McCALL'S

JULY

10¢

MARGOT ASQUITH
on
American Women

Also In This Issue

Gene Stratton-Porter

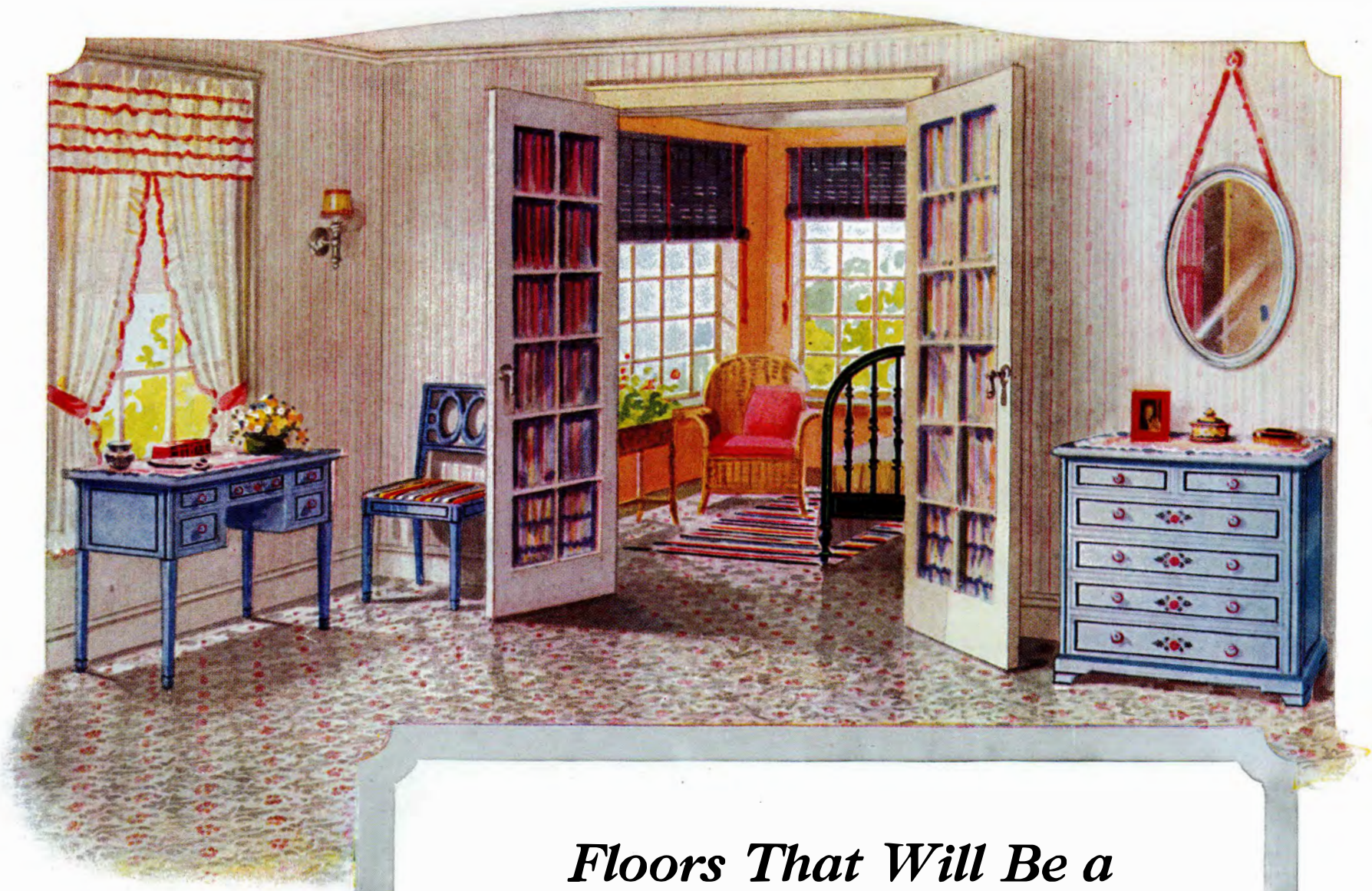
Ethel M. Dell

Nalbro Bartley

Robert W. Chambers

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House



Floors That Will Be a Revelation to You

THERE's a new floor for your living-room, dining-room, bedroom—modern linoleum.

You can see this new floor in good furniture and department stores. Just ask the salesman to show you Armstrong's Linoleum. When you look at the plain colors, Jaspé (two-tone) effects, parquet, inlaid, and printed designs, you will understand how it is that Armstrong's Linoleum floors are being installed throughout all the rooms of handsome modern homes.

An occasional waxing and polishing keeps these floors looking like new. Rugs are laid on them, as on any other permanent floor. Linoleum is a pleasantly cool floor in summer, a comfortably warm floor in winter.

A bedroom 12 x 18 feet can be floored with the Armstrong's Carpet Inlaid Linoleum shown in this charming dressing-room and sleeping porch, at a cost of about $55.00 (slightly higher in the far West). This includes cementing the linoleum down over a layer of deadening felt—the most satisfactory way to lay linoleum as a permanent floor.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

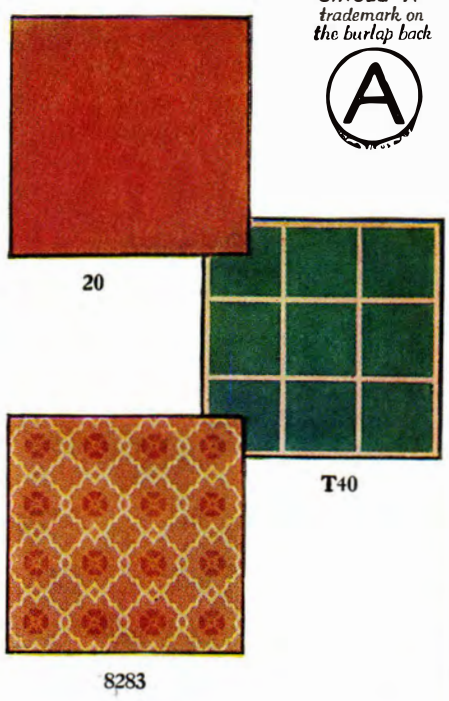
(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT

930 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*



IF one of these Armstrong patterns is more appropriate for your bedroom than No. 737 shown in the illustration, order (by number) from your merchant.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of many pleasing and artistic designs.

Gene Stratton-Porter Calls on Our Government to Curb Indecent Literature

"If I Don't Want My Daughter to Smoke, Drink and Flirt, Why Should I Let Her Read of People Who Do These Things?" She Asks

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.

THERE is no question as to whether children shall have books; the great question is what kind of books shall they have. The crux of the matter lies, not in whether we shall have libraries or not, but how we shall fill those we have so that we properly develop the minds and the imaginations of children.

It is a very difficult matter to guide the early reading of children so that they will instinctively form a taste for biography, history and travel as well as for fiction and stories. Left to themselves, almost invariably children will select fairy stories and tales of adventure, lurid and bloody. Dimpled little things with angel faces will gobble up the story of how a beautiful princess was transformed into a toad, or how the prince became a dragon. Children like stories of pirates and adventure, and the faster the cutlases swing, the more dead men there are stretched on the deck, the thicker the blood runs, and the louder the captive maiden shrieks, the better the darlings like it.

Human nature is a queer compound. At no stage of life is it more peculiar than during the first fifteen years. At this time girls begin to realize, at least dimly, the coming responsibilities of womanhood. As a rule, boys are so busy with ball games and pirates that they require a few years longer before they begin to come to their senses.

It is a wise parent who, during this period, can place the right books before children, and while allowing them to follow their natural inclinations, can curb and control those inclinations without allowing children to know this is being done. I think the little folk resent being educated quite as strongly as their elders if they realize the process is going on. We like to be entertained; we like to be sufficiently cultured to be able to listen to sermons and lectures understandingly; but deep down in our hearts, from childhood on, I think all of us rather resent a palpable effort to educate us, and oh, how we hate having folk "do us good!"

If children become interested in the history of other children who have been in precarious positions and gone through thrilling adventures to realize their rights to a throne, they will read such history, and, intermingled with it, they will obtain so much knowledge of the forms of government, the customs of strange countries, and what is going on among elder people, that there will be bred in them a love for historical reading.

Almost all children enjoy the history of their own country and people. Attractive volumes of travel coming within the comprehension of children are almost sure of an appreciative reading. It might be difficult to interest children in the biographies of scientists and philosophers, but they are intensely interested in the lives of great discoverers, adventurers and travelers, of warriors, of pioneers and hunters. I think girls, if they are given such books in childhood, appreciate them quite as much as the boys. Children love the stories from the Bible, especially if they are presented as stories and not as lessons.

In my childhood I was very familiar with a course of reading in which an angel child usually called "Gentle Hand" went about hypnotizing and mesmerizing everyone she met, handling vicious human beings, soothing mad dogs, starting the balking horse, leading the enraged bull back to its pasture. Usually she fell from the foot log at the Mayflower picnic, became chilled in the icy stream, and dramatically made her passage to join the other angels at the mature age of ten or less. If there are any more such books in existence I should dearly love to have the privilege of kindling a fire with them. I certainly am in favor of filling the books that go into the hands of children with things that are possible, that are true to Nature and to human nature when it is at its best, but I do not believe in sickly sentiment and absurd impossibilities.

Out of the mass of matter from which reading for a child can be selected, good, hard, common sense on the part of the parent is essential in choosing what is best. Properly transcribed Bible stories are always good. Bird or animal stories true to Nature and human nature are fine. I should not neglect in a child's library the old books of fables. A child will readily understand that they are fables, but children get a large amount of good natural history and a sense of justice and fair play from them that is extremely beneficial.

IN every child's library I should include "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Treasure Island" and "The Swiss Family Robinson," because they teach children how to fend for themselves in strange lands under adverse conditions, they excite a love of adventure, and teach patient persistence in the accomplishment of any feasible undertaking. Certainly I should put in the youngsters' library the books of fairy tales that have become classic. I have known parents who objected to "Alice in Wonderland" in a child's library, but I am not one of them. "Alice" goes in for my little people, and "The Water Babies."

To the child who has missed the touch of a fairy wand in the Land of Small People before coming to this world, a fairy tale is exactly what its name implies and nothing more; it stimulates the imagination and makes good entertainment. To those whose eyelids have been kissed, upon whose foreheads the seal is set, a fairy book will be something different—a sort of evanescence that *is,* but cannot be explained.

There are children who go through the fields and woods of youth and of after life prosaically. They feel the wind that blows upon them; they know they are walking on the earth; they realize it when they are hungry; they seek shelter when they are cold. But there is a fairy band, another intangible company, always marching

[*Turn to page 18*]

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

Entered as second-class matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, August 5, 1897; at Columbus, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind.; Decatur, Ill.; and Galveston, Texas, Post Office, April 10, 1922. Copyright, 1922, by The McCall Company. All rights reserved. Published monthly by THE McCALL COMPANY, McCall Building, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York, U. S. A.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

July, 1922 Volume XLIX, Number 10

$1.00 PER YEAR

No extra postage charge on Canadian or foreign subscriptions

Main Office: 232-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

WILLIAM B. WARNER, *President and Treasurer* — O. B. CAPEN, *Secretary* — ROBERT CADE WILSON, *Vice-President*

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.

Out of the kitchen by noon!

Recipes for a care-free afternoon and a delicious cold supper.

AN AFTERNOON on the veranda! A motor ride into the country! Visits with congenial friends! These and other alluring prospects beckon to you these warm July days.

"Yes," you say, "If I could only escape the kitchen occasionally."

You can.

A friend of ours did. In the cool of the morning she tried the menu given below. She found that with the help of Crisco its preparation became a sort of lark.

We believe you'll agree, too, when you learn what treats you can make with this pure *vegetable* shortening. See if your family doesn't compliment you on the delicious natural food flavors which Crisco leaves undisguised.

Yes, in bringing out the fine natural flavor of foods you will find Crisco a most helpful partner. And you will find the following facts very important if you wish your summer foods to digest easily.

What Fats do Children digest well?

Doctors unite in this warning: "Carefully select hot weather foods for your children." Speaking particularly of the digestibility of fats, a well-known professor of food chemistry says:

"If the melting point of the fat lies much above the body temperature, the fat will not become sufficiently fluid to be readily emulsified and digested."

Crisco (pure vegetable fat) melts at 97 degrees—which is below body temperature. On the contrary, body temperature cannot melt the majority of animal fats.

Think how easily your own little child will digest vegetable Crisco.

* * *

To assure delightfully uniform yet digestible cakes, pastry and fried foods order a can of Crisco from your grocer now. Today or tomorrow try the recipes given on this page. In welcoming Crisco for your own favorite recipes remember that you use 1/5 less of Crisco than you would of butter or animal fats.

Special Cook Book Offer

This unique book is entitled "The Whys of Cooking." It answers 164 puzzling questions about cooking and serving. Contains 143 delightful recipes. Gives 45 standards for cooking measurements. Illustrated in 4 colors. Written by the famous Janet McKenzie Hill. Simply mail 25c in stamps or coin to Section L-7 Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Try this
Cooling Summer Supper

Fruit Cocktail
Cold Meat
Escalloped Potatoes
(Bake them in the morning. Re-heat just before serving. To brown, scatter bits of Crisco on top.)
Quick Nut Bread
(See Recipe at Right)
Asparagus Salad
French Dressing
Cherry or Berry Pie
(See Recipe at Right)
Iced Beverage

Quick Nut Bread

3 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful salt
3 scant teaspoonfuls baking powder
1½ tablespoonfuls sugar
1 cupful nut meats
1½ cupfuls milk
2 tablespoonfuls melted Crisco
1 egg beaten light

Sift well together first four ingredients. Add the well-beaten egg to the milk, then add the nut meats cut fine, then the two tablespoonfuls melted Crisco. Then mix all together and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Cherry or Berry Pie

First make a plain pastry from this recipe:

1½ cupfuls flour
½ teaspoonful salt
½ cupful Crisco
4 to 6 tablespoonfuls cold water
(sufficient for one medium size pie)

With a knife cut Crisco into sifted flour and salt until mixture looks like coarse meal, then add slowly enough ice water to make a paste that clears the bowl. Take half of dough, roll out on lightly floured board until about ¼ inch thick. Roll lightly from center outward. Use light motion in handling rolling pin. Line pie pan letting pastry emerge ¼ inch over edge. Mix one cup sugar with one teaspoonful flour and a pinch of salt. Mix this thoroughly with fruit. Fill pie pan, add bits of Crisco, moisten edges with cold water. Roll the remaining half of pastry to a thin sheet. Cover the pie. Press edges close together. Trim with knife and a few slits in center. Bake ½ hour in hot oven.

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer.

For digestible and flaky pastry.

For crisp, digestible fried foods.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS EST. 1837

Small, medium and large sized cans Crisco is also made and sold in Canada

Whether You Champion or Disapprove of the Views of England's Famous Diarist, You Will Eagerly Read—

What I Think of American Women

By Margot Asquith

I CAN write little about American women that is informing, as I know so few of them. I know Lady Ribblesdale, Lady Essex, Baroness Moncheur, Lady Astor and her charming sister Mrs. Dana Gibson. I love Mrs. Page, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Frank Polk, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. Lafarge and Mrs. Hayter Reed, and Mrs. Lawford, of Montreal; but I have neither had the privilege of being introduced to Miss Jane Addams nor the opportunity of meeting any of the working women who abound all over the United States. I am not asked to write a work of fiction, nor have I the wits to write a work of art. I can only speak with a due sense of humility of what I have personally observed.

In reading "Main Street" I was struck by the superiority of Doctor Kennicott over his wife Carol. He really loved her, while she unconsciously loved herself. I felt considerable sympathy with her yearnings. It was a dull life, among drab and busy people; she was young and pretty, full of ideas, like loose beads with no cord running through them, and longed to assist and uplift everyone she met. She fretted against routine, despised convention and hungered for someone who would accompany her either in mind or in movement through the different stages of her aspirations. She reminded me of some of the American women that I have known, who, while loving their husbands, have no idea in what manner they can share their lives; but who spend their time and their money in dressing well and entertaining both the husbands and other people. This type of woman can be found in England as well as in the States, but the responsibilities of a country home, servants and inherited estates, as well as a variety of sports and games—such as shooting, fishing, hunting, golf and cricket—give us opportunities of detachment from city life which make us free to share our husbands' occupations—a privilege that is denied to other nations. We have our London season from May to July in which we jazz, play bridge, dine, dress and rush about precisely the same as other people do in every capital in Europe; but without boasting of superiority in intellect or in anything else, I think the majority of women that I know at home take more interest in flowers, books, politics and simple country pleasures than the ones I meet abroad. Had Doctor Kennicott suggested to his wife that she go regularly among the poor, or visit the hospitals, he would not have had the feeling of fatigue that a man has in going over his life's work in conversations and explainings at the end of an exhausting day. I only know that if I had not kept pace with my husband's doings when he was at the bar, or

[*Turn to page 20*]

The Stormy Petrel of Writers

IS what Margot Asquith may aptly be called. She is the unruffled center of a storm raging about her since she first published her famous Autobiography two years ago.

When Mrs. Asquith told her husband, ex-premier of Great Britain, that she was to receive $60,000 for her reminiscences, he replied he hoped they would not be worth that much; to say they decidedly were is putting it mildly. For Mrs. Asquith, described by an English poet as "the woman with the serpent's tongue," did not hesitate to call a spade a spade, and she told many secrets about the high and mighty in British society. When Mrs. Asquith came to the United States this year to lecture, her criticisms of us were fully as sharp, and she returned to England, half of America disapproving highly of her and the other half admiring her intensely.

In whichever group you stand, you will be interested to read here what she thinks of the American woman, in this, the only article she has so far written for an American magazine.

As he sped by in a whirl of snow, he fired five times at the house

Her Highness Intervenes

Final Episode of "The Flaming Jewel"

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by C. E. Chambers

TOWARD noon the wind changed, and about one o'clock it began to snow. Eve, exhausted, lay on the sofa in her bedroom. Her stepfather lay on a table in the dance hall below, covered by a sheet from his own bed. And beside him sat Trooper Stormont, waiting.

It was snowing heavily when Mr. Lyken, the little undertaker from Ghost Lake, arrived with several assistants, a casket and what he called "swell trimmings."

Long ago Mike Clinch had selected his own mortuary site and had driven a section of iron pipe into the ground on a ferny knoll overlooking Star Pond. In explanation he grimly remarked to Eve that after death he preferred to be planted where he could see that old Harrod's ghost didn't trespass. Here two of Mr. Lyken's able assistants dug a grave while the digging was still good; for if Mike Clinch was to lie underground that season there might be need of haste—no weather prophet ever having successfully forecast Adirondack weather.

Eve, exhausted by shock and a sleepless night, was spared the more harrowing details of the coroner's visit and the subsequent jaunty activities of Mr. Lyken and his efficient assistants. She had managed to dress herself in a black wool gown, intending to watch by Mike, but Stormont's blunt authority prevailed, and she lay down for an hour's rest.

The hour lengthened into many hours; the girl slept heavily on her sofa under blankets laid over her by Stormont. All that dark, snowy day she slept, mercifully unconscious of the proceedings below.

In its own mysterious way the news penetrated the wilderness; and out of the desolation of forest and swamp and mountain drifted the people who somehow existed there, a few shy, half-wild young girls, a dozen silent, lank men, two or three of Clinch's own people, who stood silently about in the falling snow and lent a hand whenever requested. One long-shanked youth cut hemlock to line the grave; others erected a little fence of silver birch around it, making of the enclosure a "plot." A gaunt old woman aided Mr. Lyken at intervals; a pretty, sulky-eyed girl cooked for anybody who desired nourishment.

When Mike was ready to hold the inevitable reception everybody filed into the dance hall. Mr. Lyken was master of ceremonies; Trooper Stormont stood very tall and straight by the head of the casket.

Clinch wore his best clothes and a vague, indefinable smile—that same smile which had so troubled José Quintana.

Light was fading fast in the room when the last visitor took silent leave of Clinch and rejoined the groups in the kitchen, where were the funeral baked meats.

Eve still slept. Descending again from his reconnaissance, Trooper Stormont encountered Trooper Lannis below.

"Has anybody picked up Quintana's tracks?" inquired the former.

"Not so far. An inspector and two state game protectors are out beyond Owl Marsh. The troopers from Five Lakes are on the job, and we have enforcement men along Drowned Valley from the Scaur to Harrod Place."

"Does Darragh know?"

"Yes. He's in there with Mike. He brought a lot of flowers from Harrod Place."

The two troopers went into the dance hall where Darragh was arranging the flowers from his greenhouses.

Stormont said quietly: "All right, Jim; but Eve must not know that they came from Harrod's."

Darragh nodded. "How is she, Jake?"

"All in."

"Do you know the story?"

"Yes. Mike went into Drowned Valley early last evening after Quintana. He didn't come back. Before dawn this morning Eve located Quintana, set a bear-trap for him, and caught him with the goods—"

"What goods?" demanded Darragh sharply.

"Well, she got his pack and found Mike's watch and jewelry in it—"

"What jewelry?"

"The jewels Quintana was after. But that was after she'd arrived at the Dump, here, leaving Quintana to get free of the trap and beat it.

"That's how I met her—half crazed, going to find Quintana again. We'd found Mike in Drowned Valley and were bringing him out when I ran into Eve. I brought her back here and called Ghost Lake. They haven't picked up Quintana's tracks so far."

Darragh went over and looked silently at Mike Clinch.

"I liked you," he said under his breath. "It wasn't your fault. And it wasn't mine, Mike. I'll try to square things. Don't worry."

He came back slowly to where Stormont was standing near the door.

"Jack," he said, "you can't marry Eve on a Trooper's pay. Why not quit and take over the Harrod estate? You and I can go into business together later if you like."

After a pause: "That's rather wonderful of you, Jim," said Stormont, "but you don't know what sort of business man I'd make—"

"I know what sort of officer you made. I'm taking no chance. . . . And I'll make my peace with Eve—or somebody will do it for me. Is it settled then?"

"Thanks," said Trooper Stormont, reddening. They clasped hands. Then Stormont went about and lighted the candles in the room. Clinch's face, again revealed, was still faintly amused at something or other. The dead have much to be amused at.

As Darragh was about to go, Stormont said: "We're burying Clinch at eleven tomorrow morning. The Ghost Lake Pilot officiates."

"I'll come if it won't upset Eve," said Darragh.

"She won't notice anybody, I fancy," remarked Stormont.

He stood by the veranda and watched Darragh take the Lake Trail through the snow. Finally the glimmer of his swinging lantern was lost in the woods, and Stormont mounted the stairs once more, stood silently by Eve's open door, realized she was still heavily asleep, and seated himself on a chair outside her door to watch and wait.

ALL night long it snowed hard over the Star Pond country, and the late gray light of morning revealed a blinding storm pelting a white-robed world.

Downstairs the flotsam of the forest had gathered again: Mr. Lyken was there in black gloves; the Reverend Laomi Smatter had arrived in a sleigh from Ghost Lake. Both were breakfasting heavily.

The pretty, sulky-faced girl fetched a tray and placed Eve's breakfast on it; and Trooper Stormont carried it to her room.

She was awake when he entered. He set the tray on a table. She put both arms around his neck.

"Jack," she murmured, her eyes tremulous with tears.

"Everything has been done," he said. "Will you be ready by eleven? I'll come for you."

She clung to him in silence for a while. . . .

At eleven he knocked on her door. She opened it. She wore her black wool gown and a black fur turban. Some of her pallor remained, traces of tears and bluish smears under both eyes. But her voice was steady.

"Could I see Dad a moment alone?"

"Of course."

She took his arm; they descended the stairs. There seemed to be many people about, but she did not lift her eyes until her lover led her into the dance hall where Clinch lay smiling his mysterious smile.

Then Stormont left her alone there and closed the door.

L. L. Chambers

"You understand. Tell him if he had been in rags, I would have followed him like a gipsy"

THEY buried Clinch, in the snow-storm, on the spot he had selected, in order that he might keep a watchful eye upon the trespassing ghost of old man Harrod.

It blew and stormed and stormed, and the voice of "Rev. Smatter" was utterly lost in the wind. The slanting lances of snow drove down on the casket, building a white mound over the flowers, blotting the hemlock boughs from sight.

There was no time to be lost now; the ground was freezing under a veering and bitter wind out of the west. Mr. Lyken's assistants had some difficulty in shaping the mound which snow began to make into a white and flawless monument.

The last slap of the spade rang with a metallic jar across the lake, where snow already blotted the newly forming film of ice; the human denizens of the wilderness filtered back into it one by one; "Rev. Smatter" got into his sleigh, plainly concerned about the road; Mr. Lyken betrayed unprofessional haste in loading his wagon with his assistants and starting for Ghost Lake.

A game protector or two put on snow-shoes when they departed. Trooper Lannis led out his horse and Stormont's, and got into the saddle.

"I'd better get these beasts into Ghost Lake while I can," he said. "You'll follow on snow-shoes, won't you, Jack?"

"I don't know. I may need a sleigh for Eve. She can't remain here all alone. I'll telephone the Inn."

Darragh, in blanket outfit, a pair of snow-shoes on his back, a rifle in his mittened hand, came trudging up from the lake. He and Stormont watched Lannis riding away with the two horses.

"He'll make it all right, but it's time he started," said the latter.

Darragh nodded. "Some storm. Where is Eve?"

"In her room."

"What is she going to do, Jack?"

"Marry me as soon as possible. She wants to stay here for a few days, but I can't leave her here alone. I think I'll telephone to Ghost Lake for a sleigh."

"Let me talk to her," said Darragh in a low voice.

"Do you think you'd better—at such a time?"

"I think it's a good time. It will divert her mind, anyway. I want her to come to Harrod Place."

"She won't," said Stormont grimly.

"She might. Let me talk to her."

"Do you realize how she feels toward you, Jim?"

"I do, indeed. And I don't blame her. But let me tell you, Eve Strayer is the most honest and fair-minded girl I ever knew—except one. I'll take a chance that she'll listen to me. Sooner or later she will be obliged to hear what I have to tell her. But it will be easier for her—for everybody—if I speak to her now. Let me try, Jack."

Stormont hesitated, looked at him, nodded. Darragh stood his rifle against the bench on the kitchen porch. They entered the house slowly, and met Eve descending the stairs.

The girl looked at Darragh, astonished, then her pale face flushed with anger.

"What are you doing in this house!" she demanded unsteadily. "Have you no decency, no shame?"

"Yes," he said, "I am ashamed of what my kinsman has done to you and yours. That is partly why I am here."

"You came here as a spy," she said with hot contempt. "You lied about your name; you lied about your purpose. You came here to betray Dad! If he'd known it he would have killed you!"

"Yes, he would have. But—do you know why I came here, Eve?"

"I've told you!"

"And you are wrong. I didn't come here to betray Mike Clinch: I came to save him."

"Do you suppose I believe a man who has lied to Dad?"

"I don't ask you to, Eve. I shall let somebody else prove what I say. I don't blame you for your attitude. God knows I don't blame Mike Clinch. He stood up like a man to Henry Harrod. All I ask is to undo some of the rotten things that my uncle did to you and yours. And that is partly why I came here."

The girl said passionately: "Neither Dad nor I want anything from Harrod Place or from you! Do you suppose you can come here after Dad is dead and pretend you want to make amends for what your uncle did to us?"

"Eve," said Darragh gravely, "I've made some amends already. You don't know it, but I have. You may not believe it, but I liked your father. He was a real man. Had anybody done to me what Henry Harrod did to your father, I'd have behaved as your father behaved; I'd never have budged from this spot; I'd have hunted where I chose; I'd have borne an implacable hatred against Henry Harrod and Harrod Place, and every soul in it!"

THE girl, silenced, looked at him without belief.

He said: "I am not surprised that you distrust what I say. But the man you are going to marry was a junior officer in my command. I have no closer friend than Jack Stormont. Ask him whether I am to be believed."

Astounded, the girl turned a flushed, incredulous face to Stormont.

He said: "You may trust Darragh as you trust me. I don't know what he has to say to you, dear. But whatever he says will be the truth."

Darragh said, gravely: "Through a misunderstanding your father came into possession of stolen property, Eve. He did not know it had been stolen. I did. But Mike Clinch would not have believed me if I had told him that the case of jewels in his possession had been stolen from a woman. Quintana stole them. By accident they came into your father's possession. I learned of this. I had promised this woman to recover her jewels.

"I came here for that purpose, Eve. And for two reasons: first, because I learned that Quintana also was coming here to rob your father of these gems; second, because, when I knew your father and knew you, I concluded that it would be an outrage to call on the police. It would mean prison for Clinch, misery and ruin for you, Eve. So I tried to steal the jewels—to save you both!"

He looked at Stormont, who seemed astonished.

"To whom do these jewels belong, Jim?" he asked.

"To the young Grand Duchess of Esthonia. Do you remember that I befriended her over there?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember that the Reds were accused of burning her château and looting it?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, it was Quintana and his gang of international criminals who did that," said Darragh drily.

And, to Eve: "By accident this case of jewels, emblazoned with the coat of arms of the Grand Duchess of Esthonia, came into your father's possession. That is the story, Eve."

There was a silence. The girl looked at Stormont, flushed painfully, looked at Darragh.

Then, without a word, she turned, ascended the stairs to her room, and reappeared immediately carrying the leather case.

"Thank you, Mr. Darragh," she said simply as she laid the case in his hand.

"But," said Darragh, "I want you to do a little more, Eve. The owner of these gems is my guest at Harrod Place. I want you to give them to her yourself."

"I—I can't go to Harrod Place," stammered the girl.

"Please don't visit the sins of Henry Harrod on me, Eve."

"I—don't. But—but that place—"

After a silence: "If Eve feels that way," began Stormont awkwardly, "I couldn't become associated with you in business, Jim—"

"I'd rather sell Harrod Place than lose you!" retorted Darragh almost sharply. "I want to go into business with you, Jack—if Eve will permit me—"

She stood looking at Stormont; the heightened color played in her cheeks as she began to comprehend the comradeship between these two men.

Slowly she turned to Darragh, offered her hand:

"I'll go to Harrod Place," she said in a low voice.

Darragh's quick smile brightened the somber gravity of his face.

"Eve," he said, "when I came over here this morning from Harrod Place I was afraid you would refuse to listen to me; I was afraid you would not even see me. And so I brought with me somebody to whom I felt certain you would listen. I brought with me a young girl—a poor refugee from Russia, once wealthy, today almost penniless. Her name is Theodorica. Once she was Grand Duchess of Esthonia, but this morning a clergyman from Five Lakes changed her name. . . . To such friends as you and Jack she is Ricca Darragh now, and she's having a wonderful time on her new snow-shoes—"

HE took Eve by one hand and Stormont by the other, and drew them to the kitchen door and kicked it open.

Through the swirling snow, over on the lake-slope at the timber edge, a graceful, boyish figure in scarlet and white wool moved swiftly over the drifts with all the naïve delight of a child with a brand-new toy.

As Darragh strode out into the open the distant figure flung up one arm in salutation and came racing over the drifts, her brilliant scarf flying.

All aglow and a trifle breathless, she met Darragh just beyond the veranda, rested one mittened hand on his shoulder while he knelt and unbuckled her snow-shoes, stepped lightly from them and came forward to Eve with outstretched hand and a sudden winning gravity in her lovely face.

"We shall be friends, surely," she said in her quick, winning voice; "because my husband has told me—and I am so grieved for you—and I need a girl friend—"

Holding both Eve's hands she looked into her eyes very steadily.

Slowly Eve's eyes filled; more slowly still Ricca kissed her on both cheeks, framed her face in both hands, kissed her lightly on the lips.

Then, still holding Eve's hands, she turned and looked at Stormont.

"I remember you now," she said. "You were with my husband in Riga."

[*Turn to page 26*]

Caught by the moody romance in his eyes, by the almost feverish intensity of his wooing—Rosalie had said yes

After My Fashion

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! after my fashion.

FROM these famous lines by the English poet, Ernest Dowson, Mrs. Lea has woven one of the most beautiful and haunting stories that she has ever written . . . the story of "an old passion" that left a lover "sick and desolate," and what came of it when he married a lovely girl.

ROSALIE couldn't have told just when it was she first felt suspicion, distrust,—jealousy, if a spade is to be called by its name—in the matter of her husband's fishing trips.

She wasn't given to jealousy ordinarily. Being rather too sure of her own beauty, her own charm, her own ability to hold whatever she had taken. Jealousy, according to the soul-doctors, arises from a feeling of inferiority. Rosalie had never felt inferior to anything in her whole red-gold, white-velvet, flower-fragrant life . . . until it came to Royal and the stubborn recurrence of those week-end departures of his.

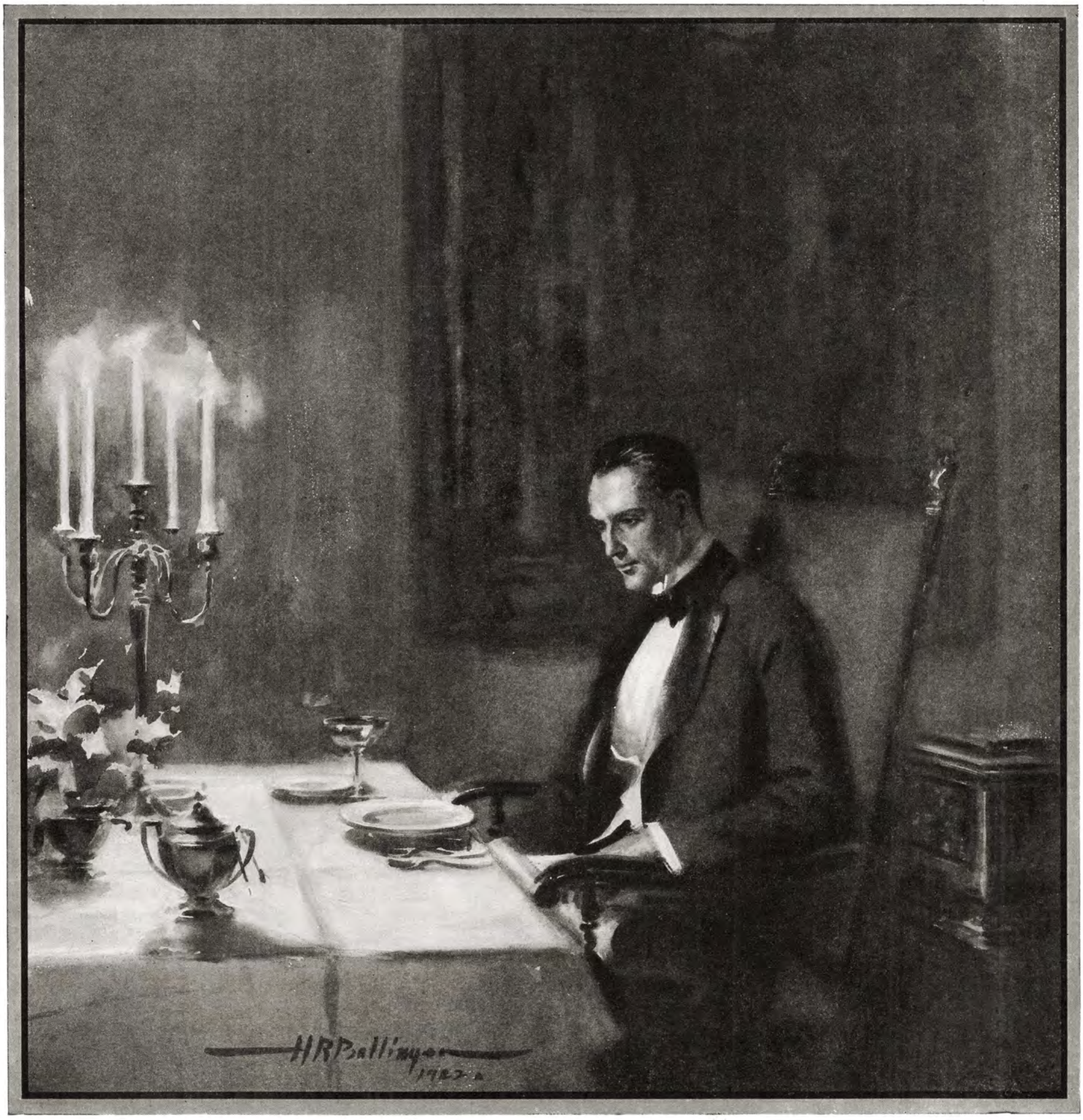
He let nothing on earth interfere with them. The most delightful party imaginable might be on the carpet for Saturday night. . . . Saturday afternoon, none the less, Royal came home from the office, packed his bag, kissed Rosalie good-by and disappeared around the corner in a taxi on his way to the four o'clock train for the Bay . . . if work was mountain-high, he simply shelved it till Monday morning. Nothing stopped him and nothing stayed him. When Rosalie protested cooingly, then poutingly, then aggrievedly, he always told her (between kisses perhaps, but the sense of it never varied): "Beautiful—I've got to have a rest! Don't I work like the devil all week to buy you everything you want? Well—once in two weeks I've got to get away from it. Be a sweet, now—and don't try to keep me! I know my own business best."

Which he undoubtedly did.

Rosalie who had an adamantine streak of her own, exquisitely layered over, sat quiet beneath it for awhile—not too long. Eventually, a question raised its head.

Six months after their marriage Royal had begun the fishing-trips. They had been married three years now and with the regularity of human machinery—which after all is the most regular thing there is—not once had he failed of leaving her at the end of the second week. Leaving her with many caresses—oh doubtless! With all the petting and apparent humoring one gives to an adorable child. . . . still, leaving her. It wasn't a fact to be enjoyed.

[Turn to page 28]



Saltash dined alone that night. He was in a restless mood and preoccupied, scarcely noticing what was put before him

Charles Rex

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

Part Five

THE party that gathered on the quay at Fairharbour on the hot July day when Saltash's new yacht the *Blue Moon* lay awaiting her christening was of a very gay description.

Saltash's idea was to take his guests for a cruise across the bay after the ceremony, and he planned to complete the celebrations with a *fête* on the water at night. Everything was in readiness, and by two o'clock he was already receiving his guests.

Maud and Jake stood with him, and little Eileen, very intent and serious, held Toby's hand and looked on from the background. Captain Larpent was on the bridge.

General Melrose and his daughter were among the last to arrive, and with them came Bunny, his dark eyes singling out Toby in a flash. She was dressed very simply in white, her vivid face shadowed by a broad straw hat.

"Bunny! What a ghastly gathering! As soon as this show is over, I shall get into riding things and go like the—Oh, here's Jake! Wonder how much he's enjoying himself."

Whether Jake were enjoying himself or not was not apparent in his manner as he came up and shook hands with Bunny, then turned to lift his little girl onto his shoulder.

Old General Melrose turned sharply at the sound of voices. He had not noticed Jake until that moment.

"Why, Bolton!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

Jake moved forward deliberately. "Well," he said, "I guess I'm here in support of my wife."

"That a child of yours?" asked the General abruptly. "But I needn't ask. She's got Maud's eyes. Sheila, come and see this kiddie of Maud's!"

Sheila's soft eyes kindled.

"Oh, what a darling! How do you do, Mr. Bolton? I know you well by name. And this is your little girl? I must get your mummy to bring you to see me, my dear."

"Maybe you'll come and see her first," said Jake. "I should like you to see the stud, sir. We've got some stock I think would interest you."

"That would be delightful," Sheila said, in her gracious way. "We are here for another fortnight."

"Have you seen Burchester?" asked Bunny.

She turned to him. "Never. I want to see it. Lord Saltash said something about it the other day, so I am hoping there is a chance of doing so. You are very fond of it, Sir Bernard?"

"Yes. It's my job just now. I'm head keeper," laughed Bunny. "Miss Larpent thinks I'm very inefficient, but I do my best."

"I never said so," said Toby.

She flushed at his obvious intention of drawing her into the group; but Sheila Melrose at once held out a welcoming hand.

"Miss Larpent, do you know I can't help feeling that I've seen you somewhere before. Yet I can't quite remember where. Could it have been at Valrosa?"

"Oh no!" said Toby. "It couldn't possibly have been there."

She made a sudden sharp movement and clapped her hands excitedly. "Look! Look! There goes the bottle!"

Sheila's attention was instantly diverted. The crowd surged forward. Maud, with Saltash on her right and Larpent on her left, stood by the rail. She held up a bottle that gleamed in the sun.

THE yacht had throbbed into movement. The ropes were being flung aboard. They were steaming away.

Everywhere was tumult, rejoicing. People were shouting, talking, laughing, waving hats and handkerchiefs. The whole world seemed a buzz of merriment, and out of the very thick of it, Toby's voice, small and tense, spoke into Bunny's ear.

"Let's get away! Let's go to Lord Saltash, and—and—and congratulate him."

Her hand was on his arm. She pulled at it urgently, insistently. And Bunny went with her, moved again—he knew not wherefore—by that feeling that something had frightened her.

CHAPTER II

SURRENDER

THAT night Fairharbour Bay looked like a velvet bed on which glittered many jewels. The *Blue Moon,* lighted from bow to stern, lay in the center, and from her deck there went up showers of colored rockets that fell like burning rain upon the sea. There was a string band on board, and the strains floated across the water as echoes from another world—a wonder-world of soft melodies and laughing voices and lightly splashing oars.

Toby sat in the stern of a boat with a single rower in front of her, and trailed her fingers through the magic water. She was bare-headed, and the breeze of the summer night stirred tenderly the golden ringlets that clustered about her brow.

Once, when she started nervously at an unexpected loud report from one of the rockets, Bunny spoke to her as he would have spoken to a small, frightened child.

"It's all right. I'll pull out a bit, shall I? These things make such a beastly row."

He rowed on through the dark water with only the rhythmic splashing of the oars to fill the silence between them.

Toby was looking at him in the starlight with a dumb and piteous irresolution in her eyes.

Bunny leaned to her as he sat, with outstretched hands. "You poor little frightened mouse!" he said. "What is it that's troubling you? Do you think I wouldn't make you happy?"

"I think you'd try," she said dubiously.

For a few seconds she hung back, hesitating; then swiftly, almost with the gesture of one who casts aside a burden, she threw out her trembling hands and thrust them into his.

Bunny sat motionless for a moment or two, but his hold was strong and comforting. At length very gently he began to draw her nearer.

He almost expected her to resist him, but she did not. As he drew her, she yielded, till with a sob she suffered herself to be drawn close into his arms.

Then, in a whisper, "Toby mavourneen," he said, "I'm going to tell you something that's come to me lately—something I've guessed. You needn't answer me. I don't want you to answer me—only to know that I know. There's another fellow in your heart, and he's got a bigger place than I have—at present. No, don't tremble, darling! It's all right, I know—I know. He's the sort that women simply can't keep out. He's a fine chap too, and I'm fond of him—always have been. But look here, mavourneen, you're not going to break your precious little heart over him. You know quite well it's no use, don't you? You know—well, anyhow to a certain extent—you know what he is; don't you?"

He paused for an answer, but Toby quivered in his arms and was silent.

He put up a hand and pressed her head closer to his breast. "He'll never marry," he said. "He doesn't mean to. He almost told me so the other day. But—Toby—he takes a friendly interest in you and me. He'd like us to have each other. Don't you think"—his voice had a hint of humor—"don't you think we might fix it up just to please him? P'raps—some day—we may find that we've pleased ourselves as well."

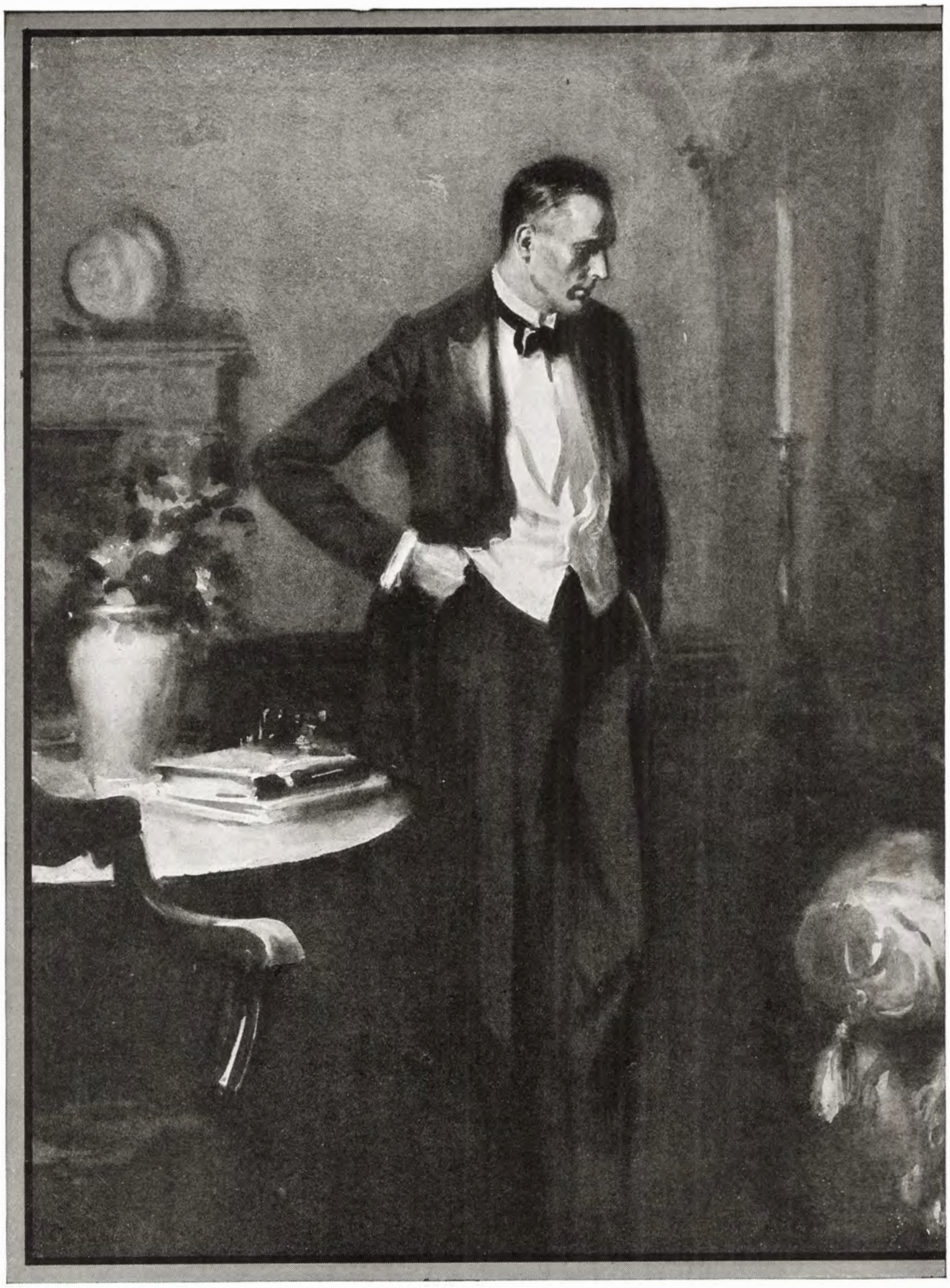
"Oh, my dear!" Toby whispered.

Her arm crept round his neck, but she did not lift her head. He clasped her more closely and went on very softly, "I love you enough to think of your happiness first, my darling. You're not happy now. I know that all right. But you will be—I swear you shall be—if you will marry me. You like me just a bit, don't you? And you wouldn't be afraid to trust yourself to me?"

"No," murmured Toby. "I wouldn't be—afraid."

"Then you'll give me my chance?" he urged gently. "You'll put your dear little hand into mine and trust me? Will you, darling? Will you?"

And suddenly Toby raised her head and spoke. "I will do—whatever you wish," she said.



Over his dark face with its weary lines and cynical mouth, its melancholy and its

CHAPTER III

THE MAGICIAN'S WAND

I CAN'T think where I have seen that girl before," said Sheila thoughtfully, drumming her fingers on the white rail, her soft eyes fixed upon the jeweled bay. "She has an arresting face. I have seen her—somehow—dressed as a boy," she said. "Could it have been a picture?"

"Yes," said Saltash, who stood beside her. "One of Spentoli's. It's called 'The Victim'—a lad with a face like Larpent's daughter's fighting a leopard. It's an unsatisfactory sort of picture. One wonders which is 'The Victim.' But that is Spentoli all over. He always leaves one wondering."

"I know the thing you mean." Sheila nodded meditatively. "Yes, she is—rather like that. The boy was 'The Victim' of course." She turned towards him suddenly with the words. "You can't possibly doubt that. The brute's teeth are almost in his throat. I think it's a horrible picture myself."

Saltash laughed. "A deliverer arrives sometimes," he remarked, "even in the last, most awful moment of all. Have you never said to yourself how seldom the thing we really expect comes to pass?"

Her mouth took a firm line, and Saltash, glancing at her, began to laugh. "Do you know, Miss Melrose, it's rather curious, but you remind me of Spentoli, too, in some ways? I don't know if you and Miss Larpent possess the same characteristics, but I imagine you might develop them given the same conditions."

SHEILA stiffened at the words. "I am sure you are quite wrong," she said coldly. "Captain Larpent's daughter is quite obviously a child of impulse. I—am not."

"I think you would be impulsive enough to fight the leopard if he came your way," contended Saltash with idle insistence. "Or perhaps you would charm him. I imagine that might be more in your line."

Again the girl's lip curled. She said nothing for a moment, then deliberately, for the first time in her life, she snubbed him. "No, I should never try to charm—a beast, Lord Saltash."

"You prefer them savage?" countered Saltash.

She made a careless gesture with one hand, without replying. She did not even look towards him. "I think Miss Larpent might be quite clever in that respect," she said. "She is—a born charmer."

"By Jove!" he said. "What a cruel compliment!"

Sheila said nothing. She was watching a small boat rowing steadily towards them through the dark water with eyes that were grave and fixed.

Saltash's look followed hers, and he grimaced to himself oddly, wryly, as a man who accomplishes a task for which he has no liking. Then in a moment he turned the conversation. "Did you ever meet Rozelle Daubeni, the enchantress?"

Sheila's soft eyes came to him at the sudden question. "No. I have heard of her. I have never met her. I don't want to meet her. Why?"

He threw her a daring glance. "It would do you good to meet her. She is a born charmer if you like. She charms women as well as men—and beasts."

"An adventuress!" said Sheila.

"Yes, an adventuress. She is in Paris just now. When she comes to England"—again his look dared her—"I will take you to see her. It will be—an education for you."

He laughed aloud, and suddenly stretched his hand to her with a movement of good fellowship. "I'm only teasing. Don't be cross! I wouldn't take you to see her for all the gold of Ophir."

Sheila hesitated momentarily before she gave her hand. "Why did you speak of her? What brought her to your mind?"

"I have—a somewhat elastic mind," he said and smiled his most baffling smile. "It was your talk of charmers that did it. I was trying to think of all I had met."

"All the Rozelles and the Tobies!" said Sheila, with a hard little laugh.

HE gripped her hand and released it. "I have never met more than one of each," he said. "Which may be the secret of their charm. Don't class them together in your mind for a moment! Larpent's daughter may be a born charmer. Young Bunny Brian seems to think so at any rate. But she is not—and never will be—an adventuress."

"Is Bunny Brian fond of her—really fond of her?" asked Sheila.

Saltash nodded. "Sure thing—as Jake would say! And he's a sound chap too. I hope he'll get her."

"She is not very likely to refuse," said Sheila.

The little boat had passed out of sight under the lee of the yacht. A great rocket whistled skywards, and broke in a violet flare that lighted sea and shore. The *fête* was over, and people were crowding on board.

They left the yacht's rail and joined the on-coming throng. It was like a scene out of a fairy tale—the gaudy

bitterness, there came a light such as neither man nor woman had ever seen upon it before

Chinese lanterns bobbing to and fro, the gaily-colored crowd, the shining white yacht rocking gently on the noiseless swell.

"Where is Toby?" said Maud. She turned back to watch the now empty gangway, and in a moment she gave an exclamation of relief.

"Ah! Here they come at last!"

A laughing voice spoke behind her. "Enter Cinderella and the Prince!"

She started and saw Saltash's swarthy face close to her. His odd eyes looked into hers with a flash of mischief.

"See how all my plans bear fruit!" he said. "I wave my wand, and you behold the result."

She turned from him to look again upon the advancing couple. They were crossing the gangway alone, Toby slim, girlish, her wide blue eyes shining like the eyes of an awakened child, Bunny close behind her, touching her, his hand actually on her shoulder, possession and protection in every line of him. He was murmuring into her ear as they came, and his face was alight with the glory which no earthly lamp can kindle.

"Behold!" Saltash said again, and moved forward in his sudden fashion to receive them.

He met them as they stepped on board, and in a moment they were the center of observation. Saltash, laughing, took a hand of Bunny's and a hand of Toby's and joined them together. Toby's eyes were lifted to his face. She was smiling with lips that trembled, and Maud's heart gave a great throb of pity, she could not have said wherefore.

Then Toby too was laughing, and she heard Saltash's voice. "These things only happen properly once in a blue moon, *ma chère*. I give you both my blessing for the second time today. I wish you better luck than has ever come my way."

He threw a gay, malicious glance towards the bridge, where Larpent stood like a grim Viking looking down upon the scene.

"Come!" he said. "We had better go and tell your daddy next!"

CHAPTER IV

THE WARNING

IT seemed to Maud that in the days that followed her engagement Toby developed with the swiftness of an opening flower.

Watching her anxiously, it seemed to her that Toby was becoming more settled, more at rest, than she had ever been before. The look of fear was dormant in her eyes now, and her sudden flares of anger had wholly ceased. She made no attempt to probe below the surface, realizing that the first days of an engagement are seldom days of expansion, being full of emotions too varied for analysis. She had, moreover, great faith in Bunny's powers.

They met every day, usually in the evening when Bunny was free, and the children gone to bed. Maud would watch them wander out together into the summer solitudes, Chops walking sedately behind, and would smile to herself very tenderly at the sight. She believed that Toby was winning to happiness and she prayed with all her soul that it might last.

Saltash came no more during these summer days. He had departed in his abrupt way for his first pleasure cruise in the *Blue Moon*, taking no friend, save the ever-present Larpent, to relieve the monotony. No one knew whither they were bound, or if the voyage were to be long or short. He dropped out of his circle as a monkey drops from a tree, and beyond a passing wonder at his movements no one questioned either motive or intention.

Meantime, the summer crowds came and went at Fairharbour. The Anchor Hotel was crowded with visitors, and Sheila and her father began to talk of departure for Scotland.

Jake had gone to an important race-meeting in the North, and it seemed that Bunny's suggestion to show them the stud had been forgotten. But on an afternoon in late August Sheila abruptly reminded Bunny of it.

"It's quite a fortnight since you promised to show me the horses," she said.

"It is? I'm awfully sorry. You must come and have tea with Maud. When will you come?"

"Well, we are leaving the day after tomorrow," Sheila said.

"Tomorrow then!" said Bunny promptly. "Have you seen the Castle yet?"

"Yes. We lunched there with Lord Saltash before he left. It's a horribly grim place. I didn't like it much."

"It's a magnificent place!" said Bunny stoutly. "It's completely thrown away on Charlie of course, but I love every stone of it."

"What a pity it doesn't belong to you!" commented Sheila. "I wonder where you will live when you are married."

Bunny flushed a little. "We're not marrying at present, but I'm hoping to stick to my job when we do."

"Oh, are you? Does Miss Larpent like that idea?" Faint surprise sounded in Sheila's tone.

"I don't know why she shouldn't," said Bunny, quick to detect it. "She's keen on the country, keen on riding and so on. She'd hate to live in town."

"Would she?" said Sheila, with a hint of incredulity. "She is very pretty. And pretty girls don't generally care to be buried before they have had their fling—not always then. I wonder that Maud didn't think of giving her just one season in town. It would be rather good for her, don't you think?"

"I don't know," said Bunny rather shortly. "I think she's better where she is."

"You're afraid she'd slip through your fingers if she saw too much of the world?"

"No, I'm not!" declared Bunny, frowning. "I hadn't thought about it. But I'd hate her to get old and sophisticated. Her great charm is in being—just what she is."

"Oh, she has plenty of charm," Sheila admitted, and her own brows drew a little in thought. "I wish I could remember who it is she reminds me of."

AS he raced back from Fairharbour in his little two-seater car to meet his young *fiancée* on the downs, the memory of Sheila's words came back to Bunny and he frowned again.

So when he found himself alone with Toby, walking along the brow of the furze-strewn down, he attacked the subject with characteristic directness.

"Sheila Melrose thinks you ought to have a season in town before we get married. Would you like to do that?"

Toby looked up at him with her clear eyes wide with surprise. "What the—blazes has it to do with Sheila Melrose?"

He laughed briefly. "Nothing of course. Less than nothing. It's just a point of view. She thinks you're too pretty to be buried before you've had your fling."

"My—fling!" said Toby. "I should loathe it, and you know it."

He bent his face to hers. "You'd sooner marry me out of hand than go hunting London for someone more to your liking? Would you?"

"Oh, much," said Toby. "But, you see, I hate London."

"And you don't hate me?" persisted Bunny, his dark eyes very persuasive.

She dropped her own before them, and was silent.

"Say it, sweetheart!" he urged.

She shook her head. "Let's talk about something else!"

"All right," said Bunny boldly. "Let's talk of getting married! Do you know old Bishop is going to live in Fairharbour? I shall be left alone then. It's rather beastly living alone, you know, darling."

"You haven't tried it yet," said Toby.

"No. But I know what it'll feel like. I shall hate it." Bunny spoke with gloomy conviction.

Toby suddenly laughed. It would be rather dull. Why didn't you fall in love with Sheila Melrose?"

"Sheila Melrose! Why on earth should I?"

Toby lifted mischievous eyes. "She's pretty and graceful and accomplished. She'd make a charming Lady Brian, and she has an estate of her own for you to manage. It—it would be—a highly suitable arrangement for you both."

"Don't talk rot!" broke in Bunny with sudden heat.

His hold tightened upon her, and she made a quick, instinctive movement as though to free herself. "I'm not! You know I'm not! You know—quite well—that if—if—if it hadn't been for me—because you chanced to meet me first—you certainly would have—have fallen in love with her!"

Toby spoke breathlessly, stammering a little as her habit was when agitated.

"Why did you say that?" he said, bending low to look into her downcast face. "Tell me why you said it! Are you—jealous—by any chance?"

"Oh no!" declared Toby with vehemence. "No—no—no!"

"Then why?" he persisted. "You don't like her, do you?"

Toby's face was burning. "It—it's she that doesn't like me."

"Oh, that's a mistake. Everyone likes you."

She shook her head. "She doesn't. She thinks I'm bad form, and I daresay she's right. She also thinks"—she lifted

[*Turn to page 53*]

"She won't take me in," the girl answered very low. "No one will—take me in. Last night I slept in the railroad station"

Judgments of West Paradise

By Valma Clark

Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart

IT WAS one of Jud Calkins' bad nights, for a man who is shunned, even one who bears the brand of a hardened criminal, will grow lonely at times. Therefore Jud Calkins loafed down Pearl Street and paused tentatively before the discreetly lighted house of Mrs. O'Greer.

Now there are streets in Paris, Balzac says, so bad that a woman's reputation is compromised if she is seen on them. But in Paris, Chicago, Detroit, even in Jonesboro, it is the same, and West Paradise was no exception. In spite of its name, West Paradise was no better than most towns—perhaps a little worse. It had its compact little tough section, which good folk shunned as they would have shunned lepers' quarters: Pearl Street was the street its good people avoided, and of the brief row of notorious houses, Mrs. O'Greer's was the most notorious.

At least Pearl Street was not particular, wherefore Jud Calkins, who was desperately lonesome, halted consideringly before Mrs. O'Greer's. When, at that moment, Jud's eye fell upon the figure of a woman just beyond the arc of the gaslight, who also stood speculatively before Mrs. O'Greer's, Pearl Street being what it was, he was entirely justified in edging toward her and muttering: "'Lo, sis."

The girl, she was a mere kid, he saw at once, turned and lifted a face that made a white blot for two great, fearful, black eyes.

"Good Lord!" breathed Jud, falling back. He recognized her as Mellee Sweeting, the daughter of Sarah Sweeting, who had been dead two years. Vaguely he knew of her: a wistful youngster, who lived alone and got along by taking in washings. "What you doin' here?"

Her eyes fell. Jud noticed that she carried a bundle. Then her mouth trembled open. "I—I'm going to live here at Mrs. O'Greer's," she answered, and her voice was toneless, infinitely weary.

He gave himself time to recover from the shock of that. Shaken out of his own brooding thoughts for the first time in years, he considered her; she was sunk fathoms deep in some trouble of her own. "But you can't do that," Jud told her, his heavy voice oddly gentle. "You don't know—what kind of a place. . . ."

"I do know; that's why I'm going."

"Listen, you've got to go home. I'll see you out o' here, back to the decent part of town. No one's seen you; I'll leave you so's you'll not be seen with me. You can slip into your own place."

"But I haven't any place. I couldn't keep up the rent, and Mr. Keefe's taken the house away from me."

"If it's money you're out of, I've a bit here. You can get a room at Mrs. Sutton's—"

"She won't take me in," the girl answered very low. "No one will—take me in. Last night I slept in the railroad station until they made me move. Haven't you heard—about me?"

"Not likely I'd've heard anything," he shrugged impatiently; "nobody talks to me."

"They're saying things—horrible things. Now will you go 'way and let me be! I know what I'm doing! I know—everything!" She shuddered and broke suddenly into sobs.

JUD took a rapid survey of the deserted street to make sure they were not observed. "Now tell me," he growled; and Mellee sobbed out her story. "There wasn't anything else for me to do in spite of all the education mumsy'd worked so hard to give me; there was plenty of other high-school graduates for the good jobs. So I kept on with mumsy's customers. Only sometimes I disappointed them with the washings. You see, I'm not awfully strong, and they began going to Mrs. Tooly. I had to have more work, and Mrs. O'Greer had heavy washings, so I just—slipped up here nights and got her clothes and returned them nights the same way. Mrs. O'Greer paid extra well, and she wasn't particular about getting them back on the dot. That was all there was to it. But one night Mr. Keefe saw me coming out of Mrs. O'Greer's, and the next day folks looked at me queer, and then after that the others began taking their washings away from me. I tried to explain to them how it was, but no one would believe me. Then I got so tired and so hungry, and there was no place to go. Mrs. O'Greer told me once if things ever got too hard. . . . And no one would *believe* me! You don't believe me!"

"Of course I believe you."

"But why?" she wondered. "No one else does."

"Reckon I know how it is," he muttered with a touch of bitterness. "But we've got to think what to do. . . ."

Her sigh of relief stirred him.

"Look here," he announced abruptly, "I'm goin' to take you home with me. I know it ain't regular, a lone man, and especially *me,* but I can't think of anything else to do. You've got to get fed up and slept out. After that we can figure something. All right, eh?"

"Dizzy," breathed the girl, and went limp.

Jud squared his short, stocky frame to the weight of her and found it nothing at all. He stumbled across lots with her to his own small farm at the edge of the town.

Somehow he got her to bed in the downstairs room that had belonged to his mother: in the old days, Jud had been used to doing things for his invalid mother, and after her death he had nursed his young brother through whooping-cough and other childhood diseases.

At length he went out and sat on the tumble-down steps of the porch in the dark and felt strangely at peace with the world. It was the first time Jud had done anything for another human being in four years. She was just a kid—she might have been his own daughter if he had ever married, Jud reflected. But Jud was the last person in the town, he owned humbly, to leave a kid with. For Jud's whole life had been ruined by a groundless suspicion.

In the eyes of West Paradise, Jud Calkins was the murderer of his old uncle, Todd Calkins. The thing had happened four years before, in the fall of 1917, and Jud alone and one other knew that he was not guilty. Jud, with Dan Barker, the orphan lad who did chores on the farm for him, had risen before dawn on that morning and had hiked off to the lake for the early flight of ducks. Sitting hidden in their duck-blind a half mile up shore from the lake-side farm where old Uncle Todd lived alone, Dan and Jud had heard a rifle shot. Twenty minutes later, Larry, Jud's younger brother, had passed them on a run with such a look of blind horror on his face that they could only stare.

AFTERWARD, when they had stopped at Uncle Todd's place on their way home, they had found the old man lying dead in a pool of blood on the back doorstep. The house had been rifled. Todd Calkins had been a notorious miser. There was only one thing for Jud and the boy to think. They remembered that Larry had carried his rifle. Jud had known that his young brother was wild in an irresponsible, schoolboy fashion, but this thing—! It left Jud stunned, for he had mothered Larry and worshiped him and had given him the years at Cornell which he (Jud) had only dreamed of for himself.

Jud and Dan had trudged silently back to town and had given the alarm. That Larry was upset and that he

[*Turn to page 23*]

The Story of a Woman Who Waited—and a Man Who Sought Fortune Afar

It was at Murphy's pond that Charlie Brown had first told Caroline he loved her. His stammering boyish words came back to her in dreams

Old Maid Caroline

By Besse Toulouse Sprague

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

THE drowse of a lazy summer afternoon settled over Main Street, Eden, Iowa. Big blue-bottle flies swooped languidly down into the street to a bit of fruit rotting in the heat and then droned leisurely off, only instantly to repeat the performance. A panting, dusty dog gratefully cooled its lolling tongue at the trough set to catch the drippings from the old town pump.

These things and a dilapidated Ford, parked in front of the one-story building that bore the name, "L. Burt's, Drygoods and Sundries," gave the only sign of life to Main Street; if old "Mis'" Donnell sitting in a rickety chair in front of her own "Millinery Emporium" could be excepted.

Inside of "L. Burt's, Drygoods and Sundries" there was no hectic flurry of business. The entire stock in trade seemed just to be patiently waiting. The shelves at one side of the store were given over to drygoods, the other side to sundries, and between, occupying three long tables, was an injudicious mixture of both. Ladies' hair nets, boxed and beribboned suspender sets, the newest in jewelry fancies, work shirts, garden seeds, coverall aprons, plow shoes, georgette waists, fishing tackle, salt and pepper shakers, boys' caps, a wash-boiler or two—all of these things could be found. L. Burt's advertisement in the *Eden Weekly Free Press* always boasted, "We keep in stock a full and complete line of household necessities."

Just now L. Burt himself was busily at work up the street a couple of blocks away, flooring his new garage. Caroline Burt, his sister, waited on "the trade"—a lone customer, who sat propped up rather forlornly on one of the high stools in front of the drygoods counter.

In Eden folks called Caroline Burt "Old Maid Caroline." Of course not "to her face," for the home folks thought well of Caroline. But an unmarried woman well along in her twenties was an out-and-out old maid in Eden. That had always been the custom and would always be. Caroline was past thirty, well past thirty. Young matrons in the little town would say if they wished to estimate Caroline's age, "Let's see. Carrie Burt was out of school before I started in, yes long before. Why, she was a young lady when I was just a little bit of a girl."

"No, it ain't so busy this time o' day," Caroline Burt was saying to her lone customer. "Most of the farmers are workin' right now; but they'll come driftin' in soon after supper. We kep' open last night till after ten, and we was just hustlin' all the time. Now what next, Mis' Johnson?"

There was an instant's hesitation on the part of the customer. Then, "Let me look at your outin' flannel, Car'line."

Caroline pulled a bolt down to the counter. "Same as last time, Mis' Johnson?"

Mrs. Johnson pinched the goods between practiced thumb and forefinger. "Ten yards," she said. And then, "I don't want you should tell no one, Car'line. What folks don't know won't hurt 'em."

Caroline agreed.

"Anyway, it ain't goin' t' be till th' last o' September. Only I just thought I oughta get th' little things out of the way. What with harvest comin' on and all, it's a unfortunate time o' year, so to speak. Jim had t' come in t' get that piece of th' cultivator he broke, an' I just up an' decided t' come along. Thinks I, 'There won't be so many people in th' store this afternoon. Not that I care who knows it, only it ain't nobody's business but me 'n Jim, anyhow.'"

The confidence flowed on and on. Caroline was a discreet listener, and Mrs. Johnson's conversational stream rarely ran dry.

But Caroline could think even as she listened, and that was what she was doing just now between measuring yards of outing flannel and handing down little woolen things for her customer's thrifty inspection. In fact, Caroline had been thinking all day long, thinking wistful, tender, even romantic thoughts—thoughts that brought a flush into her thin cheeks—and all because, at the bottom of an old box of keep-sakes she'd sorted over the night before, there had come to light a bedraggled and time-faded postal card.

CAROLINE felt again the thrill that had been hers so many years ago at first sight of the card's flamboyant beauty. Two snowy doves poised in tireless semi-flight upon its embossed surface, holding in their golden-yellow beaks a wreath of roses red and violets blue, while inside the blossom circle were the deathless words:

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet—
And so are *you*."

Holding it in her hand last night, Caroline had smiled at the card tenderly, wistfully, as a mother smiles as a tiny worn shoe that through long and weary years has kept the imprint of a rosy little foot. And then Caroline had sighed and hidden the card away so that Zelda's bright, inquisitive eyes could not find it. For the card represented Caroline's only love affair, a romance that began with the little embossed bit of pasteboard, when Caroline was twelve and Charlie Brown was just two years older, and ended only when, in resentful disappointment, Charlie Brown had carried Caroline's duty-urged "No" into the world outside of Eden, Iowa.

That night Old Maid Caroline dreamed of Charlie Brown. Her little, sloping attic room was filled with flooding moonlight, and maybe that was the reason why her dreaming brain visualized Murphy's pasture with its little pond, that enchanted spot where Eden boys and girls in Caroline's youth had boated in summer and skated in winter.

IT was at Murphy's pond that Charlie Brown had first told Caroline that he loved her. They had been paddling about in Charlie's clumsy little home-made canoe and at his stammering, boyish words the mean little pond had suddenly changed into a shimmering lake and the rude canoe to a magic gondola of joy.

Caroline dreamed it all over again. Her sweetheart's arms were around her, his kiss was upon her lips, and then of a sudden he vanished, thrust aside by the hovering nearness of her conscious self, just as in real life, so long ago, the thing she called Duty had robbed her of him.

This morning Caroline had lingered at her dressing. She held the little card again in her hands. Just a tiny bit of pasteboard with its beauty already fading. Slowly Caroline walked to her window. Murphy's pond, the moonlight-flooded lake of her dreams, was now, by the bright disillusioning light of day, only a muddy, mean little pool in a pasture. . . .

Old Maid Caroline came out of her day-dream.

Mrs. Johnson was still talking. "Now I'd like to see some blue and pink yarn. What should I do, Car'line, trim 'em in blue or pink this time?"

There was a sudden interruption to the flow of confidence. Jake hustled in, looking important. He always looked important, but today it seemed he must fairly burst with excitement over the news he carried.

Jake was the half-witted boy who carried the mail from the depot and helped the station agent. He had the proud distinction of being on the pay-roll of the government, and he had a bank-book showing deposits of over two hundred dollars in the savings-bank.

[*Turn to page 24*]

The Bull

By Marjorie L.C. Pickthall

Illustrated by James H. Crank

She threw her arm over the great neck, and he followed her with lowered head, snorting

ALL day the launch had steamed north through the sea-channels. All day the bull had stood in the bows, roped to a trebly lashed cross-timber as to a yoke, and the islands had resounded to his angry voice. Sometimes he had strained in a fury against the ropes till the timbers groaned. Then Lennan turned from the rail and laid a hand on the thick, reddish curls between the horns. The bull's eyes rolled sidelong to see this man who did not fear him. He blew through his nostrils and was still.

The launch-hands looked from Lennan to the bull, spat, and said, "There's two of them. . . ."

Lennan's hair grew in thick, reddish tufts low over his eyes, which were widely set, dark and of a slow, challenging stare. His shoulders were mighty, he moved deliberately, massively graceful. Men felt in him some smoldering power. They were afraid of him. He had never had a friend.

When evening spilt a yellow flame in the gray fathoms under the launch's forefoot, she turned to her harbor. Lennan saw a wharf, a shed and some log booms grow toward them, gradually becoming visible out of the substance of the forest.

Some one said to him, "You taken over Macey's place?"

"Yes."

"That bull yours?"

"Yes."

"Well, there'll be trouble landin' him, sure."

The bull was to be landed first. When the tug tied up to the wharf, Lennan began to cut the lashings which had captived all that strength. Men watched in silence, alert to scatter. There was no sound but the sharp *whick-whick* of the knife among taut ropes.

The bull was motionless. But as the last rope fell, suddenly and monstrously agile, he wheeled from the timber. Lennan went sprawling on the deck. The beast stood an instant, breathing fiercely of freedom. The tawny sunset clung to his tawny sides; he was like a bull of brass. Then he reared at the rail, his great bulk rushed through the air, crashed into the sea. A moment, and his head, horned and curled, centered a fume of surf as he swam to shore.

"He's got away on you," breathed the men clustered in a minute along the rail.

LENNAN stood up. His face was reddened, his eyes had lighted formidable fires. He strode to the side. Where the bull had plunged, he plunged. He began to swim with strokes that lifted him half-clear of the water.

"Ah-h-h-h!" sighed the watching men.

Lennan gained. He came up with the bull, who swerved from him, snorting heavily. Lennan followed. His hand shot out, pressing on the ringed nose. The bull went under, and Lennan followed, holding him there. When the beast rose, he was choking and blinded. He turned; only to meet that grip.

The sea frothed around the mighty struggle, and an endless ring of gold ran out from it to meet the sunset. The bull's horn had ripped Lennan's shirt to the belt; his tanned body was yellow in the yellow light. It seemed that in the trouble of golden foam, a man of brass fought with a brazen bull. . . .

"Ah-h-h-h!" sighed the men on deck. "He's done."

The tide was setting in. The bull felt rock under his hoofs and dragged his bulk clear of the sea. Half-drowned, he had no more will to fight; he smashed through the shallows to the dry land.

Lennan splashed alongside, one hand fast in the nose-ring. The bull looked sidelong at him, blowing from his nostrils a bitter spume. Lennan called back to the launch, "Leave my stuff on the wharf, and I'll fetch it up."

The men were silent till one said, "I *told* you there was two of them. . . ." Then they began to unload the rest of the cargo.

Following the trail to Macey's, Lennan and the bull went on into a deep twilight of cedars. They were brazen no more. They moved like huge imponderable shadows, shouldering the boughs.

The trail was a mere tunnel through old slashings. They climbed steadily, leaving the sea. They were wet from the sea, and now the trees began to spray them with dew. A cold wind breathed on them from invisible snow peaks. The bull moaned rumblingly.

Behind Macey's place a mountain rose, covered with young burned forest. When they came here, there were stars among the trees on the top, but the early night was clear and green; Lennan could discern half-cleared land, warped fences and a garden, all blurred with sword-fern and salmon-berry. He looked for the log house that was to be his home.

He stopped. He had expected no welcome, but someone was there.

A woman stood on the porch, picking roses from a climber that straggled over the door. They were white roses. Little was visible but her hands, moving among them.

Lennan and the bull waited, incredibly still.

When her hands were full, she turned. She had not seen Lennan. Yet, now, advancing a little, she said clearly, "Is that you, my dearest?"

Lennan stood motionless. The soft voice went on, with a little laugh, "I've waited so long for you. Now you're come, say, 'I'm glad to be home. . . .'"

"*I'm glad to be home,*" said Lennan.

In a moment the bull lowered his head, bellowing thunderously. She had been utterly still, staring and dumb; only her hands had opened and let the flowers fall. Lennan, moving toward her out of the night, guessed the white disk of her face sharpened by black panic. Some inner apprehension, rather than light, showed them to each other. Then she was gone. Lennan listened to her flight, like the flight of a bird, beating away into the forest.

Again the bull challenged. Lennan led him to a shed and heaped before him some of the hay Macey had left.

In the morning Lennan fetched up his supplies. Then he began to build a mighty corral for the bull. It took him a long while to cut the timber for this. After that, he mended the house. He could not do much with the land that year. So he found work at a mill ten miles off, and walked in twice weekly to care for the bull. Otherwise the bull was alone with his heap of hay.

EVE, lying awake at night, would hear his great voice rolling among the hills, summoning the herd four hundred miles out of call. Behind her shut eyelids she would see pictures of the bull pacing his corral and challenging the solitude he could not understand. She thought, "Perhaps I understand because I'm lonely too."

She would hear in her sleep another voice. "I'm glad to be home . . ." Then, waking, she would hide her face from the night itself, whispering, "But he couldn't see me! He'll never know who it was!"

She lived with her married sister; she had nowhere else to live without loneliness. Her brother-in-law liked to tease her. He said once, "You've had to quit your playin' up at Macey's place."

"Yes," agreed Eve stilly.

"I bet you! No stealin' flowers with the new owner around."

"What's his name?" asked Eve.

"Lennan. A great bull-buck of a feller, with red in his eyes. The boys let him alone. He's marked 'Danger.'"

Eve thought of the man and the bull up there by the mountain—formidable, solitary. She confused them in her dreams. It was Lennan she saw pacing the corral and calling, deep-throated, to the night. Once she woke herself with a cry on her own lips. That night she slept no more.

She dreaded to see Lennan; though he could not know.

In that small community she could not avoid him for long. She met him at the store, on the trail, waiting for mail on the wharf. He passed her without a sign of recognition, always with his suggestion of something menacing and alien, always alone. But when she had passed she was aware of his steady regard. . . . She told herself, "He *couldn't* have seen me."

The forerunning rains came early, deluged the world for a week, and passed in a roll of thunder and a double rainbow over Macey's place. The forest sucked the wet audibly, the streams ran full. Plants put forth hurried leaves, rocks greened into a lace of little ferns, quail ran and piped by the raw logs of the bull's corral. It was like another spring. Then the clouds gathered again, coming up out of the sea.

The weather broke again; and that day Eve must carry a message to a settler who lived across the mountain. Returning, from the burnt height behind Macey's place, she saw the gray clouds drop lances suddenly to the ocean. She ran, but the rains were quicker. They struck the shore, came inland with a sound of trampling, of drums. The forest bowed. Wind and rain struck on her together; in a moment the trail ran fluid under her feet; she battled as if with the wings of implacable angels.

BREATHLESS, she slipped on a stone and fell. She was sodden; her clothes dragged on her. Her loosened hair covered her eys. With a small, humble sound of distress, she tried to rise against the rain.

Something light-footed yet ponderous approached her. She heard the rain beat on another body. For an instant she visioned a mist of rain spraying from the bull's shoulders, and cowered. Then she knew it was Lennan in an oilskin coat.

He said nothing. He stooped and lifted her, and that ease awed her. He carried her silently to the house and set her down in an old chair just inside the open door. She cleared the drowned hair from her eyes. She saw a square of gray glitter, and roses above, hanging heavily. Outside was all a roar and a shining of rain. She was in an islet of such quiet she could hear her clothes dripping on the floor. Her breath stilled. The silence became an oppression. She looked up at last into Lennan's face.

Then her pulses raced, hammering shame. For she saw that he knew her. Everything else in a moment was forgotten and out of mind between them. They might have been isled in their little silence on another star.

Lennan stared at her heavily, his head lowered, his shoulders swinging a little. He said, "You ain't been for more roses."

Eve's lips moved, but no sound came.

He came a pace nearer to her. He said, and she knew that as he said it he became formidable. "Tell me. Who was you waiting for at my place, that night I came home?"

"No one. . . ."

He put out his hand, swept her roughly to her feet. "Don't lie to me," he said.

Eve was silent. She lifted her hands and covered her face. Outside, the bull sent a sudden thunder into the rain.

Lennan laughed on the same note. He took her into his arms. She gasped, feeling his intolerable strength enclose her. He said in her ear, "Anyway, won't I do as well—for you?"

His thought was plain to her. She felt a pain greater than her own fear. She grew cold and still as if she died. Lennan turned her face up to his own.

Then he too grew still. For that yielded face was wet with tears.

Presently he released her. He stood away from her. Eve waited, but there came no word, no sound. And without looking at him, she walked steadily out of the house, under the hammered roses and away into the rain. From the corral the bull watched her, head lowered, shoulders swinging a little, as if ready to charge something that had hurt him. She walked steadily home.

She did not leave her own home for a week. The rain was heavy enough for her excuse.

Later, men began to come in with stories of the great rain; how such a dam was flooding already, such a valley under water and a washout on the line. One said, "There'll be landslips on the mountain after the fire."

Eve's brother-in-law said: "That's why Macey quit. You goin' to warn the new feller?"

No one, it seemed, knew Lennan well enough to warn him.

THOSE days, Eve went silent about the house. She was hardly conscious what her own thoughts were, but sometimes she said, "It can't last this way. It can't. . . ."

Then one night she woke and knew the rain had stopped. She left her bed and went to the window. The forest was black under stars. Only the mountain behind Macey's was covered with a clinging cloud. It was the one white thing in the dark night, the one mystery where the stars saw everything clear. It seemed there for a purpose, a concealment of some hushed business of the night and the hill. In a moment, in the beat of a pulse, Eve was afraid.

She struck a match and looked at the little clock on the home-made bureau. It was two o'clock. Through the thin partition where the others slept, a child stirred and cried drowsily; Eve instantly blew out the match and dressed herself in the dark. It never occurred to her to waken her sister. Lonely all her life, she must be lonely in its supreme hour. She left without wakening anyone.

She turned up the trail to Macey's place, almost running. She felt confusedly that she had very little time. . . . Long use made her sure-footed, a queer passion drove her on without pause. She was not thinking clearly; she was past that—perhaps above it. If she could have expressed herself, she would have prayed that her flesh might break into wings, so that she might be in time.

THE silence was unbroken. It was as if that white cloud smothered all the normal noises of a forest night. It rose in a glimmering mound at the head of the trail. The trees were spiked against it as if it were a moon. It drew all the light there was. It drew Eve, as if a wind blew toward it and she were a leaf on the wind.

She was so high now that the sea breathed on her across the forest and the stars were near; climbing, climbing to Macey's place; climbing to Lennan. . . . Then she heard a stir. She listened. There was silence on the mountain, in the cloud. But a stone slid near her, something coughed in the sea-damp, a hoof rang on rock. The deer were going past her, going down to the shore. The deer were leaving the mountain.

She struck her hands on her heart, and climbed and climbed.

Here was Macey's old clearing. Here the field. There the great log fence of the bull's corral, a darkness in the dark. The anchored cloud towered over her. There—in the shadow of the cloud, under the hill—was the house. Dark. . . . She flung out her hands and began to run.

A rotted rose struck her in the face like a ball of paper, broke, and dashed rain into her eyes. There was the door, shut. She beat on it with her hands and shouted. There was no answer. She flung it open and ran in. She knew instantly that the house was empty, that Lennan was not there. But she went from wall to wall, groping, by the glimmer of the cloud.

He was not there. He was at the shingle-mill. She turned irresolutely and faltered toward the door.

A faint shudder crawled through the timbers of the house. Eve's eyes stared, her hands were over her ears. For that shudder was a sound, only it was too large for the hearing. It became a wave that broke on her and rocked the house like a ship. It became a weight that crushed her to the floor. She lay there, dazed. She thought it was the cloud had fallen. She moaned, "Lift it off me. It's so white. . . ."

A while later she lifted her head. She knew what had happened. She was not afraid any more. She felt that she would never again be afraid of anything in the world; so had her spirit grown.

He became formidable. "Tell me. Who was you waiting for at my place, that night I came home?"

She went to the door, surprised to find herself staggering with nervous weakness. The house was not touched. The edge of the landslip had swept past it. The clearing was heaped with wreckage as if a tide had been there. The sharp black angle of the corral was a huddle of sticks and rocks. Eve struggled toward the corral through shallow mud and quivering rubbish and entered it.

After a while she saw the bull. He was pressed against the fence nearest the house. His head was lowered as if he would charge her. But she was no longer afraid. Pity had become so deep it was strength. She could discern his sides heaving, his breath steamed whitely in the chill. Eve said, with a kind of surprise, "Why, he's *scared!*"

She laid her hand on his head where the stiff red curls were wet with dews. He rumbled in his throat, and crowded toward her gently. "Yes," she said, "there may be another slide. You better come along with me." She threw her arm over the great neck, and he followed her with lowered head, snorting. The touch of the damp hide was pleasant to her, and the mighty warmth beneath it.

They went down the trail together. To one side lay the track of the landslip, as if a plough had passed over the slopes. The trail was strewn with wreck, as foam strews a beach after a high tide. The bull trod down the earth, crashed through the scattered saplings, and Eve followed in the track he made.

THEY went by a wider spread of earth, a raw wound plowed bare. The starlight shone on it as peacefully as if it had been there always. Suddenly the bull stopped, lowered his head, and breathed rumblingly at something which lay there, half buried in soil, a few yards from the trail. It was the body of a man.

Eve knew that now for her the night's purpose and her life's purpose were to be fulfilled, and she surrendered herself. She waited. The man raised to her a chalk-white, furrowed face, and she knew it was Lennan.

Without speaking, he gazed at her; heavily, menacingly. But she was done with being afraid. She moved toward him. And then he shouted at her, "Keep back."

"What am I to do?" she said.

"I don't know. Don't step off the trail. It's soft here. Like mud. You'd sink, too."

"Are you hurt bad?"

"I don't think so. But it caught me. I can't get free. I was walkin' in late. To feed the bull. It caught me."

His words came in furious jerks. He was buried to the lower ribs. He sank his head on his arms a minute. He was exhausted, beaten. He said again, "I can't get away," and struggled, panting till his breath shone white in the chill. He beat wildly with his hands at the soft, clogging, overwhelming stuff that had rolled him here, entrapped him so that his strength was useless. Eve thought, with a kind of wonder. "Why, he's scared. . . ."

She said, "Have you a rope?"

"A bit of one," answered Lennan sullenly. "I been tryin' to cast a loop over a rock or a stump, but it's too short."

"Throw it to me," said Eve, "—and your knife, if you can get it."

He threw her the rope. He managed to dig his knife out of his belt and threw her that. He said uncertainly, "Each time I move, it gets me in deeper."

Eve had on a stout old homespun skirt and jacket. She took these off, slit them into bands, which she twisted and knotted together. One band she left at its width, about nine inches, only knotting the ends. She worked very quickly and surely. She half stripped herself to make her rope long enough. Even her knitted stockings she took off and knotted together. Her feet and arms shone white as pearl in the dark. Lennan said, "It's long enough now."

Eve answered almost gaily: "I want a double rope. It ain't me will do this hauling!"

She had now a broad band of homespun with a good ten feet of queer rope tied on at each end. She tested it once or twice. It was strong. She tied sticks to each end. The bull was near her, cowed by the terror of the night. She struck him suddenly on the flank, and he wheeled with his back to Lennan. She slipped the broad band of homespun across his chest. The ends she managed to toss to Lennan. The sticks fell within his reach, he drew them toward him and twisted the ropes round his hands. This tightened the lines. The bull felt the pull of them and swung uncertainly. The band slipped on his chest. He backed, snorting.

Eve flung herself on him. She pressed her slight shoulder to his, trying to make him advance. She caught up a stake and beat him. She took stones and pounded his flanks. She cried and raged at him. All her purpose was suddenly on fire, and Life's own purpose burned in her. He was too scared yet to be angry. He plunged forward at last, the broad band strained across his mighty muscles, narrowed, curled at the edges. It did not break. Back in the earth, Lennan held to the ropes. His sinews seemed as if they must crack. He groaned. Eve urged the bull forward. Just a few inches, a few feet, a few yards. . . .

LENNAN, sheathed in mud, lay breathing hard on the trail. Back in the bushes, the bull was resentfully ripping Eve's ropes to shreds between hoof and horn. By and by Lennan heaved himself erect. He was weak and stiff. He searched Eve's face with his heavy, menacing gaze. She stood, smiling faintly. She was not afraid.

"What are you doin'—here?"

"I've just come from your place. The slide's taken the sheds and part of the fence, but the house is all right."

"What was you doin'—*there?*"

"I'd heard it was likely there'd be a slip from the mountain. The burnt soil has no hold after a bad rain. Tonight—someway, I knew it would be tonight." Her voice faltered, a little awed. "I came up . . ."

"You came up . . .?" repeated Lennan heavily.

"To tell you. But you wasn't there."

"No. I was here. You got me out. . . . You went up in the dark? Alone? To tell *me?*"

Eve said quickly: "I know the trail well. I'm used to doin' things alone. I'm used to—lonely games. When your house was empty, I'd go there often. I've no home of my own. I'd play it was mine." Her clear face darkened suddenly to a blush, but her eyes never wavered from his fierce ones. "I used to play that I was waitin' with the supper ready—for my man—to come home. I was playin' that—the night you come. I should have told you—that other time—but I was scared."

Presently Lennan moved. He came to her with hesitant steps. He stretched out his hand. but did not touch her.

[Turn to page 30]

A Chronicle of a Little Town, Little Sorrows and Little Joys—But a Great Novel, Nevertheless, of America Today

"Besides, there's the boy—the big incentive in my life." A tender look crossed her face. "That's why I want to succeed—so he will not mourn his father's indifference"

Up and Coming

By Nalbro Bartley

Author of "A Woman's Woman", "The Gorgeous Girl", etc.

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

Part Three

DURING the trip, Jones realized his own awkwardness as contrasted with the assurance of his fellow travelers. The process of mixing with a pleasure-seeking crowd was something like developing an apparently uninteresting camera film. As the chemical-soaked brush passes over it, strange objects are brought to light. So with Jones' personality.

He played shuffleboard rather deftly by the time they were six days out, was prominent in arranging the ship's concert, acted as gallant escort to the dowagers who called him "that amiable young man—also an esteemed art dealer," and was found talking with men in easy fashion.

There was a girl on board, Alice North, who did more for Jones than all the others. She was going out to marry a missionary in Japan. Jones resembled this fortunate person, she confided, and she decided she would "play with him" if he did not object. She, in turn, taught him "to play" nicely, just as the girl in the red tulle frock taught him otherwise. His mother had inspired him to achieve material and intellectual success, his sisters had taught him unselfishness, but this girl with her happy, well-bred atmosphere made him long to love and marry just such a girl and become part of the social pattern as well as the commercial.

Jones ambled after her obediently. The passengers called her a flirt—engaged to a missionary, too. It was not fair to monopolize the most interesting bachelor aboard. But Miss North refused to share her find. She scolded him prettily for not helping her into her chair properly, made him rearrange her cushions and rug and actually had him strumming a ukulele while she sang.

When Alice North wore a startling blue crêpe cross-stitched with brilliant butterflies and informed him this was a frock from which she expected to get little mileage, Jones recalled his mother's worries lest a gown might not wash well. He contrasted the blue crêpe with Pat's florid creations or the cheap finery of the girls he had known. Alice North even shared her ideals and secret hopes with this lonely, interesting chap in order to make him realize that all work and no play make Jack not only a dull boy but very often a vicious one. By the time she left the steamer she had him well in hand. He took her address that he might call on her on his way home.

"Good-by, Mr. Bynight," she said as they parted. "I shall tell Frank everything we have done and how you played understudy. He won't mind. He'll just laugh. You see, to be even a missionary, one must know how to laugh. So you'll learn to laugh, won't you? For you're on the road to becoming modestly great if only you discover a sense of values."

With the exception of this sudden friendship, Jones' winter was spent busily plying his trade. He did well, both for the firm and himself. He found a rare treasure for Mr. Hamlin—a shrub of lapis lazuli. Another precious purchase was a glorious cock carved from amethyst, a third a Chinese gambling table and chairs, hundreds of years old. Ancient jade buckles, paintings on silk and curious bracelets were stored in his trunks for special customers, besides the merchandise he had shipped direct to the store. But most marvelous of all was a priceless peachblow vase upon which he stumbled and which he bought for a song.

He took time to look up Alice North, only to find she had gone into the hills with her husband for an indefinite period. He left her a wedding gift of Chinese splendor and went regretfully on his way. He had been curious to see this missionary who knew how to laugh and who resembled himself!

Coming home, heavy weather kept the passengers more or less below. Jones devoted himself to sketching out articles for various journals interested in similar art lines. He was conscious that he had begun to readjust his sense of values. He was convinced he must marry and settle in a home of his own.

He planned to have his mother and Pat stay in the apartment; they should have every comfort he could give. But he, too, had a right to his life, a life apart from theirs.

True, there was only a dream girl in his plans—someone like Alice North, fun-loving, gentle, kind of heart. Someone who would understand the history of the Bynights and be big enough not to harbor superior judgments.

The letters reaching him had told of but one change at home. Pat had left her son and gone to Chicago as apprentice in a beauty parlor. Martha expressed both satisfaction and concern over this event. Pat liked neither the drudgery of a house nor the detail of raising a child. Her care of Owen was anything but proper, according to her mother. The Chicago beauty parlor was conducted by a woman Pat had met when she was first married and living in a hotel. The woman, who had always liked her, offered to have her live with her and pay her five dollars a week while she was learning—a fair offer, Martha thought. It would be six months before Pat was an efficient operator, and it might be a year before she could start into business for herself. Martha knew Jones would read between the lines; Jones must finance the new venture.

She says she had her experience—with the neighbors watching, too, [wrote Martha] and is more level-headed than I ever gave her credit for being. Also, she is more beautiful than ever. I think Owen would like a reconciliation, but she will have nothing to do with him. In Illinois she can obtain her divorce on more liberal grounds than here. The woman who has the beauty shop says she is so wonderful to look at, with her pink-and-white skin, that she is an asset to the business.

As for Marian, she prefers New England to home. She may be in love, for she wears nose glasses and admits to owning French heels! You know how reserved she is—bless her heart! What wonderful children God sent me, Jones; and you, my firstborn, how would I have endured without you!

Everyone knows of your trip and success. The papers have mntioned where you are from time to time—I guess Mr. Hamlin sees to that. He sent me some incense and a cashmere shawl; he said you meant me to have them on my birthday. The shawl is too

Can the Force of Mother Love

DESTROY a young man's instinct to found his own home and family? Jones Bynight, the third, was the grandson of an English immigrant who married a German servant girl. He was determined that his family should be "Up and Coming." Jones, the second, was an unworthy son but had sufficient intelligence to persuade Martha, a teacher of a far finer caliber than himself, to marry him. Martha's three children —Marian, the student; Patricia, the beauty; and Jones, the dreamer—grew up tolerant of their lazy father and affectionately critical of their hard-working mother.

After college, Jones, the third, returned to his home town to continue, single-handed, the building of the Bynight fortunes.

fine to wear, I use it for a piano scarf. I burn the incense every time I've cooked cabbage. I remember when the smell of cabbage was mighty pleasant. But Pat started me doing it. She said I had to—in an apartment house. Well, I'll be a real lady yet, I certainly have to mind my p's and q's these days—but it is blessed sweet of you all to want me to! I hope my boy will be half as glad to see me as I will be to welcome him home.

MOTHER.

This letter started a germ of melancholy in Jones. To make one human being happy he had no right to disregard three others! How could things readjust themselves?

From San Francisco he stopped in Chicago to learn at first hand of Pat. He found all his mother had written was accurate, but she had not given Pat full credit. Pat had turned her back on the past and its dangers of self-pity. She was out to beat the world at its own game.

Martha had been right when she said Pat was lovelier than ever. In her green taffeta with a rakish pink hat, she resembled anything but an unhappy woman facing the problem of support for herself and a child. She was radiantly glad to see Jones; she introduced him to Mrs. Bloomingdale with pride. Jones was an asset, too, no doubt as to that.

"How you've improved," Pat said. "Your clothes are so good-looking, and I adore the jade scarfpin. What did you bring me that is pretty?"

"A mandarin coat and a kimono—I got mother an embroidered dress."

"She will wear it while she makes bed quilts," Pat objected.

"Come, come, that's not nice. She will wear it while looking after your son."

Jones felt Pat deserved his aid. With her brave resolve and dangerous spirits, Pat might yet veer toward unfortunate channels if no one stood by. His own dreams must wait. Fortunately he was not in love, save with a dream girl, a frail ideal he could easily destroy. He had no expensive personal tastes; his mother asked only for his love, which was so easy to give. It would be selfish to think of doing otherwise than championing this younger sister.

To his amazement, he was buoyant of spirit at the turn in affairs. There was a relief at not making drastic readjustments in his personal life. He did not analyze the emotion—relief that Pat furnished an excellent excuse for not giving his mother a daughter-in-law!

He would join a prominent men's club (with headquarters in the erstwhile Dunlevy mansion), buy a motor, have vacation jaunts, take part in social events which he had hitherto shunned. These would be sufficient antidote.

He hinted nothing of this to Pat. His visit had given her great pleasure. She had shown her associates how well protected she was by this handsome, generous brother. Her comradely manner with men and love for clothes was her way of "being on the climb," as she expressed it, just as Marian went in for translating Greek tragedies and as Jones would go for miles to see a new art treasure.

Jones comprehended this, also the fact that his mother never would.

"You're the best ever," and his mother glanced meaningly at Marian.

Meantime Jones was conscious of being disappointed in his apartment. Contrasted with what he had seen, it was a garbled attempt at good taste. His mind was really not concerned with Marian's love affair or his mother's welcome or the baby's new teeth, but with his desire to go to the store and talk with Mr. Hamlin, be hailed by clerks and patrons, receive his just reward. This stuffy place with his mouse-mother and a sister as sentimental as if she had never taken the Greek prize, failed to interest him. A faint odor of cooking annoyed him, also a sudsy smell suggesting wash day. The baby was screaming barbarically. He was becoming aware that Martha had changed almost everything in the room—to suit her taste or to remove the articles from the baby's reach. His vases were huddled together, Mother Goose blocks were piled on his choicest prayer rug, his teakwood desk was locked and lonely of aspect, and the books had been dusted but replaced in careless fashion. Martha had been a faithful custodian of his treasures, but she was incapable of enjoying them.

"We must move into a larger place, and you must have help—but we can decide this later," he told his mother.

"I won't have any young girl to help me; they are more trouble than they are worth," Martha insisted. "We have enough room here—just enough to keep me busy. I like the exercise."

Jones soon learned Marian's secret. She was engaged to the most wonderful person in the world, also the most learned and in all ways remarkable. His name was Robert Livingston Varley, he was assistant professor in ancient languages at Marian's *alma mater*. His family, of old New England stock, were noted for their savants. Unfortunately, they were poor, although their standing in cultural circles assured their welcome into any stratum of society.

"I'm not like Poppy—wanting to be married. I choose romance, the same as in a play"

"I didn't mean to be scratchy," Pat apologized; "only mother is so set, and I'm so limber. I admire her more than anyone I know; I never want to disappoint her in the big ways, but I can never please her in the little ones. I'm growing up, too," she declared, tossing her pretty head, "studying nights. We are not the reckless parasites you fancy, even if we do make gray hair into flaming henna and paraffin flabby cheeks. Trixie has had a mighty hard life—so has little Frizz, the girl you saw cleaning up."

Jones reached over and patted her hand. They were sitting in Mrs. Bloomingdale's apartment, Pat having the day off because of Jones' departure the next day.

"You will always have my help," he promised.

"It will be my fault if I don't win," she declared. "Oh, the silliness of these girls. Do you know they are underfed, living off coffee and French pastry in order to buy clothes and get invitations to dinner? They'll do anything but settle down and work hard. I'm glad mother isn't here to protest. I don't want the boy with me until he is older and I'm in business for myself, I couldn't give him the right kind of a home."

"How much would it take to start your pink-and-white business venture?" he asked.

"I'm afraid two thousand—to do it well, carry out my own ideas. I'd go to a North Shore hotel and set up shop. Mrs. Bloomingdale says I'd be risking nothing."

"You are certain you never want to see your husband?"

"Positive. I'm to wear lavender as a proper divorcée's mourning, once I win my decree; a notion that shocked mother! The only man I want to see or be grateful to is my brother. I don't say I'll never marry—but before I do, I want to know life first-hand. I'm through with moonlight I want a man of money and importance and, in turn, I must have something to make him proud of me. That is why I like these rich corn-lands; it is the great, stirring spot of the nation where American drama is being played twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. I like it, dirt, noise, confusion, vulgarity and all—it is up and coming, too; remember when I told you about that? Let Marian retire into decadent New England with its repressed activities. I'll take the midlands. Besides, there's the boy—the big incentive in my life." A tender look crossed her face. "That is why I'm going to succeed—so he will not mourn his father's indifference."

II

TO his surprise, Jones found Marian when he reached home. She had an opportunity to come before she began her summer school-teaching. The moment they met, he knew the miracle of miracles had happened. Her eyes were tender, she flushed easily, and on the third finger of her left hand was a man's shabby seal ring.

As soon as the first greetings were over, Jones demanded:

"Tell us all about him, Marian—is he good enough for you?"

"I knew Jones would guess," said Martha, clapping her hands delightedly. "Sit here, children, while I see that Owen isn't into mischief. Tell him everything, dearie, he will understand. My, it does me a world of good to see you back, safe and sound and successful. My boy home from the Orient. My girl engaged to be married. Tell me how Pat is, and I'll be so happy I can't stand it."

"Pat is coming on," Jones answered. "She is in her element making dowagers into sub-débs and sub-débs into vampires. I expect Pat will preside over Michigan Boulevard's most exclusive beauty shop. I've promised to start her in business."

SHE had not realized she was in love with Robert Varley. He had realized he had been in love with her ever since she entered his class. From the first he preferred to admire her soft brown hair and gentle features than to pay heed to her clever translations. He had felt, as he still felt, he had little right to speak of marriage. Lack of money, an ever-present ogre, prevented his doing so. That he would be other than a college professor was impossible. Teaching was his true vocation. The salary paid even the head of a department was nothing to exclaim over. Undoubtedly, Varley would be offered this post at some future date. Then he might marry—in a limited fashion—but for now, while this lovely young woman was most tempting, they must content themselves with a professor's courtship! Telling of their love instead of living it, visiting in boarding-house parlors, exchanging favorite books would comprise this courtship! Marriage was at least five years in the distance—at least, so Marian repeated.

Jones went over to the window. Marian, busied with her own thoughts, did not notice his silence

As she talked, Jones, with an artist's imagination and sympathy, realized the dilemma, a dilemma confronting too many others. Educated beyond drudgery and impoverished in purse, these college men and maids were obliged to bide their time until the first flush of romance had died and with it a certain joy. Then they might solemnly unite pocketbooks as well as lives. It was not fair, Jones argued, there was something pathetic in his sister's unspoken appeal. She was no longer the clever bluestocking living "for culture's sake" as her mother said, but a beautiful woman. in love with the right man, whose future was jeopardized by the lack of money.

He asked pertinent questions about Varley's people, were they cordial regarding the engagement? Ah, that was nice. They did not know about Grandfather Bynight's being a cockney carpenter, but she had been honest concerning her father and mother. They knew her sister had a divorce and was taking a course in beauty culture—this had mildly entertained them. And she had told a great deal about Jones; they were anxious to meet this successful, college-bred man who had been sent to the Orient. Only money was needed! The family were willing to give them some blue china and a spinning-wheel when the happy day for housekeeping arrived, but, alas, they had nothing more to offer.

"I never told about mother's struggle," Marian added softly, "to bring us up."

"To bring us up to snuff, you should have said," Jones corrected, enjoying her confusion. "That is the way she said it. Can't you remember the dining-room on Elm Street, say of a winter evening when father was out and we sat about the red-checked cloth-covered table to study or play games? I can see mother now, sewing away at something which was to bring home more ducats and listening to our lessons or our telling her the day's happenings, and she would sit working, working until long after we said good night!"

He stopped suddenly, as if regretting the reverie. There were tears in Marian's eyes.

"How true," she said; "yes, that was mother! But the Varleys would not understand as we do. I would never try to tell them. And I must start in teaching and not thinking of marriage—mother has done enough. Why should I marry the first moment I'm able to be self-supporting and can pay back!"

Jones went over to the window. Marian, busied with her own thoughts, did not notice his silence. In that important moment, he was thinking of all his mother had done as compared with all Marian was renouncing and all Pat was going to need. He was the one to see that each received their due portion.

He craved love. He was the sort of man who could be dissolute with numberless women if life forbade his loving the one woman! Already his cheap affairs were indicative of this drifting! He almost loathed himself because he was not an emotionless manikin, successful in business and the social world. Why was he so contemptible as to want to say to his sister:

"Very well, be engaged, grow withered of heart, bitter of hope, become a grind, stoop-shouldered, bereft of decent emotional impulses."

Or why did he not say to his mother: "I wish my own home, my wife. Your place is not with me."

And inform Pat: "You made your mistakes—correct them as others are obliged to do."

Even as he wondered, he knew he would not desert them, that his money would be spent in starting Pat's business and helping Marian's marriage, keeping his mother serene as the presiding spirit of his home. Perhaps this was weakness on his part but it was none the less inevitable. There was a strange flash of resentment toward all good, helpless women who had to be shielded and provided for, no matter what the cost. His problem was to become content, divert the strong current of normal longing into his work.

He turned back to Marian. "My dear girl, plans are well enough. But when two persons love each other as you and your professor appear to be doing, there is usually an elopement whether the family bankroll is ample or no. You don't suppose I'll let you starve of heart while you overwork your brain for five long years! It is not necessary."

"But we've saved nothing," she confessed. "It will be hard—Robert longs so for a home! It is such a wonderful thing to have someone want you to be his homemaker."

"I have some money I never expected to have, don't really need." He explained about the trip and its benefits.

MARIAN'S eyes opened in wonder and longing. "You mean you will have ten thousand dollars," she said. "Why—it is a fortune! Does mother know?"

"Not yet; I want her to be surprised." He felt wearied in explaining the thing; he wanted to have it done with, Marian married and away, that duty wiped off his list of obligations.

"But you must not spend any on me—there is Pat and her baby. You are not in love, though, are you? No, I can see by your eyes. Then it is easy to think of someone else first. This selfishness of people who are in love is horrible—yet I'm glad I'm selfish, glad I'm in love!"

"Your happiness will be my reward," he said gravely, "some day I'll come visit you and give you Chinese things to counteract the effect of blue and white china and a spinning-wheel. And when I do come walking in with a boo'ful lady all my own, you must get down on your knees and proclaim her as such! Now dry your eyes and write this learned man of love and letters that your brother insists he marry you by Christmas at the latest. How do you think he'll take such a command?"

Marian was kissing him, soft, careless embraces. "You darling"—forgetting her usual reserve—"I'm dizzy. Pinch me to make sure it is not a dream!"

"Don't waste kisses," he advised a trifle ironically, "name the first boy after me instead! Let us be practical and plan. I will start you off with four thousand. Can you manage to win Dan Cupid with that amount?"

[*Turn to page 32*]

Clean clothes and health are playmates

Sunshine may put the sparkle in the eye; fresh air, the roses in the cheeks; proper food and rest, the vigor in the limbs; but *clean clothes* are a health factor of hardly less importance. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha Soap loosens the dirt and body-oils on which germs feed and breed, and the snowy suds flush them away. Then the naptha vanishes, leaving the clothes clean, sweet, *sanitary*.

The Fels-Naptha "soap—soak—rinse" method (rubbing very soiled parts) simplifies the summer-clothes problem for all the family. You can wash even your lingerie and sheerest silk stockings more frequently, with perfect safety and less effort with Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Get the genuine *sanitary* soap—Fels-Naptha. It *holds* the naptha until released by the wash-water for the attack on dirt! Directions printed inside the wrapper.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia."

Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

Campers write enthusiastically that Fels-Naptha washes greasy dishes and dishcloths even in cold spring-water, and washes them *clean*. Any brook is a laundry with Fels-Naptha Soap.

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

American Women

[*Continued from page 3*]

followed every detail of the political events at home and abroad when we were in and out of office—left as I was from ten in the morning till past midnight—we could never have held the unbroken partnership that we have shared during the last twenty-eight years.

Kennicott was also to blame for treating the breeding of children as you would the buying of pictures, waiting until he was rich enough to afford them. This may have been the key to all Carol's restlessness, and I have no words in which to express my disgust at such abominable self-indulgence. The question of when or whether you will add to your nursery has ever been a difficult one to a certain sort of person. I am not competent to judge, as had I been of a different nature and constitution, I would like to have had twelve children. Judging by my experience, large families are the best preparatory schools. Their country fun, early adventures, and even violent quarrels, bequeath mutual memories which delight and enrich the whole of life. Neither money, brains nor achievement can give you this. It is the nations of unrestricted population that govern the world, and since the poor never hesitate to befriend and even adopt their needy neighbors' children, I think the rich might do better than look upon a family as an encumbrance.

If I had the wits I would like to write a novel in which the husband and wife were so attached to each other that they determined after their first baby not to add to their nursery anything which might interfere with either their pursuits or affection. I should make it abundantly clear that this was not the woman's fault. The child, spoilt and beloved of both its parents, died, and in the agony of her grief the mother took a temporary dislike to her husband, which, though controlled to all appearances, succeeded in the permanent cooling of their intimacy.

As far as I have observed, the American women vary in no ways from our own in their devotion to their children, and—unless among the rich—have large families. The London Americans that I have known, with the exception of few, have not been successful mothers, but one might say the same of British mothers. Of all arts the most difficult of attainment is perfect motherhood, for just as birds must leave the nest, our children have to leave us, and to be sure of the moment when you must check your own authority to encourage their friendship, needs a devotion and self-sacrifice that none but those who have experienced it can discuss.

There seems to be a notion in certain circles in America that the length of women's dresses is a moral issue. I am glad to know that this point of view is scorned by the majority. Nothing could be more ridiculous. The short skirts that have been in vogue for some time are a result of the reaction against war and the sorrows that accompany it. After every war there is a reaction against the anxiety, misery and constraint that go with it. Youth, in every country, has a natural tendency to become gayer, more full of color, and to fight restriction after mourning.

Smoking, and cigarette-smoking by women in particular, seems to be a moral issue over here. I understand that there is a campaign to rival the prohibition of alcohol in the matter. In some Western states, I am told, the prohibition of tobacco is already an accomplished fact. This is a very dangerous and stupid interference with personal liberty, and is not justified by the physical harm that may accompany smoking. It is foolish to consider smoking in itself as an evil. Smoking to excess is an evil; eating potatoes, drinking tea, or sleeping too much is an evil, and, I dare say, these extremes claim more victims than cigarette-smoking. I observe every day people suffering from obesity and dyspepsia. Yet nobody so far has proposed to prohibit potatoes, tea, or oversleeping.

In one of the cities where I went I had a letter from a man who said: "Everything you say is, to my mind, perfectly true, but I know you smoke cigarettes and drink tea. I implore you not to."

This constant desire to eliminate harmless enjoyment is unscientific, dangerous and damaging to individual liberty.

In honor of the Victorian Jubilee the Queen suggested that all the prisoners in every jail in England should be allowed to smoke. The Home Secretary, which is our Minister of Interior, consulted Sir Evelyn Ruggles Brise, who objected. He said that it was more cruel to let the men smoke for one day than not to let them smoke at all, and the idea was given up. There were seven years in my life when I was too ill to smoke, and when you think how many healthy men and women there are in the world who enjoy smoking, I do not think we need exercise our minds or our money upon the subject.

It is a platitude to say that directly anything is forbidden it is human nature to want to do it. I said to my daughter Elizabeth, who is a great reader: "I don't forbid you to read that book; I only suggest that you might like it more, and understand it better, if you waited till you get older to read it."

Prohibition is a very different thing to temperance and fails because it is interference. It is the imposition by force of what you are not willing to accept on its merits. Freedom is truth and truth is freedom. "The Truth shall make you free," St. John said; and it is among the great texts in the Bible.

Everyone interprets Freedom differently. I dare say the Conservative Party claims that they believe in Freedom as much as Labor or Liberal but, as a matter of fact, their principles preached on every platform do not encourage it. Imperialism necessitates Militarism, Protection means Interferences, and Socialism is the most arbitrary of Autocracies. The Truth is a more difficult matter to deal with. Some people have no Truth to tell, other do not tell it, and the majority of mankind do not perceive it. Most women are conservatives and, whether from an inborn feeling of self-defense or for what other reason, I have not found them as truthful as men. As I said in a character sketch of myself, I have no temptation to tell lies. Truth is not a virtue with me, it is a peculiarity.

Every profession is open to woman. She can be a lawyer, a policeman, a farmer, a preacher or a politician. I observe that there is a fear that these new opportunities may act unfavorably upon home life, but in the present state of the world's finance it is not easy to lay down rules. Women have to live, and it becomes increasingly difficult for them in America, and perhaps in a greater degree in England, to marry and maintain a family.

When the men and women go to their business the children must be left to servants; and if the home life is impaired, not only does the race decline, but the whole of civilization.

I may be wrong, but I rather doubt if women will be able to compete on equal terms with men in their new activities. There is a fundamental difference between men and women that will not be overcome by education, or by the removal of any other disability.

You need no education to be a poet: Keats was the son of an ostler, and Turner was the son of a man who painted carriage wheels. It takes no physical strength to become a composer, or classical education to become an essayist. Miss Ethel Smythe has written operas, the Duchess of Rutland has made a wonderful statue of her little son, but there are no Bachs, Bacons, Wordsworths, Wagners, Sargents or Shakespeares among women.

Their talents lie in novel-writing. No man has written with quite the same finesse, elegance, fidelity and sense of humor as Jane Austen, and innumerable other names could be added to hers, both in America, France and England.

There are also women doctors and surgeons. Some of the most famous figures on the stage have been women, and in America today there are ten great actresses to one in England. I have no knowledge of women architects; there may be many, but I have not heard of them. Lady Tree (wife of the late Sir Herbert) would be the woman I would go to if I was planning to build a new house; but for all I know, much of the beauty of modern architecture in the United States—infinitely superior to anything we have—may have been inspired by the American woman.

There is one large branch of beneficial industry in which men will never compete with women, and that is nursing. This may not sound as grand as the other arts mentioned, but it is in some ways the finest of them all. I have often wondered what it is that makes my sex choose sick-nursing as a profession. Men are not lacking in tenderness, and certainly not in physical strength, but I very much doubt if they would have the patience or endurance to sit up night after night looking after rich and poor, black and white, whimsical, dreary, suffering and dying men, women and children.

Some may be inspired by religion, others by a high sense of duty and many from natural prediliction, but from whatever the motive the result is the same: nursing the sick is a kind of priesthood, and the vows which are taken and kept in this poorly paid profession fill me with admiration.

I cannot speak of home life in America, because I have not seen enough of it. The development of family life is impaired by the men's being preoccupied with making money. Also movies, "player pianos," "talking machines" and the difficulty of exchanging ideas with their wives mitigate against the kind of partnership that con-

[*Turn to page 22*]

One of the most popular all-purpose Keds. For street, for home, for sport. Comes also in a high model. For children and grown-ups, too.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds is on the shoe

The boys' favorite in the Keds line. Heavy reinforcements and ankle patch. Smooth, corrugated or suction soles.

One of the newest Keds for girls and women. With either white or colored trimming. Welt construction, composition sole.

A popular pump for girls and women. With or without strap. With or without heel. Also on Nature last for children.

Every child and grown-up can now enjoy the comfort boys have always known

FOR years boys have delighted in "sneakers" or "tennis shoes." Unconsciously they were choosing the shoes that were anatomically right for their feet.

The muscles of the feet, we know now, grow stronger naturally in flexible shoes — the best prevention for fallen arches and the foot troubles so common today.

A well known orthopedic physician has said: "The low-heeled canvas rubber-soled shoe is the greatest blessing that has been offered to mothers in a very long time."

Indeed a blessing for all. The big development of the Keds line, with rubber-soled canvas shoes for every need, has made it possible for the entire family to enjoy the comfort and healthful foot freedom that boys have always known.

Why you should insist on Keds

Keds will give you an entirely new idea of canvas rubber-soled shoes. The canvas is fine and strong. The soles are of tough springy rubber from our own Sumatra plantations and are made as durable as our long years of experience have taught us to make them.

The construction throughout, in such details as stitching, reinforcing and vulcanizing, has been perfected with the purpose of combining greatest strength with most attractive appearance.

Keds are trim and shapely—smart models for girls and women to wear with dainty dresses, others rugged enough for the hard wear of playing children.

There are many kinds of Keds in addition to the well-known "tennis" shoes—pumps with low heels, oxfords, high shoes and low—all made of canvas with rubber soles. For men, women and children.

If your dealer doesn't carry the kind you wish he can get them for you. But remember, Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. If the name Keds isn't on the shoes, they aren't real Keds.

You will be interested in our booklet "Outdoor Games for Children." Write for free copy to Dept. T-3, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US RUBBER SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name Keds is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.

American Women

[*Continued from page 20*]

tributes to the making of a perfect home. I gather from what I am told that in the west and middle west home life is as fine and genuine as ours. Hayfields, flowers, sports and games contribute with us against life spent in cities. Competition in conversations, discussion, disagreement and interest in foreign affairs encourage ideas, and I think the development of mechanical modes of entertainment and perpetual gossip upon the telephone disturb the unity of family life.

You cannot hurry a punctual earth, and hurry is a curse. Interest is not the same as curiosity, and listening mobilizes your thoughts. Few of us give ourselves time to listen, and the expressionists go too quick to attend to all that is said. Intellectual ambition needs serenity, and the average woman, if she is clever, is apt to be more intelligent than intellectual. This is not peculiar to America; it is much the same all over the world. A noisy mind is a serious drawback both in public and in private life, and though it may be entertaining it is exhausting. Most of us patronize the poor, and few of us listen to children, and yet both can give us food for thought that neither the reading of books nor the learning at colleges can ever supply.

Children are learning all the time; we are not. Most people are stationary after the age of forty, whereas you should plant yourself in a bigger pot every year. When your parents are dead, and your husband is accustomed to you, who is there to tell you where you are going wrong? I do not mean morally wrong, because friends and enemies combine to advertise all your wrong entries, but who is there that will love you enough to suggest that you are not making the most of your life.

I have had wonderful friends from my youth upward, to wit: John Morley, John Addington Symonds, old Lady Wemyss Gladstone and Arthur Balfour, but the friends I owe most to are my son Anthony and my sister Lucy Graham Smith. They are constantly prompting me to exercise more forbearance, patience and self-control. My unquenchable vitality and moral ambition are undisciplined, and as you grow older the tact and indifference of the people you meet do nothing to improve you. "If Winter Comes" has filled me with courage and hope and will do the same to any reader who studies it.

Women do not have an easy time in life, whether they are born in America or in any other country.

I AM constantly asked what effect I think women's votes will have upon the politics of the future in America and in England. My husband and I were against extending the vote to women, and were in consequence persecuted by the suffragettes. An eager and enterprising reporter in a city I visited published a statement that one of my children had been killed by a stone thrown by a militant suffragette. This was a good example of the overstatement that prevails in the American press; but our existence at the time of the controversy was not rendered either more secure or peaceful by the surveillance of detectives from Scotland Yard, or the sticks, stones, axes and dog-whips with which these earnest ladies armed themselves. *"Seulement Dieu et les sots ne changent jamais,"* and we are now completely converted to the woman voter.

My husband's return for Paisley was largely influenced by the women's vote, but in Scotland they are highly educated. A factory girl asked me one day in the yard of a cotton mill what I thought of Czecho Slovakia. I doubt if many ladies in the west end of London could have given a satisfactory answer. Possibly in New York or Boston they would have known better. The system of education in my country has always been advanced. When I was a little girl, the son of a shepherd on the moor next to ours in Peebleshire could read French, and when the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry, came to London on a private visit, his gentleman-in-waiting—a splendid old man—told me the following story:

He and the Prince lunched with us in Downing Street. The old Graf —— sat upon my right, and asked me what my nationality was. I told him I was born at Glen in the Lowlands of Scotland. He said that when he had accompanied the Crown Prince Frederick to Balmoral on a visit to Queen Victoria, upon their arrival at Perth station there had been some muddle over the royal luggage, and the station master, who was much worried, had demanded to see Graf ——.

"I went up to him, Mrs. Asquith, and said, 'I am the man you are looking for,' at which he said:

"'I am very glad to know you, sir. Your father wrote a life of Luther, did he not?'

"'I told him that was so, and was surprised that he had read it, for, between ourselves, it was a book that had no circulation, and as it was never translated he must have read it in German.'"

Coeducation is an important question over here. I know nothing about it, but was reminded of a story my father told me about a neighbor of ours in Peebleshire. Sir Adam Hay had a stupid little boy who on several of the examinations pleased his parents by telling them he had been second on more than one occasion. Lady Hay, who had no illusions as to the mental equipment of her son, asked him how many there were in the class, to which he replied:

"Me and a lassie."

The education over here seems to be extremely good, but I notice many of the young people wear spectacles. I wonder if this is because of the heat of the rooms in which they live or from not having as much out-of-door life as we have. I have not sufficient knowledge to write upon education, but I do not think the average woman in America is taught foreign languages any more than we are in England. The upper classes among women are well taught. They speak perfect French, whereas we do not. They travel more than we do, and have a way of sending their children to live in France and Germany, which is not common to us at home.

THE American girl usually goes to school, and though this is becoming daily more fashionable in England, it has not been a general practice. A Swiss or German governess has been an institution with us, and I would never have sent a girl of mine to school. This is a purely personal prejudice, but I think parting with one's daughters does not promote the unity of family life, and no prowess in hockey, or winning of scholarships could ever make up to me for this.

I do not think the males gossip to the same degree as the females of my acquaintance; there is more competition in out-of-door pursuits—cricket, football, racquet and tennis—in which women seldom excel. If it is a question of knowing the physical facts that face womanhood, I prefer they should be explained in a noble manner by the mother, rather than by the schoolmistress or the fledgling in the dormitory.

The ideal education for girls is to have the companionship of a woman they can love and respect, who will play with them in the country, or take them to classes in the cities. There are more important ways of developing a woman's mind and character than by cramming her to pass examinations. The most awkward problem for every mother is the education of her girls, whether they be American or European.

I am against young marriages because the children demand such enormous personal sacrifice. The mother has to realize that while she is growing all the time, she has to share her child's life. This entails much that she never thought of when she married. She has not only to keep in close touch with her nursery and schoolroom, but to make herself interesting and amusing to compete with the many male and female friends that her daughter is likely to make as she grows older.

Although we have not been given incommunicable lives, we cannot governess our children after a certain age and must learn to make ourselves their greatest friends. This takes time and needs perpetual self-discipline.

The idea that my sex were only fit to make jam or rear children—which the opponent of woman suffrage was silly enough to imply—met with deserved hostility: but I still question whether a perfect lawyer, banker or policeman will contribute as much to civilization as a perfect mother.

A question that exercises all the reporters that I have seen is what I think of "flappers."

I can only talk of the flappers I have seen in the United States. They may be perfectly harmless, but such as I have met are noisy, flashy and ignorant. They paint another face upon their own, seldom have legs that are shapely enough to show, and if they are interviewers I can never understand why any editor can send them to ask inane and impudent questions of people of intelligence. They may be responsible for the conspicuous morality of the American man, but this does not console me for their lack of sensitiveness and the state of exasperation in which they leave me. With the exception of four or five delightful women, the female reporters that have questioned me have not enough surface intellect for lunacy to work upon.

My readers will say that my short visit to the United States has not given me much knowledge of Americans: this is true, but it has given me a great desire to know them better and I have had enough time in which to learn to love them.

[*Margot Asquith will tell what she thinks of American Men in the August* McCall's]

Judgments of West Paradise

[Continued from page 10]

hastened his departure to the training-camp for which he had enlisted, seemed to Jud further proof of his guilt.

Jud made his decision. He would give Larry his chance to fight for his count y and perhaps to be killed. And if Larry came back alive—well, then he would have to pay. Jud made Dan swear to keep the secret. Dan was one of those honest, freckle-faced boys whom you could trust. Jud promised him the schooling the boy had longed for, and got him out of town. To Larry himself, Jud said nothing, and the letters which Larry wrote back home were inc edibly boyish and innocent.

How West Paradise hit upon Jud as the murderer and how suspicion grew until even the old neighbors, who had once sworn by him, turned against him, offers an interesting example of the judgments of society. The whisper had started from Jerome Keefe. Who would profit by the murder of Todd Calkins? asked Keefe. Jud had come into his uncle's property and what little money was left. The money orde s which he sent regularly to Dan Barker, could they be hush money? Sick at heart as he was over Lar y, Jud wore the aspect of a man who carried a load upon his conscience, and besides, he offered no defense of himself.

Now West Paradise was proud of Larry Calkins. And when Larry was tragically killed and his name was gold-starred on the list in the town hall, Jud took it so stoically that the good people of West Paradise pronounced him *hard*.

From the fi st, Jud had accepted his own hermit part, and with the appearance of the gold star that became to him the symbol of his brother's expiation for his crime, he settled permanently into the rôle of Larry's shield. If the inner man had, at first, revolted at the injustice of his position, all that was gone. Public opinion is a mighty hypnotizer, and a thing thought long enough becomes very nearly true; and righteous indignation peters out under the continued condemnation of long years, especially if a man stands alone, with no one to bolster his faith in himself. If Jud was not guilty, he came to *look* guilty. His face, always homely in repose, with nothing definitely wrong about it except a mouth too wide, had been a sunny, candid face in the old days, with a slow, rich smile and fine, blue eyes. But at thirty-eight his mouth had hardened to a straight line, and although the eyes were still blue, you seldom saw them, for he walked with his head forward a bit and spoke without looking up.

The thing that hurt Jud worst was a trifle. Every youngster and every old crony in West Paradise had been wont to hail him as "Grampa" Jud in those other days, a nickname that had been banteringly bestowed upon him for the way he had fussed over and coddled his kid brother. After the murder they came gradually to call him plain Jud Calkins, and Jud Calkins is a harsh name, and it was harsher as they said it. He still winced under it.

IN the morning Mellee was feverish and still delirious, so that Jud set out by a short cut for Doctor Traphagen, an easy-going elephant of a man who declared that Mellee's trouble was malnutrition and overwork and a bad case of nerves.

"She ought to have a woman in to take care of her," Jud petitioned. "I'll pay good if you've got anyone, Doc."

"Eh? My two nurses are on cases, but I'll see what can be done." He was vague, pleasant.

Nothing *was* done, and the result was that Jud himself nursed Mellee through a dragging illness that theatened brain fever. And, awkward son of the soil that he was, he did a good job of it. He pored over his mother's old cook-books for things nourishing and delicate for invalids, made her foamy egg-nogs, and coaxed her with chicken broth in his mother's best china cups. Patiently he sat beside her while she tossed and muttered rapid incoherencies about Jerome Keefe and M s. O'Greer and clotheslines that broke at the crucial moment. When she called him "mumsy" and begged him to draw the shade tighter to keep them from spying in on her, he humored her, and tried to do for her the little things her mother would have done.

When the delirium passed, and she lay quiet, Jud stood sometimes and wondered at the incongruity of her ever having done washings. "She'd never weigh ninety pounds," he muttered. Great eyes, pansy-black, and a skin dead white against a mat of dark hair, straight and ve y fine. . . . There was not a coarse thing about her, except her swollen red hands set on wrists too frail.

She was staring up at him without curiosity, and Jud smiled at her, his old, slow, heart-warming smile. She blinked back and curled herself more comfo tably. Mellee accepted Jud and his care of her without question. "You've got to think of me as a sort o' big brother," he had explained with some embar assment, and Mellee accepted his care as she had her mother's.

When Jud could leave her for a few hours at a time, he returned to his neglected crops and dug into the business of making a living for two. On his first trip down-town, he became aware that public sentiment was stronger than ever against him. They looked at him with new interest or new contempt, according to their natures. For the first time in years, he flung back his head and faced them: for himself it did not matter what they said, but for Mellee it did matter.

ON the morning of his second trip to town, Jud stopped with his load of fresh vegetables at Jerome Keefe's general store. Keefe made an absurd offer for the vegetables.

"But, good heavens, that wouldn't pay for the flour and sugar I'm needin'."

"Take it or leave it," shrugged Keefe. "Beggars can hardly be choosers. I understand you and the fair Mellee—"

Jud jerked himself straight. "You cut that!" he ordered between his teeth. Half a dozen people gossiping in the store stared at this suddenly electrified Jud who had been a sagging, guilty Jud a moment before.

Jud measured the man deliberately: a swarthy fellow, heavy with good living. He came of a tough family up Rock Creek way and had prospered of late and become the influential citizen, through brazen profiteering and crooked politics.

"You're a damned bully," concluded Jud, loud enough for all to hear. "And the first man that makes light o' Mellee Sweeting's name in my presence'll have to answer to me, and I'm not feelin' lukewarm on the subject either!"

Keefe's mouth twitched. "You're a dangerous man to the community, Jud Calkins," he retorted, with an attempt at sternness.

"You bet I'm a dangerous man," answered Jud grimly, "and don't you forget it." He turned and swung away.

Jud went to each of the other four grocery stores in West Paradise, and each grocer, in turn, professed to be well-supplied. Jud had been blacklisted.

The following morning, he set out early for the distant city, where he disposed of his garden truck at a fair price. But he knew that he could not often spare the time to go to the city. The fight was on; Jud began to feel the pinch of store needs which he could not satisfy; yet, in spite of everything, he was happier than he had ever been.

Mellee was gaining strength rapidly these days. She fussed about the house, and order descended miraculously upon the bachelor clutter of things. She fought shy of the streets, but when Jud urged her to stay outdoors more, she trailed him in the fields and sat near him in the sun while he worked.

For the first time Jud was short of money to send to young Dan Barker. He put off writing Dan in the vain hope that some method of raising money would occur to him. Meantime, between his trips to the city, he watched helplessly the rotting of the tomatoes and the aging of the beans and lettuce for which he no longer had a daily market.

On an evening in mid-August, Jud turned wearily homeward from a discouraging interview with Tom Daly, the miller of West Paradise. In past years, Daly had always struck a bargain with him for the corn in the big north field, but tonight Jud had been unable to arrive at a fair agreement with the man. Had Daly, too, blacklisted him, he wondered.

Mechanically he turned in at his own gate. On the threshold, he paused: the house was quite dark. He groped his way forward, found the matches. "Mellee!" he called softly. "Heigh, Mel!"

There was no answer, but he saw that her door stood ajar. She was lying there on the bed, a small, huddled heap.

Jud knelt beside her, touched her gently. "Mellee, darlin', what is it?" he begged miserably.

"It's worse," she choked. "Do you know—what they're saying—*now?*"

"Who's sayin' anything to you?" he urged. "Mellee, tell me."

"It's Jerome Keefe. I went for a walk and I met him. He stopped me and tried to talk, and then he called me a—a name. And he said—Oh, things about—you and me, Jud. . . ."

"Did he touch you?" demanded Jud thickly.

"He—he tried to kiss me."

Some fifteen minutes later, just at closing time, Jud swung into Jerome Keefe's store. He was hatless, his face was white, and his eyes blazed. "You, Jerome Keefe, come out here!" His voice cut through the

[Turn to page 35]

Old Maid Caroline

[*Continued from page 11*]

Just now he carried a yellow envelope, which he waved wildly at Caroline.

With a sinking of her heart Caroline saw that the yellow envelope was a telegram. Telegrams always made her pulse beat wildly. To her they were always the tidings of calamity. Just last year there had been a telegram telling of the death of Caroline's sister's first-born. And then that telegram, fifteen years old now, which had come from her only brother Lon and had turned the whole current of Caroline's life. Caroline could shut her eyes and see that telegram yet. It had pointed out to her the thing that in her loyal, self-sacrificing heart had spelled D-U-T-Y.

Ella died suddenly today. Starting back tomorrow on No. 6. Funeral Friday. Make arrangements.

Lon.

Lon had come then, in the wake of that telegram, bringing the dead body of his wife, his two whimpering, motherless babies in his arms. Then, following Duty, Caroline had said good-by to girlhood, good-by to plans of someday ruling a little home of her own and accepted the task of mothering Lon's two babies. Other than a feeble old mother there was no one else to take the responsibility.

The years rolled on.

One day when the babies were still little, Caroline's old mother fell asleep, never to awaken.

And then more years rolled on. . . .

Lon stayed in the old home town, for Death had clipped the wings of his spirit. The biggest store on Main Street, "O. Rehman & Sons," became, in time, "L. Burt's, Drygoods and Sundries."

Lon's babies grew, from a tiny, wide-eyed toddler of three and a fretful six-months-old boy to a handsome, stylish, eighteen-year-old young lady and a swaggering, care-free high-school freshman just rounding sixteen.

And Caroline—well Caroline was thirty-five, would be thirty-six next month, and the fifteen years had set none too lightly upon her. Bringing up two children, doing the housework for the family, working hand in hand with Lon to clear the small business of debt—these things had not united to keep wrinkles from Caroline's brow.

JAKE was sputtering breathlessly into excited speech. "It's a telegram. For you, Car'line. It's from Charlie Brown. He's coming home. He'll be here tonight on number seven."

Mrs. Johnson pricked up attentive ears.

"Charlie Brown? *For Any's sake!* Comin' home? How long's it been since he's been here. Nigh onto fifteen years, ain't it, Car'line? Hurry up an' open it. I'm dyin' t' see what he says. Le's see, you'n him was sweethearts, wan't you? Is there goin' t' be a weddin'?"

Red splotches flared in Caroline's thin cheeks. Her hands trembled just a little as she opened the telegram.

Miss Caroline Burt,
Eden, Iowa.
Arrive Eden Friday night No. 7. Meet me.
Chas. Brown.

"Land sakes, that's tonight! Are you prepared f'r comp'ny, Car'line? And *such* company. Ain't you *excited?*"

Caroline's mind was racing. Mrs. Johnson's words brought it to a sharp focus. "Here, Jake," she said. "Here's a quarter f'r bringin' th' telegram. You go up the road quick an' tell Lon t' come on down here right away, will you?"

Jake swaggered out. To have been the deliverer of such an important telegram carried no little prestige. Now he was to have the satisfaction of breaking the news to Lon, and after him—well there'd be a lot of people interested in such a sensation, and Jake was first on the ground with it.

Mrs. Johnson hurriedly concluded her shopping. She'd glimpsed Mrs. Donnell in front of her store. Mrs. Johnson's haste was quite similar to Jake's.

Lon came hurrying in.

"Well what do you know about it?"—That was Lon's strongest expletive—"It'll be kinda good t' see Charlie again, won't it? Eh, sis?"

Caroline's thin cheeks could fly no redder flags.

Lon stayed in the store while Caroline hustled up the street for home. Number seven was due in less than four hours, and it had been on time all week.

Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Donnell watched Caroline's hurrying figure.

"Poor Car'line." Mrs. Johnson was all hectic excitement. "I guess she ain't never had no other beau. Do you reckon there'll be a match there? I've heard he ain't never married in all these years. And, land sakes! ever' body in Eden knows she ain't never looked at no other man. They do say though, that they ain't never wrote to each other or anything. Mis' Bentz told me so. Her man bein' postmaster she ought t' know, don't you think?"

And in the two-story frame house at the head of Main Street—Lon Burt's house—there was great flurrying. Caroline feverishly dusted where existed not an iota of dust and swept floors that were already immaculate.

She drafted an aide by routing Zelda Louise, Lon's daughter, from the hammock on the east porch, but the aide fell by the wayside half an hour later with a box of "Crex Ideal Manicuring Equipment."

"You want me to look *decent*, don't you Aunt Caroline? If we're going to have *company* I've just *got* to have a *manicure*—and a *face* massage. You wouldn't want me to look positively *tacky*, would you, Aunt Carrie?"

Zelda always emphasized. It was a part of her conversational gift.

Caroline hurriedly changed the spotless linen of her own bed to linen not a speck more spotless. Little hot and cold flushes of maidenly embarrassment swept up and down her spine. He'd have to sleep in her bed. She herself would just crawl in with Zelda, for of course Zelda couldn't be expected to give up her room, and Lon's and Junior's room was always so cluttered.

She stood back to survey the immaculate room. And still the little trembly hot and cold flashes persisted.

"Shame on you, you *ninny*," Caroline firmly told herself. "Him just coming back to see the town—or most like on business—and you actin' like a schoolgirl. Don't be a fool, Car'line. You're thirty-six years old—not near so young as you used t' be."

Somehow in the breathless afternoon she managed to get a pie in the oven—an apple pie, flaky and brown, the kind Charlie had always liked when he came to Sunday dinner before he went away and before "Ma" died.

Followed twenty minutes of frantic struggling in the hot, stuffy little room with straggly, fly-away hair that just wouldn't stay put and a dress that persisted in hooking itself up wrong. Caroline dusted a bit of talcum powder on her burning cheeks, and hastily picked up the few things she'd scattered about so that everything would be in last-minute tidiness.

Then resolutely she faced herself in the mirror. A queer thought had persisted in her mind all afternoon. Fifteen years is a long time. Maybe she'd done wrong in objecting to just a little powder and rouge. They hadn't seemed to hurt Zelda's blooming complexion. . . .

"*Are* you *coming?*" Zelda's voice.

Caroline hurried down the steep stairs.

Zelda was all in white muslin with gay fly-away pink ribbons, and her hair was shiny slick over the little wire cage that made it seem as if it were bobbed. Her arms and her neck and her face were all girlish smoothness and warm softness.

Zelda enlivened the brisk walk to the depot by questions.

"Is it true, Aunt Carrie, that he's most a *millionaire?*"

"He's got money all right," Caroline admitted. "I don't know how much. You know how folks in Eden talk."

"He's been all around the world and *back?*" Zelda persisted.

"To Japan anyway. That's where I got the card from."

Zelda knew the card. It was a hand-painted one with apple blossoms in color and a bright pagoda. It had been stuck in the corner of the dresser mirror in Aunt Carrie's room ever since Zelda could remember. Once Zelda had turned it over, and read the message on the back. It gave an address and said something about Caroline's changing her mind. Zelda couldn't remember just what it was it had said.

They heard the whistle of number seven, and made the depot platform just in time.

Caroline had a quick mental impression of a stout, well-dressed man carrying an expensive-looking leather bag, who caught her by both arms and said heartily: "Well the same Caroline—not a day older, not a bit changed!"

She couldn't remember what she said in return. There were so many people hanging around waiting to shake hands with Charlie. News travels fast in a town of five hundred. Folks in Eden were proud of Charlie Brown. For several years now they had been saying, "Our former townsman who owns a big wholesale drug establishment in Chicago and is rich as anything. Why I can remember Charlie Brown when he wasn't knee high to a duck and clerked in Pete Thompson's drug-store down on the corner. Charlie Brown—the red-headed young rascal."

The march up Main Street took the form of a triumphal procession.

Zelda was all dimpling smiles; Charlie with brisk friendliness was glad to see the old home town again; Caroline was pain-

[*Turn to page 25*]

Old Maid Caroline

[Continued from page 24]

fully self-conscious. She was the only one of the three who did not fit the processional.

They stopped in front of the post-office. Cy. Baumgart rushed out to shake hands with Charlie. An interested group collected around them.

Caroline hung back on the outskirts of the crowd. She was stung with humiliation at the fragment of a conversation she had overheard.

The voice was that of Mrs. "Hardware" Peterson (so designated to distinguish her from Mrs. "Restaurant" Peterson). "Ain't he grand?" the voice said. "So swell dressed and stylish lookin'. *She* can't hope t' catch him. Car'line shows her years, all of 'em. Look at that minx Zelda. She's the worst flirt in town. Got her cap set already. It'd be a feather in it t' catch Charlie Brown, rich as he is. And he ain't too old for her neither. I like to see it when the man is older, don't you? Zelda needs somethin' t' quiet her down. Poor Caroline."

The procession moved on. It halted again in front of "L. Burt's, Drygoods and Sundries." Lon and Charlie had been schoolmates. They shook hands with enthusiasm.

"You go on up," Lon said to Caroline, "and when you've 'et your supper come and let me go. We'll try and close up early so's we c'n visit with Charley."

THE dinner hour was a radiant time for Zelda, a bore for Junior, an agony of embarrassment for Caroline, and for Charlie—Well, Caroline wondered just what kind of time it had been for Charlie. He had looked at Zelda a number of times in open admiration, and once Caroline had caught him glancing at herself with a—well, an inquiring sort of look.

Just the minute dinner was over Caroline left for the store. She had to hurry so that Lon could come to his meal. She said shyly that she hoped there wouldn't be many in the store so they could close early.

"We'll play the piano and then we'll stroll down to get you, Aunt Carrie," Zelda said.

Caroline left them at the piano. Charlie was turning the music, while Zelda's clear young voice floated out in the newest in Eden, "Come feather your nest." Caroline wondered if the queer feeling in her heart as she hurried down to "L. Burt's, Drygoods and Sundries" was jealousy. No, she wouldn't allow it to be. It was just resentment—the resentment that all people feel when they're—when they're growing old. That was all.

Caroline's shy wish did not come true. The store was filled until ten o'clock. She hustled around, waiting on the trade and answering all questions about Charlie.

"Goin' back with him, Car'line?" Mrs. "Hardware" Peterson asked the question.

It seemed to Caroline that her cheeks must be really burning. She bent over Mrs. "Hardware" Peterson's youngest, fitting carefully his first-step shoe. The bending would hide her blushes.

Zelda and Charley strolled in finally.

"We've walked from one end of the town to the other, Aunt Carrie," Zelda dimpled.

Caroline caught the significant glance that Mrs. "Hardware" Peterson flashed at Mr. "Hardware."

They stood around for a little. From time to time other people came into the store, people who had known Charlie Brown in the magic days of early youth. He was the constant center of an interested, excited group.

Through it all, wherever Caroline might be—fitting shoes, measuring cloth or perched high on the swinging ladder reaching for some seldom-called-for part of the stock—she could hear Zelda's high-flung laughter and the chatter of her voice.

Caroline held her head firmly. "Don't be a ninny, *don't be a ninny,*" she told herself fiercely. "It's the most natural thing in the world they'd like each other. You ought to be *glad*. You had *your* chance—"

And then, like an echo, the same dull little voice in her heart went on, "*You* had *your* chance—and you flung it away, for Zelda."

The shoppers were thinning out. Loaded flivvers careened down Main Street, over the bridge and out through the country roads. Tomorrow was Saturday, and a continuance of the reunion with Charlie Brown must wait until Saturday night and Sunday.

"Let's go up and pound the piano a little more," Zelda suggested. Charlie followed, it seemed to Caroline more than willingly.

Finally, when Caroline thought she must drop from sheer weariness, the last customer straggled out.

Lon pulled the windows down and bolted the back door. Caroline hurried with the muslin covers. They let themselves out the front door, the counters long-sheeted white ghosts behind them. Caroline was frankly tired. She lagged a little as they went up Main Street. Lon spoke only once.

"If he asks you, Carrie, it's all right," he said. "God knows you've earned a chance for a home of your own. How I'd 'a' got along without you I don't know. But the young 'uns are big enough now. Zelda oughta have some responsibility anyhow."

"Don't worry; he won't ask me, Lon. I ain't so young as I used to be. Think he's traveled all over the world and had all kindsa chances and then's goin' t' come back t' Eden after an old maid? No, I guess there ain't no call f'r any of us t' worry about that, Lon."

Up in the Burt parlor Charlie Brown held undisputed sway. Zelda, her cheeks aflame and her eyes as bright as stars, listened eagerly. Charley was telling of foreign lands he'd visited, everyone boasting a branch establishment of his patent-medicine concern. Japan with its cherry blossom festival, its Geisha girls, its romance, seemed to thrill Zelda most.

Lon yawned.

"Well I'm gonna hit th' hay," he said. "Gotta work hard t'morrow. Goodnight." Junior sleepily followed him.

Zelda was eagerly questioning. *Did* the Japanese ladies *really* wear those *cunning* kimonos, and were they as *pretty* as their pictures *said* they were?

Caroline's back ached and her eyes smarted unaccountably. Suddenly she felt tired, tired and old.

Charlie looked at her—tenderly! Caroline's heart suddenly beat suffocatingly.

"Carol," he said—that had been his old pet name for her—"Let's wander down the old path to the orchard gate and watch the moon shine down over Murphy's pond."

"Oh, goody, let's," said Zelda.

All at once Charlie became fatherly firm. "Time little girls were in bed," he said to Zelda.

Zelda pouted and then went reluctantly up the stairs.

That wild, suffocating thing was stirring in Caroline's heart. They strolled down the path.

The grass was high and hung over the pathway heavy with glistening dew. Caroline's thin lisle stockings were damp at the ankles, but somehow she didn't care. The moon, shining through the trees with their heavy foliage, made odd little pools of light and shadow on the lawn. Murphy's pasture pond was a clear, shimmering lake. Queer how it changed! Only this morning it had seemed just a muddy puddle in the ground where cows lingered knee-deep in the ooze, swishing at the flies. Now the moon, full and radiant, cast an enchanted, search-lighted path through the glistening water.

Caroline's back seemed less tired. Her spirit was taking on the magical touch of youth. Were they really back in the past, that dear never-to-be-forgotten past?

Charlie's arm was around her.

"I thought that funny little kid would never go to bed," he was saying. "She stayed and stayed and stayed, and all the time I was longing to talk to you—just to you. Fifteen years is a long time, Carol."

Caroline's nerves were tingling.

"Yes, it is a long time," she agreed. "I—I feel it is sometimes—that is—that is, I—feel pretty old."

Charlie laughed. His arm around her waist tightened.

"Well, it is a long time," he repeated, "and we are older, I'll admit."

Caroline went on remorselessly, "I—I've got gray hair and wrinkles and—and—"

He laughed again—that comforting laugh. "To be sure you have. I noticed 'em. And I've got a bald head and a thick waist line and I'm beginning to have rheumatism. . . ."

Suddenly they were both laughing—laughing like youngsters there as the moonlight flooded over them.

Charlie took up the conversation. "So you see, Carol dear, it's time I had somebody to look after me." Then seriously, "Dear, I came for you. Will you go back with me?"

NO, it was not the wild, madly sweet lovemaking of youth, but it was the love of the one man for the one woman. Carol knew, and her heart was warm.

Charlie lighted a big black cigar. He puffed at it energetically. "Queer how such things get you," he said. "All these years, whenever I got sentimental about any other woman, I seemed to see you and this path and the moonlight. It always kept me sane and sensible. The dream meant a lot to me always, but somehow I never knew how much until tonight. Queer, ain't it?"

Caroline, her hand in his, her eyes alight, no longer "Old Maid Caroline," *but the woman some man wanted,* admitted that it was.

Her Highness Intervenes

[Continued from page 5]

She freed her right hand and held it out to Stormont. He had the grace to kiss it—and did it very well for a Yankee!

Together they entered the kitchen door and turned into the dining-room on the left, where were chairs around the plain pine table.

Darragh said: "The new mistress of Harrod Place has selected your quarters, Eve. They adjoin the quarters of her friend the Countess Orloff Strelwitz."

"Valentine begged me," said Ricca, smiling. "She is going to be lonely without me. All hours of day and night we were trotting into one another's rooms." She looked gravely at Eve. "You will like Valentine; and she will like you very much. As for me—I already love you."

She put one arm around Eve's shoulders. "How could you even think of remaining here all alone? Why, I should never close my eyes for thinking of you, dear."

Eve's head drooped; she said in a stifled voice: "I'll go with you. I want to. I'm very—tired."

"We had better go now," said Darragh. "Your things can be brought over later. If you'll dress for snow-shoeing, Jack can pack what clothes you need. . . . Are there snow-shoes for him, too?"

Eve turned tragically to her lover: "In Dad's closet—" she said, choking; then turned and went up the stairs, still clinging to Ricca's hand and drawing her with her.

Stormont followed, entered Clinch's quarters, and presently came downstairs again, carrying Clinch's snow-shoes and a basket pack.

He seated himself near Darragh. After a silence: "Your wife is beautiful, Jim. Her character seems to be even more beautiful. She's like God's own messenger to Eve. . . . And—you're rather wonderful yourself—"

"Nonsense," said Darragh. "I've given my wife her first American friend and I've done a shrewd stroke of business in nabbing the best business associate I ever heard of—"

"You're crazy but kind. I hope I'll be some good. . . . One thing; I'll never get over what you've done for Eve in this crisis—"

"There'll be no crisis, Jack. Marry, and hook up with me in business. That solves everything. . . . Lord!—what a life Eve has had! But you'll make it all up to her—all this loneliness and shame and misery of Clinch's Dump—"

Stormont touched his arm in caution: Eve and Ricca came down the stairs—the former now in the gray wool snow-shoe dress, and carrying her snow-shoes, black gown, and toilet articles.

Stormont began to stow away her effects in the basket pack; Darragh went over to her and took her hand.

"I'm so glad we are to be friends," he said. "It hurt a lot to know you held me in contempt. But I had to go about it that way."

Eve nodded. Then, suddenly recollecting: "Oh," she exclaimed, reddening, "I forgot the jewel-case! It's under my pillow—"

She turned and sped upstairs and reappeared almost instantly, carrying the jewel-case.

Breathless, flushed, thankful and happy in the excitement of restitution, she placed the leather case in Ricca's hands.

"My jewels!" cried the girl, astounded. Then, with a little cry of delight, she placed the case upon the table, stripped open the emblazoned cover, and emptied the two trays. All over the table rolled the jewels, flashing, scintillating, ablaze with blinding light.

And at the same instant the outer door crashed open, and Quintana covered them with Darragh's rifle.

"Now," he shouted, "who stirs a finger shall go to Kingdom Come in one jump! You, my gendarme frien'—*you,* my frien' Smith—turn your backs—han's up high! Tha's the way! Now, ladies!—back away there! Get back or I kill! Sure, I kill you like I would some white little mice!"

With incredible quickness he stepped forward and swept the jewels into one hand, filled the pocket of his trousers, caught up every flashing stray stone and pocketed it.

"You gendarme," he cried in a menacing voice, "you think you shall follow in my track. Yes? I blow your head off if you stir before the hour. After that—well, follow if you will."

Even as he spoke he stepped outside and slammed the door; and Darragh and Stormont leaped for it. Then the loud detonation of Quintana's rifle was echoed by the splintering rip of bullets tearing through the closed door; and both men halted in the face of the leaden hail.

Eve ran to the pantry window and saw Quintana in somebody's stolen lumber-sledge lash a pair of big horses to a gallop and go floundering past into the Ghost Lake road.

As he sped by in a whirl of snow he fired five times at the house, then, rising and swinging his whip, he flogged the frantic horses into the woods.

In the dining-room, Stormont, red with rage and shame and having found his rifle in the corridor outside Eve's bedroom, was trying to open the shutters for a shot; and Darragh, empty-handed, searched the house frantically for a weapon.

Eve, terribly excited, came from the pantry.

"He's gone!" she cried furiously. "He's in somebody's lumber-sledge with a pair of horses and he's driving west!"

Stormont ran to the tap-room telephone, cranked it, and warned the constabulary at Five Lakes.

"Good heaven!" he exclaimed, turning to Darragh, scarlet with mortification. "What a ghastly business! I never dreamed he was within miles of Clinch's! It's the most shameful thing that ever happened to me—"

Darragh, exasperated and dreadfully humiliated, looked miserably at his brand-new wife.

Eve and Stormont also looked at her. She had come forward from the rear of the stairway where Quintana had brutally driven her. Now she stood with one hand on the empty leather jewel-case, looking at everybody out of pretty, bewildered eyes.

She caught up the emblazoned case, stripped out the first tray, then the second, and flung them aside. Then, searching with the delicate tip of her forefinger in the empty case, she suddenly pressed the bottom hard, thumb, middle finger and little finger forming the three apexes of an equilateral triangle.

There came a clear, tiny sound like the ringing of the alarm in a repeating watch. Very gently the false bottom of the case detached itself and came away in the palm of her hand.

And there, each embedded in its own shaped compartment of chamois, lay the Esthonian jewels—the true ones—deep hidden, always doubly guarded by two sets of perfect imitations lining the two visible trays above.

And, in the center, blazed the Erosite gem—the magnificent Flaming Jewel, a glory of living, blinding fire!

Nobody stirred or spoke. Darragh blinked at the crystalline blaze as though stunned.

Then the young girl who had once been Her Serene Highness Theodorica, Grand Duchess of Esthonia, looked up at her husband and laughed.

"Did you really suppose it was these that brought me across the ocean? Did you suppose it was a passion for these that filled my heart? Did you think it was for these that I followed you?"

She laughed again, turned to Eve.

"*You* understand. Tell him that if he had been in rags I would have followed him like a gipsy. . . . They say there is gipsy blood in us. I think perhaps there is a little of it in all real women—" Still laughing she placed her hand lightly upon her heart. "—In all women—perhaps—a Flaming Jewel imbedded here—"

Her eyes, tender and mocking, met his; she lifted the jewel-case, closed it, and placed it in his hands.

"Now," she said, "you have everything in your possession; and we are safe—we are quite safe, now, my jewels and I."

Then she went to Eve and rested both hands on her shoulders.

"Shall we put on our snow-shoes and go—home?"

As their eyes met, both remembered. Then she smiled at her lover with the shy girl's soul of her gazing out at him through eyes as blue as the wild blind-gentians that grow among the ferns and mosses of Star Pond.

FAR away in the northwestern forests Quintana still lashed his horses through the primeval pines.

Triumphant, reckless, resourceful, dangerous, he felt that now nothing could stop him, nothing bar his way to freedom.

Then, of a sudden, close by in the snowy road ahead, he saw a State Trooper on snow-shoes—saw the upflung arm warning him—screamed curses at his horses, flogged them forward to crush this thing to death that dared menace him—this object that suddenly rose up out of nowhere to snatch from him the keys of the world—

For a moment the State Trooper looked after the runaway horses. There was no use following; they'd have to run till they dropped.

Then he lowered the leveled rifle from his shoulder, looked grimly at the limp thing which had tumbled from the sledge into the snowy road and which sprawled there, crimsoning the spotless flakes that fell upon it.

[THE END]

Defying Sun and Wind

How the Outdoor Girl Keeps Her Radiant Coloring

By Elsie Waterbury Morris

THE time has come to do away with the tradition that our grandmothers had the only complexions worth having. Their cheeks like damask roses (natural!); their graceful white hands, soft as a baby's—these charms have been so unduly exploited that one might almost believe the modern woman had no charms of her own.

Possibly our grandmothers were the possessors of just such perfections as have been described, although I suspect that the distance of years has added a bit of glamour; but consider these things:

What grandmother ever rushed gaily about a tennis court at ten o'clock on a hot July morning, or walked five miles over a golf course, or even picknicked bareheaded under a summer sun?

Preposterous thoughts! No, in grandmother's day, we are told, it was different. Girls did not indulge in the active sports which keep the modern girl fit. They would have considered such sports hoydenish. Furthermore, when they did go out, it was with a full equipment of shade hat, veil, gloves and parasol. They would have thought they were inviting disaster had they gone out bareheaded and barehanded.

And that is just what the modern woman does do. All summer she invites disaster to her hands and complexion, for while she is enjoying her athletic freedom she is too often neglecting her skin.

Of course this outdoor activity is the best thing in the world for her, but I believe there is not a single modern woman who in the depths of her most modern heart does not at the same time long for an old-fashioned, peaches-and-cream complexion.

Her great problem is to reconcile the two things; to be at once free, athletic, and yet charmingly feminine in appearance.

Outdoor sports and good looks need not be irreconcilable. It is not necessary to end the summer with a red, roughened complexion, a generous sprinkling of freckles, hands that look like a schoolboy's, and hair that is lifeless and badly streaked.

In the first place, try protecting your face before you expose yourself, instead of trying in vain to remedy matters after the mischief is done. Protect your face with a liquid powder and a delicate coating of dry powder before going out; if your skin is dry use a good vanishing cream. Never use water on your face directly after it has been exposed to sun and wind. Water only burns the skin at such time, whereas a good cream soothes and softens it. Use plenty of cream and lotions on your hands during the summer months, not only at night, but each time after washing them.

I can only give these general directions for the care of face and hands here, because I want to take space to discuss a little more freely the care of the hair in summer.

In a previous paragraph I mentioned the fact that hair frequently becomes lifeless and discolored because of abuse during the summer months. This will probably be even truer than usual this summer because of the increase in the number of bobbed heads. Not that bobbed hair itself is harmful; quite the contrary. But haven't you noticed that when the hair is short there is tendency to discard hats altogether? That is where the danger lies.

The hair and scalp should never be exposed to the direct rays of the blazing sun. Such exposure dries the natural oil from the hair, bleaches it and makes it brittle. Try always, therefore, to wear a hat whenever you must be out during the middle of the day, and at any other time when you are going to be in the blazing sunlight.

Shampoo the hair regularly. Two to four weeks is a proper interval between shampoos. During the summer it should never be necessary to dry the hair indoors. Plenty of fresh air and subdued sunlight are excellent tonics. If your hair is inclined to be unusually dry after it is washed, rub a tiny bit of vaseline or other pure oil into the scalp as soon as the hair is dry again.

Unless you are one of those rare women who have achieved the art of bathing in salt water without getting your hair wet, you will have to take particularly good care of your hair at the seashore. I do not advise you to rinse your hair in fresh water every day after your swim, but I do urge you to rinse it out every few days.

Brush your hair regularly with a good stiff brush. Brush the hair out from the scalp, not down to it. Be sure to keep brushes and combs immaculately clean.

If you are troubled with dandruff, too oily hair, or too dry hair, get a tonic suited to your condition and use it faithfully. There are many good tonics on the market.

There is so much misunderstanding about the cause of oily hair that I want to say a word about it here. Many of those who suffer from oily hair are under the impression that it should be washed frequently. This is a mistake, for this reason: oily hair is caused by the scalp throwing the oil out on the hair itself instead of holding it in the roots as nourishment. Therefore, when the hair is shampooed, no oil remains, either on the hair or in the scalp, where it should be. Instead of frequent shampoos try cleaning the hair with a tonic. Go over the hair and scalp carefully with absorbent cotton dampened with tonic. This will help to dry the hair and yet will leave some of the necessary oil about the roots.

Crude oil may be used on the hair with excellent results. Because of its disagreeable odor, however, few people care to leave it on more than a few hours at a time. If it is used the night before shampooing the hair, the pillow should be protected.

IT IS natural for women to love beauty and to long to express it through themselves.

In the booklet "Beauty for Every Woman," Mrs. Gouverneur Morris gives to women the benefit of her unusual experience and shows how simple are the laws for cultivating charm. The booklet treats of the care of the skin, hair, eyes and figure. Price, 10 cents—to pay for the cost of sending it to you.

Write for it to Mrs. Morris, Care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York.

After My Fashion

[*Continued from page 6*]

Sunday night he returned, usually with a full creel . . . obviously no mean angler. The thing on the surface was impeccable. Rosalie, as aforesaid, couldn't have told just when she began to doubt.

It might have been the night he came home with three or four wild violets in an otherwise empty envelope in his coat pocket.

The thing fell out at Rosalie's feet when she was putting the coat into his closet. She wasn't going through his pockets—one doesn't. But when a blank envelope falls at one's feet with a lumpy vague enclosure—obviously not a letter. . . .

She lifted the flap—shook whatever was inside out, into her beautiful cupped white hand—wild violets, pale mauve in color, ghostly as to fragrance. . . .

Rosalie's heart stumbled. One doesn't gather violets with a hook and line—well, hardly! Perhaps he had brought them home for her . . . in that case why didn't he give them to her? She asked him about them at dinner that night, a trifle crudely, perhaps, being in the grip of a new and disturbing emotion, and he laughed—but not before he flushed, darkly and surprisedly.

The flush was damning. Royal wasn't given to flushing . . . a dark moody sort of man with a kind of reckless gayety about him. His keen deep eyes looked into you and somehow past you. He had the confidence born of success—in the last three or four years he had thrust himself up to a place amazingly near the top of his crowd—something to do with cotton. He was rich enough now—even for Rosalie.

Rosalie looked for them next morning to throw them out and couldn't find them. Royal had said: "Violets—oh, yes, I remember! Found 'em near the station while I was waiting for the train."

If that were true why had he wanted to keep them? Rosalie thought a good deal about the thing from one angle or another. She didn't say to herself that flowers suggested women—a woman . . . but it was at the back of her thoughts, just the same. Also, there was the matter of the bill for the chintz.

English chintz, five dollars a yard—ten yards of it. Parcel post charges to Bay St. Louis, forty-seven cents. From one of the nicest shops in town. Rosalie, seared with little creeping flames, showed Royal the bill.

"It's a mistake, of course," she said. "I haven't gotten any chintz, there . . ." watching him meantime.

"Addressed to me, wasn't it?" asked Royal pointedly. He took the bill and put it into his pocket.

"But Royal—what on earth—"

"Please don't bother me, just now, Beautiful!" said Royal quickly. "I'm rushed to death . . . If you want that star sapphire you've been asking for, better let me alone about little things for a while . . . the market's pretty wild."

Which Rosalie knew to be true . . . but which left the chintz like the violets a thorn unremoved from the flesh.

Did Royal need English chintzes with which to go fishing? Too terribly absurd!

That she got the star sapphire, beautifully set for her slim third finger, in less than a week, held her only for the moment.

Royal gave her anything, everything she asked for, sooner or later. That wasn't the point. Their life together was full of color and softness and pleasures—that wasn't the point either. She rewarded him for being one of the richest and most successful men in town by being herself one of the most beautiful and socially successful wives. She knew how her beauty held him. She knew to a hair its effect upon him. Being a beauty she had naturally supposed it would always hold him. Being an exquisite materialist, she hadn't doubted her materials. Beside—he had been a widower when she married him. Already settled into harness. Past the sowing of wild oats.

Two years a widower when he asked Rosalie to marry him—Rosalie, just down from the North on a visit to her New Orleans cousins. Caught by the moody romance in his eyes, by the almost feverish intensity of his wooing, no less than by the incredibility of his eligibility, as it were—Rosalie had said yes. There had been a large church wedding—voices breathing mellifluously over Eden—all the usual thing—tapering off sweetly enough into days and weeks and months of luxurious devotion. . . .

Rosalie asked diplomatic questions, after the chintz episode, of her dearest friend, who was also her cousin, Mrs. Lempierre, a brown-haired dove with a Gallic slant, and Mrs. Lempierre saw through the questions instantly.

"My dear—" she said, "you're worrying about Roy's week-ends? Don't! He probably goes over to that old cottage of his, gets into his oldest clothes and lives like a beach-comber for a day and a half. If you were there, you'd want him to eat off a clean plate and shave. That's why he won't have you along. Be glad he hasn't a motor-boat so you don't have to worry about death-by-drowning, in addition! . . ."

"Has he always had a cottage at the Bay?" asked Rosalie.

"Used to live over there before Carey died," said Mrs. Lempierre. Carey was the first wife's name. "It's a funny little old place . . . miles from anywhere."

"I can't imagine Royal living in the country," said Rosalie scornfully.

"Well, he did—absurd as it may seem. He had what his father left him, you know . . . rather a comfortable income. He never really got down to work of any sort, then . . . he had some notion, I think, of being a writer—or an artist . . . something temperamental. However, he came to town fast enough after she died, got into cotton and really arrived. Probably wanted to come, all along. What *are* you worrying about, Rosalie? You know he never looks at another woman!"

Rosalie wanted to tell about the wild violets and the chintz but held her tongue. She said instead: "Do you know—I found the most adorable old console down on Royal Street yesterday in an antique shop—beautiful mahogany . . ."

"There used to be a very good one in the cottage at the Bay—I remember it," said Mrs. Lempierre thoughtfully. "Why don't you get Roy to have it brought over for you? You're so keen on old mahogany, now."

"I believe I will," said Rosalie. She added with a touch of relieved curiosity—Mrs. Lempierre's common-sense was steadying: "What was she like, Amy—? Carey, I mean."

"Oh, little—and mousey—nothing out of the ordinary," said the other carelessly. "Untidy and all that. No wonder Roy went mad over you the minute he saw you. I declare Rosalie—you get lovelier every day!"

JEALOUSY is not a pretty emotion—nor yet a comfortable one. It does things to otherwise cool heads and sane intelligences. It did things gnawingly to Rosalie. She began to feel that she could not bear it for Roy to go away again to that vague sinister Bay of his . . . just could not bear it. . . .

She said to him on Thursday, with a caressing wistfulness: "Going fishing this week, Roy?"

"Yes, sweet, I am," said Royal pleasantly. "Saturday afternoon—same as always. Bring you some speckled trout."

Rosalie didn't want any speckled trout. She set her teeth and clenched her hands and asked no more questions. But that night she said to herself just before she fell asleep, which was not until somewhere about two in the morning: "I've got to find out who it is he goes over there to see. There's somebody. No question. I can't stand waiting here another time—and not knowing. It's bound to come out sooner or later. And then there'll be a horrible scandal. You see things like that in the paper all the time . . . but why did it have to be *me*?—Oh, my God!"

She may not have meant it for a curse. Certainly she didn't mean it for a prayer. The soul in her uncommonly beautiful body, the soul that wore her gorgeous red-gold hair, looked out of her velvety eyes and smiled with her soft Circean mouth, was just at the moment, one part rage, one part despair, and two parts jealous distortion. She actually believed she had no choice than to do what she did. So she kissed Royal good-by after breakfast next morning and kissed him a second time when he told her caressingly that she was looking a little tired—that she must take better care of herself.

"I have an easy day, today," she said. "Bridge, this afternoon—that's all."

By way of an alibi—if one were needed. Even jealousy's clever enough for that.

Afterward she put on an inconspicuous frock and a quiet little hat with a veil and at eleven o'clock she took the train for the Bay . . . to look at the mahogany console which Mrs. Lempierre thought she remembered in the cottage that was miles from anywhere.

A hot tiresome trip. Surely an hour was never so long before. Cypresses going by outside the window, stretches of flat grayish swamp, stretches of dusty green field, stretches of rumpled inland water. Fishing-clubs . . . hunter's shacks . . . once a shrimp-cannery, gaunt and ugly. Hot blue sky over everything but ever so far away. No breeze. Very little shade. Flatness unbelievable.

Rosalie had plenty of time to think. She determined upon a plan of action. She would get a car at the station . . . she had never been to the Bay before . . . and she would say to the driver . . .

[*Turn to page 30*]

Do You Weigh Him?

Ways to Know and Correct Baby's Feeding Troubles

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

TO determine the quantity of breast-milk taken at a given nursing, the infant must be weighed, without change of clothing, immediately before and immediately after nursing.

An ounce of milk, fluid measure, for all practical purposes may be considered as an ounce avoirdupois. If the milk is of fair, average quality an infant weighing from six to eight pounds should get from three to four ounces at three-hour nursing intervals, there being six or seven nursings in the twenty-four hours. An eight-to-ten-pound infant will need from four to five ounces at three-hour intervals, counting six nursings in the twenty-four hours. A ten-to-twelve-pound infant needs from five to six ounces, nursing at three-hour intervals, granted six nursings in twenty-four hours.

When the nursings are carried on every three hours it will be more convenient to give them as follows: 6 A.M., 9 A.M., 12 N., 3 P.M., 6 P.M., 10 P.M. and 2 A.M. When the number is reduced to six, the 2 A.M. nursing should be omitted. This gives the mother the much-needed, unbroken rest. If the baby is given a few ounces of water or barley water from a bottle he will be satisfied and will soon conclude it is not worth the awaking.

A THRIVING baby, who will sleep without waking from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. should by all means be allowed to do so. After the baby passes twelve pounds in weight, four-hour nursing intervals are best, as follows: 6 A.M., 10 A.M., 2 P.M., 6 P.M. and 10 P.M.

If smaller babies are put on the four-hour interval the 2 A.M. feeding will often be necessary. Such is not always the case however as I have known many thriving breast-babies to have but five nursings in twenty-four hours from the beginning. A baby weighing fifteen pounds needs seven ounces at four-hour intervals, there being five nursings in twenty-four hours; when this is not supplied by the mother an additional amount must be given by the bottle, all of which was explained in the preceding number of this magazine.

Management of abnormal milk conditions: We will assume that the breast-milk is good in quality but deficient in quantity as proved by repeated weighings. Under such circumstances an increased amount of fluid should be taken by the mother. I find that mothers are inclined to restrict the fluid intake if they find that they are taking on weight. Every nursing mother should partake freely of water. Excepting in those with very rich milk, the nutritional drinks will answer two purposes, that of supplying both foods and fluids. Soups, broths, gruels, malted milk, cocoa and cows' milk—whole or skimmed—will be found of service. A quart or more of extra fluid a day has been of much service to mothers in whom there was a quantity deficiency.

Assuming that the milk is poor in quality but sufficient in quantity: In such cases our greatest success has followed a curtailmen of exercise and manual work, there should be a diminished energy-output which should be reduced from twenty-five to fifty per cent. if possible. As will be appreciated, this is not always possible. A rest of two hours after the midday meal will be a great help as will unbroken sleep at night. The free use of nitrogenous foods such as meats, eggs, poultry, fish, milk and cheese should be urged. Oatmeal and cornmeal are the best among the cereals. A liberal amount of sugar is allowed. Malt liquors and wine in moderation may be a great help.

Assuming that the breast-milk is too rich: Overrich milk has given me a great deal of trouble, producing vomiting and colicky babies with frequent green stools. When we say a rich breast-milk we usually mean that the fat-content is high, and such milk may be produced by mothers who are robust in physique and generous eaters of good food but who often take too little exercise. For such mothers, a walk of two or three miles daily will be a help; or they may take on extra household duties, if such have not been doing, previously, most of the housework. Women who do their own housework, manage a husband and care for the other children, are never troubled with overrich breast-milk.

Those with overrich milk should partake scantily of butter, cream and sugar. Red meat should be eaten not oftener than once a day and all alcoholic drinks are to be avoided.

WHEN it is impossible to reduce the milk-strength, the length of the nursing-period should be cut down in order that a lesser amount be taken; and barley water or plain water should be given to act as a diluent and to supply the necessary fluid-content of the meal. This procedure constitutes modifying the mother's milk to the child's digestive capacity. The weighing has to be done in the home; the milk examinations are to be carried out by the attending physician.

In getting milk for the test it is best to allow the baby to nurse a minute from both breasts and then, with a breast pump or by milking, remove ½ ounce from each breast and mix these two half-ounces. It is best to have three specimens for examination taken, on different days, at different times of the day.

Care of the breast and nipples: Nursing at regular intervals not only increases the milk-supply but is a decided aid in keeping the breast and nipples in a healthy condition. Babies as soon as they are old enough put everything available into their mouths in addition to fingers and thumbs;

[Turn to page 39]

After My Fashion

[Continued from page 28]

"I wish to go to Mr. Lane's cottage—it is quite a bit away, I believe . . ." then she would be driven to the place and once there, she would go up to the door. . . .

She had atrocious half-formed visions of a woman meeting her in the doorway . . . a woman on the steps . . . the sort of thing which happens in newspapers daily—so why not, after all, to one's self?

It didn't seem like Royal . . . her ardent, indulgent, loverly Royal . . . but doubtless to a great many other wives it had not seemed like a great many other husbands . . . until the light broke.

And take it by and large, Rosalie was sick, past sanity, of conjecture—she had come to the place where she had to know. So—she was going to know.

It worked out as she had planned. More or less.

She left the train at Bay St. Louis, in the glare of the noonday sun, signalled the mulatto driver of a rather dusty-looking car and said to him with immense calm: "I wish to go to Mr. Lane's cottage . . ."

The man's mouth widened into a respectfully friendly smile, a negro's mouth in a face where the white man's freckles spattered a skin just pale enough to show them: "Mr. Royal Lane? Yas'm—he got a place a piece up the shell-road."

Rosalie got into the car and sat down, folding her hands tightly together in her lap. The mulatto slid down behind the wheel. The little yellow-brown station disappeared in an impalpable veil of fine white dust. Under the wheels of the car bits of white shell clicked and spun aside. At the end of the road into which they turned the scintillant blue of the Sound leaped suddenly into sight with a foreground of liveoak branches. Presently they were driving along the edge of the Sound itself: nothing between shell-road and sea but a strip of white beach down which the tough green vines of the wild convolvulus flung their fleshy runners and where short wiry grasses clutched a precarious footing. On the other side of the road charming summer cottages, gay with vines and awnings . . .

After a little the houses grew fewer, rather far apart. Pines slipped in between, stark and murmurous . . . the forest, grudging retreat.

The glare from the water hurt Rosalie's eyes. She looked inland and saw only the pines thickening and darkening—loneliness edging the road . . . loneliness in one's heart. . . . Hot endless driving, that queer salt smell in her nostrils, queer low hum in her ears . . . at last a roof through the trees, the line of a low straggling little house, gray between pines and water.

"H'yah it is!" said the driver.

Rosalie paid him and sent him away.

"You may come back for me in about an hour," she said, pulse drumming so that she could hardly speak . . . "What time can I get a train—to the city—this afternoon?"

"Bes' train's about three."

He drove away. She turned and walked up the path between clumps of purple and crimson stocks . . . there was a rose-vine over the door, full of small pale roses with deep-colored hearts, roses a little salt-bitten but sweet . . . two chairs on the narrow porch . . . wicker chairs pleasantly cushioned. . . .

The chintz of those cushions was new.

Birds of paradise and peonies—against a burnt-ivory ground. As surely as thistles came from Scotland, that chintz was English. . . .

The door stood open. Rosalie knocked twice and waited each time, palpitant. Nobody answered. Deliberately she crossed the threshold.

Into a wide low-ceilinged room with a big fern-filled fireplace . . . with white bookcases built against the walls and filled to overflowing by the blue and crimson and tarnished gold of books . . . with deep chairs and one deep drowsy couch cushioned and covered in chintz. . . .

Birds of paradise and peonies on a burnt-ivory ground.

Rosalie steadied herself with a hand on the table near the couch and looked till her eyes burned in her head.

Books—more books on the table. And purple stocks in a dull blue jar. (Royal never had time to read. Royal's kind of flowers were roses and gardenias, with expensive flower-shop ribbon about the stems). Pictures on the walls . . . stupid, pale hazy things, etchings—weren't they? The water-color of a girl's head over the mantel shelf wasn't bad . . . still even that was pale . . . washed-out—vague. . . . Things with any sort of color in them, Rosalie could see.

Her own house had been done by the smartest interior decorators in town . . . period furniture, rather formal grouping which Rosalie was always careful not to disturb, of objects she herself had not chosen. Voluptuous hangings, subtly-shaded lighting . . .

Her glance swept the small grand piano at the farther end of the room . . . a very old-fashioned one. That, at least, wasn't a recent gift! On the piano, two big piles of sheet music and the wonderful mellow goldenish brown of a violin. She crossed to it with mounting recklessness and fluttered the black-barred pages . . .

Bach. . . . It wasn't much more than a name to Rosalie but she was certain, to Royal, it wasn't even that! Royal liked jazz of the wildest sort. Yowling trombones, whining fiddles, stuttering drums. He liked music to dance by—to eat by—to make love by. He couldn't be dragged to a concert.

The woman must be somewhere about—in the yard perhaps . . . had she seen Rosalie go in? Was she watching? The beast . . . the shameless cruel beast!

UNTIL she saw that room, she had feared only a rendezvous—a meeting-place—now she knew with an agonizing certainty that this was where another woman *lived*.

She hadn't left it long—whoever she was—her imprint was on everything—she would be coming back. Books, flowers, music, chintz-cushioned chairs—all stood waiting for her. She couldn't have gone very far. There was nowhere to go. Sea before the little house—tall pines behind it. What a stillness! What a terrible inhuman stillness—if one screamed—only one wasn't going to scream of course—however, if one *should*—no one to hear. . . .

What was it Amy Lempierre had said—"It's miles from anywhere."

It was. That was what frightened Rosalie.

She was sure, this time, she heard someone in the other room. The room which opened, past the piano and the fireplace. She took her courage in her two hands and walked to the door of it. Going, she said to herself—"I shall tell her—I am Mrs. Royal Lane—that is all—it will be enough. . . ."

It was rather a sweet room. White-curtained, with what Rosalie even in her flare of panic knew for some wonderful bits of old mahogany—and a snowy bed. There were bottles of rosy Venetian glass on the dressing-table, ivory brushes, a little lilac satin pincushion . . . on a table by the window, some of the pale little roses in a crystal bowl and a book or two. But there was no one in the room. Rosalie stood and looked at the bed, the wide, four-posted, white-covered bed till her throat began to ache and tears came into her eyes.

Something inside her cried somehow pitifully: "Roy . . . *my* Roy! . . ."

But she choked it back and put up her handkerchief to save herself traces of distress. If she was going to have it out with this other woman she didn't want to put herself at a disadvantage in the first place, by crying.

So she went back into the living-room, her knees shaking under her, and looked about her once more. Off to the other side was obviously the dining-room. She caught glimpses of china and glass, two chairs drawn up to a small round table. She went no nearer, having seen that. Two chairs . . . two plates . . . two knives and forks and glasses . . . *that* crowded one past bearing! It was unbelievable . . . it wasn't decent! . . . Farther yet was, she supposed, the kitchen . . . stillness lay about her like a warm soft stifling veil.

She kept remembering that, even if one screamed—it was miles from anywhere. And then—nothing but locking her hands together till the knuckles whitened, setting her teeth and tensing every muscle in her body, saved her from screaming anyhow . . . because, somewhere at the back of the house, she heard quite clearly, the scrape of a chair, and, crossing the floor, a tired, heavy step.

She waited, unable to breathe, until the back door opened slowly and an old negro man came into the room.

He had bent, rheumatic shoulders, and a grizzled scarcity of wool, topping a gentle monkeyish face. He carried a handful of double white violets. When he saw Rosalie, he stopped in his tracks and stared with an inarticulate noise of dismay.

"Good-morning!" said Rosalie, dry-lipped.

"'Mawnin', lady!" returned the ancient nervously. "I ain't heerd nobody cum in . . . wuz yo' lookin' fer Mistah Royal? He ain' . . ."

Rosalie told him as she had told the mulatto driver: "I—I am looking at the house." A fortunate inspiration.

The old man shook his head and smiled deprecatingly. "Dis place ain' nevah bin fer rent."

"Is—anyone—living here, now?" asked Rosalie . . . and waited with a chilly dew breaking out upon her upper lip for the answer.

[Turn to page 31]

After My Fashion

[Continued from page 30]

He shifted from one foot to the other and replied with dignified courtesy: "Yes'm—Mistah Royal Lane. He dun live hyah, long time, now."

"Does he—live here—alone?" asked Rosalie.

"No'm . . ." (was it the sound of the sea in her ears—or her own blood, surging stormily?) "—Ah teks care de yawd . . . 'n ma wife, Keziah . . . she does de cook'n an' washin' and makes de baid. . . ."

The snowy-sheeted mahogany bed with its four stately posts, its two smooth pillows. . . .

"When Mistah Royal's hyah, she cleans up . . ." with gentle garrulity.

"And when—he isn't here—who—cleans up—then?"

The deprecating old smile again. . . . "When he ain' hyah—dey ain' no cleanin' up ter do."

"Then—when he isn't here—there is—nobody here?" Rosalie forced a smile of her own above a savage determination that would not at the moment have stopped at redhot pincers for getting the truth from the creature before her.

He answered perplexed but still eager to supply the beautiful stranger with whatever information she desired: "No'm—ain' nobody but me and Keziah."

"What—what about the—lady?" asked Rosalie, fierce with shame.

"Ain' no lady."

"Oh, yes there is! The lady the piano belongs to—and the flowers—and all the books—the lady that sleeps—in that bedroom!"

The old man stared and muttered. "Mah Lawd an' mah Gawd!" he said reverently—"Dem b'longs to Mis' Carey. She bin daid five years—Mis' Carey is—das' who dat fiddle and dem books and things b'long ter!"

ARE you—sure?" asked Rosalie. Relief engulfed her and a mad horrible desire for laughter. Why hadn't she seen it? How hadn't she guessed? Hysteria fluttered in her throat. Anything so simple . . . anything so obvious. . . .

"Yas'm, I'se sho'," said the old man meekly. "I dun ride behin' her to de ch'uchya'd . . . me an' Keziah. Cain' be no sho'er dan dat!"

"No—" said Rosalie, "no—of course not." She demanded suddenly in a voice harsh and unlike her own lazy sweetness: "The chintz—the cloth on those chairs—that's new? That's not five years old!"

"No'm . . . Mistah Royal dun sent dat ovah f'um de city a w'ile back—an' Keziah dun made new covahs fer de sofa and dem cushions . . . de old ones wuz all wo' out. Mistah Royal he don' wan' nuthin' change' in dis house. Das' de same identical pattern Mis' Carey dun pick out when dey firs' cum here . . . it's right pretty—ain' it?"

"Yes—" said Rosalie dully, "it's right pretty." She stared about the quiet walls with eyes in which resentment smouldered stronger all at once than relief. "The flowers—those were Miss Carey's—too?"

"She wuz er gret han' fer flowahs," the old servant explained proudly. "Anythin' she stuck in de ground'—it growed! Her and Mistah Royal made er tuhhible miration over dey garden . . . and dey chickens. . . ."

"Chickens!" Tragedy wobbling close to the ridiculous. "Roy—Mister Royal—Chickens!"

"Buff Cochins—an' Plymouth Rocks—yas'm. Dey wuz lak a couple er chillun tek'n care er dem chickens. Ah does it now. . . . Mistah Royal—he say. . . ."

Rosalie interrupted ruthlessly: "He comes over here, you say—still—to go fishing?"

The old darkey emitted a feeble cackle of affectionate amusement: "He ain' do no fishin' since Lawd knows when! He cum ovah and lie on dat sofa all day long, wif a book in he han' . . . sometime he play de pianny. . . ."

"The piano!" cried his hearer sharply.

"Yes'm . . . Lawzee! When Mis' Carey uz hyah, dem two dun make de gran'est music yo' evah heer tell on! It 'ud wrench yo heart . . . her wid de fiddle and him playin' de pianny . . . nighttimes mos'ly . . . wif de moon shinin' on de beach outside. . . ."

"Stop!" said Rosalie with a little gasp, one clenched hand hard against her unsteady lips. "Stop!—I—I want to ask you something else . . . have you—is there a picture of Miss Carey here?"

"Das' her ovah de fiahplace," said the old man simply. "Mistah Royal dun it, heself."

Rosalie walked to the mantelshelf and stood there looking up with a nameless feeling in her heart at the water-color of a girl's head which she had earlier dismissed as pale and uninteresting. Pale it unquestionably was—a thing of no enormous technical value, but full of a wistful, almost a worshipful charm. Pale hair drooping carelessly above shy, shadowy eyes, mouth whimsically tipping—to a smile—or a question. Not a masterpiece, but the paints had been mixed with love.

"I didn't know he could draw," said Rosalie with an incongruous childishness. She shivered suddenly. The feeling in her heart deepened. She knew it for fear.

"Does he—Mister Royal—does he paint still—when he comes here?"

"He don' do much er nuthin'. Jes' lie erroun' an' res' heself—das' all! Den I ketches him er mess er fish an' Sunday night he teks 'em back to de city. Fer er w'ile, he use ter ketch 'em heself . . . now, he don' bothah wid 'em no mo'."

"Who does he take them to?"

The little house was eerily still until the old negro answered: "Ah couldn' say. Sum er he frien's, mos' lakly. . . ."

"Is he—has he—married again?"

"Not as ah knows on. No'm . . . ain' never bin nobody in dis worl' fer Mistah Royal but Mis' Carey!"

Rosalie bit back something very like a sob. To be locked out of his life like this! As if she, and not that other one, wailed, bodiless, outside his door.

The old man added sorrowfully: "Er li'l w'ile he dun try ter fergit. Ain't no use. Me'n Keziah sees . . . it ain' no use."

A little while he had tried to forget—with his plunge into the world of business—making himself different—stuffing his life with quite different things—a little while he had tried to forget—with Rosalie! But it had been no use.

"Does yo' know Mistah Royal, lady?" asked the old man doubtfully. He was beginning to feel he had talked too much.

Rosalie considered starkly. Faced with the truth she stood up to it.

"No," she said. "I thought I did—but I don't." To lay the aged apprehensions of Mister Royal's servant, she said what she had said in the first place: "I wanted to see—the house."

"It—it ain' fer rent," he assured her once more.

"I know that—now," said Rosalie. "What are those flowers you're holding?"

She knew very nearly what the answer would be—and was.

"Mis' Carey plant 'em—w'ite vi'lets. Mistah Royal laks 'em whar he kin see 'em, w'en he cum ovah . . . he comin' dis Sa'dy."

"Is he?" said Rosalie. "I wonder!"

She sat on the steps, refusing the chairs with their chintz-covered cushions, until the mulatto driver with his dusty little car came back to fetch her. She was hot and cold and very miserable. Life to show her such a face! She that had thought herself lapped in beauty and security. Fearing at the height of her jealous imaginings the vulnerable encroachment of other flesh and blood . . . nothing more.

A line of verse recurred to her oddly—she hadn't read much verse—"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara—after my fashion!" There was more, not clear in her memory . . . something about going with the throng—and flinging roses. . . .

Rosalie had no idea if Cynara were man or woman—it might be even the name of a place. But— "—after my fashion . . . faithful"—after his fashion—Royal's . . .

The train-ride was tiresome—as it had been in the morning—and her thoughts clacked with the wheels. Verse and all.

SHE went to her room when she got home, had a hot bath and lay down on her chaise-longue to rest. Royal came home usually about six.

At five o'clock she sat down before her dressing-table with a row of little jars and bottles before her and began to rub some sort of sweet-smelling cream into her face. She worked very carefully. Once she went to her bathroom for some especial liquid, an astringent that she had forgotten, and she had the maid bring her a lump of ice which for several moments she passed back and forth across her satiny skin. From time to time her eyes filled with tears as she watched herself in the looking-glass. Each time she wiped the tears away with delicate touches of a soft rag and applied cold water.

She thought as she unscrewed one jar after another: "No one will ever know I've been there . . . but *I* know—now. . . ."

She used powder and a delicate touch of rouge, dabbed a subtle perfume behind her ears, combed her red hair exquisitely . . . there was a gown Royal had chosen for her . . . she put it on, sat down before her dressing-table again and stared at herself with long dark eyes, gone panicky—to wait for Royal's step.

All her weapons—the only weapons that she knew—were before her and about her. Gallantly she laid white shaking hands upon them, to do battle with a ghost for the man she had married.

Up and Coming

[Continued from page 16]

"Why, we can buy the brown bungalow!" she cried. "We can get it for a first payment of two thousand dollars—"

"The other two thousand must create a scholarly atmosphere within." His tone was still ironical. "I'll be responsible for your wedding finery."

They both started at a slight noise from behind a screen. It proved to be their mother, a delighted eavesdropper.

"I couldn't help slipping in, dears," she apologized, "the baby dropped to sleep like a lamb, and curiosity got the better of me. Jones, you saint on earth, and Marian, you lucky girl, come here this minute"—holding out her arms to them.

III

HAMLIN was enthusiastic over Jones' success but even more enthusiastic over his return. He had come to rely on this young man's companionship as well as his business judgment. They sat chatting over the East and mutual friends and buying- and selling-conditions until it was dinner-time.

During the evening Jones confessed his family's plans and his intentions as to helping them. The art dealer's blind eyes kept staring over his head as if he were studying some panorama.

"And what of yourself?" he asked.

Jones resented Hamlin's "seeing" his thoughts. "I'm going to turn blasé clubman, sir," he announced, "and make you start the art journal I talked of last fall. I can see its possibilities."

"Didn't decide you wanted to head your own family while you were traveling about?" Hamlin's fingers tapped loudly on the chair arm.

"Not at all," Jones betrayed his irritation.

"Ah," murmured Hamlin, "I dare say you will find out, as we all do, that Epictetus was right when he said there were some things which *do* matter. . . . As to the art journal, the advertising campaign is what worries me. You are not the practical man to swing it successfully, and we must. . . ."

Jones was wondering just what Hamlin had "seen."

FLUSHED with her rosy dreams and impatient for their fruition, Marian returned to the university town. She would teach the entire year in addition to housekeeping for two, for she did not want to lose the money or disappoint the faculty. The marriage would take place during the holiday recess.

As soon as she left, Jones effected a move into the Colonial Apartments in the park section of the city. Martha could not adjust herself to the change. She considered it a wicked use of money to make this apartment into a "color debauch" as Jones dubbed it.

Further tenseness in daily living was the outcome of the new apartment. It seemed as if a game were being played by Martha and her son in which she was losing, point by point, and Jones gaining in power.

Having resolved to see his sisters "through to the finish" as well as to provide handsomely for his mother, Jones could not help being overbearing. Redoubled interest in business, membership in the club and his new apartment became his paramount interests. He forgot to use the pronoun "our." Everything was "mine" now. He no longer brooked his mother's suggestions as to taste. The fact that Martha, by force of habit and sense of insecurity, still insisted on petty economies was another source of variance.

Marian was writing how happy she was, the brown bungalow already in her name and plans for the wedding under way. After Thanksgiving, during which Pat came home to see her son and admire the new apartment, Jones became conscious of nerves to the extent of being morose and inclined to turn combative if one took issue with him.

Hamlin had set off for Florida, leaving Jones as assistant manager of the establishment, which demanded close attention to detail. Jones was becoming short of manner with humble artists uncertain as to their success and haughty when dealing with the *nouveau riche*. He was amused at this change in manner whenever he took time to realize that it had come about. At the club he was quoted "a quiet spender, never overdoes," and the town's substantial business men counted themselves his friends.

The day after Pat left, Martha fell prey to neuralgia. She went to bed swathed unbecomingly in flannel bandages, odors of medicine pervading her room. Jones was ashamed of his lack of sympathy; but he found the close, liniment-scented room unbearable.

"Think I'll stroll over to the club unless you want me to stay," he said.

He owned no motor as yet, so he walked briskly toward the club. It was a November night, the wind swirling around every corner, brushing up heaps of leaves and street débris, capturing hats and making skirts fly balletwise. Jones would have preferred staying home, could he have been alone. He had refused a dinner invitation, and the prospect of the club with its sedate members discussing politics punctuated by drinks was not pleasing.

He slowed up in his walk. He was passing a public dance hall, a respectable place where dances open to the public were held twice a week. The crowd buying tickets and going in attracted his attention; they seemed jolly and well-intentioned as they pushed and joked with each other. Something about them suggested youth, whether it was their gay dress or their hilarious spirits he could not tell—but it proved contagious. The orchestra was tuning up, a strum of fiddles and squeak of cornets being audible.

This sound sent the crowd flying within. Jones found himself following. He glanced about to see if anyone was watching. He was next standing in line before the ticket window, ahead of two girls who regarded him with polite interest.

The older was a thin blonde, at least thirty, with sharply chiseled features, overdressed in red, her hat a never-ending feather plume. The other was a stolid sort, with coarse black hair, rosy cheeks and curiously black-flecked hazel eyes, the type that would look well in spangles. Her loosely fastened coat showed that she wore a frock of salmon-colored satin with bands of black lace, while strings of jet called attention to her full, white throat. She suggested physical strength and little brain, a sharp temper.

Jones stepped aside to let them buy their tickets, noting that neither had an escort. They did not flirt with him as a result of the courtesy, but bowing rather primly passed into the hall. Jones followed.

During the opening dance, Jones noticed that these girls danced together—and danced well. They walked to a bench as soon as the encore was concluded and talked together during the intermission. Numberless girls passed slowly before him, but to these he paid no attention. Men of common bearing soon enough dated with them for dances, some disappearing into an adjoining beer hall. But these girls, interesting because of their aloofness, danced the second and third numbers together, returning each time to the same bench to wait for the next.

He speculated concerning them. Did they room together? Where did they work? Were they strangers in the city? What were their names, and would they dance together throughout the evening as properly as pupils in a finishing-school? He was drawn not toward the blonde but the brunette wearer of salmon satin. She had removed her hat, and her heavy black hair showed a glitter of jet combs. As she moved she betrayed the verve and dash of a peasant doing a native dance, unconscious of charm. Her partner was more sophisticated, restrained.

Jones forgot the irritation over his mother's neuralgia and the way she insisted on rearranging his carved ivories. He enjoyed the cheery atmosphere where everyone was out to have a good time and took no heed for the morrow.

He was shy of approaching a partner; he did not want to impress these people as being different, and he knew he had not the bearing of an ordinary man.

Then a man had added himself to the girls' company, evidently a long-accepted cavalier of the blonde. They left the other girl and glided away when the music started. Jones walked along the side of the hall, determined yet shy. He found the girl easy to approach.

"I beg pardon," he began, sitting down, "but I don't know anyone here, and I've been watching you dance. Won't you try this number with me?"

She twisted an embroidered handkerchief in her strong fingers, smiling up pleasantly. "I'd rather talk until the next one," she said. "I like to know who I'm dancing with. Poppy never dances with strangers either—that is her regular fellow, Fred Flynn, a street-car conductor. His hours weren't so he could come with us, so we stayed together until he got here. They're going to be married soon. She met him here through another girl, nearly two years ago. He's particular about who she dances with."

"Perfectly correct on Mr. Flynn's part," agreed Jones, enjoying the situation; "but why need we stay strangers?"

As she laughed, her strong white teeth flashed. "My name is Bertha Mullen. I work at Briggs'; the wholesale millinery store on the Square. I guess you know where it is. Poppy Templeton is in the remodeling department of the Fashion Store. She lives with an aunt; but I stay at the Working Girls' Home. Sounds like an orphan asylum, don't it? It's the best

[Turn to page 40]

A Cool and Cheerful Room

The Glassed-In Porch, Always a Delight in Summer

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

I ALWAYS think of them as open-air rooms—those cheerful glassed porches which are generally spoken of as sun rooms. They offer the delightful advantages of a porch all the year round.

One charming open-air room that we decorated, some time ago, comes to my mind. It is a large, square room with two sides glassed-in and two sides of the rough plaster that finishes the house, which is of Italian character.

The floor is particularly interesting. It is made of ordinary red brick laid in a pattern which radiates from an exact center. When I first saw it it was of a bright brick red difficult to use successfully in any scheme of colors. Instead of leaving the floor this hard, unyielding tone we stained it a dark walnut and then oiled it. This gave it the depth and mellowness of tone of beautiful old worn Italian tiling.

The curtains were made of the cheapest linen damask we could find. We dyed it a strong lemon-yellow, because we could not find a cloth of just the right tone. We finished the edges of the curtains with a wool fringe of many colors, green, soft red, dull blue and orange. The curtains, too, have all the charm of wonderful age-old stuff that would have cost double the amount of those we used.

Against one wall is a long sofa which we slip-covered with a striped material. The stripes repeat the colors of the fringe on the curtains. Perhaps I should describe it the other way, for the idea of making the fringe of many colors was suggested by the coloring of the sofa covering.

There are four comfortable arm-chairs painted light green and having natural-colored caned backs and seats. The frames of the chairs are painted green with narrow black lines criss-crossing in checkerboard effect. There are a number of little tables painted green with black lines to match the chairs.

No two open-air rooms need be alike. There are many color-combinations and many different materials from which to work out a scheme of decoration. The important thing is to consider the surroundings of the room—the trees and flowers, the color and style of the house itself.

Chintzes lose their value when they come into competition with the gardens, trees and sky, so plain materials are best. They make a pleasant contrast and create a restful atmosphere.

I find that ginghams, chambrays and calicos make satisfactory cushion covers and curtains for these informal rooms. They may be finished with bias folds and all sorts and descriptions of braids and fringes. Sateen is not satisfactory for it fades when exposed to light and air and like the chintz its use is best restricted to indoor rooms.

Bed-ticking is practical and good-looking for making curtains and cushions. In some open-air rooms, we have used this material in navy blue and white with the edges of the curtains and the seams of the cushions bound with red braid. It is much easier to handle than awning cloth and curtains made of it hang in graceful folds.

Red and white ticking could be used most effectively in a room which has its windows shaded by trees or in a house which is of gray or other neutral color.

Turkey red is good, too, when the room is shaded or the walls are dull in tone. Touches of it would be charming with navy blue, black, gray, putty color or buff. And a cushion or two of Turkey red would be effective wherever dull or neutral colors are used.

Natural-colored scrim makes good curtains when transparency is needed. The revival of the old-fashioned painted shades makes it possible to do away with curtains in small, sheltered rooms.

Wicker furniture is good-looking in the sun room, but painted furniture appeals even more to the decorator for that type of room. One can buy the plainest chairs and tables—the kind used for the kitchen, or the plain wooden arm-chairs commonly used for the porch—and make them into things of real beauty.

With a few pots of paint one can work out entrancing color-schemes. The furniture may be decorated with stripes of varying widths and of contrasting colors. Gray with touches of green or blue; cream with stripes of blue or orange or green are attractive.

Effective rugs for the open-air room are the reversible woolen rugs. I constantly use these rugs in such rooms and everywhere that a plain rug is desirable. They can be made to order in all combinations of colors at a small amount a square foot.

There are many other good-looking floor coverings on the market. The important thing is to choose something which will withstand the effect of strong sunlight and which will lie flat and smooth on the floor when the chairs are moved about.

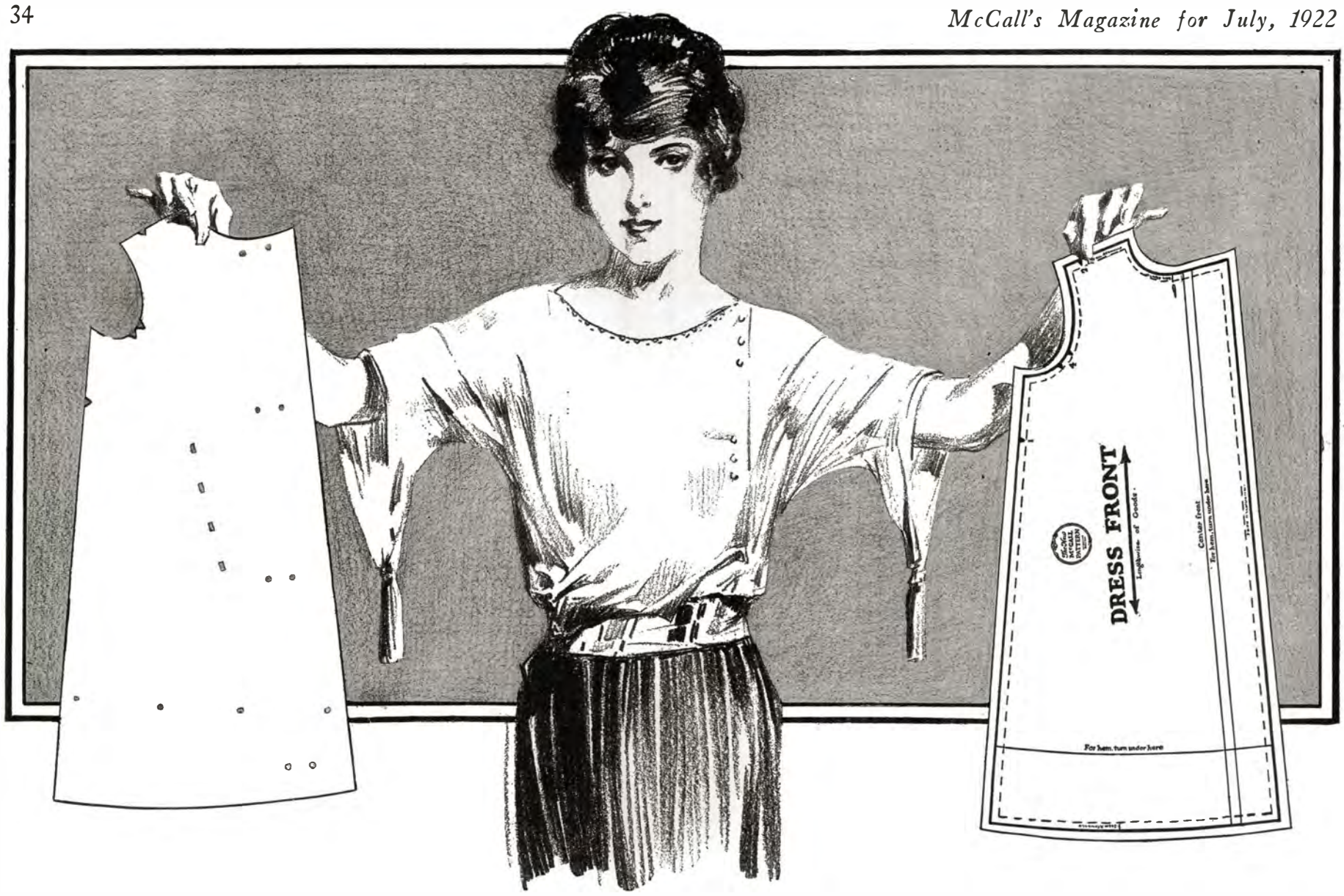
You and your guests will enjoy the open-air room more than any room in the house. It is not surprising when one considers how simple and practical it is for many forms of entertainment. It is pleasant for afternoon tea and for supper parties. And it only takes a minute to push back the tables and chairs and roll up the rug and the room is ready for dancing.

The plans of decoration I have suggested in this article could be adapted to any sunroom or breakfast-room. I always enjoy planning these open-air rooms. It is easy to turn them into pleasant, friendly places.

MRS. GOODNOW is America's most distinguished decorator of homes.

At the head of the interior-decorating shop of one of the greatest department stores, Mrs. Goodnow directs a staff of experts who beautify homes in many different parts of the country.

She tells you how she plans the interiors of those homes. By following her practical ideas you can achieve, inexpensively, for your home, the beauty, charm and distinction you long to have it express.



The Speechless Pattern—and the Pattern that "Speaks for Itself"

THERE are just two kinds of patterns—no more. One is the old-style pattern with its puzzling perforations and unidentified parts.

The other is The New McCall Pattern—*printed* in plain English—not perforated with hieroglyphics.

The first real advance in pattern-making in fifty years makes The New McCall Printed Pattern *the only modernized pattern.*

The New Pattern saves *half your time* in cutting out and making a garment.

You read as you cut. Instructions lie always plainly before you so that it is impossible to go wrong. Costly mistakes are avoided.

Material is saved. "I thought it would take much more," is a frequent comment of McCall Pattern users.

The old-time limp tissue pattern *cannot,* because of the way it is made, have the exact lines of the original.

That is why adjustments and refittings are always necessary.

The New McCall Pattern *must* be exact. It is printed from metal plates which cannot vary one hundredth of an inch from the original.

That means perfect style—the precise lines of the original in your finished garment.

The only printed pattern changes home dressmaking from a matter of guesswork to an exact science.

Thousands of women who never before attempted to make their own garments now enjoy twice as many stylish clothes for the same money by the use of *the pattern with the puzzle taken out.*

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated hereunder in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
2586	25	2599	30	2612	45	2625	45
2587	25	2600	45	2613	25	2626	30
2588	45	2601	45	2614	25	2627	30
2589	25	2602	25	2615	40	2628	30
2590	25	2603	25	2616	25	2629	45
2591	30	2604	45	2617	30	2630	25
2592	45	2605	45	2618	45	2631	45
2593	45	2606	45	2619	45	2632	45
2594	30	2607	30	2620	45	2633	30
2595	45	2608	45	2621	45	2634	30
2596	45	2609	25	2622	40	2635	25
2597	45	2610	45	2623	30	2636	25
2598	25	2611	45	2624	25	2637	30

The New
McCALL PATTERN
"it's printed"

No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.	No.	Cts.
2638	45	2670	30	2702	45	2734	45
2639	45	2671	40	2703	30	2735	45
2640	30	2672	30	2704	25	2736	40
2641	25	2673	40	2705	25	2737	45
2642	25	2674	30	2706	30	2738	25
2643	25	2675	40	2707	45	2739	25
2644	25	2676	45	2708	45	2740	40
2645	30	2677	30	2709	25	2741	25
2646	45	2678	40	2710	45	2742	30
2647	45	2679	45	2711	45	2743	45
2648	45	2680	45	2712	30	2744	35
2649	40	2681	40	2713	45	2745	45
2650	45	2682	40	2714	45	2746	45
2651	45	2683	45	2715	45	2747	35
2652	45	2684	30	2716	45	2748	40
2653	30	2685	35	2717	45	2749	45
2654	45	2686	45	2718	45	2750	25
2655	30	2687	30	2719	45	2751	30
2656	30	2688	45	2720	45	2752	45
2657	45	2689	25	2721	30	2753	45
2658	30	2690	30	2722	30	2754	25
2659	25	2691	40	2723	25	2755	45
2660	25	2692	45	2724	25	2756	30
2661	45	2693	45	2725	45	2757	45
2662	40	2694	25	2726	30	2758	45
2663	45	2695	25	2727	45	2759	45
2664	25	2696	30	2728	45	2760	45
2665	45	2697	45	2729	25	2761	30
2666	45	2698	45	2730	25	2762	30
2667	45	2699	45	2731	30	2763	25
2668	40	2700	25	2732	25	2764	30
2669	45	2701	40	2733	25	2765	25

Judgments of West Paradise

[*Continued from page 23*]

lazy summer-evening drone of Main Street like a steel edge, and a crowd of loafers gathered in the doorway.

Keefe strolled from behind the counter with affected indifference, halted before the ominous expression of Jud's face.

"You know what's comin' to you. Get ready!"

"You're crazy, Jud Calkins." He lowered his bull head, protruded the heavy jaw threateningly. "You want to land in jail where you belong?" Then to his audience, as he saw no signs of weakening in Jud's set face. "You're all witnesses to it. He's mad!"

Jud wasted no words. He did the job cleanly and thoroughly. Jerome Keefe was a flabby coward. Gently enough, Jud prodded the sprawling mass that was Keefe with the toe of one man-sized shoe and breathed a deep sigh of relief; then he pushed his way through the crowd and headed for home.

Mellee rose up out of the purple shadows of the porch. "I was worried about you," she breathed; there was still a lingering sob in her voice. She was very close to him, a dim, small figure in the starlight, and all about them lay the caressing warmth and stillness of an August night. Sweet and rather ridiculous that she should be worried about him. . . .

What was she saying? ". . . and so I can't stay on here any longer, Jud. You must see. . . ."

He heard his own voice, strangely harsh. "Where you goin'?"

"I—don't know."

And then, without awkwardness, as though it was the only natural thing to do, Jud found himself gathering her close into his arms. "I love you—I can't let you go."

"I love you, too." With one of her fierce little gusts of passion, she clung to him and buried her face in his shoulder.

THE clatter and choking dust of a passing automobile disturbed the peace, and realization swept over Jud. "I can't," he groaned. "It's not fair to you, Mellee."

"Hush! I don't care—what you've done." She tilted her head to him.

But Jud broke away, horrified. The thing which he had been guarding against had happened. Mellee was right: it would be impossible for her to stay on here now. Back in his mind, was a vague hurt that Mellee, too, should believe him guilty. But Mellee's immediate future was the important thing. Mellee was young yet—somehow she would live down the stain upon her own name. Rooted as he was in the home soil, it was characteristic of Jud that the idea of leaving West Paradise should occur to him only at this extremity. "Listen, Mellee, you've got to go up to the city where folks won't know you."

"I don't want to go to the city."

Jud mopped his face helplessly. "Look here, Mellee, I hadn't any right to say what I did to you a while back. You will believe I'm tryin' to do what's best for you?"

She softened. "The way it is, Jud, you love me and I—love you—and nothing else matters. But if you *will* have a fairy-tale ending—"

"A fairy-tale endin'?"

"We'll have to invent alibis for two." There came to Mellee a flash of bitter insight that was not youthful. "Running away won't help me. Marriage is the only alibi for me, and I guess you're the person, Jud. Please, Jud, that sounded horrid, only you're so—stupid—"

"Reckon you're right." Jud buried his face in his two hands. Mellee married to him! Suddenly Jud wanted his name clean for Mellee as he had never wanted it clean for himself. He wanted honor and respect for Mellee with a passion of which he would not have believed himself capable.

Jud sat up with his problem that night. The old loyalty to Larry battled with his new fierce need for Mellee. He made his decision.

"There's one way out," he told Mellee gravely at breakfast. "You'll wait until I try it, honey?"

Mellee promised.

Their breakfast was interrupted by the appearance of one Seth Jenkins, town loafer. "Good scrap you pulled off on old Keefe last night," he drawled. "Keefe's mad. He's aimin' to raise the taxes so high on this here edge of town that it'll run you out. Thought I'd jus' tip you off."

Jud scraped back his chair, strode down town, and dispatched a crisp telegram. His answer came by telegraph in the afternoon. He went straight to Adam Weaver, the town constable. "I've got something to say, informal like, to the whole town, const'ble. I want 'em all to hear. It concerns me—and Mellee Sweeting."

[*Turn to page 36*]

Judgments of West Paradise

[Continued from page 35]

Weaver looked him over curiously. "The town hall'll never hold 'em," he observed drily. "When—?"

"Tomorrow night."

"Huh! Tomorrow night it is."

IT was a strange assemblage that gathered in the stuffy, gaslit town hall. All of West Paradise turned out. Jerome Keefe, sitting well to the front, was not pleasant to look at with one eye swollen darkly shut. Even Mellee had disobeyed Jud's order to remain at home and had slipped quietly into the dimmest corner of the room.

A hush fell upon them as Jud and a young stranger in city clothes entered and made their way down the aisle to Adam Weaver, who stood waiting for them. Something familiar about the stranger's snub nose and sturdy shoulders. . . . His air of deference to Jud, the town pariah, was odd.

"Jud Calkins here's got something to say to you," spoke Adam Weaver by way of introduction.

Jud looked out over the mass of faces, his own face whitely set. He cleared his throat. "This is Dan Barker—some of you may recall him. I've got something to say about—the murder of my Uncle Todd."

The faintest quivering stir ran over the crowd, settled away into absolute silence. Jud was conscious of the hissing sound of little gas jets turned too high and of Jerome Keefe's face, the mouth open fish-like, the skin a sickly green hue under this light.

"Dan here knows—he can prove an alibi for me. Dan and I was down that way shootin' ducks. We both heard the shot. . . . That's the reason we both happened to be on hand."

"It's true," corroborated Dan Barker.

"And that clears me, I guess. . . ."

Adam Weaver broke the doubtful silence, eyes narrowed cannily. "But why haven't you said so before? Why have you kept silent all these years? You're keepin' something back, Jud Calkins! If you were that close, the chances are you saw more. Who *was* the murderer? Do you know that? Else how are we goin' to believe you haven't got Dan here fixed?"

Jud moistened his lips. His eyes traveled from Keefe's face, which had suddenly broken out into little beads of perspiration, to the shiny gold star that marked Larry's name on the tablet. He opened his mouth to speak, could not bring himself to say it.

And then Dan Barker took the floor. His voice rang out convincingly: "I've kept still for four years and now I'm going to clear this thing up. Mr. Calkins here's as innocent as you are. I do know who the murderer was. I saw him. We both saw him pass with his gun. The murderer of old Todd Calkins—"

THE sharp scraping sound of a chair stopped him. Jerome Keefe was wildly fighting his way toward the door. "Sit down!" shouted the crowd.

"Mr. Keefe 'pears to be in a powerful hurry," called out Adam Weaver. "Stop him, you!"

Keefe turned in helpless fury. "Let go, damn you! Go on, say it. *I* killed Todd Calkins! . . . Sittin' in the bushes there, spyin' on me, was you? I've confessed, haven't I? Tell him to take his eyes off me—" An amazed throng, they stood there gaping at the driveling object that was Jerome Keefe.

"And Larry?" managed Jud. "What was Larry doin' there?"

"How do I know? I hid in the barn till he cleared out. Reckon he was afraid of bein' implicated. Let me go!"

Jud collapsed into a chair. He never knew just what happened in the following moments. The town constable, acting officially, took charge of the situation, and somehow Keefe was eliminated. Jud was conscious of one thing only—Larry was innocent. Larry's gold star was untarnished.

In the excitement of people crowding around him, Jud became aware of Mellee's hand on his and her pleading voice close to his ear.

"Jud, dear, I'm so ashamed. It was beastly of me to think—"

Jud rose with sudden energy, slid an arm around Mellee's shoulders.

"Listen, folks, there's just one thing more. Shall we tell them, Mellee?"

Jud turned to her, looked deep into the pansy-black eyes lifted to his. The old slow, rich smile crept over his face, lingered there.

"You don't need to. We know, Grampa Jud!" said Adam Weaver huskily. "We haven't given either of you a square deal."

The crowd had watched the little tableau and came surging forward toward them. West Paradise had reversed its judgments.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of McCALL'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922.
State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. D. Hartman who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Asst. Treasurer of The McCall Company, publishers of McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 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: The McCall Company, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor: Henry P. Burton, 232-250 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: None. Business Manager: None.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York, N. Y. McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del., (owner of The McCall Company stock). The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation: H. J. Fisher, 22 William St., New York City; R. C. Wilson, 236 W. 37th St., New York City; W. B. Warner, 236 W. 37th St., New York City; Mahala D. Douglass, care of Minneapolis Trust Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Wm. C. Heinkel, 23 Wall St., New York City; F. Hoffman, 23 Wall St., New York City; McCall Corporation, 236 W. 37th St., New York City; Jas. H. Ottley Estate, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City; Piper & Co., 1205 1st Nat. Soo Line Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall St., New York City; Ada B. Wilson, 683 Springfield Ave., Summit, N. J.

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: None.

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.

J. D. HARTMAN, Asst. Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of March, 1922. Joseph B. Roth, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 31. Certificate filed in New York County, No. 123. My commission expires March 30, 1923.

THE FLOWERS' BIG PARADE

Fourth of July in the Garden

By Corinne Pauli

WHEN Betty looked out of her window early in the morning of the Fourth of July, she could hardly believe her eyes. Her window faced the garden and Betty was used to seeing gay Nasturtiums in one section, Larkspurs in another, and in still another corner row after row of Phlox.

This morning the flowers had left their own places and were mixed up all around. Betty rubbed her eyes and looked closer. The flowers were marching about in rows like soldiers and while she stared, they began to form themselves into the line of a parade.

Heading the procession were the Larkspurs, carrying a big banner. As they came nearer, Betty read on it, "*All we ask is a Safe and Sane Fourth and No Fire Crackers in the Garden.*" Back of them came the Phlox, keeping time wonderfully to the music furnished by the fife and drum corps.

Poppy was the drum-major, resplendent in his scarlet uniform, and the Sweet Williams watched every wave of his baton, as one played the fife and the other played rat-a-tat-tat on a balloon flower which was used as a drum. At one side of the garden walk were Zinnia and Marigold perched on top of a toadstool, which served as a grandstand.

There was only room for two on top, so Marigold was telling Petunia, who stood right behind them, all about it. He could see almost everything, but she was afraid he might miss something; and this was a very important parade, as you all know who have seen how sad the garden looks after fire crackers have been shot off in it.

Nasturtium was the grand marshal, and he dashed madly up and down the garden on the back of a great big grasshopper. He had a frightful lot of responsibility on his shoulders, and was very much worried. A bunch of Sweet Peas stood by the brick walk of the garden, waving to friends in the parade. They had such delicate frocks that their mother wouldn't let them march.

At their feet sat a very raggedy Ragged Robin. She had no mother to keep her frocks nice and clean, and was too shabby-looking to march in the parade. A big float was coming down the garden, carried by four Forget-Me-Nots, and inside the green leaf that formed the chariot sat an American Beauty Rose, with Sun Flower for her escort.

Just as they came opposite the bunch of Sweet Peas, they heard a shrill little voice crying, "I won't go away! I won't go away! I want to be in the parade, too."

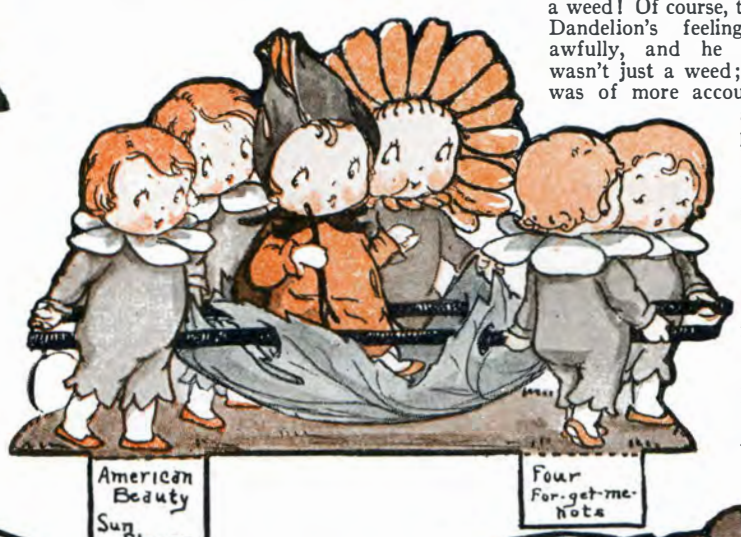
Everyone turned, to see the Lightning-Bug Night Watchman—who was a policeman by day—dragging away Dandelion. They made so much fuss that American Beauty stopped the float to see what could be done about it.

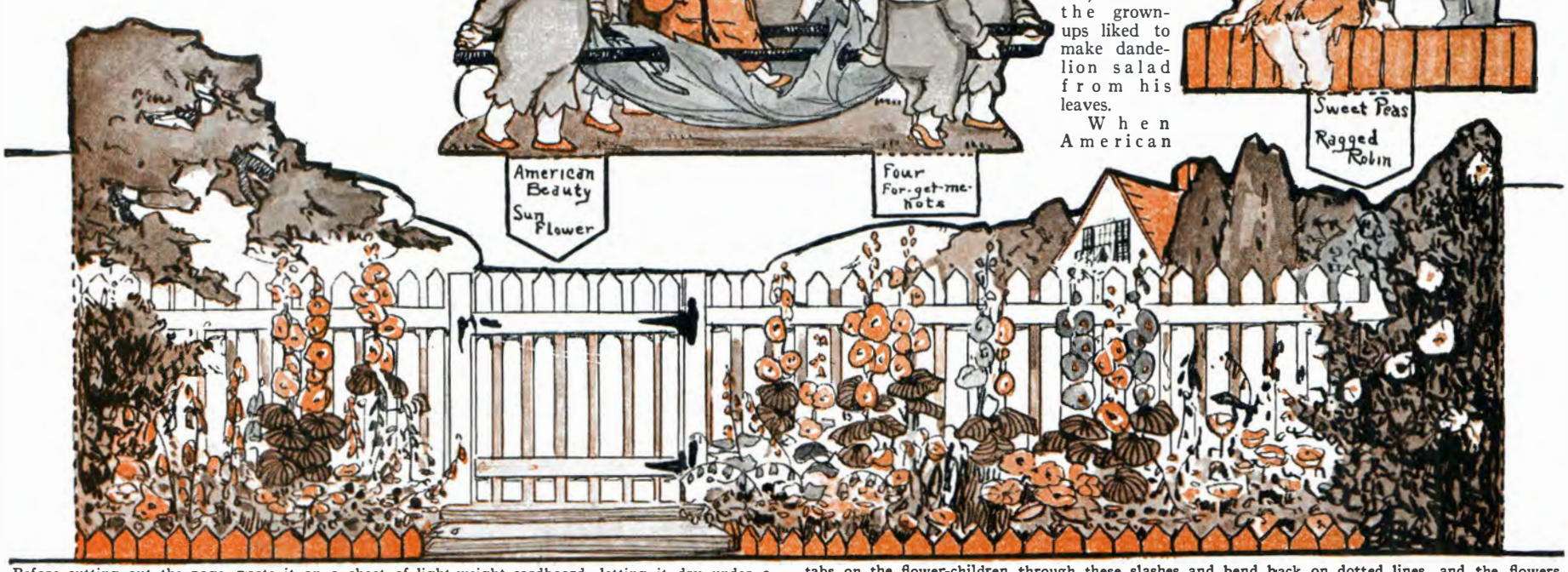
IT seems that Dandelion was in the parade, when the Lightning-Bug Policeman came by and told him to get out of line—that this was a parade of flowers and he was just a weed! Of course, that hurt Dandelion's feelings most awfully, and he said he wasn't just a weed; that he was of more account than anyone in the parade, 'cause besides being pretty and yellow to look at, he was good to eat; that all the grown-ups liked to make dandelion salad from his leaves.

When American Beauty heard this she said, "I think Dandelion is right."

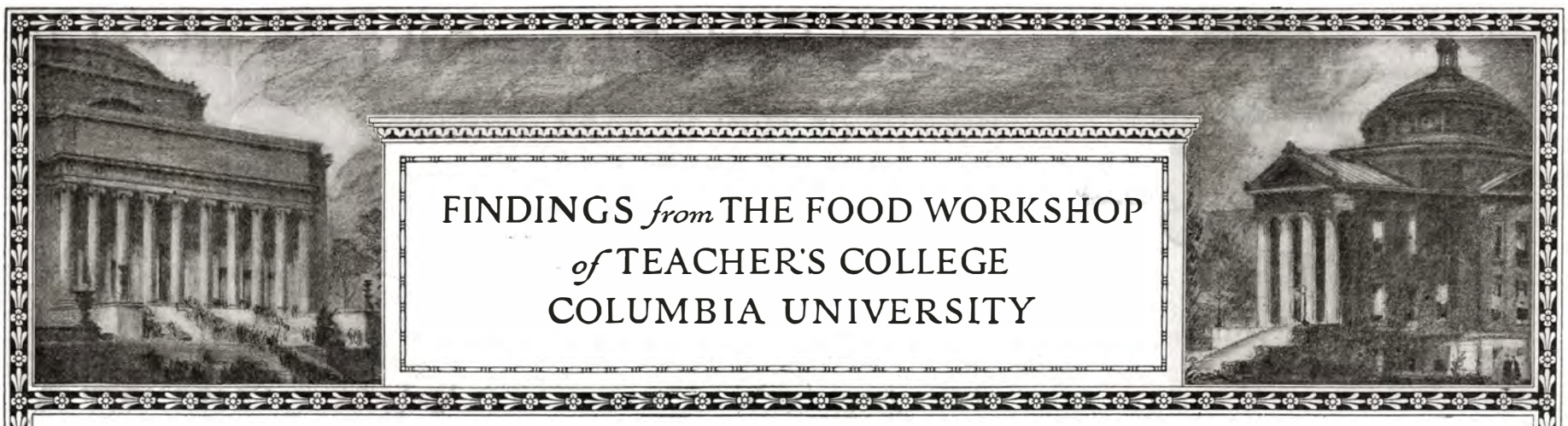
While Betty stood staring, the parade reached the path in front of the door. They turned here at right angles and marched straight on up the path and into the house! Betty gave a gasp, and just then heard her mother say, "Wake up, Betty! It's nearly breakfast time."

And when she went into the dining-room there, in the centre of the table, was a big bowl full of Larkspur, and Phlox and Sweet William and all the other flowers she had seen in the parade, and she knew it hadn't been a dream.





Before cutting out the page, paste it on a sheet of light-weight cardboard, letting it dry under a heavy book. The tabs at each side of the garden should be 1½ inches long, so that when they are bent back on the dotted line it will stand upright. Nine pieces of cardboard 1½ inches square, should next be cut with a slash ¾ inch long through the center of each. Put the little pointed tabs on the flower-children through these slashes and bend back on dotted lines, and the flowers, too, will stand alone. A string with a large knot in the end can be run through a hole pierced in the center of Johnny-Jump-Up's hat, so that he, in his aeroplane, can sail over the garden. He is the dashing young camera-man of the World of Flowers, snapping pictures here and there.



Steps Toward the Science of Cookery

By May B. Van Arsdale and Day Monroe

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

IN THE days when to be a fine lady meant to be a "loaf giver," the queen of the great castle could sew and brew and bake and was proud of her knowledge of housekeeping. There were many servants but the "lady" was trained to direct them and to be a capable mistress. We may deplore the time spent by Queen Charlotte and her attendants on some of the needlework passed on to us, but we sympathize with the spirit of the times when housewifely accomplishments were a matter of pride.

Later came the feeling among many that the lack of knowledge of household affairs was a sign of wealth and distinction. Unblushingly a woman would boast that her daughter could not boil water and that she herself never went into her kitchen. Not only was she unable to cook, but she had no interest in the selection and preparation of food for her family. Such tasks were too menial for her.

Now we are getting to a point where we seek knowledge of all things pertaining to living and where ability to work is a desirable accomplishment. Few women are contented to be useless members of a community. Today a woman is proud of her reputation as a good housekeeper and an intelligent mother, and is willing to spend time learning how to perform her duties.

But being a good housekeeper in this age is much harder than in the days of the lady who sewed a fine seam. Modern studies of the physical welfare of the family have brought out as never before the need for clear-headed supervision of the home and for a knowledge not only of the arts of housekeeping but of the scientific principles underlying the arts.

Eating to live is taking on a new meaning as we are shown how the choice of food affects the health of the entire family. Keeping fit is not a haphazard matter, but a real task calling for brains as well as hands. Today the woman must know how to select food and how to cook it as well, because wise choosing comes to naught if followed by poor cooking and unappetizing serving.

WITH the realization that housekeeping is not a matter of instinct but of knowledge our whole system of education has had injected into it training in all the arts of the household. The man who scoffed the idea of a girl being taught to cook has lived to see his daughter counting cookery courses toward her college degrees.

It is common nowadays to see in print the statement, "Now that cookery has become a science," as though we had already arrived at the end of the road along which we have only begun to travel. The attainment of scientific accuracy is a long slow process and it is doubtful whether such a complex subject as cookery can ever become an exact science. But much has been done and much can yet be done.

One of the first steps in the scientific study of any subject is the attempt to classify existing knowledge and to determine what is fundamental. If the modern young woman had time and opportunity to study cookery in her home kitchen she would gradually learn to cook a great variety of unrelated dishes with no attempt at their classification. But today when short cuts must be utilized and when we have not time to teach a large number of recipes we have to use what time we have for teaching the *fundamental* recipes and for showing how they can be varied to give countless dishes.

If a woman learns to make white bread she can easily make graham bread, or by adding eggs, sugar and fat she can make a coffee cake. The underlying principles and the manipulation of all these are much the same. If she has a good recipe for vanilla ice-cream she can vary it by adding chocolate and extra sugar. But how much chocolate must be added and how much sugar to offset its bitterness? The rule is to add a square of chocolate for each pint of liquid and to use one-fourth more sugar than was needed for the fundamental vanilla ice-cream.

Many rules for variations such as these are being collected and verified in the food workshop so that every woman does not have to do her own experimenting at the risk of wasting materials. Once the fundamentals are grasped these rules for variations provide a boundless opportunity for cooking new dishes for the family. The monotony of cookery becomes a thing of the past.

Sometimes it is very convenient to know how to substitute one thing for another. But this cannot be done by guesswork. Perhaps you have eaten some wonderful brown-sugar cake at a tea-room and have welcomed the change from the plain cake you have been serving in your own home. You do not feel that you can ask the tea-room manager for her recipe. Why bother her? You can substitute brown sugar for white in any of your own favorite recipes for cakes, cookies or puddings by putting in one and one-third cups of brown where you have been accustomed to use one cup of white.

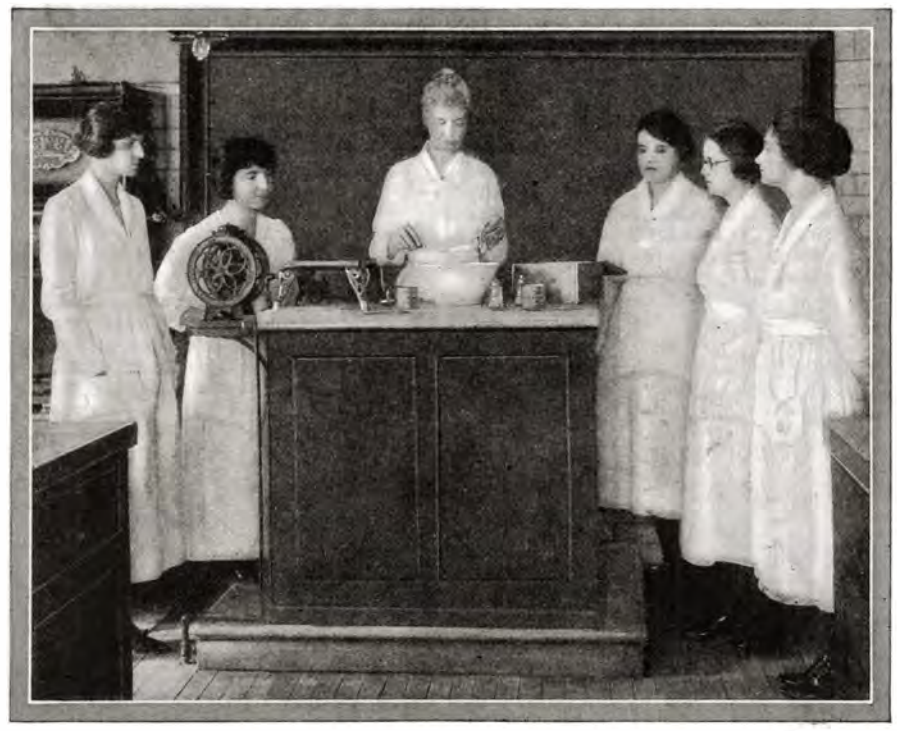
In the food workshop where we made brown-sugar cakes of all kinds we especially liked this variation of our sponge cake; and we scarcely recognized our plain cake when brown sugar was substituted for white not only in the cake but also in the chocolate frosting.

The use of cocoa for chocolate does not change the taste or appearance of a dish, but it is a substitution of convenience. For every square of chocolate called for in your recipe, use three level tablespoons of cocoa and add three-fourths tablespoon of fat. This fat is added because the chocolate contains more fat than the cocoa and without it your cake or cookies will be less rich than usual.

In some substitutions allowance must be made for a lack of seasoning. When the war made the price of olive oil prohibitive there was a general demand for the American salad oils. When these were first used many families objected—the accustomed flavor was missing. But when the discriminating woman studied the situation and added zest to her salad dressing by using a little more salt, paprika and mustard, the substitution was cheerfully accepted.

SUBSTITUTIONS which bring about palatable results may not always be desirable—taste is not the whole story. Because things taste equally good, they do not necessarily have the same nutritive value. Two cakes may be made equally light, one with fewer eggs than another. If you save eggs from the cake in order to serve an omelette for lunch you are not depriving your family of necessary food. But if you leave eggs out of your menu, are you putting in enough milk, meat and similar foods to make up for their omission?

In the scientific study of cookery, recipes are tried and retried, simplified and corrected before they are passed on. To avoid confusion, level measurements are always used. One of the first requisites for uniform cookery is extreme care in measuring.



In the Food Workshop at Teacher's College, students learn the need for accuracy in measurements

Next comes care in manipulation. The way of combining ingredients may make or mar a dish. In a sauce, finely chopped onion, browned in fat, gives a far more delicate flavor than large pieces of onion half cooked in the sauce itself. Yet if careful working directions are not given in the recipe how is the inexperienced cook to know the best way of sauce making?

Chilling cooky dough before rolling makes better, crisper cookies, because they can be rolled thinner. Does your recipe make this clear?

Everyone has eaten chocolate ice-cream filled with tiny hard particles of chocolate which were not well mixed through the cream. The directions for combining must have failed to tell the cook that chocolate once melted would quickly reharden in a cold liquid. Hence it should be added gradually to the hot custard foundation. Every woman who cooks could add to this list instances from her own experience of the lack of clear working directions. But we are progressing through research on the best methods for cookery processes.

Formerly directions casually told us to "cook until done," regardless of length of time required or amount of heat to be applied. But today we are endeavoring to find out what "done" means. It should mean that just the right amount of heat has been applied to the food to develop in it the best possible flavor. Is food "done" when it is soft or when it is too soft to look well? What do we really mean by "overdone" or "underdone?"

The consideration of these questions is helping to put cookery on a more scientific basis. The new temperature cookery is the study of the results of the application of heat to food. Food materials are very complex. They may be spoiled by too much heat or properly cooked when just the right temperature is applied. Cooking is an understanding of what temperature does to our foods.

Foods may need a high temperature for a short time, a low temperature for a long time or various combinations of time and temperature. Although we do not yet know the heat needed by every food for proper cooking, there are some established rules.

One is that egg mixtures should not be subjected to a high temperature, as this makes them tough. We therefore cook such things as omelettes, meringues, custards and sponge cakes at low degrees of heat, 250 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit.

On the other hand when we depend on steam for expansion as in the popping of a popover, high temperatures are necessary. We also use a hot oven (400 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit) for such things as pastry and baking-powder biscuits and for searing roasts. Moderate temperatures (350 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit) are used for bread, cake, cookies and such escalloped dishes as oysters or macaroni and cheese.

THE boiling temperature which so many of us have considered stationery is really variable. When those who live at sea level say "boil for 20 minutes" of course they mean at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit. But how long must potatoes be cooked on a mountain top where the boiling point is only 200 degrees Fahrenheit—or lower? If the boiling point is lower, the water is not so hot and therefore the time for cooking must be increased in order to bring about the proper changes in the food.

To get a higher temperature than boiling we use the pressure cooker. At first this was known mainly at high altitudes but now it is being used the country over to shorten the time for cooking. Contrasted with the pressure cooker stands the fireless cooker—most effectively employed for long-time cooking processes. Much research must be done before we can definitely settle the relative merits of long slow cooking and rapid cooking.

The application of science to the art of cookery is helping us to classify our knowledge, to standardize our fundamental recipes, to work out tables for variations and substitutions and to give accurate directions for manipulation. Science has given us a knowledge of the effect of temperatures on food which should bring about more exact as well as better cookery. We want to preserve the art of cookery, yet pass it on to successive generations enriched by the discoveries of science so that it will contribute in an ever increasing measure to the advancement of right living.

The Bull

[*Continued from page 13*]

He was fighting for words. Something in his strength and his trouble brought the tears to Eve's eyes.

He spoke at last. "Eve . . . From the very first moment I seen you, pullin' the roses, I knew you was the one for me. I was—lonely. When I thought you went there to meet another man, I . . ."

The difficult deep words rumbled and died. His eyes entreated her. She said: "I know. You was hurt, and so you was angry. I—been hurt that way, too."

He answered roughly: "You pulled me out of the mud, or I'd be there yet. You're pullin' me out of this. . . . You goin' to let me—sink back—into the other? Eve?"

She looked now, not at him, but at the stars. Soon she said, softly, half-heard: "The first moment. It happens sometimes—that way. I guess I knew."

"Eve?"

"That the roses was all pulled for you. That it was you I'd been waitin' for."

In a moment he wheeled from her. He said abruptly, "You shall ride home. . . ."

He crashed into the brush. Eve waited on the trail, faintly smiling, shivering in her old blue petticoat. There was a little frost shining on the rocks. It was as if a little substance of the stars had fallen there, to remind earth of her heavenly kinship.

Lennan came back, leading the bull. He took off his muddy mackinaw coat and wrapped it clumsily about Eve; then lifted her and set her on the bull's back. "He'll be yours now," he said heavily, "so he'll let you ride him." He slipped a cord through the beast's nose ring, but it was not needed. The bull paced docilely at Lennan's side, carrying Eve down the trail.

"Mine," she said softly. But it was Lennan's shoulder on which she rested her hand. Again, as he turned to her at a bend of the trail, he saw her face near his, wet with bright tears. She whispered, "Say, 'I'm glad to be home. . . .'"

"I'm glad to be home," he said.

The bull, scenting the dawn behind the forest, sounded a challenge to the fading stars.

Do You Weigh Him

[*Continued from page 29*]

which means that babies' mouths always contain bacteria in generous numbers.

Before nursing it is not advisable to wash out the baby's mouth but at the completion of the nursing, the nipples should be gently washed with a solution of boracic acid—a large teaspoonful to a glass of water will be enough. After the washing, the nipples should be gently dried. If the breasts are of the heavy pendulous type, I advise that they be supported round the thorax by a binder sufficiently tight to support but not compress the organs. Caking of the breast, cracked and fissured nipples have been the cause of weaning innumerable infants, and require immediate attention of the attending physician. Nipple shields often are of much help in fissured nipples, which are painful in the extreme. Every nursing baby should be accustomed to one bottle-feeding daily which takes the place of breast-feeding.

Temporarily withholding the breast: A mother develops, perhaps, a sharp attack of tonsilitis with high temperature. Under such circumstances the breast-feeding is best discontinued for a day or two. The baby who is accustomed to the bottle takes it nicely and the milk-formula agrees with him. The breasts are emptied by means of a breast pump at the usual nursing time, and when the mother has sufficiently recovered, nursing is resumed. I have known infants to be nursed through a mother's active illness but this is not an advisable course.

The return of menstruation need not interfere with breast-feeding. The baby may be a trifle upset or have a green stool or two but there is no occasion to stop the nursing.

Maternal conditions which demand that nursing be discontinued are: Progressive loss in weight from any cause, pronounced anemia, syphilis, diabetis, tuberculosis, nephritis, advanced cardiac disease, insanity, and the advent of pregnancy.

All breast-feeding troubles may be diagnosed and when diagnosed many breast-feeding troubles may be corrected.

"THE FRIENDLY MOTHER," is written for the expectant mother, by Helen Johnson Keyes, and approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M.D., Head of the Maternity Division of The Woman's Hospital, New York City. Price, 10 cents. Address Mrs. Keyes, Care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Up and Coming

[*Continued from page 32*]

place for girls with little wages; you get your room and breakfast real cheap, and they let you do your laundry work nights. Of course there's some things I don't like, but others that make up for it. You gotta be in early or explain why, and you get awful sick of the goody-goodies that are on the board, but there's a nice parlor to entertain your friends and steam heat in the rooms and plenty of hot water and it's respectable—and that's a lot. If Poppy hadn't an aunt, she'd live there, too, but she's going to be married anyhow, like I said. He has bought her a house way out on the east side—nice, too, I guess. You see, Poppy wants to get away from her aunt," she broke off, blushing. "I been telling you everything—you haven't said a word."

"I've been too interested," insisted Jones, "but my name is—er—Clarence Montmorency"—pausing to see if she would allow the joke to stand. But she frowned quickly.

"Cut that out," was her frank order. "I've told you fair and square, and you've got to do the same or we don't dance—" But she was smiling.

"I beg pardon." He handed her his business card.

She gasped as she read the name. "That's the swellest store in the town! Well, Mr. Bynight; I guess I won't mind waltzing with you. Here come Poppy and Fred. I'll introduce you." She beckoned enthusiastically.

Having exchanged remarks, Jones managed to spirit Bertha into the soda parlor where they sat at a side table, shielded with artificial palms. Here, oblivious to the dance, they ordered ice-cream enough to satisfy the proprietor, the strains of the orchestra flavoring their conversation with dangerous romance.

"I suppose Poppy and Fred think we are lost," she said. "Still, I've come here lots of times and sat here like a bump on a log while they danced. Folks in love are selfish. I've learned a lot watching them. If I'm ever in love"—such sparkling, blackish eyes that studied his meaningly!—"I'm not going to be commonplace like they are, talking about affording a washing-machine and laying a cement driveway. I'd enjoy being in love instead of enduring it, wouldn't you?" She leaned her plump arms with their suggestion of brunette down on the table, awaiting his reply.

Jones begrudged answering. He wanted Bertha to talk; for as she did so his irritability vanished. It was like happening in at a good vaudeville.

"Quite true," he approved. "What else would you do—if you were in love?"

"I'd care as fiercely as I'd be able to hate," she threatened. "I'd be different from Poppy—but then, Poppy had two love affairs go wrong. It kind of soured her, the girls say. Her aunt never liked Poppy's other fellows. She is a spiritualist medium. She said the first was married, and sure enough he proved to be. The other she said would die—but he went away instead and was never heard of. That made Poppy awful sore, because she was dead soft on the first fellow and crazy about the second and both times got her clothes ready to be married, besides lending them a little money. She works hard for her money, too." Bertha's black head shook in disapproval. "Her aunt said it served her right, and that started a quarrel. For a while Poppy didn't live at home. Then her aunt broke her wrist, so she came back to do the work. She's kind-hearted. It was then she met Fred Flynn, and he's proved right up.

"That explains Poppy being practical, and I don't wonder. Only I'd rather be different. I had a disappointment, too, but it didn't make me bitter. Maybe I didn't care much." She laughed mechanically.

"What was it?" He was not conscious of his rudeness.

"A fellow that traveled for millinery supplies paid me attention for nearly two years," she answered. "He wrote me some of the greatest letters; everyone who read them said they sounded as if they came out of a book. Every time he was here or could run up for a day he showed me a grand time, but he never told me he was engaged to another girl. He always talked about our getting married some day and how splendid it would be—I planned on it and sort of told it around and even had Poppy's aunt go into a trance and she said she saw me as happy as a queen—that encouraged me. One day, I was a little impatient about his never coming to time about the date and all, I got a letter from him which said something like this: 'Dear Bertha—I was married yesterday to a girl from my home town. I'm sorry I can't explain but I want you to know I will always think the same of you—Jo Willard.' That was the last word I ever had from him. The letter was mailed from Chicago so I didn't know where his home town was or anything more'n a rabbit. It keeled

[*Turn to page 52*]

No. 2744, Ladies' and Misses' Cape; 47-inch length. Small size requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅞ yards. Ribbon roses make an attractive finish for this cape if developed in heavy silk crêpe. Note the long fashionable panels. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2737, Misses' Evening Dress; suitable for small women; back in one piece with side draperies; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅜ yards. The sole adornment of this dress is of beads for which Transfer Design No. 1119 may be used.

No. 2748, Ladies' and Misses' Cape Wrap; 47-inch length. Small size requires 4⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2 yards. To accompany your evening frock this wrap is most desirable developed in satin. It may also be used for afternoons.

No. 2760, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women; two-piece draped skirt attached to lining; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅜ yards. The draped idea is especially suited to evening frocks for young people. Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

2737 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1119

2744 Cape
Small, medium, large
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157

2748 Cape Wrap
Small, medium, large

2760 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157

The Outlook

By

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

THE only way to circumvent hot weather is to keep cool in clothes that are as near the minimum as law, order and good taste allow.

No woman is a philosopher in a warm gown under a warmer sun. If she is to be happy, she is to be well-dressed, which in this especial set of circumstances, means whatever is cool. So much the American Continent understands no matter what France predicts, prescribes and prohibits.

Strangely enough and most satisfactory, is the verdict of approval Paris has rendered unto that class of clothes which keeps us cool in our climate. Organdie, calico, transparent crêpe, Chinese silk weaves under various names, colorful challie, cotton crêpe and coarse linen dot the surface of shop counters. Over these, women pucker the brow, select, take home, buy patterns and go to work. Bury winter clothes with the dead winter, say they.

At black they do not need to cast a second look; not even a first one. Brown, if it has copper or bronze in it, demands attention, because it has suddenly flowered into a new growth. France says it will surely be extensively worn at the first breath of chill air. So the forehanded may as well argue over the advisability of accepting this verdict and make ready for September by possessing a frock of it in July.

No brown that is opaque finds welcome now. Let the future take care of that. Transparency is sought. There are Georgette crêpes, voiles, organdies and linens a-plenty to supply the needs of hot weather. Bronze linen gowns with Puritan collars of white linen, of lace and white muslin are in the first fashion and are sufficiently uncommon to attract attention. Deep brown chiffon frocks threaded with fine gold patterns, and others depending merely upon fragile and skilful tucking, or clever drapery, serve for the frock we are apt to call "our best." Brown organdie with a flounced skirt is good when it carries a narrow belt of French blue picot ribbon dropping in long ends at the back.

The summer should be full of flowered frocks. There is the new kind of challie with its little formal flowers, also, which is ruffled until it looks as Victorian as Blue Bristol glass and a cross-stitch sampler. There is a picot ribbon belt with ends; often there are wristlets of this ribbon, holding a widely opened sleeve to the wrist by one side only. Don't forget this fashion for two-inch ribbon in colors such as bright pink, periwinkle and French blue, flag red and apple green. Especially the latter should be carried in the mind when one's mind is bent on the completion of several sprightly frocks. The watered ribbon is rising into power. Don't forget that, either.

The onrush of bright colors in summer costumery should not blind a woman to the important and interesting variants of the small established fashions that are branching out here and there. The keen watcher sees signs of a complete breaking down of the oblong neckline in the Autumn. The newer blouses have elongated collars that turn widely over and roll down the chest. They are finished by a pirate's cravat of broad silk or satin ribbon. It is often in black. If the blouse has a colored pattern in it that demands a colored cravat, very well, but the smart thing is black.

[*Turn to page 44*]

2737 2744

2748 2760

What We Will Wear On a Mid-Summer Afternoon

No. 2735, Ladies' Dress; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. For the darning-stitch embroidery, Transfer Design No. 927 may be used.

No. 2755, Ladies' Dress; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 8⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The ribbon roses at girdle may be made from Transfer Design No. 1157.

No. 2758, Ladies' Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅞ yards. If desired, Transfer Design No. 983 may be used.

No. 2663, Ladies' Dress; with vest; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. Here is a design excellent for a tub frock of gingham or washable silk.

No. 2669, Ladies' Dress; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 32-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and belt. Width at lower edge 1⅝ yards.

No. 2753, Ladies' Dress; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material and ⅝ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 1⅞ yards. Gingham and organdie are cool looking.

No. 2657, Ladies' Dress; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Width, 1⅝ yards. Dotted swiss and organdie is a combination suggested.

2735 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 927

2755 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1157

2758 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Transfer Design No. 983

2663 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2669 Dress
9 sizes, 34 50

2753 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2657 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2735 2755 2753 2657 2758 2663 2669

How Paris Uses Draperies and Pleated Panels

2752 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2745 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Transfer Design No. 1184

2743 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50

2734 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

2755 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44

2752 2745 2755 2743 2734 2746 2735

2746 Dress
5 sizes, 34-42

2735 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1193

No. 2752, LADIES' DRESS; closing at shoulders; 35-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material and 2 yards of 40-inch contrasting material for tunic and sleeves. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 2745, LADIES' DRESS; with yoke closing at shoulders; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material and 1¼ yards of 40-inch material for panels. Width, 1⅞ yards. Transfer Design No. 1184 may be used.

No. 2755, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The cape at the back falling from the shoulders is smart.

No. 2743, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material and 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material for pleated panels and sleeves. Width, at lower edge, 1⅝ yards.

No. 2734, LADIES' DRESS; 36-inch length from natural waistline; no hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material and ¼ yard of 36-inch material for front and sleeve insets. Width, at lower edge, 1⅝ yards.

No. 2746, LADIES' DRESS; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. A clever treatment of the new drapery is shown in this design.

No. 2735, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt; 35-inch length from natural waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. Transfer Design No. 1193 may be used if embroidery is desired.

Of Sheer Cottons or More Substantial Silks Are These Six Summery Frocks

2667 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1190

2596 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2727 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon Transfer Design No. 1157

2652 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

2728 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Transfer Design No. 1140

2760 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Ribbon Transfer
Design No. 1157

No. 2667, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 5⅛ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Taffeta would make a delightful frock with beaded collar and tunics. Transfer Design No. 1190 may be used.

No. 2596, Misses' Slip-On Dress; suitable for small women; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards. Organdie or georgette would be equally successful for the development of this charming draped frock outlined with hem-stitching.

No. 2727, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women; kimono sleeves; two-piece tucked skirt; 6-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 2 yards. For the ribbon roses at waistline, Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used.

No. 2652, Misses' Three-Piece Costume; suitable for small women; slip-on blouse, cape and two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards of 40-inch material and 1½ yards of 40-inch lining for cape. Width of skirt, 2 yards.

No. 2728, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women; four-piece skirt; fulness adjusted at waist by elastic; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch for sleeves. Width, 2¾ yards. Transfer Design No. 1140 may be used.

No. 2760, Misses' Dress; suitable for small women; two-piece draped skirt attached to lining; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅜ yards. A ribbon rose for which Transfer Design No. 1157 may be used takes the place of the usual girdle in this frock of moire.

The Outlook

[*Continued from page 41*]

THIS collar does not hug the neck at the back. That's an ugly line. It tilts back from it and it is almost as wide where it ends as it is on the shoulders. And mark you this: the wide rolling collar is pulled outside the jacket. That's a startling permit for high fashion to give women.

As far as the neckline is concerned, however, there is slight reason to follow one fashion. Square openings are advocated; the long V. is rëestablished; and the tight round neckband with its Peter Pan collar is retained by the young. No matter what the color of the cravat, it is there and it is big. It never hides its light under a bushel. It is too new not to be strident.

Gradually, also, is the armhole changing. Do you notice how few kimono sleeves you see? It is necessary that they should disappear if the tightened armhole continues. From armholes that extend to the waist, we are subtly turning to armholes that are so small they seem to cramp the arm. Blouses, bodices, jackets show the same movement. The wide sleeve is not vanishing; merely the armhole is shrinking. The ancient peasant sleeve demands this shoulder line for it wants a foundation for the ornamental brassard sleeve top or the tiny yoke that circles the arm just below the shoulder as a dog collar goes about the neck.

[*Turn to page 45*]

Spread Out Your Silhouette If You Will But Keep Your Waistline Low

The Outlook

[*Continued from page 44*]

THESE various fashions will increase as the season deepens. They are only in their infancy now. Whatever else they may do, they will succeed in making a short kimono sleeve look as much out of the picture as a knee-length skirt. We accept fashions slowly, so it may be that extra lengths will not be added to our wide short sleeves until we are quite, quite through adding pieces of material to our skirt hems so they will sweep the ankles, or inserting an extra few inches over the hips to be covered by a girdle. It is a happy thought that we can turn a short arm covering into wrist length by a yard of fabric and two yards of ingenuity.

By right and reasoning the waistline should be lowered as skirts lengthen. But they are expected to go higher with the mercury. We may soon be all legs. No one considers you old-fashioned if you happen to wear wide girdles placed far down on the hips, but the fact remains that the line is shifting and the belt is narrowing. Those little ribbon belts with the long ends are symbols. Yet the long bodice, the kind that is built like the corsets of the Fifteenth Century, which reaches to the hips where it joins a wide skirt, is in the best graces of the dressmakers. To the wise and the prophetic, it argues the gradual displacement of the immensely wide blouse that overbalanced a short, slim skirt.

Today, at this hour, we are a bit top-heavy. Tomorrow, in the morning, we will carry our width below the waist.

No. 2749, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and 1¾ yards of 40-inch contrasting material for side panels, yoke, lower part of sleeves and trimming bands. Width, 1⅝ yards.

No. 2728, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; four-piece skirt; fulness adjusted at waist by elastic; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 40-inch lace for the cape sleeves. Width at lower edge, 2¾ yards.

No. 2760, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece draped skirt attached to lining; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1⅜ yards. With its graceful side draperies, this sleeveless evening gown would be exceedingly attractive developed in satin.

No. 2737, MISSES' EVENING DRESS; suitable for small women; back in one-piece with side draperies; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 45-inch material. Width, 1⅜ yards. Transfer Design No. 981 may be used for trimming and would add a desirable finish.

No. 2757, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; no hem allowed. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards of 40-inch material and 1¼ yards of ruffling. Width, 1⅝ yards. For an afternoon frock, satin or silk crêpe will make up nicely.

No. 2759, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; three-piece skirt with underskirt front. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch for underskirt front. Width, 1⅞ yards. For the cross-stitch trimming Transfer Design No. 1193 may be used.

Blouses and Bathing Suits in Trios and a Couple of New Skirts

No. 2569, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. The use of pleats in this simple slip-on blouse brings it right up to date.

No. 2645, Ladies' Russian Blouse; with raglan sleeves. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. For this design, if embroidered with cross-stitch, you may use Transfer Design No. 1163.

No. 2764, Ladies' Slip-On Raglan Blouse. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. To trim this blouse in the effective manner illustrated, Transfer Design No. 1186 may be used.

No. 2679, Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit; closing at shoulders; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1154 may be used.

No. 2164, Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit; closing on shoulder; with combination undergarment. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, and 2¼ yards of 40-inch material for undergarment.

No. 2676, Ladies' and Misses' Bathing Suit; closing at shoulder; with combination undergarment. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36- or 40-inch material, and 2⅜ yards of 40-inch for undergarment.

No. 2582, Ladies' Four-Piece Skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards of 48- or 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅞ yards.

No. 2742, Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 26 requires 2⅜ yards of 40- or 44-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅝ yards.

2569 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

2645 Blouse
6 sizes
34-44
Transfer Design No. 1163

2764 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Transfer Design No. 1183

2582 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

2679 Bathing Suit
6 sizes, 14-16; 36-42
Transfer Design No. 1154

2742 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36

2676 2164 2679 2569 2645 2764 2742 2582

2164 Bathing Suit
Small, medium large

2676 Bathing Suit
6 sizes, 14-16; 36-42

The Coolest Frocks and Aprons to Work In When Warm Days Come

No. 2366, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On House Dress; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for trimming bands. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 2536, Ladies' House Dress; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material and ⅜ yards of 36-inch contrasting material for cuffs and pockets. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

No. 2362, Ladies' House Dress; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer Design No. 1172 may be used for the appliqué motifs to serve as trimming.

No. 2551, Ladies' and Misses' Apron. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch material. A gay-patterned cretonne makes this simple apron a most attractive garment to use while working. Gingham or chambray might be used just as effectively.

No. 2523, Ladies' One-Piece Slip-On House Dress; 35-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 2212, Ladies' House Dress; 37-inch length from waistline; 3-inch hem allowed. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch checked material and ½ yard of 36-inch plain material for collar, belt and cuffs. Width, 1¾ yards.

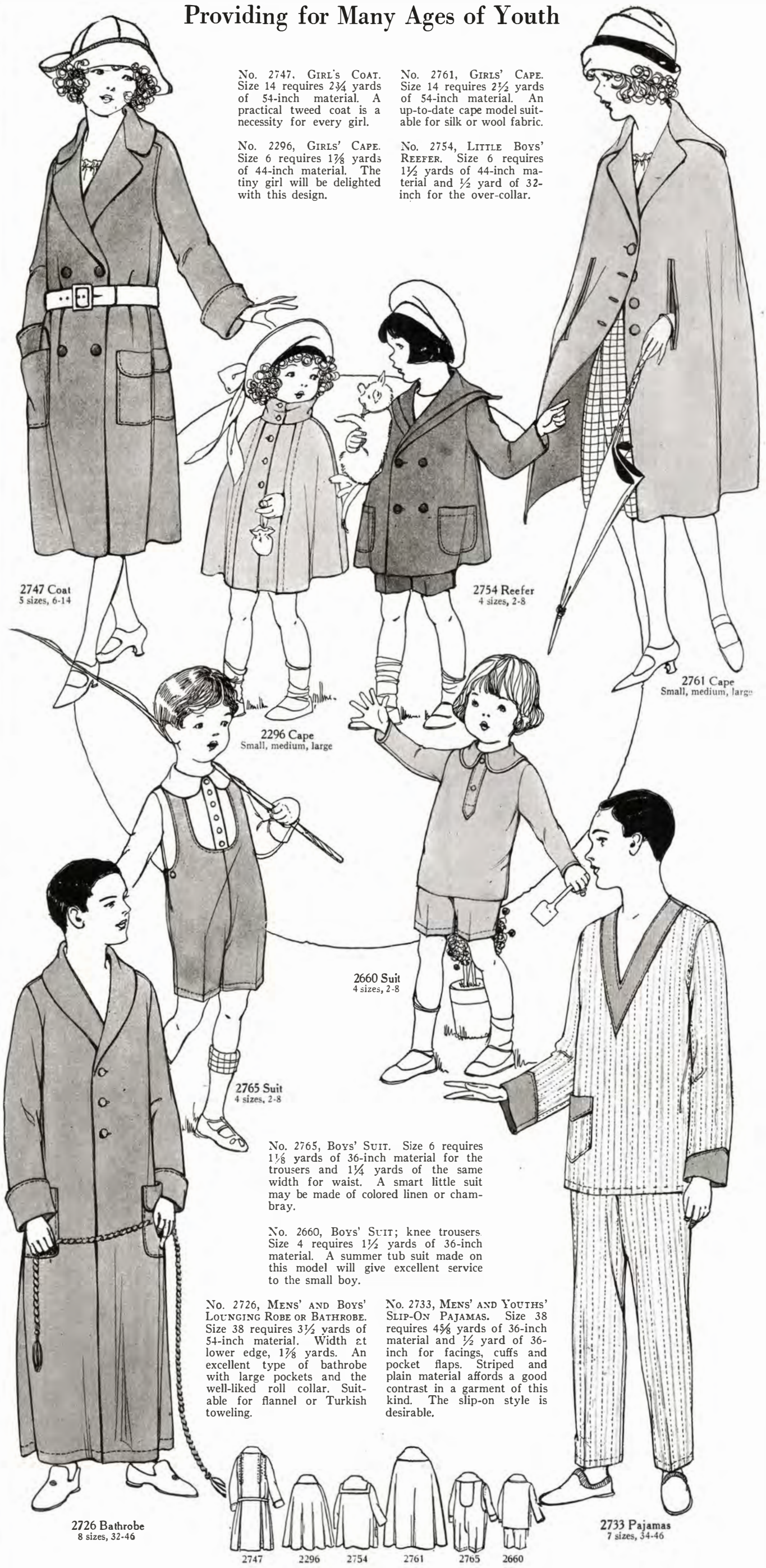
Providing for Many Ages of Youth

No. 2747, Girl's Coat. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. A practical tweed coat is a necessity for every girl.

No. 2296, Girls' Cape. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yards of 44-inch material. The tiny girl will be delighted with this design.

No. 2761, Girls' Cape. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. An up-to-date cape model suitable for silk or wool fabric.

No. 2754, Little Boys' Reefer. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 44-inch material and ½ yard of 32-inch for the over-collar.



No. 2765, Boys' Suit. Size 6 requires 1⅛ yards of 36-inch material for the trousers and 1¼ yards of the same width for waist. A smart little suit may be made of colored linen or chambray.

No. 2660, Boys' Suit; knee trousers. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. A summer tub suit made on this model will give excellent service to the small boy.

No. 2726, Mens' and Boys' Lounging Robe or Bathrobe. Size 38 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅞ yards. An excellent type of bathrobe with large pockets and the well-liked roll collar. Suitable for flannel or Turkish toweling.

No. 2733, Mens' and Youths' Slip-On Pajamas. Size 38 requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch for facings, cuffs and pocket flaps. Striped and plain material affords a good contrast in a garment of this kind. The slip-on style is desirable.

Tub Frocks With the Newest Touches

No. 2739, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. Smocked and braided is this smart little dress. Transfer Design No. 987 may be used.

No. 2640, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. A front lacing makes this model especially desirable. Transfer Design No. 1194 may be used.

No. 2762, GIRL'S DRESS; with kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt. Size 12 requires 1⅜ yards of 36-inch plain and 1⅜ yards of 36-inch checked material.

No. 2750, GIRL'S APRON. Size 10 requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch material. Checked gingham makes as practical an apron as anyone could desire.

No. 2763, CHILD'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. The scalloped edges have a marked charm. Transfer Design No. 1103 may be used.

No. 2644, CHILD'S ROMPER. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material, and ⅞ yard of the same width contrasting to trim.

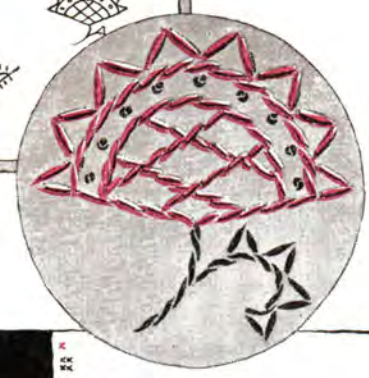
No. 2756, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. Embroidered voile is suggested for this dress.

No. 2731, GIRL'S DRESS; closing at shoulders; kimono sleeves. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 1186 may be used.

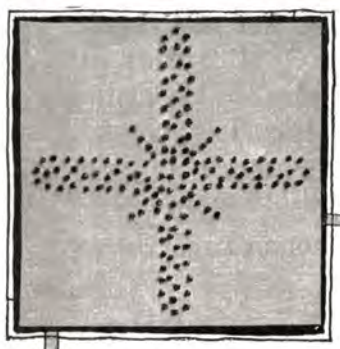
The Newest Trimmings Feature Old Peasant Designs Adapted to Modern Uses

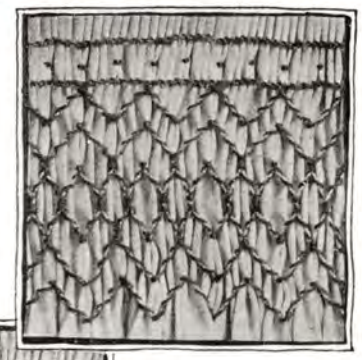
By
Elisabeth May Blondel

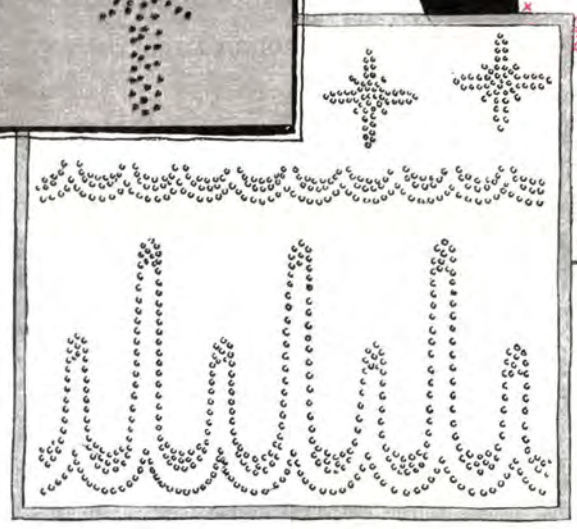

1195

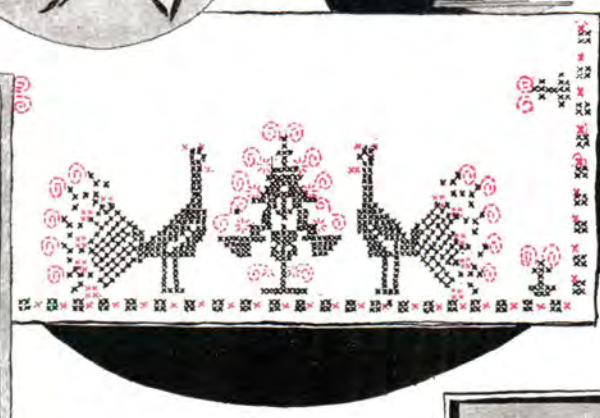


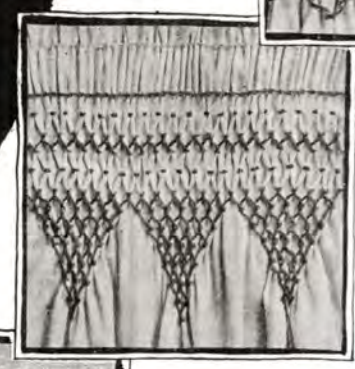

1196

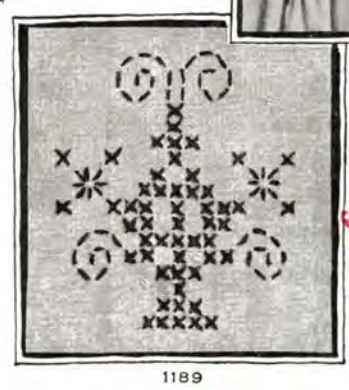


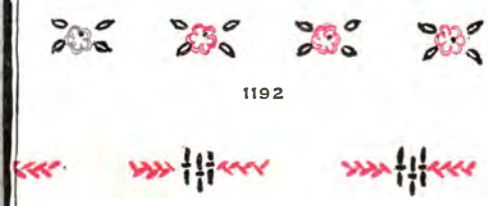

1192


1190


1189


1192


1189

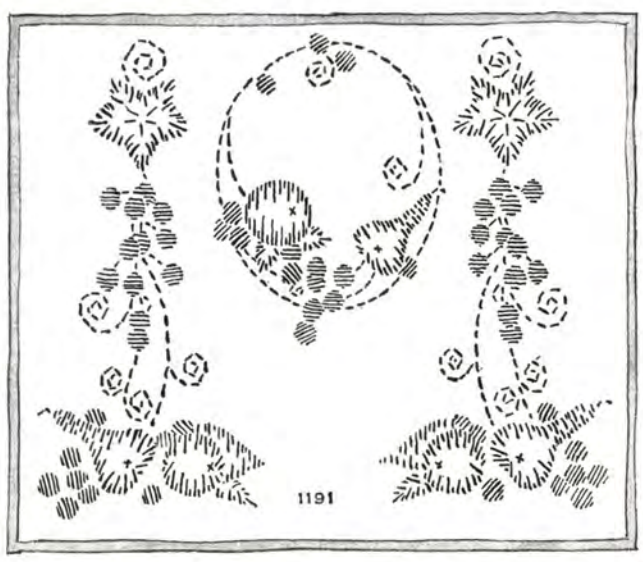

1192

1195—Transfer Pattern for Medallions and Flower Banding. A unique and attractive design for trimming dresses, blouses, scarfs, pillows, etc. To be developed in a variety of colors in simple stitches—lazy-daisy-, satin- and outline-stitch, French knots and single stitches. Banding may be used in allover effect if desired. Includes 4 yards banding 4¾ inches wide, and 6 5-inch medallions. Price, 35 cents. Yellow.

1190—Transfer Pattern for Scallop Bandings and Motifs. This is very dainty worked in beads on dresses of georgette or crêpe de Chine. The wide banding may be used on skirt or panels, the crosses scattered over dress, and narrow banding for neck and sleeves. Includes 2½ yards banding 11¼ inches wide; 26 cross motifs 3¾ inches square; 4¾ yards narrow banding. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

1189—Transfer Pattern for Cross-Stitch Motifs and Band. One of the quaint peasant designs that is very smart cross-stitched in black, or in a combination of colors, on centerpieces, scarfs, pillows, etc. The small motifs and banding are pretty for children's clothes. Includes 6 yards banding, 1¼ inches wide; 4 double-bird motifs 10¾ x 4; 16 small motifs 2⅛ x 1⅞. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1191—Transfer Pattern for Fruit Motifs. To be developed in wool or silk floss, using long motifs on sleeves, panels or skirt, and basket motifs in pocket effect. Includes 4 long motifs 6⅜ x 13¼ inches, given as opposites; 2 basket motifs 7 x 9¼ inches, also opposites. Price, 30 cents. Yellow.


1191

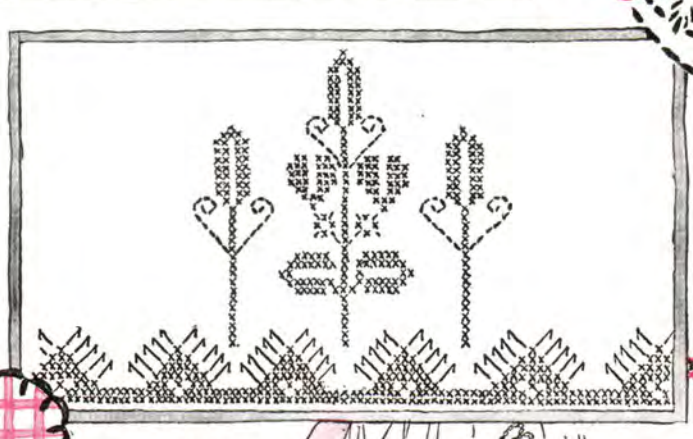

1191

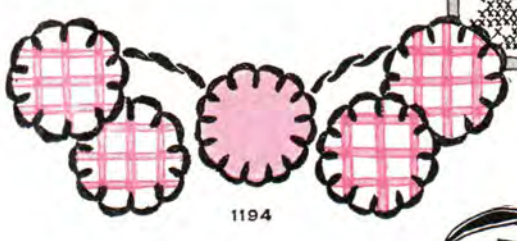
1192—Transfer Pattern for Fancy Smocking. Two new styles of smocking for children's and ladies' dresses. Use strand cotton in the popular bright colors. Includes 1⅜ yards of straight dots for Van Dyke points 3 inches wide; 2 curved strips 17 inches long; 1⅜ yards for diamond pattern 2⅝ inches wide; also ⅜-inch wide bandings for cuffs, etc. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1196—Transfer Pattern for Appliqué Baskets and Roses. For luncheon sets, card-table covers, scarfs, towels, etc. Stamp design on material and patch designs on colored gingham or chambray, then appliqué according to directions. For luncheon set use unbleached muslin or linen. Includes 4 baskets 4 x 5 inches; 4 corner roses, 3¼ yards banding 1¼ inches wide, and patch designs. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

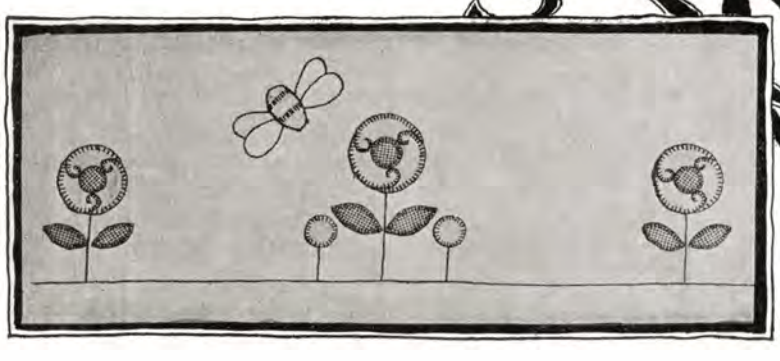
1193—Transfer Pattern for Russian Cross-Stitch Trimming. For dresses, blouses, scarfs, etc. Smart in red and blue, or two shades of one color. Use banding double for heavy effect, or otherwise single as illustrated. Includes 6 motifs 9¼ x 10¾ inches; 6 yards banding 2 inches wide, or 3 yards double. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

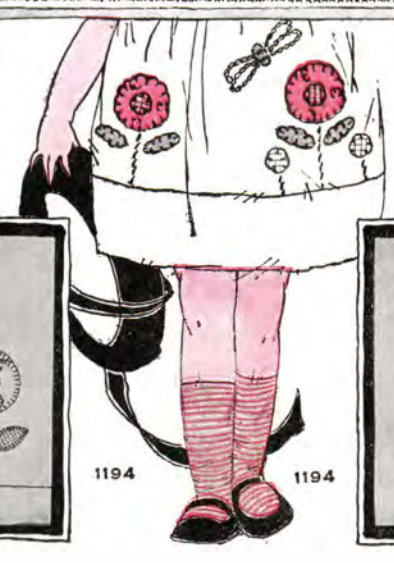
1194—Transfer Pattern for Child's Appliqué. Stamp the flower-and-bee motif at right side front of child's dress, and stamp the patch-pieces for same on bright colored gingham or chambray, then appliqué in buttonhole-stitch. Similar directions for circle motifs, 18¾ inches long, 2 of which are given with extra patch designs for 6 more circle groups. The flower-and-bee motif is 6½ inches high, 6 single flower motifs also given, patch designs for all. Price, 20 cents. Yellow or blue.

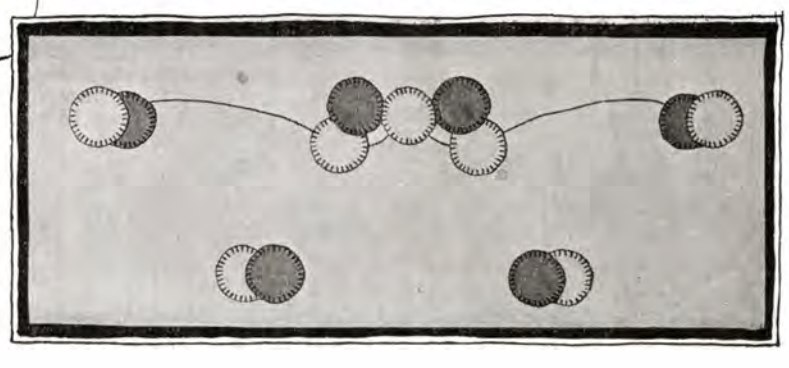

1193


1194


1193


1194


1194



Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

A TEN-INCH BREAD-PAN IS MY KITCHEN TOOL-CHEST. It stands on a closet-shelf and contains the wrench and screw-drivers and chisel and tack hammer and lifter—in fact all the tools occasionally needed by every housekeeper. Instead of hunting through some drawer or shelf for the particular tools I need, I bring out the pan and have them all at hand. The weight of the tools will not break the pan as it would a box.—L. A. G., Apollo, Pennsylvania.

MY KITCHEN "BOUQUET-HOLDER" is an eight-inch sewer tile that stands behind the kitchen door. The six-inch opening holds an inviting bouquet of a dozen brooms and mops whose handles are thrust into the tile. This insures the brooms being set right end up; you get the one you want the first time you reach for it; you can't knock down another one; they can't fall down; and all the brooms and mops in the house occupy only eight inches of floor space.—L. A. G., Apollo, Pennsylvania.

AN INEXPENSIVE AND SATISFACTORY WAY of converting the bassinet-crib-play-pen into a pen with a floor for the kiddie to walk on, is by having cut to exact measurements a piece of beaver board or similar material. This can be varnished so that the floor can be kept clean. I have found this solution to meet all practical needs and the approximate cost was eighty cents.—G. M., Reading, Pennsylvania.

FLOUR FOR BROWN GRAVY should be heated in the oven until a light brown, and when cool, put in a glass jar. Cover the quantity needed with cold water and set aside until ready to thicken in the broth or gravy, which will be smooth and rich in color.—Mrs. R. M. K., Ohio.

INSTEAD OF BINDING NECK and armholes of children's underwaist, try turning a tiny hem over two strands of soft crochet or embroidery cotton. It will keep the garment from stretching or tearing out as it wears, and is a much easier and neater finish.—Mrs. E. R., Philadelphia.

Don't Fail to Send For These

A Group of Little Homes, a booklet compiled by Robert Cummings Wiseman, from plans designed by expert small-house architects. Twelve houses, with complete architectural plans. These houses suggest the harmony of proportion and convenience of arrangement which can be incorporated in small, inexpensive houses. Price, 10 cents.

The Modern Home: How to Equip it with Mechanical Servants and Manage it Wisely; by Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Price, 10 cents.

Housecleaning Made Easy. By using standardized methods and equipment, abolish the horror of the twice-a-year cleaning. Free. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

Down the Garden Path, a booklet of practical directions for flower and vegetable gardening, written by Dorothy Giles, a member of the Garden Club of America. Free. Enclose two-cent stamp for postage.

Parties all the Year: One for every month, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Suggests rhymed invitations, games, contests, stunts, costumes, prizes, refreshments. Price, 10 cents.

A Rube Party, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald. A hilarious and inexpensive way of entertaining in the summer. Free. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Entertaining Without a Maid, by Edna Sibley Tipton. Correct table service for breakfast parties, luncheons, teas, receptions, dinners, Sunday night suppers. Price, 10 cents.

What to Serve at Parties: Compiled by Lilian M. Gunn of Teacher's College, Columbia University, from her articles previously published in McCall's. Menus and special recipes for luncheons, dinners, teas, suppers, bridal breakfasts, children's parties. Price, 10 cents.

Some Attempts to Standardize Oven Temperatures for Cookery Processes, written by May B. Van Arsdale and published at Teacher's College. In the food workshop at Teacher's College, Columbia University, Miss Van Arsdale and her associates are working out exact principles to make cooking more simple. To know more of this important subject, send for Miss Van Arsdale's booklet. Price, 10 cents.

The Friendly Mother: A book of Prenatal Mothercraft. Written by Helen Johnson Keyes and approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M. D., Head of the Maternity Division of The Woman's Hospital, New York City. A guide for the young mother during the long months before her baby comes. Price, 10 cents.

To Obtain Any of the Foregoing, address (enclosing postage) The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Do You Want to Earn Extra Money? McCall's needs your best original suggestions for saving time, money and strength in housework of all kinds. One dollar will be paid for each available contribution. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if an addressed stamped envelope is enclosed. Address: Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

The SECRET LETTERS *of* BETTY BLAIR

Ten intimate letters that were written but never mailed

January 10.

Dear Margaret:

I wonder what you would think if you could see this letter! For I do not know who you are or where you are. I don't know why I selected the name Margaret. I hardly know why I am writing this letter to you at all.

But tonight, as I sat by myself, I felt that I just couldn't stand it longer—that I simply must have some one to tell my troubles to. So I am writing this letter to you. And somehow, Margaret, I feel that whoever you are, and wherever you are, you will understand.

I know that it isn't right to be envious of any one, or anything, but sometimes when I think of the other girls, I just can't help it. I haven't been to a party or dance in weeks and it seems an age since Bob came the last time.

I shall always love him, Margaret—yes, even if he marries Peggy Andrews!

January 17.

Dear Margaret:

It's no use. I'm afraid things will never be different for me. Marion Lawrence invited me to a party at her home last night and I had been so shut-up and lonesome for days that I decided to go. Somehow, I hoped that this time at least it might be different. But the minute I got there I was sorry I had gone. For it seemed that every girl had a new dress but me.

Bob danced with me twice, but the minute the dance was over he seemed anxious to get away. And yet how happy and proud he was when he danced with Peggy! She looked so pretty in her new taffeta, too!

When I came home I sat down and cried. It isn't fair that I should be wasting the best years of my life just because I haven't pretty clothes! It isn't fair! It isn't fair!

January 24.

Dear Margaret:

Mary Davenport was married today. She wanted me to be one of her bridesmaids, but I begged off. I made all sorts of excuses—all but the real one. But I think she guessed the truth. I knew that all the other girls would have new dresses, and I knew, too, that every one would recognize my pink organdie as being last year's.

So I slipped into the gallery of the church and watched Mary go proudly up the aisle.

And oh, how I envied her! Do you think that any one will ever marry me, Margaret? Sometimes I grow afraid that I shall be the old maid sister of the family. For I am getting older every day. Oh, if only I had some pretty clothes! How different everything would be!

January 25.

Dear Margaret:

Last night, after I wrote you that letter, I lay in bed a long time—just thinking and thinking.

I was as wide awake as if it had been daytime. And there kept flashing through my mind the memory of a story I had read in a magazine—the story of a girl just like myself. She couldn't afford pretty clothes, either, and she was, oh, so discouraged. And then she found a way by which she learned to make pretty dresses herself—for merely the cost of materials.

And as I lay there, an irresistible impulse seemed to be urging me to do something. It was almost as if a voice—your voice, Margaret—was saying—"Find out about it!" "Find out about it!"

So I got up then and there and wrote a letter.

I mailed it this morning. And ever since, I have felt more cheerful than in weeks. Perhaps, after all, there is a way for me to get the pretty clothes I need so badly. Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could, Margaret?

January 28.

Dear Margaret:

Remember that letter I mentioned a few days ago? Well, I got an answer from it today—a good, thick letter from the Membership Secretary of the Woman's Institute. Not only a friendly, cheerful letter, but a booklet describing the plan in detail.

Just think! While I have been so unhappy, thousands of other girls have been learning to make the pretty clothes they have always wanted and at, oh, such wonderful savings!

Do you think I can learn, too, Margaret? I am sure I can. For more than 140,000 girls and women, in all circumstances, have learned to sew at home through the Woman's Institute. If they can learn, I can learn, too!

March 10.

Dear Margaret:

I wonder if it was Fate that induced me to mail that letter to the Woman's Institute? Whatever it was, I am sure that one simple little act will be the means of changing my whole life for the better.

For, Margaret, I am really learning how to sew! Although I have finished only three of the Institute's lessons I have already made the prettiest blouse for myself and one for mother. And last night I finished my first dress, a simple, one-piece dress, but I'm more proud of it than anything I ever had.

Met Bob today and he admired it very much and wanted to know where I had bought it.

Men do notice pretty things, don't they, Margaret? And, oh, yes! Bob wants me to go to a dance with him next month. I don't want to be mean, but I hope Peggy Andrews is there, too. This time it will be different.

April 24.

Dear Margaret:

It's strange what a difference a few short weeks make! Why, it seems only yesterday that I was wondering if I would ever have pretty clothes like other girls. And now they are envying me!

You should have seen how surprised they were last night at the dance. "Where in the world did you ever get that wonderful gown?" . . . I think if they asked me that question once they asked it a hundred times. And when I told them that I made it myself, they just wouldn't believe it. They would have been even more surprised if I had told them how little it cost!

"You were wonderful tonight," Bob said as we rode home together. "You seemed like an altogether different girl. Won't you tell me the secret if I come over on Sunday night?" Bob's coming over quite regularly now, Margaret.

May 18.

Dear Margaret:

More good news! I have made $42 sewing for other people in the last month! Think of it, $42! I feel like a millionaire! And it was so easy.

You see, I had been making such rapid progress with my lessons from the Woman's Institute and making so many pretty things for myself and mother that the neighbors just couldn't get over it.

And pretty soon, Mrs. Wright came over and asked me to make a blouse and a dress for her. So I said all right, I would. Both turned out splendidly, and she was so delighted with the way they fitted (she is rather stout, you know) that she recommended me to her sister-in-law.

Since then I have been busy all the time. Why, it seems as if everybody in town is looking for a good dressmaker.

Everything I make or design brings a good price and helps me to get other customers. And sewing is such fun when you really know how!

June 5.

Dear Margaret:

I didn't mention Bob in my last letter because—well, you know how quickly a girl can tell when a man has something on his mind and is waiting for just the right time to say it.

The right time came last night. Bob and I were sitting on the veranda. Suddenly he bent close to me.

"Betty," he said simply, "I love you."

That was all, Margaret, just four words, but they were the sweetest words I have ever heard.

June 15.

Dear Margaret:

This is the last letter I shall ever write you. Tonight as I took the others out and read them over, it seemed that after all you have been very real—and very near and dear to me.

But I'm going to say good-bye, Margaret, because, you see, I'm not lonesome any more, for Bob comes almost every evening. And, most important of all, I have so many dresses and other things to make for myself these coming weeks and such a wonderful reason for making them! I'm going to put this letter with the others now. They tell the story of my innermost self—and I shall keep them always.

WHAT Betty Blair has done you can do, too. There is not the slightest doubt of it. More than 140,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, have proved by the clothes they have made and the dollars they have saved, the success of the Institute's methods.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or little time to the course as you desire and just whenever it is convenient.

The Institute's courses are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted, and proceed by logical steps until you can design, cut, fit, and completely make all kinds of attractive and becoming dresses, suits, wraps and hats. Hundreds of students, with absolutely no other preparation, have opened up shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers or milliners.

IT costs you absolutely nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card, or the convenient coupon to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 3-G, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without cost or obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

TEAR OUT HERE

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 3-G, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name .....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

Up and Coming

[Continued from page 40]

me over for a week or two but I told myself I wasn't going to waste time moping after Jo Willard. I forgot it, soon enough. . . . That's my story—My stars"—before Jones could comment—"they are playing Home, Sweet Home, and we've been sitting here all this time—"

She darted from the table, Jones followed to waltz the number with her, her firm, fine body close in his arms.

"Going to take you home?" he whispered.

"No, Fred has his ancient boat outside, he wheezes it about for us every place we go. I couldn't let you take me home unless you called first."

"I'd call if you'd say when."

"You're kidding me. You, Mr. Bynight of Hamlin's, calling at a Working Girls' Home—I'd be ashamed to have you see the place."

"Make it at Poppy's house," he insisted, "or wherever you like."

"There's a dance on Friday," she suggested quickly. "You might call and bring me. Poppy's aunt is at 489 Michigan Street—do you know where that is? Swell neighborhood, isn't it? Between Copelli the cobbler and Fitzsimmons the fireman! But it's respectable," she added with emphasis.

"About eight?" he asked.

"Fine," Bertha said. "I wonder if you'll really come? So many fellows just string a girl these days."

Jones laughed. "Try me and see. You'll not forget to be there?"

IV

JONES, immaculate as if for the club, appeared promptly on Friday evening.

Bertha sallied into the night with a heart as light as Jones would have wished his own. She was dimly aware things were not as she would wish them to be, that this brilliant yet kindly man was amusing himself, concealing his real personality, and that he would continue to do so. Yet she was content.

This was Bertha's opportunity. She had promised herself to learn more of Jones' background—and future. But she tried without success. He was capable of impenetrable reserve. He made an engagement to take her to a vaudeville the first of the week. She promised to knit him a tie as a reward.

"Thanks," he said, "but it would put you to a lot of bother."

"Some kinds of bother are pleasures"—smiling her broadest—"or wouldn't you want to wear a tie I'd knit? Wouldn't it be good enough?"

"You want me to give battle to that, don't you?" Jones retorted. He did want to have her knit the tie—but not be obliged to wear it!

"If you are going to do all that for me," he added, "I must do something for you. Come, what shall it be?"

They were at the door of the Working Girls' Home, into which Jones could not go, it being past the approved hour.

Bertha glanced at the dim light burning for late comers, then up at Jones. "There're a lot of things to tell you," she began abruptly, "and after I've told them, maybe you won't want me to knit you a tie—"

She waited for him to name a time and place where these confidences might be exchanged. He did so.

"Won't you take dinner with me tomorrow—a real Italian table d'hote, with breadsticks and all. We can talk all we like and not feel hurried. Shall I call for you?"

"I guess you mean Gonfroni's, don't you—I'll met you right there," she answered to his surprise. "Poppy and me eat there often. At half after six, so we can get a corner table."

"Gonfroni's—half past six," he repeated, tipping his hat.

As he walked home, he wondered how interested he would be in her remarks. He did not like her for many reasons, he did not want her to become overly fond of himself—here, he called himself a prig—because he did not intend to become overly fond of her. She amused him, served as a contrast to his environment. She seemed to Jones to be a kind, common sort of young woman without any background, her chum's marriage inciting her to quite natural envy.

Between the time he was to see Bertha and his midnight walk home, Jones wrote Marian and Pat letters of sympathetic understanding, Marian about her approaching wedding and Pat for the new business undertaking. He did not share his mother's prejudice about Pat's not attending the wedding. He upheld her decision, chuckling at her statement that instead of having "Jones waste good money for railroad fares, only to be regarded as the bad fairy and divorcée, please let me have one-half the amount toward an electric hair dryer and give the other half to Marian to help her in becoming an intellectual snob."

[Continued in the August McCall's]

Charles Rex

[Continued from page 9]

her face suddenly, challenging him—"she also thinks that I set out to catch you—and succeeded. And she wanted you to know—that I am not the sort of girl that men want to—marry."

She was quite white as she spoke the words, but she maintained her tense erectness. Her eyes never stirred from his.

Bunny stood motionless, staring at her. He looked as if he had been struck a blinding blow.

"What—on earth—do you mean?" he asked slowly at last.

"Oh, I won't tell you any more! I won't! She thinks I'm too attractive, that's all. I can't imagine why; can you? You never found me so, did you, Bunny?"

The old provocative sweetness flashed back into her face. She went within the circle of his arms with a quick nestling movement as of a small animal that takes refuge after strenuous flight. She was still panting a little as she leaned against him.

And Bunny relaxed, conscious of a vast relief that outweighed every other consideration.

Only later did he remember it—her strange reticence, and her odd stumbling words of warning.

IT was late that evening that Bunny strolled forth alone to smoke a reminiscent pipe along his favorite glade of larches in Burchester Park. Toby had promised to marry him as soon as old Bishop's retirement left the house in the hollow at his disposal. Now that he had won his point, he was assailed by a grave doubt as to whether he were acting fairly toward the girl.

"Hullo!" said a voice suddenly. "Do I intrude?"

Saltash stepped quickly out of the shadow of the larches and met him with outstretched hand.

"Hullo!" said Bunny. "I thought you were far away on the high seas."

Saltash laughed. "Well, I was. But the *Blue Moon* developed engine trouble—Also, I was curious to see how affairs here were progressing. Is all well? Have you and Nonette settled when to get married?"

Bunny stiffened momentarily, but the next instant he relaxed again with impulsive confidence. "Well, it is more or less settled," he said. "But I'm wondering—You don't think it's shabby, do you, to marry her before she's had the same sort of chances as other girls?"

"Good heavens, no!" said Saltash. "What made you think of that?"

Bunny's face was red. "Sheila Melrose put it to me this afternoon," he said, "though I must admit it had crossed my mind before. She hasn't met many people, you know, Charlie. And—as I said—she's young. I don't want to take an unfair advantage."

"Life is too short to think of these things," said Saltash abruptly. "Now look here! What I've really come back for is to see you married.

"Stick to your job, and you shall have the Dower House to live in while I yet cumber the ground, and Burchester Castle as soon as I'm under it!"

"What?" said Bunny. He turned almost fiercely. "Charlie! Stop it! I don't want your beastly castle. You've got to marry and use it yourself."

"Burchester will pass to you at my death. Think you'll both be happy here?"

Bunny turned upon him. "Oh, confound it, Charlie!" he said. "I can't talk about this. I couldn't possibly take it. You're too generous."

"Think so?" Saltash's brows twitched humorously. "I seem to be developing a taste for worthy deeds. But there's no reason on earth why you two shouldn't get married and you would better go and see the parson about it tomorrow. You'll find Nonette won't put any obstacles in the way. She's a good child and does as she's told." He turned in his sudden fashion. "Good night and good luck to you!"

Bunny stood motionless at the gate for some time longer gazing out over the quiet, night-wrapt down. Why had Charlie returned like this? It was unlike Saltash to take so much trouble over anything. He felt as if in some inexplicable fashion he was being tricked.

THE Graydown Stables were always a model of well-ordered efficiency, and it had ever been Bunny's pride to show them to his friends. But he awaited General Melrose and his daughter on the following afternoon in a mood of some impatience. He had arrived early in the hope of finding Toby at liberty, but his young *fiancée* was nowhere to be found.

He had always liked Sheila Melrose; they had a good deal in common. But Toby's words stuck obstinately in his mind. "She likes you well enough not to want you to marry me." He realized that those words had not been without significance.

Sheila was looking even prettier than usual, and almost against his will Bunny noted the fact. Sheila's charm went beyond mere prettiness. She had the tact and ready ease of manner which experience of the world alone can impart. Without flattering, she possessed the happy knack of setting those about her at their ease.

So on that warm September afternoon in her gracious way she restored Bunny's good humor and reinstated their friendship without effort. They went through the stables, and Bunny displayed his favorites with enthusiasm.

The time passed with astonishing rapidity, and the chiming of the great stable-clock awoke Bunny at length to the fact that the afternoon was practically over.

"Why—Hullo!" said Bunny suddenly. "Here is Charles Rex and—Toby!"

Two figures had come suddenly round the corner of some stables, walking side by side. Both were in riding-dress, but the day being hot, the girl had discarded her long coat and was carrying it without ceremony over her arm. Her silk shirt was open at the neck, her soft hat pushed jauntily down on the side of her head. She was laughing as she came, and she looked like a merry little cowboy straight from the prairies.

The man who moved beside her was laughing also. There was no grace about him, only that strange unstudied kingliness that had earned for him the title of "Rex." He was swift to see the advancing visitors and swept the hat from his head with a royal gesture of greeting.

Toby's face flushed deeply; she looked for the moment inclined to run away. Then with an impulse half-defiant, she restrained herself and caught back the smile that had so nearly vanished. She slapped the switch against her gaitered leg with boyish swagger and advanced.

A quick frown drew Bunny's forehead as he observed her attitude. He spoke impetuously, almost before they met.

"You look like a girl out of a comic opera. Why don't you put your coat on?"

Toby made a face at him. "Because it's cooler off. You can carry it if you like." She threw it to him nonchalantly with the words, and turned forthwith to Sheila. "Have you just been round the Stables? Grilling, isn't it? I've been exercising one of the youngsters. He nearly pulled my arms out. We've been practicing some jumps."

"Then you shouldn't," put in Bunny. "The ground's too hard for jumping."

Toby turned upon him with a flash of temper. "No one asked for your opinion. I know a safe jump when I see one. Are you coming in to tea, Miss Melrose? What's the matter?"

She flung the two questions in a different tone, sharply, as though startled. Sheila was looking at her oddly, very intently, a species of puzzled recognition in her eyes.

TOBY backed away, half-laughing, yet with something that was not laughter on her face. "What can be the matter?" she said. "Is it—is it my riding-breeches? Here, Bunny! Let me have my coat!" She turned swiftly with extended arms. "Quick! Before Miss Melrose faints! I've given her the shock of her life."

"No! No!" protested Sheila, recovering. "Don't be absurd! You reminded me so vividly of someone, that's all. I don't quite know who even yet."

Bunny helped Toby into the coat without a word. There was grim displeasure on his face. The General and Saltash were talking together and for the moment they three stood there alone.

Toby turned round laughing. "How ridiculous you are!" she said to Bunny. "You've seen me in this get-up heaps of times before—and will again. Miss Melrose, I forgot you hadn't. I'm horribly sorry to have shocked you. Shall we go in for tea now?"

The puzzled look was still in Sheila's eyes though she smiled in answer. "I am not shocked—of course," she said. "But—but—"

"Yes?" said Toby.

She spoke in the same brief, staccato note; the word was like a challenge. Saltash turned suddenly round.

"I have just been complimenting Miss Larpent on the excellence of her get-up," he said lightly. "We met at the gate on the downs, and I have been witnessing some very pretty horsemanship. Miss Melrose, I hear you are leaving tomorrow, and am quite desolated in consequence. It is always my luck to be left behind."

Bunny could not have said why the contrast between the two girls—the one in her dainty summer attire and the other in her boyish riding-kit—had such an effect upon him, but for the moment it almost infuriated him.

[Continued in the August McCall's]

Cousin Martha's Advice to Brides

Summer's Fruits Are Winter's Treats

Summer's fruits are winter's treats, my dear, and it's soon time to pack or preserve your favorite fruits. Put them up in stoneware because nothing else preserves their natural flavor, freshness and beauty so perfectly.

My grandmother told me, and told me true, that nothing else preserves the full freshness and deliciousness of foods so well, as good, old fashioned, sanitary, stoneware jars.

There are jars for packing fruits and vegetables and eggs, as you know, and suitable jars for everything you keep in your pantry. By the way, pack all the eggs you can this summer and you will save a great deal of money next winter.

In packing your fruits, vegetables, meats and everything, by all means use Dr. Goudiss' recipes. He is the great food authority, you know, and he gives wonderful recipes in his book and includes those selected from thousands by the U. S. Government itself. You oughtto have this book, and the nearest Stoneware Manufacturer will send it to you. Just write the one nearest you. Here are their names.

Yours as ever,
Cousin Martha

American Clay Products Co. . . . Zanesville, Ohio
Red Wing Union Stoneware Co. . Red Wing, Minn.
White Hall Sewer Pipe & Stoneware Co., White Hall, Ill.
White Hall Pottery Works . . . . White Hall, Ill.
Zanesville Stoneware Co. . . . . Zanesville, Ohio
U. S. Stoneware Co. . . . . Akron, Ohio
Pfaltzgraff Pottery Co. . . . . York, Pa.
Uhl Pottery Co. . . . . Evansville, Ind.
Louisville Pottery Co. . . . . Louisville, Ky.
Paducah Pottery Co. . . . . Paducah, Ky.
Western Stoneware Co. . . . . Monmouth, Ill.

P. S.—I know that Grocery, Department, Hardware and General Stores have all styles and sizes of stoneware jars and jugs for every purpose. C. M.

Mail Coupon to Nearest Company

Gentlemen: Please send me your book of economy suggestions, with Dr. Goudiss' recipes and those compiled by U. S. Government officials.

Name .....

Address .....

Made Easy in Summer

Care and Cooking of Food Is Simplified by Right Devices and Recipes

By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough

For summer comfort a good refrigerator that is easily cleaned and is not extravagant in ice-consumption is imperative. Porcelain-lined ones are desirable and attractive

No longer need the housewife do the tedious, tiresome work of "turning the freezer." She has only to prepare a simple cream, place it in the vacuum freezer which is properly packed with ice and salt, and allow it to stand for forty-five minutes, stirring two or three times—and a smooth, delicious cream will be ready to serve

Why suffer from the stifling heat of a coal or wood range during warm weather when with a two-, three- or four-burner oil stove and the portable oven, you can bake, roast, boil, fry quickly and at little cost for fuel? And you have only to put out the flame to cool the kitchen almost instantly

Time-Saving Cookery

DO you know the many ways of cutting down the labor of getting three meals a day? Wise homemakers are finding and using short cuts to problems like these which confront them:

What foods can you keep on your pantry shelf so that every emergency will find you prepared?

How can you prepare a satisfying supper in half an hour or less?

What instantaneous refreshments can you keep on hand for neighbors who "drop in" for an informal call?

How do you change a plain family dinner into a company meal when your husband brings home an unexpected guest?

Even when you serve hot bread, breakfast can be prepared in half an hour. Do you know the recipes to use?

Do your young folk feel free to invite their friends in for the evening or do they hesitate because "it's too much trouble for mother to fix up the 'eats?'"

How can you serve a feast for Sunday night supper without spending hours in advance preparation?

Do you know all about "last-minute" dinners—what to cook for them?

There are appetizers and relishes, quickly prepared, which give style to a meal. Do you want special recipes for them?

Would you like to know unusual ways of preparing, in brief time, either meat or vegetables as the main dish of the meal?

Salad can be the mainstay of a summer meal; and there are clever ways to make simple desserts more attractive. Do you desire to know about them?

TIME-SAVING COOKERY, our new booklet, is dedicated to the homemakers who believe in the gospel of rest and recreation as well as in the gospel of work. It answers all the foregoing questions, and many others, by suggesting right food combinations and ways to prepare delicious dishes.

It tells you how to cut down the drudgery of cooking so that you may have time for your friends, for reading, for an hour or two at the movies, for a whole long "afternoon off" in the car with your family.

It shows how delicious, nourishing dishes can be prepared in record-breaking time.

It will help you to keep your youth; and your family will enjoy your home more because you are care-free.

The regular price of the booklet, TIME-SAVING COOKERY, is ten cents, but it will be sent free, on request, to those who check, above, the questions they want answered and send their request to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Iced, and in Tall Glasses

Making and Serving Delicious Summer Beverages

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department Foods and Cookery, Teacher's College, Columbia University

THOUGH in many cases not adding materially to the food value of the meal, beverages are a delicious accompaniment to our foods and no meal is complete without one.

Tea and coffee, our chief and most commonly served beverages, in the summer, are served hot or cold. In summer we serve, too, the drinks made from different fruit juices—either the commercial products or fruit drinks concocted in the home.

No pantry drawer is complete without its corkscrew, bottle-opener and ice-chipper, especially in summer; and the pantry shelf should have some tall glasses for the iced beverages. Fancy glass spoons add to the daintiness in serving iced beverages.

Cocoa and chocolate do not rank with the other beverages on account of their high food value. Made with milk they are almost a meal in themselves; and always they are a valuable and delicious addition to a light luncheon. They may be iced as well as served hot, and tempt the appetite on a hot summer day when one rebels from other foods.

The fruit beverages are much more easily and quickly made if a sugar sirup is kept in the ice-box ready for use on short notice. Boil equal parts of sugar and water together for five minutes; skim and cool. This sirup will mix at once with the fruit juices and you are saved endless stirring to make sugar dissolve in cold water.

Many delicious summer-drinks may be purchased already bottled, and juices left from canning or preserving make very refreshing drinks. Grape juice and the various shrubs made from fruit juice and vinegar should not be forgotten. Combinations of the different fruit juices are often more delicious than one when it is used alone.

Chocolate or Cocoa with Chipped Ice

tinkling against the sides of the glass should be topped with a fluff of whipped cream, a marshmallow, or a spoonful of marshmallow whip. Over this sprinkle a little grated sweet chocolate.

Iced Coffee Is Like Nectar

when served with powdered sugar and plain or whipped cream.

The Trick with Iced Tea

is to serve it with any acid fruit such as thin slices of lemon, orange or pineapple.

POMEGRANATE NECTAR

1 glass of crabapple jelly
Juice of 4 oranges
Grated rind of 1 orange
2 cups water (for jelly)
1 cup iced water
1 cup sugar sirup, unless the jelly is very sweet

Melt the jelly in the water and chill; add the other ingredients.

SPICED MANHATTAN CUP

½ cup lemon juice
1 cup orange juice
Grated rind of one-half orange
1 cup grape juice
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
½ cup raisins
1 quart water
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon cloves
Few gratings of nutmeg

Chop the raisins and cook slowly in the water for fifteen minutes. Add the spices and cook five minutes. Chill and add the other ingredients. Sweeten to taste. A pint of charged water added just before serving is a great addition.

COMBINATION ALE

1 quart grape juice
1 quart ginger ale
½ cup maraschino cherries cut fine

Chill. Serve on chipped ice in tall glasses.

TOPAZ NECTAR

1 pint Catawba grape juice
1 cup water
Juice of one lemon
½ cup sugar sirup
Tiny grating of nutmeg

FRUIT PUNCH—I

(For 25 persons)

1 cup of each of the following fruits cut fine: pineapple, raspberries, bananas, skinned grapes (if in season).
Juice of 4 lemons and 8 oranges
1 quart tea freshly made
2 quarts cold water
2 quarts charged water
Sugar sirup to sweeten
Maraschino cherries may be added

The directions, below, for mixing fruit punch II, will apply to the foregoing, allowing of course for the difference of ingredients actually used in contents.

CHOCOLATE

4 ounces or squares of chocolate
1 pint boiling water
½ cup sugar
1 pint milk scalded
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt

Melt the chocolate over hot water; add the sugar and then the boiling water slowly. Cook slowly for ten minutes. Add the scalded milk and the salt and vanilla. More sugar may be added if required.

Beat the chocolate well before serving.

To serve attractively, follow the directions given in the box on this page. Even the most delicious drink can be made to seem more appetizing, if such simple devices are used.

PUNCH A LA PARIS

1 quart ginger ale
1 quart grape juice
Juice of 3 lemons
Juice of 3 oranges
1 cup (or more) sugar sirup
2 tablespoons grated cucumber rind

Serve in tall glasses.

GINGER GLACE

Serve ginger ale in high glasses with a spoonful of lemon ice on top of each glass.

WATERMELON PUNCH

4 cups juice and pulp (crushed) of watermelon
Juice of 3 lemons
½ cup raisins cooked in one cup water and chilled
1 cup or more of sugar sirup

Serve garnished with mint sprays.

FRUIT PUNCH—II

(For 25 persons)

1 pineapple or 1 can grated pineapple
3 cups boiling water
1 cup tea freshly made
Juice of 6 lemons
Juice of 10 oranges
1 quart of strawberry, currant or grape juice
1 bottle charged water
1 quart sugar or, better, 3 cups of thick sirup
4 quarts water

Grate the pineapple and boil with the water twenty minutes, or longer, then strain through a jelly-bag, pressing out all the juice; let cool and add the rest of the fruit juice, the tea and the sirup. If sugar is used, add a pint of water to the sugar and let boil six or eight minutes; cool before using. Add the charged water just before serving-time.

It is better to make the punch a few hours before the time of serving, then let stand, closely covered, on ice to chill and ripen. Then, when ready to serve, add the plain water and the charged water. Strawberries, mint leaves or slices of banana or orange may be added as a garnish.

Mothers who plan to lessen the work of preparing food and washing dishes, and, at the same time to make the children happy, will arrange a picnic supper at least three or four times a week during hot weather. In the picnic basket include the vacuum bottle containing an iced drink made by one of the recipes on this page.

Midsummer Madness

Is "Petting" Going Out and Good, Old-Fashioned "Normalcy" in Courtship Coming Back?

PERPLEXITY about "petting parties" distresses the girls on vacation, they write. It is one thing to flirt a bit and to spoon—more or less—with the boys at home or with men at college; but in the words of a confused débutante, "must not a limit be set to the pastime in the average summer colony?"

From hundreds of letters recently received about "petting," it would appear that the popularity of this sport is at its height and that notoriety and publicity are killing it faster than criticism ever could have done. Devotees of "petting" apparently are making the most of their 1922 chances 'ere the great game goes out of style with rouge and jazz.

From the many phases of the subject covered by the letters mentioned, the following have been selected for variety of opinion.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

At a famous beach where I am spending the hot weather, "petting parties" are fads. And any girl who is truthful will admit with me that there's nothing nicer than the companionship of a man who knows how to make love on a moonlight night.

Why should girls adhere to higher standards of exclusiveness than they expect from men?—F. N. M.

The answer is contained in others of these quotations, the next of which is as frank as fearless:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I don't believe in promiscuous kissing, but neither do I believe in total abstinence. It isn't natural! We kiss the members of our families, girls kiss each other because they like each other.

Then why if a girl really likes a man, why is it so terrible to kiss him?—A. R. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Comes a grieving mother with this:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I have a daughter who participates in "petting parties."

She has been carefully reared and is a sensible girl in every other way. The man she calls "friend" comes nearly every evening. But no—they are not engaged.

She is engaged to another man who lives at a distance. She is making preparations for her wedding.

I have implored her to end these "petting parties" but in vain.

My daughter is musical; she does not lack for recreation. If there is anything else I can do, tell me. I am sick with worry.—L. H., Concord, Conn.

CENSORING censors is youth's favorite privilege today. Wise parents, guardians, ministers, physicians and teachers know that the young will profit more by the experience and warning of their peers than by the combined admonitions of their elders. Perhaps in the unique assortment of confessions printed today, the offending daughter may discover a warning.

Very different but quite as startling is a plaint which runs thus:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

It is said that the girls who have tried "petting parties" have found them wanting.

Did it ever occur to you that perhaps some girls have tried the opposite and that it, too, was found wanting?

I'm not a prude, I'm not ugly by any means—lots of men admire me; but I do not let them kiss me and so they say I'm the sort of a girl they read about in stories, the ideal girl they seldom meet.

This summer I think I've too well succeeded in being that, and oh! I'm not enjoying it one bit!—M. G. A., Atlantic City.

OPPOSED to this regret for desired but unexplored romantic experiences is a valuable contribution from one who has paid an extreme penalty for petting. At twenty, this girl has no illusions about love, no faith in lovers. In her own words:

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

At twenty, I'd give anything if I could start my life over at fifteen. I am one of the popular girls of my city. I belong to one of the oldest families in my state, and this year I will receive my A.B.

I am called a fortunate girl. That's one side. Consider the other:

I have gone with eighty-two boys and over fifty of them have kissed me. I have been engaged six times.

In each affair, I thought I was living a thrilling romance but now I am completely skeptical about love and cynical about men.

At twenty I care for no man, and I never will.

Popularity is still mine. I continue to go with men the other girls want. But I loathe them.—H. C. F., Somewhere in the Berkshires.

ISN'T that a tragic price for a little transient popularity? Among other interesting points in the above confession, note this: The writer would like to begin her life again at fifteen.

Plainly, the discussed and condemned petting custom is older than most parents realize. It is, of course, as old as the hills, but not in its perverted present form. To further illustrate the precociousness of many of its devotees, I have selected this:

TO get one's trouble off one's mind by telling it to someone else is an old practice which modern psychology recognizes and commends. If you have a personal problem which baffles you, if you feel the need of an understanding and sympathetic listener, submit your perplexity to a woman who has read over 100,000 letters from confused and harassed persons. Sign initials only if you prefer. For a personal reply, send a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Address your letters to Mrs. Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I was not fourteen when the boys began to kiss me. It was new to me and interesting. For a time I enjoyed it, I could see no harm in it, but I never told my mother.

At seventeen I was thoroughly disgusted with the boys and with myself. Then I began to go with one particular boy, and no more. He kissed me but once in a year.

It was certainly a wonderful pleasure to go with a man who did not demand a good-night kiss as his right.

The girls laugh at me when I say I do not like to be kissed, but Mrs. Wilcox, I know you will not laugh at me.

I know you will believe that I have learned a bitter lesson.

I wish I could make girls understand what it took me three years to find out: Kissing gets tiresome and the boys who demand it are bores without brains. —R. L. E.

IN the above case, the child was more sinned against than sinning. For her ability to save herself with a clean soul, she deserves credit.

Important Warning

THIS letter is of a kind which should be answered by mail and at length. No address was enclosed, the affair is serious, and unfortunately the warning is important to more than one inquiring girl.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

I am sixteen and in high school.

One of my teachers has been showing me too much attention.

He enjoys the highest esteem in the community. I don't know what to do. I am afraid to tell my parents; moreover I do not wish to do him any harm. Perhaps he means no wrong. . . . A. McC.

THE letter printed at length would make any mother question the man's character, no matter how much his neighbors might esteem him. This little girl ought to tell her mother, immediately, all she has told me, knowing that the truth never yet harmed any but the guilty.

Spiritual Suicide

WERE I to generalize one answer to cover the average of all heart of woman problems, it would be:

Don't waste the Best in the Woman for the Worst in the Man!

This deduction was precipitated by the following, the second letter from the tortured wife of a triangle situation. (The first letter told the story of the ruin of a devoted husband by an inheritance, a new car and a girl).

Dear Mrs. Wilcox:

After the climax, I never ceased for an hour to review the situation, to recall my husband's words and the heart break of the experience.

I took up my office work, I tried to go on, but could see no reason for keeping up the fight.

So I made all my plans to pass out quietly by my own hand. I attended to my papers, bought a gun, arranged the day and hour.

One day, a girl in the office passed McCall's to me. I chanced upon your page. The stories of the women who had come to you for help made me ashamed of myself. I wrote to you. Your personal reply made me resolve to see it through.

I'm going on for the sake of my boy, but even so, I cannot reconcile myself to the future. My husband did not give up the girl because he preferred me but because he discovered that she was not playing fair with him.

Now that our home is re-established, my husband assures me that he has had his lesson, I am his best friend, he needs me.

He has decided that we can assume our old status of trust and love, and that he can settle down feeling perfectly happy and comfortable.

I can't see it that way. I am harassed with the memory of the thing—and he protests that he cannot understand why I do not forget. . . . S. M. B.

IN four closely typed pages of vivid word painting, the writer details the hurts, jealousy and despair which continue to corrode her soul.

As the result of reading her poignant letter many times, it occurred to me that she had been saved from a physical death only to kill herself spiritually every day; that she is wasting a very fine woman on a less than ordinary man; that she is hourly throwing away the best in herself for the worst in him.

And that is the death some other women die a thousand times. That is spiritual suicide.

When love is done, how can a woman save herself from killing the best in herself? Who has saved herself so?

Will she not send me her story? Will she not help others?

Winona Wilcox

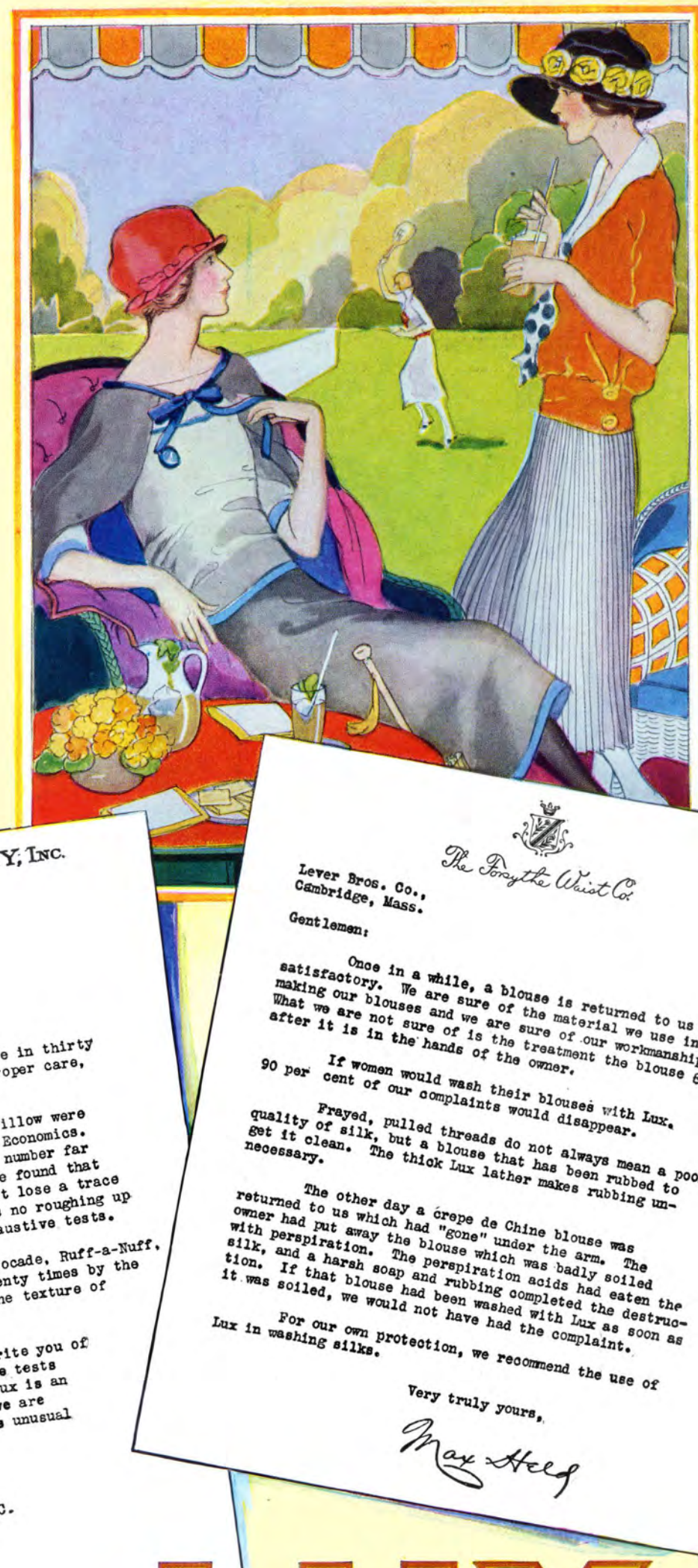
Famous makers of sport silks and smart sport waists make washing tests

Find safe way to launder silks —

SPORT silks and sport waists were practically unknown fifteen years ago, Today it is hard to find a woman who doesn't wear them.

These light-colored silks have to be laundered so frequently that it is of real interest to the manufacturer as well as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash them.

The makers of Lux have helped Mallinson, famous for sport silks, and Max Held, creator of The Forsythe Waist, solve this washing problem. Together they had extensive laundering tests made. Their letters tell why, as a result of these tests, they recommend Lux as the safe way to wash silks.



H. R. MALLINSON AND COMPANY, Inc.
MALLINSON'S Silks de Luxe
299 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Our washable Pussywillow is now made in thirty colors, all fast to sunlight, and with the proper care, fast to washing.

Thorough washing tests with Pussywillow were made by an unquestionable authority on Home Economics. Samples were washed in Lux fifty times, - a number far beyond the life of the ordinary fabric. We found that these colors absolutely stood up and did not lose a trace of the original color or bloom. There was no roughing up of the fabric even at the end of these exhaustive tests.

Our Sport Silks, Whippoorwill Brocade, Ruff-a-Nuff, and Eponette were also washed with Lux twenty times by the same authority. Neither the color nor the texture of the fabric was affected in the least.

It gives us real pleasure to write you of the success of our tests with Lux. These tests have demonstrated very strikingly that Lux is an ideal product for washing silks, and we are certainly glad to give credit to its unusual purity and mildness.

Very truly yours,

H. R. MALLINSON & COMPANY, INC.

The Forsythe Waist Co.

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Once in a while, a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the material we use in making our blouses and we are sure of our workmanship. What we are not sure of is the treatment the blouse gets after it is in the hands of the owner.

If women would wash their blouses with Lux, 90 per cent of our complaints would disappear.

Frayed, pulled threads do not always mean a poor quality of silk, but a blouse that has been rubbed to get it clean. The thick Lux lather makes rubbing unnecessary.

The other day a crepe de Chine blouse was returned to us which had "gone" under the arm. The owner had put away the blouse which was badly soiled with perspiration. The perspiration acids had eaten the silk, and a harsh soap and rubbing completed the destruction. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled, we would not have had the complaint.

For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks.

Very truly yours,

Max Held

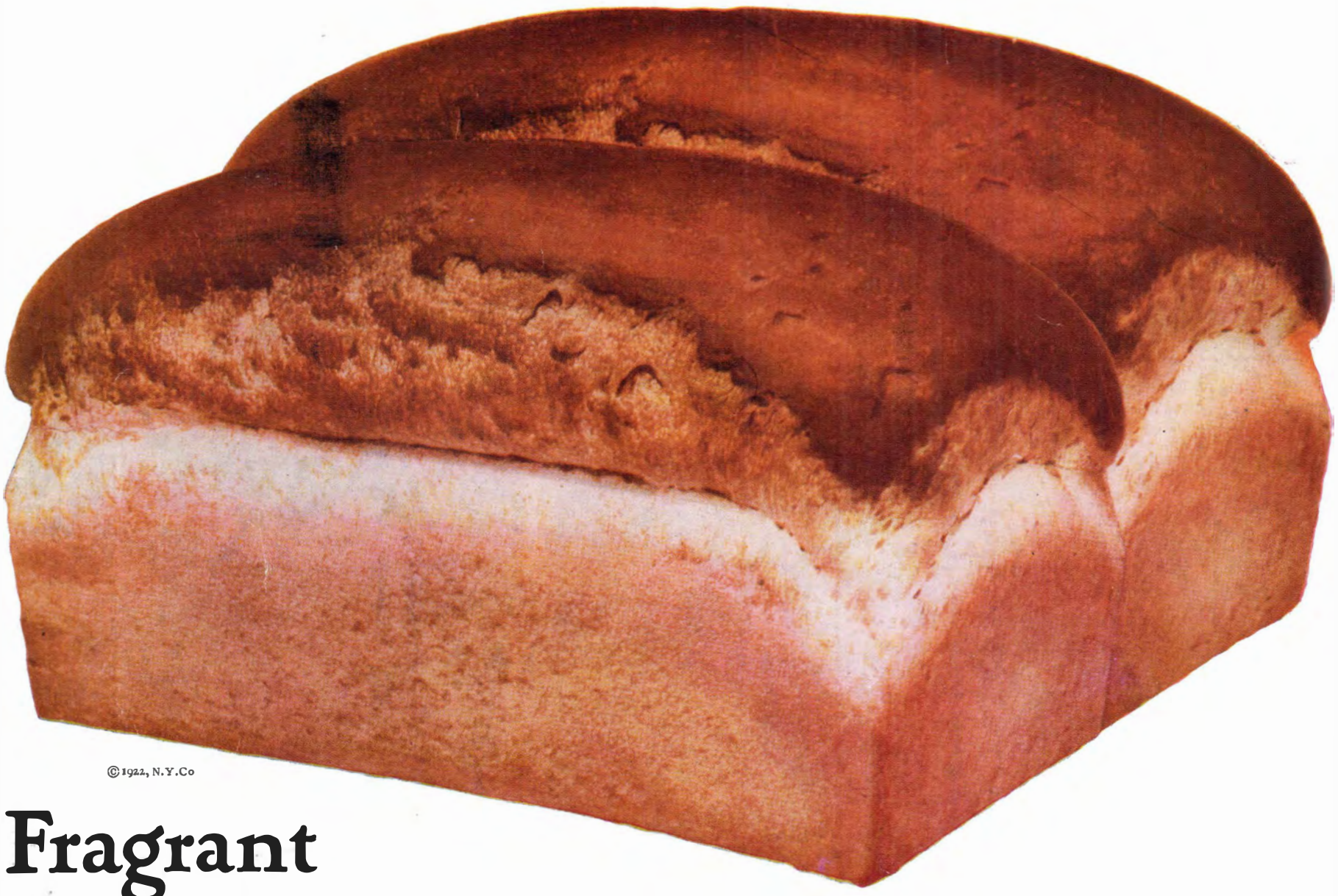
LUX

Send for booklet of expert laundering advice—it is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Department H-7, Cambridge, Mass.

How to wash sport silks

Whisk one tablespoon of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—don't wring. Roll in a towel; when nearly dry, press on wrong side with a warm, *not a hot*, iron. Don't sprinkle.

For colors, make suds barely lukewarm, use fresh suds for each color and wash quickly.



Fragrant beautiful loaves like these

You can watch them grow right up in your own oven if you use Yeast Foam

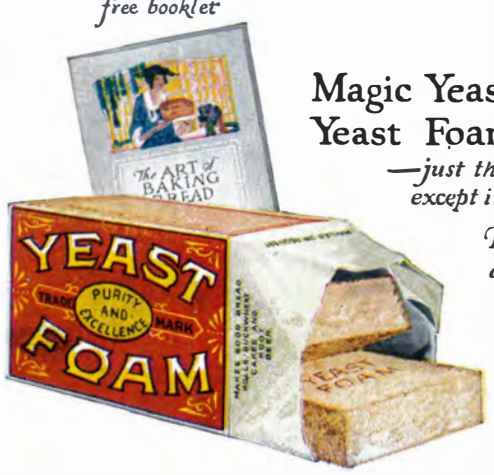
Ask our expert what you want to know about bread making

Hannah L. Wessling, formerly bread expert, Department of Agriculture, will be glad to answer any question about flour, yeast, temperature, mixing, kneading, rising, molding, baking, etc. If you are making some delightful new bread with a delicious flavor, write to Miss Wessling and tell her about it.

HOME bread makers everywhere prefer Yeast Foam because it assures a light, sweet dough

and because the flavor of the home loaf raised with Yeast Foam is noticeably better.

Send for free booklet



Magic Yeast
Yeast Foam
—just the same except in name

Package of 5 cakes—at your grocer—10¢

An important new discovery about Yeast Foam

People also eat Yeast Foam. You need vitamins, they create vitality—help you resist disease. Thousands are benefiting from the energy-making qualities of Yeast Foam, one of the richest sources of the remarkable element in food called vitamin. Send for instructive booklet, "Dry Yeast as an aid to Health."

Northwestern Yeast Company, 1752 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago