

# A LOVE-STORY NUMBER OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



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**What Reminds Me**  
*Bright Things of All Times that People Have Laughed Over*

**And Whistler was Gracelot**

A PATRONIZING young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist.

"Why, I know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pashed your house this morning."

"Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you very much."

**She Didn't Tell Her**

TWO young men, both in love, were exchanging confidences one day about their progress with their adored ones.

"I ate some of the cake she made just to make my soul easier," he confessed.

"I'm—did you succeed?" asked the other.

"Well, to be candid," was the rather dubious reply, "I couldn't feel any more solid if I had eaten a couple of building stones."

**He Did His Part Thoroughly**

IN ORDER to avoid an argument with a woman afraid of the subject of her hotbody a happy husband gallantly acquiesced in the truth of her assertions.

"But, sir," sternly remarked the spinster, "your admission is anything but creditable to you. What, for instance, have you ever done for the emancipation of woman?"

"Madam," responded the gentleman with a polite smile and a bow, "I have at least remained a bachelor."

**Seemed All Right**

"MAMMA, why don't you want me to play with that Knight boy?"

"Because, dear, I know the family. He hasn't good limbs in him."

"Why, mamma, he's been vaccinated twice, and it wouldn't take either time."

**There was a Difference**

A HOUSE-HUNTER, who had just got off the train, stepped up to a boy hanging around the depot, with this salutation:

"My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached houses. How far are they from here?"

"About twenty minutes' walk," the boy replied.

"Twenty minutes?" exclaimed the house-hunter. "Nonsense!" The advertiser's eyes were five.

"Well," said the boy, "you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement, only I ain't trying to make a sale."

**And All With Company There**

"NOW, children," said the mother, as a whole roomful of company had come in, "suppose you run off and play by yourselves."

"All right, Mother," replied Edith, "can we go and play Hamlet and Ophelia?"

"Certainly," smiled the mother, while her guests looked on at the rivalry.

"Goodly," replied Edith, then turning to her sister, she said: "Now, Maude, you run up to mamma's room and get all her false hair, so you can find."

**Sure Enough**

A MIDDLE-AGED colored woman in a neighbor's cabin, looked at the door. On the floor lay a small boy writing in great distress "Why his mother had left suddenly over his head."

"What alls de matter wit de child?" asked the visitor sympathetically.

"I spec' his too much watermation," responded the mother.

"Hot go long wit you," protested the visitor scornfully. "Hef cyan't never be too much watermation. Hef mus' be dere inter too much boy."

**Why the Wedding was Quiet**

A PROMINENT lawyer who after two months of widowhood, took unto himself another spouse, was very indignant when the read in one of the local papers the following notice of his marriage:

"The wedding was very quiet, owing to a recent bereavement in the bridegroom's family."

**The Missing Link**

A LAWYER having offices in a large office building recently lost a cuff-link, one of a pair that he greatly prized. Being absolutely certain that he had dropped one somewhere in the building he posted this notice:

"Lost. A gold cuff-link. The owner, William Wood, will accept appreciate its immediate return."

That afternoon, on passing the door whereon this notice was posted, what were the feelings of lawyer to observe an appended note were these lines:

"The finder of the missing cuff-link would deem it a great favor if he would kindly lose the other link."

**But He Didn't Tell Her**

TWO young men, both in love, were exchanging confidences one day about their progress with their adored ones.

"I ate some of the cake she made just to make my soul easier," he confessed.

"I'm—did you succeed?" asked the other.

"Well, to be candid," was the rather dubious reply, "I couldn't feel any more solid if I had eaten a couple of building stones."

**Lincoln as He Knew Him**

ASKED under the Civil Service rules to write a man who he knew as Abraham Lincoln, an applicant for the police force, New York wrote:

"Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky at an early age. He was a member of the family of Ohio, fought down the Mississippi, but he had not been killed by a murderer he might be living today. He was an intelligent man, and could easily have been President of New York City."

**He Spoke From Experience**

THE father of the family hurried to the telephone and called up the family physician.

"Our little boy is sick, Doctor," he said, "so please come at once."

"Oh, please do not over much under an hour," said the doctor.

"Oh, please do, Doctor. You see, my wife has a book on 'What to Do Before the Doctor Comes' and I'm so afraid she'll do it before you get here."

**Something Ailed It**

A COLORED man complained to the store-keeper that a hunk which he had purchased there was not good.

"No, the ham is right, Zeph," insisted the storekeeper.

"No, it ain't, Boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's shore bad!"

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?"

The colored man scratched his head reflectively, and then said:

"Well, sah, then it must have had a relapse."

**Like the First**

AN ENGLISHMAN was listening patiently to the American's glorification of America and its people. Finally the Briton ventured:

"It's all right, but some day if you are not careful, we may come over and give you folks a sound thrashing."

"What?" said the American. "Again?"

**She Knew the Perfect Person**

A MEETING was in progress at which the speaker had waded eloquent on "The Perfection of the Ideal," declaring that perfection had never been attained in the human race. And he had been appealed to his audience.

"Think carefully, each for himself and herself, every man and woman in this audience—have you ever personally heard of a perfect person? I mean now, perfection absolute?"

Silence reigned over the audience until there was a soft rustle of skirts, and slowly there arose a demure little woman, who, in a meek voice, asked:

"The whole audience turned to look at the little woman as the sturdiest speaker said, with a touch of irony in his voice: 'And may you know, Madam, with this is perfect person?'"

"Yes, sir," answered the meek little lady, "my husband's first wife."

**Brought the Minister Very Close**

"I UNDERSTAND," said a young woman to another, "that at your church you are having such splendid congregations. Is that so?"

"Yes," answered the other girl, "so small that every time our rector says 'Heavily Beloved you feel as if you had received a proposal!'"

**Fortunate, Wasn't It?**

AT A BANQUET of Chatterbox a certain bishop had as his left-hand companion a clergyman who was completely blind. During dinner the blind-bishop's watch stopped and stooped to pick it up. At this moment the clergyman, who was sitting next to the bishop's neighbor, felt a slight touch on his left arm. He turned and, beholding the vicar's pate on a level with his elbow, said: "No, thank you, no."

**Couldn't Lay it on Him**

TWO London cabbies were glaring at each other.

"Aw, what's de matter with you?" demanded one.

"Neddie's de matter with me. Why?"

"You gave a mardy look, Neddie?" persisted the first.

"No? Why, your narsity, a narsity look, but I didn't give it to you."

**It Said So, and He Did**

ARGEMAN took out his first naturalization papers. As he was about to leave the courtroom he was observed to speak very clearly of the official envelope in which had been inclosed the document that was to assist in his naturalization, for a few days he turned up again. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Teutonic smile, saying:

"Well, here I am."

"Pleased to see you, I'm sure," said the clerk with polite sarcasm. "Would you mind adding 'where you are and why you are here?'"

The man seemed surprised. He exhibited his official envelope, and the clerk, after five days' delay, he explained, "and here I was!"

**Couldn't Resist That One**

LITTLE DAVEY was forever asking questions. "L You'd better keep safe or something will happen to you," said his mother finally tadin him one night. "Curiously one killed a cat, you know?"

Davey was so impressed with this that he kept silent for three minutes. Then: "Say, Mother, what was it de cat wanted to know?"

**Perfectly Safe**

I RECKON you have to watch your pocket-book and avoid a rat's watch, and so on, pretty close, don't you?" A Western visitor to New York asked a friend, a native of that city, and, despite the citizen's assurance that no more than ordinary vigilance was required, the Westerner proceeded "to keep his eye skinned," much to his friend's amazement.

**Presently they entered a café for luncheon.**

The New Yorker was discouraging gaily upon the greatness of his native city, when he observed that the other had an expression on his face which indicated that he had a notion of it.

"What are you watching so closely?" he inquired.

"Yes, especially an eye on my overcoat," the other replied.

The New Yorker laughed. "Oh, the cat's all right. I'm not worrying about mine, you see, and they're hanging together all right."

"No, they're hanging together all right," said the Westerner drawled. "Mine's still there, but yours is gone—feller walked off with it about ten minutes or so ago."

**So Much Easier**

A TOURIST while traveling in the north of Scotland, far away from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why, what do you do if you get a tooth-ache? You can never get a doctor."

"No," replied Sandy. "We've just to die a natural death."

**The Contents of This Number**

	PAGE
Cover Design	1
That Reminds Me	1
Editorial	1
Gettin' Along Without Father	3
The Midnight Howl	4
The Letter She Didn't Send	7
Madam! A Man in a Suit	4
Courting Moe	9
The Love Story of a Husband-Beating Woman	9
The Personal Conduct of Belinda—III	14
Charming Pesty	13
How He Finally Smoked	14
Two Little Talks of Two Proposals:	
The Love Letter	15
When a Hero Had Ears	15
When She Came Home From College	16
Conclusion	16
Harrison Fisher's American Girls Abroad	17
The American Girl in Ireland	17
Cole and Johnson's New Love Song	17
I Love and I'm Loved	18
The Lettice Lane Paper Family—X	19
Vacation Hooks for Girls and Boys	20
Mangoes Full of Bliss	21
Four-of-a-Kind Luncheon Tables	22
Ten-Houses for Summer Days	23
The Index of Plain Country Woman	23
Yokes for Our Summer Dresses	25
Good-Taste Hints for Flower-Decorated	26
Kentucky Mountain Patchwork Quilts	27
Good-Taste Hints for Flower-Decorated	28
Tempting Meals for Hot Weather	28
Hand-Made Dresses for the Baby	31
The Young Men's Guide	32
The Automobile Page	36
A Few Ready-to-Wear Clothes	37
Pretty Girl Questions	40
Some Missummer Social Affairs	41
A \$500 Prize When You Write	46
The Girls' Club	46
Clothes to Take Away This Summer	46
The Economy of Good Taste	47
When the Baby Goes Out	53
Sewing for Summer Mothers	54
The Girl Who Makes Her Own Clothes	55
A Few Ready-to-Wear Clothes	55
Mrs. Ralston's Answers	56
Leon Guignon	56
Roy Blake Gibson	57
Mrs. Charles Terry Collins	58
Mary Mullett	59
Maude Morrison Hoed	60
Ann Devoore	61
Adele Kinnison	62
Eleanor Hoyt Bainerd	63
Jeanne Gould Lincoln	64
Clara Louise Barham	65
Lulu Jackson Mosely	15
Edward Metheringham	15
Marion Kent Ward and	16
Jean Robinson Wilson	16
Drawing by Harrison Fisher	17
I Rosamond Johnson	18
Shells Young	19
Clara Whitehall Hunt	20
Mangoes	21
Wanted Faces	22
Helen Lukens Gout	23
The Country Cottages	23
Lillian Barton Wilson	25
Elizabeth Dangierfeld	27
Mrs. S. T. Rorer	30
Emily Pratt Jordan	31
The Young Men's Guide	32
William George Jordan	36
The Automobile Page	37
Emma E. Walker, M.D.	40
Mary McKim Marriott	41
A \$500 Prize When You Write	46
Mrs. Ralston	47
When the Baby Goes Out	53
Sewing for Summer Mothers	54
Helen Kouss	55



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### “USE IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS!”

“One morning, last summer, at a Michigan resort, a party of girls went down to the lake in their bathing suits for the purpose of washing their hair. Each carried the necessary articles, including a cake of soap. One had a cake of \_\_\_\_\_’s soap; another, a cake of \_\_\_\_\_ soap. Several other varieties were represented.

The place selected was near the pier, and the implements for washing the hair were placed in the interstices of the logs supporting the pier. During the process of washing, the \_\_\_\_\_’s soap girl lost her soap and in the effort to recover it, the \_\_\_\_\_ soap girl lost hers, too. The girl with the Ivory Soap thereupon threw it far out into the lake, swam after it and, holding it aloft, cried: ‘*Use Ivory Soap—it floats!*’

In the end, all three girls used Ivory Soap—they had to!”

—[Extract from a Letter.]

Again we ask: Even if Ivory Soap were no better than other soaps, does not the fact that *it floats* make it better?

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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## Editorial

**A**MERICAN WOMEN were certainly fooled this spring by a clever milliner in Paris in their adoption of what is known as the "waste-basket" hat. And today all Paris is laughing in its sleeve at the American women who were tricked.

Where  
Paris  
Failed

**THIS CLEVER PARIS MILLINER** WAS ONE DAY studying a picture of the hat worn by the Russian Cossacks when the thought occurred to him to adapt it to women. And the inverted "waste-paper-basket" hat was the result. The word of this milliner was well-nigh law, and a large manufacture of the hat was the result. The Parisian fashion magazines were induced to picture the hat, and the American magazines—this one among the others—followed suit. And in the early spring the Paris windows along the Rue de la Paix blossomed forth. But the milliner had for once gone too far! The smart French women looked these hats over and refused to adopt them. The milliner coaxed and persuaded, but the French women stood firm. "We will not make ourselves look like frights," they said, and they ordered flat hats of the 1908 pattern. The actresses were appealed to, but they also refused, and not a "waste-basket" hat was seen on the French stage. The next blow came when the first of the smart American women came to Paris. Every art known to the French was resorted to, but the American women sided with the French women and refused to buy the hats. The smart women from Saint Petersburg and South America upon whom Paris milliners and dressmakers count most, came, and they struck the final blow to the ugly hat by a refusal to buy. Meantime, to make matters worse, the Parisian women of questionable repute adopted the hat, and this meant its death-knell.

"Dump  
Them on  
America"

**THE MILLINERS FOUND THEMSELVES** with hundreds of the hats on their hands and the manufacturers were loaded up with thousands. A meeting was held and it was decided that there was but one thing to do to save a loss that would mount up into the millions of francs: to send all the hats over to America on consignment, "and make," to use the expression of one of the leading Parisian milliners, "the silly American women (note the flattering definition 'silly') believe that it was the latest Parisian fantasy. Let us dump them on America. But," she wisely added, "we must do it right away." And done it was! And thousands of the hats were sent to America and sold as the latest Paris hat. The trick was eminently successful; thousands of silly American girls and women were fooled into buying and wearing the hat that was worn by only the street-women of Paris! There is one saving grace in the situation: for the self-respect of the quieter and better class of American women it can be honestly stated that the ugly hat was refused by them, as it was by the better class of French women.

It is not a very pretty story; but it is very complimentary to thousands of our American girls and women. But it raises a naturally pertinent question: How much longer will the average American woman be fooled by the so-called deceits of French fashion-makers and their tricks?

Why Jewish  
Names Were  
Not There

**I HAD OCCASION NOT LONG AGO** to look over some divorce statistics, and one significant fact stood out very prominently: the almost entire absence of Jewish names. "Why is that, I wonder?" a friend asked. It is not so strange when we remember a few salient facts that are, however, all too little known. When a Jew becomes engaged to be married, for instance, he sends out cards announcing the fact; often he pays for an announcement in the newspapers. He makes his engagement known, with the result that few Jewish engagements are broken. And if we will notice the courting of a young Jew we will find that he is not allowed the run of all the Jewish homes in his neighborhood where young Jewesses live: he is not engaged to half a dozen Jewesses before he is twenty-one. Courtship and marriage are sacred and ancient customs among the Jews: not taken lightly; not entered into promiscuously. And a strict adherence to this custom leads to one or two results that stand out very prominently in any investigations of Jewish womanhood; that there exists a higher standard of purity and virtue among Jewish women than among the women of any other race; that there are fewer Jewish women of the streets than of any other race; that there are fewer divorcees among the Jews than with any other race. In all the investigations made by this magazine into the fearful results of the parental policy of silence with children on the question of their physical selves we invariably encountered but one condition among Jewish parents: they had dealt frankly and honestly with their children. There is a world of food for thought and study in those incontrovertible facts about the Jews and their wise handling of their young on the marriage question. It is all done quietly, but with such marvelous effectiveness, that some day when the divorce figures are analyzed it will amaze the American people to discover how infinitesimal a part the Jew has contributed to the American divorce problem.

Mothers  
at  
Twelve

**AT TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK,** there is a home called "Saint Faith's House," one of those God-sanctioned places for the shelter and training of young girls who have taken their first downward step in life. And most of its inmates—listen to this, mothers!—are girls from twelve to fifteen years of age; few have reached twenty. And what is one of the chief causes for these girls being there? Listen to the Worker-in-Charge: "Not only were these girls ignorant that they were being led into sin, but they were also unconscious afterward that sin had been committed." These girls, says this Worker, are the victims "of boys as untaught" as the girls themselves. And then speaking of the parents of these girls she speaks of them as "parents who know the dangers lying about the path of their children, but refuse not only to protect them but even to warn them. . . . No one gives these girls the true view of the most sacred relation of life until the precious gift of their maidenhood is lost in the mire. And so these little thoughtless girls, who still love dolls and play 'tag' with zests, must go through life under a cloud of which they can hardly yet appreciate the meaning."

A pleasant thought for the parents of these child-mothers: a nice indictment of their fatherhood and motherhood! But so tremendously true!

They Saw  
"Moving  
Pictures"

**A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY** sent a threatening letter to a wealthy man demanding that he leave \$10,000 in a certain place at a specified time on pain of having his home blown up and his life and that of his fiancée taken. The boy was arrested, and in court acknowledged his guilt and explained that the idea of sending the "hold-up" letter first occurred to him while seeing some "Black Hand" pictures in a moving-picture show. The same week a fifteen-year-old nurse-girl in Chicago stole some costly clothes from her mistress, ran away from home, and set out to seek "the knight of her heart in armor," as she explained she had seen a girl do in a moving-picture show. "Silly girl," we say. True. But it so happens that there are thousands of such, not silly girls nor boys, but impressionable children in our homes who are allowed by their parents to go to these five and ten cent moving-picture shows and who accept what they see there as chapters from real life, because the actors in them are made real and have a being. Parents do not seem to realize the vicious influence of the pictures shown in the average "moving-picture show," but it is high time that they did not permit their children to attend these shows.

No  
Fireworks  
There Either

**OUR HATS GO OFF AGAIN,** AND GLADLY, to two other communities that have seen the wisdom of officially forbidding fireworks on the Fourth of July. Toledo, Ohio, has had such an ordinance since 1904, and our readers there claim that it was the first city in the United States to pass such a law. Good for Toledo and her wise legislators and people! say we. Then the Mayor of the bright little city in Iowa, Le Mars, says that his town has had such an ordinance for five years as well—also since 1904—and the experience of the people of the town since they have had this law has been such, so the Mayor says, as to recommend heartily the passage of a similar ordinance in every city, large and small. We are now on the eve of another annual slaughter, and in those cities where this year there will be the usual deaths and accidents it may, perhaps, occur to the people to insist that what has been so successfully tried in Cleveland, Toledo and Le Mars shall likewise be tried in their communities. It never harms a city to be known as being in line with progressive ideas. But we shall see.

A Real  
Grave  
Danger

**LET THERE BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THIS FACT:** that while it is becoming the fashion to alarm the public about almost everything that it eats, drinks or wears, and while there is no doubt that certain faddists are carrying their warnings too far, there can be no two sides to the danger that lies in the public drinking-cup. The danger here is not fancied, but real. The truth is one of the most sensitive of all our organs for the communication of disease. And any woman with the least common-sense can figure out for herself what it means for us to touch our lips to the same spot where another pair of lips has just been. It is one of the most direct of all human communications. The leading bacteriologists agree that the rinsing of a cup does not remove from it the danger of contagion. Spend half an hour at any public drinking-fountain and watch the people who drink out of the one or two glasses or cups, and not only will the fitness of it, but the positive danger of the practice impress itself upon even the most thoughtless mind. Whatever other precaution we may disregard, we cannot lightly consider the public drinking-cup used by all. It is a menace, real and grave. The trouble is that we do not clearly realize how grave it really is, and at this season, when thousands thoughtlessly drink out of public drinking-cups, no public warning against the practice can be made too strong or too carefully heeded.

# etting Along without Father

By Roy Rolfe Gilson

Author of "In the Morning Glow," "Miss Primrose," etc.

THE equipage was the smartest that the village livery could provide—clean top-buggy with just room for two, and in the shafts Naomi, an inscrutable creature with an air of reverie, but warranted to be sound and clever, and Peggy. Though her hair she was like two lovers' lanes and lotterings, and knew already by the tender instincts of her mouth, and by the prophetic prickling of her flanks, that this was to be an ordinary joggot into leafy byways, with intervals for browsing. Whatever the adventure, it had its goal, and she would smoke for her life as well aware, and in her mild displeasure at this veritable gadfly of a lover who held the reins, she shook her head, laid back her ears and sighted audibly. The winking was over, there could be no doubt of it—for the hills rose and fell interminably beneath her reluctant hocks, and though she gazed suggestively at every lovely little loney crossway, his answer was a smart reminder of the road ahead.

"Hi! Get along with you—we'll never get there. It's Heaven, Peggy, to leave the old town behind and everybody in it! In town it seems, somehow, as if you still belonged to many people there. But here in the open—little road! I used to think, those days upon the river, that if I could only make you love me it would be perfect after that."

"David!"  
"You know what I mean."  
"Isn't this perfect?"  
"This—yes. But it isn't always this. I've no idea how hard it is to share you with everybody else that you ever know. They've had you so long, and I've had you so little while. Sometimes it seems as if I hadn't won you yet—as if I would still have to give you, Peggy, with every living soul that had ever loved you!"

"Does it seem so now?"  
"Ah, no! You are mine today—all mine!"—not even a father to dispute my right to you! That's why I wanted you to come. I wanted to take you away from everything and every one that you had ever known, from every arm that you had ever leaned upon, just to prove to you—"

"What?"  
"Wait and see! I feel as if I could thrash the universe today! Hi, there, Naomi! They're not out to pick flowers!"

Naomi, reined back into the road again, with her mouth full of leaves, and raging to the very tips of her ears at such lack of respect for her dignity, which she cannot lose herself, even for a moment, in the midst of the most scenic scenery in the world—begins to have notions of her own as to her destination. She has been this way before, and considering her gait and the descending sun, plain horse-sense can guess where they are going, and it is a good ten miles from the manger to the stables they bring you at Quillier's.

Quillier's!  
Even the horses know Quillier's, and of their own volition turn in at the gate. Naomi and Peggy and David, each time that he utters it, squeezes Margaret's hand. To her, as yet, the place is but a name out of a story—a pastoral tale of Monsieur Quillier, who was once chief coffee-maker to the Sultan. Or, if not the Sultan, why, then, Delmonico—or, at any rate, somebody whom he served in some such delicate capacity, they say, and so greatly to the advantage of his greasy wallet that he was enabled to retire at last into the country, for which he had sighted all those warty coffee-making, money-making years in town.

Coming originally from one of those little gray villages of the French post-roads, he had longed, with the scent of Java in his nostrils, for the smell of hay. Son of a peasant, Monsieur Quillier had wished for more air, more sky. He was a cook, to be sure, but in spite of his art—which might be supposed to have accustomed him to the carving of Nature—he liked his sky whole, not sliced as they serve it in great cities. So he purchased a farm. It was not at all French, but it was in the road—the broad highroad where the market-wagons passed, creaking by on their way to the metropolis, and raising little clouds of white dust which were as welcome to Monsieur Quillier's fat nose, as he trained vines over his farmhouse, and built little trellised arbors for his grapes and a rustic terrace in the rear, arborhanging a ravine and commanding vistas of the fallow fields and woods, with the silvery Meander flashing in the sun.

But it was not long before the old friends of Monsieur Quillier began to appear, especially a Sunday morning, to spend the day with him—whole cartloads of folk from the city, who talked, talked, talked and laughed and laughed, and dined spontaneously. And where, then, was the quiet retirement of Monsieur Quillier?  
"Hah!" said he, with a shrug of his head. "I love my friends, but—one might as well set up an inn and be done with it!"

And an inn it was from that time forth, and it was the old dog's life and ways, and bits of sack and gray hair, and every day, especially in the warmer weather, carriages from everywhere were tied under the sheds, market-wagons and carts, and the inn was more like home than Monsieur Quillier had ever dreamed of.

Very little time did he have then for the sky, for there was no end to the slicing and broiling in the kitchen, and the jests and laughter under the arbors. And the fame of it spread, growing into a sort of sacredness, until, for miles around, no words had a more delicious smack to them than

"Let us go to Quillier's!"

"Let's!"

They have come to Quillier's!  
Margaret is a most delectable flutter. Monsieur himself, forgetting his rheumatism in the sight of a rose-sprigged gown alighting at his gate, conducts her in the most polite and gallant manner to the prettiest, most secluded arbor of them all, and leaves her there, with her elbows on the table and her hands clasped rapturously, gazing at a world of golden light with the setting sun.

But David, having ordered the dinner, wishes her away to view the wonders of the place. The kitchen, his beating heart, they observe through an open window, lingering as they pass. One of the Quilliers, in white cap and apron, is performing the most marvelous feat—it is not a feat, but a lesson in the art of the Quilliers, and are drier than a woman's. Slash, slash—a pinch—a dab—and pop goes something into the kettle! Slash again—pop!—so one doesn't know what all—and there is your chicken upon the spit! Nota motum, not an instant wasted!

Margaret is wonder-struck.  
"Margaret! stop to think!"  
"He doesn't have to think," David assures her.

Upon the rustic terrace another young couple is already dining, oblivious of the view, but so enamored of each other that it seems in this Heaven-pleas'd, the most natural thing imaginable for Margaret to slip her hand into David's arm, as they stand there looking down blissfully upon the amber tapers and the flaming fire.

"But it is prettier from the arbor," she declares, so they return to it, to find a little golden picture framed in view.

Their table is already spread, and presently the soup appears, steaming in the evening air, and to Margaret comes all so sweet and strange, that she is alone with it in the twilight—"at our own little table," he reminds her, upsetting the salt in imprisoning her hand—that she shivers restlessly.

"Oh, I've heard of this place so often!" she says. "And now to be here! And with you! It's like an elopement almost, isn't it?"  
And David sighs. "We'll make it one, Peggy, if your folks weren't so confounded kind. That's the trouble with parents nowadays. They've killed half the romance in the world."

"Oh, Davy," she protests. "Just when everything is so full of romance, you call this romance?"  
"Of course. Even fish is romantic, eating it with you. But think how it would taste if we knew that somewhere behind us on the road your father was chattering along with your mother—hah!—tearing her hair!"

"Mercy! Father wouldn't do that—or Mother, either!"  
"I know. That's just what I am saying; if they only would, you know."

"How do you like it, really?"  
"Well," he replies, "we could elope then with a clear conscience. As it is, we haven't any very well—logical excuse."

"But if it were an elopement," she argues, "I should be in tears, and you'd be all flustered for fear they'd catch us. She'd shake her head and say 'at him.' It wouldn't be half so nice as this! Not hah!"  
It is, at any rate, exceedingly nice, even to David's more dramatic vision. And now, he gives promise of being even more romantic than the fish.

"A whole little chicken!" she exclaims.  
"Yes," he answers. "I thought it would seem more—more as it will be, some day, pet—if we had a whole one!"  
"And you to carve it!" she cries.

His face is eloquent as he takes up the knife and pricks the brown skin with a cautious, experimental air.  
"It seems tender, doesn't it?" she suggests, and he replies with delicate discrimination: "Fairly tender. I've seen better, but—now, let's see, darling, which—which?"

"Oh, I like any part. I adore chicken, don't you? Especially the back."

"But it doesn't matter, dear," she assures him.  
"Suppose," he suggests, "suppose I just cut the whole thing in two, lengthwise? It's a little chicken."

"That will be splendid," she answers.

"Oh, but that will be plenty," she declares. "But can you tell you that case, you propose thoughtfully."

"Now, never mind Father!" she protests with a reproachful flourish of the carving-knife. "It isn't that I don't love you, you know that—but we have got to get along without him some day, my love, and we might as well begin right now. Hold on here! Where's the steel?"  
"Here, never mind. Let's see, now. Perhaps you wouldn't like so much on your plate all at once?"

"Oh, yes, I never mind. Let's see, now. Perhaps you wouldn't like so much on your plate all at once?"  
"You tell your dear," she proposes thoughtfully. "You give me one of the drumsticks to start with. How will that do?"  
"Do you really care for the drumstick?"

"Oh, yes, or a wing. Anything. Anything, dear, that is most convenient."

"I'll eat," she confesses, recognizing with the knife, "that you shouldn't have the back, when you prefer it."

"You doesn't matter, really! I said the back, but I might just as well have said any other part."  
"As you say," he answers. "I'm here to please you."

"Just give it," she implores, "whichever part comes first."

"All right, here goes!"

And go it does—the knife—but: "Heavens! This hasn't been ground since the last time! I say, waiter—here, there!—just get me a knife that will cut, will you?"

The waiter, one of the indeterminate Quilliers, examines the knife in a most respectful manner, but obediently carries it away, and instantly returns with what might appear to be the identical carver—knives have so much in common—though, bless you! David is not the man to be imposed upon.

"Thanks. That's better," he remarks blandly. "By George, I hope this bird's tender, Peggy! It doesn't cut so."

"Perhaps you've struck the bone, dear," she suggests helpfully. "It's a little higher up."

"I did."

"Well, a little lower down, then."

"No, the bone, too!" she protests.

"No, no, dear!" she protests. "It's good enough, really. And I shouldn't mind if it's a little tough. Try it again—that's a good boy! Is it—the drumstick, dear, that you're after?"

"Sure! Confound the thing, it won't come off!"  
"I'll tell you what, Father always says—"

"But there, dear girl, she pauses in the most considerate manner in the world, and hits upon this happy plan: "I'll tell you! Couldn't you just take hold of the end of the drumstick with your hand, holding the chicken tight—with your fork you know—and then just press it through—the drumstick, I mean—until you can see where the joint is?"

"I suppose that is one way of doing it," he concedes doubtfully, as the leg breaks off, most surprisingly, in his fingers. "Humph! There's one of 'em. We're off, Peggy! Pitch in, girl, and don't mind me!"

"It's deliciously tender!" she reports. "Why, it fairly falls to pieces!"

"Hah! Here's the other fellow!" David cries. "I say, Peggy, that was a pretty good remark of yours."

"Oh, that's the way, Father—it isn't original," she confesses.

"By George, though," David remarks with a rueful glance at the waiter, "I'd like to have seen that bird run!"

"Run?"  
"Just look at it! Its joints are in the conventional places you ever heard of! Now, who ever would have supposed—"

"What's that, Davy?"

"Didn't you hear anything?"

"No."  
"That's funny. I could have sworn that I heard something."

"What?"  
"Snicker."

"It was the wind, I guess."

"Very likely." "Why, this chicken must have been bowled off by a knock-knee, or I don't know what. Now, you just right on eating, darling, while I get the back out!"

"Oh, never mind the back now, dear," she protests cheerfully. "We shall get to it ultimately, you know. Let's eat the rest first, and have the back more at our leisure. This drumstick's fine!"

She gazes rapturously into his adoring eyes. Little by little, as they eat and drink, the sun goes down, and even the after-pale passes to a starlit glimmer in the west. Then Monsieur Quillier brings out a lantern and sets it in the midst of the repast, and in its glow, faint and mellow as young love—just light enough for two, no more—and with the great, black world looming about them, and nothing to disturb their blissful silences save the chirping of crickets and the rustle and laughter and matches of gas floating in light out of the darkness—it seems to both of them a delicious little forest of that life of which they were so sure, and in which they were so young, so far away, so free and unrestrained, when they sealed it like this, alone together in an arbor of delight, secluded from a shadowy world.

"It seems," she sighs, "a thousand miles from home!"  
"And so we shall be, one of these days, little girl! Let the world scoot on! Let it wag its old head at us, Peggy! I'm not afraid of it!"

"No, no! Not murther, so long as I'm with you."

"It is wonderful," he tells her, "what courage, what a sense of power, love gives a man! You can feel it in your heart—your heart's course—but in your brain, in your very arm! I'm not the same fellow that I was last spring. Last spring—oh, I confess, it was just a little anxious, just a little nervous, you know, by the world. Life seemed so—so tremendous, do you know? But now! You've no idea how love opens your eyes! Now we know we can see that world of its limitations! Did you ever hear of that, Peggy? There's a lot of bluff about this old world, when you come to see it. I've seen a man scare a scared little, and then he falls in love! Hah! That scares the bubble—pop!—and he finds himself a man!"

"A Man! I say, Peggy, if a cyclone should come along and carry off your whole family, root and branch—"

"Oh, mercy, David! Don't!"

"Well, you're not eating, are you? Every living soul you've ever known were to pop off tonight don't you suppose I could take care of you? Do you really need any one but me? It sounds egotistical, but it isn't. I'm not puffing

# The Midnight Voice

## A Romance of the Silent Call of a Woman's Heart

By Mrs. Charles Terry Collins, Author of "The Parson's Butterfly," etc.

Drawings by W. B. King



"I Extended My Invitation to the English Girl"

you always have; you must be nice and attentive to them, and before you know it you will be in love with one or another of them."

Gordon admitted himself, after I had done reasoning with him, that his case was both deplorable and alarming, that there was need of drastic measures, and that he would do his best.

I had been the first of my girl friends to marry; so there were plenty of loving, heart-free girls for me to choose from for the subjugation of Gordon. Once, moreover, at a dinner-party that the Major gave for his guests, I did not think of their side of it, in hurling them up against his magnetic personality as I did. I did not seem to realize their side of it in the least at the time.

The first of the friends for whom I sent was Helen Montgomery. Helen lived just around the corner from us at home, and ever since I could remember we had been the closest of friends. She was the stanchest, truest, pluckiest little body—a little woman with big ways; was what somebody said about her.

Gordon kept his part of the arrangement faithfully; he all but lived at the bungalow. Morning, noon and night he was there. He took Helen everywhere that there was to go, did everything for her that there was to do. The other men sat around in a circle, glowering and twirling their thumbs. What was more, it did not seem to be perfunctory with him; he seemed to be enjoying himself heartily. I was most happy and encouraged about it. I told Jerry so, but the expression of Jerry's eye was not thoroughly satisfactory; it approached a squintle. Once, moreover, at a dinner-party that the Major gave for Helen I looked up to find Gordon, who was sitting beside her, looking at me with exactly such an expression as Jerry's.

It was about a week after the dinner that a tall, fine, brown, young Englishman presented himself at the bungalow to call upon Helen. He was on his way from his ranch in California to the East. He had every right to call upon her, for she was engaged to him! She had kept it for a delightful surprise for me when he should come. Jerry had known, though, and Gordon. That was why he had enjoyed her visit so thoroughly, with no possible sentimental complications to harass his mind.

I fell upon them both with contempt for their duplicity. What they said was that even my temporary happiness was too dear to them to allow them to disturb it.

It would have been quite good enough for Gordon if I had stopped right where I was and not sent for any more of my friends; he would have been only too glad, though, so it would not have been a very filling revenge. I put my just resentment behind me and sent for the others, one by one, a goodly list.

And Gordon did not fail me once. He squared my dances to the end. But nothing ever came of it.

As a last resort in each case I would send Gordon and the girl of the moment out to shoot the rapids together. I hoped against hope that the momentary sense of isolation in danger, as the canoe with its Indian paddler went shooting through the water that boiled and sluiced about over the sunken boulders, would crystallize their feelings, but they never seemed to have any to crystallize. Gordon came to recognize this as the last act upon the program with each of the candidates. The only thing approaching protest against what he was going through was once when Constance Perry was my guest—and Constance was, perhaps, the least interesting of them all; he said to me mildly: "Mrs. Jerry, isn't it getting to be almost time to shoot the rapids?"

The last girl whom I had out was Janet Raymond. When she was leaving, Gordon, conscientious to the last, went with me to the train to see her off.

He filled her compartment with fruit and flowers and magazines. When the long line of Pullmans had pulled slowly out and the smoke of the engine was rolling black great, black clouds against the crimson of the October sunset he turned to me.

"Mrs. Jerry," he said, "let's call it off. I ain't any use. There's something wrong with me. I can't care for a woman that way. It's all right up to a certain point, but after that I might as well be a hitching-post. Let's say what we can out of the situation," he went on. "I don't hate women yet, but if I have to shoot those rapids again I am afraid I shall. Let's call it off. It is all the battle to know when one is beaten. I did not trouble Gordon any more."

Some of the officers at the fort, among them our best friends, had a mess-table at the inn in the village. After dinner at night two or three of them were certain to stroll down for a chat by our fire of logs. They liked to bid

"T WAS a good trial to Jerry and me, because we were so happy ourselves. I suppose, and wanted everybody else to be happy, too, that Gordon did not marry; what was more, that he did not care, as the other men did, for the charming girls who crossed his horizon."

"Don't you want to love somebody, Gordon?" I would say. "Don't you think you would like to?"

"Of course I would like to, Mrs. Jerry," he would reply. "I would give anything in the world to care for somebody as Jerry cares for you. It isn't living to plot along for one's self. A man wants it to be for somebody else."

"But you don't try, Gordon," I said. "Every time a charming girl speaks to you you act exactly as though you were saying, 'Inland me, woman!' and then you turn and run. How can you expect to care for anybody if you do like that? Now, Gordon," I continued, warming to the subject as I went on, "if you will promise to turn over a new leaf I will help you. I will have all the nice girls on from the East that I know, and you must not go into your shell the way

"Bumps" good-night also. Bumps was the name they had given baby. He wasn't really a baby any more, but a fine, sturdy youngster of three. With his broad, stocky little frame, his chubby, weather-seasoned face, his shock of square-cut, blond hair, his blue overalls and his miniature Mackinac jacket, he was—much as it hurts my mother-pride to say it—far more an embryo lumberman than he was a cherub. Jerry liked to have him that way. Men do not want cherubs for sons, I think; they want men.

The reason everybody called him Bumps was because from the time he began to have any sort of self-control he took his bumps so royally. Of course, when he was very tiny, in long clothes and had colic, he howled till the welkin rang. But from about the time that he was "shortened," as old nurses say, nothing could make him cry. Big tears would well up in his eyes and you could see by every muscle in his little frame that he was holding on to himself, but he would not cry. It appealed to Jerry's friends immensely to have the little fellow like that and put him on a footing with them.

It was at bedtime that the most unbiased and original outlook upon his environment was granted to Bumps, and that he seemed most disposed to share his outlook with others. Because this was so the men who came to sit about our fireside would go up in a procession and hold soulful converse with him in his crib. Shouts of laughter would come trundling down the crooked little stairs of the bungalow. Baggy, the nurse, used to protest against these good-night séances until she was well-nigh black in the face; but she had to take it out in protesting—it happened the next night just the same. I did not take her part, perhaps, so valiantly as I might have, for I used to notice a very soft and tender light in their eyes behind the amusement, when they came down. I thought it was good for them to bid the little fellow good-night.

One evening, perhaps a week after Janet Raymond, the last of my guests, had gone, several of the men came after dinner as usual. They were in a great state of excitement over something that had happened that day. An English girl and her father had stopped off from one of the lake steamers and were staying at the inn. The father was the



"Gordon Kept the English Girl Alive by a Roaring, Leaping Fire"





"Will You Let Me See the First Page—Just a Minute!" She Asked, Her Voice Suddenly Serious and Gentle

# The Letter She Didn't Send

By Mary Mullet

Drawings by W. H. D. Koerner

AT FIVE o'clock the short winter day was already fading but the library windows looked toward the west and the final flare of the sunset streamed through them. As the light outside gave way the open fire within seemed to fancy that the struggle had been between them. Plucking up a victor's heart it crackled and sang with satisfaction. An electric bell rang faintly in one of the passages, and a few moments later a maid put aside the hangings and looked in, blinking at the western glow.

"I'm here, Susan," said a girl's voice from the shadows of a deep chair facing the fire.

"Show him in here, Susan."

When the maid had gone the girl did not move from her place, even when Farwell's step reached the door. As he came into the room he, too, stopped, as the maid had, the last rays of the sun full in his eyes. He was a tall, clean-fleshed fellow, with straight brows, firm mouth, square jaw—the sort of man to whom one would give a life to be saved or a secret to be kept—the sort of man with whom one would trust one's fortune, or one's wife, or one's reputation, when he stood there in the full light of the sunset he looked the rock he was; and the girl, who had been studying him during that half minute's pause, stilled a sigh.

"Here I am, Bailey," she said. "What an uncomplimentary person you are, to be dazzled by a mere sunset when I am afraid."

"I didn't see you, de—Dorothy!"

They both smiled.

"It's lucky my name begins that way, isn't it?" said the girl lightly. "It can cover a multitude of d's while we're getting out of old habits. There's no reason, anyway, why you shouldn't say 'dear.' I mean to, 'dear,' old boy."

"I don't think I'm going to say 'dear,'" said Farwell stubbornly.

"Oh!" in painful confusion.

"I think I was going to say 'dearest,' and more stubbornly. The girl got up hastily and administered several totally unnecessary and equally unscientific pokes to the fire. Apparently it resented the nature of the attention, for it suddenly stopped twinkling and settled into a discouraged glumness. The girl perched on the arm of her chair and regarded speculatively, first the dismal fire, then the even more dismal Farwell.

"Bailey," she began with determined cheerfulness. "There's nothing for us to be so glum about. We made a

mistake; tried to let what we were meant to be. We've given that up. Now we're going to be what we were meant to be—the very best in the world. Isn't that so?"

Farwell still stared with gloomy eyes at the fire. After a perceptible pause he nodded dubiously.

"That's right!" said the girl heartily. "But she got up and walked over to the window, and the face which she turned toward Farwell sharpened with a sudden contraction. After a moment she spoke again in the same light, friendly tone. "Did you bring the letters, Bailey?"

He went out into the hall and brought her a good-sized package which she received with a pretty grimace of dismay.

"You poor dear!" she exclaimed. "Don't tell me I ever wrote all those! No wonder you didn't have time to answer them all."

"Answer them all!" he exclaimed. "As if you didn't know that it was the other way about, and you couldn't keep my gait! Not that I blame you."

"Careful! careful!" she protested, her eyes unnaturally bright, her lips tense with a nervous smile.

Another woman, looking at her, would have wondered just how long the tears could be kept back. But Farwell felt only a sickening sense of hopelessness at the bantering laugh, the general air of gaiety, almost flippancy.

"I know how lamentably energetic my pen was," she went on, "but your way of showing disapproval was a deliverance. I will say that! When I had maudered on in too hopelessly foolish a fashion you just passed it over in silence—could fairly see a postscript at the end of your letter—where the postscript ought to grow, but didn't because you were too polite to let it. She traced imaginary words in the air. "P. S. We will consign your last piece of foolishness to the kindly waste-basket of oblivion."

"Oh!"

"Dorothy, I can't say that I blamed you," with a note of bitterness in her voice. "I had my lucid intervals when I was just as mortified for myself as you were for me."

"Dorothy, stop!"

She interrupted him with a return of the cheerfulness in which she had so persisted.

"That's right. I'll stop. It's all over and done with, and we're not going to get serious, much less tragic, about it. If there's a prospect of our coming to blows over our respective industry as correspondents we'll have to get a tape-measure and see whose lucid intervals are the longest."

Here's yours." She took a package from the top of the bookshelves near her and held out the two, one in each hand. "We might weigh them," she suggested, balancing them with an air of judicial concern.

"Dorothy—don't!" exclaimed Farwell, his eyes darkening with pain.

"Don't weigh them? I call that generous of you, Bailey. I'm sure you could beat me if it came to weight. In bulk, they're equal, but Dorothy's is the heavier. I could weigh 'em. But there's too much froth and nonsense in mine to make a good showing in weight."

Farwell turned abruptly and went back to the fireplace. He did not see the look in her eyes as she watched him. He only heard the light, cool tone in which she went on.

"Bailey, when I think of all the pearls of thought which are wrapped up in these bundles of letters and the way they hold them from a world which is thirsting—does one thirst for pearls, Bailey? Cleopatra did, anyway, didn't she?"

There was an inarticulate response from Farwell.

"There must be enough manuscript here to make one of those great, fat English novels," she went on nervously. "Don't you think we might collaborate on one?"

Farwell set his lips and crossed back to the window, where she had dropped down on the cushioned seat and was trying to untie one of the bundles of letters. Her slender fingers trembled slightly. Farwell took it from her and unrolled the cord with which it was bound. As he unfolded the wrapping a breath of violets stole out and he set his lips the more grimly. The girl turned away, and, quite unconsciously, laid her hand on the other package.

"That, too?" asked Farwell briefly, and unwrapped it. He looked at the heap of letters with somber eyes, haunted by memories of the days and the nights when he had written those pages; of all he had put into words, and, and

of the long pauses when he had sat staring before him, his mind busy with dreams.

Again the girl laughed a little, though no one, save the one person who did hear her, could have missed the misery behind the make-believe.

"Those who care to look at the remains—" she began.

Farwell stooped with a muttered exclamation, and began making into a bundle again the letters she was returning to him.

"I think I'd better take myself off," he said. "Some other time—"

He was so farrely at the cord when suddenly it gave way, and the letters, bursting from their wrapping, scattered over the seat and the floor. The two began picking them up in silence, but finally, in a pathetic attempt to persist with her pretense of gaiety, the girl said:

"Just as soon as I ask you to collaborate you pick up your letters and say you're going home."

Farwell did not answer. He was looking at one of the letters—a thick one, without stamp or postmark. Instead of being addressed, as the others were, to Miss Dorothy Sheldon, his own name was in the envelope.

"What's this?" he asked. He was on one knee, and without moving he held out the letter. Her eyes widened with surprise as she looked at it.

"You ought to have told me that you put it in these old ones of mine," he said. "I should have made a bonfire of the whole lot when I got home and should never have found it."

"I don't know how it came there."

"But it's your writing," he said.

"Yes, but I don't know—"

Farwell tossed the other letters on to the window-seat and tore open the envelope.

"Wait," cried the girl. "Let me see it first."

But Farwell held on to the letter.

"It's addressed to—"

"But—when was it written?"

"No date," he said, glancing at the first page, "as usual," he added with the first shadow of a smile. "But it says Lakewood, so it must have been last month."

For a moment the girl stood there without speaking, her eyes seeming to question the delicate sheets which Farwell still held just out of her hand. Then the tense lines of her mouth softened and the unnatural brightness went out of her eyes.

"Will you let me see the first page—just a minute?" she asked, her voice suddenly serious and gentle. Farwell held the letter out to her, but he did not take it—merely glanced at the first line, her face slowly flushing as she did so. Then she looked up at him, her lips half parted, almost as if she were a little breathless with hope or fear, or both.

"May I read it?" said Farwell.

"If you want to."

She went back to the chair before the fire, while Farwell stood and read by the waning light. This is what he read:

"Dorothy:

"There! I've written it at last. It wouldn't be so bad, I think, if one's pen could write in whispers. But there the word stays on the page in front of me, and I look at it with fascinated eyes until I feel the cool flaming in my cheeks. I'm not sure that I shall write it any more. It's not like children; it should be heard, not seen."

Oh, no, I don't mean that! Not when I look at your letters. It's an odd fancy about the law-words in your letters. I like to compare the different writings of the same word. They're never exactly alike, you know, and I pretend to myself that all the little changes and the shadings, and the fact that sometimes you write them large, and sometimes you tuck in a little squeezed-up one at the end of a line—I pretend that all these things are the different ways in which you are saying the words to yourself when you write them. Don't seem like child's play? Don't laugh at me. It makes you seem so real."

"I suppose you are real? I don't feel quite sure—except when I look at your letters. One of them came up with breakfast this morning at the ungodly hour of eleven, when I was supposed to be making up sleep—but wasn't! On the contrary, it seems to me that, for the first time in my life, I am really awake. Until last spring the eyes of my heart had been shut, and I hadn't been blinking sleepily at things. Then you came and my heart sprang up at last, wide awake. Did you know that at its door and say, 'Six o'clock!' And did you know that what I was saying was, 'I'm frightened?' Oh, please be good to me."

"Now you will want to know what I mean by that, and I don't know how to tell you. It's only that I have always been afraid of



"She Hit Her Face on His Shoulder as if She Were Really a Child"

life. When I knew that I was going to love you—which means, I suppose, that I already did love you—I was terrified. It wasn't you that I was afraid of. It was Love.

"When I was little I was especially afraid of the dark, though I was always full of a great, vague Possibility which made my luck. It was a sort of a dark against, and I was afraid. Then I was going to love you I was like a child face to face with a closed door which may open into darkness and terror, and I was afraid. Then you opened the door—and I'm not sure it didn't lead into a new Heaven and a new earth. It seems like it sometimes. Only—only frightened feeling hasn't all gone yet. That's right; tell me in your good, healthy way that it is only a morbid fancy. I tell myself so;



# Courting Molly

IT WAS spring: the grass was as green as the Irish flag, a lot of flowers were in bloom, and it was in the month of Underwood. She was certainly a very pretty girl, and so innocent-looking that it was hard not to talk baby-talk to her and call her pet names. Once, when we were dancing a waltz and the music was rather loud, I said, in a low voice over her shoulder, something about her being "a precious little girl," and that I liked to feel the feather in her hair tickling my chin. She couldn't have heard it, for she begged me to repeat it, and like a fool I did as she asked, but she looked so harmless that I substituted "darling" for "girl." Then she grew perfectly white with rage and refused to dance with me again for three weeks, and when she did I missed the feather badly, as she had her hair low, but it was even more becoming.

That happened at the beginning of our acquaintance when we were both in town. New York isn't such a slow place, but Molly can't stand it once the air begins to smell of spring, so the first day of May she went away to visit a friend of hers who is married and lives out in Connecticut. It is pretty hard if you care for a girl the way I cared for Molly and have seen her almost every day through the winter to be parted from her just when the tulips are set out in Madison Square and you begin to feel sentimental.

When I happened to think of a new pet name that suited her to a dimple I couldn't stand it any longer, so I asked for an advance on my July vacation and followed her to Ridgebury. There was an inn at Ridgebury where I took a room, and a couple of other men were engaged to go for the trout fishing. Of course I brought my rods and made out that I was there for the same reason. Perhaps I had been a little bit late, but Molly as I was with them it would have been all right, but I told her in so many words that it wasn't for her. I had made this up to get out of bed in the morning that I intended to spend every minute of my two weeks at her side. I expected to see her when she looks her sweetest with her blushes, like a little girl trying to keep a secret), but she didn't seem at all disturbed, and said gravely that of course I knew my own mind, and that she feared she would be dull company, as she was studying very hard.

"I'm studying what?" I asked.

"Birds," said Molly.

I guessed that Molly's friend, Mrs. Lane, was fond of natural history, and had set up Molly in business with a pair of field-glasses and a sunbonnet that was really conducted to her. I thought it would be good fun to potter about under the trees with Molly and spy at our "feathered relatives," as Mrs. Lane called them, so I asked her to let me go birding with her next day, and she said all right. I shall be ready at five o'clock.

"But," I asked, "what are you going to do all day?"

Molly tucked back a curl that had gone astray. "I mean five o'clock in the morning," she said coolly.

I pulled myself together and I believe my voice sounded cheerful. "It must be the famous early bird you are going gunning for," said I, "but I should like nothing better than to go with you to see them."

I left word with the old man at the inn to get me up at four-thirty if he had to beat the door down, and some time in the middle of the night he heard his tattoo. Whether it was the country air or that a mattress stuffed with corn husks is really conducive to sleep, I don't know, but I never was so little inclined to get out of bed in all my life. Well, I suppose we have to undergo a good deal to win any woman worth the winning, and Molly certainly looked adorable in a skirt short enough to show her ankles. Her hair was done in a pigtail and her sunbonnet was hanging down her back with the string tied in a bow under her chin. I felt a bit pale myself, but her cheeks were pink and her eyes had a sort of dewy luster that made me glad of any sacrifice I might make for her. I offered to carry the glasses, but Molly wouldn't hear of it, so I took charge of a book as big as a dictionary and we started down the path to the orchard. Molly said the woods were the best place, but she thought we might go to the orchard first, and I was glad we did, for it was like my idea of Molly's character—a sort of heaven of flabbed whiteness scented with violets. I told Molly my idea, and asked her to pick me a few (the little purple things were thick under our feet). She seemed really pleased, and was just going to do as I said when she saw some kind of sparrow out of an apple tree and clapped her glasses to her eyes and stood like a statue.

"What is it?" I asked. "The early bird?"

"Yes," she said. "It was all shot." "Come here and I will prove it to you."

I couldn't make out anything remarkable about the little chap, but Molly seemed to care a great deal for him. She must have looked at him for five minutes without winking; then she moved a finger to Molly's character—she tried not to let me see her disappointment, but I could feel that she was wishing I hadn't come. I apologized for my carelessness by telling her that while she looked at the bird I was looking at her and I forgot everything else.

She said: "Please don't be silly."

"It's common-sense," I said. "Come here and I'll prove it to you."

My luckiness none of our feathers. I happened along just then, so she gave me her attention. Down there at the foot of the orchard a spring ran into a trough that was green with moss and made a perfect mirror. Molly leaned over, peeped into it as I told her to do, and her eyes were not so much attracted to the water with a patch of blue sky for a background. She couldn't help smiling, perhaps to see if her dimples would be reflected.

"What nice water! How I should like a drink!" she said.

There wasn't a cup of water to be had, so Molly made one with my hands and Molly drank out of it. Then I was glad of everything that had happened, and forgave the old man at the inn for following my instructions. I think if it hadn't been for a robin or a thrush or something beginning a Christmas carol right over her head she would have lost mine, and nothing is so fat with a girl like Molly. You too cool and collected seems to make her admire you, and at the same time she takes steps to prevent your remaining so. She gave all her eyes to the bird up aloft for somewhere near a quarter of an hour, and I was not to see any more of her. I believe he would have cared if I had. He was too busy with his trills and whistles. Molly at last got a little bored with him. She told me what he was a sparrow off his picture in the book we carried.

"Now," said she, "suppose you go to the woods."

We had good luck that morning; we made the acquaintance of two nice twenty crows, counting five crows, and when we returned Mrs. Lane invited me to breakfast. Afterward Lane walked off for the station, and Mrs. Lane and Molly



## The Story of a Young Lover's Trials

By Ann Devore  
Author of "Oliver Iverson," etc.

Illustration From a Painting by W. H. Foote

He asked: "Haven't they a daughter?" When I was fishing today down where the brook runs through their property I came across a pretty little girl under a haystack studying her lessons. She seemed a bright child.

I asked myself if this could be prenense on his part; had he really taken Molly for a little girl. The pigtail was misleading, and as I said before to me all I could do, meeting her in a ballroom, to keep from talking baby-talk to her; so his mistake might be genuine.

"A little girl?" I asked. "It must have been Molly."

"Birds!" he said. "Then Mitchell came from a bunch of old fellows who had not so much as introduced to her friends.

"It doesn't pay to make work out of pleasure," he said. "I was only just out of bed."

"Well, Terry," I said, "I suppose to a loafer it seems a bore to get up at sunrise and tramp about all day, but if you have a taste for that sort of thing you feel the need of it."

Terry began to chuckle. I had forgotten that I was only just out of bed.

Terry asked: "Run across anything rare this morning? Any cawsonaries or ostriches? Miss Molly, he's got a ro's egg in his pocket."

Molly said to me: "Won't you show it to me, Mr. Vernon? Please!"

She had two pigtails this afternoon, one over each shoulder, and she looked more like a little girl than ever. She was evidently encouraging Terry's mistake about her age. I thought I might as well help her, so in the next breath I said to my friend:

"Molly, my dear, if I had such a thing it should be served for your tea in the nursery this afternoon."

Terry had made her out a bit too young, for the color began fading out of her face as it does when she is angry.

Terry chuckled, and said: "'Tea in the nursery!'" and whistled, which, of course, added to indignation.

I tried to help matters by laughing easily and saying: "But I suppose you have gone out of bit-boppers since I saw you last, and dine like grow-up folks."

She jumped to her feet and said to me: "Mr. Vernon, she said in a soft, cooing voice, which with Molly means temper, 'There are some grow-up folks that I don't care to dine with or to speak to with me again. I hope you will bear in mind that you are one of them.'"

Then she picked up her sunbonnet and walked away without looking at either Terry or me again. I was too much surprised to think of running after her to beg her pardon, though I wished afterward I had. I just stood where I was, and Terry lay back in the hay and roared with laughter.

drove to a town a couple of miles away to do the marketing. That left me to my own resources, so I took a trout rod and some flies down to the brook and went to sleep under a tree. Several days went by in the same fashion. I found that by keeping a good diary through the night I could stay awake all the evening, talking to Molly on the piazza (which was pleasant, as the moon was bigger and later every night) and yet be fresh for our morning stroll. I supposed Molly must pursue the same course, but one day at the end of the week I found reason to doubt this conclusion. I had chosen a warm nook in the lee of a haystack which stood in a meadow the brook ran through, and according to my custom had fallen asleep there with my empty basket and my rod beside me. I was awakened by the sound of Molly's voice. It came from the farther side of the stack, which wasn't very high, so I crept to the top and looked over. Molly was there, sure enough, but wide awake and not asleep. Terry, one of the anglers who had come to Ridgebury solely to catch trout, was sitting on the grass. His rod lay on the bank of the stream and with it his basket—empty. I didn't care to play the part of eavesdropper, so I slid down, gathered up my belongings, and went and whipped the stream till sunset.

I was so much annoyed by the whole affair that I didn't go to see Molly that evening. Instead I drew Terry into a conversation and I wanted to find out what sort of man he was. We sat on the porch in a couple of chairs tilted back against the wall and smoked, and asked Terry what flies he had most luck with, and he said the silver doctor and brown hackle.

"But," he went on, "the fishing here has been a great disappointment to me."

"You won't be staying then, will you?" I asked, "if the luck doesn't change."

"Well," he said, hesitating suspiciously, "I want to give the place a fair show. It's an attractive spot."

"Yes," I said. "Do you know the Lanes?"

It was rather abrupt, I admit, but it seemed a good plan to take him off his guard.

"Very well," I answered quietly.

It struck me as odd that Molly should be talking in a man's familiar way when she had not so much as introduced to her friends.

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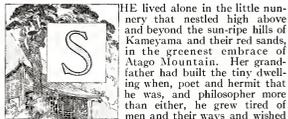
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

# The Little Boy and the Born-Jadeene Girl

By Adachi Kinnosuké



HE lived alone in the little nursery that nestled high above and beyond the sun-fire hills of Atago Mountain and the red sands, in the greenest embrace of Atago Mountain. Her grandfather had built it, a tiny dwelling when, poet and hermit that he was, and philosopher more than either, he grew tired of men and their ways and wished for a place where he could hear nothing of their heart-rending laughter and sin-stained prayers. Her father also had loved the spot, and as often as his duty at the palace of his overlord would permit he had taken himself with his family to this out-of-the-world hermitage.

So here she had spent the morning of her days; and here, in the evening of life, she still dwelt, a soft-voiced, gentle-mannered lady of gracious presence, tender of heart, and with a great love for children, and, above all, for birds. Indeed, she listened one meal out of three every day that she might feed the hungry little twitterers who often chirped and trilled so loudly over her eaves as to disturb her meditations. The reason why she fed them and loved them so was told in a story known through all the country round about—the story of the Buddhist Nun.

There was a deep chasm several hundred yards above the cottage. It looked like a huge whirlpool where the dark-green waves had broken and the white foam was the same color. Their sides were slippery with moisture which had never seen the sun and hung with mosses which had been growing for centuries. A narrow path from the cottage went a threadlike trail. It skirted closely the circular edge of the chasm and then diverged to join the deer-path beyond.

It was on this trail that the philosophic grandfather of the nun used to roam, and it was he who named it the "Dragon Path"; and of a time a faintly a most experienced dragon could walk upon it.

As a matter of history, however, in the joyous days before ever the nun had much as thought of separating from the beautiful world she loved, there was a lady who walked the "Dragon Path" often as any snake, and with much more confidence. Her name was Kurenai, a hundred-footed one. He was the son of a hunter whose hut nestled deeper in the green solitudes of Atago Mountain, and he supplied the household with deer and brought the latest news of the swift-hooved wanderings of deer and wild boars to delight the weary hours of his father.

Merry and laughing, he would come with the kisses and cuffs of sun and storm and filled with the love of woodcraft, this lad was never tired of telling thrilling tales of adventures. He was, in fact, one of the gallant young knights of the Japanese mountains who have always remained and will ever remain—so help the gods!—as a bit of the savage Middle Ages. He was exceedingly handsome—one of those surprises that are hidden in the mountain depths of that land and make one speculate on the origin of its many fairy-tales, old as the pines and entrancing as the life.

When, in his story-telling, carried away by the enthusiasm of his tales and forgetting himself completely, he took his long black hair, which he combed down, full of sparks, his gestures wild, he made one think of a spirited steed in the heat of a race. Often he had among his auditors the stender, graceful daughter of the philosophic *sumurai* in her suave-hued kimono.

One bright, winter morning, after a heavy snowfall such as is common on Atago Mountain—a storm which is the dread of the deer and the delight of the hunters, and which gives lovers of the beautiful a miracle that is dazzling, a miracle full of the wonders of light imprisoned and light repulsed, full of gems that are neither in the mountain nor in the snow, but in the name to which she answered, this nun, in the days of her spring) was tripping up the wood-path and looking about at the scene.

She had a vague impression that she had seen a shadow shoot across the narrow, glittering space between the pine trees ahead of her. She looked back and there she saw a lad come out from under the snow-laden boughs of the giant evergreens thirty yards ahead of her, along the "Dragon Path," laughing and shouting with merriment and excitement. It was the hunter's son.

"Why, Sanuroku!" she exclaimed. Amazement had the best of her. "It is this snow and on that path! Oh, Sanuroku!"

But Sanuroku was even more surprised than the little lady. To be addressed in such a manner by the daughter of a *sumurai*—naturally one in Sanuroku's position would never dream of such a thing.

"Yes, august lady," said simply, bowing his eyes. Kurenai walked back to the cottage and went to her room. She wished to hide her shame. She was mortified that she, the daughter of a *sumurai*, should have been so grossly humiliated by a trifling cause. She felt her cheeks burning. She explained to herself that her blushes were the blushes of humiliation on a girl who had been so grossly humiliated.

But as time went on she began to have a little misgiving about this explanation; and one day, when she was sixteen and the lad eighteen, she again for herself, as usual, explaining her blushes, said to him, "Why did I say that to him? I am blushing now. Of course, it's because I feel ashamed of my foolish meddling now." But somehow she could not help blushing at this, her own explanation of her blushes. And for the second blush she could find no explanation at all.

"It's because I was so foolish!" So womanlike already at sixteen!

But the hunter-lad was wiser—or perhaps it should be said, a little more frank with himself. Well did he understand why it was that he clasped arms if it were necessary, and the birth of thrilling stories rather than the wild bore and the bear. Well he knew why it pleased him to treasure up and recount all the incidents of his perilous adventures at the cottage door of the *sumurai* hermit. He dared not breathe a word of his hopeless love; but nothing could prevent him from offering his heart on the altar of his secret devotion.

And the orchids, year after year, bloomed on the wave-green rocks of the abyss and the velvet cushions of the mosses, and gave to the air a saintly fragrance that no one would ever be likely to inhale, and faded and disappeared far down in the twilight of the chasm's depth. And the nightingales, year after year, twittered and trilled and scattered their exquisite songs abroad for the mountain echoes to repeat, as if the singers were trying their best to teach the language of love to tongue-tied lovers. But, year after year, the silence of Kurenai and Sanuroku remained unbroken.

And then, one day—for accidents will happen, do you may to prevent them—as Kurenai stepped out on the veranda of the cottage, there was Sanuroku standing on the turf below, in the place where he was least expected. He was soliloquizing in low tones; and the lady caught a word or two intended solely for the ear of the gods. The next instant, as in a dream, she absent-mindedly dropped the flower that she chance to have in her hand. It happened to be a *sumurai* in the garden. He saw her, he looked up with a sudden, startled stare and saw, above the railing of the veranda, the glorious, pony-fur-face of the daughter of the *sumurai* hermit. He was startled, and as she gazed down at him she saw his sun-kissed face pale and then become covered with a deep, red tinge. He turned away, his feet slipping, fleeing seconds later, and in that exchange of glances their love stood confessed.

From that moment unrest took possession of her. It blanchied her face to the color of the sunless flower; it turned her into a museum of broken dreams; it made her mother full of voiceless interrogations.

To own her love for the hunter-lad, to marry him, meant not only the loss of the mountain and the cottage, but a partible, but more than that—what she did care for and shrink from—the eternal disgrace of her parents. "They should have been kinder," now she thought, "and not been so open-eyed of inflicting so much pain and humiliation on her parents just for her own selfish pleasure." It further meant that her father and mother, as well as her mother, would be turned from the society and enjoyed, because their eyes would have to drop before those of their friends and they would not be able to hold their heads erect. To the great sorrow of the hunter-lad, the point of honor is worse than death; and among the blackest sins in the code of Oriental ethics no sin is quite so great as that of one's greatest filial piety and of all unbridled acts the smirching of the proud escutcheon of a haughty *sumurai* house by the misalliance of one of its daughters to a lowly hunter's son.

So the struggle between love and filial duty went on, and it is not difficult to comprehend the pain that tortured the heart of the daughter of the *sumurai*, the pallor of her sweet flower-face, and her deathly nausea of mind that turned the stars into ashes and the moon into a huge, brown block of tears.

As for the hunter-lad, he was of the mountain-air, free free as the limpid rills that danced over the rocks and down the declivities, careless without their course led.

He still came often to the cottage; although from the day of their love's revelation he had not caught even a glimpse of her. But it was enough for him to see the cottage in which she lived and to breathe the air that greeted him every time he came, to feel the breeze or grace or form of her speech, her laughter and her sighs.

As for her, whenever he came she knew that he was in the cottage, and she would creep up to the window and try not to see him out. But she struggled against her inclination with a passionate resolve never to disgrace her father and mother by the thoughtless words of a lowly hunter, meanwhile she became paler, more ethereal, more like a sad mountain spirit than ever.

One of the glories of the cottage was a beautiful vine that had not caught even a glimpse of her. But it was enough for him to see the cottage in which she lived and to breathe the air that greeted him every time he came, to feel the breeze or grace or form of her speech, her laughter and her sighs. As for her, whenever he came she knew that he was in the cottage, and she would creep up to the window and try not to see him out. But she struggled against her inclination with a passionate resolve never to disgrace her father and mother by the thoughtless words of a lowly hunter, meanwhile she became paler, more ethereal, more like a sad mountain spirit than ever.

Almost every morning Kurenai used to walk on the veranda itself and, tipping still higher to reach the roof, toppled over and hung clinging with tiny fingers along the eaves, and swaying securely there in spite of the naughty toying of the summer winds, and it remained so through the winter winds. It had already encircled a large part of the veranda in its embrace and was now pending out at the end of the veranda, careless for what purpose or by whom they might be used.

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One morning she found a pine twig in the coils of one of the tendrils. Unimpressed by the sight at first, she began to wonder when it was reported to her that she had seen a wind bring the twigs and leave them so charmingly

pendent from the vine? And that, too, almost at the same place?

Midsummer came. One night when the moon was high and clear, the cool and quiet of the mountain tempted her on to the veranda. She stepped out from her room and then stood still. In the shadow near the vine she saw a dark, shining object.

"Ah, yes!" she sighed to herself as it turned away. For now she knew who the bringer of the pine twigs was; the pine twigs—those that were the emblem of a constancy as changeless as the evergreen of the pine itself even under its chilling weight of snow.

The summertime was waning. The long mountain twilights still remembered the sun and lingered above the fogs that every evening filled the valley. At this sad hour of another fading day Kurenai was looking out with her mind far from the scene below her. For several days she had found no pine twigs. What could it mean?

A step sounded on the veranda and her father entered. In his careless tone she could assume she said:

"What is so exciting that you need to go out to hunt? By-the-by, what became of that hunter-lad? The humble one has not seen him for many a day."

"No," said her father after a pause, in his heavy, dignified voice. "He has not been here for a long time. I understand his father sent him away somewhere some time ago."

Kurenai was thankful for the concealing twilight. She looked like one who had suddenly received a mortal blow. It was not her father's words, but his tone, that told her the whole truth. She had been deceived. She had thought that he himself had inspired and arranged for Sanuroku's departure.

The earthy days and nights still dawned and darkened over Kurenai's dream—some times thick with the mist of the morning on which she had hitherto stood but suddenly turned into a bed of quicksands. Sometimes she would see a glimmer of hope which she should keep on struggling when the end was sure to be her defeat. But the *sumurai* blood was the quality of the sun that refused to be. But her destiny still led her along herself dizzy and reeling and almost ripe for the responsibility of that messenger of mercy called insanity to come and relieve her. But her destiny still led her along the sublime heights of self-renunciation and through the dark valleys of self-sorrow, ever moist with tears.

The vision of revenge and the bright glory of a new leaves drew her. Under a nighty glare of the forest the persimmons grew more golden and melon-seed-like, and the long, bright-brushes, sides of the mounds seemed to vibrate leading into the world of memory. Kurenai, no longer able to shut Sanuroku's image out of her heart, yielded herself, with floodlike abandon, to the melancholy pleasure of living over again the days of the past.

It was after one of those starless autumn nights, which seem full of the sound of dead leaves and the passing of departed spirits, that Kurenai stepped out on the veranda as the sun rose. She crossed over to the railing and then stopped and started.

There was a tendril of the vine, as in the dear, happy days she had been dreaming of, was a pine twig! She caught it to her cheek, and then she shuddered. What on such a dark, threatening night, and on that threadlike, treacherous trail!

Restless and disturbed, she strolled away from the cottage up the "Dragon Path." Soon she saw the edge of the chasm. The sun fell through a sieve of tinted leaves into the mossy depth, so that the bright patches of light seemed like feathers of tropical hue, frolicking with the winds and weaving themselves into ever-varying patterns for the dresses of the mountain fairies.

In a few steps more she reached the point that overlooked the bottom of the deep abyss. She wished to watch, as she had often done before, the effect of the shifting and shifting of the sand and the shifting of the sandy bottom far below. She looked down. As she had expected, the light was falling deep into the abyss.

But there was a dark, threatening night, and on that threadlike, treacherous trail!

It was the body of a man.

As she realized this all her blood rushed up and made a springing in her throat.

Evidently the man had fallen into the chasm from the "Dragon Path." He seemed to be lying perfectly still. Facing him and somewhat higher than his head some birds were perched on the old stumps of some orchid singing to him. He seemed to be listening to them who were, and as silent and motionless as the rocks about him.

Suddenly he moved a little and she saw that both his arms were broken and his head was escaped her. The man evidently heard it, for he looked toward her. And just then a pencil of light flashed downward through a cleft in the chasm, and light shone on the upturned face—the face of the hunter-lad.

When consciousness returned to Kurenai she was in her own room and her mother was bending over her. No reference was made to her head or escaped her. Her mother seemed to be her. Her parents, wisely acquiesced in her wish to separate herself from the world and live by herself in the cottage.

So her mother and father every day were spent in the shadow of the vine with its curling tendrils and the pines with their evergreen twigs, and in the companionship of the birds whose songs she had heard from the firm, velvet, the heart of her beloved hunter-lad.

# The Personal Conduct of Belinda

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

Author of "Concerning Belinda," "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," etc.

Drawings by B. Martin Justice



"Miss Perkins Turned a Triumph Face Toward Miss Carewe"

for which awaited him on deck could not dampen his buoyant mood. Miss Carewe noticed with surprise and some annoyance that her cool politeness seemed ineffectual as opposed to the irrepressible good spirits of the Odious Creature. He tucked her into a chair as gracefully as if he expected her to be grateful, and then chatted with her as briskly as if he were sure she would consider conversation with him a privilege. He petted his Aunt Florida, jollied Mr. Perkins, chummed with Mrs. Bagby, patronized the two girls, was even pleasantly civil to Count de Brisasse; but first, last and always he ignored the possibility of any ice barrier between himself and the young woman to whose party he belonged. In vain she tried to put the Presuming Creature in his proper place. He smiled amiably and took the place he fancied.

Belinda, puzzled and a trifle dismayed, searched vainly for a clew to this right-about-face. Only Mrs. Bagby, looking on with a non-committal smile, understood and inwardly applauded. "That's more like it," she said to herself with quiet satisfaction and a touch of honest pride. For it was Mrs. Bagby who had worked the transformation, although the thing was done with a casual air and no definite word of advice was spoken.

Late the night before Jack Courtney, taking a last stroll on deck, had come upon Mrs. Bagby dozing in her chair and sat down beside her. For a while the two were silent. Then some question about the itinerary of their tour started a desultory conversation.

"I told Miss Carewe she'd have to fix it so I could see Waterloo," Mrs. Bagby said delectively. "I wouldn't miss that for a good deal. It always makes me feel that we can't

do it. Of course I ain't English, but America's the next thing to it—same fighting blood, I reckon, and if that fire-eating Frenchman had messed England up the way he did all the rest of Europe I wouldn't feel half as satisfied with my family tree as I do."

"Good deal of a fluke, that victory," Courtney was in a cynical mood.

"The old lady shook her head and sat up straight in her chair.

"Don't you believe it, son. The Zeebush has made a collection of flukes that a kind Wimming's got to be a habit with them. They did give in to us once or twice, but that was all in the family, so it didn't count, and an Englishman or an American who'll let a Frenchman beat him at war or anything else is just going square back on his forebears

It ain't that I don't like the way they're made. They're a lot of grand history, but I've got it in my creed that if an Englishman or American believes in himself he can sprinkle Waterloos all over the map. He'll do it by sitting in a corner and sulking, though."

There was a short silence. In the clear glow from one of the deck-lights Courtney's face looked very handsome, very boyish, and the old lady smiled with a quick-flicking sigh for the son the Fates had not given her.

"At last. . . You put your money on the Anglo-Saxon then?" the young man asked in a quiet voice, through which a new note tingled.

She leaned forward and laid a hand on his arm at her homely face was aglow. "Boy, there's nobody like him. Sometimes he's foolish, some times he's bold; but he goes after what he wants and he gets it. He does it with a joke and a grin and a steady nerve, too. You don't catch him making theatricals of it."

The Courtney sat up suddenly, cast a hasty glance along the deserted deck, and kissed Mrs. Bagby's wrinkled cheek. "There!" he said gaily. "The first gun has been fired in a campaign of audacity."

"They'll be talking scandal about us," laughed the old lady, but there was approval in the pat she bestowed upon the young man's coat sleeve. Her heart was big and she had little to fill it.

Remembering this interview Mrs. Bagby read Courtney's new phase aghast. His fighting blood was up. He was going after what he wanted and he confidently expected to get it.

If the French nobility stood in the way so much the worse for the French nobility. The one representative of the French nobility directly concerned in the affair recognized a new element in the situation. Courtney's genial, slightly patronizing air toward him was more objectionable than the earlier rudeness. It could not be resented and it gave him no opportunity for an exhibition of superior manners. Moreover, since this pestilential young American had come out of his shell opportunities for gracious civilities toward members of Miss Carewe's party were suddenly lacking. Mr. Courtney seemed to fill the stage, met every need, made himself indispensable; and did it all with a blithe self-assurance, an air of established intimacy, which relegated the Count to the rôle of rank outsider. He had become conversational, too, this surprising Monsieur Courtney, who had not heretofore had a word to throw to a dog. It appeared that

ON THE day before the voyage ended, the day of the dance, any one interested in Jack Courtney might have noticed a sudden change in the "personally-conducted" young man. Every trace of the sulks which for days had clouded his customary cheerfulness was gone. He showed a shining morning face at the breakfast-table, and even the hot, white blanket of

these Americans could talk of other things than money-making when they gave their mind to it, and this one talked amazingly well, in an inconspicuous fashion, telling tales of ranch life in Arizona, of hunting with the outlaws of Jackson's Hole, of prospecting in Mexico, of cruising in South American seas.

Belinda, ostensibly buried in her novel, found herself forgetting to turn the pages, forgetting, too, that this was the objectionable person whom she detested and with whom she would not upon any terms establish friendly relations; but she reminded herself of these facts whenever a break in Courtney's narrative gave her a chance to think of other things, and she gave no outward sign of interest in anything beyond her book.

The dog drifted away before the increasing breeze, clinging in shreds to mast and cordage, hovering phantomlike over the crests of the waves, playing strange tricks with the straggling rays of sunshine. Count de Brisasse, tired of a scene in which another man held the limelight, wandered away. Amelia and Laura may triumphantly carried Courtney, Mrs. Bagby and Mr. Perkins off to play shuffleboard. Mr. Perkins feebly protesting, but finding a certain awful joy in his own hardihood. Miss Perkins had gone to her stateroom after breakfast.

Belinda, quite alone with Belinda, turned a happy face toward the girl. "Jack is quite himself again today," she said with an air of relief. "Now you will see him at his best. Have you noticed the change, my dear? I've been worried about him, but he's evidently all right now. He's very entertaining, isn't he?"

And out of consideration for the dotting aunt Belinda did violence to her prejudices and admitted that he was entertaining. To her own surprise she found herself distinctly piqued at the very obvious restoration of Courtney's good spirits. That a man under the ban of her displeasure should unconcernedly radiate cheerfulness was disconcerting, if not downright insulting. It upset tradition and destroyed her confidence in well-established laws of cause and effect. Men were not expected to smile when she frowned, and an

attack of smiles was so sudden. There had been gloom enough only twenty-four hours before. Perhaps, after all, that gloom had had nothing to do with her coolness. Perhaps she had been so much concerned about some other cause for it, and that cause had been suddenly removed.

Belinda bunched. It was mortifying to think that her efforts toward refrigeration might all have been unnoticed, utterly futile; and yet it would be still more mortifying to think that the man had appreciated the efforts and was not, in the least affected by them. Curiosity seethed within her. Did he care? Didn't he care? Had he joined the party because she was conducting it, or because his aunt belonged in it?

Even when all the questions were answered, and however they were answered, he would still be abominable. That was understood. But, in the mean time, she hated riddles. She wanted to know just where he stood, this intrusive person.



"Mrs. Courtney Bided the Leader of the Orchestra"



"Belinda Gave Herself Up to the Joy of Moonlight and Melody and Rhythmic Movement"

I've been too frail to go into that sort of thing, but perhaps

"Best thing in the world for your liver," Mrs. Bagby interrupted briskly. "There, it's your turn again, Mrs. Courtney out."

"Splendid!" cooed Belinda.

"Bully shot," said Courtney.

"Didn't I say he was a wiz?" chorled Amelia.

Miss Perkins, arriving upon the scene from her stateroom, stared at her brother in amazement and dismay. "Martin! What in the world? And without your coat! And all in a perspiration! Think of your heart, Brother. Do think of your poor heart."

"There's your capsule; but you'll need something more now. I don't know what to give you. You'd better go right to your stateroom and lie down for a while. Maybe some aromatic spirits of ammonia would—"

But Mr. Perkins interrupted her impatiently. "I'm feeling very well, Maria, very well indeed. Mrs. Bagby assures me that profuse perspiration is an excellent thing for the system. I'll just skip that capsule, Maria. I'm disappointed in those capsules, anyway. It's your shot, Mrs. Bagby."

Poor Miss Perkins, dazed and distressed, sank into a steamer-chair. "I don't wish to say anything harsh," she murmured mournfully to Belinda, "but that woman is leading Martin into sheer folly. He seems perfectly bewitched and he's getting more reckless

Sounds of hilarity floated back from the forward deck where the game of shuffleboard was in progress, and after a vain effort to enjoy her book Belinda left her chair and stroiled forward.

You should just watch Mr. Perkins. He's a perfect Amelias. Amelia called out to her as she came within halting distance.

"He's a perfect wizard at shuffleboard. He's beating all of us."

Mr. Perkins, his overcoat thrown aside, his cuffs tucked up, his bald head shining, proceeded to demonstrate, and as his disk settled repositely on a high number, mopped his brow and turned a triumphant face toward Miss Carewe. "Just a trick, a mere trick," he protested modestly. "It seems to come quite naturally to me. I've never realized before that I had an aptitude for athletics."

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every day. He actually ate waffles for breakfast yesterday—waffles with syrup. She told him to digest them with his mind and not bother about his stomach. Did you ever hear of anything like that?"

"The waffles didn't hurt him, did they?" asked Belinda bravely. "They didn't seem to, right at the time; but there's no knowing what he may be laying up for himself. She says heavy flannels are deadly! He's going to put on light-weight ones, I'm sure. He'll be all right all right, but I'm afraid there will be serious results, my dear, very serious results."

Belinda valiantly suppressed a smile. "I wouldn't worry," she said gently. "He seems to be feeling better than when we started, and the benefits of the trip will probably offset everything else, even waffles and light-weight flannels."

Miss Perkins sighed. "I don't know. It's wonderful how even the most sensible man can be led astray by a woman."

The picture of Mrs. Bagby in the rôle of siren, luring Mr. Perkins from the high seas of rectitude, was too much for Belinda's risible muscles. The smile would out, and she walked across to the rail so that she might turn it loose without offense. She stood there, idly watching the game, but no one joined her. Mrs. Bagby, Mr. Perkins, Laura May and Tommy Shallcross were playing. Jack Courtney had dropped out and was quite obviously flirting with Amelia. The evidence was in the air, to the delight and his own apparent enjoyment. The chaparral fell old and neglected. After all, one was getting on at twenty-five. Only the girls and one would be thirty; and after thirty—the detuge.

Courtney strolled over to Miss Carew, when a group of girls interrupted his tête-à-tête with Amelia, and she watched his coming with an evident and unfeigned curiosity was uppermost. He did not seem eager to join her—amably indifferent rather—but he came, and when he reached her she welcomed him with a smile and an upward glance which, for the moment, reduced him to speechless amazement. She was actually showing him her eyelashes—and her lovely eyes—and he looked at her and not through him. Her eyes were friendly, and her voice, when she spoke, was as friendly as her eyes.

"Are you looking at me?" she asked, smiling. "The girls can hardly wait until evening."

"And you?" she said quickly. "Of course you like dancing."

"I adore it."

"Me, too. Will you give me the first dance?"

She nodded, with an answering smile, encouraging glance from beneath the long lashes.

"And others?"

"Perhaps."

"Every third dance?" He was growing bold.

"You are rash. I may dance badly."

"You couldn't. I've never seen you."

The shuffleboard game ended. The crowd was beating down upon them.

"Well, then, perhaps you dance badly," Belinda suggested. "Self-preservation is a natural impulse."

He shook his head. "I've been credibly informed that I dance like an archangel, if that conveys any idea to you. I'm flattered that the remark was a compliment."

"But every third dance with an archangel—"

"Try it," he urged. "You may like me. Perhaps the archangelic dancing is as good as their trumpet-blowing and sword-play."

She laughed. "I believe I'll take my chances. The floor will probably be bad enough to temper the bliss, but that a mere mortal can support it."

"They were not alone on that day, and Count de Brissac had his innings in the afternoon. Mr. Courtney viewed his rival with a tolerant eye. Incidentally, he belittled the leader of that party, arranging his musical program, making every third dance long and shortening the two in between.

"Ack, Jr.," I also had loved," said the sympathetic German with a cyclonic sigh, as he pocketed a bill whose glow bright yellowed in the afternoon sunlight. "I will play for you waltzes to melt a heart of stone. Mr. Courtney. It is not two steps; one romps through the two-step. It is for children who play, but for lovers the waltz also was made."

"Well, the thing isn't quite so serious as all that, Reichold," Courtney protested with a laugh. "You can give me an occasion, too, but make most of your third waltzes."

Then he rested on his oars and waited for evening; but, in the midst of his reveries, his associates gathered. Why had she changed so suddenly? There must be some reason, but none appeared, and the Greeks bearing gifts had long been subjecting her to the same questions. At the thing a while, then tossed the problem aside. At least she had smiled—and they would have the waltzes.

The Captain's dinner went off in festive fashion. The men who break into the floor-dance in the evening, or who utter provocation, said their say. The orchestra played "God Save the King" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," and every one stood for every minute of the national air; and when, at last, the crowd filed out from the dining-salon good fellowship radiated even from the most haughty and exclusive of the passengers, while those who were humbly sociable by nature went about sowing their visiting-cards with reckless profligacy.

"Don't you hate to go to bed to-morrow?"

Amelia addressed the question to the world-at-large on her way out from dinner, but did not wait for an answer. Amelia seldom waits for anybody's answer.

"I do," she went on with a sigh. "I love every little screw in this old steamer. I've had a perfectly dandy time, and then there's the dance tonight, and the moon's full, and one doesn't have to change—trains and things, I mean. Of course I know I'll have a beautiful time in London. Laura May and I are crazy to see where Lady Grey was beheaded, and to see the Tower and everything. They say they're perfectly stunning, and she was such a dear, and it's awfully sad, but you know it's so nice just sailing along and not having anything happen, and seeing the same people, and eating

five meals a day, and being perfectly sure nobody will come up and insist on your going somewhere because it's instructive or your duty or something. I'd like to sail right off to the States to-morrow."

The sentiment found an echo in Belinda's heart. She was afraid of Plymouth. Responsibility waited for her and she had a revolve had a revolve had a revolve. She wandered off on the trail of Miss Barnes's instructions, but was called back by something Courtney was saying. "The girls don't go to bed to-morrow. They've had a long day, and they'll be tired to-morrow. We'll do very late to-morrow; if at all."

"Late in the evening?" Belinda's voice held a note of dismay.

"Not before nine or ten."

"What about getting up to London?"

"That's a late train."

"But it will reach London in the middle of the night."

"Oh, no; early morning. And they don't put you off at all."

"One step until you reach a respectable hotel."

The wrinkle between Miss Carew's brows faded away. She had had an appalling vision of a tired and disgruntled group of travelers wandering through unknown and deserted streets in the "two small hours," trusting their faith to bandit camps and waking irate boarding-house keepers from peaceful slumbers. By contrast with that picture of a sleepless night she had had a restful one.

"Almost everybody's dressed up." Amelia was studying the crowd pouring out of the dining-salon. "Even the girls are in their evening dresses. I've never seen so many. She's the kind of woman that always does put on a white silk waist. You know, Miss Carew, sometimes they put black bows in their hair, too. Miss Busch, the oldest one, that wrinkles her nose like a rabbit—"

"Amelia!" The chaparron's voice was weighty with disapproval.

"Well, she does, Miss Carew, just exactly like that. You'd have said so yourself if you had seen her eating her hair and looking back in her chair and eating everything with her knife."

"My dear, it's very ill-bred to criticize."

"I'm not criticizing, Miss Carew. I think it's wonderful how she does it—peas and everything. Laura May and I are wild to try. Aren't we, Laura May? So's Tommy. He'd like to give her a little of his own table so he could watch her. He had his dinner there with us the other night—the night Laura May and I were so late. Miss Carew, she's a splendid dancer, and she goes. Well, Miss Busch was late, too, and I had to keep telling Tommy all the time not to rude and stare at her when she's in the kitchen. I had to whisper, 'Look, and of course I looked, and then I just couldn't take my eyes off her. She was sitting way back in her chair, and she had a big lot of lettuce on her knife. I'd all o'ly, you know, so it would make an awful mess if it fell off. She started it toward her mouth, and it wobbled and wobbled and Tommy beat a pair of gloves she could make it. And then she got up and she said, 'The world she was going to do with it if she did get it to her mouth—a great big leaf like that, fat on her knife. Well, now, I'm sure you'd like to see her do it. I'd like to see it of it between her lips and then she just began to nibble and nibble, sort of drawing the leaf in from each side, and she looked perfectly fascinated and looked more like a rabbit than ever; and by-and-by she got that whole leaf of lettuce in her mouth. Then she put down her knife and looked pleased with herself. Tommy said she ought to be. He said that wasn't bad table manners; it was a trick."

"But Tommy and Mrs. Bagby were chuckling, but Miss Carew was making a laudable effort to look seriously displeased. "That sort of thing sounds ill-natured, Amelia."

"I don't know," said Amelia. "I don't know. I didn't mean to talk about her table manners, anyway. I was just going to tell you that she said she'd be going to London with me, and that was all. The thing's a perfect mania with some women."

Amelia assented vigorously. "That's like Mrs. Pendergast in the stocky, old-fashioned looking woman you know, with the real short skirt and the brown Fedora. She travels all the time. I don't know where she goes, but I guess she'd like to meet them. She said tired out. She's on her way to Iceland now, and she's just got a suitcase—not another thing, not even an umbrella. Her name is Pendergast, and she has a little boy, but she doesn't mind about her hat getting wet. She traveled all over Asia with only a suitcase, and she says that's the best way to go. I've got a suitcase, and she says she'll see you. You see, she wears black silk underwear that doesn't have to be washed."

"But she'll talk altogether too much," interrupted the chaparron.

"Oh, she has two suits, Miss Carew, so she can have them changed. She'll give you an extra outfit, and they take up much less room. And then, she has an extra skirt and an extra pair of shoes and another dark pair of shoes. I guess she'd like to meet them. She said tired out. She's on her way to Iceland now, and she's just got a suitcase—not another thing, not even an umbrella. Her name is Pendergast, and she has a little boy, but she doesn't mind about her hat getting wet. She traveled all over Asia with only a suitcase, and she says that's the best way to go. I've got a suitcase, and she says she'll see you. You see, she wears black silk underwear that doesn't have to be washed."

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"But she'll talk

"HAVE half a mind not to stir one step," said Mistress Peggy Fairfax, standing on the marble steps of the Octagon House and posing the toe of her little slipper daintily under-shelter of her gray petticoat. "The wind is east and the air moist; even the river looks gray in the distance. If it were not that Patty is so poorly I would not venture." And again she cast a half-perplexed, half-plaintive gaze across the marsh and meadowland which then formed Pennsylvania Avenue, in the year of our Lord 1814, when the Capital City was in its infancy.

"Peggy! Peggy!" called a somewhat impatient voice from an upper window, "pray hasten, for Aunt is in a quite a flutter, and Patty must needs have the powders." "I am just starting," answered Peggy with a rebellious pout, "and do you, Anne, please see that my lutestring mangle be in good order for our drive this afternoon, as Mrs. Madison desired we should attend her at three o'clock." "Never fear," replied Anne Carter, and Peggy was off.

The Octagon House (the house in which President Madison signed the Treaty of Paris) stood on the corner of what is now New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street; but in the early days of the century all about it was open ground except where the White House stood. The latter's plain, square structure, and grounds gullies of trees, formed the sole break in the stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol itself. About halfway down the avenue, on the corner of Ninth Street, stood a small wooden house where a thrifty chemist dispensed drugs, and it was to this point that Peggy Fairfax was bound on that foggy, moist, August day.

It must be confessed that the willful little maid was not the best of company for her skirt deftly and tripped along the roadway which served as a sidewalk, with here and there a pine board to bridge the mud-streaked places. Togetherness with Anne Carter she had come up to Washington from Sabine Hall, on the Rappahannock, the family seat of the Carters, to spend several months and enjoy the gay life of the Octagon House, where Colonel John Tayloe (her guardian since the death of her father) entertained with almost royal staidness. It was Peggy's first experience of the world outside of Virginia, and her piquant ways and lovely face had already made her a great favorite in the city.

More than two months of their visit had slipped away already, and now the rumors of war, actual grim war, had become reality, and each day some fresh tidings made her less uneasy, and he was serious, considering the propriety of sending the girls home to Virginia lest the city should suddenly be invested by the British forces. Mrs. Madison, gay and courageous as ever, still presided over the White House, but the President's face was full of lines made by growing anxiety, and Colonel Tayloe, who commanded some of the District troops, was in his confidence. Peggy's grown deeper as the plank became more muddy; there were puddles in French from yesterday's shower, and the paths to bridge them were sadly lacking. At the foot of Tenth Street a deep pool had to be crossed, and as Peggy gathered her skirts in her hand and endeavored to spring over it, one little foot landed on the ground beyond while its mate went plump into the mire. Peggy recovered her balance with a gasp of dismay as she realized that the sole of her slipper had given way, and lo! in the midst of the dirty pool floated the provoking, high-heeled shoe quite beyond her reach.

"Miss Peggy, I hope I see you well this morning!" said a voice behind her, with a decided accent which betrayed its owner's nationality. "Pray permit me to rescue your property," and the handsome young Frenchman walked deliberately into the mud and picked up her little gray shoe; then, wiping it with his handkerchief, he presented it to the blushing girl, who stood biting her lip, divided between laughter and vexation. "What an I do to do with it now, Madam?" "Nay, Monsieur de Valdemont, I protest!"—"The Frenchman sank on one knee as if to replace the recalcitrant shoe on the small foot—"you will sprout your clothes beyond repair—oh! what folly; rise, I do entreat you; there is a carriage waiting down the road!"

"Then slip on the shoe," said the offender quietly, and before Peggy could utter another remonstrance it was secure upon her foot, and de Valdemont, bowing low at her side, begged permission to accompany her wherever she might be going.

"It is only just beyond, to the chemist's," returned Peggy, whose blushes had now reached a climax of rose red, to her infinite chagrin. "I—that is—Patty—oh, Monsieur de Valdemont, you have almost ruined your fine silk stockings!"

"They are honored in so fair a cause!" answered Victor de Valdemont, with an ardent glance that gave added point to his words. But here Peggy gave way to laughter, and "My muddy-shoe is a mate for them; truly we shall be an untidy pair as we walk home."

By this time they had reached the chemist's, and, entering, Peggy produced the former for the necessary repairs. When the powders were ready Peggy opened her reticule, at the bottom of which she suddenly found a coin for them, when she suddenly there rose in a flash to a distant roar and rumble, and then, far in an easterly direction, the sound of cannon. Peggy seized her bag and flew to the door.

"Oh, Monsieur de Valdemont! it is—can it be the British?" and Peggy's cheeks paled and her eyes flashed as she gazed eagerly toward the Capitol.

"I have but just seen Mrs. Madison at the White House," said de Valdemont. "The President left her yesterday to join General Winder, and a courier has come from him to say that the British masses, under Admiral Cochrane, have landed and are marching directly upon Washington."

"Then must I fly back at once to the Octagon House; Colonel Tayloe is with the militia out on Bladensburg Road, and we are alone save for the servants."

"I came to seek you," said de Valdemont briefly, as he questioned his pace to keep abreast of her hurrying figure. "Mrs. Madison gave me to carry word to Madame Tayloe, and from her I found where you had gone, and followed you."

"Followed me, indeed?" replied Peggy, with a toss of her dainty head; "and who, may I ask, gave you leave to do so?"



# Charming Peggy

By Jeanie Gould Lincoln

Author of "An Unwilling Maid," "A Pretty Tory," etc.  
 Drawings by Harry B. Lachman and Clyde O. DeLand

An indignant flush mounted to de Valdemont's cheek. "No one," he said haughtily, "save the right that every gentleman has to assist a lady. Even you can scarce deny me that."

Peggy stole a glance at him. How handsome he was—and after last night surely he merited more courtesy at her hands. Her heart smote her, and as they gained Fifteenth Street she stopped short and said to Victor: "I did not mean—why should you take me up so swiftly? Oh! in quite a different tone, clasping her hands in alarm, 'what is that—a courier—a courier!'"

Almost at Peggy's side was a mounted soldier, whom de Valdemont essayed to stop as he passed them. "For Mrs. Madison—a dispatch from the President," shouted the man, giving spur to his horse, and they saw him gallop up the approach and dismount at the White House door.

"Let us go there first," cried Peggy. "Madame Tayloe and I were to take luncheon with her today; perhaps we may have something of later news. Oh, I am afraid that the British are upon us."

"At least you will have one sword in your defense," cried de Valdemont. "Now carry, give me but the right to fight for you?" "Reserve your sword for Mrs. Madison, Monsieur; what an in this moment of peril?" and Peggy darted up the steps of the White House, in the door of which stood French John Stoussas, the French porter, just receiving the dispatch from the courier.

"Enter, Madam," he said; "Madame, the President's wife is at luncheon."

As Peggy and de Valdemont entered the corridor a small, dainty figure with pretty mobile features hurried from the dining-room to meet them. It was Mrs. Madison, who in great agitation seized and tore open the strap of her work bag, and hastily scanned her contents in an instant; her face grew pale, her lips trembled, and then she drew herself up bravely, ready to meet any emergency which the spirit and daring for which she was justly famous.

"Ah, Peggy, and Monsieur de Valdemont, welcome, though you are come to a distracted hour." Stay the courier, John, until I can send you to the British." "I bid my guests adieu," and following her, obedient to a sign she made, they proceeded to the dining-room, where at the table were seated two ladies and several gentlemen, who rose on their entrance.

"Is a courier from Mr. Madison," she explained; "he bids me be ready at a moment's warning to take my carriage and fly from the city. The British are almost upon us. I shall not leave until I see my husband; but by you, my friends, must make ready as fast as possible."

Mr. de Peyster and Madame Tayloe both protested that they could not leave her; but Mrs. Madison insisted, saying that their families must be made ready for flight.

"I will keep Peggy here for a while," she said, with her charming smile; "and you, Monsieur de Valdemont, shall assist French John with the packing of some State papers. I will await Mr. Madison here, but should danger arise I will send Peggy to you, Madame Tayloe, under safe escort."

"State papers!" cried Mr. King, who then occupied an important post in the state Department, "the Declaration—Madame, you cannot depart without it. I will fetch it at once from the Department; that, of all else, must not fall into the hands of the British."

"Peggy," said Madame Tayloe, "have you the prescription for Patty? Give it me, as I must go instantly back to find if there be a message for me from Colonel Tayloe. Stop here with Mrs. Madison as long as she has need of you, and, accompanied by Mr. King, Mrs. Tayloe hurried out of the door, as Peggy proceeded to bestow a pile of papers which Mrs. Madison took from her desk into a small portmanteau. De Valdemont and French John were busily engaged in fetching other papers from the library, and while this occupied another courier arrived for Mrs. Madison.

"Peggy, *mon cœur*"—the low voice was close at her ear—"we cannot tell what this day may bring forth. You will, perhaps, fly with Mrs. Madison, but I must remain; no de Valdemont ever abandoned his post before the enemy. Give me some token of your regard—some tiny thing to place in my breast which, if I live, I will bring to you in some more fortunate day, or, if I die, will be found on the heart that beats for you alone."

Every vestige of color left Peggy's face. What was this anguish which seemed as if it would rend her asunder? The room whirled before her eyes, but quickly she drew from her reticule the scrap of muslin and lace which served her as handkerchief, and de Valdemont seized it. There was time for but one rapturous "*mon cœur*," one fond kiss of the little hand, and Mrs. Madison's voice was heard demanding their assistance to detach the portrait of General Washington from the wall; she would not leave the White House without it, although it had to be cut from the frame.

After that, all was haste and excitement. One wagon was packed and started, and Mrs. Madison's carriage stood ready at the door when the President entered with Mr. de Peyster and Mr. Barker, and throwing herself for a moment into the arms of the wife implored him to fly with her. Just as they were entering the carriage Mr. King hurried up to Mr. Madison, who had just signed the Declaration of Independence in his hand and delivered it to Mrs. Madison. Up from Pennsylvania Avenue came the roar of the fleeing multitude. The street was full of men, women and children flying for their lives, in a panic that increased every moment, as, coming over Capitol Hill, the advance pickets of the British were discerned in the distance. Tearing a scrap of paper from his notebook the President wrote a few lines on it.

"This must go to the Secretary of the Navy," he said; "to whom shall I intrust it?"

"To me," cried de Valdemont, pressing forward. A fresh horse stood saddled at the door, and in another second Peggy saw her lover ride swiftly down Fifteenth Street, turning in his saddle to wave her adieu.

"You come with us," said Mrs. Madison. "We will drop you at the Octagon House as the advance pickets of the British were discerned in the distance. Tearing a scrap of paper from his notebook the President wrote a few lines on it."

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# Character and Science

By Clara Louise Burnham, Author of "Jewel," "Young Maids and Old," etc.

"I SHOULD'N'T wonder," said Miss Sophie, "if John Dunbar would school his son." She looked over her shoulder rather timidly at her sister Maria, who with very much such a tilting motion of the head as her canary was giving at the present moment, while she sat on the floor cleaning his cage. The canary was really afraid of Miss Sophie stared at her."

"Miss Sophie had her hands of her proof of her kindness. Miss Sophie wasn't really afraid of Alice Maria; she knew that her sister would do anything for her good. But both the canary and Miss Sophie were easily started by brusqueness.

"Humph!" said Maria, who was busy with the family mendings. "Don't put ideas into Alice's head!"

"Wouldn't it please you, Sister?" asked Sophie gently. "If it wouldn't, I shouldn't have been likely to let Alice philander with him for the last year."

"True, Maria."

"A little Sophie spoke again. 'John is a good young man, and his being a lawyer is pleasant; don't you think so?'"

"Well, I'd rather he'd be the lawyer than the butcher."

"I should think he would love Alice," mused Sophie aloud. "She's been such a true, loyal friend to him. If this town had 'a been the lively manufacturing place, it now when we were girls, Maria, we'd a had a pair of our own now, mebbe?"

"Sophronia Wilcox! How you talk!"

Miss Sophie jumped, and in consequence so did the canary. "I don't know as you're wickid calculation," she said defensively. "At any rate, I'm glad Alice has seen men enough around to take John because her John and not just cause he's somebody to marry. I hope—wistfully—I do hope, Maria, you won't set yourself against her wearin' wharf."

Miss Maria's shoulders suddenly heaved with an inarticulate sound that was almost a laugh. "If you ain't the most romantic creature! I see you'd like to spend money for a white silk dress trimmed up in white lace for Alice to wear one and never again in her mortal life!"

"Yes, I would, Maria," Sophie's eyes glistened.

"That one hour just talk to me, Alice, you're a-cloing and all pure and spotless white—I don't know; it may be some silly, but it'd seem to me so much to me. I could go along with you, Alice, you're a troublesome, and I could see where I had the fitness in my own life get rough and the softness hard and the whiteness spotted. I'd like to be some-silly," she added, "but it seems just as if could."

Maria lifted her eyes from the stocking she was darning and regarded Sophie for a space. "You're doin' such queer notions comin' into my head as you do," she returned. "I should take tansy; boil it down good."

"Don't say she ain't wear white, Maria!" Sophie exclaimed appealingly.

"For pity's sake, wait till John asks her!" responded Maria. "I'm out of all patience with you, Sophie Wilcox! S'posin' anybody heard you! Haven't you seen that summer boarder over to Potters' settin' her cap at John? He's an ambitious fellow, but he's a little more than if she was his sister. It'd be just like human nature for him just to turn around and take that girl and forget all about Alice in a week."

The canary sprang to the roof of his cage and tried to run the hair between its wires, seeking escape, for his mistress had let go the door, and it closed with a rind.

"Maria!" said Miss Sophie, in sore grief.

"Yes, indeed. Come now! Hang up your bird 'fore he kills himself, and come and take hold here. There's enough notions in this life to keep reasonable folks busy without settin' on the floor lookin' at visions."

Miss Sophronia moved toward the door, and long time the two sisters sat, their gray heads bent to their work, and the thoughts within the two heads more similar than Miss Wilcox, the elder, would have owned.

Fifteen minutes passed before Miss Sophie, looking out at the window, broke the silence. "There comes Alice now," she said with some agitation, "and John ain't with her. I know they went out in his boat, 'cause she told me so. I should think he'd wanted to get her home even if it's daylight."

"He would have come," returned Maria with grim significance.

Alice's face, when a little later she entered the room, confirmed her aunt's vague discomfiture. Miss Maria glanced up at her and drew down her eyes. Sophie's loving eyes clung to the young face in mute questioning.

The girl said some words of greeting and passed on upstairs. Miss Sophie dropped the darning cotton, then the scissors, and moved uneasily. When she had upset the footstool her sister's patience gave way.

"For the land's sake, Sophronia Wilcox, if you want to follow Alice—go!"

"I don't you—don't you think, Maria, it'd be just as well if I were a fox?"

"Ain't keepin' you," responded Maria; and Sophie, understanding by this that her errand was approved, rose with alacrity and sought the bed-chamber door.

She found the girl sitting at the window, her hands crossed and her thoughts absorbed in a day-dream.

As her aunt entered Alice turned round at her and spoke with the most unexpected bluntness. "Did you ever think of my marrying John Dunbar?"

"Why—no," Miss Sophie replied, "but I spectacles with a guilty air. "Why, yes; I've thought of it, Alice."

"I never did," remarked the girl briefly. Her manner was the direct and uncompromising one of her Aunt Maria, while her face was gentle as Sophie's own. "The school-teacher he taught her named the strength of will under the mild exterior. 'I think I understand it,' she went on after a moment, during which her aunt stood clasping and unclasping her hands expectantly. 'John and I have been comrades so long and so entirely in an intellectual way that I have the habit of putting my mind against his, and my heart never entered it at all.'"

"That's a real good foundation for—for love, I should think," suggested Miss Sophie timidly.

"No," Alice shook her head decidedly. "It's just an entirely different feeling. One couldn't turn into the other any more than chalk could turn into cream."

"Has he asked you?" Miss Sophie's voice trembled.

"Yes."

"And you've told him all this—about our chalk and cheese?" Miss Sophie's voice rose.

"Hush, Auntie! Of course I had to tell him the truth."

"Oh, poor boy!"

Alice suddenly pressed her hand to her eyes, and something rose in her throat. Then she looked again at her aunt. "He is going away to Boston," she said.

"We're agoin' to lose John!" groaned Miss Sophie, tears in her voice. "What a chance you've put out of your life, child!" she continued after a pause. "Look at dear Aunt Maria and me: do you want to grow old like Maria and me, Alice?"

"Yes—a hundred times yes, Aunt Sophie, under these circumstances."

Miss Sophie, silenced, blinked her eyes meekly and wiped away two patient tears. "I wonder who'll home his stockin's to mend," she said.

She left Alice to her own thoughts and went disconsolately and the mending.

The innocent glamour that had lent her life a faint rose-color had departed. A resentment of its grayness and monotony was in her. She entered the room. The patch in the margin carpet had not mowed so plainly.

"Well, it's all over," she said in a dry, reckless voice that made Maria look up in surprise and lay down her sewing.

"Is the girl at Potters', then?" she ejaculated.

"No, 'tain't any girl. 'Tain't anything only that Alice has returned him, and after a while there'll be three old mads here instead of two. That's all."

Miss Sophie sat down in her old chair and went to work again in a manner so determined and silent that Maria actually gazed wistfully at her. They had changed places, and it was her turn to appeal.

"I wish you'd talk to her, Sister."

"Some. Might as well not. She's very much like you, Alice; just so set."

"I've asked her to work in a creveltan sillence, and it was some time before her lips regained their customary noncommittal line."

Miss Sophie came in from an errand one afternoon a month later and found her sister knitting.

"Where is Alice?" she asked at once.

"Gone on the river."

"I wish she hadn't come back?" asked Sophie, pausing excitedly in the untying of her bonnet-strings.

"True, he hasn't," returned, Miss Maria shortly.

"Oh, Well, I'm glad she went, anyway. She'll get cheered up, maybe. Maria, I don't believe John writes her a word."

Miss Sophie spoke wistfully, and sat down so far under the canary's cage that he had to stand on tiptoe and strain his neck to try for a glimpse of her.

Maria glanced up contemptuously. "Of course he don't. Why should he? John Dunbar is a man who knows his own mind. I wouldn't think to take Alice or leave her. Well, he's left her, Miss Maria snifled.

A slow tear came in Sophie's eye. "Yes, it's all over; but I wonder if you, Maria, that Alice don't get any the happier for it?"

"Oh, well," rejoined Maria, "this world is full of dog-in-the-mud."

"That don't sound at all kind, Maria, and I'm sure Alice does her best not to act changed; and she works real hard for it. She's begun studyin' German now, and I can't help thinkin', Sophie's voice dropped, "that she just needs to have any leisure."

"You can't help thinkin' a variety of things you'd be better off without," she remarked, her end of the sisterly teeter rising to a dominating height, as it always did when Sophie humbled herself.

"Who asked Alice to send John off, I'd like to know? She ain't goin' to be no lonehome after a man she's never loved."

They both started, for here the street-door opened with a crackling sound.

"Good-by, Sam," they heard Alice's voice say. "Thank you, and here is a beautiful afternoon."

She came in, and as her lips trembled as she looked from one to the other of her sisters before she spoke, the two girls were left in her hands. She shook with sobs.

Sophie flew to her side. Maria's cheeks flushed. It was an unprecedented position for all three.

"I'm glad to see you, Alice," ejaculated Miss Maria sonorously. "Some one might come in. Think of the speech of people! Remember you're a Wilcox!"

"I'm glad to see you, Alice," ejaculated Miss Sophie in a voice soft as that of a mourning dove, while she drew the girl's hand to her shoulder.

"I understand it," said Maria, "but I'm headless trembling, and if John Dunbar could change as quick as that with her only-faced short skirts and her grimacing, gigglin' with her black eyes and her hair."

By the time the first snow flew the girl had begun to cough. Her aunts again exchanged a look, but though they thought of Anne they did not mention her. Miss Maria brought a bottle of cod-liver oil and made Alice wear flannel next to her skin.

One evening after Sam Gilchrist had been calling Miss Sophie spoke low to her sister. "Did you notice," she asked, "that when I had that cough, that the house-bell 's so kind to John? I felt so bashful I couldn't look at Alice. Did you look at her, Sister?"

"There was a romantic in 'em," said Maria shortly. "I sh'd think you'd know that Alice ain't one of these whiffin', namby-pamby critters that refuses a man and then comes after him! You'd ought to have more dignity yourself!"

Apparently the younger sister was uncured. She looked wistfully at her elder. "Just think, Sophronia, could set down and write that poor hungry boy that I believed Alice was a hankerin' after him!"

Maria knit as fast as true as that about soundin' him. Suddenly the severe speaker surprised her sister by going to her and giving her an unexpectedly friendly pat on the shoulder. "I feel sorry for you, Sophie, and for John and for Alice and for me; but it's come to us, and we haven't any call to do a thing."

Alice made a brave fight all that winter, and with Maria's help succeeded in allaying Miss Sophie's fears when she saw the girl took a heavy cold, and was obliged to employ a substitute. "Just for a few days," she told Aunt Sophie, "but when she looked into her Aunt Maria's eyes she perceived there her own knowledge that the familiar schoolroom would know her no more."

Sam Gilchrist at this time combined business with friendship and took a trip to Boston. Upon his return he called promptly at the Wilcox cottage. Alice was always at home now, sitting in a sunny window with pale, bright face and her hair once or both of her aunts always with her.

The day that Sam called Miss Sophie happened to answer his knock. His anxious face cleared as he recognized her, for he was mortally afraid of Miss Maria, and he had been wondering how he could manage to see Miss Sophie alone.

"Why you've been gone a long time, Sam!" she said cordially. "We're glad to see you back."

"Yes, Miss Sophie," he returned with agitation. "I wonder if you ever thought of going to sea with me?"

Miss Sophie blinked behind her spectacles. It was so long since a young man had asked her to go to sea with him, that she was almost silly. "Sam, would you do anything for me and see Alice?"

"I want to see you alone, Miss Sophie. I thought perhaps it would be all right if I came to see you."

"Oh, yes, indeed," Miss Sophie was absorbed at once. "The parlor's cold, but you can keep on your coat."

Half an hour later, however, the front door slammed and Sophie came back to the sitting-room. Both Maria and Alice noted the high color in her cheeks and the excitement in her eyes. Her voice was unsteady, and she was speaking her low chair close to where Alice sat.

"Sam Gilchrist has been here," she said.

"Never mind that, Sam. Would you do anything for me and see Alice?"

"Alice can hear about it later," she's tired now."

"Let me hear now, please," said the girl, without stirring, though her color had the front door slammed and Sophie came back to the sitting-room.

Miss Sophie was too full of her subject to be diverted. "I do think Alice ought to hear," she said. "John has told Sam all about how you've studied with him. It's just notion 'else has made him so down sick."

The girl met her aunt's eyes with her periously-clear gaze. "I'm glad to see you, Alice. I'm glad to see you. I am expiating my fault with my life. Can I do more?"

Miss Sophie stared at her, petrified. A veil seemed to drop from her eyes, and she looked at her with trembling hands. "Oh, Alice, Alice!" she groaned with a deep sob. "Maria," she turned to her sister, "you don't think I'm any more than a little bit afflicted, do you? She could not speak further, but sobbed helplessly into her apron, while Maria patted her with one hand and put the other on Alice's knee.

# Two Little Tales of Two Proposals

With Drawings by A. D. Blasfield

## How He Finally Spoke

By Lulu Judson Moody

## When a Tree Had Ears

By Eleanor Metheringham

OLD BILLY ambled along the hot turnpike, bending beneath the burden of the basket in his arm. From under the smoky cloth with which it was covered there arose detectable odors in which roast turkey, home-cured ham and apples were commingled. Old Billy had prepared the basket himself. He had protested against the turkey, but when Mr. Joe said in tones of mild reproach, "Miss Jinny likes turkey, William," he had no more to say, for the pleasure and comfort of Miss Jinny were sacred alike to Old Billy and his master. Later, when the bird was roasting in the oven, Mr. Joe added a note of warning; "Remember, William, Miss Jinny likes her turkey well done." And Old Billy had remembered conscientiously.

Now, however, he grumbled a little to himself, for the sun was hot and the basket heavy. "De sping of de year ain't no time fur turkey, nohow," he told himself as he had told Mr. Joe that morning. "But Miss Jinny likes it," he added.

The old man's stocky figure, mild countenance and timid manner made up a curious replica of his master—in black. For fifteen years the two had lived together in mutual devotion, Old Billy serving Mr. Joe unceasingly and the latter leaning upon and taking comfort from the old negro's steady faithfulness. For fifteen years they had longed for Miss Jinny, mild-mannered and gentle-voiced as Mr. Joe himself, to be mistress of the old farmhouse. Old Billy knew, as did all the country round, and, indeed, Miss Jinny herself, that she would say yes if Mr. Joe would but speak the word. But for fifteen years he had hesitated lest the sweet serenity of their beautiful friendship be marred by her refusal. His was a modest soul.

Old Billy breathed laboriously as he plodded along in the sunshine, unconsciously slowing his pace as he approached a tree which threw a grateful shade across the road. An old log lay invitingly beneath. He glanced up at the sun. It was only noon-high and he was not due to meet the picnickers at the Big Spring until one o'clock. He hesitated—and was lost. Putting down the basket with a sigh of relief he seated himself on the log and leaned his tired old back against the tree. The shade was very pleasant, myriads of insects sang their songs in the air, and Old Billy had risen early that morning. Soon he fell asleep.

A woman from the mountains came walking down the road, her narrow skirts flapping about her lank limbs. She dragged her feet—clad in a worn pair of man's shoes—through the red mud. Her head was bowed and her eyes were cast down. An old brown calico dress covered her shapeless figure, and from the depths of her sunbonnet a pair of faded eyes in a lean and yellow face peered dully forth. Hard work, poor food and the isolation of the mountains had made her a creature of another human. She was on her way to town for "side" meat and cornmeal with which to feed her half-dozen children, clamoring for food six miles back in the mountains in the two-room cabin they called home. On her arm she carried a basket, over one end of which a cloth was lightly spread.

She came steadily along until she reached the shade which sheltered the sleeping negro. Putting down the basket she removed her bonnet and fanned herself. The old man slept undisturbed. She knew him—he was Mr. Joe's Old Billy. Everybody for miles around knew Mr. Joe, who owned the big peach orchard and the fine watermelon patch, and who sent away hundreds of crates of strawberries in season. One year she had been among the women to help pick the berries. Yes, she knew Mr. Joe's "nigger," and she regarded him with a natural contempt similar to that she would have inspired in Old Billy had he opened his eyes and recognized her, as he would surely have done, as "one of them no-count mosebacks from behind the mountain."

She began to regard the old man's basket with interest. Once the soft, warm breeze brought her a subtle hint of its contents and she sniffed the air hungrily. She gazed, fascinated, at the cloth so marvelously white. The basket was like her own, of the common kind, bought from the same little grocery-store in the town near by. Softly she drew a step nearer.

Old Billy was far away in a small shanty where he ate sweet potatoes and possum at his old Mammy's table. Suddenly the woman stopped and lifted the cloth. A sparkle shone in her pale eyes as she saw the turkey, brown and luscious; the succulent ham, rosy and fragrant; the tart, flaky and crisp; the snowy bread; the golden butter, the little pots of shimmering jelly. Her hand trembled as she replaced the cloth and moved a step back.

And still Old Billy, unconsciously recreant to his trust, slept on undisturbed by the steady gaze of the mountain woman. His basket stood to her for delicacies unattained and almost undreamed. In the poverty of her cabin home it would make a banquet far beyond imagination's wildest flights. It would feast for a week the hungry family meagerly fed on fat salt meat and "pone." Her eyes narrowed with a look of cunning. Carefully, with soft, slow movements she lifted Old Billy's basket and replaced it with her own, over which she lightly spread the white cloth. Then, taking his basket on her arm, she disappeared rapidly down the road.

On the greensward in the shade of the tree near the Big Spring Mr. Joe helped Miss Jinny to spread the smoky cloth. The children were shouting and they waded and splashed in the cool waters of the Branch, while their elders talked cheerily among themselves, unpacking baskets, carrying water and making other preparations for the dinner. A gay monochord lit on a tree near by and a looking straight at a Mr. Joe and Miss Jinny, caroled a sweet love-song. Mr. Joe's hand accidentally touched hers as they spread the cloth, and her cheek turned a sudden youthful pink. Oh, he thought, if he only dared speak! Oh, if he but dared! echoed Miss Jinny's loving heart.

"I have a surprise for you," he whispered tenderly. Then he straightened himself and looked about. Old Billy was toying with my basket. He is happy, they waded and splashed in the cool waters of the Branch, while their elders talked cheerily among themselves, unpacking baskets, carrying water and making other preparations for the dinner. A gay monochord lit on a tree near by and a looking straight at a Mr. Joe and Miss Jinny, caroled a sweet love-song. Mr. Joe's hand accidentally touched hers as they spread the cloth, and her cheek turned a sudden youthful pink. Oh, he thought, if he only dared speak! Oh, if he but dared! echoed Miss Jinny's loving heart.

"Here he comes now," some one called, and the old man was seen hurrying through the trees, while with an appeal for pardon his eyes sought Mr. Joe's.

"You are late," she said later with a show of great severity. "But never mind: give me the basket."

He took it with a look of conscious pride and set it down. "There is something fine in here," he said, his kind eyes as he looked dared with a delightful air of mystery. The others drew nearer, among them Miss Jinny, tremulous with

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 43

DARLING HAL: Such a day! . . . As soon as ever you've read this you're to throw it in the fire and hold it down with a poker till it's burned to ashes. You hear surely?

And here's straight for the news, for I am just bursting with it. At three o'clock this afternoon, as soon as Aunt Dolly had gone to get her forty-hundred winks, I took up a novel and set out for a walk. There were clouds, but they seemed too much loathe for rain, so I didn't take even my sunshade. The afternoon was delightful. But all of a sudden the sky grayed and almost blackened. The proper thing would have been to scamper back under the trees and home through the churchyard, but I didn't want to meet back all coming out of Sunday-school. So I began running, and soon after the first big drops had begun to plash down I was safe under that great big oak where we got the blackberries. You remember there's a kind of a little bank with the black-berry bushes on it, and the oak stands more out toward the road. I found quite a nice little archway, a sort of green cave in the two biggest bushes, where I could wait as dry as a bone till the storm was over.

The rain began to be awful. I could see two people hurrying along under an umbrella and evidently making for my tree. And who do you think they were, Hal darling? No other than the curate and Amy Winchster! Amy, Hal—think of it!

It was the curate's umbrella. That's the only reason why I'm sorry I didn't fall in love with a curate: curates are always ready for rain. As soon as they were safe under the tree the curate shut and opened his umbrella about a dozen times to shake the rain off, and then stuck it back upright in the ground. As for Amy, she took up her skirts a coquetish couple of inches and shook them quite prettily.

The curate said: "I'm so afraid you've got wet." Amy said: "Not a bit. I'm afraid you have, though. You would hold the umbrella all over me without thinking of yourself."

"Oh, no. I'm quite all right, thank you," said the curate. And he went on wiping his black left shoulder with his white handkerchief.

They didn't say anything else for a minute or two. That was my chance. But I missed it. Somehow, I never think of the right thing till the wrong time. Of course I ought to have come out of my green cave noisily. But I didn't. For one thing, I had no idea of the dreadful things that were going to happen. At the very worst I thought there would be a cosy debate about woman suffrage.

The sky grew blacker and the rain came down in floods. My cave was fairly weather-proof—so much so that I began to wonder whether it mustn't be a bit carwyggy and creep-crawly as well. But although the oak tree carries tons of limbs and leaves, it didn't move and I didn't leave it. I waited till the curate was up his umbrella. Then he went back to Amy and held it over her. They were standing close against the oak trunk.

"The curate said: 'I'm so afraid you've got wet.' Amy said: 'Not a bit. I'm afraid you have, though. You would hold the umbrella all over me without thinking of yourself.'"

"Oh, no. I'm quite all right, thank you," said Amy. The curate said: "Perhaps if we stood a little closer together . . . You don't mind?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said the curate, and took his arm away. Which I thought was very wrong of him. Hal darling, that I could see the curate was in earnest, and not just flirting with Amy. It was wicked of him to put his arm around Amy's waist on a Sunday afternoon, but it was wrong to take it away again. It was awfully awkward.

Quite thirty seconds passed, and then Amy suddenly affected to realize the situation for the first time. "You mustn't do that," she said. "No, really." The curate said: "Do you object?" "Yes, decidedly," said Amy. Which I thought was very right of her. "I'm awfully sorry," said the curate, and took his arm away. Which I thought was very wrong of him.

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She thought for quite a long time. Then she faced around to the curate and said as if she thoroughly meant it: "Mr. Brownmayne. . . I'm surprised and somewhat disappointed."

The curate looked most dreadfully sheepish. Amy went on: "It confirms what I have always heard, but I have always been loth to rely on the traditions of your sacred office—under the conditions that you blame me for wishing to see altered—a woman cannot make a companion, even an intellectual companion, of a man without sooner or later coming to . . . to this. In your own case, Mr. Brownmayne, I thought you would not make a very good husband." The curate looked most sheepish than ever.

"Besides," continued Amy, "with you, Mr. Brownmayne, I felt doubly secure. Even if I was mistaken in my estimate of you as a man, I felt, at least, that I could rely on the traditions of your sacred office."

The curate dropped his umbrella and flushed warmly. You know, Hal darling, although I may have made fun of the curate for being a bit mulish as a man I must own that he always plays the game as a clergyman. Facing her squarely he demanded: "Miss Winchester, tell me what I have done that is unworthy."

His face was crimson, Amy's was white. By-and-by she answered: "You have assumed that he had no respect, and no claims to your respect either! You have . . . tried to make love to me."

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 43

# The Little Sister Who Came From College

## A Story of an American Home

By Marian Kent Hurd and Jean Bingham Wilson

III

ABOUT nine o'clock that evening, after the last dish was washed, after David's throat wash was prepared and Gassy's head anointed, a letter was written. Barbara went out to the mailbox, posted it and came back through the hall. The house was dark and still, and the girl sank down on the porch and wearily hid her head against the railing. The homely words of the Vegetable Man came back to her with new meaning. "Yes, it's true," she said. "I am 'without.' She put both hands before her eyes and broke into disappointed tears.

The summer passed swiftly, and Barbara learned much from experience. Once convinced of its necessity, she had thrown herself vigorously into the study of housekeeping and had developed rapidly. There had been a few maids, most of them incompetent, and a brief period that they were with her Barbara took part in some of the gaieties that began to thicken upon the approach of the autumn. Her great essay, "The Infinity of the Egg," lay untouched in her desk, and she felt no inclination to write anything heavier than the letters that merrily told her mother of the life at home.

It was the first day of school, in September, that Jack came downstairs with the inquiry: "Barb'ry, have you seen anything of my Greek since the twenty-sixth of last June?"

"I suppose you Greek in about the schoolbooks left on the rubber-look in the closet," said Barbara. "Hurry, David, it's after eight."

"David's voice came from the pillows of the lounge: 'I'm not going to school today. I've got a headache, and my shoulders are tired.'"

"First symptoms of the nine-o'clock disease," commented Jack.

"It is not I wish I didn't have to go to school," said David, in a petulant voice that was most unusual with him. "I hate it. Lessons are so mumm'g ressing."

"Wait until you get into fractions," said Gassy. "Rithmetic is just planned to keep you guessing. I wish I'd stayed with my mind a blank, like the Everett baby."

"Don't worry about the Everett baby," said Barbara. "You are not so far from that condition that you can't find your way back."

There was a crackle of stiff, white apron, and "Whiting's Language Lessons" went sailing through the air, its pages falling as it struck Jack's head.

"Now see what you've done, Barbara!" said Jack. "Two months before this exhibition of temper would have been made the subject of a moral lecture by Barbara. Now she only looks at me and smiles."

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failed to teach—the hardest lesson that Time brings to Youth—to look to wait.

The two physicians arrived almost simultaneously. Then Barbara and Jack were sent downstairs, on errands that both felt were manufactured to get them out of the room. When they came back the bedroom door was shut. After that seemed to be hours the door opened and Doctor Curtis came out.

"Probably brain fever," said the doctor. "We hope that it won't be very serious. Jack, you come along to the drug-store with me. Barbara, you might go in and see your father now."

But the girl had not waited. Doctor Gratton stood looking down at the little figure outlined by the bedclothes. He turned as Barbara came in, and the girl resented no encouragement from his face. When he spoke, however, it was reassuringly. "We can't tell just how sick he is, but we won't think about danger yet. He has complained about not feeling well lately."

"Not until this morning. David never does really complain. He wanted to stay away from school, though."

"He ought never to have gone," said her father. "Barbara winced as though she had been struck. "That was my fault, Father. I told him that I thought he had better go."

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But the girl had not waited. Doctor Gratton stood looking down at the little figure outlined by the bedclothes. He turned as Barbara came in, and the girl resented no encouragement from his face. When he spoke, however, it was reassuringly. "We can't tell just how sick he is, but we won't think about danger yet. He has complained about not feeling well lately."

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It was the middle of October before the crisis came. Barbara stood looking out of the window through a blur of rain, but her eyes saw nothing but the walled little form and her ears heard only the heavy breathing, broken now and then by a snuff. Miss Graves had gone to get a few hours' sleep, and Doctor Gratton was consulting in the next room with her doctor. Their words were not distinct, but the girl caught the discouraged note in her father's voice. "They are afraid," she said to herself.

She turned from the desolate window to the bed. David tossed restlessly and called aloud for Barbara. "I'm here, dear," said the girl, taking the small, hot hand in hers; but the boy flung it away with a strange strength. "I want Barbara," he cried.

At the sound Doctor Gratton hurried back into the room, followed by Doctor Curtis. The nurse was summoned and then began a fight with Death that Barbara never forgot. Pushed aside, the girl watched a man whom she saw for the first time in her life. The father he had always known had vanished; in his place was the skilled physician who seemed to have thought for the patient rather than for the son. The two doctors worked like one machine—fighting the fever back step by step, pitting against it strength and science and will, and when it finally succumbed, and David was snatched from the burning, a poor, little, wasted wretch of being, Barbara understood the worship that Doctor Gratton's patients gave him.

"We've won," he said. "The fever's left the boy. Now, if we can't keep him alive tonight—"

Susan herself brought up the tray of supper to Barbara, but the rolls and the creamed chicken were left untouched. She could not even find words to reply to the unwelcome sympathy in Susan's good-night; but both girls understood Susan's reassuring pat on the shoulder and Barbara's tight grasp of the hand.

"Go to bed, children," said Doctor Gratton as he came out of the sick-room to where Barbara and Jack stood together in the hall. "There'll be no change for several hours, but we may need you both later."

"You'll fall us," said Jack. "If it—"

"Yes," said Barbara, "I will."

The Gratton children stood in a row, watching their father and Barbara establish David in the big Morris-chair on the occasion of his first trip downstairs.

"Well, I say," said Jack, "you look just exactly like a collapsed balloon."

"It reminds me of the picture of the famine sufferer in India," said Barbara quietly, as she bent down to kiss the pale lips of the little fellow who murmured, "I'm all right."

"David looks to me like the sweetest small boy ever made," said Barbara quietly, as she bent down to kiss the pale lips of the little fellow who murmured, "I'm all right."

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# Harrison Fisher's American Girls Abroad



## The American Girl in Ireland

By Harrison Fisher



This is the third of a series of drawings which Mr. Fisher is doing for THE JOURNAL, illustrating The American Girl Abroad. The next one will appear in an early number.

# Cole and Johnson's New Love Song



## "I Love But You"

Words and Music  
By J. Rosamond Johnson



*Con sentimento*

Can you not look in - to mine

*Andante grandioso*

*mp* *accell.* *sfz* *rall.* *mp* *colla voce*

ten.

eyes, dear, And read with-in their depths a long - ing To tell you, dear-est, just how much I love you, And to

*espressivo* *piu mosso* *ten.*

say that my heart is thine?— Can you not feel, when you are near me, The fire that in my soul is

*espress.* *mf piu mosso* *sfz* *ten.*

*abbandone* *pp con amore*

burn - ing? Do you not know, sweetheart, the one de - sire of my life is to call you fir - er - er mine? Yes, I

*f* *con calore* *ten.* *pp dolce*

love you! Oh, I love you! Bead, love, mine eyes; feel, love, the warmth of my true heart, And

*molto cresc.* *ff appassionato* *sfz*

*espress.* *molto rall.* *e espressivo*

know that I love you! I love..... but you!.....

*molto rall.* *e espressivo* *rit.* *molto cresc.* *e accell.* *sfz*

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## Soda Cracker Logic

Any baker can make an ordinary soda cracker—but to produce Uneeda Biscuit requires the specially fitted bakeries of the

NATIONAL  
BISCUIT  
COMPANY

All soda crackers are food. But there is only one soda cracker highest in food value as well as best in freshness. Of course, that soda cracker is

## Uneeda Biscuit

### 5¢

Sold only in  
Moisture-Proof  
Packages

# A Camp Full of Babies

## How a Mother of Four Had a Jolly Summer at the Smallest Conceivable Cost

By Margaret Keeche:



The Boathouse: Where They Lived

ONCE upon a time, not very long ago, there was a mother named Mrs. Baker, and there were four little Bakers. Henry was five and a half, Marjorie was four and a quarter, Dorey was two and a half; and Molly was five months old. There was also a Father Baker, but he was such a very busy father and had to go so far away from Mother Baker and all the little Bakers in the summertime that he could pay them only two or three little bits of visits; so Mother Baker had to make all her summer plans without him. In the wintertime he was always with them in their lovely home not far from a big city, which was very nice in cold weather, but very hot and uncomfortable in warm weather.

It seemed only by chance that they found out how to have all the fun in going to tell you about that they had one summer. A school friend of Mother Baker's (she had been young enough once to go to school) asked her to spend a week with her in a little place at the seashore and to bring one of the children. Of course, Mother Baker went, and Dorothy Baker went, too, for the change was sure to do her good, and, besides, there was a little girl about Dorothy's age for her to play with.

When Mother Baker and Dorothy got out of the train at the seashore station to pay their visit, after a long day's ride, they were very hot and tired and dusty. They found a carriage to meet them, and they drove six miles to the friend's house. It seemed to Mother Baker that she had never smelt such sweet wild roses, nor such a strong odor from the bayberry bushes and sweet-honeyed alder, nor heard so many lovely birds. By-and-by they smelt the salt air, too, and it was such red country that the carriage wheel would go "up" over a big rock one minute and "way down the next. But all Mother Baker could think of was that she wished all the other little Bakers were with her, too, and she was bound she would manage it somehow the next summer.

THEY had a delightful visit, and before she came away Mother Baker looked around to see what she could find for her own little family to live in. There were five lovely houses in the place, but Mother Baker didn't want a lovely house, for that would be just like winter and spoil all the fun. Besides, these were all occupied, and the more Mother Baker thought about it the surer she was that she couldn't wait till the next summer to bring all her little children to that delightful place; so home she went, and was back again with all of them in a few days to spend the rest of the summer in—what do you think?—a boathouse! Yes, it was a real boathouse that belonged to one of the big houses in the neighborhood; but then, it was a very comfortable boathouse. It had an open fireplace in it, and a sink in the closet with one sprig to it. This closet was called the kitchen, but it was more like a tiny pantry, and all the cooking was done on two little oil-stoves.

There was one room downstairs and one room upstairs, and you had to go upstairs by a ladder. Upstairs there were four little cots, one for Henry, one for Marjorie, one for the French nurse, and one for the cook. The downstairs room was dining-room, living-room and Mother Baker's bedroom. She had a big, double bed in one corner for herself and Dorothy, with a screen all around it, a writing-table in another corner, the dining-room table in a third corner, and the refrigerator in the fourth. That summer Molly was only five months old, so she slept on a wicker settee downstairs, where she was perfectly safe, as she was too little to roll off, and indeed Mother Baker's friends thought she was entirely too little to go camping and were horrified at the whole performance.

The boathouse was not on the ocean, but on a beautiful pond three miles long, and to get to the ocean Mother Baker had to row across the pond and then she was very one's stone's throw from a fine beach where the bathing was splendid, or you could walk along the beach about a mile to a point where the coast was rocky and wild, and among the rocks were so many starfish, sea anemones, mussels and snails. Of course, the Bakers had a rowboat tied to a nice little dock just outside their house, and when they went to sleep they could hear the water splashing gently on the side of the boat. "The children will fall in and be drowned"; but Mother Baker had a staple and ring put in the middle of the dock and four ropes tied to it which would just reach to the edge, and then the biggest three little Bakers would be tied there, and sometimes a little friend also, and would sail their boats by the hour or fish for little fish which they never caught, but they were happy just the same.

When Mother Baker's sister, who had six children and an eminently respectable house at another seashore place, heard of the life in the boathouse she wrote: "How any one can enjoy eating her meals while in danger at any minute of having a child precipitate himself headlong down a ladder into her lap, I can't see!" And she said other things, too, that showed she would enjoy the life at all. But perhaps Mother Baker was "queer," for she liked "queer" things that other people don't like.

Anyway, they all went home after six weeks splendidly well, and no one was sick a minute all winter, so they all agreed the experiment was a great success.

THE next summer Mother Baker decided that they would surely have to be there all summer, and that the little Bakers would have to learn to row and swim and fish and catch crabs and do all the delightful things you can learn to do at the seashore. Besides, they wanted their friends to visit them, and it would be impossible to tack any one extra away in the boathouse. So she looked around for another place. Not far away, just over a little hill and across the field, was a dear little house consisting of one small room and one other, very very small room, and no upstairs. There was also a shed in which to hitch your horse, and half an acre of ground all fenced in on three sides and running right down to the pond. There was a dear little turnstile each side of the place, and there was also one gate in the fence where bars could be let down for a carriage to come in when necessary. It was altogether the coziest, cunningest, little place you ever saw, and just what Mother Baker wanted. But where could they all sleep? The little house was just big enough to use as a dining-room and kitchen, and perhaps as a bedroom for one person. It would also do for a sitting-room on rainy days if you wanted to be indoors, although with oilskin suits and hats to protect them they were all outdoors most of the time, rain or shine.

At last Mother Baker remembered that when she was young she used to visit a beautiful camp in the mountains where nobody slept in tents, and she thought: Why not do it at the seashore, even if nobody else does? So she provided a big tent with a good floor and a tiny piazza in front, and in it she put all the little beds in a row with one across the foot, for the little Bakers and herself to sleep in. There was a bureau for her and one for the children, and a chest made by putting a good floor shell and tacking unleached musk onto it. In the corner was a wasstand and a chest to put the linen in, and swinging across the corner above these was a canvas hammock for the baby to sleep in. She had the shed floored and a door and two windows put in; then it was whitewashed and comfortably furnished for the maids; and this was called "the barn," although it was certainly a nice little room.

What fun they did have and what appetites! The little Bakers ran barefoot all summer, and were never dressed up except for two parties and one Sunday. Mother Baker and a friend hired a sailboat, and together they learned to sail it alone and take the children out. Henry and Marjorie learned to swim, and Dorothy learned to row. The baby learned to walk, so every one felt something had been accomplished by the end of the summer besides good health and fun.

AND, best of all, Father Baker was able to visit them three times, and he just loved it. Oh, the picnics and the crabbing, the sailing and fishing, the water sports and the visits to the life-saving station, the beach parties and the marsh-mallow roasts! If I just wish you had been there, too, but some day you may try it and see for yourselves how lovely it is!



"Why Not Sleep in Tents at the Seashore?"



"Above was a Canvas Hammock for the Baby"



"She Had a Big Tent With a Tiny Piazza"



"Among the Rocks Were Ever So Many Starfish"



"They Would Sail Their Boats by the Hour"



"A Fine Beach Where the Bathing was Splendid"



"There was One Room Upstairs"



"Fish for Little Fish Which They Never Caught"



"What Fun They Did Have and What Appetites!"



"With Oilskin Suits and Hats to Protect Them"



"The Little Bakers Ran Barefoot All Summer"

## Fourth-of-July Luncheon Tables

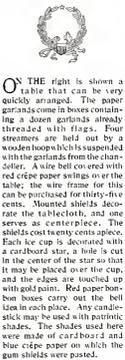
By Winifred Fales: Photographs by Helen D. Van Eaton



**FOR** this table pin flags to the cloth or buy a crepe-paper tablecloth with the flags printed on. An eagle made of wired crepe paper is suspended from the chandelier and poised on the drum; or the mounted picture of an eagle may be used. The sides of the cardboard drum are covered with white crepe paper with a darker border bearing thirteen silver stars. Red crepe paper covers the outside. An opening left in the top of the drum is covered lightly with tissue-paper. Through this come the red, white and blue ribbons which hold the flags inside; they are secured in the eagle's beak and drawn out to the places. The small drums used for ice cups can be made like the large drum, or bought.



**THIS** table shows a paper eagle hung from the chandelier and holding in its mouth a bell covered with an air-crepe paper and bearing printed black numerals. A wire bell costs thirty-five cents and may be covered at home. The table is prettily decorated with pink roses—which may be either real or artificial—inserted on to a wire. Each ice cup surrounded by roses, is guarded by an "Uncle Sam" cut out of a picture post-card and holding a small flag. The place-cards are also cut from post-cards, each representing "Miss Columbia." Any patriotic post-card designs could be used, or suitable cards could be printed. For the finishing touch pin half a dozen flags to the tablecloth. If no flags are not available crepe-paper ones may be used.



**ON** the right is shown a table that can be very quickly arranged. The paper garlands, come in boxes containing a dozen garlands already threaded with flags. Four streamers are held out by a wooden hoop which is suspended with the garlands from the chandelier. A wire bell covered with red crepe paper swings over the table; the wire frame for this can be purchased for thirty-five cents. Mounted shields decorate the tablecloth, and one serves as centerpiece. The shields cost twenty cents apiece. Each ice cup is decorated with a cardboard star; a hole is cut in the center of the star so that it may be placed over the cup, and the edges are touched up with gold paint. Red paper bonbon boxes carry out the bell idea in each place. Any candlesticks may be used with patriotic shades. The shades used here were made of cardboard and blue crepe paper on which the gum shields were pasted.



**DECORATING** a luncheon table for the Fourth of July is a much easier task now than it used to be, thanks to the variety of inexpensive decorations to be found in the shops. Those of us who have little time to make patriotic designs at home can buy for a few cents practically all the decorations we need, using our own ingenuity to adapt them to individual schemes. Crepe paper is perhaps our best friend; it is cheap and decorative, and comes in countless designs. Many paper novelties have small patriotic insignias in their centers which may be cut out and mounted for use as place-cards. Candle-shades for patriotic decorations come in a number of designs at twenty-five cents apiece. Those shown on the table in the upper left-hand corner of this page were made from four flat pieces of red cardboard held together by white crepe paper on the inside; a small shield was placed in the center of each panel.



**THIS** table in pure white is delightfully cool-looking for a hot summer day. A great piece of ice is placed in a baking-pan and forms the central ornament. A cardboard box conceals the pan and a snowy appearance is given by blotted crepe paper neatly arranged around the box. The ice is jagged out with an ice-pick to resemble an iceberg. White polar bears of paper-and-ice are climbing the ice; these may be obtained from any good shop that supplies all kinds of favors and bonbon boxes, and cost five cents apiece. The bonbon boxes are made to resemble ships; blue tissue-paper is arranged on the lid for the sea, and little ships (also obtained from the favor shop) give the finishing touch. Fastening a wire paper, twisted, may be used to divide the table. White candle-shades are ornamented with spikes of white tissue-paper to represent icicles.



**TWO** hoops crossing each other, with a bell suspended from the middle, form the centerpiece for the table illustrated above. Get two wicker hoops, twenty-five inches in diameter, cover them with strips of white tissue-paper, and partly conceal them with bunches of red carnation roses and lilies. The wire bell is covered with silver-gray crepe paper and has the date in gold, gilded letters. The little bell bonbon boxes may be purchased for thirty-five cents apiece; a top flag is placed across the top, and fringed ribbon, attached to the big bell, is tied in a bow around the flag-sticks. The design for the place-cards is cut from the corner of a crepe-paper napkin and mounted on cardboard. The rose candle-shades can be purchased for fifty cents apiece, or with bead fringe for seventy-five, but they can be very easily made from a trilling sum to home.



## Brainy Men

know the importance of right food—even though they may not be "food-experts."

The Brain must be fed, and Nature has stored up in wheat and barley certain elements especially adapted to brain building.

The famous food

## Grape-Nuts

has these elements, including the phosphate of potash, which is *grain* in the grains, and which is combined with albumen in the blood to form the gray substance in brain and nerve centers.

In making Grape-Nuts the whole grains (wheat and barley) are ground into flour, and combined with pure water, a little compressed yeast and a "pinch" of salt, and no other ingredients are used.

Grape-Nuts food is baked for many hours in two separate ovens, producing changes in the starch and making it especially adapted to the invalid, convalescent, infant, or aged person.

It is also the ideal nourishment for the athlete and hard-working business man.

It supplies the *right kind* of nourishment for repairing brain and nerve cells—a fact which has been attested by thousands of successful men and women in all parts of the world—

"There's a Reason"

Read "The Road to Well-Being," in pgs.



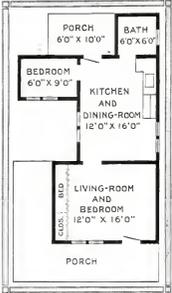


# Tent-Houses for Summer Days

By Helen Lukens Gaut



The Illustrations Above and Immediately Below Give an Adequate Idea of the Exterior and Interior of a Tent-House



THE "tent-house" is an attractive and economical phase of the life of Southern California, but it can easily be adapted in any warm climate for all-the-year-round use and built anywhere for summer occupancy. It ranges from the ready-made tent, that can be purchased and set on a wooden platform, to a house with up-to-date plumbing and conveniences. A good type consists of a wooden floor set on foundation posts, a frame of 2 x 4 studding, on which a base of clapboards is nailed with canvas above, and a roof of canvas or shingles—preferably shingles. If the roof is of canvas a fly is necessary for use in summer, otherwise the heat would be oppressive. Canvas roofs are also objectionable because they are likely to leak in heavy rains. In the interior the partitions are usually of canvas or art burlap nailed on wooden frames.

Cost to Build the Tent-House Shown Above

Lumber	\$100
Plumbing	100
Labor	75
Canvas	25
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$300</b>



The Porch is a Pleasant Outdoor Living-Room

The Floor Plan



Six Rooms and Bath Comprise This Tent-House Which Cost \$630. The Walls are Constructed of Clapboards and Duck



\$500 Has Been Well Invested in This Little Tent-House of Five Rooms, the Interior Walls of Which are Lined With Burlap



A Livable Feeling Pervades This House Which Cost but \$300, and Which Has Three Rooms, Bath, and a Porch on Two Sides



This Attractive Tent-House of Four Rooms Would Make a Comfortable Summer Home for a Small Family. It Cost \$350



This is an Admireable Example of the Relation Between House and Garden. The House Cost \$800 and Has Four Rooms and Bath



Almost Hidden by Trees and Vines This Pretty Tent-House Bespeaks Coziness and Comfort, and was Built for \$300

## TIFFANY & CO.

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The Tiffany Blue Book, 700 pages, sent upon request

Fifth Ave. & 37th St. New York

## The Heroism of a Plain Country Woman

CONSIDERING the world of men and women we are in the best of times. A plain woman is better than man. We are used to thinking of woman's virtues as refining, her presence as ennobling, her character as pure and her nature as virtuous. The plain woman herself until in many instances it has blinded them to terrible faults and caused them to continue through a lifetime straggling in error, sinning daily and hourly against their husbands and families in the blind idea that they are right. No doubt Mylo Jones's wife when James Whitcomb Riley so humorously tells us about, fully believed that she was preserving an inextinguishable standard of right, even though she drove her husband to live in the barn and find "Old Kate," the balky mare, better company than his spouse. I may not be the proper person to discuss this subject, since I am notorious for sinning in the opposite direction. I am lax in my domestic discipline and have been severely blamed for allowing my husband to go his own gait and bring the dog in at the front door three times a day, clutter my house with fishing-rods and guns, and go fishing and hunting whenever he chooses. I would not recommend my lenient attitude to others, but I do wish to talk a little to women about the medium gait in housekeeping.

Many an Excellent Housekeeper is a very poor housekeeper, and I have known women who made everything lead to the ideal of neatness, and who in consequence of their devotion to this one ideal allowed their children to starve mentally and morally. On the other hand, I have known many women whose poor, spiritless housekeeping has fostered in their children unamiable ideas and alarmingly common tastes. The American people are suffering just now from an epidemic of commonness—a general taste for cheap sentiment, a mania for the humorous, the light-minded and for much that is plainly immoral, but which the spirit of the times clothes with respectability. I am intensely sorry for any household which has for its head a poor housekeeper. There are more of these than we generally realize. There are thousands of women who do their work in a poor way, year in and year out, and who are able to do it "out upon" by Fate and as long as the time for higher things. There is actually nothing in Heaven or earth higher than scrubbing the kitchen table if it needs it, and you are able to do it. Never imagining, when you leave it coated with grease and grime and run away to your foot or your piano or your embroidery, that it is because you have naturally finer tastes than the woman who gets her scrubbing-brush, her hot suds and her cleaning material and goes after that table. A hiring may scrub the table because she has to do it to earn her wages, but the woman who scrubs it does so because she has the noble need of scrubbing leaves it so, not because she is innately too lazy to do it, or because she actually is too lazy, or because she has been wrongly taught in regard to such things.

A Sense of Art May be Exercised in the Kitchen as fully as in the studio, and to dread kitchen work or shrink from laundry work or housecleaning is not at all indicative of refined tastes. The lowest woman in the world refuses to do any of these things for herself, for personal ease and luxury and for "pretty things," exactly such as you, my dear, admire and long for. Home is a safe shelter for woman's soul, and much of it is done unobtrusively and without monotonous ways because of the fact that "nobody will see or know."

It is a very true saying that nobody works so hard as the person who works badly, and it applies, I think, to the poor housekeeper. She is always tired, always worried, always ready to complain over the abuses of women. The poorest housekeeper I ever knew was a woman who scrubbed her kitchen table every day. Her husband suggests that all woman's-rights women are poor housekeepers. I heard a young man say of a woman with whom he boarded in the country that she put up a table of old tinware on the table before Thanksgiving, and they were set on and off at every meal until New Year's. This was probably an exaggeration, and yet I have seen women—and the women know dozens of them—who do set uninviting dishes on and off the table day after day—perhaps in the mistaken idea that it would be wasteful to throw these things away—and likely, too, because throwing the stuff away would involve washing the dish.

Women are very prone to take up the idea that they are not able to do certain things. Their excuse is that they do not feel like doing so. They probably do not. In ten minutes they could do any kind of work of this feeling and be all the better and happier for doing so. We have the steepest flight of stairs at our house, and I often hear my daughters say: "Oh, my, it was something and it's upsetting to try to get along without it!" This is pure degeneracy in them, and I am sure I "raised" them better.

It is a habit, nothing more—a dread of physical effort. Women for a number of years have been growing into the idea that they have a supernatural right to everything that is dainty and pretty and easy, and there has been a great deal of money made by every one who has fostered the idea in woman that she is a delicate creature and likely to burn herself every time she turns around. Last winter I lived in the home of a young man who does not know the world to be happy. The young man knows his business of farming thoroughly, and he is ambitious to have things about him thrifty and pleasant. They have a family of healthy children, but—the wife is a slattern of the type that will sit all day long with beds unmade and dishes unwashed, reading a novel or working a piece of fancy-work. The man in this case does all that he can, every effort that he can make he makes, and he never reproaches his wife, but one can see how deeply it grieves him. He says she is not well, that her tastes are too fine for housekeeping, but he knows the plain truth—the woman is too lazy and she lacks the moral stamina to overcome it. Now this woman is very religious. She teaches a Sunday-school class and is a pillar of the churchwoman. I do not know what kind of keeping her house comfortable and decent is a religious duty.

I was Discussing Religious Topics Some Years Ago with an elderly man who was deeply interested in the religious life, and I stated that it was a religious act for me to straighten up my house and cook the weekly dinner. He said that he had never heard of such a thing, and that there was any religious significance in a point of housekeeping—I should think it was more a matter of taste or inclination. "I was not used at this for the man was as thin and I did not see how the fact could escape him that everything we do or leave undone has a religious significance, and that there is much more actual religion in staying at home and cleaning up one's house than in going to church,

if it comes to a question of deciding between the two. I believe the young wife whom I have in mind justifies her slovenly housekeeping with the idea that if she could have things as she wished them she would do better.

This is the world-old attitude of the dreamer, and this dreamer is the one person who never has a dream come true. One actual day would not out to some practical ideal of leatery is worth all the dreams in the world. The young woman in question would sit by the fire and let the twilight fall and darkness come down on the cold, mussed kitchen. Her husband would come in, bringing her a huge basket of sweet, warm milk he had milked from the pretty cows he kept; then he would start a fire in the rusty kitchen stove, and at the last minute, when she couldn't postpone it any longer, the wife would get up and mess up some sort of meal. How much more beautiful, more inspiring it would be if she had that kitchen stove glowing and the table prettily set out for a warm meal when he came in from work.

How many men there are who are familiar with experiences like this we scarcely dare to think—men who have wives who will not do it, but who will go out to any sort of eating-place rather than cook a meal, and who will endure any sort of service rather than dismiss the maid and do the work themselves.

One of the Unloveliest Recollections of My Life is of being in the home of an elderly couple who, as many another family has found itself, were actually unable to find a servant to do their work. The husband was ill, and the wife was storming in a rage because she had to build a fire in the kitchen range and cook him something to eat. Her eyes flashed and the tears fell thick and fast, so strong was her sense of the injustice of the situation. "Think of me," she stormed, "being required to do such things!" Now, I am sure she was conscious of her superiority by this feeling of rebellion against what she considered menial work. A whole volume of mistaken ideas spoke in her angry tone and bitter words. She had never learned that it is the test of superiority to meet affairs as we find them and as capable of rising to the occasion, no matter what it is.

When contrasting the two types of women, the Mylo Jones wives and the actual slatterns, I will always choose the latter if, with her slovenliness, she has brightness and good humor, in place of the perfect housekeeper who is crabbed and exacting and makes everybody afraid to breathe or to turn around in her house. The slatternly woman is often "good-hearted," whereas I doubt whether a narrowly perfect housekeeper can be really good-hearted—she is sure to be cruel to cats or dogs or children or men or some other poor, blundering creature. I will always take my chances with people who do not make a point of duty rather than with those who will walk roughshod over the feelings of every creature they meet, from man to dog, in the pursuit of what they consider an imperative duty.

But there is no reason in common-sense why we should go to another extreme in seeing the pace for our housekeeping. There is no doubt that the inexorable housekeeper, the woman who puts her whole soul into achieving her ideal of perfection, is personally far happier than the lazy woman who sits around all day or roams through society like a tramp, with no special object in view but to while the time away. The fine housekeeper is expressing herself, but there is always joy in self-expression. But before indulging in this joy we must consider how our expression will affect those nearest and dearest to us. If it is going to make anybody else miserable we must turn the channel a little and find an outlet some other way.

In Speaking of Proper Housekeeping we always refer to orderly rooms and closets and bureau drawers and immaculate pantries and spotless kitchen. Any woman who has done her own work and reared a family knows that this ideal is far above the reach of the household housekeeper. But all of our ideas are far above our doing if they are not so there would be saits walking the earth and the Kingdom of Heaven would be at hand! Everybody admits the ideal household arrangement, but I believe there is soul misery in striving too hard to approach it and in consciously falling too far below it.

The mistress of a household holds a peculiar position in the world—the most responsible position, I think, that can be held. On her and her mental attitude hangs the destiny of a family. On her depends the atmosphere of a home. I think many people pass by dwellings negligently with scarcely a thought of what they indicate, and I have a special feeling for houses. They appeal to me as actual entities, and how sorry I feel for them when they have a bad history! How I pity them when I see them falling into neglect with swinging shutters and sagging porches—they seem so pathetically to speak of human degeneracy. Think how often you have seen a special farmhouse nestling in trees and looking somewhat like the home you have always dreamed of. But when you have gone in how often you have been disappointed! Perhaps the house was full of bad air (for country people with leguages of English are not so keen as we are on exclusion), and perhaps you found the family far back in the dining-room or kitchen and there you saw evidences of a humdrum, narrow, vegetating sort of life. If you did there was just one reason: either the mistress of the house had no mental attitude or she was lazy.

Either of these conditions is fatal to a home, and the atmosphere of such a woman permeates every corner of the household. The best thing about putting the house in order is the mental effect upon the woman who does it. She puts her mind in order. Did you ever notice how irresspectibly happy you feel when the rooms are straightened up and there is something to do in the house and you "see your way through" why your work? This uplifting sense comes from your own mental state. You have put yourself in accord with the Universe, the law of which is order.

If You Achieve a Sort of Resilfulness by putting things out of your mind—steering yourself in forced forgetfulness or drudgery, you are practicing a vice quite like that of the opium-eater or the drunkard. When the book or the embroidery offers you this narcotic, and tempts you to leave the house in disorder and take up something to do, do not forget it, try to remember that fact. If the thousands of women who are daily striving to order their lives so as to be free of household cares could but realize that they are disposing of the best means of setting their minds in order and taking up what they call "outside interests"—but which are really dissipations, things to "occupy the mind" if! No woman should have time on her hands any more than a man should—yet how many of them have it! What a pity that "eternal rest" is our ideal of Heaven, and that men and women who themselves working in order to realize a time when they can "quit work."

The Country Contributor

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### Chases Dirt

### Old Dutch Cleanser

### Large Sifting-Top Cans 10¢

At all Grocers

### Avoid Caustic & Acids

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### Old Dutch Cleanser

### Cleans Scrubs Scours Polishes



# NEEDLEWORK FOR THE SUMMER PORCH



## Yokes for Girls' Summer Dresses

By Lilian Barton Wilson

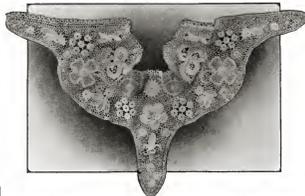
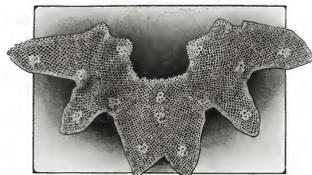
Drawings by Anna Burnham Westerman

I will answer any questions about the blouses and yokes shown on this page, if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is inclosed with the inquiry.



**V**ERY little fullness is necessary for cotton crêpe. This musketeer sleeve with band holding the fullness is very attractive.

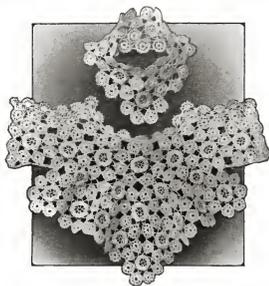
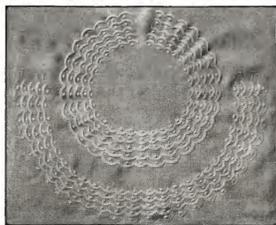
**F**INE cotton crêpes make most serviceable blouses. The greatest advantage of this pretty material is that it needs no ironing.



**A**CRINOLINE pattern should be fitted to the neck with the collar. The crocheting is then done over this careful pattern and the yoke will fit perfectly. Keep the collar line straight.

**I**RISH-CROCHET yokes used with cotton crêpe are consistent because they, too, can be washed and are ready for wear without ironing.

**T**HE unusual motifs in this more elaborate yoke should be made first, and afterward tacked in place on the backing. The baby-Irish mesh is then crocheted around these motifs.



**T**HE neck cuts out from the center of this circle, and the last row of scallops, which is indicated only by a run-in line, fastens it to the blouse.

**A**YOKE embroidered in ribosine and fiber floss is pretty for a little silk or pongee frock. It can be made of a different material from the frock itself.

**T**HIS yoke-and-cuff set is a bit of rather coarse but attractive crochet. The little disks and roses are held together without a mesh, which is quite unusual.



**T**HE Dutch neck is very becoming. Be sure to position your blouse lower in front than in the back.

**Y**OKEs like these, made entirely of the baby-Irish background without decorative motif, are in the most beautiful taste.

**M**AKE the thistles separately, and after arranging them on the foundation crochet the baby-Irish.

# What is New in Centerpieces

By Lillian Barton Wilson

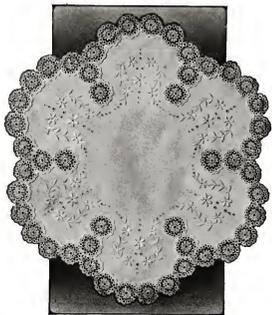
**I**N THIS group of centerpieces there is a large variety of designs and of needlecraft methods. The centerpiece now may also be the "between-mats" mat, and for this purpose the net is especially effective, because the transparent ground over the dark wood brings out the linen applied beautifully. Over the white damask cloth this work is most dainty.

I will be glad to answer any questions about the centerpieces shown on this page, if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is inclosed with the inquiry.



14162

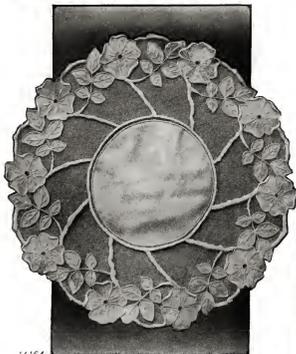
**T**HIS heavy floss embroidery may be done on a twilled cotton or thick satem. The colors are gold and golden brown. Satin stitch is used in the pineapple. The outer leaves in the whorl are buttonholed.



**T**HE tinted wheels in this unusual little centerpiece are made separately and afterward arranged and embroidered against the linen. The composition of the lace and the embroidery is very well managed.



**T**HIS simple doily embroidered in flat satin stitch matches the centerpiece in the lower right-hand corner.



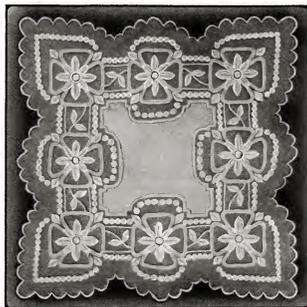
14164

**A**LINEN applied on net is accomplished by laying handkerchief linen over the net. After basing the two together follow the outline of the design in running stitches. The work is then prepared for embroidering.



14163

**A**FTER "running" around the entire outline embroider these edges over in satin stitch, keeping the form and spirit of the design and making this work model the edges. Buttonhole the outer edge.

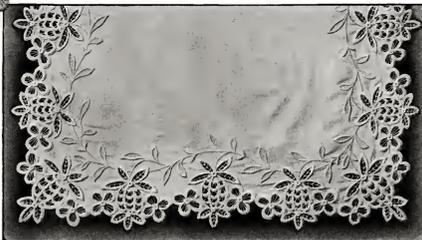


**W**HEN the fabrics have been worked together cut away the linen close to the embroidery on the right side and the net from the back of the plain center.

The beautiful centerpiece below is done in buttonhole stitch with the puri edge turned in toward those portions of the design which are to be cut away. Do the work on round-weave, coarse linen, with heavy linen or slightly-twisted cotton threads.



**I**NSERTS of linen with tating are very pretty and unusual. The linen emphasizes the airiness of the "frivolous" and gives it more character. This crescent will suggest other forms which might be used as inserts with tating or other laces.



**O**N ROUND centerpieces set the pattern straight with the grain of the material. Round linens sometimes seem contorted because this is not done. This embroidery is simple satin stitch with "voiding" in the leaf veins; always an effective way of working.

# Kentucky Mountain Patchwork Quilts

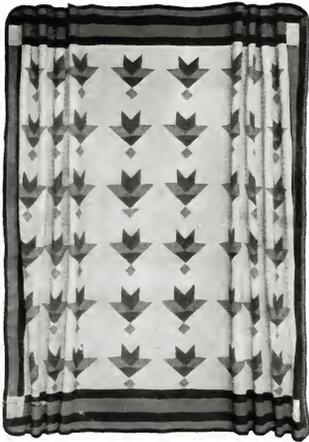
By Elizabeth Dangerfield

THE Kentucky mountain quilt, like the ballad-monger's art or the Indian's picture-writing, tells to the initiated the story of travel, shows the flora of the section, or visions of the fairy rings woven by the field spider and sparkling in the sun. The mountain women sew into the bright appliquéd figures and quilted squares their memories and dreams as our ancestors did with silk and worsted in the old-fashioned "sampler."



THE "Ostrich Feather" of green and red with yellow center is one of the oldest designs.

"CROSS-VINE" pattern, with Maltese crosses quilted in spaces. Combine four colors.



14170

14170

THE "Flower-Pot" or "Box" pieced in smaller figures, and therefore easier to make, may be made of two or three colors.

THE "Star of Bethlehem," generally made of blue and white, is one of the most desirable quilts. Pieced in small squares it is easy "pick-up" work for summer.

"MOUNTAIN LILY," which represents a native wild flower. A beautiful effect is made by repeating the design in the quilting.



14170

THE "Spider Web" is sometimes called the "Sunburst." As the pieces are quite small it requires care, skill and patience to make.

IMAGINATION can find in the "Rocky-Mountain" pattern the suggestion of sunset above "The Great Divide." The pieces—red and green—should be "set" in salt water.

THE "Tulip" is named for the blossom of one of our most beautiful trees. Quilted in hoop and feather pattern it is exquisite.



DESIGNED BY H. HESSER & SON



DESIGNED BY JAMES HUNT



DESIGNED BY THE KETH COMPANY

# GOOD-TASTE MILWAUKEE

From Photographs Taken Especially for T  
This is the second of a series of five double pages in which THE JOURNAL will  
building throughout that part of the country



DESIGNED BY FRED GRAY



DESIGNED BY A. C. EISHWELER



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DESIGNED BY ELMER GREY



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# THE HOMES OF THE FOLKS

The Journal by Henry Fuermann & Son

will show the admirable results that are being obtained in suburban-house  
commonly known as the Middle West.



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# Hand-Made Dresses for the Baby

By Emily Pratt Gould



THAT the first consideration for the baby should be his comfort we all agree, and his adoring relatives may safely forget the frills of fashion in any sewing they may do in preparation for the tiny defenseless stranger. So let me suggest the simply-made garments as the best always, of materials as fine as you can afford, and let your love, energy and devotion show by your handiwork in the making of them. These designs for a baby's first and second dresses are all made of the best quality of muslin and lawn, with dainty trimmings of feather-stitching, fine tuckings, some narrow beading, smocking, and with a few touches here and there of Valenciennes edging and insertion. Short slips may be made after the illustration of the long one shown in the center at the top of the page.



THE long dress illustrated directly above was designed for a christening dress, the feather-stitching just above the deep hem being a little more elaborate than usual, though, as you see, it adds neither weight nor fussiness to the dress as a whole. The other designs for long dresses vary only in the trimmings. Among the short, or second, dresses the one in the lower left-hand corner suggests possibly a best dress, on account of its trimmings of feather-stitching and lace-edged ruffles. The other four short dresses show a pleasing variety in yokes and hems. In the one shown just below a new idea is presented in the satin ribbon running through long eyelets under the tucks and trim in a bow.



## This Housewife Knows

She buys leaf lard. She knows that leaf lard is to ordinary lard what cream is to milk.

She has used all kinds of lard.

But she has found, through experience, that leaf lard makes a vast difference in cooking.

She uses it now in place of butter because it doesn't cook so dry. And she uses but two-thirds as much as of other lards. That is essential, else the food is too rich!

She has found that leaf lard is not only better, but, if used rightly, is the most economical. So she always insists on leaf lard.

### Labels Today Must Be Truthful

At first she often failed to get leaf lard, for there was no way to tell, except by results, what really was leaf lard.

Today the law forbids mis-branding. If a maker says "leaf lard" on a label he must have leaf lard in the pail. One can depend upon that.

Some labels say "Pure Lard"—some even say "Leaf Brand." But the label must say "Leaf Lard"—neither "Leaf Brand" nor "Pure Lard" is leaf lard.

If you know about labels and read them you cannot be mistaken. Simply look for a label that reads like this:

## Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

### Sealed Under Government Inspection

Every pail of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard is sealed across the top with a strip of tin, showing that Government officers have inspected the contents. No other lard comes to the housewife with such a seal. So no other lard can be depended upon to the same extent. We make it from that dainty bit of fat that surrounds the hog's kidneys.

We make it in an open kettle just as it used to be made on the farm. But we use open jacketed kettles and we employ infinite skill.

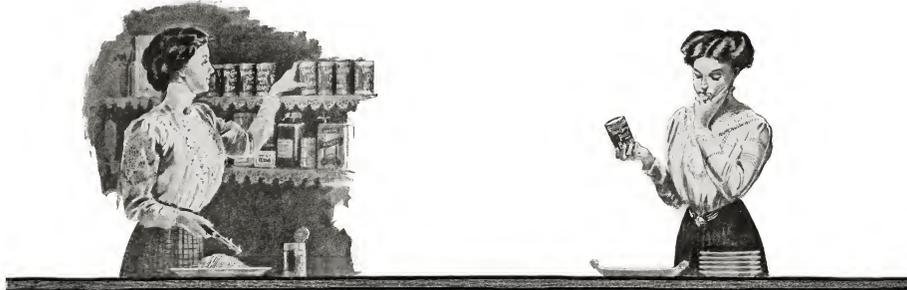
Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard has a wonderful flavor that all other lards lack. We make other lards in this better way, but our best is that labeled "Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard."

Enough of this lard can not be made to supply more than one-sixth of the people, because there is not enough of leaf fat. So leaf lard goes only to those who insist on it. Once try Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard, madam, and you'll *always* insist on it.

For you have never tasted such pastry as you can make with it. Tell the dealer you want Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard. Don't take any other. See what the best lard can accomplish.

**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**





## One Can or Twelve?

You never buy potatoes one meal at a time—nor eggs, nor flour, nor tea. Why, then, do you buy a single can of Van Camp's? Why not a dozen cans?

One can at a time is a relic of old times—when you baked beans at home. Then you baked only one dish at a time because they grew quickly stale.

But that is not so with Van Camp's.

Van Camp's remain, until you open the can, as fresh as when they came from our ovens.

And the greatest delight, from the housewife's view, lies in having them ready to serve.

Why lose all this? Why run to your grocer every time when you want a good meal in a hurry?

You should have a dozen cans on the shelf.

There are millions of you now using Van Camp's.

You no longer spend some sixteen hours to prepare a dish of beans. You have it ready to serve in a minute.

You have given up beans that are hard to digest—beans that ferment and form gas. We are baking them for you in modern steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees.

No longer do you serve beans crisped on the top, and

less than half baked in the middle. Van Camp's are all baked alike.

You have found Van Camp's nutty because they are whole—not mushy like home-baked beans.

And you have found that the tomato sauce baked into the beans gives them superlative zest.

You know all this, and would never go back to home baking. Now we ask you to learn the rest.

Beans are Nature's choicest food, being 84 per cent nutriment. They exceed meat in their food value, yet they cost one-third as much.

They are appetizing and hearty, and all people like them. One hardly can serve them too often.

For luncheon or supper this is the ideal meal, and a most economical dish.

When you are tired, here's a meal without working. When you are busy, here's a meal without waiting.

Think what it means to have a dozen such meals waiting on the pantry shelf. Don't buy them from hand to mouth.

# Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

## PORK AND BEANS

We use no beans that cost less than \$2.25 per bushel, though some sell for 30 cents. We use no tomato sauce not made from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes.

If you will serve Van Camp's with some rival brand you will never forget the comparison.

Do this sometime when somebody says: "Here are beans just as good." Buy them and see for yourself.

Then you will know that other baked beans, whatever the claims, can't compare with Van Camp's.

For this dish is our speciality. We have spent 48 years in learning how to perfect it. The very costliest

materials are the least that we buy, and we are lavish with the skill that we spend on them.

We could buy tomato sauce for one-fifth what ours cost, and beans for one-seventh what we pay. But we could not, at any price, buy anything better than the materials we use in this dish.

When you find that Van Camp's are the best beans baked, be sure that you always get them.

*Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.*

Van Camp Packing Company, Established 1861. Indianapolis, Ind.



# THERMOS THE BOTTLE



## A Hot-Day Home Comfort

Don't stand over a hot stove all day, heating and re-heating coffee, tea, milk, water, broth.

Heat it but once—in the morning—as hot as you like it. Then let the fire go out—leave the hot stove for the day—because you can keep any liquid hot all day without fire—without heat—by simply pouring it into a THERMOS BOTTLE.

In a thousand-and-one ways you can use the Thermos to good advantage every day. In a thousand-and-one ways it adds to your comfort and convenience.

Consider how invaluable the Thermos is in sickness—in the nursery—on a pleasure trip—in the woods—on the seashore—traveling by boat or rail. You've a cold drink always at hand—as cold as you like it—wherever you want it. Because the Thermos also keeps ice-cold liquid ice-cold—without ice—for 72 hours.

In the New Model Thermos the inner bottle can be easily and cheaply replaced in case of accidental breakage. The Thermos is the only bottle in which this separate-case feature has been patented.

Pints from \$3.00 up. Quarts from \$5.00 up.

See the Thermos Bottle today. It's guaranteed by 26,000 dealers. Be sure to look for the name "THERMOS" on the bottle. It is there for your protection. If you don't find it, hand the bottle back and look up a dealer who sells it. It's worth your while to get the genuine Thermos.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE G.  
AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.  
Broadway and 27th St. New York City

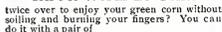


## For Fern or Flowers

A new design of artistic interest in  
**Hawkes Cut Glass**

The rare translucence of this ware is a perfect foil for Nature's tints. *de la fleur de fer.* No piece without this trade-mark engraved on it is genuine. If your dealer does not sell Hawkes Cut Glass, write for address of one who does.

G. C. Hawkes & Co., Corvallis, N. Y.



## Isn't it Worth 20 Cents

twice over to enjoy your green corn without boiling and burning your fingers? You can do it with a pair of

"Perfection Hot Corn Holders"

They're sanitary and practical; made of solid metal, handle nickel-plated, easily cleaned and will wear forever. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't them, send us direct.

By mail, complete set, 22 cents a pair  
Or, better still, 3 pairs for 50 cents.

INFERIOR METAL MFG. CO., 422 East 106th St., New York  
CANTON, OHIO  
WHEEL CHAIRS  
SARGENT CO. 293 Fourth Ave., New York

# The Personal Conduct of Belinda

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

Belinda had turned her back to the light and was looking out across the water, her white skirt falling in the wind around her, its hood drawn up over her head and shadowing the sides of her face, though the moonlight fell white across her lips and eyes. Her lips were not smiling and in the eyes there was a hint of scorn.

So that was the result? To be needed money and he had come here-hunting. No wonder he was so well informed about Mr. Bowser's fortune and health, and so tolerant of Amelia's manners. His aunt had told him about the girl, but he had decided that so good an opportunity must not be lost. It would be the only young man in the party who was a man.

"Where's Amelia?" she asked.

"The foolish thing went below half an hour ago. Said she was deserted and happy."

Belinda felt a faint surprise. Amelia did not often fall by the way.

Laura May reluctantly followed her chapman down to her stateroom and Belinda turned from her at her door. "It seems a bit good to bed," she sighed. "But at any rate, we won't land before late tomorrow evening and the moon comes up early. Good-night, Miss Carewe."

87

She went on down the corridor to her own stateroom, and Belinda turned into the cabin-hole which she shared with Miss Perkins, began to make ready for bed; but she found herself wondering about Amelia. It wasn't like the child to go to bed while any of her friends were still making merry. Why was she not feeling well? It would be wise to make sure she was all right.

Laura May opened the door when Miss Carewe rapped and looked embarrassed when she went in.

"Miss Amelia asked?" asked the chapman, stepping to the moonlight doorway.

"She isn't here, Miss Carewe," Laura May stammered. "I'm afraid she's up in deck somewhere. I've been thinking she'd come in any minute. She really did say she was going to bed, Miss Count."

Belinda did not wait to discuss that matter, but hurried to her stateroom, threw a steamer-coat on over her dressing-gown, and was on the top step of the companionway when she heard a rattle and saw a doorway, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining. The flush and the rattle were the same as she saw her chapman, but she plunged into the breach without waiting for permission.

"Miss Carewe, I'm so sorry. I went up on the hurricane deck and I didn't know that it was so late and that everybody had gone below."

"Laura May told me you had gone down to bed."

"Well, I did start, and then I got to talking, and that was a lovely night. I'm awfully sorry."

"You are very impudent, Amelia. Don't let the sort of thing happen again."

Belinda was conscious that her reproval was inadequate, but a twinge of conscience told her she had no right to be so careless, had not fulfilled the whole duty of a chapman; and, too, her mind was so excited from the enormity of the offense by speculation as to Amelia's companion that she hurried to her stateroom. Four hours earlier she would frankly have asked the girl who had been with her. Now, fearing the curiosity was personal rather than judicial, she was provoked with herself for caring to know.

And Amelia got off easily, but her chapman's curiosity was satisfied, after all, for, glancing back as she followed the girl down the steps, she saw that her chapman came along in the moonlight.

She did not inquire to see that Count de Brissac followed close upon Courtney's heels.

Belinda, strolling up and down the deck with the Brazilian mine-oven, upon whom the beauty of the night was having an emotional effect wholly incompatible with his limited command of English, passed a jolly group of whom Laura May appeared to be the central figure, and woke to the realization that the year was late and that she was a chaperone.

She stopped beside Laura May's stateroom and touched the girl lightly on the shoulder. "Come, my dear. It's frightfully late."

A chorus of protests arose. "The last night, Miss Carewe, and do so good a heavenly night."

But the chapman, having once remembered her role, was adamant. "Where's Amelia?" she asked.

88

She went on down the corridor to her own stateroom, and Belinda turned into the cabin-hole which she shared with Miss Perkins, began to make ready for bed; but she found herself wondering about Amelia. It wasn't like the child to go to bed while any of her friends were still making merry. Why was she not feeling well? It would be wise to make sure she was all right.

Laura May opened the door when Miss Carewe rapped and looked embarrassed when she went in.

"Miss Amelia asked?" asked the chapman, stepping to the moonlight doorway.

"She isn't here, Miss Carewe," Laura May stammered. "I'm afraid she's up in deck somewhere. I've been thinking she'd come in any minute. She really did say she was going to bed, Miss Count."

Belinda did not wait to discuss that matter, but hurried to her stateroom, threw a steamer-coat on over her dressing-gown, and was on the top step of the companionway when she heard a rattle and saw a doorway, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining. The flush and the rattle were the same as she saw her chapman, but she plunged into the breach without waiting for permission.

"Miss Carewe, I'm so sorry. I went up on the hurricane deck and I didn't know that it was so late and that everybody had gone below."

"Laura May told me you had gone down to bed."

"Well, I did start, and then I got to talking, and that was a lovely night. I'm awfully sorry."

"You are very impudent, Amelia. Don't let the sort of thing happen again."

Belinda was conscious that her reproval was inadequate, but a twinge of conscience told her she had no right to be so careless, had not fulfilled the whole duty of a chapman; and, too, her mind was so excited from the enormity of the offense by speculation as to Amelia's companion that she hurried to her stateroom. Four hours earlier she would frankly have asked the girl who had been with her. Now, fearing the curiosity was personal rather than judicial, she was provoked with herself for caring to know.

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CONTINUED IN THE AUGUST JOURNAL

# The Letter She Didn't Send

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

and believe it, except in one foolish twist of my mind, where the fish sticks fast. Everybody has been good to me. You aren't going to be the one to hurt me, are you?"

By the time Farwell had finished reading the book had died out of the mind, save for a tender blue flame, almost as exquisitely delicate as the color which still swayed in the girl's face, where she had been so shadowed and so guarded.

The room had been breathlessly still, except for the rattle of paper, when she seemed as if, turned twenty! She was assuring herself blankly that she was reading it the second time—then, after all, he did not understand—when there was a faint crackle as she shoved the letter into his pocket. The next moment he was beside her, holding her close, almost crooning over her as a mother might have, but with strangely unmaternal interjections every now and then.

"Floor, blessed blessed girl! To think that I never knew, and that I went on trying to treat grown-up young women! I don't think that I ever knew, and that I went on trying to treat grown-up young women! Wasn't it the worst luck that I had to be that letter of all other letters? Who did you write it to? How did it get there? Never mind. Of course, you don't know. I don't have to know. It was a nice, bombastic old prig. I can't make out why you didn't throw me over inside of twenty-four hours. Hanging would have been too good for me if I'd ever had that letter and hadn't taken the first chance to get rid of it."

"Oh, I didn't expect you to do that!" he protested.

"Well, it's what I should have done if I had got that letter. Do you think I could have expected you to do that?"

"I don't know, but I've admitted, I suppose so. You see that was always the one thing I missed in you. You don't mind my saying so now, do you? You seemed so clever and so sure of yourself. You had everything and everybody at your feet, and I didn't see how

you could know that it was to want some one to bully the world for you. That sort of thing's about all I'm good for. So it rather made me sick now. I don't see much use to you as—as a Gasting gun would be to a butterfly that never comes out of its cocoon."

The girl laughed, but it was a happy, relaxed sort of laugh this time, with all the tension gone out of it. "And all the time," she said, "I'm trying so hard to be dignified and sensible and—grown-up."

"You thought you were dumfounded or maybe disgusted with that letter that you wouldn't even answer it."

She hid her face as his shoulder as if she were really a child, and there was a child's plaintive sweetness in her voice. "Then you will be good to me?"

"Yes, little girl."

"You'll love me some times?"

"I'll try my best."

"And take care of me?"

"Only give me the chance!"

"The next time I ask you to collaborate," she laughed, "you won't get mad and go off?"

"No," she began, then hesitated. "Well, after a pause, that depends on whether you will collaborate with me."

"But of course I will!"

She lifted triumphantly. "All right! The very first time!"

He heard her head suddenly. "Ju-Ju!" she stammered.

"Isn't that the month for them?"

"Yes, what?"

"For the kind of collaboration I mean; the kind that's for better or worse, for richer or poorer, and for long or short." His voice was very low, but then his lips were very close.

"Let's collaborate, say, Dorothy! Will you?"

"When I wanted you to collaborate," she said automatically, "you started to go home."

"Home," he repeated. "When we collaborate in June, dress, we'll go home—together!"



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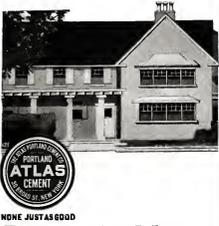
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Warning Peggy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

grown impatient with standing, became almost unmanageable, and before they could be checked the carriage and its occupants were half a mile on the way to Georgetown, and to turn back would have been madness. This Peggy realized, and, although she hit her lip to keep back her tears, she endeavored to soothe Mrs. Madison's distress at the failure of her promise to see her safely in Madame Taylor's charge.

The little party reached Georgetown in due season, and as the sun sank they arrived at the house of an acquaintance several miles farther on. The lady opened her doors to them, but Mrs. Madison persisted in the President's care, so on into Virginia, where she felt he would be safer than with her. As darkness had not yet fallen Peggy conceived a plan for her return to Washington, and she slipped quietly through the archway which surrounded the back of the house, climbed swiftly over the fence at the end of a lane, and found herself in a green, deserted hollow but a few yards from the road by which they had come. Cautiously she regained the road, it was dusty but deserted, and creeping along by the thickets of bushes which afforded friendly shelter, she went on for at least a mile undisturbed. She was now on Georgetown Heights, when suddenly a red glow, which she had thought sunset, blazed up and filled the zenith. Washington was alive with flame; the British had fired the city!

Peggy clasped her hands with a low cry of terror as she gazed. Oh! what could she do to aid those she so loved! At any cost she must get back to Octagon House. "Think of kind Madame Taylor, Anne, and dear little Patsy!"—her words were a prayer—that evil befall him in this horrible attack! On the north of her post she discovered the cause: by a brighter light a small house and something that looked like an animal standing near the gateway. It took her a second for Peggy to fly in that direction. Yes, Fortune was kind to her, for she never again drifted, stood tripping the grass at the gate, and with one quick spring she was at the neck.

Peggy was a famous horsewoman, and the cumbersome man's saddle made but little difference to her, although, her feet could not reach the stirrups. She was off like the wind, and in but a short while she was behind her (from the owner of the steed, no doubt), and only praying that there might be no pursuit. As she gained the open ground where the road diverged, one part going toward the Long Bridge across the Potomac and the other striking Rock Creek, she hesitated. Which was the safer? But as she looked eagerly down the hill she saw a mass of struggling people and wagons filling the former highway. Better the lonely path, for she never again drifted, stood tripping the grass, she turned to the left and sped on. She was making good headway, and her eyes were bent hard through the trees, when suddenly her horse shied violently and then stopped. Directly across the path lay the figure of a man, one arm thrown above his head, the other bent at the elbow, and his feet the grass, gave Peggy a thrill of terror, and down she sprang to the ground, holding her horse by the mane, and for a short while she hid behind her. "Oh, Heavens! Monsieur de Valdemont, how came you here?" she whispered, as she saw that his arm was bleeding.

"Is it you, my dear Peggy?" he said, trying to rise, but sinking back in distress. "I am sorely overcome. I was riding post-haste to find the President when I was overtaken by a horse, and, being struck out of the bushes there, dragged me off my horse, wounded me as you see, and made off with some of the finest jewelry in the world. Where did you find him?"

"But your arm!"—and Peggy, quick of wit and action, tore her muslin kerchief off her neck and bled it. "I will bind it at once. Stay; I must first tie my horse lest he escape again," and winding the little rein lightly across a small tree, she propped de Valdemont against its trunk while she endeavored to staunch the bleeding. It was a ligature of the muslin. Peggy fought her tendency to faint, and in a few minutes had managed the bleeding and bound up the arm. De Valdemont tried to utter some words of thanks, but he had no breath, springing to her feet in alarm.

"How is it with you? Can you return? Monsieur, you must try to mount my horse and away."

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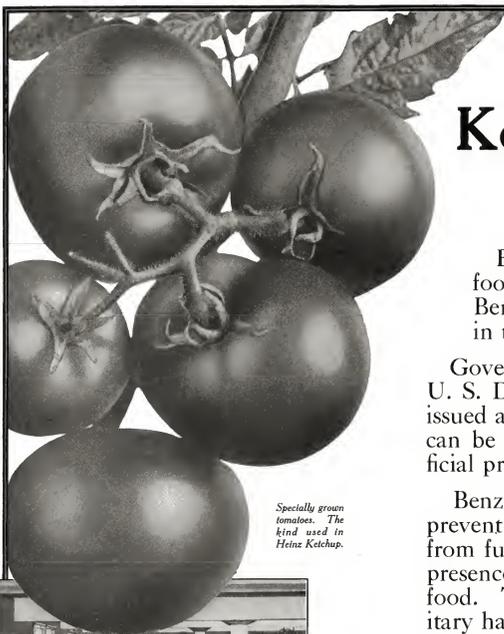
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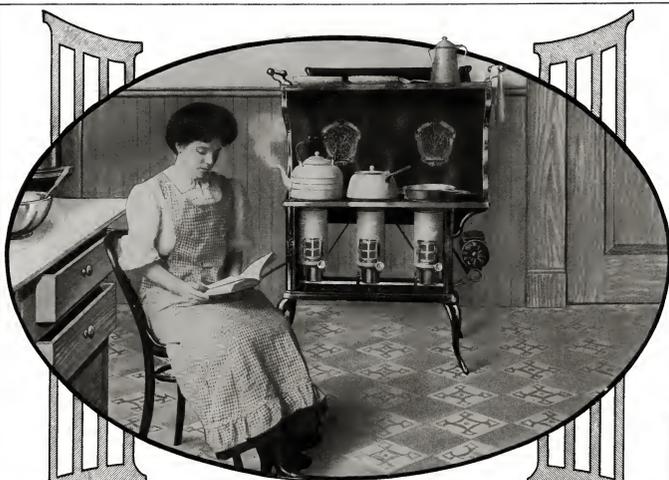


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*A glimpse at the conditions under which Heinz Ketchup is prepared.*





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## SOME MIDSUMMER SOCIAL AFFAIRS

By Mary McKim Marriott

**DINNER** on the Fourth —A Declaration of Independence dinner could be carried out by young married people in honor of the glorious holiday. The opening words of the Declaration of Independence may be modified as follows for the invitations to the dinner, partly as a tribute to the significance of the day, and partly for the purpose of expressing the general sentiment of the affair:

When, in the course of social events, it becomes our privilege to furnish an evening's entertainment to our friends, and it is our desire to promote their happiness, we do solemnly declare that we will give a "Declaration of Independence" dinner on the evening of July the Fourth, etc.

For the center of the table furnish a fort of damp sand, and over it unfold a little silk flag. On the mantels stand Cupids on girards, each with a bow and arrow and a military cap. Cannon manned by young Cupids and knapsacks should be stationed at the places. Piles of wet, hollow, heart lozenges should hold the positions usually occupied by mounds of cannon-balls. The little hearts may each contain some bit of good-natured marital sarcasm for and against woman suffrage.

During the dinner the canon may be "trained on the fort," in other words, arguments "for" matched with arguments "against." Each man may be given an opportunity to prove her right to her claim for independence; each man given a chance to refute her arguments. He should be appointed to decide the merits of the various debates.

For the menu pressed chicken may be moulded to represent a fort, topped by a very tiny silk flag. Stuffed potatoes may be served on cart-wheels made of slices of "love-apple"—tomato. Cannon-balls of potato may be served on the fish course, each to be pierced by an arrow of filled paper, and every arrow containing a choice morsel of wit.

Cold tongue may be served under the title of "Woman's principal instrument of warfare." Ice-cream may be moulded as cannon and delicious cannon-balls of feed angel-cake may be passed. Each bit of cake may be pierced by the skirmishing which just such balls of confection are likely to bring about in the first exchange of marital hostilities.

How to Have a "Rest-Cure Luncheon"

FOR those of us who are worn out with the season's gayeties suppose we plan a lazy "Rest-Cure Luncheon." The hostess for such an affair could arrange a table, placate as a sanitarium sun-parlor, fitted up with hammocks, chairs piled up with cushions, stanzas littered with books, magazines, and flowers.

Each "patient" may be subjected to a number of pertinent questions from the "resident physician" (the hostess) before she is enrolled for treatment; her manner of responding to her examination largely determining the condition of her nervous system.

The notes of invitation should request each guest to bring a dressing-sacque which she dons before entering the sun-parlor. They assigned to a delightfully-comfortable chair, her feet propped up on cushions, and cushions tucked behind her head, each woman should close her eyes and begin a lazy, luxurious morning of complete relaxation.

Half a dozen friends, dressed as trained nurses, should be in charge of the "patients"; are comfortably settled one of these nurses may begin to read a soothing short story. This story should be interrupted after fifteen minutes by the appearance of "nourishment"—incidentally, the first course of the luncheon, fried bouillon. After the bouillon-cups are taken away five minutes' massage should be prescribed before the "rest-cure."

After naming each girl may be given her "medicine." powders—to be applied externally when needed—the small pill-boxes containing bags of chamomile salt, luteinohol around with colored silks, and holding talcum powder. Then the story may be resumed, to be interrupted a second time by the appearance of creamed chicken with mushrooms. And so the affair should proceed to the end of the luncheon.

Games for a Patriotic Porch Party

PROGRESSIVE games might be used for a patriotic porch party. Each small table may be made to resemble a porch, the top being covered with chesscloth and the sides draped with crepe paper and bunting. A tattoo on a big bass-drum should mark the beginning and end of the various games. Small flags, the blue ends of which should be fastened to the ends as tallies; a little gold star, awarded for each game won, being placed on the blue end.

In the first table contest the girls, when to make a "Betsey Ross" flag from scraps of red, white and blue paper, and counting the old-fashioned, perforated cards may be stitched with red, white and blue woaded, drama, cannon and musket and counting the old-fashioned cards. Contestants at table three should each make a flag of sandpaper. At table four each guest may be provided with a clay pipe, black crepe paper, putty and sandpaper, with which to make a "freedom bell."

Refreshments may be passed in pasteboard knapsacks, each containing a can of torpedo-salt filled with shrimp salad; cheese stanzas moulded like little boats or hardtack, and a bunch of "freedomers" filled with olives and salted nuts.

Mrs. Marriott will answer by mail questions in regard to entertaining and social events. Send your questions to her in care of the Journal. Such questions should be sent to two or three in advance of the date of the entertainment.

Made to wear where the wear comes most



The Hose you hear so much about

## More than Merely "Guaranteed Hose"

THERE are a great many hoses that give long wear, but they do so at the expense of comfort

and appearance. You surely do not want this kind. For a sock or stocking that feels awkward and clumsy —that does not even fit well or look well is worse than none.

Everwear Hose are the guaranteed kind. Each pair of six months wear six months or more will be given free. But they are more than merely "guaranteed" hose.

Everwear does not sacrifice ease or style for durability. The heel and toe are given extra strength but not extra thickness. These parts are the same as the balance of the hose—the weave is merely made very much closer at these points, but not thickened.

This is done by the exclusive Everwear process. That is why you cannot get the Everwear quality in any other hosiery. Isn't this the kind of hose you want —the kind that not only gives you

a guarantee of long service, but that looks, fits and feels as good as the most expensive hosiery you can buy?

Then remember the name—"EVERWEAR"—and look for it on the hose. For it's so easy to become confused in names. 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. Send for your free booklet, "An Everwear Yarn."

Six Pairs of One Size in a Box, Solid or Assorted Colors

**Silk Lisle Egyptian Cotton**  
MEN'S—\$1.50 a box. Color: black, blue, white, light tan, dark, medium, light blue, green and burgundy, grey and green.

**LADY'S—\$1.00 a box. Color: black, blue, white, light tan, dark, medium, light blue, green and burgundy, grey and green.**

**EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO.**  
Dept. 19, Milwaukee, Wis.

**Everwear**  
TRADE MARK  
**HOSIERY**  
For Men and Women

ECONOMICAL

The staple **Half-Wool Dress Fabric**

One fabric on the market, two widths

15 cts. 25 cts.  
per yard per yard

22 inch 36 inch

**DANISH POPLAR CLOTH**

Recognized to be the best staple dress fabric on the market.

Adapted to almost every use so with dress goods are popular. Fine, soft, lustrous, and strong. Not subject to shrinkage, soft, lustrous, and strong. Not subject to shrinkage, soft, lustrous, and strong. Not subject to shrinkage, soft, lustrous, and strong.

Best Shoes and Black are just right for Bathing Suits

JOY, LANGDON & CO., Manufacturers Agents  
Boston and New York.

Send for this beautiful 100-page Book "Modern Bathrooms"

If you want your bathroom to be a model of comfort, luxury and style, send today for "MODERN BATHROOMS"—it will prove an invaluable aid in your choice of sanitary, practical, and pleasing fixtures.

STANDARD SANITARY MFG. CO., Dept. K, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Two-Flat House Plans

Complete working plans \$2. SKETCH SENT FREE

EDW. L. DUNN

5th National Bank Bldg., New York City

**Kleinert's Dress Shields**

Made in six shapes and ten sizes

JUNO quality contains no rubber

The JUNO was the first rubberless Dress Shield ever made that could be washed in hot water and ironed with a hot iron.

It is so white and light that it is almost transparent.

As a dress shield to be worn with thin lingerie waists it has no equal.

Our Dress Shield Book sent free on application.

CRISANT SHAPE, REGULAR SHAPE, HIGH POINT SHAPE, ATTACHABLE SHAPE, FULL DRESS SHAPE, FTON SHAPE

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER COMPANY  
721, 723, 725 727 Broadway, New York.

**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes itching, tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is certain relief for growing nails, perspiring, callous and hot, tired, itching feet. It is always in demand for use in Patent Leather Shoes and for Dancing Parties. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any Substitute.

Send by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address ALLEN S. OLMSTED, THE ROY, N.Y.

**Pro-Phy-lac-tic**

Tooth Brush "World's Standard"

bristle tufts reach all the way to the gum line. Bristles are soft and long and do not break. Bristles are soft and long and do not break. Bristles are soft and long and do not break.

FLORENCE MFG. CO., 110 Pine Street, Florence, Mass., U. S. A.









# LIFEBUOY



## The Healthy Soap For Toilet and Bath

"A Word to the Wise"

Use LIFEBOUY SOAP for toilet and bath and enjoy the security it gives because of its hygienic and beneficial qualities.

You owe it to yourself, your family and your neighbors, to keep infection as far away as possible.

LIFEBOUY SOAP is the household germ destroyer, the recognized health soap of the home.

### LIFEBOUY SOAP

Cleans and Disinfects at the Same Time.

Ask your Grocer. 5c a Cake.

LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, Cambridge, Mass.



## TRY THIS SELF-HEATING IRON FEE.

Use the Ideal Self-Heating Sulf from free for 10 days—iron two long washings with it every day on the line flimsy you do up yourself—in the sewing room for pressing—iron everything from the heaviest bedspread to thinnest lace cap.

**Iron in Comfort**  
Away from the hot kitchen, without taking an extra step—a gas of less than *One Cent* a day.  
The Ideal Self-Heating Sulf from is absolutely safe and convenient. It is simple—nothing to get out of order—strong built to last a lifetime. You can regulate its heat instantly—something not possible on an electric iron. It is available in *any size*—*priced for all*—for 10 days, free.  
The Ideal Self-Heating Sulf from comes in three sizes: The Household size, 6 lbs., for 2-6; the Domestic size, for 2-6; the Ladies' size, 14 lbs.

Write us today, we will send you one free trial offer.  
**THE IDEAL SELF-HEATING IRON MFG. CO.**  
Dept. 36, Cleveland, Ohio.  
DEALERS: WRITE FOR AGENCY AT ONCE.

## If You Embroider

you will sooner or later discard silk for the new and better embroidery material, GLOSSILK. So much better than silk in every way that a single trial will forever convince you of its superiority.

# GLOSSILK

**Brighter than Silk**  
Not only brighter than silk, but more beautiful. You can accomplish more easily and more quickly with Glossililk than with silk. The finest embroideries are now being made with Glossililk—the best embroidery store site recommending Glossililk. Try it. Glossililk is produced in every color—write to your dealer, or write to us giving his name.  
**Bernhard Ulmann & Co.,**  
Dept. A,  
107 to 113 Grand St.,  
New York

**FREE Relyea SAMPLES**  
Send your address and we will mail you a packet of Relyea Samples, containing the best of Relyea's famous Toilet Soap, Naiskoc, Linergic, Citric, Empress, and others. Write to our Dept. Relyea, 107 to 113 Grand St., New York.  
We have you money and proper expense on all orders. Write to our Dept. Relyea, 107 to 113 Grand St., New York.  
Relyea & Co., Dept. A, 987 Broadway, New York.

## A \$500 PRIZE OFFER

Have you an Attractive Summer Home Which Cost \$1500 or Less?

IF YOU have THE JOURNAL wants to see what you have accomplished, and to know how it was done. It is not the matter whether your summer home is a mountain cottage, a remodeled farmhouse, or just a camp in the woods, provided the result is good and the cost did not exceed \$1500—and the lot the cost the better.

For the best illustrated articles received THE JOURNAL offers the following prizes subject to the conditions below:

- \$150 as a First Prize
- 125 as a Second Prize
- 100 as a Third Prize
- 75 as a Fourth Prize
- 50 as a Fifth Prize

### Read These Conditions Carefully

EACH article must include: First, at least one photograph of the exterior of the house and at least one photograph of one of the main rooms of the interior—the living room, for instance. These photographs should be clear and sharp in detail and must include a 7 x 7 inch or larger. Second, a floor plan drawn in pencil, or pen-and-ink, or in blueprint form, showing the location and size of all the rooms, closets, porches, etc. Third, a description not exceeding one thousand words, and if possible, fewer if possible, which will tell why you built the house, where it is located, of what material it is constructed and how it is finished. Fourth, an itemized statement of the total cost. Remember that the total cost must not exceed \$1500, and in awarding the prizes

The Judges Will Favor the Contributors Who Have Accomplished the Most for the Least Amount of Money.

In addition to the prizes we may pay not less than \$25 each for any articles which we can use. No contributions to this offer will be returned unless the correct amount of postage or expressage is inclosed for that purpose. Also, the judges reserve the right to award the prizes in case the material submitted is not up to THE JOURNAL'S standard. This offer will close on September first, which contributions must positively be in the hands of

THE ASSOCIATED EDITOR  
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL  
PHILADELPHIA

## THE GIRLS' CLUB With One Idea: To Make Money

GOODNESS me, how busy the Club is!

"Vacations?" Yes, indeed, we are all planning for them, but the most of them are to be "up and doing" through the summer. The following letters show that they know just where to turn.

**"The Manager of the Girls' Club:**  
"Your column has such a pulse of life in it. I'd like to get into the fun. I'm a college girl, getting through on her wit, and I need money." Is there any place for me? A Girl From Iowa."

**"The Manager of the Girls' Club:**  
"I am quite an old girl and a school-teacher. I have not much leisure time now, but shall have in my summer vacation. I have been trying to save money to pay the mortgage on the home where my parents live. I have been trying to save money to be able to make this summer amount to something in dollar and cents."

**"The Manager of the Girls' Club:**  
"Go to my girl friends and I have long desired to give your Club—your column—some old-fashioned and informal, but has thought the Club included only large girls. My dear, I am but fourteen years old—I am very needy friends, but I should love to join. A Boy From Iowa."

"Include?" Why, my dear "dearsters," our Club would be a dream to you without your youthful spirits and bright, brave hearts."  
The following letter, written on the dainty gray-and-gold embossed Swastika Club stationery, which only Swastika girls have the privilege of using, is from a Massachusetts girl who earned thirty-four dollars and forty cents.

**"The Manager of the Girls' Club:**  
"I will use you to this summer. I have received of the Swastika newspaper. I have wanted before acknowledging it to the editor. I have mentioned in this month and to thank you for this one. I am a teacher and I have a very good vacation fund during the summer. The idea of The Girls' Club is a very good one. I want every teacher or schoolgirl who needs to make money to write to me, and learn how the largest Club in America has helped her. I'll gladly reply regularly."

One word more. While inviting new members into the Club, I want to remind the old ones what an equal part they have had in that from them also. Will my girls, while you are away on your vacations, and tell me of your good times; and the vacation to be paid for with Girls' Club money, so much the greater satisfaction.

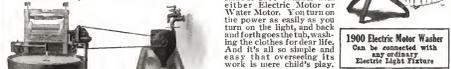
THE MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB  
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL  
PHILADELPHIA

## 2c a Week Pays Wash Bill! Electricity or Water-Power Does the Work

Just a "Twist of the Wrist" Starts or Stops the Machine!  
The 1900 Motor Washers are made at work in thousands of homes. They are doing the work formerly done by women, at a cost of less than a week for power! Saving thousands upon thousands of dollars in wash bills. Saving worlds of water. Saving time. Leaving the women free to do other work while the machines are doing the washing.

## The 1900 Motor Washer

Washes a Tubful in Six Minutes! Handles heavy blankets or dainty laces.



The outfit consists of the famous 1900 Motor Washer with either Electric Motor or Water Motor. It is built on a cast-iron base, and has a rubber on the flaps, and back and rollers which will take the clothes for easier life. And it will take it all in one easy twist of the wrist. It is so easy that even a child can use it.

**1900 Water Motor**  
Can be connected with any water tap. Lasting.

BRANCH HOUSES: The 1900 Motor Washers are made at 1547 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## OUR FREE BOOKLET proves what seems impossible

Let Us Send It To You! It tells the most practical way to cook cereals, vegetables, etc., are cooked properly in a Caloric Fireless Cookstove.

and much cheaper than is possible by any other process. It explains why, by its use, all the cheapest and toughest cereals are made tender. Why the flour is hygienically cooked—no heating—no frying. Why there is no escaping odors. Why there is no danger of burning or overcooking. Why there is no danger of burning or overcooking. Why there is no danger of burning or overcooking.

**BAKES AND ROASTS**  
Just as well as you can make bread, cakes, biscuits, etc., without first heating or partially cooking, or without frying the outside. It is a regular stove. It is absolutely sanitary—no gas, no fumes, no smoke. It is built on a cast-iron base, and has a rubber on the flaps, and back and rollers which will take the clothes for easier life. And it will take it all in one easy twist of the wrist. It is so easy that even a child can use it.

**For Summer Cottages**  
The Caloric is especially adapted for use in summer cottages. It is built on a cast-iron base, and has a rubber on the flaps, and back and rollers which will take the clothes for easier life. And it will take it all in one easy twist of the wrist. It is so easy that even a child can use it.

THE CALORIC CO., 200 McKay Blvd., Janesville, Wis.  
(Formerly at Grand Rapids, Mich.)

## Delicious Ice Cream Made in Glass

No crank, gear or dasher required. All the danger and inconvenience involved in the use of every metal freezer eliminated.

## The Sanitary Crystal Glass Freezer

Saves Half the Labor We Absolutely Guarantee  
One size only, saves half of it in beautiful and sanitary. It is built on a cast-iron base, and has a rubber on the flaps, and back and rollers which will take the clothes for easier life. And it will take it all in one easy twist of the wrist. It is so easy that even a child can use it.

CONSOLIDATED MFG. COMPANY, 383 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

## LIPID CLEANER

Is Wonderful for Dusting; It Polishes, Cleans and Disinfects All at the Same Time.  
Sold Everywhere in 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles

## A Really SAFE Refrigerator—The Monroe

The Monroe is the only refrigerator on the market which is built on a cast-iron base, and has a rubber on the flaps, and back and rollers which will take the clothes for easier life. And it will take it all in one easy twist of the wrist. It is so easy that even a child can use it.

**JUNKET PRODUCTS**  
Puddings, Ice Cream, Butterflies, Cakes, etc., served in the *Smart* Glass on the beautiful, clean, and safe. Write to us and we will send you a variety of dairy milk desserts can be made with the Junket Preparation.  
100 Packet Tablets (all in process and dry).  
Cbr. Bauer's Laboratory, 383, State, Bldg., N. Y.



**1900 Electric Motor Washer**  
Can be connected with any ordinary electric light fixture.

**Self-Washing Wringer Free With Every Washer**  
The motor comes with a wringer. We guarantee the motor will work for you. No extra charge for wringer, which is one of the best made. Write for FREE BOOK and for DRY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Don't doubt! Don't say it can't be done. The free book proves that it can. Don't do out with you take our offer for a free trial. We will send you a free trial of the 1900 Motor Washer. No extra charge for wringer, which is one of the best made. Write for FREE BOOK and for DRY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

**1900 Electric Motor Washer**  
Can be connected with any ordinary electric light fixture.

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Can be connected with any ordinary electric light fixture.

### Bishop's Special Values

#### In Bed-Room Furniture

These artistic pieces are beautifully finished in your choice of Dark or Light Mahogany, Golden Quartered Oak, Curly Birch or Bird's-Eye Maple. They have finest quality French Bevel Mirrors, Solid Brass Hardware, Perfect Locks and Casters. Bennett's Sewing Machine, French Fronto, French Expanding Bed, Curved Chair Feet.



**\$12.75**  
For the Picture Dresser, Wash Bin.



**\$14.75**  
For the Picture Dresser, Wash Bin.

**\$14.75**  
For the Picture Dresser, Wash Bin.

**\$14.75**  
For the Picture Dresser, Wash Bin.

### Smith's "Baby's Shop"

TRADE MARK REG'D U.S. PAT. OFFICE

**DAINTY THINGS FOR BABIES**  
(Copyright 1915, Albert Dwight Smith & Co.)  
Our new illustrated mail-order catalog No. 10 contains every requirement for an **INFANT'S COMPLETE OUTFIT** with a list of **BAVIER'S** finest articles, and is issued July 1st, and sent to you in a paper sealed envelope with a simple plan, announcement card for a business stamp. **Handwritten orders our specialty.**  
**ALBERT DWIGHT SMITH & CO.**  
301 Lyman Bridge, Springfield, Mass.

**Sablin** PERFECT FORM FOR THE SLENDER WOMAN

The only garment that, without grinding or irritating, gives the beautiful high bust, straight waist and long hip. No pressure on neck, lungs or stomach. Braces the shoulders, expands the chest naturally.

Ask your dealer for **SABLIN'S** and look for the name, which is on every garment. Order from us if the custom supply is low. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

For medium, medium full or tall figures. Made in white or drab cotton, also white batiste. Give special waist measures, bust measure desired, length from armpit to waistline.

**Best grade \$1.50 medium, \$1.00. Postage 14c. Write for free fashion booklet, full of interesting information.**

**THE SABLIN COMPANY, 1325 Wabash Avenue, Chicago**

**SPECIAL OFFER TO QUICK BUYERS.**

## Talking \$5 Parrots

WE will sell 2000 of our regular \$10 Parrots for \$5.00 and guarantee every bird to talk. We sell you the Parrot on trial 60 days. You run no risk. If it doesn't talk you are to return the bird and get your Money Back.

Written guarantee with every parrot shipped anywhere in the U.S., Canada or Mexico on receipt of \$5. Shipping case and food for journey included.

Only 2000 at \$5; order at once.

Parrot Case Special: a \$2.50 Steel Cage, \$1.50 when ordered with Parrot.

**COGLEY & MULLEN, 1253 Market St., PHILADELPHIA**  
— THE LARGEST PEW SHOP IN THE WORLD.

Meet Me Face to Face—  
Until I get a package of **TAIRMENDA**

Saves Stitches for Mother  
Made under the thumb, no stitching. Plaster, hot sticks lighter, cannot soak off.

Packages \$c. and 10c. At all stores.

Agents wanted! Samples Free! Write now or may be had. Manufactured by **Peters Manufacturing Co., Boston**

**The Foods Shot From Guns**

Puffed Rice      Puffed Wheat

## A Million a Month

At this writing the sale on Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice exceeds a million packages monthly.

It has almost doubled in the past three months. Every day, apparently, some ten thousand new homes adopt them.

All over the country, one is telling another about these enticing foods. And the others tell others.

Before the summer is over, perhaps a million new homes will enjoy them. Won't you let your home be one?

### Chosen by Three in Four

At our New York lunch room we serve ten kinds of cereals—all our own make—to hundreds of people daily.

We serve all without preference, and all at one price—15 cents per dish. For our object is to learn what people want.

Of each 1,000 people who take ready-cooked cereals, 747 take the foods shot from guns.

Only one-fifth as many take Corn Flakes, one-tenth as many take Wheat Flakes, one-eighth as many take Breakfast Biscuits.

Our patrons are mainly men—men who want foods that are real and substantial. These are the foods they choose.

That indicates clearly that three homes in four will want puffed foods when they know them.

## Puffed Wheat, 10c

## Puffed Rice, 13c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is the curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved, for sixty minutes, in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous. Then the guns are unsealed. Instantly every starch granule is exploded into a myriad particles, so the digestive juices act promptly.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times—made four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have giant grains, crisp and delicious, ready to melt in the mouth.

### The Children's Choice

If we had a lunch room where children were served, it is probable that nothing but these puffed foods would sell.

For the great crisp grains, to the children's taste, are the most delicious foods in existence.

Prove this on your table—shoot what you please say. Serve Puffed Wheat one morning and Puffed Rice the next.

One of these foods will be your breakfast forever, if you let your people choose.

Try it tomorrow—order a package now.

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

## The Former Coffee Drinker

wakes in the morning with a clear head and realizes that "coffee bondage" is a thing of the past.

# POSTUM

brings comfort and health—

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,  
Battie Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

**This Is The Hammock**

**That Lasts**

**Vudor**  
Re-enforced Hammock

The best of the Vudor Re-enforced Hammock is woven generally heavier toward the middle, making it strongest where the most wear comes. This is an exclusive patented feature found in no other hammock. Patent feature found in no other hammock.

Write for Booklet and Dealer's Name.

We will send you, upon receipt of postal card, the beautiful Vudor Booklet, showing quality of material, Vudor Re-enforced Hammock in actual colors. This booklet also shows the Vudor Porch Swing, also available.

**Hough Bess Corporation, 220 Mill St., Jenneville, Wis.**

A MACEBETH lamp-chimney insures a clear, steady, even light from an oil lamp—and that's the best of all artificial light for reading.

MACEBETH chimneys are made of clear glass, they fit, and they do not break from heat.

My name on every one.

Mr. James Chimney Book insures getting the right chimney for any lamp, and gives suggestions for lamps, chimneys, wicks, oils, and tells how to keep lamps in order. I gladly mail it free to anyone who writes for it.

**MACEBETH, Pittsburgh**

## BECOME A NURSE

This is the method of **including study and practice, taught by correspondence.**

Our entire method, including study and practice, taught by correspondence.

We have trained thousands of nurses, but only 250 special nurses, in their own homes, to earn \$125 to \$250 weekly.

If you desire a larger sphere of influence, greater independence, and worthy remuneration.

**The Chattanooga School of Nursing**  
315 Main St., Jacksonville, N. Y.

Please send your 5c. Blue Book for 100c. plan, method, and names of successful nurses.

## COLGATE'S TOILET POWDER

DO NOT STOP HERE

**SIX HOLE SIFTER AND IMPROVEMENT**

**1909 Model CONCENTRATES AND REGULATES**

**Double Economy**  
The position of the six holes puts the distribution of the powder entirely under your control.

**THE OLD WAY SCATTERS AND WASTES**  
No scattering, no waste. Our non-leaking sifter top allows you to regulate the flow of powder by making the holes smaller or larger.

**The Safety Powder into a Saving Box**  
The antiseptic and soothing ingredients of our Toilet Powder are preserved from formula of an eminent physician. Not only the powder, but also the exquisite perfume is antiseptic.

**Trial size sent for 4c. in stamps.**  
COLGATE & CO., Dept. H-155 John St., New York.  
Sisters of Calumet Roomer Toilet Soap.

**We couldn't Improve the Powder, so We have AGAIN Improved the Box**

**FOR PRICKLY HEAT AND IRRITATED SKIN**

**Packer's Tar Soap**  
AND

**—DON'T SCRATCH!**

**Directions for Local Treatment:** To promptly relieve itching and stinging, cleanse the affected surfaces with

**PACKER'S TAR SOAP**  
then apply a lather and pat dry with a towel, repeating as desired. This not only removes dirt and scabs, but soothes the sensitive nerve endings in the skin. ANTISEPTIC and EMOLLIENT.

**The Packer Mfg. Co., New York**

## HER NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

The girl's restless eyes sought the cold March sunset, and her short breath came faster. "Did John send me a message?" she asked.

In silence Miss Sophie gave her a letter.

The girl read the missive over twice.

"I know what's in it, my darling," said Miss Sophie tremulously. "I told Sam that we were going to leg you once again, thinking you might have changed toward me. I thought I'd try; but he didn't know you was sick."

Alice's eyes went back to those tender, passionate words that she so rarely saw sight of. "Will one of you write for me?" she asked at last.

"I guess your hand's stiffer, Maria," said Sophie.

In a minute there was the unusual sight of Miss Maria Wilcox still penning a letter from a maid to her lover, and this was what she wrote:

"Dear John:

"Your words touch me deeply, but not to more regret than I have felt every day since we parted. My mother died with consumption at my age. I am following in her footsteps. The doctor says I have no chance, even with change of climate. I do not love you better or differently than when we parted. If, however, you would take comfort in calling me years from the month of two I have to live, I will marry you. Alice Wilcox."

The amanuensis had not penned that last line without a glancing pretext.

"It will write you both truer," said Alice. "Please leave me a little while to write. I'll decide whether you will send the letter." She closed her eyes, and her arms tightened round the maid.

Miss Maria strove for her utter sternness when she was alone with her sister.

"You can manage this Sophie," she said. "I ain't much on love-dots."

Sophie clung to her sister tightly together. "You'd ought to have heard Sam tell. He said John might have said this happens after all he's been married to for twenty years," she added pitiously, "my heart's just breakin', but I would be a liar to write you to have one 'Mrs.' on our gravestones!"

John came, tall, slender, the shadow of his nose, weak, eager, yet in such a manner as he approached the bedside of his frail beloved. The maid was so surprised that she cried:

"You had your wish," said Maria. "You and Sophie when the ceremony was over and they had watched the minister go, wet-eyed, down the garden path. 'Alice was married in white.' Sophie only sobbed."

Maria would not call at any position in which she might be questioned to meet Alice or John alone, but took them together in the role of bride and bridegroom that they had suddenly become feminine to her.

"It's time for Alice's medicine now," she said unconsciously, as she was hurried to the alcovy with Miss Sophie dried the open door of Alice's chamber the dreak back. John was still on his knees by the bed, his forehead bowed on Alice's hand, in the posture in which the minister had left him. Her open eyes were fixed on the window, and there was a pensive look in her face that Miss Sophie tried away.

The silence in the room was first broken by Alice. "Go, John," she said faintly.

He raised his head, and his face hid in it a great radiance. "Does it tire you to have me here?" he asked.

"No, but you have been through so much. Go to your room and rest."

"Alice!" His eyes said hers in such reverent joy that he wondered. "I am so blessed that I shall never know fatigue again."

"Poor boy!" compassionately. "But you must remember what a little time it will be before the goodby is said."

"Ah, but it will not come; or if it does, it will be for so short a time that we shall scarcely notice, and perhaps—his voice trembled—"perhaps you will even learn to love me, Alice."

"Please don't make my honesty of no avail. I cannot live."

"Then I cannot," he returned no less radiantly.

"The doctor says my will power must be roused for me to get well."

"No, I haven't been brave all said."

"But you must alter now, my—my husband."

A pink flush overtook her face.

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"Please don't make my honesty of no avail. I cannot live."

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# THE DEPARTMENT OF CLOTHES

## Clothes to Take Away This Summer

Designs by Mrs. Ralston

Drawings by Augusta Reimer



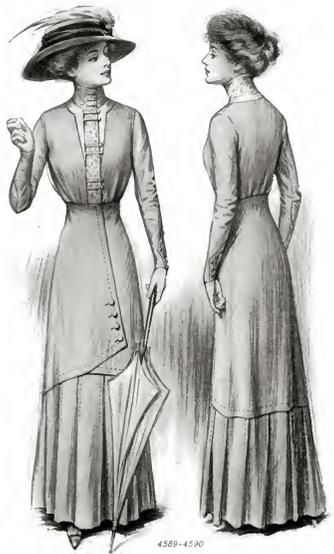
4367-4090



4490



4490—This is a waist which is suitable for any of several different materials. It may be made as illustrated, of medium-weight linen with a shaped yoke embroidered by hand; this work to be done in white on white or in a delicate color on white. If the waist is made in a color the embroidery should be white. Or again, the waist could be made of gingham or madras, with the yoke of a contrasting color. Patterns (No. 4490) closed at the side-front come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards of 36-inch, or one yard and five-eighths of 44-inch material without nap.



4589-4530

4367-4090—Just the suit for linen, crease or cotton poplin for the summer vacations, with piqué collar of the same color. For general wear choose dark-blue or natural-colored linen, white for nice wear nothing is so pretty as white. If linen is too expensive use a cotton-and-linen material which can be bought for twelve and a half cents a yard, or a cotton poplin which is twenty-five cents a yard. Patterns (No. 4367) for the semi-fitted coat come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires four yards of 36-inch material without nap. Patterns (No. 4090) for the acre-spread, flare skirt with inverted box-pleat or habit back come in eight sizes: 23 to 27 inches waist measure. Size 25 requires four yards and three-quarters of 36-inch material without nap.

4593—The charming evening gown on the right may be made of any of the soft summer cottons; mull, chiffon lawn or dotted Swiss. Sheer eyelid embroidery may be used as a trimming, with an edging of narrow Valenciennes lace. No lining is required, as the waist and skirt may be joined and the dress buttoned down the back. This dress could also be used for embroidery founcing as the ruffle, though shaped at the top, is straight at the bottom. Patterns (No. 4593) for this dress, with a five-gored skirt shirred at the top and lengthened by a gathered flounce, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires eight yards and three-quarters of 27-inch material without nap, eight yards and a half of banding and ten yards of edging.



4593

4587

4589-4590—Either pongee in the natural color or a pin-dotted, dark-blue foulard would be an attractive material for the afternoon dress above. Make the vest of a colored, embroidered net, with the trimming band of a contrasting color. This is a design which could also be used for a linen or a gingham for the afternoon. Patterns (No. 4589) for the waist come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires two yards of 18-inch all-over lace for collar, etc. Patterns (No. 4590) for the skirt, having a three-piece upper section lengthened by a straight, plaited flounce, come in four sizes: 22 to 28 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires four yards and three-quarters of 36-inch material without nap.

4587—Morning dress which would be serviceable in an inexpensive print or in a striped or checked calico, either of which can be bought for seven cents a yard. If a bordered material is purchased the border could be cut off and applied as a trimming. Small crocheted buttons fasten the dress at the side-front and add a decorative touch. This would also make the nicest kind of work-dress for any time of the year, as the semi-fit would be comfortable. Patterns (No. 4587) for this semi-fitting Princess dress, closing at the left side-front, come in five sizes: 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires nine yards of 27-inch material without nap, five yards and three-quarters of narrow banding and four yards of wide banding.

Patterns (including Guide Chart) for the designs shown on this page can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns; or by mail, giving number of pattern, bust measure for waists, coat and costumes, and waist and hip measures for skirts, and including the price to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

## The Economy of Good Taste

By Mrs. Ralston  
Drawings by Anna W. Speakman

Simple and Durable

THE surest foundation of economy in clothes is good taste, so I want to discuss directly and practically a few of the commonest errors into which one most naturally falls, and to point out to you the extravagance as well as the poor taste of over-elaboration. Let us speak of the "best" summer hat; the summer muslin to wear informally in the evenings throughout the year; the dressy blouse or shirtwaist to be worn with the tailored coat and skirt suits of different materials; and the "best" summer dress for a little girl—clothes which should always be of the prettiest, but not "fussed up" in any way.

PERHAPS there are more unfortunate mistakes made in hats than in any other one kind of clothing. In one picture above I have shown a hat in good taste, and in the other you will see one of the unhappy, every-day instances of ill-judged buying that nine women out of ten are liable to commit. This is the hat to be worn with all sorts of clothes from the tailored suits to mid-summer, lingerie dresses. To combine utility and prettiness, I grant you, often difficult, and yet with a little experience it can be done, and the result will repay you not only in good taste and becomingness, but in economy as well.

The difference between these two hats I hope is sufficiently strong to show you more clearly than I can by mere words that I mean by the economy of good taste. You will see that in the light, thin straw hat there is nothing that can possibly last to the re-trimming stage, or even last through the wear and tear of one summer and look well; the straw will not hold its shape, nor will it keep its color, the chiffon rosette will melt and disappear; the cheap flowers will get soiled and be replaced quickly, and the jets of the buckle will fall off and give the last look of dilapidation to this very fleeting, unstable structure—nothing whatever will be left at the end of one short season.

I hope the other hat will show you, in a not unpleasant way, the economy as well as the better taste of putting your money into a good, serviceable straw or chip hat—which can be readily re-made—with simple trimmings of good ribbon—that can be used not only for another hat but for other things—with just a touch of color in a few flowers that can easily be replaced or recyled when the occasion demands. As far as it is possible have everything on the hat a foundation for future use.

AND when it comes to blouses I almost hesitate to touch upon the subject, so vast is the field and so many are the victims. There is nothing in the world that is more useful, more needed and prettier than a washable lingerie shirtwaist or blouse; there is nothing more becoming or more suitable to the majority of people and appropriate for more times and places than this indispensable but so often misunderstood garment. The common mistake in this, as in the lingerie dress, is the misuse of elaborate trimmings. Though trimming characterizes this type of blouse unless you can afford the very best avoid it altogether. The beauty of all cottons and thin cloths, from underwear to embroidered lingerie dresses, lies in their daintiness, simplicity and



As a Child Should and Should Not be Dressed



The First Blouse is Always in Good Taste and the Second Never



Tucks and Some Lace are Preferable to a Mass of Cheap Embroidery

Overtrimmed and Perishable

excellence of workmanship. These are the foundations upon which economy and good taste must be built, and without which good clothes can never exist. No amount of trimming can hide real defects, and always remember that in small things such as a blouse the trimming should be modest and kept in its place and not overstep the bounds of good taste and take up all the room. The trimming should be a small portion of the blouse or the shirt-waist. In this case you want a foundation just as much as in the case of the dress and hat; you want a possession—a thing that you can wear and have something left over at the end of the year. And the advantage is that it will not only look better, but it will also cost you less.

NEXT is the lingerie dress. From the standpoint of both taste and economy the materials and trimmings as well as the type of the dress itself should be such that there is a foundation to work upon through succeeding summers. There should be something good enough in the dress to remodel. I have tried to show in the contrasting illustrations the perishableness and instability of overtrimmed clothes which at small expense give the very false impression of "fine feathers." The lingerie dress, which is a mass of poor machine embroidery and objectionable cheap lace, may for a short time have a certain air of "good clothes," but a second glance will show that it is built on the flimsiest foundation. After one season there will be nothing left but a mass of trash, the embroidery will look coarser and the edges will fray out, and the lace will tear away from the material and not even be worth ripping out to use for any other purpose.

First and last the most striking difference between these dresses lies not so much in the actual cost of the material as in the contrast in taste, and yet they both can answer precisely the same needs. In the simpler dress—shown in contrast to the very much be-trimmed one—you will have a pretty dress and for several seasons a good ground to work upon, since your material will not be cut up by trimming and may be changed from time to time by the addition of simple and suitable trimmings.

WHERE children's clothes are concerned I think the common-sense should be the dominating feature. Fashion may be very well when you grow up, but comfort is the keynote for successful clothes for children, and upon this must rest the good taste, economy and utility of their dressing. Unfortunately one does often see the unhappy, over-dressed child—a poor little martyr to her mother's vanity and foolish mistakes. Such a child is shown in the illustration above in the be-trimmed "best" summer dress—a mass of cheap, common embroideries and laces, and a huge, top-heavy hat—in all of which, both dress and hat, there is neither one atom of beauty nor a speck of comfort for the little wearer. Moreover, at the end of a few short weeks there will be nothing left for a thrifty mother to use for another season. How much better the other little girl looks in the plain lace dress, with the simply-tucked skirt, and but a little good embroidery on the waist—embroidery which will probably out-last the dress.

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WHEN you once realize the advantage of the Hinged Top Box in which Williams' Talcum Powder is put up, you won't willingly use any other. It's so handy, such a trouble saver and it simply cannot leak.

The fineness, purity and delightfully refreshing qualities of Williams' Talcum Powders leave a delicious, soft, velvety after effect on the skin of infant or adult.

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Address: The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.



## When the Baby Goes Out

### For the Carriage and Street



Good-looking and practical summer coat of white piqué for a baby, which can be bought for four dollars.



Sunbonnet of dimity with piqué poke, for seventy-five cents.



The back of the piqué coat illustrated is laid in an inverted plait. This coat comes in one and two year sizes.



Leather carriage-strap at a dollar and a half, and white piqué parasol-cover costing three dollars and a quarter.



Afghan of white piqué, trimmed with embroidery ruffles and beading, which costs three dollars and a quarter.

## Sewing for Young Mothers

### A Simple Outfit to Make or to Buy



Dainty, hand-made dress of batiste, which comes in small sizes for eight dollars and seventy-five cents.



Cotton poplin bloomers in small sizes cost ninety-five cents, and muslin drawers ninety cents.



This hand-made muslin petticoat, finished with a scallop, comes in the small sizes for eighty-five cents.

**T**HIS little outfit, consisting of a dress, petticoat, bloomers, drawers and night-drawers, shows good styles of useful garments which every child needs, and which may be bought readily made at reasonable prices, or made at home. For any one who can sew at all these little garments—as well as the coat and bonnet at the top of the page—will be no trouble to make.

The dress is suitable for sheer materials, and is made on a simple pattern laid in tucks on the shoulders and may be gathered or smocked across the direct front. The smocking is prettiest when done in a delicate color—using a fast-color linen floss. Stars worked in the center of the box-plaits at the neck as well as the waist not only hold the plait in place but add a decorative touch as well. The skirt is a straight, gathered one attached to a belt. Now here is a point to be remembered in children's clothes: that, when possible, they should be made to allow for the growth of the child. One simple way of making an outfit is to attach the waist to the skirt and set the belt over the joining; then, when necessary, the belt can be set between them to give length. The use of tucks will answer the same purpose. If the skirt is a straight, gathered one without tucks, allowance for three tucks, each one or two inches wide (any number or width desired), can be made above the hem. These tucks, of course, be let down, but a tucked skirt is prettier than a plain one in a sheer dress, so it is well to put in extra tucks for letting down—



Well-made muslin night-drawers which come in small sizes for eighty-five cents.

tucks taken on the wrong side of the skirt with their line of stitching concealed under one of the tucks on the right side. Tucks may also be allowed for in the petticoat, and should the waist become too short a belt may be added.

In children's clothes especially there is no more important point than the finishing, and a flat finishing at that. In the bloomers and drawers, for instance, a double-ply of muslin is used for the yoke and belt respectively. This makes it possible to gather and stitch the leg sections of each to the lower ply of the yoke and belt respectively, and then to turn a hem in the upper ply and lay it over the raw edges of the gathers, and stitch on the right side; this gives a flat, neat finish, and is simpler to do than to describe. Where simple hems can be used by all means use them—as in the leg of the night-drawers, for instance—but on a curved edge a bias facing is better. To do this place the right side of the facing to the right side of the garment, stitch on the wrong side, turn over the facing and stitch the other edge of the facing flat, having first turned in a hem. This is the way the armhole and neck of the petticoat should be finished. The skirt can be attached to the waist as described for the bloomers and drawers. In the night-drawers be sure that the collar and cuffs and armholes are ample in size, as they will not only be much more comfortable but will also wear much longer if not subjected to a strain. Use a fold of material for the collar and cuffs, finishing the edge with narrow embroidery.

## Veronique

Here is a new dessert creation—called "Veronique." They are made at the "Sunshine" bakeries, the finest in the world.

Today they are all the fad.

At the most select functions—informal dinners or afternoon tea—they take the place of pastry or cake.

They are delightful for dessert with coffee, tea or ices.

Note their odd shape. Pencil-like, the crust is firm and crisp. The filling is a sweet, delicious cream.

They are so very enticing—everyone likes them.

Try them once and we doubt if you will ever have enough.

## Veronique

Dessert Sticks are at most every grocer's, daintily packed in 25c tins—so their goodness is protected.

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### "Clover Leaf" Sugar Wafers

A Candy Sandwich, in 15c tins.

### "Philopena" Almond Shaped

A new one, too, in 25c tins.

### "Perfetto" Sugar Wafers

A Pastry Confection, in 10c and 25c tins.

On receipt of 50 cents we will ship, prepaid, an extra large tin of assorted sugar wafer dainties.

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WITH ICES or cream, "Veronique" fills the want of a bite to eat. Just enough to nibble to be satisfying. Try them at dinner.

## A "Sunshine" Dainty



# The Girl Who Makes Her Own Coquets

## Summer Evening Gowns

By Helen Kouss: With Drawings by M. E. Musseiman

TO MOST of us the summer evening gown seems to mean pretty, fresh gowns. There are many nice things to be had in informal parties of all sorts that require a dainty gown. So here are three pretties for this month, girls, and I hope you will find one or all of them just the thing you want.

First and foremost I have considered the cost, and any one of these may be made for five dollars or less, though, of course, you can spend as much more as you like by buying more expensive material. You know I always am getting fair qualities of material, as I know it pays, but this year especially there are so many pretty dainties, Swisses, embroidered mulls, etc., that you can buy for twenty-five cents a yard and under, that the materials even for a nice gown need not be expensive. It is the making of good clothes which costs so much, and as you are going to do that yourself your gown will cost, then half what it costs the girl who has to have hers made.



The first gown in the group above should be made in one—that is, the waist and skirt joined, as much easier to get into, and trimmer and neater at the waist-line. Nothing could be simpler than the waist skirt may be made in one, as shown in the illustration, with the high waist-line given by having the band of insertion at the top only; or it may be made tight-fitting—making the dress a Princess—by fitting it in at the waist-line, and having the side-back seams until it fits the figure snugly. Then if you like it better, place a second line of lace at the regular waist-line, stopping the tucks at this point. This gives you a grade of alternate bands of tucks and embroidery and would be quite as pleasing as the semi-fitted gown. It is just a matter of taste.

There are many pretty embroidered flouncings to be had at reasonable cost—especially now, when there are good remnants to be found. In a forty-inch skirt four yards of fifteen-inch flouncing will be required if it is applied in this way: that is, carrying the flounce across the front instead of stopping it at the sides as in the original pattern. The attractive new, hanging-panel effect is given by using lace insertion down the edges of the front gore and carrying it across the front below where the flounce joins the skirt. The patterns give a front gore in one from the waist to the floor, and I should cut it that way, placing the insertion on it at the depth shown in the picture. Then measure how many inches below the top of the flounce you have placed the cross-line of insertion, and slash the flouncing down just that far—allowing for seams, and for slight fullness across the front and cut away the top of the flouncing and the lower part of the front gore which is under the flounce. Keep the flounce all in one piece, and space the gathers so that there will be about an equal amount of fullness all the way around. The pattern calls for three yards and a half of flouncing, but I should get four if you carry the flounce across the front instead of stopping it at the sides.

If you use Swiss laces get a material which has the same texture as the flouncing you buy. If you use Swiss flouncing buy Swiss for the rest of the dress; or if it is batiste, buy batiste. You can probably get one, forty inches wide, for forty cents a yard and under. Of course if the material is narrow it will cost but twenty-five cents a yard. You will also require about a yard of embroidery edging of a narrower width for the lower part of the sleeves and the pieces in the grille at the front and back.

The waist itself is very simple to make, the tucks being perforated in the pattern. The waist and the upper part of the sleeves are cut in one, the tucking being done before any of the seams are sewed. The rest of the sleeve—which just turns the elbow—may be made of the flouncing, putting the finished edge to the bottom. No lining need be used in this dress, but finish the seams neatly, as it will launder and wear a great deal better. Patterns for the waist (No. 4524) come in four sizes, 22 to 40 inches bust measure; and for the skirt (No. 4525) in four sizes, 22 to 28 inches waist measure. If made as illustrated it will take (in the medium size):

- 4½ yards of 40-inch material at 40 cents . . . \$1.70
- 4 yards of 3½-inch embroidery flouncing at 50 cents . . . \$2.00
- 1½ yards of 6-inch wide Swiss flouncing and sleeves . . . .37
- 1 to 2½-yard piece of lace (70) and thread (12) . . . .29
- 52.29

4524+4525 4511  
These Pretty Summer Dresses Which Any Girl Can Make Herself

the neck, setting it on to the material and then cutting the material away afterward. Markers at the four corners and at the waist line underneath, overhanging the raw edges to the lace to keep them flat. The sleeves are in one piece and may be plain or the material tucked and then cut by the pattern. Care should be taken to place a plain space between in a pretty arrangement, or they may be tucked evenly.

THE skirt will be a delight to you as it is but two pieces—in narrow material you will have to join the breadths, but as that is just running the selvage edges together on the machine it is never difficult. Use a belt, which I should make of a band of lace, comes to the natural waist-line in the front, but is raised a little in the back. On the waist patterns you will find a line of squares indicating where to join the skirt to the waist. Spread a few gathers across the waist, but let the greater fullness come at the back. The tucks around the skirt are not included in the pattern and may be used or not as you like. If your skirt measure is thirty-eight inches when you are sitting, it will be length enough, but if it is forty inches finished or more you will have to allow for the tucks in cutting. The easiest way to put them in is to mark the distance from the top at intervals on the skirt after it is adjusted at the waist, so as to keep the tucks running around evenly. Run the top one and then space the others accordingly, turning up your hem an equal distance from the last tuck. The bands of lace above the shoulders and the two on the skirt should be slip-stitched in place on one edge only, the outer edge on the shoulders and the lower edge of the bands in the skirt being free. Patterns for the dress (No. 4511) come in five sizes, 22 to 40 inches bust measure:

- 2½ yards of 36-inch material at 15 cents . . . . \$ .38
- 2 yards of band trimming at 30 cents . . . . .210
- ¾ yard of narrow lace (6) and thread (12) . . . . .18

LAST of all, here is a dress for bordered material—the sort of dress which may be worn at almost any time, depending somewhat on the material, but the style is one that could be used for a morning gingham with a conventional border of stripes or bands, or with the natural bias bands of the material; an afternoon dimity with narrow embroidery, or the sheerest of floures bordered with Valenciennes insertion and collar. The flounce is cut with a straight edge, so you will have no trouble in using a bordered material. It would also be charming if made of embroidered flouncing. The panel, instead of being formed by bands of narrow lace, may be made of a band of four-inch embroidery, or of two narrow bands joined by a strip of lace, placing the finished edges to the sides. The dress fastens simply right down the front, and there is a becoming fullness in the waist and some in the skirt—as it is always prettier in soft materials. Of course, if the Dutch neck is not becoming you can put in a chemise.

As a last hint let me say that it is prettier when lace insertion is used to cut away the material underneath with the raw edges carefully turned in and finished by hand. If the lace is sewed on by machine bastie it carefully, and do not use too fine a stitch, so you will allow the tension to be tight. Patterns for the dress (No. 4507) come in five sizes, 22 to 40 inches bust measure. In a plain and bordered batiste combining this dress (in the medium size) will cost:

- ¾ yard of 56-inch plain material at 25 cents . . . . \$ .91
- 5½ yards of 2½-inch bordered material at 40 cents . . . . 2.15
- 1½ yards of 6-inch wide Swiss flouncing and sleeves . . . . .37
- Lace for collar (50) buttons (18) . . . . .68
- 52.36

Always remember, girls, in problems which perplex you in making your own clothes I shall be glad to help you if you will write me.

me tell you a secret: an inexpensive lace looks a better quality in cream than in white. You could use machine-made Swisses, which comes for thirty cents a yard, or a net and Venice which ranges from thirty to eighty cents. It is optional, of course, whether the dress is collarless, a style that is very much worn just now, and so cool and comfortable that I advise it. The top of the waist is laid in fine tucks which are always prettiest when run by hand, but they may be done on the machine. In this case, however, be careful to finish the threads neatly, as there is nothing so ragged-looking as to see the thread ends appear after the first washing. This reminds me, girls, that if you want real comfort in your summer clothes make them with the utmost care, cutting accurately, finishing the seams and threads, and using buttons and button-holes in preference to hooks and eyes; otherwise, you will be mending tips after each trip to the laundry.

But to go back to this waist, there is a shallow yoke across the shoulders which would be prettiest and which you will have to cut out to form the square opening at the waist and which you will have to cut out to form the square opening at the waist and which you will have to cut out to form the square opening at the waist.



## A Face and Toilet Powder Both in One

Lehn & Fink's Riviera Talcum Powder has the softness and smoothness heretofore possessed by only the finest and most expensive face powders.

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costs no more than ordinary talcum powders and may be freely and inexpensively used for general toilet and bath purposes and as a baby powder.

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How to Order Patterns for These Designs  
Patterns (including Guide-Chart) for all these designs can be supplied at fifteen cents for each number, post-free. The amount of material required for the various sizes is printed on the pattern envelopes. Order from your nearest dealer in patterns; or by mail, giving number of pattern, mail measure for waist and bust, and waist and hip measures for skirt, and indicating the price in the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.

## A Few Ready-to-Wear Clothes

### Some Useful Things Which are Inexpensive



On the left is a tucked shirt-waist of fine lawn, trimmed with embroidered dots of lavender on the front plait and cuffs, with stitching on the ruffle to match. It costs but two dollars and a quarter.

This waist is of textile laid in clusters of tucks, a row of feather-stitching next to each wider hemstitched tuck. It can be bought for three dollars and seventy-five cents.



Lawn dressing-sacque trimmed with ribbon and beading, with wide, gathered sleeves, costing ninety-nine cents.



Sheer, satin-striped, lawn shirt-waist, in plain tailored style with Gibson shoulder-plaits, for one dollar and a quarter.



A lawn blouse trimmed with insertion and crocheted buttons, marked four dollars and seventy-five cents.



Gored petticoat of chambray, with a bias bounce trimmed with machine embroidery, for one-dollar and fifty-seven cents.



**E 960 Women's "ONYX"** Black "DUB-L TOP" Cobweb Lisle—resists the ravages of the Garter Clasp. 50c. per pair.

**E 880 Women's "ONYX"** Black "DOUBLEX QUALITY" with "DUB-L TOP"—Gauze lisle; double sole, spliced heel. 75c. per pair.

**No. 106 Women's Pure thread Silk, Black, White, Tan, Gold, Copenhagen Blue, Wistaria, Amethyst, Taupe, Bronze, American Beauty, Pongee, all Colors to match shoe or gown. Undoubtedly the best value in America. Pure Dye. Every Pair Guaranteed. \$2.25 per pair.**

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If your dealer cannot supply you, write to Dept. A, and we will direct you where to procure "Onyx" Hosiery.



White skirt of cotton poplin in ten gores with panel trimming. Four dollars and seventy-five cents is its price.



Another white poplin skirt, which is cut in twelve gores, and may be bought for three dollars and seventy-five cents.

## "Onyx"



## Hosiery

Extract from speech  
delivered in Congress,  
April 6, 1909, by

**Hon. Seno E. Payne**

Chairman Ways and Means Committee.

"LORD & TAYLOR are the largest Importers of Hosiery in this country. These people buy in the regular way and do not knowingly handle any merchandise made by the smaller manufacturers, preferring the merchandise made in the large establishments, where better regularity of manufacture is maintained, thus handling the somewhat expert grade of merchandise."

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Wholesale Distributors  
New York

MRS. RALSTON'S ANSWERS

MRS. RALSTON IN EUROPE. When the cover back she will be ready to tell her Journal readers exactly how to make their gowns, wraps and hats. While Mrs. Ralston is away her letters will be answered by Mrs. Martin, one of her associate editors. A correspondent wishing an answer for us should inclose a self-addressed envelope.



Simple Trimmings for Hats

M. R. A. Yes, you can certainly use ribbon as a trimming for your summer hats. Above are shown three bows of different styles: the two of ribbon may be used on dressy hats, and the one of black velvet on a plain morning hat. The first illustration shows two large rosettes (one for each side of a hat) made from satin ribbon five inches and a half wide. Three shades are required—two yards of dark brown, two yards and a half of golden brown, and two yards and a half of gold. One of the rosettes is single and composed of six loops of the light shade, two of the medium, and six of the dark shade of the ribbon, with a center loop of the darkest shade. The other rosette is formed of three separate rosettes, six loops in each, and graded in size and color from the large, dark, under-rosette to the small, light top rosette. One is placed upon another and fastened with a center knot. This is sufficient trimming for a trimmed hat for afternoon wear.

Beneath this is the stiff tailored bow: it is made of three-inch wide velvet ribbon and one yard and five-eighths are required. It may be worn at the center-front, at the center-back, or at the side. This is folded—now tied—and finished by a cross-land sewed in place.

Last is a rosette of two shades of six-inch rose satin ribbon which may be used on dainty lingerie hats or straw shapes. One yard and an eighth of the light shade is required for the small center rosette, and three yards of the darker shade for the large backing rosette. If you are remodeling a last year's hat, and even if the shape is still in good style—large crown and falling brim—clean thoroughly with a soft brush and strengthen the wire at the under edge of the brim so that it will keep its shape.

A. C. Certainly it would be in good taste for your daughters of eighteen and twenty-two to wear the new English style of stockings and gingham. We can suggest a pattern, No. 4541, including collar and cuffs, in sizes 28, 32, 36 and 40 inches last measure. Price, ten cents.

Semi-Fitted, Raised Skirts are of Linen

MABEL. Four-piece linen skirts can be made with the raised waist-line and worn with lingerie dresses. It is necessary, however, that they be fitted to an inner waist belt of cotton belting which fits the figure snugly.

What to Take in a Suitcase

ELIZABETH L. R. For a short visit where a suitcase is sufficient I should take a change of underwear, including two pairs of stockings and two shirts, a pair of evening slippers or white shoes and stockings, a tailored morning shirt-waist, a sheer lounge to be worn with the skirt of the suit you travel in, with a separate white skirt of linen or cotton poplin, an afternoon dainty, and an evening mail, or which may be worn over a separate evening slip lawn. The vests, ties, bows, etc., that you require can be tucked into the pocket in the lid of the case. A cloth raincoat or an evening wrap you can carry over your arm, and you should have one for the other for cool evenings.

A Skirt for Bordereed or Embroidered Muslin

YOUNG MOTHER. Yes, we have a number of excellent skirts with straight flounces for bordereed or embroidered materials. No. 4125 is one, cut with a straight flounce across the side. A cloth raincoat or an evening wrap you can carry over your arm, and you should have one for the other for cool evenings.

The Length of Sleeves This Summer

HILLY McM. Some three-quarter-length sleeves will certainly be worn with the long during the daytime, as they are pretty with the open neck and the turn-down collar. To be strictly correct the morning dresses should have long sleeves, and the afternoon and evening dresses either long or three-quarter-length sleeves. Both will be worn; the plainer afternoon dresses having long sleeves as a rule, in an evening dress short sleeves are always admissible.

Laundry Work on Summer Clothes

MARY M. Colored gingham or cotton dresses should have the color set before they are washed. This is best done by soaking them for a few hours in salt and water; half a cupful of salt to a tubful of water. They may then be washed in the usual way, blue properly, and hung in shady place to dry. The sun will fade them quicker than anything else. In fact it is well to soak them in the salt and water before making them up. This is especially true of starch which comes for laundering dark blue or black materials. It is used in the same way, but prevents "starch streaking." Insertion, embroidery and flouncing in either white or colored dresses should be ironed on the wrong side and look best when Turkish toweling is placed under during the ironing.

ORDER the patterns mentioned above from your nearest dealer in patterns or by mail, giving the number, stating full measure for collar, etc., and send by first-class post for skirts, including the price, at stated time or fifteen cents, to the Pattern Bureau, The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.

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