, whose lines, soft and radiant, shape concretely the abstract thing that is a nation's high honor of her silent army.

The years will come and the years will go, bringing in their destinies wars and rumors of wars, but that gleaming flower of white marble that crowns the hill above the placid Potomac will lose no whit of its radiance, either in storm or calm, by day or night, for it is the petaled unfolding of a nation's edelweiss of remembrance, eternal as her mountains and as noble as her snow-crowned peaks.

Approach it as one will, only perfected symmetry, the blending of utter beauty and strength, meets the eye. In wide-flung ellipse the colonnade sweeps like foam-crested waves about the open court, whose floor is tiered with marble benches, to be upgathered again in a noble structure—a kind of propylaeum, whose space is filled with chaste, unadorned rooms and cascades of stairways that mount to the wide space of the upper colonnade—forming the eastern entrance to the place of memory, canopied only by the imperial dome of high heaven, a place of memory through which the winds blow, the sun shines, and the rains fall. Against the outer whiteness of the colonnade stand like mourners in their trappings of woe tall cypress trees that from time immemorial follow fast upon the laurels snared by the young hands of valiant sword-bearers.

Within the sacred enclosure the foot falls noiselessly on the white marble as though one had removed the shoes from off his feet before the burning presence of the spirit of supreme sacrifice. The eyes made clear by the salt wash of tears brim with smiles of understanding as they fall upon the carved words, "When we assumed the soldier we did not lay aside the citizen," that like a frieze of truth is carved upon the walls of the receding, semi-circular enclosure opening upon the stage, only to smile again as they see cut into the arch above the two pillars of the platform the immortal "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain," and yet again to smile as the lists of names beside the pillars reveal the leaders of men who dwelt in tents or put their faith in ships—chaste scrolls of the valiant who with their hosts nailed the Stars and Stripes to the mast of the ship of state and kept it flying there through all the decades of our history.

"These dead shall not have died in vain," and the spirit of Lincoln, robed in universal pity, gentleness, wisdom, pervades the place. One sees his rugged homeliness metamorphosed to the beauty of greatness; one feels the potent witchery of his undisputed presence. How near, indeed, is his dwelling, for just across the river is the templed shrine to his memory, white and serene—carved, too, in companioning lines of white marbled colonnades and chambered silence in which his presence dominates, pulses, quivers, with a passion that life itself may (*Continued on page 117*)

DEPARTMENT OF COOKERY

Good Housekeeping Institute

Mildred Maddocks, Director

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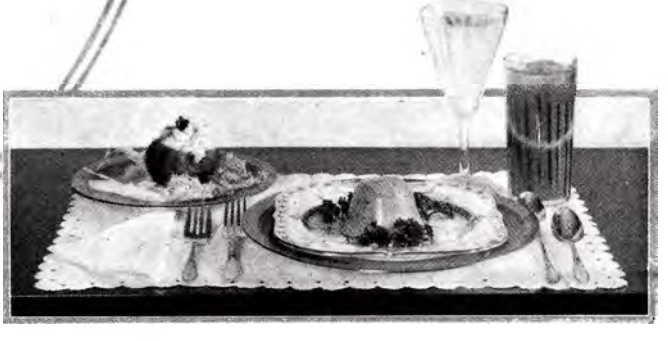
GOOD cookery is possible for you and for every housewife who will avail herself of the security found in tested, accurate recipes. And such is the material printed in these pages, for it represents research work perfected for you by the Department of Cookery of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE in its fully equipped kitchen laboratory at 105 West 39th Street, New York City. We test all recipes in their full size and in the exact quantities you find here. Watch this department monthly. It will help you

The Return of the High Tea

By

Katherine Campion

Tested in Good Housekeeping Institute



TO the woman of hospitable bent, one of the most trying phases of the present servant problem is the effect that it is undoubtedly having on her entertaining. With little or no help at all in our kitchens, who can blame us if we regard the prospect of dinner-giving with dismay! It can't be done, we decide, and so, when we wish to honor a guest or settle our social obligations *en masse*, we betake ourselves to a fashionable hostelry and from its printed assortment of dishes select a menu that befits the occasion and our pocket-book. Or we bridge the difficulty by inviting our friends to afternoon tea, and try to convince ourselves that we have done our whole duty as hostesses. But no manner of entertaining in hotel or restaurant, be it ever so smart or brilliant, no afternoon tea, jolly and appropriate as it may be on occasions, can compete with the home affair, especially where the male guests are concerned. To invite one's friends to partake of a meal at one's own board has been regarded from times most remote as the very highest honor that can be accorded, and it seems a pity that so old and delightful a custom should be permitted to fall into abeyance.

So what is to be done? As a pleasant meeting place between the sketchy cheer of the afternoon tea and the more solid joys of the formal dinner, why should we not revive that once so popular and famous entertainment known as the "high tea"? Any one who is so fortunate as to have lived in the last decade of the Victorian era will agree, I am sure, that such an affair was the most sociable, informal, and joyous occasion that one could possibly have wished to attend, and so little trouble to undertake. With no help at all, the hostess regarded the preparation of such a repast for twelve or more guests with tranquility. As for the serving—that was all done by the guests themselves, who passed the hot biscuits, the rolls, the cold chicken or ham, the jelly and cheese, to one another with sprightly jests and dignified compliment. It is sometimes desirable to place the dessert, tea, or coffee on a tea wagon or side table convenient to the hostess, so that she may reach anything she may require from it without leaving the table.

"But what did they have to eat?" I hear some one ask. Seldom was there more than one hot dish served. Often, with the exception of delicate rolls and hot tea and coffee, the entire menu was composed of cold dishes—cold meats, chicken salad, jellies, relishes, brown and white bread, cheese, old-time pound or sponge cake, exquisite blanc mange made from arrow-root or sea moss farina and served in small forms, trifles of all sorts, floating island, citron preserves, election cake. These were all popular, and as each hostess usually had some special dish for which she was famed, the menus were never trite or monotonous. In cool weather, oysters in some form were much liked, or fried chicken might be preferred; lobsters or crabs prepared in delectable fashion were highly prized.

The hostesses of these pleasing affairs arranged their tables directly after the early dinner or luncheon was finished, and as most of the work of preparing the dishes had been completed in the morning, they had a long, restful afternoon to themselves before the arrival of even the earliest guest. There are so many delicious and easily made dishes of more recent invention or discovery that would fit into such an entertainment as a high tea particularly well.

TABLE DECORATIONS DESIGNED BY GABRIELLE ROSIÈRE

This charming table suggests the possibilities of a "high tea"

Take the soufflé family, for instance. What could be a more simple undertaking than cheese, lobster, or chicken soufflé! Every detail in the making may be completed in the morning, leaving only the baking to be attended to later. Individual soufflés make such a charming appearance, too, and add quite an air of eloquence to a repast. For such a soufflé, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stirring the mixture until it bubbles. Then add one cupful of cold milk gradually, and cook until the ingredients have formed a smooth, creamy mass. Now whip in the yolks of two well-beaten eggs, then a cupful of grated cheese, finely minced lobster or crab meat, or whatever is to give title to the soufflé! If cheese is used, no other flavor—with the exception of a liberal sprinkling of paprika added to the salt and pepper—will be required, though a powdering of cayenne will give character to the soufflé. With chicken, it is an excellent plan to add either one-fourth cupful of chopped pimiento, or a generous dash of mace. Finally, fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites and fill the buttered ramekins, casseroles, or the large baking-dish with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes. The entire work of putting a soufflé together may be finished in the morning, even to pouring it into the baking dishes. Then all that is required at serving time is to slip it into the oven half an hour before the guests are summoned to tea. Serve immediately.

A Veal and Ham Pie made in the original Silas Wegg style will make a very fine hot dish for the high tea, although the correct way of serving these savory pies is cold. Two pounds of breast or shoulder of veal with one-half pound of raw ham shaved in thin slices will be a sufficient amount to make a pie for twelve persons of modest appetite. Cut the meat from the bone and divide it into neat pieces about two inches square. Cover the meat and bone with boiling water and simmer until tender. Then remove the meat from the liquid, trim it neatly, and put it away in a cool place until you are ready to use it. Season the broth with one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one bay leaf, and one-fourth teaspoonful of summer savory. Let it simmer with the veal bones for one hour longer. Then strain the broth and to it (there should be about one quart) add one tablespoonful of granulated gelatin softened in two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Cook the ham in boiling water for ten minutes. Meanwhile, prepare a few forcemeat balls as follows: Mix together one-half cupful of fine bread-crumbs, one-eighth teaspoonful each of thyme and marjoram, one-half teaspoonful of grated lemon peel, one-half teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Then rub into the mixture one tablespoonful of butter and the yolk of one egg well beaten. Season with one-eighth teaspoonful of nutmeg, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Form into balls about the size of marbles, using a teaspoonful of the mixture for each ball. Butter a deep baking-dish or casserole and place the meat in layers in it, interspersing the veal with the ham, and occasionally place a forcemeat ball in some nook or crevice where it will fit. Hard-cooked eggs sliced crosswise may also be used in the pie, but they are not an essential to its perfection. When all the ingredients have been used, pour the strained broth about them and cover the dish with a top of flaky pastry in which several little slits have been cut. Bake slowly for three-quarters of an hour, then brush the crust with beaten egg mixed with a little water, and return it to the oven to brown. Serve hot with its savory gravy or cold with its delectable jelly glistening about the pieces of pink ham and white veal.

A "lazy Susan" simplifies table service

Tomato Ravigote makes a tasty dish for the high tea. Select tomatoes of uniform size, small rather than large, carefully remove the skin, cut a circular piece from the top of each tomato, and scoop out the seeds. Turn the tomatoes upside down to drain, and then place in the refrigerator until required. For twelve tomatoes, one pint of shrimps is sufficient. Carefully clean and coarsely chop the shrimps, then mix with three tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing, to which one (*Continued on page 182*)

Everything arranged for making and serving Clam Poulet

Around the Chafing Dish

Each recipe has been tested and tasted

FOR the Sunday night supper or the informal evening "spread" nothing lends itself to greater good feeling and cordiality than a chafing dish affair. The secret of making a party of this kind attractive and charming and a success from every viewpoint lies entirely in the forethought used. Much depends upon the care which is taken in the selection of the dish to be served and in the planning of the utensils and materials needed for its preparation.

It is desirable to prepare beforehand just as much as is possible so that everything will be ready to put together when the time comes. Keep away from the use of kitchen utensils, and select instead attractive individual ramekins or casseroles for holding some of the ingredients, such as butter and flour, all previously measured. Measure the liquid with a standard measuring cup and then pour it into a pitcher. Use a fruit or steel table knife for cutting, if needed, though most of this may be done in the kitchen before the guests arrive. Plan to have everything convenient, but at the same time dainty and attractive. A tray will be found convenient for holding all these small accessories. Table and disc electric stoves are applicable to this type of service also, while toasters and percolators are splendid accessory servants. When used for light refreshments, these recipes would make sufficient to serve eight to ten people. Otherwise all recipes are planned to serve six.

Eggs with Sauce Moutarde

1405 Total Calories — *200 Protein Calories*

- 6 eggs
- ½ cupful butter
- 1 tablespoonful prepared mustard
- 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
- 1 teaspoonful salt
- ⅛ teaspoonful pepper
- ¼ teaspoonful chopped tarragon
- ¼ teaspoonful chopped chervil
- ¼ teaspoonful parsley
- ¼ teaspoonful chives

Hard-cook the eggs, shell, and cut them in halves lengthwise. Melt the butter, add the mustard, lemon juice, salt, pepper, and chopped herbs, and cook until creamy. Add the eggs, and when thoroughly heated, serve at once.

Mrs. D. B. Bentley, 15 Hemingway Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Cheese Scrappé

1248 Total Calories — *220 Protein Calories*

- 2 cupfuls milk
- 1 tablespoonful cornstarch
- ½ cupful grated cheese
- 8 young onions
- 1½ teaspoonfuls salt
- ⅛ teaspoonful paprika
- ⅛ teaspoonful curry powder
- Toast

Heat the milk in the top of the chafing-dish or double-boiler. Mix the cornstarch with a small amount of cold milk and add, stirring constantly. Chop the onions fine, using part of the green tops also, and add, together with the cheese, to the sauce. Last add the seasonings and pour over buttered toast. This is delicious served with cold sliced meat or in combination with hot baked potatoes and lettuce salad. *Mrs. A. G. Baldwin, National City, Cal.*

Clam Poulet

1354 Total Calories — *273 Protein Calories*

- 1 small can minced clams
- 1 cupful milk
- 2 tablespoonfuls butter
- 3 tablespoonfuls flour
- 1 teaspoonful salt
- ⅛ teaspoonful pepper
- ¼ teaspoonful paprika
- Speck cayenne pepper
- 3 sweet pickled gherkins
- 1 hard-cooked egg
- 2 canned pimientoes
- 6 slices toast

Melt the butter in the top of the chafing-dish, add the flour and seasonings, and stir together. Then add gradually the liquor drained from the clams and the milk, and stir constantly until smooth and thick. Then add the clams and the pickles, egg, and pimientoes, all finely diced. Heat until very hot and serve on slices of buttered toast.

Florence Pierce, 410 S. Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Spanish Lamb

960 Total Calories — *418 Protein Calories*

- 2 tablespoonfuls margarin
- 3 small onions
- 1 green pepper
- 3 fresh tomatoes
- 1 cupful cooked diced lamb
- 1½ cupfuls cooked rice
- 1¼ teaspoonfuls salt
- ⅛ teaspoonful pepper

In the blazer of the chafing-dish fry the onions and pepper, chopped, in the margarin for five minutes. Add the tomatoes peeled and cut up. Cook until the sauce is quite thick, then add the lamb, rice, salt, and pepper. Heat thoroughly, stirring constantly, and serve hot. Canned tomatoes may be used instead of fresh ones, in which case use one and one-half cupfuls.

Mary V. Anthony, 58 French St., Fall River, Mass.

Pimiento Croquettes

2360 Total Calories — *644 Protein Calories*

- 12 whole canned pimientoes
- 1 pair small sweetbreads
- 1 cupful diced chicken
- 2 tablespoonfuls margarin
- 3 tablespoonfuls flour
- 1½ cupfuls milk
- ¾ teaspoonful salt
- ⅛ teaspoonful pepper
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoonfuls water
- Breadcrumbs

Cover the sweetbreads with cold water and let stand one hour. Drain, cover with boiling water to which one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of vinegar have been added, and simmer for twenty minutes; again drain and plunge into cold water. Then chop coarsely. Meanwhile melt the margarin in the chafing-dish, add the flour, and cook until bubbling. Then add the milk, stirring constantly. Cook until smooth and add the seasonings. Combine with the chopped sweetbreads and chicken and stuff the pimientoes with the mixture. Roll them in beaten egg to which the water has been added, and then in fine, dry breadcrumbs. Sauté until a golden brown on both sides in a small amount of hot fat.

Mrs. S. H. Mitchell, Newton Center, Mass.

Creamy Eggs, Basket Style

2190 Total Calories — *395 Protein Calories*

- 6 eggs
- 1 cupful cooked green peas
- 4 tablespoonfuls margarin
- 4 tablespoonfuls flour
- 2 cupfuls milk
- 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
- 1½ teaspoonfuls salt
- ⅛ teaspoonful pepper
- 1 small loaf bread

Hard-cook the eggs, shell, and cut them in halves lengthwise. Melt two tablespoonfuls of the margarin in the chafing-dish, add the flour, and stir until bubbling. Then add the milk, stirring the mixture constantly, and one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, the pepper, and the lemon juice. Lay in the pieces of egg and let heat gently. Add the remainder of the margarin and salt to the peas and heat. Meanwhile, remove the crust from the bread. Scoop out the center to form a basket, leaving a rim three-quarters of an inch thick. Fry a golden brown in deep fat at 390° F. Remove and drain well. Place a layer of peas in the bottom of the bread basket and fill with the creamy eggs. Arrange a border of peas around the top and serve at once.

Good Housekeeping Institute

To make a perfect custard, beat the eggs very lightly, then add the sugar and beat only enough to blend together; stir while adding hot milk gradually, and then return to the double-boiler

CUSTARD SWEETS

By Mabel Jewett Crosby

Evolved in the Institute Kitchen

DESSERTS made with a custard foundation are not only delicious and refreshing for warm weather service, but nutritious and quickly made. Served alone or in combinations, custard sweets are bound to be favorites if the foundation is properly made. They make excellent nursery desserts, but the grown-ups will like them, too.

Floating Island is wholesome and refreshing

The more lavish one can be with the use of eggs in custard making, the more delicate and superior in flavor the result will be. For this reason, always be sure to make the custard dessert count as a real part of the meal; never consider it an accessory. A very good soft custard may be made by this rule: Break into a bowl two whole eggs and the yolks of two more, reserving the whites for the meringue. Beat slightly, just enough to mix the eggs together, and then add one-third cupful of granulated sugar and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt. Beat only enough to blend the eggs and sugar together. Over this, pour gradually, stirring all the while, three cupfuls of scalded milk. Return to the double-boiler in which the milk was scalded and cook for about five minutes—until the mixture thickens sufficiently to coat the spoon with which it is being stirred. The stirring should be continuous during the cooking. Do not allow the water in the double-boiler to boil violently during the cooking; the custard is much smoother if cooked slowly. Be careful not to cook too long, or the custard will curdle. If this should happen, remove it from the fire immediately and beat with a Dover type egg-beater until smooth. Avoid overcooking, however, because a custard that has once curdled will never have just the same consistency as one that has been cooked just right. When the custard is cold, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, mix well together, and chill thoroughly before serving.

Soft custard may be served plain, with or without a meringue floating on top. Or it may be combined with almost any variety of fresh fruit to make an almost endless variety of "top-offs." Oranges and bananas, oranges and dates, dates and coconut, pineapple and strawberries, strawberries alone, cooked prunes, cooked or canned prunes and apricots, fresh apricots or peaches—or cooked dried peaches—all are suggestions for excellent combinations. To make the dessert slightly more elaborate, add to any of the above combinations cubes of lemon or orange jelly, pour custard over all, and top with an uncooked or boiled meringue. The result will be most attractive if part of the gelatin cubes are colored pink or green with vegetable coloring. A particularly novel dessert may be made by combining crushed macaroons with the custard mixture. A few maraschino cherries cut into small pieces and folded into the mixture will not only add to its deliciousness but its attractiveness, too.

A perfect meringue is an accomplishment worthy of commendation. It is not difficult to make, however, if directions are carefully followed. Turn the egg-whites into a bowl and beat them with a good center-drive beater until they are so stiff that the bowl may be turned upside down without loss of any of the contents. Then, for each egg-white, add two tablespoonfuls (be sure (*Continued on page 121*)

Cook over a slow fire until thickened, add flavoring when well chilled, and top with meringue

All illustrations are posed by us and photographed by Bradley & Merrill

Squash Biscuits are particularly attractive when molded into clover shapes

With a *Yeast Cake*

By Florence Spring

These recipes were tested in our laboratory kitchen

IT is my custom, when making a raised bread which calls for half a yeast cake, always to plan raised muffins for some closely following breakfast or lunch. Particularly in the summer, one-half a yeast cake is often sufficient for baking bread and rolls, and what better way of utilizing the remaining yeast than in the old-fashioned raised muffin, so tasty and delicious to all?

Plainfield Raised Whole-Wheat Muffins are most enjoyable when served with a cup of fragrant coffee. Soften one-half a yeast cake in one-half cupful of warm water; sift together two cupfuls of entire wheat flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of sugar. Add the softened yeast together with enough lukewarm water to make a soft dough—about one-half cupful. Beat well; let raise in a warm place overnight. In the morning put in gem pans, let raise until double in bulk, and bake in a 400° F. oven for twenty minutes.

For Lucy R.'s Sunday Morning Muffin, scald one pint of milk and add two tablespoonfuls of butter or margarin, one teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of sugar. When lukewarm, add one-fourth of a yeast cake which has been softened in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water; then add about three and one-half cupfuls of bread flour or enough to make the consistency of cake batter. Beat well and let raise overnight. In the morning fill well-greased gem pans, let raise until double in bulk, and bake at 400° F. for twenty minutes. If preferred, fill greased muffin rings on a greased griddle half-full of the mixture, and cook slowly until well risen and browned underneath. Turn muffins and rings and brown the other side. Split, butter, and serve hot; or toast before serving.

Lou's Raised Hominy Muffins. Scald one cupful of milk; add one cupful of cold hominy, one tablespoonful of butter or margarin, one teaspoonful of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat until smooth and let cool until lukewarm. Then add one-half a yeast cake, which has been softened in one-half cupful of warm water, and three and one-quarter cupfuls of bread flour. Beat well; let raise overnight. In the morning beat again, fill greased gem pans, let raise until double in bulk, and bake at 400° F. for twenty minutes.

Squash Biscuits are particularly attractive when baked in clover shape, as shown in the illustration. To one pint of sifted squash add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter or margarin, one teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind of half a lemon, one well-beaten egg, and one-fourth of a yeast cake softened in two tablespoonfuls of lukewarm milk. Beat well and add sufficient bread flour to knead—about four cupfuls. Let raise overnight, cut down in the morning, mold into clover biscuit, brush with melted margarin or butter, and let raise until double in bulk. Bake at 400° F. for twenty minutes.

Uxbridge Buns are simple to make, and very inexpensive, but delicious—a good combination. To four cupfuls of bread flour add one cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of butter or margarin, and pour over the whole two cupfuls of scalding milk. When lukewarm, add half a yeast cake softened in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water. Let raise overnight, and in the morning add sufficient bread flour to mold—about two cupfuls. Again let raise until double in bulk, then mold into biscuits. Brush with melted butter or margarin, and when double in bulk, bake at 400° F. for twenty minutes. When the biscuits are removed from the oven, brush the tops with one tablespoonful of milk or cream in which the same amount of sugar has been melted.

Richer Buns are particularly nice. Scald one and one-half cupfuls of milk and add one-fourth cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. When lukewarm, add one-half of a yeast cake softened in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water, and three cupfuls of bread flour or sufficient to make a thin batter. Set to raise at noon. In the evening, cream together three-fourths cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of butter or margarin; add one tablespoonful of lemon juice, the grated rind of one-half a lemon, and one-fourth teaspoonful of grated nutmeg and beat well into the batter. Add two and one-half cupfuls of bread flour or sufficient to make a soft dough that can be kneaded. Let raise overnight. In the morning add one-half cupful of seedless raisins and one tablespoonful of finely-shredded citron. Turn lightly on a floured board, roll out to three-quarters of an inch in thickness, cut in rounds with a cutter, lay in a greased pan, and let raise until double in bulk. Bake at 400° F. for twenty minutes. When removed from the oven, brush the tops with the milk and sugar mixture described above.

Concordia Raised Muffins. Scald one and one-half cupfuls of milk and add one-half cupful of butter or margarin, one teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of sugar. Let cool, and when lukewarm, add one-fourth of a yeast cake softened in one-half cupful of lukewarm water, two cupfuls of bread flour, and the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs. Then add two more cupfuls of bread flour and let raise overnight. In the morning stir lightly, drop into greased muffin pans, let raise until double in bulk, and bake at 400° F. for twenty minutes.

Top any cereal with juicy prunes and apricots cooked together

Variations for the Cereal Course

By Florence Taft Eaton

Every Recipe Tested by the Department of Cookery

WE are so constituted that after partaking of the same sorts of food day after day, appetite flags, and variety is craved. This holds good for breakfast as well as for the other meals. Even those of us who are devoted to our beloved oatmeal enjoy it more if we skip it occasionally. Fruit, plenty of cereal, a cup of coffee, and nutritious muffins or toast constitute the popular and perfectly adequate family breakfast in many homes. If possible, serve a good or fair quality of cream for the cereal if used as the main breakfast dish, as this greatly increases its food value as well as its delectability. Learn to like salt on it instead of sugar!

Try mixing different cereals, lightening and making more delicate those which would otherwise seem too heavy and solid for some seasons of the year. Experiments along this line often result in producing family specialties. An idea which we have found beneficial is the occasional or frequent addition of bran to any cereal when cooking. This varies healthfully and deliciously any product with which it is combined.

Golden Wheat is an excellent variation of farina, which in itself is a tempting, all-the-year-round cereal. To make Golden Wheat add to one cupful of farina, or any similar wheat cereal used for breakfast, one tablespoonful of granulated yellow corn-meal. Mix before cooking and proceed as if using wheat alone; this gives a very attractive cereal of a pale yellow color.

Home-made Cereal. Take stale bread—baker's if you have it—slice thin, break it into small pieces, and set in a warm oven until crisp and golden brown, stirring and turning occasionally. When perfectly crisp throughout, run through the meat-chopper and store in a glass jar. Reheat for breakfast and serve with cream and salt in hot cereal saucers.

Croûtonettes. Dry stale brown bread until crisp, run through the meat-chopper, and serve with cream as above. A little thick jam placed on the cereal just before adding the cream is a delicious addition to both of the above.

Tom's Favorite Cereal. Steam Boston brown bread in baking-powder tins; when required, slice in half-inch pieces, heat in a steamer, and serve one slice with sugar, or salt, and cream for each person.

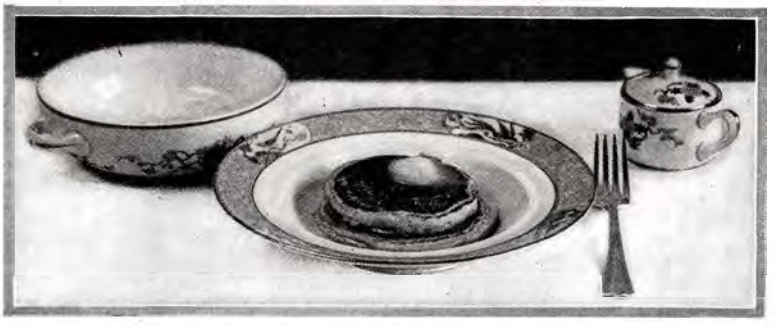
Plainfield Brown Bread Breakfast Toast is delicious served in place of a cereal. Slice brown bread which has been steamed in baking-powder tins as above and heat in the oven until slightly crisped. Lay in a serving dish or separate cereal saucers and pour over it a hot, medium-thick white sauce; serve one slice with sauce for each person. Apple sauce is a particularly good accompaniment.

Griddle Muffin Cereal. Sift together one cupful each of bread flour and yellow corn-meal, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add about one cupful of milk, enough to make a drop batter. Last, stir in two tablespoonfuls of melted shortening. Beat well, drop by spoonfuls on a hot griddle, and bake a little more slowly than ordinary griddle cakes, browning on both sides. The cakes should rise so as to be about one-third of an inch thick and be well-browned and crisp, but soft, tender, and delicate in the middle. Split, if wished, and serve in cereal saucers with cream or with sirup or molasses and butter. One well-beaten egg may be added to this recipe, if desired a little richer and more delicate.

Corn cake makes a delectable cereal substitute and is especially liked by children. For this purpose use that left-over or make enough extra one morning to use the next. Cut in squares, split, crisp in a hot oven or toast, and serve at once piled lightly in a serving dish with hot, creamy milk or thin cream and salt.

When any cereal is left over, cool in a well-greased, baking-powder tin, and the next morning, slice, dip in flour, with a bit of sugar added to assist in the browning, and sauté quickly in a little hot fat until crisp and brown. Serve with butter and sirup.

Fruit additions to delicate cereals are tempting and healthful. Cook evaporated apricots and prunes together, and place a prune or two and half an apricot upon each serving of cereal. Sliced bananas are delectable, scraped before slicing. A few prunes and a bit of the sirup are always an addition to any breakfast food.



A new service, unique in design, exquisite in coloring, American · made

Serve Griddle Muffin Cereal with butter and plenty of choice sirup

A shower of the books that are mentioned in this article will start any bride off right

The Bride's Book Shower

By May Lamberton Becker

Illustrated by Katharine Sturges Dodge

THE bride of today is, as a rule, untrained in the art of home-making. Expert in some other field, she is a novice in this, the most important business of her life. Advice she must have if she would avoid mistakes and make the first days, days of security. This advice, dependable, ever ready, may be had in books, and only in books. We recommend for every prospective bride a shower of books—tools for her trade

"I SHOULD think," said the bride, "that I could put a book-shelf right—in—there," and she brought the papercutter to bear on a line in the floor plans of the new house.

We call her the bride because the date for the wedding is set; the house is so very new that only the foundations are up; the rest is still on paper. Romance will never vanish from the printed page until three kinds of books cease to be made—cook-books, seed-catalogues, and building plans.

"But the library's across the hall," remonstrated the maid-of-honor, who knows her way around that house as well as the bride does, being her sister. "And I thought that was where you were going to put your desk."

"So I am. It goes just over my desk," said the bride. "And it isn't like the other bookshelves. It's really my tool-chest. I want it for the books I'm going to use in housekeeping—where I can find, whenever I want it, the information a girl needs who knows as little as I do and wants to do as well. It ought not to take so very many books, I should think, if they were the right ones. That's why I asked you to come today," confessed the bride, turning to me, "and that's why I asked all the girls," indicating the circle, "to come, too, and take notes."

I nodded understandingly. The middle-aged are not asked to attend an intimate party of charming young girls without a reason. I am the Reader's Guide; my business is to advise people in the choice of books. Books are very human creatures, and so, for that matter, are people; my business is to bring the right ones together.

"I don't know where to begin," went on the bride, "and when I go to a big book-store and look down the long rows—even of cook-books, to take only one subject—I don't know where to start. We all of us know how to use books—we've had what you'd call a good education—and we want you to tell us which books to begin with. All the girls have brought notebooks, and if they write down the names, they'll have a use for them."

"I have a use for one right now," said the first bridesmaid. "You don't have to be married to want a cook-book that will tell you how to put things together, and that will be sensible and not take too much for granted."

"Let's begin there," said the bride. "A cooking encyclopedia, please, to begin with, that I can grow up with. Mother says she grew up with Miss Farmer's."

"So can you," said I. "'The Boston Cooking School Book,' by Fannie Merritt Farmer (Little, Brown & Co.), has a new edition revised and enlarged and really up to date, and I think it suits most people's needs and the resources of most places. You could use it without a teacher, or as a text-book, and even an experienced cook can still find uses for it. This is not Miss Farmer's 'New Book of Cookery' (Little, Brown & Co.), which is more for special occasions. Begin with the other, and you will probably want this when you give card parties and luncheons."

"My mother says," ventured the fourth bridesmaid, "that she had the most awful time cooking little enough when she began to keep house. The recipes made so much, and when she cut them down, the proportions didn't always come out right at first. Is there a book just for very small families?"

"'Cooking for Two,' by Janet M. Hill (Little, Brown & Co.). This was recommended to me by an experienced housekeeper who had brought up a family and, when they were all married, began a middle-aged honeymoon with her husband in a cottage in the suburbs. She said she had cooked and catered for eight or ten so long that she had lost the knack of little dishes, and this showed her exactly how to manage."

"I wish there was one to show me how to make something foreign and different," said the third bridesmaid. "I like American cooking for every day, of course, but it is lovely to eat at a French restaurant once in a while."

"There is a little (*Continued on page 166*)

They say the surest art
To reach a husband's heart
Is lots of good delightful food
With Campbell's Soup to start.

Starting Right

First a good soup—Campbell's Tomato. The inviting flavor stimulates and exhilarates, for the natural tonic properties of the tomato are fully retained in this nutritious food.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the rich juice of vine-ripened tomatoes deliciously prepared with pure granulated sugar, creamery butter, and fine seasonings. Especially as a Cream of Tomato it has wonderful food value and tastiness. Eat it today and you will want it often.

Campbell's Bean Soup

All the good of the beans, tasty and nourishing, with a rich vegetable puree. Order a supply from your grocer. The whole family will like it.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

FINANCE DISCOVERIES

Good Housekeeping Institute

REAL discoveries are still wanted. Help your neighbor by telling us your short-cuts, your step-and-time-saving ideas. One dollar will be paid for each suggestion printed. Will you help us by always enclosing a stamped, addressed envelop, rather than merely a stamp, when you wish the return of unavailable material? This will save much time for us and simplify in a large measure that part of our work. Address GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE, 105 West 39th Street, New York City, New York

My Children's Allowances—"There is one thing that I particularly enjoy every time I visit your lovely home," remarked one of my friends. "I never hear money matters discussed among the children. Perhaps I notice this in contrast to so many families where the children scarcely ever see their father without 'Father, give me a nickel,' or 'When can I have that dime?' They will not take hints or promises, having learned that if they keep it up long enough, their much-annoyed parent will buy his release from their attacks. Their mother fares but slightly better. I know that you do not live extravagantly, but your children seem to have money to spend without bothering you. Yesterday Grace treated me to ice-cream, and today Edna bought flowers with her own money for a sick chum. Do tell me how you manage it."

It is very simple. You see, we are all business people; even little Charles has his very own ten cents every week. We have a family council and decide the amount of allowances according to the age and needs of the children. This is spending money, not wages, for we all agree that nothing but love can pay for loving service, so we all contribute our help to the home without pay. On Monday morning of every week each child receives his own definite allowance to be spent as he wishes without accounting to any one. When the children reach the seventh grade, we increase their allowance to twenty-five cents, and Grace, who is starting in high school, receives one dollar. She needs fifty cents for carfare, and the other half-dollar covers her candy, sodas, class pins, and other luxuries dear to a high school girl—things she really wants but feels are too personal to ask the family for.

It certainly does not cost any more to follow this plan, and it is delightful to be free from petty mercenary appeals. But that is not the most important thing, for our plan has really developed a certain sense of responsibility, and the children are learning the value of money. When our oldest girl went to college, she had shown that she could manage her finances so well that we gave her ten checks made out to her and signed, with the amount left blank. She was asked to report the number, date, and amount of check as soon as drawn, and to send in a monthly statement of her expenses. Her father taught her how to rule the paper and enter the items giving cash on hand and money received. She has sent five reports thus far, and we are certainly proud of them.

All the children, no matter how small their allowance, are able to save something during the year, and their father by a very simple plan has given them the incentive to save more. On New Year's Day, when the combined savings of the children amounted to nearly eight dollars, he asked to borrow their money for a make-believe business deal. He signed the notes, which were written out in correct form for the individual amounts, payable January first of the following year, including interest. He gave them ten percent, realizing that the incentive to save would be well worth the amount. Each succeeding year, on January first, new notes were made out and the amount each had on hand added to his principal. When Edna was fifteen and her savings totaled nearly two hundred dollars, her father decided that this amount was too large for him to handle in such a generous fashion. So on her birthday she lunched with her father and afterward visited the savings bank where she opened her savings account. Now the other children are looking forward to their fifteenth birthday, when they too can open their savings accounts. *Mrs. L. W. B., N. Y.*

Taking Advantage of Sales—This is my money savings plan. In the memorandum of my family account-book I have listed the various special sales of different department stores with the dates on which they fall. There are the shoe, furniture, drug, stationery, silk, underwear, and many other sales which are always offered during the same month in each year. On the following pages I make notes, as they occur to me, of articles which I shall need. For instance, I find that my visiting cards are nearly gone. I jot this down and, turning to my notes, I find at about what date I can have cards engraved from my plate at a saving of fifty cents per hundred. Or I wish to lay in a supply of sheets and pillow-cases and take note of the month when white sales are at their best. I have practised this plan in a town of ten thousand people and in a city of nearly half a million, and I know that it works well in both places. Aside from the dollars saved by this ever-ready information, there is a great satisfaction in being able to plan my expenses in a more efficient way. *Mrs. C. W., Ia.*

A Budget Help—In making small purchases I always plan to pay for them in bills, and in this way I am able to keep on hand about five dollars in change. This change is kept in the proper divisions of a small cash box, and when the delivery boys arrive, I am sure they bless me for being able to hand over to them the proper change without any trouble. I am sure, too, that it is a great comfort to me to have the change I need without having to borrow from a guest or a maid or even a neighbor. *Mrs. L. D. H., Mass.*

My Good Housekeeping Savings Bank—Last year, I kept a small bank which I called my GOOD HOUSEKEEPING bank, and into it I put all money saved by following any economical suggestion given on the Discovery page. To illustrate: I made window screens by Discovery directions instead of buying them, and put in the bank the difference in cost of making the screens and buying them. Several such instances came up, and by the end of the year I had saved enough money to give GOOD HOUSEKEEPING subscriptions to several of my friends. *Mrs. J. W. K., N. Y.*

Plume Underwear

YOUR underwear must be made well, in good style and of excellent materials.

PLUME, whether in silk, muslin or flannel, always meets favor because it combines beauty and service—the label is your assurance of merit.

Sold by good stores most everywhere.

M. MARTIN & CO., 108 Madison Ave., New York

Send us the name of your dealer and we will gladly mail you without cost our Style Booklet "Milady's Underthings."

PLUME UNDERWEAR

TRADE MARK

Martin made since 1878

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. Prescriptional 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.

Anything

What is the best substitute for whisky in severe cases of pneumonia?

Mrs. S. J. E., New York

Whisky is the worst possible treatment to use in pneumonia unless the object is euthanasia. Pneumonia is bad enough of itself. Whisky weakens the already weakened resistance and helps secure a speedy and perhaps painless death. Plenty of fresh air and nourishing food are the best substitutes for whisky, but anything is a good substitute for whisky. The medical profession is rapidly reaching the conclusion that the prescribing of whisky is wholly useless for remedial purposes. I read in the morning paper that 14,000,000 prescriptions were written in the last calendar year for whisky. These prescriptions mostly called for a pint, but sometimes a quart. It would be interesting to know how much therapeutic value these prescriptions had. Evidently, if we ever intend to enforce the Constitutional Amendment as embodied in the Volstead Act, we shall have to divorce the medical and pharmaceutical professions entirely from the traffic in alcoholic beverages.

DR. WILEY has prepared for distribution an important series of pamphlets bearing on health and hygiene: 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. 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

Boneset Tea

About a year ago my father, aged seventy, found that rheumatism had seized him by the knee. Having little faith in the doctors roundabout, after four or five months had elapsed he went to a bone-setter famous locally. The bone-setter informed him that he had no rheumatism, but leakage of the joint. He bandaged the knee, and father went every few weeks to have this adjusted. Two months ago the bone-setter said the water was all gone and he must wait for the ligaments that had been floating around in it to knit. They do not seem to be doing any knitting, and they pain quite a bit. Naturally he feels quite despondent, as he has always been as spry as the proverbial cricket. *Mrs. H. W. W., Conn.*

It was very naughty of rheumatism to lay violent hands on your father's knee. Rheumatism should be taught better manners. It is bad enough to have a joint full of water, but worse to have the ligaments floating around therein like little fish. I wonder why the bone-setter bandaged the joint. Your description of the trouble emphasizes the absurdity of common tradition, and also of some kinds of medical advice. Of course, there is such a thing as rheumatism of the joints; there is such a thing as the synovial fluid being present in too large or too small quantity; there are such things as stiffness and pain. Any peripatetic bone-setter or medical man who looks upon rheumatism as seizing people by the knee is simply talking folderol. It is absurd to speak of ligaments floating around in the water of the knee joint. I fear that the trouble with the bone-setter is water on the brain. What you need is the advice of a competent diagnostician and physician who understands anatomy, physiology, and therapeutics. He is a man who can tell you what the real trouble is with your father's knee and give sensible advice to rectify it.

Can You Persuade Mr. Volstead?

Please tell me if an egg-nog can take the place of lunch for a person who has not much appetite and does light housework? Has it the food value that a light lunch has?

K. C. M., Mass.

Most persons are not interested in the food value of egg-nog. They would be glad to get it as a substitute for almost any meal, provided Mr. Volstead would allow it. While it is a very animated kind of food, it would hardly do for a steady diet, even for one doing light housework. A light head does not well direct even light housework. A joyful soul singing the favorite melodies might interfere with the efficiency of the broom. You would be so anxious in the morning for lunchtime to come that you could not persuade yourself to work, and so merry after lunch was over that you would not want to work. Of course, in some respects it might be helpful. You would only want one meal a day and therefore would have no breakfast nor dinner dishes to wash. Most persons would be very glad to have one meal of egg-nog a year, along about Christmas time, if one could invite his friends and escape the eagle eye of the prohibition commissioner. Like all forbidden fruits, egg-nog now seems particularly attractive. Forbidden fruit is the most popular tree in the national nursery.

Cantankerous Cancer

My grandmother, eighty-five years old, has two cancers. One the doctor calls a loose one; this is on her throat. The other one, he says, has adhered to the breast-bone. How long they have existed I do not know, but she was not aware of them until six months ago. What I wish to ask is whether there is danger of infection from these and whether her laundry should be done separately from the rest of the family. Should her dishes be kept apart also, and what precautions should my mother, who is caring for her, take? Our local doctor says there is no danger of infection, but he is not overly careful in such matters, and I am writing to ask you.

Miss I. M., N. Y. City.

I am much interested in the new classification of cancers. I have never heard them described in that way before, nor have I seen any description of them in textbooks as loose and fast. My experience with cancer is that they are all fast, but they do not usually hitch up to a bone. They are more likely to attach themselves to the soft tissues. I do not wish to throw any imputation upon the diagnostic ability of your doctor. While I can not say that cancer is infectious, I do say that all sanitary and precautionary measures possible should be taken with your grandmother's laundry and with the dishes from which she eats. Complete isolation of these articles from similar articles used by the rest of the family can not possibly do any harm and may be of real value. While the nature of cancer is not well understood, I should take no chances of spreading it. Always be on the safe side of every health question.

Your loveliest china

Greasy streaks impossible with FELS-NAPTHA

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves all grease from dishes without the slightest injury to delicate gold and color decorations. And with merely lukewarm water! Use scalding-hot water if you prefer, but there is no need for that discomfort to hands, or danger of cracking your rich cut glass and fragile French china.

The real naptha does its work, vanishes completely, and leaves the dishes sweet and glistening. The snowy suds rinse off instantly, with no trace of clinging soap to be rubbed off the dish upon the towel.

Fels-Naptha is just as wonderful for laundry and housework. It makes whitest clothes without destructive rubbing. Takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bathtub, washstand, and sink—*safely* cleans anything cleanable.

Fels-Naptha is a perfect combination of good soap and *real* naptha. Its process has never been duplicated. It *holds* its naptha till the golden bar is all used up. Smell it! You can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.

Get the *real* naptha soap—*Fels-Naptha*—of your grocer today!

Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Instead of a mere man in the moon, there is a bride in the June moon, as every one who has imagination can see. For the honeymoon shower a plain yellow crêpe paper moon can be used to contain the gifts, or, if one is artist enough, the silhouette of a bride cut from silver paper may be pasted on, as indicated here

A Honeymoon Shower or Announcement Party

By ELAINE, Entertainment Editor

ON RECEIPT OF 10 CENTS POSTAGE INSTRUCTIONS WILL BE SENT FOR A HONEYMOON SHOWER OR ANNOUNCEMENT PARTY, INCLUDING INVITATIONS IN VERSE, "THE CANDY ISLAND" CENTERPIECE FOR THE TABLE, GAMES, AND DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A LARGE HONEYMOON OF CRÊPE PAPER FROM WHICH GIFTS OR ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS WILL SHOWER DOWN

THE Entertainment Editor wishes to thank her many thousands of correspondents for their letters of cordial appreciation and to say, most regretfully, that on account of the extraordinary volume of correspondence, it is no longer practical to answer requests for individual entertaining ideas. However, special instructions of which notice is given in each magazine, and which have been prepared with more completeness and interest than ever, will be sent promptly upon request accompanied by 10 cents in stamps.

Exclusive Parties

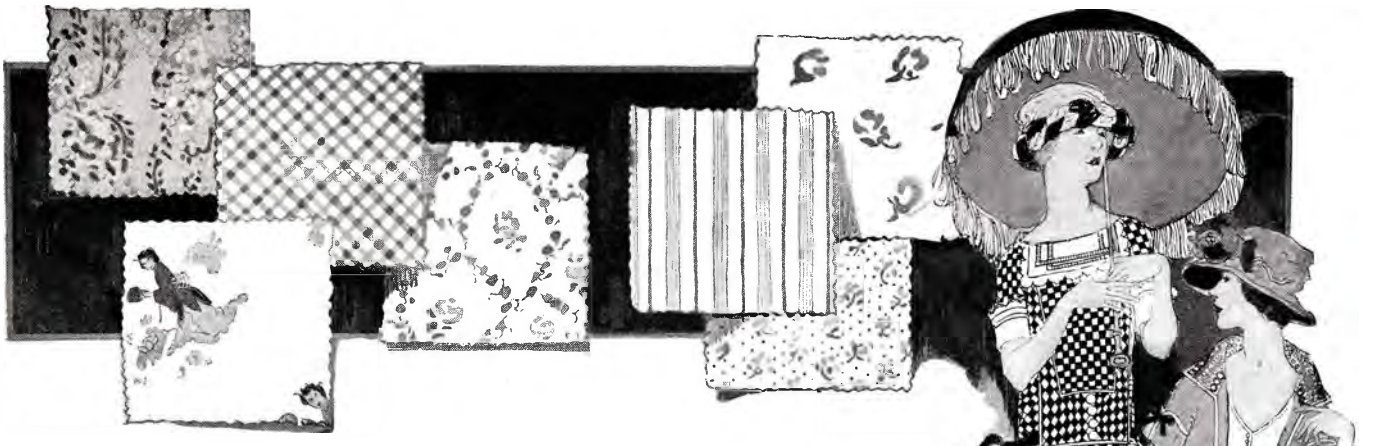
The element of surprise in entertaining is half the pleasure. The successful hostess is careful not to let her guests have an inkling of what plans are being made for their amusement. This is the reason GOOD HOUSEKEEPING parties are not described in the magazine but are kept exclusive. If every one in one's circle of friends has read the instructions in a magazine before coming to the party, its purpose and charm and originality are defeated. Therefore, complete instructions for parties suitable to the season are prepared in advance and are all ready to be forwarded at once upon individual request.

Favored Announcement Idea Repeated

One clever way to make an announcement of an engagement, which appeared in GOOD HOUSEKEEPING several years ago and was strikingly successful, is with engagement ring cakes. Make tiny two-layer cakes the same size around as cup cakes. Place between the layers cards announcing the engagement. Over the two layers put white icing with a ring of yellow icing in the middle to represent the engagement ring, and use a small bit of white rock candy to simulate the diamond in the ring. When these cakes are served and the guests bite into them, the engagement will be unanimously announced in a delightfully informal manner.

ANNOUNCEMENT INSTRUCTIONS

If the honeymoon shower instructions are used for an Announcement Party, they are followed as for a shower, except that instead of gifts in the honeymoon shower there is to be for each guest a card announcing the engagement. Ribbons attached to the cards are to be pulled by the guests, and the announcement cards will shower down. For shower and announcement instructions send 10c to Elaine, Entertainment Editor, Good Housekeeping, 119 West 40th St., New York City.



Famous makers of dress fabrics and wash dresses tell how to launder them

The Pacific Mills have the largest Print Works in the world, where they produce an unrivalled output of Printed, Dyed and Bleached Cotton Goods. Their letter on how to launder Wash Dress Fabrics is of interest to every woman.

At one exclusive shop in every city Betty Wales Dresses are sold. Every dress is correct in design and style, honest of fabric, and of full value. Read why these famous dressmakers advise laundering fine cotton frocks with Lux.

BOTH of these great manufacturers realize that no matter how fine its material and workmanship, a dress or blouse may be ruined by one careless washing. For their own protection, the Pacific Mills and the Betty Wales Dressmakers recommend washing cotton dress fabrics the safe Lux way.

Keep these directions. You will want to refer to them often. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The safe, gentle way to launder Cotton Wash Goods

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a lather in very hot water. Let *white things* soak a few minutes in the hot suds. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in sun.

For colored cotton wash goods, have suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running, and hang in shade.

Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone will not cause to run.

Always press *dotted Swiss* on the wrong side on a well padded board. This makes the dots stand out.

Tucks should be pulled taut and ironed lengthwise.

Ruffles should be pressed by holding straight on the hem edge and then ironing up into the gathers. Nose the iron well in.

Embroidery and lace should be pressed on the wrong side.

LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm

World's largest makers of printed Wash Fabrics give laundering directions

The secret of washing printed wash fabrics is to do them quickly. If a delicate fabric lies in strong suds while soap is rubbed on it, it will not stand many washings. The colors fade quickly and the threads become rough and coarsened.

For this reason we advise the use of Lux—which is a pure "neutral" soap—containing no free alkali. Lux makes an instant suds and requires no rubbing.

We have used Lux in washing our printed wash fabrics and find that they retain their original colors and their smooth, even texture. The pure, mild lather quickly loosens the dirt without rubbing.

As manufacturers, we would be glad if all our customers would wash Pacific printed wash fabrics in Lux.

PACIFIC MILLS

Great dress manufacturer says: "Launder cottons as carefully as silks"

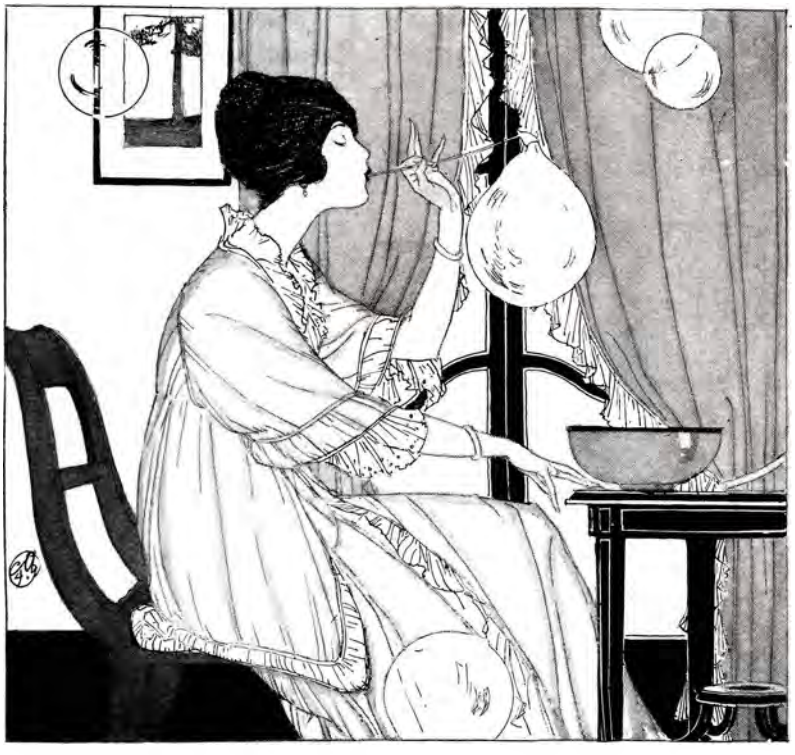
We are interested to see that the Lux advertising is teaching women to launder their fine lingerie dresses and blouses as carefully as silk.

The colors in our wash dresses should be fresh and bright after many washings. When women ask if our colors are fast, we say that it depends largely upon the washing. No color is fast enough to withstand the brutal laundering that some people give their most delicate garments.

The Lux way of washing a garment without rubbing saves not only the color but the smooth surface of the fabric, the fine laces and embroideries that are on so many summer dresses, and the delicate handwork.

BETTY WALES DRESSMAKERS

In using advertisements see page 4



Stretch the mouth as if to whistle, inflate the cheeks as if to blow, hold the position a few seconds, then slowly release the breath

HEALTH *and* BEAUTY

Keeping the Telltale Signs of Years at Bay

By Nora Mullane

A GOOD complexion is an indication of good health. Unfortunately, however, through the injudicious use of cosmetics, the complexion may be injured. In such cases, where there is no serious facial disfigurement, simple home methods may be employed.

In her quest for work and pleasure the modern woman finds little time for rest, which soon brings defects of complexion and wrinkles. At their first appearance they should be combated, as they destroy the youthful appearance of the face. Simple exercises and regular massage strengthen sagging muscles and partly overcome, if not remove, the wrinkles. Premature lines may be softened, sometimes removed, or kept at bay for years by these methods. The principle of treating lines is the same, whether they are the result of years, caused by faulty habits, or an exaggeration of the natural furrows of the face. The lines which appear later in life are caused by the disappearance of the cushion of fat beneath the skin. Naturally the treatment is a little different from that for indentations of the scarf-skin only, which disappear or are lessened after a few local treatments.

1. How can I remove the lines running from the nose to the mouth?

2. What cream should I use on my face? I have a rather dry shin.

ANSWER: 1. To soften the lines from the nose to the mouth, hold the fingers close together, stroke upward toward the ears, and alternate the stroking with light rotary motions. Work in front of a mirror so as not to form lines in front of the ears. When you have massaged long enough to stimulate the circulation, exercise the muscles around the mouth (as illustrated). Stretch the mouth as if to whistle, inflate the cheeks as if to blow, hold the position a few seconds, then slowly release the breath. Repeat 10 to 20 times a day or whenever you think of it. This exercise, combined with massage, will soften the lines and help to round out the cheeks.

2. A good cold-cream prepared by a reliable pharmacist is safe to use when massaging the face, or as a basis for powder. A skin may become too dry by the frequent use of soap and water, or using soap that is strongly alkaline, or other cosmetics. A good oily cream should make the skin feel soft and supple: its chief use is to supplement nature, by lubricating the skin.

1. Can you recommend some lotion for contracting enlarged pores on the face?

2. Also advise me about crow's-feet; they are just starting to appear about my eyes. Will an electric battery remove them?

ANSWER: 1. Make sure that the pores are free from foreign matter by using good toilet soap and warm water to wash the face. Give yourself a ten-minute massage treatment every other day for two weeks, and once or twice a week thereafter. After both the treatment and the morning wash, bathe the face with an astringent lotion. A dash of cologne water, or fifteen drops of tincture of benzoin, added to a basin of water (cold), makes a good lotion for that purpose.

2. To remove the lines around the eyes, stroke gently with the tips of the fingers from the outside corner of the eye in toward the nose, patting in at the same time a little pure cold-cream or olive oil. Do not press heavily under the eyes; it may cause puffiness. Always remove any superfluous oil, as it collects dust. The crow's-feet may disappear with the dead scarf-skin after a few treatments. At night before retiring is the best time to treat under the eyes. The use of electricity requires expert knowledge, and we do not advise its use otherwise. It has the same effect on the skin as a facial massage, but does the work in shorter time. It does not remove lines to any greater extent than massage.

Tirro

The Ideal Mending Tape

Sticks to anything, and clings
Rubber-coated—waterproofed
Mends, wraps, seals and binds

Sample Free

Tirro is sold by druggists in spools of two sizes. Prices in the United States: Medium size, ¾ inch wide, 30 cents; Large size, 1⅛ inch wide, 50 cents. Be sure you get Tirro, the only real mending tape.

The New Mending Tape

Extra-strong, ever-sticky, water-proofed

Bauer & Black have now perfected the ideal mending tape. Old-style tapes were makeshifts, made for something else.

The new tape is called Tirro. The fabric is extra-strong. It is waterproofed, to form an impervious wrap. Then it is rubber-coated.

One side is ever-sticky. It clings to any surface that is clean and dry. And it stays stuck—to rubber, metal, glass, wood, fabric—anything.

Leak-Proof

Being waterproofed, then rubber-coated, Tirro is leak-proof. Neither air nor water penetrates it.

Thus you can use it for stopping leaks in rubber hose, in metal pipes, in footwear, in inner tubes, etc.

The rubber coat makes it an insulator, so you can use it on electric wires. The fabric makes an ideal grip. Thus you need it on your golf club handles, on tennis rackets and on other things.

Extra-Strong

The strength of Tirro makes an ideal binder. One wrap will mend most ordinary breaks. But use as many plies as you need.

Use outdoors or indoors, for weather little affects it.

Being light in color, Tirro can be used to label anything. Write on the fabric side.

Carry With You

Keep a spool of Tirro at home. Carry one in your car, one in your golf bag, one in your fishing kit, etc. Wherever you go you may need it in some way, and nothing can take its place. Troubles of a thousand sorts can be ended by it, and at once.

A single use—like mending rips and tears—will save you many times its cost.

Don't go a day without it, for you never know when something will need mending.

Send the Coupon

Send the coupon for a strip to try. Also for book which pictures some of the countless uses. Send it now.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

A Thousand Uses Like These

Lawn Hose instantly repaired with a strong, enduring, rubber-coated wrap.
Plumbing Leaks stopped in like way.
Torn Clothing mended by attaching Tirro on the under side.
Water Bag with leaky neck sealed with this rubber patch.
Broken Handles—wrap with Tirro.
Golf Clubs—tennis rackets. Tirro forms an ideal grip.
Broken Toys mended in a minute.
Auto Top Leaks sealed for good.
Footwear Leaks in like way.
Umbrellas mended on the spot.
Electric Wires and extensions insulated perfectly.
Climbing Vines fastened to anything.
Auto Tires and tubes—emergency patches and wraps.
Engine Wires insulated and held in place—water leakages stopped.
China Mended—also window panes.
Torn Music bound to stay.
Fruit Jars labeled and sealed.
Bottle Corks held in.
Pictures sealed in frames.
Bandages fastened in place.
Chafing on hands or feet prevented.

Outdoors and indoors, wherever you go, Tirro ends countless troubles. One use suggests another.

It sticks to any material when the surface is clean and dry.

It clings with a bulldog grip.

It firmly binds and seals the surface with a rubber coat.

Trial Strip Free

BAUER & BLACK,
2500 Dearborn Street, Chicago

Mail me a strip of Tirro—also book.

.....

.....

G H. 6

What Our Friend the Architect Told Us

Facts that Every Home Builder Needs on Construction

Hall and Stairway Plaster on Metal Lath

J. B. Benedict Architect

Not a Plaster Crack in 29 Years

"You want plaster in your house that will not crack," said the Architect to his friends. "The only way to be sure there will be no cracks is to use metal lath."

"Has it been proved that metal lath will give us plaster that will never crack," asked the wife.

"It is proved by many years use," said the Architect. "I have some records to show you.

"A building inspector of Illinois writes here that: **'The partitions in the court house at Decatur, put up 29 years ago on metal lath, show no signs of cracks or deterioration.'**

Hotel McAlpin New York

Never Heard of a Crack When Metal Lath Was Used

"A great firm of plastering contractors, employed on many of the biggest hotels in New York, writes: **'We have yet to hear of a complaint of cracking or other trouble on any work we put up on metal lath.'**

"Another great New York firm writes: **'We have used metal lath on such buildings as the Hall of Records, Grand Central Station, and thousands of others with never a come back.'**

"Impossible to Crack"

"Long years of experience in all kinds of homes and public buildings offer the same proof," continued the architect. "Here is a letter from the Minneapolis Athletic Club.

" 'After three years hard usage we find the wall of our hand-ball court, put up on metal lath, impossible to crack,' they write.

No Cracks in 14 Years

"A Minneapolis builder writes: **'Metal Lath and plaster walls up fourteen years have proved durable and crack-proof.'**

Not a Crack in Stucco 22 Years Old

"A mid west builder writes of: **'stucco 22 years old that shows not the slightest sign of cracks or deterioration.'** Whether for interior plastering or for stucco, metal lath means no cracks.

Metal Lath Stops Fire

"Don't forget that metal lath is fire protection also. This picture is of an elevator shaft of plaster on metal lath that stood although the building burned to the ground around it in Boston.

"I could give you hundreds of other instances of buildings, homes and lives saved by metal lath. Think of the lives this metal lath shaft saved. For safety build with metal lath.

Send for Booklet

"A booklet on this subject is just published," concluded the Architect. "Please send for it. The booklet is free. It is not an advertising booklet. It is full of vital information that you want before you buy or build. Write today to the Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago."

Prevents Cracks **Metal Lath** *Stops Fire*

Send This Coupon for Booklet

Associated Metal Lath Manufacturers, Dept. A288 72 W. Adams St., Chicago

Dear Sirs: Please send me your booklet, "The Essentials of Building". I understand it is free and that there is no manufacturer's advertising in it. I am planning to build Yes ☐ No ☐

My architect, or builder is .....

Name .....

Address .....

Architects See Page 237 Sweet's Catalog for Data

Across the Years

(*Continued from page 36*)

out—a march—" The voice trailed off, and it was again the child whisper that sounded. "Brother John," it questioned, "you've brought me some oranges—and cookies?"

With hands that shook, John Gordon lifted the sugary cakes in their red-fringed napkin—one of the golden oranges. He laid them on the rude blanket beside the boy's groping hand. The thin fingers started to close over them—

The man in the black gown spoke hurriedly and in a strange tongue. John Gordon, who had long been away from books, felt rather than heard the rise and fall of resonant Latin syllables. The Medical Officer bent over the boy's pillow, straightened up. He turned to John Gordon bruskly, but his voice was shaking when he spoke.

"It came," he said slowly, "sooner than I expected. It's—it's hard, old man!"

The chaplain was murmuring a prayer.

IT might have been half an hour later that John Gordon staggered to his feet from beside the cot. The box was still held tightly under his arm. With mechanical fingers he put the cookies, untasted, back into their napkin—laid the orange, untouched, in the box. And like a man walking in his sleep, he went again through the doorway, went again down the grim road. Somehow he did not resent the darkness of the sky as he had resented it earlier in the night. He no longer felt any profane desire to reason with the Almighty. He was numb, crushed, strangely alone. Only one definite idea kept to the front of his mind—the box must be returned. He had stolen it. He did not know how he would explain to the Zouave—he did not care. Only it must be returned!

The way was longer than it had seemed before. Many of the fires beside the road had been banked, and men, rolled in their blankets, lay not far from the glowing ash piles. Everything was quiet—too quiet. No one called a greeting. John Gordon shuddered, but it was as if he were cold. He was not afraid any more. Feeling seemed to have gone from his heart; his soul was too bruised to respond to agony. When morning came, he would know bitter sorrow, and wild reproach, and heartbreak. With the morning he would write a letter home, and misery would sit beside him as he wrote. But there in the dark stillness he somehow had no power to feel. He plodded down the road, walking with the effortless regularity of a marching machine. Once a sentry challenged him, and he gave the countersign. Once a bat, flying low, brushed against his face with moist wings. But the part of him that spoke the password, that flinched back from those moist wings, was some outer shell.

And then finally he reached his goal, the fire. It was burning less bravely now among the trees, burning for some one who was not there. But John Gordon, remembering the bugle call, realized that the Zouave might not have had time to return. He sat down on the ground, a gaunt, stooped figure, and waited.

Time passes in a haze to a man whose mind has been strained until it refuses to grasp even minor essentials. Once, during the long hours, a night bird sobbed in a far-off tree. Once, somewhere across the line, there was a scattered burst of firing. Once a man came stumbling down the road in search of his company. And four times John Gordon threw new wood upon the waning fire.

And then, brazenly pink, the dawn swept up from the east. And a breeze, singing love songs to the painted sky, sprang from a near-by grove of pine-trees. And the sun, smiling as if the world were an Eden place, crept out of the heart of a purple hill. And another bugle sounded.

The sound brought John Gordon to his feet. Suddenly in possession of his reasoning powers, he knew that the Zouave would not be back, that for some unexplainable reason he had gone away. Unidentified regiments had a vague way of attaching themselves to other outfits for a few hours; of drifting on, still unidentified, at the end of an unstated period.

As he stood there, John Gordon for the first time realized that he had done some man a wrong. He knew, only too fully, what that box had meant. He had heard the Zouave sobbing, there by himself, over some keepsake—he had seen him raise something to his lips.

Suddenly, hopefully, John Gordon opened the box. He had not touched it since he had stuffed the cookies and the orange back into their places. Perhaps there was some mark of ownership upon the red-fringed napkin; perhaps there was a note lying under the fruit, or a message penned upon the box itself. He lifted out the oranges and the cookies and the frosted cakes. He smiled wanly over a jar of crab-apple jelly. He smoothed with appreciative fingers the handkerchiefs— each one embroidered impersonally with a nation's flag. And then, in its metal and velvet case, he saw the very heart of the gift box—a daguerreotype. He opened it.

It was the picture of a girl, a girl of perhaps eighteen or twenty years. Her carefully ringletted hair hung in clustered curls upon her uncovered young shoulders, and a rose, pinned in the lace at her breast, was tinted with the same pale color that the artist had put into her rounded cheeks. Her eyes were self-conscious perhaps, perhaps a little oversatisfied, but they were deeply blue and shaded by long lashes. Her mouth may have been a trifle thin-lipped and hard, but the artist had touched it with a throbbing scarlet.

John Gordon looked at the daguerreotype with hungry eyes. He studied the picture many times and under many conditions before he was conscious of its chilling imperfections. To him at first sight the girl was unbelievably beautiful, the personification of the radiant dawn-time. As he looked into the pictured eyes he realized the enormity of his offense against the unknown soldier, who no doubt loved her. Being a man, he started remorsefully to swear. And then he was, all at once, remembering why he had taken the box. And he was crying.

The sun rose warmly above the purple hill.

WHEN John Gordon marched through Washington, two years later, at the end of the war, he carried the daguerreotype in the pocket of his worn blue coat. He was no longer a private. Advancement had come rapidly in those last feverish years, and he marched at the head of a column of men; of men who had won through with smiling lips and high-flung heads. He marched proudly, with strife lying in the background and the little vital things of life stretching ahead.

The daguerreotype lay in his pocket, a slight weight, but a weight nevertheless. For it was the one personal regret that he was bringing back from the war. Of sorrows there were many, with his little brother's death the thorny crown of them. But the fears and hatreds and worries had been conquered—after a sense. And the sorrows had been unavoidable. Only the incident of the stolen box and the daguerreotype had the power to haunt him.

He had searched for the unknown Zouave through many regiments. But it is hard to identify a man when there is nothing to go by but the memory of a silhouette. Often he wondered if the man were living, and half comforted himself with the thought that he had gone, at the call of that first bugle, to a glorious death. But it was a grim sort of comfort.

The men in his company laughed over his interest in the Zouaves that crossed their path. Between themselves they speculated upon

Across the Years

reasons for that interest. For John Gordon had been known to order a halt that he might cross-question some swaggering, fez-topped soldier as to his whereabouts upon a certain date. Usually the soldier did not remember. And he had been heard asking more than one bearded man in ragged Turkish trousers and stained sash if he had ever lost anything important. Most of them had, but were slightly vague as to details.

The daguerreotype had come to be something of a torment. John Gordon had often blurted out his apologies to it, had often asked poignant questions of the smiling face—but the smile never changed; it was always blandly imperturbable, smugly self-satisfied. There came a time when John Gordon felt a longing to break the picture to bits because of that fixed smile, because of the too smooth curls, and the too perfect shoulders, and the unflinching pink of the cheeks.

"That girl," he said savagely at one time to himself, "hasn't anything but prettiness—just prettiness! She could never love a man enough to make it up to him—all the sufferings of a war. She could never keep a real person happy."

At such times it was easier to justify himself for the theft.

HE marched through Washington at the head of a column. And in time the column was disbanded, and the men hurried back to farms and towns and cities. John Gordon hurried back to a home. A mother who had waited there cried softly into his shoulder, and the damp of her tears washed some of the bitterness of a certain night from his soul. He told her of the box, and she had no word of blame to add to his weight of remorse.

"I'd have done it myself—" the words came softly from a mother heart—"for my little boy! Surely any real man would understand, dear. And—" she voiced the thought that had always been a relief to him, "doubtless he does understand—now. Maybe he never did come back for the box. Maybe he couldn't!"

Of course, John Gordon advertised and inserted personal notices in newspaper columns. But there was never any response, for the advertisements and the personals were not very clear.

"If a Zouave," they usually ran, "who lost a box from home on the night of," he gave the date, "will write to—" his address followed, "he will receive *valuable* information about the contents of it."

But no one ever wrote to him.

The years drifted on. John Gordon worked hard and prospered. He married a girl with nice straight hair and a mouth that was not too coldly regular. And his children, brown-cheeked little youngsters with briar-scratched knees, grew up about him. It was the night after his wife discovered the daguerreotype in his desk—and, being only a woman, asked certain questions concerning it—that he told her the whole story of the box. Often she had listened while he grew reminiscent to the children on the subject of their heroic little drummer-boy uncle, but she had never heard fully the details of that black night. She patted his hand softly while he told of the taking of the box, and she cried when he described the little fingers that had groped across a dingy blanket for the stolen fruit.

"Only fourteen," she said, and there was a quaver in her voice. "Some day Junior will be fourteen. And if he wanted anything—" the quaver grew—"as little Ted wanted things, I'd—I'd *kill*, if I had to, to get it! After all, dear, you didn't steal. You only borrowed something. And you were quite right."

It was later in the same evening that she reverted, from the circle of his arms, to the subject of the daguerreotype.

"That girl had a hard face," she said quite unexpectedly, "and a vain face. I'm glad, dearest, that she never meant anything in *your* life."

THE land, reborn to a new idea of unity, became whole again. And the broken battle-grounds began again to take on the semblance of the peaceful fields they had been. Torn hedges showed new leaves, and daisies bloomed with never a stain of red to mar their white purity. The tenth anniversary of the war's end swept around. And the twenty-fifth. John Gordon's hair was gray as he marched at the head of his column—almost intact it was, on that twenty-fifth anniversary. And his oldest boy, in his sturdy teens, shouted lustily from a very special grandstand seat.

The years multiplied. They seemed to revolve more rapidly as the total of them grew. The daguerreotype had been laid away, wrapped in a faded, flag-embroidered, silk handkerchief. And the healing ivy grew valiantly on a tiny cross that stood not far from a one-time barn hospital. Old scars faded out, and the wounds of heart and soul were dimmed by time. The North and South could meet again upon a common ground, with a real friendliness that the blood-stained hands of memory could not crush. And John Gordon's gray hair grew white, and his shoulders lost their military squareness—except when the flag was going by.

Thirty years, forty years! The war was a faded photograph, a photograph that one had to remember to see clearly. John Gordon's son married a girl from Kentucky, and the oldest boy was called John Gordon, third—after his paternal grandfather who had fought in many battles against his other grandfather, who cherished a quite untarnished sword and a wonderful line of camp songs. The two old men, meeting once, had exchanged anecdotes and tobacco and had parted comrades, with a real bond between them. After all, they had both fought!

The years were whirling now. John Gordon retired successfully from business. He was no longer very ambitious, and his eyes had a way of smarting, and he liked to stay late in bed, of a morning, and smoke. He was living in a strangely Arcadian existence, a sort of Indian summer in which folk came to him for advice and laughed at his stories.

And then blindness, like a curtain of incredibly soft, unbelievable, dense black velvet, swept across his life.

And it was fifty years!

* * *

THE young man dropped his grandfather's arm.

"It's some rough kids teasing an old Zouave, Granddad," he said, "I guess I'd better—"

There was something alert, something that was almost like sight, in the old man's voice as he answered. "Yes, go help him, Johnny," he said: "go help him. I—I owe a debt, Johnny, to a Zouave."

The young man was hurrying toward the gutter. His voice came back to the waiting ears of the old man.

"Lay off the comedy, kids," came the voice. "It's an old soldier that you're making fun of. Beat it!"

Boys will usually listen to some one of their own sex who speaks in their own vernacular.

"A soldier—in those?" questioned the spokesman of the group, pointing a stubby finger in the direction of the baggy trousers. "Aw—some soldier!"

The young man was helping the Zouave out of the gutter. He spoke again:

"Scatter, kids, scatter!" he advised, not too kindly. And then, to the Zouave, "Did they frighten you?"

The old man was white and trembling. He had evidently been badly shaken. But his voice, when he spoke, held no hint of gratitude. "Frightened!" he snarled. "It'd take more'n a parcel o' boys ter scare me—Curse 'em! Frightened—hey? Who'n th'—"

The young man was leading him to the place where his grandfather waited.

Rarely does an indisputably safe investment yield so high a dividend, over as long a term of years, as an investment in a Hoover for your home. For this efficient cleaner actually returns its full cost every twelve months through the savings it effects. It pays this 100% annual dividend by reducing your present carpet-cleaning expense, by lowering the cost of household help, by cleaning so dustlessly that less laundering of curtains is required, by bettering the family health through fostering greater sanitation, and by very materially prolonging the life of your valuable rugs. Only The Hoover gently beats out all nap-wearing, embedded grit, as it electrically sweeps and suction cleans. *Invest* in a Hoover.

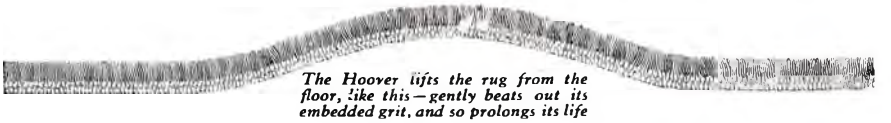
★

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

In using advertisements see page 4

Across the Years

"I know, I know!" he agreed hurriedly. "I know! Here's the Zouave, Granddad," he called.

The blind man was extending a courteous, though uncertain, hand. "Greetings, comrade," he said in his curiously soft voice. And then, "The boys were bothering you?"

The Zouave regarded the groping hand with venomous, questioning eyes.

The young man spoke hurriedly and in a low tone. "My grandfather is blind," he said.

With something like a snort the Zouave gripped the courteous fingers in his leathery old hand. "Pleased t' meet you," he growled. "No, I didn't mind th' boys—s' much. I hate kids, and they hate me. I'm used t' havin' 'em treat me that-a-way. I hate—" He stopped, and his mouth curled sardonically. "What was your outfit?" he asked abruptly.

The old man's face flushed. The Zouave's tone was not cordial.

"I was with the Fifty-first Iowa," he started slowly, and stopped, for the Zouave was cursing with a monotonous regularity and ferocity.

"Fifty-first Iowa," he spat out the words—"Fifty-first—curse 'em. I owe some feller—I owe him— '

He stopped, sputtering, and the young man laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"I wouldn't—" began the young man.

White with fury, the old Zouave jerked away from the restraining hand. "I won't have you a-tellin' me what t' do an' what t' say," he mouthed. "I won't have it—you—you *boy!* All o' my life folks 've been orderin' me around, an' tellin' me I mustn't, an'—I won't take nothin' from you! I hate you—I hate folks! An' it all began on account of a skunk in that cursed Fifty-first Iowa."

The blind man murmured something unintelligible, but the Zouave paid no attention. He spoke on, wildly.

"We stopped by 'em, one night," he said, and there was the bitterness of ashes in his voice, "for a coupla hours. An' my girl, she'd sent me a box. An' I built a fire an' I opened th' box in front o' it. An' her pictur was in it—her—*her pictur!* An' then the bugle came, an' I had t' leave m' box an' go for a few minutes. It couldn't"—suddenly the voice held a pathetic note—"it couldn't 've been more'n ten minutes! But when I come back, th' box was gone; some one of that crew had stole it. An' I couldn't get him 'cause—" All at once the voice broke. "'Cause we had ter move on. War's like that We had ter move on!"

He paused, gasping, for a moment, and drew his hand across his rigid lips. "I came back from th' war," he said at last, "without a wound 'r—'r anything. An' I went t' see her. An' she asks me th' minute she sees me, 'Where's my pictur?'—sharp, like that! An' I says, 'Some cursed, sneakin' thief stole it on me!' An' she says, '*Lot you cared fer it if y' left it where it could 've been stole!*'"

THE blind man was leaning forward, his slim hands clasped upon the head of his stick. He seemed to be listening with every fiber of his body, every shred of his consciousness. But the old Zouave seemed scarcely to be aware of him.

"She was pretty," he said slowly, and some of the bitterness had drained from his voice. "She had hair that was shinin', an' it curled." The voice was almost wistful now. "Her eyes were big an'—an' blue. But she—God, she wouldn't understand! *She wouldn't even try t' understand.* She—she said as she was through of me. An' she married—married a feller as had paid fer a substitute!

"After that things went wrong. Seemed like my luck went when th' pictur went. Seemed like things kept a-goin' wrong. Seemed like I got t' drinking.' An' then—" The old Zouave stopped suddenly, and something like a sob came from his dry lips.

The young man cleared his throat nervously. "There now, sir," he soothed. "Don't you feel so badly."

The Zouave turned on him fiercely. He seemed glad of some one to turn on fiercely. "I ain't feelin' bad," he growled. "What do I want symp'thy for! What d' I want o' your symp'thy? I ain't feelin' bad. I'm just a-tellin' how I kept losin' jobs an' money an' friends an' th' spirit that helped me get through down—" his thumb jerked south, "down there. I kept driftin', an' afore I knew it, I was plumb *old*. An' I hadn't a thing left. Nobody cared. Not—" violently—"that I wanted any one should care!"

FROM far down the street there came a sound, the sound of many feet, marching in time. The young man, with a start, realized that the parade was forming. He commenced to say something, but caught himself up sharply. For his grandfather's face was the face of a man who had forgotten parades, and the Zouave was speaking again.

"Fer folks like you," he said, and his bitter gaze rested on the blind man—rested resentfully upon the evident marks of prosperity, despite the faded uniform and the tarnished gold braid, "fer folks like you, old age ain't bad. Fer folks like me it's—charity. An' charity's—hard. I went t' th' Soldiers' Home. I stayed there.

"In a home there ain't much as a feller can look forward to. There ain't much except dinner 'n bedtime. But, come a year ago, there begun t' be talk o' this reunion. An' I made my plans ter come. I had ter get money. Well, I done it! I hoed gardens, an' raked hay, an' rubbed down horses. I—I run errands," the voice was nearly a wail, "ter git money. But I done it. I wanted ter come back—just once. Ter find some o' what I'd lost.

"So I come back. Not," again his resentful gaze touched the blind man—resting first upon his silver-headed stick, then upon his white, well-cared-for hands, "not as you come back. I come in a day coach, fer two nights, not eatin' much. But I allowed as it would be worth while—ter see th' old gang."

He paused. The young man let his own gaze travel from his grandfather to the Zouave and back again. The Zouave's face was white and drawn—but so was his grandfather's face. He wondered why. Perhaps it was too much for his grandfather, this recital. But somehow he scarcely dared to interrupt.

The Zouave was speaking again. "I wanted ter see th' old gang," he said harshly. "I might've knowed. I might've knowed!"

The parade sounds were coming nearer. There was a merry murmur of fife and drum, a bugle call that should have drawn the old soldiers to attention. But they were not listening to sounds of the present. More to create a diversion than for any other reason, the young man ventured a question.

"Known what?" he asked.

"That they'd be *dead*," rasped the Zouave. "That they'd be dead! There ain't a one o' them left—not a one! Reunion—*huh*! Nothin's never gone like it should go, not since th' pictur was took. Don't," his voice quivered as he turned sharply to the young man, "don't you dare ter feel sorry fer me—you *boy!*" The way he said it was a subtle insult. "Don't you dare t' be sorry fer me. I don't want yer symp'thy!"

The blind man was fumbling in the breast of his coat. After a moment he pulled out something neatly wrapped in a faded silk handkerchief. For the first time he spoke.

"Comrade," he said, and his voice shook, "comrade, I'm sorry . . . Of course, that doesn't help. I tried to find you. I searched, and advertised, and—prayed. But I couldn't. That doesn't help either. But—" his hands were tenderly unwrapping the silk handkerchief, "but—here it is, comrade. She *was*—very pretty!"

Across the Years

It was a daguerreotype, worn and faded in its leather and velvet case. The Zouave leaped forward, pulled it roughly from the blind man's hand before that hand could advance half the way toward him. The young man stepped forward involuntarily, hesitated, fell back again. After all—

The blind man was speaking again. His voice shook. "Sir," he said, "I—stole your box. But—there were circumstances." His sightless eyes turned in dumb entreaty toward the Zouave. "There were circumstances. My little brother was dying. He was asking for oranges—and cookies. He was dying!"

There on the sidewalk he told the story for the third time, the same story he had told to his mother and to his wife. He told of the dark road and the watch fire at the end of it. He told haltingly of the man who had knelt, in silhouette, and kissed a love token. He told of the taking of the box—not sparing himself he told it. And of the boy's death. And of his attempt at restitution.

The young man had heard flashes of the story before, but he listened with a breathless interest, an interest that caught at his heart and made him lean eagerly forward. It was the old Zouave who stood motionless, apparently quite unmoved. It was the old Zouave whose eyes were dull and lack-luster, whose hands, holding the daguerreotype tight to his breast, still had a strangely lifeless look.

AND then the story was finished. And the blind man bowed his head and waited. He seemed to have grown older during the telling of the story, older and infinitely more feeble. He waited.

The young man moved nearer to his grandfather. There was nothing that he could say. He knew that he was looking, from back stage, upon the last act of a great human tragedy. He waited.

And the Zouave seemed to be waiting. Statue-like he stood there with his hard old face turned toward the sightless man and his grim mouth set in a straight line. One knew that the years were passing in review before his eyes. One knew that disappointments and vain regrets and wasted opportunities were laughing at him. One knew that lost love was smiling in the distance.

And then all at once it swung around the corner—the parade. It came triumphantly, with faded banners flying and old drums beating out defiance to the years! It came with the triumph of courage over death, of peace over war. And the young man, seeing a chance to break the tension that was becoming unbearable, spoke hurriedly.

"We'd better get in this, Granddad," he urged. "It's the parade, at last. It's—"

And then, like a bit of garishly colored sculpture coming to life, the Zouave moved. He spoke, and the bitterness of the burnt-out years looked from his eyes as he glanced at the young man. But the hand that grasped the blind man's arm was a curiously gentle hand.

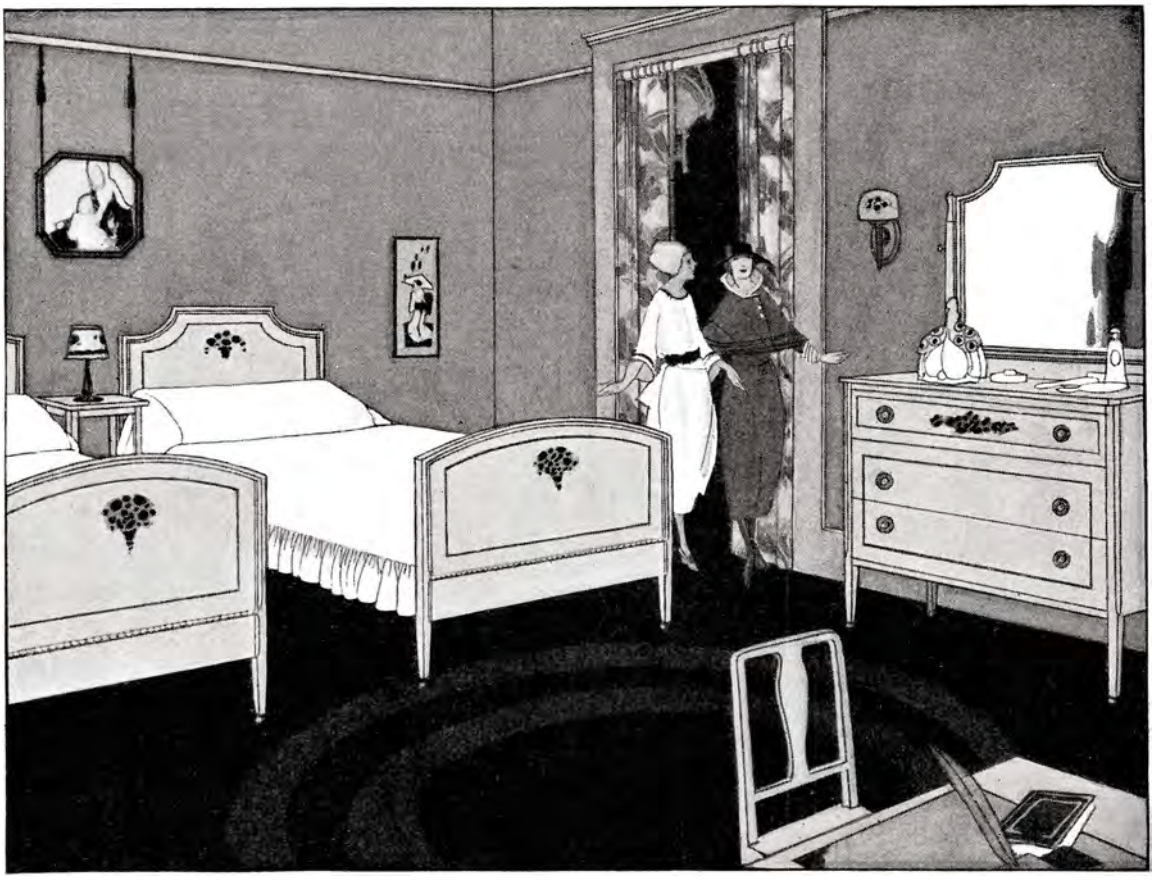
"What'd *you* get into it fer?" he snarled at the young man. "*You boy!* It ain't *your* parade. *You* didn't fight, did yer? *You* wasn't even thought of when we was *there*. It wasn't your war. *We'll* get inter it," he mimicked. "We'll—"

The parade was passing the spot where they stood. They marched well, the old men, in their faded blue uniforms—they marched well. After all, they were not so very bent; their heads were proudly lifted!

With a certain air of finality the old Zouave dropped something into the pocket of his baggy trousers. And then, still curiously gentle, he helped the blind man over the gutter.

"It's th' parade, comrade," he said, "th' parade we both come t'—*see*. D'ye hear what they're playin'—d'ye hear it?" His hand snapped up to salute as a flag went by, and then—

"We'd best be gettin' inter line," he said.



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Be Sociable!

(*Continued from page 62*)

Well, after Donna had gone, I worried a good deal about her and even lost my appetite for the strawberry shortcake I was helping mother make for dinner.

"What's the matter, Frankie?" asked father, looking up over his rubber-tired spectacles as he helped himself to the third piece of shortcake. "You're hardly eating a thing."

"Nothing," I answered, jabbing my fork into a fat berry snowed under powdered sugar.

I was thinking of how awful I'd feel if anything were to happen to Donna. An operation was a terrible thing, and I'd rather have her airing her French and acting a little superior the rest of our days than take a chance like that.

But the afternoon mail brought a letter which drove everything else out of my head for a while. It was from Aunt Fanny, wanting mother to join her in the city next day ready to start on a two weeks' trip to the Adirondacks, expenses prepaid. Aunt Fanny has enough money to be able to afford sudden whims like that.

At first mother insisted she couldn't go.

"All the vegetables coming on, Frankie, and I've ordered a bushel of strawberries from Park's for jam. To say nothing of the pineapple, which simply can't be neglected." She sighed. "I'd love to go, though. Fanny says the Adirondacks are heavenly cool."

"Of course you're going, mother," I said. "I'll get Reverend Bayard's Mam Jane to help me with the canning, and split the spoils with her. You're going right along and not bother about a thing for two lovely weeks."

A little gleam came into mother's eye. I could tell she was thinking of Dr. Steve and the possibilities suggested by my hobnobbing with the Bayards' colored cook. Mother'd often urged me to run over there with a plate of my biscuit or strawberry shortcake, but as I'd always pointed out, it would be silly, when Mam Jane could probably cook rings around us Northerners.

NEXT morning, as we stood on the station platform, mother turned to me with a little rustle of her black taffeta—she *would* wear the stiff, crackly thing in spite of my hinting that something soft and clingy would make her curves look ever so much less—well, curving, you know.

"Now, Frankie," she said, "you'll look after father's meals and keep the house from being too dusty, won't you, dear? And *do*, Frankie, try to be a little more sociable with the Bayards."

The train was heaving round the bend, so I kissed her and said, "Yes, mother," very meekly. No use to spoil her two weeks at the last minute.

Father helped her on the train, and then we walked back up town together. And on the way I decided one thing, flat. I'd have nothing to do with the Bayards. I'd manage the canning myself. If mother was going to have a vacation, so was I. I went about getting dinner in the happiest frame of mind, as if a lifelong cloud were lifted at last. But, as Reverend Bayard is so fond of saying in his weekly talks, "How little do we know from one moment to the next what shall befall us!"

Monday morning found me nicely settled with a bushel of strawberries, father's promise to eat downtown, and a rather muddled idea of how to go ahead with the canning. Also, I was worried about Donna. I'd argued and argued with her, trying to talk her out of that operation, but to no purpose. What Donna once set her mind on doing, Donna usually did.

Suddenly the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Hatton, asking me if I could come right over. I caught up my hat and simply ran, my heart thumping frightfully all the way. Suppose something had happened! I ran harder.

But when I got there and hurried up to

Be Sociable!

Donna's room, I gave a cry of relief. Donna was sitting on the edge of the bed having hysterics. No signs of blood or anything terrible about that.

"Oh, Frankie," she whimpered, plopping her head down on my shoulder, "why ever did you let me get myself into this mess?"

The idea, after all I'd said to try to keep her out of it! But sometimes you've got to humor a person in such a state.

"Never mind, honey, it's not too late." I patted her shoulder comfortingly. "Your tonsils are still in, and they shall stay in, if you don't want 'em out."

"B-but I do. That is, I don't know what I want, I'm so s-scared. They're downstairs now waiting for me, and m-mother's so upset she's gone next door to w-wait till it's over. Oh, whatever shall I do! I'm afraid of the b-blood!"

I slammed my hat down on the bed and got up. "I'll tell you what you're going to do, Donna Hatton," I said, starting for the door. "I'm going downstairs and tell Dr. Bayard to take his little satchel and go home, that you've changed your mind and don't care to have an operation today."

"No—no!" cried Donna, jumping after me. "He'd think I was a c-coward, and I'm *not*. Wait till I wash my face. I'm going to see this thing through. I'll m-make them give me a regular anesthetic so I can't see the b-blood. Only promise you'll stay right with me, Frankie, no matter what happens."

So of course I had to do it, though I never was so frightened in my life. By the time it was all over and Dr. Steve had carried Donna in to the living-room couch, I sat down in a bunch, feeling pretty much like a balloon with a pin in it. Old Doc Tuggle patted me on the head and held a bottle of ammonia under my nose.

"There, there, my dear, everything's all right. You've been a brave little girl; now don't let go."

MRS. HATTON came in just then, and I got up rather shakily.

"I think I'll be going home," I said.

And the next thing I knew, before I could figure out just how it happened, I was in Dr. Steve's flivver, and we were chugging down the street toward our house. But we didn't stop there. We went on through town and out the Sandyville Pike.

"I've a couple of calls to make in the country, Miss Frances," said Dr. Steve. "The fresh air will do you good. Now just lean back and don't think of anything."

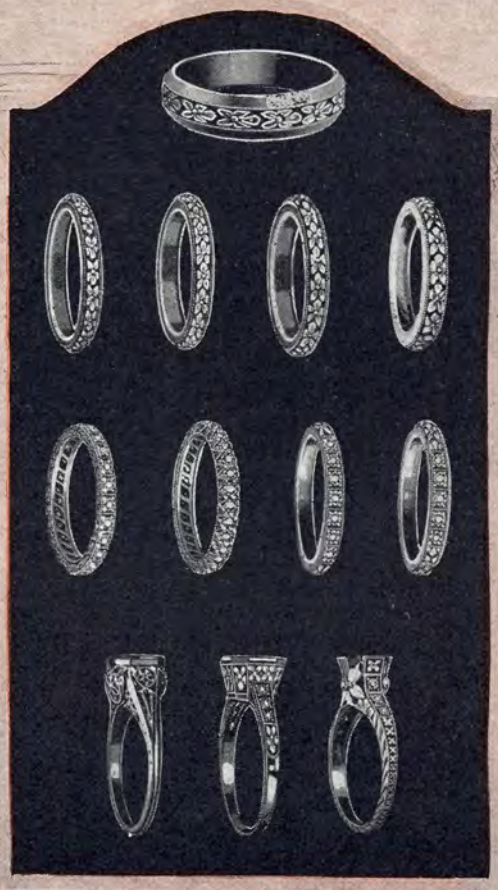
I leaned back and thought how lucky it was that Donna was only conscious enough to want a drink when we left. It would have made her awfully peeved if she'd noticed that her chum, whom she trusted, was riding off with the cause for which she'd suffered and bled.

The country was heavenly that July morning—not stuffy and scorching as July mornings usually are, but sweet and blue-misty along the hills, as it sometimes is before a rain. The flivver slowed down to a soft hum that melted into the buzz of the tiny creatures in the grass at the sides of the road.

We went on for miles like that, neither of us saying a word, till I began to feel quiet and rested and sort of *at home*. It seemed to me I'd like always to be jogging along that way, looking down at the strong, slim, brown hands on the wheel beside me. What clever hands they were, I thought, and how deftly they'd handled Donna and everything back at Hatton's! I shivered a little, though it all seemed so very long ago.

Finally I took a peep up sideways at Dr. Steve and saw that his hat was off and the wind had blown his hair into funny rumples—also that he was looking squarely down at me with the kindest, smiliest gray eyes in the world.

"Frances Purdy," he said, in a conversa-



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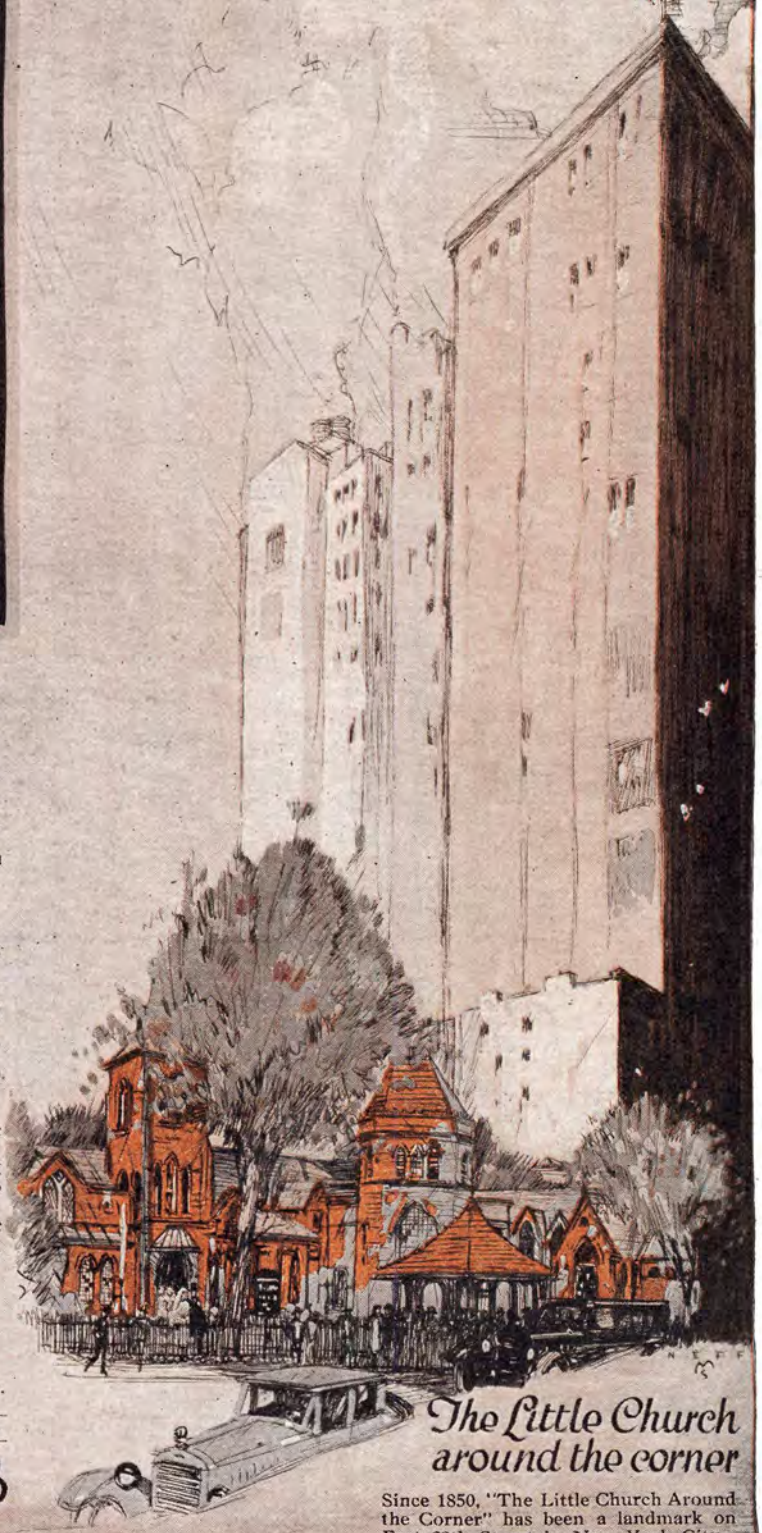

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tional sort of tone, as if he were asking would I like chocolate sundae or plain ice-cream, "will you marry me?"

I looked at my feet, then up along my dress, and discovered with horror that I was still wearing my kitchen apron. I thought of poor Donna, lying back home, suffering, and Babe, who was just beginning to hobble about on crutches, and Mabel, and I felt—oh, so fearfully guilty. Here was I, who'd never done a thing—

"Gracious!" I said. "I forgot to take off my apron."

"It's a nice, big, white one, as a nurse's apron should be," said Dr. Steve, "and you've been a brave little nurse. But that's not answering my question."

He was still looking down at me with that half-smile in his gray eyes. And Babe had said they were like cold steel!

"B-but I hardly know you," I quavered. "And you don't know *me* at all."

"Don't I, though? That's where my little girl's mistaken. Ever since that night I first saw you—down at the church, you remember—you were sitting off in a corner with some youngsters—"

"You really saw me through all that crowd of women?"

"Of course! And I knew that you were *you*. I'd always known I'd find you—sometime." His voice was deep and thrilly. "Frances, will you marry me?"

I felt dreadfully frightened, as if I were slipping into something unknown, like taking ether. "Y-your patients," I reminded him. "You said you had to see some of 'em out this way."

He laughed and turned the flivver across a little white bridge to the Seven Mile Drive which winds round the river toward home.

"Just an excuse to bring you out and tell you this. I've waited a long time, you know."

ONE of his lean brown hands left the wheel and found mine in the folds of my kitchen apron. Then he bent and touched his lips to mine.

"Frances, don't you think you could marry me?"

And suddenly I knew it was always meant to be like that, even back in the dim, dim ages—as far back as the time when mother'd put the tissue-paper parcel into my hand and told me to be sociable with the little boys.

Poor, misguided mother! She'd meant to be kind, but had caused me only discomfort and trouble. I'd forgive her, though, freely. For with Dr. Steve's kiss, the closed-up-stone-church feeling was *gone*—the doors were flung wide, and from within, a deep-toned organ was pæaning my happiness.

I snuggled my hand closer into Dr. Steve's. "Yes," I said, "I think I could."

Sometime later—minutes or hours; I've never known which—I asked what I suppose 'most any girl would be curious to find out.

"How did you *know* I was—*me?*"

"Perfectly simple," answered Dr. Steve. "I'd always known what you were going to be like—sweet, and a little shy, and kind. It was all in your face the first time I saw you talking to that crowd of youngsters. Such a dear, *homey* sort of sociable little face—the kind of person who'd be sharing and neighborly, you know. And you *were*. There was your singing—you shared that with me. I've loved your voice."

"But how? The doors were shut, *always*," I interrupted.

"The little corner window—it was often open for me," he said.

My goodness! Had mother—?

"And the biscuit and shortcake and things you were always leaving with Mam Jane—it was so nice and folksy of you, dear. I knew you'd be like that. You're going to make a wonderful doctor's wife, I think."

Gracious! Had *mother*—?

Bless her, she *had!*

The Flaming Forest

(*Continued from page 72*)

glad you had not stained your hands with my life—"

This time Audemard smiled, but it was the smile of a man ten years older than he had appeared yesterday. "Don't try to answer, m'sieu. I only want you to know she is as pure as the stars. It was unfortunate, but to follow the impulse of one's heart can not be a sin. Everything has been unfortunate since you came. But I blame no one, except—"

"Carmin Fanchet?"

Audemard nodded. "Yes. I have sent her away. Marie-Anne is in the cabin on the raft now. But even Carmin I can not blame very greatly, m'sieu, for it is impossible to hold anything against one you love. Tell me if I am right? You must know. You love my Marie-Anne. Do you hold anything against her?"

"That is unfair," protested David. "She is your wife. Audemard, is it possible you don't love her?"

"Yes, I love her."

"And Carmin Fanchet?"

"I love her, too. They are so different. Yet I love them both. Is it not possible for a big heart like mine to do that, m'sieu?"

With almost a snort David rose to his feet and stared through one of the windows into the darkness of the river. "Black Roger," he said without turning his head, "the evidence at Headquarters condemns you as one of the blackest-hearted murderers that ever lived. But that crime, to me, is less atrocious than the one you are committing against your own wife. I am not ashamed to confess I love her, because to deny it would be a lie. I love her so much that I would sacrifice myself—soul and body—if that sacrifice could give you back to her, clean and undefiled and with your hand unstained by the crime for which you must hang!"

He did not hear Roger Audemard as he rose from his chair. For a moment the riverman stared at the back of David's head, and in that moment he was fighting to keep back what wanted to come from his lips in words. He turned before David faced him again, and did not pause until he stood at the cabin door with his hand at the latch. There he was partly in shadow.

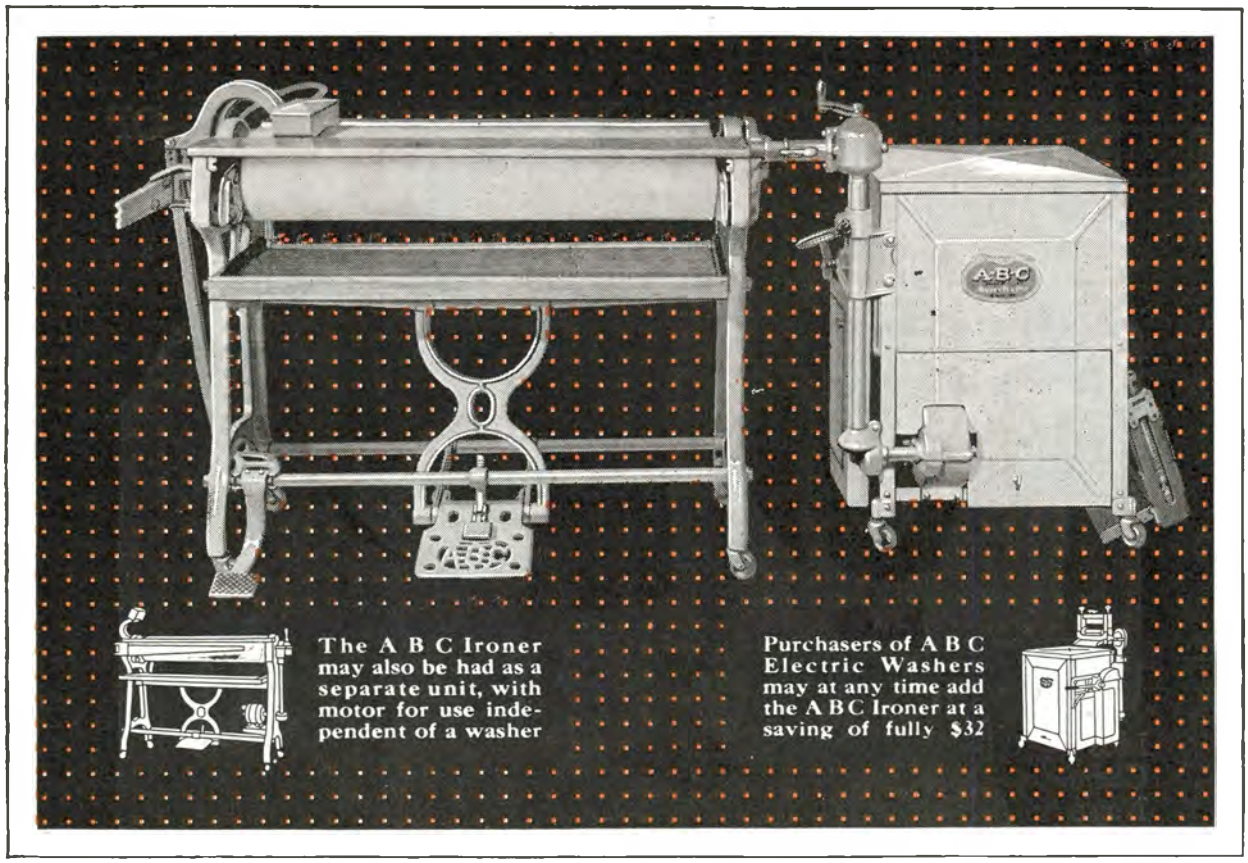
"I shall not see you again until you reach the Yellowknife," he said. "Not until then will you know—or will I know—what is going to happen. I think you will understand strange things then, but that is for the hour to tell. Bateese has explained to you that you must not make an effort to escape. You would regret it, and so would I. If you have red blood in you, m'sieu—if you would understand all that you can not understand now—wait as patiently as you can. *Bonne nuit,* M'sieu Carrigan!"

"Good night!" nodded David.

In the pale shadows he thought a mysterious light of gladness illumined Black Roger's face before the door opened and closed, leaving him alone again.

XXIV

WITH the going of Black Roger also went the oppressive loneliness which had gripped Carrigan, and as he stood listening to the low voices outside, the undeniable truth came to him that he did not hate this man as he wanted to hate him. He was a murderer, and a scoundrel in another way, but he felt irresistibly the impulse to like him and to feel sorry for him. He made an effort to shake off the feeling, but a small voice which he could not quiet persisted in telling him that more than one good man had committed what the law called murder, and that perhaps he didn't fully understand what he had seen through the cabin window on the raft. And yet, when unstirred by this impulse, he knew the evidence was damning.



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The Flaming Forest

But his loneliness was gone. With Audemard's visit had come an unexpected thrill, the revival of an almost feverish anticipation, the promise of impending things that stirred his blood as he thought of them. "You will understand strange things then," Roger Audemard had said, and something in his voice had been like a key unlocking mysterious doors for the first time. And then, "Wait, as patiently as you can!" Out of the basket on the table seemed to come to him a whispering echo of that same word—wait! He laid his hands upon it, and a pulse of life came with the imagined whispering. It was from Marie-Anne. It seemed as though the warmth of her hands were still there, and as he removed the cloth the sweet breath of her came to him. And then, in the next instant, he was trying to laugh at himself and trying equally hard to call himself a fool, for it was the breath of newly-baked things which her fingers had made.

Yet never had he felt the warmth of her presence more strangely in his heart. He did not try to explain to himself why Roger Audemard's visit had broken down things which had seemed insurmountable an hour ago. Analysis was impossible, because he knew the transformation within himself was without a shred of reason. But it had come, and with it his imprisonment took on another form. Where before there had been thought of escape and a scheming to jail Black Roger, there filled him now an intense desire to reach the Yellowknife and the Château Boulain.

IT was after midnight when he went to bed, and he was up with the early dawn. With the first break of day the bateau men were preparing their breakfast. David was glad. He was eager for the day's work to begin, and in that eagerness he pounded on the door and called out to Joe Clamart that he was ready for his breakfast with the rest of them, but that he wanted only hot coffee to go with what Black Roger had brought to him in the basket.

That afternoon the bateau passed Fort McMurray, and before the sun was well down in the west Carrigan saw the green slopes of Thickwood Hills and the rising peaks of Birch Mountains. There was no stop at noon, and the tie-up did not come until the last glow of day was darkening into the gloom of night in the sky. For sixteen hours the bateau had traveled steadily, and it could not have made less than sixty miles as the river ran. The raft, David figured, had not traveled a third of the distance.

The fact that the bateau's progress would bring him to Château Boulain many days, and perhaps weeks, before Black Roger and Marie-Anne could arrive on the raft did not check his enthusiasm. It was this interval between their arrivals which held a great speculative promise for him. In that time, if his efficiency had not entirely deserted him, he would surely make discoveries of importance.

Day after day the journey continued without rest. On the fifth day, the bateau crossed the narrow western neck of Lake Athabasca, slipping past Chipewyan in the night, and on the sixth it entered the Slave River. It was the fourteenth day when the bateau entered Great Slave Lake, and the second night after that, as dusk gathered thickly between the forest walls of the Yellowknife, David knew that at last they had reached the mouth of the dark and mysterious stream which led to the still more mysterious domain of Black Roger Audemard.

That night the rejoicing of the bateau men ashore was that of men who had come out from under a strain and were throwing off its tension for the first time in many days. A great fire was built, and the men sang and laughed and shouted as they piled wood upon it. In the flare of this fire a smaller one was built, and kettles and pans were soon bubbling and sizzling over it, and a great coffee-pot that held two gallons sent out its steam laden with an aroma that mingled joyously with the balsam

The Flaming Forest

and cedar smells in the air. David could see the whole thing from his window, and when Joe Clamart came in with supper, he found the meat they were cooking over the fire was fresh moose steak. As there had been no trading or firing of guns coming down, he was puzzled, and when he asked where the meat had come from, Joe Clamart only shrugged his shoulders and winked an eye. But David noticed there were never more than four men ashore at the same time. At least one was always aboard the bateau, watching his door and windows.

And he, too, felt the thrill of an excitement working subtly within him, and this thrill pounded in swifter running blood when he saw the men about the fire jump to their feet suddenly and go to meet new and shadowy figures that came up indistinctly just in the edge of the forest gloom. There they mingled and were lost in identity for a long time, and David wondered if the newcomers were of the people of Château Boulain. After that, Bateese and Joe Clamart and two others stamped out the fires and came over the plank to the bateau to sleep. David followed their example and went to bed.

THE cook fire was burning again before the gray dawn was broken by a tint of the sun, and when the voices of many men roused David, he went to his window and saw a dozen figures where last night there had been only four. When it grew lighter he recognized none of them. All were strangers. Then he realized the significance of their presence. The bateau had been traveling north, but downstream. Now it would still travel north, but the water of the Yellowknife flowed south into Great Slave Lake, and the bateau must be towed. He caught a glimpse of the two big York boats a little later, with six rowers to a boat, and after that the bateau set out slowly but steadily upstream.

For hours David was at one window or the other, with something of awe working inside him as he saw what they were passing through —and between. He fancied the water trail was like an entrance into a forbidden land, a region of vast and unbroken mystery, a country of enchantment, possibly of death, shut out from the world he had known. For the stream narrowed, and the forest along the shores was so dense he could not see into it. The tree-tops hung in a tangled canopy overhead, and a gloom of twilight filled the channel below, so that where the sun shot through, it was like filtered moonlight shining on black oil. There was no sound except the dull, steady beat of the rowers' oars, and the ripple of water along the sides of the bateau. The men did not sing or laugh, and if they talked it must have been in whispers. There was no cry of birds from ashore. And once David saw Joe Clamart's face as he passed the window, and it was set and hard and filled with the superstition of a man who was passing through a devil-country.

And then suddenly the end of it came. A flood of sunlight burst in at the windows, and all at once voices came from ahead, a laugh, a shout, and a yell of rejoicing from the bateau. Carrigan found himself grinning. They were a queer people, these bred-in-the-blood northerners—still moved by the superstitions of children. Yet he conceded that the awesome deadness of the forest passage had put strange thoughts into his own heart.

Before nightfall Bateese and Joe Clamart came in and tied his arms behind him, and he was taken ashore with the rumble of a waterfall in his ears. For two hours he watched the labors of the men as they beached the bateau on long rollers of smooth birch and rolled it foot by foot over a cleared trail until it was launched again above the waterfall. Then he was led back into the cabin and his arms freed. That night he went to sleep with the music of the waterfall in his ears.

The second day the Yellowknife seemed to be no longer a river, but a narrow lake, and the third day the rowers came into the Nine

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How We Solved the Clothes Problem in Our Family

By IRENE STEVENSON

A YEAR ago I found the way, not only to have pretty, attractive dresses and other things for myself, but to a solution of the clothes problem in our family. What is more, I found the way to make more money than I ever expected to earn. Altogether my discovery has meant so much to our happiness that I am sure other women will be interested in it.

Soon after leaving school, I started to work as a clerk in an office downtown. There were four of us, Ted, my ten-year-old brother, "Sister," just six, mother and myself. We had practically nothing but my meagre wage, and this, with the small income father had left us, provided funds enough to just about pay for our rent and food. There was never any money left for clothes.

Well, one night after the children were in bed, mother and I had a serious discussion of our finances. We decided that we could save quite a little if I became the family dressmaker. So I tried—evenings after I had finished my day's work. But soon my troubles began! I became so discouraged by my mistakes and the ludicrous garments I made that I told mother I would surely have to take at least a few lessons. But when we canvassed the possibilities for getting the necessary help and instruction, the outlook was gloomy indeed.

I couldn't possibly give up my position and leave home to learn how to make our clothes. We simply had to have the little money I was bringing home each week. And there seemed to be no other way.

Then just when I was most discouraged, I read in a magazine the story of a girl just like myself who had been unable to take her rightful place because her clothes were not like those of other girls she knew. But she had quickly learned right in her own home, during spare time, through an institute of domestic arts and sciences, how to make just the kind of dresses and hats she had always wanted.

It was so true to life that I read every word and mother agreed that it was surely worth finding out about, at least. So I wrote the Woman's Institute and asked how I could learn to make our clothes. The information I received was a revelation to me. The Institute offered just the opportunity I needed, and I joined at once and took up dressmaking.

I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came and when I found it on the table at home a few nights later, I carried it upstairs and read it as eagerly as if it had been a love-letter.

Nothing could be more practical and interesting and complete than this wonderful course. There are more than 2,000 illustrations, making every step perfectly plain, and the language is so simple and direct that a child could understand every word of it.

Almost at once I began making actual garments—that's another delightful thing about the course. Why, I made a beautiful waist for mother after my third lesson! And in just a little while I was making all our clothes with no difficulty whatever.

I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

But the biggest thing my Woman's Institute training taught me was the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

Well, when I found I was getting along so splendidly, I decided to turn my study to further profit. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

The very first afternoon one woman gave me an order. I worked like mad on that dress! When it was finished she was so delighted she gave me two more orders—one for a tailored suit. From that time on, it was easy.

In less than six months I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone. I had to get first one, then two, women to do the plain sewing. Now I am planning to move my shop from home to a business block in town.

Of course, our own clothes problems are a thing of the past. The dresses mother and I wear are always admired, the children have an abundance of attractive clothes and there is no more worrying about money.

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The Flaming Forest

Lake country at noon, and until another dusk the bateau threaded its way through twisting channels and impenetrable forests, and beached at last at the edge of a great open where the timber had been cut. There was more excitement here, but it was too dark for David to understand the meaning of it. There were many voices; dogs barked. Then voices were at his door, a key rattled in the lock, and it opened. David saw Bateese and Joe Clamart first. And then, to his amazement, Black Roger Audemard stood there, smiling at him and nodding good evening.

It was impossible for David to repress his astonishment.

"Welcome to Château Boulain," greeted Black Roger. "You are surprised? Well, I beat you out by half a dozen hours—in a canoe, m'sieu. It is only courtesy that I should be here to give you welcome!"

Behind him Bateese and Joe Clamart were grinning widely, and then both came in, and Joe Clamart picked up his dunnage-sack and threw it over his shoulder.

"If you will come with us, m'sieu—"

DAVID followed, and when he stepped ashore, there were Bateese, and Joe Clamart, and one other behind him, and three or four shadowy figures ahead, with Black Roger walking at his side. There were no more voices, and the dog had ceased barking. Ahead was a wall of darkness, which was the deep black forest beyond the clearing, and into it led a trail which they followed. It was a path worn smooth by the travel of many feet, and for a mile not a star broke through the tree-tops overhead, nor did a flash of light break the utter chaos of the way but once, when Joe Clamart lighted his pipe. No one spoke. Even Black Roger was silent, and David found no word to say.

At the end of the mile the trees began to open above their heads, and they soon came to the edge of the timber. In the darkness David caught his breath. Dead ahead, not a rifle shot away, was the Château Boulain. He knew it before Black Roger said a word. He guessed it by the lighted windows, full a score of them, without a curtain drawn to shut out their illumination from the night. He could see nothing but these lights, yet they measured off a mighty place to be built of logs in the heart of a wilderness, and at his side he heard Black Roger chuckling in low exultation.

"Our home, m'sieu," he said. "Tomorrow, when you see it in the light of day, you will say it is the finest château in the north—all built of sweet cedar where birch is not used, so that even in the deep snows it gives us the perfume of springtime and flowers."

David did not answer, and in a moment Audemard said:

"Only on Christmas and New Year and at birthdays and wedding feasts is it lighted up like that. Tonight it is in your honor, M'sieu David." Again he laughed softly, and under his breath he added, "And there is some one waiting for you there whom you will be surprised to see!"

David's heart gave a jump. There was meaning in Black Roger's words and no double twist to what he meant. Marie-Anne had come ahead with her husband!

Now, as they passed on to the brilliantly lighted château, David made out the indistinct outlines of other buildings almost hidden in the out-creeping shadows of the forest-edges, with now and then a ray of light to show people were in them. But there was a brooding silence over it all which made him wonder, for there was no voice, no bark of dog, not even the opening or closing of a door. As they drew nearer, he saw a great veranda reaching the length of the château. Into this they went, up wide birch steps, and ahead of them was a door so heavy it looked like the postern gate of a castle. Black Roger opened it, and in a moment David stood beside him in a dimly lighted hall where the mounted heads of wild beasts looked down like startled things from the gloom of the

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Washer Ironer

The Flaming Forest

walls. And then David heard the low, sweet notes of a piano coming to them very faintly.

He looked at Black Roger. A smile was on the lips of the château master; his head was up, and his eyes glowed with pride and joy as the music came to him. He spoke no word, but laid a hand on David's arm and led him toward it, while Bateese and Joe Clamart remained standing at the entrance to the hall. David's feet trod in thick rugs of fur; he saw the dim luster of polished birch and cedar in the walls, and over his head the ceiling was rich and matched, as in the bateau cabin. They drew nearer to the music and came to a closed door. This Black Roger opened very quietly, as if anxious not to disturb the one who was playing.

They entered, and David held his breath. It was a great room he stood in, thirty feet or more from end to end, and scarcely less in width—a room brilliant with light, sumptuous in its comfort, sweet with the perfume of wild-flowers, and with a great black fireplace at the end of it, from over which there stared at him the glass eyes of a monster moose. Then he saw the figure at the piano, and something rose up quickly and choked him when his eyes told him it was not Marie-Anne. It was a slim, beautiful figure in a soft and shimmering white gown, and its head was glowing gold in the lamplight.

Roger Audemard spoke. "Carmin!"

The woman at the piano turned about, a little startled at the unexpectedness of the voice, and then rose quickly to her feet—and David Carrigan found himself looking into the eyes of Carmin Fanchet!

NEVER had he seen her more beautiful than in this moment, like an angel in her shimmering dress of white, her hair a radiant glory, her eyes wide and glowing, and, as she looked at him, a smile coming to her red lips. Yes, *she was smiling at him*—this woman whose brother he had brought to the hangman, this woman who had stolen Black Roger from another! She knew him—he was sure of that; she knew him as the man who had believed her a criminal along with her brother, and who had fought to the last against her freedom. Yet from her lips and her eyes and her face the old hatred was gone. She was coming toward him slowly; she was reaching out her hand, and half blindly his own went out, and he felt the warmth of her fingers for a moment, and he heard her voice saying softly,

"Welcome to Château Boulain, M'sieu Carrigan."

He bowed and mumbled something, and Black Roger gently pressed his arm, drawing him back to the door. As he went he saw again that Carmin Fanchet was very beautiful as she stood there, and that her lips were very red—but her face was white, whiter than he had ever seen the face of a woman before.

As they went up a winding stair to the second floor, Roger Audemard said:

"I am proud of my Carmin, M'sieu David. Would any other woman in the world have given her hand like that to the man who helped to kill her brother?"

They stopped at another door. Black Roger opened it. There were lights within, and David knew it was to be his room. Audemard did not follow him inside, but there was a flashing humor in his eyes.

"I say, is there another woman like her in the world, m'sieu?"

"What have you done to Marie-Anne—your wife?" asked David.

It was hard for him to get the words out. A terrible thing was gripping at his throat, and the clutch of it grew tighter as he saw the wild light in Black Roger's eyes.

"Tomorrow you will know, m'sieu. But not tonight. You must wait until tomorrow."

He nodded and stepped back, and the door closed—and in the same instant came the harsh grating of a key in the lock.

(*To be concluded*)

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Furnishings and Decorations

(*Continued from page 31*)

degrees of every color tinged with green or blue, including blue-lavender, blue-purple, and bluish and greenish gray. Pure gray is the only perfect neutral except black and white. It is normally a receding color, somewhat cool in effect. It becomes cooler as it is tinged with blue or green and warmer as it is tinged with pink or yellow. Gray and the modifications of blue and green make small rooms appear larger and help to counteract the effect of too sunny an exposure.

These facts about color are well worth the little effort it may take to master them, because they have an intensely practical application to the art of building successful color schemes. The question of whether warm or cool colors shall predominate is decided largely by the size and exposure of the room, and in some degree also by the amount of light received. Sunny rooms require a preponderance of cool colors, but in those which face north or east, warm colors should prevail. Another important rule to remember is that the larger and lighter the room, the darker should be the average tone or value of its walls and furnishings, while the smaller and darker the room, the lighter should be the color values used in its decoration. Rooms whose windows are inadequate or shaded by trees or porches require the use not only of light values, but of moderately warm colors, especially for the walls, even though the actual exposure may be sunny. Walls of cold blue or green in such a room will make it gloomy and cheerless, whereas ivory, light yellow, or light, yellowish gray will supply the needed brightness.

The principal sources of color schemes are, first and foremost, nature, who in flowers, birds, and butterflies has provided an endless series of color harmonies, perfectly balanced and proportioned. Another fertile source is afforded by paintings and Japanese prints, and a third by textiles, particularly brocades, cretonnes, and printed linens.

Nor are these all. Color schemes are everywhere, lying about waiting to be used. For example, here on the desk is a book with a gray cover outlined with black, the title printed in gold on a panel of light green-blue, edged with a narrow band of blue-green.

Imagine the charm of a little westward-facing breakfast-room, its walls and woodwork a cool gray matched to the cover of the book, with a narrow stripe of green-blue at the top of the baseboard and the bottom of the picture molding, floor stained blue-green, and furniture painted black with blue-green stripings and a stencil decoration in greenish blue and gold; simple green-blue curtains of thin silk at the casement windows, with an edging of gold.

Beside the book is a pencil whose clear green color with a bright brass cap and a gray rubber at one end, and the exposed red-brown wood and black lead at the other, suggests a most inviting sun porch with tapestry brick walls in soft, dull tones of gray and pinkish brown; the roof gray-brown, supported by green-painted beams; a green tile floor with fiber rugs in natural tan and black, gray painted wicker furniture cushioned with green and black striped denim, and sconces in old brass and black with parchment shades.

The Distribution of Colors in the Room

When a suitable color scheme has been secured, the question arises of how to distribute the various colors through the room. A very simple rule will help to solve the problem; namely, that the larger the surface area, the more neutral should be the color; and, conversely, that the smaller the surface area, the more positive and intense the colors.

In its concrete application, this simply means that the largest surfaces in the room—the walls, floor, and ceiling—should in general be decorated in neutral colors or hues of low

intensity, such as gray, grayish tan, gray-green, or cream. The reason is that objects placed against a neutral background are seen at their full value and intensity, whereas when viewed against a background of vivid and positive color, their effectiveness is utterly destroyed. For furniture, pictures, and hangings to look their best, therefore, the ceilings, walls, and floors—including rugs—must be kept as unobtrusive as possible.

A partial exception to this rule may sometimes be made in halls and dining-rooms where the furniture is of dark, natural woods and the walls are devoid of pictures. In such cases, the walls themselves may be made the chief center of interest and treated accordingly.

Next above the background in intensity comes the furniture, a little stronger and more positive in color than the walls, and at the top of the scale are the small decorative accessories—glass, pottery, lamp-shades, sofa pillows, and the like—which impart life, sparkle, and vivacity to the room. The spots of color which they create are called accents, and much of the charm of an interior is the result of their skilful management.

Importance of Values

The question of values—or degrees of light and dark—is fully as important as that of intensity. Floors, which are the foundation of the room, should be the darkest in value in order to give a sense of stability. Ceilings are the lightest value, with the walls somewhere between the two.

The differences should not be too extreme, however. A bedroom may be decorated entirely in light values, and a living-room may present an equally agreeable harmony in dark or medium values, but the opposite extremes can rarely be combined in a single room. A number of different colors may be combined in a single room, provided they do not vary greatly in tone or value: for instance, a massive chair in dark walnut may be effectively and appropriately cushioned with a deep-toned old-gold damask, but lighten the old-gold to a pale canary yellow, and the effect will be startling in its incongruity. In the same way a delicate gold and ivory chair would be out of place in a room furnished with heavy, dark mahogany or oak, and the intrusion of pale rose hangings into a scheme of rich *dark* grays and blues would be painfully discordant, whereas a deep rose or mulberry would be correct in value and also harmonious in color.

When several rooms are thrown together by wide openings, the problem becomes a trifle more complex. Occasionally it is advisable to decorate two very small rooms precisely alike to produce an effect of spaciousness, but in larger rooms such treatment will prove monotonous. The question, then, is how variety may be introduced without destroying the sense of unity or relationship which always should be apparent in closely connecting rooms. The answer to the problem is to repeat in each room one or more colors from the rooms adjoining, at the same time adding others not elsewhere prominently displayed.

To make this clear, let us take three connecting rooms consisting of a living-room of average size, a small dining-room, and a library, the first two facing east and north, and the third west.

As a starting point, a cretonne for the living-room hangings may be chosen in a warm scheme of golden tan, dull blue, purple, and soft gray-green on a deep écru ground. This furnishes the scheme for all three rooms, a different color being chosen for emphasis in each.

The walls and woodwork of the living-room are finished in flat paint matched to the ground of the cretonne. This is a warm and luminous color well suited to a cold exposure. The ceiling is a delicate tint of the same color, and the floor is stained a soft medium brown. A plain golden-brown rug covers the center of the floor. Walnut furniture cushioned with old-

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Furnishings and Decorations

gold velour and a pair of reading lamps of tan pottery with gold-colored silk shades repeat the color chosen for emphasis. A wing chair and overstuffed davenport covered with the cretonne introduce life and variety, and the accents consist of plain blue and plain light purple sofa pillows, with one of black velvet with dull gold tassels, a dull blue luster glass bowl between the tan and gold reading lamps on the davenport table, and a piece of purple Venetian glass on a table against the light.

The dining-room floor and woodwork are finished like those of the living-room. The walls are hung with paper in an indistinct tapestry pattern in tan and écru. The purple of the living-room cretonne is made the keynote of this room, as it is a warm, reddish shade, almost a mulberry. The rug is an Axminster containing all the colors of the cretonne, with mulberry and gold predominating. The seats of the red mahogany dining chairs are plain purple-mulberry damask, and the overdraperies are of a gauze-weight sunfast in the same color. Accents are provided by a fruit bowl of gold favrile glass on the sideboard, touches of black in the rug, and a pair of green China birds on the mantel.

The library having a sunny western exposure, a cool scheme is indicated, and the dull blue of the cretonne is therefore permitted to predominate. The écru is still used for the walls, but the room being small, a lighter tone is chosen, and after painting, the wall spaces are paneled with wood moldings painted a tone darker than the background. These panels are made as wide as possible in order to emphasize the horizontal lines and make the room appear larger. Hangings are of dull blue and écru-striped poplin, the rug is plain dark blue. The furniture is of rich-toned walnut with one overstuffed chair in purple velour. Additional accents are supplied by purple-mulberry lamps with shades of gold and purple brocade, gold-colored parchment screens on the side brackets, and a parchment-shaded, wrought-iron floor lamp.

In these three rooms, each different from the others and yet closely related by elements common to all, the most important rules for building color schemes are illustrated: the choice and distribution of colors and values, the keying of room to room by the repetition of certain colors, and the use of accents. By taking this example as a guide, any home decorator should be able to work out color schemes for her own home successfully.

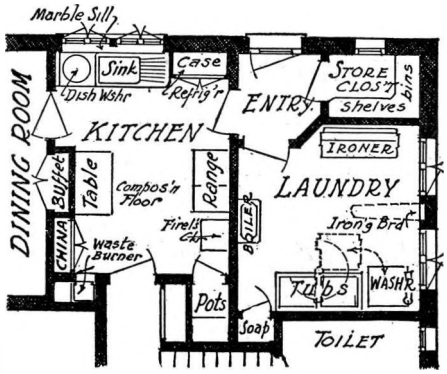
Note: on receipt of 4c in stamps a list of references for supplementary reading on the use of color will be mailed to any address, together with a set of questions on the lesson itself, which will enable the reader to test her own grasp of the subject.

Fame's Eternal Camping Ground

(*Continued from page 75*)

never know. Some day a white marble bridge shall span that placid Potomac, and the two Memorials will have a tangible evidence of the union that binds them so indissolubly now.

O, white blossoms on either side of the wide Potomac, fragrant with a nation's enduring remembrance, bloom on through all the future years, teaching the youth of the land the majesty of true greatness and the beauty of sacrifice! Lincoln and our fallen heroes! What more precious thing could any nation ask for a memory, or what more perfect symbol of that memory than the Lincoln Memorial looking across the Potomac to the Amphitheater, while the Amphitheater forever holds the Memorial in its glance? Transcendent beauty caught in shimmering marble, fit symbol of that plangent thing called life, that transcends the grave!



The service portion of the house is planned for ease and efficiency

An Architect's Ideal Home

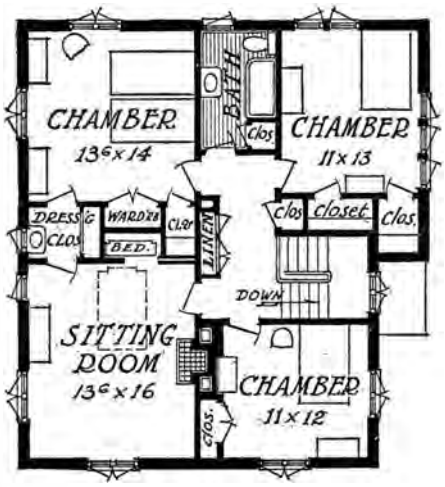
(*Continued from page 65*)

into and forming the floors of all cases, below the refrigerator, etc. The plaster walls are also coved at the corners and ceilings, and the usual wood trim of the doors and windows is replaced by a small rounding of metal painted with the walls. It will thus be seen how readily such limited dirt as may accumulate under such a plan can be cleaned.

The laundry is shut off by doors but conveniently related to the kitchen and to the laundry yard. Here are provided two tubs and an electric washer, which is drawn out in front of the tubs when in use (as per dotted lines), a gas stove and boiler, a drop ironing board with convenient electric plug, and a combined gas and electric ironer or mangle. A rack suspended at the ceiling with a drop support will accommodate on wet days such clothes as can not otherwise be handled by dry wringing and the mangle.

Off the kitchen entry is a large, cool storage closet, with many shelves and bins for supplies.

The kitchen arrangement has been suggested by a study of the daily routine. Foremost in these operations is the thrice daily table setting and dish washing. To this end, the china cases, serving table, kitchen table, and dish washer have been conveniently related. The dish washer has its direct connection with the hot water supply and waste pipe and will care for practically all the table dishes. Some housewives are content to leave most of the regular dishes in the washer between meals, otherwise they are stored in the buffet and kitchen cases, according to their destination in resetting the table. The sink is used chiefly for food preparation and kitchen utensils. Adjoining the sink is a deep cupboard above the refrigerator, the latter being located with reference to icing and access to both the kitchen and dining-room tables, as well as to plumbing



Convenient space for furniture and closet room distinguish the bedrooms

The most stubborn thing in the world – and how it affects your food

The most stubborn thing in the world is a fact.

A fact, a reality, an unqualified, intrinsic truth, a rigorous certainty, an unexaggerated verity—these things are all the same. They represent precision. A fact is not a guess, or a supposition, or a theory. IT IS TRUTH.

There are 10 advertisements of stoves and cooking utensils in this issue of Good Housekeeping. And each represents the most stubborn things in the world—*facts*.

Read each of the advertisements which describe what are perhaps the most important parts of household's equipment—the devices and instruments used in the preparation of food. Read the advertisements carefully. (For easy reference, they are indexed on page 4). You will find them entertaining and instructive. You will find the statements made by each manufacturer to be authoritative and definite.

Each product advertised possesses certain differences of design, or material, or function. These differences are explained so that you may select what is exactly *suited* to your needs.

The result is satisfaction and service. You can't go wrong. Good Housekeeping Institute has tested every one of the household appliances advertised in Good Housekeeping. And the tests have been made before the advertising order is accepted. Therefore, every one of these appliances is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping to do the work it is supposed to do—and to do it satisfactorily.

Good Housekeeping has yet to hear of a case where a loss has resulted from a purchase made as a result of its advertising pages. The answer may be found in the guarantee on page 4 of this issue.

The *No. 2C Autographic* KODAK, Junior

equipped with

Kodak Anastigmat *f.*7.7 lens and Kodak Ball Bearing shutter

$25.00

This Camera fits into a niche, all its own. The size of the picture it makes, 2⅞ x 4⅞ inches, is particularly pleasing; is almost up to the full post card size—and yet the camera itself is small, light, convenient.

The Kodak Anastigmat lenses are made to exactly fit Kodak requirements. They are not merely an adaptation of a lens to the Kodak. They are a Kodak product designed to fit Kodaks, and in each case designed with particular reference to the size and type of Kodak and Kodak shutter that they are to be used with. The *f.*7.7 lens used on the *2C* Kodak has more speed than the best of the rectilinear lenses and is at least equal to the best anastigmats in depth, sharpness and flatness of field.

The Kodak Ball Bearing shutter has speeds of $\frac{1}{25}$, $\frac{1}{50}$ and $\frac{1}{100}$ of a second for "snap-shots", has the usual time and "bulb" actions for prolonged exposures. It is an unusually reliable shutter, works smoothly and is quiet in its action.

The No. 2C Junior is covered with genuine grain leather, is finely finished in every detail, is extremely simple in operation, is "autographic", of course and, with the Kodak Anastigmat lens, produces negatives having that crispness and sharpness that are characteristic of the true anastigmat.

The price, $25.00, includes the excise war tax.

All Dealers'

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y., *The Kodak City*

An Architect's Ideal Home

for waste pipe. However, it is anticipated that ice will be replaced by electric refrigeration, in which case a location under the china case, next to the table, might be substituted.

The character of the remaining fixtures will depend upon the individual. In the instance, of the author's own use, an electric stove occupies less space than has been shown for the range, so that a kitchen cabinet may also be placed on this wall and the pot closet devoted to other purposes. Provision is also made for a waste burner, which is a great convenience if the additional first cost can be provided.

The author's past experience with practically all the various appliances suggested in this plan leads him to believe that in the first place their operation is comparatively inexpensive, while if they are conveniently installed and intelligently used, it will be possible so to reduce the more irksome tasks of housekeeping routine as to make the conduct of the house almost independent of outside help, or at least provide conditions under which a willing maid need not become a slave to drudgery.

It is hoped that this explanation of the more practical but necessary side of housekeeping will not leave the reader with an impression that house planning must be entirely devoted to these prosaic details to the exclusion of the more pleasing contemplation of its design and furnishings. The drawings indicate that these complex matters in home planning may receive consideration without jeopardizing the attractiveness of the house.

Custard Sweets

(*Continued from page 79*)

to use level measurements) of granulated sugar and beat again until very stiff. Add, now, one tablespoonful of granulated sugar for each egg-white, and the desired flavoring. For a meringue using two egg-whites, add one-fourth teaspoonful of vanilla or lemon extract. Beat again, and if a delicately browned meringue is desired, place by spoonfuls or force through a pastry tube on the pudding. Bake in a very slow oven, one which registers only 300° F., for fifteen minutes. A meringue made and baked according to this formula will be tender and delicious and will remain so even though the pudding on which it was placed is kept a week.

If preferred, a meringue may be served on custard desserts without any cooking. Sometimes it is just placed on top of the dessert in spoonfuls, or it may be just slightly folded into the custard so that the meringue appears in streaks throughout the pudding. In either case, however, the meringue must be added just before serving, as it will lose its perfection on standing. It is possible to have a snowy-white meringue and still make it beforehand, by cooking it in water. Make the meringue as directed and drop it by spoonfuls into a kettle of boiling water. Reduce the heat so that the water is just below the boiling point, and cook for ten minutes. Take up with a skimmer or slotted spoon so that the water can drain away, and place the meringues on the pudding. These are made very attractive by sprinkling them with finely-chopped nut meats or delicately toasted coconut. Either nuts or cocoanut may be mixed with the custard part of the dessert, if desired.

In the season when eggs are very expensive, an acceptable custard can be made using corn-starch as the chief thickening agent. Be sure, however, to cook the corn-starch well if you would have a palatable result. Scald one pint of milk in a double-boiler and add one tablespoonful of corn-starch mixed with just a little cold milk. Cook for one-half hour, stirring frequently. Then beat one egg slightly, add one-fourth cupful of sugar and one-eighth teaspoonful of salt, and pour the slightly thickened milk over it. Return to the double-boiler and cook about five minutes, stirring constantly. Cool and flavor as above.

Miss Mack of the Sixth

(*Continued from page 22*)

connection used the title, "Aunt Lizzie," now, and Lizzie well knew that the dignified girl of thirteen was no longer a baby. But the pleasantry had been sacred since the days, years ago, when a tired, dusty, grimy Lizzie had come in at the day's end to reclaim Adele from Mrs. Merle's neighborly care and assure herself once more that the marvelous baby was truly her own.

Adele was small, charmingly made, and extremely pretty, even at unlovely thirteen. She had a coaxing, wistful little face, and thick, fair curls hanging in the fashion made popular by the cinema, in a luxuriant mop on her shoulders.

"Hello, Blessin'!" Lizzie said. "How's auntie's darlin'?"

"Fi-ine!" Adele said, in a sweet drawl. "I passed!" she added. "I don't have to go back until after Easter!"

"Baby lamb!" her aunt ejaculated in stupefaction.

It was no use—there never was a child like this one! She had passed without examinations, on marks, once more.

But then she always did. She always did everything that was miraculous, and amazing, and reflective of glory upon the aunt that adored her. Very few of Miss Mack's pupils or fellow teachers would have recognized her in the look she gave Adele, through the spotted mirror over the bureau.

She said little; there were no words for Adele. She changed her brown serge suit for a checked bungalow apron, put away her hat and purse, and went out to the kitchen.

"Go get a little practise in, darlin'," she said, beginning her dinner preparations.

"Aunt Lizzie, I did twenty minutes!"

But Adele shut the seventh volume of the Little Colonel's adventures and went obediently to the piano. Lizzie peeled potatoes, boiled sausage, opened a box of bakery pastries, and made tea to the strains of "Potpourri from Faust" as she had done a hundred times before. She hoped Adele would get around to the new piece, and smiled when the notes of it reached her. Half-an-hour later the little girl came blinking and smiling out to supper.

THEY lingered over their meal. Friday night supper was the sweetest meal of the week, and tonight the early touch of spring warmth and sweetness had somehow penetrated even into the little lower flat. Lizzie felt pleasantly weary, even a little achey, as she stood on the dark back porch at half-past seven, scraping something into the garbage barrel, and felt that the world was bigger, kindlier, nearer, somehow, than it had been last night. There was a smell of earth and of blossoms abroad.

On Tuesday and Saturday nights she and Adele went to the movies; Saturday was apt to show the better film, but there was always a thrilling serial on Tuesday. Other nights they almost invariably walked up and down on Mission Street, buying a spool of thread, a colored post-card, a tube of tooth paste, or a bag of candy.

In and out of the bright little stores they went, sometimes going into the close workroom behind the milliner's shop to watch her binding felt hats with sponged velvet, or climbing up the flight of stairs to the sign that said "O'Connor. Modes," to sit for half an hour in the stuffy carpeted parlor with Min O'Connor and her paralyzed mother. Often they met acquaintances who stopped Aunt Lizzie for quarter-hours at a time, while Adele balanced from foot to foot and eyed with scorn the passing lads who ogled her.

"Lizzie Mack's a queer one," the neighborhood said.

"Gee, she's awful mean!" said Lizzie Mack's pupils.

"Nothing but a darned old maid," the shopkeepers agreed.

Adele was but one against them all. Yet Adele would have stared in blank amazement at any one who merely suggested that there might be in the world a sweeter, dearer, cleverer, more generous person than Aunt Lizzie.

Their life together was one long love-feast, from the hour in the morning when Adele brought her white little body and golden curls into Aunt Lizzie's bed for five minutes of cuddling, until she climbed into Aunt Lizzie's lap for ten minutes of rocking and hugging at half-past nine every night. If Lizzie's face was dull and putty-colored, Lizzie's hair grizzled and oily, Lizzie's clothes dowdy and ugly, Adele never knew it. Lizzie was her whole world, the background against which all her sheltered, happy life had moved. Beside Aunt Lizzie she had toddled in the park on radiant Sundays and opened her stupendous stocking on Christmas mornings. Aunt Lizzie had taught her her letters and numbers long before she went into Miss Peck's room, and had taken her up and put her personally into Miss Peck's charge on the terrible first day of school. And when Adele cried, she had been allowed to stumble down-stairs to the safety of the Sixth, to sit on Aunt Lizzie's chalk box and recover at leisure.

LATER, Aunt Lizzie had taught her to recite "Little Orphan Annie," thus covering herself with glory in all the class-rooms; Aunt Lizzie had bought her the white hat with the pink ostrich tip and taken her for two weeks to Carmel-by-the-Sea. Aunt Lizzie made all her clothes and made what she liked and longed for; and they talked together about everything in the world—how a little lady should act when little boys are rude, and about the new styles, and about the war and the President, and about the latest robbery. They discussed Adele's schoolmates and Aunt Lizzie's pupils and all the private affairs of their acquaintances.

But most of all they discussed themselves, Adele's grandmama, who was Aunt Lizzie's mother, and who had had the rheumatism, and Aunt Lizzie's beginning to teach school when she was nineteen, and Adele's mother, Annie, who was fourteen years younger than Aunt Lizzie. Aunt Lizzie had taken care of Uncle Willie, who had died, and grandmama, who had died, and Ma, who had died, until she came to find herself taking care of just her little sister Annie. And Annie was so pretty and so smart that Aunt Lizzie just adored her, and when she came home tired, Annie would get into her lap, and kiss her, and talk to her about the day, and they would get supper together.

And then Adele's papa had come along, and Aunt Lizzie had begun to cry, in the dark of the night, for fear Annie would like him.

"But, Aunt Lizzie, he *was* handsome!" Adele would murmur at this point, with perhaps her rose cheek against Lizzie's veined, sodden one, as they watched the little fire.

"Oh, yes, he was handsome, Henry Bundy. But lawks, what were looks anyway! He wasn't good enough for Annie."

"You thought nobody was good enough for mama, Aunt Lizzie!"

"Well, I guess I'm queer!" But Lizzie would only say this to make Adele hug her, and strangle her, and tell her that she was just a ducky duck.

"And didn't *you* ever want to marry any one, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Oh, lawks! I suppose I had my chances, with the rest!"

"Oh, Aunt Lizzie," Adele would say lovingly, "aren't you simply *terrible!* You must have been a holy terror!"

Lizzie had never had an admirer, never even the shade of an offer, but she would answer quite honestly: "Oh, I always used to tell 'em I didn't want to be an old man's darling or a young man's slave! And if there are any young ones in my house, I used to say, they've got to have tin ears and copper bottoms!"

Adele would pour forth a trill of the most delicious laughter, ringing peal upon peal;

Miss Mack of the Sixth

she thought Aunt Lizzie the funniest woman alive.

"She's the biggest cut-up you ever saw," Adele sometimes told Pansy Roach, her eyes soft with humorous recollection. "I just die at her—you'd *die*. We'll get laughing so sometimes that we can't go on with the dishes! The other day an agent came to the door and said, 'Madame, may I presume to interest you in a fine sewing machine?' and she said, 'Excuse me, but may I presume to interest you in a flight of steps!' Well, it wasn't what she *said*," Adele would interrupt herself, with her eyes absolutely wet with mirth, "but if you could hear her you'd die!"

"I'm afraid of her," Pansy might contribute simply.

But Adele never regarded this suggestion as anything but amusing.

Best of all the reminiscences was the one of that memorable hour in which Adele's little self, two weeks old, had been introduced to Aunt Lizzie. Adele's mother had died several days before this, and Aunt Lizzie, with only three terrible telegrams to enlighten her, had been stumbling in blind agony through hours of school and hours of solitude, trying to fit into the few vital facts of her life the fearful thought that gracious, smiling, loving little Annie was dead, at twenty-two. Far off in Portland, Oregon, among strangers, Annie was lying dead.

Lizzie had spent hours sitting blankly in the cold kitchen, staring at her hands, sometimes passing her nervous fingers across her face. When Mrs. Merle had come in and made her a cup of hot tea, she had drunk it, stared aimlessly at the empty cup, washed it, and put it away before sitting down again.

After two weeks of this Henry Bundy had turned up, with the "young-one." Lizzie's apathy had not altered; she had listened to Henry, touched the baby with a tentative finger-tip, sent for the willing Mrs. Merle.

"I see. Well, that's life," she had said leadenly. "I see, Hen. You did your best; I'm not blaming you. You can leave the young-one here, until we make some other arrangement. It's all we can do. I see!"

Hen—she had always disliked and mistrusted him—had departed. Mrs. Merle had run upstairs and downstairs from the flat above incessantly; Lizzie had sat staring at the wall.

And then Annie's trunk had come—and in it Lizzie had found the blue French cashmere she had been married in, the Merry Widow hat, the kimono of red Japanese crêpe. There were new stockings still in the cardboard box striped with green glazed paper; there was the commencement of a letter on one of the sheets of pale pink paper, "Lizzie darling—"

And there were baby clothes; scalloped flannel and a crocheted sacque and bootees—

LIZZIE had not known just when her chest began to heave and her breath to come in great, dry sobs that were almost groans. She had begun to whisper loudly:

"Oh, Annie—Annie! Oh, darling—my God, my God! Oh, no—no—no—!"

Her face had twisted suddenly; the homely mouth struggling against the deluge of bitter, bitter tears. She had wound her body silently about, writhing on the rack. "Oo—oo—oo—!" The sound of the terrible wailing brought Mrs. Merle flying down. By this time Lizzie's face was stained and swollen with weeping, her lip making a loud sucking noise as the violence of her agony carried it in and out on hysterical breathing. She had kept one knobby hand tight over her eyes. Mrs. Merle had put her to bed.

After a while, as Lizzie lay quiet and apathetic, the kindly matron had brought the baby in.

"See if you can get her to take her bottle, Lizzie. The poor little thing is all skin and bones, anyway. Nelly and I can't do nothing with her."

Lizzie had cradled the roll of flannel in an awkward arm, looked wearily down upon the mottled face, drawn a long, sniffling breath as one abandoning tears, and stretched her hand for the warm bottle. A few moments later she gave Mrs. Merle a tired, detached nod.

"She's taking it."

"For heaven's sake!" The mother of the seven young Merles had come to watch, had called her sister from upstairs to watch. Lizzie's lip had trembled again, but the first look with which she had really seen Adele had fallen upon the busy little smacking lips.

"She's a good little young-one!" she had faltered. And when the baby went comfortably to sleep she would not let Mrs. Merle move her. "Well, if you ain't a grateful little thing!" she had whispered, with something like a smile twitching her red, inflamed eyes and spongy lips. And from that hour she had lived for Adele.

LIZZIE had always detested cats and dogs and never would allow Adele a puppy or kitten. But one of the amazing events of the following day, the Saturday before Easter, was the introduction of a sickly little Maltese into the household.

It was brought by a stout, slightly grayed, red-faced man who was waiting for them when they came in from a happy morning in the shops. He was sitting on the steps; the kitten, he explained, he had picked up in the train.

Lizzie gave him a cool glance as she admitted him.

"Say how-do to your papa, Adele," she admonished the staring little girl unemotionally. Adele, who had not seen him for four years, and who had seen him then for but a brief half-hour, smiled mechanically and presented a reluctant cheek.

He was at a hotel in town for a few days; he was working in Hollywood, now. Well, how were they? Well, were they surprised?

"I hate him!" Adele whispered to her aunt, coming out for butter for the luncheon table. "Now we can't see 'Cupid's Counterpart' tonight!"

Lizzle smiled grimly. "He won't stay long!" she prophesied. "I'll make it up to you!"

Lizzie had to keep school hours the next week, but Adele was free. The girl and the strange man who was her father were continually together. On Sunday all three of them dined downtown and went to the movies.

The kitten languished in a fruit box, whimpering and feebly staggering about. Lizzie looked baleful every time her eye fell upon it.

"He wants me to go live with him, mind you!" Adele confided scornfully, on Sunday night, when Henry Bundy had gone to his downtown hotel, and she and Lizzie were going to bed.

"'Sat so?" Lizzie was not alarmed; they had discussed this absurd possibility for actual years.

"Oh, yes—and it'll be *so* nice—and there's a nice little girl there named Alma!" Adele summarized with her girlish sarcasm and in a mincing voice.

"You don't say so!" Lizzie commented, in the same vein. "Darn that cat!" she broke off angrily. "I wish it'd die and be done with it!" And she pattered out to the kitchen in her bare feet.

"Going to lend me this girlie for a while?" Henry asked boldly the next day.

Lizzie pursed her lips and lifted her narrow shoulders. "Just as soon as she wants to go!"

"Like to come with your old pop for a visit?" Henry said to Adele, smiling.

"Oh, papa, of course I'd *like* to," Adele began politely. "But, you see, my classes—and my music—and my girl friends—"

"I see!" Hen said, and Lizzie went out into the kitchen and buried a triumphant little snigger in the roller-towel.

"Hoo—hoo, Mr. Hen!" she grinned. "How do you like *that?* It's a *nice* thing if a man can do that after thirteen years!" she sniffed.

Miss Mack of the Sixth

"You don't like Aunt Lizzie much, do you, papa?" Adele asked him wonderingly, the following day.

"I've always respected your aunt. I guess every one does," her father evaded. "But of course you realize, my dear," he added, honestly surprised at Adele's hurt and astonished look, "that your Aunt Lizzie is very narrow. She's an old maid, in fact. I wouldn't want you to grow up thinking that her way of doing things—and looking at things—was the only way."

Adele was still grave, puzzled. "*I'm* not narrow!" she said, flushing.

"No, I don't think you are. But Lizzie has always been a great one for petty fights—for little squabbles and rows," Henry Bundy said reflectively. "All right when you were a baby, but I hadn't realized how you are growing up. The Campbells asked me how old my little girl was, and I said eight or nine."

"You wouldn't catch Aunt Lizzie making a mistake in my birthday!" Adele said, upset and resentful and vaguely uneasy.

Her father smiled at her. "*That* sounds like Aunt Lizzie!" he commented.

ADELE began to sniff back tears. Her father gave her his handkerchief across the restaurant table, and even while she bit her lip, and tossed her head, and gulped angrily, and in other ways showed the laceration of her feelings, she was too thoroughly a woman not to like the impassive male attitude of detached sympathy.

"Is Alma Campbell nice?" she asked him later.

"Very nice girl. Taller than you, not pretty," he said. "She plays the piano very well, too. She and you could have duets. She'd trot you out to the studios some day, too. She's done a little work there."

"Oh, papa, you said she was only fourteen!"

"Well, she's been in a few scenes, a few crowds."

Adele's heart swelled. What an atmosphere—what an environment—what a chance! And to be the musical, golden-headed only daughter of one of the chief electricians! And to be boarding, too; no dishes and no running for butter or to Biffin's the last minute! Wouldn't Pansy Roach's eyes simply burst out of her head?

She was silent for the rest of the meal, silent as they walked up Market Street. There was a yellow fox fur in a window marked $27.50. Adele caught her father's arm and gave a little spring of sheer joy, when they went in to see it. But the ticket of the one they bought said $35.25; it was even longer, and glossier, and more enchantingly golden. And they bought Aunt Lizzie a dozen waving pink carnations in a sea of asparagus fern.

"I don't think you're quite fair to Aunt Lizzie, papa," Adele said loyally on the Mission Street car. "If it was best for me to be with you, and if I could arrange my school transfer and all that, she'd be the very first to see it!"

"Talk it over with her," he advised.

And when Lizzie and Adele came in from finishing the supper dishes that evening, he opened the subject by saying frankly that he thought her aunt had had the little girl quite long enough.

"Don't want to impose on you, Lizzie!" said Henry Bundy.

Lizzie, turning down her cuffs, sent him a suspicious glance. "As long as you go on sending me twenty-five dollars a month, there's no imposition, Hen," she said, acidly composed.

"Shucks, that don't pay for her shoe-leather!"

"Well, I got the Shotwell Street houses both rented," Lizzie reminded him. "It's right I should look out for Annie's child. Of course she's your child too, Henry," she added, resentfully. "If you choose to—"

"No, I wouldn't ever do anything you and

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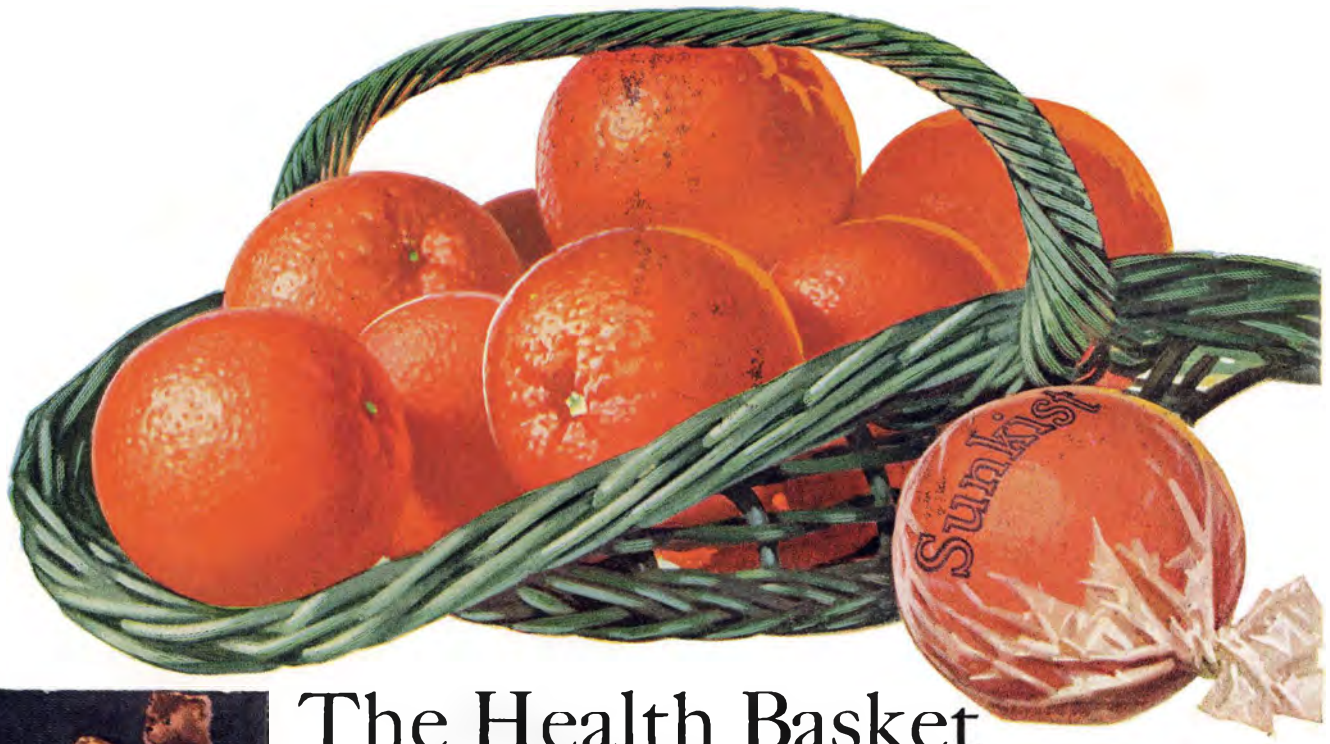

The Health Basket

The Modern Way of *Keeping Families Well*

For Little Babies

For School Lunches

A Great Morning Drink

HERE is the delicious, efficient and simple way of keeping whole families well—and practically all doctors advocate it.

Keep a full basket of luscious fresh fruit—called a "health basket"—always within the family's reach. That plentiful supply encourages frequent and regular eating and forms one of the most valuable habits that physicians know.

Note the men, women and children who are particularly bright-eyed and alert. You'll find that they are usually lovers of fresh fruit.

Oranges are probably the ideal fruit because of their healthful properties and Nature's provision to furnish them fresh the year 'round. The best way is to eat *one kind* of fruit and eat it *every day*.

Oranges contain valuable salts and acids—natural appetizers and digestants—which make *entire meals* taste and digest better.

Withal, they are luscious food in themselves. So they are too good and too valuable to eat merely as an occasional delight.

Try "The Health Basket" regularly for thirty days as a test. Serve delicious orange salads and desserts. Let the children take oranges to school. Ask for orange juice at soda fountains. Once you know what this wonderful habit means you'll need no further urging.

Sunkist are the uniformly good oranges—fresh the year 'round, sweet, juicy, tender, practically seedless. All first-class dealers sell them by the box or dozen.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

For Luscious Salads and Desserts

Send for free book, "*Sunkist Recipes*," by Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston. These are accurate recipes, tested and proved by Miss Bradley. Every one makes a luscious food.

Also ask for booklet explaining how the California Fruit Growers Exchange serves the orange growers and the public.

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Ask for Pure Orange and Lemon Drinks at Soda Fountains

Adele didn't agree to," Henry Bundy said, thoughtfully and uncomfortably.

"*I truly* he wouldn't!" Adele exclaimed, looking anxiously from one to the other.

How lovely, how glowing, how eager she was, both these older people thought, as they watched her. She had always wanted every one to be friendly—little Adele.

"Well, then I guess things had better stay as they are!" Lizzie said, trembling a little. "Don't let that cat get hairs on your skirt, dearie. Are we all goin' out?" she added restlessly. "Get your hat on, Adele, and whatever you do, don't forget," she grinned, "the fur piece!"

"Listen here, Aunt Lizzie," Adele said bravely, going over to kneel, with an innocent touch of the theatrical, beside the rocker into which Lizzie had dropped. "Papa and I want to know frankly what you think. Shall I go with him, or shan't I?"

Lizzie looked at her lifelessly, looked at Henry Bundy, wet her lips, and looked again at the child.

"Shall you go where?" she asked, but of course she knew.

"You see, there *is* another girl there, right in the family," Adele argued in a ready summary, "and then when I had bronchitis two years ago, the doctor *did* say that a change of climate would be good for me, didn't he? And then a father has *some* claim on his own daughter, hasn't he? And I would never forgive myself, if later on—something happened to papa—and I realized that it was too late—"

There was more, but Lizzie did not hear it; perhaps she did not hear this much. Her little, withered apple cheeks got very red, and she blinked through her spectacles from daughter to father and back again.

"Lawks, Adele!" she suddenly broke in harshly. "I ain't trying to keep you, child!

The bitterness of death was in her tone, but Adele was only thirteen, and she saw the end, rather than the means to the end. She laughed excitedly, as she embraced and thanked her aunt, danced over to kiss her father, and launched into a delicious monologue as to schooling, music, clothing, and friends in the new home.

FOR the first time in her life Adele found something to criticize in Aunt Lizzie in the next few days. Aunt Lizzie was so newly hard and unsympathetic in all this joy, so snappy in answers, so given to banging oven doors and turning on noisy faucets.

Adele whispered to her father that she couldn't *understand* Aunt Lizzie.

"She's always been so lovely where my happiness was concerned!" mourned Adele.

"We'll get out of here Friday morning," her father said.

Friday! Adele had little more than forty-eight hours for goodbys, to run into the minister's and the doctor's houses, and to break the dazzling news to Pansy. The little music teacher was filling lamps, her bony, muscular hands soaked with kerosene; she wrapped them in a sodden blue apron as she followed Adele with a last goodby to the front door. She was to remember about banging the bass, Miss Ryan said. Pansy gave Adele her silver locket with the turquoise, and Adele gave Pansy her old fur and a bottle of Jockey Club.

"Of course I'd be happier here with you, Aunt Lizzie, and all my old friends," Adele said, busily packing her handbag on Wednesday night. "Of course I've always known I *had* a father, and that he sent you money every month, but I never dreamed that he would ever want me! He's awfully kind to me, don't you think so, Aunt Lizzie? And I'm going to be everything I can to him; that's going to be my *first* thought. I told Doctor Service that today. I said it seemed so odd that in the Girls' Church Guild the other day a lot of us were saying that we wished we knew what our life work was to be—well, little did I dream that I would find mine so soon! Here's my mirror that you gave me

Miss Mack of the Sixth

Christmas—my celluloid set will make my bureau look nice anyway."

"Aunt Lizzie'll miss you, Blessin'," Lizzie said, dully and quietly.

"Oh, and I'll miss *you!*" Adele said. She stopped her packing, and came over to get into Lizzie's lap, and hugged her, laying her lovely face affectionately against the grizzled head. "I'll just cry in the nights for my Yizzie!" she said, smiling tenderly. "But I'll write," she added animatedly, "and Los Angeles isn't so far! And imagine, Aunt Lizzie, Papa said that if he had to go to New York next year he would take me. Imagine! Sleeping on the train—ooo! I'll write you all about it!"

She flashed happily back to her packing, but when Friday morning came, there were sudden tears. A taxi was at the door; fog was blowing softly up the street in the early morning; the air was chilly. Papa was only concerned that they did not miss the eight o'clock train; they were to have lunch on the train, thrilling and improbable as it seemed. Adele was radiant in the old suit and the new fur, with every little accessory of bag, umbrella, gloves, and magazine that could add to the sense of being a traveler. She clasped Aunt Lizzie in a strangling embrace; her rose cheeks were wet. Aunt Lizzie was quite calm, although her voice sounded thick.

"You do think I'm doing right, Aunt Lizzie?" the sweet little anxious voice reiterated.

"I want you to do what's best for you, Blessin'!"

THE rest of that day was a blank to Lizzie Mack, but on Saturday she packed Adele's trunk—Annie's old trunk. The wash had come home from Sing Chow; everything was heaped upon the bed. Lizzie dragged the trunk up from the cellar, wiped it with a wet rag, jerked it open. The old, familiar, forgotten odor assailed her; there were some crumpled newspapers in the trunk, thirteen years old, copies of the Portland *Oregonian*.

Everything went in: Adele's little, cheap, pretty nightgowns, her pink party stockings, her "balmoral" and her "gossamer." Lizzie wrapped the overshoes in newspaper. She looked at the hem of Adele's old party-dress, sighed; she had told the child to mend it. Lizzie stopped packing, put on her glasses, threaded a needle.

Adele had worn this dress to Pansy's Christmas party; she had looked so pretty when she ran out into the dim, warm hall at ten o'clock, to beg Aunt Lizzie for another half-hour!

The little plaid skirt; she had worn that in Carmel, during those exquisite days of beach and dunes, wood-smoke and camp cooking. Adele had had a cold there, and Lizzie had put her to bed.

"You *always* fix me so comfy!" Adele had said gratefully, catching one of her aunt's clean, knobby, nervous hands to her lips.

Lizzie tasted fog and heard the wood blazing and the rush of the sea, as she remembered it.

But Adele had no recollection of the real illness, scarlet fever at five. Lizzie had paid a substitute teacher for two weeks out of her own pocket then. Henry had been in parts unknown; he had been a drifter, variously employed, for several years after Annie died. Little Adele, cropped of golden hair, delicate as a broken lily, sitting up happily and cutting out paper-dolls, after scarlet fever!

"Oh, my God!" Lizzie said aloud, unemotionally, in the empty flat.

At two o'clock in the afternoon she made herself a cup of tea; the expressman came, the trunk was gone. That afternoon Mission Street was a gay bustle of Easter hats and Easter eggs, but the sky was low and threatening, and the afternoon closed in with an almost wintry darkness. Lizzie heard a wind getting up, doors banged and windows clattered, great whirls of dust and flying newspapers danced in the dull street.

She sat on, in her bedroom. She had cleaned it after the litter of packing; it was

chill and orderly. She stared at the brown and yellow wall-paper; a fly was caught in the Nottingham lace curtain and buzzed in the gathering gloom.

There was a fresher square on the paper where Adele's picture of Annie had hung for thirteen years. There were gaps in the front room bookcase where the Pepper books, and the Hildegarde books, and all the Little Colonels had been. Odd exercise books and an outgrown Arithmetic Adele had neatly stacked, in discarding. The man would come for the bare piano on Monday; Lizzie had dusted it and closed it.

There had been Ma and Pa and Grandma and Willie and herself in the old Shotwell Street house, years ago. And then there had been Annie, the baby. And Lizzie had been their fun-maker, their court jester.

"She'll laugh her way right through life, that young-one," Grandma had said in affectionate admiration.

"She's the best daughter God ever made," Ma had said.

"She's got twice Willie's brains," she had overheard her father remark. "And you can trust Lizzie!"

She and Willie had bought "all-day suckers" at the grocery; they had had a game of "Authors" for one Christmas. The kitchen had always been warm and full of light, and the baby had stretched out her hands for "Diddy." "Get in Diddy's bed!" Little Annie had come flying into Lizzie's room barefoot, with that appeal, before she was two years old.

Grandma's long illness and funeral; Ma screaming when Pa was carried in, crushed by the train; Willie coughing. And every one turning to Lizzie—merry, young Lizzie, all ready to teach school. How busy, how needed, how happy Lizzie Mack had been! How loved—how dearly loved!

Lizzie looked at the brown and yellow wall-paper. "Oh, my God!" she said quietly aloud, with a heaving heart.

SHE and Ma had turned the Shotwell Street house into flats, after Willie died. And although Annie had been only fourteen when poor Ma's agonies ended, the fellows had been noticing her even then. Annie and Lizzie had shopped on gusty Mission Street, had pressed shirtwaists, had trained nasturtiums to grow in tin cans, had turned their dresses and rubbed their shoes with Mason's black. There was no turn or twist to the Mission that they did not know, no florist or grocer or milliner; there was scarcely a child that did not sooner or later pass through Annie's kindergarten, or Lizzie's grammar school classes. And Annie had always been so pretty, and so loving.

"They're all gone," Lizzie said in a loud, frightened sing-song, pressing her hand tight against her dry eyes and beginning to rock sidewise. "Every one of 'em—that I've cooked for, and worked for, and made laugh! Grandma used to laugh until she cried at me, and I remember the night I pretended I was stutterin', to fool Pa. If there was even Willie left! I remember givin' his collars away, and half a bottle of that three-dollar tonic. Even Willie—or poor old Grammer! I never left one of them, but they've all left me—every one of 'em."

Visions went before her eyes—dingy parlors, sweeping day with a wild wind blowing through open windows, grocery stores where Lizzie Mack had stopped for bread and yellow soap, shabby streets in the pouring, marching rains of January, kitchens hot and busy with cake baking while Lizzie Mack fixed a pail of hot water and mustard for Willie's feet. Winding alarm clocks, marking geography papers, carrying out ashes, counting the wash, eating her cold, heavy lunch out of a red and yellow lunch-basket—fifty-one years of it!

"Annie, I never would have left *you*, not for any feller!" Lizzie said softly. "You and I were always chums, dearie, and I did my best for your baby, Annie—set up nights with her when she was croupy, and had embroidery on

Miss Mack of the Sixth

her petticoats and all that, as nice as I could. And I bought her that white fox set when she was five—it wasn't but four dollars, but that was a good deal to me, then. And she did love me," Lizzie said, her tone beginning to grow wild. "Yes, she did. She loved her old auntie! She'd laugh right out—she'd laugh—"

Her nostrils flickered suddenly; she caught a loud sucking breath. She drooped her scrawny neck over one shoulder, as if it had been twisted, as if she was in insufferable pain.

"I guess there won't nobody ever laugh at me again!" she faltered, tasting salt in her trembling mouth. Her whole face quivered with little sniffing sobs, and almost immediately, terrifying her because she could not stop them, the loud cries began to break through her tears. "Oo-oo—oo! Ma and Willie—and little Annie—and now Adele!"

She had been sitting upright for years; she did not bend now. She kept her hand pressed stiffly over her eyes and cried until she choked and gagged, stopped to whimper and gulp for a moment or two, and burst into noisy, bitter wailing again. Her whole face was swollen and shiny, her lips spongy and thick, her head splitting.

At about seven o'clock she roused herself stupidly in dark and cold. Rain was sluicing down wildly, and the wind was screaming. Lizzie looked dazedly at her distorted, stricken face in the mirror. Her head rocked with pain. The room was very close.

"What I need is dinner," she said hoarsely.

But she did not want to eat. She began to cry again, holding one hand over her eyes. After a few minutes she flung herself on the bed and pulled the blue comforter up over her knees. The little gas-jet she had lighted flickered and sang. The room was very cold.

She lay there all night.

TOWARD morning her troubled thoughts quieted from sheer fatigue, and she went to sleep. A beautiful spring day had broken when she wakened, and she looked at it resentfully, as she stumbled about changing her clothes, opening windows to the sunshine, brushing her hair and her teeth, sternly turning toward the kitchen and breakfast.

In an enveloping apron, exhausted and pale, and with faint remaining traces of headache, Lizzie went to the kitchen. She set the coffee pot on the stove, cut bread, scrambled one egg instead of three, took in the Easter Sunday paper. Odors of toast and coffee began to color the air; Lizzie realized that she was famished.

"I don't know what came over me to carry on like that!" she said reflectively. She poured an amber stream into her cup, buttered the toast, scraped the hot egg out on a hot plate. A great sigh shook her, the last of the storm. "I believe I'll dress, after I've cleaned up, and go to church," ruminated Lizzie, "and then I'll step into Mrs. Bevins' and see how Ida is. I suppose I'll get over this, as I've done everything else!"

She glanced at a headline, sweetened her cup. A sudden scraping noise made her start. Mrs. Merle coming down? But it was only the forlorn kitten, wailing on the back steps. Lizzie flashed to the door, dragged it in, set it violently on the table, poured cream.

"There's your breakfast!" she said angrily. "But you won't eat it!"

But the thin, little, cold, trembling kitten, after a frightened upward look from pale blue eyes, did eat, heartily and noisily. Lizzie looked at it, looked at her paper, looked at the kitten again. The kitten finished, flickered a pink little tongue, stepped between the saucers, leaped into Lizzie's lap, and emitted an amazingly strong purr.

Lizzie took her glasses off and laid them aside. The paper slid to the floor; her eyes were too sore for reading, anyway. She curved a nervous, knobby hand over the warm little furry back.

"Well, if you ain't a grateful little thing!" she whispered.

That Rainy Day

(Continued from page 74)

from the farm wagon. The proverbial rainy day will be less disagreeable, when bankers help the wage earner to buy securities on some plan more available and equitable to him.

Of course there are some economists who say that as the world is made there will always be a preponderance of hewers of stone and drawers of water. The thrift literature, taking advantage of this, sounds the tocsin of despair by claiming, without full warrant, that 98 percent of the American people are entirely dependent on their wage, and were that to stop, it would either represent pauperism or dependency for them. I can not believe that these figures mean that they measure the saving indifference of the American people. There are many of us who have an honest desire to put aside something for the rainy day, but we do not know how to spend wisely. The immediate stress of economic existence—never more stressful than during recent years—prevents the average man from sticking too closely to a budget.

Besides which, this question of thrift, of saving, is not entirely one of finances; it is one of character—of definite objective, of ambition. It is along these lines that the banks should take up the subject. For, in a way, a bank in any community is a social institution, besides a place of exchange. It is not enough that the banker pays a rate of interest on money deposited, or sells an issue of stocks and bonds, or even fixes it so that in the future securities shall be within range of the most humble of us. It is for the bank to stand ready to help the man to be a wise spender. Strange, but here again we must consider the vagaries of human nature, for it seems much more attractive for us to talk to our neighbor about how much we spend than about how much we save. Here again we become reckless in a braggadocio manner, though at heart we might be reached if only the banks and other institutions pledged to the saving idea would study men and women rather than their bankbooks alone.

Saving to Spend

For let us look at this rainy day slogan closer and see whether it is such a gruesome thing after all. I know a boy of farm parentage who wanted to go to college. He was given an allowance, and out of that he saved from year to year, handing over to his father every hundred dollars he collected. For this he was given in return an interest-bearing note. He had an objective. When he went to college, he dreamed of a postgraduate course. He worked his way as well as he could, saving enough from his allowance to hand over a goodly sum to his father, for which he again received a generous interest. He did not continually say to himself, "The self-denial of today means the happiness of tomorrow." What he really thought was: I want a postgraduate course. He maintained this policy in his early salary days and found himself with a capital to begin business for himself amounting to several thousand dollars. That gave him his chance, and he profited by it. You note that never once did the terror of old age worry him. He wanted something definite, and he knew he couldn't get it if he spent everything he had. He had an object, and he saved for it.

Thus the saving idea brings relatively immediate results: it is not merely security when the "night cometh," but security the day after tomorrow. For, with capital, there is a bulwark against which one can stand and dare things. One obliterates the pressure of immediate necessity; one can take chances with a certain amount of protection. If one is a wage earner, working in a certain position at a certain salary—with such a backing, one can afford to take another position which probably does not pay so large a salary at first, but which offers a better opportunity for advancement.

That Rainy Day

Apply this method, therefore, to the newly married couple, where the man finds himself in copartnership. No budget system is going to help them if they have decided that their objective must be social emulation; they play the dangerous game of chance, not only as regards their financial future, but as regards also their intimate family life. They are playing an exciting game a wearing game: the nervous crash, the financial crash, the romantic crash all occur about the same time. But if the young couple fix a goal and work toward it, one may be sure—barring accidents outside human control—that the objective will be attained. I can see no difference in principle among the consuming desire of a young couple to have a piano, or an automobile, or a home, as far as the human equation of getting them is concerned. But there is a moral difference, in that the stakes are more permanent, in the case of the home.

Relatively, one can save more in the early years of married life, even on a small salary, than at any other time. There may be a struggle to do this for a while, but accumulated capital opens up vistas; one is not then made timid by emergencies. The more one accumulates, the more one can afford the luxuries of life, the more ways are open for self-development. If for no other reason, I believe we owe a duty to ourselves to save, not alone for the financial security it affords, but for the avenues it opens up for us to get the most out of life.

First, Find Your Vision

In this getting and saving, however, one can be easily crushed, warped, without a vision. However different the personal equation, the personal security means nothing unless life is given an opportunity to expand to its greatest extent. Some of us may want nothing more than a home, or a farm; others may desire to fling aside the short game of wage and start out for the long game. My objective is high finance, says one, and he starts out, possibly going through college and obtaining his foundation of economics; moving on through successive steps of education and experience, always learning, always saving—some years making more progress than others, but never losing sight of or sacrificing his opportunity of reaching the goal he has fixed his mind on. The thrift philosopher has nothing to say to such a man. If he marries, he may have to exert his persuasion upon his wife—women are the conservatives of the household—that he can afford to take chances because he has enough set by to protect his family, and he has imagination enough to see where the change is going to lead him. Or, if he is doubly blessed, he may have a wife who spurs him on to the goal and gladly shares in the struggle for it.

I am not saying that the world will ever be brought to that state of perfection where all human nature will have that propulsive drive ahead; some of us are continually hammering at the door of opportunity, are never happy in a comfortable post which crystallizes and holds us fast until old age finds us secure but not advanced. There will always be some of our neighbors who work conscientiously but without vision; who strive vigorously but without end, except safety. Remember that where the banks can never help you is in your individual ambition. They can only assure your accumulated wealth and help you to remove it beyond temptation.

But to me this thrift idea is not in any sense a vindication of the great god Mammon. A sense of security opens vistas for the refining virtues of life, allows a young couple to live in ease and comfort, to assure to their children those opportunities without which they will be handicapped and will have to start the race all over again. To such a young couple no bank can do more than show the advantages that accrue from accrued interest on capital

willingly invested. Today, the savings institutions are entering the school and the factory and are attempting to inculcate the thrift idea by actual experiment of saving. The workman gives permission in the factory for a certain amount to be deducted from his weekly stipend and put into a bank without his even seeing it. There is here some knowledge of human nature, for to many of us a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. Let us lay hold on cash, and it is hard to gainsay desire, the fleshpots of Egypt, and the horde of demons that keep the world from being all thrifty. How many widows with their life insurance know enough to perpetuate that assurance rather than taking advantage of the cash? One hundred dollars at 5 percent amounts in 25 years to $266.58 compounded. Make a game of arithmetic out of thrift, and it becomes very attractive. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920, the savings deposits amounted to $5,186,845,000, for 9,500,000 persons. Despite financial uncertainty, savings have been on the increase during the last few years.

Wise Spending Means Wise Saving

To spend wisely means that you are building for the future, not for old age; under such rules of wisdom old age can take care of itself. You have your way to make in the world, and there must be a certain exercise of intelligent selfishness to accomplish it. To a certain extent, the security idea is against the idea of the social state. But if we are to be governed as we are, despite the increasingly awakened spirit of communal interest, the family is the unit from which the capital of the world is to be drawn; the community may be the buyer of capital.

Hence it behooves each of us to secure the family from the necessity of communal charity. Given an income for a young couple, the family budget is one of the finest compensating schemes imaginable. In order to maintain the balance, if some things cost more, others must cost less; it is a problem of making the figures come out the same, though the distribution needs must vary with circumstances. If you live in the small town or the country, you have not the demands, the social struggling, of a large city life. Luxury is rarer, temptation not so varied. But wherever you are, your family budget suffers, unless you want something which involves fundamental life as hard as you want the piano or the automobile or the theater or a gay trip to town.

You can not help but talk about this subject in a more or less human way, unless you are going to write a financial article to show why it is profitable to buy certain stocks and bonds. If a couple wants to own their home, they are going to get it; if the boy in Iowa wants to do something more than plow all his life, he is going to escape from it; if the farmer believes in scientific methods, he is going to equip himself with the latest devices. It is all a matter of intention, determination, and intelligent selfishness.

Accumulated capital means wage when you can no longer work. To me the crux of the entire subject lies not in sounding a warning that we all have to grow old and we all must play safe. There are those who are perfectly happy if they know that in their stocking is enough to bury them; they join societies to take care of them when they are sick. What's the use of saving? That all depends on what your standard of life is—what you wish the generation that comes after you to be. I have never yet met a man who did not wish his son to go one plane higher in opportunity. There is in every one the law of self-preservation. But education has yet to inculcate in the children of the country the truth that life is meaningless without an objective. So far the schools have left this indefinite in the minds of every one. Old age is not an objective; it is a necessity which science is trying to put off as long as possible. And the family budget can not be governed by a banking system of thrift unless there is the will to do something or to be something for the sake of oneself and the generations to come.

Should I Go to College?

(Continued from page 57)

the world has never known; the civilization of the future is in your hands. Your best, your utmost, is not enough; you can not afford to miss anything within your reach that will help you make ready.

A wise college attempts to give training that will make the mind an instrument, practised, alert, ready to work with accuracy and sureness upon whatever material may fall to its lot, to fulfil any task imposed upon it. Also, a wise college recognizes the fact that, for the rebuilding of the world, youth needs knowledge and more knowledge—that representing the past, the humanities; that representing the present, science—in order that the best of the old may be brought to bear upon the best of the new, that each may balance the other, at once check and stimulate.

The young need knowledge of history, the record of human life in its vast trends and developments, in other than its mere momentary manifestations here and now. Present economic and social theories are valueless without some recognition of what has happened in the past; lacking this, there is danger of being swept away by theory that has no real basis in human nature. Acquaintance with great personalities of the past, great events, and the causes leading to events, is necessary for a competent understanding of the world in which we live, its problems of government, its solutions of those problems; now, more than ever, there is need to know.

The young need knowledge of literature, of the race experience in terms of enduring beauty, which alone can hold and make permanent the wisdom that mankind has won in its long struggle. You can not afford to go on into the labyrinth of the future without the torches your forefathers have lighted.

You need knowledge of philosophy, of human thought in its varied interpretations of existence, lest you stop content, perhaps, with some new and shallow answer to the riddle of existence, unaware that men have already answered more profoundly than this. New wisdom is thin and substanceless when wholly cut off from the old. If the recent vast increase of information with regard to this globe and its place in the universe seems to point to a lesser intellectual and spiritual outlook than our forefathers knew, it is time to question sharply whether it is as yet genuine advance; rightly interpreted, it will some day mean a widening, not a diminishing, of the spiritual horizon.

The Present Needs the Past

Though I am aware that the young are skeptical today, to an extent never before known, of the value of all that their predecessors upon the face of the earth have done and thought, I venture to affirm that youth, if it is to make good in this supreme hour of history, needs to know vastly more of the past and of earlier ways of thinking than it seems at present likely to learn. Whether you realize it or not, you must build upon that which has been wrought by those who have gone before you. The danger of much of the extreme young radical thought lies in conceiving the past as wholly bad; if this be true, there is no chance for the future, for if the past is entirely wrong, is not the future without hope? What does it mean that, with every aspect of your training from childhood based on an idea of development and on continuity of development, you young folk of today have less idea of development than any other generation has had, less belief in continuity? Never has there been such danger of the young betraying the past without realizing that, in so doing, they betray the future.

Necessary, too, is knowledge of science, the modern type of wisdom, in its great development, with its revelations of physical laws in their vast cosmic sweep, in their domination of the minutest, most infinitesimal particle of

matter. It is well to gain acquaintance with real science in its task of investigating a universe, to keep one's mental balance, to keep from being swept away by the by-products of science, the inventions, the externals, measures for swift speed and swift manufacture, well enough in a way, yet results that do not matter so much as does the extending of the mental horizon, the pushing farther of the boundaries of that which men know.

Now, when civilization is threatened in its stronghold by the effects of the war, by Bolshevism, by the turning of the modern world to material things, by the teaching that immediate practical efficiency more than makes up for lack of development of mind and character, Young America needs, calling to her aid all resources of past and present, to learn to think as well as to act, rather than to follow our time-honored national precept, to act whether or no.

The college can help in this, though no college has ever fulfilled wholly what it would like to do in the service of the young. We call upon youth to bring its deeper questioning, its ardors, its determinations, to the colleges, to waken them, to make them serve more wisely the intellectual needs of the country. This generation, which faces the most tremendous challenge of the ages, must ask greater questions; must demand, and get, greater answers than have ever been given before. To the young one would say: Compel age and middle age to yield deeper solutions of your problems; they may not be aware, these older people, until youth questions, of the depths of wisdom stored away. One does not expect, of course, any one but yourselves to give the ultimate answers to your questions, but no generation can stand alone. When the heads of old and young come together in these days of violent clash, some sparks ought to be struck out for the lighting of the future!

Joy in Learning

Perhaps I am overemphasizing the use to which intellectual training should be put, and not adequately suggesting the joy of using one's mind; one would not contend that this originates in college, but right use of college greatly enhances it. One should remember that there is nothing in intellectual joy that interferes with legitimate physical delight; rather, it enhances the pleasures of walking, driving, golfing, of all out-of-door amusements that extend one's horizon.

In speaking of intellectual delight in college I am not speaking solely—perhaps not even primarily—of that which comes in response to the efforts of elder folk in classrooms. Of uncounted value is the stimulus of young mind to young mind. Perhaps the greatest benefit of college years comes from the higher comradeship, the higher friendship; here is an opportunity for friendships that may determine a lifetime—the young seeking truth, shoulder to shoulder, urging each other on. Reading the lives of English statesmen, thinkers, poets, we realize that the best that they found and the best that they achieved in life resulted from intellectual contact, at a crucial moment in development, with men of their own years. This, with whatever help the elders can give in classroom or study, makes the golden moment, the opportunity.

One would not claim that intellectual achievement is the sole aim of college, or the sole benefit to be derived from it; thousands and tens of thousands of students of today would rise to refute any such statement. The amusements, the recreations, of the American college speak for themselves in woodcut and in photograph, in enthusiastic newspaper accounts of what Young America is doing on the amateur stage and on the athletic field. The pictured scenes of college plays offer a unity of expression deeper than that arising from the conception of the play, revealing the delight of closely associated bands of the young, who share both work and play, in thus acting together.

The number and the variety of college sports

Should I Go to College?

would be too long to enumerate here. Tennis, basket-ball, baseball, hockey, golf, have their champions and their heroes; the crew, its fine oarsmen or oarswomen; archery, its master-marksmen; the riding school, its horsewomen, who bring back a look of the medieval world. Nor are there lacking those who find joy in long cross-country tramps, a dozen strong, stepping in unison.

The games into which our college students enter year after year with increasing eagerness in generous rivalry mean, not only pleasure at the time, but lasting benefit in their team work, their unity of effort. One may learn statesmanship in the ball-field; surely it is one of the best training grounds for democracy—the art of getting on with one's fellows. The best hope that we can hold for our hundreds of athletic fields is that they may keep the fine tradition that English schools have had so long, that life is, after all, only a learning to play the game, and to play it fairly.

Youth should avail itself, wherever possible, of the training in citizenship that comes from a wisely ordered college life. Perhaps young women, even more than young men, need the privileges and the responsibilities of student government, training in obedience to self-made laws. The student no longer lives apart, remote, dominated by tutors, rebelling against rule and precept imposed by his elders; he has to make the world he lives in, and his realization of this fact is the first and most important lesson of all, invaluable as training for those who live in a democratic country. Colleges are real democracies; they fail utterly if they are not. As such, they are schools for American life, where all are "scholars and gentlemen" together, learning how to live in peace with one another.

A college training is a great help in enabling one to get away from mere, petty, local interests, to take larger, more generous views, to realize one's wider responsibilities. True patriotism demands the right development of one's powers, the acquisition of knowledge, of culture, so that America may keep pace with other countries, where the be-all and the end-all of existence are not immediate practical success. We are, whether we will or no, by virtue of modern arts and inventions, citizens of a larger world, and we can no longer hug ourselves in our own conceit, shut off from other standards than our own by our sheltering seas, as we claim to be shut off from dangers. Because of our wealth, our power, of the fact that we have not been shattered by the war as have other nations, we are destined to hold a more prominent place in the life of the world in the future than we have in the past. For this, we need deeper understanding of the world we live in and of the people who inhabit it than we have at present. In any real civilization the trained mind plays the major rôle; we must not let the civilization of the future, in which we shall play so large a part, be less, because young America, at the parting of the ways, chose ignorance.

The Wild Heart

(*Continued from page 30*)

paws into his soft, thick fur with a purr that was a monotone of content.

Brother and I did not know whether Timothy's mother had weaned him from a milk diet, but we felt that we would be safeguarding his digestion if we brought him up on liquid food for a time at least, so we rowed into town especially to purchase a bottle with a strong rubber nipple attached. The druggist asked if there was a baby at our house, and we told him yes—what kind of baby, we did not state.

Whether or not we were following the same system of dietetics that Mrs. Bear would have employed in bringing up her child, Timothy really did thrive on his liquid menu. Even after he outgrew the necessity for milk, he

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Good Housekeeping, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1921. State of New York, County of New York, ss: Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. Henry Hathaway, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Good Housekeeping and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, W. F. Bigelow, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, W. F. Bigelow, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, C. Henry Hathaway, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders: W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; M. V. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Columbia Trust Company, 60 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; M. V. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; Arthur Brisbane, 238 William St., New York, N. Y.; Lina Strauss, 27 West 72nd St., New York, N. Y.; George J. Gould, 165 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; E. H. Gary, 856 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, 37 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; George W. Perkins Estate, 71 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; James Speyer, 1038 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Phelps Publishing Company, Springfield, Mass. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

C. Henry Hathaway, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1921. K. J. Moore, Notary Public, New York County. (My commission expires March 30th, 1923.) (Seal.)

clung to the bottle habit and would sample the contents of any bottle he found. We used to bring him ginger ale from town and soda pop of all flavors. If nothing else was handy, we filled a battered old canteen with sweetened water, and he would tilt back on his hind legs, hold the canteen perpendicularly aloft, close his eyes, and drink it slowly, making funny little rumbling noises deep in his throat which, Brother maintained, were imitations of Three-Spot's purring. Once he got hold of a bottle of kerosene and had closed his eyes in anticipatory ecstasy before the taste of the first terrible mouthful reached his throat. I shall never forget the look of pained disillusion on Timothy's face. He threw the bottle from him, coughed and sputtered, gagged once or twice as if deathly sick, and then waddled off to the spring, walking pigeon-toed, and with uncomprehending anguish in the very tilt of his furry hind quarters. That should have cured him of his liking for promiscuous bottles, but it did not—as you shall see.

WE worried a little at first as to what else we should give him besides milk, but we need not have concerned ourselves. Timothy's appetite was without limits, and he could eat anything—bread, meat scraps, griddle cakes, or cold potatoes. On top of the civilized food we fed him he hunted on his own account for certain roots he liked, clawed the bark from fallen logs to get the white grubs underneath, and buried his head at the foot of hollow stumps where the red ants had made their hills. After an hour or two of such foraging, he would return to us, his face and paws besmeared with loam and covered with cobwebs, his furry coat rusty with sand and tagged by twigs and strands of blackberry vine. He would blink at us questioningly, a trifle shamefacedly, running his small red tongue along the sides of his mouth, and we would shake our heads and say mournfully, "Oh, Timothy, you dirty, dirty bear!"

After such excursions we always gave him a bath in the big washtub, and though he knew there was no escaping it, he always squealed and struggled while we lathered him and only ceased his whining when we had rinsed him and put him in the sun to dry, giving him the canteen filled with sugared water to keep him quiet.

He was the merriest playfellow we ever had. He went with us everywhere—up the Hill Trail, into the orchard, and out on the bay when we sailed our little boat and played that we were pirates. Timothy never objected to anything except a bath. We dressed him in outlandish costumes, sometimes with a red bandanna tied around his head, a shawl looped about his fat and furry body, and a wooden knife stuck in his belt. He was always ready to wrestle with us, to climb hills with us, or to be a pillow for our heads as Brother and I lay through the long, drowsy, summer afternoons and read fairy-tales aloud to each other, or described the shapes we saw in the clouds.

When the late fall came, Timothy remembered he was a bear long enough to have a desire to go to bed for the winter, but what chance had a tired bear for a seasonal sleep when living in the same house with Tinker, Three-Spot, Brother, and myself? We would drag him from his clothes-basket while he whimpered with half-closed eyes, and Tinker would badger him into wakefulness and a game of tag. Then the four of us would go through the orchard up to the Hill Trail, pushing each other into the drifts of dead leaves and playing hide and seek around stumps and logs.

Of course Timothy could not stay with us always; that was too much to expect. He belonged to the woods, and sooner or later he must obey their call. He had belonged to us for almost a year, and it was only right that the out-of-doors should at last claim her child. But when the call of the wild did come, we were sorry in spite of ourselves, and when Timothy's absences came more and more frequently and the intervals of time he spent with us lessened, we missed him sorely. We

The Wild Heart

knew that soon our playmate would be with us no more, that he would go back to the forest whence he came, and take up the serious business of finding a wife and of locating a tree or a hole in which to spend the next winter.

The manner of his departure was dramatic, even as was his advent into our lives. We were up on the Hill Trail, Brother and I, and we had, as we supposed, left Timothy on the back porch sleeping in his clothes-basket, for which he was now much too big, but to which he had become attached through habit. On the open trail with its sound-deadening mat of hard, brown earth we did not hear the soft, padding feet that followed us and were not aware that our friend was near at hand until we met a hunter, brown-faced and with gun in hand, near the bend in the path that we called "U-Chu-Ka's Corner," in memory of a little rabbit friend.

The man had a red band around his hat, I remember, and a canteen was slung at his side. He had put it to his lips to drink when he caught sight of us, and suddenly his eyes widened, and the hand that held the canteen became rigid.

"Run, you kids!" he gasped out, "there's a bear behind you!"

We turned to confront Timothy, who was standing pigeon-toed in the middle of the trail, his face covered with loam from a rotten stump where he had been digging for ants, his eyes blinking at us sleepily and a trifle reproachfully for having gone off without him. But before we could explain to the hunter that the beast behind us was a friend of ours, the man had raised his gun and leveled it at our playfellow. I screamed aloud, and Brother, heedless of the danger, flung himself in front of the rifle.

NOW Timothy knew nothing of guns, but he had a long and satisfactory acquaintance with bottles and canteens. He had seen the man drink. There was something contained therein that he, Timothy, would like. The man would not mind sharing it—I'm sure he reasoned thus to himself—and in that instant when the gun was pointed straight at him, he rose on his hind feet, his furry arms outstretched, and started toward the hunter.

The man with the gun forgot to pull the trigger; he forgot everything except that a dark brown body with gleaming black eyes was advancing upon him. He gave a little squeal of terror, and the rifle dropped from his hands. He turned and fled down the trail with Timothy galloping on all fours close at his heels. In spite of our breathless calls he would not return to us, and though we ran and called and laughed at the same time, he soon outdistanced us. When last we saw the hunter he was disappearing over the crest of a little hillock in the trail with the canteen bobbing behind him, and the hat with the red band made a dot of scarlet against the underbrush where it had fallen.

We heard afterward that the man had not stopped running until he reached the little town. Timothy by that time was nowhere in sight, having given up the pursuit of the canteen in disgust.

But we never saw him again. Perhaps returning home he met a comely lady bear and they decided to set up housekeeping together. Perhaps she even won his heart by telling him that she knew where there was a nice bottle full of sweetened water.

Long afterward we found one day by the creek bed a ginger ale bottle dropped there by some picnickers. It was empty, and on the gravel near by we saw footprints almost human in shape, only smaller and toeing in toward each other.

We knew somehow that Timothy had been there. It was almost as if he had known we would pass that way, and had left the bottle and his footprints where we would see them to tell us that we were not forgotten, nor were the things we had taught him.

"O'Henry, The Quail Baby" is the title of the next story in this series

The most stubborn thing in the world—and how it affects your food, is described on page 119. Have you read it?

The Gold in My Garden

(Continued from page 33)

Millet knew this feeling, and he illustrated it so well in his famous "Angelus," depicting the great peace and deep contentment of soul after a day of wholesome toil in nature's workshop. I share the feeling of those simple peasants painted into that great canvas—a true benediction at the close of day. For work is a God-given privilege. I am sure God intended that each and every one of us should perform some kind of physical labor. Great men and women of every age who have achieved much have always associated the millennium with a picture of every man at his self-appointed work, an all-absorbing task native to his desire and understanding.

Given the opportunity and the health to work, what more can one ask? If these golden privileges are neglected, nothing is more certain than that the negligent one will live to regret his days of idleness. Idleness, or that twin evil, squandering precious hours in silly pastime, will eventually lead to great dissatisfaction with oneself and with humanity. Experience of the foolhardy has taught us that only inasmuch as we get response in some way from the effort we put forth can we be assured of a certain amount of happiness and contentment. Life without response becomes a dead hope.

I have never experienced happier moments in my life than during that hour, just before sunset, when—with no small sense of pride I must admit—I have escorted friends or members of my family over the well-kept onion or strawberry patch cleared that day of weeds, or through well-kept lanes of vegetables where my day's work of hoeing, weeding, and spading showed to good advantage. To observe these rows of growing green things from day to day increases one's interest. They challenge one's daily consideration; they demand one's constant attention. Always the varied interests of farm life present new claims on one's time, new problems to be solved, new work to be done. Therein lies its great, sustaining interest.

The Greatest Obstacles Are Petty Conventions

To be sure, there are obstacles to be overcome in the course of a gardening career, and none perhaps more difficult than that of convincing one's friends and family that the work will not mean injury to one's health, that there is no danger from sunstroke, that one will be careful not to burn one's skin to a dusky brown, and that close daily contact with the soil is the healthiest occupation on earth.

Even in this day of great social evolution certain conventions and inherited traditions are often found to be embarrassing. In spite of women's political freedom and other great advances made by the sex for higher development of mind and soul, there still remains, in certain quarters, a type that clings tenaciously to the mid-Victorian principles, for example, that a woman who can afford to have work done should not bother with it herself. I had hoped that the age of this snobbish attitude toward physical work, particularly farm work, had passed, but I greatly fear that to the end of time we shall have the social parasite, as well as her smaller prototype in the garden.

There is no denying the fact that some of my acquaintances who dropped in at tea time to find me working in the garden in bloomers and gingham blouse were not a little shocked. It seemed so uncalled-for, they said.

Then the war call sounded, and with it the urgent need to raise and conserve more food. With this, my acquaintances quit joking me about what they lightly referred to as a fad, and I went to work in earnest. Previously, I had worked only a few hours a day in the garden, helping out here and there with the weeding and hoeing of early spring vegetables, and caring almost wholly for the many flowerbeds. With the aid of a number of farmerettes, we carried on intensive farming and gardening

Frocks for Younger Girls

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"in-between age" looks best in a one-piece frock, the waist-line of which should generally be low and not too well defined. In fact, nowadays there is very little difference in the style of dress between twelve and twenty.

The length of the skirt has much to do with preventing an awkward appearance. This can not be governed by rule, but by the build and individuality of the child. Should the skirt be too long, she is dowdy and looks like a stunted woman, or if too short she is "leggy," and no matter how pretty the frock, it looks outgrown. The remedy for this is to try one length and then another till the most becoming is attained.

The Right Shoe for Different Occasions

Shoes and stockings are also of utmost importance—socks for most girls at this period are out of the question, except those of the golf variety—English stockings—generally of wool, which entirely cover the lower part of the leg and reach just below the knee. With these a comfortable, low-heeled, broad-toed oxford last of tan, or a high-laced boot, is smart and practical. Pointed and high-heeled shoes and slippers are neither smart nor good for the feet and general health of the growing girl.

A slightly less broad-toed type of pump is desirable for dress occasions and dancing class when ballet slippers are not worn. This pump should not be used for general walking, as it does not support the foot, which is apt to slip forward, cramping the toes and causing many foot troubles. With these pumps fine lisle or silk stockings are essential. Bronze pumps are prettier than black with light frocks. Nothing, however, can take the place of white canvas or buckskin for the summer.

Arranging the Hair

The arrangement of the hair is simplified for the girl from ten to sixteen today, by frequently being bobbed. This necessitates curling the hair unless it is soft and fluffy. It may be fluffed up, parted on the left side, and caught loosely with a barette on the right side or nearly at the back of the head. Another becoming fashion for the girl with a low forehead is to brush the hair straight back and catch it with a round comb. Hair ribbons are not much worn, but on some girls look well. Long hair may hang in curls or may be caught loosely with a barette just below the nape of the neck. Here again the round comb and barette may be of use in arranging the hair around the face.

The Gold in My Garden

for two seasons during the war. This led me to spend from six to eight hours a day in the garden, and I have kept up this schedule, more or less, ever since.

Often, with guests over the week-end, my plan to spend an hour in the garden every morning before breakfast was not always possible to maintain, but I did manage to do it for at least four mornings of the week, and particularly at canning time. That hour, to my mind, is the finest work hour of the whole day. Perhaps there are some who would not agree with me in this, because of the occasional heavy dew one finds at that early hour. But I overcame this objection by using a little felt mat, which afforded me protection in working close to the earth on my knees, weeding, picking strawberries or small vegetables.

One reason why so many people express a horror of farming or gardening, I have discovered, is the fear that they may get very tired. It is natural, of course, in any form of unaccustomed exercise where a new set of muscles is brought into play, that one may feel the effects for a few days. But this fear, possessed by many, is unfounded. I learned this in my first days of gardening. If the muscles of my arms, for instance, became too taut from constant reaching about the bushes in the process of weeding, I would leave off this work for a while and change to something else.

Spading Brings Health

Another of the most frequent protests directed against women working the soil is leveled at the vigorous exercise which comes from spading. In all the work I have done, which I believe has included every phase of gardening and farming, there is nothing, to my mind, to equal the wonderful benefit to health that spading will give. It brings into play muscles that should be developed for the best interests of one's health. It not only strengthens the muscles of the back and arms and limbs but, curiously enough, promotes the circulation as nothing else seems to do. The only bad feature of this particular work, of course, is overdoing it. To work at anything till one is exhausted is bad. When I begin to feel weary, I change my work, for change of work rests one. Fatigue comes only from keeping at the same thing for long hours at a stretch.

From the earliest days of spring till late October, when the crops are gathered and the vegetables and fruits disposed of for winter use, I find plenty to do in the spading line. For instance, October is a splendid month for transplanting trees, for the heat of midsummer, which would quickly dry the roots and moisture, is absent. I have had pronounced success in transplanting trees and small fruit plants.

But spading, which I am free to admit is the more vigorous exercise, I usually did in the morning hours when the heat was not so great. The afternoon hours I devoted to lighter work, such as hoeing, and weeding, and aerating the soil; that is to say, loosening the soil, for instance, about the strawberry plants. This form of cultivation gives splendid results. It permits the air to get to the roots and stimulates plant growth tremendously. We had marvelous success with our strawberry plants. More than one hundred quarts were my reward for the care I lavished on the plants in the autumn as well as for a time during the spring.

Farming and gardening, like everything else, pay the biggest dividends to those who are most persistently painstaking. Any effort made to improve the quality of garden and orchard production will be amply rewarded, for nothing responds more quickly to intelligent care. Never has this fact been impressed upon me to such a degree as it was last autumn, when my most optimistic prophecy of the season's yield fell far short of the mark.

By experiment and increasing knowledge brought to bear on the problems, I have observed from year to year, with no small amount

of satisfaction, a pronounced improvement in the quality and increased quantity of green stuff and fruit. In addition to furnishing the family table throughout the summer with all the vegetables and fruits that were required, the yield from garden and orchard gave me three hundred quarts of the choicest vegetables and fruits for winter use.

When signs of autumn began to appear, I took occasion to review my summer season's work. And a most natural thing, too, I presume, was to find myself comparing my "season" with that of acquaintances passed at fashionable watering places, where the larger part of one's time is occupied with trying to decide which particular gown and which style of hat would be best suited to the day and the occasion. Had I, as I reviewed my summer just passed, missed some of the glorious pleasures that life had to offer? Did I owe it to myself to take advantage of the gay diversion that such a social season afforded?

Thus reflecting, I was compelled to recognize the great benefit I had received in health from this splendid out-of-door life. To face a full winter's work in town, equipped with the health and strength to carry it on, to look forward with pleasure to renewing the work where I had left off, this was my reward, but only in part. It was not all.

There is such a thing as being agreeably tired; that is, sufficiently tired to enable one to sleep peacefully and to begin the day with a feeling of being thoroughly rested. To be able to say this of oneself three hundred and sixty-five days every year is not a bad record, and one who lives in the open and works in the open seldom feels the need of remedies for insomnia, poor circulation, loss of appetite, and all the other annoying tricks that nature plays on us when we refuse to consider her seriously.

So as the summer's work drew to a close, and I took stock of its rewards and pleasures, I discovered many other advantages besides the three hundred cans of fruits and vegetables, which I viewed with tremendous satisfaction. That is how I know that this form of exercise pays, not only in benefit to health, but in something equally as substantial—the satisfaction that comes from work well done.

Careers Out of Doors

If I were choosing a career, there is no question where my choice would lie. I should certainly prefer the great out-of-doors. True, there is a certain amount of responsibility, but that is something none of us may avoid if our earnest desire is to succeed in a chosen work.

There are women who possess marked executive ability, and who with some special training would make excellent farm superintendents. Then, too, there is poultry raising, which invites responsibility, to be sure, but with such work is associated a happy independence which must appeal to not a few thinking women.

Without any kind of physical exercise, many professional women today are breaking under the strain of ambition and overwork. Then there is a class of idle women throwing away their health and happiness in the social routine of our small and large cities. Both classes of women require more than hothouse exercise to stay their withering nerves. There are girls in our towns and villages eager to join the ever-increasing multitudes of the cities—and add to the failures of life, for the reason that they are not equipped to meet it. At the present rate of increasing migration from country to city, farming in another decade will represent the least popular of occupations.

Underlying the great dissatisfaction with life, the great unrest that the present age is witnessing, may be the groping desire for soul contentment in natural, wholesome employment in nature's healthful environment. Perhaps, in this seeking for happiness, we may come to realize that the simple, natural life, after all, is the one which insures the greatest blessings in health and general satisfaction with life.

Letters from a Senator's Wife

(*Continued from page 24*)

same; that you take this obligation freely, and without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that you will well and faithfully discharge the office upon which you are about to enter: so help you God.'"

After this oath had been administered, Mr. Marshall gave his farewell address. I wish I might quote every word of it to you, for fear, since you are ill, you may have missed some part of it in a hurried or weary reading of the daily newspaper. He has a fine voice, and a wonderful command of the English language, and he loomed before me with a greatness and a glory that I have seldom seen in any human being's face.

Mr. Marshall's Farewell

"Very shortly," he began, "I shall have ended my official life as the constitutional presiding officer of this body. That moment, when it arrives, will not mark my demotion into the ranks of the average American citizen, for I *never rose above it*. . . .

"I may have failed, but I have tried to keep the faith. . . .A government dedicated to the inalienable rights of man to life, to liberty, and to the pursuit of happiness can find its perfect accomplishment only in representatives brave and strong enough to rise above the ambitions, passions, and prejudices of individuals and groups. . . .

"For eight long years crowded with events which have forever changed the currents of the world's history, I have been with you. You have been good to me. Not one of you can wish for himself a kindlier fate than I would give you if I were omnipotent. . . .

"I go, but you remain. I leave with you the same inarticulate cry in my soul with which I came to you: My country. . . . Let him who goes and him who stays alike remember that he who saves his life at the risk of his country's honor loses it, and he who loses his life for the sake of his country's honor saves it."

Can these mere fragments, taken almost at random, show you why, instead of writing, "I nearly cried, Elizabeth," as I so often have before, I must write instead, "I cried." And as I looked up, I saw that every one around me was crying, too. We heard the Chaplain's prayer as if it were a long way off, we saw the new Vice-President take his place through a mist. I am a Republican woman; for years my traditions, my environment, my personal political ambitions, have been associated with Republicans. As such I am proud to say that no statesman of my own party has moved me as Mr. Marshall did that day.

"Farewell and hail!" Do not think, from what I have just written, that Mr. Coolidge did not make a fine speech, too; that I did not thrill with pride as I heard him. To paraphrase a slogan of his own making, it made me have faith in my country! For what he said was brief and clear and scholarly, it was filled with the expression of fine ideals, and it gave promise of fine acts. I liked especially his statement that the greatest duty of the Senate is "the preservation of liberty—not only the rights of the minority, from whatever side they may be assailed."

Finally there was read the President's message calling the Senate to special executive session; the new Senators were sworn in, taking the same oath of office as the Vice-President. The Senate was adjourned. And quickly, down the long corridors, we hurried to take our places before the platform erected on the steps in the center of the Capitol, where the President-elect was to take the oath of office. The persons whose tickets admitted them to the Senate chamber had a special section roped off for them. And with my usual good luck I found myself in the front row of spectators, directly facing the platform. And, standing

there, I saw plainly the beautiful sight which the least superstitious of us could not help taking as a good omen—the shaft of sunlight that fell full on Mr. Harding's handsome, upturned face, as he took his solemn oath and began his splendid inaugural address.

That speech I know you have read. But could you in reading it, I wonder, sense even dimly the dignity, the earnestness, the absolute sincerity with which it was spoken? "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Those were the words, as of course you know, upon which the President's lips rested as he took his oath, and no one who heard him take it could possibly doubt that this man would try to do all that the Lord required of him.

And—lest by any chance you have missed it—there is a passage in the inaugural address that I want to quote to you in italics—"We want an America of homes, illumined with hope and happiness, where mothers . . . may preside as befits the hearthstone of American citizenship. *We want the cradle of American childhood rocked under conditions so wholesome and so hopeful that no blight may touch it in its development.*"

Those, Elizabeth, to my mind, are the most important words—forming the greatest pledge—that President Harding spoke that day. And here, I believe, is the place for my prophecy: Many things will come to us—to women—in these next years, the things that you and I have long been hoping for. Righteous and uniform laws of marriage and divorce; just conditions of labor, which include economic independence; and others, too. But, *first of all*, the chance to bear and rear our children safely. Of what use are statutes providing better education to the thousands who die from preventable causes before they are old enough to go to school? Of what use are those which prevent women from working overtime to the thousands who have died in childbirth? And why has no man—no man who could help—seen this before? Thank God that one has seen it at last!

Luncheon with the New Hampshire Delegation

As to the rest of the day—I first went back inside the Capitol, where Senator Moses was giving a luncheon for the New Hampshire delegation, and from the high, wide windows of his office—my plate of excellent food balanced precariously upon my lap and my coffee growing cold—watched the beautiful sight of the platoons of cavalry, all mounted on perfectly-matched brown horses, form about the presidential motor and gallop off, escorting it down the Avenue; saw the great crowd, happy and cheering and orderly to the very last, disperse and fade away; and then came home for a much-needed rest before going out to dinner and to the great Child Welfare Charity Ball, which, to an astonishing degree, made up for all the disappointment caused by the cancellation of the arrangements for an official inaugural one.

The dinner was delightful. Our hostess, who kindly allowed us to bring the Governor and his wife with us, is an ardent Republican, and this party was more or less in the nature of a jubilee! At the honor table, besides the host and hostess, sat the French Ambassador and Madam Jusserand, Governor and Mrs. Brown, and the new Secretaries of State, War, and Navy, and their wives; and instead of having ordinary place cards at the little tables which completely filled one floor of the large and lovely house where the dinner took place, the names of all the states that went for Mr. Harding were given to the men, and the women whose cards bore the names of the capitols of those states were their partners. Wasn't that a clever idea?

From the dinner, we all went on to the ball at the Willard. Mrs. Marshall, who has taken a very active part in Child Welfare work here—in fact, she has been one of the vice-presidents of the organization—received the guests, look-

Letters from a Senator's Wife

ing very handsome in black and gold brocade. And having greeted her in the anteroom—even that had temporary boxes in it—we went into the great ballroom, lined all the way around with boxes containing six or eight people, where one, decorated with a huge New Hampshire flag, was reserved for our party—Governor and Mrs. Brown, Assistant Secretary and Mrs. Woodbury, Senator Moses, Harry, and myself.

Sitting in it, looking out over the throng of dancers, I knew that I had never been present at such a wonderful ball before, and wondered, involuntarily, if I ever would be again. At one end of the main ballroom, which is very large indeed, and especially long for its width, giving it almost the effect of a brilliant channel—the doors were flung open into the smaller ballroom beyond, also filled with dancers and bordered with boxes, and with an orchestra of its own. At the other end—our end—in the gallery over the entrance, the Marine Band, gorgeous in its uniforms of scarlet and blue and gold, was playing. And among the dancers, there were of course many uniforms, too; not only the khaki and navy of our own men and the English, but the lighter blues of the Italian and French. Against them gleamed the women's dresses—satins and brocades and velvets; white, pastel shades of pink and yellow and lavender, vivid reds and greens, and every now and then an opalescent beaded robe, or a black one, heavy with jet; and with these beautiful dresses, of course, still more beautiful jewels were worn—ropes of pearls, diamond tiaras, necklaces of rubies and emeralds. Overhead, in great clusters that looked like effulgent balloons, were the lights; on either side, floating in the air, the flags of the signal corps, of the marines, of the cavalry—bright blue, brighter yellow, red brightest of all; while flat or festooned against the walls, in every available space between entrances and boxes, were American flags.

A Ball in Fairyland

There were nearly sixty boxes in all, and in the center of one side of the large ballroom three of these, magnificently decorated with flags and palms and flowers, were thrown together, and there Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Marshall's great friend, entertained the new Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall after they finished receiving, the French Ambassador and Madame Jusserand, the British Ambassador and Lady Geddes, the Argentine Ambassador and Madame LeBreton, the Italian Ambassador, Signor Ricci; the Serbian Minister and Madame Grouitch, General Pershing, the former Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Meredith—these were not all, but it is beginning to sound like the rolls of the names of the fairy kings and queens that we used to read about in storybooks when we were little girls?

The whole thing seemed like fairyland to me—the memory of it always will! A fairyland without a flaw, too. Remember that this ball was public, as all great charity balls held in hotels must be, of course. Yet I did not see at it one woman in a dowdy—or an immodest—dress; not one man who was not what we like to term a "gentleman." There were too many people to make dancing easy or even comfortable, but there was no pushing, no confusion, no ill-nature. It was early when I arrived, it was very late when I left, and yet nothing happened, in any way, to mar the beauty of that most beautiful night.

Charles Francis Adams, in his clever, but bitter and satirical biography, says that fourteen perfect days are the most that any mortal can hope for in the course of his life. I have had a great many more than that, haven't you? But none more perfect than that fourth of March. And instead of the postscript without which no woman's letter is supposed to be complete, I am going to tell you about the sequel

to this perfect day—the sight which to me was the most beautiful of all. On Saturday, through the kindness of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I was allowed to have the "Sylph" to take the New Hampshire delegation down to Mount Vernon on the Potomac river; and driving home through the dusk from the Navy Yard, where I had seen for the first time the interesting ceremonies—the salutes and other courtesies always extended there to a visiting governor—I saw that the gates to the White House, which have been closed and locked for several years, were thrown open again. Motors were passing through, men and women were walking up and down, children were playing on the grass—the people around the President's home once more! Through open doors and not through barred gates—is that not always the way that men and women have reached the greatest things—not only the men and women who have entered, but the ones who have made it possible for them to do so? Do you wonder that I prophesy great things, that I hope I have been able to make you visualize them, too? And that I beg you, lying so quietly on your wide veranda among your fragrant flowers, to be patient a little while longer—for the day is coming when you will see them fulfilled with me?

My dearest love to you always.

Frances Parkinson Keyes

The Home Dressmaker

(*Continued from page 46*)

In the dress at the left below, of page 46, the front and back views give a good idea of its simplicity.

If made of flannel:

5¾ yds. of flannel 27 in. wide at $1.60 per yd. for the dress ..... $ 9.20

3½ yds. of flannel 27 in. wide at $1.60 per yd. for the jacket ..... $ 5.60

$14.80

The waist, which is cut with one front section and one back section each laid on a fold, is slit in front to allow the dress to go on over the head. The skirt section, which is side plaited, is attached to the lower edge of the waist section. The joining of this waist and skirt is best done by binding the lower edge of the waist with a bias fold of the material or a piece of silk braid the color of the material. The plaits in the skirt are then stitched one-quarter of an inch from the top to hold them in place before the two sections are joined together. These plaits are slipped under the bound edge of the waist and stitched by machine to the waist on the right side about one-half an inch from the lower edge of the waist. The picture shows a very fine line of stitching for your guidance. In reality these stitches would not show so much as here illustrated. The upper edge of the plaits on the wrong side of the dress may be overhanded or bound with a silk binding braid. The skirt had better be side plaited by a shop where they make a specialty of work of this kind. It can be done from $2.00 to $2.50 according to the material, etc. The band of color on the lower edge of the skirt which matches the color of the coat is a false hem put on to the straight lower edge of the skirt before the plaiting is done. This may or may not be used, as is found becoming. This colored edge is very practical for a white skirt, as it protects the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves are set into the armhole with an ordinary seam and bound. Bound slits are arranged for the belt to pass through. The belt comes from the sides leaving a plain panel in the front of the dress. The slits are bound with a bias strip of the colored material. The applying of a bias fold was given in Lesson II, in March.

The box coat has a one-piece back which has the center back laid on a fold of the material. The two fronts, like the back itself, must be

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laid with the center on the straight of the goods so as to get the "hang" of the coat. The Tuxedo collar is a straight piece of the material seamed at the center back. The effect of a crosswise band at the bottom of the coat is given by applying crosswise folds which are set on to the actual material of the coat. The collar reaches only to the top of this band. These bands should be made of straight strips of the material of the dress, neatly mitered at the corners and set on as illustrated. If desired, pockets can be put under the upper edge of the band. This is a difficult undertaking, and it would be better not to undertake it unless you know just how to finish it. The collar, which is cut on a fold, has one edge seamed to the edge of the coat; it is then turned over and the other edge turned in and hemmed down. This conceals all raw edges and makes a neat, simple finish. The collar must be finished before the bands are applied to the bottom of the coat, as the upper band conceals the raw edges of the lower end of the collar. The side and lower edges of the coat have this band seamed to it, thus concealing the rough edge. The upper edge is then turned under and stitched in place by machine or done by hand according to the material. If the shoulder and underarm seams are neatly bound, lining is not essential in a coat of this sort.

Another Sports Costume

The third costume which would be equally pretty in linen, jersey or flannel could be made of a strong color such as yellow or rose with white collar and cuffs, or of white with a coat of a strong color.

2 yds. of jersey 54 in. wide at $4.00 per yd. for the dress	$8.00
1⅜ yds. of tweed 54 in. wide at $2.75 per yd. for the jacket	$3.79
	$11.79

This dress is the simplest of all to make as it is cut with a one-piece front and back (each laid on a fold at the center front and center back) from the shoulder to the hem. This is buttoned down the back and has a one-piece sleeve. The Peter Pan collar and cuffs give a smart finish to the dress. In making this neckline be careful that the material comes to the line of the throat. In other seasons we have worn dresses which dropped one or two, or even four inches, but this type of dress comes right to the base of the throat.

The making of such a frock is extremely simple and yet on the fit of the shoulders and the general hang of the dress will depend its smartness.

It will be best to pin the pattern together and try it on before you cut your material to see whether or not it fits you. Baste your shoulder seams and underarm seams in place and then try on. If the fit is good, stitch, if not alter where it is necessary. Keep the shoulders comparatively narrow.

Binding the Underarm Seams

The underarm seams may be bound with seam binding in a wash dress particularly, and may be either bound or overhanded in a wool dress. In some of the heavier dresses such as tricotine the good tailors merely press the seams flat and pink the edges. In a straight dress of this character where the fullness should be kept at the sides, under the belt a casing should be made across each side on the wrong side of the material and an elastic run through it, holding the fullness in to the desired amount. This leaves the front and the back perfectly plain with the fullness concentrated at the sides. The belt is tacked to the dress at the sides and conceals the stitching. In finishing the back opening of the dress, a pretty method is to use buttons and loops. To arrange for this on the left side where the buttons are placed the material may either be turned in a seam and bound, or an applied flap may be used of lawn on a linen dress or of silk on a wool dress. This flap is made of a strip with a folded edge.

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Both the under and the upper edges of the flap are turned under, and the raw edge of the dress is then slipped between them, basted, and then stitched. This conceals all raw edges and gives a flat finish. The opposite side on which the loops are placed has the edge of the material turned in. The cord loops are sewed to the turned in edge without the stitches showing through on the right side. A false facing is then applied on the wrong side. The outer edge is turned under and overhanded to the edge on the right side. The under side of the fold has the raw edges finished by a flat seam binding.

How to Cut the Jacket

The jacket is cut with a one-piece back laid on the fold of the goods and two straight fronts. Again be careful to lay this on the straight lengthwise grain of the goods. This is a model which for summer wear could be unlined. Having adjusted the shoulder and armhole sew up the shoulder and underarm seams. Press flat and bind the edges with seam binding. A bias fold of the material of the dress finishes the raw edges of the coat, the pocket slits, and the sleeves. The collar is cut double (not on a fold of the material). The outer edges should be sewed together right to right, turned over and pressed to give a flat edge. The inner edges are then applied to the neck of the coat. The piece which forms the right side of the collar should be sewed to the neck line of the coat. The piece which is the wrong side of the collar then has its edge turned under and is overhanded to the neck of the coat to cover the raw edges of this seam. The tailor around the corner should then press the coat thoroughly, being careful to warn him to turn the edges of the sleeve back toward the neck as this gives a flat shoulder.

The Dress and Cape

The method of making the crêpe de Chine dress is exactly the same as in the other two dresses.

For the dress:

1¾ yds. of polka-dotted material 40 in. wide at $4.50 a yd. $7.88

1⅜ yds. of plain material 40 in. wide at $3.00 a yd. $4.13

For the cape:

1½ yds. of velour 54 in. wide at $10.50 a yd. $15.75

$27 76

You will notice that the waist is made of a polka-dotted or striped material and the skirt of a plain material. If you can not find a pretty stripe use a dotted material with a plain skirt. This dress may fasten down the back or on the shoulder and underarm as you desire. This is a matter you may decide for yourself. The important thing to remember in making the cape is to prevent clumsiness a small yoke is used under the broad collar. If you wish to keep this cape unlined, which again is optional, the best way to finish the joining of the yoke and cape itself is to seam them in the ordinary way, have them pressed flat, trim quite close to the seam and then sew a wide seam binding over the raw edges. In the case of not using the lining the edges of the cape may be bound by a braid of the same color or a contrasting one as you like. This braid is placed over the raw edges half on the right side and half on the wrong side and hemmed to the material by hand with as invisible stitches as possible. The collar is cut double just as in the coat and is applied to the neck of the yoke in exactly the same fashion.

July is the month when midsummer fashions are in full sway, so a feature will be made of these on the Paris and New York pages as well as in our next dressmaking lesson, which will illustrate charming little models of gingham and linen that may be made at home with great ease.

Kitchens and Other Kitchens

(*Continued from page 69*)

increase its efficiency by trying out various plans. I tried and tried again, till now I can safely say I save from one to one and a half hours every day on the dishwashing job for a family of six.

"Preceding the dishwashing, I clear the table of dishes and food. Upon the lower tray of the service wagon are placed the dishes containing food. On the upper tray are the soiled dishes placed in just the correct order. Glasses are placed on the front end of the upper tray, teacups and saucers next with creamers and sauce dishes also, then silver, and in the center of the tray, the pile of plates. Back of the plates are vegetable dishes and platters. As I wheel this burdened service wagon to the kitchen, I stop along the way and dispose of the dishes of food in the pantry and icebox. The journey continues on to the sink, stopping at the right of it. When ready to wash dishes, with my right hand I pick up the dishes as they were set on the tray.

"After washing, they are dropped into the second dishpan with my left hand. This pan is half or two-thirds full of clear, hot water. I have learned it is much better to put in only such a number of pieces as can swim about—literally swim about. One soon becomes expert with the left hand at lifting them out quickly on the drainer. When dry, they are taken to their places on the service wagon.

"The cooking pans are waiting on the kitchen table, which stands in the center of the kitchen. It has casters—and good ones—on its legs. This adds to its height. A touch of the hand sends it rolling wherever I want it, and now I draw it up to my side where the tea-wagon was a short time ago.

"These pans, spoons, and knives are washed and rinsed as carefully as were the dishes, and turned upside down in the smaller drainer. After dripping a minute or so, this drainer is set on the oven door or back of the range, or over a warm burner of the oil stove, where the fire has just been turned out, or on a sunny window-sill. By the time I have cleaned table, cabinet, shelves, and sink, the dishes and cooking pans are dry and ready to be put away.

"To an experienced housekeeper, such a job as dishwashing should become merely mechanical and not tax the mind in the least. It is while doing dishes that I relive a happy journey, or think over a good story, or plan a program for our club—and the jingle of the dishes goes merrily on though I am often almost unconscious of the fact that I am doing the jingling."

The Head of the House of Coombe

(*Continued from page 55*)

"You must get up quickly now and have breakfast. Something has happened. We are obliged to go back to Scotland by a very early train."

At first he only said, "Back!"

"Yes, dear. Get up."

"To Braemarnie?"

"Yes, dear laddie!"

He felt himself grow hot and then cold. "Away! Away!" he said vaguely.

"Yes. Get up, dear."

"I shall not see Robin," he said in a queer voice. "She won't find me when she goes behind the lilac bushes. She won't know why I don't come."

He swallowed very hard and was dead still for a few minutes, though he did not linger over his dressing. His mother felt that the whole thing was horrible. She did not know how she could bear it. She spoke to him in a tone which was actually rather humble.

"If we knew where she lived, you—you could write a little letter and tell her about it. But we do not know where she lives."

He answered her very low. "That's it. And she's little—and she won't understand. She's very little—really." There was a harrowingly protective note in his voice. "Perhaps she'll—cry."

She looked down at him with anguished eyes. "She will be disappointed, of course," she said. "But she is so little she will not feel it so much as if she were bigger. She will get over it, darling." Oh, how coarse and stupid it sounded!

The clear blue the eyes of Robin had dwelt in, lifted themselves to her. There was something almost fierce in it, almost like impotent hatred of something.

"She won't," he said, and she actually heard him grind his little teeth after it.

He obeyed her every wish and followed where she led. When the train labored out of the big station, he had taken a seat in a corner and sat with his face turned to the window so that his back was toward her. Once she saw his shoulders move, and he coughed obstinately two or three times. Suddenly he turned on her. It was a thing like rage she saw before her—a child's rage and impotently fierce.

"She has no one but me *to* remember!" he said. "No one but me had ever even kissed her. She didn't *know!*"

To her amazement he clenched both his savage young fists and shook them before him. "It'll *kill* me!" he raged.

She could not hold herself back. She caught at him with her arms and meant to drag him to her breast. Then as suddenly as the queer, unchildish thing had broken out he remembered himself, and boy shame at his fantastic emotion overtook him. He withdrew himself awkwardly from her embrace. He said not another word and sank down in his corner with his back toward the world.

ROBIN, like Donal, slept perfectly through the night. Her sleep was perhaps made more perfect by fair dreams in which she played in the gardens and she and Donal ran to and from the knees of the mother lady to ask questions and explain their games. She wakened smiling at the dingy ceiling of the dingy room. From her bed she could see that the sky was blue. That meant that she would be taken out. She lay as quiet as a mouse and thought of the joy before her, until Anne came to dress her and give her her breakfast.

"We'll put on your rose-colored smock this morning," the girl said when the dressing began. "I like the hat and socks that match."

When she found herself out on the street, her step was so light on the pavement that she

was rather like a rose petal blown fluttering along by soft, vagrant puffs of spring air. Under her flopping hat her eyes and lips and cheeks were so happy that more than one passer-by turned to look after her. When they reached the Gardens, Nanny was not sitting on the bench near the gate, and Donal was not to be seen amusing himself. But he was somewhere just out of sight she was sure, or if he chanced to be late, he would come very soon.

Anne sat down and opened her book. She had reached an exciting part and looked forward to a thoroughly enjoyable morning. Robin hopped about for a few minutes. Donal had taught her to hop, and she felt it an accomplishment. Entangled in the meshes of the book, Anne did not know when she hopped round the curve of the walk behind the lilac and snowball bushes.

Once safe in her bit of enchanted land, the child stood still and looked about her. There was no kilted figure to be seen, but it would come toward her soon with swinging plaid and eagle's feather standing up grandly in its Highland bonnet. Perhaps he would come running—and the mother lady would walk behind more slowly and smile. Robin waited and looked—waited and looked.

SHE was used to waiting, but she had never watched for any one before. There had never been any one or anything to watch for. The newness of the suspense gave it a sort of deep thrill at first. How long was "at first"? She did not know. She stood—and stood—and stood—and looked at every creature who entered the gate. She did not see any one who looked in the least like Donal or his mother or Nanny. There were nurses and governesses and children and a loitering lady or two. There were never many people in the gardens—only those who had keys. She knew nothing about time, but at length she knew that on other mornings they had been playing together before this. The small rose-colored figure stood so still for so long that it began to look rigid, and a nurse sitting at some distance said to another, "What is that child waiting for?" She stood so long without moving that her tense feet began vaguely to hurt her, and the ache attracted her attention. She changed her position slightly and turned her eyes upon the gate again. He was coming very soon! He would be sure to run fast now, and he would be laughing. Donal! Donal!

If she had been eighteen years old she would have said to herself that she was waiting hours and hours. She would have looked at a little watch a thousand times; she would have walked up and down and round and round the garden, never losing sight of the gate—or any other point for that matter—for more than a minute. Each sound of the church clock striking a few streets away would have brought her young heart thumping into her throat.

But a child has no watch, no words out of which to build hopes and fears and reasons, arguments battling against anguish which grows—palliations, excuses. Robin could only wait in the midst of a slow, dark, rising tide of something she had no name for. This slow rising of an engulfing flood she felt when pins and needles began to take possession of her feet, when her legs ached, and her eyes felt as if they had grown big and tightly strained. Donal! Donal! Donal!

Who knows but that some echo of the terror against which she had fought and screamed on the night when she had lain alone in the dark in her cradle and Feather had had her head under the pillow came back and closed slowly around and over her, filling her inarticulate being with panic which at last reached its unbearable height? She had not really stood waiting the entire morning, but she was young enough to think that she had and that at any moment Anne might come and take her away.

He had not come running—he had not come laughing—he had not come with his

The Head of the House of Coombe

plaid swinging and his feather standing high! There came a moment when her strained eyes no longer seemed to see clearly! Something like a big lump crawled up into her throat. Panic seized her; she clutched the breast of her rose-colored frock and fled into a thick clump of bushes where there was no path and where even Donal had never pierced.

Bereft, broken, and betrayed, a little mad thing, Robin pushed her way into the shadow and threw herself face downward, a small, writhing, rose-colored heap, upon the damp mold. She could not have explained what she was doing or why she had given up all hope, as if some tidal wave had overwhelmed her. Suddenly she knew that all her new world had gone—forever and ever. He would not come back running. He was *gone!*

There was no Andrews to hear. Hidden in the shadow under the shrubs, the rattle and roar of the street outside the railing drowned her mad little cries. All she had never done before she did then. Her hands beat on the damp mold and tore at it. Her small feet beat it and dug into it. She cried, she sobbed; the big lump in her throat almost strangled her—she writhed and did not know she was writhing. Her tears pouring forth wet her hair, her face, her dress. She did not cry out "Donal! Donal!" because he was nowhere—nowhere.

A long time afterward, as it seemed to her, she crawled out from under the shrubs, carrying her pretty, flopping hat in her earth-stained hand. It was not pretty any more. She had been lying on it, and it was a crushed and bent thing. She crept slowly round the curve to Anne.

Seeing her, Anne sprang to her feet. "My gracious!" she almost shrieked. "What's happened? Where have you been? Did you fall down? Oh, my good gracious, mercy me!"

Robin caught her breath, but did not say a word.

"You fell down on a flower-bed where they'd been watering the plants!" almost wept Anne. "You must have. There isn't that much dirt anywhere else in the Gardens."

And when she took her charge home, that was the story she told Andrews. Out of Robin she could get nothing, and it was necessary to have an explanation.

The truth, of which she knew nothing, was but the story of a child's awful dismay and a child's woe at one of life's first betrayals. It would be left behind by the days which came and went—it would pass—as all things pass but the everlasting hills—but in this way it was that it came and wrote itself upon the tablets of a child's day.

XI

"THE child's always well, ma'am," Andrews was standing, the image of exact correctness, in her mistress's bedroom, "but I should say she isn't well now."

"Well, I suppose it's only natural that she should begin sometime," remarked Feather. "They always do, of course. I remember we all had things when we were children. What does the doctor say?"

"He seemed puzzled, ma'am. That's what struck me. When I told him about her not eating—and lying awake crying all night—he looked queer, and he said, 'This looks like what we call "shock"—if she were older. Sometimes little children are a good deal shaken up by a fall when they are playing. Do you remember any chance fall when she cried a good deal?'"

"But you didn't, of course," said Feather.

"No, ma'am, I didn't. I told him the only fall I ever knew of her having was a bit of a slip on a soft flower-bed that had just been watered—to judge from the state her clothes were in. She cried because she's not used to such things, and I think she was frightened. It was when I was ill, and my sister Anne took

my place. Anne thought at first that she'd been playing with a little boy she had made friends with—but she found out that the boy hadn't come that morning."

"A boy!" Andrews was sharp enough to detect a new and interested note. "Was he in Highland costume?" Feather interrupted.

"Yes, ma'am. Anne excused herself by saying she saw you come into the gardens and speak to his mother quite friendly. That was the day before Robin fell and ruined her rose-colored smock and things. But it wasn't through playing boisterous with the boy—because he didn't come that morning, as I said."

Feather began to laugh. "Good gracious, Andrews!" she said. "He was the 'shock'! How perfectly ridiculous! Robin had never played with a boy before, and she fell in love with him. The little thing's actually pining away for him." She gave herself up to delicate mirth. "He was taken away and disappeared. Perhaps she fainted and fell into the wet flower-bed and spoiled her frock, when she first realized that he wasn't coming."

"It did happen that morning," admitted Andrews, smiling a little also. "It does seem funny. But children take to each other in a queer way now and then. I've seen it upset them dreadful when they were parted."

"You must tell the doctor," laughed Feather. "Then he'll see there's nothing to be anxious about. She'll get over it in a week."

"It's *five* weeks since it happened, ma'am," remarked Andrews, with just a touch of seriousness.

"Five! Why, so it must be! I remember the day I spoke to Mrs. Muir. If she's that sort of child, you had better keep her away from boys. How ridiculous! How Lord Coombe—how people will laugh when I tell them!"

She had paused a second because—for that second—she was not quite sure that Coombe *would* laugh. But the story of Robin worn by a bereft nursery passion for a little boy, whose mama snatched him away as a brand from the burning, was far too edifying not to be related to those who would find it delicious.

IT was on the occasion, a night or so later, of a gathering at dinner of exactly the few elect ones whose power to find it delicious was the most highly developed that she related it. Over coffee in the drawing-room Coombe joined them just as Feather was on the point of beginning her story.

"You are just in time," she greeted him. "I was going to tell them something to make them laugh."

"Will it make *me* laugh?" he inquired.

"It ought to. Robin is in love. She has been deserted, and Andrews came to tell me that she can neither eat nor sleep. The doctor says she has had a shock."

Coombe did not join in the ripple of amused laughter, but as he took his cup of coffee, he looked interested.

"What *do* you mean, Feather? Are you in earnest?" said the Starling.

"Andrews is," Feather answered. "She could manage measles, but she could not be responsible for shock. But she didn't find out about the love affair. I found that out by mere chance. Do you remember the day we got out of the victoria and went into the gardens, Starling?"

"The time you spoke to Mrs. Muir?"

Coombe turned slightly toward them.

Feather nodded with a lightly significant air. "It was her boy," she said, and then she laughed and nodded at Coombe. "He was quite as handsome as you said he was. No wonder poor Robin fell prostrate. He ought to be chained and muzzled by law when he grows up."

"But so ought Robin," threw in the Starling in her brusk, young-mannish way.

"Robin is a stimulating name," said Harrowby. "Is it too late to let us see her? If she's such a beauty as Starling hints, she ought to be looked at."

Feather actually touched the bell by the

The Head of the House of Coombe

fireplace. A sudden caprice moved her. The love story had not gone off quite so well as she had thought it would. And after all, the child was pretty enough to show off.

"Tell Andrews," she said to the footman when he appeared, "that if Miss Robin is not asleep, I wish her to be brought downstairs."

"They usually go to bed at seven, I believe," remarked Coombe, "but, of course, I am not an authority."

Robin was not asleep, though she had long been in bed. Because she kept her eyes shut, Andrews had been deceived into carrying on a conversation with her sister Anne, who had come to see her. Robin had been lying listening to it. She had begun to listen because they had been talking about the day she had spoiled her rose-colored smock and had ended by being very frank about other things.

"As sure as you saw her speak to the boy's mother the day before, just so sure she whisked him back to Scotland the next morning," said Andrews. "She's one of the kind that's particular. Lord Coombe's the reason. She does not want her boy to see or speak to him, if it can be helped. She won't have it—and when she found out—"

"Is Lord Coombe as bad as they say?" put in Anne with bated breath. "He must be pretty bad if a boy that's eight years old has to be kept out of sight and sound of him."

So it was Lord Coombe who had somehow done it. He had made Donal's mother take him away. Who was Lord Coombe? It was because he was wicked that Donal's mother would not let him play with her—because he was wicked. All at once there came to her a memory of having heard his name before. She had heard it several times in the basement servants' hall, and though she had not understood what was said about him, she had felt the atmosphere of cynical disapproval of something. They had said "him" and "her," as if he somehow belonged to the house. He was the cause—not Donal, not Donal's mother—but this man who was so bad that servants were angry because he was somehow connected with the house.

"As to his badness," she heard Andrews answer, "there's some that can't say enough against him. Badness is smart these days. He's bad enough for the boy's mother to take him away from. It's what he is in this house that does it. She won't have her boy playing with a child like Robin."

THEN—even as there flashed upon her bewilderment this strange revelation of her own unfitness for association with boys whose mothers took care of them—Jennings, the young footman, came to the door.

"Is she awake, Miss Andrews?" he said, looking greatly edified by Andrews' astonished countenance.

"What on earth—?" began Andrews.

"If she is," Jennings winked humorously, "she's to be dressed up and taken down to the drawing-room to be shown off. I don't know whether it's Coombe's idea or not. He's there."

Robin's eyes flew wide open. She forgot to keep them shut. She was to go downstairs! Who wanted her—who?

Andrews had quite gasped. "Here's a new break-out!" she exclaimed. "I never heard such a thing in my life. She's been in bed over two hours. I'd like to know—"

She paused here, because her glance at the bed met the dark liquidity of eyes wide open.

"You *are* awake!" she said. "You look as if you hadn't been asleep at all. You're to get up and have your frock put on. The Lady Downstairs wants you in the drawing-room."

Robin felt only a vague wonder as she did as Andrews told her—wonder at the strangeness of getting up to be dressed, as it seemed to her, in the middle of the night.

"It's just the kind of thing that would happen in a house like this," grumbled Andrews, as she put on her frock.

The big silk curls, all in a heap, fell almost to the child's hips. The frock Andrews chose for her was a fairy thing.

"She *is* a bit thin, to be sure," said Anne. "But it points her little face and makes her eyes look bigger."

"If her mother's got a Marquis, I wonder what she'll get," said Andrews. "She's got a lot before her, this one!"

WHEN the child entered the drawing-room, Andrews made her go in alone, while she properly held herself a few paces back like a lady in waiting. The room was brilliantly lighted and seemed full of color and people who were laughing, but as the little thing strayed in, suddenly the laughing ceased, and everybody involuntarily drew a half-startled breath —everybody but the tall, thin man, who quietly turned and set his coffee cup down on the mantelpiece behind him.

"Is *this* what you have been keeping up your sleeve?" said Harrowby, settling his *pince-nez*.

"I told you!" said the Starling.

"Enter, my only child!" said Feather. "Come here, Robin. Come to your mother."

Now was the time! Robin went to her and took hold of a very small piece of her sparkling dress. "*Are* you my mother?" she said.

And then everybody burst into a peal of laughter, Feather with the rest.

"She calls me 'the Lady Downstairs,'" she said. "I really believe she doesn't know. She's rather a stupid little thing."

"Amazing lack of filial affection," said Lord Coombe.

He was not laughing like the rest, and he was looking down at Robin. She thought him ugly and wicked-looking. The other men were beautiful by contrast. Before she knew who he was, she disliked him. She looked at him askance under her eyelashes, and he saw her do it before her mother spoke his name, taking her by the tips of her fingers and leading her to him.

"Come and let Lord Coombe look at you," she said.

So it revealed itself to her that it was he—this ugly one—who had done it, and hatred surged up in her soul. It was actually in the eyes she raised to his face, and Coombe saw it as he had seen the sidelong glance, and wondered what it meant.

"Shake hands with Lord Coombe," Feather instructed.

Coombe was watching the inner abhorrence in the little face. Robin had put her hand behind her back—she who had never disobeyed since she was born.

"What are you doing, you silly little thing?" Feather reproved her. "Shake hands with Lord Coombe."

Robin shook her head fiercely. "No! No! No! No!" she protested.

Feather was disgusted. This was not the kind of child to display. "Rude little thing! Andrews, come and make her do it—or take her upstairs," she said.

Coombe took his gold coffee cup from the mantel. "She regards me with marked antipathy, as she did when she first saw me," he summed the matter up. "Children and animals don't hate one without reason. It is some remote iniquity in my character which the rest of you have not yet detected."

To Robin he said: "I do not want to shake hands with you if you object. I prefer to drink my coffee out of this beautiful cup."

But Andrews was seething. That the child she was responsible for should stamp her with ignominious fourth-ratedness by conducting herself with as small grace as an infant costermonger was more than her special order of flesh and blood could bear. In obedience to her mistress's command, she crossed the room and bent down and whispered to Robin. She intended that her countenance should remain noncommittal, but when she

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lifted her head, she met Coombe's eyes and realized that perhaps it had not. She added to her whisper in a voice of sugar,

"Be pretty-mannered, Miss Robin, my dear, and shake hands with his Lordship."

Each person in the little drawing-room saw the queer flame in the child face—Coombe himself was fantastically struck by the sudden thought that its expression might have been that of an obstinate young martyr staring at the stake.

Robin shrilled out her words: "Andrews will pinch me—Andrews will pinch me! But—no! —No!" And she kept her hand behind her back.

"Oh, Miss Robin, you naughty child!" cried Andrews, with pathos. "Your poor Andrews that takes such care of you!"

"Horrid little thing!" Feather pettishly exclaimed. "Take her upstairs, Andrews. She shall not come down again."

"Will you shake hands with me?" said the Starling, good-naturedly, as she passed. "I hope she won't snub me," she dropped aside to Harrowby.

Robin put out her hand prettily.

"Shake mine," suggested Harrowby. She gave him her hand.

"I remain an outcast," remarked Coombe, as the door closed behind the little figure.

"I detest an ill-mannered child," said Feather. "She ought to be slapped. We used to be slapped if we were rude."

"She said Andrews would pinch her. Is pinching the customary discipline?"

"It ought to be. She deserves it." Feather was quite out of temper. "But Andrews is too good to her. You see how the child looks—though her face *isn't* quite so round as it was." She laughed disagreeably and shrugged her white, undressed shoulders. "I think it's a little horrid, myself—a child of that age fretting herself thin about a boy."

XII

THOUGH she had made no protest on being taken out of the drawing-room, Robin knew that what Andrews' soft-sounding whisper had promised would take place when she reached the nursery. She had no more defense against Andrews than she had against the man who had robbed her of Donal. They were both big and powerful, and she was nothing. But out of the wonders she had begun to know, there had risen in her before almost inert little being a certain stirring. For a brief period she had learned happiness and love and woe—and, this evening, inchoate rebellion against an enemy. Andrews led by the hand up the narrow, top-story staircase something she had never led before. She was quite unaware of this, and as she mounted each step, her temper mounted also, and it was the temper of an incensed personal vanity abnormally strong in this particular woman. When they were inside the nursery and the door was shut, she led Robin to the middle of the small and gloomy room and released her hand.

"Now, my lady," she said, "I'm going to pay you out for disgracing me before everybody in the drawing-room. I'm going to teach you a lesson you won't forget."

What happened next turned the woman quite sick with the shock of amazement. The child had, in the past, been a soft puppet, but now she stood before her with hands clenched, her little face wild with defiant rage.

"I'll scream! I'll scream! I'll *scream!*" she shrieked.

Andrews actually heard herself gulp, but she sprang forward. "You'll scream!" she could scarcely believe her ears. "*You'll* scream!"

The next instant was more astonishing still. Robin threw herself on her knees and scrambled like a little cat under the bed and into the remotest corner against the wall. There she lay on her back kicking madly and

uttering piercing shrieks. As something had seemed to let itself go when she writhed under the bushes in the Gardens, so did somethin' let go now. In her overstrung little mind there ruled for this moment the feeling that if she was to be pinched, she would be pinched for a reason.

Andrews knelt by the side of the bed. She had a long, strong, thin arm and it darted beneath and clutched. But it was not long enough to attain the corner where the kicking and screaming was going on. Her temper became fury before her impotence and her hideous realization of being made ridiculous by this baby. Two floors below, the afterglow of the little dinner was going on. Suppose even far echoes of the screams should be heard and make her more ridiculous still! She knew how they would laugh, and her mistress would make some silly joke about Robin's being too much for her. Her fury rose so high that she had barely sense to realize that she must not let herself go too far when she got hold of the child. Get hold of her she would and pay her out— My word! She would pay her out!

"You little devil!" she said between her teeth. "Wait till I get hold of you.

And Robin shrieked and hammered more insanely still.

THE bed was a low one, and it was difficult for any one larger than a child to find room beneath it. The correct and naturally rigid Andrews lay flat upon her stomach and wriggled herself partly under the edge. The strong fingers clenched a flying petticoat and dragged at it fiercely. The next moment they clutched a frantic foot with a power which could not be broken away from. A jerk, and a remorseless dragging over the carpet, and Robin was out of the protecting darkness, lying tumbled and in an untidy, torn, little heap on the nursery floor. Andrews was panting, but she did not loose her hold as she scrambled, without a rag of professional dignity, to her feet.

"My word!" she breathlessly gave forth. "I've got you now! I've got you now."

To Robin she seemed like the ugly man downstairs, a sort of wicked, wild beast, whose touch would have been horror even if it did not hurt. And the child knew what was coming. She felt herself dragged up from the floor between Andrews' knees, which felt bony and hard as iron. There was no getting away from them. Andrews had seated herself firmly on a chair.

Holding Robin between her iron knees, Andrew put her large, hard hand over the child's mouth. It was a hand large enough to cover more than her mouth. Only the panic-stricken eyes seemed to flare wide and lustrous above it.

"*You'll* scream!" she said, "*You'll* hammer on the floor with your heels! *You'll* behave like a wildcat—you that's been like a kitten! You've never done it before, and you'll never do it again! If it takes me three days, I'll make you remember!"

And then her hand dropped—and her jaw dropped, and she sat staring with a furious, sick, white face at the open door, which she had shut as she came in. Unheard in the midst of the struggle, the door had been opened without a knock. There on the threshold, with his hateful eyes uncovering their gleam, Lord Coombe was standing.

Robin, freed from the iron grasp, slunk behind a chair. He was there again!

Having a sharp working knowledge of her world, Andrews knew that it was all up, but her body, automatically responsive to rule and habit, rose from its seat and stood before this member of a class which required an upright position.

"You were going to pinch her—by instalments, I suppose," he said. "You implied that it might last three days. When she said you would—in the drawing-room—it occurred to me to look into it. What are your wages?"

"Thirty pounds a year, my lord."

"Go tomorrow morning to Benby, who en-

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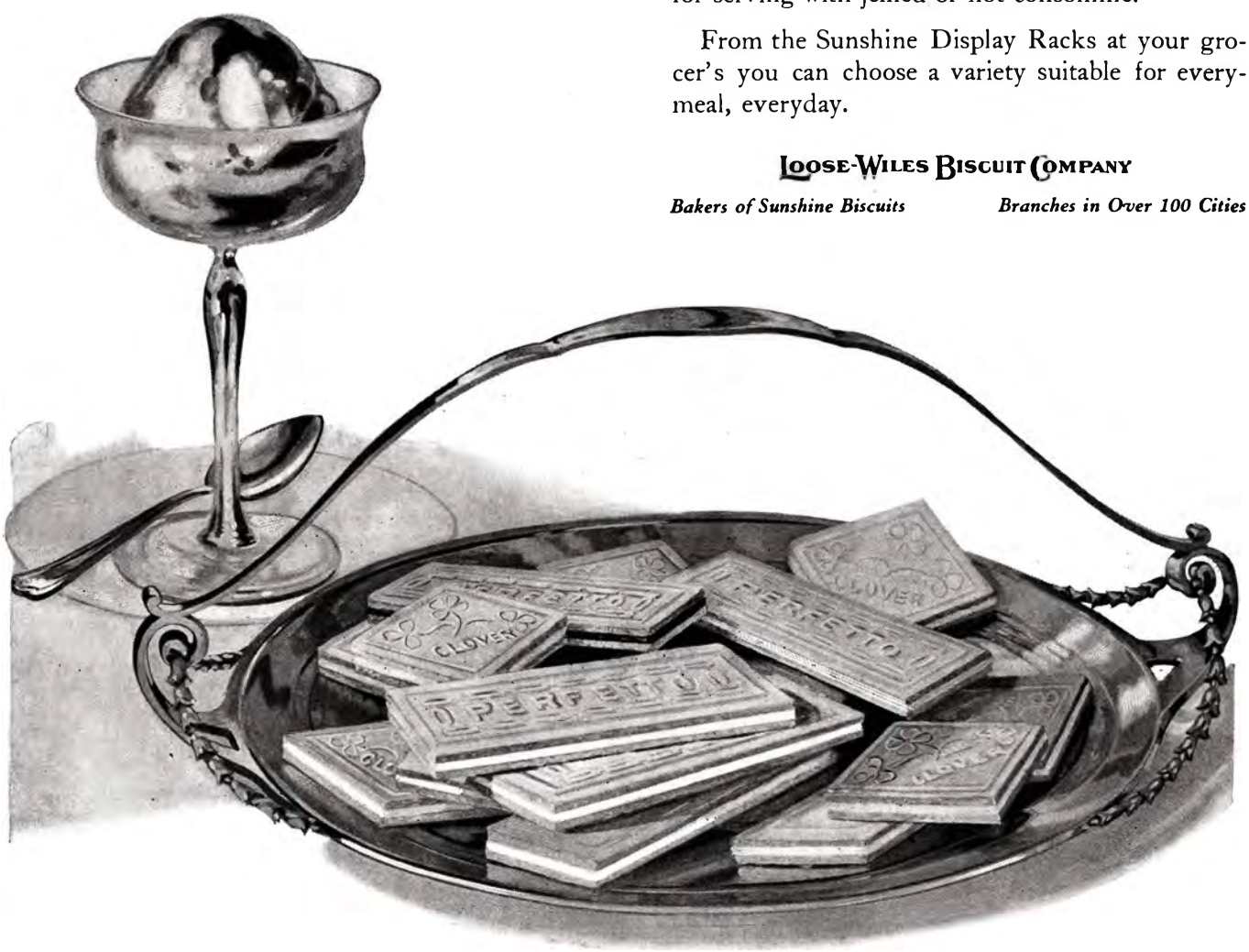

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gaged you for Mrs. Gareth-Lawless. He will be at his office by nine and will pay you what is owed to you—and a month's wages in lieu of notice."

"The mistress—" began Andrews.

"I have spoken to Mrs. Gareth-Lawless." It was a lie, serenely told. Feather was doing a new skirt dance in the drawing-room. "Pack your box. Jennings will call a cab."

It was the utter hopelessness of saying anything to him which finished her. You might as well talk to a front door or a street lamp.

"Shall I leave her here—as she is?" she said, denoting Robin.

"Undress her and put her to bed before you pack your box."

Absolutely certain, fine, cold modulations in the voice had their effect on her groveling though raging soul. He was so exactly what he was, and what she was not and never could attain.

"I will stay here while you do it. Then go."

He had ways of his own. Men who paid a pretty woman's bills and kept her going in luxury the servants all knew something about. They sometimes began well enough, but as time went on, they forgot themselves and got into the way of being familiar and showing they realized that they paid for things and had their rights. Most of them began to be almost like husbands—speak slighting and sharp and be a bit stiff about accounts—even before servants. They ran in and out or—after a while—began to stay away and not show up for weeks. He was different—so different that it was queer. Queer it certainly was that he really came to the place very seldom. Wherever they met, it did not noticeably often happen in the slice of a house; he came as if he were a visitor. He took no liberties. Everything was punctiliously referred to Mrs. Gareth-Lawless.

She was shaking with fear inwardly, but she undressed Robin and put her in bed, laying everything away and making things tidy for the night.

"This is the night nursery, I suppose," Coombe said when she began. He looked over the uninviting little room.

"Yes, my lord. The day nursery is through that door."

He walked through the door in question, and she could see that he moved slowly about it, examining the few pieces of furniture curiously. She finished undressing Robin and put her in her bed before he came back into the sleeping apartment. By that time, exhausted by the tempest she had passed through, the child had dropped asleep in spite of herself. She was too tired to remember that her enemy was in the next room.

"I have seen the child with you several times when you have not been aware of it," Coombe said to her before he went downstairs. "She has evidently been well taken care of as far as her health is concerned. If you were not venomous, you might have had another trial. I know nothing about children, but I know something about the devil, and if ever the devil was in a woman's face and voice, he was in yours when you dragged the little creature from under the bed. Look after that temper, young woman."

"I'll—I swear I'll never let myself go again, my lord!" the woman broke out devoutly.

"I don't think you will. It would cost you too much," he said.

Then he went down the steep, crooked, little staircase quite soundlessly, and Andrews, rather white and breathless, went and packed her trunk. Robin—tired baby as she was—slept warm and deeply.

XIII

IT was no custom of Lord Coombe's to outstay other people: in fact, he usually went away comparatively early. Feather could not

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imagine what his reason could be for remaining after the party dispersed, but she was sure there was a reason. She was often disturbed by his reasons and found it difficult to adjust herself to them.

"I know you are going to tell me something," she broke the silence.

"I am. When I went out of the room I did not drive round to my club as I said I found myself obliged to. I went upstairs to the third floor, to the nursery."

Feather sat quite upright. "*You went up to the nursery?*"

"You called Andrews to use her authority with the child when she would not shake hands with me. The little creature, for some reason of her own, evidently feels an antipathy to me. That interested me, and I watched her as Andrews whispered in her ear. Robin turned pale."

Never had Feather been so surprised in her life. "But—but what could it matter to you?" she said in soft amaze.

"I don't know." His answer came after a moment's pause. "I have caprices of mood."

Feather broke in upon him. "Are you—are you *fond* of children?"

"No." He was really abrupt. "I never thought of such a thing in my life as being *fond* of things."

"That was what— I mean, I thought so," Feather faltered.

COOMBE proceeded: "As I went up the stairs, I heard screams, and I thought the pinching had begun. I got up quickly and opened the door and found the woman lying flat on the floor by the bed, dragging out the child who had hidden under it. The woman's face was devilish, and so was her voice. I heard her threats. She got on her feet and dragged the child up and held her between her knees. She clapped her hand over her mouth to stifle her shrieks. There I stopped her. She had a fright at sight of me which taught her something." He ended rather slowly. "I took the great liberty of ordering her to pack her box and leave the house—of course," with a slight bow, "using you as my authority."

"Andrews!" cried Feather, aghast. "Has she—gone?"

"Would you have kept her?" he inquired.

"It's true that—that pinching—" Feather's voice almost held tears—"really *hard* pinching is—is not proper. But Andrews has been invaluable. Every one says Robin is better dressed and better kept than other children. And she is never allowed to make the least noise."

"One wouldn't if one were pinched by those devilish, sinewy fingers every time one raised one's voice. Yes. She has gone. I ordered her to put her charge to bed before she packed. I did not leave her alone with Robin. In fact, I walked about the two nurseries and looked them over. It's an unholy den for anything to spend its days in—that third floor."

"All London top floors are like it," said Feather, and they are all nurseries and school rooms—where there are children."

His faintly smiling glance took in her girl-child slimness in its glittering sheath. "How would *you* like it?" he asked.

"But I am not a child," in pretty protest. "Children are—are different."

"You look like a child," he suddenly said queerly—as if the aspect of her caught him for an instant and made him absent-minded. "Sometimes a woman does. Not often."

She bloomed into a kind of delighted radiance. "You don't often pay me compliments," she said. "That is a beautiful one. Robin makes it more beautiful."

"It isn't a compliment," he answered, still watching her in the slightly absent manner, "It is—a tragic truth."

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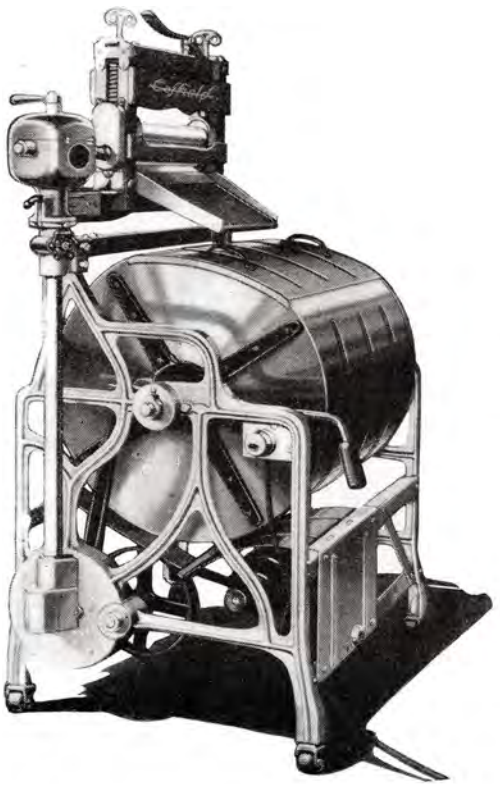

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The Head of the House of Coombe

He passed his hand lightly across his eyes as if he swept something away, and then both looked and spoke exactly as before. "I have decided to buy the long lease of this house," he said, casually. "I shall buy it for the child."

"For Robin?" said Feather helplessly.

"Yes, for Robin."

"It—it would be an income—whatever happened. It is in the very heart of Mayfair," she said, because in her astonishment—almost consternation—she could think of nothing else.

"Two or three rooms—not large ones—can be added at the back," he went on. "I glanced out a window to see if it could be done."

"That really is kind of you," she murmured gratefully. "It seems too much to ask!"

"You did not ask it," was his answer.

"But I shall benefit by it. Nothing could be nicer. These rooms are so much too small," glancing about her in flushed rapture." And my bedroom is dreadful. I'm obliged to use Rob's for a dressing-room."

"The new rooms will be for Robin," he said. "When one is six," he replied, "one will soon be seven—nine—twelve. Even before that time a governess is necessary, and even from the abyss of my ignorance, I can see that no respectable woman would stand either the night or the day nursery. Your daughter—"

"Oh, don't call her *that!*" cried Feather. "My daughter! It sounds as if she were eighteen!"

"Three sixes are eighteen," Coombe continued, "as was impressed upon one in early years by the multiplication table."

"I never saw you so interested in anything before," Feather faltered. "Climbing steep, narrow, horrid stairs to her nursery! Dismissing her nurse!"

She paused a second, because a very ugly little idea had clutched at her. It arose from, and was complicated with, many fantastic, half-formed, secret resentments of the past.

"Are you going to see that she is properly brought up and educated, so that if—any one important falls in love with her—she can make a good match?"

Hers was quite a hideous little mind, he was telling himself—fearful in its latter-day casting aside of all such matters as taste and feeling.

"You think I am too silly to *see* anything," she broke forth, "but I do see—a long way, sometimes. I can't bear it, but I do—I do! I shall have a grown-up daughter. She will be the kind of girl every one will look at and some one—important—may want to marry her. But, oh!" He was reminded of the day when she had fallen at his feet, and clasped his rigid and reluctant knees. "Oh, *why* couldn't some one like that have wanted to marry *me!* See—" she was like a pathetic fairy as she spread her nymph-like arms, "how pretty I am!"

His gaze held her a moment in the singular fashion with which she had become actually familiar, because—at long intervals—she kept seeing it again.

"Please sit down again," he requested. "It will be better."

She sat down without another imbecile word to say. As for him, he changed the subject.

"With your permission, Benby will undertake the business of the lease and the building," he explained. "The plans will be brought to you. There will be decent rooms for Robin and her governess. The house will be greatly improved."

It was nearly three o'clock when Feather went upstairs to her dozing maid, because, after he had left her, she sat some time in the empty, untidy little drawing-room and gazed straight before her at a painted screen on which shepherdesses and swains were dancing in a Watteau glade infested by flocks of little loves.

(To be continued)

The League for Longer Life

(Continued from page 56)

this country is struggling, it will undoubtedly rouse an interest, based primarily on self-preservation, which will inaugurate a movement for better conditions of heredity and environment that will diminish the vital and economic tax to which we are now subjected.

In order to have a complete picture of the course of life, we turn for the other part of it to the Mortality Statistics of the Bureau of the Census. A careful study has been made by the Bureau of Mortality Statistics, as to the causes and ages of death in each unit of one thousand deaths. Perhaps a better way to express it would be that the age and cause of death have been determined for all the deaths in the registration area for each year up to and including 1917.

The Death Peak

The first appalling fact that strikes us in these data may be shown in the form of a swiftly-descending line. In each 1000 deaths, 228 are of children under five years! Of this whole number 160 die under one year; 32.5 under two years; 15.8 under three years; 9.8 under four years; and 7.1 under five years. The distribution of deaths among other ages might be shown by a graph rising almost uninterruptedly to form a high peak of mortality. In every 1000 deaths the number over five years and under ten is 21.6; under fifteen, 15.1; under twenty, 24.4; under twenty-five, 36.6; under thirty, 39.; under thirty-five, 40.3; under forty, 44.5; under forty-five, 45.5; under fifty, 49.1; under fifty-five, 53.6; under sixty, 58.4; under sixty-five, 63.1; under seventy, 67.6; under seventy-five, 69.5. Here the peak is passed, for most people are now dead. The danger point, after the first year, is from seventy to seventy-five. In determining theoretically how long the average age of men might be prolonged, evidently the Bible was not far out of the way when it spoke of the possibility of extending human life to three score years and ten.

Actuality and Possibility

At the present time, humanity progresses from the cradle through a period of forty-four years, to the grave. The first twenty years are a period of life devoted to growth and preparation. Between that and the grave, there are only twenty-three years of vital usefulness—for home-making, for business success, for happiness. If the ideal of the average death period of seventy-five years can be obtained in the far future—and this seems possible in view of the fact that we do not reach the real danger line until about that period—then the bulk of humanity may descend to the grave without regret. Separating, as before, the period of growth and preparation from the period of usefulness, we should have an average of fifty magnificent years of achievement and happiness. In other words, if the average life could be prolonged to seventy-five years, the period of usefulness for each individual would be increased well over two hundred percent. I need not call attention to the economic value of such a condition. It is strikingly apparent without further illustration.

These statistical data show the great desirability of a vigorous campaign for increasing life and efficiency. Everything a man hopes to accomplish in life is contingent on the postponement of death. Therefore care of the health and well-considered hygienic living should be the first duty of every man. No financial preparation is half so necessary as the preparation for a long and active life. The League for Longer Life is directly calculated to furnish an exact and truthful invoice of the health you have in store. The army medical department made thousands of sub-standard men fit to fight. If you want to be made—or kept—fit to live the most useful kind of life, enlist now—join the League for Longer Life.

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"

WITH Welch's it is possible to make many delightful Summer drinks quickly and easily. One of the finest is the famous WELCH PUNCH.

> Squeeze the juice of three lemons and one orange into a pitcher; add one cup sugar, one pint of Welch's and one quart of water. Serve cold.

Welch's may be blended half and half with ginger ale; it may be added to lemonade to give color or flavor; it may be served as a hi-ball by adding plain or charged water. For the children's party or for a simple, refreshing, wholesome drink at any time, two parts plain water may be added to one part Welch's. Serve cold.

Remember that Welch's is a pure fruit juice. Each bottle of Welch's contains all the juice and food elements of many bunches of rich, ripe Concord grapes.

When served "straight" as a fruit juice, Welch's should be sipped from small glasses. It is an appetizing fruit course for breakfast. One or two small glasses each day provides the body with vital elements and promotes health.

For home use, order Welch's by the bottle or case from grocer, druggist or confectioner. At the Soda Fountain, ask for a Welch Hi-Ball. Welch's is served at Clubs and Restaurants. Say Welch's and get it.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

THE GRISWOLD BOLO OVEN

Home Memories That Last!

CAN you ever forget that delicious smell of baking —how irresistibly it drew you to the kitchen where lay those tempting piles of spice cookies, crisp and fresh from the oven! How delightful that crimp-edged pie with the warm odor of its rich, fruity filling!

Let the Bolo Oven help you give your family the same kind of happy home memories! Baking takes less time and fuel with a Bolo because it is two ovens in one, and you can have biscuits or roasts, which need a hot oven, in the lower section, and dishes requiring only moderate heat such as custards, rice pudding, baked beans, etc., in the upper section, all at the same time!

The Bolo Oven has a number of special features of construction also—glass door through which you can watch your baking; enameled top, washable and non-rustable; strong hinges, always cool handles, etc.

★ THE GRISWOLD MFG. CO., ERIE, PENNA., U. S. A.

Makers of the Bolo Oven, Extra Finished Iron Kitchen Ware, Waffle Irons, Cast Aluminum Cooking Utensils, Food Choppers, Reversible Dampers and Gas Hot Plates.

Let us send you our Bolo Oven bulletin which describes and explains this unusual oven.

GRISWOLD

Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Fashions

(*Continued from page 39*)

embroidered decoratively by machine with colored or silver thread. Silver embroidery is pretty on white, rose, yellow, or jade green crêpe, and yellow embroidery is pretty on gray crêpe, while green crêpe is charming embroidered with white. However, of all the thin summer stuffs, none is so smart as crêpe de Chine or crêpe Georgette.

In hats, broad capelines of transparent straw in white or pale colors—rose, yellow, amber, green, blue, or gray—are smart with thin frocks. These hats are trimmed with sprays of beautifully tinted flowers or grapes which trail off the edge of the brim. Some straw hats are wreathed with delicate skeleton plumes which also fall below the brim edge.

A favorite is the *canotier*, small of crown and broad of brim, trimmed in some simple fashion—either with a great *cocarde* of narrow ribbon posed in front or on the side, a tassel, or a crisp arrangement of glazed quills. An odd hat seen recently at the races and which bore the unmistakable stamp of Poiret was a béret of glazed black straw with a queue of glazed black quills in long strands—one quill fastened to another, resulting in the effect of one long, narrow feather—each one finished with a small red tassel. This queue fell from the middle of the top of the crown, the longest strands falling below the hips, the shortest to below the top of the shoulder.

Parasols, Shawls, and Combs Find a Place

Summer parasols, as made by Molyneux, are fashioned of embroidered tulle, pompadour mousseline, mousseline cirée in black and white, embroidered organdy, and white satin edged with white ostrich feathers. Some are Chinese in form, with moderately long sticks of white or colored lacquer, and others are of the usual classic shape, while one rather small model is square when opened.

The Spanish shawl will be worn through the summer as a light wrap, and if one possesses by any chance a very odd shawl with the odd, stiff embroidery which characterizes the old garments, she is to be envied. Molyneux is making a modern shawl of white crêpe de Chine embroidered heavily with black, the embroidery being in the form of splashy flowers done in chain-stitch which form a border and a large design in one corner. Deep, knotted, white silk fringe finishes this shawl, which will be worn at tea after the races, at garden parties, and wherever one needs such a light wrap.

In fans Worth is showing a new model, rather square in shape, of painted paper mounted on taffeta, with sticks of amber shell. Others—paper also—are classic in shape and only moderately large. Lace and ostrich feather fans, pailletted fans, and fans of dyed cock's feathers will be used also.

The Spanish comb of carved shell is an old story, having been worn for several seasons in Paris. New is a comb of ivory, either carved or rather massive in shape, which is pretty in dark hair. It is worn with ivory bracelets and ropes of ivory beads. Just now women are searching the antique shops for bracelets of old red coral with old gold clasps. Some of these bracelets are exceedingly effective with frocks of gray or black crêpe de Chine.

In hose the new thing is the "*bas nu*"—an exceedingly thin stocking in rust-brown or smoke-gray which, when worn, is almost invisible, a mere "bloom" of rust or gray upon the leg. Black gloves are still smart, although gloves matching the hose in color are worn also, the slip-on glove being worn with tailored frocks or one-piece frocks of serge.

In bags red leather is smart with tailored frocks, while for tea-dances a smaller bag of brocade in red and gold, green and gold, gold and black, or some other combination—oval, square, or round in shape and often finished with tassels on the sides—is smart. Besides, there are all sorts of new bags of suède and soft leather in gray, brown, and other dull colors.

The Bride's Book Shower

(*Continued from page 82*)

book called 'Twenty-Four Little French Dinners,' by Cora Moore (E. P. Dutton), that will tell you not only how to plan a typical menu, but how to cook and serve it. But there is a book you should know pretty well before you plan the week's menus for a family; it should be on your shelf next to your pet cook-book. This is 'Feeding the Family,' by Mary S. Rose (Macmillan). In the simplest and clearest way you will learn what each member of a family ought to have to keep strong and well. Food values should balance, and unless you know a few principles easily understood, the meals you serve may not nourish or satisfy as they should.

"There is another book you could have started yourself with, because even before you begin to cook you have to have somewhere to do the cooking. This is 'Housewifery,' by L. R. Balderston (Lippincott). Look up in its index anything you want to know about keeping house—about plumbing and how it should be kept in repair, and the costs of this and that of heating and lighting; the equipment of a house, from fittings of kitchen and laundry to the latest labor-saving device, with pictures and prices; supplies and furnishings, even linens and textiles; a chapter on storage and every kind of recipe for keeping anything clean and in repair. These are things a good housekeeper should know, no matter how many servants she may have."

"I'm not going to have any at first," said the bride. "A woman to come in, of course, and some one extra to wait when we have guests to dinner. Is there a book that will show me just what I should show her?"

"'The Up-to-Date Waitress,' by J. M. Hill (Little, Brown & Co.). Her duties are all described, and the pictures make everything plain."

"ONLY one thing scares me about housekeeping," said the second bridesmaid, "and that's keeping accounts. Making my allowance balance is bad enough, and I wouldn't let them make me treasurer of the Mission Band because I knew I couldn't keep the heathen separate."

"But keeping house *is* a business," said the bride, "and I wish there was a book about it, as there are about other businesses."

"There is. 'The Business of the Household,' by C. W. Taber (Lippincott), covers the whole subject—at least as much as you are likely to want to know. It will tell you about leases and living conditions, fuel and what it costs, gas and electric lighting, clothing and supplies, their cost and upkeep and what proportion they should bear to the income. If you do not have a budget you are going to come to grief. I like the way this book explains about accounts; it makes them simple and sensible. The most important idea about housekeeping seems to me the necessity of getting it on a system that runs the house and does not run you. System saves time, money, and energy. Some women naturally evolve a system for everything, and some need to be shown how. You should know, too, about bank-accounts, savings, and the simple legal questions that you may have to consider."

"How about clothes?" said the maid of honor. "Isn't she to have a book about making—and making over?"

"'Dressmaking,' by Jane Fales (Scribner). It begins with a brief history of costume, with lots of little pictures, then takes up textiles and explains them in detail, then sets forth a complete course in dressmaking. There are a great many photographic illustrations to make the directions clear."

"Suppose somebody in the family is ill," said the bride. "I hope this isn't going to stay a family of two, and when my children are sick, I want to know what to do before the doctor comes."

An Exclusive Advantage

Armour's Oats Cook Perfectly in 10 to 15 minutes

ALL the fine, body-building nutriment with which Nature has endowed oats in general is carefully preserved in Armour's Oats. But mark this great difference—the time required for thorough cooking is reduced to a minimum. And such flavor!

No wonder, then, that Armour's Oats have such a nation-wide following. Have you tried them?

★ *Manufactured by*
ARMOUR GRAIN COMPANY
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Manufacturers of
Armour's Guaranteed Cereals—Oats, Corn Flakes, Pancake Flour, Macaroni, Spaghetti, Noodles

ATLANTIC

COL-PAC CANNER

The ATLANTIC COL-PAC CANNER gives better results with less labor and less expense

Place Nature's Delicacies on Your Storeroom Shelves

You place Summer's fresh, ripe, most delicious fruits and vegetables on your storeroom shelves—to be enjoyed the whole year round—when you have an ATLANTIC COL-PAC CANNER.

The cold-pack method of canning never fails to prove successful. Good results are easily obtainable from recipes to be found in most any home, or from those tested in domestic science laboratories and Government experiment stations. Booklet containing these recipes furnished with every Col-Pac Canner.

The ATLANTIC COL-PAC CANNER was designed by domestic science experts and is universally recognized as most highly efficient. It is made from the highest grade of materials obtainable by the most skillful workmen in the metal ware industry.

The ATLANTIC COL-PAC has made a place for itself as a labor-saver and an economizer in thousands of American homes. It may be had in six-jar and twelve-jar sizes. Either size can be operated on one gas burner or one griddle of a range.

Canning the ATLANTIC way is economical. It prevents waste of canned goods by spoilage and it saves the housekeeper's time and energy.

On sale at Hardware and Department Stores everywhere. Or if your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship postpaid from this factory at $4.50 for six-jar size and $6.00 for twelve-jar size.

WRITE today for booklet, "Peaches and Cream the Whole Year Round." Mailed complimentary upon receipt of request to Dept. G. H.

ATLANTIC STAMPING COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y., U. S. A.

The Bride's Book Shower

"A Red Cross book is Delano's 'American Red Cross Textbook on Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick' (Blakiston). This tells what to do to cooperate with a doctor or trained nurse, or in emergencies. Don't get a 'home physician' book that pretends to show you how to tell what is the matter with a sick person from the symptoms. But your health will depend not only upon what goes on inside your home: a tainted water supply or impure milk could bring all your home-care to nothing, just as you could sweep all the morning and if you lived on a street not properly paved or cleaned, the dust would be just as thick in the afternoon. You should know something about sanitation, about where your water and your milk come from, the conditions of your markets and how your garbage is disposed of. The book to help you here is 'Home and Community Hygiene,' by Jean Broadhurst (Lippincott)."

"I SUPPOSE there's no use beginning on the garden books," said the bride with a wistful look out of the window. "There are so very many of them, and they are so perfectly fascinating."

"Rion's 'Let's Make a Flower Garden' (McBride) is a little book that will give you a good start. It is practical and easy for a beginner. One book always leads into another, if you are really interested in the subject and this subject blossoms with beautiful books."

The maid of honor gazed admiringly at her list. "That would make a neat little row," said she. "With a check-book and an address book," and she pointed to the fat volume in which the invitation list had been gathering for weeks past.

"That reminds me," put in the bride. "I suppose I ought to have a book about etiquette."

"Every place has its ways, and if you wish to be popular as a bride, you will find out what these ways are and use them. The only things you will need to be absolutely sure about in advance are social forms, such as invitations or regrets, and so on. Myers' 'The Social Letter' (Brentano) tells about the different kinds of social correspondence, and if you wish to go into the subject more deeply, the same author's 'The Social Secretary' (Brentano) describes the duties and responsibilities of this profession. Then of course you want GOOD HOUSEKEEPING and a card index to take the place of a scrap-book, and your bookshelf will be ready as far as the house itself goes. But the house joins on to the community, and that to the state and the nation, and you are a citizen as well as a housekeeper. The time is coming when you will find a cook-book more enthralling than a novel, and when you will study home economics more earnestly than ever you studied history at school, and so it should be for a while, but take care not to lose touch with the great world because the little world is so lovely. Robinson's 'Preparing Women for Citizenship' (Macmillan) is brief, entertaining, and full of inspiration. Beard's 'American Government and Politics' (Macmillan) you will not only read with interest, but consult again and again for special information."

"Fourteen books," counted the third bridesmaid, "and there are at least fourteen in our crowd. I'll tell you what—let's give her a shower. If people can give linen showers and showers of kitchenware, why not a book shower?"

And I don't see why not.

To those who wish to follow the delightful idea of a book shower for the bride to be, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING suggests that an order for the complete set of books be given to your local bookseller, who can obtain them for you with a minimum of trouble and expense

Color and Charm in Window-Boxes

(Continued from page 32)

the top edge of this strip at right angles, the outer ends resting on still other strips which slant down and back to the baseboard of the house. This is the simplest, cheapest, and probably the safest form of support. In nailing the strips in place against the house, the nails should be driven into the studding, as they may not be able to support so great a weight if merely driven into the siding; moreover, large nails are likely to split the siding.

The wood used should be seven-eighths inch cypress, chestnut, or oak. Though cypress is the most expensive, it will last much longer than the others. If the window-box is not to be lined with zinc, it should be charred on the inside to delay rotting. This can be done by saturating the inside surface with kerosene and then setting fire to it, smothering the flames with dirt after the interior has become thoroughly charred. The boxes must be strongly made, for they have to support a heavy weight.

To provide for proper drainage in a box without a lining, several holes may be bored in the bottom after the inside has been charred. The outside should then be properly painted. A dark green seems to be the favorite color, though any other in harmony with the trim of the house would be equally appropriate.

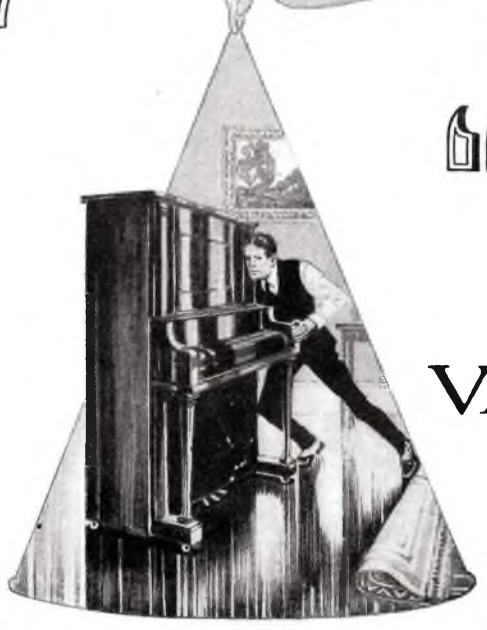
Unusual Types of Boxes

Boxes covered with birchbark over which trail delicate vines of green may be used with charming effect on the summer camp or cottage. Also, the boxes may be screened with simple latticework painted to harmonize with the color scheme of the house. If your home is of the Colonial type, lemon yellow with white trim, try the effect of white window-boxes screened with lemon yellow lattice, and planted with the graceful, creeping manurandia, whose tube-shaped flowers of white, blue, and pink peering up through the small, glossy, deep-green leaves in such a setting will evoke admiration from the most stolid.

Because the amount of soil is limited, it must be of the best. Filling the boxes from any convenient plot of ground will not do. There may not be sufficient plant food in the soil to keep the plants growing steadily throughout the season. The ideal soil is a good loam, and that is best obtained by chopping up rotted sod. Fresh manure should not be used, but good cow manure, which has stood for a few weeks and dried, is a fine stimulant for plants. The soil is prepared by adding manure to the loam in the proportion of one to three. If the loam is rather heavy and of a clayey nature, lighten it by adding one part of sand to the mixture. If cow manure can not be had, any of the commercial fertilizers, or dried sheep manure (obtainable from any seedsman), will make a fairly good substitute. Bone meal is often used, as its plant food becomes available slowly, in small quantities, and thus does not induce too rapid growth of the plants.

Cover the drainage holes in the bottom of the box with a piece of broken flower-pot, concave side down, that the surplus water may escape. Over this, put a one-inch or two-inch layer of strawy manure to prevent the earth from washing out with the drainage water. On this, in turn, spread the coarser portion of the soil, and then fill the box with finely pulverized soil to within four inches of the top.

The front is the most important part, so it should be planted first. Have plenty of vines to soften the sharp outlines of the box, and plant them along the edge. Then set the taller plants, which are to form the background, at the rear, and lastly fill in the center. The distance between the plants is always governed by their tops; no matter how far apart the roots may be, the tops should nearly touch, so as to form a complete mass. They



"61" FLOOR VARNISH

WEAR RESISTANCE

WATER RESISTANCE

The BALANCED VARNISH *IS* DIFFERENT

MADE to possess *wear*-resistance as well as water-resistance, "61" Floor Varnish is so finely "balanced" as to give the greatest possible range of service, no matter to what abuse it may be subjected.

It is not difficult to make a varnish with one dominant characteristic, but to combine all of the desirable qualities in one varnish, to a practicable degree, is difficult.

It is the "balancing" of the desirable varnish qualities that makes "61" unique. In "61" you get the technically opposing properties of *quick drying* and *durability; luster* and *spreading; brilliancy* of color and *permanency* of color and so on.

The moving of pianos, the scraping of chairs and the generous use of water in cleaning holds no terrors for "61."

The varnish that withstands this rigorous wear on floors and linoleum gives even greater service on furniture, woodwork and for general household use.

The beautiful "61" wood-stain colors stain and varnish with the same stroke of the brush and flow out smoothly, without streaks, laps or brush marks.

Send for color card and panel finished with "61." Try the hammer test on the panel. You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Our Guarantee: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction, you may have your money back.

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"Save the surface and you save all" Paint + Varnish

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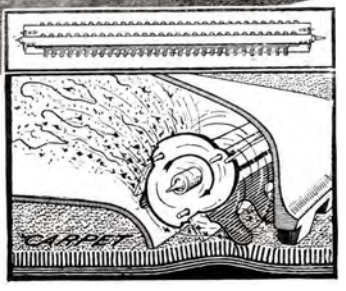
The Cracked Rug



The Premier Rubber-fingered brush at work! Note the gentle but effective action of the rubber tips. Hairs and clinging litter do not wrap around *this* brush. They are drawn into the air chamber.

THE time came 'round again to have the rugs beaten, and I sent for John Joblots, the handy-man. After finishing the parlor rug he folded it wrong-side-out and laid it one side, where the boys found it after school. Here was a fine place to play!

"Heavens!" I cried, when John brought it in. "It's split clear across!"

The boys, together with three years of beatings, had finished it.

Of course it was quite a loss; to replace it now meant double the outlay. For the first time Tom and I figured out the expense of such crude ways of cleaning.

"John costs us about sixteen dollars a year," said Tom, "and the woman who sweeps and dusts gets around a hundred and seventy-five."

Then we estimated the dust damage to hangings, curtains and walls; and allowed something for wear-and-tear to lace and sash curtains through frequent washing. Altogether, the cost was around $240 a year.

"And on top of that our best rug is ruined!" I said.

The sequel is simple. We bought a Premier, primarily because we had heard such a lot about it; secondly because of the demonstration of what its marvelous revolving rubber-fingered brush could accomplish. Now we save its cost every year several times over.

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner is the one with the revolving rubber-fingered brush driven by powerful suction. It is also the one with the 20-foot cord which makes it possible to clean from room to room. Use any lamp socket. Watch the rubber-fingered brush flick up the mud, and little particles of icy grime that winter guests bring into the house. It picks them up gently, without driving them further into the nap of the carpet, and passes them along to the checkered bag.

There is a great difference in cleaners. Before buying *any* cleaner you owe it to yourself to have a TEN POINT DEMONSTRATION of the Premier—first among cleaners—in your own home. Phone your nearest dealer and arrange for it. Learn the advantages of the Premier's specially designed bag, self-balancing handle, notched nozzle, rubber brush and direct connected attachments. Test its light weight, powerful suction and efficient attachments.

Phone your
nearest Premier dealer for a
Ten Point Demonstration

★

The Premier
FIRST AMONG CLEANERS

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

Premier Service Stations in Principal Cities

Exclusive Canadian Distributors:

Canadian General Electric Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, and Branches

should nearly hide the box and soil and yet not be crowded. After the plants are placed, fill in about them with soil, but without disturbing their position, up to within an inch of the top, and in finishing off, be careful to have the surface level. After the boxes are planted, give them a good watering, heavy enough to wet the earth to the very bottom and settle it compactly around the roots.

Plants in window-boxes must be watered daily, for exposed as they are to sun and air, they dry out very quickly. Make little holes in the soil and allow the water to penetrate to every part. The only other attentions necessary are the removal of decaying leaves and flowers, and from the beginning of July a light but regular feeding with a good fertilizer. If the box is in a dusty location, use plants with smooth and glossy foliage, which can be frequently sprinkled and washed off.

Trailing Vines Add Grace

There is a wide variety of plants available, affording opportunities for the display of striking and beautiful color effects. The one absolute essential is a good trailing vine. The Vinca, green or variegated, is well adapted for this purpose, for it grows very rapidly, covering the box and making a beautiful showing. Then there is the nepeta glechoma, and also the ivy, suitable for shadier locations.

The German ivy grows quickly and hangs in long, graceful tendrils down the front, while the English or true ivy grows much more slowly and must be planted closer. It is evergreen, and best of all for the shadiest places. A window-box filled with pink geraniums contrasted with the trailing green of the English ivy affords a pleasing bit of color.

The tall or climbing nasturtium is often used when an inexpensive box is desired, and the variety of its coloring is always attractive. Among the best of the trailing plants are the ivy geraniums, which are very showy.

The brilliant-colored verbenas, geraniums, and the like are perhaps the most popular for the back of the window-box, for they make a most effective showing, but the daintier plants may be combined so as to get equally attractive and more unusual results.

In a north window-box, in the shade of near-by trees, all varieties of begonias thrive luxuriantly. Pale pink begonias, ferns, and asparagus sprengerii massed together make an enchanting color grouping and form an especially happy motif for the north window.

Rich purple, pink, white, or blue gloxinias and the primrose forbesii may likewise find a place on the north. For the east side of the house, choose plants that love the morning sunshine—the tuberous begonias, the various ivy and silver-edged geraniums, the glowing double pink and white petunias, combined, perhaps, with the graceful wild cucumber.

The lovely gold and white marguerites are also fitting for window-boxes, and if properly cared for, will bloom all summer. Then there are stocks, salvia—both blue and crimson—abulitons, calendulas, mignonette, zinnias and marigolds.

Almost any bright flowers will thrive in the west windows. Scarlet and white geraniums are especially successful in this location. In combination with scarlet geraniums, the white camphor geranium forms a vivid contrast with the green of the trailing vines.

Tulips in a window-box will behave exactly as they would if set out in a bed for spring bloom, and for early color they are excellent. The double pink tulips are lovely, and their beauty is enhanced by grouping them with very light shades or white, such as the Wedding Veil, Painted Lady, or Mrs. Cleveland.

Remember that in addition to lending color interest to the exterior, window-boxes offer an opportunity for fascinating experiments in the culture of choice varieties, often those that one might hesitate to plant in the open ground, for here they are protected and may be kept under close observation.

The Kingdom Round the Corner

(Continued from page 28)

we made the discovery. I'd invited him to dine at our house on the very night that Tabs was Daddy's guest. I'll never forget your faces, Tabs, when Daddy introduced the two of you."

She had commenced to pantomime the scene with forced gaiety; then she pretended to become aware for the first time that they weren't joining in her laughter.

"What's wrong? You look as solemn as a pair of funerals. Don't you find it amusing?"

Porter was leaving the room. Maisie waited till the door had closed. Then.

"You didn't intend it to be amusing. Why on earth did you say all this before her?"

UNDER the rebuke Terry's face flushed defiance. She was near to tears, but she contrived to go on smiling. "When I want all the world to know anything that's private, I mention it before servants. it always works."

"But—" Maisie was at a loss to find a motive for such indiscretion. She glanced helplessly at Tabs. "But," she objected, "surely you don't want all the world to know about this, Terry? You and the General have been such good pals, and—I have to say it, even though Lord Taborley is present—there were a great many of your friends who were rather afraid—"

"Then they won't have to be rather afraid any longer." Terry cut in with icy sweetness. "When it's reported to the General that I've told this story, he won't have to be rather afraid either. It'll set all his doubts at rest."

Tabs sat puzzled and horrified. Everything he could remember about her was gentle; it wasn't like her to be cruel. Now at last he realized that it was for his sake that she was being cruel—far more cruel to herself than to any one else. She had so little faith in her strength to break with Braithwaite that she was building up a protective wall of contempt by the spread of this damaging story.

From across the table her eyes sought his in appeal; his answered hers with intuitive comprehension. But his mind was stunned with apprehension at the discovery that her passion for this man meant so much that his hate would be a lighter burden than the oppression of his love.

Maisie turned to Tabs with veiled disdain. "I suppose it was you who told her this, Lord Taborley?"

He paid her scant attention and continued looking at Terry.

"On the contrary." He spoke with unruffled urbanity: "It was General Braithwaite—Steely Jack, as he was nicknamed in the Army. He never lost an inch of trench, so they say. Like your own first husband, Mrs. Lockwood, he's most to be feared when every one else would have given up hoping. Like myself, though he doesn't know it, he's a round-the-corner person. Curious, Terry, that you should have attracted two round-the-corner admirers! It makes one almost believe that you're a round-the-corner person yourself."

He had said it without consciousness of magnanimity. There was nothing magnanimous about stating the truth according to his code of honor. He was seeing the bleak look that would come into Braithwaite's face should he hear of this happening. He was wondering whether Braithwaite possessed the insight into feminine strategy not to take offense but to interpret it as surrender.

Terry was speaking again. "My dear Maisie, if ever you get to know Lord Taborley, you'll learn to have a better opinion of him. He plays with all his cards on the table. I think most men play like that. It's we women who cheat and carry spare aces and revoke when the game's going against us. There's not one of us who can stick to the rules of the game." Her glance shifted to Tabs. "You used to think that I was the exception. You see, I'm not. The wonder is that you men can even pretend to respect us."

Long after she had finished and the conversation had taken a new turn, she went on gazing at him, raising and lowering her eyes as she ate her lunch, begging him to understand her.

"You're wrong, Terry." In her capacity as hostess, Maisie was making an attempt to get away from personalities. She was too much convicted by what had been said to consider it wise to defend herself. "You're wrong. Men don't want to respect us. They love us for having faults that they wouldn't tolerate in themselves. They encourage us to cultivate them. The woman who cheats at every turn and then cries in their arms when she's found out is the kind of woman who always has a man to take care of her. Look at my sister, Lady Dawn. She's never been known to cry. She's missed everything in life through being almost repellently honorable."

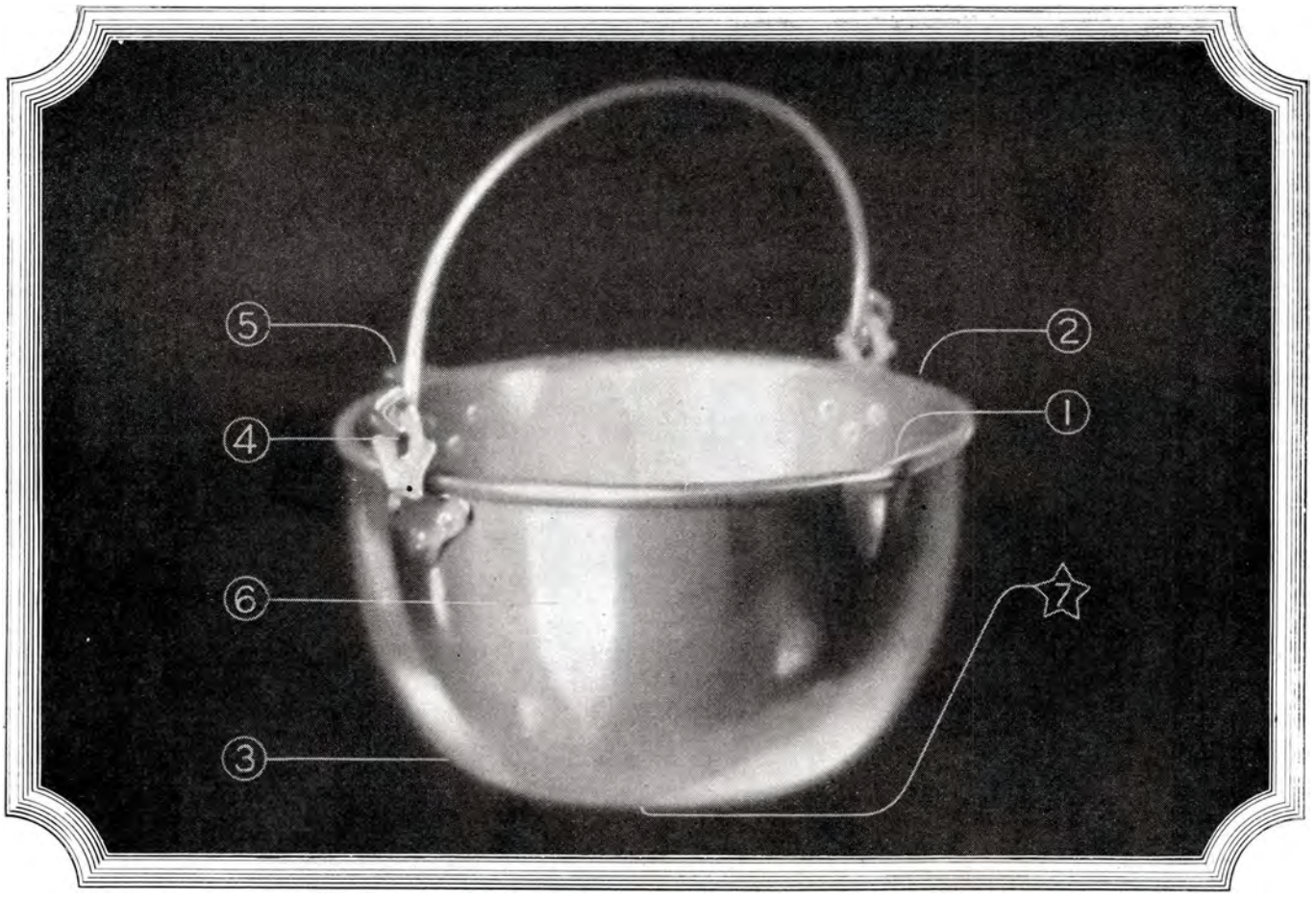
In the discussion that followed Tabs took no part, though he was often appealed to for an opinion. As he listened to their modulated flow of voices, their refined and gentle intonations, their evasive, slyly uttered words, he began to have an understanding of what was taking place. It was something primitive—the oldest of all battles. Neither of them wanted him, but each was prompted to covet the pretense of his possession. Their hunting instincts were aroused. He had taken on a sudden value in their eyes because each had discovered that the other was in pursuit of him.

His thoughts went back to Lady Dawn, to her pale aloofness. She wasn't like this—she was different from all other women. It was ridiculous that he should be so sure she was different when his only proof was a portrait, certainly idealized. He began to argue with himself again as to whether he ought to seek her out and endanger her serenity by telling her about Lord Dawn. It would be useless to confide such intentions to Maisie. He would obtain no help from her.

The discussion went on. Luncheon was at an end. Coffee had been served. Again and again he was referred to. Did he think this and didn't he agree to that? Wasn't this true of the way men regarded women? Their differences of opinion seemed so trivial, their views so immature and amateurish. He watched them with curious, brooding attention. He appreciated the grace of their gestures, the fine-boned smallness of their bodies, the delicacy of their molding, the tendril thinness of their fingers, the sagacity of their tiny, aristocratic heads, the seduction of their soft, red mouths. A man could crush them with one arm. But they could slay a man's soul with their sweetness. They were equipped in every detail by their pale perfection to quicken and to disappoint. To disappoint! That was what they had been trying to persuade him for the past half-hour—that they were Nature's traps, cunningly contrived and baited.

In the silence of his brain he fought—fought against disillusion, claiming exemption for at least one woman from these sweeping denunciations—the woman in the portrait.

A MAN had been passing and repassing the windows cut into triangles by the looped-back, marigold-tinted curtains. At first he had mistaken him for a different man each time he passed. Then the lazy certainty had grown up within him that it was always the same man. A man who wanted something, wanted something that was in that house. It wasn't possible to make out his features. He wore a morning-coat and was top-hatted. The swing of his carriage was indefinitely familiar. And now he had vanished—lost courage, lost patience, given up his quest, perhaps.



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The Kingdom Round the Corner

Without being summoned, Porter entered, looking worried.

Maisie broke off from her conversation long enough to say: "A little later, Porter. We've not finished."

She was resuming, when Porter again interrupted: "It isn't that, madam. It isn't—"

"Then what is it?"

With an elaborate air of cautious firmness Porter closed the door and set her back against it. "I've told him that it's no good, that you won't see him, madam."

"Of course not. That's quite right." Maisie bestowed her approval with rapid tolerance. "I can't see any one at present." Then, as an afterthought, "By the way, who is it?"

It was then that Porter let fall her bomb. "It's no good my telling him. He won't go away." Her firmness crumbled. She bleated in a dramatic surrender to distress. The three who heard her caught the commotion of her alarm and waited breathless. "It's Mr. Easterday." The moment she had said it, she turned and fled.

The door had scarcely closed behind her, when Maisie rose from her chair and stood swaying. She sank back, closing her eyes and pressing her hands against her breast. The mask of placidity had been wrenched from her face, leaving it blanched with the conflict between yearning, temptation, and loneliness.

"Adair!" she moaned. "My God, I daren't trust myself! I've come to that."

Unclosing her eyes, she gazed burningly at Tabs. "I was honest in what I promised. I do want to live as though Reggie weren't dead. How did you put it? As though he were round the corner—as though he were truly coming back."

In the silence that followed she stifled a sob, realizing that it wasn't Tabs who was the obstacle. Turning hysterically to Terry, she laid hold of both her hands. "I can't do it—*can't, can't* by myself. I can only do it if you'll tell Lord Taborley to help me."

IV

AT a nod from Terry he left the table. In the hall he found an odd sight waiting for him. He had to look twice to make certain that this was the Adair Easterday whom he had known, and not a strayed and beflustered wedding-guest.

The man before him was worried to distraction. Everything he wore was discreetly festive, from the lavender gloves and shiny topper to the striped trousers and canvas spats. But he was hot—terribly hot; far more hot than he had any excuse for being in brisk spring weather. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead; his face was congested with excitement. To lend the touch of humor which always lurks behind other people's tragedies, he held his top-hat by the brim in his right hand, as though he were taking a collection, while from his left, like a feather-duster, trailed an enormous bunch of roses. There was nothing noble in his distress, only a farcical appearance of wretchedness.

As Tabs crossed the hall to the front door, just inside of which Adair was standing, he felt an undeserved compassion for him: the compassion one feels for a clumsy dog which is always getting under people's feet. At the same time he couldn't help marveling that there should be two women willing to compete for such a man's affections.

"I happened to be lunching here," Tabs commenced conventionally. But he altered his tactics promptly. In the presence of Adair's self-advertised misery nothing but the briefest truth seemed adequate. "Old man, it's no good. She won't see you. She doesn't want you." Forgetting his sense of justice, he placed his hand affectionately on Adair's shoulder.

Adair stared in a full-blown way and nodded. "She never did want me." He passed no comment on this unforeseen meeting in the little house with the marigold-tinted curtains. He was incapable of surprise. He was obsessed by the solitary idea of his own forlornness. "I knew it. She never did want me." And then, in a rush of self-pity, "No one ever wanted me."

"Except Phyllis," Tabs suggested.

Adair appeared not to have heard. He stood like a living statue, his top-hat extended, his bunch of roses dangling—the picture of idiotic futility. Genuine emotion, however mean its origin, always has its grand moments. Tabs forgot the silly beginnings of this upset and the endless troubles it had caused. All he saw was a typical ragamuffin of humanity in the grip of the policeman, Nemesis. Adair had been caught trying to do what thousands of other ragamuffins achieved daily with success. He had been arrested red-handed in the act of stealing forbidden happiness. It was his first offense. He was inexpert and had bungled. He had bungled because, while assuming the rôle of roguery, he had remained at heart an honest man. Now that he was caught, he took the exposure of his dishonesty too seriously.

Tabs had almost forgotten that he had been the last to speak, when Adair repeated his exact words, "Except Phyllis!" And then, "Poor girl! She is unhappy, too."

Through the marshy obscurities of his humiliation his conscience was building a path. With his two hands he crushed his topper back on his head. The act had the vehemence of decision. In the doing of it he dropped the roses to the floor. There they lay forgotten—so forgotten that he placed his foot on them without noticing.

"Home! Best be going home," he muttered.

Without further explanation he let himself out into the sunlit court. Delaying long enough to pick up his hat and cane, Tabs followed.

Adair gave no sign of recognition as he caught up with him. Failing to hail a taxi, they boarded a bus. Tabs paid the fares. Adair took no notice of anything. They had reached Clapham Common and had come to his garden gate before he acknowledged Tabs' presence.

"I deserved it. I was a fool," he said sadly. "It's ended in exactly the way any sane man would have expected."

Kicking the gate open, he passed up the path. From the Common, Tabs watched him till he was safely within the house and the door had shut.

He scarcely knew whether to laugh or feel vexed as he turned away. The misfortunes of others can always be traced to folly; it is only our own misfortunes that are never deserved and never anything less than august. If Adair's love-affair had appeared ridiculous in his eyes, probably his own would afford material for jest to some one else.

He couldn't forget the top-hat and the trampled roses. The ineffectualness of all passion loomed large. It might have its value as an educative process, but what a waste of energy! For the moment he drew no distinction between Adair's guilty hankering after something which was forbidden and his own honorable love for Terry. The end of all passion was the same—trampled roses.

V

HIS exit from Mulberry Tree Court had been so hurried that he had had no time to make arrangements with Terry. Without doubt she would be waiting there for him. As he turned his steps again toward Chelsea, it occurred to him that this would make his third visit in little more than twenty-four hours.

He had no sooner knocked than the door was opened by Maisie herself. She must have

The Kingdom Round the Corner

been watching for him. He entered in a tentative manner, only just crossing the threshold, as though he had not much time to spare.

"I called in," he apologized, "because I thought you'd like to know—and to fetch Terry."

"Of course." She spoke with a cheerfulness that astonished him. "I was expecting you." With that she led the way across the hall to the drawing-room.

Carrying his hat, he followed. He clung to his hat purposely; it would serve as a reminder that he had not come to stay long. She was on the point of seating herself, when she spotted it.

"Oh, how rude of me!" In the twinkling of an eye she had deprived him of it and vanished.

"Captured once more!" he thought.

While he had been away, she had made a complete change of toilet. She was now dressed in a filmy gown of emerald green, with shoes, stockings, and buckles to match. He had expected to be bored by a Magdalene repentant; instead he found himself confronted by a challenging young Diana. His admiration went out to her for her courage.

HAVING come back and resettled herself on the couch, she smiled up at him through flickering lashes. "A nice frock, don't you think? Nothing like a new frock for restoring your self-respect after a knock-out."

"It's a charming frock. Where's Terry?"

She clasped her small hands about her knees, leaning her head far back so that her eyes glinted up at his languidly. Perhaps it was necessary to do that in order to see him properly, for he was still standing. And yet her attitude served another purpose; it called attention to the firm young lines of her bust and throat, and to the voluptuous curve of her lips, parted in patient expectancy.

"Terry!" Her voice sounded drowsy. "I forgot. I ought to have given you her message. She couldn't stop. She had another engagement."

"An engagement!" He was dumbfounded. "That's strange! She said nothing about it. Are you sure she didn't invent it?"

"Certain!" Maisie sat up. "Quite positive. But she had made up her mind not to keep it till, through no fault of yours, you gave her the chance. You don't want to believe that; it sounds as though she had cheated. You don't know much about women, Lord Taborley. You don't know because you refuse to learn. You're determined, in the face of every proof to the contrary, to live and die in the faith that we're angels."

She shook her finger at him. He was amused to discover that he was being scolded.

"Angels! We're far from it. We're very much like you men, with this difference, that we're cowards. What you need—this may sound entirely wrong—is a good, sensible woman to take you in hand, and give you a run for your money, and teach you your own value. Why, with your position and charm—"

"You must excuse my interrupting. Of course it all depends on what you mean by a run for my money. But are there many good and sensible women who are game for an adventure of that sort?"

"Heaps of them!" she assured him, imitating his mock seriousness. "The more outwardly good and sensible, the more inwardly they're willing."

"Humph!" He pretended to be pondering this gem of information. And then, "But you have to own, Mrs. Lockwood, that Terry's not—"

She blocked his protest with a gay little laugh. "I make no exceptions. Terry's exactly like the rest of us—younger and more innocent looking, no doubt, but just as imperfect. As regards this engagement of hers, she breathed no word of it until you had gone. Then she began to flirt with the idea that she might be able to keep it. At last she couldn't resist the temptation any longer. Out she came with it, that she must be going. I'd lay a wager I could name the person with whom—"

"You'd lose your wager."

"I think not." She met the threatened tempest in his eyes with calmness.

"Would you give a name to this person?"

"Where's the good!" She shrugged her dainty shoulders. "We both know it. Steely Jack. Isn't that what you call him?"

Instantly she leaned forward. Her whole instinct was to touch him. She hadn't intended to hurt him like that. He looked so defiant and gaunt and deserted—such a huge, scarred boy of a man. He reminded her of one of those early war-posters, in which a solitary figure was depicted, knee-deep in barbed wire, head bandaged, hurling the last of his bombs.

"Please don't be angry," she pleaded. "I was clumsy, but I was trying to help. When you helped me yesterday, you were clumsy, too. You can't put on a new frock, worse luck, the way I've done, to restore your self-respect. But I do wish you'd buy a new something—a new race-horse or a new car—I don't care what, as long as it would make you swank. A little swanking would do you all the good in the world; it would keep Terry from knowing how much you care. Terry's not half good enough for you; one day you'll acknowledge it. Still, if you really do think you want her, you can bring her to heel any moment by putting on an indifferent air. Look how jealously she flared up at me at lunch. It makes a woman furious to see her rejections picked up as treasures by another woman. The only reason Terry brought you here today was to see for herself just how deep an impression we'd made on each other."

At last she mustered the courage to touch him. Reaching out, she took his hand and drew him to her. He stood against her knees, looking down as though he were a small boy and she his mother.

Her voice was tender. "Some one had to say these things to you, just as you had to say things to me that weren't altogether pleasant. So why shouldn't I to you? After all, we're both in the same box, and the box is labeled Not Wanted. It pains me to see a man like you wasting himself on a girl who hasn't the sense to appreciate what he's offering." She raised her eyes to his with a slow smile. "Don't mistake me, Lord Taborley. I'm not trying to secure for myself what you're offering."

He began to see the drift of her argument. Before he could formulate it, she herself had put it into words. "Can't we do a little missionary work, you and I, by appreciating each other just a little?"

Flinging prejudices to the winds, he took a place beside her on the couch. Why shouldn't he? Why should he go on conserving himself so scrupulously for a girl who didn't value his loyalty?

"I should consider it a privilege to be appreciated by you," he said gravely. "But let's start properly. How about dinner at the Berkeley? After that, if you felt like it, we could do a theater. Would that suit you?"

IT was close on midnight when they returned to Mulberry Tree Court. Not until he was handing her out of the taxi and Porter was standing framed in the open doorway did he remember that he'd imparted none of his important news concerning Adair.

"About Adair—" he commenced. "Or shall I put him off till tomorrow?"

"Till forever." As her feet touched the pavement, she swung round on him with reckless laughter. They had been very happy in the last six hours. She pressed close against him. He caught the sparkle of her eyes as he stooped above her and the faint, sweet fragrance of her hair. She rested an ungloved hand on his arm. It looked dim,

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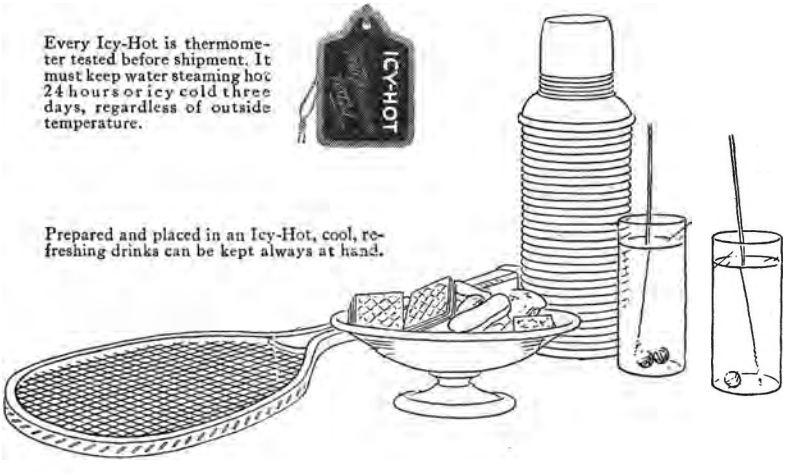

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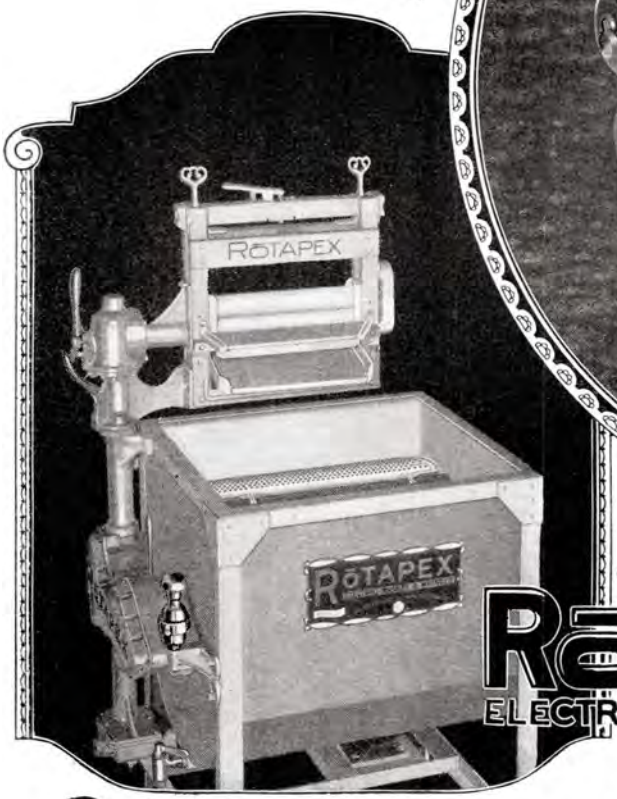

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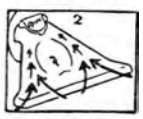

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The Kingdom Round the Corner

like a large, white moth that had settled there.

"I have few principles to guide me," she whispered, "but the few that I have, I observe. I never dig up my dead, and I never botanize on the graves of the past. Goodnight. Merry dreams to you, Lord Taborley."

With the suddenness of a phantom she went from him. There were a brief few seconds while he heard the ripple of her laughter and the rustling of her dress. Then the door closed.

VI

THAT evening was the first of many such adventures. His tall, limping figure became a familiar sight in Mulberry Tree Court.

Early in their friendship he took her advice and delighted her by purchasing a smart two-seater runabout which he drove himself. Sometimes it was at her door shortly after breakfast to transport her to where saddle-horses were waiting in the Park. Sometimes it would turn up about lunch-time and stand impatiently chugging while she changed into sports clothes, after which it would dash away with her, humming contentedly, into the depths of the country. It was the magic carpet which obeyed all her desires. After war-days, with their petrol shortages and restricted travel, it seemed more than ordinarily magic. It made emphatic, as nothing else could have done, the freedom and serenity which peace had restored. The very fleetness of its obedience prompted her to urge Tabs to take her farther and ever farther afield. There were evenings when they dined within sight of the sea beneath the red roofs of Rye and started back for London across the Sussex downs, driving straight into the eye of the sunset. There were afternoons when they drifted over the Chiltern hills to where the spires and domes of Oxford rise, placid as masts of a sunken ship in an encroaching sea of greenness.

It was a curious friendship that had developed between them—a friendship which lived from hand to mouth, which had the appearance of being more than a friendship, in which nothing was premeditated. Nothing could be premeditated so far as he was concerned. Terry had first call on all his leisure—not that she availed herself of it very often. Maisie was his consolation prize when Terry failed. Maisie was not deceived as to the spare-man place she held in his affections. She was painfully aware that at any moment their friendship might end as abruptly as it had started. On either side it was based on a common need for kindness. In a sense they were each a substitute for something postponed and more satisfying. While he was making up to her for the loss of Adair, she was trying to save him from the rashness of committing himself too fatally to Terry. They were altruists, actuated by self-interested motives.

Whither were they drifting—toward marriage or only toward infatuation? If you had asked Tabs, he would have replied promptly, "Toward neither." He had promised to tide her over the dull spots. She had told him that he ought to let some good sensible woman take him in hand and give him a run for his money. They had accepted each other at their word—that was all.

At the same time he knew that that was not all. He knew that if there was one thing more irritating to her than being addressed as Mrs. Lockwood, it was his way of treating her as if she were good and sensible. Good and sensible women are the pillars of society, but they are not usually regarded as attractive companions for joyous excursions in two-seater runabouts.

Neither of them was entirely insensitive to the conjectures that their sudden intimacy had given rise to in the minds of onlookers. They were both too well-known and were seen together in too many different places to avoid the breath of gossip—even of scandal. Men were scarce after the wholesale butchery of the war, especially bachelors of Lord Taborley's class. Had he only had the conceit to know it, he had returned to London a strong favorite for the season's matrimonial sweepstakes. More than one anxious mother of unappropriated daughters had set him down for preference on her list of eligibles. When invitations poured in on him and were politely regretted, there was consternation and puzzlement. The puzzlement vanished when the explanation was whispered across a hundred dinner-tables; "Haven't you heard? It's Maisie Lockwood."

If Tabs were foolish, which he did not concede, all the world was his companion in foolishness. Blindly and gropingly he was still going in search of his kingdom. He ignored the gossip which his championship of Maisie had called forth. He despised it. It made him the more compassionate toward her—the more determined to help her to weather the storm. Well-meaning friends undertook to warn him.

"She's most beautiful and charming. And she's Lady Dawn's sister, of course. But—Well, to put it frankly, a woman who's been married three times might just as well never have been married at all. I hope you don't mean to marry her, old chap, because she's not your sort."

When Tabs went to the trouble of assuring these well-wishers that he did not intend to marry her and that she was his sort, they slipped their tongues into their cheeks and opened their eyes wide. "Oh, so that's the way of it!"

Maisie reported to him similar experiences. "So you see how I'm regarded, as though I were no better than I should be. And I'm young, and I've done nothing wrong. If it wasn't for your friendship, I should be tempted—"

"But you have my friendship!" he assured her.

He tried to rise superior to this petty talk of scandal-mongers, but it was not always possible when he remembered Terry.

VII

HE met Terry as often as he could contrive, but he no longer forced himself upon her. He could effect nothing so long as her infatuation for Braithwaite lasted.

Now that Sir Tobias had lost faith in him as a lover, his opportunities for meeting her became more rare. When Sir Tobias lost faith in any one, he made no attempt to disguise it. In the case of Tabs, he let him know it with a fine air of magnanimity, as though he were doing him a kindness. His frankness took the form of communicating some new disparaging criticism, astutely attributed to Lady Beddow, every time he was paid a visit.

Tabs was unable to defend himself without betraying Terry. She maintained her silence with regard to Braithwaite, refusing to take her parents into her confidence. They naturally attributed the hanging fire of the engagement to Tabs, supposing that on the eve of his proposal he had been ensnared by Maisie. In their eyes he cut a shabby figure.

Behind his back Terry came to his defense. She would hear and believe no wrong of him. This only proved to her parents that her heart still followed him. They thought her very brave and became more gloomy in their accusations. Matters took a serious turn: her health began to fail. When the doctor was summoned, he ascribed the cause to secret worrying and prescribed a complete change. Tabs received no word of this happening, for Terry had become increasingly shy, so that she created the appearance of avoiding him. She definitely avoided Maisie.

There came a day in early June when he

The Kingdom Round the Corner

went to call on her and was informed by the velvet-plush James that Miss Terry was out of London on a visit of undetermined length. When he asked for her address, James shook his head mournfully. She had been ill and was to be spared all disturbing communications. His orders were that her address was to be given to nobody.

"But that order doesn't apply to me," Tabs urged.

James became more profoundly agitated. He averted his eyes, while he fiddled with the last button of his plump waistcoat. "I regret to say, to your Lordship most especially."

"Humph!" Tabs stroked his chin. "Is Sir Tobias at home?"

"Your Lordship would gain nothing by seeing Sir Tobias, I'm certain."

"You might mention to Sir Tobias that I called." With that he descended the steps and climbed into his runabout.

"Turned away!" he thought. "Turned away from Terry's house!"

Then his mind went back to two months ago—the hopes he had had, his meeting with her at the station, his asking her father for her hand in marriage. It was like the old front-line trench, when reinforcements had failed to come up: there was nothing for it but to dig oneself in and stick it out.

He had been shown the door with as little ceremony as if he had been an intruding peddler.

VIII

FROM Terry's house he went to Mulberry Tree Court, but the route that he chose was not direct. He doubled and redoubled on his tracks, moving among crowds, feeling that he must hear the noise of crowds, yet seeing little of the sights on which his eyes rested. It had been like this with him before, after being in too close contact with calamity. He hadn't dared to be alone. He had felt that his sanity depended on his rubbing shoulders with people. He had been like a child in an empty house, leaning out of a window to catch the stir of life along the pavements.

As he drove, Tabs argued out his problem. If he did not love Maisie, why did he need her? Was it that he would not allow himself to desire her? Why did he encourage his passion for Terry—Terry, who in her mild and gentle way had become almost insolently unappreciative? Wouldn't he be wiser to content himself with the woman who was within reach rather than—

He frowned as the truth dawned on him. For the first time he acknowledged it. He did love Maisie. Not as he loved Terry, of course, but in a more human way, to the extent of requiring her companionship. He had made a discovery that amazed him— a discovery that thousands of men had made before him: that it was possible for him to love two women at the same time, utterly differently and yet with entire sincerity. He felt as lowered in his self-esteem as if he had committed bigamy. He was dumfounded at this new twist that his emotions had developed. Without consulting him, they had played a trick on him which forever disqualified him for the larger rôle of constant lover. He felt himself pushed down to almost the level of a philanderer—a philanderer not much more august than Adair. The suspicion crossed his mind that, if he could believe himself in love with two women, he couldn't be very mightily in love with either of them.

But he was impatient of delays—worn out with procrastinations. The magnificent chances of the present were slipping past him One day he would be old. Out of the sheer disorganization of his thoughts a desperate scheme took shape. Why should he not go to Maisie and say:

"We're neither of us first in each other's affections. It's a rough-and-tumble world! Why be thin-skinned about it? We may become first later. Let's stop dreaming of kingdoms round the corner and make the best of such kingdoms as are ours today."

The idea took hold of him with force. It fascinated him. He turned his car about in the direction of Chelsea. Twenty minutes later he drew up before the retiring little villa with its marigold-tinted curtains.

He had by no manner of means decided on his course of action. He could not have told you what he was going to say to Maisie. In this as in so many other ways, he believed himself abnormal. No one had ever told him that ninety-nine out of a hundred married men, if they spoke the truth, would have to confess that they had been unaware thirty seconds before they proposed that they were going to do so; and that the most incredible happening in their lives had been when, thirty seconds later, they had discovered not only that they had proposed, but that they had been accepted.

(To be continued)

The Return of the High Tea

(Continued from page 77)

teaspoonful of grated onion, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of chives, and one teaspoonful each of chopped chervil and tarragon have been added. Tarragon vinegar may be substituted for the last-named herbs if they are difficult to find. Dust the inside of each tomato with salt, pepper, and paprika and fill with the shrimp mixture. Top with sprigs of green and serve on crisp cress.

Cold Timbales of chicken, tongue, or ham or a combination of these meats are very fine, and as they, too, may be made hours in advance of their serving, they recommend themselves for this sort of entertainment. Individual molds of the tall, scalloped variety make the prettiest timbales, but custard cups or patty pans will answer nicely. Place the molds in very cold water while preparing the timbales. Prepare the meat by chopping it as fine as you can. To each cupful of prepared meat, add four tablespoonfuls of gelatin and add also one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, six olives or three small pickles cut into small pieces, and two tablespoonfuls of chopped pimentoes. Season highly with one-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and pour into the cold, wet molds and set away to chill. These timbales may be made the day before. Serve on dainty plates bordered with the white heart leaves of lettuce or chicory.

Election or Loaf Cake is raised with yeast and will keep for months, if carefully packed. Soften one yeast cake in one-half cupful of tepid water. Then scald one pint of milk and gently warm five cupfuls of bread flour in the oven. When the milk has become cool, add the flour, one teaspoonful of salt, and the yeast, and beat the mixture vigorously. Then beat it again and add three well-beaten eggs, one-half cupful of butter creamed with two cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of shortening, one-half teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and one-quarter teaspoonful of powdered mace. Then set the mixture aside once more to raise for one and one-half hours. Then add one cupful each of coarsely chopped seeded raisins, currants, and candied orange peel, shaved fine, also the grated rind of one lemon. Pour into greased and floured loaf cake pans, allow to raise until double in bulk, then bake one and one-half hours at 350° F.

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When bought separately, the center, or broiling, slices of Premium Ham command a higher price than the butt or shank, commonly preferred for baking or broiling. By buying a whole Premium Ham, you not only get the center slices for less, but get all cuts at a low average price.

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Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

No more of this!

Once you have *soaked* your clothes clean you will never again *rub* the dirt out

THE old way made such a drudgery of washday. Hours of rubbing on a washboard. Turning and lifting and punching the heavy clothes in a steaming boiler.

It used to be necessary, for there was no other way to get the clothes clean. But now that is all over. There is a new way that makes washing merely an incident in the daily round instead of the grind it used to be.

You just *soak* your clothes clean—with Rinso, an entirely new form of soap for the family laundry. It comes in fine granules so full of pure soap, that they do more to make your clothes clean than hours of rubbing can do.

Just put to soak this way —no rubbing—no boiling

Dissolve half a package of Rinso in just enough cold water to make it the consistency of thick cream. Add two quarts of boiling water. When the froth subsides there is a clear amber liquid which, poured into your tubful of water, makes rich suds.

You soak the clothes overnight, or for three hours, in these soapy, bubbly suds. When you take them out they are perfectly clean. Rinso has loosened every particle of dirt. A thorough rinsing carries it off and leaves the clothes as white as when you used to rub and boil them. Only very soiled spots such as collar bands and hems need a light rubbing with your hands.

In these pure suds your clothes are as safe as in water alone. There are no harsh acids to eat holes in the fabric or fade the colors. There is no solid soap to stick to the clothes and injure them. Soaked in Rinso, saved from hard rubbing on the washboard and from strong "washing powders," your clothes will give you twice the wear you have been getting.

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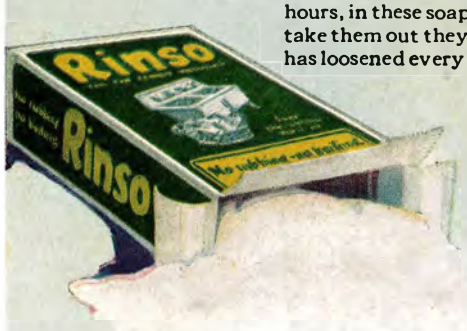
Ideal for washing machines

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 rinse thoroughly and the clothes are clean—even the worst spots.



Rinso

Soaks clothes clean

Strawberry Whipped Cream Cake

1 cup sugar — 1 cup flour
⅓ cup water — ½ teaspoon salt — 1 teaspoon vanilla or other flavoring
3 eggs — 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder — ¼ cup cold water

Boil sugar and water until syrup spins a thread and add slowly to stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating until mixture is cold; sift together three times, flour, salt, and baking powder; beat yolks of eggs until thick; add flour mixture and egg yolks, alternately, a little at a time, to white of egg mixture, stirring after each addition; add one eighth cup cold water and flavoring; mix lightly. Bake in two deep, ungreased layer tins in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Spread between layers and on top of cake the following filling and icing and put together with sweetened whipped cream.

Fresh Strawberry Filling and Icing

Crush ten strawberries with a little sugar and let stand until juicy; then mix in gradually three cups of confectioner's sugar; add a teaspoon of lemon flavoring.

Royal Biscuits

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk or half milk and half water

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt; add shortening and rub in very lightly; add liquid slowly, roll or pat on floured board to about one inch in thickness (handle as little as possible); cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Orange Cakes

4 tablespoons shortening — 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup sugar
½ cup milk — ¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg — 1 teaspoon orange extract
2 cups flour — grated rind of 1 orange

Cream shortening, add sugar slowly, beating well; add milk a little at a time, then add well beaten egg; sift flour, baking powder, and salt together and add to mixture; add flavoring and grated orange rind; mix well. Bake in greased shallow tin, or individual cake tins, in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cool, cover top with Orange icing—page 16 Royal Cook Book.

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