McCALL'S MAGAZINE

October 1918

10 Cents

Fall Fashion Number

Your stove will like this hint

Wherever there's a stove there's bound to be drippings—especially greasy ones. Because Gold Dust is such a gentle, effective grease-dissolvent, most housekeepers keep a package handy. Try it on the zinc, tin or galvanized iron under your stove. Try it on top of your stove where grease has sputtered from the skillet. Try it on the drip tray on your gas range.

How to clean your meat chopper

If you've had trouble cleaning this useful kitchen helper, try a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in a dishpan of hot water. See how quickly and thoroughly Gold Dust dissolves the grease—how fresh and sweet it leaves your chopper. On baking day, too, Gold Dust makes a quick "clean-up"—bread mixer, pans, rolling pin, spoons and all cooking utensils thoroughly cleaned in record time.

What dishwashing does to drainpipes

Almost everybody knows what clogs up the drainpipes—the grease from dishes and pots and pans, which hardens and keeps the water from flushing away bits of waste from the sink. Gold Dust, when used for dishwashing, not only dissolves the grease on the dishes but keeps your sink and drainpipe free, unclogged and sanitary.

Sparkling mirrors and windows

Your everyday plain or "pressed" glass will quickly respond to this treatment: Dissolve a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in a dishpan of hot water, and use a small brush. Gold Dust quickly dissolves the thin film of oil or grease, and your glass will sparkle like diamonds. Mirrors, windows, glass doors and set-in glass of all kinds come out from their Gold Dust bath clear as crystal.

Help for baking day

Mixing bowls, rolling pins, spoons, pans, are obstinate to clean when they get "stuck up." One woman made this discovery: Grease left by shortenings used is 9/10ths of the trouble. She looked around for grease-dissolvents. Gold Dust, being the most effective and gentlest, dissolved that 9/10ths of the trouble. It shortened the work of cleaning up after cooking.

Are you missing any of the new uses for Gold Dust?

This page is well worth saving.

To sweeten ice box and refrigerator

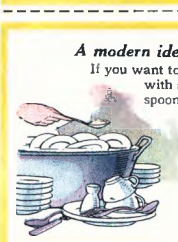
Ice boxes and refrigerators need frequent cleansing need to be kept always in a sweet, sanitary condition. Gold Dust does this to the very best advantage, because it so thoroughly dissolves the grease. One housekeeper says she always uses Gold Dust for this purpose, because Gold Dust so completely cleanses, rinses off so easily—no danger of "soap left behind" in nooks and corners.

Cut glass and grease

What keeps your cut glass from sparkling? An invisible film of oil or grease lodges in the deep cuts. To effectively remove the cause of this trouble try a tablespoonful of Gold Dust to a dishpan of water. Apply with a brush. You will find that Gold Dust gently and effectively dissolves the grease. And this recipe will *keep* your cut glass sparkling.

Save your rugs and carpets

You will find the brush in your carpet sweeper picks up more than threads and dust. If you run your hand over it it feels *actually greasy*. Gold Dust will quickly free it from dust and grease. Dissolve a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in half a pail of hot water. Whisk the brush in the water, rinse in clear water and dry quickly. You will then find your rugs and carpets keep their fresh, new look.



A modern idea in dishwashing

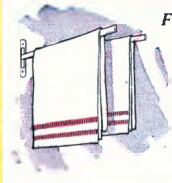
If you want to get rid of drying your dishes with a towel, try this: Use a tablespoonful of Gold Dust to a dishpan of water, wash all dishes of one kind together, scald with boiling water in a wire dish drainer. It is because Gold Dust so thoroughly dissolves the grease that the dishes come out clean and sparkling.

Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

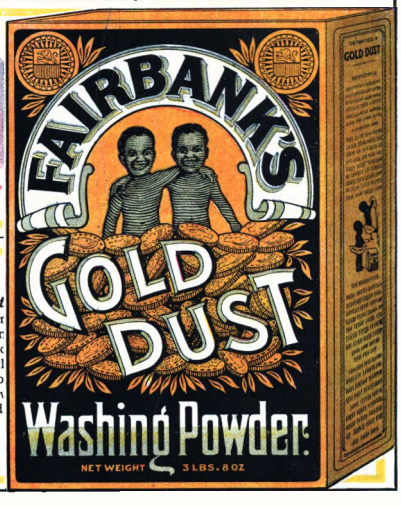
Well-kept, pretty china

In any water—hard or soft—and for all kinds of dishes, there's nothing like a tablespoonful of Gold Dust to a dishpan of hot water. That's because Gold Dust so gently and effectively gets rid of the grease, leaving a sparkling cleanliness. Many women prefer Gold Dust to the white soaps because it acts so much more quickly and thoroughly.



Fresh, sweet, dish towels

After one or two dishwashing sessions your towels refuse to *respond*—no matter how careful you are of them, no matter how *clean* you wash your dishes. What is the matter? Grease. You can't feel it or see it, but it is there in the towel. A gentle effective grease dissolvent like Gold Dust takes hold of this trouble. A tablespoonful to a dishpan of water, a moment's swishing up and down, and out come your towels spotless and greaseless.



Sanitary crocks and jars

Butter crocks, meat jars and other receptacles in which the more greasy foods are kept, need the fresh, sanitary Gold Dust treatment. For Gold Dust quickly dissolves the grease—housekeepers say more quickly and gently than other washing powders and soaps. These receptacles are then really purified because they are *so thoroughly cleansed*. And this same sweet cleaning with Gold Dust applies to utensils and fixtures which cannot be cleaned effectively with soap rubbed on a cloth.

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Price of McCall's Magazine

McCALL'S MAGAZINE is 10 cents a copy at any news-stand or McCall Pattern Agency. If your newsdealer does not carry McCALL'S, please notify us. The subscription price is now $1.00 a year (12 issues), postage free for United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands; for Canada, $1.25 a year; foreign countries, $1.75 a year.

When Your Subscription Expires

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES" your subscription expires with this copy. Fill out the blank, enclose stamps or Money Order, and mail within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed

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ROBERT CADE WILSON, *Vice-President*

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Five Million Surplus Women

AT THE END OF THE WAR. Under present laws, they are deprived of their normal goal. How would you dispose of their future? Madeline Doty will have a pertinent article on this far-reaching question in an early McCall's.

DO YOU LIKE STORIES—stories that unravel for us human motives and their ends? Of course, every normal woman does. Then read the unusual group of stories in the forthcoming number of McCall's, contributed by such writers as Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, Jeannette Lee, William Almon Wolff, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Mary Hastings Bradley, Inez Haynes Irwin, Mary Synon, Dana Burnet.

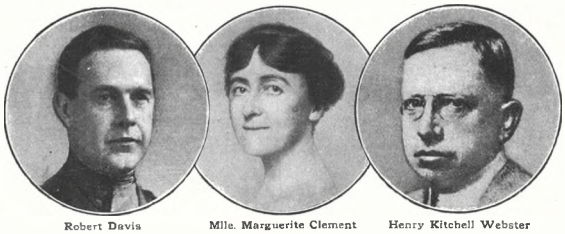
WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT A BRILLIANT FRENCH WOMAN THINKS OF YOU—the American woman? Mademoiselle Marguerite Clement, who was sent here by the French Government, has many pertinent remarks to make about you in a series of articles which will be in the December number.

DOES THE SOLUTION TO OUR EVER-GROWING DIVORCE PROBLEM lie in the direction of education or legislation? Can you answer that question? See the solution proposed by Mrs. Corinne Updegraff Wells in a winter number of McCall's.

HAVEN'T YOU WANTED TO GO OVERSEAS so that you could see for yourself what life was meaning to your boy? Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson, whose aviator son is soon to go to France—has only recently returned from just such a trip, and her article in this issue of McCall's, Overseas with the A. E. F., will be followed by a sequel equally vivid.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS? See how other women, starting out with small equipment, have done it, as told by Helen Christine Bennett in a forthcoming McCall's.

ARE YOU READING THE BEST LITERATURE ON THE WAR? It is contained in the letters from our own soldier boys. Read the letters in response to our soldier-boy contest. We will begin to publish them soon.



Robert Davis — Mlle. Marguerite Clement — Henry Kitchell Webster

Mary Roberts Rinehart

WHAT your boys are doing over there, what they are feeling, thinking, what is happening to them—what is being done here, thought here, felt here, to make the task of the A. E. F. easier over there—those are the basic materials to which we find ourselves inevitably returning when we make up our magazine for the coming year. If we tarry with another subject for a moment to find laughter and diversion again, it is only that we may come back to the grim business with a steadier heart.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart's new serial, *On the Trail in Mexico*, will start in the November McCall's. Mrs. Rinehart, if the enormous sale of her books is any proof, is probably the most popular writer in America, and she is certainly one of the most amusing. Like all of the rest of us, however, the war has borne heavily on Mrs. Rinehart. She has a husband and two sons in the service, and so, as she herself says, "In order to forget for a little while those lines of marching men, and the slow rumbling of field artillery as it lumbers through the city streets * * * " she went to Mexico this last summer, went on horseback with another woman and a military escort. The trip might have been any kind of a desperate tragedy, but, viewed through Mrs. Rinehart's eyes, it becomes, instead, a hilariously funny record of civilized woman and untamed country coming to grips.

Youth for Youth

YOUTH FOR YOUTH, a deeply moving serial of youth and the war, will soon begin in McCall's. The author, Henry Kitchell Webster, is an excellent illustration of the old maxim that there is no royal road to success even with talent pointing the way. After the publication of a first book, for years he produced nothing that scored. The tremendous success, then, of *The Real Adventure*, when it came out, was definite achievement, since it represented the overcoming of years of defeat and discouragement. He has grown steadily since then, and *Youth for Youth* represents a new milestone.

McCall's To Be $1.00 on October 1st

THE subscription price of McCall's Magazine will advance to $1.00 on October 1st. You may subscribe to the Dollar McCall's at the old price—75c for one year—$1.25 for two years—provided your order is forwarded immediately.

Liberty Loan

McCall Cover

McCall's for November will have for its cover a beautiful Liberty Loan painting by Howard Chandler Christy.

Inspired by Mary Pickford's spirited speeches for the Liberty Loan, this painting of Christy's is one of the best of the Liberty Loan paintings that are now being prepared for the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign.

You are urged to place this McCall cover in your window where others may see it. This will be one way in which you can help to make the Fourth Liberty Loan a success.

John Kendrick Bangs

WAR may brutalize some, but it does not brutalize all, and to me it is clear that whether it does or not depends wholly upon the quality of the man's soul," says John Kenderick Bangs, the well-known writer and lecturer, in answer to the question at some time in the heart of every mother of a soldier. Mr. Bangs, who has been living near his own soldier son in France, talks significantly on the spiritual development, not deterioration, he sees in our soldier boys, in an early issue of McCall's.

Health Talks by World Specialist

TO keep the people at home well is no small part of our country's war policy. That is why we determined to get for you the best man in the health field, Hermann M. Biggs, who ranks with the world's six greatest medical men. Commissioner of Health in New York State, which has the biggest department in the country; founder of the first public health laboratory in the world; a director of the Rockefeller Institute since its foundation; Professor of Medicine in Bellevue Medical College, recently sent to France to investigate tuberculosis conditions in the cities and about the military camps; he alone would make McCall's indispensable in wartime.

Our Soldiers Over There

THAT friendly, intimate account of our boys overseas in our June issue, "Your Boy and the Great Adventure," by Robert Davis, will be followed in the November McCall's by another dramatic article by Mr. Davis, this time on the women our boys are meeting over there. Every incident in it you will appreciate. Indeed, the manuscript itself has become an historical document. Mr. Davis, writing from Chauteau Thierry, says of it:

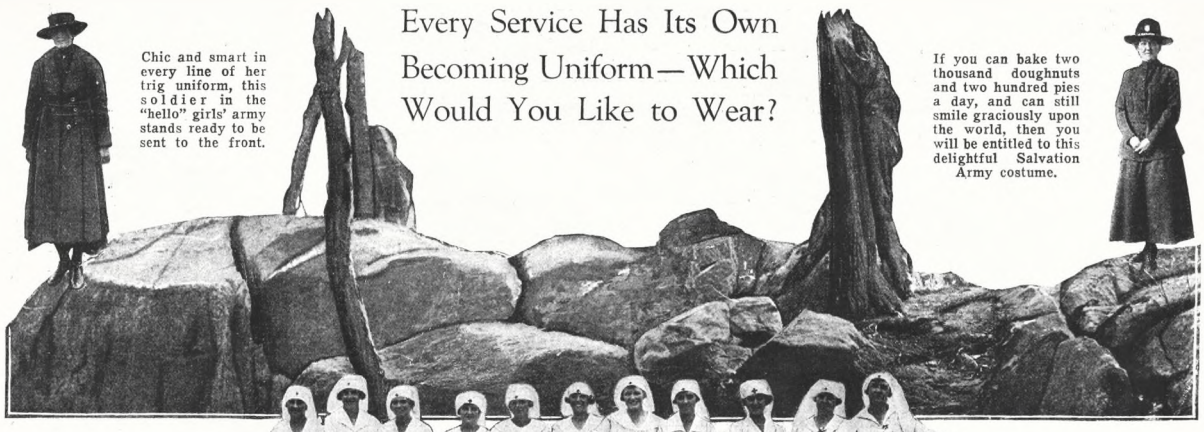
"I am sorry that it has taken so long to get this story written. It has been carted all over the map, and probably shows it. It has been driven out of four towns, and, now, is finished in the wake of a victorious army. Six weeks ago yesterday we had to leave this town in the afternoon. That evening, the Boches were burning it. All my papers, office records, etc., were left in a hurry. The Germans occupied our office as headquarters for six weeks, and left yesterday morning at 2 A. M. They left in a hurry, because there was an uneaten meal on the table, and the beds made. So last night we were back in our own house. The office papers, and this story among them, were found in a heap of litter in a corner.

The American Woman Goes to War

Every Service Has Its Own Becoming Uniform—Which Would You Like to Wear?

Chic and smart in every line of her trig uniform, this soldier in the "hello" girls' army stands ready to be sent to the front.

If you can bake two thousand doughnuts and two hundred pies a day, and can still smile graciously upon the world, then you will be entitled to this delightful Salvation Army costume.



The strange, fascinating figures at the top are wearing camouflaged costumes. They belong to the Woman's Camouflage Corps now in training

"Dr. Mary" in her stunning overseas suit.

There is no more fetching style in all the brilliant galaxy of war fashions than that of the Red Cross Nurse. Women of every station eagerly seek the privilege of wearing it.

In overalls or bloomers, the farmerette looks equally happy.

Overalls are rivaling everything in popularity. This handsome woman, tinkering with her war engine, is astonishingly becoming to them, too.

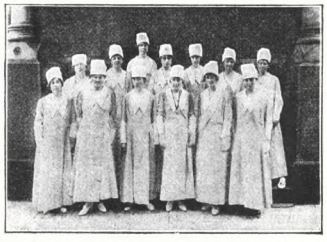
At the bottom of the page, raising the American flag, women of the Reserve Corps parade another of the exclusive war styles.

Handsome capes in serge for the navy nurse.

Like the hokey-pokey ice-cream man, these "canteeners" with their kitchen on wheels are always welcome in khaki-land. Their trim white uniforms can be seen a long way off and they mean good things to eat to our boys in camp.

Army nurses ready for the front with wardrobes all complete, clear to the smile, which must always be part of the equipment.

In the uniform of army chauffeurs these earnest, capable women (at the right) drill for service.



To the woman who would be "in style" in her kitchen, these "Hooverites" are presenting the housewife uniform—a war gown of no little importance.

Hip, Hip, Hoorah! The navy's the place for girls of brawn. These three yeomen work at the Charleston Navy Yard and find it fun.

The women in khaki who call "Step lively, please!" are no longer strange sights in New York City street cars. They have made good.

Borden's

THE NATION'S MILK

Four Steps to Purity

Purity is the keystone of the Borden Institution. To insure this purity at the source of milk supply—to guard it through every manufacturing process—to guarantee it in the finished product—this is our service to you.

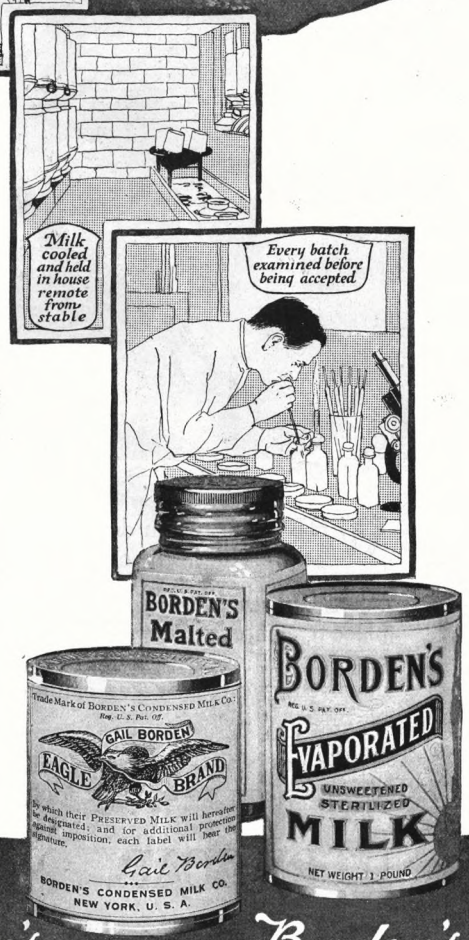
Before the milk is taken from the cow, Borden protection begins. Graduate veterinarians inspect the herds for health and thus insure the quality and purity of the milk.

Barns and milk houses are cleaned as often as your own kitchen—and as thoroughly. Milk pails and containers are sterilized daily by white clad attendants. Finally each batch of milk is tested by chemists for richness—for quality—and again for purity.

No step is overlooked—no precaution is neglected. That is why Borden Milk Products are as clean and pure as the big outdoors—and as wholesome.

For your children—for your table—for your cooking—there is a Borden Product for every purpose. You can trust milk that bears the name of Borden.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
New York



Borden's EAGLE BRAND **Borden's Evaporated Milk** **Borden's MALTED MILK**

WHENEVER you do not know the best way to brighten up something that seldom has to be cleaned, a good rule is to use Ivory Soap.

For thirty-seven years housekeepers have depended upon Ivory Soap to take the place of expert knowledge in the solution of a hundred and one cleaning problems. It never has disappointed them. Its copious lather enables it to dissolve any dirt that soap can move. Its purity and mildness make it entirely harmless.

Know just this—that water will not injure the article—and you can depend on Ivory Soap to make it look like new.

IVORY SOAP . . . . 

. . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada

PROCTER & GAMBLE ESTABLISHED 1837

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
Myra G. Reed, Editor
OCTOBER, 1918
Volume xlvi Number 2

No Questions

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

"If you will kill yourself by running upstairs," he was beginning, when Louie uncurled her hand, and he stopped short; for within lay a mound of diamonds

LOUIE had left a note on the table in the kitchenette: "Darling, I ate the prune, but I left you the seven peanuts and the banana. Make yourself a cup of tea, and I will get us something later. Old G. wants me now."

Philip, still shaky from the two flights of stairs, sank into a chair with an unwilling, exasperated, hurt smile—a smile that looked more like tears than amusement. One could meet any trouble with grim fortitude—months of illness, debt, even want; if only Louie wouldn't be funny about it! She was funny about everything—about this two-by-four hole to which they had dropped, about the hours she spent down in the second-hand jewelry shop on the ground floor; yes, even about his heartsickening state of body. When she came up the stairs with him, she played she was a tug convoying an ocean liner, or Little Lord Fauntleroy and Grandpa, or anything but an anxious wife; he had searched her eyes at the top and found in their dark brightness nothing but gaiety. She had about as much heart as a bird, and far less conscience. No stern and rock-bound coast had mothered Louie's forebears; they had been a gay people, fond of dancing and light wines, and they had handed down a flexible attitude about things that should be seriously fixed, like meal hours, and beginning a book before the other person has finished, and accepting it as simple good luck when the conductor did not collect a fare. She always—

Philip had worked himself into a state of bleak resentment by the time the water was boiling and he had found the tea, which was kept in a cocoa tin, the one labeled Matches. Louie's housekeeping had a sketchy, inspirational character that was baffling when someone else tried to use it. It never appeared to confuse her, for instance, that the ammonia lived in a bottle marked Bay Rum. Her alleged mind seemed always to make the knight's move, turning an invisible corner. Philip scolded on at her until the hot comfort of the tea reached his heart; after that he kept going to the head of the stairs to see if she were coming.

She was very late, and at last she came flying up so fast that she could only spill packages and laugh and gasp for breath. Louie had a sleek little black head, the hair fitting it like a close cap, narrow, dark eyes set at a Puckish slant, and an internal laugh that began on either side of her nose. Sometimes it stopped there, a suppressed quiver of amusement, tugging faintly at the fine nostrils; sometimes, as now, it shook out on a long breath, throwing up her chin, but leaving her lips rammed together. It was a gifted face, flexible, colorless, rich in ancestral secrets. Beside it, classically regular features like Philip's seemed rather a waste of effort.

"Just wait—till I can—tell you," she panted.

It was part of poor Philip's bodily state that when people were excited, he wished to heaven that they would be calm, while a pronounced calm could drive him nearly mad.

"If you will kill yourself by running upstairs," he was beginning in a tone of forced and hollow reasonableness, when Louie uncurled her hand, and he stopped short; for within lay a mound of diamonds. They wheeled, icy and gleaming, apparently unsupported in their orbits, little stars on the outer rim, growing larger with every blazing circle until they reached the solitary splendor of the central stone. No need to question their value. It was a fortune that lay in Louie's upturned palm.

"Where on earth did you get it?" Philip demanded.

She became grave, even severe. "Philip, is it true or is it not true that only last week you rebuked me for kicking dead leaves?"

She insisted on an answer, so he conceded it. "Well, it didn't seem quite—necessary."

"Oh, yes; it was not useful," Louie agreed. "And that it was delicious to feel them all crisp and crackling and rivering over your ankles—that was of no importance. It wasted time. It looked rather childish. When one sets out to take a walk, one—"

"Yes, dear," was the meek interruption. "Now you have rubbed it in enough. Get ahead."

That was like his good-humored old self, and she shone on him, reaching out for his hand.

"Well, I had done my errands, and I was crossing the square, walking like a perfect lady, when an adorable trail of leaves, all russet and crinkly—I had to kick them, dear. You don't understand my feet, but they are like that. I gave one lovely scuffle—and there lay that thing, simply blazing in the sunlight. I couldn't believe at first. I said, 'Life isn't like that,' and tried to walk on. I said it was a cobweb with the dew on it. I said it was perfect nonsense. But it kept right on shining. And now look here." She held out to him the paper she had brought in, folded back at the Lost and Found column, her thumb underscoring the line that headed the first item:

$500 REWARD

"Well?" said Louie with the air of a necromancer who produces the rabbit.

Philip drew away from her, his brow darkening. "My dear Louie!" he protested.

She did not understand, but the Vermont-granite look was in his face, and her joy faltered.

"It's it," she said uncertainly. "Forty-five diamond., platinum setting in a fine lacework design, no questions—" She would have talked on to stave off the coming blow, but he cut her short.

"We don't take rewards—people of our class! Take a sum of money for giving back to a lady something she has lost? I don't see what you are thinking about!"

A SHOCKED recognition of his point had left her drooping all over. "I didn't think of anything on earth but the five hundred dollars," she confessed, staring heavily at the little fortune turned to bright stones in her palm. She could not quite give it up. "Of course, we would not take a small reward, like five dollars," she suggested, brightening, "but don't you suppose we might take as big a one as five hundred? Couldn't we be in that class, this once? We do rather need it, you know."

"I'm sorry, Louie." Philip was somber, still-lipped, feeling himself reproached for their situation, and so she had to turn very blithe, and make jokes over their lunch, and tell him with her flitting, bird-like embrace that he was perfectly right when she set out to return the treasure.

"Life is not like that—I really knew it all along," she assured him. "Do you suppose she will stick to 'no questions'? I hope not. I adore to be asked questions. Any kind, by anybody! Now don't worry, little Philip. She shall not give me five hundred dollars—not if I have to scream for help." And she went off running.

Philip spent the afternoon on a couch drawn up by the open window, trying to get well with a desperate need that cramped his body and set his jaw. He had to shake himself loose and begin all over again every few minutes. Until five months ago he had known nothing whatever about being ill. Disease, like death, was something that happened to other people; it was a bogy with which relatives tried to frighten you when you proposed to get married immediately on a modest salary and no capital. One could not consider so remote a possibility. And then, not four months after their wedding day, Philip had tried to die of an appendicitis operation, and had nearly succeeded with double pneumonia, and had complicated his recovery with ptomaine poisoning, and so had finally been cast on the shores of health too limp to crawl to safety. And while he recognized that Louie had been utterly and magnificently a trump, he explained drearily to himself that he had lost all capacity for enthusiasm. This afternoon his ears had begun listening for her fifteen minutes after she had gone, but when she came he pretended to be dozing.

She stayed very quiet for a few seconds, wavering in the doorway, then she came in and sat down beside him.

"If I don't tell you, I shall blow up," she said in a whisper, as though to wake him only a little. "It is really good news this time," she went on as his eyes opened, and then, seeing that alarm gathered in them, she laughed behind her shut lips. "It is all right, my poor Philip. You are still in your class. She was a lady of high degree, and when I proudly waved away her five hundred dollars—it was a noble gesture, darling, far nicer than taking it and trying to get out with dignity and grace—she did ask questions. She longed to do something for somebody. So I thought I would do Mr. Goldmark a good turn. I told her how well he mended china, and that he bought old silver and gold of any kind, even an odd cuff link or a broken hatpin, and she was so interested that she hunted up some discarded jewelry and a coffee set she hated—quite properly—and two or three pieces of good china that could be mended, and we brought it over in the motor, and the Goldbug almost smiled. I wasn't thinking of anything but helping him—that is in our class, isn't it?—but after she had gone, he told me he would give me ten per cent. on all the business I brought in. So I have earned a lot of money, and done a kind act, and had a splendid time. Now isn't that a nice story?" He had to admit that it was. "How do you bring in business?" she pursued.

"You don't," was the emphatic answer.

"But if you did?"

"Go to your rich friends, I suppose." He might have been saying, "Ask for it on the streets," by his tone.

"But I haven't any rich friends here. How else, Philip?" His hands crisped with irritation. "Oh, for heaven's sake, Louie! Need we discuss it?"

"No, dear, of course not!" She was so sweet about it that he was ashamed, and pretended that he wanted to hear more about her adventure; but presently he asked an unlucky question.

"How did you explain your interest in the shop?"

She confronted him in whimsical disgust. "Oh, of course you would ask that!" She sighed, then pushed on with it. "Well, I didn't exactly explain. But when I grew interested in my subject, I sort of said 'we'—for it is 'we' you know, dear; I am in Goldilocks' employ. So she took it for granted I was his—oh, well, I shall never see her again!" He turned away his head, looking so repelled and so forlornly ill that the amusement died out of it. "Oh, not his wife, darling," she insisted. "But, just as she was going, she said, quite naturally, 'I will tell my friends about your father!' and it did not seem worth while to—to—If you would marry a vivid brunette! I hadn't given your name or said anything about you, Philip. Ah, please don't hate me!" And the black head drooped against his shoulder. He pressed and smoothed it with a patient, sad hand.

WHY don't I get well!" he muttered. "The doctor insists that I am fundamentally all right. Louie, what is keeping me back?"

"You try too hard," she said promptly. "You are too conscientious about it. If we could only swap ancestors for a month, you would be a new man." She had made him smile, so she was happy again.

The ten per cent. obsessed Louie. In the morning she was again seeking light on the subject, this time from Mr. Goldmark. He was a short old man of vast, vague bulk, who never spoke unless he were obliged to; his mobile hands and eyebrows and his outthrust lips could convey nearly all that man has to say on the subject of human destiny. He had a few lovely old things in his cases, flotsam from wrecked fortunes, brought in by tremulous men or hurried, furtive ladies, but he made his profits largely from the articles that he bought and melted down for their metal. His eyes had had a latent twinkle for Louie ever since the first day, when she remarked that silence was Goldmark.

"How can I bring in business?" she asked him. "How does one go about it?"

[Continued on page 33]

Overseas with the A. E. F.

By Anna Steese Richardson

SKETCHES BY A. F. BAIRNSFATHER

First-Hand Impressions of America at War Are Like a Motion Picture Run Off at High Speed

Reel I.—A Thrill at the Dock. Scene: An American Port

MANY of us selected this famous French liner because its motto is "Safety First." It has never carried troops, munitions nor supplies of the sort for which submarines lie in wait. But strolling aft on the promenade deck, I glance over the rail and jump! Up from the steerage deck, American soldiers grin cheerfully. Not just a few—but hundreds of them. They swarm over the deck, crowd the rail, chaff stevedores and men on the tugs which wait to draw us into mid-stream, and hunch on the closed hatches to write those good-by postals which will not leave the A. E. F. post-office until we are all safe in France.

"Soldats—Mon dieu—" murmurs a French woman at my elbow. But she smiles down on the khaki-clad figures and turns away with a careless *"la-la."* Like most of her compatriots, she is a war-made fatalist. If a shell or torpedo does not bear her name, it will not hit her. And if it does—well, then she cannot escape it on land or on sea.

And the army must be landed in France at any cost. The United States Government has commandeered every American ship fit for transport service, and reserved every inch of available space on the passenger steamships of her Allies. So if you are afraid to travel overseas with the American troops, by all means stop at home.

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Would you know something of the spirit among our men! Then listen to the Captain on my left!

"Have you noticed those chaps on the port side? My men! The ———— Machine Gun Co., and some gunners!"

The lieutenant on my right coughs ostentatiously.

"Take a look starboard—the ———— Signal Corps, every man A-1 in his line, and trained to a fare-ye-well."

A lithe figure vaults the rail, but pauses on the top rung of the ladder. My glance travels from the medical insignia on his collar to the mischievous light in his eyes.

"If you're discussing men, come down to the infirmary—thirty-one fellows under Major S— one swell medical unit, take it from me."

Heels click smartly behind me. A boyish lieutenant, clad in French-blue, and hat in hand, bows politely.

"If Madame will have the goodness to promenade forward, I will show her my men—the flower of the Polish Volunteer Army of America."

We promenade forward, and I look down upon several hundreds of Poles who have been trained in a famous Canadian camp.

"Ah, Madame, but we have the great reason to fight—we who were driven from our home-land. We found refuge in America, yes, but we do not forget that which came before. Of my home in Poland, I remember but one thing—my mother closing the windows at night, drawing the curtains, and whispering to us children the language of our forefathers, which she would not have us forget."

I gaze in silence on these men sailing to avenge the wrongs of their parents, to restore to Poland its forbidden language.

"Are they not fine?" demands the lieutenant, his eyes sparkling. "Ah, you will hear of these, my men."

"These, my men."

In American slang, it means the same—this confidence of the officer in the men he has trained, the *esprit de corps* on which a fighting force is built.

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The atmosphere of a war-time sailing is significant, filled with forebodings if one is impressionable.

It seems incredible that the moment to cast off has come! No band has played. No bugle has warned "all ashore." Not even the steamer's whistle has blown. By a wave of his hand, the officer of the deck orders the gangplank raised. Without a cheer, the dock hands fling the ropes from the stanchions of the pier. Silently, the great steamer slips out into the river.

Looking back we see no friendly faces smiling intimate encouragement through a mist of tears—only the alert glances of keen-eyed men who guard the pier—marines, men from the custom house, the secret service bureau, the department of justice. And we who look back are merely a group of women. Every man in uniform has been ordered below—and practically every man on this ship is in uniform. They may not appear on deck until the ship has passed beyond the sight of land—first precaution against alien spy glasses and submarines.

We pass the Statue of Liberty. The women, fringing the starboard rail, salute the bronze-green goddess with their small silken flags. Behind every closed porthole, a man strains his eyes for one last glimpse of the stately figure which by some strange transformation stands for home, the wife and babies. In some of those eyes there are tears, not of homesickness alone.

And so we start on the great adventure, those who go forth to fight, and those who go forth to serve. We are filled with a strange sense of adventure, but some deeper, profounded emotion gives us the courage to see it through.

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Reel II.—Mutiny of the First Class. Scene: A Perfect Day at Sea

IF you could peep into the cabin of this ship's commanding officer, I am sure that you would find him praying for foul weather, a storm that would lay low the entire first-class passenger list. For there's mutiny on the upper deck, the sort which cannot be checked with revolvers and belaying pins, because it is led by women.

It started over the enlisted men, twelve hundred strong or more, in steerage quarters. We who are traveling first class number three hundred, all pledged to serve the fighting men overseas. We are comfortably, almost luxuriously quartered and served with an abundance of well-prepared food. The men below have encountered steerage conditions. The democratic spirit of the war-relief workers has risen up in arms.

"But," exclaims the amazed commander of the ship, "this is war. Your soldiers are bound for the trenches!"

"Quite true," admit the war workers, "but they are not in the trenches yet, and you must not impose trench conditions on them here. We resent the restraints placed on them and us. They cannot come to us and we cannot go to them."

Small groups compare notes and resolve into indignation meetings. The burning question is: "Are enlisted men the equals or inferiors of war-relief workers?" And it is voted that for patriotism and service to America, the soldier has it all over the most prominent relief worker on the upper deck, no matter what her social standing.

Yes, positively, the enlisted men must be allowed to install their own cooks in the steerage galley, and all those silly barriers between third- and first-class passengers must be removed!

The C. O. of the troops, having been advised of this verdict, presents his compliments to the C. O. of the steamship, and they go into executive session. Meantime, the fair mutineers ravage their own staterooms for bon voyage treasures, fruit, nuts, candy, cookies—anything edible.

The C. O. of the troops reports gravely that the United States Army cooks will be permitted to prepare the rations issued by the French liner's stewards. The enlisted men may not come on the upper decks, but the stairs leading from the upper deck to the steerage quarters will be open to all war workers who wish to visit enlisted men. And, thereafter, you may be sure, some three hundred "upper-deckers" kept them crowded.

The women immediately line up for a celebration. Loot from first-class cabins is piled into bags and baskets, the barred door is flung open, and down the steep, narrow stairs go the war workers. The soldiers greet them with whoops of joy. The navy blue and scarlet of Red Cross nurses, and the French blue and gray of Y. M. C. A. canteen girls melt into the khaki-color of the army. Commissioned officers dash to the rescue. Women workers are lifted to safer quarters on the hatches. Details of N. C.'s (non-commissioned officers—we are all learning to talk in initials) surround the baskets. The distribution of goodies is on. The C. O. of the troops smiles on the scene from the upper deck, then, with a sigh of relief, retires to the smoking-room for a soothing game of bridge. The women workers are at work. There is little left for him to do! The balance of the trip promises to be peaceful.

What the C. O. of the ship is saying has nothing to do with this story, and possibly could not be printed if it did. But he has learned that, right or wrong, etiquette on high seas notwithstanding, certain feathers of the American eagle may not be pulled without disastrous results. In the present crisis, America resents any insinuation that her enlisted men are not the equal of kings, and this goes whether the enlisted man is the son of a multi-millionaire or of a day-laborer.

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Reel III.—Getting Acquainted. Scene: Mid-Atlantic

THE troops, having exhausted the novelty of life at sea, are turning restless. Y. M. C. A. secretaries, who have enlisted for overseas service, are filling the empty hours. In the morning, French lessons are given in the mess hall and in quiet corners on deck. The class which boasts the largest and most regular attendance is conducted by a beautiful young Swiss girl! After noon-mess, boat drill, each man wearing his life belt and learning to crawl up the ladder at double quick; then a matinee on deck by the Lafayette Canaries, as they had been dubbed by the one professional humorist on board. This choral society is open to any young woman who can trill "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," "Old Black Joe," and "John Brown's Body." The boys help with the chorus, after which everybody sits down for a chat, the part of the program which the boys enjoy most.

In the evening, the soldiers have boxing matches, followed by mixed programs, monologues and music. The hit among the Y. M. C. A. entertainers is the St. Louis Quartet, fine-looking, red-blooded men beyond draft age who sing popular songs and close harmony just as the boys like them.

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Every American soldier is eager to hear the experiences of those who have been at the front. In charge of the Polish Volunteers is a French lieutenant who saw hard service in the trenches, was taken prisoner by the Germans, escaped, was recaptured, then exchanged and is now on parole. In conversation, his English is fascinating, so the entertainment committee asked him to tell the American boys of his experiences. When he mounted the hatch which serves as stage on the steerage deck, the men gave him a rousing reception. With his sleek black hair, flashing eyes, brilliant red cheeks, and smart French uniform, he looked a vivid character stepping from the pages of a war novel.

His recital had just carried him into the German prison camp, when disaster overtook the speaker.

"To eat we had only—" He gulped in distress.

"To eat we had only—" He turned pale.

"To eat we had only—zee—zee haricot!" He flung at his audience a gesture of despair. "La-la-my English—she is quite gone!"

And "she" was—swept out in a wave of stage fright.

But our boys cheered him so wildly that tears came into his gallant eyes, and, at this moment, he is dictating the story of his experiences to the beautiful young Swiss girl, who will act as his interpreter to-morrow when the Lafayette Canaries give their usual matinee.

* * * * * * * *

Dear me—more international complications below deck! And everybody looking solemn. An American soldier and a Polish Volunteer met on neutral ground, otherwise at the canteen. Somebody said something to somebody else, and in about two minutes a hard-breathing lad in khaki was standing over a prostrate figure in red and blue, calling on his pals to come along and clean the Polish Volunteers off the forward deck! Officers from both sides saluted and apologized. Enlisted men grumbled and scowled. The upper deck buzzed with apprehension. But thanks to the Y. M. C. A. workers, to-night everything is serene.

The usual evening program was given, first for the Polish Volunteers, then for the American troops. When the speaker addressed the latter, he dropped a hint about brotherhood among the Allies—how the American men would feel some day when, under heavy hun-fire, they saw fresh troops coming to their support on the left—French or British troops, yes—perhaps, Polish Volunteers. Then out stepped a double quartet o' Polish lads to sing the national hymn of Poland. And all through that weirdly beautiful song of a down-trodden people, the American men stood bareheaded—perhaps repentant. Then, as the sun sank into the sea, and the mysterious blue mantle of night settled over the ship, they sang "America" together, and we on the upper deck carried the echo forward until it was caught up by the hundreds of Poles below, and they sang, too, with their faces turned toward France.

All of our troops cannot sail on American transports, with American supplies, cooks and customs. Some of you mothers may fret at thought of your boys in the steerage of a passenger ship, so let me whisper a little secret. It's not the boys who care most—it's those who look on! The boys complain, yes, indeed, for a real fighter is a real grouch. Heaven defend us—and our Allies—from a grouchless army!

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Reel IV.—"Land Ahead!" Scene: In the Danger Zone

MORNING twilight—the hour at which crew and gunners are most alert. A strange silence broods over the ship. Here on the upper deck those who have slept in chairs and rugs, stir, sit up and stare at the sea, rousing with a curious sense of having spent the night with those about to die. It is a queer, detached feeling. You do not think of your own death. Your life belt fits. Your chair is within a few feet of your boat. You can lay your hands on flask, flash-light and emergency rations. You are

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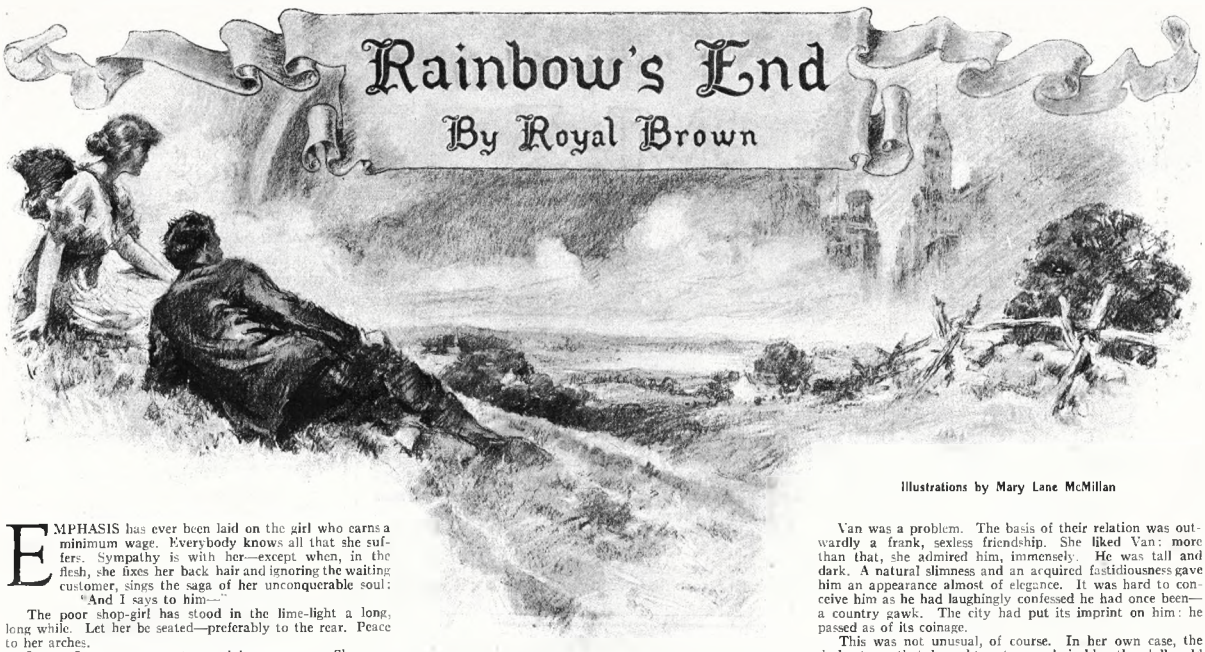
Rainbow's End

By Royal Brown



Illustrations by Mary Lane McMillan

EMPHASIS has ever been laid on the girl who earns a minimum wage. Everybody knows all that she suffers. Sympathy is with her—except when, in the flesh, she fixes her back hair and ignoring the waiting customer, sings the saga of her unconquerable soul: "And I says to him—"

The poor shop-girl has stood in the lime-light a long, long while. Let her be seated—preferably to the rear. Peace to her arches.

Lorna Lennox was not a minimum-wager. She was twenty-eight, and for several years—swift, crowded years which had brought her the material success she had craved—she had been a business woman. Into these years, she believed, had gone much of her youth and all her illusions.

Nevertheless, as she moved about the sunny office for the rent of which she was responsible, as she was for the salaries of the eight typists of various size, shape and shades whose activities made it hum like a hive, she might have excited interest, speculation, admiration—sympathy, never. The trim tailoredness of her, the poise and self-possession of her slim, supple figure forbade it. And yet—

The telephone b-rrr-ed and she was called.

"Hello * * * Oh, yes! It's being multigraphed now, Mr. Roberts. At quarter to one."

As she slipped the receiver back into place, a girl entered. She had dark hair and pretty eyes, and she came in with a suggestion of steeled self-consciousness.

"Why, Georgie!" exclaimed Lorna. And added, with an appraising glance, "Married life certainly seems to agree with you."

The girl blushed and found difficulty in answering. The shrill of the telephone gave her respite.

"Excuse me," murmured Lorna. "Hello—oh, Van!" * * *

"No, I'm afraid not. I'm awfully busy and short-handed, besides * * * "

Evidently Van was insistent. She stood there, receiver to ear, her lower lip caught between even teeth. She was not at all pretty in the conventional connotation of the word. She had the high, finely modeled cheek-bones that artists adore, but her features were frankly irregular. Her greatest charm was the aliveness of her face, the alert interest in her gray eyes. When she talked, her slim, expressive eyebrows had an adorable way of trailing up and down. At the moment, however, they were taut.

She glanced at her wrist-watch. "I'll try to be there at four," she said, "but I can't promise."

She set the instrument down and turned to her visitor.

"You're busy," ventured Georgie.

"Very," she acknowledged briefly.

"I'm not going to—to delay you," said Georgie, hurriedly. "I—I just wondered if you would—would give me a part-time job."

Lorna's surprise was evident.

"It isn't a question of money," added Georgie, quickly, her color heightening. "Tony would be furious if he knew."

"He doesn't know?"

"No—I couldn't bear to tell him. He's so happy to think he has taken me out of it all. And I'm happy, too—awfully happy. But I get so lonesome with nothing to do all day long. I—I miss the girls."

"You ought to tell him."

"Oh, I couldn't. He would think it's because I don't love him enough. But I do—I do. Only I thought if you could use me part time—"

Lorna hesitated. A messenger boy entered. "Letters for Jenkins," he suggested.

"Just a minute," Lorna told him. Then, to Georgie, I'll give you a part-time job this minute, anyway. Josie Fisher is sick and I've been trying to fill in. My notes are over there; I guess you can read them."

"You mean it—really?" And, as Lorna nodded, her eyes became frankly ecstatic. "Thank you!"

This was a Saturday. The hum rose to a crescendo as it swung into a finale at one o'clock. The girls closed their machines, picked up their notes, and, with jibe and jest, moved toward the lockers. They were through for the day. As they passed out, they nodded gaily to their employer. Her luncheon had been brought in and stood on her desk, awaiting her attention.

Georgie did not go until half an hour later.

"If I were you," said Lorna, "I'd tell Tony."

The other simply shook her head.

"Well—drop in once in a while when it gets too bad. I'll find something for you to do."

"Thank you!" And then, lest her joy be misinterpreted, "You understand that Tony and I are perfectly happy?"

Lorna nodded. Georgie wasn't unique. It is, as one authority puts it, "the happy young brides who often answer seductive advertisements offering to 'pay liberally' for your work in spare time." She considered Georgie's case for an instant and then turned to her work. She attacked this systematically, with an occasional glance at her wrist-watch.

At three-thirty she paused and considered her tentative appointment with Van. She came to her decision with characteristic abruptness, and, closing her desk on work clamoring for attention, prepared for the street.

The day was one of those brilliant successes that June occasionally achieves. As she emerged onto the sun-patterned street, quiet with its Saturday afternoon calm at that season, her head went up in physical reflex to the challenge nature flung. Her brows, however, were sharply drawn.

Van was a problem. The basis of their relation was outwardly a frank, sexless friendship. She liked Van: more than that, she admired him, immensely. He was tall and dark. A natural slimness and an acquired fastidiousness gave him an appearance almost of elegance. It was hard to conceive him as he had laughingly confessed he had once been—a country gawk. The city had put its imprint on him: he passed as of its coinage.

This was not unusual, of course. In her own case, the dark straw that brought out, so admirably, the dull gold tones of her hair gave no hint of the sunbonnet of her girlhood days. But Van's success was unusual: it was possible that it would become spectacular. Lawyers who can count on over two thousand a year at thirty were, she knew, much rarer than is popularly supposed.

But Lorna, also, was successful. At twenty-eight, she made more than Van—nearly three thousand a year.

It would not be possible for her to go on working should she marry Van. She did not need the force of Georgie's example to bring that home to her. Van, even more than Tony, was of the caste that holds its women in dependence. To keep her work, would mean aspersions on Van.

The subway entrance, etched by the sun's rays in stark relief against the green of the Common, swallowed her but not her doubts. The fact that Van had as yet never intimated marriage, was beyond the point. She knew that he was considering it, from all angles. He was ambitious: it was one of the qualities she admired most in him. A man lacking ambition was to her less than a man.

WOULD marriage hurt him? As a business woman—and as such she was checking up the pros and cons—she believed it would. He had enough for one, but not for two, on the scale he lived. It was necessary that he live on that scale. Everything considered, it would be better for him to delay marriage until he was more firmly established.

There was also her side to be considered. In spite of the slight tautening at the base of her brain that she had felt, of late, when it came to mental concentration, she persisted in thinking this out. Here Georgie's case had force.

Georgie had been a good stenographer, but nothing more. She had no executive ability, none of the desire to rise. Yet, the honeymoon over, Georgie was already conscious of a void in her life. In time, the inevitable consequences would fill that void. She would become a model mother. Lorna doubted, strongly, if she, herself, would ever be so satisfied.

Ever since she could remember, her dreams had been of doing things, of making something out of herself. And she had succeeded. The stimulation of matching her wits with others had become a virtual necessity. If she married Van she must give that up and, as well, the results of her hard-won success. She must surrender her financial independence, which was very dear to her.

Against this, argued her faith in Van. The big success he spoke of so confidently was, at least, a possibility. He might become a great lawyer or, if he went into politics, a member of Congress; a senator, even. This she would share with him.

She was not conscious of cold-bloodedness. She had learned to keep her emotions in leash, to meet coolly the problems that pressed upon her. This was the biggest problem she had yet faced. And she had no intention of being stampeded into some course not thoroughly considered.

There was danger of that. Van was magnetic; he could sway juries and there had been occasions, recently, when she

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The car was mounting again. The cottage her aunt had owned, and which she had sold to equip herself for her venture into the city, sprang into sight

MA

By Alter Brody

A WHOLE page poem in McCall's! How queer! you will exclaim. So did we when we first considered it. But in its terse lines we saw, as you will see, one of the most gripping, one of the most powerful stories of real life it has ever been our good fortune to read.

This story of a Mother told by her poet-son is more than the story of one woman—it is the tragedy of all Motherhood, "sorrowing, rejoicing, despairing, hoping." We feel most fortunate in being able to share it with you.

WHAT can she be thinking of—
This gray-haired, dark-faced little woman
With those close-drawn cheeks and humbly lowered eyes,
As she bends over the wash-tub,
Scrubbing the wet underwear against the wash-board
All morning long!
What can she be thinking of—
In this queerly quiet kitchen,
Dark and small and clean-kept like herself,
As the blown rain whips against the window pane
And swishes into the yard
With a soft, continual splash—
I have an impelling desire to understand her;
To know her and get nearer to her—
This tired-faced woman who is my mother.
I wish I could get into her bowed head
As she bends over the wash-tub,
And look through her dimmed eyes
And see how things seem to her
After fifty-seven years of life—

Fifty-seven years of the great commonplaces of life:
Childhood, girlhood, wifehood, motherhood;
All but death—
And that, too.
Fifty-seven years of sorrowing, rejoicing, despairing, hoping
Over the world's timeless joys and griefs;
Questioning not the scheme
That mostly gave her things to sorrow over,
And despair over
All these years.
After bringing ten children into the world,
In the ordinary, miraculous way;
Nursing them with unwearied breasts,
Working for them with unwearied hands,
Loving them with unwearied patience,
Battling for them
With poverty, death and disease
For thirty years;—

Seeing some of them struggle into manhood;
Seeing some of them struggle into womanhood,
Painfully, joylessly;
And following some of them to their little graves,
In their birthplace across the sea,
Under the Russian birch trees.
And one—
She who was your first born, mother!
She who gave you most joy and most pain—
Seeing her grow up in your barren house,
Like a tall tree from a cleft rock,
Strong and healthy and haughty with beauty,
Hating her humble birth,
Panting for color and joy;—
Seeing her flare out her tumultuous years
In a brief feverish fire;
Until you followed her, too,
Burying half of your heart
Under a tombstone in Brooklyn.
And all the while,
These thirty-seven years,
Mated with the wreck of a strong man,
The wreck of a great soul,
Broken and humbled by a strange disease,
That lurked in him like an assassin—
Patiently loving, living, bearing with him;
Suffering his pain as your own;
Sharing his weakness and worshiping his strength;
Respecting the tragedy you could not understand.

Woman, woman,
Sublime, simple mother of mine,
Scrubbing away at the wash-board
With gnarled, mechanical fingers—
What do you make of all this!
How do you reconcile
All the purposelessness and fruitlessness and contrariness of things
In that crude mind of yours—
Seeing the faith that cloaked you from the truth,
That explained and arranged and combined,
Systematizing the Universe into a well-ordered household
With a Master who saw all and knew all,
Punishing and rewarding in inexplicable ways—
Seeing your old faith cast off and trampled under foot,
Ignored and derided by your own children
As a foolish, baseless fable,
Mother, poor mother of mine,
What can you make of all this,
Scrubbing away at your wash-board,
This rainy morning?
What are you thinking about?
I wish I could know!
Are you thinking of her that you lost,
In the full-blown bloom of your hope—
Plucked from your arms,
As you held her down to the bed
Helping the doctor that day?
Do you see her come in through the door,
Quick and abrupt as of old:
Her heavy, masculine step;
Her straight and broad-bosomed figure;
The animal health of her cheeks.
Are you remembering
Some word that she carelessly dropped;
A certain twist of her neck—
And your dark face darkens;
And your gray head pensively droops;
And your eyes that have wept themselves red,
Glisten with oncoming tears.

Or are you thinking of your husband,
Reeling his way through the years,
Stupefied by his fate—
Falling and rising and falling,
Under the bludgeon of life!
And you remember a Sabbath afternoon
In Kartushkiya-Beroza,
When the town turned out for a stroll;—
How you walked by his side on the highway,
Proud to be envied of all.
Or are you thinking of me—
Your strange, queer, puzzle of a son;
The poet-changeling of your womb—
Whom you would love but do not know how;
Whom you would hope for but do not know what.
And your heart is sad with apprehension
Knowing not why.

Or are you thinking of the little ones
And your little daily cares:
Those socks that you washed just now—
They are far too torn to be mended;
Or those worn-out shreds of underwear—
And winter coming . . . .

Here they are back from school
With a loud ring at the door—
"I'll open it, Ma."

Author of Pollyanna Stories

THE KEY

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrated by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

The Story of a Blind Boy who Refused to Stay Blind

For Synopsis, see page 23

CHAPTER IV—(*Continued*)

THE month in Boston was not a pleasant experience to Keith, and it seemed anything but a "slight operation;" but at the end of the month the bandages were off, and his father had come to take him back home.

The print was not quite so blurred now, though it was still far from clear, and Keith noticed that his father and the doctors had a great deal to say to each other in very low tones, and that his father's face was very grave.

Then they started for home. On the journey his father talked cheerfully, even gaily; but Keith was not deceived. For perhaps half an hour, he watched his father closely. Then he spoke.

"Dad, you might just as well tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"About those doctors—what they said."

"Why, they said all sorts of things, Keith. You heard them yourself." The man spoke lightly, still cheerily.

"Oh, yes, they said all sorts of things, but they didn't say anything before me. They always talked to you on one side. I want to know what they said then."

"Why, really, Keith, they—"

"Dad," interposed the boy a bit tensely, when his father's hesitation left the sentence unfinished; "you might just as well tell me. I know already it isn't good, or you'd have told me right away. Dad, what did they say? Don't worry. I can stand it—honest I can. Besides, I've been expecting it—ever so long. 'Keith, you're going to be blind.' I wish't you'd say it right out like that—if you've got to say it."

But the man shuddered.

"No, no, Keith, never! I'll not say it. You're not going to be blind!"

"But didn't they say I was?"

"They said—they said it might be. They couldn't tell yet." The man wet his lips and cleared his throat huskily. "They said—it would be some time yet before they could tell, for sure. And even then, if it came, there might be another operation that— But for now, Keith, we've got to wait—that's all. There are lots of things you can do. And there are lots of things we can do together. —you'll see. And it's coming out all right. It's bound to."

"Yes, sir." Keith shut his lips tight. He could not trust himself to say much just then. Babies and girls cried; but men did not cry.

For a long minute he said nothing; then, with his chin high and his breath sternly under control, he said:

"Of course, dad, if I do get blind, you won't expect me to be Jerry, and Ned, and—and you, all in a bunch, then, will you?"

This time it was dad who could not speak—except with a strong right arm that clasped with a pressure that hurt.

CHAPTER V

NOT for some days after his return from Boston did Keith venture out upon the street. He knew that the whole town had heard all about his trip to Boston, and what the doctors had said. He tried not to see the curious glances cast in his direction from every window.

He did not go near the schoolhouse, and he stayed at the post-office until he felt sure all the scholars must have reached home. Then, just at the corner of his own street he met Mazie Sanborn and Dorothy Parkman face to face. He would have passed quickly, with the briefest sort of recognition, but Mazie stopped him short.

"Keith, oh, Keith, it isn't true, is it?" she cried breathlessly. "You aren't going to be blind?"

"Mazie, how could you?" cried Dorothy sharply. And because she shuddered and half turned away, Keith saw only the shudder and the turning away, and did not realize that it was sympathy.

Keith stiffened.

"I don't know. I'm not blind—yet!" He would have passed on, but Mazie had yet more to offer.

"Say, Keith, I'm awfully sorry, and so's Dorothy. Why, she hasn't talked about a thing, hardly, but that since she heard of it."

"Mazie, I have, too," protested Dorothy.

"Well, anyway, it was she who insisted on coming around this way to day," teased Mazie wickedly; "and when I—"

"I'm going home, whether you are or not," cut in Miss Dorothy, with dignity. And with a low chuckle Mazie tossed a good-by to Keith and followed her lead.

Keith, his chin aggressively high, strode in the opposite direction.

"I suppose she wanted to see how really bad I did look," he was muttering fiercely, under his breath. "Well, she needn't worry. If I do get blind, I'll take good care she don't have to look at me, nor Mazie, nor any of the rest of them."

Keith went out on to the street very little after that, and especially he kept away after school hours. They were not easy—those winter days. The snow lay deep in the woods, and it was too cold for long walks. He could not read, nor paint, nor draw, nor use his eyes about anything that tried them. But he was by no means idle. His father looked after that. For hours every day his father read to him. They studied together, Keith memorizing where it was necessary, what his father read, and always discussing and working out the problems together. That he could not paint or draw was a great cross to his father, he knew. Keith noticed, too—and noticed it with a growing heartache—that nothing was ever said about his being Jerry and Ned and dad himself all in a bunch. And he understood, of course, that if he was going to be blind, he could not be Jerry and—

But Keith was honestly trying not to think of that, and he welcomed most heartily anything or anybody that helped him to forget.

And there was Susan. Not once had Susan ever spoken to him of his eyes, whether he could, or could not see. But Susan knew about it. He was sure of that. He first suspected it when he found her the next day after his return from Boston crying in the pantry.

Susan crying! Keith stood in the doorway and stared unbelievingly. He had not supposed that Susan could cry.

"Why, Susan!" he gasped. "What is the matter?"

He never forgot the look on Susan's face as she sprang toward him, or the quick cry she gave.

"Oh, Keith, my boy, my boy!" Then instantly she straightened back, caught up a knife, and began to peel an onion from a pan on the shelf before her. "Crying? Nonsense!" she snapped quaveringly. "Can't a body peel a pan of onions without being accused of crying about something? Shucks! What should I be crying for, to be sure?

"Here, Keith, want a cookie? And take a jam tart, too. I made 'em this mornin', 'specially for you."

With which astounding procedure—for her—Susan pushed a plate of cookies and tarts toward him, then picked up her pan of onions and hurried into the kitchen.

Once again Keith stared. Cookies and jam tarts, and made for him? If anything, this was even more incomprehensible than were the tears in Susan's eyes. Then the suspicion came to him—Susan knew. And this was her way—

Keith understood, after that, that Susan would not talk to him about his eyes; and because he knew she would not talk, he felt at ease and at peace with her.

It was not so with others. With them, except his father, he never knew when a dread question or a hated comment was to be made. And so he came to avoid those others more and more.

At the first sign of spring, and long before the snow was off the ground, Keith took to the woods. When his father did not care to go, he went alone. It was as if he wanted to fill his inner consciousness with the sights and sounds of the beloved outdoors, so that when his outer eyes were darkened, his inner eyes might still hold the pictures. Keith did not say this, even to himself; but when, every day, Susan questioned him about what he had seen, and begged him to describe every budding tree and every sunset, he wondered if Susan, too, was trying to fill that inner consciousness with visions?

Keith was thrown a good deal with Susan these days. Sometimes it seemed as if his father did not like to be with him. Dad never had liked disagreeable subjects. Had he become—a disagreeable subject?

And so there seemed indeed, at times, no one but Susan. Susan, however, was a host in herself. Susan was never cross, now, and she told lots of funny stories, and there were always her rhymes and jingles.

But Keith was not deceived. He knew very well that all this especial attention to him was only Susan's way of trying to help him "wait."

With one agonized cry of "Dad, it's come—it's come!" he sprang from the bed and stood motionless, his arms outstretched

CHAPTER VI

AND so Keith waited, through the summer and into another winter. And April came. Keith was not listening, now, to Susan's rhymes and jingles, nor was he tramping through the woods in search of the first sign of spring. Both eyes had become badly affected now. Keith knew that and—

The fog had come. Keith had seen it for several days before he knew what it was. He had supposed it to be really—fog. Then one day he said to Susan:

"Where's the sun? We haven't had any bright sun for days and days—just this horrid old foggy fog."

"Fog? Why, there isn't any fog!" exclaimed Susan. "The sun is as bright—" She stopped short. Keith could not see her face very clearly. "Nonsense, Keith; of course the sun is shining!" snapped Susan. "Now don't get silly notions in your head!" Then she turned and hurried from the room.

And Keith knew. And he knew that Susan knew.

Keith did not mention the fog to his father. But somebody must have mentioned it—Susan, perhaps. At all events, before the week was out, Keith went with his father again to Boston.

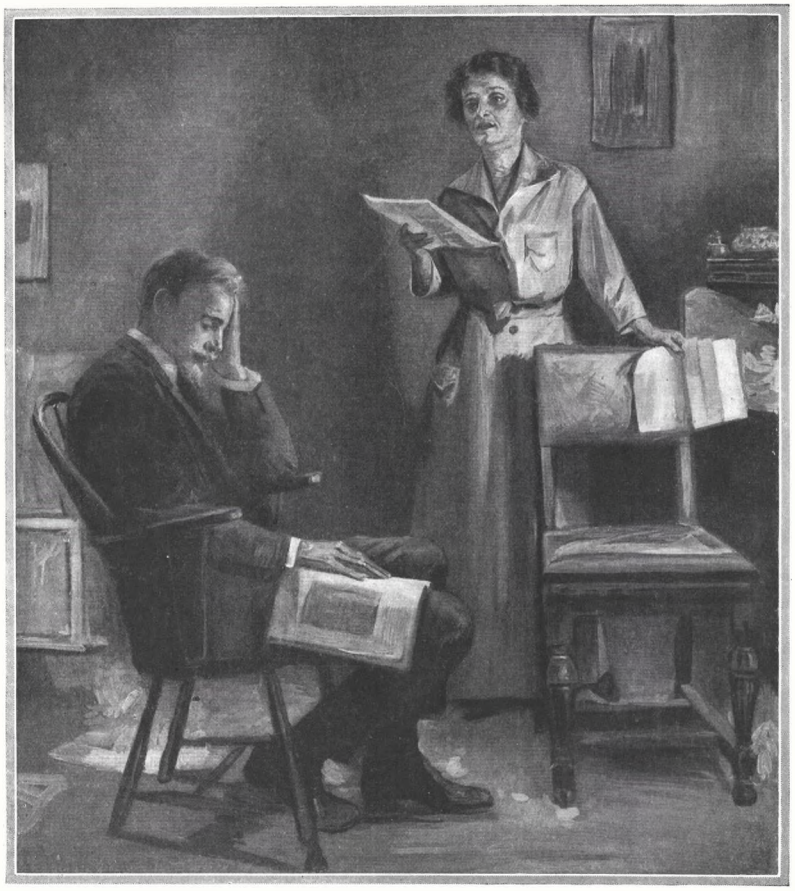
It was a sorry journey. Keith did not need to go to Boston. He knew now. There was no one who could tell him anything. Dad might laugh and joke and call attention to everything amusing that he wanted to—it would make no difference. As if he could not hear the shake in dad's voice under all the fun, and as if he could not feel the tremble in Dad's hand.

Boston was the same dreary round of testing, talk, and questions, hushed voices and furtive glances, hurried trips from place to place; only this time it was all sharper, shorter, more decisive, and there was no operation. It was not the time for that now, the doctors said. Moreover, this time dad did not laugh or joke, or even talk on the homeward journey. He only sat looking out at the passing scenes and occasionally stealing a short glance at Keith. But that, too made no difference. Keith already knew.

He knew so well that he did not question at all. But if he had not known, he would have known from Susan the next day. For he found Susan crying three times the next forenoon, and each time she snapped out so short and sharp about something so entirely foreign from what he asked here that he understood what was happening.

Keith did not wonder how many months it would be. Someway, he had an idea it would be very few now. As long as it was coming he wished it would come, and come quick. This waiting business— On the whole, he was glad that Susan was cross, and that his father spent his days shut away in his own room with orders that he was not to be disturbed. For, as for talking about this thing—

It was toward the last of July that Keith discovered how indistinct were growing the outlines of the big picture on the wall at the end of the hall. Day by day, he had to walk nearer and nearer before he could see them at all. He wondered just how many steps would bring him to the wall itself. he was tempted once to count them—but he could not bring himself to do that; so he knew then that in his heart he did not want to know just how many days it would be before—



"But * * * you don't understand," pleaded Susan, unerringly reading the disappointment in her employer's face. "It's to sell * * * for the operator on the poor lamb's eyes. I * * * I wanted to help, some way. And this is real poetry * * *"

But there came a day when he was but two steps away. He told himself it would be in two days then. But it did not come in two days. It did not come in a week. Then, very suddenly, it came.

He woke up one morning to find it quite dark. For a minute he thought it was dark; then the clock struck seven—and it was August.

Something within Keith seemed to snap then. The long-pent strain of months gave way. With one agonized cry of "Dad, it's come—it's come!" he sprang from the bed and stood motionless, his arms outstretched. But when his father and Susan reached the room, he had fallen to the floor in a dead faint.

It was some weeks before Keith stood upright on his feet again. His illness was a long and a serious one. Late in September, Mrs. McGuire, hanging out her clothes, accosted Susan over the back-yard fence.

"I heard down to the store last night that Keith Burton was going to get well."

"Of course he's goin' to get well," retorted Susan with emphasis. "I knew he was, all the time."

"All the same, I think it's a pity he is." Mrs. McGuire's lips came together a bit firmly. "He's stone blind, I hear, and my John says—"

"Well, what if he is?" demanded Susan, almost fiercely. "You wouldn't kill the child, would you? Besides, seein' is only one of his facilities. He's got all the rest left. I reckon he'll show you he can do something with them."

Mrs. McGuire shook her head mournfully.

"Poor boy, poor boy! How's he feed himself? Has he got his senses, his real senses yet?"

"He's just just beginning to." The harshness in Susan's voice betrayed her difficulty in controlling it. "Up to now he hasn't sensed anything, much. Of course, part of the time he hain't known anything—just lay there in a stupid. Then, other times he's just moaned—of the dark—always the dark.

"At first he—when he talked—seemed to be walkin' through the woods; an' he'd tell all about what he saw; the 'purple sunsets,' an 'dancin' leaves,' an' the merry little brooks 'hurryin' down the hillside,' till you could just see the place he was talkin' about. But now—now he's comin' to full conscientiousness, the doctor says; an' he don't talk of anything only—only the dark. An' pretty quick he'll—know."

"And yet you want that poor child to live, Susan Betts!"

"Of course I want him to live!"

"But what can he do?"

"Do? There aint' nothin' he can't do. Why, Mis' McGuire, listen: I've been readin' up. First, I felt as you do, a little. I—I didn't want him to live. Then I heard of somebody who was blind, and what he did. He wrote a great book. I've forgotten its name, but it was somethin' about Paradise. Paradise—and he as in prison, too. Think of writing about Paradise when you're shut up in jail—and blind, at that! Well, I made up my mind if that poor man could see Paradise through them prison bars with his poor blind eyes, then Keith could. And I was goin' to have him do it, too. And so I went down to the library and asked miss Hemenway for a book about him. And I read it. And then she told me about more and more folks that was blind, and what they had done. And I read about them, too."

"Well, gracious me, Susan Betts, if you ain't the limit!" commented Mrs. McGuire, half admiringly, half disapprovingly.

"Well, I did.—And—why, Mis' McGuire, you hain't any inception of an idea of what those men an' women an'—yes, children, did. Why, one of 'em wasn't only blind, but deaf an' dumb, too. She was a girl. An' now she writes books and gives lecturings, and oh, ev'rything."

"Maybe. I ain't sayin' they don't. But I guess somebody else has ter do a part of it. Look at Keith right here now. How are you going to take care of him when he gets up and begins to walk around? Why, he can't see to walk or—or feed himself, or anything. Has the nurse gone?"

Susan shook her head. Her lips came together grimly.

"No. Goes next week, though. Land's sakes, but that woman is expensive enough! Them trained nurses always cost a lot; I guess. But we've just had to have her, while he was so sick. But she's goin' next week."

"But what are you going to do? You can't tag him around all day, and do your other work, too. Of course, there's his father—"

"His father! Good heavens, woman, I wonder if you think I'd trust that boy to his father? Besides, he don't like to be with Keith, nor see him, nor think of him. He feels so bad."

"Humph! Well, if he does feel bad I don't think that's a very nice way to show it. Not think of him, indeed! Well, I guess he'll find some one has got to think of him now. But there! that's what you might expect of Daniel Burton, I suppose, mooning all day over those silly pictures of his. As my John says—"

"They're not silly pictures," cut in Susan. "He has to paint pictures in order to get money to live, don't he? Well, then, let him paint. He's an artist—an extinguished artist—not just a storekeeper." Mr. McGuire kept a grocery store. "And if you're artistical, you're different from other folks. You have to be."

"Nonsense, Susan! That's all bosh, and you know it. What if he does paint pictures? That hadn't ought to hinder him from taking care of his own son, had it?"

"Yes, if he's blind." Susan spoke with firmness and decision. "You don't seem to understand at all, Mis' McGuire. Mr. Burton is an artist. Artists like flowers and sunsets and clouds and brooks. They don't like disagreeable things. They don't want to see 'em or think about 'em. I know. It's that way with Mr. Burton. Before, when Keith was all right, he couldn't bear him out of his sight. Now, since he's blind, he can't bear him in his sight. He feels that bad. But he ain't forgettin' him. He's thinkin' of him all the time. I know. An' it's tellin' on him. He's lookin' thin an' bad an' sick."

"Humph! Well, I'll risk him. It's Keith I'm worryin' about. Who is going to take care of him?"

Susan Betts frowned.

"Well, I could, I think. But there's a sister of Mr. Burton's—she's comin'."

"Not Nettie Colebrook?"

"Yes, Mis' Colebrook. That's her name. She's a widow, an' hain't got anything needin' her. She wrote an' offered, an' Mr. Burton said yes, if she'd be so kind. An' she's comin'."

"When?"

"Next week. The day the nurse goes. Why? What makes you look so queer? Do you know—Mis' Colebrook?"

"Know Nettie Burton Colebrook? Well, I should say I did! I went to boarding-school with her."

"Humph!" Susan threw a sharp glance into Mrs. McGuire's face. Susan looked as if she wanted to ask another question. But she did not ask it. "Humph!" she grunted again; and turned back to the sheet she was hanging on the line.

There was a brief pause, then Mrs. McGuire commented dryly:

"I notice you ain't doin' no rhymin' to-day, Susan."

"Ain't I? Well, perhaps I ain't. Someway, they don't come out now so natural and easy-like."

"What's the matter? Ain't the machine working?"

Susan shook her head. Then she drew a long sigh. Picking up her empty basket she looked at it somberly.

"Not the way it did before. Someway, there don't seem anything inside of me now, only dirges and funeral marches. Everywhere, all day, everything I do and everywhere I go I just hear: 'Keith's blind, Keith's blind!' till it seems as if I just couldn't bear it."

With something very like a sob Susan turned and hurried into the house.

CHAPTER VII

IT was when the nurse was resting and Susan was with Keith that the boy came to a full realizing sense of himself, on his lips the time-worn question asked by countless other minds back from that mysterious land of delirium:

"Where am I?"

Susan sprang to her feet, then dropped on her knees at the bedside.

"In your own bed—honey."

"Is that—Susan?" No wonder he asked the question. Whenever before had Susan talked like that?

"Sure it's Susan."

"But I can't—see you—or anything. Oh'h!" With a shudder and a quivering cry, the boy flung out his hands, then covered his eyes with them. "I know; now, I know. It's come—it's come! I am—blind."

"There, there, honey, don't—please don't. You'll break Susan's heart. And you're so much better now."

"Better?"

"Yes. You've been sick—very sick."

"How long?"

"Oh, several weeks. It's October now."

"And I've been blind all that time?"

"Yes."

"But I haven't known I was blind!"

"No."

"I want to go back—I want to go back, where I didn't know—again."

"Nonsense, Keith!" Susan was beginning to talk more like herself. "Go back to be sick? Of course you don't. Why, we're going to have you up and out in no time, now."

"I don't want to be up and out. I'm blind, Susan."

"And there's your dad. He'll be mighty glad to know you're better."

"No, no, Susan—don't, don't call him. He won't want to see me. Nobody will want to see me. I'm blind, Susan—blind!"

"Shucks! Everybody will want to see you, so's to see how splendid you are, even if you are blind. Now don't talk any more—please don't; there's a good boy. You're gettin' yourself all worked up, an' then, oh, my, how that nurse will scold!"

"I sha'n't be splendid," moaned the boy. "I sha'n't be anything, now. I sha'n't be Jerry or Ned, or dad. I shall just be me. And I'll be pointed at everywhere; and they'll whisper and look and stare, and say 'He's blind—he's blind—he's blind.' I tell you, Susan, I can't stand it. I can't—I can't. I want to go back. I want to go back to where I didn't—know!"

The nurse came in then, and of course Susan was banished in disgrace.

Keith was entirely conscious the next day when Susan came in to sit with him while the nurse took her rest. But it was a very difficult Keith. It was a weary, spent, nerveless Keith that lay back on the pillow with scarcely so much as the flutter of an eyelid to show life.

"Is there anything I can get you, Keith?" she asked, when a long-drawn sigh convinced her that he was awake.

Only a faint shake of the head answered her.

For another long minute Susan sat tense and motionless, watching the boy's face. Then, with almost a guilty look over her shoulder, she stammered:

"Keith, I don't want you to talk to me, but I do wish you'd just speak to me."

But Keith only shook his head again faintly and turned his face away to the wall.

He was like this every day after that, when Susan came in to sit with him—silent, listless, lifeless. Yet the doctor declared that, physically, the boy was practically well. And the nurse was going at the end of the week.

On the last day of the nurse's stay, Susan accosted her in the hall somewhat abruptly.

"Is it true that by and by there could be an operator on that boy's eyes?"

"Oper—er—oh, operation! Yes, there might be, if he could only get strong enough to stand it. But it might not be successful, even then."

"But there's a chance?"

"Yes, there's a chance."

"I suppose it—it would be mighty expensive, though."

The young woman smiled. "Yes, I—I'm afraid it would—er—cost a good deal of money," she nodded over her shoulder, as she went on into Keith's room.

That evening Susan sought her employer in the studio. Daniel Burton spent all his waking hours in the studio now. The woods and fields were nothing but a barren desert of loneliness to Daniel Burton—without Keith.

The very poise of Susan's head spelt aggressive determination as she entered the studio; and Daniel Burton shifted uneasily in his chair as he faced her. Nor did he fail to note that she carried some folded papers in her hand.

"Yes, yes, Susan, I know. Those bills are due, and past due," he cried nervously, before Susan could speak. "And I hoped to have the money, both for them and for your wages, long before this. But—"

Susan stopped him short with an imperative gesture.

"'Tain't bills, Mr. Burton, and 'tain't wages. It's—it's somethin' else. Somethin' very importune." There was a subdued excitement in Susan's face and manner that was puzzling, yet most promising. Unconsciously, Daniel Burton sat a little straighter and lifted his chin—though his eyes were smiling.

"Something else?"

"Yes. It's—poetry."

"Oh, Susan!" It was as if a bubble had been pricked, leaving nothing but empty air.

"But you don't know—you don't understand, yet," pleaded Susan, unerringly reading the disappointment in her employer's face. "It's to sell—to get some money, you know, for the operator on the poor lamb's eyes. I—I wanted to help, some way. And this is real poetry—truly it is—not the immaculate kind that I just dash off. And now, I—I want to read 'em to you. Can't I, please?"

And this from Susan—this palpitating, pleading "please!" Daniel Burton, with a helpless gesture that expressed embarrassment, dismay, bewilderment, and resignation, threw up both hands and settled back in his chair.

"Why, of—of course, Susan; read them," he muttered as clearly as he could, considering the tightness that had come into his throat.

And Susan read this:

SPRING

Oh, gentle Spring, I love thy rills,
I love thy wooden, rocky rills,
I love thy budsome beauty.
But, oh, I hate o'er anything,
Thy mud and slush, Oh, gentle Spring,
When rubbers are a duty.

"That's the shortest—the other is longer," explained Susan, breathlessly.

"Yes, go on." Daniel Burton had to clear his throat before he could speak.

"I called this, 'Them Things That Plague,'" said Susan. And it's really true, too. And she began to read:

THEM THINGS THAT PLAGUE

They come at night, them things that plague,
And gather round my bed
They cluster thick about the foot,
And lean on top the head.

They like the dark, them things that plague,
For then they can be great,
They loom like doom from out the gloom,
And shriek: "I am your Fate!"

But, after all, them things that plague
Are cowards—Say not you?—
To strike a man when he is down,
And in the darkness, too.

For if you'll watch them things that plague,
Till coming of the dawn,
You'll find when once you're on your feet,
Them things that plague—are gone!

"There, ain't that true—every word of it?" she demanded. "An' there ain't hardly any poem license in it, too. I think they're always lots better when there ain't; but sometimes, of course, you just have to use it. There, an' now I've read 'em both to you—an' how much do you s'pose I can get for 'em—the two of 'em, either singly, or doubly?" Susan was still breathless, still shining-eyed—a strange, exotic Susan, that Daniel Burton had never seen before. "I've heard that writers—some writers—get lots of money, Mr. Burton, and I can write more—lots more. Why, when I get to goin' they just come autocratically without any thinking at all; and—But how much do you think I ought to get?"

"Get? Good heavens, woman!" He cleared his throat and began again. He tried to speak clearly, judiciously, kindly. "Susan, I'm afraid—that is, I'm not sure— Oh, hang it all, woman"—he was on his feet now—"send them, if you want to—but don't blame me for the consequences." And with a gesture as of flinging the whole thing far from him, he turned his back and walked away.

"You mean—you don't think I can get anything for them?"

Only a shrug of the back-turned shoulders answered her.

"But, Mr. Burton, we—we've got to have the money for that operator; and, anyhow, I—I mean to try." With a quick indrawing of her breath she turned abruptly and left the studio.

That evening, in her own room, Susan pored over the two magazines that came to the house, and sent a poem to each of the addresses she found.

She saw poetry in both of them, and hers was surely better than the ones they published.

IT was the next day that the nurse went, and that Mrs. Colebrook came.

The doctor said that Keith might be dressed now, any day—that he should be dressed, in fact, and begin to take some exercise. He had already sat up in a chair every day for a week—and he was in no further need of medicine, except a tonic to build him up.

All this, the nurse mentioned to Mr. Burton and to Susan, as she was leaving. She went away at two o'clock, and Mrs. Colebrook was not to come until half-past five. At one minute past two, Susan crept to the door of Keith's room and pushed it open softly. The boy, his face to the wall, lay motionless. But he was not asleep. Susan knew that, for she had heard his voice not five minutes before, bidding the nurse good-by. For one brief moment Susan hesitated. Then, briskly, she stepped into the room with a cheery:

"Well, Keith, here we are, just ourselves together. The nurse is gone and I am on—how do you like the weather?"

"Yes, I know, she said she was going." The boy spoke listlessly, wearily, without turning his head.

"What do you say to getting up?"

Keith stirred restlessly.

"I was up this morning."

"Ho!" Susan tossed her head disdainfully. "I don't mean that way. I mean up—really up with your clothes on."

The boy shook his head again.

"I couldn't. I—I'm too tired."

"Nonsense! A great boy like you bein' too tired to get up! Why, Keith, it'll do you good. You'll feel lots better when you're up and dressed and like folks again."

The boy gave a sudden cry.

"That's just it, Susan. Don't you see? I'll never be—like folks again."

"Nonsense! Just as if a little thing like being blind was going to keep you from being like folks again! Why, Keith, you're goin' to be better than folks—just common folks. You're goin' to do the most wonderful things that—"

"But I can't—I'm blind, I tell you," cut in the boy. "I can't do—anything, now."

"But you can, and you're goin' to," insisted Susan again. "You just wait till I tell you; and it's because you are blind that it's goin' to be so wonderful. But you can't do it just lyin' abed there in that lazy fashion. Come, I'm goin' to get your clothes and put them right on this chair here by the bed; then I'm goin' to give you twenty minutes to get into them. I sha'n't give you but fifteen to-morrow." Susan was moving swiftly around the room now, opening closet doors and bureau drawers.

"No, no, Susan, I can't get up," moaned the boy, turning his face back to the wall. "I can't—I can't!"

"Yes, you can. Now, listen. They're all here, everything you need, on these two chairs by the bed."

"But how can I dress when I can't see a thing?"

"You can feel, can't you?"

"Y-yes. But feeling isn't seeing. You don't know."

Susan gave a sudden laugh.

"But I do know, and that's the funny part of it, Keith," she cried. "Listen! What do you suppose your poor old Susan's been doin'? You'd never guess in a million years. For the last three mornin's she's tied up her eyes with a handkerchief an' then dressed herself, just to make sure it could be done, you know."

"Susan, did you, really?" For the first time a faint trace of interest came into the boy's face.

"Sure I did! And, Keith, it was great fun, really, just to see how smart I could be, doin' it. An' I timed myself, too. It took me twenty-five minutes the first time. Dear, dear, but I was clumsy! But I can do it lots quicker now, though I don't believe I'll ever do it as quick as you will."

"Do you think I could do it, really?"

"I know you could."

"I could try," faltered Keith dubiously.

"Moreover, you ain't goin' to try, you're goin' to do it," declared Susan. "Now, listen. I'm goin' out, but in just twenty minutes I'm coming back, and I shall expect to find you all dressed. I—I shall be ashamed of you if you ain't." And without another glance at the boy Susan hurried from the room.

Her head was still high, and her voice still determinedly clear—but in the hall outside the bedroom, Susan burst into a storm of sobs.

Later, when she had scornfully lashed herself into calmness, she came out into the kitchen and looked at the clock.

"An' I've been in there five minutes, I'll bet ye, over that fool cryin'," she stormed hotly to herself. "Great one, I am, to take care of that boy, if I can't control myself better than this!"

At the end of what she deemed to be twenty minutes, and after a fruitless "puttering" about the kitchen, Susan marched determinedly upstairs to Keith's room. At the door she hesitated a breathless minute, then, resolutely she pushed it open.

The boy, fully dressed, stood by the bed. His face was alight, almost eager.

"I did it—I did it, Susan! And if it hasn't been more than twenty minutes, I did it sooner than you!"

Susan tried to speak; but the tears were again choking her voice.

"Susan!" The boy put out his hand gropingly, turning his head with the pitiful uncertainty of the blind. "Susan, you are there, aren't you?"

Susan caught her breath chokingly, and strode into the room with a brisk clatter.

"Here? Sure I'm here—but so dumb with amazement and admiration that I couldn't open my head—to see you standin' there all dressed like that! What did I tell you? I knew you could do it. Now, come, let's go see dad." She was at his side now, her arm linked into his.

But the boy drew back.

"No, no, Susan, not there! He—he wouldn't like it. Truly, he—he doesn't want to see me. You know he—he doesn't like to see disagreeable things."

"'Disagreeable things' indeed!" exploded Susan, her features working again. "Well, I guess if he calls it disagreeable to see his son dressed up and walking around—"

[*Continued on page 23*]

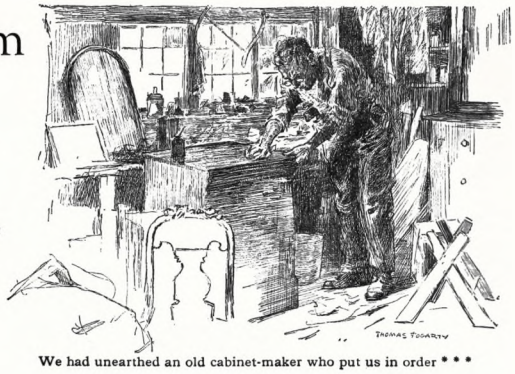
Susan dropped on her knees at the bedside. "There, there, honey, don't, please don't. You'll break Susan's heart. And you're so much better * * * "

The Abandoned-Farm Dwellers

By Albert Bigelow Paine

Mark Twain's Biographer, and Author of "The Van-Dwellers," "The Tent-Dwellers," Etc.

Sketches by
THOMAS FOGARTY



We had unearthed an old cabinet-maker who put us in order * * *

Lazarus hung over the side of their private grounds and wanted to carry them refreshments constantly

ON the First of October we moved. Ah, me, how easily one may dismiss an epic thing like that. Yet it is better so. Moves, like earthquakes, are all a good deal alike, except as to size and the extent of destruction; few care for the details. I still have an impression of two or three nightmarish days that began with some attempt at real packing and ended with a desperate dropping of anything into any convenient box or barrel or bureau drawer, and of a final fevered morning when two or more criminals in the guise of moving-men bumped and scraped our choicest pieces down tortuous stairways and slammed them into their cavernous vans, leaving on the pavement certain unsightly, disreputable articles for every passer-by to scorn.

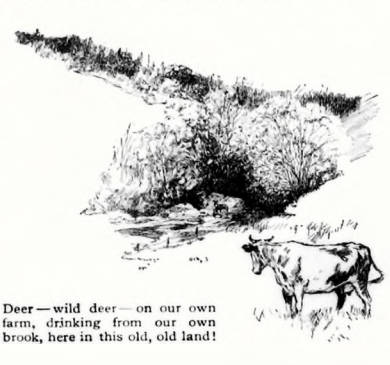
It is true that this time we had a box-car—we had never before risen to that dignity—and I recall a weird traveling to and fro with the vans, and intervals of anguish when I watched certain precious, and none too robust examples of the antique fired almost bodily into its deeper recesses. Oh, well, never mind, it came to an end. Our goods and gods arrived at the Brook Ridge station, and Westbury and his teams transported them—not to the house, but to the barn; for, among other things in Brook Ridge, we had unearthed an old cabinet-maker whom we had engaged for the season to put us in order before we set our possessions in place. He erected a bench in the barn, and there, for a month, he glued and scraped and rubbed and tacked. As each piece was finished, we brought it in and tried it in one place and another, discovering all over again how handsome it was, restored and polished, and now at last in its proper setting.

There was compensation, even for moving, in getting settled in that progressive way; each evening marked a step toward completion. When our low book-shelves were ranged in the spaces about the walls, the books wiped and put into them; when our comfortable chairs were drawn about the fireplaces; when our tall clock, with a shepherdess painted on the dial, had found its place and was ticking comfortably, we felt that our dream was coming true!

Of course, the old living-room was the best of all. Its length and low ceiling and the great fireplace would insure that. We had ranged a row of blue plates and some of the very ancient things from the attic along the narrow mantel, and it somehow seemed as if they had been there from the beginning. The low, double windows were opposite the fireplace. We had our large table there, and between meal-times the Joy liked to spread her toys on it. She wore her hair cut in the early Dutch fashion and sometimes at the end of the day, as I sat by the waning embers and saw her moving to and fro between me and the fading autumn fields, I had the most precious twilight illusion of having stepped backward a hundred years.

We thought our color scheme good. I suppose there is really no better background for old mahogany than dull green. Golden brown is handsome with it, and certain shades of blue, but there is something about the green, with antique furniture, that seems literally to give it a soul. Never had our possessions shown to such an advantage, and never, we flattered ourselves, had the old house been more fittingly appointed. With the pictures and shades put up, the rugs put down, the fires lit, it seemed to us the most attractive place we could imagine. It was a jewel, we thought, and, to-day, remembering it, I think so still.

The old living-room was best of all * * * we had our large table there and between meal-times the Joy liked to spread her toys on it. Sometimes at the end of the day I sat by the waning embers and saw her moving to and fro * * *



Deer—wild deer—on our own farm, drinking from our own brook, here in this old, old land!

PERHAPS I am making it all sound too easy and comfortable. The past has a way of submerging its sorrows. With a little effort, however, I can still recall some of them. Our transition period was not all picnic and poetry. There were days of stress—hard, nerve-racking days when it seemed that never in the wide world would things get into shape: as when, for instance, the new kitchen range arrived and would not go through any of the kitchen doors; when our grandfather's clock had been found an inch too tall for any of our rooms; when our big fireplace had poured out smoke until we were blind and asphyxiated. Any one of these things would be irritating, and coming together as they did one gloomy, chilly morning, they had a look of failure. Then we proceeded to correct matters. We stripped the range for action, took out a sash, and brought it in edgewise through the window. We mortised down an inch into the old oak floor and let in the legs of the old clock so that its top ornaments would just clear the ceiling.

The fireplace problem was more serious. We knew that the chimney was big enough, for we could look up it at a three-foot square of sky, and our earlier fires had given us no trouble. We solved the mystery when we threw open an outside door to let out the smoke. The smoke did not go out; it rushed back to the big fireplace and went up the chimney, where it belonged. We understood, then: in the old days, air had poured in through a hundred cracks and crevices. Now we had tightened our walls and windows until the big chimney could no longer get its breath. It must have a vent, an air supply which must come from the outside, yet not through the room.

Here was a chance for invention. I went down cellar to reflect and investigate. I decided that a stove-pipe could be carried from a small cellar window to the old chimney base, and that by prying up the thick stone hearth we could excavate beneath it a passage which would admit the pipe to one end of the fireplace where it could be covered and made sightly. Old Pop came with his crowbar and pick, and Westbury brought the galvanized pipe and the grating. It was quite a strenuous job while it lasted, but it was the salvation of our big fireplace, and I was so proud of the result that I did not greatly mind the mashed foot I got through Old Pop's allowing the thousand-pound stone hearth to rest on it while he attended to another matter.

I have given the details of this non-smoke device, because any one buying and repairing an old house is likely to be smoked out and might not immediately stumble upon the simple remedy. I know when later, at the club, I explained it to an architectural friend he confessed that the notion had not occurred to him, adding with some shame that he had more than once left a considerable crack under a door as an air supply. Imagine!

So these troubles passed and others in kind and variety. Those were busy days. We were doing so many things we hardly had time to enjoy the fall scenery, the second stage of it, as it were, when the goldenrod and queen's lace handkerchief were gone, the blue wild asters fading and leaves beginning to fall, though the hilltops were still ablaze with crimson and gold Once we stole an afternoon and climbed a ridge that looked across a valley to other ridges, swept by the flame of autumn. It was really our first wide vision of the gorgeous fall colorings of New England, and they are not surpassed, I think, anywhere this side of heaven.

We gathered our apples. We had a small orchard of red Baldwins across the brook, and some old scattering trees such as you will find on every New England farm. These last were very ancient. One, badly broken by the wind, we cut, and its rings gave it one hundred and fifty years. Putnam's soldiers could have eaten apples from that tree, and probably did, for it was not in plain view of the house.

We put the Baldwins away and made cider of the others, it being now the right moment, when there was a tang of frost in the morning air. We picked up enough to fill both of Uncle Joe's cider barrels. Westbury and I hauled them to the mill and the next day Elizabeth was boiling down the sweet juice into apple-butter, which is one of the best things in the world.

There is work about making apple-butter. It is not just a simple matter of putting on some juice and letting it boil. Apples must go into it, too, a great many of them, and those apples must be peeled and sliced, and stirred and stirred eternally. And then you will find that you need more apples, more peeling and slicing, and more stirring and stirring; oh, yes, indeed. Elizabeth stirred, I stirred, and Lazarus, our small colored vassal, stirred. I said if I had time I would invent an apple-butter machine, and Elizabeth declared she would never undertake such a job again, never in the world! But that was mere momentary rebellion. When it was all spiced and done, and some of it spread on slices of fresh bread and butter, discontent and weariness passed and next day she and Lazarus were making pickles and catsup and apple jelly, while Old Pop and I were hauling all the flat stones we could find and paving the wide space between the house and the stone curb which already we had built around the well. Oh, there is plenty to do when one has bought an old farm and wants to have all the good things, and the livable things, and October is the time to get them, when the mornings are brisk and the days are balmy and evening brings solace by the open fire.

IT was Lazarus, I think, who most enjoyed the open fire. Stretched full length on the hearth, flat on his stomach, his chin in his hands, baking himself, he might have been one of his ancestors of the African forest, for he was desperately black, and true to type. A runty little spindle-legged darky of thirteen, Lazarus had come to us second-hand, so to speak, from the county home. A family in the neighborhood was breaking up and Lazarus' temporary adoption in the household was at an end. He had come on an errand, and our interview then had led to his being transferred to our account:

"I goin' away nex' week," he said.

"Where are you going, Lazarus?"

"Back to de home, where I come from."

"What do you get for your work where you are now?"

"Boa'd and clo's an' whatever dey mine to give."

"What do you do?"

"Bring wood, wash dishes and whatever dey wants me to."

"How would you like to come up here for a while?"

He had his eye on my target rifle as he replied:

"Yassah, I'd like it—what sort o' gun you got?"

I explained my firearm to him and let him handle it. His willingness to come grew.

"Are you a pretty good boy, Lazarus?"

"Oh, yassah:—is—is you goin' to le' me shoot yo' gun if I come?"

"Very likely, but never mind that, now. What happens if you're not good?"

He eyed me rather furtively.

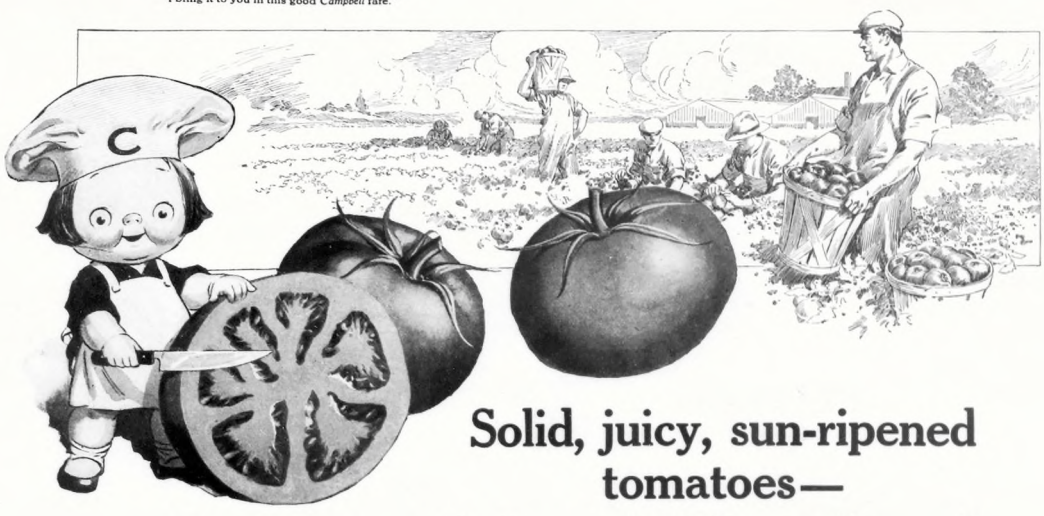
"De rule is yo' cain't whip," he said. "You kin only send back to de home."

We agreed on these terms and Lazarus came.

I want to be fair to Lazarus, and I confess before going farther that I think we did not rate him at his worth. He had artistic value—he was good literary material. I feel certain of that now and I think I vaguely realized it at the time. But I was not at the moment doing anything in

[Continued on page 20]

"See how the tonic of nature is blended—
Drawn from the soil and the sunshine and air!
And even more tempting than nature intended
I bring it to you in this good *Campbell* fare."



Solid, juicy, sun-ripened tomatoes—

with few seeds, little core-fibre, a large proportion of firm fruity flesh—these are the kind we use. And all their fresh natural flavor and wholesome tonic quality come to your table perfectly retained in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

We receive these fine tomatoes direct from the farms, and make them into soup the same day. We blend the pure juice with choice butter, fresh herbs and other wholesome ingredients.

Each can gives you twice its volume of nourishing soup all cooked and ready for your table in three minutes. And it costs you less than if you made it yourself. You have no labor, no cooking cost, no waste.

This soup is especially valuable in strengthening digestion and regulating all the body processes of nutrition.

Served as a Cream of Tomato, it yields 50 per cent more energy than milk. And with the simple addition of boiled rice or noodles it becomes almost a meal in itself.

Eating a good soup every day is one of the surest ways to maintain vigorous health. And this is a duty you owe both to the nation and yourself.

Order this tempting Campbell kind by the dozen, and never be without it.

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
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Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

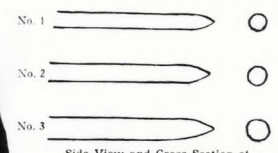
Only What the Red Cross Asks For

By Elisabeth May Blondel

WORKERS are asked to conserve wool by knitting only those things asked for. The articles shown on this page (including muffler and wristlets), have been allotted to the Red Cross workers only after reports from the commissions sent to the other side determined the absolute needs of the men.

Editor's Note:—Copies of this page may be obtained by sending two 3-cent stamps and a stamped addressed envelope to The McCall Co., 236-250 West 37th St., N. Y. City.


Sweater A



Side View and Cross Section of Red Cross Needles—Actual Size


Sweater B

Important Suggestions

Knit socks, and then more socks, as the biggest need is for these.

Casting on and binding off MUST be loose.

To measure a garment, lay it on a level surface and measure with a dependable measure (wood, metal or celluloid, not a tape line).

Don't knot your wool. Join the ends by running one end into the other with a darning needle for about six inches. Finish off threads on wrong side by running thread with darning needle through a bias run of stitches, in two or more opposite directions.

When knitting with two needles, always slip first stitch.

Abbreviations Used

Knit, k; purl, p; inches, ins; stitches, sts; needle, ndl; needles, ndls; knitting, kg; slip stitch, sl st. A row means once across; a ridge means once across and back.

Medium-Size Sock

Materials required.—About one quarter pound of wool; 4 Red Cross needles No. 1. (See diagram above.)

These directions are based on a 4/10 yarn (the commercial name of correct size of yarn) and Red Cross needles No. 1. When yarn or needles are larger or smaller than these the number of stitches must be proportionately decreased or increased.

When knitting the second sock of a pair count rows of first sock to insure uniform size when finished.

Tie finished socks loosely together in pairs at top of leg in such a way that the hand can be inserted for inspection.

If sock is thin at point of gusset, reenforce by darning on wrong side very lightly with a split thread of yarn.

Wash socks in warm water and rinse in light suds. Lay them on a flat radiator top and pat them into shape.

56 sts on 3 ndls, 20 on 1st ndle, 20 on 2nd ndle, 16 on 3rd ndle. k 2, p 2, for 3 ins. K plain for 8 ins.

HEEL.—Divide sts: 28 on 1st ndle, 14 on 2nd ndle, 14 on 3rd ndle. 1st ndle (*) k 1 row, turn, p 1 row, turn. Repeat from (*) until you have 27 rows. Always sl 1st st. Begin to turn heel on wrong side.

TO TURN HEEL.—Sl 1, p 15, p 2 together, p 1, turn. Sl 1, k 5, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over k st, k 1, turn. Sl 1, p 6, p 2 together, p 1, turn. Sl 1, k 7, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over k st, k 1, turn. Sl 1, p 8, p 2 together, p 1, turn. Sl 1, k 9, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over k st, k 1, turn. Continue until there are 16 sts on ndl.

GUSSET.—Pick up 13 sts on side heel (1st ndle), K sts of 2nd and 3rd ndls on to one ndl (2nd ndl). Pick up 13 sts on other side of heel and take 8 sts from 1st ndl (3rd ndl).

1st ndl.—(A) k to within 3 sts of end, k 2 together, k 1.

2nd ndl.—(B) k plain.

3rd ndl.—(C) k 1, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over k st, k to end.

(D) k around plain. Repeat A, B, C, D until you have 14 sts on 1st ndl, 28 sts on 2nd ndl, 14 sts on 3rd ndl. K plain 5½ ins.

KITCHENER TOE.—1st ndl.—(E) k to within 3 sts of end, k 2 together, k 1.

2nd ndl.—(F) k 1, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over k st, k to within 3 sts of end, K 2 together, k 1.

3rd ndl.—(G) K 1, sl 1, k 1, pass sl st over k st, k to end.

(H) k 2 rows plain. Repeat E, F, G, H, 3 times (making 4 times in all). Then narrow every other row 5 times. K the 5 sts of your 1st ndl on to your 3rd ndle. You have now 10 sts on each of the 2 ndls. Break wool (leaving 12-inch length) and thread it into worsted ndl. Hold sock so that the worsted ndl is at your right and always keeping wool under kg ndls, weave front and back together as follows: (*) Pass worsted ndl through 1st st of front kg ndl as if knitting, and sl st off the kg ndl. Pass through 2nd st as if purling and leave st on the kg ndl. Pass through 1st st of back ndl as if purling and sl st off the kg ndl. Pass through 2nd st of back ndl as if knitting and leave st on kg ndl. Repeat from (*) until all sts are off ndls. In order to avoid ridge across end of toe, fasten wool down the side. Laid on a level surface the finished sock should measure: Foot; length 11½ inches, but 10½ to 12½ is acceptable. Leg; length 14 inches; circumference, 8 inches. Cuff; circumference, unstretched, 6 inches, stretched, 13½ inches.

Reversible Wristlets

Materials required.—About one-eighth pound of 4/10 yarn; 4 Red Cross needles No. 1.

Cast 52 sts on 3 ndls, 16-16-20. K 2, p 2, for 4 ins.

THUMB OPENING NO. 1.—K 2, p 2, to end of 3rd ndl, turn. K and p back to end of 1st ndl, always slipping 1st st. Turn. Continue to k back and forth for 2 ins. Then k 2, p 2, all the way around for 2 ins.

THUMB OPENING NO. 2.—Make a second thumb opening like thumb opening No. 1. Then k 2, p 2, all the way around for 4 ins. Bind off loosely. Buttonhole thumb openings.

Muffler

Materials required.—About three-quarter pound 4/10 yarn; 1 pair Red Cross Needles No. 3.

Cast on 50 or more sts to make full 11 ins. in width. K 2, p 2, for 2 ins. K plain 68 ins. K 2, p 2, for 2 ins. Bind off loosely.

Helmet

Materials required.—About one-quarter pound 4/10 yarn; for top, 5 Red Cross Needles No. 1; for capes, 1 pair Red Cross Needles No. 2.

TOP.—Cast on 20 sts. K plain 28 ridges (always slipping 1st st). On the last row, throw in 4 extra sts. With 2nd ndl pick up 28 sts on side of crown. With 3rd ndle pick up 20 sts at end of crown. With 4th ndl pick up 28 sts on other side of crown. There are now 100 sts, 24 on 1st ndl, 28 on 2nd ndl, 20 on 3rd ndl, 28 on 4th ndl. K 2, p 2, for 4½ ins. On the last round bind off the last 2 sts of the 2nd ndl; the 20 sts of the 3rd ndl and the 1st 2 sts of the 4th ndl for the face opening. K 2, p 2, back and forth for 2 ins, always knitting or purling the 1st st. Cast on 24 sts and divide sts on the 4 ndls as before. K 2, p 2 for 6 ins.

FRONT CAPE.—On the last round, k (do not p the capes) the last 13 sts on the 4th ndl, the 24 sts on the 1st ndl and 13 sts on the 2nd ndl on to a No. 2 ndl. You now have 50 sts on this ndl. K 36 ridges. Bind off.

BACK CAPE.—Sl the remaining 50 sts on to the No. 2 ndl. K 36 ridges. Bind off. Do not sew edges of capes together.

Sweater A of Light-Weight Wool

Materials required.—About three-quarter pound of 4/10 yarn, 1 pair Red Cross Needles No. 3 (see diagram above).

Cast on 78 sts, k 2, p 2, for 4 ins. K plain 17 ins. (A) K 28 sts, k 2, p 2, for 22 sts; then k 28. (B) K 28 sts, p 2, k 2, for 22 sts; then k 28. Repeat (A) and (B) for 12 rows (2 ins). K 28 sts; bind off 22 sts (opening for neck); k 28.

FIRST SHOULDER.—K 2, p 2, for 28 sts; then k 2, p 2, back over the 28 sts. Continue to k and p back and forth in this way 15 times, which leaves the wool at inner edge. Break off wool and tie it on at neck opening for second shoulder. P 2, k 2, for 28 sts; then p 2, k 2, back over the 28 sts. Continue to k and p back and forth in this way 15 times, which leaves the wool at outer edge. K plain for 28 sts; cast on 22 sts, and k plain across the 28 sts of first shoulder. (C) K 28 sts, p 2, k 2, for 22 sts; then k 28. (D) k 28 sts; k 2, p 2, for 22 sts; then k 28. Repeat (C) and (D) for 12 rows (2 ins). K plain 17 ins. K 2, p 2, for 4 ins. Bind off loosely. Sew up sides, leaving 9 ins for armholes. Single-crochet 1 row around neck and armholes.

MEASUREMENTS.—Neck (when stretched), 11½ to 12½ ins. Across chest (not stretched), 17 to 20 ins.

Sweater B of Heavy-Weight Wool

Materials required.—About one pound or 4 hanks of 4/5 yarn, 1 pair Red Cross Needles No. 3 (see diagram above).

Cast on 72 sts. K 2, p 2, for 3 ins. K across and p back for 10 ins. K 1 row. (A) k 6, p across and k last 6 sts. (B) k all the way across. Repeat (A) and (B) for 8 ins. K across and back 8 times (making 4 ridges). K 6; then p 1, k 1, for 11 sts; k 6. Bind off 26 sts for neck.

FIRST SHOULDER.—K 6, then p 1, k 1, for 11 sts; k 6, k 7; then p 1, k 1, for 10 sts; k 6. Continue to k and p back and forth in this way 14 times, which leaves the wool at inner edge. Break wool and tie it on at neck-opening for second shoulder. K 7; then p 1, k 1, for 10 sts; k 6. K 6; then p 1, k 1, for 11 sts; k 6. Continue to k and p back and forth in this way 14 times, which leaves the wool at inner edge. Cast 26 sts, k 6, then p 1, k 1, for 11 sts; k 6. K across and back 8 times (making 4 ridges). (C) K all the way across. (D) K 6, p across, and k last 6 sts. Repeat (C) and (D) for 8 ins. K across and p back for 10 ins. P 2, k 2, for 3 ins. Bind off loosely. Sew up sides, leaving 9 ins. for armholes. Single crochet one row around neck and armholes.

MEASUREMENTS.—Neck (when stretched), 11½ to 12½ ins. Across chest (not stretched) 17 to 20 ins.

How I Speed Up In My Housework

The Answer of a Professional Woman to Housekeepers Who "Haven't Time"

By Virginia Dale

MY women friends are continually asking me how I make it possible to attend personally to a home, a husband and a daughter and devote from five to seven hours daily to the profession of writing, besides engaging actively in the work of church and community.

For two reasons I have never attempted to answer these questions before. First, because, since my friends have exactly the same number of hours per day as I have, the same number of hands and feet, similar mental equipment and opportunities, telling them how I manage my life, with only the help of a laundress and cleaning woman, has seemed like pointing out to them their own comparative inefficiency in rather a conceited way. This is all the more true since I have never felt that I do more than the average woman is capable of doing, but that she falls woefully short of living up to her own possibilities. Besides, and I grant this to be a purely illogical feminine reason, my lips have been dumb before the intuitive knowledge that back of their dismayed incredulity too often there has lurked suspicion. "No one woman could do all you do—or say you do—and do it well," their eyes seem to say; "You must neglect something" And I know that secretly they cherish a not unpleasant sympathy for my poor family!

My reason for answering this question now publicly, and in so personal a manner, is because at this time millions of women are honestly endeavoring so to arrange their domestic affairs that there will be a generous amount of time left for Red Cross work or similar necessary war activities in which they feel it their duty to engage.

It is my hope, therefore, that having peeled time down to the quick in order that I might give myself generously to my family and my profession, I may be able to help those eager women whose sleeves are rolled up, but who have heretofore dilly-dallied through life, spreading small activities thinly over long periods of time, until now they stand bewildered and ineffectual before the task of reorganizing their lives for more effective service.

It seems to me that this very desire upon the part of American women is their first step toward efficiency, since a definite objective is necessary before one is qualified to place the proper valuation upon time and make the necessary distinction between important and unimportant activities of everyday life. For this purpose one objective is as good as another. Since the will to accomplish is the lever of achievement, it makes no difference whether the motive power is ambition or patriotism. The result will be the same.

LOOKING about among my own acquaintances, I find that unless they have had the advantage of business training, women do not seem to have that accurate sense of the value of time possessed by most men. There is a story told of a famous physician who claims to have written a book while waiting for door bells to be answered. While this is exaggerated, there is no doubt that this man realized the tremendous advantage of utilizing every fragment of time. This the average woman fails utterly to do. She regards spare moments somewhat as she regards basting threads—useless for anything save holding more important things temporarily together. She fails absolutely to grasp the possibilities that lie within five-minute limits. Neither does she realize the necessity of packing a day as she packs a trunk; of getting the big and important things in first and fitting the little odd jobs snugly into the chinks of time that remain. Many a woman clutters up a perfectly good morning with insignificant little jobs undeserving of anything better than fag-ends of the day. As a consequence of this unwise adjustment of time and tasks she has great difficulty in finding a two- or three-hour stretch of time available for really important undertakings. Then, too, many women work in the morning, play during the afternoon and evening and call it a day's work.

In my own case I have found that the habit of placing a high valuation on time has resulted in automatically eliminating many non-essentials from my life. And just now the war is making it just as poor taste for a woman to devote time to non-essentials as it is to litter her living-room with tidies. Every deck must be cleared for action.

One of the greatest difficulties I have encountered in striving to lay out my own life along effectual lines has been freeing myself from tyrannical housekeeping traditions so dear to the unimaginative, rut-following feminine mind. The majority of women seem to be moral cowards when it comes to ordering their lives on lines not endorsed by dear departed grandmother. While I love and revere grandmother's many virtues, I flatly refuse to follow in her domestic footsteps, for grandmother was not an expert when it came to cutting corners of time, or motion or effort. There is the garret, for example. In the house of the modern woman it contains nothing but articles of unquestioned value which must be stored between seasons. These are so packed and arranged that a few moments' attention twice a year keeps the place in decent order. My own spring and fall housecleaning is usually finished and forgotten before my old-fashioned neighbors have succeeded in bringing order out of a chaos of worthless and cobwebby household derelicts piled high in the raftered space beneath their roofs.

THEN, too, there is the question of drying dishes. My own emancipation from the dishtowel dates from the morning I discovered that a dish drainer, costing less than a dollar, would save me more than twenty-two eight-hour working days a year! This one operation required ten minutes three times a day, exclusive of the time necessary to dry glass and silver on a towel. The new method has the added advantage of being more sanitary and more economical, since towels are sometimes doubtful and always expensive. I have discovered that cold rinsing water dries without streaking and answers the purpose otherwise as well as hot. It takes only a second to whisk a short rubber tube with a bath spray attachment onto the faucet and spray every inch of dish surface with clean water. This is only one example of what unconventional methods, when applied to routine housekeeping tasks, will save in the matter of time and strength.

I know of no housekeeping task so circumscribed by tradition as ironing. The reverence for some unwritten law keeps scores of women standing like martyrs sweating over such things as wash-cloths, crash towels, dish towels, stockings, dust cloths, knit and gauze underwear, and similar soft and unimportant pieces. While I seldom iron, since my time is too valuable, I learned long ago that some other woman's backaches had to be paid for out of my pocket book, so now the family underwear and nightdresses are made of materials which do not require ironing and my laundress has instructions to smooth the articles mentioned above by hand. Incidentally, my laundry bills are considerably lowered.

As for dusting, here my emancipation is complete! I shall pass on to you what was given to me by a specialist in women's nervous diseases. "Learn to differentiate between clean dirt and dirty dirt in your home. See that your refrigerator and drains and cooking utensils and bed and body clothing are absolutely clean—and don't fuss and fume yourself into hysterics if there happens to be a little dust on the piano! Get out in God's sunshine and forget it!"

UP to that hour dusting had been my special bête noir. I went home thrilled to my domestic soul, resolving to do away with many of those things that made it a daily necessity. I took a bushel basket and traveled from garret to cellar collecting everything that did not answer either a practical or an aesthetic purpose, and answer it well! Since that day dusting in my home has been an incident rather than a nightmare. But I feel horribly guilty each time I think of the ashman's poor unenlightened wife!

Among the non-essentials which I have eliminated from my life as far as possible, and which I add to from time to time, as they are weighed and found wanting, are acquaintances who are not worth while, in the broadest sense of the term, and pleasures and recreations which neither really please nor recreate either mind, body or spirit. Since I exact a high rate of interest on every moment of my time invested in work or play, nothing is too insignificant to go unchallenged. In everything I do, from reading the newspapers to attending the theater, I try, as far as possible, to get the grain without the chaff. That I live intensely most of the time does not mean that there is not adequate place in my life for rest and play. Indeed, I have found that hard work and hard play balance so perfectly that a normal night's sleep provides sufficient rest without afternoon naps or other periods of relaxation.

A most important factor in time saving is speeding up physical motions. I have found that increasing the tempo of everyday tasks is a habit easily formed when one is spurred on by some interesting objective. When I find myself pressed for time or engaged in a desultory fashion upon something I especially dislike, I work by the clock exactly as my daughter practices by her metronome. This race against time adds zest to the most prosaic job which otherwise I might dawdle over for twice the length of time required for its accomplishment. Then, too, I find that working rapidly is not so fatiguing as dilly-dallying: moreover, I know of nothing that keeps the body so youthful as the habit of making quick motions.

By planning my work days and even weeks ahead I find it possible to make tasks dovetail perfectly so that there will be no wasted time or effort, as is always the case when work is done by the haphazard method. For instance, last Monday morning I knew that, in addition to my regular work, sometime during the week I must see my lawyer, return books to the library, have a tooth filled, call upon a friend in the hospital, match some dress material, leave a hat at the cleaner's, do about half a day's mending and secure a plumber to look after the kitchen drain. Rather than scatter these over the week promiscuously, at a sacrifice of too much time and energy, I scheduled them with reference to their relation each to the other and to the other work which must be done.

SINCE it was necessary to make appointments with dentist and lawyer, I arranged these for consecutive early afternoon hours of the same day, being careful to choose a day when I would be able to spend a good full morning in my study. I then grouped the other errands about these. The books and hat were left before going to the dentist, samples were matched on the way to the lawyer's office. The visit was made on my way home. Incidentally, I paid a few bills and ordered provisions for the next two days, thus saving the time of telephoning next morning. I did the mending the afternoon the plumber came, since it was necessary for me to be on the first floor and available rather than at work in my isolated study. By saving the mending for just such an occasion, there was no time left for thumb twiddling.

Another housekeeping convention of which I have cured myself is the so-called proper time for doing certain things. If it suits me to make a cake or cut out a dress or start raspberry preserves at eleven o'clock Saturday night, I do it. In my household the only proper time there is for doing anything is the time it suits me best to do it. The two exceptions I make to this rule are having meals on time and arising at a regular hour.

Whenever it is possible, I employ the mechanical labor-saving devices which have superseded obsolete housekeeping methods. But before even the simplest and most inexpensive of these is admitted to my home I make sure it actually *saves labor* and is not just one more "thing" to bother with.

While I am an enthusiastic advocate of labor-saving devices, I am convinced that the woman who cannot make her head save her heels will still have no time for anything but routine work. In order to escape from drudgery she must use her coordinating powers, developing them to the utmost until tasks automatically sort and group themselves into proper relationship toward each other and the time required for their accomplishment. She must learn to do her housekeeping with her left hand, so to speak, leaving the right free for those particular things which, to her, make life most worthwhile. This does not mean that she should be satisfied with keeping house in a scrawly, left-handed way, but that she must train her usually incompetent left hand to be as effective as her right, refusing to allow housework to usurp all of her strength and attention.

Your Garret As It May Be

By CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS

Drawings by John F. Jackson, Architect

This Garret has a Large Gable with Two Windows. It was Partitioned into Two Rooms. The Boy-Owners made the built-in Bunks. The Ladder to the "Upper" is Their Special Pride! The opposite end of the Garret was Converted into the Boys' Playroom.

BECAUSE of the exorbitant war-time cost of building and remodeling, it has become necessary for every householder to make the best possible use of each foot of space which is or can be made available for living purposes. This is especially true when the size of the family increases and the house remains seemingly inadequate and inelastic.

Since it is impossible to dwell in subcellars, and since the price of labor and materials make first- and second-story additions beyond the reach of the average income, the only possible direction for expansion is toward the top of the house.

Remodel your garret! Within that raftered chamber beneath the roof there are fascinating and unsuspected possibilities too often sacrificed to cobwebs, trunks and the shrouded ghosts of departed household gods. When these possibilities are recognized and only such space as is actually required is allowed for the storage of derelicts and out-of-season clothing, the garret may be brought proudly into the bosom of the family to contribute its share of comfort and convenience. This may be accomplished by inexpensive materials and work any man and many women can do themselves. Here there are no restraining architectural and furnishing conventions to be lived up to, for each garret is a law unto itself and should, if it fulfils its mission, become the outlet for that castle-building instinct properly banished from the more formal floors.

When considering the garret as a place for year-round living, the unimaginative and unenlightened are apt to exclaim conclusively, "Too hot in summer and too cold in winter!"

Fortunately, neither of these seeming obstacles is as formidable as it appears and neither is insurmountable. To be sure, the sun does beat down upon the roof, but the temperature in the garret may be considerably reduced by sheathing, especially when this is augmented by proper ventilation. As a rule, too little attention is paid to the number, size and location of windows; hence the average garret is about as light and airy as a hay loft. Windows should be as large and numerous as possible and so placed as to admit cross currents of air. Then, too, blinds and awnings will assist materially in keeping the temperature normal, and if the windows are left open at night in fair weather, there will be no chance of that cumulative heat that makes the air so hot at the top of the house.

ANOTHER generally overlooked means of cooling and lighting the garret is the skylight. As a ventilator this has no equal when equipped with window shades to soften the glare and so constructed that it can be easily opened and closed.

As for making the garret comfortable in winter, that is merely a question of carrying the heat on up to the third floor instead of stopping it at the second. Naturally, this necessitates burning more fuel during severe weather, but one must pay a reasonable price for the additional room. Since the garret remains comfortably warm weeks after the lower floors become chilly in the autumn, and reaps the benefit of the first warm sun rays, the actual time of forcing the furnace is short. In those sections of the country where the temperature does not vary greatly, the only heat necessary is that from a fireplace. And a fireplace will do more than any other single feature to make the garret an alluring spot for young or old. To build one it is only necessary to tap the flue in the chimney that comes up through the floor, and have it framed up and bricked out by a mason who understands the building of fireplaces. When the chimney is built on the outside of the house, it is a simple matter for a carpenter or a mason to cut through the wall.

Since each garret varies in size and shape, and each family has its own peculiar requirements to meet, it is possible here only to generalize. The ideas and directions suggested must be adapted to individual needs.

THE reason why it is so much cheaper and easier to remodel a garret than to do similar work in other parts of the house, is because it is not necessary to plaster the walls. The partitions may be constructed of composition boards made of wood-pulp and paper processed into thin, board-like sheets which may be cut any size or shape and nailed to a light scaffolding. The work is so light that it can be done by any woman who knows the rudiments of the use of saw and hammer. These walls make admirable interiors, since they may be finished in many artistic ways, including wainscoting and paneling. They may be left in the original white or painted, stained, tinted, papered or covered with fabric. As a foundation for burlap, decorator's canvas, and wallpaper imitations of grained wooden panels, they provide a background suggestive of the thickest wall. As for the rafters, paint or stain will transform them into a distinctly decorative feature, especially if the attic is made into a living-room furnished with rugged furniture.

After once visualizing your garret as it may be, there is tremendous incentive for materializing the ideal. Consider, for example, the loft type of garret without dormers, with a gable roof and gable windows at each end. With paneled walls and raftered ceiling, a fireplace, easy chairs, cushioned window seats, a commodious table and a few book-shelves, it may be converted into a delightful family living-room. An unusual room of this kind will often solve the problem of the wandering boy, and, for that matter, his restrained but restless parent!

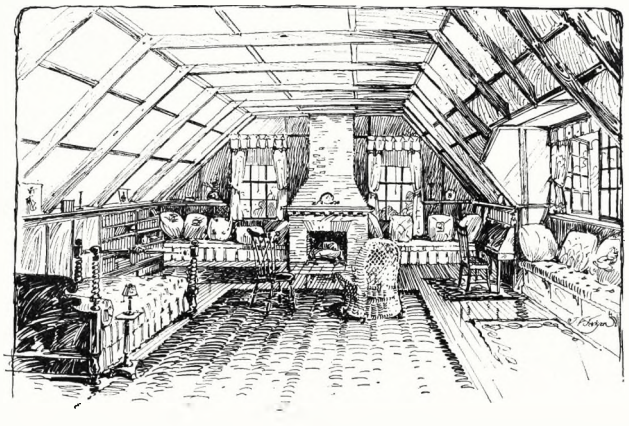
When a garret of this type is too large to be used as one room, partitioning is practical as there are always windows at each end. This is an especially good arrangement for growing boys who like a domain of their own and who may thus have a suite composed of living-room, bedroom and bath. If a fully equipped bathroom is too expensive, a lavatory may be installed at small cost. The boys can make the sturdy furniture themselves.

An unusual treatment for a large gable or dormer having two windows is to erect a partition in the center and make each room into a bedroom by attaching to each slanting wall a built-in bunk like the berth in a steamer. This leaves space against the straight wall of each room for the necessary articles of furniture. When these rooms open into a living-room where the boys may study and play and entertain their pals, man-fashion, the apartment is complete. Ingenious boys would have no difficulty in doing the carpenter work themselves.

A PROPERLY equipped garret is a paradise for children and a boon to their mother. With a gate spanning the stairway, and stout screens barring the windows, they are safely and happily housed on rainy days. The roof timbers afford support for swings, rings, bars and trapeze, and there is plenty of room for doll houses and a sand table, aquarium and other treasures for which there is no room in the average house.

There are many unusual purposes the garret may be made to serve when we get away from the conventional idea of its proper sphere. One woman who felt the need of having an isolated retreat where she could occasionally lock herself away from the sound of practising and the noise of the younger children and get a perspective on housekeeping routine, partitioned off a garret dormer which became known as "Mother's Withdrawing Room." She and her husband did the work themselves. The room was furnished with articles chosen for its occupant's special use and enjoyment without considering their relationship toward the family. No one crossed the threshold of this sanctum without a special invitation from Mother. Within, there were dainty curtains, growing plants, an easy chair, a day bed, a table with a good lamp, a few favorite books and magazines, a sewing cabinet and small writing desk—and always a box of chocolates. (Imagine the bliss of possessing a box of candy that could be opened without having to be denied hungering little mouths!) As a result of her frequent short rests here, this fortunate mother was able to maintain her unruffled poise and continue efficiently in her rôle of family shock-absorber.

(Con. on page 21)



This Attic was "Home Done." The Rafters were left Rough-hewn and Stained. The Side Walls were Lined with Composition Board. It was an Inexpensive Matter to Cut a Fireplace in the Brick Chimney. Note the built-in Furniture

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THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

A Painting of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, from her favorite Photograph

The President's Wife in Wartime

"There is, in all the length and breadth of our great country, no woman who is doing more to help win the war than the Mistress of the White House"

WHEN the first rumblings of war were heard four years ago, everybody turned to watch the President of the United States, anxiously regarding his every move; since we have been actually in the war, we have looked toward him constantly for encouragement and policy—we have seen how wonderful he has been, and tireless in his great war work. But just as tireless, and just as wonderful in her big war job, is Mrs. President—the woman behind the man behind the Nation! We have wondered, perhaps, how she has met the amazing changes the war has brought, and if, like the Presidents' wives back in some of the old war days, she has been bearing the brunt of it all. Those who know her best know that no less than those other heroic ones, Mrs. Wilson, who combines the modern woman's keen intelligence and progress with the high art of home-making, is at once the cheery comrade, friend and wife of our President. For the big war job of this First Lady of the Land is to keep up the President's morale! In the face of German gains, submarined ships, war profiteering and all the harassing details of piloting a nation at war, she must fortify his courage. When he plays, she must be his joyful, refreshing playmate; when he is utterly weary, she must be the quiet, restful friend who recreates him. When there are receptions, balls, parades and the thousand other functions which they must attend together, she must be the charming "Madame President;" and, finally, into the hours when the President is engaged with affairs of state, Mrs. Wilson must crowd her day of work.

The day at the White House begins with an eight o'clock breakfast, followed by an hour or two of recreation for the President and Mrs. Wilson. This is often golf and sometimes walking or riding horseback. Then the President's work-a-day begins—at ten or thereabouts—when Mrs. Wilson is left to her private duties.

One would suppose that, in the White House, such tiresome details as housekeeping and ordering meals would sort of happen automatically. But they do not seem to. Every morning, Mrs. Wilson confers with those who run the household machinery to make sure that the wheatless, meatless, sweetless, heatless days are observed, that there are no wasted left-overs, and that the President has his favorite pudding for dinner!

Then comes the next arduous duty for Mrs. President. The enormous mail must be gone through with her secretary and all its many requests answered tactfully and kindly. It is hard to conceive of so much mail every day that one would lose one's thrill at the postman's whistle or the rumble of the mail man's wheels just over the hill. But it is harder still to think of answering a hundred or so letters every day, even when one needs only to dictate the replies to a rapid-fire stenographer! Frequently in the morning she spends some hours visiting at the hospitals and taking flowers to and personally chatting with the wounded men there.

After luncheon, Mrs. Wilson has a brief interval when she ought to rest before some women of the diplomatic circle come in to tea or a formal reception claims her, but thinking of wartime knitting and the other many little odd-minute wartime demands, she seldom does. And when is one to shop, or help to plan entainments for the soldiers and sailors if not in such a leisure while. Every day, too, Mrs. Wilson visits her mother. They ride or knit together and chat, perhaps of "Do - you - remember?" things that mothers and daughters love to go over together. Rarely does Mrs. Wilson forego this privilege.

And then, one must not forget that relentless calendar of appointments. To the woman who is able to get her well-earned intervals of relaxation during the heat or to stow herself warmly away on a cold winter's afternoon, let it be said that she is having privileges quite impossible to the wife of an American President. When Mrs. Wilson was buying her wedding outfit she spoke of getting some of the pretty, dainty negligees, such as all women delight in; but one who knew better what was before her said, "No use to prepare any of those, for you will never wear them. It is necessary to be dressed fully and formally from early in the morning until late at night, every day of the year"— And this was before the war!

THOSE of us to whom an hour a day or a day a week at the Red Cross workrooms, when we are weary already from our own home tasks; to whom the appeals for money from a hundred different sources and to whom the eternal suspense of waiting for peace seem more than we can endure, cannot understand how the tireless wife of the President gives constantly of herself, with never a half hour just to live her own life, and keeps young. It is her splendid courage. She cannot fail her tremendous war task.

Yet her day is not over even when night-time comes. She can't, like you or me, "finish up the dishes" and then sit out on the front porch to rock and watch the folks go by. After dinner, which is often itself a formal occasion, there is likely to be a state function or charity ball or other brilliant entertainment which the President and Mrs. Wilson must attend.

Sometimes, though, happily, there are free evenings when the President and Mrs. Wilson can motor far out into the country and forget for awhile; or when Miss Margaret Wilson is home from her professional engagements and they all sit and chat through the evening like any other American family; or, when the President is busy till eleven o'clock and Mrs. Wilson sits knitting with the ladies of her household waiting for him. Sometimes, too, they go to a vaudeville show, where the President seems to find the greatest relaxation and entertainment—more relaxation and entertainment than his wife, perhaps! For even this fun time must be formal—the party has to sit in the President's box, they have to receive the applause and the stares of the audiences who have learned to expect their coming. There is little chance to "get away from everything" and just rest even in a playhouse—when you are the President's wife.

It is impossible to make you realize how patiently this indefatigable mistress of the White House keeps at her job. Much of it may sound like fun and would be, for most of us, if we could choose our own time and convenience for it all, but to her it is work—joyful work, because she makes it so, but none the less wearing. Any one of the demands on Mrs Wilson's time would seem to most of us to call for rest "before and after," and some special preparation. But turning over any day's calendar leaf she is likely to be confronted with such appointments as: luncheon with an English prince; reception to the new ambassador from—; reception of delegates of women from Council of National Defense; patroness at benefit concert for overseas rest house for furloughed American soldiers; concerts for Italian War Relief; funeral of the Minister from —; Red Cross Carnival, and so on. In the heat of a midsummer Washington morning it takes very genuine serenity to face without impatience a hot trip to Philadelphia to review a parade of Girl Scouts or to make the equally hard journey to the great shipyard to christen the first of its output. A little rest snatched on the hot train, then back to the schedule—cheerfully!

As if it were not enough of a wartime demand that Mrs. Wilson should watch after the well-being of the President of the United States beside her own many cares, she must yet keep giving, not in mere money alone, either, or thought, but of the work of her own hands. During the first summer of the war, she and Miss Bones, the President's cousin, made an outfit of hospital garments and bedding, several dozen pajamas, sheets, pillow cases and so on which were given to the heads of the Foreign Red Cross Societies—the British, French, Italian and Serbian—for distribution.

CONSTANTLY, also, our President's wife meets all the demands of the Red Cross. Requests for autographs, cards, handkerchiefs and pictures of the White House pour in from everywhere, and she, with the President, too, often signs them to be sold at auction. The words, "Edith Bolling Wilson" and "Woodrow Wilson" in their own handwriting are worth hundreds of dollars at a Red Cross auction.

Not long ago, during a few "idle" hours, Mrs. Wilson went down to the canteen to see the troop trains and to greet the soldiers on their way. She took a basket of cigarettes with her and passed them among them, chatting and distributing the tobacco. The boys were immensely pleased and went on their way with a nice little story to tell of having "met the President's wife!"

It is well understood that a man in the position of War President moves in no little danger. In spite of all that could be done for protection, tragedies have happened in the history of our presidency. Don't you suppose the memory of these goes through the mind of the Wife of this President as she sees him constantly exposing himself with a trustfulness that seems almost reckless? How she must have wanted to say "No" when, at that splendid Mount Vernon meeting, he ordered the marines back and let the great crowd come near him! And before that, when he broke all precedents and marched on foot between the long cheering lines in New York's great Red Cross parade—how she must have counted the minutes as she waited at the end of the line of march. Does she realize? You could not doubt it if you could see how at public meetings she sometimes unconsciously puts her own protecting self between her husband and the crowd.

There is, in all the length and breadth of our great country, no woman who, unremittingly and in difficult and diverse ways, is doing more to help win the war than the beautiful and gentle Mistress of the White House.

At the left, one of the few snapshots that have been taken of the President and Mrs. Wilson. Secret Service men usually spoil it all by walking in front of the camera at the last minute!

At a ball game President and Mrs. Wilson have as good a time as any of the other "bleachers."

Watching a Liberty Loan parade. Mrs. Wilson busily knits and nods to her friends as they pass.

The Abandoned-Farm Dwellers

[Continued from page 12]

color, and for other purposes he was not convincing. His dishwashing was far from brilliant and his sweeping was a mess. Also, his appetite for bringing wood had grown dull. There is an old saying which closely associates a colored person with a woodpile, but our particular Senegambian was not of that variety. The only time he really cared for wood was when it was blazing on the big fireplace, and the picture he made in front of it is about all that I remember of him now that we thought valuable. It is true that he made a good audience and would accompany me to the fuel heap and openly admire and praise my strength in handling the big logs, but his own gifts lay elsewhere. He approved of my gun and would have spent whole days firing it into the sky or the treetops to the general danger of the neighborhood, if I had let him. He had a taste for jewelry, especially for my scarf-pins. When he saw one loosely lying about he carefully laid it away, using a very private little box he had as a proper and safe place for it. When we discussed this matter he told me casually that he "spected" something would happen to him some day, as his father and uncle were at the moment in the penitentiary. He was inclined to exaggerate and may have been boasting, but I think his ancestry was of that turn.

Lazarus' own chief treasure was a clock. I do not recall now where he said it came from, but he valued it highly. It was a round tin clock, with an alarm attachment. He kept it by his bed, and the alarm was his especial joy. He loved the sound of it, I do not know why. Perhaps it echoed some shrill raucous cry of the jungle that had stirred his ancestors, and something hereditary in him still answered to it. He never seemed to realize that it was attached to the clock for any special purpose, such as rousing him to the affairs of the day. To him it was music, inspiration, even solace. When its strident concatenation of sounds smote the morning air, Lazarus would let it rave on interminably, probably hugging himself with that fierce joy of it, lulled by its final notes to a relapse of dreams. It did not on any occasion stimulate him to rise and dress. That was a more strenuous matter—one requiring at times physical encouragement on my part. Had his bulk been in proportion to his trance, I should have needed a block and tackle, and a derrick, to raise this later Lazarus.

Lazarus' downfall was a matter of pigs. We did not expect to embark in pig culture when we settled at Brook Ridge, but Westbury encouraged the notion and our faith in Westbury was strong. He said that pigs had a passion for dishwater and garbage and that our kitchen surplus, modestly supplemented with "shorts" would maintain a side-line of two pigs, which would grow into three-hundred-pounders and fill up Uncle Joe's pork and ham barrels by the end of another season.

The idea was alluring. A neighbor had small pigs for sale and I ordered a pair. There was an old pen near the barn and I spent a day setting it in order for our guests. I repaired the outlets, swept it and put in nice clean hay. I built a yard easy of access from the pen and installed a generous and even handsome trough. Westbury said our preparations were quite complete. I could see that our pigs also approved of it. They capered about, oof-oofing, and enjoyed their trough. Their manners left something to be desired, but that is often the case with the young.

What round, cunning, funny little things they were. We named them Hans and Gretel and were tempted to take them into the house as pets. Lazarus was fascinated by them. He hung over the side of their private grounds and wanted to carry them refreshments constantly.

"Dem certney make mighty fine shotes by spring," he announced to everybody that came along, "an', by killin' time dey grow as big as dat barn. I gwine to feed 'em all day, an' see how fat dey gits."

"You're elected, Lazarus," I said. "It's your job. You look after Hans and Gretel and we'll look after you."

"You des watch 'em grow," said Lazarus.

For a while we did. We went out nearly every day to look at our prospective ham and bacon supply, and it did seem to be coming along. Then I had some special work which took me away for a fortnight, and concurrently a bad spell of weather set in. Elizabeth, occupied with the hundred supplementary details of getting established and by general domestic duties, could not give Hans and Gretel close personal attention and they fell as a monopoly to Lazarus. With his passion for pigs, she thought he might overfeed them, but as she had never heard of any fatalities in that direction he was not restrained.

But it may be, this idea somehow got hold of Lazarus. I came home one evening and asked about the pigs. Elizabeth was doubtful. She had been out that day to look at them and was not encouraged by their appearance. She thought they had grown somewhat—in length. When I inspected them next morning I thought so, too. Their bodies appeared to have doubled in length and halved in bulk. Their pudgy noses had become bills. I said Hans and Gretel were no longer pigs—they were turning into ant-eaters.

Lazarus' love had waned and died. On chilly, stormy evenings it had been easier to fling the contents of his pail and pan out back of the wood-house than to carry them several times further to the pen, while the supplementary "shorts" had been shortened unduly for Hans and Gretel. The physical evidence was all against Lazarus: the fascinations of the big open fire had won him; he had been untrue to the pigs. When he appeared, they charged him in chorus with his perfidy and he could frame no adequate reply. Westbury came, and I persuaded him to take them at a reduction and threw in Uncle Joe's pork and ham barrels. I said we wanted Hans and Gretel to have a good home, that we had not been worthy of them.

We parted with Lazarus about the same time. Our regime was not suited to his needs. It was a pity; with his gifts the right people might have modeled him into a politician, or something, but we couldn't. Nor, according to agreement, could we administer that discipline which, from our old-fashioned point of view, he sometimes seemed to require. We could only "send back to de home."

ANIMAL life is still plentiful in New England—far more so than in the newer states of the middle West. With the decrease of population in many districts the wild things have wandered back to their old haunts. They are not very persistently hunted, and some of them, like the deer, are protected. Now and again in our walks we saw a fox, wary and silent-footed, and often on sharp nights, on the hill above the house, one barked anxiously at the moon.

I think there were no wolves or bears in our immediate neighborhood, though there came reports of them, now and then, from adjoining ridges. The nearest thing we had to bears were some very fat and friendly woodchucks, who, at a little distance, sitting on their haunches, looked very much like small grizzlies.

Most of the animals were friendly to us, and, I think, made our house a sort of center.

The deer did not call as soon as the others. They were reserved and aristocratic and would seem to have looked us over a while before they accepted us. We frequently saw their tracks, and hoped for one of the glimpses reported by our neighbors.

It came one morning very early. A cow in an adjoining field was making an unusual sound; Elizabeth looked out and beckoned me to the window. There they were at last! two reddish tan, shy creatures—a doe and a half-grown fawn—stepping mincingly down to the brook to drink. We could have hugged ourselves with the delight of it: deer—wild deer—on our own farm, drinking from our own brook, here in this old, old land!

I wonder if they heard us, or perhaps sensed us. Or they may not have liked the noise of greeting, or was it protest? made by the neighbor's cow. Whatever the reason, they suddenly threw up their heads, seemed to look straight at us, turned lightly, and simply floated away. They drifted over the stone wall and clumps of bushes without haste, without weight. It was as if we had seen phantoms of the dawn.

We saw them often after that. Sometimes at evening they grazed in our lower meadow. Once, three of them in full daylight crossed the upland just above the house. They were moving deliberately, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

We felt the honor of it—they had admitted us to their charmed circle.

Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government booklets written for housekeepers and mothers especially. We will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of any of the booklets described below. Always enclose a three-cent stamp with your request, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Child Care

UNDER the title "Child Care," the Federal Children's Bureau has issued a booklet which every mother of children from two to six years should have. The booklet is the third of a series, the first two of which were "Prenatal Care" and "Infant Care." It deals with proper food, clothing, sleep, play, education, health and hygiene, and contains a wealth of information which is needed daily. Our Washington Bureau will be pleased to obtain a copy for you.

Home Bread Making

BREAD and Bread Making in the Home," compiled in the Office of Home Economics, will be a help in your bread making. The leaflet gives directions for measuring, mixing and molding, and care of the dough and baking. The leaflet also contains numerous recipes for breads, rolls, and biscuits made by both the short and long sponge processes.

Use of Wheat-Flour Substitutes

THE Office of Home Economics has issued a booklet which will be of great help at the present time in using the required wheat substitutes. The leaflet contains about 20 pages of recipes using wheat-flour substitutes in bread, biscuits, gems, muffins, cakes and pastry.

Food for Young Children

DOES your child's menu trouble you? Are you giving him sufficient nourishment and as great a variety as is safe? Your Government has prepared a booklet which will help you greatly. It contains suggested menus, gives directions for preparing many simple, tempting dishes, and illustrates methods of serving. It is a booklet all mothers of small children should have.

Home Conveniences

YOUR Government has issued a booklet on home conveniences which will be helpful to every housewife. It contains illustrations and working directions for a home-made kitchen cabinet, fireless-cooker, sponge box, dish-drainer, serving-tray, folding ironing-board, iceless refrigerator, cold storage box, butter- and cheese-making equipment, and numerous other little conveniences. Send for this booklet and enjoy these home-made helps.

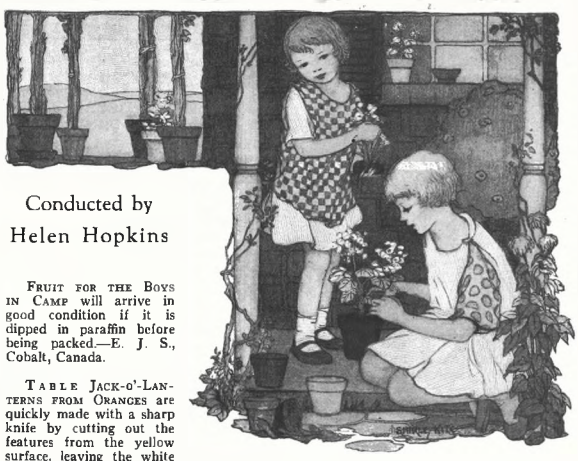
Your Garret As It May Be

[Continued from page 16]

Very often there is a finished room in the attic which can be made into an attractive sewing-room. One woman removed the trunks and boxes from a room of this kind, covered the plastered walls with a creamy yellow cold-water paint, varnished the floor, hung yellow and black cretonne curtains at the windows, a hanging basket of ferns near by, painted an old extension table and a discarded porch chair to match the walls, cushioned chairs to match the curtains and reveled in having a place to sew without cluttering up the entire house. A similar room, fitted up with bench and tools, makes a much better place for the man of the house to work than a dark nook in the cellar.

In these days of small and compact houses, the servant's room is always a problem. An attractive room makes a positive appeal to every woman and a pleasant bedroom will do much toward making a housemaid satisfied with her position. The garret is the logical place for such a room, since the maid's leisure hours are spent away from the family. When there is room enough in the garret, it requires only a few dollars' worth of materials and a little work to contrive sleeping- and living-rooms adjoining, where the maid may entertain her friends with a semblance of dignity which will add to her self-respect and remove much that is undesirable from her position in the household.

Our Housekeeping Exchange



Conducted by
Helen Hopkins

FRUIT FOR THE BOYS IN CAMP will arrive in good condition if it is dipped in paraffin before being packed.—E. J. S., Cobalt, Canada.

TABLE JACK-O'-LANTERNS FROM ORANGES are quickly made with a sharp knife by cutting out the features from the yellow surface, leaving the white skin exposed. If a slice is cut from the top, the pulp scooped out and mixed with other fruits, and the cavity refilled, you have a dainty fruit cup.—Mrs. M. L. M., Lancaster, Ohio.

FOR WHEELING THE ASH-BARREL, collecting cut grass and weeds, etc., a convenient cart may be made as follows: Take a shallow wooden box about eighteen by thirty inches; nail a stout board six inches wide on the bottom across one end, and on this board fasten the wheels from an old roller-skate, one wheel each side of the box and a few inches from the lower end. A narrow board five feet long fastened the length of the box down the center of the bottom, and extending beyond the box, forms a handle.—Mrs. O. M., Omaha, Nebraska.

PRUNES GET A NEW FLAVOR if a few whole cloves are put into the pan in which they are cooking.—Mrs. C. C. H., Salt Lake City, Utah.

WHEN COOKING SQUASH AND PUMPKIN wash the vegetable, remove a piece from one end and scoop out seeds and pulp. Put half a cupful of water in an ordinary tube cake tin, place the pumpkin or squash in it to bake, with the cavity of the vegetable over the tube. This conveys heat and steam to all parts, thereby cooking it quickly. When done, the skin will peel off like paper and there will be no moisture.—Mrs. G. E. W., Concord, New Hampshire.

IF YARN IS THOROUGHLY STEAMED while in the hank, garments made from it will not shrink when washed.—L. B., Jonesboro, Arkansas.

CRUSTLESS SANDWICH LOAVES are baked in one-pound baking-powder cans. Separate the dough for a one-pound loaf of bread into four parts; grease four pans and allow the dough to rise in them until they are nearly full. Sandwiches from these loaves fit nicely into empty cracker-boxes, already lined with waxed paper.—Mrs. F. L., Waterbury, Connecticut.

FIFTY OR SEVENTY-FIVE EXTRA NAILS in the soles of children's shoes will make them last twice as long as usual.—Mrs. A. B., St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin.

AN ECONOMICAL CLOTHES HAMPER is devised from a tall basket in which bananas are shipped. Saw it off to the second hoop if it seems too tall. Cover both inside and outside with glazed wall-paper spread thick with paste. Secure it on the outside first; then bring it over and down the inside, laying pleats at the bottom to make it fit. Make a lid of cardboard, cover it on both sides to match. Holes may be punched in lid for ventilation.—A. McK., Charleston, Illinois.

DUST WILL NOT SETTLE SO THICKLY on objects in a room with a hard-wood floor if the dry mop is used before the broom instead of after.—Mrs. W. A. N., Belfast, Maine.

We want your best suggestions for saving time, money and strength in housework of all kinds. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas not original with the sender cannot be accepted. 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.

PRETTY TRIMMING FOR SILK WAISTS is made of machine-stitching. Wind the bobbin of the sewing-machine with sewing silk and thread the machine with knitting or crochet silk. Lengthen stitch considerably, loosen upper tension, leaving shuttle thread as usual. The looser the tension, the prettier the stitching. Use large needle.—Mrs. G. R., Brooklyn, New York.

WHEN BASTING LONG SEAMS you will save much time and work if you will have a box of clips or paper fasteners by you and use them to clip together the edges of the cloth.—Mrs. L. I., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

WRING OUT HOT FLANNELS for application in time of sickness by using as tools a fork and a potato-ricer. Keep a pan of water over a flame, drop the flannels in it, lift with a fork into the ricer, press, and remove. Wringing flannels, burning hot, will thus lose all terrors.—Mrs. I. R. F., Salem, Oregon.

FOR MAHOGANY FURNITURE a small fine-haired whisk broom covered with an old silk handkerchief makes an excellent duster. It avoids the usual moist finger-prints.—Mrs. F. V. B., Cuba, Wisconsin.

LOOSE SNAP FASTENERS in the bottom of a box are hard to find. When discarding an article, pierce a strip of strong paper or thin cardboard with a darning needle, insert the snaps, roll up the strip and place it in a machine drawer for future use.—V. M. M., Brooklyn Manor, Long Island.

WHEN YOU WANT TO BUTTONHOLE an article and have no stamping materials, try the following: Draw a straight line where the edge is to be, then lay a button (one with two holes) exactly on the middle of the line; draw a half circle, move the button down a little, and draw another half circle.—K. N. B., North Devon, Canada.

OUR CAKE-GREASER is very convenient. An old bottle that had originally contained whiting for shoes was thoroughly washed and scalded, and then filled with fresh lard. The swab is always clean and greased, and the stopper keeps out dust.—Mrs. D. C. W., Bucyrus, Kansas.

WHEN BUTTONHOLING AN EDGE around serviettes, handkerchiefs, etc., draw a single thread at the edge of the basted hem. This will insure a perfectly even buttonhole edge and will enable you to work faster. The space, caused by the drawing of the thread, cannot be detected after the article is laundered.—B. O., Chipman, Canada.

KEEP THERMOS-BOTTLE CORKS from becoming soaked by dipping them in melted paraffin. The holes will be stopped up as well.—M. A. F., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

WHEN OILING THE MEAT GRINDER or egg-beater put a few drops of glycerine in the crevices. This leaves no taste in food.—V. P. T., North Beverly, Massachusetts.

The Key

[*Continued from page 11*]

But Keith interrupted her once more, and Susan was forced to content herself with leading the boy out on to the veranda. There they walked back and forth. A girl's voice cried shrilly from the street:

"Hullo, Keith, how do you do? We're awfully glad to see you out again."

The boy started violently.

"Susan, I—I'm tired. I want to go in now," he begged.

"Keith, it's Mazie—Mazie and Dorothy," came the high-pitched voice again.

But Keith turned his head quite away as he groped for the door to go in.

In the hall he drew a choking breath.

"Susan, I don't want to go out there to walk any more! I don't want to go anywhere where anybody'll see me."

"Shucks! See you, indeed! Why, we're goin' to be so proud of you we'll want the whole world to see you."

But Keith only shook his head again. And Susan, looking at his pale, constrained face, led him to a chair in his room and made him comfortable. Then she went downstairs and shut herself in until she could stop her "fool cryin' over nothin'."

CHAPTER VIII

MRS. NETTIE COLEBROOK came at half-past five. She was a small, nervous-looking woman with pale blue eyes and pale yellow hair. She greeted her brother with a burst of tears.

"Oh, Daniel, Daniel, how can you stand it—how can you stand it?" she cried, throwing herself upon the man's shoulder.

"There, Nettie, control yourself, do!"

"But how can you stand it?—your only son—blind?" wailed Mrs. Colebrook.

"I notice some things have to be stood," observed Susan, who was waiting to escort her visitor upstairs to her room.

Mrs. Colebrook stopped sobbing at once, and drew herself haughtily erect.

"And, pray, who is this?" she demanded.

"Well, 'this' happens to be the hired girl, and she's got some biscuits in the oven. If you'll be so good, ma'am, I'll show you upstairs to your room."

"Daniel!" appealed Mrs. Colebrook, aghast. But her brother, with a helpless gesture, had turned away. With heightened color and a muttered "Impertinence!" Mrs. Colebrook turned and followed Susan.

"I swept, but I didn't have no time to dust," she announced, as they went in. "There's a duster in that little bag there. There's towels in the top drawer, and you'll have to fill the pitcher every day, 'cause there's a crack an' it leaks. Is there anything more you want?"

"Thank you. That will be all I require," answered Mrs. Colebrook frigidly.

"All right, ma'am."

When Susan went downstairs and her strident call for supper rang through the hall, Mrs. Colebrook sought her brother in the studio.

"Daniel, what in the world is the meaning of that?" she began sharply.

"That? Oh, that is Susan's—er—supper bell," shrugged the man.

"You mean that that is her usual method of summoning you to meals and you stand it?"

"Oh, come, come! You don't understand. I have tried to stop it."

"Tried to stop it!"

"Yes. Oh, well, try yourself, if you think it's so easy. Try it."

"Try it! I sha'n't try; I shall stop it."

In the dining-room a disapproving Susan stood by the table.

"I thought you wasn't ever comin'. The hash is gettin' cold."

Mrs. Colebrook gasped audibly.

"Yes, yes, I know," murmured Mr. Burton. "But we're here now, Susan."

"What will Master Keith have for supper?" Mrs. Colebrook asked.

"He's had it ma'am," Susan replied.

Mrs. Colebrook bit her lip.

"Hereafter, Susan, I will take up Master Keith's meals myself."

There was no reply—in words.

After supper, Mrs. Colebrook went out into the kitchen.

"You may prepare oatmeal and dry toast and a glass of milk for Master Keith to-morrow morning, Susan."

"He won't eat 'em. He don't like 'em—not none of them things."

"I think he will, if I tell him to. At all events, you may prepare them as I said."

Susan's lips came together, and Mrs. Colebrook left the kitchen.

Keith did not eat his toast and oatmeal the next morning, though his aunt sat on the edge of the bed and attempted to feed him herself with a spoon.

Keith turned his face to the wall and said he didn't want any breakfast.

"Of course you don't want any breakfast, you poor, sightless lamb. And I don't blame you. But you must eat, dear."

But Keith turned his face even more determinedly to the wall, and said he guessed he would get up and be dressed.

"Oh, Keithie, are you well enough, dear? Are you sure you are strong enough?"

"Of course I'm well enough," insisted the boy irritably.

"Then I'll get your clothes, dear, and help you dress."

"I don't want any help."

"Why, Keithie, you'll have to have help. Where are your clothes, dear?"

"I don't know. I don't want 'em. I—I don't want to get up, after all."

ALL right, dear, you sha'n't. That's the better way, I think myself. Now try to go to sleep if you can. I'll put this little bell right by your hand on the bed; and you must ring if you want anything," she finished, hurrying out with the tray.

"Master Keith is going to sleep," she said to Susan in the kitchen. "I have left a bell within reach of his hand, and he will call you if he wants anything. I am going out to get a little air."

"All right, ma'am." Susan kept right on with the dish she was drying, and when she made sure that Mrs. Colebrook was safely away, she crossed the kitchen and lifted the napkin off the breakfast tray.

"Humph! I thought as much! But I was ready for you, my lady. Toast and oatmeal, indeed!" Susan strode to the stove and took from the oven a plate of delicious breakfast. Two minutes later she tapped at Keith's door and entered the room.

"Here's your breakfast, boy," she announced cheerily.

"I didn't want any breakfast," came crossly from the bed.

"Of course you didn't want that breakfast," scoffed Susan airily; "but you just look and see what I've brought you!"

"What have you got? Let me see?" He was sitting up now. "Hash—and—johnny-cake!" he cried, as she set the tray before him, and he dropped his fingers lightly on the contents of the tray. "And don't they smell good! I don't know—I guess I am hungry, after all."

"Of course you're hungry! Now eat it quick, or I'll be sick! Just think what'll happen if that blessed aunt of yours comes an' finds me feedin' you red-flannel hash and johnny-cake! See that you eat it up—every scrap." And when he had finished, she went to the closet for his clothes.

Half way back across the room, clothes in hand, she was brought to a sudden halt by a peremptory:

"What in the world is the meaning of this?" It was Mrs. Nettie Colebrook.

"Keith's goin' to get up."

"Very well, then, that will do. You may go. I will help him dress."

"I don't want any help," declared Keith.

"Why, Keithie, darling, of course you want help! You forget, dear. You can't see now, and—"

"Oh, no, I don't forget," cut in Keith bitterly. "But I don't want to get up, anyhow. What's the use of gettin' up? I can't do anything!" And he fell back on the bed with his face to the wall.

"There, there, dear, you are ill and overwrought," cried Mrs. Colebrook. "It is just as I said, you are not fit to get up." Then, to Susan, sharply: "You may put Master Keith's clothes back in the closet. He will not need them to-day."

"No, ma'am, I don't think he will need them—now." Susan's eyes flashed, but she hung the clothes back in the closet, picked up the tray, and left. The battle was on and Susan meant to see it through.

[*Continued in the November* McCALL'S]

SYNOPSIS.—Keith Burton, son of an unsuccessful artist who lived in a New England village, was going blind. He didn't know it was that, until, one day, he heard Susan, the housekeeper, talking over the back yard fence with Mrs. McGuire about Old Uncle Joe Harrington's blindness; but he knew it was something terrible. The boy was startled and went, immediately, up the hill to see Uncle Joe. The old man told him how his affliction had begun and Keith, dejectedly, turned toward home realizing, at last, that the "Great Terror" was coming. On the way, he met Dorothy and Mazie, who asked curiously about Uncle Joe, and Dorothy, in sympathy, shuddered and said she could not bear to look at blind people.

The summer passed and school time came. Keith pleaded to be let off from school, but his father had great dreams—pathetic dreams for his only child and sternly reproved him. But when his report card was sent home, the whole story of his eyes came out. Keith was immediately hurried to Boston for treatment.

How Can We Keep Well?

The First of a Series of Articles on the Communicable Diseases of the Air Passages

By Hermann M. Biggs, M.D., LL.D.

Commissioner of Health, State of New York

THE most common and fatal diseases in temperate climates at all ages are the infectious diseases of the respiratory tract, especially those affecting the lungs. These diseases cause probably one-third of all sickness and are responsible for fully one-quarter of all deaths. Their importance, too, is largely increased from the practical and economic viewpoint, because their greatest prevalence and the greatest fatality from them occur in the early and middle periods of life—the time of greatest activity and usefulness. Still, one of these diseases, pneumonia, remains the most common and fatal disease, even to old age.

In the strict sense, all of these diseases are preventable and therefore unnecessary. Pasteur once said that all diseases caused by germs can be prevented. We now know that these diseases are all due to infections; they are all caused by disease germs entering the body from without and, therefore, as judged by this standard, they should all be preventable.

Practically, however, under the present conditions of life in most communities and especially in the crowded cities, and with our present knowledge, these diseases are only in part preventable because it is possible only in part to control the sources from which the infections arise. That they are preventable to a great extent, however, is certain.

There are numerous forms of infections in the air passages of the body but only the more important ones will be mentioned. These include most of the catarrhal colds (which are highly infective and the communicability of which is a matter of common observation in every household), grippe, laryngitis, whooping-cough, bronchitis, pneumonia and tuberculosis. There are a number of other very important diseases in which the infective agents enter wholly or in part by the air passages, which for various reasons are not included in this group—they are, for example, pharyngitis, tonsilitis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, etc. Pharyngitis and tonsilitis usually accompany and produce in part the symptoms associated with the catarrhal colds and grippe, but there are other varieties of inflammation of the tonsils and throat which may remain localized in the throat and which are not infective, or at least they are not ordinarily produced by germs received from without the body; these forms are but little, if at all, communicable.

DISORDERS of digestion and nutrition also contribute largely to the development of some forms of tonsilitis and pharyngitis, and syphilis may produce a very severe and chronic inflammation in the nose, throat and larynx.

Diphtheria, measles and scarlet fever are only in part local affections of the air passages, although the germs producing these diseases are usually received in this way. The important symptoms and results affect other parts of the body as much as the throat, and they are not regarded, therefore, as primary diseases of the respiratory tract.

There are certain fundamental facts with reference to these infectious diseases and their prevention which apply to them all, and which I will consider in this article, while the diseases themselves are of such a vital and practical importance to every one that I wish to devote the articles on health in McCall's Magazine for several months to their consideration.

IT seems particularly fitting that this should be done at this time, because the prevalence of these diseases begins to increase in the early autumn. The opening of the schools, the beginning of cooler weather and the shutting of doors and windows, the assembling and often crowding of large numbers of people in closed places, theaters, street cars, churches, assembly halls, etc., and all of those transformations in our habits of life which are incident to the gradual change of season from summer to winter and from the open-air life of the warm weather to the closed, restricted, shut-in life of winter, largely contribute to this result. All of these conditions assist in bringing about the close contact of people with each other under circumstances most favorable to the direct transference of the infective agents from the sick to the well, as well as from the unsusceptible and healthy "bacillus carriers" to the susceptible persons in contact with them. Thus the areas of infection extend in ever-widening circles as the winter passes, and the maximum amount of sickness from these diseases, and for that matter from all infectious diseases, occurs in the late winter or early spring months—February, March and April. Their prevalence and fatality is further contributed to at this time because of the impaired vitality of a large section of the population, caused by the confinement indoors and the exposure out of doors to severe cold and to the rigors of winter.

The highest death-rate of the year occurs at this season.

It is usually thought that these diseases are caused primarily by exposure to cold, and often we take the greatest care to protect ourselves from fresh air and cold in winter. How wrong this view is is well shown by the experience at the New York Municipal Sanatorium for Tuberculosis at Otisville, N. Y., for a number of years when it was under my direction. This institution, which has accommodations for 600 patients, is constructed so that all inmates, with the exception of about 40 infirmary patients, must sleep and eat out of doors at all seasons and in all conditions of weather. In designing the building, it was my deliberate purpose to provide only open-air quarters, so that patients could not at any time sleep or live within four walls.

The institution is situated in the Shawangunk Mountains at an elevation of about 1,100 feet, and the climate in winter is severe, the thermometer often registering below zero Fahrenheit for a number of days in succession, and not infrequently it goes to ten or more degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

The patients come almost entirely from the tenement-house population of New York City and have been accustomed to living and sleeping in close rooms, often entirely without light or ventilation. Moreover, they are ill with pulmonary tuberculosis—a chronic disease of the air passages—and they are almost invariably in very poor general condition.

Notwithstanding these facts, which would apparently render such persons especially susceptible to exposure to cold and particularly unfit to resist changes of weather and extremes of temperature, they are at once put out of doors to live and sleep at all seasons of the year, even in the coldest weather of winter. Experience has shown that this course is not only devoid of danger but is the best one, for they do not contract pneumonia nor any other acute respiratory disease, and, as a rule, almost immediately the symptoms of their pulmonary tuberculosis begin to improve.

IT is a most remarkable and significant fact that during the period of nine years, in which I was in charge of this institution, not a single case of acute lobar pneumonia occurred among the patients, although the daily census in later years was from 500 to 600. The reason for this is obvious: the regulations of the institution are stringent in relation to the disposal of the sputum and as to covering the nose and mouth in coughing and sneezing. These regulations are strictly enforced—one violation brings a reprimand and a second is followed by the immediate discharge of the patient.

We have, therefore, in this institution those sanitary regulations strictly observed which are necessary to prevent the spread of the infectious diseases of the respiratory tract, and which we would like to see observed in every community and in every household. The influences of overcrowding, bad ventilation and close contact are of course also removed.

It becomes evident that to prevent these diseases we must educate all sections of the population as to the absolute necessity, for their own protection, of the observance and enforcement of these simple rules.

In subsequent articles the different diseases of the air passages and their causation, prevention and treatment will be considered separately.

ILLNESS is expensive. The debit side of its ledger is written in terms of discomforture, strength of caretakers, loss of wages of patient, money for medicines, nurses and doctors. This fall and winter, even more than in ordinary times, we must plan to avoid this often unnecessary expenditure by preventing illness in ourselves and our families. So we are especially glad to welcome Dr. Biggs' timely plan for a series of special articles that will help our home women learn the right ways to take care of illness—and, better yet, to prevent it.—*The Editor.*

Health Questions Answered

If you want any further information concerning the prevention and care of tuberculosis, pneumonia, grippe, or any other communicable disease, write to Dr. Arthur R. Guerard, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City. Dr. Guerard will answer personally through the mail any health question, provided a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.

NEURASTHENIA

M. C., New York, and others.—I feel irritable, uneasy and worried about myself all the time. The doctor tells me that I am not sick, but I feel sick and nervous, have vertigo, see spots before my eyes, have pains over the kidneys and heart, and am generally depressed and wretched. What is the cause of this? What can I do to relieve this feeling?

You are probably suffering from "nerves and grouches," or in other words, neurasthenia, so-called. If so, however, the nerves have little to do with it. To cure such a "nervous" affection, you must overhaul not only your body but your mind. Given a thoroughly healthy body, it is seldom that a grouch can take root in the mind. A thorough search must be made for bodily defects or infections. In the absence of these, the remedy for neurasthenia lies largely in your own hands. It is not fair to yourself or those about you, to lose control of yourself or become self-centered. First have a thorough physical examination to exclude physical causes, and any defects should be treated. Stop thinking about yourself and think of others. Eat good nourishing food, get all the sleep you can with wide open windows, and take regular outdoor exercise. Then you will soon forget that you have any nerves.

THE HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE SCARE

G. O., Wisconsin.—I have been told that I have a high blood pressure. I am over 50 years of age and am worried about myself. Is high blood pressure dangerous?

High blood pressure, and sometimes low blood pressure, slight thickening of the arteries and traces of albumin in the urine may be said to be the danger signals that suggest the importance of care to prevent degenerative disease. The individual's mode of life should be ordered with regard to diet, exercise, sleep, work, etc., and the circulation safeguarded and a normal mental poise maintained. If all excesses are avoided, a fairly high blood pressure in a man of over fifty years of age may be well carried. But a blood pressure higher than normal should be kept under medical observation.

DURATION OF PREGNANCY

F. P., North Carolina.—Am expecting to be confined with my first baby. (1) When did I become pregnant, and when may I expect the baby to be born? (2) When are the movements of the child felt? (3) Would a 7 months' baby live?

You probably became pregnant just after your last menstrual period. If so, you may expect to be confined in about 278 days, dating from the end of the last menstrual flow. (2) The first movements of the child are usually felt in about 4 to 4½ months. (3) A 7 months' baby may be born alive but is usually delicate.

Rainbow's End

[Continued from page 7]

felt he was trying to sway her. Not consciously, perhaps, but he drove her toward flippancy, the better to keep him off.

A car came round the curve. She found a seat easily. As she glanced about, the current of her thoughts was diverted by a man just seating himself diagonally across the aisle. Eight years had passed since she had seen him last. But she recognized him at once. There was no question but what it was Richard Harper. As she studied his profile, she wondered if he were still plodding along in Innisville.

Even as a girl, she had had an intolerance for the Innisville youth. But Richard had been different. His eyes were set toward the city. It was one of the bonds between them. For a time her vision of the future had been merged in his.

The death of his father had changed this. Richard had relinquished his purpose. He had felt it his duty to stay in Innisville. The quarrel that precipitated had been a violent one.

Richard Harper turned, as if subconsciously drawn by her scrutiny. He answered her smile of greeting, and crossed and seated himself beside her.

"So," she said, "you haven't forgotten me."

That was not what she would have said on second thought. But, with him there, she was conscious of a stirring of old memories. How much she had forgotten!

He gazed at her from under the level line of his eyebrows—an old trick of his.

"No," he said, "hardly that." He seemed to be renewing his memory with details of her appearance. "You haven't been back."

Lorna shook her head, with a half embarrassed smile. "I've always intended to go back for a visit," she said. And she had. "But I've been busy—terribly busy."

Richard did not ask the inevitable question. He still studied her.

"I suppose," she broke in, "that Innisville is still Innisville?"

The level line of his eyebrows lifted a little. "Everything changes," he said, and with a suggestion of humor, added, "Even you are changed."

"Innisville changed," she protested. "Don't tell me Merton's has become a department store!"

His lips twitched. "Hardly that."

"How is your mother?"

"She died almost six years ago," he said.

Lorna said the proper thing. But under her words ran a current of disapproving thought. His mother had died and he had stayed in Innisville!

"Are you still in Merton's?"

"Yes—and no." Answering her questioning glance he added, "I bought him out just before mother died. He was anxious to sell and it seemed a good opportunity."

A good opportunity! What had become of his old ambition? She felt an impulse to goad him.

"Richard—why have you never come to the city?" she demanded. "You used to dream such dreams!"

The level line of his eyebrows lifted again. "I remember," he admitted. "I did think of it after mother died, but I thought it best to go on."

Lorna brushed this aside. "Don't you ever regret it?"

He evaded the question, though his eyes met hers squarely.

"Don't you," he asked, "ever regret having lost Innisville?"

The suggestion was one at which she had always scoffed. Yet, under the gaze of Richard's compelling eyes, searching beneath the overlay of—was it wistfulness—she felt something stir within her—a vision—a narrow road flanked by graying fence rails and in the middle distance, the little brown house in which her aunt had lived.

It held her a moment. And with the vision came a vague doubt—was the career she had achieved, the high tension under which she lived, her ideal, or only a youthful ambition which she had made come true but which, after all, might not satisfy her woman's heart?

"You come to Boston often?"

"Three or four times a year."

"And you've never been to see me."

"I wanted to," he said—and her gaze fell before his—"but I was afraid that as yet I hadn't justified myself in your eyes."

Lorna was feminine enough to thrill to the implication of that. "You'll come to see me," she said, "to-morrow?"

Richard hesitated the fraction of a second. "I'll be glad to."

"Promise"—she had not missed the suggestion of some mental reservation.

He nodded and she felt curiously happy. But all she said was: "I get off here."

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Rainbow's End

[Continued from page 25]

They parted on the platform and she went toward the square. Van had said he would be there in the machine.

She glanced about, without seeing Van. She was surprised; still, it was four twenty-five, and she had not promised definitely.

It was useless to wait. She considered what she should do. She really ought to go back to the office but she felt both distaste and, an instant later, the warning pressure at the back of her head. That was beginning to worry her.

She brought her mind back to the question at hand. Van had probably telephoned her at the office. Of course he would want her to join him to-morrow. But he would have to be put off. Richard was coming. It broke in upon her then that she had forgotten to tell Richard her address.

She turned quickly toward the entrance to the station. If he had taken a surface car and she took an elevated, she might overtake him. She ran up stairs and just caught a train. She felt a pleasurable anticipation that she did not try to analyze.

Richard, however, had too much of a head start. He had been going to the Bunker Hill Monument, but Lorna reached it without encountering him. She asked the keeper if there were any other visitors.

"Only a gentleman who went up a minute ago," he replied, respectfully. As she disappeared into the monument, he observed sagely: "If they've had a quarrel there's no better place to make it up."

Lorna pressed upward, expecting to overtake Richard at every turn. Her breath came faster, her heart began to pound, but she did not slacken her pace. She had climbed a hundred steps, however—and it seemed a thousand—before she saw him.

"Richard!" she gasped.

He turned, the light from one of the oblong windows cut in the side of the shaft athwart his face. But this was not what illuminated it.

"I—I missed my appointment and I—I remembered I hadn't given you my—my address," she explained.

The blood sang in her ears. She saw the concern in Richard's face and tried to smile.

"I—feel dizzy," she said.

He gazed at her, his eyes uncompromising.

"I told you you didn't look fit. You're not. Why do you drive yourself so? What are you getting out of it?"

Some purely feminine strain vibrated to his tone. "I don't know," she confessed.

"I'd like to pick you up and carry you back to Innisville with me—to-night."

She experienced something exquisite.

"You can't," she reminded him, "because, you know, you've promised to call on me to-morrow."

As she caught his expression, hers changed from playfulness to dismay.

"You promised!" she said, quickly.

"I'd rather you released me."

"Why?"

He considered. Then, his eyes meeting hers squarely, he said: "Because I love you. I always have. And it hurts me to see what you are doing to yourself. If I thought I could make you see things differently—"

He left the sentence unfinished. She stood a moment and then a voice, so small and strange that she hardly recognized it as her own, broke the silence;

"You might try," it said.

The color flooded her face; she could not meet his eyes.

"Lorna—do you mean that you might—"

Here it was, the question she had feared that she might hear that afternoon—from another man's lips.

She lifted her face to his and caught her breath.

"I—I don't know," she said, and then, as if his eyes had drawn the words from her, "I think perhaps—"

She had the sense of being suspended in illimitable space. If her mind suggested that this was madness, that she was permitting herself to be stampeded into ill-considered action, she did not heed it.

"Lorna," he said, abruptly, "I want you to come to Innisville with me, to-morrow. There's a train that leaves at six fifty-eight. That's frightfully early—but will you take it?"

"Oh, Richard! How can I? There are so many things to be thought of—"

"I want you to think of other things, more important things. I want you to get a new perspective. Promise," he persisted.

And she promised. She had a sense of being swept along by the current, and this was so novel as to be grateful to her.

It was not, indeed, until late the next afternoon that qualms shook her—the early rising and catching the tra... had been tinged with adventure. Now the work she left behind began crowding in upon her.

Richard's eyes were upon her. The feeling that he read her thoughts was so strong that she made a little gesture, half protest.

"You've taken me up by the roots," she said. "I'm—breathless. There's a thousand and one things I should have done first—"

"I know it," he said, with a smile. "That's the reason I took you up—by the roots. Don't worry about the business—"

"How can I help it? To close my desk Saturday on unfinished work and not to reappear Monday—"

"I've thought of that. We'll wire a night letter to your assistant. And if necessary I'm going to lend you Eddie Fiske—"

Lorna glanced at him, frankly astonished. She remembered Eddie as a lanky, awkward youth of fifteen.

"He's changed," said Richard, "he's my right hand man now and smart—as they say in Innisville—'as a steel trap.'"

Lorna smiled and resolutely put care away from her.

"Here we are, Innisville. The motor is waiting. There Eddie is now."

Lorna glanced with surprise at the young chap who had just brought a car to a halt at the platform. He looked toward them, cap in hand. He was tall and wore a modish duster.

"It's Lorna Lennox, isn't it?" he said.

Lorna returned his vigorous handclasp.

"Going to drive us over?" asked Richard.

"You bet," said Eddie, and Lorna noted the affection in his eyes as they turned toward Richard. He reached into his pocket and produced a telegram. "Brought this over—thought it might interest you."

Richard read it without comment. Then he said to Eddie:

"Put Lorna in the car. I'll be with you in a minute."

Eddie led the way. When Lorna had seated herself he stood by the side of the car. In his eyes there lingered the afterglow of the warmth with which he had greeted Richard.

"You think a lot of Richard," she ventured, impulsively.

"Think a lot of him!" He drew a deep breath. "I should say I do. Everybody in Innisville—or the county for that matter—would sell their shoes for him. If he should leave us—but he won't."

Richard returned at that moment. "All aboard," he broke in, and seated himself beside Lorna.

Eddie drove swiftly: there was little chance for conversation. "It's all different," she said finally.

"Automobiles have made a big change," he explained.

The road turned and they swept down into the village square. The old ramshackle block that had housed Merton's and the post office, had disappeared, and, with them, their time-scarred signs.

The village green was immaculate, a flag whipped in the breeze from the peak of the gleaming pole. Everything, she thought, seemed freshly painted and scrubbed. In the old days there had always been signs of decay, a sagging gate, or uncut grass. Lorna glanced about her, bewildered. She had been bracing herself, she realized, for something quite different.

The car was mounting again. The cottage her aunt had owned, and which she had sold to equip herself for her venture into the city, sprang into sight. Eddie stopped before it and turned a shining face.

Lorna did not heed him. She was staring at the cottage. It was no longer brown, but white. A portico and a pergola had been added, crimson ramblers clambered over trellises. Richard led her into the living-room. There were book-shelves at each end; the library table was flanked by big, roomy leather chairs. Lorna looked from it to Richard.

"I bought it," he said. "And Mis' Fletcher keeps house for me."

"Tell me, what else you have been doing."

"It won't take long. As you know I went to work in Merton's"—he hesitated and she nodded him on. "Summer folks had already begun to come to the lake and I felt that Merton might treble his trade if he went after them. But he couldn't see it—said he wanted to sell out. I finally bought him out."

"Then mother died and—well I thought of going to the city."

[Continued on page 27]

When Your Hair Goes Up

Hints for the High-School Girl Doing Up Her Hair for the First Time

You Should Try the Different Ways Till You Find the Most Becoming One

THE pompadour is still stylish. Divide your hair in four parts as shown. Tie the back division very securely. Pull the hair low over forehead and ears.

RUFFING does not hurt the hair if it is properly done. Hold tightly end of division to be ruffed and ruff a little at a time, always from end toward roots.

DON'T try parting your hair in the middle unless you are sure it is becoming. First step is to divide into four divisions, tying back piece securely. The knot at back should be low.

THIS style is youngest and most "wearable." Arrange hair low over forehead and ears, fastening it with plenty of invisible hairpins. The part may be more to the side if preferred.

Rainbow's End

[*Continued from page 26*]

He paused to choose his words. "First, however, I stopped to figure out just what I would gain. Greater opportunity? I wasn't as sure as I had been at twenty. I decided to stay. Oh, and one thing has just followed another until Innisville is the town you see."

"I don't see how you managed to handle it all."

"I can't begin to. And that is the blessed part of it. When I began, I was doing things for myself. Now I'm doing things for others. All this activity helps the village. The whole countryside is more prosperous. We've got better schools, better roads, better living conditions and the lowest tax rates in the state.

"Better still, there are all manner of opportunities for the boys who are growing up here."

The apologetic note that had been in his voice when he started speaking of his own affairs was gone, his eyes glowed with the fire of his enthusiasm.

And so did Lorna's.

"Now," said she, "I understand what Eddie meant when he told me there wasn't a person in Innisville who wouldn't sell his shoes for you."

He blushed under his tan. "Eddie has been telling tales out of school."

He paused—

"It isn't exactly a state secret, I suppose," he said. He hesitated before adding, "They've asked me to run for Congress. That was the message I just received. I must wait—"

"For Congress?" Lorna's eyes widened.

He nodded. "They've done it before. Now they're baiting the hook with the suggestion that I might fall heir to a senatorial toga. But—"

"I understand," she broke in quickly. "There are so many things to do—"

"You do understand!" he proclaimed joyously. "There are so many things to do."

He paused abruptly. "But you are tired," he said.

She lifted her face. "Do I look tired?" she asked.

He gazed at her. At the left corner of her mouth was a half dimple, more fascinating in its uncertainties and irregularities than a perfect specimen.

"Do I?" she persisted.

"No. I can't understand it but—"

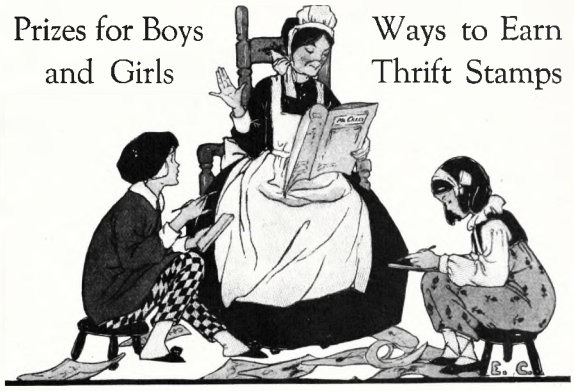
"You can't?" she whispered. And then—perhaps without relevance—she lifted her face to his and added:

"Aren't you ever—" she blushed furiously—"going to—to—"

He finished for her.

Happy-Hour Contests

Prizes for Boys and Girls — Ways to Earn Thrift Stamps



DEAR CHILDREN:—Did you ever see a really truly giraffe? Isn't he funny? If there wasn't a giraffe in the circus you went to, just get out your geography and find a picture of one. Then read "The Big G-Raffe" very carefully and draw him as the poem says. I am going to give four thrift stamps to the boy or girl sending me the best drawing and three thrift stamps for the second best drawing.

How *do* you suppose Mrs. G-Raffe gets all the little G-Raffes to bed with their long necks? How *can* she ever tuck them in and keep them covered up? I'm going to give four thrift stamps to the boy or girl writing the best rhyme telling me about it, and three thrift stamps for the second best rhyme.

Write your name and address and age plainly on the paper. Boys and girls over 12 may not try. All answers must be in before October 15. Address me care of McCall's Magazine, 236 - 250 West 37th Street, New York City. I can't send back any drawings and rhymes because there will be so many. Four prizes this time! Do hurry and try. Do you like rhymes or drawings best?

Yours for being good to all animals,

DAVID CORY.

The Big G-Raffe

THE tall Giraffe's a funny thing
Because his neck's so long;
It almost seems sometimes as if
It was entirely wrong.

But when you learn he loves to eat
From trees that grow up tall
The tender leaves, it won't seem strange,
It won't seem queer at all.

I thought it would be fun to draw
A neck so long and slim,
And that is why, dear Boys and Girls,
This month I've chosen him.

First draw his body like a box,
And then his two fore feet;
His hind legs next, and then his tail
To make him more complete.

Now comes his neck; this *is* a job
For there is so much to it;
But don't give up, just keep right on,
It's lots of fun to do it.

Now add his eye, and both his ears
Just like a pretty fawn's;
And so there's only one thing more—
A pair of tiny horns.

Announcement of Prizes in August Contest

Butterfly Drawn by a Girl . . . . . **Jane Bryant, Cambridge, Massachusetts**
Butterfly Drawn by a Boy . . . . . **Clifford Relf, Dysart, Iowa**

Overseas With the A. E. F.

[Continued from page 6]

quite calm—it is only the other man or woman who may lose self-control, never oneself!

Officers who have spent the night below with their men are coming over the rail, trying hard to look trig in spite of having slept in their uniforms. On the lower deck, yellowish-brown figures erupt silently from the hold, like ants disturbed in their hill by an alien foot. They creep to the rail and stare out at the sea, wondering what this strange land looks like, and eager, too, to sight a man from home, perhaps. The water looks as if it had been boiled in dull opalescent tints. The heavens lighten. It would be easy to sight a periscope now.

And still no one talks.

On the eastern horizon rises an arc of pale light. It deepens to rose color shot with gold. It stretches until it can kiss the sea, which sparkles under the caress. It spreads to the south—to the north, and the silence on deck is broken by a cry from the lookout. Against the light appears the black silhouette of a ship, its plume of smoke rising with the sun. The French woman at my elbow, experienced in travel through the war zone, flings aside her rug and springs to her feet.

"La-la—it is here. I go to my berth!"

Yes, the convoy of French destroyers has picked us up in the morning twilight!

Suddenly conscious of our disheveled appearance, we slip down to our cabins. The long-closed portholes have been opened, and in the sweet morning air, we fall asleep, we civilians. But on deck the soldiers still stand, staring silently toward the shores of France where waits the work which they have come to do.

* * * * * *

We are sailing up the river. Overhead, observers in huge dirigibles watch our progress. Forward, the rigging is crowded with the Polish Volunteers. Aft, it is yellow-brown with the American Expeditionary Force. It is the khaki uniform which brings crowds to the river front.

On the right bank, from stately chateaux and somber monasteries, slope the little farms of the peasants. They come down to the water's very edge, the women and children whose men folks are still at the front, the cripples in faded uniforms who are helping their women in the field as best they can, and the able-bodied men, on *permissione*, whose women cling to them and stare at the American troops, as if the khaki-clad figures in the rigging may spell relief for the exhausted men of France.

"Vive l' Americain!" they cry.

Now the left bank of the river loses its sylvan beauty and is fringed with American dredges and construction barges. Narrow-gage tracks nose huge warehouses, and beyond these lie the crude, squat barracks of engineers, construction gangs and stevedores. At first these men merely pause in their work long enough to fling a glance at the French liner; then they spot the khaki-clad figures massed in the rigging. Down go tools and off come hats. A hundred shrill whistles try to drown the cheers and —fail. A man perches perilously on the stern of a barge and cups his hands.

[Continued on page 29]

Overseas With the A. E. F.

[*Continued from page 28*]

"Where you all from?"

"Virginia!" shouts a Y. M. C. A. secretary hanging over the rail.

"Georgia!" yells a postal clerk.

"Glory to God!" answers the man on the barge.

All the way up the river these greetings are exchanged between those who are about to land and those who have been making France ready for their coming. Men at the rail turn hoarse. Women wipe their eyes with the little silk flags they meant to wave. A stolid steward sounds the gong for our last meal on shipboard. And still as far as the eye can see, loom huge warehouses and manufacturing plants.

Two relief workers who had a difference of opinion on the day we sailed and who have not spoken since, try to enter the companionway simultaneously. Both draw aside, look at each other, then back at the river with its dredges, docks and long lines of bare-armed, hatless, cheering workmen in khaki.

"I had no idea that the War Department had accomplished such miracles," courteously remarks the man who made the unfortunate speech ten days ago.

"Makes you glad you're an American, doesn't it?" feelingly responds the man who took umbrage at the aforesaid speech.

And they shake hands.

* * * * * * *

Reel V.—"All Ashore." Scene: A French Port

HIGH tide, and a steep gangplank running from the deck to the pier at an acute angle.

"Where are the porters?" wails a welfare worker, from her perch on two suit cases and a roll.

"Porters?" echoes a Y. M. C. A. secretary. "Dear lady, any Frenchman strong enough to carry your luggage is at the front."

"But I'll have to hold onto both rails if I am to get down the gangplank alive."

The Y. M. C. A. man carries her luggage and she slips and slides down behind him, feeling like a slacker. Safe on the dock, she glances guiltily at the khaki-clad figures, aft. She came over to serve, and the very first thing— Oh, well, she will pack some of these togs into her trunk—if she ever gets it—and give some to the refugees—then with only one bag—

* * * * * *

We are at the Y. M. C. A. hotel, billeted six in a room. Each ticket bears the number of a cot. The population of this city has been doubled by the arrival of wealthy refugees from Paris and by American officers and contractors.

The leader of our overseas party, an autocratic professor of languages from a famous university, demands a private room. Small and simple it may be—but for him alone. The organization official who has come from Paris to meet us, looks the self-centered leader in the eye and announces:—

"My friend, here in France, there is neither discrimination nor privilege. We have all come to serve a country at war."

"To serve!"

For that purpose only should an American set foot on the blood-stained soil of France to-day. And in the sort of service needed by the French, and by these, our fighting men who have come to carry on this stupendous, world-rending struggle for right, there can be no thought of self.

Hot Cakes for the Boys

HOT cakes for breakfast" sounds good to a boy away from home. The wise women in the Stage Woman's War Relief, having sons of their own, realized this. So they decided to add this send-off to the hospitality extended to soldiers and sailors at this Service House, 251 Lexington Avenue, New York. There any boy in uniform can find an attractive, comfortable place to spend his night's leave in New York at the nominal cost of twenty-five cents. A woman of dignity and cordiality together with a Y. M. C. A. worker have charge of this pleasant club for men in the service. The women felt that it would add greatly to the comfort of the men if they could be served with breakfast before leaving the House. They found that cakes and coffee could be served economically if they could install a restaurant gas-griddle. But there was no money for that, so they have started a fund to be raised by dime donations for "cakes for the boys."

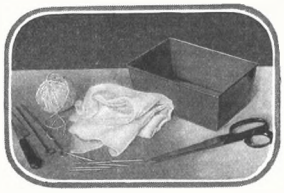
THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

What to have to eat and how to cook it

Try this Way with Chicken

By Lilian M. Gunn

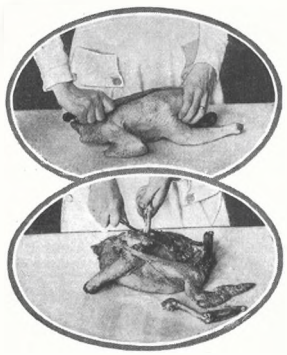
Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University



Get all Materials Ready

WHEN you have tired of the usual ways of cooking chicken, try boning one. The trick is easily done, requiring more patience than skill. Have a sharp knife for the boning. If the fingers are dipped in salt when handling raw meat they will not slip.

Select an undrawn chicken with a smooth skin; one a year old is best because it has more meat. Singe, remove the pin-feathers,



Cutting Down the Back and Taking Out the Leg Bone

cut off the head and the feet at the first joint. The feet may be skinned and put in the stock kettle. Wipe the chicken off.

Place the chicken on its breast, and with the knife cut down the back from the neck to the end of the rump, until about an inch from the tail. About the middle of the cut you will see the ends of the shoulder blades; follow one of these toward the head, until the wing joint is reached; cut the wing joint from the body, and then scrape and push the flesh from the bone. Do this very carefully, when you reach the second joint of the wing, as there the skin is very near the bone and you must not break it. The tip of the wing is not boned but it is left on. So when the second wing joint is boned, break it from the tip of the wing. Next, bone the other wing.

To take the leg bones out, break the second joint from the body and scrape the meat from the bone. After both legs are boned, take out the wish-bone, pressing the meat from the bones with the fingers as much as possible. Remove the flesh from the breast-bone, being careful not to break the skin at the point of the breast-bone. Push the meat from the rump until the tail is reached, cut through the tail bone and leave the tail with the skin. Cut around the vent with a pair of scissors or the knife to take the skin off around it. Now that the flesh and skin are free from the bones, turn the skin right side out, and put back in it any pieces of the flesh which may have become separated from it.

It is now ready to stuff. Any good stuffing may be used. Make a ball of it and push it up in the wings and legs, where the bones were. Form the rest into a round shape, and put it in the skin, where the body bones were taken out. Lap the skin over on the back and fasten with wooden skewers. Pull the neck skin over on the back and fasten. Now turn the chicken on to its back, turn the tips of the wings under, as when trussing for roasting, put a skewer through the wings from one side to the other to keep them close to the body. Fasten the thighs to the body with another skewer. Take a long piece of white string, put it around the tail, bring first one end of the string around the drum sticks and then the other end. Pass the string around either end of the skewer which is through the thighs, and then around the ends of the wing skewer, then turn the chicken on to its back and tie the ends of the string together.

Wrap in a cheesecloth to keep its shape, pinning the cloth tight. The chicken may be steamed and then roasted in a hot oven for a half hour, basting with chicken fat, or it may be steamed and put into jelly.

For jellied chicken, remove the entrails and place the bones of the chicken in a kettle and cover with cold water. Add a knuckle of veal, a small carrot, an onion, a sprig of parsley, four cloves, a bay leaf, and twelve peppercorns. Bring this slowly to the boiling point and skim. Lay the boned chicken wrapped in the cheesecloth on top of the bones and cook slowly 5 hours, adding one tablespoonful of salt after the 4th hour. Then remove the chicken and strain the stock into a pitcher and set it away to cool. Let stand over night.

Remove the fat, and see if the stock is stiffly jellied. Melt slowly and when melted add the whites and shells of 3 eggs (unbeaten) to 2½ quarts stock. Bring slowly to the boiling point stirring all the time; scrape the bottom of the kettle often with the stirring spoon as the egg is apt to settle to the bottom and burn. Allow it to boil 3 minutes and then set off the fire. Let settle 20 minutes, strain through 4 thicknesses of cheesecloth. This stock is now called aspic. If the stock is not firmly jellied after the fat is removed, add 2 tablespoonfuls gelatine which has been soaked in ½ cupful cold water, putting it in a little at a time, after the stock has become hot.

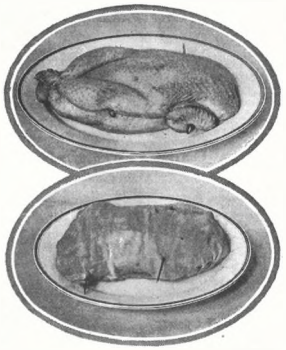
Have an oblong mold which will hold the chicken and pack it in ice. Pour into the mold one inch of the aspic and let it harden. Remove the chicken from the wrapping and break off the tail, wing tips and the ends of the drumsticks, remove the skewers. Lay the chicken, breast down, on the hardened aspic and then pour the aspic on, in a layer an inch deep; allow this to harden. Proceed layer by layer until the chicken is covered. Set in a cool place to harden. It is best to make it the day before it is to be served, so it will turn out more perfectly.

Loosen the sides of the jelly carefully and turn out on a platter and garnish with lettuce or parsley. In serving, the chicken should be cut in very thin slices

Ready to be Stuffed

and some of the aspic served with each slice. The aspic will not cling to the chicken after it is cut. The chicken is delicious served with sauce tartare or mayonnaise.

If you have any aspic left over, you can mold other things into it and make very attractive dishes. If you have any dainty small molds (or little pans) here is a good chance to use them. Put a little aspic in



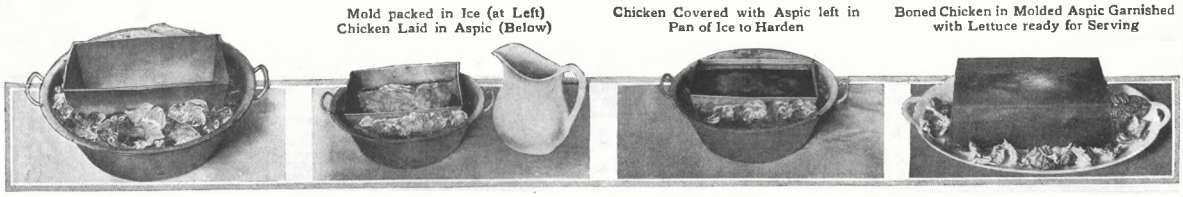
Fastened with Skewers (Above) and Tightly Wrapped in Cheesecloth (Below)

the bottom of the mold, and stand the mold in ice to let the aspic harden. Then add a slice of vegetable, such as carrot or beet, cut in fancy shapes, or a few peas. Put in just enough aspic to stick them to the first layer. When this is hard fill the mold. Turn these small molds out on lettuce leaves and serve with cream dressing or mayonnaise. Ripe or green olives make an attractive mold.

Mold packed in Ice (at Left) Chicken Laid in Aspic (Below)

Chicken Covered with Aspic left in Pan of Ice to Harden

Boned Chicken in Molded Aspic Garnished with Lettuce ready for Serving



Pancakes for Cool Mornings

By May Belle Brooks

Approved by the United States Food Administration

WHEN the frost begins to tinge the air, the pancake comes into its own. The pancake should be especially welcome just now because it affords the opportunity to use the wheat-substitutes in greater quantity and with greater variety.

The objection many housewives have to serving this hearty dish is that one person must stand over the stove throughout the meal to keep the rest of the family supplied. I have discovered that a heated casserole or an ordinary stone crock covered with a tin lid and set on the back of the stove or in the oven will keep the cakes in good condition throughout the meal.

The odor of burning grease is another objection to the pancacke. If the griddle be of aluminum, no greasing will be necessary. Even with the ordinary iron utensil, very little fat is needed to keep the cakes from sticking. An occasional swabbing of the surface with a greased brush or cloth will be found sufficient and the cakes are all the more digestible for the elimination of grease in their cooking. Some cooks advocate the use of a piece of raw potato instead of fat, others recommend that salt be rubbed over the griddle. More greasing will be necessary when the fire is turned too high. The heat should be moderate and steady and plenty of time allowed for the cake to cook thoroughly. The griddle should be hot enough for the batter to sizzle when it is poured onto it, but not any hotter.

The consistency of the batter has much to do with the success of the pancake. It should be thin enough to pour and to spread a little over the griddle. If it is necessary to spread it out with a spoon the batter is too thick. On the other hand, if large bubbles appear after it begins to cook, it is too thin. The following are some recipes to add to your list of regular kinds:

ENGLISH CRUMPETS.—Sift together 2 cupfuls of wheat flour, 1⅞ cupfuls of corn flour, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Cut in 3 tablespoonfuls of fat or cooking oil and mix to a soft dough with sweet milk. Roll out about an inch thick, cut into round cakes and lay on a greased griddle. When brown on one side, turn and brown the other. Tear open and spread with butter and serve at once. These are served at tea in England but are equally delicious for breakfast.

JAPANESE PANCAKES.—To 2 cupfuls of boiled rice, add the yolks of 2 eggs, 3 cupfuls of sweet milk (or part milk and water), 1 cupful of wheat flour and 1 cupful of corn flour, sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. This makes a thin batter. Finally, add the beaten egg whites. Bake slowly.

SCOTCH SCONES.—Sift together three times 1 cupful of wheat flour, 3 cupfuls of oatmeal, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Heat a pint of milk to the boiling point and stir into it 2 tablespoonfuls of butter or substitute and 1 of sugar. Make a hollow in the sifted flour and add the milk gradually. Turn out onto a floured board and roll into a thin sheet. Stamp with a biscuit cutter and bake on a hot griddle.

AMERICAN CAKES.—For each cupful of corn flour (not the meal) allow ¼ teaspoonful of salt. Dampen with boiling water, using only enough to moisten slightly. Cover and let stand for ten minutes, then gradually add sufficient sweet milk to make a rather thick batter—one that will hold its shape when dropped. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot griddle and brown on both sides. Transfer to a pan and let stand in a hot oven about five minutes.

BREAD CRUMB CAKES.—Pour 1½ cupfuls of hot milk over 1½ cupfuls of stale bread crumbs. When soft, add 1 beaten egg and ½ cupful of flour sifted with ½ teaspoonful of salt and 3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder.

POTATO PANCAKES.—To 2 cupfuls of mashed potato add 2 cupfuls of milk, 1 tablespoonful of melted fat, 2 beaten eggs and 1 cupful of flour sifted with ½ teaspoonful of salt and 1 teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat well and bake on a greased griddle. These are delicious for luncheon sprinkled with grated cheese.

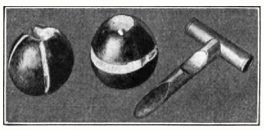
THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

What To Do With Apples

By Lilian M. Gunn

All Recipes Approved by the United States Food Administration

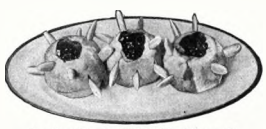
FROM the first early apple to the last in the barrel of winter apples this good domestic fruit may be made the foundation of many delicious and nutritious foods. When later in the winter the stored apples lose some of their spiciness, cinnamon, clove, ginger and lemon will give a new flavor. The sweet apple is a great sugar saver; apples which need sweetening are delicious if maple sugar, honey or syrup is used.



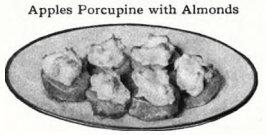
There is a Right Way and a Wrong Way to Bake Apples; Be Sure You Know the Right Way, It Makes a Difference

To make the best apple sauce use the whole apple, discarding only the stem and cutting out the blow; the core and skin give an additional flavor and color to the sauce and should not be wasted. Cut the apples up, cutting out any rotten or wormy portions, put in a granite sauce pan, add ¼ of a cupful of water to six or eight apples, according to sizes, cover closely, and cook rapidly for ten or fifteen minutes, or until the apples are soft. Press through a sieve fine enough to remove the seeds and skins. If the sauce seems too thin before straining, cook down with the cover off until part of the water has evaporated; watch carefully that they do not burn on the bottom. Sweeten while warm. If you are using imperfect apples, peel and core them. It is not necessary to strain sauce made from peeled apples.

Baking is one of the best ways to cook apples. There is a good deal of water in apples; the heat of the oven converts this into steam very rapidly; unless there is an outlet for this steam it will break the apple and may even force the skin entirely off. To prevent this, cut out a little path of skin all around the apple or cut lines running up and down as shown in the illustration; prepared this way, the apple will keep its shape perfectly while cooking.



Apples Porcupine with Almonds



Apple Nests (with Dates and Meringue)

Snow Apples (with Rice)

An apple-corer should be one of the utensils in every kitchen; it does the work more easily and more neatly than any knife can. In getting apples ready for baking, do not core way through the apple, but leave a little at the bottom to hold in any filling which you may use. Use no sugar, but try putting a half teaspoonful of butter in each one; you will find that it gives a delicious flavor. Bake the apples with a little water in the pan, and baste them often while they are cooking.

SNOW APPLES

Boil 1 cupful of rice 10 minutes. Peel, core and quarter four apples. Wet with hot water a four-inch square of cheese-cloth, and place it over a cup, put in 2 tablespoonfuls of the rice, lay a quarter of an apple in the center and put the rice around and over it. Tie the four corners of the cheese-cloth so that the rice will be in the shape of a ball. Steam 10 minutes. Open carefully. Take out the ball, put two cloves in to represent the blow of the apple. Sprinkle with a little cinnamon and serve with any pudding sauce.

APPLES PORCUPINE

Peel and core the apples and bake until soft. Fill the inside with chopped raisins and minced marshmallow, and place a teaspoonful of currant jelly on the top of each. Blanch almonds and stick them into the apples irregularly to represent the quills of the porcupine. Serve with or without a sauce.

APPLE NESTS

Peel four apples and cut them in halves crosswise. Remove each core carefully so that each half is like a nest. Cook these in a syrup made from 1 cupful corn syrup and one cupful water, until you can pierce them with the point of a knife. Lift carefully from the syrup and place on a greased baking-pan. Fill the center with chopped dates and make a meringue with the whites of eggs. Put the meringue on the top of each apple and brown in a very moderate oven. The yolks of the eggs may be made into a custard and used as a sauce.

APPLE DAINTY

Grate sweet apple and drain. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff and then beat in the grated apple, using 2 tablespoonfuls for each egg. Pile lightly in a serving glass and garnish with nuts (pecans) and candied cherries. If the apples are not very sweet and full of flavor, you will improve the dish by beating in a little powdered sugar which has been mixed with a few drops of lemon juice.

APPLE CAKE

¼ teaspoonful cinnamon
2 tablespoonfuls fat (melted)
¼ teaspoonful salt
2 tablespoonfuls syrup
1/3 cupful milk
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
1 egg
1¼ cupfuls barley flour

Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Beat the egg and add it to the dry mixture alternately with the milk and syrup. Spread in a well-greased pan and on the top put slices of apple overlapping each other. Sprinkle with a little maple sugar and bake until the apples are soft, and the cake shrinks from the sides of the pan. This makes a small cake; the recipe may be doubled.

SCALLOPED APPLES

1 pint sliced apples
1 pint bread crumbs
¼ cupful melted butter
½ cupful water
2/3 cupful brown sugar
1 teaspoonful cinnamon

Mix the crumbs and melted fat. Put a layer in a well-greased baking-dish, add a layer of apples and sprinkle with the sugar and cinnamon. Repeat until the material is used up; let the last layer be crumbs. Add water; bake 25 minutes.

CEREAL PUDDING

3½ cupfuls left-over cereal
1 cupful apple sauce (sweetened)
1 tablespoonful butter
¼ cupful crumbs
2 tablespoonfuls cinnamon

Put alternate layers of cereal and apple-sauce in a buttered baking-dish. Sprinkle each layer with cinnamon. Melt the fat and add the crumbs and cover the last layer of pudding. Bake 30 minutes. Serve with cream.

CASSEROLE APPLES

Pare and core the apples. Place them in a casserole and add one cupful maple sugar and 1 cupful water. Sprinkle with flour. Bake, closely covered, for 1 hour.

THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

My Emergency Shelf

Peas and Shrimps in Ramekins

By Margaret E. Foulks

Approved by the United States Food Administration

I COULD not keep house without my emergency shelf. I am sure that if you will fill a shelf or closet and keep it filled, you will find it far more convenient and economical than rushing to a grocery, even though it be nearby. If you know how to use the material on your emergency shelf, you will never dread the unexpected guest or unannounced relatives.

It is well, when filling this shelf or closet, to buy only brands of foods that you are familiar with. When you have used any article of food, be sure to replace it just as quickly as if you had borrowed it from a neighbor. Otherwise you defeat the object of the plan. The variety of foods kept will vary with the amount you can afford to spend on emergency meals. There are a great many emergency dishes that are tempting and wholesome, although not costly, and you will do well to see that a large portion of the foods you select are of this class.

Put a list of the contents of your shelf where you can run over it quickly, then make two lists of emergency suggestions, one of dishes quickly prepared and the other of dishes to be made when you have more time for preparation and cooking. Keep the recipes with the lists of food or in a card catalogue in the kitchen. The following list is one I have found very practical: Soups (at least two kinds and two small cans of each), two small cans of condensed milk, a small and large can of tuna fish, a large and small can of salmon, one or two of fish flakes, a glass of bacon and one of chipped beef and a can of corned beef, two or more small cans of shrimp and lobster and one or more of lamb tongue, jars of relish, pickles and olives, a jar of American cheese and one of Roquefort, a glass of peanut butter, a package of crackers, two cans each of corn, beans, asparagus, tomatoes, lima beans, spinach, hominy, beets, tomato purée and one can of pimientos; one can of grated and one of sliced pineapple, one each of pears, peaches, apricots and cherries, a package of shredded coconut, a small bottle of cherries, a tin of marshmallows, a package of seeded raisins, and a box of gelatine.

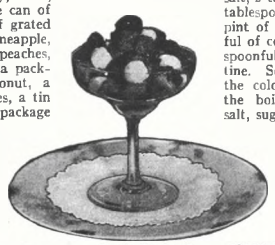
The soups you can heat and serve as bouillon, purée or creamed soup; tomato soup has many possibilities for making sauces for meat, fish, nut loafs and omelets and can be substituted for tomato purée in creole and Spanish dishes. Tuna fish makes a delicious salad and is almost equally good in sandwiches, creamed on toast or escalloped and baked. The salmon will be good in salad or served plain, garnished with sliced tomatoes, cucumbers and sweet peppers; salmon soufflé and salmon loaf take more time for preparation but make a pleasant change from the usual way of serving it, and salmon timbales garnished with peas and served with a parsley sauce are both good to eat and to look at. Fish flakes may be combined with mashed potatoes for fish balls or creamed on toast. You can serve bacon with other meat, combined with eggs or served alone; an omelet garnished with very crisp bacon and parsley is a wholesome and substantial luncheon dish. For dinner, bacon may be served crisp and hot over baked beans, spinach soufflé or with beans au gratin. Creamed chipped beef served with hot corn-meal muffins is a favorite breakfast dish; broiled and served on toast with a poached egg it is very appetizing. Corned beef combined with potatoes and onions makes a good hash. Shrimps can be creamed alone or combined with peas, used with creole omelet or in a salad with mayonnaise. Lobster immediately suggests lobster a la Newburg, but it is very good in a salad or in cutlets. Fruits are used alone or made into desserts, salads or cocktails. When peaches, pears, pineapples or cherries are used for salad the juice left will make a delightful gelatine for another day's dessert. Canned fruits also suggest many desserts in the way of pies, puddings, charlottes and ices. The following recipes may be added to the list for your emergency shelf, as they are a change from the "every-day" way of serving these foods.

FRUIT COCKTAILS

One small can of white cherries, an equal amount of pineapple cut in small pieces, half as much marshmallows cut in fourths or eighths and a red cherry for the top of each glass. Combine the fruits and marshmallows and add enough of the fruit juices to cover (the remainder may be used in gelatine). Stand on ice until thoroughly chilled and serve in cocktail glasses with a spoonful of crushed ice and a red cherry on top. Oranges and bananas may be added to this; when both are used, either the pineapple or cherries may be omitted.

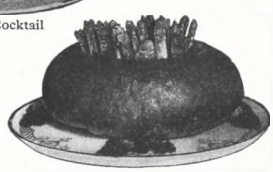
OLIVE SALAD

One small bottle of olives, ½ cupful of celery cut into small pieces, ½ cupful of English walnuts, ¼ cupful of shredded sweet peppers, 1 tablespoonful of capers, the juice of a lemon, 1 tablespoonful of salt, 2 teaspoonfuls of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, 1 pint of boiling water, ½ cupful of cold water and 2 tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine. Soften the gelatine in the cold water and stir into the boiling water; add the salt, sugar, vinegar and lemon juice. Set aside until cool and beginning to congeal; add the other ingredients and pour into small wet molds. Set on ice until congealed and cold, then turn out on hearts of lettuce; serve with mayonnaise.



Fruit Cocktail

Olive Salad (jellied)



Asparagus Loaf

ASPARAGUS LOAF

One can of asparagus tips, 1 round loaf of war bread, 1½ cupfuls of white sauce, 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, salt and paprika to taste. Cut all crust from the bread, then cut out the center, leaving about a half inch in the bottom, spread with butter and set in a hot oven until crisp and brown. Beat the egg and grated cheese into the white sauce while hot. When ready to serve fill the loaf with the asparagus and add the sauce. Serve hot. The crust and inside of the loaf should be dried and ground up for bread crumbs and puddings.

PEAS AND SHRIMPS IN RAMEKINS

One small can of shrimps, 1 can of small peas, 3 tablespoonfuls of butter or

[*Continued on page 33*]

My Emergency Shelf

[Continued from page 32]

butter-substitute, 3 tablespoonfuls of flour, 1 cupful of sweet milk. Melt the butter and stir the flour into it. When melted, add the hot milk a little at a time and stir until it thickens, season with salt and paprika. Drain the peas and shrimps, combine with the sauce and fill small ramekins. Place in a warm oven until heated through.

HOMINY PUDDING

Two cupfuls of canned hominy, 1¼ cupfuls of sweet milk, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoonful of paprika, 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter or butter-substitute, salt. Drain the hominy in a strainer about thirty minutes, beat the egg until light, then combine with the milk, seasoning and hominy. Bake in a baking-dish until set and brown on top. Serve at once.

CREOLE CORN

One can of corn, ½ cupful of tomato purée, 5 tablespoonfuls of chopped green peppers, 4 tablespoonfuls of chopped onions, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all the ingredients together and cook over a slow fire until the onions and peppers are cooked and the whole well seasoned.

MARSHMALLOW CHARLOTTE

One tin of marshmallows, ½ cupful of blanched almonds, ¼ cupful of diced pineapple, 1 cupful of red cherries, ½ cupful of heavy cherry syrup, 1½ cupfuls of cream, 3 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, a few drops of vanilla, 1 tablespoonful of gelatine, 3 tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. Cut the marshmallows into tiny bits and let stand in the cherry juice an hour. Cut the almonds, cherries and pineapple into small bits. Soften the gelatine in the sweet milk and melt over hot water. Whip the cream until very stiff, add the sugar, flavoring and marshmallows. Beat until the marshmallows are almost dissolved, then stir in the gelatine and beat until it begins to thicken. Add the nuts and fruit and pour into a cold wet mold. Pack in ice and salt for 2 hours. When ready to serve turn out on a serving-plate and garnish with cherries and marshmallows. If you haven't time to pack in salt and ice, use a little more gelatine and just set the mold on ice until very cold.

PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

One cupful of grated pineapple, ¼ cupful of lemon juice, ½ cupful of orange juice, ½ cupful of sugar, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls of granulated gelatine, 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Combine the fruit juices and sugar and heat over the fire in a double boiler and cook as for a custard. As soon as the egg is cooked remove from the fire, stir in the gelatine and set aside until cold. When it congeals beat in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour into a cold serving-dish and set on ice until ready to serve. Garnish with a little whipped cream or bits of the pineapple. If you haven't oranges, use a little more lemon or peach juice.

No Questions

[Continued from page 5]

Mr. Goldmark did not take her very seriously. "You might vind some more chools," he suggested, folding back the paper at the Lost and Found column and handing it to her.

She was ready to consider anything, and read the column absorbedly.

"Rings are lost in the washroom of the Waldorf," she presently observed. "Somebody takes them by mistake, and won't be asked questions if she brings them back. Gifts from a deceased parent are dropped in the Riverside bus, but diamond lavallières go at the theater or in a taxi. Miss Angelica Holler has lost her white angora —'Oh, won't you please bring back my kitty!' she says, at fifty cents an agate line. There was a pearl cluster ring lost yesterday—99th Street. You have a pearl cluster in your case, Mr. Goldmark!"

He nodded, wiping the glass of the case with a chamois. "I had it two years alretty," he said. "Vy you don' take dot reward, I don' see. If I vas you, I go back and get it."

Louie was looking at him with her silent laugh. "I've got an idea," she said, but she did not explain.

For days later after that, Philip prolonging the morning paper, found annoying holes in the back page. On the other side was always the Lost and Found column.

"I know what you are doing," he scolded Louie. "You are scuffling all over the city, trying to find some more lost jewelry."

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No Questions

[*Continued from page 33*]

"Indeed, I am not any such thing," was the plaintive answer. "I haven't time. The Golden One is working me to death." She looked very far from death this morning; she was Puck incarnate, thrilling with secrets. A sick man, watching her, might well feel lonely, drab, left out.

"You couldn't stay away to-day?" he asked, carefully indifferent.

"I am afraid not, ducky." Her upturned hands weighed the air at her shoulders. "My fader, he vants me in der zhop." He loathed that joke, so she hastily put it away and came back to efface it by a suppressed laugh against his cheek. "If you need me, throw a saucepan down the stairs," she said. "Only, be sure first that no one is coming up. And I may not be there all the morning—I must get out and buy us some food." She showed him the hat and coat on her arm, and flew. Louie was always gay, but her spirits had been at boiling point since the episode of the diamond brooch.

About this time Philip began to notice a marked change in his daily fare. It became richer, more abundant, and, while his worn body responded to the stimulus, his mind grew uneasy. Rent day was coming, and though he could not openly remind Louie of that—it was a day of black humiliation to poor Philip—he tried to utter indirect warnings. For a week before the last rent day, the larder had been painfully bare.

"That is a noble pudding," he told her one night. "But aren't you rather blowing yourself on butter and eggs and things?"

"Oh, I don't think so." At any reference to finance, Louie drew down an expression of solemn righteousness like a curtain over twinkling lights. "Let me see, what did I make that out of? I had two blue wings and a black jet ornament—oh, no, that is the hat I trimmed over to-day. I have so many jobs, dear, I get mixed. Wouldn't it have been horrid if I had baked the hat and worn the pudding!"

She always led him away like that; he could not get close to the subject. When the day came, she was as blithe as though she had not remembered. Philip dragged himself over to the library and pretended to read until shame drove him home again. Sneaking off and hiding while his wife paid—or did not pay—the rent collector: that was what illness could bring a man to. And yet they said that it was good for the character!

Louie was not in the shop, so he toiled up the stairs, calling himself bitter names for his limp body and reluctant soul. She was not in the apartment, either, but lying on the bureau—dropped there as though to let him know without questions—was the rent bill, receipted.

Relief brought a surge of tenderness. Philip saw himself getting well and devoting his life to making all this up to her, gallant soul that she was! He had sometimes thought her gaiety unfeeling, but he knew it now for singing courage, and the realization made his eyes dim. Dear, queer little Louie! The warm longing to do something for her set him to picking up scattered garments and closing bureau drawers; for she had evidently gone off in a hurry. He even remembered to put the clothes brush in the shoe bag and the slippers on the top shelf. Louie had a place for everything, only it was not the usual place. A drawer stuck, and, after some struggling, he found wedged at the back a fat envelope. As it was labeled Hair Nets, it inevitably held something else, probably shoe strings. Even as Philip was smiling over the comment, the contents lurched and pitched out, and he found at his feet a fat roll of money.

The bills were held together by an elastic, but the outer one was a twenty. If Louie had been there, he would have uttered the spontaneous, "What on earth—!" of his astonishment. But Louie did not come, and he had time to think.

He put the money back and went out again, quickly, furtively. It was not true—it was not true! Only a sick mind could have conceived such a possibility. Louie had laughed over the pride of waving back the $500 reward; she could not have told him the tale as she did and yet have taken the money. Child of a haphazard experience, she had upset many of his conventions about what a wife was and did, but this was not a question of convention and of neat suburban ideals that perhaps had needed broadening; this was a matter of plain honor. And though he violently refused to believe it possible, the question stuck, festering like a thorn—where else could Louie have got a sum of money?

He could not ask her. Had he even

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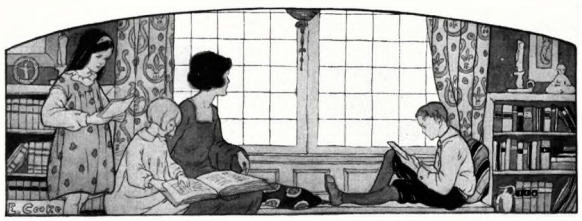
Should Children Be Made to Feel Social Responsibility?



By Sidonie Matzner Gruenberg

Vice-President of Federation for Child Study

THE distinguished visitor was sure that he approved of moral training and of teaching children responsibility.

"I well remember," he said, "that when I was a little boy, I was obliged to take care of a baby brother. I hated to do it; but I am sure that it did me much good, because it taught me to do my duty, even when it is disagreeable."

But one of the ladies present wondered a little and asked the distinguished visitor, "Is it not true that while you were minding the baby, your mother was very busy with other tasks about the house?"

Yes, it was true; he remembered that distinctly enough.

"How would you have felt about doing your task if your mother had spent much of her time in seeking pleasures or in idleness? Or how would you have felt if, while you were minding the baby, with your thoughts on the other fellows playing baseball, there had been some one else about who could just as well have looked after the little one?"

The distinguished visitor promptly admitted that he should have had nothing but resentment under such circumstances, and that probably he should have resolved never to do any more than he was obliged to do anywhere.

We often force children to do what is disagreeable on the supposition that if they only keep at it long enough, they will get the habit; and that once they have the habit, they will be able to do whatever disagreeable tasks have to be done without minding them. We forget, however, that while one may acquire any good habit through repetition, one may also get the habit of resentment and rebellion by the same process.

The child learns his duties and responsibilities by sharing in the work of the family as well as in the enjoyments and recreations. Duties do not seem to be learned either as habits of doing the hateful work, or as rules memorized in virtuous proverbs. But to continually take part in joint enterprises gives one the habit of expecting to share, of wanting to share—and that is the kind of responsibility worth cultivating.

AS a matter of fact, all children do acquire a sense of social responsibility sooner or later. The parents' problem is to see that that feeling of social obligation is properly directed. The ordinary street or village gang, which is often the source of great annoyance to the neighbors and of great worry to the parents, has the loyalty of its members to the last extreme. A boy in such a gang would rather have his tongue cut out than "snitch" or "squeal" on another. This attitude certainly shows a high degree of one kind of social responsibility.

What the gang needs is some one to teach it loyalty and devotion to the interests of its city. This can't be done by preaching, nor by imposing penalties from without. In the community, as in the home, the child will come to feel his share only as he takes part in the activities, only as he shares the hopes and the fears of the whole group.

We can keep streets clean by imposing penalties for the scattering of rubbish; but it is possible to keep them cleaner by having every child grow up with the feeling of responsibility for avoiding litter. Not many years ago, every bird was the legitimate prey of every boy; in a generation we have learned that the birds are our friends, and our boys are growing up just as happy without robbing nests or stoning the birds. In Switzerland, we are told, fruit-trees along the highways are perfectly safe because the school children are their special guardians.

We have at the present time an unusual opportunity for such training in larger community and social responsibilities. The conditions brought about by the war have opened up new outlooks and have put new demands upon the children as well as the grown-ups. The various calls for national service in which boys and girls can take part tend to give them the enlarged viewpoint and the joyous feeling of having helped in a great work.

THE simpler operations connected with the making of bandages and Red Cross supplies; the knitting of wristlets and scarfs; the collection of old metal and paper and other waste materials that can be sold to yield war funds—these and other activities suggest themselves as suitable for boys and girls of nearly all ages, certainly as young as seven or eight years. Here is an opportunity then to imbue the children with a new spirit of service.

Because of the conditions under which the work is done, the children can be led to acquire the spirit of community service, the spirit of sharing in an undertaking that is far greater than anything that they have ever experienced, or are likely ever again to experience. But this is the spirit which all religions and all moral and social reformers have been trying to cultivate—too often in vain. We must now utilize the occasion for making the feeling of social responsibility a permanent asset of our people.

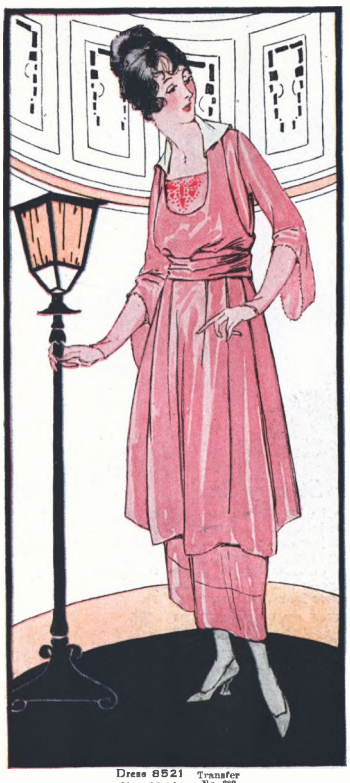
It is not merely a matter of getting the children to do the required work. Children will readily do what "everybody" is doing. They will as easily follow the fashion in the direction of saving food and clothes, as they did a few years ago in the direction of leaving food on the plate for "good manners." Nor is the spirit to come through impressive words. We cannot teach the children that we are fighting to "make the world safe for democracy." But all children can understand that the knitted articles and the bandages are for the country's soldiers; the youngest can understand that they are for some particular soldier, for a brother or a cousin, or for some other child's brother or cousin. At any rate, the children must get more than the enthusiasm of the jolly game of making things, or saving things; they must come to feel also that they are doing this for some larger self than their own family, or their own school, or their own town. The child must be made to feel himself at one with the nation at war.

This expansion of feeling is going to be influenced by the attitude that we older people take. If we continue to think of Mary's cooking lessons as useful only for helping her manage her own home, the efforts of the school and of the food administration will be in large measure defeated. If we genuinely feel that children must learn to cook and preserve food economically and efficiently, so that the whole country may benefit, the children will be attentive to their cooking in the larger spirit of responsibility. If we think of the first-aid lessons as merely additional conveniences to have about the house or office, we shall, to that extent, restrict the children's outlook and limit the amount of spiritual growth they are to get out of what they are supposed to do in the spirit of patriotic sacrifice.

As in everything else, however, children learn by example as well as by precept and rule. The attitude of the parents toward the church, the school, the town, the country, will be reflected in their children's feeling of responsibility or indifference.

A BOOK OF BEAUTY

OUR Beauty Department, under the able direction of Annette Beacon, has issued the first of a series of beauty booklets. This has come in response to persistent requests from Miss Beacon's readers and correspondents. This "Book of Beauty" gives full information for the care of the skin and hands, and is illustrated. Its detailed directions and its tested formulas for creams and lotions make it indispensable to the woman who cares about her personal appearance. Price, 10 cents. Address McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



Dress 8521 Transfer No. 883
Sizes 34-46

Coat Wrap 8553
Small, medium, large

Afternoon Waist 8559 Transfer No. 922 Skirt 8550
Sizes 34-44 Sizes 22-34

MODES THAT EXPRESS INDIVIDUALITY

Dress 8563 Transfer No. 924 Coat 8547 Skirt 8371
Sizes 34-46 Sizes 34-46 Sizes 22-34

Overdress 8525
Sizes 34-46

Coat Suit 8570 Dress 8572 Transfer No. 812
Sizes 34-48 Sizes 34-44

For other views and descriptions, see page 48

FASHIONS

SIMPLICITY ESCORTS THE WINTER SEASON

ENTER Winter Modes—under the most unusual conditions that a Fashion Season has ever been launched. Uncle Sam says use less wool and exert conservation in the most profitable and possible ways. Dame Fashion cries most faudably—be smart, my dears, for when Sammy returns he will not enjoy or be inclined toward women who have lost their interest in their most important asset—the art of looking well-dressed. So they have compromised, and we find our winter designs have very little material, and the long, slim silhouette is the predominant issue of their treaty.

Very little, if any, trimming will be used on dresses, and therefore one looks for an unusual string of beads to relieve the severe and even critical effect of the trimmingless dress. The convalescent soldiers in Belgian are making these artistic little accessories and most women abroad are wearing them.

No longer does one see the dazzling and brilliant evening gowns, for ultra formal affairs are a pre-war semblance of amusement. The more simple gowns are taking their place, and, indeed, one of the foremost Paris designers made a dinner gown of silk Jersey on very simple lines. Illustrated here are two charming gowns for evening which conform with the new lines. No. 8559-8569 is developed in brocaded material, and No. 8545 solves the problem with chiffon and beads. The wrap No. 8571 features the set-on sleeves in kimono effect.

COSTUME NOS. 8559-8569.—The medium size requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material and 1⅛ yards of 36-inch.

No. 8559, LADIES' AFTERNOON OR EVENING WAIST. Size 36, 1⅛ yards of 40-inch chiffon and ½ yard of 40-inch brocade. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).

No. 8569, LADIES' TUNIC SKIRT; 40-inch length. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch brocaded. Width, 1⅜ yards. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).

No. 8545, LADIES' DRESS; with or without guimpe and panels; instep length. Size 36 requires 6⅜ yards of 40-inch chiffon. Width around the lower edge is 1⅞ yards. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (25 cents).

No. 8571, LADIES' ONE-PIECE COAT WRAP; set-on sleeves, no underarm seam. The medium size requires 3¼ yards of 48-inch material. The sleeves, set on in kimono effect, give the desired silhouette, wide at the shoulder and run-in at the lower edge.

Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (25 cents).

Smart, New Designs That Are Prepared

Everybody loves to dress well. Even the woman who is engaged in other than social activities. But then there are not many left now who are giving their sole attention to themselves and their pleasures, and the fact that they still keep their keen interest in what they wear is sufficient proof that women cling to the adage that clothes make the man. When other more important questions claimed the regard of those "at home," the possibility of a tendency to lose interest in personal appearance never materialized, and the result is that our women are even better dressed now than in pre-war days. But then the American woman is so resourceful. When she discovered that she could no longer afford to buy her gowns, she promptly took to home-dressmaking. Of course she could overcome the difficulty. With fashion's inclination toward simple dresses, and the aid of a good pattern, a perfectly stunning dress may be the product of the home dressmaker. A little touch of embroidery or bead work always gives a personal touch to the dress. This is one note that marks the expensive dress, for hand work always has to be paid for. The tassels that finish the panel and sleeves of No. 8572 lend a distinctive charm to this smart little design. What could be more simple than the costume Nos. 8549-8383, and what more attractive? This design is simply constructed and lends itself readily to the amateur. The heavy top-coat is always a necessity during the zero weather, and No. 8553 offers itself as a fascinating protection against the discomforts of fallen mercury. It may be worn over a coat suit such as Nos. 8547-8555, or over a smart afternoon dress as No. 8357.

No. 8572, Ladies' Dress, with overblouse or panels; one-piece skirt; instep length. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and ⅝ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and vest. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The one-piece skirt cuts from 54-inch material without piecing, and is gathered and attached to the lower edge of the waist.
Transfer Design 890 (15 cents).
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (25 cents).

Costume Nos. 8549-8383.—The medium size requires 4⅝ yards of 40-inch material.
No. 8549, Ladies' Waist; two styles of sleeve. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards of 40-inch material and ¼ yard 36-inch for the collar. This waist gives the collarless effect, for the small collar is at the back only. The back comes forward on the shoulder forming a yoke, which holds the fulness in front. Model may be developed with long, tight, dart-fitted sleeve which gives any dress a chic appearance.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).

No. 8383, Ladies' One-Piece Straight Tunic Skirt; with or without tucks; pleated or shirred; high waistline; one-piece foundation, lengthened by one-piece straight section; 39-inch length. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch. The width around the lower edge is 1⅝ yards.
Pattern 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).

No. 8553, Ladies' Coat Wrap; sleeve set on at wide armhole; in 53- or 48-inch length. The small size requires, 53-inch length, 4⅝ yards of 48-inch material. This new design features the straight collar wrapping around the neck and closing at the side back, the cuffs correspond. This is a fine serviceable coat for all-around wear, and still retains a rather dressy appearance.
Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust (25 cents).

Costume Nos. 8547-8555.—The medium size, 31-inch length coat, requires 4⅛ yards of 54-inch material.
No. 8547, Ladies' Double-Breasted Coat, in 40- or 31-inch length. Size 36 requires, 31-inch length, 2⅝ yards of 48-inch material. The new straight lines are featured.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (25 cents).

No. 8555, Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt; with or without suspenders; high waistline; 40-inch length. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1⅝ yards.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).

No. 8357, Ladies' Dress; two styles of front, surplice or closing on shoulder and at underarm; sleeves attached to waist or lining; straight tunic with or without tucks; one-piece foundation lengthened by straight section attached to body lining; instep length. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. The adjustable cuff is entirely separate from the sleeve and can be worn or not as desired. The long tunic is seen in the smartest winter models.
Transfer Design No. 889 (15 cents).
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (25 cents).

To Meet the Advance of Winter Gaiety

There will be so many affairs this winter to wear the one-piece dress that designers have an excellent opportunity to create a wide variety of styles to please even the most fastidious maid or matron. Many new fabrics, too, will be seen this winter, for American artists have answered the call of the manufacturer and are turning out some clever designs which are really achievements of all that art stands for, beauty, harmony and finesse. Not only are the designs pleasing, but the artists seem to have caught the spirit of harmonious coloring and effective color combinations, the accomplishment of which we so long attributed to continental artists alone. With this gorgeous array of materials is it not the only thing for the designers to do to develop them into perfect dreams of loveliness and charm? No. 8525 shows a good-looking dress developed in a novelty weave of woolen material. The fabric itself is so attractive that one needs little or no trimming on the dress. The contrasting collar and vest are quite sufficient to trim this model. No. 8563 is an excellent design for combination of materials, especially serge and satin, as illustrated, which is one of the smartest combinations of the season. The coat suit is ever welcome in the wardrobe. No. 8570 is trim and tailored looking, and still the fur collar gives it a dressy look and it may be easily worn for afternoon. But whatever the combination or design the silhouette remains the long and narrow, and indeed it is the most favored line that fashion has ever adopted.

7995 8550 8525 8563 8521 8570 8570

COSTUME Nos. 7995-8550.—The medium size requires 6 yards of 40-inch satin.

No. 7995, LADIES' WAIST WITH TIE-ON COLLAR. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material for the waist. The collar ties around the waistline and forms a sash at the back. This is especially good design for soft materials. The nature of the collar requires a material that will lend itself well to draping. The novel idea of the collar is very new and adds to the attractiveness of the dress.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).

No. 8550, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; with side panels in two outlines; 40-inch length; high waistline. Size 26 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The side panels may be either straight or slanting and are finished with fringe. Stunning dress for afternoon tea or musicale.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).

No. 8525, LADIES' OVERDRESS; three-piece underskirt; 40-inch length. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material, and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and vest. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The overdress is in one from shoulder to hem, and lower edge of sides and back in one. The long, tight dart-fitted sleeves are finished with pointed cuffs.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (25 cents).

No. 8563, LADIES' DRESS; panels attached to overwaist; underdress cut in one; set-in sleeves; instep length. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch for underdress, 1¾ yards of 36-inch for the overwaist, belt and panels, and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. Fringe-trimmed also are these panels for indeed one can not get too much of this smart trimming on one's dress this winter.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (25 cents).

No. 8521, LADIES' DRESS; with or without jumper; two styles of sleeve; one-piece straight pleated tunic; two-piece foundation lengthened by straight lower section; 40-inch length. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards of 40-inch silk, and ⅞ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the draped collar, sash and cuffs. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Charming dress for afternoon wear.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (25 cents).

No. 8570, LADIES' COAT SUIT; coat in 35- or 30-inch length; four-gored skirt; 40-inch length. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards. Smart tailored suit. The four-gored skirt has panel back and front, and side yoke sections to which panels are attached. The back and front seams are left open below the hip, the coat hanging in loose panel effect, or seams closed as preferred. The long, tight, dart-fitted sleeves are left open and fastened with buttons and buttonholes. The fur as a substitute for the cloth collar is used to a great decorative advantage in this stunning new suit for early winter days. Just such a touch as this gives distinction to the most simple costume. There are many times when one is in doubt about what to wear. It is at just such a moment when a good-looking suit will fill the need and one may rest assured that she looks correct. Developed in broadcloth or heavy gabardine.
Pattern in 8 sizes, 34 to 48 bust (25 cents).

The Problem of Winter Trimmings Is Here

No. 8551, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch for collar, sleeves and girdle, and 3¼ yards of 40-inch for front and back of dress. Width, 1¾ yards.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (25 cents).

COSTUME Nos. 8565-8518.—The medium size requires 5⅜ yards of 36-inch material.
No. 8565, LADIES' COLLARLESS SMOCK OR OVERBLOUSE; in two lengths; two styles of sleeve and back. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.
Transfer Design No. 889 (15 cents).
Patttern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).
No. 8518, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline; 40-inch length. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1⅝ yards.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).

COSTUME Nos. 8533-8149.—The medium size requires 1½ yards of 40-inch for the overblouse, 3⅛ yards of 40-inch contrasting for the skirt, and vest and belt in one, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs.
No. 8533, LADIES' OVERBLOUSE, in two lengths, two styles of sleeve. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch and ⅝ yard of 40-inch contrasting, ⅜ yard 36-inch.
Transfer Design No. 924 (15 cents).
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).
No. 8149, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 45-inch. Width, 1⅞ yards.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).

COSTUME Nos. 8543-8557.—The medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 40-inch silk for the panels and jumper, and 4 yards of 40-inch chiffon.
No. 8543, LADIES' WAIST; body and sleeve in one. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch chiffon and ⅝ yard of 36-inch satin.
Transfer Design No. 336 (10 cents).
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).
No. 8557, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT, with pleated panels; high waistline; 40-inch length. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch chiffon for skirt, and 2 yards of 36-inch satin for panels and belt. Width, 1⅝ yards.
Pattern in 8 sizes, 22 to 36 waist (20 cents).

No. 7675, LADIES' BLOUSE; with kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.
Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).

No. 8541, LADIES' SLIP-OVER DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (25 cents).

No. 8529, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch plaid for the overblouse and skirt, and 1⅜ yards of 40-inch plain for underbody and girdle. Width, 1¾ yards. The side tunic sections are joined at side seams and the waist closes on the shoulder with tabs buttoning down.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (25 cents).

Artfully Solved With Fringe and Braid

No. 8539, LADIES' DRESS; one-piece skirt, instep length. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material and 1⅛ yards of 36-inch contrasting for the front panel and girdle. Width, lower edge, 1⅞ yards.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (25 cents).

No. 8527, LADIES' WAIST. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yards of 40-inch material for the waist and ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs. The back of the waist comes forward, forming a yoke on the shoulders which holds the front fulness in either gathers or soft pleats.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).

No. 8519, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with side pocket sections; high waistline; 40-inch length. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1⅞ yards. The pockets on each side of the front are attached to the upper section. The front of skirt extends above the waistline in a ruffle.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).

COSTUME NOS. 8523-8555.—The medium size requires 3⅞ yards of 45-inch for dress, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the vest and ⅝ yard 40-inch for collar and facings.
No. 8523, LADIES' WAIST; set-in sleeves in kimono style; fronts to button over or turn back on waist. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch, ½ yard 36-inch contrasting for vest and ⅝ yard of 40-in ch for collar and facings.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).
No. 8555, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; with or without suspenders; high waistline; 40-inch length. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 40-inch material. Width, lower edge, 1⅝ yards.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).

No. 8537, LADIES' DRESS; instep length; suitable for maternity wear. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2¼ yards.
Transfer Design No. 922 (15 cents).
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (25 cents).

COSTUME NOS. 8573-8105.—The medium size requires 6 yards of 40-inch material and 1⅛ yards of 20-inch velvet for stole collar.
No. 8573, LADIES' COAT; in 40- or 30-inch length; three-piece short or two-piece long peplum. Size 36 requires, 40-inch length, 3¼ yards of 48-inch and 1⅛ yards of 20-inch contrasting.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (25 cents).
No. 8105, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline; 39-inch length. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 44-inch. Width, lower edge, 2 yards.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).

COSTUME NOS. 8535-8561.—The medium size requires 6¾ yards of 36-inch material.
No. 8535, LADIES' WAIST. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. Back comes forward on shoulder forming a yoke.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).
Transfer Design No. 799 (15 cents).
No. 8561, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; straight lower edge; flounces attached to foundation; high waistline; 40-inch length. Size 26 requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Width, lower edge, 2 yards. The panel is set into the front of the skirt, and the straight lower section is attached to the foundation. The double circular tunics give the peg-top effect, which is a very smart feature.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).

The Newest Features in Winter Modes

Smock 8542
Sizes 14-20
Transfer Design No. 690
Skirt 8238
Sizes 14-20

One-Piece Dress 8558
Sizes 14-20
Transfer Design No. 922

Dress 8566
Sizes 14-20

Dress 8546
Sizes 16-20
Transfer Design No. 901

COSTUME Nos. 8542, 8238. The medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch for smock, and 2⅞ yards of 45-inch for skirt and trimmings.
No. 8542, MISSES' SMOCK. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch and 1⅛ yds. 27-inch contrasting.
Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents).
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).

No. 8238, MISSES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards of 45-inch. Width, lower edge, is 1½ yards.
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).

No. 8558, MISSES' ONE-PIECE DRESS (suitable for small women). Size 16 requires 4 yards of 40-inch, and ½ yard of 36-inch for collar. Width, 1¼ yards.
Transfer Design No. 922 (15 cents).
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (25 cents).

No. 8564, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and ⅝ yard of 40-inch for the yoke and gathered sleeves. Width, lower edge, 1¾ yards.
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (25 cents).

No. 8532, MISSES' TIE-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt in two lengths. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar. Width, lower edge, 1¾ yards.
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (25 cents).

No. 8546, MISSES' DRESS WITH TIE-ON JUMPER OR SHOULDER STRAPS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch satin and 1⅜ yards of 40-inch Georgette. Width, lower edge, 1¾ yards.
Transfer Design No. 901 (15 cents).
Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (25 cents).

No. 8566, MISSES' DRESS, in two lengths; suitable for small women; with guimpe, having two styles of sleeve, or to be worn over waist; two-piece underskirt. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar. Width, lower edge, 1¼ yards.
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).

No. 8562, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt, in two lengths. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards of 40-inch material. Width, lower edge, is 1¾ yards.
Transfer Design No. 819 (10 cents) for braiding.
Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (25 cents).

8542 8238 8564 8566

Dress 8564
Sizes 14-20

8546 8558 8532 8562

Tie-On Dress 8532
Sizes 14-20

Dress 8562
Sizes 16-20
Transfer Design No. 819

Express Simplicity in Misses' Dresses

No. 8386, MISSES' EMPIRE DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve; straight tucked tunic. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards of 38-inch material, and ⅜ yard of 27-inch contrasting for collar. Width, 1¾ yards.
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).

No. 8554, MISSES' COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; sleeves set on at wide armholes; three-piece skirt in two lengths. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards of 44-inch material. Width around the lower edge is 1⅝ yards.
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (25 cents).

No. 8560, MISSES' ONE-PIECE COAT. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards of 48-inch material.
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (25 cents).


8386 8554 8554 8560

No. 8372, MISSES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; suitable for small women; closing shoulder and underarm; sleeves attached to lining. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards of 40-inch velvet and 1¼ yards 40-inch contrasting. Width, 2 yards.
Transfer Design No. 824 (15 cents).
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).

No. 7912, MISSES' TIE-ON OR BUTTON-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards of 45-inch material. Width, 2 yards.
Transfer Design No. 912 (15 cents).
Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).

No. 8568, MISSES' COAT SUIT. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards of 48-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (25 cents).

No. 8274, MISSES' EMPIRE COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards of 50-inch material.
Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years (20 cents).

8372 8568 8274 7912

Suggestions for the Junior Girl

No. 8534, GIRL'S DRESS; three-piece skirt. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 50-inch corduroy velvet. This tailor-made dress for the small girl has straight lines and is very simple. The skirt and waist are attached. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (20 cents).

No. 8520, GIRL'S DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch material. The collar, cuff, belt and pocket straps slip through slashes and form a novel trimming feature. Pattern in 7 sizes, 2 to 14 years (20 cents).

Dress 8534
Sizes 6-14
Hat 8318
Small, medium, large

Coat 8548
Sizes 2-14
Hat 8318
Small, medium, large

Double-Breasted Coat 8520
Sizes 2-14
Hat 8318
Small, medium, large

Jumper Dress 8328
Sizes 6-14
Hat 8318
Small, medium, large

For other descriptions, see page 46

Empire Dress 8540
Sizes 6-14

Dress 8536
Sizes 6-14
Transfer Design No. 858

Dress 8552
Sizes 6-14
Transfer Design No. 829

8534 8520 8548 8328 8536 8552 8540

Of Interest to Little Tots

Dress 8544
Sizes 1-6

Romper 8528
Sizes 2-6
Transfer Design No. 891

Dress 8228
Sizes 6-14
Hat 8252
Small, medium, large
Transfer Design No. 833

No. 8544, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch check material. This little frock hangs loose in smock style, and the fulness between points of yoke back and front is shirred or may be smocked.
Transfer Design No. 690 on small view (10 cents).
Pattern in 4 sizes, 1 to 6 years (20 cents).

No. 8228, GIRL'S DRESS; surplice or closing on shoulder and at underarm; straight gathered skirt, or double skirt with foundation. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 45-inch material and ½ yard 36-inch for collar. Transfer Design on hat No. 833 (10 cents).
Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (20 cents).

Dress 8308
Sizes 2-10

8524 8284

8544
Transfer Design No. 690
8528

8228

8308 8242

8538 8530

Dress 8284
Sizes 2-10

Apron Romper 8530
Sizes 6 months to 3 years
Transfer Design No. 891

Middy Dress 8242
Sizes 4-14
Hat 8252
Small, medium, large

Dress 8524
Sizes 2-8

Dress 8538
Sizes 2-10

For other descriptions, see page 46

For the Schoolgirl

Dress 8522
Sizes 2-10

No. 8522, CHILD'S DRESS; two-piece straight skirt. Size 6 requires 1⅜ yards of 36-inch for collar and skirt, and 1 yard of 32-inch contrasting for the waist and sleeves. It may be slipped on over the head. Pattern in 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years (20 cents).

No. 8286, GIRL'S EMPIRE COAT; straight lower section. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 50-inch material. Fur for collar and cuffs. Pattern in 7 sizes, 2 to 14 years (15 cents).

No. 8556, GIRL'S DRESS; with or without shoulder straps; set-in sleeves, in kimono style. Size 10 requires 2 yards of 50-inch serge. Side closing and cut in one from shoulder to hem. Transfer Design No. 888 (15 cents). Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (20 cents).

No. 8526, GIRL'S COAT; raglan sleeves. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material. The belt slips through and holds in the front fulness with the back hanging free. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (20 cents).

Descriptions for page 45

No. 8528, CHILD'S ROMPER; one-piece bloomer; dropped back. Size 4 requires ⅞ yard 27-inch for waist, 1¼ yards of 32-inch. Transfer Design No. 891 (10 cents). Pattern in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years (15 cents).

No. 8242, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS; with or without yokes; two-piece skirt. Size 8 requires 1¼ yards of 42-inch for skirt and collar, and 1¾ yards of 36-inch for the blouse. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (15 cents).

No. 8252, CHILDREN'S HATS. Suitable for girl or boy. The medium size requires ¼ yard of 27-inch for the four-piece hat, ⅝ yard of 36-inch for the sailor, and ⅞ yard of 27-inch for the middy hat. Attractive hat sets. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 2 to 4; medium, 6 to 8; large, 10 to 12 years (15 cents).

Descriptions for page 45

No. 8530, CHILD'S APRON ROMPER. Size 3 requires 1⅜ yards 27-inch, and ¾ yard 36-inch. Transfer Design No. 891 (10 cents). Pattern in 4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).

No. 8524, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch, and ⅛ yard of 27-inch. Pattern in 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years (15 cents).

No. 8538, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yards of 36-inch, and ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Pattern in 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years (20 cents).

Empire Coat 8286
Sizes 2-14
Hat 8252
Small, medium, large

Dress 8556
Sizes 4-14
Transfer Design No. 888

8532 8286

8556 8526

Coat 8526
Sizes 4-14

Attention to the Kiddies

No. 8250, CHILD'S ROMPER AND HAT; dropped back. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards of 38-inch and ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Pattern in 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years (10 cents).

No. 8018, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch for blouse and 1⅛ yards of 36-inch for trousers. Pattern in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years (15 cents).

No. 7952, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Pattern in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years (15 cents).

No. 7930, BOY'S SHIRT BLOUSE. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (10 cents).

No. 8028, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 38-inch material and ¼ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the collar. Developed in madras or other washable it is suitable for school or play. Pattern in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years (15 cents).

No. 8258, BOY'S REEFER OR PEA JACKET; with or without center-back seam. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material. Pattern in 7 sizes, 2 to 14 years (15 cents).

No. 5330, BOYS' HATS. Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 2 to 4; medium, 6 to 10; large, 12 to 16 years (10 cents).

Fashion Descriptions

Descriptions for page 44

No. 8548, GIRL'S COAT; set-in sleeves. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material. Round yoke holds fulness back and front, and collar, cuffs and belt have round outline also.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 2 to 14 years (20 cents).

No. 8540, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yards of 40-inch plain, and 2 yards of 36-inch plaid.
Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (20 cents).

No. 8536, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch, and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 858 (15 cents).
Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (20 cents).

No. 8328, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE; straight pleated or gathered skirt attached to jumper. Size 8 requires ¾ yard of 40-inch plain and 1⅜ yards of 36-inch plaid.
Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).

Dress Apron 8567 Sizes 34-44

No. 8318, GIRL'S HATS. The small size requires, bias hat, ¾ yard of 27-inch.
Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 4 to 6; medium, 8 to 10; large, 12 to 14 years (15 cents).

No. 8567, LADIES' DRESS APRON. Size 36, 4⅞ yards of 36-inch. Width, 1⅞ yards.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).

No. 8552, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 1 yard of 36-inch for waist, and 1⅜ yards of 42-inch for skirt.
Transfer Design No. 829 (15 cents).
Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (20 cents).

Descriptions for page 45

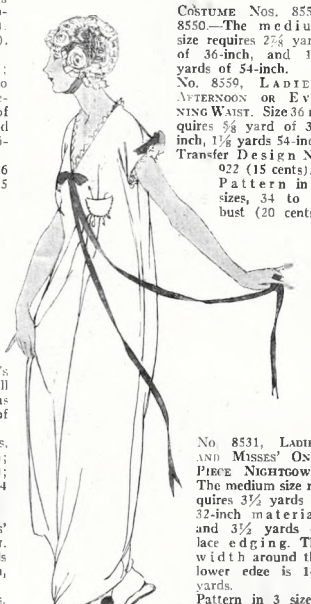
No. 8308, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch plaid, and ⅞ yard of 32-inch.
Pattern in 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years (15 cents).

No. 8284, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch striped, ½ yard of 36-inch velvet, and ⅜ yard of 27-inch for collar.
Pattern in 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years (15 cents).

Descriptions for Color Page

No. 8521, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch for dress, and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting. The width is 1½ yards.
Transfer Design No. 883 (15 cents).
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (25 cents).

No. 8553, LADIES' COAT WRAP; in 53- or 48-inch length. The small size, 48-inch length, requires 3⅞ yards of 48-inch material.
Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (25 cents).



Nightgown 8531 Small, medium, large

COSTUME NOS. 8559-8550.—The medium size requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch, and 1⅝ yards of 54-inch.
No. 8559, LADIES' AFTERNOON OR EVENING WAIST. Size 36 requires ⅝ yard of 36-inch, 1⅛ yards 54-inch.
Transfer Design No. 922 (15 cents).
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).

No. 8531, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN. The medium size requires 3½ yards of 32-inch material, and 3½ yards of lace edging. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards.
Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust (20 cents).

No. 8550, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch. Width, lower edge, 1⅝ yards.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).

No. 8563, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material, and 1¾ yards of 40-inch contrasting. The width of the lower edge is 1¾ yards.
Transfer Design No. 924 (15 cents).
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (25 cents).

COSTUME NOS. 8547-8371.—The medium size requires 5¼ yards of 54-inch material.
No. 8547, LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT. Size 36 requires, 40-inch length, 3¼ yards of 48-inch material. Two styles of collar.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (25 cents).
No. 8371, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2½ yards of 45-inch. Width, lower edge, 1⅞ yards.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).

No. 8525, LADIES' OVERDRESS. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch, and 1½ yards of 36-inch. Width, lower edge, 1½ yards.
Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (25 cents).

No. 8570, LADIES' COAT SUIT. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards.
Pattern in 8 sizes, 34 to 48 bust (25 cents).

No. 8572, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4⅞ of 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards.
Transfer No. 812 (15 cents). Two transfers required.
Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (25 cents).

No. 922, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BANDING. Especially effective and easy to embroider. 2¾ yards of 7½-inch border. Yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents.

No. 924, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BRAIDING. Includes 2¾ yards of 5½-inch border and 12 motifs. Yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents.

New Bags and Linens

By Helen Thomas

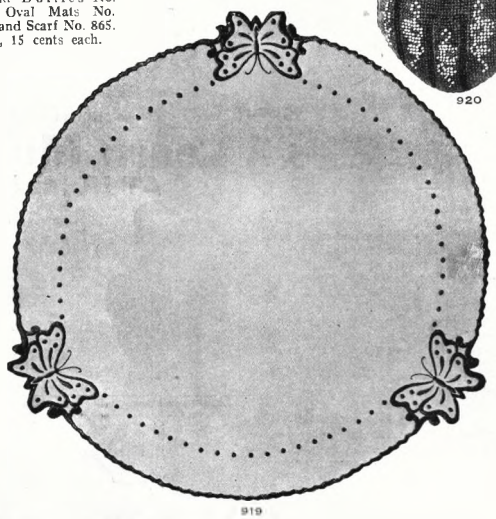
920

No. 919, Transfer Design for Centerpiece. 26 inches in diameter. Absolutely simple in style, yet nothing could be more pleasing in effect than this butterfly design developed in delft-blue on white linen. Satin- and buttonhole-stitch are used, but eyelets may be introduced if desired. Price, 15 cents.
To complete the set get Round Doilies No. 862, Oval Mats No. 861, and Scarf No. 865. Price, 15 cents each.

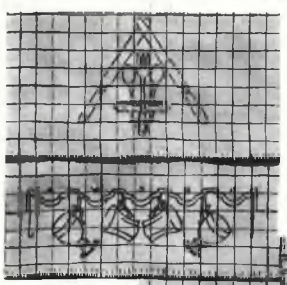
921

No. 921, Transfer Design for Bead Bag. This makes a really beautiful bag at small cost. It may be finished with either a metal top or a heading. The following color scheme produces a most artistic effect: the bag of gray taffeta, graduated lines in dark blue beads, oval lines in lighter blue, centers in alternating lines of orange and green. Price, 15 cents.

920

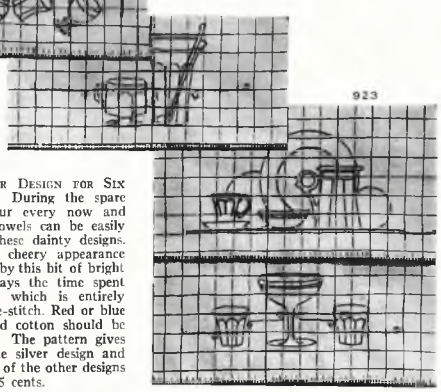


919



923

No. 920, Transfer Design for Two Bead Bags. These are striking examples of the new small-sized bead bags which are highly in favor. The little one in solid beads is 6 inches—and the one beaded in circles is 8 inches deep finished. Their pretty simplicity of design conforms to their dainty size. Dark blue beads sewed on cross-stitch canvas make a good background for the gay little flowers in the solid bead bag. The other bag is pretty beaded on gray silk or any preferred color. Full directions included with pattern. Yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents.



923

No. 923, Transfer Design for Six Kitchen Towels. During the spare minutes which occur every now and then, the kitchen towels can be easily embroidered with these dainty designs. When finished, the cheery appearance added to the kitchen by this bit of bright decoration well repays the time spent in the embroidery, which is entirely in the simple outline-stitch. Red or blue mercerized or strand cotton should be used for the work. The pattern gives two transfers of the silver design and one transfer of each of the other designs illustrated. Price, 15 cents.

No Questions

[Continued from page 34]

touched the subject, the unspeakable affront of his secret thought would have leaped out. If in the first place she had defended taking the reward, had told him that he was foolish and gone boldly off to claim it, he could have weathered that; but if she had so lied to him, sick or well, all love was over between them. So he could only hide, and wait, and grow daily worse instead of better.

Louie took the relapse characteristically. That is, she scolded him humorously and tried to awaken in him an appetite for life by the contagion of her own zest. And she beat up all the ingredients of strength into inviting dishes; but Philip would barely taste them. He had taken to giving his plate a sharp push, as though he did not want it even in front of him.

"If you do that," said Louie severely, "your children will some day push away their nice dinner, and when I rebuke their bad manners, they will say, 'But Father does it!' And what will be your repartee for that?"

He would not look at her; his eyes had avoided hers for days. "My children seem a fairly remote proposition," he said, turning aside on a crossed knee and lighting a cigarette.

"If you could only suggest something you would like," Louie went on amiably. "Ortolans, or chop suey, or loganberries—haven't you any of those sick cravings that one reads about?"

"Nothing, thank you;" with cold courtesy.

"Well, a glass of milk, anyway." And she sprang up to get it. Her step had always a quick lightness, as though she found the game well worth the dancing light of her candle.

The milk was conspicuously left alone. Louie sat silent for several minutes, obviously thinking him over, then the sleek black head came up with an air of decision.

"Little Philip, let us be sensible," she began. An impatient movement of one foot was the only answer. "You are tired to death of your dear nurse and your good food and your pleasant home," she went on in her amused voice. "I am going to pack you off to Atlantic City. And you shall have a real nurse to go with you—a nurse with blue eyes and golden hair and a white cap and an egg-nog on a little tray and no imagination whatever. And you shall ride in a wheel-chair on the board walk, and have a salt bath opening out of your room, and get well just like a millionaire. Now isn't that a nice plan?"

There was a gleam in her eyes that meant the secret of her abominable money, and Philip grew rigid.

"No doubt—for a millionaire," he said. "Oh, I can manage the money," Louie assured him. "It will be cheaper than having you ill again. Besides, my smile aches. I want to take it off for two weeks and give it a good rest." Her finger tips felt the smile region as though it were lame. "Will you go to-morrow?"

"No."

"Next day, then?"

There was a silence. Then Philip rose to leave the room. At the door he spoke, his face averted: "I will not take from you one cent that I can avoid. To-morrow I shall try to go back to work. Please don't open this subject again." Then he closed the door between them.

Louie slept on a couch in the sitting-room, and they did not meet again that night; but in the morning her eyes held no aggrieved memory. And her gaiety was not only before him; through the crack of the door he saw her looking down the morning paper and snaken with laughter by something she saw there. The amusement was still lingering about her when she ran off to her work. She had forgotten his announcement, or had not taken it seriously, and indignation gave Philip strength to dress and set out.

The city, brisk and autumnal, was hurrying about its business, and half a dozen blocks proved to Philip his utter unfitness to get in line. His store of returning strength had been almost wiped out since the finding of that money. He struggled on for what seemed hours, until he stood at the door of his old office, and there in the corridor he reeled and would have fallen but for the help of a passing stenographer. The girl brought him water and was kind and fussy, and Philip escaped in angry shame as soon as his knees would hold him.

When he was nearly home, the faintness came again. He dragged himself to a bench in the corner of the square, and thought he was going to die, there and then. He seemed to be sinking, mind and body, dropping down through vast, bright spaces, and a new peace folded about him. Love and pain were things of this world, and his dismissal would set him free of them. He thought of Louie with remote pity—she had done her best according to her lights, poor child. There was no sense in scolding skylarks because they were not seraphims. Presently he saw her crossing the square with her flying step, gaily intent on some mortal errand, and he watched her out of sight in unearthly detachment. It was strange to remember how he had agonized and exulted over the winning of her, not a year ago. To have left her then for a week would have meant acute misery; and now he was leaving her forever without a regret. He dismissed her with a weary blessing—and did not recognize that his senses had gone back to their old trick of watching for her return.

She came at last, and Philip's still human pulses gave their accustomed leap at sight of her. Then he saw that she was walking strangely, with dropped head and heavy feet. She seemed to have physically wilted in that hour of absence. Her eyes, meeting Philip's, stared back with blank unrecognition; she passed within six feet of him and did not know that he was there. Something dire must have happened to her, and Philip was still sufficiently of this world to wonder what it was. He took up again his mortal burden and followed his wife.

Louie, going straight home, had sunk down into the nearest chair. Her head drooped on her breast, her very feet lay limp on the floor. She looked up at his entrance, but for once her eyes held no cheer for him.

"What is the matter?" he demanded.

Her chin sank back on her doubled fists. "Well, I brought it on myself," she said dully. "It is my own doing. Give me an hour, and perhaps I can tell it as if it were funny. I can't yet."

He sat down facing her and made careful selection of a cigarette. "I would rather have it now, if you don't mind," he said. "Suppose we do without the humor, this once."

"You will hate me;" Louie sighed. "But then, you do anyway, don't you?" Her eyes were again lifted to his, but wearily, as though she, too, had cut mortal cables, and his heart began to tremble.

"No," he said shortly.

A gleam of the old Louie came back. "Well, you will presently," she said. "But, Philip, we had to have money."

The trembling of his heart was communicating itself to his whole body. He turned aside on a crossed knee, letting his match go out. "I know you have—done your best," he muttered.

"Oh, it was such a lovely scheme! And I thought of it all myself, Philip!" She certainly did not sound ashamed. "I didn't know I had such a talent for business. I got it out of the Lost and Found column, and Mr. Goldmark's old jewelry. You see, a lady would advertise that she had lost a pearl ring, or a diamond circle pin, or an open-face gold watch. Well, we would have something rather like it—near enough; so I would take it and go to see her. *Simple comme bonjour!* I didn't even have to say anything—just showed it. And she would look at it and say, 'Oh, no, that is not my ring!'—but she would see how nice I was, and ask questions, and I would tell her about the shop, and bring back any amount of business. And she loved it—you know, there is nothing that rejoices the rich like making a few dollars on the side! Our wrist-watch went out seven times. Oh, Philip, it was fun!" She was forgetting her trouble; Louie's grandmother had been a famous French actress, and any suggestion of a part to play quickened her visibly, made her sit more lightly, as though she actually weighed less. (Philip's grandfather had also been famous—as a Presbyterian minister.) "Does it seem to you utterly shocking and dreadful?"

"It does," said Philip, but his eyes were newly alive behind his shielding hand.

"As bad as taking a reward?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, Louie, you will be the death of me!" It was a heartfelt cry, but she heard laughter in it, and went on, comforted.

"I was very particular not to tell any lies," she assured him. "I only looked things. Sometimes I was distinguished and foreign and romantic, and the next time I would be modern and sensible, like a college graduate, and once—" she laughed out

[Continued on page 51]

No Questions

[Continued from page 50]

over a memory of herself merry and voluble, a possible daughter of the shop, but passed hastily over that. (Philip's grandfather would not have been a glory to the French stage.) "Well, I brought in so much business that Gold Elsie raised me to fifteen per cent., and never asked how I did it, or seemed to notice that the jewelry traveled. And then to-day—oh, my dear!" Trouble came blackly down again. "It was a perfect opening: black enamel buckle set with diamonds, valued as a family heirloom, and we had one, we actually had. I couldn't get there fast enough. And she took it! She fell on it with a cry of joy! We have had it for five years, but she recognized it for the one she lost yesterday—and I couldn't say one word. I simply staggered out. She put an envelope into my hand, and there's twenty-five dollars in it—and the price of the thing was one hundred and ten—and I shall have to tell Mr. Goldmark—and there goes every cent I've made, and your trip to Atlantic city—and you are not getting better—and I did mean so well!" And Louie broke into forlorn laughter. "What could I have done?" she insisted; and then, when he did not speak, "Ah, you do hate me, Philip. You think I am low down, to have done it. You ought to have married—"

"It isn't you that is low down in this family," Philip exploded. "Give me that envelope, and tell me the lady's name and address."

"But you can't—you mustn't—" Louie caught his coat. "What are you going to do?"

A newly vigorous arm closed about her. "Take care of my wife," said Philip.

There were no faint turns on this trip, and Philip came back boyishly exultant.

"Great grandfather's knee buckles are now united," he announced. "Some one else had brought in the lost one just after you had left, and then the lady had realized that yours turned the other way, and was the real, original mate. She was so pleased that she forgot to ask explanations, and I sold it to her for a hundred and fifty. You aren't the only Goldmark in this family! I have explained to him, by the way; and your share is fifty dollars." He put the bills into her hand and closed it over them. "Yours," he insisted.

The hand fell open again, imploringly. "Oh, won't you go to Atlantic City for two weeks? Won't you, please?" Before the prayer in her eyes, his pride went down.

"I will go for one week if you will go with me," he said. "We will take the next train. And couldn't we have a lot of lunch? I'm hungry as the deuce. I am going to get well, Louie—immediately, if not sooner. I feel—why, my dear!" For Louie, the indomitable, had dropped down against the couch and was crying all over, sobbing, gasping, pouring out a very fountain of tears. He had never seen her cry before, and he was down beside her in an instant, trying to still her with futile pattings.

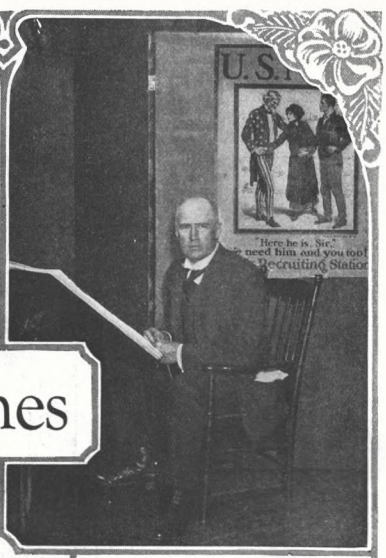
"What is it—dear, what is it?" he urged.

It came out in a wail. "Oh, I have been so scared! I haven't dared stop laughing—for one second—for fear you'd d-d-die on me! Oh, it has been like skating—when you know—the ice won't hold if you s-s-stop! Oh, Philip, I've been so s-s-sca-r-ed! Oh, I've got to cry!"

So he let her cry it out, holding her closely and drying his own eyes at frequent intervals. When at last she grew quiet, his own confession came struggling up out of the shaken depths of his soul.

"I've got to tell you. I was a low down—before God, Louie, it was my sickness, not me! But I saw the money in your drawer, and I thought—" He grew crimson. "No, I did not think it!" he said fiercely. "But the devil kept whispering to me that—that—you know, the $500 reward—that you might have—I've been well punished, I can tell you. Can you forgive me?" She was looking up at him so mildly that he feared he had not made his confession plain. "I mean, I was afraid you had taken the reward and not told me—deceived me!" He blurted it out in deadly shame, but Louie, the incalculable, showed only a thoughtful regret.

"Why on earth didn't I think of that!" she said; and whether she spoke in mischief or in simple candor, no plain-minded son of New England might know.



Signs of the Times

James Montgomery Flagg and four of his "Signs" that are helping to win the war

Charles Dana Gibson, popular American illustrator, creating a "Sign of the Times"

FIGURES do not mean much in these days when even school children do not flinch before an army of strange 000,000,000. It does not impress us half so much to know that there are 500,000 women selling Liberty Bonds today (more than all the bond owners in America a year and a half ago) as it does to know the sacrifices of half a dozen of those 500,000. We like to hear of the widow who sold her home and put the entire proceeds into Liberty Bonds and went to work to earn her living. We like to know that the women of Silverbow, Montana—one of the most sparsely settled counties of the northwest where the distances between neighbors is covered by long miles on horseback—sold a million dollars worth of bonds in a week; that in Iowa the women's subscriptions went over the entire quota for the State; that a woman born of a slave in Vicksburg, whose father fought with Grant, her husband with Roosevelt, her son with Pershing, is buying and selling Liberty Bonds in Brooklyn; that a Chicago school teacher made a record selling bonds in a district deserted by the men's committee; that in California seven out of ten bonds were bought by women. We like to think that the army of women who are selling bonds and the great army who are working long hours and saving every day to buy bonds were not recruited among women who understood at the beginning of the war what part money played in the victory. From Liberty Loan to Liberty Loan, from Maine to California, one at a time, our home women gradually came to understand that it was only through their individual efforts in making each Liberty Loan a success that the cost of war could be paid. We like to feel that, in the Fourth Liberty Loan there is an opportunity for every single one of us to make a record for service and for sacrifice, and why not? This loan is the greatest ever offered; our Government needs our best efforts to make it a success. It comes at a time when the measure of our sacrifice will be to our sons at the front, the measure of our appreciation of their needs and their worth. The Fourth Liberty Loan will not be a complete success if, when it is over, we talk in numbers at all—500,000 or 5,000,000. What we want to be able to say is that every American woman did her share to prove her faith. What will you do?

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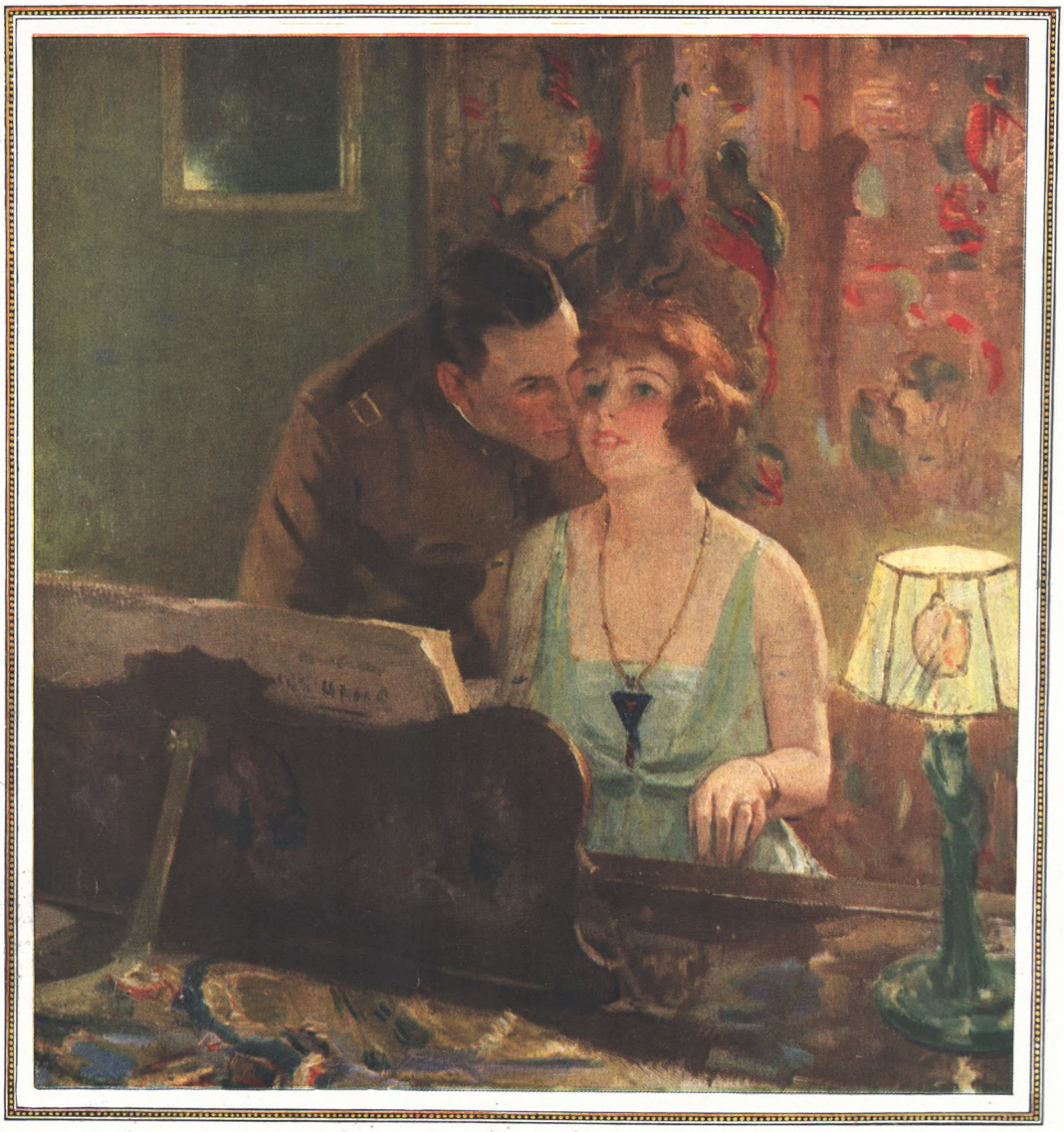

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