

THE EASTER WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

APRIL 1909

15 CENTS



THE
CROWELL
PUBLISHING
COMPANY



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"I KNOW THAT MAN"

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A PAGE OF LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



NUMBER OF INTERESTING LETTERS have come as a result of the letter from "P. A." in "The Subscribers' Bureau" for February. The letter below is not only well worth reading, but it opens up a subject which is worthy of discussion. Our correspondent did not sign her name and address, but we thank her for her interesting statement of a vexed question.

The Woman's Pocketbook

In answer to "P. A., South Carolina," in *re* "The Widow's Money," can you through your journal or "P. A." through his bank acquaintance do anything toward helping or getting the husband to teach his wife the art of handling money? All women don't need the teaching—I know that from bitter personal experience. I know positively that I could do twice what my husband does with his money; pay his insurance (on a policy of only six thousand dollars) and save and invest money out of his five and six thousand dollars a year. Yet I never handle any of it, except five or ten dollars to buy this, that or the other thing.

I never talk of the "allowance question" any more, but feel so keenly on it that I keep track of every cent I receive and spend. My husband's reason for not giving me an allowance was that when first married I was too young (seventeen) and his salary (one thousand dollars a year) very small. Why, even then I knew the value of one hundred cents, for I had been taught it at home, and when fifteen and an only child I did nearly all my invalid mother's shopping.

In the last ten years my husband's income has not been a salary, but has reached to five and six thousand dollars a year, always coming in little or large amounts all the time.

Here, briefly, are the conditions under which I live:

I have been married sixteen years, and have a family of three girls and one boy—two girls at an expensive boarding school.

Between house, husband and children I am not able to earn for myself, and my husband would be horrified if I did.

I am well and plainly dressed, as my husband likes to see me look well.

I know he never wastes his money on other women—and among men he wastes little, very little to what heaps of our acquaintances do. Yet you can't get him to see that his wife might like to feel that she *could* waste (it would positively be called *waste*) the price of a matinee or tea occasionally with a friend. So I never receive like favors from other women.

And again, on this income and with such a family (the eldest fourteen) what insurance should be carried to be fair to the family? The husband's work being of a brain-fagging and nervous nature, I say at least twenty-five thousand dollars, for that would be one way of saving. My husband says, "I work too hard for my money to put it all into insurance," and so six thousand dollars is all I can look forward to in case of death to rear four children on. I have put all sentiment aside and tried to show him just how I would stand—but no good.

I am also glad to see that you are going to help the woman who has money to invest. I hope it will be for the women who are in the "majority"—that is, for the women who can put by only small sums at a time.

Your February cover is lovely and your magazine is better and better all the time. L. E. C.

More Users of the Magazine

WE ARE EXCEEDINGLY GLAD to get letters from our readers, telling exactly *how* the COMPANION is for them a "tool for service." These letters seem to us especially helpful and suggestive.

DEAR COMPANION:—

Would you like to know what becomes of you after grandmother and John and Lad and Wee Alice and I have read you through and through?

First, I clip off your beautiful covers and send them to a missionary up among the hills of North Carolina. They are dreary places, the homes where these mountain folk live. Read what she says and see how glad she is to have the covers: "Plaster is almost unknown here. The better houses are wood ceiled and with very few windows, sometimes only one, so the room is always dark. Bright pictures on the dark, smoke-stained wood relieve the barrenness greatly." Isn't it a wonderful mission to carry cheer into lonely lives?

Yet my tale is not yet finished. The recipes go into a cookery book which I'm making for a bride-to-be; so do the household hints. The songs go to a music-hungry little soul on the Western prairie, who plays them over and over on her worn old organ.

The children's pages Wee Alice claims as hers. She cuts out the pictures, verse and stories and puts them in small envelopes for the convalescent children at the hospital.

The articles on furniture making are Lad's. I understand they have a wide circulation among boys who like to do things with tools. So you see we cut and shear you till there's nothing left but your stories. These go into a portfolio, with others like them, destined for a lumber camp.

File my COMPANIONS away in the attic, as some of my neighbors do? Not for worlds uncounted. There are too many darkened lives awaiting the sunshine of its pages.

A COMPANION HOUSEKEEPER,
Evansville, Wisconsin.

Last Christmas I cut out of the back numbers of the COMPANION the items in "The Exchange" that had been of the greatest help to me, and gave them to a friend. She was so pleased and found them of such service that she has sent in her subscription.

R. G. F., Tacoma, Washington.

A Letter From Mexico

"NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER of invention," as every one knows. Perhaps some readers, whose ingenuity is not stimulated by this stern parent, may get a helpful hint from our Mexican friend.

For years, while living in the States, I bought the magazine of the newsdealers, but on coming here last August I subscribed for it. We feel that we cannot miss a single copy, not only on account of its general interest, but especially for the series of articles on "Well-Made Furniture." We are entirely out of the land of railroads and many miles from a navigable river. All the furniture in this country is of the "knock down" variety, as it takes less room on shipboard.

We have all the facilities and command the skill to make this beautiful "Mission" furniture, and the designs, so well worked out, are a boon to us.

Incidentally, the January issue gave a beautiful design of a leaded-glass window in the illustration of "The Glass House," which we expect to utilize in the building of a new home soon. Will you laugh when I tell you that the glass will be furnished by the discarded negatives which accumulate in photographic work? Houses here are built without windows, so window glass is not to be found in the country. But we find that in stormy weather and in Northerly the home would be much more comfortable if draughts could be shut out without excluding light.

Mrs. F. E. M. Palenque, Chiapas, Mexico.

The February Number

IF THE EDITOR'S MAIL IS A SAFE GUIDE, I we must have "struck twelve" on the February number. We have never before had so many appreciative letters from any one issue of the COMPANION. Here are a few from those that have given us special pleasure.

I must congratulate you on your February issue, especially on your cover design—not that alone, but also on the contents of that number. Give us some more contributions such as "My Future Son-in-Law" and "Her Psychological Moment;"

those are interesting and cheerful reading. That cover design is the most beautiful thing in that line I have ever seen.
G. S. K., Sunrise, Wyoming.

Your magazine, judging from the name, is intended for, and undoubtedly best adapted to, the "boss" of the household; I mean the woman. I might say, however, that it contains some mighty interesting articles for the "old man." I am particularly interested in the working designs of "Well-Made Furniture." I have made two pieces from the dimensions given, and find that the instructions are so complete and the designs so carefully selected and worked out that I am delighted with the results.
O. G. C., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

I wish to express my appreciation of your February issue. Your magazine has been steadily improving and I have found it to contain more of the good and wholesome class of reading each month. This February issue outshines all previous issues in my estimation. The serial stories are so interesting that it is always hard to wait for the next issue, and the pages devoted to fancy work are excellent.

Your article in relation to matrimony and the business woman interested me especially.
M. S. N., New York City.

The February issue is the best ever. "A Substitute for Matrimony" should do a world of good. It was good judgment to print "My Future Son-in-Law" in the same issue. "David Copperfield and Agnes" and "The Young Dreamer" are illustrations to be preserved. Since your articles on "Home Owning" I take pleasure in telling you I have bought a home and given it to my wife. Many thanks to you. H. M., Melrose, Massachusetts.

"A Derelict"

BELOW IS ONE OF MANY RECENT LETTERS praising Juliet Wilbor Tompkins' story. Another long story from her pen, even better than "A Derelict," is a treat in store for COMPANION readers.

This is the first time I've ever written an editor with no other purpose than that of expressing my impressions—but I can't resist the impulse to tell you of my thorough enjoyment of the story just closed, "A Derelict." I am a great reader and I can't recall a story at any time that has given me more genuine pleasure than the one just mentioned. The theme is unusual and is handled with such rare literary charm and pulsates with such warm, human interest as to make it peerless.

My only objection, if objection it can be, is that it ends too abruptly. The relations between Cassandra and Doctor Diman had been so stormy throughout that more of them as lovers, after they reached an understanding, would have been highly appreciated. I'm sure I but voice the wishes of others in asking you to give us more of this living, breathing man and woman in future issues of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. "A Derelict" is almost a classic. May we have it like again.

Mrs. W. E. T., Attalla, Alabama.

From the Canal Zone

THIS IS AN INTERESTING PHASE of the "home-owning" subject, and by giving our friend's views space here we trust we are disproving in some measure his accusation that we are "one-sided."

In your recent editorial on "The Reasons for Owning a Home" you give as many reasons four—political interest, beautifying the city, school pride, and clubs. That owning a home or a place for one does all these things I am aware, but I also am surprised that you left out one of the most important ones, and that is the increased interest it gives a family in the local church. Churches are supported by the home owners. I have had enough experience in this line to say that rental districts are notorious for their neglect of church privilege. I do not know the stand the COMPANION takes in such things,

not having taken the magazine long, but it seems to me that your article is pathetically one-sided. Of course I would not want you to preach all the time, but a high moral tone seems to be dependent on a healthy religion.

J. S. H., Culebra, Canal Zone.

A Real Achievement

AMONG THE HUNDREDS OF LETTERS received in response to our "Own Your Own Home" articles, the one below, from "An American Girl," seems to us noteworthy, as a simple, straightforward, uncomplaining record of an achievement which was little short of heroic, in the hard work and self-denial involved.

It will be two years ago next April that I found myself free from debt and with fifty dollars cash, a lone woman of thirty-five, and being tired of working for others, I determined to have a home of my own. No sooner did I make up my mind than I started out. I went to a little farming village not more than two hours' ride from the city of Buffalo, and bought half an acre of ground for thirty dollars cash, rented a room for two weeks for three dollars, got a man to plow the land and plant it with onions and lettuce—cost me just eleven dollars. I went back to the city for four weeks. The man who planted the ground cared for it in my absence. When I returned, many of the young onions were ready to pick. I got a place to work for my board from seven in the morning till one-thirty o'clock; then I went into my garden and picked what was ready, and shipped them to the big hotels in Buffalo, where I had made the arrangement to keep them supplied. As fast as I picked them I planted more seed, doing the work myself, to save expense. As six weeks is ample time for either of these two vegetables, I had, on the fourteenth day of October, \$169.40 saved. I placed it in the bank, came back to the city and worked until the next April. During the winter months I only saved forty dollars. I put \$30.60 to the amount in bank, making even two hundred dollars. Last April I again planted my half acre. I planted half of it in onions and lettuce, the other half in mushrooms. At the end of last October I had four hundred dollars in bank. By next April I am going to have a house with small parlor, dining room, bedroom, kitchen and bath and small attic. I have consulted a carpenter, who says he can make me such a home very comfortable for five hundred dollars. I know before the house is finished I can have the other hundred easy, and will not have to go into debt. I hope this will help others who have not two or three thousand dollars to invest in a home.
AN AMERICAN GIRL, Buffalo, New York.

A Healthy Growth

FROM HALF A SUBSCRIBER to four whole subscribers is the kind of progress we like to make. The COMPANION is not a little proud of this instance of healthy growth.

You give your readers the privilege of writing letters showing their appreciation of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION; therefore I send mine.

I became a reader of the COMPANION in 1907 through exchanging magazines with a friend who took it. I soon found myself disliking to return the magazine, and became a subscriber. In 1907 I gave a year's subscription to a friend. In 1908 I remembered four friends in like manner. I like the editorial policy of your magazine better than that of any home magazine with which I am familiar. It contains instruction and entertainment for each member of the family. The advice contained in its columns is practical and the fiction wholesome. It would be hard to tell what department I like best; all are full of interest.

I am enjoying Doctor Hale's reminiscences. In April, 1907, you published the finest poem I ever read—"Christ Before Pilate," by Thomas Nelson Page.

Your magazine deserves the popularity that it has attained.

Mrs. S. M. N., Kansas.



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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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APRIL, 1909

EASTER NUMBER

OUR OWN PAGE

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Resurrected Resolutions

ONE of the finest features of cleaning house is the uncovering of forgotten treasures. Hanging on some obscure hook or packed in the darkest corner of some unopened drawer is a keepsake you have long sought or long forgotten. The rediscovery of one such token is almost worth the whole disagreeable business of bare floors and cheerless rooms. It is one of the pleasures of spring.

Some people clean their mental houses in the days between March and June, and it is a good plan. Whether it be the new cleanliness of their household surroundings, or the physical rejuvenation within themselves, or the fresh purity of the green outdoors, this is certain: the spring of the year, and not the first of January, is the best time to begin all over again. Easter should be a time of resurrected resolutions, of rediscovered treasures. The good intentions of New Year's are transitory things. We all know that the snows of Christmas, which give the purity of New Year's, are quick to succumb to the thaws of January and are as nothing before the cruel winds of February and March. No one but Gregory XIII. ever believed that the year really began so in the middle of things—and Gregory is dead. Look about you at the trees and the fields, look inside at your own feelings and state of health. Easter is the real New Year's. Everybody knows that.

Why not celebrate Easter this year as the beginning of our new year? Get out the old resolutions—not so old, either, since only three months have passed since their birth; but perhaps they are already frost-bitten or moldy. Take them out into the new spring air, where they will have a chance to grow and prosper for a season. Who knows but they may become hardy plants and be ever green.

Our Daughters Again

NEXT month we expect to treat in a large way a very large subject and one that lies near to our hearts—the education of girls. People think about their souls every Lent, about their clothes every Easter, and about their daughters every June. This last is especially true if the daughters are of high-school age. That curiously contradictory word "Commencement," which seems to most young people to mark the end of all things, looms up in its true meaning to the thoughtful parent. Then, and then only, the parent asks, "What has school done for my daughter?" We believe that this interesting question may be so answered by the COMPANION during the next few months that

more parents will ask, when it is not too late, "What will school do for my daughter?" And if the answer is not satisfactory, we hope that it will cause honest thought and effort to correct mistakes to which so many of us have so long been blind.

Dramatic Philanthropy

AN EARTHQUAKE is the most thoroughly dramatic manifestation of Nature. This old earth can rumble along its beaten track and gain no more attention than a trolley car, but just so soon as it begins to swerve, and skid, and go chunk, chunk, and honk, honk, it has all the romantic interest of a motor car. There is something about wrong doing that is very dear to the human heart. A woman never sends flowers to a well man until he is behind the prison bars. And by the same token, many men never have a cent for charity until the earth opens and the heavens fall. Conventional poverty has no appeal. The homeless in New York and Chicago and Denver are not interesting; the homeless in Messina and San Francisco thrill the imagination and empty the pockets of every tender-hearted man and woman.

But this is the question which always arises at a time when the world begins to give away its gold: If there is so much wealth in the world, if there are so many people with brains enough to accumulate it and hearts big enough to give it away, why must we wait for a sudden sign of the wrath of God to discover it?

Take, for instance, one fight for the universal good that has been made slowly but triumphantly, without thunder and lightning and storm, the fight against tuberculosis. Everybody who reads the papers knows that science has finally conquered the great white plague; everybody who has lived at all knows what such a victory means; everybody who thinks at all knows that the results of this victory can be realized throughout the world only through the expenditure of vast sums of money. No money could be better spent, not only because every dollar serves the generations to come, but every dollar will come back a hundredfold in our lifetime and in the lifetime of our children through the vast economies of sanitation. And yet, progress is impeded by lack of support; and it is only one of many causes whose appeal has not crossed the footlights of the public's sentimentality.

Let us have dramatic giving. Yes, but let us recognize conventional poverty. Let us stop the sudden gap; but let us not forget the ever-present need.

"TOO MUCH" ENGLISH

BY JACK LONDON

OUR DIFFICULT SPEECH AS IT IS TWISTED BY THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS

GIVEN a number of white traders, a wide area of land and scores of savage languages and dialects, and the result will be that the traders will manufacture a totally new, unscientific, but perfectly adequate, language. This the traders did when they invented the Siwash lingo for use over British Columbia, Alaska and the Northwest Territory. So with the lingo of the Kroo boys of Africa, the pigeon English of the Far East, and the beche de mer of the westerly portion of the South Seas. This latter is often called pigeon English, but pigeon English it certainly is not. To show how totally different it is, mention need be made only of the fact that the classic *piecee* of China has no place in it.

There was once a sea captain who needed a dusky potentate down in his cabin. The potentate was on deck. The captain's command to the Chinese steward was, "Hey, boy, you go top-side catchee one piecee king."

Had the steward been a New Hebridean or a Solomon Islander, the command would have been, "Hey, you fella boy, go look 'm eye belong you along deck, bring 'm me fella one big fella marster belong black man."

It was the first white men who ventured through Melanesia after the early explorers who developed beche de mer English—men such as the beche de mer fishermen, the sandalwood traders, the pearl hunters and the labor recruiters. In the Solomons, for instance, scores of languages and dialects are spoken. Unhappy the trader who tried to learn them all; for in the next group to which he might wander he would find scores of additional tongues. A common language was necessary—a language so simple that a child could learn it, with a vocabulary as limited as the intelligence of the savages upon whom it was to be used. The traders did not reason this out. Beche de mer English was the product of conditions and circumstances. Function precedes organ; and the need for a universal Melanesian lingo preceded beche de mer English. Beche de mer was purely fortuitous, but it was fortuitous in the deterministic way. Also, from the fact that out of the need the lingo arose, beche de mer English is a splendid argument for the Esperanto enthusiasts.

A limited vocabulary means that each word shall be overworked. Thus, *fella*, in beche de mer, means all that *piecee* does and quite a bit more, and is used continually in every possible connection. Another overworked word is *belong*. Nothing stands alone. Everything is related. The thing desired is indicated by its relationship with other things. A primitive vocabulary means primitive expression; thus, the continuance of rain is expressed as *rain he stop*. *Sun he come up* cannot possibly be misunderstood, while the phrase structure itself can be used without mental exertion in ten thousand different ways; as, for instance, a native who desires to tell you that there are fish in the water and who says *fish he stop*. It was while trading on Ysabel island that I learned the excellence of this usage. I wanted two or three pairs of the large clam shells (measuring three feet across), but I did not want the meat inside. Also, I wanted the meat of some of the smaller clams to make a chowder. My instruction to the natives finally ripened into the following: "You fella bring me fella big fella clam—*kai-kai* he no stop, he walk about. You fella bring me fella small fella clam—*kai-kai* he stop."

Kai-kai is the Polynesian for *food, meat, eating, and to eat*; but it would be hard to say whether it was introduced into Melanesia by the sandalwood traders or by the Polynesian westward drift. *Walk about* is a quaint phrase. Thus, if one orders a Solomon sailor to put a tackle on a boom, he will suggest, "That fella boom he walk about too much." And if the said sailor asks for shore liberty he will state that it is his desire to walk about.

Too much, by the way, does not indicate anything excessive. It is merely the simple superlative. Thus, if a native is asked the distance to a certain village, his answer will be one of these four: "Close up; long way little bit; long way big bit; or long way too much." *Long way too much* does not mean that one cannot walk to the village; it means that he will have to walk farther than if the village were a long way big bit.

Gammon is to lie, to exaggerate, to joke. *Mary* is a woman. Any woman is a *Mary*. All women are *Marys*. Doubtlessly the first dim white adventurer whimsically called a native woman *Mary*, and of similar birth must have been many other words in beche de mer. The white men were all seamen, and so, *capsize* and *sing out* were introduced into the lingo. One would not tell a Melanesian cook to empty the dish water, but he would tell him to capsize it. To *sing out* is to cry loudly, to call out, or merely to speak. *Sing-sing* is a song. The native Christian does not think of God calling for Adam in the Garden of Eden; in the native's mind, God sings out for Adam.

Savvee and *catchee* are practically the only words which have been introduced straight from pigeon English. Of course, *pickaninny* has happened along, but some of its uses are delicious. Having bought a fowl from a native in a canoe, the native asked me if I wanted "Pickaninny stop along him fella." It was not until he showed me a handful of hen's eggs that I understood his meaning. *My word*, as an exclamation with a thousand significances, could have arrived from nowhere else than old England. A paddle, a sweep, or an oar, is called a *washee*, and *washee* is also the verb.

Here is a letter, dictated by one Peter, a native trader at Santa Anna, and addressed to his employer. Harry, the schooner captain, started to write the letter, but was stopped by Peter at the end of the second sentence. Thereafter the letter runs in Peter's own words, for Peter was afraid that Harry gammoned too much, and he wanted the straight story of his needs to go to headquarters.

Santa Anna.

Trader Peter has worked twelve months for your firm and has not received any pay yet. He hereby wants twelve pounds. [At this point Peter began dictation.] Harry he gammon along him all the time too much. I like him six tin biscuit, four bag rice, twenty-four tin bullamacow. Me like him two rifle, me savvee look out along boat, some place me go man he no good, he *kai-kai* along me.

PETER.



Mr. London in Sailor Togs

Bullamacow means tinned beef. This word was corrupted from the English language by the Samoans, and from them learned by the traders, who carried it along with them into Melanesia. Captain Cook and the other early navigators made a practise of introducing seeds, plants and domestic animals among the natives. It was at Samoa that one such navigator landed a bull and a cow. "This is a bull and a cow," said he to the Samoans. They thought he was giving the name of the breed, and from that day to this beef on the hoof and beef in the tin is called *bullamacow*.

A Solomon Islander cannot say *fence*, so, in beche de mer, it becomes *fennis*; store is *sittore*, and box is *bokkis*. Just now the fashion in chests, which are known as boxes, is to have a bell arrangement on the lock so that the box cannot be opened without sounding an alarm. A box so equipped is not spoken of as a mere box, but as the *bokkis belong bell*.

Fright is the beche de mer for fear. If a native appears timid and one asks him the cause, he is liable to hear in reply, "Me fright along you too much." Or the native may be *fright* along storm, or the wild bush, or haunted places. *Cross* covers every form of anger. A man may be cross at one when he is feeling only petulant; or he may be cross when he is seeking to chop off your head and make a stew out of you. A recruit, after having toiled three years on a plantation, was returned to his own village on Malaita. He was clad in all kinds of gay and sportive garments. On his head was a top hat. He possessed a trade box full of calico, beads, porpoise teeth and tobacco. Hardly was the anchor down, when the villagers were on board. The recruit looked anxiously for his own relatives, but none was to be seen. One of the natives

took the pipe out of his mouth, another confiscated the strings of beads from around his neck, a third relieved him of his gaudy loin cloth, and a fourth tried on the top hat and omitted to return it. Finally one of them took his trade box, which represented three years' toil, and dropped it into a canoe alongside. "That fella belong you?" the captain asked the recruit, referring to the thief. "No belong me," was the answer. "Then why in Jericho do you let him take the box?" the captain demanded indignantly. Quoth the recruit, "Me speak along him, say bokkis he stop, that fella he cross along me"—the recruit meant that the other man would murder him.

What name is the great interrogation of beche de mer. It all depends on how it is uttered. It may mean: What is your business? What do you mean by this outrageous conduct? What do you want? What is the thing you are after? You had best watch out; I demand an explanation; and a few hundred other things.

Some years ago large numbers of Solomon Islanders were recruited to labor on the sugar plantations of Queensland. One of the laborers got up and made a speech to a shipload of islanders who had just arrived, using the talk he had heard the missionary make on the Fall of Man:

"Altogether you boy belong Solomons you no savvee white man. Me fella me savvee him. Me fella me savvee talk along white man."

"Before long time altogether no place he stop. God big fella marster belong white man, him fella He make 'm altogether. God big fella marster belong white man, He make 'm big fella garden. He good fella too much. Along garden plenty yam he stop, plenty cocoonut, plenty taro, plenty *kumara* [sweet potatoes], altogether good fella *kai-kai* too much."

"Bimeby God big fella marster belong white man He make 'm one fella man and put 'm along garden belong Him. He call 'm this fella man Adam. He name belong him. He put him this fella man Adam along garden, and He speak, 'This fella garden he belong you.' And He look 'm this fella Adam he walk about too much. Him fella Adam all the same sick; he no savvee *kai-kai*; he walk about all the time. And God He no savvee. God big fella marster belong white man, He stop and say, 'What name? Me no savvee what name this fella Adam he want?'"

"Bimeby God He savvee, and speak, 'Me fella me savvee, him fella Adam him want 'm Mary.' So He make Adam he go sleep. He take one fella bone belong him, and He make 'm one fella Mary along bone. He call him this fella Mary, Eve. He give 'm this fella Eve along Adam, and He speak along him fella Adam, 'Close up altogether along this fella garden belong you two fella. One fella tree he tambo [taboo] along you altogether. This fella tree belong apple.'

"So Adam Eve two fella stop along garden, and they two fella have 'm good time too much. Bimeby, one day, Eve she come along Adam, and she speak, 'More good you me two fella we eat 'm this fella apple.' Adam he speak, 'No,' and Eve she speak, 'What name you no like 'm me?' And Adam he speak, 'Me like 'm you too much, but me fright along God.' And Eve she speak, 'Gammon! What name? God He no savvee look along us two fella all 'm time. God big fella marster, He gammon along you.' But Adam he speak, 'No.' But Eve she talk, talk, allee time—altee same Mary she talk along boy along Queensland and make 'm trouble along boy. And bimeby Adam he tired too much, and he speak, 'All right.' So these two fella they go eat 'm. When they finish eat 'm, my word, they fright too much, and they go hide along scrub."

"And God he come walk about along garden, and He sing out, 'Adam!' Adam he no speak. He too much fright. My word! And God He sing out, 'Adam!' And Adam he speak, 'You call 'm me?' God He speak, 'Me call 'm you too much.' Adam he speak, 'Me sleep strong fella too much.' And God He speak, 'You been eat 'm this fella apple.' Adam he speak, 'No, me no been eat 'm.' God He speak, 'What name you gammon along me? You been eat 'm.' And Adam he speak, 'Yes, me been eat 'm.'

"And God big fella marster he cross along Adam Eve two fella too much, and he speak, 'You two fella finish along me altogether. You go catch 'm bokkis [box] belong you, and go along scrub.'

"So Adam Eve these two fella go along scrub. And God He make 'm one big fennis [fence] all around garden and He put 'm one fella marster belong God along fennis. And He give this fella marster belong God one big fella musket, and He speak, 'S'pose you look 'm these two fella Adam Eve, you shoot 'm plenty too much.'"

AN ADVENTURE IN ALTRURIA

BY OCTAVE THANET

AUTHOR OF "THE REAL THING," "A BOOK OF TRUE LOVERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



HE story came to me through my friend, Mrs. Katherine Biff. Mrs. Biff is a widow. Her profession—I will not slight her beautiful art by a lesser word—is that of cook. She cooks for my cousin Elinor, and it was during one of Elinor's absences in Europe that Mrs. Biff had her experience in Altruria, as the supply for Miss Mercedes

Van Arden. It was highly interesting, I think.

She gave me the episode herself; because, first place, I am Elinor's own cousin (like the rest of her world, she loves Elinor), and in the second place, she knows that I appreciate her conversation. Assuredly I do value Katy's freehand sketches of life. She is a shrewd observer. Often while she talks I recall Stevenson's description of another: "She is not to be deceived nor think a mystery solved when it is repeated."

Katy is an American by birth, but Celtic by race and by nature; a widow to whom children never were granted, but who out of her savings has helped educate and settle half a dozen of her nieces and nephews. Katy's married life was brief and not happy. The late Biff was a handsome man who never let other people's comfort or rights interfere with his own pleasure. Nevertheless, when he was killed in a saloon brawl she did not grudge him many carriages for his last journey (she who believes in simple funerals. "When I give free rides I'll give 'em while I'm alive and can hear folks say 'Thank you!'" says she), and she has erected a neat stone to his memory.

It was three years after his death that Mrs. Biff came to Elinor, with whom she has lived since.

Elinor, one may say, bequeathed her to the Van Ardens. At least she suggested them importunately to Katy. To me she explained, "Katy is a maternal soul, and she can't help taking care of Mercy Van Arden, who is a stray angel in a wicked world and *thinks* she is a Socialist."

We are conservative, peaceful mid-Westerners in our town, and the only Socialists belong to a class that we do not meet nor recognize save by their names in the papers published preliminary to fiery addresses delivered at not very reputable tavern halls. Therefore, to have a cultivated Socialist, a young lady of wealth, who regarded her fortune as a "Trust," come to live among us was exciting. Her aunt, from whom she had recently inherited her fortune, was well known to us, being a large property owner in the town. She, the late aunt, was not in the least a Socialist; on the contrary, we esteemed her a particularly shrewd and merciless adept at a bargain. She had a will of her own; and considering that Miss Mercedes had borne the yoke of it for ten years, it was generally considered that she had earned her legacy.

Under all these conditions of interest I admit I was glad enough to see Katy Biff's decent black hat approaching the side door the day after her entrance into the Van Arden family circle.

"Well, Miss Patsy," she began, "I guess you know she's queer; I thought I knew most of the brands of wine and women, as old Judge Howells used to say, but this one beats me! I came 'round to the yard—she's hired the Bateman place furnished, you know, while the Batemans are towering in Canada, she and her sister, who's a doctor lady. I hope the doctor'll be a kinder balance wheel, but she's got a chore!"

"As I was saying, I come 'round the yard aiming for the kitchen door, when I heard somebody calling, and there she was opening the front door to Nellie Small. Don't you remember Nellie Small? She was the Batemans' waitress for three months—poor young things—and smashed a lot of their nice wedding presents, the other girl told me. She's the kind that always looks so fine and never dusts the hind legs of the table. I wasn't none too pleased at the sight of her, but Miss Van Arden, she was awful polite; took us both right into the parlor and made us set down. I got worried thinking she'd mistook, and I hesitates a minute and then I says:

"Miss Van Arden, I was going 'round to the kitchen door; I've come to see about the cook's place."

"I know," says she right quick, with a little lift of her pretty brown head. She's got hair's fine as Capitola in 'The Hidden Hand'—I saw you at the play, Miss Patsy, so you know; only I guess Capitola's never grew on her head and Miss Van Arden's did—but she

said, 'I know; you're Mrs. Biff, and you,' says she, smiling so pretty on that Nellie trash, 'you're Miss Small.'

"I am," says Nellie, tossing her head.

"So then she begins; and from that beginning, and calling us in that way, you can imagine how she went on. She explained that while she was a poor girl at her aunty's she read a lovely book about an imaginary country called Altruria; and the gentleman who wrote it didn't think we *could* do that way in this country; she supposed we couldn't, but she was going to try, and she hoped we would like her and help her. She didn't know much about housekeeping; she had helped her aunty, but it was writing letters and doing errands and dusting bric-à-brac (and she laughed); the only things she knew how to do right well was to dust and to polish jewelry and make tea. But she hoped to learn; and she had got all the machinery she could think of; there was an electric washer and an ironing machine, and a dish-washing machine, and bread and cake machines, and we ought not to need to work more than eight hours a day. She didn't believe really in more'n six hours a day, but at first maybe we wouldn't mind eight.

"I could see that Nellie drinking it all in, getting more topping every minute.

"Miss Van Arden," says she, 'how about evenings? I'm used to having *all* my evenings.'

"I ain't, ma'am," says I, 'not if there's dinner company. And I know well enough Nellie ain't, neither.'

"I—I could have dinner in the middle of the day," says Miss Van Arden real pitiful, 'if it weren't that sister comes in tired at night and likes a hot meal; but I've got a fireless stove, and it might be cooked and left in the fireless stove and we could wait on ourselves.'

"I guess that'll be satisfactory," says Nellie, dipping her head and smiling a haughty smile, while I was quivering to git a word in Miss Van Arden's ear. But of course there was no chance. And Miss Van Arden, she went on to say that she didn't eat meat herself, but her sister liked to have it, so—

"Oh, thank you," says Miss Van Arden real grateful—she's jest as sweet's they make 'em, Miss Patsy. Then she looked very timidly at Nellie and the color came into her face.

"I should like to have you take your meals with me if—I were alone," she stammers, 'but my sister—we have so little time together—we'll try not to make much waiting—' She got into a kind of mess of stammers, when I cut in and told her that we much preferred to eat in our own pantry, which was big enough for a dining room.

"Well, you can guess, Miss Patsy, that about this time I was wishing myself well out of it all, for I've lived with notional folks before, and folks who wanted to make friends of their help, and what I like with strangers is to have them keep their side of the fence and I'll keep mine; I ain't seeking any patronage from nobody, and I got too much self-respect not to be respectful. But I'd promised Mrs. Caines; so I simply told what wages I wanted, and I made 'em reasonable, too. But Nellie—my! she named a sum two dollars a week more'n she ever'd got and four dollars more'n she was worth; and for hatred of meddling I sat still and let that poor little sweet Babe in the Woods agree to it. But I miss my guess if I have to put up with Nellie long!

"So we was engaged. Not a word about any day's work in the week or when she has sweeping done (she said she'd do the dusting herself—and she's *wise*, with Nellie 'round!) or when she had bakings or anything; only that she'd have a laundress come in three days (eight hours a day) and do all our washing. We got a room apiece, but we haven't got a bath room like at Mrs. Caines', so she told us we could have the guest bath room. My! but I wish you'd heard her; and she's just the prettiest thing in the world and wears the prettiest clothes. Her clothes is all that gives me hope of her! She said she embroidered her shirt waist herself; and I guess if she can sit up and take that amount of notice, she's got the makings of sense in her!

"She said could I come that day. I said, 'Yes, ma'am.' "You needn't call me that," says she; 'I don't care for those little distinctions.'

"If you please, ma'am," I says, kind but firm, 'they're fitting and proper and I prefer it, ma'am.'

"Well, Miss Patsy, I got my first dinner yesterday. I even made the salad which belongs to the waitress, but I couldn't risk Nellie Small's ideas of French dressing yet! Miss Patsy, she set her own plate at table.

"Now," says I, 'let's talk plain United States a minute. Whether that poor, innercent, looney lady craves our company or not, she ain't going to git it. When I'm cooking a dinner I ain't dressed up for company. I want *my* meals in peace, and you ought to want *yours*; they got their own gossip, same's us; and whatever Miss Van Arden might be willing to do, the doctor'll want to have her sister and her friends to herself without you and me butting in; just as I want my meals to myself without *them*!'

"Nellie told me she was just as good as them; and I said I wasn't the one that had to decide that; goodness was something only the Lord Almighty got the scales for weighing exact, but I'd bet money, if it came to sheer, imbecile cleanness of heart and willingness to sacrifice herself for any old thing, that Miss Van Arden could give us both a long start and then beat us! But I guessed we'd leave that part out. Sich things was just business. We got to take the world's we found it. So she said *she* wouldn't take the plate off. I said I wasn't proud; wherefore I took it off myself, and she didn't put no more on, and the sisters had their meal in peace. She come when the buzzer called her and waited fairly well—she's bright enough when she wants to be.

"Doctor? Oh, she's a horse of another color. She's ten years older'n her sister and ain't seen much of her since their parents died and Miss Mercy went to live with her aunty, and she seems to set a good deal by her and be puzzled by her, too. She's got a good appetite and knows good food. I can git along with *her* all right. But I mistrust that Nellie, being so half baked, we'll get our trouble soon! We've a colored man looks out for the furnace and beats the rugs, and tends to the yard and does chores; he seems a decent sort of man. I got a rise out of Nellie 'bout him, though. She was just *boiling* and sissing when I remarked, 'You think everybody's as good as everybody else, so I expect you won't mind having Amos set down with us.'



"Then she looked very timidly at Nellie and the color came into her face. "I should like to have you take your meals with me if—I were alone," she stammers"

"I have to have meat myself," hops in that Nellie. "Oh, of course," Miss Van Arden said; she didn't dictate to others, but personally she didn't eat meat; but she didn't need any special vegetable dishes made for her.

"You shall have 'em if you want 'em, ma'am," says I; then, "and I guess the cook will have something to say about the kitchen table; I ain't never much on meat myself." I guess that was one for miss!

Why, she flew into fifty pieces. 'Eat with a nigger!' she screamed.

"Of course, I was only fooling, and he was glad enough to get a good meal in the laundry; he's a real nice, sensible man. But my lady was off, not so much as putting the dishes in the washing machine. Marched off with her young man, who's on strike; so he's underfoot 'round her most of the time. That kind makes me tired!"

Naturally, after this conversation with Katy I agreed with my sister that it would be interesting to call; and we planned an early day. It was, however, even earlier than our plans.

My chamber (at my sister's house, where I was visiting) is on the side near the Bateman house; and it happened to be I who first discovered the smoke volleying out of the Bateman furnace chimney, followed by a roaring spout of flame. I knew Katy had gone to our little up-town grocery, for I had seen her on the way; and I made all haste across the lawn, with all our ice-cream salt. The fire really was easily dealt with. By the time the firemen arrived (summoned by Nellie), all was over save the shouting, as they say in the political reports. Amos and Nellie were still calling "Fire!" Katy arrived a good second to the hose cart, breathless with running, but all her wits in good order.

"Long's you've put out the fire, Miss Patsy, I'll put out the fire department," said she; "they're the only danger. Miss Mercy, you open all the windows; let's get rid of the smoke. Nellie, what you carrying your clothes out for?"

Mercedes quite won our hearts by her docility and the quiet way she obeyed. Perhaps it was in recognition that Katy became her tower of refuge when the cause of the fire appeared. It was no less than Amos. He had been hired without any heartless prying into recommendations, on the ideal Altrurian ground of Need. He was asked, to be sure, could he run a furnace, and with the optimism of the African replied that he reckoned he could. He did not add that he had never tried to run one before. Doubtless it was natural that he should not discover the meaning of the cunning chains going through the floors; and when dampers increase the draft if shut and diminish it if open, who can wonder that Amos should artlessly shut everything in sight—including the registers? Natural laws did the rest.

Amos was very patient, almost tearful. He said he didn't know whatever Sally would do when he come home outen a job; Sally be'n so satisfied befo'; but he didn't cast no blame on nobody. Sally, it came out later, was ill.

"Is it anything infectious?" demanded Mercedes' sister, the doctor, who by this time was on the scene.

"I dunno, ma'am; I reckon 'tis," deprecated Amos. "Hit's a right new baby, come a week ago, an' she ain't got up yit."

Then it was while Nellie glibly proposed a new man, a man of assured efficiency, two years janitor of a "flat," and the brother of a friend; and Mercedes Van Arden had only bewildered compassion to justify her desire to forgive the culprit; and Doctor Van Arden frowned, that Katy spoke the word of power.

"Doctor," said she, "Amos mayn't know much about the furnace, but he's a decent, honest man that found my ten cents out on the steps and gave it to me; and I know how to run furnaces, and I'll learn him. What's more, I can burn up *all* the coal, and not smoke up the house or the neighborhood. And one good thing—if Amos can't run a furnace, he *knows* it now, anyhow; there's many a janitor man's been smoking up flats for years ain't found out *that* yet. Doctor, I'll answer for Amos if you ladies will keep him."

Amos was kept. I fancied that Mercedes was almost as grateful as he.

After this for a time matters went on in a sufficiently prosaic and satisfactory manner. We put both of the sisters up in the Monday Club and the doctor consented to talk to the club on the "Smoke Nuisance" at our meeting in which we discussed that bane of the housekeeper, under the startling caption, "The City of Dreadful Night." We asked Mercedes to embody her own Social Creed in a fifteen-minute paper; but she pleaded almost with tears that she was simply a student who had not studied enough to know, only to feel; and she blushed deeply. So she was reprieved. Meanwhile the doctor (who had been quietly working up a practise in our town for six years) began to be seen at the bedsides of divers prominent ladies.

Several of us asked the sisters to luncheon, to dinner and to bridge parties. In return, the sisters entertained the club at tea, a function whereat Katy covered herself with glory, and Nellie graciously consented to pass plates and listen and break two heavy Colonial goblets—Nellie was slim and light on her feet, but she surely had a heavy hand.

Katy came over to borrow our monkey wrench the next morning because Nellie and the friend whom she had recommended to assist in waiting, had contrived to loosen a water faucet. She was brimming with criticisms of this last helper, as well as of Nellie.

"Did she stay to help wash dishes?" Thus she let her suppressed disgust explode. "Well, I should say! And got extry pay for staying, too, and had her young man in for supper afterwards; and the things she gave him to carry away, the fancy candies with bow knots on them, and the cakes with roses, and the *marionglasyes!* And when I spoke up to her she claimed Miss Mercy told her to—and there's no saying, maybe she did! Her young man's on strike; he's at the locomotive works; she claims he gits four-fifty a day and he's striking for more, I expect; he's been on strike six weeks now, and he comes here to meals four times a week and eats—well, Miss Mercy said, 'Make him welcome,' so I do; but I own to you, Miss Patsy, something I feel real bad about. That young Mr. Gordon, it's his pa is president of the works; he's a real nice young man jest out of Harvard College, and he met Miss Mercy in Chicago and went 'round a lot with her, and I made up my mind and Nellie made up hers—and she ain't a fool, Nellie, for all she's so flighty—that they were going to make a match of it; but Nellie got Miss Mercy to promise she'd go speak to old Mr. Gordon about the strike; Miss

Mercy's got a awful lot of stock, herself, in the works; and I dunno the rights of it, but I'm sure those young things had *words!* It's a bitter black shame, too, it is, dragging that poor child in! Doctor don't like it any more than I do. And poor little Miss Mercy, she's scared to death; but *that* won't stop her; the more it hurts, the more she is sure she had ought to do it."

I didn't think little Miss Van Arden could move old Mr. Gordon's convictions; but it was true that she was the largest individual stockholder in the works, and hence she might make trouble with the wavering minds, certainly trouble enough to irritate the president, who was a sterling, but not always a patient, man. "They want to run the works as a closed shop, don't they?" I asked.

"Jest that. Miss Mercy, if she is a reforming lady, she ain't arrerant like most sich; and she asked me what I thought about the strike. She got my opinion of it cold. 'There's strikes and strikes,' says I. 'Strikes for higher wages may be right or wrong, as depends, but a strike for the right to keep every other man but your gang out of a job is bound to be wrong. I ain't no sympathy with any kind of closed shops, whether the bosses close 'em to union men, or the union men close 'em to everybody 'cept themselves.'"

The next day I saw the little Socialist's white, miserable face go by my window with Katy's solid cheer at her elbow. She had agreed to see Mr. Gordon first before she appeared at the board meeting, and (as Katy put it) "poured coal oil on the fire to put it out." Of course there was a useless journey. Mr. Gordon felt moved to utter certain pet opinions of his own regarding the ease of making mischief when ignorant people interfered in business. If it was any comfort to her to know that she was giving him an infernal lot of trouble she could take it all right; but he had to do right according to his own conscience, and not hers, and he wished her good-morning. Very limp and dejected she departed.

"The worst of it is," she says to me, Katy related, "the worst of all is, while I believe he ought to do what the men want rather than keep up the strike, I don't really feel *sure* they ought to want him to do it. It's so hard on the outside men." Oh, she's got some sense straying about her, though it's mainly lost to view. But I do wish she could make it up with her beau. He ain't been 'round for a week; and when folks ain't got a meat diet they can't stand the strain of being crossed in love!"

Even Katy's Celtic loyalty was staggered the next week. She came over on a perfectly needless borrowing errand to tell me.

"Did you see it, ma'am? Being my afternoon out, I wasn't there. Did you see that woman tumble down on our grass and herself run out with Amos and Mrs. Kane?" (Mrs. Kane was the laundress, who acted also as scrubwoman once a week, Nellie's health not being equal to the weekly cleaning required in a tidy household.) "Did you see it? I begun to sniff the minute I struck the hall. My word! I knowed it. Then I begun to hear the groans—'O-o-ah! O-o-ah!' mumbled, grumbling kind of groans—I didn't need anything more to get next to that situation, no, ma'am. Mrs. Kane come tumbling downstairs. You know her, Miss Patsy, Tim Kane's widow, a fair-to-middling laundress and next door to a fool about everything else. Jest the kind that gits a good husband like Timothy and then fools away the money he leaves her and has to come on the wash tub. Downstairs she comes—wild! The poor woman, they'd seen her fall outside, and Miss Mercy and she'd taken her in on a mattress with Amos to help; Amos wanted to call the amberlance, but Miss Mercy said no, they'd take her to the police; so they three took the poor creature into the house. And 'Oh, hear her groan!' I said, yes, she was easy to hear. I guess Amos felt all right; but you know niggers are biddable, and whatever they think, the creatures do like they're told.

"Well, I walked upstairs. She was there in the guest chamber on one of the twin beds with the flowery card, 'Sleep gently in this quiet room, etcetera,' over the towledest head and *sech* skirts! She'd been having a time for sure. Herself had put a wet ice bandage on the woman's head and a hot-water bag to her feet, and she was a-laying her hands, her own pretty, soft, little, white, trembling hands, to her awful shoes, but says I:

"You *stop!* Don't you tech her!"

"I must," says she; 'they're soaked.'

"Don't you see what's the matter of her?" says I. 'She's dead drunk!'

"I reckoned she'd deny it. Not a bit. 'I suppose so,' says she; 'that's why I wouldn't let them call the amberlance.'

"And do you mean to keep her *here?*" says I. 'That drunken rubbish?'

"Well, she does; she was awful sorry for the trouble to us, but the woman fell down at her door, and she was in dire misery, and Miss Mercy she felt she had got to take her in. My word, Miss Patsy, I had to shet my teeth a minute to keep back my feelings, but every word I said was: 'I guess you better move that other bed out and then you can burn this one!' Heavens, I ain't going to describe the next hour till the doctor come. Now, she's laying comfortable in the doctor's gown, in that nice clean bed, and I've made her chicken broth and mustard plasters and everything else for her comfort.

"When the doctor come, she said, 'This goes the limit,' and then she bit off the rest and swallered it and said, 'We'll have to scrub her.' And I did—with washing powder and scouring soap. I hope it hurt, but I'm 'fraid it didn't."

"How does Nellie take it?"

The sorely tried Mrs. Biff grinned. "'Tis that keeps me from quite sinking; she is most dretful horrified and vowing she's going to leave."

However, Nellie did not go; it was the castaway whom they had succored who awoke in her right mind before any one was stirring the next morning, clothed herself, for lack of her own rags (which were airing in the back yard), in a decent brown dress, cloak and hat of the doctor's from the guest-room closet, put on the doctor's large, serviceable boots, and gathering the loose silver and three one-dollar bank notes left

in Katy's cash box, otherwise her "cup" from the pantry shelf, departed into the unknown nether world from whence she came.

"And a mercy she didn't murder us in our beds!" opined Nellie; "maybe she will yet!"

Nellie's prophecy appeared less grotesque the following week when her young man, Phil by Christian name—I did not come to know his surname—discovered at the police station or the engine house (he frequenting both places in his wealth of leisure) that the castaway had escaped from a quarantined house full of smallpox, in a little hamlet near by. Here was a situation! Nellie vowed she wouldn't sleep a wink were she Mrs. Kane or Amos, particularly Amos, because colored folks took naturally to smallpox.

Amos only grinned; but Mrs. Kane was palpably nervous and began inquiring into symptoms of what Nellie termed "the dread disease."

Presently she was feeling them faithfully. And Katy shrugged the shoulder of scorn. But scorn turned into consternation by Monday, for an agitated neighbor came to the front door to announce that Mrs. Kane was sick in bed with an awful fever and broke out terrible, and would the doctor please step over there.

"And all the clothes in the suds!" sighed Katy. "But that's nothing. Poor Miss Mercy! she's almost out of her mind; she says that *she's* to blame; she's brought smallpox on that innocent woman, and most like she'll die; and if she hadn't been so wicked and headstrong and had listened to her friend (she didn't name nobody, but I know she means young Gordon) and her sister, it wouldn't have happened; she hadn't even helped the woman who fetched the smallpox; she'd only tempted her to crime! And what should she say to poor Mrs. Bateman? Nobody wanted to rent her home to be a pest house. And she'd set the house afire by hiring an ignorant man— Oh, she was a wicked girl! Her aunty often told her she was a fool, and oh, why hadn't she believed her and not tried to do things too big for her senseless head? And she's been fairly crying her eyes out. The poor, sweet, humble-minded little thing!"

Poor little Mercy! But I was to pity her much more during the succeeding ten minutes. Amos came out to the barberry hedge to tell our cook that Miss Mercy was in bed and he 'lowed she'd smallpox. He was off in pursuit of the doctor, who was at Mrs. Kane's, who'd got a fearful bad case. Hardly was Amos out of sight than Nellie, in her cheap imitation of the latest fashion of big hat, dashed out of the gate after the street car. So do rats desert the sinking ship, I thought. Straightway I went over to the house. Katy herself answered the bell. She was in two minds about ejecting me by force, but she softened when I recalled to her how recently I had been vaccinated.

"Well, Miss Patsy, that's *so*," she admitted, "and besides, I ain't absolutely sure 'tis smallpox. But she'd a kinder chill and I wouldn't let her come downstairs. Say, you don't happen to have seen Nellie anywhere?"

When I told her, she drew a long sigh. We were standing at the side door, where a great Norway fir shakes its blue-green shadows.

"'Tis like her," said Katy bitterly, "and only yesterday Miss Mercy gave her sech a pretty waist. And now she's run off and Miss Mercy's got the smallpox—mebbe. Well, I dunno as it's as dangerous as Altruria, and mebbe one will cure the other— Oh, say! Look, Miss Patsy!"

I looked. They came in a kind of rush with the flutter of brilliant autumn leaves, swirling around the house corner—Nellie and young Ralph Gordon. Nellie's cheeks were blazing, but young Gordon looked white and stern.

"Why, Nellie Small, ain't you run away?" cried Katy. Before Nellie could retort, the young gentleman took the limelight.

"Where is Miss Mercy?" he demanded in that tone of voice which the novelists call "tense"; "I must say a few words to her. You can let me say them through the door, if you wish, Mrs. Biff."

Katy hardly considered; her eyes shone into his masterful face. She turned on her heel and he followed her. Instantly Nellie's excitement found burning words: "I *heard* her, Miss McFarlin! She thinks I ran away! *Me!* Well, I know she has a mean opinion of me, but I didn't expect she'd be that unjust. I'm jest as fond of Miss Mercy as she is; I only sprinted down the street to ketch her young man, because I know they had a misunderstanding, and I was sure, no matter how mad he was, the minute I told him, he'd come a running, and whether they let her see him or not, it would cheer her up a whole lot to know he tried. And as for Mrs. Biff's pitying Miss Mercy and finding fault with her, I can tell you she's made me believe things Mrs. Biff nor nobody else could if she offered me the kingdom of heaven and a chromo! I never believed before rich folks *could* be like her. I don't know what that Altrury of hers is, but if *she* believes in it I'm going to; and so is Phil, and he's going to make them stop the strike, too; and it's a whole lot because of what she's said and what I've said 'bout her. It is, for fair!"

Thereupon Nellie burst into tears, and disappeared behind the kitchen lattice.

Later, some hours later, I had a chance to tell Katy. But it was then no news to her. She shook her philosophic head. "Lightning and grace," Biff used to say, 'you can't noways bet on, for there's no manner of knowing *where* they'll strike.' Now that Nellie, she fairly bust into Miss Mercy's room, me being busy seeing Mr. Gordon safe out the house; and I expected to find she'd riz Miss Mercy's temperchure; but she'd most cured her instid; and Miss Mercy she set up and luffed out loud. And she ain't got smallpox, neither, not a bit; no more'n that ijit Sallie Kane, who's down with German measles and nothing wuss. I guess we was all more scared than hurt. But it beats all about Nellie—well, I want to be fair to all, she's been doing the sweeping better for a good while. All I say is, if Altruria can convert Nellie Small there must be something decent in Altruria."

"I wish it might convert all of us—a *little*," said I. "I'm afraid I'm not enlightened enough to desire entire conversion; it would demand a new incarnation!"

HEARTS AND THE HIGHWAY

A NOVEL

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN



Katharine

PART FIRST

Chapter I.

TIME," said the councilor, "is all that we lack."

"And money," I added disconsolately. "True," was the answer of the grim old attorney. "The King hath very pressing need of money at all times."

"That last need might be supplied in some measure. There are my mother's jewels and the ones that belong to me."

"And though the estates be confiscate," returned Master Dunner, "there are certain moneys of my own which are available for any purpose that will serve my lord."

"Master Dunner," said I, vastly touched, "I accept your proffer. Think ye that together we could raise two thousand pounds?"

"With your ladyship's jewels and with my savings I think we might even compass three thousand pounds, but as I had the honor to tell you a moment since, 'tis not money we lack, but time."

"Will you explain that to me again, Master Attorney?"

"'Tis true, undoubtedly, madam, that your honored father did conspire with the Duke of Monmouth's partizans in Scotland to raise the country in revolt against King James, his brother, but there were extenuating circumstances. He was in a manner forced into the enterprise and his influence and voice were those of restraint. I have prepared here a brief well attested. Indeed, those of the meaner sort lately executed have borne testimony to the Earl's unwillingness, and I have here their depositions. Then, too, there is a recommendation from the Lord Chief Justice and a petition signed by various gentlemen praying the King to exercise his clemency. If we could get that into his hands, backed by that sum of money of which we have spoke, I think there would be no doubt that His Majesty would be pleased to commute the sentence against the earl."

"Why not send it to him at once, then?"

"But, your ladyship, I have told you there is no time."

"What mean you by that, Master Dunner?"

"The proceedings in the trial, which was unduly hurried, were sent to His Majesty. The findings of the court were approved. I have had private advice from London that the royal warrant for my lord's execution is being despatched to Edinburgh in the personal custody of Sir Hugh Richmond, of the King's army. My messenger coming post haste hath outstripped him, in part because he hath been obliged to deliver other similar warrants which hath made his progress slow."

"But have you not appealed to the Lord Chief Justice to delay the execution of the warrant until we can communicate with the King?"

"Madam, I have, but he is inflexible. He says he hath no power, though with the best will in the world, to stay the execution of a royal warrant."

"Then the case is hopeless?"

"Aye," said the old man gently but decisively enough, "unless by some means the delivery of the warrant can be estopped until we have access to the King."

"Could the messenger be bribed?"

"I fear not. Sir Hugh is a man of independent fortune, a proved soldier and a loyal gentleman, I believe."

"I meant not with money, old friend," I replied, smiling at him. "Already there was a plan in my mind."

"By heaven," answered the advocate, "if any power could do it, it would be your fair face, my lady; but here again you lack time and opportunity."

"But if some one took the warrant from him by force?"

"That would answer," said the advocate, "but who is to do it, madam? It would be high treason in the first place, and certain death in the second, and in the present unsettled state of affairs it would not

be possible to get a man to lift a hand in our behalf."

"Could I not?" I replied. "There are—"

And then I stopped.

I had plenty of friends, to be sure, and I did not doubt that among them I might find some of sufficient devotion and daring to risk life and fortune to do me this service. Whoever did it, however, would want a reward commensurate with the risk incurred and with the service rendered. I knew full well what that reward would be. It would be myself, and there was not one among the gay gallants who had paid me court that I would marry. Though if it came to a pinch, I would, of course, sacrifice my own freedom to save my good old father's life.

He and I were the last of the Clanranalds. Brother I had had, but he had died two years before, and my mother had long since preceded him. My father and I had been much together at Clanranald House, and I loved him with a devotion, I think, which passed that entertained by most Scottish maids for their fathers. I did not desire to marry anybody. Yet some way must be found to stop the messenger.

"Let me think," said I, as I passed in rapid review the various young gentlemen of my acquaintance. There was not one of them who was acceptable as a husband in the least degree to me. There must be some other way, and yet— I came to a sudden decision.

"I will do it myself," I said boldly. "I can use a small sword with most men of my acquaintance. My father hath given me much of his own skill and I have never hesitated to cross blades in friendly bout with any of our guests at home. As for other weapons, I have often ranged moor and glen with the earl; I have brought down a stag and know the use of small arms."

"And do you imagine that even if you were to attempt to carry out this mad scheme, you could get the better of a tried soldier, like Sir Hugh Richmond?"

"Since time and the world began, Master Dunner, weak woman, backed by her wit and finesse, hath got the better of strong man."

"But you are proposing to approach him with a man's weapons. You will be no match for him."

"I shall be not less a woman for all that," I replied triumphantly, veering to the other side of the argument, "and being all a woman and half a man—"

"I will cut my hair. What is the loss of a few locks! I will darken my face a bit. I will wear a wig. You must get me a suit of clothes, boots, coat—and—and—the other things—a sword, let it be a good one, pistols—and behold I am transformed."

"And if I fall in with this mad plan, what further do you anticipate?"

"Which way rides the messenger?"

"Madam, he comes through Berwick and the road along the shore by way of Dunbar and Prestonpans."

"When do you expect him?"

"He should be here to-morrow."

"Good!" said I. "'Tis yet early morning and there is time. Where will he lie to-night?"

"I should think perhaps at the Black Douglas Inn at Cockenzie."

"I will meet him, then, at Cockenzie."

"My dear lady," said the old man, "forgive my presumption. You have no one else left to advise you. I must know more of your plans before I consent to aid you."

"In some way or other I shall take from him his despatch bag, and abstract therefrom the warrant for my father. You shall describe it to me, so I may identify it easily."

"Misfortune may befall you."

"What of that? If I am to lose my father, I care not what becomes of me, and no one else will care."

"Madam," he said gravely, "I do think that a bit unkind."

"But thou wilt," I answered quickly, discerning the trend of his thought. "And because I hold you in honor and you are my last, my only friend, the one being to whom I can appeal, I beg of you to question me no further, but give me your aid. The risk is for my father's life, and his peril justifieth anything."

"You have won me," said the old man. "Tell me what you wish me to do."

"Procure me clothes suited to my new enterprise, a good horse, money sufficient for any possible need, say a hundred pounds, a sword, an Andrea Ferrara if you can come at one, pistols for the holsters, a saddle bag containing toilet necessaries, and a horse-man's cloak."

"They shall be here in an hour," said the old man. "There is a sword that belonged to my father as well."



"As he opened the door, he started back in surprise. 'Fore heaven,' he said, 'did I not know, I should think it Lord Carthew in life again!'"

"Which half, madam?"

"The outward and visible shape thereof," I answered, blushing.

The little attorney laughed grimly.

"Fore heaven," he said, "forgive me, madam, but the thought of you as—"

"Master Dunner," said I imperiously, "I am a tall woman as women go, and I doubt not I will make a braw man enough."

"But your face, madam—your hair?" he questioned.

"'Tis a tried blade. I could not give it into worthier hands, and 'tis well adapted to your size, for my father was a man of slight build and did not swing a ponderous claymore."

"I am greatly pleased by your willingness to entrust it to me, Master Dunner. I hope I may use it as worthily as any of our house."

"Madam, you do me proud," said the old gentleman, bowing like a courtier. "Would that I could go with you on this dangerous enterprise myself!"

"Would that you could," replied I; "but there is other work for you to do."

"What is that?"

"The money," said I. "It must be raised and put in bills of exchange upon London. The papers must be prepared."

"Aye," was the answer; "if you are successful, they must be despatched to London at once."

"If I am successful I shall take them myself. Now, if you have these things here within the hour, I can reach Cokenzie by nightfall. You should see me back to-morrow. Where shall I meet you?"

"Here," said the advocate.

"All's arranged, then," said I, giving him my hand. He bent low over it and I felt that it had never been pressed by worthier lips than those of the honest advocate.

Chapter II.

MASTER DUNNER was as good as his word. In half an hour there was a huge package delivered at the door. It contained a complete suit of blue and silver, which vastly became my fair skin and blue eyes and bright hair. I had a wealth of the latter, and I confess, in spite of my brave words, that it was with a considerable pang that I had the faithful woman who kept the house crop my long locks. Fortunately my hair was curly, and the short ringlets were not unbecoming. With the suit were wig to go on one end of me and boots for the other.

In my petticoats I was a tall woman; dressed as I found myself presently, I was rather an undersized man. My face did look painfully fair, my lip innocent of the faintest suggestion of a mustache, yet out of some paste from my toilet table I did contrive to dull the color in my cheeks and impart a brownish cast to my complexion. My voice, a deep contralto, I could manage well enough. With the suit was a riding cloak, which I draped about me, and fancied that thus equipped no one could penetrate my disguise. I had scarce finished adjusting my wig, when Master Dunner was announced. As he opened the door, he started back in surprise.

"Fore heaven," he said, "did I not know, I should think it Lord Carthew" [my deceased brother's courtesy title] "in life again." His eyes traveled upward and rested upon my face. He shook his head. "Save for that burning blush, the imitation is perfect."

"I think," said I, "that I shall not fly my colors in that way again. You see"—I sat down as I spoke, and gathered my cloak about my legs, of which for the first time in my life I became acutely conscious—"you see, others who look upon me will regard me as a man, while you know that I am but a woman, and—"

"I see," said the advocate gravely.

I rose to my feet and threw back my cloak. I must get accustomed, I thought, to these strange clothes and the world's scrutiny.

"Hast brought the sword?" I asked.

For answer he handed it to me, belt and all. It was indeed a rare and beautiful weapon and I balanced it easily in my hand. It fitted my arm as if it had grown to my palm.

"Tis a rare and beautiful weapon, if I am a judge."

"I think from the way you handle it that you are."

I shot it back into its sheath, clasped the belt about my waist and instantly felt a thousand times more manly than before. The steel dangling against my legs seemed to add the finishing touch of completeness to my disguise.

"Here," said the advocate, extending his hand with a purse, "is the money."

I sought to thrust it, woman like, into the bosom of my shirt beneath the ruffles.

"You have a pocket, sir," laughed Master Dunner, "where such things are kept by men."

"Your reminder is a good one," said I, blushing again, while I searched the breast of my coat until I found the pocket. "I may appear manly enough, but I lack practise in the niceties of the masquerade. Where is the horse and the mails?"

"In the alley at the back of the house. The mails are strapped to the saddle."

"And now I must go. What's o'clock?"

"Twas on the stroke of nine as I entered the house."

"I should be at Cokenzie before five. If our calculations fail not, I will meet Sir Hugh there."

I extended my hand once more. Mine ancient friend bowed over it, but I prevented him. I stepped toward him and kissed him on the forehead.

"Good-by, true friend," I said.

He was mightily touched by this mark of condescension. His thin face flushed.

"I would to God," he cried, "that I were young and strong and whole, that I might ride for you or with you. 'Tis I who play the woman's part."

"Nay," said I. "Without you this could not be. Will you have access to my father?"

"Yes, by the favor of the Lord Chief Justice. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him on the faith of the last Clanranald I will have the warrant, or I will await him on the other side."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the old man.

"Look for me with the warrant to-morrow night," said I, with my hand on the door.

"Wait!" he cried. "Don't think of bringing me the warrant. Destroy it instantly. Here." He drew from his pocket flint and steel in a little case. "Take these. You can kindle a fire with them. Burn the warrant, should you be fortunate enough to lay hands upon it. Ashes tell no tales. You understand?"

"Entirely," said I. "You shall see me then to-morrow night with the statement that the warrant is destroyed."

"I pray so, I pray so!" cried the old man, as I passed out of the room.

Slipping a coin into the horse boy's hand, I stepped by the side of my horse, patted him a few moments and fondled him to make his acquaintance. Then I sprang lightly to the saddle and cantered slowly down the alley. I was entirely familiar with Edinburgh and I easily avoided the main highways, taking bystreets, until I came to the gate in the city wall which gave

out to the east, or Dunbar road. The soldiers at the gate saluted as I passed, and I took some comfort in acknowledging with a careless wave of my gauntleted hand their respectful duties. By rights I should have been accompanied by a servant on another horse, but I did not stay long enough to let any question me for that lack, for so soon as I was clear of the town, and a turn of the road hid me from possible observation and scrutiny by the soldiers, I put spurs to my horse.

I was minded to distance pursuit by putting a long space between me and the town as soon as possible. There were two roads before me that led westerly—one crookedly along the shore, and the other inland a mile or so. The shore road was the more frequented, the inland the shorter. Therefore I chose the inland way. The two roads met at Musselburgh, and from thence the way ran directly along the shore to the place where I expected to meet my friend.

It was noon when I cantered gallantly down the streets of Musselburgh. I drew rein before the door of a comfortable-looking hostelry. Stable boys came running; the landlord himself appeared in the doorway of his inn. I descended, called for a meal which I demanded should be of roast beef and other substantial accompanied by a bottle of wine, thus doing violence to my natural dainty appetite, which would have preferred a fowl and cold water. I engaged a private parlor and was served in private. I spent an hour thus very quietly and pleasantly without disturbance.

Now, I had been brought up very unconventionally in a way that would have scandalized my female relatives, had I enjoyed any, but nevertheless I was a woman and I had never been absolutely free, independent and unrestrained before. I confess to a delightful sensation of excitement at my unusual situation. To be thus mounted on a good horse, with money in my purse, a good sword by my side, a great adventure before me, filled me with joy. I had all the confidence of youth and inexperience and all the hopefulness of woman that somehow I should be able to bring about my desire. I thought with considerable complacency that this exploit of mine would entitle me to more than a mention in the family chronicles, and that perhaps it might be counted as worthy the best traditions of our house.

The good meal greatly refreshed me. With a new zeal, therefore, I mounted my horse, flung the landlord a guinea, and cantered through the town and out upon the broad ocean highway. The sea breeze lifted the close curls of my full wig, fanned my brow and cooled my cheeks in the most invigorating way.

I rode rapidly enough, observing my horse to be possessed of speed and stamina, and without anything happening, toward five o'clock I drew up at the Black Douglas Inn at Cokenzie. Cokenzie was a mere huddle of little houses with nothing on earth to recommend it except the old inn pleasantly placed on a bluff headland overlooking the sea.

Judicious inquiries elicited the fact that at the moment I was the only guest of the inn. I bespoke the best chamber, ordered myself a substantial supper, saw personally to the quartering and care of my horse, washed my face and hands, went out of the rear door of the inn, walked to the edge of the bluff, sat down upon a rude bench overlooking the sea, while waiting for my supper, and pondered upon my next step. I had found out from the inn maid that no such traveler as I suspected Sir Hugh Richmond to be had passed by within that day. Therefore I was in time. I had no doubt that this very night he would appear on the scene. Sitting and overlooking the ocean, I reflected upon my course when I should be confronted by mine enemy.

Chapter III.

FOR all my cogitations, I had settled upon nothing, and I was not only surprised, but confused, when there stepped out on the porch and made toward me a cavalier whom I instantly divined to be the bearer of our evil tidings. My first thought was one of pleased surprise at his appearance.

He was tall, well knit, well bronzed, of darker skin and eyes than mine. His face was handsome in a stern and somewhat martial way. His bearing was that of a soldier and accorded well with the rich uniform he wore. I observed that he came directly to me, and therefore I inferred that he had come to seek me.

I had taken off my hat, but as the newcomer approached, I clapped it firmly on my head, and rose, resisting with difficulty a wild inclination to wrap my riding coat about me like the skirt of a dress. My officer stopped a few paces from me and bowed gracefully.

"Sir," said he, "may I introduce myself? I am Sir Hugh Richmond, captain in the King's Guards."

"My name is," replied I, bowing in my turn, "is—" What was my name? In my hurry it had not occurred to me to fix upon any. I paused stupidly, while the captain fixed his eyes upon me in surprise. I blurted out the first that came into my mind. "Henry Carthew," I said.

"I am glad to have the honor of your acquaintance, Mr. Carthew," continued the soldier agreeably.

"The pleasure, sir, is mine. I am honored in the acquaintance of so distinguished a soldier as Sir Hugh Richmond."

Another look of surprise came to the face of the officer.

"You have heard of me, sir?" he asked.

"Your charge at Sedgemoor has been told of even in Scotland."

"Twas naught," he said carelessly. "I take it, sir, that you are not a soldier?"

"Only by inclination," replied I bravely. "I am contemplating service, however, and indeed, sir, 'twas for that I came hither in the hope of meeting you."

"Of meeting me?"

"Even so," I answered boldly, feeling that by happy chance I had stumbled upon an excellent excuse for my presence and interest. "We have heard in Edinburgh that you were on your way hither with warrants for the execution of the Earl of Clanranald and other rebels against His Majesty."

"Faith, sir," was the reply, "my business seems well enough known in these parts. And how, may I ask, was the news of it bruited abroad?"

"Express riders from the south have told the story."

"Fore heaven, sir," exclaimed Sir Hugh, "with that rumor running ahead of me, I wonder some one did not endeavor to despoil me of my warrants in the interest of the condemned."

"Sir," said I, smiling, "we are all loyal men in these parts."

"Since Sedgemoor," returned the captain, sharing in my amusement.

"Aye, since Sedgemoor, and I believe there is no man in Scotland would molest you."

"But the adherents of Clanranald? I mention him, since he is of the greater rank."

"He hath made his bed," I said with what indifference I could muster; "let him lie upon it."

"Tis like to be a long sleep, then," returned my captain grimly, "for the warrant spells his death."

"So we have heard," said I.

I had to bite my lip and turn away for the moment, but I put such iron constraint upon myself as enabled me to awaken no suspicion in the captain's mind.

"Poor gentleman!" he said after a little pause. "I never had errand that I liked less to discharge. But this work does not interest you, young sir. Nor did I break upon your solitude to discuss the King's business or my own. I learned from the landlord that a gentleman had ordered supper who sat in loneliness out here, whence I made bold to interrupt your reverie and propose that we should share the table."

"You are very welcome to such poor companionship as I can give you," said I. "And indeed, as I told you, I had come here to seek you with view to entering the King's service. I am a gentleman of some small fortune. They call me the Laird of Lochnaven."

"Your age, young sir?" said the captain, surveying me thoughtfully.

"My age!" I exclaimed with a woman's natural reluctance to declare it. "Is it necessary that I—"

The captain threw back his head and laughed.

"You are as timorous about giving it as if you were a girl."

"Twenty!" exclaimed I in my deepest voice. "And, sir, I would thank you to modify your allusion to any timidity you may falsely suspect me of."

I laid my hand on my sword and was glad to feel the touch of the hilt.

"Thou art a good lad," said the captain genially, clapping me heavily upon the shoulder, "if but a slight one. I like your pluck, Master Carthew, and I have no doubt we will turn you into a brave soldier yet. We shall take further counsel on't to-morrow. If agreeable to you, I should like to have you in my own company of guards."

"Nothing would please me better," said I, delighted at the success of my ruse, "than the prospect of service under so distinguished a master of the art as yourself."

"You talk like a book, boy," said the captain, not ill pleased, however, at the compliment. "I foresee we shall get along vastly well. I had been pining for the sight of a woman in all these lonely rides, but you will take the place of one as well as any man on earth."

"Sir, sir," I cried, "do I infer that you think me womanish?"

"What a tinder box it is!" laughed the captain. "I only meant your wit and your spirit would go far to render other company unnecessary. Come," he resumed, "loose your hold upon your sword. I am too old to fight with you."

"Gentlemen," said the landlord from the door, "your supper is served."

It was indeed a noble supper that was set before us. My companion insisted that as I was the first comer, to me appertained the head of the table.

"If I be not indiscreet, Sir Hugh," said I during a pause in the meal, "I take it that you are an unmarried man?"

"You take it right, Master Carthew. A soldier loves all ladies, he marries none."

"A poor lookout for womankind if the best men are in the army," said I bridling.

"Tis the stern necessity of the trade," he returned coolly. "Wedlock and the sword go not well together. Have you a sweetheart, young sir?"

"I!" I exclaimed indignantly. "Certainly not. No. Yes. That is—"

"Keep thy secret, lad. Do you come soldiering with me you will have one in every town you are stationed longer than a fortnight."

"Are soldiers, then, so fickle?"

"They are truth itself to the nearest fair." He lifted his glass and surveyed it a moment with half-shut eyes. "I give you a toast. To the nearest fair!"

He drank his; I sipped mine. He noticed my abstemiousness.

"When you love harder, you drink deeper and fight better," he said sagely.

"Doubtless," said I. "And yet," I ran on, "the romances tell us of the constant devotion of the knight to his lady. Of how the soldier adventures far and wide and yet remains true to his one ideal at home."

"Such hath not been my experience."

"You have questioned me, so I have no doubt that you will permit me to question you," I said in my turn.

"You are not under my command yet. Ask what you will, lad."

"Then there is no lady to whom your thoughts revert?"

"None, or rather there are a dozen."

I do not know why I should have felt glad at this, or what especial interest I had in Sir Hugh Richmond's love affairs, but he had rather flouted the idea of my sex, and although I wore the treads for the time being, I could not forget that I was a woman. I should like to teach this red-coated Sassenach a thing or two, and I really longed for an opportunity to show him that we were not to be so lightly dismissed as all that.

"You see, lad, I have campaigned in many countries, and have seen many women. God bless them all! I have liked an eye here, a cheek there, a foot and ankle yonder, a fine figure in this place, a merry laugh in another, spirit in a third, but I have never seen one that had all these traits and characteristics blended, that measured up to my own ideal."

"And what is your ideal, may I ask? You will forgive my curiosity. You cannot think how it interests

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AN EASTER TALK

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

ON THE eleventh day of April, 1909, falls the festival of the resurrection, Easter Sunday. I know Sunday Schools where every one of the smallest children will have a pretty porcelain egg given to him to carry home and keep as long as he lives, in memory of his first Easter at the Sunday School.

I know of boys and girls who on Saturday were engaged in painting eggs with different colors or different figures, so as to give them to mama or papa or to John or Mary on Easter morning.

I know that to-morrow, which is Easter Monday, there will be a great crowd of children assembled in the pretty gardens of the White House in Washington, that they may have the fun of rolling their Easter eggs down the terraces. Nobody but children will be permitted to come in, with perhaps the older sister to take care of the smallest children.

But what have eggs to do with Easter? Why do the children paint the eggs, and why do they keep them? Think a minute and you will see that the egg shows in a very simple way how life conceals itself and reveals itself. If you had never seen an egg before, you would say that it was a pretty oval pebble of white stone. But when you know about eggs you know that in the white stone Life is concealed. You know that when the time comes a little chick will break the walls of his prison in

the egg, that the shell will break off and the chick will come forth alive. So the egg becomes a simple type of resurrection from the tomb.

And the reason why your sister Mary painted a pretty butterfly on the egg is that the butterfly comes out alive from the cocoon, or chrysalis, which seemed yesterday anything but a butterfly—it seemed a dirty brown wad on the side of a fence, perhaps, but Mary knew that the cocoon would some day be alive or would break open and show the beautiful butterfly which had lain there unconscious. Once the pretty butterfly was a caterpillar. He did not look like a butterfly; he could not fly; he had to walk in the dirt, and when the time came he seemed to die. But that was only seeming. He did not die, and now time has passed so far, and the sun has been so warm, that he breaks open his covering. He seems to know all about it, too; he flies up into the air as if he had always lived in the air and knew all about it. So your sister Mary painted the butterfly on the outside of the porcelain egg which she had ready for Easter.

Cannot you and I, when the Easter season comes around, make all its memories and all its ceremonies help us in living the Larger Life? We go back to the morning when the sad, heart-broken women found that the stone was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulcher, and we find that that morning a new life began for the world. We read in our Bibles carefully and eagerly about the Marys and about the walk with Jesus to Emmaus and about the company who met Him by the lake shore. But it is not they only whose life is enlarged. As it has proved, the new birth of the world began then. And if you and I use our Easter memories rightly—yes, if the children can feel that this is not only frolic, but Larger Life out of which the frolic is born—so much the better for all of us.

I do not like to have people talk and sing as if the memories of Easter belonged only to funerals. When the Savior says, "I have come that they might have Life and that they might have it more abundantly," He does not mean merely that He must make them feel sure of a future life. He means to enlarge everybody's life now where everybody lives. Did not Peter and Andrew know what Life more abundant meant as soon as they had talked with Him? I am glad to have people live as Immortals live; and what He wanted was that you and I should live as Immortals live. People tell me that capitalists do not like to invest money unless it is going to bring them in profit within the next ten years. That may be true of capitalists who know nothing except about the counters which we call money. But what Jesus Christ promises you and me is that we may have more Life to-day and to-morrow and every day, if only we will live as Immortals live. He is not satisfied with telling us at an open grave that he who did inhabit that body is to live in a life where we do not see him. He wants that you and I shall live more on Tuesday than we lived on Monday. That is what he says to Peter and Andrew and Salome and Dorcas and you and me. He says that this is a part of heaven and that our Father in heaven is here. We can find Him if we seek for Him with all our hearts; and He will speak to us if we will listen to Him. Our lives enlarge themselves as soon as we enter on the service which is perfect freedom, or as soon as we feel that Real Presence of the Living God.

Well, here we are, some of us living in the island of Cape Breton, some of us in the eleventh story of an apartment house in New York, some of us on the edge of a forest of turpentine trees in central Alabama, and some of us on the southwestern shore of Alaska, watching a little iceberg which is floating south and will soon be water again. Some of us are fourteen years old and some of us are seventy; and we all want a Larger Life. We want to live more, in those very places, perhaps, next week than we lived last week. And the Easter memories have waked us up to try the experiment of the Larger Life. How shall we go about it?

THEN here am I an Immortal Child of our Father. How do people live when they are immortal? What is this abundant Life? What is the making life larger and larger every day? Here is this whole world of sunshine and spring time, crocuses coming out of the ground and blossoming; bluebirds singing; more daylight than there is night, and it all tells me every morning of larger life and new life. I cannot get out of bed, I cannot wash my face, I cannot look out of the window without the wish, which I will make into the plan for the day, that I will come "Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee." I will not begin with looking down or looking in; I will look up and look out. Here is the sun in the heavens; here is the air and here is the water, all gifts of His in which I may share. How can I take hold with Him to-day? How can I use

His gifts so as to show Him that I am a grateful child and not a selfish beggar? Perhaps you will open your Bible before you go downstairs, and read something which says "Our Father." It is a good thing to have your Bible and some other book of glad, cheerful memories and hopes which will give you a suggestion before you take anything else in hand. You run downstairs, cheerful, hopeful, omnipotent, ready to take the day as an Immortal Child of an Infinite God takes it. In that inspiration alone you find out what abundant life means and you ought to be sure of victory.

All this means Together. The day is not going to be a day of A by itself. Remember my old story of that poor bee under the tumbler. John wanted to see how bees live and work, and so he put the poor bee under the tumbler with nice fresh clover and nice pure water, and he had a large tumbler, so that the bee might have plenty of air, and he thought the bee would go to work and make some good cells on a little rack he had put in under the tumbler. And John found that the bee would not touch the water nor the honey nor the rack. All the bee would do was to poke and to work where there was a crack between the tumbler and the table cloth. This meant that the bee would not live alone—in fact, could not live alone.

And John learned the lesson, that people like himself, people without wings, people with two hands and two feet, cannot live alone. Recollect the "our" with which the Lord's Prayer begins. Here, to begin with, this home, John has his father and mother here, and all the brothers and sisters; and when John asks for any rules by which he is to manage his life, he learns that if he bears his brother's burdens he fulfils the whole law. It is each for all if he expects all for each. And whatever he does to-day with the good God and because he is trying to live with God, John must do somehow or other with other people and for other people or there is no abundant Life for him.

So the festival of immortal life brings us closer and closer together. There are countries where, when I go into the street on Easter morning, I may kiss the first person I meet, and say, "Christ is risen." This means that this man is my brother because it is our Father who has put us into the world here and who has told us to bear each other's burdens.

The abundance of life means that you and I are to live not as an oyster lives, or a snail, but as immortal children of God live. God placed us in this world quite as I send my boys to school, that we might learn how to live. And we are not to live simply as fern leaves live, or as snails live, or as oysters live. We are to learn to live as immortal beings live. We are to enlarge our lives beyond bread and butter or the life of the body. We are to go into all those fields of life in which he goes himself; because he is our Father.

NEARER to Thee, my God, nearer to Thee," means that we shall take real, every-day interest in His work.

Think of it a little, and any bright boy or girl will see that this means that we shall understand God's way of work better and better with every day of the new year. And this means that we shall go to work with Him every day. For remember that the calendar used to begin with the summer solstice on the twenty-first of March, as indeed in Russia it does to-day. This grain of corn which I can put into the ground this morning—He has made it, and He has made it so that the germ shall spring out of it, the germ shall rise up into the sunshine, the sunshine shall give it new life, the air and the dew and the rain shall give it new life; it shall bear a hundredfold new grains for another year's planting. I ought to go to work with God in this affair, or in something else which shows me how He is working. I ought to see and know and understand more of what people call the laws of growth, more of the oxygen and hydrogen and nitrogen and carbonic acid which are in seeds and leaves and twigs and trees and the soil which sustains them. If I am lucky enough to help in this business, so much the better for me. If I am in prison somewhere, where it is not easy to walk with God in the garden, can I not make it easy? Can I not break my prison somewhere? All this means that in studying the works of God I study God, or that in studying Him I learn better how to study His works.

Here is undoubtedly the reason why we are so glad to start anew with the spring anemones and spring beauties and dog-tooth violets and bloodroots. You can hardly help going a-Maying; and Easter means that you shall go a-Maying every day of the three hundred and sixty-five. For you gain your enlargement of Life if you will put a flake of snow under your microscope as well as if you were looking at the growth of a water weed in spring time.

And do not let the Easter wishes and hopes spread out into vague resolutions that your life shall be larger in 1910 than it is in the spring of 1909, but begin the choice of the paths or roads you are to travel in. I had a friend who could have gone back ten years when the Easter Day came to him. He was twenty-five years old. He said, "When I am twenty-six I will speak French well," and he did. Now that man could have gone back ten years and told me which were the ten steps that in those ten years he had determined upon. He had determined and he had performed. Here are you and I, dear Asaph and Bertha and Charles, and do you and I know what steps we have taken in the months of 1908 and 1909? And do we know where and how Life with a large L has enlarged itself as twelve months have gone by? We can take care that in the next year we will be nearer to God, we will be nearer to each other, we will know God's handiwork better, that we will live as Immortals live.

Life

That is what we try for, hope for, and pray for:
That we may think more, feel more, love more, and be more:
That we may have life more abundantly, as He said.
Nothing—nothing helps in this seeking, as the sight of it—

The brook which is alive again,
The saxifrage which is alive,
The pussy willow, the crocus,
The snowdrop, the violet,
The bluebird, the butterfly.

WHAT TO EAT, AND WHY

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

WITH MODEL SPRING MENUS ARRANGED BY DOCTOR HUTCHINSON TO ILLUSTRATE THE PRINCIPLES SET FORTH IN THIS ARTICLE



HE spring time is ever a period of unrest. Thrills of the old migration instinct stir our pulses. We become irritably conscious of our house or office prison walls and our work-day chains, and long to venture forth to fresh fields and pastures new, even if only in a moving van.

The same "divine unrest" stirs the realm of dietetics, the field of feeding. 'Tis in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns not merely to thoughts of love, but heavily away from the dull monotony of corned beef, cabbage and potatoes. Our clogged palates begin to yearn for the clean, sharp acidity of "pie plant," the crisp, bitter freshness of "spring greens."

But, alas, with the longing Nature does not always provide the means of its gratification. To the careful housekeeper in her marketing, spring, not winter, is the peculiar "season of her discontent." "The flowers that bloom, etc.," are lovely to the eye and cheering to the spirit, but they furnish exceedingly few "ingridiments" for entrées, desserts, or even salads. They're very poetic, but you can't eat 'em. They stir up longings for sourness and freshness and things that "crunch" between the teeth in April, but the substance of these things hoped for, the "garden sass" and berries, don't come in in satisfactory amounts until June.

In earlier days we had to cheat our longing as best we might on pickles and dandelion and "lamb's quarters." Now, however, we are in somewhat happier case. Thanks to the hothouse, the cold frame, and the refrigerator car which lays the wide acres of the Sunny South under tribute to our tables, we can at least partially meet, and even anticipate, this thirst for greenness and "crunchiness." Indeed, with these resources of civilization and the slightly older, but still comparatively recent, priceless boon of bottled fruits and canned vegetables, we are no longer under the necessity of letting this spring craving develop into such an acute form, if at all.

A Change of Habits, Not of Diet

Furthermore, we are coming to recognize that a considerable share of this spring loss of interest in eating and distaste for solid meals is not the fault of the menu and the housekeeper at all, nor even of the change in the weather. Spring fever and that "papery" taste in the mouth are very largely the cumulative expression of the long winter months of overwork, overconfinement, underexercise and other bad habits which mark this period of the usual working year. The best cure for them is not a change of diet, but a change of habits. When the good housemother finds her family beginning to grumble about the monotony of the table, she should recognize that it is about time for their Easter vacation, and insist on it accordingly.

Spring is the trough of the entire working year. We are worn and tired by the long gloom and cold and bad indoor air of winter, and need to be exhilarated by the breath of the keen spring winds on the heath and the returning sun. The best spring medicine known is a day in the country, and the habit of taking Easter vacations is one which ought to be most cordially encouraged in every possible way. Here is where "the flowers that bloom in the spring" are of some use on the menu, after all. Go out and gather them, or, better still, enjoy them without killing them, and keep up the habit of bathing your senses in each successive wave of color that floods the woodlands until autumn—and you will get rid of both your spring fever and your summer languor and find the table a pleasure instead of a burdensome duty the year round. If you have no appetite for your dinner in the first warm days of April, go out and get one, instead of blaming the housekeeper or the cook. The much-lamented "finicky" appetite of spring is not so much the fault of the season as of our own bad habits.

The Diet Automatically Adjusted

While undoubtedly a certain amount of our food consumed during the winter goes to keep up the heat of our bodies, and this modicum is becoming no longer necessary with milder weather, yet it is the opinion of experts that this element in the seasonal changes of diet has been greatly overestimated, and that the chief thing that should control the amount of food at any season of the year is the amount of work to be done. City dwellers have unanimously chosen the winter as the time for their heaviest work, and summer as the period of lightest activity, and their diet should be regulated accordingly. Indeed, it will in most cases be automatically so adjusted by that heaven-born "Light Within," our appetite.

The farmer, on the other hand, has more or less work to do the whole year round; but the hardest strain of it comes in summer—and look at the amounts of beef and bread, potatoes and gravy and pie and cheese which has to be shot into the body furnace of the average harvest hand. Yet he does not suffer from a quarter as many sunstrokes as his city-dwelling brother who eats less food, does less work and is far less exposed to the sun.

So long as a given amount of work is to be done, a corresponding amount of energy must be poured into the body in the form of food; and it is vitally important to remember this in the spring and in summer. A healthy man of vigorous, active, outdoor habits will find that he requires and relishes a surprisingly similar amount of food the whole year round. Fats, which have special value in keeping up the temperature, and meats, which, unless active, muscular work is being done, tend to waste a certain amount of their energy in the form of heat, should of course be cut down somewhat as the weather becomes warmer; but the diet and the menu should by all means be kept up to a good, full standard of vigorous nutrition, or the efficiency and comfort of those of the family who have to work will suffer.

At least nine tenths of these elementary forces which galvanize us into what we call life, we still capture—like our ancestors of old—with our teeth. The mouth is literally the gate of life, with all its rich possibilities of work, of thought, of emotion; and yet in these transcendental days we grudge a beggarly twenty minutes three times a day to the process

of filling it with the raw material of human achievement. Even an engine into which coal can be shot with a shovel takes more time a day than this to stoke.

The "Steaming Power" of Food

The first requisite of a food is its steaming power. If it hasn't got that, it is but "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal"—not a food, but a light amusement—for example, a salad. This steaming power, energy, latent force, is contained in all substances which we term "organic"—in other words, which are living or are the product of life. It has all one common source—that is, the energy poured into the atmosphere of our earth by the rays of the sun. All life, in fact, is simply embodied sunlight; and the secret of life is a trick of enslaving the energy of the sunlight and turning it to its own uses. Plants are more skilful conjurers than we are, for they can utilize this energy directly, and with it build up living tissues containing stores of energy out of the dead and inorganic matters of the soil and the air. We animals take our supply of energy at second hand by eating the tissues of plants—in fact, broadly considered, are little better than parasites—and those of us who are carnivorous in our tastes absorb our energy at third hand, through the tissues of some animal that has eaten a plant that has eaten the sunlight.

You Cannot Use Energy That Isn't There

While we no longer believe that all, or even the major part, of the energy contained in food is utilized by the body in the form of heat—indeed, we know that a considerable part of it is utilized more directly than this, in the form of chemical energy, without the evolution of any heat at all—yet we still use this burning or combustion method as a means of estimating the energy contained in food. If the energy be not present in the food, so that it can be liberated in the form of heat in a furnace, it certainly cannot be utilized by the body. No amount of skill or sleight of hand or vital force will enable any body, human or animal, to utilize energy which isn't there. The burning method of estimation also has the practical advantage of appealing to our imaginations, our practical experience, enabling us to get a rough but reliable estimate of the real fuel or energy value of a food.

To our sorrow, we have all had more or less experience in the building and keeping up of fires, whether on the hearth, in the camp, in the kitchen stove, or the fire pot of the house furnace—that place of affliction which has made more modern Jobs inclined to curse their God and die than half the plagues of antiquity! To get an idea of the fuel value of a food—in other words, of its *realness*—just imagine what would be the net outcome if you threw a handful of it into a roaring fire. As the human body is two thirds water, a walking aquarium, in fact, and most of our foods when ready to eat are properly "water-logged" to match, the first effect would be a tremendous sputter and sizzle, due to the formation and escape of steam. But after this had cleared away, what would be the effect on the residue? Every known and imaginable kind of food that passes the gateway of the teeth and the sentinel of the palate would, after it had been reduced to a dried and charred condition by the driving off of water, give a certain amount of fuel to the flame. But what a difference!

What Are the Fire Feeders?

At the top of the list, as fire feeders, would come the fats, particularly those of the dried and salt meats, butter, oil, the fatter meats; then such dried fish as salmon and herring, which contain large amounts of fat in proportion to their weights. These of course would burn even better than coal or wood. Next would come pure sugar, then the lean meats, then the different kinds of the drier foods, like crackers and bread, then milk, cheese, fish and the lighter meats—but with a tremendous sputter of steam and a temporary dampening down of the flames. Then come the mushes, puddings, gruels, and slops of all sorts; then the fruits; while finally the green vegetables, the soups and the pickles would do little more than raise an abominable odor and put the fire out.

Here we see a justification at once for the unvarying tendency and custom of unspoiled humanity to insist upon placing upon the table as the main staple of every meal, whenever it can afford it, certain solid and substantial articles of diet, like meat, bread, butter or oil, milk, cheese, fish, or their equivalents. Roughly speaking, every meal to be a real meal must contain in substantial amount a meat, a starch, a sugar or a fat, around which the other articles of diet unconsciously group themselves as trimmings, appetizers, flavorings and supplements. Our involuntary and irrepresible craving for something which we can set our teeth into, which feels real between our jaws and gives a comforting sensation of both weight and bulk in our interior, has a broad and sound biological basis. Hence the staples of our dietary the year round will be found to vary within what is on the whole surprisingly narrow limits. It is in the accessories—the fruits, the salads, the desserts, the vegetables, and what are generally known in the expressive Western phrase as "trimmin's"—that the greatest variations will be found and can be made.

Common Food Our Greatest Luxury

The soul of the housekeeper is, I think, often unnecessarily vexed with the fear that her family, and particularly her men folk and her boys, may get tired of the endless monotony of beef, mutton and pork, bread, rice and potatoes, butter and sugar, out of which she is compelled to construct the backbone of her menu the year round. But it is one of the most consoling proofs of the wholesomeness of the average appetite that it is precisely these necessary staples, which alone contain an adequate supply of energy in available

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 64]

MENU FOR SPRING

ONE WEEK

SUNDAY BREAKFAST

Broiled Fish With Watercress
Boiled Eggs Hot Rolls
Fresh Fruit or Orange Marmalade
Coffee With Cream

SUNDAY DINNER

Consommé With Toasted Wafers
Roast Lamb Mint Sauce
Potato Croquettes
Asparagus Clear Butter Sauce
Lettuce Salad With Oranges and Nuts
French Dressing
Apricot Ice Cream Cake Black Coffee
Candy

SUNDAY SUPPER

Chicken Salad
English Muffins Shoestring Potatoes
Olives
Caramel Cake Tea or Coffee

MONDAY BREAKFAST

Broiled Ham Corn Bread
Cereal or Baked Apples With Cream
Coffee and Cream

MONDAY LUNCHEON

Sliced Cold Roast Lamb
Baked Potatoes
Beet and Lettuce Salad Mayonnaise Dressing
Canned Cherries Sponge Cake

MONDAY DINNER

Potato Soup Stuffed Steak
Rice Spinach
Boiled Onions Cream Sauce
Rhubarb Pie Cheese
Black Coffee

TUESDAY BREAKFAST

Sausage Poached Eggs
Toast
Buckwheat Cakes and Maple Sirup or
Oranges
Coffee With Cream

TUESDAY LUNCHEON

Creamed Chipped Beef
Scalloped Potatoes With Cheese
New Onions Baking-Powder Biscuit
Canned Peas Cookies

TUESDAY DINNER

Tomato Soup
Roast Beef Brown Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts Hollandaise Sauce
Cucumber Salad
Peach Pie Black Coffee

WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST

Broiled Bacon Fried Eggs
Popovers Toast
Cereal or Bananas and Cream
Coffee With Cream

WEDNESDAY LUNCHEON

Lamb Chops
Diced Potatoes Parsley Sauce
Lettuce Salad
Hot Biscuit Honey

WEDNESDAY DINNER

Consommé With Toasted Wafers
Roast Duck Apple Sauce
Potato Soufflé String Beans
Nut Salad
Cherry Pudding Lemon Sauce
Black Coffee

THURSDAY BREAKFAST

Beef Hash With Watercress
Corn Muffins Coffee With Cream
Stewed Rhubarb or Grape Fruit

THURSDAY LUNCHEON

Chicken Croquettes With Asparagus Tips
French Fried Potatoes
Hot Rolls
Cold Caramel Custard Chocolate

THURSDAY DINNER

Hot Tomato Broth Stuffed Olives
Breaded Veal Cutlets
Mashed Potatoes String Beans
Chicory Salad
Apricot Blanc Mange With Whipped Cream
Black Coffee

FRIDAY BREAKFAST

Broiled Kipped Herring or Finnan Haddock
Boiled Eggs Toast or Hot Rolls
Cereal or Grape Fruit
Coffee With Cream

FRIDAY LUNCHEON

Scalloped Oysters
French Fried Potatoes
Radishes Olives Hot Biscuit
Fruit Tarts Cocoa or Tea

FRIDAY DINNER

Consommé en Tasse
Broiled Salmon
New Potatoes Butter Sauce New Peas
Sliced Cucumbers
Lemon Sherbet or Snow Pudding
Black Coffee

SATURDAY BREAKFAST

Broiled Bacon Scrambled Eggs
Popovers or Hot Rolls
Coffee With Cream Orange Marmalade

SATURDAY LUNCHEON

Broiled Chicken Potatoes Sauté
Celery and Nut Salad
Rolls
Sponge Trifle With Whipped Cream

SATURDAY DINNER

Vegetable Soup With Noodles
Boiled Leg of Mutton Caper Sauce
Riced Potatoes Beet Greens
Combination Salad
Apple Pie à la Mode Black Coffee



The Lobby is of Classic Simplicity



A View of the Auditorium of Miss Elliott's Theater From Behind the Footlights



A Box and a Glimpse of the Hangings

HOW I BUILT MY THEATER

BY MAXINE ELLIOTT



IN BOSTON once a semicolon in the excise law caused all kinds of trouble. In my new theater I've tried to avoid trouble by an apostrophe. The theater is not called The Maxine Elliott Theater, but Maxine Elliott's Theater. I have tried by that apostrophe to assure my numerous critics that I'm not trying to squeeze into the Hall of Fame beside Garrick and Kean and Sarah Siddons. What I did try to do when I erected my theater was to make a playhouse that should be beautiful, seemly and comfortable from the sidewalk to the rear wall, and to be financially interested in it. My purpose was humble, though honest. Yet to carry it out has been a tremendous labor.

There is an old saying that if you want anything done right, do it yourself. This applies as much in theatricals as anywhere else—in building a dwelling house or arranging a dinner. It was not only because I long have been, and always hope to be, my own manager, desiring my independence no less for the privilege of picking my plays and companies than for keeping the money I make myself instead of giving up a large share of it to a second person, that I decided to build my own theater in New York; it was also because that seemed the only way of getting just the kind of theater I wanted.

Now, most actors and actresses know the kind of a theater they want. It is only natural that they should know best, indeed, how a theater ought to be built and equipped, and that they should care most to have everything beautiful and fitting. Yet they, as a rule, have least to say about it.

I suppose America is the only country on the globe where actors are expected to play an intimate modern comedy in a ten-acre lot. If you chance to make a success of such a comedy in a small theater, and then move to one of the ten-acre-lot variety, and on the strength of your success in the small house do a two-thousand-dollar-a-night business, the managers use that as an argument for big theaters. Every player knows the awful holes, called, by courtesy, dressing rooms, that he has to risk his life in on the road. Except in the case of the star, players in many theaters are treated no better than day laborers. Every player knows, too, the petty annoyances of doors that open at the head of aisles, letting in the light disturbingly, of ugly decorations that face and oppress him, taking the life out of his work. And every theater goer knows, I presume, these same ugly interiors, and the woes of seats too narrow and too close to the seats in front, of pillars that shut off the view, of chairs that do not get a clear view of the stage, of lights that shine in the eyes, and the like.

For eight years I have cherished consistently—though I am a woman—the dream of building a theater that should be small and intimate; that should be beautiful and harmonious to the eye in every last detail; that should be comfortable for the spectators, and, behind the scenes, comfortable and humane for every least player in the company. And, quite frankly, I wanted a theater, too, where I would not have to give up a large percentage of my earnings to somebody else as rent. And I have realized my dream at last, a dream my fellow players used to tell me was impossible of realization, but which may now, perhaps, inspire some of them to go and do likewise.

Of course I had to have the assistance of a man! Mr. Lee Shubert is my partner in the enterprise. No actor, man or woman, in America at the present time can build and operate a theater quite alone, for the simple reason that the theaters throughout the country are almost entirely controlled either by Mr. Shubert's firm or by the so-called Theatrical Syndicate, and all players have to book their road tours through one or the other of these agencies. Now, as an actor cannot play in his own theater all the time, as he has to go on the road for necessary money, and fill his house while he is gone with other attractions, he is forced to go to one or the other of these agencies, alike for his own route on the road and for the plays to fill in at his theater. A position of absolute independence on the American stage to-day is impossible. But my partner, Mr. Shubert, has let me carry out my own ideas in building my playhouse,

EDITOR'S NOTE—Maxine Elliott's Theater, which is situated on West 39th Street, New York City, just off Broadway, was opened on December 30, 1908. Miss Elliott herself appearing there in a new comedy by Marion Fairfax, called "The Chaperon." With the exception of Mrs. Fiske, who until recently controlled, with her husband, the Manhattan Theater, no actress for many years has guided her own destinies to the point of managing a theater in New York. Miss Elliott's Theater, which is half her own property, and which is the result throughout of her own planning, is almost an enlarged drawing room in its intimacy and comfortable richness, and it is designed and decorated with perfect taste and great beauty.

and he will probably, when I am absent, fill the time, so far as possible, with other women stars—Miss Marlowe, Madame Nazimova, Miss Galland, Miss Mannering. Thus we shall have almost a women's theater in New York; and it is a source of gratitude to me that so many critics have pronounced it among the most beautiful.

One of the things that every woman knows (I'm sure Mr. Barrie will agree) is that it's hard work building a house the way you want it. It's harder work building a theater. In my case I have nothing but praise for the architects, Marshall and Fox of Chicago. Poor Mr. Marshall! I used to write him at least a hundred pages a week! But we worked in entire harmony. One of the great trials was to get what I wanted for the money we could afford to pay. Another was to get what I wanted when it didn't happen to be what other people have always wanted. I suppose that is a difficulty we all meet in this world, where convention plays so large a part.

The design I wanted for the theater of course I got. The playhouse is modeled, inside and out, after Le Petit Trianon at Versailles, only it is built of Dorset marble instead of stone. Armed with a portfolio of architectural views of the French eighteenth-century masterpiece, I went at the architects and they went at their plans. I wanted the utmost richness and solidity and beauty with the least possible showiness. So we have the severe marble front, broken only with the four columns. Inside, our chief variant on the usual theater design is, I fancy, the two great, golden-grained skyros marble columns that flank the proscenium. The proscenium frame itself is concealed by hangings, which thus bring out the columns on the one hand, and frame the stage picture in a soft, rich, slightly irregular line on the other. This, I am told, adds depth to the stage picture, and also, when the curtain is drawn, makes a more restful object to the eye.

A great task was the selection of chairs and light brackets. I picked out all the light fixtures myself, the first object being to get what was beautiful and in harmony. The next was to get the same thing cheaper! Wishing the theater to resemble as closely as possible a drawing room, the light comes from bracket lamps and from a central crystal chandelier. To keep the builders from the accustomed glaring blobs of light was a constant vigil. For the chairs I suppose I had twenty models before the right thing could be devised. I didn't want the usual dentists' chairs, nor those chairs with a space between the back and the seat, in which the person behind you inserts a toe and soils your frock. "But," they told me, "you have to have that space." I couldn't see why—it was something to do with the bearings. Anyhow, we haven't got it! And all our chairs are twenty-two inches wide and far enough from those in front to permit long-legged persons to sit in comfort, and bibulous gentlemen in the middle of a row to get out between the acts without walking on everybody's toes. That means, of course, there are not so many seats in the theater as there might have been, and so the theater will not "hold so much money."

But I am sick and tired of this constant cry in our theaters about money, always money. Is the comfort of an audience nothing? Is the beauty of your playhouse not to be considered? And, from the mere money standpoint, isn't doing things right, winning the good will of your public, in the long run a good investment?

But real trials came with the color scheme. Old gold, old ivory and a pale brown mouse color were selected. A chip of the skyros marble of the dominant pillars, a piece of the gold silk damask that covers the walls, a piece of the curtain and hangings, a piece of the carpet and of the upholstery and a piece of stained plaster were placed together, and the shade of this or that changed a score of times before the result was right. Even then certain colors shifted when the fire-proofing chemicals were applied, making further experiment necessary. But I think at last we have a neutral background that will show, not kill, the gowns in the audience to the best advantage, yet one that is rich and restful in itself. Both to see and to act a play in a theater thus intimately harmonized in every part is more enjoyable.

Behind the scenes I have put a carpet in every dressing room, and a large easy chair, together with an outside window to let in fresh air, open plumbing, a covered wardrobe to replace the horrid old row of unprotected pegs that still does duty in every American theater, and a pier glass, so

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 78]





"Then silence and a little sea of eager, upturned faces, then the story began"

THE LITTLE KING'S CLOAK

THE firelight leaped up in the great hall where the monk sat among the children to tell them the Easter story. It was told in its entirety but once a year, and then no child was missing. They gathered closely about him; some laid their crutches by them and made themselves comfortable on the floor, which was strewn with rushes. All got as near to him as they could, allowing the youngest of all to stand nearest or to come within the circle of his arm. There was the little shifting here or there for more comfort and better hearing, then silence and a little sea of eager, upturned faces, then the story began:

That Easter day when I returned from the cathedral the little King began at once with his questions:

"Was the altar bright with lights, Benedict? Did they employ the white and gold banners? What service chanted they?"

I answered his questions one by one. Then he ran his little pointed finger over the rough veins on my hand, as was his very loving custom.

"What prayers did they pray, Benedict?"

Now the Queen, knowing my master to be worse, and having heard from the physicians of the court that day that he could live not longer than a year at most, had commanded my Lord Bishop to say more special prayers for him. So I said:

"They prayed that God in His goodness would spare thee to them."

"What dost thou mean by that, Benedict?" and he looked up at me.

"I mean that the people would have thee well."

I said this and no more, remembering the Queen, for the Queen had forbidden strongly that he know how ill he was. Instead, she told him great, expectant tales of how he was some day to be crowned king over some vast country overseas, when this little England had proved herself a fit foe; or perhaps he would rule some day over her father's court in Provence—the greatest court of all Europe—or perhaps some day over France in place of his uncle, the blessed Louis. Such tales troubled me much, for I knew that even were there such a kingdom for him, he would never live to reign over it. But of these things I said nothing.

"And concerning what did my Lord Bishop teach the people?"

"Concerning a mighty matter," said I. "He told them of how there is no death, but that it is no more than a sleep, and the waking is life everlasting; and of how Easter doth show clearly this truth."

"How, in what way?" he said, "for I do not get thy meaning."

"Little master," I said, bethinking me of my Lord Bishop's own words, "in winter the earth is stripped of life and the flowers are no more; the grasses lie dead and the leaves are stricken from the boughs, so that not knowing, wouldst thou not say the life of the summer was forever gone?"

He nodded at me.

"Well, it is so with death," I said, "for it is a bare season in which we see not the beauty, yet there is life ready to bloom forth again in greater glory. Lo, the spring times of this world wear and change, but of that other world they endure. Thou knowest the russet velvet cloak of Berold, thy father's page, how it is worn, so that he must needs have a new one for to-day's pageant?"

He nodded at me again, listening intently. "Well, it is even so that the body wears like the wearing away of an old cloak." He thought of this with his brows bent. "But that which the cloak covers

lives on," I said, for I thought he should begin to know of such matters. "So we must not fret ourselves, even if the body wears, for that which this bodily cloak of ours covers no time can mar."

He listened to the end; then, when I had done, he put his two arms about my neck, and said brightly:

"It is all true, doubtless, Benedict, all that thou sayest, because thou never tellest me aught but the truth; yet oh, I am most glad that I shall live long, long to wear my cloak and that I shall come to be a great king overseas, as my mother, the Queen, hath promised me."

Perhaps I should have told him then and there that it is God, and not an earthly queen—no, not even *Eleanor la Belle* of Provence—who shall portion out our lives to us; and I might even have told him that it was a wrong so to cloak and cover with human lies the lot that God had seen fit to bestow upon him; but even at that moment the arras moved and the Queen entered the chamber.

Often have I seen her fair, but never so fair as she looked that day, decked out for the ceremony of the knightly. It was little wonder that men surnamed her *la Belle*. She made him a deep and sweeping obeisance, as though he had indeed been a king.

"Good day, my lord King," she said very gay.

"Hast thou eaten and drunk to please thy body; laughed and been glad to satisfy thy soul, and in all things behaved thee as befits one who is to be so great a monarch?"

"That I have," he said, and smiled, with his little hands clasped against his breast, as was his custom when he was very happy.

She came and sat by his bed.

"Then thou shalt have the fillet of thy father's queen to play with as thou wilt, and some day, some day thou shalt have many, many more—great coffers of jewels all thine own, when thou comest to thy kingdom."

So saying, she took the fillet of precious stones from her hair and let it drop all golden and full of its colored glitter into the thin white cup of his little upturned hands. Then she unfastened a chaplet of beryl and chrysoptase, and a belt of wrought gold, which she wore, all clustered and studded with gems, and gave them to him.

"So does thy Queen, the wife of Henry of England, the daughter of Berenger of Provence, do thee homage," she said with her pretty gaiety, that was the best pale sunshine of pleasure that he had.

"See," she said, "there is more that I have brought thee—a gift befitting thy royalty. Benedict, draw back the arras by the doorway."

She knelt by his bed and took his hand in hers and kept her eyes fixed on his face to note his pleasure.

I did as she bade me. Behind the arras was the King's page, Berold. He wore his new cloak. His head was back and his stomach forward, very proud. He bore a great silver salver, and on it such a device as I had never seen before, a great glittering peacock.

"Thy aunt, the Queen of France, hath sent it to thee and to me and to thy father, the King." Then the page, Berold, came forward and knelt down on one fat knee before my little master, so that my little master might touch the strange fowl. The peacock was made of silver and gold, its train gorgeous and spreading; the ends of the silver feathers were set in with a great glitter of sapphires and pearls and rubies and other precious things, so that they winked and shone as the heavy bird and the salver trembled a little in the page's hands. Never have I seen such a bauble.

The Queen, her arm about him still, watched the little King's face for the joy in it, and delighted to see him make a great examination of the peacock, ordering Berold to turn it about so that he might see it from all sides. When he had done, and sat wrapped in wonder and pleasure, she said:

"There is still more to see! Feel about and thou shalt find it." Then he felt about the body of the bird, but found nothing. His little hand came at last to the beak.

"There! There! Have a care!" she said. "With thy fingers pull the beak down softly, so."

He did as she bade him, and there began to drop from the peacock's beak, into a silver bowl below, drops of a sweet-smelling perfume. Then nothing would do but he must have the sweet-smelling water drip and drip and drip until the silver bowl was full and rippled to the brim.

In time he wearied of the plaything and leaned back among his cushions. A look of fear came over the Queen's face. It was as though she would have distracted him from his illness and herself from the truth by renewed gaiety.

"Shall I tell thee of the great tournament to be held for the knights newly knighted?" she said.

At this he rallied to pleasure again.



"He bore a great glittering peacock"

AN EASTER STORY

BY
LAURA SPENCER
PORTOR

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL STETSON CRAWFORD



"In the name of Saint George, and Saint Michael the Archangel, I dub thee knight"

"I would rather hear tales of Provence," he said. So the Queen smiled again, and began in the old way: "At my father's court—"

So she told him wonderful tales of Provence; of the old days there, before she came to somber England; of the splendors of her father's court; of her magnificent journey hither, attended by a great company of nobles, minstrels, ladies of the court and horsemen bearing golden cups; and of how the people flung garlands and rich cloths and trophies under her horse's feet as she rode to her crowning.

"It shall be so, also, when I am crowned!" he said, his eyes bright with pleasure.

"Yes, even as it was with me," she said, pleased to have drawn him once more away from the grayness of English truth into the gay color of foreign lies.

"Yet it is wearying," he answered, "that I must stay here in this painted oaken chamber. When shall I leave it and be crowned, and hear the people shout my name, and see them bear gold cups for me, also?"

There was the trampling of hoofs in the court below. The Queen rose, and glancing at herself in the burnished shield that hung by the casement, set the fillet again in her hair.

"Next Easter we will have thee knighted. Perhaps then thou mayst be crowned as well and mayst go escorted, as was I, to visit the court of Provence." She stooped and pinched his cheeks. "Keep thy heart light, thy cheeks red and thy self proud; so mayst thou be a king whom even owlsh England shall hail! So mayst thou be a grandson worthy thy grandsire, Berenger of Provence! No gloom, hear you!" She took a quick sharp glance at me. "I like not your English heaviness."

The clang of armor and the trampling of hoofs in the court below continued. The men at arms and knights were assembling. The little King lifted himself on his elbow.

"Madam, the Queen, is it not meet that these men below should do my bidding *now*? I pray thee, say to them that it is my will to see them pass in array before me. Benedict shall hold me yonder at the casement."

He waved his slim little hand royally with a gesture almost exactly the Queen's own.

I think the Queen was not a little pleased to see mimicked in him her own great pride and haughty love of command. She stooped to kiss him, and then with a wave of her hand to him, left us. The King's page, Berold, being commanded by her to leave the peacock where it was, followed her pompously and fatly, his nose in the air, as he held the edges of her mantle.

I took my little master in my arms. I wrapped him about with a scarf of the Queen's, and stood by the casement, that he might look out.

Below in the courtyard the knights and men at arms and pages were already receiving the Queen's message. They arrayed themselves and mounted, such as were not already in their saddles, and so serried themselves at last into ranks. It was done indeed with as much pomp and brave courtesy as if it were the King himself whom they honored.

My little master straightened himself up slimly in my arms, very keen with pleasure. Then he waved his hand to them in salute.

At this, and also no doubt by the Queen's command, there was a great clang of armor and there went up a din of shouts and hurrahs, the very horses champing and arching their necks. Also at this moment Berold hastened into the court from the Queen's doorway, flung up his arms, and cried, "Long live the King!" which shout the rest took up.

"See, Benedict!" said my little master joyfully, turning toward me in my arms, "I am indeed a great king!"

I made no answer.

He was content to stay in my arms and watch them, until the King himself came forth and the cavalcade made ready to depart. Once the Queen from her casement waved her scarf to him and made motion to the King, and seemed vexed that the King did not look up nor take notice of him. But my master thought naught of this. He rarely saw the King save in some such fashion as this. Indeed, it was so seldom that he saw any of the royal family save the Queen that he gave himself little concern for them. Yet he always spoke with reverence of his father, Henry of England; but I think that was more because his father was a king than that the King was his father.

When the last of the knights had clanged forth from the courtyard, he turned and let his head rest very wearily against my cheek.

"Benedict, I am glad to be a great king."

I carried him, little and frail, back to his cushions, and answered him:

"True greatness lies in goodness, my King. It seems to me thou art indeed very good. Thou hast been very patient under all thy suffering."

"I shall be most glad," he said wearily, "when it is gone, this illness—as my mother, the Queen, says it soon shall be. Then I shall ride, also, and carry armor, like any king, and straddle Red Roland, as strong as any knight. Thou knowest how my mother, the Queen, hath said that Red Roland is kept ever saddled and ready. Some day, when I shall suddenly grow strong—and she says it may be any day, perhaps tomorrow!—then shall I leap on Red Roland, and ride away, seeking adventure! Shall I not, Benedict! Thou knowest how I shall!"

I strode to the casement and back, and to the casement again, my heart heavy with bitterness against the Queen. He was so little and so frail to be set about by so many lies.

When I turned again his eyes were closed, and he had fallen asleep from weariness. Once, as I watched, a look of pain came over his face, then happiness again. You have seen swift cloud shadows speed rapidly over the windy sweet March meadows?

From the direction of the abbey came the far, mellow sound of the King's trumpeters, where the knights rode forth to the knighting. My little master must have heard them in his sleep, for his lips smiled, and once more, doubtless, he thought he was a king.

II.

WITH the coming of the dusk there came to the palace one Sir Guilbert, a brave knight from the North. Hearing this, my little master begged to have him come and tell him of his adventures.

It was the Queen's custom that all knights from abroad who visited us should pay their homage to my little master.

I heaped the logs high in the fireplace, for the nights were still cool, and the little King loved to see the chimney licking its chops, like a great dog, eating fuel. He loved, too, to watch the shadows dance and leap, and he would pretend that they were the wolves and rabbits that dance and play together, so friendly, in the moonlight on Saint John's Day.

It was for the most part a happy evening. The Queen and her ladies came, too, and listened to the tales of Sir Guilbert.

Sir Guilbert was a great, broad-shouldered knight, and had many adventures to tell, some grave, some gay. But it was the grave ones of great daring which the little King liked best.

When Sir Guilbert's account was ended my little master pressed his hands together, and said softly:

"Such things shall I, too, do."

"Yes, that thou shalt," answered the Queen, "and even greater when thou art grown." Whereat all the Queen's ladies stopped their soft chattering, and fell silent.

Then the little King said:

"Good Sir Guilbert, lay thy sword where I may feel of it."

So Sir Guilbert put his good sword, called "Marvelous," into my little master's hands, so that he could feel of the great hilt and the bright blade.

The Queen's head drooped a moment toward Sir Guilbert's ear, and her lips moved softly; but my little master did not see, his gaze being intent on the sword. The next moment Sir Guilbert dropped on one knee by the bed, and said:

"Though I have received knighthood of thy uncle, King Louis of France, yet if thou wouldst touch my shoulder with the blade, and dub me thy servant, I should be glad."

The Queen's ladies all leaned forward, and the Queen looked on proudly at my little master.

He was very pleased, and tried to take the great

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 67]



"I took my little master in my arms"

MRS. SANGSTER'S HOME PAGE

BACHELOR UNCLES AND SPINSTER AUNTS

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER



UNCLES and aunts have had a peculiar fascination for writers of romance onward through fairy lore to a period near our own. Latterly they are less prominent in literature and apparently have ceased to be useful factors in novel and drama. For this there may be reasons.

In actual life the spinster aunt and the bachelor uncle loomed large as helpful allies in domestic economy until a comparatively recent date. Gradually and almost imperceptibly a change has taken place.

We seldom hear the phrase "old maid" repeated as a stigma in our time. There are no old maids any more, although there are thousands of single women living their own independent lives and asking assistance from none of their masculine relations. Helplessness and dependence do not belong to the business or professional woman; and naturally she is frequently detached and fully able to attend to her personal interests and make for herself whatever home she desires.

Bachelor uncles are not now included of necessity in the homes of their married kindred. They reside in great comfort and no little luxury in apartments where their wants are fully met by people who delight to do them service at stipulated wages. A middle-aged or elderly bachelor is socially much in demand, is an important dinner guest and is popular with women, both old and young. The conditions of daily life have been modified by the circumstances of commerce and the multiplication of conveniences once unknown. Few of us at present feel at liberty to ask either bachelors or spinsters, though our nearest of kin, to alter their arrangements, that we may be relieved in an emergency. We understand that they are as busy as ourselves, and that we cannot call upon them on occasion with the freedom that used to be taken for granted.

Sending for Hannah

A feature of the present hour is the universal turning to the trained nurse when there is illness in a home. If the children, for example, have scarlet fever, the mother does not attempt to care for them without aid from a skilled hand. The doctor comes in, diagnoses the case, looks grave, and says in a commonplace manner, "You must have a nurse. I'll send one." The necessity for a trained nurse would once have struck a cold chill to the parental heart. Not so in these days. We used to fancy that there must be desperate need, that we were almost in extremity, when a trained nurse crossed the threshold. She is now a familiar figure. At that time the mother would say to the father, "Hugh has come down with the fever. Elsie has been exposed to it. I shall quarantine Mabel and Jimmy, though it will be hard work. You harness up as soon as dinner is over and go for Sister Hannah. Tell her to come prepared to stay a month or six weeks. If there is any reason why Hannah can't come, drive on to Reuben's and get Jane."

Either Jane or Hannah, capable, efficient and glad to be called upon, would return with the good man, and then the campaign being fairly on, the aunt would help the mother in looking after the juvenile sufferers. Aunts Jane and Hannah were members of the family of a brother or sister, and there they might live from youth until age. I know a woman nearly ninety, who has spent all the years of her life since she was twenty-two in the home of a prosperous brother. Her sister-in-law is a great-grandmother, and the aunt is entitled to have a great before her name. She has never been paid for her manifold services in coin from the mint. She has had a good home, much affection, abundant food and comfortable raiment. Now and then, when she was young and strong, she was included in the family outings. This woman would, I think, have been happier had she many years ago found a foothold for herself in the outer world. She has always been treated as a privileged dependent, and the bread of dependence has been bitter, but in her youth it would have been thought eccentric and peculiar had she left the family roof and attempted to earn money away from home. She was the good angel in the house, but angels are not invariably appreciated at their worth.

Something Missed

On the part of the children it cannot be denied that something sweet and precious has been taken from them in the passing away from the home of resident uncles and aunts. These relatives were a step removed from father and mother and the step brought them closer to the little ones and young people. Aunty could be a confidante to girls in their teens when mother was perhaps too busy to be bothered with their earliest little love affairs. Aunty was either still a girl in her later twenties or a woman in her sunny thirties, and although mother may have been little older, she seemed older to her children. Children know very little about age, and often think that teachers and parents in whom authority is vested are quite antique when they are really young. They do not reason on the point; they only feel. An aunt in the house when there is a nursery brood, an aunt with a thimble and a readiness to take stitches and help out with plans that require secrecy, is a boon to childhood. This boon, now that aunty is a doctor, a stenographer, an artist, an editor, a woman in business, the children very much miss, while as for their mother, the loss to her is not made up by the help of those whom she pays by the day or the week. The situation is undoubtedly preferable for the spinster aunt. It is less desirable for the household that cannot longer turn to her for help in time of need. Similarly, a young, cheery uncle descending upon the family at intervals of holiday or vacation, or coming home at night from the office to find shelter under the wing of an older brother or sister, is a comrade and companion whom growing boys find adorable. A grumpy, crotchety old uncle, pottering about, scolding and finding fault, is a different proposition. Of course we all know that women fit into home life anywhere with greater ease than men. A man seems to need his own house to give him dignity. A woman gets on very comfortably with an infinitesimal amount of this admirable quality. In simple justice it should be added that uncles and aunts often give unselfish financial help to their nephews and nieces, especially in matters of education.

A Word for the Men

A man in the house is seldom in the way. He has his errands outside and his interests in the larger affairs of the world, while there is about him, just because he is a man, a sort of stability and funded resource that sets the home at its ease. Consider the familiar experience of two or three women alone in the house on a winter's night. We will imagine

that there have been hints of prowling burglars in the neighborhood and there is a general thrill of excitement in the air. Odd noises are heard as of footsteps stealthily passing to and fro in the upper chambers. Down in the cellar there are suspicious sounds. Rats? If Aunt Susie suggests them, her sister and niece scoff at the mere mention of the name.

"There never has been a rat in the house from its foundation." Some one who has no proper business there may be lurking about the premises, and women, however much they may have of moral courage, are still at the mercy of their nerves if they fancy a thief hidden in the coal bin or ensconced under a bed upstairs. In comes father or Uncle Ben. The quick, resolute step of the man on the veranda, the turn of his latch key in the door, his bluff, cheery greeting, his breezy entrance, restore confidence and drive fear to the four winds. A man is a bulwark of defense. Also he gives little trouble. Inquire of any matron who accommodates paying guests beneath her roof, and she will tell you without demur that she prefers men to women as lodgers and boarders. Women, she explains, have the greater curiosity and are harder to please. Men are concerned only about their own affairs and are easily suited.

Without Close Ties

The bachelor is less at a loss when seeking to establish himself in a city boarding house than the spinster. Men are simpler beings than women. One hardly knows how to explain it, but the woman's mind has its labyrinthine turnings and windings in certain directions, where the man's drives straight to the point. On the other hand, the account is balanced by the fact that there are times when a woman is wonderfully direct and flies to her goal with the swiftness and precision of an arrow shot from the bow. At the same moment her husband and brother, lacking her intuition, go blundering around as if lost in a fog.

The solitary individual who has formed no family ties sometimes reaches a place of loneliness in the years beyond the meridian. He or she may still be in the enjoyment of excellent health and in possession of a comfortable income, but the friends of earlier days are absorbed in their homes and their children, and the intimate associates of youth are scattered to the ends of the earth. Death makes breaks in the once solid ranks. A gathering of college men or women at an annual dinner twenty years after graduation begins to have its shadows of sadness. People who tread divergent paths cease to have common objects of interest. About this time it may occur to the bachelor uncle, growing stout and bald, and regarded by the people who know him as fixed for life in single blessedness, that he would improve his situation should he marry. It may be his good fortune unexpectedly to meet an old sweetheart who has, like himself, remained single. He will not be so conceited as to suppose this decision of the charming woman to have had anything to do with his earlier silence, but if he pays court to her he may discover that the woman, too, is longing for the sweet security of a home of her own. For some occult reason home is never as fully itself as the abode of a bachelor or a spinster as when it is shared by wife and husband. The yearning for close ties is very insistent in the later season of middle life. Although the young people who are getting ready to marry in their twenties are disposed to doubt the fact, there are few happier marriages than those made in life's Indian summer. Occasionally bachelor uncle and spinster aunt alike are called upon, when marriage comes to them late, to exercise the functions of stepfather and stepmother. It is noteworthy here that the stepfather is seldom other than happy in this rôle, while it bristles with difficulties for the stepmother.

Odd Friendships

In the autobiography of Mark Rutherford there is a delightful bit of description that is a real ray of sunlight amid the pervading gloom of the book. In the parish where the unfortunate young clergyman encountered many trials there was a hospitable home where he was always welcome and in which was a continual atmosphere of peace. It was a household composed of two placid sisters who had left behind them the cares and worries of existence and whose faces were full of the loveliest tranquillity. Such homes there are in plenty in this land of ours. I can think of them in New England villages, where spinster sisters into whose birthdays we do not inquire are still spoken of as "the girls" by their lifelong neighbors. I know them in the old Dominion, where the poise and gentleness of certain beautiful old ladies is as perfect as the grace of an Italian garden, as delightful as a rose in bloom. In New Jersey and in Tennessee alike I have personally known, and I am sure my readers might match the tale in Texas or in Maine, stories of courtship lasting over many years. In one instance a gallant bachelor made his weekly call for thirty successive years at the home of two charming spinster sisters, dividing his attentions equally between them. No one ever knew whether he was in love with either, nor could it be supposed for an instant that both were in love with him. The trio of friends kept up their three-cornered friendship without an interruption as the years, one by one, flitted by and the gold of spring turned to the gray of autumn.

Sometimes a coalition is formed, and two women or two men who must otherwise be solitary unite their means and make a home for themselves together. It is oftener the case that women do this than men, unless there be a bond of kinship as a basis. There is real pleasure in quietly growing old together, if two women are congenial, enjoy the same pursuits and share the same aversions. To make their harmony complete, there must be no jarring chords in the matter of creeds. The spectator who views such homes from a little distance observes that one or the other is the stronger, that concessions are made very much as in marriage by the one who is firmer of will to the other who is weaker, or that the opposite is the case. Firmness yields to weakness in successful home life fully as often as weakness to firmness.

Have you ever noticed that everybody has an Aunt Mary and that few people are without an Uncle John? When conversation languishes it may be started briskly by the simple question casually asked of the next neighbor, "When did you last hear from your Aunt Mary?"

To My Correspondents: You need neither be a bachelor uncle nor a spinster aunt to-day to have this subject appeal to you. Nobody knows what the future has in store. You may write to me on this or any other subject as freely and as often as you choose, and if you will send a self-addressed and stamped envelope for a personal reply, it will give me pleasure to send it.

THE SMILE

BY MARY HEATON VORSE AND ALBERT WHITE VORSE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL



FROM the very first Constance had been signaling over the great gulf that separated her from Louise, just as all mothers must. You will hear them talking to their little babies just as if they could really understand. But a little baby's spirit must walk a weary way in darkness before it may answer in response to older people who look

so anxiously for the first expression of consciousness. I do not know how many times Louise looked up into Constance's smile before she got to expect it, and how many times more before she understood what it was.

Wherever Louise looked, indeed, there was always a smile to greet her—and the smiles that are given to little babies are the dearest ones in the world. And each one of these smiles was a signal to Louise across the great separating gulf.

It is not to be wondered at that parents look so anxiously for the day when their little children shall respond to their signals, or that they watch so tremulously for the first vague little smile to come to them; for this answering back is a sign that the child's spirit is born, that it is beginning, in its own vague way, to realize that it is in a world where there are other people that understand and love it.

Both Constance and John began their signals, just as all parents must, almost as soon as Louise came. She was only a few days old when John insisted that she followed his finger with her eyes as he moved it. He proudly told the nurse that she did this.

"Look!" he said. "When I put my finger here"—he held it two feet from Louise's eyes—"and slowly move it, she follows it with her eyes."

But at that moment Louise tranquilly gazed at the ceiling.

"She did it a minute ago, anyway!" Constance protested.

"Well, then, this baby's a wonder, Mrs. Greatrux," the nurse replied. "They have to be older than this before they know light from darkness, let alone following fingers with eyes!"

Constance and John said no more, but looked at each other. They had both seen Louise's gaze follow the guiding finger. They knew they had. John would have liked to be vindicated, because a man likes to prove that his scientific experiments are correct; but, after all, that was of small importance. He had seen the blue eyes move as his finger moved; so had Constance. It would take more than a mere nurse to convince them that this was an accident.

The nurse showed the same unsympathetic spirit about Louise's smiles. When Constance cried out, with some little emotion:

"Look, the baby's smiling!"

"They have to be a sight older than that before they smile," the nurse informed her. "That's wind, Mrs. Greatrux."

She explained her theory further. "Every time a baby as young as this—and a lot older—smiles, it's no more nor less than a little wind on its stomach. Isn't it, my sweetums?" she appealed to the baby, who lay with placid stolidity in its mother's arms.

She went on with more information to the same effect for some moments—quite unnecessarily, Constance thought. She had her own explanation about this wavering and touching little smile that from time to time lighted up her baby's face. Nor did she ever tell the nurse's explanation to John. She let him enjoy Louise's occasional smiles without once disturbing him by any coarse materialistic explanation—explanations which she herself in no wise believed.

John, for his part, not being enlightened, never doubted that Louise was smiling at some little thought of her own brought from the other world. To him it seemed very touching that a little baby whose mind was still in darkness, who didn't know one person from another, and hadn't yet even recognized her hands as belonging to her, could get enough sensation of happiness to smile mysterious little smiles all by herself; and it may be that, after all, he was right. For Constance reasoned: "If babies can cry human tears, as Louise did after a few days, why is it more wonderful that they should smile, because of their own inner contentment, human smiles?"

You will find few mothers who agree in their hearts with the nurse's theory.

It was this theory that planted the seed of distrust for the older generation in Constance's heart. There she was, still weak, and heaven knows, inexperienced in the care of babies, relying on the nurse for every bit of the precious lore by reason of which one is enabled to bring up one's little baby as one should, already feeling that among all the things the nurse knew that she didn't, yet there was a thing or two that Constance knew better about her child than any nurse ever could.

The nurse was, undeniably, a competent woman. She could perform, with a dexterity that to Constance seemed nothing short of legerdemain, the operation of lifting the baby in and out of the bath tub, a feat that Constance would no more have ventured than she would have tried a conjurer's trick, like making an omelet in John's hat, for instance.

When it came to dressing babies, the nurse was a

marvel. Constance, as yet, had an uneasy feeling that the baby might break while in her arms, and the caution with which she held her daughter amounted to fear. Young mothers who have never had little brothers or sisters are apt to be like this. The nurse puts the baby in their arms, and there they sit, rigid as stone monuments, not daring to move hand or foot, their faces very masks of loving concern for fear that something may happen to the little, wabbling thing that is so strange on the one hand, more completely their own than anything else in the world on the other.

Fathers share this feeling in a greater intensity. Many a strong man has had the perspiration break out on his brow when a helpless infant has for a moment been entrusted to his clumsy and anxious care, and it is only the exceptional man who is ever at ease with his children before they have got into human habits of sitting up and having backbones.

But for all the nurse's outward dexterity and knowing ways, Constance observed things that the nurse did not, and by the time that Louise could hold her head up and the first nurse had been replaced by a mere fallible nurse maid, a great change had come over Constance.

She was no longer the humble-minded creature who deferred meekly to the advice of the experienced mother. Indeed, no! She knew as much now as any

the dusk and crooning over again the little songs with which she had put her own children to sleep, the same songs they were, too, with which her mother had hushed her, and her mother's mother her children. And now here was Constance calmly turning her back on this almost sacred tradition; not only turning her back on it, but unmistakably shocked, as her eyes showed.

"I wonder they had any nerves left," she exclaimed, "with such goings on!"

So the mother and daughter stared at each other over the gulf which separated them. The mother had come expecting to mother her grandchild in the same time-honored ways with which she had mothered her own, only to find that the ways of mothers and children had changed over night, and that Constance, far from being ready in part to shift the care of the baby over to her, as she had hoped might be the case, had but little room for grandmothers in Louise's life.

No; by this time no older woman, not even if it was a grandmother, could tell Constance how to take care of her baby. Indeed, she felt adequate to tell other people how to mind Louise, and how not to. Her mother's presence was a secret source of anxiety to her. She hovered uneasily around her when she held the baby, in a way highly unflattering to a lady who had brought up successfully five boys and girls of her own.

Like other grandmothers, this one had small regard for the new ways of bringing up babies. Serenely and high handedly she broke the rules that were supposed to be good for Louise's health and morals; and even when she was restrained from taking the baby up at unseasonable moments, she would sit by the crib talking the immemorial "baby talk" with which women have forever communicated with their little children.

This proceeding disturbed John even more than it did Constance.

"Of course," he said politely, "I don't want to criticize your mother; but do you think it can be good for Louise to hear her talk like that—just listen to her going on now!"

In tones of deepest affection one could hear the older woman crooning, as she squeaked a red rubber animal deftly before Louise:

"Ook at g'amma! Squeak! Moo-moo—squeak! Squeak! Nice moo-moo!"

"Of course," John proceeded, "I know Louise luckily can't understand her now, but it can't be good for her to hear things like that. Why should she learn to know the cow as 'Ickey-wickey moo-moo?' I never understood why women had to talk gibberish to young infants!" Louise's father pursued. "Even you, Constance—I hear you saying things continually to her that have no sense."

The crooning in the other room went on. "I wish she'd stop it!" Constance whispered with anxiety, oblivious of the fact that her mother was only, in her own way, signaling for the answering look of comprehension which each of those who loved the baby searched for with so much diligence.

For Louise was progressing day by day along the road which leads to the smile of recognition. It was not very long before footsteps to her were no empty sounds, but meant the approach of people, the human beings whose society from the first she so longed for. Approaching footsteps on the stairway would stop her crying; if she was hungry, footsteps meant that food was at hand; if she was tired of lying in one position, again footsteps meant help. Indeed, if she was lying quite placid in her crib, contented enough with things as they were, if any one walked near her she would set up a clamor for recognition.

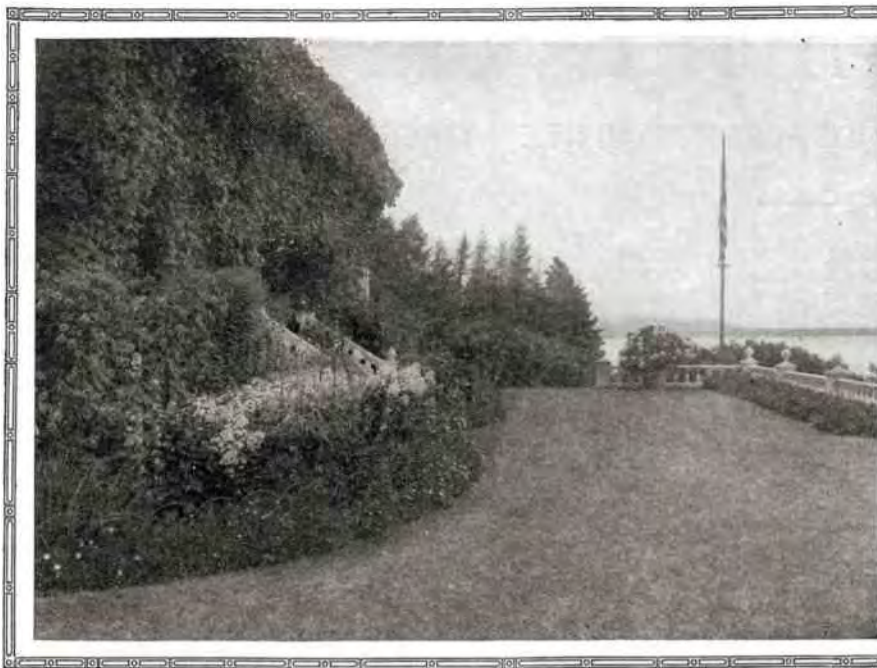
About this time she recognized Constance as the one who provided food for her; and in just what way a very little baby, still enshrouded in darkness, recognizes the mother that feeds it from all other people, no one

quite understands. John unpoetically asserted that he thought it was probably by the sense of smell. But to Constance it was a beautiful mystery, not to be solved in any such materialistic way. It seemed to her as natural as it was mysterious that her baby, who knew so little, should know her. When John intimated to Constance that this was a mere vagary of maternal pride, she felt sorry for him, almost as if she were robbing him of something, that the baby should recognize its mother before it did its father.

Every day brought Louise closer to Constance. Steadily and imperceptibly she advanced out of the darkness. She showed the dawns of her intelligence upon her face. Her little head sat bravely upright now on her shoulders, instead of wabbling around. Now, too, she definitely followed moving fingers, and even watched people at some distance, as they walked around the room. Strangers began to say, "How pretty she is getting to be"—which annoyed Constance very much, for she had always seen the elements of beauty in her daughter, as an experienced gardener foresees the beauty of a rose while it is yet a hard green bud.

She developed a definite little personality of her own, which was very evident to Constance, and made Louise as different from all the babies in the world as John was different from all men. Nothing seemed to her to show such crass ignorance as the remark "How alike all little babies are!" Louise was a little entity all by herself, with a disposition of her very own, and her own likes and dislikes and ways of expressing them

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 56]



An attractive terraced lawn bordered with banks for flowers and balustrade



The perfect lawn, naturalistic treatment, fittingly bordered with fine elm trees

THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD GARDENING

BY FRANK A. MANNING

OF



IN THIS country, where athletic the popular religion and functions take the place of worship, we ought to have lawns. If one must sleep is now recommended, attend parties on the lawn, go to out of doors and take his and physical exercise on links, it makes some differ

him how the grass grows. It is certainly a gracious symptom of progress civilization that men and women live out of doors than formerly they did. As fast as gardens can properly designed, with sunny lawns for walking, terraced seats for reading, pleasant pergolas for parties, clean terraces for dining and secluded for courting, the domestic activities will be transferred more and more to the open air, where tubercular hypocrisy fade away before fresh air and frankness. And when the garden takes on also the beautiful artistic design, so that lawns, trees, shrubs and masses offer everywhere satisfying pictorial suggestions, then the esthetic tastes of its occupants get a proper daily nurture. Yes, the garden is capable of all sorts of good things—sanitary, social and artistic. The lawn is the only absolutely essential thing in the garden. It is the cool, refreshing, restful part of the foundation on which the whole superstructure of gardening is built. It is that part of the garden that serves always as a practical convenience as well as a thing of beauty. It should be so designed and located that it can be constantly used. And lawn games can be cultivated as well as lawn grass.

Soil and Situation

The success of a lawn depends very largely on its aspect and soil. I once visited a friend in Georgia who apologized for having grass in his yard. He had not had time to dig it out, he said. In other words, the climate and locality were so unfavorable to lawn grasses that people preferred to keep their yards sanded and clean of herbage. However, most people choose their places of abode with reference to business and social considerations, not with regard to situation and soil. Thus when it comes to the practical question of making a lawn, about all we can do is to make the best of what we find. If we find ourselves located on a tin-can dump we must act accordingly. The fact is, of course, that many fine and expensive homes are now located on a super-pliocene, post-bellum geologic formation of the Roosevelt period with umbrella-frame fossils and tomato-can outcrop. Yet the agricultural management of such soils is hardly mentioned in most of the text books.

In all such cases the soil for a lawn simply has to be made or imported. A sandy baseball lot may sometimes be converted into a lawn by thorough cultivation and the incorporation of clay, coal ashes, stable manure, street sweepings and the like. The clay and coal ashes improve the water-holding capacity of the soil. The stable manure and street sweepings add humus, plant food and life. Sometimes it is practicable, as it is nearly always best, to grow

good foundation for the lawn at first than to potter with insufficient remedies afterward. When good loam is bought it costs anywhere from ten cents to a dollar the cubic yard, beside the cost of delivery. Simple arithmetic will show that to cover a lawn sixty by one hundred feet in extent one foot deep with loam will require two hundred and twenty-three cubic yards—and other lawns in the same proportion. Heavy soils should be improved by drainage and by the addition of stable manure or street sweepings, and by the growing of crops as on sandy soil. In some cases

it is applied and plowed in, but this is not often desirable. It is specially desirable on heavy clay soils, and on all sorts of soil, except sand or ash dumps, will be found for lawn purposes by proper drains. Nearly all drains should be of round porous tile. On small lawns a 2-inch tile may be used; on medium-sized lawns a 3-inch tile for branch drains, with main drains of six-inch tile or even larger. The primary drains should be twenty feet apart in heavy clay, thirty feet in medium loam, and somewhat farther apart in light soil. They should be placed at a depth of twelve inches and given a uniform slope of one inch to the hundred feet toward some outlet. In the case of tile drains, I have lately seen them used in a dry country for getting water into the soil. The lawns were underlaid with the usual rammed tile, an inlet being arranged at the upper end of the system. Water was supplied from wells by handmills. This water was conducted through the tile inlets and distributed through the sublawn. It was a very great benefit of the blue grass. This is a good one and capable of wide adoption.

The Design of the Grades

The location of the lawn and the question of soil disposal and the design of the grades must now be considered. One of the most serious mistakes are frequently made. The ordinary householder fills up the holes and smooths out the humps, but accepts the place otherwise as it is. He has willed it to him. Many reputable landscape architects go little farther, appearing to be unacquainted with the design of those beautiful earth curves which are a proper lawn. The lawn may be flat, concave, convex, or some combination of these elementary forms. The precise combination is of the highest importance. Claribelle's beautiful face is a very happy composition of curved surfaces—concave, some convex (none flat!), flowing into one another. From every separate point of view that face reveals a new combination of graceful lines. A good lawn is precisely like Claribelle's face in this respect. From every point of view it shows a series of graceful fluent surfaces, blending, harmonizing, disappearing and returning to view. Does any one think that there is no art in designing a lawn? Let him mold out of wax a face like Claribelle's. The problem is the same.

I wish I could tell here just how to do this work with respect to lawns, but truly I think the problem so difficult as to require the touch of a master artist for its full solution. Yet every one must do his best, realizing that he has a great work on his hands. Let him remember that the succession of graceful curves and blendings which he may produce will be a source of perennial joy to all sympathetic persons who are to have the pleasure of using his lawn in future years. The perfectly flat lawn is seldom to be used—never except for limited areas and in the formal style of gardening, and then always in direct connection with architectural features. For small and medium-sized lawns, where the entire area can be seen at once, a slightly concave surface will usually

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 79]



Here is seen at its best the natural, unmade, daisy-covered farm lawn, one of the most desirable effects in landscape gardening

THE GLASS HOUSE

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

AUTHOR OF "TITUS," "THE SINGULAR MISS SMITH," ETC.

AN OUTLINE OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 64

Part Sixth. Chapter XXI.



MAXWELL POYNTER appeared almost young and agreeable to Louise as she sat beside him in the luxurious little vehicle which carried them swiftly through the sweet summer air.

"I've never ridden in a small car like this before," she said. "I think it's ever so much nicer than the big one."

"So do I," he agreed. "Mrs. Poynter doesn't like it, though," and he frowned reminiscently.

"Perhaps Aunt Gertrude is timid about going fast," hazarded Louise. "I'm not, though. I love it!"

They were well out of the city now, and he increased the speed of the machine to its limit. "It does go pretty fast," he said, with a thrill of positive enjoyment to which he had long been a stranger. "But there's no sport in going out with a person who's always afraid of running over a stray dog or hen. You must remember what I say, Louise, when you're grown up," he added, with a show of paternal authority. "A woman can plague a man out of his senses, or she can—well, I don't know, but I've a hazy sort of notion that a man's wife ought to be an all-round comfort to him."

"That's what I shall be—that is, if I ever get married," Louise said positively. "Perhaps, though, I'll have to be an old maid schoolteacher."

"Not much!" laughed Poynter. "You're too fond of having a good time."

"Don't you think it's right?—liking to have a good time, I mean."

"Right? Of course it is. And I hope you'll stick to it. People are so apt to lose the liking; then they're as dull as ditch water. Or else they harness themselves up to a lot of imaginary duties and drive themselves and everybody else half crazy."

"I shall never do that," replied Louise with bright-eyed conviction. "I just despise doing my duty; it's the most tiresome thing in the world, I think, next to geometry."

Poynter laughed heartily at this outburst of girlish naïveté. And Louise, immensely flattered by his mirth, cast about her for another bright saying.

Poynter had slowed down the flying motion of the little car to suit the heavy, sandy character of the road as it approached the sea. "I say," he observed, "it's—er—it's a mistake to keep girls like you down to mathematics, in my humble opinion. A beautiful girl is really the most beautiful thing in the world. She's—er—a rose of humanity; and we don't put our roses into soup, or roast them in the oven; we use baser vegetables for that." His eyes rested dreamily upon her radiant young face.

"Oh, Mr. Poynter!" breathed Louise. "Do you—you don't think I'm like a rose, do you?"

"I oughtn't to flatter you, I suppose," he said slowly, "but I sha'n't be the only man to tell you that you're beautiful—though perhaps I'm the first. Yes, you are one of those rare blossoms of the race, and you ought to be admired and cherished as such. You will be," he added with conviction.

The girl burst into a sudden thrill of laughter. "I was just thinking that Helen is like a nice, good, useful little potato," she explained. "Wasn't that horrid of me?"

"Why, no; you're simply carrying out my figure of speech; I call that pretty clever of you—Rose."

Her eyes drooped with sudden exquisite delight. "I wish you would call me that," she murmured, "just to remind me of—what you said, and of this perfect day."

"I'll call you that—when we're by ourselves. But what will you call me?"

"Aunt Gertrude said—she thought perhaps—you would like it—if I called you—Uncle Max," hesitated Louise, with a timid smile. "Would you?"

His face darkened with a swift frown. "No; don't call me that," he said harshly.

She was looking at him anxiously. "I told Aunt Gertrude I was sure you wouldn't like it," she murmured contritely. "Please forgive me." Then she added, "I'll make up a name for you; you made up one for me, you know, and so that's fair. I'll call you—Prince Happyday; don't you like that name?"

He laughed almost boyishly. "If I'd been named that in the beginning I believe I'd be a different sort of fellow by now," he said.

"Well, you can begin to be different this minute, Prince Happyday, and—you mustn't ever scowl when you look at me, no matter what happens; because I don't like to be scowled at."

"I sha'n't feel like it, Rose, unless I happen to think of—well, of a whole lot of disagreeable things—regular blue devils, such as were plaguing me this morning when you came and found me."

"Fortunately, you see, I have a magic power to drive away all elves and fairies of the underworld," said Louise, falling easily into her favorite play. "And the minute you speak the magic word 'Rose' all the gnomes and imps will slink back into their caverns, and you will be transformed into your true self, which is Prince Happyday. Don't forget!"

He sighed. "I wish—" he began. Then he stopped short. "Are you hungry, Rose?"

"Awfully! I didn't have any breakfast—that is, I didn't have anything I liked. One might as well have nothing as to be obliged to eat what one doesn't like."

"What do you like?"

"Anything that you like, Prince Happyday."

"You're a wonder!" he cried, turning to look at her

more closely. "What made you think to say that, instead of mentioning chicken and ice cream?"

"I don't know. I just said it. But I do like chicken and ice cream."

They had chicken and ice cream, and other things besides, wonderful delicacies of which Louise had never tasted or even imagined in her short life. After they had eaten they wandered down upon the beach, where Louise elected to dig holes with a bit of shingle.

"I haven't been here since I was a little bit of a girl," she said with a reminiscent sigh. "We don't have any fun at home any more."

"Why not?" he asked lazily, though he thought he knew well enough.

"Oh, mama doesn't think of anything but her writing. She shuts herself up hours at a time, and we don't dare interrupt, for fear of spoiling a story; and papa is away all day, and sometimes half the night. Then Helen likes to work in the kitchen, and I hate it; and that makes me feel selfish and uncomfortable. But I can't make myself like it, and I sha'n't even try after this. I shall remember what you said, Prince Happyday."

He said nothing to this, and after a little he glanced doubtfully at his watch. "I'm afraid we'll have to cut this out," he said ruefully. "I haven't had such a good time since I was a kid. We'll run away again some day when the coast is clear; will you go, Princess Rose?"

"I'll go any time you ask me," she said promptly. Then she looked at him wonderingly. "I used to be afraid of you; wasn't that funny? But it was because I didn't know you. Aunt Gertrude said you were the kindest person that ever lived."

He made a wry face at this. "I'm not kind," he contradicted. "But—I could never be unkind to you, Rose. Your spell is too powerful."

He looked at her kindly, his face strangely softened and moved. "Come, child, we must go now, or your Aunt Gertrude will be worried."

Philip Loomis came home from his office early that afternoon. He was worried about his wife, whom he had left in the heavy sleep of exhaustion following her long hours of toil. He found Helen in the kitchen where he had left her that morning. The little girl's tired face brightened at sight of her father.

"Well!" he exclaimed, looking about him with appreciative eyes, "this kitchen appears to be shipshape. Did you and Louise do it all, or has Bridget come back?"

"Bridget came back this afternoon, but she didn't stay. She wanted to see mama, and she insisted upon going upstairs. I just couldn't help it. She wanted her money."

Philip bit his lip. "Was your mother awake?" he asked.

"I went up, too," explained Helen, "and mama was awake. And after a while I gave Bridget my gold bracelet to make her be quiet and go away. She talked so loud I was afraid the neighbors would hear."

"You should have gone to the corner and telephoned to me; why didn't you?"

"There wasn't anybody to leave with mama."

"Where was Louise?"

"Why, papa, Louise had an engagement to go to Mrs. Poynter's to-day. She had promised, you see; and she hasn't come back yet. I suppose she's going to stay for dinner."

"She should have stayed at home to-day, of all days," was her father's frowning comment. Then he stooped to kiss Helen's wistful little face.

"You're a brick, kitty-kins," he said fondly. "Now what about dinner? Are we going to have some? I can help get it, you know, as well as Bridget."

"You don't have to, daddy," Helen told him, with honest pride. "It's most ready now. I did it myself. I wouldn't let mama get up. She was going to try, but I coaxed her, and she stayed in bed. Dick's out in the yard digging dandelions; I hired him with five cents out of my money. He likes to play hired man."

Philip caressed his daughter's thin brown cheek. "Now I'll run up and see mama a minute, then we'll have dinner."

Edith lay as he had left her in the morning, her heavy eyes closed; she opened them drowsily at the sound of his steps. "I don't know what you'll think of me for being so lazy, Philip," she murmured, "but I couldn't seem to move."

"I think it's time you were lazy, dear," he answered, stooping to kiss her tenderly. "I was sorry to hear that Bridget disturbed you. What did she want, anyway?"

"She wanted her wages, Philip, and I didn't have them for her. She's coming back to-morrow."

"All right for Bridget; let her come. I'll tuck some bills into your top bureau drawer, and you can settle with her when she appears."

"Oh, Philip, where—"

"Where did I get the bills? Why, I'm fairly swimming in money, dear. I borrowed two hundred on my life insurance to-day. It'll only cost us a trifle, and—Why, Edith!"

She had buried her face in her pillow and was sobbing weakly. It appeared to her that one by one all the props and stays of their orderly home life were being battered down. She felt curiously beaten, humiliated, sick at heart. "I—I shall feel rested by to-morrow," she explained brokenly. "I shall get up then, and—perhaps things will go better now that my novel is finished."

Chapter XXII.

EDITH LOOMIS did not get up the next day, nor for many days thereafter. "Nervous exhaustion," was the doctor's brief verdict. "Let her sleep and rest all she will. She'll pull out of it in a week or two if nothing happens to disturb her."

"Nothing must happen," Philip said, and stood guard

over his wife himself, till necessity forced him back to his neglected office. "You two girls will have to manage the best you can," he said. "We can't get another servant in here now. I'll help nights and mornings, and we'll all do our prettiest till your mother is better."

"Yes, papa," said Louise, with a lugubrious sigh. Her white lids were reddened with recent tears.

"You mustn't worry about mama, dear child," Philip said kindly. "She isn't really ill, you know; only tired."

"I'm tired, too," murmured Louise, with a fresh burst of petulant tears as her father hurried away. "It's just too provoking, when Aunt Gertrude wanted me to go to Shelter Island with her for a whole month!"

"Would you go off, Louise Loomis, and leave mama sick in bed?" Helen wanted to know, in a shocked little voice.

"She isn't sick a bit; the doctor said so. I don't see what made her so tired. She didn't work very hard."

"She might be dreadfully sick if she doesn't rest now. You mustn't say a word about wanting to go away."

Louise shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I'm going out this afternoon and stay till dinner time," she said. "Oh, Louise!"

"There! If you loved me a single bit you wouldn't want me to stay in this horrid, stuffy house when I've got a headache. I didn't dare stir off the piazza all last week while papa was home."

"Where are you going, Louise?" Helen asked.

"Oh, I don't know; just out for a little change. I haven't seen any of the girls for an age. I'll do all my work before I go, and you don't have to let mama know I'm gone. It might worry her."

"Yes, it might," agreed Helen, wrinkling her forehead perplexedly. "But what will I say if she asks for you?"

"Tell her I've gone to the grocery store; I'm going there first to telephone."

"Who are you going to telephone to?"

"Don't you wish you knew, Miss Curiosity?" Louise's spirits seemed suddenly restored. "I was just joking," she explained as she went briskly about her tasks.

Louise's pretty face was so rosy bright with pleasure that evening that her father's eyes were drawn to it more than once across the modest dinner table. "You look as gay and happy as a fairy to-night, little girl," he said approvingly. "What have you been doing to amuse yourself?"

Louise blushed vividly. She appeared almost frightened. "Oh, nothing, papa," she hesitated. "I went out for a little walk this afternoon. You don't want us to stay in the house every minute, do you?"

"No, indeed, my dear; stay out all you can without neglecting mama. Of course one of you must be within call. I hope mama will be quite herself again by another week. You're good, brave little girls, both of you, and I sha'n't forget it in a hurry," and Philip beamed lovingly on his two daughters.

"I'm a good boy, too, papa!" piped up Dick. "I've dug out more'n five hundred dandelions all myself; and I haven't 'sturbed mama, or anything. Have I, Helen?"

"Indeed you haven't, darling," agreed Helen warmly. "He's just the nicest boy in the world, papa."

Philip felt his load of care lightened as he proudly surveyed the three young faces. "It's a lucky thing for me to have three such good children," he said. "I don't know what mama and I would be doing without you these days."

Louise's blond head was bent low over her plate. She was feeling very much ashamed of the lie she had told, in the loving light of her father's eyes.

"I wish—we had a runabout," she said in a low, embarrassed voice; "like—like Mr. Poynter's."

Philip glanced quickly at the girl. "What put that notion into your head, Louise?" he asked, a stern note in his kind voice.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all, papa. I—just happened to—see Mr. Poynter out riding in his little car this afternoon, and—and it looked so nice and cute that I—thought—Why are you looking at me like that, papa? Is there anything so dreadful in what I said?"

Philip scowled thoughtfully. He opened his lips to reply; then closed them again. Louise was looking at him with open curiosity.

"Why don't you like Mr. Poynter, papa?" she asked innocently. "Aunt Gertrude says he is the kindest and most sympathetic person that ever lived. And I'm sure she ought to know."

"How do you know I don't like him?" laughed Philip, getting up from the table with decision.

"But—just by the way, Louise, I want to tell you that you mustn't go farther away from home than Elm Avenue in your walks these days. Remember!"

"Oh, papa," pouted the girl. "All the girls I like best live the other side of Elm. What ever made you think to say that?"

"Never mind," replied Philip, with some sternness. "I've said it, and I want you to obey me."

Louise shot a bright-eyed glance of suspicion and inquiry at her sister.

"Did you tell papa what I said about going to the grocery store to telephone?" she asked Helen when the two girls were putting the dinner things away.

Helen paused in the act of hanging up the damp tea towels. "Why, no," she said. "I'd forgotten you said it. You were joking, weren't you? You said so."

"Well, I was joking; but you're such a pious child I never know what you'll say or do next."

Louise pirouetted across the kitchen floor, her skirts held wide. "Oh—me—oh—my!" she warbled. "I could tell you something, if I chose!"

"Tell me!" urged Helen. "I know very well you've been doing something. You look like the kitten when she's been stealing cream."

"I sha'n't do it, Helen Loomis. You'd tell."

"No, I wouldn't. I never tattle the least bit, Louise; you know perfectly well that I don't."

"Promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Well, then, I've been out with Mr. Poynter in the runabout, and we had the most glorious ride! I guess we went as much as fifteen miles, just like the wind!"

Helen stared at her sister's glowing face. "Why don't you want me to tell that?" she said slowly. "You've been out with Mr. and Mrs. Poynter so often, I don't see—"

"Aunt Gertrude's out of town, stupid. But I can tell you the big car with Symonds trundling it along is slow compared with the little one with Mr. Poynter running it. Didn't we just go! I expect you'd have been scared stiff."

Helen was silent; her small face wore a puzzled expression. "Well," she said at last, "you can't go again. You know what papa said."

Louise protruded her scarlet under lip. "I think papa was awfully mean to say that," she said crossly. "Mr. Poynter would take me out most every day, now that Aunt Gertrude's gone. He likes me. And he's just as different as can be when you come to know him. I'm not a bit afraid of him now."

"You might ask papa, and see what he'd say; why don't you?" Helen asked. "Perhaps he'd just as soon you'd go with Mr. Poynter as not."

"No, indeed, I'll not ask him," pouted Louise. "He'd say 'No' right off, without even thinking about my having fun."

"Maybe I could coax him!"

"Don't you dare, Helen Loomis! Remember, you promised you wouldn't tell before I said a word about it. If you even mention it I'll go right upstairs and tell mama that Bridget broke her cut-glass dish and that we can't find three of the teaspoons."

"You mustn't worry mama, Louise. I sha'n't say a word about what you told me. But of course you won't do it again."

"Oh, won't I?" Louise danced airily to the door, where she paused to turn her mischievous, laughing face upon her sister. "You nice, useful, good little potato!" she murmured, "don't forget now!"

Chapter XXIII.

A WEEK later Edith was beginning to go about once more. She was still strangely weak and inert, and the doctor peremptorily forbade mental labor of any kind.

"You ought to be going away for a month at least," said Philip, as he sat beside her on the piazza, "but I can't send you."

"I don't want to go, Philip," she answered. Then, after a moment of hesitation, "I had a letter from Gertrude Poynter to-day. She asked me to spend a month with her. She said she would meet all of my expenses. Of course I declined."

"Why 'of course?'" asked Philip. "It would do you a world of good; and since I can't—" His head dropped forward; he appeared to be studying the gravel on the path before him with knit brows. "Yes, you must go," he finished in a hard, bright tone. "What's the use of being foolishly squeamish about a little thing like that?"

"I—couldn't, Philip," she answered, turning very white as a sudden memory flashed its silent picture before her. "No, Philip; don't urge me."

"Well, you're not to touch that novel," he said decidedly. "Now remember—for I can't always be here to watch you."

"I read it over this morning, Philip. I couldn't help it; and then I sent it away just as it was," she answered. "You know we need—we must have—Anyway," she finished with a piteous attempt to be cheerful, "Mr. Conyngton Gray deserves to be bothered trying to read it, and it did need typing badly. But it won't make any difference."

"Not if he knows a good thing when he sees it," said Philip, with proud conviction. "How did you ever contrive to do it—the story, I mean?"

She shivered in the warm summer air. "I—don't know," she faltered.

"Forgive me, dear; I had no business to ask. I'll be hearing of the success or failure of my Chamber of Commerce plans before long. But, I'll tell you one thing, Edith; I'm going to succeed, anyway! And I'm going to begin by forgetting that I've ever failed."

He looked up at her with boyish eagerness for her sympathy and approval; but his face fell at sight of her unsmiling mouth and averted eyes.

"If—if your plans are rejected, will you still—" Her dry lips refused to finish the question.

Philip smote his knee with decision. "Come what will, I've done brooding over failure," he declared positively. "I guess I've been something of a Micawber, waiting for things to turn up; but from now on I'm going out to turn things up—any old thing, I don't care what."

She returned the warm pressure of his hand faintly, and he went on impetuously, "You have made me ashamed of myself, Edith, the way you boned into that story; tearing it all to pieces, then building it up again so magnificently, and nearly killing your poor self to do it."

"Don't—Philip!"

"And then there was Helen, poor little girl! She's got all her mother's grit, and her mother's sweetness and patience, too." His voice broke a little over the last words. "I declare I never knew anything like the way that child toiled the first few days after Bridget went. She actually cleaned house, and it needed it, by George! Well, I must take myself off now."

She sat listening to his light firm step as it passed down the street, a painful sob tearing at her throat. "If he knew what I have done he would despise me," she told herself, yet dared not think what it would be like to confess her deed in the light of those believing eyes of his.

Louise came out of the house as she fought thus with herself, her weak hands gripping the arms of her chair, as if they would grip her husband's love.

"Why, mama," said the girl reprovingly, "you ought to be lying down resting. Sha'n't I help you upstairs?"

Edith's eyes rested on the girl's dainty dress and veiled hat. "Where are you going, Louise?" she asked with faint interest.

"Oh, just out for a little walk. Papa said I might. I didn't like to bother you. I thought of course you were asleep."

Her mother's abstracted gaze followed the girl's graceful figure as she hurried away, the shifting leaf shadows making a pretty play of light and dark on her young head and the folds of her summer dress. "Louise will soon be a woman," she sighed regretfully, then turned once more to the absorbed contemplation of her own singular unhappiness.

The girl was laughing gaily as she turned the second corner, where a car with a single occupant was moving slowly toward her.

"I guess you thought I wasn't going to keep my word, Prince Happyday," she said, lifting her blue eyes to Poynter's face as he helped her to a seat.

The man made no reply. He was smoking a cigar, and he flung it away with an impatient gesture. "I'm afraid," he said, "that I can't take you out again very soon—worse luck!"

"Oh, why? I thought you were going to stay here all the while Aunt Gertrude is away."

"Well, I've changed my mind. I'm going to leave town to-morrow." He spoke firmly, evading the girl's disappointed eyes.

"You're vexed with me about something," she said with feminine acumen. "What have I done?"

He glanced down at her with a guarded smile. "If I should tell you, you'd be vexed with me, Rose; then the shoe would be on the other foot."

"I couldn't be vexed with you, Prince Happyday," cooed Louise, with an enchanting upward lift of her long, curling lashes.

The blue innocence of her gaze disarmed the man's half-formed intention. "I guess I won't risk it," he laughed. "No; really, I find I've got to go away for a few weeks; that's all there is of it. But we'll have a good run to-day."

"I shall be so dull, with nothing pleasant to look forward to," pouted Louise. "I wish I was going away, too. It seems to me nothing pleasant or exciting ever happens at home."

"Poor little girl!" Poynter's voice held a curious ring of sympathy, which was little more than a reflection of his own selfish dissatisfaction with life. "It is a deuced bore to live," he went on, after a pause. "I've found it so."

"I shouldn't think you would," said Louise curiously. "You've got two automobiles and—and lots of things," she finished uncertainly.

"Things of that sort don't make a man happy," growled Poynter. "You're too young to have found that out, of course. Now I dare say a new gown or a box of bonbons or a hat with feathers would make you superlatively contented—for a few minutes."

"Oh, yes, indeed—for a long time!"

"Well, I'd like to buy you a dozen of each and let you try it; I've brought you some candy to-day."

"Oh, thank you; how kind you are! What a lovely box!"

He smiled a little at sight of her infantile pleasure in the sweets. "Now I've made up my mind to say something that I'm afraid you'll think disagreeable; but I'm going to say it just the same, Rose, because you are—a rose of humanity, as I told you the other day; and you're the dearest, most innocent child in the world, too innocent and dear to know that you oughtn't to—well, you ought not to be riding with me at this minute. Do you know that, Louise?"

"Why not?" Her startled blue eyes shamed his worldliness; but he went on doggedly:

"I don't mean that—" He paused to bite his short mustache savagely. "Don't look at me like that, little girl; it's only because I—because I like you that I'm trying to talk to you as if you were—my own daughter. Suppose some other man should come along with a runabout; if he found out that you liked to ride in it, and if you ran off to go with him as you have with me to-day—you did run away, didn't you, child?"

Louise was looking down at her box of bonbons, her pink mouth drooping dolefully at the corners. She was feeling very uncomfortable and consequently very unhappy. "I wish I hadn't—come!" she murmured with a childish quiver of her voice. "I feel like—crying. I thought you—I thought you—liked me."

"I do like you. But listen, I want you to be happy. I don't want anything to happen to make you unhappy as long as you live. Won't you try to understand me?"

As he bent forward to look into the girl's downcast face, he caught sight of Philip coming toward them at a long, swinging stride. It was too late to avoid a meeting. The little vehicle dashed by the man on foot in a twinkling. Louise had not lifted her eyes. Poynter's gaze was fixed doggedly on the road, but he knew that Philip had seen and recognized them both. He straightened himself defiantly.

"You must think I am not very particular about my friends," Louise was saying, with a childish effort to regain her vanished self-possession. "Aunt Gertrude told me I mustn't let strange men talk to me. She scolded me real hard about that actor man; and I promised never to speak to him again. But she wants me to like you. She asked me to be nice to you. And I—promised I would—try."

"You'll not have a chance to be nice to me any more," he said bitterly. "I know that much."

"Why won't I?" He made no answer.

"I don't think we're having a very happy time to-day," she went on complainingly. "Why, you're taking me home! Please don't; I shall have so many tiresome explanations to make."

"You will have them to make anyway," he said grimly. "I want you to go straight into the house and tell your mother you met me and that I brought you home in the car. Now do as I say, child. Good-by!"

"Sha'n't I see you again—at all?"

"Why, of course—next fall, when Mrs. Poynter comes home. Good-by!"

Louise shrugged her shoulders daintily as the little car glided away. Then her face fell. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I forgot and left that lovely box of

candy on the seat!" She looked regretfully after the vanishing runabout. "I should think he'd see it, and bring it back," she murmured. "And I ate only one piece!"

Chapter XXIV.

LOUISE was making herself picturesquely useful in the dining room when her father came home that night.

"I'm glad you've come, daddy," she said brightly, as he looked in on his way upstairs. "I thought I'd put these nasturtiums in water and have them on the table."

Her young face was so childishly innocent as she bent over the gay blossoms that Philip's somber eyes brightened at sight of her. "They're pretty," he said cheerfully. "And what have you been doing all this warm afternoon, my dear? I see you have on your apron, like a nice, industrious little Biddy."

"Oh, I've been helping Helen get dinner," said Louise, looking up to meet her father's gaze with a blush of pleasure. "Something in his grave look arrested her eyes. "I—I went out to walk, too," she went on hurriedly. "You said I might, daddy."

"Yes, I know. Did you have a pleasant walk, Louise?"

"Not so very; it is almost too warm to walk far, I think."

Philip waited hopefully for her next words. "It has been pretty warm," he said after a pause, during which Louise busied herself industriously with the arrangement of her flowers. "I was out for rather a long walk myself this afternoon, and I saw—"

He paused deliberately, his face darkening, as he perceived her quick start of surprise and the questioning look she darted at him from under her childish brows.

"What did you see, daddy?"

"Why, among other things I saw a girl in a runabout, and I fancied for a minute it might be you. I was some distance away, though, and—"

Louise looked up at him with smiling hardihood. "Wasn't that queer?" she said in a shrill, thin voice. "I wish I might go out occasionally. It must be fun."

"Then it wasn't you, Louise?"

"Why, papa, what an idea! What ever made you think of such a thing? You told me not to walk any farther than Elm Avenue. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, I remember very well. Of course you obeyed."

"Why, of course I did, papa."

Philip's head dropped upon his breast. He turned swiftly and went out of the room. He wanted time to think—to arrange his ideas. If only he might consult the child's mother; but his first glance at Edith's pallid face forbade the thought. No, she must not be worried, whatever happened.

"I didn't tell a lie, anyway," Louise was saying to herself uneasily. "Papa told me not to walk any farther than Elm Avenue, and I didn't. I rode all the rest of the way. He didn't say I shouldn't ride."

The girl had argued herself into that most dangerous of all feminine moods, where she looked upon herself as a martyr to cruel circumstances, by the time the simple dinner was over. The two girls were putting things to rights in the kitchen. Helen, as usual, had assumed the harder and more disagreeable task of washing the dishes, while Louise sulkily dried them.

"Let's tell stories while we're doing it," Helen suggested. "I know a good one about a girl that caught a swarm of bees. I read it to-day."

"Yes, in that stupid old 'Youth's Treasury.' I don't want to hear it."

"Well, you don't have to; I just thought it would amuse you," replied Helen tartly. "Do look at the way you're wiping those glasses, Louise! They'll be all cloudy and papa won't like it. Take a dry towel, and I'll rinse them again."

"You will not; and I'll not wipe them again. I don't care whether papa likes the way they look or not."

"Why, Louise Loomis, what makes you so cross to-night?"

Louise burst into tears. "That's always the way," she sobbed. "You're always saying something unkind to me. I just wish I could go away where everybody liked me."

Helen's brown eyes were wide with sympathy and concern. "Oh, Louise, I didn't mean to be unkind," she said.

Louise dried her tears without replying. Then she flung her apron aside with a sullenly defiant look at her sister. "I'm going upstairs," she said, "and I'm not coming down again. If papa asks you where I am, you can tell him I've gone to bed."

Behind her locked door the girl sank into a chair and stared at her lovely reflection in the mirror. She was vaguely unhappy, and all her small horizon seemed filled with hurrying clouds. "I almost wish I'd told papa right out about riding in the runabout," she sighed. "Mr. Poynter told me to go in and tell mama. But nobody saw us come home, and I didn't see any use in telling. I wonder if papa did see us."

Her cogitations were interrupted by a masterful hand at her door. "Louise, I want to speak with you." The girl shook back the tumbled curls from about her forehead. "I was just going to bed, papa," she said meekly. "I've got a headache, and I—"

Philip closed the door behind him and stood with his back against it, looking very tall and stern. "I asked you to tell me about the way you spent your afternoon, Louise, and you chose to tell me—a lie," he began in the low, tense voice of a man who has put an iron clutch upon his passions.

"No, papa, I didn't," Louise began to whimper childishly; "I didn't tell you even a weeny little fib. You asked me if I walked any farther than Elm Avenue, and I said 'No.' I didn't walk another step."

"Had you arranged to meet Poynter on Elm Avenue?" Philip's voice was cold, his look terrible to the weak, pleasure-loving girl. She cowered beneath it helplessly.

"N-no, papa; I—"

"Tell me the exact truth, Louise." The big veins were beginning to stand out on Philip's forehead. His hands clenched involuntarily.

"D-don't look at me like that, papa," begged the girl; "I w-will tell you—the truth."

"Did he ask you to meet him?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 71]

THE CAPRICIOUS ISLE

BY IZOLA FORRESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



THAT was what Rex named it—later. Its official title among the natives of the mainland was Goat Island. The honeymooners didn't take to that title. It was far too bald, too prosaic. They exchanged it for Capri, still retaining the atmosphere of Pan, as it were, and his bodyguard of devil-hoofed fauna.

So far as Rex and myself were concerned, we went into the affair with innocent, businesslike intent. It was the wording of the "ad" that proved the first bait. It was simply irresistible. We two are apartment-hotel dwellers.

The fever of early summer had fallen upon us, and after two or three futile trips to adjacent Nature spots, and a week at a bungalow in the Oranges, I told Rex that we might as well face the worst. We were simply starving for a real vacation. Not a summer-resort affair, but some little out-of-the-way corner. For days we had gone through the "Wants and Haves," as Rex calls them. And at last we found it, the ideal spot to let.

"Sounds pretty much all right to me," Rex said hopefully. "But what about these 'domestic differences?'"

I hesitated, and looked across the table at Rex. Certainly the wording of the "ad" was peculiar. I glanced over it again.

"Small, picturesque bungalow to rent. Delightful, ocean front island. To mainland three fourths mile. No other occupants. Suitable for artists. Charming view. Unexceptional advantages. Domestic differences prompt quick sacrifice. Address G. Mandeville, South Barlow, Connecticut."

"Well, anyway," I said decidedly, "it couldn't be anything that would affect us. It may mean anything—wills, family tastes that differ, or—that sort of personal thing, don't you know?"

We wrote to G. Mandeville at South Barlow, Connecticut, and received a reply promptly.

"Immediate possession imperative," Rex read from the letter, with a grin. "Sounds spooky, doesn't it, Winifred? And his rental is idiotic, it's so small. One hundred and fifty for three months. It sounds very piscatorial to me."

G. Mandeville had sent most explicit directions. We were to take an express to Stamford, then a local to Rowayton, then a trolley to Barlow Point, then get off and walk until we saw a grocery store and a real-estate office. That was South Barlow. The real-estate man would direct us to the boat dock.

We left the Grand Central on the 10:10 express. Dear old Rex, he did look so good, and sort of wholesome and American, in his gray flannels, and negligee shirt, with the narrow maroon tie I like best. And he had really been working too hard in town, on a lot of old commercial poster stuff that his heart wasn't in at all. Out on our capricious isle he would be free to paint something worth while.

At about twelve we descended from the Rowayton trolley car at Barlow Point. The trolley car vanished like a lost friend, but we could see the roofs of the grocery store and the real-estate office.

"Boat dock?" repeated the real-estate man thoughtfully, as he sat chatting with his neighbor. "Oh, are you looking for those two honeymooners out on Goat Island?" he demanded.

Before we could answer, the other man gave out some impromptu information.

"She's left. Went yesterday morning. He's been over 'bout fifty-nine times looking for her to come back. Guess they didn't find honeymooning to be any picnic out there on that desert isle of their'n."

Just here Rex and I exchanged hasty glances of mutual understanding. We were thinking of that pregnant phrase, "domestic differences," but we said nothing.



"If the boat ain't there," the real-estate man called after us, as we started cross lots toward the salt marsh, "just you wave something. He'll see it all right, and come after you."

It was very cheering, particularly as there was no sign of any boat. We found the little new, makeshift shed, just above tide mark, and a wooden "runway" to slide the boat down, but that was all.

"It's awfully inconvenient, I think, don't you, Rex?" I said crossly. It had been hard work tramping over that salt marsh with little unexpected oozy holes left by the tide, to play quicksand every other step with your best tan oxfords. But Rex persisted in his exasperating optimism.

"Be a good fellow, Win," he laughed. "Don't you dare have the mulligrubs at this stage of the game. Why, he's sure to come right after us. Give me your parasol."

It was a linen one, lined with green silk, and not very conspicuous as a signal, but we took turns waving it at Goat Island for nearly fifteen minutes. Then suddenly I heard a smothered, unmistakable giggle behind us.

Rex and I turned around. Seated comfortably on the edge of the salt marsh a few yards back from the boat house was she whom I knew instantly to be Mrs. G. Mandeville. She couldn't have been a day over twenty, and altogether—I may say this without any fear of feminine exaggeration, for Rex agreed with me perfectly—altogether she was the dearest, prettiest, daintiest young person that we had seen in many days of jaunting to and fro upon the earth.

Clad all in white she was, no sensible outing white of duck or piqué, but airy, lacy, lingerie white, with ribbons aflutter here and there, and a foolish little white linen cap topping off her red-brown curls.

"He won't notice you," she called down to us when she saw she was discovered. "He thinks it is my parasol—they're just alike." It was embarrassing.

"I had an appointment with Mr. Mandeville to-day to look over his island," began Rex with a truly, impersonal, businesslike air. She nodded encouragingly.

"Our island. I am Mrs. Mandeville."

"My name is Sayres," returned Rex. "Mrs. Sayres, Mrs. Mandeville."

"I suppose you are one of Gerald's chums," she began.

"No; we have simply corresponded with Mr. Mandeville, and expect to rent his home for the season."

"Rent his home." She left the sand bank, and came down to the boat landing precipitately. "Oh, but, dear me, Capri isn't for rent. There must be some mistake."

Still kindly and pleasantly, for he realized how perilously close we were to the path of domestic difficulties, Rex showed her the clipping from his note book. She read it with paling cheeks. It seemed as if we could see her wilt right there before us, the same as a four-o'clock when the sun goes down. She handed it back, and said faintly, but with a flash of anger in her blue eyes that boded ill for the other inhabitant of Capri:

"It must be so. I—I—that is, I have been away for a few days, and perhaps Mr. Mandeville has made a change in our plans."

It was said bravely, with her chin tilted defiantly at the shadowy line of the island, but somehow, as I caught a glimpse of that frightened look in her eyes, I wanted to slip an arm about her in an elder-sister sort of way and tell her it was still all right. There were no bridges burned. Men were only overgrown boys, with overgrown grouches. A bit of tact here and a good dose of love there and it is easy for a woman to pilot the ship safely through the narrow channels.

"Well," Rex remarked comfortably, "I think that Mr. Mandeville must be expecting us. Here he comes."

She hesitated, but stood her ground, while the little motor boat cut across the water toward us.

Now, even with all the charm and dearness, if one may call it that, of Mrs. Mandeville, yet I liked G. Mandeville the minute he sprang ashore and came toward us, his cap uplifted in greeting. He was tall and young, with a tanned, boyish face, and hazel eyes as frank and fearless as a collie's. Rex considers that comparison feminine, but it is true. He included his wife in his general greeting, and she merely bowed her head without looking in his direction.

"I'm awfully sorry to have kept you waiting," he began. "I came over and waited around a couple of hours this morning, and had just ran back for a bite to eat. I hope you'll like the place."

"Looks pretty good in the offing," responded Rex. "Does the boat go with the outfit?"

"Oh, certainly. I'll throw everything in. I want to get rid of it all for two or three months."

Didn't he know that she was listening to every word, that she was white, and close lipped, and tragic eyed? It was terrible to see it all, and not be able to help one bit. Still, as the two men walked ahead to the launch, I did manage to ask casually:

"Have you been married long?"

"Very long," she replied clearly. "Two months and a half."

"It's a nice place for a honeymoon." This rather feebly.

"It's a horrible place," she exclaimed hotly. "It's the most lonesome, dismal, forsaken place you can think of."

After a pause, I suggested, "Fishing's good, isn't it?"

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"'You poor little girl,' I said"

"I don't know. I never fish. Mr. Mandeville fishes all the time. He will tell you."

Think of the masculine element in a honeymoon fishing all the time! There was nothing more to say. I felt very unhappy and depressed, and stared in silence at the island of Capri, or Goats, as you prefer. It was about half a mile all the way around. At high tide one might stand upon the north beach and toss stones over into the surf on the south beach.

But still, as Rex said right away, it was the real article in islands. Great hunchbacked rocks lurched out of the water at one end, dull gray and green with clinging seaweed, and mussel shells, and what Rex calls incipient clams. Dwarf willows and scrub pines clung precariously here and there on the sandy heights, but we were silent when we saw the house. It's funny, of course, but when anybody talks about a bungalow, you always get a hasty mind picture of a low, deep-bosomed, motherly affair in weatherbeaten shingles, and tall outside chimneys, and rugged gray rocks for a foundation, with a wilderness of roses clambering over the great portico, the airy, resty portico where you all take your meals and dream away the idle hours.

This "bungle-Oh!" as Rex dubbed it on sight, was shingled, but right there all resemblance to our mind picture faded. It was a reddish, grayish house, somewhat lopsided, altogether jaunty and nondescript in appearance. All it needed was drying nets to starboard, and a few old rowboats slung up on one side, to make a perfect living picture of a Maine water color. There was a "lean-to" at the back, and a woodpile. Rows and rows of varicolored hollyhocks grew before the door and a bed of pansies was doing valiantly over on one side of the house. Rex eyed it all speculatively.

"Leaks, doesn't it?"

"There's hardly any rain to speak of in the summer," replied Mr. Mandeville carelessly. Mrs. Mandeville emitted an unmistakable giggle. "It's splendidly cool out here. No mosquitoes. Good fishing off those rocks. Clamming, too. It's a mighty cozy little corner, I can tell you. And I'm leaving everything behind, my books, mandolin, the dog, the motor boat—everything connected with the place."

"That inventory does not include me, Mr. Sayres," interposed Mrs. Mandeville with the sweetest, coolest little touch of sarcasm possible. "I am also leaving Capri."

Mr. Mandeville's square chin seemed to project half an inch at the seascape at the tone, and he scowled.

"How many rooms are there?" I asked hastily. The two men tramped off to look over all the square inches of the island, and the bride took me to her small kingdom. It was really just as loungy and picturesque as it could be made, that little old bungalow. I could tell at first glance that it was his idea, and that he had used his own taste to fix it up the way she would like.

"Gerald—that is, Mr. Mandeville," she explained, "brought his Jap boy out for a couple of weeks, but he wouldn't stay. He didn't like canned goods or thunder storms, and the supply of both was large."

She stopped at the open window and looked out at the rocks where Rex and her husband stood, but not with love, oh, not with love. With scorn, with hauteur, with deep resentment, but not with love.

After dinner we got down to business details. We sat in the deep rustic chairs out in the shade cast by the little porch and the wistful, half-grown willows that fringed the sand dune behind the house. And suddenly the full embarrassment of the situation dawned upon me. Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville were not upon speaking terms. While he was talking to Rex, she stared coldly at the Long Island shore, with her chin tilted most aggravatingly away from the speaker. And again, when she answered one of my questions, he would deliberately gaze off toward the mainland with a perfectly blank, disinterested expression that was maddening.

Finally, after about an hour of frigid incompatibility, we became officially the lessees of Goat Island, or Capri, as you please, for a season of three months.

"When can we take possession?" asked Rex. A sudden distressing silence ensued.

"Of course," added Rex with a deprecating cough, "the sooner, the better for us."

"Oh, for us, too," came a united rejoinder from the honeymoon pair. Then they both glared at each other for having shown even this harmony of thought.

"Suppose I leave Mrs. Sayres here, and then I'll run back to town and ship out what stuff we need. Could you get away by to-morrow?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Mandeville cordially. "I have all my things packed, ready to start at a moment's notice."

"Mine have already gone," interposed Mrs. Mandeville, addressing the wide expanse of sea and sky, in a calm, utterly dispassionate tone. He did not appear to notice it, but I saw a look of strained young bitterness pass over his face. I simply could not sit there and watch the tragedy. She followed me into the house.

"You poor little girl," I said, and in an instant her head was down on my shoulder and the shower was falling. I never said a word to check it, but as soon as the sobs had ceased, and she only sighed chokingly now and then, I asked, "Is it final?"

"Oh, absolutely," she moaned, still on my shoulder; but even as she said it, her fingers were busy putting back damp curls from her forehead, and I knew that she was coming to all right.

"And it is still the honeymoon." I did not try to raise up sentiment. I merely stated a melancholy fact.

"I don't believe there are any honeymoons. How can there be when everything in the world is all wrong? Now here is a perfectly ideal spot for a honeymoon. Here was a dear little lonesome island all our very own," she went on earnestly. "Why, we've talked and planned on having this island ever since we were first engaged. We've been engaged four years, ever since Gerald went to college. And the night that he first—well, the night that we—oh, you know what I mean—anyway, he said then that we would find a real island somewhere, and begin life together on it."

She was delicious in this reminiscent mood. It was getting dusky in the bungalow interior, although I knew it could only be about four o'clock. She noticed my glance out of the window.

"There's another thing," she began in quick wrath. "He said we didn't have storms. Why, there are terrible storms here. They come up all at once, and nearly scare you to death."

"You mean—"

"I mean that it's the most awful experience you can imagine to be alone on this place in a thunder storm when the person you love best in the world is out yonder in a boat—fishing."

"But—"

"Oh, not that it would affect me now," she went on scornfully. "But during the first days, when we were—were happy, it was fearful then. And he laughed."

I nodded knowingly. Certainly he laughed. It wasn't one man in a thousand in such a situation who wouldn't have laughed. But the thousandth man, oh, the thousandth man! I knew that Rex wouldn't have laughed even if he had wanted to.

"Are you certain it is final?" This was merely a tentative move. I wanted to see how she would take it.

"It is implacably final," she answered, which I considered too crushing for further argument.

Then came along one of the most thorough thunder storms I ever listened to. It twisted the hollyhocks and the little wispy willows about like daisies, and shook the bungalow as if it had been a bale of straw. The tide was coming in with a roar. You could hear it beat up on the rocks and smash against the beach with a glorious surging break. Over on the divan lay the little honeymooner, with her fingers stuffed in her ears, altogether as desolate and inviting a picture as I have seen in many a day. Rex put his head in for a minute through the lean-to doorway.

"Say, Winifred, can't you come out and get a look at this? It's simply bully."

I threw a handy shawl about me, and stepped out into the shelter of the porch. Mr. Mandeville was not to be seen.

"He's gone to fix the boat," said Rex, getting a grip on my arm as the wind swept down on us. "Isn't this great? Think you can stand these blows all right?"

We have so many tastes in common, Rex and I, thunder storms among others. Wasn't it the ancient girl in the "Mikado" who adored the "bellow of the blast?" Well, Rex and I always get that kind of special thrill out of a good thunder storm, so consequently, standing there in the shelter of the porch and Rex's arm, with the solid happiness of fifteen years of married chumship, we forgot all about those two poor youngsters who were eating their own hearts away.

Then suddenly we heard the sound of voices within the bungalow. The spell of silence was broken at last. Our honeymooners were on speaking terms at least. I smiled expectantly up at Rex, but he motioned me to behave, and watch the storm.

Presently there was silence, then a door slammed heavily, and Mr. Mandeville emerged, very angry, fearfully determined.

"Mr. Sayres," he began, "I'm awfully sorry to have to force my personal troubles on you, sir, but between the storm and Mrs. Mandeville's attitude—"

"We understand," I interposed encouragingly.

"Thank you. It is sufficiently obvious even to strangers, I think." Such proud woe. Surely he was not over twenty-three, and I did like his eyes. Although the little bride was sweet, I felt this boy had not done anything wrong, only failed in honeymoon diplomacy. He went on with desperate calm:

"I cannot stay on this island to-night. She says if I stay, she will go, and that is impossible, of course."

"Certainly," assented Rex nervously. He hated sharing other people's troubles.

"Therefore," the lad straightened back his square shoulders and looked off at the dim line of the mainland, "therefore I shall go ashore. You will confer a great favor on me if you can arrange to take possession at once, as I do not like to leave Mrs. Mandeville alone here over night."

"Why, it makes no difference to us when we take possession," Rex said. "Of course we will stay."

"Thank you." He looked back at the closed door, then resolutely turned his back on its silent rebuke.

"Then I will say good-by."

We both shook hands with a fervent feeling of friendship utterly absurd considering that we had known him about three hours. I felt the tears blind my eyesight as I watched him stride away through the gray mist of falling rain.

"Perhaps she'll call him back yet," I whispered to Rex.

"Call him back," echoed Rex savagely. "She won't do that. But she wants him to change his mind, and come back, and ask forgiveness. If he had any sense, he'd do it, and save his life."

But not a sound came from the bungalow, and we looked at each other in troubled silence. I know it was none of our business, but nobody knows how useless and utterly crazy the whole thing seemed to me. Didn't I know the shoals and pitfalls of early married life? I remembered our first quarrel in a flash, standing there in the snug shelter of Rex's arm.

It was about his pipe. He had insisted upon smoking the same old, smelly, ugly pipe that had come down with other bachelorhood relics. I gave him a meerschaum for his birthday, with a carved figurehead bowl that appealed to me. I think now it was a monk's head, looking out at the world with a philosophic grin.

"It's Fra Lippo Lippi, Rex, darling," I told him.

"Is it?" asked Rex helplessly. "What's he good for?"

I found it afterward, tucked away carefully in the Japanese tobacco bowl I had given him for Christmas. He had not used that, either. So I did just what nine tenths of brides would have done, I cried for hours over his heartlessness and lack of appreciation, then refused to either speak to him when he came home, or to even tell him why I wouldn't speak.

Before we had finished that first quarrel, I had packed my trunks, and had framed out in my own mind the telegram that was to prepare mother for the return of the bride. But it was never sent, that telegram, for Rex is a diplomat. He smoked Fra Lippo Lippi with stoical persistency, until I took the pipe away and hid it forever, for I had learned a little lesson of my own, the same lesson that the little girl was trying to wade through that moment in lonesome misery in the bungalow. We may love them, and marry them, but we cannot own them, and train them, and make them jump through a hoop like a trained terrier, and then be a good dog, and lie down. For, in spite of love and close comradeship, we each one of us belong, after all, to our own selves, and there is a private little shrine of individuality that neither one should seek to desecrate. Old pipes and the privilege of fishing are worshiped among many other things at such shrines. And the little capricious bride was discovering the other shrine that she must let alone, the shrine that was G. Mandeville's exclusive property and inalienable right—the shrine of personal rights.

While we two old married people stood waiting, back came Gerald Mandeville. The rain was dripping from him, and he was in trouble.

"What's up?" called Rex when he came within hailing distance.

"The boat's slipped its moorings somehow. I can't get a glimpse of it for the rain, but it may drift in. If it doesn't, it will land over in the salt marshes. I will have the real-estate man bring it over in the morning."

"But how are you going to cross yourself?" demanded Rex.

"I shall swim," returned the boy, with no excitement in his tone, only an utter sadness. "I have done it in fair weather all right, and this may let up. Anyway, it doesn't really matter, you know." I felt alarmed.

"Indeed it does matter. You may be drowned."

"I may be." He said it quite hopefully. "There's a big sea running."

Now, I never have believed in either Fate or Providence as much as I should, perhaps. I always assist them when I notice that they are making any little mistakes. So I opened the door, and called Mrs. Mandeville's name. There was no answer. Her husband smiled, and folded his arms on his breast.

"You are wasting time, Mrs. Sayres," he remarked. "She has just told me positively that she will not stay on this island another twenty-four hours as long as I am on it. She hates the sight of me. She regrets marrying me at all. She says that I never loved her."

I turned to Rex appealingly. He knew as well as I did that those words meant nothing at all, they were just stock tunes played by jangled wedding bells. And suddenly Rex exploded.

"Now, look here, Mandeville, I don't believe in mixing into anybody's private affairs, but you folks have simply dragged us in by the heels, so to speak, and we can't help ourselves. If you go and swim out through that sea, and get swamped, can't you see what an unpleasant fix you're leaving us in? Why, man, they might have me up for murder."

"It's a chance, of course," admitted Mr. Mandeville cheerfully. "Yet I must take it. Sorry, but you'll come out all right. Enjoy the island—"

"Enjoy it!" gasped Rex angrily. "I'd like to know how we're to enjoy it with you two cutting up in this fool fashion!"

But it was useless arguing. Out into the pouring rain went the lord of the isle, his chin up, his gaze fixed ahead on the fitful blinking of the shore lights. Rex

groaned, not in spirit, but literally. And then, as we waited for the worst, the door of the lean-to opened, and Mrs. Mandeville stood there.

"Has he really gone?" she asked in heartbreaking dread. I told her he really had. Rex added a gentle query as to why the dickens she had let him go.

"Oh, you don't understand. I told him to go, but I didn't think he would," she moaned sobbingly. "He mustn't go. He's perfectly desperate. He'll commit suicide."

"That appears to be his intention," replied Rex grimly. "But it's all my fault. I sent him away. It's all been my fault. You must save him, Mr. Sayres." She held out her hands to Rex beseechingly. "You'll save him, won't you? Never mind what he says. He isn't in his right mind. He's simply crazed with grief and anger. Just save him anyhow."

I wanted to cry myself, only the rain was pelting in my face, and I was trying to see which way the bridegroom had gone. But Rex was rallying to the exigencies of the case nobly.

"Oh, sure, I'll get him out," he retorted, and took to his heels down the stretch of wet beach.

"It will kill me if anything happens to Gerald," cried the bride wildly. "Can you see which way he went? Has he plunged in yet?"

"I don't know. Can he swim? Is it far?"

We clung to each other like any other two fool women, excited and asking questions neither could answer. Suddenly she caught my hand in hers, and started to run down the beach the way Rex had gone.

"He has seen something," she gasped.

Down near the water he stood, hanging onto his cap, and trying to peer out at the gray, swirling waters.

"What is it?" I called.

"Not sure yet."

Then at that, right there in the drenching rain, the little bride fainted dead away. She slipped down on the sand, and I knelt beside her.

"Rex, look at this," I screamed. "What shall I do?"

"Leave her alone," yelled back Rex frantically. "Do her good. They're both stark mad."

He dashed off up the beach toward something that floated for a second into sight on the crest of an incoming wave. And for the first time in years I lost my nerve completely. It was bewildering and preposterous. Here we were, two quiet, happily married, Manhattan apartment-hotel denizens, inveigled through bungalow hunting into a maelstrom of wrecked love and domestic differences.

Poor old Rex, with his gray suit soaked through, and his hair plastered down on his forehead. I saw him throw off his coat, kick away from his tan oxfords, and wade out deliberately after a receding wave. I covered my face with my hands, and wept. The bride stirred restlessly, and wakened with dazed eyes.

"Rex," I called out brokenly, "is it—is it—"

"Yes, I'll have it in a minute all right," came back the answer.

"What will he have?" asked Mrs. Mandeville, trying to rise.

Then I pulled all my scattered senses together. It was no time for collapse.

"It's all right, dear," I told her, helping her up. "We must get back to the fire and dry our clothes. Rex will attend to everything."

Back to the bungalow we went. I couldn't trust myself to speak. There was a lump in my throat, and I almost let her fall once or twice. At the door of the little house I hesitated, looking back at the beach, and all at once I heard something. Inside that house there was an unmistakable sound of whistling. We stared at each other in amazement. Up the beach came Rex, limp and disheveled, but triumphant.

"I got it," he shouted to us.

I leaned against the door casing and closed my eyes.

"Gerald, Gerald," exclaimed the girl, and ran into the house. I said nothing. When Rex reached me, I simply stared up at him.

"It's down yonder," he said.

"His—his body?" I whispered.

"No. The motor boat," laughed Rex, mopping the water from his face. "The tide brought it up all right."

I turned my head, and looked in the shadowy doorway. Through the lifting gloom I could see two figures that only made one shadow. It was very quiet in the bungalow.

"Rex," I said softly, "look. He's in there now, and they've found each other again."

"Sure," said Rex sturdily. "I came across him down there groaning about how he loved her, and had lost her forever, and I called him down good and plenty, and sent him back to tell her about it instead of me. Then I watched for the boat to drift in."

"We thought you were watching for him to—drift in."

"Did you?" He grinned in appreciation. "And that's why she fainted dead away? Glad of it. It did her good."

I said nothing. It probably had done her good. Rex is very wise in such matters. I sat down beside him on the wooden bench under the row of hollyhocks, and laid my head on his shoulder. The storm was off over the mainland now. From the Sound a cool, light breeze blew freshly in, and the little willows and poplars had ceased their frenzied trembling and lashing. Indoors it was quiet except for now and then a strange, indefinite crooning, of low words and soft sobbing. Rex and I did not interrupt. We understood. And after quite a long time Rex called through the open door:

"It's cleared up, Mandeville. Think I can make the seven-ten?"

Mr. Mandeville came to the door. So did Mrs. Mandeville. In fact, she had to come if he came, because his arm was around her, and her head was on his shoulder.

"Why, I think you can, Sayres," he returned heartily. "We can give you and Mrs. Sayres dry clothes, and send yours on later."

"We can get them when we come back to the island," said Rex innocently.

The Mandevilles looked abashed, but utterly blissful, and he announced:

"Well, you see, the truth is, Sayres, both Mrs. Mandeville and myself have agreed not to let Capri. We're going to finish our honeymoon here."

PEARLIE WIPES OUT THE STAIN

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG, AUTHOR OF "SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY"

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY



RS. MOTHERWELL felt bitterly grieved with Polly for failing her just when she needed her the most—"after me keepin' her and puttin' up with her all summer," she said. She began to wonder where she could get help. Then she had an inspiration!

The Watsons still owed ten dollars on the caboose. The eldest Watson girl was big enough to work. They would get her, and get ten dollars' worth of work out of her if they could. It was a very fine plan indeed!

The next Saturday night John Watson announced to his family that old Sam Motherwell wanted Pearl for to go out and work off the caboose debt.

Mrs. Watson cried, "Heaven help us!" and threw her apron over her head.

"Who'll keep me hair combed," Mary said tearfully, "if Pearl goes away?"

"Who'll make me remember to rub camfire on me warts?" Bugsey asked.

"Who'll keep house when ma goes to wash?" wee Tommy wailed dismally. Danny's grievance could not be expressed in words. He buried his tousy head in Pearl's apron, and Pearl saw at once that her whole house were about to be submerged in tears. "Stop yer bleatin', all of yez," she commanded in her most authoritative voice. "I will go," she said, with blazing eyes. "I will go. I will wipe the stain off me house once and forever," waving her arm dramatically toward the caboose, which formed the sleeping apartment for the boys. "To die, to die for those we love, is nobler far than wear a crown." Pearl had attended the Cantata of Queen Esther the winter before. She now knew how poor Esther felt.

On the following Monday afternoon everything was ready for Pearl's departure. Her small supply of clothing was washed and ironed, and neatly packed in a bird cage. It was Mary who thought of the bird cage, "sitting down there in the cellar doin' nothin', and with a handle on it, too."

Pearl had bidden good-by to them all, and was walking to the door, when her mother called her back to repeat her parting instructions:

"Now mind, Pearl dear, not to be pickin' up wid strangers, and speakin' to people ye don't know, and don't be showin' yer money or makin' change wid any one."

Pearl was not likely to disobey the last injunction. She had seventeen cents in money, ten of which Teddy had given her, and the remaining seven had come in, under the heading of Small Sums, from the other members of the family.

She was a pathetic little figure in her brown-and-white-checked dress, with her worldly effects in the bird cage, as she left the shelter of her father's roof and went forth into the untried world. She went over to Mrs. Francis' to say good-by to her and to Camilla.

Mrs. Francis was much pleased with Pearl's spirit of independence, and spoke beautifully of the opportunities for service which would open for her.

"You must keep a diary, Pearl," she said enthusiastically. "Set down in it all you see and feel. You will have such splendid opportunities for observing plant and animal life—the smallest little insect is wonderfully interesting. I will be so anxious to hear how you are impressed with the 'great green world of outdoors.' Take care of your health, too, Pearl, and see that your room is well ventilated."

While Mrs. Francis elaborated on the elements of proper living, Camilla in the kitchen had opened the little bundle in the cage, and put into it a pair of stockings and two or three handkerchiefs; then she slipped in an orange and a little purse containing ten shining ten-cent pieces. She arranged the bundle to look just as it did before, so that she would not have to meet Pearl's gratitude. Then she hastily set the kettle to boil, and began to lay the table.

In a few minutes Camilla knocked at the library door, and in answer to Mrs. Francis' invitation to enter, opened the door, and said, "Mrs. Francis, would it not be well for Pearl to have luncheon before she starts for her walk into the country? The air is so exhilarating, you know."

"How thoughtful you are, Camilla," Mrs. Francis exclaimed, with honest admiration.

Thus it happened that Pearl Watson, aged twelve, began her journey into the big unknown world fully satisfied in body and soul and with a great love for all the world.

At the corner of the street stood Mrs. McGuire.

"Goin' to Sam Motherwell's, are ye?" the old lady asked shrilly.

"Yes'm," Pearl said.

"She's a Tartar! She's a skinner! That's what she is. She's my own first cousin, and I know her. Sass her! That's the only way to get along with her. Tell her I said so. Here, child, rub yer jints with this when ye git stiff." She handed Pearl a black bottle of home-made liniment.

Pearl thanked her and hurried on, but at the next turn of the street she met Danny. Danny was in tears. Danny wasn't going to let Pearl go away. Danny would run away and "get lost and runned over and drowned now!" Pearl's heart melted, and sitting on the sidewalk, she took Danny in her arms, and they cried together. A whirl of wheels aroused Pearl, and looking up, she saw the kindly face of the young doctor.

"What is it, Pearl?" he asked kindly. "Surely that's not Danny I see, spoiling his face that way?"

"It's Danny," Pearl said unsteadily. "It's hard enough to leave him widout him comin' a'fter me and breakin' me heart all over again."

"That's what it is, Pearl," the doctor said gravely. "I think it is mighty thoughtless of Danny, the way he is acting."

Danny held obstinately to Pearl's skirt and cried harder than ever. He would not even listen when the doctor spoke of taking him for a drive, and showed no interest when the doctor spoke of popcorn, and at the mention of ice cream looked simply bored.

"He's awful fond of hoo-hung candy," Pearl suggested in a whisper. "Perhaps if you try that—"

a long table in the middle. A sewing machine littered with papers stood in front of one window. The floor had been painted a dull drab, but the passing of many feet had worn the paint away in places. A stove stood in one corner, and on it a huge pot of pigs' feed guttered and bubbled. Over the sink a tall, round-shouldered woman bent, trying to get water from an asthmatic pump.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said in a tone so very unpleasant that Pearl thought she must have expected some one else.

"Yes'm," Pearl said meekly. "Who were ye expectin'?" Mrs. Motherwell stopped pumping for a minute and looked at Pearl.

"Why didn't ye git here earlier?" she asked sharply.

"Well," Pearl began, "I was late gittin' started by reason of the washin' and the ironin' and Jimmy not gittin' back wid the boots. He went drivin' cattle for Vale the butcher, and he had to have the boots, for the poison ivy is that bad, and because the sugar o' lead is all done, and, anyway, ma don't like to keep it in the house, for wee Danny might eat it, he's that stirrin', and me not there to watch him now."

"Lor, what a tongue you have! Put down your things and go out and pick up chips to light the fire with in the morning."

Pearl stood her bird cage on a chair and was back so soon with the chips that Mrs. Motherwell could not think of anything to say.

"Now go for the cows," she said, "and don't run them home!"

When Pearl dashed out the door she almost fell over the old dog that lay sleepily snapping at the flies which buzzed around his head.

He sprang up with a growl, but this died away into an apologetic yawn as she stooped to pat his honest brown head.

A group of red calves stood at the bars of a small field, plaintively calling for their supper.

Pearl looked at them in pity. The old dog, wrinkling his nose and turning away his head, did not give them a glance. He knew them—noisy things—let 'em bawl—come on!

Across the narrow creek they bounded, Pearl and old Nap, and up the other hill where the silver willows grew so tall they were hidden in them. The goldenrod nodded its plummy head in the breeze, and the tall gaillardia, brown and yellow, flickered unsteadily on its stem.

The billows of shadow swept over the wheat on either side of the narrow pasture; the golden flowers, the golden fields, the golden sunshine intoxicated Pearl with their luxurious beauty, and in that hour of delight she realized more pleasure from them than Sam Motherwell and his wife had in all their long lives of barren selfishness.

When Pearl and Nap got the cows turned homeward they had to slacken their pace.

"I don't care how cross she is," Pearl said, "if I can come for the cows every night. Look at that fluffy white cloud. Say, wouldn't that make a hat trimmin' that would do your heart good? The body of the hat blue like that up there, edged 'round wid that cloud over there. Then a blue cape wid white fur on it just to match. I kin just feel that white stuff under my chin."

Then Pearl began to sing a song she had heard Camilla sing. She had forgotten some of the words, but Pearl was never at a loss for words.

"The wild waves are singing to the shore
As they sang in the happy days of yore."

Pearl could not remember what the wild waves were singing, so she sang what was in her own heart.

"She can't take the ripple from the breeze,
And she can't take the rustle from the trees,
And when I am out of the old girl's sight
I can-just-do-as-I-please."

"That's right! I think the same way," a man's voice said slowly. "But don't let her hear you say so."

Pearl started at the sound of the voice, and found herself looking into such a good-natured face that she laughed, too, with a feeling of good fellowship. The old dog ran to the stranger with every sign of delight at seeing him.

"I am one of the neighbors," he said. "I live over there," pointing to a little car-roofed shanty farther up the creek. "Did I frighten you? I am sorry if I did, but you see I like the sentiment of your song so much

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 62]



"Why didn't ye git here earlier?" Mrs. Motherwell asked sharply

"Ten cents' worth of hoo-hung candy to the boy that says good-by to his sister like a gentleman and rides home with me!"

Danny dried his eyes on Pearl's skirt, kissed her gravely, and climbed into the buggy beside the doctor. Waterloo was won!

Pearl did not trust herself to look back as she walked along the deeply beaten road which led out across the vast Manitoban prairie.

The yellow coneflowers raised their heads like golden stars along the roadside, and the golden glory of the approaching harvest lay upon everything. To the right, on the far horizon, were the Tiger Hills, wrapped in a blue mist. Flocks of blackbirds swarmed over the ripening oats and angrily fought with each other.

"And it not costin' them a cent!" Pearl said in disgust, as she stopped to watch them.

The exhilaration of the air, the glory of the waving grain, the profusion of wild flowers that edged the fields with purple and yellow, were like wine to her sympathetic Irish heart as she walked through the grain fields and drank in all the beauties that lay around, and it was not until she came in sight of the big stone house, gloomy and bare, that she realized, with a start of homesickness, that she was Pearl Watson, aged twelve, away from home for the first time, and bound to work three months for a woman of reputed ill temper.

"But I'll do it," Pearl said, swallowing the lump that gathered in her throat. "I can work. Nobody never said that none of the Watsons couldn't work. I'll stay out me time if it kills me."

So saying, Pearl knocked timidly at the back door. Myriads of flies buzzed on the screen. From within a tired voice said, "Come in!"

Pearl walked in, and saw a large, bare room, with



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HOW PSYCHOTHERAPY WORKS

BY W. B. PARKER, EDITOR OF "PSYCHOTHERAPY"



IN MY first article I quoted the prophetic words of Plato, which apply so marvelously to conditions to-day that they could not have fitted those in Athens three thousand years ago more closely. "This is the great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, that physicians separate the soul from the body." This is what Psychotherapy seeks to remedy. It proposes to stop the age-long divorce, which was always in contradiction of the facts, and to make the intimate relations of soul and body—actually closer than any other relation we know about—serve our needs. It seeks to bring about that happy and effective alliance which Browning sings of, "nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul."

Making the Soul Serve the Body

Such a task of making the soul serve the body's needs is not necessarily a religious function. In fact, some of the most valuable work in Psychotherapy has been done by men who had little sympathy with religion. Some has been done in hospitals in an impersonal spirit; some, at least, in the cold, intellectual spirit of pure science. Much of this work has remained unknown to the public and unappreciated. Meanwhile the work of the Emmanuel Movement has met with enthusiastic welcome, because, although perhaps less important as science, it was more immediately valuable as service. The crowds who thronged to the churches—two thousand to Doctor Worcester, five hundred to Bishop Fallows, hundreds to Doctor Macdonald and the Rev. Mr. Powell, fifties and scores to others—felt the wonder of applying the powers of the mind to the immediate cure of ills. Another reason why the churches have been thronged was given by a well-known medical authority in conversation a few days ago. "It may be put," he said, "into figures. Two thirds of those who come to doctors are women; nine tenths of women are religious minded, whereas two thirds of the doctors are materialists. The situation needs only to be stated to be understood. They had felt the chill of contact with the materialistic physician; they felt in the Emmanuel worker the inspiring appeal to their spiritual nature. Contact with the Emmanuel worker was like coming into the firelight. They felt they were understood. They were once more being treated as persons possessing souls. Their whole nature responded. They felt that now their inner forces were to be called into successful action."

The Methods of the Workers

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this point of view. Upon this the efficacy of the whole method depends. And the method is simplicity itself. So far the Emmanuel workers seem to have confined themselves chiefly to the simpler methods of Psychotherapy, the chief and central, as appears from all the accounts, being suggestion. Take, for example, Doctor Worcester's account of his customary procedure. It is thus described in the *American Magazine* for December last. "I place a man in a comfortable reclining chair," says Doctor Worcester, "cut off the stream of external sensation by darkening the room and insuring quiet, and I earnestly tell him that in a few moments he will be asleep. If he knows that hundreds of other persons have undergone this experience he will be more certain to accept my assurance and to obey the suggestion. I visit a woman who has been bedridden for months or years, convince myself that her inability to move does not proceed from true paralysis, and I assure her that she can arise, and I earnestly command her to do so, which she proceeds to do. A patient with palpitating heart comes to me. I soothe him by a few gentle and quiet words and tell him that his nervousness is passing away, that his heart is beating quietly and regularly and that in a few moments he will be calm and happy. He listens to me, believes me, and the prediction is fulfilled."

Almost identical with it is the account given by the Rev. Lyman Powell, who describes his treatment in these terms: "Standing behind the Morris chair, my custom in ordinary neurasthenia (nervous exhaustion) is to begin the treatment in a gentle monotone, thus: 'You are now relaxed in body and suggestible in mind. You are to allow your thoughts languidly to follow mine expressed in words. You are not to question or oppose. I shall say nothing which your mind will not at once accept and cherish. . . . Your nerves are out of order just because you have filled up your soul with things of less importance than the best. You have worried when you should have cast your care on Him; 'for He careth for you.' You have yielded to small fears, forgetful that 'perfect love casteth out fear.'"

The Method is Almost a Formula

"In the silence of this quiet hour swing your center out of self and put your fears and worries far away. Open wide the windows of your soul and let the Spirit in of wholesomeness and love, of harmony and power. Believe the Spirit will come in. Wait for the incoming. And remember that 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.' Your special ills of mind and soul and body will disappear before the incoming Spirit. They are going now. They are gone.' Here I name the ills, and pause. It is best at each treatment to lay stress on the most pressing ill."

Doctor Batten at St. Mark's and Doctor Macdonald follow a similar course, and so does Bishop Fallows, only avoiding the use of hypnotism—in this leaning toward the procedure of Dubois and Dejerine.

Cure by Direct Suggestion

These descriptions recall that given by Dr. Edwin Ash, formerly on the staff of St. Mary's Hospital, London. He says: "I place the patient in a reclining position in a low armchair and tell him to relax his muscles and to concentrate his mind on the area of pain. At the same time an attempt is made by earnest verbal suggestions to set in action the natural curative powers of the patient's own brain."

"The suggestion may be assisted by a slight electrical stimulus at the seat of the pain. I always make passes while giving the suggestion of cure, if only to concentrate the patient's mind more deeply on the experiment."

"The possibility of cure by direct suggestion in such cases as mental breakdown, alcoholism, the drug habit, nervous debility, insomnia, neuralgia, headache and certain forms of paralysis is established beyond question."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Parker's first article in this series, "What is It All About?" was published in the March Companion. Another article on "Why Psychotherapy Succeeds" will appear in a later issue.

Except for the lessened use of hypnotism, this procedure hardly departs by a hair's breadth from that followed nearly a quarter of a century ago by Doctor Bernheim and Doctor Liebault, the founders of modern Psychotherapy. Doctor Bernheim described his mode of procedure as long ago as 1886 in the following terms: "I say, 'Look at me, think of nothing but sleep. Your eyelids begin to feel heavy, your eyes tired. They begin to wink, they are getting moist. You cannot see distinctly. They are closed.' Some patients close their eyes and are asleep immediately. With others I have to repeat, lay more stress on what I say, and even make gestures."

Experiments Made Twenty Years Ago

Liebault's method is described as follows by Dr. Charles Lloyd-Tuckey, the eminent English Psychotherapist: "In the autumn of 1888 I paid my first visit to Nancy and spent a few days attending the Clinique of Doctor Liebault. I believe I was one of the first English physicians to investigate modern hypnotism, and I preserve a vivid recollection of my early impressions. Accustomed to my ordinary private and hospital practise, the system adopted by Liebault seemed at first unscientific and fantastic, and as conviction of its importance grew, one had to readjust many ideas and prejudices."

"The dispensary was a sort of bungalow situated in a garden, and thither flocked the patients from seven-thirty to nine every morning, and ranged themselves in chairs around the room. Doctor Liebault, an elderly, keen-eyed little man, went from one to the other, examining newcomers and chatting freely with patients and visitors. Having diagnosed the disease and decided as to its suitability for treatment, he would proceed to hypnotize by telling the patient to look at his fingers held a few inches above the eyes, while he spoke in quiet tones and suggested the symptoms of the oncoming of ordinary sleep. 'Your sight becomes indistinct, your eyelids heavy, a torpor creeps over your limbs, your thoughts get indistinct, you want to sleep. Shut your eyes, sleep.'"

The Perfect Conditions for Psychical Healing

"Half a minute's talk of this kind was sufficient in most cases to produce a greater or less degree of hypnosis, varying from profound somnambulism to slight drowsiness and torpor, according to the patient's temperament. Then the doctor would make the suggestions appropriate to the disease, and emphasize them by placing his hand over the affected part. After a few minutes' rest the patient would be aroused and allowed to depart, generally free from the pain or discomfort with which he has entered the room. There was a complete absence of mystery about the proceedings, and every one took the treatment as a matter of course. We therefore had perfect conditions for psychical healing, a physician whose reputation, appearance and manner inspired confidence, a sympathetic environment, and simple, trustful patients."

Suggestion Almost a Mechanical Process

So it is in London, Paris, Nancy, Zurich, Boston, Chicago, Brooklyn, Northampton, the same directions, the same phrases, almost the identical words, postures, gestures, as if suggestion were a patented process to be followed mechanically. And so, in a measure, it is. Bernheim carried suggestion to the point of a precise and accurate procedure which can be followed by any intelligent operator and which depends for its success only upon the measure of confidence on the part of the subject and of personality on the part of the physician. In the hands of a magnetic and powerful personality the method may actually work miracles. Every noted practitioner of Psychotherapy has such cases to his credit. They are by no means novel, and perhaps the one case I am going to quote is all the more interesting in that it antedates the present phase of Psychotherapy. It was referred to by Bernheim in his book twenty-five years ago.

"The Princess of Schwartzburg had suffered for eight years from a paraplegia, for which the most celebrated doctors in Germany and France had been consulted. In 1821 the Prince of Hohenlohe, who had been a priest since 1815, brought a peasant to the princess, who had convinced the young prince of the power of prayer in curing disease. The mechanical apparatus which had been used by Doctor Heine for several months to overcome the contracture of the limbs was removed. The prince asked the paralytic to join her faith to both his and the peasant's. 'Do you believe you are already helped?' 'Oh, yes! I believe so most sincerely.' 'Well, rise and walk!'"

"At these words the princess rose and walked around the room several times, and tried going up and down stairs. The next day she went to church, and from this time on she had the use of her limbs."

The Treatment is Immediately Effective

In less degree similar results have been gained by every worker in this field. And the most interesting testimony about the Emmanuel Movement is the surprise and delight of the workers at their own results. As the Rev. Mr. Powell has said: "Every Emmanuel worker is at times awestruck by the immediate effectiveness of the treatment. Headaches of long standing have quickly disappeared. Insomnia in the presence of the doctor has sometimes vanished in one sitting. The liver, long dependent upon alteratives, has at once begun to function normally. Heart pain, not less severe because only functional, has been relieved in one short interview. And the unhappy sufferer from hysterical paralysis has left his bed to walk as if by magic after one clear call to make the venture."

What is clear from all this is that in suggestion we have disclosed a law which will work as invariably as any of the other laws of science. As Doctor Ash remarks, "The possibility of cure by direct suggestion . . . is established beyond question."

Any One Can Do It

It follows that any one can do it. It is indeed already becoming trite to use, in illustration of this, Molière's M. Jourdain, who had talked prose all his life without knowing it. But the very familiarity makes the illustration apt. We have all been using suggestion all our lives without knowing it. Herein lies one of the dangers, that, on awaking to the power of this resource, we may misuse it. There seems to be a special risk in the use of hypnotism, and I am glad to hear that Bishop Fallows and many of the other Emmanuel workers are refusing to use it.

At every step of the way there is need of constant and careful medical guidance. As Doctor Barker of Johns Hopkins has

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 66]

Words by
DANSKE DANDRIDGE

"DOWN THE ROAD"

Music by
JUSTIN RINGLEBEN



1. As you went down the road, dear, As you went down the
2. And will you ne'er turn back, dear? And shall we nev - er
3. A - las! the days go on, dear; How dulled the day-light

Allegretto con espressione.



road, How chill the breeze be - gan to blow, my heart took up its load: . . . The
meet? Do not glad cries come up the road? no swift re - turn - ing feet? . . . Half -
seems Since you went down the road, . . . dear, and left me to my dream. . . Left



skies that had been blue and bright, How fast they dark - ened in - to night! The
way to meet you I would run, Tho' long the way and set the sun, Half -
me to bear my wea - ry load, As I toil af - ter, down the road, Left



skies that had been blue and bright, How fast they dark - ened in - to night! How
way to meet you I would run, Tho' long the way and set the sun, Tho'
me to bear my wea - ry load, As I toil af - ter, down the road, As



fast they dark-ened in - to night! in - to night! .
long the way, and set the sun, set the sun. . .
I toil af - ter, down the road, down the road. . .



TIFFANY & Co.

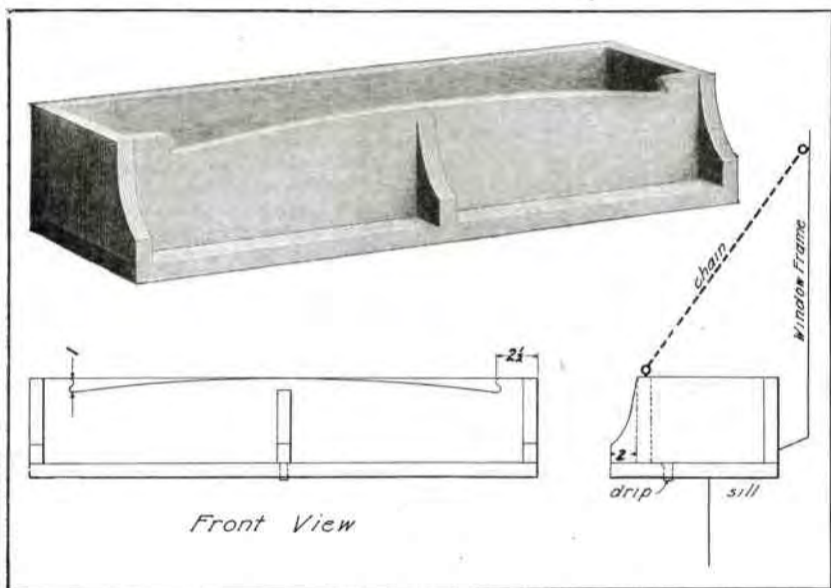
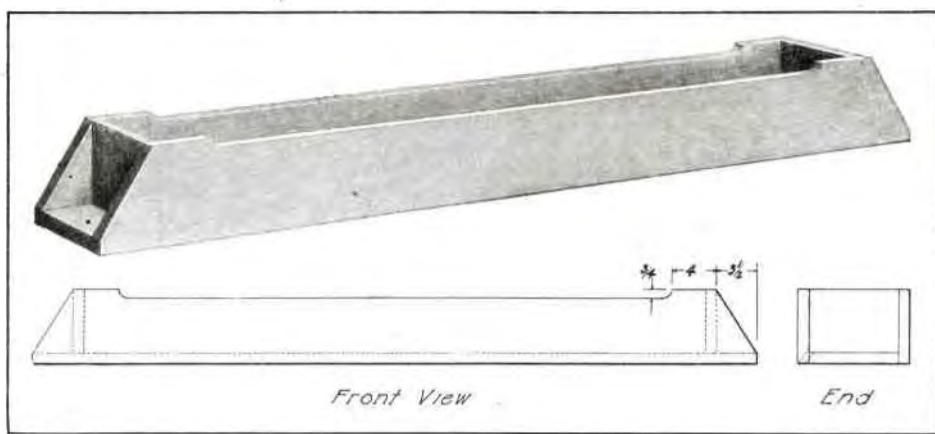
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PORCH AND WINDOW BOXES

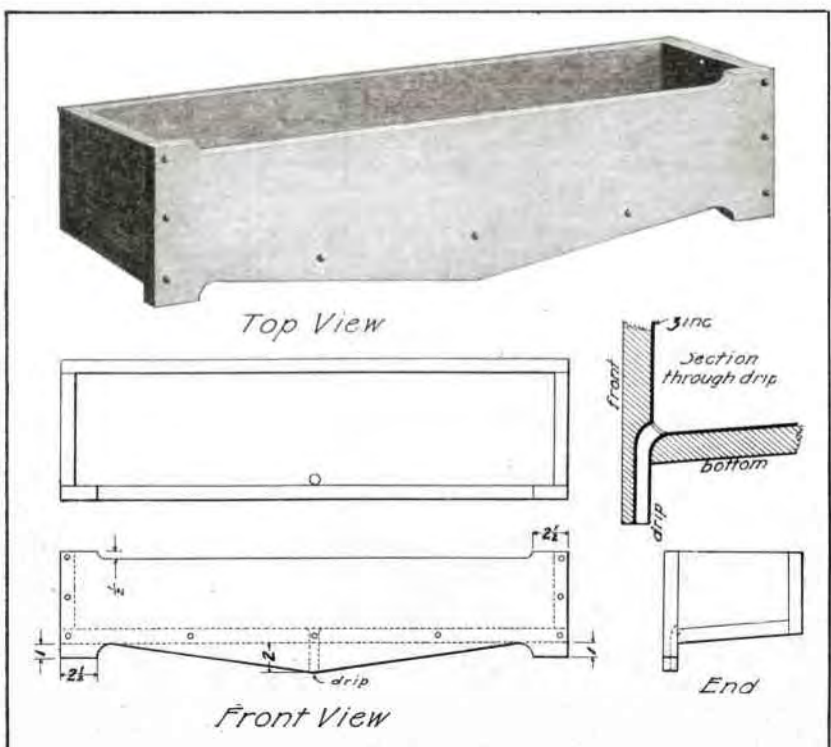
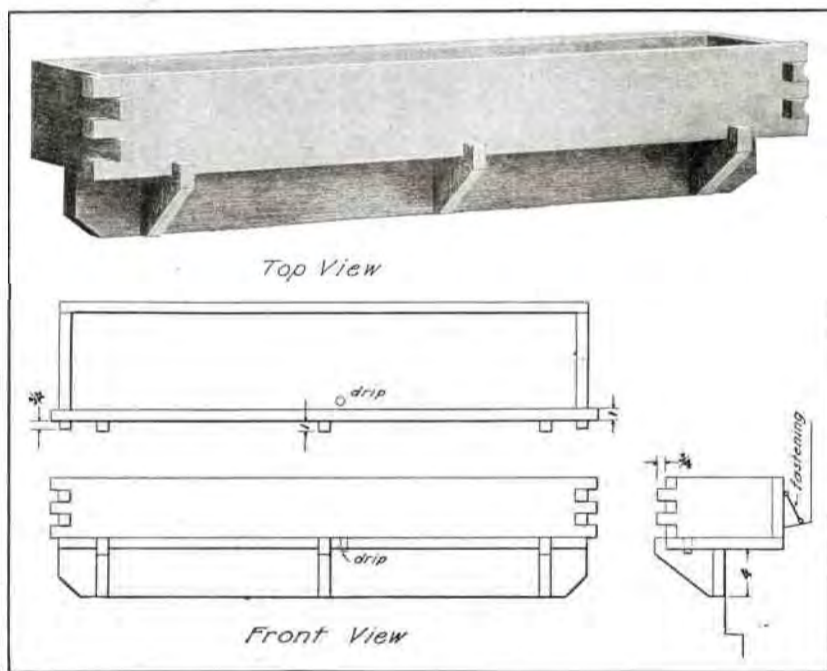
DESIGNED BY JOHN D. ADAMS

THE BOX SHOWN at the right is to place along the porch rail, and the construction is so simple that nothing need be said in regard thereto. To hold securely in place, a screw should be set in at each end through the projecting ends of the bottom board into the porch rail. A good substitute for the metallic lining consists of thoroughly coating and impregnating the inside and drip holes with heavy crude oil or tar residue, such as may be obtained from the gas works. Two or more applications should be given, after each of which the box should be placed in the sun until thoroughly dry.



WHEN THE ANGLE of the sill is too great, or the width too little, it is usually best to make the bottom of the box square with the sides, and then provide a screw eye at each of the two front corners, so that the box may be held in place by means of two chains, as shown in the diagram to the left. The general remarks in regard to the fourth design are equally applicable here. All of the lines are quite simple, but in order to bring them out fully, care should be taken to have the edges of the various boards sharp and square. A hole should be bored in the middle of the bottom board near the front, to accommodate the drip spout, which should be soldered tightly to the zinc lining, and which should preferably extend a trifle below the bottom of the box, so as to keep the drippings away from the wood. Stain dark brown or Flemish green. The depth of all these boxes may vary from four to seven inches and the width from five to twelve inches. Of course the dimensions of the window where the box will be placed will govern this. The lumber used should be about an inch in thickness.

WHERE THE WINDOW sill is of fair depth and has a square edge, such as a dressed-stone sill, the third design may be used to advantage. On the under side of the bottom, and at right angles thereto, a four-inch board is attached, and then three wooden brackets placed in position as shown. This arrangement makes the box appear as though supported by these brackets, whereas the actual fastening is accomplished by setting in two screw eyes in the back, which are then tied by wire to two similar screw eyes set in the wooden part of the sill. (See the sectional view.) The two front corners may seem a trifle elaborate at first sight, but in reality their construction will be found quite simple. After the tongues and grooves have all been fitted in place, a wire nail should be driven in at the top and bottom, so as to hold them together. The bottom, back and ends are all plain boards, and in putting these together it is preferable to use screws. The arrangement of the drain is clearly indicated. This is a very attractive design and is well worth a little effort on the part of the one doing the work to make it carefully and neatly and finish it up in good, workmanlike fashion. Make all measurements accurate and all fittings true and exact.



THIS DESIGN can be used to advantage where the sill is of such a depth that the box can be set back far enough to bring the inner surface of the front board into contact with the face of the sill. Carefully mark out the shape of the front board, and then work it out, finishing all edges sharp and square. The shape of the two end boards will, of course, depend on the depth and angle of the sill. In the sectional view is shown the arrangement of the spout for carrying off the drippings. In order to conceal this, a groove should be cut on the inner side of the front board, and a hole bored in the bottom. Put the whole together with screws, using those with round heads in front. Before lining with zinc, a coat of paint will add greatly to the life of the box. If one is fairly familiar with the use of the soldering iron, there ought to be no difficulty in placing this zinc lining. This, however, can be readily attended to at the tinsmith's. The upper edge of the lining should be well secured to the inside of the box by means of galvanized or tinned tacks, so as to prevent rusting. The box may be stained Flemish green or any color desired.

For the sort of flowers that may be used in filling any of these boxes, see the article by Samuel Armstrong Hamilton on the opposite page, which gives full information on porch and window box gardening as it may be successfully done by the amateur at home.

A heating harmony



Cold is discord. Warmth is harmony. Cold is brutal—it exposes moods and often opens the way for discontent. Warmth is a homemaker; it puts heart in the home. Cupid wears no clothing—he shuns icy blasts. That is why lovers are always given the most comfortable room in the house. So, too, a harmonious and happy household depends very largely upon bodily comfort. And comfort depends upon the heat question.

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ENTERTAINMENT

JOLLY GAMES AND PARTIES JUST FOR THE CHILDREN

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AN EASTER PARTY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

By Francis S. Root



THE afternoon's fun began with a variation of the time-honored donkey game. The donkey was replaced by a large rabbit drawn on a sheet of heavy wrapping paper and colored in a lifelike manner. This being pinned to the wall, each child was provided with a carrot cut from paper and colored, and being blindfolded, took his turn at trying to pin the carrot to the rabbit's mouth. The child who came the nearest was the winner of the prize.

The principal game was to be an egg hunt, for which baskets had been made from pasteboard boxes and covered with brightly tinted tissue paper like children's May baskets. The distribution of the baskets was carried out in this way:

Over the mouth of a large bowl a piece of paper was tightly stretched and secured, the middle of the paper being slit at right angles. From the slits hung strings, one for each little guest. To the other ends of the strings were fastened egg-shaped pieces of white cardboard, each bearing a number. The children drew out the strings, and claimed the basket marked with the number they had drawn. They were now equipped for the egg hunt.

Quantities of gaily colored eggs (shells blown out) were hidden about the house in places easily accessible to children, such as partly opened bureau drawers, behind window curtains, under sofa pillows, etc. At a given signal the hunt began. Prizes were given to the most successful hunters.

The prizes for these games were small Easter novelties, which can be purchased at any ten-cent store; for example, a rabbit wheeling a barrow filled with candy eggs.

After the hunt the children chose sides, and were placed at opposite ends of a table, across the middle of which a line was drawn, dividing it into two equal sections. An empty egg shell was placed in the center of the table, and for five minutes the children were busily engaged blowing it back and forth over the line, the object being to leave the egg in the opposing side's territory when time was called. They were not allowed to touch the egg with their hands. The members of the winning side were decorated with medals, made of gilded cardboard, egg shaped, and bearing the letters B. B., meaning "Big Blowers."

The children were now summoned to the dining room, where each place was marked by a brightly colored egg bearing the child's name in gilt letters. On breaking these open, each was found to contain a little gift. The egg had been carefully divided, the present packed inside in cotton, and the halves united by pasting a gay paper band smoothly around the break.

The table was spread with one of the crepe-paper table sets, that can be purchased in appropriate designs at any stationer's. As this particular party was to celebrate the birthday of a five-year-old, the centerpiece consisted of the traditional birthday cake—pink frosted and decorated with candies—in the center of which was perched a fluffy chicken, surrounded by five lighted candles. Around the edge of the cake tiny chickens and rabbits alternated. At each end of the table piles of paper bonbons were arranged. After these had been snapped open and the children had donned the caps they contained, the refreshments were served.

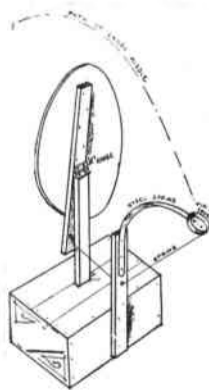
The menu consisted of simple sandwiches, fruit punch, ice cream and fancy cakes. These last were made by baking plain cake in shallow tins, cutting into various shapes, and covering with different-colored frostings. While the frosting was still soft some of the cakes were dipped in chopped nuts, others in shredded coconut, and the rest in tiny candies.

After leaving the table the children spent what little remained of the afternoon in playing a novel bean-bag game, in which a target was used. When struck the target threw out a piece of candy or a nut to the lucky marksman.

This target was in the form of a large egg, sawed from thin wood, covered with white cloth, and painted to represent a chicken just emerging from its shell. This was mounted on a pedestal made of an empty soap box, and draped with cloth.

When the egg was struck by a bean bag a spring was released, throwing out the candy or whatever had been placed within it. The accompanying sketch shows just how this was accomplished. This target could be operated by the children themselves, and seemed to please them better than anything else.

Long before they had tired of the game, it was time to go home. The baskets used in the egg hunt were filled with the prettiest eggs, and with cake, candy and nuts, and borne proudly away as souvenirs of the day as the merry party broke up.



A PROGRESSIVE JACKSTRAW PARTY

By Mary Dawson

TO CELEBRATE the birthday of a little lady of ten years, a progressive jackstraw party was arranged by the mother of a youthful hostess. The sixteen children who participated were unanimous in pronouncing the frolic a splendid success.

Invitations were written on straw-colored paper, a tiny bow made of hat straw being glued at the head of each sheet. The wording of the note also suggested the affair, as follows:

"The pleasure of Miss Frances Kent's company is requested on Thursday evening, May fourth, from seven until eleven, to meet Jack Straw. A reply will be greatly appreciated."

As each little guest arrived on the evening appointed he or she was given a cardboard shape four or five inches long, representing a jackstraw. These shapes were tied with bows of baby ribbon in different colors. There were four colors in all—red, green, blue and yellow. These colors designated the tables at which the youngsters drawing them were to begin the progression. A larger bow of corresponding color marked each table.

The game was old-fashioned jackstraws, but with variations. Among the ordinary straws at each table were found a number in the different colors found in the ribbons—red, blue, green and yellow. At the blue table any blue straws counted five; all others, whether colored or plain, counted one. At the red table all red straws counted five; all others, whether colored or plain, one. The same rule applied to yellow straws at the yellow table, and the green ones where green was trumps.

The children received tallies as for a progressive card game, and those winning most points in any progression won stars. The rounds were fifteen minutes long, and were marked by the ringing of a bell.

The prizes distributed for the greatest number of points were dolls' straw hats and fancy baskets.



An ice cup with an outer covering made by winding around it a twisted strip of pink crepe paper. Little crepe-paper tulips are wired at each side, and the whole thing is easily made at home.



This place card, which will delight a child, is made of a spray of paper flowers, and in the largest flower is a wee doll's head. The name of the guest is written on the card.

A NOAH'S ARK PARTY

By C. R. Brockmeier

AT THE five and ten cent store as many Noah's arks at ten cents each were purchased as there were guests expected. The tiny wooden animals were taken out and hidden all around the rooms and hall where the fun was to be, so when the little folks assembled, each child was given an empty ark and told to put in it all the animals that he could find. This is always an exciting and delightful sort of game, and the smallest tot soon catches the spirit and searches with great zest. When the toy animals were entirely rescued, a count was made, and the one having found the largest number was given a prize—a toy. Each child then put aside his ark, ready to take home.

This game was followed by another ark game. A group of children were chosen to represent animals and one of the larger boys for Noah, who, after secret consultation with a grown-up, who supervised the fun, brought his animals in, a pair at a time, before the rest of the company, who had to guess from the actions of the pair what animals they were representing. Sundry clothes, dusters (feather), etc., were tacked on to make the representation more lifelike. It was really very funny.

Lest the children grow too weary of Noah and his family, "Going to Jerusalem" was next played, and its hilarity made the suggestion of refreshments doubly welcome. The tots marched to music to the dining room, where a large toy sailboat, upon whose deck were more of Noah's family

and charges, occupied the center of the table. The boat was placed in a shallow box of sand, in which evergreen twigs had been stuck for trees, and some of the family had already disembarked. The outside of the box was hidden by evergreens. Tiny sandwiches, orangeade, ice cream in the form of animals, little sponge cakes and pink and white mints were served.

A BOY CATCHER

By H. S.

NOT infrequently does it happen that Teddy will unexpectedly bring home Harry Green and two or three other chums when mother has a sick headache or illness at the next house makes quiet imperative. To send them home or to send them out on the street to play will not do. They must be entertained. Explain the circumstances and propose a competition in cutting cardboard, the implement to be their knives or scissors, the prize to go to the producer of the best animals and most of them. Boys are prompt to comprehend a necessity and will choose the quiet competition with alacrity because of its novelty, especially if a neat pattern be ready to imitate. A farm yard with cows, pigs and poultry may be chosen, or a single animal, like a race horse with rider. A few pasteboard boxes from the attic, some pencils and shears, and the race for ninety minutes is on. Perhaps the participants will vote for an extension of time. The winner should take his model home, cut it from heavy galvanized sheet iron with a cold chisel, enlarging it to a length of two to three feet, for a vane to be set up in some conspicuous place.

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ENTERTAINMENT

JOLLY GAMES AND PARTIES JUST FOR THE CHILDREN

A MEMORY PARTY

By I. M. Robinson



THIS novel and pretty party was given for a little twelve-year-old girl, and her favorite school fellows were appreciative guests. The invitations, written upon small sheets of pale blue paper decorated with a spray of forget-me-nots, read as follows:

"When this you see, remember me,
And haste to my Memory Party;
Be it dry or wet, I won't forget
To give you a welcome hearty,
Remember this, I'll deem it bliss,
If only you will let me,
To make this day so glad and gay
That you will ne'er forget me!

Leslie Morrison, 356 Dayton Street, March the Sixth.
From four until eight o'clock.

After all the guests had arrived, a large square of forget-me-not blue linen was produced, and each child was asked to draw a picture and sign her name in pencil upon the linen. This was later worked in simple outline stitch by the hostess, and made into a souvenir pillow for her room. Upon the library table, carefully covered until a signal was given, were scattered many articles, ranging from a tooth brush to a ginger cookie, and when the signal was given the children were marched briskly around the table and into the next room, where each made a list of all the things he could remember.

The child who had the longest list was awarded one of the simple little "friendship rings" made of gold wire. Then the children tried transposing the letters in the word "MEMORY" and making as many other words as possible, and the child forming the most words was given a heart-shaped box of home-made candies. The table was decorated with "runners" of crepe paper in a forget-me-not design, with napkins to match, and lighted by tall yellow candles in glass candlesticks, with shades made of the crepe paper. The place cards were in the form of book marks, made of oblong slips of water-color paper, decorated at the top with linked hearts outlined in gilt and entwined with sprays of forget-me-not. Below was lettered in gilt the quotation:

"When years have passed, in Memory's boat
We'll visit Youth's bright shores again."

For supper there was served jellied veal loaf, upon each slice of which was laid a very thin slice of grape fruit, and upon that was placed a spoonful of plum jelly. This was accompanied by creamed peas and potatoes, fruit salad, finger rolls, hot chocolate, ice cream and cakes. The ice cream was served in little yellow-clay flower pots, and was covered with grated sweet chocolate to represent earth. In each flower pot was stuck a sprig of artificial forget-me-not, and these were kept as favors. Before the party broke up a "snapshot" of the group was secured, and later each child was delighted to receive a picture bearing the quotation:

"And when years have come and gone,
And the picture's dim and worn,
You can show it to your own little girls!"

A POST-CARD GAME

By K. E. M.

A SUCCESSFUL guessing game for a children's party played out of doors was called a "Seeing-the-Town Trip." A large collection of local post cards was pinned about the lawn on the tree trunks and other places. The cards were numbered, and of course the names of the views cut off. The children were furnished with pencils and paper and told to "travel around town" and write down what they saw. It was comical to see how some of the most familiar scenes puzzled them. The prizes were a post-card album for the most successful guesser and a collection of cards for the one who recognized the fewest number.

A NOVEL IDEA FOR A LAKESIDE PARTY

By P. G. Pennington

MY LITTLE girl had her tenth birthday during our stay at our summer cottage. She invited a number of little children from the neighboring cottages to tea at five o'clock. A simple meal of brown and white bread and butter, cake, fruit and ice cream was served on the veranda, after which the children played a few games on the lawn, and then we repaired to the beach, where I had previously dug a hole about eighteen inches deep and buried a box containing small toys—a gift for each child, with name attached.

The box (a strong cardboard one) was wrapped in several papers, each with mysterious words written on them, such as, "Kidd" (in crabbed handwriting), "Buried at Dead of Night," etc., and on the outside one was printed quite large and plainly, "Hidden Treasure." I then smoothed the sand so as to give no hint of anything unusual, but marked the place, so that I would know it again.

When we reached the beach, I urged the children to see who could dig the deepest hole, and of course one of them unearthed the box. Then followed the wildest excitement.

All crowded around and read the mysterious words with bated breath, and when all the wrappers of the box were taken off and the contents appropriated by the various owners, I think the small gifts had acquired an interest far exceeding their actual value.

A GOOD-LUCK PARTY

By Mary Nottorf

THIS party was given a crowd of twelve-year-old boys with great success. Invitations were sent on "Good Luck" post cards. When the guests arrived, the hostess gave each an empty pasteboard box and wished him lots of good luck. When all were ready, the hunt began for pins, hairpins, four-leaf clovers and horseshoes. The pins were strewn over the floors. Clovers were cut from paper and tinted. Horseshoes as small as the clovers were cut from cardboard and covered with tinfoil. These were hidden in window sills and about the furniture. The boys were told not to tear things up in a mad hunt, as good luck came to people with sharp eyes. A large "bulletin board" was hung up, announcing that pins counted one, hairpins five, four-leaf clovers ten, horseshoes twenty-five, horseshoe on nail fifty, dime one hundred, and thimble fifty off. A large nail was driven over a door, and a number of large cardboard horseshoes were ready to be thrown up on it. The dime and thimble were baked in a cake to be cut during refreshments, but kept a secret. It

was fun to see them hunt for the dime, dread finding the thimble, and learn at last they were in a cake to be cut for. During the evening a "fortune teller" came and distributed from a basket lucky futures written out in rhyme: Penny horseshoe magnets with names tied on were used for place cards. Ice cream was served with cakes cut in "lucky" shapes. Then came the adding of counts. The prizes were money banks—a goose and a pig. The goose for the first, because it would lay golden eggs; the pig for the booby, because it caused "Tom the Piper's Son" to go to the calaboose.

AN INDIAN PARTY

By May Cooke

WE BEGAN with a bow-and-arrow contest. Each guest brought a bow and three arrows and shot with them all. A prize for the best archer was a nice bow and some arrows, and the booby prize was a miniature target with a small arrow stuck through the last ring.

When the refreshments were to be served, all went into a good-sized wigwam in the middle of the lawn. Each guest was given a wooden bowl and a wooden spoon, and in turn helped themselves from a pot of hot baked beans, which hung over a small fire, camp fashion. Hot buttered corn-meal bread, or johnny cake, was then passed, and nuts, with horseshoe nails for nut picks and rocks for nut crackers. Afterward we had cakes of all sorts. If the guests can dress as Indians, as they did here, it is very much more fun.

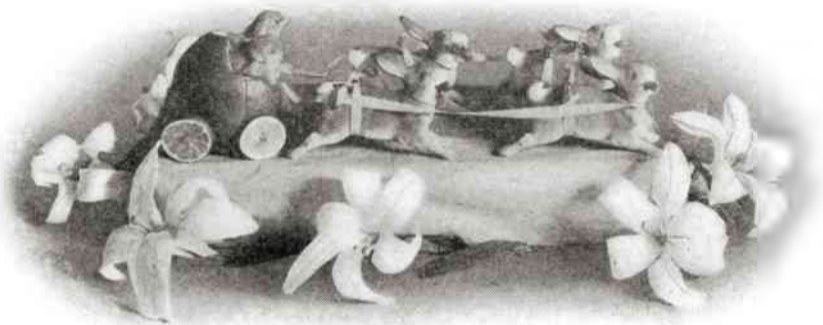


Table Decoration for a Children's Party

Choose a large grape fruit in oval shape, if possible, and cut away one corner of the rind, as shown in the picture, to form a broken egg shell. Remove the pulp and fill the hollow with tissue paper. Cut the edges with sharp scissors in jagged points, to represent the break in the shell. The wheels are slices of lemon put on with big pins. Tiny Easter chickens ride in the egg-shell coach and drive the rabbits, which are attached to it with a harness made of ribbon. Paper Easter lilies complete the decoration and the whole equipage is mounted on a box covered with yellow paper.



A Bunny Centerpiece for an Easter Party

Use a willow basket lined with raffia, and in it place fancy egg boxes filled with candies or nut meats. At one end fasten ribbons stamped with eggs and flowers, which are fastened to little paper-made "bunnies." Two larger rabbits of the same material stand guard over the nest. The small rabbits may serve as souvenirs.

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THE NEEDLEWORK PAGE

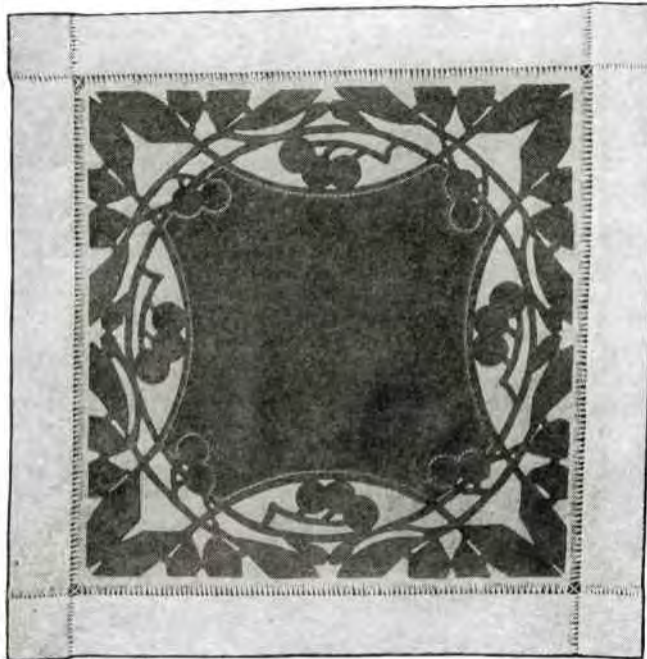
EMBROIDERIES FOR THE DINING AND LIVING ROOMS

DESIGNED BY EVELYN PARSONS

DESCRIPTION OF LINEN AND LEATHER SQUARE

At the right is a Centerpiece, 473-A, of brilliant green leather with an underlay of a square of gray linen with hemstitched edge. To define the inner line of the design there is an outline of silk the color of the linen. We provide only the perforated pattern of this design, as it would be difficult to send such a large piece by mail and have it arrive in good condition. A light-weight ooze is used, and the cutting is done with embroidery scissors. The leather is glued in place on the linen.

There is here a possibility of some very good color combinations, such as golden-brown leather with underlay of green or dull red over green or brown. The underlay should be of a heavy material that will lie perfectly flat. A heavy linen, crash or monk's cloth is suitable. In choosing the material, select



473-A—Centerpiece of brilliant green leather with an underlay of dull gray linen with hemstitched edge. This is a very attractive accessory for the library.

a rather coarse weave, as it is so much more effective when hemstitched than the finer goods. Another effective way of finishing the underlay is to fringe it, having a fringe about two and one half inches deep. The square of leather should come just to the top of the fringe. A fringe to be effective must be quite thick, and if the material is not heavy enough to warrant this, sew strips of the goods under each side of the square, then fringe the two layers of the linen. When the strips are sewed on, the line of stitching should come well under the leather. If sewed by hand, the stitches will be scarcely distinguishable.

If in the handling the leather becomes creased, lay it, rough side down, on a piece of flannel, and press with a warm iron. In using the ooze leather, rub it over with a soft cloth. Sometimes the dye will color one's fingers, but after a little handling there will be no further trouble.

DIRECTIONS FOR ORDERING

Be sure you have the correct number of all articles ordered. Write both the number and the name of the article.

Please write all orders plainly on one side of the paper, and with ink. Give name and full post-office address. Many orders come into this office without any address, and must be held until the sender writes again.

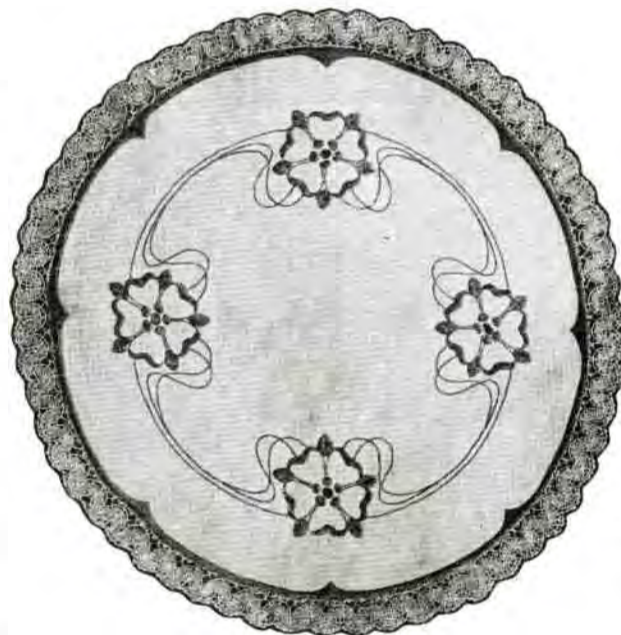
Remit by money order, currency or stamps. To the amount of any check drawn on a bank not in New York City, ten cents must be added for exchange.

We ask you if possible to send postal money orders made payable to Woman's Home Companion in preference to stamps. Address "Embroidery Department," Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED CENTERPIECE

At the left is a Centerpiece, 474-A, of tan linen with conventional rose design worked in dull rose, green and brown. There are two shades of green, the darker being used for the outlining. The center of the flower is in green and brown, the brown used for the middle spot. The edge is finished with Cluny lace the exact color of the linen. While this centerpiece is unusually simple, it is effective because of the coloring. It may be worked with silks or cottons. We quote prices on both.

One of the best ways of sewing lace on the edge of a centerpiece is to first baste it in place, having the edge come just inside the outer line of the embroidered edge. The buttonholing is then worked, and the under side of the piece is as neatly finished as the upper.



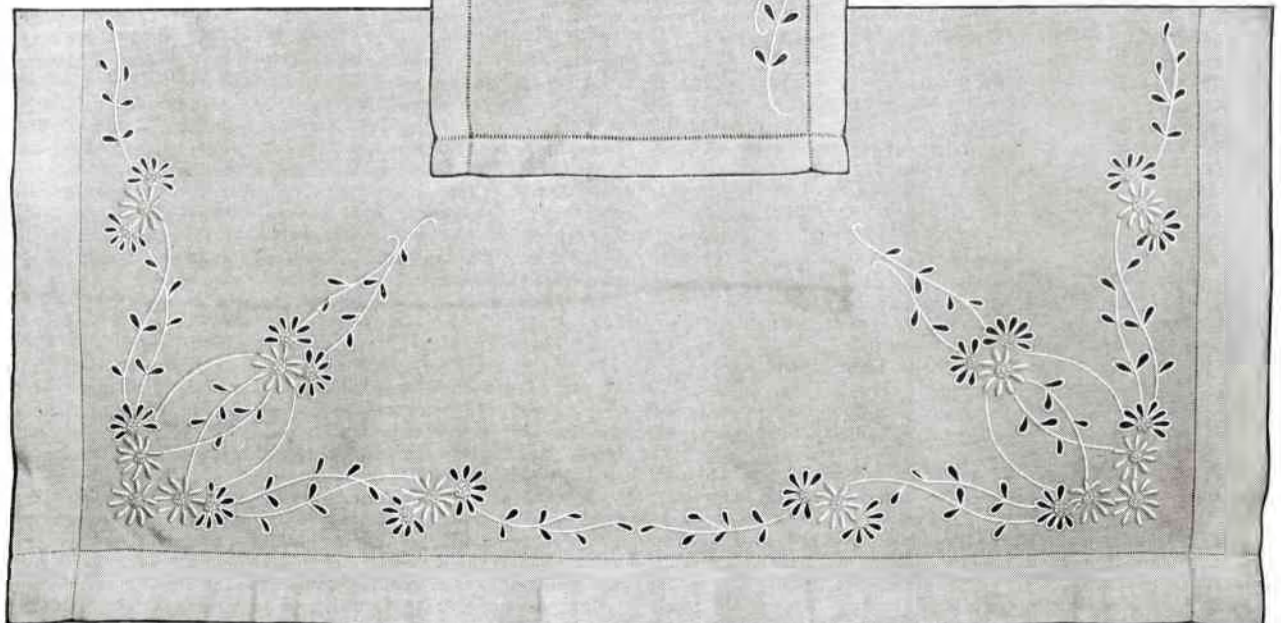
474-A—An attractive "between-meal" centerpiece on tan linen, with a conventional rose design, edged with Cluny lace in an ecru tint.

PRICE LIST

- 473-A—Perforated Pattern of Leather Design, Sixteen Inches Square, 35 Cents
- White Paste for Stamping Dark Leather, per Box, 10 Cents
- Black Paste for Stamping Light Leather, per Box, 10 Cents
- 474-A—Centerpiece Stamped on Tan Linen, 65 Cents
- Perforated Paper Pattern, 35 Cents
- Embroidery Silks, 75 Cents
- Embroidery Cotton, 50 Cents
- 475-A—Plate Doily, Perforated Pattern, 10 Cents
- 476-A—Lunch Cloth, Perforated Pattern, 30 Cents
- Embroidery Cotton, per Ball, 10 Cents
- Stamping Paste, per Box, 10 Cents

DESCRIPTION OF LUNCH SET

475-A, Plate Doily, and 476-A, Lunch Cloth—Embroidered lunch set consisting of square hemstitched cloth and plate doilies. The centers of the flowers may be worked in bullion stitch or French knots. The regulation size for a lunch cloth is a forty-five-inch square (like the model). If hemstitched, a two-inch hem is desirable, while the plate doily (twelve inches in size) should have an inch-wide hem. In most of the large department stores plain linen lunch cloths, doilies and napkins with hemstitched, fagoted or Mexican-work edges are obtainable, so that all one need do is to embroider them. In this way the working of quite an elaborate lunch set does not seem like so much of an undertaking.



475-A, Plate Doily, and 476-A, Lunch Cloth—The hemstitched square above is a plate doily to go with the large embroidered lunch cloth. The design is a combination of solid and eyelet work. A soft cotton is used—two threads for the eyelet and solid work, four for the outlining.

EASY STENCIL WORK

BY MIRA BURR EDSON

THERE is many a woman who has heard a great deal of the use of stencils in house decoration, and in renovating her home would like to make use of this process, yet finds that she has not a clear and definite enough idea of how stenciling is done to enable her to undertake it with any confidence of success. To such interested persons these

directions are given with suggestions as to textures and treatments. If carefully followed, they cannot fail to bring satisfactory results. Properly done, the stencil pattern can be all that is claimed for it; improperly done, it is unsatisfactory and ugly. There are certain mistakes that are common enough to the beginner, and against these she must be warned.

First of all, there is the question of a pattern, a very important consideration. Since every beginner is more interested in the process than in the pattern, I will only say here that you must be quite sure that your pattern is a good one. In that case you will grow more and more fond of it, while those which violate some principle of proportion or suitability will lose favor in time.

Suppose that the pattern has been selected, let us pass on to the making of the stencil. Buy for this a piece of tag board, which is a heavy Manila paper. It should be of postal-card thickness, unless the pattern is large or very open, and then a somewhat heavier grade is better. A smooth and fairly heavy water-color paper serves pretty well, too, but it is a little more expensive and for general purposes less serviceable. Heavier board, while harder to cut, when once made is easier to use, as it lies flat and has more resisting power. Carefully trace the pattern on the cardboard, giving care to get the correct swing of the lines, then darken the parts to be cut out, for if inexperienced you may cut the wrong parts. The tracing is easily done by putting impression paper under the pattern and going over the lines. Rub the cardboard over with a little sweet oil applied with a soft rag. This makes it water proof and at the same time easier to cut. Place it now upon the drawing board or a pine table, and slip under it a piece of glass, pinning the paper down firmly. It is now ready to be cut.

Stencil knives can be bought in the market, but I find that a penknife with a sharp point and a handle which is easy to hold is as convenient as any. The matter of a handle is important, for it has to be firmly grasped, and therefore should not be of a size or form to tire or hurt the hand. A leather glove finger upon the initial finger will be found a protection. A man who has made many stencils says that he prefers a knife that has had the point broken off square, as this gives him the corner to cut with. I like best a long, narrow point, such as is found in a knife often sharpened until the blade has become noticeably ground down.

When all the parts of the pattern have been cut out, the stencil is taken from the table and given a coat of shellac on both sides. Be sure that the small parts are well done, but do not allow any of the shellac to settle in corners. Shellac can be bought in small bottles for fifteen cents, or the dry shellac may be dissolved in wood alcohol. Hang the stencil in an open door or where there is no danger of its sticking to the wall, and leave it until the next day, that it may dry thoroughly.

The material to be stenciled may be of almost any kind or quality, but some fabrics are much easier to use than others. Cheese cloth for a sheer material and burlap for a heavy one are very easy to manage. Unbleached muslin of a coarse texture and as creamy as possible in color can be acceptably used, but cannot be quickly treated, for the color has to be slowly rubbed into the fiber if it is to be washable and durable. A close scrim and Japanese grass cloth are effective for materials of the lighter sort. Brown linen or silk require a good deal of care to avoid running or an effect of oiliness. For these materials, therefore, it would be well to experiment until you have gained the requisite skill before attacking the large piece. Velvet is very easily

treated and gives rich effects. Very delicate or soft materials are difficult because of being so easily pulled out of place.

In the suggestions just made it is taken for granted that the amateur stenciler is to use oil colors. These are much the easiest to use, and when the stencil is on, the work is finished without "setting," as is necessary with dyes. The oil colors, if applied thin and carefully, are entirely washable and durable and have been known to stand the light better than most dyes. They are easily applied and can be varied in the process if desired. Furthermore, they can be procured at the art-material shops in almost any town or they may be ordered direct from any of the large houses which deal in artists' colors.

Dyes may be applied, also, of course, if preferred, and upon such fabrics as chiffon give a pretty effect. Dry cleaning may be employed safely in cleansing them, but not washing. To insure their permanence the article after being stenciled must be steamed, and after that, to "make assurance sure," should be boiled. It is easily seen, therefore, that except in certain cases the oil colors are much to be preferred and especially by the amateur. I find that an English writer upon stenciling gives the same recommendation. I have curtains stenciled in oil paints that have been in use a long time and have been washed several times, the design becoming only the more an integral part of the goods.



A Stencil in Two Sizes is Used for These Curtains—the Larger for the Valance and Lower Border, the Smaller for the Inner Edges. The Color Scheme is Blue Green and Buff on Cream

We will suppose, then, that for our stenciling the oil colors are to be used. Some knowledge of color will be of great assistance to the stenciler, both in choosing the color or tone to be used and in getting the right tone after it is decided upon. Soft and pleasant tones must be made by mixing if they cannot be had ready to hand. With red and blue and yellow any tone or variation can be procured. It is best, however, to use the clear colors, so far as possible, as they give better the effect of a stain and there is less danger of putting them on thick and giving a painty look. Also they are more to be counted upon to give a pleasing tone. For general use I suggest the following colors: (1) A bright yellow, cadmium or lemon yellow (or one of the chromes, although these are not so durable), (2) yellow ochre, (3) crimson lake, (4) cobalt or new blue and (5) burnt sienna.

Do not use the colors clear, but always modified, to allow of harmony with others and secure a softness escaping any suggestion of the crude. If the greens are too raw, tone with a touch of the crimson or the burnt sienna.

For brushes, the type of pattern in some measure decides what brushes will be most convenient. Regular stencil brushes may be had which are round and thick. These hold a good deal of paint and by their use the color can be applied very evenly, which over broad spaces is not easy at first with a smaller or a bristle brush. If the spaces are moderately small, I prefer the bristle brush, as making artistic effects more possible. Too great smoothness has a commercial effect. Bristle brushes may be procured at the color shop and should be the flat kind and of medium size, although this, too, depends upon the pattern. For usual work from half to three fourths of an inch is a good size. Bristle brushes can be had from ten cents up. A very desirable brush comes from Boston, and costs twenty-five or thirty cents, and is broad and soft. In applying the paint, a separate brush must be used for each color.

As a medium for mixing, get a bottle of turpentine or naphtha. If the goods is heavy, as burlap, turpentine may be chosen; if the material is lighter, and indeed in most cases, the naphtha is better and more convenient. There is no danger of the smell remaining, which many have complained of when using turpentine, claiming that the fabric retained it. I have not found this to be the case, as a rule, and when it happens it is due to an unrefined quality of the medium. Turpentine, being less volatile than naphtha, is a little more convenient if one is not experienced.

With a palette knife mix the color or colors desired, squeezing from the tubes upon the glass

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[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 30]



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EASY STENCIL WORK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

which served in the stencil cutting. If you are not used to color mixing it is better to mix enough for the whole design. The paint goes pretty far and does not require a quantity, as might be supposed. Now take a little of the paint upon the glass and drop upon it some turpentine or naphtha, as you choose, and with the palette knife mix thoroughly. At first there will be an effect of curdling and then it will rub smooth again. Add in this way as much of the medium as is convenient, making it as thin, that is, as can stay on the glass.

The interesting moment has now come when the color is to be applied. Experiment with a spare piece of material first, and when the right amount to use on the brush is found, then attack the real article to be stenciled. The brush should be dipped in the turpentine or naphtha, wiped lightly, and then dipped in the paint.

The material should be placed flat upon a pine table, with a sheet of blotting paper beneath, and with the stencil pinned in place upon the fabric. With the brush dipped in the color so that it is full without having much on the edge, dab it onto the cloth. If the paint becomes dry, put in a few drops more of the medium, but always be sure to mix well together before applying. Be careful not to apply too thick, making it look painty and dauby. This is a very common fault with beginners. It seems as if they could go more quickly and that the effect would be brighter. If it runs, the paint is not mixed enough or is applied with too full a brush.

Of course the pattern will match exactly if intended to do so, and must be carefully placed for a new "repeat." Or if the pattern is made by spotting a unit, the placing of the unit should be carefully estimated and marked, so that the pattern will come out evenly at the other end and not leave an awkward space that has not been accounted for. A pretty safe way is to begin in the middle and work toward either end.

Of the many, many uses to which stenciling may be put in household decoration every one is familiar. Table scarfs and curtain borders are the most usual uses, but there are towel ends, bureau scarfs, bedspreads, table covers, splashers, doilies, centerpiece, lamp mats and cushion covers. Even mats for the floor have been made and found serviceable when made of grass matting or of plain carpet with a border or a simple all-over. One of stenciled grass matting I have used for several years, and one made of green "carpet filler" with a broad Celtic border was very attractive.

Now for a few suggestions about the stencil patterns presented with this article. All of the illustrations are actual patterns which have been used and found practicable. Even the border which surrounds the heading at the top of page 29 is a stencil, which makes a most attractive border for a table cover. The material which was used was a creamy sateen, and the stencil was developed in a dull orange yellow for the flowers and a shade of green which toned in with the yellow for the leaves.

The stencil used for the window curtains also pictured on page 29 consists of two motifs—a small and a large one—which repeated gave the border effect. The curtains themselves were of cream color, and the paints used were in harmonious tones of blue green and buff.

The handsome stencil at the bottom of page 29 is a rather complicated design, but well worth the trouble of its making. As a wall border it is exceptionally good, and indeed may be used where a wide border is desired. It is so heavy, however, that it is best used on heavy fabrics, for it has not the open lightness which a pattern should have for sheer and transparent materials. It might be used as a border for portières of rather heavy rough material with splendid

effect, and it would be good as an all-over design for a sofa pillow of the rectangular shape.

The little single motifs presented at the upper left-hand side of this page are very useful, and may be used in a great many ways. They may be spotted over curtains, or if repeated will form a border for a scarf. Used singly they may decorate the sides of a work bag or to form a simple conventional design for a laundry bag. They are not intended to be used together under any circumstances, and are only placed together on the page because their uses are practically the same. Such motifs are splendid for the beginner to use, as they are in only one color, and with them one may learn to work the paint evenly and well and acquire that deftness of handling the stencil which only comes with practise.

The rose pillow design is a fine stencil of a popular flower pattern, and may be used in several ways. A most unusual day spread for a bed might be developed with this design, using unbleached muslin for the material of the spread. The design should be repeated enough times completely to cover the spread, and any desired color scheme might be used, such as yellow roses with green leaves for a room with yellow coloring, and pink roses with green leaves for a room with pink coloring, taking care always to secure a soft and harmonious green. If the green is too vivid the charm of the coloring will be entirely gone. For porch pillows on natural-colored rough linen or creamy muslin or tan burlap this design would be excellent. On finer materials it would make lovely pillows for drawing room or boudoir.

One of the most satisfying designs for general use is the oak, here pictured, showing the leaf and acorn shapes worked together. There is a narrow border in this design which is very good for curtains or couch and table covers, and there is both a large and a small motif which may be worked in many combinations. For a living room in a summer cottage or bungalow this design might be used on the curtains and scarfs, walls and rugs, but care must be taken that it is not used too freely or conspicuously, and that the colors in which it is worked are quiet and harmonious. Nothing is uglier than a staring bright stencil. Restraint is quite often as much a part of taste as use, in stencil work.

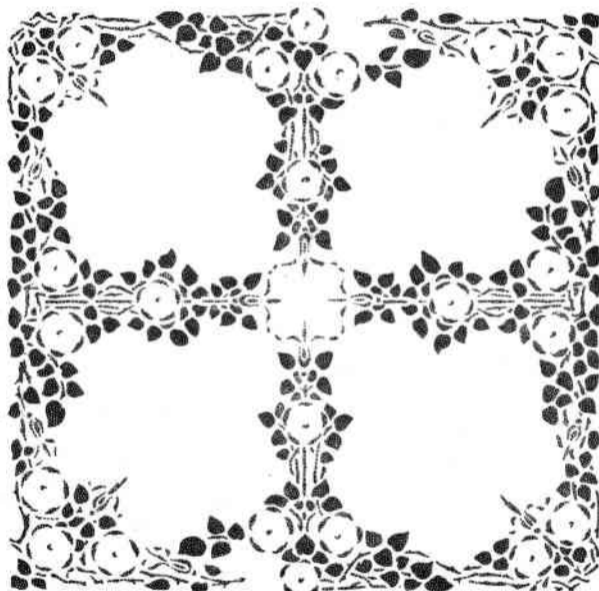
The group of border stencils at the bottom of the page very nearly explain themselves. The double-rose design is a great favorite and works out most attractively. The conventional border shown was once used in a darker shade of green on thin green curtains for bookshelves, and the effect was all that could be desired. The wild rose is always graceful and lovely. Further information concerning stencil work and its possibilities will be gladly furnished to all those who care to write and will enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply. Address "Stencil," care of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.



Single Motifs, the Upper Three and One Half Inches in Diameter, the Lower Five and One Half. For Curtains, Work and Laundry Bags or Scarf Ends



An Oak Design in a Border One and One Half Inches Wide, a Large Motif Five Inches High and a Small Motif Three and One Half Inches High. Many Good Combinations May Be Effected With These Three Stencils



This is a Rose Pillow Design, Seventeen Inches Square. It Might Also Be Successfully Used to Cover a Day Bedspread if Repeated



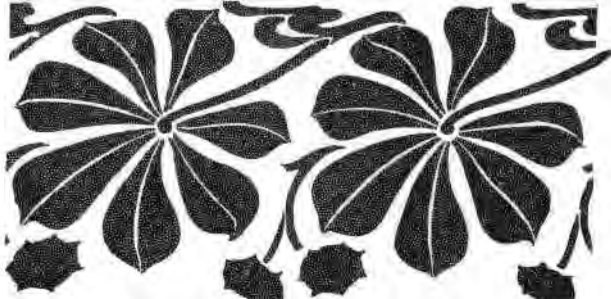
Double-Rose Border, One and One Fourth Inches Wide, Useful in Many Ways



A Well-Balanced Two-and-One-Half-Inch Conventional Border Which is Specially Attractive for Couch or Table Cover



A Wild-Rose Design, Three Inches Wide, Which May Be Used Most Effectively on Sheer Curtains



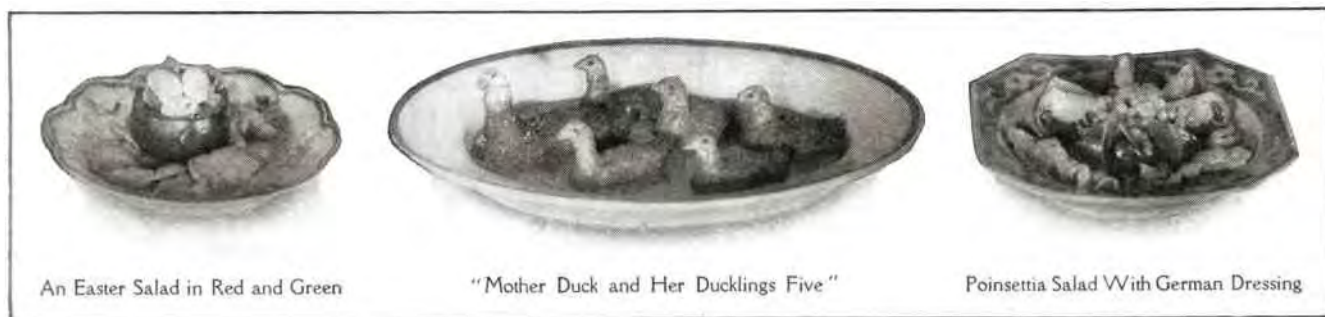
This Ten-Inch Border May Be Used on Walls or Heavy Portieres or on Anything Where a Big Striking Pattern is Required



Light and Graceful Curtain or Table-Cover Border Eight Inches Wide Which May Be Divided Into Separate Motifs if Desired

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An Easter Salad in Red and Green

"Mother Duck and Her Ducklings Five"

Poinsettia Salad With German Dressing

VEGETABLE DISHES FOR EASTER

BY FANNIE MERRITT FARMER



AS SPRING approaches, let us have meat appear in our menus less frequently, and let us pay more attention to the tempting preparation of vegetables. We may begin with sweet potatoes. For CANDIED SWEET POTATOES, wash six medium-sized sweet potatoes, using a brush, and cook in boiling salted water twenty minutes. Drain, pare, and place in a small pan. Mix one cupful of sugar and one half cupful of melted butter, and put over potatoes. Bake in a slow oven one hour and thirty minutes.

For CREAMED SWEET POTATOES, wash, pare, and cook sweet potatoes in boiling salted water until tender. Let stand until cold, and cut in one-third-inch cubes; there should be two cupfuls. Place in a sauce pan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and cook three minutes. Season with a slight shaking of salt, pepper and paprika, sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of flour, and add one cupful of rich milk. Cook slowly for twenty minutes.

The ambitious housewife is looking for some new conceit for her Easter dinner. Don't Mother Duck and Her Ducklings Five, as well as the Easter Dinner Chicken, look attractive and seasonable? It really is great fun to try to "model things" with a potato mixture, as it is easy to handle. Do not use your ordinary potato croquette mixture for Easter, but try this combination: To two cupfuls of hot riced potatoes add two and one half tablespoonfuls of butter, the yolks of two eggs slightly beaten and one fourth of a cupful of finely chopped cooked spinach. Beat until thoroughly mixed, and season with salt and pepper. Shape in any desired forms, dip in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again, fry in deep fat one minute, and drain on brown paper. If you choose to make chickens, insert peppercorns for eyes before the frying is accomplished, and for serving arrange on a bed of parsley. If you choose to make ducklings, insert bits cut from the stems of whole cloves for eyes before the frying is accomplished, and for serving arrange on a hot platter and pour around one cupful of rich white sauce (seasoned with salt and paprika) to which is added one and one half tablespoonfuls of grated cheese.

Dried LIMA BEANS are good cooked this way: Pick over and soak one cupful of dried lima beans over night in cold water to cover. Drain, and cook in boiling salted water until soft; again drain, and dry on a towel. Put in a sauce pan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and cook, stirring occasionally, until browned; then pour over this sauce: Cook one and one half tablespoonfuls of butter with one half tablespoonful of finely chopped onion two minutes, stirring constantly. Add one and one half tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well browned; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of stewed and strained tomatoes. Bring to the boiling point, and season with salt and pepper.

GLAZED CARROTS AND PEAS will tempt your most critical guest. Wash and scrape three medium-sized carrots, cut in one-fourth-inch slices, and cut the slices in julienne-shaped pieces. Cook fifteen minutes in boiling salted water; drain, and put in a sauce pan with one half cupful of butter, one half cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of chopped fresh mint leaves. Cook slowly until glazed and tender. Drain one can of peas, and rinse thoroughly with cold water. Put in a sauce pan, cover with boiling water, and let boil ten minutes. Again drain, and season with butter, salt and pepper. Place on a hot serving dish, and surround with carrots.

Try BRUSSELS SPROUTS WITH CELERY before these vegetables are out of market. Remove the wilted leaves from one quart of Brussels sprouts, and soak in cold water to cover fifteen minutes. Drain, and cook in boiling salted water twenty minutes, or until easily pierced with a skewer; then drain. Wash and scrape celery, and cut in small pieces; there should be one and one half cupfuls. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add the celery, and cook two minutes, stirring constantly. Add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one and one half cupfuls of scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point, add the sprouts, and season with salt and pepper.

A dish of ESCALOPED CABBAGE often proves a palate tickler. Cut one half a medium-sized boiled cabbage in pieces, put in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and add one cupful of white sauce. Lift the cabbage with a fork, that it

may be well mixed with the sauce. Cover with buttered cracker crumbs, and bake until the crumbs are brown. For the sauce, melt two and one half tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of milk. Bring to the boiling point, and season with one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper.

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS may be used for the central dish at a family luncheon. Cook six green peppers in boiling water to cover four minutes. Drain, cut a slice from the stem end of each pepper, and remove the seeds. Cook one half a small onion finely chopped and six mushrooms finely chopped in two tablespoonfuls of butter five minutes, stirring constantly. Add one cupful of raw veal finely chopped and two chopped tomatoes, and cook five minutes; then add two thirds of a cupful of stale bread crumbs, and season with salt. Fill the pepper cases with the mixture, put in a buttered baking pan, and bake thirty minutes in a hot oven, adding enough white stock to prevent the peppers from burning.

EGGPLANT is at its best when cooked *au gratin*. Remove the inside from an eggplant, leaving a shell or case. Cut in one-third-inch cubes, and cook in a small quantity of boiling water until soft; then drain. Cook one small onion finely chopped with two tablespoonfuls of butter until yellow. Add the eggplant and one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and season with salt and pepper. Fill the eggplant shell with the mixture, cover the top with buttered cracker crumbs, and bake until brown.

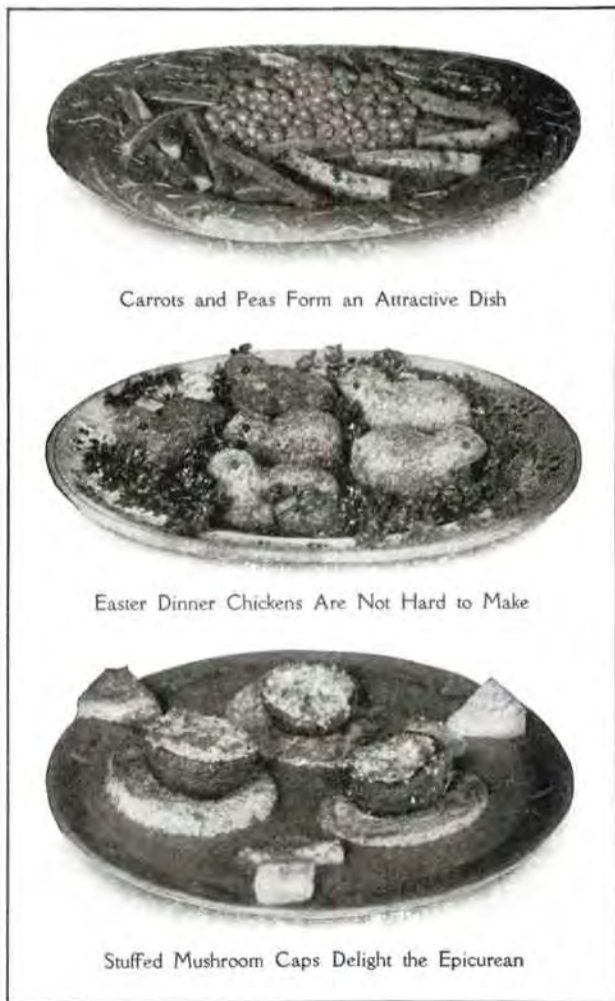
STUFFED MUSHROOMS make a dish for the epicurean. Cut bread in one-third-inch slices, shape into rounds, and sauté in butter. Peel, and remove the centers from six large mushroom caps. Mix two tablespoonfuls of chopped mushrooms, two tablespoonfuls of soft bread crumbs, one and one half tablespoonfuls of lean cooked ham, one tablespoonful of finely chopped onion and one teaspoonful each of grated Parmesan cheese and finely chopped parsley. Add three tablespoonfuls of butter, and cook three minutes, stirring constantly. Moisten with tomato sauce, and season with salt, pepper and cayenne. Stuff the caps with the mixture, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs mixed with grated Parmesan cheese, and pour around one cupful of tomato sauce. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven; remove to rounds of sautéed bread, pour around tomato sauce, and garnish with sautéed toast points.

For a POINSETTIA SALAD, wipe, peel, and chill six small tomatoes. When ready to serve, cut in eighths, not severing the sections, and open like the petals of a flower on a crisp lettuce leaf. In the center put one teaspoonful of pearl onions, and serve with a GERMAN DRESSING: Mix one half teaspoonful of salt, one fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one eighth of a teaspoonful of paprika, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and four and one half tablespoonfuls of olive oil. When well blended add one half tablespoonful of finely chopped green pepper and one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley. Keep in a very cold place until serving time, and shake thoroughly before using.

An EASTER SALAD is just the thing for an Easter dinner. Wipe, and peel six small tomatoes of uniform size; cut a slice from the stem end of each, and scoop out a portion of the pulp. Sprinkle with salt, invert, and let stand one hour in a cold place. Work a cream cheese with a small wooden spoon until smooth, season with salt and add one half the quantity of chopped pecan-nut meats; then moisten with melted butter, oil or cream, to make of the right consistency to handle easily. Shape in the form of eggs, arrange in tomato nests, put on crisp lettuce leaves, and serve with a French dressing.

A good, inexpensive salad is called SAINT DENIS SALAD. Cut cold boiled potatoes in one-half-inch cubes; there should be one and one half cupfuls. Cut cold boiled beets in one-fourth-inch cubes; there should be one third of a cupful. Mix the potatoes and beets, add three hard-boiled eggs finely chopped, one half tablespoonful of chopped green pepper and one half tablespoonful of chopped cheese. Moisten with dressing, and serve in nests of lettuce leaves.

For the RUTHVEN SALAD DRESSING, mix one half tablespoonful of salt, one half tablespoonful of mustard, three fourths of a tablespoonful of sugar, one egg slightly beaten, two and one half tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three fourths of a cupful of cream and one fourth of a cupful of vinegar. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until it thickens; strain, and cool.



Carrots and Peas Form an Attractive Dish

Easter Dinner Chickens Are Not Hard to Make

Stuffed Mushroom Caps Delight the Epicurean

NOTE—In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups divided into thirds and quarters are used, also tea and table measuring spoons.

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“STONELEE ON LAKE KEUKA”

A COTTAGE BUILT FROM THE SOIL

BY MAY ELLIS NICHOLS

OUR lot, a gently sloping hillside, had one hundred and fifty feet lake front and was about three hundred feet deep. One side was bounded by a gorge filled with large trees, and there were fine young elms, a gigantic oak, willows, locusts and other trees along the water front. In the angle made by this gorge and the lake shore we decided to place the cottage. Now came the question, “What kind of cottage?” Simple, of course, and at the least cost compatible with the needs of the family. After much discussion, decision was at last made in favor of the plain, substantial cottage in the English style.

The very words “English cottage” suggested plaster and stone. We decided to have the first story, at least, of stone, but were met at once with a difficulty: We were told by the oldest resident in discouraging tones that stone was not to be obtained in that locality.

The statement seemed paradoxical when our own ground was so thickly covered with stones that one could hardly step between them. Investigation, however, revealed the fact that these stones, limestone and granite boulders, were of glacial origin. The native stone of the locality was mostly slate, and what native quarried stone there was had an irregular cleavage that made it almost useless for building purposes. There were two or three old “cobblestone” houses within the radius of ten miles, and the field stone—that is, the flat limestone—was used for cellar walls, but no one had ever thought of building a house of it. Perhaps the possibility might not have occurred to us had not a recent visit to the English lake region, where the houses, built of their quarried stone, have exactly the same appearance as the walls made of our field stone, suggested it.

Accordingly, we decided to use these lime field stones for the walls of the first story of our house. They were brought from a neighboring farm, and cost, delivered and measured in the wall, eighty-five cents a perch. The pillars of the piazza and the great outside chimney were of this stone, too, though a few boulders were included in the chimney, to give an effect of greater weight and stability. Like the stonework in the English lake country, too, the stonework was all put up “dry”—that is, the mortar was not brought to the surface. Cement mortar was used, and as the foundation walls were two feet in thickness, and those above ground eighteen inches, “the building is as substantial,” to quote a neighbor, “as a fort.”

The house is only two stories high, but there is a garret over the whole, that tempers the heat and furnishes an ample storeroom. The outside walls of the second story are covered with cement plaster on wire lath. The sand for this cement came from a bank not half a mile away, so it will be seen that the house is really built from its native soil. The half-timbering is stained brown, and the many-gabled, shingled roof is stained a dull red.

In all minor details the English design has been consistently followed. The dormer windows are pointed, the latticed casements swing outward, the large window in the living room is divided by means of mullions, and the living-room door, with its brass knocker, opens English fashion, directly on the ground.

A large piazza is, of course, un-English; it is, of course, a necessity in an American country house. This difficulty was met by making the piazza “recessed”—that is, the second story extends over it, though part of this upper story is in turn a balcony.

The picture of the house shows that it was built into the side hill, so that, while the front and side doors open on the ground level, the rear door of the second story does the same. This arrangement saves many breathless climbs up the hill to



A Plain, Substantial Cottage in the English Style

reach the trolley which passes at the rear of the house.

Every room in the house has at least a glimpse of the water. The dining room opens on the piazza by French doors, and two bedrooms open upon upper balconies in the same way. So far as possible the furniture is “built in.” There are broad cushioned window seats under the windows and the stairs. These seats are “boxed,” to make storage room. Other nooks are utilized for built-in shelves, closets and cupboards, so that there are plenty of places “to put things,” with the least apparent loss of space—and maybe we don't enjoy these cubby holes.

On the first floor the walls are rough plastered, their soft gray tint harmonizing pleasantly with the forest-green stain of the deep wainscoting. The “boxed” beams overhead are stained brown and lend themselves delightfully to the illusion of an English cottage interior. On the second floor the walls are ceiled with pine. The floors are all maple, but the stairs are oak.



The Stairs Are Oak and the Woodwork is Absolutely Plain

On the first floor there are three rooms—living room, dining room and kitchen; on the second there are four bedrooms, two bath rooms and a large storeroom. There is a closet, too, for each bedroom. Each bath room is fitted with porcelain tub, seat and washbowl, and is supplied with hot and cold water.

The maid's room is at the back of the house, next to the back stairs, which opens into the kitchen. The kitchen is fitted up as completely as possible with set wash tubs, cupboards, sink, coal and gas ranges. The drainage is into two cesspools, one receiving the water from the bath rooms, the other from the wash tubs and kitchen sink.

The excavation extends under the piazza and dining room. A small part of this is partitioned off for cellar use and is reached by a stairway from the kitchen. The front part serves for boathouse, woodhouse and general purposes; a carpenter's bench is to be one of its permanent furnishings. A spring of delicious water that was struck in digging the cellar has been piped into a cement tank in one corner of the boathouse, and is one of the most valued assets of the place. This could be pumped into the house if desired.

At present the only heating facilities are the fireplace in the living room and the kitchen range; but a foundation was laid for a furnace and a flue inserted in the chimney, so that a furnace can be put in at any time.

The cost may be an interesting item to prospective builders. The fact that our house did spring from the soil reduced the expense, but the conditions would be much the same in many other places. Labor, too, was cheaper than near a large city, and the lumber was purchased during the summer of 1906, when it was somewhat cheaper than at present. Without giving the separate items, the cost of the house complete, including plumbing, came within thirty-five hundred dollars.

It must be remembered that this house was built in a thriving farming region, not the primeval forest. We were only two miles from a progressive little village, and we had city water, telephone service, electricity, the rural free delivery and the trolley car. It was in no sense a rough camp, but a comfortable, unpretentious summer home with beautiful surroundings.

If any of our readers desire further information concerning “Stonelee,” address “The Readers' Building Service,” care of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.





DUCKS AND GEESE

BY KATE V. SAINT-MAUR



SIXTH IN THE SERIES ON "A PROFITABLE HOME"

Ducks are so profitable that I cannot understand why so few keep them, unless it is the mistaken idea that they must have a stream or pond in which to swim. It is true that the old-fashioned puddle duck did seem a miserable creature out of water, but the improved strains are almost as much land birds as chickens are. My stock started with two ducks and a drake which had cost me seven dollars. The first season I raised fifty-eight, sold forty-six, and kept twelve to stock. They were ready for market when eleven weeks old, and the lowest price was eighteen cents a pound.

Ducks must have dry, comfortable quarters, but a splendid house for twenty ducks can be made on any farm for a dollar, or even less. One man who keeps large flocks makes duck houses with hurdles of green boughs for walls and roof, the outside padded with leaves, straw, corn stalks or cedar boughs. Each house is six feet by four feet and two and one half feet high, and accommodates seven ducks and a drake.

Dry-goods boxes, costing ten cents at any village store, can be made comfortable for a small flock. The main point is to keep them dry, which depends almost more on the care given to the covering of the floor than the wall of the house. Good, dry bedding, changed at least twice a week, will keep them warm and happy through the coldest weather.

Egg Production Depends on Feeding

Ducks' eggs bring good prices during February and March. You can easily get them to laying by then, as it depends principally on feeding. Ducks, like geese or cattle, must have a good percentage of bulk material and green stuff, as well as concentrated grain feed. Clover hay, or even mixed hay, chopped and steamed, about half a pailful with a pint of coarsely ground corn meal and the same of bran mixed through it, is about right. If hay is short, chop corn stalks small, and steam. Chopped vegetables of all kinds are good, but pumpkins, potatoes and beets are fattening; so, unless the weather is very cold, omit the corn when they are fed, using more bran or screenings in its place.

In the summer have the children gather plantain, dock, groundsel or any other non-poisonous weeds. Have sugar barrels ready, and pack in the weeds while fresh. Get a heavy, solid board rounded off to fit inside the barrel, put on top of the green stuff, and weight down with heavy stones. Pad up tight with paper, sawdust, straw or any loose material, and replace the head of the barrel. When snow covers the ground, such food will increase the eggs from both ducks and chickens.

Oak leaves, acorns and pig hickories do not take long to gather in the fall, and will tone up the appetites of pigs, chickens and ducks late in January, when they are getting tired of grain feed.

Imperial Pekin, Rouen and Indian Runners have been the best market breeds of ducks for some years past, and are still splendid fellows, both for eggs and table, and their new rivals, the Buff Orpington ducks, quite equal them as utility birds.

The Sitting and the Hatch

Ducks make such bad mothers that it is better to hatch their eggs under hens or in incubators. The first few eggs a duck lays each season are seldom fertile. Eleven are a full sitting, and it requires twenty-eight days for their hatching. Examine the nest every two or three days after setting the hen, for bad eggs. A weak germ that dies causes the egg to decompose, and the odor once smelled can never be forgotten.

Examine the nest when the hen comes off to feed, and take away the eggs that are dark and mottled. If you fancy an egg looks wrong, pick it up and smell it; that and its sticky touch assure you, for the egg is porous. If you have been using an incubator to hatch chicks you can test with a proper tester, and this must be done all the time from the fourth to the fifteenth day.

When the hatch is over at the end of the twenty-eighth day, have ready a box about a foot deep and three feet long, the top out and one end taken off. Place the open end against the coop door, so making a little run, with a board floor covered with an inch of dry sand or earth. Baby ducks need even more protection from damp than chicks; therefore, if the weather is bad, keep the coop and run under cover, and if fine, the shade of a tree is necessary, for the little fellows can't stand the full sun. After a week the hen can be removed, but keep them within bounds on short grass, not letting them out until the dew is gone.

Feed for Young Ducks

For twenty-four hours feed nothing. First week: Half a pint of rolled oats, some cracker or stale bread crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, half a cupful of coarse sand just moistened with milk. Feed four times a day just what they will eat in ten minutes.

Second and third weeks: Half a pound of ground oats, the same of wheat bran, one fourth of a pint of corn meal, the same of coarse sand, two tablespoonfuls of beef meal, a pint of finely cut green clover, rye or cabbage moistened with scalded milk. They must be fed four times a day.

Fourth to sixth week: Boil a quart of hulled oats for an hour, add a pint of corn meal, wheat bran, half a pint of fine grit, the same of beef scraps and a quart of clover or any kind of green food. Feed four times a day.

Sixth to tenth week: One quart of corn meal, a pint of wheat bran, a pint of boiled oats, a pint of beef scraps, half a pint of grit, a tablespoonful of charcoal and a pint of clover. Feed three times a day.

They should be ready to kill the eleventh week.

Do not let the ducks, young or old, get frightened if you can possibly help it. They are nervous things. No matter what you feed, if they are frightened or



made to run daily, they will not fatten. If you go about them gently they are the easiest things to drive any distance, for where one goes, all follow; hurry them and they will scatter, and it is good-by to them for hours.

The feed for those to be kept for stock is the same up to three weeks old, but from that on one quart of ground feed, one quart of bran, half a pint of grit and half a pint of beef scraps. Mix moist with milk, water, sour milk or buttermilk, and feed night and morning. If on a free range this is all they want. If not, you must add clover or vegetables, and feed three times a day. Remember always to have fresh, clean water before them.

When ducks are ten or eleven weeks old they should be in condition for market. Early green ducks should weigh not more than four and one half pounds, while later ducks cannot be too heavy. As a rule early ducks mature very unevenly, making it necessary to sort them over often.

Don't Let the Ducks "Go Back"

Ducks are fit to dress for only a short time. They "go back," as it is termed, for they shed and grow a new lot of feathers, which takes all the fat and all your profit. Hence the importance of turning them into money as soon as possible.

In dressing it is most desirable to dry pick. Although some still scald, dry-picked stock sells better than scalded, especially when the market is dull, for it can be frozen, while scalded stock cannot. For dry picking have a box for the feathers. It may be of any size you wish on the ground, and should be of such depth that the top edge is one or two inches lower than your knee when in a sitting position. To use for cooling the ducks, saw a coal-oil barrel in two; use one half for cooling, the other half for clear water to put them in after washing.

To kill, catch the feet in the left hand, and the neck near the breast with the right hand, then with a swinging motion (the same as in using an ax) strike the back of the head against a post with sufficient force to start the blood from the ears. Now with a quick motion place the body under your left arm, catching the back of the head and the top of the bill in the left hand. Using a knife with a five-inch blade, make a cut crosswise at the base of the brain, then turn the edge to the roof of the mouth, and slash outward, being careful not to split the bill. Let the blood run for two seconds.

Removing the Feathers

Sit down. Place your knees against the neck just tight enough to keep it in place. If too much pressure is put on, it will stop the flow of blood and give the flesh a red appearance. Hold the feet and wings in the left hand. Commence picking at the vent, then the breast and neck. The feathers are left on half the neck, and on the wings from the first joint out. Pick clean as you go, for once the duck gets cold, it will be hard to pick. Experts use a shoemaker's knife ground thin, and strop it the same as a razor, to shave the pin and small feathers off.

After picking, put them into ice water or cold spring water until the animal heat is gone; then wash the feet, and wash all clots of blood from the mouth and throat; then put into another vessel of water, which takes all the stains off and gives a nice clean appearance. After they are clean you can put them into a barrel or box with crushed ice, and if left for twelve to twenty-four hours in this condition they can be shipped a long distance with but little ice. To make dressed ducks show up good it is necessary to take them out of clean water at the finish. The second vessel should have clean water put in as soon as it gets cloudy.

When packing for shipment, use flour or sugar barrels. Pack with back down, putting the head under the wing. Pack close, and leave a space on top for ice. Raise the top hoop, place burlap on top, drive the hoop on again, with the burlap under, and nail firmly. Before using, the barrel should be thoroughly washed. Bore two three-fourths-inch holes in the bottom, to drain.

Goslings

A goose will lay from ten to twenty eggs and then want to sit; but if you coop her in sight of her companions, four or five days will suffice to break her up. If she lays a third clutch of eggs, let her keep them and sit.

When the weather is mild, set five eggs under a hen; or, if she is very large, seven might be risked. It takes from twenty-eight to thirty days for goose eggs to hatch. As the skin is very tough, it is well to sprinkle a little water around the nest, and even on the eggs themselves, during the last two weeks, especially if the weather is dry and hens are doing the incubating.

The youngsters need nothing for the first thirty-six hours. Then feed scalded corn meal—the coarsest kind—and wheat bran, chopped green clover or young green oats cut fine, tops of green onions, lettuce leaves or any tender young greens.

If the weather is fine, put the coop containing Bidy and her family out on the grass, making a small yard in front for the first few days, to prevent their wandering too far away. Move the coop and yard to a new place as they eat the grass. Like young ducks, their drinking water must be in a vessel that permits them to put the whole beak into the water, or they are apt to get the air passages clogged up with soft food, causing the gosling to smother; but on no account must they be permitted to get their bodies into the water, as they chill and cramp so easily.

It is much better to buy two or three year old birds from a reliable dealer for stock than obtain eggs for setting and wait for them to develop. After the breeding season is over, geese and goslings need little grain if on grass land. Late in the fall geese do well if turned into the corn stubble or the orchard, where they will clean up all the windfalls—which does much to stamp out grubs and insects.

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Old Dutch Cleanser is sold by all grocers, in large, sifting-top cans, at 10c. If you cannot obtain it conveniently send ten cents in stamps and your grocer's name for a full-size can, which will be sent you at a cost of 22 cents postage to the maker.

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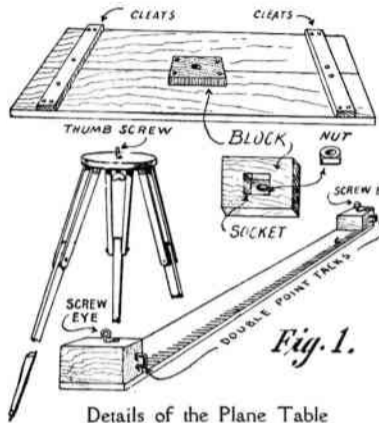
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For Younger Readers.

PIONEER SURVEYING FOR THE S. D. B.

BY A. RUSSELL BOND, OF THE STAFF OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN"

There is not much use being a pioneer unless you know how to make maps. You can come home and tell about the stream you traced all the way back to the spring in the gorge, or of the new pond you have found in the mountains. Maybe your friends will believe you, and maybe they won't. But if you can show them a map of your explorations you will get all the credit for your discoveries and



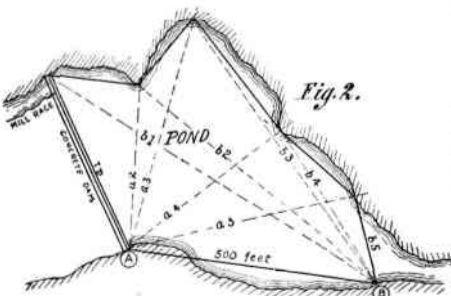
Details of the Plane Table

be entitled to name the different points of interest—Mount Jonathan, Davy's Lake, Carson's Cove, etc.—for yourself and other members of your exploring party. After all, it isn't so hard to make a map. A pioneer's map does not have to be as accurate as the kind turned out by Uncle Sam's civil engineers, and with the aid of a simple home-made instrument a pretty good survey can be made without much trouble.

The first thing to get is a photographer's tripod, the heavier the better, because it must support a large drawing board. The drawing board should be about two feet square. Make it of two boards a foot wide and two feet long, and fasten them together with cleats, as shown in Fig. 1. The two boards should fit together closely and should be carefully planed so as to form a smooth drawing surface.

To fasten the board on the tripod you will need a thick block of wood the size of the tripod top and a square nut to fit the thumb screw of the tripod. The nut can be bought at any hardware store. Bore a hole in the block just large enough for the thumb screw to enter, and then with a chisel enlarge the hole at one side of the block into a square socket, for the nut to fit snugly into it. Nail the block to the drawing board, socket side in, with the nut in the socket. When the board has been fastened to the tripod by screwing the thumb screw through the hole in the block and into the nut, you will have what a surveyor would call a plane table.

The next thing needed is an alidade. Beg, borrow or buy a yardstick. Dry-goods stores often give them away as advertisements. If none is to be had, make one out of a straight strip of wood, marking it off in inches with a tape line. Cut off the yardstick to a length of thirty-one inches and on each end fasten a block of wood two inches thick. Get two large, double-point carpet tacks and drive one into the side of each block, leaving them sticking out about three eighths of an inch over the graduated side of the yardstick. The tacks should be set thirty inches apart. The blocks may be set back slightly from the edge of the yardstick, so that the center of the opening in the tacks will come directly over the edge of the stick, but this is not absolutely neces-



How to Survey a Pond

sary. Put a small screw eye in the top of each block. This completes the alidade.

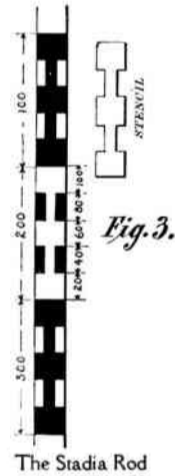
When an S. D. B. fort starts out on a surveying expedition, the surveying party should consist of an observer (Daniel Boone) to operate the instrument, a re-

If you are a boy, and do not belong to the Sons of Daniel Boone, send to-day to Chief Daniel Boone, care of Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City, asking for a Daniel Boone Pamphlet, which will be mailed to you free, and will tell you how to become a member of this splendid boys' society, also the great advantages and privileges that it opens up to every boy. Send for the pamphlet and find out what it means to be an S. D. B.

recorder (Jonathan Chapman) to take notes on the character of the country (whether it is wooded, sandy, swampy, hilly, etc.), a lineman (Davy Crockett) with a tape line to do the measuring, two rodmen (Kit Carson and Simon Kenton), each carrying a rod or light pole five or six feet long, and a couple of axmen (scouts) to clear away the brush when surveying through the woods.

Let us suppose it is desired to survey a pond. Fig. 2 shows how to do it without making more than one measurement. Set up a tripod at any point along the shore, and call this point A. Secure the drawing board on the tripod and fasten a sheet of paper on it with thumb tacks. Daniel Boone must now lay the alidade on the paper and sight through the screw eyes toward some convenient point, B, where a rodman (Kenton or Carson) should be stationed. The lineman (Davy Crockett) must then pace off this distance or measure it with his tape line. Suppose it is two hundred feet; then Daniel Boone will draw a pencil along the alidade, drawing a line twenty inches long, each inch standing for ten feet. This will form the base line, and a pin should be put in the board at each end of the line. After sending Carson to the other side of the pond, Boone may swing the alidade against the pin at the A end of the base line and sight through the screw eyes to all the principal points of the pond, drawing light lines, which may be marked a1, a2, etc. (see Fig. 2). Carson should drive a stake or leave some mark at each point, so that he can return to the same spot again. Boone must now move the drawing board to the point B and send another rodman (Kenton) to A. Then laying the alidade against the two pins, he must swing the drawing board about until he can sight through the screw eyes to A. This done, he can swing the alidade against the pin at the B end of the base line and sight to the same points as he did from A, drawing the lines b1, b2, etc. After these observations have been made, a line can be drawn from the point where a1 meets b1 to where a2 meets b2, and from there to where a3 meets b3, and so on all the way around from A to B. This will outline the main dimensions of the pond, and the irregular shore line with all its little coves and capes can then be drawn with as much detail as desired. To complete the map, draw an arrow on it, indicating the north and south line, which can be found with a pocket compass, and write down the scale ten feet to the inch. If the pond is a large one, a scale of twenty or forty or one hundred feet to the inch can be used.

This method of surveying, which is called "intersection," will not do for mapping a road, because of the difficulty of getting a suitable base line. Another system will have to be followed, called "traversing," in which no linemen will be needed, because all the measuring will be done with the instrument. This will require the use of a stadia rod, and the sighting must now be done through the double-point tacks instead of the screw eyes. The stadia rod is a light board four or five inches wide and five or six feet long. The rod must be painted with black and white blocks, as in Fig. 3. If the two staples are thirty inches apart, and each staple is three eighths of an inch wide between the legs, the blocks painted on the rod must be three inches high to represent a distance of twenty feet. If the staples



The Stadia Rod

are one half (that is, four eighths) of an inch wide, the blocks must be four inches high. To make sure that the blocks are of the right size, paint one on the rod, set up the plane table and sight through the staples to the rod, which must be exactly twenty feet away from your eye. The block should then look large enough to exactly fill the space between the legs of the staple. At a distance of forty feet two such blocks will be required to fill a space

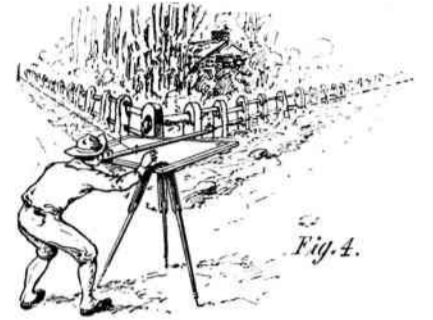


Fig. 4.

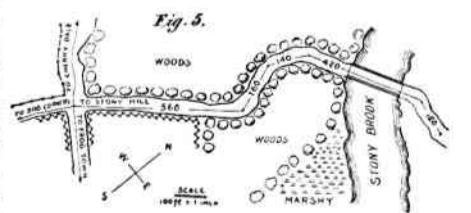
Running a Traverse Line

between the legs of the staples, and at one hundred feet five of the blocks will be seen through the staples. The blocks should be arranged in groups of five, as shown in the drawing—three solid black blocks separated by two white blocks with broad black stripes in the center, then three solid white blocks separated by black blocks with broad white stripes in the center. Each group will represent one hundred feet. The best way to form the blocks is to paint the first group solid black, the next one solid white, and the next solid black, and so on. Then from a piece of pasteboard cut out a stencil like that shown in Fig. 3. Place it on a black group and paint in the white parts, then place the same stencil on a white group and paint in the black parts.

Figs. 4 and 5 show how to run a traverse line. Starting at a point, A, sight through the staples to a point, B, where your rodman is holding the stadia rod. Note the number of blocks you can see through the staples. We will suppose that you can see eight. That means that your rodman is one hundred and sixty feet away, because each block stands for twenty feet. So draw a line along the alidade sixteen inches long, or sixteen half or quarter inches, depending upon the scale you have adopted. Set a pin in the board at each end of the line. Then set up the plane table, B, with the alidade against the pins, and swing the board around until you can sight back to A. Fasten the board tightly with the thumb screw, and then with the alidade against the pin at the B end of the line sight to the next point, C, and draw a line. The number of blocks seen through the staples will tell you how long to make this line.

In this way you can proceed along the road or across country, making a rough map as you go, which can be filled out in detail with the aid of the recorder's notes when you get back home. The old pioneers and early adventurers of America used their eyes and their wits to some purpose. They had a magnificent country to learn to know, and they set about knowing it. Some of the old maps made by them are wonderful examples of keen observation.

Start in boys, and do some fort surveying. To the S. D. B. fort sending in an original record of a survey trip it has made, and original survey drawings, Chief Daniel Boone will award the regular top



Surveying a Road

notch for such work, and for the best work of this kind sent in he will also award a prize of a splendid pioneer hero book for your fort library. Give the Boone yell, boys, and win a notch for surveying:

Cut a notch, cut a notch, cut a notch soon, For we are the Sons of Daniel Boone!

For Younger Readers.

AUNT JANET'S APRIL LETTER



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—
There comes a time to most boys and girls when they decide to keep a journal, a Memory Book I called mine. It was an old-fashioned little blue book that I began to fill with memories, way back yonder when we were little strangers in a strange land, at school in Paris.

It begins with a memory of April, and as I read it over I believe that most boys and girls who were inspired to keep a journal at all would decide to begin in April.

Other months have their red-letter days of feast and festival for us, but April is the festival of all the year. Oh, the flowers, the birds, the butterflies of that first April—I had never noticed so many before. The soft white clouds, the trees, the blossom banners waving in the cool, sweet winds, all called my attention, and I began to love things beyond the things I had ever loved before.

My Memory Book goes on in a crude, childish handwriting to say:

We got flowers in the market, and into the church near by we went, with many other girls and boys, to put bunches of daffodils and violets on a great wire cross that many children were filling with flowers for to-morrow.

"To-morrow" was Easter Day, a good many years ago; the church was the Madeleine; the huge cross lay just inside the center door, I remember it so well now. The market where we got the flowers was the famous Madeleine Flower Market that runs down by the side of the great church.

The big wire cross was filled with large bunches of flowers, offerings brought by little children on Good Friday and Satur-

day, and was stood up at the high altar at Easter as the children's Easter tribute.

I do not recall a single Easter in all my little girlhood before this one, and all the spring times of my life begin then.

I remember—and there is no special note of it in the Memory Book—that early in the cool, clear Easter morning we went with Mademoiselle Malet, the head mistress of the school, and sat very high up among the arches and arcades of that wonderful Madeleine, and looked down upon a churchful of children dressed like little brides and knights, taking their first Easter communion. A lighted procession wound in and out between the myriads of candles of the great high altar and the high arched doorway. The acolytes, with flat baskets of sacred bread, moving in and out, the music, the odor of the incense and of the flowers, and the soft, early morning light streaming through the solitary round window that lights the Madeleine! Ah, the memory of it all is like some wondrous vision that writers of poetry and fairy tales try to make clear to us. And this entry in my Memory Book under the heading of April:

April 2d—I am glad I believe in fairies. To-day is the birthday of dear Hans Christian Andersen. I have just read this in his autobiography, and I think it is very lovely.

"My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident. If, when I was a boy, and went forth into the world, poor and friendless, a good fairy had met me, and said, 'Choose now thy own course through life and the object for which thou wouldst strive, and then, according to the development of thy mind, and as reason requires, I will guide and defend thee to its attainment,' my fate could not, even then, have been directed more happily, more prudently or better. The history of my life

will say to the world, what it says to me: 'There is a loving God who directs all things for the best.'"

So you see I put down in my Memory Book not only a record of the things I did, but I sometimes put down a record of the things I read. On this same day stands this simple entry:

I am going to a Hans Christian Andersen Fairy-Tale Party to-night.

That is a happy memory indeed! What a birthday it was! I wish you could all have been there. If you have never had a Fairy-Tale Party, do have one on Andersen's birthday this April. Some older person must help with the carrying out of the plans, just as she did in the Mother Goose Party I told about in January. She should act the part of Fairy Godmother, dressed in a gray domino over a soft white dress, sitting in state, with a magic wand, on a glittering white throne made of an armchair, and covered with cotton batting sprinkled with diamond dust.

The little fairy-tale people come in one by one, or two by two, or in little bands and groups, to present themselves at the throne of the Fairy Godmother:

Jack the Giant Killer and the Snow Queen; Whittington and his cat and Cinderella; Goldilocks with a Tiny Teddy Bear under her arm; Jack and the Bean Stalk; Red Ridinghood with a basket of goodies for Grandma; Aladdin with a toy lamp; the Brave Tin Soldier, Snow White and Rose Red, Hansel and Gretel, Puss in Boots, and a great many more.

Plan as many happy good times as you can, and then put them down in your Memory Book—and that will be a Memory Book like mine, well worth keeping.

Lovingly always,

Aunt Janet.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S CORNER

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

By Mary Howitt

"AND where have you been, my Mary, And where have you been from me?"

"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low, The mid-summer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary, All up on the Caldon Low?"

"I saw the glad sunshine come down, And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary, All up on the Caldon Hill?"

"I heard the drops of the waters made, And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary, All that ever you know; For you must have seen the fairies Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother, And listen, mother of mine; A hundred fairies danced last night, And the harpers they were nine."

"And their harp strings rung so merrily To their dancing feet so small; But oh, the words of their talking Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary, That then you heard them say?" "I'll tell you all, my mother, But let me have my way."

"Some of them played with the water, And rolled it down the hill; 'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn The poor old miller's mill.'

"'Oh, the miller, how he will laugh When he sees the mill dam rise! The jolly old miller, how he will laugh, Till the tears fill both his eyes.'

"And some they seized the little winds That sounded over the hill; And each put a horn into his mouth And blew both loud and shrill."

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go, Away from every horn; And they shall clear the mildew dank From the blind old widow's corn.'

"'Oh, the poor blind widow, Though she has been blind so long, She'll be blithe when the mildew's gone, And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And some brought the brown lint seed, And flung it down from the Low; 'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise, In the weaver's croft shall grow.'

"'Oh, the poor lame weaver, How he will laugh outright, When he sees his dwindling flax field All full of flowers by night.'

"And then out spoke a brownie With a long beard on his chin; 'I have spun up all the tow,' said he, 'And I want some more to spin.'

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth, And I want to spin another; A little sheet for Mary's bed, And an apron for her mother.'

"With that I could not help but laugh, And I laughed out loud and free; And then on top of the Caldon Low There was no one left but me."

"And all on top of the Caldon Low The mists were cold and gray, And nothing I saw but the mossy stones That round about me lay."

"But coming down from the hilltop, I heard from far below How busy the jolly miller was And how the wheel did go."

"And I peeped into the widow's field, And, sure enough, were seen The yellow ears of the mildew'd corn All standing stout and green."

"And down to the weaver's croft I stole, To see if the flax were sprung, But I met the weaver at the gate With the good news on his tongue."

"Now this is all I heard, mother, And all that I did see; So, prithee, make my bed, mother, For I'm tired as I can be."



From "Treasury of Verse for Little Children," by permission of T. Y. Crowell & Company.

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Pears'

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The dainty tailored wash gowns, suits and dresses now being shown by leading stores for women and children are made of Hydegrade Galatea. Durable, stylish, well-made and very inexpensive. A wide choice of colors, stripes, checks, plaids and fancy patterns.

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For Younger Readers.

PRIZE WORK FROM OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE boys and girls whose work is published on this page are only a small number of those who have been awarded prizes in our January prize contest.

The Barn Swallows' Club

LILLY and Meg and I are firm friends, and we are the "originators, proprietors and sole members" of the select organization of Barn Swallows. We call it that because our clubhouse is the hay loft of Meg's father's stable. We have an honorary member (just the way the grown-up societies have), whom we call Aunt Janet. She is not our real aunty, but she is "the maddest, merriest playfellow in all the world." Such delightful games and plays as she suggests for us! Such good times and happy happenings!

When Lilly and Meg and I scramble up the ladder into the hay after school on Thursday afternoon Aunt Janet (though we really cannot see or hear her) is sure to be near at hand. Sometimes she writes us letters, and sends them by the birds, and we often find them in the hollow trunks of trees or in the fields among the daisies. The brook seems to sing about her, too, for Aunt Janet has opened our eyes and ears, and now we see and hear things we never noticed before. The wind is her usual messenger, but once a month she trusts her precious letter to Uncle Sam, for it is then the postman brings the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION to our house.

Then Lilly and Meg and I settle down in the hay for a good long chat with Aunt Janet. She tells us about so many interesting things, about books, and pictures, and poems, about famous men and women, about the birds, and the plants, and the fields, and the meadows.

What did you say? Oh, do you know Aunt Janet, too? What a lot of nieces and nephews she must have all over the world! Yes, isn't she jolly, and don't you just love her?

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, Age Fifteen, Massachusetts.



"Easter Morning" Hazel Doy, Age Sixteen, Wisconsin

Dolly's Expressman

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl by the name of Dolly, who was going on her first journey—not a drive in a stage coach to a neighboring village, but a real journey on the railroad that had lately been built through the town. She was to take a trunk—a trunk covered with calfskin. The morning of the journey had come and the trunk stood in the hall ready packed. The good-bys had been said over and over, for it was time to leave the house for the station, but still the little trunk stood in the hall. The expressman had forgotten all about it. And there was not a man to be seen on the street. Dolly ran from front door to back door and listened in vain for the sound of the expressman's wheels. Mother and grandmother hovered about with anxious faces. At last a tall man came in sight; he was a stranger, but he had so kindly a look that Dolly, who was standing at the gate, felt almost tempted to tell him of her trouble. There was no need, for the tear-stained face caught his notice.

"What's the matter with this little girl?" he asked.

Dolly told him of her intended visit to her Aunt Louise, and there was her trunk forgotten by the expressman, and what should she do?

"I'll tell you," said the tall man; "just give mother a good-by kiss and let me be your expressman." Picking up the trunk, the tall man loaded it on his shoulder, and taking Dolly's hand, he strode up the street to the station as fast as the little feet could keep pace. The trunk was put in the train just in time, and the tall man waved a good-by to Dolly at the window. "Mr. Lincoln" Dolly heard the people call him. It was not long before Dolly was told that her unknown friend was elected President of the United States. She is an old woman now, but looks back with pleasure to the time when with her hand in that of the great good Mr. Lincoln she trotted by his side, her trunk on his shoulder, while he helped her to dry her tears with funny speeches.

ALTA McCABE, Age Twelve, California.

Easter Eggs

EASTER eggs are everywhere Hidden in the lawn; Hurry up and find them, Or they'll all be gone.

Oh, my, what a bustle, As the children go; They are searching everywhere, Running to and fro.

Now who the most is finding, That is hard to tell When every one is rushing And tumbling pellmell.

EMILIE WAGNER, Age Thirteen, Pennsylvania.

My Dream

AT EVENING when I go to bed, And look up at the sky, I shut my tired, sleepy eyes— To go to sleep I try.

I dream I am a perfect doll, All dressed in clothes so fine; And lie there in a palace grand, With servants that are mine.

And then my grandma wakes me up, And says, "It's school time, dear; You must get up and dress yourself Or you'll be late, I fear."

EUGENE ARKUSH, Age Nine, Colorado.

An Original Mythological Jingle

A for Apollo, of music divine, B is for Bacchus, the god of the wine; C is for Cupid, who carries a bow, D is for Daphne, who lived long ago; E is for Embla, the mother of all, F is for Frey, who did make the rain fall;



"Friends From Italy" Lois Wright, Age Fourteen, Iowa

G is for Geryon, three bodies had he, H is for Hodur, who never could see; I is for Iris, who led a sad life, J is for Juno, who's Jupiter's wife; K is for Kalki, the last judge, 'tis said, L is for Loki, who from the gods fled; M is for Mars, who's as brave as can be, N is for Neptune, the god of the sea; O is for Orpheus, playing the lyre, P is for Pluto, who revels in fire; Q is for Quirinus, prayed to for peace, R is for Runic, who wrote us from Greece; S is for Saturn, the father of time, T is for Thetis, of beauty sublime; U for Ulysses, who battles desired, V is for Venus, who the gods all admired; W for Woden, the brother of Ve, X is for Xerxes, who plundered Delphi; Y is for Ymir, whose hair is the trees, Z is for Zeus, all the earth he o'ersees.

HELEN M. SNEERINGER, Age Fifteen, Pennsylvania.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 74]

My Ball

MY BALL, my little rubber ball, It ne'er deserted me at all; One day some boys took it from me, And throwing it high up in a tree, They knocked a hole right in its side, And my little rubber ball it died.

ROLAND NAIL, Age Eight, Oregon.

The Weather Vane

THE rooster-bright is a pompous bird, A jolly old fellow is he; He struts all about and is often heard, And his voice is full of glee.

But there's one old fellow who never speaks, Yet every day he doth tell What part of the earth the old wind seeks, And where he chooses to dwell.

Can you the meaning of this expound? I'll make it very plain! Away on the top of grandpa's barn This bird is the weather vane.

EDNA RUTH ADAMS, Age Fourteen, Massachusetts.



Hazel Hornsby, Age Thirteen, Texas

AUNT JANET'S APRIL PRIZE OFFERS

OUR prizes this month are for

Prose. Subject: "A Kind Deed."

Verse. Subjects: "The Stream," "Let's Pretend," "The Fourth of July."

Photographs or Drawings (pen-and-ink or color). Subjects: "The Picnic," "Waiting," "In the Swing."

For the best work under any of these heads we will give a first prize of \$5.00. For the next best, in order of merit, we will give prizes of \$1.00 each. There will also be many charming supplementary prizes of books, pictures, toys, etc., for good work of any kind sent in. Only original work will be considered.

For Girls and Boys Under Twelve Years of Age

For the best drawing of "a toy" we will give a boy's prize of a set of lead soldiers, and as a girl's prize a beautiful paper doll with several paper doll costumes, also five prizes of paper dolls for the next five in order of merit. For the best verse entitled "Grandma's Garden," Aunt Janet will give a boy's prize of a set of garden tools, and as a girl's prize a set of garden tools, also ten prizes of garden seeds for the next ten in order of merit. Aunt Janet wants every boy and girl under twelve to enter this contest.

For Boys and Girls Over Twelve

For the best colored or pen-and-ink copy of any picture Aunt Janet will give a book. For the best article telling how you made some scientific or mechanical thing, Aunt Janet will give a kodak. All work must be original. Drawings or diagrams must accompany each account. Work should be endorsed by parent or teacher. At the bottom of your article put "Mechanical" or "Scientific Contest."

Write your name, age and address plainly on all work, and send before April 30th to Aunt Janet, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Madison Square, New York City.

For Younger Readers.

EASTER DAY—MUSIC BY JOHN FRANKLIN MANSON



Moderately, but brightly.

Christ-mas meet-ings, twelfth-night greetings, Whitsun sports are glad and gay;

But the light-est and the brightest Of our feasts is Eas-ter day.

cres. cen. do. dim.

Days grow longer, sunbeams stronger, Eastertide makes all things new; Lent is banished,

cres.

sad-ness vanished, Christ is ris-en, rise we, too, Christ is ris-en, rise we, too.

GARDENING IN THE "CLUB OF CLUBS"

THE "Club of Clubs" is a big society for boys and girls which is made up of hundreds of boys' and girls' clubs, besides two very large clubs for individual members—Club No. 21, Aunt Janet's (individual) Members' Club for older boys and girls, and Club No. 5, Aunt Janet's Sunshine Band for little people. Write to Aunt Janet to-day for a club booklet (which will be sent free), telling all about the "Club of Clubs." There are no dues nor expenses.

Now is the time to spend the club-meeting hour planning for those late spring and early summer meetings which have ever been such a delight to us all. Plan to have flowers that you have grown yourselves, and a lovely bit of garden in which to meet. Fill your note books with interesting notes and stories and snapshots of the earliest spring flowers, birds, insects and the little people of the woods that come creeping out into the warm sunshine in April. No book of fairy lore is half so wonderful, so full of picture and interest, as are the woodlands and the fields, the meadowlands and the melting streams of the earliest spring.

Resolve to have a garden, no matter how small. Prepare the land thoroughly, resolve to take care of the flowers and go ahead and get all the good out of it. It will keep you busy being happy. In every country flower garden there should be the good old standby perennials—hollyhock, bleeding heart, everlasting pea, foxglove, larkspur, sweet william, forget-me-not, pinks, peonies, blue flags and dusty miller.

When you are planting your gardens, remember to put out shrubs for background

to flowers. All flowers are more effective against a background, which may be bushes, the corner of steps, the foundation of a house, a fence, a hedge or a rockery.

In the cozy back yard plant plenty of shrubs and a few bright-colored flowers, but not too many. Keep it delicate and special as to flowers and prove to your own delight and satisfaction what a long stretch of pleasure you will get from it.

I should like to feel that in every home in America there is a member of Aunt Janet's "Club of Clubs" who either has, or plans to have, a garden of hardy flowers. Let us get right down to it and plan three model gardens of hardy flowers, so that we may be very definite and know pretty well just what to do.

Hardy Garden No. 1

Remember that most annuals are very delicate and require a great deal of care, but hardy plants take care of themselves pretty well. If you will plant flowers in the right kind of earth and keep the weeds away (weeds are very strong and take the nourishment from the soil), you will be surprised at the apparent joy the flowers will take in growing for you and blooming the very best that they know how. Spade up the earth, and with good stable manure make it rich and loose to the depth of a foot at least. Plant in groups, not in rows, at the back of the garden, last year's seedlings of double hollyhocks, then put some rudbeckia (golden glow) in the fence corner near by, and plant some phlox and peonies and bleeding heart eighteen inches or two feet in front, and surround it all with a semicircular bed of lily-of-the-valley and wild violets. Keep some such simple garden as this watered and weeded, and next year I am sure you will be eager

enough to add more flowers and make your garden larger.

Hardy Garden No. 2

Golden glow requires no special care. Plant it along the side of a barn or out-buildings. Its masses of rich yellow bloom will seem like a burst of sunshine in the garden until late in the autumn. Chrysanthemums—there are varieties hardy enough to withstand a northern winter, and if they are clipped and cut, replanted from time to time, and cared for ever so little, never tire of blooming. And phlox; all things considered, hardy phlox is perhaps the most grateful for a chance to bloom at all in your garden. For two whole months it will make the place gay with its bright bunches of blossom. Other hardy perennials that live from year to year are sweet william, dusty miller, forget-me-not, valerian and hardy varieties of roses.

It is some such series of strong, hardy flowers as this that will make the bit of ground that you shall call your garden, and the days that you watched over it, very dear to you.

Hardy Garden No. 3

A very effective and satisfactory garden may be grown along the line where your lot joins the neighbor's lot. And perhaps you can persuade the boys and girls next door to have such a garden on their side of the fence. You could work it out together then, and have a really beautiful and satisfactory long garden. Delphiniums bloom abundantly. The blue and white varieties are hardiest. Be sure to plant some iris bulbs. Few hardy flowers are more satisfactory than the iris. Columbine

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 74]



The Best Dressed Children are Outfitted from "Best's."

This is true, not only in New York but in cities and towns throughout the United States. There is distinction, charm and definite individuality in the cut, fit and style of our children's wear, which make it pleasingly effective. We are specialists in junior apparel, exclusively.

Let us mail you a copy of our Catalogue of Spring Fashions

for Boys, Girls and Infants, showing our original and striking designs in Spring Suits, Dresses, Wraps, Millinery, Hosiery, Shoes and Furnishings. This booklet is profusely illustrated, with complete descriptions which enable you to make an appropriate selection of all requirements, from the printed page. Prices always the lowest for reliable qualities. Copy mailed upon request.

Out-of-Town Service

Our Mail Order Department places the superior facilities of this Children's Outfitting Establishment at the immediate command of distant patrons. Personal attention to every order. Our guarantee of satisfaction is made a part of every transaction and allows the return of any purchase that may disappoint, for prompt exchange or refund of money.

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Combination Suits

For Live, \$5.00 One Coat
Active Boys Two Pair Pants

If that boy of yours is every inch a boy, he is hard on clothes, he wouldn't be a natural if he wasn't. He does the thousand and one things that burst seams, tear holes and rip off buttons from ordinary clothes.

By clothing your boy in a "Wearbetter" all-wool Combination Suit he can do all these things, and come home without a ripped seam or a lost button. We have headed him off by double sewing and taping every seam, riveting every button and providing double seat and knees in the plain pair of trousers. Their real value is \$7.50.

Two pairs of pants with every "Wearbetter" Combination Suit—one knickerbocker, one plain. He can play to his heart's content and you need not worry, for there is always a clean, fresh pair when he comes in to "clean up."

Every suit guaranteed not to rip, shrink or stretch, and to wear the full period.

Send for new Style Book. It illustrates the quality and style of our line of boys' and young men's suits. If your dealer does not keep "Wearbetter" clothes, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

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lies in the elastic-mesh jersey gusset over each hip and a strong elastic waist band. These insure an absolutely smooth and comfortable fit. The placket fastens securely and smoothly with flat glove clasps. KLOSFIT Petticoats are made in all the petticoat fabrics and are ON SALE EVERYWHERE, at all prices—from \$2 up.

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produces (with entire comfort to the wearer) the long hip and waist lines which present styles demand.

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FOR THE GIRL WHO EARNS HER OWN LIVING THE BUSINESS GIRL'S CLOTHES

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON



WHO work down town have precisely the same tastes in frocks and the same love of pretty things that our stay-at-home sisters have. But, alas, with all our earning capacity we are not always able to indulge these tastes. This is largely because the stay-at-home sisters do not wear out their clothes so fast. They have time to set the stitch in time which soon runs into nine or ninety for the business girl, and they have hours to put into the making of frocks and frills where the self-supporting girl has only her minutes.

And right here you have the business girl's dress problem. "What sort of clothes wear the longest and need the least renewing? How can I add to their life and good looks by giving them the right sort of care? And what sort of dressmaking can be accomplished in the short time which the self-supporting girl has before and after business hours?"

Many girls working for five or six dollars a week have solved the problem of lodging and board by living with parents and relatives at cost or by availing themselves of the low rates offered at "Homes" for working girls. Economy in laundry they had reduced to a science. But when it comes to clothes, they feel helpless, sometimes hopeless.

"How to make a good appearance on fifty cents a week—that is my problem," replied one girl. "Provided I have no illness, meet with no accident, I will have fifty cents a week to put into clothes."

"I've worn this one skirt for six months," was another girl's comment. "I thought I'd get another next week, but my shoes are giving out, and I'll have to get a new pair. These are past mending."

On the other hand, these poorly paid girls have made such excellent discoveries while trying to solve the clothes problem that I want to pass them on to other self-supporting readers of the COMPANION.

The Business Suit Gets Hard Wear

The business girl as a rule wears her business suit full ten hours a day. The exception is the factory worker, who changes to a uniform or a wash dress when she reaches her place of work. The girl behind the counter or desk and many, many factory workers also wear what passes for street and business suit from seven in the morning until seven at night. The stay-at-home girl keeps her street suit for street wear only. In the mornings at home she wears wrappers, one or two piece house dresses, old skirts and shirt waists. Consequently her inexpensive tailored suit will last an entire season, or perhaps even two. Not so with the girl who goes to work. Her tailored suit is not relieved by any other raiment during the day. She not only faces all sorts of weather in it, but she wears it while doing all sorts of work connected with the earning of her salary.

This brings us to the first third of the business girl's problem: "What sort of clothes wear the longest and need the least renewing?"

And right here fits the testimony of a young woman who now has her tailored suits made to order, but who started in a dry-goods store at five dollars a week.

"I saw at the very beginning of my business career that my advancement would depend partly on my appearance. I began to figure as seriously on my clothes as I did on my sales. Four dollars of my salary had to go to mother, and that left one dollar a week for clothes—fifty-two dollars a year, provided I did not receive a raise during the first year. Right then and there I decided that all thought of Sunday or party dresses must be put aside. Every dollar must go for a good appearance at the store. I had started in August, so that I had several months in which to purchase my winter wardrobe.

"We all had to wear black and white in the store, so mother and I ripped up a dark blue mohair plaited skirt and plain box coat, dyed them black and made them over. This would last me until fall with such white shirt waists as I had at hand.

Taking Advantage of Special Sales

"Then I began to watch sales in our own store. We sales-girls were permitted to shop between eight-fifteen and nine, so we got the pick of the bargains. My first investment was a pair of very handsome walking shoes that had been made to order and had a tiny defect, so that a rich charge customer refused to take them. I got a pair of eight-dollar boots at two dollars and fifty cents. A quarter more to the repairer in the shoe department covered the small defect. Those shoes were of the best leather and outwore many new heels and soles, and always fitted well, giving my foot a neat appearance.

"The next investment was a good raincoat in Oxford gray. I had not enough money to buy this, but mother waited two weeks for board and helped me out, because the sale was too good to miss. I paid eleven dollars for it and used it three years. By November, when it turned cold and I could not wear my mohair suit any longer, I had bought an Oxford-gray skirt in heavy, stout cloth which was so nearly black that I could wear it in the store. It did not catch the dust nor show spots like plain black cloth would, and it lasted me two winters. Once a week mother or I gave it a good cleaning and pressing and kept the band and the braid fresh. With this I wore black veiling waists that could be washed at home, a plain black grosgrain ribbon belt with a black buckle, and white neckwear, most of which we made at home.

"I could not afford a coat that winter, but mother made me a hug-me-tight of dark gray eiderdown flannel bound with matching ribbon, and I wore that during cold weather under my raincoat. I also swallowed my pride and wore black wool gloves (knit), which were less expensive than kid and kept my hands warm when I had no muff. My hat was dark gray felt of good quality, trimmed with matching ribbons and no feathers, just a buckle.

"Along about January they began to have sales of wash fabrics, things left over from the summer before. At these sales I picked up some splendid bargains in gingham, percales and chambrays. At six and eight cents a yard I got several black and white shirt-waist suits, which we made at home, and also material for some pretty shirt waists to wear with the mohair skirt.

Fifty Dollars a Year for Clothes

"During that first hard year I learned the importance of having the best materials my purse could buy for store wear. I learned that mixed goods outwear plain fabrics, that the girl who

has no home or mother must figure on laundry work before buying wash shirt waists and summer dresses, also that ready-made clothes are a luxury, not an economy. That year I spent less than the fifty-two-dollar allowance for clothes."

Scores of girls who have read that experience testify to the wisdom of the girl's choice of raiment. Said one girl whose appearance is a credit to her management of a small salary:

"The girl on small salary must wear gauze underwear, chambray or mohair petticoats, and shirt waists that require no starching. The latter may be veiling or flannel in winter, and pongee or other easily washed silk in summer. Starching and ironing wear out even high-priced tailored waists made to order.

"If a girl can make arrangements to do her own laundry, all the better. If she does not have to starch her clothes, she can do this in her own room, provided she makes an agreement to this effect with her landlady. Gauze underwear, stockings and wash-flannel garments require no ironing. They should be shaken often in the process of drying, and smoothed before being laid away. That leaves only handkerchiefs, neckwear and the veiling or silk blouse to iron. The neckwear can be starched with patent starch that does not require boiling. The girl who learns to do this work for herself will have twice as much money to spend on clothes as the girl who has her washing done."

The Materials That Wear Best

Talking about fabrics, another girl said:

"I have to count every penny, so I have just two suits a year—a cheviot for winter and a brilliantine for summer. A good cheviot lasts me two seasons. I have the skirt made plain, with a good flare three inches from the ground, and the coat semi-fitted, with long sleeves. The coat length is generally uniform, coming just where the tips of my fingers come with the arm dropped. Broadcloth spots too quickly. Serge, I think, catches dust more easily than cheviot. Cashmere or Henrietta is not stout enough for office or store usage.

"For shirt waists I use nun's veiling in winter, and China silk in summer, made with simple tucks or plaits, hemstitched linen bands for throat and wrists, and an occasional lace or net bow at the neck. Both the nun's veiling and China silk in black will wash well if you do not change the temperature of suds and rinsing water, keeping them tepid. Never rub soap on veiling or silk. Make your suds first, and iron before the waist dries."

A girl who has never learned to make her own clothes says this:

"I have to buy nearly everything ready made, but I put on the finishing touches with my own needle, and I find this prolongs the life of the garment. I have a deep-rooted fondness for cambric underwear, but I buy this ready made, finished with tucked ruffling. It comes in a better quality of cambric and lawn in the plain finish than when lace trimmed. Then I watch sales in lace, pick up German Valenciennes and Torchon by the bolt and trim the ready-made garments with insertion and edging.

"When I buy a factory-made skirt I go over it carefully, fastening all hooks and eyes, making sure that the seams are bound or whipped, and finally putting a braid on the skirt. I never use safety pins on the bands, for this in time wears out both the band and the material in the upper part of the skirt. Cheap lawn shirt waists I go over very carefully, sewing on buttons, reworking buttonholes, whipping all the lace insets firmly to the cloth by hand, and whipping all seams that look as if they might pull out."

Make Your Own Tailored Suits

A stenographer contributes this experience:

"My chum and I had become very much discouraged with cheap tailored suits. So often they were not cut properly, and they sagged and puckered at the seams when they got wet. We watched sales until we picked up some good serge at sixty-nine cents a yard. We got ten yards together—six dollars and ninety cents—from which we could make our two suits. Then we bought a reliable pattern for a plain suit, gored skirt and semi-fitted coat. We bought some four-cent paper muslin and experimented with the pattern until it fitted. Then we boldly cut into our goods.

"We made our own skirts and had splendid success. The coats we cut, fitted and seamed, then sent them to a tailor to be finished and canvased. He charged us two dollars for the work on the two coats. We provided our own lining, five yards of farmer's satin at one dollar a yard, less our ten per cent discount at the store, which brought it down to four dollars and fifty cents in all. We picked up splendid-looking large bone buttons at the notion sale for fifty cents a card of twelve—six for each coat—and went without the smaller buttons on sleeves and back of the coat. Including patterns, braid for finishing skirts, tailoring and findings, our two suits cost us a trifle over seven dollars and fifty cents each, and we are now wearing them, as I said, into the second season. But we worked evenings and sometimes early in the morning. We sponged and pressed our own cloth, and we did not cut into the cloth until we knew how to use the pattern in the cheap paper muslin.

"The trouble is that girls want to get things ready made and not give time and energy to their making. In most of the homes for working girls, laundry work is permitted and sewing machines are provided for the free use of the boarders. And in the average private family or boarding place a girl can secure these privileges if she goes at it in a pleasant way or is willing to pay a little for the use of tubs or machine."

This hint should be especially useful to the COMPANION self-supporting girl, because Miss Gould shows so many fetching pictures of tailored suits and neat shirt waists which can be made from patterns.

A Sewing Club That Helped

A cash girl at one of the big stores in New York contributes this experience:

"I never learned to sew except the little that was taught me in the grammar school. A year after I went to work my mother died and my aunt had so many children that she had no time to sew for me. My clothes were in awful shape, slipping out from under my belts, and I guess I looked pretty untidy. One of the girls in the store asked me why I didn't fix up, and I told her I didn't know how. Then she asked me if I did not want to join the girls' club in her church and learn how to sew.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 60]

THE EXCHANGE

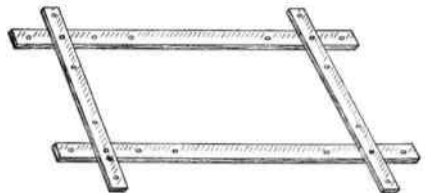
USEFUL IDEAS CONTRIBUTED BY OUR READERS

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Exchange offers to the readers of Woman's Home Companion help in every housekeeping problem, in the helpful items from our friends all over the country. It answers cheerfully and promptly all reasonable questions asked. It contains the Letter-Box feature, in which questions asked and questions answered are published from time to time. It acts as forwarding agent to those of our readers who wish to communicate with each other, keeping addresses and forwarding communications promptly from the central office. It offers the following prizes each month:

\$5.00 for the best item of general interest and helpfulness; \$3.00 for the second best item. \$5.00 for the best description of a home-made household convenience or labor-saving device, accompanied by a rough sketch; \$3.00 for the second best.

All other contributions published are paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each. This month's competition closes April 20th. Contributions must be written in ink on one side of the paper, and must contain not more than three hundred words (preferably less). It is suggested that contributors retain copies of their manuscripts, as no contributions will be returned. Address "THE EXCHANGE," care of Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

Home-Made Curtain Stretchers
This is an idea one woman carried out to advantage and at trifling expense. Four strips of dressed lumber—two strips twelve feet long and two strips six feet long—seven eighths of an inch by two inches



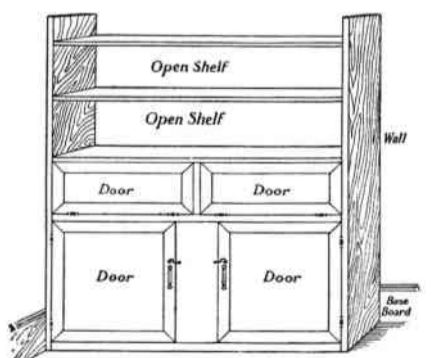
were used. Holes were bored in these about one foot apart, to take iron bolts, so that the strips might be adjusted to fit any size curtain. Along one side of each strip, about two inches apart, were driven headless brass nails part way in, to hold the curtains while drying. The strips were screwed together and stood in the closet when not in use. The whole cost was less than twenty-five cents and the stretchers saved many times that amount in money and backache. *Mrs. H. L. A., Alabama.*

Time-Saving Hints in Dressing
Do not sew in your dress shields each time, but sew a little loop of tape on each side of the armholes of your waist, both back and front; then tack a four-inch length of narrow linen tape to your shields. It is a simple problem to run the ends of the tape through the loop, and tie. In this way the shields can be transferred from one waist to another in a twinkling, or taken out to dry when the waist is put away in the trunk. *Miss R. D., Virginia.*

To Dampen Clothes Evenly
One contributor said "it is the littles that help." This little item may help others as much as it has helped me. Clothes sprinkled for ironing will be more evenly damp, will not dry out and will be less in the way if when sprinkled they are packed into a wash tub in which a large clean cloth has been spread. This cloth or another may be placed over the top of the clothes and sprinkled. It is so much better than folding the clothes in one of the sheets. *A. G. C., Texas.*

A Method of Roasting Coffee
In modern homes, to roast one's coffee in the bean is a task that housekeeper and cook avoid because of added time and trouble, but one woman has effected a compromise with good results. She places the coffee beans in a small tin pan with a bit of butter not larger than a pea, then heats them on the gas range, over a very slow flame, shaking the tin constantly, and when they are smoking hot and fragrant she grinds them quickly and proceeds immediately with her coffee making. *H. S., New York.*

Space-Saving Cupboard
For a good cheap kitchen cupboard this design was carried out at a total cost of one dollar and eighty cents. We have a small kitchen and require every inch of available space, hence the necessity of having something that could be built up against the wall in some corner, taking up a space of only about ten inches by three and one half feet. In this case there were already two common shelves up, fast-



ened to the wall about five feet from the floor and draped with curtains. The cupboard was built directly beneath them, the curtains coming down and covering the two top shelves of the cupboard. If a little care is taken in the work, you will have a slightly piece of furniture that has the appearance of solidity and of being built with the house. The bottom compartments are large and give a good space for the unsightly utensils, such as frying and dish pans, coal-oil and gasoline cans, etc., which are always hard to find a suitable place for. *E. V. H., Illinois.*

New Way of Hiding a Trunk
Many girls away from home use their trunks as window seats, but when they need anything from them they find it rather inconvenient to have to remove the cover and pillows. I think I have found a better way to dispose of the trunk. I had a shelf as large as the top of a dressing table fastened to the wall just high enough to admit my trunk being placed beneath it with the lid raised. I hung pretty curtains around the shelf, and have a very attractive dressing table as well as a hidden trunk. *C. S., Wyoming.*

To Make Cloth Water-Proof
Take eight ounces of sugar of lead, eight ounces of powdered alum and two and one half gallons of lukewarm water. Mix in a tub, and let stand for twenty-four hours. Stir thoroughly when first mixed and occasionally for the first hour, to dissolve the ingredients. Take the garment (overcoat, suit or dress, anything of woolen or cotton material), brush thoroughly, and let soak for twenty-four hours. Take out, let drip until almost dry (don't wring), hang in the air until dry, then press as usual. Water will fall off as from the proverbial "duck's back." I have used a suit treated in this way, on hunting trips and in a driving rain, and came home dry. It does not destroy or interfere with the ventilation or injure the fabric in the slightest degree. The quantities as given here cost about twenty cents, and will successfully water-proof an overcoat and suit, or in proportion. *J. C. S., California.*

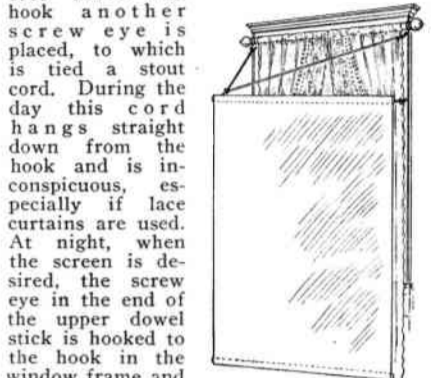
Chain-Stitch Uses
to secure sufficient elasticity in seams, infants' wear should be made with the chain stitch. This makes the little garments far more comfortable, because the chain stitch will stretch where the lock stitch would bind and break. The chain stitch is better, also, for making the clothes of growing children; it is a slow, tedious task to open seams made with the lock stitch, but with the chain stitch the seams can be opened quickly and easily, the required amount let out, and the seams closed again. There is absolutely no danger of the seams raveling out, as many women suppose, if the few last stitches are locked—and that is a very simple matter.

In sewing on lace, or material cut on the bias, the chain stitch is especially satisfactory, as it gives the necessary stretch. By using various colors of thread or silk a very effective trimming may be made, resembling a Roman border. Chain stitching is excellent for basting, for putting on ruffles and for fancy mending. The chain stitch cannot be done by hand, but attachments with which to make chain stitching can be secured to use with almost any kind of machine. It is a good plan to have a machine that will produce both the regular lock stitch and the chain stitch as well. *Miss E. M. S., Ohio.*

An Artistic Cuff Protector
In my china closet I keep a pile of gay paper napkins, all folded once diagonally, and two little silver cuff pins. When I concoct a chafing-dish supper I fold one of these napkins about either cuff and pin them in place. They are so soft and pliable they stay put beautifully; moreover, they are very decorative and can be thrown away each time. *Mrs. R. S., Connecticut.*

Fresh Air Without Drafts
In many bedrooms the windows are so situated that it is impossible to ventilate the room without exposing the sleepers to a direct draft. The screen here illustrated is a simple means of overcoming this. It consists of a common window curtain hemmed at each end, a dowel stick being run through each hem. In the end of the top stick a screw eye is inserted, and a hook is screwed into the upper side of the stick near the outer end. A hook is also screwed into the window frame about six or seven feet from the floor. About a foot above this hook another screw eye is placed, to which is tied a stout cord. During the day this cord hangs straight down from the hook and is inconspicuous, especially if lace curtains are used. At night, when the screen is desired, the screw eye in the end of the upper dowel stick is hooked to the hook in the window frame and the free end of the string is caught in the hook placed near the outer end of the dowel stick. If there is an especially strong draft, another string can be run from the opposite side of the window frame to the hook near the end of the stick from which the screen hangs. During the daytime the screen is rolled up and stood in an out-of-sight corner, the two strings hanging down at the sides of the window and being hardly noticeable. This screen is especially useful where there is a baby, as it allows thorough ventilation without a direct draft. *L. C. W., Pennsylvania.*

For a Boston fern or any plant with overhanging leaves nothing can be prettier than a piano lamp with the "lamp" taken out. The leaves are left free in this way, and do not wither or turn brown from touching a stand, as is the case in ordinary jardinières. So many people now using gas and electricity have these piano lamps, and don't know what to do with them, that I hope some will be glad of this suggestion. *Mrs. H. E. M., Connecticut.*

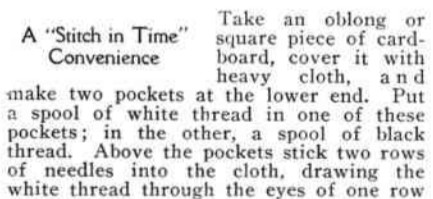


To Clean Wicker Furniture
Instead of using soap and water, which will often turn wicker furniture yellow, try a solution of salt and water. It makes the wicker like new. *E. C., Nevada.*

A "Switch in Time" Convenience
Take an oblong or square piece of cardboard, cover it with heavy cloth, and make two pockets at the lower end. Put a spool of white thread in one of these pockets; in the other, a spool of black thread. Above the pockets stick two rows of needles into the cloth, drawing the white thread through the eyes of one row

of needles and the black through the eyes of the other row. Then, when in a hurry, the needle at the end of the row is used, drawing the thread through the others to the desired length. The next time the next needle is used, again drawing the thread through the eyes of the remaining needles, and so on to the end of the row. In a few spare moments the needles can be threaded again. *Miss L. M. V., California.*

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 42]



How to Be Sure of Durable Enamel Ware

To be certain of durability when buying enamel ware, choose CORONA Enamel Ware. Each piece is stamped from exceptionally heavy steel and then covered with an unusually thick coating of the best opaque glass enamel that will not break or wear off and that will resist fire, rust, and acid stains. Even cranberries will not stain the inside white enamel lining. Made in many bright and durable colors, the standard being CORONA BLUE.

CORONA ENAMEL WARE

includes the only decorated enamel ware ever made. Decorative designs by one of the country's foremost designers. Colors are burnt in so that they cannot fade, wash or wear out.

The CORONA ROASTER shown below is the only roaster made in one piece with a hot air jacket. A sootily seamless. Impossible to burn a roast in it. Easily cleaned. Also enameled churns and numerous other enameled household articles. If not at your dealer's, write for free illustrated booklet to aid in selection.

THE ENTERPRISE ENAMEL COMPANY, Bellaire, Ohio.

CORONA ROASTER, No Seams or Folds, No Dried-up or Burnt Roasts.

My Booklet on Refrigerators

Is Invaluable to Housekeepers

NO matter what make of refrigerator you are using, it tells you many important things about how to save ice, keep food sweet a long time, etc.

I have been making refrigerators 40 years and know the good and bad points about every kind of ice box. The culmination of this life study is the

Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

Genuine porcelain lined, fused on sheet steel at a heat of 2500 degrees—not simply baked like bread. Look for the Trade Mark, it is your safeguard.

This is a perfect refrigerator, cleanable by simply wiping with a damp cloth; saves half your ice bill; woodwork proof against injury by water; twelve insulated walls; airtight doors. A better refrigerator for all practical purposes cannot be built at any price. This style shown above \$33, freight paid as far as the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. Size 33x21x46 polished oak, quarter-sawn panels. Ask also for free sample of porcelain lining and catalog showing 30 styles. For sale by dealers or shipped direct from factory.

C. H. LEONARD, Pres. Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co. Grand Rapids, Mich. 128 Clyde Park Avenue

Look for the TRADE MARK

TWELVE WALLS (1/4 actual size)

Buy From the Mills and Save Dealer's Profits

Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

Send for our Free money-saving Carpet Catalog handsomely illustrated, showing latest styles and beautiful designs in their actual colors. Save your dealer's profits. You can buy Rugs, Linoleums, Blankets, Linens, Curtains, etc., from the mill through us and save one-half the money these articles usually cost. We make no charge for sewing, cutting and matching carpets. We save you big money and pay freight. Send for free Carpet Catalogue—it will pay you.

B.O. Russell Carpet Co., 209 State St., Chicago

Don't Throw it Away

Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE MENDETS

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; two million in use. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Box 404, Amsterdam, N. Y.

A Revelation to the Housewife!



Steinfeld

FOOD CHOPPER

is as far superior to the old-style chopper as the automobile is to the ox-cart.
 No Knives to Adjust
 No Knives to Sharpen
 No Knives to Lose
 Its one adjustable cutter may be instantly changed, by a press of the finger, to cut Coarse, Medium, Fine or Extra Fine. It cuts cleanly—does not mash or crush—
MEATS, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, NUTS
 Grates coconut and horseradish. Grinds coffee.
 So Easy to Operate—Almost without effort.
 So Easy to Clean—Simply run warm water through it.
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 Price \$1.50. Your dealer can supply you. If not, write us.
FREE—The Steinfeld Cook Book—FREE
 100 choice Recipes. Write our Dept. W for a copy.
STEINFELD BROS., 620 Broadway, New York

For Better Starching



A teaspoonful of melted paraffine in hot starch gives a much better finish to linens than starch alone.

Paraffine is wonderfully handy to have about the house—useful somewhere, somehow, from Monday to Saturday.

Pure Refined PARAFFINE

is an admirable finish for uncarpeted floors. A little added to hot wash water loosens dirt from soiled clothes.

Nothing seals a fruit jar or jelly glass so sure as dipping the cap or cover, after closing, into hot Paraffine.

Ask for our anti-stick Paraffine Paper Pad for ironing day. It keeps the sad-irons smooth.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

To Make All Kinds of Cleaning Easier

For scrubbing, dish-washing, washing faces, blankets—everything—just add to the water a little

CCParsons' Household Ammonia
[Introduced 1876]

which is four times more effective than ordinary ammonia, and is harmless to hands, fabrics and furniture.

At grocers and dealers, in Pint, Quart and Half-Gallon bottles.
Write for interesting book, telling how to cut all cleaning work in half.

COLUMBIA CHEMICAL WORKS
47 Sedgwick Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Samples Free White Goods Linens and Rep Cloth
 Send us your address and we will mail you Relyea Samples of White Waists, Lawns, Long Cloth, Dimities, Linens, Lingerie Chiffon and Colored Rep Cloth Suitings. We prepay express on all orders in U. S. and refund your money if goods are not satisfactory. **RELYEA & CO., 84 Chambers St., N. Y.**

THE EXCHANGE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

New Way to Stretch Curtains

To launder curtains without placing on stretchers, take the top and bottom of the curtain and pin together just over the clothes line; then slip a pole through the center of the curtain, and this will stretch all evenly. *Mrs. G. E. McC., Ohio.*

A Sewing-Machine Hint

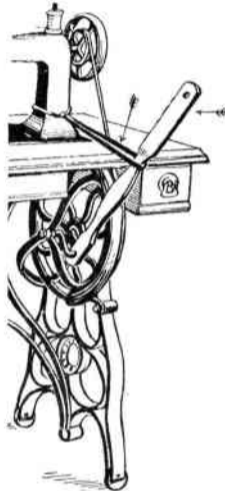
Many women do not use the smallest hemmer on their sewing machines because they cannot get a nice start. Just nip the corner a little, and start your hem from that cut corner. It with then start all right. *Mrs. A. R. K., New Jersey.*

For the Home Dress-maker

When marking perforations of a paper pattern on any dark goods use a piece of common white soap. It does not soil the goods and rubs off easily when it is no longer needed. *M. W. M., Michigan.*

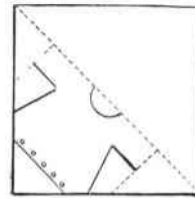
Sewing Machine Run by Hand

The woman whose health will not permit her to run a sewing machine in the glad to know that by without injury to her usual way may be a little practise and machine she may soon learn to do almost any kind of stitching by running her machine by hand. The details of fixing the machine will vary with the different makes, but these general directions will make it a simple operation for any one to perform. Disconnect the treadle from the connecting rod that turns the wheel; bring the lower end of this rod to the front, and turning upward, fasten it by a tape at a convenient height to be reached with the right hand while seated at the machine. The wheel may now be easily turned by pushing the rod backward and forward. The sewing is guided by the left hand, and one may soon become skilful enough to do a great amount of sewing. *H. M., California.*



Baby's "Toddlers"

Here is a diagram of my baby's one-piece "toddlers," the greatest time and I have ever found.



labor saving device A thirty-six-inch square of chambray is folded diagonally, and the three points cut off as shown. A circle is cut large enough for the head to slip through. Buttons and buttonholes fasten the between-legs portions, and cuffs can be used on the sleeves. *Mrs. V. D., South Carolina.*

A Bit of Philosophy

As a busy house-keeper, with very little time for reading, I have adopted the following plan, which I find so helpful that I gladly pass it on. In one corner of my kitchen, near a window, I have placed a small stand, on which I keep a copy of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and of any other good magazine I may happen to have; near this is my kitchen rocker, so that whenever I have to wait a minute for the kettle to boil, the men to come to dinner, etc., I may just drop down and read. In this way I've been able to enjoy the columns of "The Exchange" and many other bits of useful knowledge which otherwise I might never have found time for. Then, again, when I am overworked and tired, and everything has gone wrong, I find it a good plan to drop everything, throw myself in my chair, and taking up my magazine, forget all my troubles for the next fifteen or twenty minutes in some interesting article or bright bit of fiction. This so rests and refreshes both mind and body that I can return to my duties with renewed vigor, which more than makes up for the time lost. And all the while I have been near enough to my work, so that the kettle could not have boiled over, or the dinner burned, without attracting

Suggestion for Roasting Fowl

A fowl should always be placed upon its knees, instead of upon its back; then the juices will naturally fall, making the white meat, which is apt to be dry, juicy and delectable. Fifteen minutes before serving, turn the fowl upon its back, to brown the breast. *Mrs. T. E. L., Connecticut.*

Another Mayonnaise Hint

In making mayonnaise and cutting the cork of the oil bottle, as a contributor has written, sit close to a table with the bowl in your lap, lay the oil bottle down on the table, with the slit side of the cork down, then the oil will drip into the bowl and you have the use of both hands. *F. E. L., Texas.*

Cheap Substitute for Flour

Convinced of the truth of the old saying that "a woman can throw away with a spoon what a man can bring in with a shovel," I am constantly making experiments in domestic economy, and have recently found a new way of using up the dry bread which will always accumulate in every household. First dry the bread thoroughly in the oven, then toast a rich dark brown, then put through the food chopper, using the attachment which grinds, rather than chops. This will produce a sort of coarse meal, which can be made into bread, using a part of the sponge which has been prepared for white bread, if so desired. Be careful to not get too stiff, as the toasted meal takes up the moisture much faster than white flour. This is excellent when more sugar and a cupful of raisins are added. It is also good made into biscuits, using equal parts of the meal and flour. *Mrs. C. S. S., Missouri.*

To Clean Leather Satchels

The satchel that I saw cleaned was of brown leather, perfectly whole, but so worn and soiled that no one would carry it. It was first washed with soap and water, then a coat of sweet oil was put on, and allowed to dry into the leather. When thoroughly dry, four or five coats of good brown liquid shoe dressing were applied with a paint brush, each coat being dried before the next was applied, after which a thin coat of white shellac was applied with the same brush after being washed. When finished, the satchel looked as bright and clean as when new. A black satchel could be cleaned in the same way, except that black dressing should be used. The dressing must be the liquid dressing that is used for ladies' and children's shoes, not the paste. *E. C. B., New York.*



two pieces of inch board and fasten them together in the form of an inverted "T." Have the upright piece just as long as the ironing board is wide, the inverted "T" to be just as high as the distance between the iron band and the table, less the thickness of the ironing board. Place the inverted "T" on the table, lay the ironing board on it, slip the end under the iron band, and you will have a board that will never slip and that will be a joy forever. The end of the ironing board, being free and clear from everything, facilitates the drawing on and off of dresses and skirts. The board and "T" piece are easily put away, and while the band may excite comment among your neighbors, it is not unsightly, and they'll all have one as soon as they can get it. *Mrs. M. S. S., Maine.*

[SEE EXCHANGE LETTER-BOX ON PAGE 77]

Cook On Any Table

BURNS DENATURED ALCOHOL

That's exactly what you can do with the Manning-Bowman Alcohol Gas Stove. Has no end of cooking uses. Ready any time of day or night. Can be carried anywhere. The

Manning-Bowman

(Denatured) Alcohol Gas Stove

is not merely for cooking small dishes; you can cook a dinner on it. Makes its own gas from denatured alcohol. Quick, clean, simple, handy.

Costs a little over one cent an hour to operate. Made with single or double burners. Real Manning-Bowman Quality through and through—the very best. Many utensils to match, from Cutlet Dish to Coffee Percolator, singly or complete with the stove.

Dealers everywhere. Write for descriptive booklet "DD-6" IN USE WITH CHAFING DISH

MANNING-BOWMAN & CO.
MERIDEN, CONN.
Makers of "Eclipse" Bread Mixers and "Meteor" Coffee Percolators.



IF you want to sit up in bed for any reason:
 To read; Convalescence;
 To eat; To breathe;
 Asthma and hay fever sufferers note: Here's a simple contrivance that raises the head and shoulders with the mattress at any angle.
 A child can operate it; goes on any bed, out of sight; strong, durable, inexpensive. Send for a booklet, and full explanation.
Levinger Mfg. Co.
 Room 542, 278 Dearborn St., Chicago.

I lessen the kitchen work by making it easy to care for the lamps.

I make lamp-chimneys that fit, that compel proper combustion—good light—without smoke or smudge or smell. MACBETH lamp-chimneys are made of glass that won't break from heat. My name is on every one.

My guide, sent free, shows which is the right chimney for each of your lamps.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for \$3.50
 Announcements, etc., engraved and printed. Latest styles, best quality, sent prepaid anywhere. Visiting Cards 100 50c; with case 75c. Write for samples. **THE ESTABROOK PRESS, 181 A Tremont St., Boston, Mass.**



Brightener

Keeps Floors Bright and Clean All the Time

Just apply a cloth moistened with a little "Brightener"—no more work than dusting. It cleans the floor and brightens the finish. If you do this once in two or three weeks it keeps your floors like new all the time. A quart (for 75c) will last the average home six months. If you have never used "Brightener"

Send for Free Sample

And try it. You will be glad to know of it. "Brightener" is the only preparation that will successfully clean and polish a waxed floor without removing the wax, or a varnished floor without injuring the finish. As a matter of fact, it makes wax or varnish last twice as long. Never use water or oil preparations—they ruin the finish. Study how to make your floors beautiful and you will discover that the appearance of the floor determines largely the aesthetic effect of the room.

Write for our free book

"Beautiful Floors, Their Finish and Care"

It is a book for study and reference and contains expert advice in plain terms on such subjects as Care of Waxed Floors, Woods Fit for Flooring, Cleaning and Polishing Hardwood Floors, Finishing New Floors, Finishing Old Floors, Stopping Cracks in Floors, Finishing Kitchen, Partry, Bath Room Floors, Finishing Dance Floors, Finishing Furniture and Interior Woodwork, Removing Varnish, Shellac and Paint.

Please mention your paint dealer's name when you write for the free sample of "Brightener" and the book. If he doesn't get "Brightener" when you want it you may order it from us (after you try the sample)—40c pint; 75c quart; \$2.50 gal. A. S. BOYLE & CO., 1903 West 8th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Manufacturers of "The Wax with a Guarantee" Old English Floor Wax. World Renowned for Its "Quality"

Floor Polish

OF QUALITY

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THE BARE FLOOR

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR FINISHING NEW FLOORS AND RENOVATING SHABBY ONES

BY LUCY ABBOT THROOP



WHEN one moves cheerfully and hopefully into a house which some one else has probably just moved cheerfully out of, it is a disheartening experience to find the floors spotted and stained, cracks between the boards, and in the kitchen, where the hardest wear has been, a sad tendency to splinter. Yet one need not be discouraged, for with proper treatment these same shabby floors can be made beautiful, sanitary and lasting.

Bare floors are more healthful and better in every way than carpeted ones. A carpet is difficult to keep clean, no matter how hard it is swept, for the dust catches in the edges and sinks in, and the constant sweeping makes the dusting twice as hard. It is robbing Peter to pay Paul. First the carpet is swept, and what does not go into the dust pan sails gaily away to alight on all the cornices and moldings, and then what escapes the dusting cloth sinks back into the carpet. Straw matting is easier to keep tidy on the surface, but when it is taken up even the easiest-going housekeeper has a shudder of horror to see how much dirt has sifted through. With bare floors the whole problem is simpler. The rugs can be rolled up and taken outdoors to be shaken, leaving all the dust and dirt in the open, the dust can be carefully wiped up from the floor, and the moldings need only the normal amount of attention.

In the market there are a great many different preparations for floors—stains, paints, varnish, wax, etc.—but whichever you decide to use, you must be careful to get the best grade. A few pennies saved in the beginning often means double expense, as the work soon must be done again.

Refinishing Waxed Floors

If the floors have been waxed, they will need to be refinished, and then will look as good as new. Have the floor thoroughly cleaned with a cloth slightly dampened with kerosene; when dry, apply a thin coat of wax with a woolen cloth or cotton waste. Let it dry ten minutes, then polish with a floor brush, first across the grain and then with it. After an hour repeat the process, and for the last polish put a piece of carpet under the brush. This second coat adds greatly to the beauty of the floor. Using a weighted floor brush makes the work vastly easier than going down on the knees to rub, and is well worth its price, but a substitute that does very well is a stiff scrubbing brush to be used first, and then a brick covered with carpet. Be careful not to use too much wax.

If the floor is new and has no finish of any kind you will probably have to use a wood filler. Paste fillers are considered best to use, as there is strong cohesion between the paste and the wax which gives a richer color tone to the floor and does not make it so slippery as varnish does. The wearing quality is also greater. If a liquid filler is preferred, use one coat of the very best varnish. Do not use shellac, as it is apt to crack. After the filler is dry, apply the wax, and polish. If the floor has been painted and is worn in patches, it is better to have all the old paint removed. It can be scraped off after softening with turpentine, or one of the many paint removers to be found in the shops may be used. One should be careful about them, as they are apt to contain strong acids. Have the cracks filled and then proceed as with a new floor.

A Good Crack Filler Made at Home

Cracks should always be carefully filled, as they collect dust and are a harbor of refuge to the modern nightmare, germs.

If one wishes to make one's own crack filler, the following is an easy and inexpensive way and is practically indestructible. Take three quarts of hot water, put enough torn newspaper into it to absorb it all, and let it soak until it is soft and pulpy; then add one half pound of alum and one half pound of flour that have been mixed together, and stir thoroughly. Cook it until it is as thick as putty, and then press in the cracks. Half of this quantity is enough for an average-sized room. The cost is about twenty cents.

If a waxed floor is carefully done in the first place it will require a light coat of wax on the parts that are most used about once in three or four weeks, and once in six months for the remaining portions. Make a Canton flannel bag to draw over a broom to sweep with, and when the floor looks dull have it rubbed with a cloth dampened in kerosene or one of the

cleaning preparations that come for the purpose, and then polish with the brush.

The chief advantages of wax are that it brings out and enhances the natural beauty of the wood, giving it a soft luster with a mellow depth in the reflections that is not to be found in any other finish. It also improves with age and each application, has a hard wearing surface, so that heel marks and scratches do not easily mar it, and it is not difficult to keep in good condition.

Black marks from umbrella drippings on a waxed oak floor can be removed by careful application of diluted oxalic acid.

When the Floor Must Be Stained

If the wood is not attractive enough to have the natural color under the wax, or if for the sake of the color scheme it has to be stained or painted, have all the old finish removed, the cracks filled, the floor clean, smooth and dry, use a filler if necessary, and when it is dry the floor is ready for the paint or stain, and then the wax or varnish. Varnish as a finish wears out soon in the most used parts and is difficult to patch nicely, often necessitating going over the whole floor.

Alcohol stains or "wood dyes" are lasting, and have good natural-wood colors, and give very satisfactory results. There are also many other paints and stains to be found in the shops that if used according to the directions are very attractive and serviceable. If the floors are already varnished and in good condition, but look a bit dull and as if a new coat would improve them, they can be waxed instead of varnished. With either paint or stain each coat must be perfectly dry before the next coat is put on. Failure to observe this simple rule is usually the cause of much disappointment and trouble.

Another good way to treat a floor is simply to oil it. With a cloth put on boiled linseed oil as hot as possible, and rub, rub, rub, hard with a scrubbing brush, so that no oil remains on the surface to catch the dust. This is very important, for if the floor is used before the oil is well rubbed in, it is a perfect dust trap. Do this once a week for three or four weeks, then once every six weeks for several times. After that two or three times a year ought to be enough to keep it in good condition and give a beautiful effect. Another good floor oil is equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine mixed with enough japan drier to dry over night. This has a hard surface, but must be well rubbed in when first put on. If you wish the floor colored, either have it stained in the regular way or have the stain mixed with the linseed oil, trying it on a piece of board until the desired tint is reached. The oil can be bought for about fifty cents a gallon at any paint store. Have these floors washed with skimmed milk and swept with a covered broom.

Never wax an oiled floor. The wax and oil combine in a disagreeable manner and spoil the floor by making it look spotty.

The Splintered Kitchen Floor

The kitchen floor, with its necessary scrubbing, often causes much trouble, as soap and water soften the wood and increase its tendency to splinter. If it is splintered very much it must be scraped smooth by a carpenter, and then with care it ought to behave itself. Have the floor clean and smooth, the cracks filled (if a close-grained wood, it needs no filler), then rub in thoroughly crude oil or one of the special preparations that come for kitchen floors. Oil slowly hardens and darkens a floor, so that grease and stains do not sink into the wood.

Never wax or varnish kitchen or bathroom floors. The slipperiness of the wax may endanger your dinner and your bones, and the water that has to be used in both kitchen and bath room will ruin the looks of either wax or varnish.

After the floors are once in good condition it is not a difficult matter to keep them so, and one of the first and greatest aids to the housekeeper is a good mat at every entrance.

If the floor is in such a bad condition that it is absolutely hopeless and necessitates either a new floor or a carpet, think twice before you decide on a carpet. A good builder will estimate on the work for you. The cost of a finished parquet floor is about the same as the finer grades of carpet for the same space. This of course is not a fixed estimate, as the style of pattern chosen and the difficulties in laying it make a difference in the expense, but it shows it is not prohibitive, as so many people think.

The Right and Wrong Finish for Floors

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THE HOME MILK SUPPLY

BY CLARENCE B. LANE



Good milk is the most valuable single article of diet known to man, while bad milk is one of the most dangerous foods possible. Where it is impossible to make a personal inspection of the dairy, the board of health may be asked to recommend a good milk supply, or guaranteed milk can usually be purchased at a slight premium over regular prices. In any case never patronize a cheap milkman, because good milk is never cheap, and cheap milk is poor milk. Many people have the idea that if milk is delivered to them warm that this is proof of its being fresh from the cow, and hence better. This is far from the truth. Only by cooling milk as soon as it is drawn from the cow is it possible to prevent rapid decomposition in warm weather. The finest milk that was ever delivered may be utterly ruined in a short time by ignorance or carelessness. Not infrequently the housewife places an open dish out over night, and the milkman coming early in the morning, pours good, clean milk into the vessel loaded with dust and germs. The best remedy for this evil is to insist on bottled milk.

The Care of Bottled Milk

Even when delivered in bottles and in good condition, milk is often left standing in the sun for several hours. The high temperature is favorable to the rapid



The No. 1 curd shows that the milk was not handled in a sanitary manner. The No. 2 curd comes from clean milk

the taste and smell of the milk. Clean milk has no distinct flavor—simply a sweet, pleasant taste. If any flavors are present they are artificial. The bacteria which accompany dirt produce changes in the milk that injure it as a food. Dirt ordinarily found in milk is the source of gassy bacteria which are one of the causes of diarrheal disturbances in children. This dirt may also contain putrefactive bacteria which are responsible for ice-cream poisoning and digestive disturbances when cream and milk are kept in refrigerators too long.

How to Test for Cleanliness

If the housekeeper desires to make further tests, a very interesting one may be carried on as follows: Take a pint of milk as it is received from the milkman, pour off a few spoonfuls, to facilitate shaking, and place in a panful of warm water, ninety-five to one hundred degrees; when thoroughly warm throughout, add one rennet tablet which has previously been dissolved in one spoonful of water, and shake, then set away in a warm place for a few minutes. When curdled, cut the curd thoroughly with a knife, to let out the whey. Let stand for a few minutes, drain off all whey possible, and continue to pour off the whey as it accumulates. There will then be a lump of compact curd. Cut this in two with a knife, so that it will fall out. The character of this curd will show very clearly



growth and multiplication of germs, which hasten souring and which may develop poisons. Sometimes the milk is left standing uncovered in the warm kitchen while the family is at breakfast, producing the same results as above. Milk not needed for immediate use should be placed at once in the refrigerator. The housewife should give her personal attention to this, as much bad milk is due to careless servants.

Milk absorbs odors very readily, hence care should be taken to tightly cover it before it is put into the refrigerator. It is the best plan not to remove the milk from the original bottle except when needed for immediate use.

It seems too simple a fact to state that all utensils used for milk should be sterilized. Ordinary dish washing will not do. After thoroughly washing, scald with boiling water, and set away to drain and dry. The use of a dish cloth or towel for the last operation must necessarily contaminate to some extent. The domestic fly is not only a troublesome pest, but scientists have now given it the reputation of being dangerous to human health. They tell us that the number of bacteria on a single fly may range all the way from five hundred and fifty to six million six hundred thousand. These flies usually seek the milk pitcher, and even one or two may contaminate the milk to a dangerous extent. The fly must then be considered an enemy in the household, and be destroyed.

We may summarize all the precautions relative to the care of milk in the home in one sentence: Cleanliness and cold are the essentials in the securing of wholesome milk.

Some Simple Home Tests

There are a few simple tests which can be made by every housewife.

For richness: It is an easy matter to examine the milk and note the cream line, which in quart bottles should be about four inches down from the top, and the cream when poured out should amount to about one fourth of the contents.

For dirt: After the milk has stood undisturbed for an hour, hold up the bottle so that the bottom can be readily seen. Note whether there is any dirt or sediment whatever. This is a visible test for the purity of milk; but a rather disagreeable factor of the dirt in milk is that perhaps more than three fourths of this substance is dissolved in the milk and does not show its presence to the eye. This dissolved dirt may usually be detected by

the sanitary quality of the milk. (See illustrations.) If spongy and full of numerous holes, undesirable forms of bacteria, particularly those that produce gas, are present. This class of bacteria is considered by authorities to be one of the causes of epidemic diarrhea. If firm and smooth, with few or no holes, the milk is clean and has been handled in a sanitary manner. This test may be continued further by placing the curd back in the bottle and filling half full of water. If the curd floats it indicates that the milk is unclean; if it sinks, the milk is reasonably clean.

The Test for Adulterations

For adulterations: Keep the milk for two or three days at ordinary room temperature; if, on removing the cap, it does not smell sour, is not curdled, but has a putrefactive odor, this indicates that preservatives have been used. While they are not used as much as formerly, a number are still found, among which may be mentioned formaldehyde, boracic acid, salicylic acid, sodium carbonate, etc. Formaldehyde is most common. A very simple test for this preservative is as follows: Take an ordinary laboratory test tube, place in it two tablespoonfuls of milk, and add about an equal amount of commercial sulphuric acid (care should be taken not to let this touch the clothing or hands), pouring the acid down the side of the tube so that it does not mix with the milk. If formalin is present, a violet ring will appear between the layer of acid and milk. In testing milk for boracic acid or borax, two or three tablespoonfuls are placed in a bottle with twice that amount of a solution of one teaspoonful of alum in one pint of water, shaken vigorously, and filtered through filter paper. One teaspoonful of the mixture is placed in any dish not metal, and five drops of hydrochloric (muriatic) acid added. A strip of turmeric paper (secured at the drug store) is now dipped in the liquid and held in a warm place near a stove or lamp until dry. If boracic acid or borax were present in the sample, the turmeric paper becomes bright cherry red when dry. A drop of household ammonia changes the color to dark green or greenish blue. If preservatives are suspected, and these tests do not reveal their presence, the housewife may send a sample to the board of health laboratory for further examination.

Make these tests every time the milk supply is changed or whenever deterioration is suspected.

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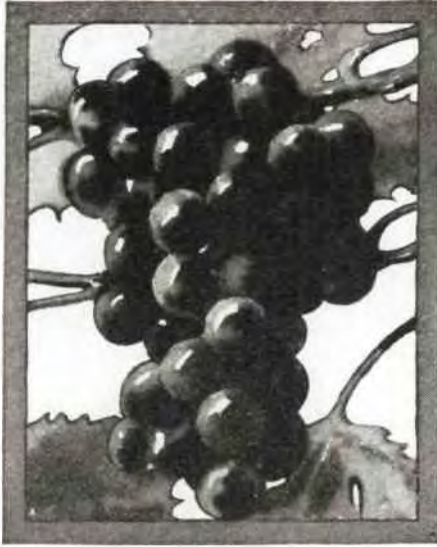
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THAT BOY

BY EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

AUTHOR OF "FOUR BOYS IN THE YELLOWSTONE," ETC.

VI.—HIS COMPANIONS



IT is a rude and sometimes a sad awakening which comes to many a mother when she first discovers that her boy is a gregarious animal. In her own heart the strongest of feelings has been her love for the boy, and then suddenly to learn that on his part there are elemental forces and impulses that outweigh his appreciation of her love and sacrifice is a shock that seems well-nigh cruel. He may be foremost in her life, but she is not first in his. Such a moment is almost critical for both. To him the call of his fellows is as natural as the call of the wild to the wolf or as the flocking together of birds of a feather.

"I am completely baffled," said the young mother of a four-year-old, "by my boy's running away. I have tried punishments and I have tried rewards, but nothing seems to cure him. The sight of the neighbors' children will draw him every time, in spite of all I can say or do."

"Cure him?" The young mother might as well have tried to "cure" her boy of hunger or of breathing. Stronger than his fear of punishment or his love of rewards was his instinctive desire to be with others of his own age. Her only reasonable course would have been to recognize the inborn impulse of her boy and wisely to have directed it, without attempting to eradicate the ineradicable.

A Boy Needs Boy Friends

Strange as it may appear, it is right here, in this failure to recognize the nature of her boy's longing for companionship, that more mothers than we think fail and more boys than we know are harmed. Her knowledge of the possible corrupting of good morals and manners was less than her ignorance of an evil even greater—the lack of contact and attrition.

A young lawyer thirty years of age, a college man of parts and promise, of excellent physical appearance and bearing, said to me not long ago, "I am satisfied that my work is never going to tell very much."

"Why not?" I inquired in surprise.

"I'll tell you. I know my law books fairly well, but I don't know men. It's too late for me to begin," he added hastily, as I started to protest. "Here I am thirty years of age and I ought to have begun before I was five. I was an only boy and my mother never let me play very much with other children. She thought she was going to save me from contamination, but what she really saved me from was being normal. She was always good to me and generous beyond her ability, but no one will ever understand what I suffered when I went away to college. I wanted to be liked, and I think I had it in me, too; but from the very start I was 'queered.' If my mother had not kept me from playing with other boys I shouldn't be where I am now." There was a note of bitterness in his voice which the smile on his face could not conceal; and hardest of all was the knowledge that what he had said was true.

There is No Coddling From Other Boys

And not only for the boy's pleasure, but also for the very best part of his education, does he need his fellows. There is nothing like the brutal frankness of boys with boys, and it is in such associations only that he learns what he is really worth. Defects, which the father ignores or the mother condones, there are called by their true names. If the boy has been coddled at home, his mates generously provide the antidote. If he has been unduly praised, it is certain the weakening process will not be continued by "the fellows." If he has had his own sweet will, by vigorous and sometimes compulsory methods he will be compelled to recognize the rights of others.

Whatever may be the later successes or failures, one thing is certain—that no one ever passes for what he really is worth as does a boy with his own crowd. In all this world nowhere is such exact and ideal justice found as in the dealings of boys with boys. Even in the nicknames they so freely bestow upon one another the same law of innate, almost instinctive justice prevails, for boys are like the original savages bestowing the name upon the individual which he has earned, and no other; and the name which at last is bestowed is far more likely to be the true name than the one which, after diligent search, was given by the father and mother.

Mercy is a quality which in most boys has to be cultivated. Justice, however, is

immediate and instinctive. Not how fine a lad, how good a ball player, how excellent and lovable a boy his mother is certain her boy is, but the measure of regard "the other fellows" have for him is, in most cases, the true test. Without such testing and candid judgment few men are prepared for the later struggle of life.

It's Natural for Boys to be Noisy

"What are those boys quarreling about?" demanded a woman who was calling at a friend's home one summer day. Through the open window had come the noise of a dozen boys who had assembled for play in that natural rendezvous of all normal boys, the barn of a neighbor.

"Quarreling?" laughed the woman of the house. "They are not quarreling at all. They are playing hide and seek, and, incidentally, are candidly and somewhat noisily, I confess, giving one another the benefit of their opinions. They would be greatly surprised if you should accuse them of quarreling. I don't believe there's a thought of unkindness in all their clamor. It's as natural for boys to shout as it is for puppies to bark."

Not long ago a widow brought her only boy—a well-grown, handsome lad of fourteen—to enter him in a well-known school for boys. "He needs a man's hand now," she explained to the head master.

"Where has he been in school?" inquired the master.

"He has never been in any. I have always had tutors for him."

The head master smiled (in his experience the name of the new boy was legion) as he said, "He may need a man's hand, as you say, but he needs a great deal more the hands of the boys. Leave him and we'll see what can be done."

"But," protested the mother quickly, "that's just what I wanted to speak to you about. He hasn't been used to boys and I'm afraid their ways may annoy him."

The Education of a Sissy

The boy was placed in the school, and within three days his "education" at the hands of his schoolmates began. They nicknamed him "Prink" and then proceeded to upset his bed and room daily. They put him at first base and "fired" balls at him till his hands were swelled and sore. They tripped him when he was not expecting it, they "bothered" him in countless ways. Even the younger boys looked upon him as legitimate prey.

At the end of a week "Prink" came to the head master with complaints. "I don't like it here. My mother has written me that I can leave if I want to."

"Yes," assented the head master, "that's true. You may leave. That may be best."

"I can't stand the boys," declared "Prink," almost in tears.

"Did you ever think that they couldn't stand you?" inquired the head master kindly. And then, in response to the look of astonishment in "Prink's" face, he continued, "You see, the boys here have an idea that you are not up to their mark. Your ways are more like a girl's, and this is not a girl's school, you understand."

"What can I do?" said the lad.

"You can be a boy and like boys. If the boys muss up your room, put them out. Above all, don't show that what they do annoys you. It will be hard, but you can do it. Be one of the boys, as well as one with them. Try it for three months. If at the end of that time you still want to leave, you can then run away from it all. That's what every coward does."

Lessons Learned From Other Boys

"Prink" remained through the year, but when the summer vacation came his name had been changed to "Pat." The change in his nature had been even more marked. He had learned some lessons not outlined in the curriculum, and his teachers had not been members of the faculty only.

Excellent and necessary as the companionship of other boys may be, still there are evils which must be guarded against and perils to be avoided. A young boy ought not to be permitted to have older boys as his companions. And yet who does not know the persistence of the younger boy in this very direction? He may be teased and tormented, by some strange fatality he is "it" in every game, he is the fag of the crowd, and then, despite all his sufferings, he will be eager on the next day to go right back to the boys who have made life a torment for him on the preceding day. Strange infatuation, but one we all recognize and know.



Welch's Grape Juice

YOU who use grape juice could ask nothing richer and sweeter than the juice of the Concord grapes which ripened last fall.

While the yield was small the quality was better than it has been in years.

The choicest from all that the Chautauqua Grape Belt produced was at our disposal in making Welch's Grape Juice and the result is a million gallons of fresh, new juice—a little sweeter, richer and better than the best of any previous year.

Welch's Grape Juice is sold only under the Welch label; a label that stands for purity and a process of manufacture that transfers the juice from the full-ripe fruit to the bottles without preservatives or adulterations of any kind.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.



Williams' Talcum Powder



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Hinged
Top

How often you have been annoyed and vexed by the contents of the Talc Powder can in your trunk or valise, sifting over your wardrobe.

With Williams' new Hinged Cover Talc Can this trouble will not occur. The top is perforated, but the Hinged Cover closes the can, making it practically air-tight. It opens or closes with a slight pressure of the thumb. When you also have the purity, fineness, smoothness and dainty perfume of Williams' Talcum Powder, you will wonder how you ever could use other kinds.

Two odors—Violet and Carnation

A full size can of either sent on receipt of 25 cents if your dealer does not supply you.

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Use Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, wipe your hands very dry after washing them; sprinkle a little of Williams' Talcum Powder over them and rub thoroughly into the skin. Your hands will have a soft, velvety feeling that you have probably never experienced before.

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

possesses all the creamlike, soothing qualities which have made Williams' Shaving Soap so famous.

Special Offer

As an inducement to a thorough trial of Jersey Cream Soap and for the convenience of its many users, we are (for a limited time) packing with every 4 cakes, without extra charge, a handsome, nickeled, hinged cover soap box, for use when traveling, camping, in the gymnasium locker or at home. Nearly all druggists sell Jersey Cream Soap, but if your druggist fails to supply you, send post-office order for 60c, and we will forward the 4 cakes of soap and soap box by return mail.

Address
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Co.
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Glastonbury,
Conn.



A PAGE OF NEW IDEAS

THINGS FOR BREAKFAST

By Alice M. Lagergren



AM doomed (or shall I say privileged) to be the mother, the general house-worker and the cook in a family of six—and six with hearty yet fastidious appetites—and twelve dollars a week is all, quite all, that I can afford to lay out upon the table.

Now, if the four growing children were only addicted to oatmeal, if my husband felt that nothing was quite equal on a winter's day to corned beef and cabbage, and if pork and beans were the favorite family dish, all might yet be well.

Alas! we are a peculiar family! We have a united taste when it comes to a question of chicken, turkey, olives, asparagus, grape fruit, ice cream and plum pudding, but are hopelessly divided on all those hearty, wholesome and nutritious dishes that can be put together for a song.

So, on the nights when a slim purse has driven me to Irish stew, I have to pacify my husband's outraged sensibilities with a single lamb chop and a dish of creamed potato.

And when the children rebel at the frequent recurrence of "poor man's pudding," I comfort them with a promise of fruit cookies for the next dessert.

Cereals appeal to only a limited portion of my family, and I have been often put to it to make up desirable breakfast dishes that should cost very little. By the time I have paid for meat, bread, butter, vegetables, fruit and milk and dry groceries I have almost nothing left for breakfasts. We have coffee, and the two younger children milk, and we take, in rotation, the staple cereals, cooking only a little, as only two or three want them.

When eggs are at their best, six eggs, poached, and served on toast, make a very desirable breakfast dish—likewise six slices of bacon with as many eggs. But during the long winter months eggs are beyond my pocketbook, and it is rare that I use more than one egg for any pudding or cake.

About once a week we have codfish cakes; another day, fried hominy or some other fried cereal; sometimes, on a very cold morning, a little sausage, but I find by far the most appetizing dishes for my family at this difficult meal are dishes made up of real white sauce as a base, almost anything heated up in it, and the mixture served piping hot on toast. But you must make this *sauce mère*, as the French call it (and it is by no means "mere sauce"), in a careful manner, or the result is merely a *réchauffé* in warm flour paste!

Let us suppose you have nothing in your refrigerator for breakfast except two eggs and three cold potatoes. Put on the two eggs to boil hard, heat a pint of milk, and cut the potatoes into tiny bits, and likewise the eggs when hard. Now make the white sauce with the greatest care. Put a small sauce pan on the hottest part of the fire, and after the pan is hot, put in it a generous tablespoonful of butter. When that boils and bubbles, you, stirring steadily, put in just exactly as heaping a spoonful of flour as you had butter—no more, no less. When that is well mixed, add the hot milk very slowly, stirring into absolute smoothness after each dose of milk. This ought to give a sauce as thick as rich cream. Then season with salt and pepper, add the minced potatoes and eggs, and set on the back of the fire, while you make a dozen slices of toast.

Almost anything—and very little of it—makes a good breakfast dish, provided it is creamed on toast: A little cold fish or one chicken leg, some dried beef, some flaked dried codfish, minced ham or a bit of any meat, cold macaroni, oyster plant. And when your cupboard is bare, make more white sauce, and use more bread, and have "glorified milk toast" only!

PENNY PROVIDENT AT HOME

By D. M.

ONE working girl has contrived to form a nice little bank account for herself by taking literally Ben Franklin's advice about saving the pennies. Each humble copper cent that comes to her in change on the car or in paying bills is gathered in and dropped for safe keeping into a tiny bank on the mantelpiece. No exigency of the moment is allowed to interfere with the store in this little stronghold. At the end of each month the pennies are taken to some tradesman, who gladly exchanges them for a crisp bill. The bill goes to the savings bank before a temptation to spend it has time to arise.

The inventor of this clever plan has tried many times before to save for a bank account, she says, but somehow it was never convenient to spare a bill. The pennies one does not miss, and in the words of the great man, "the pounds take care of themselves."

THE REASON WHY

By Annie H. Quill

THE man with a country place to sell often wonders why a place that he knows is not nearly so valuable as his own will sell for more money and without any apparent effort on the part of the owner, seeming almost to sell itself.

He does not realize that his house is shabby and bare. The windows are small and dingy, shutters dilapidated, and it has not been painted for years. There is no porch, the chambers are low, but no lower than in the other man's house, only the other man's house is white and fresh and cool looking, with everything in repair, and the dormer and that porch at the side are very attractive. Then, too, lovely vines are climbing over the other man's house and a wealth of flowers is growing in the other man's yard.

City people are hungry for flowers and vines and shade trees, and when they buy property in the country, the call of the flowers is a strong one. They increase the value of a really fine place, and often sell a place that has no real value as a farm.

A CURE FOR THE BLUES

By Rose Brown Henderson

A SENSIBLE girl who in June two years ago married the man of her choice, and with him love in a cottage, has discovered a potent remedy for the little disappointments and blue fits which seem the inevitable portion of humanity here below.

"Whenever things go dead wrong or we are disappointed in anything to which we have been looking forward," she says, "I try to have things specially nice both as to my own person and about the house until the mood passes. It is wonderful what a good feeling it gives one!"

"Last week, for instance, when a sudden but imperative visit from the plumber absorbed the pennies we had been saving for a little theater treat, I couldn't help a feeling of rebellion against poverty. The night we were to have gone to the play, however, I had the house spandy clean and orderly, with flowers on the table, and wore my prettiest house frock, with my hair dressed in a new way.

"You wouldn't believe how the consciousness of having risen superior to circumstances and of having conquered fate helped me over the disappointment, and I think Jack experienced the same thing."

LUCKY SIXPENCES FOR WEDDINGS

By Ellen Marsh

IN OLDEN times the lovers of "merric England" felt that their troth was but half plighted until they had discovered a crooked sixpence and broken it together, each keeping a half. The possession of these fragments was supposed to insure against faithless vows.

One girl recently married made a set of pretty place cards and incidentally souvenirs for her bridal luncheon, using six "lucky sixpences" obtained from an old coin dealer. Each coin was bent and attached to one of the cards with blue ribbon. At luncheon the folk lore involved was explained by the future bride, and each girl retained her sixpence for good luck in future love affairs of her own.

A FOOD SHOW

By Mary Dawson

AN ORIGINAL plan for raising money for charitable purposes which proved highly successful in a large town of the Middle States was a food show. The committee succeeded in interesting a number of manufacturers of standard food products in their good work, influence of friends being brought to bear, as well as several successful applications to advertising agents. These firms all sent exhibits with the understanding that they should be well advertised while being sold, the proceeds to go toward the philanthropy under consideration. Advertisements and placards were in some cases furnished for the purpose. The committee constructed the booths and decorated them tastefully. At each stall were a couple of fair aides dressed as demonstrators in a costume suggestive of the article sold. Thus, a Holland dress for a Dutch brand; a French costume for a dainty toilet soap, etc. These young women demonstrated the goods when this was necessary, gave away free samples and sold the retail article.

In addition to the manufactured articles there were booths where home-made products, from jams, jellies and pickles to rolls and cake, were sold. The various brands of coffee and tea were sold by the cup. Tables were provided for those who wished to enjoy a picnic luncheon on the scene.

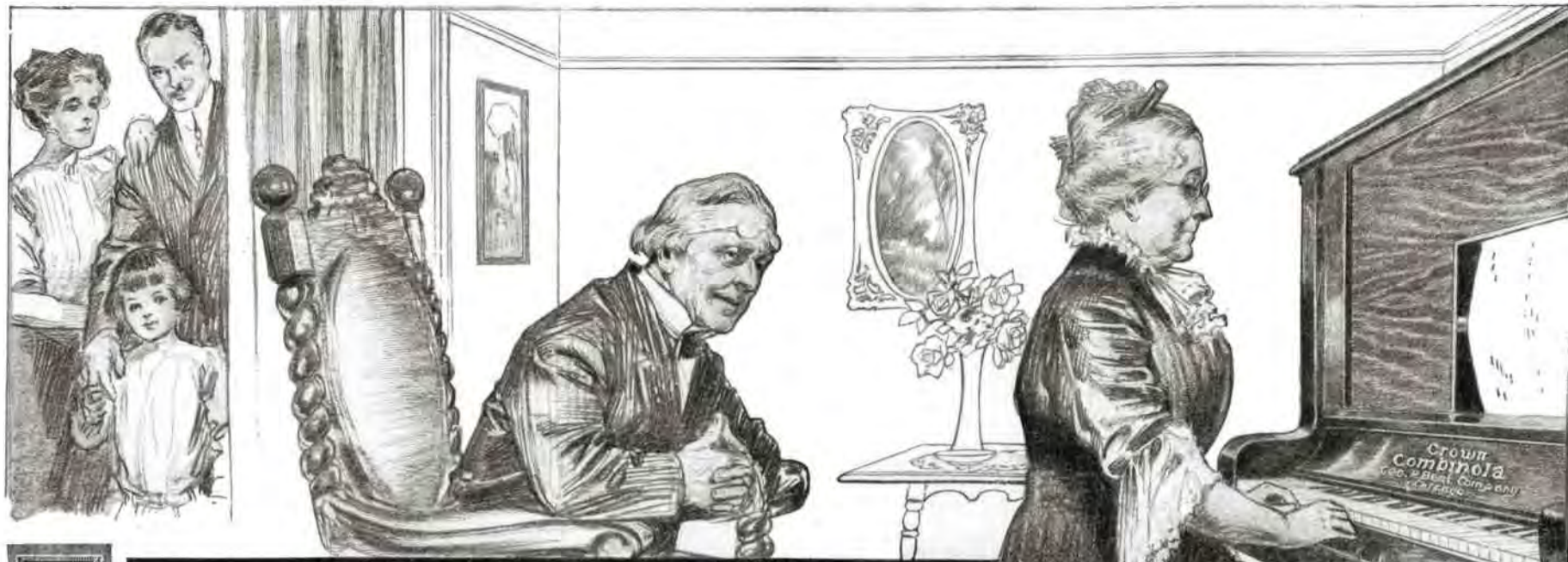
Patrons seemed to enjoy the change from the usual fair or church supper, and the net proceeds greatly exceeded the hopes of the promoters and energetic committee.

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THE best music in the world is the music which gives the true interpretation of the feelings and emotions. No matter how skilled you may be as a performer and how full of feeling you may be, it's useless to try to express yourself through the medium of a cheap piano. It can't be done.

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CROCHETED SUMMER WRAPS

WITH DIRECTIONS BY HELEN MARVIN

At the left is a French jacket with graceful flowing sleeves. The body part is made of the thinnest quality of silk-wound eiderdown wool, the sleeves and trimmings are of zephyr Shetland. This silk-wound wool is one of the prettiest of working materials, and comes in many soft, lovely colorings—especially gray.



The illustration at the top shows a veranda jacket with a circular yoke and a V-shaped neck. The raised rib of the body part is novel, and the loose, flowing sleeves of elbow length are very graceful. This jacket is made of two colors in Shetland floss, and though warm and cozy, will not crush the sheerest lingerie blouse or gown.

A neat, semi-fitting sleeveless jacket which is a favorite with English women is shown in the lower illustration. The back is fitted and long waisted. The under arms are laced with ribbon, which is tied about four inches from the bottom in a looped bow. Ribbon loops may be placed in front to close this jacket if desired. It is an exceptionally good style.

At the right is an illustration of a cape with armholes, a very popular model with French women, and makes a delightful addition to the wardrobe of an elderly woman or an invalid, because it is so easy to get on and off. It may be fastened at the throat with loops of soft ribbon. It is a pretty and useful wrap for cool summer evenings.



For the veranda jacket with circular yoke two colors of Shetland floss are used—one color for the outside and a contrasting color for the lining. About six skeins of each color are needed, a fine bone crochet hook, and one larger hook, about No. 5 size.

Make the lining first and begin with the small hook. Chain thirty-five, turn, skip three chain and *in the next work one double crochet. Chain one, skip one, and repeat from * until there are fifteen spaces in the row.

Second Row—Turn, chain four, one double crochet in the top of the first double crochet of first row. Always make one chain after each double crochet throughout this and all the other rows of the yoke. One double crochet in first space, two double crochets in next space, *one double crochet each in next two spaces, two in next space. Repeat three times from *, one double crochet in final space and two in the top of the last double crochet of first row. There are seven increased points in the row.

Work back and forth, on each row increasing at these seven points, until twelve rows have been made. Then work one row more between the two increasings at each end, and from the third increasing from one end, across the center of the row, to the same point from the other end. The unworked portions of the row form the top of the armholes. Fasten off.

With the large hook make four double crochets in each space across the top of each armhole, having each stitch about three fourths of an inch long. At the end of each armhole fasten off.

On top of each armhole row just worked make a second row from the third cluster from one end to the third cluster from the other. In this row work the clusters (four double crochets) in the center space of the clusters of the first row.

Now make a third row, beginning in the second cluster of the first row, working along the second row, then in the second cluster from the end of the first row. These three rows are intended to give fullness to the tops of the sleeves.

Now begin at one end of the yoke, and make a cluster in every second space across the front, a cluster in the first cluster of first row of armhole, a cluster in each cluster of third row of armhole, a cluster in the last cluster of first row of armhole, one cluster in every other space across the back of the yoke, then the second armhole and front like the first. On this row work six rows more, making a cluster in the center of each cluster of preceding row, then make three rows more, on them working the cluster as usual, and putting in one double crochet between the clusters. This completes the length for the sleeve.

Continue for the remainder of the lining as follows: Work across the clusters of the front as usual, then turn and work back on them again. Work two rows in the same way across the back, and at the end of the second row chain fifteen and catch to the beginning of the second row of the front, to form the armhole. Work a similar two rows across the second front, chain fifteen, and catch to the beginning of the second row of the back, to form the second armhole. Now work four rows all the way across, on each under-arm chain putting two clusters,

separated, it is needless to say, by double crochet, just as the clusters along the row are separated.

Make a full row as follows: Turn, chain six to start, one treble crochet each in first two spaces, *three treble crochets in next space, one treble crochet in next, two trebles each in next two spaces, one treble in next. Repeat from * to the end of the row.

Final Row—Make one single crochet in every other stitch of preceding row, and chain three between. Fasten off.

Repeat the last two rows across the sleeve opening, catching each end of the final row to each end of the under-arm chain. This completes the lining.

The yoke of the outer section is made exactly like the lining yoke, excepting for color. When finished, change to the larger hook, and work across the top of the armhole as follows: Make three double crochets in first space. Throw the wool over the needle and take up a long loop in the next space, and do this over and over, until there are three loops all in the same space. Wool over and through all the loops but one on the needle, wool over and through two loops. Repeat the shell and the cluster alternately in the spaces across the top of the arm, being sure that three double crochets are worked last, even if necessary to skip a space to accomplish it. At the end fasten off, then work across the top of the second armhole in the same way.

Start again at the left front of the yoke, catching the wool in the first space. Chain four, *four double crochets in next space, one double crochet in next, cluster in next, one double crochet in next. Repeat from * to the armhole row, having a cluster in the last space preceding it. Make one double crochet in first stitch of shell, four double crochets in center stitch, one double in final stitch. On the cluster work a cluster, picking up the loops around the cluster of preceding row, and not through the top. Then work across the back of the yoke like the front, both beginning and ending with a cluster, and make the second sleeve and front like the first. End the row with one double crochet in the final space, then fasten off. Each row must be fastened off at the end and the new row begun where the preceding row was begun.

Second Row—Catch in chain of first row, chain four, one double crochet in first space of shell, four double crochets in center space, one double in last space. Cluster on cluster. Repeat across the entire row, and fasten off.

Third Row—Like second row, but working one double in each of the two spaces at each side.

Fourth Row—Like third. The space at each end of each shell is skipped.

Fifth Row—Make one double crochet each in the three spaces at each side of each shell.

On the next three rows make the same number of stitches as on the fifth row. In these rows the space at each end of each shell will be skipped.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]

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Every Girl!

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Special Easter Dessert

which is a very novel and interesting one, and one that the children particularly will enjoy, as it is in the form of Easter Eggs and is a pretty and amusing dish, besides being a delicious dessert. It is especially appropriate for Easter, and I shall be glad to send the booklet on request.



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CHEESE

COOKERY



BY FANNIE MERRITT FARMER

ENGLAND, France, Italy, Germany, Switzerland and Holland are all cheese producing and exporting countries. We have quite successfully imitated some of their most popular varieties, and at the same time established some of our own. From the "tight little isle" comes the Cheddar cheese, pale in color and nutty in flavor, deservedly heading the list, and also Stilton, a rich and exceedingly choice variety. From the sunny land of the South, beyond the Alps, comes Gorgonzola, the epicure's delight, and the well-known Parmesan. From France comes Gruyère, especially useful in cookery, Neufchâtel, Camembert, and Brie, its next relation, as well as Roquefort, famed in all lands and climes. From Holland comes Edam, often called Dutch, round in shape and colored red on the outside, and from Germany, malodorous Limburger. It is well to acquaint one's self with the most common of the foreign as well as domestic cheeses, so as to be able to use them appropriately.

Fashion decrees that SOMERSET CANAPÉS may be served as an appetizer at the first course of a formal luncheon or dinner; or they may take the place of sandwiches at a reception. Cut white bread which is about twenty-four hours' old in one-fourth-inch slices, and shape with a small oblong cutter with rounded corners; if one is not at hand, cut in any desired shape. Cream butter, add an equal quantity of soft cheese, and work until thoroughly blended; then season with salt. Spread on bread and garnish with a one-fourth-inch border of finely chopped olives. Garnish the center of each with a small piece of red or green pepper cut in any fancy shape.

CHEESE CRACKERS are very appropriately passed with a salad course of dressed lettuce, or may accompany a soup unless it be of especially distinctive flavor that does not seem "to go well" with cheese. Arrange thin unsweetened wafers in a pan, and sprinkle generously with grated cheese, and sparingly with salt. Bake in a moderate oven until the cheese has melted.

A CREAM OF CHEESE SOUP is very delicate and nutritious and may well be placed among the emergency dishes. Scald one quart of milk with two tablespoonfuls each of onion and carrot cut in small pieces, and a blade of mace. Melt one fourth of a cupful of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the hot milk. Bring to the boiling point, and strain. Add one half cupful of grated mild cheese, and stir until the cheese has melted. Season with salt and pepper and add the yolks of two eggs beaten slightly. Serve with croutons, duchess crusts or imperial sticks.

Eggs and cheese may well enter into many desirable combinations, one of the simplest being CHEESE OMELET. Beat four eggs slightly, and season with one fourth of a teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of cayenne. Melt one and one fourth tablespoonfuls of butter in an omelet pan, pour in the mixture, and cook slowly, without stirring, until firm. Loosen from the pan, roll, and sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. For BELMONT EGGS, make six slices of milk toast, and arrange on a platter. Beat five eggs slightly, using a silver fork. Add one half teaspoonful of salt, one eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper and one half cupful of milk. Heat an omelet or iron frying pan, put in two tablespoonfuls of butter, and when the butter has melted, turn in the mixture. Cook until of a creamy consistency, constantly stirring and scraping from the bottom and sides of the pan. Pour the eggs (which should be slightly underdone) over the toast, and sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of grated mild cheese. Put in the oven to melt the cheese and finish cooking the eggs. Make the sauce for the milk toast after this fashion: Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add three and one half tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring and beating constantly, two cupfuls of scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point and season with one half teaspoonful of salt. Remember that this is one of the many times when a wire whisk is the utensil of all others to be used.

I feel very sure that few of my readers have ever used RICE

WITH CHEESE. Put one tablespoonful of salt and three cupfuls of boiling water in the top of a double boiler, and add gradually one cupful of well-washed rice, stirring with a fork, to prevent the rice from adhering to the boiler. Boil five minutes, cover, place over the under part of double boiler, and steam forty minutes, or until the kernels are soft, the time depending upon the age of the rice. Uncover, that the steam may escape. Cover the bottom of a buttered baking dish with rice, dot over with three fourths of a tablespoonful of butter, sprinkle with thin shavings of mild cheese and a few grains of cayenne. Repeat twice, using all the rice and one fourth of a pound of cheese. Add milk to one half the depth of the contents of the dish, cover with buttered cracker crumbs, and bake until the cheese has melted and the crumbs are brown.

CHEESE FRITTERS are a good supper dish to serve with cold sliced meat, and require but a minimum of time for their preparation. Melt one fourth of a cupful of butter, and add one fourth of a cupful of flour, one fourth of a cupful of corn starch and three fourths of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir until well blended, then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, two cupfuls of scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point, and let boil two minutes; then add the yolks of two eggs slightly beaten and one half cupful of grated cheese. Pour into a buttered shallow pan, and cool. Turn on a board, cut in squares, diamonds or finger-shaped pieces, and arrange in a pan. Sprinkle with one third of a cupful of grated cheese, and brown in a moderate oven.

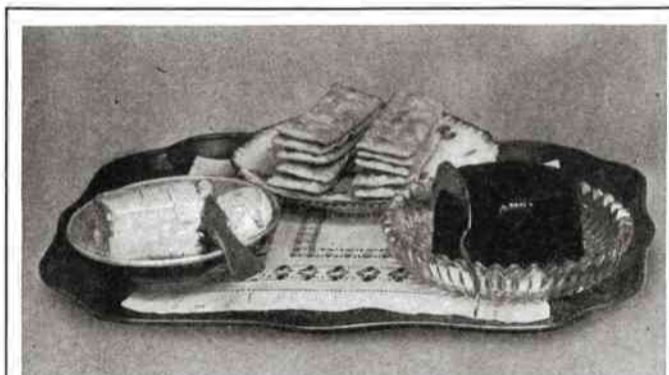
A cheese course is often introduced at a dinner of ceremony, when CHEESE CROQUETTES are quite as correct as CHEESE SOUFFLÉ baked in individual dishes.

For CHEESE CROQUETTES, melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add one fourth of a cupful of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring or beating constantly, two thirds of a cupful of milk. Bring to the boiling point, and add the unbeaten yolks of two eggs, and stir until well mixed; then add one half cupful of grated Gruyère cheese. As soon as the cheese melts, remove from the fire, and fold in one cupful of mild cheese cut in very small cubes. Season with salt, pepper and a few grains of cayenne. Spread in a shallow pan, and cool. Turn on a board, shape in the form of croquettes, dip in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper.

For CHEESE SOUFFLÉ, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one half cupful of scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point, and season with one half teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of cayenne. Remove from the range, and add one fourth of a cupful of grated Old English or Young American cheese and the yolks of three eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored. Cool the mixture slightly, and cut and fold in the whites of three eggs beaten until stiff and dry. Turn into a buttered baking dish or buttered individual dishes, and bake in a slow oven until firm. Serve at once.

One needs to try CHEESE BOXES to know how delicious they are, but it requires deft fingers to shape them perfectly. Often, when time is precious, I simply make cheese sandwiches and sauté them in a hot frying pan or blazer, and they taste as good, but are not as attractive as the little boxes. Cut stale bread in one-third-inch slices; remove crusts, and cut slices in pieces three by one and one half inches. Remove the centers, leaving the bread in box-shaped cases. Fit in each case a slice of mild cheese, sprinkle with salt and paprika, and fit in as a cover a thin piece of bread which was removed from the center.

Sauté in a hot blazer, using enough butter to prevent burning. Do not forget that equal parts of grated Gruyère cheese and chopped English-walnut meats seasoned with salt and cayenne make a delicious filling for sandwiches; then, too, bring to light some of the salad recipes that I have given you in which cheese of some kind appears. Unsweetened wafer crackers passed with Cream or Neufchâtel cheese appeal to those who are on the lookout for something new to serve in place of the ever-popular toasted crackers or hard crackers and cheese. For those who do not consider the expense, bar-le-duc currants or even bar-le-duc strawberries often appear instead of the jelly, and make a delicious combination with the cheese.



Unsweetened wafer crackers passed with Cream or Neufchâtel cheese and currant jelly appeal to those who like the new ideas



Somerset canapés may take the place of sandwiches at a reception, or they may be served as the first course of a dinner or luncheon

NOTE—In my recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups divided into thirds and quarters are used, also tea and table measuring spoons.



Who Prefers Van Camp's?

Madam, you should raise your hand. All of your people like Van Camp's better than home-baked beans. Yet this ready-baked dish means less to them than to you.

Serve a dish of home-baked beans with a dish of Van Camp's. Then take a vote of your table.

The result is always the same. All, save the housewife, will vote for Van Camp's. The housewife, of course, can't decry her own dish.

Yet, Mrs. Housewife, think what Van Camp's mean to you. Think of the time and the fuel you'll save when you once vote with the rest.

Think of what it will mean to have a dozen meals in the house, ready for instant serving.

All people like their beans nutty, mealy and whole. Yet you can't get them that way without a steam oven.

People want their beans to digest, so they won't ferment and form gas. No home oven can make them digestible.

People like the tomato sauce baked into the beans.

Your folks will eat more beans, by five times over, when you serve Van Camp's. And beans are 84% nutriment.

They contain more food than meat or eggs or cheese. Yet they cost but a fraction as much.

See what a saving it makes on your meat bills to serve beans that people like.

Here are the reasons why Van Camp's excel beans baked at home. Note that the fault does not lie with you, but solely with your lack of facilities.

Our ovens are heated to 245 degrees. And we bake in small parcels so the full heat goes through. Thus we break up the particles so the digestive juices can get to them.

The beans in the center of your baking dish rarely get more than 100 degrees. That's not half heat enough. That's why your beans ferment and form gas.

We bake in live steam—not in dry heat. Thus we bake our beans until they are mealy, yet not a bean is crisped or broken.

Your top beans are crisped. The rest of your beans are mushy and broken. That is all due to dry heat.

Then we bake the beans, the tomato sauce and the pork all together, and get our delicious blend. Those are the reasons why people prefer Van Camp's.

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

We pay \$2.25 per bushel to get the best beans grown. We pay for tomato sauce five times what it need cost. There's no other dish like this.

We buy only the choicest Michigan beans. Then we pick out by hand the whitest, the plumpest, the fullest-grown. All but the best are discarded.

Some beans sell as low as 30 cents per bushel. We pay \$2.25 for ours.

We could buy tomato sauce ready-made for exactly one-fifth what we spend to make ours. But ours is made solely

from whole ripe tomatoes—ripened on the vines—picked when the juice fairly sparkles.

That's how we get our superlative zest.

Please bear in mind this difference in beans and tomato sauce. You will find, if you compare them, that no other brand is half so good as Van Camp's.

Be sure that you get what you want.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company, *Established 1861* Indianapolis, Indiana

LOWNEY'S COCOA

GOOD cocoa is the best beverage known to modern authorities on food and drink; nourishing and strengthening and an aid to digestion.

There is, however, a wide range in the quality of cocoas.

LOWNEY'S is made from the choicest cocoa beans, without "treatments" or adulterants, and in a manner that insures a better product than is possible by the usual methods.

It is the best Cocoa made.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., BOSTON.

Cocoa, Chocolate, Chocolate Bonbons.



THE SMILE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

—to Constance, at least. And still the gulf was unbridged; still she hadn't back any answering smile; and Constance continued spying on her daughter at all times for the first flicker of her spirit's awakening.

It came, as many important events do, quite unexpectedly. One waits for the important events of life—and behold! they have come and gone as do any commonplace and unimportant happenings, without causing us the great shock of emotion for which we have waited so long. So, one day when Constance was bending over Louise, talking with her as was her custom, Louise looked up and smiled—a little, wan, flicker of a smile it was, a little, shy, tentative smile, as if she didn't know yet quite how to do it, and was a little afraid to try for fear she mightn't, after all, have done it right.

It flickered a second, and died; then, while Constance was still looking, another little smile blossomed, a little more developed, as though the baby had said:

"Why—yes; I *did* know the way, after all! I did it all right!"

It seemed to Constance as if, far from being the first real smile that Louise had ever given to any one, that from all time her little face had smiled up at her mother in this way; for the things that we want very much seem so natural and right when at last they do happen that we do not understand that we should ever have been without them.

She could hardly wait, however, to tell of this great event to John, for this first smile, after all, is more important than almost any other crisis in a baby's life. It is more important than the first step, or the first word; for the first smile is the first interchange of human sympathy.

All day Constance hovered about the baby, wanting her to smile again, and her patience was rewarded with another of those faint, glimmering signals; but that was all. It may be that when a baby's spirit is first born, it is as tired and weak as is its new-born body.

John received the information with the proper enthusiasm—an enthusiasm tempered with a certain amount of skepticism, for Constance was prodigal of wonder tales in which Louise's prowess figured large.

"Smiles," his manner seemed to say, "are all very well—but intelligent smiles are a different thing."

He went over to try it for himself. The experiment was a failure. Louise viewed her parent with her usual uncompromising stare; and it was thus for several days thereafter. Louise kept her smiles for her mother and nurse. Every night Constance had new tales to tell of the number of times the baby had smiled to-day, and how the smile had grown.

John felt secretly hurt that the baby hadn't smiled at him, and to hide this feeling, pretended a disbelief. But when no one was around he would steal on Louise to try and lure from her a little smile that should be all his own. He stalked these smiles for several evenings, and one night, as he leaned over her crib, he had his reward. She looked at him, and the blankness went out of her eyes, and her lips curled up; and John, looking hastily around to see if any one was near, lifted his little daughter in his arms. It was against the rules, but it isn't often that a father receives his first smile from his first baby.

From this time on, Louise was sure of her smiles, and trooped them out in little crowds. She seemed, indeed, to be proud of herself. She smiled for the sake of smiling; she smiled for any one. She smiled to herself just for practise, as an opera singer may go over her scales. And especially did she smile, with touching cheerfulness, if any one bent over her, showing artlessly the joy she felt in human

society, corroborating for her mother the theory that she had tried for a long time to smile, and was as glad to bridge the gulf and come to them as they were to have her.

And now, with the coming of her smiles, she had a new weapon, though she was unconscious of this. You may resist a baby who howls to be taken up, but you can't resist the bribe of a smile. And when her smiles developed into great, toothless laughs, she was quite irresistible. Both Constance and John held the opinion that there had never been anything made as beautiful as this same toothless laugh; but they dissembled their pride in it and tried to hide their upliftedness behind chaff. It was at this time that John took to calling the baby "Augustus" in memory of a baby hippopotamus who had been once a friend of his, who, he told people, was the only other thing he had ever seen that could open a pink and toothless mouth so far. Constance encouraged him in this, for well she knew that this was merely his way of calling attention as much as he wanted to to his daughter's beauty, yet at the same time saving his face, so to speak; because, of course, a man must not go into those frank raptures over his offspring's looks and charming ways that its mother may—though sometimes he does. It is better for him to come at it in a roundabout and jocular manner.

In this mothers have a great advantage over fathers. It is permissible, even expected, that a young mother shall say, "Look at the darling smile!" or, "Listen to that heavenly little sound she's making," while a father is condemned by custom to give no further vent to his admiration than a mere "Oh, the little kid's not a bad sort."

Before Louise had got to the definite point of signaling back she had already found that a voice has other uses than crying. At first the little murmur that she made was as shy and unpractised as her first smile had been. It had no consonance; it was nothing but a liquid trickle of sound, and was so faint that across the room one could scarcely hear it. But it grew in force, and added to itself a stray sentence or two as it grew. It was a noise as sweet to Constance and John as that of birds, and more than that, it was a human noise. This first little unconscious song of babyhood is unlike the first song of any other creature.

Every day she added to her range of baby speeches the sounds she could make, keeping pace with her smiles; and then it was that there came to Constance the first shadow of knowledge of what has been called the "mother's tragedy," which is only one way of saying that little babies grow up very quickly. Here was her little baby, who only just before was a tiny helpless bundle in her arms, sitting up proudly with pillows behind her and trying her own little personality and expression, and welcoming whoever came into the room with greetings of smile and speech.

It was at one of these times that John came in, and seeing his daughter sitting there looking so like the kind of grown-up baby that a man understands, that without any hesitation or shyness he took her up and tossed her in the air; and at this new sensation she opened her mouth and gurgled forth a real human laugh, and John cried out with joy to the world at large: "Did you hear that—she laughed! A real laugh—a real one!"

No shadow of the tragedy which hung over Constance touched him. He rejoiced that his daughter should grow up; but because of that dear laugh, which she welcomed as gladly as did the baby's father, there came to Constance, sharp as a sudden flash of pain, the definite knowledge that in a very short time there would be no little baby in the house.

A "WHITE ELEPHANT" BOOTH

BY LILLIE F. SHAW

Not long ago, while a group of women were discussing the various attractions to be prepared for a coming bazaar, one of their number propounded this astonishing question: "Have any of you 'white elephants' in your homes?"

The women gasped. "What do you mean?"

"Well, haven't any of you things at home—nice things—that you have never used and don't know what to do with?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of them," came in chorus.

And then the plan came out. It was to have a "White Elephant" booth and solicit from all friends such articles as are usually to be found on top cupboard shelves or tucked away in bureau drawers—presents that have been found "misfits" in size, color or suitability; articles purchased from too-persuasive agents or at "special sales" or otherwise acquired and never used; things we all have, and have not the wit to make available or the courage to throw away; things that are white elephants on our hands, but that some one else might admire and want and buy.

The idea took at once. Said one, "I have an excellent carpet stretcher for carpets or matings, and never a carpet or a matting in my house. When I bought it of an agent I thought I'd have matting, but I changed my mind."

Up piped another, "I have the tack hammer that came with that stretcher set. I did not buy the carpet stretcher, but the hammer was recommended as being magnetized and would pick up a tack by

its head, and so save holding it and pounding one's fingers. It wouldn't work, and so I have one too many tack hammers."

"That's a splendid carpet stretcher," said another. "I have one, and I wouldn't be without it for anything. And as for that little tack hammer, it's the handiest thing I have in my house. I wouldn't know how to keep house without it."

"What did I tell you!" said the originator of the plan. "I'm sure there are lots of other things."

And there were. The idea grew. A host of things were brought to light and dusted and given an opportunity to fulfil their mission. There were vases, and candlesticks, and doilies, and picture frames, shells and sea mosses, dishes and pictures, thimble and scissors cases, hair receivers, work bags and sofa pillows, many of which elicited the wondering comment, "I don't see how that could be a 'white elephant'! I think it is beautiful." Besides these there were numerous kitchen and pantry conveniences, such as agents beguile us into buying.

The "white elephant" idea was emphasized at the sale by the clever sketch of an elephant, made by an obliging artist friend, and which, large and imposing, hung in a conspicuous place over the table where the goods were displayed.

The novelty of the booth called forth much amused comment, and was not only a great attraction, but produced a good sum of money to help swell the receipts of the bazaar.

SWIFT'S PREMIUM

U.S. INS. PSD.

Hams and bacon are stamped "Swift's Premium" to identify them readily when the best is asked for.

This stamp is always on the rind, and when you see it there it is absolute proof that you are getting "Swift's Premium"—the finest, tenderest and most delightfully flavored ham and bacon to be had.

Familiarize yourself with the brand, this will always be assurance of uniform quality, flavor and tenderness.

Buy a whole ham or strip of bacon for economy in the household. Be sure that the brand on the rind is "Swift's Premium."

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

In the Best Homes Everywhere

SHAKER Table Salt is used *exclusively* in the finest hotels, restaurants and clubs, and by the railroad and steamship lines, as well as in the best homes everywhere.

You and your family must be using Shaker Salt frequently now—even if you are not as yet ordering it regularly for your table at home.



The Salt that Always Flows Freely

SHAKER Table Salt is the salt that always flows freely. Simply tip the shaker and out flows Shaker Table Salt *every time*—always "loose"—always dry. No better—no time nor temper lost—no shaking—no pounding—no poking as there is with *other salt*.

The Table Salt that is Properly Packed and Protected

Shaker Table Salt is the table salt that is properly packed and protected. It comes to you in a convenient and sanitary salt box, having a patented spout for filling salt shakers without bother or waste. This box is air-tight, water-proof, dirt and dust-proof, germ and odor-proof—keeping Shaker Table Salt protected from contaminating germs, odors and impurities of the grocery and kitchen which *all bag salt must absorb*.

The Only Table Salt that is Free of Dangerous Impurities

Gypsum is the *most* dangerous impurity that *nature* has placed in *all salt*. Gypsum makes splendid *fertilizer* and *plaster of paris*, but it's a dangerous thing to *eat*, because it combines with water in your body—forms little balls of plaster—gravel—gall stones. Your doctor will tell you that this is the reason why the gypsum in the ordinary salt often causes such serious disorders of the liver, kidneys and spleen.

We are *sole owners* of the *only* process of *salt refining*—the *only* process which removes the gypsum and other *dangerous* impurities which naturally contaminate *all salt*. That is *why* Shaker Table Salt is the *only* table salt that is absolutely free of dangerously unhealthful impurities—the *only* salt that is *safe* and fit for your table. We will gladly send you, upon request, Government proof of all this.

Its freedom from dangerous, rank impurities gives Shaker Table Salt a pure, delicate flavor—a "saltiness" and savor not found in other table salt, and the fineness of grain in Shaker Table Salt enables you to flavor food as delicately as the most fastidious taste could wish.

Avoid Dangerous Substitutes —Order Shaker Table Salt From Your Grocer Today

Shaker Table Salt costs about 10 cents a *year* more than common, rank, sharp, bitter-tasting, coarse, gritty, soggy, lumpy, dangerously impure salt.

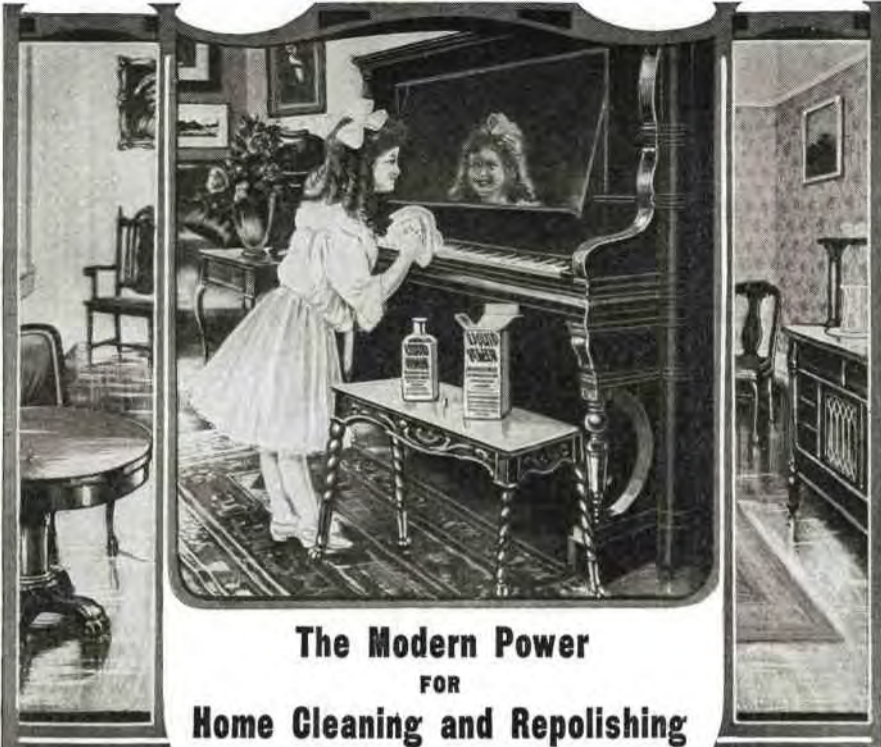
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—Proved Best by Government Test

From all
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10 Cents

"Saltiest"—Purest Salt

(East of the Rocky Mountains)



The Modern Power
FOR
Home Cleaning and Repolishing

LIQUID VENEER

Sold on Approval

GET a 50 cent bottle of Liquid Veneer from any dealer and dust or wipe off your Piano, Furniture and Woodwork with it according to the simple directions, going over at least one entire room. If it does not make that room look brand new, and remove all Dust, Dirt, "Grime" or "Cloudiness," Stains and Marks, and do it infinitely better than anything else you have ever used—if you are not delighted and satisfied, then take the bottle right back to the dealer who is authorized to cheerfully refund your money, making no charge for what you have used in the trial.

Liquid Veneer is entirely unlike Varnish. It is a thin, non-coloring liquid for cleaning and repolishing. It is applied with a cloth much the same as though you were dusting. It leaves no coating—there is no drying to wait for. It instantly renews all surfaces it touches.

FOR HOUSECLEANING there is nothing equal to Liquid Veneer. Try it! It will be a revelation to you.

SOLD ALL OVER TOWN IN 25c. and 50c. BOTTLES

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San Francisco, Cal., London, Eng., Cologne, Ger., Bridgeburg, Can.



Did
You Ever
Do This?

Ever stop to pick loose bristles out of your brush when in the midst of a job of varnishing or refinishing?

No one can do smooth work with such a brush, no matter how good the paint, varnish, or enamel.

The all-round good brush for all sorts of home finishing, that is guaranteed never to lose a bristle from its setting is the

RUBBERSET

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Home Brush

The bristles of Rubberset Home Brushes are held in a solid bed of hard, vulcanized rubber. They may be cleaned as often as you please with turpentine, benzine, ammonia, alcohol, or the strongest cleaners, without affecting them in the least, and can be used over and over for a lifetime.

In quality, Rubberset Home Brushes are perfect. Long, selected China bristles, full of life and spring—tapered uniformly to a chisel edge.

They hold more paint, varnish or enamel than ordinary kinds and lay it on more smoothly. All sizes for all purposes, from gilding a picture frame to painting a floor.

For sale at all hardware, department and paint stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name.

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Prices:
1 in., 20 cents
1½ in., 30 cents
2 in., 40 cents
2½ in., 50 cents
3 in., 60 cents
Entire Set, \$1.85



HOME PROBLEMS

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

May I ask every correspondent to entrust me with her name and address, assuring her that no confidence will be violated and nothing done to reveal her identity? Address all letters to Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, care of Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

A Public Library

"Does a large city library circulate recent and popular books?"
As a rule, yes. The latest books are found on the lists of the larger libraries. There is a time limit as to the number of days that such books may be kept by a single reader.

Inclined to Stoop

"My daughter is inclined to stoop when bending over her studies. Do you know of any apparatus that I could let her wear which would correct this defect?"
Are you sure that she sits, when studying, in a straight-backed chair, with the light behind her falling over her left shoulder? Have you investigated her seat in the schoolroom? In the South girls are often obliged to walk about several times a day with a book or other small object on their head. Nothing that I know of tends to produce a carriage so erect and graceful as this simple exercise.

About the Baby

"First, is a baby eight months old too young to be spanked? Second, when may a baby take a cold plunge bath, the bath room being very warm?"
An infant should not be spanked at the early age you mention. The effect on the nervous system might be permanently injurious. Gentle means are best in managing babies. They early learn what "no" means if the mother's tone is gentle and firm. A cold plunge should not be given to a little child until the advice of the family physician has been asked and given.

Exclusive Friendship

"I am one of your younger readers and bring you a trouble that weighs upon me. My dearest friend, whom I almost worship, says she loves me, but that she must love other friends as well. She treats several others with just as much affection as she shows me, and although I have often tried, I cannot succeed in making her jealous. What can I do?"
Cultivate the excellent common sense displayed by your friend. Exclusive friendships between girls often lead to morbidness. Do not make yourself miserable over the fact that a friend loves several people beside yourself.

To Become a Nurse

"I am engaged in housework, but would like to become a trained nurse. How much preliminary education is necessary?"
A nurse must possess a grammar-school education. This is essential. She must have good physical health, an amiable temper and a habit of obeying orders. If you wish to become a nurse, write to the nearest hospital training school and ask for application blanks. These you will fill, and if your answers are satisfactory your name will be placed on a waiting list. Your knowledge of housework will not disqualify you for being a good nurse.

In the Dark

"I am all but engaged to be married to a man whom I have never seen, but with whom I have had a most satisfactory correspondence. I feel that I could trust him should he ask me to go to the other side of the globe. A friend, who says she knows, tells me that he is fickle and that I am about to incur a great risk. I may add that we have friends in common."
As marriage is a life partnership, your friend should, if it is at all possible, visit you before you are pledged. Correspondence does not always reveal the real personality. Is there any reason for haste in the matter?

The Family Medicine Chest

"We live in the country remote from a drug store. Is it wise to keep no simple remedies on hand? One of my neighbors thinks that a family medicine chest is a temptation to think of disease and to take too many drugs."
In case of sudden illness, situated as you are, it is wise to have at hand a few safe and simple medicines. Your own experience will enable you to make a list of these, and the nearest physician will advise you on the subject if you consult him. There are times when peppermint, rhubarb, castor oil and other old-fashioned remedies are friends in need.

Books That Bore One

"My husband, who is a very cultivated man, far more intellectual than I, insists on my reading books that I do not understand and that bore me very much. He says my reading is too frivolous. Do you disapprove of novels? Would you enjoy being compelled to read ancient history and moral philosophy?"
Your husband should read aloud to you, with interesting comments on the subjects he prefers. For my own part, I thoroughly approve of good novels, and if they are well chosen they may include a fair amount of material that is anything but frivolous. Husbands and wives should enter into a compact to leave each other free in the selection of home reading.

Hemlock Pillows

"Will you pass on to other nervous sufferers a hint that great relief is often found from insomnia by sleeping on a hemlock pillow? I have found its use very soothing."
Now that summer is coming, many readers may like to make these fragrant woody pillows. They are extremely restful, as our friend testifies.

The Privileges of a Daughter

"I am a grown-up daughter, several years past twenty. I am allowed no more liberty in my home than when I was ten. I cannot invite my friends to visit me or go anywhere without asking my mother's permission. At what age shall I be qualified to take charge of my own affairs?"
Your mother may not understand that her constant supervision irritates and makes you unhappy. Why not try to let her see your point of view? A young woman over twenty is entitled to a certain amount of freedom at home if she does not thereby inconvenience others. You must be patient with your mother, remembering that her love for you is probably the reason for what seems to you tyranny.

The Growing Daughter

"My daughter, aged sixteen, is aggrieved because I refuse my consent to her going to parties and other social functions with boys of her own age. Should she not wait until she is older?"
At sixteen a young girl should be still under her mother's wing. She will have plenty of time for social pleasures later, and the customs of good society require that she shall still be chaperoned.

Lady or Woman?

"As an Englishwoman of somewhat conservative upbringing I have been accustomed to use the terms 'lady' and 'gentleman.' I find myself in a minority among my American friends. They tell me that I would be equally conspicuous should I return to my old home, and that it is the thing just now to speak of the women and the men, in all circumstances. Please give me your opinion."
Personally I am in sympathy with you. I like to think of a lady as woman in a high state of civilization. Philip Hamerton thus defined her. A gentleman seems to me a man, tender, considerate, chivalrous and polite. I think there are times when it is proper to speak of ladies and of gentlemen. Of course, when we mention scrub ladies and sales ladies and wash ladies we are inexact. Women pursuing these occupations may be ladies, but within business limits they are to be alluded to as women. Continue to hold your own, dear lady. Fashion will come round to you again after a while.

A Present for an Elderly Lady

Are you not a little mistaken in your estimate of what an elderly lady would like when you say that you cannot think of a suitable present to give your great-aunt? I infer from your letter that the lady, though past seventy, is still active and has no desire to spend her time in an easy chair. Anything that was very pleasing to her will please her still. Young people forget that old people are young in their hearts long after their faces are lined by time. Your aunt would like the most popular book of the season if she is fond of reading. Any article that is dainty and feminine will give her pleasure if added to her toilet requisites; a chudder shawl, if she does not possess one, will be a welcome addition to her wardrobe.



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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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chair ~ made new"

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Write for illustrated booklet containing interesting information and beautiful color card. Free on request.

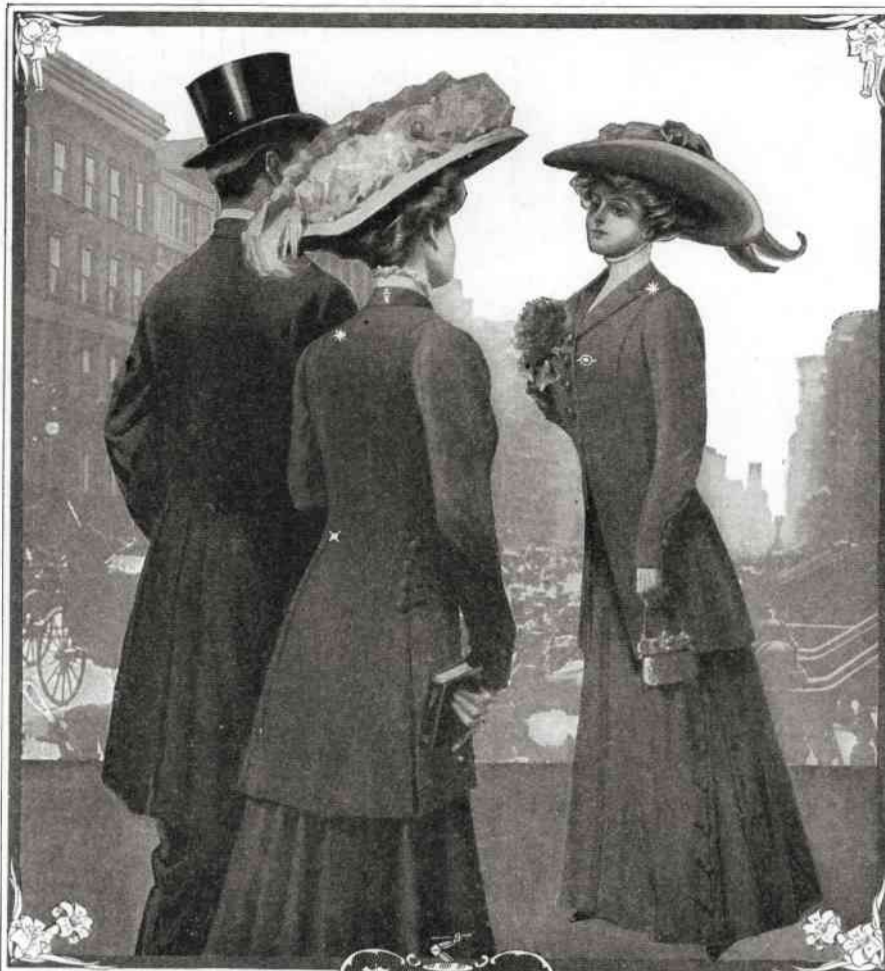
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*Printzess Shoulder xPrintzess Hip
Printzess
 DISTINCTION IN DRESS
 †Printzess Front ‡Printzess Collar

The "Billie Burke" Coat Leads the Easter Parade

The star style in Spring Coats and Suits is named "BILLIE BURKE" in honor of the famous New York actress who describes it as the "cutest she ever saw." It's a garment of beauty and utility combining all those desirable qualities that have made PRINTZESS Garments stand for "Distinction in Dress."

It's made of pure wool cloths, shrunk before cutting, so as to retain shape and style regardless of wear or weather.

We would have you pay special attention to the tailoring—at Collar, Shoulder, Hip and Front it presents a finished, comfortable fit you cannot find in ordinary ready-mades. The test is a try-on, which we invite you to make at your own dealer's.

You can see the "BILLIE BURKE" at
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 LaSalle & Koch Company, Toledo, O.
 Gimbel Bros., Milwaukee and Philadelphia.
 Shepard-Norwell Co., Boston, Mass.
 Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
 John W. Thomas & Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
 May Company, St. Louis, Mo.
 Stewart Dry Goods Co., Louisville, Ky.
 The Cashner-Knott D. G. Co., Nashville, Tenn.
 The Fair, Montgomery, Ala.
 Newcomb-Epiforett Company, Detroit, Mich.
 J. M. Hale Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
 And at good stores everywhere.

If you fail to find PRINTZESS Garments in your city, tell us your dealer's name and we'll repay your trouble by sending our Spring Style Portfolio B.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO., Cleveland, Ohio

What Will You Give To Be Well

I CANNOT tell you how happy I am that I have been able to bring health and strength to 30,000 women in the past six years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years' personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done all this by simply studying Nature's laws adapted to the correction of each individual difficulty. If vital organs or nerve centers are weak, I strengthen them so that each organ does its work.

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the health and vivacity which makes you

**A Better Wife
 A Rested Mother
 A Sweeter Sweetheart**

You can easily remove the fat and it will stay removed. I have reduced 15,000 women. One pupil writes me:

"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 73 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now."
 "When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all so easy, I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

I may need to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. A pupil who was thin, writes me:
 "I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My lungs are rounded out and I have gained 25 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman."
 "My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are so rested. I feel so well all the time."



To Have Good Figure, Vibrant Health, Rested Nerves?

I bring each pupil to symmetrical proportions and I teach her to stand and to walk in an attitude which bespeaks culture and refinement. A good figure, gracefully carried, means more than a pretty face. Nature's rosy cheeks are more beautiful than paint or powder. I help you to Arise to Your Best!

The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room, I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe so that the blood is fully purified.

You Can Be Well Without Drugs
 And the vital strength gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as
 Constipation Dizziness
 Torpid Liver Irritability
 Indigestion Nervousness
 Rheumatism Sleeplessness
 Weakness Weak Nerves
 Catarrhs
 by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.
 I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a buoyant, vivacious, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own home.
Individual Instruction—I give each pupil the individual, confidential treatment which her case demands. My information and advice are entirely free.

Write me today telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you. I never treat a patient I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will refer you to the help you need.
 Send me to cents for instructive booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly.
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 Author of "Growth in Science," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.

Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

PROBLEMS OF THE BUSINESS GIRL

BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Works on Art

Every girl with ambitions as an illustrator or designer should read the lives of great artists and the masterpieces of literature which deal with the artistic life and artistic achievements.

It is not enough to take a few lessons from a private teacher. You should read everything obtainable upon your chosen profession and become familiar with its literature and history. On receipt of a self-addressed and stamped envelope I shall be pleased to suggest a course of reading which will be helpful, but I cannot publish lists of books in this column.

Courses for Trained Nurses

Throughout the country there has been a decided movement toward lengthening, not shortening, the course for trained nurses. In many hospitals the course now runs three years, and no applicants will be considered unless they have finished the complete high-school course or its equivalent. I can furnish you with the name of a correspondence course that will prepare you to take an examination in the hospital training school you mention, for if your health and recommendations are all you say, with such home study you should be able to make up the lost year at the high school.

Making Pickles and Jellies

You can have no idea of the quantity large dealers require. If you want to make jellies for sale in large cities you must put them up in hundred dozen lots or larger. If you can make only a few dozen of this and a few of something else, then you must find a market nearer home—in small towns. The out-of-town woman cannot conceive of the vast quantities consumed in cities like New York, Philadelphia, Boston, etc. In making pickles you stand even a poorer chance than with your preserves. You would have to compete with the big pickle factories all over the country, who are able to sell their wares for very little profit.

Kindergartening at Home

I respectfully beg to differ with the "authority" who assures you that you can study the Froebel books and games at home and then succeed with a kindergarten in your own dining room. There was a time when a half-prepared teacher could start a private school, but that time is past. Mothers know too much about modern educational methods to trust their children to a kindergartner who has not been thoroughly trained for the work. You can study at home and absorb the kindergarten principles, but in justice to yourself and your pupils do not open a school until you have had some training at least in a first-class training school.

A Cure for Hangnails

I have never heard that hangnails were the peculiar affliction of the stenographer. The home-staying girl is fully as apt to suffer with them if she is not careful about manicuring her nails. As yours seem to be very troublesome, you must neglect your nails. To-night without fail, begin the work of reform. Cut off the torn flesh with very sharp, curved scissors, which you can buy at any drug store. Then rub the raw flesh with some soothing ointment or even pure vaseline. Tie each finger up in a bit of soft cloth or slip on a pair of old gloves. In the morning, before going to work and after washing your hands thoroughly, place little patches of court plaster over each hangnail, to prevent rubbing the bruised skin. And finally go to a good manicurist and learn how to manicure your nails, keeping the flesh rubbed back, so that the tiny white crescent at the base of each nail comes into view. That is the one permanent cure for hangnails.

THE BUSINESS GIRL'S CLOTHES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

"It was a fine club. We met two nights a week and the ladies of the church took turns teaching us how to sew, while some one read aloud, and then we had cake and lemonade or chocolate. I learned to mend my stockings, to sew on buttons and hooks and things. They taught me how to mend my clothes first, and then a little at a time I learned how to make them. I have belonged to this club for two years, and now I can make a shirt waist or any of my underwear, and for this summer I will make my own shirt-waist suits. I made a number of pretty collars and ties for Christmas gifts to my friends."

Welfare secretaries in large stores, factories and laundries, secretaries of clubs in institutional churches, and all other social-service workers are only too glad to welcome ambitious girls to their sewing clubs and classes. And the ambitious girl knows that to advance she must make a neat, attractive appearance, so these sewing clubs and classes are among the best movements on foot in big cities. The

Work for Musicians

Girls who do not enjoy teaching, but who play the piano accurately and sympathetically, can secure work as accompanists in all good-sized cities. Make the rounds of music studios, cultivate musical people and accept the first offer you receive in this line. If you play a sympathetic accompaniment, one musician will recommend you to another. Singers, violinists and cellists are most apt to hire an accompanist. A girl who keeps splendid time and plays with energy and enthusiasm can secure work as piano player for physical-culture classes and dancing classes. Payment is made by the hour, or if much work is to be done, as in a dancing academy, the musician is paid a salary.

Loans to Salaried Girls

I cannot urge you too strongly to avoid borrowing from the firm you mention. I know nothing of this particular concern, but I do know that the rate you mention is usurious, and once you get in the clutches of such a firm you seem never able to escape. If it is merely a matter of paying a doctor's or dentist's bill, go to your physician or dentist frankly and state that you will pay so much a week until the account is settled. You will have to do this and pay exorbitant interest to the loan company in the bargain. Better pay a small interest direct to the person you owe. But if you have gotten into debt for some foolish thing, if in your heart you know that you have plunged yourself into debt for a bit of girlish extravagance, go direct to your mother or father or some relative whom you can trust, and confess your indebtedness. But avoid "Loans to Salaried People." They have cost more than one girl her good position.

Hand-Made Rugs

I would not advise you to send your hand-woven rugs to a city, simply because there you will have to come into competition with factory-made wares that cleverly imitate the hand weaving. It would be better, inasmuch as you say you are not pushed for the money, to wait until next summer; then on certain days in each week have an exhibition at the various hotels in your vicinity, selling your wares direct to tourists. Hand work of any kind, if well done, is now in demand, and I think you could get good prices from the class of women who summer in your vicinity.

Fancy Work and Woman's Exchanges

The woman's exchanges in large cities are overflowed with fancy articles, owing to the financial depression of the past year. You must write to them and receive an answer before submitting samples of your work. I will furnish you a list of exchanges throughout the country upon receipt of stamped and self-addressed envelope. The rules of all exchanges are about the same—they vary in minor points only. They all charge a yearly registration fee, and in addition to that, ask a commission on all goods they sell. They do not guarantee to sell your consignment, and at the end of a year are at liberty to return the goods to you unsold.

Are Positions Guaranteed to Stenographers?

I do not think that any reliable short-hand school can guarantee positions for all of its graduates. The success or failure of the student, after she has completed the course given by the school, depends on the girl herself. The school may be of great help to her in securing work, but it cannot at the start truthfully say that it will guarantee to secure work for you. You may be a most indifferent pupil, and at the expiration of the given course you may be most unfit to take general dictation. The higher grade of schools in stenography do not guarantee positions to its graduates.

THE BUSINESS GIRL'S CLOTHES

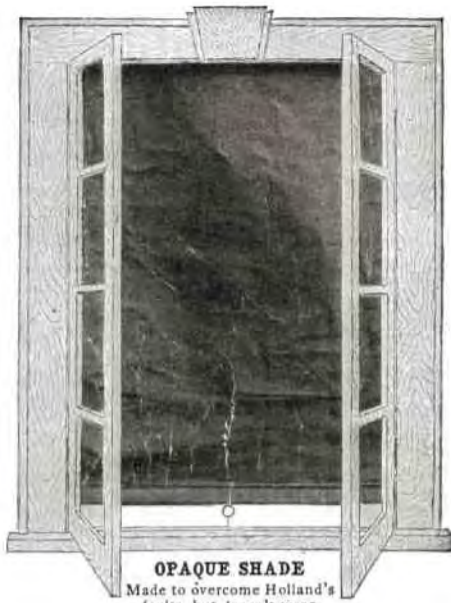
public night schools in many cities also conduct classes in sewing and dressmaking, and girls who do not care to join public-school or church classes or clubs can easily form clubs of their own among their fellow workers, with sewing and reading as the object of the meetings. And I would just like to see a club of bright, self-supporting American girls who could not use Miss Gould's ideas with splendid results.

"Rest is not quitting this busy career, Rest is the fitting of life to its sphere."

Goethe, the German poet, wrote those words nearly a hundred years ago, before the American business girl was in existence, but this sentiment fits into your daily life and mine. You do not rest when you sit doing nothing—except bemoaning your fate. A change of work may have a spice of pleasure as well as of recreation. Try it—and start with your needle and Miss Gould's department as first aids.



HOLLAND SHADE
Shows shadows, wrinkles,
sags, let's in glare.



OPAQUE SHADE
Made to overcome Holland's
faults, but doesn't wear.



A BRENLIN SHADE

BRENLIN is performed in the edge of every yard. Be sure it is there. It is your protection against shades that look like Brenlin which new but don't wear.

The Difference in *Material* makes the difference in wear

Brenlin is made without filling of any kind. There is nothing about it to crack like opaque shades. It *wears*, doesn't develop the streaks and patches that make ordinary shades so unsightly. And it really shades. It doesn't show shadows like Holland. It won't wrinkle, won't fade. Brenlin is made in all colors and BRENLIN DUPLEX, LIGHT ONE SIDE, DARK THE OTHER.

In the lighter colors, ivory, white, cream, ecru, etc., it gives a soft, mellow light. In the darker colors, greens, etc., it is absolutely opaque. Write for samples and the name of the dealer in your town. If your dealer hasn't it, we will tell you where to get it or supply you direct. Write today. 7-foot shade, 38 inches wide, complete with best roller, \$1.00. Other sizes in proportion. CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & CO., 2064-2074 Reading Rd., Cincinnati.

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is beautifully illustrated. It shows you the way to most economically equip your bathroom, and how it may be made as permanently sanitary and as attractive as any room in your home. It gives practical demonstration of how to increase the actual cash-value of your house when installing bathroom, kitchen or laundry fixtures. Write for your copy today. Enclose six cents postage and give us name of your architect and plumber, if selected.



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PEARLIE WIPES OUT THE STAIN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

"No, you bet I don't now. The preacher was sassy to pa, and tried to get money. Pa says he'll never touch wood in his church again, and pa won't give another cent, either, and mind you, last year we gave twenty-five dollars."

"We paid fourteen dollars," Pearl said, "and Mary got six dollars on her card."

"Oh, but you town people don't have the expenses we have."

"That's true, I guess," Pearl said doubtfully—she was wondering about the boot bills. "Pa gets a dollar and a quarter every day, and ma gets seventy-five cents when she washes. We're gettin' on fine."

Then Mrs. Motherwell made her appearance and the conversation came to an end.

That afternoon, when Pearl had washed the dishes and scrubbed the floor, she went upstairs to the little room to write in her diary. She knew Mrs. Francis would expect to see something in it, so she wrote laboriously:

"I saw a lot of yalla flowers and black burds. The rode was full of dust and waggin marks. I met a man with a top buggy and smelt a skunk. Mrs. M. made a kake to-day—there was no licksens."

"I'm goin' to tidy up the granary for Arthur. He's orfel nice and told me about London Bridge—it hasn't fallen down at all, he says, that's just a song."

All day long the air had been heavy and close, and that night, while Pearl was asleep, the face of the heavens was darkened with storm clouds. Great rolling masses came up from the west, shot through with flashes of lightning, and the heavy silence was more ominous than the loudest thunder could have been. The wind began in the hills, gusty and fitful at first, then bursting with violence over the plain below. There was a cutting whine in it, like the whang of stretched steel, fateful, deadly as the singing of bullets, chilling the farmer's heart, for he knows it means hail.

Pearl woke and sat up in bed. The lightning flashed in the little window, leaving the room as black as ink. She listened to the whistling wind.

"It's the hail!" she whispered delightedly. "I knew the Lord would find a way to open the windy without me puttin' my fist through it. I'll have a look at the clouds to see if they have that white edge on them. No, I won't, either. I'll just lave the Lord alone. Nothin' makes me madder than when I promise Tommy or Mary or any of them something, and then have them frettin' all the time about whether or not I'll get it done. I'd like to see the clouds, though. I'll bet they're a sight, just like what Camilla sings about—'Dark is His path on the wings of the storm.'"

In the kitchen below, the Motherwells gathered with pale faces. The windows shook and rattled in their casings.

"This'll fix the wheat that's standin', every—bit of it," Sam said. He did not make it quite as strong as he intended. Something had taken the profanity out of him.

"Hadn't you better go up and bring the kid down, ma?" Tom asked, thinking of Pearl.

"Her!" his father said contemptuously. "She'll never hear it."

The wind suddenly ceased. Not a breath stirred, only a continuous glare of lightning. Then—crack! crack! crack! on the roof! on the windows! everywhere! Like bad boys throwing stones, heavier, harder, faster, until it was one beating, thundering roar!

It lasted but a few minutes, though it seemed longer to those who listened in terror in the kitchen. Then the roar grew less and less and at last ceased altogether, only a gentle rain continuing to fall.

Sam Motherwell sat without speaking. "You have cheated the Lord all these years, and He has borne with you, trying to make you pay up without harsh proceedings." He found himself repeating the minister's words. Could this be what he meant by harsh proceedings? Certainly it was harsh enough, taking away a man's crop after all his hard work.

Sam was full of self-pity. There were very few men who had ever been treated as badly as he felt himself to be.

"Mebbe there'll only be a streak of it hailed out," Tom said, breaking in on his father's dismal thoughts.

"You'll see in the mornin'," his father growled, and Tom went back to bed.

When Pearl woke it was with the wind blowing in upon her, the morning breeze, fragrant with the sweetness of the flowers and the ripening grain. The musty odors had all gone, and she felt life and health in every breath. The blackbirds were twittering in the oaks behind the house, and the rising sun was throwing long shadows over the field. Shattered glass lay on the floor. "I knew the dear Lord would fix the gurns," Pearl said as she dressed, laughing to herself. But her face clouded in a moment. "What about the poppies?" Then she laughed again. "There I go frettin' again. I guess the Lord knows they're there, and He isn't goin' to smash them if Polly really needs them."

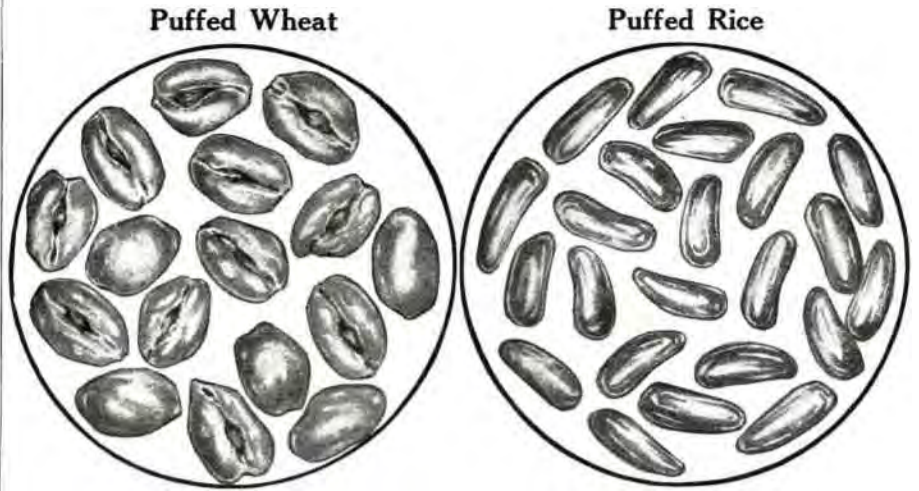
She dressed herself hastily and ran down the ladder and around behind the cook house, where a strange sight met her eyes. The cook-house roof had been blown off, and it had landed over the poppies, where it had sheltered them from every hailstone.

Pearl looked under the roof. The poppies stood there straight and beautiful, no doubt wondering what big thing it was that hid them from the sun. When Tom and his father went out in the early dawn to investigate the damage done by the storm they found that only a narrow strip through the field in front of the house had been touched. The hail had played a strange trick, beating down the grain along this narrow path, just as if a mighty roller had come through it, until it reached the house, on the other side of which not one trace of damage could be found.

"Didn't we get off lucky?" Tom exclaimed. "And the rest of the grain is not even lodged. Why, twenty-five dollars would cover the whole loss, cook-house roof and all."

His father was looking over the rippling field, green gold in the rosy dawn. He started uncomfortably at Tom's words.

Twenty-five dollars! Just the sum that he had not given!



Exact size of grains, with the coats unbroken, after they are puffed to eight times their natural size.

The Food That's Shot From Guns

Surprise your folks tomorrow morning with a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Show them these grains, with the coats unbroken, puffed to eight times their natural size.

Serve them this crisp and delicious food—four times as porous as bread. It will melt in the mouth.

Your folks will say, "Why, this is great. Let us have it every morning."

Exploded by Steam

This is the way we make it:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into steel guns. Then those guns are revolved, for sixty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes terrific.

Then the guns are fired. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles. Thus the kernel of grain is expanded eight times. Yet it remains unbroken—shaped as before.

Quaker Puffed Wheat, 10c Quaker Puffed Rice, 13c

You owe these most delightful foods to Prof. A. P. Anderson. We gladly give him the credit. But the discovery—like most great inventions—was accidental.

Prof. Anderson was seeking a way to break up starch granules, as no other process does.

Starch that is unbroken will not digest. And cooking breaks up only part of it.

So he sought a way to blast every granule to pieces by exploding the moisture in it.

When he did this, he found that he had created the most enticing cereal foods in existence.

Serve it Tomorrow

You are missing a new delight—something you won't go without when you know it.

Get both the Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Some like one the better—some the other.

But your folks will like either one of them better than any other cereal food in existence.

Begin tomorrow morning.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

All Patents controlled by The Quaker Oats Company

IN THE HUNGARIAN KITCHEN

BY FLORENCE A. DAWSON

IT IS in her treatment of plebeian viands, in her art of converting them into table delicacies, that the Hungarian cook excels. Take ordinary chopped beef, for instance. In America we mix it with a little onion, put a lump of butter in the center, fry it for twenty minutes, and produce the humble Hamburg steak. In Hungary the magic of the housewife transforms it into a number of dishes fit to grace any table. Here is one of the secrets of her necromancy:

HUNGARIAN CHOPPED MEAT—Take one and one half pounds of chopped meat, being careful to have all the fat removed before it is chopped. Place two Vienna rolls in a dish of water. When they are thoroughly moist the crusts will peel off easily. Squeeze the insides as dry as possible, and place them in a bowl with two eggs, a grated onion, paprika and salt. Mix well, add the meat, and again mix thoroughly. Form this meat mixture into two balls.

Slice a large onion, and brown lightly in butter. Pour this into a kettle which has a tightly fitting cover, and then place in the meat balls. Cut two large tomatoes into quarters, place them around the meat, cover the kettle, and let it simmer gently for thirty minutes. If canned tomatoes are used, pour in sufficient to cover the bottom of the kettle to the depth of half an inch.

After thirty minutes, turn the meat carefully, so that the balls may not break. This is best done by slipping a saucer under them and lifting them on it. Let them simmer another thirty minutes, taking care to permit no hard boiling, or the meat will be tough when done.

Served on a platter, garnished with the dressing of tomatoes and sliced onions, this dish is as pretty to behold as it is toothsome and tender. The tomatoes are left unsweetened, which gives it a pleasing snap.

STUFFED PEPPERS—Chopped meat is transformed into a savory luncheon dish by the Hungarian housewife, as follows: Prepare the meat mixture as above, adding one tablespoonful of uncooked rice for every pound of the meat. Hollow out green peppers, and stuff them with the mixture. Brown a little flour in butter in a sauce pan, then stir in the tomatoes gradually until the sauce pan is half full. When the tomatoes are boiling, drop in the peppers, and let them simmer for thirty minutes. Serve on a flat dish surrounded by the tomato dressing.

CARAMELED CARROTS—The humble carrot, so little thought of by Americans, becomes on the Hungarian table a delicious sweet to serve with meat. Cut one or two large carrots into thin pieces about an inch long, put them in a sauce pan, sprinkle them well with sugar, and place one tablespoonful of butter on top. Pour on enough water to just cover them, and let them simmer until all but about one tablespoonful of this has boiled away, by which time they will be soft. Then sift a little flour over them, and stir it through them, until the water is absorbed. Thus carameled, they don't taste like the ordinary carrot at all, and those who do not care for the foreign custom of serving sweets with meat will enjoy eating them alone at luncheon.

FRICASSÉED POTATOES—One of the Hungarian ways of transforming white potatoes is to fricassée them. A small onion is sliced, placed in a sauce pan with one dessertspoonful of butter, a dash of paprika and salt, and fried a light brown. The potatoes, cut in small squares, are then poured into the sauce pan, and covered with boiling water. When the water has boiled away, the potatoes are soft and mealy and tinted a golden red from the butter and paprika. They are just as good as they look.

Boneless Men



BONELESS MEN are all right for canning, but most men are not going to be canned if they can help it. You cannot get good bone or muscle from white flour bread alone or from pastries or starchy vegetables. Feeding children foods that are lacking in phosphates deprives them of the elements that are needed for making sound teeth, bone and brain. The ideal food for growing children is

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

because it contains all the bone-making, muscle-building elements in the whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

For that "bilious, bluish feeling" that comes in the Spring try this for breakfast: Drink a glass of orange juice or the juice of grape-fruit. Then heat one or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness; pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream and a dash of salt. The Biscuit is equally wholesome or nutritious with baked apple, peaches, berries, pineapple or other fruit, fresh or preserved.

Triscuit is the Shredded Wheat Wafer, eaten as a Toast with butter, cheese or marmalades

THE ONLY "BREAKFAST CEREAL" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM

The Shredded Wheat Co.
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

WHAT TO EAT, AND WHY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

form, that we do not get tired of. On the other hand, there is no accessory or flavoring food, fruit, vegetable, dessert, entrée or light delicacy of any sort which will not pall upon the appetite within a few weeks or months, usually, indeed, days. With all the boasted triumphs of the gastronomic art, there is no single meat flavor more exquisite than that of beefsteak, no pastry-cook flavor to equal that delicate nutty aroma of the crust of home-made bread, no mayonnaise that can compare for a moment in toothsome-ness with fresh-made butter. Our common foods are really our greatest luxuries and our sources of keenest enjoyment.

Hunters, trappers, explorers of the un-mapped regions of the earth, pioneers, timber cruisers, all unanimously declare that they get sick unto loathing of every kind of venison or other wild meat, game, grouse, quail, fish, if they attempt to live on it for more than a few weeks as a standard article of diet, but never lose their appetite for beef, pork, bread and sugar. As an old plainsman, who had been employed in early days as a professional hunter to supply the grading camps of the Union Pacific Railway when it was pushing its perilous way across the continent, tersely put it, after describing how disgusted the men would get if they had to live on an unbroken diet of antelope meat or venison for a week or two at a stretch, "Beef's the only meat thet's fit fer a white man to live on."

The Weight of Food

Another good rule of thumb, a rough test of fuel value, is weight. Of course, not all foods that have weight have nourishment in proportion. But the converse, that no food can contain much nourishment that has not a fair amount of weight, is true eight times out of ten. The old idea that we could concentrate and condense and extract the nutrient principles of our foods has been almost entirely exploded. Almost every process by which you reduce the weight or even the bulk of a food to any very marked degree will rob it of its nutritive value almost in proportion.

The one apparent exception, of course, is drying in its various processes. But this form of concentration is only an apparent one, since nearly all dried foods are reduced to a state of mummification for storage purposes, in which they are no longer fit to eat. Before they can be used as foods, the water driven off, or a large proportion of it, has to be restored to them, either by soaking, mincing or stewing in the process of cooking, or by moistening with saliva in the prolonged processes of their mastication. An ounce of any food, patent or otherwise, is only an ounce of nourishment; and the body needs pounds in the course of the day. And allowing for the fact that foods as they come on the table contain from fifty to seventy per cent of water, the relative weight of a helping will give us a fair, though by no means constant, idea of its nutritive value, especially if we combine with this its solidity.

The foods which are difficult to estimate in this way, of course, are those like mushes, puddings, fruits and vegetables, which contain seventy to ninety per cent of water; but if we try to imagine these as evaporated or wilted down, the bulk of the residue will give us a fair clue to their real food value. As will readily be seen, soups and extracts of all sorts shrivel almost to nothing under this process, and this is where they really belong as serious sources of energy. Meat extracts, for instance, and most soups, though stimulating and appetizing, are of little or no nutritive value.

Other Qualities Necessary in Food

While fuel power in a food is as fundamentally essential as charity among the Christian graces, it must have certain other qualities in addition to be available for diet purposes. It must be burnable in our human fire box; it must contain the substances out of which the body is made in certain proportions; and it must taste good, or perhaps, to put it more accurately, smell as if it is going to taste good.

The requirement of "burnability" is so obvious that it needs little discussion, especially as instinct and custom based upon the experiences of the ages have settled the matter for us by excluding from the lists of things that are considered suitable to appear upon the table, substances which cannot be melted down in the human stomach. Nobody after the mature age of two and a half years would dream of attempting to make a meal on lumps of coal, rich as these undoubtedly are in fuel value and steaming power.

It is true that under ordinary circumstances we eat in our food considerable amounts of two substances, which, though furnishing good fuel for a stove or furnace, are quite unburnable in the human engine—namely, cellulose (a relative of the starches) and lignin, or woody fiber. These substances with their allies form the skeleton and skin of plants, and hence are present in considerable amounts, and after the eighty to ninety per cent of water furnish the chief bulk of our green vegetables and salad plants. Indeed, most of these may be regarded for food purposes chiefly as vegetable sponges of woody fiber and cellulose saturated with salt water.

It is both interesting and consoling to note how for the most part these "straw" foods have found their own level upon the tables of unspoiled humanity as salads, trimmings and floral decorations generally. Nobody but a transcendentalist or a diet reformer would endeavor to live upon them. Almost the only place where these substances masquerade in the guise of real foods in sensible dietaries is as the nitrogenous element of the various whole meals, particularly brown, or Graham, bread, and in mushrooms under the absurd name of "poor men's beefsteaks." It is quite true that brown bread, for instance, contains more nitrogen than white; but the whole of this surplus is in the form of indigestible husk and woody fiber, and ninety-nine per cent of the nitrogen in mushrooms is in the same form. The grass-eating animals (*herbivora*), with their long and complicated food furnaces, can attack and digest a considerable amount of this cellulose and woody fiber, but our alimentary canal has never evolved to the perfection of theirs so as to be capable of this feat. When it comes to burning hay, our food tube is distinctly inferior to a cow's.

That the food should contain substances of which the body that it is intended to nourish is built is almost equally obvious; and this promptly places upon the menu for our choice a group of substances: proteins, or meat and the meat-like foods; starch, or the bread, flour and meal group; fat, including oil, butter and nuts; sugar, found chiefly in the juices of fruits and vegetables; and various salts which are scattered through all forms of living tissue. One or more of these great basic food elements will be found in varying proportion in almost every article of diet which comes upon our tables.

Why Proteins Are Indispensable

So far all is clear sailing, but when we come to the question of just what proportions of these different great groups—the proteins, the starches, sugar, fats and salts—shall be combined in the ideal dietary, we enter one of the most hotly disputed realms of dietetics. Fuller discussion of this will be reserved until a later number, but simply as a working formula for temporary use it may be very briefly stated that of these three great groups only one, the proteins—which are nitrogenous substances found of course in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms—is absolutely indispensable to the welfare of the body, for the obvious reason that something like eighty per cent of the substance of the body is composed of proteid materials. As the human engine has to repair itself, it necessarily must have the steel out of which it is built supplied to it in sufficient quantities for repair purposes. This fundamental amount of protein is, however, probably not so large as we at one time supposed; and the vast bulk of our food is to be regarded chiefly from the point of view of its fuel power.

Of the three great groups it may be briefly said that the capacity of the body for burning clean and adequately disposing of one of them—the fats—is distinctly limited, possibly from the fact that fat always has been and is yet one of the rarest, most expensive and difficult to acquire of all the elements of the dietary, so that only a comparatively small proportion, usually not to exceed one tenth or one eighth of our total fuel value, can be derived from this concentrated source.

This leaves the proteins and the starch sugars as the principal source of our energy through food; and while either will yield the requisite amount of energy in perfectly digestible form, yet the proteins have the great advantage of supplying at the same time repair material as well, and what is even more important, elements which go to build up the resisting power of the body against disease. Both are first-class foods, and there is no adequate basis whatever for the widespread belief that either of them within reasonable amounts, or even in moderate excess, will produce any injurious effect upon the body. Starches have the great practical advantage of being usually much less expensive per calory. The best results so far have been obtained from a combination of the two with the fats.

What is a "Square Meal?"

Fortunately, just such a mixture of the necessary elements in what is usually not very far from their desirable proportions is what actually confronts us on the table. It must be remembered that pure starch, pure sugar, pure protein and even pure fat are practically nowhere found in a state of Nature. Our foods are for the most part the tissues of plants or animals, and hence usually contain all these elements in the proportions required by that particular plant or animal, and we are not so enormously different in our needs from other animals as we would sometimes like to imagine ourselves. Roughly speaking, a dietary consisting of one fifth protein, or meat-like food; two thirds carbohydrate, or starch and sugar foods; and, to use a hibernicism, one eighth fat, is the proper working proportion. This of course roughly corresponds to the slice of meat, two or more slices of bread, a helping of potatoes, rice or macaroni, the vegetables, the pat of butter and the fruit, sweets, pudding or pie which the average human regards as a "square meal."



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Have you ever been through a real serious siege of sickness? How well you remember when the danger point was passed and the cheerful possibility of getting better began to be realized. Then commenced a long and tedious task of coaxing and coddling the enfeebled organs of the body back to natural health, vigor and strength. At this vital stage, when exhausted nature is seeking to regain her own, you will find

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MY DAUGHTER AND I: AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

BY AGNES NOYES WILTBERGER



MY DAUGHTER and I began our education together. It is true that before she came to my assistance I had attempted something in that line. I had a diploma and a teacher's certificate in my trunk; I had become possessed of certain broad, vague theories concerning The Child into which my school children refused to fit. After one dreadful year of trying to reconcile theories and the little imps of the mill village where I officiated, I discarded the theories, burned my certificate, and looked about me for another destiny.

I found it in a happy home. When the little daughter came, she and I began on the same plane. I had discarded my theories; she had not yet found hers. I knew nothing about her; she knew nothing about herself. We learned side by side.

And a delightful learning it has been. From the day when she first succeeded in getting that pretty pink toe to her eager mouth, then in delight at her success giving a glorious kick and having it all to do over again, down through the days of the first tooth and the first steps alone, her father and I have been her interested helpers.

Indeed, if I were asked to present to a mothers' meeting some theory of child culture, it would be, "Keep out of the way, watch, and lend a helping hand."

My Daughter Begins to Learn

Alethia began early to ask questions. And because I had no particular notions as to when any particular knowledge should be introduced, I gave it to her as she asked for it. It was not always easy and it was not always convenient; but it was honest, and she threw upon it. By the time she was of school age she knew her letters, could build with her blocks the names of the members of the family, including the cat and the cow, had a working knowledge of numbers to twenty-five, and was familiar with fractions of the smaller denominations.

These things were never taught her. There was no method employed. She asked questions and we answered them. She learned to count and to multiply by helping me set the table; two spoons each for five places meant ten. She learned fractions (I do not recommend this; I am simply stating facts!) by cutting her doughnut into halves, then into quarters, then each fourth into four parts, when they disappeared from her plate. It was hard on the doughnut, but fractions have no terrors for her to-day.

She Goes to School

We sent her off to school reluctantly, as I like to believe most parents do, dreading to turn the little life over into strange hands. We were fortunate in finding in the first grade a good teacher who was in addition a thoroughly lovely woman. The children adored her, and she brought to her work a wiser understanding and more of mother love than are usual.

But the school was crowded. There were more in the grade than the room could hold, so they came in relays, half in the forenoon, half in the afternoon. Obviously there could be but little individual attention, even in those cases where it was most needed.

We Discover the First Drawback

Alethia brought her book home regularly because some one else used the desk in the afternoon; and because this was the latest, and therefore the best-loved, game, she played school most of the time when she was not attending the real thing. When I discovered in the course of this play that she had not the slightest idea how to set about learning to spell a word that she did not already know, and at a chance meeting mentioned it to her teacher, she said, "She always has her lessons, and I am afraid I neglect her. I cannot keep watch of each one as I ought. I have so many."

Working together, the teacher in the real school, I in the play school, we finished the first year with credit. In the second grade the work did not go so well. When I asked the universal after-school question, "Well, what did you learn to-day?" the answer was usually, "I don't know," or "Not anything."

I visited the school. The room was filled with children from all sorts of homes, all doing the same work, which in the beginning of the year was naturally a review of the work already done. A lesson which to a child of studious mind was

easily mastered in ten minutes was a desperate undertaking for some of them. The teacher did the best she could for the room as a whole, as was her duty.

She Leaves the Public School

She advised sending Alethia into the third grade. Instead, I talked with her father, and received his consent to try the experiment of teaching her at home.

It is significant that the only condition she made when she was consulted about the change was that when one lesson was finished she need not sit around a while before she had the next one.

Our first discovery of importance was that an hour and a half in the morning and the same time in the afternoon sufficed for the work that had taken twice that time in the school, although in addition to the regular grade work she had two lessons daily in German. The rest of the time at school had been spent, if not in mischief, in listening to others recite and in waiting for the next lesson.

While the methods in use in this home school are not such as are in vogue "in the best schools," they are well adapted to this particular case. And while the teachers—there are two, for the father begged a class—have not read Dr. G. Stanley Hall's latest book, they have made a faithful study of this special pupil, and know the ins and outs of her mind quite as well as would Doctor Hall himself.

Our home is a co-operative affair, with "everybody help" as a motto. The morning's work—dishes, beds, sweeping and dusting—is everybody's business, and contrary to the accepted rule, is taken hold of right heartily as soon as breakfast is over. That finished, the father goes to his books, Alethia sits down at her desk, the mother-housekeeper-teacher does "the next thing," and silence reigns.

"I'm Ready, Mama"

After a long or shorter time, according to the difficulty of the lesson, Alethia announces, "I'm ready, mama." If I am at that minute in the midst of a pudding, she brings her reader into the kitchen, and we dispose of reading and spelling and pudding together. Other lessons follow, not in fifteen minutes nor in thirty, but whenever they are prepared, and I hear them wherever I am, at the typewriter, the sewing machine or the baking table.

There is every inducement to work with a will and have done with it, for it is work first and play afterward; if she uses the whole forenoon for work, there is no time for play. But that does not occur often. There is no need for any further discipline than that rule—that the work must be done first.

Rules of behavior are not at all rigid in our school. The pupil is not expected to remain in "position." Sometimes she studies on the porch; sometimes down in the sun by the haystack, with the chickens picking at the buttons on her dress; or in winter it may be you would find the school flat on its stomach on the rug by the fire; sometimes (I blush to say it!) the school sits on the desk with its feet swinging. But the lessons are learned cheerfully and thoroughly, and every pupil recites every bit of every lesson. And it is great fun. Ask her if it isn't.

It is Not Easy

If you want the truth, I must admit that it is not easy to be mother and housekeeper and teacher and at the same time to maintain that "sweet, serene and optimistic" temper conducive to good home making. But all work is work, and no work that is worth doing is easy save in the sense of being glad work, joyfully done. What can be more of a joy to a mother than to work and play with a growing daughter, to be her best friend, to be her confidante in all the little childish secrets, to give honest answers to all the puzzles that come to a mind trying to feel its way along the strange paths of knowledge, to watch the life unfold day by day into new and strange beauties of heart and mind, and to know that the child feels such love and trust that her first thought in any time of question will be "Mother."

This home school will not appeal to mothers of large families, where the burdens of housekeeping would make it impossible to hear lessons ranging all the way from the first grade to the twelfth. To such mothers the public schools are a boon. Public baths are a boon, too; but we do not question the desirability of having the private bath. If I had ten children—well, I do not know. I haven't ten.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 66]



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Listen! Have Your Feet Lost Their Spring?

Do you sit down where you used to stand? Do you ride where you used to walk? Are you disinclined to walk? Do you wear the soles of your shoes on the inside? Look to your shoes; look to the heels of your shoes particularly. These symptoms and many others arise from improper attitudes in walking, bringing disproportionate weight on the inner or weaker side of the feet. See to your shoes; see to the heels of your shoes; see that the heels are low and long enough to receive a perpendicular line passing down through the center of the ankle on the inside of your foot; see that your boots are fitted with heels of Live Rubber for just one reason, though there are many others which physicians, nurses, teachers, housekeepers, and in fact all sensible people, will offer; and the great reason why you should wear Heels of Live Rubber is that they encourage walking, which is universally conceded to be the simplest and best exercise, and enable you to walk more briskly and farther with the same effort. They do more than that; they help you to walk normally and gracefully. If all people wore Heels of Live Rubber and had them put on by shoemakers who understood their work, they would be wearing heels one inch high and long enough to receive that portion of the weight which ought to be supported by the breast of the heel and to relieve the strain upon the instep arch.

The resiliency of the Live Rubber Heel induces you to walk normally; that is, to carry your feet parallel in walking. Leather heels are inclined to make you toe out; that is abnormal, ungainly, and tiresome, and results in the afflictions for which instep supports are worn on the inside of the shoes. Provided Heels of Live Rubber encourage walking and induce normal attitudes in walking, then it follows that they cause you to use the ball of your foot as the fulcrum, and the muscles of your leg to lift your body in walking.

If Heels of Live Rubber are helpful along these lines, isn't 50c. a low price for them? Isn't it almost a shame to substitute ash-barrel rubber stuffed with rags when Live Rubber is the only article that will fill the mission of the rubber heel? But that is the situation; if you want Live Rubber you must demand O'Sullivan's. The few cents more profit that the substitute leaves the dealer explains why he makes his little speech as to why they are "just as good." When you encounter such a condition send diagram of your boot heel and 35c. to Lowell and get your Live Rubber Heel direct from the makers. A free booklet on the proper walk and proper walking shoes, written by Humphrey O'Sullivan, expert foot fitter, for the asking.

O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., Lowell, Mass.

The Piano-Player and the Magazine

THE FACTORY THE MAGAZINE PRESS THE RETAILER

THE American piano-player and the modern magazine have grown together from small beginnings. What the piano-player is to-day it owes first to its own artistic worth and possibilities, and second to magazine advertising.

The composer Chopin wrote piano compositions so difficult that musicians of his own period, admitting their beauty, still asked: "But who can play them?" Chopin played some of them himself. Others were beyond his strength—as the great Polonaise depicting Poland's splendor and downfall. Since Chopin's day the development of the piano and the mastery of technique have gone hand in hand. Yet there have always been compositions that seemed beyond the resources of either.

Finally, the American piano-player appeared, and at a word the whole world of music was thrown open freely to everybody. With no training at all, and very brief study, it was suddenly made possible for a child to play acceptably the great Polonaise that Chopin could not play himself, or any other composition, however difficult. The most baffling "trick pieces" of the professional pianist were anybody's. Famous compositions over which critics quarreled were brought to any home. As one of the critics has said himself: "The piano-player has taken music out of politics." For several generations we have produced the finest pianos in this country—none finer made by any

nation. When American inventive genius evolved the piano-player the piano became a more delightful means of culture and pleasure. The lover of music for its own sake can now explore the whole range of Chopin, whereas formerly but few of his works could be played by an ordinary performer, and many of them were seldom heard even at professional recitals. The American piano-player has gone round the world. And the magazine gave it one element without which its development would have been retarded. That was Publicity.

Remember that it took nearly two centuries of progress to give the piano its present commanding position in the world. Remember that the piano-player was more radical in principle, and not only had to be explained, but in many cases this latter work could only be accomplished by revealing the true possibilities of the piano at the same time, and it is at once apparent that without

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The Quoin Club
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the magazines, backed by the vigorous educational work of the manufacturers, the American piano-player could hardly have been placed where it is to-day in so short a period.

Between 1900 and 1905 our production of piano-players grew more than two hundred per cent., and the influence of the new instrument on the piano industry was so marked that our output of pianos nearly doubled in the same five years. This growth, however, is as nothing to the future possibilities.

MY DAUGHTER AND I: AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

The Chief Objections

The objection most frequently made to me is that a child needs the contact with others; that it is the inalienable right of every American child to go out into the world and rub up against its fellows, and learn to fight its own battles and make its own way.

With boys—perhaps. I have not decided about boys. I have only a little girl. But when I think of sending her out at the defenseless age of six to rub up against the world, to learn to fight her own battles and to make her own way, somehow it does not coincide with the ideal I have in mind for her, the ideal American woman, home loving and home keeping, gentle hearted and brave souled, sweet and pure and kind. That is not gained by rubbing up against the world, but by living in a home where love and cheerfulness and kind deeds abound.

There are some disadvantages to the system. The solitary pupil loses the incentive of competition with others. I have not found this a serious drawback, however. Coupled with the love for learning new things, which I believe to be natural to children, I have led her to compete with her own best record. From an ethical standpoint it seems preferable that she should win over her own past best than that her victory should mean the defeat of her dearest chum.

Looking Backward

Looking back over the two years' work, I find it difficult to formulate the principles which we have followed. There were no theories to be worked out. We acknowledge ourselves still entirely ignorant as to where her special interest in life will lie, and feel that our part is to watch and wait and to smooth the path wherever her soul shall lead the way. We

have carried out consistently our practise of answering all questions fairly and clearly. That is, we answer if we can. If we cannot, we have never feared to say, "I do not know."

It was amusing to have her say the other day, "There are some things that you and papa don't know, aren't there, mama?"

"Yes," I answered her, "a great many. And I am glad there are. Else we should not need to go to school any more."

When I multiply the questions that one child can ask in one hour by six hours a day and fifty children, I do not wonder that teachers grow gray young. But most of the questions are a real searching for knowledge, a feeling the way forward step by step, and they should be answered in good faith, whether they have to do with the solar system, the genesis of life or biblical interpretation. Regarded in this light, no question that a child asks is either irrelevant or shocking. It is astonishing how far afield the little minds travel in their wonderings and questionings. The knowledge thus gained—or denied them—is far more vital than that gained from books, in that it represents the natural unfolding and growth of the individual mind.

The Approval of Educators

It has been something of a surprise to me to find that expressions of doubt as to the wisdom of this course or open criticism of it have come not from the teaching fraternity from whom I expected it, but from parents. Educators with whom I have talked have said, without exception, that the home school, with individual attention to individual needs, and carefully selected playmates, is far better for the child than the public school and contact with all sorts of children.

HOW PSYCHOTHERAPY WORKS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

pointed out, there is need of accurate diagnosis in every case. The admonition is reinforced by Professor Angell in his article on "Mind and Body" in the first number of "Psychotherapy."

Effective guidance and co-operation of this kind means close association between minister and doctor. This is often irksome, yet nothing would be more shortsighted than refusal on the part of the medical profession to co-operate with the clergymen, either on account of the risk or inconvenience involved.

Some doctors are said to withhold co-operation because of professional pride. We should all deplore this if it happened. There is pain, misery and suffering enough in the world, so that all who can in any way reduce it should be glad to do so. For any man or body of men to set up a monopoly in the relief of suffering is little short of monstrous. The risk involved in the use of Psychotherapy is the very best reason for co-operating. To refuse is either to avow a disregard of suffering or to admit a degree of intolerance which is almost incredible. As a famous physician remarked in conversation the other day, "One's first aim must be to cure; the choice of means is secondary. I would send a patient to a 'quack' or a charlatan without a moment's hesitation if I thought he could be cured that way."

The Patient Must Co-operate

The reason for the power of suggestion we shall take up more fully later when we come to analyze the forces which give Psychotherapy its efficacy. For the present we may take Doctor Lloyd-Tuckey's statement in which he says, "The success of suggestion depends largely on the temperament and character of the subject, and it is important in using it for medical purposes to have the acquiescence and co-operation of the patient. If the patient is intelligent, we appeal to his reason in a preliminary conversation, explain the *modus operandi* and get his assent to the suggestions to be used. The arguments used may be entirely on a material plane, as is the case at Nancy, or higher ground may be taken, and an appeal made to man's spiritual nature, as in the Emmanuel

Movement. In each case that something within ourselves which makes for health, the *vis medicatrix naturae*, the subconscious mind, or whatever it is called, is brought into play, with curative results both to body and mind."

If this seems a great deal of space to give to suggestion, the excuse must be that suggestion is the central and basic method in Psychotherapy proper. Auto-suggestion, persuasion, waking suggestion, complete hypnotism and reeducation are all modifications or elaborations of suggestion. As to the physical methods, massage, rest, overfeeding, electricity, isolation, etc., we shall pass them by, confining ourselves to the purely mental methods.

It may be remarked, in passing, that one reason for the great success which has attended the Emmanuel Movement is that Doctor Worcester and his associates are working in a field which is only partly developed, and they are at least as far advanced as the majority of the medical profession in the application of this means of cure.

Psychotherapy is still at that stage where the authorities are engaged in determining the mechanism of methods, specifying their usage and shaping the rules for their application. In fact, so fully is it recognized by authorities that Psychotherapy is as yet unorganized, that Professor Forel has written, within the last few months, an article proposing that European Psychotherapists hold a congress or conference in which the subject might be discussed and an agreement reached as to means, methods, etc.

In spite of this lack of finality as to the field and the methods, no one will deny the importance of the work done by specialists since Liebault and Bernheim developed the method of suggestion. The special lines pursued by men like Doctors Freud, Dejerine, Jung and Bleuler in Europe and Morton Prince, Peterson, Sidis and others here have yielded very notable results. Doctor Freud has developed the method of Psychoanalysis; Doctor Jung has developed that of association. Their work and that of others we shall try to discuss more fully in the next paper, when we shall take up the reasons why Psychotherapy succeeds.

WHAT COULD THE GOVERNMENT DO?

THERE is a tradition in naval circles that at one time a very new secretary of the navy became possessed of a notion that for the good of the service officers should not permit their wives to reside at the stations to which the husbands were assigned. Accordingly an order to that effect was promulgated. But the secretary threw up his hands in despair upon receiving shortly

afterward the following cablegram from Commodore Fyffe, then commanding the Asiatic Squadron:

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THE LITTLE KING'S CLOAK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

refused him aught, this, too, she should grant him.

Then she plead lack of gold. At this his eyes grew wide, and his soft voice had the ring of her own in it. "Thou jestest! Thou, the Queen! Thou, Eleanor la Belle! Thou! Thou, sister to my uncle, Louis of France! Thou, wife to my father, England's king! Thou, daughter to Berenger!"

The Queen turned to me. Her cheeks were hot and her look very haughty.

"It is thou, Benedict, who hast put this maudlin notion in the King's head."

Before I could answer, he spoke up very quickly, and there was even a little quaver of anger in his slender voice.

"Nay, I tell thee it is my notion; not his nor any other's, but mine, mine. Thinkest thou the grandson of Berenger of Provence must borrow his notions of a poor and English monk!"

So he spoke very proudly to her, as she stood there queenly and beautiful, and he little and weak, yet with a king's face, and a king's ways.

So God, who can make use of all things, yea, even the meanest and least, saw fit in that moment to make use of his arrogance and hers. Yea, took it up in his hand, even like a tool.

At the little King's words, so like her own, and his manner, so like an unfurled bud of her own full-blown pride, the Queen's eyes melted into that almost foolish fondness that she had for all her children, but especially for him who seemed more than the others her son. She stooped, and put her arms about him, and kissed him; and he stroked her cheek, and handled her in such a kingly way that even I began to see how she could not further dissuade him, but would yield to his wish.

So, three days later, the hospice was begun, in very sight of the palace, where he could watch the men building it.

From now on I noted that even the Queen's jewels no longer pleased him much. Often they lay idle and forgot, while we talked of the hospice, or he watched the builders come and go.

These days were indeed full of happiness for him. He smiled much and was so glad, that many in the palace, hearing of it, took heart, and began to believe that he would, after all, grow strong; but those of us who were close to him—all save the Queen—saw that his strength grew less, even despite his happiness.

The Queen talked often with him about the following Easter, when, for the sake of the mere pleasure it would give him, she planned to have him carried to the abbey, to witness the ceremonies of knighthood; and also planned that the King should then bestow on him one of those several meaningless titles with which both the King and the Queen were lavish.

The summer and autumn sped by. So unceasingly did the builders work that by the first snowfall the hospice was nearly completed. Many of the sick and poor children of the kingdom, and mostly the crippled children of Saint Dunstons—a place very poor in comforts—were brought to the hospice to be cheered and to be cared for there, by the Brothers of God's Mercy, a little band, under the orders of my Lord Bishop.

It was a motley crowd that gathered about the gateway of the hospice, and some even carried thither on beds of boughs. My master could only watch from his casement in the palace, while I went, as he commanded me, and made the prayers, and talked with the brothers, and told the children they were welcome, and saw that they had whatever comforts they had need of.

When I returned, my little master was propped up in bed in the firelight, his eyes eager and his cheeks flushed.

"Oh, Benedict," he said, as I entered, "this is the hardest task thou hast ever set me—this of waiting for thy coming! Now tell me everything that thou hast to tell! Everything!"

So I told him, even down to the least happening; and never had I seen so deep a happiness as was in his face. Little as he was, he was learning what many of us learn only late—how good it is to be used by God.

After that I had to go often to the hospice, to bring him news of it, and of the children, and how they fared. And no less, each time that I went, I was forced to tell them about him. For though they had not seen him, yet they heard his name often; and he was like a little royal brother to them. That he was afflicted, even as they were, endeared him to them only the more.

So the winter went, and the gentle season came. The happiness still shone in my little master's face; but to those who watched, it was plain the frail body was wearing, wearing. Though the birds returned, and the fields were reseeded; though the flowers came back to their own; though the trees held out sweet blossoming boughs to the returning spring, and song was once more in the dry throats of the brooks, and all things were come again, yet his power was slipping away, bit by bit, and his strength was going.

It was as though the dear spring time had forgot him.

V

IT SEEMED almost that the Queen ignored that God was so close by, or pretended not to see, for she continued to lay great plans of pomp and splendor for the coming Easter.

As the day drew near, there rode in

brave knights and squires and pages, summoned from all the country about, to be present at the ceremonies of the knighting. In the palace all was astir. Shields and lances and helmets were burnished; rich cloths and stuffs were brought from London town.

The Queen, partly because he seemed so happy, partly because she loved to cheat herself, made sure my little master would be so well by Easter Day that he could ride to the abbey, not on Red Roland, perhaps, but in a royal litter of red and gold, drawn by milk-white horses.

The little King, loving grandeur and pomp as he did, listened and loved to hear.

"Red Roland hath so long stood saddled!" he said to me one day. "When I leave the palace on Easter Day I would not have him left behind. Thou shalt see to it that he follows the litter. See thou that this is done—to please him!" So it was that he was thoughtful and loving toward all things—even Red Roland, who knew him not.

In the octave before Easter the good knight Guilbert came again to the palace. My little master was greatly pleased to see him, and asked eagerly what adventures had befallen him in the year past. But even as Sir Guilbert was telling him, the little King put out his hand on mine and looked up at me so white and weary that Sir Guilbert, seeing this, ended the tale soon, and bending on one knee, bade the little King good-night.

The following morning my little master was so weak that he did not even care to look—as was usually his first desire—at the hospice in the valley. The whole palace became hushed. In the late afternoon he rallied to his old brightness, and the Queen sent forth word that he was strong and that the preparations should go forward again.

But as the sun began to set he wearied once more. The Queen would not leave him, but tried to please him with offering him fresh jewels she had lately got from France; but he only put his hand on them, and did not take them up. Then Berold was summoned to show the little King once more the wondrous peacock; but from this, too, which he loved so much, he soon turned to me. He was not content unless his hand was on mine. So he lay a long while, thinking of I know not what.

At last it was as though some thought more grave than the others had roused him.

"Benedict," he said, and I thought there was some fear in his face. "I shall live to be a great king, shall I not? I like it not that the cloak wears. I like it not. I am the son of a King. I am the grandson of Berenger—the grandson of Berenger."

"That indeed art thou," interrupted the Queen, "the grandson of Berenger of Provence, and lord over great kingdoms."

"Hast thou forgot," said I, "the truth concerning Easter? It is not God's wish that we should fear Death."

"Nay," once more interrupted the Queen, with a glance at me—a glance half angry, half pleading; then with her old pride she bent toward him. "Thou who art thyself so great a king—what hast thou to fear! He is but a king, too—thou shalt go before him proud, with many jewels and with precious gifts." She lifted the glittering guirlands and let them slip through her white fingers into his. "Thou shalt give him our royal greeting and the greeting of thy grandsire. He shall make much of thee, shall bid lesser kings wait on thee. It shall be whispered of thee who thou art; thy royalty shall be told of thee." Her trembling voice faltered and she could say no more.

He turned to me. "Benedict, thou dost always speak the truth," and he waited.

"Thou mindest what I have told thee of Easter," I said. "Lo, Easter is again at hand. Thy little royal cloak is almost worn through, and thou must soon lay it aside. But thou shalt not grieve over so small a matter. Thou hast done great good and thy little life hath been full of mercy. The kingdom of Berenger shall not be thine, but thou art of God's kingdom. The peacock and the jewels thou must leave, but the sweet mercy and the good deeds shall follow thee. Hast thou forgot the little subjects, poor and crippled, of thy kingdom? What wouldst thou rather—that great kings salute thee, or that these who have suffered call thee brother? That great monarchs give thee jewels, or that these who have not so much as one jewel amongst them, bless thee all the days of their lives? What wouldst thou rather?"

He leaned a little forward against me, and once more ran his finger over the veins in my hand, in his old happy, thoughtful fashion. "Thou knowest," he said. The soft twilight fell on his face. There was in it now that content and sweet wisdom, without fear, which is to be seen on the faces of all those who, like himself, have served God royally.

After that the night came quickly. Sir Guilbert, who loved him, laid his great body down outside my little master's door and slept there in his mail, and with his sword "Marvelous" unsheathed.

Once far into the night my little master, still mindful of others, half wakened and spoke to me, saying: "He hath stood so long saddled! Thou wilt see, Benedict, that Red Roland follows close behind."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 69]

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THE LITTLE KING'S CLOAK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

After this I remember no more. I think God laid a deep slumber on us, as He was wont of old to do, when He would hide His presence from men. While Sir Guilbert slept, and the Queen, too, was given over to weariness—and I, also—our dear and gentle Lord himself came—of this I am certain—and led my master's little kingly spirit away into that greater kingdom in which I doubt not, if the Saints be saints, he found a right royal welcome.

With the first streak of dawn I wakened. A little breeze stirred in the room, and at the same moment the bells from the tower of the hospice chimed soft and sweet and somewhat unearthly with the distance, as though stirred by the dawn. Never have I seen so fair a resurrection. The hospice stood in the valley like a white spirit thing, new risen from the dead of night. Its roofs were wet with the dawn and its strong ramparts and towers lit up with the pink glow of the east. At its feet were mists, and above it the unquenched morning star hung like one of the Queen's own jewels. God grant I was not grown worldly, too! But as I saw the sweet, gem-like glitter of it, I thought with no little solemn pleasure, "There, too, shall he have jewels—the KING'S own!" Even as I stood, from the chapel below in the palace came the dawn chant of Easter sung by the King's pages:

"Christ is risen,
Rise we, too,
Surrexit Christus."

Instead of the festivities which were to have been, we had a grave palace. But the Easter sunshine and the Easter earth were glad, and those who knew and loved him could not be sad. Later the knights and trumpeters and pages followed the little King's frail body to the abbey, and Red Roland, too, without saddle, led step by step by Berold, the page.

There were many nobles and gallant knights in the train—I think it would have pleased him.

When the cortège had wound down the hill, and came to the hospice, those who were strong enough to be about on their crutches, came to the courtyard gate, and stood there—little pensioners of his goodness—to see it pass. Those stronger than the rest hobbled away from the gate, and joining the knights and guards, limped along by the little King's body, and would not be gainsaid. So they continued, all save one, who, growing weak and stumbling, the good knight Guilbert lifted to his steed and carried in his arms.

The firelight leaped up in the great hall where the old Monk sat among the children, having finished his Easter story.

It was so that he always told it. If he ever altered it in the least, or would have shortened it, one of the children was sure to say: "Nay, but it was not so thou didst tell it before. Thou hast forgot, 'Then Berold, the page, got down on one fat knee,'" or, "Thou hast left out 'I like not your English heaviness!'" said the Queen."

He had told it for many Easters now, yet it never grew old, and the cripples who listened to it over and over loved it no less.

Of those who were but lately come to the hospice, sometimes one—perhaps some tiny one—would ask where and in what country he had lived, this good little King; and where was the hospice he had built for the poor of his kingdom. Then one of the older children would cry out:

"Oh, for shame! For shame! Dost thou not know?"

But not so Benedict. He would take the child in his strong arms, even as Saint Anthony took the little Christ child, and carrying him to the big gateway of the hospice, he would point to the palace at a little distance, and would say:

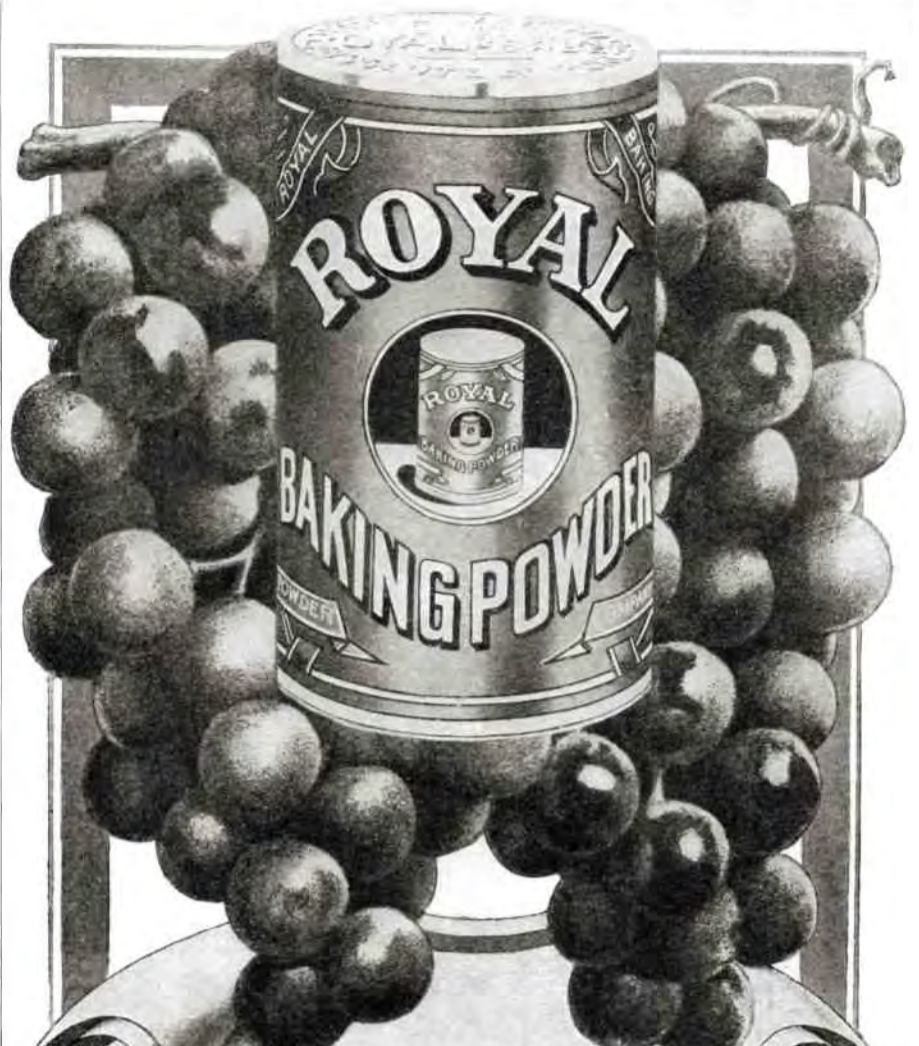
"It was there that he lived, my little master."

CASH DISCIPLINE

BY GRACE E. EMERSON

ONE mother, the proud possessor of three nice children—two boys and a girl—has an exceedingly novel way of preserving discipline and inculcating habits of industry, promptitude, etc., at the same time. As money is the recognized exchange for service the world over, her children, ranging from eight to twelve years, are allotted certain tasks about the house, for which they are paid thirty cents a week apiece. They receive no other pocket money. Any child neglecting his work is fined one cent for the first offense, two cents for the second, and three cents for the third.

The pennies thus forfeited are dropped into a bank, called the Fine Box. Other offenses are punished in the same way: Leaving one's room in disorder, one cent; shoes unblackened, one cent; hats, gloves or playthings out of order, one cent each article; late for meals or getting off to school, two cents. Any child engaged in a quarrel pays a cent, and the child who began it, two cents. Once every three months the contents of the Fine Box are removed and applied to the purchase of useful clothing, school books, or something which has no suspicion of a treat or a luxury. Severe punishments are unknown in this happy family and promptitude, order and good humor are the rule.



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THE GLASS HOUSE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

"No, papa; I—I asked him. I telephoned to Mr. Poynter, and I said I would like to go out riding. I said—I—" "You telephoned—to Poynter?" "Yes, papa." Louise was choking down her sobs determinedly. "He—told me I might—anytime. He knows I don't have a good time at home." The girl added the last words in a sullen undertone. Philip was staring at his daughter's face in a maze of bewilderment and pain. "Does your mother know anything about this?" he asked. "I haven't ventured to ask her." Louise had somewhat recovered herself by this time. "There wasn't anything to tell anybody," she said defiantly. "I just took a little ride with Mr. Poynter, and I don't see why you should care. I like Mr. Poynter—and now Aunt Gertrude is gone I haven't anything pleasant to amuse me." Philip gave vent to a struggling breath that was almost a sob. "No, you don't see, of course," he said slowly. "And I—my God, what shall I do!" Louise was eyeing her father almost disdainfully. "You don't have to do anything," she said pertly. "I guess I know enough to take care of myself." Philip's haggard look changed suddenly to one of overmastering anger. He started forward and caught the girl's arm in a grip of iron. "How dare you speak to me like that?" he whispered, and shook her violently. "How dare you defy me?" Louise uttered no sound. Her blue eyes seemed suddenly frozen into blue steel. Philip relinquished his hold upon her arm and staggered back against the door. The girl's tremulous lips curled. "You are a good deal bigger than I am," she said. "You can force me to say anything you like."

The girl did not look at him again. Her fair, childish face seemed to Philip to reflect his own stubborn nature in every soft curve, but beneath it he dimly felt the presence of the unknown personality with whom he had yet to make acquaintance. "Louise," he said slowly, "you do not—you cannot be made to understand this thing as I see it, but you are bound to obey me." He paused expectantly; the girl did not raise her eyes. "I forbid you to leave the house again without Helen." There was a long silence, during which Louise looked down at her white, rose-tipped fingers locked rigidly in her lap. She was thinking confusedly of the afternoons she had spent with Poynter, and contrasting them angrily with the hateful scene of the present. "Why don't you answer me, Louise?" "Because I haven't anything to say." The man ground his teeth in his efforts to preserve a self-respecting calm. "I want you to tell me that you are willing to stand by what I have said." The girl flashed a scornful glance at him. "You want me to tell you another lie," she murmured rebelliously. Then she covered with sudden, animal-like fear. Philip stood over her, his eyes blazing with ungovernable fury. "You shall not speak to me like that," he said thickly. "You shall obey me! Do you hear?" "Yes—papa; yes! I will—I— Don't strike me— Papa!" He turned blindly and went out, letting the door fall to behind him with a heavy sound. For a long minute Louise sat huddled together in her chair, her young face convulsed and tearless. Then she crept to her door, locked it, and flung herself face downward across her bed.

[CONCLUDED IN THE MAY ISSUE]

Outline of Preceding Chapters

Philip and Edith Loomis live plainly in the suburbs; Philip is an architect, not very successful, they have three children—Louise, aged thirteen, her younger sister Helen and little brother Dick. Mrs. Gertrude Poynter, a wealthy woman who had been a college mate of Mrs. Loomis, comes to live in the neighborhood, calls on Mrs. Loomis and asks her to a meeting of a college club. Mrs. Loomis reads a story which she wrote in college, and a Mrs. Vinton, who is present, asks her to submit it to the magazine of which she is one of the editors. It appears that the daughter Louise is pretty, shallow and selfish, and that Gertrude's husband, Maxwell Poynter, takes delight in bullying his wife, and hates Philip Loomis. A strange man, Wilfred Barth, an unsuccessful actor, through a good family, makes the acquaintance of Louise and Helen. Edith Loomis received a check for fifty dollars for her first story, and begins working hard on others. Some important plans of Philip's for a company with which Poynter had some connection are rejected. As Edith's writing takes so much time, she can no longer attend to her housework, and a maid is installed. Some of Mrs. Loomis' stories are returned by the magazines and she becomes much discouraged, though continuing to work hard. Two or three years pass. A competition for plans (unsigned) for a new Chamber of Commerce Building is announced and Poynter is on the committee in charge. Mrs. Poynter persuades Mrs. Loomis to give her a description of Loomis' plans, which she (Mrs. Poynter) gives to her husband with the expectation that he will use his influence to get them accepted. Poynter meets Loomis and tells him that as to his plans may help. Loomis refuses indignantly. Louise goes a great deal to the Poynters, where Mrs. Poynter gives her many presents. The Poynters take Louise to the theater, where they see Wilfred Barth on the stage and Mrs. Poynter warns Louise against knowing him. Mrs. Loomis finishes a novel she has worked on for a long time, but it is rejected by the editor to whom she offers it. She takes the manuscript home and tries for many days to rewrite certain parts of it. Finally one night, while in a sort of trance, she completes the work and is left in a state of complete mental and physical exhaustion. She is constantly worried by the fact that she revealed Philip's plans to Mrs. Poynter. The Loomis' servant goes away because she has not been paid, and Helen does most of the housework. Louise continues to go to the Poynter house, and one day finds Mr. Poynter alone, and he offers to take her to the seaside in his runabout.

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You'll Be Surprised at Our Low Price Direct to You COMPLETE READY TO USE Genuine Solid Aluminum Patent Locking Cooking Utensils, Indestructible, Last a Lifetime, Fitted in Non-Rusting Metal Compartments, Easily Kept Clean, Sanitary Cooks without watching—without fuel or trouble—can't spoil anything or burn dry. All the natural nutriment and savory juices are retained. If the Fireless Cooker doesn't prove every claim we make for it and more too, then it hasn't cost you a cent. Simply send us your name and address on a postal and we will send you absolutely free, postpaid, a book on Fireless Cookery, with recipes, prepared expressly for us by a Culinary Expert. Every housewife needs to know the things this book tells. Write nearest address now: W. E. BLACK COMPANY, Manufacturers of THE FIRELESS COOKER Department G, 156 Wabash Avenue, Chicago 20th Street and Baltimore Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri

Those "Arnold" Goods with their fine, soft, pliable, absorbent knit texture, make the very best and most delightful Babies', Children's and Women's KNIT UNDERWEAR. Thousands of mothers have recognized their excellent qualities during the past eighteen years. No baby complete without an "Arnold" Outfit. FREE CATALOG Our beautiful Photographic Catalog tells the latest, simplest, most improved way to dress baby—saves your baby many a cry, much discomfort and pain. Write today—it gives dealers' names. NOVELTY KNITTING CO., 831 Hamilton St., Albany, N. Y. New York City, Headquarters: ARNOLD BAZAAR, 48 W. 22d Street.

SKIRTENE A SKIRT TRIMMING AND BINDING It is a ribbon with an extra reinforced woven mohair edge. It is light, soft and dainty, and yet has greater wearing quality than any other binding made. At dry goods and department stores, all shades. Send for sample. Schlegel Mfg. Co., 34 Canal St., Rochester, N. Y.

Thousands of Men and Women All over the country, took advantage of our trial offer last month and are now testing the wearing qualities of Knotair "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality" Just think—a SAMPLE PAIR of "Are Fine, Sheer, Lisle-Like Hose for Your Hose as Sheer as this?" 25c Why—this only pays us for the Yarn and the Postage but it will make you acquainted with the best Guaranteed Hose made, and after you prove this, you will want the remaining five pairs and the Guarantee-Coupon, good for Six Months or New Hose—FREE. For the benefit of those who did not send for a sample pair last month, we renew our

Special Introductory Offer—It will not be made again Clip off attached coupon, mail to-day with 25c (in any convenient way) and we will send you prepaid, One Sample Pair of MEN'S or WOMEN'S Lisle-Like Hose, with the privilege that, after you have examined the hose and are pleased with them, you can have the remaining Five Pairs and a guarantee for the Six Pairs against wear for Six Months for \$1.75. For 35c we will send you Pure Silk Lisle Hose and the remaining Five Pairs and the Guarantee for Six Pairs, Six Months, for \$2.65.

Any ordinary stocking would cost you 25c, therefore you take no risk in purchasing a sample pair of Knotair for 25c, and if, after wearing the hose, you decide that you do not want the remaining five pairs and the Guarantee for Six Months, you shall have had YOUR MONEY'S WORTH and MORE. If you don't like the sample hose and they're not worn, you can have your money back. Knotair is made from the best American long staple yarn. Triple cross-woven at the vital points where ordinary hose give way. We guarantee the dye will not fade or crock.

MEN'S and WOMEN'S lisle-like hose (Black, Tan and Grey), Women's with Interlaced Garter Splicing, Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months \$2.00 the box. MEN'S and WOMEN'S PURE SILK LISLE hose (for formal occasions), MEN'S in Black, Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green and Purple. WOMEN'S in Black, White, Tan, Ox Blood, Copenhagen, Green, Heliotrope, Purple, Pink and Sky Blue, with INTERLACED GARTER SPLICING. Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months, \$3.00 Send size, color or assorted colors if desired and remittance according to the quality desired. Ask for booklet "Knotair Kinks," it tells you all about "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality." IT'S FREE.

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THE Velvet Grip THE BUTTONS ARE MOULDED FROM BEST GRADE RUBBER CUSHION RUBBER BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTERS WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD DURABLE STYLISH COMFORTABLE WEBS FRESH FROM THE LOOMS METAL PARTS HEAVY NICKEL PLATE THIS GUARANTY COUPON—in Yellow IS ATTACHED THIS WAY TO EVERY PAIR OF THE GENUINE—BE SURE IT'S THERE Sample Pair, Mercantile 25c. Silk 50c. Mailed on receipt of price GEORGE FROST COMPANY MAKERS BOSTON WEAR LONGER THAN OTHERS THE Velvety Grip Cushion Button HOSE SUPPORTER IS GUARANTEED TO DEALER AND USER AGAINST IMPERFECTIONS THE BUTTONS AND LOOMS ARE LICENSED FOR USE ON THIS HOSE SUPPORTER ONLY.

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ASKED AND ANSWERED

This department is intended for questions of a general nature, and in no way conflicts with Mrs. Sangster's, Mrs. Richardson's and Miss Gould's departments, in which are answered questions relating to the home, the business girls' problems and fashions. Address "Asked and Answered," Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City. If a reply by mail is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

Answer to X., Ohio

The Art Editor of the COMPANION says that the sketches submitted by X indicate considerable natural talent if they are drawn from life. If, however, they are copies of other drawings, they are nothing more than might be done by any child of ten.

Books for Milliners' Trade

Are there any books published that would be helpful in learning the milliners' trade? Mrs. A. D., Idaho.

We know of no books which would teach milliner work in any practical way. An apprenticeship with an experienced workwoman is absolutely necessary.

More Old Coins

I have a fifty-cent piece dated 1828, a Canadian twenty-cent piece, 1858, and a one-cent piece, 1858, with an eagle in place of an Indian head. Can you tell me if these are valuable or not?

A READER, New York.

There is no premium on any of these coins.

The Grant of Maryland

When and to whom was the original grant of Maryland made?

A. B., Maryland.

The grant of Maryland was to be made to Sir George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, who died before it was made out, so that the charter was given to his son, Cecilius Calvert, second Lord Baltimore, in 1632.

Coin Values Again

I have a two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece dated 1856, and a one-dollar gold piece of 1857. Are these coins valuable, and if so, what is their worth?

J. C. F., Missouri.

These coins are not listed at more than their face value, but gold dollars with the "mint mark C" are worth \$1.75 to \$2.50; with "mint mark D," \$2.00 to \$2.75; with "mint mark S," \$2.00 to \$3.00.

Confederate Money

I have two bills—a five-dollar bill, 1862, and a one-hundred-dollar bill, 1863, Confederate money. Will you please tell me the value of these and where I could sell them?

U. D. C.

The value of most Confederate bills is very slight. Five-dollar bills are worth only fifty cents for one hundred notes. The one-hundred-dollar bill issued at Richmond and engraved by the Southern Bank Note Company is worth only from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents. The one-hundred-dollar bill issued at Montgomery and engraved by the National Bank Note Company of New York is worth one dollar. If you will send me a stamped and self-addressed envelope, I will be glad to send you the address of coin dealers.

Poems Wanted

The following poems have been asked for, and if any of our readers can help us to find them, we will be very grateful.

W. B. P., Montana, desires an old poem beginning:

"Oft in the dreary waste of life
There come sweet memories up,
Of bygone friends and bygone days,
Now lost in faded hope.
And oh, my friend, how can it be
That thou art thus so changed to me."

Mrs. E. M. A., Michigan, wants a poem entitled "Indolent." It begins:


"Indolent, indolent, yes, I am indolent;
So is the grass growing slowly, tenderly."

E. L. M., Maine, writes as follows: "I am looking for a poem called 'The Unknown Painter,' about Murillo and his slave Sebastian. Sebastian has painted a wonderful picture without Murillo's knowledge. When Murillo discovers the identity of the artist he wishes to give the slave some great reward, and Sebastian asks for the freedom of his father."

[Please send your name and address, and if the poem can be found or is sent to us we will forward it to you.—EDITOR.]

Mrs. W. H. D., Kansas, wishes the poem "Conscience," which begins:

"I sat alone with my conscience
In a place where time had ceased."



Brighten Up

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Look for this Window when buying Paint or Varnish

This is a reproduction of a window display which can be found in nearly every town in the United States, showing the paint store that sells the best paints and varnishes. This is the time of year when every owner of a home wishes to "brighten up."

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Brighten Up Finishes

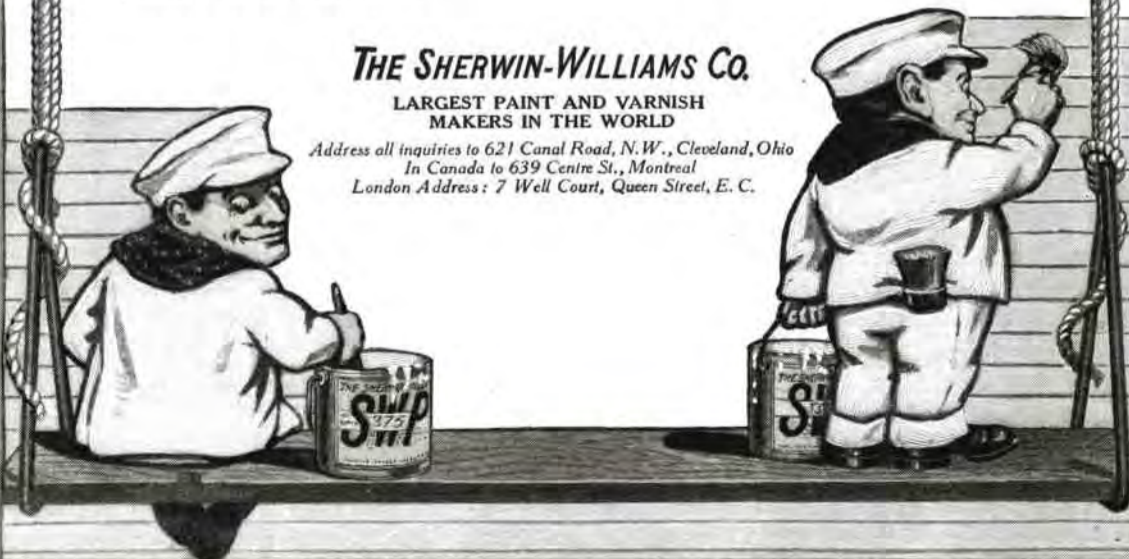
listed below offer you just the right finish for use in and about your home. Go to the dealer where you see this window and tell him just what it is you wish to "brighten up" and he will tell you the right Brighten Up Finish to use:

Family Paint	Flat Black	Stove Pipe and Iron Enamel
Aluminum Paint	Enamel	Porch and Lawn Furniture Enamel
Gold Paint	Bath Enamel	Radiator Enamel
Varnish Stain	Screen Enamel	Durable Household Varnish

We have written a book called "Brighten Up Finishes" which we will gladly send to every home owner to tell him how to make that home brighter by means of paint and varnish.

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LARGEST PAINT AND VARNISH
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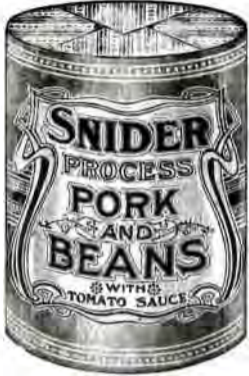


Try 'Em Once

Then you'll know why
so many people say that

Snider Pork & Beans

are more delicious than any
others they ever tasted.



"Good in the
Morning"

"Delightful,
wholesome food"

"Delicious at
Noon"

"Ready to serve
from the can"

"Tempting at
Night"

"A nutritious
feast anytime"

Pork and Beans are toothsome and wholesome food if properly digested.

The ordinary home-cooked kind have been so hard to digest that unless one had a powerful digestive apparatus they caused a lot of trouble.

The exclusive, scientific, Snider Process of cooking has changed all this. It takes out the bothersome gas, but keeps the beans firm and whole—and yet so mellow and porous that there's no trouble about digestion—

"It's the Process"

This is not theory or guesswork, but the result of patient study and a long series of careful experiments. We have learned a lot about beans, and we make every can the best we know how.

Put up plain, or blended in the can with Tomato Sauce prepared from the famous Snider's Tomato Catsup, which is made from sound, red-ripe tomatoes, seasoned with seven specially imported spices—and you have a delicacy that tickles the palate—makes one want more, and then some.

We've got so much faith in the superiority of Snider-Processed Pork and Beans that we back 'em up with "money back if they're not right"—try a can from any grocer then be the judge.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co., Cincinnati, O., U. S. A.

PRIZE WORK FROM OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

Dolly

MY DOLLY and I together
Are happy as we can be,
We play in the meadow ever,
Oh, no one's as happy as we.

We sometimes go down to the orchard,
In the realms of fairy land,
Where crickets and flowers ask questions
Of fairies on every hand.

And dolly dear, she understands it,
She was born with the fairies, you see;
So kindly she stays at my side every bit
Of the time to explain it to me.

And then when our supper is finished,
To the porch mama takes us to talk;
And the shadows of twilight steal o'er us,
We tell her our plays as we rock.

And when in our soft bed together,
There's no one as happy as we,
For I know that God takes care of dolly,
Just the same as He takes care of me.
CLARA PUTNAM, Age Ten, Pennsylvania.

Easter

CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!
Hear the strains so sweet and clear!
"To the world, an Easter greeting,
To young and old, from far and near."

"Christ is risen! Christ is risen!"
Go ye forth and join the song.
Tell it to the far-off nations;
Tell of Him who rights the wrong.

Then when all have heard the story
Of the Christ who dwells above,
When the heathen nations hearken
To His messages of love,

He will gather in His children
To His loving, tender arms,
And forever there He'll keep them,
Safe from danger and alarms.
MARY CURRY, Age Fourteen, California.

My Ball

I HAD a pretty little ball,
And it was red and white;
I found it in my stocking
Which I hung up Christmas night.

I went out on the lawn
To jump about and play;
Then I found my ball was gone,
I looked for it all day.
TERRILL H. RUPRECHT, Age Eight, Ohio.

GARDENING IN THE "CLUB OF CLUBS"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

grows tall and is effective where flowers are planted close together. Orange tiger lilies, spotted with brown, and funkias (or day lilies) make a rich, royal mass of bloom. The dark green leaves of the funkias will be an effective background against which to plant a few smaller flowers. Moss pink, for example, is hardy and effective, and varieties of small native asters, the blue and white ones with yellow centers, grow rapidly and will look pretty all spring and summer and way into the autumn. The florists can furnish last year's seedlings of most of these flowers which will bloom this year, but roots of two-year-old plants, if you can get them, will be more satisfactory and will bloom more profusely. It is not even necessary to protect the plants in a hardy garden in the winter, and they will come up every spring, even if one does not find time to spade and work the garden. When you begin to know and love your flowers, however, as you are very sure to, I feel quite certain that you will not miss working among them and covering the earth where they are planted with litter or straw when the weather is very severe. The real secret of success with your garden of hardy flowers is just the same as with your garden of delicate annuals. It all depends on your love, your sympathy and the pleasure that you get from knowing and loving the plants themselves. And best of all, a flower garden that has always been your own will seem very choice and lovely to you as it grows older and improves.

Some April Topics for Clubs

Our flower gardens. The best way to treat the front lawn. The simplest way to make the back yard attractive. How may we best provide flowers for the dining-room table all the year round? What new combinations of flowers shall we try this year in our gardens? Why not plan for a flower show next autumn? Discuss a practical chrysanthemum show. April is the time to begin preparations for a practical chrysanthemum show that will pay in every way. Write Aunt Janet about any of these subjects. She will help you in every way and send many more suggestions besides.



No matter where you live, how you can get a complete home outfit or any article for your home on the most wonderful long time credit terms ever heard of—on prices that save you from 20 to 50 per cent. WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR

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It illustrates our great line of magnificent High Grade "Standard Quality" furnishings for the home. See this fine line of furniture, carpets, rugs and draperies shown in colors, ranges, stoves, refrigerators, gas-ranges, sewing machines, silverware, cutlery, dishes, washing machines, phonographs, clocks, etc.

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We ship direct to you from our big factories and from our distributing points: New York, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Chicago.

OUR GUARANTEE: We ship you goods on approval with the privilege of 30 days' free trial. If they are not perfectly satisfactory, return them to us and we will cheerfully refund your payment and pay transportation charges both ways.

You take no risk. ALL GOODS WE SELL ARE WARRANTED.

OUR REFERENCES: ANY BANK OR EXPRESS COMPANY IN THE UNITED STATES.

SEND US 75c and we will ship you this large latest style "Victoria" Rocker. It is extraordinary value. Constructed of richly carved, seasoned oak, has massive dragon heads. Upholstered in the best quality Sylvan leather, almost like real leather. Diamond tufted back, ruffled edge and front, comfortable opera roll seat.



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185 Pearl St., Burlington, Vt.

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The world's largest music house

LYON & HEALY

announces a Clearing Sale of Pianos, owing to the Re-building of their warerooms. Nearly one thousand fine instruments are offered without reserve until all are sold.

In this stock are a number of Steinway, Weber, Lyon & Healy and Washburn instruments. Also new and second-hand pianos of almost all well-known makes. Prices, \$120, \$140, \$150, \$165, \$190, \$200 and upwards. This is an opportunity that will not occur again. Lyon & Healy must reduce their stock at once to facilitate Re-building.

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Pianos Shipped Everywhere. Freight costs very little.

"I Sold 22 Pairs in 3 Hours and \$13.50"

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Statement of V. C. Gleason, Chgo., Ill.

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THE PIN-MONEY CLUB

For Girls Who Want to Make Pin Money

Margaret Clarke
Secretary of the Club

There! Eighty-one fat envelopes just went into the mail, each crinkling with a crisp check, and addressed to a Pin-Money Club girl.

I wish you could just see the constant procession of crisp white envelopes and dainty boxes with gold brooches that goes from my desk to the mail boxes of our Pin-Money Club girls. I wish you could have a peep into my morning mail, to see the jubilant letters of girls who, through the club, have tasted the joy of independence for the first time. That is why I love to welcome new girls into the club—I know they are going to make money and that they're going to enjoy doing it more than almost anything else they ever did.

And then, besides all the money, there is the gold and diamond Inner Circle brooch which the club presents entirely without cost to Pin-Money Club girls.

Isn't that brooch lovely, girls? Aren't you glad I chose it? There have been brooches of fourteen-karat gold set with diamonds before, but I doubt if there has ever been one so charming or unique.

Yet, lovely as it is, its significance is still finer, because it is the symbol of the "Inner Circle"—our close fraternity within the Pin-Money Club. The brooch is the key to the "Inner Circle," with all its delightful privileges. No wonder all the girls are so delighted; it looks so lovely in its white satin cushion. One girl said, "When I think that it is given to me as a reward just for earning money all for myself, I don't know how to thank you."

A Girl in a Small Town

A good many enthusiastic members hesitated at first because they felt they had no special training or because they lived in a small town. But they soon realized that it is just for them—for the girls with no special training or opportunities—that the club is formed. Why, do you know, one of our most successful girls lives in a town with just thirty families, away off in Texas, sixty miles away from any other town! She never earned any money in her life until she joined the Pin-Money Club.

But there are just as many Pin-Money Club girls in the big cities. Miss C. in Lowell, Massachusetts, is a clever, highly trained milliner, who works for one of the kindest women in the world. The other day this lady, her employer, surprised me with a delightful call. She had a message from Miss C., who wanted me to know by word of mouth how much she enjoyed the Pin-Money Club work.

I wish it were possible to talk for a minute to Mrs. S., who sent me a letter to-day unsigned. Indeed she may feel entirely safe; of course I won't publish her name—or that of any other Pin-Money Club member, for that matter. All that is written to me is confidential, of course.

And I want to assure Mrs. S. that we like to have married girls in the Pin-Money Club. There are ever so many of them there already. Why, there is Mrs. K. in Oklahoma, who has seven babies and a big house and yet finds time to make money through the Pin-Money Club. And there's Mrs. G., who is secretary of a big library and an active club-woman, who finds the money earned through the Pin-Money Club comes in very nicely.

So Much to Tell

There are so many things to tell about the Pin-Money Club—so many little gossip bits of news about the members—so many girls with gratified ambitions—so many married girls who've found a way to get a little hitherto inaccessible luxury—indeed, I could just run on and on. And I will, too, but not here. Just write me a line, telling me what you are trying to do—or only your name and address on a postal, if you prefer—and I'll tell you all about the club—how you can make money through it, and how you can have the fourteen-karat gold "Inner Circle" brooch with its diamond center entirely without cost. If you're a girl—married or single—and want to make money, I'll be glad to make you at home.

Margaret Clarke
Secretary Pin-Money Club

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Madison Square New York City

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VEGETARIAN VIANDS

BY FANNIE A. DAWSON

NUTS in the vegetarian household take the part which meat plays in the ordinary menu. They possess the nutriment, fat and heat-producing qualities not found in most vegetables and fruits, and are easily digested if eaten as the principal dish of a meal.

By passing them through a meat chopper or crushing the softer varieties beneath a rolling pin, the vegetarian housewife has found many ways of making them into soups, roasts and cutlets, or of blending them with vegetables and fruits to form appetizing entrees.

NUT CHOWDER—Take half a pound of mixed nut meats broken into small pieces. Put them in a sauce pan with one quart of water, and allow them to simmer for one hour and thirty minutes. Peel and dice several potatoes and turnips and a good-sized onion. Have a pint of canned or stewed tomatoes. Strain the nut meats, saving the water in which they have boiled, and which now forms a valuable stock. Line the bottom of a kettle with a layer of the potatoes; add a layer of the turnips and onion, with a sprinkling of thyme, sweet marjoram, chopped parsley and salt, then a layer of the tomatoes, and last of all a layer of the nut meats. Continue the layers in this order until all the ingredients are used, then pour on the stock, which should be boiling hot. Let simmer for thirty minutes, then add one pint of milk, and thicken with a little flour and butter if desired. Nut butter may be used instead of the dairy product for this thickening. Some cooks omit the tomatoes in making nut chowder.

NUT ROAST—This is the *pièce de résistance* at many a vegetarian dinner, and may be made with any variety of nut, to suit individual tastes. Walnut, pecan and filbert roasts are the most generally used. To make a roast, put two teacupfuls of stale bread crumbs in a mixing bowl, and moisten with hot water. Let stand a few minutes, until all the water is absorbed. Add one cupful of crushed or ground nut meats, and one heaping tablespoonful of nut meats which have been broken into small pieces. Flavor with one teaspoonful of finely sifted sage or mixed herbs and with either one half teaspoonful of salt or with one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Mix thoroughly, and stir in one well-beaten egg. Press into a square pan to mold it, then turn out on a baking pan, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

A variation may be made by using raisins, chopped figs or dates instead of the broken nut meats; and as these, and also bread crumbs, differ in moisture, judgment must be used. The roast when placed in the oven should be as moist as is consistent with its being firmly molded. It is good served hot or cold. Sliced very thin, it makes a delicious filling for sandwiches.

MOCK BREADED LAMB CHOPS—Place in a bowl two cupfuls of bread crumbs, one cupful of hickory-nut meats chopped fine, but not ground, one teaspoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of grated onion. Pour one cupful of milk into a sauce pan, and thicken with a little butter and flour. Bring it to a boil, then pour in the crumbs and nuts and one half teaspoonful of salt. Stir well, remove from the stove, and when slightly cool, stir in a well-beaten egg carefully, also one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Spread out about an inch thick on a flat dish to cool, and when cold, cut into triangular pieces and round the tops with the knife, to resemble lamb chops. Dip in egg and bread crumbs, and insert in the pointed end a short piece of macaroni or a broad noodle, to simulate the bone of the chop. Fry in boiling olive oil or nut butter. This makes a delicious dish, akin to chicken or young lamb in flavor, and is pretty served on a plate garnished with parsley, green peas or with a tomato dressing.

STUFFED TOMATOES—Select firm, smooth tomatoes. Cut a slice from the stem ends, and with a spoon dig out the insides, leaving just enough of the tomato in the skins to make them keep their shape firmly. Place the tomato pulp in a sieve, press out most of the juice, then turn into a mixing bowl; to it add one cupful of well-toasted bread crumbs, one half cupful of ground nut meats, a little finely chopped parsley, sage or thyme and a little salt. One teaspoonful of chopped onion may be added if desired. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture, heaping it up above the opening, and bake slowly. Serve plain or with a cream or brown sauce.

STUFFED APPLES—Pare and core large tart apples. Fill the centers with seeded, chopped raisins, dates or figs, or a combination of these. Place them in a deep earthen dish with a little water around them. Cover the dish, to preserve the juiciness of the apples, and bake slowly until nearly done. Then uncover for a few minutes, to permit them to brown lightly. Served with a lemon or vanilla sauce, these are delicious.

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THE EXCHANGE LETTER-BOX

[SEE THE EXCHANGE ON PAGE 41]

We shall be glad to hear from any one who has a puzzling question about household matters to ask, or from those who can answer any of the queries asked here. There is no payment made for contributions to the Letter-Box. Address "The Exchange Letter-Box," Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

QUESTIONS ASKED

Will some one please tell me—

How to clean brass?

M. B., Missouri.

A good recipe for liver sausage?

Mrs. F. P., California.

How to clean long chamois gloves so they will be soft and look like new?

Miss E. L. S., Ohio.

A way to restore the white silk embroidery of a linen centerpiece which has become yellow?

Mrs. J. W. N., Virginia.

What will remove candle grease from a velvet rug? The drippings were from the ordinary Christmas candle, probably tallow.

Mrs. F., Alabama.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Beaten Biscuits

Into one quart of sifted flour work well one tablespoonful each of lard and butter and one saltspoonful of salt. After this is well worked in, moisten with one half pint of sweet milk and make into a stiff dough. Lay on a smooth board, and beat with a heavy hammer or flatiron until it blisters. This will take from twenty-five to thirty minutes. Then make into small round biscuits about one half inch thick, molding them with your hands. Pass the rolling pin over them, to make smooth, and stick three times deeply with a fork. Bake in the oven until a light brown.

N. B., Missouri.

Tried Fruit Cake, for R. E. S.

Two pounds each of currants and raisins, one pound each of citron, English walnuts, almonds, pecans, flour, butter and granulated sugar, twelve eggs, one nutmeg, one cupful of fruit juice, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and cloves and one third of a teaspoonful of soda in one pint of warm molasses. Add the juice of one orange and one lemon and a little peel. Cream the butter and sugar, then add the yolks of the eggs, then the molasses, then the flour. Stir the whites lightly through, then add the nuts slightly chopped, the fruit juice and the spices. Put the fruit in a little at a time after having been chopped and well floured. This flour is not included in the recipe. Bake slowly for about four hours, or, better still, steam for three hours and bake about thirty minutes. Leave in the pan until cold. This makes two large cakes.

Mrs. M., Texas.

Pork Pickle, for Mrs. A. D.

From "Meat on the Farm," by Andrew Boss, in Farmers' Bulletin No. 183, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture:

"When the meat is cooled, rub each piece with salt, and allow it to drain over night. Then pack it in a barrel with the hams and shoulders in the bottom, using the strips of bacon to fill in between or to put on top. Weigh out for each one hundred pounds of meat eight pounds of salt, two pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of saltpeter. Dissolve all in four gallons of water, and cover the meat with the brine. For summer use it will be safest to boil the brine before using. In that case it should be thoroughly cooled before it is used. Bacon strips should remain in this brine four to six weeks, hams and shoulders six to eight weeks." Then smoke or use liquid smoke, or it can be used without. For convenience let me add that two cupfuls of salt equal one pound, two and one half cupfuls of brown sugar equal one pound and four teaspoonfuls of saltpeter equal one ounce.

Mrs. S. A. K., Colorado.

Two Recipes for Floating Island, for D. I.

No. 1.—One quart of milk, five eggs and five tablespoonfuls of sugar. Scald the milk, then add the beaten yolks and one of the whites together with the sugar. First stir into them a little of the scalded milk, to prevent curdling, then all of the milk. Cook it until of the proper thickness, remove from the fire, and when cool, flavor, then pour it into a glass dish and let it become very cold. Before it is served, beat up the remaining four whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and beat into them three tablespoonfuls of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of currant jelly. Put this over the top of the custard to form little islands.

P. L. K., Florida.

No. 2.—Place in a farina boiler one pint of sweet milk, and let it come to the boiling point. Have ready the well-beaten yolks of two eggs mixed with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one large tablespoonful of corn starch made smooth in a little cold milk. Stir into the heated milk, and continue stirring until it thickens. Beat the whites of the eggs until very stiff, adding one tablespoonful of sugar. Turn the first part into a bowl, and spread the beaten whites of the eggs over the top. Set in the oven to brown.

Mrs. C. H. B., Pennsylvania.

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HOW I BUILT MY THEATER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

the players can view themselves, front and back to their feet, before going on. In no theater that I am connected with, at least, shall the players be treated like pigs or day laborers. The need for decent and sanitary dressing rooms, to say nothing of comfortable ones, is crying all over the country. The way actors are treated in the very places where they are the essential equipment has long been a disgrace. I am glad to be able to do my little bit toward a reform.

Naturally I am aware that in realizing one of the dreams of my life—building this little theater just as I want it, just as I think a theater ought to be, expressing myself in the playhouse no less than in the play—I am but laying on myself an added burden, even if I hope to get an added financial return. If my theater remains behind in New York earning money for me while I am on tour, I still cannot be indifferent to the kind of plays which are presented there by others, any more than to the kind of plays I present myself. Fortunately, I have Mr. Shubert to trust in this matter, for his pride in our little house is great, too. A theater, however comfortable and beautiful, cannot succeed without good plays, and a theater, however rich and tasteful, cannot remain of the first rank if the attractions on its stage are not of the first rank.

If more actors have not built and managed their own theaters it is partly due, no doubt, to the fact that the business head required does not as a rule comport with the "artistic temperament"—whatever that is. But it is also due to the fact that the actor himself, under present conditions, could not afford to antagonize the managers who book his routes through the country by discriminating too closely in selecting the plays for his theater. Too strong an assertion of independence would mean financial disaster. But probably in the selection of plays and the construction of playhouses the big actors could amicably have a larger share than they do at present. After all, without the actors, the managers are helpless. We players have the whip hand. A provident conservation of the successful actor's large earnings, and then their investment in partnership in a playhouse in one of the large centers, would probably work a threefold good—to the actor, the manager and the public. The first would gain money, the second expert advice, the third comfort. If our theater in New York is a success, Mr. Shubert and I expect to build another in Boston, for instance, along the same lines. There is no reason why other players should not be similarly interested in theaters in Philadelphia or Chicago. Ours is the only profession where the persons most important have as a rule only a servant's share in the management and the rewards.

"But why such a small theater?" I have been asked. Let me, in closing, answer that question, for it is significant. This is the day of the small theater. It is the logical outcome of the change in drama and acting. The modern prose drama requires far less lung power and "eloquence" of the actors, far more restraint and realism. But restraint and realism are quite lost in a great barn like the New York Academy of Music, the Chicago Auditorium, the Boston Theater. "Intimate" is the word most characteristic of modern drama and modern acting, and so modern theaters must be intimate, also. My theater, for example, seats but nine hundred people; the Boston Theater seats between two and three thousand. Ultimately, the small theater is a concession to the man behind us all—the author. Plays nowadays are written not to show off a star, but to express an idea. The actor's task is not to show how much better he can recite a famous speech than somebody else, but to express his author's idea, though it takes him in silence out of the limelight altogether.

But the expression of ideas in a play, the delicacies of comedy, the points of satire, are lost in a great theater of the old style, still so prevalent over the country. We must have small houses for the proper representation of modern drama. These small houses have got to come, even if, in the managerial phrase, they don't "hold so much money." The theater exists for other things than money. One of them is art. Such small houses are needed in many American cities. And the players themselves, who are most concerned, might conceivably assert their independence in some cases by seeing that they are properly built and properly equipped—that is, beautifully and comfortably. They might do this by assuming a part of the financial burden, and pocketing thereafter a part of the financial return. Why give it all to the managers?

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AGENTS

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THE SPRING FASHION NUMBER

THE FASHION DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD



ONE OF THE NEW FLOWER TURBANS FOR SPRING

NO MATTER how many other hats you have this spring, be sure to add to your millinery collection at least one of the big flower turbans. These turbans are among the smartest of the new models. They require but little trimming, but that trimming must be selected with much knowledge of what's what in millinery and with the greatest possible care. For the flower turbans there is nothing newer or smarter than one of the long fancy eagle quills which shows half of the quill made of fluffy ostrich flues.

An imported turban is made of the most natural-looking pink and white sweet peas showing just a bit of the crown,

which is in taupe yedda straw braid. The turban has no other trimming save one long eagle quill, half of which shades from pearl gray into taupe and the other half is pink in color and consists of ostrich flues which have a fluffy-looking fringe effect. The quill is attached to the crown with a cabochon ornament of a pinkish hue framed in antique silver. These turbans are also made up with the crown of cloth of gold veiled with tulle and having the rest of the turban a mass of pink moss-rose buds or velvety-looking pansies in shades of yellow, violet and purple.

SPRING FASHION NUMBER

WASH FABRICS AND TRIMMINGS



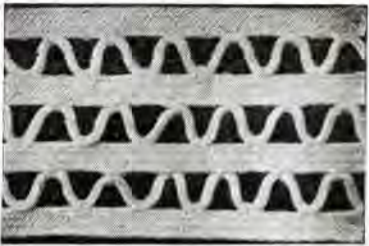
THIS SAMPLE IS A GOLDEN-TAN SILK AND COTTON SHANTUNG. ONE OF THE MOST FASHIONABLE OF THE NEW SUMMER FABRICS



ONE OF THE NEW FRENCH SATEENS SHOWING A CRETONNE EFFECT IN THE BORDER. A VERY DIFFERENT FABRIC FROM THE OLD-FASHIONED SATEEN



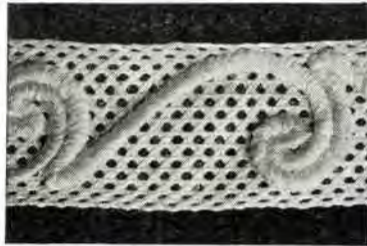
EVERY YEAR THE GINGHAMS GROW MORE FASCINATING. THIS SAMPLE IS IN DIFFERENT SHADES OF BLUE COMBINED WITH WHITE



WHITE COTTON BRAID IN FAGOTING DESIGN, A FASHIONABLE TRIMMING FOR COTTON GOWNS

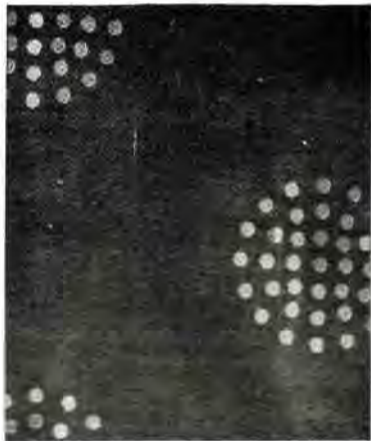


WHITE CROCHET BUTTONS IN A VARIETY OF SHAPES WILL BE USED LAVISHLY IN TRIMMING THE SUMMER GOWNS. THOSE DYED TO MATCH THE COLOR OF THE GOWN WILL ALSO BE THE VOGUE



ANOTHER OF THE NOVELTY COTTON BRAIDS—A GROUNDWORK OF NET SHOWING A RAISED DESIGN

IMAGINE SPANGLED EFFECTS IN A COTTON FABRIC. YET THIS IS AN ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MANUFACTURERS OF SUMMER MATERIALS. THIS SAMPLE IS A TERRA-COTTA SILK AND COTTON FABRIC, WHICH GIVES THE EFFECT OF BEING SCATTERED WITH SILVERY SPANGLES. THE LITTLE SPOTS FORM THE BIG DOTS

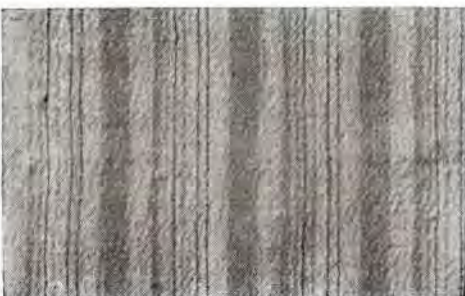


ORIENTAL GAUZE IS THE NAME OF THIS NEW FILMY COTTON, WHICH SHOWS A STRIPE AND IS PRINTED IN COLORS IN AN EFFECTIVE DESIGN. BOTH SILK GAUZE AND THE COTTON GAUZE ARE OUT IN THE NEWEST EFFECTS. THEY SHOW DAINTY FLOWERED STRIPES AND THE MOST EXQUISITE OF PRINTED BORDERS

THE WOMAN WHO IS LOOKING FOR TRIMMING BANDS FOR HER SUMMER DRESSES WILL HAVE A HAPPY TIME OF IT THIS SEASON. THIS SAMPLE IS IN TWO SHADES OF BLUE WITH THE GRECIAN PATTERN IN WHITE

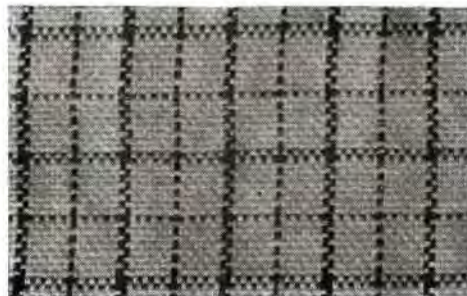


VERY EFFECTIVE ARE THE WHITE COTTON BANDS WORKED IN FLORAL DESIGNS DONE IN MACHINE EMBROIDERY AND SHOWING THE LUSTER OF SATIN. THIS SAMPLE IS WHITE WITH THE DESIGN COPENHAGEN BLUE

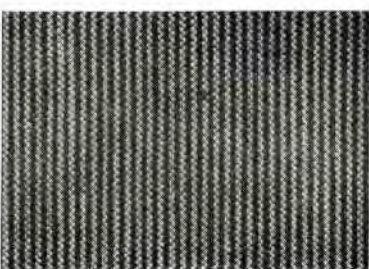


COTTON CREPES, BOTH PLAIN AND FANCY, ARE THE HEIGHT OF STYLE. THIS SAMPLE IS WHITE CREPE STRIPED IN VARIED WIDTHS IN PALE PINK, WITH HAIR LINES OF BLACK RUNNING THROUGH THE FABRIC

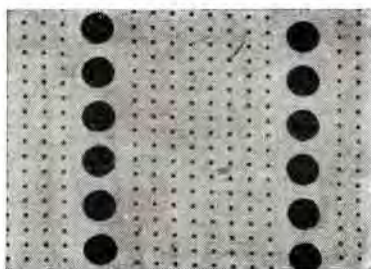
GINGHAM HAS REACHED SUCH A PLACE OF DISTINCTION AMONG THE SUMMER-TIME FABRICS, THAT IT IS OFTEN SOLD AS A ROBE COSTUME INSTEAD OF BY THE YARD OVER THE COUNTER. THE NEW GINGHAM ROBES HAVE THE LOVELIEST SILKEN SHEEN AND MANY HAVE AN INSET BORDER OF COARSE FISH NET, EITHER PLAIN OR BRAIDED



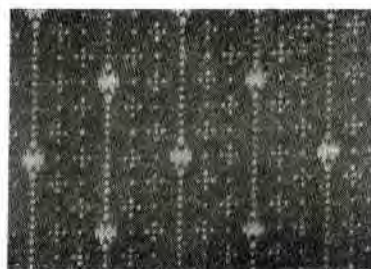
THE NEW LINENS REPEAT MANY OF THE DESIGNS IN THE WOOL FABRICS. THE WHITE GROUNDS WITH CROSS-BAR STRIPE EFFECT IN BROWN, RESEDA, BLACK, GRAY BLUE, AND A LONG LIST OF COLORS, ARE FASHIONABLE



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FRENCH CRETONNE IS THE NAME OF ONE OF THIS YEAR'S NEW FANCY COTTONS. THE PRETTIEST OF THEM SHOW THE PRINTED DESIGN FORMING A STRIPE



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A choice selection from our new models just being placed on exhibition in our store. Made of sheer batiste; the yoke is of handsome Val. lace insertion, point design, and extends over the back. A floral medallion just below the yoke. The same lace design is used in the insertion extending down the front of the waist as shown in the illustration. The sleeves are finished with five cluster tucks and two pretty pearl buttons and lace pointed cuffs. This model buttons in the back with concealed buttons. The sheer batiste is selected for its durability and desirable laundering \$1.29

No. 445—Waists, made of batiste, trimmed with fine tucks, imitation Maltese lace inserting and five embroidery medallions; back finished with clusters of tucking, lace-trimmed stock collar, long sleeves set off with lace inserting 99c.

No. 811—Waists, made of mercerized batiste, yoke of Valenciennes lace and embroidery inserting, trimmed with crochet buttons, lace inserting below yoke, clusters of fine tucks and two rows Valenciennes lace down back, lace-trimmed stock collar, tucked long sleeves trimmed with Valenciennes inserting \$1.98

No. 1484—Petticoats, made of heavy taffeta silk, black, staple and delicate evening shades, deep flounce trimmed with accordion pleating, Van Dyke style, finished with narrow tucked ruffles, percaline dust ruffle; sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches \$3.79

No. 3151—Walking Petticoats, made of fine cambrie, trimmed with deep lawn flounce finished with five rows of Valenciennes lace inserting and edging; above flounce Valenciennes inserting with washable ribbon drawn through, large ribbon bow, lace-edged lawn dust ruffle \$1.79

No. 701—Combination Drawers and Corset Covers, made of nainsook. Corset Cover trimmed with two rows imitation Maltese lace inserting and wide embroidery inserting, finished with beading and lace edging, ribbon-run beading at waist. Drawers trimmed with lawn ruffle and lace edging; sizes 34 to 44 inches 99c.

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SPRING FASHION NUMBER

COAT SETS AND PARASOLS

BY RUTH HAMILTON FULLER



White Collar and Cuffs With Band of Colored Lawn; Hand Embroidery Scattered Over Both

AMONG all the interesting changes which Fashion each year brings to women's attire there are none of more interest than those exhibited in the Easter hat and gown. To the average woman her spring costume is one long thought of and studied, planned with care and worn with satisfaction. For is not Nature garbing herself in new and festive garments? Surely human nature—and particularly feminine human nature—can do no less.

But quite as interesting as the Easter gown and hat themselves are the small accessories which do so much to make or mar a toilet. The dainty stock, the coat collar of new design, a girdle knotted in a novel way, all mark pointedly and instantly the difference between this year's costume and last.

However, thanks to the cut of the coats being much the same this season as last, the girl who cannot afford a new spring suit in time for Easter need not shed tears over the sad fact. Instead, let her take heart of grace and go out and invest in a coat set of collar and cuffs. If she but choose carefully and gets one of this season's distinctively new designs, she may do it with the assurance that it will give a most satisfactorily up-to-date air to her suit.

The coat sets of this spring are of strikingly original designs. Gone are the collar and cuffs of muslin with machine-stitched insertions; gone, too, are the rather clumsy-looking sets of heavy linens with aggressive embroideries. Instead we have charming things of fine linen lawn with insertions of baby Irish crochet—real if it can be afforded, or if not, of imitation, which is quite as effective—with touches of French embroidery in sprays of blossoms and little leaves.

For instance, a coat collar and cuffs of many points is one of the prettiest models shown. It is made of linen, and the collar is cut with seven points, each cuff with three. Edging collar and cuffs and following the line of the points is Irish crochet lace about an inch in width. Inset in the collar and cuffs and following the direction of the points are diamond-shaped insertions of Irish crochet laced together with lines of delicate French embroidery done in flower design.

Coat sets of striped linen are a novelty this season. They are made of fine linen in even stripes of white and the color of the suit with which they are destined to be worn. Coin dots worked solidly frequently ornament them, and they are usually cut on the familiar shawl-collar shape, as then the stripes can be used on the bias to the best advantage.

But the most extreme novelty of the year in coat sets is the wide sailor collar. These sailor collars are the final word in adjustable trimming for tailor-made suits. They are shown in white linen inset with colored linens and embroidered in color, or in all white with insertions of Irish crochet, and they are made exactly like the sailor collar on the small boy's suit.

All the cuffs corresponding to these collars are made close fitting, to follow the lines of the new long coat sleeves.

Japan seems to have sent us most of the ideas for the season's parasols, for the shapes, handles and decorations are most suggestive of Japan. The very wide, flat-topped parasols with from fifteen to twenty ribs made familiar to us by Japanese prints and photographs are here reproduced in silk for use by Americans. That they may be further Japanese they are decorated with embroideries of typical Japanese scenes. The center illustration shows one of these parasols with the addition of a little plaited frill around the edge. Distinctly Japanese in effect are parasols intended for afternoon use made of delicately tinted silk with a huge rose and an enormous butterfly, both conventionalized, poised in each section.



White Lawn Collar and Cuffs Hand Embroidered, With Insets of Colored Lawn



New Japanese Parasol Showing the Wide Flat Top Finished With Plaited Frill

The two distinctions of this season's parasols are the long Directoire handles and the very flat tops—both concessions to the huge hats under which women have been concealing themselves. Only extra-broad parasols with extra-long handles would fit over those mammoth hats—and how could the parasol designer, being a mere man, know that the days of the overgrown hats were numbered? However, we are distinctly the gainer in picturesque effect, for these long Directoire sticks complement to-day's fashions excellently, and the flat-topped parasols, although not affording so much protection from the sun, show the decorations of the parasols to much better advantage.

Shot silks in very heavy quality and in all the new shadings seem to be a popular choice for parasol coverings, but this simplicity is more than made up for in the handles. It appears to be the rule that the more elaborate the parasol top, the plainer the handle, and vice versa.

They range from gold tops, jewel incrustated, with a tiny jeweled watch set into the knob, to a very lifelike stork standing on one leg, carved from the wood of the handle. And again the Japanese influence makes itself felt, for storks and cranes, which the Japanese are so fond of employing in a decorative way, form the majority of handles. But whole aviaries of birds and menageries of beasts may be assembled on a collection of parasol handles. There is no lack of variety.

Wooden handles are carved into dogs, birds, cats, even little donkeys, and are then colored artistically in soft shades of greens, blues and reds. Parrots' heads make favorite parasol handles, and a bold old parrot with gold monocle and chain is amusing as well as useful, for the parasol may be suspended by the chain slung over the arm.

Handles of Dresden china have again appeared, but in new forms. A shell-shaped handle of china opens to disclose a tiny powder puff within, or a small smelling-salts bottle or bonbonnière is concealed in the top of a slim gold handle of Dresden or Royal Worcester. The gold tassels and balls which decorated the handles of parasols last year are lacking this season.

The vogue of braiding has extended to parasol covers, and in many taffeta parasol tops are stiff with sou-tache braiding.



A Group of New Parasol Handles—a Crane, a Delicate China Shell Disclosing a Tiny Powder Puff, a Parrot With a Gold Monocle, and a Daintily Carved Little Lady of Fashion



Some New Coat Sets Showing the Prettiest of the New Designs—Linen Collar and Cuffs Cut in Points and Trimmed With Irish Crochet Lace, a Shawl Collar and Cuffs of Striped Linen With Buttonholed Edge and Coin Dots in Solid Embroidery, and a Charming Example of One of the New Sailor Collars in White Linen With Colored Linen Insets and Insertions of Lace

SPRING FASHION NUMBER

THE SMARTEST MORNING DRESSES

BY GRACE MARGARET GOULD

OF COURSE you know her, the woman every other woman recognizes as the one possessing that subtle something called style. Perhaps she does not cross your path as often as the dowdy woman and the woman who, though hardly dowdy, never attracts a second glance. But when you do see the woman with style, she always brings to your mind the question, "Why can't I, too, look stylish? What is it she possesses that I lack?" Now this question of style is not so subtle as it seems, because, first of all, it is built on a foundation of just common sense. The stylish woman gives thought, and much thought, to every gown she wears; she appreciates the great importance of correct lines in dress; she familiarizes herself with the new fashions as they come and go, and she never, no, never, makes the mistake of wearing the fashionable gown, regardless of whether it is adapted to her own figure.

It is the gown that looks as if it were made for you, and you only, that produces the smartest effect. Style and individuality in dress are very closely associated. It will not take the woman long, who gives serious thought to her clothes, to know what colors help to make her better looking.

Then there is the art of putting on one's clothes correctly. This is such an important factor in style that every woman should give it her consideration. Don't dress in a hurry—the careless woman is never the stylish woman. Don't focus your attention on one part of your costume and slight the other. Think of your dress as a whole. It is the ensemble that counts. And here, too, the importance of details comes into play.

If your neck is short and fat, don't wear a high collar. No matter how fashionable it may be, it will surely prove the jarring note in your costume. If your arm is either very fat or very thin, don't wear the skin-tight long sleeve which so plainly reveals it. Wear the long sleeve, to be sure, if it happens to be the fashion, but have it full enough to disguise just a trifle the size of your arm. If your gown requires a belt, look well to its shape. The broad belt and the stout woman were never meant for each other. And the belt in a strikingly contrasting color from the fabric of your

gown should be considered well before it is worn. There are times when a bright touch of color at the neck and waist in the form of stock and belt adds to the artistic effect of the whole costume, and there are times, many times, when it does not.

In all these little suggestions which I have mentioned as playing a part in the gaining of style you will see that I have failed to speak of the fabric of the gown. My reason has been its lack of importance. Of course, I do not mean that it pays to buy cheap material in unattractive patterns and colors, but I do mean that the fabric of the gown has little to do with its style.

Take the dresses illustrated on this page. If the right woman wears them, the one to whom their lines are suited, and they are developed in colors becoming to her, they will have all of the charm and chic that she so much desires. And yet each dress has been designed from an inexpensive cotton fabric suitable for morning wear.

The one-piece house dress illustrated in pattern No. 1303 might be called a wrapper, and yet it has a style and trimness which seldom belong to the average wrapper. This dress fastens in front under the box plait, which makes it a convenient little gown to slip on in the morning.

The morning dress illustrated in patterns Nos. 1304 and 1305 can be made with the waist and skirt joined. Though this dress is extremely simple, its very simplicity adds to its style. By such a simple little thing as braiding the front box plait of the waist and the box plait in the front of the skirt, a continuous line is produced which gives a princess effect.

A particularly smart morning dress is shown in illustration Nos. 1301 and 1302. The waist has single bust darts and buttons at the back, the buttons in front being used merely as trimming. The five-gored skirt is plain with inverted plaits at the back.

For every design illustrated on this page we will furnish a pattern for ten cents. The new Spring Catalogue of Madison Square Patterns is just out. It is decidedly worth seeing. For four cents in stamps we will send this catalogue to your address. Send your orders for patterns and for the catalogue to the Pattern Department, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.



Nos. 1301 and 1302



No. 1301—Dart-Fitted Waist With Tab Collar

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 38 inch bust, three and five eighths yards of twenty-four-inch material, or two and five eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 1302—Five-Gored Skirt, Round Length

Pattern cut for 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 28 inch waist, seven yards of twenty-four-inch material, or four and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 1303—One-Piece House Dress
Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, twelve and one half yards of twenty-four-inch material, or eight and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material, with five eighths of a yard of tucking for yoke and collar.

No. 1304—Waist With Turn-Down Collar

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, three and three eighths yards of twenty-four-inch material, or two and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 1305—Seven-Gored Skirt

Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Length of skirt, 41 inches all around. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, seven and one half yards of twenty-four-inch material, or five and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material.



No. 1303



Nos. 1304 and 1305

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SPRING FASHION NUMBER

FASHIONABLE SPRING GOWNS

TO DRESS in the fashion these days one must keep her eyes open, and wide open, too.

There is nothing monotonous about the fashions; they come, stay with us a short time, and just about as soon as we are getting accustomed to their new lines they suddenly disappear.

The plain sheath-fitting skirt is still modish, but it is being crowded a little into the background by some new models. For spring and summer, Fashion is again nodding her head in approval at the skirt where plaitings show. The skirt entirely plaited is still out of the question, but skirts with plaited insets are among the very newest spring designs.

Two extremely smart skirts where plaitings make their appearance are illustrated on this page. One is the gored skirt with plaited insets, which is cut in four gores, having the front and back gores narrow, while the two side gores are circular and have plaited sections set in. The opening of this skirt is at the left side of the front. Many materials may be effectively used in developing this new model. To be worn with a coat, forming a coat-and-skirt suit, it would look extremely well in one of the new satin-surface worsteds, say in a serge weave, or if it is to be worn later in the season, in a rough shantung or pongee. On the other hand, if the skirt is to be worn with a waist, to give a costume



Nos. 1306 and 1307

Nos. 1308 and 1309

No. 1306—Semi-Fitted Cutaway Coat

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, three and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material, or two and three fourths yards of forty-four-inch material

No. 1307—Gored Skirt With Plaited Insets

Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. Length of skirt, 42 inches all around. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, five and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material, or four and one half yards of forty-four-inch material



1306-1307

1308-1309

No. 1308—Double-Breasted Waist With Deep Yoke

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, four yards of twenty-two-inch material, or two and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material

No. 1309—Skirt With Tunic

Pattern cut for 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures. Length of skirt, 42 inches all around. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, ten and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, of six and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material

No. 1310—Tucked Waist With Square Yoke

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, three yards of twenty-two-inch material, or one and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material, with one and one half yards of tucking for sleeves and yoke

No. 1311—Skirt With Plaiting in Front Gore

Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. Length of skirt, 41 inches all around. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, eight and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or five and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material

No. 1312—Yoke Waist With Tab Bertha

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, three and one half yards of twenty-two-inch material, or one and seven eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material, with two yards of net for yoke and sleeves

No. 1307—Gored Skirt With Plaited Insets

Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26 and 28 inch waist measures. Length of skirt, 42 inches all around. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 26 inch waist, eight and three fourths yards of twenty-two-inch material, or five and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material



1310-1311

1312-1307

Nos. 1310 and 1311

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Nos. 1312 and 1307

The new Spring Catalogue of Madison Square Patterns will be sent on receipt of four cents in stamps. We furnish a pattern of every design illustrated on this page. Price of patterns, ten cents each.

SPRING FASHION NUMBER

A TALK ABOUT THE FASHIONS

BY
GRACE MARGARET GOULD



All-White Hat of French Pique With Black Satin Facing

LOOK OUT FOR SURPRISES these spring days, for you will find many of them—and big ones, too—in the new fashions. There is a change in the waistline and a surprise in some of the imported skirts—they are growing wider—and as for the little touches which are always so important in the new gowns, they are soon to march before us in a long, long procession.

Of course there is a surprise in the hats. From the overtrimmed conspicuous winter hat we have the imported spring hat, a model of simplicity. Among the millinery novelties is a graceful hat made of French piqué. It is not designed to wear solely with morning dresses—oh, dear, no! It is a model regarded as quite the proper thing to wear with elaborate costumes. For trimming there is a simulated bunch of grapes, each grape covered with piqué, and also a group of white wings. Another French hat shows the very new two-story crown.



New Directoire Girdle With Jumper and Sash Ending in a Bag



Hat With Two-Story Puffed Crown Carrying Out Simplicity in Its Effect

SMART EFFECTS MEAN ATTENTION to the little details of dress. Accessories count and it always pays to consider each new one carefully and see whether or not it is worth adopting—whether it is suited to your gown and yourself. Among the spring fashion surprises is a Directoire girdle made

in combination with a jumper and a sash. The girdle is made up in broad, satin-finished silks or in the softest of luster ribbons, and generally in a pastel shade. The girdle comes in the form of a separate dress accessory, so that it may be worn with more than one gown. The jumper portion gives a surplice style to the bodice, while the girdle itself is so draped about the figure that it has a pointed effect in front, and another of its new features is that from this point two sash ends depend, finished with a bag of the silk either embroidered or covered with lace.



Transparent Sleeve Formed of Jet Beads

REVIVALS WILL BE FOUND in the new spring fashions, and jet is one of them. For wear at the present moment, before the light spring hat comes to stay, there is the *clôche* turban of jet with a puffed crown of tulle or jetted net. Jet-trimmed evening gowns are the height of fashion in Paris, and a touch of jet, whether in the hat, at the corsage or in the buckle of the slipper, is one of the smartest of the little dress accessories of the moment. A note of black introduced in a costume can always be counted upon to give a certain smart emphasis. The spring shades are so very soft and alluring in their colors that gowns made in these new shades need just this touch of black to give them distinction. Transparent effects at the throat and the sleeves continue to be fashionable. Something very new in the way of a sleeve consists of an openwork lattice design of fine black beads studded here and there with jets, the jets giving a festoon effect to the beads.

Some of the most exquisite evening gowns of the season are of Directoire satin made with an overdrapery of black net covered with jet embroidery. Of course, as the season advances, the jet idea will diminish a trifle, as heavily jetted effects are not appropriate for mid-summer wear.

FLOWER BRACELETS ARE A FAD in Paris, and the American summer girl has already decided to wear them. A row of little beautifully made artificial flowers are mounted on an elastic band in the same color, and here you have the new bracelet. As a finish to the short sleeve they are regarded quite the proper thing.

The length of the glove for spring and summer is still a disputed question. The wise New York girl will add to her wardrobe, gloves both short and long. She surely will not be able to resist the long silk gloves so elaborately and beautifully embroidered, and then again she is quite sure to lose her heart over the old-fashioned-looking short gloves which give her an excuse to wear her new flower bracelet, to say nothing of showing her pretty arm if she happens to be wearing a short-sleeved frock. Here, perhaps, many women will lift their eyebrows and look askance. "Wear a short glove with a short-sleeved gown? Never! There would be nothing graceful or pretty about that." Well, this is another of Fashion's surprises, and pretty much of its success will depend upon the girl who adopts the new idea.



Short Gloves Finished With Flower Bracelets Will Be Worn With Short Sleeves as Well as Long



Showing the New Way of Wearing the Girdle

THERE IS NO GREATER SURPRISE in the spring fashions than the new position of the waistline. From the high waist of the Directoire gowns, Fashion seems to jump to the elongated waist which we are told belongs to the Middle Ages. Now, though this new waistline is certainly the surprise of all others in the spring fashions, yet it must not at the present time be looked upon as a rigid edict. All through the spring and summer fashionable women will wear gowns in Directoire effects. The high waistline will keep right on being the vogue. But the new note has been sounded, and the women who want to be leaders, not followers, of the modes will show in their gowns just a suggestion of a longer-waist effect. Perhaps it will only be in the arrangement of the girdle.

IN THE CHANGES that are creeping into the new modes there are many tendencies toward the fashions of the Middle Ages. As Paris says, the trend is away from the classic modes of ancient Greece to some of the styles of the fifth and sixth centuries. It was during the Middle Ages that the elongated waistline was in evidence, that tight-fitting long sleeves were worn, and trimmings of much richness. The medieval alms bag was then in favor, and just as another surprise Fashion has introduced it as a most important accessory in the spring and summer gowns of the year 1909. This fact will put an end to the troubles of the pocketless woman, for hereafter, if she so wishes, she can be fashionable and yet always have her pocket with her. Bags are now looked upon as so important a fad that they form part of the trimming of the new gowns. Surely surprises are a feature of the new modes, for Paris also says that panniers and much wider skirts are coming.



The Medieval Alms Bag and One of the Fashionable Ways to Wear It



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SPRING FASHION NUMBER

MISS GOULD'S PRACTICAL FASHIONS



No. 1315

No. 1315—Simplex Nursing Shirt Waist

Pattern cut for 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 40 inch bust, four yards of twenty-four-inch material, or two and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material



No. 1316

No. 1316—Simplex Nursing Corset Cover

Pattern cut for 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 40 inch bust, two yards of twenty-two-inch material, or one and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material



No. 1317

No. 1317—One-Piece Corset Cover

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 38 inch bust, one and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material



No. 1319

No. 1319—Housework Dress in Princess Style

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, twelve and one half yards of twenty-four-inch material, or nine yards of thirty-six-inch material



No. 1318—Child's Rompers

Pattern cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 4 years, three and one eighth yards of twenty-four-inch material, or two and one eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material



No. 1320

No. 1320—Work Apron Buttoned on Shoulders

Pattern cut for 32, 36 and 40 inch bust measures—small, medium and large. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, four and one half yards of twenty-four-inch material, or three yards of thirty-six-inch material



No. 1319

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Our new
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Model 350—Snug Hip. Similar to model 340 but not so long in front.

Material, coutil, white.

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Model 360—Snug Hip. Same as model 350.

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NEW YORK DETROIT CHICAGO

SPRING FASHION NUMBER

SMART SHIRT-WAIST PATTERNS



No. 1265—Yoke Waist With Buttoned Sleeves

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, three and three fourths yards of twenty-two-inch material, or two and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material, with five eighths of a yard of tucking and two yards of banding for trimming



No. 1124—Shirt Waist With Long Buttoned Sleeves

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, three yards of thirty-six-inch material, or two and one eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. White pique is a good material to use for this waist with white or colored crocheted buttons.



No. 1267—Double-Breasted Plaited Shirt Waist

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, four yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or two and one fourth yards of thirty-six-inch material. This model would develop well in a variety of fabrics, such as satin, voile, crepe or linen.

JUST so long as the coat suit is fashionable the shirt waist will reign. Every season some novelty is introduced, either in the designing or in the fabric used for shirt waists. This year cotton crepe is the high style material, and it is used for both tailored and elaborate shirt waists. Many times a touch of color is introduced by an embroidered design in the plain white cotton crepe waists, and then again the waist is all white, being trimmed with bands of Irish lace insertion. Many buttons are seen on the new models. Those of white crochet are the most fashionable. Striped Japanese crepe is also used, as well as the plain and embroidered cotton crepes. For a striped shirt waist where just a line of color is introduced, cotton and linen suiting makes a good, serviceable material, as well as the silk and cotton gingham.

The woman who wishes to have something besides one-piece dresses in her summer wardrobe can get a very smart-looking costume effect by making a shirt waist, one simple in design, and then buying enough material to match to make for herself a gored skirt. If she prefers the high-waist effect, she can use one of the skirt patterns which have an extended waistline; if not, she can wear a belt of the self material or of ribbon belting matching the fabric of her dress just as much as possible in color and design.



No. 1183—Shirt Waist With Plain Sleeves

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures



No. 1185—Plaited Shirt Waist

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures



No. 1209—Waist With Jabot

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures



No. 1202—Tailored Waist With Tucked Front

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures

THE color note is a special feature of many of the spring shirt waists. Perhaps it may only be seen in the embroidered jabot which trims the front of the waist, but it is a touch of importance not to be overlooked.

A number of the imported cotton crepe waists in creamy white are trimmed with small crochet buttons dyed a dull blue, tan or reseda. All of the spring waists show the long, close-fitting sleeve, though later in the season the lingerie waist with a rather short elbow sleeve will make its appearance.

Tucked waists are good style, but yokes, except in the dressier models, are little seen.

Paris is advocating a blouse novelty to be worn with shantung coat suits. It consists of a blouse of all-over cotton embroidery veiled with a washable tulle. Surely here is novelty for you and charming effect as well.

Baby Irish and Cluny laces are the fashionable laces for shirt waists. They are used on the linen waists as well as those of cotton crepe.

In outline the waist form shows much less fulness than last spring, the long, close-fitting sleeve helping to accentuate the slender silhouette.

The pastel shades are the tints principally used to give the color touch to shirt-waist fabrics, and the many new soft shades of blue are those that are most in favor.



No. 1184—Plaited Waist With Pointed Plastron

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36 and 38 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, four and three fourths yards of twenty-two-inch material, or three and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material



No. 1201—Shirt Waist Tucked in Clusters

Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 36 inch bust, four yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or two and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material



No. 1111—Tucked Shirt Waist

Pattern cut for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 38 inch bust, four yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or two and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material

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SPRING FASHION NUMBER

FASHIONS FOR LITTLE FOLKS



No. 1076—School Apron

Pattern cut for 4, 6, 8 and 10 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 8 years, four and one half yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or three and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material. Scallop the pockets and collar and finish with buttonhole stitch.



No. 1197—Double-Breasted Blouse

Pattern cut for 4, 6, 8 and 10 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 8 years, two and one fourth yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or one and seven eighths yards of thirty-six-inch material, with five eighths of a yard of contrasting material for trimming. This blouse fastens diagonally, buttoning across the shoulder and then down the right side. The collar also fastens on the side.



No. 1276—Guimpe Dress Buttoned at Sides

Pattern cut for 4, 6, 8 and 10 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 8 years, three and one fourth yards of twenty-two-inch material, with one and one half yards of thirty-six-inch material for the guimpe.



No. 1078—Dress With Large Armhole

Pattern cut for 4, 6 and 8 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 6 years, four yards of twenty-two-inch material, with one and three fourths yards of twenty-two-inch material for the guimpe.

No. 1079—Double-Breasted Loose Coat

Pattern cut for 4, 6, 8 and 10 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 8 years, four and one half yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or three and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material.

No. 1080—One-Piece Russian Dress

Pattern cut for 4, 6, 8 and 10 year sizes. Quantity of material required for medium size, or 8 years, four and one half yards of twenty-seven-inch material, or three and three fourths yards of thirty-six-inch material.



No. 1274—Apron With Epaulettes

Pattern cut for 4, 6 and 8 years



No. 1175—Boy's Double-Breasted Russian Suit

Pattern cut for 2, 4 and 6 years



No. 1174—Girl's Surplice Dress

Pattern cut for 6, 8 and 10 years



No. 1192—Princess Apron With Large Armhole

Pattern cut for 8, 10 and 12 years



No. 1104—Guimpe Dress With Mandarin Sleeves

Pattern cut for 4, 6 and 8 years



No. 1082—Dress With Dutch Neck

Pattern cut for 6, 8 and 10 years



No. 1277—Russian Suit With Sailor Collar

Pattern cut for 2, 4 and 6 years



No. 1147—One-Piece Dress With Guimpe

Pattern cut for 4, 6 and 8 years

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FREE for the asking—giving YOU peeks into the greatest of Merchandise Centers. Showing exceptional values—to give YOU an idea of the Saving Chances in



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Red, White and Blue Booklets

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OUR GUARANTEE:

We will satisfy you absolutely or refund your money immediately on the return of the goods. YOU are the judge. WE TAKE ALL THE RISK.



Siegel Cooper & Co.

Chicago

Value Waist

\$1.00 Postpaid

Swiss Embroidered Panels, fine tucks and Valenciennes lace compose the front of this Fine White Lawn Waist. The best and dressiest value we have ever found. The new long sleeve is trimmed and finished with lace. The double pointed collar is in the best French style. This charming model is tucked and buttoned in back. In \$1.00 white only. Sizes 34 to 44. Price \$1.00

POSTPAID

This Waist is Reserved for Our Mail Order Customers Until May 1st

Order by No. 40 A 181.

SIEGEL COOPER & CO.

Chicago Special

Price \$12.45 Postpaid

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SIZES: 34 to 46 bust. ALL WAIST measures, ALL SKIRT lengths. Extra sizes made Special \$1.25 more.

Satin Stripe Panama or French Serge is the handsome Spring Weight material from which this jaunty Suit is made. We have selected it with the greatest care—fine ALL WOOL material, thoroughly sponged and shrunk before being made up. Each suit cut and tailored equal to any \$25.00 garment.

The Coat is made 40 inches long—exceptional lines follow out the French tulipless effect to perfection—full length, close fitting sleeves and Satin Lined throughout. The neck is finished with a simulated collar in silk cord. Silk bow-knots and silk-covered buttons on front and back add the Parisian touch.

The Skirt is full gored—made with panel front and inverted back pleat, handsomely trimmed down the front panel to match the coat and finished with wide Empire Girdle.

Sizes: 34 to 46 bust measure—All Waist Measures—All Skirt Lengths—Extra Sizes Made Special at \$1.25 more.

Colors: Taupe, catwaha, smoke, amethyst, rose, blue reseda and sage green, a handsome shade of brown and black.

WE GUARANTEE that if this suit does not meet with your anticipation in every way that we will refund your money on the return of the goods to us in good condition. We Pay Express Charges Both Ways.

This Special Suit Offer will be open to our Mail Order Patrons until May 1st.

Send to-day for the Red, White and Blue Booklets. Send to-day to Dept. A.



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Ask your dealer for GAGE HATS

We have prepared a booklet of some forty drawings of new Spring styles, including an insert in color, which we will send you on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Address Dept. "XXX"
Gage Brothers and Company
Chicago



is the only
Dress Shield
that is both odorless and moisture-proof

Many dress shields are labelled "odorless", but the OMO is the only dress shield that IS odorless when you wear it. It contains no rubber, is cool, light, does not chafe even the most tender skin, protects the dress against perspiration stains and is washable.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED
At all good stores or a sample pair sent for 25c. Our "Dress Shield Brieflet" sent free.
The Omo Mfg. Co., Dept. 2, Middletown, Conn.



BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying on method," with herself for the model and a looking glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

"HALL BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS"

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; also made longer and shorter at the waist line, bust made higher or lower and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. It is very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order and will last a lifetime.

Write-to-day for illustrated booklet containing complete list of Dress Forms with prices.

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Company
Dept. B, 30 West 32d St., New York

SPRING FASHION NUMBER

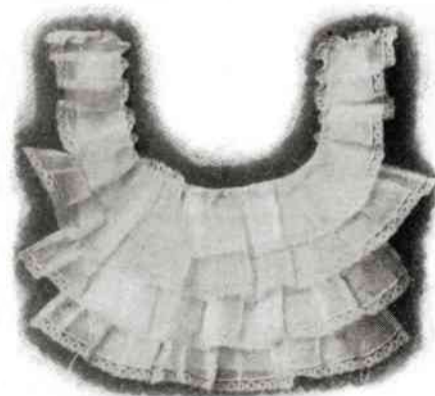
MISS GOULD'S FASHION BUREAU

CONVENIENT LITTLE HELPS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT

THE helpful little contrivances and the easy-to-adjust little dress necessities are some of the small things that tend to make the busy woman's days run smoothly. They are time savers and space savers, to say nothing of strength savers, and their effect on dispositions is well worth considering.

True as the saying is, there is nothing like having the right thing in the right place at the right time. The busy woman who has much sewing to do surely realizes this and she cannot fail but be interested in something new in the way of a compact sewing stand. It is a most complete little article and yet it costs but twenty-nine cents. It has a flat box for its foundation, fitted with uprights for the holding of spools and a darning. The case will hold twelve spools. At one side is a ring which is large enough to form a case for a thimble, and at the other side is a hook to which a small pair of scissors may be attached. Every woman knows all about the trouble she has when she wants her tape measure in a hurry and never can find it. This little sewing stand does away entirely with this worry, for pasted on the base is an inch rule, which is most convenient for measuring a hem or the width of a facing. The box may be used for the safe keeping of all the little things a woman needs when sewing, such as hooks and eyes, needles and pins, a bodkin, an emery, a bit of French chalk, etc.

Of course you have had troubles of your own in making your collars stand up as they should and yet not have the supporter hurt you. Perhaps you have tried the celluloid collar supporters and know how good they are because they do not show through the transparent collars, but no doubt you have realized that it was impossible to sew any hooks and eyes through them at the back, and it is at the back where you need the supporter as much if not more than anywhere else. Now, to obviate just this difficulty, something new has been brought out in the way of an invisible boning for the back of a collar which is made with hooks and eyes set right in the supporter, so that when you tack the supporter in your collar you have the hooks and eyes all ready for use. Surely this is a convenience. You can buy three sets, enough for three collars, on one card for nine cents. These new supporters come in three sizes, so they are apt to be the right height for most any neck. They bend easily, but do not break, and one of their best features is that they can be washed right in the collar and the hooks and eyes will not rust.



Shirt-Waist Extender With Shoulder Ruffle

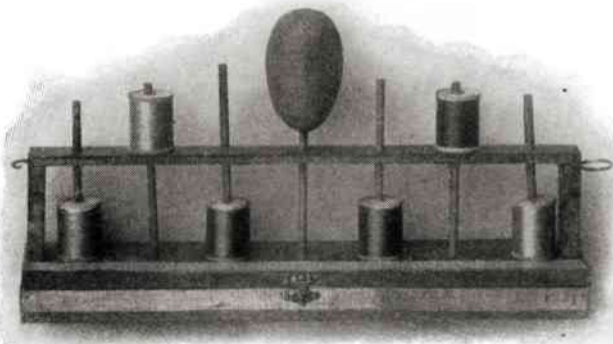


Collar Foundation With Ruching Attached

are bound with a soft tape. These collar foundations with ruching attached cost ten cents. They will be found extremely useful for lingerie waists where the collars are so soft and filmy. The foundation can be used to the best advantage if the lower part is just basted to the base of the collar with which it is to be worn.

Miss Gould will be glad to answer any questions regarding the articles illustrated on this page. She cannot make any purchases, but will send the addresses of the firms where the articles can be bought, provided a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Do not send your orders direct to Miss Gould, but write for the addresses, and then order from the shop. Direct all letters to Miss Gould's Fashion Bureau, Woman's Home Companion, Madison Square, New York City.

Now that shirt waists have become such utility garments that there is very little chance of their ever going out of style, we have with us always the problem of how to keep them from riding up. The way a woman wears her clothes is often an index to that woman's character, and nothing so quickly interferes with that trim, smart look as the shirt waist which bulges out at the sides and looks loose and baggy at the back. Now this keeping of the shirt waist in place is no easy matter.



Compact, Combination Sewing Stand—a Time-Saving Device

All sorts of shirt-waist pins and fasteners have been devised for the purpose, and belts galore. Some have been fairly satisfactory and some have proved of no use whatever. Perhaps one of the most successful of the belts has been the adjustable elastic belt. Now we have this belt made up with many modern improvements. It is on the market today showing the adjustable elastic belt which can be adjusted to suit every size waist, and in connection with it there is a skirt hook for holding the skirt down in front, and a well-made safety pin for pinning the shirt waist to the corset. This combination novelty works most successfully, and costs but nine cents. Another very simple method of holding the shirt waist down is to attach to the back of the waist a narrow tape, long enough to be brought around and tied in front in a tight bow with two rather long loops. These loops are then pulled down with the shirt waist and a safety pin fastens them all to the corset. In this way the shirt waist is secured firmly in front. At the sides and the back safety pins may be used if they are needed.



Adjustable Elastic Shirt-Waist Belt With Skirt Hook and Safety-Pin Attachments



Invisible Collar Supporters With Set-In Hooks and Eyes

Although these are the days when the slim woman has everything her own way so far as the fashions go, yet sometimes she does have a few troubles of her own. The way the dainty little ruffled shirt-waist extenders are selling in the shops proves that the slim girl feels sometimes the need of appearing stouter. A new lawn shirt-waist extender which is made with four lace-trimmed ruffles has for its novelty a much longer top ruffle, one that is shaped so that it comes up to the shoulders and fills in any hollows which are lurking about. The lower edge of the extender has a casing with a tape inserted, so that the fulness in the extender can be drawn to the center of the waist, or in fact adjusted as desired. These extenders are made of a good quality of lawn. They can be bought for thirty-nine cents.

If you are a city woman and live in a small apartment where your closet is so small that it is hardly worth mentioning, or if you happen to live anywhere, in fact, where your closet room is limited, then you want to know about a new clothes hanger which will increase the capacity of your closet hooks just five-fold. It can hang on any closet hook. It occupies no more wall space than the average single coat or skirt hanger, and yet it is provided with five hooks, thus taking care of five garments instead of one, and each garment can be removed from the hanger without disturbing the others. To keep skirts in the best shape, so they will not wrinkle, two of these new hangers should be used, and in this way five skirts can be cared for without crushing. This novel hanger costs but twenty-four cents. It is also a useful article to slip into one's suit case or trunk when traveling, as well as a convenience in the home closet.



Space-Saving Clothes Hanger for Holding Five Garments

Look at these New York Styles! Look at the Prices!

You cannot match them anywhere—but at SIEGEL COOPER CO., New York's Greatest Department Store

Do your shopping in New York. It's as easy for you as for resident New Yorkers. Send for our Catalogue and See

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This Latest Spring and Summer Catalogue is a necessity in every home away from New York, America's fashion and buying center. It places all the New York shopping advantages right in your home, as in its 265 pages is illustrated and described all that is new, stylish and correct in wearing apparel for women, men and children; all the latest novelties and household supplies. The prices quoted are lowest in America. We tell you in our catalogue how to save express and freight charges. We guarantee the quality of every piece of merchandise we sell. The demand for our catalogue is always very great. To avoid disappointment, be sure and write for it to-day. It is FREE. Address Dept. 3 F.



Siegel Cooper Co.'s Liberal Guarantee is absolute and goes with each article purchased from this advertisement or from our catalogue. If your purchase does not prove satisfactory in every detail, if it does not prove the best value you ever secured, return it to us at our expense and your money and all charges will be promptly refunded. The advantages are all yours—New York's latest styles at bargain prices. The risk all ours.



No. 69 x 5 F Suit \$1250

No. 69 x 5 F. This Stunning Three Piece Suit is made of excellent quality panama cloth, in black, navy, wistaria, the new calaveba and London smoke. The pretty Jumper Dress is made in Princess style, tastefully trimmed at neck with stitched strapping and six small self covered buttons; the skirt is a graceful flaring model, with wide side plait down front gore, which is trimmed the entire length with large self covered buttons; the Skirt is attached to the waist with a neatly stitched belt; fastens in back. The Jacket is a becoming cutaway style, made in single breasted front, fastening with four large buttons; it is beautifully tailored throughout; the front and back seams below waist line are trimmed with silk braid and buttons; turnover collar, inlaid with silk and button trimmed; prettily shaped full length sleeves, trimmed at cuffs with braid and buttons (they can be worn as shown in illustration, or can be turned back at cuff, giving a chic turnover cuff); the jacket is lined throughout with good quality satin; sizes 32 to 44 bust, skirt lengths 38 to 43 inches. This suit is a copy of a high class Fifth Avenue tailor's model. It is a wonderful value at \$1250

No. 69 x 6 F. This Handsome Foulard Silk Dress is made in a beautiful Princess style, of an excellent quality satin foulard, in rose, peacock, smoke, tan, navy, brown and black; the waist is exquisitely designed, falling gracefully in three wide loose plaits from shoulders; these are ornamented in center of blouse with three large satin covered buttons; an elaborate yoke is formed of tiny tucks and two insertions of handsomely embroidered net; back trimmed to match; the sleeves are artistically tucked from shoulder to cuffs; tucked collar; the skirt is a beautiful model and will lend graceful and beautiful curves to the figure. It's a wonder at \$1250; sizes 32 to 44 bust; skirt lengths 37 to 43 inches. This dress is an exact copy of a \$50.00 imported French model. Our price \$1250



No. 69 x 6 F Dress \$1250

Do not confuse the name of Siegel Cooper Co., New York, with a firm of similar name in another city. We have no branch houses. If you want New York styles and best merchandise be sure you send your orders to Siegel Cooper Co., New York, America's Greatest Department Store.

THE BIG STORE A CITY IN ITSELF
SIEGEL COOPER CO.
 J. B. GREENHUT, President
 We Employ No Agents We Have No Branch Houses
 Sixth Avenue NEW YORK CITY 18th and 19th Sts.

Send for the Catalogue

Write for It To-day



This Heel and Toe Means Extra Wear Extra Ease

You wonder how we make Everwear so durable yet so comfortable. There are several reasons.

The cotton we use is of an especially fine quality—a cotton that not only looks well, but one that resists great strain and hard wear.

Then the knitting is done by a special process. At the heel and toe the stitch is uniquely doubled—not thickened, but made closer, so that these parts retain the same soft texture as the balance of the hose.

They are shaped to the foot in the knitting. That is why they fit right as long as you wear them.

You will see at once how this feature also adds greatly to their comfort and wearing qualities.

In appearance they are equal to the more expensive kinds—

as neat and stylish a hose as anyone could ask for. The colors are absolutely fast, and will not crock or grow dingy. We feel certain that you will enjoy more

real satisfaction in wearing Everwear than any other hose. Aren't they at least worth trying? Order six pairs from your dealer today. If he hasn't them, we will send them, express paid, to any part of the United States. Read the description below and order accordingly.

Send for our free booklet—
 "AN EVERWEAR YARN"

Everwear
 TRADE MARK
HOSIERY

For Men and Women

EVERWEAR are the guaranteed hose you hear so much about. They are immensely popular with both men and women because there is hardly any wear-out to them; because they are so easy on the feet, and because they retain their shape and color through all their long wear and many washings.

We guarantee six pairs of Everwear to wear six months—and we give new hose FREE for anyone or all of six pairs that shows a hole, rip or tear within that time.

Many other hose are sold under a similar guarantee. It's really not a hard matter to make hose that will wear six months. But why make your feet endure heavy, stiff, coarse, ill-fitting hose? Why put up with this discomfort? Everwear, though made to withstand hard wear, are as fine, soft and smooth as any hose you ever wore—a wonderful improvement over all other hosiery.

DESCRIPTION

Six Pairs of One Size in a Box—Solid or Assorted Colors

SILK LISLE

Men's, \$5.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, London smoke, two shades of blue, gray and green, light and dark.

Ladies', \$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

EGYPTIAN COTTON

Men's, \$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, and burgundy, two shades of gray and tan, light and dark.

Ladies', \$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY, Dept. 17, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

You can tell it



by this Label

"Prosknit"

Summer Underwear

For Boys: Specially designed for Boy's wear. It pleases the Boy—it's good for his health and comfort. Makes him feel like a man.

The Test of Wear proves its superiority in quality.

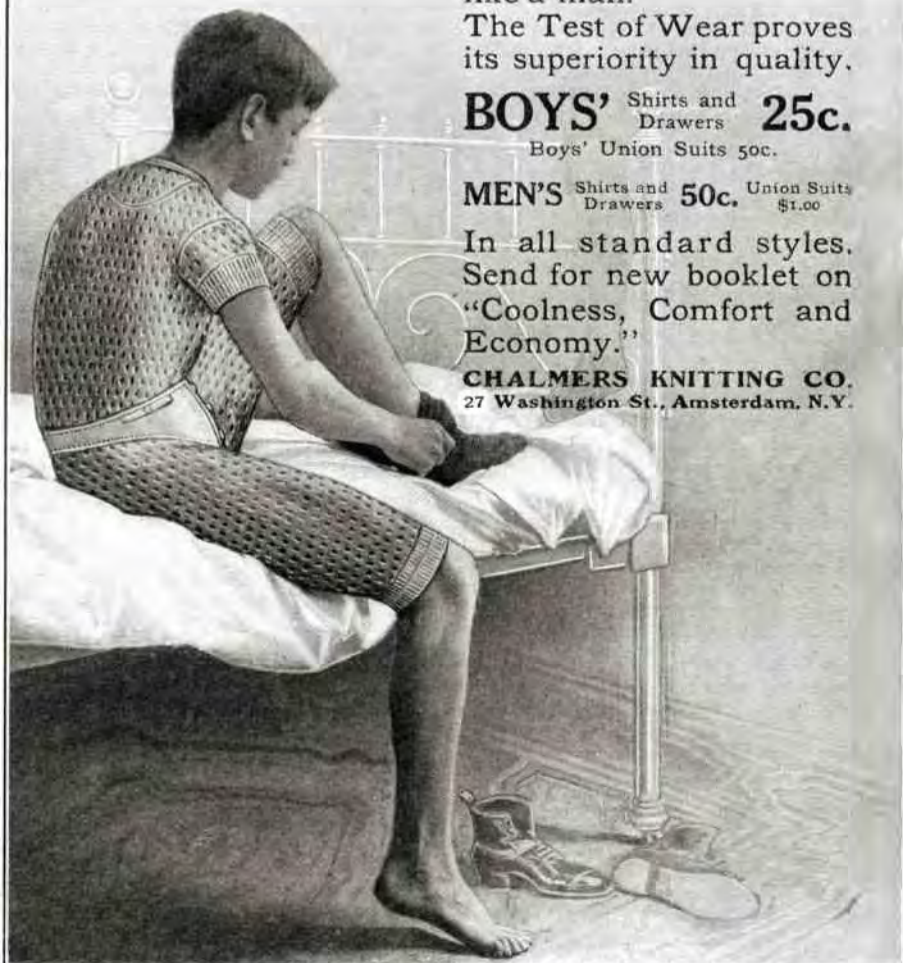
BOYS' Shirts and Drawers 25c.

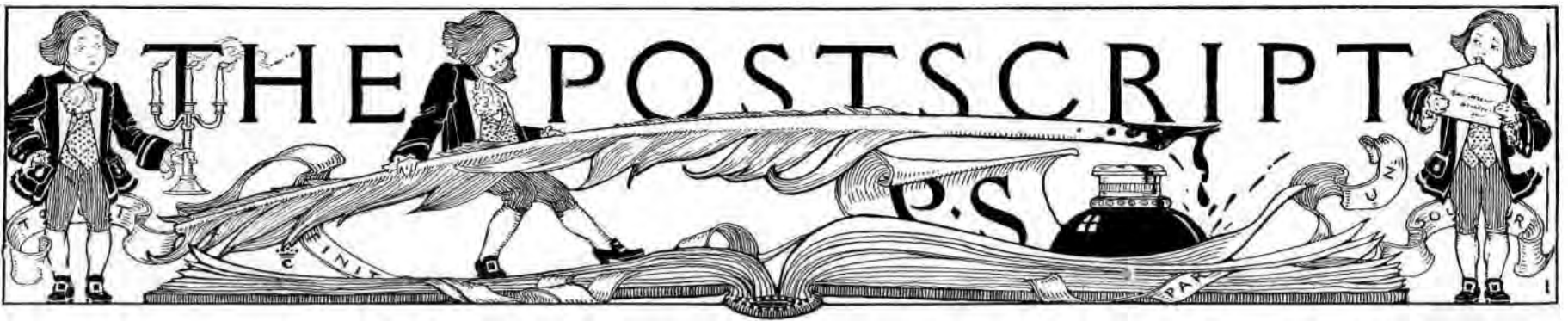
Boys' Union Suits 50c.

MEN'S Shirts and Drawers 50c. Union Suits \$1.00

In all standard styles. Send for new booklet on "Coolness, Comfort and Economy."

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
 27 Washington St., Amsterdam, N.Y.





Fashion

Fair Eve devised a walking suit
Of jungle grasses, soft and crimp;
She thought it rather neat and cute,
But Adam grunted, "Rather skimpy!"

A cloak of palm leaves, sought for miles,
She made, and came to be admired;
But Adam said, "The silly styles
You women wear just make me tired!"

She built herself a little hat
Of lilies (Eve was very clever),
And asked him what he thought of that!
And Adam blurted, "Well, I never!"

So next she placed upon her head
A feathered three-by-four creation.
The little word that Adam said
Is barred from parlor conversation.

Yet Eve refused to be a dowd,
And tied an autumn-tinted sash on.
"I'll dress to please myself!" she vowed,
"For what does Adam know of fashion?"

"What use to seek applause from him?
He scoffs and says I cannot reason!
Well, then my law shall be my whim—
And that shall change with every season."

Since when, revolving cycles bring
The gayest fashions and the queerest,
And Eve declares, "It's just the thing!"
While Adam murmurs, "Is it, dearest?"

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.



The Amateur Rehearsal

Simpkins—"Fear not, fair one; I will protect you from yonder villain with my life!"

The Verse is Light

The verse is light that pleases folks to-day,
It matters little what it has to say.
Provided that it has a catching flow,
With Fancy fleeting lightly to and fro,
And does not point a moral, it will pay.

Now take this thing; what sense is in
it, pray?
Yet here it's printed, blocking up the way,
Keeping you from better things below—
The verse is light!

What's that you said? You think I ought
to stay
The steady passing of the rhymed array,
And on it just a dash of thought bestow
To prove I could if folks would have
it so?
A heavy nugget of pure gold? Ah, nay!
The verse is light!

The Railway Train

The railway train rolls by my door
With rattling, banging din,
And every trip tends more and more
To make my senses spin.
Such shocking tumult shakes the brain—
That awful, bumping, railway train.

Again it speeds in pounding haste,
Sounding quite off the track;
There seems a lot of steam to waste,
Mercy! it's coming back.
Those shrill toots agonize the ear—
I would it were not quite so near.

And yet I cannot bear to scold
Nor blame that engineer,
For he is only three years old,
So slam away, my dear.
Out in the hall enjoy your noise
And string of little iron toys.

ELLIOT WALKER.

Porcine Geometry

Seven-year-old William had become the proud owner of a pet pig, and insisted upon having all the care of it himself. After a few weeks, as the pig did not seem to thrive, his father said to him:
"William, I'm afraid you are not feeding your pig enough. It does not seem to be fattening at all."
"I don't want him to fatten any yet," William replied knowingly. "I'm waiting until he gets to be as long as I want him, then I'll begin to widen him out."
LULU LINTON.

A New Version of It

Robert, the small son of Mr. Brant, has lately acquired a stepmother. Hoping to win his affection, this new parent has been very lenient with him, while his father, feeling his responsibility, has been unusually strict. The boys of the neighborhood, who had taken pains to warn Robert of the terrible character of stepmothers in general, recently waited on him in a body, and the following conversation was overheard:
"How do you like your stepmother, Bob?"
"Like her! Why, fellers, I just love her. All I wish is I had a stepfather, too."

The Arriving Hour

In Edwin's home there is a clock which strikes with a soft chime, much like the ringing of a silver bell. The other day he thoughtfully listened to its stroke, then said solemnly, "Mama, another hour is ringing to get in!" J. H. B.

Preparations for the Start

The Bensons disposed of their horses two or three years ago and turned their stable into a home for a large touring car and a run-about. It has followed that little Dorothea's experience with things equine has languished. Recently Mrs. Benson went to visit a brother who still follows the old-fashioned recreation of driving. Dorothea accompanied her mother, and the first morning, while strolling about the grounds, the little girl chanced to see a groom down by the stables currying a horse. She stopped and gazed long and earnestly; then, looking up at her mother solemnly, she said:
"Mama, look at that man pumping up the horse!" E. V. F.

An Illusion Shattered

The son and heir is seven years old—old enough to spell out, with helps over the hard words, "Alice in Wonderland," and to enjoy it hugely, especially the memorable duet between the Mock Turtle and the Griffin. Recently, as a great treat, he was permitted to accompany his pretty young aunt to luncheon at one of New York's famous restaurants, and as a crowning joy invited to select his own delicacies. Long and earnestly he pondered over the bill of fare; then his eyes grew big and his face illumined as he laboriously read the list of soups.
"Yes, thank you, I've decided what I want," he said with nervous gaiety; then with an impressive knitting of his brows he addressed the attentive waiter: "I'll have one very, very small mock turtle, but don't make it into soup—just bring it along alive and kicking."
LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

The Privileges of the Day

Little James had just been initiated into the mysteries of the first of April and had amused himself hugely the livelong day playing pranks on all the family. Bed-time came, and finally he had sobered



The Call of the Wild

down enough to say his evening prayer, beginning with the usual petition, "Bless father an' mother, gran'ma an' Uncle Joe," with the customary list of playmates. "An'-an'-" he went on, "bless James, an' make him a good little girl." Then came a pause, followed by the triumphant shout, "April Fool, Lord!"
MARY GREGORY HUME.

Morning Persiflage

PROFESSOR A. (meeting Professor B. wheeling his baby in a perambulator)—
"Ah, taking your son out for an airing, eh?"
PROFESSOR B.—"No, I'm taking my heir out for a sunning."

Traveling

When on the trolley or the train,
I always climb up on the seat,
And look out through the window pane
Upon the scenery in the street.
Such interesting things I see,
And folks a-trav'ling—same as me.

And when we go upon a boat,
I watch the waves, I watch the sky,
I watch the soapsuds 'round us float;
I watch the shores go wandering by,
And towns and trees that past us slip.
I love to travel on a ship.

But when we in the subway ride,
Although I try with all my might,
I cannot see a thing outside;
There isn't any view but night.
This tunnel traveling is no fun,
'Cause some one has turned off the sun.
CATALINA PAEZ.



To Be Sent

The Bride—"I want you to send me some coffee, please."
The Grocer—"Yes, ma'am. Ground?"
The Bride—"No, third floor front."

Lines to a Common Hen

O hen!
Thou bunch of feathered imbecility,
Disturber of the soul's tranquillity,
Whence comes thy consummate ability
To rouse such wrath in me?

O hen!
Again!
Must I walk 'round
that coop
And give an awkward
scoop
To clutch the vacant
air
And find that you're
not there
Nor anywhere!
And then
Begin again,
O hen!

O hen!
Thou gem of animal
depravity,
Thy skull naught but a
witless cavity,
Philosophers assert
with gravity
That I am kin to thee!

O hen!
What then?
Must I walk 'round the fence
Because you squawk pretense
You cannot find the hole
Through which you lately stole
In aimless stroll,
And then
Walk 'round again,
O hen!

SUSAN F. BURBANK.

Who's Who

Little Johnny Bell saw a long-bearded man and a bear coming down the street. He ran home, grabbed his mother's skirts, and cried:
"Oh, mama, mama, look what's coming down the street."
"Be still," said his mother, for the man was now in front of the house. "It is only a man and a tame bear. They won't hurt you."
"But—but, mama," said Johnny, "which is the bear?"
D. M. STEWART.

A Realistic Actor

Malcolm was three years old. He stood stockstill in the middle of the floor, one arm extended horizontally. His mother, looking up from her sewing, saw the door open.
"Shut the door, Malcolm, please," she said.
No response. She repeated her request. Still no response.
"Malcolm," she said more sternly, "I asked you to shut the door."
Still Malcolm stood in the middle of the floor with his arm outstretched, and did not move.
"Malcolm," said his mother, "if you don't shut the door at once I shall have to punish you."
Malcolm burst into tears and flung himself on his mother's knees. "Muvver," he cried, "I was bein' a wooden sign, an' wooden signs can't shut doors!"
DAVID LAMBUTH.

Commercial Candor

HUFFY WOMAN (flinging down a package of dress goods she had brought back)—
"I thought you told me these colors wouldn't run?"
THE CLERK—"No, madam; I was very careful so to express myself that you would infer that the colors would run. I said most emphatically that they were fast."
G. T. EVANS.

Old Dresses Made New WITH DIAMOND DYES



Extract From Miss Virginia Barber's Letter

" * * * * and this is how I managed. Of course, the dress was 'perfectly hopeless,' as you expressed it—altho it had been a beautiful gown for two years, but having faded in streaks and become spotted I couldn't wear it again.

"I was really down in the depths about it, for I had nothing to wear to my aunt's wedding anniversary celebration and I *did* want to go. I took Aunt Kate into my confidence and she at once suggested that I use Diamond

Dyes—said she had used them constantly and never had a failure.

"I grasped at a straw—and immediately got two packages of crimson Diamond Dye for wool, and, Ruth, you don't know what a beautiful gown I have now. It really is prettier than ever—and I had only a few stitches to take in it to make it ready for wear. * * * "

Virginia Barber, Cleveland, Ohio.

10c Investment Easily Saves \$20

Diamond Dyes are worth a trial in view of the chance to save dollars by their use—a trial is all that is needed. After once knowing the value of Diamond Dyes they become a household necessity. Think of being able to change the color scheme of your rooms at almost no expense—you can dye your curtains, draperies, couch covers, cushion covers, and make your house look as though it had been newly furnished, for the price of a few packages of Diamond Dyes—and they never disappoint you—they are *real dyes*.

Important Facts About Goods to Be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the World and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the *real* Diamond Dyes and the *kind* of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

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

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

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

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

Diamond Dye Annual—Free

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

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

At All Reliable Dealers—Insist Upon the Genuine

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

COMES OUT A RIBBON
LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH



DELICIOUS-

and ANTISEPTIC. The dentifrice that combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste. Your mouth does *not* need to have a medicinal taste, and it won't if you use COLGATE'S.

Your children will find brushing the teeth a pleasure now.
Colgate's Dental Cream gives a pearly lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold-work. It stimulates gum tissue.

ECONOMY

Colgate's is more convenient and less wasteful than powder or liquid.

Note particularly—The flat ribbon of cream from our square opening  does not roll off the brush as from the old style round opening , so there is no waste or inconvenience. There is also economy in the fact that half as much cream comes out of our square opening as from the old round opening.

DENTISTS ENTHUSIASTIC

We recently sampled all the dentists, 32 in number, in three residential towns near New York. We told them that their names would not be used for advertising, but we wanted an honest, candid opinion of the value of this dentifrice. 23 wrote that it was "*the most satisfactory dentifrice they had ever used*"; 7 wrote that it was "*very satisfactory*"; and only two remained unheard from.

OTHER COLGATE COMFORTS

Violet Talc Powder
Cashmere Bouquet Talc Powder
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap

They are representative of the superior quality that has made the name "Colgate & Co." on Soaps, Powders and Perfumes correspond to the "Sterling" mark on silver.

Sample package of either Dental Cream or Talc Powder sent for 4 cents in stamps.

COLGATE & Co., (Est. 1806)
Dept. J, 55 John St.
New York



We
couldn't
improve
the Cream
so we
improved
the Tube

