



LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

Woman's world. Vol. 45, No. 6 June, 1929

Chicago, IL : Woman's World Magazine Co. Inc., June, 1929

<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



MIRIAM
STORY
HURFORD

JUNE · 1929

"June Wedding Belles"

15 CENTS A COPY

MARRIAGE—SIX INTERESTING MESSAGES FROM OTHER DAYS

*Fiction · Fashions · Health and Beauty · Needlework · Sewing · Child Care
Homemaking · Gardening · Cookery · Verse · And Subscribers' Contributions*

CHILDREN'S FEATURE, "WHY THE SUN HURRIED" By Richard Kilroy

Are you using the MODERN "SHORT-BOIL" METHOD in making your Jams and Jellies?

*It saves time and money,
and insures perfect
jams and jellies . . .*

THE Certo "short-boil" method is now accepted as the most efficient, economical way to make all your jams and jellies. Famous cooking experts, including Alice Bradley and Sarah Field Splint, recommend it. The Home Economics Departments of universities and colleges all over the country teach it. Millions of women use it!

Certo is a pure fruit product—just the natural jellying substance extracted from fruit in which it is abundant. With Certo, anyone can make perfect jams and jellies, quickly and easily, from any fruit or fruit juice, even those delicious fruits that never before would jell. Only one or two minutes' boiling is required—hence the name, "short-boil" method. Millions of women have discovered that jams and jellies made the Certo "short-boil" way have better color and flavor—more like the fresh fruit itself—and that the cost per glass is from 1 to 3 cents less than by the old "long-boil" method.

Occasionally this saving is not immediately apparent. One housewife writes:

"It is marvelous to be able to make so many new kinds of jams and jellies, for with Certo you can use any fruit or fruit juice and color and flavor are far better. My husband always praises the results but I can't make him see that the Certo way is really more economical. He says I have to buy the Certo and extra sugar, so where is the economy."

The experiences of Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., as outlined on this page, make clear not only the genuine economy but also the wonderful simplicity and ease of the Certo method.

FREE: Two booklets — one, on how to make jams and jellies by the "short-boil" method—the other, an illustrated booklet of "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies." Mail coupon to Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept. She will write you and send the two booklets.



Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept.,
Certo Corporation,
400 Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.
(If you live in Canada, address: Certo, Cobourg, Ont.)
Please send me the two booklets described above.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
 Check here and send 10¢ if you want trial half-bottle of Certo.



1 Mrs. A. had two quarts of ripe strawberries to be made into jam. After hulling her berries, she was ready to start making her jam at nine o'clock.

3 The red band on the kettle indicates the amount of fruit and juice from Mrs. A.'s berries (4 cups). The strawberries cost 20¢ a quart—2 quarts 40¢.

5 Mrs. A. added 2 lbs. of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 7¢ per lb.—2 lbs. 14¢.

7 Following the old "pound for pound" standard recipe, Mrs. A. had to boil the fruit and sugar about 30 minutes before the jam thickened to the desired consistency. This long boiling evaporated one-half of the original weight of the berries and carried off most of the natural fresh fruit flavor as fragrant steam.

9 When Mrs. A. poured her jam she found she had 6 8-oz. glasses.
The cost: Berries . . . 40¢
Sugar . . . 14¢
6) 54¢
9¢
The 6 glasses cost an average of 9¢ per glass.

11 It took Mrs. A. 45 minutes to make her 6 glasses. It was nine-forty-five when she finished.



2 Mrs. B. also had two quarts of ripe strawberries and she was ready to start her jam-making at nine o'clock, too.

4 Mrs. B., using the same quantity of strawberries (2 quarts), got the same amount of fruit and juice (4 cups). Her berries also cost 20¢ a quart—2 quarts 40¢.

6 Mrs. B. added 3 lbs. of sugar to her berries. The sugar cost 7¢ per lb.—3 lbs. 21¢. (The next step explains this larger quantity of sugar.)

8 Mrs. B. simply brought her fruit and sugar to a tumbling boil, and boiled them for 1 minute, then added ½ bottle (½ cup) of Certo. The fruit flavor and color were saved and the juice didn't boil away. That is why extra sugar was needed—simply to jell the juice that would have boiled away by the "long-boil" method. The jam will contain no more sugar per glass than by the old method.

10 Mrs. B. got 10 8-oz. glasses of jam from her berries.
The cost: Berries . . . 40¢
Sugar . . . 21¢
½ bottle Certo @ 35¢ 18¢
10) 79¢
7 1/2¢

12 Mrs. B.'s 10 glasses of jam were made in 15 minutes. She was all through at nine-fifteen.

This same comparison holds true with all fruits. With Certo, by saving the fruit juice formerly boiled away, you get half again more jam or jelly from a given amount of fruit. You save the delicate color, the delicious flavor of the fresh fruit. You save time, effort, and fuel, and get a perfect jam or jelly every time at a saving of from one to three cents per glass.



VOLUME 45. NUMBER 6

WALTER W. MANNING, Editor

Associate Editors

CORA F. SANDERS

RAY M. WALLACE

EDITORIAL PAGE



MIRIAM S. HURFORD

Miriam Story Hurford

THOUSANDS of our readers have written us how much they appreciate the colorful covers of *Woman's World*, and we feel sure that all of our 1,200,000 subscribers will be glad to know just how our gifted artist who has painted them for us looks, so we present Miriam Story Hurford to you.

Inasmuch as many of you will want to enter the cover contest on the Postman's Whistle Page this month, we thought you might like to have Mrs. Hurford express herself on the old style and the new from her artist's standpoint.

We hope that we will have thousands of letters from our subscribers on this interesting contest, and we trust that you will tell us frankly and truly just which type you most prefer.

This contest is all in line with *Woman's World's* effort to publish a magazine every month in the way that the majority of our readers prefer from cover to cover. Mrs. Hurford's letter explains itself:

Dear *Woman's World* Readers:

Mr. Manning has asked me to talk a little bit about the cover contest, but I'm sure he won't mind if I include a word of greeting to the subscribers and readers of *Woman's World*, and add a hope that my covers have pleased "some of the people some of the time" and perhaps a very few all of the time.

Since this is a contest, it would scarcely be diplomatic for me to express any preference between modern art and that of the old school. I'll admit that I have one, although I frequently waver slightly when I run across a particularly fine example of the other type. An artist is interested in the "workability" of his material, and the voluminous skirts, quaint shawls and bonnets of Colonial times make, perhaps, a more pleasing picture than the trappings of the modern girl, while the simplicity of modern buildings and household furnishings, if not too extreme, seem to lend themselves more readily to good design, but as the average picture combines both figures and furnishings, it evens up. I often find it somewhat of a problem to assemble the older style figures and surroundings in a pleasing arrangement, whereas in making a drawing in the modern manner, I simply decide on the pattern, and then design the objects to fit. That's fine for a naturally lazy person! But when I've arrived at a good composition in the old style, I have the satisfaction of having conquered something.

And so it goes. I'm afraid if I make any serious comparisons I may betray myself, and that I am supposed not to do, so will be content with wishing luck to those of you who exercise the privilege of expressing an opinion.

MIRIAM STORY HURFORD.

Coming! *A Woman's World*

A folder recently published by a prominent banking house in Chicago, Lawrence Stern & Company, tells of the strides the women of America have made not only in achieving their own financial independence but in having today an outstanding percentage of the wealth of the country.

Nothing could be more indicative of the ability of both single and married women to safeguard the individual vital interests of themselves and their families—in business and in the home—than these startling figures of their accomplishments which we present below.

41% of the nation's wealth is now controlled by women. Women are beneficiaries of 80% of the \$95,000,000,000 of life insurance policies in force in the United States.

Women pay taxes on more than 3¼ billions of individual income annually.

Women comprise the actual majority of stockholders in the largest corporations in America.

They constitute over 50% of the 454,596 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the world's wealthiest corporation.

In the United States Steel Corporation there are more than 50,000 women stockholders, over 50% of the total number.

They also form the majority of the shareholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Westinghouse Air Brake Company and The National Biscuit Company.

Women millionaires are as plentiful as men. Women are receiving 70% of the estates left by men.

Women are also receiving 64% of the estates left by other women.

Women to the number of over 8,500,000 are gainfully employed.

In fact, if women continue to show the same progress in the future as in the past few decades, in 2025 our descendants will indeed be living in a *Woman's World* safeguarded by woman's affections and her dollars. Statisticians have figured it out that by that time all of the wealth of this country would be in feminine hands and a financial matriarchy would be on, exercising perhaps a beneficent tyranny of the wealthiest nation of the world.

The CONTENTS

Fiction

- TREACHEROUS SHOALS..... 5
By Christine Whiting Parmenter
- GYPSY-FOOT..... 7
By Lillian Taft Maize
- THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER..... 12
By Alma Boice Holland
- THE GIRL IN THE GREEN COAT..... 14
A Serial, by H. L. Gates
- WHY THE SUN HURRIED..... 18
Verse by Richard Kilroy
- A WITCH DEPIES A MAGICIAN..... 44
By Uncle Johnny Gruelle

Special Features

- THE HAPPY LIFE—GETTING ON WITH IN-LAWS..... 10
By Edith Barnard DeJano
- WAYSIDE TALES OF THE ORIENT—KOREA..... 11
By Mary V. Brunner
- FRIENDSHIP VILLAGE TALKS ON MARRIAGE..... 24
Six Interesting Messages from Other Days
- POSTMAN WHISTLERS' MARKET PLACE..... 53
- POSTMAN'S WHISTLE..... 54

Health and Beauty

- PLASTIC OR BEAUTY SURGERY..... 9
By Morris Fishbein, M.D.
- CORRECT POSTURE FOR THE GROWING CHILD..... 20
By Ethel M. Hendriksen

Homemaking

- PLANT NOW FOR WINTER BOUQUETS..... 17
By Maud R. Jacobs
- THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF YOUR HOME..... 22
By Dahy B. Barnett

Fashions

- ALL FOR A SUMMER'S DAY..... 26
- FOR THE YOUNG GIRL..... 27, 30
- INTERPRETATIONS OF THE LATEST MODE..... 28, 29
- SMART SUMMER WEAR..... 31, 32, 40, 41

Embroidery and Crochet

- FILET CROCHET FOR CHAIR BACK AND ARMS..... 38
- GRADUATION AND SHOWER GIFT SUGGESTIONS..... 42
- QUANT YARN PICTURES..... 43
- LINEN PILLOWS..... 45

Domestic Science

- A SIMPLE HOME WEDDING..... 25
- SANDWICHES OF MANY KINDS..... 34
- THE DELECTABLE PINEAPPLE..... 35
- MAKING THE MOST OF FISH..... 36
- EGGS SERVED DIFFERENTLY..... 37
- OUR TEN BEST RECIPES FOR JUNE..... 53
- MENUS FOR ONE WEEK IN JUNE..... 55

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*.

Walter W. Manning
President

Copyright, 1929, *Woman's World Magazine Co., Inc.* Entered as second-class matter, July 20, 1901, at Post Office, Chicago, under act of March 3, 1879. Published every month. Address all letters to Home Office, 4223-4243 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill. Advertising Headquarters, 4223-4243 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill. London Office, 6 Henrietta St., Covent Garden. SUBSCRIPTIONS: One year, 50 cents, Canada and foreign countries, 75 cents. A request for change of address must reach us at least 30 days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Give both old and new addresses and if possible cut out and mail to us your name and address as we have imprinted it on the cover of a recent copy of *Woman's World*. MANUSCRIPTS: Not considered unless typewritten. Return postage should be enclosed.

A Craftswoman of Rare Courage

MOST of you home directors who combine the talents of wife, mother, nurse, maid, companion, partner, friend, counsellor and guide to your families already know Lily Haxworth Wallace, and history records the fact that you believe in her taste, skill and accomplishments in the realm of cookery, for thousands of letters to us have told us of her success in interesting and thereby helping you.

In the big *Woman's World* family of over 1,200,000 women, there are doubtless but few of you who are not yourselves experienced and first-class cooks, as the health, happiness and success of your families indicate, so we believe you will agree with us that Mrs. Wallace has had to have considerable courage to appear before you month after month and year after year as an expert domestic scientist—bearing new recipes worthy of your attention and use.

Her courage is fortified, however, by the knowledge that every woman's problem of preparing nearly 1,100 meals a year—to say nothing of the numerous social occasions with which every year is punctuated—is a great strain on any housewife's repertoire, and if her recipes be novel, nutritious and economical, she may in helping you do something constructive with her own life and incidentally cause you to think kindly of *Woman's World*.

In this issue, Mrs. Wallace presents the first of a year's menus with practical suggestions for each meal in the week—balanced and tested as to ingredients and supplemented by several distinctive recipes which she hopes may appeal to you and your families in the whetting of your appetites in a healthful, satisfying way. "Let the stoics say what they please, we do not eat for the good of living, but because the meat is savory and the appetite is keen."

Marriage

"Rings and jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts. The only gift is a portion of thyself."—EMERSON.

JUNE, the month of marriages and orange blossoms, is here, and in thousands of homes preparations for life's greatest undertaking are going on with feverish haste. Mothers are in a ferment; daughters are floating in the clouds; sons are wearing serious and thoughtful expressions; and fathers, far in the background, are busily engaged in counting the costs. Whole families are wondering whether daughter has made the right selection—or son has chosen the proper helpmeet. Friends, neighbors and acquaintances all are looking out of the corners of their eyes at this most fascinating panorama of all human events. All the world loves a lover, and no detail of the coming affair fails to interest us humans, for, as Disraeli said, "We are all born for love. It is the principle of existence and its only end."

For the past few years the statisticians have been dividing, multiplying, adding and subtracting in an effort to analyze the causes for the ever increasing percentage of wrecks in married life—for Separations and Divorces now total their highest mark. Some say that women are no longer womanly and interested in the home and children. Others claim that men are becoming slaves to their hobbies or their work. Judges argue that mothers-in-law, particularly the groom's mother, are bringing about more grief than comes from any other cause, in their natural desire to safeguard their sons' future, while others deplore the bride's determination to begin where her mother left off—and so on and so forth.

According to the vital statistics, city life which has greatly increased in recent years seems to be having a very discouraging influence on marriage. According to the 1920 census, from the ages beyond 25 years where the age distributions are the same, in the country (towns less than 2,500 population) 165 men out of 1,000 never have been married, while in the city there have been 206 who have never marched to the altar. These figures would seem to indicate that in the country where wives are real mothers, companions, partners and homemakers, and confine their womanly activities to home, children, church and neighborly interests, marriage is doing as well as it ever has—and the highest standard to successful example is being presented to the children by practice rather than precept, with the sanctity of the Home as the dominant note in the people's life. The hectic life of the cliff and apartment dwellers in the city, whose dining chair is the stool in the restaurant, the cafeteria and the delicatessen, seems to offer a steadily declining camping ground for a successful married life.

On the Friendship Village page in this issue, better pens than ours have told about marriage for your delectation and guidance.



LILY H. WALLACE

ASK THE SALESWOMAN IN ANY SMART SHOP

*She will tell you why
this care makes silk
stockings look better
and wear longer...*

You probably wash your stockings shortly after every wearing. (At least, you should!) Doesn't this frequent washing of delicate silken fibers simply cry for extra-care?

The next time you buy silk stockings, ask the saleswoman how to wash them to get the longest wear. She will mention two important precautions—"Lukewarm water" and then—"Ivory Soap." (In the finest department stores of 30 leading cities, 9 out of 10 salespeople advise *only* Ivory for silk stockings.)

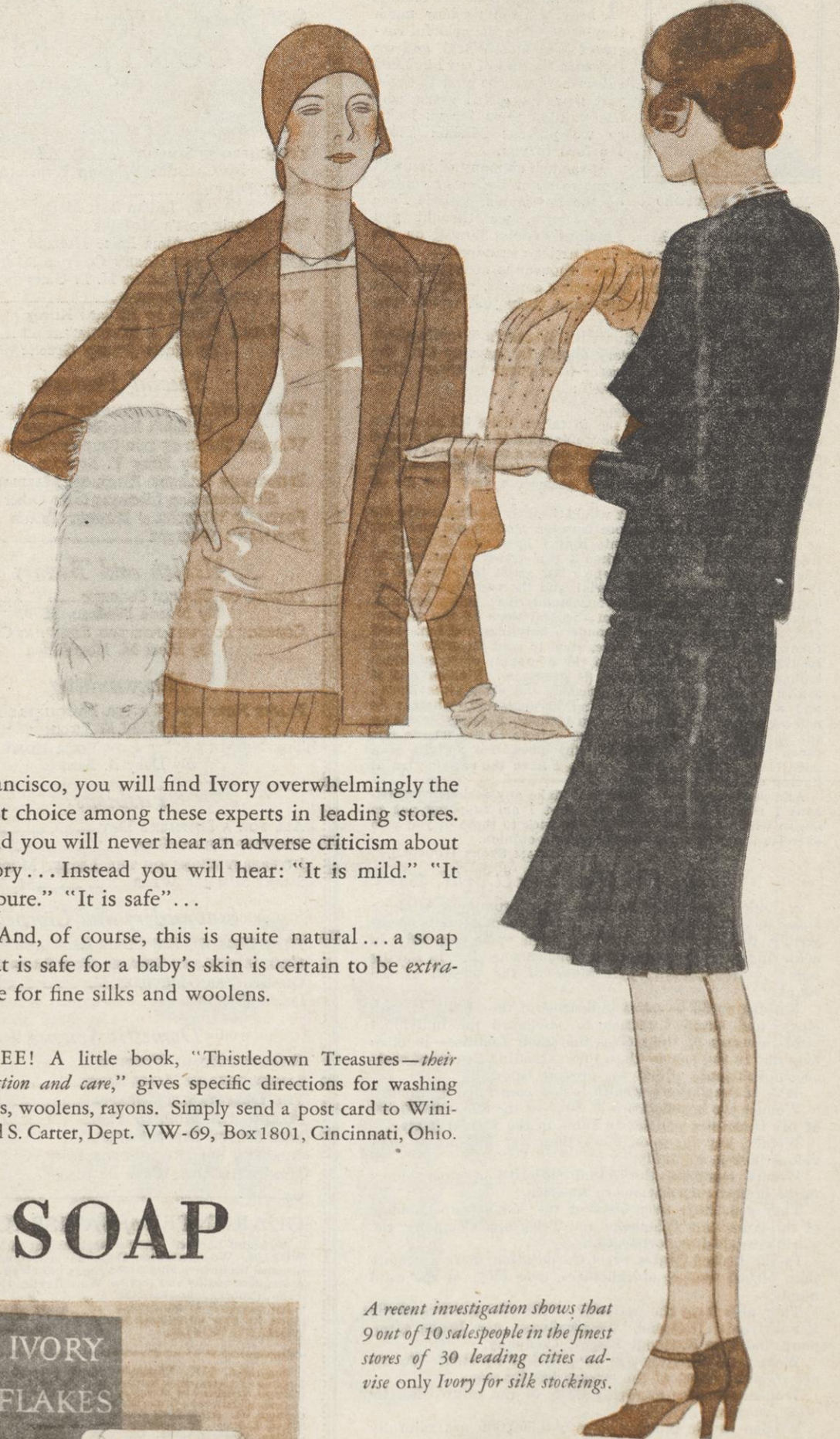
Why salespeople advise Ivory

"The wrong soap will often fade, discolor, or weaken stockings. But you can wash any stockings well if you use lukewarm water and the right soap. Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes is best—Ivory is pure."—*Leading New York Store.*

"We never recommend anything but Ivory—other soaps are likely to cut the silk."—*Boston Specialty Shop.*

"Ivory is the best thing to use for silk stockings—best for the color and best for the silk."—*Chicago Department Store.*

Ask the saleswoman yourself. Whether you live as far East as New York or as far West as San



Francisco, you will find Ivory overwhelmingly the first choice among these experts in leading stores. And you will never hear an adverse criticism about Ivory... Instead you will hear: "It is mild." "It is pure." "It is safe"...

And, of course, this is quite natural... a soap that is safe for a baby's skin is certain to be *extra-safe* for fine silks and woolens.

FREE! A little book, "Thistledown Treasures—their selection and care," gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. VW-69, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP



A recent investigation shows that 9 out of 10 salespeople in the finest stores of 30 leading cities advise only Ivory for silk stockings.

KIND TO EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

TREACHEROUS SHOALS

By

Christine Whiting Parmenter

Illustrations by Joseph Simont

The crucial point for a country doctor's wife comes after ten years of married life, when a safe harbor can be reached only by avoiding the treacherous shoals of misunderstanding.

a razor blade! They resent it when he catches a day's vacation, for fear they'll need him. They write him love letters (I suppose they think I never see 'em!). I know they imagine that he's unhappy with me—that I'm not idealist enough to—

Dick interrupted with a chuckle, "What tommyrot!"

"Isn't it?" said Nan. "But just the same, there are times when it gets on my nerves."

She was thinking of this as she looked into the fire. Will always urged her not to sit up for him, but to Nan there was something dreary in the thought of his coming home to a sleeping household. Yes, she mused, those silly women did trouble her, though it was absurd to mind them. They seemed to consider her husband some sort of saint. One of them called him "Sir Galahad" in her foolish letters. Will had been vastly amused at the appellation; but wasn't he the least bit flattered, too?

She drew a long, long breath. Despite its compensations, it wasn't all fun being a doctor's wife. She often wished that her husband was a "butcher, a baker or candlestick maker," anything rather than one whose time belonged to everyone except his wife and children.

Nan closed her eyes, but started nervously as the clock chimed eleven. It seemed absurd that after all these years, she still felt fidgety when alone in the house at night. Then the telephone rang, and with a sense of relief she heard her husband's voice, "No calls, I hope?"

"No. Where are you?"

"At the hospital. I'll be home in ten minutes, but I suppose they've gone?"

"The Kents? Yes, half an hour ago."

"Are you in bed?"

"No. Do you want some supper?"

"Just a glass of milk—warm, if it isn't too much trouble. I'm too tired for more."

SHE would have known that by his voice, even if he hadn't said so. As she prepared some sandwiches, Nan reviewed his day and wondered that he had any voice at all. At two o'clock that morning, he had been called out to a confinement. It had meant a ten-mile ride in the bitter cold, and he had not had one hour of rest since then. Yet such things were all in the day's work to a country doctor. She had the door wide open when his step sounded on the porch.

"Well, you have had a day!"

She spoke cheerfully, but he replied with irritation, "It's not necessary to remind me, is it?"

Nan winced. Only taut nerves, she knew; but she was glad to see him, and it hurt to have him speak so curtly. Nor did he kiss her. Too tired to think of it, of course. In silence she took his coat, then said, "Your tray's in by the fire. You must be frozen."

"It's twelve below," said Will, and slumped down in his special chair. "I told you I wanted only milk," he added; but despite the words, he devoured the sandwiches as if hungry and leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction when Nan took the tray.

"Have a good time?" he asked, relaxing.

"Not very—without you. We played bridge, but it wasn't much of a game with the telephone ringing every hand or so."

"How's old Dick?"



"Gee! Mummy, but you look swell!"

night to her departing guests. Though they had courteously hidden their chagrin at missing Will, Nan was sensitively aware of it all through dinner as she endeavored to be entertaining and keep an eye on Nelly at the same time.

Afterward they played dummy bridge, or tried to. The telephone had been a frequent interrupter; and while Nan wrote down messages or attempted to locate her husband, she would forget what had last been played, and felt that the Kents (who took bridge seriously) must consider her worse than a dummy. Once, after speaking sharply to a patient, she turned from the telephone to find Dick suppressing a grin.

"Do you dare address your bread and butter in that manner?" he inquired.

Nan picked up her cards before she answered, "I do in this case. She only wanted to say good-night to her adored one. If you knew what fools some women make of themselves over their doctors— Oh! Is it my bid? Spades."

They played in silence for a moment. Then Doris said, "Do you mind having the women act that way, Nan? Aren't you jealous?"

"Jealous?" Nan echoed. "Jealous of a woman who's feeble-minded enough to simulate a faint whenever she makes an office call, just so the M.D. will catch her in his arms? Does she really think she fools him, I wonder? No, Doris, I'm not jealous of that sort."

Dick laughed and questioned, "Is there another sort that causes you discomfort?"

HE WAS so sure of Will's devotion to his wife that it surprised him to have Nan hesitate before replying, "Well, there are times when— Oh, I'm not jealous the way Doris means, but I sometimes wonder if they won't spoil him."

"Spoil old Bill! Why, he's less spoiled than any human being I know!"

"Of course he is!" Nan's tone was warmly loyal. "But it would take a superhuman not to be influenced by what goes on. To hear some of those women talk, one would think he was a little tin god. They don't see him hunting

NY calls?" The question coming across the wire was as familiar to Nan Carey as was the sound of the telephone bell itself. She answered, glancing at a pad of paper: "They want you at Gallahan's. I tried to put them off till morning, but they couldn't wait. And Mrs. Stratton is having one of her attacks. Her husband was in a panic, so I suppose you'll go before dinner?"

"Of course." There was an impatient note in the doctor's voice which his wife recognized as tired nerves. "I can't get home to dinner. There's a case at the hospital—"

"But, Will—the Kents are coming!"

"Oh, the dickens!" Will Carey's voice held a bit of the consternation that was in his wife's. "Well, it can't be helped. Perhaps I'll get in before they leave. Couldn't you put them off until another night?"

"Not at this hour. I do think, considering that they're more your friends than mine— Still, it's not your fault, of course. Don't worry; but do get back as early as you can."

"I'm not off on a joy ride with the temperature at zero," retorted the doctor with a touch of sarcasm. "If any calls come in, you can get me at the hospital."

The receiver clicked, and Nan Carey drew a discouraged breath. It was bad enough entertaining the Kents in any case. Dick Kent was a chum of Will's who had married money. Once a year they exchanged hospitalities, and Nan always felt relieved when her share of the entertainment was over. Doris Kent did things so beautifully that Nan's best seemed shabby in comparison; she was always a trifle nervous until the coffee was served and old Nelly, who was not an expert waitress, had left the room.

The saving grace of these affairs was the fact that Will and Dick were so genuinely glad to get together; and tonight even that consolation would be lacking. However, it couldn't be helped, and after ten years of being a doctor's wife, thought Nan, she ought to be used to these sudden readjustments. She wondered, as she gave a last inspection to the table, if the time would ever come when she wouldn't care.

Her heart lightened as she glanced about the pleasant dining-room. Nothing to be ashamed of here, surely; and the children, who might have been responsible for some confusion, were at their grandmother's.

"I'll leave Will's place on," she mused, arranging with meticulous care the position of a salt shaker. "He may get in at the last moment. Thank goodness I decided on chops instead of chicken! I shan't have to carve, anyway. Well, I must hurry and change my gown."

Half way upstairs, however, the telephone stopped her—a call in the neighborhood of the Gallahans. In order to save Will some unnecessary travel, Nan spent a precious fifteen minutes trying to intercept him, and was barely ready when the Kents arrived.

Hours later, her husband still absent, she said good-

"Fine. He said to call him up and lunch with him next time you go to town."

Will's eyes brightened and then he sighed. "I'd like to, but I never seem to get the time. There's always a patient to meet, or—"

"Look here! Why not go in some day on purpose? Have a lark?"

Will shrugged. "There'll be no day off for me until this influenza epidemic stops. It seems to be increasing. You'd better keep the kiddies home from school; and don't go on the cars when you can help it. Darnation! There's that bell!"

"I'll answer." Nan was already up. "You shan't go out, Will. They can get someone else. Hello! Just a minute. . . ." She covered the receiver with her hand and whispered, "It's Angelica."

Will groaned softly as he took the instrument, but said in his customary voice, "What is it? I see . . . Well, take one of those last powders. No, I'm just in. You don't need me enough for that. No, I can't do any more for you if I come. Just get to bed. What's that? Nonsense! Of course I'd come if it was necessary; but I've been up since two this morning and— Gee!" he added, grinning at his wife, "she hung up! Mad as a wet hen because I won't go down and tuck her in! I wish she'd stay mad and call Jackson, but she'll be at the office in the morning ready to kiss and make it up, most likely."

Nan laughed. "Well, anyhow, I'm glad you didn't go. I expected every minute that you'd give in. If you had—"

The doctor smiled, and the tired lines smoothed out of his face. He reached for his wife's hand and squeezed it. "I lead you a dog's life, don't I?"

"Not half such a dog's life as you lead yourself."

"But that's my job. Do you ever wish you hadn't married me?"

"No; but I sometimes wish you'd married another profession."

He glanced at her quickly. "Does it really seem, Nan, that I'm more married to my profession than to you?"

"You are," she answered. "I suppose you wouldn't be so good a doctor if you didn't neglect your family for your work."

His face clouded. "I don't mean to neglect you, dear. It's only—"

"Oh, I understand! If I didn't, I'd go crazy! Come, Will, we must get to bed. You're all worn out."

THAT was a hard winter in which one epidemic followed another with heart-rending regularity. For weeks at a time, Nan caught only fragmentary glimpses of her husband. He was tired almost to the point of breaking—unreasonably irritable because of his fatigue; yet there seemed no escape from the unending grind.

Those were difficult days. To avoid unnecessary infection, Nan was staying rather close to home and had time to brood. Life seemed to have lost its savor—to have

grown stale. She was worried for fear her husband would break down; yet when she suggested that they go away, he answered brusquely, "How can I—now? If you're crazy for a change, you can go without me," and Nan, hurt to the heart that he should misunderstand her, said no more, even when the stress of work subsided and he could have gone with a clear conscience.

Months afterward, she realized that this winter had been the turning point in her life. Before then she had taken the annoyances of her existence as a matter of course—just part of what being a doctor's wife was sure to mean. Now she wondered if Will were always fair to her. He loved his work. He felt no twinge of disappointment when, ready for some affair, a call would come and the social event would be forgone. His work was, evidently, his life; and Nan felt that he cared little for her disappointment. There came a time when she refused invitations without consulting him, preferring to stay at home rather than hear his groan at the prospect of what he considered "a wasted evening."

IF THERE is a serpent in every Eden, the one that invaded Nan Carey's was a state of mind, and a state of mind can be the hardest thing in the world to overcome. Outwardly, she appeared unchanged, but she had grown abnormally sensitive to what seemed her husband's disregard of her pleasure, and when, one night in March, dressed and ready for a dance, she received a message that he would not be home, something seemed to snap within her.

She turned from the telephone, glancing down at Will's evening clothes laid out upon the bed—then at her own gown, the first new evening dress in two long years, and the tears that had started gave way to something that hardened her blue eyes like steel.

Dully, she folded her husband's shirt—hung his suit in the closet—put the shoe trees into his pumps. She had begun unfastening her gown when the bell rang, and across the wire came Dick Kent's cheerful voice, "Are you two ready? We'll stop for you as we come along. I'm getting gas at the garage."

"We're not going." Nan's voice was harsh to her own ears.

"What's the trouble? The old man held up again?"

"As usual," answered Nan.

"Hard luck; but won't you go without him?"

"I never have."

She laughed, a tremulous laugh that told him more than words, and Dick responded, "Well, there's no reason why you shouldn't. Bill won't care, and we've an old flame of yours along who'll be charmed to take you."

"Who?" asked Nan, puzzled.

"Do you remember Dan Slater?"

She drew a sudden breath. "I—I haven't forgotten him."

"Well, he's with us for a week. We'll be there in fifteen minutes," and Dick hung up.

Did she remember Dan Slater? Nan smiled. Fifteen years ago, Dan Slater had given her more thrills than any man she had ever known! When business took him across the continent, he had gone out of her life completely. She rarely thought of him, yet the sound of his name had stirred her strangely.

She stepped to the mirror, surveying herself with careful scrutiny. Would Dan think her old—changed—faded? She did not feel faded, now! And her gown was perfect. Will had commanded her not to scrimp, and the result was a dream of a costume, ending in the silver slippers she had long coveted.

"Gee! Mummy, but you look swell!" Nan wheeled about to see two nightgowned figures in the doorway.

"We woked up," explained the five-year-old. "You're awful pretty, mother. I—I kinder wish you stay at home."

Nan stooped, forgetting her finery as she gave the little girl a hug. "Run back to bed, darlings. Mother's in a hurry."

Another hug, two hasty kisses, and she snatched up her cloak. . . .

In the month that followed, Nan Carey renewed her youth. Dan Slater's visit was prolonged, and hardly a day passed without his communicating with his one-time innamorata. Nan asked him to dinner and he came, delightfully cordial to Will, whom he had known but slightly in the old days, and who was called out early in the evening.

"Are you often alone like this?" Dan questioned.

They were seated before the fire, and Nan glanced up with a smile that reminded him of the girl who had stirred his heart so long ago.

"But—I'm not alone!"

"That's nice of you, Nan, but, seriously, is your husband often away?"

"He's usually away," she answered honestly. "Most days we eat breakfast together—occasionally luncheon, and, very seldom, dinner. In the evenings, he goes back to his office or is called out."

"Why don't you go somewhere yourself?"

Nan glanced at the telephone. "Someone has to answer that demon. Honestly, Dan, there are times when I regard the telephone as a ball and chain! The present-day maids don't stay in evenings except on rare occasions."

"So you're here alone?"

"Yes, after the children are in bed. Sometimes I go to bed myself and read; but unless Will's very late, I wait for him. It seems forlorn for him to find us all asleep."

"I'd say it was more forlorn for you to sit here hours, all by your lonesome. Gee! Nan, I don't envy you your lot!" Then, thoughtfully, "He must be making a whale of a lot of money."

Nan laughed. "In a country practice?"

"Why not?"

She raised her eyes to a fine old steel engraving of George Washington that hung above the mantel. "That's why. That picture paid for a long, long case of typhoid. After the nurse's bill was settled, there was nothing else to pay with; and in a rash moment Will had admired the picture. I admire it, too, but we paid a big price for it, you see. Sometimes Will travels twenty miles in a blizzard for a dozen eggs or a dead rooster! Oh, you can grin, but I tell you it isn't fair. And the G.P.'s (short for grateful patients) are another problem. The things they give us—oil paintings of their own manufacture that have to be hung somewhere in order not to hurt the giver's feelings. Oh, there's nothing I couldn't tell you about a doctor's life!"

"And a doctor's wife," grinned Dan, "has a devil of a time. You have my sympathy. Own up, Nan—aren't there days when you're tempted to cut and run?"

NAN met this proposition with a laugh. "But that would be leaving the poor dear to the wolves!"

"Do you refer to your husband? And who, please, constitute the wolves?"

"Women." Nan made an amusingly hopeless gesture. "Adoring women—worshipping women—neurasthenic women who say they'd die for him, but who won't let the poor man stop to eat his dinner if they have an imaginary ache."

Dan whistled softly. "You have a hard time, don't you, little girl? Say, will you meet me in town tomorrow for lunch and a matinee? If the doctor can go, too," he added prudently, "I'd be delighted."

Nan's face glowed at the prospect. "I'd love to, Dan. Will can't come, of course. Such a spree would cut into those sacred things called office hours. But I'll be there with bells on. It'll be a lark."

It was the first of many larks, which would end, Nan knew, with Dan's departure. But while they lasted, she meant to enjoy them to the full; for (all authorities to the contrary), it is not the first year of marriage that is hardest. The test comes later when the novelty has worn away—when the luster of wedding gifts is tarnished—when house-keeping is no longer a dear adventure—when the husband is less a lover, and the wife, unconsciously

(Continued on page 47)

"Don't, dearest—don't feel so." Nan's arm went tenderly across his shoulders





FRED OLSON

The car came to a stop a few feet from a grotesque figure that was skipping about in the center of the highway

GYPSY-FOOT

By LILLIAN TAFT MAIZE

Illustrations by Fred Olson

A LABORER who was spreading gravel on the highway stepped quickly aside at the horn's commanding hoot and watched the big limousine as it passed. For a fleeting instant, his eyes peered wistfully into its gray velvet seclusion, where Paul Warburton sat with his wife, and Paul, reading the envy in the glance, shrugged his big shoulders and smiled ironically.

No doubt his lot did seem one to be envied, from the viewpoint of this wayside worker and many others. He had youth, health, a beautiful wife and a great deal of money. What more could a man want? He and Vivian, Paul remembered, pursuing the thought with a wry twist of his lips, were an "ideal couple." He had heard that phrase so often. Vivian was as dark as he was fair—a slim, flame-like girl, with the vivid beauty of her Spanish forbears. Her mercurial temperament, her impulsiveness, her romanticism were supposed to be perfectly complemented by Paul's sturdy common sense, his rational, conservative nature.

His troubled gaze on the flying landscape, Paul sighed. One might have expected more happiness from the mating of "an ideal couple," he reflected. Of course, they had been blissfully happy at first. It had all been fun to Vivian then. She had been vastly entertained by the dignity of the Warburton mansion, its well ordered régime, the customs established by Paul's mother and dutifully carried on by him. But Vivian was a will-o'-the-wisp. She had been brought up by an indulgent father, who had allowed her to go and come according to her own capricious will. She hated domesticity, abhorred precedent, was irked by social obligations. So she was not long content in her new home. While there still were places on the planet that she had not explored, she must be on the wing.



The spirit of wanderlust almost wrecks the happiness of two young people; until an old woman reveals how rolling stones may be guided along the right road with a bit of love and sympathy.



Paul's greatest desire was to settle down, himself take charge of the management of his estate, lead a normal life. He did not share Vivian's craving for the thrill of changing scenes; had none of her love of wandering in foreign lands. This was a trait that she had doubtless inherited from that Spanish ancestor of hers, the jaunty personage whose portrait hung in a conspicuous place in their home.

PAUL hated that ancestor. More than once, when Vivian was darting off on some freakish tangent, he had sensed in her the same untamed, adventurous spirit that looked out from the eyes of that portrait. He could see it now, in a mirrored panel that reflected her lovely, eager face. The car was traveling rapidly, but her spirit was flashing on ahead. It was April, and she was faring forth to new adventure. It stretched before her, in fair and alluring perspective.

On many of her roving, Paul had accompanied her, for he adored her and could not bear to have her out of his sight; was lonely and unhappy when she was away. But this time he had refused to go and had asked

Vivian to decline the Fenworthys' invitation. He did not want her to associate with Geraldine Fenworthy and her intimates. They were setting a pace that was attracting unfavorable notice. And Vivian, who was as imitative as a child, was already being influenced by them. She was beginning to ridicule his old-fashioned ideas; was becoming touched with the cynicism that the sophisticates affected.

The time had come, Paul decided, for him to take a definite stand. He had not believed that Vivian would go in defiance of his wishes. But that was exactly what she was doing. She was on her way to Coronado now, to join the Fenworthys on board their yacht. Motoring down from San Francisco, instead of going by train, had been one of her impetuous last minute inspirations, when she had heard that the wild flowers were in the height of their bloom. And Paul was grimly accompanying her because the chauffeur was a new man, of whose reliability he was not certain. Whether Vivian liked it or not, she was to have her husband's escort as far as Coronado.

Beyond that point, Paul would not let his thoughts wander. It would not be the same Vivian that would come back to him, after weeks of association with that wild young set. Perhaps she would not come back at all, when she had learned to scoff at love; when she had assimilated Geraldine Fenworthy's ideas about marriage and divorce.

PAUL was so deep in his gloomy abstraction that he started violently at a sharp cry from Vivian. The car was slowing down with a discordant screeching of the brakes; came to a stop a few feet from a grotesque figure that was skipping about in the center of the highway. It was a little old man, whose thin arms were waving, coat tails flapping. From the side of the road, a plump,

apple-cheeked old lady watched his antics with evident concern. He discontinued his gyrations when the car stopped and came forward with a cheerful grin.

But the chauffeur was not to be conciliated. His jaw was belligerent as he roared out, "Say, you old nut! Whadda you think you're tryin' to do? Commit suicide?"

"No, my boy!" the aged dancer retorted briskly. "I ain't ready to die just yet!"

His face appeared in the open window opposite the chauffeur. It was a funny old face, dry and brown and wrinkled, with a halo of white wispy hair fluffing out from beneath the hat that was tipped to the back of his head. Sparse white whiskers fringed his jaw and chin; tufty white brows perched impudently above a pair of blue eyes that were as bright and mischievous as the eyes of any boy of school age.

"What's the big idea?" the chauffeur demanded. "Whadda you mean, makin' me burn up my tires?"

The old woman was at the window now, her hand on the man's arm. She was like a stout little brownie, Paul thought, in her bonnet-like hat and neat suit, that were the same leaf-brown shade as her hair and eyes. Her voice was soft, but it held an anxious quaver as she said, "Please excuse 'Pa,' sir! He wouldn't have done it, only he's anxious about me."

"You see, mister," the old man explained, "'Ma' ain't much of a walker, and I thought mebbe you'd be willin' to give us a lift as far as the first railroad station."

With a snort, the chauffeur touched the starter. "You gotta lotta nerve!" he growled. "This ain't no taxi!"

Vivian had leaned forward and opened one of the glass panels that separated the body of the car from the chauffeur's seat. Now she spoke up quickly, an indignant tone in her clear voice, "Wait, Carlson! That isn't the way we treat old people!"

Her lovely smile flashed upon the aged couple. "We'll be glad to have you ride with us," she told them in her friendly way. "Help them in, Carlson!"

But Paul was already out of the car, with a grin for the chauffeur's discomfiture. If Carlson had not been a new man, he would have known that Vivian never refused such a request. And the recipients of her hospitality were seldom as respectable in appearance as the motherly person who was taking the seat Paul had occupied beside Vivian, or the bewhiskered gentleman who bestowed a triumphant wink upon the chauffeur as he clambered in. Paul raised the two drop seats for the old man and himself. Then the car was under way again, a red-faced and crestfallen Carlson at the wheel, face rigidly to the front.

The old woman gave a deep sigh as she settled back into the luxuriously yielding cushions. Her eyes were wide as they surveyed the delicate gray interior of the car, its silver fittings, the daffodils that nodded from a crystal vase.

"My!" she breathed. "Ain't this a beautiful auto!"

THE old man had turned to face his wife and Vivian, and Paul, with ready courtesy, changed his own position. He smiled as he met the old woman's admiring gaze.

"If I'd been alone, I wouldn't have picked such a tony car," the old man was saying, in his crisp, staccato manner, "but I always aim to get the best there is of everything for Ma!"

"How nice," Vivian murmured. With her never failing zest for the unusual, she was watching them, amused and interested.

"Going far?" Paul inquired.

He was looking at the old man and saw the wrinkled face light with a quick flare of joy. "We're goin' the hull length of California!" was the exultant reply. "Ain't we, Ma?"

His wife hesitated for an instant. "Well, not quite that far," she protested gently. "We were figgerin'," she added to Paul, "on goin' as far as Santa Ana. They's a man that was a neighbor of ours back in New York State, has got an orange grove near there."

"I want to see them big orange groves!" the old man said ecstatically. "Want to pick me a nice juicy orange and eat it, standin' under the trees and smellin' the orange blossoms!"

He took off his hat and ran his hand through the white halo of hair. His eyes were sparkling as he plied Paul with questions. While he was "at it," he wanted to see everything. He bent raptly over the map that Paul obligingly produced, traced with a knotted finger the roads leading to the great ranches of the south.

"Been hankerin' to visit them orange groves for years," he stated as he finally folded the map. "Got so I can't eat an orange without wishin' I could see where it come from!"

"And now you're going," Vivian said sympathetically.

"Hi Guy!" he tittered. "Been thinkin' of it so long it seemed like I just had to go!"

She nodded. "I understand," she told him. "I know just how you feel!"

"Do you?" He looked doubtfully at her, one brow tilted at a quizzical angle. "Most folks don't. Fact is, I ain't ever found anybody that seemed to, except Ma. She understands, don't you, Ma?"

"I ought to," she smiled. "I'd be pretty dumb not to, when we been married forty-seven years!"

"Forty-seven years!" Vivian marveled. There was malice in the sweep of her lashes as she added, "Nowadays, marriages seldom last as many months!"

The eyebrow became aggressive. "Got no use for this di-vorce business!" the old man said crisply. "Stick to each other through thick an' thin! That's what married folks ought to do."

HE WAGGED a severe finger at Vivian, "Why, young woman, I'm elopin' with Ma this very minute! We're startin' life all over again, old as we be, and with durn little money. You want to know why?"

"Please!" Vivian urged with engaging meekness.

"Well, it's 'cause we couldn't stan' it to be separated, that's why! When we went into that Old Folks' Home, back yonder, an' plunked down two thousand dollars for our keep, we didn't know we was goin' to be separated, Ma in one buildin', me in another one, fifty rod away!"

"It's a lovely Home," his wife added quickly, "and before long they're goin' to put up a new buildin', where married folks can be together."

The old man snorted. "Yeah! That'll be real nice for them that's livin' at that time; but we're livin' now, by Guy! They'd ought to knowd better'n to take and separate folks that's been travelin' in double harness as long as Ma and me! Well, I stood it long's I could! Then I kicked over the traces an' run away! Eloped with my wife!"

"Good!" Vivian applauded. "If that was what you wanted to do, it was right for you to do it. Never allow anyone to put a limitation upon your life, to inhibit the sweep of your soul!"

Paul sighed. More of Geraldine Fenworthy's tommyrot, he thought wearily. Six months ago Vivian hadn't known what "inhibit" meant. The old man didn't, but he understood that Vivian approved of him. He straightened his thin shoulders and looked quickly at his wife, to make sure she had noticed how the young lady was giving him her undivided attention, admiring him.

She had noticed. She was nodding and smiling, but Paul thought he saw a shadow in her soft brown eyes. Perhaps he would not have noticed it if he had not been ready to speculate upon anything that would turn his mind from his own unsolved problem. He watched her as the old man's rapid-fire speech ran on, sketching for Vivian other occasions when he had shown himself a man of action.

They had been on the move, it seemed, ever since they had sold their farm in "York" State, many years before. With the proceeds of the sale and the generous bequest of a deceased relative, they had started for the west. In Montana, Pa had taken a fling at mining, which he had wanted to do "ever since he was in short pants." He skimmed lightly over that venture, but Paul gathered that it had not been an entire success.

In eastern Oregon he had taken a half interest in a wheat ranch. That had not been a good investment, because one of the partners in the deal had tried experiments with new ways that "had raised big crops on paper, but didn't work on land."

"It was wuth it, though, by Guy!" the old man declared. "I'd always wanted to live in that part of the country, right up agin the mountains, where we could see the sun comin' up across them great plains!"

"Pa's real poetic," his wife said proudly, and smiled as she met Paul's thoughtful eyes.

Pa was now blithely telling of the purchase of a pear orchard in the northern part of California. That was at a time when some mysterious "bug" had made its appearance, and had eaten their pears and "pretty nigh cleaned them out of cash." Then Ma had heard of the Home and they had decided to settle down there and take it easy for the rest of their lives.

"But when they took and separated us," he finished with a cackle, "I knowed it was time for us to move on!"

"But that wasn't the only reason, you old rascal," Paul was whimsically thinking. "You wanted to see the orange groves, and you're going to do it, no matter what happens! You're a rolling stone. I know your type!"

A ROLLING stone! Paul's humor was stirred as he remembered that Vivian took that name for herself and gloried in the fact that she was gathering no moss. Ridiculous to compare this ancient nomad with the exquisite Vivian! And yet, in the eager old face there was plainly to be seen the same longing for new fields to explore, the same flare of the adventurer that Paul had so often recognized of late in Vivian's eyes.

She was questioning the old man, drawing him on to further confidences. Paul knew that she was delighting in his bravado, and was certain that she would not drop the travelers at the first station as they had suggested. She would want to have a hand in making Pa's dreams come true, even if it necessitated a change in her own plans. Sure enough, she was talking about their journey now; wondering if they would care to drive on as far as Los Angeles. And she laughed out gleefully when the old man turned to his wife, calling upon her to observe how wonderfully things turned out when she trusted to him. Here they were, riding down in state, and before long he would show her the land of orange blossoms, just as he had promised he would.

Paul's practical mind was upon the future. He could not refrain from asking the question which dropped heavily into the sparkling stream of enthusiasm, "And what next? What are you going to do after you've seen everything?"

"Git me a job!" Pa asserted competently. "Ain't a better hand at growin' vegetables in the hull country than I be! Goin' to get a job and save up till I can buy a little two-room house and land enough to raise what we need to eat. Right down there where the sun is always shinin'! Won't that be grand, Ma?"

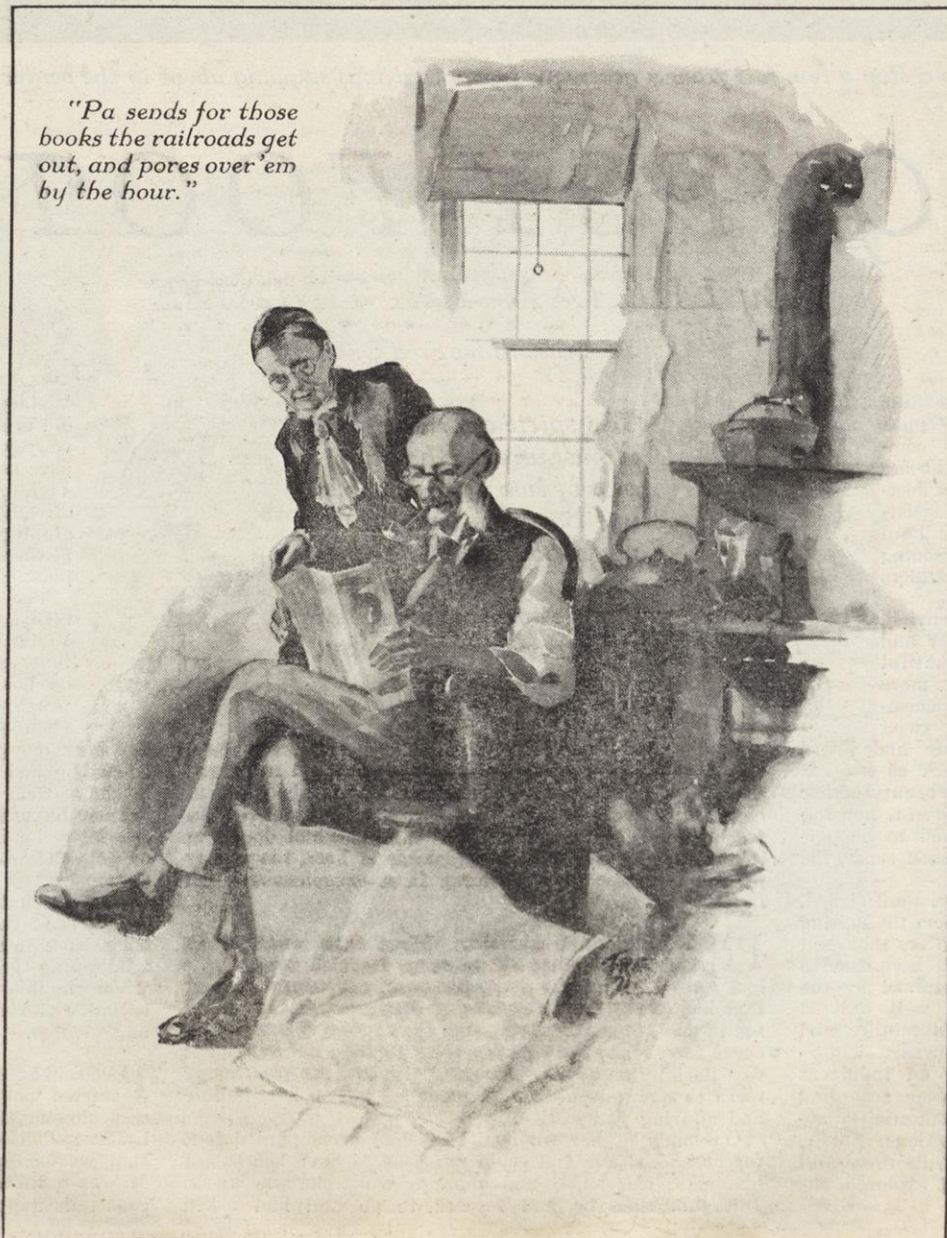
"Just wonderful!" she assented gently.

That unflinching approval; that ready sympathy. They were always forthcoming when the old man turned to her. Contentedly he resumed his discourse, recounting further tales for Vivian's amusement. He had not sensed the wistfulness in his wife's tone, but Paul had, and pondered it with a perplexed frown. For every visionary, pressing ruthlessly on to some new goal, was there one who paid the price in relinquished hopes, one whose own ambitions were thwarted?

He was deep in thought when Vivian gave a sudden signal for the car to stop. "The flowers! The flowers!" she cried, on a note of ecstasy.

For a moment none of the others spoke, awed (Continued on page 49)

"Pa sends for those books the railroads get out, and pores over 'em by the hour."



PLASTIC OR BEAUTY SURGERY

By MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D.

Editor of *Hygeia* and the *Journal of the American Medical Association*

EXACT HEALTH INFORMATION OF VITAL INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN

A series of articles presenting the fundamental facts on beauty through health. Written especially for Woman's World readers by a physician and editor of national reputation

LIFE springs eternal in the human breast. The craze for beauty has resulted in the tremendous rise of the beauty parlor, devoted to the promotion of what is thought to be the beautiful appearance of the day by means of dissimulation. In other words, a sallow sickly skin is given the rosy appearance of health by the use of artificial coloring; a greasy skin is masked with powder. The hair of the white race that is straight is made curly, and the hair of the negro that is curly is made straight. Figures once distorted to an hour-glass appearance by constricting corsets are now allowed to slouch in loose garments in some portions and constricted to the boyish form appearance in others. The craze for conformation to the style goes on apparently without rhyme or reason, as it has always gone on since the beginning of man.

Repairing the Ravages of War

During the world war, the mutilating injuries suffered by many of the soldiers resulted in the rapid development of a new type of surgery. Previously, to a large extent, surgery had been employed for the removal of diseased portions of the human body with the idea of saving human life. During the war and simultaneously because of the tremendous developments of industry, there arose a demand for a type of surgery that would repair the ravages of explosion or accident. Men who had lost arms were provided with stumps to which suitable artificial devices could be applied. Men whose lower jaw had been shot away had tissue built up from neighboring portions of the skin so as to cultivate something more resembling the normal human appearance. A wound under the eye was repaired by removing some of the loose tissue from the forehead or the cheek. This was left attached to its original blood supply until blood vessels had developed into it from the new place of attachment. Then the original attachment or pedicle was removed and a benefit in the appearance gained for the person concerned, enabling him to carry on a useful existence. In many cases men avoided contact with their fellow men because of fear that the scars left by the war made them abhorrent. Thus the surgical operation cured simultaneously both the mutilation and the nervous disease resulting from it. Sometimes an eye was lost, with a cavity remaining that was extremely unsightly. Operations were developed to build an eye socket that would hold an artificial eye and give an appearance suitable to everyday life.

Previously, attempts had been made to fill out wrinkles and depressions in the surface of the body by injecting paraffin. Unfortunately, numerous instances were reported in which the injection of paraffin had been followed by the development of cancerous growths, irritations and conditions probably far more serious than those for which the paraffin was injected in the first place.

There is probably no organ in or on the human body that has given the seeker for beauty more concern than the nose. It is recognized, of course, that noses may be long or short, thin or broad,



twisted or straight, with a high bridge or depressed bridge, with a round tip or a pointed tip, with an uptilted end called *retroussé*, or with an end that approximates the edge of the upper lip. The vast majority of women, and no doubt a great many men, prefer something resembling the aquiline proboscis which was supposed to characterize the classic Greek. Hence, from the very first, beauty surgeons have found the possessors of peculiar noses a most fertile field for exploitation. For a while, bridges were built with paraffin, but again the results were more frequently unsatisfactory than happy. In the experimentation with this substance, not infrequently the material was left so soft after the operation that on a hot day the nose would sink like a candle at midnight. Then bridges began to be built up and straightened with celluloid and with ivory, but even here, in the hands of the most expert, the results not infrequently were experimental and the experiments resulted in failure.

The Danger in Patronizing Quacks

Out of these developments came the application of so-called beauty surgery to other portions of the body. The face-lifting operation became a byword. Wrinkles and double chins were exalted to the heights by the dissection of wedges of skin higher up on the face and the drawing of the ancient tissue temporarily into smooth contours. Almost invariably, the inelastic skin will sag and after the operation is repeated several times, the face assumes the ghastly ironed-out appearance of an emaciated corpse. Wrinkles in the eyelids were controlled in some instances by dissection of portions of the tissue, and instances are recorded in which the scarring drew the tissues so tight that the patient was unable to close the eyes for weeks.

Girls with what are called today "piano legs" endeavored to rid themselves of these appendages by the surgical removal of masses of fat. This operation, it is reported, was performed upon the young woman who became notorious through

This is the sixth article by Dr. Fishbein in a series that will run throughout the year. The following articles have already appeared: "The Skin and Its Important Function," "The Hair and Its Intelligent Care," "The Complexion—Whys and Wherefores," "The Hands and Finger Nails," "Beauty Through Diet." If you have missed any one of these articles, a reprint of it will be sent upon receipt of a two-cent stamp.

her association with the gentleman whom one should call, if most dignified, "Father Browning," but who is known to the tabloids as "Papa Browning." Competent specialists in orthopedic surgery had discovered the possibility of straightening bow-legs which were the result of rickets in childhood through surgical operation in which the bones were broken and permitted to heal in a directly vertical rather than elliptical manner.

Today in plastic surgery, as has been emphasized by several observers, there are two distinct groups—the so-called beauty doctors and the plastic surgeons. The beauty doctors without established medical or surgical knowledge obtain their patients through notoriety in the public press through operations performed without charge on actors, actresses, prize fighters and other persons prominent in the public eye. The romantic tales thus spread to the world inspire in the panting breasts of ancient dowagers, homely adolescents, aspiring sales-ladies and many others the craving for beauty with which nature by her usual cynical gestures did not provide them. When they consult their family doctors, they are likely to be told the truth directly as to the uselessness and danger of many of these operations. But hope springs eternal, and they are soon seated wistfully in the waiting-rooms of the quack exploiter. He is not likely to be embarrassed by fact or experience. He is much more likely to guarantee a perfect result and to attempt the impossible, knowing that a victim will seldom have the courage or the money to carry through a court of law a process for the recovery of her ill-spent money, even though such looks as she once may have had are gone forever. I have seen and indeed have the records of many instances of this kind: an Australian woman, beautiful but for a slight scar on her neck, who was rendered a haggard, distorted nervous wreck in her search for perfect beauty; a woman unable to close her eyes for three weeks through the contractions of scars on her eyelids; another, subject of a skin peeling performance, whose skin poured forth constantly masses of scales; still another with her chin drawn one inch to the side by an unsightly scar that had been dissected repeatedly and grew worse with each dissection; a girl with both legs removed at the knee through a bogus operation for bow-legs that she did not have. The instances multiply, and the law is apparently powerless. Only good judgment and rationality will save the unwary.

Legitimate Practice of Plastic Surgery

In France recently a woman received judgment to the amount of 200,000 francs against a Parisian surgeon who had dissected out longitudinally strips of flesh from her legs, and who lost her legs by amputation because of secondary gangrene following this operation. The results of esthetic surgery are not always inspiring.

In the meantime, there has been growing up in this country a professional group of plastic surgeons who undertake the care of persons who have become deformed or disabled because of burns or constrictures in the

(Continued on page 50)



The Happy Life

A Mother's Letters to Her Friend
By Edith Barnard Delano



Dearest Emily,

I have been laughing over something you wrote in your letter—that of course you wanted your Connie to marry the man of her choice, but you got cold chills at the thought of what sort of a mother-in-law you would make. Somehow, I can't see you as a mother-in-law; I can still see you in hair ribbons, in your first long dress (horrid dust-catchers they were, but oh, weren't we proud of them!), and when I marched up the aisle in front of you as one of your bridesmaids. And here you are Connie's engaged, and I've got to begin to think of you as a mother-in-law! I don't wonder you get alarmed at the idea of it.

Why is it, I wonder, that we all rather dread and fear the in-law relationships? What bride does not wonder how she is going to get on with her new family? For one thing, of course, it is so uncertain. It is not established and regulated as it is in China, for example; there a son's wife becomes the servant and definite inferior of her mother-in-law. We certainly do not want our sons' wives to be that; yet I think most of them are rather fearfully watchful of us, at first, anyway. What do you suppose ever started the mother-in-law joke? Not that it's always a joke; often it is an awful truth, with all its implications; and it might just as well apply to sisters-in-law and daughters-in-law, too, half the time. The possession of in-laws has been part of the human lot in every generation since the more fortunate Adam's; yet we do not seem to have adjusted ourselves to them, or to being in-laws ourselves, as we have to possessing husbands and wives and children—and measles and taxes and things. Who is to blame? What is the matter with us? At whose door does the fault lie?

That is a terrible and complicated question, Emily dear, and it seems to me to carry a rather tremendous accusation, too. For, looking over the entire field of in-laws, as you might say, which are the ones that generally cause the trouble? The women—or the men? I'm afraid there is only one honest answer to that. Who ever heard anybody say, "Too much father-in-law"? They don't; it is, "Too much mother-in-law." How much do brothers-in-law interfere with us? How much would sons-in-law be disturbing factors in the family life, if they were not married to our daughters? Wherever we find any trouble with in-laws, it is caused by the women, every time. Oh, yes, I can hear you protest, "Surely not if the son-in-law is at fault!" I answer that I am not talking about the exceptional cases where there really is something radically wrong, where the masculine in-law is a brute or untrue or anything else definitely bad; that is something else again, and I am talking about the ordinary run of human experience, especially feminine experience, the sort or part of experience that scarcely any marriage escapes.

BACK in Bible days, family life was, and had to be, very differently organized from what it is now. The more sons and daughters there were, and the more in-laws, the better off was the whole family. It had that many more farm hands and herdsmen, that many more women for weaving and spinning and other domestic tasks. Even more important, a big family tribe was safer against its enemies. So, the family being a tribe, there had to be a head to it, of course, somebody to organize and direct and rule all its activities. That was just about the only form of government there was. It was called the patriarchal system, and the father ruled the activities of the men, the mother ruled those of the women.

Then, as civilization developed, people did not have to

herd together in order to be safe or to get on in the world. The younger families split off from the old ones; tribes went out of fashion. The men, the fathers of the tribes, the patriarchs, went along with the fashion; they learned to attend to their own affairs and let their sons and their son's wives attend to theirs. But did the mothers? I'll say they did not! To this day the majority of mothers are still trying to keep the family a tribe; they are still trying to cling to the same old job of running the whole family, of telling their daughters what they ought to make the sons-in-law do, and telling the daughters-in-law what they ought to do. In that respect we women just haven't grown up, that's all; and the men have. It's strange, too, when you consider the present-day equality of the sexes in other respects. Certainly in this country we can and do equal the men, every time, in business, in the professions, in the arts; we better them in homemaking, and we are beginning to overtake them in political endeavor. But they certainly do beat us out in the gentle art of being and living with in-laws!

YET, in another sense the men do not beat us out there, either, though it is certainly nothing for us to be proud of. Men have plenty of faults and make plenty of mistakes; but there are things that the average man would not stoop to, nor waste his time over, that seem to be meat and drink to very many women. What man could so insidiously interfere, or drop such mean little hints, or make things as generally uncomfortable, as women can? None of us like to think that we do such things; but lots of us must know, in our hearts, that we do. If a man doesn't like something one of his in-laws is doing, he may go off into one of those husbandly silences that we all know, he may get cross and grumpy, he may even go out and slam the door; but does he go to the in-law and say something unkind, or say it to somebody he knows will pass it along? Does he criticize? Does he even see the little things, as we do; and if he saw them, would he make mountains of them? Even in the case of some of the faults that are common to both sexes, like jealousy, a man reacts with less danger to everybody's happiness than a woman does. If a man is jealous, he may blow up; but practically every time he at least wants to bring the trouble out in the open, where it can be dealt with. And in a similar case, what does a woman do?

Another question that might well be thought over is why a woman becomes the target for criticism the moment she enters a family by the door of matrimony. If nations were as discourteous, as regardless of the rights of others, as quick and plain-spoken in their criticisms of each other as in-laws are, the world would have fought itself to death long ago. But nations get along by maintaining "diplomatic relations"; I wonder why relations-in-law can't be diplomatic, too. Would any sister dare or presume to say to her own sister lots of the things she says to sister-in-law? She does NOT—because she knows very well that sister wouldn't let her get away with it. She wouldn't dare to attempt those minor criticisms that are even supposedly well meant, those little suggestions that are really interferences, those little playful remarks that hurt and that sister-in-law usually takes without a come-back—but not, ah, not without remembering them.

I ran into one of those not long ago. The niece of one of my friends came to our town as a bride, and invited me to her first luncheon, that she was giving to her sister-in-law and some of the family friends. I knew she was homesick, poor lamb; so I got there a little early. She told me that she had been up since five o'clock hanging the little new curtains and getting things ready—she said she did so want everything to be nice. And as far as I could see, everything was

nice, too; as sweet as any bride could wish for. Well, the guests also admired the house, after the nice luncheon; but the sister-in-law said with a laugh, and with her arm through the bride's, "And just look, girls—the hems in the curtains are only basted! I wish I could get by with a thing like that!" Do you think there could ever, ever be any real confidence and affection between those two women?

You know as well as I do, though, that the trouble often comes from the bride as well as from the husband's family. Many a woman is jealous of the influence of her husband's mother; and probably even more of them quote their own mothers, or rely upon their own mothers too much, or yield to their own mothers' desire to direct or control the affairs of the new family. The most devoted son in the world wants his own wife to be the head of his own family; it is perfectly natural—and certainly it is unailing—for him to resent interference on the part of either his own mother or his wife's. Why shouldn't he? He'd be a dunce if he didn't. But after all, when things become unpleasant between in-laws or even come to an open breach, it is up to the women every time. Unless women start the relationship right, or straighten it out if it goes wrong, it never will be any better; men make the mother-in-law joke about it, they may even make themselves very disagreeable about it; but they are not the ones who can straighten it out and keep it straight. If we don't want to fail in that relationship that is common to almost all of us who are married, WE are the ones who have got to do something about it, early or late—and probably both.

OF COURSE, it can be made, and can be kept, as beautiful as any other. I know a girl who has been married eight years; she said to me, about her elder daughter, only a week or so ago, "Oh, I do hope Nancy will look like Mother D.!" Maybe I seemed surprised; I hope I didn't, because I wanted to find out more. I asked a question or two, and that young woman said thoughtfully, "Yes, I suppose Mother D. is really my closest and most intimate friend. We've had our disagreements—but I think I am more fond of her than I am of any of the other friends I've made since my marriage." A few days later I spoke to Mother D. about Anne; I even told her what Anne had said, because I thought it was a tribute any mother-in-law might be so glad to hear. She looked very thoughtful, at first; then she said, "Well, I think that is probably true. But it wasn't easy, at first, to get to know Anne, and to make her fond of me. She had married my oldest son, for one thing—I wondered whether she was going to take him away from me. Her bringing-up had been different from the bringing-up of my own girls. But then, I realized how very difficult the in-law relationship seems to be; I think I worked a lot harder over that than I ever did over any of my own children's problems. I put more into it. I watched myself, my thoughts and my words, ever so much more carefully than when I was speaking to my own daughters. Of course, there have been things Anne and I haven't agreed on; but she has been right as often as I have. Yes, we're close and intimate friends—and my boy is very happy. That is what matters more to me than almost anything in the world."

So it certainly can be done, Emily dear; and just because it can be done, yet so often fails, don't you think we are stupid not to put more honesty and more effort into trying to make it a fine thing, instead of the very unpleasant thing it so often is? I do!

My love and all good wishes to Connie.
Affectionately yours,

Edith Barnard Delano





Left—At the village well



Center—A Korean street with a fine old gate



Right—Korean women washing



Korean wearing an oiled-paper rain hat and his white robes.

Wayside Tales of the ORIENT

A Romantic Adventure of an American Woman

By MARY V. BRUNNER

Part Two—KOREA

OH, MOTHER, what fun it must be to visit the places you have always looked at on the map!" one small boy wrote us. In this spirit, after a fairy tale visit in Japan, we started for Korea, or Chosen, as it is now called. The trip to Shimoneseki along the superb Inland Sea was lovely save for an impending storm that made many faces grow longer. For from Shimoneseki to Fusan, Korea, we must needs cross the straits which are said to rank in temperament with the English Channel.

We entered the latter harbor on a crystal clear morning. Each new experience of this sort made us say, "Never have we seen anything more beautiful!" Of course, we had, but we must needs remember that each country is very different and beautiful in its own way. One soon learns never to make sweeping generalizations about people or countries, nor comparisons, if one would get on well with Orientals. It is always well to bear in mind that our own country is not perfect.

Korea was artist's material with its sharply outlined mountain peaks against a clear blue sky, flecked with fluffy, little white clouds. Here the people were not gay butterflies, but men clad in flowing white robes with baggy trousers beneath tied around the ankles, funny little horsehair hats perched at angles, austere or flippant according to the age and temper of the man, and rubber shoes ending in a knob. There was a certain dignity about these people, a bearing that commanded admiration. Here they were, next door neighbors to Japan, yet wholly different save that they are also a black-eyed, black-haired nation. (Blue eyes and fair hair, especially in children, seem to fascinate them. I have seen them flock around a dainty little three-year-old and gaze and gaze at "the little angel" as they called her.) These Koreans are a gentle, kindly people, a people one readily learns to love. They call themselves a "Friendless Nation," for Korea as you will find from your atlas is a large peninsula, about as big as the state of Kansas, that at once separates and connects China, Russia and Japan. Hence it has been fought over and overridden. In addition, her own ruling class has exploited her and left the thousands poverty-stricken and broken in spirit. Now Japan rules her, much to the disgust of the Koreans. Japan is a stern taskmaster and it is hard for the Koreans to see any good in some of the truly wonderful things that the Japanese are doing.

Woman's Position in Korea

One question opens up to me the present condition of Korea: What is woman's position in Korea today? One might almost reply, "Bent over the brook or river washing." And if you ask, "Why? Are the Korean women always washing?" you have opened up the whole problem of women's status in this northeastern tip of the Asiatic mainland.

"Why?" Well, just imagine your husband dressed in big, baggy white trousers and covered with a flowing robe of spotless white. Can you see what it means to keep such garments clean? No! You cannot even see that, because many of these garments are taken apart at each washing that they may be ironed flat on a stone. Then they have to be put together again. (I hope to live to read of a new rebellion in Asia, the revolt of the women of Korea.)

To get the full effect, look at a picture of the Korean man, clad in these newly cleaned garments, squatting in the road, leisurely smoking his long pipe. He's picturesque, all right, but "What price glory!"

Problems of the Family System

In effect, the path the women tread to their washing place at the brook leads back into age-old customs, the family system, the reason for building houses as they do in Korea, the economic situation and what education is doing for these splendid, faithful sisters of ours.

Some aspects of Korea's family system have become one of her greatest obstacles. They clan together—the old family of father, mother, children; the daughter-in-law joins this group and rears her family. Upon her falls the burden of the housework and she becomes the one to do the bidding of the others, while the grandmother watches the babies.

Hospitality, being obligatory toward relatives, increases the problem. As soon as a man achieves distinction or wealth, his relatives even to the sixth or seventh "joint," as the Koreans say, all flock to him for an indefinite visit. Profits leave shortly. Even those educated in foreign countries find it almost impossible to break away, and sometimes the burden becomes so heavy that health is broken and a brilliant career shattered. It is a great question how long it will be before the youth of the country have a fair chance in the scheme of things.

To accommodate this odd family, the house is built in a unique way. It is surrounded by a fence of mud plaster topped with rice straw thatching or tile and primarily intended to screen the women. A little doorway leads into a square courtyard, devoid of grass. (Koreans never have lawns.) In one corner are big earthen jars of food stored for the winter, in another the few crude implements used in farming. The house is built around three sides of this courtyard, of mud smeared over bamboo or rope lathing and covered with thatching. It may contain but a room or two, plus the place for the kitchen and another for fuel storage. If the family is large and prosperous, the house may resemble a labyrinth. The cell-like rooms are very simple indeed. The floor is covered either with matting or the famous Korean oil paper which is an exquisite mottled

tan. Shoes are left outside in Korea as in Japan. There is a "chong" or chest that holds the clothes and mats for sleeping. In the wealthier homes, there are mats to sit on. The little tables are stored on shelves in the kitchen.

Model Kitchen Equipment

The kitchen would interest you. Implements are extremely few in number, a brass dishpan, brass spoons, a couple of knives, and on a little shelf some gleaming brass bowls. The floor is hard earth, cold in winter. There is no gas, electricity or even improved oil or coal stove. The Korean woman's stove is a low, baked earthen platform, about 18 inches high, which holds three huge iron kettles of varying depth, baked fast in the stove. Underneath is the fire pot, in which is burned anything available, even to dry leaves.

The kitchen stove plays its (Continued on page 23)



Right—A common sight—long-haired Korean squatting in the road.

Below—Scene in the model village



The BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER

By ALMA BOICE HOLLAND

MARY DOWLER surveyed the scene before her, restlessly and with a strange disappointment in herself. She knew exactly how she ought to feel; she knew beyond the shadow of any doubt just what her emotions should be. Up to this moment she had maintained the pleased calm and quiet and satisfaction that her sensible mind told her was appropriate and wise under the circumstances, and now all at once she was flooded with an unexpected deluge of sentiment which swept her like a gust.

Mary Dowler was the mother of the groom; and the event was the reception following the marriage of Paul Dowler to Miss Fenella Moore, the town's as well as the season's most promising debutante. All issues leading up to today's wedding had been of the most auspicious. The Moores were an old and influential family, living up on Walnut Hills in a spacious Colonial house; people of culture and charm and a comfortable competency—but most important of all, a family of lawyers. It was said of Colonel Moore, Fenella's father, that he learned his A-B-C's from the law books in the crowded old library.

And Paul Dowler, poverty-poor but fired with a zealous young ambition, yearned to distinguish himself at the bar. Then, of course, there was the contributing factor that the two young people were giddily, happily, desperately in love with each other. In the eyes of Brookville, which had witnessed the rearing of both the lad and the lass, the match was as ideal as this day which had seen its culmination.

The time was midsummer and the out-of-doors world was a boundless place, beautiful and blessed, with a sky full of warm saffron clouds through which an amber sunshine filtered down, changing the earth to gold. A variant breeze, sweet, slow-winged, fluttered the curtains of the reception room, letting in stripes of soft light through the leaded lattices.

To the mother of the groom, the blithe scene had become bewildering. Her sensation was of having been wafted away to some dim dominion where the faint, far-off melody of hidden music and the odorous riot of roses had bedazed her mind and settled upon her spirit some indefinable shade of sadness. Mary Dowler shook her slightly grayed head resolutely. She felt perilously on the verge of some gripping pathos—and she hated maudlin demonstrations.

THE reception was fairly well over. The groom's mother had stood in line with the parents of the bride and smiled and nodded and shook hands with all of her old neighbors and friends until it seemed to her as if her face was drawn and would remain forever stretched into a sicklied semblance of mirth. The instinct of dissimulation inborn in woman had sustained her happily until this odd and unexpected moment, which in spite of her had loosed some floodgate of emotion. For twenty-seven years, Mary Dowler had borne upon her own heart every burden that weighed upon her son. Like the condition known as "operative shock," the sudden lifting of this trust threatened her with a collapse of the native nerve which had supported her.

Now, at the opposite end of the large room, the bride and her new husband had withdrawn and were holding a little merry court among some of the younger attendants. There was much talk and laughter and excitement. Mary Dowler permitted herself a first long look at this strange young woman who was Paul's wife. A while ago as the girl walked sedately and measuredly down the aisle of the church on the arm of her father—even though she was all a-flutter with satin and tulle and orange blossoms—she was yet little Fenella Moore, whom Mary Dowler had known since birth and for whom she had often baked gingerbread dolls during childhood.

Then the preacher had opened his lips to speak and a great hush had fallen upon the world. "Let us therefore reverently remember that God has established and sanctified Marriage, for the welfare and happiness of mankind. Our Savior has declared that a man shall forsake his father and mother and cleave unto his wife." There was a pause for emphasis and outside the window of the church a little bird had chirruped cheerily.

"By His apostles, He has instructed those who enter into this relation to cherish a mutual love and esteem; to bear with each other's weaknesses and infirmities; to comfort each other in sickness, trouble and sorrow; in honesty and industry to provide for each other, and for their household in temporal things; to pray for and encourage each other in the things which pertain to God; and to live together as the heirs of the grace of life."

Does the mother of an only son lose her hold upon his heart when he marries? Not if his bride points out new paths of tenderness and teaches him the full and true meaning of the word "mother."

And then the wedding march had changed into a recessional and Fenella's father had given place to Paul—Mary Dowler's Paul—who bore his new wife proudly out to the waiting car; and Fenella all at once was a stranger—a stranger whom Mary Dowler feared. She acknowledged it to herself now that everything was over and it was only the matter of such a little time until the young couple would be starting on their honeymoon, and she was engulfed in this terrifying new feeling of loneliness. She was afraid. Mary Dowler was afraid of little Fenella Moore—no, Fenella Dowler, it was now.

PAUL'S mother, with her age-keen woman's eyes, must admit the loveliness, the sweet, chaste virginity of the girl. Fenella Moore had held back just a little from the tide of release which was sweeping the town's young womanhood. The girl was well and universally loved, as the room full of wedding presents upstairs eloquently testified. At least, everyone had rather taken it for granted that the gifts accrued to the bride—and yet, the mother of the groom had had a quiet jealous belief that a goodly portion of them indicated an esteem for Paul.

Beside the beauty and the freshness and the youth of the bride in her white wedding gown, Mary Dowler recognized herself abruptly as a plain, plodding woman whose pride had increased with her poverty. She became acutely

conscious of the solitude which can dwell in a crowd. She felt suddenly bereft and old. Her heart, aching, cast a silent challenge toward that animated, young thing beside her son.

"Is she worthy of the love that is laid at her feet? Will she be a blessing to the life of him who would place her first in that life? Will he find in her all the tender thoughtfulness, all the rich qualities of nature, all the deep sympathy and companionship, all the uplifting love, all the sources of joy and help which he seems to see in her now? Is there any possible future for him which she would not share? Will he have needs or hungers which she cannot answer? Will it satisfy that pretty, fragile creature to be the balm of one man's health, the balsam of his life?

Does she realize that in her two pale hands lie Paul Dowler's character, his career, indeed his very destiny, for keeping?" These thoughts which caught at the bridegroom's mother congealed into lines on her face.

AND then from out the joyous, chattering group, the bride detached herself, trailing the misty cloud of veiling behind her, and moved toward Mary Dowler. The two women looked at each other, both smiling a similar, longing, wistful smile.

"My dear," it was Paul's mother who spoke, "things are becoming quiet and I believe that just now I shall slip away. You'll soon be changing for traveling and—nobody will miss me. I must admit to getting old. I'm just a little tired—this afternoon."

Fenella extended a half shy, half eager little hand and opened her lips to speak. She paused, bird-like, breathless, searching for just the right words she wanted.

Mary Dowler did not wait. She continued calmly, unbrokenly, "I hope that Paul will bring into your life as great an amount of happiness as he brought into mine." Then she kissed her son's wife and Fenella Dowler returned the kiss hesitantly.

Mary Dowler let herself into the little white cottage on Mercer Street which was her home. This day it seemed small and cramped and cheap after the airy

Paul bounding in, eager, anxious, affectionate, seeking her



roominess of the Moore mansion. The house itself was changed somehow. Perhaps it was because it was no longer Paul's home. From now on, Paul would live in one of the pretentious English style dwellings out in the new addition—a gift to the young couple from the Moore family.

Mary Dowler's wedding present had seemed small in comparison: a trunk full of exquisite linens which she had accumulated and wrought lovingly over during the years for the girl who would one day be Paul's wife. Many dreams and many hours had gone into the delicate embroidery tracers and the deft and skillful flying of the needle. And yet, here at the end, there had been so much else in the way of linens, both imported and domestic, that her donation had scarcely been significant—but the English dwelling had raised its gabled roof so imposingly!

ALL of the gestures which the Moore family had made for this daughter of the house had been imposing. There had been a great to-do over Fenella's marriage; an elaborate announcement followed by showers and parties and dances and teas until Paul was barely home to eat and sleep, being always in demand as Fenella's escort to some gay function or other. There had not even been time of late for the weekly photoplay to which Paul customarily took his mother. But during the engagement period, Mary Dowler had shown a game vivacity; had managed an exceedingly correct family dinner with the services of a little part-time maid to give it an air; and otherwise kept herself busy with all the many multitudinous details of getting Paul's things in order.

Along with her other duties, the mother of the man had experienced an unexplainable ardor for keeping house. The cottage on Mercer Street shone and glistened and gleamed with a spotlessness and comfort which it had never possessed in a previous twenty-seven years of good housekeeping. Paul was steeped in an atmosphere of solicitation for his well-being. His mother hovered about him devotedly, hanging on his merest wish to cook and work and sew for him.

Fenella had never done housework; the great Moore homestead had always required the services of hired help; but the young wife-to-be had expressed a willingness and a desire to take care of her own home in order to help Paul get a start toward success. There had sifted to Mary Dowler's ears many tales of the heroic struggles which the kitchen of the Moore house held during the scant six weeks before the wedding.

And now it was all over. The mother of the groom went into the first floor bedroom which was hers and removed her wraps. The "Evening Telegraph" would make mention of the fact that she had worn navy blue georgette over flowered gray satin. She had selected it carefully. She had had her hair marcelled, too, and it rippled pleasingly back from her forehead. She had taken a great deal of pains with her personal appearance because she wanted Paul to be satisfied with her. And he had been. He had hugged her boyishly and told her she was pretty and that she would always be his sweetheart. The casual remark had hurt her so much that she had winced—and he had thought that he had caressed her too roughly. It was that way with men!

The amazing thing to Mary Dowler was that, after having been sane and practical and sympathetic with her boy through all the preceding weeks, she had now at this last moment deliberately set a snare for him. The word was not nice but it was the one which persisted in accusing her. She felt ashamed somehow that she had done it and she fought the feeling fiercely. Just as a spot is most seen on the finest cloth, so does a fault appear most worrisome to one of a sensitive disposition.

There would be an hour presently when the bride and her maids would go above stairs to doff the white tulle and satin and lace and don the trig little beige traveling ensemble which was laid out for the honeymoon trip. If Paul, at this period, looked about for his mother and missed her, would he not come flying home for a brief moment to make sure that all was well with her?

If he did—well, twenty-seven years of devotion were well spent. If he did not—but Mary Dowler refused to consider this. Her mind harried her. This day belonged to Fenella! Surely the man's mother should have been able to efface herself for the once. She charged herself bitterly for being childish, importunate—jealous!

And then she considered the ache in her heart and endeavored to find justification. Just this one moment out of the day, dear Lord! It would mean so much to her all the rest of her life, if on his wedding day, Paul thought of and felt concern for her—his mother. It would ease this terrible feeling of irrevocable loss which was smothering her. She would be assured of her place in the man's heart, a place distinct and apart from all other places. She would be secure—not lost and floundering around in this deep sea of bereavement and loneliness which engulfed her. He must come! She willed it so with all her strength.

Mary Dowler removed the blue georgette for the more ordinary house dress which was her custom and sat down in her little low-backed rocking chair in the empty house to wait for her son. The day had been long. After many days of cleaning and pressing and darning and sewing-on of stray buttons and folding and packing, this day had been strangely devoid of labor.

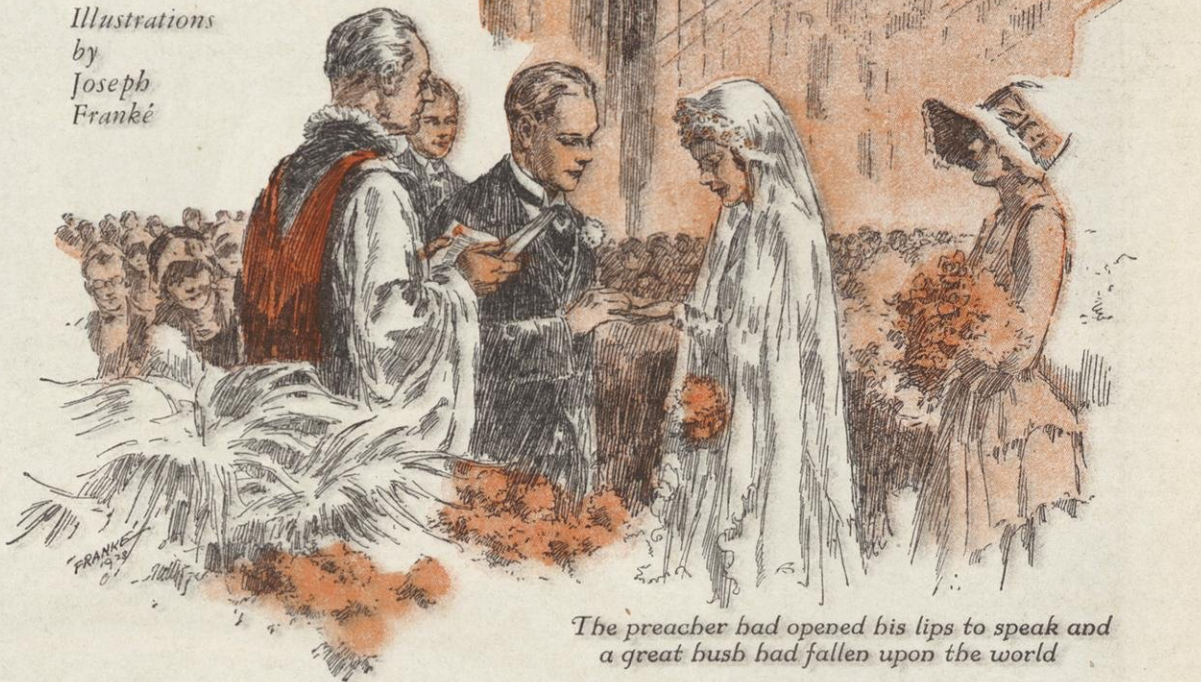
Such of Paul's personal belongings as he was not taking with him on his three weeks' trip had been carried yesterday to the gabled house in the new addition. His more immediate needs had been stored in the back of the car

which was to be the conveyance for the honeymoon. Mary Dowler had spent many hours in overseeing her boy's wardrobe and then, when it seemed there was nothing further she could do, had made more work for herself and delicately monogrammed Paul's initials on his handkerchiefs and linens. The girl should see how well the man had been cared for. Let her, if she could, keep it up!

There was a feeling now as if it had all been for nothing. Paul was gone and no longer would it be the first responsibility of Mary Dowler to guard his well-being. The mother's thoughts flew back over the years. How very happy she had been when they laid the baby in her arms twenty-seven years ago and whispered that it was a boy!

And then a little later, the doctor must tell her that the child was delicate, inclined toward

Illustrations
by
Joseph
Franké



The preacher had opened his lips to speak and a great hush had fallen upon the world

a heart condition which might on exertion snap off his young life at a moment's notice. Looking at Paul Dowler's god-like young health and strength and beauty in the church today would have given no indication of the more than fifteen years during which his mother had stood guard zealously, day and night, to ward off the specter which had so long walked beside him. The charge had been a double one because John Dowler had died before his son was three years old.

PEOPLE had talked of the rare loveliness of the bride, but to the bridegroom's mother there never was fairer sight than the healthy handsome man who met the bride at the altar. And Fenella's mother had wept because she was relinquishing her daughter to Paul. And even Fenella's father had looked very sad and downcast; while everybody congratulated Paul on winning a maiden as rare and flower-like as Fenella Moore. But while the family of the bride was afflicted with a melancholy hesitancy over the giving up of this fair child, Mary Dowler was expected to be happy and gay and rejoicing over the acquisition of the precious new daughter-in-law. How strange it all was!

Even before the wedding, the mother of the groom had felt that indefinable social suction which had drawn the man toward the family of the girl; and in her heart she was cognizant of the fact that it was far more probable, as time went on, that Paul would be more and more absorbed by the life of the Moores than that he and Fenella would find interest in the more commonplace existence which was hers. Another weaning process—accompanied by the same palpitating pain which the young mother had felt when it was made plain to her that for her baby's own good it must be taken from the breast which no longer provided sufficient strength and nourishment for growth.

Mary Dowler had made plans for a larger, busier life now that Paul was married; she had joined a club or two that she had long wanted to attend and outlined a modest program of reading and travel and study. Heretofore, her days had been filled with contemplations of Paul's digestion, his debts, his dinners. Just now she stood with faltering footsteps on the threshold of a changed era, and the new road confused and frightened her. She was not a weeping woman but she longed for the promised relief of tears. She brought herself up abruptly with the thought that she did not have time to cry. She glanced at the clock. It was time for Paul to come. Mary Dowler dabbed at her eyes, picked up a sheet of near-by newspaper and—held her breath.

There was an eternity without sound. Then from down the street there was a whir-r-r-r which gradually resolved itself into the soft hum of a motor. Then the brake of a

car whined in front of the house, a protesting, muffled wail. A door shut. Somebody tramping up the walk. Then the dear and the familiar, "Mother! Oh, mother! Where are you?" And with the words, Paul bounding in, eager, anxious, affectionate, seeking her. Just as he had rushed in a million times for cookies, a drink, his supper. "Here I am, son," she answered him softly, casually—unconscious that her voice was surcharged with emotion. He had come!

"Are you all right, mother? Why did you run away? Did you get sick or something? Anything go wrong?"

"Just a little tired, Paul. And things were pretty well over—there were no new guests coming—so I just thought I'd slip on away home—and nobody would miss me." She smiled at him disarmingly, albeit a trifle pathetically.

"Nobody miss you!" He accused her tenderly, "You knew very well that somebody would notice you had gone."

Mary Dowler looked at her son quickly, keenly. "Somebody?"

"Uh-huh. What if I had gotten fifty miles out on my way and then happened to remember that I'd missed you at the last? It'd come mighty near spoiling a day's traveling for me. Good thing somebody did keep an eye on you."

THE mother of the man was suffused with a panicky feeling of guilt. Did he suspect her? "A man might be excused for forgetting anything on his wedding day, Paul."

"It's a whale of a lot more comfortable not to have to be excused."

"I didn't expect—"

"I know you didn't expect anything. You never did expect things. Why should I have reason to believe that you had changed at this late date?" he teased her.

"I only thought—"

"I know what you thought. I'm wise to you, young lady. You thought you would save me the task of bidding you goodby, bless your sentimental heart! And you don't know how jolly well near you came to succeeding."

"Paul—"

"Don't scold. Here I am all prepared for a throbbing scene. Let's forgive and forget." He laughed at her, well aware of her cherished reserve—and entirely unaware of the thin ice on which he stood.

"Foolish boy! Your place is beside Fenella today. She'll think you are a deserter. You shouldn't have run off home to me," she reprimanded him lovingly, "and you must go directly back. It is less than a half hour till you leave."

"Oh, Fenny knows where I am. I wanted to wait and drive past on our way out of town so I could bring her with me—but she had other notions. She's a queer one—and a dear one."

(Continued on page 16)



"Snap to it now," he ordered sharply. "When the door opens, out quick, onto the sidewalk"

The GIRL in the GREEN COAT

By H. L. GATES

Illustrations by Clarence J. McCarthy

FROM the moment of Kenneth's entrance, in his uniform of an ambulance interne, at Cohen and Swan's, Beatrice had been in a stupor almost as encompassing as a complete coma. The swift movements of the man in white had been those of a specter tramping across her disordered mind. The salespeople, Black Satin, the lesser clerk in lesser black satin, the trembling, white-faced floor manager—all of these dimmed into grotesque shapes. Kenneth fascinated her, dulled her wits, left her brain conscious but inert.

She knew he snapped his black bag shut and that he carried it under his arm while he directed that the stretcher be carried swiftly to the white car outside. She knew he backed along behind and that he stood for a moment in the door that separated the outer reception room from the inner showroom. She heard his voice, hard, staccato-like. The grotesque shapes were silent. She could sense their shaking.

The ambulance door had clicked. Kenneth was outside. She had raised on the stretcher and fallen back, tossed by the careening with which the ambulance took a corner. For what seemed an interminable time she had lain, stiff, thrown from side to side when the machine, its gong clanging madly, turned other corners.

During this unmeasured lapse of time, a chaos stormed in her head. There was an echo of her own warning to Black Satin: "Call the police!" She had numbed herself to say those words. She had rehearsed them stubbornly. They came as she had planned they should. Then had come the sound of the ambulance's arrival.

Her mind went over the ensuing seconds, while she lay on the stretcher, thrown by its mad dashing through streets. Kenneth was coming in. The thief, the strange,

unexplainable "gentleman" thief, who was always dressed faultlessly. He would be trapped by the police when they swooped down. He, who never had been caught, because he never fumbled—had fumbled this time—because he loved her! And she had trapped him. If she had kept still, he would have "gone straight" after this last job. He had said so—and for her.

BUT he was getting away. Always, so Galvin had told her, Kenneth Temple got away. Getting away now—a clean get-away, too. Even she, who had sprung the trap, was being taken away with him. She needn't be afraid, of course. He loved her. She would find escape. But there was Nick.

Why had Nick disappeared? Why had he gone beyond instructions, so carefully laid upon him by Kenneth, and "gone for a doctor"? It wouldn't have done any good if Kenneth had been caught and Nick gone free. In her tortured mind she couldn't figure it out, on the stretcher, going some place, with Kenneth outside, why it wouldn't

Read the synopsis of the story on page 39, then begin this absorbing installment of a drama of the grim underworld, in which Kenneth makes a get-away when Beatrice wrecks his well-laid plan for a daring robbery.

have done any good for the police to come and find only Kenneth, Simpson and the ambulance driver. But she knew that would be so.

Why was she glad—so glad!—that since Nick had gone and wasn't there, Kenneth had acted quick enough to get away, too? Why shouldn't she clamor at the door of the car, and scream?

She cleared her brain suddenly, or it seemed to clear, despite its numbness. She gripped the stretcher irons and pulled herself upright. As if her decision had been a signal and penetrated to the step outside, the ambulance door opened and Kenneth scrambled inside. The door closed behind him. "Safe!" he announced, tersely yet with a definite cheeriness in his voice. "Clean get-away with only a minute to spare at the start."

She gave him no reply and he did not glance at her. He, who had fathomed so many women but had been so far afield in his understanding of her, might not have interpreted the stare with which she watched him, its mingling of physical fright and inner conflict, of gladness and despair.

The ambulance was slowing. Kenneth was stripping off his interne's jacket and trousers, emerging in a blue walking suit. He tossed his white cap aside and reached under the stretcher for his hat and stick. He reached a hand to steady her. His face was lit by a smile—his smile of mischievous self-conceit. As plainly as if he had spoken, the smile said, "It's fun, isn't it? Beating the police?"

THE car stopped suddenly and the smile vanished. "Snap to it now," he ordered sharply. "When the door opens, out quick, onto the sidewalk. I'll be beside you. Walk down the street, leisurely. I'll be beside you." She had no time for. (Continued on page 39)

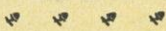


The Campbell's Soups
I send to you
Will make you happy
Through and through!



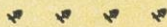
Children especially require healthful vegetable foods!

"Yes," you may very well say, "I know my children should eat plenty of vegetables, but I wish you could see the time I have getting them to do it! What one of them likes, the others don't. And every last one of them has one eye cocked on the dessert!"



Just you try Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It'll be off the plates without your having to say a word! And all the while the children will be eating fifteen different vegetables in the one soup. They'll tell you they love it, and even come back for more.

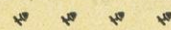
There is a special reason why Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so good for growing children. Not only does it contain all the best garden vegetables, but these are prepared in a way that insures giving their greatest benefit.



As vegetables are often cooked, much of the valuable mineral salts is absorbed in the cooking water and this is then thrown away. In soup this is, of course, retained. Since Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so exceptionally rich in vegetables, you can see why it is so healthful, with the full vegetable strength saved in each plateful.

For the school children's luncheon or

supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup combines all the wholesome invigoration of a hot soup with a wonderful variety of vegetables that no other food supplies.



You just add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes. Think of the great convenience of that! 12 cents a can.

Ask your grocer for any of these Campbell's Soups

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| Asparagus | Mock Turtle |
| Bean | Mulligatawny |
| Beef | Mutton |
| Bouillon | Ox Tail |
| Celery | Pea |
| Chicken | Pepper Pot |
| Chicken-Gumbo | Printanier |
| (Okra) | Tomato |
| Clam Chowder | Tomato-Okra |
| Consommé | Vegetable |
| Julienne | Vegetable-Beef |





Spring! . . . for everyone but her

In her lovely Newport garden she stood — a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was Spring—for every one but her.

On a branch of apple blossoms a robin poured out a gorgeous proposal in song. Deep in the wistaria, tiny wrens were mating. Beyond the hedge, a curly haired boy and a sweet slip of a girl walked silently hand in hand. But in her life there was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence

to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine

is an effective antiseptic and germicide* which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

* Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

GREAT!

That's what men say about Listerine Shaving Cream, so soothing, so refreshing.



Bittersweet and Chinese Lanterns Strawflower (orange), Statice and Silver King

The Gospel of Flowers

PLANT NOW FOR WINTER BOUQUETS

Lovely and colorful plants that ripen in the fall

By MAUD R. JACOBS

DECORATIVE seed pods, berries and dried flowers make attractive winter bouquets—Chinese lanterns, bittersweet berries and dried strawflowers were especially popular this past season. It is much cheaper to grow such material in the home garden than to buy it from the florist.

Chinese lanterns are glorified ground cherries with brilliant orange red pods that, when properly dried, hold their color for a year or two. Catalogs list it as *Physalis Franchetti*, and offer both plants and seed. Plants set out now should yield a late crop this year; seed planted now should produce a crop next year. The plants require full sunlight.

Many write of it as an annual or a biennial; but it is distinctly a perennial in the Chicago area, spreading by a network of rather thick white rootstock. Growth starts so late in the spring that excitable gardeners always think the plants have frozen out. Plants should be separated each spring to secure the best lanterns; a tuft of leaves with two or three inches of attached rootstock makes a fine plant. The plant's one enemy is a beetle that is controlled in the same way as the potato bug.

Each stem should be cut close to the ground as soon as the best lanterns on it have colored, no matter how many green ones remain. The cut stems should be stripped of leaves and hung upside down in a dry, dark place to dry—if dried in the light, the pods bleach. Use only the most graceful stems for winter bouquets, filling unwanted gaps by wiring on pods taken from other stems. The wiring is easily done if very fine wire is used.

Colorful Arrangements

Sprays of Chinese lanterns are effective in almost any basket, and in bowls or vases of brass, or of blue, brown, black or green ware. They must be loosely arranged to display the lanterns, with the stems at an angle to the container, rather than straight up and down. They are best used alone or with bittersweet berries.

Bittersweet, listed in catalogs as *Celastrus scandens*, grows wild in most woods, often twining around trees for support. As bittersweet plants increase in age, they often cut into the bark of growing trees, often strangling the trees. This indicates that the common advice to plant bittersweet to climb over your trees is none too sound, although a berry-laden bittersweet plant climbing over an evergreen tree gives one of the most spectacular winter pictures imaginable. In the home garden, it is well to plant bittersweet to cover fences, trellises against buildings, or old stubs of trees. It is so hardy it can be transplanted at almost any season and is easily started from berries planted now.

In early fall, bittersweet berries look exactly like wee oranges about a quarter inch in diameter. Later the oranges burst to show the brilliant scarlet within. Bittersweet sprays cut before freezing will keep their orange and scarlet berries in-

doors all winter. The sprays may be cut any desired length, and arranged effectively in almost any container, if not crowded. The more twisted the spray, the more interesting the possible arrangements.

Not all bittersweet plants produce berries; many produce pollen-bearing flowers only. The best time to select plants to bring in from the woods is while they are in bloom in June. By tearing flowers apart, you can soon learn which will form berries and which will yield pollen. It is always necessary, though, to plant at least one pollen-bearing plant in the yard to enable the others to set berries, unless you are fortunate enough to find a plant with perfect flowers.

Drying Strawflowers

The strawflowers that florists find most popular are rich red and golden yellow *Helichrysum*, although there are many who like the white, rose and pink shades. *Helichrysum* should be grown in the vegetable garden, from seed planted outdoors in May. Plants may be set 8 inches or more apart in the row. Stems should be cut as soon as the first bud is a third open; if cut later, the flowers open too wide in drying and expose the center. The plants will produce a crop of later side-branches that will bear smaller flowers, but ones large enough for bouquet use. The cut stems should be stripped of leaves, tied in bunches and hung upside down in a dry, dark place until wanted. The dried stems are very brittle and must be handled with care. Florists often remove the stem and run a fairly heavy wire through the flower to serve as stem, but the real stems are more attractive.

Helichrysum flowers are usually arranged in rather low bouquets, in shallow bowls or vases, or in ornamental baskets.

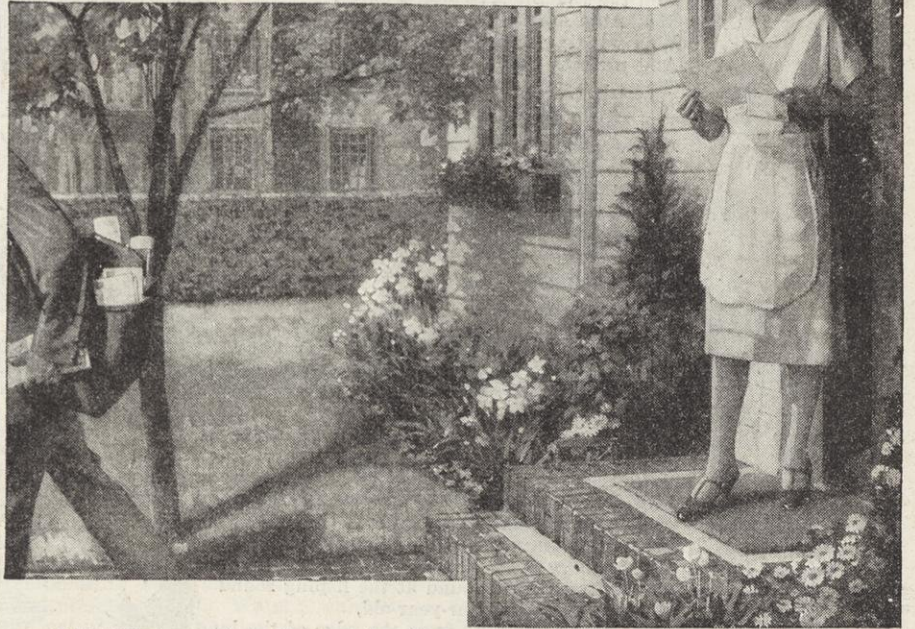
The flat, silvery seed pods of the old-fashioned moonwort have been much admired at recent flower shows but are scarce in the shops. These pods are also known as Peter's penny, silver dollars, honesty, satin flower, and the like. Catalogs list the plant as *Lunaria annua*, a biennial. Seed planted in the garden in May or June should produce plants that will yield pods the following year, and die soon after ripening the pods. The common variety has showy magenta flowers. There is a white-flowered form, easier to harmonize in the border but usually not so strong-growing. Both sorts like full sunlight.

The Showy Cockscomb

Cockscomb and woolflowers, both listed in catalogs as *Celosia*, are also popular for winter bouquets. They come in all shades of red and yellow, as well as salmon pink, and are easily grown annuals. Flowers are cut when fully opened. If the stems are weak, they are hung upside down to dry; if not, the flowers may be arranged at once in bowls or vases. They are often arranged with sprays of *Penisetum* and other ornamental grasses, all of which are useful for winter bouquets.

(Continued on page 51)

A LETTER to the town's best housekeeper



YOU'VE certainly done a lot for us. That's why we're writing to thank you.

We don't know your name. "But," we told ourselves proudly, "a letter to the town's best housekeeper will surely reach the woman who, probably without even realizing it, has helped us to sell so many bars of Fels-Naptha Soap."

Perhaps you think the only help you've given us is to buy Fels-Naptha yourself. It isn't. You've done lots more than that. One sight of your spic-and-span house—one glimpse of the snowy clothes on your line—these have meant more to the women who know you than anything we could write.

And when they say, "How do you do it?" how cheerfully you've said a good word for Fels-Naptha! How convincingly you've told them (far more convincingly than we can) that this golden bar with the clean naphtha odor gives extra help that makes clothes look—well, just the lovely way your clothes look!—without hard rubbing.

Maybe—just maybe—you're the very one who coined the phrase we've had written and repeated to

us so often we've taken to using it in our advertising—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

In any case—thank you! Thank you because your good example, your advice, have helped Fels-Naptha Soap to give its extra help to millions of women everywhere.

Sincerely yours,

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

P. S. for brides only

Maybe you haven't used Fels-Naptha yet! You should—because it will give you extra help too. Fels-Naptha isn't "just soap"—it's good golden soap and plenty of naphtha (the dirt-loosener dry cleaners use) combined in one golden bar. You can tell there's plenty of naphtha—you can smell it. These two safe, active cleaners, working together, naturally give extra help that does your wash with less work and effort on your part. Fels-Naptha works excellently in machine or tub; in hot, cool, or lukewarm water. It's gentle to your hands. It's fine for general cleaning, too. So put Fels-Naptha Soap on today's grocery list—the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient.

SPECIAL OFFER—Free for the asking, a handy little device to aid you with your wash. Just mail the coupon.

FELS-NAPHTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

©1929, Fels & Co.

Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. W.—6-29

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy little device offered in this advertisement.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Why the Sun Hurried

On the Shortest Night in History

The Great Round Sun, his day's work done,
Paused on the edge of the sea;
And he told this tale to the Big Black Whale,
And the Big Black Whale told me,
While the Evening Star across the bar
Was winking merrily;
And perhaps that's why he winked his eye—
'Twas a whale of a tale, you see.

The Father of Light was tired that night
And weary, so it appears,
And he talked out loud behind a cloud
For he didn't know whales had ears:
"It's a glum old earth, that has little mirth,
Its spinning just makes me dizzy,
While all year long I hear no song
From folks who are cross and busy.

"I work all day, I never play"—
He smothered a piteous sob—
"And nights I slide o'er the other side;
And it's such a thankless job;
And I sometimes think, as I sit on this brink,
I'll get some swimming togs
And gambol free in this nice warm sea—
While the world goes to the dogs.

"I'll dine and sup"—then a voice piped up;
It had no note of sorrow,
"Goodby, Sun, you're lots of fun,
Please hurry back tomorrow."
So the Sun turned round at the lispng sound
Of the voice of a four-year-old,
Who waved his hand from the edge of the land
Across the path of gold.

Then the Sun turned red—so the Black Whale said,
And his voice grew sweet as honey
As he shouted back o'er his golden track,
"Goodby, I'll hurry, sonny."
Then he wigwagged far to a winking star,
"Around the world I'm leaping;
You make your light shine bright tonight
And guard that laddie sleeping."

Then he darted west, no pause, no rest,
At a pace that was terrific;
Before the Japs could finish their naps
He crossed the Great Pacific;
On through Japan he madly ran
Mid cherry blossoms blooming,
Then crisped tea leaves and burnished eaves
Where Chinese gongs were booming.

He gilded the crest of Everest,
Beamed in a Grecian attic;
He brought the morn to the Golden Horn,
Then skipped the Adriatic,
He lifted the scalps of the higher Alps,
Then down through fields of vine,
He changed the shapes of Tusean grapes
And raced along the Rhine.

To tune their notes, he kissed the throats
Of birds in Berlin parks,
And opened the wooing and musical cooing
Of the pigeons at Saint Mark's.
He pranced through France in merry dance;
He stopped in Spain for a minute;
Then scanning the strand of fairy land,
To see that the fairies were in it.

And then with his tail the Big Black Whale,
Way out where the mermaids call so,
Signaled and spouted and jealously shouted,
"Ho! I was watching also!"
And all the sprites that prank o' nights,
When the stars are gay and glistery,
Rolled on the sands and clapped their hands
At the shortest night in history.

Verse by Richard Kilroy
Illustration by Joseph Franké

He warmed the showers for English flowers
And chased the fog from London,
And peeped awhile through an Irish stile
Till the fairies had their fun done.
He gleamed aslant on a budding plant
In a window in Edinboro;
In the Isle of Man he then began
To warm the plowman's furrow.

He fretted gold on castles old,
On tower and croft and steeple,
In dazzling light he closed the night
For every clime and people;
And sunset followed sunrise bright
With never a sign of warning,
And morning trod on the heels of night
And night on the heels of the morning.

He whisked the rain from field and plain,
From vineyard, slope and valley,
He brushed away the clouds that lay
O'er village camp and chalet,
Then he kindled a fire on an iceberg's spire,
Swept clean a glacier's heights,
Put the blue of day in the Milky Way,
And blew out the Northern Lights.

Speeding the dawn he hurried on
O'er seas that ships are tossed on;
From a Yankee throat a cheery note—
A newsboy's cry in Boston;
Then he flamed the day along Broadway;
Greeted an early stork;
And gilded grand with magic hand
The wigwams of New York.

And ever west the Great Sun pressed,
Galloped with giant strides,
Glimmered on lakes and mountain brakes,
Low ridges and great divides.
To every farm he sent the alarm:
"Get up and work, I warn ya,
Your skies are clear; I can't stay here,
I'm due in California."

He blazed his trail o'er hill and vale,
Straddled plateau and terrace,
Rolled high and fast o'er prairie vast,
'Til he came to the High Sierras;
Then he slyly stole to a jagged hole,
And through the rim-rock peeping,
His first bright glow streamed far below
On a house where a lad lay sleeping.

And the fairy that sat on a fuzzy mat,
On the edge of the boy's bed, rose;
From his cap of leather he plucked a feather,
And tickled the boy's pink nose;
Then the fairy smiled at the waking child,
And his smile was blithe and funny,
For the Great Round Sun now roared with fun,
"I'm here! Good-morning, sonny!"

Then he looked on high in the crimson sky
At a lone star gayly glistening,
And in his mood was gratitude,
And all the stars were listening.
"You've won my praise with your winking ways,
Faithful and friendly, too,
Your watch you kept while the laddie slept,
I'm much obliged to you!"



ICE, 2¢ a cake!



REFRIGERATION is a necessity. The proper preservation of food prevents the growth of disease germs and bacteria, improves and protects health, pro-

longs life and adds to the comfort of living. Artificial refrigeration is one of the modern wonders of the world. Proper preservation of food is as important to the growth and advancement of a people as education.

Earliest Form of Refrigeration

The earliest form of refrigeration was supplied by snow brought down from the mountain tops on the backs of slaves. Only the wealthy people of earlier times could afford to use this form of refrigeration to preserve and chill their foods.

Later, ice was gathered from frozen bodies of water in the winter time and stored for summer use. The harvesting or cutting of natural ice was costly. In many parts of the country natural ice was not available or the cost of transporting made it prohibitive. Where natural ice was available the supply eventually could not meet the demand. So methods were discovered later to produce large quantities of ice artificially, distributing the cakes from door to door and using the ice thus obtained in ice boxes to chill and preserve food. This method is still used although expensive.

Then came the electric household refrigerator which produces artificial cold and makes small cubes of ice. This modern method of refrigerating is very efficient, but its first cost and cost of operation is so expensive that it has proven to be prohibitive to many homes. A large percentage of homes in the United States do not have the necessary electric current supply for the operation of electric refrigerators, even though the first cost and operation expense can be afforded.

There are also many homes not close enough to the thickly populated districts, to be served with the regular deliveries of artificial ice. Up to the present time, for these homes, there existed no efficient refrigeration.

Now A Revolutionary Invention

Now comes a revolutionary invention. A device known as the Crosley Icyball refrigerating unit, which in combination with a refrigerator cabinet of attractive design becomes a Crosley Icyball Refrigerator. The Crosley Icyball Refrigerating Unit keeps the contents of the refrigerator cabinet cold, preventing the formation of dangerous germs or bacteria, protecting the health of babies and children

as well as the more hardy grown-ups. The Crosley Icyball unit keeps the refrigerator cabinet cold so that foods which in ordinary room temperature would quickly spoil, can be preserved indefinitely. Bacteria and germs do not develop rapidly in a cold temperature.

The Icyball Refrigerator unit makes ice which can be used for cooling drinking water and other liquids. It will freeze desserts or salads. In fact, it will do anything that any other modern refrigerator will do, and best of all, it will do all of these things at less cost than any other known device. The Icyball unit is hermetically sealed. It contains a refrigerant in solution and is made operative by removing the unit from the cabinet and heating it for one and a half hours on a gas or oil stove. This period is known as cooking.

After the cooking operation, which can be done while the housewife is attending to her other duties, the unit is replaced in refrigerator cabinet where it immediately goes to work removing the heat from the cabinet interior, producing a clean, dry, cold temperature which cools the foodstuffs and preserves them. Water placed in the ice cube tray in the lower part of cooling unit, is frozen into ice cubes.

Adaptable to Many Uses

- Homes everywhere
- Camps Farms Dairies
- Stores Restaurants
- Roadside Stands

Special Models for Special Needs

- Double Unit Dairy Model
- Soft Drink Cooler
- Store or Office
- Water Cooler

Tried, Tested, Proven

The Crosley Icyball Refrigerator while new to the general public, because of the fact that it has not until now been extensively advertised, is tried and proven. Over twenty-two thousand of these devices have been sold. Some of them have been shipped to most every nation of the globe. They have been used successfully in the equatorial regions of South America and Africa; in Australia, New Zealand, in India and other countries too numerous to mention. Most of the twenty-two thousand have been sold, however, in the United States, where they were in

use all last summer. Witness this testimonial from an owner:

"We are milking seven cows and have been able to deliver Grade One cream all summer. This has averaged \$2.25 more per week than I would have received in the past for Grade Two or Three.

"We are seven miles from town. The Icyball Refrigerator saves one trip to town each week, which I figure is worth another seventy-five cents, making a total of \$3.00 per week.

"This saving alone more than justifies the cost of the Icyball Refrigerator without mentioning the saving in food and good cold milk for the children."

—J. Russell, Tatum Virginia.

Since last summer several definite improvements have been made in the Crosley Icyball Refrigerator, making it even better than it was a year ago. One of these improvements is the addition of the stabilizer which prolongs the cycle of clean, dry cooling, extending the life of each cooking.

Sure in Operation; Economical in Cost

The Crosley Icyball Refrigerating Unit in operation needs no renewing of the liquid it contains; likewise no purchase of chemicals

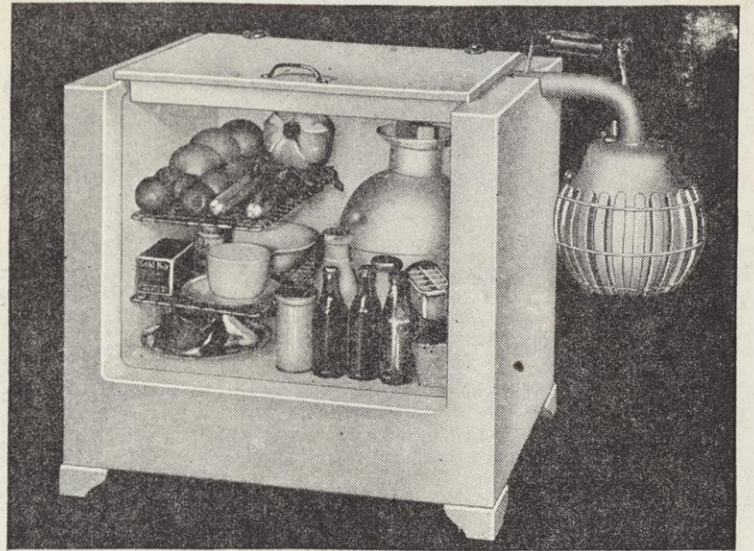


Illustration shows Crosley Icyball Refrigerator with front wall of cabinet removed—note its generous storage capacity.

or other materials. The liquid with which it is charged will last indefinitely, being used over and over again without noticeable depreciation. The cost of the complete device is low, surprisingly less than any other device for the purpose of refrigeration ever offered.

The price of \$85.00 includes the unit, the refrigerator cabinet, a cooling tub, and the stabilizer. Nothing else to buy if you use your regular oil or gas cooking stove for heating it. Some people desire to do the cooking in another room from the kitchen, in the basement or in an outbuilding, in which case a simple single burner oil or gas burning stove does the cooking job very nicely. The amount of fuel consumed in cooking the device daily is approximately the same as that which would be used to boil a tea kettle for one hour and a half—about two cents worth of kerosene or gas a day. One two-cent cooking of the Icyball is equivalent in refrigeration to the use of about 35 pounds of ice. It is, therefore, equivalent to the purchase of a 35-pound cake of ice for two cents.

Think of the saving as against the use of ice. Think of the saving as against the cost of the use of electricity for refrigeration.

Simplest Refrigerating Device Made

The Crosley Icyball Refrigerator is simple to operate. Anyone can follow the few simple instructions. It takes about five minutes of your time per day to cook it. The Crosley Icyball brings the lowest cost refrigeration into any home anywhere.

The Crosley Icyball Refrigerator is made by one of the largest radio manufacturers in the world, a company which last year made more than thirty-eight million dollars worth of radios. It is sold by the distributors and dealers who handle Crosley radio receiving sets in all parts of the world. There is a Crosley dealer near you who will be very glad to demonstrate this device to you and show you why you should have one in your home. Use the coupon for further information about the Crosley Icyball Refrigerator.

\$85.

COMPLETE WITH CABINET F.O.B. FACTORIES

The Crosley Radio Corp., Dept. 51, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Please send me all information about your Icyball Refrigerator, without any obligation on my part.

Name.....
 Address or R.F.D. Route No.....
 City..... State.....

CROSLEY ICYBALL REFRIGERATION

CORRECT POSTURE

for the

GROWING CHILD

By ETHEL M. HENDRIKSEN

This is the second in a series of articles by Mrs. Hendriksen, a leader of the new movement for thorough study of the preschool child.



Mother learns exercise for strengthening muscles of the preschool child's back



Posture teacher demonstrates exercise for developing baby's abdominal muscles

WHAT delight the runabout child takes in discovering the things he can do with his body! He is fascinated with every action and will play with some object for hours, absorbed in working out a simple muscle coordination. And how he loves to imitate! Now he is Micky, the wire-haired fox terrier, or a bear or a kangaroo out of the animal picture book.

Education today takes advantage of these natural life interests as they come along. So the physical educators are seeing that it is the runabout who is chiefly interested in growing, although all unconsciously. This fact, together with the knowledge that the bones of these toddlers are pliable, has brought about the posture conference whose aim it is to see that the little child grows symmetrically.

Mothers who live near a health center in Chicago, New York or in some other cities may bring their runabouts to the posture conference and there learn the games and exercises which help the little ones to develop normally or to correct some beginning postural defect. Other mothers, with the help of their physicians, will be able to derive many valuable suggestions from this article which they may carry out in the home with the little child. So much depends upon getting the toddler started right that increasing attention is centering about his health needs. Posture is one of the newer points of emphasis, but its importance is readily seen when one observes the bad postures of the adults of one's acquaintance.

Parents are eager to avoid in their children the mistakes that appear in themselves. For every woman who has the beginning of a "middle-aged hump" between her shoulders or a sagging abdomen, flat feet or chronic constipation, there probably was a neglected preschool child—a child whose postural defects were not recognized in the years when they might easily have been corrected; a child who was never trained to have a posture sense. Not that it is ever too late for the middle-aged woman to improve her muscle tone and her posture by exercises taken under expert supervision, but she may not have the time or possess the courage to establish a new interest of this kind at her age. And besides, her mind is on other problems.

The majority of women will not recognize poor posture either in themselves or in their children. But the practiced eye, observing a group of women pass in a hotel lobby or on the street, will find few with perfect carriage. So accustomed have we become to the debutant's slouch that posture attracts attention only when it is so far from normal that it is ridiculous. The average departures from the normal are so numerous that they escape attention.

But a fine appearance is only one reason for good posture and not the most important. The departure from health which poor posture indicates and which it may induce brings it to the attention of every alert physician.

The Relation of Posture to Health

In the well poised body the chest is properly expanded, allowing ample room for the heart and lungs to carry on the processes of circulation and respiration unimpeded. The back is straight, the shoulders square and the abdomen is flat with well developed muscles. The individual walks, runs, dances, stands or sits at rest with grace and ease, exhibiting no tendency to fatigue under normal exertion.

Contrast this healthful condition with its opposite. In a relaxed and careless posture, the shoulders are drooping, the chest is depressed and the abdomen protuberant with the resulting maladjustment of the organs. Circulation is disturbed, respiration cannot take place normally and the digestion is impaired. The nerve center, recording this lack of vitality, sends the message of premature or chronic fatigue over the body.

It is not only adults who suffer from fatigue but children know what it means. There are children who always feel tired. They have flabby muscles and lines of fatigue under the eyes. These children are usually apathetic and take little interest in their surroundings. This condition

is not attributable to poor posture alone but when the real cause is discovered and removed, the posture exercises will help to build up the normal muscle tone of the body. Overfatigue sometimes manifests itself in a nervous activity and sleeplessness. The posture conference teaches children of this type to relax.

Although the correction of posture may not be possible until certain defects are looked after, notably malnutrition which affects muscle tone, the posture conference can conduct its work and adjust to other health needs. Seeing the whole child in relation to every aspect of his health, both mental and physical, together with his environment, is the aim of the modern physician, health teacher and social worker.

Before the child goes to school, his postural defects



The flat foot is an enemy to good posture



Corrected in two years by faithful exercising

should be discovered by his physician who gives him his periodic health examination. The child then should be placed in the hands of a skilled physical educator, either through the health center posture conference or as a private patient.

First Steps in Corrective Work

Schools of physical education now are giving students special instruction in dealing with the posture of preschool children. A particular fitness is required for this work. When the little child arrives at the posture conference in company with his mother, the worker in charge must know how to obtain his confidence and his cooperation. His measurements are taken and recorded on a special chart for that purpose. Then his feet are brushed with a solution of iron, alcohol and glycerine and he makes footprints by standing on a piece of absorbent

An adjustable posture chair and foot rest improvised at home for the growing child



paper. How eagerly are these little pedigraphs, as they are called, scanned!

"Look, mother! He is perfect!"

But more often he is not. Many preschool children have undeveloped arches which are manifested by flat feet. If any part of the inner side of the foot prints, it indicates a defective arch condition, whereas the normal foot will not print on the inner side because the arch will raise the inside of the foot. From time to time, as the corrective work continues, other footprints are taken, making it possible to watch the improvement until the condition is normal.

Happy devices are used to engage the child's interest in the corrective work. "Toe marbles" is a fascinating game enjoyed by the child whereby he is correcting his fallen arches without knowing it. The game is played with two shallow baskets, one of which contains five or six small marbles. The child is seated on a stool in front of the baskets. The trick is to pick up the marbles from one basket and deposit them in the other, using only the toes. Then the process is repeated, using the toes of the other foot. *To Engage the Child's Interest*

Picking up marbles with the toes tests the strength of the arches. If the arches are very weak, it will require some time for the child to master this game. A few minutes' practice each day, however, usually will yield enough encouragement to sustain the interest. It is a game which adults may profitably play for the same purpose. Some adults who have never suspected any arch trouble in themselves will be surprised at the difficulty experienced in picking up marbles with the toes. To correct a fallen arch in this way is so much better than to wear arch supports.

There are other exercises quite as fascinating devoted to other needs of posture. Not all of the exercises are necessary for each child, of course, but there are exercises adapted to the individual needs of every child who enters the posture conference.

"Smell in! Smell out!" is a breathing exercise appropriately named by the children of one health center. It has for its purpose the strengthening of the muscles of the chest and abdomen. And it is also given as one of the exercises to correct constipation.

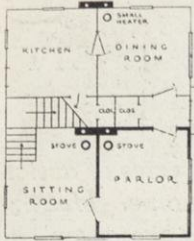
One little four-year-old boy was observed lying on his back on the posture table, ballooning his tiny body out first at the chest and then at the abdomen to the command, "Smell in! Smell out!" given by his fourteen-year-old brother. This older brother was putting the little one through his posture exercises daily at home and every week at the health center for the approval and further suggestion of the instructor. The mother had a small baby and could not do it herself. One wondered at the devotion of this older lad. On questioning him, the vision which motivated him became apparent. "He's to be on a football team same as me," the older brother boasted proudly, and the little brother's cooperation in the posture exercises was plainly assured.

The Correction of Constipation

Although the breathing exercise is an aid in correcting constipation, this complaint is so prevalent that there are several special exercises definitely prescribed to correct it. One of these is the single and double knee bending. As the child lies on his back on the table, he is taught to bring the knee up to the chest, the mother pressing it very gently until it touches the chest. This is repeated slowly several times. First one knee is brought up to the chest and then the other. Then both knees are drawn up to the chest, the mother holding the tips of her fingers lightly against the toes.

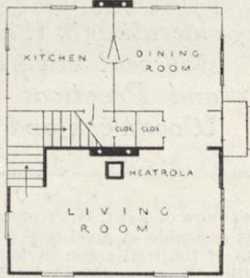
Knee circling is another exercise in this series. The mother slowly guides the knee, as it is bent, in a circle. Abdominal kneading is taught the mother and is used in some obstinate cases of constipation. But the exercise which is the greatest rival to castor oil is "rocking horse." What child does not love to play at being a horse? A rocking horse is still the delight (Continued on page 33)

What Modern Beauty lies Hidden in Your House?

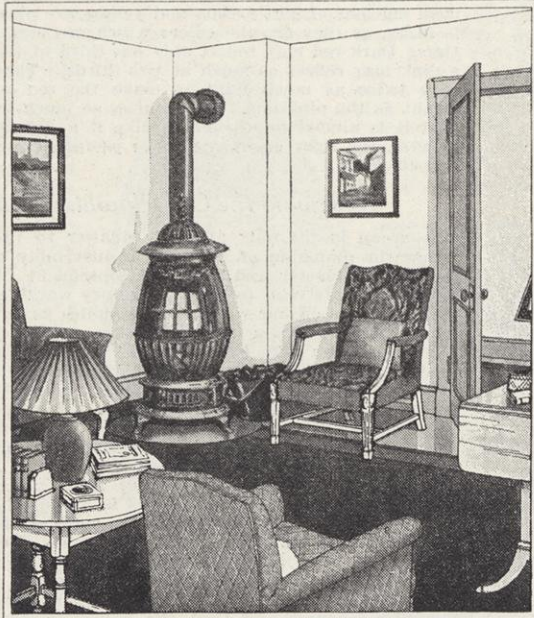


These small rooms were planned for "stove-a-room" heating. Cramped, uncomfortable, so difficult to furnish attractively.

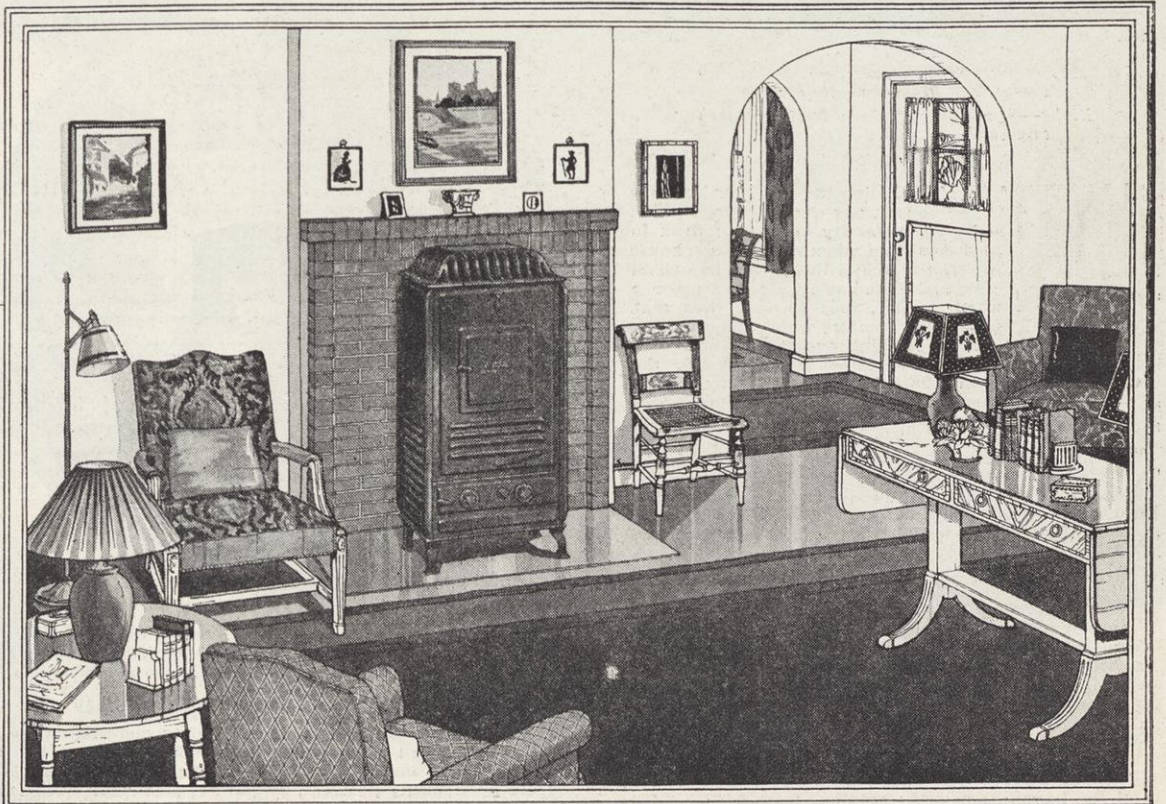
See how this old-fashioned interior was modernized by removing the partition between the "front" and "back" parlors.



See what the removal of only *one* useless partition and the addition of a brick mantel did for *this* old-fashioned interior



The rather grotesque stove robs the modern furnishings of this room of their charm and beauty.



Truly a "livable" living-room—large and cheerful. What a difference—with just a new table and a lamp and the other furniture rearranged!

LIKE many homes built just a few years ago, this home had been planned with many small rooms so that they might be kept comfortably warm with stoves and fire-places.

But the people living in it were people of *today*. They felt cramped in tiny chambers. They wanted, among other things, a large, cheerful living-room that the whole family could share, with lots of room left over for friends and visitors.

Easier housekeeping, too

Besides, the feminine head of the family found small rooms so difficult to furnish attractively, so hard to keep clean—*such nuisances!*

So they investigated, and discovered that—thanks to modern house-heating methods—many of the old, heat-retaining partitions were no longer necessary. In came the carpenter, and out came the partition between the "front" and "back" parlors. What a change!

Out came the inefficient old stoves, too, and in went the beautiful, modern Estate Heatrola, that *circulates* balmy, breathable warmth to every room in the house . . . upstairs and down.

Look at the pictures

See for yourself what a difference the Heatrola made in this house. How cheerful the new room is, how inviting, how charmingly modern with the handsome, mahogany-finished Heatrola harmoniously at home, in place of the rather grotesque, old stoves.

Of course, even without remodeling, you can enjoy the cozy comfort of Heatrola warmth. For Heatrola is the ideal heating method for almost every type of house—old or new—remodeled or not.

If you can use gas for fuel

Besides the coal and wood-burning Heatrola in three sizes, there is the Gas Heatrola. Especially designed for small homes, stores and offices, it is also being used with much satisfaction as an auxiliary heater. A true Heatrola in appearance and efficiency—and so convenient. Summer-time warmth at a turn of your fingers.



Look Inside!

If it has the Intensi-Fire Air Duct, you know it's a genuine Heatrola. This ingenious device—found only in the Heatrola—absorbs and utilizes heat which in ordinary heaters goes to waste—up the chimney.

You will find these booklets helpful

Of course, you'll want a copy of this interesting booklet, "The Story of Heatrola," and, if you are thinking of remodeling, you will also want a copy of "Putting New Charm into Old Homes"—which will help you uncover the modern beauty which lies hidden in *your* house. Better mail the coupon today to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 9-E, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices.

Branch Offices: 225 West 34th St., New York City; 1336 Boston Furniture Mart, Boston, Mass.; 714 Washington Ave., N.,

Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 635 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Ore.

Mail this coupon for Free Booklets . . .

THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Dept. 9-E, Hamilton, Ohio
Gentlemen:—Send me "Putting New Charm into Old Homes"
Also information regarding Heatrola for Coal Wood Gas (Check which)

Estate HEATROLA

FOR COAL, WOOD, GAS

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
© 1929, The E. S. Co.

The Nervous System of Your Home

By DAHY B. BARNETT



Above—Well illuminated room, with many lamps and light-reflecting walls
Right—A simple fireplace lends warmth and charm to a bed-sitting-room

IF HEATING, lighting and plumbing are to the house what the nerves are to the body, the necessity of putting them in good condition when remodeling a house is obvious. While these three household units make the home a pleasant place in which to live, they do more than that. The physical welfare and comfort which they promote have an added effect of aiding our mental condition.

That this is true can be shown by contrasting the actions of a person who has been reading by a good light and one who has been using a poor one. The former, although he may be aware of no eyestrain, finds himself fatigued when he lays down his book. The latter is rested and cheerful, ready to join in any pleasant activity which presents itself. Certainly, a difference such as that is worth a little attention and even some money outlay. The good effects of proper heating are too well known to be mentioned. Sanitary methods of removing waste from the household have done much to abolish certain diseases, and the esthetic appeal of the modern bathroom and kitchen equipment is too well known to be questioned. In our country, where the temperature goes down and down in the winter, proper heat is perhaps the first of the household trio of comforts. And it is one of the first things which should be considered when planning the remodeling of a home.

If it is your own home which you are renewing, you know whether or not the heating system is adequate. If you are buying a house to be remodeled, you should depend on the advice of experts who judge from the type of the furnace and the installation used; opinions from former inhabitants of the house are of value.

Probably the most common type of heating system for the small house is warm air. The pipeless furnace, because it obviates the necessity of installing many flues, should be considered carefully if the house is a small one with wide openings.

Hot water furnaces have a higher first cost than hot air but they are usually economical to run and provide a constant heat more easily than the hot air type. On the other hand, a hot air furnace can provide heat quickly after the fire has gone out, a factor to be considered in a changeable climate. Steam heat is also dependable but it requires more attention and is not so often used in houses of moderate size because of this factor and because of its initial cost.

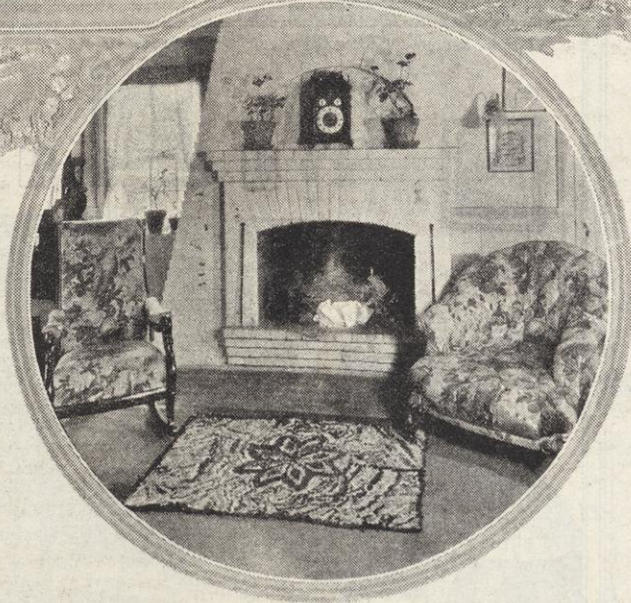
Efficient Auxiliary Heaters

The oil heater as a substitute for coal is particularly desirable if the woman of the house has to run the furnace, because it can be regulated by a thermostat and because there is no refuse from it. It should be installed by an expert. Whether it is more or less expensive to run than a coal-burning furnace depends on the locality.

Very often auxiliary heaters of some type are desirable. The fireplace is one of the oldest and best beloved of these. While it is not sufficient to heat a house, it will take the chill off in early fall or late spring days and it provides a most delightful gathering place for the family. Mechanical heaters are efficient but lack this social quality. Kerosene, gas and electric heaters could hardly be considered the nucleus of a family gathering, yet they are of undoubted usefulness in heating the bathroom or for the room of an old person who needs more heat in his room than the rest of the family cares for. Gas and kerosene heaters require special attention to ventilation in order to replace the oxygen which they consume. An electric heater which is efficient and yet does not become hot to the touch has recently been perfected; its advantages when there are small children in the family are obvious.

In installing a new furnace, it is often necessary to run the pipes or flues inside the room in order to avoid ripping the walls or cutting the joists. In such a case, they may be painted the same color as the walls and so become much less conspicuous. It has also been reported recently that radiators painted in light colors such as those used on walls give off more heat than those painted with metallic paints, such as aluminum, and the esthetic effect is much better.

When people went to bed at sundown, artificial lighting was a minor problem. Today it is a major one. In old houses the number of outlets is usually much below the minimum required by modern ideas of correct light and modern use of electrical appliances. Additional outlets in the floor and baseboard of the first floor can be added with comparative ease. If a two-way socket is used, be sure that it will not overload



the system with the consequent burning out of a fuse. It is well to have the electrician examine the system and tell you just what voltage you can combine in the appliances you use.

Figuring Light Requirements

Investigations have shown that many small lights are more desirable than a few large ones. Three 25-watt bulbs are better than one of 75. Bulbs shaded by parchment shades are particularly pleasant, as glare is prevented by the shades and the light is not unduly obscured. Indirect lighting is not so efficient, but the two in combination may be useful for different conditions in the room. Living-room lighting is usually well considered, but kitchen lighting is only too often deplorable. One droplight in the center seems to be the standard. How inefficient this is can be seen when it is considered that practically every kitchen operation is performed with the housewife's face to the wall and her back to the center of the room. In this manner, she is constantly in her own light. An indirect light in the center of the room, and lower, shaded lights over the sink, stove and work table will remedy this defect. Twenty-five-watt bulbs will probably be sufficient unless the room is large.

Just how many lights should be used in a room depends on the size, the color of the walls and ceilings, the type of fixture and the use to which the room is put. A hall, in which no reading is done, requires proportionately less than a living-room. A bathroom needs strong, properly directed lights near the mirror before which shaving is done, but less in other parts. A rough estimate of the amount needed for bulbs with light-colored shades which send most of the light down is between 2½ and 3 watts per square foot. That is, a room thirteen by twenty feet would require between 600 and 800 watts. Indirect fixtures, which send most of the light to the ceiling, greatly increase the amount needed. From these figures, it is seen that the lighting in most rooms is inadequate. However, it should be said that it is not always necessary to burn all the lights at once. A single lamp of the proper wattage will suffice for one person to read by.

Reflecting Colors

The color of the walls and ceiling is another vital factor in determining the amount of light needed. A friend of mine had a room papered in a dark red with dark ceilings. By putting on paper which was a light buff and by covering the ceiling with almost white paper, she cut the amount of light necessary exactly in half! The effect on the electric bill can be imagined. If she had installed lamps instead of leaving the indirect ceiling fixtures, she could have reduced the amount even more.

White ceilings are the most effective

This is the third in a series of articles on remodeling your home. Heating, lighting and plumbing are given consideration in this issue. The next installment will give advice on Artistic and Practical Finishes for Walls, Woodwork and Floors.

reflectors of light, but from an esthetic point of view they are not desirable. A good compromise is to color them a very pale tint of the wall color. A buff wall may have an ivory-colored ceiling. Because different colors and light and dark shades of the same color absorb light unequally, it is well to remember that a light wall is most effective in returning the light which strikes it. Aside from white, cream and light tans are most efficient. Light greens and yellow are also good, which is lucky, as they are the colors which are best liked as wall tints. Dark red may reflect only one-third of the light, while a pink may reflect as much as two-thirds. That is, it would take twice as much light to make the red room seem as bright as the pink one. Gray varies so much in its make-up that it is almost impossible to give it a definite rating. In general, the light colors are to be preferred for both beauty and efficiency.

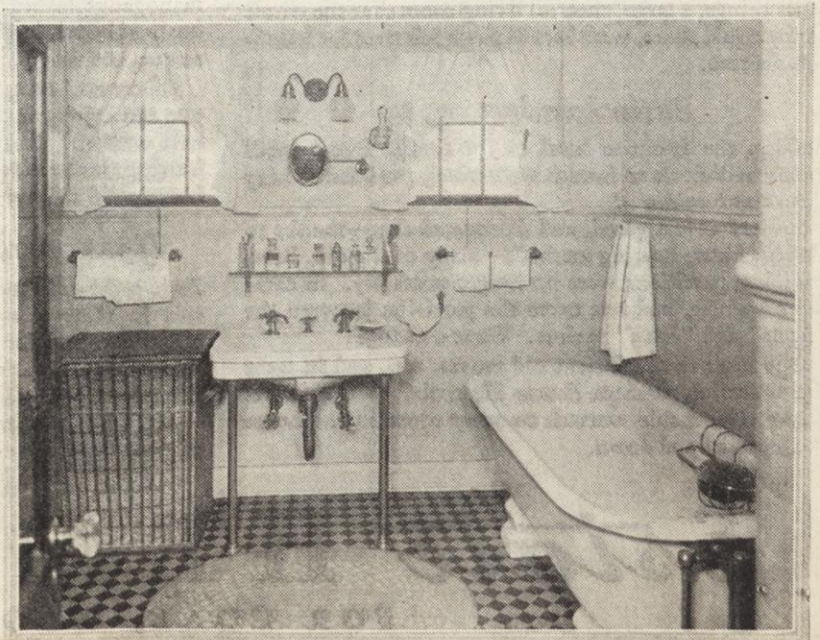
Renewing the Old Plumbing System

A groan is the only adequate answer to the decision to renew the plumbing of a house. It inevitably means tearing away some plaster and lath and consequent repainting. Yet nothing is more vital to the satisfactory working of the house. Water carries off our wastes and supplies us with the means of cleanliness. Then this is no place for false economy. Yet the person who buys a house which requires this remodeling should be very sure that the increase in value will make it worth while. Brass piping should be considered carefully. It will last indefinitely and it increases the resale value of the house. It ensures you your full amount of clear, clean water. But it is more expensive than galvanized wrought iron pipes.

When remodeling is considered, the replacement of old types of bath and kitchen fixtures is one of the first things mentioned. That the new types are more efficient and more handsome than the older ones is undeniable. Yet, very often, fixtures in good condition might well be left in and the money expended on some other item which will increase comfort. Of course, if the old fixtures are worn out, they must be renewed and then the house owner can revel in advertisements of colored set-in tubs; of gay green or tan or blue pedestal lavatories; of noiseless toilets and all the other details which make the modern bathroom a thing of beauty. Again, the colored fixtures are more expensive than white ones—about 25 percent—and again the value when selling the house may be counted in its favor.

Bathroom fixtures are made of vitreous china, porcelain or enameled iron. Vitreous china is white clay covered with an extremely hard and impervious glass surface; porcelain is a softer fire clay body covered with (Continued on page 51)

Bathroom fixtures which are old, but too good to be discarded



Spoiled food costs money . . .

Electric refrigeration saves food and costs less than a dime a day to operate



A picturesque Korean footbridge

WAYSIDE TALES OF THE ORIENT

(Continued from page 11)

part in heating the house. Their system is to warm the floors through flues passing under them, and a comfortable custom it is, provided you are not the guest who is given the courtesy of the hottest spot!

Most homes do not have even as much as a pump. Water is carried from the village well either by the water carrier or in jars on the heads of the women.

The average woman's social life is secured on the banks of the streams while washing. She visits about a bit in the neighborhood and if she belongs to the two percent who are Christians, attendance at church offers a social outlet. Even when entertaining in the home, the wife does not appear! Once when at dinner in the home of one of Korea's leading capitalists, my husband and I spied our hostess peering at us from behind a screen, while on another occasion at a dinner in the home of an intellectual leader trained in America, the wife who had prepared a delicious feast was introduced to us only as a great Western courtesy and disappeared immediately.

This seclusion of women up to twenty-five years ago was almost complete. They prided themselves that no male person outside the family ever saw their faces. In the cities, women were allowed on the streets only at night, when the men had to stay at home! When the missionaries first came forty years ago, they could see the faces of the men in their congregations but the faces of the women were concealed behind a curtain. Now even the

curtain dividing the men from the women has been done away with and middle and low class women may be seen on the streets, though not in as great numbers as men. High class women keep very much apart and either send their servants to do all the shopping or summon the merchants to their homes.

It is the children and young girls who lend color to the streets. They blossom out in gay purple skirts and yellow waists, blue and red waists, pink and white waists. Schoolgirls are gradually adopting a semi-Western costume and wearing shoes like ours. The women and men dress in a uniform costume of the same pattern, white for most of the year, but dark in winter. Among the younger people, especially the men, Western clothes are coming in and the Western style hair cut is supplanting the famous topknot of the men you see in some of the pictures.

So much for the life of the people. The pictures I am sending tell the rest of the story, a story that has an artistic setting. For the patient plodding bullock drawing the cart at tortoise

Candy vendor wearing a mourning hat

speed; the strong coolie with his "jiggy" (a framework for bearing incredibly heavy burdens); the women with graceful, erect step balancing burdens on their heads; and all around, near and far, the glorious mountains with clouds of unsurpassed beauty, remind one that here still remains the picturesque.

NOTE: Next month Mrs. Brunner will give a close-up of China with many unusual photographs.



Little sister plays nursemaid



The Korean method of ironing



Pay for electric refrigeration by the food you save

A breeze when you want it . . . where you want it



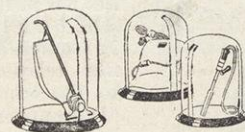
Figure the food you waste through uncertain refrigeration . . . a dab of this, a bowl of that, half-bottles of milk and cream. Food spoilage costs seven hundred million dollars yearly in this country alone. For less than a dime a day, a General Electric refrigerator keeps your food healthfully fresh and makes possible the serving of left-overs in unsuspected, delicious transformations.



Why rely on the weather? Turn on your own breeze in any room that's stuffy! A G-E household utility fan placed opposite the window will make the kitchen comfortable in the hottest weather. After the table is set, start one in the dining room. And at night a bedside fan will give you eight hours of refreshing sleep for only 4 cents.

Are your electric servants "marking time?"

The G-E cleaner, the Hotpoint electric immersion heater, the electric toaster, and a dozen other electric appliances depend for their usefulness on numerous and well-placed convenience outlets. Why not get the full use of your electric servants? New outlets can be installed at moderate expense and without ripping up floors or plaster.



Imperfect refrigeration wastes food. With the new General Electric refrigerator, you eliminate this waste and enjoy scores of new comforts and conveniences. Here, as on all household appliances, the G-E monogram is a reliable guide to electrical dependability.

Any woman who does anything electricity can do for her is working for a few cents a day

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 8 P.M., E.S.T. ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. CHAIN

GENERAL ELECTRIC

EXTRACTS from the LETTERS of ELIZABETH BROWNING

To ROBERT BROWNING, August 13, 1846

AS TO the other question, about the communion of contrarieties, I agree with you, thought for thought, in all your thinking about it—only adding one more reason to the reasons you point out. There is another reason at the bottom of all, I think—I cannot but think—and it is just that, when women are chosen for wives, they are not chosen for companions—that when they are selected to be loved, it is quite apart from life—"man's love is of man's life a thing apart." A German professor selects a woman who can merely stew prunes—not because stewing prunes and reading Proclus make a delightful harmony, but because he wants his prunes stewed for him and chooses to read Proclus by himself.

A fulness of sympathy, a sharing of life, one with another, is scarcely ever looked for except in a narrow conventional sense. Men like to come home and find a blazing fire and a smiling face and an hour of relaxation. Their serious thoughts and earnest aims in life, they like to keep to one side. And this is the carrying out of love and marriage almost everywhere in the world—and this, the degrading of women by both.

To MRS. MARTIN, August, 1851

So far from regretting my marriage, it has made the happiness and honour of my life, and every unkindness received from my own house makes me press nearer to the tenderest and noblest of human hearts, proved by the uninterrupted devotion of nearly five years. Husband, lover, nurse—not one of these, has Robert been to me, but all three together. I neither regret my marriage, therefore, nor the manner of it, because the manner of it was a necessity of the act.

A FAITHFUL LITTLE WIFE

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OFTIMES I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by an invisible tow-line with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfurled, her streamers drooping, she has neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moves on stately in serene triumph, as with her own life.

But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll away, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the effluent tide, no man knows where.

And so I have known more than one genius high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-penned, who, but for the bare toiling arm, and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more.



THE BACHELOR'S DREAM

By THOMAS HOOD

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtains drawn and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving tete-a-tetes to come!
But tete-a-tetes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all my ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The maid declared her master wrong—
The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Now, was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With Pussy in the elbow-chair,
And Tray reposing on the rug?
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Friendship Village Talks on Marriage

Gems of Thought from Writers Old and New—on the Many-sided Problem That Has Given to Humanity Its Greatest Thrills

REFLECTIONS ON LOVE

By HENRY VAN DYKE

I HAVE some vague misgivings that romantic love has come to hold a more prominent and a more permanent position than it fills in life . . .

I make bold to avow my conviction that the pairing season is not the only point of interest in the life of birds; nor is the instinct by which they mate altogether and beyond comparison the noblest passion that stirs their feathered breasts.

'Tis true, the time of mating is their prettiest season; but it is very short. How little we should know of the drama of their airy life if we had eyes only for this brief scene! Their finest qualities come out in the patient cares that protect the young in the nest, in the varied struggles for existence through the changing year, and in the incredible heroisms of annual migrations. Here is a parable.

The truth is that love, considered merely as the preference of one person for another of the opposite sex, is not "the greatest thing in the world." It becomes great only when it leads on, as it often does, to heroism and self-sacrifice and fidelity. Its

chief value lies not in itself, but in its quickening relation to the other elements of life. It must be seen and shown in its due proportion, and in harmony with the broader landscape.



WEDDED BLISS

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

"O come and be my mate!" said the Eagle to the Hen;

"I love to soar, but then

I want my mate to rest

Forever in the nest!"

Said the Hen, "I cannot fly,

I have no wish to try,

But I joy to see my mate careening through the sky!"

They wed, and cried, "Ah! this is Love, my own!"

And the Hen sat, the Eagle soared, alone.

❖ ❖

"O come and be my mate!" said the Lion to the Sheep;

"My love for you is deep!

I slay, a Lion should,

But you are mild and good!"

Said the Sheep, "I do no ill—

Could not, had I the will—

But I joy to see my mate pursue, devour, and kill."

They wed, and cried, "Ah! this is Love, my own!"

And the Sheep browsed, the Lion prowled, alone.

❖ ❖

"O come and be my mate!" said the Salmon to the Clam;

"You are not wise, but I am.

I know sea and stream as well;

You know nothing but your shell."

Said the Clam, "I'm slow of motion,

But my love is all devotion,

And I joy to have my mate traverse lake and stream and ocean."

They wed, and cried, "Ah! this is Love, my own!"

And the Clam sucked, the Salmon swam, alone.

LETTER TO CARLYLE

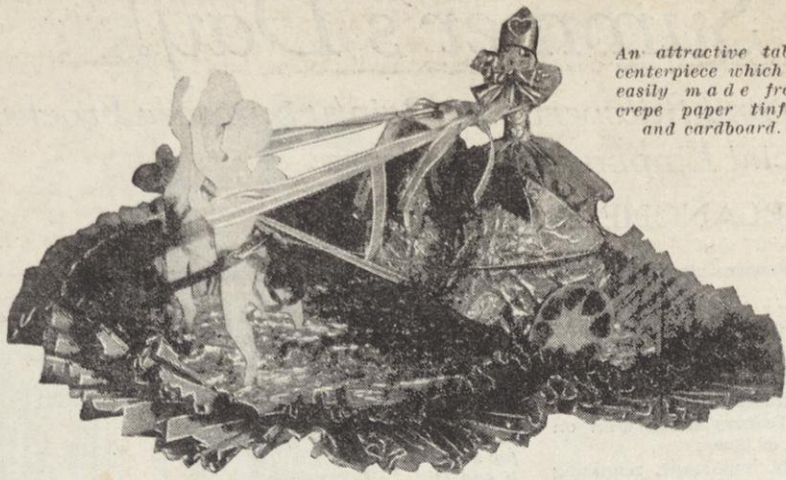
By JANE WELSH

October 14, 1824.

A FASHIONABLE wife! Oh! never will I be anything so heartless! I have pictured for myself a far higher destiny than this. Will it ever be more than a picture? Shall I ever have the wish of my heart fulfilled? A "sweet home" calmly embosomed in some romantic vale; with wealth enough to realize my ideal of elegant comfort; with books, statues, paintings and all things suitable to a tasteful, intellectual manner of life; with the friendship and society of a few, whose conversation would improve the faculties of my head and heart; and with One to be the polar star of my being—one warm-hearted, high-minded, dearest Friend, whose sublime genius would shed an ennobling influence on all around him; whose graceful and splendid qualities would inspire a love that should be the heart and soul of my life! Such happiness is possible; and alas! it is next to impossible, to assemble the circumstances which compose it.

The devotion of Jane Welsh Carlyle to her genius-husband is well known: this letter, written before their marriage, suggests the power of the love in which Carlyle found inspiration and comfort.





An attractive table centerpiece which is easily made from crepe paper tinfoil and cardboard.

A Simple Home Wedding

Ideas for decorations and a wedding breakfast with some special tested recipes

SOMEHOW, there seems nothing more charming than for the bride to be married in her own home, in simple yet artistic fashion, surrounded by those friends and intimates who have shared the hospitality of the home with her and by her family who have made that hospitality possible.

There is something of gracious intimacy in the home wedding. Charming and effective things in the way of decoration may be done, with a very little expense and with much effect and formality if one wishes it that way.

The first thing, of course, is to choose the best place for the ceremony. It is very gracious in a bow window, before a mantel or a fireplace, or between two windows in the living-room. The wall or adjacent space should be covered with evergreens. If the ceremony is to be performed before a mantel, there should be at least three vases of cut flowers, preferably bride's roses or a white flower of any kind. A large flat vase or bowl in the center, flanked by two higher ones at the sides, filled with the flowers would be very beautiful. There should be vases of cut flowers everywhere about the room.

Decorations Which Are Easily Made

If the wedding is to be more elaborate, a small arch may be built if the entrance into the living-room permits it, or this may be built at the foot of the stairs. This arch may be constructed at very little expense, of wire, if one wishes, and hung with orange blossoms, which may be continued up the hand rail. Or, the arch may be hung with white flowers made of crepe paper. Two wedding bells may be constructed of cardboard covered with velvety, white crepe paper. White satin ribbons tied with orange blossoms, also hung from the top of the arch, part very prettily as the bride comes through them.

The house may be attractively decorated with white wedding bells, in any fashion one chooses. These would be very pretty worked in with the green back of the mantel, or between the windows, or wherever the ceremony is performed. They may be easily made over a frame of fine wire, or cardboard. The most effective way to make them is to cut the white crepe paper in scallops or rose petal effect, and paste or sew them in horizontal rows around the body of the bell. Cut the scallops with a heading on them so they may be pasted or sewed onto the bell as quickly as possible. Each petal should be pulled out and turned up at the base to resemble an actual flower petal.

The Bride's Costume

Of course, the wedding dress worn by the bride should be much more simple than that chosen if the wedding is to be a church affair. It may be white satin, or taffeta or chiffon, but it should be made simply. The veil may be a very simple affair of tulle, tied with orange blossoms, and should be made the length of the dress itself. It is entirely proper in a simple home wedding for the bride to have no attendants, but, if she wishes, she may have a chief attendant and a flower girl.

Suggestions for a Wedding Breakfast

You may have a bride's cake or a wedding cake. A bride's cake may be a three-layer cake with a very decorative frosting, which, at an informal wedding breakfast, the bride cuts herself and passes to each guest. If you are distributing tiny bits of wedding cake, they may be daintily

wrapped in white paper instead of being put into boxes, and tied with white satin ribbon. This may be done in the home without the aid of a caterer, but every care must be taken to have the bits of cake beautifully wrapped.

In the breakfast suggested, which should be served at high noon, the bride's cake is served after the ice cream has been passed, and if the bride does not wish to cut all of it herself, she must by all means cut the first piece, and then the maid or attendant may cut the subsequent pieces.

Any delicate white cake (made without using the yolks of the eggs) may serve as bride's cake. It should be made in some unusual fashion, either five or six very thin layers to make a high cake, or three rather thick layers. It should be decorated within an inch of its life with a very busy and artistically handled pastry tube. To be different, the layers may be cut in a heart shape, or a very effective cake may be built pyramid fashion, with a heart or a diamond-shaped layer at the top.

Here is a wedding breakfast suggestion with tested recipes:

- Pear and Pomegranate Cocktail
- Bread Sticks Clear Soup Radishes
- Lobster Supreme in Bread Cases
- Persillade Potatoes
- Asparagus in Lemon Rings
- Hearts of Endive Egg Dressing
- Peach and Macaroon Ice Cream with Meringue Glacées
- Bride's Cake Black Coffee

Pear and Pomegranate Cocktail: Remove the red pulp-covered seeds from three pomegranates and press out the juice through a sieve. Chill. Drain and chill one No. 2½ can of pears. When ready to serve, cut pears in small cubes and arrange in cocktail glasses. Pour over the pomegranate juice and sprinkle ½ cup canned coconut over the tops. Serve at once. Serves eight.

Lobster Supreme: Sauté one minced onion in two tablespoons fat, add one teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika, one No. 2 can tomatoes, liquor from one 8-ounce can of mushrooms and simmer for fifteen minutes. Mix two tablespoons flour with a little cold water and add to thicken. Add mushrooms and two 6-ounce cans of lobster, heat thoroughly and serve in toasted bread cases or in timbale cases or on toast. Makes eight servings.

Asparagus in Lemon Rings: Remove asparagus carefully from two tall cans to a large flat skillet and heat in its own juice. When ready to serve, slip four or five stalks through lemon rings and pour Hollandaise sauce over the tips. To make sauce, place one-third of the butter (total amount ½ cup butter), two egg yolks, juice of ½ lemon and one teaspoon salt in the top of a double boiler and heat slowly, stirring constantly. Add half the remaining butter, and finally add the last of it, always stirring constantly, until thick. Add ¼ cup boiling hot asparagus liquor and beat well. Serve at once over the asparagus. Two tall cans serve eight to ten people.

Peach and Macaroon Ice Cream: Press one No. 1 can peaches through a sieve, add ¾ cup sugar, three cups thin cream and freeze to a mush. Add ¾ cup macaroon crumbs and continue freezing. Serve flanked by two small meringue glacées. Serves eight to ten.



White Teeth deceive 4 out of 5 NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*The Disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth, Attacks Gums—and Health is Sacrificed

AS your dentist will tell you, the daily brushing of teeth is not enough. For there's a grim foe that ignores the teeth, even the whitest teeth, and launches a severe attack on neglected gums. It ravages health. It often causes teeth to loosen in their sockets and fall out. And it takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. It is Pyorrhea.

Don't let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. For additional prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note a distinct improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's the perfect mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it!

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

All for a Summer's Day!

A Word About Materials and Stitchery for Dainty Summer Frocks, with Special Emphasis on Finishes

By BLANCHE E. HYDE



This is the fourth of Mrs. Hyde's series of unusual articles on every phase of home sewing.

HERE I sit surrounded by swatches and samples of the most gorgeous summer materials—silks, rayons, linens and cottons—fast succumbing to the lure of a filmy chiffon in a particularly bright flowered design. I raise my eyes to look out of the windows and am confronted with the magnificent spectacle of the sun shining on the snow-covered peaks of the Rockies. What could be more of a contrast! Verily, we are preparing for summer while still in the midst of winter.

And later on there will be another contrast somewhat similar. On a summer's day when I shall more than likely be tripping about in this same chiffon which is intriguing me now, and when you are reading all this, there will still be snow on these wonderful mountains, just a few miles away. But we must not delude ourselves, even those of us who boast that we can see snow the year around. Hot days are bearing down upon our country and as the mercury climbs and climbs, someone always exclaims, "Dear me, why didn't I begin sooner to think of thin clothes!"

It is to help these same dilatory dawdlers that I have been trying out different ways of sewing on some of the lovely new summer materials, in order to provide some hints for attaining results quickly.

The Season's Favorite Fabrics

In the cotton materials, which are having a most wonderful "come-back" this year, batistes, lawns, dimities, organdies, voiles and laces are all favorites. Some of these names are indeed almost strangers, the materials having been in the discard so long, so let us give them a warm welcome by making them up in attractive designs and in our very best manner as to handiwork. Handkerchief linen, which now comes in lovely printed designs, is the only thin material in the linen family. The revival of its use as a dress material last summer was hailed with joy, for nothing is more comfortable on a hot day.

Silk is always suitable for a summer day, and crepes, georgettes and chiffons are in the front row as particularly good hot weather materials. Next to silks and almost as popular are the "synthetic fabrics," or perhaps we should say, the fabrics made from "synthetic fibers." Although the term "rayon" was coined originally to include all such materials, the different manufacturers prefer to adopt special trade names for their own products, so that the best we can do is to use the inclusive term "synthetic" to distinguish them from fabrics of pure silk.

Selecting Needles and Thread

One of the secrets of making garments successfully at home is the ability to turn off a good quality of work rapidly, and one aid in accomplishing this is to have all the necessary equipment on hand. We will hope that you are not like my young friend, who, when I visited her a short while since and asked for the loan of a needle, wrinkled her brows as she searched in drawers, boxes and pin trays, and finally remarked, "I don't see where it can have gone! I was sure I had one!" Instead, we hope that you have a goodly assortment of needles of various sizes as well as of thread, for you must choose needle and thread suited to your material. Many of the lovely summer fabrics are so fine that needles of ordinary size would mar them almost beyond repair. So take care that you are well stocked with eights and nines both in "sharps" and "betweens." Betweens are a little shorter than sharps and just the thing for fine materials.

In thread and sewing silk it will be necessary to match your goods carefully, and there is one other important point to consider in relation to the use of sewing silk, and that is, its luster. Most of the silks and rayons this season are dull or soft in luster and stitches made of silk thread are apt to be conspicuous, hence in many cases it is advisable to use cotton thread. On thin white silks such as crepes, georgettes and chiffons, a fine white cotton thread will almost invariably be found more satisfactory.

Style Features of Summer Dresses

Garments of thin fabrics are made with much fulness. The skirts are frequently full in themselves or are be-decked with ruffles, circular flounces, or gathered or shaped sections. Another style feature much seen on dresses of soft materials is the use of bows.

Neck finishes, too, are especially important, requiring great care in fitting and finishing lest they appear loose and bunched. Suppose we take up some of these problems in detail. What about a full skirt in a material like organdy, georgette or chiffon? The fulness must be gathered in, often by several rows of shirring. Much handling of the material in hand sewing is apt to take the life and "mill freshness" out of any fabric, so my advice is to gather it by machine. This is done without the use of the ruffler attachment and is not possible on chain-stitch machines. Fill the bobbin, and thread the machine with the desired color of silk. If necessary, cotton may be used for one thread, but silk is less apt to catch in the goods when drawing up. Lengthen the stitch and loosen the tension slightly, then test by stitching a few inches on a small piece of the goods, seeing if it is possible to slide the material on the threads. When properly adjusted, stitch along the edge of the garment section. If it is desired to have several rows of gathering, adjust the quilter attachment to the machine at the correct distance from the needle, then, allowing the quilter to rest on the line already gathered, stitch as many rows as required. The fulness is then drawn up by sliding on the threads. Style 2535 at the right illustrates the use of shirring.

Finishing the Lower Edges of Skirts

On many of the straight skirts, a hem at the lower edge is possible. When the material is fine and sheer, as much care must be taken in preparing the hem as in the

Smart lines and interesting details distinguish these four frocks which are designed for sizes 16 and 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. They are distinctly modish.



edge even and true and prevent fraying. It is then basted flat to the garment. All hems

on thin materials should be finished by hand, and the sewing should be as inconspicuous as possible. A new kind of stitch to hold this folded edge in place, something quite different from the true hemming stitch, is done in a manner similar to the blanket stitch, except that the edge is held away from you when working and the stitch is taken through into the garment itself. (See Figure 1.) The illustration will give you an idea as to the method of making. The stitches

should be very tiny, and parallel with the lengthwise threads of the cloth. Use a very fine thread and do not make the stitches too close together.

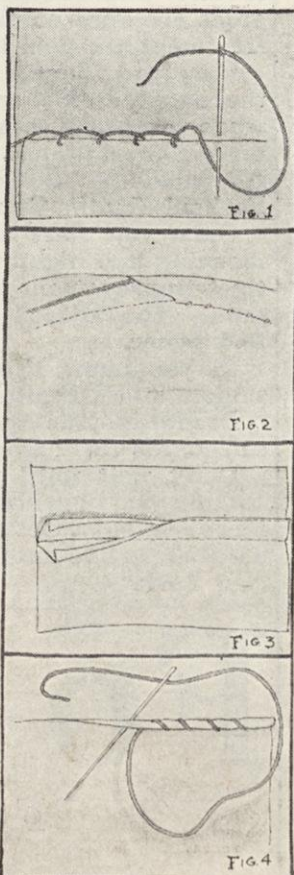
In finishing the edges of circular flounces on thin materials, hems are not advisable. Bindings, rolled-and-overcast edges and picoting will be found satisfactory. In using bindings, if the material is very soft, a double binding may be used, as it gives the effect of a soft roll. Cut the binding on the bias four times the finished width desired, plus two seams. Fold lengthwise with the two raw edges together, then baste these double raw edges along the garment edge. This joining seam may be run by hand or stitched by machine. Next turn the binding over the seam and hem the fold to the line of sewing. Style 2548 shows how bindings are used, and Figure 2 shows how a double binding is applied.

The Importance of Finishing Stitches

In finishing a curved edge with rolling-and-overcasting (a method which is frequently spoken of as rolling-and-whipping), great care must be taken not to have the roll too large, nor the overcasting stitches too deep. Thread a needle with the desired color of thread or silk, making a small knot in the thread. Moisten the fleshy part of the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and, placing the edge of the material between these two fingers, roll the edge toward you very lightly. Roll only a small amount at a time before overcasting, then bring the needle through from the wrong side just under the roll. Work from right to left, overcasting the rolled edge and making the stitches of an even depth and slant. See Figure 4. An edge finished in this way will, if well done, often have the effect of picoting. If true picoting is desired, it should be done on a machine for that purpose. The expense is small compared with the beauty of the finish, which is almost ideal for thin soft materials. In style 2642 the bottoms of the flounces and the edges of the jabot are picoted.

Since bows are so popular, it is well to consider the best types of finish for the edges, as most bows are made of strips of the garment material. As a rule, bows will present a better appearance

(Continued on page 52)



final sewing. Above all else, it must be turned straight with the crosswise threads of the goods, otherwise it will be likely to twist. Having decided on the finished width of the hem, add to that measurement about three-eighths of an inch for the second turning, then fold up the entire amount and baste close to the fold. If the hem is to be wider than two inches, baste again in the center also. Use a fine smooth sewing cotton for the basting. Then turn under the raw edge about three-eighths of an inch and press. In thin materials, pressing will serve to hold this turned-in edge in place. In flat crepes and some of the cottons, this edge is run by hand, or occasionally stitched by machine, in order to keep the folded

20 Tempting Foods

that go a long way to make meals better



Wouldn't you say that the housewife who had never served DEL MONTE Peaches, Pears, Apricots, or Pineapple was depriving her meals of a world of variety—her menus of something well worth having in the way of real enjoyment?

Well, remember this—there may be scores of other equally tempting members of the DEL MONTE family that you have not yet discovered—foods for instance, that would go a long way to put novelty and interest into your everyday meals. For it's the DEL MONTE job to look for just such products—and bring them to your table if they fit your needs.

As just a few suggestions of the kind of tasty, simple menu helps we mean, we have pictured a score of DEL MONTE varieties—appetizing, but possibly less known foods.

Would you like to serve a cooling salad, or fruit cocktail, without fuss or bother? Simply open a can of DEL MONTE Fruits for Salad—and you have five delicious fruits—all cut and ready to serve.

Do hearty meat dishes sometimes pall? DEL MONTE Large California Sardines are a welcome change. You'll be surprised how big and meaty and satisfying they are. And so tempting to the appetite—in either tomato sauce or mustard. There are smaller DEL MONTE Sardines, as well, packed in pure olive oil. You'll like their flavor—on crisp crackers or in a salad.

DEL MONTE Salmon, while more widely known, offers an equally simple meat substitute for summer days—creamed or plain with lemon slices. It's that fine Red Salmon you like so well—from the cold northern waters of Alaska.

And almost as important as the foods you serve—particularly for summer meals—are the sauces, condiments and relishes that add so much to flavor and enjoyment. For example, take a "cold plate" luncheon of meats and potato salad. What better than DEL MONTE Catsup and Chili Sauce, Mustard or Dill Pickles to add a piquant dash and distinctive appeal?

Again, for "general utility"—what a wonderful assortment of vegetables—all pre-cooked and ready to serve! DEL MONTE Beets—packed whole, sliced or diced; DEL MONTE Carrots—small and delicious—whole or diced. DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips are a tempting summer vegetable or salad. DEL MONTE Green Chili Peppers and DEL MONTE Red Pimientos, both so important for color and flavor, are always at their finest under this well known brand.

And when it comes to fruits, of course, there's almost no end to their hot-weather use—almost no limit to the ones you may choose. If you're used to ordinary dried prunes, what a discovery to find DEL MONTE Dri-Paks—the finest sun-dried prunes packed dry in cans and partially cooked. Or DEL MONTE Fresh Prunes! Not dried, but



canned fresh and bursting with juice as they come from the tree. And many a clever hostess knows the value of DEL MONTE Royal Anne Cherries or DEL MONTE Whole Ripe Figs as a delightfully different warm day dessert or salad.

And these are only suggestions—samples, so to speak, of the remarkable variety DEL MONTE offers at any season. You'll want to get acquainted with DEL MONTE Maraschino Type Cherries, Ripe Olives and Olive Oil, Jams, Preserves, Raisins and Dried Fruits—to mention just a few of the many other canned fruits, vegetables and prepared foods under this dependable brand. Why not insist that your grocer supply you with the ones you want? No trouble for him—and a most worth while quality-assurance for you!

Six Helps to Better Meals

Do you ever tire of old favorites? In the DEL MONTE recipe collection, shown below, are more than 200 suggestions for the simple, everyday use of DEL MONTE Foods. A post card brings them free. Address Dept. 925, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.



1244

1196



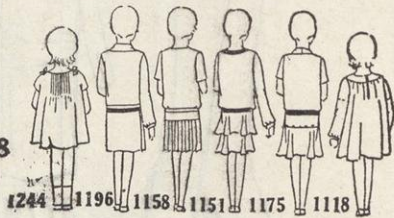
1151

1158



1175

1118



1244 1196 1158 1151 1175 1118

Smart Junior Frocks

Some popular styles featuring gay summer prints

Number 1244. A one-piece model designed for sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 27-inch material with 5½ yards of lace edging and 1½ yards of ribbon.

Number 1196. This sportive frock is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¼ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Number 1158. This style is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material with 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting and ½ yard of 36-inch lining.

Number 1151. Circular tiers. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

Number 1175. This good-looking junior dress is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting.

Number 1118. For wee maidens. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 32-inch contrasting and 3¼ yards of trimming.

Flared Skirts and Jabots Are Interpreted

IT IS undoubtedly a jacket season. It is the pampered daytime and evening fashion. You can start in the morning, wearing your kitchen ensemble which has its own little jacket worn over a sleeveless dress. For morning and sports, a dress of printed piqué in red and white is complemented by a jacket of plain linen in a matching shade of red.

For general wear, you can't make a better choice than a jonquil yellow tub silk with printed piqué or calico quilted jacket in yellow and white. For town, there is a fetching costume sketched in style 2824 in beige and brown silk crepe check with sharp contrast in plain brown silk crepe used for bodice, and rever and band of jacket.

Flattering New Neckline

Number 3403. This very feminine type of frock is effective developed in two harmonizing shades of crepe. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material with 1¼ yards of 40-inch contrasting.

A Charmingly Feminine Model

Number 2804. A skirt with a straight back is shirred across the top of the circular front. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material with 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting.



3403

2824

2776

2804

Dress and Jacket Ensemble

Number 2824. This trim two-piece model is one of the season's favorites for all general wear. The dress may be worn as a unit without the jacket when desired. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Unusual Fitted Blouse

Number 2776. This diagonal neckline is finished with a scarf collar ending in a draped jabot at the left side. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material.

Pleats Contribute Fulness and Slim Lines

A Sleeveless Sports Frock

Number 2841. A cotton basket weave is the smartest choice for daytime wear in cool comfortable sleeveless mode. It is trimmed with a contrasting color. This style is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

Interesting Bow Trimming

Number 2717. A shantung two-piece type with box-pleats across front of skirt. This style is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch material with 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

EVERYTHING is very colorful, reminding one of a beautiful sunset. The glorious yellows, greens in every shade, the bright orange-reds, with violet and intense purple shades form a beautiful background. It is easy to appear attractive this season, with the new fabrics and colors so altogether flattering. They especially accent the smart sun-tan complexion.

The warm days bring new distinction in sleeveless mode. White silk piqué is a favorite. Crepe de chine in flesh color is an ideal choice because it can be worn with jackets of almost any color. Printed rayon voile, georgette crepe, shantung and printed rajah silk are also popular.



2814

2841

A Novel Neckline and Scarf

Number 2814. A red and white printed georgette crepe with scarf collar and yoke at front cut in one. Note the snug hipline. This style is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Suitable for many materials.

2815

A Three-piece Jacket Suit

Number 2815. The silk crepe jacket suit with contrasting blouse has the blouse trimmed with the suit fabric, and the suit with the blouse fabric. This style is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

2717



Growing Girls Are Fun to Dress

These Street, Sports and Party Costumes for the Girl of "In-Between" Age Were Sketched in Paris by Our Foreign Correspondent

NOW that Daphne and Val are growing into young beanstalks, I'm distracted trying to find things that are neither too sophisticated nor too childish. Daphne is seventeen now and, as you know, Val is two years younger. What are growing girls wearing, anyway? Be a ministering angel, Mary darling, and send me a few hints." Thus, characteristically, Julie, who never could buy herself shoe ties without advice.

First, coats. They must be simple; something within the capability, if needs be, of Julie's clever little sewing woman, for dress allowances in that family have to be stretched carefully. I thought of the smart little velours cloth motoring coat Madame Boulanger was choosing for her sixteen-year-old Céline the other day. Something on the same lines would be perfect for Val. One of the new fancy tweeds would be more useful for Val than the velours; it should have strappings of leather, and a lining of flannel or tweed. For a purely motoring or traveling coat, leather, lined with tweed, would be an excellent choice, but it would make the coat less useful for general purposes.

The coat should have an upstanding collar, slightly turned over at the upper edge. See A above. Both the collar and double-breasted wrap-over should be fastened with short buckled straps, and the fastening at the waist I would copy shamelessly from Céline's coat: a short belt with its end stitched to the left front, passed through a slit in the right front, then brought across the wrap-over to be buckled at the left. In B, you'll see what a generous wrap-under is allowed to the left side; this prevents that chilly opening over the knees when sitting in car or train.

In tweed, a soft, rather dull blue or a deep duck's egg green would be charming. Vermilion is a good color for youth, too, but is apt to look hot if the coat is to be worn on the cooler summer days. The strappings in any case would be best in black patent leather.

THE coat for Daphne (C above) should be made in Angora, cheviot or a really good coating flannel, and wide inverted pleats at the skirt front would give kneewarmth. The slightly higher waistline is indicated by the deep belt of leather. Collar and cuff facings (the latter quite narrow) match this belt.

Waistcoats are delightful accessories. The two sketched above, D and E, can easily be made without patterns; the underarm pieces could be of silk, or of material matching the front. The cross-over waistcoat, pleat-fitted at either shoulder, asks for leather, trimmed with bands of contrasting color. The square-necked one is all one color, with belt to match.

Plain, low-heeled walking shoes with cashmere or heavy lisle stockings should companion these coats, while hats must be small and simple.

FOR best frocks, frills are in favor again: restrained, but providing just that softened silhouette becoming to girls who've reached a lanky age and seem to have over-much length of limb. Daphne would look her best, I fancy, in the exquisite frock I saw the other day, fashioned of plain and patterned crepe de chine and cut on princess lines. See F above. The skirt was a slightly flared flounce of the plain silk. The sleeve frills and the narrow, knotted handkerchief collar with stumpy ends matched the skirt.

There was a coat of wool crepe cut to match the frock. It had a long, plain top and flared skirt (G above). Wool crepe of the same shade of lavender as the dress made this entirely, but the collar with its clever jabot end slotted through the right front of the coat could be made of patterned silk to match the frock.

For Val, a frock of rose-petal pink georgette would be



superb. See H above. This has the higher, younger waistline, and the frills are softly gathered. Shoulder sleeves fall in epaulette-wise from the rounded neckline, a detail delightfully fresh. Its very own coat may be of thin velvet or a faced cloth, provided it wear a highwayman cape lined with a very deep tone of the color of the coat—the coat being a dark, rich shade of whatever color is chosen for the frock. See I above.

TWO simpler frocks would do for either girl or for both. Both call for dotted material. Dots this season are preferably either small and far apart, or large and close together. Figure J, at the left, wearing a shaped basque and the new length short sleeves, chooses small bright royal blue spots on a slightly paler ground, and binds its edges with the darker color. It is a style that would reproduce delightfully in any of the cotton fabrics. The jumper frock (K at the left) has a top of plain wool crepe with inset sleeves dotted to match the skirt. A group of pin tucks at either side of the jumper give the pouched effect. The skirt is just a length of spotted crepe, knife-pleated. No pattern would be needed for this. The colorings might be petunia or fuchsia, or a brick ground with Lido blue dots. The trimming on collar, cuffs and scarf of a straight line coat of basket-weave tweed (L at the left) can be changed to match whichever frock it accompanies. A wrap like this would give the girls' wardrobes the air of being more completely stocked than they actually are.

SCHOOL or college needs might be met with a frock after the style of M above, made in lightweight woolen or a dress flannel. The new jabot collar, with one end buttoned just in front of the left shoulder and the other touching the waist, is a smart detail. A circular skirt hangs prettily and suits the long-legged schoolgirl. A short coat, sleeveless and collarless, should be part of the outfit; the jabot collar is worn over this. See N above. A simple but roomy hand bag made in the two materials adds distinction.

The same frock might be carried out, for better wear, in crepe de chine or rayon, with the newest-of-all collars of lace-edged net (O above). Alternatively, there's an interesting uneven neckline treatment shown in P, of spotted crepe de chine, matched by tie-cuffs. For Daphne, but not for Val, the most modern "jabot" neckline and sleeves would finish a frock of the type of Q quite amusingly. It's a bit "old" for a younger girl.

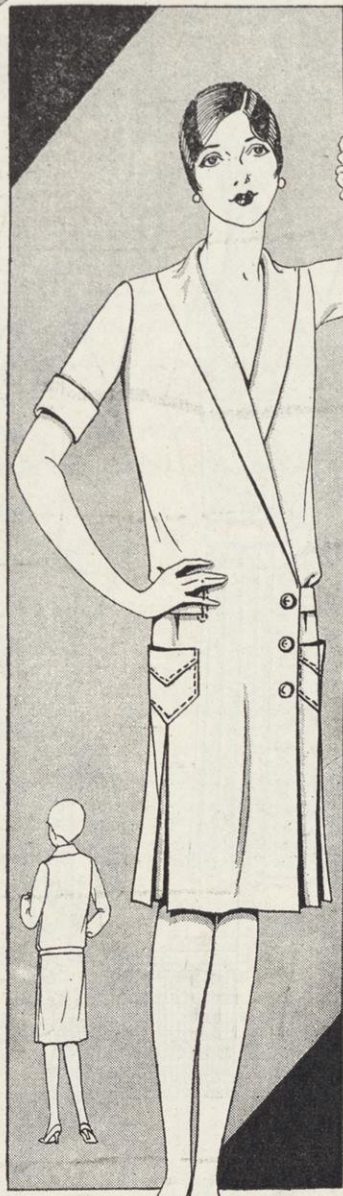
FOR suits and jumpers, use different materials but matching colors. The suit on R, for example, is intended for checked and plain stockinette or for any of the new fancy weaves combined with plain material.

Another up-to-the-minute suit has a short coat of plain duvetyne, in dull red, lovat blue or huntsman's green, worn over a pleated skirt of canvas-weave tweed or any new fancy homespun. The jumper is trimmed to match the coat, but may be of some lighter material in itself, provided the color matches. The wide, stitched belt of the coat is taken off when the coat is removed, and transferred to the skirt. See figure S. Daphne should wear the uneven neckline jumper with draped belt on U. The same novel trimming is used on the jumper with turn-down collar on V. A peasant blouse for Val is in bordered fancy material, such as stockinette, its neck bound in the skirt collar.

The same pattern will make both girls just the right frock for tennis. See figure X. This trim little frock opens down the left side, and has a generous wrap-over to the skirt. The sleeveless coat to wear between games is made in silk stockinette or an angora-finished summer weight woolen.

NOTE: These styles are suggestions only and patterns cannot be furnished.

The innermost secret of lovely French frocks - now yours!



3489

Slender Morning Dress

A wrap-around model which is easily donned

A SLENDER straight-line morning or sports dress is varied by inverted pleats at either side of the front below the patch pockets. The belt slips through a bound opening under the front to give a panel effect, and holds the garment closely to the figure at the sides and back. The shawl collar terminates at the waistline with three huge buttons that secure a tight hipline, making it very attractive for the woman with a mature figure.

Style No. 3489 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. It is sketched in smart white silk piqué. Printed piqué in red and white, French blue cotton broadcloth with white polka dots, flesh-colored washable silk crepe, Nile green sports weight linen and beige jersey are ideal selections to make for this versatile frock.

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



This very smart and engaging frock of white handkerchief linen comes from one of those delightful little Paris shops. For all its appearance of simplicity, its lines are subtle, as only Paris knows the word. And its stitches are cleverly hidden from view with mercerized thread. (Frock imported by Macy's, New York City)

IT'S hard to find, this secret, because it has such a way of hiding itself! But here it is at last:

All the tiny stitches French dress-makers take in every kind of frock—satin, taffeta, tweed, velvet, chiffon, cotton—slip in unobtrusively with mercerized thread.

Why? Well, we wish you could go straight to the most famous French dressmakers and ask them that question. "Because," they would tell you with one voice, "Our stitches and seams must not show. And only mercerized thread really hides its traces."

But you can get an even better thread!

To hide the seams and stitches in the frocks you make, you can get a mercerized thread better than any in all Paris. For you can get a mercerized thread that is not only as smooth and lustrous and seam-hiding as French thread but *boilfast* as well.

When you use Clark's O. N. T.

or J. & P. Coats **BOILFAST** Mercerized Thread, you can be sure your stitches will never run or fade into a paleness that no longer matches your materials.

You'll love the easy way this mercerized thread has of slipping through your materials when you're sewing by hand. And the smooth, unknotted way it feeds through your needle and bobbin at any tension or speed.

Over 130 **BOILFAST** shades

All the newest and most fashionable shades are here, to exactly match the latest fabrics. Reds and blues and greens, as well as all the variations of the fashionable gray and beige tones.

BOILFAST Mercerized Thread in all these smart new shades is just as easily and quickly accessible to you as the well-known J. & P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T. black and white, six-cord Spool Cotton has been for all of your sewing years—right at the notion counter of your favorite department store!

BOILFAST

MERCERIZED THREAD

CLARK'S O. N. T. Newark, N. J.

J. & P. COATS Pawtucket, R. I.

Send 4¢ for this quick, easy Needle-threader!

The handiest little affair that ever found its way to your sewing-basket. Threads hand, or machine needles, with equal ease and speed. Simply fill out the coupon and enclose 4¢ in stamps for mailing costs.

The Spool Cotton Co., Dept. BF-7, 881 Broadway, New York City. Gentlemen: I enclose 4¢ in stamps for your handy new Needle-threader.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

The Picturesque Sleeveless Mode



2541

3478

3479

3429

3465

Smart Tennis Frock

Number 3478. Pleats at each side of the front of this trim sports frock add comfortable fullness to the skirt, which fits the hips snugly. This model may be made from tub silk, linen or cotton fabrics, in solid colors or figures. It is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/8 yards of 40-inch material.

Chic Bow Trimming

Number 3479. Several rows of shirring head the skirt which is joined to a close-fitting yoke, scalloped at the bottom. A bow at neck and waist form effective trimming. This style is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material with 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

For Sports Wear

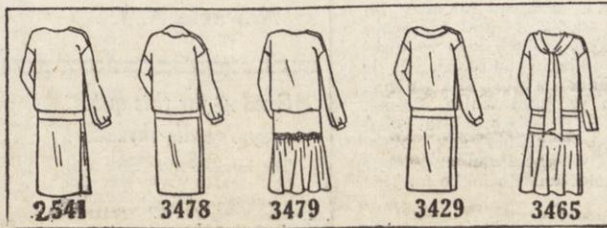
Number 3429. This slim frock of figured material is tailored in feeling, with a belt and bands at arms and neck of plain material. Charming in linen or piqué. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/8 yards of 40-inch material with 5/8 yard of 40-inch contrasting and 5/4 yards of binding.

Modishly Flared

Number 3465. A flared skirt and scarf collar ending in looped ties at the back distinguish this flatteringly feminine model which is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch material with 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Figured silk, figured sateen or plain tub silks are suitable fabrics.

Along New Lines

Number 2541. This trim model with pointed yoke effect and shirred skirt is especially suitable for soft printed silks, and equally pleasing when interpreted in sheer cotton or linen materials. It is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 7/8 yards of 40-inch material and 2 yards of ribbon.



CORRECT POSTURE FOR THE GROWING CHILD

(Continued from page 20)

of young hearts, not to be supplanted by the toy motor. In this exercise the child gets down on all fours and rocks vigorously back and forth. In its substitution of physical exercises for laxatives, the posture conference performs one of its most needed services.

These exercises for the trunk muscles are important from another aspect. The preschool child gets very little natural exercise for his trunk and arms. His exercise is mostly leg work. In a few years he will be playing ball and other group games which will correct this need. His sturdy little legs are often his only claim to huskiness, as is seen when he is undressed and lying on the posture table.

This lack of strength in the trunk and arm muscles is responsible for the advice to mother, "Keep the baby creeping." Modern parents may not boast at what an early age the baby took his first steps. Three months is not too long to keep the baby creeping before walking is encouraged. Creeping and rolling help the baby to develop the trunk and arm muscles.

pillow is used at all, it should be small and flat.

Babies have furniture adapted to their size, but all too frequently the preschool child is expected to share the ordinary furniture which adults use, a cushion, perhaps, being added to allow them to sit and eat at the same table with adults. The posture conference has devised a chair for the toddler which can be equipped in any home. Any ordinary kitchen chair is suitable to start with. This should be painted white or some light color. Two cushions are then made of excelsior packed firmly and covered with gingham or some other washable material. One cushion is for the back of the chair and is secured to the chair by ties of the same material as the cushion. The other is for the seat and is secured in the same manner. Supplementary cushions of varying thickness can be used on the seat so that one posture chair will be suitable for children of different ages and can be adjusted to the preschool child as he grows. The cushions should be so adjusted that the child's elbows are level with the table as he is seated.

A foot rest is essential and this can be made by using corrugated packing boxes of different sizes, adjusted from time to time as the child grows. It is harmful to posture to have little feet dangling and besides it is most uncomfortable.

CLOTHING may seem rather far removed from posture, but it, also, plays its part. There should be no undue pressure on the body anywhere. The underwaist which has the garter pull at the hipline rather than at the tip of the shoulder is best. Stockings should be of ample length in the feet, and when they shrink or the foot grows, they should be discarded. Shoes should be broad in the toes and of good length. Cobblers are instructed to raise the inner side of the heel an eighth of an inch for posture conference children who show a tendency to throw the weight outward.

While home cooperation is the most important factor in the success of the posture work, the posture sense which the little child acquires is considered one of the farthest reaching results attained by the posture conference. It is often because this posture sense is lacking in adults today that one sees so many poor postures. Training the child in the way he should grow will insure better health for his adult years.

NOTE: Exercises from the chart reproduced on this page are prescribed to suit the needs of each child attending the posture conference. The figures in the column headed "Number of Times" refer to the number of times each exercise is performed, while the dash indicates a rest period; for example, in the first exercise the knee is bent four times, the child rests, and the knee is again bent four times.

Exercises 1, 2, 3, 6, 9, 12, 19 are described in this article. In Number 5 the mother's hand rests gently on the abdomen and the child lifts it through deep breathing. Crawl position (No. 17) is similar to the crawl swimming stroke. The child, lying on his stomach, stretches first right and then left, with alternate arms outstretched. Exercises 25 and 26, used together to correct "knock-knees" and "bow-legs," require the aid of a trained operator.

Posture Conference Exercise List

DIET KITCHEN ASSOCIATION

Name	Date	EXERCISE LIST	
Order of Doing Exercises	Number of Times		
Abdominal			
	4/4	1. Single knee bending.	
	4/3	2. Lying, knees bent, double knee bending touch over head on 3.	
	4/3	3. Knee circling.	
	4/4	4. Knee swinging.	
	4	5. Abdominal contraction.	
	4/4	6. Abdominal kneading.	
Foot			
	4/3	7. Lying or sitting—foot pulling in and up.	
	4/3	8. Sitting or standing—Toe gripping and foot raising.	
		9. Marbles.	
		10. Walking forward on straight line with foot gripping.	
		11. Walking backward on heels with toes turned under and in.	
Trunk			
	3/3	12. Rocking horse.	
	4	13. Lying face down, head and arm, raising with palms turned forward and up.	
	4/4	14. Lying face down, single or double leg raising backward.	
	2/4	15. Lying face down, trunk bending sideways, right and left.	
	4/3	16. Right side—lying, left leg raising. Reverse.	
	4	17. Crawl position. R. or L.	
	2/6	18. Sitting, trunk twisting.	
	2/4	19. Breathing with pressure on ribs.	
	2/4	20. Sit up, touch toes and hold erect with fingers touching ears.	
		21. Sitting, posture correction.	
		22. Standing, posture correction.	
Miscellaneous			
	2/4	23. Arm bending and stretching with resistance.	
	2/4	24. Leg bending and stretching with resistance.	
	6	25. Outward pressure on knees.	
	6	26. Inward pressure on legs.	

Development in bones and muscles requires the right kind of food. No less than a quart of milk a day is desired for each child; orange juice should be given daily, if possible, or at least three times a week; many physicians are prescribing cod liver oil to be given with fruit juice daily. Fresh vegetables and salad greens are necessary to help build up the child's body. Tea and coffee have no place in a little child's diet and oversweet desserts and pastries should be omitted.

Rest is an important part of the health program for the growing child. The preschool child should be in bed at 7 o'clock and have twelve hours sleep. He should, in addition, have a daily nap. The bed hour and the time for the nap should be inviolable; if the rhythm is broken, even once, the child will be unhappy and reluctant to conform to the schedule when it is again enforced.

Fresh air is a health requirement which many parents overlook. Preschool children should play in the open air or in rooms with windows open. It is detrimental to their health to keep them in poorly aired rooms and in overwarm air. They need more fresh air than do adults. No living-room is large enough for three generations. If the older members of the family will not wrap themselves up more warmly, they should retire to their own rooms while the preschool child is in the living-room with windows open. A thermometer will indicate whether the temperature is too warm for the child; it should not register above 65 degrees F. for a child playing about the room. But in the early spring and fall before the fires are started, windows should be opened regardless of the inside temperature, for without fresh air coming in, the air of the room will become ill-smelling and a lack of freshness will react, sometimes, on the child's appetite. A cool temperature, together with clean-smelling air, are essential to good ventilation.

THE preschool child should sleep alone in a room with open windows. His bed should be placed near the center of the room at night and not back in some corner where the air does not circulate. The bed should be firm and smooth and if a

MAGNETISME



Glorious adventure

MORE eloquently than her own mirror, his eyes reflected her loveliness.... more explicitly than words, his fascinated attention told her that she was irresistible. Delightfully, this glorious adventure whispered that she had discovered the secret of a strange, intriguing magnetism.

The strange magnetism of the fragrance Djer-Kiss, lovely creation of Monsieur Ker-koff, has never been duplicated by other parfumeurs, though scores have tried. To this day, it pervades only the exquisite Djer-Kiss Toiletries...the Talcum...the Face Powder...the Rouge...the Parfum. A single, harmonizing fragrance... irresistible... *magnétique!*

- Djer-Kiss Talc... chiffon-soft
- Djer-Kiss Face Powder...petal-smooth, clinging
- Djer-Kiss Lipstick...in glorifying shades
- Djer-Kiss Double Octagonal Vanity...delightfully Parisian

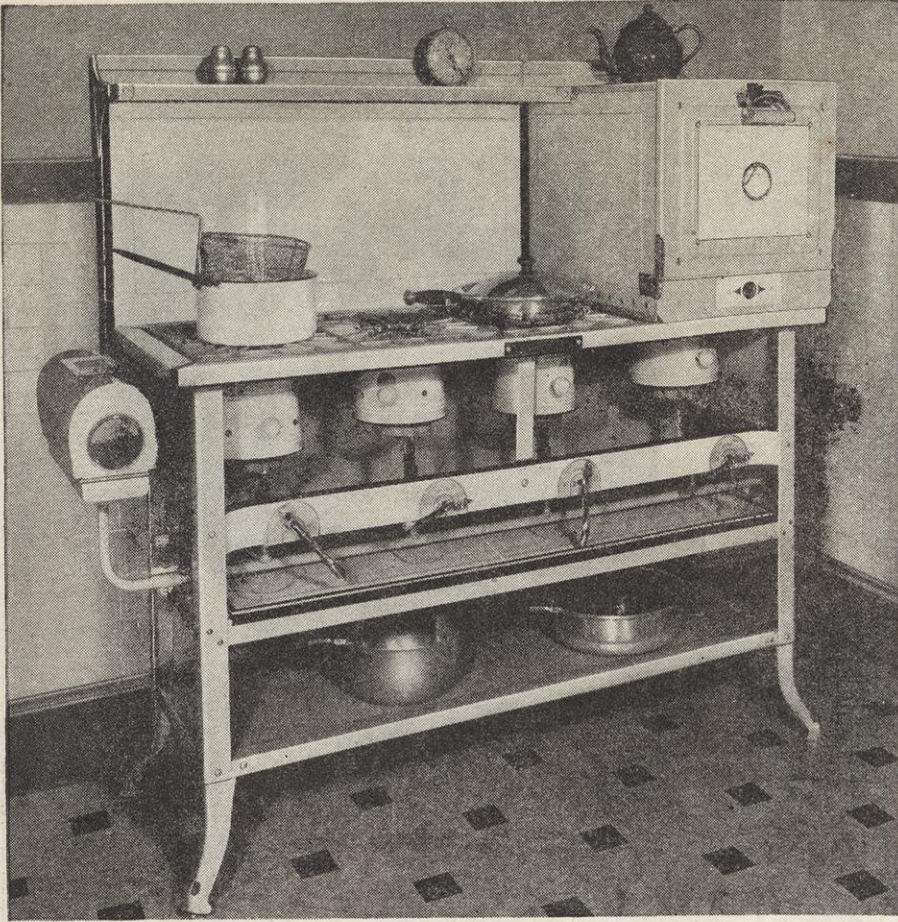


Djer-Kiss

KERKOFF-PARIS

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., Sole Importers

New York Paris Chicago Los Angeles Montreal



ONE STOVE with 4 BLESSINGS

IF you were to talk to the thousands of enthusiastic users of Florence Oil Ranges you would find them agreed that here is a stove with four outstanding advantages.

First, the Florence is a *quick stove*; quick to start and quick to cook because it gives intense heat.

Second, it is most *economical*. Not only is kerosene (coal oil) one of the cheapest of all fuels, but the wick-less Florence burns just the vapor from kerosene, mixed with air—a blue gas flame.

Third, the Florence Stove is a modern *labor saving* device. It is easy to light, no work to care for.

Fourth, a Florence means a *cool kitchen* in summer. The heat is *focused* right on the bottom of the cooking vessel instead of being worse than wasted in the kitchen.

The Florence oven has the "baker's arch" and patented heat-distributor that prevent food burning on the bottom.

The Modern Florence Kitchen

To complete your modern Florence kitchen you should have a Florence Automatic Water Heater. It gives you the joy of constant hot water without work or even thought, for it operates under thermostatic control, with a pilot light. The cost for kerosene is but a few cents a day.

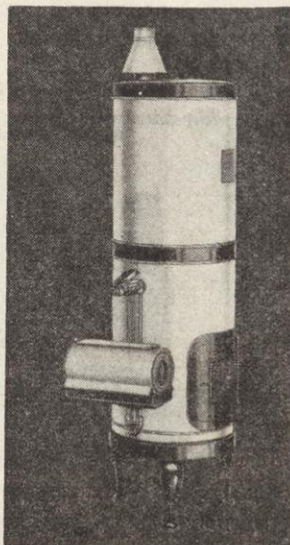
Florence products are staunchly built and beautifully finished in different tones of enamel. They are sold by leading hardware, furniture and department stores.

"*Shorter Kitchen Hours!*" Send us your name so we can mail you a copy of our new booklet, "Shorter Kitchen Hours." It contains many practical household hints and some capital recipes. The booklet will be sent free.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY

Dept. 33, Park Square Building, Boston, Mass.

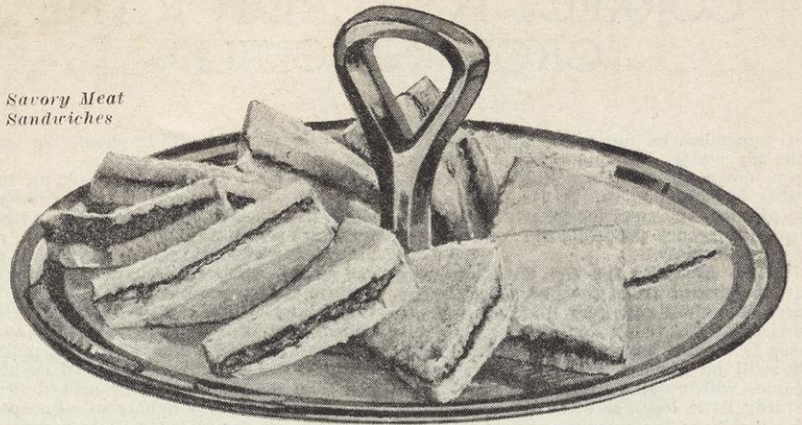
Branches in principal cities, dealers everywhere



Automatic Storage
Water Heater

FLORENCE

Savory Meat
Sandwiches



Sandwiches of Many Kinds

*Tempting varieties of this popular form of food
for picnics, parties and daily meals*

AT THIS time of year, attention turns to outdoor meals, and to sandwiches as their mainstay. Incidentally, sandwiches are just as appropriate for indoor meals and furnish a grateful change from the usual hot dishes during the summer months.

Bread for sandwiches, unless they are to be rolled, should be twenty-four hours old, and the closer the grain the better. Slices should usually be about a quarter of an inch thick, and for dainty sandwiches the crust is trimmed. Every kind of bread may be used, and the possibilities for fillings are practically limitless, all sorts of jams, jellies, meats, cheese, nuts, fruit and many other things being admissible.

Variations may be obtained by cutting simple sandwiches into fancy shapes, and by leaving some of them open-faced. Suitable accompaniments are olives, potato chips, pickles, etc.

Savory Meat Sandwiches

1 tablespoon flour ½ teaspoon dry mus-
1 tablespoon butter tard
1 cup milk Little bit cayenne
2 egg yolks 1 tablespoon lemon
¼ cup chopped juice
pickles or olives 1 cup meat put
½ teaspoon salt through chopper

ANY kind of meat, beef, lamb, pork or veal, or a mixture can be used. Melt butter in double boiler, stir in flour, add the milk gradually, then the well beaten eggs and the seasonings. Stir constantly to prevent lumps. When thick, take from fire, cool and add lemon juice. Stir in the meat and pickles. Let stand in refrigerator for two or more hours to grow firm, then spread between thin slices buttered bread, white or whole wheat.

Quince Sandwiches

PUT as many preserved quinces as desired through the food chopper, using the finest knife. Add an equal amount of chopped nut meats and enough whipped cream or mayonnaise to moisten. Spread between thin slices of white bread and cut in finger strips.

Apple and Lettuce Sandwiches

PEEL a mellow ripe apple. Core and slice it crosswise. Lay the thin slices on buttered bread. Then cover with a thin layer of shredded lettuce moistened with salad dressing. Cover with a second slice of bread.

Cut in dainty shapes, this is a delicious sandwich.

Bacon and Pecan Sandwiches

6 slices lean bacon Mayonnaise
¼ cup chopped pecans Buttered bread

FRY the bacon until crisp. Drain, chop quite fine and blend with the chopped pecans and the mayonnaise, then spread between slices of buttered bread.

Fruit Layer Sandwiches

1 cup cherries 1 package Philadel-
1 cup grated pineapple phia cream cheese
1 cup walnut meats 4 tablespoons mayon-
1 loaf sandwich bread naise

CHOP the cherries very fine. Mix with half the cream cheese and two tablespoons of mayonnaise. Chop the walnut meats very fine and mix with half the remaining cream cheese and a tablespoon of mayonnaise. Blend the pineapple and remaining cream cheese with one tablespoon of mayonnaise. Slice the bread lengthwise into four layers. Spread the first layer with the cherry mixture, the second with the pineapple mixture, the third with the nut mixture and the fourth with cherries and cheese. Then slice the bread crosswise as usual.

Cheese Marmalade Sandwiches

ADD tablespoon of cream to Neufchatel cheese, warm slightly and it can be worked like soft butter. Add ½ cup chopped walnuts or crushed peanuts to it, and a tablespoon orange marmalade. Spread on well buttered slices of whole wheat or Boston brown bread.

Kimono Sandwiches

2 Spanish peppers 1 tablespoon sugar
2 hard boiled eggs 1 egg
1 Philadelphia 1 tablespoon butter
cream cheese 2 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon ½ cup cream
chopped olives 1 level tablespoon
Red pepper flour
Salt

CHOP fine the Spanish peppers, hard boiled eggs, onion, add the cheese, salt and pepper. Rub the flour with the butter, beat the sugar with the egg. Heat the vinegar hot in the double boiler, stir the other prepared ingredients, that is to say, the flour, butter, sugar and egg, with it. Cook until thick, remove from fire and stir in the cream. When dressing is cool, mix it with the peppers, etc., spread between thin slices of buttered white bread, cut in fancy shapes or plain oblongs and triangles.

Chicken Sandwiches with Celery and Mayonnaise

2 cups finely minced ¼ teaspoon pepper
chicken, preferably ¼ teaspoon grated
white meat lemon rind
1 cup minced celery ½ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon salt Buttered bread

ADD the celery and seasoning to the chicken, moisten with the mayonnaise and set aside for one hour to mellow and ripen, then spread between diamond-shaped slices of buttered bread.

Prune and Nut Sandwiches

1 cup chopped pecans 1 tablespoon lemon
1 cup pulped stewed juice
prunes Buttered bread

BLEND the pecans and the prunes, of which every particle of pulp possible should be pressed through the sieve. Add the lemon juice, spread between slices of buttered bread and cut into finger lengths. Being rather moist, these sandwiches should be eaten shortly after they are made.

Grape-Nuts Pickle Sandwiches

½ cup Grape-Nuts 4 tablespoons
3 finely chopped mayonnaise
sweet pickles 3 tablespoons chili
Buttered bread sauce

BLEND the Grape-Nuts and seasonings thoroughly together and set aside for half an hour, then spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

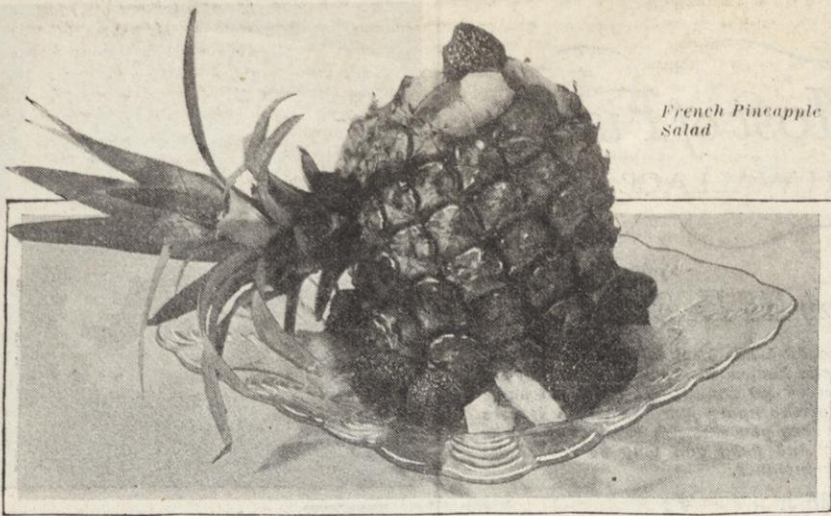
Gingerbread Sandwiches

Day-old gingerbread 1 small-jar peanut
1 can condensed butter
milk 1 pound powdered
½ teaspoon salt sugar

COOK together the milk, peanut butter, salt and powdered sugar, stirring constantly until a little dropped in cold water forms a firm ball. Beat until the mixture begins to thicken, then spread between thin slices of gingerbread and cut into any desired shape.

Potato Chip and Olive Sandwiches

BUTTER thin slices of whole wheat or white bread. Spread thickly with potato chips freshened in a warm oven. Cover with chopped ripe olives. Press the slices together firmly to crush the chips and hold slices of bread together. Mayonnaise may be spread on one slice if desired.



French Pineapple Salad

The Delectable Pineapple

A fruit as healthful as it is appetizing

By Lily Haxworth Wallace

THE selection of pineapples is a very easy matter for one is always practically sure of securing good fruit, because the quality varies but little. Obviously, however, the larger the pine the greater the proportion of flesh in comparison to rind and waste.

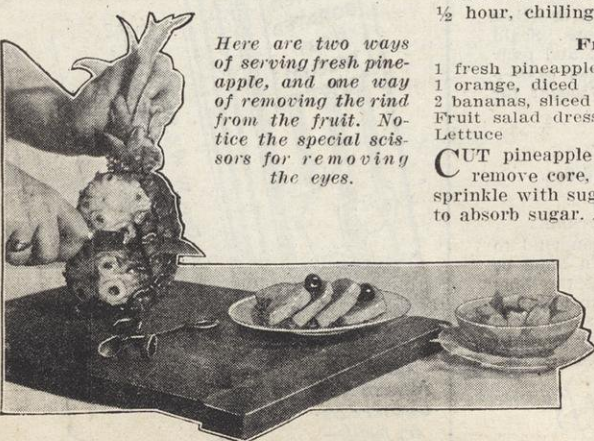
There are several methods of preparing fresh pineapple for service at table; one, illustrated, shows the rind being removed from the whole fruit, the crown serving as a handle, so to speak. Another method is to cut the pine in crosswise slices, rind and all, then, placing the slice of fruit on a board, a sharp knife is run round the edge of the slice inside the peel; if thickly peeled, this means that the eyes are taken out at the same time. If the whole fruit is peeled as illustrated and the eyes removed with either a pointed sharp knife or with pineapple scissors (also illustrated), the fruit can then be broken with a fork into small wedge-shaped pieces.

Pineapple is beautiful to look at and its aroma is equally delectable. Then, too, it is an exceedingly wholesome and beneficial fruit, generously supplied with mineral salts and mild acids, aside from which the pulp and cellular tissue provide that greatly needed roughage, while over and above all of these good qualities, the pineapple possesses an exceedingly efficacious digestive element. Canned pineapple may be substituted in some of the recipes below by changing the amounts of sugar.

Pineapple Omelet

- 6 eggs
- 6 tablespoons cold water
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup finely chopped or grated pineapple
- 1/8 cup sugar

SEPARATE whites from yolks of eggs; beat yolks until light, whites until stiff. Add the water and salt to yolks and fold gently into stiffly beaten whites. Turn into an omelet pan in which the butter has been gently heated and cook over a slow fire until bottom and edges of omelet begin to set. Spread over surface half the pineapple, which has been allowed to stand for half an hour with the sugar. Place the pan in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees F.—and continue cooking until omelet is just set. Fold together, turn onto a hot platter, pour remaining pineapple, with sirup formed by sugar and juice, around omelet and serve immediately.



Here are two ways of serving fresh pineapple, and one way of removing the rind from the fruit. Notice the special scissors for removing the eyes.

Cost of making, 50c; time of making, 20 minutes, preparation of pineapple additional; serves six.

Pineapple Cocktail

- 2 cups fresh pineapple shreds
- 1 grapefruit
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup grape juice, preferably white
- 6 fresh strawberries or raspberries

REMOVE all eyes from the pineapple and all skin and fiber from the grapefruit. Break into small pieces, add the sugar and grape juice and chill thoroughly. Serve in sherbet glasses, topping each with a strawberry or raspberry.

Cost of making, 60c; time of making, 40 minutes, chilling additional; serves six.

Pineapple Puff Balls

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 3/8 cup grated or finely chopped pineapple

CREAM the butter, add the sugar gradually; beat and add the eggs, then the flour, salt and baking powder sifted together, alternately with the milk. Stir in the pineapple and bake in small greased cups or muffin pans. Serve hot as a dessert with Pineapple Cream Sauce.

Pineapple Cream Sauce

- 1/2 cup grated or finely chopped fresh pineapple
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1/4 cup sugar

BEAT the cream until stiff and add just before serving the pineapple and sugar, which have been allowed to stand together for at least half an hour.

Cost of making, 80c; time of making, 40 minutes; serves six.

French Pineapple Salad

- 1 large pineapple
- 2 cups mixed fresh fruits in season
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tablespoon finely minced mint or 2 tablespoons mint jelly
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice

CUT a slice from the top of the pine, lay it aside and with an orange spoon scoop out the pulp. Blend it with the other fruits, sugar and lemon juice, set aside to chill; just before serving, stir in the mint or mint jelly. Replace in the pineapple shell and either put the cover on or place it on the side, as illustrated above.

Cost of making, 75c; time of making, 1/2 hour, chilling additional; serves eight.

Fruit Salad

- 1 fresh pineapple
- 1 orange, diced
- 2 bananas, sliced
- Fruit salad dressing
- 1/2 cup fresh raspberries
- 1 teaspoon minced mint or a few drops mint extract

CUT pineapple into rather thick slices, remove core, divide slices into eighths, sprinkle with sugar, set aside for one hour to absorb sugar. Arrange on lettuce for individual service, placing orange and banana over pineapple, and pour over all a spoonful of dressing to which mint has been added. Top with fresh raspberries.

Cost, 75c; time, 1/2 hour, chilling additional; serves six.

Favorites

with mothers and children



THE flavor of golden corn, as it comes in Kellogg's Corn Flakes, is known to children far and wide.

How they love those crisp, crunchy flakes that bring the goodness of one of nature's finest grains! Breakfast, lunch or supper—kiddies are always ready for a big bowl of milk and Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

We, at Kellogg's, are proud that children prefer our corn flakes. Kellogg's are so good for them. Wholesome and crisp. Exceptionally easy to digest. Ideal for the evening meal.

Have Kellogg's often in your home. With milk or cream. Add fresh or canned fruits—healthful honey.

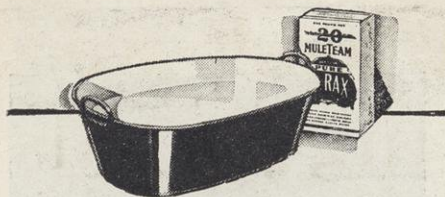
Always look for the red-and-green package to be sure of genuine Kellogg's—the original Corn Flakes. At hotels, cafeterias. On diners. At all grocers.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES



Write the Home Economics Department of the Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Mich., and we will be glad to send free literature and advice on child feeding and diet. Your own physician should always be consulted in the event of ill health and sickness—ours is in no sense a medical service.



WHAT RELIEF IN THIS FOOT BATH.

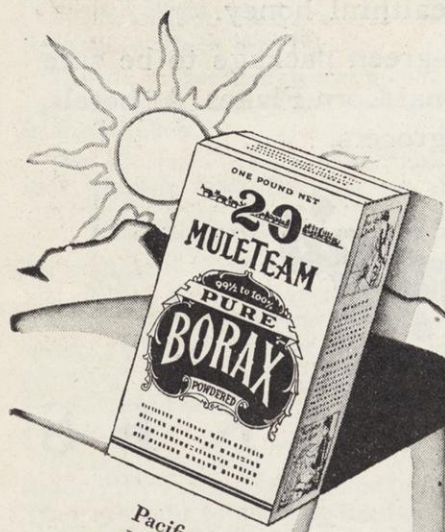
"I've been on my feet all day and I'm simply worn out." How often one hears these very words!

For tired feet there's quick relief in a hot foot bath containing half a cup of 20 Mule Team Borax. Just try it. You'll find it restful and refreshing.

If the feet perspire excessively—and perhaps offensively—get the habit of taking a Borax foot bath every night. Many people have thanked us for this healthful suggestion, stating that the Borax treatment has cured where all others have failed.

Every bathroom cabinet should contain its package of 20 Mule Team Borax so it will always be at hand when needed. Buy some today.

Borax in the bath gives a delightful smooth feeling to the water. It makes the shampoo water as soft as rain and gives a lustrous sheen to the hair. Send the coupon today for free booklet telling many of the personal uses of this health product.



Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 777
100 William St., New York City

Please send free copy of your booklet, "Everyday Personal Uses of Borax and Boric Acid."

Name _____

Address _____

Making the Most of Fish

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

The Swordfish at Its Best

IT IS only within recent years that the swordfish has been esteemed as a food. It is an exceedingly large fish, having been known to reach a weight of 800 pounds, although the majority do not exceed 400 pounds. It takes its name from the "sword" which is really an extension of the upper jaw and which it uses as a weapon of both defense and offense. Not a very pleasant fish to meet if one is out swimming! But the flesh is delicious, firm and flaky and may be cooked by practically all methods applicable to salmon, for instance.

Broiled Swordfish

Slice of swordfish about 1 1/4 inches thick Melted butter Lemon juice
Salt and pepper

Wipe the fish, brush over with melted butter and broil rather slowly, turning the fish three or four times during the cooking and basting it occasionally with a little melted butter, seasoning when about half done. Serve with plain melted butter or Maitre d'Hotel Butter and with parsley, lemon and cucumber or peas or both. Cost, 70c; time, 1/2 hour; serves four.

Baked Swordfish

1 slice swordfish 1/4 teaspoon paprika 1 1/2 cups milk and water
2 tablespoons flour 1/2 teaspoon salt Strips of salt pork or mixed
1/2 teaspoon salt bacon

Wipe the fish and roll it in the seasoned flour. Lay in a greased baking pan, put the strips of pork or bacon over the fish and pour the milk and water around it. Bake half to three-quarters of an hour according to size and thickness, basting occasionally with the milk, which may afterward be slightly thickened and served as a sauce, adding to it a tablespoon of minced parsley or a hard boiled finely minced egg, or a teaspoon of anchovy sauce. Cost, 85c; time, 1 hour, 10 minutes; serves four.

Swordfish au Gratin

3 cups previously cooked swordfish 1/4 teaspoon salt 1 1/2 cups diced parboiled potatoes
2 teaspoons lemon juice 1/8 teaspoon pepper 1/2 cup grated cheese
2 cups thin white sauce

Break fish into large flakes, sprinkle lemon juice, salt and pepper over it, then lay half of it in a casserole or baking dish with half the potatoes; place over this half the sauce and half the grated cheese and repeat layers in same order. Bake in a moderate oven—350-375 degrees F.—about twenty-five minutes. Cost, \$1.03; time, 1 hour; serves six.



Left—Swordfish au Gratin

Molded Cod with Macaroni

Presenting the Plentiful Cod

COD is one of the most abundant food fish found in our northern waters. The cod ranges in size from five pounds or less up to even a hundred pounds, the average size, however, being from twenty to thirty pounds. The flesh of the cod is very white and of rather large loose flakes, this making it both quickly cooked and easily digested.

Cod Steaks, New England Style

6 cod steaks 2/3 cup cornmeal Slices fat salt pork
1 onion 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 lemon 1/4 teaspoon pepper

Wipe the fish and grate a little onion juice over it, then sprinkle with lemon juice, turning and doing the same on the reverse side of each steak. Season the cornmeal with the salt and pepper, dip the steaks into it, covering completely with meal. Cut the pork into cubes and cook it in a heavy frying pan until the fat is all drawn out. Lift out pieces of pork and keep them hot. Fry fish gently in the fat until well browned on both sides, allowing about twenty minutes for cooking. Drain and serve on a hot platter, sprinkling the cubes of crisp pork over fish and garnishing with lemon. Cost, \$1.10; time, 1 hour; serves six.

Baked Spiced Cod

6 slices cod 3 large onions 1 1/2 tablespoons mixed pickling spices
1/2 cup oil or other cooking fat 1 pint mild vinegar
3 bay leaves

Wipe the fish and cook until golden brown on both sides in the hot oil or other fat. Place in a baking dish or jar and sprinkle with the thinly sliced onions. Scald the vinegar with the spices and bay leaves tied in a piece of cheesecloth, and pour while still boiling hot over the fish. Cover and bake one hour in a moderate oven—350 degrees F. This fish is to be eaten cold and will keep in the spiced vinegar for a week or more. Cost, \$1.20; time, 1 1/4 hours; serves six.

Molded Cod with Macaroni

3 cups previously cooked cod 1/4 teaspoon paprika Few drops onion juice, optional
1 minced green pepper 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind Cooked macaroni
1/4 teaspoon salt 1 cup cream sauce 1/2 cup buttered crumbs

Flake the fish and add it with the green pepper, salt, paprika and lemon rind to cream sauce, adding also onion juice if used. Thoroughly butter a plain mold or bowl and line it with macaroni which has been cooked without breaking the long sticks, coiling the macaroni round and round the mold so as to form an inner lining. Turn the fish mixture into this, cover with more macaroni and steam half an hour. Unmold and sprinkle the buttered crumbs over surface. (Minced parsley may be substituted for the crumbs, if desired.) Cost, 82c; time, 1 1/2 hours; serves six.

Fish Are Essential to Health



FREE... Mennen Nursery Wall Chart and Diagram on Baby Care sent FREE! See coupon below!

MENNEN Borated Baby Powder checks ammonia diaper

When red blotches of irritation appear on baby in the "diaper region" it is probably caused by "ammonia diaper" (easily recognized by the odor.)

You should use Mennen Borated Baby Powder at once—to quench the "fire" in baby's skin.

Most tearful, irritable babies, even though they are in the best of health, are subject to the scalding irritation of "ammonia diaper."

It reddens and inflames the buttocks, thighs and back, makes baby uncomfortable, and results in frequent night awakenings.

If your own skin were red and inflamed how quickly you would apply the remedy!

Think of baby and give him the benefit of the soothing coolness of Mennen Borated Talcum at once.

Only Mennen Baby Powder will do because it is scientifically Borated and Zincated in combination with a blend of purest talc.

The MENNEN Company, Newark, N. J.
The MENNEN Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

MENNEN BORATED BABY TALCUM



The NEW Mennen Can with the nursery motif—in delicate color tones.

The Mennen Co., Dept. W. 6, Newark, N. J. Send me FREE the Mennen Chart on Baby Care and a pamphlet on how to wash diapers to retard ammonia formation.

Eggs Served Differently

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

Some Delicious Specialties

WHEN we think of eggs as food, we usually have in mind just hen's eggs. Don't forget, though, that there are other birds' eggs—duck eggs and those of certain of the game birds which, however, are less popular. And if we were to think of eggs as a whole, we should also take into consideration turtle eggs and fish eggs, including the expensive caviar (the egg of the sturgeon) and, as well, roe—shad roe, haddock roe, etc. However, on this page we are confining our egg recipes to those of the barnyard biddy.

Eggs in Crusts

stale rolls ¾ cup thick cream sauce Few drops onion juice
4 eggs 1 teaspoon minced parsley Grated cheese

Cut a slice from the top of each roll and scoop out the crumbs. Hard boil the eggs and blend them with the cream sauce, parsley and onion. Fill the hollowed-out rolls with the mixture, sprinkle grated cheese on top and bake ten minutes in a hot oven. If preferred, put a few dice of uncooked bacon over the egg mixture before baking. Cost, 41c; time of making, 40 minutes; serves four.

Eggs with Browned Butter

3 tablespoons butter 6 eggs 1½ tablespoons vinegar Salt and paprika

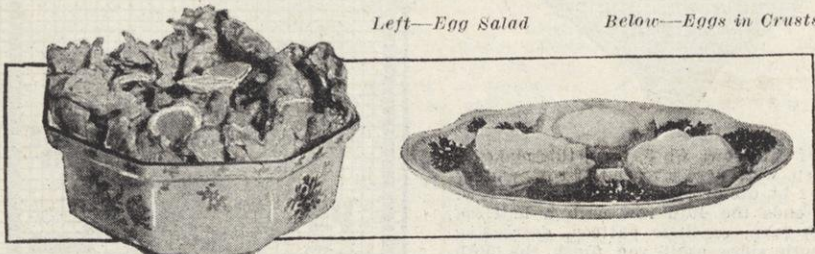
Melt one tablespoon of the butter in a shallow fireproof baking dish. Break the eggs into it, sprinkle with salt and paprika and bake until just set. Meanwhile, melt the remaining butter and allow it to cook until golden brown. Add the vinegar and immediately pour over the eggs in the dish. If desired, a little minced parsley or buttered crumbs may be sprinkled over the surface just before sending to table. Cost, 38c; time, 20 minutes; serves six.

Florentine Eggs

3 cups cooked spinach 4 eggs Salt and paprika 1 cup pimiento cream sauce

Have the spinach very thoroughly drained and chopped as fine as possible. Pack it firmly into four custard cups previously dipped into hot water, heat, unmoil and make a depression with the back of a spoon in the top of each mound. Poach the eggs carefully and lay one in each spinach mound. Surround with the sauce—a plain cream sauce to which minced pimiento has been added.

If a heartier dish is desired, the sauce may be reinforced by a little sausage meat, chicken or other leftover meat, minced and used in place of or with the pimiento. Cost, 65c; time, ½ hour with cooked spinach; serves four.



Salads of Unusual Appeal

SOME of us prefer brown eggs, some white ones; really, it's largely a matter of local preference, and after all, it's the inside rather than the outside of the egg which counts. Both the flavor and color of the meat are to a great extent affected by the food of the hens—a lack of green food will result in pale-colored yolks, while the consumption of highly flavored foods will affect their flavor.

Egg Salad

4 eggs 2 tablespoons minced stuffed olives ¼ teaspoon paprika
1 cup mayonnaise 1 tablespoon minced parsley Watercress
1 teaspoon capers Celery tips, optional

Hard boil the eggs, cool, shell and cut into slices, then arrange them in a shallow salad dish and pour over them the mayonnaise to which the capers, olives, half the parsley and the paprika have been added. Garnish with halved stuffed olives, the remaining minced parsley and watercress or celery tips or both. Cost, 65c; time, 30 minutes; serves four.

Spring Salad

3 hard boiled eggs 1 tablespoon minced parsley French dressing
Salt and paprika 1 bunch radishes Mayonnaise or Tartare
1 cup mayonnaise Lettuce Sauce
1½ cups cream cheese 1 cup cooked string beans

Cut the eggs in halves crosswise, take out yolks, press them through a sieve, season and moisten with mayonnaise, then form the mixture into balls the size of marbles. Season the cream cheese also and form into balls, rolling each lightly in minced parsley. Cut the radishes after washing into slices or make them into radish roses. Arrange lettuce on a salad dish, divide the dish into sections with the string beans, sliced thinly, cooked rapidly just until tender, drained and moistened with French dressing. In each section, place two balls of cream cheese and one of egg, placing in each section also a halved egg white filled with mayonnaise or Tartare Sauce. Garnish with the radishes and chill thoroughly before serving. Cost, \$1.00; time, ¾ hour; serves six.

Riced Egg Salad

6 eggs ½ teaspoon salt Mayonnaise
2 large tomatoes or slices of jellied tomato ¼ teaspoon pepper Lettuce
French dressing

Hard boil the eggs, shell them and while still hot, press them through a potato ricer. Season, then pack egg mixture into a deep straight-sided glass jar and set aside to chill. Remove from jar, cut with a sharp knife into thick slices. Meanwhile, peel and cut tomatoes into thick slices and marinate in French dressing, or cut jelly into rounds. Arrange for individual service on plain or shredded lettuce, put a slice of egg over each slice of tomato, top with a spoonful of mayonnaise and dust lightly with paprika. Cost, 80c; time, ½ hour, chilling additional; serves six.

Fresh Eggs Are Body Builders

Most of the foods we eat are lacking in this precious health element



A rich supply of precious Vitamin C has been found by scientists in familiar Japan green tea

Scientists have found a simple cause of several common maladies — and a safeguard

Thousands may be missing the joys of perfect health for lack of this one thing. Scientists have recently found a simple cause of several common ailments—and a simple safeguard.

One precious element is entirely absent from most foods we eat. And it is this very element which has now been discovered in familiar Japan green tea.

"Important to us," writes one eminent authority, "are the results of a diet poor in Vitamin C. The symptoms are a *sallow, muddy complexion, loss of energy, fleeting pains in the joints and limbs usually mistaken for rheumatism.* It now appears that this condition is rather common among grown people."

Everyday ailments

Loss of energy—shadow over many days! Nervousness, poor appetite, sleeplessness, lethargy come frequently to those whose vitality is low—who are "run down," easily tired out.

There are many, too, whose mirror shows them a *sallow, muddy skin.* Many who are troubled from time to time with pains that seem like rheumatism.

There is no sovereign remedy. But there is a simple safeguard. In fragrant, pleasant Japan green tea there is an abundance of Vitamin C—protection against these ailments.

Only a few of our foods, aside from Japan green tea—a small group of fruits and vegetables—contain Vitamin C. The familiar Japan green tea we buy at grocery stores is rich in it.

Try this easy plan

If you are easily tired out—feel "run down"; if your skin is *sallow*



or *muddy*; if you suffer from so-called *rheumatic pains*: Drink tempting, flavor-laden cups of Japan green tea, regularly at lunch, at supper, in the afternoon. Profit by its rich supply of precious Vitamin C. In two or three weeks you will probably look and feel more healthy—more alive, more vigorous. Whenever you drink tea, be sure it is Japan green tea.

Japan green tea has been for years one of the two most popular kinds of tea in the country. It comes in several grades—in packages under various brand names or in bulk. Your grocer has Japan green tea or can get it.

FREE VALUABLE LEAFLET giving full facts on health value of Japan green tea with a colored souvenir booklet on tea mailed direct to you from Japan. Mail coupon to American-Japanese Tea Committee, 754 Wrigley Building, Chicago.

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

How the famous Maternity Center cares for all of baby's things



"Bands and shirts must not irritate tender skin—cleanse them in pure, bland soap flakes," says the Maternity Center.



"Baby's little dresses and gowns stay like new cleansed in Lux."



"Little sweaters washed in cool Lux suds, dried flat, do not shrink or lose their lovely colors."



"Diapers should never chafe—wash and boil every day in Lux, rinse very carefully."



"Lux is a truly sanitary form of soap," the Center says—"for the same Lux is never used twice."

At the famous Maternity Center in New York, mothers learn the very best methods of baby care.

The Maternity Center uses Lux for all of baby's things—clothes, bottles, toys.

These experts say: "Many soaps contain alkali harmful to baby's skin. If even a little of such soap remains in baby's garments after washing, his tender skin becomes irritated.

"Analysis has shown that Lux contains no harmful alkali. And with Lux there is no rubbing to mat and roughen fibres. Small garments are kept soft and sweet, and baby kept comfortable, if Lux is used."

Filet Crochet for Chair Back and Arms

This very decorative parrot design in the simplest of crochet stitches is a prize-winner from the home of one of our subscribers



Above: Chair Arm

At the Right: Chair Back

Below are the block patterns for chair arms and back

WHEN coverings for chair arms and backs are crocheted in attractive patterns, they serve not only as a protection to the furniture, but add a pleasant note to the room as well.

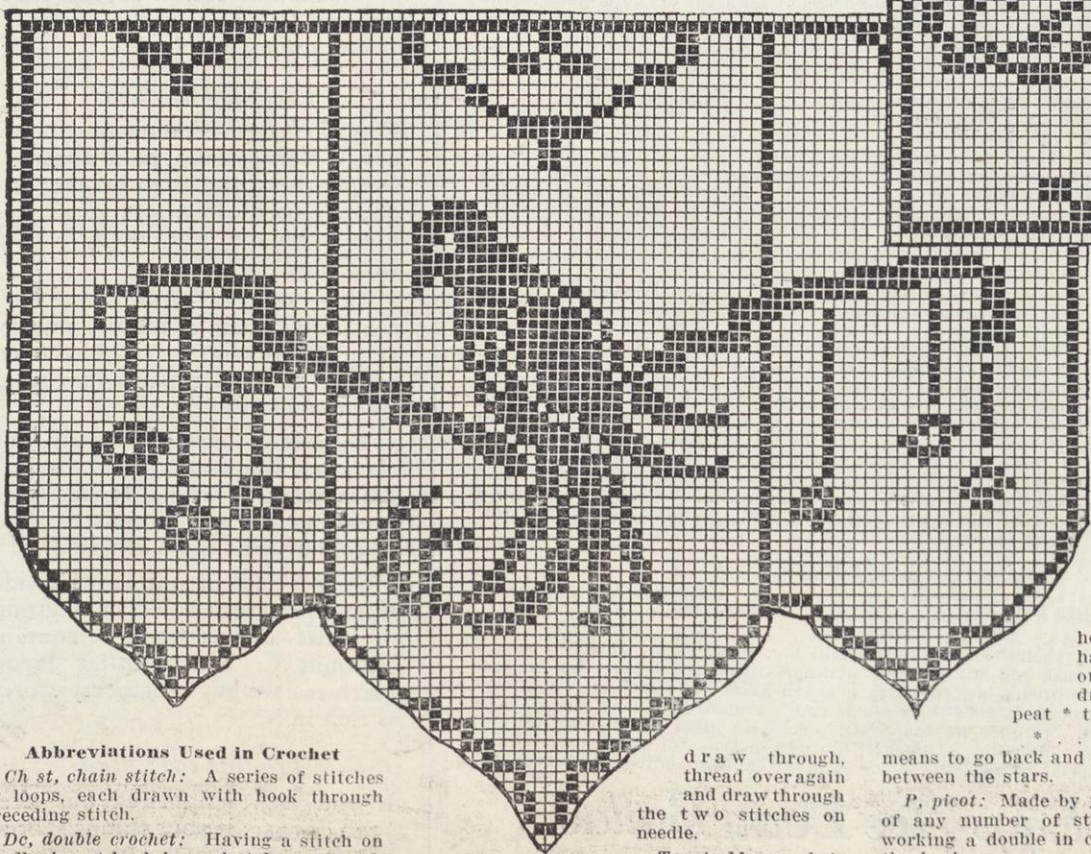
The set shown on this page may be made either in white or ecru and will stand many launderings unimpaired. Use No. 30 crochet thread and a No. 10 hook.

Covering for Arms: Ch 120, tc in 9th st from hook for 1st sp, * ch 2, sk 2 st, tc in next st, repeat from * across, having 38 sp in 1st row, ch 5, turn and follow block pattern.

Finish around edge of spaces with 1 row dc, making a picot of 4 ch every 6 sp.

Covering for Chair Back: Begin at the top of pattern, ch 312, having 102 sp in 1st row, ch 5, turn and follow pattern to

end of 48th row. Ch 3, turn, this makes a half sp, work across to end of row, ending with 1 bl, dtc over last tc of previous row. This ends the 49th row with a half sp. Ch 5, turn, continue pattern, decreasing on both sides until you finish the 56th row, then work each point separately. When finished, connect points of sp and blocks by ch st, making enough sts to keep the edge flat. Finish around edge the same as for arm pieces.



Having a stitch on needle, thread over needle, hook through work, thread over and draw through work, having three stitches on needle, over and draw through two, over and draw through remaining two.

Dtc, double treble crochet: Having a stitch on needle, thread over needle twice, hook through work, having four stitches on needle, * over and draw through two, repeat * twice

* repeat from *, means to go back and repeat the directions between the stars.

P, picot: Made by joining the last four of any number of stitches in a ring by working a double in chain, counting from the hook.

Abbreviations Used in Crochet

Ch st, chain stitch: A series of stitches or loops, each drawn with hook through preceding stitch.

Dc, double crochet: Having a stitch on needle, insert hook in work, take up thread,

draw through, thread over again and draw through the two stitches on needle.

Tc, treble crochet:

THE GIRL IN THE GREEN COAT

(Continued from page 14)

exclamation or questioning. The door opened. Kenneth's hand tugged hers. She obeyed him mechanically. He took the step with her. On the sidewalk she hesitated, for a glance around. "Don't gaze," Kenneth whispered. "Walk—and talk." His stick was waving. "Curious neighborhood," he said lightly, as one might comment upon the environments of a purposeless stroll into bizarre surroundings. "Piano factories and furniture works. Smell the glue?"

He was making conversation. But she did smell glue. She ventured now to look down the street. It was a drab neighborhood, as manufacturing communities are. The vista ahead was a canyon between squat, bleak buildings. Heavy trucks dotted the curb line, and men in overalls crossed and recrossed from pavement to pavement. Signs announced piano makers or furniture manufacturers.

Beatrice started when she realized that the ambulance, which such a little while before had been taking corners on two wheels, was rolling

slowly past them, proceeding in their own direction, barely doubling their own sauntering pace. Kenneth felt her stiffen at his side. "Don't recognize it," he warned. Then, lightly again, he observed, "Odd, isn't it, to see an ambulance—spick and span—against the scarred trucks? Can't be a call—it is moving too slowly. Perhaps its garage is handy. And do you notice, when you examine it closely, that if it were sprayed with paint, very quickly, with a paint that dries at once—it would be quite a familiar type of delivery wagon? I shouldn't wonder if there was a garage in the neighborhood, come to think of it, where it will be transformed into a wagon in a jiffy."

Beatrice grappled with her understanding of what he was telling her in his affected nonchalance. "Do you mean this neighborhood—a garage—all planned?"

"Careful!" he cautioned. "Remember we are casual pedestrians.

I've a piano in a shop, beyond the next crossing, being revarnished. We're stopping along to inspect the progress of the job. That's why we're in this section. Mustn't appear to be excited. Just talk. Of course, it's part of the job. It's a neighborhood our ambulance might slow down in—no one would notice. Ambulances come often to be redecorated in the paint shops hereabouts. Simpson was sure no one saw us get out."

If Kenneth had led Beatrice sharply to the right at the next street, in the wake of the disappearing ambulance, which took this corner at a creeping pace, she might have watched the processes of an extraordinary transformation.

The car turned in under a garage sign. Mechanics watched it idly until it swung from the street runway into the protection of a walled-in space across the garage floor. Then there was sudden activity. Mechanics rushed into the enclosure. Paint sprays were attached to portable tanks. The ambulance stop was detached as were its fenders, which were replaced by others of a different curve and pattern. In a bare ten minutes a light delivery wagon, freshly painted, was backed into line with others of its kind that awaited summons by their owners. And, in the meantime, Biff Simpson and the driver had emerged, no longer ambulance orderlies but two who would be unnoticed in a crowd. They walked from the neighborhood together.

But Kenneth guided Beatrice beyond the street crossing. Under a sign that an-

nounced piano varnishing as the business carried on within, they turned in. Beatrice, who was afraid anyone could hear her heartbeats, held her lips set tightly.

A round-faced man in an apron greeted Kenneth pleasantly and bowed, with German punctiliousness, to his companion. "But the piano, it is not yet finished," the German protested then. "I do not expect that there is to be great hurry. There are three coats yet to lay."

Kenneth dismissed the other's protest graciously. "There is no hurry, I assure you," he said. "We did not come expecting the job finished. You see, Miss Mallard—the German bowed again, beaming—"is quite as much interested in the new tint as am I. Perhaps you will show her what you are doing to the old case."

WITH great pleasure, the German ushered his visitors into his varnish room. Despite her turmoil, Beatrice was bewildered by Kenneth's utter detachment from the events of the hour before—of his escape

with her from the trap she had set for him, of the failure of his "job." He explained to her, as if nothing of more moment were in his mind, that he had tired of the dull black of his piano; that he had had it here in the paint shop for many days, unable to decide upon its new decoration—and that only on the day before yesterday had he decided and given his order for the work to proceed. Day before yesterday? That would have been the day the raid on Cohen and Swan's was decided upon. Thus had he planned for just such an emergency as a hurried retreat!

He laughed soundlessly when he whispered, "If any of those people at the fur shop can give even a hint of a description of me, why—here we are, you and I, looking at our piano, across town, barely ten minutes after they'll think to look at their watches. We just couldn't have got here and be so composed—could we?"

She did not have to reply. The German was preceding them back to the office, which opened to the street.

"Go out, unafraid," Kenneth ordered, whispering again. "To your left one block, then to your right. There's a taxi stand down that street. Go to the apartment. You will be quite safe there. I'll follow in another taxi. It will be better. I'll wait here, talking to the German about the paint, three minutes."

In the outer office he reminded her of an "appointment" and opened the street door for her. She passed out, still in her semi-daze.

The pleasant German bestowed upon Kenneth an elaborate wink. "The young lady is very beautiful and very young, yes? Maybe the piano, it is to make the music in a little nest, yes? It is very good to be young and have little nests, yes?"

"It is very, very good, yes," said Kenneth Temple. "Love, and a nest, in a tree by the side of a road that's straight."

"Yes," murmured the pleasant German. The safest rendezvous for the baffled members of the raiding party that had failed was Hogan's. At the Crystal Slipper, alibis were a stock in trade. At times, when Kenneth Temple and his band were engaged in any desperate venture, it was Hogan's duty to have on hand at the Crystal Slipper a sufficient number of trustworthy patrons to provide indisputable testimony, indisputable because of its very volume, that Simpson, the Deacon, Nick, Kenneth, and whoever else might

(Continued on page 48)

Again . . . she didn't feel like going out



ONCE she had been a companion to her husband in everything. But now she was finding it impossible to be the comrade she used to be. He could not understand why. Neither could she.

She did not realize that her health and the energy and vivacity which depend so largely on it arise from a fastidiously-cared-for body and sane habits of living.

Like many thousands of women, she did not understand feminine hygiene, modern science's health safeguard for women.

Yet no woman need misunderstand the facts. The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you, free, a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." Frankly, explicitly, it gives professional information and specific rules. Send the coupon below.

In the meantime, take no chances. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. It has been the standard for this critical purpose for nearly 40 years. Follow the simple directions which come with every bottle. Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 7 p. m., Eastern standard time; 6 p. m., Central standard time.

Lysol
Disinfectant



LEHN & FINK, Inc., Sole Distributors, Dept. 225, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me, free, your booklet,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

Name

Street

City



...oh, the **WORK**
we put into your party!



SUNSHINE BAKERS have spent years in preparation for the party you may be giving tomorrow.

There's been the laboratory work, the testing of the flour, the search for quality ingredients, the development of recipes, the oven trials, the failures, and then . . . finally . . . success!

The particular success we recommend for that party of yours, fair hostess, is one of the daintiest biscuits that ever left our ovens . . . Sunshine Clover Leaves.

They are made from two airy-light cookie-wafers, which imprison a heavenly, snow-white cream filling!

They're like this . . . A crisp bite! . . . now a *melting, melting, melting* . . . and you are conscious that a sweet caress of vague delight has come and gone across your palate.

Poetic words, yes, but it's a truly poetic biscuit . . . And we love to make it and to write about it.

And it's for your party tomorrow, or the next day, or whenever your party is!

Sunshine Clover Leaves



FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.

Sunshine
..well worth saying whenever you want
CRACKERS
COOKIES
CAKES



Sunshine Krispy Cracker
A dainty, salted soda cracker, as flaky as the finest pie crust.



Sunshine Hydrox
The famous cream-filled chocolate cookie-sandwich. A family favorite!



The *Norma* model has a black felt top and an interesting design in black and white yarn on the sides.

The lining is sand color and the grosgrain ribbon around the artistically shaped lower edge is black.

Norma

Deauville Tapestry Hats

Yarn and felt creations of rare charm which are easily made in leisure time

THE vogue for tapestry has invaded the millinery field, and here we find some delightful new hats with felt crowns and yarn-embroidered sides artfully designed to frame the face in a flattering way.

The tops are blocked felt in popular colors; the sides, stitched to the tops, are open mesh canvas bearing designs, and they are shaped to fit the head and adjustable as to size. The designs are worked with harmonizing shades of yarn in cross-stitch which is very quickly done.

After the embroidery is completed, a



Nadine

Nora: A blue felt crown with sides embroidered in geometric flowers with four shades of blue and white. Dark blue yarn is couched with light blue around joining of top and sides. Lining is light tan. Grosgrain binding for lower edge is blue.

Nadine: This stunning model has a silver gray felt top and an unusual tapestry design worked in three shades of orchid and white. A row of chain-stitch in orchid is put around hat where top and sides



Nellie

lining, already made, is whipped in place and the edge around the face is bound with grosgrain ribbon to match the crown of the hat.

Nellie: A soft green felt crown has a scalloped conventional design worked in white and three shades of green. It has a light tan lining and is bound around the lower edge with green grosgrain ribbon. A row of white blanket-stitch is put around hat where felt meets tapestry sides.



Nan

join. Lining and grosgrain binding are silver gray to match crown.

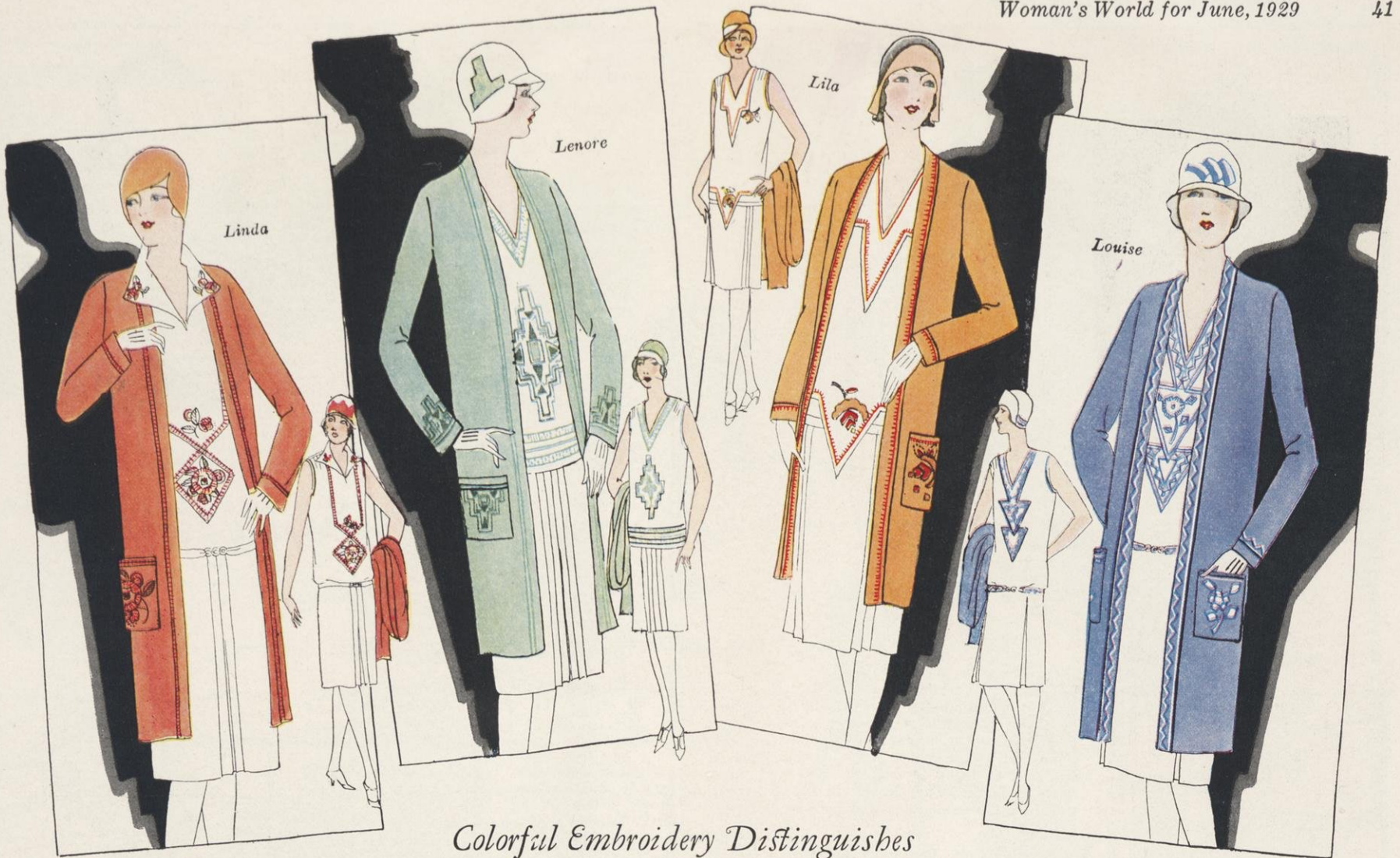
Nan: A distinctive model with beige felt crown has an interesting floral design in yellow and two shades of orange against a tan background. Two strands of tan yarn are couched in orange around joining of felt and sides. Lining is tan and grosgrain binding around face matches felt.

Norma: A black and white model described at the top of the page.



Nora

Hats, stamped, with yarn, needle, lining and binding may be obtained for \$1.50 each from Woman's World, 4223 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.



Colorful Embroidery Distinguishes

Chic Summer Frocks and Ensembles

THE season's smartest frocks are designed with a view to summer comfort as well as to line and color. Sleeveless and short-sleeved models are in high favor, with particular emphasis placed on the coat of matching material, but contrasting color, to complete the ensemble.

The dresses shown on this page are of white linene, their graceful lines emphasized with rows of colorful embroidery. All of the stitches are simple and quickly done.

Linene coats of contrasting color have been designed for the sleeveless frocks at the top of the page, the color of each coat being the same as the predominant color in the embroidery of the companion dress. A two-inch double band finishes neck and front of each coat, forming a becoming stand-up collar in back. Set-in sleeves have a few gathers at the elbow to assure a perfect fit.

Both dresses and coats are designed for size 38, but are adaptable to larger and smaller sizes.

Linda: A sleeveless white linene frock embroidered in black, white and two shades of salmon perle floss. Double rows of black darning-stitch joined with salmon one-stitch outline the vest effect, armholes and front design. Flowers are one-stitch in two shades of salmon outlined with black. Leaves are outlined with black. Four inverted pleats at center front of skirt add comfortable fulness.

There is a matching coat of deep salmon linene. Double rows of black darning-stitch joined with salmon one-stitch are put around neck and down sides of coat, around sleeves and across pocket tops. The floral motif on dress is repeated on pockets.

Lenore: A white linene dress is embroidered in white and three shades of green perle floss. Panels around "V" neck and at waist of dress are outlined with light green darning-stitch and filled in with medium green. Large front design has several rows of darning-stitch around edge in white and three shades of green. Triangles and rectangles in design are satin-stitch in three shades of green. There are six kick pleats in center front of skirt.



The green linene coat has a design on cuffs and pockets to match design on dress front.

Lila: This sleeveless frock is embroidered in black, white, yellow and orange perle floss. Orange and black darning-stitches outline neck and arms. Orange buttonhole-stitch and black darning-stitch outline "V" shape trimming panel at neck and waist. Flowers are yellow and orange satin-stitch with black centers and stems. There are three pleats at each side of skirt.

The yellow linene coat has black darning-stitch and orange buttonhole-stitch around cuffs and neck and across pocket tops. Floral design on dress is repeated on coat pockets.

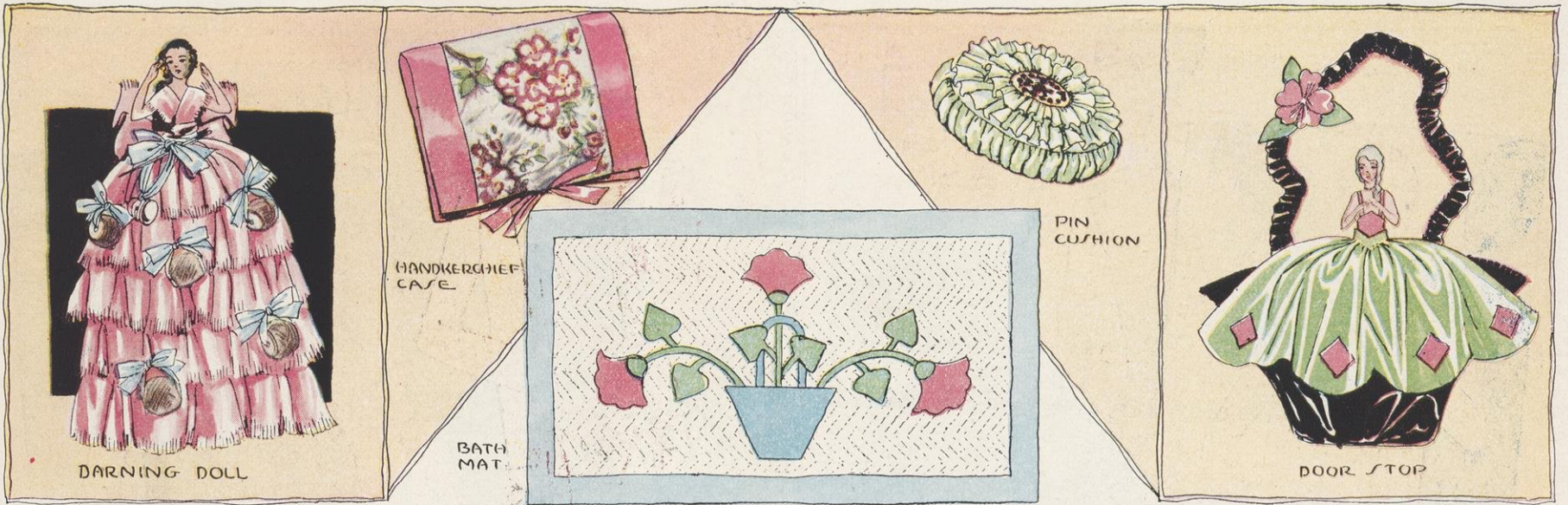
Louise: This sleeveless white linene dress is embroidered with perle floss in white, medium blue and dark blue with darning-stitch. In panel around neck and on narrow belt, zigzag stitches of the two shades of blue are included between parallel lines of the two shades. Flower on dress is outlined in dark blue and filled in with medium blue. There is an inverted box pleat at each side of skirt front.

The medium blue linene coat has blue and white zigzag lines around facing and sleeves. Pockets have blue and white flower designs.

Laurretta: A white linene dress with short sleeves and turn-back collar is embroidered in black and white. Vest effect, sleeves, collar and pockets are outlined with parallel rows of black darning-stitch, with a row of white between. Flowers on pockets and front are outlined in black and filled in with white. There are three pleats at each side of skirt.

Lucille: White linene with short sleeves. Smart diagonal treatment is carried out in neck and trimming lines made up of parallel rows of darning-stitch in three shades of blue. There are three pleats at left side of skirt. Two-piece effect is given by a tuck at waist.

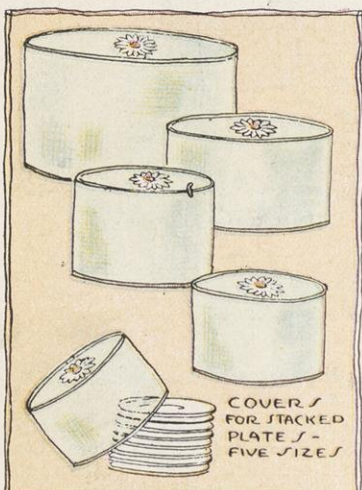
Laura: This white linene dress has short sleeves and turn-back collar with long ends which loop over in front, forming a tie. A tuck at the waist gives a two-piece effect, and three pleats at each side of skirt add fulness. Geometric designs are embroidered in dark delft blue and dark salmon perle floss.



Graduation and Shower Gift Suggestions

New Ways of Achieving the Unusual at Slight Expense

Designs by Sadie P. LeSueur



WORTH while gifts should perform the double mission of delighting the eye and serving the receiver in a useful way. All of the suggestions on this page qualify in both respects and have the added advantages of being inexpensive and very easily made at home. They are designed particularly to please the bride-to-be and both boy and girl graduates.

Darning Doll: This may be either a darning doll or a boudoir light, since it is made on a regular light frame with a china head at the top. Tiny spools of darning cotton, tied through with narrow blue ribbon, are tacked onto the ruffled silk skirt at intervals. A colored thimble, in a ribbon loop, is tacked at the waist. Frame and head are obtainable at most ten-cent stores.

Handkerchief Case: Flowered silk ribbon is placed on sheet wadding or outing flannel with sachet between and the two are quilted together by outlining the design with small running stitches. Case is lined with satin cut wide enough to make two-inch bands on the outside.

Pin Cushion: Top and bottom are ovals of silk joined with a narrow gathered strip. Two ruffles with picoted edges cover top, being sewed around an embroidered organdy medallion, which may be purchased from a ten-cent store or made at home.

Bath Mat: This colorful mat is made from already quilted "silence cloth" which may be bought by the yard. It has a three-inch border of blue gingham, and pink, blue and green gingham make the appliquéd basket of flowers.

Door Stop: A doll's head is securely wired to the top of a coffee can filled with sand. The can is sewed into a black oilcloth circle and the doll's oilcloth costume is then sewed and glued into place. A very heavy wire, bent into a fancy shape and covered with black oilcloth, makes the handle, onto which an oilcloth rose is tacked. Head may be purchased at most ten-cent stores.

Plate Covers: A new fabric which is dust-proof, transparent and inexpensive makes these covers; it is called Argentine cloth. White bias fold binds seams and edges. A

white felt daisy with a yellow center trims the top of each cover. The set shown consists of five different sizes. Other dust-proof fabrics, such as organdy and Indian Head, might be used.

Bed Spread: Silk, rayon or sateen may be used to make an inexpensive spread. The one shown is rose pongee. Two lengths the length of the bed are needed; one piece is split through the center lengthwise and put on each side of the unsplit piece. The three sections are joined with three-inch insertion, and matching lace is put across one end and along the sides.

Boys' Handkerchiefs: On two of the handkerchiefs shown, the hems are rolled and whipped with tiny red cross-stitches. These have red initials and designs. Two others have narrow hems put in with white thread, and have white monograms and drawn-work designs. Two others have blue initials and designs and hems whipped to blue threads drawn through the linen.

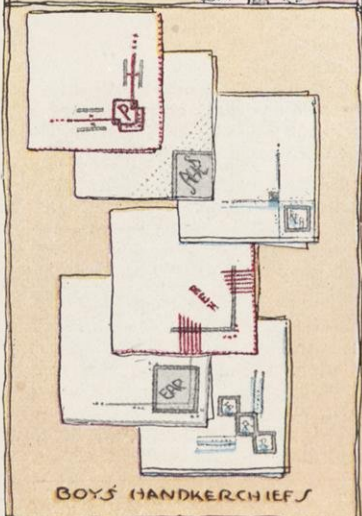
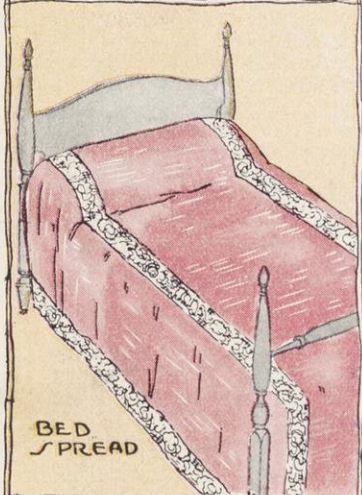
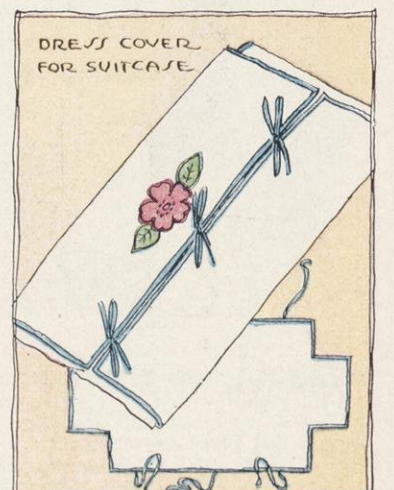
Boys' Scarf: Two contrasting shades of heavy silk crepe cleverly joined make an attractive muffler.

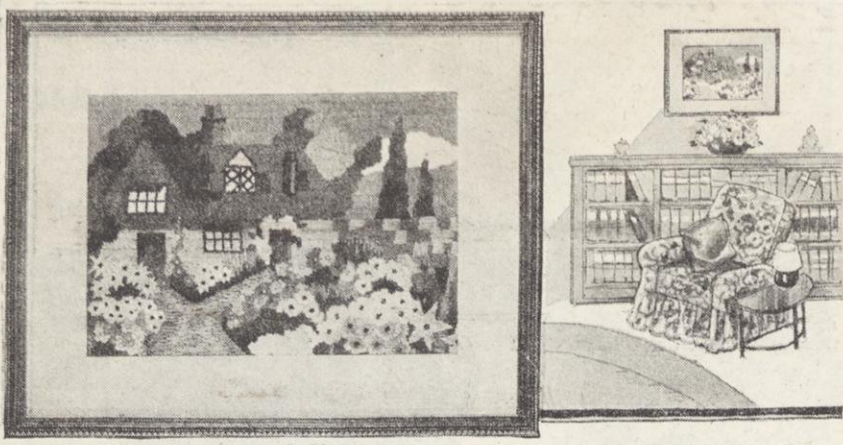
Tie Case: A green felt tie case is piped with tan felt and lined with tan sateen. A tan felt elephant adorns the front. Ends of case fasten together with snap fasteners.

Garter Belt: Two lengths of elastic covered with shirred ribbon make a garter girdle. Where the two pieces cross at each side, tiny silk flowers are pinned. Garter clasps are sewed to the four ends of elastic.

Hat Cover: Four pieces of pink Argentine cloth are bound together with pink bias fold and topped with a satin bow to make a dust-proof hat cover.

Dress Cover for Suitcase: Unbleached domestic bound with blue bias fold makes this dress cover to fit into a suitcase. Pink gingham flower and green leaves are appliquéd in place with buttonhole-stitch in matching thread. Flower is padded out with cotton and sachet is included. Case is tied with doubled bias folds.





Bonnie Brook Manse

Quaint Yarn Pictures

Outdoor scenes in poster effect are quickly wrought with simple stitches

YARN pictures have all the charm of the tapestries over which our grandmothers worked so painstakingly, and they may be made in a fraction of the time.

The design, which appears in full color on an open mesh canvas, is filled in solid with yarn, putting over each color on the canvas the same color of yarn.

The work progresses very rapidly because the stitch is a simple over-and-over one, and each stitch is a half inch long or longer. The diagrams at the bottom of the page show how the yarn is pulled through the canvas and how the wide rows of the design follow the rows of the mesh.

To Frame Finished Pictures

Each picture measures 10 1/2 by 14 inches finished. They are very attractive when mounted on stiff cardboard and framed in narrow gold frames enough larger than the picture to allow several inches of cream-colored mat to show all around. The frames shown around the pictures on this page are 15 by 19 inches. Pictures should be covered with glass to protect them from dust and dirt.

These attractive pictures furnish an ideal means of supplying color in the decorative scheme of the home, and will frequently transform dark corners or otherwise unattractive wall spaces.

Bonnie Brook Manse

In an old-fashioned garden of multicolored flowers stands the charming manse with a path leading up to its door. To its right is a stone bridge made in two shades of gray yarn.

The house is brown with red brown roof, door and window casings. The windows

are light blue. A white cloud floats in a blue sky against which are silhouetted trees in six shades of green. The paths are pebble-colored. Flowers are two shades of pink, two of rose, lavender, purple, two shades of blue, yellow, orange, tan and white. Stems and foliage are in shaded greens.

Old English Cottage

A cozy brown cottage stands at the end of a sand-colored yarn path. Its tile roof is worked in two shades of brown. Its windows are white barred with black. Above this peaceful scene is a blue sky outlining luxuriant trees worked in six shades of green yarn.

In the garden is a profusion of stately hollyhocks, dainty bachelor buttons, larkspur and other favorite flowers. They are worked in yarn in the following colors: lavender, yellow, tan, black, white, two shades of rose, two of purple, six shades of green, three of

blue, two of orange and three shades of brown. Such a picture is a happy addition to any room in the house.

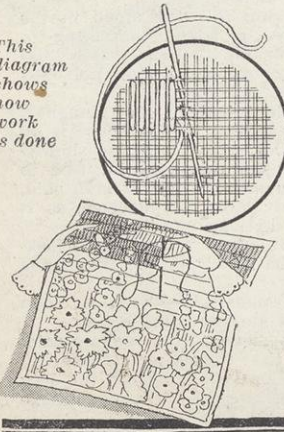
Southern Garden Scene

In this pleasant garden scene are yarn flowers of many kinds and colors softly blended together. There is a white cloud in the blue sky, and there are bushes and foliage in six different shades. The flowers are worked in lavender, yellow, black, white, two shades of pink, four of rose, two shades of purple, three of blue and two shades of orange. The centers are yellow, orange and black.

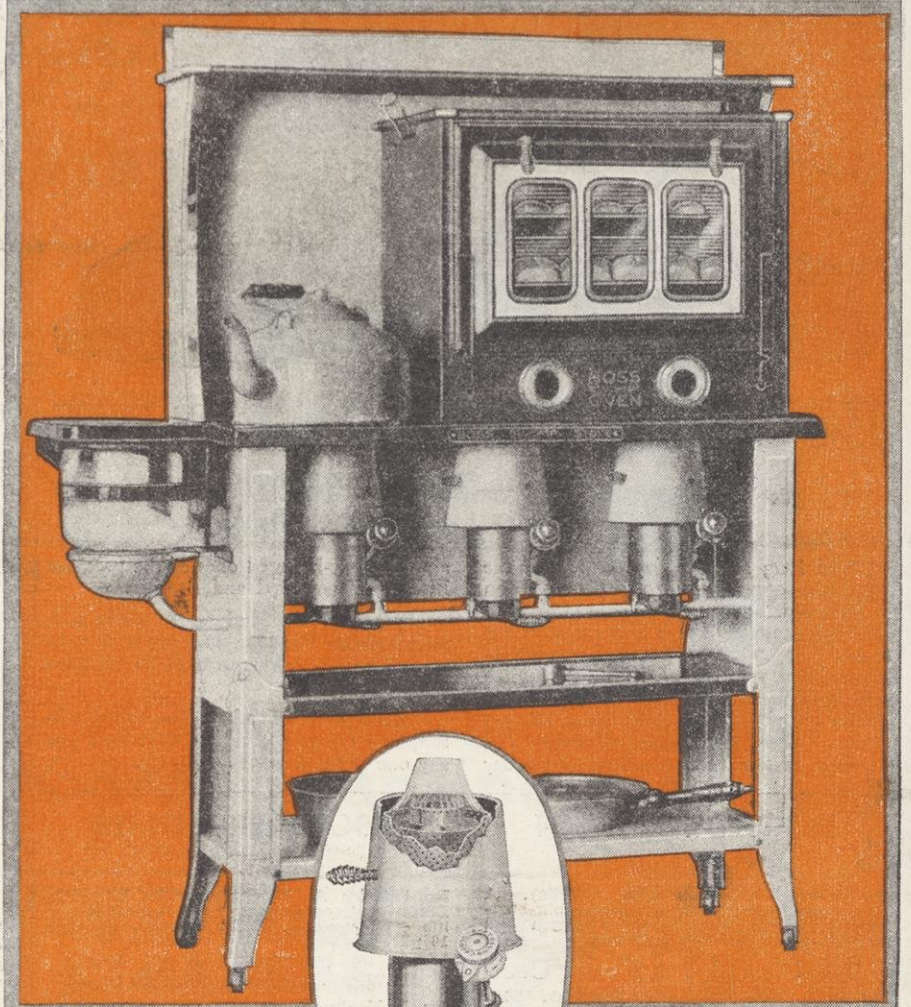
This is one of the easiest pictures to make and one of the most effective. It will harmonize with any kind of furnishings.

Southern Garden Scene

This diagram shows how work is done



Pictures stamped flat with yarn and needle may be secured for \$1.50 each from Woman's World, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago



Above, BOSS OIL-AIR STOVE No. 103 with BOSS OVEN No. 84

OIL-AIR BURNER WITH HOT BLAST TURRET TOP

Designed and built to save oil. Focuses a big, intense, blue flame directly against the cooking vessel.

BOSS

OIL-AIR STOVES and RANGES

are famous for their fuel economy and safety. They are "Built to Save Oil". Cook quickly without smoke or odor. Beautifully finished in "Old Ivory" color. Unusual conveniences, such as casters under the feet, give exclusive advantages. Made in 2, 3, 4 and 5 burner sizes, with or without high shelf; also ranges with built-in ovens.

BOSS OVENS

have brought the pleasures of good, old-fashioned, home cookery to millions of families throughout the land. The BOSS is the original glass door oven. Made of "Mecca Lustre" polished, blue steel and insulated throughout with asbestos lining. Double seamed to provide tightest fitting connections. Twelve other important points of superiority.

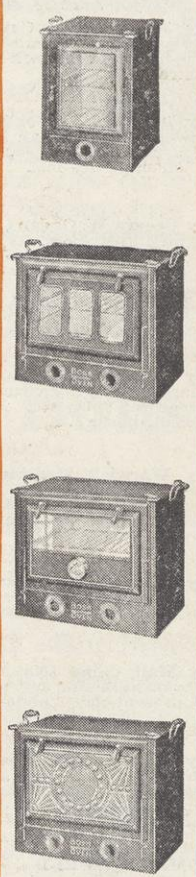
Guaranteed to bake satisfactorily on any good Oil, Gas or Gasoline Stove

A whole meal may be cooked in a BOSS OVEN at one time, which means a saving of fuel, time and energy. Overbrowning and burning are avoided by scientific circulation of heat. Made in many popular numbers. More than twenty styles.

Department, furniture and hardware stores sell BOSS Ovens and Stoves. Ask for them by name and look for the BOSS trademark. It is backed by our manufacturing skill and experience of more than a half century. Booklet and name of nearest Dealer sent upon request.

THE HUENEFELD COMPANY
56 Years of Service
Cincinnati, Ohio

This four-burner range is ideal for the family of average size.



Use the BOSS OVEN on a BOSS OIL-AIR STOVE.

BOSS OVENS and OIL-AIR STOVES



BOOKS of VITAL INTEREST

Library Editions—Beautifully Printed
Bound in Full Cloth with Picture Jackets

THE long summer days offer just the right opportunity to get posted on the new books that are being discussed by everyone who keeps abreast with the times. So, whether you seek entertainment for a vacation or inspiration when you stay at home, you can make your choice from this convenient list of selected books. There is romance, adventure and mystery, by the leading authors of the day

and the time-honored ones of the past, for Mother, Sister, Dad and Brother.

Offer No. 1: Send us 2 yearly subscriptions at 50c each and we will send you promptly any one of these books post-paid.

Offer No. 2: Send us one 3-year subscription for \$1.50 and we will send you any one of these books postpaid.

BOOKS FOR MEN

The Plutocrat

By Booth Tarkington (No. FB1058). A timely portrait of an American big-business man who has all the strength and weakness of a Roman emperor.

The "Canary" Murder Case

By S. S. Van Dine (No. FB1068). This popular thriller holds you to a swift pace from the first page to the last.

Love Insurance

By Earl Derr Biggers (No. FB831). Side-splitting humor with a young Englishman taking out insurance on the possibility of his bride-to-be changing her mind before the wedding.

The Black Hunter

By James Oliver Curwood (No. FB1069). A romance of Canadian pioneers in the stirring days of French-English conflict. Illustrated.

The Eternal City

By Hall Caine (No. FB838). A dream of power of the Roman Empire with the love of a Roman maid outweighing the might of clashing legions.

Claim No. 1

By George W. Ogden (No. FB834). The West in all its rawness, its vices and its virtues is revealed in this tale of the opening up of a rich Indian reservation in Wyoming.

BOOKS FOR WOMEN

The Singing Fool

By Hubert Dail (No. FB1061). A bit of heart interest drawn from the lives of Broadway players. Novelized from the motion picture.

Doomsday

By Warwick Deeping (No. FB1060). A powerful novel of a woman who returns to the soil after trying the life of a social butterfly. By the author of "Sorrell and Son."

Strathmore

By "Ouida" (No. FB845). A dramatic story of a woman's power for evil, ranging from Russia to official Washington.

The Christian

By Hall Caine (No. FB833). A dramatic tale of high life and low life and true love in present-day London.

Desert Moon Mystery

By Kay Cleaver Strahan (No. FB1064). Three murders and a suicide—no clues—suspense, danger, suspicion. This mystery centers about two lovely girls and a Nevada ranch.

BOOKS FOR BOYS

"We"

By Charles A. Lindbergh (No. FB1067). Lindbergh's own story of his early life and his epoch-making flight. Illustrated with 16 photographs.

The Deerslayer

By J. Fenimore Cooper (No. FB836). A picturesque tale of early American frontier life. An American classic.

The Cross-Cut

By Courtney R. Cooper (No. FB835). Virile and picturesque is this romance of Colorado mining days.

Forlorn River

By Zane Grey (No. FB1065). A dashing story of the old lawless West and a hero who fights for justice.

Drums of Jeopardy

By Harold MacGrath (No. FB837). Thrilling and instructive, too, are these adventures of an American newspaper correspondent in foreign capitals.

The Lobstick Trail

By Douglas Durkin (No. FB843). A dramatic tale of love and adventure in North-ern Canada.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS

Wallflowers

By Temple Bailey (No. FB1066). The twins begin their new life as wallflowers, but they work their way out to love and happiness.

Yesterday's Harvest

By Margaret Pedler (No. FB1059). A tangled network of human loves woven by one girl's thoughtless action.

The Black Knight

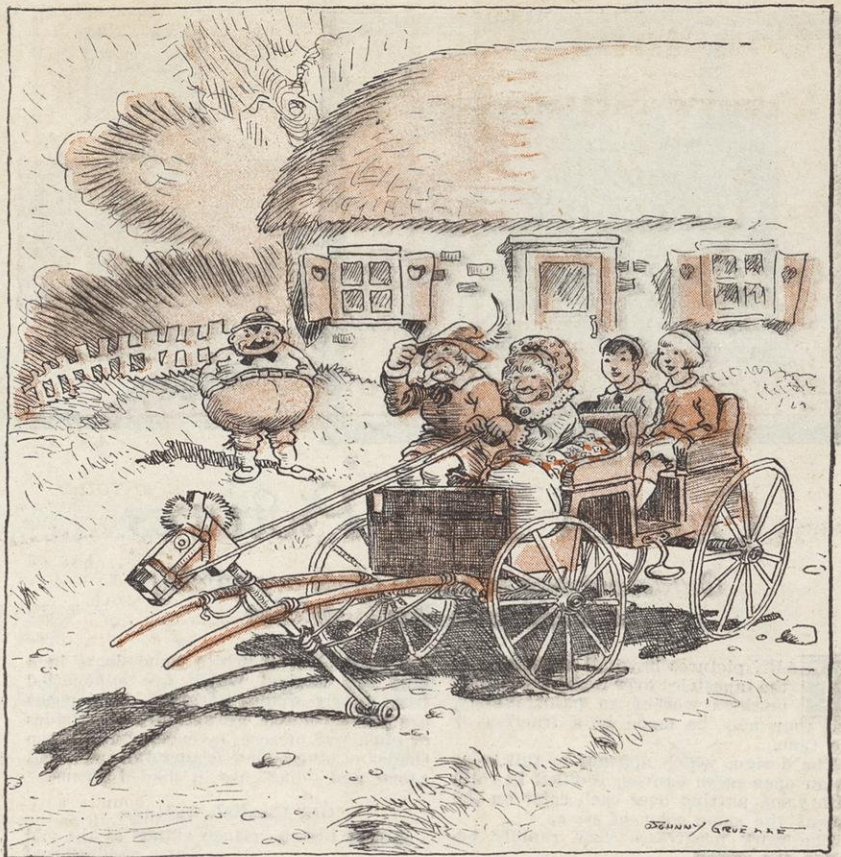
By Ethel M. Dell (No. FB1063). A supremely modern heroine finds the ideal she has sought from early girlhood.

A Lady of Quality

By Frances Hodgson Burnett (No. FB842). A gripping romance of England's nobility.

Broadway Melody

Novelized by Jack Lait (No. FB1062). A poignant and appealing tale of a show-girl's sacrifice; made vivid with illustrations from the photoplay.



Driving a magical hobbyhorse, our friends rode away in the rickety carriage

A Witch Defies a Magician

Wamba hits Muggs so hard his head flies off

Told by **UNCLE JOHNNY GRUELLE**
The Friend of Children Everywhere

WAMBA THE WITCH, the kindly ragman and Jan and Janette stood before the throne of Muggs the magician. Muggs was a fearsome sight as he rolled his large eyes and cried, "Slokus! Pokus! Shrivel up and turn into smoke!" And he waved his magic wand before him.

Jan and Janette fully expected to have something happen to them. They did not know how it would feel to shrivel up into nothing but smoke, but they felt it would not be very comfortable. They held their breath while Muggs spoke. Then, as nothing strange happened to them, they each breathed easier.

"Now, what is the matter?" the magician cried as he saw his magic did not work.

"Maybe your magic is not strong today on account of the damp weather we have been having," the ragman suggested.

"It has never failed me before!" Muggs howled. "I'll try again!"

He waved his magic wand before our friends again and still not a thing happened.

"Maybe if you wait until tomorrow, your magic will dry out and it may work very well," the ragman said.

"Please be quiet!" Muggs commanded. "How can I think when you chatter that way?"

"Try holding your magic wand in your left hand instead of your right hand," the ragman said.

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" Muggs howled in a dismal tone. "Something has gone wrong with my magic and I believe that you are to blame!"

"I do not believe so," the ragman said. "You see, Mr. Muggs, the reason your magic will not work is because we feel very friendly to you. Now, if you would only try your magic and do something nice for us, then I am certain it would work."

"Bah! In fact, two Bahs!" Muggs cried. "I never, never do nice things for anyone and I am too old to start now! I shall put you in prison and keep you there for ever and ever!"

"We came to find little Teely Teely, Mr. Muggs," Janette said, "and if you can help us find her, I am sure your magic will work nicely!"

"Now, then, will you please be quiet, little girl? One reason why I wish you to shrivel up into smoke is because I do not wish you to rescue Teely Teely. Can't you understand that?"

"Maybe we might be able to do something nice for you if you would let us rescue little Teely Teely!" Jan said, thinking of Teely Teely's magic.

"There is only one possible way for you ever to put eyes upon Teely Teely again," Muggs said. "I would be foolish to tell you how!"

WAMBA THE WITCH, the kindly ragman and the children remained silent while Muggs the magician rolled his eyes and seemed to be considering something. Finally he said, "There is one thing I have always wanted and if you can get it for me, perhaps I shall let you see little Teely Teely."

"What is it?" the ragman wished to know.

"It's a carriage which runs without a horse pulling it," Muggs replied. Then, after considering a moment, he said, "I shall put you out of the castle and back into the woods where you came from. Then, if you can bring me the carriage, I will let you in again."

"That is fair enough!" the ragman said, quite glad to escape from Muggs the magician. "We will go right away."

"Now what shall we do?" Janette asked when they were outside again.

"Maybe I can make the carriage with my magic," Wamba the witch said. But although she tried ever so hard, no carriage appeared. So, getting upon their magical hobbyhorses, our friends rode around the thicket until they came to a strange-looking house.

A cheery-looking fat man stood in the door and waved a friendly greeting to them. "Good-morning!" Wamba said. "Do you know where we can find a horseless carriage?"

"Indeed, I do," the fat man laughed. "Right around in back of the house is an old one!" And he led the way and showed them a rickety old carriage. "I used to have a nice old horse," the fat man said, "but now I only have the carriage, so it is a horseless carriage now!"

"I'm afraid it is not what we are looking for," Wamba said, "but we thank you just the same!"

"Won't you come inside?" the fat man asked. "This is an inn, you know."

"We have no money," the ragman said. "My friend, that makes no difference!" the fat man laughed as he opened the door and waved them inside. "I never charge anything for anything I have here!"

Inside, our friends found a long counter

(Continued on page 51)

WOMAN'S WORLD Send Money Order, Check or Cash
4223 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

I accept Offer No. 1 and enclose \$1.00. Send the book selected to the address below, and send Woman's World for 1 year to the two addresses enclosed in my letter.

I accept Offer No. 2 and enclose \$1.50. Send the book selected to the address below, and send Woman's World for 3 years to the address enclosed in my letter.

Name
Street or R. F. D.
City State

Subscriptions
May Be New,
Renewal or
Extension
Offers Good
for 30 Days
Act Promptly

Constant Comfort Shoes

Remain BEAUTIFUL

A YOUTHFUL foot must have shoes that combine smart style and comfort every hour of the day. From pantry to party these furnish seven famous style and comfort features . . . Arch-supporting and made of Ruby Brand Glacé Kidskin (John R. Evans & Co., Camden, N. J.) these shoes were first to achieve glove-like fitting in all styles and sizes by the new Co-ordinated-Lasts-and-Patterns. Dainty boudoir slippers, too.

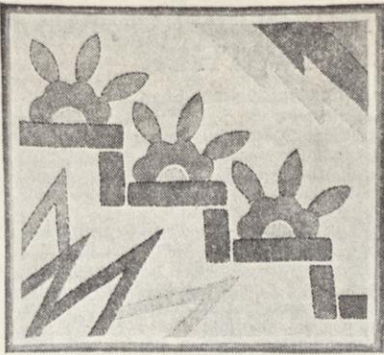
Write to Dept. W for style booklet and name of nearest dealer

This mark, stamped on sole with our trade-mark, identifies light, flexible shoes made by the Good-year Turned process.



No. 182 \$3 to \$6 No. 178

AULT-WILLIAMSON SHOE CO.
Factory & Eastern Sales Division: Auburn, Maine
Western Sales Division:
416 North 12th Street, St. Louis, Missouri



Poppy Design

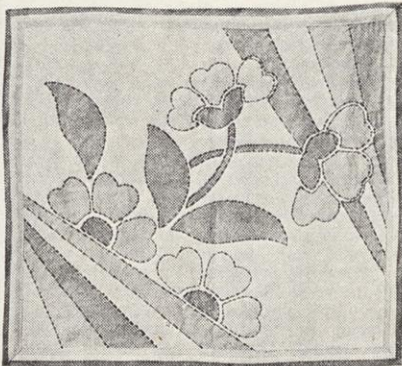
Linen Pillows

Cheery prints with a touch of simple embroidery

LINEN pillows in natural and tan shades have gay tinted designs outlined in darning-stitch. The pillows sketched measure 14x16 inches finished, and each one is bound with three contrasting shades of bias fold already sewed together.

Poppy: Tan linen with gold, green and red bias. Flowers are red with gold centers and green leaves, resting on blue blocks. Corners are red, green, blue and gold, outlined in matching darning-stitches.

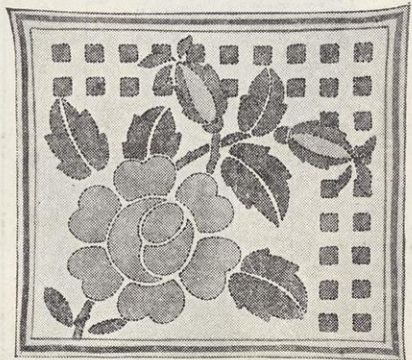
Petunia: Natural linen bound with orange, yellow and green bias. Flowers are orange and yellow with green leaves, outlined in black. Illustrated below.



Parrot: Tan linen bound in tan, green and orange bias. Parrot is red, yellow and blue with long green tail feathers. Flowers are blue and yellow with green leaves and stems. Each part is outlined with darning-stitch in matching color. Below.

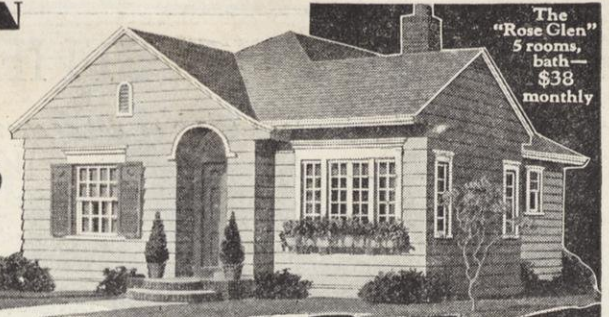


American Beauty: This natural colored linen pillow is bound in rose, green and yellow bias folds. Large conventional flower and two buds are rose. Stems and leaves are green. Little squares are blue. The whole design is outlined in black.



Pillows stamped flat with back, binding and floss may be secured for \$1.00 each from Woman's World, Chicago.

MODERN HOMES DIRECT FROM MILLS TO YOU!



The "Rose Glen" 5 rooms, bath—\$38 monthly

Get priceless facts about the lovely home you plan to build. Profit by our 64 years of specialized experience.

Choose from modern American, Colonial, English or Spanish prize homes; 4 to 9 rooms. Bungalows, two-story homes, and designs with extra rooms for income.

Plan-Cut homes have finest appointments, including beautiful oak floors throughout, linen closets, medicine cases, phone nooks, clothes chutes, built-in features, and colorful kitchens. Enjoy year round comfort. Thermo-Sealed insulation saves 1/4 fuel cost.

Extraordinary savings: Plan-Cut homes sell on easy payments, at our wholesale, mills-to-you prices. Material comes machine-sawed, specially notched and ready for exact fitting on the job. Cuts labor 30% and lumber waste 18%. Actually eliminates 2940 hand-saw cuts. Meets building codes.

Guaranteed 20 years. Plan-Cut gives you a superior house, a safe investment and a profitable resale value.

Own a home of highest quality material, furnished according to our own exacting architectural specifications, including easy-to-follow plans and instructions. No extras. You know cost in advance.

Take 5 to 15 years to pay! \$24 to \$90 monthly. Low interest, 6%. We back you with a long term loan if you build on your lot and have some cash. Owner-builders have saved \$2000 and up!

Before you buy or build, write

Gordon-VanTine

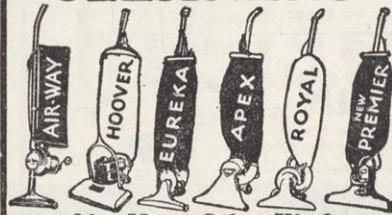
World's Largest Specialists in Home Building Since 1865

Get **FREE** INFORMATION and **BOOK** of **100 HOME PLANS**



Gordon-Van Tine Co.
1354 Case Street
Davenport, Iowa
Please send me Free Plan Book. I am interested in: Homes Garages Remodeling
Name.....
Address.....

VACUUM CLEANERS



Also Many Other Kinds

Reduced \$19.75 To Only

Rebuilt; guaranteed, Express paid anywhere

EASY PAYMENTS, FREE TRIAL
Vacuum Cleaner Specialty Co.
111 W. 42d St., N.Y. City, Dept. 8C

Just say: "Send me information and terms on guaranteed rebuilt Vacuum Cleaners"

DOLLEUS-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

The D-M-C Threads and Tapes can be procured from all Art Needlework Stores.

BIG HUSKY CHICKS GUARANTEED TO LIVE 7c UP
Shipped C. O. D. Superior Certified. Arrival on time guaranteed. Get **FREE CATALOGUE**.
SUPERIOR HATCHERY, Box 5-39, WINDSOR, MO.

KENTUCKY HATCHERY **CHICKS C.O.D.** Get your chicks before paying. 14 best breeds; \$1.00 down places order—pay postman the rest. Catalog free. Write—**Kentucky Hatchery, 392 West 4th St., Lexington, Ky.**

1 foot sews 8 ways

Do your own braiding, embroidery, picotting, tucking, binding, and hemstitching, besides regular sewing—all with one Dooley Foot—not an attachment, it replaces regular foot. Only \$1.00. We guarantee to fit your machine, new or old. Tell name and model of machine when ordering. **Send now!**

DOOLEY PRESSER FOOT COMPANY
6856C Plymouth St., St. Louis, Mo.

Distributors wanted—special terms for teas, bazaars and fairs



ITCHING RASHES quickly relieved and often cleared away by a few applications of

Resinol



STOPS TEETHING PAINS

You know warm weather is hard on your teething Baby. Why not relieve the pain and stop the cries? Use the safe prescription of a famous Baby specialist. Apply Dr. Hand's regularly this summer, and be rewarded by a happy little one.

For trial bottle, send 2c, stamp and druggist's name to Dr. Hand Medicine Co., 111 No. 5th St., Dept. D, Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

For Constipation—Boils



Pimples—Indigestion

and a rundown condition, eat dry yeast—Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast. Our little book tells the story. Send for it today and learn how to secure and keep robust health.

ON THE AIR:

Tune in for the Yeast Foamers every Wednesday night between 7:30 and 8:00 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving time: New York—WJZ; Boston—WBZ; Springfield—WBZ; Baltimore—WBAL; Rochester—WHAM; Pittsburgh—KDKA; Detroit—WJR; Cincinnati—WLW; Chicago—KYW; St. Louis—KAWK; Kansas City—WREN; Minneapolis-St. Paul—KSTP; Milwaukee—WTMJ; Duluth-Superior—WEBC.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Dept. 7A
CHICAGO, ILL.

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

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

TREACHEROUS SHOALS

(Continued from page 6)

perhaps, takes less pains to make him one. Then comes the danger point with shoals ahead, treacherous shoals hidden by fogs wrought of misunderstanding; and the ship must have a steady hand at the rudder if she is to reach port unharmed.

Nan Carey did not know all this. One never knows until it is too late. But she knew that it was sweet to be wanted once again—to have her lightest wishes treated as commands. And in this atmosphere, her bitterness at what seemed Will's neglect grew and flourished in a way that would have frightened her had she stopped to consider it.

THERE was a dance at the country club on Dan's last night. Nan mentioned it casually, and to her surprise Will answered that he would go unless an expected confinement kept him busy.

"Oh, these confinements!" sighed Nan impatiently, and the doctor laughed.

"The world would cease to exist without 'em," he said whimsically, as he struggled into his coat.

She looked up, realizing with compunction that his eyes were wells of fatigue. "Will, must you go out again? You look so tired."

"Can't help it. There's a kid with a fractured arm over at Homefield. I'd ask you to ride with me, but I must take a nurse. Good-night."

He bent, absently, mindlessly kissing the air somewhere in the region of her cheek. The act, which seemed to Nan symbolic of what the years had done to them, hurt suddenly, as a wound will hurt. She thought, "That's all I am to him now. He doesn't even see me—wouldn't notice if I weren't here, if there were someone else to answer his telephone."

She had forgotten his tired eyes, nor did she remember them next night when, ready for the dance, she received a message that he could not come. Self-pity blotted out her disappointment as she thought bitterly. "He knew how I wanted to go, yet he didn't even bother to call up himself and say he was sorry—just sent the message by a nurse..."

As she had done that other evening, Nan glanced down at her silver-shod feet and the misty chiffons of her gown; then, a hard little smile marring the beauty of her mouth, she went to the telephone and called Dan Slater.

Hours later in the cool stillness of early dawn, Nan stood on the home porch while her escort stooped to unlock the door. He said, straightening up, his hand on the knob, "I won't come in, my dear. It would only prolong the agony, you know."

"Has it been agony?" she asked, wondering if this were the thing called "playing with fire."

Dan smiled, the baffling smile that had charmed her years before. "A sweet agony," he admitted; then, with a change of tone, "Truly, Nan, it's been great, playing 'round again with my old sweetie. Good-night; and this time, goodbye."

Playing around! The words came back with a subtle sense of chill as she stood alone in the hall and listened to the whir of the taxi that was taking Dan away. He had seemed to Nan a sort of fairy prince. For a brief space he had given her back her youth, yet to him it had only been—"playing around."

Mother-like, she stooped to pick up a scarlet mitten dropped by small Patsy, then noticed Will's hat, thrown carelessly upon a chair. The sight brought a strange feeling of reluctant tenderness. The hat was an old gray felt, which, Nan thought, with a little smile, she would recognize should she see it in China! Queer, the feeling that crept over her as she lifted it, straightening its brim. It made her feel that she had come home after a long journey. She had been glorying in her recaptured youth, but as she stood there smoothing her husband's worn old hat that seemed so much a part of him, Nan knew that she was no longer the girl she had imagined herself during Dan Slater's visit. She did not even want to be that girl! The knowledge came with a sense of free-

dom—of release. Why, she was a wife—a mother! She had the sweetest children in the world, and the best husband...

Still clasping the shabby hat, she moved toward the living-room. She must put out the light there and go to bed. She hoped Will was sleeping. He looked so tired...

Nan paused in the doorway. No, he was here, before the fire. She moved softly nearer and he raised his head, showing such haggard eyes that her heart lost a beat.

"What—what has happened?" She was beside him, but he did not rise. Nan saw that he was too utterly spent to move. He answered, "She died. She and the baby, too."

"Not Rilla Meredith?" Nan's voice was unbelieving. She was visioning the little bride of not yet a year. Only the week before she had displayed the wardrobe waiting for its tiny owner. A mere schoolgirl she seemed to Nan; and so happy...

Will nodded. "Placenta praevia. I had Woodward out from town, and he said to wait. I had to take his advice, of course; but now I—" his voice shook queerly—"I wish to heaven we'd gone ahead!"

"Don't, dearest—don't feel so." Nan's arm went tenderly across his shoulders. "You had the best authority in the state. No one could question, or—or blame you—"

"But I shall blame myself." He spoke harshly, looking down at the dead ashes on the hearth. "I couldn't have saved the baby, but there'd have been a chance for her—I know it, in spite of Woodward or—or anyone! And that poor boy... She was his whole world. I..."

Nan raised a hand to cover her trembling mouth. So this was what Will had been going through while she was—"playing around." The thought that she had blamed him for sending her a message by a nurse suddenly choked her. She could not speak, and he said wearily, rising:

"We must get to bed. I shan't let myself go like this again. It takes too much out of me. But—but I got home and you weren't here. I got thinking—suppose it was—you. Suppose I had to come home every day to a house as lonely as this one seemed tonight. I know I lead you a hard life, Nannie; but if you know what you stand for—if you can possibly realize all you are to me, even—even when I'm too dumb with fatigue to tell you so, you—wouldn't—mind."

MIND! Nan felt, suddenly, that she would never mind anything again. Will was hers! In the stress of work, he might forget her, but his work finished, he would always turn to her as he had tonight, sure of her love and understanding as she was, now, of his. Her life would not be an easy life, perhaps. There would be disappointments and let-downs, discouragement and disillusion; but she would never forget this hour. She sprang up, dropping her cloak, her eyes shining like stars, while the soft rose chiffon of her gown seemed to warm the room.

"Dearest," she said; but her husband interrupted with a quick-drawn breath of pleasure at her loveliness. He looked down at her, the light in his eyes meeting the light in hers. Neither spoke as he took her in his arms. They had no words. Nor did they know that in that hour their ship had passed the shoals and was drifting into a safe harbor.

GOING A-FAIRING

In the July issue an unusually informative article by Blanche E. Hyde will be presented, titled, "Going a-Fairing."

Mrs. Hyde has had a wide and varied experience as judge of women's departments in community, county and state fairs and has also acted in an advisory capacity in connection with the premium lists.

The article is being run in the July issue so that the timely and authoritative advice given may be used to advantage by the large number of Woman's World subscribers who contribute yearly to the fairs.

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

POLLY WALKER'S Famous Feet

"A corn as a dancing partner! How absurd, with Blue-jay so easy to get!" So writes dainty Polly Walker, charming star of the musical comedy "Billie."

Feet that earn fortunes don't dally with corns. Out they go... gently and surely with Blue-jay. No guesswork. The medication is standardized. You cannot put on too much or too little. The downy white pad relieves shoe-pressure and pain at once. Then the medicated wax painlessly banishes the corn. Self-paring of corns is dangerous. Blue-jay is safe and sure. At all drug stores. For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.



© B. & B., 1929

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

FOR SORE MUSCLES

GIVES PROMPT RELIEF

Rub in

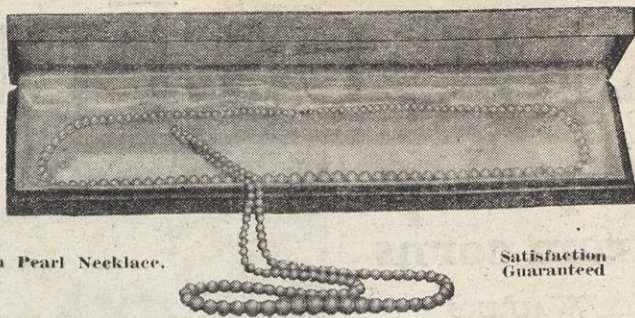
Absorbine Jr.

THE activities of Spring develop many unexpected, and unwelcome aching muscles. Keep Absorbine, Jr. on hand—rub it in at the first indication of soreness. This brings prompt relief and comfort—and prevents next day stiffness. Absorbine, Jr. is also a reliable antiseptic. Apply full strength whenever the skin has been broken. It will reduce to a minimum any danger from infection. Absorbine, Jr. is pleasant to use—it is not greasy, and does not stain the skin. It has many other uses. Read "Timely Suggestions."

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, \$1.25 Send for Free Trial Bottle W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.



Christine Whiting Parmenter wrote "Treacherous Shoals" and Joseph Simont illustrated it.



24-Inch Pearl Necklace.
2 Subs.

Satisfaction
Guaranteed

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

To Get Your Heart's Desire Without Cost and
Make This the Happiest Vacation

THESE ten new selections for boys and girls are easily acquired in return for a few moments of your time. Send in your own renewal with those of your friends and select one of these fine gifts as a reward.

24-Inch Pearl Necklace

Finest Spanish pearls, perfectly formed, evenly graduated, heavy, solid, indestructible. Fastened with a white gold patent clasp. Comes to you in a handsome box, richly lined. A glorious necklace. No. FB11 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c each.

Synthetic Opal Ring

An exquisite stone in which the deep banked fires of color glow—purples, yellows, greens and flaming orange. Mounted in handsomely filigreed sterling silver band. No. FB1262 postpaid for 3 subs. at 50c each.

Finely Etched Cameo

An exquisite cameo carving in ivory white on a synthetic coral base. The setting is larger than shown, being 3/4 inch high and is mounted in a sterling silver ring of artistic design. No. FB1798 prepaid for 2 yearly subs. at 50c each.

Signal Police Whistle

This whistle, made of heavy nickel, with no rough edges, has a loud, clear blast. Suspension ring at top. Just the thing for Scout work. No. FB127 postpaid for one sub. at 50c and 15c extra.

Airplane Kite

High-flying kite modeled after Air Mail monoplane. Wing spread 29 3/4 inches. Heavy paper colored red, white and blue. Complete with sticks, string and directions. No. FB423 postpaid for one sub. at 50c and 5c extra.

Focus Flashlight

Two-cell focusing flashlight with black fiber barrel, nickel-plated sliding contact button and trimmings. Length 6 3/4 in. Lens heavy bull's-eye type, 1 3/4 in. Complete with dry cells and 2 1/2 volt lamp. No. FB430 postpaid for 5 subs. at 50c.

Fielder's Glove

Semi-professional Model of Black Horsehide Leather, Bottom lacing. Can be used by infielders and outfielders. It is lined with soft, flexible leather and is well padded at bottom. No. FB528 postpaid for 6 subs. at 50c each.

Hohner Harmonica

One of the famous "Marine Band" Hohner Harmonicas, made by the world's foremost harmonica manufacturer. B-flat. Rich, liquid tone. 20 reeds. Nickel-plated covers with turned-in ends. Packed in strong hinged box. No. FB437 postpaid for 2 subs. at 50c.

Daisy Air Rifle

Single-shot gun of sturdy construction. 29 inches long, blue finish, wood stock. No. 20 of the well-known Daisy make. No. FB433 prepaid for 4 subs. at 50c.

Sewing Machine

Simply operated sewing machine for a little girl. Made of attractively decorated iron with nickel-plated running parts. 7 inches high. Packed in box with table clamp, screwdriver, and full directions. No. FB426 postpaid for 7 yearly subs. at 50c, or 2 three-year subs. at \$1.25 each and 1 at 50c, or 3 two-year subs. at 90c each and 1 at 50c.

WOMAN'S WORLD

4223 West Lake St. Chicago, Ill.

Act promptly! Make your selection from this list or send for our big new folder of additional rewards.



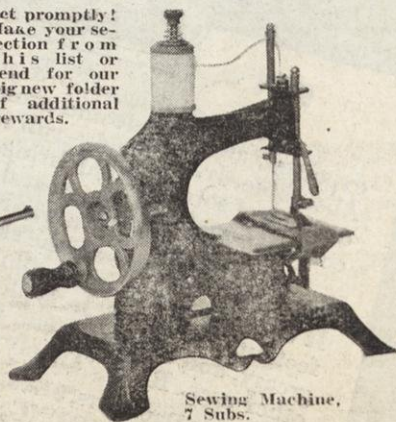
MARINE BAND



Grand Prix Philadelphia 1926
Hohner Harmonica,
2 Subs.



Daisy Air Rifle,
4 Subs.



Sewing Machine,
7 Subs.

THE GIRL IN THE GREEN COAT

(Continued from page 39)

come under scrutiny by the police, were quietly and respectfully within the Slipper's door, quite law-abiding, hours before and during the moments of the "job" under official investigation. The authorities knew, certainly, that the patrons of Hogan's carried their tongues in their cheeks. But of what avail this skepticism before judges and juries?

The Deacon was first to slip through Hogan's rear entrance. He stopped at the bar to deliver his silk hat and stick to the bartender, who thrust these appurtenances into his liquor cache. The Deacon demanded a brandy. "Make it a double one," he stipulated. In his tone was enlightenment. The bartender scrutinized the Deacon's face.

"Slipped up?" he inquired.
"Nipped in the middle," the Deacon explained.

THE bartender shoved out a glass and a bottle. "Help yourself," he suggested, which, in its manner, was his expression of condolence. "Where was it wrong? Inside, or outside?"

The Deacon swallowed his brandy at a gulp and poured another glassful. "Something inside. And it was something strange. Before Kenneth's arrival it must have been, because the cops came down on his heels."

"Suppose the girl fozzled? Thought it was risky, taking her in—an amateur."

The Deacon considered his second portion, then swallowed it, granting it more ceremony than its predecessor. "Couldn't have been a fumble, with suspicion aroused. That wouldn't have brought the riot squad. Plain clothes men would have been called, and they'd have come up quietly. I'd have spotted them and given Nick the signal for a walk-away. As it was, sirens sounded and down they came—guns drawn."

The bartender helped himself to the brandy. The Deacon took a third. They drank simultaneously. "Tip-off," suggested the one behind the bar.

The Deacon looked up. His brow was worried. "I'm troubled, Jim," he said. He was about to say more, but checked himself and shook his head slowly. "I'm troubled," he repeated, mumbling. "There's something in the air that's twisted."

He went into the restaurant rooms, dim lit at this time of the day, but bordered by occasional light glows over tables occupied by groups of patrons who sipped their drinks quietly, as a rule. Hogan saw him, from a far corner. The proprietor made a round of the occupied tables. At each he bent to murmur, "They'll be coming in now, one by one. Remember, if you're asked, they were all here—since eleven o'clock."

In his private office, Hogan questioned the Deacon mutely. He read his answer, though it, too, was wordless.

"Spill it, quick," he demanded. "What happened, and was there a clean getaway?"

The Deacon reported briefly. "Nick and the girl must have done their stuff according to schedule. Nick got the call out and Ken responded. Going slick. No noise inside. Suddenly the siren. I got into the shop just in time to spread the news. Ken had 'em all covered, neat, and the loot was going on the stretcher. Ken never batted an eyelid. Dumped the stuff and pulled as cute a goodby as you ever saw. Took the girl out, as the crowd outside expected, loaded her, and said 'Hello' with his bells to the wagonload of cops as he passed 'em. Or Biff did, or the driver. One of 'em."

"Where's Nick?"
"That's what I'm curious about. He'd disappeared. He wasn't in the shop when I gave the alarm and he didn't come out with Kenneth."

Hogan's eyes narrowed and glittered. "You don't think—"

The Deacon stopped him. "I don't think anything, Silk. I'm just troubled, damned troubled. What about—I don't know."

Biff Simpson arrived. He, too, stopped for a drink at the bar. He was more talkative than the Deacon had been. "Someone threw a wrench into the works," he declared to the bartender. When he closed the private office door behind him, he was sullen. "We got to get the hang o' this thing," he announced. "Somebody's due for a ride."

The Deacon objected softly. "Don't begin to talk like your driving license is itchy," he said. "The day's young yet."

"Just the same—!" Biff left his sentence hanging and substituted the question Hogan had asked: "Where's Nick?"

The Deacon was silent. Biff looked to Hogan. "Give me a cigar," he said. "I've got to blow me some rings."

The ambulance driver came in. He could offer no light. "Kenneth got the call Nick sent over the phone," he reported, "and it was all straight up to then. I can swear to that, because Ken was satisfied when he dropped the phone. He said Nick's voice was steady. By the way, where's Nick?"

Through the haze of Biff's smoke rings, the Deacon's voice came thinly, "I'm troubled, and maybe it's Nick that's troubling me."

"We won't know anything," Hogan observed, "until Nick and Ken show up. Then, we'll know a lot."

From a drawer in his desk, Hogan produced a bottle that at least bore the label of Scotch whiskey. He drew the cork and found glasses.

"I've had enough," the Deacon demurred. "Maybe I'll need to do some thinking after awhile." The others drank.

Hogan gathered the glasses. "One round's enough," he muttered. "I'm thinking with the Deacon."

When Nick stopped at the bar, the bartender informed him shortly, "They're waiting for you in the office. All but Kenneth."

"All but Kenneth and the girl, you mean," Nick returned.

The bartender started. For a second the hand he had been reaching for a bottle poised in mid-air. He stared at Nick. "There's meaning in the way you say that."

"You're damn right, there's meaning," Nick agreed.

Trace of a sneer showed at the bartender's mouth. His reply was cryptic. "Be sure it is—damn right!"

NICK put down his glass angrily and went into the office. In the silence that greeted him, he sensed at once antagonism and suspicion. He was too filled with his own indignation, however, and with confidence in the effect his news would create to be concerned by hostility, though its cause was a mystery. "I see Kenneth isn't here," he said between tight teeth.

"That's not as interesting," Biff Simpson growled, "as you're not bein' at another place, once upon a time—and I mean today."

Nick took in the others with something of a snarl. "That's what you're shoving with?" he challenged them. "Well, have your last little play with that conundrum, and put it aside for something that's worth more of your time."

Hogan interposed, "Whatever else you've got to chat about, let's straighten that out first. The boys are worried about where you were—and why. The rest can wait."

Nick ignored the ominous grunt of approval Hogan evoked. "The rest can't wait," he shouted. "We were tipped. Tipped clean."

The Deacon's voice was as suave and purring. "That's what we've all sort of figured. But we're troubled, 'least I am, about how—and who? Where were you, Nick? Sort o' seems like you'd not have been in on the pinch, had there been one. And there wasn't a n y b o d y warned, either."

"That's what's aching in me," Biff agreed. "You was in the clear, but we wasn't told."

Nick lost no time in parrying that thrust. "Quit your growling and mull this over. The whole job was a frame-up. Ken's girl was a plant. She—"

The Deacon interrupted, "I'd figured, in a way, you'd be saying that."

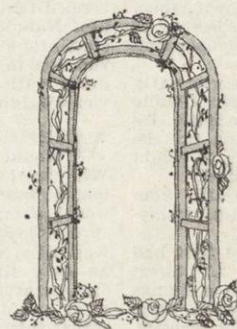
Hogan sent a "Shut up!" to the Deacon and prompted Nick. "She? She what?"

"Turned us all in to the Cohen and Swan people. Gave them the tip to call the bulls. I saw it. She supposed I was out of sight—but I saw, in a mirror."

The Deacon opened his mouth, but closed it. Biff Simpson flicked the fire from his cigar with a flirt of his thumb nail and put the stub in his pocket. Nick's vehemence, the clear ring of his accusation, carried conviction. "Give it to us, all of it," Hogan ordered. "Let's have it before Kenneth gets here."

"He'll not be here," Nick declared, easing now that he knew he had impressed them. "He's with the dame. There'll be another get-away today if we don't get busy."

(Continued on page 52)





Tis pity she scrubs this dirty, dirty tub—but last night her husband took a bath. And left a dirty ring. The water was hard. Her husband used lots of soap. The soap combined with the hardness in the water and made scum. That is where the dirty ring came from.

But softened with Melo, hard water becomes a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. And the scum doesn't form.

Two tablespoonfuls in the washtubs make the clothes easier to wash and give whiter clothes. Two tablespoonfuls in the bathtub give husbands a pleasant soft-water bath. One tablespoonful in the dishpan makes the dishes glisten and saves 1/3 to 1/2 the amount of soap ordinarily used. Melo makes soap much more effective, wherever used.

Melo costs only 10 cents a can. At that price buy 3, and keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MELO

WATER SOFTENED WITH MELO IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 cents

The water in the United States is generally from 5 to 25 times too hard. Melo will make the water in your city as soft as rain water.



SAVE 1/3

CAMPBELL'S ELECTRIC RANGE

Get My Factory Price
Electric cooking and baking now fast as gas with Campbell's improved "Kitchen Queen" Electric Range. Sent on 30 days' trial, so you can see for yourself how it saves work and money. Works from any lighting plug. Amazingly low FACTORY PRICE and small monthly payments. Write for free book and special offer.

THE WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept. 805, Alliance, Ohio

Maternity Style Book Free

MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 271
39th St. at Fifth Ave. **New York**

FREE TRIAL Till September

In Your Own Home
NO MONEY DOWN—
DIRECT FROM FACTORY
A Famous Wing Piano \$275

Wing Pianos and Players shipped direct to you on free trial till Sept. 1, 1929. Save 25 to 50 per cent. 40-year guarantee. Thousands in use. Write at once for new book showing 38 styles. Easy terms arranged if desired.

Wing & Son (Est. 1858), Dept. A-209, 9th Ave. and 13th St., N. Y.

Wedding Invitations—Announcements

100 hand-engraved \$10.00
Imitation Styles \$5.00 a 100
100 Visiting Cards \$1.00

Write for Samples
W. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1078 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The cleansing, healing service of a soap that's meant for you

Cuticura Soap

with a heritage of 50 years of highest commendation.

Sold Everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. 50c.

GYPSY-FOOT

(Continued from page 8)

to silence by the sheer beauty of the scene. Color ran on before them, glowed all about them. Solid miles of the purple of lupine; flanking miles of the deep rose of clover; vast stretches where the two combined in an iridescence that was almost unearthly in its loveliness. Farther on were great reaches of vivid gold, where poppies flamed in countless thousands. And as the wind stirred the flowers they shimmered like an opalescent sea. In the distance lay the misty purple of the desert. Above, a sky of dazzling blue, with flying, white-winged clouds. On ahead, mauve mountains with heights ridged with snow.

EVEN the old man was quiet as the car finally started onward, leaving the great flat country, winding through canyons where the smallest flowers found shelter from the winds, up hills whose sunny slopes were ablaze with brilliant hues.

It was at one of the highest points that Vivian again gave the signal for the car to stop. "I must have some of them!" she cried. "The lovely, lovely things!"

In an instant she was out, bending above the flowers, touching them with caressing hands. Paul started after her, but dropped back to his seat as he saw that the old man was alertly following Vivian as she darted up the side of the nearest slope. In the car, Paul and the old woman sat in silence, looking down upon the scene that was spread before them.

A storm had swept briefly up and away, leaving shawls of purple cloud with long fringes that swept nearly to the floor of the valley. Beyond, against the blue sky, a great rainbow arched, and Paul noticed that one of the poppy fields made a bed of brilliant orange at its foot.

"Look!" he said with a laugh. "The pot of gold!"

The old woman nodded, smiling. "And I've never believed it was there," she confessed.

"Nor I," Paul admitted. And added, on a sudden impulse, "But I'll wager your husband has!"

She glanced at him quickly, then up at the hill on whose crest Vivian and the old man were now standing. "Yes," she said quietly, "Pa's never doubted the pot of gold was there."

Paul ventured a little further, "Hasn't he ever realized that it's pretty hard on you?"

"On me?" Paul flushed, but went on doggedly. This was his own problem, as well as hers. "Yes, hard on you. To be forever following after him in his search for the pot of gold!"

She did not reply, and in her silence Paul felt a gentle rebuke. "I suppose I shouldn't have said that," he apologized. "I didn't mean to be so—personal. I only thought—it seemed to me it—wasn't quite fair to you."

"I understand," she said quietly. "You're real kind. You sort of—sense things most folks don't ever see. But you mustn't pity me any, because I've been a real happy woman, even if I have had to hop from pillar to post."

"Has it been like that—always?" he asked.

"Well, just about," she said with a smile. "Pa never could stay put for long at a time. When we was first married, he stuck to the farm pretty well, and up to the time our oldest boy was five and the youngest three. Then we lost both the children, and after that Pa seemed to think there wasn't any reason why we shouldn't light out when the notion took him. If I hadn't been willin' to trot right along with him, there's no tellin' where he wouldn't have gone!"

She paused for a moment, in amused contemplation of those early years. "Pa always was a great one to plan trips he'd like to take. Sends for those books the railroads get out, and pores over 'em by the hour. Was wild to go to Alaska, time of the gold rush. Would have gone, too, if he'd had money enough to take us both. Another time he wanted to go to the north pole, with one of these expeditions. I never set myself up against any of his ideas, but I was firm in sayin' that if he went, I'd go, too. Seems like when he knew nobody was holdin' him back, he'd lose a little of the hankerin' to go, 'specially when he'd figgered up the cost of takin' me along! Mostly he'd content himself with some other trip, that wa'n't so outlandish. You see?"

Paul nodded as she twinkled knowingly at him.

"Folks that has what I call 'gypsy-foot' got to have some kind of an anchor. I read about a contraption that these air-men have, that they call a 'stabilizer.' Keeps their airship sort of stiddy and balanced. Well, now! That's what I been to Pa. Sort of a 'stabilizer.' Goin' right along with him, and keepin' him from pitchin' too far one way or t'other!"

"But you haven't lived your own life at all!" Paul said with a flash of resentment. "You're the kind that would care more for a home than anything else."

"Well, that's so, too," she agreed. "But then, if I'd held Pa, or tried to hold him, he'd have been unhappy. And I don't think folks can help their natures. Likely he has the same kind of a longin' the pioneers had, that drew 'em on and on till they got clear out here on the coast. We saw a movin' picture of that once, and Pa got so excited he like to had a fit! If he'd been old enough, those days, he'd 've been in the first covered wagon that set out. And prob'ly I'd have set in the back of the wagon and popped away at the savages!"

Her plump shoulders shook and she blinked merrily at Paul. His heart warmed to the kindly woman, who had made her sacrifices so cheerfully. His voice was gentle as he asked, "But—this last move—was it wise? Your husband is not strong enough to do hard work. Wouldn't it have been safer—to stay in the Home?"

There was something almost like a wink in the twinkling brown eyes as she said, in a lowered tone, "Pa's real romantic, even if he is old.

He got awful excited at the idea of runnin' away. This mornin' he threw some gravel at my window, and I slipped out quiet, as if we was really elopin'! But when we got to the turn in the road, I looked back, and the matron was wavin' to me from the door! Pa don't know it, but I got it all fixed with her so we can go back, if things don't turn out like he plans. She's a real nice lady, the matron."

Paul gave a shout of laughter. "You're a stabilizer, sure enough!" he agreed. "And he's a lucky man to have a wife like you. Do you know," he added boyishly, "I think you're the bravest person I've ever met." "Me? Brave?" She shook her head. "I'm afraid I don't deserve that. I'm just an ordinary old body, but I do think an awful lot of Pa, and I guess there ain't much you can't do if you think an awful lot of someone!"

From the hillside came the sound of a thin, high voice, singing a doleful refrain. "That's the tune Pa always sings when he's real happy," the old woman told Paul.

They were coming gayly back to the car, the girl with an armful of the multicolored flowers; the old man with a wreath of riotous poppies nodding from his hat. He was stepping along jauntily. Vivian was laughing as she listened to his lugubrious refrain.

"Oh, dear! What can the matter be?" he questioned in falsetto tones. "Oh, dear! What can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the Fairrrrr!"

HOW lovely she was, the slim girl who walked at the singer's side. And how sweet, Paul thought, to everyone—but himself. Her kindness overflowed to all human nature; turned to bitterness only when she felt restraint or opposition.

Paul stepped out and stood waiting for them, his eyes on Vivian. He helped her to her seat and took his own place after Pa had hopped in.

The old man patted his wife's hand and beamed upon her as the car started off. "Did you see how fur up we got, Ma?" he demanded. "Hi Guy! That was some view from up there. And if they wa'n't a mirage out yonder over the desert, I'll eat my hat!"

"A mirage! Why, Pa!" "Yessir! Looked like the ocean. Plain as the nose on your face!"

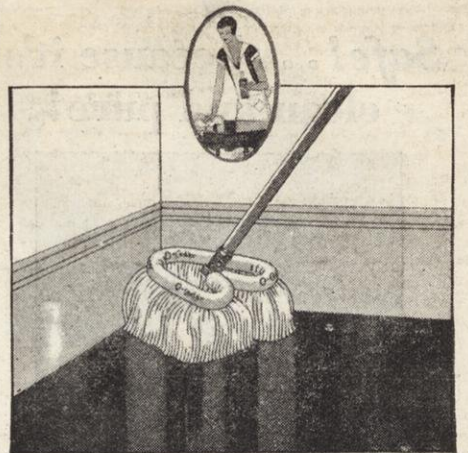
Paul laughed. "A more stable ocean than the one we'll be on in a few days, Vivian!"

Her fringed dark eyes opened wide upon him. "We?" she repeated blankly.

"We're going on a cruise," Paul told the old couple in a casual manner. "Some people we know are taking us on their yacht. I believe the idea is to locate a certain island of which little is known."

Vivian was staring at him, her smooth

(Continued on page 50)



O-CEDAR POLISH MOPS

so easy now
to dust
and clean the
corners

THERE'S no excuse now for hard-to-clean corners — get an O-Cedar Polish Mop. The improved triangular shape makes corner-cleaning easy. Reaches under radiators, too, around legs of furniture and into other hard-to-get-at places without waste of time or energy.

You'll like the new slip-on feature. You can slip the pad off, wash it or send it to the laundry. It's quickly replaced and renewed with O-Cedar Polish. O-Cedar Polish on a damp cloth cleans, renews and preserves fine furniture.

Join the millions of women who've found in this great O-Cedar combination freedom from drudgery and new hours of leisure. Mops, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50. Polish, 4-oz. bottle, 30c; 12 oz., 60c; quart, \$1.25. At grocery, hardware, department, drug and other stores everywhere. O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Ill.

Winners of \$5,000 O-Cedar Contest now being selected

Judges are hard at work. Checks will be mailed winners as soon as decisions are made. Names will be announced at earliest possible date.

O-Cedar Polish Mops

© 1929

Safe! . . . because it's clean and pure!



This toilet bowl is glistening. Spotless. You might think it had been scoured and scrubbed. It wasn't! Sani-Flush cleaned it . . . in no time at all.

Sani-Flush is so easy to use. Just sprinkle it into the toilet bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. Your job is done. Sani-Flush removes all stains and marks and incrustations. It gets into the trap—where no brush could reach—and cleans that. Foul odors disappear.

Sani-Flush is harmless to plumbing connections. It is a handy thing to keep around all the time. Use it frequently.

Buy Sani-Flush 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



Insures Your Complexion

Keeps Your Skin Young! Marcelle Face Powder and Cream will bring you glowing beauty as they have to millions of women for over 50 years. Of finest quality—Marcelle Complexion Requisites are always sold to you with a money-back guarantee. Try them.

C. W. BEGGS SONS & CO.
Marcelle Laboratories Chicago

Marcelle
Complexion Requisites

Don't endure burns . . .

Painful burns around the home, sometimes serious burns, are almost unavoidable. Unguentine, the famous antiseptic surgical dressing used in 8 out of 10 hospitals, stills the pain the moment it is applied. Helps prevent infection. Use it liberally. Seldom a scar results. Buy Unguentine today. Keep extra tubes in the danger zones: the bathroom, and the kitchen, office, shop, auto kit and club locker. At your druggist's, 50¢.

Send for free booklet, "What To Do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.



GYPSY-FOOT

(Continued from page 49)

brow puckered with a thoughtful frown. "Now, ain't it nice that you both can go," the old woman said comfortably. "I do admire to see married folks take their fun together."

"Well, you see," Paul explained, his smiling eyes on Vivian's, "I find I just can't get along without my wife; so where she goes, I go, too!"

"An unknown island," the old man said raptly. "Hi Guy! Did you hear that, Ma? Has cannibals onto it, for all anybody knows. Cousin of mine was on one of them islands once."

He prattled on, addressing his remarks to Paul now, for Vivian was plainly engrossed with her own thoughts.

"There ain't no tellin' what you'll find," he concluded. "So I advise you to take a gun with you."

Vivian looked up suddenly and there was no glint of bitterness or defiance in her eyes as they met Paul's. "Let's not go to the old island," she said gayly. "Who wants to be eaten by cannibals? I'd rather take these new friends on down through the orange grove section and then—on into Mexico, as our guests. When we come back, we'll leave them wherever they decide to stay."

"Mex-ico!" the old man breathed. "Did you hear that, Ma? Why, I was only just now tellin' the young lady that Mexico was one of the places I'd always felt I just had to see, and now—"

But his wife was shaking her head. "You mustn't!" she told Vivian in a shocked tone. "We couldn't think of lettin' you do such a thing. Change all your plans—do all that—for strangers!"

"But we'll enjoy it, too, showing you everything. Won't we, Paul?"

"There's nothing I'd rather do!" Paul asserted warmly.

"You see?" Vivian laughed. "It's all settled!"

The old man threw back his shoulders, put his thumbs in the armpits of his coat and twiddled his fingers importantly. "I told you we'd have a good time, Ma," he chuckled. "Ain't you glad you eloped with your husband?"

"Indeed I am!" she fondly assented. Paul glanced quickly at her, but she did not meet his knowing look. She was smiling at the old man, and there was a light upon her face that made it almost beautiful.

"There ain't much you can't do if you think an awful lot of someone!" That was her answer to the problem. Forgetfulness of self.

He turned to find Vivian's eyes upon him. "Do you like my new plan, dear?" she asked softly.

"It's a wonderful plan!" he glowed. "And you are wonderful to have thought of it!"

"Hi Guy!" the old man cackled happily. "I'll say she is!"

PLASTIC OR BEAUTY SURGERY

(Continued from page 9)

limbs or around the face and neck, who attempt to build up suitable stumps on the arms and legs for those who have suffered amputation, who take care of malformed jaws and palates associated with difficulties that existed at birth. This type of plastic surgery is in no sense of the word to be compared with the beauty surgery that has been mentioned. It is a legitimate portion of medical practice.

Many persons suffer with embarrassing defects of appearance which almost ruin their lives. Unquestionably, an operation is indicated in such instances when it will mean increased usefulness to the person concerned. Hence, most physicians would agree with the announcement of a surgeon made recently that operations are economically proper and socially sound to relieve such individuals of their embarrassing defects, that they are warranted when they can be performed with reasonable assurance that benefit will follow and the person will be at least as well off after the operation as he was before.

Few actual plastic surgeons care to perform operations for the simple purpose of aiding vanity. In such instances, the patient probably requires mental treatment more than surgical. The competent surgeon will probably try to laugh these patients out of their wish for dangerous operations. The path to beauty lies for most women through cultivation of health as good as they can develop and through making use to the best advantage of such assets as they may have through their heredity and the good will of nature.



WOMAN'S WORLD BEST OFFER

*Our Big Summer Sewing Offer—
Read, Reflect and Act*

THE following limited offer is given to our old subscribers to make it easy for you to see the wisdom of renewing your subscription promptly to Woman's World, a clean, bright and helpful magazine.

A 2-year subscription to Woman's World is \$1.00, but as an inducement to the prompt renewal of your subscription, we offer you in addition, Free, if you renew before July 1, 1929:

First—The Book of Dress and Homecraft, which will enable you to save \$5 to \$10 on one dress. It tells how to cut materials, fit sleeves, tailor shoulders—in fact, the whole intricate, fascinating subject of dressmaking is spread before you as simple as A-B-C.

All the time and labor-saving short cuts of the professional modiste are revealed in this amazing book. You can't go wrong. 275 Diagrams and Pictures make clear every stitch, every step of the way. Have more clothes at half present cost. There are also many pages in full color on embroidery and homecraft.

A Few of the Chapter Headings

Clothes Etiquette—Choosing Colors—Taking Measurements—Altering Paper Patterns—Cutting—Fitting—Short Cuts for School Togs—The Dress Form—The Sewing Machine—Basting and Mark Stitching—Running Stitch, Backstitch, Fagoting—and a host of others. 40 marvelous pages, printed in colors, substantially bound. Size 14 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches.

Second—A free coupon entitling you to any dress pattern to be selected from any summer issue of Woman's World or in the Fashion catalog.

Third—A complete Coats' Mercerized Floss Kit containing 10 spools, beige,

champagne, sand, flesh, pink, nude, black, etc., for mending stockings, underwear, gloves, etc.

Mail the coupon today with dollar bill. We take the risk—Act Now!

The Free Pattern

If you prefer to order your pattern when mailing in your coupon and dollar, you can select one of the 5 patterns illustrated above, or any other pattern. The five patterns above are designed for the following sizes:

Number 405. Designed for sizes 1, 2 and 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 32-inch material for trousers, collar and cuffs and 3/4 yard of 32-inch material for waist.

Number 3023. There is entire satisfaction in having attractive morning dresses that are smart enough for general daytime occasions, as sketched, in fashionable jacquard dimity in black and white. A youthful line is carried out by inverted pleats below jaunty patch pockets. Two major parts to pattern! Sizes 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 1 1/4 yards of 27-inch contrasting.

Number 2714. A splendid model for general wear is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 7/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

Number 2618. With softly draped jabot and harmonizing side pleats in an interesting diagonal treatment, this model is one of the season's smartest. Designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material with 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

Number 3328. Flattering and youthful, with sides falling in soft tiers. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material with 12 yards of binding.

Number 503. Paris model. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material with 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

Size 16 years is the same as size 34, 18 years the same as size 36.

OUR OFFER:

Woman's World-2yrs.
~ the Book of Dress
and Homecraft ~
1 Free Dress Pattern

Mending Floss Kit for \$



WOMAN'S WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Enclosed is \$1.00. Enter my subscription for 2 years, send me "The Book of Dress and Homecraft" and the Mending Floss Kit. In addition, send me 1 free Dress Pattern as follows:

Check here
 Send me Pattern No. Size
 or
 Send me pattern coupon which I can use to order a pattern.

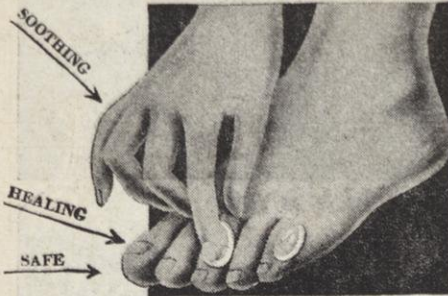
Name

Street or R. F. D.

City State

Corns

new scientific way



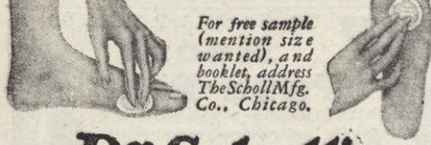
Stops pain quick!

Imagine—in one minute you won't feel the slightest corn pain when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! You never experienced anything like it before. It's the only scientific way to treat corns. Removes the cause—friction and pressure of shoes; relieves and heals. No risk of acid burn to the toes as with harsh liquids or plasters, or danger of blood poisoning from cutting your corns.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, dainty, protective, cushioning—guaranteed safe, sure. Doctors recommend them.

Bunions and Callouses

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are also made in sizes for Bunions and Callouses. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores —35¢ box.



For free sample (men's size wanted), and booklet, address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

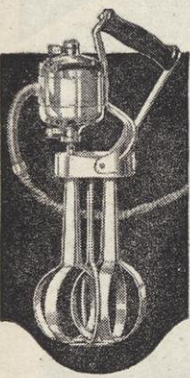
WOMEN \$3 to \$5 Every Hour

Easily made showing Lingerie V, Chains — A dainty new invention that prevents lingerie straps slipping. Every woman buys. No experience needed. Full or spare time.

Get sample, LINGERIE "V" CO., 6 North Street, North Windham, Conn.

FREE CHAIN OFFER

Give the June Bride This Electric Gift



Giving a Dormeyer Electric Food Mixer will save the bride untold kitchen drudgery. Never for her any whipping, beating, mixing of foods until her arms ache and her wrists grow numb. She will need only to snap a switch and let Electricity be her servant.

Beats, Whips, Stirs, Mixes.

Cakes, waffles, frostings, mayonnaise, sauces, pie fillings, custards, candies.

The Dormeyer Electric BEATER and MIXER

not only saves time and work, but beats and mixes so much more thoroughly. This means: lighter, closer-grained cakes; smoother mayonnaise; crisper waffles; more tender griddle cakes; stiffer whipped cream; better omelets, souffles, custards, puddings. Whipped up mashed potatoes are a real treat.

Has Uses Every Meal—Improves Cooking

The Dormeyer takes care of beating, mixing, whipping foods in one-tenth the time. Helps new brides become exceptional cooks. Makes eggs and other ingredients go further. Improves best recipes. Easily cleaned and sanitary. The Dormeyer is sturdily built and heavily nicked to last a lifetime. Endorsed by Modern Priscilla Fringing Plant and other leading test kitchens. Guaranteed electrically and mechanically perfect. If your electrical store can't supply, write for prices and folder.

The MacLeod Mfg. Co., Dept. C-1
2640 Greenview Avenue, Chicago
Please send Dormeyer prices and descriptive folder.

Name

Address

City

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM OF YOUR HOME

(Continued from page 22)

a vitreous china coating and a glaze; enamel baked on iron gives a hard and durable finish which, while not so hard or impervious to stains as the earthenware types, is satisfactory if given proper care. It is less expensive than the other types. Toilets are usually made of vitreous china, lavatories of the china or enameled iron, and bathtubs are porcelain or enameled iron.

Sinks of enameled iron or porcelain are most satisfactory; laundry tubs of porcelain, enameled iron, slate or sandstone are used. Sandstone is durable and often the cheapest but is not so attractive or easy to care for.

A one-nozzle faucet which delivers water mixed to the degree of warmth you desire; swinging nozzles; gooseneck nozzles which are high out of the way; and pop-up type of waste are new and desirable features in lavatories and sinks.

In connection with the plumbing comes the hot water for household use. A coil in the furnace or range with a storage tank (which should be well insulated) will supply water in the winter. But an accessory method should be available for summer when hot water is badly needed. Some types are run by electricity or gas. Some are in the shape of a little stove and are fueled by hand. Some must be turned on as desired; others are automatic.

Garbage disposal is a problem anywhere but is especially vexing when there is no well regulated city system of caring for it. Two types of home incinerator are on the market. One requires gas for the burning of the refuse. In the other, the refuse itself becomes the fuel. The gas type is placed in the basement or kitchen; garbage is deposited in it and the gas is turned on a few times a week and the refuse is reduced to ashes. The second type is more generally constructed when the house is built but may be installed in an old home. It is made of brick with special grates and

a patented by-pass flue. This type requires a 12x12-inch flue in or near the kitchen if the refuse is to be sent to the incinerator through a chute with a door in the kitchen. If this arrangement cannot be made, the refuse must be carried to the basement and deposited there. This incinerator can also be built outdoors if there is no basement and a door can be opened between it and the kitchen. Another door on the yard side permits disposal of dried grass and leaves. At suitable intervals the trash is lighted and burns up. Cans and bottles are sterilized and fall down into the ash pit.

The first price of an incinerator is practically the only one. In the case of the gas-burning type the cost of the gas is small and in the other there is no fuel cost.

In the city, sewage disposal is no great problem to the house owner; a proper connection to the city sewer and disposal is accomplished. In the country, the cesspool has long been the method used. Now the septic tank system is in use. The septic tank is a concrete box in which bacteriological action takes place and breaks down and dissolves solid matter; the tank then filters the output. The best practice demands a disposal field where the overflow from the tank is run through open-jointed pipes laid underground.

It is only by giving serious thought to these basic problems that a smooth-functioning household can be secured. If, as is probable, the cost must be carefully considered, some things must be sacrificed. Just what, depends on the particular desires of the family and the condition of the house which is being remodeled. But by purchasing fittings which are made by reputable manufacturers and having them installed by skilled workmen, an old house that has already given many years of service may be made to take on a new lease of life.

A WITCH DEFIES A MAGICIAN

(Continued from page 44)

with stools in front and a marble soda water fountain in back. "What flavors do you wish?" the fat man asked as he brought out five glasses. Each of our friends selected his favorite flavor and the fat man made the sodas. Also one for himself. "I always like to be sociable," he chuckled, "so I have a soda with everyone who comes here." They sat and talked and each had six sodas, for, you no doubt have guessed, they were magical sodas, and you can easily drink six ice cream sodas, if they are magical.

The kindly ragman told the fat man why they were in the forest. When he had finished, the fat man said, "Perhaps you could pull the old rickety carriage through the thicket and fool old Muggs into thinking it is the one he wishes!"

"I'm afraid not," the ragman sighed. "Muggs wanted one to ride in."

"Why not hitch one of your magical hobbyhorses to it?" the fat man suggested.

"Whee!" Wamba the witch cried. "That is just what we had better do!" The fat man found some pieces of harness and straps and rope. So, with these, Wamba's magical hobbyhorse was soon hitched to the rickety carriage. They thanked the fat man for the carriage and the sodas and, all climbing into the carriage, drove it around the thicket to where they had come out from the magical castle.

All closed their eyes and Wamba the witch drove the magical hobbyhorse and the rickety carriage right through the briars and thorns and into the large hall of the castle. "Here we are!" she cried

to the invisible people she knew were all about them.

Presently they heard the loud voice of Muggs crying, "Bring them here immediately!" And the magical hobbyhorse, the rickety carriage and our friends were pulled and pushed up the great stairway into the large room where Muggs the magician sat upon his throne.

"What do you mean by bringing that rickety carriage here?" he howled in such a loud voice that Jan and Janette shivered.

"Because you wanted a horseless carriage and here it is!" Wamba the witch replied.

"I wouldn't have such a rickety, crazy-looking thing!" Muggs howled. "And besides, it isn't a horseless carriage when you have a horse hitched to it!"

"But it isn't a real horse!" Wamba said. "Silly!" Muggs howled. "Can't I see that? I won't have it! Take it away! Take it away!"

Wamba the witch hopped out of the carriage and ran up to Muggs, shaking her finger in his face. "Now, Mister Muggs," she cried, "you promised us that if we brought you a horseless carriage, you would let us see Teely Teely!"

"Ha, ha! I've changed my mind!" Muggs howled. "I shall not let you see Teely Teely at all!"

"Then you are a fibber and a very wicked creature!" Wamba cried. And, before she stopped to think, she boxed the magician's ear so hard, his head flew from his body and rolled all the way across the room.

PLANT NOW FOR WINTER BOUQUETS

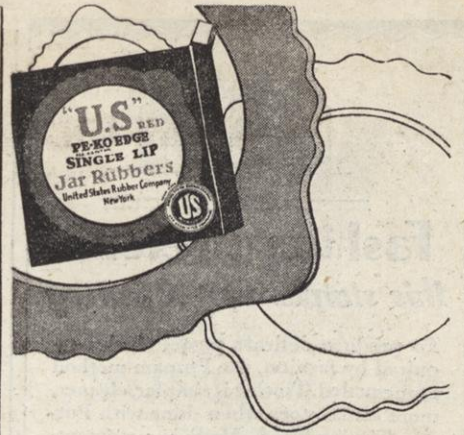
(Continued from page 17)

Liatris, or blazing star, or Kansas gay feather, or button snakeroot, grows wild in many prairie regions, and is a glorious perennial for the border. Plants may be set out now or seed planted in the fall—liatris seed requires fall planting. The showy, rosy-colored flowers keep their color indoors all winter if the stalks are cut as the flowers open, and dried in the dark.

Statice, both annual and perennial sorts, is splendid for winter bouquets, and is easily grown from seed planted now. The flowers of different sorts vary in size, shape and color, but all are lovely for winter use. The flowers should be cut before too wide open, and should be hung upside down in a dry, dark place to dry.

Statice is usually combined with other materials for winter bouquets, filling much the same place in winter bouquets as gypsophila does in bouquets of fresh flowers. Another plant coming into popularity for the same use is Artemisia "Silver King," or ghost plant, an easily grown perennial. Its stems should be cut and dried as soon as the flower buds reach fair size.

Of the berries that can be kept practically all winter if kept in water, sprays of Japanese barberry and of bush cranberry (*Viburnum Opulus*) are among the most decorative. It is a bit late to plant these shrubs, but not too late if care is given them. It is a fairly good time to start barberry from seed and bush cranberry, or single snowball, from cuttings.



Triple-tested Jar Rubbers insure a perfect seal

Some jar rubbers "blow out" or pull away from the mouth of the jar and allow air to seep in and ferment the food. "U. S." Pe-Ko Edge Jar Rubbers are made of specially compounded rubber that will keep a perfect seal for years.

You will recognize them by their scalloped (Pe-Ko) edge—your guarantee that, before each rubber left the factory, it was triple tested for:

STRETCH— They stretch just enough to go easily over the mouth of the hottest fruit jar and snap back into place without wrinkles.



SET— Pe-Ko Edge Jar Rubbers hug the jar. They will not "blow out" and allow air to enter.

PERFECT SEAL— Not only when first applied, but until the jar is opened— "long-term canning insurance."



Made in red or white rubber, single or double lip, with the same care and precision used in making "U. S." Royal Cord Tires, Keds, Rayners, and many other famous quality products of

United States Rubber Company

"U.S." PE-KO Edge JAR RUBBERS

We will send you a dozen "U. S." Pe-Ko Edge Jar Rubbers on receipt of 10¢ (stamps or coin) and your dealer's name and address. Send to United States Rubber Company, Room 480, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

Summer Fashions

THE smartest of the season's new modes for every kind of wearing apparel. The dependable Woman's World patterns for women and children, selling for 15¢ postpaid, are featured exclusively.

10¢ Bring the new Book of Spring and Summer Fashions for 1929.

WOMAN'S WORLD, 4223 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Have EXTRA Pay Check

Hertel's Christmas Cards offer biggest opportunity to men and women of refinement for making extra money. Full or part time. Weekly Pay. Monthly Bonus.

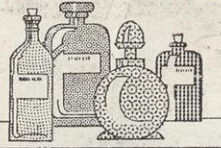
NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Stenographer earned \$1000 during lunch hours. Clerk \$300 evenings. Hertel Cards, created by skilled artists, sell easily. Our 25 years experience assures your success. Write at once. Give references.

JOHN A. HERTEL CO., Dept. 6304
318 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.



10 Outfit FREE



Fashion prefers this simpler way of tinting

To produce delicate pastel shades required by fashion, the Putnam method is unequalled. Tinting is simpler, cleaner, more satisfactory when done with Putnam Tinting Fluid. Made in a moment. Just dissolve a package of Putnam Dye in a pint of boiling water—bottle it—use like blueing in cool rinsing water. Keep your favorite tints bottled—use indefinitely—same shade assured each time. No fear of streaking. Same package of Putnam tints or dyes all materials. 15¢ at your druggist's. To change a color remove old color with Putnam No-Kolor Bleach. Tint or re-dye the desired shade with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Send for new Revised Edition, "The Charm of Color," a beautifully illustrated guide to dyeing, tinting, bleaching, cleaning, etc.



FREE

Monroe Chemical Co., Dept. M-6, Quincy, Ill. Please send your free booklet to Name..... Address.....

BUTTER DRESSING

has such a variety of uses. Chops, fish, vegetables are all so much more appetizing when the dressing is made of 3 parts hot melted butter and 1 part

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Famous for almost a hundred years. Write for free recipe booklet. Lea & Perrins, 235 West St., N.Y.

WANTED—GIRLS, WOMEN! Learn Gown Designing and Making in your own home. Spare moments only. Designers-Makers Earn \$35.00 to \$50.00 Week. MAIL COUPON TODAY. SURE. Franklin Institute Dept. 5607 Rochester, N. Y. Rush to me free Gown Book with sample Gown lessons. Name..... Address.....

\$12 A DAY FOR YOU

EASILY MADE SHOWING THIS AMAZING NEW Household Invention

Ope-N-Seal

THINK how women tussle with fruit jar lids—sealing jars at canning time; opening them all year round. Agents coin money with Ope-N-Seal—amazing new canning—preserving set, which opens or seals jars in a jiffy. Also picks up boiling hot jars, holds them for filling, washing, sterilizing. Saves hands from injury. Saves fruit from spoiling. Saves time. Approved Good Housekeeping. AGENTS Biggest Money-Making Season is Now Here Men and women—you can make \$60 to \$75 weekly. Every housewife wants Ope-N-Seal the minute she sees it. Sells itself. Chappel made \$275 in few months. Duval \$9 first two hours. Full or spare time, you can average \$2 to \$4 hour. NO investment necessary. We start you with demonstrator sample FREE on trial. Write today. TYLER MFG. CO., Dept. W- 69 Muncie, Indiana



SAMPLE ON FREE TRIAL

THE GIRL IN THE GREEN COAT

(Continued from page 48)

"We'll be getting busy," Simpson muttered, "when we get the straight o' what you're hintin' at."

"There's no other way you can get it. I'm suspicious of this skirt from the night I saw her for the first time. You know that—all of you. I was for having it out day before yesterday with Kenneth, and for giving her a ride then—but you tied me up in a knot.

"Now, get this. We're working smooth, she and I, in the showroom. She's going through like a wise one. Too wise, I'm saying to myself, but I haven't time to puzzle over it, because there are three in the shop I've got to watch: the floor manager, a man and two women—who might or might not be as slick as their black satin. Perhaps I'm just too glad, and satisfied, that the girl is working so true to be bothered about where a pretty little amateur acquired the gift."

"Lot o' gifts come out of being in love," the Deacon observed.

Nick turned on him, "You can carry some of the blame for this. You nipped my plans when we were in the apartment." He turned back to the others. "She pulls the faint when I give her the sign. It couldn't have been neater. For a second I was worried again, but forgot it while I maneuvered until the way was open for the ambulance call. I got the number where Kenneth was waiting. He gave me his O. K. and the clean-up was on its way.

"I went out to give the Deacon the sign and fix the carriage starter. I'm coming back. I edge over to one side of the front room to get a look at the side of the inner room where the manager's hovering. He's the one I've decided has to be looked after. There's a mirror in the line of my eyes. And I see her—"

He paused, as an actor does, for his dramatic effect. All eyes in the room were fixed upon him. Faces were hard. Even the Deacon was grim. None interrupted his pause. None breathed until he had finished his recital.

"—and once more, after I'd gone into the room, not betraying that I'd seen, she whispered to the head saleswoman—the one who waited on her: 'Call the police.' I could see the words framed on her lips. But she didn't know. I got out without her getting wise—that's why I wasn't in

Cohen and Swan's when Kenneth arrived."

As he expected, the shock and portent of his revelation drove the questioning of his own actions from their minds—none thought to ask what had prevented him from giving warning on the street to the Deacon.

Hogan, who had dropped to a chair, rose. Silently he recovered the half emptied whiskey bottle from his desk drawer, and the glasses. The latter he passed around. Only the Deacon shook his head. "I've had enough. And there's thinking to do."

"The thinking's been done," Hogan said evenly. "Better have one. It'll brace you."

"Just one," the Deacon relented. "As you say, I may need bracing—maybe a lot."

"Each swallowed his drink and moved up to the desk to deposit his glass. His glass put down, each reached for his hat, the Deacon with the rest. Hogan got his from a hook in his office closet. Nick questioned him with raised eyebrows. "Yes," Hogan said, "I'll go in on this. She would have had me in on her tip-off. I'll go in on ours." He turned to the Deacon. "You'll drive the taxi. It's in the yard garage. There's extra license plates under the seat."

The Deacon went out. Hogan agreed to another drink around while they waited long enough for the Deacon to change the taxi license plates. He rang for his head waiter, whom he had brought on duty early that day. "Go among the boys and girls outside," he ordered, "and tell them to sit around until toward evening. Keep them drinking, and on the house, but cut their liquor at the bar—make it as weak as they'll pass it. Mustn't have them muddled if the police come in to look around. Tell them to mind, if they're asked, that I just went out with these boys, and that all of them were here all day."

When the waiter had gone, Hogan put on his hat. Biff Simpson was first at the door. He stopped abruptly. "We forgot about Kenneth. Since he isn't here, he'll probably be—there—as Nick says."

"That's what we're planning, Biff," said Nick, gathering command to himself, taking it from Hogan at this opening given him by Biff. "We're planning that Kenneth Temple is there. Go ahead."

(Concluded in July issue)

ALL FOR A SUMMER'S DAY!

(Continued from page 26)

and tie better if cut on the true bias. Picotting is an ideal edge finish, but if a picotting machine is not available, a binding, if well put on, will answer. Rolled-and-overcast edges are not satisfactory in bows. Style 398 on page 26 shows the use of bows for trimming.

The neck finishes suitable for thin materials are bindings, berthas or cape collars and draped or scarf collars. The bindings used are cut on the bias and may be single or double according to the softness of the material. The edge finishes for berthas or cape collars and for draped or soft collars would be the same as for circular or shaped flounces or sections.

In sewing on rayons or fabrics made from synthetic fibers, one often has to

contend with the fraying out of raw edges. Accordingly, it is well to allow wider seams and to finish the raw edges as soon as possible. French seams or seams with the raw edges turned in toward each other and run by hand are satisfactory. See Figure 3 on page 26.

It is frequently necessary in stitching very thin materials to hold a strip of paper on the bed of the machine under the foot, as an aid to prevent the material from drawing up. Occasionally, it is wise to sew the seams entirely by hand. Hand sewing should not be used on organdy or material with a crisp finish. Much of the success of your work will depend on knowing when to use hand sewing and when machine sewing.

(People of Petland)
Elbow Pillows
With Fluffy Yarn Dogs

Luck
YARN is used very effectively in making the fuzzy little dogs on these attractive sateen pillows. The stitches are put in so that loops remain on the right side, two strands of yarn being used at a time. Later the loops are cut, making the dogs stand out in fluffy relief. A collar made from a tiny strip of felt may be sewed onto each dog, if desired. The work is very easily done and results are quickly obtained.
Each pillow is 11x15 inches finished, and has 2-inch box sides, with bias piping around edges between box sides and top and bottom. These unusual pillows fit into all sorts of

Rex
odd corners, contributing an air of comfort and hominess. They are particularly enjoyed by children.
Luck: A dog in tan and two shades of brown is embroidered on a light tan sateen pillow piped in tan. Luck is a shaggy Airedale with a friendly face. He is poised for an adventure.
Rex: This little dog worked in black, white and gray yarn appears on a red sateen pillow piped in black. Rex is a wire-haired terrier of very nice proportions. Against the red background he is a striking figure.

Pillows stamped flat with back. Piping, yarn and needle may be obtained for 90¢ each from Woman's World, Chicago



Which is the New One?



One cravat has never been worn. The other, soiled and spotted, has been cleaned and restored with MUFTI, the perfect home dry cleaner. Both are equally beautiful and smart.

Prove it with any article of apparel, your own, your husband's or your children's.

MUFTI cleans quick as a flash, dries instantly and leaves no ring on ties, gloves, hats, clothing, under garments, hosiery, silks, woolsens, laces, footwear, rugs, drapes and upholstery.

At your dealers or by mail, post paid on receipt of 30 cents. West of Denver 35 cents.

MUFTI COMPANY
2705 W. McMicken Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio

MUFTI

The Perfect Home Dry Cleaner

TO HANG UP THINGS
Moore Push-Pins
(GLASS HEADS—STEEL POINTS)
for Photos and wall decorations
10c Pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Phila.
Use Moore Push-less Hangers for heavier pictures

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS
Eakins Co., 633 High St., Springfield, O.
Mail at once your free catalog about how to make big profits in the Crispette business with little capital.
Name.....
Address.....

\$1000 a Month Profits Possible
Candy Making Home Made Pays Big
Our Home Study Course on making & selling, taught by successful candy manufacturer. Candy is the only business where the little fellow has the big fellow at a disadvantage. Turn your kitchen into a small candy shop—make money from first day. Many now rich started with no capital. We furnish tools. Free Book explains. **CAPITOL CANDY SCHOOL**, Dept. AP-6508, Washington, D. C.



PAIN ended in 3 minutes this new way

ONE drop of this amazing liquid and you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way



OUR TEN BEST RECIPES

SOME of these tempting recipes are for dishes mentioned in the menus for June on page 55; the others are particularly suitable for this month and may be interchanged with dishes in the June menus to give variety.

Sponge Loaf Cake

6 eggs Grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
1 cup sugar 1 cup pastry flour
2 tablespoons lemon juice $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

SEPARATE the whites from the yolks of eggs. Beat the yolks until thick, work in the sugar gradually, then add the lemon juice and rind and the flour sifted twice with the salt. Last of all, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, turn into an angel cake pan and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.—fifty to sixty minutes. On taking from the oven, invert the pan and allow the cake to cool before removing it. Frost with Butter Fondant Frosting.

Butter Fondant Frosting

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon lemon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk extract
1 tablespoon butter

BOIL the sugar, milk and butter together, stirring only until the sugar is dissolved, until a little tested in water forms a soft ball (238 degrees F.). Cool, add the lemon extract and beat with a wooden spoon until thick enough to spread.

Baked Bluefish with Tartar Sauce

SELECT a large bluefish. Scale and split or not as preferred. Place in a baking pan with one cup of slightly salted boiling water to which the juice of half a lemon has been added. Bake from three-quarters to one hour in a moderate oven, basting several times with the liquor in the pan. Transfer to a platter, then thicken the gravy in the pan with browned flour and season with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce or tomato catsup. Serve with Tartar Sauce in lemon cups.

Tartar Sauce

1 cup mayonnaise 1 teaspoon minced
2 tablespoons parsley
minced capers 2 tablespoons minced
2 tablespoons olives, plain or
minced pickles stuffed

COMBINE all of the flavorings, stir into the mayonnaise, which should be very thick, and chill before using.

Corn Gems

1 cup flour 2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt About $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
4 teaspoons baking powder 3 tablespoons vegetable oil or melted shortening
1 cup cornmeal
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

SIFT together the flour, salt and baking powder, add the cornmeal and sugar and mix to a light batter with the beaten eggs, milk and oil or shortening. Turn into well greased gem pans and bake in a hot oven—375-400 degrees F.—twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Lima Beans Creole

3 cups cooked limas 2 tablespoons minced
Tablespoon minced sweet green
onion pepper
3 tablespoons bacon fat Tablespoon flour
2 cups canned tomatoes $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika

COOK onion in fat to golden brown, add pepper (minced) and cook one minute. Stir in flour and when blended, add tomatoes, salt and paprika. Stir until boiling, add lima beans, cover and simmer 20 minutes. Canned limas may also be used this way.

Pecan Cookies

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or shortening 3 egg yolks
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
1 cup chopped pecan meats 2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract

CREAM butter and sugar, add egg yolks. Sift flour and baking powder and add, also cinnamon. Stir in nuts and flavoring. Let dough set in ice box for two hours. Then roll out, cut, brush with white of egg and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Bake in quick oven.

An Opportunity to Help Edit Woman's World

Answer These Questions and Receive a Reward

WE ARE doing our best to make Woman's World your magazine, to put into it the things that will interest and help you the most—to make it a source of inspiration and of definite, practical helpfulness for you upon whose shoulders rest the happiness and health of the nation's homes. But we need your help. To be of the greatest service to you, we must know more about you, so if you will send us your answers to the following questions before June 25 we will send you postpaid, as your reward, any one of the four books described below.

- How many years have you been a subscriber of Woman's World?
- Do you live in town or on a farm?
- Do you own your home? Or do you rent?
- What is the size of your lot? How many stories to your home?
- How many rooms in your home? Have you a telephone?
- What brand of baking powder do you use?
- About how many years have you used this brand?
- Usually what size can do you buy? About how many cans a year?

Check Items Made at Home	Brand of Flour Used	Is Baking Powder Used	How often made	More or less often than year or so ago	Why
Cake					
Cup Cakes					
Cookies					
Biscuits					
Muffins					
Waffles					
Pancakes					
Pie Crust					
Bread		XXXX			

- Do you buy any ready-made cake? About how often? From grocer? Or baker?
- Do you make gelatin desserts? About how often?
- Do you make gelatin salads? About how often?
- What brand or brands of gelatin powders do you use?
- Usually how many packages do you buy at a time?
- Do you use sweetened condensed milk? What brand?
- Do you use it in tea? Coffee?
- If you use it in cooking and baking, check below the dishes you prepare with sweetened condensed milk: Cakes, Ice Cream, Biscuits, Candy, Puddings, Other uses:
- How long have you used sweetened condensed milk in cooking or baking?
- How often do you buy it? How many cans at a time?
- Have you ever used sweetened condensed milk as an infant food? What brand? How recently?
- With what results?
- Have you ever used sweetened condensed milk as a body builder for older children? At what age? How long?
- If you ever used sweetened condensed milk and stopped, please fill in the spaces below: How long ago? For what purposes was it used? Why did you stop? What are you using in place of sweetened condensed milk? Why?

As a reward for your courtesy in answering these questions, we will send you any one of the following books:

The Vegetable Book

Being a collection of over 200 tested recipes of fresh and canned vegetables—showing their dietetic value and giving menus, as well as sensible methods of cookery and service.

The Fruit Book

Being a collection of over 200 tested recipes of fresh and canned fruits—featuring healthful and practical ways in which fruit may be used in the diet.

The Fish Book

Being a collection of over 200 tested recipes of fresh and salt water fish—featuring the practical and appetizing ways of its preparation, cooking and serving.

Children's Party Book

Being a collection of tested menus—novel table decorations—unusual costumes—and unique games for little children's parties—arranged by months.

Name..... R. F. D. or St. No.....
City..... State.....

Send me, free and postpaid, the following book.....

Cut Out Entire Panel and Mail Before June 25 to Lily Haxworth Wallace, Woman's World, Chicago



FOR THE MONTH of JUNE

Rhubarb Pudding

3 cups rhubarb, cut small $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar 2 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup raisins 2 eggs
Grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
Lemon, optional 2 tablespoons melted shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour

WASH and dice the rhubarb and place it with the raisins, lemon rind and one cup of the sugar in a baking dish. Add the water, cover and bake for ten minutes. Meanwhile sift the dry ingredients together, add the remaining sugar and moisten with the well beaten eggs, milk and melted shortening. Pour this mixture over the partially cooked fruit and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.—about one hour. Serve with lemon sauce or hard sauce.

Frozen Grapefruit Salad

1 can grapefruit Cream mayonnaise
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped Shredded lettuce
preserved ginger or cress

BURY the can of grapefruit (unopened) in ice and salt for three hours. Open can, slide out frozen fruit and cut it into slices $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Sprinkle with the ginger, arrange on shredded lettuce or cress for individual service and serve with cream mayonnaise.

Steamed Cherry Pudding

1 pound cherries 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour 2 tablespoons melted shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt 2 eggs

STONE cherries, place them in a greased pudding mold or bowl and sprinkle the sugar over them. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder, add well beaten eggs and milk, also the melted shortening and beat until quite smooth. Pour over the fruit, cover with greased or waxed paper and steam 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Invert onto a hot dish and serve with creamy sauce or hard sauce.

Corn Custards with Tomato Sauce

2 tablespoons flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crisp bread
2 tablespoons butter crumbs
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk 1 egg
2 cups fresh corn 1 teaspoon granulated sugar
pulp or canned corn Pepper
Salt

MELT butter in skillet and stir flour with it. Add milk and stir until smooth. Add corn, sugar, salt and pepper. Cook until heated through, remove from fire and stir in the egg. Stand aside to cool. Grease muffin pans, iron ones by preference, and shake in each some of the bread crumbs, which should be as fine as powder. Shake pan until crumbs coat bottom and sides. Fill with the corn mixture, which should be lukewarm. Bake in medium oven for twenty-five minutes. Set pan on wet cloth for two or three minutes, run knife around edge of custards, then turn out carefully. For the sauce, cook ripe tomatoes in their own juice until very soft. Put through a strainer. Add minced green pepper and juice of an onion, or else mince a small onion with the pepper. Season sauce with salt, butter and pepper, and a scant teaspoon of sugar. Slightly thicken with cornstarch. Canned tomato soup heated with a little milk, butter and minced onion added makes a fine sauce.

Apricot Foam with Custard Sauce

1 cup canned apricots $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
3 eggs 6 tablespoons sugar
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk

PRESS fruit through a sieve and heat in double boiler. Beat egg whites until very stiff, adding the salt and three tablespoons of the sugar. Fold in fruit, turn mixture into well buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake in slow oven—325 degrees F.—until set, about thirty to thirty-five minutes. Serve with custard sauce.

For the sauce, scald the milk in double boiler, then pour over the yolks of eggs, which have been beaten until light with remaining sugar. Return to pan, cook over hot water until sauce thickens, and cool before serving. Serves six.

THE Postman's Whistle page reflects the lights and shadows of our readers' lives. We ask you to send us the jokes that amuse you—the recipes you find dependable and practical—the homemaking ideas and short cuts that save money, time and labor. For original suggestions of not over 100 words that we accept, we shall send you 50 cents promptly. Address Postman J. Whistle, Woman's World, 4223 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

The

POSTMAN'S WHISTLE PAGE

The June Competition

AS ANNOUNCED in the January issue of Woman's World, we now present the Cover Contest, so bring out the 1929 covers and tell us in a letter of not over 150 words which kind you like the best.

Those of 100 years ago appeared as follows:

January—A shy, sweet maiden who betrayed no emotion even when her lover knelt on bended knee.

March—Two belles of long ago—much agitated over March winds which blew voluminous skirts as high as their shoe tops, while a bold young man gazed in evident enjoyment—even in the face of their distress.

May—The sweet dignity of the colonial maiden receiving a sweetheart bouquet from the man of her choice.

The modern covers are:

February—A modern miss in trim skiing togs, with her athletic escort, stopping to exclaim over a rabbit crossing her moonlit path.

April—Two modish girls of today with correct traveling bags about to embark as the passengers of a tall and capable-looking air pilot.

June—A bride, in exquisite lace veil and gown, with the groom and a picturesque maid of honor.

Mrs. Hurford has already confided to you in her letter on the editorial page of this issue that she has a preference for either the modern or the old-time art, but we can assure you that if she acts as one of the judges in the contest, she is a fair-minded person and will not let her personal opinion weigh in making her selections for prizes.

The prizes for the best reasons as to why you prefer the group of three colonial covers or the group of three modern covers, are as follows: First prize, \$15.00; second prize, \$10.00; third prize, \$5.00; fourth prize, \$3.00; fifth prize, \$2.00. Address Postman J. Whistle Dept., Woman's World, Chicago, Ill.

Prize-winners in the Advertising Competition

An avalanche of letters descended upon the Postman J. Whistle Department of Woman's World when the February announcement of the advertising competition appeared. Letters neatly typed, letters on pink note paper and blue note paper, letters limited to exactly 100 words and letters apologizing for going just a tiny bit over the required 100 words. The judges have worked industriously, sorting and resorting the letters in their endeavor to award the prizes fairly, and while the ten subscribers whose names appear below are in our opinion entitled to first place, there were many other letters, set aside with twinges of regret because there were only ten prizes to be distributed.

Group Number One

Advertisements of less than a quarter page

First prize—Mrs. Crystal Covington, Anderson, Ind.
Second prize—Mrs. Carrie Cody, Reedsburg, Wis.
Third prize—Mrs. Clay Miller, Spencer, W. Va.
Fourth prize—Mrs. Nellie Rouch, Painesville, Ohio.
Fifth prize—Mrs. Earl T. Eakin, New Concord, Ohio.

Group Number Two

Advertisements of a quarter page or more

First prize—Mrs. J. R. Jackson, Parkville, Mo.
Second prize—Mrs. Carl Gorham, Dayton, Ohio.
Third prize—Mrs. Henry Spoerl, Ryan, Iowa.
Fourth prize—Mrs. F. C. Matthews, Gibsonburg, Ohio.
Fifth prize—Margaret Bird Chase, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Bridesmaid Fudge

5 cups granulated sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup white sirup ½ teaspoon rose extract
1 rounded tablespoon butter 1 cup blanched and chopped almonds
1 quart cream

Use a good-sized kettle. Mix sugar, sirup, cream and butter. Bring to boil, stirring constantly, and cook to soft ball. Keep half the sirup liquid over hot water. Turn out other half, beat until creamy, then beat in enough of the coloring to give a delicate rose pink, add almonds and rose flavoring and turn into pan lined with waxed paper, or lightly buttered. Beat other half of sirup until creamy, add vanilla flavoring and turn over first layer. This makes an exceedingly pretty fudge, suitable for showers or receptions. Cut in dainty size squares.

—Miss A. G. L., Ariz.



UNCLE JEFF, the Old Postman and His Homely Philosophy on ROMANCE

"For the Colonel's lady and
Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin."

AN' it 'pears like everybody in th' length an' breadth of th' land is interested in th' Colonel an' his lady and their comin' marriage. 'Specially th' women-folks.

As I ride over my mail route back through th' Hollow an' into th' Turkeyfoot section, I like t' stop an' bide a bit at th' different cabins strung along th' trail—an' allus th' first topic of conversation th't crops up is about our young hero of th' air an' th' girl he aims t' marry.

Us folks here in th' mountains still set a great store by that old-fashioned ceremony called a weddin'. We hold th't th' Lord Himself has guarded th' sacredness of marriage with strong instincts in th' cleanest an' th' best of His creatures.

An' it bears out our beliefs when this youngster with th' halo round his head elects t' get himself married in th' time-worn method without ary a whisper of free love.

Here on th' Elbow a married couple is like a pair of scissors; so joined th't nothin' c'n separate 'em, often goin' in diff'rent directions, yet allus crushin' anything th't comes between.

We all know a heap about Charley Lindbergh. He is our hero; and we have named everything we could after him—from our babies to our finest colts. A good man is abroad an' this old earth knows an' feels it. His heart holds no guile. We have learned th't he is a man of reflection whose daily acts are controlled by judgment; a man who realizes th't this life is a real an' an earnest affair—an' th't time also flies.

It ain't anything but natural that a deal o' int'rest must center in th' woman who will be his wife. When us hill folk want informashun on any subject—from when t' plant our corn t' what color t' paint our homes—we write down to Washington fer it. So I took my pen in hand an' writ t' Marthy Pratt's boy, who is practicin' his law trainin' on th' Congressmen, an' asked him what he c'd tell me about Mr. Morrow's daughter Anne.

Well, he writ back most friendly-like th't he had made a extended survey of th' informashun field, and as accurate as he c'd determine fer a condensed report, Annie Morrow was just a sweet, wholesome, womanly woman. There was quite a lot more in th' letter includin' some big words th't I couldn't figure out; but when them two words—womanly woman—is said, it's all said anyhow, I reckon. Fer there is nothin' sweeter this side of th' spiritland th'n lofty womanhood. It is th' womanly woman who wields th' scepter of authority among men. Where she is there is allus refinement, intellect, moral power, life in its highest form.

An' so th' world is content t' turn over its beloved hero to you, Anne Morrow, an' t' wish you every happiness in your wedded life. An' us folks here on th' old Elbow join with th' rest of th' world in offerin' congratulations to you, Charles Lindbergh—fer accordin' to th' words of old Henry Ward Beecher, "Well-married, a man is winged; ill-matched, he is shackled."

May you add strength t' your wings!

Jeff J. Lincoln U. S. A.

Chicken Salad

Cut cold cooked chicken in small dice, but do not put through meat chopper. Marinate for an hour in French dressing. When ready to serve, mix with an equal quantity of diced celery, or, if this is not on hand, use chopped white cabbage and a spoonful of celery seed. Drain chicken as dry as possible before mixing with celery or cabbage, then moisten all thoroughly with a thick mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce leaves and garnish with sliced stuffed olives and with slices of hard boiled egg.—B. A. J., Nev.

Due But Not Dew

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring me these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh; I believe there is some dew on them yet."

"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I am going to pay it off tomorrow."

—M. N., Wis.

To Improve Marmalade

Finely chopped nuts added to marmalade, especially orange, after opening, will give it a better flavor than when they are put into the hot marmalade and cooked and covered.

—Mrs. C. R. C., N. Y.

Making Money Fast

Bright boy: "Lend me twenty dollars but only give me ten of it. Then as I owe you ten and you owe me ten, we'll call it square."

—M. N., Wis.

Frozen Cheese Salad

Crumble fine two cups fresh cottage cheese, season with cayenne and salt to taste. Add ½ cup chopped (not too fine) English walnut meats and ten stuffed olives, also chopped. Whip ½ cup thick cream and mix in. Mix all thoroughly, then pack close in baking powder tin or a small mold which has a closely fitting top. Put a piece of paraffin paper over the top of the cheese mixture after packing the mold, then press cover on firmly and bury it in ice and salt, one part salt, two parts ice, for two or three hours. Unmold carefully and serve in slices on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

—D. G. T., Calif.

Opportunity Knocks

Stranger: "I represent a society for the prevention of profanity. I want to take profanity entirely out of your life and—"

Jones: "Hey, mother! Here's a man who wants to buy our ear!"

—Mrs. J. H. H., Tex.

Rain-proof Cushions

Oilcloth, which is now obtainable in countless colors and designs, is ideal for making covers for porch swings and chairs and for porch pillows. The new chintz patterns are especially attractive. Sudden summer showers cannot harm these covers.

—Mrs. J. D. W., Pa.

A Wonderful Artist

"With a single stroke of a brush," said the school-teacher, taking his class around the National Gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face to a frowning face."

"So can my mother," said a small boy near by.

—C. R., Ill.

Handy Twine Container

I painted a small funnel blue and trimmed it with a design in gold with a touch of flame. The funnel is tacked over my work table and in it I put a ball of twine, letting the loose end hang through the spout, always handy when needed. Odd pieces of twine may be added to the ball as they are taken from packages.

—J. L. C., Colo.

It Will Taste Just the Same

Customer: "I want a cup of coffee without cream."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, we haven't any cream, but I can give it to you without milk."

—Miss M. R. L., Ky.

Convenient Round Holders

Round holders can easily be cut by using a saucer for a pattern. They are especially handy when taking pies or puddings from the oven, as there are no corners to drop into the food and get sticky.

—L. M. B., N. Y.

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

Tested Menus for Any Week in June

The First of a Series of Balanced Menus to Save the Homemaker's Time and Energy

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

IN THE first warm days of summer, when appetites begin to lag, changes in the menu will be more gratefully received than at any other time of the year. Bearing this in mind, complete meals for a week have been planned. In addition to the recipes below for these menus, there are others on page 53.

Among the meats upon which we can call occasionally for variety are sweetbreads, hearts, brains, kidneys and liver, sweetbreads being the most delicate as well as the most costly. There are times, though, when they are quite reasonable in price; when this is the case, it should be taken advantage of to provide a dainty titbit.

Both calf's and lamb's hearts are good braised or stuffed and very slowly roasted. They must always, however, be cooked exceedingly slowly because of their close texture and are better braised than roasted.

Dessert Variations

The cream puffs served for Friday's dessert are, as the recipe indicates, served with a cream filling and strawberry sauce. To vary these, fill them with vanilla ice cream and pour over them either crushed fruit or maple or chocolate sauce (hot or cold). Cream puff shells also make a good vehicle for the service of creamed chicken or oysters in place of patty shells, or they may be filled with a good vegetable combination blended with mayonnaise and served as a salad. Even the cream filling suggested may be varied by using different flavorings.

French Crullers

1/4 cup sugar 1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon salt 3 eggs
1/4 cup shortening 1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup boiling water

Bring sugar, salt, shortening and water to a rapid boil. Add flour all at once, mix thoroughly and cook until quite thick, stirring constantly. When slightly cooled, add eggs one at a time and beat in vanilla. Turn mixture into a pastry bag having a fluted or rose tube and press it through in rings onto a well greased sheet of paper. Have ready a pan of deep hot frying fat, turn paper upside down over fat; as crullers begin to cook, they will drop off into it. Cook until golden brown, turning two or three times during cooking. Drain and frost with a plain white frosting. These are for Thursday's dinner.

Savory Sweetbreads

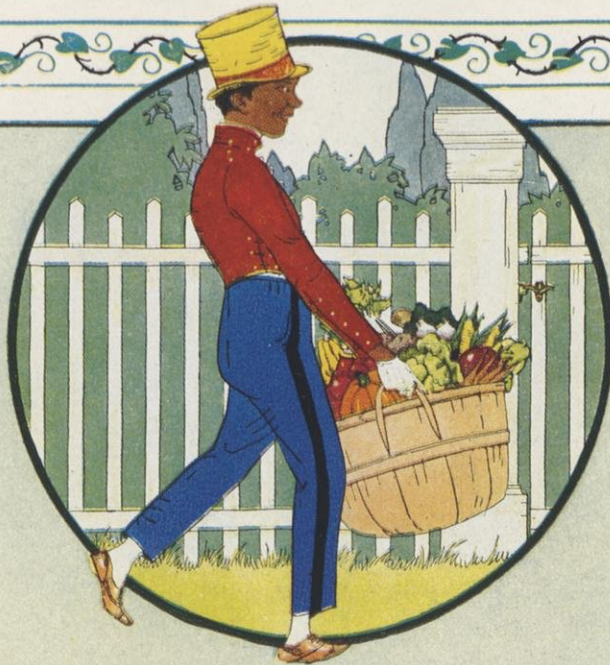
1 pair sweetbreads 1/2 cup salt
1/4 teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon flour
Water 1 cup stock
Thin slices fat salt Salt, pepper and lemon
pork juice

Wash the sweetbreads and allow them to stand in cold water for half an hour. Place in a saucepan and cover with water just below boiling point. Add the salt and simmer for fifteen minutes. Allow them to remain in the liquid until cold, then remove the skin and tubes and split the sweetbreads. Lay them in a shallow baking pan, cover with very thin slices of fat salt pork and bake in a moderately hot oven about twenty-five minutes, basting two or three times during the cooking with the fat in the pan. Lay the sweetbreads on toast, add the flour to the fat in the pan, allow it to color slightly, then stir in the stock. Bring to boiling point, cook two minutes, season and pour over the sweetbreads. Supper, Sunday.

Cream Puffs

1 cup boiling water 1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt 4 eggs
1/2 cup butter Filling

Bring the water, salt and butter together to boiling point. Stir in the flour and cook until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan clean. When cooled, add the eggs one at a time, beating each in thoroughly before adding the next.



New Thoughts for Daily Meals

DAY	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
Sunday	Cantaloupe Popovers Marmalade Coffee	Savory Sweetbreads Toast Points Ripe Olives Strawberries and Cake Tea	Crown Roast of Lamb New Potatoes Green Peas Mint Sauce Grapefruit Salad Macaroon Ice Cream Lady Fingers Demi-tasse
Monday	Orange Juice Wheat Cereal Hot Rolls Coffee	Lettuce, Bacon and Tomato Sandwiches Fresh Fruit Cookies Tea	Cream of Green Pea Soup Sliced Chops from Crown Roast with Mint- flavored Aspic Jelly Bermuda Potatoes Lima Beans Omelet Celestine Black Coffee
Tuesday	Rhubarb Poached Eggs on Graham Toast Extra Toast Coffee	Jardiniere Salad Bread and Butter Molded Cereal with Crushed Fruit Tea	Liver Loaf garnished with Bacon and Rice Kohlrabi Mixed Summer Fruit Salad Cream Mayonnaise Crisps Coffee
Wednes- day	Strawberries Flaked Cereal Corn Gems Butter Coffee	Creamed Dried Beef Reheated Corn Gems Butter Green Apple Sauce Sweet Crackers Tea	Boiled Smoked Tongue Raisin Sauce Parsley Potatoes Spinach Lettuce French Dressing Queen of Puddings Coffee
Thurs- day	Pineapple Cubes Broiled Bacon Stollen Coffee	Toasted Cheese and Green Pepper Sandwiches Pickles Cup Custards Cookies Tea	Tongue Reheated in Tomato Sauce Steamed Rice Corn-stuffed Peppers French Crullers Black Coffee
Friday	Fresh or Stewed Dried Apricots Fish Cakes Bran Muffins Butter Coffee	Deviled Egg Salad Boiled Dressing Crisped Pilot Crackers Fruit Toast Tea	Baked Bluefish, Tartar Sauce in Lemon Cups Broiled Tomatoes Potato Nests with Peas Cream Puffs with Strawberry Sauce Coffee
Saturday	Raspberries or Blackberries with Flaked Cereal Butter Bread Coffee	Neapolitan Spaghetti Bread Sticks Head Lettuce Mustard Dressing Sliced Peaches Tea	Minute Steak with Onions Potatoes au Gratin Broiled Tomatoes Molded Rice, Chocolate Sauce Coffee

Drop by spoonfuls some distance apart on greased baking pans and bake half an hour in a moderate oven. When cold, split and fill with cream filling. Serve with Strawberry Sauce (crushed sweetened strawberries).

Cream Filling

1 cup milk 1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar 1 egg
4 tablespoons flour 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Scald the milk. Blend the sugar, flour and salt and add the milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook ten minutes in a double boiler, add beaten egg and cook three minutes longer, then add vanilla. Dinner, Friday.

Omelet Celestine

6 eggs Apricot or peach pre-
4 tablespoons water serves
1/4 teaspoon salt Finely chopped toasted
1/2 cup sugar almonds
2 tablespoons butter Whipped cream

Separate the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Beat the whites until stiff, the yolks until light. Add the water, salt and sugar to the yolks, combine with the whites and turn into a large omelet pan in which the butter has been melted and heated but not browned. Cook very gently until the omelet begins to set on the bottom and edges, then transfer the pan to a hot oven and bake about ten minutes. Spread with the preserves, fold the omelet, spread a little more preserves on top, sprinkle with the nuts and garnish with the cream. Dinner, Monday.

Liver Loaf

1 pound parboiled liver 1 egg
1/2 pound cooked ham 1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/2 cup bread crumbs 1 tablespoon onion juice
1 tablespoon minced Water or stock
parsley

Mince the liver and ham and combine. Add the bread crumbs, parsley, well beaten egg, paprika, onion and just enough water or stock to bind. Turn into a greased mold, set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees F. Unmold and serve with brown gravy. Dinner, Tuesday.

Raisin Sauce for Service with Boiled Tongue

2 tablespoons flour 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dry mustard 1 cup stock
2 tablespoons melted 1/2 cup raisins
shortening 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Add the flour and mustard to the melted shortening and cook together until they begin to turn color. Add the salt, then the stock, and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Simmer two minutes, add the raisins, which may be plumped by steaming or pouring a little boiling water over them, add also lemon juice, and serve. Dinner, Wednesday.

Jardiniere Salad

1 cup diced cooked 1/4 teaspoon freshly
potatoes ground pepper or
1/2 cup cooked peas paprika
1/2 cup diced string 6 tablespoons salad oil
beans 2 tablespoons mild
3 scallions, thinly sliced vinegar
2 peeled tomatoes, cut Lettuce
small Mayonnaise, optional
1 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon mixed fresh
1/2 cup diced celery herbs

Blend all the vegetables and add the seasonings. If celery is not obtainable, substitute celery salt for the plain salt or add a little celery seed to the whole. Beat the oil and vinegar together with the herbs. Pour over the vegetables and toss thoroughly together. Chill and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise if desired.

A salad such as the above with a hot bread or whole wheat bread and butter makes an excellent summer main dish. Other vegetables may be added at the discretion of the cook, as, for instance, cooked diced carrots, oyster plant, cauliflower, etc. The herbs may be mint, summer savory, thyme or sage, or a blend of two or more. Luncheon, Tuesday.

52 231440 4 30
MISS LILLIAN ANGUS
COTTAGE GROVE WISC



Bon Ami

for white shoes

“OH MOTHER,
SEE HOW WHITE MY SHOES ARE!”

White shoes as white as dew-kissed daisy petals—and looking just as fresh! It's really no task at all with magic Bon Ami. A well-moistened brush or cloth—a light rubbing—a brief wait for the Bon Ami to dry—then dust off!

Bon Ami—either the *Cake* or *Powder*—quickly removes dirt, grass stains and other discolorations. Makes white shoes really clean! All kinds *except kid*.

Unlike ordinary dressings which merely coat over—and all too often give your shoes a caked and smeared look—Bon Ami *absorbs* and *takes away* the dirt and stains. This



“Hasn't Scratched Yet”

brings out the *texture* of the shoe—makes it white and “dressy” again.

There are dozens of uses in every house for Bon Ami *Powder* and Bon Ami *Cake*. These “Partners in Cleanliness” never scratch . . . and they keep your hands smooth and soft.

It's so convenient to have both forms on hand—to clean and polish windows, mirrors, bathtubs, fine kitchen utensils, smooth painted walls, the windshield and nickel on your car. Many other uses you'll discover for yourself.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK, In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

A Fairy Tale....

THE adventures of the funny Bunny Knights and the beautiful Princess Bon Ami. Full of delightful illustrations and amusing rhymes which are sure



for the Children

to be enjoyed by any youngster. Send four cents in stamps to the Bon Ami Company, 10 Battery Place, New York City, for a copy of this interesting book.

Name.....

Address.....