



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Woman's world: magazine of the Middle West. Vol. 44, No. 8 August, 1928

Chicago, IL : Woman's World Magazine Co. Inc., August, 1928

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/47PSB7P6MTTAA85>

This material may be protected by copyright law (e.g., Title 17, US Code).

For information on re-use, see

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

WOMAN'S WORLD



WORK THAT'S PLAY

Painted for Woman's World

By MIRIAM STORY HURFORD

AUGUST • 1928

OVER 1,200,000 COPIES

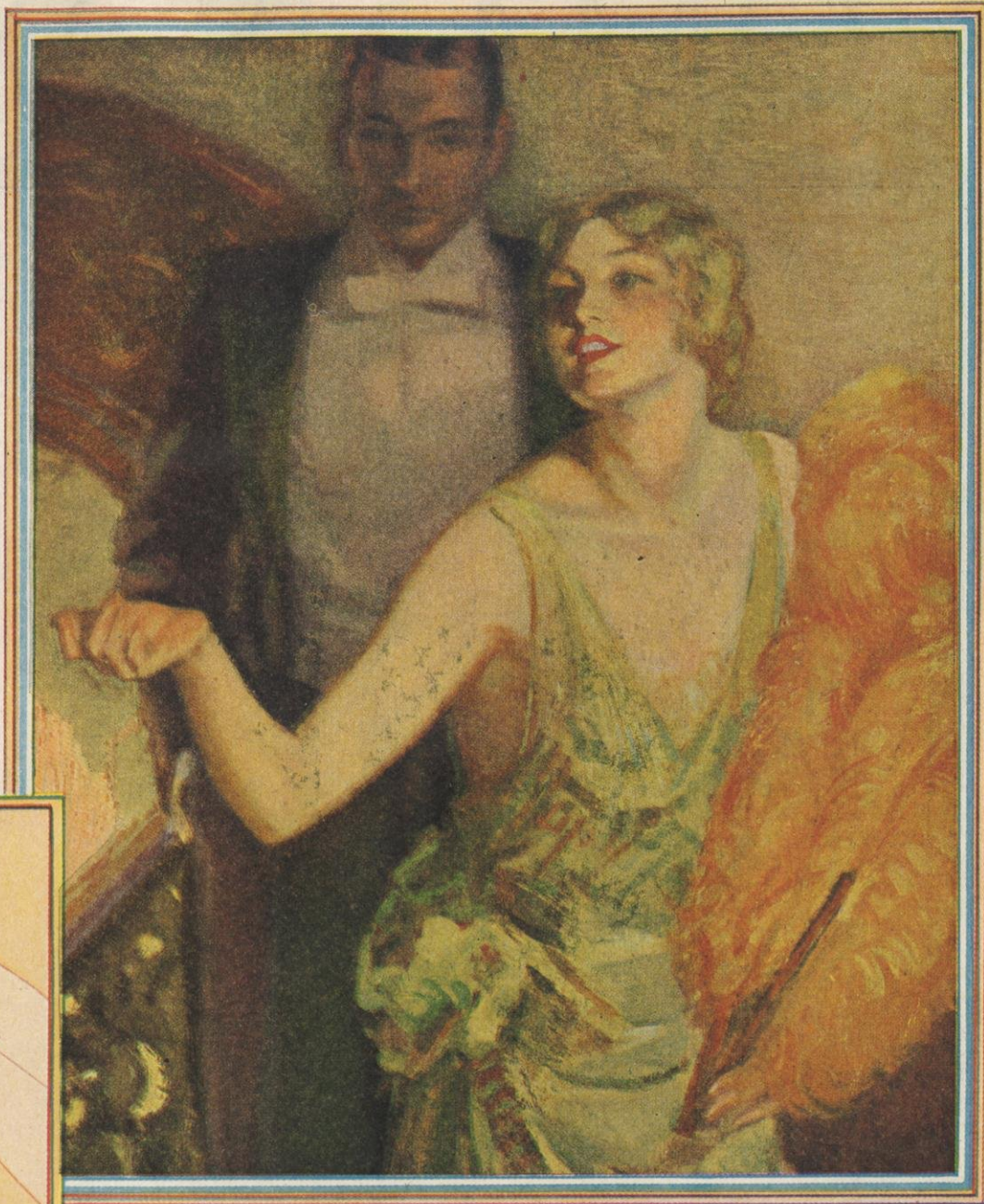
10 CENTS A COPY

MIDSUMMER IDEAS in Needlework and Cookery for Busy Homemakers

Features by—Lillian Taft Maize • Alma Boice Hollana

H. L. Gates • Paul A. Florian • Herman N. Bundesen, M.D. • Lily H. Wallace

Your
expressive
hands



Keep them lovely to say *pleasant* things

A gracious hand outstretched gives a welcome more cordial than words . . . a little half-finished gesture can agree or protest or wonder. These sensitive hands of yours act in a thousand little dramas for all your world to see.

Naturally you want them to look smooth and white and gently-cared for! You want them to say nice things about you!

Has it occurred to you, as to so many other women, that, with all the tasks they have to do, home-keeping hands *can*

stay soft and smooth? That their loveliness need not be squandered upon harsh, drying soap which parches away their satiny whiteness?

Ivory Soap, which cares so gently for lovely complexions and bathes so kindly such multitudes of tiny new babies—which is always ready to guard all sensitive and delicate and beautiful things—protects millions of busy hands a dozen times a day.

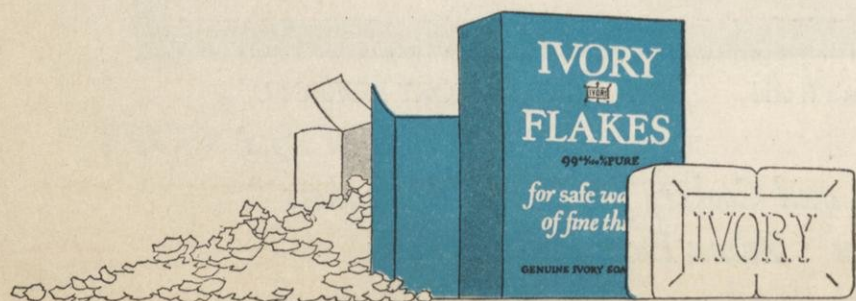
When they tub downy baby woolens, or wash aristocratic Wedgwood cups, or

mahogany or porcelain—*whenever* they use soap—hands are safeguarded if they use Ivory.

Women who use Ivory for everything know that its quick, lasting suds make soap-and-water tasks *pleasanter*. But more important—they have learned that Ivory's purity keeps their hands younger and prettier.

With Ivory to protect them all day long, your hands *can* say nice things about you always!

PROCTER & GAMBLE



IVORY SOAP

Kind to everything it touches

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% Pure · It Floats

© 1928, P. & G. Co.

"To Him That Hath—"

GOING south toward Tate Springs, Tennessee, the Dixie Highway winds like a broad ribbon through the cool shadows of the Cumberland Mountains. Dogwood, magnolias and blackberries in white plume delight the eye with their beauty as they lull the senses with their fragrance. High-powered motors from every state of the Union flash and roar along this flawless trail that leads on five hundred miles—a tribute to engineering skill and to the genius of twentieth century civilization.

But, if you are venturesome, swing to the right or left from the smooth highway and a half hour's ride turns back the clock three-quarters of a century or more, for, there at crossroads stores, women mounted on sidesaddle on the backs of rangy, unkempt mules come with babies in arms to barter their eggs and meager produce for calico and sugar and to take back to their isolated homes the simple news of the mountain side.

It may be lack of opportunity, it may be absence of desire, but the fact remains that the broad stream of modern progress flows within ten miles of their doors, yet these people of the hills, caught in some stagnant backwash of civilization, live and die in ignorance of the times in which they have been cast.

It is a deplorable condition, to be sure, and steps are rapidly being taken to remedy it, yet it isn't nearly so serious as the fact that some of the rest of us on the prosperous farms and in the thriving towns of our progressive Middle West shut our eyes and close our minds to the advantages that surround us. We point proudly to the local library, perhaps, but how many of us within the last year have taken a book from its shelves? We attend the movies, ride in the family car and utilize the devices that science has developed for our convenience, yet we shirk our civic and social obligations, shun politics because it is "sordid," substitute gossip for facts in our conversations and, either through indolence or indifference, fail utterly to contribute to, or be substantially benefited by, the intellectual progress of the day.

On whose shoulders, think you, should the burden of censure fall—on the mountaineers whose isolation has precluded the possibility of development, or on those of us who, surrounded with opportunities, fail to measure up to them?

Little Emissaries of Good Cheer

THE Bureau of Standards says the average life of a dollar bill is less than six months and that the popularity of these little paper emissaries of good cheer has increased tremendously (300 percent, to be exact) in the last fifteen years, necessitating the manufacture each year of one billion new bills at a cost to the government of \$4,000,000.

We can understand the popularity of these shy little strangers all right, but we had no notion they were so long-lived. With us it has always been a case of "Welcome the coming and speed the parting guest" and we never yet have been able to induce one of these restless visitors to tarry with us long enough to find out definitely how old it actually could get.

It has long been our observation that they had a strong affinity for the butcher, the baker and the garage man and that they were never completely happy until they were safely tucked into his cash register. What becomes of them then we never were able to ascertain. At any rate, may their kind continue to increase and their period of usefulness be without end.

WORK THAT'S PLAY

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

The big folks walk along the shore
And ask us what we're digging for—

I with the pail

And shovel that I always bring,
And Boots with nearly everything
Except his tail.

"You're going down to China, eh?"

Some nice old man will often say,

And laugh and grin;

And lots of ladies come and stand
And watch us both, and watch the sand
We're digging in.

And great big boys, who look so old
They should know better, ask if gold
Is down a ways?

Folks never seem to understand
About a boy, and dog, and sand,
And summer days.

You know that China's much too far—
How foolish all the questions are
Of everyone.

So, when they ask me anymore,
I tell them what we're digging for—
It's just for fun!

I told my mother that, and she
Declares it's plain as plain can be:

A dog and boy,

And great big men and women, too,
Who like the things they have to do,
Find work a joy.

She says folks smile at children, yet
A lot of people she has met
Who fret all day,

Who, if they saw that work is fun,
Just twice as soon would get it done,
And find it play.

A Plea for Sincerity

DELIVER us from the poker face, the masked feelings, the false front. Let us not in our worldly wisdom lose the enthusiasms that gave color to the days of childhood and made each fleeting hour a fresh adventure. Let us not affect the air of sophistication or the attitude of boredom that would conventionalize our responses and make us like as legumes. Let us be human, natural, individual, giving of ourselves without stint, and therefore gaining in experience, in friendships, in golden memories, the rarest gifts life has in store.

Springboards to the Future

"WELL, you've passed the first milestone!" we jokingly said to the little girl next door in commenting on her graduation from grammar school this June.

"Don't say milestone," she replied. "It sounds like tombstone and reminds me of the past instead of the future."

Wisdom from the mouths of babes!

"How would stepping-stone do?" we suggested, slowly recovering from the shock.

"Well, that's going in the right direction," she agreed, "but it hasn't much pep."

Eventually, we discarded even the "stepping-stone" idea for a phrase that has more action and which is more expressive of the spirit of modern youth. It was then mutually agreed that grammar school was not a "milestone" or even a "stepping-stone," but a springboard from which was afforded a glorious leap, up and out, into the enchanting mysteries and achievements that the future holds in store.

These present-day Misses talk a lot about movie stars and dancing parties, but back of it all there is some pretty efficient mental machinery, capable of fearless and independent thought. They have swept aside in a brief decade the hampering conventions of grandmother's day and they set a pace on the tennis court or in the classroom that many of their brothers cannot maintain. The "clinging vine" type of femininity is being relegated to the volumes of romantic verse and in its stead is coming a new and emancipated womanhood which as wives, mothers and helpmeets will add still greater conquests to the future of the race.

Exorcising Troubles

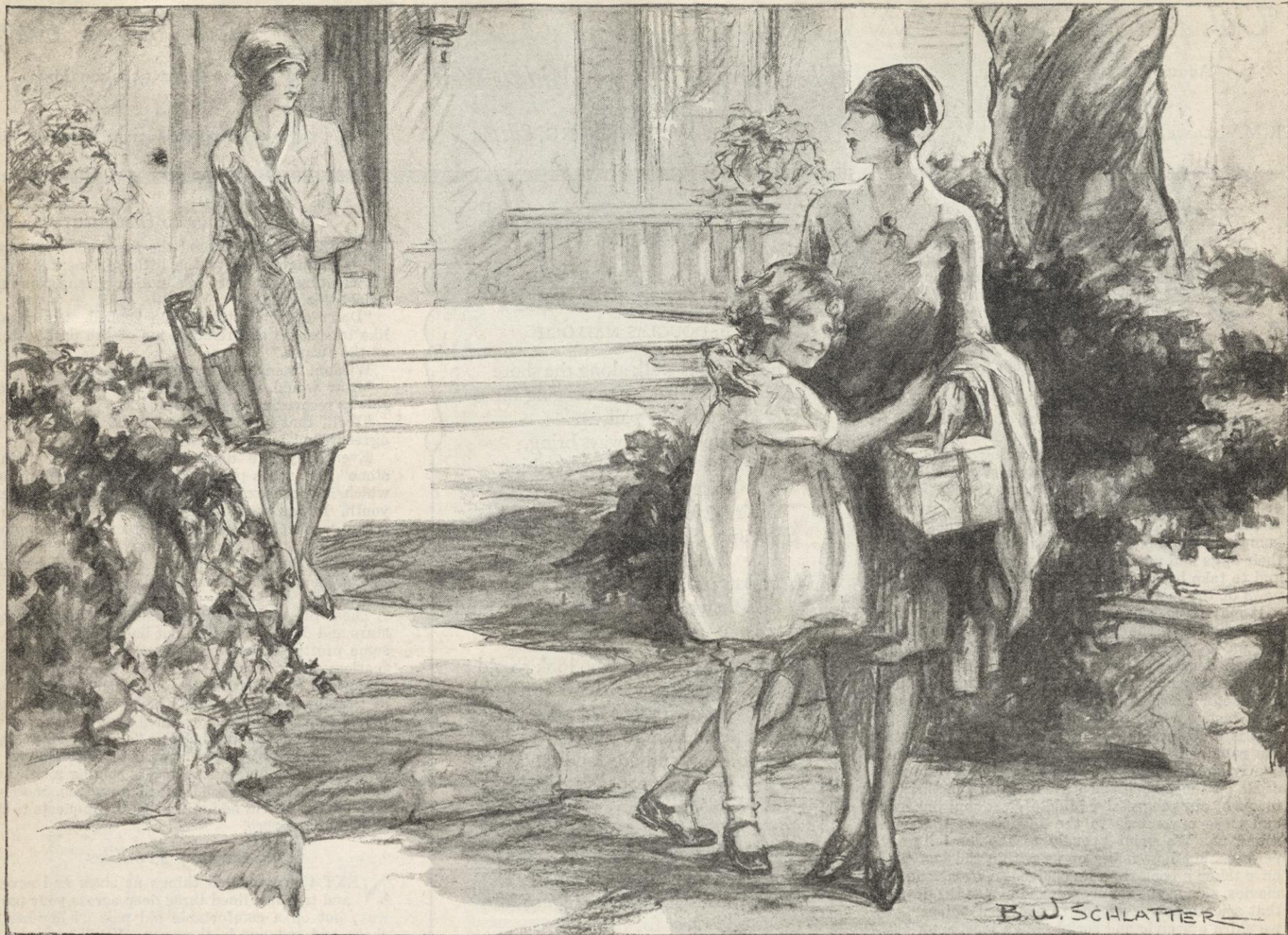
NEXT time you find things at sixes and sevens and troubles lined three deep across your pathway, put on a comfortable old pair of low-heeled shoes and get out in the open. You'll see women chatting over the back fences, birds singing as they build their nests, fleecy clouds wheeling through an azure sky and a thousand good and substantial reasons for rejoicing that you are alive. Most troubles are imaginary anyway and a good walk in the open will put many of them to flight.

The Force of Repetition

ONE of the most diabolical forms of torture of medieval days consisted of the ceaseless dropping of water—drop! drop! drop! no more and no less—on just one spot of the human anatomy. At first the victims laughed at the simplicity and harmlessness of the procedure. But as the steady, measured dropping continued, hour after hour, day after day, never hurrying the pace, never varying from the same spot, the raw nerves cried out in anguish and each gentle drop seemed to descend with the terrific force of sledge hammer blows. Many succumbed to the torture and others went raving mad.

Curiously enough, in our human relationships it isn't the greatest sorrows or the bitterest disappointments that most frequently work havoc with our lives—the mind and body are equipped somehow to withstand these shocks and strains. But it is the ceaseless repetition of little things, the endless recurrence of petty, nagging annoyances which we think nothing of at first, but which in the end destroy our mental poise, warp our judgment and sear our very souls with hate.

Alma Boice Holland in her story, "Alimony," in this issue, has admirably illustrated the destructive force of constant repetition and has revealed a domestic situation fraught with the explosive power of dynamite.



"I'm going away!" she said tensely. "I'm going to be married tonight!"

LOVE IN THE AIR

By LILLIAN TAFT MAIZE



THE closing of the shining plate glass door behind Mrs. Rutherford Van Dorn seemed to release a spring which propelled her small niece across the hall, to watch with interest the swift and noiseless departure of the big limousine. When it had passed out of sight down the tree-bordered drive, Patsy Blaine retrieved from a corner of her handkerchief a small ball of chewing gum, which she popped into her mouth with much satisfaction.

Before a long mirror she stopped to pirouette gravely and to execute a series of facial contortions, then danced airily up the broad stairway to the landing. Here, where the stairs diverged to right and to left, she sat down for a moment beneath the great stained glass window, to admire the red and orange and blue reflections that richly flooded her dress and hands.

It was funny how different the house seemed when Aunt Alice went out. It came alive, sort of, and ready for something nice to happen. Along the upper hall and down the stairs, quick, light feet were flying. That was Shirley, hurrying down to the telephone for one of those long talks from which she always came back with her gray eyes shining like stars.

She stopped now to touch Patsy's cheek with her soft hand. "Why so pensive, Patsy dear?" she asked. "One of the children sick?"

Patsy looked up at her cousin with an appreciative smile. She just loved the way Shirley talked about the dolls, as if they were real babies. "They're all quite well

The story of a little girl who put "love in the air" of a big mansion and into the hearts of its occupants. An appealing tale of childhood with a vital message you will long remember

today," she said politely. "I've put them to sleep and I'm on my way to call on Gran."

"Oh, are you really? Well, do give her my love and tell her I'm coming to see her soon."

PATSY giggled and watched the slim young figure admiringly as it went on down the hall. Shirley was simply beautiful when she was happy, as she was just now. Aunt Alice was beautiful, too, but so cold and forbidding in her gloomy black. She still mourned for her husband, Gran said. But that should not turn her into a lovely frozen princess with a sad, sad face that never smiled. Gran mourned Uncle Rutherford, too, because he had been her only son, but she wasn't cold and hard to love.

Patsy scrambled to her feet as she thought of Gran. She backed up the remaining stairs, her eyes on the great window as if retiring from a royal presence, then went skipping to the room Aunt Alice had given Gran.

It was much larger than the one that Gran and Patsy had shared at the Home, and had velvety rugs and a big four-poster bed. In the Home, all the beds and chairs were painted white and the rooms were very tiny; but there were red geraniums in the windows and in a big round cage a golden bird that sang and sang.

BEING the only child in the Home had been lots of fun, though just at first Mrs. Malone had not wanted to take her. She had puckered up her mouth in her funny way when she found that Gran expected to bring a little girl with her.

"It's only for a few months," Gran had explained. "Just until Mrs. Van Dorn returns from Europe. Then she is going to take Patsy to live with her."

"And why is she not takin' the two of ye to live with her in that great house?" Mrs. Malone had asked, her face getting pink. "An Old Ladies' Home is no place for the mother-in-law of the likes of her!"

"I prefer it so," Gran had said quietly.

So, with the very last of her money, Gran had paid for her own place in the Home, expecting to stay there as long as she lived. But when Aunt Alice came back, she changed all that. They had been here three months now.

She stopped at Gran's door and gave her own special signal, then went in quickly when she heard the answering summons. Gran was rocking and knitting at the open window. She raised her head, with its softly curling white hair, and smiled cheerfully. "There's my sunshine!" she exclaimed. "I'm glad you've come, dear!"

On Gran's dresser were the pictures of Patsy's own father and mother, whom she could not remember at all;

Aunt Alice and Uncle Rutherford; Shirley and her brother Harold. Harold had gone away from home and got married, and cook said the reason he never came to the house was because his mother did not like his wife.

"Is it just because she was a poor girl?" Patsy asked out of this thought.

Gran looked up in surprise. "Who was poor, dear?" "Cousin Hal's wife. Cook says if she'd had a rich father, Aunt Alice would have liked her all right. And she says some day Aunt Alice's pride is going to have a fall."

Gran looked at her reproachfully, "Don't you remember that you were not to repeat such things, Patsy? Not to listen to them? You must be loyal to Aunt Alice."

"All right," Patsy said kindly, "I'll try. Only I wish she was as nice as Shirley. She's queer, Gran! She doesn't even like poetry. I know, because she found my new verse in the hall yesterday and when she gave it back to me, she gave me such a funny look."

"What was the verse?" Gran questioned. "I'll read it to you." From her pocket Patsy produced a crumpled paper and spread it out on the dresser. "This one's pretty good!" she commented. "I made it up when I was playing with the doll Mrs. Malone gave me."

She removed her gum, placed it in a corner of her handkerchief, cleared her throat and read:

"It was awfully jolly out at the Home,
With all the old ladies and Mrs. Malone.
I think the reason I liked it there
Is 'cause there's so much love-in-the-air."

"'Love-in-the-air!'" Gran quoted softly. "That's a pretty idea. How did you happen to think of it, darling?"

"Why, it's what Mrs. Malone used to say. Don't you remember? She said that when people that's living together is kind and loving to each other, it's like a flower that does be blooming, and so sweet it is that everyone that comes to the house knows right away that the flower does be blooming there. And the name of the flower is 'Love-in-the-Air!'"

GRAN smiled at the brogue that crept into Patsy's voice. "What did Aunt Alice say?" she asked.

"Oh, she just wanted to know if I wrote it, and then she asked did I like it better at the Home than here, and I said I guessed I did."

Gran gasped. "You didn't say that, Patsy!"

"Yes, I did! She asked me! And then she wanted to know why I didn't like it here, and I told her—" Patsy was having some difficulty with the gum, which refused to part with her handkerchief.

"What did you tell her, dear?" Gran prompted.

"Why, I just said there wasn't much love-in-the-air here."

"Oh-h!" said Gran in a shocked tone. "Well, there isn't!" Patsy maintained stoutly.

"But—think how that must have hurt poor Aunt Alice! And she really does care for us, child."

Patsy shook her head. "I don't think she cares much. This morning I was in the kitchen when she was telling cook what to get for dinner, and I told her it's your birthday today, and she just said: 'Oh, is that so?' And never ordered a birthday cake, like I hoped she would!"

"We mustn't expect too much!" Gran warned. "We must just be thankful that we are together; when we've been here longer, we'll feel more at home."

"We've been here a long time!" Patsy stated. "I know everybody. Cook and Ambrose and Hetty and Petunia, the wash-lady, and Mr. Dicky, the gardener, and—and Ted." Gran looked up quickly over her glasses. "Ted?" she repeated.

"Shirley's Ted. He's so nice! I do think it's mean of Aunt Alice not to let her marry him, 'cause cook says they're crazy about each other, and first thing Aunt Alice knows, she'll lose her daughter just like she did her son! And cook says—"

"Patsy!" Gran held up a warning finger and Patsy stopped. She kept forgetting that Gran didn't allow her to repeat things the servants said, not even when they were terribly interesting, like Aunt Alice not wanting Hal to marry the girl he loved just because she had to work.

That was queer. Cook worked, and Hetty and Ambrose, and they were nice. Mrs. Malone worked, and she was the nicest person Patsy knew, next to Gran. She was round and jolly, like a lady Santa Claus, had quick, snappy black eyes and glossy black hair, and was so stout that Patsy could not reach around her, try as she might. And as a playfellow, when she had a moment to spare, she was as good as any little girl Patsy had ever known.

Her eyes on the trees that came tapping at Gran's window, Patsy sighed. There were children in the house next door, but she never saw them except when they drove by in their mother's car.

"Lonesome, dear?" Gran asked gently. "I wish I knew the little girl next door," Patsy said wistfully. "I'd ask her to come over and play with me." "Why not bring your dollies up here to play me a visit?" suggested Gran.

Patsy opened her eyes wide and gave a squirm of delight. "A birthday party!" she sparkled. "That's what we'll have! And, Gran, why can't we have it on that darling little porch at the end of this hall?"

Gran hesitated. "Oh, I don't know about that. Aunt Alice—"

"She never uses it! And anyway, she's gone out. I heard her tell Shirley she's going to the symphony concert, so we can just as well have our party out there! Please, Gran!"

"Very well, dear!" Gran folded her knitting. "But I'll have to have my nap first or I'll disgrace myself by going to sleep right before your dolls!"

PATSY giggled, kissed her grandmother vigorously and flew to the door. There she paused to say: "Put on your silver dress, will you, Gran?"

"My best silk dress?"

"But it's your birthday! My dolls and I are going to dress up! Please, Gran!"

"Well, all right!" Gran's eyes twinkled and her gold-rimmed glasses seemed to twinkle, too. "In about an hour then, Baby."

Patsy closed the door and flew to investigate the porch. It was pleasant out there. The gay awnings, willow chairs and green rugs made it cool and inviting. She would set the little table neatly with her dolls' dishes and make tea with water and some cinnamon drops she had in her room. It was a pretty color but had a funny taste.

Then she gave an excited squeak. The most gorgeous idea had just popped into her head. Why not ask cook to let her have some real tea in real cups, and give Gran a

"And you wouldn't know anyone to invite," reasoned Hetty. "Your grandmother has no friends here, has she?" "Oh, yes!" Patsy supplied the friends with breathless haste. "There's Mrs. Malone and Mrs. Calkins and Miss Liston and—"

Ambrose, lounging in the doorway, gave an explosive laugh. "It's the old ladies down at the Home she's talkin' about!"

"And a good friend they have in Maggie Malone!" cook said heartily. "She was tellin' me about them comin' there," she went on in a lowered tone. "The child was to live here, and 'twas to be near to her that the old lady entered the Home. And when herself came back from Europe, she had the two of them come here."

"That was fine!" said Ambrose approvingly.

Cook sniffed. "I would never do, I suppose, for a grand lady like her to have her mother-in-law in a Home—anyway, not when the Home happens to be in the same town with her!"

"We liked it there!" Patsy said earnestly. "Mrs. Malone is sweet!"

"She is that!" agreed cook. "Couldn't we have her and just one or two of the other ladies? Couldn't we, Mrs. Flynn?"

Cook looked at Hetty, her pink and white face crinkling into a broad smile. "'Tis a mad thought," she said whimsically, "but Maggie Malone would love it!" She turned to Ambrose, "Why not take the child down and bring Maggie and a few of them back for tea? You can take them all home again when you go to call for herself."

"What'd Mrs. Van Dorn say if she found out?" objected Hetty. "She might fire the lot of us!"

"She'll never know and if she does, I'll take all the blame!" said cook grandly. "I would be nothing to be ashamed of, givin' a child and an old lady a bit of pleasure, I'd tell her, and I'd do the same and more for her own girl that she's breakin' the heart of—"

"Little pitchers!" interrupted Hetty, with a glance at Patsy's interested face.

"Oh, well," cook shrugged, "'twould relieve me mind to tell her, but I'll not have the chance. She's that scared I'm goin' to leave her and go to the Pearsons that she'd not be sayin' much, even if she knew."

Ambrose smiled at Patsy. "Do you want to go now, Miss?"

"I'll have to change my dress, Ambrose! But I'll hurry like everything!"

How she got into her white dress, silk stockings and new little black pumps, Patsy could not have told, but when she flashed back to the kitchen, cook clasped her hands together in admiration.

"Look at her!" she clucked. "Like a golden-haired fairy she is! Ambrose is waiting, lamb, and when you come back you can take the old ladies right up to the porch. Hetty's goin' to serve your tea, with some nice little sandwiches that I'll be makin' and a few of these spice cakes that's just out of the oven."

Patsy caught cook's plump hand and pressed her cheek gratefully against it. "Oh, Mrs. Flynn!" she whispered. "You're so sweet!"

Down the tree-lined drive they went, Patsy sitting in state inside, Ambrose out before the large white frame building that was the Home. Ambrose went to the door with her, rang the bell, touched his cap and returned to the car, while Patsy stood trembling with excitement, her eyes on the big brass knob.

IT TURNED at last, the door opened and there stood Mrs. Malone, just as round, just as jolly as ever. She looked at Patsy a second before she recognized her.

"It's never you!" she cried, opening her mouth in the funny way that had always made Patsy laugh.

"Oh, it is, it is!" She threw her arms as far around Mrs. Malone as they would go. "Get your hat on quick and tell Miss Liston and Mrs. Calkins and—and Mrs. Taver to come, too! It's Gran's birthday and we're surprising her with a tea!"

"A tea, is it?" Mrs. Malone perked one of her eyebrows up in the oddest way. "A tea, at Mrs. Rutherford Van Dorn's, and meself and the old ladies invited?" "Well, of course Aunt Alice isn't there!" Patsy said in hasty explanation. "I was going to have a dolls' tea for Gran and then we decided, cook and I, to have some of Gran's best friends, so Ambrose and I came for you! And please hurry!"

A grin as wide as cook's spread over Mrs. Malone's face. She looked out at Ambrose, sitting as stiff as a wooden soldier in the car; as she looked, his head turned, he winked soberly, then faced front again. That seemed to amuse Mrs. Malone very much. Her face grew quite red and she clapped a hand over her broadening smile. But in a moment she leaned over and gave Patsy a hearty kiss.

"'Tis not only your dear Gran you'll be surprisin' this day!" she said tenderly. "'Twill be a grand event for the old ladies and meself! Wait here, Patsy dear, till I break the good news to them and get them ready. 'Twill not be long."

It seemed long to Patsy as (Continued on page 21)



A CORNFIELD

By ELIZABETH A. THOMAS

I like a field that runs along
Beside an old rail fence;
The other side of which there grows
A tangled mass of grape and rose,
To make a hedge-row dense.

A field all planted in straight lines
Of satin-bladed corn,
That waves and flutters in the breeze
Like pennants windward borne.

And in between the stately rows
Gray sunbaked paths lead where
The wood a great wide shadow throws;
So cool and restful there.

I follow down the narrow ways—
Each path a tasseled aisle—
Until I reach the old rail fence
And there I rest a while,

To listen to the whispering corn,
Mysterious secrets tell,
To every vagrant summer breeze—
Nor guards them very well—

I like a field of rustling corn;
A grapevine-covered fence;
The perfume of the sweet wild rose
A breeze that from the woodland blows,
Beyond the hedge-row dense.

surprise? She almost fell down the stairs in her anxiety to see cook before she left the kitchen. If she had gone to her room, it would never do to disturb her.

She opened the kitchen door and gave a great sigh of relief. Cook was there, laughing and talking with Hetty, the second-floor maid. Ambrose, the chauffeur, had just come in and the big car was standing on the drive. Something that cook was taking from the oven had a most delicious smell. She smiled at Patsy and obligingly bent her head with its bobbed red hair to listen to the wonderful idea.

"Bless its little heart!" she exclaimed. "It's wantin' to surprise the dear old lady with a cup of tea!"

"This is Gran's birthday!" Patsy eagerly explained. "And I thought it would be nice to have our dolls' tea out on that little porch on the second floor. I'm going to put on my white dress and Gran's going to wear her silver dress!"

"Silver?" queried cook. "Gray silk," interpreted Hetty. "She looks like a queen in it, the old lady, with her pretty curls and her white little hands."

Cook nodded. "A lady she is! One of the old-fashioned kind, the like of which will all soon be gone, God rest their souls! Sure, you shall have your tea, darlin', you and the grandmother, and a pity it is she couldn't have a few friends instead of just dolls, when it's her birthday and all."

Patsy plumped down onto the nearest chair, her eyes like saucers. "Oh, Mrs. Flynn!" she said prayerfully. "Wouldn't that be wonderful! Could we invite some of Gran's friends?"

Cook laughed. "I guess not, lamb! Perhaps 'twould be best just to have the dolls, after all!"

"But that would be such a lovely surprise for Gran!" Patsy urged. "She's pretty lonesome, you know!"

"I know, little lady, and I'd help you in a jiffy, but dear knows what the missus would say!"



"I know a good one," he whispered. "Got to heaven. Two angels asked me how I arrived," the sick man laughed throatily, "and I told 'em—'flu'"

ALIMONY

By ALMA BOICE HOLLAND

RHODA HULL sat across the breakfast table from Adam Hull, watching with a critical satisfaction while the simple little meal disappeared. Critical—because she was trying to find some flaw in this handsome young Adam who belonged to her. Satisfaction—because she could discover no fault in his perfectness. Rhoda liked his niceness, the care with which he avoided spilling anything upon the prettily embroidered breakfast cloth; she approved his mode of eating with a thoroughly masculine vigor that betokened a healthful appetite. She began a mental inventory of the visible things she liked about him; the way he brushed his hair, his fresh-shaven face, the bit of talcum powder on the tip of his ear, a general careful grooming. Looking up from his bacon and eggs, Adam caught her eyes upon him and grinned.

"What's the matter, old lady? Did I forget to wash my neck or do you consider a divorce? Either might account for the seriousness of your sweet countenance." Even as he said it, Adam winced and wished it unsaid, for the statement reminded both him and Rhoda that today was the ninth of the month. Alimony day! He passed over the remark hurriedly. "Now, you look as fresh and pretty as a pink this morning, my dear. Please, ma'am, can I have another piece of toast?"

But the dancing light in Rhoda's eyes had faded to a disturbed abstraction. She handed him the toast plate. The ninth! She tried to throw off the sudden feeling of depression which had obsessed her, to answer him gayly:

"You can't have more toast until you've devoured every last morsel of that bran. Which do you like better anyhow, little boy, sugar or bran? You pile that health-giving cereal up with sugar until you can't see what is beneath, then eat off the sugar and leave the bran. You don't treat your diet with the proper respect. The adver-

There were a number of little things for the house that Rhoda wanted to buy, but each month Adam's alimony check to his first wife just precluded their purchase. There's dynamite in such a situation.

tisements in the magazines all hold the wife responsible if the husband's food values are at fault—but I ask you, what is a home without cooperation or a husband who won't obey?" She procured some extra butter for his toast.

"If I eat the bran, will you give me a kiss?"

"If you eat the bran, I'll broil you a porterhouse for your dinner."

"I'd rather have the kiss."

"Silly!"

"Satisfied."

"Really, Adam, you are a terrible care to me."

"Just so you care—fervently, and in the right direction, Sweet. Come over here. I have something for you."

Rhoda made a demure way around the table. She forced her eyes to sparkle. "What is it?"

"Guess?"

"Tickets for Keith's?"

"Not a bad idea. I'll get them as I come home tonight. Guess again?"

RHODA thought feverishly. She was always afraid of guessing the wrong thing and making this big, boyish Adam feel hurt. There was so much that she needed and that the little house needed, but somehow Adam never seemed to hit on just the coveted things.

It was a rather pitiful process, anyhow. Rhoda realized exactly why on the ninth of every month Adam made her some little gift. It was because on that date he must always send the alimony check to Cecelia, that other one, the woman who had first been Adam's wife.

Rhoda had known all the circumstances before she married Adam. They had discussed the situation sanely and sensibly, albeit in an atmosphere warmed and colored by the ardor of their new love. Rhoda had been sure that she wouldn't mind. Adam had made her see so clearly and so indisputably that Cecelia, while not particularly at any fault, had been a mistake. Just a double mistake, an error on Cecelia's part and on Adam's.

The young wife had been able to disregard this small cloud on the horizon. What matters a small alimony check while one's trousseau is still all new and one's hope chest has comfortably filled a bird's nest of a house and one is in love with a man who can be regarded with a sense of critical satisfaction? The new partnership had been so altogether wonderful and so absorbingly interesting. A bank account in which Adam deposited his money twice a month, one bank book and one check book which they both used, endeavoring to leave a balance at the end of each thirty days.

BUT somehow, in the past two years of the marriage, that balance had never materialized. Of course, they were paying for the bird's nest; that was something, but there just simply never seemed to be any money left over for extras. At first, it didn't go so hard, but after a little Rhoda got to playing with the idea of what that alimony check for twenty-five dollars would do in the way of buying the small extras which she needed and never had money to buy. She and Adam had never talked about that twenty-five dollars after the first discussion when Rhoda had voiced the opinion that it wasn't fair for a woman who no longer lived with a man to accept his money.

Adam had agreed that, in his case, it really did not look exactly fair. Admitted that he and Cecelia had made a mistake, lived together less than a year and separated. There had been no child. Cecelia did not need the money, she had an excellent job of her own. But the court had allowed it and neither Adam nor Cecelia in the palpable embarrassment of the divorce proceedings had seen fit to object. So it had gone down in the records and for the rest of his natural life Adam Hull was ordered to pay to Cecelia Hull—restored to the maiden name of Wade—the sum of twenty-five dollars monthly. Small but secure.

"I guess—it's just a matter of—pride, honey," Adam had told Rhoda lightly. "I couldn't beg off after the law had allowed it—and I'd try to pay it, I believe, if I had to starve myself—or you, to do it. That's the way I feel about it. But what is a little matter of twenty-five dollars, dearest, when a man has a million dollars' worth of happiness?"

And Rhoda had thrilled to his pride and his tenderness and agreed to dismiss the paltry sum from her mind and not to think about it again. But that was before she had been able to visualize how very tormenting that notation of twenty-five dollars could look when set down in black ink on white paper—on a stub from the joint check book. That was before Rhoda had a very definite idea of the cost of potatoes per peck or the price of beefsteak per pound. It was before Rhoda had conceived the notion of doing over each one of the rooms in the bird's nest with some definite color scheme and taken to pricing the various alluring drapery materials and bits of unpainted furniture and rayon coverlets and organdy pillows and tailored slip covers and unusual lamps and the host of other items so fascinating to the woman deeply interested in a home. And by some torturing twist of fate, it got to appear to Rhoda that what she lacked each month was just about an extra even twenty-five dollars. She grew a little bitter with the brooding.

"How could I guess it, Adam?" she inquired a trifle petulantly now; sure of only one thing, and that, that her husband's gift to her would not be any one of the many things which she desired at this present time. And it was not.

"Well—how's this for a surprise, sweet picture?" Adam made an extravagant gesture and drew from his inside pocket a little box.

It would be beads. Rhoda knew before the box was opened. And Rhoda had a whole drawer full of beads up in her tiny dressing table. She played the game.

"Oh, Adam! How lovely! What a perfectly heavenly color."

"Thought you'd like 'em." Adam was the nonchalant successful male, proud of the success of his venture. "Just the color of your eyes, like blue cornflowers. Now, do I get that kiss?"

AND after Adam had had the kiss and a smile and an endearing pommeling on the back of his broad topcoat and a neat square parcel which was his lunch, he made his way to the banking establishment where, under the general heading of "clerk," might be found the name of one Adam Hull.

Rhoda turned to her household tasks. She cleared the table of its soiled dishes which she carried to the diminutive kitchen, shook the embroidered cloth of its toast crumbs and put it back on the table.

Mechanically she put a spoonful of soap chips in the Chinese red dish pan and then as an outlet to her feelings turned the water on too freely, letting it foam and splash into the pan until it obscured the pale yellow lining. Rhoda had been proud of that dish pan and hoped to outfit her whole kitchen with equipment of matching Chinese red. The hardware clerk had quoted her a price of \$23.95 for the entire assortment. Almost twenty-five dollars! Rhoda sighed and washed the dishes, put them in the drainer and scalded them. Then she made a gelatine salad for dinner and put it in the ice box.

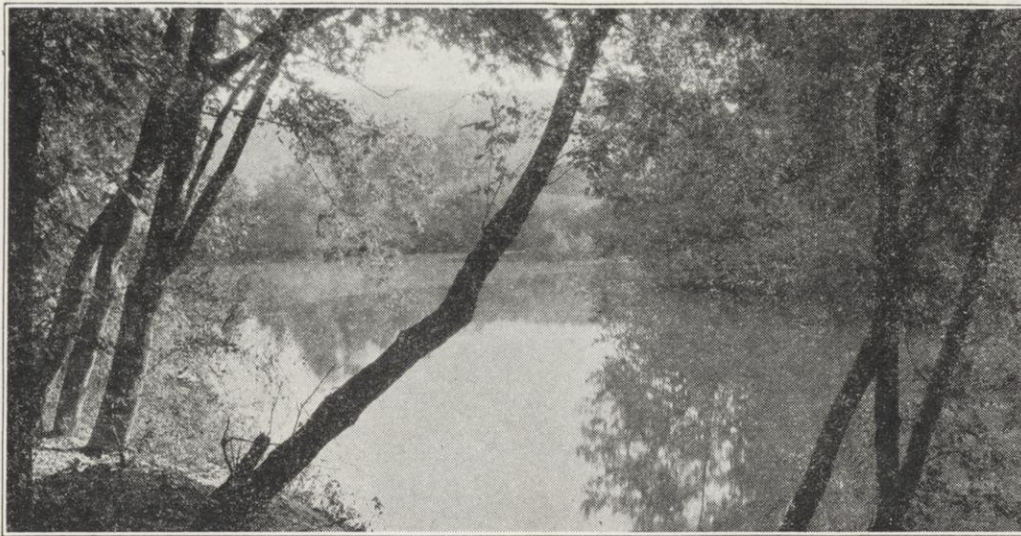
The living-room needed considerable straightening this morning. The Beesons had been over for bridge last evening and the card table with its overrunning ash trays still stood desolately in the center of the little room. Adam was smoking too much lately. She must remind him to slow down a bit. Perry Beeson had spilled some of the raspberry syllabub on the card table cover. It was probably stained and it was the only one that Rhoda had. She made a mental note of this, deciding to add an extra cover to the rapidly growing list of needed things that she was keeping.

The center light in the living-room was not very satisfactory. They needed a floor lamp which could be used at the card table when in use and moved over by the phonograph at other times. Smith and Preston's had some unusually good-looking ones last week on sale for \$22.50. Almost twenty-five dollars!

Rhoda moved about with swift deftness, setting the cheerful little room to rights, dusting briefly, lightly; moving a chair a fraction of an inch here, another a fraction of an inch there; and presently stood back and surveyed the completed task and was not satisfied with it. "If I could only have some velour valances for the three windows and enough extra velvet to cover the cushions on the davenport," she sighed. But then, such items as these were always the extras which she never had quite enough money to buy.

Upstairs in the small bedroom the outlook was more pleasing. Cretonne is cheaper than velvet and the cheery aspect would have charmed any discriminating eye. The room was done in gold and blue and had been fairly satisfying until a week ago when Rhoda had seen a perfectly stunning layout in Gardner and Sallow's. Mauve and jade green with just a dash of crimson to give it fire. The mistress of the little bedroom appraised it in distress. Mauve and jade green filled her mind's eye. "It wouldn't cost so much—"

ADAM had a difficult battle with flu. There was one night when an impersonal yet discerning doctor stayed all night; when there was a constant and mysterious preparation of normal salt solution; when stimulants were administered drop by drop all through the night; when a prim white nurse held an unwavering finger on Adam's pulse and Rhoda prayed by the window. Then,

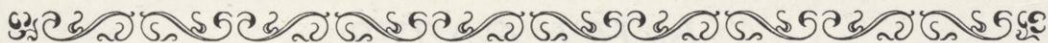


© Caulfield & Shook, Louisville, Ky.

AFTERGLOW

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

The day died in a flood of crimson flame
And then a small voice seemed to question me:
That bathed the hills in beauty richly rare,
"When death shall come and I must gladly go,
And all the world bowed down, and I, too, came
Will there be one to love my memory?
To stand in wonder and to worship there.
O Lord, shall I, too, leave an afterglow?"



when the situation had gotten so tense that it seemed nobody could stand it longer, Adam opened his eyes and grinned.

"I know a good one," he whispered to the doctor. "Quiet!" The physician bent above him, suspecting delirium.

"Got to heaven," confided Adam. "Two angels asked me how I arrived," the sick man laughed throatily, "and I told 'em—'flu'."

Everybody laughed, including Rhoda, who found when she wanted to stop that she couldn't, promptly proceeded to have an attack of uncontrollable hysterics—and was put to bed like a baby.

But the next day was a day of blue sky and happiness. "How's everything?" Adam questioned as Rhoda, in the prim nurse's place, fed him mutton broth with a spoon.

"Fine," she smiled. "You've been pretty sick, big boy—but you are better now."

"Funny," mused the convalescent Adam, "how quick a body's world can change. You've been working too hard," he accused her abruptly. "You're pale."

"I just don't have my complexion adjusted," she denied him quickly. "I'll be all right—now that you are getting better. I've been a trifle worried about you, my Adam. Don't know why."

"I know why."

"Here—eat the rest of this mutton broth."

"Don't like mutton broth."

"An invalid can't judge. You don't know what you like."

"I like you—Rhoda Hull."

"Then eat your mutton broth—for me."

"Will you give me a kiss?"

"I'll give you the some seven different letters that have come while you were ill."

"Don't want letters—they're probably all bills—on ac-

count of my extravagant wife. Will you give me that kiss?"

"No, I'm economizing—and I'm starting on kisses."

"All right, then. I don't want to get well. So I won't eat that nasty mutton broth. Take it away."

Rhoda brought the letters and laid them down on the coverlet.

"There's one from the bank, Adam. I thought it might be something important. Perhaps you had better open it—and the rest are not bills. Your wife is not nearly so extravagant as you might believe. However, I do need enough money to pay the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—representing the grocer, the gas company and the electric light corporation. This is the ninth and those bills are due tomorrow."

The ninth—alimony day! Rhoda saw Adam's laughing lips grow sober. Instantly she wished she had not bothered him, had not reminded him of these worldly worries so soon after his struggle for life. But—that letter from the bank was probably Adam's salary check. Adam had never been ill before and Rhoda did not know just how such matters were given attention.

Adam tore open the envelope. The familiar yellow slip fell out from between the folds of the letter. Rhoda heaved a little sigh of relief. They were taken care of—anyhow. Adam read the letter, then passed it to her, as he inspected the yellow slip. Rhoda skipped rapidly through the few brief phrases. "Sorry for your illness—trust you are improved—enclosed find check for one-half your salary covering period of disability—best wishes—etc."

"Oh," gasped Rhoda, "how heartless. You—so sick—and the bank retaining half your salary. Just at a time when you need it badly. Oh, how could they?"

"YOUR wrath becomes you, my lady," teased Adam, although beneath the raillery there was a note of disappointment in his voice. "It isn't often that a feminist undertakes to fight for me. Your cheeks are positively rosy and your eyes flash fire."

"But, Adam, surely your services are of sufficient worth that the bank could well afford to pay you your full salary when you are so unfortunate as to be ill. That much—in sympathy!" Rhoda was indignant.

"Oh, the bank don't in the least appreciate what a wonder-worker your husband is, Mrs. Rhoda Hull. I wish they did view my humble efforts through your partial eyes. But they don't, honey—and business is made up of buying and selling, not of sympathy. I had forgotten it, but I do remember now that one of the old customs is to pay the clerks only half salary when disabled. We'll just have to do the best we can, dear, till I get back on the job again. Maybe you better feed me the rest of that dog-goned mutton broth." Up came Adam's irresistible grin from the momentary depression which had overshadowed him and Rhoda felt her exasperation giving way under its influence.

Later, however, when she went to the little desk where she kept a conscientious file of her accounts, the low spirits returned. For, no matter how she figured, Rhoda could not make the expense balance up with the cash in hand. Then she started a process of elimination, leaving out the less important things, the things that could wait. Patiently she worked over and over again but with little better result. Adam's illness had brought extraneous expenses—a drug bill, the nurse's services, extra laundry—and only half as much money to cover it all.

The alimony must wait! Rhoda acknowledged this finally with a thrill. Perhaps this would be a good breaking-off point. If it were omitted this month, probably the Cecelia person would not even bother to mention it. If she did inquire and learned that Adam had been ill, terribly ill, then surely she would be reasonable about it. Rhoda's heart sang. Here was a heaven-sent opportunity to throw her old-man-of-the-sea overboard. Adam need not know. She would not tell him till she saw how it worked out. She went over the list happily—Chinese red pots and kettles for the kitchen, velour draperies for the living-room, a new lamp, a bedroom of mauve and jade green—all of it in less than six months.

It was not until she went back upstairs again where Adam was that the exaltation of her mood began to wear off. Adam looked so pale and thin against the pillows—he was asleep—and the effects of his illness lay so plain and strong upon him. Rhoda recognized anew with a sudden pang of terror how inexpressibly dear this Adam-person was to her.

He belonged! He was a little boy who had made a mistake for which he must pay, but he belonged to her. And because he did and because she loved him, she must help him to pay. What was it Adam had said about that alimony money: "A matter (Continued on page 23)



Illustration by Thomas Fogarty

She clapped her hands at the spectacle of Molly, jumbo of the elephant herd, locating a peanut in Charmian's hand

Here Comes the Bandwagon!

By H. L. GATES



IM PIM collapsed against the cage wagon and broke into wild, shrill laughter. Tony and Charmian sprang to him. Charmian's arm went about his neck. The clown brushed his face as if to sweep away a sudden disorder of his wits.

Bounding and swaying through the most grotesque of his arena antics, Pim Pim kept his balance while he crossed the heaving canvas and its prisoners beneath. Ahmed still stood in the arc flare, his tail switching ominously while his soft eyes pierced the surrounding blackness.

"All right, old boy! It's all right now. We'll go home." Ahmed raised his head and pierced the night with a jungle roar.

"Good boy, Ahmed, good boy. It's all right now." Pim Pim danced in front of him and turned a handspring. The clown spoke again, repeating his crooning: "It's all right. We'll go home." Then, juggling his little cone of a hat, the clown moved with slow progress, repeating his tumbling antics, toward the yawning cage.

Close to the cage, Tony still shielded Charmian, holding her firmly behind him, fearing to stir lest the lion break from Pim Pim's control. Charmian's nerves gave way and she sank to the tent floor with a little cry. Tony bent to receive the lion's paws if he should spring.

In Ahmed's eyes there seemed to be reproach. He put one paw forward as if he would walk up to the fallen girl. Pim Pim thrust out his arm. Ahmed jumped into his cage and stretched himself lazily on its floor.

At the click of the door, the Baxter gangs sprang to

A realistic portrayal of that most typical of American institutions—the circus. Laughter and thrills galore await you in this eighth installment of Mr. Gates's brilliant new novel

life. The major restrained their stakes with difficulty while they cleared the lot of the enemy. Fredericks rushed to where a handful of his men guarded Blinky Dawson and his sluggers. The Baxter guards had refused grimly to allow a single adversary to stagger to his feet. Bill curtly ordered the prisoners to their feet. Blinky scrambled to his knees. Bill took him by the collar and floored him again.

When the major came up to investigate the group, Bill was sitting astride the prostrate Blinky, stuffing broken bits of cigars into his mouth with elaborate ceremony. Bill looked up. "Got one of my cigars about you, chief? I'm all out."

"Let the skunk go," the major ordered. "There's work to do." Bill got up grudgingly.

WHILE they made their survey of the tents and lot, the drawn lines in the major's face deepened. Fredericks looked at his watch. The major nodded: "Yes,

we were due to be loaded and on our way into Des Moines within an hour from now."

There was no need for Bill to reply, or question. The side show stands were debris, ripped to shreds. Big top cables hung loose and gaping slashes yawned in tent walls.

On the flank of the "back yard," lit by an improvised gasoline lamp, the major and Bill stood in glum silence. Before them, overturned parade wagons, gilded floats which had been bright bowers for Cinderella, glittering ice floes for the Eskimos, monstrous shining slippers for The Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe, and forest patches for Little Red Riding Hood, were piled in scarred, splintered heaps.

"There's fifty thousand dollars there," Bill observed. "It's not the money, Bill," the major said thickly. "They're the toys I've played with and built into castles in Spain—it's as if someone had stolen into my nursery and thrown my playthings out the window."

"Let's look at the performers' quarters," Bill suggested.

THE performers' tent had escaped the fiercest of the crowd's panic. Here the lights still burned. Women of the circus family, still in tights and ballet skirts, were busy dressing heads and arms of the men performers who had joined in the circus defense. One called to the major cheerily, "Well, boss, the old man-eater saved the show."

The major swung about. "Saved the show?" he repeated under his breath.

Bill looked up sharply. "Don't you think we can make it? Des Moines, I mean?"

"What's the use, Bill? The boys are all bruised up,

They couldn't get the show in shape in less than forty-eight hours. We're due in Des Moines in the morning." "Couldn't we make it, the jump, tomorrow night? I don't like to see you dodge Des Moines. We never could meet Jewett again."

The major spread his hands. "Maybe we could limp in Monday on crutches, but I haven't the heart to build my parade again. The show's ragged. It broke when the Demons broke. News of tonight's affair will be spread through Des Moines by Jewett like wildfire. The town would see the show arrive in ruins. We couldn't live it down."

Bill went into the stable tent. As he expected, Florette, still in her fluffy riding costume, which was torn and spattered, was among her stallions, surrounded by her battery of attendants.

The steeds were quiet, strangely so. They munched hay contentedly, nosing the face of their mistress while she scratched them. None but Pete seemed to have suffered a mark from their wild dash into the tent mob. Pete had strained a tendon but was submitting quietly to saturation of the bandages his groom had tightly wound about his injured foot under Florette's watchful direction.

Bill watched for a while before Florette saw him. When his gaze attracted her, she thought there was a bit of sadness in it. She went up to him but waited for him to speak.

"Old-timer!" was all that he said, but it was enough for the bareback star of so many circus seasons. She threw up her arm so that her hand went around his neck and rested her head against his broad chest. "Wasn't Pete splendid, Bill?"

His hand moved gently over her hair, smoothing it. "Old-timers, both of you," he murmured.

"Thanks, Bill, for both Pete and me. I hate you sometimes and I don't like the smell of your cigars, but you're an old-timer, too."

He grinned. From his coat pocket he fished a broken cigar he had forgotten while he had Blinky Dawson down. He thrust it around so that it almost brushed Florette's nose. She sprang away from him, furious.

"Pardon you," he said, his grin broadening.

AGROOM delivered the major's order to load the animals and live stock. There was instant bustle through the stable and stock tents, the bosses hunting men who were in shape to get the animals into the cars in the railroad yards.

Florette gave final instructions to her groom, petted each of her stallions' noses, and rejoined Bill. "Shall we be moving during the night?" she asked.

When he told her of the major's decision, tears filled the equestrienne's eyes. "Like Larry Seamon," she whispered. "I never thought I'd see it again."

Pim Pim turned out of Tony's dressing-room, saw Bill and Florette and beckoned to them. Tony was dressed, as was the clown. Charmian hovered close to Tony's arms but when Pim Pim moved within reach, she caught his hand and held it.

Bill took Pim Pim's hand. He would have liked to say many things, but couldn't. Pim Pim nodded to Tony. "The Demon thinks it's his fault. If you've got any nice words, spare some for him."

Bill immediately was uneasy. He was not good at giving comfort, and back in his mind was the knowledge that Tony's failure to inject sufficient thrill into his single had given Jewett a handle for his club. Florette saved him. "He'll work up again, when he gets the chance," she said. "What's the situation with Des Moines?" Pim Pim asked. "I hear the big top isn't being loaded."

When Bill repeated the news, the clown sagged to a trunk. "That won't be fair to Ahmed," he muttered.

"But the boys couldn't make the repairs in time," Bill reminded him. "At least, that's what the major thinks. He's tired, too."

Charmian's eyes blazed. "And he is going to let Dave Jewett beat him?"

Bill smiled wily. "You're getting the spirit of the show quickly, Miss. Anyhow, that was the spirit of the show before tonight."

Charmian bit her lip. She looked at Pim Pim. "Can't you do anything with him? Mr. Perrin's been looking forward to Des Moines."

To the others, the importance she gave to Tony's plans, in the midst of the wreck of Baxter's Big Show, brought ironical reflections. Pim Pim, however, read a message in her glance. "Let's all go to the major," he said. "Maybe we can change his mind. He's got to be fair to Ahmed."

They found the broken major supervising the line-up of the animal wagons. He shook his head to the plea of Pim Pim and Florette. "We couldn't make it," he repeated. "I haven't the heart to go in and fight it out. The show's a wreck." He turned away dejectedly.

"Please, Pim Pim," Charmian pleaded, "ask him if I may speak to him."

THE clown stopped the major and motioned to Charmian. Tony glanced at her wonderingly. She ignored him and faced the show's proprietor.

"I haven't the right to ask you," she said, "but I do— to go to Des Moines. If you will, I shall go up with Tony on Monday." Pim Pim muttered an exclamation. She silenced him. "If I do go up, the Flying Demons will be all right. I promise."

The major half turned away, wordless. Pim Pim's hand caught his sleeve. The owner looked into the clown's face, angry at first, then intently. Pim Pim was nodding. "You've got to be fair to Ahmed, boss. He saved the boys tonight. I had a hunch that he would, some day. I've got a hunch on Des Moines. Don't let Jewett say you're a quitter. Go in, and fight."



High Lights of Preceding Installments

TWELVE years after Seamon Brothers Circus was crushed and the Great La Belle, its star trapeze performer, killed through the treachery of Dave Jewett, owner of the Mammoth, a rival circus, Jewett announced another La Belle, daughter of the first great star.

This second La Belle had from the time of her mother's death been secretly watched over and tutored in trapeze skill by Pim Pim, an old clown, formerly connected with the wrecked Seamon Brothers Circus, but now associated with Baxter's Big Show, a new circus which had risen to dispute the leadership of the Mammoth.

The second La Belle, a girl of eighteen or nineteen, had now become the Mammoth's star performer and it was on her way to the Mammoth's headquarters for the opening of the circus season that she met Tony Perrin. During the course of their growing friendship, Tony confided to her that he was to be starred as a trapeze performer in a team called the "Flying Demons," which the Baxter show was introducing as a new feature. Meanwhile the girl said nothing about her being the Great La Belle.

As the friendship between Tony and Charmian, for that was the only name by which Tony knew her, grew, it was decided that they were to be married in the fall. Tony went on to the Baxter headquarters and Charmian, unknown to Tony, took her place as star of the Mammoth's show.

All went well with Tony until Blinky Dawson,

a spy for the Mammoth, tried to bribe Tony into leaving Baxter's show. Failing in that, he secretly bribed Fanchon de Vere, Tony's team mate, to break up the act. This she did at the height of a performance by cleverly slipping through Tony's hands while in mid-air and giving the impression that Tony had dropped her.

Then it was that Pim Pim wired Charmian news of this treachery and told her for the first time that Dave Jewett, owner of the Mammoth, was the cause of her mother's death. Charmian immediately severed her connection with the Mammoth and hastened to Baxter's Big Show, where she persuaded Tony and Baxter, who did not know she was the Great La Belle, to let her try out as Tony's team mate in the show.

Dave Jewett, enraged at the loss of his star performer and believing she would align herself with Baxter's Big Show, instructed his lieutenant, Blinky Dawson, to wreck the Baxter show. Accordingly an army of hired thugs under Blinky's leadership descended on the Baxter outfit on the eve of its departure for Des Moines and, while the evening performance was in progress, rushed in swinging stakes and clubs on the heads of spectators and performers alike. The Baxter people were rapidly being worsted and complete disaster threatened the show when Pim Pim opened the cage of Ahmed, the lion. The roar of the great beast sent the attackers fleeing in panic and saved the day for the Baxter show.

"Quitter, you say?" The major swung about to Charmian as if he had been struck. "If you get a chance to practice tomorrow and Monday morning, are you sure you will be ready to go up and give me two Demons at Monday's matinee?"

"I'll go up, and I'll stay up!"

From his pocket the major jerked a whistle. Its commanding blast brought gang bosses and superintendents rushing from every direction. "We'll load for Des Moines at noon tomorrow," he announced. "We'll go in on special train schedule. Ask the boys who are able to work tonight on repairs to work like hell, for the show and for me. Paint everything. We'll lick the Mammoth yet."

A cheer answered him.

"There she goes, Bill. We're in the laps of the gods."

"And may the gods be good to us and keep us sitting pretty."

The major and Bill Fredericks watched the parade leave the Des Moines show grounds. The calliope's strident melodies mellowed in the distance. The stream of newly painted wagons, bumping and creaking to the great discomfort of drivers because of broken springs and bandaged axles that were hidden, glittered spick and span to the eyes of spectators and threaded its way into town between unbroken lanes of balloon-flying youngsters and hand-clapping elders.

The major was physically worn from the strenuous night and exhausting Sunday. He'd got his special train and hoisted the big top. Late, but it was up. His spirit was buoyant again, however, quivering with every ounce of its accustomed fight.

The tent gangs had given him full measure of loyalty. Each lot man had forgotten wounds and worked through the twenty-four hours. Late in the afternoon before, Sun-

day, the big top lifted on the Des Moines lot with every pennant flying defiantly.

True, there were many patches scattered over canvas. Some of the wagons in the menagerie were set upon platforms because their rolling gear was hopelessly ruined. But the platforms were hung with bunting which added an inordinate splash of color to the gray background of the animal tent.

Throughout Des Moines, word had spread that Baxter's Big Show wasn't coming. Only the Mammoth, the mighty, reliable Mammoth, would arrive. For that very reason, there was greater interest shown when Baxter's did appear, late but proud.

The major went in to inspect the set-up in the big top, empty during parade save for a few scattered workmen. The superintendent of the arena saluted his chief. "Any instructions for the matinee, sir?"

"Yes," the major replied. "When the parade comes in, get the band leader and the ringmasters together. I want the old entrance staged for the Flying Demons. And, in addition, give them each a line of trumpeters on their march around the hippodrome. Put the animal acts back where they used to be before the Demons broke up, and leave the arena clear for the Demons' act. I want to give them all the showmanship I can, build them up on the entrance and when they go up, so the audience will be dazzled before they ascend."

"I know what you want, sir. I'll see that they get a ballyhoo."

"But, mind you: hold a ringmaster in every ring and all platform chiefs. Have tumblers and horizontalists ready to rush in on your whistle and fill the platforms and rings."

"You mean if they're not making good?"

"I mean just that. Give them the arena to themselves on the start. If you see they're still missing, fill it before it's too late."

THE arena superintendent left the big top with the proprietor and crossed to the office. When they had passed the side show promenade, where the vanguard of the crowd that soon would people the lot already had gathered, a figure that Bill Fredericks would have instantly recognized as that of Blinky Dawson, despite its khaki blouse and trousers and its ground man's cap bearing the distinguished legend, "Baxter's Big Show," darted out from among the side show tents.

With the cap of his Baxter's Big Show uniform drawn over his now wide open eyes, concealing his face from all except a close observer, Blinky walked briskly through the main entrance gates into the main tent. He saluted the gate watchmen as he passed. They nodded carelessly, as to any of the big top gang returning to the performance tent.

Inside, Blinky crossed the menagerie swiftly. The menagerie floor was clear, for the cage wagons were in parade and there would be no animal men about until the parade returned. When he reached the hippodrome, his sharp, hissing intake of breath signaled his satisfaction. But few of the big top squad were on the floor. No ground bosses were about.

With the even, unhurried gait of a ground man about his duties, Blinky moved down the hippodrome until he was abreast of one of the ascension poles of the Flying Demons, not Tony's, but the one Fanchon de Vere had ascended and the one on which Charmian or, as he knew her, the Great La Belle, would mount this afternoon. For Blinky was certain it was Baxter's plan to spring La Belle as a surprise. He could figure no other solution to the mystery of her being on the Baxter lot, rehearsing with the Flying Demon as had been regularly reported to him, yet remaining unannounced to the public. And he was convinced that if La Belle were enlisting under the Baxter banner, he would introduce her at Des Moines.

He swept the arena with a quick glance. If any ground men had noticed him, they had taken him for one of themselves. None was interested in him. From under his blouse he drew a chamois polishing cloth. Nimbly he climbed the pole, helped by its foot rungs. Half way up, safe from a too close scrutiny from the ground, he fell to polishing the shining nickel pole.

Steadily he climbed until he had reached the first stand. Here he paused briefly. Again he examined the arena below. He satisfied himself that the superintendent had not reentered the tent. With a quick, cat-like spring, he leaped to a cable that guyed the suspension rods and pulleys of the high trapeze far up in the dome. When he reached the top of this cable, he fell to polishing the silver suspension rods.

(Continued on page 11)



The New Silhouette Is Varied

FLARES and plaits dominate the mode, with effective adaptations of the draped silhouette, soft shirring and tiers to emphasize the charming new expressions of the feminized mode. The dipping hemline is decidedly smart for afternoons, and gives an unusually graceful line with a tendency to lengthen the silhouette. Bodices are generally molded, showing either high or extremely low waistline.

Printed chiffons and georgettes are smart fabrics for summer. Plain chiffons in pastel shades are especially lovely for resort wear. You'll be surprised at the moderate cost of the printed silk crepes, so smartly wearable for daytime occasions. Summer social activities call for frocks of washable flat silk crepe, tub flannel, striped radium, shantung, printed linen, dimity, figured madras, challis print, jersey or cashmere woven with metal threads.

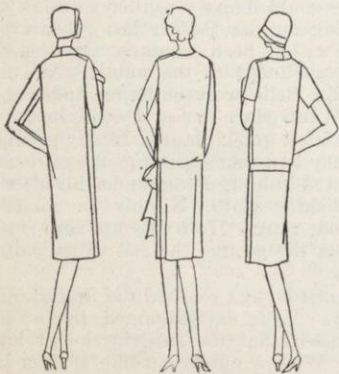
No. 3402. New distinction. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with ⅞ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 3412. Drape lends smartness. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅓ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3256. Decidedly chic. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅘ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3333. It's smart. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material with 1½ yards of lace.

No. 3432. Youthful type. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material with ¼ yard of 27-inch contrasting and 1¼ yards of 1¼-inch ribbon.



3402 3412 3256



3432 3333

Below, their final dressing of rings and platforms finished, the ground men were disappearing, one by one and in pairs, toward the mess tent where they would have their lunch in advance of the parade's return. Blinky moved along the cable to which he clung so that the silver ring bolt that attached one of the trapeze cables to a suspension rod was within his reach.

He drew a small but sturdy wrench from his blouse pocket and worked swiftly. Then he slid down to the stand below, observed that the arena was clear, and dropped to the ground. His cap pulled down, he walked with a studied nonchalance to the grandstand tiers. With a last look about the tent, he dodged under the grandstand seats and crept beneath the tent walls onto the lot. He got to the street and into a car that waited behind the lot, unchallenged.

While the parade moved, triumphant, along its route through the down town streets, Tony was the only one of all those who helped make up the spectacle who was downcast. Beside him, in the most impressive of the show's fleet of cars, Florette smiled happily to the crowds. She, like others of the Baxter family, had caught the major's new and greater confidence, and radiated a renewed eagerness for the real beginning of the tussle with the Mammoth.

But Tony was saddened by this very enthusiasm, this friendly reception by Des Moines people. It was here that he had planned to usher his mother into that part of his life from which he had kept her apart. It was here that he had planned to reveal himself in all the glory of circus stardom, to show her "her boy" acclaimed by cheering thousands, "her boy" gone out from an Iowa village to become one of the heroes of his profession. And he had looked forward to her coming close to the circus with him, his circus, and in the magic of its thrills and glamour to take the circus into the corners of her heart because "her boy" was of it.

Des Moines had come. Here it was, in carnival dress. The show had weathered its storms. But he was on his pedestal no longer. By some inexplicable thrust from behind, he had been toppled over. And Charmian was here: the mysterious, unfathomable Charmian, the miraculous Charmian who loved him, believed in him and had so bravely, willfully, cast herself into the breach to save him.

WHILE Tony brooded, his vacant eyes gazing out over the eager masses, but unseeing, Charmian nestled on a cushion in the drawing-room of a hotel suite, at the feet of the little Mrs. Perrin. She smiled gayly up into the quaint, excitement-flushed face above her. Already one called the other "daughter," and was called, in return, "mother."

The accommodation from Sharonville, behind the "circus special," had arrived at the Des Moines station after the parade left the Baxter lot. Charmian had just had time to go to the grounds with Tony, see him off in the parade and rush across town to greet the Sharonville train.

She had felt, foolishly, like bursting into tears when she saw the black-silked, shawl-draped, tiny fluttering figure of Tony's mother, whose "Lands sakes!" she could almost hear above the station clatter.

Fright and anxiety already had spread over Mrs. Perrin's face, for she had confidently expected to see Tony's hat waving to her before the train stopped. With that placid acceptance of all things which Charmian had witnessed during her few short hours at Sharonville, Mrs. Perrin had accepted her presence as a matter of course as she had her breathless explanation:

"I've come in Tony's place. I'm visiting with you, too, you know."

Mrs. Perrin's arms had taken her in happily and it had been then, before they were off the station platform, that the first "daughter" and the first "mother" were spoken.

"Tony will come to us at the hotel, where you are to stop with me," Charmian had explained while their cab was threading the traffic. And now they were waiting for him. Charmian was eager for his surprise at finding his mother.

Mrs. Perrin chatted gayly of her last visit to Des Moines, ten years before, and of Tony as he was then. And Charmian told, with all the detail she could put into words, of the birth of her love for Tony, of what it meant to her, of how she hoped the blooming of it would grow into a blossom that would last through all the years, and of her happiness that she, too, was to have a mother. "Do you think I am worthy of him, and of you?" she asked.

Eyes that once had been a deep and merry blue looked down into eyes that were chestnut brown. There had been a provoking, confident little smile about Charmian's lips when she asked the ver-

dict. While the blue eyes, age-dimmed but with many moving ghosts of their old fires, looked down into the brown eyes, the vagrant smile faded. She had made her challenge lightly; instantly she knew she had invoked a verdict that, given, would be for always.

The blue eyes traveled slowly. They rested a little while on the unshamed beauty of a pair of slim legs which, frankly kneecapped, stretched out from the cushions. They came back to the up-turned, wistful face and probed the parted lips. A tenuous, furrowed hand, tiny, that seemed to match the mellowness of the blue eyes, crept out and cupped the young head.

Yesterday's lips and tomorrow's met. Yesterday's whispered, "I give him to you, dear. Be good to him." Tomorrow's returned, "I shall be."

"Now we shall talk about the circus," Charmian announced, pulling another cushion under her. "It's circus day in Des Moines, you know. Everyone is excited about it." She seemed not to be looking up, but from the corners of her eyes she watched the face above her closely. Mrs. Perrin's disapproval of the circus showed instantly.

"They're wicked," she said. "I can't understand people nowadays."

A golden laugh. Mrs. Perrin was shocked. "You mustn't laugh, my dear. It's really too bad," she remonstrated earnestly.



ROMANCE

By KATHARINE EGGLESTON ROBERTS

A sunbeam carried a song in its light
From the deepest blue of the sky.
Down through the mist,
It sang till it kissed
The dew from a rosebud shy.

The pink rose opened her heart to the call,
Caught the sunbeam from above,
And their fragrance rare
Filled the golden air
When you were born, my love.



"But, mother dear, won't you go to the circus this afternoon, with Tony and me?"

For days, Charmian had planned just that speech. Its opportunity would arrive, she had been confident, and it would have to be said, of course, without many preliminaries. But now, though the suggestion came bravely and lightly, she quaked.

Mrs. Perrin would not be serious about it. She patted the girl's head and shook her own slyly, as if she could understand a little teasing and wouldn't notice.

"But I mean it," Charmian insisted. "I've been to circuses, often. And so has Tony. They're just not wicked at all; at least, I don't—we don't—think so. Tony and I have it planned. You must see the elephants while they're taking peanuts from boys who are just like Tony used to be and little girls who are like you were. You must see the camels and the zebras and the hippopotamus and the other animals."

Breathless in her eagerness to beat down the old lady's consternation before she could give another verdict, Charmian pressed on, snuggling closer to the thin body in the big chair, much as a pleading child: "I even know circus people who like to go to prayer meetings."

"Lands sakes!" She had won. In the startled echo of that "Lands sakes!" was the sound of falling battlements. "Yes," she declared, "I know of a circus girl who once heard Mr. Simpkin, at Sharonville, talk to his congregation. And I heard that she remembered what he said, this circus girl, and that she vowed while she listened that she'd never be anything so long as she lived that Mr. Simpkin wouldn't approve. Yet she's with a circus."

"Can it be true?" The old lady's eyes were shining, as if something great and good as well as surprising had come to her.

Charmian nodded. She must hurry the promise, before Tony should arrive. "Tony confessed to me—we've confessed a lot to each other, you see—that always he has liked the circus and wished that you would, too, so you and he could go once in a while and be children together. And now there's me. I want you to go—with us. Think of that circus girl who remembers Preacher Simpkin at Sharonville."

Mrs. Perrin was thoughtful. Her head was nodding slowly. "I wouldn't ever want

to think anyone was wicked and be wrong about it. I've tried to teach Tony that he mustn't ever be unfair."

"Then, when Tony comes, shall we tell him, you and I, that we've decided to let him take us to the matinee—early, so we can watch the animals awhile?"

Now, with the proposal come so close, Mrs. Perrin was aghast before the crumbling within her of a lifelong antagonism. "But they say they have demons!"

Again Charmian's laugh. She got to her knees and was mischievous. "Let's go see them. We can tell Mr. Simpkin what real demons look like."

The girl's mischief was contagious. It bridged the space between youth and age and swept years aside. Mrs. Perrin trembled, while the ghosts in the blue eyes seemed to come to life and clamor for release. "I remember, when I was a girl, I always had a new beau when the circus came to town. And I'd lose him because I couldn't go."

The hotel house phone buzzed. Charmian sprang to her feet and took the old lady's tenuous hands. "That's Tony now. Shall we tell him when he comes up—the circus grounds, the animals and the crowds, and the matinee? Maybe we'll find a new beau for you!"

Mrs. Perrin nodded. Charmian sprang to the buzzing phone, "Ask him to come up, please."

An elevator gate slammed down the cor-

She clapped her hands at the spectacle of Molly, jumbo of the elephant herd, locating a peanut in Charmian's hand and losing it in the maw of her great mouth. She was frightened when Charmian stood close to Ahmed's cage and put her hand on the man-killer's mane.

Tony started, his doubts and troubles swooping down upon him, when the arena band swept into the crashing melody that preceded the arena superintendent's whistle to "Get ready." Charmian reassured him with a glance and they moved with the human stream that flowed into the hippodrome.

Charmian had reserved a trio of box seats at the lower rim of the grandstand. She had chosen them carefully when the big top went up Sunday afternoon and made sure that they were directly in line with the swings of the Flying Demons. Mrs. Perrin faltered only once. That was when, while they waited for the usher to take their seat checks, she sent a wondering look around the tent and realized the thousands of people who made up the restless, waving sea of faces—bright, shining faces with "picnic" expressions.

"Lands sakes!" she murmured. "Maybe there are folks up there from Sharonville. They'd know me."

"Of course they would," Charmian assured her brazenly, "and they'll go straight to Mr. Simpkin about it."

THE old lady tossed her shoulders. "I don't care," she declared. "I'm going to know whether a circus is wicked. It can't be if my boy and my daughter say not."

Already the grandstand was well filled. Mrs. Perrin settled in her seat with a grim determination to be equal to any occasion. She was glad, though, when "neighbors" came in to fill the empty seats in the box. The "neighbors" looked at the little old lady with startled amazement when she bowed to them, as "neighbors" should. Charmian smiled at the newcomers an eloquent smile that conveyed her plea that they must be kindly to the little figure in shawl and black silk. The "neighbors" understood the pretty girl and smiled back at her.

Mrs. Perrin resumed her excited questioning. "The ringmasters? Who are they? And are they of the circus, too? And the many men in khaki uniforms who seemed to be so aimlessly busy. What are they pottering about?"

The ringmasters, who had stopped in the arena for a last inspection of their particular arenas of command, moved out of sight through the performers' entrance passage. The band struck up a new melody. Tony knew the superintendent's whistle would be warning the performers of the grand promenade. He did not participate in the promenade but must report in the dressing-room, and Charmian must be made up by Florette. And they must have a final talk over cues. He fidgeted uneasily. Charmian bent over his mother.

"We're going to leave you now, Tony and I," she announced. "You mustn't mind, because you'll be quite safe here until we return. We're going out to prepare a surprise for you, something we've planned, Tony and I, that will make you very, very happy."

It was not very convincing, but Mrs. Perrin turned upon the girl with bright reassurance. "Whatever my children do will be all right. I like surprises. They're like basket parties. I'm always wanting to know what the other people have in their baskets. Run along, but hurry back."

"You won't be worried, when we promise that we'll come back as soon as we can? You'll enjoy—everything?"

Mrs. Perrin was suddenly anxious. "You'll be here when they show their demons?"

Charmian laughed gayly. "You'll see us before you see the demons." She smiled at a round-faced, genial man who sat in one of the box seats behind. "If we leave our mother, you'll watch over her, won't you?"

The genial one grinned to the pretty girl and nodded. "Lands sakes!" Mrs. Perrin demurred. "You mortify me. I'm used to being alone. You two trot out and get my surprise."

In the reserved seat section, which fronted the grandstand, Blinky Dawson, in a middle tier close to an aisle, half rose to his feet as Tony and Charmian hurried past in the track below. When he was certain of his recognition of the Great La Belle, his breath made a hissing sound between his teeth. When he dropped back into his seat, relaxed, he glanced up into the tent dome, far up, where the silver and nickel of a high trapeze glistened. His intense gaze fastened for a moment on the suspension rod where a great ring bolt held one trapeze cable to its pulley. Then he dropped his eyes to the arena.

(Continued in September issue)

Meditations on Life

By KING SOLOMON

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

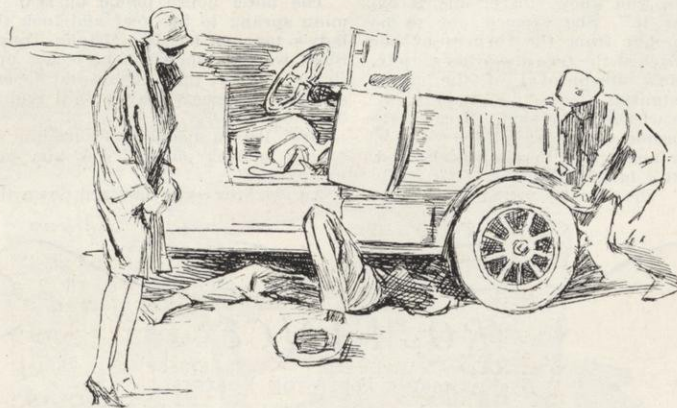
Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity. . . .

The preacher sought to find out acceptable words; and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.

And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.



In a Stage Coach

By MARK TWAIN

AFTER supper a woman got in, who lived about fifty miles farther on. Apparently she was not a talkative woman. She would sit there in the gathering twilight and fasten her steadfast eyes on a mosquito rooting into her arm, and slowly she would raise her other hand till she had got his range, and then she would launch a slap at him that would have jolted a cow; and after that she would sit and contemplate the corpse with tranquil satisfaction—for she never missed her mosquito; she was a dead shot at short range. She never removed a carcass, but left them there for bait. I sat by this grim Sphinx and watched her kill thirty or forty mosquitoes—watched her, and waited for her to say something, but she never did. So I finally opened the conversation myself. I said:

"The mosquitoes are pretty bad, about here, madam."

"You bet."

"What did I understand you to say, madam?"

"YOU BET!" Then she cheered up, and faced around and said:

"Danged if I didn't begin to think you fellers was deaf and dumb. I did, b'gosh. Here I've sot, and sot, and sot, a-bustin' musketeers and wonderin' what was ailin' ye. Fust I thot you was deaf and dumb, then I thot you was sick or crazy, or suthin', and then by and by I begin to reckon you was a passel of sickly fools that couldn't think of nothing to say. Where'd ye come from?"

The Sphinx was a Sphinx no more! The fountains of her great deep were broken up, and she rained the nine parts of speech forty days and forty nights, metaphorically speaking, and buried us under a desolating deluge of trivial gossip that left not a crag or pinnacle of rejoinder projecting above the tossing waste of dislocated grammar and decomposed pronunciation.

Friendship Village Talks on Life

Gems of Thought and Glints of Humor from Writers Old and New—Quiet Chats and Friendly Cheer on Everyday Life and Its Problems

Poems the World Loves

LITTLE BY LITTLE

LITTLE by little the time goes by—
Short, if you sing through it, long, if
you sigh.

Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away.
Little by little the race is run;
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!

Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
Little by little the Wrong gives way—
Little by little the Right has sway.
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty, for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

Unfortunately, the author of these verses is unknown, but the hope and courage and cheer that they possess will endure as a source of inspiration to all mankind.

—THE EDITORS.

Other poems on other phases of home and family life will appear in this space from month to month



Some Fish Stories

By AESOP OF SAMOS

IT HAPPENED that a Fisher, after fishing all day, caught only a little fish. "Pray let me go, master," said the Fish. "I am much too small for your eating just now. If you put me back into the river, I shall soon grow, then you can make a fine meal off me."

"Nay, nay, my little Fish," said the Fisher, "I have you now. I may not catch you hereafter." "A little thing in hand is worth more than a great thing in prospect."

AFISHER once took his bagpipes to the bank of a river, and played upon them with the hope of making the fish rise; but never a one put his nose out of the water. So he cast his net into the river and soon drew it forth filled with fish. Then he took his bagpipes again, and, as he played, the fish leapt up in the net. "Ah, you dance now when I play," said he.

"Yes," said an old Fish: "When you are in a man's power, you must do as he bids you."

ONE fine day, two Crabs came out from their home to take a stroll on the sand. "Child," said the mother, "you are walking very ungracefully. You should accustom yourself to walking straight forward without twisting from side to side."

"Pray, mother," said the young one, "do but set the example yourself, and I will follow you." "Example is the best precept."

Aesop was a slave on the island of Samos and lived about 550 B.C.



Summertime is Vegetable-Soup-time!

With all the cold foods you eat in summer, you need the invigoration of hot, healthful Soup

For that one-hot-dish in the cold meal — Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It's so tempting and delicious. It has such a wholesome, tonic effect on the appetite and the digestion. It's so nourishing and substantial.

For real food of splendid quality, already cooked and helping to keep you out of the hot kitchen these warm days — Campbell's Vegetable Soup. 15 selected vegetables blended in one soup, by Campbell's famous French chefs. All that is required in your kitchen is the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and simmering a few minutes!

For a satisfying, convenient meal in summertime — Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Millions of women often make this soup the luncheon or supper — it contains so much and it tastes so good.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.



With this bouquet and spirits gay
I'm sure to be a winner.
And when we dine, oh how I'll shine
With Campbell's Soup for dinner!

Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER

LITTLE JOURNEYS IN BABYLAND—No. 5



Feeding babies nine to twelve months old

By the ninth month, in addition to the milk feedings, cereal and vegetable feedings are introduced, as the doctor may direct. And by the twelfth month complete weaning is usually considered advisable. Write for free booklet, "Increasing Baby's Food Schedule", by an authority on Baby Feeding.

When Baby begins to take "grown-up" food

the transition, by all means, should be gradual. With the advice of the physician, weaning may be accomplished with minimum disturbance to Baby, and with least trouble to Mother.

Mothers who are careful in this respect will be careful, also, of Baby's sensitive skin. And to prevent chafing and irritation from diapers, and from perspiration particularly in deep folds of the skin, they naturally turn to Mennen Borated Talcum—the modern soothing baby powder.

Especially prepared for babies from the finest talcum obtainable, this scientific baby powder is air-floated to downy softness. It forms

a gauzy film of protection that is anti-frictional and antiseptic. It absorbs moisture, guards against rawness, and relieves itching. It cools and soothes Baby's delicate skin, and brings him comfort and contentment.

Baby needs the benefit of Mennen Borated Talcum more than ever these hot summer days! Accept today the offer below!

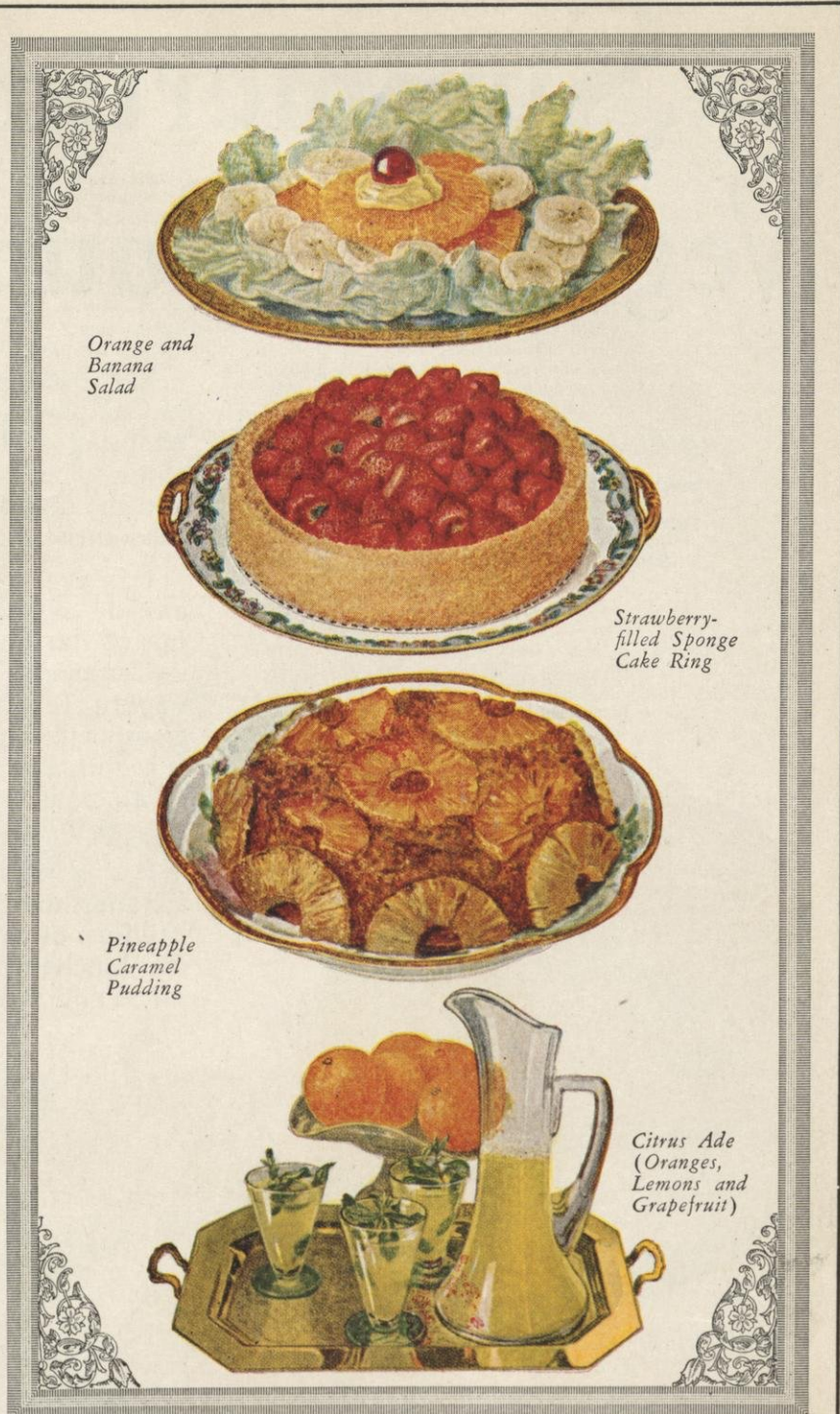
When Baby's physician advises an ointment, use Mennen Baby Ointment. For dry skin, diaper rash, scaly scalp and prickly heat it is safe and soothing. Waterproof and healing.

The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.
The Mennen Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

MENNEN Borated Talcum

the Baby Powder

FREE THIS MONTH. Ask your druggist for this Combination Package containing a shaker can of Mennen Borated Talcum and a generous free tube of Mennen Skin Balm. Both for the price of the talcum alone in this Combination Package—25c. Mothers will enjoy using Mennen Skin Balm—the well-known skin tonic. Non-greasy. Smooths and heals roughened skin. Soothes and cools sunburn. Keeps your hands soft and beautiful.



Orange and Banana Salad

Strawberry-filled Sponge Cake Ring

Pineapple Caramel Pudding

Citrus Ade (Oranges, Lemons and Grapefruit)

American Fruit Dainties

And some timely recipes for their preparation

By Lily Haxworth Wallace

FRUITS are delightful and necessary adjuncts to the diet at all times of the year, but at almost no other season are they so grateful to the jaded appetite as during summer's hottest days. Following are some recipes for very tempting dishes:

Orange and Banana Salad

- 3 seedless oranges
- 4 bananas
- Lettuce
- Whipped cream
- mayonnaise
- Finely chopped nuts or cherries or grated orange rind, optional

PEEL, slice, thoroughly chill and drain the oranges; peel, scrape and slice the bananas. Arrange the orange slices for individual service on crisp lettuce with the sliced banana around. Put a spoonful of whipped cream mayonnaise on top and garnish, if desired, with the nuts, cherries or orange rind. Serves six.

Pineapple Caramel Pudding

- 3 eggs
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup canned pineapple juice
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 slices canned pineapple
- ½ cup brown sugar

BEAT the eggs until very light with the sugar. Add the pineapple juice, vanilla and dry ingredients sifted together and pour into a plain cake pan or mold, which has been generously greased with

butter, the slices of pineapple arranged in it and the brown sugar sprinkled over the fruit. Bake in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.—thirty to thirty-five minutes, unmold immediately and serve hot or cold, with or without additional diced canned pineapple with its juice. Serves six.

Strawberry-filled Sponge Cake Ring

ANY sponge cake mixture may be used for this, either a rich or plain variety. Bake in a "Mary Ann" cake pan, this being of such shape that, when baked, the cake turns out with a hollow center. Fill when cold with slightly sweetened strawberries and, if desired, pass cream separately, but do not pour it over the fruit, as it would make the cake soggy.

Citrus Ade

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- Thinly peeled rind and juice 4 oranges
- Juice 2 grapefruit
- Juice 2 lemons
- 1 quart ginger ale
- Fresh mint, optional
- 1 quart water

BOIL the sugar, water and orange rind together for five minutes. Remove the rind and when the sirup is cold, add it to the fruit juices. Chill, and, just before serving, blend with the ginger ale, also chilled. Serve in a pitcher with cracked ice, putting a sprig of mint, if used, into each glass. Serves eight to ten.

(Continued on page 15)

American Fruit Dainties

(Continued from page 14)

Molded Gelatine with Mixed Fruits

2 packages prepared raspberry jelly powder 2 cups mixed fruits 2 pints boiling water

COMBINE the boiling water and jelly powder, stirring until thoroughly dissolved. Set aside to cool and when almost at the setting point, fold in gently the fruit, which may be canned or fresh or a combination of the two. Peaches, cherries, apricots, pineapple and pears are all suitable canned fruits and may be combined with fresh sliced bananas and sections of firm orange. There are excellent canned fruit salad combinations which may also be used. Be sure that the canned fruit is thoroughly drained before adding to the jelly; if desired, part or all of the fruit juice from the can may be substituted for part of the boiling water. Turn into a previously wet mold, chill, unmold and serve plain or with light cream.

Be sure that the jelly is almost at the setting point when turned into the mold so fruit will not sink to bottom.

Lemon Coconut Ice Box Pudding

¾ cup fresh butter 1 ¼ cups sifted powdered sugar 3 eggs 1 cup toasted coconut ½ pint heavy cream, whipped Grated rind 1 large lemon 1 tablespoon lemon juice About 2 dozen lady fingers

LINE a mold with wax paper. Split, trim and cut the lady fingers to fit the mold, using them to line both bottom and sides, remembering that the round end of the lady fingers must be put down in

the mold, as this will be the top when it is inverted.

Cream butter, adding sugar gradually. Beat and add egg yolks, coconut, lemon rind and juice. Fold in whipped cream and egg whites, beaten until stiff. Turn half this mixture into previously prepared mold, imbed in it a layer of lady fingers, cover with remaining filling and top with more lady fingers. Place in refrigerator for twenty-four hours, unmold, lift off the paper and serve garnished with slightly sweetened whipped cream and maraschino or candied cherries. Serves eight.

Stuffed Peach Salad

1 cream cheese 2 dozen salted almonds ¼ teaspoon salt Dash of paprika 12 halves canned peaches Grated rind ½ orange Lettuce

BLEND the cream cheese, almonds (finely minced), salt, paprika and orange rind and form into small balls. If cheese is dry, moisten with spoonful of cream or orange juice. Drain peaches, arrange in nests of lettuce and place a cream cheese ball in the hollow of each peach. Serve with Peach Salad Dressing. Serves six.

Peach Salad Dressing

½ cup sirup from canned peaches 2 egg yolks 1 tablespoon sugar ¼ teaspoon salt ¼ teaspoon paprika 1 ½ tablespoons lemon juice

SCALD peach sirup, pour it over the yolks of eggs, which have been beaten until light with sugar, salt and paprika. (Continued on page 22)



Molded Gelatine with Mixed Fruits



Lemon Coconut Ice Box Pudding



Quick Fruit Bread



Stuffed Peach Salad

Mr. Sid Ward,
Advertising Writer,
Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir:
I saw that ad your wife, Ann Ward, told you to write and I don't think much of it.
There wasn't a word about Fels-Naptha for baby clothes and, believe me, they take some washing. I've raised five children and I know. It's just wash, wash, wash! I never found a way to make that washing

Woodland Ave.,
Pa.

as easy as reading a book, but I did find Fels-Naptha took the dirt out easier. I suppose that's the "extra help" you talk about — the "good golden soaps and plenty of Naptha, working together". But whatever you call it, if I do say so, my babies had the cleanest, whitest, sweetest clothes I ever saw.

Another thing your wife forgot was how handy Fels-Naptha is for cleaning around the house. I never found anything like it for floors and woodwork, yet you say nothing about such uses.

Then, too, you talk a lot

about grease. That might make some think Fels-Naptha is good only for heavy washing. That's not true! If it were I'd never have used it on my babies' clothes. Goodness knows they're dainty and cost enough. I use Fels-Naptha on all my fine linens, too, and for everything in the family wash and I've always said how wonderful it is for keeping colors bright and fresh. I hope you appreciate that this letter is in good spirit and meant to be helpful for, though I don't know your wife, I have always considered myself a good friend of Fels-Naptha Soap.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Elizabeth Adams

Claribel's shadow followed right along after her—the way every good shadow does. And Polly and Peter and Peter were on the shadow



Then Claribel took a long, long jump that landed her on a little, low star that wasn't very high in the sky

A TOUR OF THE SKIES WITH CLARIBEL

Higher and Farther Than "Lindy" Ever Went—Way up to the Man in the Moon!
Another Exciting Adventure of Polly and Peter Pom

By PAUL A. FLORIAN



The Man in the Moon put his head out of the window and asked, "Who's there?"



Then Peter had an idea. He whistled twice and shouted

IT WAS very, very late, but Polly and Peter Pom just hadn't been able to fall asleep—perhaps the Sandman forgot all about them that night. And they lay in their beds talking about the adventures they had had and the many things they would like to do.

Peter Pom was saying, "What I'd like to do is to go way, way up and touch the moon. That's what I'd like." And then they heard a soft voice say, "Oh, would you?"

Peter didn't know whose voice it was, but he said bravely, "Yes, I would."

"Then come with me," said the voice, and this time Peter and Polly recognized it—Claribel the cat was talking to them.

"Why, Claribel," exclaimed Polly. "How can you get up to the moon?"

Claribel sat down on the window sill and purred. "The moon is only one jump away from where I've been several times. I can take you there."

"Can you take us tonight?" asked Peter.

"Of course," Claribel answered, and switched her plummy black tail.

"All right, I'm ready," Peter said, and Polly said that she was, too. Then they asked Claribel how it was to be done and the black cat said:

"There are several ways. Speaking for myself, I don't care to visit the moon. I've heard it's made of green cheese—which means that there are mice there—and of course I don't care to meet any more mice. Of course, I could wait on the top of a tree I know and when the moon rose up behind it, I could jump on it and ride up the sky. But I have a better plan, which I will show you."

Riding Claribel's Shadow

Claribel leaped down off the window and padded silently out into the garden, with Peter and Polly following after. Now, the moon was already up in the sky and very, very bright, so the children couldn't imagine how Claribel was going to get them up, as she said she would.

"Now," said Claribel, "I'm going to jump onto one of the lower branches of the oak tree. Watch my shadow, Peter."

Peter did as he was asked and found Claribel's shadow stretched dark and soft across the sleeping grass. "Now stand on it, at the farthest end," said the cat. Polly and Peter stood on the shadow at the very farthest end. While they were doing that, Claribel prepared to jump again and she said, "Now, my shadow

follows me wherever I go, and I am going to let you ride on it."

So when Claribel jumped to the top of the tree, the shadow followed right along after—the way every good shadow does, like yours or mine. And Polly and Peter were on the shadow, so that they were right behind the cat.

Then Claribel took a long, long jump that landed her on a little, low star that wasn't very high in the sky. When she jumped, she gave a quick pull to her shadow and pulled it up beside her. "Now," she said, "we'll jump from one star to another until we get to the moon." Which is exactly what she started to do.

Claribel Loses Her Footing

"It's lucky you have your velvet paws," said Polly when they stopped to rest after several long jumps.

Boy and Girl Sail on Shadow of Cat to Visit the Man in the Moon

"The moon is not made of green cheese!" With this positive statement of fact, Polly and Peter Pom, the two youthful explorers just returned from a sky-tour, definitely set at rest the old myth regarding the composition of the moon. The sights and experiences of their thrilling journey are graphically described in this new story for Woman's World boys and girls.

"Yes, these stars are very slippery indeed," Claribel replied.

Peter and Polly agreed with her. The stars were like big diamonds, with lights inside. "Two more jumps and we'll be on the big star that has a ring around it," Claribel told them, and she licked her velvet paws with her bright red tongue.

So she jumped, and then jumped again—and there they were on the big bright star with a ring around it. Polly

and Peter stood on the edge and looked down and way, way far below they could just see their own little house, with smoke coming out of the chimney and the window open just as they had left it.

"Now you can jump over to the moon," said Claribel.

"We can't, if you don't," said Polly and Peter.

"But it's very easy. You just spring once, and don't even have to pull your shadow after you as I did. Let me show you once more."

And Claribel took a long spring toward a shiny star not far away. But her foot slipped and her velvet claws couldn't hold on to the shiny star, and she fell down and down—but of course she didn't get hurt, because a cat never does get hurt when it falls.

But there Polly and Peter were alone up on the big star with the ring around it. And they didn't know what to do.

They Appeal to the Man in the Moon

Then Peter had an idea. He whistled twice and then shouted, "Oh, Mr. Man in the Moon, can you tell us how to get back home? We got lost up here by mistake."

The Man in the Moon put his head out of the window where he generally sits and asked, "Who's there?"

"Polly and Peter Pom. Claribel was here, but she fell home."

"Well, well, well," said the Man in the Moon, with a smile that showed his shiny white teeth, that were like little stars. "I'm sailing over that way tonight luckily, and I'll pick you up."

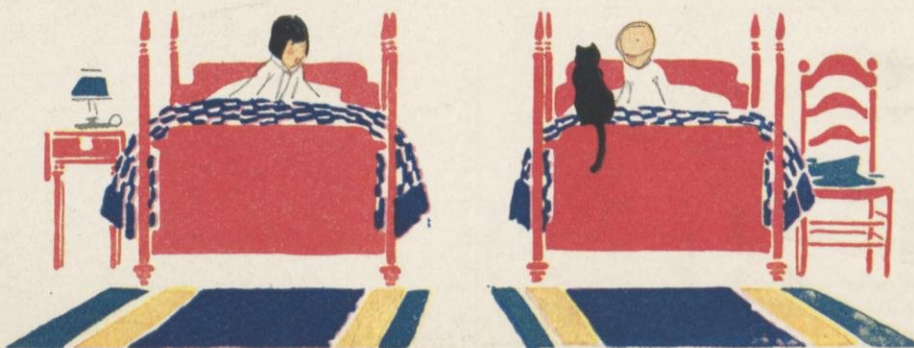
That's exactly what he did. He took Polly and Peter inside his house and offered them some chocolate eclairs he had made himself (for he's a very good cook—and a bachelor, you know) and said he would be very glad to stop by their house on his way round the sky, and they could climb in their own window.

"We like it up here very much," Polly said politely, "but I guess we had better be home—they'd miss us so."

So the Man in the Moon stopped right outside their window and they thanked him and climbed back into bed. And next day they told Claribel positively that the moon was not made of green cheese. But still she didn't care to go up there again to find out for herself.

NOTE: The most wonderful adventure Polly and Peter ever had will be described in full in an early issue of Woman's World. Be sure to watch for it, boys and girls.
—THE EDITORS.

Peter Pom was saying, "What I'd like to do is to go way, way up and touch the moon"



It ruins romance

*Popularity passes by those
who have halitosis*

WHEN you go away on your vacation you expect to have a good time — to meet and like others and be liked by them.

Is there anything that may prevent this? Yes. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) can minimize every other charm you have.

Don't fool yourself as thousands do that you never have halitosis. The insidious thing about it is that it does not announce itself to the victim. But it does to others. And that offends.

Why take this unnecessary risk when by using Listerine with its powerful deodorant properties you can put yourself on the polite and popular side?

Keep a bottle handy always and rinse the mouth with it often—especially before meeting others.

By the way, if you are going abroad we suggest that you take several bottles with you. There will be dozens of times when Listerine will come in handy. For freshening up after a long motor ride, for instance, as a stimulating substitute for a bath when a bath cannot be had (you know how it is in Europe) and for the daily care of the mouth. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Don't fool yourself

Since halitosis never announces itself to the victim, you simply cannot know when you have it.



Have you tried the new Listerine Shaving Cream?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

Soft summer sunshine. Luncheon kit overflowing with Heinz good things. Sweet mixed pickles, crisp and spicy. Sandwiches of peanut butter. Beans baked in real ovens. Plump stuffed olives. Sandwiches filled with a tempting, pickle-y Heinz spread. So very many wonderful things—what good Heinz flavor shall we try first?

57
flavor



We can help you a lot

© H. J. H. CO. '28

There are so many, many delicious Heinz picnic-y things to eat that half the task of organizing a picnic is done when you give your grocer your order.

Heinz Peanut Butter, made by a special process with no oil on top. A moist and creamy blend made of fine Spanish and Virginia nuts . . . Heinz Sandwich Relish, piquant with chopped olives and sweet gherkins . . . Heinz mild, yellow Mustard that gives just the right zest to tongue or cheese sandwiches.

Heinz Olives, stuffed with spiced red pimentos . . . Crisp, spicy Heinz Pickles and Sweet Gherkins . . . Heinz Chili Sauce, made of garden fresh tomatoes, delightfully spiced with spices selected by Heinz men where they grow.

And, of course, Heinz famous Oven-Baked Beans, with the real oven-baked flavor. Good hot or cold.

For 59 years Heinz has been helping to make picnics a success. And your picnic or automobile, camping or hiking party will be all the merrier if you take along some of the good things to eat that Heinz makes.

HEINZ

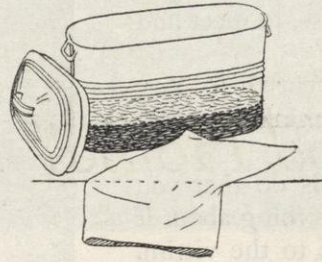
Good things for Picnics

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY • PITTSBURGH, PA.

Before BABY COMES

By Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.
President, American Public Health Association

The twelfth of an authoritative series for expectant mothers on how to protect their health and the health of their children-to-be. Backed by the American Medical Association.



How to Prepare Material for Sterilization

WRAP the things of each kind in separate packages, using clean muslin or an old piece of clean sheeting as a wrapper, and pin them securely.

Place: 1. 3 towels in a package. 2. 1 sheet in a package. 3. 2 nightgowns, with white cotton stockings, in a package. 4. 2 abdominal binders in a package. 5. 6 sanitary pads in a package. 6. 12 sponges made from gauze in a package. 7. 12 cotton pledgets in a package. 8. 1 delivery pad in a package.

Label each package by marking the contents on the wrapper with a lead pencil.

Articles may also be taken to a hospital for sterilization.

Care of the Sterilized Material

After sterilizing the packages, place them, unopened, in a clean, freshly ironed pillowcase and in clean paper; label them and put them away in a clean, tight drawer or tight paper box until needed.

The doctor or nurse will open these packages as needed at the time of labor.

How to Make and Use a Boiler-Sterilizer

1. You will need:
(a) A wash boiler with a close-fitting cover.
(b) A pillowcase.

2. Put the boiler on the stove.

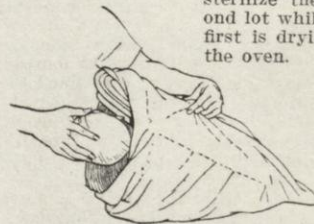
3. Pour in about four inches of water.

4. Insert the cover of the boiler into the pillowcase as shown in the illustration at right.

5. Place the packages loosely in the pillowcase. If all the packages will not go into the pillowcase easily at one time,



divide them and sterilize the second lot while the first is drying in the oven.



6. Pull the two open ends of the pillowcase on top of the boiler cover and pin securely.

7. Put the pillowcase, containing the packages and cover, into the boiler, placing the cover on top of the boiler through the cloth. The cover will then support the pillowcase, which hangs down into the boiler like a sack.

8. Light the fire and boil vigorously for one hour. Then allow the boiler to cool.

9. Take out the pillowcase and its packages and place in an oven to dry, using a low fire, leaving the door slightly open and being careful not to scorch the materials.

Dr. Bundesen's neat article appears in September.



A doctor wrote this advertisement!



The husky young gentleman on the pony is the son of a doctor. And along with the picture of his son, the doctor sent us a letter that speaks more emphatically than any advertisement we ourselves could possibly write. So we'll just let the doctor write this advertisement!

“THE use of Eagle Brand Milk, in my practice among babies who for any reason have to be taken from the breast and fed on artificial food, has been so much more satisfactory than any other food that I now always start these babies on Eagle Brand without ever considering any other food.

“We have five children of our own and four of them have been raised on Eagle Brand, as the mother has not been able to furnish the proper food. We have never had a sick child in the bunch and the boy whose picture you have (on the pony) weighs 48 pounds at the age of four years. He has been on Eagle Brand since he was three weeks old and has never been sick a day in his life.”

Yours very truly,

A. L. M., M.D.
Fort Worth, Texas.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

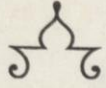
THE BORDEN COMPANY I.—W.W.—8-28
Borden Building
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of “Baby’s Welfare” and “What Other Mothers Say.” My baby is . . . months old.

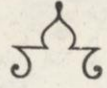
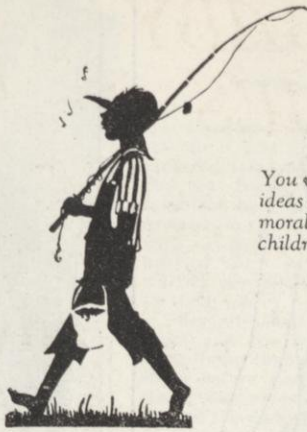
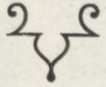
Name

Address

City State



A parent may be just as hard for a child to get along with as a child is for a parent.



You will find some new ideas on the mental and moral development of children in this article.



What Is a Good Home?

Would You Choose Your Home for a Child?

By Blanche Gardner Spinney

TO BE perfectly and brutally frank with yourself, if you were choosing a home for a child from an orphan asylum, would you choose yours?

Is the atmosphere clean and sweet, with plenty of good-humored fun thrown in? No coin on earth costs so little to mint and goes so far in paying life's heavy expenses as "good cheer."

Is the language used elevating and fit for childish ears or often tinged with questionable stories and loose slang?

Is the family spirit warm and generous or narrow and selfish?

Are the members of the family courteous and considerate in their relations toward each other?

Would the child see a premium put upon snobbery and wealth or true value placed on the qualities that make a real man or woman?

Would the child find a home in which mother was ever ready to sympathize with childish griefs and woes and share in joys and pleasures or would he find a mother "too busy to bother"?

Would he find a father and mother who continually clouded the family atmosphere with petty bickerings and quarrels?

If so, would you not decide that the child might have a better chance in life if sent elsewhere?

Parental Obligations

Parents cannot have too keen a sense of their obligations, for in their hands alone lies the shaping of their children's lives. To care for a child's mind as a skilled gardener cares for a choice garden and see that only the best seeds are planted there, watering, training and tending it with watchful skill, this is the art required in the profession of parenthood.

Luther Burbank says: "If you are cultivating a plant, developing it into something finer and nobler, you must love it, not hate it; be gentle with it, not abusive; be firm, never harsh. I give the plants upon which I am at work in a test, whether a single one or a hundred thousand, the best possible environment and not one chance but a hundred chances. So should it be with a child, if you want to develop it in right ways."

We cannot treat a plant tenderly one day and harshly the next; they cannot stand it. Remember that you are training not only for today but for all the future, for all posterity.

No haphazard "fast and loose" methods will avail. Ellen Key, the Swedish Nobel prize winner, says, "For every profession in the world a long and arduous training is required." Why, then, do some parents think they may assume parenthood, the most important profession of all, without any sense of its great obligations? The rearing of a child must be undertaken in a spirit of supreme consecration. So only will the race move onward to its ultimate goal of perfection.

Herbert Spencer says: "The great error made by those who discuss questions of juvenile discipline is in ascribing all the faults and difficulties to the children and none to the parents."

A parent may be just as hard for the child to get along with as the child is for the parent.

The most important commandment to parents is, "Know and train yourself." This cannot be a mere preliminary to successful relations with children, it must continue as long as parents are responsible for the care and training of their children.

"Strength of character may be said to consist of two things, power of will and power of self-restraint." Teach your child the powerful value of self-control. This can best be done by the parents setting him an example of good conduct in this direction.

If our children see us lose our temper over every small mishap, they will be quick to do likewise when anything goes wrong with them. A sweet reasonableness must pervade the home atmosphere. The child will feel it and respond to it accordingly.

You will find your home more joyous, more peaceful, more harmonious in every way if self-control is practiced by all its members. And the inestimable blessing to a child who grows up in such a home, watched over from infancy by parents whose watchful self-control sets him an example that will become part of his own character and go with him through life, cannot be estimated.

Maintain Cordial Atmosphere

Never permit the least antagonism or friction to develop between yourself and your child. It is fatal to your future influence with him. As we know only too well, "Anger produces anger." So, if you allow a petty misdemeanor to arouse your temper, the child will instantly respond with his bad temper and an ugly situation is made much worse. Absolute self-control of the mother acts as an antidote to calm a child who is in a rage or temper.

A calm, low, even-voiced parent has twice the weight in controlling an angry child that a hasty, petulant-voiced one has.

In learning self-control the child needs the assistance of both father and mother. When he hears them continually criticizing or finding fault with one another, the power of united appeal is lost.

I once read somewhere this: "We are today what we are because our past has been what it was; what we will be in the future depends upon what we now are." Nor is this all. We are now, by our voluntary choosing of this or that line of conduct, forming character and creating spiritual tendencies which shall be transmitted to our descendants; thus we are linked not alone with the past, but with the future.

Is not this an awe-inspiring thought to us parents? Each weakness that we help our child to outgrow, every fault that we aid him to conquer, we not only benefit our child's character, but we are building for all future generations.

Our child's future success and happiness is in our hands. By the high ideals that we kindle in him, by the aspirations and inspirations we arouse, by the habits of right living and the power of self-government we teach him, and the faith of his fathers that we gird him with, we can send him forth in life well equipped to meet its battles.

"Remain thou in this unity of thy life thyself," says Froebel, "or else thou canst not lead thy child therein." The example of self-control that you set for your child will have far-reaching effect in molding his character and disposition.

President Dwight once said that "each child should begin his education by selecting the right kind of parents." Not parents with the blazonry of coat of arms and heraldry, but parents with inherited virtues which they will seek to instill in their offspring by the right moral training.

(Continued on page 21)

Vivaudou Mavis Talcum for the Whole Family

After your
Swim

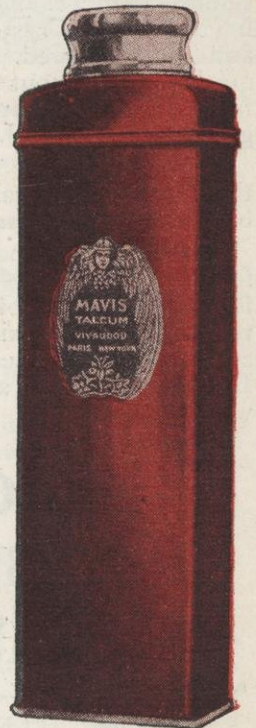


always take
your Mavis Talcum shower

AFTER a swim, shower yourself generously with Vivaudou Mavis Talcum. It helps so much to keep you cool and refreshed. For Mavis banishes all the sticky dampness of bathing... and serves as a fragrant film of comfort between tender sunburned skin and clothing.

Test Vivaudou Mavis Talcum
for Yourself

You and every member of your family will never be without the daily comfort and luxury of Vivaudou Mavis if you will give it one trial—one test. Compare it with the most expensive talcums made, and you will find it smoother and softer than any of them! And you'll like the Mavis fragrance, too... it's so delicate, refined and distinctive.



Price 25c

VIVAUDOU
MAVIS
TOILETRIES



Mavis Face Powder—50c



Vivaudou Lipstick—\$1.00



Vivaudou Rouge—50c

Your satisfaction with Mavis Talcum will lead you to use other Mavis Toiletries. All at your dealer's—all supreme in quality—all fragrant with the captivating Mavis Perfume.

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., New York - Chicago - Paris - Toronto - Los Angeles

Keep
the natural,
delicious flavor



of vegetables and fruits
DIAMOND CRYSTAL
is best for canning!

THOUSANDS of housewives depend upon Diamond Crystal Salt during the canning season. That's because vegetables and fruits "put up" with Diamond Crystal keep their natural, delicious flavor.

If you are not using Diamond Crystal Salt, you are sacrificing much of the goodness that home-canned vegetables and fruits should have. Diamond Crystal Salt is pure and mild flavored. It dissolves quickly, bringing out those delightful hidden flavors that make canned goods more flavorful.

Because it is free from impurities, Diamond Crystal Salt will not bleach nor toughen the tender skins.

There is a Diamond Crystal Salt for every farm use—for canning, for table and for cooking, for butter and cheese-making, for livestock, for curing meats. Ask for Diamond Crystal at the store where you trade.

Diamond Crystal Salt

"The Salt that's all Salt."



FREE!

We should like to send you a generous sample of Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt and the interesting booklet, "101 Uses for Diamond Crystal Salt," without cost or obligation to you.

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO.,
Dept. 730, St. Clair, Michigan.

Please send me, free, trial package and booklet, "101 Uses for Diamond Crystal Salt."

Name

Town

R. F. D. State

3405 Novel one-piece dress. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material with 1/4 yard of 27-inch white and 3/8 yard of 36-inch black contrasting and 2 1/4 yards of binding.

3328 Something new. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material with 12 yards of binding.

3418 Smartly simple. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material with 5/8 yard of 32-inch contrasting.

3394 For the smart sub-deb. Designed for sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material and 3 yards of binding.

3176 Simple styling. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material with 2 5/8 yards of ribbon.

Looking Forward to School Days

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



SAFE for dainty summer clothes

IN LAUNDERING sheer summer dresses—especially the children's things that at times are bound to get badly soiled—20 Mule Team Borax is all but indispensable. Borax, a crystal white powder, should be used along with the soap. Not only does it loosen the dirt but it softens the water and makes the soap do better work. No matter how fine a laundry soap you use, you can get better results with less effort by using 20 Mule Team Borax with it.

Cleaner, whiter, fresher clothes simply by adding Borax—but best of all, Borax is safe. Unlike so many "washing chemicals", Borax is absolutely harmless to fine fabrics, fast colors and to the hands. Mildly antiseptic, pure and deodorizing—Borax should certainly be used in washing all garments that touch the skin.

Soaking the clothes for a few hours in Borax water before washing is also a big help. Then again, a final Borax rinse after washing will help to remove all traces of soap—so often the cause of yellowing the clothes.

Buy a package of 20 Mule Team Borax today and write for our free booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean". Pacific Coast Borax Co., 100 William St., New York City, Dept. 758.



20 MULE TEAM BORAX

MAGNETISME!



Djer-Kiss Face Powder—petal-smooth . . . 60c

Now
she is gay,
fascinating!

WOMEN marveled — men were intrigued. Overnight the pale calla-lily had turned flaming peony! Now she was gay, enchanting, magnétique!

She had discovered the allure of a fragrance. Now her talc, her toilet water, her sachet, her face powder, all breathed the perfume of love . . . of romance . . . of melting moods — *Djer-Kiss* the unforgettable fragrance — the parfum that adds to mere prettiness the charm and mystery of "magnétisme"!

At your favorite beauty counter

Djer-Kiss

Kerkoff-Paris

Alfred H. Smith Co., Sole Importers
New York . . . Paris . . . Montreal
Chicago . . . Los Angeles

DJER-KISS
TOILET WATER
—the fragrance
magnétique! \$2.00

DJER-KISS
TALC — chiffon-
sof! Enchanting!
35c



Love in the Air

(Continued from page 5)

she wandered about the big sitting-room, though it was nice to see all the familiar pictures and books again, and thrilling to find that Bingo, the canary, had not quite forgotten her. When they at last appeared, dressed in their very best and beaming with delight at the unexpected treat, she hurried them as fast as possible to the waiting car, where Ambrose assisted them to their places.

They all asked so many questions about Gran and the new home in which they were living that the car was rolling up the drive before Patsy had answered half of them. She popped out as soon as Ambrose opened the door, sped into the house ahead of the guests, up the stairs and out onto the porch.

There sat Gran, knitting placidly, the silvery gray silk sweeping the floor. Her snowy hair curled softly about her face and her eyes were brightly blue as she looked up to smile at Patsy. "Oh, there you are, darling! How nice you look! Are your dollies all dressed for my birthday party?"

"Uh-huh!" Patsy gurgled. "They're all dressed. They're coming right up!"

She darted away again, down the stairs; met the group of ladies who had stopped to exclaim and admire below the great window; marshaled them up the stairs and down the hall. They came slowly because of Mrs. Calkins' lame back and Miss Liston's stiff knee. Every now and then, little cackles of excited amusement would break out, to be sternly suppressed by Patsy's warning "Ssssh!"

They stood grouped in the doorway a moment before Gran looked up from her knitting. Then, while her eyes grew wide with wonder, they all joined hands and went circling gayly around her, until Miss Liston's knee gave out and she had to stop.

They were suddenly dignified then, as though ashamed of their hilarity. They shook hands with Gran, wished her a happy birthday and sat stiffly down in the cushioned chairs.

Patsy had whispered in Gran's ear, when she hugged her, that cook had let her have the party. Gran had looked queer for a moment, then she nodded and smiled and began to make the guests feel at home. In no time they were all rocking and chatting away, and Patsy had to laugh as she listened to the buzz of their voices.

THE great moment came when Hetty entered, trim and pretty in her black and white, carrying the big silver tray, and put it on the table right before Gran. Patsy almost burst with pride then, for the ladies were watching Gran so admiringly as her thin, white hands poured the fragrant tea. Hetty passed the cups and Patsy followed with plates of tiny sandwiches and the dainty spice cakes. The ladies ate and talked and laughed, a soft breeze fluttered the gay awnings and for a moment a meadow lark sat on a swaying branch and poured a golden flood of song upon them.

It was a beautiful party. Patsy wished it could go on and on, the dear old ladies and Mrs. Malone always there to make Gran laugh and look happy. But already Hetty was removing the tea things and presently she would come to tell the visitors that Ambrose was ready to take them back to the Home. Even now Patsy could hear the sound of the car on the drive.

Leaning over the balcony rail, she looked down, wishing she could tell Ambrose not to hurry. But it was not Ambrose who was standing at the door of the car. It was not Aunt Alice's car. It was a smaller one, a funny checkered car. A lady was

(Continued on page 22)

What Is a Good Home?

(Continued from page 19)

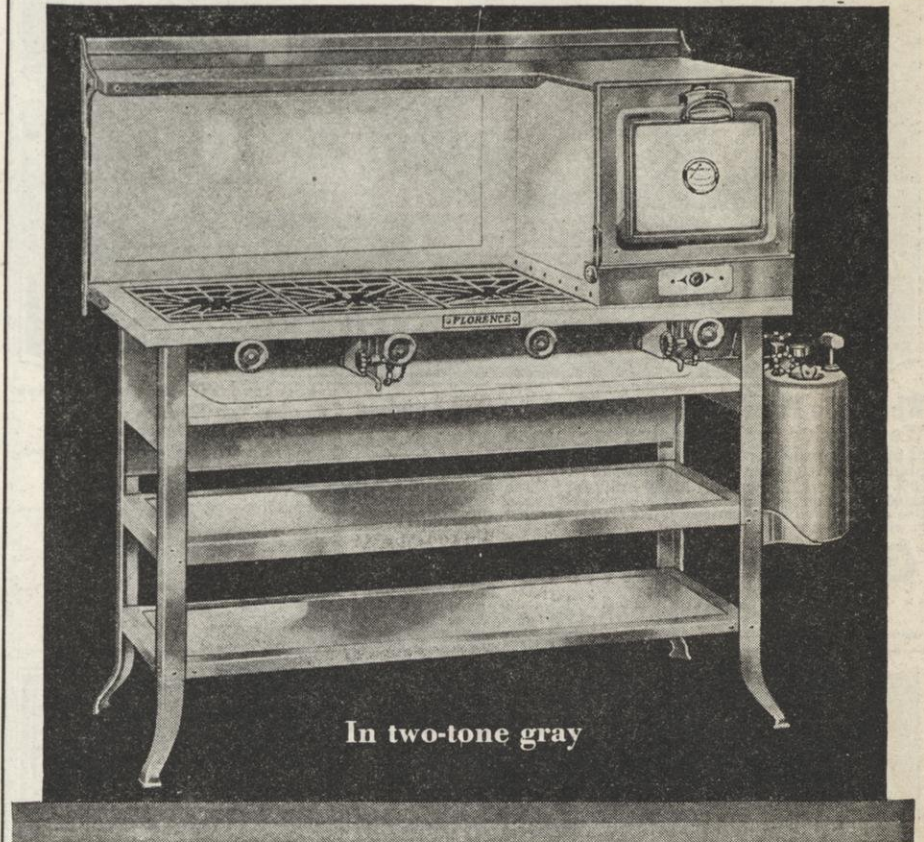
Drummond said: "I ask a man a question and as I watch him as he stands and talks to me, his whole life is reflected from it. I see the kind of state he has been living in, the companions he has had; he cannot help reflecting, he cannot keep himself from showing the environment in which he has lived, the influences that have played around him."

Know Your Child's Mind

To know how the mind works, how it unfolds, the cause and effect of various reactions—all these are of the greatest value to a mother in successfully managing her offspring. Such knowledge strengthens a mother's authority and increases the respect of her children for her.

(Continued on page 24)

The HEAT OF GASOLINE



In two-tone gray

The SAFETY OF KEROSENE

YOU cannot enjoy cooking if you are afraid of your stove. Yet, you do want just as intense heat as possible.

That has been a real problem but now it is definitely solved by this amazing new Florence oil range. You get every advantage of city gas including its safety.

Only one fuel is needed to operate it and to start it—kerosene, which is perfectly safe and most economical.

While we recommend kerosene because it is so safe to handle and keep in the house, you can burn gasoline if you care to and without any adjusting.

The new Florence kerosene pressure stove is simple and easy to control. It is a beauty to look at and staunchly built. Like all Florence stoves it is finished in two tones of gray and also in black and gray.

The famous Florence Oven, with the "baker's arch" and patented heat-distributor, makes it easy for you to do delicious baking.

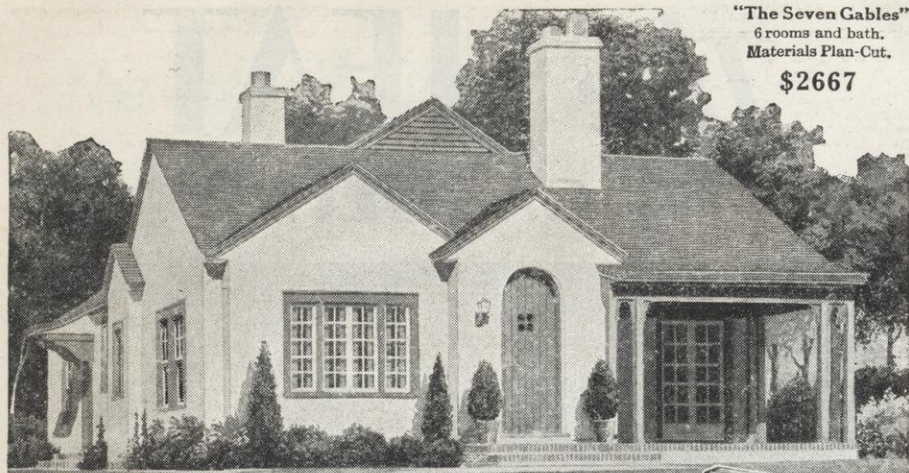
The Modern Florence Kitchen

Complete your modern Florence Kitchen with a Florence Automatic Water Heater. It works under thermostatic control, with a pilot light; requires no attention on your part and costs only a few cents a day for the joy of constant hot water.

Progressive stores in every part of the country sell Florence products. If you should not see exactly the model you want, please notify our nearest division office.

Florence Stove Company, Boston. Division Offices: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Baltimore, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, Detroit, Columbus, Kansas City. Florence products are sold in Great Britain by E. W. French, London.

FLORENCE



"The Seven Cables"
6 rooms and bath.
Materials Plan-Cut.
\$2667

**Send For 100 Home Plans—
Buy Direct From Mill!**

Wholesale Prices on Homes, Garages and Lumber
We furnish complete lumber cut to plan at mill, shipped direct to your station; blue-print plans free with order. Machine-sawing saves you 30% labor and 18% waste. Many build for \$200 to \$2,000 less. You get tighter, warmer, stronger house. One guaranteed price covers all. No extras. Lumber at wholesale—free estimate. Write!

Gordon-VanTine
(Established 1865)
PLAN-CUT Homes

This 140-Page Book FREE!

shows photos; floor plans, specifications, direct-from-mill prices on 100 PLAN-CUT HOMES. Also ask for Garages, Summer Cottages, Barns and Poultry Houses.

Gordon-Van Tine Co.
1208 Case St., Davenport, Iowa
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.
Please send me Catalogs.

I am interested in.....

Name.....

Address.....

Mrs. J. A. Ross of Los Angeles says:
"We Make More Money Every Year"

selling Process Monogrammed Greeting Cards, Stationery, Announcements, etc., to banks, business, professional, society and church people, and last year through your splendid merchandise and wonderful co-operation were able to spend over \$1000.00 on our first vacation and automobile trip through Eastern States." The opportunity to reach success and make big money all the time for yourself, your family, your home or your church is open to energetic and reliable people everywhere who would like to be local representatives for this large nationally known organization. Big commission paid daily and liberal monthly bonus. For full details and beautifully arranged free sample equipment write me personally as follows

Sales Manager, Dept. 9
THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., INC.
Troy at 21st Street Chicago, Illinois

The BABY BOOK
By Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.
VITAL FACTS Every Mother Should Have
EIGHTY leading baby specialists collaborated with Dr. Bundesen in writing this book. A guide to motherhood and infant care. Full of pictures, written in simple terms. It guides the young mother from six months before baby's arrival to two years of age. Nothing is omitted. Tells what to do, when and how to do it. 44 pages, size 10 1/2 x 14 1/4 in. Printed in colors. Beautifully bound.
Three Big Books in One
Before the Baby Comes, Our Babies, The Baby and You—three big volumes are combined in the one complete book. All information indexed and easy to find.
Endorsed by Officers of A. M. A.
The membership of the American Medical Association includes 92,000 leading physicians of the U. S. A.
OUR OFFER: 35c brings you The Baby Book, post-paid. Or send \$1.00 for Woman's World (2 years) and Baby Book.
WOMAN'S WORLD, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago

Women! Extra Money Quick
In Your Own Home!
An easy, pleasant, dignified way! No canvassing, no soliciting. No previous training needed. No tedious study nor memorizing. Decorate lovely giftwares in your spare moments. WE SHOW YOU HOW. With Monsieur Petit's Secret of Three Simple Steps you can start at once, for fine cash income. We guarantee your success. We want women in every community. Be the first!

Given You To Decorate!

DOLFRUS-MIEG & CO. SOCIETE ANONYME
COTTON FLAX & SILK
FOR EMBROIDERY CROCHET-KNITTING
D.M.C.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SPECIALITY IN FAST DYES
ARTICLES OF THE BEST QUALITY
FOR ART NEEDLEWORK
MULHOUSE-BELFORT-PARIS
The D-M-C Threads and Tapes can be procured from all Art Needlework Stores.

IN YOUR CLOSETS
Moore Push-less Hangers
(The Hanger with the Twist)
are ideal for the hanging up of many things.
10c Pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Phila.
Use Moore Push-Pins to fasten all little things to walls.

The New Freely-Lathering
Cuticura Shaving Stick
For Tender Faces
EMOLLIENT MEDICINAL ANTISEPTIC

Begin Right Away!
We send you BIG COMPLETE GENEROUS KIT WITHOUT EXTRA COST. Thousands of women, many prominent socially, are happy in this delightful pastime—making from hundreds to thousands of dollars. An easy way to bring in money of your own. No interference with other work or duties.
FREE!
Beautiful Fireside book showing giftwares in full colors. Explains everything. Fill in and mail coupon. No obligation. Act now!

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 17-K, Adrian, Mich.
Send me Free Book. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name.....
Address.....

Love in the Air

(Continued from page 21)

stepping out. Someone to call on Aunt Alice. Patsy leaned farther over to look at the lady and almost lost her balance. For the lady was Aunt Alice. She handed some money to the driver, turned to enter the house.

Patsy drew back and looked with frightened eyes at her guests. Mrs. Malone was telling a story and they were all listening and laughing. Unnoticed, Patsy slipped from the porch, ran to the head of the stairs and stopped to think.

None of them had ever dreamed that Aunt Alice would change her plans. She was supposed to be at the symphony concert all afternoon and Ambrose was to have called for her. Now she would find the old ladies here! That was what Hetty had feared. "She might fire the lot of us!" Hetty had said. Perhaps she was "firing" them this very minute!

A quick scurry down the stairs followed this terrifying thought. She must make Aunt Alice understand that she was the one that was to blame. Cook and Ambrose and Hetty must not be "fired."

Out onto the wide terrace she dashed. Mrs. Van Dorn was just coming in, stately and handsome but looking rather tired. As she saw Patsy rushing toward her, she smiled in a surprised, pleased way. Patsy stood still and stared when she saw that smile.

"Did you come to meet me?" Aunt Alice asked.

PATSY nodded speechlessly. She had not known Aunt Alice could look like that, her somber dark eyes wistful and kind. It made a terrible lump come to Patsy's throat, but she swallowed desperately once or twice, then blurted out: "We're having a party! Upstairs on the porch! W-with tea and sandwiches and cakes! And it's all my fault! And you mustn't 'fire' cook or Ambrose or Hetty, 'cause I'm the one that did it!"

Two uncontrollable tears slipped down her cheeks. Aunt Alice was not smiling now. She would be angry in just a moment.

"It's Gran's birthday," Patsy quavered on. "and I was going to have a dolls' party, and then I—I thought how nice it would be to have some real tea, and—then I thought how much nicer it would be to have some real people 'stead of just dolls for her birthday, so I—I went and got some of her partic'lar friends, and—and—they're up there now!"

Aunt Alice was looking at her in amazement. "Her friends?" she repeated.

"Uh-huh!" Patsy sniffed. "Mrs. Malone and three of the old ladies from the Home."

"Oh!" said Aunt Alice rather blankly. "I see!"

"And nobody's to blame but me!" Patsy told her again in a tone of tragedy. "I did it for Gran 'cause it's her birthday and she's old and nobody thought about her but me, and—"

She stopped, choked by her tears, but Aunt Alice seemed to know exactly what was in her mind, for she said: "And Gran's not very happy and you are not very happy and nobody is very happy—and it's all because there's not much love-in-the-air here. Is that it, Patsy?"

Patsy gulped and hunted for her handkerchief.

Aunt Alice's eyes were lifted now to the big house, rested for an instant upon the terrace and the deep, cool garden beyond. And when they came back to Patsy, they

(Continued on page 23)

American Fruit Dainties

(Continued from page 15)

Return to fire and cook over hot water (double boiler) until mixture thickens. Add lemon juice slowly and chill before serving. This dressing is good for any fruit salad.

Quick Fruit Bread

- 1 cup white flour
- 2 cups Graham or whole wheat flour
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 1/2 cups finely chopped figs and raisins
- 2 cups Graham or whole wheat flour
- 3 tablespoons shortening
- 1/2 cup finely chopped nut meats
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1 1/2 cups milk

SIFT together flour, salt and baking powder, also soda, add Graham or whole wheat flour, work in shortening, fruits and nut meats and moisten with molasses and milk. Turn into a well greased bread pan, set aside for fifteen minutes, then bake in a slow oven—325 degrees F.—about one hour.

Cleanliness is extra necessary in summer



At ANY time of the year, the toilet bowl should be clean and spotless. But in summer-time it should be kept especially pure and sparkling.

Sani-Flush takes the unpleasantness out of this job. Just sprinkle it in the bowl, following the directions on the can, and flush. The job is done. Pleasantly, conveniently and thoroughly.

Sani-Flush cleans and purifies the entire toilet, even the hidden, unhealthful trap.

Use Sani-Flush a lot in summer. It is harmless to plumbing. It makes work pleasanter. Keep a can on hand all the time.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

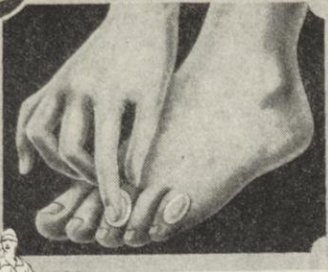
Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Also makers of Melo... a real water softener

MARCELWAVE at Home!

Girls! Women! Girls! I wish you could read 1,000 letters from users of this NEW French invention the MARCELWAVE. Works wonders—beautiful, natural marcelwave in less than 15 minutes—costs less than 2c. 9 year old girl can use it. GUARANTEED—30 days trial. Made for electric, stove or gas heat. Full information FREE—send only name and address—TODAY.
MARCELWAVER CO. Dept. 91-K CINCINNATI, O.

for sunburn
—instantly soothes and comforts
apply
Absorbine Jr.
At all DRUGGISTS... \$1.25
Send for free trial bottle
W.F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Corns



Pain gone at a touch

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads corn pain stops. You can then walk, stand or play with perfect comfort—as forgetful of corns as if you never had one.

Zino-pads remove the cause—friction and pressure of shoes. No other methods act on this scientific principle.

They are thin, protective, healing, safe and sure. If applied at the first sign of irritation caused by tight shoes, they positively prevent corns and tender toes.

Special sizes for callouses and bunions. Buy a box today. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores, 35c.

For free samples and booklet, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.



Callouses



Bunions

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Classified Advertising

AGENTS WANTED

BIG PAY EVERY DAY. showing Nimrod's All Year Sellers' Dress, Work, and Flannel Shirts, Overalls, Pants, Sweaters, Underwear, Pajamas, Leather Coats, Lumberjacks, Playsuits, etc. Experience unnecessary. Big Outfit Free! Nimrod Co., Dept. 56, 4922-28 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

AGENTS! MEN AND WOMEN MAKE BIG MONEY—taking orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Fancy Goods. 1,000 Samples furnished. The National Importing Co., Dept. H-47, 573 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS EARN \$300 MONTH. BONUS BESIDES. Sell guaranteed silk hosiery. Must wear 7 months or replaced. We furnish auto. Write for samples. Silk hosiery for your own use given. Bettermit Hosiery Co., Silk 1891, Greenfield, Ohio.

YOU ARE WASTING TIME WORKING FOR OTHER people. Let us show you how to control your own business and easily make \$100 a week. Capital unnecessary; immediate profits. American Products Company, 1975 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

THERE'S MONEY WAITING FOR YOU in showing our line of Christmas Cards. Your friends will buy them on sight. 50% commission. Write to G. S. Preston, Federal Art Guild, 512-20 So. 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

THIS IS THE GREATEST MONEYMAKING HOUSE to house proposition ever known. N.R.G. Tablets wash clothes in 10 minutes without rubbing. Free samples. N.R.G. Co., P500 W. Division, Chicago.

MAKE \$1000 BEFORE CHRISTMAS selling exclusive personal Christmas cards in distinctive steel engraved designs. Expensive Sample Book free. Desk H. Wetmore, James and Sugden, Rochester, N. Y.

3 GUARANTEED HONEYMOON DRESSES \$2.98. Beats store prices. \$15.00 up daily easy. Beautiful outfit free. Clifford-Crosby, Dept. D506, 431 W. Superior, Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS. \$1140-\$3300 YEAR. Men—women, 18-50. Steady work. Vacation. Experience usually unnecessary. Full particulars with sample coaching Free. Write immediately—today. Franklin Institute, Dept. F-30, Rochester, N. Y.

GUARANTEED HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING Attachment. Fits any sewing machine. The old reliable. 60c prepaid or sent C. O. D. Circulars free. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept. 49, Sedalia, Mo.

PATENTS—WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOK. "How to Obtain a Patent" and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch for Inspection and Advice Free. Victor J. Evans Co., 742-9th, Washington, D. C.

TRIAL—SEND 10c AND NAME 3 KODAK FRIENDS. We'll Develop and Print 1 roll film. Your name confidential. F. R. B. Photo Co., 1503 Lincoln, Cincinnati, O.

WANT GOV'T JOB, \$95-\$250 MONTH? Men—Women, 18-55, instructed at home. Write Ozment Inst., 105, St. Louis, Mo.

TRIAL OFFER—Kodak Films—Developed 5c—Prints 2c. Moser & Son, 1900 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Inventions Commercialized. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 109 Enright, St. Louis, Mo.

Trial Offer. First film developed, 6 prints, free enlargement 25c silver. Superior Photo Finishers, Dept. R, Waterloo, Ia.

Love in the Air

(Continued from page 22)

were blurred with tears. "Once there was a great deal of love-in-the-air here!" she said sadly. "A great deal! I'm sorry it's all gone."

With a sharp cry, Patsy flung herself upon her aunt, her arms around the slender dark figure. "Oh, it isn't!" she sobbed. "It isn't!"

"There, there!" said Aunt Alice. "You mustn't cry!"

"I didn't know!" Patsy wept. "When I wrote that old verse, I didn't know you were so—so sweet!"

Aunt Alice's hand patted the child's shoulder with a shy but comforting touch. "Don't cry any more! Grandmother will see that you have been crying, and it will spoil her birthday."

As Patsy raised her head from the folds of Aunt Alice's dress, she heard a door open and close behind her. It was Shirley, and she was carrying a leather bag in her hand. She was halfway across the terrace before she noticed her mother and Patsy. Then she stopped and stared at them in a frightened way.

Patsy felt the hand on her shoulder tighten its clasp, but Aunt Alice's voice was quiet as she asked: "Where are you going, daughter?"

The girl came toward them rapidly, faced her mother with her head held high. "I'm going away!" she said tensely. "I'm going to be married—tonight!"

The hand on Patsy's shoulder was gripping so hard that it hurt.

"We've a right to live our own lives," Shirley's queer, hushed voice went on. "We'll be poor but that won't matter, because we'll be—together."

AUNT ALICE was trembling all over and with a sudden feeling of pity, Patsy touched the hand that clung to her. The dark eyes turned from Shirley and looked down at her, stern eyes at first but gradually the hardness seemed to leave them. She nodded, as if in answer to something that Patsy had said.

Shirley had turned away, but looked back as her mother called her name. "Wouldn't it be better," Aunt Alice asked haltingly, "to be—married—here, in your own home? Suppose you—wait, and ask—Ted about it?"

A perfect flame of happiness lit in Shirley's eyes. "Mother!" she breathed. "Oh, mother! Do you mean it?"

A step sounded on the gravel. It was Ambrose, cap in hand, looking rather sheepish. "Any orders, Mrs. Van Dorn?" he asked.

"You may take the ladies back to the Home whenever they are ready to go. That is all, Ambrose."

"Yes'm!" said Ambrose. He turned away, stiff and straight, but Patsy knew he had seen Aunt Alice's arm around her and that he had not missed the shining joy in Shirley's face.

Aunt Alice was smiling again and holding out to Patsy a square green paste-board box that dangled from her finger by its cord. "Here's a little gift for grandmother!" she said gently.

Patsy took it with a squeal of joy. "For her birthday?"

She nodded. "Don't you want to take it up to her?"

(Continued on page 25)

Alimony

(Continued from page 7)

of pride. He'd pay it if he had to starve himself—or her!"

Starve himself—or her. That was the way he felt about it. She was part of him. His pride was her pride. It was one and the same thing. And Adam was of the sensitive type whose pride increases with poverty. Suddenly Rhoda realized that at whatever cost she must protect that self-esteem which was part of her and of Adam. Decency was dull but it was dear. She glowed as she came to this decision. She pulled the covers up a little more snugly across her husband's chest. He stirred sleepily.

"Everything all right, Rhodadear?"

"Everything all right, old fellow. Go to sleep."

Rhoda calculated quickly. The little imported clock from the guest-room mantel, the blue luster vase from the living-room, twin silver candlesticks from the dining-room, a piece of fine old pottery from its dignified place under the hall window, some crystal from her wedding presents—these should bring twenty-five dollars. Down in the next square there was a pawn shop which kept open at night . . .

What?

Haven't you heard about it

?

DON'T you know that Black Flag Liquid costs only 25 cents for a half pint . . . while other liquid insect killers cost 50 cents for the same quantity?

Furthermore, Black Flag is the deadliest made. (Money back if it doesn't prove so.)

It comes in two forms. Black Flag Liquid. And Black Flag Powder. Both are equally deadly to every insect pest that invades your home.

Black Flag is sure death to the flying pests, such as flies, mosquitoes, etc. It is sure death to the crawling pests—roaches, ants, bed bugs, fleas, etc.

You can rid your home completely of insect pests with Black Flag. Sold at grocery and drug stores, hardware and department stores. Buy it today.



BLACK FLAG



KILLS INSECT PESTS

FAMOUS FEET



© B. & B., 1928

how they're kept free from corns

TRINI'S Dancing Feet

"With Blue-jay at the cost of a chocolate sundae, there is no alibi for a corn." So writes Trini, beautiful Spanish dancer in the Broadway hit, "Take the Air."

Blue-jay has a million of just such walking advertisements . . . walking more gaily because of the corn-freedom Blue-jay has given them. These old friends of Blue-jay will be delighted with its new refinements. A creamy-white pad, to tone-in with pearly skin. A more flexible disc to cover even the odd shaped corn. And an improved package. At all drug stores at no increase in price. For *caluses and bunions use the special size Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

THE new Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

Make \$50 A Week
Showing this Style Line



Harford Frocks, a subsidiary of the famous Real Silk Hosiery Mills, offers a wonderful opportunity to ambitious men and women. Great expansion program requires 500 more Home Service Representatives who will make \$25 to \$75 a week, and get DRESSES WITHOUT COST. They will show the latest fashions and most wonderful values in dresses, coats and lingerie. Priced dollars lower than stores charge for equal quality. Work easy and pleasant—full or part time. No deliveries. Experience unnecessary. Write TODAY for FREE book of advance fashions and amazing offer.

HARFORD FROCKS, INC.
829 Noble Street, Indianapolis, Indiana
Subsidiary of the famous REAL SILK HOSE MILLS

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. HC-99 Drexel Ave. & 59th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO

MARRIED MEN OR WOMEN

Wanted for Spare Time
We sell by mail and we require names and addresses of possible purchasers in your town to write to. People doing this easy work for us earn from \$3 to \$8 per week for a few hours spare time. Address Mr. O'Connor, 111 W. 42nd St., Dept. 9D, N. Y. City. Send no names now. Just say—Send me your offer for special names.

Full of PEP!



For stamina, vitality and pep, eat Yeast Foam. This yeast is simply a form of energy and one of the greatest conditioners science has yet disclosed. Through Yeast Foam countless thousands have sought and found relief from constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, nervous and run-down conditions.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 No. Ashland Avenue, Dept. 7C, Chicago, Illinois

Send me free copy of your new booklet describing the beneficial properties of Yeast Foam and how to use it.

Name.....

Address.....

Send Coupon for FREE BOOK



What Is a Good Home?

(Continued from page 21)

No study is more fascinating than that of the gradual unfolding and development of a child's mind, particularly where that child is your very own, a God-entrusted gift. Greater freedom and understanding, and consequent happiness, will exist between mother and child where such a knowledge is possessed.

How much better it would be if mothers could only realize the solemnity of their responsibility in shaping the whole future destinies of their children, and instead of wasting their time in "culture classes" acquiring a superficial smattering of French, a cursory acquaintance with literature, a dab at art or music where there is no real possibility of artistic talent, they would devote themselves to the fullest possible development of their motherhood in successfully furthering the evolution of their children.

Dr. Nathan Oppenheim, attending physician of the children's department of Mt. Sinai Hospital, recently said: "If mothers would only study psychology, they would be better able to deal with the varying phases of the budding mind of the child, and also would be able to foresee what these phases would be apt to be, their rightful interpretation, their relative importance and their imperative needs in treatment. In the face of this information, she would rightly regard herself as having some claim on the respect which ought to be attached to the proud name of mother, and the prerogatives and privileges which belong to the noblest vocation in life."

"Oh, dear, I wish we had mission furniture at our house like you have," wailed a small boy disconsolately to his playmate. "I can't even have a birthday party this year because mother's just had our mahogany dining-room table refinished and she says the boys would spill all over it and scratch the legs up with their feet and she's not going to have a hundred-year-old Colonial table ruined by children."

And as I saw the discontented, unhappy face of the small boy, I could picture in my mind the overfussy mother who was just housekeeping rather than home-keeping for her family. Such are the mothers who later in life wring their hands and wail that "John just won't stay at home nights, and such a good home! I just can't understand it."

Good furniture and artistic surroundings are very desirable, but they do not make a good home. In a good home the mother shows an appreciation of the value of social life for her children. She allows their friends to drop in for occasional meals without the fuss of a planned company dinner. An extra plate put down and a cordial welcome are all that is necessary. She plans little festivities for the holidays and surprises for their birthdays. She allows the rugs to be taken up and dancing enjoyed without fear of scratching the hardwood floors.

So, as this mother's daughter grows to girlhood, it is certain she will not be obliged to go dashing madly about from one "thé dansant" to another at questionable restaurants, for she will have the social background of a good home to which she can always invite her friends. You can maintain it in a city flat or simple cottage home as well as in a palace. It is you, Mrs. Mother, who makes or mars that social background of the home for your children.

Are you giving your family a really good home?

A parent-teachers' association has recently printed a placard questionnaire that seems to me particularly valuable as an eye-opener of admonition to any parents
(Continued on page 25)

DRESS BETTER at 1/2 Cost!

NEW Dressmaking Manual tells how to give your clothes the smart touch of the professional modiste, how to cut, fit and sew any kind of dress, coat or suit—how to alter paper patterns, how to avoid the "home-made" look—these and 1000 other dressmaking secrets in this new book on home dressmaking. Size 10 1/2 x 13 1/2 in. Printed in colors, attractively bound—dagrams, photographs, sketches.

OUR OFFER 10c brings the Dressmaking Manual postpaid. Or send \$1.00 for Woman's World (2 yrs.) and Dressmaking Manual postpaid.

Address
WOMAN'S WORLD, 4223 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.



Made in a moment—

a summer dessert everyone likes

MAPLEINE SUNDAE is a delicious and ever-popular quick dessert—cooling—refreshing—delightful! Pour rich home-made Mapleine syrup over ice cream—top with nuts, if desired.

Mapleine has so many practical summer uses, too, as a flavoring. It imparts delicately rich and tempting flavor to cold and frozen desserts made at home.



Send 4c and top of Mapleine carton for "Mapleine Cookery" by Alice Bradley . . . We will include "Mapleine Electric Refrigerator Recipes."

CRESCENT MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 9 Seattle, Washington

MAPLEINE
for Syrup ~ for Flavoring

TRAVELING?

Then You Will Want to Know What to Wear, Say and Do to Be at Ease in Every Emergency.

That is just one of 400 separate and distinct points of etiquette clearly explained in The Book of Etiquette. More than 280 illustrations. Every phase of social conduct fully discussed. Printed in colors, beautifully bound. Size 10 1/2 x 14 1/2 in. 44 instructive pages.

25c brings The Etiquette Book postpaid.
WOMAN'S WORLD, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago



EXPECTANT MOTHERS...

Save Your Teeth—
Preserve Your Health

NO longer does confinement bring with it the unpleasant certainty of tooth-decay, structural bone weaknesses, and the numerous lingering nervous reactions that formerly resulted, in both mother and child.

Today, you can avoid these risks. Correct your diet to include the vital minerals needed by Nature in her work of building. Ordinary foods, too often over-refined, lack these essential minerals.

VIVA-MIN—a food of life-giving minerals—corrects the chemistry of the body and assures sound healthy growth. No extra weight—no increase in size—but the certainty of proper mineral balance, strengthening, fortifying, and building the bodily resistance.

Send for FREE book, "Correct Diet"

Full Package FREE

To: Name.....

Address.....

VIVA-MIN Laboratories
Dept. 20, 127 Scottswood Road : Riverside, Ill.
Food of Vital Minerals

Easy to Make Big Money in spare time at home



Make \$200 to \$400 before Xmas

Hand Color Greeting Cards
 Make BIG money in next few months hand coloring Christmas and New Year Cards. We quickly teach you how to apply colors in professional manner. Anyone can do it by our easy method. Profit on each card from 6 to 12c. Color 30 to 50 cards an evening. Many have made \$200, \$300 and \$400 in first season, working only in spare time. Work is fascinating and surprisingly profitable.

PROOF! Read These Letters
 Marie Merilla, Seattle, Wash., writes: "Three years ago I became a shut-in. To help meet expenses I decided to color greeting cards. My capital has grown from \$1 to hundreds. Last Christmas season my sales exceeded \$600."
 Makes \$1,000 a Year
 "Last year I received my first cards. After following your detailed instructions I was delighted with my first attempt. I now sell through Drug Stores and Art Shops. I give this delightful work only spare time, but I take in over \$1,000 a year!"—Isabelle Walls, Belbe, Wis.

Easy to Color—Easy to Sell
 No experience needed to make big money from start. We furnish full instructions; tell you how to do everything. Start making money very first day. Dozens of ways to sell. Everyone wants hand-colored cards. The big money-making season is just ahead.

Send for Big FREE Book or Dollar Box
 Shows 187 beautiful designs, tells everything about hand coloring. It means many extra dollars to you.



Get FREE Book or \$1 Box

LITTLE ART SHOP, Dept. 103-K
 474 Louisiana Ave., Washington, D. C.
 Send me "Pleasant Pages" telling how to make big money hand coloring greeting cards at home.
 Send also Beginner's Box. I enclose \$1.00.
 Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

Wanted, Girls—Women
 Learn Gown Designing and Making in your own home.
 Spare moments only.
 Designers-Makers EARN BIG MONEY.
 MAIL COUPON TODAY SURE
 Rush to me free Gown Book with sample lessons.
 Name.....
 Address.....
 Franklin Institute Dept. F607 Rochester, N.Y.

NEED CASH?
 New Summer Frocks, Pillows and Table Linens Big Money Makers
 HUNDREDS of women are making big money in spare time by introducing these smart frocks, pillows and table linens to their friends. Artistic designs, dependable materials, low prices.
 Full Information—Stamped addressed envelope brings full information. Represent us in your locality. Special rewards for quick action. Address Mrs. Harriet Harper,
 WOMAN'S WORLD, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

End Baby's Aches at Teething Time
DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion
 Generous Sample: Send your druggist's name and 2 cents for postage to Hand Medicine Company, 111-G No. 5th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

What Is a Good Home?

(Continued from page 24)

who are careless of their duties toward their most precious possessions—their children. It is as follows:

"Do you encourage your child to have due respect for the teachers and others in authority at the school?"

"Do you visit the school to inquire about your child's progress and deportment and to see if you can help the teacher help the child?"

"Do you send your child to bed in time, so that he will be rested and refreshed for diligent study during the day?"

"Do you provide plain, nourishing food for your child and see that he is up in time to enjoy a good nourishing breakfast?"

"Do you teach your child to read the papers and to learn from what is best in them, and so encourage an interest in public affairs?"

"Do you avoid gossip in the presence of your children and the discussion of matters in their hearing which might be wrongly interpreted by them?"

"Do you interest yourself in your child's sports, amusements and friendships?"

"Do you comply with the rules of public health in your home and teach your children to respect them?"

"Do you keep in mind the fact that while the school may do much to instill right principles of living, your children will nevertheless be handicapped unless you likewise uphold those ideals through every available opportunity of home instruction?"

I wonder if you have ever felt the need of knowing more intimately about the many characteristics of the growing boy or girl which school life reveals to the teacher. You have no way of knowing how association with large groups of young people constantly develops new and very important traits in your child. To most successfully cope with the problems of youth so that the child may receive intelligent and at the same time sympathetic consideration requires the closest kind of cooperation between the school and the home.

If you have not a parent-teacher association in your town, try and get enough public-spirited men and women interested to organize one. Do this for the welfare of your children and for the lasting benefit of your community.

Love in the Air

(Continued from page 23)

Patsy caught her aunt's hand, laid her cheek passionately against it. "Oh, Aunt Alice!" she crooned. "You're so sweet!" She flashed away, carrying the precious box. At the door she turned to wave, but they were not watching her now. They were going together across the terrace and out to the shadow-dappled garden. Shirley's arm was around her mother. Her little leather bag lay where she had dropped it.

With a happy laugh, Patsy darted up the stairs, her heart as light as if wings were carrying her along. She paused for an instant at the door of the porch. Mrs. Malone was finishing another story and all the old ladies were laughing merrily.

Patsy burst in; threw herself upon her grandmother. "Look, Gran!" she exclaimed. "A birthday present!"

"For me, dear?" Gran asked in astonishment.

"Open it, Gran! It's for you! Your birthday present!"

Encircled by smiling faces, centered with friendly interest upon the gift, Gran untied the green cord with trembling old hands, lifted the cover and drew forth a great bunch of violets, with three tiny rosebuds in the center. While the old ladies cried out with delight, grandmother's eyes were upon the card that accompanied the gift. "To mother," she read quaveringly, "with loving birthday greetings from Alice."

She looked up, her face radiant. "From my daughter!" she said proudly.

"Look at that, now!" ejaculated Mrs. Malone.

Patsy pressed her cheek against grandmother's. "Oh, Gran!" she whispered. "Aunt Alice is just sweet!"

From one to another of the little group her beaming gaze went; came to rest at last upon the sympathetic face of Mrs. Malone.

"There's love-in-the-air here, too, Mrs. Malone!" she said with a deep sigh of content.

Mrs. Malone nodded in perfect understanding. "Now, ain't that the truth!" she replied happily.

WE PAY FREIGHT

6 ROOMS AND PORCH
BATH INCLUDED

ONLY \$796 COMPLETE



Buy At Wholesale!
TWO YEARS TO PAY!

YOU can get all materials direct from mill and make 4 big savings on your home! Owners tell of \$200 to \$1,500 actual savings on single homes. Mill-cut lumber saves you 40% labor. Not portable. Sturdy, substantial, permanent homes. Guaranteed materials delivered to your station, freight paid. Save money and pay in easy installments like rent.

"Saved \$1,000 on House and Garage"
 says Mrs. Coombs, "counting of Nebraska... Mr. Davis saved labor and lumber. All is as you "between \$1,000 and \$1,500" on said. I have advised my brother his home. You can do as well. to order one of your homes" Every home owner who built a "Believe I saved \$500 by buying Liberty saved money. from you," writes B. A. Anderson Liberty saved money.

FREE HANDSOME BIG BOOK OF HOMES—FULL COLOR—WRITE

Get beautiful big book of newest homes. Page after page of homes in full color. Amazing values from \$379 to \$1,488. 44 home plans—wonderful 4 to 7-room bungalows, 1½ and 2-story homes. American, Dutch Colonial, English designs. Practical—beautiful. Book shows table of construction time for each home. Also garages, letters from home owners, actual practical facts and figures to save you money. 31 years of square dealing behind our guarantee. Write or send coupon for free book today. You'll save yourself hundreds of dollars. Address

LIBERTY HOMES
 Lewis Manufacturing Co.
 Dept. 15-H, Bay City, Mich.



Guarantee of Satisfaction
 We stand back of every advertisement in WOMAN'S WORLD. We guarantee these advertisements to you because we believe advertised goods offer you the fullest protection, quality and 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.

"I've found it, Mother"

How much more welcome that is to a busy mother than "I can't find my galoshes." . . . "Mother, what did you do with my skates?" Give your children Eveready Flashlights and they will enjoy finding things for themselves. A flashlight puts light—bright, safe light and lots of it—where a child can use it. The flashlight habit for children saves parents the endless hunt for misplaced clothes and lost playthings. And, most of all, it protects the child from the dangers of the dark—a bad bump or a nasty fall.

Get Eveready Flashlights for your children. See that they're always bright-burning, too, with the very best of batteries—Eveready Batteries. They're as dependable as the night is long. Long-lasting too. Just jammed full of usefulness. Always get genuine Eveready Batteries when you refill a flashlight, and be certain of LIGHT.

Gray Hair ended Safely



Free 1-minute home test proves this amazingly

THROW away messy, old-time "crude dyes." They are dangerous and noticeable. Call back natural shade by clear, colorless liquid combed through hair. Does not rub off. Leaves hair live looking and lustrous. Keeps easy to curl. May apply only to gray parts. Letters on file from eminent physicians declare this way safe. Simple to use.

Test free or get bottle at drug store. Few drops sufficient. Money back if not amazed.

TEST FREE
 Mary T. Goldman, 111-R Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
 Check color: Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn.....blonde.....(Print name)
 Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
 Hair Color Restorer

The POSTMAN'S WHISTLE PAGE

A Messenger of Sunshine and Good Cheer by and for Our Subscribers

Cash Prizes Awarded in Fish Recipe and Quilt Design Competitions

ONCE again the versatility of Woman's World home-makers has been demonstrated and two notable groups of achievements along widely separated lines are the result. The quilt design competition evoked a variety and beauty of patterns which for originality of treatment entitles them to a place among the choicest creations of Colonial days when this form of handicraft was in flower.

The second competition was for novel and practical ways of preparing fish and, from the number and excellence of the recipes submitted, one would almost think we were a nation of nimrods and that our chief article of diet was fish. But it was merely another proof, as was the quilt competition, of the thoroughness and adaptability of the women who preside over America's homes.

Following are the names of the winners in both competitions. Our congratulations are theirs.—THE EDITORS.

Quilt Design Prize Winners

Mrs. G. A. Platz, Iowa	Miss R. Clawson, Mo.
Mrs. Ole Monson, Minn.	Miss M. Bricka, Ind. (2)
Mrs. E. L. Bryant, Vt.	Mrs. F. R. Van Hooser, Mo.
Mrs. W. M. Lyons, Ohio	Mrs. M. Funsch, Mich.
Mrs. J. Savage, N. Y.	Miss G. Yusten, Nebr.
Mrs. M. E. Minor, Conn.	

Fish Recipe Prize Winners

Mrs. H. C. Archibald, New Mex.	Miss D. Reinhard, N. J.
Mrs. G. M. Dunaway, Kan.	Mrs. H. E. Chrisman, Nebr.
Mrs. E. W. Glendinning, Colo.	Mrs. J. N. Middleton, Wis.
Miss E. Williams, Miss.	Catherine Hertzog, Pa.
Mrs. G. T. Tilton, Del.	Mrs. D. M. Rickard, Fla.
Mrs. J. Mohrbach, Pa.	Mrs. B. S. Hanson, Va.
Louise D. Brown, Mo.	Mrs. Jno. Jacobs, Iowa.
Margaret Bacon, N. J.	Kathryn S. Scott, Wash.
Mary A. Marble, Mass.	Mrs. Earl Heath, Ohio.
Miss T. Lessmeister, Ill.	Mrs. J. Gordon Morgan, Ohio.
Mrs. G. F. Barnes, Pa.	Mrs. Frank Cox, Iowa.
Mrs. J. A. Sanner, Minn.	Mrs. Anna Cox, N. J.
Mrs. Nellie M. Bozorth, Wash.	

She Do, Do She?

Mose: "When mah wife gets kissed, she sho do hollar."
Gawge: "Ah'll say she do."
Mose: "What you say, niggah?"
Gawge: "Ah sayed, do she?"
—G. S., Ohio.

Pimiento and Apple Sandwiches

1 small can pimientos	1/4 cup sugar
5 medium-sized apples	3 tablespoons salad dressing

Chop the pimientos and apples, add the sugar and salad dressing and mix well. Spread between slices of white bread cut in triangles. —Mrs. C. M. H., Tex.

Expected Too Much

Patient: "Will that anesthetic make me sick?"
Doctor: "Not a bit."
Patient: "How long will it be before I know anything?"
Doctor: "See here, young man, isn't that asking a good deal of an anesthetic?"
—Mrs. H. S., Ind.

Raisin Ham Filling

3/4 cup cold ham	1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/4 cup sweet cucumber pickles	Mayonnaise
1 cup puffed raisins	

Run ham, pickles and raisins through the food grinder or chop finely. Add lemon juice and enough mayonnaise to spread easily. Spread between slices of white or dark bread and cut sandwiches in various shapes.
—Mrs. H. E. C., Nebr.

Pineapple Ice Cream

1 quart can crushed pineapple	Juice 2 lemons
1 quart water	1 pint cream
3 cups sugar	1 cup milk

Mix pineapple, water, sugar and lemon juice, and stir until sugar is dissolved. Put into freezer and turn until half frozen; then add 1 pint of cream and 1 cup of milk and finish freezing.
—Mrs. J. W. M., Mo.

Ripe Currant Pie

Line a pie pan with plain pastry. Brush over with the slightly beaten white of egg. Mash 1 cup freshly gathered ripe currants, add 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup water, 2 slightly beaten egg yolks and 1 tablespoon flour. Turn mixture

into lined pie pan and bake until mixture is firm. Remove from oven and spread with meringue made by beating the whites of 2 eggs until stiff and gradually adding 1/4 cup of powdered sugar. Return to oven and brown delicately.
—Mrs. C. A. R., N. D.

Like a Thousand Years

He was ten years old, and when he slipped out of the house at daylight, he left a note saying he was going West to fight Indians.

A discouraging combination of forces, hunger, weariness, homesickness and a general change of viewpoint,



UNCLE JEFF, the OLD POSTMAN and His Philosophy on the Family BUDGET

Oh, marriage—as a business— Needs some money on th' shelf. But partners in privation, Are more close than those in wealth.

TOM AND LUCY ANDERSON as lives over on Three Forks has prospered to th' point where they've got an excess of both time and money. So they're of a mind t' separate. If someone was t' ask me what thing causes th' most trouble on this ol' earth, I b'lieve I'd say matters of money. It's th' very pivot round which both business and family life turn.

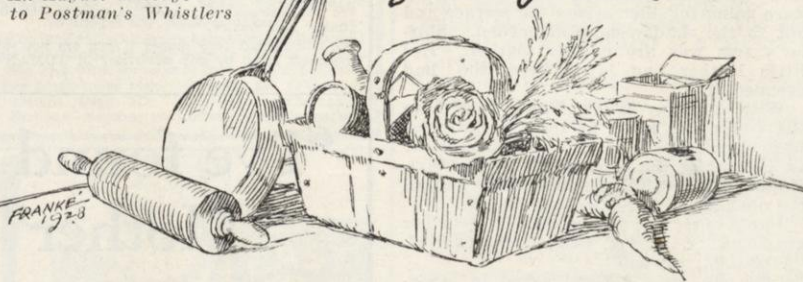
A man must realize th't th' prosaic duties of a household need t' be dispatched, not by an angel, but by a woman. And th't th' pretty flutterin' creature which he has established in his home, really has an observin' little head full of solid gray stuff which will demand from him a fair an' square deal. Life is real and our common wants and desires stay just the same after marriage as they was afore.

It has allus been passin' strange t' me th't a great many men seem t' feel th't th' marriage ceremony does away with a woman's need for money. Every wife should know her husband's income. A clear understandin' respectin' th' domestic expenses is necessary t' th' peace of every dwellin'—whether it be palace or cottage.

In my experience, th' successful family budget holds two purposes; t' own a home and t' live within one's means. No one is happy who spends more th'n he earns. T' regulate our expenses by other folks' income is th' very height of folly. There is no content without independence—an' there is no dependence so dark as that of debt. T' earn—t' save—t' spend; and t' remember th't we each have but one life t' live and th't no amount of money can ever pay for a life of happiness.

An August message to Postman's Whistlers

Jeff Lincoln U. S. A.



however, overcame him, and 9:30 p. m. found him returning to the parental roof.

He had expected the family to receive him with open arms, but nobody seemed even to notice he had come back.

At last, Jiminy, the cat, not being in on the family secret, rubbed affectionately against the prodigal son's legs. In a desperate effort to start the conversational ball rolling, he reached over and patted it and demanded in a strained voice: "Is this the same old cat you had when I went away?"
—J. B. R., Minn.

Pressed Chicken

Cook an old fowl until tender, remove meat from bones and season with salt and pepper. Chop fine, cover with broth from meat, add a little chopped celery and place in dish or bowl for pressing. Use a weight to press. When cold, slice and serve on platter garnished with parsley.
—F. A. L., Ill.

Send us your ideas, experiences, jokes, new and original recipes and money, labor, and time-saving helps. For those that we use, 50 cents each will be paid. Address Postman's Whistle Page, care of Woman's World, 4223-4243 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
—THE EDITORS.

Grape-Mint Ade

2 cups grape juice	1 quart water
2 cups grapefruit juice and pulp	1 1/2 cups sugar
2 lemons	Small bunch of mint
	Cracked ice

Blend all fruit juices and grapefruit pulp, add 1 pint of water, boil the remaining water and mint, sugar, lemon rind. Remove the lemon rind, add sirup to fruit juices. Serve in tall glasses, with cracked ice and sprig of mint.
—Mrs. L. M. T., Tex.

Quack, Quack!

"A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your father was."
"What did he say?"
"Cheep, cheep."
"Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your old man was."
—M. C., Ohio.

Rolled Jelly Cake

3 eggs	1 cup sugar	1 cup flour
--------	-------------	-------------

Beat the yolks until light, then add the sugar, 2 table-spoons water and pinch salt; lastly stir in flour, in which 1 tea-spoon baking powder is mixed. Add flour gradually. Bake in long, shallow pan, well greased. Turn out on a damp towel, cover top with jelly and roll up while warm.
—Mrs. A. M. S., Pa.

Graham Fruit Bread

2 cups whole wheat Graham flour	1/4 cup sorghum 1 cup dried fruit,
4 teaspoons baking powder	chopped fine (raisins, prunes, dates, etc.)
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup milk
1/2 cup shortening	1/2 cup nuts
2 eggs	1/2 cup orange peel

Mix dry ingredients, add melted shortening, fruits, beaten eggs, milk, sorghum, nuts and orange peel, which has been chopped fine before drying. Bake at 325 degrees F. one hour. This makes one loaf and is best baked in good-sized pan.
—Mrs. A. E., Ill.

Full Time

Visitor (in factory): "Do you have to work long hours here?"
Workman (happily): "No, only the regulation length, sixty minutes."
—E. A. S., Nebr.

Rice-Salmon Loaf

2 cups boiled rice	1 can salmon
3 eggs	1 cup rich milk
1 tablespoon butter	Salt and pepper

Mix eggs and rice thoroughly. Into a buttered baking dish put first a layer of the rice mixture, seasoning with salt and pepper, and then a layer of salmon, repeating until you have it all in the dish. Over the top put the butter in little pieces. Then pour in the milk and bake in moderate oven.
—L. O., N. D.

To Cube Pineapple Quickly

Drain off all juice, empty the contents of can into a shallow bowl. With a sharp knife, cut from top to bottom. When you have gone all around like this, you have a neat job and eight slices cubed as easily and as quickly as one.
—A. M. C., Mass.

Putting Out Fires

To put out a kerosene fire, pour milk over the flames; it will put the fire out at once. Don't pour water on burning fat; smother it with flour or an old blanket.
—Miss A. Z., Iowa.

Raising Her Bid

Lady: "Little girl, I'll give you a penny for a kiss."
Little Girl: "No, I get more than that for taking castor oil."
—A. P., W. Va.

Preparing Lettuce

When you wish to separate head lettuce, cut the stem out, leaving head whole. Place under faucet, allowing water to run into cavity made. Leave for a few minutes when leaves can be easily separated without tearing.
—Mrs. W. H. K., Vt.

To Remove Grass Stains

Rub the article with commercial alcohol. Kerosene will also remove the stains but will turn the spot yellow and it then must be washed well with soap and water, first cold, then hot.
—L. D. R., N. Y.



Butterfly—Tinted and Embroidered

Poppy—
Tinted and Embroidered



Bluebird—
Tinted and Embroidered

Marigold—
Tinted and Embroidered



Basket—Embroidered

A Simple Pattern
That Gives
Slender Lines—
With a
Minimum of
Time and Expense

FLOWERS THAT BLOOM ON APRONS IN NEWEST DESIGNS

Colorful
Designs
Are Tinted
and
Artistically
Embroidered

THE pointed effect gives a different touch. The apron is cut in slip-over style, as shown in the model "Iris." Unbleached muslin is used, with individuality in the colored lace edge that harmonizes with the design. It is quickly made, easily put on and gives full protection to the frock. The simplest stitches are used—darn stitch, one-stitch, French knots and lazy-daisy stitch.



Cosmos—Embroidered



Iris—Tinted and Embroidered



Japanese—
Embroidered



Eggs Heisler Barton

Teapot—Embroidered

Old-fashioned Flowers—Embroidered

S 231440 4 30
MISS LILLIAN ANGUS
COTTAGE GROVE WISCONSIN



A
recipe for
coolness!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



COOLNESS that laughs at thermometers and such because it comes from *within!* And what a flavor treat to enjoy! A heaping bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—so crisp they crackle like ice! Covered with milk and topped with luscious peaches!

These hot-weather days make Kellogg's extra inviting. For lunch or dinner as well as breakfast. Never tough-thick—but extra crisp. So light and crisp, so easy to digest—they refresh and help you keep cool. A wholesome treat for the children's evening meal.

Serve Kellogg's with milk or cream—with fresh or canned fruits or honey added for extra goodness. Pears, prunes, bananas, raisins.

Order them at hotels, restaurants, cafeterias. On dining-cars. Sold by all grocers. Always crisp and oven-fresh in the inner-sealed waxtite wrapper. Look for the red-and-green package.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit and Kaffee Hag—"real coffee minus caffeine." Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.