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WOMAN'S WORLD



APRIL · 1931

15 CENTS A COPY

Including Special Features by Berton Braley - Nina Simmonds Estill
Elsie Duncan Yale - Alma Ellerbe - Ruth Wilkinson Tucker - Jewell Bothwell Tull
Agnes Sligh Turnbull - Maud R. Jacobs - Lily Haxworth Wallace - Mary Mayo

He's a bachelor at heart

*when it comes
to hands that
don't talk
housework!*

Lucky hands—after Ivory dishwashings!



Ivory cleans precious things gently!

OH, I know my husband wouldn't stop loving me if I had scrubby looking hands. But he's just like most men—proud! He'd feel humiliated if my hands told everybody that we can't afford a maid. Men are that way!

And after all, are they right? I think so, now that I've discovered that it's really easy to do all the housework and have smooth, young-looking hands.

Washing dishes three times a day, for instance, isn't what makes hands red and rough and sore. It's using a strong "kitchen" soap. Don't I know? Why, women write to me all the time to tell me what a difference they've noticed since they've changed to Ivory Soap. They feel as if they had new pairs of hands!

I feel sure that you know how gentle Ivory

is. A soap that keeps babies' skins smooth and velvety speaks for itself. But perhaps you don't know this very important fact—*Ivory's suds are so rich that they will do hard cleansing tasks.*

Goodness, I wipe up my linoleum with Ivory suds. I go after finger marks on the enameled woodwork with Ivory Soap and a cloth. I do my whole housecleaning with the help of Ivory alone. And the beauty of this scheme is that I've learned that Ivory is economical in the long run.

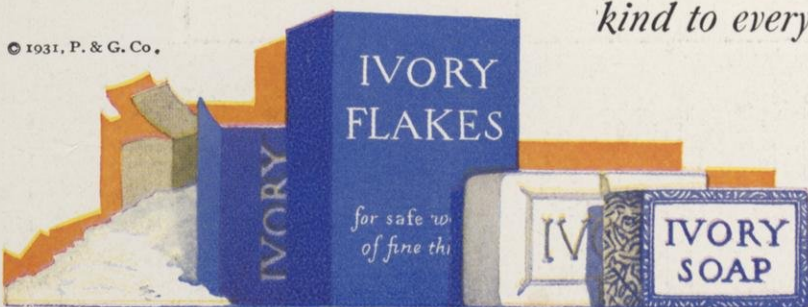
You see, strong soap is just as hard on the things you clean as it is on your hands. It takes the life out of linoleum, and it dissolves the nice protective gloss off painted surfaces. It fades colors. So, in the end, it is downright extravagant.

But Ivory protects while it cleans. And it's a beauty friend. It keeps our busy hands so nice that husbands feel like beaux when they take us to parties!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

kind to everything it touches - 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% pure

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Try the new Ivory Snow for your silks and woolens. It's wonderfully convenient—it dissolves instantly and completely in lukewarm water!



Woman's World

VOLUME XLVII
NUMBER 4

WALTER W. MANNING, Editor and Publisher
CORR FRANCES SANDERS, Managing Editor

APRIL
» 1931

The Most Beautiful and Important Story Ever Told to Humanity

A SENSE of expectancy, not unmixed with doubt and fear, that had silenced the tongues and quickened the steps of the three women who hurried through the hushed and shadowy streets of slumbering Jerusalem, sent their thoughts racing along before them.

The first faint streaks of dawn were climbing upward in the eastern sky as they passed through the gates of the city where, amid the barking of dogs and the chattering of alien tongues, a dusty caravan from Bagdad waited the Roman centurion's permission to pass the guarded portals and distribute its silken treasures to the city's shops and bazaars.

But out on the open road the scene was calm and peaceful. A lark, wheeling in the air, "climbed his silver ladder of song" and as far as the eye could see the green-clad hills swept onward to the jagged line of mountains which form the backbone of Palestine. A water vendor with empty goat-skin bottles flung across his shoulders plodded drowsily toward the well beyond the city, while the distant tinkle of a sheep bell indicated that some shepherd was already astir with his flock. A cool morning breeze brought the delicate fragrance of olive blossoms and the aromatic odors of an Asiatic spring to the senses of the three women and, in doing so, lifted the ban of silence that lay upon their lips.

"I remember," said Mary, the mother of Jesus, giving voice to her sorrowing thoughts, "He was but twelve when He strayed away from us in Jerusalem and we found Him after a day's search in the temple talking to the doctors. I said, 'Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us?' And His reply, I shall never forget it: 'Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business?'"

They had turned now from the road that went on to Golgotha and had cut through an olive orchard where the first shimmer of green was beginning to show upon the branches of the trees and from whence a path led directly to the tomb in which Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus had placed the body of Jesus. It was Mary Magdalene who, after a silence, spoke the underlying thought of them all: "Can it be that we have misunderstood Him? That, after all, death is the end of life and that the teachings that have given so many of us the courage to try again have perished in the grave with the Master?"

It was a question of greater significance than even the sorrowing Mary Magdalene

had sensed. It was a question upon which hung the destiny of an entire world. A question that was triumphantly answered that first Easter morning when the women, finding the tomb empty, turned about sorrowfully to be met by the risen Christ. And His words, "Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; unto my God, and your God," sounded the death knell of the old "eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth" philosophy of the ancient world, for they gave the stamp of authenticity to the Golden Rule and established forever in the hearts and minds of mankind the reassuring message of the Sermon on the Mount.

Construe as you will the story of that first Easter morning, the fact remains that it has molded the lives of individuals and guided the destiny of na-

tions. It has quickened the pens of the Miltons and Bunyans of literature; it has given to art such treasures as Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" and Murillo's "Holy Family"; it has supplied the theme for such masterpieces as Handel's "Messiah" and Bach's "Passion" and it has touched and ennobled every phase of human life.

The story of the life, crucifixion and resurrection of Christ has been written into the hearts of all mankind and it will continue to live and to bear fruit long after you and I are gone, for it is the crux of our religion and our hope of immortal life.

WHEN you have a leaky faucet or a faulty spark plug or a broken chair or even a toothache, you know immediately what ought to be done. But a warped viewpoint! That's something else again. Serious, too! It distorts vision and unbalances judgment and, worst of all, you don't recognize the ailment until you've put your foot in somebody's pansy bed or maybe (yes, it often happens) hopelessly wrecked your chances of happiness and those of somebody else as well.

The difficulty is as common as colds this time of year. Frazzled nerves, indoor confinement, lack of fresh contacts and fresh air are likely to throw any normal human off his balance and pave the way for a train of imaginary domestic wrongs that if left to develop will bring to naught the understanding and happiness of years. And all the homeopaths and allopaths and osteopaths in creation can't help you, either!

Next time you think the last straw of injustice has been placed upon your weary back and you feel like grabbing a flat-iron, don't! Reach for a seed catalog instead. Feast your color-starved eyes on its alluring wares and tread, if only in fancy, between the long rows of peas and beans and fragrant flowers that will make up next summer's garden.

Measure up your garden plot. Lay it out to scale on paper—a quarter of an inch to a foot—draw in your walks, mass your flowers by kind and color, mark up your lettuce bed, your peas, beans, tomatoes and nippy green onions, purchase your seed and get yourself in readiness for a healthful, energizing summer in the open.

It will give you a new lease on life, restore a normal perspective to your brooding thoughts, tone up the family morale and show you how petty and foolish were your fancied wrongs.

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A Patricia Alden Story

By BERTON BRALEY

Illustrated by JOSEPH FRANKÉ



WHEN it comes to breakfast, there is no place like home," Patricia Alden observed as she unfolded her napkin and surveyed smilingly the cheerful table for three in the bright breakfast nook.

The smile brought an answering crinkle from her father's features and an affectionate return from her mother's youthful eyes and mien.

"Is your remark an intimation that there are other places like home the rest of the day?" asked Mr. Alden.

"My mind, Popovitch, was concentrated on food," said Patricia. "I was thinking, as I sat down, that lunch is just a sort of break in the middle of the day, and dinner is a social function. You can eat them in hotels and restaurants and not miss the home cooking greatly until the digestion begins to rebel. But breakfast—you get homesick for a home breakfast the second day out. And that's true whether you're ordering breakfast from a card where grapefruit is eighty cents or ten—or where there is no grapefruit and everything on the menu is 'out' but the prunes.

"Something's different about the fruit—I dunno what. And when it comes to toast and cereal and coffee—well, they aren't the same. As to eggs, I swear they even boil 'em different. And muffins and waffles and such-like—no hotel can do it, that's all. No, home is where the breakfast is."

"You sound," said Mrs. Alden, "as though you usually waded through five-course breakfasts."

"I did at first, trying to make them taste like yours, but I soon gave up hope and settled down to orange juice and toast and coffee. They can't wreck those—much."

"And what other profound sociological, physiological and psychological information have you absorbed in your divagations?" asked Mr. Alden.

"'Divagations,' Papaski, is a noble word. But if I apprehend your connotation, you are endeavoring to ascertain how extensively I have increased my anthropological understanding during my peripatetic permeations of the commonwealth. And that'll knock your 'divagations' for a row of dictionaries."

"To put it briefly, Popinski, I've learned a lot. But most of it I knew before. Or guessed. I've learned that most people are pretty nice, and that a lot of those who don't seem to be nice are nicer than they seem. I've learned that a job is fun if you like it, and I like mine. I've learned that small town people and big town people are about the same, and that the so-called hick is few and far apart. I've learned that if you believe in what you're doing and use common sense in explaining it, other people are eager to believe in it, too.

"And I've learned, said the lecturer on Success in Pattern Demonstrating, that one of the greatest assets

is a pair of parents who are good sports and good providers and who bring up a daughter in a healthy, happy home. Which same, as the song goes, there is no other place but. Gee, revered parents, as I may have intimated last night on my arrival, it's good to be back."

"I wish you didn't have to go away again so soon," Mr. Alden grieved, "we miss you so much. If I hadn't had this break-down—"

"I'd have gone away to college, tra-la, and you'd have had just as much missing to do. Or if I had stayed home, I'd have been a débutante débutanting around and you probably wouldn't have seen me at all unless you went down to meet the milkman in the morning."

Said Mrs. Alden, "I'm pretty proud of our young business woman. Let's be glad she could come back for even this short stay."

"Give this little girl a great big hand," laughed Patricia. "And speaking of hands—the clock's say eight-thirty. I'm due at Mr. Bruce's office at ten. Look, Popowski, why don't you and the littol woman drive Sister down to the office? It'll take a good hour, anyhow, and then you can window-shop or something and pick me up for lunch?"

"Being nothing but a loafer," said her father, "I'll do just that."

"That 'loafer' line is out," said Patricia. "Everybody knows the doctor's prescribing the vacations you wouldn't take for the past fifteen years. 'Nother cuppa cawfee, Daddivich?"

IT WAS a Patricia more than usually brimming with enthusiasm who danced into the Patrician offices at five minutes past ten. The zest that New York infuses into the veins of its returning exiles bubbled in hers, the confidence that comes from making good was in her poise, the anticipation of meeting again with that employer who had been so generous with wires of encouragement and so quick to back these with more substantial appreciation—all these combined to give a fillip to her natural ebullience.

"Miss Alden to see Mr. Bruce," she said to the boy at the information desk.

"Whadja wanna see him about?" the boy demanded.

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Foster, the information man again!"

said Patricia. "Well, I'm afraid if I told you, you might inform the world. And my business is vurry, vurry secret. So just mention my name through the transmitter to Mr. Bruce and maybe he'll tell you what I want to see him about."

The lad grinned and spoke into the phone, "Miss Alden outside."

Patricia opened the door of the president's office. "Good-morning," she cried.

"Good-morning," Mr. Bruce said coldly. "You're late. Sit down, please. This is Miss Summers, one of our other demonstrators. Miss Higgins, of course, you know."

Patricia sat down, meekly. She felt damped, deflated. And not a little resentful. Business was business, but Gordon Bruce might be human. She knew his ideas about women using their femininity, but why should he regard a cheery smile and a pleasant greeting as an attempt to vamp him? And anybody might be five minutes late—why bring that up?

"I have called you in," Gordon Bruce was saying, "to talk over our new line. As you know, there has been almost a complete revolution in women's styles."

"Yes, Mr. Bruce," said Miss Summers.

"The silhouette has changed, skirts are long—"

"Yes, Mr. Bruce," said Miss Summers.

"Paris decrees a return to long lines and femininity."

"Yes, Mr. Bruce," said Miss Summers.

PATRICIA glanced at Abigail Higgins, but Miss Higgins' eyes didn't meet hers. They were fixed on Gordon Bruce.

Bruce opened a portfolio on his desk and began taking out a number of fashion prints. "These are what they're wearing in Paris now," he continued. "I have letters, too, from our representatives in London, Rome, Berlin and Vienna which show that the new styles are taking Europe by storm."

"Yes, Mr. Bruce," said Miss Summers.

"So we have to adjust ourselves to the new situation. I want you young ladies to familiarize yourselves with these styles and see what you have to suggest as to the best means of putting them over."

"Yes, Mr. Bruce," said Miss Summers.

"No, Mr. Bruce," said Patricia.

"What's that?" snapped Bruce. "You won't study these new fashions? And may I inquire why, Miss Alden?"

"Because," said Patricia, "I've been studying them and others like them for weeks. I've read the fashion news and I've talked with salespeople and I've watched how the very latest is going. And if the Patrician Company wants to set the latest Paris and Berlin and Rome and Vienna style standard, these things"—she indicated the prints—"are perfectly swell. But if the Patrician Company wants to sell dress patterns, things as extreme as these won't do it. Women won't buy 'em."

"But women are buying them and wearing them," said Bruce. "At the Ritz and the Ambassador and at all the smart places."

"Of course, Mr. Bruce," said Miss Summers.

Patricia got on her feet. She could talk patterns better that way—she was used to talking patterns that way. And she was going to speak out if it cost her her job. She was sincerely concerned about the matter under discussion, and she was also still smoldering a little over her chilly reception.

"You may think me just a fresh kid, Mr. Bruce," she said, "but I've been on the road, selling patterns, and you haven't. I've been watching Main Street and you've been watching Park Avenue. Park Avenue used to set Main Street's fashions, but it doesn't any more. It doesn't even set Forty-second Street's, or Fourteenth's. Park Avenue doesn't buy dress patterns, Main Street does. Languid ladies of Park Avenue can trail in and out of limousines and swanky hotels in long, lingering frocks, but Main Street ladies have to hop in and out of the cars they drive themselves and sweep dusty porches and climb on step-ladders and generally lead a life that doesn't go with skirts that flap and clutter.

"Active women won't wear 'em, except in the eve-

"WAIT A MINUTE!" BRUCE JUMPED UP FROM HIS CHAIR



Copyright, 1931, by Berton Braley

"Yes, Mr. Bruce"—and then again, no! Our gay Patricia exercises a few time-honored feminine privileges and proves that she can demonstrate personality as well as patterns



THEY HAD TEA-ED
IN PEEKSKILL,
DINED NEAR
POUGHKEEPSIE,
DANCED AND
SUPPED IN CROTON

ning, and they aren't exactly tumbling over each other or their skirt hems to put on slinky swathings even for evening. Not as I notice—and I've looked."

She turned to Abigail Higgins. "You have nearly a hundred girls under you, Miss Higgins," she said, "New York girls, and that means as smart as they can afford. How many of them have lengthened their skirts more than an inch or two?"

"Hardly any," admitted Miss Higgins.

"There you are, right in the shop," said Patricia. "They may fall for the extreme stuff in Paris, Berlin, London, Rome and Vienna. But they haven't in Paris, Kentucky, or Paris, Illinois, or Berlin, Wisconsin, or Berlin, Pennsylvania, or London, Minnesota, or Rome, Georgia, or Rome, New York, or Vienna, Indiana, or the Vienna Lunch Room where your girls buy their lunches. And those are the Paris and Londons and Berlins and Romes and Viennas that matter in the selling end of the pattern business. If it's orders that I'm to help put across this Gay Nineties stuff, I'll try. I'll even wear 'em on the job, out of loyalty, but after closing hours I'll get into something short and sensible. And since most women feel the same way, I'm warning you, Mr. Bruce, that business isn't going to break any records. Not on these lines." She tapped the prints. "Don't you honestly agree with me, Miss Summers?"

"Y-yes, Miss Alden," said the other demonstrator with a timid and deprecating glance at Mr. Bruce.

"Hmm!" Bruce turned over the prints slowly. "So you think we should go a little slow on these Paris models?"

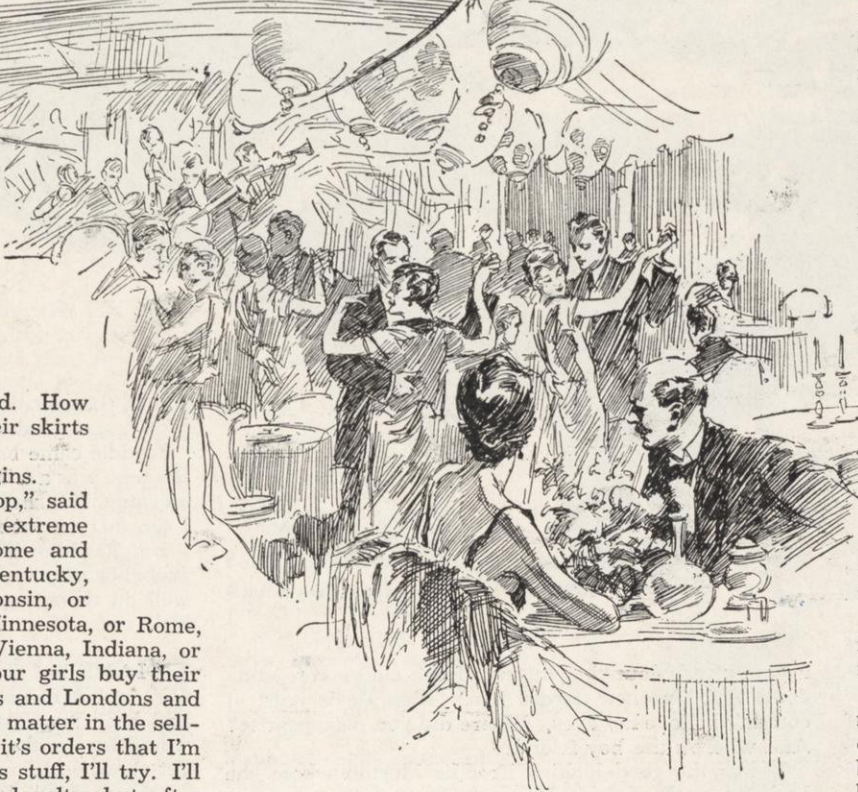
"Yes, Mr. Bruce," said Patricia, with a wink at Miss Higgins.

"What do you think, Miss Higgins?" Bruce asked.

"Well, I'm inclined to agree with Patricia. I like them short myself, and I must say that I haven't seen many long ones on women in the ordinary walks of life. It seems to me that our own designer might hit a happy medium, perhaps. American women as a whole aren't exactly kowtowing to Paris any more."

GORDON BRUCE closed the portfolio. "I'll think about it," he said. "Meantime, you might talk over things with Miss Summers and Miss Alden. They might have suggestions the designer could weigh. We'll have another conference tomorrow morning at ten. That's all for now."

He began going through some papers on his desk. Miss Summers and Abigail Higgins withdrew. When Gordon Bruce looked up two minutes later, Patricia was still standing there.



"Oh, was there something else, Miss Alden?"

"Yes, I'd like to ask you a question. It's not exactly business, but I'm curious about something."

"What's the question?" impatiently.

"If three lady buyers or, say, three non-business women, came into your office at your request to talk to you, would you remain seated when they rose to go?"

BRUCE scowled, then he flushed. "Aren't you just a little impudent for an employee?" he asked.

"Aren't you just a little impudent for an employer," Patricia flashed back, "to assume that women who work for you aren't entitled to the same courtesy you'd extend outsiders under the same circumstances?"

"Would you have me hopping up and down every time my stenographer came into the room?" demanded Bruce.

Patricia chuckled. "Your stenographer is a man," she said. "But if a woman occupied the job, I'd say no, I wouldn't expect you to get up for her, except in circumstances where you'd get up for an outsider."

"This is a business office, not a ballroom," replied Bruce. "And as I suggested to you when you were employed, I employ women only in positions where they can do the work better than men. They're well paid and I'm fair to them. But they have no extra consideration on account of their sex. They haven't, for example, the feminine privilege of making over my manners."

"But I, not being one of your employees," said Pa-

tricia, "and being by your own code entitled to special consideration due to my sex, can remark that I think it was rude of you not to get up and shake hands with me when I came in, and that it was equally rude of you not to get up when the three of us were supposed to leave."

"What do you mean—you're not one of my employees? I haven't said anything about firing you, though heaven knows you're asking for it."

"You don't have to fire me, I've resigned."

"When?"

"Just after you made that remark about a business office and a ballroom, Mr. Bruce. I'm feminine enough to like a mixture of both." She turned and started for the door.

"Wait a minute!" Bruce jumped up from his chair. Patricia paused and grinned. "You see," she said, "the minute I'm out of business, you get up to how me out."

"You impertinent little—look here, Miss Alden, impudent as you are, you've made good on the job. I don't want you to quit. But you've got brains enough to know that it demoralizes an office for the boss to be other than business-like with his employees—especially feminine ones."

"Being out of business," Patricia said airily, "the question no longer interests me. Being out of business so places me now that I couldn't be suspected of currying favor or using my S.A. when I ask you if you'd care to lunch with my mother and father and me at the Bradford!"

"You wouldn't have to resign to make me do that."

"Oh, I couldn't have thought of it without resigning. You see, it would mean you'd have to compromise with your principles of cold business, and that would demoralize the office. We'll lunch about one."

"I'll be there, if for no other reason than to learn why you weren't spanked more as a child."

WHEN Patricia had gone, Bruce Gordon sent for Miss Higgins; when she came in, he rose and pushed out a chair for her. Miss Higgins bridled a little when he did so. It wasn't usual.

"Miss Higgins," he asked, "aside from being rather fresh and cocky and a spoiled brat, what kind of a girl is Miss Alden?"

"She isn't a spoiled brat, and she's a dear. She's a nice independent modern girl with personality, and you can't handle her as part of a machine. And she's the best demonstrator we've ever had. But I shouldn't have to tell you that."

"You don't. But after you went out this morning, she quit—apparently because I didn't get up to usher her out."

Miss Higgins didn't seem astonished. She smiled. "That wasn't the reason," she said.

"What was, then?"

"I'm afraid," said Miss Higgins, "you'd be angry if I told you."

"I guess I can stand it—shoot."

"Well, you don't play fair!"

"I don't play fair? Why, I—"

"It's just recently I've realized it, but it's true. You talk about there being no favoritism because of sex—and then you discriminate in favor of the men. Not in money or jobs—but in appreciation. If one of your star salesmen blew in, all enthusiasm, after a record like Miss Alden's, you'd slap him on the back and sing halleluiah. But in your fear that a woman might put something over because she is a woman, you greet that precious child, all bubbling over with verve and zest, by telling her she's late and to sit down. I saw her face drop and the glow die in her eyes."

"But she knew—I sent her telegrams—I—"

"You patted her on the back with a telegram, but you slapped her in the face with a wet towel when she came in. And I felt that something would happen."

"Do you think you could persuade her to come back?"

"I can tell you how it might be accomplished."

Bruce looked his question. (Continued on page 31)

Moon-Girl

A wistful little nineteenth-century ghost hovers over a story as forcefully modern as an impetuous heroine in search of life and love

By JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL

Illustrated
by

WILL GREFFÉ



Synopsis on page 33

ALL the way back over those long forty miles, the ruthless words kept repeating themselves in Diane's brain: "I've killed my father!" Her mother sat very still and white, strangely calm, her eyes closed. Diane thought even that she might be asleep. Only once she spoke, "I forgot to tell Mrs. Martin about Dale's music lesson tomorrow."

Her mind was busy, not with the tragedy that confronted them, but with her little round of duties. That way lay safety and sanity, thought Diane. But for herself there was no such relief. How could her mother be so calm, so composed, only her lips moving now and then as if in prayer? That was it, no doubt—prayer—a childlike faith in a good God.

Diane closed her burning eyes and tried to pray. But she felt the words went nowhere, meant nothing.

They stopped before the hospital at last. Tom Malone helped her from the car, steadying her with an arm about her shoulders. "Whatever happens, child, you must not blame yourself—you must not."

"Whom shall I blame, then—God?" She felt bitter now against the God that could bring comfort to others and not to herself.

"You must not blame anyone, Diane," her mother said softly. "Such things just happen sometimes. We don't know why."

The nurse at the desk was kind, but firmly efficient. Mr. Davis, in Room 307, was resting quietly, under opiates, of course. He had several broken bones—a very bad fracture of the left leg—and some cuts and bruises, but nothing fatal. No. He was not to be disturbed under any circumstances. They might return in the morning at ten.

Diane's knees grew weak beneath her. Her hands groped out for something to hold to and found themselves clinging to the rough, shabby overcoat of Tom Malone, while tears at last relieved the long strain.

"We'll come back then in the morning," said Tom Malone. "And now, how about a little food and sleep?"

His smile warmed her, as did his suggestion for a return to the natural routine of living. She smiled back tremulously.

She felt cheerful, almost gay, as they entered the lobby of the hotel where Tom conducted them. As she was turning away from signing the register at the desk,

"WHAT—WHAT
WAS YOUR GRAND-
FATHER'S NAME?"
RICHARD DAVIS WAS
LEANING FORWARD

a young man lounging in one of the chairs rose suddenly and hastened toward her. "Miss Davis it is! I couldn't believe my eyes. Where did you disappear to? And where's the boy friend?"

It was the good-looking Freddie Morton whom she had met at the dance. He seemed very pleased to see her again, and Diane in her mood of reaction was glad for his happy boyishness. He was waiting to meet a friend from his home town, he said.

She introduced him to her mother and asked him to join them in the coffee shop.

"Glad to, if you'll let it be my party."

"I believe it's my party," said Tom Malone with his crooked, quiet smile.

"That settles it! The coffee's on me. Tom's saving his pennies to get married. Go slow with the allowance, Tommy."

"There never was an 'allowance' for me, Morton, except what I 'allow' myself. So I have learned to be judicious. This is my party."

FREDDIE chatted volubly through the little supper. He was all sympathy when Diane explained about her father's accident. All would have been well if Freddie had not, in a high-handed manner, demanded the checks from the waitress and rushed off triumphantly to the cashier's desk.

Tom Malone stood frowning, his lower lip drawn in between his teeth. Then he looked at Diane and smiled—that smile that did not reach his eyes. "You see my status with my frat brothers. I'm considered a pauper."

Impulsively Diane held out her hand, "Prince—not pauper. I know one when I see one. I got one for a father." She swallowed hard and hurried on, "I want you to know I'm—I'm grateful—more than I can say."

He held her hand, looking into her face with eyes grown strangely dull and expressionless. "I'll call for

you in the morning about nine-thirty." He turned abruptly, said good-night to Mrs. Davis and hurried away.

Freddie came back. "Did I send old Tom off in a huff?" His tone was a trifle condescending. "I'll see you in the morning," he smiled at them. "And if there's anything I can do, you let me know. Be sure."

But Freddie did not see them in the morning. He probably slept until noon, and by that time they were well on their way back home in Tom Malone's rattly little car.

DIANE had found her father much better than she had dared to hope. The fracture, a difficult one, had been successfully set; he was resting quietly. It would be months, however, before he would be able to get about with any ease.

"Never mind, Anchises, I'll try to be your Aeneas and carry you on my shoulders—or your department, rather. I wasn't born the daughter of a Latin professor for nothing. I can teach your classes with my eyes shut."

Her father smiled. "Don't boast! But if you can handle the first two years, I can take the major students at the house by and by. We'll get on."

"Attaboy!"

But when her mother was busy talking to the nurse, Diane's gay manner left her. She leaned over and whispered, "Can you forgive me, Dad? I don't know how I could have been such a rotter!"

"'Culpa lunae,'" he smiled. "It was the moon, Diane. You're like your grandmother at times. It's youth—mostly. You'll get over it."

"Let's hope so—for your sake, you great old Roman!" She kissed him quickly and ran out into the hall so he might not see her tears.

She bit her lip hard, seated in the little car between her mother and Tom Malone.

This Tom—he was the stuff of which friends were made. He was the only good that had come out of that unfortunate adventure. Yet when she said goodbye to him today, she would probably never see him again.

They passed the wreck of their old car in the ditch. It was a miracle that her father had escaped at all.

"The car was nothing but junk, anyhow," said Diane, "but it did take us places."

"You must let my Carmencita take you now—yes, please do. I'll come for you whenever you want to see your father. You call me, or I'll call you."

Both Mrs. Davis and Diane protested, but he insisted it would give him pleasure. "I get lonesome. And I need to get out more. Besides, I want to hear more about the grandmother. She interests me." He smiled down at Diane and she smiled back at him.

"Grandmother?" puzzled Mrs. Davis.

Diane laughed. "I told him something about Grandmother Davis."

"Oh!" Mrs. Davis was still puzzled.

Diane was glad that the final parting she had anticipated with Tom Malone was postponed for a little while. She did not feel so much alone, now that she knew she might see him again.

He had scarcely left the house when the telephone rang, sending apprehensive chills down Diane's spine. But it was only Miss Bryce asking her if she was going to try out for the play.

She explained about her father's accident and hung up the receiver with a weighed-down feeling of responsibility. Her mother was just coming in with the boys, who had had lunch with Mrs. Martin. They were noisy with questions about the accident:

"What was Father doing going to Morley?"

"When will he be home?"

"Couldn't we go and stay with Uncle Mark?"

This idea of John's sent the boys into a paroxysm of excitement. They adored their Uncle Mark Clayton.

Diane did not know why she had never cared for her mother's brother or his family. They were prosperous, healthy, obvious people, proud of their ability to "get on," a little scornful of their brother-in-law's "book learning" and poverty.

She hoped they would not come now, but come they did, ready with their sympathy and their solution. Lida and Richard and the boys should all go to the farm till Richard was able to work again. Diane should stay here and carry on.

As Diane had anticipated, her father refused to accept Uncle Mark's plan. He must be at home where he could carry on his work. But the day of his homecoming was postponed into weeks, for he had caught a severe cold and was running a persistent temperature. The Claytons stayed, however, until they could bring him home.

Diane had not seen Tom Malone again. He had called up two days after the accident, offering to take them to the hospital. Diane had explained that her uncle was with them and had his car, but she hoped to see him again perhaps when they were in Morley. He called twice after that. Diane was not at home and her mother answered the telephone.

Diane adapted herself to her new routine grimly, with sober eyes. It was ages ago since she was a care-free girl, worrying over nothing more serious than a few lessons and how she could have a "good time." It seemed to her that she had never worked, never had any responsibility before.

ONE day, coming home from classes with a sense of duty well done, she felt almost happy. There was a smell of spring in the air, a hint of green on trees and shrubs. The Claytons were returning home the next day. That fact alone would account for her feeling of relief. Uncle Mark was getting restive and eager to be back on the farm. He was wandering about the yard now, disapprovingly examining the untidy lawn and garden, the house that badly needed paint.

Diane got away from his unwelcome comments and went into the house. Her mother and Aunt Agnes were in the kitchen, busy with the evening meal. She went to her father's little study, then paused outside, hearing an unfamiliar, deep, masculine voice. The doctor? She entered, and exclaimed with genuine enthusiasm, "Mr. Malone! I am glad to see you!"

"Then that makes everything all right."

"Hasn't it been all right?"

"I've been having the Gitche Gumees lately."

Diane laughed. "By the shores of Gitche Gumees—by the shining Big-Sea-Water—I don't get that."

"Big-Sea-Water is very blue—and very lonesome."

"Oh!" Diane turned quickly toward her father. He was smiling. There was color in his cheeks, and a brightness to his eyes she had not seen there for a long time. "You two've been getting acquainted?"

"Not getting. We're old friends. Mr. Malone came to see me in the hospital a number of times. Hadn't I mentioned it?"

"No, but I can believe it. I'm going to tell Mother you're staying for dinner—please!"

"I'd like to."

Diane hurried to the kitchen. She felt light-hearted and gay. Classes were over for the week; her father was better; she liked Tom Malone. She was glad to have him here when things were more natural, when she could be more herself.

On the way back from the kitchen, she stopped to answer the telephone. It was the tight little voice of the dean, Miss Cox, wanting her to come to the office immediately. What now? That silly little Clark girl whom she had flunked in the nine weeks' test, probably. Diane frowned at this intrusion into her holiday spirit. She excused herself to Tom Malone and hurried to the dean's office.

Miss Cox was a little woman with a hard, sharp face. She terrified most of the girls, but she succeeded in making Diane feel merely antagonistic and impudent.

"You wanted to see me?"

"Sit down, Miss Davis."

Diane sat.

"I have just heard something that pains me greatly. Waneen Miller tells me that on the night of February twenty-third—"

SO IT was out! Diane sat cold and still through the recital. Waneen had at last been caught breaking rules, as she had been breaking them for two years. She was to be expelled, as was Clinton Archer also.

Diane's throat was dry. Expulsion meant disgrace for her family—the ruin of all their plans.

"This is your first offense, Miss Davis—so far as I know. Out of regard for your father, we have decided not to expel you, but you understand," Miss Cox went on in her metallic, unpleasant voice, "that we cannot have you continue as instructor in your father's classes. If your father is not able to go ahead, we must get someone else to take his place."

Here was disaster—the doom she had been dreading. Diane got to her feet, white and angry. "Miss Cox, I'm not making any plea for myself. But my father— It would be fatal for him to go on with his work now. But we have got to live. We—" She stopped. She could not confide in this woman with the sharp, hard face. "I haven't done anything so terrible!" she burst out defiantly.

"You have broken a rule of the college. You are no person to hold up as an example for other young people—"

"They need not know—just for the rest of the year—"

"They already know. Someone has been talking."

They say even that it was on your account that your father met with his accident—"

Diane wanted to strike at that narrow, dark face. It was all she could do to restrain herself.

"I have talked with the president."

He agrees with me."

Diane's fury flamed out, uncontrollable, "All right! If your petty rules are more important than a human life! But if anything happens to my father—"

Her voice, hoarse and trembling with her sick anger, broke and stopped. She turned and fled from the room, down the steps, off the campus. She must go home—tell someone—get some kind of consolation.

Dinner was difficult. Diane found it impossible to eat. The boys were noisy, clamoring to go home with the Claytons tomorrow. Uncle Mark talked volubly to Tom Malone about the way to build a combination airplane and glider.

Tom listened attentively, but now and then his eyes met Diane's and he looked troubled.

Her father seemed suddenly to have grown tired, and immediately after dinner begged them to excuse him. He handled his crutch with difficulty. Tom Malone helped him to his bed, then returned to the study where Diane was waiting for him.

"I wanted to talk to you."

"I felt that you did." He followed her from the house.

"Want to ride?" She got into the car and they drove in silence till they reached a quiet side road down which Tom turned and stopped. "Now then," he smiled encouragement.

When Diane had finished, he burst into such vituperative condemnation of Miss Cox that Diane's sick pride was eased, even though her conscience led her to defend the dean, "It is really my fault, you know. That is what hurts most."

"It's not your fault, Diane. Stop thinking of it that way. I mean the initial act couldn't in itself bring all this catastrophe. I'm not saying it was right, but it certainly was no great crime. I'd like to talk to this Miss Cox!"

"I'd rather you'd talk to Father. I can't face him."

"What do you want me to say?"

"Tell him what has happened, tell him he must not go back to work till next fall. I'm going to quit school and get a job somewhere."

"I don't like that, Diane."

"But I must. We have nothing except Father's salary, and that will stop."

"Your uncle?"

"He would help, but Father won't accept it. They have a way of never letting you forget how generous they are." Diane lifted her chin with a defiant gesture. "I'm not always going to be begging them for things—or anybody. I'll show them—and Miss Cox, too!"

She crumpled suddenly and tears overwhelmed her. Tom Malone let her cry, his arm about her, her head against his shoulder. When she grew quiet at last, he said gayly, "Look, Moon-Girl, there's your goddess coming to wish you luck!" He pointed to a slim new moon in the warm spring sky.

Diane shivered suddenly. "I don't like the moon! I want my dad. Please, let's go home."

Tom Malone thought it best not to disturb Mr. Davis that night, but he was only too glad, he said, to stay over until morning. He slept with the boys on the screened-in back porch.

Diane was thankful that the interview with her father need not take place until after the Claytons had gone.

John had burst into tears as their big eight-cylinder car rounded the corner, but Diane turned with a sigh of relief to find Tom Malone's understanding eyes upon her. She nodded to him and he went into her father's study.

She waited in the hall outside, nervously pacing up and down. Finally she could wait no longer. She knocked upon the door, and entered even before her father's signal. He was smiling and seemed in good spirits. "We can breathe again, Cara Mea," he said.

"How can we?" Diane's voice was hoarse with anxiety.

"Your relatives have gone home, haven't they?" And without changing his gay tone, he added, "So you've been called up on the carpet?"

"I've been insulted—and so have you!" she said hotly. After all your years of work here—after all you've given and sacrificed—Miss Cox is a—"

"Tut-tut!" said her father. "Not so warm, Diane. Miss Cox was only doing her duty."

"Not to you!"

"It's all right, anyway. It's time I was back at work."

"Dad! But you can't! You promised the doctor."

"I'm much better. It's all arranged." He smiled at Tom. "With the kind aid of Carmencita—"

"Of—?" puzzled Diane, and then remembered that "Carmencita" was the name of Tom's small car.

"Our good friend here has said he has no earthly use for his car. He insists on lending it to us. You are to drive me to and from classes."

"But I want to leave school, Dad! I can't stand it here any longer. I want to get work—"

"I need you, Diane. You can help with the papers here at home. And I want you to finish the year. It would be a shame for you to lose the semester's credits. Come now, Puella, don't make faces. It's the best way."

"I believe your father's right,"

Tom Malone said as they stood alone a few minutes later in the hall outside. "I'll show you some of Carmencita's little eccentricities, then I'll be jogging along."

DIANE held her trembling lower lip firmly between her teeth and swallowed hard. "We can't take so much from you—a stranger."

There was a sudden hurt look in his eyes, though his lips were still smiling, "I don't like that—a stranger. Your father said 'friend.'"

"He said 'good friend.' That's true enough, but—"

"I don't need the car, really—except week-ends, now and then, when I want to go see my girl. I'll come and get it then."

"That's a promise? We'll need to see you sometimes. I have a feeling things are not going to be so—good."

He pressed her hand encouragingly. She was very near to tears. "It's dark of the moon now, but things will brighten, you'll see." (Continued on page 18)



RICHARD DAVIS,
FATHER OF
DIANE

The Mother of a Thief

Hearts can be crucified, too—and this is an inspiring Easter story of one that, though long tortured by hopelessness, rose to new life through a faith triumphant and unconquerable

By RUTH WILKINSON TUCKER

IT WAS morning in Jerusalem. The sun shone high and bright and hot over the formidable gray walls of the great stone city.

It shone on the palace of Herod. In one of the numberless rooms of this palace a woman was waiting. A woman shabbily clad, and weary and desperate. Mother of seven sons, of whom all save one had died before they had reached the fulness of manhood. A Hebrew woman in the palace of a king, a worshiper of Jehovah in the abode of those who worshiped after false gods, waiting to see Pontius Pilate—Roman procurator, governor of Jerusalem.

She sat motionless and infinitely desolate. For on this day Rachel's son was to die. He would sob out a life of sin and shame and sorrow on a cross. Unless Rachel saw Pontius Pilate, who alone could grant her prayer.

The guard had tried to convince her of the hopelessness of her mission. But Rachel had listened dully, and monotonously reiterated the one idea to which her numbed mind was able to cling—she must see Pilate. So the Roman soldier, exasperated yet not unkind, had taken her into the guard-room to wait, while he bore the message to the governor.

When the guard came back, he was excited, disturbed. "You will have to wait," he said shortly to Rachel. "My lord Pilate is occupied." Then as a stricken little moan escaped her, his voice softened, "It is no use, Mother. I could not even get to him with the message. He has gone out to the outer court. The members of the Sanhedrin have brought him another of your people to sentence."

His comrades crowded around now, "Another Jew? Who is it now?"

"Another one of their prophets." The Roman soldier laughed. "I heard one of the crowd say he is from Galilee."

For the first time, Rachel spoke. "What is his name?" she asked.

The guard turned back to her, "They called Him Jesus."

"Jesus," repeated Rachel slowly. So they had taken Him—the young teacher who had been stirring all Jerusalem. Reports of His teachings had been reaching even Rachel, too bitterly immersed in her own sorrows to heed them. Once she had heard this man speak.

It had been two years ago, at the feast of the Passover, and Rachel had passed by the temple. A crowd was collected outside and there was excited talking and angry voices. She had paused for a moment. "What is the excitement?" she had asked curiously of a boy standing by.

"It is some new prophet from Galilee—a man they call Jesus," the lad had observed in an awed tone. "He entered into the temple, and He hath driven out the sellers of doves and the money-changers."

From the center of the crowd came the voice of one of the priests—a crafty voice, yet underneath was something like fear, "What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?"

And the answer, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up."

Some among the crowd broke into hoots of derision, and the boy at Rachel's side turned disgustfully away. "Those are the words of a fool."

But Rachel hesitated. "I think perhaps He hath some meaning we do not grasp," she said thoughtfully.

She had wanted to follow the young prophet—to hear Him speak again, to see His face, perhaps to ask Him the meaning of the strange words with which He had answered the angry priest. But it was growing late and Simon would be waiting for his supper. So Rachel left Jesus and went on her way.

But the memory of His voice went with her. Perhaps it was because His familiar northern intonation filled her with a homesick longing . . .

For Rachel also had come from Galilee. In Capernaum, that little white town nestling under the mountain side on the shore of sparkling blue Gennesaret, she had lived through care-free childhood and happy maidenhood.

Then Simon had come to Capernaum. He was a merchant in Jerusalem, on a short one-day trip to Capernaum. Since he was a relative of Rachel's father, he had stopped at their home. To him the loveliest maiden in Capernaum seemed also lovelier than any maid in all Judea. The one-day stop lengthened into a week, and then into weeks. And when he left, Rachel went with him—to Jerusalem.

With what high hopes she went! To Jerusalem, the holy city. It was hard to tell just when the radiance began to dim. It was due in part to disappointment in Jerusalem itself. It was such a gloomy, hard city, with the rich getting ever richer and the poor ever more hopeless. And in part to the temple. The full-robed priests with their lean yellow faces and their long, wordy prayers made of religion only empty form.

Then the tragedy that made all these trivial disappointments and disillusionments fade into insignificance—the loss of her first-born, her man-child.

SOMEHOW, after that agony, she took up life again. Somehow, by clinging tightly to the remembrance of the faith and hope of her childhood, she had gone on.

But, as if to mock her efforts, as if to prove to her that she was indeed accursed among women, forgotten of Jehovah—there followed in quick succession those other lovely, laughing, strong-limbed sons, only to be taken again.

She had six sons. And six sons died . . . Jehovah was but a name faintly remembered from a Galilean hillside.

And then Andrew had come—and Andrew had lived. She and Simon guarded him as something very precious. Afterward, it was easy to see where they had failed. Easy—cruelly easy—to look back and remember the times when the very love they bore this son had made for mistaken leniency, mistaken pardon.

As Andrew grew to manhood, she found that the heart-aches caused by those sons who had died were as nothing compared to what she endured for this son who lived. The realization of little deceptions—the awful discovery that Andrew possessed what he had no right to possess. Things that she tried to hide from Simon . . .

But hardest of all to bear was the realization that Andrew had lost the faith of his fathers. Once when she had reproached him for it, he had said, "There is nothing there that a man can believe." And afterward he worshiped no more at the temple, repeated no longer the prayers she had taught him—those same prayers that for generations had been held holy by all the people of Israel. How could he live to the glory of God, while he closed his mind to the teachings of the prophets?

On the day she had heard the young Galilean teacher outside the temple, she was hurrying homeward. Simon, and perhaps Andrew, would be waiting. All the way she pondered the words of this man Jesus. Though she could not grasp their meaning, somehow a promise seemed to live in them. Perhaps if Andrew could meet this young rabbi, he also might feel His power. Perhaps he might find in His teachings something a man could believe. For here was none of the arrogance of the Pharisees, the pompous display of the



THE EYES OF THE MAN FROM NAZARETH TURNED

priests at the temple. Here was only a young man near Andrew's own age, with a promise in His voice.

Tomorrow she would seek out Jesus, so that her son might know Him. Her heart grew lighter as she hurried homeward.

She entered the little garden with its neat, bordered paths. It was then she heard voices raised in anger—Simon's voice, sounding oddly choked, and Andrew's, sullen and resentful.

As she paused on the threshold, Simon turned to her—Simon, with his face white with rage, and something more than rage. "Out of his own mouth he hath confessed it! He stole the money from our hiding place—to squander in evil living! Mine own son—a thief!"

Rachel's voice sounded strange and hoarse to her own ears. Her words were hollow and unconvincing, "Nay, mine husband, thou art wrong! Andrew, thou must explain thyself! Thou must tell him it is not true!"

BUT Andrew's voice was bitter. This was her son—her baby! Standing there, sneering, with his eyes blazing defiance and hate, "So much uproar over a few paltry silver pieces! Well—I took them. What then?"

Simon's voice seemed to crack, and break. As, perhaps, his heart was breaking. "Go, I command thee! Thief—and worse than thief! Go, I tell thee, and my curse go with thee! From this day, I have no son."

Andrew laughed long and recklessly. "Thy curse, sayest thou? And thinkest I am afraid of thy curse? Nay, not of thine, nor yet of Jehovah's!"

And then he was gone. Gone, while Rachel stood there, powerless to stop him. Watching, as if from a



TOWARD THE LITTLE GROUP OF SORROWING WOMEN, AND RACHEL FACED THE CHRIST

great distance, while her only son laughed at man and at God, and left her. This then was the end of all the bright hopes, the wreckage of those high, sweet dreams. Her son had gone.

After that, life went on.

Rachel rose with the dawn and prepared Simon's breakfast. She saw him go off to work, and she had supper waiting for him when he came back home. Simon, who each day grew a little grayer, a little more bent and worn.

ONCE he mentioned Andrew's name. A neighbor had chanced upon the boy in town, and had told Simon about it.

A spark of life came to Rachel. "How—where is he staying?" she asked.

But Simon did not know. "Josiah asked him—but he would not say."

The spark died. Rachel said nothing.

Simon spoke with difficulty, "He—Josiah—said the boy—was looking well."

She had wanted to comfort Simon then. Simon, who had cursed his own son and driven him away. But the cold lump in her breast would not let her.

After that, she knew Simon was trying to find him. But no word came. Andrew had disappeared.

It was strange that though each day was endless and each night an eternity, somehow a year and more could go by. A year and more. With no sight of her son, no word from her son.

Simon died. They brought him home to her from the little shop where he had worked so long. Kindly neighbors took charge and saw that many wailing

women filled the little house. They looked at her strangely and whispered among themselves because her eyes were dry. But Rachel did not notice. She who already had lost seven men—six by death and one by life—had no tears left to shed.

Rachel might have gone back home now, back to Capernaum. But it was too late. Galilee could not give her again those vanished dreams nor revive a faith that was dead. Galilee could not give her back her son.

Then one morning a neighbor woman came in—a woman with white face and compassionate eyes. Her husband had news of Andrew. By chance he had got the word in the city—Andrew, Rachel's son, was condemned to death.

"It was necessary that I tell thee," said the woman pityingly, "for the execution is at midday. Thou must hasten—it may be thou canst see him before he dies."

And so she had come to the palace of Herod. If she went to the great prison, perhaps—only perhaps—the guard might let her see her son. But if she saw Pontius Pilate—

So she waited, in the palace of Herod.

THE soldiers were talking among themselves about the trial going on in the outer court. Now and again one would go outside and come back with fresh news. Rachel listened to them. Something in her made her listen with a part of her numbed mind—lest, thinking of her son, she should scream aloud and lose her last hope of saving him.

The guard reported, "Pilate is nervous. I heard him mutter, 'That lying, trouble-making Annas is behind this!'"

The soldiers nodded. "The priests are ever trying to trick and torment him. What did he say to them?"

"He looked at their prisoner, and suddenly he seemed to pause. And I do not wonder, for a more princely bearing in a man I never saw. And then Pilate said, as though puzzled, 'Why, what accusation bring you against this man?'"

The guard chuckled, "Ah, but they were taken aback at that! One of their oily priests snapped back at him. 'If he were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered him up unto thee.'

"Can you not imagine Pilate's rage at such an answer? I have never heard his voice so biting sarcasm as when he answered, 'Take ye him, and judge him according to your law.'

"And he turned his back on them, as if to leave. As though he did not know they were powerless to proceed without his sanction! Ah, but they gave ground quickly. That sanctimonious old hypocrite almost crawled as he answered, 'It is not lawful for us to put any man to death.'

One of the soldiers held up an imperious hand. "Do you hear? He is coming into the inner judgment hall—and the young Jew is with him."

The men crowded to the curtains, listening with hushed eagerness. Rachel listened, too, straining her ears to hear the words of Pontius Pilate, who held the power of life and death over this man—and over her son.

THE governor's voice was harassed, uncertain, speaking words that fell strangely from the lips of a Roman, "Art thou the King of the Jews?"

The listeners held their breath to catch the answer. And it came in a voice that Rachel, after two years, remembered. Came without hesitation, as if Jesus were reading the very thoughts of his questioner, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?"

One of the Roman soldiers chuckled with admiration, "The man is clever!"

It might have been Pilate on the defensive: "Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me: what hast thou done?"

The other's voice was gentle now. This man who should have been pleading for life itself seemed trying instead to comfort his judge! "My kingdom is not of this world." Gravely, that sublime avowal fell on the troubled air. "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence."

Still Pontius Pilate was seeking: "Art thou a king then?"

The other yearned over him, as over one who could not understand, "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice."

The Roman governor was somber and unsatisfied: "What is truth?" And when he had asked, he went out again to the Jews.

"He did not wait for an answer," murmured Rachel.

"Listen," whispered a guard. "They are so quiet we will be able to hear what he says."

Across the open court, clear and distinct above the clamor of the crowd, came the judicial voice of Pilate, "I find in him no fault at all."

In the inner room, Rachel whispered, "Thank God!"

Outside, a tumult seemed suddenly to break forth. Only the confusion and the noise reached the guard-room and one of the soldiers hurried out. He came back to report bewilderedly, "The governor was ready to release a prisoner to the Jews, according to the custom of the Passover, and so he offered them this man Jesus. He is trying everything possible to save Him. But the mob is shouting for the release of some ruffian they call Barabbas. 'Tis the priests' work—they started the cry."

Almost absently, out of the weariness of her mind, Rachel spoke, "But what of Jesus?"

"Listen," said the guard.

Above the confused clamor, one cry kept rising: "Crucify Him!"

Through a black faintness Rachel felt the hand of the Roman soldier supporting her. She heard him mutter, "Pilate can do nothing—they are demented. He is washing his hands before them . . ."

The voice of the governor came again, like the voice of one torn and lost and seeking vainly to find a way, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it!"

The answer of the multitude (Continued on page 29)



Interior of a Dutch home, showing the plate-covered walls and built-in bed described in the article

Romancing in the Old World

The American wayfarers enjoy one more adventure, in a modern Holland still as quaint and lovely as a story-book land, before they turn their faces homeward. This is the last in a series of travel articles

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

DARLING NANCY:

When I wrote you last we had just arrived in this utterly fascinating old city of Amsterdam. Now, having had time to catch my breath a bit, I simply must tell you what we've been doing and seeing, for I know how much you have always wanted to come to Holland yourself. It is just as quaint and queer and lovely as we have always fancied it!

Amsterdam is an amazing city. The old and the new jostle each other at every turn. Street cars, antiquated barges and boats and smart automobiles all move in parallel lines; a modern hotel rises in sight of old gabled buildings that look as though they had been there from the beginning of time; and only this morning I saw passing the window amongst the crowd a young man in an impeccable morning suit, swinging a cane, and behind him an old chap with a bright red flannel shirt, a blue "Eton" cut jacket, great baggy trousers gathered full at the waist, a broad slouch hat and wooden shoes! Not many of his type are to be seen in the city, but there are enough to serve as interesting contrast to the more conventionally garbed citizens.

There is one perfect way to get your first impressions of Amsterdam, and that is by water. As I mentioned in my last letter, the city is threaded with wide canals. When I tell you there are three hundred and fifteen bridges in the town, you will appreciate how complete this system of waterways is. The canals are of different types, too. There are the quiet, dreamy streams of the residential section, along which great elm trees grow. Then there are the busy, craft-laden "rivers" on which a large part of the city's traffic is conducted. But all of them lead eventually to the sea.

We had only to cross the street from the Victoria Hotel to find a little boat station from which small motor launches go out at intervals for a tour of the city. We climbed into the one then waiting and in a few moments were off, put-put-putting our way blithely along. It was not so romantic as a Venetian gondola perhaps, but it was more suited to this fine, erect old city of the north.

Water-taxiing Through Amsterdam

We moved up the main canal slowly enough so we could study the general type of architecture of the buildings. It is distinguished chiefly by a peculiar square or round-topped gable which reappears with slight variations everywhere. It has a nice Dutch solidarity about it but yet is highly decorative.

The boatman pointed out one old building which is called the "Our Father in the Attic" house, because in the old days of religious persecution a little group used to gather in the garret there to say their prayers! We saw the important business center, with its up-to-date shops and fashionably dressed crowds; we glimpsed the palace, as forbidding-looking as most palaces, where Queen Wilhelmina stops when she comes to Amsterdam; we passed the great diamond factories where the famous Kohinoor

and Cullinan diamonds were cut; we saw the Jewish quarters, picturesque and ancient; we went between tenement buildings and under flower-laden balconies, until at last, leaving all the varied sights of Amsterdam behind us, we emerged into the harbor with the full breath of the sea in our lungs and saw the incredible number and variety of craft that enter there.

Indeed, my first general impression of Holland is that boats and bicycles are its most distinguishing features. In Amsterdam alone there are three hundred thousand bicycles! And I doubt if anybody could ever enumerate the boats! So why shouldn't it strike any automobile-harassed American as a city of serene, quiet and picturesque habits!

While we had taken a "water-taxi" as they are called to do our sight-seeing, and while we had learned to eat cheese for breakfast, we realized that Amsterdam did not hold all the novel charm of Holland. Where were the fisher folk in their baggy trousers? Where were the women in their white spreading caps, and the children of the wooden shoes? I simply couldn't wait long to see them, so as soon as we could make arrangements we started on a trip by boat to Volendam, a little village lying north of Amsterdam on the Zuider Zee.

A Word-Picture of Holland

The boat we took this time was a large launch carrying perhaps thirty people. Jack and I left the more formal chairs inside for those of more conventional temperament than ourselves, and found delightful vantage-points on the tiny front nose deck of the little steamer. From here we could see both sides of the lovely panorama that slowly unfolded before us. If I can only word-paint it so that you will have some slight idea of the picture!

First of all, our waterway was again a canal perhaps eighty feet wide (at some places even less) that wound its quiet course through the rich green beauty of the Dutch countryside. Overhead a sky as blue as a Delft plate smiled down upon us with low, lacy white clouds.

We were so close to the fields that the whole scene seemed part of us. The rich green pastures in which numberless herds of cattle grazed contentedly; the windmills, droning softly in the breeze, some of them covered with thatch; the little villages, lying as though asleep amongst their elm trees; bright little farmhouses peering at us from under brilliant shutters! Can you see it? And on we moved so softly, we felt we were drifting on a cloud!

Very soon I began to notice low green hillocks that lay with great uniformity along the horizon to the seaward side. When I spoke of them, a man sitting near told us they were the dikes! I was amazed! Somehow, I had always ignorantly pictured them as high stone walls, or at least bare earthen ones. Instead, here were pleasant grassy mounds that looked as though nature might have made them herself. When one thinks of it, the verdure-covered hillocks are, of course, stronger than a bare stone wall would be.

After a ride of an hour or two, our boat drew up to the wharf of a tiny village. We landed and walked along the shady streets of the quietest and most immaculate little hamlet I have ever been in. There was literally not a sound! All the women were doubtless busy dusting their already fleckless homes, and the men were in the fields.

We paused finally before a neat house with a large "Cheese Making" sign at the door, for our guide explained—this was the object of our stop. We were to see with our own eyes how Dutch cheeses were created.

And that house! After seeing it, I never expect to consider my own clean again!

We were shown into a large room which was evidently a kitchen, living-room and dining-room combined. This much could be seen at a glance. But the surprise came when the man of the house opened two cupboard doors and revealed the bed, too!

It was built in the wall and was as immaculately white as ever a bed could be, its top cover being a finely crocheted lace spread. Jack gave one look at the rather abbreviated dimensions of the tiny sleeping apartment and then at the length of the man of the house, who was certainly six feet two if he was an inch.

"Do you mean to say you sleep here?" he asked. The tall one smiled complacently. "I yooost double up!" he said.

But, Nancy, the living-dining-bed-room was only the first marvel. We were ushered next for only a few steps along the hallway into—what do you suppose? The cow stable. Actually! But such a stable! There on a level with the family's living quarters were those of the cows, and to save my life I couldn't tell which were the cleaner. The bovines themselves were not present when we made our survey. They were out in the fields, where they stay for the greater part of the time both in summer and winter. But here were their stalls, the wood sides scrubbed white as a bone, the floor sanded in patterns, each tiny window covered with snow-white netting! Really, I would be embarrassed to have one of those Dutch moo-cows see an ordinary American barn!

The Cheese-making Industry

The rooms beyond are devoted to cheese making, and that is most interesting. Here is a quick little summary of what happens: The fresh milk is poured into a huge metal vat, into which is put a certain amount of rennet. When the curds are at last at the bottom and the whey on top, the thick part is lifted out and put in large stone crocks perforated with holes, where it stands for days until it is ready to go into the presses.

The presses that turn out the famous "pineapple" cheeses are simply too cunning for words. They are like tiny cord hammocks in which the cheese swings and takes shape.

After their stay in the presses the cheeses are taken out solid and deposited in vats of salt water, where they remain for four days. They are then ready to rest for

six weeks on long wooden racks, at the end of which time they are coated with paraffin (mostly red) and shipped all over the world.

Once back again in our boat, we sailed smoothly on to the small fishing village of Volendam, where the old customs and costumes of Holland still prevail. There on the walk above the sloping stone sea-wall were promenading people that I felt couldn't be real. They were so like walking pictures. Of course, the regular influx of tourists has taken away the unconscious charm that the first foreign visitors to this village must have found. But there is plenty left. Even though you realize that the young girls walking about, demurely knitting socks, have put on fresh white caps in the hope that you will photograph them and give them a little tip for the privilege—you can enjoy their quaint appearance just as much!

The Volendam women's costume consists of a lace cap with flaring sides; a tight dark waist; voluminous petticoats; a brightly striped apron and an invariable string of coral beads. Both men and women seem to have an abnormal fondness for woollens. Even on the very sunny, warm day when we were there, we caught glimpses of red flannel underwear and woolen socks that almost gave me a heat-stroke. What would those women think of our diaphanous raiment!

Over everything—the people, the stores, the tiny gabled buildings, the very nets spread for drying on the hard rocky beach—was the same singular, shining cleanness that we have seen everywhere.

But the crowning event of our boat trip was our visit to the Isle of Marken. This little island has defied the march of progress. It conducts its domestic and agricultural affairs just as it did when the first tiny houses were built there.

A Glimpse of Dutch Domesticity

Our guide led us around winding paths where little gabled "doll houses" painted in incredibly bright colors seem to be playing hop-scotch with each other. At almost every doorway sat a man, a woman or a child, ready to invite the strangers in to view the interior of their diminutive dwelling. For this, you see, means a "tip," and it is not hard to discern that money is not such a plentiful commodity on Marken.

The house we finally entered was the most unusual little home in which I ever expect to be. The whole thing could be set down comfortably in an ordinary American living-room. In the first room were chairs, a tiny oil burner on the hearth (on which, curiously enough, all the Markenites cook), a table, and a bed built in the wall, deep with feather ticks and elaborately embroidered quilts.

But the walls themselves attracted me most. They were literally covered. It would have been hard in this particular room to have found a free inch of space. "Covered with what?" I hear you ask. Well, chiefly with beautiful blue Delft plates that would make your very mouth water with longing. Big plates, little plates, cups and bric-à-brac, most of them heirlooms that have passed down through generations, make the whole wall a rich and priceless blue. The thought of the work it must take to keep all this intricate decoration in its state of shining and dustless perfection, left me weak. But perhaps the housewives do this in lieu of playing bridge!

Our hostess proudly led us next into a mere cubicle of a room lined with benches on which cans and brightly painted boxes

rose tier on tier. To any American housewife, I'm sure, this would represent what it did to me—a pantry.

"This is where the household provisions are kept?" I asked the guide.

When he translated this to our hostess, she shook her head violently and poured out an animated stream of Dutch as she reached for a painted tea canister and opened it under our eyes with great pride. You would never guess in the world, Nancy, what was in it! Her collars! In another little box were her belts; in another, her handkerchiefs; in the larger receptacles, that looked as though they should contain flour and sugar, were her aprons and petticoats. It was really all so funny! I wanted badly to laugh, but, of course, I didn't.

How a Holland Home Is Managed

Where a mere man would stay in that immaculate little doll house, I can't imagine. I fancy our hostess would be like the old Dutch woman I have just heard of, who scrubbed the tree in her front yard because her husband had been guilty of leaning against it!

One interesting fact we learned about the children in Marken is that, until they are six, the boys and girls wear exactly the same clothes except for one tiny detail: the boys' caps have a small circular patch appliquéd at the back of the head.

Jack and I were photographing what we supposed was a pretty little curly-haired girl when the mother explained vociferously to the guide that it was a boy! I'll send you his picture.

As we were retracing our steps at last toward our boat, we saw looming ahead of us the back of the biggest Hollander we have yet seen! His costume and general bearing were so striking that I snapped him to show you.

My glimpse into the strange little house at Marken made me eager to see something of the way the average Holland home is managed. When I told my desire to the tall, handsome young concierge at our hotel in Amsterdam, he hesitated a moment and then said that his wife was an English woman by birth and that he thought she would be glad to show me her home, which was in a new apartment house in another part of the city.

I went the following afternoon and had a most interesting time. My hostess was a sweet-faced young woman who confided to me that she almost forgot her English at times, so completely Dutch were all her interests now.

Her apartment was roomy and convenient, and furnished much as an American one would be. My particular interest centered in what she told me of the general housekeeping habits. For instance, she said every window in Amsterdam is cleaned inside once a week and outside once a fortnight! And the rugs! Listen to this: every carpet and rug in the house is carried to the front street once a week and shaken!

"Not a big nine by twelve-foot rug!" I expostulated.

"Absolutely," my hostess said. "You see," she went on,

"the city regulates the time at which the rug shaking is done. Thursdays and Fridays are the days set for our street. Some women join together to shake their own rugs. But those who can afford it pay two charwomen to do it for them."

"But don't you have vacuum sweepers?" I asked.

"I should say we do!" she answered. "The electric cleaners simply took Holland by storm. I believe a Dutch woman would do without any finery for her person in order to have a vacuum sweeper, but that doesn't change the fixed and unalterable habit of the land that every carpet and rug must be shaken outside in the open air once a week!"

Nancy, my dear, I wonder if I'll ever have such an easy-going housekeeping conscience again!

But she told me other things just as surprising to an American point of view. She said that, with a salary of sixty dollars a month, a woman can keep a good part-time maid and pay her one dollar and seventy-five cents a week! It seems incredible, does it not?

She told me also that, with all their indefatigable housekeeping, the Dutch women have pleasant times. They have card parties and sociables and teas for afternoon diversion. And she was not speaking of the ultra-fashionable class but of the substantial middle class women who do most of their own housework.

"How about the radio?" I asked. "Is it popular?"

"Oh, very," she said. "We pay twenty cents a week for 'connection' and then we can enjoy everything on the air."

Another Little Side-light

Another little side-light upon Dutch nature—which incidentally is perhaps the one and only point at which they and the French meet—is the Dutch housewife's love of flowers in her home. They are sold constantly on the streets, and I was amazed at their cheapness. My hostess told me that no table is unadorned by fresh flowers if there is a possible bit of money to spend for them.

"Your American women might be interested, too," she said, "to know that when a Dutch girl becomes engaged, she receives a gold wedding ring which is placed on the ring finger of her left hand. As soon as she is married, it is transferred to her right hand and remains there."

In all matters of dress, education and general progress, the Dutch women of Amsterdam and of all the larger towns and villages are abreast of the times. They even wish sometimes, so I am told, that their good queen would dress a little more fashionably so the world might not assume that all Dutch women are too conservative in their costumes.

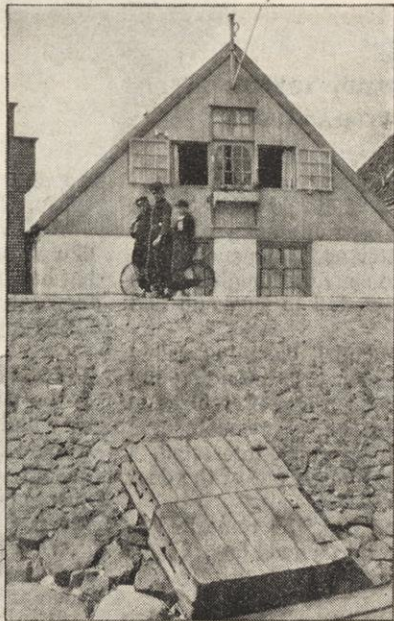
My little visit to this Dutch home was more than pleasant and I left with real regret.

I have one other experience in Amsterdam which I want to tell you about, Nancy, before I must reluctantly come to the end of my letters, for our time now on this side of the Atlantic is growing short. The experience is that of last Sunday.

It happened upon a line or two of description in a guide-book which referred to a small secluded enclosure in the center of Amsterdam called the Begynenhof or Court of the Begynen. The Beguines, it seems, were a sisterhood of nuns named after St. Begga, a saint who lived in the seventh century. But, here was the unusual feature which riveted my attention: in the midst of this little old-world nunnery stands the English Reformed church which was once the haven of the Pilgrims before they

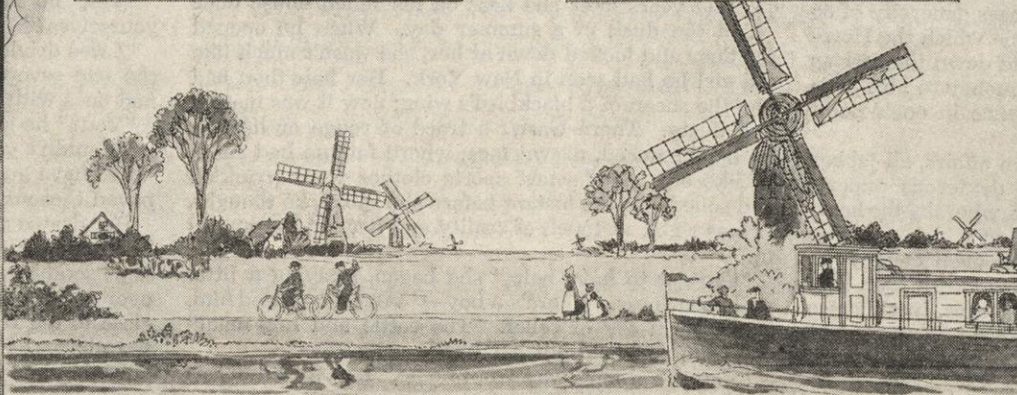
(Continued on page 35)

Right: Boys on the sea-wall at Volendam
Below: The snap-shot of the biggest Hollander



Left: Three interesting faces on a street of Volendam

Below: The little girl who was a boy



Object of Art

From a jewel-box apartment to a lonely ranch house on a western prairie; from a city of artificialities to a wilderness where death and life are more than words—this was the step that Catherine Mannerley had to take before she found love

CATHERINE MANNERLEY was never taken seriously by anyone who met her for the first time. She was too decorative, too carefully finished; her hands were too much like ornaments, her voice too bird-like, her general effect too slight. She was like an object of art.

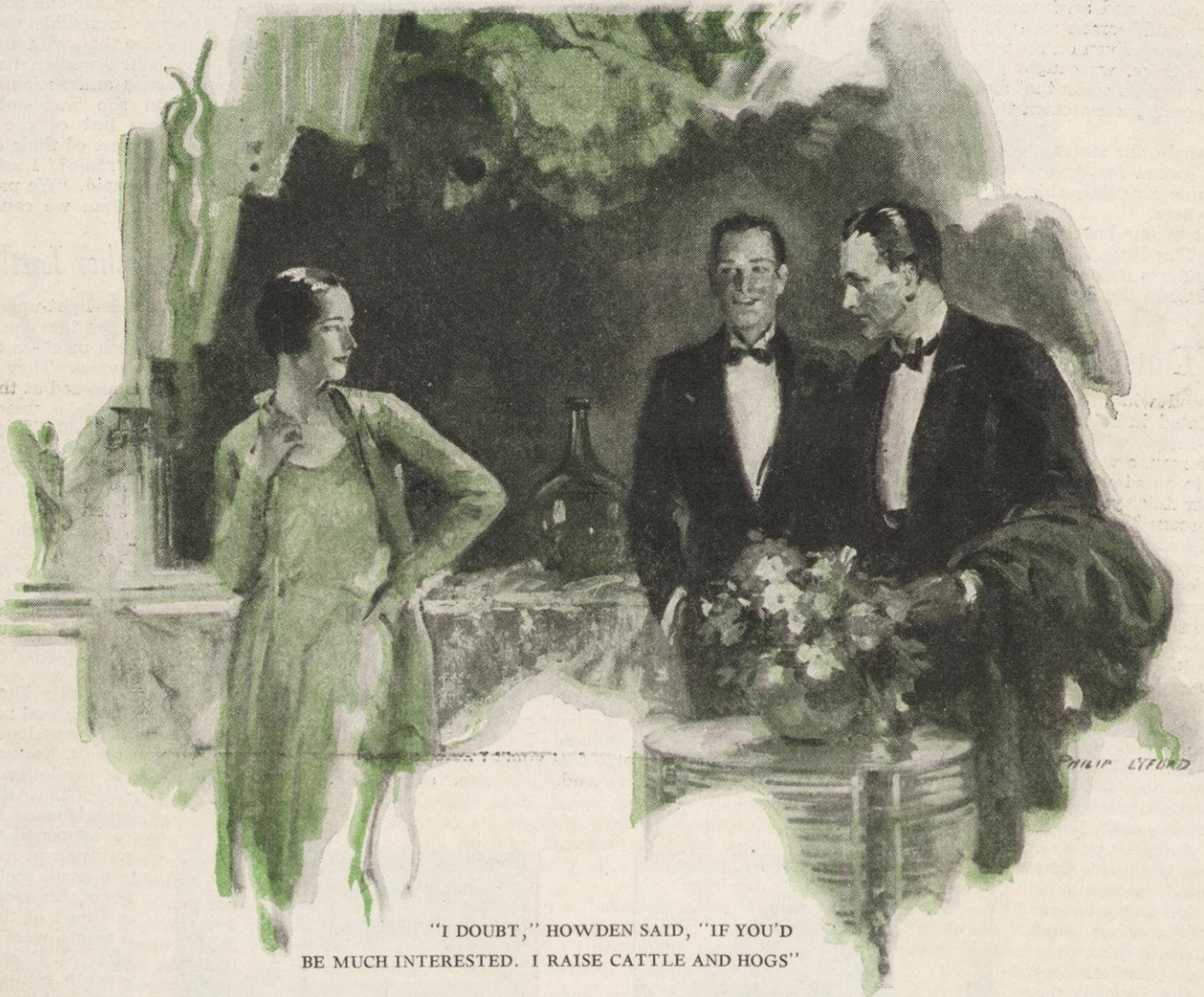
The New York apartment in which she lived with her father (her mother was dead) was an expensive and perfect setting for her: an airy jewel box sort of place, hung twenty stories above Manhattan Island; lined with silver paper; picked out with brilliant color spots from the brushes of just the right moderns; curtained with mellow, glowing, old French brocade; carpeted deeply in black, and furnished with effective eccentricity with pieces carrying out in polished miniature the scheme of the vast design presented by the skyscrapers one could see from the windows.

Catherine Mannerley was mentally decorative, too. She talked the patter of all the arts. And had created nothing. "A slightly thin note of a human being, if you ask me!" said Steve Howden at one of her parties. She gave large parties, at which you met only the people who "did" things—by which was meant exclusively: painted, wrote, made statues, composed music. "She'd last just about twenty-four hours in my country. We breed a different kind out there."

He said it to Barton Warren, who one summer had painted cloud shadows and the long roll and flow of the New Mexico prairie on the Howden ranch, and who now, turn about, was showing his friend New York.

The Howden women, as it happened—Steve's mother and his sisters—in addition to all the housework, had "done" such things, in the old, lean days, as ride the range at Steve's side, help with the branding and the dipping, buck sand storms in summer and snow in winter on their way to and from the town twenty miles away to get supplies, and fill the places generally of so many men in that economic firing line which the Howden family, now well-to-do, had held down themselves before Steve's father had made the money to hire adequate help. It does make a difference in one's point of view.

The party was one of those swollen affairs, all jabber and clatter, where only the most dexterous experts manage to utter anything intelligible, whereby the hostess manages to clear her slate, and to which only the unwary go. And Catherine had not even caught the ranchman's name, much less conversed with him. But there was power in Steve Howden's eyes, intelligence in his face; he might be anything. Since he was present here, it was natural to assume that he, too, "did" something—in her sense of the word.



"I DOUBT," HOWDEN SAID, "IF YOU'D BE MUCH INTERESTED. I RAISE CATTLE AND HOGS"

"I'm so sorry not to have had any talk with you," she said when he was leaving. "I did so want to ask you something about the—er—scope of your work."

Howden was startled; and bitter, as it happened, deep down within himself, under the spur of thoughts of his older sister, who had always wanted to sing and had died before the money came.

He looked at this so-different girl, blooming palely out of her leaf-green gown like a just unfolding lily bud against this background of the cream of civilization—and for what?—and spoke bluntly.

"I doubt," he said, "if you'd be much interested. I raise cattle and hogs." And got himself out of the door before she could reply.

"The breath that's wasted on her," he remarked to Warren, "had better have gone into a good dog. I hope I'll never have to see her again."

TWO years later she beat on his ranch house door in the dusk of a summer day. When he opened the door and looked down at her, she wasn't much like the girl he had seen in New York. Her hair then had had the sheen of a blackbird's wing; now it was matted and dusty. There wasn't a trace of rouge or lipstick on her blanched, drawn face, where fatigue had eaten in like age. Her smart sports clothes were wrinkled and soiled. In the instant before she spoke, he thought, "I was right. A touch of reality and her kind crumples up."

"I've got to have help," she began, swaying a little with weariness. "There's a boy—" And recognized him. She gave a cry of relief. "The cattle and hog man!" she said, and held out her hand.

"You are a long way from home," he said kindly as

they shook hands. "You look fagged out. What's wrong?"

"There's a boy dead over at the next ranch" (the next ranch was ten miles away), "and—"

"Not little Bill Updike?" he said sharply; and at her nod there was a twinge at his heart, and the corners of his mouth grew tight and pulled his lips into a straight line.

"—and three people very ill. Will you come with me?"

"Yes," he said, staggered. "Of course. Immediately. What—?"

"Ptomaine poisoning. Saddle something, or hitch it up, and I'll tell you as we go. The horse I came on"—nodding toward its drooping outline in the gathering dusk—"is all in."

"So are you. Hadn't you better—? Good God! Little Bill Updike! Don't you want something to eat? I taught him how to ride, you see. Gave him his horse. A little whiskey, maybe? Want to lie down?"

"No. All I want is speed. Bill's father and mother and my father

are still pretty sick. Have you a car?"

"No. Can't use 'em on these roads."

"So I've found out," she said; and subsided gently like a spent wave on the grass plot in his patio. Clasp- ing her hands about her knees, she let her head droop forward, relaxed her small body in every line and said, "Hurry, please!"

IN THE deepening dusk, Howden put the black and I the bay over the heavily rutted prairie road for all they had in them. The buckboard bounced and rocked. Clinging to it there at his side, Catherine Mannerley looked like one of the evening primroses that were opening out palely down among the tight-curved grama- grass.

"Dad and I were motoring through, on our way to the coast. We took a wrong turn late Monday afternoon and got off the highway."

"Yes," he said. "It's easy to do. Were you driving yourselves?"

"I was driving," she said, to his surprise. "I've made the trip several times. I'm afraid I like side roads—bad ones with high centers."

"You?" he said.

"Wouldn't you have guessed it?"

"I'd have guessed that you'd never been off perfectly paved thoroughfares in all your life!"

Her drawn and weary face relaxed into a faint smile. "I knew I ought to turn back when the crank-case kept scraping, but I didn't want to, and finally I ran over a rock and sheared the bottom off of it, quite close to the Updike house, and we had to go there for the night. I remember," she said, with a catch in her voice, and as if it had been (Continued on page 33)

Vary the Lenten diet with these strictly vegetable soups!

*Family favorites
for Fridays or any day
in the year*

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ASPARAGUS SOUP

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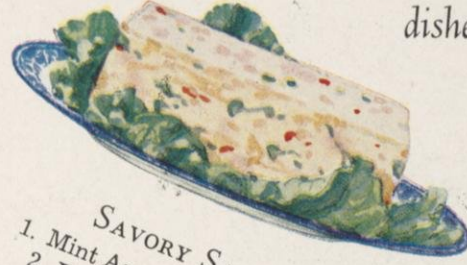
GELATINE IS A YEAR-ROUND FOOD

Lily Haxworth Wallace discusses the merits of this important food in practical cookery

A base for the preparation of countless dishes which delight the eye and intrigue the palate



- MEAT AND FISH DISHES**
1. Rolled Fish Sandwiches
 2. Clear Aspic for Meats, Fish and Garnishes
 3. Vegetarian Nut Loaf
 4. Lobster Croquettes
 5. Jellied Meat Loaf
 6. Tongue Mousse



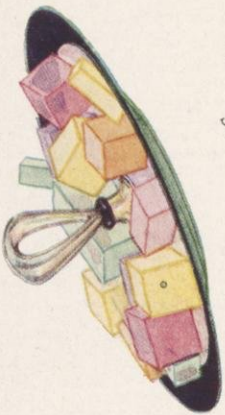
- SAVORY SALADS**
1. Mint Aspic with Green Peas
 2. Frozen Chicken Royale
 3. Crabmeat and Tomato
 4. Imperial Cucumber
 5. Jellied Beet
 6. Perfection



- SWEET SALADS**
1. Frozen Pineapple and Cream Cheese
 2. Peach and Almond
 3. Frozen Cranberry
 4. Orange Jelly
 5. Ginger Fruit
 6. Health



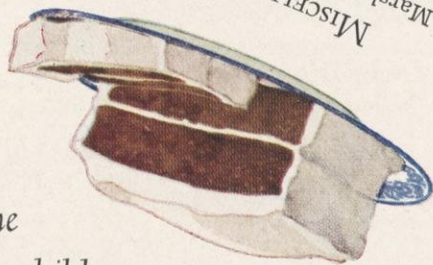
- BOUILLON AND SOUPS**
1. Gelatine-enriched Cream Soups
Pea, Spinach, Beet, Mushroom, Mixed Vegetables, etc.
 2. Jellied Clam Broth
 3. Jellied Bouillon
Chicken, Beef, Veal, Tomato



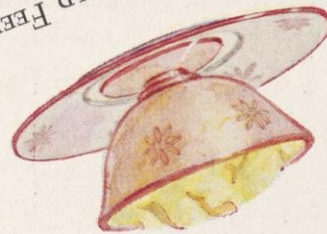
- CANDIES**
1. Vanilla Caramels
 2. Turkish Delight
 3. Nougat Sponge
 4. Marshmallows
 5. Fruit Drops
 6. Fudge Balls



- DESSERTS**
1. Grape Juice Charlotte
 2. Chocolate Charlotte
 3. Paradise Mousse
 4. Coconut Pudding
 5. Apple Supreme
 6. Orange Velvet



- MISCELLANEOUS**
1. Marshmallow Coconut Filling
 2. Milk Frosting with Gelatine
 3. Jellied Sauerkraut Juice
 4. Cream Filling for Cake
 5. Jellied Salad Dressing
 6. Glaze for Meats



- INVALID AND CHILD FEEDING**
1. Gelatine in Child Feeding
 2. Orange Egg Puff
 3. Gelatinized Milk
 4. Jellied Custard
 5. Graham Whip
 6. Prune Souffle

An essential addition to babies' formulas and to the daily milk ration of growing children

Use it to lend variety to leftovers and uninteresting foods and to round out every day's menus

FOOD knowledge, like everything else, moves swiftly today and nowhere does this statement apply more aptly than in the instance of gelatine, the value of which as a food can hardly be overestimated. Remarkable results have been attained from the use of gelatine when added to the milk formulas of infants as well as to the "daily quart" of the growing child, this being chiefly due to the presence in gelatine of that essential amino acid known as lysine. Because of its powerful colloidal action, gelatine causes the casein in milk to form in small, soft, easily digested curds rather than hard and tough curds which are likely to form if gelatine is not added, those same

hard curds frequently causing digestive disturbances. Gelatine is not merely a food for children, but has just as definite a value in the dietary of the adult. From its original service almost solely as a dessert, particularly at a "company" dinner, it is now used in practically every course "from soup to nuts." Gelatine adds food value without materially increasing the calory count; it lends variety to uninteresting foods—leftovers, for example; it helps to round out the menu, especially as regards the salad course; it gives body and smoothness to those new and popular chilled and frozen dishes now made possible in the home kitchen by the advent of automatic refrigeration.

Oh, there's not a meal in the day, nor a course in a meal, in which gelatine may not legitimately figure. In preparing dishes for the convalescent, gelatine is again a valuable stand-by. Here if anywhere attractive appearance is a vital factor, one which frequently decides whether the patient will enjoy and assimilate or alternatively refuse the food offered. Gelatine offers rare opportunities in the preparation of dishes which delight the eye and intrigue the palate. In the accompanying chart we have tried to suggest just a few of the varied uses of gelatine both for summer and winter service, for remember that this is a year-round food.



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This is one of the biggest bargains in choice varieties of Gladiolus ever offered. These are not bulbets; neither are they old worn-out bulbs. They are young bulbs, 3/4 inch in diameter and smaller, and nearly every one of them will bloom this season. Being young and vigorous, they will produce larger blossoms than many of the large size bulbs that are being offered. When ordering these bulbs ask for our Rainbow Assortment. Place your order with us today, and remember that although these bulbs are small, they are all blooming size. We are sure you will be pleased with them. Delivered by parcel post, postpaid, anywhere in the United States. 25 for 25c; 100 for \$1.00; 250 for \$2.00; or 1,000 for \$7.50. Prize mixture of large bulbs, 50c per dozen; 30 for \$1.00; 100 for \$3.00, postpaid.

EVERBLOOMING ROSES 25c Each

Take your choice of the following Everblooming Roses, in 1-year-old plants, at 35c each; 3 for \$1.00; 5 for \$1.50; 10 for \$2.50; or 2-year-old field grown bushes at 75c each; 3 for \$2.00; 5 for \$3.00; 10 for \$5.00, postpaid.

- Columbia, deep peach pink.
- Duchess of Wellington, soft golden yellow, veined copper and red.
- Francis Scott Key, rich glowing scarlet.
- Gruss an Teplitz, dazzling fiery crimson.
- Los Angeles, flame pink, tinged with red and yellow.
- Madame Butterfly, pink, apricot and gold.
- Radiance, carmine-rose.
- Red Radiance, cerise-red.
- Sunburst, orange-copper and golden yellow.
- White American Beauty, the best white rose.

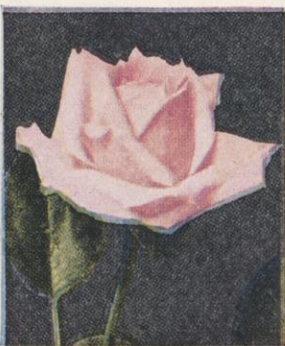
HARDY CLIMBING ROSES 25c

- Climbing American Beauty. Large roses, rosy-crimson.
- Blue Rambler
- Dorothy Perkins (Pink Rambler)
- Red Dorothy (Red Rambler)
- Yellow Rambler

Your choice of the above varieties of Roses, in 1-year plants, at 35c each; 3 for \$1.00; 5 for \$1.50; 10 for \$2.50; or 2-year field grown plants at 75c each; 3 for \$2.00; 5 for \$3.00; 10 for \$5.00, postpaid.



Sunburst



Radiance



Francis Scott Key



Mallow Marvels

Order Direct from
This Advertisement
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Send orders now. Plants will be delivered at the right time for you to plant them.



THIS CACTUS 50c

The above Cactus, pictured in colors, is the Echinocereus Pectinatus. We can supply blooming size plants of this most beautiful variety at 50c each, postpaid.

CACTUS SPECIAL

We also have several other varieties of odd, curious and beautiful Cactus, and can supply you with a collection that will please you. Our selection of varieties, 40c each; 3 for \$1.00; 7 for \$2.00; each plant a different variety and delivered to you prepaid.

CACTUS SEED. Cactus make most interesting house plants, are easily grown, and thrive and bloom with very little care. Mixture of 30 varieties, 10c per packet; 3 pkts. 25c.



CHOICE HARDY LILIES

Fireflame
Pink Perfection
Regal
Red Banded Lily
Gold Banded Lily
The above Five Lilies (one of each) for \$2.00
Three of each for \$5.00

5 CHOICE HARDY LILIES \$2.00

This collection is composed of the most satisfactory, finest and most hardy varieties of outdoor Lilies. These mammoth Lilies are fine for cut flowers and make a gorgeous display in the flower garden or shrubby border. The different varieties grow from 2 to 6 feet in height, with single blooms measuring from 4 inches to nearly a foot, and bloom from June until September. Will do well in all localities.

Extra select bulbs, one each of the five varieties here shown in their natural colors, for only \$2.00; 3 of each for \$5.00, postpaid.

BLUE SPRUCE TREES 75c

The most beautiful Evergreen tree. Its silvery blue luster, perfection in form and hardy characteristics make it the most valuable of all ornamental trees. Very effective when planted individually or in groups. Choice, well-branched, specimen trees, by freight or express, not prepaid, 3 to 4 feet, \$8.00; 2 1/2 to 3 feet, \$6.50; 2 to 2 1/2 feet, \$5.50; 1 1/2 to 2 feet (7 years old), \$4.50. Mailing size, 4-year-old trees, 75c each, postpaid.

GOLDEN ARBOR VITAE 75c

Foliage of a very showy, golden color. Used extensively in landscape plantings, for there is nothing quite so attractive in a group of Evergreens as a flash of rich golden yellow. Grows to a height of 15 feet. Specimen plants, 1 1/2 to 2 feet (6 years old), \$2.50 each, by express or freight, not prepaid. Mailing size, 4 years old, 75c each, postpaid.

JUNIPER VIRGINIANA 75c

Form tapering, symmetrical. Foliage varies from light green to dark green, grayish green and bluish green, with bronzy appearance in fall and early winter. Very attractive. 3 to 4 feet, \$3.25; 2 to 3 feet, \$2.50; 1 1/2 to 2 feet (5 years old), \$2.00, not prepaid. Mailing size, 3 years old, 75c each, postpaid.

IRISH JUNIPER 75c

Foliage bluish-green. Grows to a height of 8 feet; very dense and upright habit. Fine for columnar effect in landscape work. Specimen trees, 2 to 3 feet, \$2.50; 1 1/2 to 2 feet (6 years old), \$2.00, not prepaid. Mailing size, 3 years old, 75c each, postpaid.

RETINOSPORA PLUMOSA 75c

A handsome Evergreen from Japan with feathery, light green foliage, more beautiful than a fern. 2 to 3 feet, \$3.00; 1 1/2 to 2 feet (6 years old), \$2.50, not prepaid. Mailing size, 3 years old, 75c each, postpaid.

SCOTCH PINE 75c

A handsome, big, broad tree. Thrives well on poor soil; grows rapidly when young, and at maturity attains a height of 50 feet. 3 to 4 feet, \$3.00; 2 to 3 feet, \$2.25; 1 1/2 to 2 feet (6 years old), \$1.75, not prepaid. Mailing size, 3 years old, 75c each, postpaid.

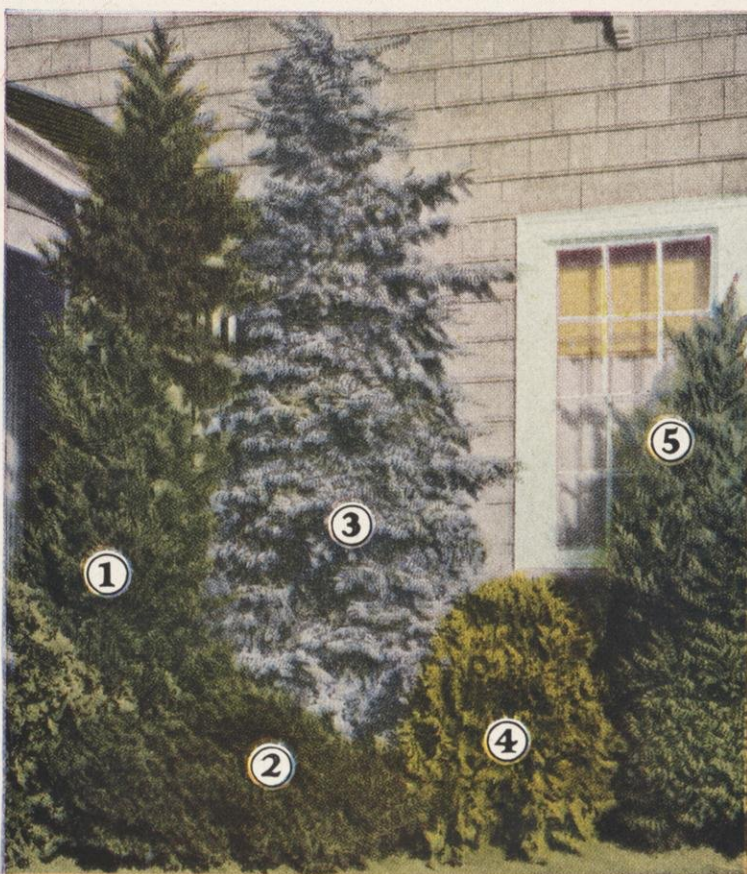
5 DWARF EVERGREENS \$2.50

The following varieties are valuable for foundation plantings, rock gardens, and tub and window box use, as well as in the foreground of Evergreen groups and in any situation where dwarf trees are desired.

Tom Thumb Arbor Vitae, a very dwarf Evergreen with fine feathery foliage; **Juniper Pfitzeriana**, grows to a height of 5 feet, vase-shaped, bluish-green foliage; **Japanese Yew**, grows 3 to 4 feet, ornamental bright scarlet berries; **Mugho Pine**, never grows over 5 feet, and by annual shearing it can be kept as small as desired; **Globe Arbor Vitae**, a compact, round ball of bright green foliage, grows about 6 feet. Your choice of above varieties, in 3 and 4-year-old plants, at 75c each; 5 for \$2.50, postpaid.

SEED AND NURSERY CATALOG FREE

We particularly solicit the patronage of discriminating planters—those who want something exceptionally fine. Order direct from this advertisement. Also ask us for a free copy of our Seed and Nursery Book for 1931, which tells you about the best in Flower and Garden Seeds, Ornamental Shrubbery, Shade Trees, Roses, Hardy Perennials, Fruit Trees, Berry Plants, House Plants, etc.



1—Juniper Virginia 2—Mugho Pine 3—Colorado Blue Spruce 4—Golden Arbor Vitae 5—Retinospora

5 EVERGREENS \$2.50

10 for \$4.00—25 for \$10.00

Select the varieties of Evergreens you want, in mailing size trees, at 75c each; 5 for \$2.50; 10 for \$4.00; 25 for \$10.00; or 100 for \$38.00, delivered to you, prepaid.

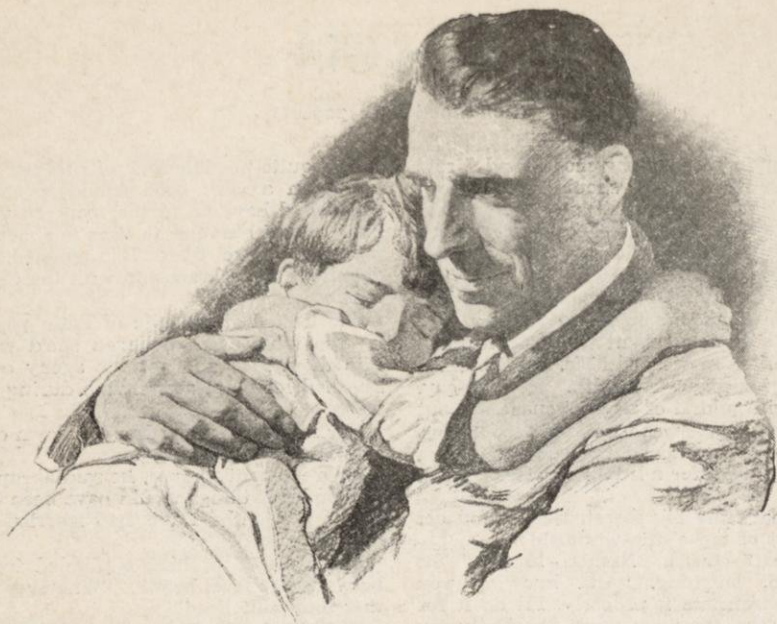
We can, in addition to the varieties described in this advertisement, supply Balsam Fir, Japanese Yew, Oriental Arbor Vitae, Pyramidal Arbor Vitae, American Arbor Vitae, Globe Arbor Vitae, Siberian Arbor Vitae, Retinospora Plumosa Aurea, American Hemlock, Austrian Pine, and Norway Spruce.

Our mailing size trees are transplanted field grown stock, 3 to 4 years old, and in four or five years should be worth \$4.00 to \$5.00 each.

12 Mammoth Mallow Marvels \$1.50

These are a wonderfully improved form of our greatly admired Hibiscus, in which flowers of enormous size, frequently 10 to 12 inches in diameter, have been developed. Plants 4 to 7 feet high and produce an abundance of flowers in all shades of crimson, pink and white. Do well on either dry or wet ground and hardy as an oak. Bloom continually from July until October. Our field grown plants are blooming size (will blossom this year), and are the richest and finest mixture of colors we have seen. 25c each; 3 for 50c; 12 for \$1.50, postpaid.

Burgess Seed & Plant Co., 211 W. W., Galesburg, Mich.



The Art of Parenthood

Modern fathers and mothers recognize their spiritual obligation to the members of the youngest generation

By ELIZABETH THANKFUL BAILEY

A PREVAILING criticism of conferences in general is that they rarely get anywhere. Such cannot be said, however, regarding the recent White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, called by President Hoover last November. Clear and definite, there comes to us from this conference the Children's Charter covering nineteen specific points. This significant document to which the conference has pledged itself places before the nation an obligation to childhood as a most important problem.

As a means of arousing the entire country to its duties in carrying out the provisions of the charter comes Child Health Day on May 1st. From a movement started in 1924, and later recognized by an act of Congress, the President and governors of the states announce each year an observance of the day on May 1st.

For a number of years, recognition of this day was largely in the hands of schools and various social and educational organizations, and was concerned more or less with their work for child health. In 1930 a somewhat different note was sounded, namely, that of parent cooperation. It is realized that the pre-school years from one to six, which the child spends with his parents, are the years during which he learns most rapidly, and which have the greatest effect on his later growth and development. Much attention, therefore, is now being focused on the parents and the home.

Parent Education

Schools, almost from time immemorial, have been given over to the education of children, although in many cases parents need training fully as much as the children. There is still a feeling among some parents that the bearing of children brings with it an instinctive knowledge as to dealing with every situation, physical or mental, that may arise in connection with a child's welfare. Such parents fail to sense the many phases included in the job—or better, let us say, the art—of being a twentieth century parent.

For the hundreds and thousands of fathers and mothers, eager and anxious to make good in their chosen profession of parenthood, child study courses have been introduced in universities; women's clubs have adopted programs with discussion groups for child study; and libraries have featured lists of books dealing with the subject. Educational, health and civic organizations have cooperated in carrying out, so far as lay in their

power, recommendations made to them regarding matters of child welfare. And now the other side of the question, that of the parents, is receiving full attention and parent education in child-rearing is to the fore.

Bodily requirements as to food, sleep, clothing and exercise are common to all children. The meeting of these requirements may vary greatly with the type and location of the home, with its financial background, and with the training and personality of the parents. The understanding of the spiritual nature of the child is an even more complex and serious problem.

A List of Helpful Books

These are all points needing careful thought and consideration, and in many instances, earnest study. Family and living conditions often make attendance at child study courses or discussion groups quite impossible, but every modern mother likes to have at hand some ready help in the way of information on child care and guidance for individual study or emergency use. Therefore, if one is distant from libraries containing books on child guidance and parenthood, the purchase of a few books is advised.

Government bulletins containing reliable and up-to-date information on subjects pertaining to childhood may be had, free for the asking, by applying to the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C. For parents interested in the training of the young child, Bureau Publication No. 143, Child Management by Dr. D. A. Thom is especially good. As for books, some of the following are well worth purchasing: *Home Guidance for Young Children*, a *Parent's Handbook* by Grace Langdon, with an introduction by Lois Hayden Meek, Ph.D., is a ready reference book full of valuable information on the everyday problems one encounters in bringing up one child or several children. *The Child from One to Six* by Ada Hart Arlitt, Ph.D., is another excellent reference book. *Child Guidance* by Dr. Smiley Blanton and Margaret Gray Blanton is not quite so new, but is authoritative.

The books suggested are only a few of a large number equally good. An exhibit of such books and pamphlets supplemented by round table discussions of individual problems in child training, and information as to available sources of material and help on the subject, would be one of the best possible ways to recognize Child Health Day on May 1, 1931.



THE YEAR OF THE WISE PENNIES

Every now and then the world passes through a period when sensible economy is the watchword—when sensible buying is the rule. It is in such times—in these years of the wise pennies—that people learn most about values.

And it is then more than ever that wise soap pennies turn to Fels-Naptha. For buying soap is buying washing help—and Fels-Naptha brings you *extra* help which makes it the thriftiest sort of bargain.

Fels-Naptha brings you two brisk, busy helpers instead of one. Plenty of dirt-loosening naphtha (you can smell it for yourself!), and unusually good soap combined in each big, generous golden bar. So when Fels-Naptha goes into your wash you get the *extra* help of naphtha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt-remover, working together to make your clothes clean and cloversweet *without hard rubbing*.

Fels-Naptha does a thorough job whether you use it in hot, luke-warm or cool water. You can soak or boil with it, if you wish. You can use it in machine or tub. And Fels-Naptha, though an earnest, helpful worker is gentle. It con-

tains glycerine and helps keep your hands nice.

Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha (or a 10 bar carton) from your grocer today. Use it—and discover the *extra* help that makes your soap pennies *wise pennies*.

Special Offer—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naphtha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

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W.W. 4.31
FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

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Please print name and address completely

FELS-NAPTHA THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR ***

Women who buy wisely...



WOMEN who appreciate the many modern short-cuts that save labor in the home, consider Kellogg's Corn Flakes one of the most satisfactory foods they can buy.

Costing only a few cents a package. No trouble to prepare. Always ready to serve. Delicious for meals and between meals. No wonder Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the world's most popular ready-to-eat cereal.

Have Kellogg's for breakfast, lunch, children's suppers, bedtime snacks. Extra crisp and easy to digest. Serve with milk or cream—and add bananas or honey. Delicious with home-canned fruits.

Naturally, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are imitated. But wise buyers put the name Kellogg on their grocery lists because they know that imitations never equal the wonderful flavor and extra value of genuine Kellogg's.

Oven-fresh at all grocers. Look for the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations of the N.B.C. every Sunday evening at 10.30 E.S.T. Also KFI Los Angeles, KOMO Seattle at 10.00, and KOA Denver at 10.30.

"You forget it's new moon—and I saw it over the wrong shoulder! Anyhow, Dad's much better, don't you think? And the Claytons are gone—and you're coming back. Everything's better than I could have hoped for, I suppose."

She turned without goodby and ran into the house and up to her own room.

For a time, all went well. Carmencita did gallant service, and Mr. Davis seemed much improved in health. He was gay, too, with a kind of new joyousness about him that Diane was unable to account for. Once she mentioned the subject to him as they went for a little ride after his last class.

"What's the big secret, Dad? You act so sort of top-o'-the-worldish!"

"Astra-castra, Numen-lumen," he quoted, laughing. "And knowing you won't translate it properly, I'll do it for you: 'The stars my camp, the Deity my light!'"

Diane had a startled moment. His voice was gay, but she had a feeling he was trying to tell her something. Her heart sank with the old presentiment of impending doom, but she answered lightly enough. "Sez you!"

"Sez me," he smiled. "That accident was really a lucky thing for me, Diane."

Diane swallowed hard. "I'm glad you can feel that way about it. I can't."

HER father ignored her bitterness, nodding his head in affirmation of his own statement. "It gave me time to collect myself—to realize a lot of things I'd been too busy and too near-sighted to realize before. I've never been able to make a go of it financially—you know that. I didn't see how things were ever going to get any better. Then, all of a sudden, there you were, bending over me, offering to take the load on your shoulders! And I realized you weren't just a pretty child any longer that had to be told what she could or could not do, but a grown woman, capable and dependable, ready to help if need be. It filled me with wonder—and a kind of confidence. I felt as if I should never be alone again."

Diane's hands gripped hard against the wheel; the road was a blur before her eyes. This was hers to keep always, this moment—her "camp among the stars." She would deserve this some day. It was like absolution after long suffering for sin. Peace flooded over her. For a moment, she could almost understand what the love of God might mean.

Tom Malone came for his car one Friday afternoon. Irma was lonesome and wanted particularly to see him, he said.

The family stood on the front porch watching him chug away, Mr. Davis leaning on his crutch, Diane sitting on the top step.

"It's a lucky girl that gets that boy," said Mr. Davis. "Who is she?"

Diane thought of the quiet girl with the nice brown eyes. "Name's Irma Johnson. I met her—that night. Good sort, but—" She stopped the word "common" before it had slipped out. It wasn't the right word, anyway. "Domestic," she substituted. "They've known each other always, I understand."

"There's nothing wrong in being domestic," Mrs. Davis defended. "He seems to me to need someone like that to look after him. He's always so shabby, and—I don't believe he's the kind that gets on in the world."

Diane got up and went into the house. She did not want to discuss Tom or his

future quite possible lack of success. He had been a very good friend to them. They need have no further concern with him. But it hurt her to have her mother say things like that. It suggested too definitely her relationship with the Claytons.

She looked at the pile of Latin papers on the table. She believed she'd waded into them now and get the agony over. She had let them accumulate during the week.

Her father came in, dropped down onto the couch. "Working already?" Then, after a moment's pause, he said abruptly, "I wonder if things would have been different if Diantha Davis had married the man she loved?"

Diane stared at him, a puzzled frown between her level brows. "Whatever put that into your head?"

He did not answer, but Diane knew that something had hurt him. He sat huddled over, his elbows on his thin knees, the long fingers buried in the thick gray hair. Was it her mother's remark about getting on in the world?

"I hope, Diane, you will have a real romance some day—a really big one—and that you will be brave enough to accept it when it comes."

"Regardless?"

"Regardless."

"You don't mean you'd have had Grandmother go with that man even after she was married?"

"I don't know," he hesitated. "But it might have made all the difference to you and me, as well as to herself."

Diane laughed, coming over to sit close up to her father, linking her arm in his. "Don't let Prexy hear you talk like that, or you'll lose your job. I'm not wanting romance, myself—that is, not unless there's money in it—"

She caught her lip between her teeth. She must not hurt him again. She was a Clayton herself, she recognized. Romance—did romance mean to her only something connected with money, with fame, with getting somewhere in the world? She was level-headed, not easily swept off her feet, yet there was something wild and difficult to control in her, something very foolish that wanted to run and dance in the moonlight, to be very gay, impish even—something like the thing that had sent her to Morley that night—something that wanted love—regardless. She must watch that strain in herself, never let it get away with her, though crushing it made her restless and unhappy. But, after all, she was a Clayton, much as she might despise the Claytons. She must get on! She squeezed his arm, her head against his shoulder. "No, Cicero, I wouldn't have had Grandmother marry her Robert, for then you wouldn't have been you. And I don't want you changed—not a whit!"

SHE went back to her papers, but now and then glanced surreptitiously at her father, who had fallen asleep upon the couch. What a fine, aristocratic, dreamer's face he had! He was Diantha Davis' boy—hers only. There seemed nothing about him that resembled the level-eyed, side-whiskered, stern old Welshman, Grandfather Davis. Oh, he could be stern, though, when he thought he was right, stern and unyielding! She smiled, but the verb conjugations on the paper before her blurred into unreadable hieroglyphics.

(Continued on page 19)



Moon-Girl

(Continued from page 18)

On Sunday afternoon Tom returned with Carmencita and was persuaded to stay for the usual Sunday evening tea, sandwiches and popcorn. Later, while Mrs. Davis was making a call on a sick neighbor after having got the boys to bed, Diane inveigled her father into bringing out the diary which she had promised to show to Tom.

It was an ordinary-looking little book, its leaves faded, the formal yet beautiful handwriting almost unreadable in places. But it was Richard Davis' most treasured possession—the story of his mother's heart.

"There are not many persons to whom I'd show this," he said. "But you're different. Diane here is the only one who's ever read it all, except myself. We quote from it sometimes, but it's our little secret."

Diane saw her father and Tom Malone exchange a long, understanding look. She wondered what it meant. Perhaps they did not know themselves what it meant. They had "fallen" for each other from the very first. Diane was thankful that her father had found a real friend. He did not have many.

She took the book and read little bits from it here and there that she thought might interest Tom. Diantha had begun the diary when she was about sixteen, with the usual quaint apostrophe, regarded as the proper form for beginning diaries:

"June 11.—Little Book, I shall write in you each day and tell you all my secrets that I dare tell to no one else in all the world, and no other eyes but mine shall ever see you. And now that I have determined to share my secrets, I do not know what they can be, except that many nights when my father and mother think that I am asleep, I steal out of the house and down by the brook in the moonlight. I pretend that the trees are Ladies and Gentlemen at a Grand Ball, and I curtsy to them and dance for them. They all applaud, and whisper together that I am very beautiful, and that some day I shall be a Great Lady and marry a Great Gentleman. I am very, very happy, and for a long time after I go back to my bed, I believe that it is true."

DIANE turned a few pages, reading now and then some of the little poems. One Diantha had prefaced with the usual girlish doubt and fear: "I wonder if I shall ever fall in love? I am much in doubt. Who is there here? I see so few people, and none that interest me much.

"Did I miss Love, or Love miss me?"

It is so hard to tell.

While I was on the mountain-top,

Love was in the dell.

When I went down into the valley,

Love had climbed the peak.

Love and I have missed each other,

Playing hide-and-seek.

"June 17.—To-day my mother gave me a mirror to hang in my room. She said, 'Diantha, you are a young lady now. And I am going to make over my blue taffeta for you to wear to church.' When my mother was gone, I kissed the face in the mirror—it was so pretty! I would not say this to anyone but you, Little Book. It is not thought nice to be vain, and no one has ever told me it is a pretty face—no one but the trees down by the brook. But, to be quite honest, I thought it was a pretty face, and so I kissed it, and wished it much happiness. I know some

day it must grow wrinkled and ugly, and I shall have to marry and have many children and work all day, washing and scrubbing and baking and mending, and there shall be no time to dance any more in the moonlight. Sometimes when I think that life must be like that, I cry, all alone down by the brook. I want something different for myself—different and wonderful, not the way my mother knew, and her mother."

Diane looked at her father. "You see, I get it honestly. Anyway, I'm glad Diantha didn't live to be old and wrinkled, even if I had to miss knowing her. She died when Dad was only ten years old, wasn't it, Dad?"

"YES, and I remember she was very lovely. Everyone says that who knew her. But they didn't like her—thought her 'queer.' For one thing, she wouldn't take her religion seriously, as they did in those days. She said God was her friend, not her enemy, waiting to pounce upon her for every little fault. She used to go wandering alone through the fields at night. Sometimes they heard her singing softly to herself, and often Father found her crying, lying flat on the ground down at the old place where she used to live. You see, she cried when she wanted to cry, and laughed when she wanted to laugh, and no one could understand that, not even Father. Read the one about the Sunday when she wore the blue dress, Diane."

"Do you want more?" Diane looked at Tom. He was leaning forward, his face intently interested.

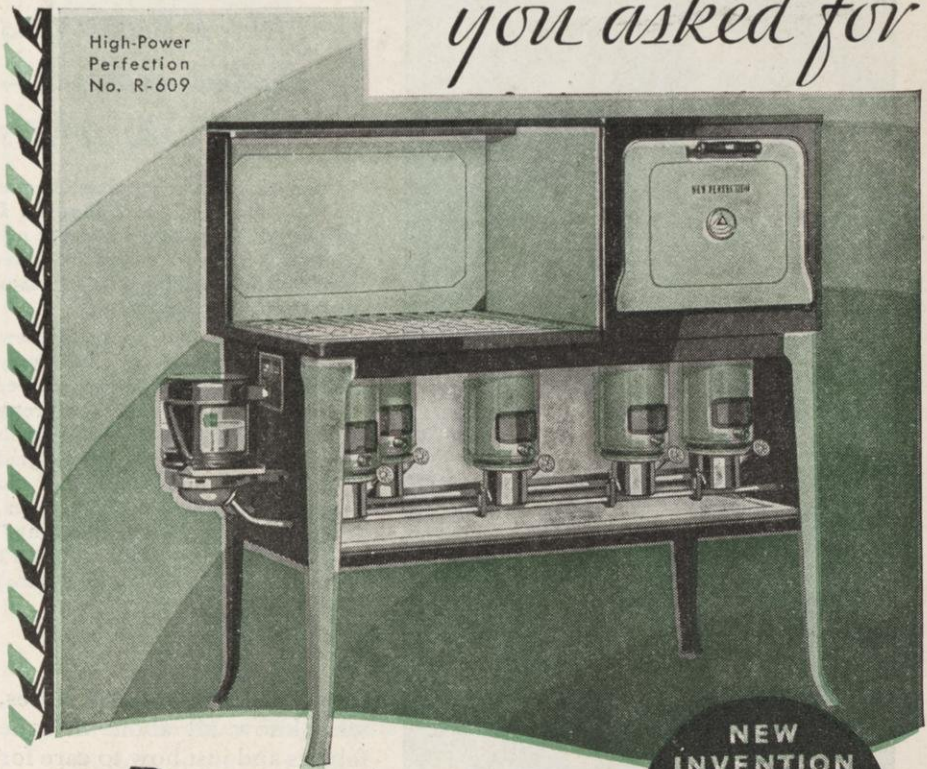
"Indeed I do! Please!"

Diane wondered a little at his unusual eagerness. Several times he seemed about to say something but restrained himself. She read on:

"June 22.—I am in dreadful disgrace with my family, the Deacon, and all the congregation! To-day was Sunday, and I wore Mother's blue taffeta with a little bonnet to match. Everyone looked at me as I went down the aisle, even Squire Davis in the pew across from ours. His son, Richard, did not look, however. He has just returned from an Eastern school, and is most terrible and serious. He has side-burns and a high silk hat! He sat so stiff and straight, and frowned so blackly at the floor, I thought he must have most awful sins he was repenting of. And then he looked at me. I smiled, he was so very stern and dignified. He frowned all the more at that, and jerked away so that his high silk hat fell off his knee and rolled under the seat. I laughed aloud. I felt my mother pinching me, and then I realized that Deacon Smeitzer was praying! He opened his eyes and glared down at me, and then he went on praying. 'O Lord, forgive the vain and foolish ones who think Thy house a place for mirth and vanity. Strike them down with the terrible lightning of Thy countenance; make them to bow in fear before Thy awful wrath!'—All the gladness was gone from the lovely day, and I hated the blue taffeta, and that churchful of people, and, most of all, the young man with the side-whiskers and the silly hat! Their God is not my God at all. My God likes young and happy things—kittens that play, little stiff-legged lambs, funny, roly-poly puppies. He would like to be young and happy, too, if people would only let Him. I told my father when he scolded me, I thought the Deacon had got God and the

(Continued on page 20)

Here's the
cooking speed
you asked for



Brand new
High-Power burners
over 30% faster

NEW! So radically different they make all previous designs out-of-date. High-Power burners are as swift as standard city gas burners.

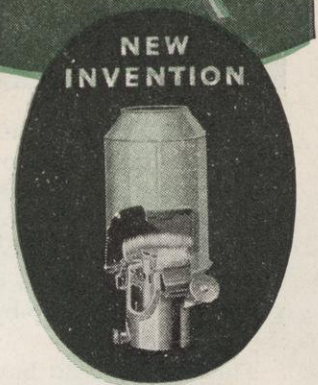
High-Power speed for quick roasting and biscuit baking, easily controlled for custards and angel cake. Boils two quarts of water in less than nine minutes, cooks an inch-thick steak well-done in twelve minutes, heats the oven in six minutes!

New, easy-lighting, tilting drums. New cone-top that spreads heat evenly over the entire heating surface of the utensil.

New beauty, no extra cost. Modern stove designs, from \$18* up. Porcelain, lacquer and baked enamel finishes in combinations of soft pastel green, dainty ivory and lustrous satin black. Strong steel construction for years of sturdy service.

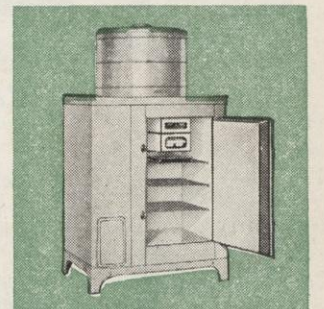
Before you buy any stove, consider the cost of operation. Kerosene is the cheap, dependable fuel. High-Power Perfection stoves give the cooking speed of the costlier fuels, using economical, safe, clean kerosene. No pipes or wires, no special installation. See your dealer this week.

PERFECTION STOVE CO., 7624-A Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto
*Prices slightly higher in the South, the far West and in Canada



Modern Iceless
Refrigeration—Everywhere!

Superflex Oil Burning Refrigerator keeps food fresh, makes ice, right in your kitchen. Also made for use with gas. Booklet free. Some distributors' territories open. Write for franchise details.



PERFECTION
Oil Burning STOVES and RANGES

Iowa Girl visits her Omaha cousins



"Maybe I wasn't glad I knew this clothes secret"—she writes

"I was thrilled at my first chance to visit Omaha, but I thought I might be embarrassed because my clothes weren't as nice as my cousins'. But they all admired my dresses and my pretty underthings.

"Whoever saw so many new clothes,' they said—yet these very same underthings I had worn over a year! They had stayed so pretty and fresh because I always wash them in Lux. Maybe I wasn't glad I knew this clothes secret! I can afford nicer lingerie if I use Lux, because Lux keeps it new so long."

JEAN GOSSETT
(Charles City, Iowa)

for the big department stores, who know all about delicate fabrics and just how to care for them, almost all—92 out of

every 100 questioned—use this safest, gentlest method of cleansing.

It's so easy to cleanse pretty rayon and silk underthings, frocks, negligees and pajamas, in a bowlful of Lux suds! And how charmingly fresh and new Lux keeps them looking! So much longer than ordinary

"good" soaps do, that women say "Lux is the best clothes economy!"



Indiana Girl tells a stocking secret . . .

"I used to room with a girl who was always running through her stockings. One day I told her I'd Lux her stockings every night. She was amazed at how much longer they stayed new. Now she is a Lux fan, as I am."

DORIS ANDRESE

How Lux keeps Rayons New



Printed rayon lingerie Luxed 12 times—color perfect, delicate fibres intact, garment as enchanting as new!



Duplicate lingerie, washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap. Color has faded and run, the delicate threads have pulled. Garment has lost its charm!

So safe—and a little goes so far it's economy to use LUX



Moon-Girl

(Continued from page 19)

Devil mixed. Father was very angry, and Mother wept. But I said I would never go to church again, even if they punished me."

"You young people," interrupted Mr. Davis, "don't realize, perhaps, how serious and radical such an idea was in those days. She must have carried out her threat, though, for often she mentions doing this or that while her father and mother were at church. And once I remember she wrote, 'Sundays we have things all our own way—the birds and the flowers and God and I. And what they do without Him in the church, I do not know, but I am sure He is not there.'"

"She had courage," smiled Tom. "I imagine it would have taken more courage to go, after the deacon's prayer. And it was unfortunate that it deprived her of the society of young people her own age. You see, her father would not allow her to go to the dances in the neighborhood, so she was forced in upon herself too much."

"She seems to have had one acquaintance, however," grinned Diane, "that terrible Davis boy with the side-burns. He didn't believe in dancing, so, whenever there was a dance, he called on Diantha."

She turned the leaves of the diary quickly. "He"—she means Richard—sits on one side of the fire, and I on the other. I sit and wish I were at the dance, and he sits and wishes for nothing at all, I fancy, unless it be for rain for his crops."

"But," Diane smiled, "he does seem to have been wishing for something else, for a year from then they were engaged to be married. Diantha's only comment was, 'He is so solemn-serious, I can't resist teasing him for the rest of his life. And Mother and Father think it a very good match.'"

Slowly Diane closed the book and pushed it to one side on the desk. Tom's face clouded with disappointment.

"That's not all you're going to read to me?"

DIANE glanced at her father. Almost imperceptibly he shook his head. "That's all—for the present, anyhow. We don't want to bore you."

"You're not boring me! I'm tremendously interested. In fact—" He hesitated a moment, then, flushing slightly, went on, "From the very first time you mentioned Diantha Davis, I had a feeling I'd heard the name somewhere before. I hunted around in my memory till I finally dug up where. I was going through some of my mother's things one day when I ran across some old account books and letters belonging to her father. I remembered the name was signed to one of the letters—a rather unusual letter. I got it out and read it again. It was very brief: 'Thank you for your letter, though it has torn my heart in two. You must know that I have fought a hard fight. But there is another life to think of now besides my own. Always, when the moon is full, I think of you. I know that it is wicked, but I have grown used to my iniquity. It is my greatest happiness. Yours for all Hereafter—Diantha Davis.'"

There was silence in the room. Mr. Davis' face was white, but two bright spots of red burned on either cheek. Diane's throat was tight, her eyes fastened with a strange fascination on the face of Tom Malone, as if she had not seen him before.

"What—what was your grandfather's name?" Richard Davis was leaning eagerly forward.

"Robert MacKensie."

Diane and her father looked at each other. The girl laughed a little hysterically.

"Diantha's Robert, no doubt," said Mr. Davis. "How strange! And yet not so strange, I suppose. It all happened within a hundred miles of here. And it explains how I was drawn to you from the first. It was Diantha pulling us together." He smiled, but his eyes were moist, as were the eyes of Tom Malone.

"THAT seems to make you related, somehow," Diane laughed shakily. "Just what relation would you be?"

"He should have been your brother," Mr. Davis answered, and then flushed deeply. "That sounds unfair to my father. He was a good man, just and honest, but—severe. And he never understood my mother. He married again soon after her death. Perhaps I am a little bitter."

"Tell him about Robert," Diane said.

"Would you mind?" Tom Malone's voice was eager. "I'd like so much to know."

"You have a right to the story now. It was in October—the October after the engagement of Diantha to Richard Davis—that a stranger was driven to Diantha's door by a severe storm. He was on his way, traveling by horseback, from a brother's farm to a railway station at some distance, summoned East, it seems, by his mother's illness. He was

wet to the skin, shivering with the chill night air, and he had lost his way. Diantha's father and mother insisted that he come in and spend the night with them."

Diane reached for the little book, and, hurriedly turning the pages, began to read: "Tall he was, with kind gray eyes and a mouth that knew how to smile. I was afraid to breathe or to speak aloud, lest he would vanish like a dream.—Once when I went near him where he sat in Father's Sunday clothes by the fire, he reached out his hand and touched me, smiling his funny, crooked smile. 'I wanted to see if you were real,' he said. 'I was afraid I was delirious.'"

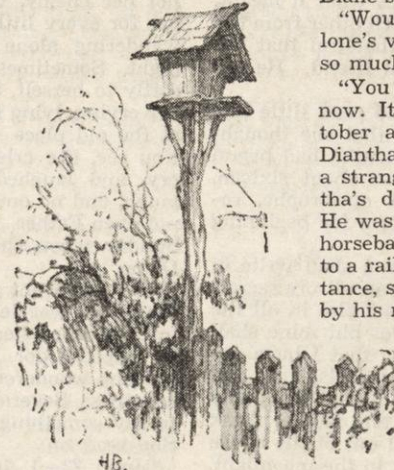
"He was indeed ill for a few days with chills and fever," Mr. Davis went on, "and Diantha and her mother took care of him until he could continue on his way. It was only a short time, but long enough—long enough if there had been only that one evening, perhaps, for each had kindled immediately from the first glance of the other's eyes. But he understood that Diantha was engaged, and an engagement in those days was a sacred thing. He went away, but I think they must have had a few stolen moments together."

"I believe they both felt they should meet again, and all be well. Diantha postponed her wedding from time to time, waiting. But he did not come, and she was married in August, a year later. It was not till the next spring that he came. He had been kept in the East by the long illness and death of his mother, and the settling up of her affairs. He came as soon as it was possible to come, but it was too late. I think, even then, Diantha would have gone with him but that she realized I was to be born. 'It is fortunate,' she said, 'that there was no moon that night, or I should have forgotten all else and gone with him.'"

There was the sound of the front door opening and closing. Mrs. Davis had returned. The three stood up, silent, like conspirators caught at their secrets. Then Tom put out his hand to Mr. Davis, his voice husky, "Thanks a lot. This has meant a great deal to me."

"And it means a great deal to me to have found you," smiled Mr. Davis. "I feel as if something had been accomplished, as if—" He did not finish.

(Continued on page 33)

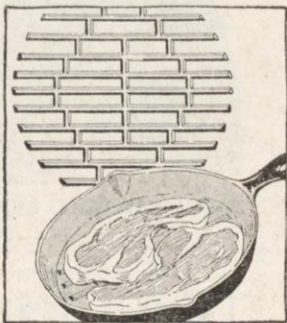


Newest Conveniences

Six practicable and inexpensive aids to efficient homemaking are ingeniously designed to fill needs felt in every household

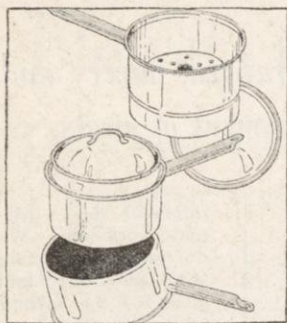
Broiler Grid

WE ARE now able to introduce to you a broiler grid which when placed in a heavy skillet or frying pan, preferably one of cast iron or heavy aluminum, gives every effect of legitimate broiling. Place the grid in the pan and heat both over a fairly high flame. To test, drop a little water into the skillet; when it flies into transparent beads, pan and grid are hot enough. Place meat on the grid rack and turn down the flame—too intense a fire would cause smoking. Turn so as to brown both surfaces, remembering always to insert the fork in the fat, not the lean of the meat. Complete cooking with a moderate heat.



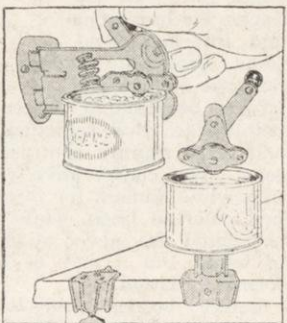
New Cooking Ware

THE pan illustrated possesses a number of highly commendable features: it is sturdily built of heavy sheet steel, triple enamel-coated; its flat base insures close contact with the heating unit; moreover, the base is finished in black enamel, not merely so that it will not show stains nor soil but because the dark color provides a more ready absorption of heat. The set-in cover and specially designed rim form a water-seal so as to conserve steam and therefore speed up cooking. The body of the pan is of acid-proof enamel in deep cream with green trimmings. This pan, one of a full line of similar ware, is a combination steamer-saucepan.



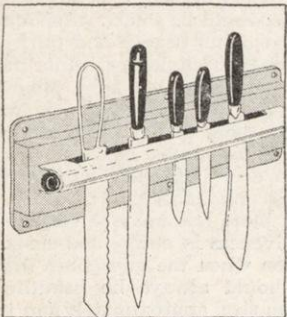
Automatic Can Opener

TWO models of this automatic can opener are designed for table use—one a clamp, the other to be permanently attached to any flat surface; a third model is for wall use, as a permanent fixture. Both wall and permanent table type are equipped with brackets to be firmly screwed into position; the clamp model fastens into place just as does any similar piece of equipment. All three models boast exceptionally heavy springs, they open cans of any shape or size and the top of the can is cut out, not off—entirely eliminating any danger of cutting or even scratching the hand of the operator.



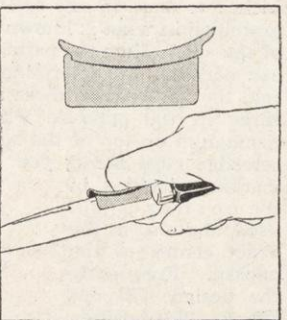
Knife Rack

A NEW device has recently come to our attention which provides proper and efficient housing for one's knives. It consists of a stamped heavy aluminum rack to which is attached a curved section forming a slot, this curved piece in its turn enclosing a rubber compression strip which holds the knives firmly and exactly where placed. By this means, one's cutlery is always instantly available; best of all, blades are not dulled or nicked by careless handling or storing. The rack comes complete with screws, ready for mounting on closet or cabinet door or in any preferred wall space. It holds six knives.



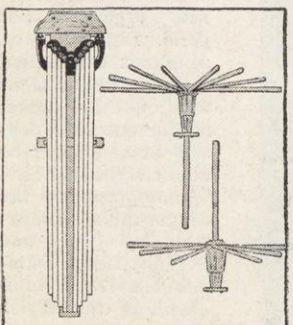
Finger Guard Attachment

AND speaking of knives—have you ever, especially in canning season, bewailed a forefinger made tired and sore by long and constant pressure on the thin blade of a paring knife? If so, your troubles may now be at an end, thanks to a finger guard attachment which, when pressed into place on the back of a knife blade, provides a broad and easy support for the finger. It is made of stainless steel and slips easily into position on any style paring knife, either plain or slotted. Don't measure its usefulness by its size—good things often do come in small packages, you know, and this gadget fills a definite kitchen need.



Wall Clothes Drier

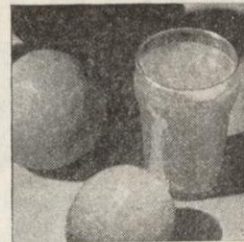
THE elevating clothes drier illustrated occupies a minimum of space when not in use, while providing a maximum of space when in service. Cleverly designed so that by the release of a spring it is lowered for loading, it may instantly be elevated so as to be out of the way when clothes are drying in the heated upper air of kitchen or laundry. This drier is strong and durable and the arms, of which there are eight, are of white wood, smooth-surfaced to avoid tearing fine fabrics, and with rounded corners. Easily attached by means of two long screws, the drier will quickly prove its usefulness.



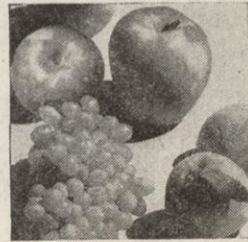
THESE FOODS ARE GOOD FOR YOU



MILK is abundant in the mineral which makes up the major part of the tooth.



ORANGE JUICE, the best known source of vitamin C; aids in keeping gums healthy.



FRUITS, rich in both minerals and vitamins essential to tooth health.

See your dentist before teeth ache

Use Pepsodent before teeth decay

The new idea in dentistry is to *prevent* trouble before it starts. To that end Pepsodent tooth paste is an important aid.

YOUR dentist prefers to direct his efforts toward *preventing* trouble rather than repairing its effects. When you go to him at regular intervals, his fees are small—his service great. Delay until teeth ache and by then repairs are far more costly. Health may have been irreparably damaged.

Remove film—regularly

When you remove film from teeth, you are *preventing* trouble. Film harbors germs that cause decay and other disorders. It glues them tightly to teeth while they carry on their destructive action.

Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It is never properly removed from many teeth. In fact, these discolorations are often believed to be the teeth's natural color.

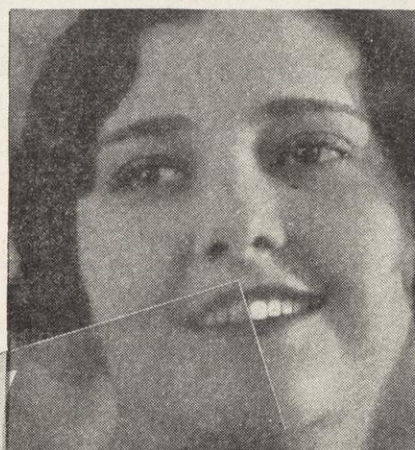
Newly discovered
PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
MOUTH WASH
NOW at your
nearest druggist's



Remove film with Pepsodent tooth paste. That is the special purpose for which Pepsodent was developed. It is the function for which dentists so strongly recommend it.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE... yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Get Pepsodent tooth paste today. All through life it will aid your dentist in preventing trouble and retaining lovely, glistening teeth.



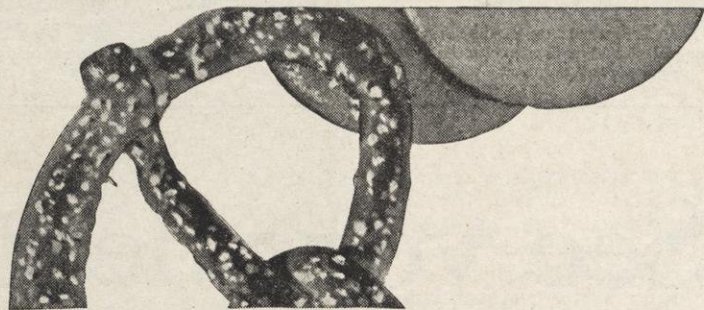
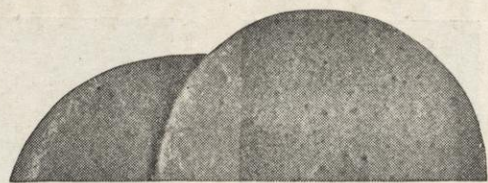
Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

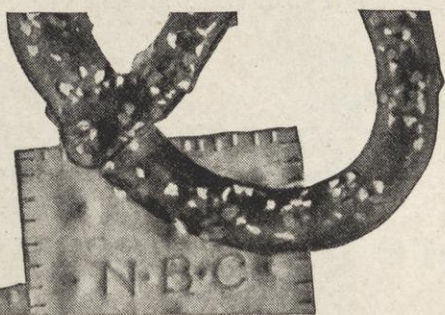
Pepsodent — the special film-removing tooth paste



If you're inclined to be particular about



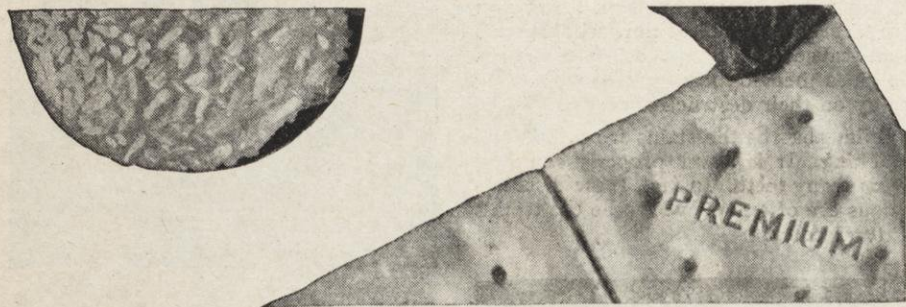
your crackers and cookies (and you *should* be) . . . if you're



just a little fussy about flavor, freshness and variety . . .



Then say **UNEEDA BAKERS** to your grocer, and you



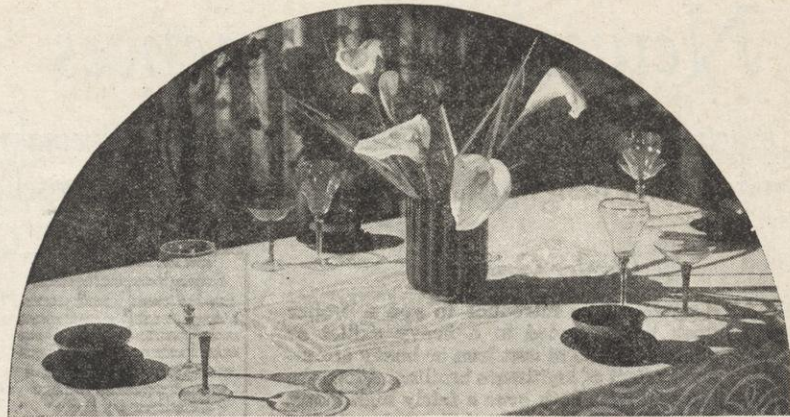
will get the best that's made in cookie and crackerdom!



A few of
Uneeda Bakers
400 Varieties:

- Vanilla Wafers
- O-So-Gud Butter Pretzels
- Cheese Sandwich
- Moonbeams
- Zwieback
- Premium Soda Crackers

Uneeda Bakers
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



THERE IS NOTHING RICHER THAN THE RICHNESS OF WHITE LINEN DAMASK

New Linens and Tableware

When tastefully chosen and correctly arranged, napery and glassware contribute much to the enjoyment of meals

THERE is nothing richer than the richness of pure white linen damask, but today there is a definite vogue for color in linens. For luncheons and informal occasions, pastel-tinted damasks form a satisfying background for one's table appointments, while sometimes even deeper and more sharply contrasting tones are seen. The conservative woman always uses white damask for formal affairs. To her, color in linen, while delightful for occasional use, never attains the dignity of white, but it may be a pleasing informal variation.

Before buying tablecloths, carefully measure your table to be sure of the correct hangover—eight to twelve inches for a luncheon cloth and twelve to fifteen inches for a dinner cloth. Tablecloths should be French-hemmed, the hem being three-eighths to one-half inch wide, while the matching napkins are also French-hemmed, the width being only one-eighth to one-fourth inch. The size of the luncheon napkin is from thirteen to eighteen inches square, that of the dinner napkin from twenty-four to twenty-eight inches.

Linen damask tablecloths up to two yards square have the monogram placed in one corner; larger cloths occasionally have two monograms placed diagonally opposite each other. Napkins twenty-two inches or more in size are usually monogrammed in what is known as the "center of the side" when the pattern of the damask permits. To determine this position, fold the napkin into three and again into three in the opposite way; center the monogram on top of the square with the selvedge edge facing you. The style of marking napkins in the corner is still used, and also in the exact center of the napkin. Frequently the design will determine the position of the monogram.

Doilies in various shapes and sizes, in white, ecru and the dainty pastel shades, featuring the needlework of the hostess, are always in good taste except for the formal or semi-formal occasions.

As with linens, the best taste in table glassware for formal service calls for white crystal, with color held in reserve for

The Domestic Science Department of Woman's World is headed by Lily Harworth Wallace. Menus, recipes and advice on dining-room and kitchen equipment are prepared under her supervision

informal and intimate occasions. We do not wish to state that color is in bad taste for the formal table, for there are times when the translucent colored glass adds a touch of beauty and charm to the table service.

Our glassware may be beautifully engraved or exquisitely cut, it may boast a heavy gold line or border harmonizing perfectly with our china or, upon occasion, contrasting with it. The white crystal glass may be obtained in complete sets—goblets, candlesticks, sherbets, finger-bowls, salad plates and flower bowls.

Smart table glass for every-day use has a colored base with crystal top, or vice versa, the bowl bearing the color note, the base being clear crystal. It is an era of color and if we would be smart, we should take advantage of its beauty and purity.

In our selection of china, too, while the style is ever changing, we have almost unlimited scope for individual choice. The day of the plain dinner plate and of the matched dinner service has been supplanted by an ever increasing variety of china and glass combinations.

The service plate has but one requirement, distinctiveness in design and shape. It is in position when the guests are first seated and should always be beautiful and of medium size, approximately ten to eleven inches in diameter.

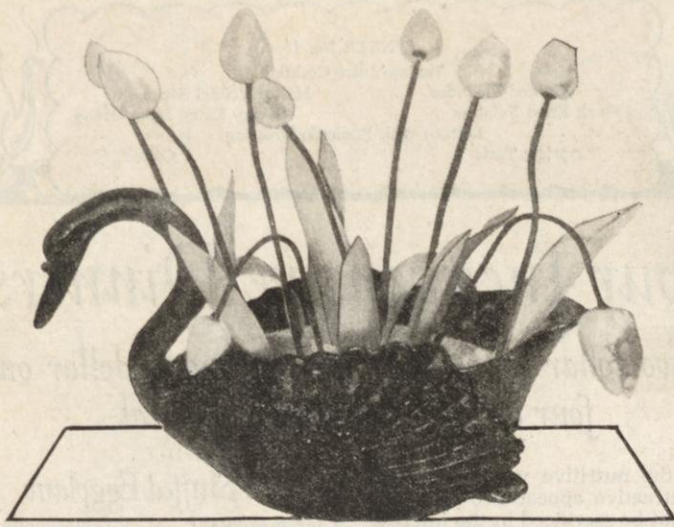
The shallow open soup plate is less used than formerly except at dinner, and at luncheon we prefer the double-handled cup for bouillon or consommé, with a larger, shallower cup, also two-handled, for cream soup, serviced with its round-bowled spoon. Both are obtainable in glass or china to match your other dishes.

A WELSH DRESSER WITH CHINA



Dinner plates today are rather large, adapted to the modern mode of serving accompanying vegetables on the plate, for the day of side-dishes for each separate vegetable has gone. Entrée plates, a most convenient size, are about eight and one-half inches in diameter. The dessert plate should be about eight inches.

Photograph of the dinner table by courtesy of Irish and Scottish Linen Damask Guild; photograph of the Welsh dresser by courtesy of John Wanamaker.



SILVERED TULIPS IN A SWAN-SHAPED VASE

Flowers in the Dining-room

The creation of beautiful centerpieces is a form of artistic expression in which every homemaker may indulge

NOWADAYS, when so much emphasis is laid on the importance of serving meals attractively for the best interests of digestion and disposition, the choice and arrangement of table decorations has become almost a fine art—or at least another of the crafts which make the business of homemaking such a fascinating and satisfying career. As an incentive to the housewife, all of the shops are showing lovely bowls, vases and groupings of artificial flowers which have a decorative value for living-room as well as dining-room use.

Some of the most beautiful containers are blown of black glass in figure forms or conventional vase shapes. The black swan shown in the photograph at the top of the page is, with its studied arrangement of silvered tulips, the sort of centerpiece that is excellent for occasions when formality is the keynote. Sprays of artificial flowers in a boat-shaped vase, like the one at the bottom of the page, are suitable for dining table or living-room.

But, lovely though they may be, costly new containers are not essential. By working with the bowls and vases she has on hand, flowers or fruit in season, and observing a few fundamental rules, any woman can create beautiful table decorations.

Rules for Arrangement

The first rule is that the centerpiece of fruit or flowers should be arranged either low enough or tall enough so that it will not interfere with vision or conversation across the table. Candles, which furnish the most attractive method of lighting the dinner table, should also be chosen with this rule in mind. The present vogue for tall candles is an excellent one, as the flame is above the level of the eye. A general rule safe to follow in most cases is that flower stems should be one and one-half times the height of the vase, although this rule is disregarded when low bowls are used. On a very long table, two groups of flowers will give a better effect than a centerpiece.

Flowers, berries and other plant material should be selected, of course, with reference to the color of table linen, candles and dishes. They should be selected, too, whenever possible, with reference

to the colors of the food on the table at the time when decorations are most noticed (usually cocktail, canapé, salad or dessert), to furnish pleasing color harmonies or contrast.

When only one container is available for use the year round, it should be of clear glass, silver, pewter, black ware or a neutral green, and it is well to choose one that is simple in design, without noticeable ornamentation, so that it will be suitable for almost any variety of flower. Luckily, however, the color of bowls or other flower containers can, if necessary, be easily altered by a coat of paint. Garden roses are especially effective in silver or brass containers.

Some Mistakes to Avoid

The most popular flower containers at present are shallow bowls. Flower stems are stuck into the holes of glass or wire blocks set in the bottom of the bowl. Where these blocks cannot be secured, bowls are filled with damp sand, and the stems stuck into that.

It is generally agreed that a bouquet with flowers in different stages is much more artistic than a bouquet of fully opened flowers alone. Leaves should always be used with flowers if possible.

When flowers are purchased, all stems are usually of the same length. Since any bouquet is more interesting if stems are of different lengths, they should be trimmed before the flowers are arranged. But in trying to avoid the fault of having all stems the same length, beware of falling into the equally bad fault of "flower stepping." This error results from making each stem a definite amount shorter than the stem next to it. Stems should be of irregular lengths, as they would be in the garden.

Using too much material is a serious fault in arranging flowers, because their beauty is lost if they are crowded.

Care should be taken in arranging shrub flowers to avoid having stems or twigs parallel to each other—"parallelism" is considered a serious fault in flower arrangement. Sometimes it is necessary to remove an occasional twig to avoid parallelism. Crossing twigs is also undesirable.

Photographs by courtesy of John Wanamaker.

A BOWL OF BLACK GLASS



Yes, Oxydol suds sure put the skedaddle on dirt!

LAST Sunday, Jeff and Mabel and the children drove in from their Indiana farm. First thing Mabel and I knew, Tom was taking Jeff out to the tool shed. And that gave us a chance to have a good talk.

"Yes, now we're into plowing, I wish you could see Jeff's overalls and shirts," Mabel said, "he's been greasing up both the machinery and himself! And the children are all over the chicken lots and into puddles just like colts."

"Dear me," I said, "you talk like Aunty Doleful."

"No, I'm not," Mabel came right back, "I was just leading up to my big news. I've got a washing machine at last! And my, it helps a lot! I just soak the clothes in Oxydol suds, right in the machine. And when I start the machine running, you should see the dirt skedaddle in those Oxydol suds."

Well, I'm mighty glad that Mabel's found the way that Oxydol goes right after dirt. I hope you have, too. Whether you have a machine or a tub, you'll find wonderful help in every grain of this wonderful soap. In fact, the reason you can get more help from Oxydol is that it's *more* than a soap! Yes, every grain of Oxydol contains a mystery ingredient, too. In hard water, it softens the water instantly and up come real lively suds—not a bit of Oxydol dies down to useless gray scum.

Soap-savings in soft water

As for you lucky women who have cisterns or naturally soft water—you'll find that



Fast going in this dishpan!

Mabel says that the supper dishes are her Nancy's and Peggy's chore. "Both of them want to wash the dishes now," she laughed, "because Oxydol suds zip the dishes through so fast that the wiper has to keep humping."

Yes, and the beauty of Oxydol is that it takes only a teaspoonful to fill the dishpan full of those grease-cutting suds!



"Goodness, give me that shirt, Jeff. It certainly is ready for Oxydol."

Oxydol gives you 1½ times as much suds as you'll get from an ordinary packaged soap. Save your soap pennies—sprinkle out a half cup of Oxydol to get a tubful of suds!

Clothes must enjoy going through Oxydol suds. Out they come, looking so white, and colors so bright. They're a credit to every woman who prides herself on fine results!

Sarah Benton

Free! I have written a booklet, called "Shortcuts to the clothesline," which would give you lots of washday help. Just send me a post card. Address: Sarah Benton, Box OW-41, St. Bernard, O.

Save your soap pennies —

That chunky, blue-and-orange Oxydol box is full of honest rich soap. That's why so little Oxydol makes such a lot of sudsy suds. Ask your grocer to show you those heavy boxes. Try the 10¢ size first, but get your soap bargain out of the 25¢ box.



© 1931, P. & G. Co.

OXYDOL

MAKES RICH INSTANT SUDS EVEN IN HARDEST WATER
OXYDOL IS A COMPLETE SOAP

are YOU trying to entertain in a home that doesn't look the part?

HAS it seemed to you lately that your friends aren't enjoying their visits as they used to? Have your dinners and bridge parties begun to lose some of their old gaiety and sparkle? Then it's time to look around your house—critically, as you would a stranger's. If your walls and woodwork have become drab, if your furniture is scratched and dull, if your floors are scarred and lusterless, you have the answer without looking farther. You've simply forgotten how sensitive people are to surroundings. Who can be gay in a cheerless room?

With Kyanize Lustaquik Finish you can quickly transform even the least attractive room in your house into a place of distinction and charm. With it you can easily make your home what you desire it to be—the perfect setting for a happy time.

Kyanize Lustaquik Finish is not only easy to apply, but dries dust-free in one hour and hardens in four hours. This beautiful hard-finish enamel, ideal for refinishing furniture, is also popular for giving new life to walls and woodwork. It comes in sixteen beautiful colors to harmonize with any of your decorative schemes, and can be applied equally well to wood, stone, glass, or metal. Kyanize Lustaquik Finish is unquestionably the leader in its field. Boston Varnish Company, 119 Everett Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

BOSTON CHICAGO MONTREAL

● A SUBDUED GLOSS FOR YOUR WALLS AND WOODWORK . . . Kyanize Celoid Finish is a water-proof, medium-gloss enamel. Resembling an expensive hand-rubbed finish, it gives to walls and woodwork a subdued, velvety luster, not unlike the diffused restful glow of modern indirect lighting at its best.

● ARE YOUR FLOORS SCRATCHED AND SCUFFED? . . . If your floors are scuffed, you can easily make them sparkling and fresh—with Kyanize Floor Finish. A quick-drying transparent varnish that comes in all colors from Light Oak to Dark Mahogany. The perfect varnish for floors, as well as for furniture or woodwork whose natural wood grain you wish to preserve.

NEW! KYANIZE SUPER-SERVICE PAINT

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DINNER No. 1

Tomato Juice Cocktail	Maitre d'Hotel Sauce
Stuffed Flounder	Savory Dried Lima Beans
French Fried Potatoes	Lettuce with Pimiento Dressing
Apricot Tarts	Coffee

Four Inexpensive Dinners

These two-dollar dinners for six people and dollar ones for four are delicious and economical

THAT the nutritive value, tastiness and attractive appearance of meals need not be sacrificed in the interest of economy is proved by the four menus on this page. Each of them was planned to provide at minimum cost a balanced and substantial meal which may be easily prepared for every-day service, yet is "dressed up" enough to make a good company dinner. Menus number one and four will serve six persons for two dollars. Menus two and three are one-dollar dinners for four.

Stuffed Eggplant

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1 large eggplant | 2 tablespoons melted shortening |
| 1 tablespoon minced onion | 1 cup minced meat—tongue, ham or other meat |
| 1 minced green pepper | |
| 2 tomatoes, diced | Buttered crumbs |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | |

Cut off stem end of eggplant; boil twenty minutes, split lengthwise, scoop out most of flesh, chop, combine with onion, pepper, tomatoes, seasonings and meat. Replace in shells, sprinkle with buttered crumbs, bake three-quarters of an hour in moderate oven—350 degrees F.

Spanish Steak

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1½ pounds freshly chopped beef | 1 teaspoon salt |
| Small slice pork, optional | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 egg, optional | 1 teaspoon onion juice |
| | 1 cup bread crumbs |
| | Spanish Sauce |

If pork is used, have it chopped with beef, add seasonings, crumbs and beaten egg if used. Form into a single cake and broil. Serve surrounded or covered with Spanish Sauce.

Stuffed Baked Haddock or Flounder

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 cup coarse bread crumbs | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley |
| Grated rind ½ lemon | ½ teaspoon salt |
| | ½ teaspoon poultry seasoning |
| | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| | 2 tablespoons butter or bacon fat |
| | 2 fillets |
| | Lemon juice |

Blend bread crumbs, flavorings and seasonings and add butter or fat, melted. Lay one fillet of fish, skin side down, in greased baking pan, spread dressing over it and lay second fillet, skin side up, over this. Squeeze a little lemon juice over all, pour two-thirds cup of milk or water around fish and bake about forty minutes in moderately hot oven, basting frequently. Serve with white or cheese sauce.

DINNER No. 2

Baked Stuffed Haddock	Spinach
India Relish	Celery and Peanut Salad
Potato Puffs	Steamed Chocolate Pudding
	Coffee

Spanish Sauce

- | |
|---------------------------|
| 1 small minced onion |
| 2 tablespoons butter |
| ¼ cup minced green pepper |
| 1 cup solid tomatoes |
| 4 minced olives |
| Salt and pepper |
| 1½ cups Brown Sauce |

Cook onion and pepper in butter for five minutes, add tomatoes, olives and seasonings. Simmer ten minutes, then combine with Brown Sauce and serve with Spanish Steak as directed.

Brown Sauce

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter | 1 cup stock |
| 1 small sliced onion | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 3 tablespoons flour | ½ teaspoon pepper |

Cook onion in butter until it turns yellow. Stir in flour and when golden brown, add stock slowly. Bring to boiling-point, stirring constantly, season, remove onion.

A teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, tomato catsup or other sauce, or a few drops plain or tarragon vinegar add flavor and spiciness.

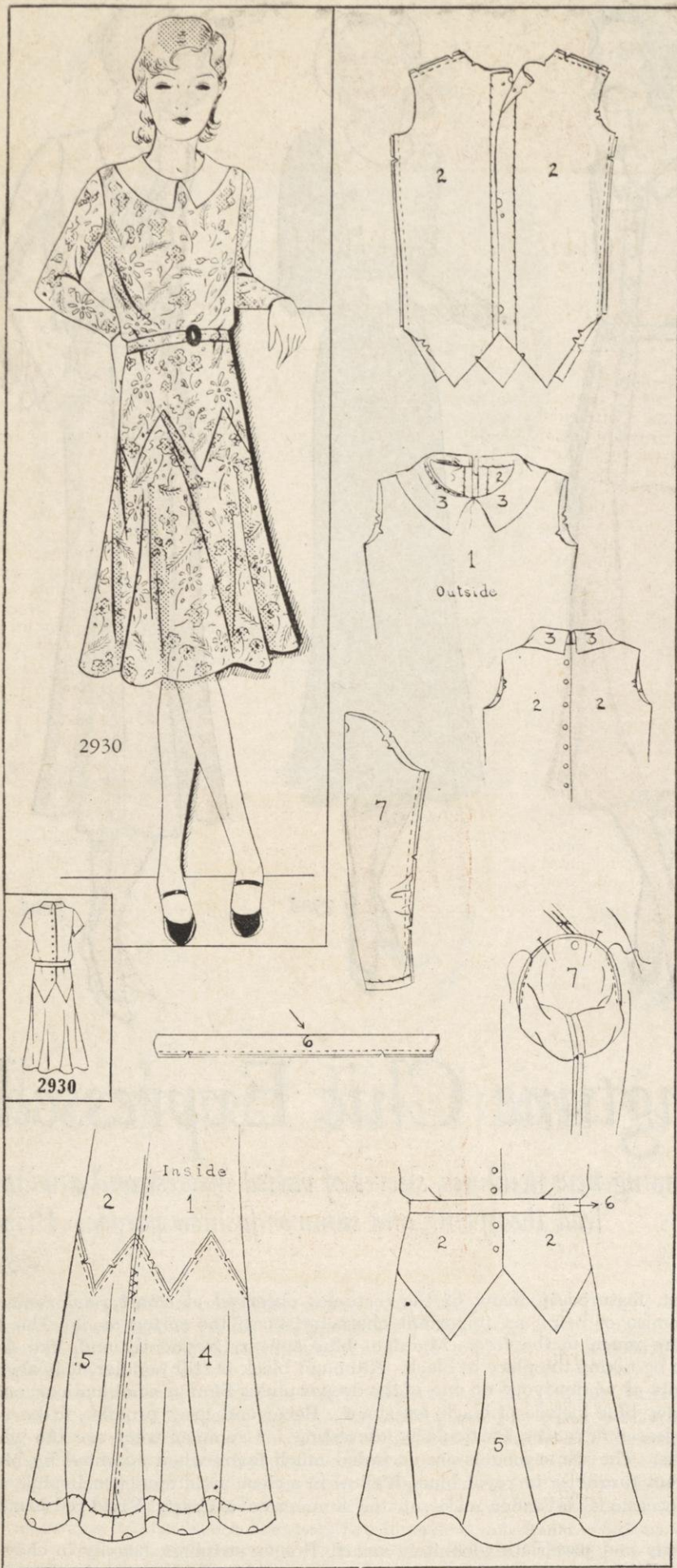
Oatmeal Cookies

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| ½ cup shortening | 1½ cups rolled oats |
| 1 cup sugar | Grated rind 1 orange |
| 1 egg | 1½ cups flour |
| ½ cup milk | ½ teaspoon salt |
| ¼ cup quartered raisins | 1½ teaspoons baking powder |

Cream shortening with half the sugar, add remaining sugar with beaten egg, then milk, rolled oats, raisins and orange rind; add flour, salt and baking-powder sifted together. Drop on greased pan. Bake about fifteen minutes in moderate oven.

DINNER No. 4

Broiled Spanish Steak	Baked Potatoes
Stuffed Eggplant	Raw Carrot Salad
Jelly Sauce	Individual Fruit Puddings
	Coffee



Modish and Very Easy to Make

LITTLE daughter will love this model with its grown-up air.

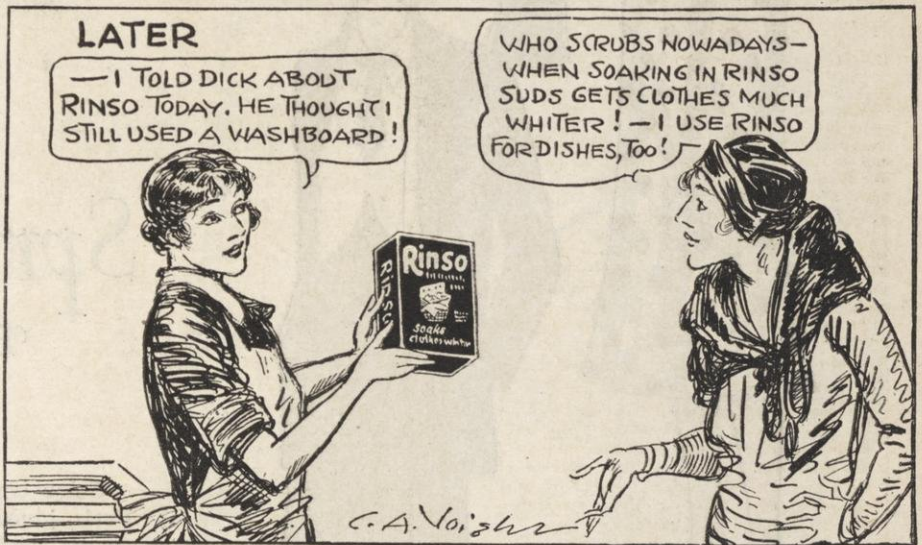
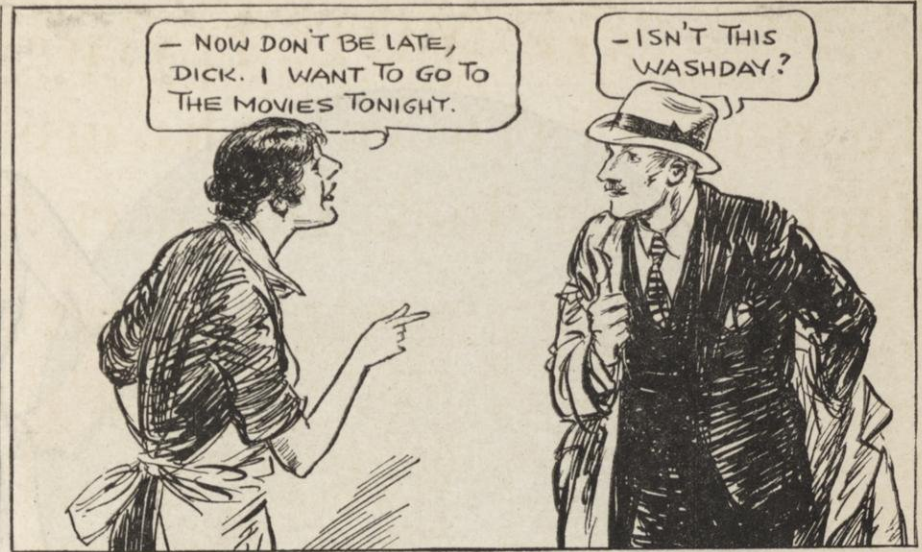
It buttons down the back—quite the newest idea of Paris in the elder mode. The pointed outline through the hips is very smart.

And you'll be startled to learn how easily it is made. Merely a two-piece circular skirt to be seamed and joined to the bodice, as shown in the accompanying diagrams.

Style 2930 may be had in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2 yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

It adapts itself beautifully to wool jersey, wool crepe, rayon novelties, printed crepe silk and the heavier weight cottons and linene, and in one of the new prints so popular this spring it will make an attractive and practical addition to the junior miss's wardrobe.

Patterns, 15c each, postpaid, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago



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These lively suds soak clothes whiter

WHY scrub, indeed! Why waste strength and energy rubbing the life out of clothes? Why ruin your hands ... and your washday disposition?

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2 sizes most women buy the large package



2945



2968

2970

2986

3004

2881

3005

2985

2964

2955

Springtime Chic Expressed in Tailored and Feminine Lines

Becoming new necklines, sleeves of varied interest and a wide choice of trimming detail lend smart individuality to ten models which will lead the spring and summer fashion parade. Prints, plaids and stripes are popular in cotton, silk or woolen fabrics



For All-Day Wear

2945. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Jacket Ensemble

2968. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material with 1½ yards of 39-inch contrasting.

Color contrast, featured in many of the costumes observed at smart rendezvous in Paris, gives promise of being an important characteristic of the spring mode. The Algerian shades are much to the fore. Midnight blue appears frequently and, like dark brown, seems to be taking the place of black. Although black is still popular, it is always used with accents of white, ivory or one of the deeper pinks. Similar combinations, using midnight and navy blue instead of black, are smart. Beige and gray promise to be real favorites as the season advances. Particularly interesting for summer wear are the white and pastel frocks. The white models are accorded much favor when accented by blues in all shades from turquoise to royal blue. Yellow in a clear vivid tone, peach-pink, soft greens and an occasional lavender make up the summer color chart. Vivid red is noted chiefly as trim.

Prints in florals and plaids are definitely smart. Roman stripings, usually in chevron formations, are good for sports wear in crepe silks, thin woolens and men's shirting silks. The distinctive evening prints on white grounds are utterly charming. Flannel takes on new importance, allied with silk, cotton, linen and synthetic fabrics. In woolens the plain colors and stripes dominate.

Buttoned and Belted

2970. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Youthful Collar

2986. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ¾ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Gracefully Modish

3004. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material with ¼ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

The chief interest in the new woolens lies in the texture, which in many of the materials is decidedly rough or pebbly in appearance. The wool family is also introducing a new member in a shantung weave, a compliment no doubt to the service given by the silk shantung of a year ago.

Simplicity and rather a tailored feeling is imparted to the popular jacket suit. The ensemble with plain colored coat is frequently accompanied by a printed crepe silk frock, the lining of the coat repeating the printed crepe used for the frock. The prints of small patterns are the smart choice for day wear with larger patterns for formal wear.

Jackets in plain colors or white top many of the smartest frocks. For instance, a crepe silk plaided in black, red and white was noted with a white flannel jacket. Flat crepe silk still maintains its popularity. Shantung is a favorite sports fabric. Cottons with woolly angora finish are outstandingly fashionable and exceedingly flattering in pastel shades. Cotton tweeds use linen trim. Paisley patterns in silks and thin woolens are extremely smart.

Daytime dresses are a comfortable practical length, reaching about the middle of the calf of the leg. Evening and formal afternoon dresses are ankle length, while for less formal afternoons, eight inches from the ground is an attractive graceful length.

Cape Sleeves

2881. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. In size 16 this dress requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 39-inch contrasting material for trimming.

Modish Peplum

3005. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material. A style adapted to both young and mature figures.

Cowl Neckline

2985. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Tailored Jumper

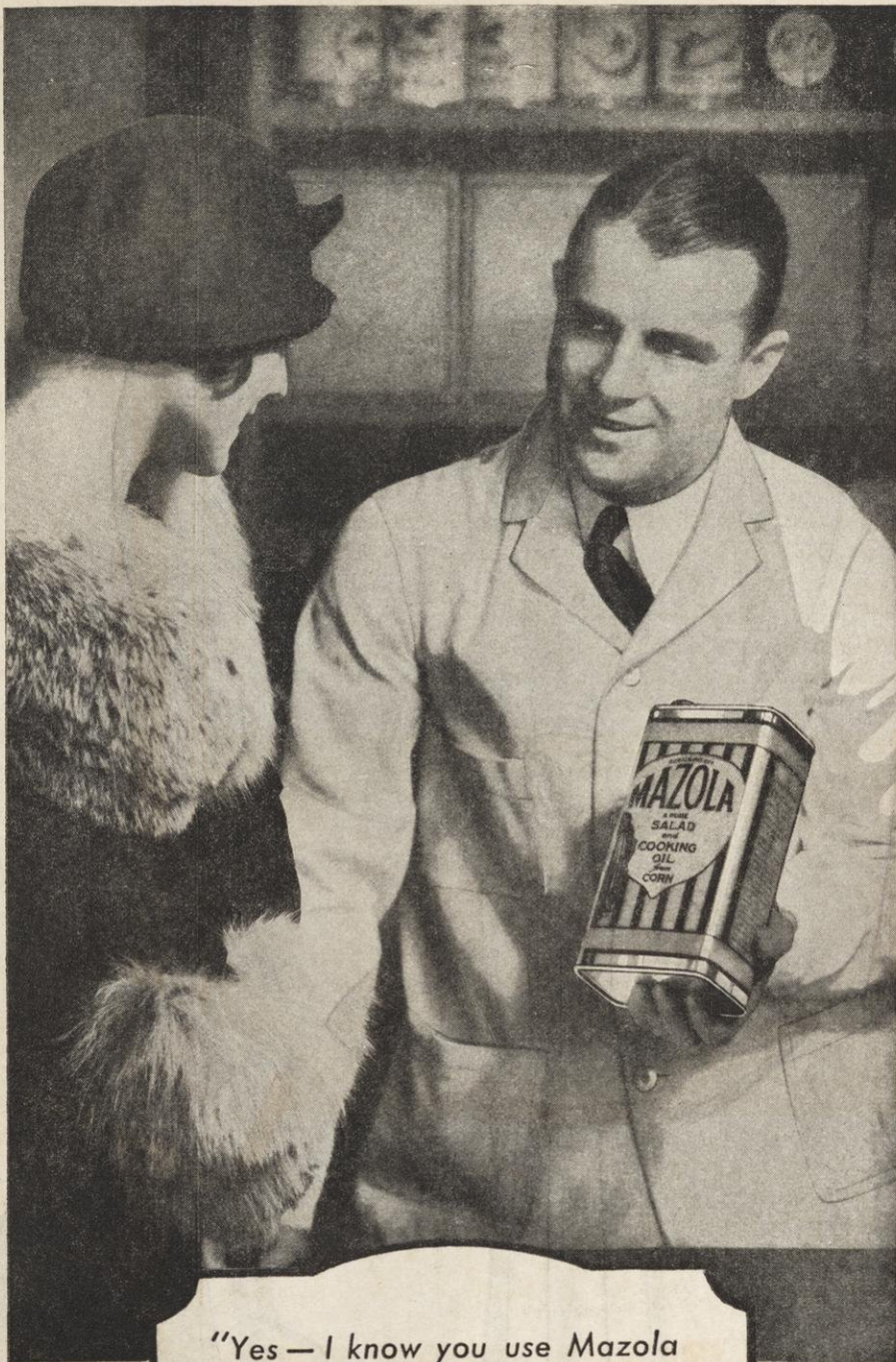
2964. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years; 36, 38 bust. Size 16, 2⅞ yds. 39-in. material for dress; blouse, 2 yds. 35-in.

For Mature Figures

2955. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 bust. Size 36, 4⅞ yds. 39-in. material, ½ yd. 27-in. contrasting.

NOTE: Size 16 years is the same as size 34, 18 years the same as size 36, 20 years the same as size 38.

Patterns, 15c each, postpaid, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill. Send 10c for the Spring and Summer Fashion Book



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Address

Town State



Newest Styles for Juniors

2965. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. In size 8 this jumper dress requires 1 7/8 yards of 35-inch material for the dress and 1 1/8 yards of 35-inch material for the blouse, with 1 5/8 yards of binding.

200. A bolero model designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/4 yards of 35-inch material with 1 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

199. Designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 7/8 yards of 39-inch

material. Suitable for both school and dress wear.

212. A pinafore frock that is attractive as well as practical. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/4 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

203. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

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Sani-Flush, an antiseptic, cleansing powder, does a quicker, easier, safer job. Just sprinkle a little into the toilet bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and the bowl is instantly spotless. All odors are eliminated, all germs killed. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is completely purified. And *Sani-Flush* cannot injure plumbing.

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3-in-One Oil CLEANS - OILS - PREVENTS RUST

The Mother of a Thief

(Continued from page 9)

rose to a shout: "His blood be on us, and on our children."

A shudder ran through Rachel's body, as at the pronouncement of an ominous prophecy.

"By all the gods!" came the awed voice of a Roman. "He hath delivered Him to the Jews!"

There was a limit to human endurance . . .

A soldier was holding water to her lips. "There, Mother. You are all right now."

Rachel stood up. "Where is the governor?"

"You cannot see him," said the guard pityingly. "He has gone to his chambers and left orders that he will see no one."

She could not scream . . .

"He is like a man sore distressed," went on the guard. "He keeps muttering to himself, 'I tried to save Him! But they threatened me with Caesar. The gods are my witness that my hands are clean.'"

The voice of the Roman soldier was gentle, "Truly, he will not see you—where are you going, Mother?"

Rachel stared blankly, like one who hears without listening. "Where? To—my son."

"Gods of heaven!" muttered the Roman soldier. "That poor soul will never get to Golgotha!"

The road to Golgotha was long, and rocky. The procession had gone on—far, far ahead she could hear the shouts of the crowd. When she ran, her breath and her heart seemed to stop. And she had not seen her son! The road was long . . .

When she reached the place, they were raising his cross. A soldier shouted, "Stand away!" and pushed her back. She tried to whisper, "He is my son—" But the soldier pushed her away . . .

Over at one side there was a little knot of women, weeping. Somehow, she fought her way through to where they stood. For, from there, she could see her son.

THE outcry of tortured men filled the air. The voice of her son. Blow after blow of the hammers . . . From her excruciating agony, one thought came to Rachel—she hated Jesus. But for Him she might have seen Pontius Pilate, and he might have pardoned her son. But for Jesus she might be holding to her heart that dear head.

Her soul was in anguish, but she could not pray. Her son was dying! And she could not die.

Her son was dying. And no one noticed. No one tried to ease his pain. No one wept for him. The attention of everyone here turned to this man from Galilee. The crowd surged closer, trying to get to the central cross. The Pharisees were there, their lean faces glowing with satisfaction. The elaborately gowned Sadducees had come out and mingled with the common people they despised, in order to watch Jesus die. The soldiers strode back and forth among the people, lest any disorder arise. This was an uncertain business—one could never be sure of anything with these cursed Hebrews. True, they cried out against this man—but a day or so ago they had hailed Him king. Yet the soldiers, too, kept their eyes on the cross.

Rachel would not look at Jesus. Her own son was dying. Flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood. Her own son was dying. What cared she for a wandering prophet?

The rulers were eager to follow up their advantage, to prove once and for all to this rabble the danger of following after false prophets. They derided Him, saying, "He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God."

And the soldiers mocked Him, the Roman soldiers who despised all Jews, "If thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself."

All about, the crowd took up the cry: "Ah, thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself, and come down from the cross."

Only the little group of women were weeping.

She kept her eyes turned resolutely

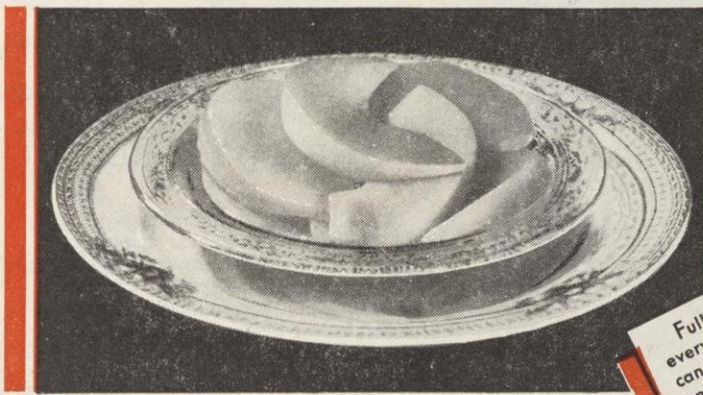
(Continued on page 32)

MONDAY-TUESDAY WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY - - - EVERY DAY a different dessert . . . with these golden peaches on your pantry shelf!



There's peach pie or cobbler, for instance—peach shortcake—gelatine with Sliced Peaches and Sliced Peach brown betty—not to mention that ever-welcome favorite, peaches and cream!

And that's just by way of suggestion. It doesn't begin to tell the story of the variety, goodness and quick convenience DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches bring to your table. They're the pick of the world's finest orchards, packed as only DEL MONTE can pack them—uniform, high quality *always*, no matter where you buy.



Full net weight in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—and only one quality—no matter where you buy.

Just be sure you get DEL MONTE



Delicious Pineapple, too — the BEST in every can!

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For DEL MONTE packs only *one* grade of pineapple—the very best, full-ripened, selected fruit it's possible to grow and can. Two *kinds* of Pineapple, for your convenience: *Sliced*, for service right from the can and quick, delicious salads; *Crushed*, for pies, cakes, puddings, sherbets, punches, etc. *One* quality—DEL MONTE Quality—in *both*.

Free—special Del Monte Pineapple recipes and 8 other useful booklets. — In all, more than 250 attractive recipes for fruit salads, desserts and main course dishes. Just write today, to Dept. 939, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



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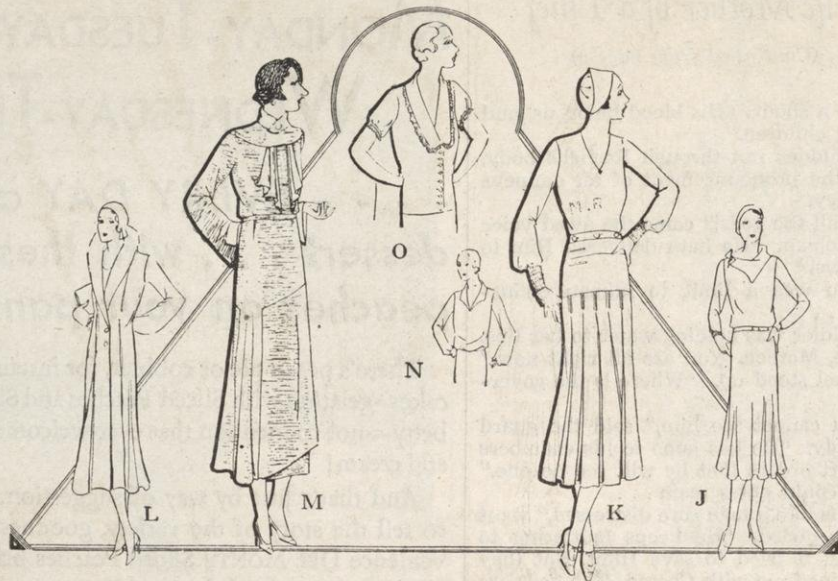
A new 48-page book of modern sewing methods; includes chart of correct thread and needle sizes for every fabric and purpose. Simply send 4 cents in stamps to The Spool Cotton Co., Dept. 20-R, Box 248 Madison Sq. Sta., New York.

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Some Make-over Suggestions

The new line is important, for it is the silhouette which makes this season's frock different

By OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

MATERIALS go on from season to season, and so do colors; only the few who have unlimited dress allowances can afford the exaggerations of fabric and shade that are seen at the beginning of every new season. But line does count, although the difference is often so slight that you might be puzzled at first to describe the variation definitely. How, for instance, does the thrifty Frenchwoman bring her 1930 frocks into line with the fashions of 1931? Her economical soul would be horrified at the thought of discarding partly worn dresses and wraps! But she studies those details which matter: the waistline, the hem length, sleeves and neckline, for instance. And this is what she's discovered about the silhouette-to-be.

Morning frocks, for example, wear their skirts rather longer and define the waistline by soft folds rather than a belt. Frequently they discard the collar, but add cuffs to take from the severity of last season's plainer sleeve. If she has a waist and skirt of plain flannel or wool crepe, as in A on the opposite page, she can wear the skirt, with its knee-length pleats, under a shaped pinafore top of striped flannel to tone. The old waist is probably sufficiently worn to justify her in using it to cut shaped cuff sets and fronts to complete her new frock. Suppose she is treating herself to a new frock altogether, B serves as a very new but simple design for it, carried out in striped and plain flannel or spring-weight wools.

For afternoon wear, the Frenchwoman will add sleeves to her sleeveless frocks. Dignity is the keynote of this type of dress. If she has been wearing the princess frock with a flared skirt, she will adapt it to fall into longer, slimmer lines, keeping in her mind's eye a dress like C on page 31. If she is too much occupied with affairs domestic for afternoon entertaining, she would simplify her frock, of course, omitting the fashionable puffs from the long sleeves, cutting the bodice higher at the front and wearing a little collar of good lace or georgette. The original dress (D) was carried out in one of the popular two-faced materials, one surface dull, the other having a sheen or a faint, damask-like patterning.

Seldom has it been so easy to bring one's evening frock up to date. A skirt of lace, flowing outward from the hips (and not lower down, as they have been worn) is an inexpensive and easy renovation. The sleeveless mode has given way to tiny sleeves: lace to match the skirt provides smart little shoulder sleeves, as in E. But the principal difference lies in the neckline. The round or boat-shaped line belongs to 1930; this year sponsors more original shapes. The neckline of E is both becoming to wear and simple to cut. If you are making a new evening frock, bear in mind that bodices are more tightly fitting and that the waistline is normal or a shade higher. In the evening one notices that women are dressing their hair rather higher on the head; this makes for dignity, too.

At first sight the 1931 tweed suit seems the most difficult to achieve, given last year's rather close-fitting styles. The newer suits have coats widely flared at the hips, and skirts which flare from the hips. But happily the extra fullness is given by inset strappings which flare at the end, a detail to remember whether you are making over or tailoring a new suit. Most of this season's fullness is managed with pleats or godets, instead of a circular cut. The loose weave knot-tweed is as popular as in 1930, with its spotted or rough-surfaced effects, Figure G, but usually lapels are faced with smooth cloth to tone, and cuffs of this same cloth are added to the sleeves, as in H.

The sports jumper has discarded the gypsy handkerchief collar, Figure J, in favor of the plain neckline, and pulls itself more plainly down under the skirt top. Long cuffs take the place of the short turn-back. In K is shown the newest sports skirt, buttoned over the jumper-blouse at the waistline. It has a double pocket in the deep hip yoke, and its fullness is set into the yoke with box pleats all around, both edges of each pleat machined down for a few inches from the top. Flannel, jersey or light tweed still lead as the correct sports materials; elastic tricot is a useful aid to the new deep and close-fitting cuffs.

Wrap-coats have taken on quite a new line, with (Continued on page 31)

Figure E, right, a way to remodel F, below



Bathe your way to Body-Beauty

BATHASWEET

TRY IT FREE

Fastidious women have always taken a delight in keeping their bodies beautiful. But now backless evening gowns and still more abbreviated beach costumes make body-beauty more vital than ever. That is why the two-fold beauty service of Bathasweet is so important.

First, by softening the water, Bathasweet gives the bath a unique cleansing power which enables it to *dissolve* the impurities that lie deep in the pores and to keep these impurities dissolved so that they do not wash back on the body. The best evidence of this is that no "ring" remains around the tub when Bathasweet is used. This greater cleanliness works wonders with the skin. It not only clears up skin-blemishes but gives the skin a youthful smoothness that is most alluring.

Secondly, Bathasweet keeps you dainty much longer than does the ordinary tubbing, no matter how thorough. That is because perspiration-deposits, deep in the pores, are the usual cause of body odors; and Bathasweet dissolves these deposits. It surrounds you with an aura of daintiness which lasts a surprisingly long time.

And, incidentally, Bathasweet adds a delightful fragrance to your bath.

BATHASWEET is a modern necessity. Try it at our expense by sending the coupon. Or buy it at any drug or department store—25c, 50c, \$1 and \$1.50.

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Ladies' Lingerie and Hosiery

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YOU BUY NOTHING—YOU SELL NOTHING

ALL YOU WISH FOR INTRODUCING NATIONALLY KNOWN LINGERIE DIRECT FROM THE MILL TO YOUR FRIENDS THROUGH CLUBS. LOTS OF FUN—WRITE

LUCIEN, fashion designer
Dept. 233 HAMILTON, OHIO

For afternoon, the Frenchwoman adds sleeves to her sleeveless frocks with puffs between elbow and shoulder



The newer suits have coats widely flared at the hips, and skirts which flare gracefully from the hips

Morning frocks wear their skirts rather longer, defining the waist by soft folds rather than a belt

a waistline well defined by a belt, for preference. Collars are small and sleeves fit loosely, changes which most home dressmakers can manage with little trouble. The hats worn with them have brims, instead of fitting skull-cap fashion. M, page 30, shows one of the newest coats, which might be fashioned in rep, wool crepe or moire satin, closely patterned. L shows last season's wrap-coat.

The shoulder yoke gives the sleeves a magyar effect, and the hip yoke includes the side fulness of the skirt.

The "tuck-in," Figure N, has yielded place to the over-blouse again. This comes down rather straight over the hips, as in Figure O, designed for afternoon wear.

The feminine touch must be very distinct—let your blouses be soft and frilly. Draped collars, jabots, puffed sleeves or long loose ones have come in with 1931. Fine lawn or muslin or crepe suede could be used for G, with finely kilted frills, and crystal buttons for trimming.

With the spring, brighter colors have come back, with a few more subdued shades for those whom they suit better. Dawn pink and turquoise, peacock and sea-blue, sunset-gold (which is nearly flame), pearl, bronze and hazel, prune, marine blue, and the dull gray-green shade known as lizard are foremost among the attractive color range that is offered to us for the season of 1931.

A Patricia Alden Story

(Continued from page 5)

"Make a fuss over her," said Miss Higgins.

"I get you. Oh, by the way, Miss Higgins, that new line of lounging pajama patterns you suggested is going over great. I really don't know what Patricia would do without you. I want you to know how much I appreciate what you've done for our success."

"That's the general idea," said Miss Higgins. "Try it out on Patricia, it might be a help. I know I like it, and I'm pretty sure she would, too."

It is not usual for the president of a large corporation to evidence great excitement over a demonstrator, more or less. But, on contemplation, Gordon Bruce realized that ever since Patricia had crashed into his car on the Concourse and utilized the accident to strike him for a job, he had had more than an impersonal interest in her. Strictly as he had endeavored to treat her as a cog in his machine, he'd sent her many more individual telegrams than was his wont. He had often patted her on the back by wire.

Furthermore, he admitted to himself after some introspection that his excessively cold attitude at the morning's conference might be what the psychoanalysts call a defense mechanism. He'd been subconsciously afraid of her charm and individuality.

He remembered that she'd told him, before he agreed to give her a job, that he was afraid of women. Was he? He'd show her. No minx of nineteen was going to get away with the opinion she had of him. Besides, some other outfit might grab her—and the kid was clever. Make a fuss over her, should he? Just watch him!

Gordon Bruce did things thoroughly. It was one of the prime factors in his success.

And since the immediate concern was Patricia, he concentrated on the problem she presented. He drove up to the Brad-

ford in his smart new roadster with his chauffeur, announced that the luncheon party was now his party, told Patricia that she might take the wheel, put Mrs. Alden in the seat beside her, and as he and Mr. Alden climbed into the rumble, directed Patricia to drive to the Casino.

"But—our car," Patricia protested.

"Give the chauffeur the keys," said Bruce. "He'll drive it up later, when we've had lunch."

He was the perfect host and Mr. and Mrs. Alden obviously warmed to him while they were lunching.

When the leisurely meal was finished, he said frankly, "Mrs. Alden, I'm now going to snatch your daughter from the heart of her family and drive her far and fast to the open spaces. Will you mind if I put you back in your own car, which awaits without, and send you out into the cold world?"

"The world isn't a bit cold," said Mrs. Alden. "And we don't mind. You've been so nice—thank you."

It was two o'clock in the morning. They had tea-ed in Peekskill, dined near Poughkeepsie, danced and supped in Croton. And now Gordon Bruce was saying good-night to Patricia at her doorstep.

"It's been a noble day," said Patricia. "I'm so glad I resigned. This wouldn't have been possible if I hadn't."

"Possible, but not probable. However, I'm wondering if there shouldn't be a special dispensation from my rule in cases of extra-valuable employees like you, Patricia? You don't mind that 'Patricia, do you?'"

"No, Gordon, I don't. As a matter of fact, most men would have started that by tea-time. But think how demoralizing it would be if I called my boss 'Gordon,' as I've just done. Wouldn't it be demoralizing, Gordon?"

"You might come back to your job—and try it. Come down in the morning and let's talk it over."

(Continued on page 48)

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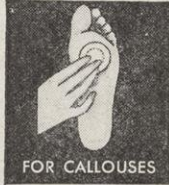
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The Mother of a Thief

(Continued from page 29)

away from Jesus. Yet somewhere within her was a deep cry. Even now, there might be some surcease of pain. If only out of the blackness of despair could come assurance that this was not the end. That all the prayers she had been taught in childhood were not mockery. That the God of Israel she had worshiped on the hills of Galilee would not leave her desolate.

But bodies were racked with pain and hearts broke. The end was only blackness and emptiness. A suffering world cried out to an unhearing God and He did not answer. And without Him there was nothing.

The soldiers were casting lots for His garments . . .

There by the unbelieving city, at the place of a skull, Jesus was being crucified by His people Israel. And even as He hung upon a cross, torn and bleeding under a blazing sun, He spoke. Above the cruel jeers and the insults and the taunts of the crowd. And Jesus said, "Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do."

Even on Calvary, a miracle is possible . . . At His voice, Rachel turned to Him. The eyes of the man from Nazareth turned toward the little group of sorrowing women at the foot of the cross. And Rachel faced the Christ.

She had cried out against Him in hatred and bitterness and despair—she whose only son was now dying with Him on Calvary.

And now He looked down at her from that cross of unspeakable agony, with eyes of infinite compassion, of infinite love. And in Him was the healing of her grief.

The icy tightness around her heart gave way. All the ceaseless longings of so many years had at last found their realization in Jesus.

And as she believed, so it was given to her to understand. She remembered what she had heard Him say: "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up." And the promise she had felt behind those words was unfolded in a flood of light.

Standing there at the foot of the cross, Rachel saw ahead into the empty tomb of the risen Christ.

A wordless prayer went up from her to the man suffering on the cross: "Lord, that my son also should believe on Thee . . ."

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.

But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise.

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.

And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.

The crucifixion was over. Slowly the crowd, awed and pale and distraught, began to disperse. But Rachel waited to claim the body of her son.

Eyes that had held only tortured hopelessness now radiated a faith triumphant, sublime, unconquerable. A heart that had been dead to Jehovah was alive to God, the Father. She had seen the Christ, and recognized him. And her son had seen Him, and recognized Him. She had reached her refuge of ineffable peace, the consciousness of life eternal.

With unflinching step, Rachel went to claim her son.

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Object of Art

(Continued from page 12)

years ago, "that I thought what fun it would be to get a glimpse of the kind of life I hadn't seen anything of for such a long time."

"Updikes," he said, "must have seemed a pretty strange outfit after your New York apartment."

"No," she said. "Different, but not strange. I liked it on sight. It and them. I liked them a lot. There was nobody there but just the three of them."

"There never is," he said, holding the horses carefully at the maximum pace he thought they could keep. "They can't afford help. Or even a telephone."

"A telephone," she said, "might have saved the child's life. Though I don't think so. I think, thank God, that I knew what to do. There was canned salmon for supper, you see, but I didn't eat any of it. If I had, I think we'd all have died. I haven't had my clothes off for three days. And at that I just did pull the others through. And little Bill—"

She couldn't talk about the boy.

Howden found that he couldn't, either. They rocketed along through the bear-grass and cactus, under the far, keen stars, in silence except for the noise of their going; and Howden felt a sort of tenderness stealing through him for the gallant, weary little figure so toughly erect there at his side.

"Good Lord! What a thing to dump you into!"

"It was easier for me," she said, "than it would have been for most girls. I was born in the Yukon; my mother died there when I was six; until he struck it rich, my father and I lived around in half the big mining camps of the West. There's not much I haven't been up against, you see."

In the half-dark, hurtling through the keen, sage-scented air, Howden began trying to tell her that he saw . . .

And though that was a good many years ago, he has been telling her ever since.

Moon-Girl

(Continued from page 20)

Tom turned toward Diane, and then abruptly he turned away. "Does she look like her grandmother?"

"Very much."

"So I had imagined. Think I'll be jogging along. Feel like walking. Good-night." He paused in the hall to speak to Mrs. Davis for a moment and then was gone.

"Life is a queer circle," said Mr. Davis, but Diane said nothing. She seemed still to feel the presence of the wistful little ghost of Diantha Davis.

(Continued in May issue)

Synopsis of the Story

Against the wishes of her father, a professor of Latin in a small town college, Diane Davis steals away with Waneen Miller and Clinton Archer to attend a dance at a near-by university. She regrets her impulsive action when she discovers that Clinton has been drinking, and asks him to take her home. He insists that she go with him to a roadhouse, and when she refuses, leaves her outside. Tom Malone, whom she had met with his fiancée at the dance, had guessed her predicament and followed Clint's car, and offers to drive her home.

On the way Diane explains that she had gone to the dance in a fit of "moon-madness," and tells Tom about her grandmother Diantha, from whom she is said to have inherited her impulsive nature. Mrs. Davis meets them at the door with the news that Diane's father had gone to get her; as Tom is leaving, the telephone rings and a message is delivered from a hospital in the university town: Mr. Davis has been seriously injured in an automobile accident. Tom offers to take Diane and Mrs. Davis to the hospital.



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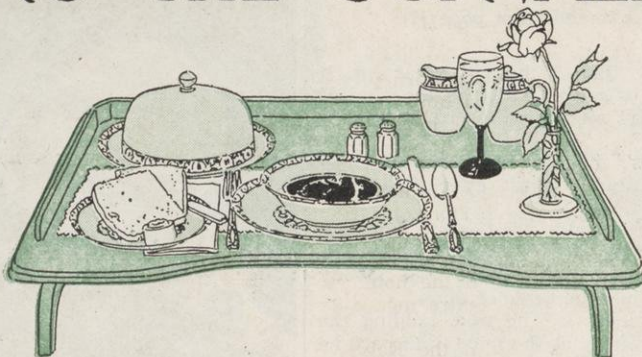
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FEEDING THE CONVALESCENT



The Vital Effect of Diet on Health

A cheery mental outlook, rest, and attractive servings of the right kind of nourishing food encourage an invalid's quick recovery

By NINA SIMMONDS ESTILL

With Dr. E. A. Park, Dr. P. G. Shipley and Dr. E. V. McCollum, Dr. Estill proved the existence of vitamin D. Her sound articles are of great importance in this day of dietetic fads

THERE are probably few individuals who have not wished that physicians could say, "If you will eat certain foods and do certain other things, you will never be ill," but unfortunately no such advice can be given. Nourishing food and plenty of rest are two of the greatest factors in maintaining health, but sanitary and cheerful surroundings, and freedom from overwork, excessive worry and exhaustion are also of importance.

In spite of the efforts of the homemaker to feed her family according to the newer findings of nutrition, it sometimes happens that illness enters the home. For example, a thorough chilling may pave the way to a cold or pneumonia; fatigue may lower our resistance and render us more susceptible to disease; or a perfectly healthy individual may become ill if he drinks impure water or eats spoiled food, or is exposed to a contagious disease.

When we are ill, the attending physician will advise concerning the diet, and his directions should be followed implicitly. It requires great skill to diagnose disease and to prescribe suitable food; suggestions given in books or magazine articles are not substitutes for the instructions of the well-trained physician.

General and Special Diets

The diet during convalescence depends in great measure upon the nature of the illness; no general directions conform to every case, because there are many factors which must be considered, such as the severity and duration of the disease, the strength of the patient, and the type of diet which has been prescribed during the earlier stages of the illness. However, we should keep in mind a few general rules and principles which will be discussed in this article; for detailed suggestions, one should consult one of the many books dealing with this subject.

In addition to the rather special diets which are planned for certain diseases, such as tuberculosis, typhoid fever or diabetes, there are several general types of diets which are used in feeding the sick, among which are: (1) The liquid diet, which consists largely of liquids, such as milk in various forms; cream soups of various kinds; raw eggs in combination with water, fruit juices or cocoa; and beef tea, or other clear soups. (2) The soft diet or semi-liquid diet which is really an intermediate step between the liquid diet and a very simple mixed diet or convalescent diet. This diet usually consists of various foods used in the liquid diet but with the addition of such simple dishes as a soft boiled egg and toast moistened with water, milk or broth; cream of vegetable soups; custards, and desserts made with gelatine or jello, as well as ice creams, sherbets and ices. Broths contain little or no nourishment but they are important items because the meat extracts which they usually contain stimulate the flow of gastric juice which aids in digestion; recent studies have shown that beef extract contains vitamin G, that vitamin which protects us against pellagra. In addition, broths are agreeable to the taste, are refreshing when served cold if the weather is warm, and comforting when hot if the weather is cold. When used to make gruels with cereals, such as oatmeal gruel, they carry extra nourishment; gruels may be enriched with eggs, cream or milk. (3) The convalescent diet, as stated above, depends in great measure upon what illness one is convalescing from. If a liquid diet has been

taken for several days, followed by a soft diet for a few weeks, then for some days or weeks, according to the physician's orders, the convalescent diet should consist of easily digested foods. After many illnesses the digestive tract is rather weak, even though the disease has not especially involved this part of the body; therefore, easily digested foods should be given until the body's recuperative powers are well under way. If the doctor orders a light diet and the illness has not been very prolonged or severe, it is permissible to provide a fairly liberal diet. All the various dietary essentials, namely, protein, fat, carbohydrate, mineral matter, water and vitamins should be supplied.

As soon as the convalescent's strength permits, he should spend some time out of doors in the sunshine, but sun-baths should be taken only on the advice of the physician. If the time of year does not permit being out of doors, it is advisable to take cod-liver oil, or viosterol, or ultra-violet light treatments.

Many convalescent persons are difficult to please in the matter of food because their appetites are not keen. The following suggestions will be helpful in preparing trays: (1) Meals should be served promptly at regular hours, since a delay of even fifteen to twenty minutes sometimes destroys the appetite; (2) the appearance of the tray is of great importance; the food should be served daintily on attractive dishes; (3) garnishes should be used freely since they make food more attractive; (4) cold dishes should be served cold, and hot dishes served hot but not so hot that there is danger of the patient burning his mouth; (5) the diet should be simple and the serving small, because too much food on a plate often upsets a patient and destroys the appetite; several small servings are better than one large one, a principle which is especially true for children.

The Convalescent's Mental Fare

The benefits of the convalescent's physical diet may be vitiated in large measure if a well-meaning but unfavorable atmosphere is thrown about the patient. In other words, the diet of the convalescent does not consist of nourishing food only, although this is, of course, of fundamental importance; there is also a mental diet to be considered. During a convalescence we should do only those things which will aid us to recover. Rest of both body and mind is of fundamental importance; in order to obtain this, we should studiously avoid self-pity and the going over of our symptoms and discussing "what I have suffered," since there is nothing which saps vitality and prevents complete rest and relaxation more than this.

There are at least two types of visitors who call upon a patient. One group consists of those persons who are usually rather dull and colorless and who actually enjoy talking about their own illnesses or operations or those of their friends; they recite all the unpleasant details, which unfortunately do not decrease as the years go by. These "organ recitals" are very tiring and boring to a well person and many times more so to one in a weakened condition. Unless the conversation is brought to a close and the visitor ushered out of the room, the patient may become so tired and restless that he may have a slight relapse for several days. The second group consists of visitors who are bright and cheerful; they radiate hope, sunshine and good-will; and after a short visit (persons of this type know that visits to ill or convalescent persons should be frequent but short) the patient feels as though he has acquired a bit of new life. These latter callers

are invaluable to a patient because they have a cheery and optimistic outlook on life.

The period of convalescence is a splendid time to work on one's hobby or to read the many worth-while books which one has intended to read for years. One may also take imaginary trips with the aid of travel magazines or articles, together with maps, railroad guides, steamship folders, and, if one can afford it, a good globe. With this modest equipment, one may sail the seven seas and visit distant lands with their many attractions, such as old cathedrals and art galleries. Fireside travel has much to recommend it. There are, of course, definite limitations concerning the influence of the mind over the body: a cheery countenance, an optimistic outlook and imaginary trips are not substitutes for nourishing food and rest, but the proper kind of mental diet is a powerful ally of the convalescent's physical diet during the long days of convalescence.

A Guide for Meal-planning

The following suggestions may be used as a guide for planning a diet for a convalescent.

Breakfast:

Orange juice or other fruit juices; cooked fruit, such as prunes, pears, apple sauce, apricots or peaches.

Thoroughly cooked cereal, such as oatmeal, cream of wheat, wheatena, etc., with thin cream and a little sugar if desired.

Poached egg on buttered toast moistened with cream, or a soft boiled egg with toast and butter. A few pieces of crisp bacon should be served unless the physician forbids it, because eggs alone soon become rather tiresome.

Coffee or tea (not too strong) with cream and sugar, or cocoa, or chocolate.

Dinner:

Beef tea or chicken broth thickened with barley, or with puréed vegetables, such as peas, asparagus or potatoes. Plain bouillon is often refreshing.

Roast or broiled lean beef, chicken, lamb, mutton or fish. Ground beef or chopped liver made into a stew with vegetables should be used for a change.

Baked or mashed or creamed potatoes; macaroni, spaghetti or rice.

Finely chopped or ground spinach or other green vegetable; tender string-beans, peas or asparagus should also be used.

Bread, toast, crackers and butter.

Plain custards, or caramel, or chocolate; simple puddings, such as rice, tapioca, etc.; ice creams, sherbets, ices, junket, gelatine or jello desserts.

Milk, cocoa or chocolate.

Supper:

Cream soup or milk toast.

Broiled lamb chop or an omelet or soufflé.

Bread and butter.

Stewed or baked fruit or canned fruit, such as bananas, apples, prunes, peaches, or a dessert similar to the ones served for dinner.

Plain cookies or plain cake such as sponge, angel food, etc.

Milk, cocoa or chocolate.

For extra nourishment about 10 o'clock in the morning and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, unless the doctor says that it is unwise, it is a good plan to give the patient a glass of orange juice, lemonade or some tomato juice; these supply an abundance of vitamin C. A dish of ice cream, an egg-nog, a glass of plain milk, or milk flavored with chocolate sirup is nourishing as well as refreshing.



TEETHING PAINS WITHIN 1 MINUTE

If you want your baby to be happy and contented all thru the teething period, try this simple, harmless way that ends teething pains within 1 minute. Just rub Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the little sore, inflamed gums and watch how quickly baby quiets down or breaks into happy smiles.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion has been used by thousands of mothers for over 40 years. No narcotics or harmful drugs. Begin the treatment at the first sign of teething and save baby needless pain and fretfulness. Approved by doctors and is superior to unsanitary teething rings that may spoil baby's mouth and cause crooked teeth. Buy Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion from your druggist.

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Please send sample of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion.

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Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used **once every hour for five hours.**

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a scientific "counter-irritant"—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses.

Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes. **To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.**



Romancing in the Old World

(Continued from page 11)

started on their perilous journey to America. Do you wonder I hoped for a bright, clear Sunday that we might miss nothing of the charm of this strange little spot?

And we got it. A lovely, fair morning dawned. I went on ahead alone, leaving Jack to follow in the company of a delightful Pittsburgh clergyman and his wife whom we had met in the hotel. I was eager to have a few extra moments to poke about.

I took a street car down the Kalverstraat, a street running south from "The Dam," which stops the Amstel River on its course to the Zuider Zee. This, by the way, is the source of the city's original name, Amstel Dam.

The Kalverstraat is an interesting street filled with fine shops. An old historian described it as "By day filled with shoppers and by night with gossipers." Don't you love that?

I had a sort of idea where I wanted to get off but had no way to clarify it by conversation, for not a creature in the car spoke anything but Dutch. It gives one a helpless feeling to have an absolutely useless tongue! However, after I had dismounted from the car and walked a little way up another street, I found the old door that leads through a stone archway into—into—what shall I say? I certainly felt it was into another far-gone century at least.

Once through the archway, one emerges into a beautiful little enclosure of old and quaint buildings all facing in toward the center of the court. A small garden of shrubbery and plants fenced in by an iron railing lies between the sidewalks that wind to either side; great drooping trees spread shade and coolness everywhere. No sound of the outer world seems to enter. I felt as though I had suddenly come upon a place of utter peace.

THEN I saw what seems to me one of the most phenomenal evidences of the fact that we have progressed a long way from the period of religious wars, for here on either side of the paving, only a few feet apart, stand two small churches, one a Catholic and one the famous English Reformed which I had been seeking. It was touching somehow to see them standing there in the quiet of that Sunday morning, their doors opened wide to receive those of the two faiths that long ago took turns in persecuting each other.

Just at the doorway of the Reformed church I met a friendly rosy-cheeked old Scotch woman who explained that she was the "sextoness" and would be glad to tell me anything I wished to know. It was much too early for church. Would I care to come in and look around? I blessed her thoughtfulness and went in.

The church is small and old, but kept in beautiful repair. Everywhere one is reminded of its priceless heritage from the past. For instance, the brass Reader's Desk above the high pulpit was presented to the congregation by William of Orange and his wife, Queen Mary II. The emblem is that of a lion and lion's claw, and the monogram reads: W. M. R. R. anno 1689 (William, Mary, Rex, Regina).

It was in August, 1608, that a little company from Scrooby known as the Pilgrim Fathers arrived in Amsterdam for safety from religious persecution, and united with the small band already forming the congregation of this church. From then until they decided to make the journey to America, the Pilgrims worshiped here. There are many impressive memorials of them. One is a beautiful tablet on the wall, given by the Chicago Congregational Club. Another are the large, exquisitely colored stained glass windows at the front of the church. These were the gift of Edward Bok in 1920 at the time of the tercentenary commemoration in Holland of the departure of the Pilgrims for Plymouth, Massachusetts.

In the windows the Pilgrims are pictured at the moment of their departure on board the "Speedwell" (the ship they had

(Continued on page 44)

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FREE DRESSES TO PRODUCERS. Amazing Money Making opportunity. Newest line of dresses, coats. Latest Paris, New York styles. Prices below stores. Easy, pleasant work. No experience needed. Start spare time. We deliver and collect. Outfit free. Rush name and address. HARFORD FROCKS, Inc. Dist. Real Silk Hosiery Mills, 429 Davidson St., Indianapolis, Indiana

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Right at home you can make golden yellow jonquils and daffodils, gorgeous roses, delicate sweet peas, flaming poppies—any kind of decorative flower you wish. Dennison has a new plan by which you learn with surprising ease to create them of colorful crepe paper. "How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers," a 36-page book, contains simple directions for making 23 different kinds of flowers. Get a copy at once and surprise your friends with the beautiful flowers you make. Send the coupon now.

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Why not let us include some of these Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose proper amount.

Sealing Wax Craft 10c Weaving Paper Rope 10c Waxed Pond Lilies (Free) Crepe Paper Costumes 10c Cellophane Flowers (Free) Party Table Decorations 10c Novelty Dolls (Free)





Treat that corn carefully

Don't hurry it; or worry it with knife or rapid-fire "corn cures." But don't let it spoil your fun and freedom when springtime beckons out of doors.

Blue-jay will end its pangs instantly, gently. A safe, mild, certain treatment for banishing corns, Blue-jay lifts the pressure and friction which cause them and keep them sore. Softens and destroys their structure, detaching them for easy, painless removal.

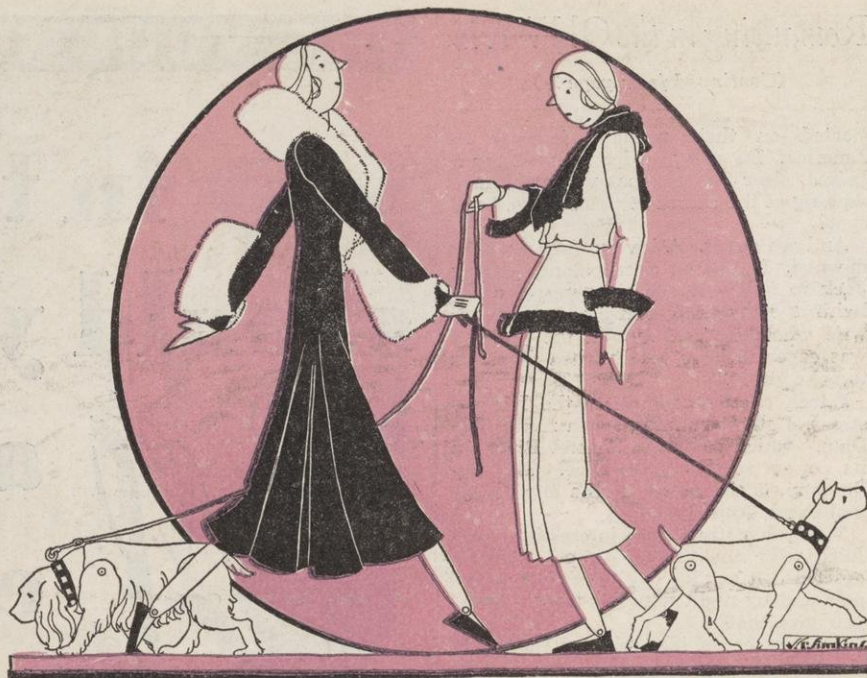
On or off in ten seconds, Blue-jay is handy, pleasant, bath-proof, dependable. Made by a house noted for surgical dressings. Used by millions through 31 years. At all drug-stores, 25 cents. (In Canada, 35 cents.)

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Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and prevent corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or send 10c for samples to Bauer & Black, 2581 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.



Beauty Aids for Women

Chin, neck and shoulders should not be neglected, for they may make or mar an ensemble of feminine loveliness

By MARY MAYO

IN HER quest for beauty, the female of the species is all too apt to center her efforts on face and hair, forgetting the chin, neck and shoulders.

The chin is quite definitely a part of the face but it is also the transition point between the face and throat and as such has an importance all its own. Chins depend for much of their beauty on correct posture. Nothing will produce a sagging chin quicker than a slouching manner of standing and walking. And when the chin sags, the corners of the mouth begin to droop and then—Oh, my!—it's just too bad for all the rest of one's beauty points.

Some people achieve only one chin but others have several thrust upon them, and these double and triple chins entirely spoil the appearance of the original and favorite one, and of the throat as well. Double chins may be caused in the beginning by too much food, by its faulty selection, by poor posture, or by a combination of these. When once acquired, superfluous chins are difficult to discard, therefore it behooves us to use eternal vigilance. If the extra supply is the result of too much food, any attempt at sudden reduction in weight is apt to leave the skin loose and wrinkled, hence my advice is to look first to posture and then to exercise and massage, all the time watching the diet carefully.

How to Apply Creams

We would all like to possess chins that are firm and dimpled, but, alas! we are far more likely to have blackheads than dimples. The appearance of these black dots or comedones is a warning that the skin needs a thorough cleansing, and while in the mood do not stop at the chin but take in the neck and shoulders as well. Begin the process with a cleansing cream, using a pad of absorbent cotton moistened with skin tonic before dipping in the cream. Boxes of cotton ready-cut in small squares just for this purpose are now available. There are also cartons from which the cotton may be picked through an opening. In applying the cream, use an upward and outward movement, wiping the skin lightly. Repeat with fresh cotton until thoroughly cleansed. If the skin is oily, the cleansing cream may be followed with warm water and soap. Before removing the blackheads from the chin, give it a good steaming with cloths

wrung out in hot water and allowed to remain on for a few moments. Then with the fingers wrapped in sterile gauze press out the offending comedones, taking care not to bruise the skin. Next in order is an application of your favorite nourishing cream. Begin at the base of the neck and apply this with a stroking motion upward and outward. Make sure that you use enough cream so that the cream is worked instead of the skin, for too much manipulation of the skin is likely to pull and stretch it. Allow the skin to absorb as much cream as possible, then wipe away any surplus with cleansing tissue.

Improving the Chin-line

To help the chin-line, pat briskly under the chin with the back of the fingers. A further massage with upward and outward movements toward the temples will help an unruly chin to keep within bounds and also aid the corners of one's mouth to turn up instead of down. The final make-up of the chin and neck is of the greatest importance and should be done in the best possible light. An application of skin tonic will remove all traces of cream. The powder should be blended to the correct color for the skin and patted on lightly until the skin has a soft velvety look. The latest kink is to use a slightly lighter shade of powder for the neck than for the face on account of the shadow cast by the chin. This strikes me as a sensible bit of advice.

Double chins and throat wrinkles are closely allied. The habit of looking down when working, reading, writing, sewing, and even when shopping, is one of the principal causes of throat wrinkles. Exercising the muscles of the neck and a careful attention to posture are the best remedies for throat wrinkles and will often help solve the double chin problem as well.

Some simple neck exercises are as follows: sit in an erect position; turn the head to face over the right shoulder; turn to the front and throw back between the shoulders; bring erect again and turn to the left. Repeat from five to ten times according to amount of fatigue. Do this exercise several times daily. Another exercise consists of placing the back of the hand under the chin, and, while pressing up with the hand, trying to lower the

(Continued on page 47)

APRIL FRESHNESS FOR YOUR SKIN

WITH THIS PROTECTIVE POWDER BASE

Spring winds are gentle—but warm and drying! They rob your skin of its freshness and smoothness unless you know the



protecting care of Plough's Peroxide Vanishing Cream. Safeguarded by this dainty powder base, your skin retains its youthful charm and looks its loveliest through hours of springtime sports.

For deep pore-cleansing, which every skin needs for health and beauty, try Plough's Cleansing Cream. Its light, pure oils slip quickly into the pores and out again removing the impurities that cause skin-congestion (dirt-clogged pores) and keeping the complexion clear and fresh.

For nourishing your skin and replacing the natural oils dried out by weather and the passing years, use Plough's Cold Cream, which prevents wrinkling and chapping and insures soft, smooth skin.

Each of Plough's Peroxide, Cleansing and Cold Creams is economically priced at 25c, 35c and 50c.

Plough's



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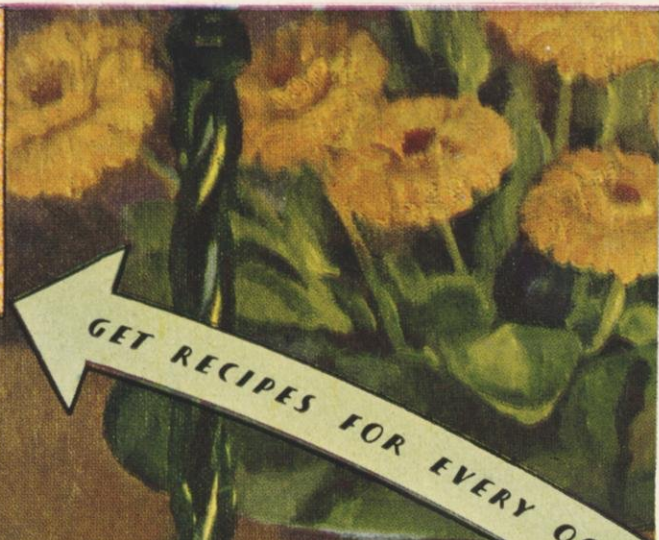
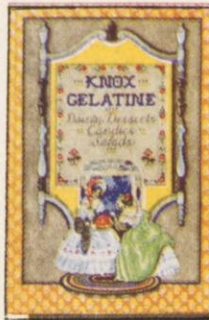
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JUST to show you the many wonderful things you can do with canned foods, look at this Tomato Jelly dish made from an ordinary can of tomatoes, a few left-overs around your kitchen—and Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

And when you taste it, or the Pineapple Ice Box Cake, you will be glad that you used plain, pure, Knox Gelatine, because it has no sweetening or coloring or flavoring to conflict with the natural flavor of the fruits or vegetables you use. Then . . . don't be surprised, after you make a Knox dish, to find enough gelatine left in the package for 3 more different dishes for 3 different meals—6 servings each.

If you want to know how this economy feature can save you kitchen dollars daily, and show you new ways to make canned food dishes—send the coupon today.

(12 Servings) PINEAPPLE ICE BOX CAKE (For 6 Servings use half of recipe)

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 2 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine | 1/2 cup sugar |
| 1/2 cup cold water | 1 tablespoonful lemon juice |
| 1 can crushed pineapple | 1 1/2 cups cream or evaporated milk |
| 1/4 teaspoonful salt | Lady fingers or stale sponge cake |

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, dissolve over hot water and add pineapple, sugar, salt and lemon juice. Stir until all gelatine and sugar have been dissolved. When it begins to thicken, beat and fold in whipped cream. Line sides and

bottom of large square or round mold with lady fingers. Cover with pineapple cream mixture, then alternate cakes and cream until mold is full. Place in ice box and let stand three or four hours. Unmold on a large cake plate and garnish with whipped cream and fruit in season. Do not use fresh pineapple unless it is first scalded.

GET RECIPES FOR EVERY OCCASION IN THE FAMOUS KNOX RECIPE BOOK . . . CLIP COUPON AND MAIL IN TO-DAY!



TOMATO JELLY (Illustrated)
(6 Servings)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine | 1 tablespoonful mild vinegar or lemon juice |
| 1/4 cup cold water | Few grains salt |
| 2 cups canned tomatoes | Few grains cayenne or pepper |
| 1 tablespoonful onion juice | 1/2 bay leaf—if desired |
| Stalk celery | |

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients except onion and vinegar and let boil ten minutes. Add soaked gelatine and stir until dissolved, then add vinegar and onion juice (extracted by grating onion). Strain. Turn into wet molds and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise or cooked dressing; or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats. The juice of fresh tomatoes makes a delightful salad.

For a delicious salad, when jelly begins to congeal, add 1/2 cup crabmeat and 1/4 cup chopped celery (carefully removing bits of shell from the crabmeat).

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Please mail me, **FREE**, your two books, "Dainty Desserts and Salads" and "Food Economy".

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The Loveliest Party Frocks

These voile dresses are jolly companions which will appeal to mothers as well as to the discriminating little girls who will wear them

Designs by SADIE P. LE SUEUR

Mother's practiced eye will be quick to note the virtues of a material that will withstand countless launderings without losing its freshness and of styles that are suitably simple, while her young daughter's eyes are round with excitement as she contemplates the soft colors and precious feminine details. And so it is that voile has been selected for these individual little frocks which are trimmed with touches of embroidery worked in the simplest stitches. Such a frock is just the thing for parties, church and all dress-up occasions.

Hanna: Orchid voile trimmed with white organdy fashions a cool little dress of two-year size. The organdy vest and shoulder pieces are embroidered with orchid rambler roses which have purple centers and green lazy-daisy leaves. The lace insertion which borders the organdy pieces may be purchased at any near-by store. The arms and neck are bound with orchid bias fold.



Hanna

Hazel

Hazel: The yoke and hem of this yellow voile dress are white voile embroidered with orange and yellow French knot flowers which have green outline-stitch stems and green lazy-daisy leaves. The neck and arms are bound with yellow bias fold. Designed for two-year size.

Hilda: A white voile dress has a blue voile hem and blue voile trimming bands over the arms. The tied ends of the bands hang at the sides. Sprays of rose and pink rambler roses are worked around the top of the hem and over the shoulders. Designed for six-year size.

Honora: On the white organdy collar of this green voile dress are red rambler roses with green stems and leaves, extending from square green appliqués. They give the effect of tiny flower pots in which colorful red flowers are growing. The edge of the collar is bound with green bias folds. Designed for eight-year size.



Hilda

Hyla

Henrietta

Hyla: A delightful shaded effect is achieved in this little model by combining pink, light rose and deep rose voile. The top of the dress is pink, the middle light rose, and the bottom deep rose. The armbands and the narrow binding at the neck are light rose.

The embroidery design consists of three groups of flowers worked in pink and rose one-stitch with rose French knot centers. The stems are green outline-stitch, the leaves green lazy-daisy. Designed for eight-year size.

Henrietta: A blue voile frock has a white organdy collar and organdy pockets embroidered with pink and rose rambler roses, blue French knot flow-

ers, and blue satin-stitch bows. Lace on collar and pockets and ribbon at shoulders may be purchased from any near-by store. Four-year size.

Harriet: The shoulder pieces of this white voile dress, and the trimming band down the front, are made with



Helen

Harriet

strips of green bias fold fagoted together. This effective trimming is very easily made by basting the folds onto a paper pattern and catching them together with a simple fagoting stitch. Eight-year size.

Helen: A pink voile dress has neck, arms and bottom bound with blue bias fold, and panels of blue appliqué onto the skirt. It is embroidered with blue lazy-daisies and pink rambler roses. Easily made smocking appears at the front. Six-year size.

The simplest way to smock is to put as many rows of machine stitching as are needed, over which the smocking is to be done. The material allowed is two and one-half times the length of the finished design. Use No. 70 or 80 thread and loosen the tension on the machine enough to make the bottom thread pull easily and draw up threads until material is shirred in straight, even lines. Tie threads securely with a double knot on the wrong side of the material and begin smocking with colored floss of a contrasting color. The smocking is done in small diamond shapes, using six strands of floss in the needle.



Honora

*the last thing at night . . .
first thing in the morning*

gargle with Listerine as a precaution against colds ♦ ♦ ♦



and as a treatment—

WHO can doubt the value of the regular morning and night gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic with its amazing power to kill germs in 15 seconds? What a remarkable precautionary measure it is!

Most of the diseases of children and adults, including the common cold, start in the mouth. They are caused by germs breeding there by the millions.

Repeated tests, employing the methods used at great universities show that the Listerine gargle actually reduces germs on the surfaces of the mouth 98%; kills them in 15 seconds—fastest killing time accurately recorded by science.

Included are the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), Streptococcus, Bacillus Influenzae



and Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh)—the dangerous organisms associated with colds and inflamed throats.

In time of normal health, gargle Listerine night and morning. It keeps the mouth healthy and clean, the breath sweet and agreeable. But when your throat is sore, or you have a cold or feel one coming on, call your physician and repeat the gargle every two hours. Millions say it is an effective treatment.

By frequent gargling you give nature an extra attacking force she needs to keep swiftly growing disease germs under control.

Don't be afraid to use Listerine full strength. Only in this way will you get full germicidal effect. *Lambert Pharmacal Co.*

the safe antiseptic . . . reduces mouth bacteria 98%

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN FIFTEEN SECONDS

Grandpa's Story

The next time you see old Granddaddy Longlegs, remember this exciting story about how he outwitted a wicked kidnaper and found a lifelong friend

Told and Illustrated by UNCLE JOHNNY GRUELLE

"OH, DEAR!" cried Granddaddy Longlegs, as he fell upon a daisy and rolled from there to the ground. "Oh, dear!" and Granddaddy Longlegs picked himself up and wiped his head with his pocket handkerchief.

After counting his legs to see if all were still there, he slowly climbed from the grass where he had fallen and crawled up the stem of the daisy.

When he reached the top, he seated himself on one of the petals of the flower, and dipping his red handkerchief in the dew still clinging to one of the petals, he again wiped his forehead.

"How will I ever find the way back to Gran'mommy?" he said.

The daisy began to shake, and Granddaddy Longlegs arose and peeped over the edge. He saw a tiny Sprite climbing up the daisy stem.

When the Sprite reached the flower, Granddaddy Longlegs reached one of his long arms over the petal and lifted the Sprite up beside him.

"Why didn't you fly up?" Granddaddy asked, seeing the Sprite had two dainty transparent wings on his back.

"Oh, it's fun just to climb once in a while!" replied the Sprite, as he crossed his tiny legs and sat down beside Granddaddy Longlegs. "Didn't I see you roll off the flower awhile ago?"

"Yes, I guess you did!" Granddaddy chuckled, but then sobering up he continued, "Really though, it is nothing to laugh at, and while it is funny now, it wasn't funny while it was going on!"

"I never see anything funny in watching anyone fall," said the Sprite.

"Oh, I was not speaking of falling off the flower!" said Granddaddy Longlegs, and he chuckled so long the little Sprite jumped up and patted him on the back, thinking he was choking.

"You see," went on Granddaddy Longlegs, just as if he had never stopped, "I fell from way up in the air! Oh! an enormous distance, and I lit upon this daisy here, and then rolled off upon the soft grass beneath! It didn't hurt a bit!"

"Were you flying?" asked the little Sprite.

"Yes, I was flying," Granddaddy replied, "but not of my own free will. You see, a blackbird picked me up and flew away with me, but I kicked and wiggled around so much I guess that I must have tickled his nose, for he sneezed. And when he sneezed, I fell out of his bill and lit upon this daisy and then rolled to the grass below!"

"And now," continued Granddaddy, as he pulled his long pipe from his pocket and lit it with a tinder box he took from his vest pocket, "the question is, how will I ever get back to Gran'mommy? She will be quite worried if I do not return before dark!"

"Do you know where you live?" asked the tiny Sprite.

"Quite well," answered Granddaddy Longlegs, "but I do not know how to get there!"

"Perhaps I could carry you home!" said the Sprite. "Get upon my back and we will try flying around to find it!"

So Granddaddy Longlegs climbed upon the little Sprite's back, and when the little creature started flying, Granddaddy held on so tightly the little Sprite could not move his wings, and down they both tumbled to the grass below.

Of course, it did not hurt them in the least, and they scrambled to their feet, laughing heartily. "I tell you what we will do, Granddaddy," said the little Sprite, "I will catch hold of your hands and fly with you that way, but you must promise not to wiggle and

twist and kick and squirm and tickle my nose!"

"I promise!" said Granddaddy Longlegs, holding his angular right arm above his head. So the little Sprite caught hold of his two hands, and away they went way up in the air. "Take a good look all around," said the Sprite, "and tell me, if you can, the direction in which you live!"

"You are flying the wrong way!" cried Granddaddy. "I live in the east from here, I am sure!" and when the little Sprite had turned and flown toward the east for awhile, Granddaddy suddenly cried out, "There's where I live! Under that big red stone!" So the little Sprite flew down to the big red stone and set Granddaddy Longlegs upon the ground.

When Gran'mommy Longlegs saw Granddaddy safe and sound she came running out of the house so fast she stepped upon her apron strings, and if it had not been that she had four legs with which to catch herself, she would surely have fallen down.

"I saw the wicked bird fly away with you, Granddaddy!" she cried, as she threw her arms around his neck and hugged him.

Gran'mommy wanted to know how he had escaped, and Granddaddy told her, and told her of the little Sprite's kind assistance.

Gran'mommy asked the little Sprite in the house, and as they went in Granddaddy said he would hunt the cows. So he put his fingers in his mouth and whistled, and in a moment a tiny brown cricket came hopping up the path, wagging his tail and flicking his wings together as he jumped about Granddaddy.

"Nice Shep!" Granddaddy said, as he stooped and patted the cricket's head. "Go find the cows!"

The little brown cricket flicked his wings together and hopped down the path at a great rate.

Presently he returned driving before him the little ant cows. The little Sprite and Gran'mommy came out, and Granddaddy told the Sprite that he herded them for the ants.

Shep drove all the tiny cows into the acorn barn, and Granddaddy locked the door so that no one would disturb them until the ants came at milking time.

The little Sprite was asked to stay for supper, and as Gran'mommy set the tiny table and made honey tea, Granddaddy found out that the little Sprite had no home, but slept in any flower which happened to be open when he felt sleepy.

So Granddaddy and Gran'mommy told him he was welcome to stay with them, and the little Sprite was induced to live with the good couple.

And there he lives still, and is always with Granddaddy when he is out walking. But only those who are very good and kind and never hurt the tiny creatures ever see the Sprite, for he is invisible. So when you see Granddaddy Longlegs and say, "Granddaddy, tell me which way the cows have gone, or I'll knock off your head!" the little Sprite tells Granddaddy which way to point, and Granddaddy is very grateful to him.



GRANDDADDY REACHED ONE OF HIS LONG ARMS OVER AND LIFTED THE SPRITE UP

The Conceited Seed

ONE day a tiny seed traveled down the long dusty road and was very well satisfied with itself. The tiny seed finally came to a Spring Beauty. "Hello, tiny little seed! Where are you going?"

At first the tiny little seed did not answer, but then thinking how pale the Spring Beauty looked, the tiny little seed answered, "I am traveling until I find a place which suits my fancy. Then I shall grow into a lovely flower." And the seed with its head in the air turned into a path leading through the woods.

A scarlet Cardinal flower looked down at the tiny seed and nodded his head, "Hello, tiny little seed!"

But the tiny little seed turned up its nose and walked right by. "My, such impudence!" it said.

Finally it came to a lovely Rose Garden. "Hello, tiny little seed!" cried all the lovely Roses. The tiny little seed turned up its nose.

"Dear me!" it said, "one would think you were not all covered with stickers to hear you talk so rudely to a stranger like me! I will plant myself right here," the tiny seed said to itself, "and show these haughty Roses how beautiful I can become," so it wiggled until it was hidden under the soft earth.

Then the soft rains fell upon the ground and the seed shot up. "Now they shall see!" cried the tiny seed, swelling with pride. "Soon I shall blossom!" the tiny seed thought, "then won't the Roses be sorry they are not as beautiful as I!"

One day a lady came into the Rose Garden and seeing the leaves of the plant which grew from the tiny seed, she said, "How in the world did you get here?" and with that, she pulled the plant from the ground and threw it over the fence into the alley.

Then the lovely Roses leaned over the fence and saw the tiny seed at the roots of its plant and they knew why the lady had thrown it over the fence to be trampled on by passing feet, for the tiny seed which thought so much of itself and would not have anything to do with the other flowers, was only a weed.



THE CONCEITED SEED



Make This Your
Happiest Summer

Rosy Cheeks Don't Grow on Bushes—

BUT ROSES do. And, strangely enough, when you plant roses in your garden, water them, tend them, you will soon find them blossoming in your cheeks as well as in the garden.

Nothing makes homes happier than growing things. Anyone can have a happy home. Start now to let more

sunshine into your life. Think of it! Six of the choicest, one-year-old rose bushes money can buy—thoroughbred varieties—guaranteed to grow, without a penny of expense if you act at once. Plants are shipped postpaid from our grower and, with the exception of the climber, will bloom this very year.

We Ship You These Six Splendid Varieties

DAME EDITH HELEN

A wonderful rose! True pink, taking on a luminous, glowing tint as flower expands.

WHITE ENSIGN

Pure white in color, long in bud, fine in form and of delicious fragrance.

FRANK READER

A bright golden-yellow. Exquisite in form. Has beautiful foliage of deep green.

SHOWER OF GOLD

A deep golden-yellow climber with orange shadings in the center. Very hardy.

GEORGE H. MACKERETH

Dark, velvety crimson. Long-pointed double blossoms. Highly fragrant. Hardy growth.

REV. F. PAGE ROBERTS

Coppery-red buds. Golden-yellow when fully developed. Blooms until late fall. Beautiful foliage.

FREE! For Two One-year Subscriptions

OFFER No. GN2—Send us two one-year subscriptions to *Woman's World* with only \$1.00 in payment and we will ship you the six rose bushes and book, "Success in Rose Culture," as a reward.

OFFER No. GN1—Brings you one year of *Woman's World*, the six rose bushes and "Success in Rose Culture," all for only 65c.

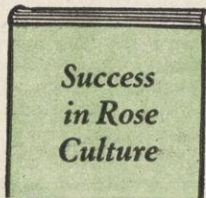
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OFFER No. GN3—\$1.25 brings you *Woman's World* for three full years and the six rose bushes with book, "Success in Rose Culture," all postpaid.

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Maud R. Jacobs' new, illustrated book on rose and garden culture sent postpaid with each rose collection—if you order promptly.



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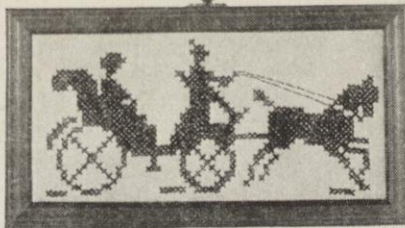
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Old-time Carriage



Silhouettes in Cross-stitch

THE sampler has endeared itself to embroidery lovers because of the quaint formality of design worked out with rows of little square crosses. These samplers are stamped on white linen and cross-stitched entirely with black floss which makes it a matter of a very short time to finish a pair of pictures. The stitch must be made evenly and cross the same way each time. Then the linen is mounted on cardboard and placed in its frame, with a ring at the center top to hang it by. There is always a place in the home for two little pictures of the same size.

Old-time Carriage
and *Coach*. This pair

Bicycle
for *Two*
is shown
below



*The Two
Seater,*
above

of pictures, one at the top and one at the bottom of the page, are 7½ x 4½ inches each. The frames are ½ inch wide, finished in maple with a black line at the inner edge and a gold ring at the top.

Bicycle for Two and *The Two Seater*. A pair of pictures, each of which measures 10 inches from the top point to the bottom one. A gold and black frame is ½

Family of Three,
left; *The New
Bonnet,* below

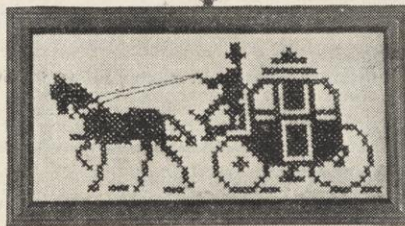


inch wide and there is a gold ring at the top.

Family of Three and *The New Bonnet*. A pair of square pictures each 7 inches, in black and gold with a gold ring at the top.

Black six-strand floss is used, splitting it into three strands for the cross-stitches. One picture shows a family on promenade; the other a belle tying her bonnet strings.

Old-time Coach



Samplers stamped on linen with floss, glass, frame and ring, \$1.00 a pair, may be secured from *Woman's World*, Chicago, Ill.

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It has a natural "bite" that harmlessly removes stains and film. Dentists recommend it particularly because its alkaline reaction neutralizes mouth acids—thus checking this cause of tooth decay.

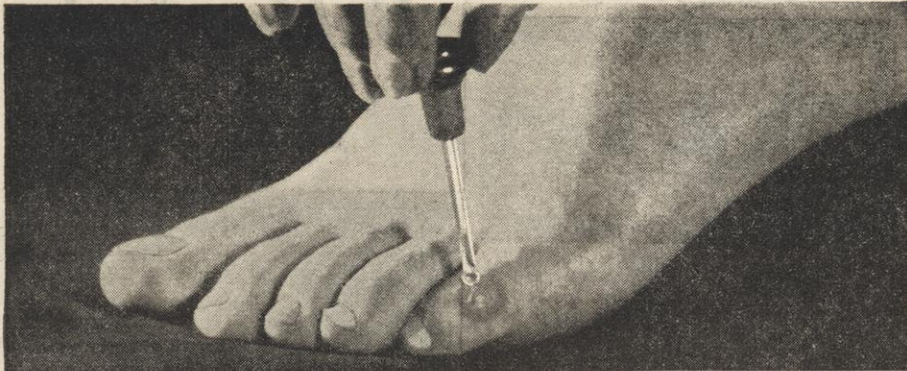
Use as much as the moistened brush will pick up—just as you would any tooth powder. But use only the best—*Arm & Hammer* or *Cow Brand Baking Soda*. They are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda. Available everywhere.

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The silk stockings are flesh-colored and the high-heeled slippers gold. Bonnet, dress and pantalettes are Nile green, with picoted ruffles. Pink buds with rose centers, blue forget-me-nots with yellow centers and green lazy-daisy leaves are embroidered. Dress, pantalettes and bonnet stamped flat on green organdy and picoted, floss, slippers and stockings, \$1.25.

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How I MADE UP for JOHN'S ShrunkEN PAY CHECK



How a Little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It had been hard enough before, but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered thru the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making \$15.00 to \$50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby greasless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done? Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well, to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week, I sold 238 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15c a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check, he threw it down on the table and said gloomily, "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied at less than \$150.00 a week.

Women interested in making \$15.00 to \$50.00 in their spare time are invited to write for details of the Brown Bobby plan to Food Display Machine Corp., Dept. 56D, Chicago, Ill.

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Dept. 56D, 500-510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
Without cost send me details of your Brown Bobby plan.
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Rose Dressing Table Puff: Used as a handkerchief holder or for squares of absorbent cotton to apply cold cream or powder. It is 9 inches in diameter and is shirred along stamped lines with matching floss. In its center is a bunch of green stamens. The opening at back, through which handkerchiefs or cotton are inserted, is drawn with a silk cord, which

Rose Pajama Puff



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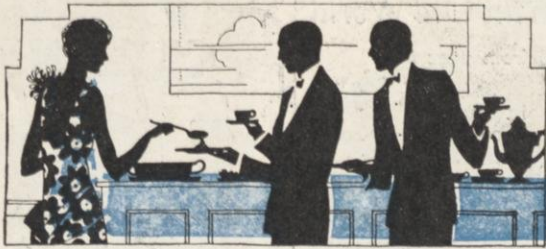
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Say It with Showers!

Three unusual parties planned for the presentation of gifts and good wishes to a happy bride-to-be

By ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

IN THESE days when linens acquire lovely pastel hues, when china and glass take on new beauty, and when even lowly kitchen utensils blossom like a garden, it's truly a pleasure to plan a happy little affair for their presentation to a bride-to-be.

Any engaged girl would be delighted with a shower of toiletries, such as perfumes, bath salts, creams, powder and other "beauty aids." These may adorn the branches of a Beauty Tree. The luncheon table suggests spring blossoms and may be covered with a pink cloth, or with rose pink crepe paper, with a bowl or basket of pink blossoms as a centerpiece. Nut cups and place-cards harmonize in color, and at the plate of the guest of honor is a pretty corsage bouquet, the attached card bearing this verse:

May blossoms of happiness bloom on your way,
And scatter sweet fragrance to gladden each day.

A small sister of the hostess, or a guest, would be raised to the seventh heaven of joy by being included in the celebration, so, in a dainty pink dress and wearing a wreath of pink paper blossoms, she may appear as a Blossom Fairy at the conclusion of the luncheon and hand the honoree a pink card on which is written:

Quickly rise and follow me,
Where Beauty blossoms on a tree.

If there is no small sister available, the hostess may present the invitation.

Beauty Gifts on a Tree

In the corner of the living-room is the Beauty Tree, which has been made by wiring to a "costumer" branches adorned with pink paper blossoms. These can be cut from pink crepe paper or from crepe paper in a blossom design, twisted a bit, and pasted or glued on the branches. The costumer itself is wrapped in brown crepe paper, to imitate a tree trunk.

The "beauty gifts" are wrapped in pink and tied with silver, then suspended by tazel hooks or a bit of picture wire. The amazed bride-elect then has the pleasure of gathering her gifts from the tree. This plan may be adapted to other presents small in size, as hosiery or lingerie, in which case the invitation verse may read:

Quickly rise and follow me
Where presents blossom on a tree!

A rainbow shower may be used for the presentation of either kitchen or linen gifts, since both have taken to themselves rainbow hues, or for miscellaneous presents. Pale blue crepe paper (or a cloth) may cover the table, and above it bends a rainbow made by hanging six-inch paper fringe in rainbow colors from a curved wire. At each



plate is a little pot of gold holding violets, and no one would guess that the attractive little favors were cold cream jars, gilded! Rainbow place-cards are easily contrived by using plain cards and marking a rainbow with a child's set of crayons.

A Rainbow Shower

After dessert has been enjoyed, each guest writes on her rainbow card a hope for the honoree and the cards are passed to the engaged girl, who reads aloud the affectionate wishes expressed and then finds on the reverse of each directions for finding a gift:

To my present wrapped in red,
May your eager feet be sped.

Decked in orange, cheerful, bright,
May my present meet your sight.

And so on, with verses for all the colors of the rainbow. The honor guest has a merry time finding the rainbow-wrapped gifts.

Of course, no shower starts out as one, and a group of girls may gather to hem dish towels or do some monogramming or other pretty work. But when refreshments are served, a card may be handed the bride-to-be, and she reads aloud:

Feed him home-made cookies, home-made pies and cake,
Tarts and patties, gingerbread, you must learn to bake.

Would you hold your husband's love, hold it without fail?

Make him lovely things to eat, that's the Truelove Trail!

The guest of honor is then given a silver cord and bidden to start along the Truelove Trail, to find her gifts. (The cord and gifts have been arranged by the hostess while the other guests have been busy sewing.) The Trail may wind about the house, or outdoors if weather permits, and a merry group of girls will follow the honoree as the silver cord discloses one gift after another. A verse may accompany each present.

It's a pleasant plan to have the shower in the evening and let the groom-to-be and his friends share the pleasure of the surprise gifts. Of course, he should be remembered in the donation also. It's a simple matter to fix a bouquet of vegetables, tie with a strip of fly netting and hang from it by white tape, in shower effect, some little "beauty" gifts in colored wrappings, as shaving cream, shaving soap, tooth paste, soap and other inexpensive articles, and upon the gift card tied to the bouquet may be written an appropriate verse like this:

This lovely bouquet brings some first aids to beauty,
So keep yourself handsome, indeed 'tis your duty!



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HOURS spent at a bridge table; other hours at the theatre, at the opera; at an office desk! The problem of sanitary protection becomes more and more complicated as the modern woman extends her varied interests. For she refuses to recognize physical handicaps which once limited her opportunities. Kotex has made such handicaps a thing of the past.

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In order that a sanitary pad fulfill its purpose satisfactorily, it must absorb not only in one concentrated spot, but the full length of the surface. This Kotex does... the long, delicate fibers of which each layer is made serve to carry moisture swiftly away from the center and away from the surface. This makes for delicate, lasting comfort. Kotex is soft—and it stays soft. Also, Kotex is treated to deodorize—a great aid to daintiness.

Wear it on either side with equal protection. No precaution need be taken to wear Kotex a special way. There is never any likelihood of embarrassment from wrong adjustment.

Kotex, because of its hygienic superiority, is specified by hospitals where the

most rigorous sanitary care is taken. They even use its filler (Cellucotton—not cotton—absorbent wadding) for surgical cases... which is the highest possible tribute to its safety, its absorbency.

The softness, the security, the hygienic qualities of Kotex are already familiar to millions of women. Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store.

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Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.
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KOTEX

Suggestions for another party and additional rhymes will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelop. Address Party Editor, Woman's World, Chicago.

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MISS E. TULL, 6206 Winthrop, Chicago, Ill.

Romancing in the Old World

(Continued from page 35)

to abandon later in England for the "Mayflower"). They are shown on board the little vessel, kneeling with their pastor, John Robinson. Below are cut these simple, touching words from an early chronicler: "Their Reverend Pastor commended them with most fervent prayers, to the Lord and His Blessing... but the tide which stays for no man calling them away."

My nice old sextoness told me more about the Begynenhof itself. The little court shelters the two churches, the small nunnery, and besides that, no one but elderly Catholic ladies. No man may live within its enclosure, though anyone is free to walk about its shaded street.

As the church bells began to ring, I stepped out again and walked slowly around this quaint and charming place. From almost every front door there were emerging little old ladies in sober black silks, their prayer-books in their hands. They came delicately down the high steps and moved off through the sunshine toward the church doors. I shall never forget the mellow calm of that old spot.

It was church time. I saw Jack and our friends coming through the archway, so we all went in together to a beautiful service. The church I have been describing has a congregation made up of English and Americans who are in Amsterdam, as well as many Dutch who belong there permanently. The minister, by tradition, is always either Scotch or English and the service is in English.

Now, Nancy, my love, I must stop. Our hotel bill is paid, our bags are packed, our wonderful trip is over and we are ready to turn our faces homeward. Am I glad? I should say I am! Am I sorry? Terribly so! Now, there's a paradox for you! But this is what I mean. The lure of travel grows upon one. This trip has opened up a whole store of new experiences and provided us with many wonderful memories. Therefore, it has but whetted our appetite for more sights of "far seas and distant lands." We shall probably—rash, improvident couple that we are—save our money for the next few years and then spend it all for the sake of the smell of salt air and the sight of a sea-gull and a few weeks spent in other far, romantic corners of the earth. And I should heartily recommend everybody else (you and Dave in particular) to do the same thing. It's all so gloriously worth it.

But, after a month or so spent in foreign countries, there is something that rises in your heart aside from the occasional qualms of homesickness for your beloved family. It is a longing for your own land. And I fancy that most of our countrymen find, as I have done, that those fine words of Henry Van Dyke chant themselves over and over in the brain as a trip abroad draws to an end:

"It's home again and home again,
America for me!"

So, goodbye, Nancy dear. You've been such a patient listener to all my outpourings! A blessing upon your head in every language the world over!

Your devoted
"BEGS."

Gift Novelties

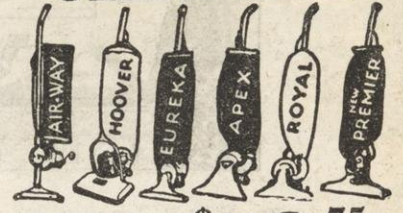
(Continued from page 42)

also serves to hang up the bag. Another small opening at top is used to select handkerchiefs or cotton.

Rose Pajama Puff: It is 12 inches, and holds pajamas or nightgown, which are inserted through a round opening on the under side, drawn up with silk cord. Under side is left plain, so the rose lies flat on the bed. (Shown on page 42.)

Either Puff may be had stamped flat on rose, orchid or yellow rayon twill, with stamens, matching floss and silk cord, for 65 cents apiece. Send orders to Woman's World, Chicago.

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BAYER ASPIRIN



Decorative Crewel Work

Something new? No, only a revival of an art that flourished in great-grandmother's day

OLD-FASHIONED crewel embroidery furnished the inspiration for these delightful cushions and footstools. The designs really do resemble their predecessors but they are modern in color, technique and simplicity of stitches.

Crewel embroidery had an aristocratic ancestry. It is distinctly English and there are some lovely pieces handed down from the seventeenth century. Our great-grandmothers brought it to this country where they found much enjoyment in making fire screens, cushions and footstools on which cattails, goldenrod and other floral decorations were realistically rendered.

Crewel work was made almost entirely with satin-stitch which in the modern versions on this page is changed to one-stitch. This makes it the simplest type of embroidery, depending for its beauty on the lines of the design and the soft, pleasing colorings in the yarn.

A tan crash that resembles linen is used,

and the colorful yarn one-stitches are worked directly on this plain ground.

The base of the footstool, on which the embroidered piece is mounted, is of wood, well padded and covered with muslin. It is 9x14 inches, with box sides and walnut-colored legs, and is 7 inches high.

After the embroidery is completed, the tan crash is stretched tightly over the top of the stool, then tacked around the edges with braid, held with upholstery tacks.

A cushion to match is 16 inches square.

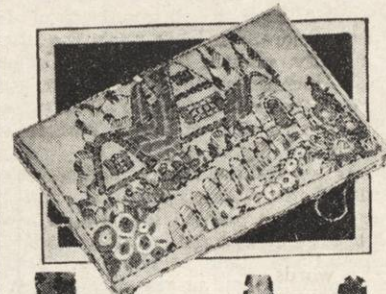
The braid for Jacobean Rose stool and cushion is orange with black yarn criss-crossed through it; for the English Cottage set it is green with orange yarn criss-crossed in it.

Jacobean Rose

A design which goes back to the Jacobean period in England for its inspiration. The flowers are made with yellow, orange, brown, light henna and dark henna yarn, accented with jade green stitches. The leaves are in two shades of olive green yarn, with occasional black stitches. Stems are black.

English Cottage

The cobblestone path that leads to this cottage characteristic of English country life has old-fashioned flowers growing along its borders, in shaded orchid with yellow centers; shaded rose with black



ENGLISH COTTAGE FOOTSTOOL AND SOFA CUSHION

JACOBEOAN ROSE FOOTSTOOL



centers; shaded blue with orange centers and shaded yellow with black outlines. The picket fence is white outlined in black. The gabled roof is red yarn, leaded windows black stitches, and the blinds filled in with blue stitches.

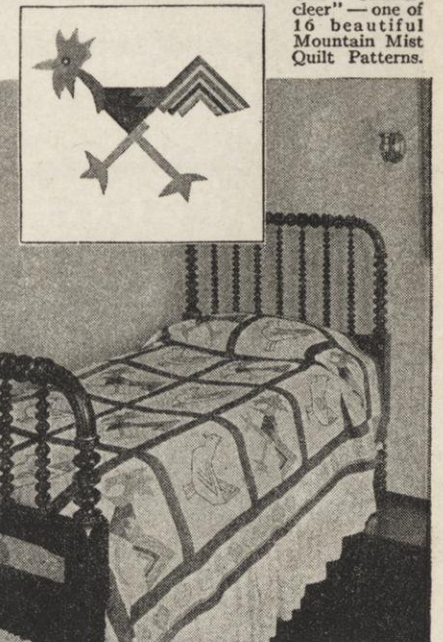
Cushions stamped, with embroidery yarn and braid, \$1.00; footstool tops with embroidery yarn, braid and tacks 85c; footstool base \$1.25, may be secured from Woman's World, 4223 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

"That quilt was on my crib when I was a baby"

CAN you ever begin to understand the significance of such a quilt made by a mother while she was still carrying her baby close to her heart, or by the grandmother, thrilled at the thought of her first grandchild?

Think what such a quilt will mean to your own child or grandchild in the years to come. And you can easily make one, which, with its tiny yellow chicks and gay roosters, will also be the most delightful of crib covers.

The "Chanticleer"—one of 16 beautiful Mountain Mist Quilt Patterns.



Mountain Mist Quilt Patterns and Mountain Mist Quilting Cotton make quilt-making easy. Patterns are most complete and actual size. Tell you how to lay out the cloth, cut it, how many pieces to cut, and where to locate each piece. Even tell you how much cloth to buy.

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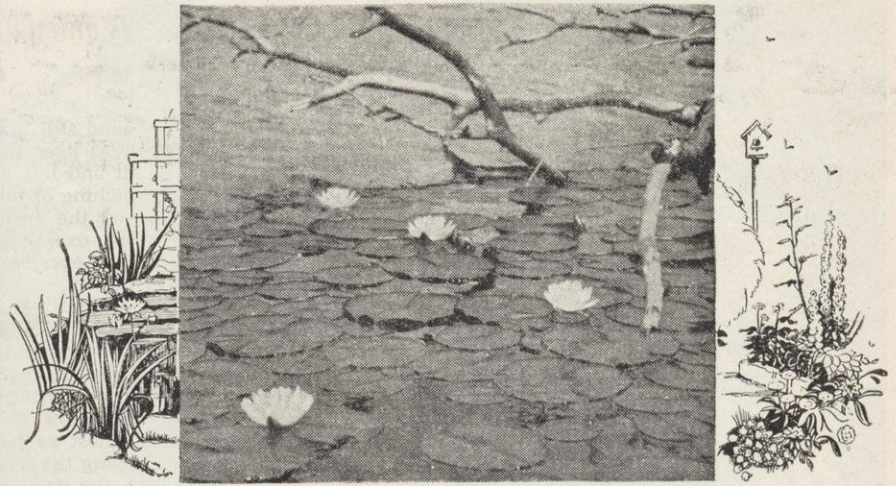
You still have time to start planting your flower or vegetable garden. Think of having fresh, beautiful flowers in your home this spring, summer and fall! Think how much your home-grown vegetables will mean to your dinners. Think of the finer seasonings possible, the crisper salads, the succulent, tempting flavor of your vegetable platters. *And think of the economy, too.*

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Plan Now for Pond Lilies

In beauty and enjoyment a home-built pool repays many times over the gardener's time and effort

By MAUD R. JACOBS

ALILY pool may be any size from a sunken pail or tub to a natural lake, and any depth from five inches to five feet or more. Water-lilies require full sunlight, rich soil and warm, still water for perfect results.

Anything that will hold water may be sunk in the ground to serve as a lily pool, but metal containers are sometimes unsatisfactory. Larger pools may be made of cement, of stone chinked with cement, or of puddled clay, although nothing so strong-rooted as cattails should be used in the latter. Firms selling water-lilies are always willing to send free instructions for making concrete pools.

Soil for lily pools should be half rotted sod and half rotted cow manure. One part dried sheep manure to nine parts good garden soil, or one quart bone-meal to a bushel of good garden soil, may be used if rotted manure is not available. Small pools are filled with soil to a depth of six inches or more. In large pools the lilies are usually planted in tubs or boxes 30x30x10 inches and the boxes set on the bottom of the pool, spaced to allow twenty-five square feet of water surface to each tropical lily.

Hardy water-lilies are planted in early spring, often in March or April. Tender water-lilies are planted in June, the 7th or 8th around Chicago. Hardy lilies as purchased are slices of rhizome. These slices should be laid on the surface of the soil, with cut ends toward the sides of the pool, and pressed into the soil until barely covered. Tender water-lilies are in leaf when received and should be pressed into the soil till the crown is even with the surface of the soil. Nelumbiums, or lotuses, have rootstocks that look like slender sweet potatoes. These are laid full length on the surface and pressed into the soil until covered. All may need a piece of brick to hold them in place until they begin rooting. An inch of sand is sifted over the bottom after the planting.

The Care of Pools

Pools may be with or without drains. It is not necessary to change the water from the time it is run in until the pool is emptied in the fall, unless green scum forms in spring. Then the pool is filled to overflowing to carry off the scum, and part of the water dipped out again. The depth of water should be only two or three inches in spring to induce early bloom. Results are best if the depth can be increased to eighteen inches or more during the heat of summer.

Every pool should have goldfish, sunfish or small perch to eat mosquito larvae. A clump of eelgrass or other good aquarium plant should be planted for the fish. A shallow ledge around or along one

end of a pool affords an ideal site for growing watercress, marsh marigolds, umbrella palms, water cannas, calla-lilies, butterfly lilies, papyrus, bog bean, arrowhead and other plants that thrive in bogs and marshes.

The banks of natural or naturalistic pools are lovely when planted with marshmallow, fringed gentian, cattails, sedges, lythrum, cardinal lobelia, hemerocallis, marsh iris, Siberian iris, fountain grass or forget-me-not; or with shrubs such as elderberry, cephalanthus, winterberry and small-flowered dogwood.

The best water-lilies for beginners are the hardy ones, of which none is lovelier than our native white, *Nymphaea odorata*. This may be secured from sloughs and ponds, or purchased. A small-flowered form, *N. odorata minor*, is excellent for tub pools. *Chromatella* is a good hardy yellow, and *Yellow Pygmy* a good yellow. *N. odorata rosea* is a good pink.

Winter Storage

Hardy water-lilies are left in the pool over winter, and tropical sorts such as *Blue Beauty* have been left in pools as far north as Wisconsin with good results. Most tender water-lilies, though, must be stored in a frost-proof basement or buried below frost in the garden over winter; few gardeners are able to keep them without greenhouse facilities. Goldfish may be left in the pool over winter if the water is deep enough so it does not freeze to the bottom.

Water may be left in pools, and the pool covered with boards, covered with a foot or more of leaves, straw manure or corn fodder, with the covering extending at least eighteen inches beyond the sides of the pool to keep frost from striking in from the sides. Or water may be dipped from it and the pool filled up with leaves.

In early spring, after the weather begins to warm up, remove leaves and sand. Add fertilizer, fresh sand and several inches of water, increasing the depth of the water enough during cold spells so it will not freeze to the bottom. Every second or third year, lift and divide the lilies and replant in fresh soil.

Lotuses, or nelumbiums, are perfectly hardy in the Middle West and as far north as Canada, and are cared for in winter exactly as hardy water-lilies. Any reports to the contrary notwithstanding, the lovely fragrant native yellow lotus is easily grown from filed seed, and is easily transplanted in spring just after growth begins. *Nelumbium speciosum*, the sacred lotus of India, is an exquisite pink. Both lotuses are gross feeders and must be kept in tubs or walled-in pockets in the pool, else they will fill a large pool in a season or two, crowding out everything else.

Beauty Aids for Women

(Continued from page 36)

chin to the chest; with the hand still under the chin, push the head back as far as possible; push to the right and left in a similar manner. Daily stretching of the neck and simple rotating of the head from side to side are good exercises. Massage with good creams is excellent for the neck and throat.

One mark of neck-beauty is the line of hair as it meets the neck. The fashion of bobbed hair did much to demonstrate what a trim, neat appearance of the hair could accomplish in regard to heads. Some women went to extremes, however, and many hair-lines were almost ruined by the foolish custom of clipping the hair close to the skin, or shaving the neck at the back and sides. Others wore bobs cut straight across regardless of the shape of their necks. It may be, though, that such methods are preferable to a fringe of short straggly hairs hanging down, for nothing detracts so much from the beauty of a neck as an unkempt appearance of the hair.

A short fat neck may be apparently lengthened by the method of cutting or dressing the hair, while the effect of a long thin neck is greatly improved by the length and shape of the bob or by dressing long hair becomingly low. Use a hand mirror and study the characteristics of your neck, then dress your hair accordingly.

Closely allied to hair-lines are the neck-lines of the dresses we wear. A short fat neck clothed in a dress with a V-shaped neckline may appear quite swan-like, while inches are lopped off a long thin neck when arrayed in a dress of becoming color with a round or square-shaped neckline.

Next in our descent are the shoulders, and here again we find tales of posture, and also of mental attitudes. Sagging shoulders indicate an unhealthy physical or mental state. Shoulders that are upright and well rounded are signs of a healthy body.

When evening gowns are worn and the shoulders exposed, it is an absolute necessity that the skin be firm and clear. If on account of bodily conditions there is a tendency to acne, it sometimes appears on the shoulders, and even if one is not wearing gowns low in the neck, such a condition in any part of the body is serious and should receive immediate attention.

ROUND shoulders and a sunken chest go together; watch a person with such characteristics walk along the street. No styles were ever created for round shoulders and sunken chests. When a person with round shoulders begins to take on weight, it always seems as if the added pounds concentrate in a lump of fat at the back of the neck, accentuating the roundness of the shoulders. A good exercise to reduce this is to place the fingers at the back of the neck and rotate the head from side to side, then bend the head quickly to the chest, and back toward the shoulders.

A sunken chest is almost as difficult to overcome as a poor complexion. One of the best methods, in addition to the observance of perfect posture, is taking regular and persistent deep breathing exercises. When possible these should be carried out in front of an open window, standing correctly with the head up and the chest out. Begin by expelling all the air possible from the lungs, then inhale slowly, bending the head back slightly. Repeat a definite number of times. Breathing exercises are excellent for the neck, too. Remember, however, that no amount of breathing exercises will be of any avail unless followed regularly and persistently.

Another exercise for shoulders and neck is to place the tips of the fingers on the shoulders with the elbows straight out, then breathe in and out, raising and lowering the elbows to the sides. Repeat, moving the elbows to the front and back.

Throughout all these "daily dozens" one must remember that back of it all should be a careful observance of the rules of health as to food, exercise and clothing.

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is
your
HAIR
?



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A Patricia Alden Story

(Continued from page 31)

"Ah me!" said Patricia. "So all this attention has been just cold business, after all. I think I prefer being a social butterfly. As such I'm fluttering down to lunch with Miss Abby tomorrow—and perhaps I'll flutter in to see you, too. Good-night, Gordon."

"Good-morning, Patricia."

"Good-morning, Mr. Bruce. Please sit down again. You may recall the discussion yesterday of those new designs. Well, Miss Higgins and Miss Summers and the designer and I have worked out some suggestions which I thought I might put before you. We feel that—"

"But I thought you'd quit?"

"Miss Higgins hired me back again this morning. Now, these designs—" She opened a folder with some fashion sketches in it.

"The designs can wait. The thing I want to know is—"

"What all this shenanigan is about? Nothing, Mr. Bruce, but an instance of a woman presuming on her femininity to get away with a species of murder. I don't like being treated impersonally all the time by a man just because he's my boss. So I resigned, hoping you'd be personal for awhile. It was just an irresponsible girlish whim, impossible, of course, in the male character, and hard for a man to understand.

"Now that I've had my tonic of your personal interest for a few hours, I'm cheerfully adapting myself to impersonal business relations again. Simple, isn't it? Of course, I wouldn't have resigned if I hadn't been fresh and cocky enough to think that my feminine personality might wangle me back in again. I do love my job."

"I ought to fire you," said Gordon Bruce. "I would if your demoralizing influence couldn't be removed by sending you on the road again. If you stayed around here, it wouldn't be long before I'd have to kiss each of my hundred girls good-morning to keep them on the payroll. I have half a mind to begin with you just to illustrate what those ideas of yours might mean."

"You could have kissed me good-night last night, Gordon, but you can't kiss me good-morning this morning, Mr. Bruce. I don't know whether that proves your point or mine. Shall we talk about the new line now, Mr. Bruce? I think that these sketches might give you some suggestions."

BRUCE picked up the folder and ran rapidly through the sketches. "There's an idea or two here I can use," he approved after a quick examination.

"Of course, I'd already pretty much determined on what we'd adopt, and those extreme Parisian prints aren't it, by a long shot. My main idea yesterday in showing you those prints was to see what my demonstrators had learned on the road and whether they'd 'yes' me or have the courage and brains to give me the benefit of their experience. I'm not so dumb as to try to put over unmitigated Paris styles—but I was glad to find you weren't either. Miss Summers works hard but she hasn't much imagination. Oh, yes, and I'm raising you to sixty dollars a week. You'll leave for Highland tomorrow morning. That's about all, Miss Alden. As you notice, I am not getting up as you go out. This is a business office and not a ballroom."

"Yes, Mr. Bruce," said Patricia, "thank you, Mr. Bruce," and she made for the door.

Just as she put her hand on the knob: "Miss Alden."

Patricia turned.

"I have just decided to fire you, after all."

"Yes, Mr. Bruce."

"You are no longer employed here."

"No, Mr. Bruce."

Bruce rose to his feet, walked across the room and opened the door for her. "Your new job and salary will start tomorrow morning, Patricia. Will you dine with me tonight?"

"Yes, Gordon," said Patricia.

How many of these household secrets do you know?

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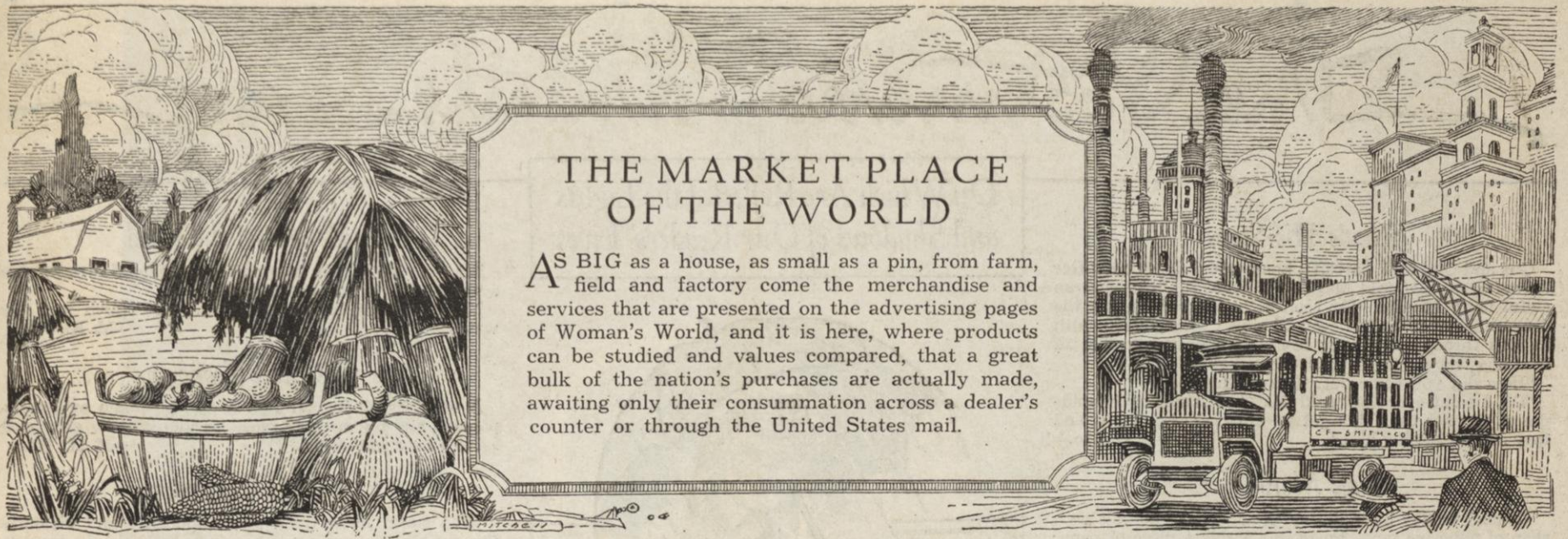
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THE MARKET PLACE OF THE WORLD

AS BIG as a house, as small as a pin, from farm, field and factory come the merchandise and services that are presented on the advertising pages of Woman's World, and it is here, where products can be studied and values compared, that a great bulk of the nation's purchases are actually made, awaiting only their consummation across a dealer's counter or through the United States mail.

A BUYING GUIDE FOR MODERN HOMEMAKERS

An index to the guaranteed products and services of American manufacturers contributing to the betterment of American home life

WOMAN'S WORLD MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We stand back of every advertisement which is published in Woman's World. We guarantee these advertisements to you because we believe advertised goods offer you the fullest protection, highest quality and most practical service.



We will refund your money if you are not satisfied with the value received or treatment given by any advertiser in Woman's World.

Harold A. Hammer
President.

TO KEEP its advertising columns as clean and high-grade as the stories, articles and departmental helps which appear on its editorial pages, has been the constant aim of Woman's World.

In pursuance of this policy of editorial and advertising consistency, a rigid supervision is maintained of the products and claims of manufacturers and none but those which can be endorsed by its "Money-back Guarantee" ever appear in the pages of Woman's World.

The financial responsibility of the producer, the merit of his product and the physical and moral effect of its entrance into the home are considerations which have caused the management of Woman's World voluntarily to decline during the past year over \$100,000.00 worth of advertising exploiting nostrums, misleading puzzle contests and products undesirable in a woman's publication.

That this unqualified guarantee of its advertising columns is appreciated by Woman's World subscribers and that through it has been built up a confidence in, and a patronage of, nationally advertised products generally, is shown by thousands of subscribers' letters.

Buying sagacity, business judgment and hard sense, all are evidenced in these letters. Different reasons were assigned for adhering to trade-marked brands, but confidence in their uniformity and quality was the keynote of them all and the aggregate is a striking commentary on the enlightened purchasing methods of modern homemakers in whose hands is placed the task of spending judiciously three-fourths of the nation's income.

Take, for instance, this analytical summary of reasons

presented by a woman in Covington, Ohio, for buying advertised brands:

"1. Knowledge that a certain-sized can of fruit or vegetables will contain a definite number of servings.

"2. Constancy of quality.

"3. Confidence that the product will do what is expected.

"4. Ability to compare prices and find the best bargains."

A letter from another subscriber in Maine sounds a progressive note that would do credit to the vision of any industrial leader or man of affairs. She says in part: "I do not think a housekeeper should be averse to trying new things, however, just because she has found some particular article or brand satisfactory. This is an age of constant improvement and we want to be sure we are using the best in every line of family requirements. Therefore, one should do her shopping with an open mind, depending considerably on what she learns about goods from her magazines."

The elimination of guesswork is stressed by an Oklahoma subscriber. "I find," says she, "that to buy articles or foods advertised in women's magazines of today eliminates all guesswork from buying. You no longer wonder whether a thing will be good; you know it will."

Summing it up, the purchase of advertised brands affords:

1. Uniform quality.
2. Cleanliness of cartons.
3. Full weight and quantity.
4. Uniformity of price.
5. Universal availability.
6. Assurance of freshness.
7. Saving of shopping time.
8. True economy.
9. The knowledge that the manufacturer thinks well enough of the merits of his product to put his claims regarding it in black and white.

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The Postman's Whistle Page

On Which Are Reflected the Lights
and Shadows of Our Readers' Lives

That's His Story

Gus and Olaf took part in a home talent show, and after it was over, Olaf told Maggie all about it. "Gus was an awful flop," he said. "As soon as he started playing the concertina, everybody began hissing. They hissed until he was through, and they hissed him until he went off the stage, they were so mad. Then I came on."

"How did you come out?" asked Maggie.

"Oh, I went over big," said Olaf, "but right in the middle of my act the folks got to thinking about Gus and they started hissing him."
—Mrs. L. D., Mo.

Safe Mailing

To send money by mail, lay the coins at intervals on a strip of adhesive tape. Paste this across a piece of paper and fold the ends of the paper over as you would a letter. The paper holds the tape in position and prevents the coins from working through the envelop.

—Mrs. H. E. C., Nebr.

Spot-proof Recipe Cards

After making sure that your recipe cards are just right and won't have to be changed, give them a thin coat of transparent shellac. This will keep them clean in spite of greasy fingers and spill-overs.

—E. O., Ala.

Diplomacy

A guest at a small southern hotel was awakened early one morning by a knock on his door.

"What is it?" he called drowsily without getting up.

"A telegram, boss," responded a negro's voice.

"Well, can't you shove it under the door without waking me so early?" the man asked irritably.

"No, sah," the darky answered, his mind on the tip. "It's on a tray."
—Miss M. B., Wis.

To Lengthen Sweater Wear

When the ribbed wrist bands of sweaters are worn out and ragged and the sweater is still good, cut the bands off and replace with the ribbed tops from a pair of men's wool socks, stitching on smoothly on the sewing machine. This makes a warm, well-fitting cuff.

—Mrs. E. S. E., Minn.

Not That Kind

On an extremely busy night in a chain store, one customer insisted on asking the price of everything he saw, without any intention of buying anything. "How much does this run about?" he asked, putting his finger on a box of envelopes which had the price plainly marked on it.

The exasperated clerk replied: "Oh, that never runs about—it's stationery."
—G. G., Ohio.

Spring Cleaning Hint

Before painting window frames, apply soap to the pane with a wet cloth. When you have finished painting, any spatters may be easily removed by washing off the soap.

—Miss J. DeK., Iowa.

Chicken Liver Sandwiches

Simmer well-washed chicken livers in slightly salted water for fifteen minutes. Four or five will make two dozen small sandwiches. Drain and dry. Mince half a small onion, cook in a little melted butter until lightly browned, then put in the chicken livers and lightly brown on both sides. Add a little water and simmer for ten minutes, then mash livers fine with a fork, seasoning with salt, paprika and a very little dry mustard. Add the yolk of a hard boiled egg and rub all to a paste with mayonnaise. Spread on buttered whole wheat or white bread.—Miss E. V., Pa.



UNCLE JEFF

AND HIS HOMELY PHILOSOPHY ON THOMAS JEFFERSON

*He was tall an' raw-boned, they say,
A typical mountaineer.
Freckled and sandy and fair,
Cased in th' time's veneer.*

I wonder if you all are int'rested t' hear some of th' homely facts about these great men our country has brought forth. You know, I've never felt th' th' one who set forth that challenge about all men bein' created free an' equal has had his just deserts in th' printed page. So I hope you'll bear with an old man's whim as I tell you some of th' facts about Thomas Jefferson, whose birthday is this month.

I've wondered if Jefferson's strong feelin' for independence was not cherished by th' fate which threw him upon his own resources, without a relative or friend to advise him, when he was only fourteen years old. I figger that th' college education which he got fer himself must have been perty hard won.

Likely ye know th' notable things about Thomas Jefferson. How he was th' author of The Declaration of Independence. How he brought into use th' decimal system of coinage which we still use today. How he was responsible fer th' purchase of th' state of Louisiana. How he was th' founder of what is now known as th' Democratic Party. How he was th' first President of th' United States t' be inaugurated at Washington. But did ye know that he played a fiddle? Trust us mountaineers t' find that out.

That hospitality fer which th' old South is famous—one might say—too great a part fer this southern son. Fer he let it, durin' his later years when he had gone down t' Monticello t' live, a'most bankrupt him. But here is th' significant thing in Jefferson's case. Th' friends he so loved—also loved him—fer they come t' his rescue and saved fer him th' house which was built from his own ideas.

Along with Jefferson himself, they must have felt "that we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." And when men feel like that toward each other, any country is safe.

Jeff 3 Lincoln U. S. A.

We ask you to send us for this page jokes, recipes and homemaking ideas for saving money, time and labor. For original suggestions of not over 100 words that we accept, we will send you 50 cents promptly.

A Knight of the Road

Mr. H.: "Don't you know that you should always give a woman driver half of the road?"

Mr. J.: "I do, as soon as I find out which half she wants."
—M. K., Wis.

Oil Stove Economy

A wickless oil burner lighter can be taken out, sand-papered and put back in place upside-down to give good service for a long time.
—M. N., Wis.

A Vivid Reminder

"The storm burst upon us so suddenly and violently that we had no warning of its approach," said the tornado victim, relating his experiences to a friend. "In an instant the house was demolished and scattered to the four winds. How I escaped being torn to pieces I do not know! We—"

"G-good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Meeke, jumping to his feet. "That reminds me! I almost forgot to mail a letter for my wife!"
—G. G., Ohio.

Kindergarten Logic

Teacher: "Surely, Tommy, you can write the letter 'A'. It is very simple."

Tommy: "Yes, but if I did, the next thing you'd want me to do would be the letter 'B'."
—D. M. S., Colo.

A Ten-cent Kitchen Aid

A new plate-scraper with a rubber edge, used to clean out mixing bowls, saves several spoonfuls of cake batter or pie-filling, as well as time. As a window drier for small decorative window panes or glass cupboard doors, it is unequaled. Dry it on a cloth after each trip down the glass.
—Mrs. A. R., Wis.

A Fuel Saver

Two or three minutes after you light your gas or electric oven, open the door for a second or two to let out the damp air. The oven will then heat much quicker.

—M. E. H., Ill.

Vegetable Pie

6 parsnips	2 onions
6 carrots	½ pound fat salt pork
6 medium-sized potatoes	Salt, pepper

Wash, scrape and slice parsnips and carrots. Peel and slice potatoes and onions, chop the pork fine. Boil all in as little water as possible, removing from fire and seasoning when vegetables are done. Pour into a pan lined with rich biscuit dough and cover with a top crust, in which slits have been cut to let steam escape. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty or forty minutes until well browned. This with bread and butter and a dessert makes a hearty meal.
—M. W. R., Me.

Lucky Man

Mrs.: "Mrs. Knagg surely knows how to manage her husband. She has him eating out of her hand."

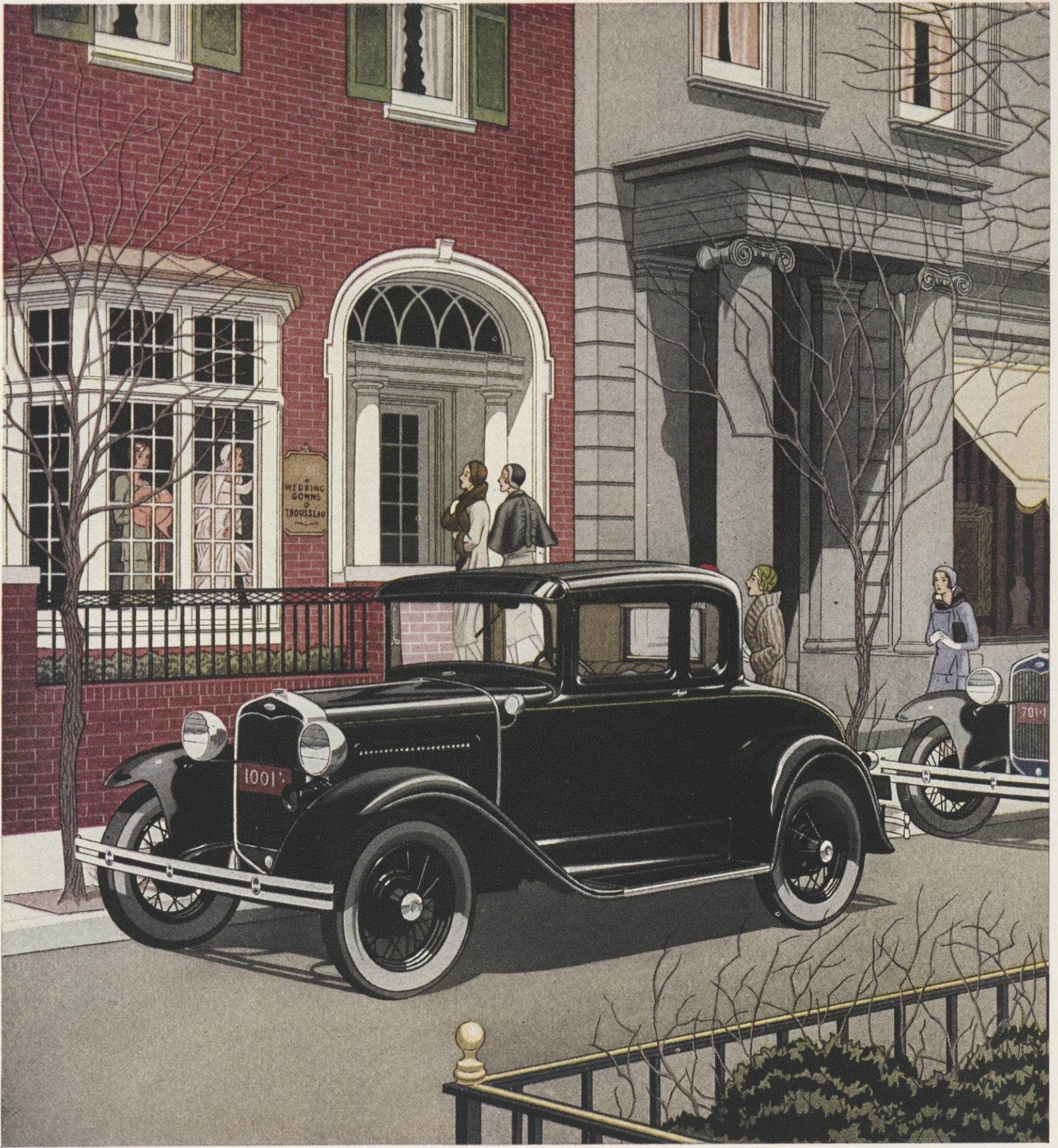
Mr.: "Lucky stiff! Then he doesn't have any dishes to wash!"
—Mrs. L. H., Ohio.

Comfort for an Invalid

For the invalid who is able to sit up and wishes to write, embroider or otherwise amuse himself, a bed tray may be improvised from a card table. Open only two of its legs and lay the table across the patient's lap, with the two legs on the floor, putting a pillow under the opposite edge to keep the weight from the lap. This gives an even, firm surface for working, playing or serving meals.
—Mrs. J. A. E., Calif.



A Messenger of Sunshine and Good Cheer by and for Our Subscribers



BEAUTY THAT APPEALS TO WOMEN'S EYES

MEN speak knowingly of ball and roller bearings, of valves and pistons, of the many points of mechanical excellence that make the new Ford such a good car to drive.

But to a woman's appraising eye, trained to line and color, there are no features of greater importance than its distinctive beauty of appearance and the richness of its appointments.

The new Ford De Luxe Coupe, illustrated above, is a striking example of this high



quality. The comfortable, roomy seat is deeply cushioned and upholstered in luxurious mohair or fashionable Bedford cord, according to your preference. Hardware reflects the quiet good taste and character that you expect in a Ford car.

In addition to the deep, rich black, you may choose from a variety of body colors.

Most bright metal parts are made of Rustless Steel that will maintain its gleaming luster undimmed throughout the life of the car. Every detail reflects unceasing care and craftsmanship in manufacture.

With all of its beauty of line and color and alert, capable performance, the new Ford sells at a low price. You may purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

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by O. D. C."*

RESearch and the experience of millions of housewives all over the world have established the one best way of housecleaning modern homes. It's the *O. D. C. way*... Old Dutch Cleanser, of course.

Old Dutch cleans with scientific efficiency. The flaky and flat-shaped *O. D. C.* particles are natural cleansers. Dirt cannot escape them. Even unseen impurities, seeking to cling to the surface, go in the same quick sweep with visible dirt. The *O. D. C. way* leaves things hygienic and wholesome, aglow with *Healthful Cleanliness*.

Old Dutch *Cleans Quicker*, quicker than anything else. Saves you a lot of time during housecleaning. Help yourself to more time.

Old Dutch is safe, always. It doesn't scratch. Contains no harsh, chunky grit; nor any other abrasive. It preserves the beauty and brilliance of lovely things; keeps them lovely. For the same reason, it's kind to the hands; will not roughen or irritate the skin.

You'll find the *O. D. C. way* the best way to clean windows, painted walls and woodwork, floors, wood and stone steps, marble, tile, porcelain, enamel, bathrooms, refrigerators, ranges, kitchen utensils ... and you'll find it economical to use because a little goes a long way. Use Old Dutch; it's all you need for all your cleaning, and *O. D. C.* cleaning is a distinction of good housekeeping.

●●● OLD DUTCH HOLDERS, IN COLORS ●●●

Clip out from three Old Dutch Cleanser labels the windmill panel appearing above the directions. Mail these, together with 10c and your name and address.

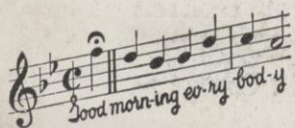
FILL OUT COUPON TODAY

Old Dutch Cleanser, Dept. 134
111 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois
Please find enclosed . . . cents and . . . labels for which send me . . . Old Dutch Holders. Colors wanted: IVORY
GREEN BLUE

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



LISTEN to the Old Dutch Girl every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning over 35 stations associated with the Columbia Broadcasting System at 8:45 A.M. Eastern Time, 7:45 A.M. Central Time, 6:45 A.M. Mountain Time